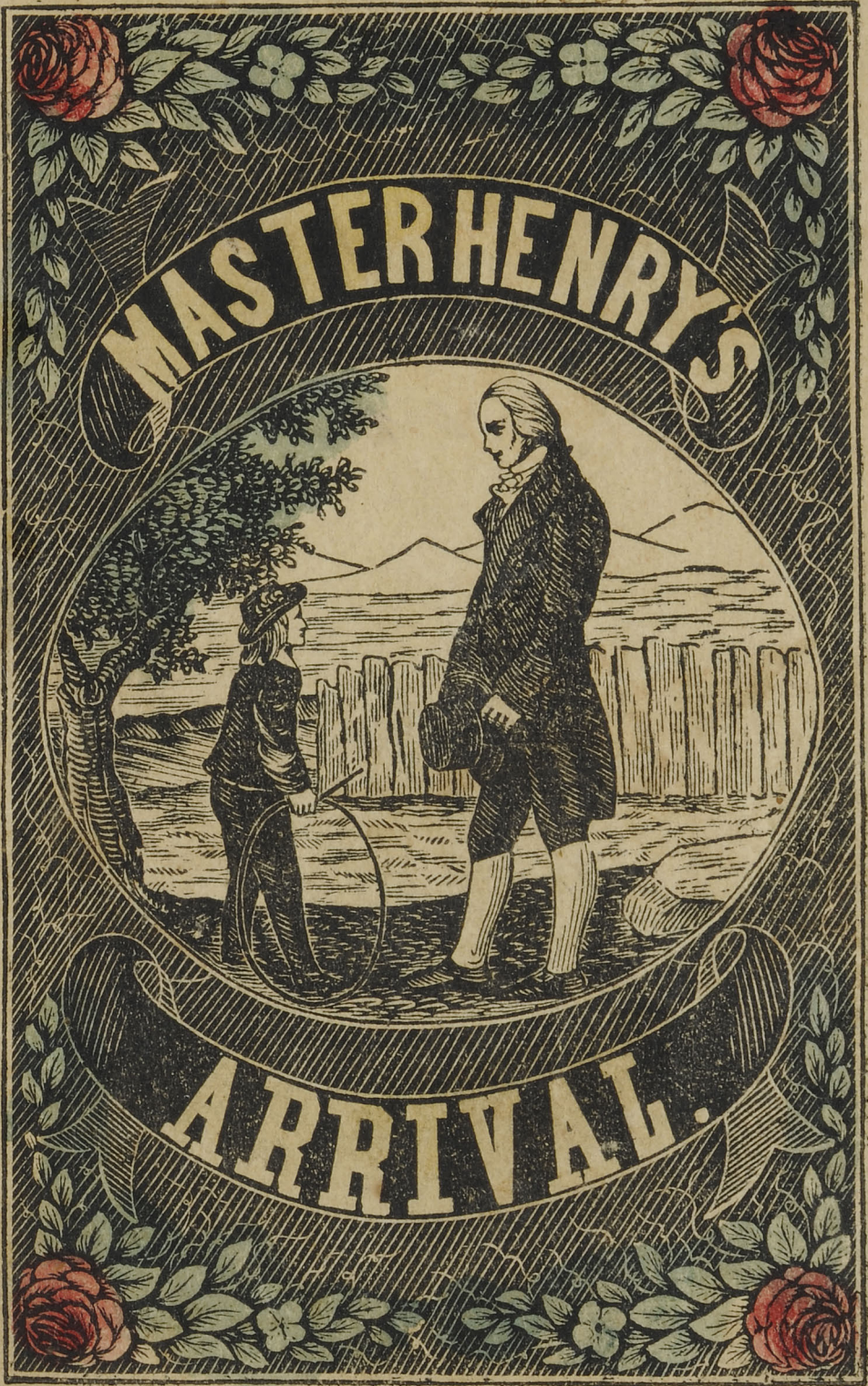


A. Henry Larson



MASTER HENRY'S

ARRIVAL.

John H. Leatons

Book
Sand Lake

Rensselaer

MASTER HENRY'S
ARRIVAL,
AND
THE ALARM.



TROY, N. Y.
MERRIAM & MOORE.



THOUGHTLESSNESS.



MASTER HENRY'S ARRIVAL.

