

THE
LITTLE DOG FLORA,
WITH HER
SILVER BELL.



BY MRS. CAMERON,
Author of "The Two Lambs," &c.



A NEW EDITION.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HOULSTON AND SON,
65, Paternoster-Row;
AND AT WELLINGTON, SALOP.

Price One Penny.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

FRONTISPIECE.



See Page 14.

David Jacob,

THE
LITTLE DOG FLORA,
WITH HER
SILVER BELL.

BY MRS. CAMERON,
Author of "The Two Lambs," &c.

TWENTIETH EDITION.

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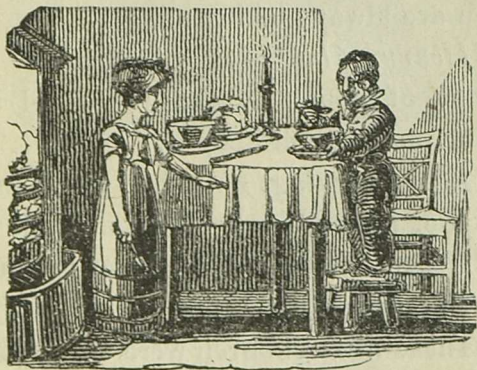
1838.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

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THE  
*Little Dog Flora.*

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ONE evening, as Eliza and Henry were eating their suppers of nice bread and milk in their nursery, they talked to each other in the way I shall put down.



*Eliza.* Henry, you are sitting on my stool. Get off, and give it me.

*Henry.* It is my stool; I know it by the mark.

*Eliza.* It is not yours. You know you are always taking mine.

*Henry, (laughing.)* That is a fancy of yours, Eliza: the stool is mine, and I shall keep it.

*Eliza, (crying.)* I shall tell Anne of you, Henry, for being so unkind.

*Henry.* And I will tell her of you, for disputing so.

These little children were talking in this naughty way, just as their mamma came in. She stood still at the door, quite shocked. "Surely," she said to their nurse Anne, who was following her, "it cannot be Eliza and Henry who are talking in this manner!"



“I am very sorry,” answered Anne, “to hear such language, and they both seemed very good when the bell rang for me, and I came down stairs; and I do not think I have been away two minutes.”

The two little children were now quite silent—silent with shame and alarm. They felt that they had been naughty, and they were very sorry that

they had made their mamma so angry; and they were surprised to see in their mamma's arms a very small dog. It was covered with long brown hair, with its tippet and feet quite white, and a white spot on its forehead, and a white nose. Its ears and tail were brown. It had a blue ribbon, with a silver bell, tied round its neck. It was very small; not much larger than the tortoise-shell kitten in the kitchen, which was only a month old.

The children's mamma had now reached the middle of the nursery, and the children could see the little dog very plainly. If they had not felt in disgrace, they would have jumped round their mamma, and stroked the little dog, and asked its name; but



they were still silent, while she said to Anne, who stood by her with a round basket in her hand, (something like the basket which their grandmamma put her feet in at church,) "Anne, I believe you must take this little dog away again. Put it in its basket, and take it back to my brother's servant: desire him to tell his master, that we are much obliged to him for his kind present, but that my little children quarrel so with each other, that I am afraid they will never agree to play as they ought to do with the little dog, and therefore I have sent her back. Farewell, pretty Flora," said the lady, stroking her; "you must not stay with quarrelsome children."

The little children could contain no

longer: they jumped off their stools, and, running to their mamma, said, "O! mamma! mamma! we will not quarrel any more. O! do, do, pray do keep that beautiful little dog! O! mamma! mamma!—"

"Stop, stop," said their mamma; "be silent, and listen to what I say to you."

They obeyed in a minute, but looked very anxiously at Anne, who was putting the little dog in its basket.

"Come," answered the lady, "Anne shall stay a little while. And now, do you sit on my lap, Henry; and, Eliza, take your handkerchief and wipe your eyes. Repeat to me that pretty verse, my dear, which you learned this morning in your hymn."

Eliza repeated—



“Whatever brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home ;  
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come.”

Then the lady took a hand of each of her children, and put them within her own : “ Little children, love one another,” said she. “ I have often told you the story of the old apostle, who, when he was not able to walk, was

carried about in his chair, repeating, as he went along, ‘Little children, love one another.’ It is the Spirit of Jesus Christ which makes you love one another, and it is the spirit of Satan which makes you quarrel: remember this. Do you like quarrelling? or do you wish to love each other? Do you wish to be the children of Jesus Christ, and live in heaven with him? or do you wish to be the children of Satan, and live in the fire with him?”

“Indeed, mamma,” said Eliza, “I do wish to love Henry; I do wish to be a good child.”

“Kiss Henry, then,” said their mamma.

Then they put their little arms round each other’s neck; and the lady

bid them kneel down, and she told them to say these words: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross for us, take these proud, quarrelsome tempers out of our hearts, and make us humble: teach us to love one another, that, while we live in this world, thou mayest dwell with us, and that, when we die, we may live with thee. Amen."

When the children got up, the lady said, "I shall not let you see Flora any more to-night; but if you are good all day to-morrow, I will bring her up again when you have had your supper; and she shall be your little dog as long as you are good children, and do not quarrel."

Eliza and Henry thanked their mamma, and Anne carried Flora away.





The children tried to be very good all the next day; and, in the evening, when they had finished their supper, their mamma came up stairs, with Flora in her arms; and Anne followed, with Flora's little bed. Then Flora was set on the floor, and she jumped about, making such a pleasant noise with her silver bell! If you had been a good child, and had been there, you would have had a very nice game of

play with Eliza, and Henry, and Flora with her silver bell.

When they were tired with play, Flora went to bed in her little basket, and the little children, before they knelt down to their prayers, said, "We thank you, mamma, for giving us Flora."

"You have reason to thank me more," said their mamma, "for teaching you to love God, and to love one another; for if you are God's children, you will be happy, more happy than you can tell, when poor little Flora is laid in her grave."

L.

FINIS.

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