

THE

BOY'S TOKEN



WORCESTER:
PUBLISHED BY S. A. HOWLAND.





HAPPY CHARLES,

OR IMPATIENCE CURED.

“I don't wish to stay at home mother, I don't,” said little Charles one afternoon—
“I want to go out and play with the other boys.”

“No, Charles, you know that you have been unwell for two or three days, and I fear it would make you quite sick to go out to-day.”

“No, it would'nt make me sick either,” said Charles, beginning to cry in a cross and surly manner—“Mother, mayn't I go?”

She shook her head, and it was enough, for Charles knew that after his mother had

once refused him, it would be of no use to cry and tease her; so he hung up his cap and sat down, wishing he was a *man*, and then he could go out and *play with the boys* when he had a mind to.

He drew his little chair near the stove, where the cat and dog were lying. O, thought he, how happy are you, for you can play just as much as you please.

As the birds flew by the windows and



merrily sang in the trees, he looked out and wished he was as free and happy as they seemed to be. So he thought and wished, for as much as half an hour, without saying a single word. Then his mother kindly asked, "Do you not feel too warm sitting there? Had you not better sit farther from the fire?"

The fire was made of hard coal in a grate like this, and it was very hot.



"No," said he, pouting out his lips, without turning towards his mother, with his face as red as a blaze, for he was so warm.

"Charles, my son, I see you feel very angry, and it grieves me. You wish to play out of doors, in the damp air, but I think it would be imprudent. Now you must remember that little boys do not know what is for their good as well as their mothers do. You should, therefore, be willing to submit to what I say. What do you think about it Charles?"

He said nothing.

"I say, Charles," repeated his mother, "what do you think about it?"

"I dont know," Charles finally muttered, scarcely opening his mouth, or turning his head.

"What!" she exclaimed with surprise.

"I dou't know, I tell you," he answered in a short, quick, pettish tone, moving his

elbows backwards, and almost rising from his seat, for he was so vexed he could not sit still.

Nothing affects angry children so much as to have others speak kindly to them. To hear his mother speak in such a mild way, and with so much affection, and then to have his conscience stinging him all the time, and telling him that he was feeling wrong, and acting cruelly towards one that loved him so tenderly—oh! it was more than he could endure. His bosom heaved, and his heart beat so loudly, that he was ashamed, for fear his mother would hear it. He would have given anything not to have seen that kind look, which glanced from her needle upon him. It was worse than a needle itself. He wished he could run from himself. But these and a thousand other wishes in his mind gave him no relief. All the wishes in the world could do him no good.

He had done wrong, and he knew it, and his mother knew it, and God knew it, and himself now *felt* it. What could he do? The tear-drops, which then began to glisten in his eye, revealed his inmost, deepest feelings. The struggle was over.

“Mother,” said he, in a low, penitent voice, “will you forgive me for speaking so just now? I hope I may never speak to you in such a way again.”

I cannot describe the thrill of joy that mother felt, as she sealed her forgiveness with such a kiss of affection as none but mothers can give. And Charles would not have changed the happiness he enjoyed when he felt that his mother was reconciled to him, for the privilege of playing with the boys a hundred times. He spent the afternoon pleasantly at home; and as he stood by the window and looked out upon the quiet prospect, just as the sun was set-

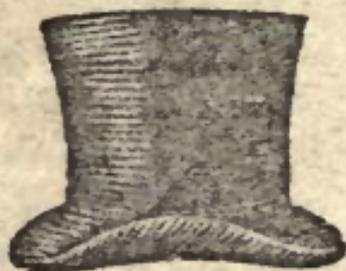
ting, he felt a peace in his own bosom which made every thing look delightful around him.



“ THAT BOY’S HAT.”

Joseph is a little boy. He is not yet six years old. His mother takes much pains to teach him to read. She tells him never to drink rum.

