

THE HISTORY
OF LITTLE
RED RIDING-HOOD,
OR
The Deceitful Wolf.



Plymouth :

PUBLISHED BY BIRD AND ACKLAND,
TREVILLE-STREET.
PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. POLLARD, AND
J. MUDGE, DEVONPORT.

Price Sixpence.

FT
LITTLE RED...

[ca. 1820]

dx



37131 032 418 501

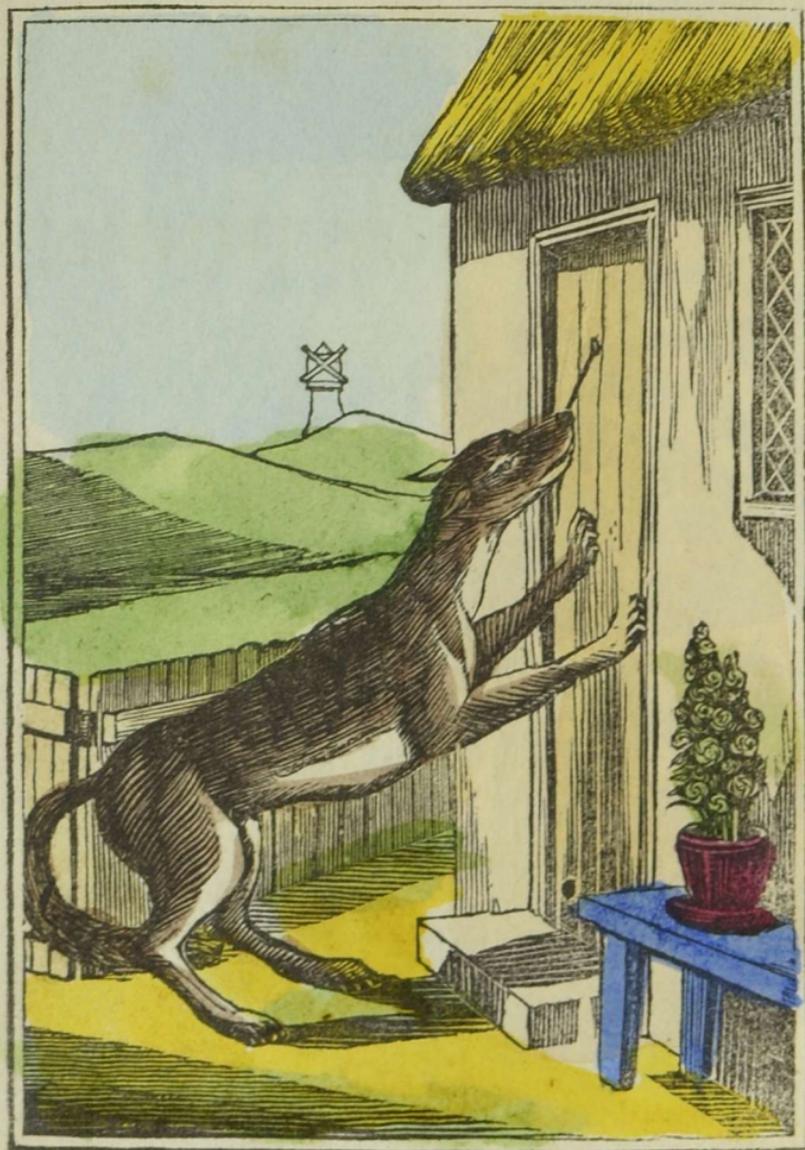
II 605

5802
FRONTISPIECE



The wolf will the hollar do
The cottage door, with open door

FRONTISPIECE.

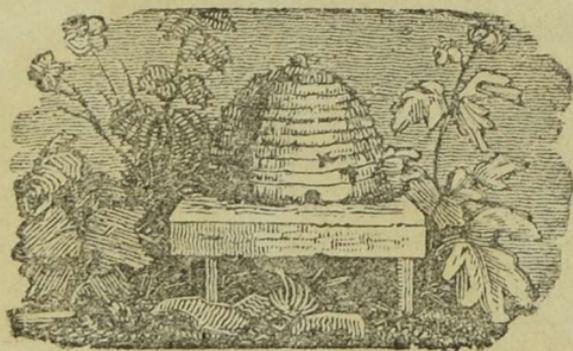


The wily wolf the bobbin drew,
The cottage door wide open flew.

THE
HISTORY OF
LITTLE
RED RIDING-HOOD;

OR,

The Deceitful Wolf.



Plymouth :
PUBLISHED BY BIRD AND ACKLAND,
TREVILLE-STREET.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. POLLARD, AND
J. MUDGE, DEVONPORT.

LITTLE

RED RIDING HOOD.



NEAR a village called Roseville, in the South of France, dwelt an infirm aged woman, who had nothing to subsist on but the savings of former industry; her chief comfort was a grand-daughter, who resided with her parents, about three miles distant in a fertile valley. Her name was Celia, but she was better known by that of Little Red Riding-Hood, from her grandmother having made her one of cherry coloured silk, which very much became her pretty face and delicate form. Celia kept constant to her school, but every holiday she, in general, went to visit the old lady, and take her some little present, which was a pleasing grateful act of duty. The weather proved cold and rainy, so that Red Riding-Hood had not seen her grandmother for more than a fortnight, which was a great grief to the little

girl ; the more so, as she knew the former was ill. At length to her joy, came a fine morning, and her kind parents gave her a holiday that she might visit the old lady, and take a pot of butter, some home-baked cakes, and a bottle of currant wine to comfort her.

