

THE
Raven
AND
THE DOVE.

—
BY MRS. CAMERON,
Author of "The Two Lambs," "Margaret Whyte," &c. &c.

—
A NEW EDITION.

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Lucy L. B. Cameron

FRONTISPIECE.



Henry and Eliza in the Garden.

See Page 9.

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THE
RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

THERE was once a little brother and sister, who slept in a nursery with their kind nurse Anne. The name of the little girl was Eliza, and the name of her brother was Henry; and they had each a little crib on the side of their nurse's bed.

One morning, the sun shone very bright into Eliza's crib; and when she awoke, she jumped up in her crib, and she called out, "See, Henry, how the sun shines! and the little birds are singing in the trees! Come, let us get up, that we may go to play in the garden."

Then Henry made haste to get up, and their nurse washed them, and dressed them.

Now, when Henry was dressed, he did not stay to thank Anne for dressing him; and he

forgot, too, that he had not said his prayers: and he was running away as fast as he could run.

Then Eliza called him back, and she said to him, "Henry, you have forgotten to say your prayers; you know we can't be good for one minute, if we do not ask God to make us good for Jesus Christ's sake."

Henry came back when Eliza called him, and they knelt down together, and joined their little hands, and they said, "Pray, God, take care of us to-day, and send thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, to make us good children for the sake of Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross for us."

Now this little brother and sister prayed to God with their hearts, and while they said the words, they wished to be good children, and felt that they could not be good without God's help: and God heard their prayer, and gave them his Holy Spirit; and when they did a naughty thing that day, they felt very sorry, and tried to be good again.

So, when they had finished their prayer, they took each other by the hand, and they



Henry and Eliza at their Prayers.

skipped away into the garden; and there they played till breakfast-time.

They did not gather the flowers in their papa's garden, because their papa did not allow it; but they had each a little garden of their own, and Eliza gathered some of her flowers for Henry, and Henry gathered some of his flowers for Eliza: and they did not quarrel, and dispute, and say, "This is my flower, and you must not have it," as I have sometimes heard naughty children say. Then these little children were called in to breakfast: and while they were at breakfast they did not make a noise when their papa and mamma told them to be quiet, but they did what they were bid to do; and after breakfast they learned their lessons like good children.

Now it happened, that morning, that these little children's papa was obliged to go out upon some business; and he did not come home till near tea-time. Eliza and Henry were standing at the nursery-window, when they saw their papa come home. "O! there is papa!" said Eliza: "let us go to meet him."

Then they ran down stairs, calling out, "Papa, papa," and jumping about him like

two little kittens. "O! papa," said Henry, "what is that you have got in your hand? it is like a box; what is there in it?"

"And it is covered with green cloth," said Eliza: "may I just peep under the cloth, and see what it is?"

"Stop! stop!" said their papa; "I must ask your mamma, whether you have been good children."

Then both the little children looked very earnestly at their mamma, who had just stepped into the hall, to meet their papa.