IT was five o'clock, on a fine evening in autumn, and Mrs. Kitty, Mr. Dalben's housekeeper, who knew when to expect her mas-

ter, had lighted a good fire, and set the tea-things in order, for she knew that her master liked tea after a journey, when the carriage drove up to the door, containing the good old gentleman, with his little adopted son whose father had died a few days before, asleep on his knees.

Mrs. Kitty and Sally the cook, immediately hastened out to the door, and Thomas the gardener came running from a distant part of the garden at the sound of the carriage.

Thomas bowed his head as he opened the carriage; and Mr. Dalben, addressing Kitty, said, "take this little man as gently as you can, and lay him on the sofa, if possible, without waking him."

"O the little darling! the little fair one!" said Mrs. Kitty; "so like his dear papa! a thousand blessings rest upon him!"—"Gently, gently, Kitty,"

said Mr. Dalben; "there now you have him. Lay him on the sofa, where he can see me when he wakes; for my old face is the only one which little Henry will know." So saying, the old gentleman accompanied his housekeeper into the parlor, followed by Thomas and Sally; who both made an errand into the parlor to have a further view of the little sleeper.

"Softly, softly," said Mr. Dalben: "there, that will do. And now how are you all? and how are the neighbors? All well; I am glad to hear it."

"Poor Mr. Milner, Sir!" said Mrs. Kitty, as she put some water into the tea-pot: "I hope, Sir, he died happy, trusting in his Saviour's merits."—"Yes, Kitty," returned Mr. Dalben, "he is now at rest; we might almost wish we were with him."—"He was a sweet little boy when a child," said

Mrs. Kitty, "and that little darling there is the very picture of him." So saying, she gave another kind look at the child, and walked out of the room.

In the mean time Mr. Dalben poured out his tea, and took a piece of bread, to soak in milk for the child, looking at him from time to time, his heart being filled with thankfulness for the blessed death of the father, and lifted up in prayer to God that he might be enabled to fulfil his duty towards the son.

Whilst employed in these meditations, little Henry Milner opened his eyes; his first motion was to cry, finding all around him strange and new; but as he looked about the room his eye rested on the face of his old friend, on which a smile lighted up his whole face, and he reached both his little arms towards him.

Mr. Dalben instantly got up and took him on his knee, feeding him with his own hands, and speaking to him in a manner the most tender, pointing out to him the cat, who was asleep upon the rug, and other objects in the room which he thought would please him. After a while the little boy began again to feel the fatigue of his journey, and was then carried to his bed in Mrs. Kitty's room.

The next morning he was brought down to breakfast with his kind friend, whom he was taught to call uncle; after which he was allowed to play in the study, though Mrs. Kitty said she feared Master Henry would prove very troublesome to her master, who liked to be quiet: "and then, Sir," she said, "the little gentleman has no playthings to amuse himself with."

"Well then, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben, "in default of these send Thomas

to the carpenter's shop, to bring any little square or oblong bits of board which may be lying on the floor; and you, Kitty, may clear out one of those cupboards under the book-cases, for him to keep them in." Mrs. Kitty marvelled, but said nothing in the parlor, though, when she went out into the kitchen to send Thomas to the carpenter, she ventured to remark, that she had never seen her master put himself so much out of the way before; "for you know, Thomas, he was always particular about the study carpet, and now he is going to have all manner of rubbish brought in to litter the room: surely, Sally, if little master is to play upon the best carpet, he ought to have some genteeler toys than a parcel of bits of wood which are good for nothing but to light the oven." In this manner Mrs. Kitty

vented her dissatisfaction, till Thomas returned with the bits of board, which she directed Sally to carry into the parlor in her apron.

In the mean time Mr. Dalben had emptied one of the cupboards, carrying the books and papers to his closet; and Henry also made himself busy on the occasion, and was mightily pleased when Sally brought in the bits of board, and Mr. Dalben made him understand that they were all to be his own, and that he was to have the cupboard to keep them in.

Mr. Dalben studied, as his custom was, till twelve o'clock, and Henry played during that time in the room; at twelve he walked out, and took the little boy with him: they returned about two, and Henry dined with Mr. Dalben; being seated opposite to his uncle on a large arm-chair, on which the sofa cushion had been

placed to form a seat of a convenient height for him.

After dinner Mr. Dalben went out to see a sick neighbor ; and as Henry



was too young to go with him, he was allowed to visit Mrs. Kitty on her side of the house.