She has told him about drunkards. He knows that drunkards are men who drink much rum or gin, or some other drink which takes away their senses. When Joseph was four years old, his father gave him a new hat. It was like this one. He was



much pleased with it. He often took a brush and asked his father to brush it. One day his father went with him to walk on the common. There he saw a poor boy whose ragged clothes were very dirty. "See that boy's hat," said Joseph, "it is not like mine, I guess his father drinks rum."

It was wrong in Joseph to be proud of his hat. The fur was worn by a beaver before he wore it. He ought to have pitied the poor boy. It was not the boy's fault if his father did drink rum. I am glad Joseph remembered what his mother told him, and I hope he will never drink any thing which make folks drunk.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT LOVED THE BIBLE.

George was the youngest son of his parents. When he was about four years and a half old, a lady called at his father's house and said to him, "George, what will you take for the baby? Will you sell your little sister to me?"

His little sister was asleep in the cradle, and George loved her very much, and loved to rock her when his mother wished to have him.



The lady who asked him if he would sell her, only said it in sport, for she knew that he would not wish to sell his sister, even if he had a right to. But she wished to see what George would say.

George looked at the baby a minute, and then began to cry, and said, "if mother will let me I will sell little sister, if you will give me a Bible for her."

His mother thought that George did not

understand the lady. Then the lady said, "May I take little sister home, and give you a Bible for her?" Tears ran down George's checks, because he loved his little sister very much, but he said, "Yes ma'am, if you will give me such a Bible as we use at family prayers, every morning and every night."

A few days after the lady saw him again, and he told his mother, "I want a Bible, and I want to keep little sister too." His mother told him he should have a Bible without selling his little sister to buy one; after a few days George was very happy with his little sister, and a nice new Bible of his own. How much would you give for a Bible?

THE CRUEL BOY.

There are few things more disgraceful in children than to be cruel to those harmless



creatures, which are unable to defend themselves.

If I see a child pull off the wings of an insect, or throw stones at the toads, or take pains to set foot upon a worm, I am sure that there is something wrong about him, or that he has not been well instructed.

There was once a boy who loved to give pain to every thing that came in his way, over which he could gain any power.



He would take eggs from the mourning Robin, and torture the unfledged brood of the Sparrow. Cats, and Dogs, the peaceable cow, and the faithful horse, he delighted to worry and distress. I do not like to tell you the many cruel things that he did.

He was told that such things were wrong. An excellent lady with whom he lived used to warn and reprove him for his evil conduct—but he did not reform.

When he grew up he became a soldier. He was never sorry to see men wounded, and blood running upon the earth. He became so wicked as to lay a plan to betray his country, and to sell it into the hands of the enemy. This was being a traitor.— But he was discovered and fled.

He never dared to return to his native land, but lived despised, and died miserably in a foreign clime. Such was the end of the cruel boy, who loved to give pain to animals.

He was born at Norwich, in Connecticut, and the beautiful city of his birth is ashamed of his memory. His name was  *Benedict Arnold.* 

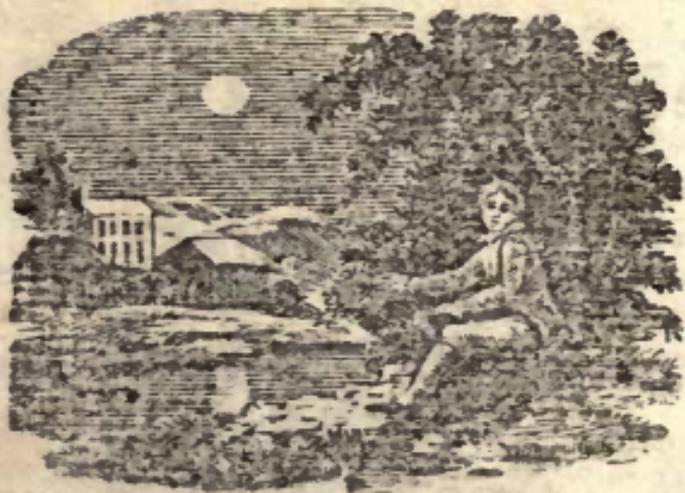
USEFUL
STORIES,

TO TEACH THAT CHILDREN

SHOULD NOT QUARREL.