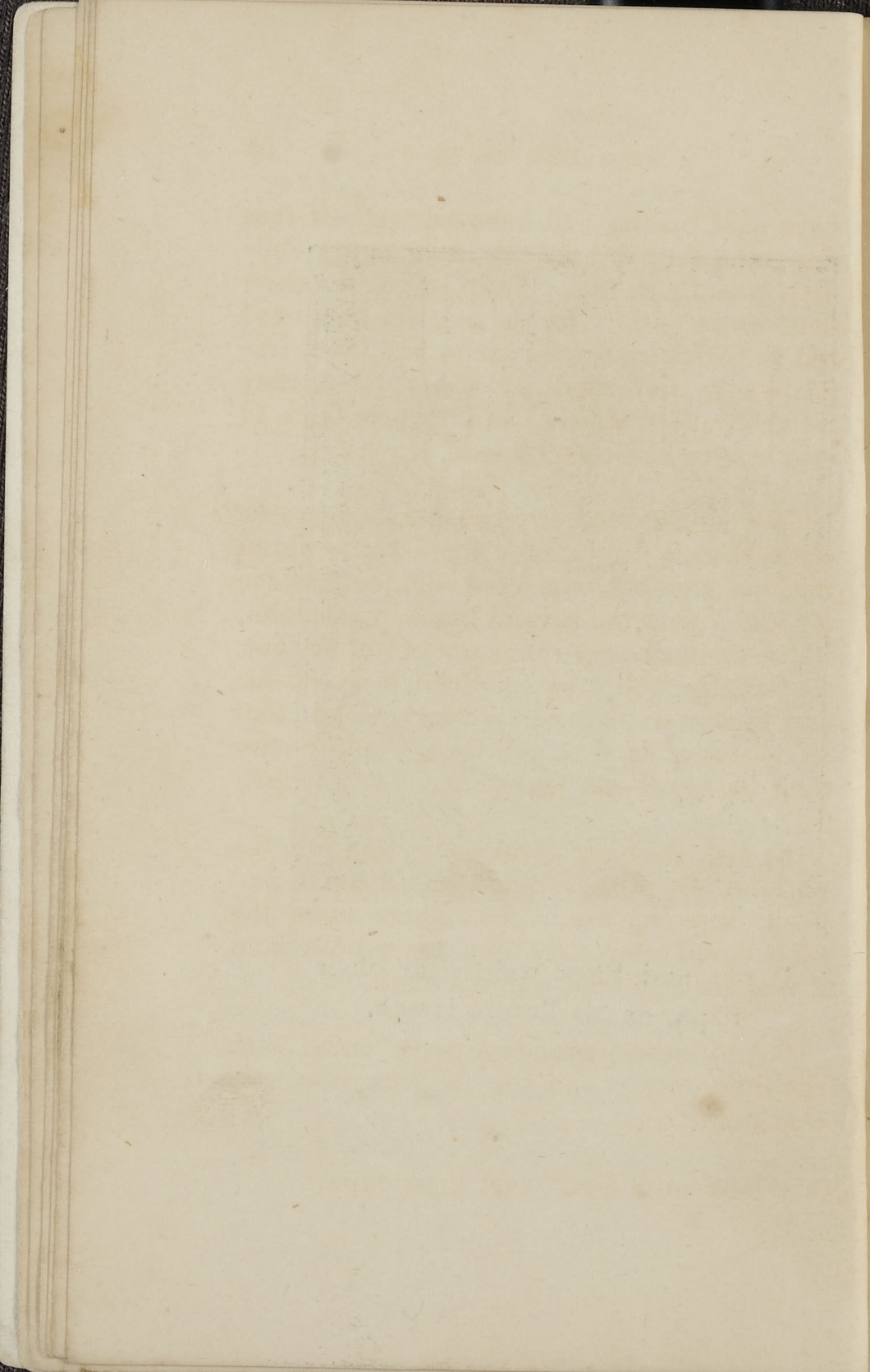
Their mamma looked pleased, and smiled, and said, that she believed she had a good account to give of them.

"Well, well," said their papa, "we must not be in such a hurry;" (for the little ones were encouraged, by the good account their mamma had given of them, to take hold of the box;) "I must have some tea, and rest myself a little while. Do you go up stairs, now; and when I send for you, we will see about this box, as you call it."

Now this little brother and sister, as I



Henry and Eliza welcoming their
Papa, on his Return Home.



have said before, had behaved well all that day; and they did not say, as naughty children sometimes say, "Pray, papa, do shew it us now;" or, "We do not like to wait:" but they did what their papa bid them immediately, and went up stairs; but they walked rather slowly, and turned back to look at the box sometimes.

Now as they sat down in the nursery, on a little bench, they talked a great deal about this box, and they wondered what could be in it; and Henry ran several times to ask John, if the tea-things were gone out of the parlour. At last, the bell rang for them to go down; and they were in such a hurry to go, that Anne was obliged to call them back, to have their hair brushed, and their faces washed.

At last, they got down stairs, and into the parlour, where their papa and mamma had been drinking tea. And there upon the table stood what they took for a box; and it was covered with a green cloth.

