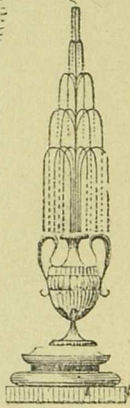
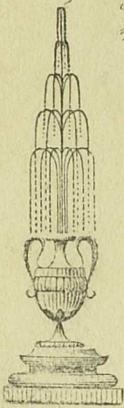




SQUIRE GREY'S
FRUIT FEAST



SQUIRE GREY'S
Fruit Feast.



Resekah H. Saray

SQUIRE GRAY'S FRUIT FEAST:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

HOW HE ENTERTAINED ALL HIS YOUNG FRIENDS;

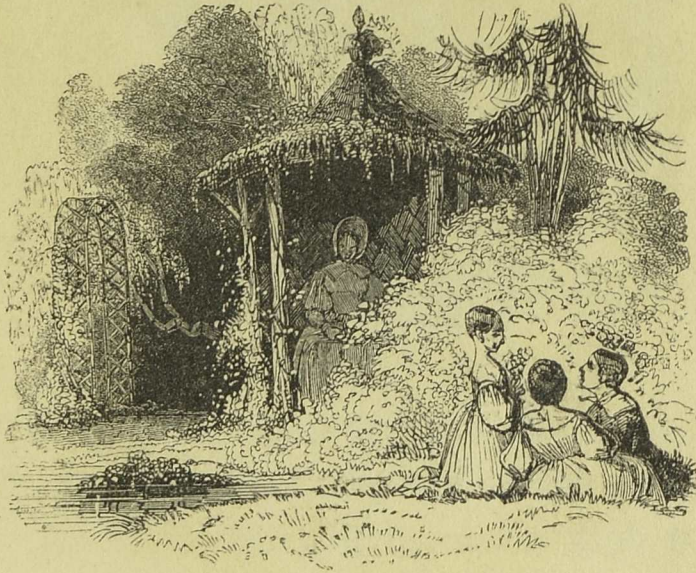
AND SOME OF

THE PRETTY TALES

HE GAVE TO THEM AS PRIZES.

By M. J. C.

WITH TWELVE ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.



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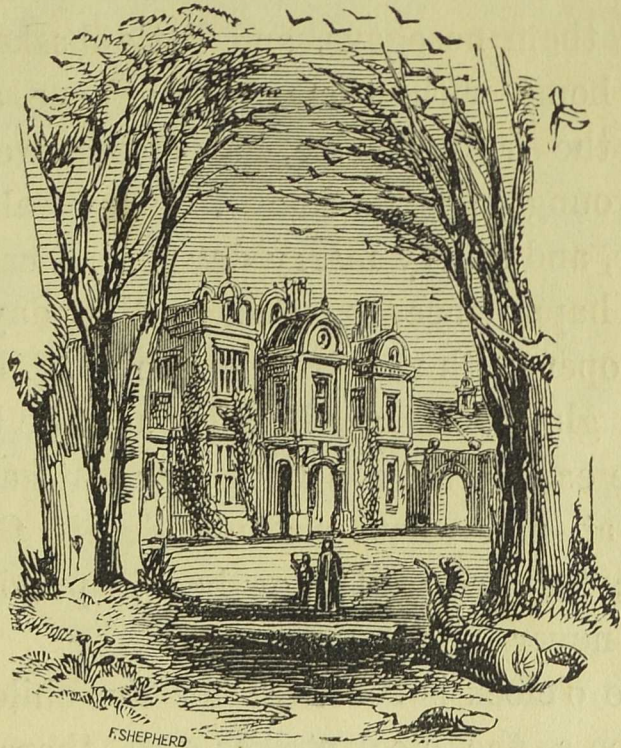
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SQUIRE GRAY'S FRUIT FEAST.



DO you see that large white house, which stands a good way out of the road, with a lawn in front of it, and a high wall that runs a long way down the lane on one side. That is Squire Gray's House, and that is the wall of his orchard, which is full of fine fruit trees of all kinds,

apples, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, figs, peaches, and many others, that I cannot think of just now.

The squire is a kind old gentleman, and takes great notice of all the good boys and girls who live near him, and often lets them walk in his garden, and gives them nosegays, and little baskets of fruit, to take home with them. Then, once a year, at the time the fruit is ripe, he gives a great treat to all the young folks he knows. They call it THE FRUIT FEAST, and a very merry day it is, I can tell you. O, what happy faces are seen on that day! what bright eyes open with the first peep of day light! and how many glad voices are heard round the breakfast table, where each is busy in guessing what games they shall play at, and what presents Squire Gray will make them; for they well know he will provide gifts for all, as he never fails to do so.

