

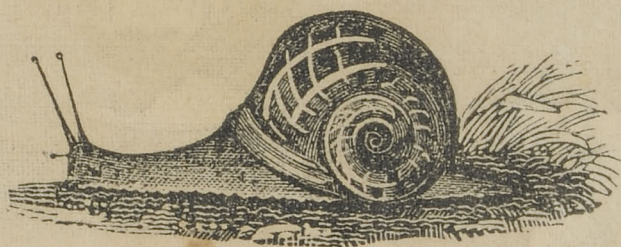
MASTER HENRY'S



WALK



MASTER HENRY'S  
WALK;  
AND  
THE STORY OF  
JENNY CRAWLEY.



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TROY, N. Y.  
MERRIAM & MOORE.



THE PLEASANT HOME.



## MASTER HENRY'S WALK.

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**O**NE day after the hay season was over, Mr. Dalben took Henry Milner in the afternoon to visit a wood about a mile distant, to

which he had promised to take him as soon as he was able to walk so far.

As they were going along, he talked to him about the six classes of animals, of which he had spoken to before, viz.: the animals of the first class, which are known by their feeding their young ones with their milk; the second class, which consists of birds; the third class, which are called amphibia, creatures which live both in the water and on land; the fourth class, which are fishes; the fifth, which consists of insects; and the sixth, which are worms: "And now, Henry," he said, "can you point out to me one of each sort as we go along. Let us see who will first discover an animal of the first class."

The first part of their way to the wood lay through a lane enclosed on each side by a high hedge; here Henry saw many birds, and found

several snail-shells, some of which shells had snails in them; and therefore Mr. Dalben would not allow him to meddle with them; but neither birds nor snails would do for their first class, because birds and snails do not feed their young ones with milk: at length, on the lane taking a



turn, Henry being a few steps before his uncle, cried out, "I am first, I am first; I have found it—a *donkey*, a

*donkey, a donkey.*" Henry had reason to rejoice; there was just before him a poor little gray donkey with two rude boys on his back.

Mr. Dalben smiled, and said, "You are right, Henry: the poor donkey belongs to the first class, a specimen of which we are looking for, and you have seen him first; and I hope you feel yourself much obliged to him for coming this way; and now Henry, let us look for an animal of the second class."

"The second class?" said Henry: "oh! those are birds; I have seen a great number since I came out, but now I cannot see one. How tiresome! oh, there is one in the hedge: no it is not one: it is only a leaf shaking. Well, this is provoking, when there were so many just now, and now I cannot see one."

"Why so impatient, Henry?" said



Mr. Dalben. "If you were a king or a prince now, and had power, you would do some very rash thing, because you cannot see a bird the very moment you desire to do so; is this right, Henry?"

Henry looked ashamed, and remained silent a moment, till at length he espied a hen and chickens in the adjoining field.



"There, uncle, there," said Henry, "there is one of the second class."

“Very well, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben; “you have found a creature of the first class, and one also of the second; we must now find a specimen of the third.”

“The third class?” said Henry: “oh, those are creatures which live on land sometimes, and sometimes in water; what do you call them Sir?”

Mr. Dalben replied, “Amphibia.”

“Amphibia, Sir,” said Henry; “what kind of creatures are those?”

Mr. Dalben answered, “Tortoises, and frogs, and toads, and lizards, and serpents.”

“Oh!” said Henry, “these are all ill looking things. I think, uncle, I will leave it to you to find one of these.”

“They are ill looking,” said Mr. Dalben, “as you say, Henry, and some of them very hurtful. These animals have cold blood, and gener-

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ally naked bodies; and their colors are often dark and disgusting."

"Are there any in this lane, uncle?" said Henry

"A little farther on," said Mr. Dalben, "is a green ditch; and perhaps, if we mind what we are about, we may find some frogs in it. There it is a little before us."

Mr. Dalben and Henry hastened on, till coming into a wider part of the lane, they saw a green stagnant puddle on one side, and in this green puddle they saw a number of little animals, about two inches or more in length, having no legs and long tails.

"What are these creatures?" said Henry.

"They are young frogs," said Mr. Dalben; "when they are about six weeks old their tails will fall off, and they will have legs: these creatures belong to the third class of animals,

namely, the amphibia; and we have now found an example of three classes."

"I found two, uncle, and you have found one," said Henry: "and now it is my turn to look again. Will you tell me, uncle, once more, what is the fourth class?"

"The fourth class, Henry," said Mr. Dalben, "are fish: they breathe in a different manner from what we do, and the bodies of most of them are covered with scales."

