

TELLER'S

TALES.

THE

HISTORY OF A DAY;

OR THE

SCHOLAR AND TRUANT CONTRASTED.

EDITED BY THOMAS TELLER.

Embellished

with new and

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

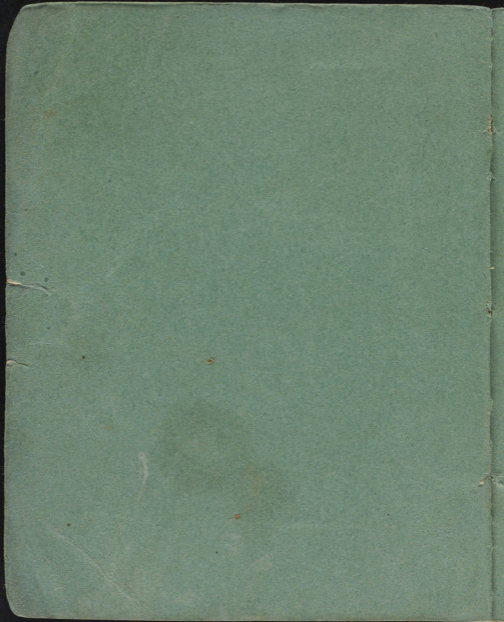
NEW HAVEN.

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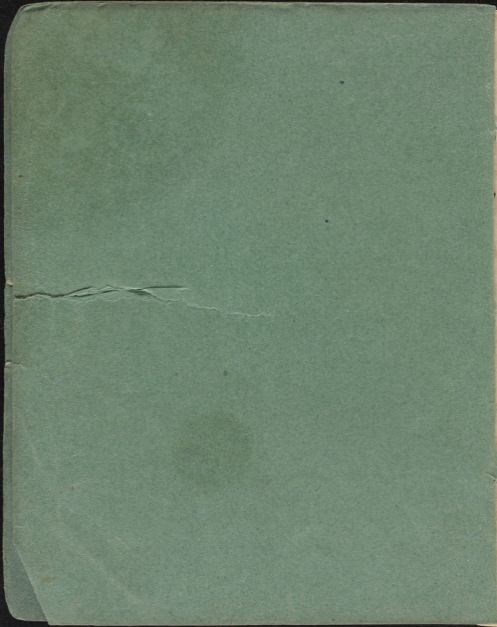
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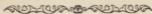
The Scholar and Truant
CONTRASTED.

BY THOMAS TELLER.



NEW HAVEN.
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

TO MY YOUNG READERS.



My dear little Friends :

I promised you, in the Preface to the little book called "A PARENT'S OFFERING," that I should tell you "stories about good boys and bad boys, so you would have examples to follow and examples to shun." Well, here, in this "HISTORY OF A DAY," I give you one such story, where you will read about a good boy who was a good scholar, and about a bad boy who was an idle truant. You will find that the good boy was always happy in the consciousness of doing right, and that he was rewarded for so doing, also. And you will find that the bad boy was wretched and unhappy while doing wrong, and was punished for it besides. You will see too, I hope, that there is every inducement to behave well, and no possible one to behave ill, if you study your own happiness and that of those around you.

I hope all my little friends will think of these TRUTHS whenever they are tempted to do wrong. If they do so, and will follow the advice I have given them, then their smiling faces will be ever brightened with the glad sunshine of joy and happiness. But if not,—if they seek for pleasure out of the paths of duty and virtue, then these same smiling faces will be clouded with the dark frowns of ill-nature, discontent, and unhappiness. They will not only be wretched themselves, but they will make their parents and friends wretched also.

Let my words sink deep into your hearts, my dear little readers, and then I shall feel quite sure that your smiling faces will reflect joy and gladness upon the heart of

Your old friend and well-wisher,

Roseville Hall, 1845.

THOMAS TELLER.

THE
HISTORY OF A DAY.



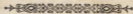
CHAPTER I.

IN a pleasant little town, not far from the city of Philadelphia, lived a gentleman by the name of Butler, who had made a large fortune by successful trade in that city. When increasing years warned him that he was less active than he had formerly been, and less able to bear the cares of a large business, he wisely gave up his pursuits, and removed with his family a few miles into the country. He was the father of a boy and a girl. The boy was named Louis, after himself, and the girl was named Jane. Mr. Butler was anxious to impress on the minds of his son and daughter, just notions of the amiable nature and good effects of virtue; and, like good children, they well repaid his care and anxiety, by being attentive and obedient to all he said. Jane was only nine years old, and of course more immediately under the care of her mother. Louis was two years older. He was

a boy of good disposition and pleasing manners, and a very industrious and studious little scholar.

Not far from Mr. Butler's house, lived a gentleman named Sedley. He had an only son, named Harry, who was about the same age as Louis Butler. Harry's papa and mamma were as fond of him as the parents of Louis were of their children, and they took as much pains and bestowed as much care on his education. But Harry Sedley was a foolish boy, and seemed to have no pleasure except in being idle and neglecting his lessons.

I will now give the history of one day in the life of these two boys, that all my little readers, both masters and misses, may learn from it what kind of behavior deserves to be rewarded, and what kind deserves to be punished.



CHAPTER II.

THE morning is the most beautiful part of the whole day. The birds then sing their sweetest songs, and the flowers send forth their sweetest perfumes. No little boy or girl, who loves to have a healthful bloom on the cheek, should lie in bed,

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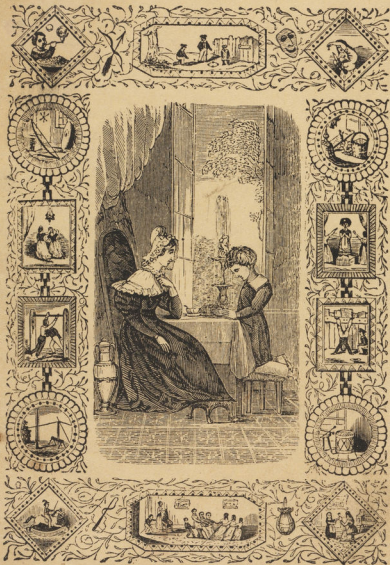
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like a sluggard, when all nature is smiling in the freshness of the morning.

Louis was always up with the sun. The first thing he did, after dressing, was to kneel down at his bed-side and offer his praises to his heavenly Father for care and protection during the night, and prayers for His guidance during the day.

For half an hour before breakfast, Louis had time to take a run in the garden. Then, neat and clean, with a good appetite, he was ready to breakfast with his mamma, before studying his lessons for the day. She was delighted to see her darling little boy behave so well, and look so bloomingly. The morning air made his countenance shine, giving him a fresh and healthy aspect. His eyes sparkled with delight, because his heart was cheerful, and his mind pleased with himself and all around him.

