

MASTER HENRY'S



LESSON.



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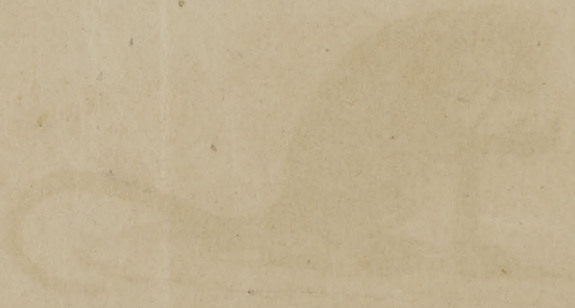
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MASTER HENRY'S

LESSON;

THE VISITORS;

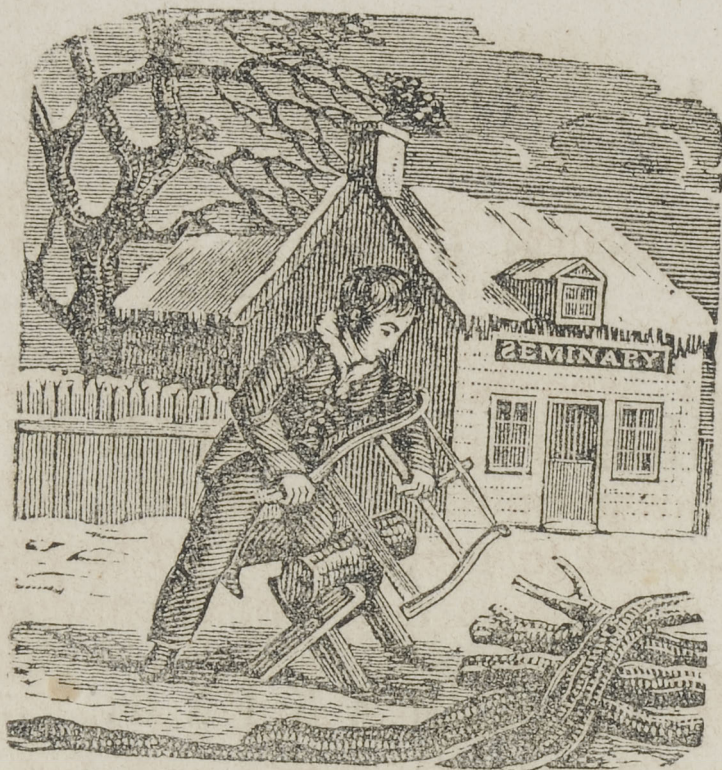
AND

HAY MAKING.



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TROY, N. Y.  
MERRIAM & MOORE.



APPLICATION.



IDLENESS

## MASTER HENRY'S LESSON.

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**I**T was the intention of Mr. Dalben to bring up little Henry, the Lord permitting, to study, and he resolved to make him first acquainted with the parts of speech and other such matters in the English language.

Mr. Dalben accordingly procured a plain English grammar for this purpose, and took considerable pains in explaining it to the little boy.

Henry, in commencing this new and dry study, found much difficulty; yet he did not show his ill humor as he had formerly done in pouting and obstinacy, but by being very idle; he for a length of time would never study his grammar, excepting when his uncle was working with him and trying to explain it to him; but instead

of attending to his lesson, would spend his time in looking from the



window at the carriages passing in the street, or at Thomas the gardener at work among the plants.

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At length Mr. Dalben was displeased, and calling Henry to him, he said, "Henry Milner, you may perhaps have heard foolish people say, that idleness is not sin; but I plainly tell you that idleness in children is nothing but obstinacy; and that it is because children *will* not work, not because they *cannot* work, that we see so many ignorant boys and girls. You often tell me that you wish to be good, and to be one of the little lambs of the Savior, and to be like holy children; but, Henry, do you suppose that such children will be idle? think you not rather that they will wish to improve, and try to learn such lessons as are given them.

"Let me tell you, Henry Milner, if you do not know it already, that this idleness is a strong symptom of an unchanged heart, and that if it is not speedily overcome, I shall apply

to the twig which has lain by in the closet for nearly a year and a half."

So saying, Mr. Dalben produced the rod; but I am happy to say that he had no occasion to use it, for Henry melted into tears, confessed his fault, and, to show his penitence, set to work with all his might to learn his lesson.

It was summer-time, and Thomas had mowed one of the fields. Mr. Dalben, at breakfast the day after the above conversation, said to the little boy, "I am going to walk this morning Henry, and if you have learned all your lessons before my return, you shall go with me after dinner to the hay-field, and help to make hay." Henry heard this with great delight, and the moment breakfast was finished, set himself to learn his lessons. He had a copy to write and a sum to do, he had two lessons to learn in



geography, his Bible to read, and his grammar lesson: all these lessons he loved excepting his grammar. So he said to his uncle, "May I go, Sir, after I have learned my other lessons into the closet where I sleep," for Henry being six years old now, slept in the closet within his uncle's room, "and there learn my grammar?"



