

*Edith Remond*

DEANS' NEW SERIES OF 3d. COLOURED TALE BOOKS.

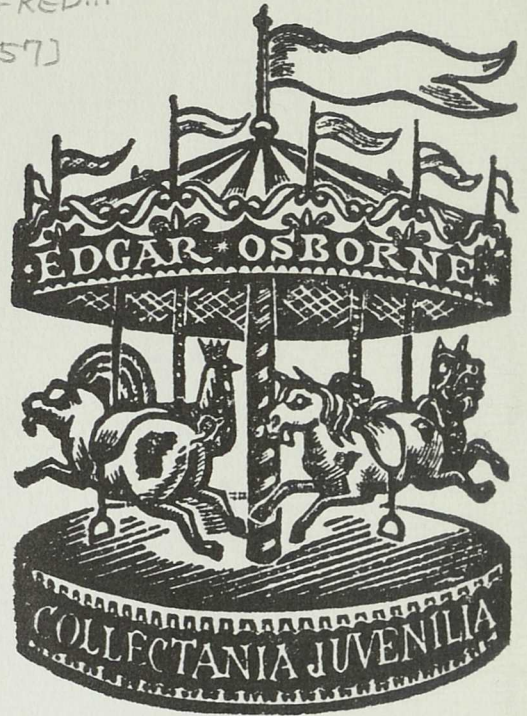
**ALFRED GRANT,  
AND THE LITTLE CROSSING SWEEPER.**



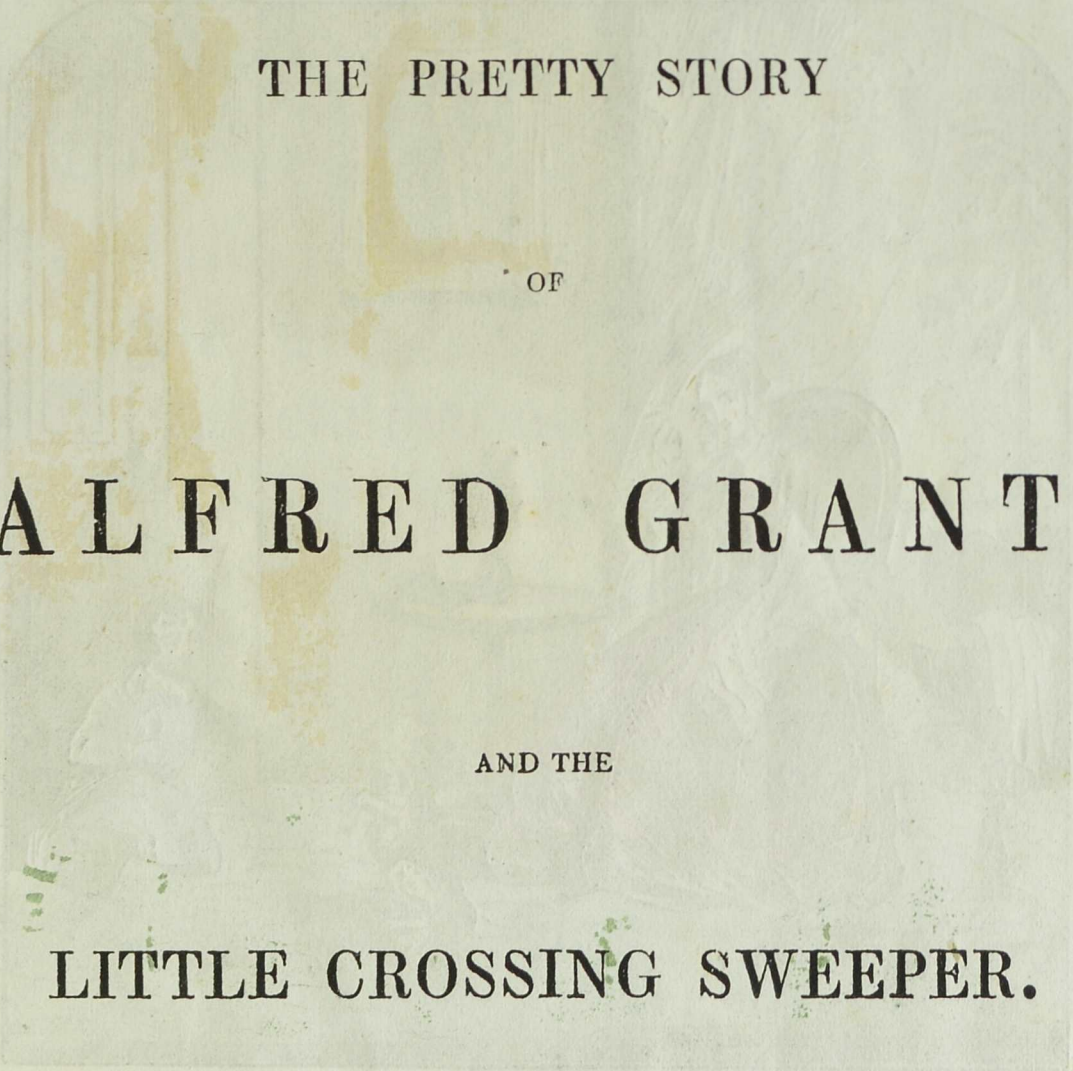
LONDON: DEAN AND SON, 11, LUDGATE HILL,  
PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, AND BOOK AND PRINT PUBLISHERS

