

# THE NEW SOCIETY






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# DAISY DALE STORIES.

Baker Harriette Newell  
Woods

BY

MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.



BOSTON:  
ANDREW F. GRAVES,  
20 CORNHILL.

(1875)

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**ANDREW F. GRAVES,**  
**1875.**

TO

MY YOUNG FRIENDS

WHOSE SMILE CHEERS ME IN MY DAILY WALK,

*These Pictorial Sketches*

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

# Volumes of the Series.

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LITTLE DAISY'S LETTER.

ANNIE AND THE BEAR.

PAPA'S PRESENT.

THE NEW SOCIETY.

IDA AND THE BEGGAR.

THE TWINS.

# CONTENTS.

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<b>THE NEW SOCIETY.</b>	<b>PAGE</b>
CHAP. I. THE RECESS, . . . . .	11
CHAP. II. THE OPPONENT, . . . . .	20
CHAP. III. THE SEQUEL, . . . . .	29
<b>CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR, . . . . .</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>JAMIE AND HIS VERSES.</b>	
CHAP. I. JAMIE AND ROVER, . . . . .	38
CHAP. II. JAMIE AND THE APRICOT, . . . . .	48
<b>THE LITTLE SUNBEAM, . . . . .</b>	<b>61</b>



THE NEW SOCIETY.





# The New Society.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE RECESS.

**M**URRAH, boys! now for the new Constitution. Honorable Ned, I mean Edward Percy, has the floor. Listen!"

Half a dozen of the oldest boys belonging to the Leicester Academy had assembled in front of the school-house to settle, finally, the question concerning a new anti-tobacco society, and also to choose officers.

Edward Percy, the clergyman's son, had been active in bringing the sub-

ject before the boys, and he naturally aspired to being president of the association. To this, most of his companions agreed; but there were a few in the school, who, even at this early age, had begun to smoke and chew the poisonous weed, and who, therefore, opposed with all their strength, the formation of an anti-tobacco society in the school.

Having given this brief explanation of their meeting at recess, I will repeat the articles contained in the new Constitution.

“Firstly,” read young Percy, holding the open sheet before him, “It is resolved to have a society to prevent

the use of cigars and pigtail in the United States."

"Secondly, It" —

"Stop, Ned: hold on a minute," cried Dexter Lamson.

"Mr. President," exclaimed another voice, on a very high key, "wouldn't it be better to vote on each article as it comes up?"

"No, no! let's hear them all first. Go on, Ned," shouted a third.

But the president said that Dexter's motion was in order; and a vote was taken to the effect that each resolution should be accepted or refused when read.

The first resolution having been carried by a unanimous vote, or rather

carried with the amendment that the use of snuff be also included, they proceeded to the second article.

“Secondly, It shall be the duty of each member to pay six cents every year into the treasury for the purpose of printing cards and tracts to aid the cause.”

“I object to that,” said Augustus Lawrence, laughing, “unless you choose me treasurer. I should find it amazingly handy to have loose change always at command.” He rattled a few coppers already in his pocket, and drew himself up with such a self-important air, that there was a perfect roar of laughter.

“Come, boys,” remonstrated the

president, "we shall never get on unless we attend to business."

"That's so," responded Julius Folsom. "Go ahead to the next."

"Thirdly, it is resolved that every one who joins this society shall abstain wholly from the use of tobacco in every form; that he shall promise never to use a profane or vulgar expression; that he shall remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy; that he" —

"Hold up, will yer?" shouted Julius. "You're putting in too much. I won't join, if I've got to tie myself up that way."

"'Tisn't the fair thing, Ned," suggested Augustus, trying to speak calm-

ly, "just because you're the parson's son, to tie us up to being religious, willy, nilly. I put in a protest to all that sermon part."