"And, now, papa, dear papa," cried both the little ones, "will you shew us what is in that box*?"

"It is not a box," said their papa.

“What is it, then?” cried Eliza. “Do, pray tell us, papa.”

“Well, you shall feel what it is. Come, Henry, and touch it.”

Then Henry took hold of it, and he cried out, “It is a cage! a cage! and I dare say, there is a bird in it.”

“O! papa, papa, do let me feel;” said Eliza.

“It is a cage,” said their papa; “and there is a bird in it: and you shall put down your ear to it, Eliza, and tell me if you can guess what bird it is.”

Then Eliza put her ear close to the cage; and she thought she heard something say, very softly, *Coo, coo, coo*. “Dear, dear papa, it is a dove! I am sure it is a dove!”

“Well, you shall see,” said her papa; and he took off the green cloth, and uncovered the cage, and there was in it a dove, almost as white as snow, and it had silken wings, and a golden ring round its pretty head, and said, *Coo, coo, coo*.

Then Eliza and Henry clapped their hands, and said, "Joy! joy! joy! O! dear, kind papa, is this dove, this sweet white dove to be ours?"

"Yes," said their papa; "I give it you, because I hear that you have been good little children, and that you have been kind and good-natured to each other, and obedient to your mamma: and while you are good, this pretty dove will stay with you; but if you should ever become quarrelsome, and selfish, and disobedient, this little dove will go away, (for doves are tender gentle little creatures, and do not love naughty people,) and instead of this dove, there will come a black raven, with a hoarse and ugly voice, for fierce and ugly creatures are the best companions for naughty children."

Now it will take up too much time to repeat every thing which these children said that evening, and to tell you how they jumped on their papa's lap, and how they kissed him, and thanked him, and how good they promised to be, and how they talked to their dove.

Their papa gave them leave to carry their

dove to a closet, where they kept their playthings; and here they fed their dove every day, and they spent the greatest part of their play-time in talking to it, and playing with it.

When some days were passed away, I cannot tell how many, since the pretty white dove had been given to Eliza and Henry, there came a lady to drink tea with their mamma; and it happened, that Eliza and Henry were left alone for a few minutes in the room with this lady.

Then Henry went and stood opposite to the lady, looking very earnestly at her. At last he said, "We have got a white dove, Ma'am."

"And it has got a gold ring round its neck," added Eliza, who was standing behind her brother, "and soft silken wings."

"And this pretty dove was given to us," said Henry, "because we had been good."

Now this lady was not much used to children, and she did not know what silly little creatures they are, and how easily their little

heads are turned by things which wiser people do not mind. So she took Henry on her lap; and pushing aside Eliza's curling hair, which fell over her forehead, "I dare say," she said, "such pretty little creatures as you are, are always good."

Eliza and Henry were very much pleased with what the lady said, and they began to talk very fast to her, till their mamma came into the parlour.

Their mamma did not know what the lady had said to them, but she saw that they were getting troublesome; so she rang the bell, and told Anne to take them into the nursery.

Now, that night, when Anne was putting the little children to bed, Henry told her, that the lady in the parlour had nursed him, and called him a good boy.

"Yes," said Eliza, "and she told me I was a very pretty little girl."

"So, Anne," said Henry, "there is no danger now of the dove being taken away from us."

“Take care, Master Henry,” said Anne: “it is one thing to be good, and another thing to think ourselves good.—Do you remember the verse your mamma told me to teach Miss Eliza the day she had the pink sash given her, and she would not tie old blind Sarah’s shoe? *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.*”

Eliza was so busy in brushing her curling hair, before her doll’s looking-glass, which she held in her hand, that she did not attend to what her nurse said: and Henry was stamping his shoes on the ground all the time.

So these little children lay down in their beds without thinking of God, without considering what naughty things they had done that day, or seeking to have their naughty hearts washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

The next morning, when they awoke, the first thing they thought of was, what the lady had said to them the day before. And when they were dressed, and knelt down to say their prayers, Eliza was thinking of her curling hair, and Henry was thinking what a good boy he was; and neither of them

felt that they were naughty, sinful little children, who cannot be good without the help of God.

