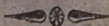


THE
TWO DOLLS.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF

“ Little Henry and his Bearer,” &c. &c.



LONDON :

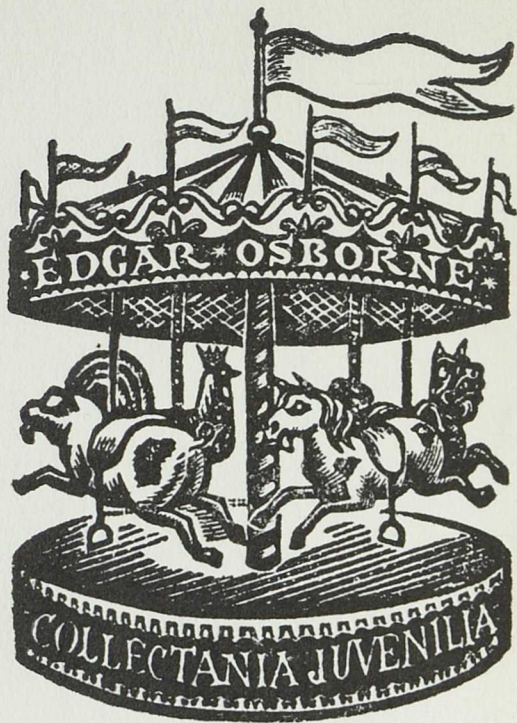
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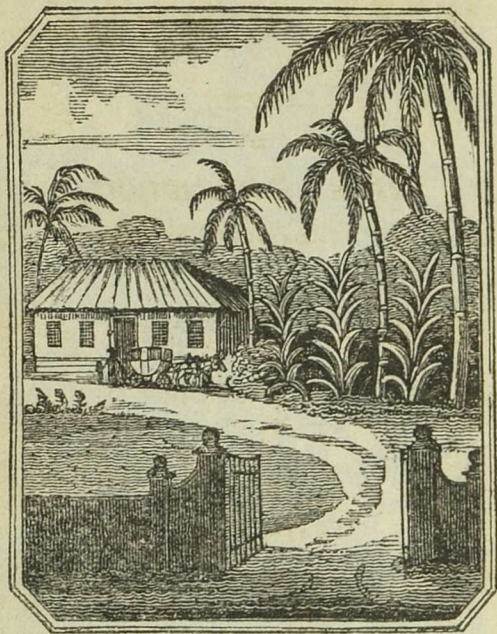
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FRONTISPIECE.



THE EUROPE SHOP.

See Page 16.

THE
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BY

Mrs. Sherwood,

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

Third Edition.



LONDON :

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THE
TWO DOLLS.



THERE was a lady once, who lived in India; she had two little girls, one was named Emma, and the other Mary. A gentleman called one day at this lady's house, and, because the little girls were very civil to him, and called him *saheb* whenever they spoke to him, he gave

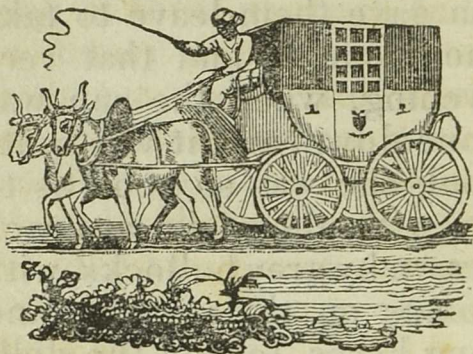
each of them as much Indian money as comes to ten shillings; and he told them that, if their mamma pleased, they might go to a shop where English dolls are sold, and buy two pretty wooden babies, with cherry cheeks and curling hair.

Emma and Mary had never had an English doll, and the dolls which are made in India are frightful, heavy things, and such as no little child would like to play with.

How pleased Emma and Mary were when their mam-

ma gave them leave to take the money! and that very evening, when the sun was gone down, and it was quite cool, she was so good as to go with them, in a coach drawn by grey bullocks, with humps on their backs, and long horns, to buy the dolls at a shop which was about a mile from their house.

