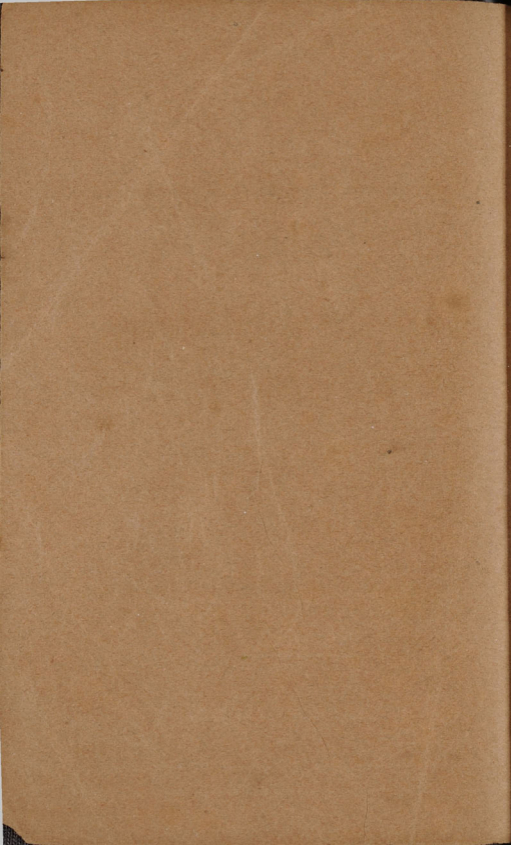


GIRL'S OWN BOOK  
OF  
AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE  
STORIES.



EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

PROVIDENCE:  
GEO. P. DANIELS.  
1843.



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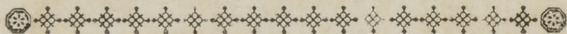
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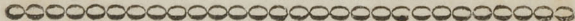
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A WALK IN THE GARDEN.



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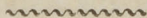




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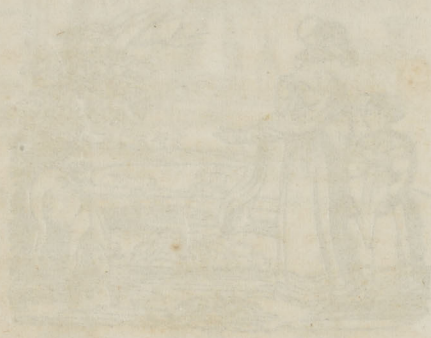


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THE HISTORY OF  
GIBBS TOWN BOOK  
EMBRACING AN ACCOUNT OF THE  
SETTLEMENT AND PROGRESS  
OF THE TOWN OF GIBBS TOWN  
IN THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA  
FROM 1781 TO 1800



BY  
JAMES GIBBS  
OF GIBBS TOWN  
IN THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA  
LONDON  
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1900

# GIRL'S OWN BOOK

OF

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE STORIES.

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## HAPPY FLORA.

OH, who is that laughing and singing, and skipping about so merrily? It is little Flora, the happiest child almost in all the city. Flora always looks good humored, and that is the reason we all love her. She looks very pretty, and that is because she is good. Every one who is good, is pretty; we like to look at them, and like to be with them. We all like to see handsome features, but we like much more that loveliness which goodness gives to the countenance. Flora has a kind mamma; she often sits by her side, and dresses her doll, while her mamma talks to her of many pleasant things. The little girl makes all the clothes for her doll; when she has learnt to make those well, she will know how to make and mend

her own, and that is what all should learn to do. Flora is always neat and clean ; she keeps her things all in order ; you will never see her aprons thrown about in the chairs, nor her bonnet and gloves out of place. No ; she goes to the closet, and puts her nice cape-bonnet where it will not get soiled, or bent, and folds her shawl carefully ; so she is always ready to go with her friends, and never detains them, as some careless children do.



**Flora and her Brother.**

Flora, when she plays, is very gentle, though full of mirth and gaiety, especial-

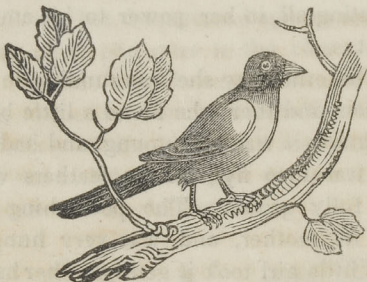


ly when she suffers her little brother to draw her about in his cart, which he often does, because he has no brother or sister but herself. She takes pleasure in contributing all in her power to his amusement.

The other day she was running in the garden, and there she found a little bird; she knew it was very young, and had not yet learnt to fly; for the feathers were not fully grown. The poor thing had lost its mother, and was very hungry. The little girl took it gently in her hand, and carried it into the house to her mamma, who said it must be put into a cage, and fed carefully. It revived in a short time; and Flora was quite happy when she thought that by good nursing, it might be made to live, and perhaps fly in the garden, and sing her many gay songs.

