

DICK AND HIS MOTHER.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND
EDUCATION, APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR
PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE ;

SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY,
GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS;
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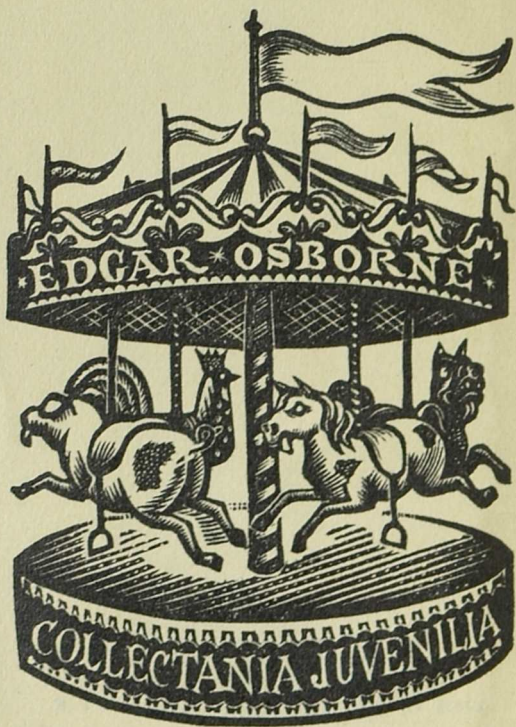
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1847.



DICK AND HIS MOTHER.

Mrs. NASH kept a shop, and sold crockery-ware, brushes, brooms, pails, and a great many other things. She had the lower part of a small house, and the front room was her shop; in a small one at the back she lived, with her little boy Dick. Dick was a sharp boy for his age, and his mother found him very useful in the shop, when she could not herself be there. When any body came to buy what she had to sell, Dick would run and fetch his mother. He went to an evening school, and could read very well. When Dick

was a very little boy, he did not at all like the trouble of learning to read, and said, "He did not see the use of it." Many other boys and girls do not *now* see the use of learning to read; but if their mothers and fathers did not send them to school, and make them learn, they would, when they grew older, find that it *is* of some use to be able to read their Bible, and they would be sorry they had not learned when they were young. Dick's mother wisely sent him to school as soon as she could trust him to walk to the end of the street; and now, though he only went in the evenings, he found pleasure in reading the few books that came in his way. After he had learned his lessons, Dick used to sit on his stool, or look up and down the street very quietly, while his mother did her work. Sometimes a customer would want a pitcher or broom

sent home, and then Dick had a run, which, like all other little boys, he liked, I suppose, better than being still. Often he would get a penny given him, which he carefully saved. Dick had made up his mind to buy his mother a new Prayer Book, and thought, perhaps, that by the next Christmas he should have saved money enough to do so. Dick had been told by his mother that it was wicked to tell lies and to steal; he had been taught, too, at the Sunday-school, that God will punish the thief and liar in another world, even if they are not found out and punished in this. Dick could be trusted in the shop, and did not call his mother when some of his playfellows came to buy marbles; but counted out the number they were to have for their penny, and then carefully put the money in the till.

On market days, Mrs. Nash had plenty

of custom, and found Dick very useful. The country people bought pitchers and pans, and Dick could tell them the price, and help to carry them to the carts and waggons that were to take them home. On these market days, Dick and his mother were glad enough to go to bed, but Mrs. Nash was never too tired to hear Dick read a chapter in the Bible, or to join him in thanking God for the mercies of the day past.

One cold day in the winter, Dick was sitting on his stool, eating a basin of broth, and looking up now and then at the large flakes of snow that were falling, and making the tops of the houses so white. His little hands were blue with the cold, and glad enough was he when his mother had brought him such a nice basin of broth to warm him.

“I wish,” thought Dick, “that every little

boy, who is as cold as I am, had such a nice basin of hot broth to eat;" and Dick took another spoonful.

Opposite to Mrs. Nash's, there was a draper's shop, and a carriage drove up to the door; the coachman's coat was covered with snow, and his black horses were getting quite white. A lady got out, and quickly ran into the shop, leaving an old lady in the carriage. "They are not coming here," said Dick, "so I can finish my dinner." Just then somebody stepped into the shop. It was a poor woman with a very thin ragged shawl on: a little boy was with her. "I want," said she, "a small red pitcher; to-morrow there will be soup given away, and I shall be glad enough to get some." Dick called his mother; but, as she had not one in the shop, she went to get a fresh supply from a shed in the yard,

