The Boys' And Girls' Library

Containing A Variety Of Useful And Instructive Reading, Selected From Eminent Writers For Youth

Samuel G. Goodrich

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Title: The Boys' And Girls' Library

Editor: Samuel G. Goodrich

Release date: February 4, 2011 [eBook #35149]
Most recently updated: November 28, 2022

Language: English

Other information and formats:
www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/35149

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THE BOYS AND GIRLS LIBRARY

BY PETER PARLEY



LONDON.

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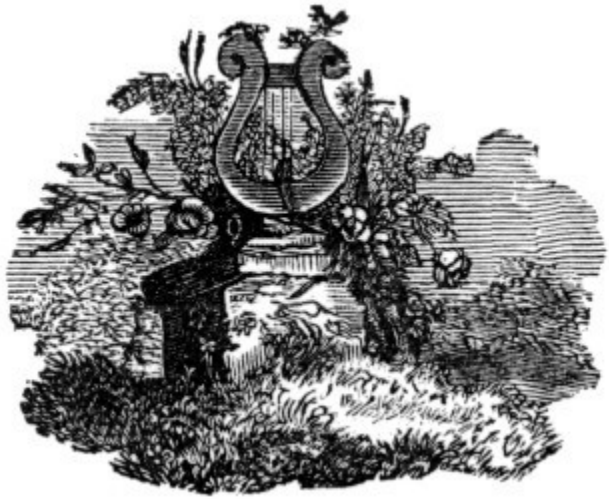
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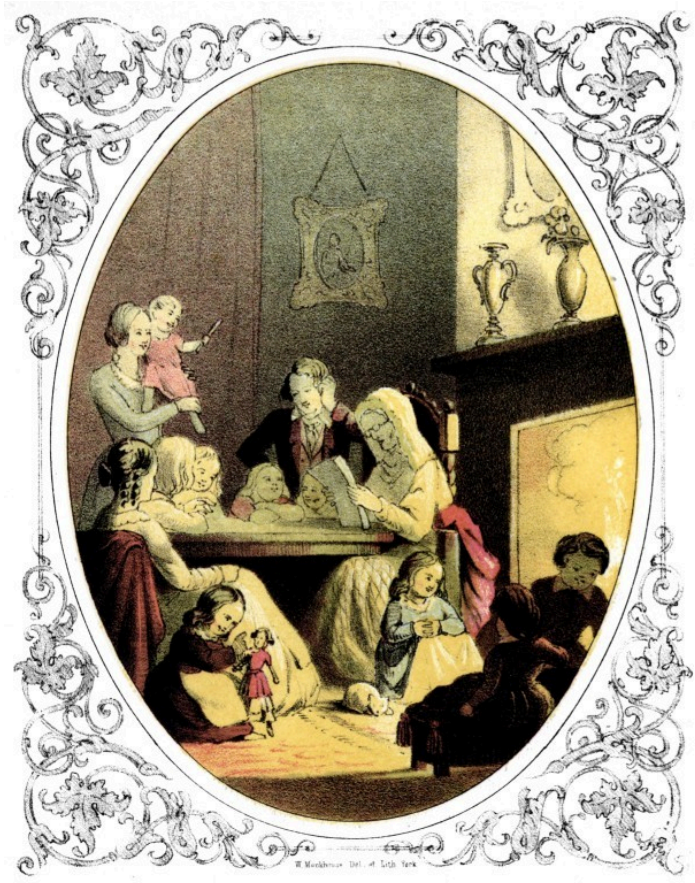
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LONDON:

H. G. COLLINS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLI.



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THE

BOYS’ AND GIRLS’ LIBRARY.

CHILDHOOD.

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy.”
WORDSWORTH.

“My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,

So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die."
IBID.

The angel that takes care of the tender lambs and sprinkles dew upon the flowers, in the still night, takes care of thee, dear little one, and lets no evil come to thy tender years.

Fair child! when I gaze into thy soft, dark eyes, *my* childhood returns, like a bright vision, and I think of the time when every sight and every sound in nature gave to me such sweet delight, and all seemed *so* fair. I almost fancy I hear thy gentle voice breathing forth thy joy in sweet and happy words, such as little children are wont to use when they first begin to look up into the blue sky, to gaze upon the rainbow, or the bright clouds that float over the moon.

The bright sun, the moon and stars, the murmuring rivulet, the broad ocean heaving to and fro in the sunlight, the thunder and the storm, the quiet glen where I listened to the busy hum of the insects, the joyous song of the birds, as they flew from spray to spray, the odour of fresh flowers—all filled my breast with heavenly love and peace; and when I look into *thy* face, dear Sophia, I feel my soul return to join you, and I forget the present, and live only in the past.



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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW YEAR

BY RUFUS DAWES.

An old man, wrinkled with many
woes,
Went trudging along through the
wintry snows;
'Twas the thirty-first of December, at
night,
He had travelled far and was worn
out quite.
The clock was just on the click of
twelve,
When the old man stopp'd and
began to delve:
And he made a grave in the broad
highway,
To be trampled upon on the coming
day.
Then in he crept, and had hardly
strength,
To stretch himself out at his utmost
length,
When the clock struck *twelve!*—at
the solemn tone,
The old man died without a groan.

Just then a youth came tripping by,

With a holiday look and a merry
eye;
His back was loaded with books and
toys,
Which he toss'd about to the girls
and boys.
He gave one glance at the dead old
man.
Then laughed aloud, and away he
ran.
But when he comes back, let him
laugh, if he dare,
At the following lines which are
written there.

"Beneath the stone which here you
view,
Lies EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND
FORTY-TWO.
His grandfathers blundered so sadly,
that he
Inherited only their penury,
With a few little play-things he's left
for his heir,
Who will frolic awhile, and then die
of care.
He lived, a wretched life, we're told.
And died at last, *just twelve months
old*!"

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THE STORY OF EDWARD LYON;

OR, CONFESSING A FAULT.

"I don't like James Parker, and I'll never play with him again as long as I live," said a little boy, warmly, whose name was Edward Lyon.

His father, hearing the words of his son, called him, and said,

"Edward, my son, what has happened to cause you to speak so unkindly of your little playmate? I thought you liked James very much."

"So I did, father; but I don't like him now."

"Why not?"

"Because he got angry with me to-day, and struck me."

"Struck you, my son!"

"Yes, indeed! he did so,—but I struck him back for it!"

When Edward's father heard this, he was very much grieved. Taking his boy upon his knee, he asked him to tell him all about his difficulty with James Parker, and why James had struck him.

"Why, you see, father," began Edward, "he was building a house with the blocks you told us we might have from the building, and had got it up very high, when I told him, in fun, that I would knock it down, and threw a great stone at it, just by way of make believe. Somehow or other, the stone slipped

in my hand, and struck his house, and knocked it all to pieces. But I didn't mean to do it. And then he came up to me, with his face as red as blood, and struck me with all his might."

"And then you struck him back again?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then what did he do?"

"He doubled up his fist, as if he was going to hit me again."

"But didn't do it?"

"No. He stopped a minute, and then began to cry, and went off home."

"Suppose he had struck you again—what would you have done?"

"I should have hit him back."

"Like a wicked boy, as you were, then."

"But he was wicked, too, father."

"Not so wicked as you, I think. In the first place, it was wrong in you even to pretend that you were going to knock his house down. Wrong in two ways. First, you told an untruth in saying that you meant to knock it down, when you did not intend to do so. And then you took pleasure in seeing him troubled, lest his house, the building of which gratified him so much, should be wantonly destroyed. Both the feeling and act here were evil. And my son, in indulging the one and doing the other, was not under good influences. And then, can you wonder that James, after what you had said, should have believed

that you knocked his house down on purpose? You said that you meant to do it, and then did do it. What better evidence could he have had of your unjustifiable trespass upon his rights? Pleased with his house, its destruction could only arouse within him feelings of indignation against the one who had wantonly thrown it down. Put yourself in his place, and think whether you would not have felt as angry as he did; perhaps much more so. Carried away by this feeling, he struck you. This was wrong, but not half so much as the fact of your returning the blow. You knew that you had given him cause to feel incensed at your conduct, and you ought to have borne his blow as a just punishment for what you had done. But, instead of this, you made the matter ten times worse by striking him back. The fact, that he did not return your blow, but resisted the impulse he felt to strike you again, shows that he is a much better boy than you are, Edward; for you have declared, that if he had struck you again, you would have returned the blow, and have fought with him, I doubt not, until the one or the other of you had been beaten."

"I am sorry I knocked his house down," Edward said, as soon as his father ceased speaking, and he hung his head and looked ashamed and troubled. "And I was sorry the moment I saw that I had done it."

"Then why did you not tell him so at once?"

"I would, if he had given me time. But he doubled up his fist and hit me before I could speak."

"Still, knowing that you had provoked him to do so, you ought to have forgiven the blow."

