



GRANDFATHER'S TALES.

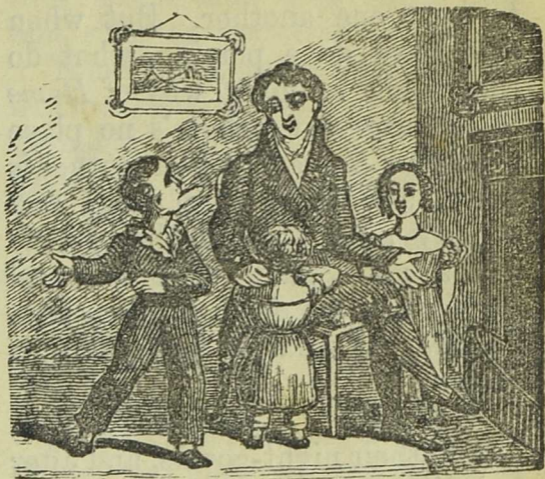
HOME!

SWEET HOME!

LEICESTER

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GRANDFATHER'S TALES.



HOME! SWEET HOME!

YES. for after all "there's no place like *Home*." Little boys and girls run out to play. They like play. And it is quite right they should play, for it does good to their

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health, only they must not play on the Sabbath, or in such a way as to hurt one another. But when they have done playing, what do they think of next, why of *Home* to be sure—for “there’s no place like *Home* !” Their mother is there, and there when tired and hungry after playing they go, to get a good piece of bread and butter, and sit down by their own fireside, O what a nice place is *Home* !

Well, after a good wash, they put on their night-gowns, and after kneeling down at their mother’s lap, and saying,

“Gentle Jesus meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;”

or,—

“Lord teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart ;”

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or some other pretty little prayer, they go to their own warm bed, and sleep as sound as a top.

When such little folks rise as fresh as a lark in the morning, should they not say,

“Are these thy favours day by day,
To me among the rest,
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.”

Yes: this would be a proper feeling in little boys and girls, for it is a great thing for them that God Almighty has given them fathers and mothers, who will work for them, and take care of them, and provide for them a good basin of sweet bread and milk for breakfast, a hearty dinner of pudding, meat, and potatoes, and then some nice tea and bread and butter at night; and in the day-time send

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them to school, to be taught how to read and write, and behave well. Many other good things have they—good clothes, and clean linen, and warm stockings, and sound shoes, and when they are poorly, good medicine to make them better.

Who would not be thankful for such a *Home*? It is worth calling *Home*. But there are some poor little creatures who have *no Home*—no home like this—no place worth calling home. Their fathers and mothers are either very silly people or very idle. Some fathers and mothers are very poor, for want of work, or because they have been ill. Such people deserve pity and help. But look at those dirty ragged children. Their clothes are never mended; their linen all in

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rags, and seldom washed; their stockings full of great holes; and their shoes, if they have any, out at the toes, or down at the heels. They have no hats or bonnets, and their hands and faces are so dirty, and their hair never combed, and their poor cold feet caked with such black dirt, that it would take a bucket of hot water, and half a pound of soap, and a scrubbing-brush to get them clean. Who do these little creatures belong to? where do they live? Have they a home? Go and see. Follow them to where they go, and you will soon find that the place in which they live is as filthy almost as a stable or a pigstye. Yes, it is. Look at the house floor, covered over with dirt. It looks as if it were never swept or washed.

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The walls are nearly as black as the floor, as if they were never whitewashed. There are very few things in the house—a few broken chairs and stools, and an old table, a sooty greasy tin kettle, and a few pots; and if you went up stairs you would see such a chamber!—the bed made of straw, and a few old rugs or sacks to cover them, and there they lie, all huddled together, like so many pigs in a sty. This is true: quite true of many. And why is it so? I will tell you. It is almost always because of one thing—and that is *drunkenness*. The father spends his money in beer or ale, which he ought to bring home for his wife to spend in buying bread and milk, and meat, to feed the children, and with which she could get some

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furniture, and other things, which she wants to make the house comfortable. But sometimes, which is worse than all, the mother is a drunkard too, and loves gin ; and if she does, there is sure to be no good ; for she will go to the pawn shop till she has sold every bit of furniture in the house, and even her very clothes off her back, but she will have that nasty gin.

This is the way that poor, ragged, dirty, half-starved children are made. O how would you like to have such a home as theirs ?

But there is something more to be said about a real good *Home*. Where there are good parents, they will be sure to remember that their children have souls that will live for ever, and they must try to take care of their children's souls

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above all other things. In such a *Home*, that good old book the Bible will be read every morning at breakfast time, and the blessing of the great God will be sought every day, and the children will be taught to fear that great and dreadful name—"THE LORD THY GOD," and to love the SAVIOUR who died for their sins. If the parents are poor, they will see that their children go to a sabbath school, and take care that they are sent in good time, all clean and nice as they ought to be. On such a house the blessing of God will rest, and they will live in peace and love. See, then, what a good thing it is to have a good home. You never can be too thankful to God, and too thankful to your parents for such a home.

