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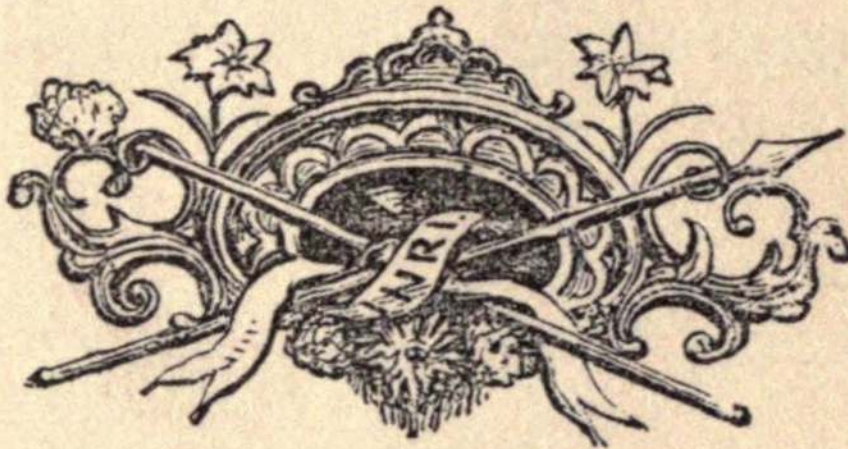






# TEACHER'S STORIES.

BY MRS. M. E. MILLER.



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# TEACHER'S STORIES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ABOUT CHARLEY FISK.

CHARLEY FISK is a little gentleman. His kind words and gentle manners please me every day. He never leaves them at home, for they spring from his gentle heart.

The school children love him dearly, and think no game is complete without him. He loves play as well as any boy; but he is never rude.

Out of school, he spends half his time out-doors, with eyes and ears open to all the wonders and beauties God has made. I don't see how he could be content to live in a city.

In the early spring he comes



out of the woods with his hands full of flowers; and until snow comes again the wild flowers are his delight. Mosses and ferns, wintergreens, and all the berries, as they come and go, just when they are richest, and where they hide, he knows by heart.

No boy so eager as Charley to hunt rabbits and squirrels. Woodchucks and weasels, and other little pests that do mis-

chief among his chicken-coops, he traps with as good luck as any old hunter.

He knows where the cunning chipmunks hide all winter. He can tell the habits of any of his game, in his simple boyish talk, that I like better than a chapter of Natural History; and it teaches me as much. He may write one in time.

He loves to go fishing too. His bright eyes grow brighter,



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if we wander towards the pond at noon; and his merry laugh seems to set all the birds in the schoolhouse woods to singing. Spry as a squirrel, he springs from tree to tree down the steep bank. When he comes up, he is sure to bring me some pretty thing, if he has not had time to coax the fish—queer pebble-stones, or a spray of bright leaves, a rare flower, or a twig of odd shape or beauty.

Mr. Fisk's old gardener is Charley's warm friend. He is teaching the boy how to take care of the garden and nursery.

Loving Nature so well, Charley also loves his heavenly Father, who makes the woods green and the flowers lovely. This seems now as easy for him as it is to love his father and mother, that he sees every day filling his pretty home with comfort and love.

## CHAPTER II.

### SUSIE'S MISHAP.

SUSIE and Anne, two dear little sisters that come to my school, are out-door children too.

As we walk along the country road, their bright eyes spy every blackberry shining in the bushes, every ground-bird's nest, or scampering squirrel.

From ant-heaps to sailing clouds, they see everything that can lend a charm to their quiet daily walk.

When grapes were ripe, I went to visit them. I found them out in the arbor with their mother.

While we were eating the fine fruit, laughing and chatting under the vines, Susie slipped from the rack she was climbing. She was not far above



the ground when she fell; but her foot turned, and made her give a cry and moan of distress. Her ankle soon began to swell.

The doctor told us it was a bad sprain; and bad, indeed, Susie has found it. She has not walked since without painful limping.

The last time I went to see her, a shoemaker was there, that her papa had brought out

from the city, to fit a stiff high shoe to the poor lame foot.

We are hoping this may support the ankle, so that when spring comes again, Susie may be as strong and fleet to run as her sister Anne.

I asked her why she thought God sent such a trial to her.

“I wondered about it a good many days at first, when I couldn't go to school with Anne; most of all, the day of



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the school picnic, when all the scholars marched by, and I sat in the big chair at the window with mamma, to wave to you," she said.

"Well, what do you conclude about it, Susie?"

"Mamma has helped me think, you see," said she, "and I think now there are lots of reasons why it was best that something happened to shut me up."