"And so I would, if I had only had time to think. But it came so suddenly"—

"You have had time to think since, my son, and yet you have declared that you do not like James, and never intend playing with him again."

"I didn't feel right when I said that, father. I was angry at him. But I don't suppose he will ever play with me again after what has happened."

"Why not?"

"Of course he is very angry with me."

"More angry with himself for having struck you, I expect."

"Oh, if I thought so, I would go at once and ask him to forgive me for knocking his house down, and for having struck him," Edward said, his eyes filling with tears.

"That ought not to be your reason for asking his forgiveness, Edward."

"Why not, father?"

"You should go to him and ask his forgiveness because you are conscious of having injured him. You ought not to think anything about what he may think or feel, but go to him and confess your wrong, simply because you have acted wrong."

"But how do I know that he will take it kindly?"

"That you must not think of, my boy. Think only of the fact you have injured James, and that simple justice requires of you to repair that injury in the best way you can. Surely, the least you can now do is

to go to him, and tell him that you are sorry for what you have done."

For a time, pride and shame struggled in the breast of Edward, but at length he made up his mind to do as his father had proposed. He not only saw clearly that he had been wrong, but he also felt that he had been wrong. James Parker lived only a little way from his father's house, and thither he at length turned his steps, though with reluctance, for he did not know how James would receive him.

As he came into the yard of the house where James' father lived, he saw his little playmate seated quietly in the door, with his face turned away, so that he did not notice him, nor seem to hear the sound of his footsteps, until he was close to him. Then he turned quickly, and Edward saw that he had been weeping.

"James," he said, holding out his hand, "I am sorry that I knocked your house down—but I didn't mean to do it. And I am more sorry still that I struck you."

"And I have been so sorry that I struck you, that I have cried ever since," James said, taking the offered hand of his young friend. "I might have known that you did not mean to knock my house down when you threw the stone,—that it was an accident. But I was so angry that I didn't know what I was doing. I'm so glad you have come. I wanted to see you so bad, and tell you how sorry I was; but was afraid you would not forgive me for having struck you."

From that day Edward and James were firmer friends than ever. Each forgave the other heartily, and each blamed himself to the full extent of his error. And besides, each learned to guard against the

sudden impulse of angry feelings, that so often sever friends, both young and old.

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TO MY GOOD ANGEL.

Hail, protecting spirit, hail!
Guardian of my being here;
Though my faltering footsteps fail,
And I sink in doubt and fear,
Still to cheer me
Thou art near me,
All unseen by mortal eye,—
All unheard by mortal ear;
Thou, a spirit of the sky,
Dost protect and guide me here.

Hail, immortal spirit, hail!
When the storm is in my breast,
And the foes of peace assail,
Thou canst calm my soul to rest.
Then to cheer me
Still be near me—
Guardian angel, to me given,
Guide me still till life be o'er,
Then to that long looked-for heaven,
Let my happy spirit soar.

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SELF-DENIAL.

There were two little boys, named James and William. One day, as they were about starting for school, their father gave them two or three pennies a-piece, to spend for themselves. The little boys were very much pleased at this, and went off as merry as crickets.

“What are you going to buy, William?” James asked, after they had walked on a little way.

“I don’t know,” William replied. “I have not thought yet. What are you going to buy with your pennies?”

“Why, I’ll tell you what I believe I’ll do. You know ma’ is sick. Now, I think I will buy her a nice orange. I am sure it will taste good to her.”

“You may, if you choose, James. But I’m going to buy some candy with my money. Pa’ gave it to me to spend for myself. If ma’ wants an orange, she can send for it. You know she’s got money, and Hannah gets her everything she wants.”

“I know that,” James said. “But then, it would make me feel so happy to see her eating an orange that I bought for her with my own money. She is always doing something for us, or getting us some nice thing, and I should like to let her see that I don’t forget it.”

“You can do as you please,” was William’s reply to this. “For my part, I don’t often get money to spend

for myself. And now I think of it, I don't believe pa' would like it if we were to take the pennies he gave us for ourselves, and give them away,—or, what is the same thing, give away what we bought with them. Indeed, I'm sure he would not."

"I don't think so, William," urged James. "I think it would please him very much. You know that he often talks to us of the evil of selfishness. Don't you remember how pleased he was one day, when a poor chimney-sweeper asked me for a piece of cake that I was eating, and I gave him nearly the whole of it? If that gave him pleasure, surely my denying myself for the sake of ma', who is sick, would please him a great deal more."

William did not reply to this, for he could not, very well. Still, he wanted to spend his pennies for his own gratification so badly, that he was not at all influenced by what his brother said.

In a little while, the two little boys came to a confectioner's shop, and both went into it to spend their money.

"Well, my little man, what will you have?" asked the shop-keeper, looking at William, as he came up to the counter.

"Give me three pennies' worth of cream candy," William said.

The cream candy was weighed out, and then the man asked James what he should get for him.

"I want a nice sweet orange, for a penny," said James.

"Our best oranges are twopence," was the reply.

“But I have only a penny, and I want a nice orange for my mother, who is sick.”

“Do you buy it with your own money, my little man?” asked the confectioner.

“Yes, sir,” was the low answer.

“Then take one of the best, for your penny, and here is some candy into the bargain. I love to see little boys thoughtful of their mothers.” And the man patted James upon the head, and seemed much pleased.

William felt bad when he heard what the man said, and began to think how very much pleased his mother would be when James took her the orange after school.

“I wish I had bought an orange too,” he said, as he went along, eating his candy, which did not taste half so good as he had expected it would taste.

Do you know why it did not taste so good? I will tell you. His mind was not at ease. When our thoughts trouble us, we take little or no pleasure in anything. To make this still plainer, I will just mention the case of a boy, who thought it would be so pleasant if he could play all the time, instead of going to school. So much did he think about this, that one morning, he resolved that he would not go to school when sent, but would go out into the woods, and play all day, and be so happy.

So, when he started off, with his dinner in a little basket, instead of going to the school-room, he went to the woods.

“Oh, this is so pleasant!” he said, on first arriving

at the woods—“No books nor lessons—no sitting still all day. Oh, I shall be so happy!”

As he said this, the thought of his parents, and of their grief and displeasure, if they should find out that he had played truant, came into his mind, and made him feel very unhappy. But he endeavoured to forget this, and began to frisk about, and to try his best to be delighted with his new-found freedom. But it was of no use. His thoughts would go back to his parents, and to a consciousness of his disobedience; and these thoughts destroyed all the pleasantness of being freed from school. At last, he grew weary of everything around him, and began to wish that he was again at school. But he was afraid to go now, it had become so late; and so he had to stay in the woods all day. It seemed to him the longest day he had ever spent, for the thoughts of his disobedience, and the fear of his parents’ displeasure, if they were to find out what he had done, prevented him from taking any enjoyment. Oh, how glad he was, when the sun began to go down towards the west! But it seemed to him that it never would get to be five o’clock. Every man he saw with a watch he asked the time of day, and every answer he received disappointed him, for he was sure it must be later.

At last the time came for him to go home. As he drew near, he began to tremble, lest his parents should have made the discovery that he had not been to school. They did not know it, however, until the little boy, to ease his troubled mind, confessed his fault.

Now this little boy could not enjoy himself in the woods because his mind was not at ease. He was not satisfied with himself. He could not approve of his

own conduct.

So it was with William. He felt that he had been selfish, and that this selfishness would appear when his brother carried home the orange for their sick mother. It was for this reason that his candy did not taste so good to him as he had expected that it would. But James ate his with much satisfaction.

"I wish I had bought ma' an orange with my pennies," William said, as they were going home from school.

"I wish you had, too," replied his unselfish brother, "for then we should have two to give her, instead of one."

"See, ma', what a nice sweet orange I have bought you," he said, as he arrived at home, and went into his mother's sick chamber.

"It is, indeed, very nice, my son, and it will taste good to me. I have wanted an orange all the morning. Where did you get it?"

"Pa' gave me a penny, this morning, and I bought it with this. I thought you would like to have one."

"You are very good, my son, to think of your sick mother. And you wouldn't spend your penny for cake or candy; but denied yourself, that you might get an orange for me? Mother loves you for this manifestation of your *self-denial* and love for your parent." And she kissed him.

William heard all this, and it made him feel very bad indeed. Oh, how he did wish that he had bought something for his mother with the pennies his father had given him! But it was too late now.

The pain he felt, however, was useful to him. It taught him to know that we may often obtain far greater happiness by denying ourselves for the sake of others, than in seeking alone the gratification of our own appetite; and he seriously resolved he would *try* in future to do better.