Two o'clock is the time for the children to go; so as soon as the clock strikes two, there are seen coming down the road, and through the fields, such gay groups of boys and girls; and there stands the good Squire at the gate, ready to bid them welcome.

“Well, my little friends,” he says, “I hope you all have been good girls and boys since I saw you last; but I think I need not ask, for you all look happy, and no one can look happy who is not good.”



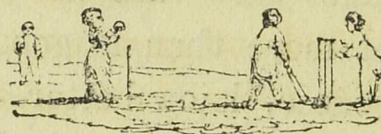
Then he leads the way into a room where a long table is set out with many plates of fruit and cakes; and they all sit down round the table, and the squire sits at the top and lets them take what they like best; but he kindly takes care that the little ones of the party do not eat more than is good for them. The older ones, of course, know better.

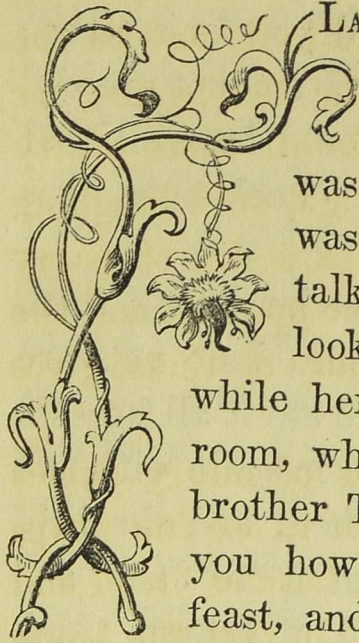
As soon as the feast is done and the table cleared,

Squire Gray brings out a store of new books and toys, each of which has a little ticket tied to it, and on the ticket there is a number. Then the fun begins, for the young folks have to draw lots for all these pretty things; and there is such a noise, and such laughing and clapping of hands, as each takes a slip of paper from a box, and calls out the number upon it; and the squire, who likes fun as well as any of them, gives the lots as they are drawn.

After this, they play at all kinds of merry games till tea time, when it is quite a sight to see the heaps of toast, and muffins, and tea-cakes, besides bread and butter, that are set upon the table. In fact, the tea is quite a feast, and a good feast too, as well as a merry one.

The tea is done, but the pleasures of the day are not yet over; for, now Squire Gray brings in the old blind fiddler that lives in the village; the table is put up to one side of the room, and the young folks dance till it is time to go home.





LAST YEAR, on the day of the Fruit Feast, there was one face that had no smile upon it, one tongue that was still, one heart that was sad. How was it that Jane could not laugh and talk that morning? Why did her eyes look so red, and her cheeks so pale? while her loud sobs were heard in the next room, where her papa and mamma and her brother Tom were at breakfast. I will tell you how it was: Tom was going to the feast, and she was not, so it is no wonder she was in grief.

Now I dare say you would like to know why Jane was kept at home that day? well, I do not mind telling you, because I am sure it will not happen again. The truth is, Jane was apt to be greedy, which was a great fault, and gave much pain to her mamma, as well it might, for no one likes to have a greedy child. One day, she was at play with Tom in the parlour, when their mamma came in with two nice pears in her hand and gave one to each. As soon as she had left the room, Jane said "Your pear is larger than mine; you ought to give me a piece of it." "For shame, Jane!" said Tom; "if yours had been

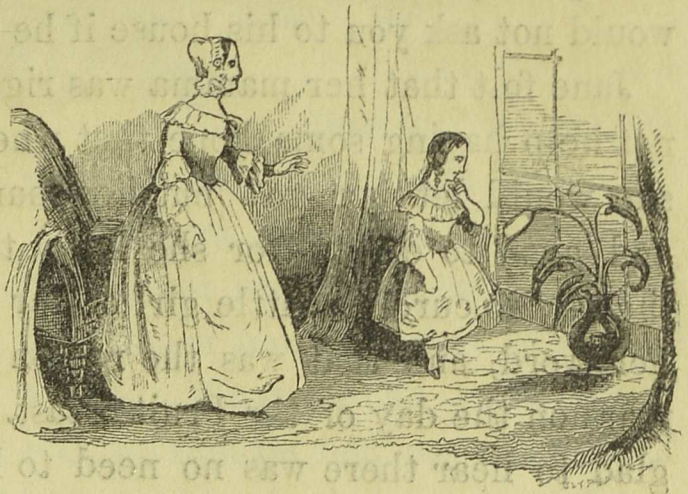
the largest, I should not have asked you for a piece ; but you are always so greedy." " I am not greedy, sir ; but it is not fair that you should have all that great pear, when mine is so small. Look here, it is not more than half as big."

