

JUVENILE STORIES;

FOR

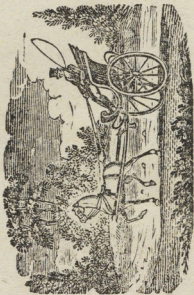
LITTLE READERS.



NEW HAVEN :

S. Babcock, — Church Street.

1837.



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THE CHARITABLE BOY.

Here we see a little lad giving money to a poor old man, whom he has met in the street. This is very kind in the boy, and the poor man is quite thankful for his timely assistance. It will enable him to buy a good warm dinner, and to go on his way in better spirits. The little boy, also, will feel far more happy, from having made such good use of his pennies, than if he had parted with them for fruit, cakes, or toys, as he intended. We hope he will cherish the flame of benevolence which now glows in his heart, and continue to do good to the poor, as often as he has an opportunity.

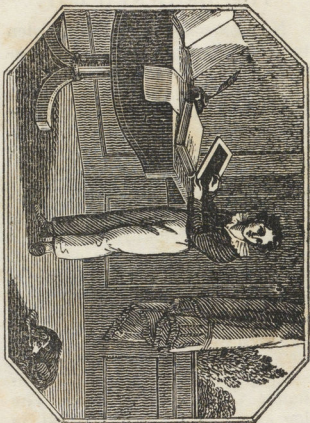
GREEDINESS.

This picture shows us a little girl who sat down to a nice little table, to eat some warm bread and milk, which her mother had kindly prepared for her, with a great deal of care. The milk had not yet become cool, and her father, who sat near her, taking a cup of tea, told her she had better wait a little time before she ate it; but she was in so much of a hurry, that she could not wait for it to cool, and immediately began to eat. She had swallowed but little before the tears rolled down her cheeks, and soon she began to cry and scream, and then she threw the spoon across the table. She was severely scalded in her mouth and throat, and could not go to school for several days. All this happened for the want of patience, and for not doing as her father advised her.



LEARNING TO CIPHER.

This bright lad is Henry Brown. He is learning to cipher, and will soon be able to assist his father by acting as a little clerk in his store. He has before him, on the table, an arithmetic, a ciphering book, and a slate. He is puzzled to remember how much four times six are! Pop, his dog, lies in the corner, waiting for him to go out and play. But let us hope he will be faithful to his studies, and improve his time by gaining knowledge while he is young. This is what every child should do. When children are grown up, they will feel their need of knowledge, and if they have not studied in their youthful days, they will find themselves but poorly prepared for the duties that will come upon them when they are old enough to act their own parts in the world.



THE DROWNED BOY.

No more will this poor child listen to the instructions of his kind parents. No more will he hear them calling him to come and receive their caresses. No more will he be seen, with eyes beaming with delight, treading his way to the Infant School. No more will he stand up with his little class-mates, to say his letters, or raise his voice in a song of praise. No! his eyes are forever closed, and his little body is as cold as the clods of the valley. He is drowned! He left his home and wandered by the side of the river, looking down to see his little smiling face reflected in the water. His feet slipped—he fell in, and immediately sank to the bottom. The dog saw him fall and plunged in and brought him to the top of the bank. But, alas! the poor child was dead!



A SUMMER MORNING.

This youth has risen with the sun, and come out to walk in the fields, and breathe the pure air of the morning. We would recommend to all our little readers to do likewise. They will find it very pleasant, agreeable, and healthy, and it will give them new life with which to perform the duties of the day. It will afford them an excellent opportunity of beholding the goodness of Him who made the mountains and the vallies, the sea and the dry land, and all things animate and inanimate,—Him who formed our bodies and who is our heavenly Father. We may then let our hearts rise in gratitude for the goodness that has followed us and given us an opportunity to prepare for another and a better world—for a life of usefulness here, and of eternal happiness hereafter.



THE ENRAGED PARROT.

Well, my little miss, you are in a very sad plight, indeed! and unless the nurse drives away the parrot, we know not what will become of your beautiful face and bright sparkling eyes. The little girl was in the room where the parrot was kept, studying her morning lesson. Poll saw her and began to prattle. This disturbed Jane very much, and she bade it stop. But Poll would not stop, and Jane therefore gave her a rap. This so enraged her, that she flew upon the head of the affrighted girl, and began to bite and scratch her head and face in the most cruel manner. Her screams brought the nurse, who took up a broom and drove the parrot away. Had Jane taken the cage and placed it in another room, instead of beating the parrot, her face would not have been so dreadfully mangled.

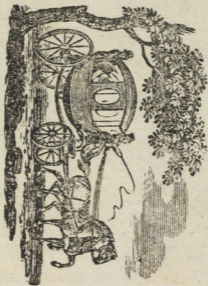




KING SOLOMON.

Here is a picture of King Solomon, of whose wisdom we read in the Scriptures. He was the wisest king that ever lived, and reigned in greater splendor than any that had lived before him, or any who have lived since. He built a most magnificent temple, of which we also read in the Bible. His fame went abroad throughout the earth, and people came from great distances to see him and his wonderful works. We see standing before him the Queen of Sheba. She had heard much of King Solomon's wisdom and glory; but when she came to behold the splendor of his throne, the magnificence of the temple, and listen to his wisdom, she said that not one half had been told her! But did this great glory of King Solomon's satisfy him? We think

not; for, after being arrayed in all this splendor and magnificence, he exclaimed, "All is vanity—vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit." His mind, like ours, was vast as eternity. The pleasures of this world can not satisfy, for they leave behind an aching void which can not be filled by the vain and frivolous things of this life. Come, then, dear children,—come while you are yet young, and set your affections on things above, and not on things below. Turn from every sinful way, and seek to know the good God's will, and walk therein; then will you have happiness in this life, and in that which is to come.





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