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THE PRETTY STORY  
OF  
ALFRED GRANT,  
AND THE  
LITTLE CROSSING SWEEPER.

# ALFRED GRANT, AND THE LITTLE CROSSING SWEEPER.

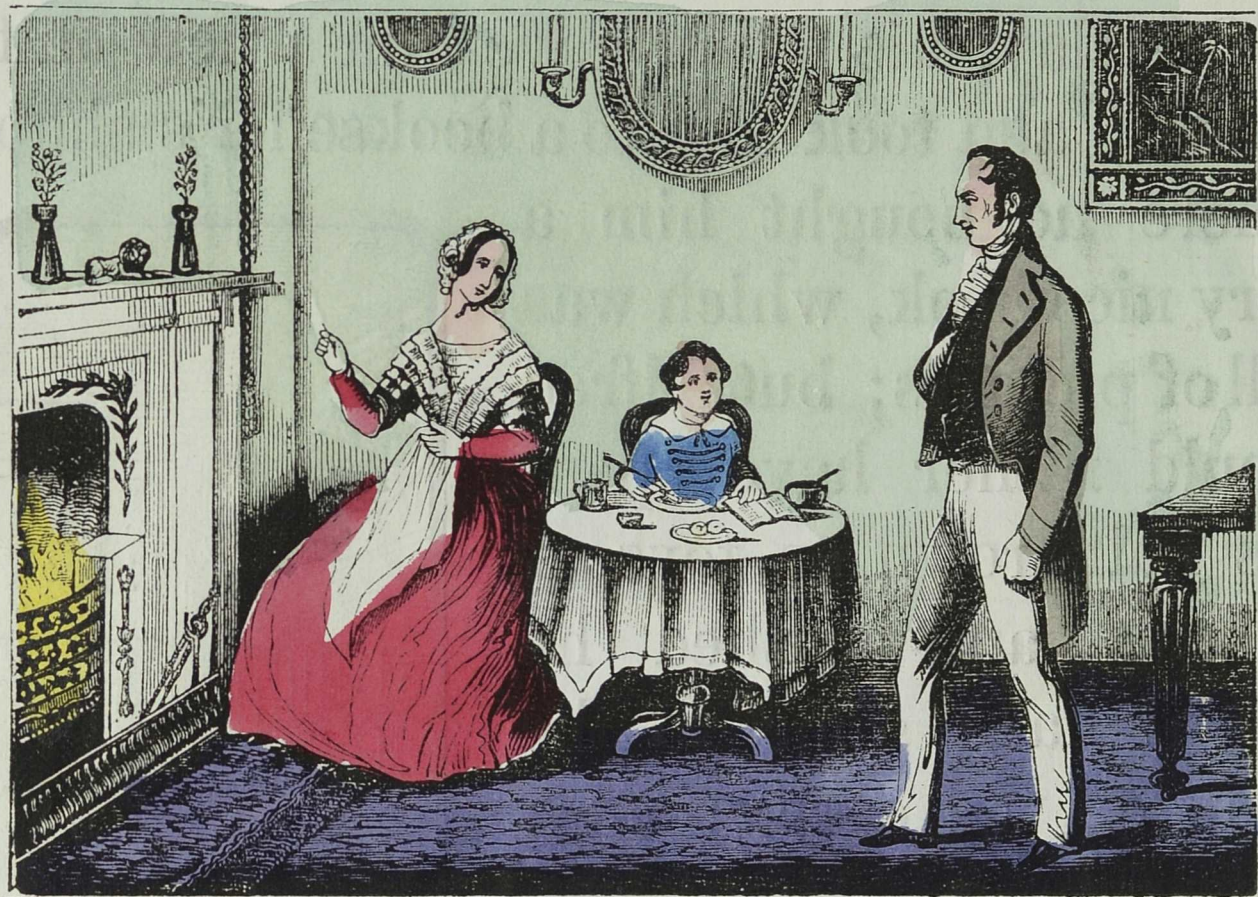


**T**HE name of the little boy you see in the picture is Alfred Grant; he is making his little dog, Dash, beg for a piece of bun.

One day, his father gave him a new half-crown; and took him to a bookseller's shop, where he bought him a very nice book, which was full of pictures; but Alfred would rather have spent his half-crown on toys or cakes; and wished he might have gone to the shop of the confectioner, where he could buy ices, pies, and tarts; and where he had sometimes been with his cousins, Fanny and Charles.

Alfred was, I am sorry to say, a greedy boy, and was never so happy as when eating good things, or sitting alone beneath his own apple tree, devouring one apple after another.





Alfred's father and mother were much grieved at this sad fault, and tried to teach him to be generous and unselfish; and his kind old schoolmaster often begged of him to do better.

Alfred, alas! was sadly faulty; but I should not speak here of his bad conduct, had I not something good to relate in the end. There was a little crossing sweeper whom Alfred often saw at the corner of the

street, and who sometimes begged him to give him a halfpenny to buy bread. But Alfred would not help him. Day after day did he tell the poor hungry boy that he had



nothing to give, for he wanted all the money he had, to buy sweets. Sometimes, when Alfred sat down to eat his own pie, he did think of the crossing sweeper, but only to

rejoice that his own lot was so much happier. The little crossing sweeper, however, was always patient and meek, and never reproached Alfred for his unkindness.

At last, poor Bob disappeared from his old corner, and Alfred ceased to think about him at all. But what had become of Bob? You shall soon hear. The father and mother



of the little boy, who had been to America, to earn some money, came back at last, with plenty of silver. Bob's aunt, with



whom they had left him, was dead, and they found their little son a poor crossing sweeper in London. Joyfully they took him with them to the country village, where they had once lived.



His father was now rich enough to take a farm, with plenty of pigs, chickens, and ducks ; so Bob was kept well employed.

