

MASTER HENRY'S



GREEN BAG.



MASTER HENRY'S  
GREEN BAG;  
ITS LOSS  
AND RECOVERY.



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TROY, N. Y.  
MERRIAM & MOORE.

*Edw. S. Trice*



THE HUNTER'S LIFE.



THE FISH WOMAN.

## MASTER HENRY'S GREEN BAG

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**W**HEN little Henry Milner was about six years of age, Mr. Dalben allowed him to keep a certain bag of rubbish in a closet in the parlor, which the little boy prized not a little.

This green bag was the general repository of Henry's treasures; and one would have thought that there could be no fear of its being stolen, because the bag, together with all its contents, would never have fetched any thing like the value of a silver sixpence. The bag was made of a part of an old green baize floor-cloth, put together with infinite labor by Henry himself; and the contents were, an extraordinary assemblage of nails, string, snail-shells,

scraps of paper, sticks, old vials, a bundle of penny pictures, a knife that would not cut, and bits of broken plates, which Henry used as pallets and painting-stones.

It happened one day, that Mrs. Kitty the housekeeper threatening a thorough cleaning of the study, and a general dusting of the books, Mr.



Dalben, made his escape immediately after breakfast accompanied by Hen-

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ry, intending to spend the morning in the woods, and to dine and drink tea with a clergyman who resided in the neighborhood.

As soon as Mr. Dalben was clear off the premises, Mrs. Kitty began her operations; being aided by Thomas the gardener, Sally the cook, and the old wash-woman.

Who shall presume to give an account, of the clouds of dust which were now excited, and the violent concussions and agitations which took place, whilst Mrs. Kitty and her assistants, turned chairs, tables, carpets, cushions, rugs, and sofas, out of the windows as it were?

Every thing, however, went on successfully, till Mrs. Kitty, in an unfortunate moment, cast her eyes on Henry's green bag, which lay in a corner of the closet. and there she beheld a large snail crawling upon

the outside of the bag, with its shell on its back, and its horns erected in a most formidable manner.

It happened that Henry had been the day before in quest of snail-shells, and, though often warned to the contrary, had brought home one or two with their inhabitants still alive and well, within them. He had not done this with the actual intention of being disobedient, but through carelessness, which is almost as bad. The sight of this snail filled Mrs. Kitty with almost as much horror as if she had seen a serpent, coiled up in the corner of the closet: and such was her indignation, that she took up the bag with the tongs, and threw it out, together with its inestimable contents, into an ash-hole in the yard, muttering, as she went, "I wonder master will allow such rubbish and vermin to be in the parlors. Master



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used to be so particular, and would not allow a dog even to walk over the carpet; and now he suffers the child to litter the house from top to bottom. It is downright impossible to keep things clean and wholesome, while such doings are permitted."

Notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstance of the snail being found on the green bag, Mrs. Kitty had finished her operations, much to her own liking, by eight o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Dalben and Henry returned.



## MASTER HENRY'S LOSS.

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**T**HE next morning, Henry having learned his lessons, and received permission to play, went to

his usual corner to look for his bag; but no bag was to be found. The little boy never suspecting that his friend Mrs. Kitty would be so treacherous as to put away his treasures, searched all around for it, but in vain. The bag was not in his bed-room or his little garden; for Mr. Dalben had given him a bit of ground to dig



in and plant for himself; nor in the kennel, where he used now and then

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to put it, when his uncle called him to walk, and he had not time to run into the house with it; nor in the hollow tree in the garden; nor under his pillow. No—it was not to be found any where; and the little boy, full of grief, came to Mr. Dalben, to tell him of his distress.

Mr. Dalben, who was never deaf to Henry's complaints, got up from his desk, where he was writing, to look in his own cupboards, if by chance the bag might be found in any of them; but not finding it, he recollected the overturn which had taken place the day before, and suggesting the idea that Mrs. Kitty had perhaps removed the bag, advised the little boy to make some inquiries of her respecting it. At the idea of Mrs. Kitty's taking away his treasure, Henry's indignation rose, and he walked out into the kitchen, in a

state of high displeasure, and seeing the housekeeper, he said, "Where did you put my bag, Mrs. Kitty?"

"What bag?" said the housekeeper, still going on with certain preparations for cooking which she had in hand.

"*My* bag," said Henry, swelling with passion; "my green bag."

"What! your bag of rubbish?" returned Mrs. Kitty; "have you lost it?"

"Yes," said Henry, "and you have taken it."

"How do you know I have taken it?" said Mrs. Kitty.

"I know you have," said Henry, "I know by your face: and if you won't tell me, I will complain to my uncle, that I will."

"Do then, Sir," said Mrs. Kitty; "and tell him also, that you have live snails and all kind of vermin in it."

