

THE
LITTLE SISTERS;
OR
EMMA AND CAROLINE.



NEW HAVEN.
SIDNEY BABCOCK.

James R.

Ballou

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Published by S. Babcock.

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EMMA AND CAROLINE.

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LITTLE SISTERS.

Emma was five years old, and Caroline only two; so you see Emma was a great girl, while Caroline was only a baby.

Emma, being eldest sister, had many things the baby could not have; but Emma, being a good girl, gave her little sister leave to look at all her toys, and you can not think how pretty it was to see Emma lead her little sister by the hand and show her all her things. She used to say, See here, dear little sister, look at this pretty

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thing; do not break it, my love; if you do, I shall not have another like it, and then I know you will be very sorry.

The little sister could not speak plain, but she could nod her head, and say Yes, and Emma would always let her take any of the play things that the baby had a fancy for.

Sometimes the little girl would keep Emma's toys too long, and Emma would want them: but she did not snatch them out of the little baby's hands; she would say, No, never mind, never mind, little dear, when you are older you will know better; I am a great girl you know, nurse, and I must teach her to be



good and kind, by being good and kind myself, and mamma will love us more and more, every day.

When they walked out in fine weather, every one stopped to look and see how nicely the eldest little girl led her sister, and did not run too fast, for fear she should tire the baby; or when the baby would not walk, but cried for the nurse to carry



her, then Emma would throw a ball, or draw her go-cart, to tempt her little sister to walk; for she would say, I know, nurse, you must be tired, as Caroline is so heavy for you to carry. The nurse loved Emma, and so did every one, as she was such a good child; but her mamma loved her the most of any body, and you can not think how proud she was of her



One day the two little girls were in the drawing-room, and Emma gave her little sister leave to look at her best wax doll, and to hold it in her hands. This was very good in Emma, for it was the first wax doll she had ever had. She was very fond of it indeed.

There was a lady in the room who called Emma to kiss her; Emma went to her

as soon as she was called, for she was a good child, and did not pout and look cross, as I have very often seen little girls do. But Emma laid down the wax doll, and told the baby not to touch it until she came back.

The lady said, You look, my dear, as if you were a very good child, you are also very pretty, but that I do not much mind, as it is with the conduct of a good child that I am most pleased, when I meet one.

When Emma went back to her little sister, she found she had snapped off one of the doll's arms and had pulled off more than half the hair. Emma grew very red,



and was ready to cry when she saw what the baby had done to the poor doll, but she did not say one cross word to her; she only said, Well, my little dear, I see I must not lend you the next wax doll I may get, for you are not old enough yet to play with them; but do not cry, for I am not angry with you at all; and pray, mamma, do not scold the baby, for, poor

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little thing, you know she is but a baby, and does not know any better yet; when she is a little older I am sure she will be good.

The lady who was in the room got up and kissed Emma, and said, You are one of the best little girls I ever saw, and I feel as if you would soon have a *new* wax doll.

I have little girls at home, and I shall tell them how well you behave to your little sister, that they may learn to be as good.

She then went away, and the day went on as before.

Just as Emma and Caroline were going down stairs into the parlor, after their supper, to stay a little while



with their dear mamma before they went to bed, a knock was heard at the street door, and a porter brought in a blue box. Her mamma put out her hand to take it, but the man said, No, madam, it is for Miss Emma.

Dear me, said her mamma, what can it be?

The box was placed on the table, and Emma got into a chair at the table, and the



string that tied the box was cut with mamma's scissors, and, when they had taken off a great many paper wrappers, they found—what do you think? A very large wax doll, dressed in a nice white frock, with a pink sash, and brown shoes trimmed with pink, trowsers down to the feet, and a white beaver hat and feathers; gloves on the

hands and arms ; it had black eyes, dark brown hair, red lips, and rosy cheeks, and looked as if it smiled ; there was a pelisse and tippet in the box, for her to wear when she went out walking, and a night-cap and night-shift for Emma to put on her when she undressed her to put her to bed ; on the top of the box lay a letter directed to Miss Emma Barton.

Emma was sorry she could not read it herself, but thought she would make haste and learn as soon as she could ; but now she had to ask her mamma if she would please to read it to her. So her mamma opened the letter, and sitting down

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by the table, read it aloud to Emma. She found in it these words :

My dear good little girl,

As I saw how kind you were to your little sister to-day, I went to a shop and bought as pretty a wax doll as I could get, and I hope your good mamma will give you leave to accept it from me; and I beg you will always be as good as you are now.

GRACE LOVECHILD.

So you see it was the lady who saw how good Emma had been to her little sister in the morning, when she was there, that had been so kind as to buy her this pretty doll.

Her mamma took her the next day to thank and kiss the lady; and Emma grew up a great girl, and taught her little sister to be as good as herself.

And thus, all little children will find that it is much better for them to be obedient to their parents, and affectionate to one another; for they will not only be far happier, by so doing, but find themselves rewarded when they least expect it.

EVERY DAY NOT PLAY-DAY.

On Monday, Emma, did you play?
Yes, and on Tuesday too:
Wednesday I had a holiday,
Of course had naught to do.

Thursday all my tasks I said,
Then played an hour or more;
A whole suit for my doll I made,
And worked my finger sore.

Friday I worked, I played, I read,
This day passed quickly by;
Saturday, fell and hurt my head,
Did little else but cry.

But Emma, now these days are
gone,
Let Sunday claim your care,
And pass the holy seventh one,
As suits it best—in prayer.





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