

(No. 1.)

(Six in the Set.)

# Reward and Gift Books.

ARTHUR'S DINNER.

WHAT IS  
A FALSEHOOD?

THE OPPORTUNITY  
NEGLECTED.

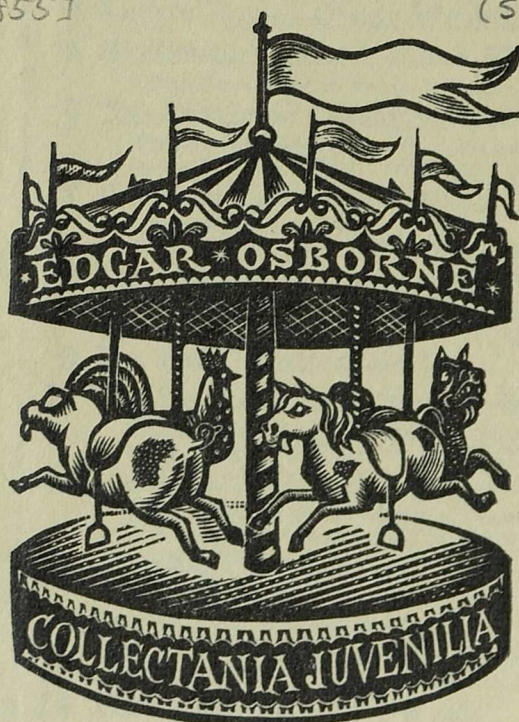
BY MISS CORNER.

LONDON:

DEAN AND SON, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

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## P R E F A C E .

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EVERY one must know, from experience, that early impressions are the strongest and most lasting.

That which we learn in childhood, is often remembered to the latest period of existence; and exercises, perhaps, a greater degree of influence over our conduct through life, than we are ourselves aware of.

The books read by the little tenants of the nursery, assist, no doubt, in forming their matured characters: consequently,

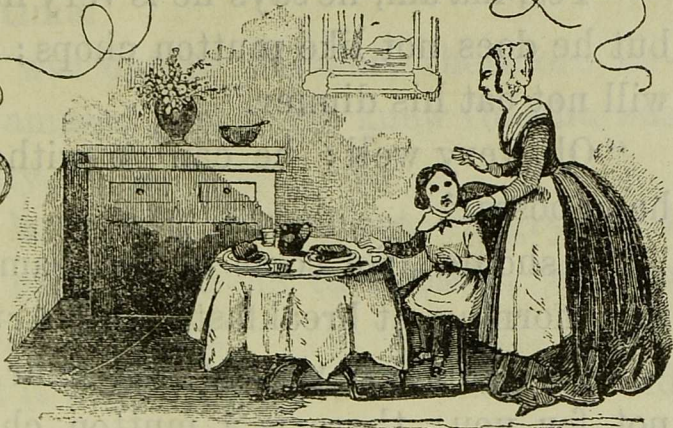
## PREFACE.

the task of writing for very young children is one of the utmost importance; and those who undertake it, should never lose sight of the one great object,—which is, to plant, and to promote the growth of moral principles in the youthful mind.

Such is the design of these little tales, which, it is hoped, will be found to impart, in a simple form, and infantile language, lessons that may prove of benefit to the very juvenile class of readers for whom they are intended.



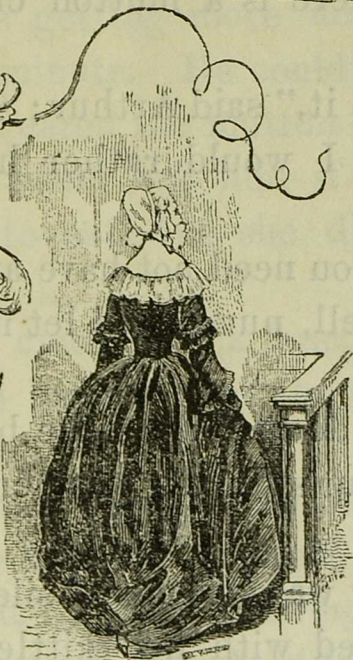
# ARTHUR'S DINNER.