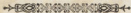
Louis had been early taught that it was proper to implore the blessing of God when he sat down to his meals, and to return thanks to Him "in whom we live and have our being." His mamma was always happy to observe with what readiness he joined with her in this duty, and how reverently he always conducted at such times.

No good child will ever neglect to give thanks to God for the blessings he enjoys, nor to pray to Him each morning and evening. God loves good children, and is well pleased when they come to Him to ask His blessing. He will never refuse it, if it be asked as good children should ask it. JESUS CHRIST, the Savior of the world, loves little children, and when he was on this earth, he took them into his arms and said,—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven !”

Louis read this in his Bible, which is the word of God. He loved his Bible, and all good little children should be fond of their Bible too, for it is that holy book which points out to them the way to Heaven.

It is indeed a pleasant thing to see children perform their duties willingly, when they know them, and show a wish to learn them when they do not. There is nothing that gladdens the hearts of their parents so much as this does ; and children should always endeavor to give joy to their fathers and mothers, as some small return for the care they are continually taking of them, and for the many indulgences which they allow them.

Louis Butler, the good little boy, was always rewarded, as he deserved to be, for he always behaved well. Every body was kind to him, and he was kind to every body. Every body loved him because he was so gentle and considerate, and would never, in any way, willingly give pain to any one. But Harry Sedley, the naughty, idle boy, was frequently punished; for his conduct was generally bad, and he deserved punishment. Nobody loved him, and he loved nobody.



CHAPTER III.

AFTER breakfast Louis learned his lesson, and then prepared to go to school. It was at a short distance from his father's house, and he had been accustomed to call for Harry Sedley, as he passed the house. The two families were intimate, and both boys went to the same school. But Harry, like a lazy boy as he was, was never ready when Louis called at the gate. For him, the fresh breezes and beauties of the morning had no charms. He liked his bed too well, to rise as early as Louis

did. Indeed, Louis was often on his way to school before Harry was out of bed. He would not get up when the servant was sent to call him. His mamma was frequently obliged to go to him herself; and when he was stubborn, which he often was, his father was obliged to chastise him well before he had his breakfast. Sometimes, as a farther punishment, he got no breakfast at all.

Master Harry was indeed a very foolish and naughty boy, and Louis found, that by waiting for him he was often in danger of being too late for school. Besides being lazy, Harry was of an idle disposition, and often played the truant. A servant was sometimes sent with him, because he would not go alone. He often came out of his father's house roaring and crying, and kicking and struggling, and frequently had to be carried in this state all the way. So Louis gave up calling for Harry, as he used to do, and after that was always among the first at the school.

Harry Sedley, although a bad boy, was not a spoiled boy. His mamma and papa did not indulge his humors, but strove to make him as good a boy as Louis was. They often had occasion to punish him very severely, but they endeavored to

show their affection even in doing this, as the best means of reforming and improving him. They always spoke of Louis as a pattern to their son, and Harry was therefore glad when Louis ceased calling at their house on his way to school.



CHAPTER IV.

LOUIS and Harry had been put to school about the same time. Louis was always attentive to his lessons. He could read very well, and was far advanced in history. Harry had been so idle that he had scarcely got beyond his spelling-book. Louis had begun geography, and such was his diligence, that he could already give very correct answers about some of the principal parts of the globe. Harry knew nothing either of history or of geography, and did not desire to know any thing of either. Their schoolmaster was well pleased with the conduct and attention of Louis; but he said Harry was a very bad boy, and would never be a good scholar.

Now let us think of the contrast between Louis and Harry,—between the good boy and the bad

boy. Harry, by idleness and negligence, learned only what he could not get rid of. What he did learn was very little, because it was forced upon him, and he generally forgot one half of it. Louis, on the contrary, took delight in his lessons, and whatever he learned he easily remembered. To Harry, learning was a hard task,—to Louis it was a pleasure. Harry disliked his book, and every day he became more tired of it. With Louis it was far different; the more he knew, the more anxious he was to learn. Thus, knowledge always rewards itself.

The schoolmaster was much attached to Louis. He observed he was always at school in season, and always attentive to, and correct in his lessons. He noticed that Harry did not come with Louis now, as he used to do, and he asked Louis the reason.

“It is, sir, because I always had to wait for him to get ready, when I called for him; and then he would loiter on the road here; so I was afraid of displeasing you by being always late, if I called for him,” respectfully replied Louis.

“Harry is a bad boy,” said the master, “and you do well not to associate much with him. He has

been frequently absent from school, of late, and he seldom makes his appearance here, any day, until after the school begins. I have not seen him here to-day yet."

At twelve o'clock, the master told Louis that, for his correct recitations and good behavior, he might have the remainder of the day as a half-holiday. Louis modestly thanked him, and with a light and happy heart he took his leave, and proceeded homewards. To shorten the distance, he went off the road and entered a foot-path which led through the fields. The weather was warm and pleasant, and the path was through green meadows which presented here and there numerous sweet little wild flowers, just peeping above their grassy beds. Here and there were tall and shady trees, from whose wide-spread branches the little feathered songsters saluted him with notes of joy and gladness, which in his happy frame of mind sounded sweeter than ever they did before.

With his eyes and ears open to the glad sights and sweet sounds around him, Louis had gone some little distance in this pleasant path, when he saw a boy lying asleep under a tree. His cap

had fallen off; his clothes were torn and soiled; his hands were dirty and bruised, and his shoes were covered with mud. His red and swollen eyes showed that he had been crying, and his whole appearance was that of a boy who had been in mischief. On coming nearer, Louis saw that it was the truant Harry. He was about to pass without speaking to him, when Harry awoke. He no sooner saw Louis, than he jumped up and began to ask a number of questions, speaking very fast. He was ashamed that Louis should have seen him in such a condition.

“Have you come from school, Louis? Did the master ask for me? I have found a nest of young robins up in the wood here, and such nice apples. But I have been so frightened. And I fell off a tree and hurt myself. But what did the master say?”

“He said,” replied Louis, taking no notice of any of his other questions, “that you are a bad boy, and that I was very right for not going much into your company.”

Harry hung down his head; but as Louis was about turning to leave him, he cried out,—

“But won't you go and see the nest of young



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robins, Louis? And won't you go and get some apples with me? I shan't be frightened any more, if you are with me."

"No," said Louis, "I do not think it would be right to take the young birds from their mother, or to take apples, or any thing else which does not belong to me."

"That's because you are a coward, and don't know any better," said Harry with a sneer. "But I will go and do as I like, for all that."

"Oh! Harry," answered Louis, "it is very wrong in you to behave so. Our master will punish you, and give you a hard task into the bargain, for staying away so much from school."