And so they began that day without seeking for God's help, and their little hearts filled with high thoughts of themselves; and if the seeds of grace are not sown in the morning, we cannot expect the fruits of goodness at mid-day.

Now, hand in hand, they ran down stairs, as usual, into the garden; but here they soon began to shew to each other the naughtiness and selfishness of their hearts. Henry wanted to run races, Eliza wanted to weed her garden; Eliza gathered a flower, and Henry took it from her; Eliza picked up a stone, and Henry threw it out of her hand. At last, Eliza began to cry, and sat down upon the step at the door, and Henry stood laughing opposite to her.

"What is the matter, my dear little girl?" said her mamma, as she passed through the hall, into the breakfast-room: "Why are you crying, Eliza?"

"Henry is teasing me," said Eliza.

“No,” said Henry, “I am not teasing her; but she is very cross, and, whatever I do to her, she cries, and calls me a naughty boy.”

“O! fy! fy!” said their mamma, as she laid her hand on the mouth of each: “Let me hear no more of this. Remember what the pretty hymn says:

‘Birds in their little nests agree;
And ’tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.’”

Then she took them each by the hand, and led them into the breakfast-room; and she said, smilingly, to them, “Do not let your papa see any thing of this, or, I am sure, you will lose your dove.”

Henry and Eliza did not say much while they were at breakfast: but Henry contradicted Eliza, and Eliza spoke fretfully to Henry.

Their papa did not speak to them about their ill behaviour, but sometimes looked very gravely at them.

After breakfast, Henry and Eliza were called to their lesson: but Henry was idle, and Eliza was careless; and they were two hours spelling and reading as many words as they often learned in half an hour.

At last their lessons were finished, and their mamma gave them leave to play in the garden; but, before they went, she bid them take care how they behaved. For, she said, though she could not read their hearts, yet, she was afraid that they were giving way to naughty tempers.

Eliza and Henry ran to their play without attending to the advice their mamma gave them. If they had minded what she said, and had spent a few minutes in asking for God's grace to get the better of their naughtiness, they would have been saved a great deal of trouble.

They had scarcely been playing half an hour, when their mamma, who was sitting reading at the parlour-window, heard the voices of her little ones speaking to each other very loudly, as if in passion: she immediately got up, and went into the garden, to see what was going on; and there, I am sorry to say, she found Eliza

screaming, and Henry beating her with a little stick. "What is the matter, Eliza? What are you doing, Henry?" cried their mamma.

"Henry is beating me," answered Eliza, sobbing.

"And Eliza has thrown my ball of string away," said Henry, quite in a passion.

