

FRONTISPIECE.



Page 16.

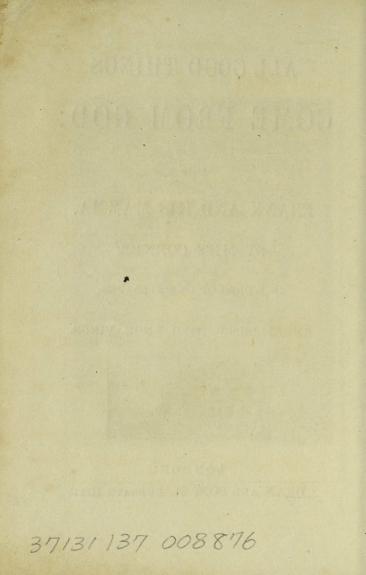
ALL GOOD THINGS COME FROM GOD:

FRANK AND HIS MAMMA. BY MISS CORNER.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON: DEAN AND SON, 31, LUDGATE HILL.





ALL GOOD THINGS COME FROM GOD.



AMMA, said Frank, you told me, one day, that God made all things.

Yes, my dear, I did tell you so: do you think it is not true?

I know he made the world, said Frank, and the sun, and moon, and stars.

And are those all the things you can think of, Frank? Do you not think that if God made the world, he made all that is in it too?



Not all, mam-ma; I think he made the trees, and all the things that grow; and the sheep, and the cows,



and you, and me, and all men; but he did not make my coat, nor this chair; did he, mam-ma?

Yes, Frank; I think we shall find he did make your coat and the chair.

How can that be? asked Frank.

I will show you how it can be, said his mam-ma. What is your coat made of, Frank?

It is made of wool.

And how do we get wool?



It grows on the sheep, said Frank. Ah, yes, now I see: God made the

sheep, and made him have wool. If there were no sheep, there would be no wool, and I could have no coat; that is, I could not have a cloth coat like this. So it is God that gives me my coat; yes, I see that is true.



But the chair, mam-ma, how did God make that?

What is the chair made of, Frank?

It is made of wood.

And where does wood come from? I do not know where such bright wood as this comes from. I know that they cut down trees for wood;

but the wood of trees is rough, and does not shine like this that the chair is made of; so I do not know what this wood is.



All wood, my dear boy, has once been some tree. This chair is made of rose-wood; it does not look bright

as it grows; the tree does not shine; but they take off the rough part, and



cut the wood smooth, and then they rub it well, to

make it shine.—Have you not seen Ann rub the ta-bles and chairs, when they get dull?

Yes, mam-ma; but I did not know it was to make them look bright.— Well, then, I see it is true that God made the chairs, and all the things that are made of wood: for if he did not let the trees grow, there would be no wood.

No, Frank; there would be no wood. And if you were to think in



this way of all the things you see, you would find out that they all come, at first, from that good and kind God who made us all, and who



gives us our bread, and meat, and clothes, and all that we have.

I think what you say is true,

mam-ma, said Frank; but I want to know how you get your silk gown; I should like to see if God made that, too.

Do you know what silk-worms are? said his mam-ma.



Yes; I have seen silk-worms. James keeps them, and I have seen him feed them. He gives them

leaves to eat; and they spin a small ball of silk.

And who do you think makes these worms, Frank?

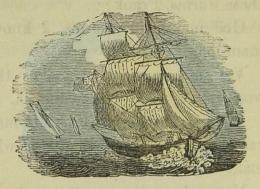
God makes the worms, I know, mam-ma.

Yes, my dear: God makes the worms, and the worms make silk.

But those small worms, mam-ma; can they make as much silk as will make a gown?

Not such small worms as you have seen, Frank; but there are large worms that spin a great deal of silk. All the silk in the world is spun by worms. They are not kept in boxes, as James keeps his, but they live on large trees, and feed on the leaves.

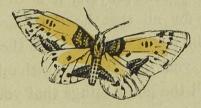
It is a long way off where these fine silk-worms are: you would have to cross the sea, in a ship, to go to that



place. When the worms have spun a great deal of silk, it is sent here in a ship, and there are men here who can spin it and weave it, and then it is such silk as I buy to make my dress of. So now, my dear child, you see that silk does come from

God, since he sends us silk-worms to make it.

And when the silk-worm has spun its ball of silk, it turns into a moth, and lays eggs, which the next year change to small silk-worms.



Thank you, mam-ma, said Frank; I am glad you have told me all this; if you had not told me, I should not have known how it was; but I do know, now, and I see how good God is to us all; and I will not do what is wrong: for you say that does not

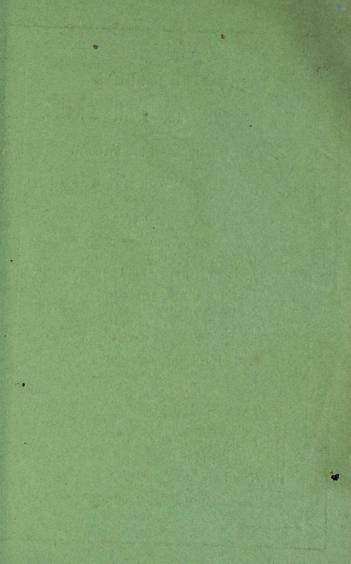
JOD THINGS COME FROM GOD.

please Him; and I ought to try to please God, who is so kind to me.

Yes, my dear child, we ought to try to please him; and the way for boys to do so, is to be as good as they can; and at night, Frank, when you say your prayers, it is to thank God for all that he does for you; and he hears you, and it is the same as if you said, 'God, I thank you 'or all the good things that you give to me.'



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