

STORIES FOR LITTLE GIRLS;

OR

A PRESENT FROM MOTHER.

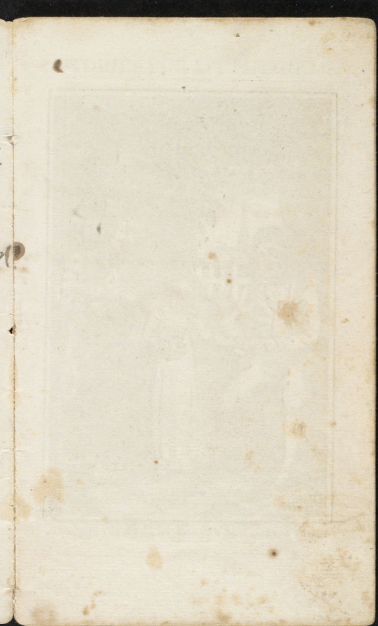


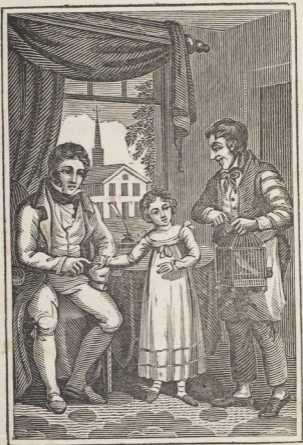
SIDNEY'S PRESS:

NEW HAVEN—S. BABCOCK.

1831.

To
Harriet Maria Weston
Book
Given to Her by
Mr. Lambert Sandford
Feb. 26th 1836





EMILY ASKING HER FATHER TO BUY A LITTLE BIRD.

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LITTLE FANNY.

Come to mamma, Emily ; she will take you upon her lap, and tell you a pretty story. You like to hear pretty stories, I am sure ; yes, I know you do.

I must tell you about a good little girl, you say ; very well, I will. I like to talk about good little girls, for I love good girls, and so do all good people. But we must sit back from the fire : the hot fire will scorch my little girl's face, and make her eyes sore. Now let us begin our story.

There was a little girl, a very good little girl she was, and by what name do you think they called her ; Was it Emily ? No, not Emily, though I hope Emily is a very good little girl too ; but this little girl's name was Fanny. She always did what she was told to do, without either pouting or grumbling. If her mamma was busy, and had not time to talk to her, Fanny never teased her ; and if she told her to go to the nursery, she used to go that moment without saying a word. But yet Fanny liked very much to be with her mamma, and was al-

ways very glad when she was told to come down stairs again. One day, as Fanny was sitting beside her mamma, and playing with a pretty new box of letters which her papa had bought for her, and searching for the letters to spell her own name, she had got *Fan*, and was looking for another *n* and *y* to make *Fanny*, when a lady came into the parlor: now this lady came to talk to Fanny's mamma, so that the little girl was to be sent out of the room, and Fanny was told to go into the nursery: in a minute the letters were all packed into the box, and she went away.

Fanny was very sorry indeed to go away, just as she was learning to spell her own name; but she was too good a girl to cry, or to be out of humor about it. Before she left the room, she asked her mamma if she might take her box of letters up with her; but her mamma said, "No, Fanny, I had rather you would not take them with you, because I am afraid your little brother will put them into his mouth, and get the paint off from them."

Fanny did not look cross at this, but went away without saying another word, and made herself as happy as she could with the playthings she had in the nursery. Well, the next day, Fanny was again sitting beside her mam-

ma, and trying once more to spell her name, when the same lady again came into the room. Fanny thought every minute she should be told to go into the nursery, but she was wrong; instead of her being sent away, the lady took a little book out of her work-bag, and called Fanny to come and look at it. It was called "the Book of Games," and had a great many pictures in it, of little boys and girls at play. After Fanny had seen all the pictures, the lady asked her if she should like such a book for her own? Fanny said she should like it very much indeed. The lady said, "then I will give it you Fanny, for being so good a little girl as to leave the room without being out of humor, when I came to talk to your mamma."

Fanny took the book, and thanked the lady for it. She thought to herself she was twice paid for being good; she was paid with a pretty new book, besides the reward which she always had for being good, in feeling very happy and pleased with herself.





THE SABBATH.

