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Tragic
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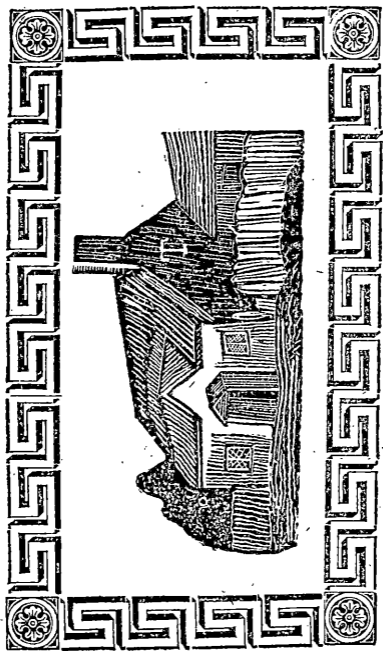
THE
TRAGICAL HISTORY!
OF THE
Children In the Wood.

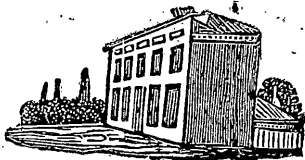


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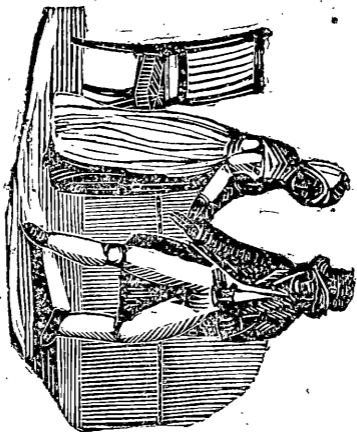


THE
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.



A GREAT many years ago, there lived in the county of Norfolk, a gentleman and his lady, who lived together happily for several years ;

they had two children very young ; for the eldest, a boy, was but three years old, and the youngest, a girl, not quite two. About this time, the gentleman fell sick, and his lady was so much grieved by his sufferings, that she fell sick also ; they were sensible that they soon should be snatched away from their little babes and agreed to send for the gentleman's brother, and give their darlings into his care. The uncle, as soon as he heard the news, made what haste he could to the bed-side where the



virtuous, but unhappy parents lay,
fast hastening to their last breath.

“Ah! my dear brother,” said

the dying man, "you see how short a time we can expect to live; yet neither death nor pain can pierce our hearts with half such deep anguish as we feel at the idea of what these dear babes will do without a parent's care. Brother, brother," he continued, stretching out his hand, and pointing to the two children, "they will have none but you to be kind to them.—Here, brother, is my will; you will see how I have provided for my dear babes."

The gentleman, after pronoun-



cing these words, pressed his cold lips to those of his children, the lady did the same, and shortly after, they both died.

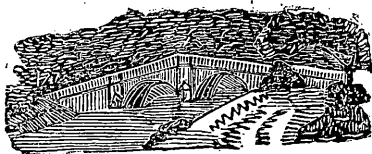
The two little innocents were now removed to their uncle's house. When he had kept them

about a year, he forgot how their parents looked when they gave their children to his care, and the promises he made to be good to them; and last he thought it would not be very difficult for him to kill them, so as for nobody to know any thing about the matter.

The unsuspecting orphans were a few days after put into a coach, to go to London, (as their uncle said,) but instead of going to London, they were sent with two inhuman butchers to a dreary wood, where they were to end their joy-

ful prattle. One of the villians served as coachmen, and the other sat between William and Jane.

When they had reached the wood, the ruffians took them out of the coach, telling them they might now walk a litte way, and gather flowers; and while the children were skipping about like lambs, the ruffians began to consult about what they had to do; but they soon fell into a great passion about killing the two little innocents, and the one who wished to spare their lives, suddenly ran



his sword through the other's body, so that he fell down dead.

The wicked uncle, supposing they had been killed as he desired, took possession openly of their fortune.

But all this did him very little service, for soon after his wife

died; and always thinking that he saw the bleeding innocents before his eyes, he neglected his business, and every day grew poorer. His two sons also, who had embarked for a foreign land, were both drowned at sea, and he became completely miserable.

When things had gone on in this manner for some time, the ruffian who would not for pity kill the children, committed a robbery in the same wood, and was condemned to be hanged for the crime. As soon as he found what his unhap-

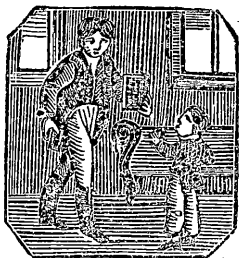


py end must be, he confessed all the crimes he had been guilty of and thus disclosed the story of the innocents. This confession very soon reached the uncle, who, being broken hearted, took to his bed and died that day.

These pretty babes were at length found in the wood, covered all over with leaves, and on a bush near them a Robin-red-breast watched and chirped; so that many still think these piteous birds did bring the leaves which made their grave.

TO DAY.

- 1 To-day the Savior calls !
Ye wand'ers come ;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam.
- 2 To-day the Savior calls !
O, listen now ;
Within these sacred walls
To Jeesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Savior calls !
For refuge fly ;
The storm of vengeance falls ;
Ruin is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day !
Yield to his pow'r ;
O, grieve him not away ;
'Tis mercy's hour.



THE ALPHABET.

A **B** **C** **D**

E **F** **G** **H**

I **J** **K** **L**



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.