

THE THREE
FLOWER-POTS.



By Mrs. Cameron,
Author of "Margaret Whyte," "The
Two Lambs," &c. &c.



A NEW EDITION.



LONDON:

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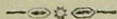
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FRONTISPIECE.



See Page 29.

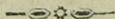
THE
Three Flower-Pots.



By Mrs. Cameron,

Author of

“THE HISTORY OF TWO LAMBS,”
&c. &c.



ELEVENTH EDITION.



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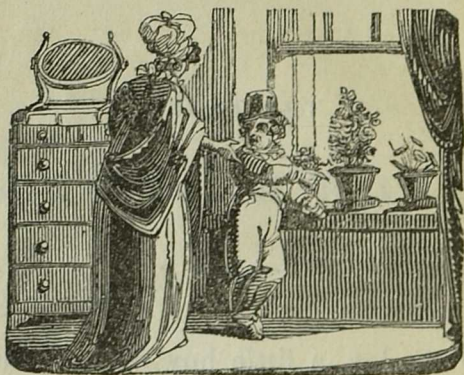
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THE THREE

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ONE day, a little boy who did not always do as he was bid, went into his mamma's dressing-room; and he saw in the window three flower-pots. In one of them, a dandelion with large yellow flowers was growing; in the second, a small green plant without any flowers; and in the third, a beautiful little rose tree covered with rose-buds and full blown roses. "O mamma!" said little Edward, as he went up to



the window, “what a beautiful rose tree! and dear, mamma! why do you put that ugly dandelion in a flower-pot? what can it be for?—the field is full of dandelions.”

“Those three flower-pots are for you,” said his mamma; “you may have any one of them you like.”

“Thank you, mamma,” answered Edward: “then I am sure I will have the rose.”

“But stop, do not be in such a hurry, Edward,” replied his mamma. “The rose may be yours; but it must be upon one condition—that you do exactly what I bid you all the rest of the day: then this pretty rose tree shall be put in the window of the little room where you sleep.”

“What to-night, mamma?” asked Edward. “O! joy! joy! I will be a very good boy all day.”

“But then, Edward, if you do not

mind what I say to you; instead of the rose tree I shall put this ugly dandelion."

Edward stayed some time in his mamma's dressing-room, smelling the rose tree and counting the buds. At last, he asked her leave to go and play in the garden.

"You may, my dear," said his mamma; "but be sure not to go into the field." Now in the field there was a little pool; and Edward's mamma did not choose that he should play in the field by himself.

"No, mamma," answered Edward, "I will not go into the field, I will

be such a good boy. It will not be many hours till night, and then I shall have the pretty rose tree for my own."

Soon after this, Edward's mamma went down stairs to tea; and while she was drinking tea, the nurse-maid came into the parlour, and said, "Master Edward is gone into the field by himself, and is fishing in the pool with a stick and a piece of thread; and I have called to him a great many times to come in, but he will not mind me."

Then Edward's papa, who was drinking tea with his mamma, got up and went into the field; and he found

Edward sitting by the side of the pool fishing, and almost covered with mud, and his shoes and stockings quite wet. "Edward," said his papa, "what brings you here? Did not your mamma forbid your going out of the garden?"

Edward coloured. "Papa," he said, "I did not think; I forgot. I was watching the frogs jump, papa, through the garden-gate, and I just made this fishing rod with sister's ball of thread; and I forgot mamma had told me not to go into the field."

"Edward," answered his papa, "good little boys will not forget what is told them. If you had really



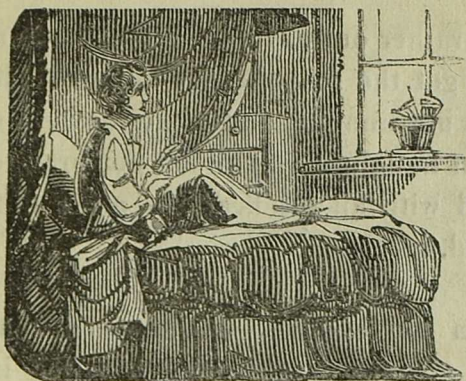
wished to please God, and to do as your mamma bade you, you would have remembered her order. And besides, did not you hear Anne call you?"

Edward answered, "Yes, papa, I was coming in a minute; only I wanted to see if I had not caught a fish: and my line was twisted in the rushes."

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“Only you wanted to have your own way,” said his father, “instead of submitting to the will of your parents and your nurse: and is not that very naughty?” Then his papa led him into the house, and gave him to Anne, and desired her to put him to bed.

