

DEAN'S
Illustrated Farthing Books.

**THE YOUNG GARDENER;
AND GOOD AND BAD MARKS.**



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THE YOUNG GARDENER.



“OH, what little seeds!” said Edward, as he took a handful out of his basket and scattered them on the ground; “they look almost as fine as dust! can it be that plants grow up from such little things as these?”

“Of course they do,” said Master Edward, as he came along with a wheelbarrow full of rich soft loam; “my flower bed is full of them; and when I have covered them up with this dirt, they will begin to sprout, and at last grow up nearly as big as my head.”

“Yes, Neddie,” said little David, “you give them something to eat out of your wheelbarrow, and I will give them something to drink out of my water-pot, and they will grow up just as we do.”

“Do you know, children,” said the old gardener, who was transplanting some choice slips near by, “that you are sowing just such little seeds all the time, and that they will grow up to be great plants after a while?”

“Why, no!” said the children.

“But you are,” he responded; “you are sowing flower seeds, weed seeds, tree seeds, and shrub seeds all the time.

“Your garden is the world. When your companions and playmates come to you for assistance and instruction about their plays or studies, and you at once do

all you can to make them happy, you are planting the little seeds of kindness and love. When you do any unintentional mischief at home or at school, and frankly



confess it, without any wicked attempt at concealment, you are planting the precious seeds of truth.

“ When you bring your piece of money to a contribution-box, or give part of your food and clothing to some half-starved and

suffering child, you are planting the seeds of generosity and mercy.

“When you kneel down at night or rise up in the morning to say your prayers to our Father in Heaven, you are planting the holy seeds of piety.

“And these seeds will all grow up into the most beautiful flowers and delicious fruits in after life.

“If you take good and constant care of them, they will become like strong and thriving trees, which will shelter and support you well.”

“But what are the weeds?” said Bessie.

“Ah! when you are impatient, when you are out of temper, and speak unkindly to your companions, when you obey your parents with pouting lips and an unwilling mind, when you neglect your Sabbath-school lesson, when you deceive your teachers, and indulge in pride, anger, and selfishness, when you say or do anything wrong—then you are planting the seeds of noxious weeds, Bessie, and a sad effect do they have upon our after lives.”

“Then we will never plant any,” said Bessie and her brother David.

GOOD AND BAD MARKS.



ONCE there was a little boy, who had a father that loved him dearly, and wished, as all good parents do, to have his much-loved son a good child. So, one day, he told him that he would drive a nail into a post whenever he should do an act that was wrong, and when he should do a good deed, he would pull one out. Now, I

think that this little boy tried to be good, for, though there were quite a number of nails driven into the post, after a while all had been drawn out. Not one remained.

Don't you think "Bennie" must have been a happy little fellow the day that the last nail disappeared from the post? His father was very much pleased, and was congratulating his little son upon the fact that the nails were all gone; but he was much surprised to see that "Bennie" was weeping, instead of being elated. "Yes," said the dear child, "the nails are all gone, that is true, but the *marks* are *there still*."

Oh! my dear children, did you ever think that all your bad deeds will leave *marks*? Yes, marks upon your *soul*, and perhaps upon the souls of others. Think of this whenever you are tempted to do a wrong act. Say to yourself, "I shall make a mark that I shall not love to look at—a mark that cannot be taken out. How you will wish that you could have none but good deeds to look upon. Bright and beautiful would the tablet then appear, instead of being stained and marred by dark spots and scars.

Then, my dear children, strive to make a mark every day of your lives, but let that mark be a *good* one—one that you will love to see in days to come—one that will bring smiles, and not tears, whenever you think upon it—one that will leave a bright spot upon your heart and the hearts of others, and not a wound that will keep festering and aching within your heart, or sear your conscience. Now is your seed-time. Lay not up for yourself that which will cost bitter remorse; but gather a store of sweet memories that shall refresh you in age—that shall cheer you upon a sick or dying bed, and even be remembered with joy in heaven.