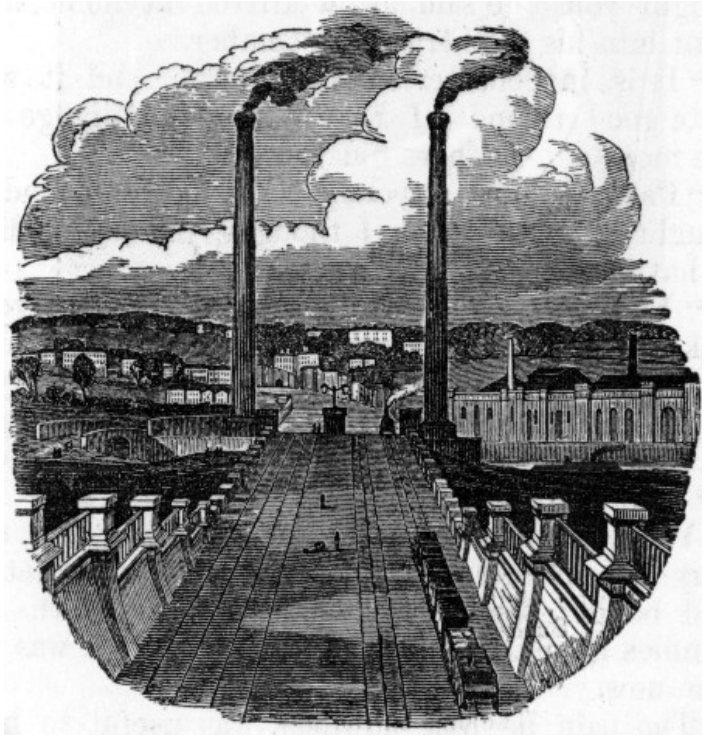


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HENRY AND HIS SISTER.



Said Henry, one day,
As from school he came in,
“Don’t you think, sister dear,
A good boy I have been,
Such a beautiful book to have gained?

“Just look at these pictures,
The bird on the tree,
These lambs in the meadow,
This flower, and this bee,
With its honey from blossoms obtained.

“And here is a story,

And here is a song;
Let me read the story,
It won't take me
long;"
And so the nice story he
read.

"Oh, what a nice story!"
And little Jane's
smile
Played on her face,
Like a sunbeam,
awhile—
"I'm so glad you were good!"
then she said.



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ANNA AND HER KITTEN.

Little Anna has a very pretty grey kitten; and she loves the kitty very much; and the kitty loves her. Sometimes when Anna is playing with her doll and nine-pins, kitty puts out her paw and rolls all the playthings about the room, but Anna does not mind that; she knows the little pussy does it all for play.

One day, when Anna was alone with the kitty, in the parlour, she made scratches on the window; and that was a very naughty trick. When her nurse came into the room, she asked Anna, “Who made these scratches on the window?” Little Anna felt ashamed of the mischief she had done; and she did not speak a word.

The kitten was asleep in the chair; and the nurse said, “I suppose this naughty puss did it;” and she took the kitten out of the chair, and told her she must box her ears, for scratching the window; but little Anna began to cry; and she ran up to her nurse, saying, “Oh, don’t whip little kitty; she did not scratch the window. I did it.”

And so the nurse did not strike poor puss; and Anna took the kitty in her arms, and smoothed her soft grey fur, and made her very happy. Anna’s father and mother and her grandmother loved their little girl very much, because she told the *truth*, and was so kind to her good little kitten.



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FAITHFULNESS;

OR, THE STORY OF THE BIRD'S NEST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

One fine spring morning a poor boy sat under a tree, watching a flock of sheep which were feeding in a meadow, between a clear, dancing, trout-brook, and an old oak wood.

He held a book in his hand, and was so much engaged with it, that he scarcely looked up, excepting that from time to time he cast a quick glance toward the sheep, to make himself sure they were all safe, and within bounds.

Once, as he looked up from his book, he saw standing near him a boy, not much larger than himself, dressed in the richest and most graceful

manner. It was the prince—the eldest son of the king, and heir to the throne.

The shepherd-boy did not know him, but supposed him to be the son of the forester, who often came on business to the fine old hunting-tower, which stood near by.

“Good morning, Mr. Forester,” said the shepherd-boy, taking off his straw hat, which, however, he instantly replaced; “can I do anything for you?”

“Tell me, are there any birds’ nests in these woods?” said the prince.

“That is a droll question for a young forest man,” said the boy. “Don’t you hear the birds singing all around? To be sure there are birds’ nests enough here. Every bird has its own nest.”

“Then, do you know where there is a pretty one to be seen?” said the prince.

“Oh, yes; I know a wonderful fine one,” said the boy. “It is the prettiest nest I ever saw in my life. It is made of yellow straw, and is as smooth and neat inside, as if it had been turned in a lathe; and it is covered all over the outside with fine curled moss, so that you would hardly know there was a nest there. And then, there are five eggs in it. Oh, they are so pretty! They are almost as blue as the bright sky, which shines through those oak leaves over head.”

“That is fine!” said the prince; “come, show me this same nest. I long to see it.”

“That I can easily believe,” said the boy, “but I cannot show you the nest.”

“I do not wish you to do it for nothing,” said the

prince, “I will reward you well for it.”

“That may be,” said the boy. “But I cannot show it to you.”

The prince’s tutor now stepped up to them. He was a dignified, kind-looking man, in a plain dark suit of clothes. The little shepherd had not before observed him.

“Be not disobliging, my lad,” said he. “The young gentleman here has never seen a bird’s nest, although he has often read of them, and he wishes very much to see one. Pray, do him the kindness to lead him to the one you have mentioned, and let him see it. He will not take it away from you. He only wishes to look at it. He will not even touch it.”

The shepherd-boy stood up respectfully, but said, “I must stick to what I have said. I cannot show the nest.”

“That is very unfriendly,” said the tutor. “It should give you great pleasure to be able to do anything to oblige our beloved prince Frederick.”

“Is this young gentleman the prince?” cried the young shepherd, and again took off his hat; but this time he did not put it on again. “I am very much pleased to see the prince, but *that* bird’s nest I cannot show any one, no not even the king himself.”

“Such a stiff-necked, obstinate boy I never saw in my life,” said the prince, pettishly. “But we can easily find means to compel him to do what we wish.”

“Leave it to me, if you please, my dear prince,” said the tutor; “there must be some cause for this

strange conduct." Then, turning to the boy, he said, "Pray tell us what is the reason you will not show us that nest, and then we will go away and leave you in peace. Your behaviour seems very rude and strange; but if you have any good reason for it, do let us know it."

"Hum!" said the boy; "that I can easily do. Michel tends goats there over the mountains. He first showed me the nest, and I promised him that I never would tell anybody where it was."

"This is quite another thing," said the tutor. He was much pleased with the honesty of the boy; but wished to put it to further proof. He took a piece of gold from his purse, and said—

"See here! this piece of gold shall be yours, if you will show us the way to the nest. You need not tell Michel that you have done it, and then he will know nothing about it."

"Eh! thank you all the same," said the boy. "Then I should be a false rogue, and that will I not be. Michel might know it or not. What would it help me, if the whole world knew nothing about it, if God in heaven and myself knew that I was a base, lying fellow? Fie!"

"Perhaps you do not know how much this piece of gold is worth," said the tutor. "If you should change it into coppers, you could not put them all into your straw hat, even if you should heap them up."

"Is that true?" said the boy, as he looked anxiously at the piece of gold. "Oh, how glad my poor old father would be, if I could earn so much!" He looked thoughtful a moment, and then cried out, "No—take

it away!" Then, lowering his voice, he said, "The gentleman must forgive. He makes me think of the bad spirit in the wilderness, when he said, 'all this will I give thee.' Short and good, I gave Michel my hand on it, that I would not show the nest to any one. A promise is a promise, and herewith fare well."

He turned, and would have gone away, but the prince's huntsman, who stood near and listened to what passed, came up, and clapped him on the shoulder, said, in a deep bass voice, "Ill-mannered booby! is this the way you treat the prince, who is to be our king? Do you show more respect to the rude goat-herd over the mountains, than to him? Show the bird's nest, quick, or I will hew a wing out of your body." As he said this he drew his hanger.

The poor boy turned pale, and with a trembling voice cried out, "Oh, pardon! I pray for pardon!"

"Show the nest, booby," cried the hunter, "or I will hew!"

The boy held both hands before him, and looked with quivering eyes on the bright blade, but still he cried, in an agitated voice, "Oh, I cannot! I must not! I dare not do it!"

"Enough! enough!" cried the tutor. "Put up your sword and step back, Mr. Hunter. Be quiet, my brave boy. No harm shall be done you. You have well resisted temptation. You are a noble soul! Go, ask the permission of your young friend, and then come and show us the nest. You shall share the piece of gold between you!"

"Good! good!" said the boy, "this evening I will have an answer for you!"

The prince and tutor went back to the castle, to which they had come the day before, to enjoy the season of spring.