" Very well," said Tom ; " take the large one, then, if you like, and give me the little one ; I do not care which I have." Jane did take it, and ate it all herself.

Just after this their mamma came in again with two plums, one much larger than the other ; and she held out her hand with both plums in it to Jane, and told her to take one. Now you will, of course, think that as she had the largest pear, she would have taken the smallest plum ; but no such thing, she took the large one, I am sorry to say, although she must have felt some shame as she did so ; for there was a blush on her cheek, and she turned away her head as if she did not like to look her brother in the face.

When any one feels shame at what they have done, it is a plain proof that it is wrong, and they ought to take care not to do the same thing again ; yet, I fear Jane would not have tried to mend, if it had not been for what I am going to tell. Her mamma had heard what she said to Tom about the pears, for she was in a store-room, close to the parlour, at the time ; so she

took the two plums, a small one and a large one, from a basket, and went in with them, just to see what Jane would do if she had her choice. Jane, as I have told you, chose the best, and then her mamma said: "Jane, I am truly sorry



to find you are such a very selfish little girl, as you have shown yourself to-day. Twice you have had fruit to divide with your

brother, and both times you have taken the largest share, which was unjust as well as greedy; and if Tom had done so, you would have said it was not fair. Should you not?"

Jane was silent. "Answer me, Jane; if Tom had eaten the best pear, and the best plum too, should you not have said it was unfair?" "Yes, mamma." "Then was it fair for you to do so?" Jane hung down her head, but said not a word.

"I wish you to answer me, my dear." "No, mamma; it was not fair." "Well then, I hope you see your fault, and will try to mend; but as I cannot be

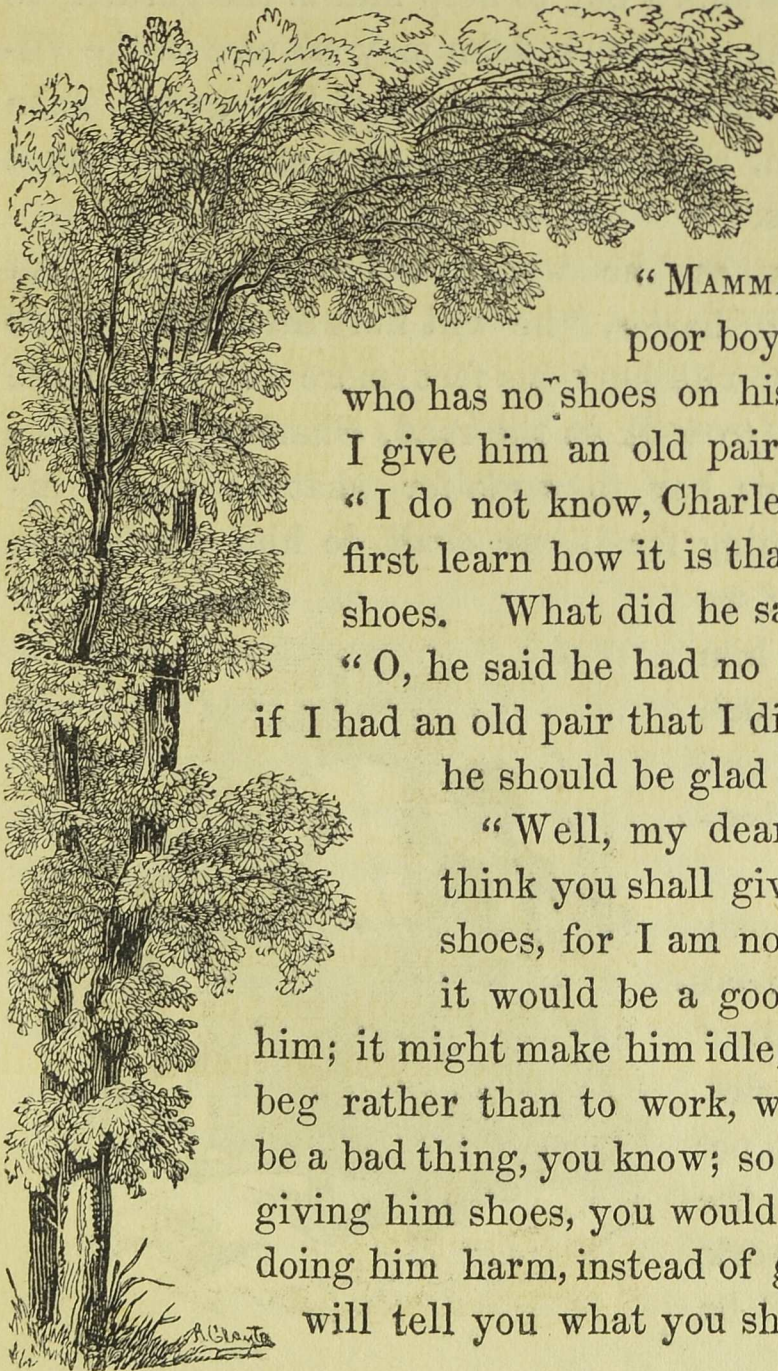
sure of this till you have given some proofs of it, I shall not let you go to the Fruit Feast next week, for I should be sorry indeed for your young friends to see how greedy you are; and I am quite sure Squire Gray would not ask you to his house if he knew it.

