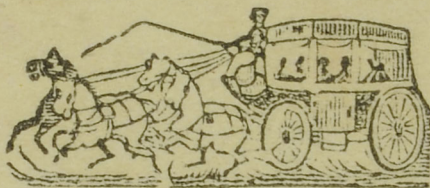


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SECOND SERIES.—No. 8.

THE
TWO FRIENDS;
AND
KIND LITTLE JAMES.



NEW YORK:
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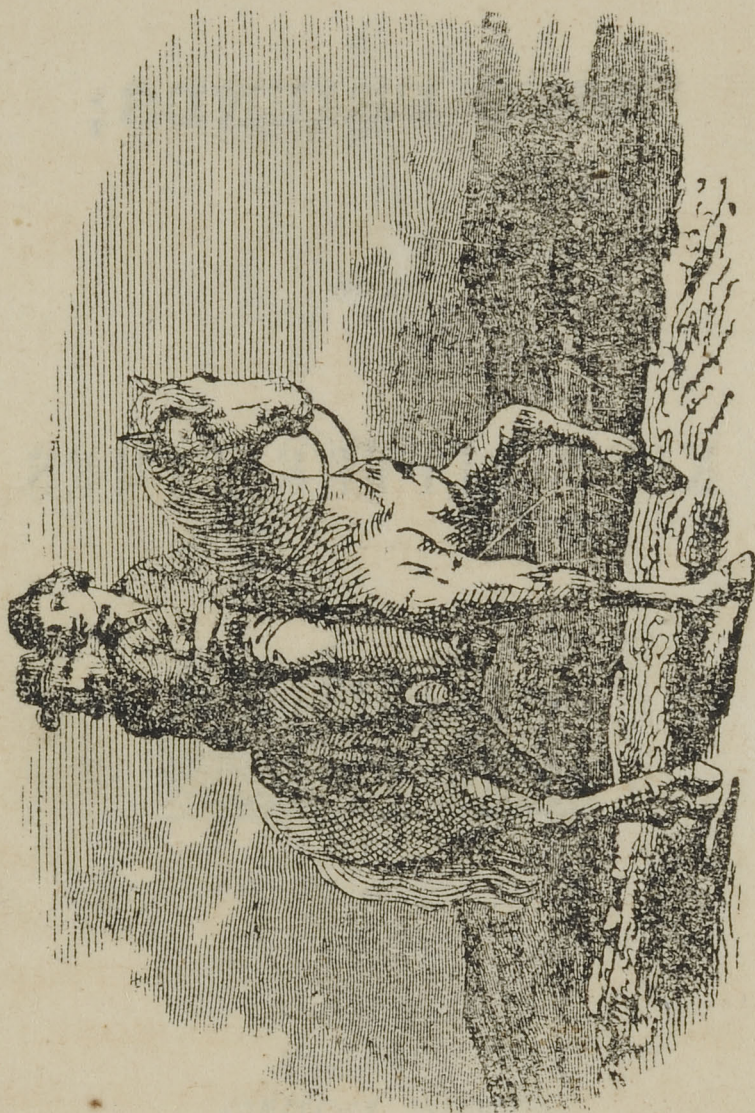


1800

THE
TWO FRIENDS;
AND
KIND LITTLE JAMES



NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG
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THE
TWO FRIENDS.



“WELL, girls, would you like to have me to tell you a story, while you are sewing?” said a boy of fourteen years of age, to some little girls sitting in the room with him. “Oh, do tell it to us,” said Ann, Charlotte, and Mary, all together. “Well, don’t interrupt me, and I will tell the story.

“There once lived in this city, two boys, whom I will call Marcus and Titus, who form-

ed a strict friendship for each other, which continued through life. They attended the same school, and out of school were roaming the woods in search of nuts, or fishing in a neigh-



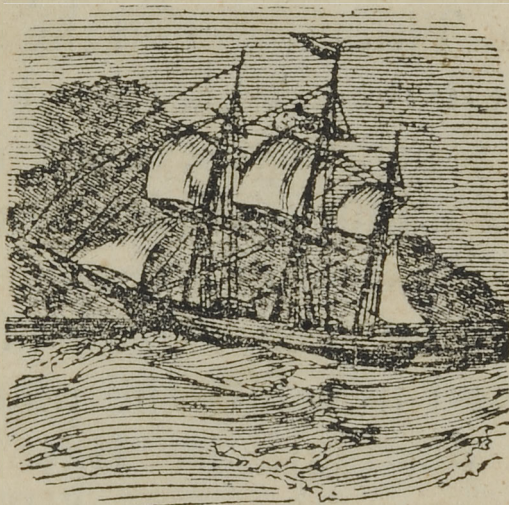
boring rivulet, or enjoying themselves in some way, but always together. Many is the time they might be seen amusing themselves by taking a ride together on the old horse

which belonged to Marcus's father.

