

DEAN'S
PICTORIAL
REWARD BOOKS.



FEAR, AND COURAGE.

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FEAR AND COURAGE.



Two children were abroad one afternoon. They were both going to a neighbouring town, and as they both lived in the same village, their paths, there and back, lay side by side. The youngest child was a little delicate thin girl, poorly clad, and bearing on her arm a heavy basket, which, as she returned from town, she was often forced to set down, for

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her back and arms ached, and she seemed weary. The village was a pretty retired village in Prussia, near some great forests; and in these forests, as the children knew, sometimes bears were discovered, and every little noise they heard, they fancied to be the howling of some savage bear. The elder child was a fine, strong, hearty boy; but he looked far more terrified as evening drew on than the weak little girl.

When they were about half way home, an old woodman, whose name was Herman, and whom the children knew, overtook them; and it was very well, for poor Ernest, the boy, was almost ready to faint with fear as the night drew on, although Agnes, the girl, kept on her way cheerily. "Ah," said the man, "what brings you little folks out at this hour?" "I went to town" said

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Agnes, "to take some food from mother to her sick sister; I took her, too, my Bible, which she had long wished for, and which I could spare, for father has still another Bible, and poor Aunt had none."

"And are you not afraid of the long, dark, lonely walk?" "No, no," said the child." "Not afraid," said the man, "there are beasts in yon wood; one was shot to-day, and

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its head is stuck up on the gates of the town." The child smiled: "My mother told me not to be afraid; she said God would take care of me, and no one and nothing could hurt me if I were on the path of duty."

"Good," said the woodman; "perhaps she told you the text, 'Who is he that shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?'"

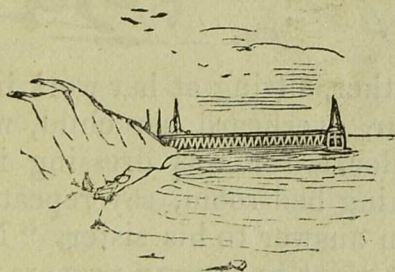
"Yes," said Agnes, "those were her true words."

"But you, my boy, did I not hear you cry just now?" "Yes," said Ernest, and his voice was very faint; and if it had not been so dark the woodman would have seen him blush. "But do not these words comfort you, child?" "No, no," said the boy; but his "no, no," was very different from that of Agnes. "And why not?" "Because," whispered Ernest, "I was not fol-

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lowing that which is good. I came to town instead of going to school, to buy gunpowder, which my father forbade my doing." "Oh, bad, very bad!" said the woodman; "throw it away into the ditch, my boy, and tell your father the truth when you get home." "I will," said Ernest.

The little bag of powder was hurled away, and I think he never forgot that night, nor the terrors of his conscience, as he felt he could not ask God to protect him, because he was disobeying Him.



LED, NOT DRIVEN.



A mother, sitting at her work in her parlour, overheard her child, whom an elder sister was dressing in an adjoining bed-room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No, I do not want to say my prayers."

LED, NOT DRIVEN.

"How many," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling!"

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlour door; the tone and the look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going out to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first."

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards.

"Are you pretty well this morn-

LED, NOT DRIVEN.

ing?" said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too, and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse!" asked his mother, after a moment of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, do you not feel mine now? How it goes beating!"

"Y-e-s," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at once."

LED, NOT DRIVEN.

"Should you?"

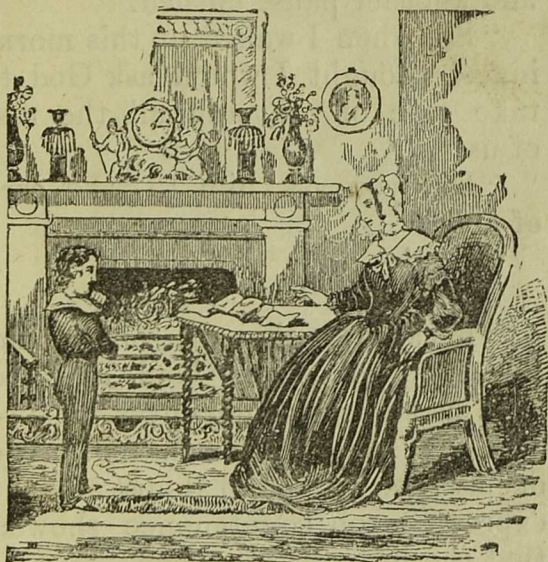
"Yes, and I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God."

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which



LED, NOT DRIVEN.

beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If He should not take care of you, who could?"

"I do not know, mother," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

"So, when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me, and all the rest of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask Him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

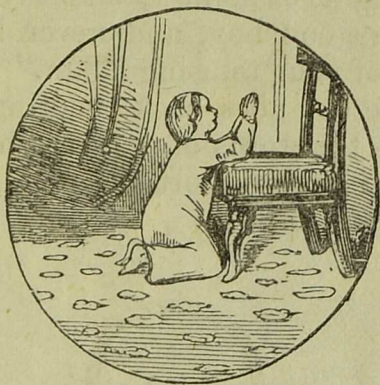
A very long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that the heart was reached.

LED, NOT DRIVEN.

“Do you not think you had better ask for yourself?”

“Yes,” said the boy, readily.

He kneeled again by a chair, and uttered, in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven.



“Suppose another case. Another mother, overhearing the same words, calls the child into the room. The boy comes.

LED, NOT DRIVEN.

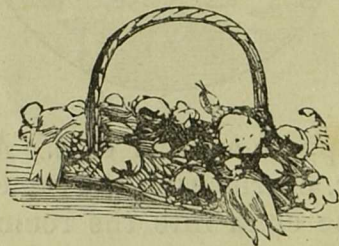
“Did I not hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?”

The boy is silent.

“Yes, he did,” says his sister, behind him.

“Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again.”

The boy goes back, pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation, and ill-will.



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