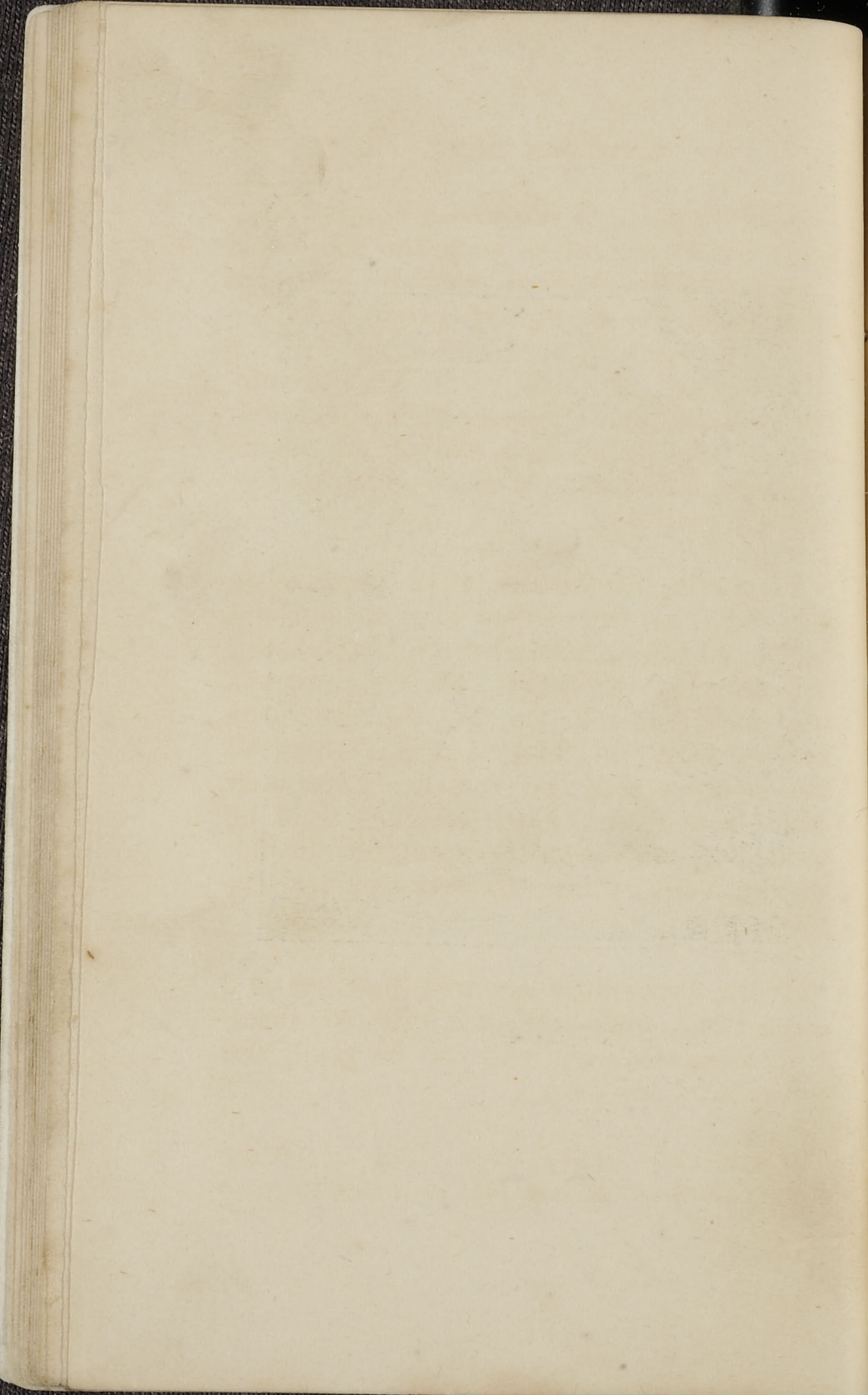
"I threw it away," said Eliza, "because he tied me with it to a tree, and hurt me."

"No, mamma," said Henry, "I did not tie her tight, she could have got away; but I tied her, because she would throw down my brick house that I was building."

Then they both began to speak, so loud, and so fast, that it was scarcely possible to make out what they said. But their mamma looked very grave indeed, and she said, "I will not hear either of you speak any more. I am sure that you have both of you been very naughty children, and that, instead of trying to be kind, you have been teasing each other, and giving way to naughty,



Henry tying Eliza to a Tree.



wicked tempers. I was afraid how it would be, when you went to play this morning: I saw that you had no wish to be good children, and to do what was right."

Then she bid them go before her into the parlour; and she made them sit down, on two chairs, at each end of the room, and would not allow them to speak to any body.

Very soon afterwards, their papa came into the room where they were sitting, and he looked first at one of the little children, and then at the other. So their mamma was obliged to tell him that they had been very naughty, and had been quarrelling all the morning with each other. Then their papa looked very much shocked, and he walked up and down the room, but did not speak; and, at last, he went out of the room.

When these little children had sat still some time, their mamma said to them, "My dear children, will you be good, and not quarrel any more?"

Eliza and Henry were tired of sitting still, and they did not feel in a passion; so

they thought that they were good, though they were not really sorry, in their hearts, that they had been naughty, and that they had made God angry with them. And they said, "Yes, mamma, we are good now."