It is Sunday, and all good people who are able will go to church to-day, to say their prayers. It is our duty to pray every day ; every morning and every evening we ought to say our prayers, before we lie down, and when we get up ; and, on Sundays, we ought to go to church, or meeting, to join with our friends and neighbors in thanking and praising Him who is the Father of us all. You know I have often told you that God made all of us, and that it is He who gives us all the good things we enjoy. It is He who makes the corn to grow that we feed upon, and the fruits and the flowers which gives us so much pleasure. He causes the grass to spring

up which the horses, and cows, and sheep feed upon, that are so useful to us : He bids the sun to shine by day, to warm us, and makee every thing look cheerful and pleasant; and he causes the moon and stars to give us a light by night. Without his care and goodness, we could not live a single hour ; and, if He should bid us die, we should die that instant, and nothing in the world could keep us alive. And yet he never shows his power by hurting us ; He is always kind and good, and comforts and supports us when nothing else can. In return for all this kindness, the only thing he requires of us is to be grateful to Him, and love Him. If we love Him, he knows we will be good, because we should then wish to please Him, and we are sure nothing can please Him that is not good. Nobody in the world is half so good as He is. Emily loves her papa and mamma, and thinks them very good and kind ; but they are not half so good as God is. He is the greatest, the wisest, and the best of all beings, and it is our duty to love him with all our hearts ; and to be good, because we know that he wishes all his creatures to be happy ; and unless they be good, they can never be happy.



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Emily, do not hurt animals or insects of any kind. If they tease us, we are at liberty to destroy them, but we should do it at once, and not keep them in pain, for that is very wrong indeed. There was once a naughty boy who used to be very fond of hurting flies, and all sorts of insects that he could get hold of; he used to pull off their wings, and then laugh to see them creep about, without being able to fly. Many people told him it was naughty for him to hurt the poor things in this manner; but he did not mind what they said.

One day, however, this cruel boy was walking in a field, and a great bull came running up to him, and caught him up by the horns, and tossed him over its head. He was thrown a

long way in the air, and then as he came down, the bull caught him up in his horns again, and threw him a great deal further. It is hard to tell how long the bull would have knocked him about, if some men had not come and got him out of its way. When they took him home, they found that both his arms were broken, and he was sadly wounded, and bruised all over. People were not half so sorry for him, as they would have been if he had not been so cruel a boy. They said to him, "Perhaps you will now learn to feel for the poor little insects, when you see them creeping about without wings. You were just as cruel to them, as the bull was to you, and it was a much greater fault in you, than in him; for the bull did not know any better, but you were able to understand that you were giving pain."

Now I will tell you another story about a good little boy. This boy that I am going to tell you about now, was very kind-hearted, and not like to see any thing made uneasy. If he were walking in the country, and happened to see a snail creeping across his path, he always took care to step over it; and he would often buy the birds which idle boys had caught in traps, and set them away, to fly back to their woods again.



One day this little boy was standing near some water, and he saw a little duck struggling in it; some naughty boy had hurt its wing with a stone, so that it was not able to swim, and must soon have been drowned. This kind-hearted boy, did not like to see it suffering, so he stepped upon a large stone, which was in the water, to try if he could reach the duck to get it out of the water, and save it from being drowned; but he tumbled into the water himself. I am afraid this good little boy would have been drowned, if a boy had not seen him, and come and jumped into the water, and brought him out in his arms. When the little boy found himself safe, he turned to thank the boy who had saved his life; but the boy said, I do not want any thanks for what I have done, it is a sufficient reward to know that I have saved the life of a very good boy.



HARVEST TIME.

Now the hay is all made, and the grain is ready to be cut; see how busy the reapers are cutting it down. This is called harvest-time, and the weather is very fine. Bread is called the staff of life, because it gives people more strength than any thing else that they eat. If the weather is wet when the grain is cut, it very soon spoils: then it makes bad bread, and people are often made ill by eating bad bread.

So you see how thankful we ought to be to Him who gives us good flour, and so many other good things. In England the women go forth into fields to reap the grain, but in our country it is done, as it should be, entirely by the men.



FALSEHOOD PUNISHED.

What has Billy got to say? I see he is come to tell mamma something. You have let a cup fall and broken it; well, I am very glad you came to tell me yourself. Whatever Emily does, I hope she will always tell her mamma, and be sure to tell the truth; it is a very naughty thing indeed to tell a lie. When people learn to tell lies, nobody can believe them, even though they speak the truth.