“Tell me some of your reasons, Susie.”

“Oh, they are *God's* reasons; mamma and I have only found them out. One is, so that I could see how much mamma has to do in a day; how much she works and sews while Anne is in school, and doesn't see or hear or think anything about it. That makes me love mamma more. That's one good reason, isn't it?”

“Yes, a very good one,” I said.

“Well, then, I’ve had time to see what a nice home I’ve got—so neat, you see. Then, when I was n’t hungry for bread and butter, I’ve had such good things to eat. And then the books—such nice books, and papers with pictures! Mamma reads and explains to me every day. So I’ve learned a heap. And oh, how much my mother

knows—about Joseph, and Moses, and all the Bible folks. She carries it all in her head; did you know that?”

“Yes, Susie, I knew it very well. I knew you had a Bible mother, by the way you walk to school.”

“How funny! What do you mean?”

“I knew she had taught you to love the things God scatters along our road to school; the



bits of his love you love so well to find and point out to Anne and me.”

“Yes, I know—clouds and birds and things. Yes, mamma taught us all we know about birds and flowers. She sings, “My Father made them all.”

I was sure this was the way these little girls had been taught, though I had not been told so before.

When the mother came in

presently from the tea-room, I said,

“Susie has been telling some of her thoughts.”

“I dare say she has not told you how patient she is with all her pain. And no one can tell you how much more we seem to love her than we did before this mishap.”

Her mother kissed Susie's white forehead, then wheeled the big chair to the tea-table.





## CHAPTER III.

### MEDDLESOME CARRIE.

MRS. EVANS brought to my school last summer her plump, pretty, laughing Carrie.

“Do you know your letters?” I asked.

“Yes 'm; I can wead 'em, but I can't spell 'em.”

That meant that she knew the letters, but did not know

how to make words of them. I knew she was a pet, and expected she would soon cry to go home; but she stayed till school hours were over, and skipped beside me to her own gate as I went home.

She came to school for a few weeks, and learned to spell quite well, and we were all growing very fond of her.

One day she did not come. We missed her chatter and

laugh and pattering steps about the schoolroom more than I can tell.

On my way home, I stopped to see if she were sick.

Her mother said Carrie was in trouble. It was a showery, chilly day.

“Come into the sitting-room and rest.” Mrs. Evans led the way. “We had our first fire made in the grate this morning, and my lady Carrie must

poke it to see the bright coals fall, till her dress was on fire."

Tears came into her eyes as she thought in what danger her darling had been.

"God was very good," she said. "He saved her for us to love a while longer."

Little Carrie stole shyly into the room. I was sorry for her as she stood, still and sad, looking at the burnt, spoiled dress pinned up on the wall.







## CHAPTER IV.

### DUTCH CARL.

THERE is a bright young Dutch boy among my scholars.

His father crossed the sea two years ago. He bought a farm near us, and works hard to make money come out of his fields and orchards and stone-quarry.

The boy's mother is careful

and saving. Besides doing her own housework, she washes and irons for other people.

She sends her Willie to school to learn for himself and her. She can read and write German; but in this new country she says she cannot understand the talk, nor read the Child's Paper Carl brings from Sunday-school. So as she works she studies English.

One Saturday I found her





ironing. Carl sat by her table giving out the words, which she spelled after him.

Did you ever before hear of a boy's teaching his mother to read and spell?

Ah, he must do much more for her by-and-by, to pay in part for her loving care of him through all his boyish years, while she has had other and harder work to do.

## CHAPTER V.

### A POOR MAN'S RICHES.

FARMER BRIGGS lives beyond the Hollow Swamp. He has a poor farm, an old horse, and very little to give him earthly comfort or joy besides, except his children. But he has a good many of those, and is, I think, the happiest man who sends a child to me.



Let me count. There are Maggie and Ellen, John and Charley and Robert, Sarah and John, little Ned, and baby Fanny—four girls and five boys.

Their clothes are plain, and often patched. But out in the country, folks are not afraid of patches; they are hardly afraid of anything but debt and ill-doing. Maggie and Ellen can do all the patching now the mother boasts; and with five

boys to keep pushing elbows and knees through jackets and trousers, there is a deal of patching to be done.

The older boys help their father. They can catch and harness a horse, and ride him or drive him to mill or to market, as he bids them.

