

THE
KIND LITTLE BOY.



BY MRS. CAMERON,
Author of 'The History of Margaret Whyte,'
'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.



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THE
STORY
OF THE
KIND LITTLE BOY.

BY MRS. CAMERON,

Author of

"Margaret Whyte," "The Two Lambs," &c. &c.

FIFTEENTH EDITION.



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1836.

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THE
Kind Little Boy.



EDWARD was one day in the room with his mamma when she was teaching his little brother Henry his letters, and he heard her say that she had a head-ache; and he was sorry, for he loved her dearly.

That evening his mamma was worse, and went to bed very early; and the next day she was ill, and the day after that: and she did not come down stairs, for a long while, and Edward only saw her now and then, when he was allowed to go into her bed-chamber. So Edward said one day to his sister Charlotte, "I have been thinking what I can do to make mamma well again, and I do not know of any thing I can do, except not making a noise; but I have thought of something that will please her very much, when she comes down again, and perhaps hinder her having a head-ache too."

"What is that?" said Charlotte.

"I will teach little Henry all his letters," answered Edward. "And don't you tell mamma; she will be so surprised!"

Charlotte promised she would not tell any body; and Edward ran to look



for Henry, and his nurse gave him leave to take him into the garden. And Edward got a little book, and he began to teach Henry C and D, for he had learned A and B: but Henry would not learn at first. Then Edward said, "If you will learn C and D, I will let you see my rabbits." So Edward shewed him C and D till he thought he knew their shapes, and then he made him draw them on the ground



with a stick. "I will not teach my little brother too much at once," said Edward, "or he will be tired." So, when he had learned C and D, he took him to see his rabbits: for he had a fine yellow rabbit, with five little ones as yellow as herself, and they were very soft, and had very long ears; and Henry was very much pleased to see them run about.

When Edward had taught Henry

C and D, and E and F, and G and H, and several days were passed away, he began to be tired of teaching; and he said to himself, "There are a great many more letters to teach Henry; I think he had better not learn them till mamma comes down." So, when Henry came to him with his book, he said, "I am busy, I cannot hear you." But when Henry was gone, he began to think that he had been very naughty; and he ran up stairs, and knelt down by his bed-side, and said these words: "O Lord Jesus Christ, take away my naughty, idle heart, and make me willing to teach my little brother Henry. Amen."

When Edward had said these words, he went down again into his own little garden, and gathered a nosegay of very pretty flowers; and then he called Henry to him to say his lesson.

Henry said a very good lesson that

day, and Edward gave him the flowers; and he heard him afterwards every day: and before his mamma came down stairs, he had taught him all the great letters, and all the little ones, and he was ready to begin to spell.

At last their mamma came down stairs, and there was great joy in the house, and the children would have jumped and screamed for joy, only they were told not to make a noise. Edward longed for the time when his mamma would begin to hear his little brother's lessons again.

In two or three days Henry's birthday came, and he was three years old. Now that morning, after breakfast, as Charlotte and Edward were sitting in the parlour writing, their mamma rang the bell, and ordered the nurse to bring down Henry. So when Henry was come down, his mamma said, "To-day is your birth-day, Henry; you are

three years old: so we must bring out our book, and begin our lessons again."

Henry looked at Edward, and wanted to tell all, but Edward shook his head at him.

"I had hoped," said his mamma, "that you would have known your letters against your birth-day; but it pleased God to send me an illness, so that I could not teach you." Then his mamma got up and went to a little cabinet in the room, and unlocked it, and took out of it a very pretty little dog, made of fur, with a gold band round his neck, and whenever he was pushed up and down he barked. "O what a pretty dog!" said Henry, as his mamma sat down again, and placed the dog on the table.

"I bought this little dog," said his mamma, "and I meant to have taught you your letters against to-day, and then you should have had it; but you



shall have it whenever you can say all your letters; and I shew it you now, that you may take pains to learn them."

Charlotte looked at Edward, and Edward at Charlotte. "Mamma," said Edward, "if Henry *could* say all his letters to-day, *would* he have the dog?"

Mamma. Certainly. But, you know, he has only learned A and B;

and I am afraid they are forgotten now.

Henry. Mamma, shall I say them?

Mamma. If you please, my dear, if you can.

Henry. Please to point, mamma—A, B. I can say C, mamma! and D! and E! and F! Mamma, mamma, I can say them all!

“Well, we will see,” said his mamma, who began to guess something, from the sparkling eyes of Charlotte and Edward. All the great letters were now said.

Henry. Now, mamma, the little letters.

The little letters were said.

“Well, this is very surprising,” said their mamma; “some little bird has been teaching you, I suppose.”

“Not a little *bird*, mamma,” cried Edward.

Henry could hold no longer. “It

was Edward, mamma, that taught me! it was Edward!"

The secret was now told: so now all the young ones at once began to tell their mamma the story, though Edward said less about it than the rest of them. However, when the story was quite finished, he went up to his mamma, and he said, "Now, mamma, may Henry have the dog?"

"Yes, my love, he shall: and as to-day is Henry's birth-day, we will send for your cousins to dine with you; and after dinner Edward shall read you all a pretty book which I will give him."

The children jumped for joy, and thanked their mamma. And she went again to her cabinet, and took out of it a nice new little book; it was the history of a good little boy, called Henry, who lived once in India: and this book she gave to Edward. But

before she gave it to him, she wrote these words in it: "*For an industrious little boy, who loved his mamma, and was kind to his little brother.*"

L.

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Houlstons, Printers.

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