

THE
DROWNING BOY,
OR
OBSTINACY PUNISHED.

I don't care never came to a good end.

A DAGE.



DOVER :

SAMUEL C. STEVENS, WASHINGTON STREET.

James Dickman, Printer

1827.

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IN a certain town there once lived a little Boy named JAMES SAUNDERS. He was an only Son and dearly loved by a kind and tender Mother, who had been a widow for some years. She taught James a great many good lessons, which Mothers should always teach their children, such as being obedient to their parents, and how dreadful it was to speak wicked words, or to mock any person, or to laugh and play at meeting, or to break the Sabbath, or to tell stories that were not

true. She also told him about God ; and made him often read the Bible to her, and then would explain it to him. But she found it very hard to make James mind what she said, he was so rude and careless, and so fond of having his own way, and running about the town and spending his time with other Boys just as wicked as himself.

Now James was growing worse and worse every day ; and his poor Mother did not know what to do with him ; for if she told him he was doing wrong, or offered to correct him, he would fly into a passion and tell her he 'did not care' for her ; and this grieved her to the heart ; and she would often say, James your *don't care* I fear will yet bring you to a *bad end* ; but all she said or did made him no better.

We shall soon see how his mother's words came to pass. For God never suffers disobedient children to go unpunished.

One day three or four little Boys called on James and invited him to play with them in the fields. Now his Mother knew that they were bad boys, and told him he must not go with them. But James said he would go in spite of her.

As James was going out with these naughty Boys, his Mother followed him to the door, hoping that she might prevail on him to come back and stay at home with her. But all the answer she could get from him was, "I don't care"—and a very wicked answer it was, and one children should never give to any person, on any account. Well, James, said his Mother, since you *will not* mind me and *will go* with these Boys when I desire you *would not*, and will speak such *wicked* words, remember, I tell you again, as I have often told you before, that "don't care never came to a good end," and you will find my words true, before long.

James, however, did not mind her, but set off and ran as fast as he could to get out of her sight and hearing.

She looked after him as long as she could see him, and then returned into the house with a heavy heart.

The little Boys did not go far before they had two or three quarrels, and although it was a beautiful summer day, and the Sun was shining and the green fields looked pleasant, still they did not enjoy themselves. For rude and bad children are not quiet nor happy long, wherever they may be.

While they were quarrelling about some trifle, one of the Boys spied a bird's nest near the top of a large tree, which grew on the edge of a deep pond, and cried out to the rest "come let us rob that nest;" to this they all readily agreed, without thinking whether it was right or wrong.

Now James had been often told how cruel it was to steal Birds' nests ; but he had forgot all about it. For when children begin to do wrong, there is no knowing where they will stop. And this was the case with James, who was the first to climb the tree.

He soon got near the little birds, for he was smarter than the other boys, and was just stretching out his hand to take them out of their snug nest, when he missed his hold, the branch on which he stood broke under him and, with a loud cry, he fell into the pond over which it had hung.

The Boys all screamed, and James screamed too and struggled, for he did not know how to swim ; and now his poor Mother came into his mind, and the warning she gave him, and the thought of his bad behaviour to her that morning seemed to make him sink the quicker.



He was in this situation and just going to the bottom, when a gentleman who had seen him fall into the pond drew near, and throwing off his coat, hat and boots jumped in after him, and being an excellent swimmer drew the little boy out of the water, wet all over and almost dead with fear.

Poor James, when he was laid on the grass, was quite senseless, and it was some time before Mr. Carroll (for that was the gentleman's name who saved his life) could get him to breathe or open his eyes. While he was in this state the oth-

er boys ran off. Now this is exactly the way with all naughty boys; when they bring their companions into mischief, they are sure to desert them.

James when he recovered a little, did not seem at first to know where he was, or what had happened to him; but when he saw Mr. Carroll who was a neighbour to his Mother he begged to be carried home to her; for he was so weak he could not walk.

His Mother met him at the door. Poor woman! she thought at first that James was dead; but when she saw that he was alive, though he appeared faint and cold, she thanked God for sparing him, for bad as he had been she could not bear to part with him in such a dreadful way, or that he should come to a *bad end*, though she had expected nothing else from his bad conduct. She then thanked Mr. Carroll for his kindness in saving her son's life, and

that good man went away hoping James would be a better Boy for the future, promising to call and see him when he was able to talk.

All this time James hung down his head, ashamed, and was so overcome that he could do nothing else but cry and sob.

For a whole week James was very sick, and suffered a great deal of pain, and his Mother never left him, but attended him night and day, and was very kind and loving to him.

Now James, though he was not quite ten years of age, had sense enough to know he had been a very wicked boy, and that, by breaking his Mother's commands, he had fallen into bad company and was near losing his life, and therefore when he saw her so kind and felt he had not deserved it, the poor little fellow could scarcely contain himself. And he began to love his Mother very much, so that he thought he would not grieve her again

for all the world, and this made him happier than ever he had been before. For when children try to do right they always feel happy. It made his Mother very happy too to see him so much changed, and she talked to him about loving God and showed him how much God loved good children; and she read the bible to him and taught him how to pray; and James soon became so sweet tempered and willing to do every thing his Mother told him, that she took great comfort in his company.

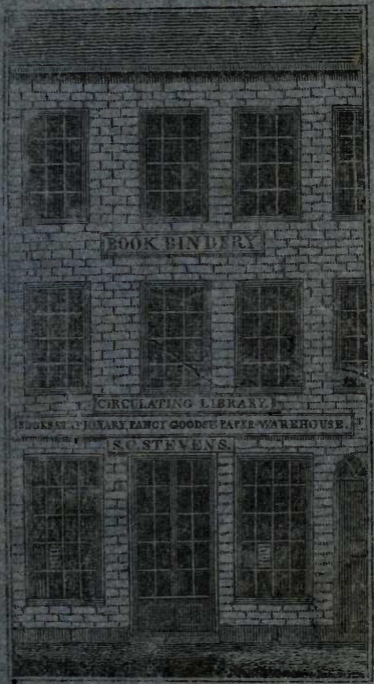
Mr. Carroll, when he heard that James was quite well, called upon him as he had promised. James was very glad to see him and he thanked him and behaved very prettily; and Mr. Carroll, gave him some good advice and told him never to forget the warning he had had, and to keep out of bad company and to read his bible every day, and to obey his mother in all things, and that it would be well with him, and that then he should not

come to a *bad end*; but that if he did otherwise he could not avoid it. James was very humble and confessed all his faults and promised he would never say those naughty words again "*I don't care.*"

His Mother was so delighted, that she threw her arms around his neck, and with eyes lifted up to Heaven, she thanked God that he had grown a good boy and that he had not come to a *bad end*, and prayed that he never might. She called him her dear James and kissed him, and he smiled and looked so happy, Mr. Carroll smiled too, and kissed James and blessed him, and it was a sweet scene.

James kept his word, and forsook all his former companions, and became a great comfort to his aged Mother and an example to all the children where he lived, and was loved and respected by old and young, and rich and poor; and to his dying day he never forgot that by saying "*I don't care,*" and acting accordingly, he was near coming "to a bad end."





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