They mix work and play together, so that they enjoy both. While father seals the letter that Johnny is to take to the





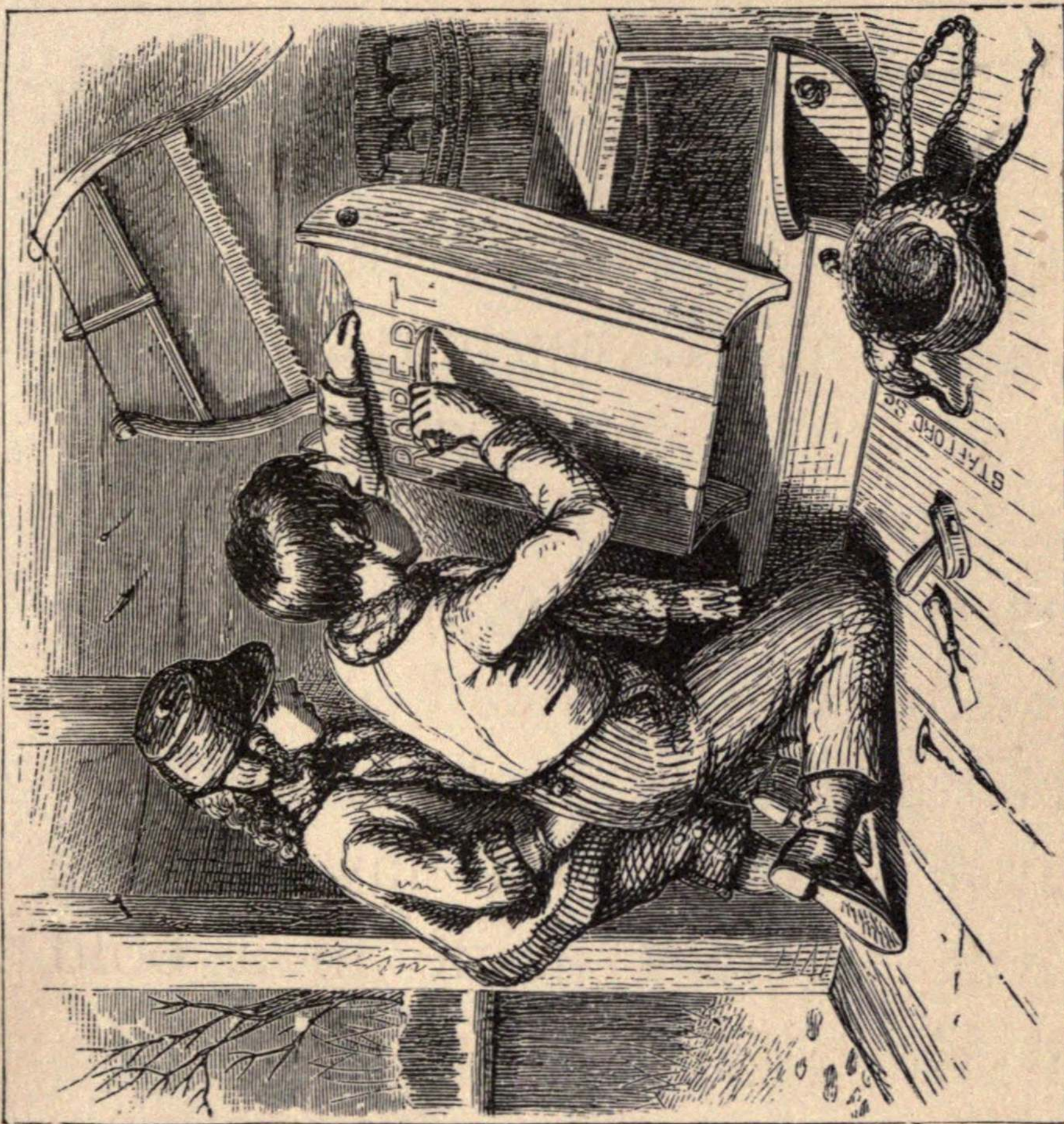
postoffice, Johnny drops down on his knees, (on Meg's patches,) to have a bit of a game of marbles with Charley. Joe watches the horse and keeps count of the game.

They have plenty of playthings, that are all home-made. Mr. Briggs has been a carpenter, and has a shop in his wagon-house. He works there with his boys, enough to teach them how to use his tools.

Carts, wheelbarrows, and sleds, besides dolls' wagons and cradles, come out of this shop; where often you may hear the boys whistle and saw, sing and hammer, learning something useful while they play.

Charley is head carpenter. He has just made a sled for little Robert, and has cut the little fellow's name in a bold style, that suits him exactly.

They are so happy as to have



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a good grandmother, who knits warm mittens and stockings for each of these nine children. Do you think her knitting-needles are ever idle? It is funny to see how these little people take care of each other.