Mr. Dalben gave his consent, and started off for his walk, and when

Henry had finished his other lessons he ran up stairs, shut the door, and sitting down on a little stool opposite the window, set himself to learn his lesson. It was the summer-time, as I before said, and the window was open; but there was nothing to be seen where Henry sat, through the window, but the tops of the tallest shrubs, and the grove behind these, and the heights of Malvern beyond, but at such a distance, that the little gardens and cottages, half-way up the hill, only looked like dark specks upon the blue mountain.

## THE VISITORS.

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**H**ENRY set himself very earnestly to his lesson, and went on without interruption, till a blue pigeon, from his uncle's pigeon-house over the stable (for Mr. Dalben had built a pigeon-house about half a year before,) came flying towards the window, and setting herself on the window-sill, for she was very tame, began to coo and dress her feathers, turning about her glossy neck in a very dainty and capricious manner. Henry's voice ceased; his eye wandered from his book, and fixed itself upon the pigeon; till at length recollecting himself, he cried out, "Get away, Mrs. Pigeon; I *will* learn my lesson, and you shall not hinder me." At the sound of his voice the bird

took flight, and Henry went on with his lesson very successfully, till suddenly a beautiful yellow butterfly, whose wings were enriched with brilliant spots, appeared in the open window, first settling himself upon the window-frame, then upon some of the furniture within, and then upon the ceiling. Henry's eye again left his book, and followed the butterfly through all its irregular motions, till the creature returning through the window, and flying towards the shrubs, was presently too far off to be seen. "I am glad you are gone," said Henry, returning to his lesson, "and I hope you will come no more." Henry should have said, "I hope I shall have sense, if you should come again, not to think any more about you." But Henry was a silly idle little boy, and had not yet learnt the necessity of giving his attention to what he ought

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to be doing. Poor Henry was very unfortunate that day; for no sooner was the yellow butterfly out of sight than in came a humble bee—Buz, buz, buz; and this last gentleman was so impertinent, that he came flying up to Henry and round his head; buzzing in one ear, then in the other, then out at the window, then in again, then again at the little boy's ears, then away again. At length, Henry got so vexed with him, that he took his opportunity, jumped up, and went to the window to shut it; and although the bright sunshine and the sight of the birds, and bees, and insects, enjoying themselves among the trees and flowers tempted him to stand there and enjoy it, yet he resolutely shut the window against them; and more than that, he turned his stool round, and set himself with his back to the window: "There, gentlemen



and ladies," said he, "Mrs. Pigeon, and Mrs. Butterfly, and Mr. Humble Bee, if you come again, you will not find me at home ; or, if I am at home, not ready to receive you."

While Henry was saying these words, and was looking for his place in his grammar, which had fallen to the floor in his haste to shut the window, he heard a little kind of niv-

bling rattling noise in the old wainscot. "What now," said the little boy; "who is coming next?" He turned towards the side whence the noise came, and there was a pretty little brown mouse with sparkling black eyes, peeping through a hole in the old wainscot.

"There now," said Henry, "there is a new visitor come; well, I am glad Puss is not here at any rate: get back Mrs. Mouse, get back to your hiding-place; but I will not look at you; I *will* learn, I am *determined* to learn." So he turned his face again to another corner of the room, and had just settled himself to learn with all his might and main, when a monstrous large spider let himself down from the ceiling right above his head, and dropped upon his book; Henry shook him off without hurting him, saying, "I will tell you what,

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ladies and gentlemen: I won't care for any of you, that will be the best way; that is, I will try not to care for you. I hope I shall be helped to do right; and then, Mrs. Pigeon, you may coo; and Mrs. Butterfly, you may flutter; and Mr. Humble Bee, you may buz; and Mrs. Mouse, you may nibble; and Mr. Spider you may spin; but still I shall be able to learn my lesson." So little Henry being filled with a desire to do well, no doubt from above, kept looking at his book, and repeating the words with all his might, till he was able to say his lesson quite perfectly, and then he went joyfully down to his uncle, and when he had said his lesson, he gave an account of all his visitors to his kind old friend.

In reply to little Henry's story, Mr. Dalben made this remark:

"My dear boy, whenever we have



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any duty to perform, whether a duty of little or much importance, we shall assuredly meet with difficulties; difficulties from our own hearts within, and difficulties from the world without. Now these difficulties, whether they be great or small, are such as no man can vanquish in his proper strength; and therefore we see persons who are not religious, so changeable and variable in their conduct, and so light and inconsistent in all they do; but those who are supported by the help of God, are enabled to overcome all trials."