where she kept her stock. The little boy looked at Dick's broth with longing eyes. "You shall have some as good as that to-morrow, Bill," said the poor woman. "But, mother, you know I have had nothing to-day, and I am so hungry that I cannot help wishing for some of that broth." "Hush!" said the woman, "we are poor enough, but we are not yet come to beg." She took her boy's cap, and shook off the snow; "If," said she, "I had known this fall of snow was coming on, I would have left you at home, Bill. Poor child, how wet and cold you are!" Dick stopped eating: "Here, little boy," said he, "take this broth. I have had some breakfast, and shall have some tea; so you may eat this." Bill was not long in eating up the broth, as you may easily suppose. "Thank you, my dear child," said the poor woman; "poor Bill has not

had such a treat for many a day ; it does me good to see him eating it, for he really is almost starving ; my husband is ill, and cannot work, and I have been obliged to borrow the sixpence to buy this pitcher.” Mrs. Nash had come in, and picked out a good strong one. “ I hope,” said she, “ you may get it well filled every day while this cold weather lasts ; I shall return you a penny, for the first time you go to fetch soup, though it is all the profit I get on the pitcher.” The poor woman went away very thankful,—a penny to her was a great sum. Dick told his mother that he had shared his dinner with the poor boy. “ You did quite right, my dear,” said she ; “ I wish I had some more to give you instead ; but, you know, when *we* give anything away, we must go without ourselves. You look cold. I think, in spite of the snow, you must have

a run to the top of the street, and that will warm you nearly as well as your dinner would have done." Mrs. Nash had scarcely said this, when the coachman called from the box of the carriage, where he was sitting, to know if her youngster could run to the Inn with a message. The lady had left a paper there, and she now wanted it. "Oh, yes," said Dick. His mother then tied a fur cap over his ears, put on him a little cape of oil-skin, and away he was about to run. "Stop, stop," cried the coachman, "willing as you are, you do not know where to go!" So he told him to inquire of the waiter at the White Horse for a piece of paper that was on the table in the room where the ladies had been. Dick ran there and back again so quickly that the ladies had to wait but a short time. He handed the paper in at the carriage window. The

old lady who was in it, to his great surprise and joy, gave him a shilling. "That," said she, "is not so much for running so quickly where you were sent, as it is for your good-nature, in giving your dinner, this cold day, to a poor hungry boy. You did not know, I dare say, that I saw you from my carriage; you must tell your mother to buy you a nice supper." Dick was greatly pleased with his shilling, but he told his mother he did not wish her to lay it out in a supper for him. "I shall now," said he, "have one shilling and eight-pence to spend; it will buy your Prayer Book, and then I shall have two-pence left.—May I go at once to Mr. Penn's, for fear that the one in the window should be gone?" Mrs. Nash never denied her son any thing that was reasonable; so, though she had some ironing to do, she came into the shop to wait

until Dick came back. When Dick got to the bookseller's, Mr. Penn was not long in taking the red Prayer Book from the window, putting it in paper, and tying a bit of string round it. Dick then looked at some story books that were lying on the counter; but they were three-pence and four-pence each, and Dick had but two-pence. Mr. Penn let him look at them all, and Dick was so much amused, that he did not see the old lady who gave him the shilling come into the shop. She tapped him on the shoulder: "Do you like books?" said she. "Oh, yes, Ma'am; I read every one that I can get." "Are you going to spend your shilling in these books?" said she. "No, Ma'am," said Dick, trying to pull off his cap; but his mother had tied the strings so tightly that he could not unfasten them. "Never mind your cap," said the lady; "what

have you got in your hand, tied up so neatly?" Mr. Penn here said, "That, Ma'am, is a Prayer Book for his mother! I have been often amused to see his little face peeping in, as he went by the shop window, at the red Prayer Book marked one-and-sixpence, and I am glad that he has at last been able to buy it." "You could not, my little fellow," said the lady, "have made a better use of your money; you will have, I am sure, more pleasure in seeing your mother use her new Prayer Book, than you would have had if she had bought you the nicest supper in the town." The lady then told Dick to pick out a little story book for himself, from the pile on the counter, and she paid Mr. Penn for it. She asked Dick his mother's name, and said, that whenever any thing was wanted in her house, that Mrs. Nash sold, she would send there and buy it.

“When you are a little older,” said the lady, “if I should want a young helper, either in my garden, or in the house, I will think of you, for I feel sure that your mother has brought you up in the fear of God, and in the love of your neighbour.” Mrs. Nash was much pleased with her new Prayer Book, but she was more pleased to hear what the lady had said to her dear boy. Mr. Penn happened to be passing the shop some days after this, and he went in, and told Mrs. Nash that the lady was a kind-hearted, charitable person, and would not forget her promise; and he advised Dick to improve himself as much as possible in writing and ciphering, and to continue to be a dutiful son, and a steady, honest little boy.

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