Flora watched and fed the young bird from day to day. He grew tame and fed from her hand, making a soft, chirping sound, as if to thank her for the care she had taken of him. One morning after he

had been nursed several weeks she unfastened the door, and he flew away through the open window. At first, Flora felt sorry, and feared that she would not see



**Flora's Bird.**

him again, and she said to her mamma, that she was afraid he would prove ungrateful. But Flora's mamma told her that she must not blame the little bird, even if it did not return; for he cannot, said she, THINK, as we do; his instinct teaches him to fly abroad, and nestle among the green branches of the trees, when he is tired. It is very likely, my little daughter, that your favorite will be seen in the garden, sitting, perhaps, on

some sunny bough, joining his soft notes to the many birds which fill the air with their melody. Perhaps your little bird will be busy too, in making a curious nest in some snug place.

“Does not my dear Flora know the difference between herself and the little birds? They, like Flora, move from place to place; like Flora, they eat and drink; they are nourished and grow. Like Flora, too, they sing gay songs; and in their way, too, they talk to their mates. Why, then, is my darling Flora happier than the singing birds; and how does she differ from them?”

Flora thought a great while; but she did not know then, that it was having a rational mind, that made her happier than the birds of the air.

“When her mamma said, “My daughter can talk to her dear friends, and listen to their conversation; she can every day learn something more than she knew before; she loves her kind and affectionate friends, and her little brother. It is Flo-

ra's mind which makes her know and feel all this ; and as she lives and grows older, she will, year by year, learn wiser and better things than she knows now. But the little birds learn in a very short time, all they are ever to know ; and they do not improve as they grow older, like children, and grown persons.

“ God, our Heavenly Father, gave Flora this improvable mind, and gave, too, all else, that makes her happy. This good God will love my child, if she tries to do well ; and He will give her more and more knowledge.”



## HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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“OH, happy New Year!” merrily sung little Susan, one winter’s morning.— Abroad it was cold and stormy, and the snow was falling thick and fast upon the frozen earth; but within doors, the cold



Susan learning her Lesson.

was not felt; for the house was made cheerful with comfortable fires, and bright, happy smiles. Susan was taught to feel thankful for all her enjoyments, and to



keep in mind that the good always have more pleasures than pain.

To-day Susan learned her lesson at home, for it was too stormy to go to school. After she had read to her mamma, she resumed her gay song ; " Oh, happy, happy New Year ! "

" And why," asked Susan's mamma, " will New Year's day be so happy to you ? "

" Because," answered the little girl, " I shall have gifts from you, and papa, and grand-mamma. I shall have a new doll, and new picture books ! Oh, it will be a happy, happy day ! "

Susan's mamma kissed the little girl, and said, " My daughter, take care that you do not anticipate too much pleasure ; the pretty doll and books will amuse you for a time ; but they alone cannot make you happy. You must try to be obedient, and always good humored ; you must be patient too—it is not always easy for little girls to be patient ; but if they take pains to be so, they may always succeed.

You felt much pleased, my dear, when you had made that pretty work-bag, for your dear aunt Laura ; but it was not a very easy piece of work for you to accomplish ; the pleasure you felt, when it was finished, arose from having difficulty. Your mind told you that you had done right. Continue in all things to use patience, and you will always feel as cheerful as you do now.



**Susan and her Doll.**

A few days after this conversation, the much desired day of New Year came.— Susan, with a truth that could not be questioned, joyfully hailed every member

of the household. Many and many happy New Years were wished again and again, and the gaiety of the joyous child was in no degree lessened, when she received her anticipated gifts. Among them was a beautiful doll, which she had long desired, and whose dress she proposed making herself. To this her mother assented; and assisted her in cutting and fitting a frock, made of blue and white printed cambric. Thus engaged, time was passing pleasantly and rapidly, when one of Susan's young friends was announced. Harriet had come to spend the day with Susan, and brought with her another little girl, named Ellen. The visitors were much pleased with Susan's beautiful doll, and proposed a variety of new fashions for her dress.

The servant brought in some cakes for the children. Harriet immediately ate several, but Ellen and Susan were more moderate; for they knew that their mothers did not approve of their eating much cake; and these good children, though

alone, would not do what they knew was wrong. They did not require to be



Harriet, Ellen and Susan.

watched, like some little boys and girls, who cannot govern themselves at all. In an hour or two after this, as they were playing with some of their toys and reading stories one to another, Harriet complained of a pain in her head, and looked very sick. She was soon worse, and was carried to bed, where she had to remain all day. I suppose this was the consequence of eating too much cake.