I don't think you ever saw a coach drawn by bullocks. I cannot shew you a real one, therefore you must be contented to look at the best picture I can give you of this equipage.



How gaily did the little girls talk to each other as they went along! Mary said that she would buy a doll with light hair and blue eyes, and Emma said her doll should have brown hair and black eyes.

So the bullocks went jogging on till they had gone about half way, and there the lady called upon the coachman to stop, because she wished to speak to a person who was passing by on foot.

While the lady had her head out of the window on one side of the coach, a very old black woman passed, hobbling by, on the other. She was very old indeed, and very ragged, and had very grey hair; and she was also very lame. "O, Emma," said Mary, "that is old

Bunnoo, who used to take care of my little cousin before he went to England: see, how poor she is; and how thin; and how miserable!" And then the little girl called to the old woman, and asked her where she lived, and why she looked so thin.

The old woman answered, that she was now too feeble to work, and that she had been very sick, and had no children to take care of her.

The coachman was now going on, and Mary had only

time to tell the poor woman to come to their house the next day, before she was out of hearing of the poor old creature.

If you will look at the next picture, you will see the likeness of Bunnoo; she is covered with rags, and is almost bent double.

“I am very sorry for Bunnoo, mamma,” said Mary, when the coach was going on again: “old Bunnoo, who took care of our cousin Charles. She is covered with rags, and is very lame; we have just passed her.”



“Indeed, my dear!” said her mamma.

“But, mamma,” asked Mary, “cannot I do any thing to help her?”

“To be sure you can,” replied her mamma.

“May I, then?” asked the little girl.

“ Yes,” said the lady ; “ I will not hinder you, but I will rather help you.”

“ Then, mamma,” said Mary, “ take my ten shillings ; hold them very fast, and if I beg and pray ever so much in the shop, do not let me have them from you. Don’t trust me, pray, mamma ; for you have taught me that our hearts are not to be trusted, and that we have no power to do well ourselves.”

Then the little girl placed her purse and all her money in her mamma’s hand, and put her head out of the win-

dow, in order that no one might see her tears.

So the bullocks went jogging on, the old black coachman crying "Whoo," and "Gee," every minute, till at length the coach arrived at the shop, which was in a large house, thatched with straw, and standing at the end of a long sandy path, bordered, on each side, by tall palm trees and broad-leaved aloes. I have a great notion that you never saw a place like this shop, therefore I have taken the trouble of drawing you a picture of it.



What a number of fine dolls from England did Emma and Mary see in that shop! Dolls with blue eyes, and black eyes, and grey eyes, and perhaps with green eyes for any thing I know to the contrary; and dolls

with wigs of every colour. It was a hard trial for Mary, to look at all these dolls and yet to save her money, and at one time she was almost ready to ask her mamma for her purse, but she was helped to resist the trial; and though she was rather sad when she got home, yet she tried to hide her sadness, and worked very hard the next morning, to help to make clothes for her sister's doll.

In the evening old Bunnoo came: then Mary was happier; and, I am glad to tell you, that she spent all

her ten shillings for the old woman, and got her some decent clothes, and a bed to lie upon, and also persuaded her papa to engage her in some little service, by which she was enabled to keep herself from starving.

You have seen Bunnoo in her rags, would you like to see her when she was dressed? if so, look at the next picture; there she stands at the door of her house, and I dare say she is very well pleased with herself: and you may also see Mary in the same picture; she has a



book in her hand, it is the Bible. I was told by one who knew her very well, that, when she got older, she took a great deal of pains to give the poor old woman some knowledge of the way of salvation, which you and I know

is through Christ and Christ only.

But we have not quite done with our history of the dolls: you have heard of but one doll yet, that was Emma's doll; poor Mary had no doll.

