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THE WAY

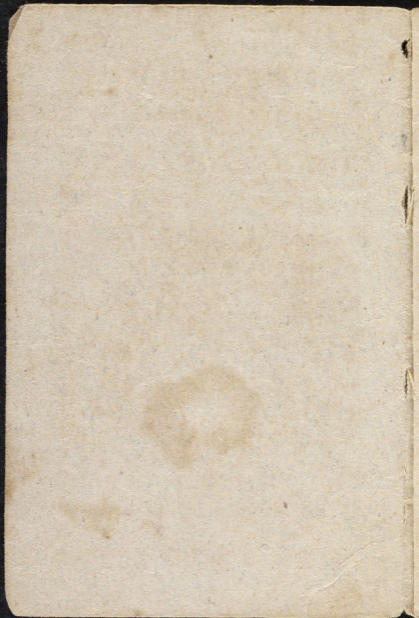
TO BE

GOOD AND HAPPY.



SOLD BY J. METCALF,

Wendell, Mass.



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THE WAY

TO BE

GOOD AND HAPPY.



J. METCALF...WENDELL, MASS.

1830.

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THE WAY TO BE

GOOD AND HAPPY.



OTHO was never pleased but when he was at play, and therefore he neglected his tasks, and often played truant, and never would go to school, or do any thing that was useful, but



when he was forced to it; and then he would be quite ill-natured and begin to cry.

One morning, when Otho was running about, as usual, his mother called to him, and said, "Why do you not go to school, Otho? What do you think will become of you when you are a man, if you do not take care and learn to read, and write, and spell, now that you are a child? and how will you ever be able to earn your living? and who, do you think, will like to keep company with such an ignorant man as you will be, if you are not more industrious?"

Otho began to cry, and said it was very hard that he should be forced to learn, and that he should have so little time to play. Otho was so naughty as to say, that he did not care what became of him when he was a man, if he could only be allowed to be happy while he was a boy.

“And what do you think, Otho,” said his mother, “would make you happy?”

Otho said, if he could only be allowed to play all day long, he was sure he should be quite happy.

Now Otho's mother thought, that if she let him play for some time as much as he would, he would find himself more unhappy than he had ever been in his life: so she told him that he should play for eight days; and at the end of eight days, if he had not played enough, he should play for eight days longer.

Otho now thought himself the happiest boy in the world; away he ran out of the room, where he had been with his mother, and made as much noise with his feet as ever he could. “How merry and pleased I shall be,” said he to himself, “all this forenoon, while my brothers and sisters are forced to sit in school, and read, and work, and write.”

Otho then fetched his drum, and marched into the garden, drumming and whistling, until his mouth and arms ached so that he was forced to leave off.



He then took his top and began spinning it; but he very soon left it, because the stooping made his head ache, for the weather was very hot.

Before dinner was ready, he had played with all the toys he had, and was become tired of them. He then threw himself down on a green bank

in a corner of the garden, and lay kicking up his heels, and pulling up the grass, which he threw over his head.



As Otho's mother had not heard him for some time, she went into the garden, and when she saw that he was lying on the ground, spoiling her beautiful green bank, she said, "I gave you leave to play, Otho, but I did not give you leave to do mischief."

"I have not playthings enough," said he, "now I am to play always:

I am tired of all the playthings I have; if I had but a kite, I should never be tired of flying it."

"You shall have one, my dear," answered his mother, and she sent the maid out to buy him one. "Take Otho to the toy-shop with you," said she to the servant, "and let him choose it himself, and then he will be sure to like it."

"As soon as I have my new kite," said Otho, "may I go into the fields and fly it, mother?" His mother said he might. Away he went, chose his kite, bought a large ball of packthread, and went into the field as fast as he could. There was a fine wind, and Otho's kite was soon almost out of sight; he then began to wind up the string, that he might be able to see the fine sun that was painted on one side of the kite, and the man that was painted on the other. Otho forgot his dinner, and was so taken



up with his kite, that it was not till he was quite tired, and had sat down to rest himself, that he found he was hungry. When he had rested himself he took his kite upon his back, and went home ; but dinner had been long over. He asked his mother if the dinner was all eaten. "No," said she, "there is plenty left ; but as you did not come home in time, you must eat dry bread, and drink some milk and water."

He sat down alone in a corner of the room, to eat a large piece of bread, which his mother had given him.

“I wonder,” said he to himself, “what I shall do till tea is ready? After tea I shall have my brothers and sisters to play with me.”

The only thing that Otho could think of doing till his brothers and sisters came, was to sit in a sulky and fretful manner, picking his fingers and biting his nails. His brothers and sisters soon came jumping in and running up to their mother; one said, “See what a nice orange I have got, for saying my task well;” another shewed a little card, on one side of which GOOD BOY was written; and the eldest had got a new copy-book, which the writing-master had given her, for her care and attention in writing. The mother, even more happy than her good children, kissed



one, and patted the cheek of another, and was just going to tea, when the eldest girl said, "What is the matter with Otho?" The little ones neither went to him, nor asked about him: not because they did not care about their brother, but because he looked so cross, they thought he would quarrel with them.

The mother said she supposed Otho was quite happy, for he had told her in the morning, that he should be quite happy if he had nothing to learn, and could play all day.

He now began to cry violently : he got up and went to his mother, and hid his face in her lap : " O, no," said he, " I never was so unhappy before ; I am so tired and so hungry, and my head aches, and I do not know what to do with myself."

" I will tell you what to do," said his mother, " if you will first promise me that you will do it." Otho promised. " Then," said his mother, and she wiped his face and eyes, " do not cry any more ; sit down by me, and eat your bread, and drink your milk and water : then wash your hands clean, and learn a little task which I will give you : when you have learned it, go and play with your brothers and sisters for a little while ; go to bed early, as you have made yourself so tired ; get up soon tomorrow morning, and wash and comb yourself, and then sit down and read over your task again, that you may be sure to

know it well ; go to school with your brothers and sisters ; in short, leave off being an *Idle Boy* ; try to be a *Good Boy* ; and then you will be a *Happy Boy* !”

“ I believe you are right, mother,” said Otho, kissing his mother, “ for I have never yet been so happy as my brothers and sisters.

Otho took his mother’s advice, and became a *Very Good* and a *Very Happy Boy* !





THE SQUIRREL.

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THE Squirrel is a beautiful little animal, equally remarkable for the elegance of its form, the liveliness of its disposition, and the agility of its motions. It is gentle and harmless; though naturally wild, it is easily tamed; and though excessively timid, it soon becomes familiar. Being naturally fond of warmth, it will, when domesticated, creep into a person's pocket, sleeve, or bosom, with the most perfect confidence.

Its tail constitutes its greatest singularity, as well as its principal ornament. It is also not less useful than ornamental; for being sufficiently large and bushy to cover the whole body, it serves as an ex-

cellent defence against the inclemencies of the weather. It also greatly assists it in clinging and adhering to trees. Linnæus, with other naturalists, assures us, that in crossing a river, the squirrel places itself upon a piece of bark, and erecting its tail in order to catch the wind, uses it as a sail, and thus commits itself to the mercy of the waves.