THERE was a sad noise in the nursery, a little while ago; and angry voices were heard.

Mamma had to go in haste to ask what the noise was about.

"It is Master Arthur, ma'am," said nurse,— "he will not eat his dinner."



“Why not? is he not hungry?”

“Yes, ma’am, he says he is very hungry, but he does not like mutton chops; so he will not eat his dinner.”

“Oh, very well; he can go without, if he chooses.”

“I should like some of the ham I saw this morning, at breakfast,” said Arthur.

“You cannot have that, my dear; it is not for you; there is a mutton chop for your dinner.”

“I do not like it,” said Arthur; “I hate mutton chops; I would rather have no dinner at all.”

“Very well, you need not have any dinner; ring the bell, nurse, and let it all be taken away.”

Mamma went down stairs; the bell was rung, and Arthur’s dinner was sent away untouched.

The little boy was sullen and silent.

First he played with his skittle table, but he soon pushed that on one side. Then he tried to amuse himself with his puzzle



map, but he was tired of it in a very short time.

He was out of humour, therefore nothing amused him. He knew that he was naughty.

At last he began to get hungry. "I don't care," said he to himself; "I can wait till tea-time."

But it was a long while till tea-time, and he was getting more and more hungry, every minute. He could not help wishing he had eaten the mutton chop. He hoped nurse would ask him if he wanted anything to eat, but she did not take any notice.

The clock struck four, and Arthur was now so hungry that the tears came into his eyes.

It still wanted two hours to tea-time, and he felt that he could not wait so long, without having something to eat.

At last he said, "Nurse, I am very hungry."

"There is nothing for you but the

mutton chop," said nurse, "and that is cold, now."

"I will have that, if you please," said Arthur.

The cold mutton chop was brought, and a slice of bread that had been cut for him at dinner time, and was now hard and dry.

Arthur was very glad to eat it, dry as it was, and he thought no meat had ever tasted so nice before, as the cold mutton chop. It was the first time he had ever known the value of a good dinner.

He had been taught to say after each day's meal, "Thank God for what I have received." But he had never felt truly thankful till this very day.

He began to think what a sad thing it would be to be hungry, and not be able to get any thing to eat; and from that time, he always sat down to his dinner with a contented face, and cheerfully took whatever was provided for him.



## WHAT IS A FALSEHOOD.

HARRY was in the garden, one morning, very early, playing with his hoop.

He had been told not to bowl his hoop in the garden, but perhaps he had forgotten that.

He had run round two or three walks, and no harm had happened; but at last the hoop went on to a flower-bed, and broke a very fine tulip that Harry's papa set a great value upon.

Harry had heard him say, he prized that tulip more than any other flower in his garden.

"Papa will be very angry, I dare say," said Harry to himself, "but the mischief cannot be helped, now. I wish I had not brought my hoop into the garden."

Just then, his mamma came from the house. "Dear me," said she, "the high wind has broken this beautiful tulip."

"It was not the wind, mamma; it was I who did it."

"You! Harry; how could you do it, unless you went on the bed? which you ought not to have done."

"I was bowling my hoop, mamma; and it rolled on to the bed."

"You have been told not to bowl your hoop in the garden."

"Yes, mamma; and I am very sorry I did not play at something else."

"And so am I, Harry; for your papa will be very much grieved at the loss of this flower, which he prized so highly. He will certainly be very angry with you, and you deserve that he should be so."

Then Harry's mamma went in to breakfast, and he was going to follow her, when John, the gardener's son, came along, and knowing what had happened, said,—  
"Why, Master Harry, what need was there to say you broke the tulip? If you had held your tongue, your papa would have thought the wind did it; for I should



have said nothing about it, I promise you."

