

THE
HISTORY OF EMILY
AND HER
BROTHERS.



BY MRS. SHERWOOD,
Author of "Little Henry and his Bearer," &c.



A NEW EDITION,

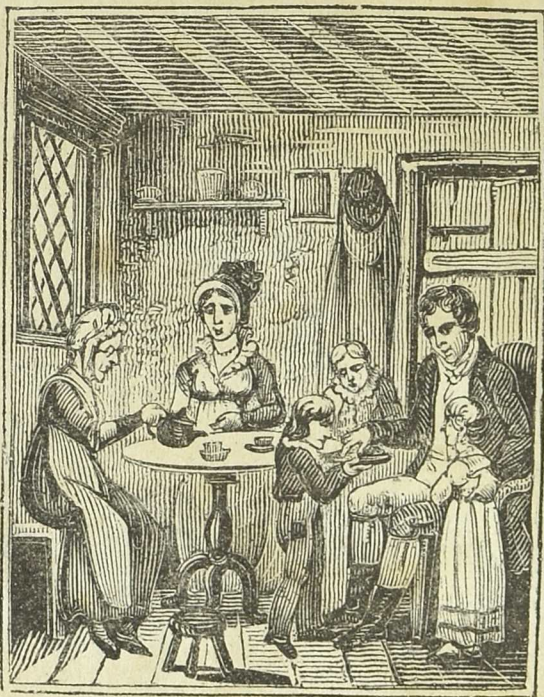


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See Page 28.

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*EMILY & HER BROTHERS.*

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ONE day in the pleasant month of May, two little brothers, called Charles and William, and a little sister, whose name was Emily, were looking for violets in a green lane near their father's house. They could not find any violets: so they went further and further down the lane, till they came to a little brook which ran across the lane; and by the brook side was a cottage standing in a garden. At the



door of the cottage sat a very old woman knitting, and a little clean boy was sitting on a stool, by her side, reading an old Prayer-Book.

“O!” said Emily to her brothers, “here is a brook running across the lane, and there is no bridge: we cannot get over it without wetting our-

selves. But never mind, if we cannot find any violets to-day, we will stop and look at this pretty cottage, and that will be pleasanter than gathering violets."

So Emily walked towards the door of the cottage, and her brothers followed her.

"Good morning, young gentlemen and lady," said the old woman: "will you walk in and rest yourselves?"

Emily thanked the old woman very civilly, and went in and sat down on a chair, which the little boy set for her; and William and Charles stood at the door.

“Do you live here all by yourself with this little boy?” said Emily to the old woman.

“Yes, my little lady,” said the old woman, “I live here with my little grandson. I have no other children. But my little grandson is very dutiful to me: he works in the garden for me, and picks sticks for me, and does every thing I want; and every day he reads to me in the Prayer-Book about the blessed Lord Jesus Christ.”

“But,” said Charles, “why does he not read in the Bible as well?”

“O, my dear master,” said the old woman, “I have not got a Bible.”



“Not got a Bible!” cried Emily and her brothers at once: “not got a Bible!”

“No, my little lady; we cannot raise money to buy a Bible, though we have been trying ever since my poor little Thomas learned to read,” said the old woman. “A Bible was of no use to me before, because I can’t read; but now Thomas can read, it would be very useful: and I hope we shall get one before I die, for Thomas has got a little money towards it.”

“Shall I shew the lady how much I have got, grandmother?” said Thomas.

“O! pray do!” cried Emily.

Then Thomas went to a drawer in the dresser, and pulled out a little green bag, and he opened the bag, and in it was a sixpence, and a half-penny, and a farthing.

“Is that all you have got?” cried the children. “It is not half enough. How much will a Bible cost?”

“Three shillings, my little dears,” said the old woman. “It is a good deal of money for us poor people; but we shall raise it I do not fear: God will help us.”

“But, perhaps,” said Charles, “we could help you. Here is a penny to put in your bag.”

“And here is a silver three-pence,” added Emily.

“And here is a halfpenny,” said William.

And they were going to put them into the little boy's bag, but the grandmother said, “No, my little dears, I will not take your money without your papa's and mamma's leave.”