Before tea Mr. Dalben and Henry met again ; and whilst the tea-things were preparing, Mr. Dalben took

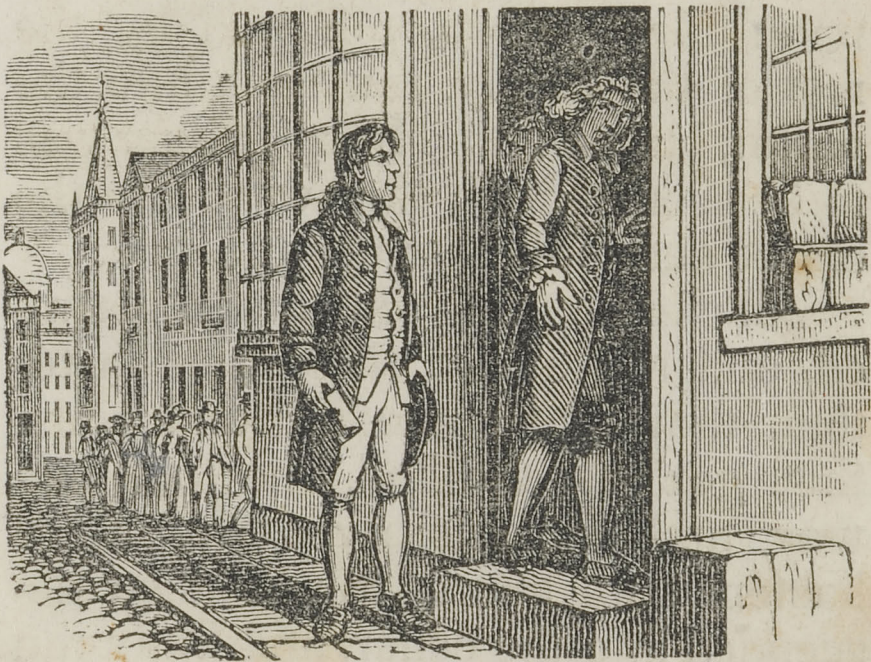
Henry on his lap, and told him a story, and talked to him a little about his Creator. After tea Henry was taught to say his prayers, and he then went to bed. Thus his first day passed, and several of the following days under the roof of his kind uncle: but when he had been about a week in Mr. Dalben's house, an accident happened about which I will now tell you.



THE GREAT ALARM.

ONE morning after breakfast, Mr. Dalben being busy writing letters, and Henry playing at his cupboard, the little boy having spread all his treasures on the floor, and seeing his cupboard quite empty, took it into his head to try whether there was not room enough in it for such

a little body as himself; so he first put in his head and then one foot and then the other, and finding plenty of room, he pulled the door nearly to, and stretching himself out along the floor, fell fast asleep. In the mean time two gentlemen came to the door



of the house, and asked to speak to Mr. Dalben, who, for a moment forgetting little Henry, walked out into

the hall, and stood there some minutes talking to the strangers. When he returned to his study he thought of the child, and not seeing him in any part of the room, he ran out hastily into the kitchen to ask the servants if they had seen Henry. They all answered, that they had not. Whereupon Mr. Dalben, followed by the rest of the family, ran back into the parlor, but no little Henry Milner was to be seen, though they went into the closet and looked under the sofa.

All were by this time much alarmed, and ran out of the parlor faster than they had come in; and when they got into the hall, one took one way, and one another. Mrs. Kitty hastened up stairs, Mr. Dalben descended into the cellar, and Sally ran into the kitchen and brew-house, where she gave the alarm to an old woman, who was busy washing little

Henry's clothes. Thomas hurried away from his flower pots, and ran



out into the garden; while Sally examined every hole and corner in the offices within door, the old woman ran to the pig-sty, into the barn, into the shoe-hole, and into the coal-hole, calling as loud as she could, "Master Henry! Master Henry! dear little rogue, I hope no harm is come to him!"

Whilst the family were in this confusion, one running one way and one

another, every body calling and nobody answering, and every one becoming more and more frightened every minute, little Henry was enjoying a very delightful rest at the bottom of his cupboard; and I know not how long he might have lain there, perhaps till night, if the whole family, having searched in vain in every possible direction, had not returned again to the parlor; and there, whilst they were examining every odd corner, Sally opened the cupboard, and set up such a cry of joy, that Henry began to stir and rub his eyes, and was not a little surprised to see his uncle, Mrs. Kitty, Thomas, Sally, and the washer-woman, all gathered together round the door of his house, as he afterwards called his cupboard.

“O you little rogue!” said Mrs. Kitty; “how you have frightened us

all! who would have thought of your being in the cupboard?"