Jane felt that her mamma was right, yet she could not help having some hope that when the time came she would let her go; but her mamma was too wise and good to do so; for she knew that would not be the way to cure her little girl of her fault; so she kept her word, and that was the reason why Jane was in tears on the day of the Fruit Feast. But you will be glad to hear there was no need to keep her at home this year; and that when the dish of peaches was handed to her, she did not look for the largest, but took that which was next to her.

I will now relate to you some of the tales which were in the books Squire Gray gave to the little folks; and I am sure you will agree with me that they were very pretty tales, and just suited to such good little readers.



THE WAY TO DO GOOD.



“MAMMA, there is a poor boy in the lane, who has no shoes on his feet; may I give him an old pair of mine?”

“I do not know, Charles; we must first learn how it is that he has no shoes. What did he say to you?”

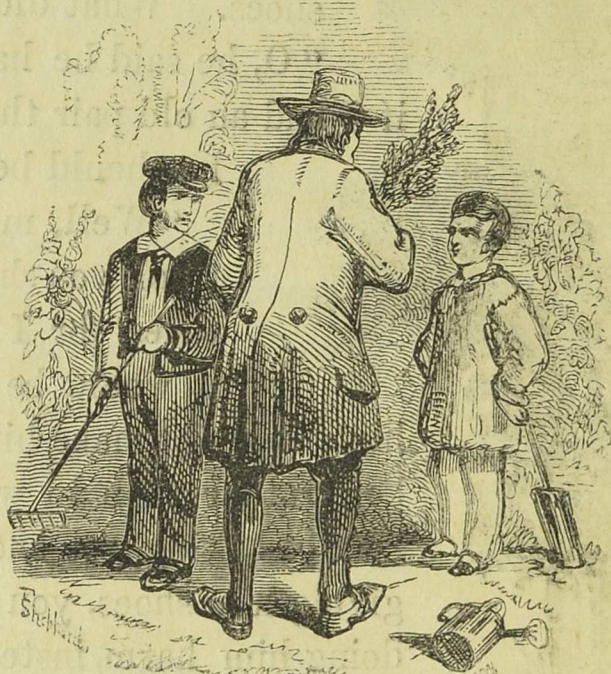
“O, he said he had no shoes; and if I had an old pair that I did not want, he should be glad of them.”

“Well, my dear, I do not think you shall give him your shoes, for I am not sure that it would be a good thing for him; it might make him idle, and like to beg rather than to work, which would be a bad thing, you know; so you see, by giving him shoes, you would perhaps be doing him harm, instead of good; but I will tell you what you shall do; our

man, John, wants a boy to help him in the garden, so if this boy likes to work, John may enquire in the village if he is an honest boy; and if he is, then, John may try him, and he can soon earn enough to buy a pair of shoes."

"But how can he work in the garden without shoes?" said Charles, "he will hurt his feet." "I do not think it will hurt his feet more to work in the garden than to walk in the road, Charles; and if we can teach this boy to work for what he wants, instead of begging for it, we shall do him much more good than if we were to give him ten pairs of shoes, and a coat and hat into the bargain."

"Then may I go and speak to John about it?" said Charles. "You are not sure that the boy will work, Charles." "O, he



will be sure to like it, mamma, when I tell him that he will get money to buy shoes and all he wants besides."

So away ran Charles and spoke to the boy, who said he was quite willing to work in the garden; and then Charles went to John and told him all about it. John was a kind man, and was very fond of Charles, and was glad to do any thing to please him; so after he had enquired about him, and why he was so poor, he set the boy to work, and told him that, if he was a good lad, he might come there to work for two or three months, and that he would be paid half-a-crown a week, and have his dinner besides.