"Oh! uncle," said Henry impatiently, "I wish I could find one."

"Henry Milner, Henry Milner," said Mr. Dalben, smiling, "command yourself, my boy: for if you give way to impatience, as you did when looking for a bird, I fear you will be quite out of your senses before you find a fish in this dusty lane; unless it should happen here as I have been

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told it sometimes does in India and other hot countries, that a violent shower of rain should fall, and in it a number of small fish."

By the time that Henry had done wondering and talking about this story, they were come to the end of the lane, and passing over a stile they entered upon a wide and open field, where a number of sheep and lambs were feeding on the soft and thymy herbage.

"No hope, Henry, of finding any fish here," said Mr. Dalben, "any more than in the lane which we have just left. I should therefore advise, that we put off finding our other three classes till another afternoon. They then crossed a pleasant field where the sheep were feeding, and entered into a thick wood, through the midst of which ran a narrow winding path, which as they passed

on, sometimes led them up hill, and sometimes descended into the bottom of a narrow valley or dingle



Having gone on for some little time, just as they were passing a

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party of boys who were quarreling with each other, they came within sight of an old cottage; the timbers had been painted black, and still retained their color, but the white plaster had been rendered yellow and gray by time; and in many places both lath and plaster had fallen so entirely away, that the inner chambers were open to the outward air. A few panes of greenish glass were still left in one of the casements, but half the old door of the house was gone.

“Could your dear father visit this world again,” said Mr. Dalben, “there is perhaps no place which he would behold with more delight than this old cottage, because here it was that he was first permitted to exert himself in the service of his God.”

## JENNY CRAWLEY.

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**A**BOUT twenty years ago, there lived in the house which you see before you, Henry, said Mr. Dalben, "an old woman of the name of Jenny Crawley. This old woman lived here alone, and had done so for many years. She maintained herself by making matches and brooms, and by buying and selling rags for paper. She was always seen in the same dress; namely, a petticoat patched from top to bottom, with patches of all manner of colors and shapes; a short blue jacket, an apron and handkerchief, and a flat hat made of



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felt. She was never seen at a place of worship, and could not read. Her only companions in this place were a gray cat and a magpie; and she had little furniture in her house, but an old wicker chair, a three-legged stool, a three-cornered oak table, a tea-kettle, and a few cracked cups and plates: her bed, which was in the room up stairs, was as uncomfortable as the rest of her furniture."

By the time Mr. Dalben had told thus much of his story, they were come to the door of the cottage; and as what was left of the door was open, they went in.

The lower room was quite stripped and empty, excepting that the mantle shelf and part of an old window shutter were left, and in one corner were the remains of an old mop made of different colored rags.

"There," said Mr. Dalben, "on the

side of the chimney nearest the window, the old woman used to sit, and often and often have I seen your dear papa placed on the three-legged stool opposite to her: but I must tell you how your papa got acquainted with her, and what he was enabled to do for her; and, as we both stand in need of a little rest, let us sit down on the foot of this stair, and I will tell you the whole story. When your father was about twelve years of age, we were told that old Jenny Crawley was so ill with a lameness in one foot, that she was not able to carry on her trade of selling brooms and matches, and that she was suffering great distress from want: having only a little colored girl to take care of her. When your father heard this, he asked my leave to take her every day some little thing out of the kitchen; and I afterwards



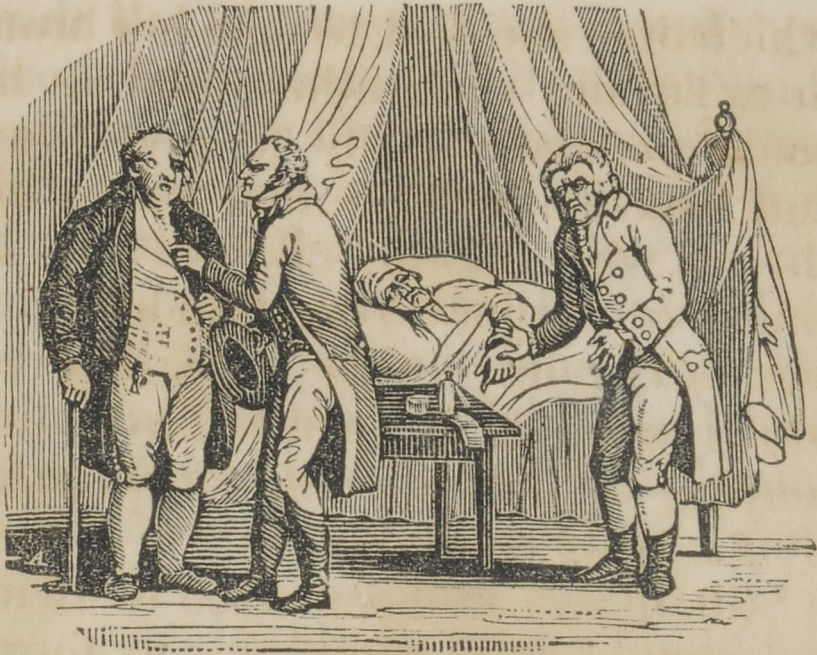
found that he added all the money he had in the world, which he spent in buying the old woman a coarse gray cloak, for it was the depth of winter. From that time he went every day for nearly a year, about