By this time Henry was in a vio-

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lent passion, and seeing Thomas in the garden, he ran out to make his complaints to him.

Thomas could not help smiling at the violent heat and agitation of the child. However, he told the little boy, that he had seen Mrs. Kitty carry out the bag with the tongs, and that he believed she had put it into the ash-hole.

“O did she?” said Henry; “then I will soon have it out.” Accordingly, he ran to the place, brought out the bag, which was covered with ashes, and presently appeared on the out-side of the kitchen window, which was open, it being summer-time, with the bag slung over his shoulders, his hands, and face, and his nankeen coat, being black with ashes.

“Oh, oh, Mrs. Kitty,” said Henry, calling through the window; and so

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I have discovered your tricks. I have got my bag in spite of you. I have found it; you shan't have it again." So saying, he darted through the hall door into the study, and laid his bag of treasures, ashes and all, on the Turkey carpet at the feet of his uncle.

Mr. Dalben had scarcely had time to wonder at the strange appearance of Henry, who looked not very unlike a little chimney-sweeper, with his bag of soot on his back, before Mrs. Kitty rushed into the parlor and threw herself into a seat, in a state of the most violent indignation; at sight of whom, Henry snatched up his bag, and ran to the other side of his uncle's chair; by the same motion, making the dust fly over his uncle's coat and neckcloth, and causing the old gentleman to cough with considerable violence.



## MRS. KITTY'S COMPLAINT.

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**M**R. KITTY did not, however, wait till Mr. Dalben had recovered his breath, before she gave

utterance to her anger. "Sir," she said, "I hope you will please to punish Master Henry; for it is no use for me to be slaving myself to death to keep your house clean, if he is to be allowed to play such pranks. You might as well, Sir, have one of the sweeps in your house, as Master Milner in the condition he now is. Please, Sir, to look at his coat, and his face and hands; did you ever see the like? Did you ever see any one in such a shocking condition?"

Mr. Dalben looked at Kitty, then at Henry, being unable to comprehend any thing at all of the matter. The excessive anger of the housekeeper, and the extraordinary dirtiness of Henry's appearance, at length, however, set him to laugh; by which he inflamed in no small degree the anger of Mrs. Kitty; who thereupon began again to expostulate. "Clean-



ing as I was," she said, "all yesterday, I, and Thomas, and Sally, and Betty Lea, all day long, and so nice as the study looked; and to think that Master Milner should have got down into the ash-hole, to daub himself all over, and then come in here, treading the ashes all over your best carpet—indeed, Sir, it is very provoking."

"Is that true, Henry?" said Mr. Dalben.

"Yes; uncle," said Henry; "I went in for my bag, which Mrs. Kitty had put there."

Mr. Dalben now began to comprehend the state of the case, and to have some notion of the cause of the quarrel between Mrs. Kitty and the little boy; and after a little consideration, as he doubted not but that Henry had been hasty and impertinent, he insisted on his begging



Mrs. Kitty's pardon. After which, he delivered him into the hands of Thomas, who put him into a tub of water; with the help of which, and

a suit of clean clothes, he was presently put into a clean plight; and with the assistance of a broom and duster in the parlor, all was again brought into good order; especially as Sally very kindly undertook to wash the green bag, and to restore it to its former respectable condition.

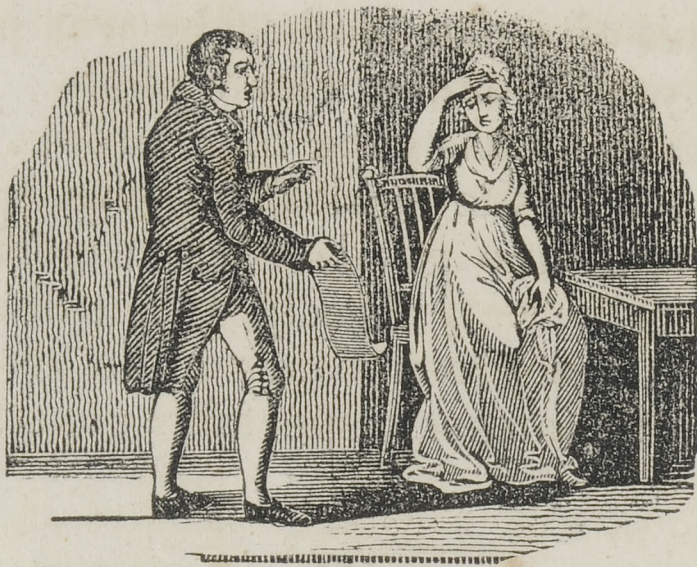


MASTER HENRY'S PENITENCE.