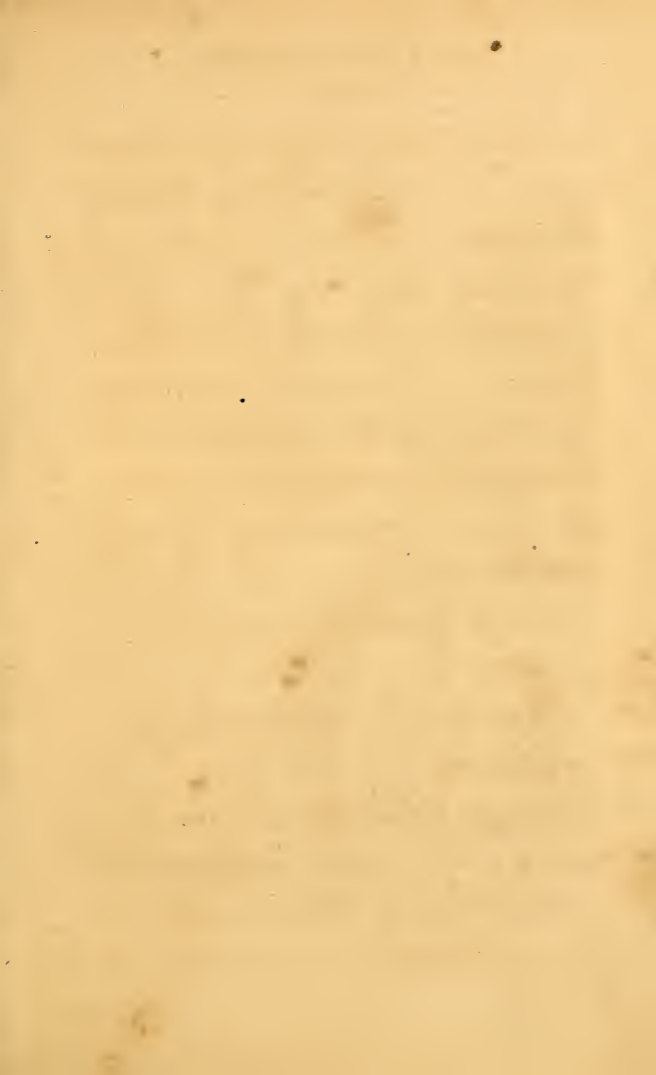
"There's no sermon about it," answered Ned, his cheeks crimsoning: "I thought you'd all like it. Of course, we none of us intend to swear, nor break the Sabbath; and we might as well have it in."

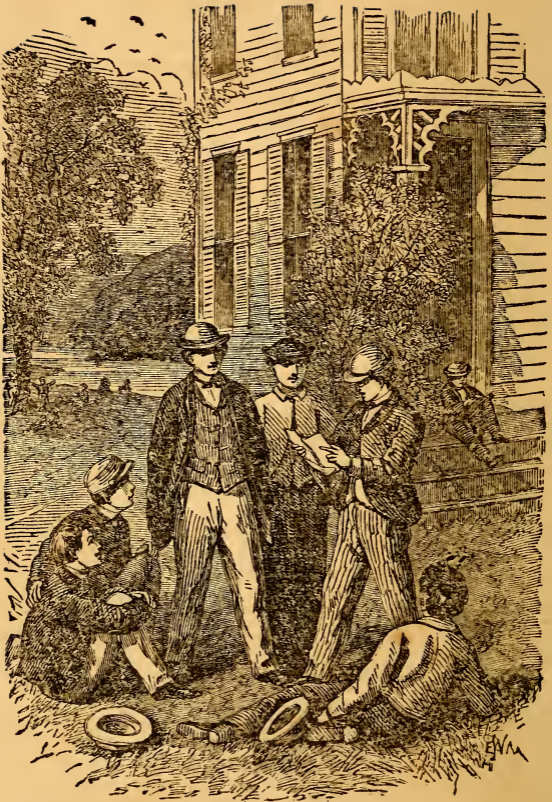
"I won't join, then."

"Nor I."

"What do you object to?" asked the president.

"I agreed to join an anti-tobacco society. When I want another constitution to keep me from breaking the commandments, I shall take the Bible,







from Genesis to Revelation. Those are my sentiments.”

“Good! good for Dexter!” shouted many voices.

At this moment the school-bell rang; and the boys, without another word, hurried into their seats.

In the picture, you can see President Percy reading the fourthly in the new Constitution.



CHAPTER II.

THE OPPONENT.



MONG the opponents to the new Society, there was a lad named Parsons, son of the Squire, the wealthiest man in town. George Parsons was brought up to like tobacco. When not more than ten years old, his father gave him the stump of a cigar, laughing when the boy complained of being sick and giddy in consequence of smoking. From the stump; George had soon been promoted to a free use of his father's Havanas; and, before he was fourteen, he could smoke a ci-

gar after every meal, with as much ease as the Squire.