When Red Riding-Hood was leaving the cottage, her mother told her not to loiter on the road, to talk with no strangers, and to be home before dark ; all which commands she promised to obey, but was not so dutiful in performing. More than an hour was spent before she even left the village, in talking to the little girls who were playing about, letting them know that she was going to take her grandmother a pot of butter, some cakes, and a bottle of wine. This was very wrong, as it did not in the least concern them, and was likewise disobeying the commands of her indulgent parent.

As she pursued her way by the wood side, Red Riding-Hood was startled on beholding a wolf, (a beast of prey with which the South of France is infested,) who came from among the trees ; she was on the point of flying to some reapers who were in the next field, to seek protection, when the wolf speaking civilly to her, she stopped to hear what he had to say. The wolf was treacherous and designing, therefore laid his plans accordingly. Willingly would he have eaten up Red Riding-Hood that minute for he was almost famished with hunger, but he was fearful her cries would bring some



“ Thank you kindly, darling,” said the wolf,
“ pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up ”



“ Good morning to you, my pretty Miss,” said
he, “ where are you going, and what have you in
that basket that hangs on your arm.”

of the workmen to her assistance, when it was most likely he would be put to death.

“Good morning to you, my pretty Miss,” said he, “where are you going, and what have you in that basket that hangs on your arm.”

“I am going, Sir Wolf,” said she, “to see my grandmother, who is very fond of me. It was her who made me this pretty red riding-hood; and I am going to take her a pot of butter, some cakes, and a little of our best wine, as she is ill; I wish we could spare more.”

“That is very good of you,” said the wolf, “pray does she live far from hence?”

“Yes, Sir, she resides alone in the white cottage behind the mill you can see yonder.”

“My dear little girl,” said the wolf, “I know the old lady very well, and I shall call and see her shortly.—Good bye, do not hurry yourself, the sun is hot, and you may get a fever.”

How very civil the wolf is, thought the silly girl; how wrong people are to be afraid of him and give out that he eats children. I dare say it is an untruth. I am sure he was very kind to me; the day is indeed warm, and why should I fatigue myself, there is plenty of time between this and dusk. So she amused herself with catching butterflies, and filling the top of her basket with fieldflowers, to make bow-pots for the mantel-piece; and in fact tired herself three times more than the length of the walk would have done.

At length, having collected a store of butter

cups, blue bells, violets and daises, she hastened on,—

Her basket o'er her arm she hung
 And as she went she sweetly sung—
 A lady lived beneath the hill,
 And if not gone she is there still.

In the meantime, the artful wolf ran as swift as four legs could convey him, to the white cottage, and tapped at the door.

“Who is there?” said the old woman.

“It is me, your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood,” replied the wolf, imitating Celia's voice.

“I am ill in bed, child,” called the grandmother, “so pull the bobbin, and the door will open.”

The wily wolf the bobbin drew
 The cottage door wide open flew.

Alas! poor old woman, instead of beholding a tender dutiful grandchild, it was a ravenous wolf, who having made no prey for three or four days, sprang upon her, and eat her up.

The wolf having closed the door, put on the old woman's night-cap and gown, and got into bed, where he lay quite snug, waiting the arrival of Red Riding-Hood.

When he had lain about an hour, she came with two or three gentle raps.

“Who is there?” said the wolf, with such a rough voice that poor Celia was startled, until

she recollected hearing that her grandmother had a severe cold. She answered, "It is me, Little Red Riding-Hood, with a pot of butter, some cakes, and a bottle of wine."

"Thank you kindly, darling," said the wolf, "pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Celia did so, and the door opened.

As she entered the room the wolf said, "Put your basket on the table, take off your clothes, and come into bed, that you may rest a little after your long walk."

"So I will, grandmother," said the poor innocent, "as soon as I have put these pretty flowers that I have gathered for you, in the pots."

"That is a good child," said the wolf, softening his voice as much as possible.

"Shall I sweep up your room, dear grandmother, and undraw your curtains, it is so dark," asked little Celia, to whom great merit was due for cleanliness and activity in domestic affairs: who now thought her grandmother's room looked unusually disturbed.

Ill health in fact, accounted for this change, and she would most willingly have exerted herself in making of it tidy.

This proposal did not please the wolf, darkness suited him best; and pleading a violent head-ache as an excuse for not undrawing the curtain, said, cleaning should be left until the following week, when she trusted to be better.

"Do so," said Celia, who dearly loved her

grandmother ; then I will come and bring you some custards, and every thing we have got that is nice."

The cruel wolf heard all she said without feeling the least pity or desisting from his plan ; for though he had made a hearty meal of the poor grandmother, Red Riding-Hood was too dainty a treat for the glutton to withstand ; he accordingly again desired her to come to bed.

"Only look up, dear grandmother, and see how nicely I have decorated your chimney-piece, I know you are fond of flowers," said the artless girl.

"True, darling," replied the wolf, burying his head under the clothes lest he should betray himself, "but my head aches so sadly I cannot raise it from the pillow.

"How sorry I am," said Celia, "and how grieved my parents, mother in particular will be, to hear you are so ill. when they know it they will soon be here. Shall I help you to some of the nice white cake, and a glass of wine?"

"No thank you," answered he, "I can take none just now, for I made a hearty meal, which I relished much, just before you came, and I heard your welcome voice."

Here the wolf spoke true ; he had so filled his stomach with poor granny, that at present he had no appetite for another repast, or he would not have spared little Red Riding-Hood so long.