"I never tell a falsehood, John," said Harry.

"It would not have been telling one, sir; you had no occasion to speak a word, when your mamma said the wind had broken the tulip. Could that have been telling a falsehood?"

"It would have been just the same," said Harry; "for it is quite as bad to deceive any one: and if I had let my mamma think it was the wind that broke the tulip, it would have been deceiving her."

"And what would that signify?" said John; "it was not as if you had laid the blame on somebody else. I spoke for your sake, master Harry, thinking that at another time you might save yourself a scolding, that's all; but if you don't care about it, why, well and good."

"I do care about it, John; and am very sorry for what I have done; but it would be making the matter a great deal worse, to tell my mamma an untruth."

The lad muttered to himself in a sulky tone that some folks were more nice than wise; and taking up his watering-pot, was turning away, when he heard a voice calling him back.

It was Harry's papa who called;—he was on the other side of the garden fence; and having heard every word that had passed, now came in at the gate. "I am very glad, Harry," said he, "that you have so proper a sense of what is right.

"Truth, my boy, is the best and noblest of virtues. Those who pay a strict regard to truth, are sure to be loved by their friends, and esteemed by every body.

"I would rather lose all the flowers in my garden, than have cause to think that my son would try to deceive me.

"To deceive either by word or deed, is to be guilty of falsehood. Nothing is so mean and base.

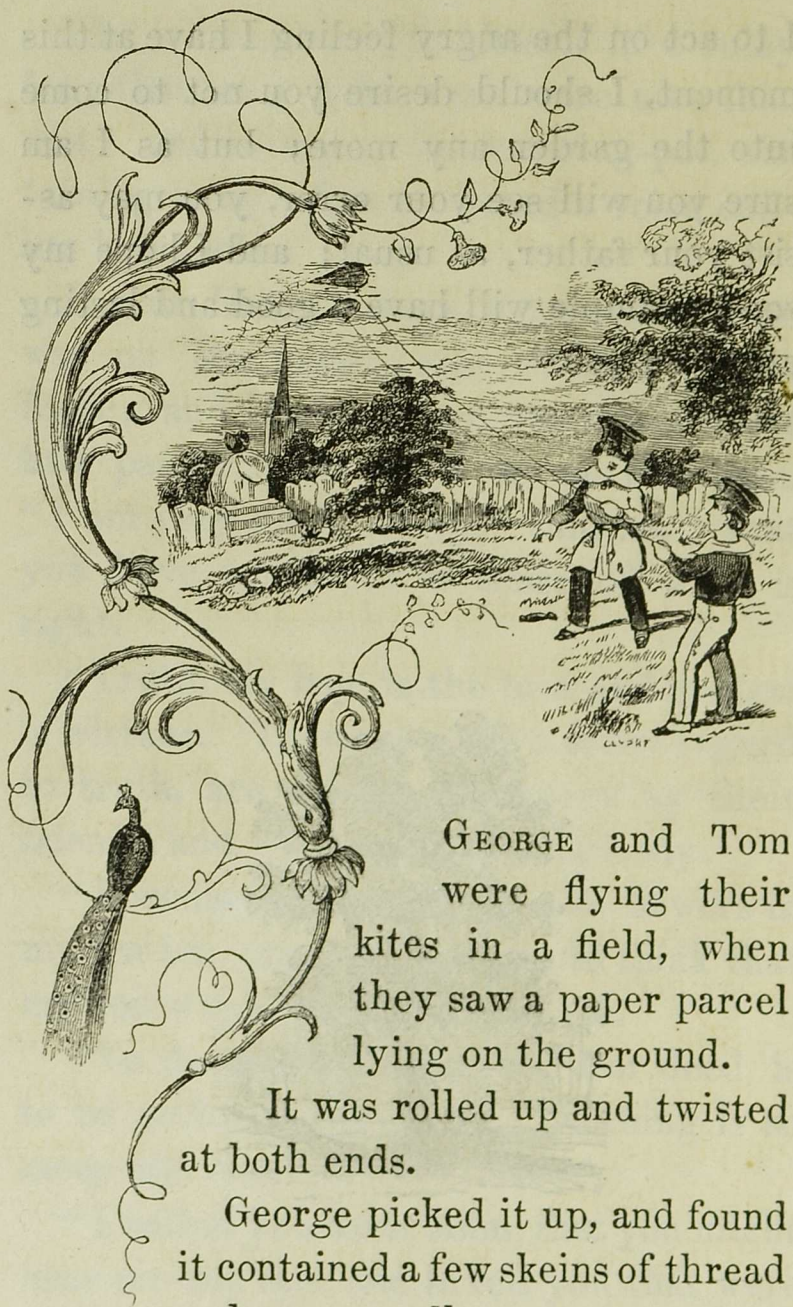
"I called you back, John, that you might hear me say this, and to tell you that were