Little Edward cried himself to sleep. The next morning, when he awoke, he saw the broad yellow dandelion standing in the window, opposite to the foot of his bed. He made haste to get dressed; and he ran to his mamma's room, and he cried out, “O, mamma! if I do as I am bid, may I have the rose tree to-day?”



His mamma answered, that he should.

Edward was very careful all that day, and he said to himself, "I am sure I shall get the rose tree to-day." He did not go near the pool, nor get into any mischief: yet he was not good; for he was full of himself, and

felt rather out of humour that he had not got the rose the day before. He was not humble, and sorry for having been naughty, and he did not pray to God with all his heart to make him good.

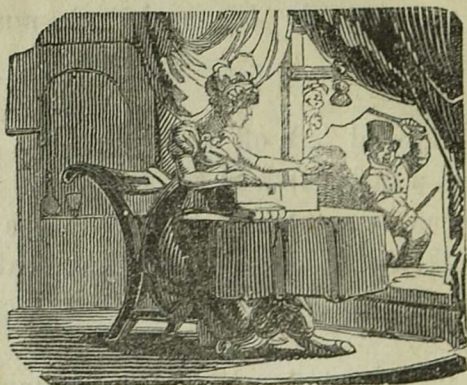
In the evening, it happened that his mamma was writing a letter in the parlour, and she was sitting near the window, and it was open, for the weather was fine. In front of it there was a grass-plot, with a gravel walk round it, and a border of rose trees, and honeysuckles, and jessamine. Edward was playing upon this grass-plot, and he was shouting and making a great noise: so his mamma said to him, "Edward, I am writing a let-

ter: pray do not make so much noise."

Edward left off shouting; but he had a little stick in his hand, and he began to scratch it along the gravel walk, and it made a very disagreeable sound.

"Edward!" repeated his mamma, "did I not tell you that your noise disturbs me?"

Edward did not scratch the gravel any more; but he rode upon his stick upon the grass in front of the window, brushing against the shrubs, and every now and then standing still and peeping into the window,



and making a great many little noises which disturbed his mamma still very much. So she was obliged to call to him again, and desire him to go quite away from the window.

Edward scarcely moved till his mamma called to him again; and then

he moved so very slowly, that it was some time before he was out of hearing.

In a little while his nurse came to put him to bed. When he had lain down in bed, and his nurse was gone, he did not feel very sleepy. It was still light, and the little birds were chirping as they went to roost. The busy voices of the haymakers and labourers going home he heard in the distant fields, and wished he was up. He was not satisfied with himself; yet his little heart was not employed in thinking over his ways.

Presently he heard a gentle step in the passage, and his mamma opened

the door, and stepped softly into the room. She had a flower-pot in her hand, which she placed by the dandelion: then coming to the bed-side, and stooping over it, she said, "Is my little boy asleep?"

"O mamma! mamma!" answered Edward, "sit down by me one minute; pray, pray do. What have you brought me, mamma? is it the rose tree?"

"Does my little boy think he deserves it?"

"I do not know."

"Does Edward remember how he

behaved this evening when mamma was writing? was he a good boy then?"

Edward covered his face with the sheet.

"You have been trying to be a good boy in your own strength, and that will never do," said his mamma.

"Cannot I be good myself?"

"I have often told you, my love, that we have very naughty hearts, and that we cannot be good without the help of the Holy Spirit, which our Saviour Jesus died upon the cross to procure for us: and if little children

wish to be good, they must pray very often by themselves to Jesus Christ to take away their naughty hearts, and to give them his help. My little boy forgets to pray, and then he can never be good; and if he is not good, there is a very very sad place where naughty children go. But I cannot bear to think of that. Do you see the pretty star twinkling through the window?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Should not you like to fly up higher than that star, and live with Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, yes, mamma."



“Then will you not, my dear boy, pray with all your heart to God, to wash away all your past sins in the blood of Jesus Christ, and to give you grace to be a good little boy, that when you die, you may go and live with him in heaven?”

“Mamma, mamma, I will now.

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Will you stay, mamma, while I say a little prayer? Then the little fellow got out of bed, and as he knelt at the foot of it, he said a prayer to God; and his mamma stood at the window, praying in her heart for her little boy.

“Well, my love,” said she, when he got into bed again, “I must leave you now.”

“O! stay one minute only. Mamma, was I so naughty to-day as I was yesterday?”