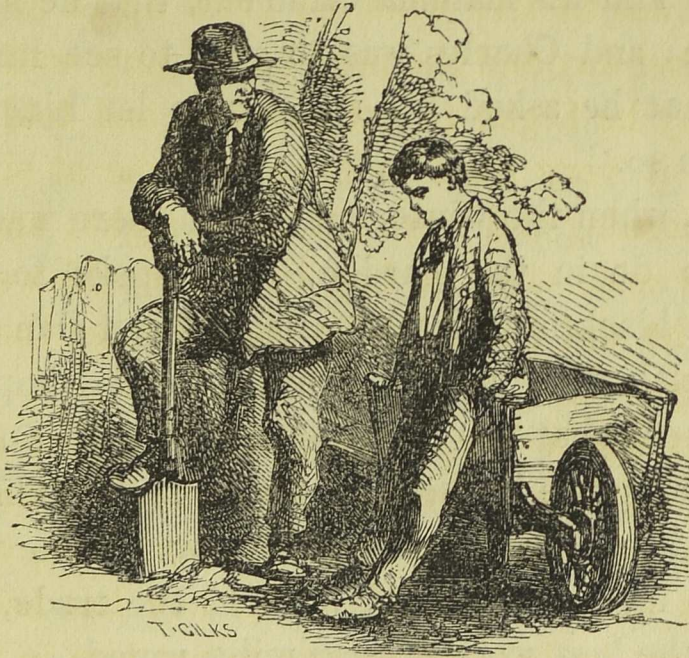
Dan, that was the name of the boy, had no father nor mother, for they were both dead; and he lived with an old man who was his father's uncle. But this old man did not take much care of him, or try to teach him what was right, or how to earn his bread; but let him run about with bare feet and ragged clothes, so that, although he was not a bad boy, he got into idle habits, and would beg for bread and meat, or for old clothes and money, and now and then he would get a penny for holding a horse, or running on some errand, but that was not often. He had been so used to this idle way of life, that he soon

got tired of work, and thought it was more pleasant to swing on a gate, or lie down under a hedge and go to sleep; but he did not think, foolish boy, of how he was to live when he grew up to be a man.

The first day and the next he did very well; but the third day he began to get careless, and told John he thought it very hard to have to come at six o'clock in the morning and work till six at night; and he was sure, he said, that no boy in the world would like it; and he did not think he should come there many more days.

Now it was a happy thing for Dan that John was such a good man as he was, for some men would have sent him away, and have had no more to do with him; but John said to himself, "This boy has been badly brought up, he has had no one to put him in the right way; and if he goes back to his old mode of life, he will never do any good. I will save him, if I can; for it would be a pity that he should go to ruin for want of a little good advice. Then he talked a great deal to him, and told him what a sad thing it would be if he grew up to be a beggar all his life, which would surely be the case if he did not learn to like work. "You do not know the comfort," said he, "of being able to get an honest living; but when you do, I am sure you will not wish to live an idle life. If you do

not learn to work now, while you are young, what is to become of you by and by, do you think? How do you expect to get food to eat, clothes to wear, or a



bed to lie upon? Come, my lad, take heart, and work with a good will; and who knows but, in time, you will become a rich man."

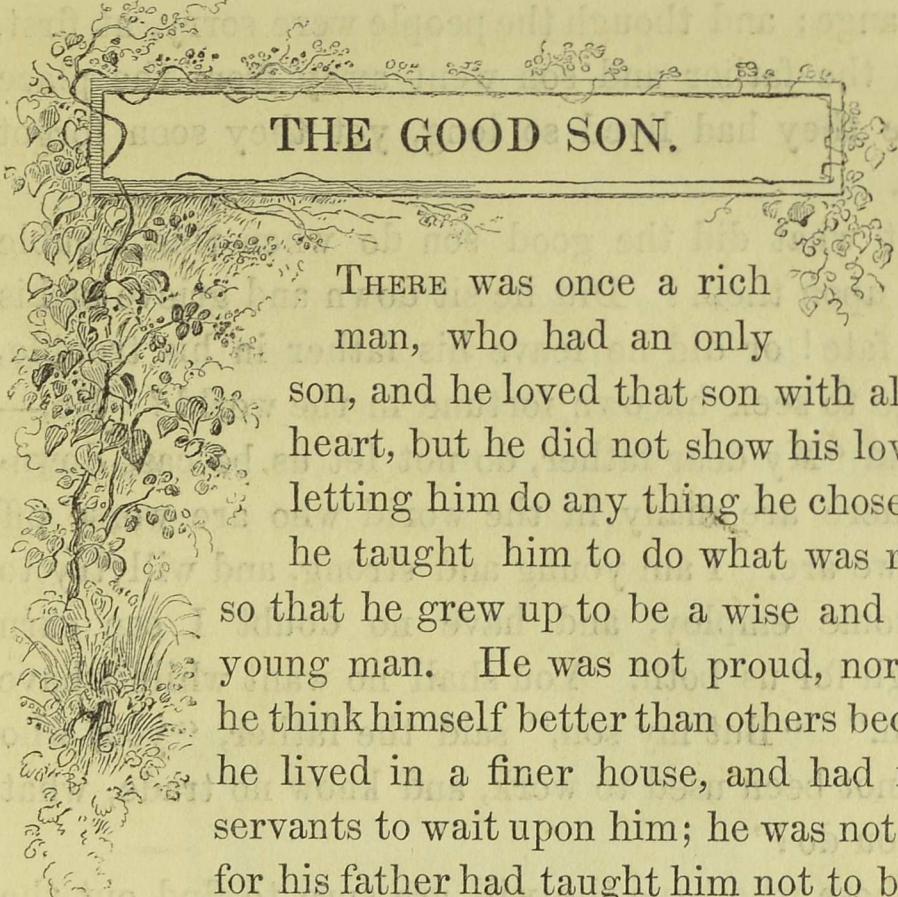
John spoke so kindly, that the boy thought he would try a little longer; so he went on to the end of that week, and was paid half-a-crown. He had never had so much money in his life, nor had he ever felt so proud and happy as when he went into a shop with the half-crown he had earned with his own hands, to buy a pair of shoes, "I see it is a good thing to