Robert is trusted with little Ned and baby Fanny, hour after hour, out-doors. He is horse or man, just as they please; so kind and good, that he deserves a new sled.

Sarah takes care of Robert and Johnny. She is so nearly of their age, they love her dearly. They say she knows almost as much as a boy.

She is not big enough to do much work in the house; but they trust her to "see if those boys are in mischief again;" to "run see if Ned has hurt his fingers at the grindstone," or "if Fanny is asleep in the wheelbarrow." She is the fleet-

footed, light-hearted handmaid of all.

With those happy, hearty, hungry children at his right hand and his left hand, three times each day, Mr. Briggs gives thanks for the blessings before him, for the life and health of his dear ones, and for their daily bread.

## CHAPTER VI.

HARRY STETSON.

WE have a hero of old times left in our neighborhood—"Grandpa Stetson," ninety-four years old.

He was so fortunate once, when a boy, as to dine at the same table with George Washington.

He used to be proud to tell

what he remembered about the great man's fine face and noble form, and the kind words he spoke to him that day. But grandpa has forgotten all that now.

His great-grandson, Harry Stetson, is one of my bright hopes.

The first time I went to the Stetson farm, Harry and I had a long chat together, while his mother was busy in the dairy.

Old Mr. Stetson sat in his arm-chair at the west window, enjoying the clear sunset, that seemed the brighter for the afternoon's rain, although he is almost blind. He smiled often, catching Harry's merry laugh, although he is quite deaf. He is 'most always cheerful; but sometimes he seems tired of everything.

"S'pose you 've heard 'bout Washington?" said Harry.

“Oh, yes,” I answered.

“Well, grandpa ate dinner with him one day. And he knew lots of soldiers—*great big ones*—majors and generals! but *now* he wouldn't know General Washington from a red Indian, if they should walk in this minute.”

Harry was sitting on a chicken-coop and whittling away on a twig from the willow-tree; in a little while he made a

whistle, and came and sat in the doorway to try it.

Very shrill and loud was the noise he made with the whistle, and it vexed grandpa.

“What upon earth do you make such a noise for?” he said.

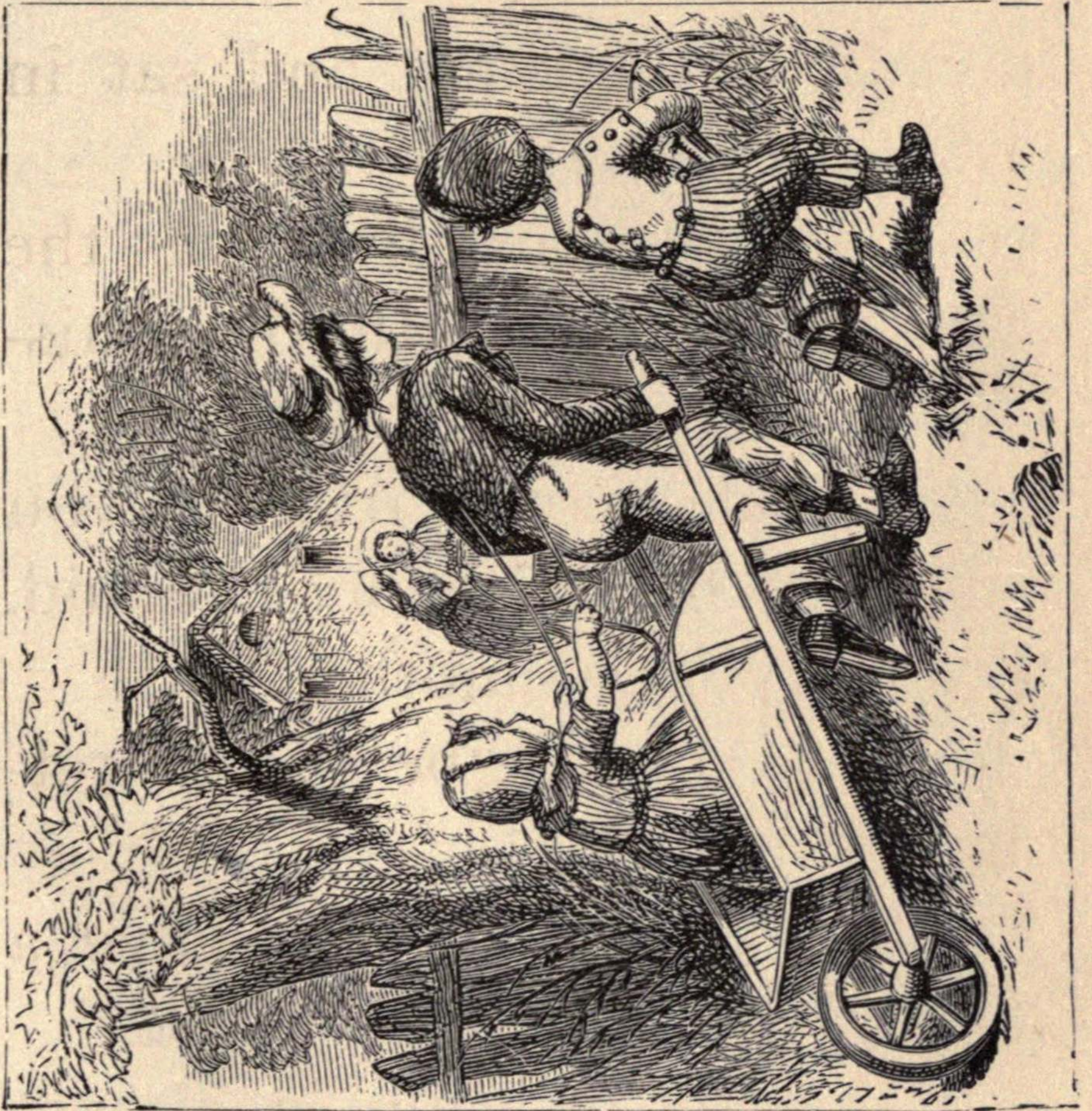
Harry blew another blast.