Robert now learnt to read and spell; and was able to mind the sheep, and go to plough



with his father, when he did not envy the Queen upon her throne.

But where was Alfred all this time? Alas! he was no longer rich: his father, who had lost all his money, died of a broken heart, in a distant land, whither he also had



gone to seek his fortune, and Alfred and his mother were poor and lonely.

At last, poor Alfred's mother died too, and he became himself a crossing sweeper in the very street where he had been so unkind to little hungry Bob. At length, being almost starved to death, and feeling ill and

weak, he determined to go into the country, where he hoped some kind person might be found to pity and help him.

One evening, as Robert stood before the fire warming himself, and thinking how sad he had once been in London, and wishing all poor crossing sweepers might become as happy as he was, he heard a low rap at the door: on opening it, he saw a poor, ragged, half-starved boy, — it was no other than Alfred Grant.

Shivering with cold and sobbing bitterly, poor Alfred told his sad tale; and Robert, whose kind heart



was filled with surprise and grief, wept as he listened to the mournful tale.

Soon the farmer and his wife came in, and being no less kind-hearted than their son, they pitied the orphan's sad condition, and bade him stay and rest himself all night, and sit by the warm fire-side. "Supper will soon be ready," said Robert, "but meantime, you shall have a piece of the nice pie my mother this morning made for me. Very grateful and humble was poor Alfred, greatly did he repent of his former hard-heartedness; indeed, so sorry did he seem for his past conduct, and so anxious was he to improve, that the farmer was quite pleased with him, and determined to help him.

For some time he kept Alfred with him, in his own house, and when he was fully convinced that he really wished to be a good boy, he apprenticed him to a respectable grocer, in whose house Alfred lived many



years ; until his master died, and left him all his wealth.

Alfred was now able to return to the good farmer all that he had done for him, and also had the pleasure of helping the poor and needy ; having learnt, at last, that it is best to obey the Golden Rule :—

“Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.”



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