George's influence had done more in the school to cause the boys to chew and smoke tobacco, than every thing else. Edward Percy longed to bring George to join their Society, knowing that his example would be followed by many who loved the vile weed.

They were in the same class, and in many things their tastes were congenial. Ned had already urged his friend to join him in checking the evil; but George didn't see the subject in that light.

One day Ned invited George to his father's house. They walked out into





the grounds; and there, under the shade of an old tree, he talked and talked upon his favorite theme.

In the picture you will see them there.

“It hasn’t hurt my father,” urged George: “there isn’t a healthier man in town.”

“But has it done him any good?” asked Ned. “I don’t mean any disrespect; but would you like to have your teeth look like his? You have a handsome set, George; and, if I were you, I should hate to have tobacco-juice stain them, and run out of your mouth.”

“I never thought of that,” murmured George, reflecting.

“You acknowledged once,” urged his friend, “that chewing and smoking made you terribly thirsty. Aren’t you afraid, if you don’t give up tobacco, you’ll become a drunkard?”

“Not a bit. My father has chewed for forty years; and he’s as steady as your father, if he is a parson.”

“Not quite,” thought Edward, recollecting the Squire’s reeling steps the last time he had seen him; but he could not tell his friend this, and therefore said, —

“Well, cigars and good tobacco cost so much, quite a little fortune in time. Think how much you might do with the money you chew up!”

“Well, my father has enough. No,”

said George, "I can't sign; there's no use in talking any more about it."

But though George would not join the "No Tobacco Society," it soon became very popular. A gentleman came to visit the minister, and was invited to talk to the Sunday School children. He told them stories of boys who lighted the streets puffing away at their vile cigars, but had no pay for it, and no thanks either from young ladies who went out to breathe the fresh air, and smell the fragrant flowers, but who had to inhale instead the foul tobacco smoke. Then he said, "Since I came to this town I have heard of a noble society, called the 'No Tobacco Boys.' I was delighted



to know that some boys are pledging themselves not to use the vile weed. I thank them for setting such a worthy example. I would gladly shake hands with every one of them. I shall tell of this new society wherever I am called to speak to boys; and I hope every city and every town in our happy New England will form clubs called 'No Tobacco Boys.'"

In September, a lady named Clement, who had formerly lived in the town, returned with her husband for a visit. She soon heard about the "No Tobacco Boys," and said her little Arthur must join.

The next week tiny notes of invitation were sent to every member

of the society. I will copy one of them.

“Arthur Clement, Jr., receives the members of his club, called ‘No Tobacco Boys,’ on Wednesday afternoon, at Reed’s Grove. A collation will be served at five o’clock. Every member is at liberty to invite one lady to accompany him. Mottoes, badges and a banner will be presented at the entrance to the grove at two o’clock, precisely.”

“O, dear!” exclaimed George Parsons, as he watched the procession marching back from the grove at sunset, the banner flying, “I made an awful mistake in refusing to join; but it’s too late now!”

CHAPTER III.

THE SEQUEL.

**F**IVE, six years glided by. The Squire was lying in a drunkard's grave. His houses and lands had been sold for the benefit of his creditors. The grocer at the corner, who had a private bar where his friends could obtain a social glass at any hour of the day or night, had come into possession of the handsome house where George had first seen the light, and where, alas! he had learned to chew and smoke tobacco.

Mrs. Parsons, the Squire's broken-hearted wife, had accepted a home with her uncle; and her daughter, careworn and dejected, hired a small tenement which she shared with her brother.

Edward Percy, a thriving merchant in a neighboring city, was one night walking from the cars to his father's house, when he stumbled against a man who was trying to support himself by leaning on the wall.

The man fell; and then young Percy, in trying to help him up, found it was his old companion, George Parsons, who was intoxicated.

Edward was greatly shocked. He called a carriage, and, with the driver's

help, pushed George inside, and drove him to his humble home.

He visited him many times during a fit of sickness which confined the drunken creature to his bed for weeks, and at last was rejoiced to receive a promise from the poor fellow to give up all intoxicating drink, to abandon the use of tobacco, and to try to become a man once more.

You will see in the picture how earnestly Mr. Edward Percy is encouraging his old schoolmate, while his sister stands by, urging, —

“O George, if you will only leave off all that nasty stuff, how happy we might be !”