“Oh do, pray, be still!” fretted grandpa.

“He can't let a boy have a bit of fun!” Harry whined.

“Fourth of July is almost





HARRY

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here," I said; "shall we have a picnic for the school, Harry?"

"Oh, yes, if you'll let us have powder-crackers! We could play soldier, and march all day, and sing 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"To be sure we could. Let me hear you try one of those good old tunes, Harry."

He sang very well, and "Hail Columbia" made a neighbor riding by swing his hat.

Before the second verse was finished grandpa said fretfully, "*Can't* you be still? You make noise enough to craze a body!"

"Shouldn't suppose an old soldier would get cross about 'Hail Columbia!'"

Grandpa has a great many notions. One day, although it rains, his shade must be down, making the room gloomy. The next day, perhaps, although the

hot sunlight streams in at the window, the shade must be up; grandpa wishes it; and no matter if it is unpleasant for others, his good grand-daughter lets him have his way. "He crosses us only in little things," she says, "and it will not be for long. He has lived a long, busy, honest life, and deserves to have his own way."

She does not own that this ever troubles her; while Harry

does not try to hide that it vexes him very often.

When "Hail Columbia" and "Star-Spangled Banner" were sung through, and sung prettily, I asked him,

"Wouldn't you like to be a hero?"

"Yes, ma'am," said he, "a fighting soldier, and have a drum and a red sash, and a gun and a bugle! Ha! *wouldn't* I like it!"

“Why, no one soldier carries all those treasures,” said I. “And they all have to do what the officers think best. They can not choose the battlefield, nor do much as they like after war begins.”

Harry tooted on his whistle because he did not know what to say.

“The best and greatest hero I know—” Here Harry interrupted,

“Grandpa, of course; he’s the oldest hero anybody ever saw, I guess.”

“No, sir; that is not what I was going to say. Grandpa is the *oldest*, but your own mother is the *greatest* hero.”

“My mother! Ha! ha!” laughed Harry. “Why, she wont set a mouse-trap, she is so ’fraid of hurting anything!”

“But *most* afraid of hurting anybody’s *feelings*, I see.”



Harry looked not a little ashamed.

“When I watched your mother waiting upon grandpa so gently, and thought of her doing so day and night, all the year round, I thought she was a hero, although she had never carried sword or musket. The Captain she follows has given her hard battles to fight indoors, I suspect, or she could not be such a faithful soldier.

Good soldiers are not made in a hurry, you know, Harry."

"Yes, I know that. Cousin James is at West Point, and it will take two or three years before he'll be a soldier."

"Yes, years of strict duties and hard studies; and he may be sent hundreds of miles from home, to be killed at the first shot; or he may live through many battles, and be as old a hero as grandpa; and, after all,

he may not please the great 'Captain of our Salvation' as well as your dear mother does."

Harry dropped his whistle, and did not know it. I knew by his sober face he knew now what kind of a hero I meant he might be.

"Your mother, dear, is a Bible hero. I will show you where the Bible says: 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' Think,

Harry, you may be a hero of that kind now. You may never have troops to order here and there, but you *may* command your own temper."

"I don't know about that," said Harry sadly; "but I s'pose I can try."







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