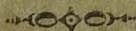
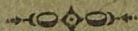


LITTLE  
*ARTHUR.*



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



A NEW EDITION.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HOULSTON AND SON,

65, Paternoster-Row;

AND AT WELLINGTON, SALOP.



Price One Penny.



[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

# FRONTISPIECE.



*See Page 9.*

LITTLE  
A R T H U R .

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

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TWELFTH EDITION.



LONDON :

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## LITTLE ARTHUR.



I KNEW a little boy once, named Arthur, who lived with his papa and mamma in a small house on the side of a wood. This little boy had a white dog called Snow, who would fetch and





carry at his command; he had also a tame owl, whose name was Ralph: and his papa made him a little seat under a large oak in the wood, where he was allowed to go occasionally to read his Bible, together with a pretty book about pious children, who had devoted their lives to the service of God—a book which his papa had brought him as a birth-day present from London.

You will say, how happy this little boy must have been, living with his kind papa and mamma in a pleasant house near the wood side; having a little dog, called Snow, to follow him wherever he went; a tame owl, called Ralph, to divert himself with; and a pleasant seat beneath a spreading oak, where he might sit undisturbed, reading

the good word of God and listening to the doves and the blackbirds among the trees of the wood! But there was one thing wanting to make this little boy happy—he did not fear God. His heart was not changed; and it is well known by every religious person, that nothing can make a little child happy, but a heart renewed by grace. For the hearts of all children are by nature full of sin, and sinners are never happy; as it is written—*There is no peace, saith my God to the wicked.* (Isaiah lvii. 21.)

When Arthur was about seven years old, I went to see his papa and mamma. The little boy was standing in the parlour when I first went in. He had rosy cheeks and curling hair; but I



was not pleased with him, because he looked proud and cross. So I said to his papa, "I hope Arthur has learned to fear and love God."

His papa answered, "No, I am very much afraid that he does neither. His mamma talks to him every day about his Saviour; but I fear he gives no heed to her words."



“ Oh, Arthur ! ” I said, “ this is a sad report ; and for this reason I shall not give you the beautiful hymn-book which I brought with me from home, in hopes of finding a pious little boy in this house.”

I stayed with Arthur’s papa and mamma several days ; and in that time I was able very easily to discover, without being told by any one, that this little boy did not fear God : for, instead of taking delight in any of those pleasant things which he possessed, he was discontented and out of humour with every one of them. As to his poor little dog Snow, he beat him almost every day : and once while I was there, he teased poor Ralph so sadly, that the bird bit his finger with his strong bill

nearly to the bone. And as to his seat in the wood, though it was very fine weather while I was there, he never went to it for the purpose of sitting there to read the Holy Book of God: but if ever he went into the wood, it was to climb the trees and get birds' nests, or to do some other mischief. So I speedily found that Arthur was



not a happy little boy at that time, although he had kind parents, a pleasant home, and a little faithful dog, with so many other indulgences. After a few days, I took leave of the family; when I thought it proper to carry back with me the beautiful hymn-book which I had brought from home.

About two years after this, I went again to see Arthur's papa and mamma. Arthur was in the parlour when I went in; and as soon as he saw me, he made a low bow, and smiled very pleasantly. "I hope Arthur is become a better and a happier child," I said; "for he does not look proud and cross as he did the last time I was here."

"We will say nothing about that," said his mamma, "because it is not

right to boast. You will judge of him by his actions: for even a child may be known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

I stayed with this little boy's papa and mamma for several days, and during that time I saw a great improvement in Arthur—the Lord had blessed his mamma's instructions to him. His ways were very much changed. The little dog Snow and the owl Ralph were still alive, and the seat was still to be found under the oak tree. All these were the same which they had always been, excepting that Ralph and Snow looked somewhat older: but the little boy had much greater delight in them than he formerly had, because his heart was now changed by the power of di-

vine grace; and he had learned to be content with what he possessed, and thankful for all the good he received from his parents through the bounty of his Creator.

While I stayed at his papa's house, I often watched him, and saw with pleasure the alteration that had taken place in his whole conduct. I never saw him beat Snow, or tease Ralph; but I used to observe him, from my window, patting and stroking the dog, and talking to the bird. More than once also I followed him into the wood, where I saw him sitting down on the seat which his papa had caused to be made for him, and reading his Bible and his little book of stories. It was a pretty sight to see this little boy sit-





ting under the spreading oak tree reading the Holy Book of God, with his little dog Snow at his feet, and Ralph at his side. When I saw it, I could not help saying, “What a difference does true piety make, even in little children! It gives a sweet and pleasant appearance to every thing about them, according to that which is written—The ways of

*religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* (Prov. iii. 17.)

On the other hand, how restless and unhappy are those children who have never been brought by the Teacher of all hearts to a knowledge of the Saviour!"

Before I left this house, I gave little Arthur the beautiful hymn-book which I had brought with me in hopes of finding some pious little boy on whom I might bestow it; and at the same time I taught him to sing many of the hymns contained in it. So from that time, in addition to his other agreeable exercises, Arthur was enabled to sing the praises of God while he sat on his little seat under the oak tree.

FINIS.

*By the same Author.*

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