

THE
CHILD'S
OWN STORY BOOK.
OR
SIMPLE TALES.



NEW HAVEN.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY S. BABCOCK.

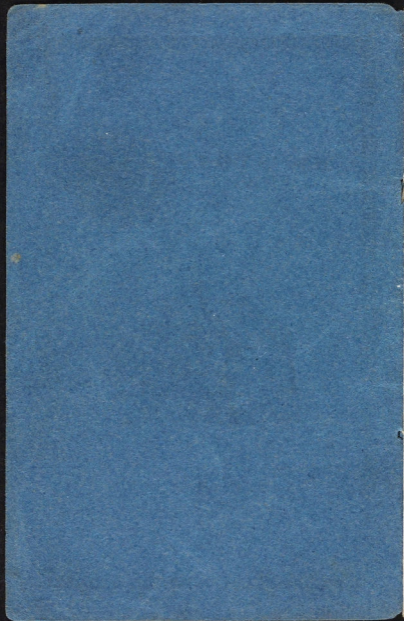


Illustration by Houghton

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THE
CHILD'S OWN STORY BOOK.

MARY AND HER MOTHER.

"I am glad you have come home again, mamma," said Mary, when she saw her mother get out of the coach, which brought her to her own house, whence she had been gone about a month. "Indeed, mamma, I am very glad to see you once more."

"And I am very glad to see you again, Mary, and in such good health too. What have you done while I have been away from home, my dear?"

A great many things, mamma. One day Cousin Jane came here, and she brought her pretty new book, and Harry sat down with us under the old tree, and read all the stories to us; and I have read all through my book of Little Lessons, and I have kept my

little garden very neat. Will you come and see my roses ?

“Bye-and-bye I will; but tell me, first, have you been very good, Mary?”

“Not always, mamma; for once I would not lend Harry my rake; and I have cried three or four times; but I have sometimes been good all day long. I think Harry has been quite good.”

“I am glad you tell me the truth, Mary, and I like to hear you speak so kindly of your brother. I have brought you a pair of shoes for your doll, and a new book and a new kite for Harry, which, I think, will please him much.”

“O, I am sure we shall both feel very happy. But have you not brought a toy for the baby?”

“Yes, a soft ball, which you can roll along the floor, and then she will learn to walk after it. Now I will go and see your little garden.”

“Look at my rose-bush, mamma; it is quite full of buds; and here is a white rose. I have two pinks on this

side, and many more pretty flowers. There are no weeds here, mamma. Now come and look at our new swing; one end of the rope is tied to the old elm tree, and the other end to the big maple. This piece of board makes a fine seat. When John got up into the elm to fasten the rope, he found a nest with some young birds in it; but now they have all flown away. I thought birds always lived in their nests."

"No; they perch on the branches of trees, or in thick bushes, in holes in the wall, in the roofs of houses, or on the ground. Some sleep all day, and fly about at night, such as owls. Some wake as soon as it is day, and go to rest when the sun sets. As the sun is down now, I think, my dear Ann, you had better go to bed too."

"Good night, mamma; I have not said good night to you for a long time, but I have often wished you a good night's rest, though I could not see you to tell you so."



THE BIRD'S NEST.

Oh, Jane, I saw such a cruel boy to-day! said little Henry Manly to his sister. I will tell you all about it.

As I was walking with papa in the fields, near Blake's farm, last week, we saw a bird's nest with one tiny little white egg in it; and we have walked that way every day since. On Monday there were four eggs in it; to-day, when we went, nest and eggs, and all were gone. We were very sorry for this, and as we came back we saw Thomas Norman in his father's yard, with the nest in one hand, and the old bird in the other. Papa asked him why he had taken the nest, and he said,—

“Because the birds eat the corn and fruit, and do so much mischief; so my father told me to take as many nests as I can find.”

Then papa said to him, “But why have you taken the old bird, and what are you going to do with her? You

hurt her, I am sure, by holding her so fast in your hot hand. Why do'nt you let the poor little thing go?"

"Because," said Tom, "when I tried to take the nest, she flew in my face and pecked at my eyes. She is a savage thing, and I mean to hurt her for trying to hurt me."

"She only did it in defence of her nest," said papa; "do not be so cruel. A bird like that could not hurt you."

"Oh, but it could," said he, "and I'll teach her to be savage!"

And then, Jane, before papa could stop him, he threw the poor bird to an old cat, which stood by. We then saw that he had tied a string to the leg of the poor bird, and when the cat laid hold of it with her sharp claws, he dragged it away from her, so that the poor little thing was torn in pieces! Papa talked to him a long time, and told him that God made the little birds, and that He was displeased with all those who were cruel to His creatures.

LITTLE ARTHUR.

“Mamma,” said Arthur, as he came in from a visit to his aunt; “I have seen a great many things to-day. Shall I tell you all I have seen?”

“Yes, Arthur, for you seem quite happy, and I should very much like to hear what has pleased you.”