Then their mamma made them kiss each other, and told them that they might go to play. So Eliza opened the door, and they ran into the hall; and they quite forgot that they had been naughty: and Henry said, "I will get a stick and ride upon it."

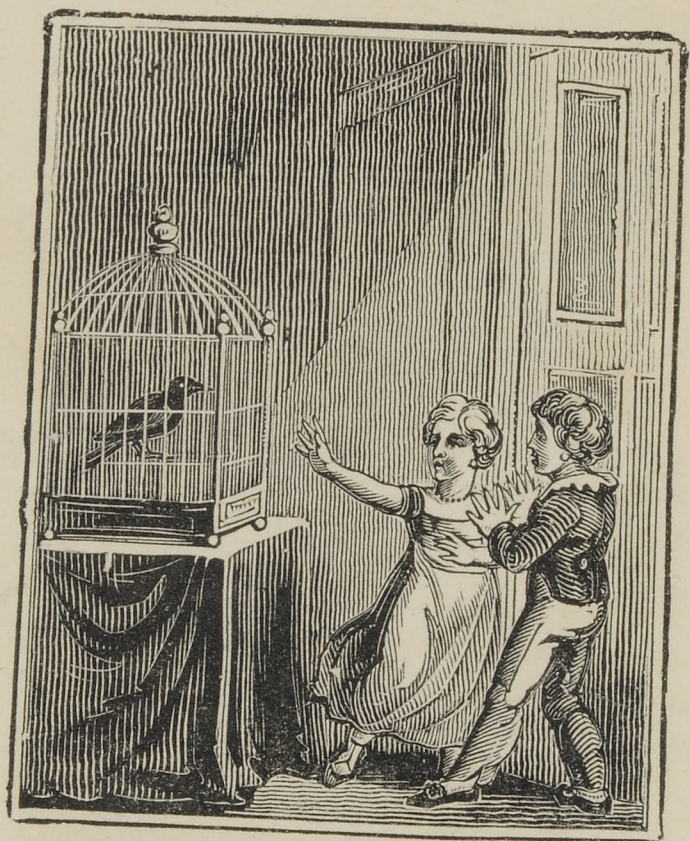
And Eliza answered, "No, I do not like that play; I will go and look at the dove."

"I won't look at the dove," said Henry; "I will ride upon papa's stick in the hall."

Then Eliza cried, and said, "You are a naughty boy: I will go and look at the dove without you."

So she went up stairs, step by step, fretting because Henry would not come with her, and wiping her eyes with her pinafore: and Henry rode upon his papa's stick, and made a great noise in the hall.

When Eliza had got up stairs, she opened



Henry and Ellza discovering the Raven.

the door of the closet, where the dove was kept, very slowly; for she felt naughty, and children, when they are naughty, are often very dull, and do not jump and run nimbly about. Then she peeped in with her little face, to look for the dove. But, O! how did she start, and how frightened did she feel, when she saw that her pretty white dove with silken wings, and a golden ring round his neck, that used to bow his pretty head, and say, *Coo, coo, coo*, was gone; and in his stead there was an ugly black thing, a great deal larger than the dove, with a great black beak, and he made an ugly noise, with a very hoarse voice.

Then Eliza's face coloured quite up, and her eyes filled with tears, and she forgot her ill humour, and ran down stairs as fast as she could run, calling out, "Henry, Henry, the dove! the dove! our dear pretty dove is gone, and there is such a black ugly thing come instead of it! Come, Henry, make haste; come and see."

Then Henry threw down his papa's stick, and ran up stairs, to look at this ugly thing. When Henry saw that the dove was gone, he fell into a great passion, and cried out, "I

will go and ask all the servants where the dove is, and then I will kill this ugly bird."

So Henry and Eliza ran into the nursery, and into the kitchen, and enquired of all the servants about the dove; but nobody could tell them any thing about it; and they looked for their papa and mamma, but they were gone a-walking: so they returned back to their closet. Then Eliza sat down upon a little box, crying, and she did not speak for a great while; and Henry stood opposite the cage, calling the bird an ugly creature.