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which time she died, to take her broth or milk, and such other food as he could persuade Kitty to give him; and I have often seen him put by his cheese, when he was allowed a bit at dinner or supper, to carry to his poor woman, or any other little nice bit which he might happen to have, thus denying his own appetite for the sake of this poor creature.

When he had been once or twice to see this poor woman, and found that she knew nothing about her God, or about the dear Saviour, he asked me if I would allow him to take a Bible, and read to her, and I gave my permission.

“It happened at that time, that I had a very bad cough, which obliged me to remain within doors for as much as two months—but as soon as I was able to go out, I went to see her with the physician. And I



was quite surprised to find how much he had been enabled to teach this poor ignorant creature, and how thankful she was. 'Dear sir,' she said, 'if it had not been for Master Milner, I should have died for want; but what he has done, as to providing me with food and clothing, is nothing in comparison of what he has told me about my Saviour. Why, sir, though living in a Christian coun-

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try, I was as ignorant of all these things as the babe unborn; and should have remained so until my dying day, if it had not been for dear little master.' I told her, that it must not be to Master Milner that she must give the glory and thanks; but to God. And I was glad to hear her say, that your dear papa had told her the same thing; and that he would never allow her to thank him for any thing he had done; but would always say, 'No, Jenny, no—don't say a word about it to me. I am very glad if I have done any thing to make you comfortable; but it is not me, it is God you must thank for all your comforts.' "

Mr. Dalben then arose and made his way up the old stairs, followed by Henry. The old stairs shook under them as they stepped upon them; but they got safely to the top of

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them, and found a room above, of the same size as the lower room: in this room there was no furniture excepting an old oaken bedstead, so eaten with worms, that one of the feet had given way, and the sacking was all in tatters; on the wall were the remains of an old penny print, which represented the ascension of our Saviour into heaven; it was colored, and had been pasted to the wall; it was placed exactly opposite to the bed.

“Ah!” said Mr. Dalben, “that picture I have often seen in your father’s hands; and I remember when he pasted it up against this wall, thinking it would please the old woman to look at it, when she was confined to her bed.”

Henry looked at the picture till the tears came into his eyes, and he said, “Oh! uncle, shall I ever be as good as my papa?”

“Your papa, my dear Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “was by nature no better than you are. He was born with an evil heart; but the Spirit of God was poured upon him; and the consequence was, that he was enabled to bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit. You know, my boy, what the fruits of the Spirit are?”

“Yes, uncle,” said Henry; “they are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness.—When the Holy Spirit enters our hearts, then our hearts are filled with these blessed feelings, and then we are very happy.”

“Very true, my boy,” returned Mr. Dalben; “and now let us look from this old broken casement, and see what beautiful places the Lord prepares in woods and solitary parts of the earth.”

“Oh! uncle,” said little Henry,



looking out from the window, "what a pretty place!"

"Your dear father," said Mr. Dalben, "used often to sit by this window, and read to poor Jane Crawley, when she was confined to her bed, which she was for some months before she died: and I know that he often used to look upon that scene with delight; for he had learned to admire these beautiful works of God.

"We had provided an old woman to take care of poor Jenny; but it was from your father that she learned all those heavenly truths which were, with the divine blessing, to make her eternally happy.

"Though he was very young, he was enabled to teach her all these things; and, as I before said, he preferred the pleasure of visiting and talking with her, to all his sports and amusements. He continued to attend

her every day till she died: and he, perhaps, at this moment, is standing before the throne of God, in the company of this poor creature, to whom he was enabled to show so much kindness when in this world.

When Mr. Dalben had spoken these last words, he took Henry's hand, and they went down the old stairs, and out by the door of the house into the wood, on their way home.



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