work," said he; "if I go on, I shall soon get enough to buy a coat and hat to go to church in."

And so he did, and he waited at the church door till Charles and his mamma came out, that he might bow to them; and Charles was so glad to see him look so nice, that he asked his mamma to let him stop and tell him so.

Well, when the winter came, and there was no more work to do in the garden, John spoke to a friend of his, a blacksmith in the village, about Dan; and the blacksmith said he might come to his shop, and he would see what he could do with him. So he went there and made himself so useful, that the blacksmith was glad to keep him in his employ, and he was there a great many years, and learned the trade, and was one of the best workmen for miles round.

At last, his master died, and then he took the shop and set up for himself, and got on so well, that he was able to take a good house to live in; and then he married the daughter of his old friend John, who was a little girl when he first went to work in the garden. Charles also was grown up and married too, and often used to go and have a chat with the blacksmith, and send his horses there to be shod; and he would sometimes say to himself, "It was much better to find him work than give him my old shoes."



THE GOOD SON.

THERE was once a rich man, who had an only son, and he loved that son with all his heart, but he did not show his love by letting him do any thing he chose, but he taught him to do what was right, so that he grew up to be a wise and good young man. He was not proud, nor did he think himself better than others because he lived in a finer house, and had more servants to wait upon him; he was not idle, for his father had taught him not to be so; and he did not spend his money in waste, for he had also been taught that they who waste, are almost sure to come to want.

At last there came a time when the rich man lost all his wealth, and he had to give up his fine house, to send away his servants, and to live in a very poor and humble way. I need not tell you how this came to pass, but such things often happen, so no one thought

it strange; and though the people were sorry, at first, when the father and son went away from the place where they had lived so long, yet they soon forgot them.

But what did the good son do when this trouble came upon them? Did he sit down and grieve at his hard fate! or did he leave his father in his trouble, and go to seek his own fortune in the world? No,—he said “My dear father, do not let us be cast down, for there are many in the world who are worse off than we are. I am young and strong, and will try to get some employ, and have no doubt I can earn enough for us both. You shall no want while I have health.” “But my son,” said the father, “you, who have not been used to work, and know no trade, what can you do?”

“Those who have the will are sure to find out the way,” said the young man. “We had many friends when we were rich, and it will be hard if some of them will not let me work for them now we are poor; so make yourself quite easy, for we shall still do well.”

You may think how happy that father must have been to hear his son speak thus; and how he would pray to God to bless and to reward him; nor did he pray in vain, as we shall find in the end.

Not far from the place where they had come to live, there was a paper mill, which was always at work, for a great deal of paper was made there, and a great number of men and women and children worked in that mill.

