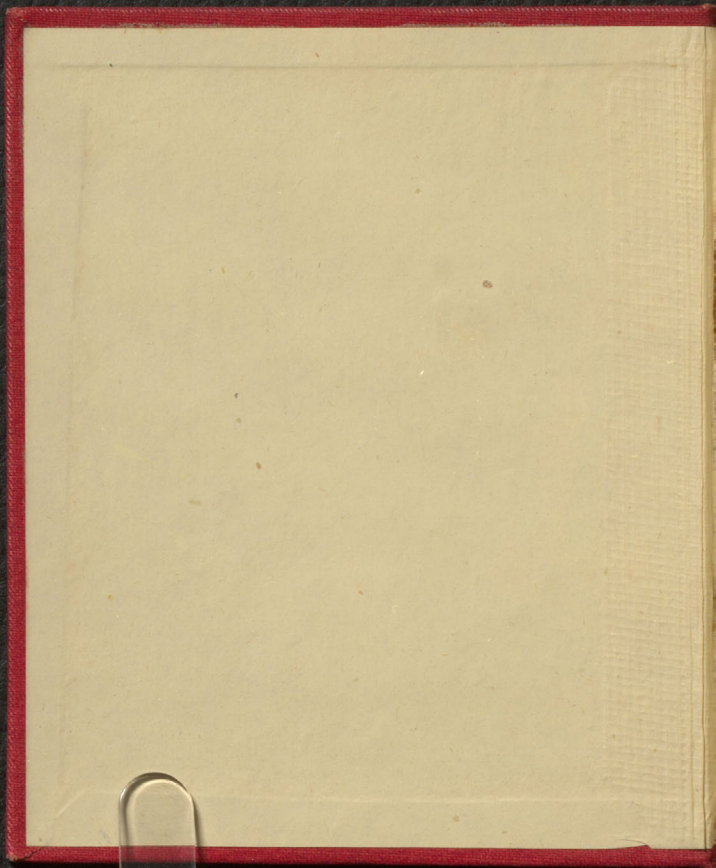
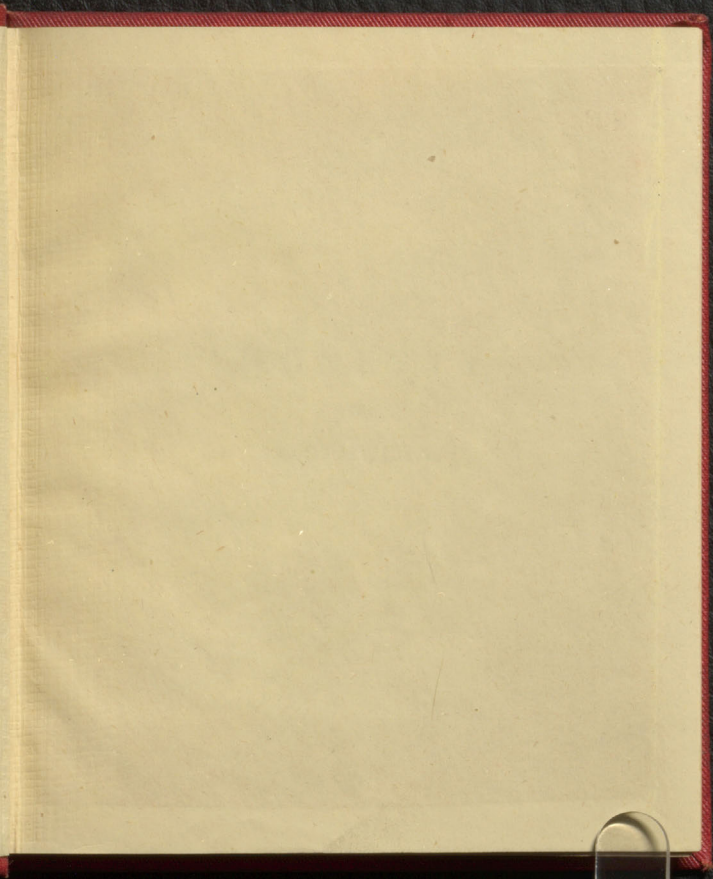