WORCESTER:
PUBLISHED BY S. A. HOWLAND.





USEFUL STORIES.

“DONT FIGHT BACK.”

“I love to kill woodchucks,” said the little son of Rev. Mr. C——. “I love to kill woodchucks, because they fight back; but I hate to kill rabbits because they never fight back.”

This is a trait of nature. We have a natural sympathy for whatever suffers in a meek and unoffending manner; and we are always ready to crush the creature that resists attack. But we should not take nature for our guide, while we have revelation, which teaches us that we should love all God's creatures. We have no right to de-

stroy either the woodchuck or the rabbit, for mere pleasure. God has given us the beasts of the field for food; but we should not sport with their lives, whether they "fight back" or not.

When I was a little boy, I loved the sports of fishing and gunning; and I never then thought of the pain I was giving God's creatures. Once I went out to shoot some pigeons and I did not see any: but, just as I was going to return home I saw a poor little robin, singing merrily on a high tree. Now I thought I would fire off my charge, and kill the little robin, and then go home. So I fired, and down dropped the little robin. I ran and took him up in my hand and as he lay quivering in death, he turned his little blood-shot eye full in mine, and opened his little mouth, and seemed to say, "What did you kill me for?" His look went to my very soul, and I felt very badly; so that



when I thought to answer, "I killed you for sport," conscience, which now first awakened on the subject, said: "For sport! For sport! what right had you to kill God's creatures for sport?" and I have never killed a bird since.

Now little boys should remember, that, when they kill robins, or any other little birds for sport, it may be sport to them, but

it is death to the birds; and they have no more right to kill birds for sport, than men have to kill *them* for sport, and make their mothers cry. But wicked men do kill little boys, and girls, and women, and men, altogether, for glory; and that is worse than killing birds for sport.

They should always remember that, when they "fight back," they are more likely to be ill-treated than though they were mild and peaceable as rabbits. I would not have them run away like rabbits, but be as harmless as doves or as lambs, and then no one would hurt them. Men do indeed kill rabbits, and doves, and lambs to eat; but nobody kills little boys except for glory.

Were every body to possess more of the disposition of the rabbit, not to "fight back," what very different scenes we should witness in this world. Then, we should see none of those little broils, which now so often

break out among children in the same family, at the same school, or in the same neighborhood. What child or youth would think of striking a brother, or sister, or playmate, if he knew he would not "fight back," but would stand and look at him kindly, and with the gentleness of the rabbit? What man could find it in his heart, to attack a fellow-man, if he knew he would not resist? He would be the merest coward in the world, to assault such an one. And what civilized nation would be so cowardly as to make war upon a nation unarmed and which they knew would not "fight back?" If all then were to learn not to resist, not to "fight back"—what would become of wars?

The story of the woodchucks and rabbits will suggest to children the propriety of uniting with good men in promoting the cause of peace; and in hastening on the time, when those cruel wars which make so many

orphans and widows, and fill whole nations with blood and mourning, may be brought to an end. Learn not to trifle with the lives of any of God's creatures; learn, also, not to "fight back;" and do all you can to persuade all your little mates to imitate your example.



THE TWO CATS ;

OR, THE PRINCIPLE OF RETALIATION.

A very naughty boy one day took two poor little harmless cats and tied their tails together, and threw them across a pole, so that they hung by their tails, which hurt them very much. Now these two cats were reared together, having the same mother, and had always been very loving to one another, so that any one would have been de-



lighted to see them play together ; but now they felt pain, and they each thought the other was the cause of it, so they began to bite and scratch one another, and made the fur fly terribly until they tore one another almost to pieces, much to the delight of the naughty boy, who stood by pricking the two poor foolish cats with a pin put into the end of a stick, to make them fight worse,—and they fought till they had bled so much and had become so weak, that they could fight no longer, and then they left off.