I knew a little girl who had learnt to tell lies so much, that at last nobody would believe that she spoke the truth. One day, her mamma sent her into the garden to pick two very fine peaches; before she went, her mamma told her,



that, if she did not touch any of the fruit in the garden, but only brought those two peaches to her, she would give her one of them for herself.

When this little naughty girl got into the garden, and saw the bunches of ripe grapes, she was tempted to pull some of them; so she climbed up, and reached a bunch, and ate it in a great hurry. Then she came down, and got the two peaches, and put them into a little basket which her mamma had given her to carry them in. When she got into the house, her mother asked her if she had taken care not to touch any of the other fruit? The naughty little girl, instead of owning her fault, told her mamma that she had not touched any thing but the peaches.

Her mamma, on taking the peaches out of the basket, found the stalk which the grapes had been on, lying at the bottom: the little girl had been in such a hurry, after she had eaten the grapes, to get into the house again, that she had forgotten that she had the stalk in her hand, and had dropped it into the basket along with the peaches. Her mamma, you may be sure, was very angry, and she did not get the beautiful peach, which made her mouth water to look at.

Well, another day she was in the garden, and her mamma sent her to bring the key out of the hot-house door, and told her not to go in; she was only to close the door and lock it, and bring her the key. When she got there, the key was not in the door, so she went in to look for it: she knew that the reason of her mamma's telling her not to go in was because she was afraid she would pull the grapes. She thought to herself, she would withstand these tempting grapes this time; so she never looked at them, but kept seeking about for the key till her mamma came to see what she was about. When her mamma saw her in the hot-house, she thought her little girl had entered to get the grapes, and she told her that she was sure she had pulled some of them. The little girl

told her that she had not touched one ; but, she had so often told lies, that her mamma could not believe her ; and she said, if you had come back as I told you, I should have given you some of these fine plums ; but I cannot believe you, for you tell me stories ; and I am afraid you have told me one now, so I shall not give you any of the plums. The little girl now found what a sad thing it was to tell stories ; and, she thought to herself, I will never tell another story, and then mamma will surely learn to believe me.





FRUITS OF GREEDINESS.

I hope Emily does not intend to eat all that rich cake herself; if she does, she will make herself very sick. She had better give her little brother a part, and eat a part herself, and then put the rest by till to-morrow. I should be very sorry to see Emily eat so much of any thing as to make herself sick; if she does nobody will pity her; they will only say she is a little greedy girl, and deserves to be ill. Oh, but I see she is not going to be a greedy girl; mamma must cut it, you say; very well. Now this piece is for your little brother, and this for Emily's self, and mamma will put the rest by till to-morrow. Come, now, and I will tell

you a story about two little boys ; they called one Joe and the other Tom. One day these two boys went to see their grand-mamma, who lived in the country ; when they were coming home after tea, she gave them each a very fine rich cake. As soon as they had got out of the house, Joe began to eat his as hard as he could, and never looked up till all was gone ; and, after he had got it all down, he asked his brother what he had done with his ? Tom told him it was in his pocket, and that he did not intend to eat it till he got home : Joe did not think Tom would be able to keep the cake so long in his pocket without eating any of it ; so he watched him, and expected every minute to see him take it out and begin to eat it. But he was mistaken, for Tom never looked at it till he got home. As soon as he got into the house, he called his little brother George to him, and said, “ Come, George, go with me to mamma, and I will ask her to divide this cake between us.” Away they went to mamma ; she divided the cake into two halves ; and then Tom gave one half to George, and kept the other himself. As they were eating it, Joe came to them, and looked at them with such a greedy eye, that Tom knew very well he wished for a piece. Tom did not think Joe had any right

to it, for he had never offered him a morsel of his cake when he was eating it ; but, however, Tom thought he would rather give him a piece than see him look so hard at him ; so he broke his piece in two, and gave Joe half of it. After the cake was all eaten, their mamma said to Tom, " Tom, I am so much pleased with you for giving so much of your cake to your brothers, that I will show you this book of pretty pictures ; but Joe may go into the nursery and stay by himself ; for he has shown himself a greedy boy, and I do not choose to have him with me.