“I will; I’ll try,” faltered George,





sitting on the side of the low bed ; but I can't help thinking how much easier it would have been if I'd done it when you asked me to join the anti-tobacco society, years ago."

"I should like to shake hands with you on your new promise," exclaimed Ned.





## Christmas and New-Year.



“ THERE, that will do : look, Frankie dear,  
How nice I've packed this box ;  
But something still will go in here ;  
Then see how well it looks !  
'Twill be the sweetest gift for Jane,  
And from us both, you know :  
She'll value it, although 'tis plain ;  
So this to her must go.

Yes, William, yes ; and Sue has done  
The dressing Kitty's doll.  
Now for a name : we'll hit on one ;  
Let's call her pretty Poll.  
For with that dress so brightly green,  
And with those rosy cheeks,  
To look at her does it not seem  
That, parrot-like, she speaks ?

Now, Frankie dear, come let us fill

These horns with sugar-plums

For Sam and James, and, if you will,

Give them the little drums ;

Or I will do it while you write

The names within these books.

We must make haste, 'twill soon be night :

See how our table looks !

And now, dear Bill, don't tell, I beg :

*I* would not, but I thought

You'd like to see this book to-day,

And know where it was bought.

The ' Mother's book' for dear mamma :

I knew you'd like one, too,

For your dear mother ; so papa

Paid gladly for the two.

Oh, thank you, Frankie ! After all,

At Christmas and New-Year,

*THE NEW SOCIETY.*

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The sweetest gifts for great and small  
Are books, 'tis very clear ;  
For they alone speak to the heart,  
And they enrich the mind ;  
While pleasure, also, they impart,  
We ne'er in trifles find."

(37)




## Jamie and his Verses.



### CHAPTER I.

#### JAMIE AND ROVER.

AMMA, mamma! I can say my verses now. I've studied them as much as a thousand times. Won't you please to hear me?"

"A thousand times, Jamie?"

Mamma stood still, and looked in Jamie's eye.

"I mean I've studied them a great, *great* many times; and I am as sure as can be, that I can repeat them without missing one word."

“Come, then, I’ll hear you.”

“In the parlor, mamma?”

“No, dear: I’ve carried my books and work to the arbor.”

“Oh, that’s splendid!”

Jamie started to follow his mother, when he heard a low whine from Rover.

“Oh! you’re on hand, are you?” he said, laughing, and patting the dog’s head. “Well, Rover, good fellow! I’m going to recite my verses, and you may go too.”

“Bow, wow, wow!” answered Rover. “I’m ready, dear master.”

When Jamie and the dog reached the arbor, mamma was busily sewing on an apron for baby Nell; but she





laid the work aside, and took the large Bible from a shelf papa had nailed up for her in her favorite retreat.

Jamie looked in her face, and repeated the verses correctly; and then she explained the meaning to him in such simple words, that he understood her perfectly. Rover sat in front of his young master, looking as if he, too, would like to understand.

“Now may I play, mamma?” asked Jamie, starting to his feet.

“Yes, dear; but, first, I want you to promise me to say exactly what you mean. How many times did you study your lesson?”

“Ever so many, mamma.”



“Say ‘ever so many,’ then, dear, and do not say ‘a thousand.’ In that case, every one will know just what you mean.”

“So I will, mamma;” and Jamie kissed his mother with his red lips, and, calling Rover, bounded off into the garden to play.

There were gravel-walks running the whole length of the garden, lined by rows of currant-bushes. At right angles with the main walks were narrow ones bordered with high trellises, upon which the gardener had trained peach and apricot trees. These were trimmed, and tied to the trellises in the form of a fan, in order that the fruit might have the full force of the sun to

ripen it. But the trees stood so close together, and were so thickly covered with foliage, that it was impossible to see across the garden.

Of course there was many a shady corner where Jamie could conceal himself from mamma and Rover; and many a frolic the boy had enjoyed playing hide-and-seek in the garden.

Now, when released by his mamma, he ran merrily down the centre walk, Rover keeping close at his heels, and barking with all his might. Rover very well knew that lessons were over for the day, and that now they were to have a frolic.

In turning an angle at the lower part of the grounds, Jamie came

suddenly upon old Gilson, the gardener.

“Hi, Master Jamie!” he exclaimed, in his broad Scotch accents. “Ye’re as full of life as a nut is of meat. Ye came nigh to knocking me over.”