"Why, we might all have thought of it," said Mr. Dalben, "if we had thought at all, and not put ourselves into such a fright; however, I am very thankful that our alarm is thus removed. And now, my little man, come out of your hole: you will live. I feel assured, to thank your friends for all the care which they have had on your account." So the little boy got up and came out, and having thanked every one, he could not tell for what, all departed to their own places, and thus terminated this dreadful alarm.

THE EVIL TEMPER.

NOT long after little Henry Milner arrived at Mr. Dalben's, his birthday came, at which time he was four years of age.

At this period he could speak very plainly, and could walk and run as well and as far as most little boys of his age. Like all little children, whose hearts have not been changed, he was full of evil inclinations, and showed in many ways, when he was only in his fifth year, that his nature was corrupt, and that he, like other children, stood in need both of instruction and of punishment; although by the care of his kind uncle and Mrs. Kitty, he had been kept

from going with bad boys, and from thus learning to lie, and steal, and



swear, and from the many other wrong things which are learned by going with such boys.

One day, when Muff had offended him by getting into his cupboard, he went in a great passion, and collected all his bits of board in his frock, and threw them in over Muff, saying, "You naughty cat, you frightful cat, I hate you, that I do."

He also often showed a great deal of ill-temper when Mr. Dalben called him to read. He would not for many days say the letter F. His uncle bought a set of ivory letters, and used to lay them on the floor at the farthest end of the room, and direct him to bring him each letter as he called for it: but if Mr. Dalben chanced to call for F, he would bring every letter in the alphabet first, and leave that to the very last: and one day he was so naughty about it, that he would not bring it at all, till his uncle got up to see if it was there, and actually found it lying by itself

on the carpet. "There it is Henry," he said, "pick it up, and carry it to the rest." But the little boy swelled out his cheeks, and would not obey. When Mr. Dalben saw this, he remembered Solomon's words: "Correct thy son whilst there is hope; thou shalt beat him with a rod, and save his soul from hell." Accordingly the old gentleman called for a twig, and laying little master over his knee, he soon made him willing to bring the letter F. Henry cried violently; but the moment he was set down he took up the ivory letter, carried it to the appointed place, and came back in a moment to kiss his uncle and beg pardon.

"You will thank me for this by and by, my little man," said Mr. Dalben, wiping the tears from Henry's face; "and I will tell you moreover, my boy, I love you too well to omit

any means appointed by God for your soul's good."

After this day there were no more battles about the letter F; but Henry stood out again a long while about spelling *cat*; he insisted, whenever he came to that word, upon calling it Muff, and tried to put the matter off at first, as a very good joke. But on his uncle repeatedly telling him that *c-a-t* would not spell Muff, he grew sullen, and lowered his brow, and pouted his lips. Mr. Dalben reasoned a while with him, and next tried threatening, upon which little master grew more stubborn. Mr. Dalben was then again forced to have recourse to his friend the twig; which when the young gentleman perceived, he called out, *c-a-t, cat*, so loudly, that he was heard by Mrs. Kitty, who was making pie-crust in the kitchen.

Through the greater part of his fifth year, little Henry Milner from time to time broke out in these little fits of obstinacy; he was then so very young, that he could hardly be expected to understand the danger and the guilt of sin, though his good uncle tried to lay these matters before him in words as plain as possible; but he perfectly understood the arguments used by the twig: and though I think Mr. Dalben only used it three times, if he heard but the name mentioned, he would instantly give up any point, let him have it ever so much at heart.

As little Henry approached his sixth year, through God's blessing upon his uncle's care and instructions, he became evidently more docile.— A word would now do, where some months past it had been necessary to threaten, if not to inflict punish-

ment: being more humble, he had also become much more polite. I am sorry to say, that I see many little boys in these days, who do not practise good manners; the little words *Ma'am*, and *Sir*, and *I thank you*, and *I am obliged to you*, are terribly out of fashion in these days; and I am very sorry for it, because I take rude manners to be a sign of a proud heart, and we know how hateful pride is to God, for his first work with those whom he calls to be his own children, is to humble them in their own conceits.

In my next book I will tell you about Master Henry's troubles in learning his lesson, about all the creatures that came to see him while he was at study, and about his visit to the hay field with Mr. Dalben.

John Henry Luttons
Book
~~for [unclear]~~

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THE
MILNER TOYS,

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I.

**MASTER HENRY'S ARRIVAL; THE
GREAT ALARM.**

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