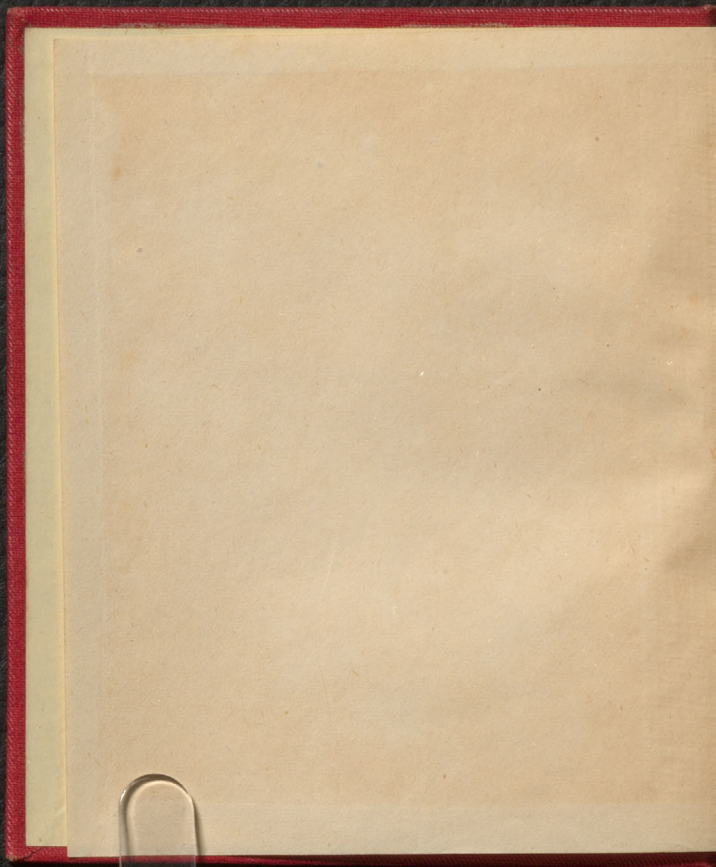
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HONESTY IS THE
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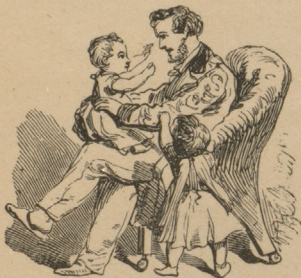
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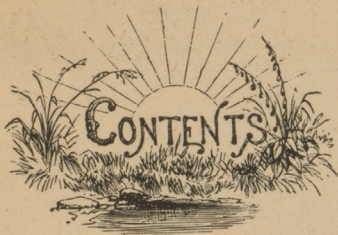
SHORT STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

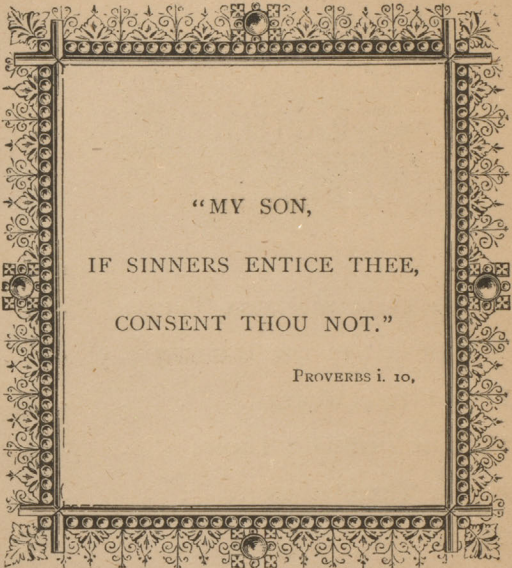
LITTLE DAVID.

BEN AND HIS MOTHER.

BRAVE LITTLE BOYS



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“MY SON,
IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE,
CONSENT THOU NOT.”

PROVERBS i. 10.

FAITHFULNESS
IN LITTLE THINGS.



“Is Mr. Harris in?” inquired a neatly-dressed boy of twelve or thirteen to a clerk, as he stood by the counter of a large publisher’s shop.

