

THE
GOOD CHILDREN.

BY MISS CORNER.

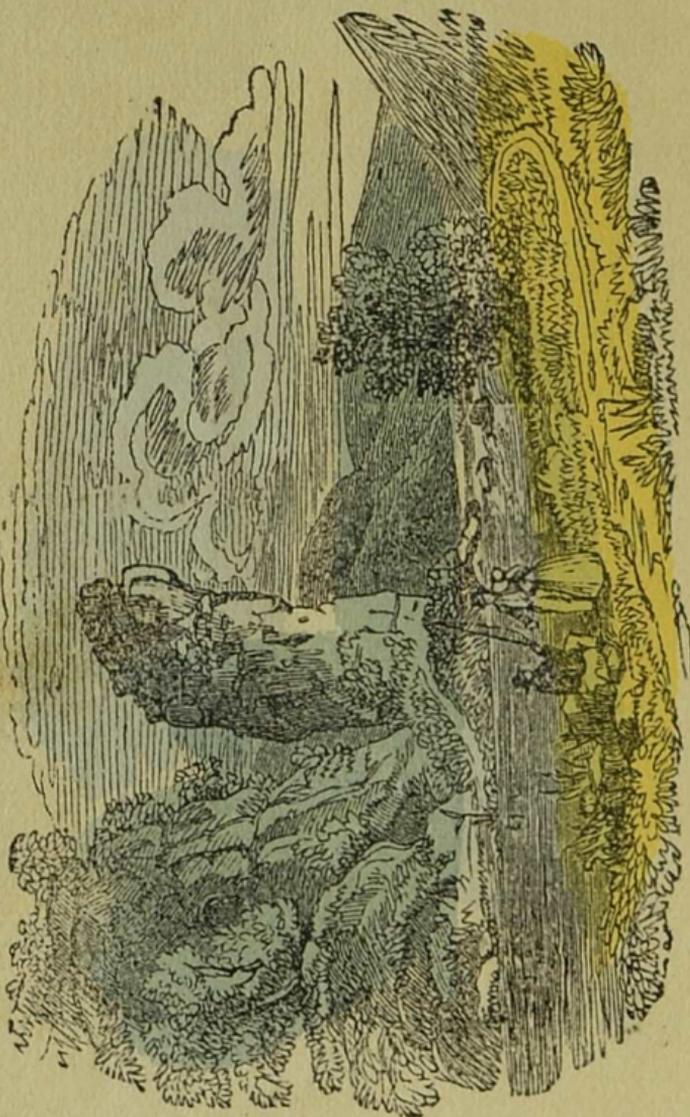
Mostly in Words of One Syllable.



LONDON
DEAN AND SON

11, LUDGATE-HILL

FRONTISPIECE.



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IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.



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DEAN AND SON, 11, LUDGATE HILL

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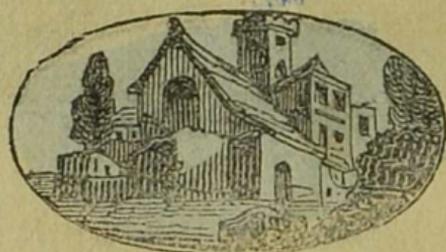
CHARLES and FRED went out one day to take a walk in the fields near their home; they had leave to go, for their papa was ill, and

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the nurse thought that it would be best to keep him from the least noise.

The two boys were sad to think their pa was ill, and said they would do all they could to please him, and try to make him feel well again. So they set out for their walk, and went a long way, for it was a fine day, and the bright sun shone clear and warm.

Let us walk to the farm yard, just



past the church, said Charles, and then we can sit down, you know.

Yes, said Fred, I shall be glad to

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go where you like, for I know it will please me.

The birds sang on the trees, and



the lambs ran about full of fun, or laid down in the grass to rest; and all they saw was quite a source of joy to the boys, for each one had a wish to be kind and good.

As they came near the farm, they saw the cows, and they were so nice

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and clean, that Fred said he should like to have some milk to drink, to quench his thirst; so he bought some of the milk maid who had been to the farm to milk the cows, and take the milk to sell.



When they had drank the milk, they thought it would be the best way for them to go on, as they did not wish to stay from home too long.



As they went across the farm yard, they saw an ox try to go in a shed, which was there, so the two boys

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took a peep in, and there lay a large dog on some loose hay; he would not let the ox come in, for as he went



to do so, the dog gave a growl so

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loud that the ox went back to the field to eat the grass.