“The nobleness of that boy surprises me,” said the tutor, as they went along. “He is a jewel which cannot be too much prized. He has in him the elements of a great character. So we may often find, under the thatched roof, truth and virtues which the palace does not often present to view.”

After they returned, the tutor inquired of the steward if he knew anything about the shepherd-boy.

“He is a fine boy,” said the steward. “His name is George. His father is poor, but is known all around for an honest, upright, sensible man.”

After the prince’s studies were ended for the day, he went to the window, and immediately said, “Aha, the little George is waiting for us. He tends his small flock of sheep by the wood, and often looks toward the castle.”

“Then we will go and hear what answer he brings us,” said the tutor.

They left the castle together and went to the place where George tended his sheep.

When he saw them moving he ran to meet them, and called out joyfully,—“It is all right with Michel; he called me a foolish boy, and scolded me for not showing you the nest at first, but, it is better that I should have asked his leave. I can now show it to you with pleasure. Come with me, quick, Mr. Prince.”

George led the way, on the run, to the oak wood,

and the prince and tutor followed more slowly.

“Do you see that yellow bird on the alder twig, that sings so joyfully?” said George to the prince. “That is the manikin! the nest belongs to him. Now we must go softly.”

In a part of the woods where the oak trees were scattering, stood a thicket of white thorns, with graceful, shining green leaves, thickly ornamented with clusters of fragrant blossoms, which glittered like snow in the rays of the setting sun.

Little George pointed with his finger into the thicket, and said, softly, to the prince, “There! peep in once, Mr. Prince! the lady bird is sitting on her eggs.”

The prince looked, and had the satisfaction of seeing her on her nest. They stood quite still, but the bird soon flew away, and the prince, with the greatest pleasure, examined the neat, yellow straw nest, and the smooth, blue eggs. The tutor made many excellent remarks, and gave the prince some information in the meantime.

“Now come with us, and receive the money we promised you,” said the tutor to George. “But the gold piece will not be so good for you as silver money.”

He took out his purse and counted down on a stone, before the astonished George, the worth of the gold piece in bright new shillings.

“Now divide fairly with Michel!” said the prince.

“On honour!” answered George; and sprang, with the money, out of their sight.

The tutor afterwards inquired whether George had divided the money equally with Michel, and found he had not given him a piece too little. His own part, he carried to his father, and had not kept a penny to himself.

Prince Frederick went every day to the bird's nest. At first, the birds were a little afraid of him, but when they saw that he did not disturb them, they lost their fear, and went and came freely, before him.

The prince's delight was full when he saw how the little birds crept from their shells. How they all opened their yellow bills and piped loud, when the parents brought their food. How the young nestlings grew, were covered with soft down, and then with feathers; and at length, one day, amid the loud rejoicings of the parents, they ventured their first flight to the nearest twig of the thorn-tree, where the old birds fed them tenderly.

The prince and his tutor often met little George as he tended his sheep, while they strayed,—now here, now there. The tutor was much pleased to observe that he always had his book with him, and spent all his spare time in reading.

"You know how to amuse yourself in the best manner, George," said he to the boy. "I should be pleased to hear you read a little from that book which you love so well."

George read aloud, with great zeal, and although he now and then miscalled a word, he did his best, and the tutor was pleased.

"That is very well," said he. "In what school did you learn to read?"

“I have never been in any school,” said George, sadly. “The school is too far off, and my father had no money to pay for it. Besides, I have not any time to go to school. In summer I tend the sheep, and in winter I spin at home. But my good friend, Michel, can read very well, and he has promised to tell me all he knows. He taught me all the letters, and the lines of spelling. This is the same book that Michel learnt from. He gave it to me, and I have read it through three times. To be sure, it is so worn out now, that you cannot see all the words, and it is not so easy to read as it was.”

The next time the prince came to the woods, he showed George a beautiful book, bound, in gilded morocco.

“I will lend you this book, George,” said the prince, “and as soon as you can read a whole page without one mistake, it shall be yours.”

Little George was much delighted, and took it with the ends of his fingers, as carefully as if it had been made of a spider-web, and could be as easily torn.

The next time they met, George gave the book to the prince, and said, “I will try to read any page that you may please to choose from the first six leaves.” The prince chose a page, and George read it without making a mistake. So the prince gave him the book for his own.

One morning the king came to the hunting castle on horseback, with only one attendant. He wished to see, by himself, what progress his son was making in his studies. At dinner, the prince gave him an account of the bird’s nest, and the noble conduct of the little shepherd.

"In truth," said the tutor, "that boy is a precious jewel. He would make a most valuable servant for our beloved prince; and as God has endowed him with rare qualities, it is much to be wished that he should be educated. His father is too poor to do anything for him; but with all his talents and nobleness of character, it would be a pity, indeed, that he should be left here, to make nothing but a poor shepherd like his father."

The king arose from table, and called the tutor to a recess of one of the windows, where they talked long together. After it was ended, he sent to call George to the castle.

Great was the surprise of the poor shepherd-boy, when he was shewn into the rich saloon, and saw the dignified man, who stood there, with a glittering star on his breast. The tutor told him who the stranger was, and George bowed himself almost to the earth.

"My good boy," said the king in a friendly tone, "I hear you take great pleasure in reading your book. Should you like to study?"

"Ah!" said George, "if nothing was wanting but my liking it, I should be a student to-day. But my father has no money. That is what is wanting."

"Then we will try whether we can make a student of you," said the king. "The prince's tutor here has a friend, an excellent country curate, who takes well-disposed boys into his house to educate. To this curate I will recommend you; and will be answerable for the expenses of your education. How does the plan please you?"

The king expected that George would be very

much delighted, and seize his grace with both hands. And, indeed, he began to smile at first, with much seeming pleasure, but immediately after, a troubled expression came over his face, and he looked down in silence.

“What is the matter?” said the king; “you look more like crying than being pleased with my offer, let us hear what it is?”

“Ah! sir,” said George, “my father is so poor what I earn in summer by tending sheep, and in winter by spinning, is the most that he has to live on. To be sure it is little, but he cannot do without it.”

“You are a good child,” said the king, very kindly. “Your dutiful love for your father is more precious than the finest pearl in my casket. What your father loses by your changing the shepherd’s crook and spinning-wheel, for the book and pen, I will make up with him. Will that do?”

George was almost out of his senses for joy. He kissed the king’s hand, and wet it with tears of gratitude, then darted out to carry the joyful news to his father. Soon, father and son both returned, with their eyes full of tears, for they could only express their thanks by weeping. When George’s education was completed, the king took him into his service, and after the king’s death, he became counsellor to the prince—his successor.

His father’s last days were easy and happy, by the comforts which the integrity of the poor shepherd-boy had procured him.

Michel, the firm friend, and first teacher of the prince’s favourite, was appointed to the place of

forester, and fulfilled all his duties well and *faithfully*.



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THE GREAT MAN.

WRITTEN FOR VERY YOUNG READERS.

I will tell you a tale of a great man who loved *justice*.

He had two sons whom he also loved.

Now, he had himself made a law, that whoever sought to harm the peace of the country where he lived, should die.

There was a sad cabal against the peace of the

country soon after the law was made:

And the great man's two dear sons were at the head of this wicked party. Their names were in the list of bad men.

This great man loved justice more than he loved his two sons.

He, therefore, made firm his heart, and sat upon his rich throne, and gave the word that his two sons should be brought before him;

And he passed sentence on them, as he would have done on strangers:

For, he thought, why should they not suffer for their faults?

We punish the poor and ignorant for their crimes:

So, it is just that we should punish the rich and those who know better, too.

And this great man gave orders that his sons should be beaten with rods; and that then their heads should be cut off.

And there he sat upon his seat, as judge,—pale and cold, but firm and brave.

And when all was past—when both his sons were dead, and their warm blood lay shed on the ground before him:

Then, when the *judge* had done his *duty*, but not before, he gave way to the love of the father.

He arose and left his seat;

He went to his own house, and there wept and mourned many days.

The name of this great man was Brutus.

Think upon his name, but think more of the true love of *justice* and judgment.

This little tale is a fact that happened at Rome.

You have heard of Rome, I dare say; and you will know more of it as you grow up.

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PHILOSOPHY AT HOME.

THE AIR THERMOMETER.

It is a very good amusement for ingenious boys at home, in the long winter evenings, to construct such philosophical instruments, or perform such experiments, as are practicable, with such materials and means as are within their reach. It is true, that this may sometimes make parents or an older sister some trouble, but with proper care on the part of the young philosophers, this trouble will not be great, and parents will generally be willing to submit to it for the sake of having their children engaged in an entertaining and instructive employment. We shall, therefore, give our readers such lessons in practical philosophy, as we suppose may be of use. In this article we will show them how they may, with few

materials and ordinary ingenuity, construct an *Air thermometer*.