"I don't care," replied Harry, doggedly; "I won't go near him or his school neither, without I am carried there, that I won't."

"Very well, Harry," said Louis; "if you are determined to behave wickedly, I will not. You had better go home with me, for I shall not go with you. The master has given me the afternoon for a half-holiday, and I am now going home."

So saying, Louis proceeded on his way, and, like a good boy, took no notice of some improper names which Harry called him. He was very

right in leaving Harry, because Harry, vexed and ashamed, wished to provoke him. This is always the way that bad boys act, out of spite, because good boys will not behave as they do. If they did, it would be no better, for bad boys are always quarrelling among themselves.

Harry remained some time longer in the field, idling away his time, and uncertain what to do. He had stayed away from school all the forenoon, and he was afraid to go in the afternoon. He had run away from the servant who was conducting him there in the morning. Having gone into the woods to look for nests, he had lost his way. Not far from the place where Louis found him asleep, he had climbed a tree to look for a nest, and one of the branches breaking, he had fallen to the ground and bruised himself a little. He knew that if he went to school he would be punished for playing truant; and if he went home, he would be reproved for having torn and soiled his clothes. After crying and sobbing for a time, he had dropped asleep. This was the state in which Louis found him.

My dear young readers will learn from this, that the good child is always the happiest. Louis went home with the approval of his master. He knew

he would be received with smiles by his mamma and papa, and he felt happy. Harry was ashamed to be seen by any one. Knowing his own bad conduct, he looked for nothing but reproof and punishment. His own heart rebuked him for his bad conduct. He did not know what to do, or where to go. So he sat down and cried again. He wept, and yet he scarcely knew what he was weeping for. But I will tell you what it was for. He had brought all these bad feelings upon himself, and he was weeping partly from shame, and partly from spite. He might, perhaps, by looking about him, have found something to occupy his thoughts and improve his mind, in that solitary place; but he felt too wretched for that, and could only sit and cry. Here we must leave him, while we accompany Louis on a visit with his mamma.

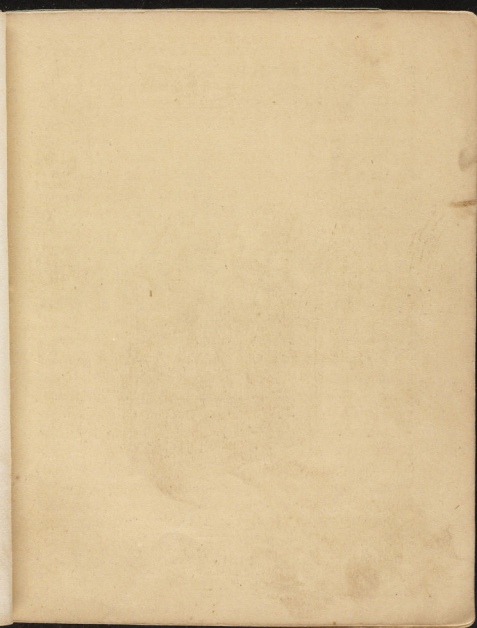


CHAPTER V.

Louis's mamma was rejoiced when he informed her that he had got the afternoon to himself. The day was fine, and she proposed taking him with

her to visit one of their neighbors who had a beautiful garden, which Louis had long wished to see. His sister Jane was with her teacher, and could not accompany them. Jane had early shown a fondness for instruction, similar to that evinced by Louis. A young lady had therefore been engaged to assist her in her lessons. In addition to her usual lessons in reading, spelling, and writing, she could draw a little, and having an excellent ear for music, she played on the piano in a way which surprised all who heard her.

Mrs. Butler was soon ready to set out. She was in the habit of visiting the houses of the poor people who lived near her, and they were always the better for her bounty. On this occasion she did not forget them. She filled a basket with sweetmeats and other little nice things for the sick, and then gave the basket to Louis to carry. Mrs. Butler was a very kind and benevolent lady, and she had early taught her children to be good to their fellow-creatures. She was ever anxious that they should remember the new commandment which was so impressively given by our Saviour to his disciples :—"That ye love one another."





The walk of the mother and son that afternoon, was truly a walk of love. Mrs. Butler introduced Louis to the humble dwellings of the poor, and taught him how to relieve them without wounding their feelings. She led him to the bed-side of the sick, and showed him how to soothe their pains. She told him that God, the giver of all good, was always well pleased when he saw his creatures kind to one another.

At length they arrived at the grounds of the gentleman whom they were going to visit. Mrs. Butler took Louis with her into the garden, before going into the house. He was quite delighted with every thing he saw. The garden was well laid out, and ornamented with plants, and shrubbery, and flowers of almost every description. In one part of it was a beautiful arbor, covered with vines, which shaded it entirely from the rays of the sun. As they approached the house, Louis was surprised and delighted with the sight of a fine peacock perched upon the garden wall. He ventured near it, in order to have a fair view of the bird's bright and gaudy plumage, and finding it not scared by his approach, he went forward and fed it with a few crumbs which he found in his basket.

When he had sufficiently admired it, the peacock spread out its magnificent feathers in the sun, and walked slowly and majestically away.

His mamma now told him, that the peacock was indeed a splendid looking bird, but its voice was harsh and screeching in the extreme. She related to him the fable of the congress of birds, where the peacock outshone all the others, by the splendor and beauty of its plumage, which was greatly admired; but was hissed and laughed at when it attempted to sing. "This," she said, "should teach every one not to attempt to gain applause by pretending to something of which they were entirely ignorant."

When Louis and his mamma reached the house, the gentleman they came to visit met them at the door, and received them with a great deal of kindness and cordiality. He presented them with cake and fruit, of many kinds, and then accompanied them in a walk through his extensive garden, pointing out to them many things they had not before noticed. He was good enough to explain to Louis the names and natures of many rare plants and flowers which he had brought to great perfection, and he was highly pleased with the strict attention

with which his young visitor listened to all his observations. Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Butler and her son took their leave. This visit was a very pleasant one to all; but to Louis it was highly so, and more than usually instructive.



CHAPTER VI.

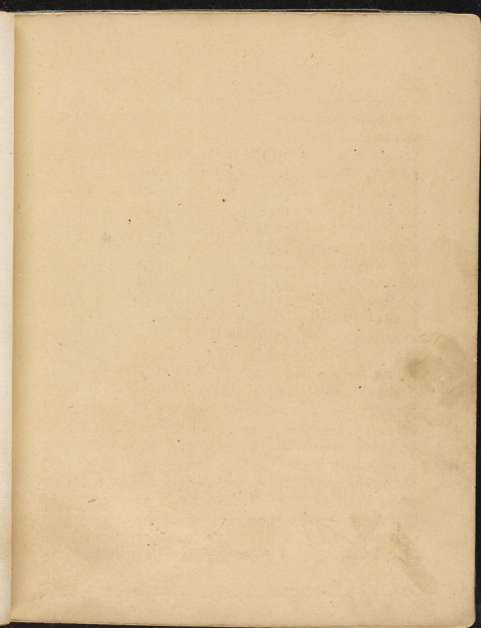
BUT where was Harry Sedley all this time? Idle little boy! No sooner had he quitted one scene of mischief than he was quickly found in another.