## HAY-MAKING.

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**W**HAT a sweet field was that into which Henry Milner went to make hay with his uncle, on the afternoon of the same day in which he had received so many visitors in his little bed-room.

As he was going through the hall immediately after dinner, his uncle called him to the door of a closet under the stair-case, and presented him with a nice, strong, little rake

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which he had made for him, and a fork, which, though not made of iron, was very substantial, and would not easily be broken.

“You will see the other hay-makers at work, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “and you must do as they do.”

When they arrived in the field, they saw Thomas very busy with several poor work people out of the village.

Mr. Dalben had brought a book with him, and soon seated himself quietly on the grass near the brook to read; but Henry fell to work in tossing about the hay with so little moderation, that in less than an hour he was quite tired, and was glad to sit down for a while by his uncle on the grass.

“I thought,” said Mr. Dalben, “how it would be, Master Henry, when you set to work so furiously; and I think,



if I heard rightly, Thomas warned you against so doing. Remember, my little man, from this adventure in the hay-field, that when you wish to work long, and to make yourself

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really useful, you must begin with moderation, and not exhaust yourself at first setting out."

Henry held down his head, and looked a little ashamed. Mr. Dalben, however, said no more on the subject, but advised him to remain quiet a while to cool himself.

Now, while Henry was sitting with his uncle in the field, they fell into some very pleasant and sweet conversations. Mr. Dalben pointed out to the little boy, the brook which came tumbling from the high grounds above, and now ran gently murmuring at their feet; and then he explained to him the use of these little brooks.

"In countries," he said, "where these springs do not abound, the people are obliged to dig wells with immense labor, and to draw out water from the bowels of the earth; and

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where water is not thus supplied, the lands become parched and dry, and will neither produce trees nor grass."

The good old gentlemen then went on to speak of the Holy Spirit of God, "whose blessed gifts and graces," he told the little boy, "were compared in the Bible to gentle showers, and early dew, and flowing brooks and fountains; because," added he, "showers, and dew, and running brooks soften the hard earth, and fit it for producing flowers, and fruit, corn and herbs; and the Holy Spirit coming into the stony hearts of men makes them soft and tender, and fit for bringing forth holy and blessed works; therefore it is said, 'He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth.'"

"Is my heart tender?" said little Henry.

"I dare not yet say," said Mr. Dal-

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ben, "that I think it so. You certainly have not shown so many naughty tempers lately as you used to do; but if your heart was really changed, you would love God more than you do; and when any disagreeable task was given you to do, you would endeavor to do it with pleasure, hoping thereby to please your God."

"Oh!" said Henry, "I wish that the Holy Spirit of God would make my heart soft and tender."

"For whose sake, and in whose name, ought you to seek the help of the Holy Spirit?" said Mr. Dalben.

"In the name of my Saviour," returned Henry.

"Remember, my boy, that it is in the name of Christ, and through his merits only, that you or I, or any poor sinful creature, must expect any favor from above."

The discourse between Mr. Dal-

ben and Henry then took a different turn, and Mr. Dalben spoke of the sheep and lambs which were feeding on the other side of the brook.

“I knew a good old gentleman,” said Mr. D. “who died twenty years ago, who knew the history of many of the living creatures in the country, and could tell their modes of life and manners. He knew all the four footed creatures which inhabit this land.

“And did he fear God?” said little Henry.

“Yes, my dear boy,” said Mr. Dalben; “for I should not call any man good who did not fear God.”

“Shall I ever understand any thing about these creatures?” said Henry.

“You are a very little boy yet,” said Mr. Dalben; “but you may learn about these things if you will study your lessons instead of giving your atten-



tion to play like some idle boys, at whose mischievous tricks we might laugh if performed by so many monk-



eys, but which are wicked when performed by children who have been taught to know better. But here comes Sally, with a pail full of skimmed milk and a loaf of brown bread for the haymakers.”

“ O uncle, may I wait upon them ? ”  
said Henry.

“They will not want much attendance, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “but whilst they are at their supper, you shall read to them a chapter in the Bible, provided you will speak out plainly, and in an audible voice,”

The haymakers soon gathered round the milk-pail, thanking Mr. Dalben for this unexpected treat, and Sally gave to each person, great and small, an iron spoon and a piece of bread. And Mr. Dalben having first given God thanks, they began to eat and Henry read a portion of Scripture. By the time the haymakers had finished their meal; there was a little fog beginning to rise from the brook at the bottom of the meadow, and Mr. Dalben thought it best to take Henry by the hand, and return to the house.

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THE  
**MILNER TOYS,**

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I.

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