

THE
HOLIDAY QUEEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
'The Raven and the Dove,' &c. &c.

FOURTH EDITION.

Wellington, Salop:

Printed by and for

F. HOULSTON AND SON.

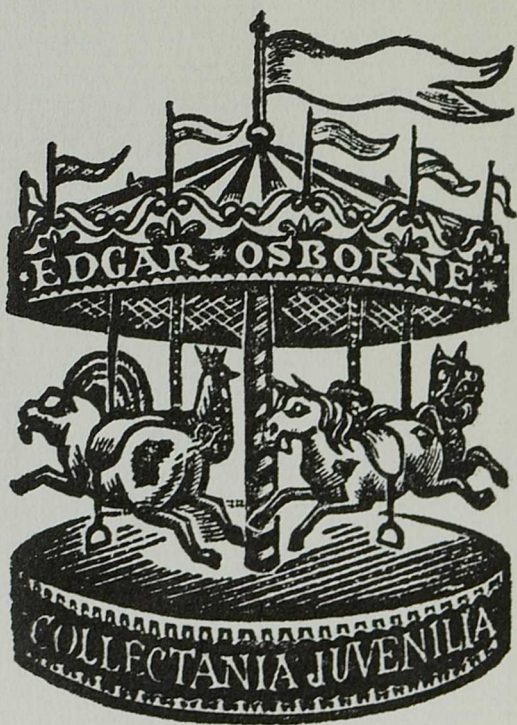
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1820

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FRONTISPIECE.



Eliza's Mamma giving Mary a Basket of
Flowers, and Fruit, and Cake.

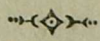
See Page 6.

*Jan 27
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THE
HOLIDAY GURNEY

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE KENNEDY AND THE HOLLANDS
1858

FOURTH EDITION

LONDON: BAINES

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THE

Holiday Queen.



THOSE persons who have read the story of *The Raven and the Dove*, may remember that there was once such a little girl as Eliza, and such a little boy as Henry. Now it happened, that the uncle and aunt of these little children came once to see their papa and mamma: and they each brought with them several of their children. Their uncle brought with him Marten and Thomas;

and their aunt brought Mary, and Lucy, and Emily.

Now as these little children had not all met before together for a long time, their papas and mammas gave them leave to have a holiday the day after their meeting.

It was a pleasant day, in the beginning of July; so the little children were allowed to play in the garden. And Eliza's mamma was so kind as to give the young ones a basket of flowers, and fruit, and some cakes. And these she put into the hands of Mary, saying to her, "As you, Mary, are several years older than your cousins and brothers and sisters, you shall have the disposal of

these things. You shall be the Queen of the day; and you must not allow any body who is naughty to have a share of these cakes, or fruit, or flowers."

Then Mary took the basket from her aunt, smiling and court-seying; and then skipping away into the garden, with all her young companions, she said, "I am to be your Queen, and you are to be my subjects. Well, then, the first thing I do must be, to find a palace where I may place my throne."

"The arbour at the bottom of the garden will do for your palace," answered Marten, "for there will be a charming green canopy over your head."

“And Emily and I,” said Lucy, “will make you a crown of some of these roses.”

Mary was soon seated on her throne, with her crown on her head; and her subjects all placed before her. “And now,” she said, “Marten, (for you must be my chief minister,) bring me the basket. Do you see what nice things there are in it? But I shall allow none of my subjects to have any of these things who do not spend some part of this morning in doing something useful. I shall give each of you a task; and if you perform that well, you shall be rewarded.”

Now the little children were all very much pleased with what



Queen Mary appointing her Subjects
their Tasks.

Mary said, except Henry, who was a silly little boy, and expected to have had some cakes given him to eat immediately.

Then many little voices called out at once, "What shall I do?" and, "What shall I do?"

So Mary was obliged to wave her hand, and insist on silence. Then she said, "I shall begin with the youngest first. Henry, I command you to help poor old Robert, who is weeding my aunt's bed of tulips. You see it tires him very much to stoop, for he has got the rheumatism; and we heard him say, that he must get that bed finished to-day. You shall fill one basket full of weeds for him."

Henry did not go very willingly towards Old Robert, but Mary took no notice of his conduct, and went on to Eliza.

“Eliza,” she said, “you shall fetch your thimble, and your needle, and thread; and Emily shall fetch hers. And you shall sit at the door of my palace, and you shall finish the little shirt which mamma cut out for the baby which was sick, and was brought yesterday to my uncle, to be baptized.”

“Well, cousin, and what are we to do?” asked Thomas and Marten.

“You must wait patiently, Marten, for your turn will come last,” answered Mary: “and for



Thomas reading to Old Robert.

you, Thomas, while Henry is weeding for Old Robert, and he is resting himself, you shall, if my uncle will give you leave, read to him that pretty book which some body gave him, and which, he told us, he had not eyes to read, even with his spectacles on.