I to act on the angry feeling I have at this moment, I should desire you not to come into the garden any more; but as I am sure you will see your error, you may assist your father, as usual; and I hope my son's example will have a good and lasting effect on you."



# THE OPPORTUNITY NEGLECTED.



GEORGE and Tom were flying their kites in a field, when they saw a paper parcel lying on the ground.

It was rolled up and twisted at both ends.

George picked it up, and found it contained a few skeins of thread and some needles.



He looked about to see who could have dropped it.

"It must be that old woman, who has just got over the style," said he; "I will run after her with it."

"Nonsense!" cried Tom; "what signifies a bit of thread and two or three needles. If you go, your kite will come down, and see how famously it is flying, now."

"Never mind the old woman, and her thread."

George threw away the thread and needles, and thought no more about the poor old woman, who was soon out of sight.

She trudged along the road, with a bundle of work that she had brought from the town. She had walked four miles for this work, which she had promised to get done and carry home the next day.

She was very poor, and when she could get any work to do, was always glad to be employed, and now she expected to earn half-a-crown.

This, to her, was a large sum of money,

and she had been thinking all the way home what a good dinner she should be able to have on Sunday. Poor thing! she did not have a good dinner very often.

Well, as soon as she got home to her little cottage, she sat down to rest herself a while, and then she untied her bundle, meaning to set to work.

Then she found that her thread and needles were gone.

She shook the handkerchief and unfolded the work, but no thread was there. What was to be done? She had none in the house, and there was no shop near.

It was a long way to the town where she had bought the skeins, and she was too tired to go there again. Besides, if she had been able to go, it would have taken the rest of the day;—so the work could not be finished by the time she had promised it to the lady who had given it to her to do.

Her heart was sad, so she sat down and cried. She could not sleep all night,



for grief; and in the morning she was very ill.

She sent the work back undone, which vexed the lady so much, that she said she would never give her any more.

This angry message made the poor old woman worse, so that she could not get up at all.

Then one of her neighbours went to tell George's mamma, who lived near the village, and often went to see the poor people when they were ill.

The kind lady put some bread and meat, and a little wine, into a small basket, and went to the cottage of the old dame, to hear the story of her misfortunes.

How she had been all the way to the town to get work, and had lost her thread on her way home,

How she had offended the lady, by sending home the work undone; and how she had been distressed for the want of the half-crown she would have earned, if she could have done the work.

George's mamma gave her a little money, and promised to go to the lady herself, to tell her how it was that the work was not done.

The poor woman was very thankful, and tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks.

George heard the tale from his mamma, when she came home; and the good hearted boy felt sorry, then, that he had not run after the old woman with her needles and thread.

He told his mamma of his fault, and tried to make amends by giving up his pocket-money for a month, to buy a little meat for the old dame's Sunday dinner.

She got quite well at last, and the lady gave her work again.

George sometimes went to see her, and, with his mamma's leave took her many little presents.

He had a good heart, and from that time never neglected to do a service for any body, when it was in his power.



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