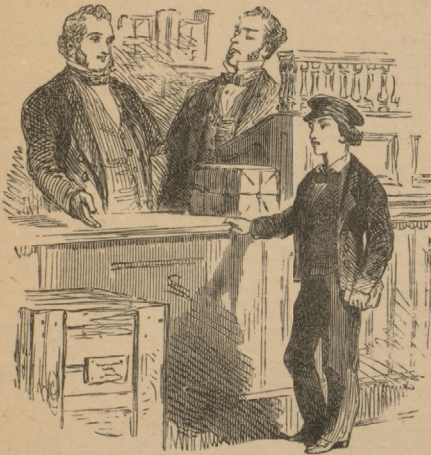
The well-paid clerk regarded the boy with a haughty look, and answered: “Mr. Harris is in, but he is engaged.”

8 *Faithfulness in Little Things.*

The boy looked at the clerk hesitatingly, and then said: "If he is not particularly engaged, I should like much to see him."

"If you have any business to transact, I can attend to it," replied the clerk; "Mr. Harris cannot be troubled with boys like you."

"What is it, Morley?" said a pleasant-looking elderly man, stepping up to the clerk; "what does the boy want?"



“WHAT DOES THE BOY WANT?”

B

“He insisted on seeing you, though I told him you were engaged,” returned the clerk, a little abashed by the manner of his employer.

“And what would you have with me, my lad?” inquired Mr. Harris, kindly.

The boy raised his eyes, and timidly said, “I wish you to look at the bill of some books which I bought here some three months since, sir; there is a

mistake in it which I wish to correct."

"Ah, my boy, I see," replied Mr. Harris, "you have overpaid us, I suppose."

"No, sir," answered the boy. "On the contrary, I purchased some books which are not charged in the bill, and I have called to pay you for them."

Mr. Harris folded his arms across his breast, regarded the boy earnestly for a moment,

and then asked, "When did you discover this mistake?"

"Not until I reached home," replied the lad. "When I paid for the books I was in a great hurry, fearing the steamboat would leave before I could reach it, and did not examine the bill."

"Why did you not return and rectify the mistake?" asked the gentleman in a tone slightly altered.

"Because, sir, I live at some

distance from the city, and have not been able to return until now."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Harris, "you have given me great pleasure. In a long life of mercantile business, I have never met with an instance of this kind before. You have acted nobly, and deserve a recompense."

"I ask no recompense, sir," returned the boy, proudly; "I

have done nothing but my *duty*—a simple act of justice, and that deserves no reward but itself.”

“ May I ask who taught you such noble principles?” inquired Mr. Harris.

“ *My mother,*” answered the boy, bursting into tears.

“ Blessed is the child who has such a mother,” said Mr. Harris, with much emotion; “ and blessed is the mother of

such a child. Be faithful to her teachings, my dear boy, and you will be the staff of her declining years."

"Sir," sobbed the boy, "*my mother is dead!* It was her sickness and death which prevented me from coming here before."

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"Edward DeLong."

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir; my father died when I was an infant."

"Where do you reside?"

"In the town of Linwood, about fifty miles from here."

"Well, my boy, what were the books which were forgotten?"

"Tacitus, and a Latin Dictionary."

"Let me see the bill. Ah! signed by A. C. Morley. I will see to that. Here, Mr. Morley," called Mr. Harris;

but that functionary was busily engaged bowing and smiling to a customer at the opposite side of the shop.

“Edward,” continued the kind-hearted Mr. Harris, “I am not going to reward you for what you have done, but I wish to manifest my approbation of your conduct in such a manner as to make you remember the wise and excellent precepts of your departed mother. Select

18 *Faithfulness in Little Things.*

from my shop any ten books you choose, which, in addition to the two you had before, shall be a present to you ; and from henceforth, as now, my boy, remember not to “despise the day of little things.”—If ever you need a friend, call on me ; and, for your mother’s sake, I will assist you, since you have acted most nobly.”

When the grateful boy left the warehouse, through his own

Faithfulness in Little Things. 19

tears he saw the moistened eyes of his kind benefactor.

Edward DeLong wished for knowledge; and though the scanty means of his mother could hardly satisfy his desire, he had advanced far beyond most boys of his age. By working nights and mornings for a neighbour, he had amassed what seemed to him a large sum of money, and this was expended in books.

20 *Faithfulness in Little Things.*

Scarcely was he in possession of his treasures, when his mother sickened and died. His home was now with a man who regarded money as the chief end and aim of his life, and severe and constant labour as the only means of obtaining that end.