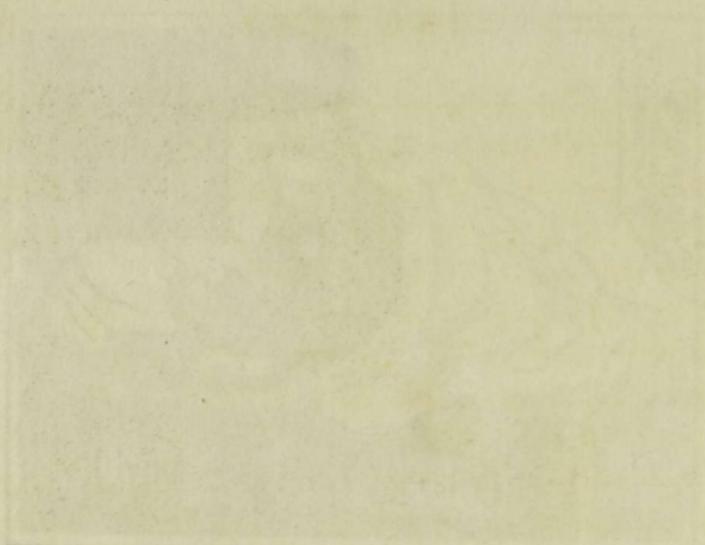
Celia had not been long in bed, when she



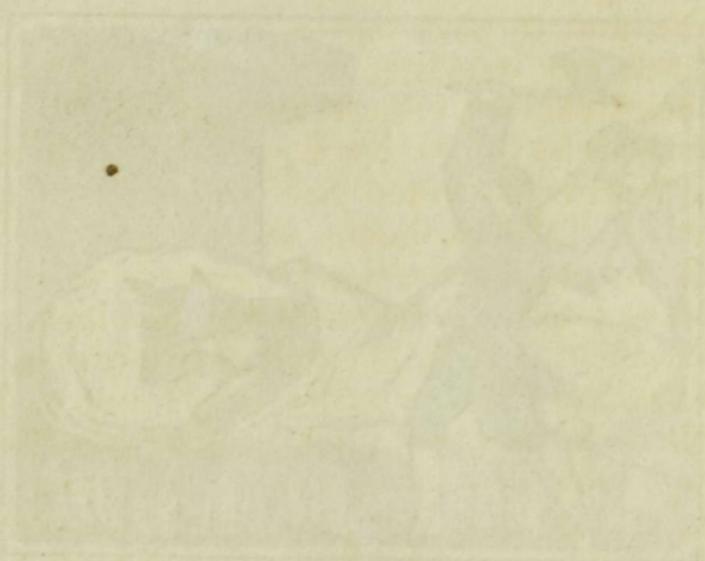
And he sprang on the child, who screamed out,
“ Oh! you are not my dear, kind grandmother,
but the wicked wolf of the wood.”



A slight search disclosed the horrid deeds he had
committed, and just vengeance overtook him; he
died on the spot covered with wounds.



Faint, illegible text or a short paragraph, possibly a title or a brief description of the illustration above.



Faint, illegible text or a short paragraph, possibly a title or a brief description of the illustration above.

thus began ;—“ Grandmother, as I was coming along, who do you think I met ?”

“ I cannot guess, child, so pray tell me, that is the readiest and most proper way.”

“ I met the wolf of the wood ; and at first I was so frightened that I thought to hasten to some farmer’s men who were very near, and cry for aid, as you and my mother have often told me if any thing happened on the road to alarm me, to do.”

“ So you ought to have done,” said the wolf, “ if children always acted according to the advice of their best friends, wolves would seldom have a treat.”

“ Ah, grandmother, he spoke so kind and civil, my fears ended. I dare say he meant me no more harm than you do at this moment.”

“ I dare say not,” answered the exulting animal with a malicious grin.

“ Then I hope you are not angry with me for speaking to him,” said the poor girl, “ and telling him that I was coming to you with some wine and cake, and a nice pot of new churned butter.”

“ I never was better pleased, you may believe me,” said the wolf, “ but go to sleep my little prattler, for I feel tired with talking, and am faint with illness.”

“ Do not let me slumber long,” said Celia, “ for my mother told me to be home long before dusk.”

“ Very well,” replied the supposed old wo-

man, "you do not, however, always obey your mother, or you would not have talked to the wolf; but for the reapers in the field he might have eaten you up."

"So thought Red Riding-Hood.—"Then my grandmother is angry, though I understood just now she was never better pleased. It certainly was very wrong for me to loiter and stay on the road; and still worse to talk with the wolf of the wood. I hope my mother will pardon me when I tell her, and promise never to offend again by disobedience; no, I will be wiser in future."

Celia was too good a child to strive to conceal any transaction in which she was concerned, from her parents; and this is an example worthy of imitation. Candidly tell your faults to those friends who have authority over you, they will the more readily pardon the past, and assist you with advice as to the future.

Concealment oft becomes a crime,
 So pray, young friends, attend my rhyme;
 Frankness displays a noble mind,
 And when with virtuous deeds combin'd
 I give it praise beyond all worth,
 Of glittering gems or gold on earth.

Celia continued to sleep, till the wolf feeling a return of appetite, threw aside the curtains to gaze on his delicious feast, and pressed her so tight in his fore paws as to awaken her.