The other children were sorry that she had thus lost her pleasures; and they would now and then go to the chamber, to ask how she was, though they were



**The Sick Chamber.**

not allowed to stay long, because Harriet could not talk to them, while she had that pain in her head. On the whole, the day passed agreeably to the other children.—They were kind to each other, and their friends were pleased with their ready obedience.

At night, Harriet was well enough to be carried home; and Ellen took leave at



an early hour. After they were gone, Susan placed herself near her mother, and for a time was quite thoughtful. Her mamma asked her why she did not chat as merrily as usual ; she replied, that she had been thinking if the day had been as happy as she had anticipated ; “ I do not think it has been,” continued she ; “ I have had troubles, mamma, though every one wished me happy.”

“ And what have your troubles been ?” asked her mother.

“ You will not think them troubles, perhaps, mamma,” said Susan ; “ but in the first place, my brother broke my little china cup, and I could hardly keep from crying when I saw it on the floor, in pieces ; then Harriet and Ellen came—I was glad to see them, but they did not use my playthings carefully ; and that made me very uncomfortable. Mamma, it was difficult for me to speak good humoredly to them ; but I tried to make my bad feelings go away—and at last, they

did go away. Now I love Harriet and Ellen as much as I did before."

"I do not think, my dear Susan," said her mamma, "that you have 'lost a day;' I shall count this one of your happy, and one of your good days, too. You have tried to govern your mind—and you have done as much as such a little girl could do; for it is not easy to rule our feelings. You now know the pleasure of a mind at peace with itself, and others."

"So I do, mamma," said Susan; "I know that I feel this gladness now, because I have tried to do well."

"Yes, my daughter; and you begin to learn that your happiness depends more on yourself than on others. Here comes your brother Julius; let us see if he has spent a joyful day."

"Mamma," said Julius, as he entered the parlor, "I have had a fine time with my cousins. We have played at snow-ball; and made a snow house, and snow men, and a snow mountain, too. Then we made a road down the mountain, and



Julius.

went up and down with sleds a long while. Was'n't that good fun?" "I dare say you thought so," replied his mother, "and I am pleased that your time has passed so agreeably ; but come now, my son, and sit by me with little Susan, and think if you have not some other sources of pleasure, besides these you have told. Have you not had occasion, amid all these frolics, to exercise some kindness towards your companions? have you been patient, forbearing, and yielding to those with whom you were at play? Tell me, Julius, if you have to-day exer-

cised these virtues? for if you have, you possess the treasures of a good conscience, and a happy mind.”

“I have not been patient all the time, mamma,” said Julius; I spoke unkindly to my cousin Frank, twice; but I was sorry afterwards, and I told him so; then we were friends again. And I tried, after that, not to do wrong again; I feel glad that I did not leave Frank in ill humor.”

“And I too, am glad that you did not, my son; for Frank is a good boy, and you were right to act as you have done. We should always feel willing to confess our faults, and try to repair the injury we may have done to others. Continue, Julius, and you too, Susan, thus to think, daily, of what is right, and you will be happy as well as good. Our Heavenly Father will love you, if you try more every year to do good, and to be good. Now my dear children, give me one kiss, and then, good night. May next New Year’s day find us all much better than we are now.”



## LITTLE FANNY.

---

Fanny was a pretty little girl, and not of a bad temper, but she was too fond of having her way in every respect. When Fanny played with other children of her own age, she was sure to dictate what game they should pursue, and if they did not do as she said, she would sit down and refuse to join in their sport; and the more they were vexed at her anger, the more sulky she would be. At length the school children did not care to play with one who wished to rule them; and when Fanny wished to mix in their games, they were cool to her, because they knew she would be sure to oppose their wishes, and spoil their mirth; till Fanny, wanting always to do just as she liked, had no longer a single friend in the whole school. One day, Mrs. Mansel, the governess, on



coming into the garden, where the children were always sent to enjoy themselves, after school hours, found Miss Fan-



Fanny in the Arbor.

ny seated on a stool in an arbor, by herself, shedding tears ; and wishing to know what ailed her, was told, in reply, that she could procure no one to play with.—Mrs. Mansel was hurt at this news, and begged to hear why the young ladies would not permit Fanny to partake of their pastime ; on which they said it was not their fault, but Fanny's, who wanted to govern in every thing. Mrs. Mansel took Fanny

aside, when she had learned the cause of her grief, and told her the ill effects of a stubborn temper, and a perverse mind, which are sure to excite dislike. Fanny felt the truth of all this, in the neglect which she now had brought upon herself from her companions, and promised to be more humble in future.—Mrs. Mansel now took Fanny by the hand, and kissing away her tears, led her again into the garden, and desired that the children would receive her as before, which they did gladly, when they came to see how sorry she was for her past conduct; and Fanny soon found “That the way to be obliged one’s self, is to study how we may oblige others.”







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