Gilson was drawing a small engine with which he watered the plants; and Jamie laughed heartily at the idea of knocking over such a stout man.

“Look here, Master Jamie!” began the Scotchman in a mysterious tone, at the same time taking a red-cheeked apricot from his pocket. “Isn’t it a beauty? I’ve been watching it day after day to see the sun paint its cheeks so prettily. Now I’m taking it to your mamma.”

“Oh! oh!” exclaimed the boy, standing on tiptoe to gaze at the fruit. “Oh! doesn’t it look like wax? I do like apricots so much!”

“The trees hang full this year,” said Gilson, in a self-complacent tone. “They’re ripening fast too. In a week more we’ll have a dishful that would be fit to set before a queen.”

Jamie’s cheeks flushed; and he started to run away, when Gilson, with a sudden thought, called after him.

“Ye wouldn’t be forgetting, Master Jamie, that yer mamma doesn’t like ye to touch the fruit without leave?”

“I’m afraid for him,” murmured the old man, stopping a minute to gaze after the lad. “He’s running right in


the way o' temptation, just as Eve did ; and them apricots are as nigh to the fruit on the forbidden tree as any thing in nater can be. When he sees how pleasant they are to the eyes, I'm afraid he'll give heed to the cunning whispers of the serpent, as our first mother did."

Gilson wrapped the apricot carefully in the cotton again, and laid it in his deep breast-pocket, then started for the other part of the garden, comforting himself with the thought, —

"Well, if his mamma isn't there to watch her boy, God is ; and he'll remember the prayers that are offered up for the child."

CHAPTER II.

JAMIE AND THE APRICOT.

AMIE ran down to the end of the walk, and then turned suddenly in the direction of the apricots. He didn't stop to consider what he would do. He only wanted to get out of sight of Gilson, and see whether there were any more as ripe as the one the Scotchman was carrying to mamma.

He soon reached the place, when Rover gave a loud, joyful bark. What made Jamie try to quiet him so quickly?

“Hush, hush, Rover! Don't make

such a noise!" And what made him look up and down the walks to see whether anybody was in sight? A few moments before, he had not been afraid to meet any one.

"Oh, oh! don't they look nice?" he said softly to himself. "They make my mouth water. There's one on that lowest branch. I'm sure that is ripe. I'll just feel of it. Why, how easy it came off! I didn't think it would drop so quick. Oh, my! how sour and hard it is! I'm sorry I came here. I thought it would be very sweet."

Just under the tree, he presently saw another apricot looking very mellow. It was inside the trellis; and he had to work some time with a stick

before he could reach it. At last he had it in his hand, and found it was quite soft. On one side there was a small hole, where an insect had eaten to the stone; and this had caused it to fall from the branch.

Jamie put it to his mouth, rejoicing that no one was in sight; when, suddenly, he let the rich, juicy fruit, only half eaten, drop to the ground. He thought he heard a voice behind him saying, "Thou, God, seest me."

This was one of the verses he had learned that morning, and which his kind mamma had explained to him. She told him how good God was, and how tenderly he watches over all his creatures to shield them from harm;



that if his eye should leave them for one minute, or his protecting care be withdrawn, they would die.

She told him also that no one could do a wrong act without God seeing it, and being displeased; and now Jamie's heart beat sadly as he remembered that God had been with him behind the trellis, when he thought that no one could see him, that his eye had witnessed the dreadful sin of which he had been guilty.

“ Oh, dear ! ” he exclaimed, beginning to cry, “ I'm so sorry. I wish I had thought quicker. Oh ! what shall I do ? ”

All this time, Rover stood looking in his face very soberly. He seemed to

know that something had gone wrong, and that his young master was sad. He did not like to see Jamie cry ; and so he wagged his tail, and caught hold of the little fellow's sack, trying to say,—

“ Can't I do something to comfort you ? ”

Presently he heard a voice in the distance calling, “ Jamie ! Jamie ! ”

He knew it was mamma ; but he dared not meet her eye, and so he ran away as fast as he could go.

This was the way Adam and Eve did when they had sinned in eating the forbidden fruit. They heard the voice of God calling to them in the garden ; and they went and hid themselves.





At the farther end of the garden was an orchard of apple and pear trees, and, beyond this, an open field belonging to a neighbor, who did not care to cultivate it. The coarse grass grew up in the summer, and died off in the fall when the frosts came.