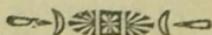
"Dear grandmother," said Celia, "how rough

and long your arms have grown."—"The fitter to fondle you, my dear."—"How your ears stand up in your cap."—"The better to hear thy sweet voice, my love."—"How large and bright your eyes are, grandmother."—"The more proper to gaze on you, my darling."—"But how huge and frightful your teeth are."—"All the better to devour with."—And he sprang on the child, who screamed out, "Oh! you are not my dear, kind grandmother, but the wicked wolf of the wood." She had no time to say more, for he ate her up in a few minutes.

The cruel wolf did not long survive these horrid deeds: for falling asleep after he had dispatched his victim, he neglected to secure a timely retreat, and was caught in the bed by Celia's parents, and other persons, who, alarmed by her stay, came late at night in search of her. A slight search disclosed the horrid deeds he had committed, and just vengeance overtook him: he died on the spot covered with wounds.

END OF RED RIDING-HOOD.

THE
ENTERTAINING HISTORY
OF
LITTLE
GOODY TWO-SHOES.



GOODY TWO SHOES was the daughter of Farmer Meanwell, who lived in a farm belonging to Sir Timothy Gripe, a wealthy covetous man, who turned all his poor tenants out of their farms, where they had lived for so many years, because this cruel landlord thought it less trouble to write one receipt than twelve.

Care and misfortune soon shortened the days of little Margery's father. Margery's poor mother survived his loss but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her brother Tommy to the wide world.

It would have given any one pleasure to see how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how hand in hand they trotted about. They were both very ragged; as for Tommy, he had two shoes, but poor Margery had but one. They had nothing to support them for several days, but what they picked from the



When Red Riding Hood was leaving the cottage, her mother told her not to loiter on the road, to talk with no strangers, and be home before dark.



Her basket o'er her arm she hung,
And as she went she sweetly sung—
A lady lived beneath the hill,
And if not gone she is there still.

hedges, or got from the poor people, and they slept every night in a barn.

Mr. Smith, a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where little Margery was born, and having a relation come to see him, sent for these poor children to come to him, and they lived with him for some days. The gentleman ordered little Margery a pair of shoes, gave her some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy and make him a sailor; and accordingly had a jacket and trousers made for him.

The parting between these two little children was very affecting; Tommy cried, and Margery cried, and kissed each other a great many times. At last, Tommy wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her when he returned from sea. When night came, little Margery grew very uneasy about her brother; but Mrs. Smith took her upon her lap, and comforted her, and after sitting up rather late, put her to bed.

Little Margery got up next morning, very early, and ran all round the village, crying for her brother. Just as she returned home, the shoemaker came in with her new shoes.

Nothing could have supported Margery under the affliction she was in, but the pleasure she took in her new shoes. She ran up to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and cried out, Two Shoes, ma'am! see, Two Shoes.

And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Goody Two Shoes.

Little Margery having seen how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, thought this was owing to his great learning; therefore she wanted, above all things to learn to read, (there were then no Sunday-schools for children); she therefore met the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrowed their books, and read till they returned from dinner.

By this means, she got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words in the world; but as some of these are large and some small, she with her knife cut of some pieces of wood, ten sets of each.

Having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell: and after that, she taught them to compose sentences. You know what a sentence is, my dear:—‘I will be good,’ is a sentence, and is made up of several words.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, was this: Suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding, the children stood round, the first brought p, the next l, the next u, the next m, and so on till all were brought and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to lose his place, or play no more.

This was learning at their play, and she

used to go to teach the children every morning.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when she set out, and the first house she came to was Farmer Wilson's.

Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door, Rap, tap, tap! Who's there? Ouly little Goody Two Shoes, answered Margery, come to teach Billy. Oh! little Goody, says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, I am glad to see you. Then came the little boy. How do, Doody Two Shoes? says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down the alphabet mixed together, and he picked them all up, called them by their names, and put them in order.

The next place she came to, was Farmer Simpson's. Bow, wow, says the dog at the door. Sirrah, says his mistress, what! bark at little Two Shoes? Come in, Madge; Sally has learnt all her lesson. Yes, so I have, replied the little one; and immediately taking the letters, she set these syllables:

ba be bi bo bu na ne ni no nu

da de di do du sa se si so su

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them.

Little Two Shoes then taught her to spell words of one syllable, such as

plum pear top ball puss dog hat

fawn buck doe pig mow pin eat

The next place was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn: they all came round little Margery; who having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy what he had for dinner. He answered, Bread. Well, then, says she, set the first letter. He put up the letter B, to which the next added r, the next e, the next a, and the next d, and it stood thus, Bread.

The next had Potatoes, the next Beef and Turnips, which were spelt. When the game was finished, she set them the following tasks.

LESSON I.

He that will thrive,
Must rise by five.
He that has thriven,
May lay till seven.
Truth may be blamed,
But never shamed.
A friend in your need,
Is a friend indeed.

LESSON II.

A good boy will come to be a good man.
Honour your parents, and the good will
honour you.
Love your friends, and your friends will love
you.
Learn to live as you would wish to die.

She next went to Polly Sullen's. This little girl was so proud and obstinate, and fond of fine clothes, that she would stand viewing herself in the glass for a long time, and she thought every one beneath her who was not finely drest.

Little Two Shoes tried to subdue Polly's stubborn heart, and teach her to be humble and kind to all, by setting her lessons on humility and meekness, which, after a short time, had a good effect on her.