When Louis left him he sat crying for a long time, uncertain whether to return home or not. He soon began to feel very hungry, and he now found that the unripe apples he had talked so much about, did not satisfy his appetite. They made him feel uncomfortable, and even more hungry than before. Besides, he was tired of climbing trees; that kind of sport had now lost its charms.

After tossing about for some time, on the grass, Harry at last started off in the direction of the road. He began to be afraid to stay longer in the fields.

Even the little sweet wild flowers that he occasionally saw around him, had no attractions in his eyes. He now became sorry for his conduct. He had been a very bad boy. He was inclined to repent of having staid away from school, and he wished he had gone home with Louis. But these feelings were merely such as bad boys have when they find themselves disappointed in their expectations, and are ashamed to find that they derive no pleasure in doing what they know to be wrong. He was not ready to own that he had been wicked, and to resolve to behave better for the future. He was ashamed to go home, for he knew that his papa would inquire about his lessons, and he would have to say he had not been at school. Though a very bad boy, Harry had not yet the hardihood to tell a lie. He had been taught the great wickedness of so doing, and he knew, as I suppose most of my little readers do, that a lie, if ever so artfully told, is generally found out, and deserves to be severely punished. He knew, also, that even bad boys despise a liar, and when he is once detected in a falsehood, his word is never trusted again.

On a former occasion, about a year before the day whose history I am giving, Harry played tru-





ant with two boys as idle as himself. With these boys he had gone into the garden of a widow living at some distance from his father's house, where they saw a basket partly filled with choice peaches standing near the house, which had been placed there ready to send to the Philadelphia market. Without stopping to ask leave of the owner, all three of the boys instantly commenced eating the peaches. Just as they had finished the last, the widow made her appearance, and pointing to the empty basket, demanded who had been making so free with her peaches. Harry was sadly tempted to deny knowing any thing about them, especially when one of his young companions slyly winked to him to do so; but before he could make up his mind to be guilty of so great a sin, the largest boy boldly denied having seen any peaches! adding, that some one else must have taken them, as there was nothing in the basket when they came into the garden!

Now it so happened, that the owner of the peaches had seen the whole transaction from her window! and, astonished at the unblushing wickedness of the boys, soundly reprimanded the larger one for telling an untruth, and the small ones for

consenting to it: "For," said she, "those who attempt to hide their own guilt by another's lie, commit nearly as great a sin as the liar himself." Finally, she assured them that she should inform their parents of their wicked conduct. This she did the very same day, and the three boys were severely punished. This punishment, and the manner in which the boy was detected in the lie, made a deep impression upon Harry's mind. He saw that a falsehood does not often hide guilt, but generally subjects the liar to a double punishment.

Harry, therefore, shrunk from telling a lie when he had been doing any thing wrong, and if closely questioned about his conduct at such times, he would become sulky and remain silent. Although afraid to tell a lie, he was equally afraid to have the truth known.

Now, I suppose some of my young readers will think his refusal to tell a lie, one good trait in his character. But they should remember that an attempt to conceal the truth is a species of falsehood, and a child who is guilty of it will soon become so depraved as to be guilty of the greater sin of telling a downright falsehood.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDECIDED what to do, Harry had proceeded a short way on the road, when he met an idle lad, by the name of Bilson, with whom he had a short time before become acquainted. This boy was by no means a proper companion for Harry. Being of an idle and mischievous disposition, he had often contrived to meet Harry on the road to school, and had sometimes induced him to stay away from school for an hour or so, and once or twice to stay away altogether. The last time Harry had seen him, Bilson had taken from him a bright new shilling, which his papa had given him on his birth-day. At that time, after getting possession of the shilling, Bilson contrived to coax Harry into the wood a good distance from the road, and then suddenly left him there alone, to find his way out the best way he could. On that account, therefore, Harry had resolved not to be in his company again. This was a good resolution; but in his present situation, Harry felt glad to meet any one,—even one whom he feared and despised.

Harry therefore went up to him at once, and entered into conversation with him. He told Bilson the whole story of his forenoon's adventures, and intimating that he was very hungry, they sat down by the road-side, and Bilson took from a basket which he had with him, a loaf of bread, part of which he gave to Harry. This for the present satisfied Harry's hunger; but in this both were doing what they ought not to have done, for the bread belonged to Bilson's master, and he was giving away what was not his own to give.

Bilson had a dog with him, which followed him about wherever he went. It was formerly one of those half-starved, ill-natured, good-for-nothing curs, which are a pest and annoyance to any neighborhood, and which no decent person would acknowledge as his own. Young Bilson took a liking to the cur, because its disposition so nearly resembled his own, and he accordingly contrived to coax the animal home with him, by feeding it, and then he claimed it for his own. He taught it several tricks, some of which were of an amusing, and some of a mischievous nature. He was very proud of his dog, and the dog was very fond of him. Though it improved wonderfully, in *appearance*,

under the care of its new master, it certainly did not improve in *disposition*, under his instruction.

The dog no sooner saw the two boys sitting by the side of the road, eating the bread, than it wagged its tail and looked wishfully up in the face of one, and then of the other, that it might get a bit for itself. This was perfectly natural for the dog to do; but before Bilson would give it a crumb, he made it go through with some of the tricks which he had taught it to perform. First, he ordered the dog to get up on its hind legs, which it immediately did, and continued to caper about till it was tired. Next he put a small bit of bread upon the dog's nose, and having given the signal, by suddenly clapping both his hands together, the dog instantly, with a snap, caught the bread in its mouth. With these, and other similar tricks, Harry was much amused; but by-and-by, when they had risen from their seats, Bilson, to show the dog's activity, put a bit of the bread upon his companion's head, and much to his fright and dismay, made the dog jump up about his shoulders and head, until it got hold of the bread.

This performance did not suit Harry very well, for the dog's feet scratched his face, and soiled his

clothes ; but he was in too much fear of Bilson, to dare to object to it. However, he and the dog, after this, became good friends ; he gave it a piece or two of bread, as they all walked along together, and then the dog followed him just as readily as it did its master.