Joe went away hanging his head, and then their mother opened a large book which had a great many very curious pictures in it, and showed them to Tom and George. They were very happy, looking at the pictures, and hearing their mamma tell them what they were about. By and by the servant came into the parlor, to say that Joe was ill ; so their mamma was forced to go up stairs, but she told them before she went, that as they were two such good little boys, she would trust them to look at the pictures by themselves, only they must be careful not to tear the leaves, but turn them over very gently. George said he would let Tom turn over the leaves, as he was the



oldest ; so their mamma left them without being afraid of their doing any mischief,

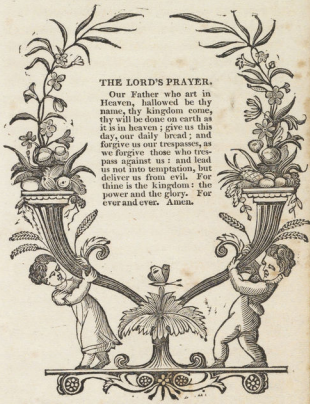
When she got into the nursery, she found Joe very sick and ill, and he looked at his mother with a very piteous face. She said, "I am not at all sorry for you, Joe ; because you have made yourself sick with being a greedy boy, and you deserve to suffer." She then gave him some camomile tea to drink ; but he did not at all like it. Now does not Emily think Tom was a great deal better off with only a part of his cake than Joe was with the whole one?

BED TIME FOR GOOD GIRLS.

There goes seven o'clock! the time for all little tired girls to go to bed. Oh, I see the little girl yawns, and is very sleepy; well, kiss papa, and we will go up stairs. We do not need any candle; the moon shines very bright, quite ready to show little girls the way to bed. You want to know why the moon is not here to light you to bed every night? the reason is, because it keeps travelling round and round the world; and when it is not here to light Emily, it is gone to the other side of the world to light some other good little girl, and then it comes back to Emily again; at first, it only just peeps at her, and is so little we can hardly see it; then it gets bigger and bigger every night, till it becomes large, full, and bright, such as it is to-night. It will soon begin to grow less and less every night, just as it grew larger before, till it is all gone out of sight. But it does not stay long away; it soon comes back to us as it did before, and cheers us with its pretty beams. When the moon is away, we still have the pretty bright stars, which look like bright spangles all over the sky. They keep twinkling, twinkling, twinkling; and

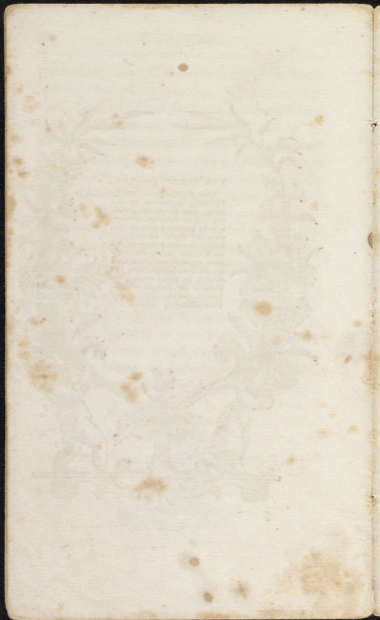
looking as if they first popped out their heads and then took them in again. They sometimes almost look as though they were playing at boop-
peep. There is one star which is almost always to be seen, and is always in the same place. Look up, and you will see a little bright star just above the window; that is called the north star. It is very useful to the poor sailors when they are a long way out at sea, far away from any land; they can tell by that star whereabouts they are, and which way they ought to go. Was not God very good to give them such a star to guide them on their way? He was indeed! He is always good at all times, and to every body. Then kneel down, my dear little girl, and pray to that kind and good Being, that he may watch over you while you sleep, and guard you from harm. Now, then, good night, close your eyes, and go to sleep.

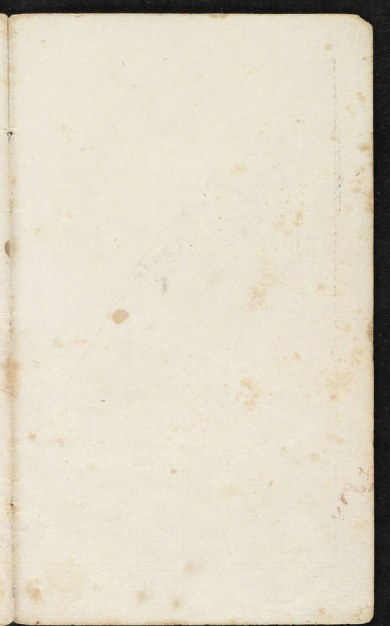




THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ; give us this day, our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us : and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom : the power and the glory. For ever and ever. Amen.







A GOLDEN EAGLE.