I never see nations going to fight one an-

other but I seem to see that the evil One has got them tied by the tail across a pole ; and if they are Christian nations and speak the same language, then it appears to me like cats of the some family ; but if they are of different languages, and different religions, the case is no better ; for then it appears to be only cats of different colors.

THE TOAD AND LAP-DOG.

Mr. N—— had taken a pretty little orphan boy to bring up as his own, and he was very fond of him. One day, Mr. N—— went into the garden, and found little James pumping water on a frog, which he had put into the tub.

“ What are you doing, James ? ” said Mr. N——.



“ I am trying to drown this toad,” replied the little boy.

“ It is not a toad, but a frog,” said Mr. N——, “ and you may pump your life out, before you will drown him ; but what if it were a toad, why should you wish to kill a harmless toad ; he never hurt you nor any body else. For shame ; do not thus heedlessly take a life you cannot give.”

“ O yes,” said James, “ toads do do harm ; it was a toad that killed my poor little dog Cupid, and I am determined to have revenge, for I will kill every toad I can find, and every thing which looks like one. O

my poor little Cupid!" said James, half crying, "to be killed by a great ugly toad. I wish there was never a toad in the world, I hate them so."

Now the fact was, that James had found a poor harmless toad in the garden, and having nothing else to do, he set Cupid on him, and made him bark at him, and bite him, and finally, he finished the work of de-



struction by poking a stick down the poor toad's mouth, and killing him. But Cupid, from some cause or other, soon after swelled up and died, much to the grief and mortification of little James, who was determined to have his revenge.

THE CHIP.

When I was a little boy, there were no Sabbath schools, and very little care was taken of the morals of the young. I went to a town school where the master took no care



about what was done out of school ; consequently the boys were very bad. In play-time the great boys, who were almost men grown, were always setting the little boys to fighting ; and the way they did it was, to get two of them about of a size and tell one that he was afraid of the other. They would tell Bill that he was afraid of Jack. ‘ No,’ says Bill, ‘ I am not afraid of him, I know. ‘ Well,’ says Jack, ‘ I am not afraid of you neither.’ Then they would put a chip on Jack’s hat and say, ‘ Bill ! you dare not knock off that chip.’ ‘ Yes I dare,’ says Bill ! ‘ but I dont want to do it.’ ‘ O, you are a coward,’ the big boys would say, ‘ you are afraid.’ ‘ No’ says Bill, ‘ I am not afraid ;’ and so to show that he was not afraid, the silly child would go and knock off the chip. Then the big boys would call him a brave fellow, and applaud his spirit : and say to the other, ‘ Now Jack ! if you suffer that,

you are a coward.' 'No, I am not a coward,' says Jack, 'and if Bill does that again, he had better take care.' This threat raises the anger of Bill, who thinks himself a brave fellow, and he says he will do it again. So the wicked boys would put another chip on Jack's hat, and Bill, a foolish little fellow, goes up and knocks it off. Then down comes



the blow : and they fight, scratch, and pull hair, much to the delight of the wicked boys who set them on, and who enjoy the fun as they call it : each of the silly children gets a bloody nose, and goes off blubbering and crying to his mother, who, if she served him right would give him a good, sound whipping.

Great boys should be ashamed of such conduct ; it is like the conduct of the evil One, who tempted Cain to slay his brother. They may thiuk it rare sport, but it fosters such feelings and passions as, when boys are grown up to be men, lead to duels, murder, and war. Little boys should have more sense than to be the sport of such wicked youths, who only laugh at their folly. If they only minded their Bible and what is taught in the Sabbath schools, they could not be so duped. We are taught, by our blessed Saviour, not to revenge injuries.

THE

GOOD CHILD'S

SUNDAY BOOK.