They soon arrived near Harry's home ; but he was not yet inclined to go there, and so he followed Bilson a little farther, towards the small village in their neighborhood. As they entered the outskirts of this village, Harry espied a fine cat, which lay asleep on a cask, in front of a store. He had already forgotten the fit of repentance which he had when he was weeping in the wood, and all his good resolutions were entirely gone the moment he found a companion. He could not resist the opportunity of having what he called a little fun, or, as I should style it, a little mischief. Accordingly he set the dog on the unsuspecting cat, who roused herself in alarm on being thus so suddenly and unceremoniously assaulted. Perhaps, now, poor puss had just at that moment been dreaming of some nice, fat little mouse,—for you know it is the cat's peculiar duty to catch and eat mice,—or, she might have been dreaming of a dish of good

milk, which we all know cats are very fond of. At all events, whether she was dreaming or not, it was very rude in the dog to disturb her slumbers in such a way: and certainly very wicked and cruel in Harry to make the dog ill-treat her. We have no right to abuse or ill-treat any living creature. How would Harry have liked it if any one had come and set a great ugly dog upon him as he lay asleep in his own comfortable bed, thinking no evil? But Harry did not regard the golden rule, of doing as he would be done by. Had he read his Bible, as Louis did, he would have found it there written: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." This is one of the divine rules, which our SAVIOR gave us; but it is not always kept, as it ought to be. If it were obeyed by every one, what a happy world would this become! There would be no more envyings, nor jealousies, nor quarrellings, nor fightings, nor little boys ill-using unoffending animals, nor big boys leading them on to do evil.

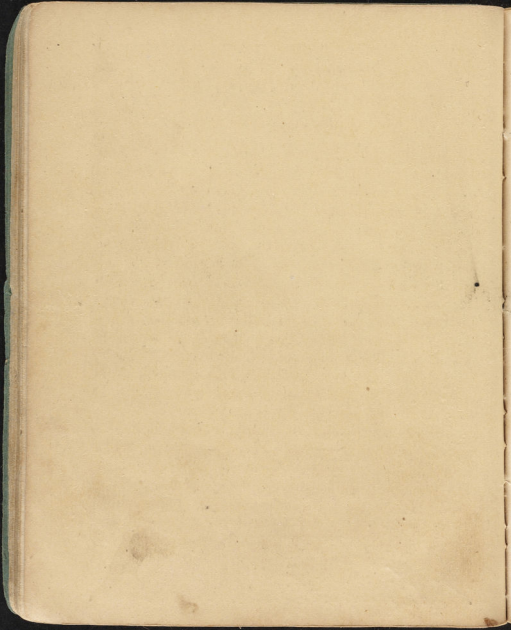
But to return to poor puss and her tormentors. The dog did not, after all, succeed in getting hold of puss, who sprang to her feet and stood ready to

scratch the face and eyes of her enemy whenever he should come within her reach.

Both Harry and Bilson appeared to enjoy the fun vastly. Encouraged by them, the dog barked louder and fiercer, and appeared to take a savage delight in the fears and apprehensions of poor puss. But the cat was a favorite with its master, and the boys were not allowed to enjoy their savage amusement long. The store-keeper, attracted by the noise, perceived what they were about, from a window of the store, and as soon as a customer whom he was waiting upon was gone, he came out and at once put an end to their sport. He seized Harry by the collar of his coat, and after having shaken him well, he let him go, telling him that he knew his papa, and should immediately inform him of his behavior.

Bilson had run away in time, followed by his dog, leaving Harry to get out of the scrape the best way he could; but the shop-keeper knew his master, and took occasion to report the matter to him. It was not the first time that his master had heard complaints against him, and convinced that he never would be other than a lazy and mischievous boy, he dismissed him at once from his employment.





CHAPTER VIII.

THE kind gentleman whom Louis and his mamma had visited, had put into the little basket which Louis held in his hand, a few peaches and other kinds of choice fruit. Louis did not eat any of them. He was not so selfish. He remembered that his sister Jane was not with him. He loved Jane, and was sorry she had been detained at home. He remembered that she had not been to see all the fine things he had seen, and he resolved to share with her the nice fruit which had been given him. This was acting as a good boy and an affectionate brother should act.

The basket was a small one, and could not hold much; but the gentleman did not forget Louis, as you will soon see.

On their way home, Louis was loud in his praise of all that he had seen. He wished to be a man, that he might be able to have a garden. He wondered that his papa had not one like it. His mamma reminded him that his papa had a very good garden; but she said some persons had a fine taste for such things, and such persons, if

wealthy, often expended large sums in laying out their grounds. The gentleman they had visited was one of these. Gardening is a very pleasant and healthful pursuit, and he spent much time in arranging and ornamenting the grounds about his beautiful residence.

On their return home, they found Mr. Butler waiting for his dinner, for it was past the usual hour. Before going to dinner, Louis went to his sister's room and gave her the fruit which he had brought for her. Jane thanked her dear brother for his kindness in remembering her when he was getting all these nice things for himself, and kissed him affectionately. Their parents were much pleased to see the love which they always bore one another, and prayed that it might continue through life, and be a blessing to them both.

During dinner, Mrs. Butler related to her husband the whole adventures of the day. She told him how Louis had received the approbation of the school-master; how he had been tempted by Harry in the wood, and how he had resisted; that Louis had afterwards accompanied her to visit the poor; what he said when they were in their friend's extensive garden, and his remarks on the

way home; and that he had generously given a large share of the fruit which he had received, to his sister.

On the dessert being brought in, the children were delighted to see several large clusters of grapes among the fruit. On the top of the dish containing them was a small slip of paper, stating that they were a present to Louis, from the gentleman whom he and his mamma had visited, as a return for the attention with which his young friend had listened to his description of the garden, and the aptness he had shown to profit by every thing he had seen and heard.

Mr. Butler was highly pleased with these two reports of his son's good conduct, and he replied, with a look of peculiar meaning, that the good boy should not go without his reward.

"Yes," said his mamma, "Louis shall have his reward. The good and the kind, the bountiful and benevolent, are always rewarded."

Mr. Butler soon after led his children into another room, where, upon a table, stood two round objects, each covered with a green cloth. These neither Louis nor Jane had ever seen before. Their curiosity was excited, and they wondered

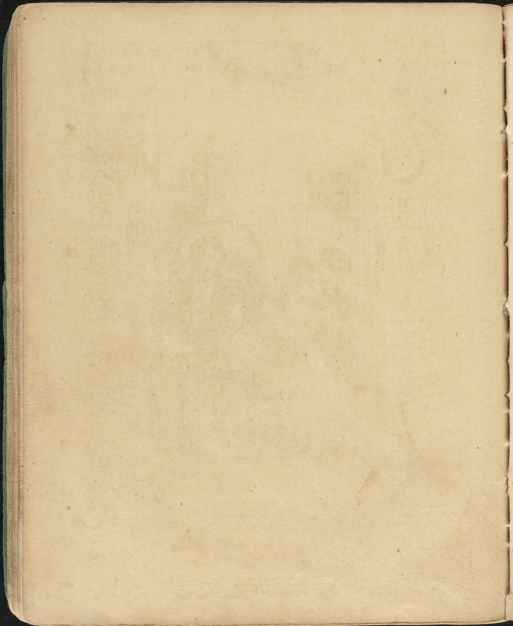
what they could be. Mr. Butler sat down in his arm-chair, after having, with a smile, removed the covers, and presented to their delighted eyes a pair of beautiful globes.