The materials which will be wanted are these:—a glass phial,—one that is broad at the base in proportion to its height, so as to stand firm, is desirable,—a glass tube of small bore, six or eight inches long,—a cork to fit the mouth of the phial,—a little sealing-wax, a lamp, and a small pitcher of water. The work may be safely done upon the parlour-table, provided that the materials are all placed upon a large tea-tray, with an old newspaper, or a sheet of wrapping-paper spread over it. The paper will then intercept any drops of hot sealing-wax which may chance to fall, and which might otherwise injure the tray, and the tray itself will receive whatever may be spilt.

The only article of the above materials in regard to which the reader will have any difficulty, is the tube. Such a tube, however, can usually be procured at an apothecary's, at a very trifling expense. One about the dimensions of a pipe-stem will be best. In constructing the instrument, this tube is to be passed down through the cord, which is to be placed in the neck of the phial, the lower end to go below the surface of a little water, which is to be put in the bottom of the phial.

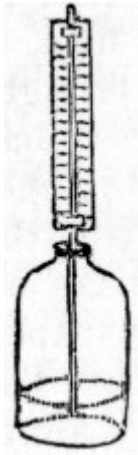
The appearance of the instrument, when completed and fitted with a scale, as will be explained hereafter, is represented in the annexed wood-cut. In constructing the instrument, the operations, or the *manipulations*, as the philosophers call them, are,

First, to bore a hole through the cork, to receive

the tube.

Second, to cement the tube into the cork.

Third, to cement the cork into the phial.



1. The first thing is to bore a hole through the cork, and this must be just large enough to admit the glass tube.—After turning in the gimlet a little way, it should be drawn out straight, by which means the chips will be drawn out, and then it should be put in again. For a gimlet will not clear its own way in cork, as it will in wood. By drawing it out, however, in the manner above described, taking care to operate gently, so as not to split the cork, and to guide the gimlet straight through the centre of the cork, the hole may be bored without much difficulty. If the hole is not quite large enough, it may be widened by a penknife which has a narrow blade, or it may be burnt out to a proper size with a hot knitting-needle, or a piece of iron wire. And thus the hole is bored through the cork.

2. The next thing is to cement the tube to the cork.

In order to do this, the water is first to be poured into the phial. About one quarter or one fifth as much as the phial will contain, will be sufficient. When this is done, the neck of the phial inside should be wiped dry, for the cork is to be sealed into it, and unless the glass is dry, the sealing-wax will not adhere. Then the tube is to be passed through the cork, and the cork put into its place, and the tube slipped down until the lower end reaches below the surface of the water, and nearly touches the bottom of the phial. Observe, then, at what part of the tube the cork comes, for this part is to be heated, and covered with sealing-wax, in order to seal it into the cork. It may be marked with a touch of ink from a pen, at a point just above where it issues from the cork. Then take out the cork with the tube from the phial, and slip the cork along down towards the lower end of the tube, so that you can put the wax upon the glass.

In order to cover the part of the tube, which is to pass through the cork, with sealing-wax, it must be heated; for sealing-wax will not adhere to glass, or any other smooth or hard substance, if it is cold. To heat glass requires some care. It must be heated gradually, and one part must not be made very hot, while the adjoining parts remain cold; for glass will not bear sudden changes of temperature, or a great difference of temperature in contiguous parts. Therefore, in heating the glass, you must proceed gradually. Hold the part over the flame of a lamp, but not so as to touch the flame, and move it backward and forward, so as to warm a portion of one or two inches in length, equally. Then you can hold it more steadily, in such a manner as to heat the central portion. As you do this, hold a stick of sealing-wax, so as to touch the hottest part of the

glass with it occasionally, that is, the part immediately below the ink mark. When the glass is hot enough to melt the sealing-wax, the glass will coat itself with the wax. After holding it a moment over the flame, turning it round and round, so as to melt all parts of the wax equally, the cork is to be slipped back again over it into its place, where it will become firmly fixed, as the work cools. Thus the tube will be cemented into the cork.

3. Nothing now remains but to cement the cork into the neck of the phial. The cork ought to be of such a size, that it will go well down into the neck of the phial, so as to have the top of it a little below the upper part of the neck. For the whole of the upper part of the cork ought to be covered with sealing wax, in order to make it air tight, and this can be best done if the glass rises a little above the top of the cork. If necessary, therefore, the upper part of the cork must be carefully removed with a penknife, and then, when it is properly fitted, the sides may be covered with sealing wax, by heating the wax in the lamp and rubbing it on all around. When it is covered with a thin coat of wax, it should be held over the lamp a moment, turning it round and round, until it is melted in every part; and the neck of the phial should be heated in the same gradual and cautious manner recommended in the case of the tube. When both are of the proper temperature, the cork must be pressed down into its place. Before the wax cools, see that the bottom of the tube does not quite touch the bottom of the phial, and observe also that the tube stands perpendicular. If it does not, it may be gently pressed to one side or the other, as may be required, and held so until the wax has cooled, when it will retain its position. The top of the cork must then be covered with sealing wax, and the

surface smoothed by holding it over a lamp until its inequalities run together. Thus the cork will be cemented into the phial, and the air thermometer completed, with the exception of the scale. And the following experiments can be performed with it:—

Exp. 1. On examining the instrument, it will be observed that there is a portion of air closely confined in the upper part of the phial. It cannot escape up the tube, for the water covers the lower end of the tube. If now the instrument is put into a warm place, so as to expand this body of air within the phial, the force of the expansion will press against the water, and cause a portion of it to rise in the tube. When so much water has thus ascended as is necessary to allow such a degree of additional space within, as will enable the expansive force of the air within exactly to balance the pressure in the top of the tube from without, the water will remain at rest. If now the air is warmed still more, the expansion will cause the water to rise still higher, until the two forces are again in equilibrium.

Exp. 2. When the water has been forced into the tube as high as it will rise under the greatest heat to which it is safe to expose it, it may be carried again into a cool place. The heat which was in the air and the glass will now pass off, and the air within will lose some of its expansive force, and will evince a tendency to return to its former dimensions. This will be shown by the subsidence of the water in the tube. Thus by carrying the instrument successively into warm and cold places, the surface of the water in the tube will be found to rise and fall, thus indicating, by the level at which it stands, the temperature of the air around it, at its several places of exposure. A scale for this thermometer may be formed of

pasteboard, and fastened to the tube by threads or slits in the pasteboard, or, in any other convenient manner.

Exp. 3. When the instrument is cooled, the water in the tube does not simply fall by its own weight. It is forced down by the pressure of the outward atmosphere. For although the expansive force of the air within is diminished by the cold, there is still force left, far more than sufficient to counteract the weight of the water. So that the water descends, not by its own weight, but by the pressure of the atmosphere without, acting upon the surface of the water in the tube. This may be proved in the following manner. Raise the water in the tube as high as possible, by placing the instrument before the fire, and then stop the upper end of the tube with the thumb, or a little hot sealing-wax. Now, if the thermometer be taken to a cool place, it will be found that the water will not fall. The pressure from above in the tube being taken off the water is kept up by the expansive force which still remains in the air within. When the stopper is removed from the tube, so as to allow the external atmosphere to press upon the water again, it will immediately subside.

Exp. 4. Whatever may have been the temperature of the room where the thermometer was made, the water in the tube will be, when at that temperature, just level with the water in the phial; and of course, when it begins to rise, it will be some little time before it gets up above the neck of the phial. Now as it can be seen better above the neck of the phial than below, it is convenient to have the instrument so adjusted, as to have the surface of the water in the tube always kept above. This can be effected by forcing a little more air into the phial, thus

increasing the expansive force within. A few bubbles of air may be blown in with the breath, by applying the mouth to the top of the tube. This will add to the force within, so that, even when the thermometer is cold, the water will stand in the tube above the neck of the phial, and all the changes that take place will be above that level, where they can be easily seen.

Exp. 5. Place the mouth at the top of the tube, and blow down into it as long and as hard as you can. By this means you will force air in, until the expansive force within is increased so much that you cannot any longer overcome it. Then, before taking the mouth away, stop the upper part of the tube with the thumb. You will now have so great a quantity of air within, that it will probably have force enough to raise the water higher than the top of the tube. If so, on taking away the thumb the water will spout out at the top, in a jet,—doing no harm, however, except to sprinkle the spectators. After a few such experiments, you will find that the water has spouted itself all out, and you will be sadly puzzled to know how to get more in without taking out the cork. There is a very easy way, if you only had philosophical knowledge enough to discover it.



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THE RABBIT.

A STORY FOR LITTLE READERS.

"Henry, dear, do come out to walk, this beautiful afternoon. *I* am going, and do not want to go alone; *please* come, won't you?"

"Supposing I should say, No; I won't go; what would you do, sister?"

"I should say, well, suit yourself, brother Henry,

and I'll try to go alone; but I *do* wish you would go with me, it is so pleasant to have *some* one, and I would rather have you than any one else."