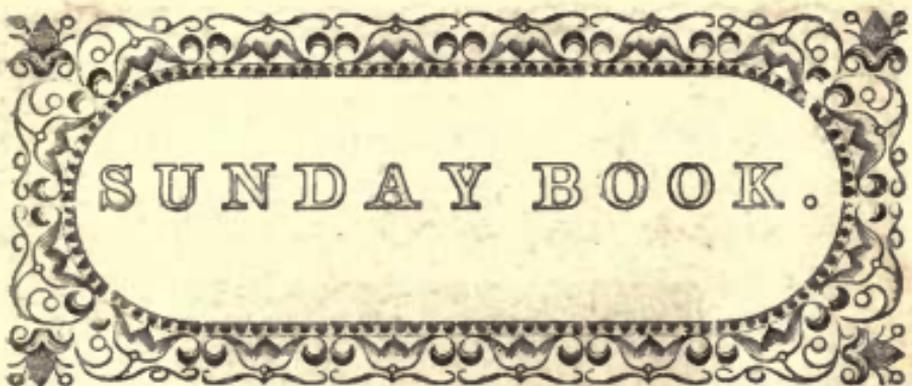


WORCESTER:

PUBLISHED BY S. A. HOWLAND.



THE CREATION.



SUNDAY BOOK.

THE FIRST MAN.

THERE IS NO GOOD IN DOING WRONG.

We are sure of this, from the story of Adam and Eve. You know they were the first people that the great God made,—and they were the first parents of us all. God made them holy and happy, that is, he made them like himself,—and placed them in a beautiful garden, where was every thing to make them happy. But there was one tree in the garden, the fruit of which God told them they must not eat—and that if they did eat of it, they should surely die.



They lived very happily in the garden, till one day a wicked spirit, called Satan, came there. He found Eve near the forbidden tree, and told her to take and eat of the fruit, assuring her that if he did so, instead of dying, they should be as gods. They were so foolish as to believe the tempter, and so wicked as to eat of the fruit God had forbidden : but they did not feel happy afterwards. God drove them out of the garden, and sentenced them to perpetual toil. They lost the image of God, that is, their holiness and happiness, and at last died. Did they gain any thing by doing wrong ?

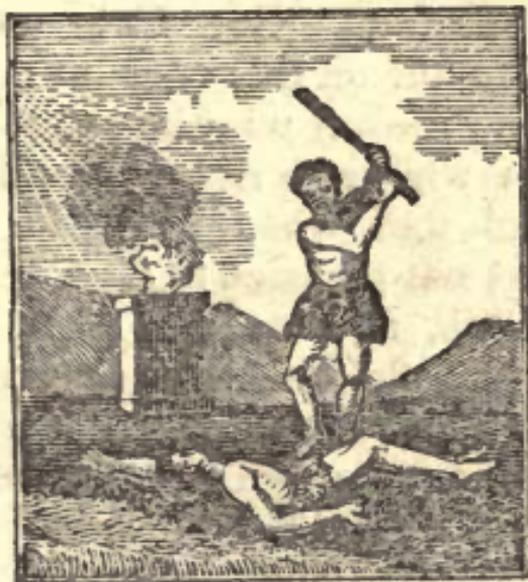
THE FIRST MURDERER.

Adam and Eve had two sons, whose names were Cain and Abel. Cain used to plow the ground and sow it, that there might be bread to eat : while Abel took care of the cattle and sheep

Cain was a bad man,—he did not love the good God, or his brother Abel ; and he would not do what God bade him. God had commanded his creatures to worship him, by offering a lamb in sacrifice, and confessing that they deserved to die for their sins, and to keep up the recollection of the blessed Saviour, who was to come, as the true Lamb of God, to take away, by his suffering, the sins of the world.

But when they came to worship one day, Cain brought some fruit of the ground ; but he would not bring a lamb as God had commanded him ; therefore God would not accept him or his offering.