Coming home, she saw a gentleman who was very ill, sitting at the corner of his garden. Though ill, he began to joke with Margery, and said, So, Goody Two Shoes, they say you are a cunning baggage; can you tell me what must I do to get well? Yes, sir, says she; go to bed when your rooks do, and get up with them in the morning.

The gentleman, laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible little baggage; and away she trotted across the meadow, picking cowslips and wild flowers as she went along, to adorn her little dwelling.

Some days after this, little Madge happened to be coming home late from teaching, when it rained, thundered, and lightened, she therefore took shelter in a farmer's barn. Soon after this, the storm drove in four thieves, who not seeing such a creep-mouse girl as Two-Shoes, lay down on the straw next to her, and began to settle plans for their future robbe-

ries. Little Margery, hearing them, covered herself with straw. She was sadly frightened, but her good sense taught her that the only security she had was in keeping herself concealed; she, therefore, lay very still, and breathed very softly. About four o'clock, these wicked people came to a resolution to break open Sir William Dove's house, and Sir Timothy Gripe's, and to carry off the whole of the money, plate, and jewels; but as it was then thought too late, they agreed to defer it till the next night. After laying the scheme they all departed.

Early in the morning she went to Sir William, who had just mounted his horse, and was going a hunting, and told him of the danger he was in. Upon which, he asked her name, gave her something, and bid her call at his house the day following. She also went to Sir Timothy's, notwithstanding he had used her so very ill, for she knew it was her duty to do good for evil; and told the whole affair to Lady Gripe, who privately set people to guard the house.

The robbers went, about the time they had mentioned, to both houses, and were surprised by the guards, and taken.

Upon the examination of these wretches, one of them turned evidence, and it appeared that both Sir William and Sir Timothy owed their lives to the discovery made by little Margery.

Sir William took great notice of her, and resolved to reward her; and one Mrs. Williams, who, at this time was very old and infirm, and kept a school for instructing little folks, was desired by Sir William to examine Goody Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made a report in her favour. Sir William, on this, purchased the school, and gave it to Margery, in gratitude for saving his life, and fifty pounds to begin with.

One day, as she was going through the village, she met some naughty boys who had got a raven, which they were going to throw at; she wanted to get the poor creature out of their hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him, and brought him home; she called his name Ralph, and a fine bird he was. Now this bird she taught to speak, and to read; and as he was very fond of playing with the large letters, the children used to call them Ralph's alphabet.

Some days after she had met with the raven, she saw some wicked boys, who had taken a pigeon, and tied a string to its leg, in order to let it fly, and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor animal with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointments.

This pigeon she also bought, and taught him to perform several extraordinary things. This pigeon was a pretty fellow, and she called him

Tom,—sometimes he would fly a great way from home, but return again in safety; and as Ralph the raven was fond of large letters, Tom the pigeon took care of the small ones.

The neighbours knowing that Mrs. Two-Shoes was very good, made her a present of a little sky lark.

Now as many people, even at that time, had learned to be in bed long in the morning, she thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when to get up.

For he that is fond of his bed, and lays till noon, lives but half his days; the rest being lost in sleep, which is like unto death.

Some time after this, a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill the lamb, she bought it of him, and brought it home with her, to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed, so that they

‘ Rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb.’

This lamb she called Will, and a pretty creature he was.

No sooner was Tippy the lark, and Will the ba-lamb brought into the school, but she caused the following lines to be learned by every boy and girl in the school,

‘ Early to bed, and early to rise,

‘ Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.’

Soon after this, a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, a pretty dog he was.

He was always in a good humour, and playing and jumping about, and therefore he was called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door, so that he may be called the porter of the college.

Mrs. Margery was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done any thing to serve her. These sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of her neighbours; and as most of their land was meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by wet weather, she procured an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in all their hay without any damage, whilst most of that in the neighbouring village was spoiled.

Sir Charles Jones having a high opinion of Mrs. Margery, offered her proposals of marriage. All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; but, just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed, ran into the church, and cried—stop! stop! This alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom. After they had been talking some time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This seeming grief, however, was

was only a prelude to a flood of joy, which immediately succeeded. You must know, gentle reader, that this gentleman, so richly dressed, was that identical little boy, whom you before saw in the sailor's habit! In short, it was little Tom Two-Shoes, Mrs. Margery's brother, who had just come from beyond sea, where he had made a large fortune; and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, he rode post to see that a proper settlement was made on her. They soon returned, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

The affection that subsisted between this happy couple is inexpressible; but time, which dissolves the closest union, severed Sir Charles from his lady.

We forgot to remark that, after her marriage, Lady Jones ordered a house in the village to be fitted up for a school, and placed a poor man and his wife there, who set good examples to the whole village in sobriety and honesty.

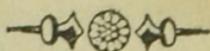
About this time, she heard that her kind friend Mr. Smith was oppressed by Sir Timothy Gripe, the justice, and his friend Graspall, upon which she defended him, and the cause was tried in Westminster-hall, where Mr. Smith gained a verdict; and it appearing that Sir Timothy had behaved most scandalously, as Justice of the Peace, he was no longer permitted to act in that capacity.

She paid a great regard to the poor, and to induce them to come regularly to church, or-

dered a loaf to be given to every one who would accept of it. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death the greatest calamity, that ever was felt in the neighbourhood.

END OF GOODY TWO SHOES.

THE
HOLIDAY QUEEN.



THOSE persons who have read the story of "The Raven and the Dove," may remember that there was once such a little girl as Eliza, and such a little boy as Henry. Now it happened, that the uncle and aunt of these little children came once to see their papa and mamma: and they each brought with them several of their children. Their uncle brought with him Marten and Thomas; and their aunt brought Mary, and Lucy, and Emily.