“Then we will go home,” said Emily, “and ask leave; and we will come again, and give you the money: for I am sure that our papa and mamma will let us do what we like with our own money; and this is our own money.”

So Emily and her brothers took



leave of the old woman, and ran home, for they were in a great hurry to ask their papa and mamma to give them leave to give their money to the poor woman.

When they came to their papa's house, they found their papa and mamma walking in their garden. "O! papa! O! mamma!" said Charles,

“ there is a poor old woman, and she lives down the lane, near the brook; and she has got a grandson, and he can read, but they have got no Bible.”

“ And,” said Emily, “ they want to buy a Bible, and they have only got one sixpence, and a halfpenny, and a farthing towards it.”

“ And the Bible will cost three shillings,” said William.

“ May I give my silver three-pence towards the Bible?” asked Emily.

“ And my penny?” said Charles.

“ And my halfpenny?” added William.



“The silver three-pence, and the penny, and the halfpenny,” their mamma answered, “is your own money, to do what you like with, and you cannot spend it better than in giving it to the old woman, towards her Bible, because in the Bible those things are written, which, if rightly attended to, will save the soul from hell: so, it is better to give a Bible to a person who has not got one, and who is willing to read it, or hear it read, than it would be to give a loaf to a poor hungry person; for bread only feeds the body, but the Bible feeds the soul, and the soul is better than the body, for the body must die, and go down into the grave, but the soul never dies.”

“Then we will go, mamma,” said

Emily: "we will run back now, and take the money to the poor woman."

"But, stop! stop!" said their papa: "a silver three-pence, and a penny, and a halfpenny, and a sixpence, and a halfpenny, and a farthing, will not be enough to buy a Bible, which costs three shillings. You want two shillings and three farthings more, to make up the sum you require."

The children all stood still when they heard what their papa said, and looked very grave. At last, Charles asked, "What can we do, papa? Will you give us the rest of the money? and then we will take it to the poor woman."

“No,” answered their papa, “I will not give you my money to take to the poor woman, because you would be then giving away my money, and not your own; but, if you choose to work for the money required, I will pay you.”

“O! that is very nice,” said Emily: “what work must we do?”

“For every chapter in the Bible which you will learn by heart, I will give you a penny,” replied their papa.

“How many chapters must we learn, papa, to get two shillings and three farthings?” asked Emily.

“Why do you ask me, Emily?” an-

swered their papa. "Have you not learned to count?"

"We want two shillings and three farthings," said Charles. "Then we must learn exactly twenty-four chapters and three quarters, which, divided, will be eight chapters a-piece; and the three quarters I will take, because I am the eldest."

"Well," said their mamma, "if you like to undertake this work, and will endeavour to get it finished by Emily's birth-day, which will be the 20th of July, we will have a holiday that day; and, if it is a fine day, we will carry the money you have earned to the old woman's, and we will take some tea

and sugar with us, and the old woman shall make tea for us."

"O! mamma," said the children, "how pleasant that will be!"

So the children, that evening, chose out the chapters which they were to learn. Emily chose the last eight chapters of St. John, because she was very fond of St. John; and Charles chose the eight first of St. Luke; and William chose eight of the shortest Psalms, and, as he was a year younger than Emily, it was but fair that he should have the easiest task.

Charles and Emily went on very well. About every three days, they



brought a chapter to say, and got a penny, which they put by with the rest of the money, in a little box: so that, before June was passed, Emily had earned her eight-pence, and Charles his eight-pence and three farthings; but I am sorry to say that William's halfpenny was in the box, but nothing put to it.

“This is the last day of June,” said Emily to her brother Charles, one day, when she was counting the money, to see if it was right, “and here is your money, and here is mine; but there is not a penny of William's. We must talk to him, and make him learn.”

“O! I have talked to him,” said

Charles, "several times; but I cannot get him to learn his Psalms. He has always something else to do: either his whip to mend, or his dog to feed, or to ride upon the gate, or to dig in his garden; he finds time to do every thing but to learn his chapters."

"Well," said Emily, "we will go and look for him now, and try, once more, to persuade him."

So Emily and Charles went to look for William, and they found him swinging on the bough of a tree.

"Now, dear William," said Emily, "come down, and learn one Psalm. This is the last day of June, and you

have not brought one penny towards the Bible."