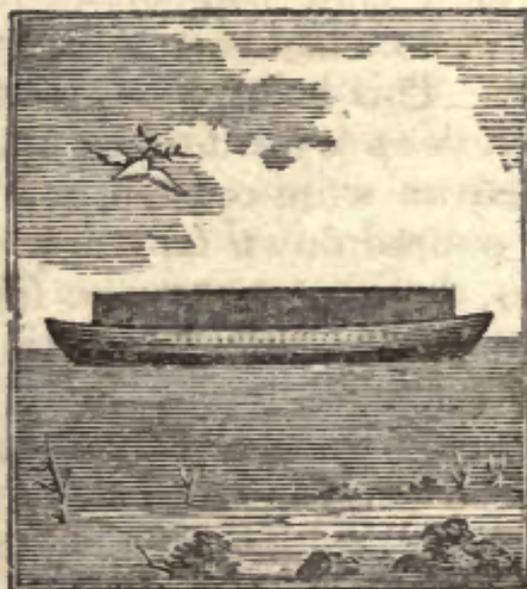


Abel brought one of the best lambs of his flock for his offering. He rightly thought that nothing was too good to be given to God, who gives us every good thing we have. So God was pleased with Abel, and with his offering. But Cain was angry with his brother on this account; although there was no reason why he should be so.

He knew what was right, but did not like to do it, and that was the reason why his offering was not pleasing to God. One day soon after this, as Cain and Abel were together in the field, Cain rose up against Abel his brother and killed him. But he could not hide this wicked act from God. He was cursed by his Maker, and made a fugitive and vagabond in the earth, and a mark was put on him lest any one finding him should kill him.

NOAH AND THE ARK.

In the six hundredth year of Noah's age, he and his family, and two of every kind of animals which God had created, entered into the ark, which had been a hundred years in building. This being done, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, the windows of heaven were opened, and such violent rain poured down for forty days and forty nights, that the water rose fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, "and both man, cattle, creeping thing, and the fowls of heaven were destroyed, and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark." When the waters were considerably abated, the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat; and having continued there several months, Noah sent forth a raven, which went to and fro; and after that a dove, which finding no resting-place, came



back to the ark, and he took her in. Seven days after, he sent out the dove again, which returned with an olive-leaf in her

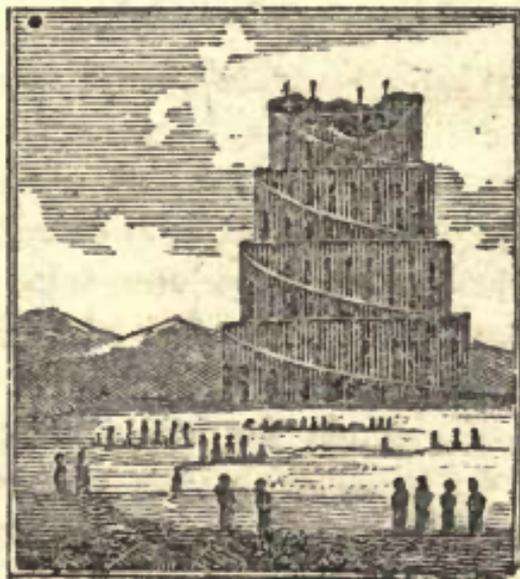


mouth ; and having waited seven days longer, he sent forth the same dove, but she returned no more ; by which he knew that the waters were dried from off the earth. God then commanded Noah with his family and the living creatures, to come out of the ark, in which they had been shut

up, according to our account of the time from the 29th of October to the 8th of November the following year, that is, one year and ten days.

TOWER OF BABEL.

A little more than 100 years after the flood, the world being pretty well replenished with inhabitants, they began to build the city and tower of Babel, vainly attempting to raise its walls to the very skies in hopes of rendering their names immortal. But God soon baffled their impious project, by confounding their language, so that they could not understand each other; and thence the tower was called Babel, which signifies confusion. This not only put a stop to the building, but occasioned their dispersion over the face of the earth.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

A lawyer having asked Jesus this question, "Who is my neighbor?" received an answer in the following parable; which teaches us, that to love our neighbor, is to be charitable, compassionate, ready to relieve the distressed, and benevolent to the whole human race. "A certain man (says our Lord) went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stript him of his raiment and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came a priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a levite came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journied came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him



on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee. Who now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?' The lawyer readily answered, "He that showed mercy on him." Then said Jesus unto him, "Go and do thou likewise."









