

THE  
NOSEGAY  
OF  
*HONEYSUCKLES.*

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

A NEW EDITION.

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

Price One Penny.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

FRONTISPIECE.



*See Page 14.*

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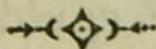
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1833.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



THE  
*Nosegay of Honeysuckles.*



A LITTLE boy once said to his father and mother, as he sat on a stool at the door of his house, eating a bason of bread and milk, "I wish I knew how to read: if I could read, I would fetch the great Bible, which

uncle gave you, down, out of the chest, and I would read to you every night."

"I wish you could, my lad," answered his father. "With God's blessing, I hope I shall be able, some time or other, to pay for your schooling. I would strive hard to do it, for your mother and I feel so much the want of being able to read ourselves."

"Well," said the little boy's mother, "you must work hard, and help your father in the garden; and if you are industrious, you may be able, by and by, to earn two-pence a-week to pay for your schooling."

"Thank you, mother," said the little boy; "I will try to be very industrious. And what shall I do to-day, father, in the garden?"

"There's that white honeysuckle, my boy," answered his father, "that grows over the door, get your little knife, and

cut off all the dead wood, and pull off the withered leaves, and snip off the blossoms that have done flowering."

"Yes, father," said little John. And so, when he had laid down his bason and spoon, and got his little knife, away he ran into the garden, to prune the honeysuckle.

By and by, John's mother brought her chair to the house-door, and sat down, with her knitting, to look after John; but John was not to be seen. Then she called, "John, John," and presently the little fellow came running to her from the bottom of the garden. "My child," said she, "where were you gone?"

"There was a man on horseback riding by," answered John, "and I only just ran to look at him."

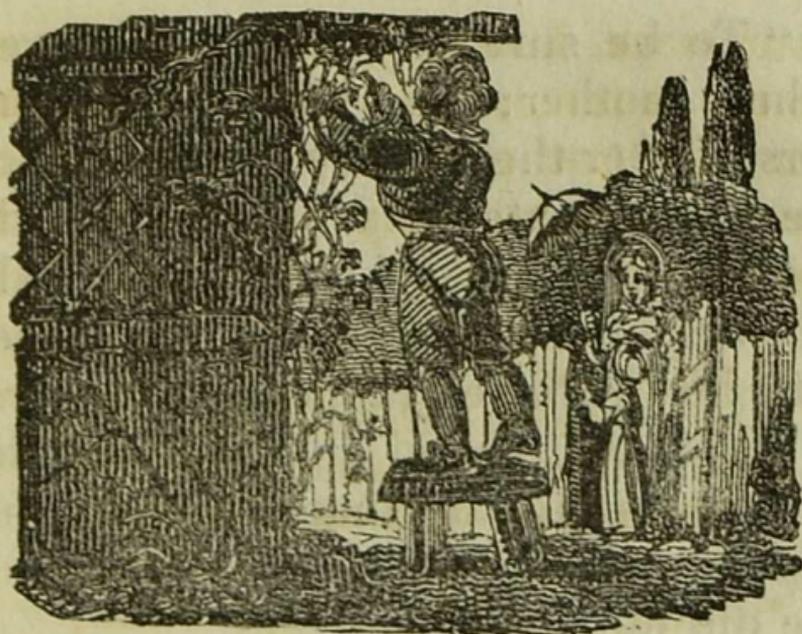
"But," said his mother, "did not you just now say, you wished to learn to read? Now, if I see you idle at

your work, I shall think it will be of no use to teach you to read. Remember what that pretty hymn says which your cousin taught you when he was here:—

“ ‘ How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!’ ”

“ Well, mother,” said John, “ I won’t be idle any more.” So he set to work, and he worked very hard for a good while, till, by and by, he heard a sound of footsteps passing by the paling of the little garden, and, as he turned round, to see who was coming, he heard a little voice call out, “ Look, mamma, what a beautiful honey-suckle! and how sweet it smells! I can smell it here.”

John now saw a little girl, about his own age, walking along the green



lane, and taking hold of the hand of the lady whom she called mamma.

Now John was a very good-natured little boy, and when he heard the little girl call the honeysuckle so sweet and pretty, he ran into the house, to his mother, for she was gone in, and he said, "O, mother, there is a pretty little lady going by, and she calls the honeysuckle very sweet and pretty; may I get her some of it?"

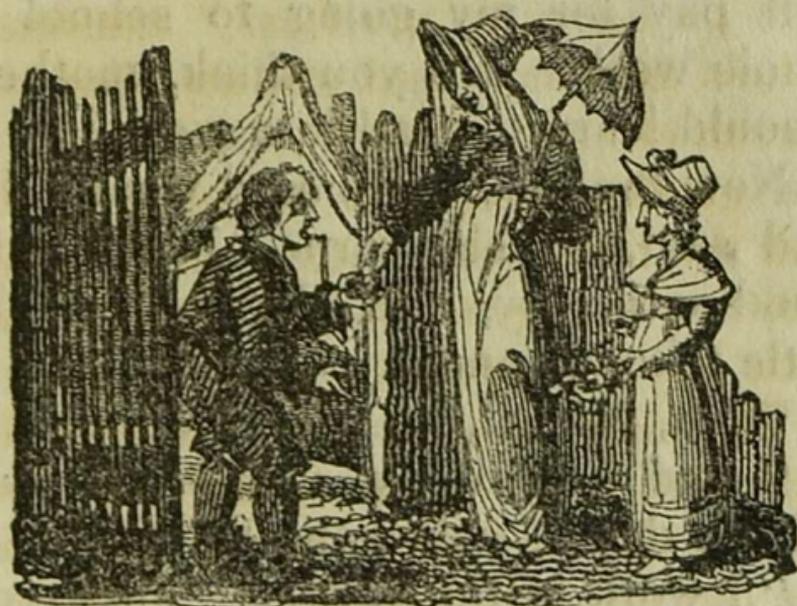
“To be sure, my dear,” answered John’s mother; and she stepped out herself after the little boy, and went to the garden-gate, and asked the lady and the little girl, if they would walk into her house, and sit down while her little boy gathered them some flowers.