Now the young man's father had once been very kind to the master of the mill, and had lent him money to go on with his trade, at a time when he had none, and he must have given up his mill if he had not met with some kind friend to help him; but after that



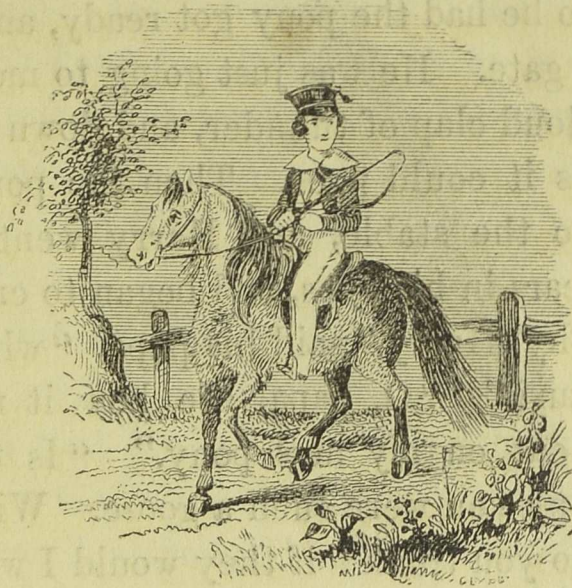
he had done well, and now he lived in plenty. So the

young man went to him and said, "My father has lost all that he had, and we are now poor;—can you employ me in your mill?"

Then the master of the mill said to himself, "This is the son of the rich man who was once so kind to me; so I ought to help him, if I can, and I dare say he can be of use to me, for I am old now and want some one that I can trust to look after my people, and keep account of what is done in the mill." So when this thought had come into his head, he told the young man he would give him plenty to do, and would pay him well; and after he had become acquainted with the business he had to manage, he made him the chief person, next to himself, in the mill, and he soon grew very fond of him, and treated him like a son, and at last took him for a partner.

The good son thus, in a few years, became rich once more; and he shared all with his father, for he said,—
"While you had wealth, my father, you gave me all that I had need of; so now it is but just and right that I should do the same for you."

ALL FOR THE BEST.



“I SHALL have a nice ride on my new pony, to-day,” said Harry. “Do you know, Sam, my aunt has sent me a pony; is it not kind of her?”

“Yes, sir, it is very kind,” said Sam; “but I do not think you will have a ride to-day, for it looks as if there would be a storm.”

“O, no, there will be no storm to day,—it does not look a bit like it; see there—the sun shines,—I’m sure there will be no storm.” Sam shook his head, and pointed to the black clouds that were coming thick and fast; but Harry still thought it would be fine, so he had the pony got ready, and it was brought to the gate. He was just going to mount, when there was a loud clap of thunder, and down came the rain as hard as it could pour. Then the pony had to be led back to the stable, and Harry went into the house with tears in his eyes, and began to cry bitterly.

“Why, Harry,” said his papa, “what is the matter, my man?” “O, papa, see how it rains, and I was going out on my new pony.” “Is that all? I did not think you were such a goose. Will tears stop the rain, do you think? if they would I would cry too, for it will spoil the wet paint on the summer house. Well, shall I also cry, and try if the rain will cease?”

This made Harry smile, but he still thought it a great pity he could not go out for his ride. But it was a good thing for him that he did not go, as you shall soon hear. The storm was not yet over, when Sam ran in at the gate almost out of breath, and came up to the window where Harry and his papa were standing. “O, master Harry,” said he; “I am so

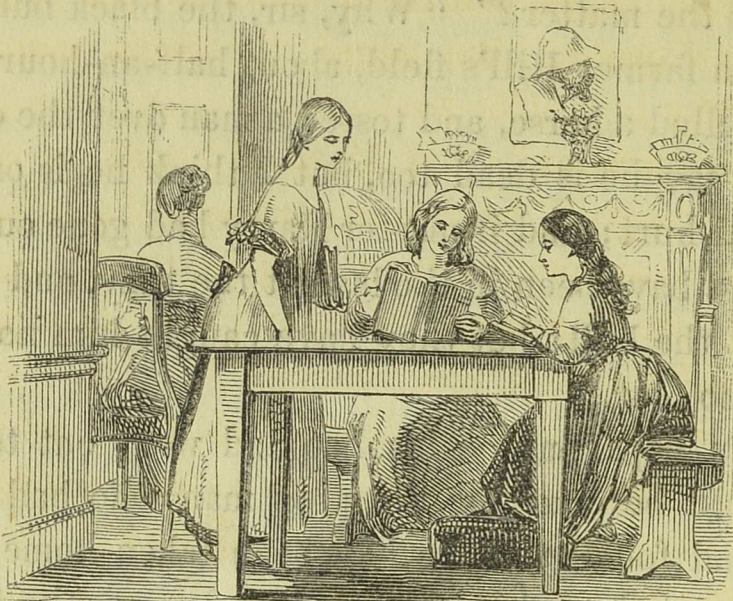
glad you did not go. What a good thing the rain came on just then, for you might have been killed."