Is he not a cross dog? said Fred; Yes, said Charles; he makes me think of those cross boys, who will not play with their own toys nor let any one else play with them.

It was now time to go home, so they went through the fields, and got back in good time, and were glad to find their pa was not so ill as he was when they set out for their walk.

When they had sat down for a short time, to rest and talk of what they had seen in walking, Charles went to fetch a ball, for he said he should like a game at ball; then

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Fred got his bat, and they went on to the lawn to have a game.

Here they were at play for some time, and fine sport they had, for Charles struck the ball hard and

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made it run a long way, and Fred ran after it, and threw it back to him; then Fred took the bat to try if he could hit the ball as hard as Charles did, but he could not, so they soon went in doors, to have a game there with a soft ball.

Now, said Charles,
we will take it in turn
to toss the ball up ten
times each; and the
one who lets it fall,
will lose his turn. So
first Charles threw the
ball, and then Fred
threw it; and now and
then it fell to the ground.



At last, there was a miss, and it

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went to one side and they both ran to catch it; which of them caught it, I do not know, but it was thrown up too high this time, and fell on a glass ink-stand, which it broke, and all the ink was spilt on the new hearth rug.

Here was a fine piece of work! they both stood to look on what they had done, till the tears came in their eyes.

What shall we do? said Charles.

Let us go and tell mamma, said Fred, she says we ought to tell her when we have done wrong.

So she does, said Charles; but she is busy now,—she has some friends with her; but it will be best

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ror us to tell her. So they both went to tell their mamma.

What have you done, my dear boys? said their mamma. Why do you cry?

We have spilt the ink on the new hearth-rug, said Fred, and we have come to tell you.

Bless me! said mamma: how came you to do that?

It was not Fred's fault, it was mine, said Charles; I threw the ball up high, and it fell on the ink-stand,

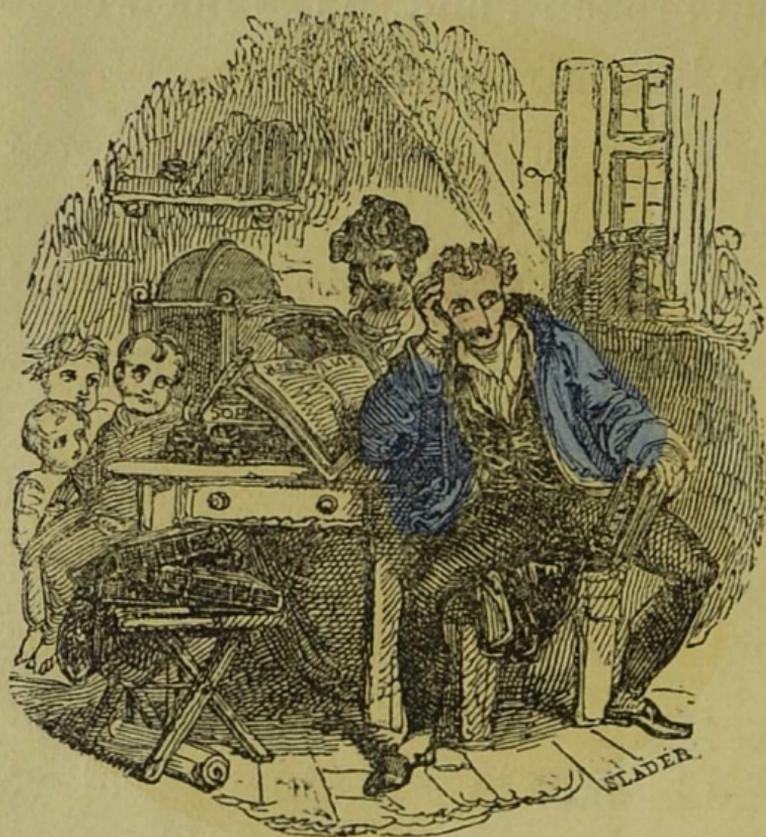
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and broke it, and so the ink went on the hearth-rug.

No, it was not Charles, it was I who threw up the ball, I am sure; we both had hold of it, but Charles let it go, and then I felt it go out of my hand.

It seems you do not know which of you did it, said their mamma; but I am glad to find you are both so good and kind as to wish to bear the blame, so I shall not scold you. I have some drops that will take the stains of the ink out of the rug; and we must ask papa to buy a new ink-stand, and then all will be set to rights; I am sure he will buy it, when I tell him what good boys you

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were. But take more care, when you play, to place those things that will break out of harm's way.



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