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**I**N the afternoon of this same day, after Mr. Dalben had spoken to Mrs. Kitty about the green bag, and while Henry was still humbled under the shame of his misbehavior, Mr. Dalben took him out to walk; and whilst they were together, they fell into the following discourse.

“Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “let



us talk a little about the affair of the green bag. Did you behave ill in that matter, do you think? let us consider the point."

"Uncle," said Henry, "I think Mrs. Kitty should not have thrown it among the ashes."

"And you ought not to have brought living snails into the house," said Mr. Dalben.

"I did not intend to do it uncle,"

said Henry ; " I did not see that there were snails in the shells."

" When we are told to attend to any duty, Henry," returned Mr. Dalben, " we must not plead carelessness as an excuse, and I will give you this reason ; because carelessness will not be received as an excuse at the day of judgment. It will not do then to say, I have done wrong, but I did not intend to do wrong, it was because I was thinking of something else. The holy God will not receive this as an excuse ; and it is always wise and prudent for us to judge ourselves, as we shall be hereafter judged. The ignorance and carelessness of men, and women, and children, Henry, is the cause of much sin. We may often see this even among children in their plays ; by mere carelessness they often provoke one another to anger or other

evil passions; they are often ignorant because they will not learn, and



careless because they will not be attentive.”

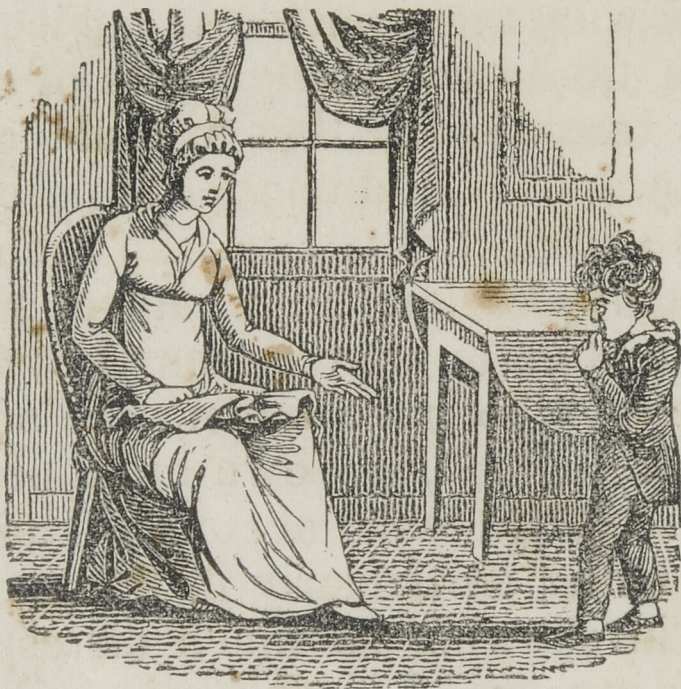
“But,” said Henry, “was it kind of Mrs. Kitty to throw my bag among the ashes?”

“Was it kind of you, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben, “to bring so much dirt into the parlor, after Kitty had been at such trouble to clean it? And so, if you speak of unkindness, you have

been quite as unkind as Kitty. And now, Henry, I must point out to you another thing, in which you have acted wrong this day. Our Lord Jesus Christ, though God in human flesh, thought it a duty to submit himself to his mother and to the man who was called his father; he lived with them, and was subject to them, till he was thirty years of age, thus teaching us that we not only ought to obey and honor our parents, but to respect all those who are older than ourselves, in whatever rank or situation in life they may be; and to those who have taken care of us in our infancy, we owe an especial regard. On this account, Henry, you acted particularly ill this morning, in showing so much disrespect for Kitty; and I hope, my boy, when you return, that you will go to her with all you heart, and express your

sorrow, and beg her to love you as she used to do."

During the remainder of the walk, little Henry looked very serious, and as soon as he got home, he ran to his cupboard, brought out his green bag, which Sally had washed,



and in which he had again put all his little treasure; and carrying it



into the kitchen, where Mrs. Kitty was at work, he laid it at her feet, and bursting into tears, he said, "There Mrs. Kitty, take my bag, and do what you please with it; only forgive me for all my naughtiness, and love me as you used to do."

Mrs. Kitty was quite overcome, with this generous conduct of the little boy. She threw down her work, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him many times, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Take your bag again, dear Master Milner," said Mrs. Kitty: "I am very sorry that I was so angry with you this morning: I never will put away your treasures again; no, never as long as I live." So saying, she took up the bag, put it again into Henry's hand, and he heard her say, while running out of the

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kitchen, "He is just like his dear father, Sally, just such another; the Lord Almighty bless him!"

And thus I conclude the history of the green bag, in a manner which, I think, will be agreeable to all little boys who love God.

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THE  
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