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HARRY REYNOLDS:

OR, THE

CAUSES OF A LITTLE BOY'S FAILURE  
AND SUCCESS.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,

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HARRY REYNOLDS.

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CHAPTER I.

A BOY FOND OF PLAY.

HARRY REYNOLDS was in most things a good little boy : he was cheerful, and loved his papa and mamma, and brothers, very much ; but, like most little boys, he had his faults, and though I do not like telling tales, yet I

must tell you what they were, in the hope that you may take warning and try to avoid them. Harry was very fond of play. This is all very well in its proper time, but he used sometimes to think of his play when he ought to have been thinking about his lessons. One day his mamma told him to come and sit beside her, and she would give him a little lesson in

arithmetic. Harry came very willingly, took his slate, and sat down to his task, which was a sum in multiplication. Presently his brother came in to give the canary-bird fresh water; down went Harry's slate: "I should think," said he, "the bird is very thirsty, Thomas."

"Yes," said his mamma, "but if you attend to the bird you will not finish your



lessons in time to take a walk with me."

"O yes, I will, mamma," said Harry, and he took up the pencil as if in earnest. He meant this when he said it; but, alas! poor Harry did not know his own faults. He went on with the sum—"Five times 3 are 15, 5 and carry 1; five times 8 are— are"—and here he forgot his sum, and began playing with

his fingers on the slate, the frame leaning against his chin. In this posture he remained, enjoying his own thoughts, fancying himself out in the park with his hoop, or fitting the harness to his little wooden horse, till the steady glance of his mamma brought back his wandering thoughts, and he repeated, in a very earnest way—"Five times 8 are—are—let me see

—are 40, and 1 are—O! mamma, please let me hold that cotton, will you, while you wind it?” “No, thank you, Harry; wait till your sum is finished, and then you shall hold it.” By this time Harry had forgotten what five times 8 were, so, “Five times 8 are 40,” again sounded loudly, and at length the 1 was added, and the number put down on the slate. The multipli-

cation of these two figures had taken him three-quarters of an hour.

“Now,” said his mamma, “you have but a quarter of an hour to finish your sum in, and you have nearly the whole of it to do.” Harry heaved a deep sigh, and went on with great earnestness for a few minutes ; but, with the birds in the garden, and the flies on the wall, Harry’s sum

was not nearly finished by the time that his mamma was ready for a walk.

“O mamma!” said he, “I cannot do this sum, it is so hard; let me go out with you, and finish it when I come home.”

“No, Harry; I told you that your sum must be finished before you went for a walk, and it would not be right nor good for me to let

you go." So poor Harry was obliged to stay at home, and work his sum while his brothers and mamma took a pleasant walk.

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## CHAPTER II.

## A GOOD RESOLUTION.

HARRY was a sensible little boy sometimes, and when his mamma had gone out he began to think how foolish he had been to waste his time

by looking about him, and he said to himself, "I will just try how soon I can get this sum done; it is now ten minutes to twelve." Then he turned his face from the window, and began calculating without thinking of anything else, and very soon he called out, "My sum is finished! I am so glad, and it now wants three minutes to twelve! O, what a pity

that I did not make haste this morning; then mamma would have been pleased, and I should have had a nice walk. Well! to-morrow morning I *will* try and not think of anything but my sums while I am about them."

When Harry's mamma came home she was glad to hear of his good resolution, and told him that if he had



made it, and acted on it, that morning, it would not have been wasted, and he would not have lost his walk. I will tell you how he succeeded the day after.

The next morning Harry determined to give his whole attention to his sums while he was about them, so when his mamma called him to bring his slate, he walked up to her with a cheerful face,

for he intended to be a good boy. The sums were given and Harry sat down full of delight to think how well he would do his sum. It was a hard task he had set himself, for he was so fond of looking about that he had nearly forgotten his resolution before he had multiplied the shillings in the first sum; but he did manage to get through that sum without thinking much

about his play, or the bird, or the pleasant walk he hoped to take with his mamma; though he had to hold his pencil very tight, and look at the figures on his slate very intently, for these thoughts would steal in, and almost make him forget. At last, however, the sum was done without mamma's having had occasion to reprove him once. His eyes brighten-

ed, his cheeks grew quite red with satisfaction, as he looked up and said, "Mamma, my first sum is finished."