“And now, Lucy,” continued Mary, “it is your turn. There is a little sick child in the cottage at the bottom of the garden. Sally is going to take it some soup. You shall ask my aunt’s leave to go with her, and read to her a chapter in the Bible.”

“And now,” said Marten, “my turn *is* come: what am I to do?”

“You, Marten,” answered Ma-

ry, "shall fetch your grammar; and you shall learn that lesson in it which you ought to have learned yesterday, and which we begged your papa to excuse you from learning to-day, that you might have a holiday; and then he will see that you know how to be grateful for his kindness."

Now when Mary had finished speaking, all the young ones were in motion in different parts of the garden.

"Remember," cried Mary, as they ran away, "that you are to be back and your work done by twelve o'clock; and I shall be ready to reward my diligent servants."

Now when they were all gone,

Mary began very busily to ornament her palace. She made nosegays of the prettiest flowers, which were to be given as rewards to the industrious: and these were fixed among the boughs of the trees, in different parts of the arbour. She also ran into the house, and begged her aunt to let her have the little round table which stood in the nursery. And this she put in her arbour, and collected many leaves of the Virginian raspberry, which she placed in order for dishes and plates; and her currants, and strawberries, and gooseberries, and cakes were arranged upon the table. "This will do very well, I think," said

she to herself, as she stepped back, looking at her dinner-table; "and those who have behaved well shall sit on each side of me, and the idle ones shall stand and wait upon us, for idle people have no business to eat."

"That is very true indeed, my dear girl," said somebody behind Mary.

It was Mary's aunt, who, with her mamma, and her cousin Marten's papa, were walking along the grass walk which led to the harbour.

Mary quite started when she turned round and saw them. Then her mamma very kindly asked her what they were play-



The Children running towards the
Arbour at twelve o'Clock.

ing at. And when she had told them, her uncle smiled very pleasantly, and looking at his watch, he said, "It is almost twelve, and if you will give us leave, Queen Mary, we will stay a little while with you, and see you dispose of your prizes."

Then Mary courtseyed, and said, she should be very much pleased, if they would be so kind as to stay. So they sat down at the upper end of the arbour, leaving room for the Queen to sit between them.

And now the clock struck twelve, and Mary made haste to get upon her throne; and in a few minutes were heard the voices of many little ones coming very

fast towards the arbour: "I have finished my task;" "I have learned my lesson;" "I have done my work;" "I have read my chapter;" sounded from the young party, as they crowded into the arbour, jumping and smiling.

When they saw their papa, and mamma, and aunt, they stood still a few minutes; but Eliza's mamma smiled, and bid them go on with their play, as if there was nobody by. "You know," said she, "when little children are good, and play without quarrelling, their papas and mammas love to see them play."

Then Queen Mary called her subjects to her one by one, and enquired into what they had been

doing. First she said, "Come, Lucy and Emily, stand on my right hand; and you, Marten and Eliza, stand on my left hand. But where are Henry and Thomas? We cannot begin our feast without them. Do you, Marten, go and look for them; and bring them to me, whether they have done their work or not."

Marten set off immediately, calling out, "Thomas, Henry, why do you not come back?"

In a few minutes, Marten returned. Thomas followed him; he was very hot indeed, and quite out of breath. And Henry walked behind them, at a distance.

"Thomas," said the Queen, "how is this, that you have dis-

obeyed my orders? Why was not your task finished by twelve o'clock?"

Thomas made no answer.

"Have you done your task?" continued she. "Have you read the little book to the old man?"

"I have," answered Thomas.

"And why did you not come sooner?"

Thomas made no answer.

"Your behaviour is very strange," said the Queen; "I must enquire further into this. Henry, come here."

Henry came slowly forward.

"Why were you not here at the time fixed?"

Henry did not speak.

“Have not you done your task?”

Henry hung down his head.

“How is this?” said the Queen.

“Marten, can you explain this affair?”

“No, indeed, I cannot,” answered Marten: “for when you sent me to fetch Thomas and Henry, I met them both coming: so I turned back, and did not stay to ask them any questions.”

“Well, then, Marten,” said the Queen, “I command you to go and look for Old Robert; and enquire very particularly of him, whether my orders have been obeyed?”

Marten set off the second time, and he presently returned, but

slowly, and Old Robert with him.

“Well, Marten,” said Mary, “what have you got to say?”

“Cousin,” answered Marten, “I do not like to tell you, and so Old Robert is come.”

Every body looked grave, and turned towards Old Robert.

“Well, Robert,” repeated the Queen, “have you any thing to tell me about my cousins? Did Thomas read the little book to you I desired he would?”

