

THE

Strawberry-Gatherers.



BY MRS. CAMERON,

*Author of 'The History of Margaret Whyte,'
'The Two Lambs, &c.'*



A NEW EDITION.



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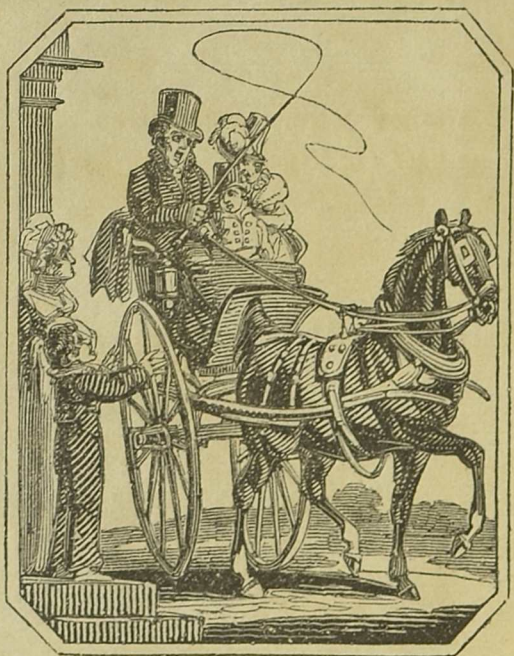
65, Paternoster-Row;

AND AT WELLINGTON, SALOP.

Price One Penny.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

FRONTISPIECE.



See Page 12.

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ONE day, two little boys, called Ewen and Peter, were dressed in clean nankeen frocks, and their faces and hands washed quite clean, and their nurse told them to go down into the parlour.

As soon as they reached the parlour-door their papa met them with a basket in his hand, and he said, "Make haste, my little fellows, and

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go into the garden, and get some strawberries."

"Yes, yes, papa," cried the little boys, jumping for joy.

"Do not dirty yourselves," said their mamma, as she tied a pinafore before each of them, and made them put on

a little pair of gloves which were kept for the purpose of getting fruit.

Away they skipped, and began to gather the fine ripe strawberries. "O! what beautiful strawberries!" said Peter, as he emptied a leaf-full into the basket; "I will just taste one."

"O, no, no," answered Ewen, "that will be very naughty; you know papa told us that we must never eat any fruit when we are sent to gather it."

"Papa won't know," answered Peter; "he is not in the garden, he can't see us:" and then he put another large strawberry into his mouth.



“But God can see,” said Ewen; “he can look down out of the blue sky, and see all we do.”

“I ate a strawberry yesterday,” answered Peter, “and I do not think that God saw me, for I have not been punished for it.”

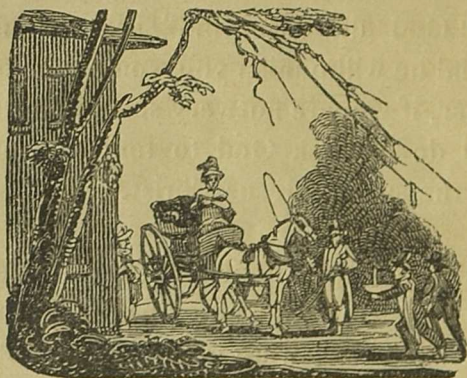
“God did see you,” said Ewen, “and he will punish you, some time or other, if you are not very sorry indeed, and do not ask God to forgive you, for the sake of Jesus Christ.”

Peter did not mind what Ewen said, but went on eating strawberries all the time that they were gathering them.

In a few minutes they heard their papa's voice, calling, “Ewen, Peter, make haste, and come here.”

Then they took up their basket of strawberries, and ran to the house as fast as they could.

When they got to the house-door,



they found standing before it their papa's one-horse carriage: their mamma was sitting in it, and their papa stood ready to get in, with the whip and reins in his hand.

“Come, Peter, come, Ewen,” said he, “where is the basket of strawberries? we are going to dine with your grand-

mamma, and we mean to take some good little boys with us, and they shall have the pleasure of giving grandmamma the strawberries they have gathered."

Betty stood at the door with the little boys' best spencers and hats in her hand. "Come, Master Ewen," said she, "let me take off your pinafore and your gloves."

Ewen was ready in a moment.

"But what do I see?" said his papa to Peter. "You have got a dirty face: we cannot take dirty boys with us."

"Papa, papa," said Peter, colouring, "Betty can wash my face."

“But,” answered his papa, “Betty cannot wash your heart clean. Peter has been a naughty little boy, and has eaten his papa’s strawberries, and his papa must punish him, because he has been a dishonest child.”

Then Ewen was lifted into the chaise, and sat upon a little stool between his papa and mamma; and his papa smacked his whip, and away they went.

Peter called out, “Papa, I will be a good boy, I will not take your strawberries any more.” But his papa did not stop; and the chaise went so fast, it was soon out of sight.

“ Oh, Betty! Betty!” said the little boy, as soon as his sobs would let him speak, “ I do know now, that God saw me get the strawberries.”

Then Betty took him by the hand, and she said to him, “ Come with me, Master Peter.” And when she had taken him into the house, she set him on her lap, and he laid his wet cheek on her shoulder. Then she shewed him a very nice little book of hymns with pictures in it; and there was a picture of a man being hung upon the gallows. And she taught him this pretty verse—

‘ Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what’s not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.’



And when she had done that, she made him kneel down and ask God to forgive him, for Jesus Christ's sake, for having been so naughty as to steal, and to give him a clean white heart, that he might never steal any more.

I am very glad to say, that Peter never stole any more strawberries, but

always remembered that God was looking at him. And when his grand-mamma heard that he was a good little boy, she sent for him to come and dine at her house with his little brother Ewen; and she gave them each a very nice plum cake.

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