"Indeed!" said his mamma, "I am glad to hear it; why, you have only been eight minutes about it; you will be able to assist me before we take our walk, for I have some silk to wind, and you shall hold it if you finish your other sum in time."

## CHAPTER III.

## WANDERING THOUGHTS.

“I WILL try, mamma,” said Harry, “for I like holding silk,” and down he bent over the slate again; but somehow he found it more difficult to fix his thoughts on this sum than the first, for he began to think of the silk he was going to wind, and wondered if it would be red, or green, or yellow, and how

long it would take mamma to wind it. Then he thought how pleasant it would be to tell his papa at tea-time that he had worked his sums in so short a time, and fancied how delighted he should feel when papa stroked his head, and said, "I am glad to hear it, Harry; I hope you will always be as good and attentive." "And I am sure I will," thought Harry, "for I am a

great deal happier when I do as mamma wishes me; besides, see what time I may save. Why, I shall be able to make a paper pillow for that poor sick girl in mamma's district. Poor girl, how glad she will be!"

"What o'clock is that striking?" said Harry to himself, as he hastily lifted his chin from the frame of his slate, where it had been all

this time resting. He counted, it was *twelve*,—"and my second sum not begun. What have I been doing? What will mamma say? O, I am so sorry!" Just at this moment his mamma entered, dressed, ready for walking. "Now, Harry dear, put on your hat; your sum is finished, of course." Harry hung down his head, for he felt quite ashamed.



“Why, how is this?” said his mamma; your first sum was finished so soon that I expected you would have had time to help me wind my silk.”

Harry then told his mamma what he had been thinking about, that made him forget his sum.

His mamma said she was sorry for him, for she thought he had tried hard during the

first sum to think of nothing else but the figures on the slate, so she sat down to wait till his other sum was finished, and then she took him for a walk ; but they were not able to go very far, having waited while Harry finished the work which ought to have been done before twelve o'clock

## CHAPTER IV.

## GOD HELPS GOOD CHILDREN.

DURING their walk Harry told his mamma that he meant to try still more to-morrow morning, when he hoped he should succeed.

“I hope you will,” said his mamma; “but remember you can do nothing of yourself, not even attend to your lessons; so you should ask

God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, in your morning prayer, to make you attentive all the day."

"And do you think, mamma, that God would attend to such a little thing as that?"

"Yes, dear Harry, he made all things—small as well as great, and he attends to all things; and there is no good action performed without his help. Believe in

Christ, who died to save sinners, and trust his promises, and he will both hear you and save you."

I should think every child knows the little verse which says,

"If at first you don't succeed,  
Try—try—try—again."

Well, Harry was determined to *try* again, and to try with all his might; so the next morning, when he knelt down

to pray, he remembered that his kind mamma had told him that he could do nothing of himself, and he asked God, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, to make him very thoughtful and attentive while at his lessons. When breakfast was ended, he sat down to his sums, feeling very happy at the thought that he was *trying* to do right, and that he had asked God to help him.

He had a new rule, which was rather difficult ; but he tried very hard to get on with it, and though his brothers came into the room very often, he did not look off his slate once until his sums were finished.

It was a hard task, for his brothers had bought some rabbits the day before, and their hutch being outside the schoolroom window, Harry

could hear them run and scamper about, and more than once he wished his lessons were over, that he might go and look at them. The canary, too, sang so loudly and sweetly, that he once almost stopped to watch its little beak quivering so prettily; but he was in earnest this time, and he had asked the help of One who was able and willing to assist



him, so he finished his sums in a very short time, and when he brought them to his mamma she looked quite surprised, and you may be sure she was very much pleased. She told Harry how glad she felt, and said he might go and look at the rabbits before he went on with his other lessons.

O! if you had seen Harry's happy face as he peeped in

between the rails of the hutch, you would have known directly that he had been a good boy. There was no sorrow in his eye, it was bright and cheerful. His whole manner showed that he was happy—not that fretful, peevish, wandering about, which you might have seen the other day when his sums were not finished. And then if you could have peeped

into his conscience, what a change you would have seen; there were no disagreeable thoughts rising to make him sad. Would you wish to be like him? Then do as he did, and remember, that though God is great, he will hear little children when they pray to him in the name of Christ, and wholly trust in their gracious Saviour.

THE END.