When Emma had had her doll about two months, a box arrived from England; it was from the grandmamma of the two little girls. It came one evening, when Mary and Emma were gone out. Their papa opened the box, and found, among many other things, two parcels,

one for Emma and the other for Mary. There were books in each of these parcels: in Emma's there was also a very pretty set of painted pictures, and a handsome work-bag; but in Mary's there was a sweet little doll, dressed, like a baby, all in white, and, with the doll, a complete set of clothes.

How did the good papa and mamma rejoice when they saw this doll, for their little Mary's sake! and the mamma said, "When the children come in, we will shew them the pictures, and the other

things; but please, papa, don't say any thing about the doll, for I have a scheme in my head."

The papa promised that he would not speak of the doll, and it was put away before the little girls came in.

What a happy evening had this papa and mamma, with their children, shewing the little books and the work-bag, and talking of grand-mamma! Perhaps you may like to see a picture of this happy family, sitting round their table, and looking over the books.



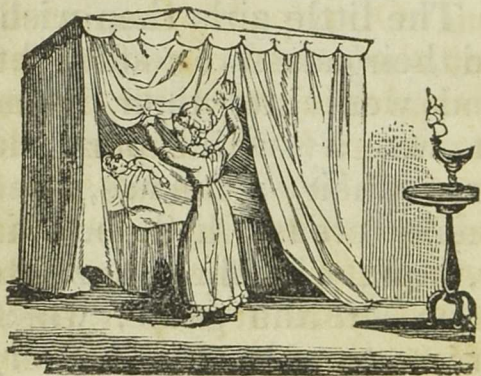
At eight o'clock the papa prayed with his children, after which, he took one on each knee, and told them a short story; and while he was telling his story, the mamma slipped out of the room, and she took the new

doll and placed it in Mary's bed ; she laid its little head on the pillow, and it looked like a very small baby : and when she had put every thing in order, she came back into the parlour, and said, " Now, my dears, it is time for you to go to bed."

The little girls then wished their parents a good night, and went into their room. It was a small apartment near their mamma's, and there were two little beds in it, hung with fine gauze, to keep out the gnats, which are so troublesome in every

hot country. There was a lamp burning in the corner of the room.

So the little girls undressed each other, and when they had prayed, they were just opening the curtains to get into bed, when Mary saw the



little head laid on her pillow, and one little white hand just on the outside of the sheet. O what a loud scream did she set up! her papa and mamma would have been quite frightened if they had not guessed the cause. “O, Emma! O, Emma! O, mamma! O, papa!” she cried, but she could not stir even a single finger; “O, mamma, come! O, Emma, do come!”

The papa and mamma were only on the other side of the curtain which hung before the door of the room,

and you may be sure that they did not stay long behind it. "What is the matter, my little girls?" said the papa.

"There is a baby in Mary's bed," cried Emma.

"A very, very little baby, papa," said Mary; "how did it come there? O, mamma, I dare not touch it; what must I do? how could it come there?"

"You silly little girl," said the lady, "take it out, and kiss it."

Mary raised the curtain very carefully, and, sliding

both her hands under the doll, she lifted it out just as she had seen the nurse lift her little brother. And O, how pretty it looked lying along on Mary's little arms, with its rosy cheeks and blue eyes, and its lace cap. "O, mamma! papa!" said Mary, "it is a doll, a lovely doll!" And the little girl was so overcome with joy, that she burst into tears.

"This doll, my dear child," said the papa, "came from grandmamma; it left England many months ago: and I hope that it will teach you

a holy lesson which, I trust, you will never forget. When the holy Spirit of God helps us to give up our own desires and pleasures for the sake of others, the pain is always made up and more than made up to us in one way or another: not that there is any good in any thing we can do, but the Lord God deals with us as a Father deals with his little children; he first helps us to do well, and then he gives us happiness as the reward, not of what we have done, but of what he has himself done for us."

My little children, attend to these words of this good father, and pray that they may be imprinted on your hearts.

FINIS.

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