Jamie ran on through the orchard, picking up a lost battledoor which lay hidden in the long grass, until he came to this open field. Here he sat down to think; and Rover sat quietly on the ground by his side.

If you look at the picture, I am sure you will pity poor Jamie, and be sorry that his wicked heart had led him into sin.

He had been to this place before;

but it had never looked so desolate as now. The tears he had shed when he stood by the apricot-tree had dried away on his face; but, as he sat there so still at the foot of a huge oak, they began to flow again.

“I wish I had remembered sooner,” he kept saying over and over; “I forgot that God was there.”

Poor Rover began to lick his master’s hand, looking wistfully in his face; and at last he began to pull his sack, as if he would say,—

“We have stayed here long enough. We had better go home.”

“Yes, yes,” said Jamie, starting from the ground; “I’ll go home and tell mamma all about it. She will pray to

God to forgive me ; and then, perhaps, I shall feel happy again."

He was on his way across the orchard when he met Gilson. "Your mamma has been looking everywhere for you, Master Jamie," said the old man kindly.

"I'm going to the arbor now," faltered the child in an humble tone.

But neither in the arbor nor in her own chamber could mamma be found. At last, nurse said company had come, and her mistress was in the parlor with the ladies.

Jamie felt as if he could not wait. His heart ached with its heavy burden. He wanted to lay his head on mamma's shoulder, and confess his disobedience.

He felt now that he had been guilty, not only of breaking her command never to touch the fruit, but he had told a falsehood, because he had promised he would obey.

He listened and listened for the visitors to leave the house, and drive away in the carriage which was waiting at the gate. The minutes seemed like hours. At last he grew so very miserable that he fell down on his knees, and began to confess his sin to his heavenly Father. He was so earnest in this, that he did not hear the merry voices in the hall as the ladies said "Good-by," nor his mamma coming up the stairs. He heard nothing until there was a step close at his side : then



he sprang up, and threw his arms about mamma's neck, and told her all he had done.

My young reader, what do you think mamma did? Do you suppose she pushed him away, and called him a wicked boy, and said she never would forgive him? No, indeed! She pressed him to her heart, and wept over him, whispering words of comfort and hope.

She reminded him that God loved penitent children; that he has promised to forgive such as truly repent of their sins. When Jamie was a little more calm, she knelt with him by his low couch, and entreated the compassionate Saviour to have mercy upon her dear son; and she asked the gra-

cious Spirit to help him resist evil, and, when he was tempted, to remind him of the words he had learned, —


“Thou, God, seest me !”

(60)



The Little Sunbeam.



RANDPA and Ida were looking out one day on the sun just peeping through the clouds. He repeated to her a hymn. Would you like to hear

“ A little sunbeam in the sky  
Said to itself one day,  
‘ I’m very small ; but why should I  
Do nothing else but play ?  
I’ll go down to the earth, and see  
If there is any use for me.’

The violet-beds were wet with dew,  
Which filled each pretty cup :  
The little sunbeam darted through,  
And raised their blue heads up.

They smiled to see it ; and they lent  
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother, 'neath a shady tree,  
Had left her babe asleep :  
It woke and cried ; but, when it spied  
The little sunbeam peep  
So slyly in with glance so bright,  
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

On, on, it went : it might not stay.  
Now through a window small,  
It poured its glad but tiny ray,  
And danced upon the wall.  
A pale young face looked up to meet  
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

And now away beyond the sea,  
The merry sunbeam went :  
A ship ran on the waters free,  
From home and country sent.

But, sparkling in the sunbeam's play,  
The blue waves curled around her way.

But there was one that watched them there,  
Whose heart was full of pain :  
She gazed, and half forgot her care,  
And hope came back again.  
She said, ' The waves are full of glee,  
So yet there may be joy for me.'

And so it travelled to and fro,  
And glanced and danced about ;  
And not a door was shut, I know,  
To keep that sunbeam out.  
But ever, as it touched the earth,  
It woke up happiness and mirth.

I cannot tell the history  
Of all that it could do ;  
But I tell this, that you may try  
To be a sunbeam too.

‘ A sunbeam too ! ’ perhaps you say.

Yes : I am very sure you may.

For loving words, like sunbeams, will

Dry up a falling tear ;

And loving deeds will often help

A broken heart to cheer.

So loving and so living, you

Will be a little sunbeam too.”

(64)















