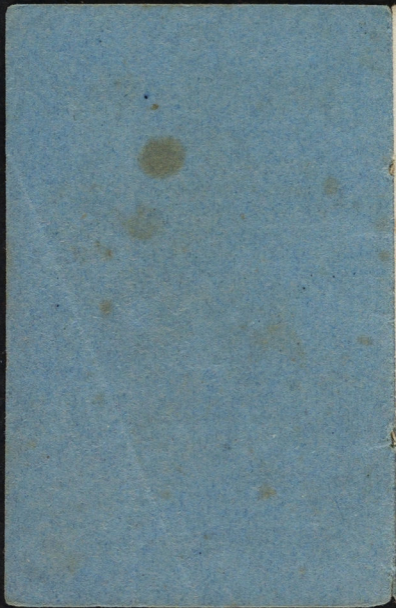


THE
Little Truant Boys;
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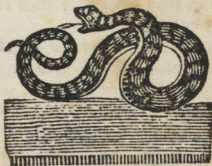


NEW HAVEN:
S. Babcock.—Church Street.

1838.



THE
Little Truant Boys;
or the
DANGERS OF DISOBEDIENCE.



NEW HAVEN:
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THE
Little Truant Boys.

Come, George, go with us to-day. We shall have fine sport.

No, said George, I am going to school. I must not spend my time in idle play. I had rather be at school.

Oh, said John, how strange it is that you should love to go to school! I never felt half so well at school, as when playing in the fields, where I can have a little elbow-room. And, besides, your mother will never know any thing about it. Come, George, you can put your books under the hedge, and then take them again when you go home.

Oh, what wickedness for a little boy! and who would have



thought that he could succeed in drawing George from his purpose of going to school? But George listened, as John urged, and Charles coaxed him with enticing words, until he finally consented to go. The first thing to be done was to hide his books. This done, they set out in great glee, to have their fine sport.

George did not feel quite right about it, after all; but as he had joined them in their roguish pursuits, he thought it would not do



for him to go back to school, for then they would ridicule him, and call him a little coward. So he went on with them. They had not gone far before they were startled by the appearance of a wild bull, coming directly towards them, with its head almost touching the ground, and making an awful noise. For them to run away from it seemed impossible: but just at this time a large dog came to their aid. He seized the Bull by the

nose, and while the Bull was trying to toss him into the air, the boys scampered out of his way, as fast as they could run.

O, how frightened I was, said George; I expected every minute to feel his horns in my back. I don't want to go that way again. Nor I, either, said John; but come, let us go round back of the hill, and then he cannot see us. So away they went, as fast as their legs could carry them, to a level spot back of the hill. Here they found a horse straying in the fields, and no one to take care of it. Come, John, says Charles, let us catch him and ride round here a little. It is a fine place. Well, says John, if you will catch him, I don't know but I will. So off Charles starts, catches the horse, mounts upon his back, and rides up to

the other boys. Oh, it is a fine horse, says Charles; he rides as easy as a rocking-horse. Don't you want to get on, John? and George, you may get on, too, if you wish. He can carry all three of us with ease, and we shall ride the better for it, too. Charles drove along to a fence, and the other boys got on. And a pretty sight it was, to be sure; three boys on one horse! and so thought the horse,—for he soon began prancing and galloping about, in a most furious manner.

Poor George had never before been on a horse, and he now became frightened, and clung to John as tight as he could. Finally his cap fell off, and as he tried to catch it, he lost his hold of John, and was immediately thrown to the ground, much hurt. The horse was now more



frightened than before, and he galloped off furiously, with the other boys on his back, perhaps to fare worse than George. But George was able to stand up, and to limp his way home. Oh, what feelings he had when he came near the place where he had left his books. What have I done, thought he, and what shall I say to my dear mother for my wicked conduct? Oh, how my leg pains me; I wonder I was not killed. How could

those boys want to have me go with them in their wicked ways? But I was to blame in going, for I need not have gone. And my clothes, how they look, all torn and spattered with mud! What shall I say to my dear mother? She will know that I have not been to school, and to tell a lie about it will be worse than all the rest. Oh, I will go to her and tell her the truth. If she punishes me it will be right. If she forgives me, I will try hard to be good, and will always avoid the company of bad boys. I do hope I shall never be coaxed to play truant again. How much happier should I now be, if I had gone to school, instead of playing truant with Charles and John. I will play with such boys no more.