"These," said he, "are a present to Louis, from his father, in consideration of his good conduct, and his proficiency at school."

Louis went forward and kissed his papa. He knew not what to say; he was too much affected by his father's kindness to be able to say any thing.

"Yes, my dear boy," continued Mr. Butler, "your attention to your lessons, and your constant good behavior, have delighted me. I said the good boy should not go without his reward. These globes are yours. While they repay you for your past good conduct, they will tend, in some degree, to incite you to future exertion. I this day saw your school-master, and he gave me a very flattering account of your intelligence and general behavior. This, with your progress in geography, prompted me to purchase these globes for your use. I was desirous of giving you something which should not only reward your merit, as it deserved, but also assist you in your studies."





Louis and Jane made no reply. In the heart of Louis, feelings of deep gratitude were warmly excited. He was happy in gaining his father's approbation. He was happy in thinking that his conduct had made his parents rejoice; and he resolved to strive more and more to retain their love and kindness. Jane was happy, because she saw that her papa was pleased with her brother, and she was happy that her brother had deserved such a beautiful present, which she could not cease from admiring.

Mr. Butler took the occasion to add a few words of advice.

"You have been rewarded, Louis, because I thought you deserved it. Just as you would have been punished, if your conduct had been bad. You have been commended by more persons than one, to-day. You may be sure this has rejoiced the hearts of your parents. But do not let the hope of reward, or the expectation of reward, alone, encourage you to act rightly. It is *principle* that ought to be the guide of all your actions. The inward feeling that you do right for the sake of right alone, will keep you right. As for you, Jane, I am

sure you rejoice at this gift to Louis, rather than envy it."

"Oh, yes, papa," said Jane; "Louis is such a good, kind brother, I feel as if every thing given to him were bestowed upon me."

"And you shall receive your reward in due season, Jane," replied her father; "in the mean time, though given to Louis, these globes will be of use to you both; and Louis, I am sure, will be happy to explain them to you, when he becomes better acquainted with them himself."

"That I will, dear father," replied Louis; "I will tell Jane every thing I know myself."

Mr. Butler then proceeded to point out to his children, who stood attentively before him, linked in each other's arms, the different divisions of the earth, as set forth on the globes. Louis, from what he had already learned of geography, was at no loss to follow his father in these brief descriptions. He promised himself much pleasure, and no little profit, from the study of these splendid globes.

Their papa showed them that the larger part of the earth is covered by the waters of the ocean,—the proportions being about two-thirds water to one-third land. He also explained to them the

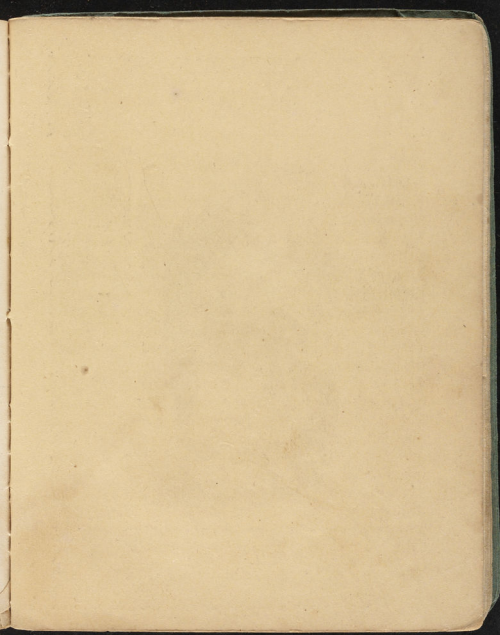
difference betwixt continents and islands, and pointed out to them some of the principal countries in the world. He directed their attention to America, and laid his finger on the United States, of which free and happy country, he said they enjoyed the privilege of being inhabitants.

“Now, my children,” continued he, “in studying these globes, you can not fail to observe the infinite wisdom and power of God. His goodness is even more striking than His power, as you will perceive, the more you learn of His works. Be diligent and good, and let the knowledge you acquire be such as, while it enlightens the mind, will tend to improve and elevate the heart.”

I now think it best to leave this good boy here, as nothing else occurred this day, worth telling. The evening was spent by him as we might suppose such a boy would spend it. From the History of this One Day in his life, Louis learned what a good thing it is to behave in such a manner as to give satisfaction to every one, and he retired to rest with the happiness which always arises from the remembrance of A WELL-SPENT DAY.

CHAPTER IX.

WE must now return to Harry Sedley. After the adventure with the cat, he judged it advisable to make the best of his way home, for he dreaded the wrath of the store-keeper, should he again fall into his hands. Indeed, so strongly did this fear arise, no doubt from the remembrance of the hearty shake he had already received from the justly incensed store-keeper, that he was afraid to look behind him, lest he should perceive the old man at his back, prepared to chastise him still more severely, for his cruel treatment of poor puss. But he was driven along by his own fears, as is always the case with those who are guilty; the voice of conscience, that inward monitor, makes cowards of those who have done wrong; and, as the Bible says, "The wicked flee when no man pursues." The store-keeper, though very angry, had not left his store; but he had written and sent a letter to Harry's father, describing the whole of the circumstances, and complaining of Harry's mischievous and cruel disposition. He also warned Mr. Sedley, that young Bilson was a very idle,





wicked boy, and of course an unfit companion for his son.

It was late in the afternoon when Harry arrived at home. He sneaked in by the back garden gate, and was slowly walking up the alley of the garden, when he was startled by a grunt close behind him, and on turning round, he saw an old sow with her whole family of little white pigs, in the very midst of a fine flower-bed, with their noses among the roots. Some of the flowers were under their feet, and two or three flower pots were smashed, while others were in the greatest danger. Harry was much frightened, for he saw, at a glance, that they had come in by the back gate, which he had heedlessly left open. He was now as angry at the pigs as if he had not himself left the gate open for them; so picking up a stick, he struck the old mother and her little ones so violently, that they ran every way to get out of his reach. Finally, after a deal of trouble, he succeeded in driving them out of the garden. But such havoc as they made among the plants and flowers!