For two years Edward struggled with his hopeless condition. Toil, early and late, was his doom; and to his oft-

expressed wish of obtaining an education, his employer answered :

“ Learning never made corn grow, or tilled a field, and what is the use of it? I can only read and write ; and there ain't a richer man in the place, not excepting Squire Morrison, with all his learnt notions.” . . .

“ Is Mr. Harris in?” inquired Edward, as he again entered

the shop of that very worthy gentleman.

“Will you wait a moment, and he will be at liberty.”

“Did you wish to see me?” asked Mr. Harris of the boy, whose thoughts were so intense that he had not noticed the approach of his friend.

“Mr. Harris!” exclaimed Edward, and it was all that he could say.

“My noble Edward!” said

the gentleman. "And you have needed a friend. Well, you shall have one."

Five years from that time Edward Delong was the confidential clerk of Mr. Harris, and in three more a partner in the firm. The integrity of purpose which first won the regard of his benefactor, was his guide in after life. Prosperity crowned his efforts, and happiness blessed his heart—

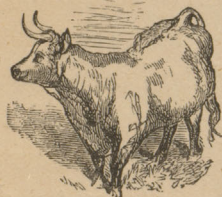
24 *Faithfulness in Little Things.*

the never-failing result of faith-
fulness in "little things."

MARY IRVING.



THE
DUKE AND THE HERD BOY.



SOME years ago, the late Duke of Buccleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighbourhood of Dalkeith, and left

orders to send it to his palace the following morning. According to agreement, the cow was sent; and the Duke, who happened to be in his morning dress, walking in the avenue, espied a little fellow ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the Duke, bawled out to him:

“Hie! mun, come here an’ gie’s a hand wi’ this beast.”



THE BOY CALLING TO THE DUKE.

The Duke saw the mistake, and determined to have a joke with the little fellow. Pretending, therefore, not to understand him, the Duke walked on slowly, the boy still loudly craving his assistance; at last he cries, in a tone of apparently deep distress :

“Come here, mun, an’ help us, an’ as sure as ony thing I’ll give you half I get !”

This last solicitation had the

desired effect. The Duke went and lent the helping hand.

“And now,” said the Duke, as they trudged along, “how much do you think ye’ll get for this job?”

“Oh, dinna ken,” said the boy; “but I am sure o’ something, for the folk up by at the house are good to a’ bodies.”

As they came near the house, the Duke darted from the boy, and entered by a different way.

He called a servant, and put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy that has brought the cow." The Duke returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy; "an' there's half o' it t'ye."

"But you surely got more than a shilling," said the Duke.

“No,” said the boy, with the utmost earnestness, “sure that’s a’ I got—an’ d’ye no’ think it’s plenty?”

“I do not,” said the Duke: “there must be some mistake; and, as I am acquainted with the Duke, if you return, I think I’ll get you more.”

The boy consented. Back they went: the Duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

“Now,” said the Duke to the boy, “point me out the person who gave you the shilling, so that I may inquire into the matter.”

“It was that chap there with the apron,” pointing to the butler.

The delinquent confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the Duke, interrupting him, indignantly ordered him to give the boy the

sovereign, and quit his service instantly.

“You have lost,” said the Duke, “your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness; learn henceforth that honesty is the best policy.”

The boy by this time recognised his assistant in the person of the Duke; and the Duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty

34 *The Duke and the Herdboy.*

of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for, at his own expense.



FOUR LITTLE WORDS.



“FOUR little words did me more good, when I was a boy, than almost any thing else,” said a gentleman the other day. “I cannot reckon up all the good they have done me; they were the first words which my mother taught me.”

“Indeed! what were the four little words?” said I.

He answered me by relating the following story:—

“My father grafted a pear-tree: it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed; and it bore but one pear. They were said to be a good kind of pear, and my father was quite anxious to see if they came up to the man’s promises. This single pear, then, was an object of some

concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe: the high winds, he hoped, would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to the children on no account to touch it. The graft was low, and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother. 'There is some prospect of our having good pears.'

“Everybody who came into the garden he took to the graft, and everybody said, ‘It will prove to be a most excellent pear.’

“‘Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bite,’ I cried, as I followed father one day down the alley to the pear-tree.

“‘Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week,’ said my father.