At last, Eliza jumped up, and said, "Henry, I have found out all about it."

"What have you found out?" asked Henry.

"Do not call the bird names any more," said Eliza; "it is all our fault, that that dear, pretty dove is gone. You know that the day papa gave it to us, he said, 'If you are naughty children, that pretty white dove will go, and there will come a black, fierce bird in its stead.' Now, Henry, you know that we did not say our prayers this morning with our hearts; I mean we did not really

want God to make us good, while we said the words; we thought that we could be good of ourselves: so we have been naughty children all day, and we have quarrelled with each other, and papa has taken the pretty dove away."

Then Henry said, "Let us run and look for papa, and tell him that we are good now, and beg him to give us the dove."

"No, not yet," said Eliza: "we will kneel down, and tell Jesus Christ that we have been very naughty, and ask him to make us good."

Then Eliza took Henry's hand, and they knelt down together, and Eliza said, "O! Lord Jesus Christ, we have been naughty children, pray wash us clean from our sins in thy blood, and give us clean white hearts, that we may love one another."

Then they got up, and put their little arms round each other's necks, and kissed each other.

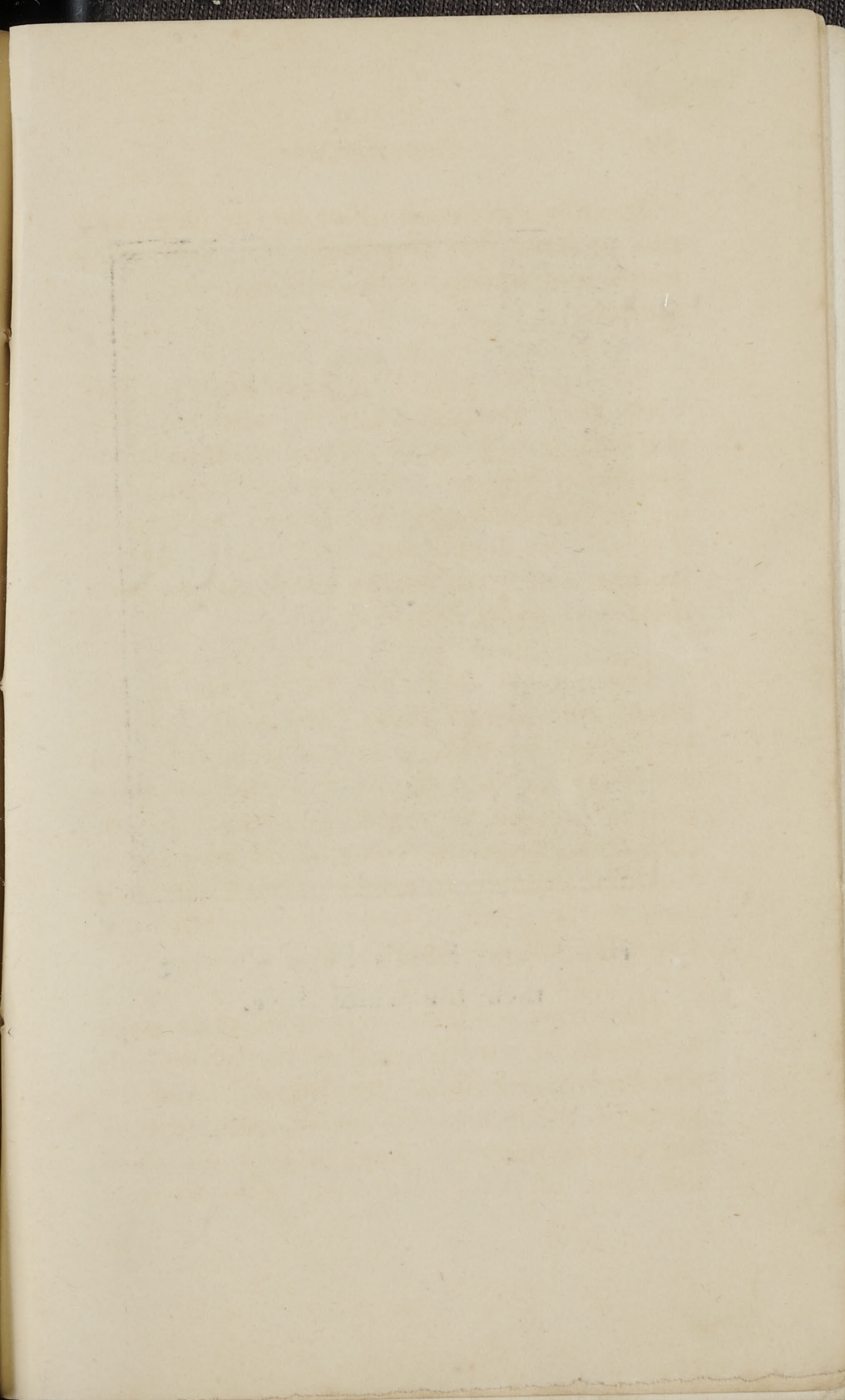
"And now, Henry," said Eliza, "we will go and look for papa, and tell him that we hope we shall be good, and shall not quarrel any more."