"Well, you are a darling, good little girl, and I *will* go with you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear Henry," said Caroline; and they were soon in the shady lane which extended from their father's house to their uncle's, who was their next neighbour.

Caroline and Henry wandered on, admiring the beautiful things which surrounded them, and now and then stopping to pick a flower. Often Caroline would leave Henry, examining some plant, (for he was quite a botanist,) and walk along without him.

"Come, Henry; let us walk as far as the brook, and then we'll go home."

"Just wait till I see what this curious flower is," said Henry. But Caroline did not mind him, and continued walking slowly along, that he might catch up with her, when he was ready. Presently she stopped; her eyes sparkled, and she almost screamed with delight; for, on the ground before her, was a beautiful white rabbit. She held her breath for fear of frightening it; but though she drew nearer the dear little creature did not seem disposed to run away; and she soon perceived that it had hurt its foot very much, so that it *could* not walk. Caroline took the rabbit in her arms, and as she was quite near the brook, she thought she would give it some water; so she stepped on the little bridge, but when there, she found that she had no means of getting any, and she called aloud:

"Henry, come quick; I have found a rabbit almost dead; come quick." Henry was soon at her side. "Let me see," said he; and he bent forward to look at it. "Poor little thing, we will take you home and nurse you till you are well again."

"Don't you think, brother, that it would drink some water?"

"No, no; we had better take it home at once, and *mother* will tell us what to do." And the two children hastened home with all speed. Their kind mother gave them directions for their new-found pet, and in a week it was quite well, and their parents gave them leave to keep it to play with, after they had learned their lessons, and as long as they were kind towards this curious little creature.



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THE SLEIGH RIDE.

"Oh, I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" William Jones cried,

shrinking back, as his father took his hand, in the act of leading him forward to lift him into a beautiful sleigh, that had just drove up to the door, and in which his mother and elder sister were already seated; their feet comfortably wrapped up in a warm buffalo robe.

"Afraid! what are you afraid of?" Mr. Jones asked, in a tone of surprise.

"Oh, I'm afraid the horses will run away—or that the sleigh will break. Indeed, I'd rather not go."

"Do you not think that your mother, and sister Ellen, and myself, will be in just the danger you fear?"

"Yes."

"And is not my son willing to share that danger with those he loves?"

"But why do you go, father, when there is danger?"

"We do not think that we shall be in any more real danger, while riding with two gentle horses, than we would be if we were sitting in the house, or walking in the street. But come, William; I cannot stand talking to you here; and it is quite necessary that you try to overcome your fears. So jump in, and take your place alongside of sister Ellen."

"But, indeed, I would rather not go, father," William urged, holding back.

Mr. Jones said no more, but took his boy up gently, though firmly, and placed him beside his sister. Then he got in himself,—took hold of the reins,—spoke to his two fine horses, and at once the

whole party began to move off; the sleigh bells jingling a merry tune.

Poor little William clung, frightened, to his sister; and it was a good while before he could get over the idea that the very next moment they would all be thrown over and dashed to pieces. After a while, however, he got used to the motion of the sleigh, and seeing that they passed on so smoothly, safely, and merrily, the idea of danger gradually faded from his mind; and long before he reached his uncle's house, he was enjoying the ride as much as the rest.

William's cousins were all delighted to see him, and he spent with them one of the happiest days in his life.

And when the time came for Mr. Jones and his family to return, William parted, with a feeling of reluctance, from his happy playmates. As he again stood by the sleigh, and looked at the two stout horses that were harnessed to it, he felt his old fear stealing over his mind. But he was not only now ashamed of that fear, but felt that to indulge in it was not right. So, with his best effort, he restrained it —stepping resolutely into the sleigh.

The last "good-byes" said, Mr. Jones gave the word, and off they went. When about half of the way home, and at a time when even the lingering remains of William's timidity had passed away, two wild young men, half intoxicated, came dashing along in another sleigh, at a most furious rate. Bent on mischief, and thoughtless of the harm they might occasion, they appeared determined to frighten the horses attached to other sleighs, and thereby cause those who were in them to be thrown out into the snow-banks.

It so happened that the sleigh in which were Mr. Jones and his family, were passing near a steep declivity, at the time these young men came up to them, and ran their horses so close upon those of Mr. Jones, that he was compelled either to be rolled down the bank, or receive the shock of their sleigh against his own. He chose the latter alternative. As the two vehicles struck each other, that of Mr. Jones was nearly thrown over, and it so happened that Ellen, who was much alarmed, lost her balance, and but for the fact that William, himself dreadfully frightened, seized hold of, and clung to her with all his strength, she would have been thrown down a very steep hill, and, perhaps, have been killed. As it was, however, no one was injured.

“If it hadn’t been for me,” William said, while they were all talking over the matter, on arriving at home, “Ellen would have been pitched head foremost down that steep bank.”

“But if you had staid at home,” his father remarked, “it would not have been in your power thus to have saved, perhaps, your sister’s life. And now, an’t you glad, my son, you were with us?”

“Yes, father, I am very glad now.”

“Suppose, William,” Mr. Jones asked, in a serious tone, “that in the effort to save your sister, you had yourself been thrown out of the sleigh, and badly hurt, would you then have been sorry that you went with us?”

William paused for some moments, with a thoughtful countenance. He was weighing the fear of bodily pain against his love for Ellen. At last he said, with the moisture dimming his eyes,

"No! I would not have been sorry, father."

"Why not, William?"

"Because, I would only have been badly hurt; while, if I had not been along with her, sister might have been killed."

"Very true, my dear boy! And now, you remember how often I have talked to you about selfishness, and what an evil thing this selfishness is?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, this feeling of timidity, which you indulge so much, is a selfish feeling."

"Selfish, father! How can that be?"

"Because there is nothing in it of self-sacrifice for the happiness or comfort of others."

"I cannot understand you, father."

"I do not know that it will be in my power to make you understand me fully, William. But I will try. You knew, this morning, that it would give your father and mother pleasure to have you with them, and also that your cousins would be delighted to see you. But your idle fear, lest some accident should happen, made you unwilling to go. You would not risk anything for the sake of others. If the great and good General Washington, when called upon to take command of the American army, had refused to do so, because there was danger of his being killed; cannot you see that in that feeling there would have been a strong principle of selfishness?"

"Oh, yes. If he had done so, he would have been very selfish. He would have thought more of

personal safety than the good of his country."

"Just so, William, will you think, when you grow up to be a man, if you do not conquer this timid feeling, which you now indulge. You must learn, for the good of others, to risk personal danger, and to be willing to bear pain of body as well as mind, if called upon to suffer while doing your duty to others. Of danger, it is not our place to think, when fully satisfied we are doing right; knowing that the Lord's providence is over all, and that He will not suffer any harm to befall us that is not really for our good. Learn, also, this harder lesson,—a willingness to encounter bodily pain, and even great danger, for the good of others."

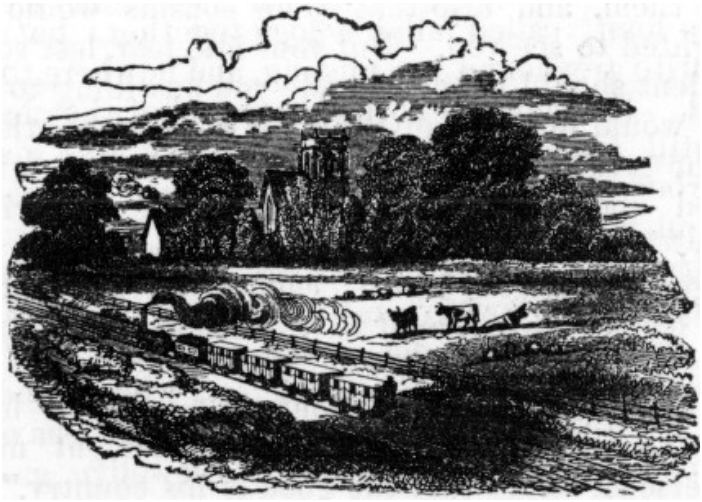


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STORY OF A GREYHOUND.



Llewellyn, son-in-law to King John, had in his possession one of the finest greyhounds in England. His name was Gelert. One day Llewellyn, going out to hunt, called all his dogs together; but his favourite greyhound was missing, and nowhere to be found. He blew his horn as a signal of the chase, and still Gelert came not. Llewellyn was much disturbed at this, but at length pursued the chase without him.