Then Robert bowed low, and said, “Why, young Lady, I can say nothing against that. Master Thomas has been reading to me the value of half an hour; and very good reading it was, and a

mighty fine reader he is for his years."

"And can you tell me, Robert, if he had finished reading to you before it struck twelve?" said Mary.

"Ay, that he had, Miss," answered Old Robert, "and filled half a basket of weeds for Master Henry too."

"For Henry!" repeated Mary. "Has not Henry been weeding your bed of tulips for you?"

"He never came nigh me, Miss," replied Robert, "till just as Master Thomas finished reading; but I think I saw him sitting under the great apple tree a long time; and, to my thinking, he was crying."

“Well,” said Mary, in haste to come to the end of the story, “and how came Thomas to weed for Henry? Did Henry ask him to do it?”

“Well, I can’t say,” said Robert, “that I took much notice of their play; but Master Henry came and stood near us while Master Thomas was reading; and, to the best of my knowledge, says Master Thomas, when he had finished reading, ‘Cousin, have you done your weeding for Old Robert?’ And then Master Thomas comes to me, and says, ‘Robert, please to let us weed a little for you. Henry must fill your weeding-basket, or he will have no cake, and no play, and

no holiday with us." And so I gave them leave, and very hard Master Thomas worked. He said he must get the basket filled by twelve o'clock; and he was not much after his time."

"And did not Henry weed?" asked Mary.

"I did not take particular notice," replied Robert; "but I can't say that I saw him do much, though it may be he pulled up a weed or two by chance."

Then every eye was fixed on Thomas and Henry.

"Thank you, Robert," said Mary; "we will not hinder you now any more."

Old Robert made his bow, and walked away. And then they

were all silent for a few minutes, and Mary seemed at a loss what to say, and she looked at her mamma and her aunt. So Henry's mamma said to Mary, "I shall say nothing to Henry now. You are Queen to-day; you must punish him as you think he deserves."

"Indeed," said Mary, when she had bowed to her aunt, "I am very sorry to punish you, Henry, but as my aunt bids me do what I think right, I cannot allow you to sit down to our feast. You must stand and wait at the door of the palace till we have finished; and whether we receive you into favour again must depend upon



Henry crying at the Entrance of the
Arbour.

your behaviour under your punishment."

Mary thought it right to punish Henry, but she felt very sorry to do so; and when she sat down to the table, and had helped her company, she was going to give some of her own fruit and cake to little Henry, who stood crying at the entrance of the arbour, but his mamma made a sign to her not to do it.

As soon as the feast was over, and the little ones were rising, Marten's papa, who still remained in the arbour, with Mary's and Henry's mamma, and had condescended to taste a cake and some fruit which Mary had offered

him, desired them all to sit down, and he took out of his pocket a little book, the title of which was, *The History of Emily and her Brothers*; and in it was an account of an idle little boy. And he was so kind as to read this story to the children. They were all very much pleased with it indeed, and thanked him very much for reading it.

When Thomas's papa had finished reading, he called him to him, and said to him, as he laid his hand upon his head, "You have made a good use of your time, my boy, by doing the work you were ordered to do, and by assisting others as far as you



Henry upon his Uncle's Knee.

could; therefore, I will make you a present of this pretty little book."

Thomas thanked his papa, and looked very much pleased. Then Henry, who still continued crying, was called by his uncle, who, taking him on his knee, (for Henry was but a little fellow,) and looking round on all the young ones, said, "I hope you, my dear boy, and all of you too, my little ones, will learn a lesson from this day's feast. You know that all the men and women, and little boys and girls, who come into this world, have a work appointed for them, which they are commanded to do before they appear

in the presence of God; it is the work of cleansing their naughty hearts from sin, and adorning them with wisdom and holiness; it is the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope: and, as we cannot do these things of ourselves, Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross to purchase it for us, will give the help of his holy Spirit to all those who ask him for it. Now if we neglect to do this work, and the hour of death comes and finds it undone, how shall we appear before the throne of God? Were not you ashamed, my little Henry, even in your play, to appear before your cousin, when you knew that

you had not done what you ought to have done? But Oh! what is the anger of a child, or even of your father, when compared with that of Almighty God, who could, in an instant, banish you from his presence into the fire which never shall be quenched!"

He stopped for a few minutes, and then, seeing they all looked very grave, he went on: "I do not mean to make you unhappy, my dear little children, by saying these things to you; but I wish to teach you how to learn some lesson of wisdom from every thing which happens to you, even from your seasons of play. And thus, I hope, you will not only be the merrier, but

the wiser too, for your pleasant game of play to-day."

Little Henry put his arms round his uncle's neck, and kissed him; and Mary, with his mamma's leave, slipped into his hand a cake.

Then all the little party, having thanked their uncle for his advice, skipped away again to play with their *Holiday Queen*.

L.

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