So they took each other by the hand, and ran to look for their papa: at last, they found him walking with their mamma in the garden.

“O! papa! papa!” said Eliza, “we have been very naughty children, and we have made God angry with us, and we have made you angry with us. But we have been praying to God to forgive us, and to teach us to love one another; and pray, papa, forgive us, too, and when we are good, give us back the pretty white dove.”

Their papa took his little ones in his arms, and kissed them, and said, “I am very glad, my dear little children, that you are sorry for your faults, and that you have prayed to God to forgive you; and I hope that I shall not see you quarrel any more. I cannot promise to give you back the little dove to-day; but, if you will come with me, I will let you see where it is.”

Then they each of them took their papa by the hand, and jumped along by his side till they came into the house. And he brought them into his study, and he took out of his pocket a key, and he unlocked the door of a closet: and here, upon a





Henry and Eliza's Papa shewing
them the White Dove.

table, stood the cage of the little white dove; the pretty white dove, with silken wings, and a golden ring round his neck. Then the little ones called out, "O! my dove! my dear white dove! O! papa, may we have it, to take back into our closet? and will you take away that ugly black raven?"

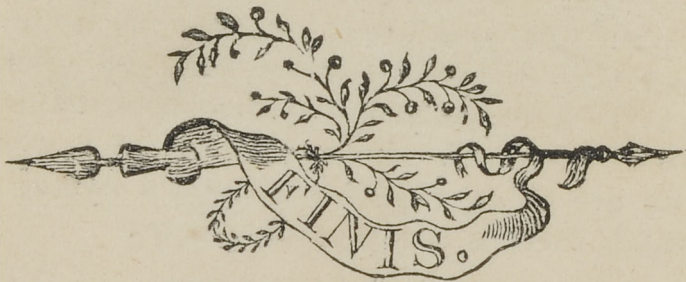
"To-morrow, my dear children," said their papa, "I will let you have your pretty white dove again, if I see you kind and gentle to each other all the rest of the day. And I hope that you will remember," added he, as he took Eliza and Henry in his arms, "I hope that you will remember, as long as you live, the history of this pretty white dove: how you lost it by forgetting to love and pray to your Saviour, and by giving way to a naughty and quarrelsome temper with each other. Some time or other, when you are older, I shall teach you a hymn, in which there is this pleasant verse:

'Return, O holy dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.'

The dove in that verse does not mean such a dove as we see in this cage, but it means

the holy Spirit of God, the Spirit which comforts and refreshes all his children: and, as you lost your dove by giving way to naughty tempers, so will that holy Spirit forsake and leave all those persons who forget their God, and give way to a selfish and quarrelsome temper. But he will dwell with all those children who love God and love one another, and give them joy far greater than the joy you will feel to-morrow morning, when you find your little white dove in your closet, with his silken wings, and ring of gold round his neck."

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