The poor boy now felt worse than before. Here was another sad piece of mischief, which, though unintentional on his part, had followed,

and been occasioned by his ill conduct. What would his mother, whose favorite flowers were ruined, say to this? Deeply did he now regret that he had not gone to school in the morning.

When he entered the house, his papa had just that moment read the grocer's letter, and, as soon as he was informed that his son was in the house, he called him into the parlor. Harry's mamma was sitting beside his father; but no smiles of affection from either of them welcomed his appearance. He stood before them a guilty and disobedient child. When he saw what appeared to him their stern and unforgiving countenances, he burst into tears.

His father spoke gently to him, for he was one of those who think, and rightly too, that gentleness, united with firmness, is much more successful in reclaiming the bad, than angry reproaches and unreasonable punishment.

"What is this that I have learned of you, Harry?" said his father. "I am informed by this letter that you have been in company with a mischievous boy, named Bilson, and that you and he have nearly worried a valuable cat to death, by setting a dog upon it, when it was asleep. Is this true?"

Harry could not answer a word. He only sobbed the louder.

“Oh! Harry,” said his mother, “I am quite shocked at your wicked conduct.”

“John, whom I sent with you to school this morning,” continued Mr. Sedley, “told me that you ran away from him and hid in the woods; and this afternoon your master called here, and complained that you had not been at school to-day, and that you had been absent so often of late, that he could no longer pass over it without calling to inquire the reason. Added to all this, I have just received this letter from a worthy man, accusing you, in the strongest terms, of mischief and cruelty. What have you to say for yourself? Where have you been all day?”

Harry was still unable to answer. He could only weep and sob, as if his little heart would break.

“I am very glad to see you weep so bitterly,” said his mamma; “it is a proof, I hope, that you feel the guilt and folly of your misconduct. You have been very wicked. You have offended your school-master; you have grieved your father and myself; you have been cruel to a dumb animal,

and you have sinned against God. Are we to consider these tears as so many signs of your repentance, or do you only weep because you fear the punishment due your offences?"

Harry continued crying, unable to make any reply. He seemed to be really penitent; but he had often appeared so before, and then, after all, time proved that his remorse was only from fear of being punished. This time his parents were determined, if possible, to work a thorough reformation.

"If any thing should happen to you," said his father; "if you should be overtaken with sickness, or fall into any danger, how could you expect any one to pity you, when you know you have so unfeelingly abused a poor dumb animal? How could you expect others to assist you, when you have shown by your conduct that you care nothing for the kindness of those who do all in their power to make you useful and happy? when your bad behavior causes your parents grief and unhappiness, and forces them to treat you with less kindness than they would wish to bestow upon you?"

“Oh papa and mamma,” cried Harry, at last finding words to speak, “I shall never behave so again! I will be a good boy; I will not again do wrong!”

“See that you keep your word!” said his mamma. “You will find that there is more pleasure in behaving well, than there is in behaving ill, and in conducting as you have done to-day. When you do as you ought to do, you have kind parents to receive you with love and affection when you come home, and who do all in their power to add to your happiness. When you have done wrong, you come home displeased and dissatisfied with yourself, and find your kind parents filled with grief by the conduct of a son whom they are striving to make happy.”

“If you continue in the course you have begun,” said his father, “if you choose to play the truant rather than go to school, you will grow up idle and ignorant. You will be fit for nothing good, and ready for every evil. Your parents and friends will be ashamed of you, and every one else will ridicule and despise you.”

Harry still continued crying. At length he threw himself on his knees before his mamma.

“It is for your good that your papa speaks thus to you,” said Mrs. Sedley. “You must learn to obey your parents in all things, and do what is right. Wilful disobedience and misconduct like yours, must be severely punished. It grieves both your father’s heart and mine to be obliged to speak so severely to you; but you have often promised to behave better, and you have as often forgotten your promise. It is because your father and myself love you, and desire to see you always a good boy, that we take so much care of you. Real kindness and a tender regard for your happiness, will not allow us to pass over such conduct as you have been guilty of to-day, without proper punishment.”

Harry clung still closer to his mother, and laying his head upon her knee, sobbed aloud.

“Rise, Harry,” said Mrs. Sedley; “until I see that your repentance is sincere, I can not be reconciled to you. Whenever you show us that you are resolved to give up your idle ways entirely, your papa and myself will gladly receive you with open arms. But you have a great deal to do to convince us of this. You must beg your father’s forgiveness, and mine; you must go to your mas-

ter, and also to the grocer, and ask their pardon too; and, above all, you must fall on your knees and humbly ask forgiveness of God, whom you have so wickedly offended, resolving with your whole heart never to be guilty of such conduct again."

"Your conduct to-day, Harry," said his father, "has been more wicked and ungrateful than ever before. Think of the care and anxiety which your mother and myself have felt for you, and then tell me if such conduct as yours is a proper return for all we have done. You ought to repay our love, by doing what you know will give us pleasure,—not by grieving us, as you have done to-day. And there is your school-master, too; how kind and attentive he has always been to you. He gives you knowledge; he strives to inform your mind, and to make you a wise and useful member of society. You ought, therefore, to show your gratitude to him, by obedience, and by diligence and attention; not by idleness and playing the truant."

"Now, Harry," said his mother, "you must tell your father where you have been all day."

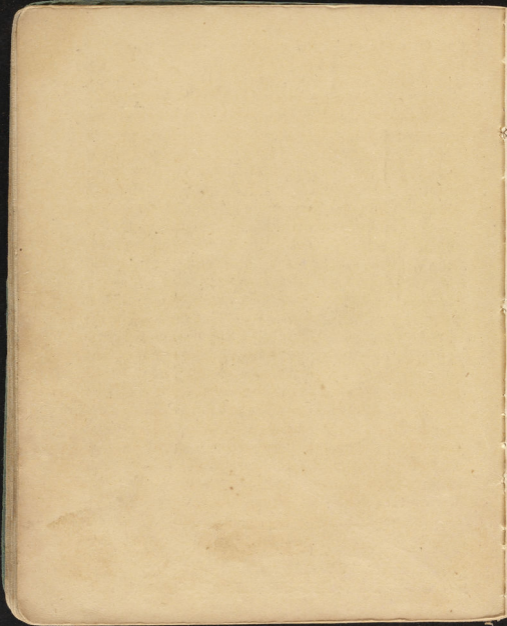
But Harry was unable or unwilling to speak. Shame, as well as grief, stopped his mouth. His mamma rose and took him by the hand to lead him to his chamber, saying, "I shall now, Harry, put you in bed, without your supper, and see that you receive no indulgence from any one. In the morning perhaps you will come to yourself, and then, if you give a true account of your behavior to-day, and promise to be a good boy for the future, you will be forgiven."