For want of Gelert, the sport was limited; and getting tired, Llewellyn returned home at an early hour, when the first object that presented itself to him at his castle gate, was Gelert, who bounded with his usual transport to meet his master—having his lips besmeared with blood. Llewellyn gazed with surprise at the strange appearance of his dog. But on going into the apartment where he had left his infant son asleep, he found the bedclothes all in confusion, the cover rent, and stained with blood. He called on his child, but no answer was made: from which he concluded that the dog must have devoured him, and, without waiting to reflect, or examine, plunged his sword to the hilt in Gelert's side. The noble dog

fell at his feet, uttering a dying yell which awoke the infant, who was sleeping beneath a heap of mingled bedclothes; while under the bed lay a great wolf, covered with gore, which the faithful and gallant hound had destroyed.

Llewellyn, smitten with sorrow and remorse for the rash and frantic deed which had deprived him of so faithful an animal, caused an elegant marble monument, with an appropriate inscription, to be erected over the spot where Gelert was buried, to commemorate his fidelity and unhappy fate. The place, to this day, is called Beth-Gelert, or “The grave of the greyhound.”



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THE TRUANT.

I received part of my education at a beautiful town on the banks of the river Trent. It was here, while a boy, that I first learned the danger of disobedience. The precept had been instilled in my mind a

thousand times, and I knew it was the command of heaven that we should respect and obey our parents and teachers; but I had never felt either the danger or the criminality of a disregard of the Divine command till after the following event.

It was December; and the river, on whose beautiful banks the academy was situated, was frozen over, so that people could travel, and sport upon it in safety. It was a favourite diversion of the students, most of whom were between ten and fifteen years old, to play ball upon the ice, upon skates; and many times nearly the whole school, consisting of fifty youths, was collected in one game on the glassy surface of the frozen stream. We grew, at length, so fond of this recreation, that we began to encroach upon the hours of study. The bell rang unheeded, and when we came into school, we were, as we deserved to be, reprimanded by our good and indulgent preceptor; and many of our number, ashamed of their behaviour, refused to offend in like manner again. It was not so with us all.

One day, a part of our number having staid out upon the river more than a quarter of an hour after the bell had done ringing, one of the boys was sent for us; but we soon forgot that we had been called, and continued our game. Shortly we saw the preceptor, himself, coming down to the river. We were then alarmed; and all, but myself and Nathaniel Beecher, ran, by a round-about way, to the shore and to school. *We* resolved to stay the whole afternoon. The preceptor came out upon the wharf, and called to us to come to him. Fearing that we should be taken back to school and punished, we resolved not to answer, and pretended not to hear him. After repeatedly calling us, and receiving no answer, he

came upon the ice; but when he had walked a short distance from the shore we saw that we were in no danger of his catching us, as the ice was very smooth. At length, in an attempt to catch me, the preceptor slipped and fell heavily upon the ice. I stood still, and dared not go near, for fear he would punish me; but I was now very sorry for what we had done. Our preceptor had always been kind to us, and my feelings were hurt to think I had been so ungrateful. Meantime he had got up, and with a painful effort walked to the shore. I followed him, and Nat went off towards the other side of the river. As I approached the shore, I turned to see where he was going, continuing to skate backwards as I looked. Suddenly I found myself in the water. I had fallen into a hole which had been cut for fishing. As I dropped I threw out my arms, and thus saved myself from going under; but the current was very strong, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could hold myself above the water. I felt as though some evil spirit beneath the water was dragging me under, and my heart sunk within me. At length I was drawn out of the water by my preceptor. He spoke kindly to me, and said he would take me home, that I might change my clothes. I was very much affected. I had prepared myself to bear my well-merited punishment; but when I heard his kind and gentle tones, and saw that he was not angry, I burst into a passionate flood of tears, and, dropping on my knees, begged his pardon for my bad behaviour. He took me up at once, and told me never to kneel but to the Lord, that he would forgive me. We had nearly reached the shore, when I looked round for Nat. He was looking towards us, and skating along with his arms folded, and all at once dropped beneath the ice and disappeared. He had, while looking at us, skated

into an air-hole. I involuntarily screamed, and started with all speed for the place. The preceptor followed, having guessed the cause of my exclamation.

The accident had been seen from the shore, and many persons came hurrying to the spot, and among them the father of the boy. He was told, on shore, that it was his oldest son; and rushing to the spot, and putting his head down in the hole, held it there a long time, looking, but all was in vain. The rapid tide had borne him far down the river, and his body was never more seen.

The events of this day taught me the lesson of *obedience*. It stamped upon my mind the truth, that the first great duty, next to our devotion to our Maker, is respect and obedience to those who are placed in authority over us. I never again *played truant*.



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A SUMMER MORNING RAMBLE.



Oh! the happy summer
hours,
With their butterflies and
flowers,
And the birds among the
bowers
Sweetly singing;
With the spices from the
trees,
Vines, and lilies, while the
bees
Come floating on the breeze,
Honey bringing!

All the east was rosy red
When we woke and left our
bed,

And to gather flowers we
sped,
Gay and early.
Every clover-top was wet,
And the spider's silky net,
With a thousand dew-drops
set,
Pure and pearly.

With their modest eyes of
blue,
Were the violets peeping
through
Tufts of grasses where they
grew,
Full of beauty,
At the lamb in snowy white,
O'er the meadow bounding
light,
And the crow just taking
flight,
Grave and sooty.

On our floral search intent,
Still away, away we went,—
Up and down the rugged
bent,—
Through the wicket,—
Where the rock with water
drops,—
Through the bushes and the
copse,—
Where the greenwood
pathway stops
In the thicket.

We heard the fountain gush,

And the singing of the
thrush;
And we saw the squirrel's
brush
In the hedges,
As along his back 'twas
thrown,
Like a glory of his own,
While the sun behind it,
shone
Through its edges.

All the world appeared so
fair,
And so fresh and free the air,
—
Oh! it seemed that all the
care
In creation
Belonged to God alone;
And that none beneath his
throne,
Need to murmur or to groan
At his station.

Dear little brother Will!
He has leapt the hedge and
rill,—
He has clambered up the hill,
Ere the beaming
Of the rising sun, to sweep
With its golden rays the
steep,
Till he's tired and dropt
asleep,
Sweetly dreaming.

See, he threw aside his cap,
And the roses from his lap,
When his eyes were, for the
nap,
Slowly closing:
With his sunny curls
outspread,
On its fragrant mossy bed,
Now his precious infant head
Is reposing.

He is dreaming of his play—
How he rose at break of day,
And he frolicked all the way
On his ramble.
And before his fancy's eye,
He has still the butterfly
Mocking him, where not so
high
He could scramble.

In his cheek the dimples dip,
And a smile is on his lip,
While his tender finger-tip
Seems as aiming
At some wild and lovely
thing
That is out upon the wing,
Which he longs to catch and
bring
Home for taming.

While he thus at rest is laid
In the old oak's quiet shade,
Let's cull our flowers to
braid,
Or unite them

In bunches trim and neat,
That, for every friend we
meet,
We may have a token sweet
To delight them.

'Tis the very crowning art
Of a happy, grateful heart
To others to impart
Of its pleasure.
Thus its joys can never cease,
For it brings an inward
peace,
Like an every-day increase
Of a treasure!



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THE HOTTENTOTS.

At the southern part of Africa, a great many years ago, there lived a simple race of uncivilized people, —to whom the name of Hottentots has been since given,—who supported themselves in their rude way,

and kept sheep and herds, whose milk served them for food, and whose skins kept them warm.

The Dutch people, who were very fond of sailing about in their ships, came to this part of the world, and finding the country pleasant, and a great many delicious fruits in it, they resolved to make a settlement, and have a town of their own there.

The Hottentots did not like very much to have a new kind of people settling down among them, and as they had been used to fighting with wild beasts, and were quite brave, they did all they could to keep the people away.



But the Dutch had so much more skill and knowledge than the poor Hottentots, that they soon got the better of the savages, and the natives were obliged to allow them to settle in their country. The Europeans, when they heard of this pleasant, warm country, came in great numbers, and each emigrant

was allowed to receive for his farm as much land as an officer appointed for the purpose, could walk across in an hour. They probably always tried to get a tall man, who could take pretty long steps. Whether they asked the poor natives' consent to this arrangement, the history does not say; but at the end of a hundred and fifty years, the Hottentots had been deprived of all their land, and were compelled to work for their invaders, except that some of the more ferocious and bolder tribes retreated to the deserts, and remain in a savage state to this day.

The colony afterwards fell into the hands of the British, and about eighteen years ago, the Hottentots of the Cape, about thirty thousand in number, were made free, and allowed to have all the privileges enjoyed by the white inhabitants.

Christian missionaries have visited this part of the world, and many of the native inhabitants are said to have been brought under the gentle influence of Christianity. The Moravian missionaries, some years ago, collected a number of the Hottentots into a village, built a church, and instructed them in many of the arts of civilized life. They were taught several kinds of manufactures, and travellers speak of their establishment as being in a very flourishing state.

In the year 1811, this place was visited by a sever earthquake, which alarmed the people greatly, as nothing of the kind had occurred since the settlement of the town. It does not appear from the accounts, that any lives were lost, but many of the buildings were cracked, and in part thrown down.