“I thought I loved pears

better than anything else; often I used to stop and look longingly up at this. 'Oh, how good it looks!' I used to think, smacking my lips; 'I wish it was all mine.'

"The early apples did not taste as good, the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone, under that beautiful pear-tree,

the greater my longing for it, until I was seized with the idea of getting it. 'Oh, I wish I had it,' was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

"One night, after we were in bed, my brothers fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about, and could not get to sleep. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon; no noise except the hum

of numberless insects. My father and my mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window, and peeped into the garden. I snuffed pleasant smells. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direction of the pear-tree. My mouth was parched; I was thirsty; I thought how good a juicy pear would taste. I was tempted.

“ A few moments found me

creeping down the back stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, nor trousers on. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it

open, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out in the clear air. I ran down the walk. The pattering of my feet made no noise on the moist earth. I stopped a moment and looked all around; then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

“ ‘ Father will think the wind has knocked it off;’ but there was not a breath of air stirring.

‘Father will think somebody has stolen it—some boys came in the night, and robbed the garden—he’ll never know.’ I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do. ‘Oh, it will taste so good! and father never will, never can, know it; he never would think I took it.’

“ I leaned against the trunk of the tree, and raised my hand to find it, and to snatch it. On



THE TEMPTATION.

tiptoe, with my hand uplifted, and my head turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves. 'THOU GOD SEEST ME!' I could not help saying over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and hid my face. It seemed as if father, mother, and all the boys, and everybody in town, would take

me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day. It was some time before I dared to move, so vividly was the impression made upon my mind by the awful truth in those four words, 'Thou God seest me.' I knew He saw me. I felt that He saw me.

"I hastened from the pear-tree; nothing on earth would have tempted me at that mo-

ment to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to bed again. I laid down beside Asa, feeling more like a condemned criminal than any thing else. No one in the house had seen me; but oh! it seemed as if everybody knew it, and I should never dare to meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and invo-

luntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself from a sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, divining into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences which, God be praised, I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, 'Thou God seest me,' stared me in the face, and I stood back, restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished : his story interested me greatly. I think it will interest many children. I hope it will do more than interest them—I hope it will do them good.

“Thou God seest me.”
These four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress, Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water.

The angel bade her return to her mistress, and told her some things in her life which Hagar thought nobody knew but herself. "Thou God seest me," she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God, for none but He could look into the most secret things.

Boys, learn these four small words. Let them be impressed on your hearts. Think of them

when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way; when alone, or when with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember—



HONESTY IN SMALL THINGS.



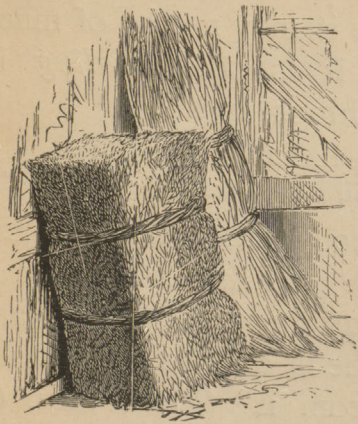
A FEW days ago, being in a shop, I noticed a gentleman, in passing along the street, stop to look at a truss of straw outside the shop; and then, stepping in, say to the shopman:

“I'm not a very profitable customer, but would you be so good as to allow me to take *one straw* from the bundle?”

The shopman replied, "Certainly, sir."

"I was giving my little girl a lesson on wheat," said the gentleman, "and I cannot make her understand how the grain comes into the ear; this straw will well serve to illustrate my lesson."

Little boys and girls should remember that when they sometimes pull a little bit of hay or straw from the bundles outside



HAY AND STRAW.

the shops *without leave*, although it may not be of much value, it is still *stealing* in little things, and

“He that dares to steal a pin,
Will likely steal a larger thing.”

“Thou shalt not *steal*” (Ex. xx. 15). “*Train up* a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it” (Prov. xxii. 6). “Let him that stole steal no more” (Eph. iv. 28.).

HOW A THIEF BEGAN.