Now as these little children had not all met before together for a long time, their papas and mammas gave them leave to have a holiday the day after their meeting.

It was a pleasant day, in the beginning of July; so the little children were allowed to play in the garden. And Eliza's mamma was so kind as to give the young ones a basket of flowers, and fruit, and some cakes. And these

she put into the hands of Mary, saying to her, "As you, Mary, are several years older than your cousins and brothers and sisters, you shall have the disposal of these things. You shall be the Queen of the day; and you must not allow any body who is naughty to have a share of these cakes, or fruit or flowers."

Then Mary took the basket from her aunt, smiling and courtseying; and then skipping away into the garden, with all her young companions, she said, "I am to be your Queen, and you are to be my subjects. Well, then, the first thing I do must be, to find a palace where I may place my throne."

"The arbour at the bottom of the garden will do for your palace," answered Marten, "for there will be a charming green canopy over your head."

"And Emily and I," said Lucy, "will make you a crown of some of these roses."

Mary was soon seated on the throne, with her crown on her head; and her subjects all placed before her. "And now," she said, "Marten, (for you must be my chief minister,) bring me the basket. Do you see what nice things there are in it? But I shall allow none of my subjects to have any of these things who do not spend some part of this morning in doing something useful. I shall give each of you a task; and if you perform that well, you shall be rewarded."

Now the little children were all very much

pleased with what Mary said, except Henry, who was a silly little boy, and expected to have had some cakes given him to eat immediately.

Then many little voices called out at once, "What shall I do?" and "What shall I do?"

So Mary was obliged to wave her hand, and insist on silence. Then she said, "I shall begin with the youngest first. Henry I command you to help poor old Robert, who is weeding my aunt's bed of tulips. You see it tires him very much to stoop, for he has got the rheumatism; and we heard him say, that he must get that bed finished to-day. You shall fill one basket full of weeds for him."

Henry did not go very willingly towards old Robert, but Mary took no notice of his conduct, and went on to Eliza.

"Eliza," she said, "you shall fetch your thimble, and your needle, and thread; and Emily shall fetch hers. And you shall sit at the door of my palace, and you shall finish the little shirt which mamma cut out for the baby which was sick, and was brought yesterday to my uncle to be baptized."

"Well, cousin, and what are we to do?" asked Thomas and Marten.

"You must wait patiently, Marten, for your turn will come last," answered Mary; "and for you, Thomas, while Henry is weeding for old Robert, and he is resting himself, you shall, if my uncle will give you leave, read to him that pretty book which somebody gave him,

and which, he told us, he had not eyes to read even with his spectacles on.

“And now, Lucy,” continued Mary, “it is your turn. There is a little sick child in the cottage at the bottom of the garden, Sally is going to take it some soup. You shall ask my aunt’s leave to go with her, and read to her : a chapter in the Bible.”

“And now,” said Marten, “my turn is come, what am I to do?”

“You, Marten,” answered Mary, “shall fetch your grammar; and you shall learn that lesson in it which you ought to have learned yesterday, and which we begged your papa to excuse you from learning to-day, that you might have a holiday; and then he will see that you know how to be grateful for his kindness.”

Now when Mary had finished speaking, all the young ones were in motion in different parts of the garden.

“Remember,” cried Mary, as they ran away, “that you are to be back and your work done by twelve o’clock; and I shall be ready to reward my diligent servants.”

Now when they were all gone, Mary began very busily to ornament her palace. She made nosegays of the prettiest flowers, which were to be given as rewards to the industrious; and these were fixed among the boughs of the trees, in different parts of the arbour. She also ran into the house, and begged her aunt to let her have the little round table which stood in the

nursery. And this she put in her arbour, and collected many leaves of the Virginian raspberry, which she placed in order for dishes and plates; and her currants, and strawberries, and gooseberries, and cakes were arranged upon the table. "This will do very well, I think," said she to herself, as she stepped back, looking at her dinner-table; "and those who have behaved well shall sit on each side of me, and the idle ones shall stand and wait upon us, for idle people have no business to eat."

"That is very true indeed, my dear girl," said somebody behind Mary.

It was Mary's aunt, who, with her mamma, and her cousin Marten's papa, were walking along the grass walk which led to the arbour.

Mary quite started when she turned round and saw them. Then her mamma very kindly asked her what they were playing at. And when she had told them, her uncle smiled very pleasantly, and looking at his watch, he said, "It is almost twelve, and if you will give us leave, Queen Mary, we will stay a little while with you, and see you dispose of your prizes."

Then Mary courtseyed and said, she should be very much pleased, if they would be so kind as to stay. So they sat down at the upper end of the arbour, leaving room for the Queen to sit between them.

And now the clock struck twelve, and Mary made haste to get upon her throne; and in a

few minutes were heard the voices of many little ones coming very fast towards the arbour, "I have finished my task;" "I have learned my lesson;" "I have done my work;" "I have read my chapter;" sounded from the young party, as they crowded into the arbour jumping and smiling.

When they saw their papa, and mamma, and aunt, they stood still a few minutes; but Eliza's mamma smiled, and bid them go on with their play as if there was nobody by. "You know," said she, "when little children are good, and play without quarrelling, their papas and mammas love to see them play."