“ But the pleasant pastimes of their boyhood days, like all the enjoyments this side of the grave, were not to continue for ever. When they were of a sufficient age, Marcus went to college, and Titus entered the navy of the United States.

“ When the hour of parting came, Titus watched the stage-coach that took his friend away, with tearful eyes, until it was out of sight, and then went to Norfolk to join his vessel, which lay at that post. Both of them reached in safety the places of their destination. But I will pass over the few following years, during which Marcus, a fine looking young man, had

graduated at college with great eclat, and was about to return home, and Titus, who had won the esteem and admiration of his companions, had the reputation of a brave soldier. Marcus was one day standing on one of the wharves of the city, a few miles distant from his college, when he saw a stately



ship approach the harbor, carrying the flag of the United States.

The vessel reached the wharf, and as the passengers were eagerly pressing on shore, the plank slipped and a young officer fell into the water, and became entangled with the ropes. Marcus, seeing his danger, sprang in after him, rescued him from his perilous situation, and raised him to the boat, which had been lowered to receive him. The young man, on opening his eyes, gazed earnestly on his deliverer, and at the same moment, though so many years had elapsed since they parted, they recognised each other as early friends. They were instantly in each other's arms. When the frigate was ready to sail, Marcus took his passage with

Titus, who had obtained leave of absence, and they both visited their home.

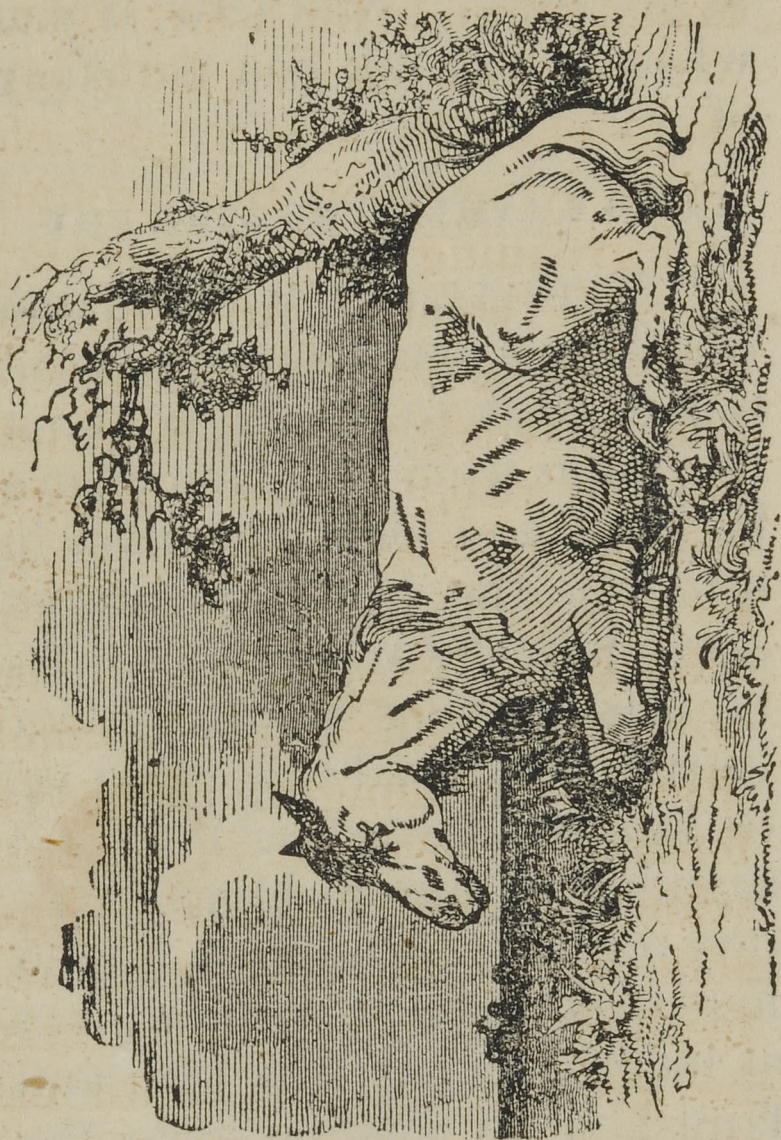
“ Marcus, having obtained a commission as surgeon in the navy, the two friends were once more together, never to be separated. Titus was promoted to the command of the vessel, as a reward for his bravery in a battle. Though Marcus’s profession kept him from fighting, yet when he could spare time, he was with his friend in the hottest of the battle. When their age prevented them from any longer serving in the navy, they retired to their native city, and spent their old age in the enjoyment of each other’s society.

“ Well, girls, this is the end of my story. And now, if you wish, I will tell you the story of

LITTLE JAMES, THE KIND BOY.