"I will come presently," answered William: "let me swing a little more." And then he began to shake the bough of the tree, and up he went, and down he went, as fast as he could make himself go.

"You will have a fall presently," said Emily. "Come, be persuaded by me: come down, and learn a Psalm."

William would not listen to her, but went swinging on till he fell down, and hurt himself so much, that he could not learn that day.



Well, the next day, there was his garden to dig; and the day after that, the cat had some kittens, and it took up his play-hours, for two or three days, to attend to the kittens; and then the hen hatched some chickens: and so, by one thing and another, all his time was taken up till the 20th of July came.

It was a very fine morning, and the sun shone very brightly when the children awoke on Emily's birth-day. Charles and Emily were very happy; but William was vexed, to think that he had no money to carry to the poor woman for the Bible. Their mamma did not say any thing about the poor woman and the Bible till after dinner. She then said, "I have put up some tea and sugar in a basket, and I am going to drink tea with the poor woman who lives near the brook; and I shall take those children with me who have any money to take to her. Go, my dears," she continued, "and bring me what money you have each earned for the Bible."

Emily and Charles ran up stairs for

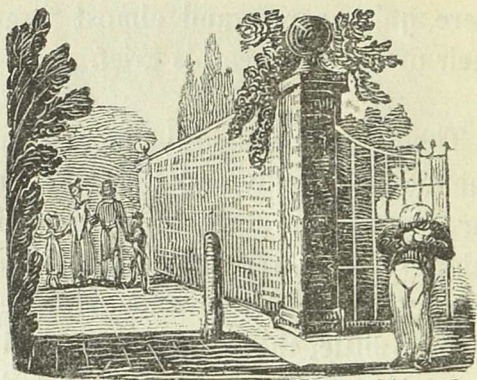




their money very gaily, but William walked very slowly. Emily brought down eight-pence and a silver three-pence, and put them on the table; and Charles brought eight-pence three farthings, which he had earned, and a penny which he had had before; but William had nothing to shew but his halfpenny. Poor William looked very grave; and even Emily and Charles

were quite sorry, and almost forgot their own joy to see his grief.

Their papa counted the money, and commended Emily and Charles; and then looking gravely at William, he said, "I am sorry, little boy, to find how little love you have for poor people—so little, that you could not give yourself the smallest trouble in order to help the poor old woman and her little grandson to get God's book. But, as you would not take the trouble of labouring with your brother and sister, you must not share their reward. There, take back your halfpenny: I shall not let you have the pleasure of giving it to the poor woman. But I will have the



pleasure of going with your mamma, and brother, and sister, to see the poor woman; and I shall give her the eightpence halfpenny which is wanting, because I do not like the poor woman to suffer for your idleness.”

Then their papa told Emily and Charles to get ready; and they set off

with their mamma, to see the poor woman who lived by the brook.

Charles and Emily were sorry for William; and yet, they knew that it was his own fault that he was not to go with them. And you would have been sorry, too, if you had seen how he stood at the gate, watching them till they were out of sight, and what an unhappy evening he spent.

So Emily and Charles, and their papa and mamma, went down the lane: and when they came in sight of the cottage, Charles and Emily ran on before. They found the old woman knitting, and the little boy reading the old Prayer-Book. "So, we are come



back at last," said Charles to the old woman: "I am afraid you must have thought that we had forgotten you."

"But now we are come," said Emily, "to drink tea with you, and to bring you some money, to help you to buy the Bible."

You cannot think how pleased the old woman and the little boy were, and how thankful they were, and how neatly the old woman set out her tea-table for Emily and Charles, and their papa and mamma, to drink tea.

After tea, little Thomas went over the brook, into a little wood, and soon





came back with two such beautiful nosegays, for Charles and Emily, as I hardly ever saw!

When all the money was gathered together, it came exactly to three shillings, which the old woman carried to the next town, to a very good gentleman who sold Bibles cheap to poor

people: and, from that time till her dying hour, she had the pleasure of hearing her little grandson read the Bible every day.

I am glad to be able to say, that the next time there was any money to be earned for poor people, by learning chapters, William behaved a great deal better; for he prayed to God to give him grace to overcome his sinful idleness, and God heard his prayer.

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