"But if he tells a lie," said his father, "he will receive double punishment."

Mrs. Sedley then quitted the room with Harry, who was taken to his chamber, and there left to reflect upon his bad conduct in the dark.

This mode of punishment was certainly well calculated to produce amendment, if we may judge by the effect. Before Harry fell asleep, he was heartily sorry for his bad behavior, and determined to reform. In the morning he was up and dressed, and ready for breakfast and for school an hour earlier than usual. When he came into the room where his father and mother were, he with tears in his eyes, acknowledged his faults, and confessed, though with some hesitation, all





that he had done the day before. On his promising better behavior for the future, and begging that his parents would forgive his past conduct, he was told they would gladly do so, and that their favor depended entirely upon himself.

“Remember, my son,” said Mr. Sedley, “that the happiness of your parents is greatly increased by your happiness; that you can only be happy by being good; and consequently, when you misbehave, you are not only wretched and unhappy yourself, but you render us miserable also.”

From this hour his reformation began. For when Harry found that as soon as he tried to do well he was treated kindly by every one, and particularly by his parents and school-master, he at once resolved he would never again be a bad boy, but would do what was right, and attend diligently to his lessons. And although he at first found it rather difficult to resist the temptation to be idle, yet, by always keeping in mind the reproofs of his parents when he behaved ill, and their marks of affection and kindness when he behaved well, he was encouraged to persevere in the path of duty. He was soon convinced how much more a correct course of conduct can add to happiness, than idleness and

bad behavior. Nor did he ever forget the events or the punishment of what I have here recorded for your instruction, my dear young readers, as an ILL-SPENT DAY.



CHAPTER X.

HARRY'S parents were delighted at the change in his deportment. Had they been regardless of his conduct, and foolishly indulged him in his idle and vicious habits, without reproof and without punishment, the result would have been very different, and Harry would probably have grown up an idle, ignorant, and vicious man. Happily for him, the correction which he received from his parents, and their affectionate counsel and admonitions, showed him the "error of his ways," before he had become hardened in sin, and careless of the consequences of his conduct.

In now taking leave of my young readers, I have only to hope that they will profit by the little history which I have written for their instruction, as well as for their entertainment. The moral is plain

and easily understood. The good boy is rewarded, while the bad boy is punished. But this is not all. In the incidents of this single day, which I have attempted to describe, they will see that Louis Butler makes use of every opportunity to gain information, and that his diligence and attention are well recompensed; while Harry Sedley, on the contrary, follows every kind of mischief to which his truant disposition leads, is continually getting into trouble, and learning nothing which can either improve his mind or enlighten his heart.

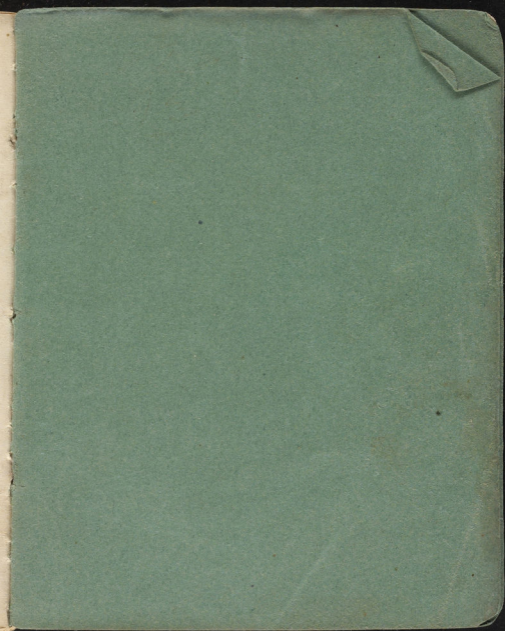
Now which of my young readers would prefer the example of Harry to that of Louis? Which of them would rather seek for happiness in such conduct as the disobedient Harry's, than in that of the obedient and industrious Louis? Not one, I dare say. Then let each of you remember, that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that the FIRST STEP from the path of duty leads to the broad road of sin and wickedness, from which you will always find it more difficult to turn, than from the path of duty.

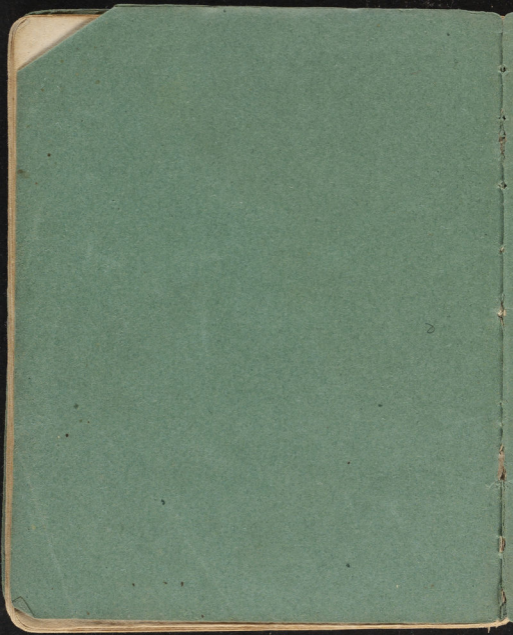
Above all, never stain your soul with a LIE! Truth is the foundation of all virtue. It is the best and surest safeguard of the morals; if you

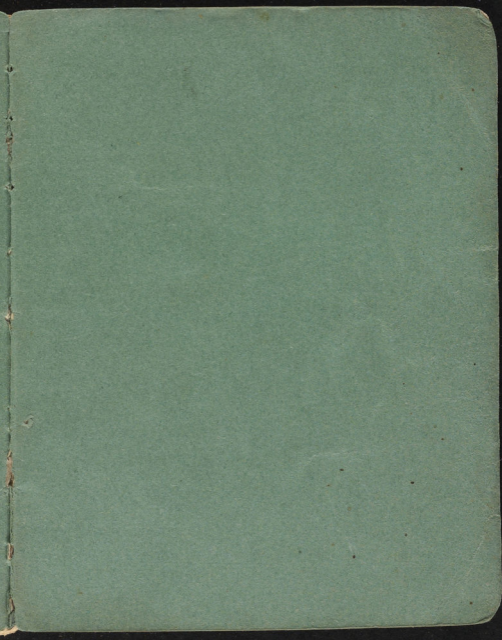
adhere strictly to the truth, at all times, and in all cases, you will guard well your conduct, so that it shall never need a falsehood of any kind to hide or excuse it.

Every little boy who is desirous of securing the good opinion and the favor of his parents and other friends,—of securing his own happiness,—will take care to imitate the example of Louis Butler, and to shun that of Harry Sedley.









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