Then Queen Mary called her subjects to her one by one, and enquired into what they had been doing. First she said, "Come Lucy and Emily, stand on my right hand; and you, Marten and Eliza stand on my left hand. But where are Henry and Thomas? We cannot begin our feast without them. Do you, Marten go and look for them; and bring them to me, whether they have done their work or not."

Marten set off immediately, calling out, "Thomas, Henry, why do you not come back?"

In a few minutes Marten returned. Thomas followed him; he was very hot indeed, and quite out of breath. And Henry walked behind them at a distance.

"Thomas," said the Queen, "how is this,

that you have disobeyed my orders? Why was not your task finished by twelve o'clock?"

Thomas made no answer.

"Have you done your task?" continued she, "have you read the little book to the old man?"

"I have," answered Thomas.

"And why did you not come sooner?"

Thomas made no answer.

"Your behaviour is very strange," said the Queen; "I must enquire further into this. Henry, come here."

Henry came slowly forward.

"Why were you not here at the time fixed?"

Henry did not speak.

"Have not you done your task?"

Henry hung down his head.

"How is this?" said the Queen. "Marten can you explain this affair?"

"No, indeed, I cannot," answered Marten, "for when you sent me to fetch Thomas and Henry, I met them both coming; so I turned back, and did not stay to ask them any questions."

"Well then, Marten," said the Queen, "I command you to go and look for old Robert; and enquire very particularly of him, whether my orders have been obeyed?"

Marten set off the second time, and he presently returned, but slowly, and old Robert with him.

“Well, Marten,” said Mary, “what have you got to say?”

“Cousin,” answered Marten, “I do not like to tell you, and so old Robert is come.”

Every body looked grave, and turned towards old Robert.

“Well, Robert,” repeated the Queen, “have you any thing to tell me about my cousins? Did Thomas read the little book to you I desired he would?”

Then Robert bowed low, and said, “Why young Lady, I can say nothing against that. Master Thomas has been reading to me the value of half an hour; and very good reading it was, and a mighty fine reader he is for his years.”

“And can you tell me, Robert, if he had finished reading to you before it struck twelve?” said Mary.

“Ay, that he had, Miss,” answered old Robert, “and filled half a basket of weeds for Master Henry too.”

“For Henry!” repeated Mary, “Has not Henry been weeding your bed of tulips for you?”

“He never came nigh me, Miss,” replied Robert, “till just as Master Thomas finished reading; but I think I saw him sitting under the great apple tree a long time; and, to my thinking, he was crying.”

“Well,” said Mary, in haste to come to the end of the story, “and how came Thomas to

weed for Henry? Did Henry ask him to do it?"

"Well, I can't say," said Robert, "that I took much notice of their play; but Master Henry came and stood near us while Master Thomas was reading; and, to the best of my knowledge, says Master Thomas, when he had finished reading, 'Cousin, have you done your weeding for old Robert?' And then Master Thomas comes to me, and says, 'Robert, please to let us weed a little for you. Henry must fill your weeding-basket, or he will have no cake, and no play, and no holiday with us.' And so I gave them leave, and very hard Master Thomas worked. He said he must get the basket filled by twelve o'clock; and he was not much after his time."

"And did not Henry weed?" asked Mary.

"I did not particularly notice," replied Robert, "but I can't say that I saw him do much, though it may be he pulled up a weed or two by chance."

Then every eye was fixed on Thomas and Henry.

"Thank you, Robert," said Mary; "we will not hinder you now any more."

Old Robert made his bow, and walked away. And then they were all silent for a few minutes, and Mary seemed at a loss what to say, and she looked at her mamma and her aunt. So Henry's mamma said to Mary. "I shall say nothing to Henry now. You are Queen to-day; you must punish him as you think he deserves."

“Indeed,” said Mary, when she had bowed to her aunt, “I am very sorry to punish you, Henry, but as my aunt bids me do what I think right, I cannot allow you to sit down to our feast. You must stand and wait at the door of the palace till we have finished; and whether we receive you into favour again must depend upon your behaviour under your punishment.”

Mary thought to punish Henry, but she felt very sorry to do so; and when she sat down to the table, and had helped her company, she was going to give some of her own fruit and cake to little Henry, who stood crying at the entrance of the arbour, but his mamma made a sign to her not to do it.

As soon as the feast was over, and the little ones were rising, Marten’s papa, who still remained in the arbour, with Mary’s and Henry’s mamma, and had condescended to taste a cake and some fruit which Mary had offered him, desired them all to sit down, and he took out of his pocket a little book, the title of which was, “The history of Emily and her Brothers;” and in it was an account of an idle little boy. And he was so kind as to read this story to the children. They were all very much pleased with it indeed, and thanked him very much for reading it.

When Thomas’s papa had finished reading the book, he called Henry to him, and said to him, as he laid his hand upon his head, “You have made a good use of your

time, my boy, by doing the work you were ordered to do, and by assisting others as far as you could; therefore, I will make you a present of this pretty little book."