"What do you mean, Sam?" said Henry's father. "What is the matter?" "Why, sir, the black bull got loose from farmer Hill's field, about half-an-hour ago, and has killed a horse, and tossed a man over the edge, and they say he is dead too, but I think he is only a great deal hurt; and if master Harry had gone out, he would just have been in the lane at the time, and must have met the bull; but they have caught him now, so there is no fear."

Harry's papa put on his hat and went out to see what could be done for the poor man who had been tossed, and found that he had been taken home, and would have to keep his bed for some days, as the fright had made him very ill, although he was not much hurt.

"Well, Harry," said his father, when he came back; "I hope you now see how wrong it was to cry about the rain. It is good, my dear boy, that we cannot always have things as we wish; I mean, such things as are not in our own power to rule and govern. Many things that we do not like, at the time, turn out to be the best for us in the end; so that the next time you meet with a disappointment, I would have you say to yourself, 'Perhaps it is all for the best.'"

THINGS IN THEIR RIGHT PLACES.



M

ARY and Fanny were two good little girls, and very kind to each other; but Fanny was not quite so tidy as her sister, so that her work, or her play things, were often left about the room; and if any one found a stray pair of gloves, they were sure to say, "These must be Fanny's, for Mary always puts her's away."

One day, their mamma said to them, "Here are six frills to hem for baby's night gowns, so you may each do three; and she who has done first, shall have this bunch of steel beads, and these skeins of silk, to make papa a new purse. But mind, the frills must be hemmed very neatly."

"O, yes, mamma," said Mary; "I will do mine well; but Fanny will be sure to get the silk and beads, for she works so much faster than I do; still I should very much like to make it, and shall work as quick as I can. Shall we begin now, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, you may, if you like; here are your three; and here are yours, Fanny, so you can begin as soon as you please."

Mary got her work-box, and sat down to work; Fanny get her's too, but there was no thimble in it.— "O, dear! what have I done with my thimble? have you seen it, Mary?"

Mary said she had not seen it.

"Have you, mamma?"

"No, my dear; when did you see it last?"

"Why, let me see, I had it last night to sew the string on my doll's cap; and I thought I put it in my box again, but it is not there. What shall I do?"

"The best thing you can do, is to look for it," said her mamma.

Fanny went up stairs and down stairs, saying to all she met, "I have lost my thimble,—have you seen my thimble? Pray do help me to look for it."

"I do not think it will be of much use to open that drawer again, Fanny," said her mamma;" for this is the third time you have done so."

"But I do not know where else to look, mamma."

"There, I have done one," said Mary; "see, mamma, is it done well?"

"Yes, my dear, very well, indeed."

"O, dear! have you quite done one?" said Fanny; "What a pity I could not find my thimble."

"Now I think, Fanny," said mamma; "you should



say, 'What a pity I do not put things in their proper places.'"

Little Tom now ran into the room with the thimble in his hand, saying, "Here, Fanny, I have just found your thimble in my box of bricks, which you put away for me last night."

"Why so it is, I declare," replied the little girl; "then I must have let it fall into the box, when I was putting in the bricks; well, I am glad it is found, I will take care to put it away safe enough now." So she put it in her work-box, set the box in its place, and went to dinner.

The next day, when Mary set down to work, Fanny brought her box and sat down too, "I have got my thimble now," said she; and as I work so fast, I shall catch up to you, to-day, Mary, and get done first yet, for all you have hemmed one, and I have not began."

"I dare say you will," said Mary; "but I shall also try, for I should like to make the purse."

"So should I," said Fanny; "but where are my frills, I wonder; where did you find yours?"

"In mamma's work-table," replied Mary.

"O, then, I dare say mine are there, too; no, they are not; how strange that mine should not be there."

"Did you put yours there?" asked her sister.

"No, I left them on the table; have you put them away, mamma!"

“No, Fanny; I have not seen them.”

“Then I dare say Nurse has taken them away; and she is gone out with baby; now what shall I do? I wish Nurse would not touch my things.”

“If you do not leave your things about the room, my dear, she would have no need to touch them, and you would know where to find them. When she comes in again, you can ask her.”



“O, dear! but that will be so long; and Mary will have got on so far by that time that I shall have no chance of getting done first. I will tell you what you

might do, Mary. You might let me hem your other frill; and, when Nurse comes back, I can give you one of mine for it."

Mary was very willing to do so; but mamma said—"No; it was right that people should feel the ill-effects of their own neglect; or they would never learn to be more careful."

So Fanny had to wait till Nurse came home, by which time Mary had hemmed her second frill, so that Fanny had lost all chance of making the purse; but from that time she grew more careful, and then she soon found that it saves a great deal of trouble and a great deal of time, to put all things in their right places.

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