



THE
HANK OF WINE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

200 MULBERRY-STREET

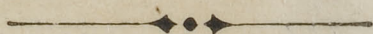
UNION,

NEW YORK.



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FRANK and JAMES WIRT lived with their pa and ma in a very pretty house near the shore of the sea. A part of the year they were away at school, so that when they were at home they liked their sport and play so much the more.

Frank was ten, and James was

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twelve years old. Frank was not a bad boy on the whole, but he had one fault that stood very much in his way. He had a very small stock of patience. In the midst of a game at ball, if anything went wrong, he would leave the other boys all at once, and in many such ways he would tease them.

When he went to make a ball, a kite, a bow, or a pop-gun, he would go at it with great ado, and tell how many others he was going to make

for James, or for John Case, or some other friend. But the end of it would often be that James and John would make their own toys, and then help him to make his.

James was a very patient boy, as you will see in the course of the story that I shall now tell you. But he was not so strong as Frank. Not that his health was poor, but he had always been a little lame; he could not leap a fence, or climb a rock or a tree as John and Frank

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could. But he was a little man in all that he did, and the boys at school and all who knew him loved him very much.

Frank and James had two sisters, Mary and Lucy, who were always ready to join them in their sports when their lessons for the day were over. They were kind good girls, full of life, and loved their brothers dearly.

Frank and James had a nice little house in one corner of the garden. They had built it with odd bits of

boards, all but the roof; for this their papa had given them good shingles, so that they might make it tight and dry. Here they kept their tools and their toys each one in its place, hung up on the wall, or laid upon the shelf, or put away in a chest. Here they had a work-bench, with saws, and files, and nails, and all the other tools that they had bought or that had been given to them. This they called their Lodge, and here they spent much of their time. A very

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good plan it was too, for it kept them at home, and in doing some nice little piece of work, and where their friends could almost always find them when they wanted them.

So here it was that Mr. Wirt went one fine day with a hank of twine, such as they make fish lines of, which he had bought of a poor man who was going about the country with such things to sell.

“Boys,” said he, as he went down

the walk, "boys, Frank, James, who wants something to do?"

"I do, papa!" said Frank, who was the first to go at anything that was new.

"I do, papa," said James in his quiet way, and at the same time he put down a bat upon which he was at work.

Frank made a bound to his papa and took from him the hank of twine, and began to try to undo it. He did not stop first to see where

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the end was tied, or where it would be best to begin to wind. Mr. Wirt was in haste and went on a few steps, then he stopped and came back to the Lodge.

“Would you like a sail to-day, boys?”

“O yes, sir, very much!” said they both in a breath.

“Well, then,” said Mr. Wirt, “I will go on and get all things ready, and as soon as the hank is wound you may come to the cove, and I

will be there to take you on board. Be sure and bring the twine with you, for we may want it."

"Yes, sir," said Frank, as he went a step or two out of the Lodge after his papa; "we will be sure to come to you by the time you get to the cove."

James now came to the door and said: "But, Frank, we were to take a walk to-day with John Case over to the old fort."

Mr. Wirt heard the name, and

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looking back, he said: "Bring young Case with you by all means. He is a fine young lad, and I shall be glad to see him."

"Thank you, papa, you are very kind," said both of the boys, and soon he was out of sight.

When they came back into the Lodge, Frank tried again to undo the twine. But when he had run after his papa he swung it round his arm, and that did not help him at all. Soon he got in a pet, and pulled

the first end he could see, and that was the wrong one, so that the whole thing was in a snarl. He threw it down, saying that it never could be wound, or at least that he could not wind it unless he had help.

“I will help you,” said James, and he put down the bat upon which he was again at work.

“Well, do then,” said Frank, as he took up the twine again, which was in still more of a snarl. James took

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it gently from him and made it as straight as he could, and then he traced it round to where the right end was tied. Then he put it on the hands of Frank and began to wind. Frank was very glad of James's help, and stood quite still for a little while, till his eye caught the white sail of his papa's boat shining in the sun.

“See! see!” said he; “is not that fine!” and he made his two feet go like drumsticks. “Won't we have a fine sail? O dear! this old hank!

I wish it was in the bottom of the lake!”

“If you will only hold it still, dear Frank,” said James, “it will soon be done. Only five minutes more.”

“No, never, my young man,” said Frank, and, half in play, he struck James a cut across the face with one end of the hank. It was too bad! Of course James could not wind again till he could get it straight, and Frank would take it upon his

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hand again and hold still. This he would not do long. Again his eye caught sight of the boat, and he threw up the hank of twine, saying: "You will finish it now soon and be able to come after me."

Then with a hop, skip, and a jump, he ran as fast as he could down the path that led to the sea.

James took up the hank, which looked worse than ever. He said to himself: "I shall lose the sail, but papa wants the twine wound, and I

will not go to him till I have done it," so he took heart and went on bravely.

He put one end of it over the back of a chair, and picked away, but it seemed worse and worse. He looked through the trees and saw the men pushing the boat from the shore, and just then John Case came to the door of the Lodge.

"I shall not be able to go to the fort with you to-day," said James; "papa asked us to go out with him

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in his boat, and said that we should bring you with us if you would like to go."

"Of course I should like to go very much," said John, "and I see we have no time to lose. Come, lay down your twine or we shall be too late."

"I cannot go till I have done this twine," said James. "Frank has gone down; you go after him and I will come as soon as I can."

"You will lose your sail, then."

“Never mind me; papa wanted me to do this twine; but that need not keep you.”

So John did as James said, and ran down the path to the shore. James worked away a few minutes and then his task was done. The boat was not gone yet. He took the ball in his hand, and was soon on his way after the others. He had not gone far when he met John on his way back.

“O James!” cried he, as soon as

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he came near; "come as fast as you can. Frank has had a sad fall in leaping the ditch."

James ran on and soon came to Frank, who was seated on the grass rocking to and fro from the pain in his foot. He had just caught on the further side of the ditch, and hurt his ankle very much.

"O! O!" said he, when James came near, "this comes of my lack of patience. I ought to have gone by the way of the path, as my papa

always tells me to. I am sure I cannot walk to the house, and through me you will all lose your sail."

"Never mind that," said James; "we will carry you to the house."

"O you can't carry me!"

"You don't know how strong I am. Just try and rise up."

Frank did so, but the pain was so great that he sat down at once upon the grass again.

"O dear," said he, "what a bad boy I am! I did very wrong about

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the twine, and still worse in trying to jump the ditch; but I thought it would save time, and papa will be so angry."

"Your papa will not be angry, I am sure," said John, "when he sees how much you are hurt. But now come, we will make a seat for you," and they put their hands across to make a chair, as they had often done at play, but Frank could not even get into it.

Just then Dan, the farm boy,

passed with a handcart, and as soon as he saw that Frank was hurt he came to help him.

“Go fetch your cart here,” said James; “that will be just the thing to carry him home in.”

So they all took hold and lifted him into the cart, and soon they had him home. His mamma was very sad to see him hurt, and did all she could to help him and to soothe the pain. When she saw how sorry he was for the wrong he had done the

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tears came in her eyes, but she did not blame him in words.

When his papa came he told him all about it, and begged his pardon.

It was a long while before the ankle was well, and Frank had much time to think. When he came out of the house again he was a wiser and a better boy, and often after that he was called among his boy friends by the name of "Patient Frank."

THE END.

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