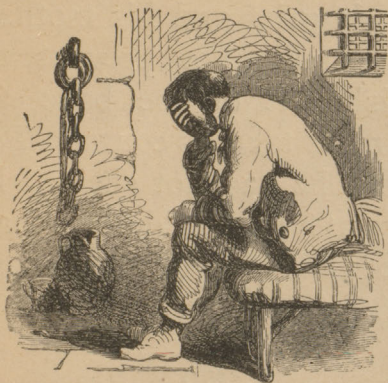
A BOY once slyly took a marble from a playmate while playing with him. The playmate had many marbles, and did not notice his loss. The same boys met frequently, and no notice was taken of the transaction, the little boy never having missed his marble.

This seemed to harden the

little boy who stole the marble, for soon after he seized the opportunity, when his mother was not at home, and took some cake from her cupboard. This also, was not discovered, which only seemed to harden him in his crime. Some time after this, he stole some money from his father, and spent it foolishly amongst his careless and wicked companions; but his father did not miss it either;

so the little boy became more and more emboldened, and thought he could go on this way whenever an opportunity presented itself; but, like all others who persist in sin, his sin found him out. He was sent as an errand boy to a milliner's shop, and, being a smart little fellow, became a favourite with his employer, and was frequently behind the counter; but again evil thoughts came

into his mind, and he robbed the good lady who employed him, first by taking small sums again and again without detection; but at last it was found out, and he was taken to prison, and sent far away to a strange land, and never saw his father and mother again. Who can describe the grief of those fond parents, when they found that their boy had been guilty of such a sinful and dishonour-



PRISONER IN CELL.

able thing as stealing? But his father's grief and his mother's tears could not prevent the punishment of the boy: the law must take its course. Perhaps if he had not cheated his playmate, he would never have robbed his employer, and come to so bad an end.

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|-----------------------------|
| THOU SHALT NOT STEAL. |
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THE STOLEN APPLE.



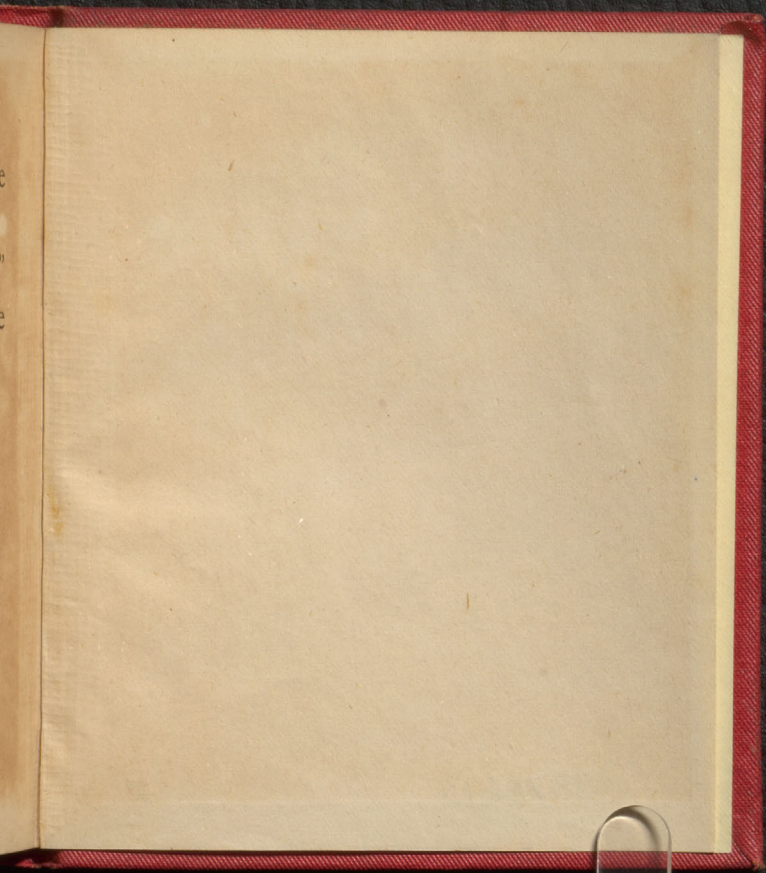
A BURGLAR, who was sentenced by Judge Park to be transported for life, was spoken to by a friend, relative to his *first theft*. The man pointed to the mark of a severe cut on his left hand, and said, "That was done, sir, when I was a boy. I fell from an apple-tree,

into which I had climbed for the purpose of stealing an apple.

“An apple was my first theft.”

Beware, young reader, of the first step in an evil course.





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