“Well, mamma, now I will tell you. First I saw a boy with a cage full of white mice; they had small red eyes and long tails, and as they ran up the cage, it turned round and round with them. Next I saw a boy in a small cart, with two dogs dragging it. It put me in mind of the dogs I read of, who draw people about on the snow. Then I went past that shop with the shells and stones in the window, and I stood and looked at them a long time. They are very beautiful.”

“They are so, my son; I have often admired them. But did you see any thing else?”



“Yes, mamma; I saw a little girl with bare feet, who looked quite poor. She said she was very hungry, and I gave her a penny; it was all I had to give her. When I was coming home, I saw a little boy who had broken his pitcher in getting over the bars near farmer Oakley’s. The pitcher was filled with milk, and it slipped out of his hand and was dashed in pieces. While the poor boy was telling me about it, and lamenting his carelessness, a woman came and stood by the bars and heard all he said. The boy told me that his mamma would be very angry at him for being so heedless. Then the woman laughed, and said he had better tell his mother that a boy knocked the pitcher out of his hand and broke it! Was she not a wicked woman, mamma?”

“Yes, my love, a very wicked one. But did the boy agree to tell the lie which she wished him to tell?”

“Oh, no, mamma; he said to her,



'That would be a lie, and I will not tell a lie ; I will tell the truth, even if my mother whips me.'

"Well, Arthur, do you remember this good little boy, and never allow the fear of punishment, or any thing else, to tempt you to tell an untruth."

"I am sure I shall not forget him, mamma. After I left him, I saw an old, very old, man ; he could hardly walk, and he had a staff in his hand, on which he leaned for support. Poor old man ! he could hardly see, for his eyes were dim ; he was weak and could but just totter along the road. So I went up to him, and led him along over the rough parts of the road, and he said he thanked me very much indeed. I did right, did I not, mamma ?"

"Yes, my son. Your walk seems to have done you good in more ways than one. Your cheeks are rosy, you have learned something new, and you have been kind to a poor hungry child, and to a feeble old man."



THE STRAW BONNET.

Helen Russel, a little girl about seven years old, had a puppy given her by one of her friends. It was a pretty little pet, and Helen was very fond of it. She called him Prince.

When the dog's teeth began to grow, Helen's father told her he was afraid it would gnaw and bite every thing that came in its way, and that it had better be tied up. But Helen could not bear to part with Prince, and she promised to take care that he did no harm.

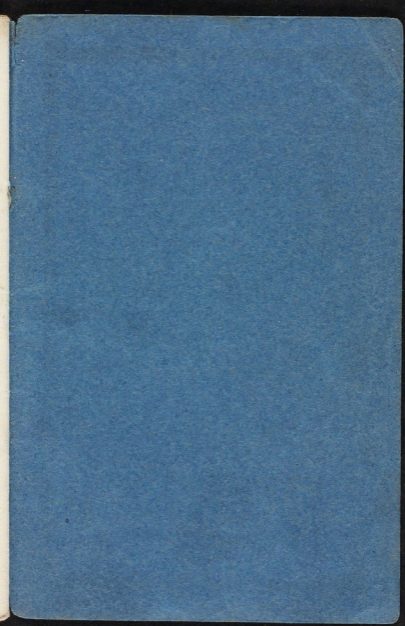
One day, when she had just come in from a walk, her brother called her and said, "There is a poor boy at the door, who is very hungry, and has no hat nor shoes ; come, Helen, come and see him."

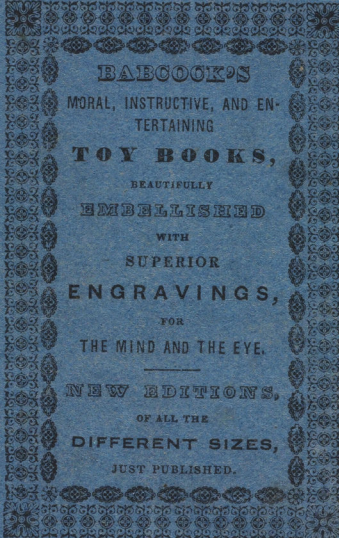
So Helen untied her straw bonnet in great haste, and threw it down, with her gloves, on a chair in the hall, and ran with John to the door, leaving Prince behind her.

John and Helen were both very sorry for the poor boy. John gave him one of his old hats, and a pair of his shoes, and Helen ran into the kitchen to get him something to eat.

When the boy had gone, Helen went back to look for Prince. He was still in the hall; but what was he doing? Biting Helen's new straw bonnet in pieces! The ribbon had hung over the chair, and he had pulled at it till he dragged the hat on the floor, and then he gnawed it all in pieces; one of her gloves was also spoiled by him.

"Oh! you bad Prince," cried Helen, "you have spoiled my nice new bonnet. I wish I had taken papa's advice, and tied you up before you had done this mischief. It is my fault more than yours, for I suppose you did not know you must not bite straw bonnets as well as bones. But you shall be shut up before you do any more mischief, and I must wear my old straw bonnet. I wish I had taken papa's advice."





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