“Your heart was quite as naughty to-day,” answered his mamma, “though perhaps your behaviour might not seem

so bad. Being good is something more than not seeming to do any thing naughty. A good little boy will try in every thing to please God and his parents. If you had wished to please me, you would have tried to-day not to make any noise which could disturb me. Do you understand me, my dear?"

"I think I do, mamma."

"This little green plant is prettier to look at than that dandelion," said his mamma, "but it is not at all more like the sweet-smelling rose tree in my dressing-room than that dandelion is. Just in the same way, though you did not appear to be so naughty to-day as

you were yesterday, you were really quite as far from being good."

"I understand you, mamma."

"Well, good night, my dear, once more."

"And I hope, mamma, I shall remember what you say, and pray to Jesus Christ, and be a good boy."

"I hope so, my dear."

When Edward got up, he felt very humble, and he said his prayers with all his heart.

The evening of that day he was not

very well, with a cough, which he often had; but it was not bad enough to hinder him from playing in the nursery with his little sisters. He was very kind to them, and did not tease them, or take their playthings from them, as some naughty brothers do.

While he was at play, he heard his mamma's voice, calling, "Edward, come down."

Edward ran down stairs that very minute, though he had just made his little humming-top spin.

When he got into the parlour he saw upon the table a large vial bottle



with something very black in it, and a tea-cup and a large spoon lying by it.

“Edward,” said his mamma, “I have some medicine for you; you must take it immediately.” Then she took the cork out of the bottle and poured two spoonfuls into the cup, and gave the cup to Edward. “Now,

my little fellow," she said, "drink it down in a minute."

When Edward took the cup in his hand, the physic smelled very nauseous, and he thought at first that he could not take it; but he said in his heart, "O Lord Jesus Christ, help me to do thy will, not my own." And he put the cup to his mouth, and swallowed down the physic in a moment.

Then his mamma kissed him, and she took out of her pocket some almonds and raisins in a paper, and gave them to him.

He kissed his mamma, and thanked

her, and ran up stairs with a light heart to divide them with his sisters; and they made a feast with them in his sisters' little plates and dishes. And he did not feel selfish, and was pleased to see his sisters enjoy themselves.

That night, as soon as little Edward was in bed, his mamma came into his room, and brought the pretty rose tree covered with flowers and buds.

How glad the little fellow was when he saw the rose tree! And he thanked his mamma, and kissed her.

“You must thank God, who gave you grace to be good,” answered his

mamma; "for you cannot do any thing good yourself, and if you are not humble, God will not give you his grace."

"O, mamma! I know that quite now; I mean, I think I do: for the two first days I tried to be good all myself, and then I got no rose tree.—Mamma," said the little boy, "do, pray, for one minute, just set it on my bed, and let me smell it."

"This rose tree was given you," said his mamma, as little Edward knelt up to smell it, "because you gave up your own will, and did as I bade you, though it was not pleasant to you. There are in heaven

sweeter roses than these, that will never fade: and if you always try to do the will of God, instead of doing your own, he will take you, by and by, for our Saviour's sake, to his kingdom, where these heavenly roses always bloom—

Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.

Alway remember this, my little fellow, when the sun shines, and you open your eyes in a morning, and see your rose tree with its pretty buds and flowers.”

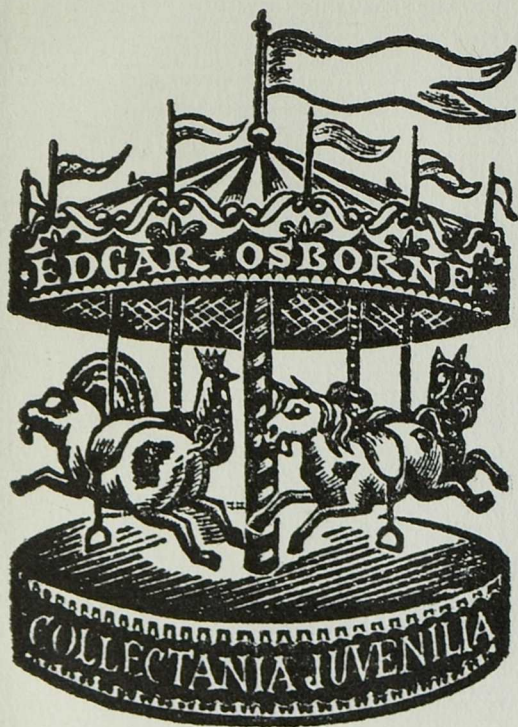
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