Thomas thanked his papa, and looked very much pleased. Then Henry, who still continued crying, was called by his uncle, who, taking him on his knee, (for Henry was but a little fellow,) and looking round on all the young ones, said, "I hope you, my dear boy, and all of you too, my little ones, will learn a lesson from this day's feast. You know that all the men and women, and little boys and girls, who come into this world, have a work appointed for them, which they are commanded to do before they appear in the presence of God: it is the work of cleansing their naughty hearts from sin, and adorning them with wisdom and holiness; it is the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope: and as we cannot do these things of ourselves, Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross to purchase it for us, will give the help of his holy Spirit to all those who ask him for it. Now if we neglect to do this work, and the hour of death comes and finds it undone, how shall we appear before the throne of God? Were not you ashamed, my little Henry, even in your play, to appear before your cousin, when you knew that you had not done what you ought to have done? But Oh! what is the anger of a child, or even of your father, when compared with that of Almighty

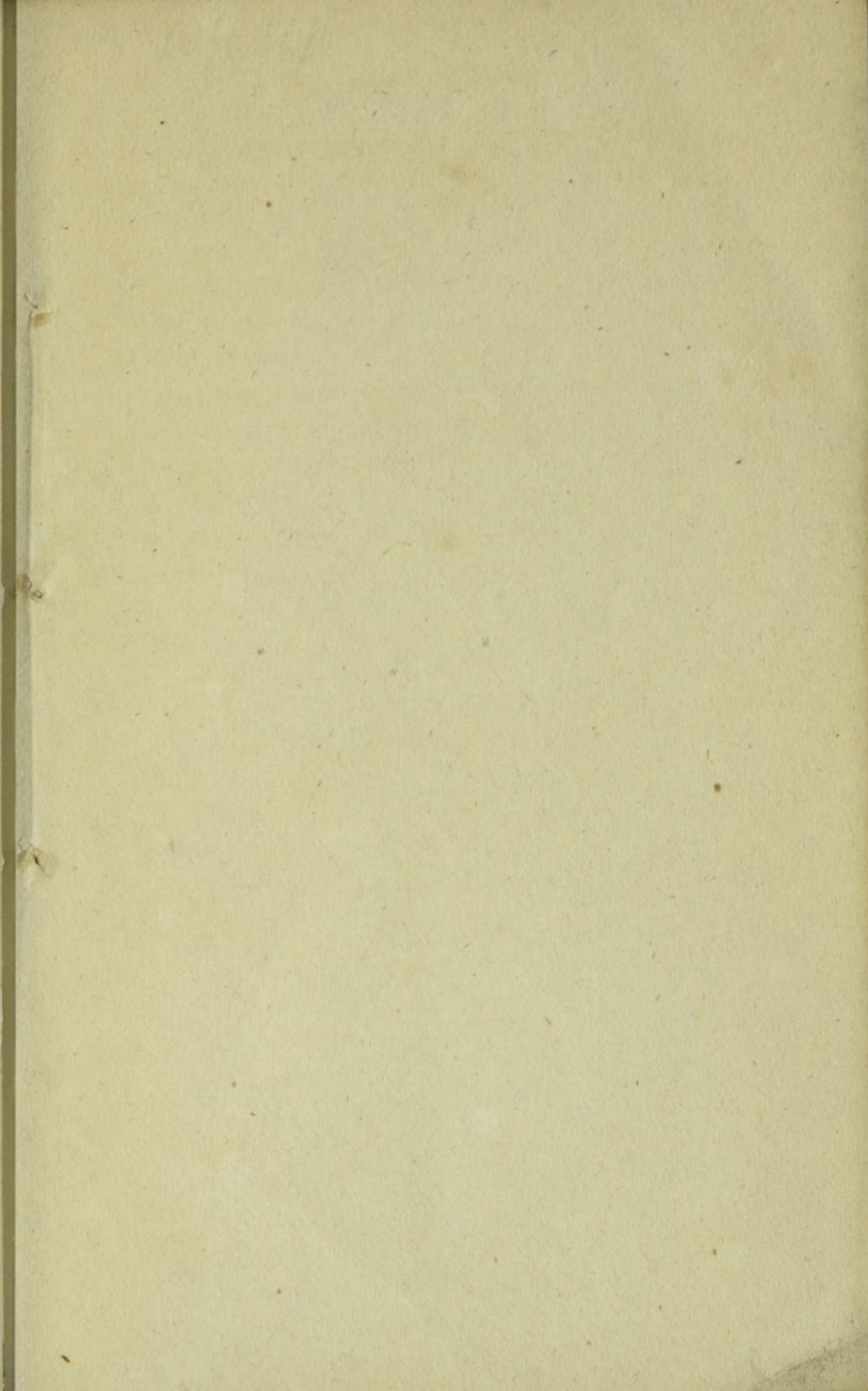
God, who could, in an instant, banish you from his presence into the fire which never shall be quenched !”

He stopped for a few minutes, and then, seeing they all looked very grave, he went on: “ I do not mean to make you unhappy my dear little children, by saying these things to you ; but I wish to teach you how to learn some lesson of wisdom from every thing which happens to you, even from your seasons of play. And thus, I hope, you will not only be the merrier, but the wiser too, for your pleasant game of play to-day”

Little Henry put his arms round his uncle’s neck, and kissed him ; and Mary, with his mamma’s leave, slipped into his hand a cake.

Then all the little party, having thanked their uncle for his advice, skipped away again to play with their Holiday Queen.

THE END.



JUVENILE BOOKS,

At Sixpence each.

Embellished with Colored Engravings.

Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp
Jack the Giant Killer
Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves
Robinson Crusoe
Sinbad the Sailor
History of Napoleon Bonaparte
Blue Beard
History of William Tell
Cinderella
Children in the Wood
Jack and the Bean Stalk
Whittington and his Cat
Robin Hood
Philip Quarle
Beauty and the Beast
Valentine and Orson
Seven Champions
Little Jack and the Goat
Red Riding Hood
La Perouse
Watts' Divine Songs, &c. &c.

The above, with many others, at Two-pence
each, adorned with neat Cuts.