The lady thanked her, and said she had not time to come in then, but she would call some other time, for she did not live far off.

John soon came running up with a very fine bunch of honeysuckles, which he offered to the little girl.

The little girl looked at her mamma, to know if she might take them; and when her mamma gave her leave, she looked very much pleased, and thanked the little boy, and smelt the flowers, and turned them round and round in her hand.

“Well, my dear,” said the lady to the little girl, “we must now be



going.” And, as she spoke, she took two-pence out of her pocket, and put it in John’s hand; and then she shut the garden-gate, and turned into the lane. But the lady had scarcely walked three steps before John lifted up the two-pence, to shew his mother, and called out, as loud as if he had been speaking across the garden, “Look! look! mother, the lady has given me two-pence, and two-pence

will pay for my going to school a whole week. Do you think, mother, I could learn to read in a week?"

Now the lady had heard what John had said, so she turned back, very good-naturedly, and she said, "My little fellow, cannot you read?"

"No, Ma'am," answered John.

"And what do you do with yourself all day?" asked the lady.

"I work in the garden," answered John, "and take care of the honey-suckle-tree; but I could learn to read, and do that too."

"Why do you wish to learn to read?" said the lady.

"Because," answered John, "I could read in the Bible to my father and mother, for they cannot read; and in the Bible there is a great deal about Jesus Christ, and how we may get to heaven: I have heard that at church."

"The times are hard," said John's

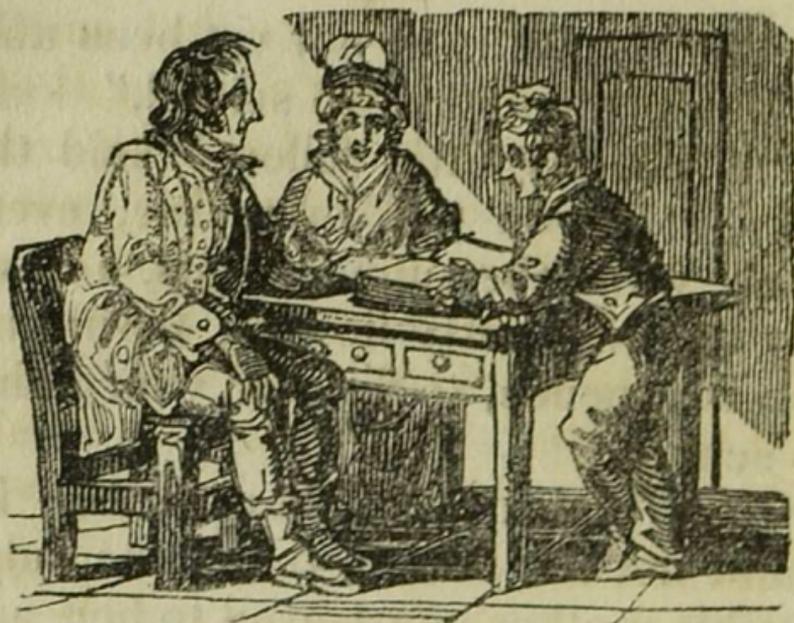
mother: "we have not yet been able to pay for his going to school."

"Well, my little fellow," said the lady, "if you will bring me, every week, while the summer lasts, a nosegay of your pretty flowers, I will give you two-pence, to pay for your going to school."

John looked very happy, but he could not tell how to thank the lady; but his mother courtseyed to her, and thanked her with tears of joy.

I must just tell you that the little boy went to school all that summer, and when he came from school he worked very hard in his garden, that he might be able to take the lady her flowers. Before winter, he was able to read in the Bible to his father and mother.

The first day John read in his Bible, he gathered a nosegay of his prettiest flowers, and he said to his father and



mother, "I have gathered a nosegay of my best flowers for the lady to-day; and I thank you, my dear father and mother, for teaching me to work in the garden. If it had not been for these pretty flowers, perhaps I should never have learned to read in the Bible."

"Thank God, my little boy," said John's father: "God has made nothing in vain; the birds that sing in

the trees, and the flowers that smell sweet in the garden, are all the gift of God; and, if we love God, he can make all his gifts, even the little violet on the ground, or the honeysuckle in the tree, to bloom for our pleasure, and, perhaps, for our profit too. Always remember, then, with a thankful heart to God, *the pretty Nosegay of Honeysuckles.*"

L.

FINIS.

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*Houlstons, Printers.*

*By the same Author.*

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