“ A LITTLE boy, whose name was James, went out one morning to walk to a village, about five miles from the place where he lived, and took with him, in a basket, the food that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take pity on him. The little boy at first took no notice of him; but at length, seeing how lean and famished he was, he gave the dog part of what he had in the

10 JAMES, THE KIND BOY.

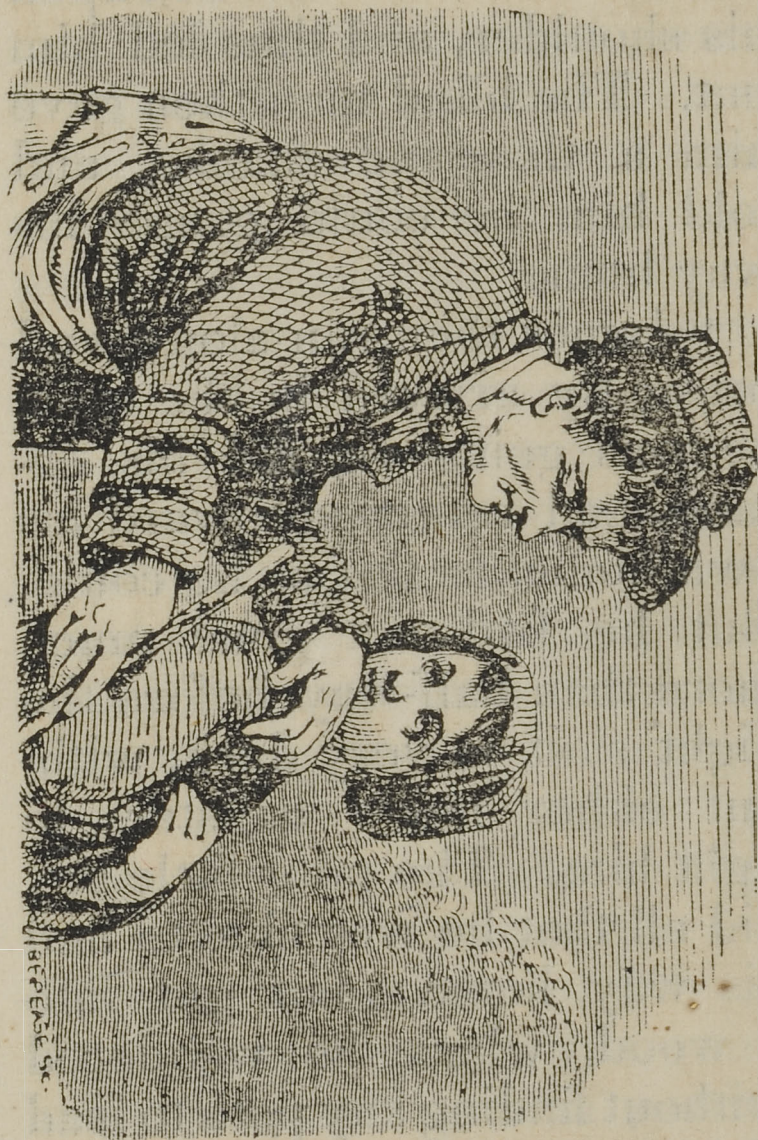


basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight.

“James went on a little further, when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill. He went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. So he went and pulled up some grass, which he brought to the horse’s mouth, who immediately began to eat with much relish; as his chief disease was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and soon seemed to be so much refreshed, that after a few trials, he got up, and began to eat grass.

“James then went on a little

further, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it. 'What is the matter, good man?' said James to him; 'God bless you, my good little master,' said the man, 'I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned.' — 'Well,' said James, 'if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it.' The blind man then threw the stick to the side where he had heard the voice; the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should go beyond his depth. At length he reached the blind



man, let him rest his hand upon his shoulder, and thus led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand thanks, and told him he could grope his way home.

“James then ran along, and presently arrived in the town he was going to, did his errand, and returned toward his own home, as fast as he could. But he had not gone much more than half-way, before the night shut in very dark, without either moon or stars to light him. The poor little boy did all that he was able to find his way home; but got into a wood, where he wandered without finding any path to lead him out. At last, tired out and hungry he sat down and cried

most bitterly. After some time, the little dog, who had never forsaken him, ran up to him with a package in his mouth, which somebody had dropped and he had picked up. Upon opening it he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself much refreshed with this meat. 'So,' said he to his dog, 'I see that if I gave you a breakfast, you have given me a supper, and a good turn is never lost, even if it is done to a dog.' He then once more tried to find his way out of the wood, but to no purpose. He was going to give up all hope of getting home, when he happened to see the same horse before him

that he had fed in the morning. He went up to the horse, speaking to him, and patting him; and the horse let him get upon his back and then went along through the wood till he brought him to an opening which led to the road, and he soon got home. James then said, 'If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to stay out all night; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost.'

"The little fellow took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and has never forgotten that we must do good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us."

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