The Hottentots are said to be kind and gentle in their natures, and hospitable to strangers. Those who have been converted to Christianity, have left off, for

the most part, their rude sheepskin dress, and wear a more civilized attire.

The picture at the beginning of this article represents a native Hottentot, in his sheepskin cloak, but the rest of his dress appears to be after the European fashion. The more savage Hottentots, who have never joined the colony, lead a wandering life, living on wild roots, locusts, and eggs, toads, lizards, mice, and such other food as can be obtained in the deserts. They use, as weapons of defence, the javelin, and bows and arrows. Their arrows are small, but they are tipped with poison, so that a wound from them is generally fatal.

They teach their children early the use of the bow and arrow; and some travellers say, that, to do this, they sometimes put a little boy's breakfast, probably a nice toad, or half a dozen ant's eggs, or some other of their favourite kinds of food, up into the high branches of a tree, and then make the boy shoot his arrows at it, until he brings it down. This gives him a good appetite, and teaches him early the use of the bow and arrow.



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PHILOSOPHY AT HOME.

THE WHISPERING FIGURE.

ILLUSTRATING THE PROPAGATION OF SOUNDS.

Sound is propagated through a confined channel of air, as for instance, a long tube, very perfectly. It is not uncommon in large establishments, where it is necessary to pass many orders to and fro, to have such tubes laid in the walls, so that words can pass through them from room to room. The experiment may be tried in a leaden pipe, laid down for an aqueduct, before the water is admitted, and it will be found that the slightest whisper can be heard for a distance of half a mile or more. This tendency of a confined channel of air to increase the distinctness of the sound passing through it, may be shewn by a tube formed by rolling up a large sheet of paper and whispering through it. If the tube is gradually enlarged towards the outer end, it greatly increases the loudness of the sound transmited through it, as in the case of the horn, the speaking trumpet, &c.

When the sound of a voice passes in this manner through a tube, the voice always appears to come from the end of the tube where the sound issues, and not from the end where the words are really spoken. This has given rise to an ingenious contrivance called the whispering figure, which is sometimes fitted up in museums for the entertainment of visitors. It is as follows:—



A large dog or other image is placed upon a stand at a little distance from the side of the room. There is a tin tube within the figure, one end of which is opposite the mouth, and the other passes down through the floor, and thence along under the floor, as represented by the dotted line in the cut. After passing the partition, it is turned up, and opens in a funnel-shaped extremity in the next room. If now a person speaks or whispers at the outer end of the tube, the persons who are in the room with the figure will hear the sound coming through its lips, as if the figure itself were speaking. The tube being entirely concealed within the dress of the figure, and under the floor, the spectators, not suspecting such a communication with the next room, wonder by what contrivance an image can be made to speak.

This experiment is sometimes performed by children in private, by placing a board across the tops of two chairs, and covering it with cloth, so as to represent a table. The tube comes up through this board into the body of some image placed upon the table, as a doll, a figure of a dog or cat, or a

grotesque effigy made by means of a mask. In this case a person is concealed under the table to whisper into the tube, in answer to such questions as the spectators address to the figure. Of course, all these arrangements are made before the spectators are admitted to the room.

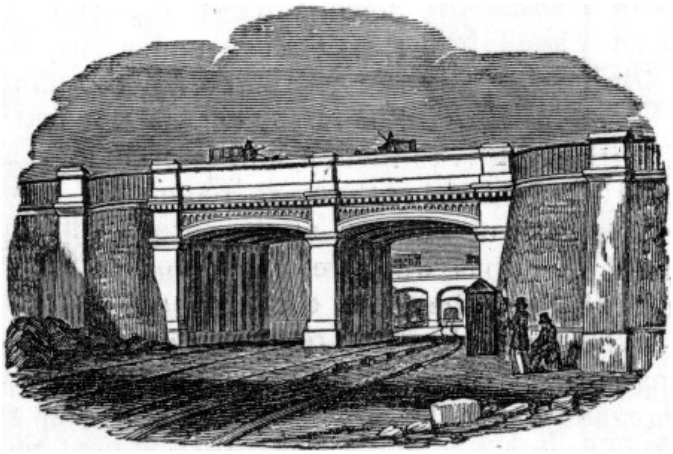


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STORY OF THE SEA.

Captain Albert had recently returned from a long and perilous whaling voyage, and was seated beside a bright blazing fire at his own hearth. His wife sat opposite, with her youngest child in her lap, while the two sons, Edward and William, stood on each side looking earnestly in his face, that they might be quite sure their father had indeed returned, and that

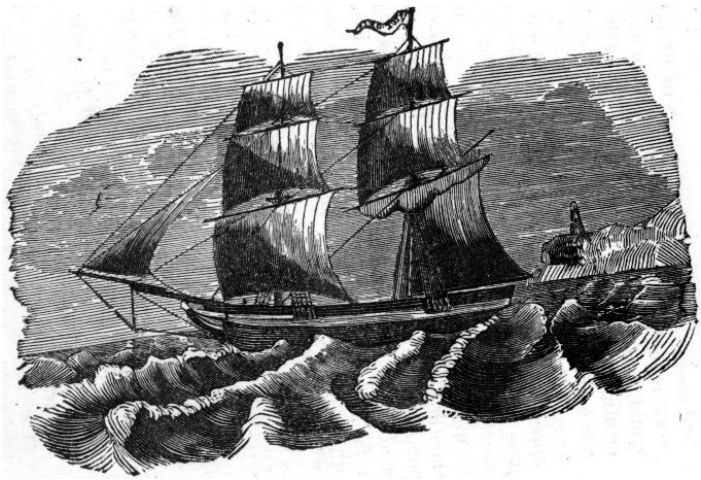
they were not still deceived by one of those pleasant dreams with which they had been so often visited during his absence.

“Oh, father,” said Edward, “the next time you go, take me with you, do!”

“Tell us a story of the sea, will you not, father?” said William, at the same time.

“Very well, my son, I will try,” replied their father; “and that will, perhaps, change Edward’s mind about going with me the next time.

“One day, in the great Southern ocean, we had followed a fine whale farther south than we had ever before been. The whale was enormously large, and I saw in a moment that if we could



take it there would be oil enough to fill our casks, and enable us to return home. Its motions were very rapid, and we followed it as swiftly as we could, but, after all, it escaped. I believe the creature swam under water till it was out of the reach of my glass.

While I was looking out to try to get a sight of it again, I espied something which appeared to be an island, to the south, but while I was looking at it I was sure it moved. It did move, and we soon came near enough to see what it was distinctly. It proved to be an iceberg, shooting up to a great height, like one of the sharp-pointed Alps, and spreading out to a wide extent, on all sides. At the same time, the whole ocean, as far south as the eye could reach, was covered with floating ice.

"The situation was full of danger, but the wind was in our favour, and I prepared to press all sail, in hopes of escaping, when suddenly a shower of hail and sleet rushed upon us with such fury that some of the men were beaten down to the deck, and all found it difficult to stand under it. The sails, shrouds, and sheets, were all cased in ice, stiffened, and almost as immoveable as if they had been made of iron.

"I now began to blame myself severely for suffering the whale to tempt me so far into those regions of ice and storms. I looked with bitter regret toward those faithful sailors who had trusted their lives to my care, and who were now exposed to unnecessary hardships and dangers by my boyish rashness. The noble fellows never uttered a word of complaint, but *their* generous fortitude did not help to reconcile me to myself. Full of anxiety, I took my glass to look out again for the iceberg. While I was looking towards it, I spied something among the cakes of ice, which appeared like some small craft; but I could not believe a vessel of that size could have reached a latitude so far south. A vessel, it certainly was—a small schooner, sailing among the cakes of ice, as if it knew how to pick its way alone, for I could not see a person moving on her deck. We

steered, as well as we could, directly towards her. My ship was new and strong, and well prepared, so that I did not much fear the loose cakes of ice. When we were near enough, I hailed the little craft, and thought I heard a distant shout in reply. As we came nearer, I saw a young man alone, and sitting upon the helm, apparently managing it with the motions of his body, so as to steer his little vessel safely through.

"We all stood looking for a moment at the brave young man, with wonder and admiration; but as soon as I ordered out a boat, the sailors rushed to the side and began to work with a will, although everything they touched was cased in ice, and terrible to handle. Down went the boat, and was manned in an instant. It was not long before the young man was on board our ship, but he would not leave the schooner until he had seen a rope rigged to tow her after us. The poor fellow was almost dead with cold and hunger; he had not tasted any food for more than twenty-four hours, as he told us afterwards. He could hardly speak a word, and as soon as he felt the warmth of the stove, he fainted entirely away. We put him into a hammock, and did all we could for him, and soon had the pleasure of seeing him revive. After he had taken some warm tea, he fell asleep, and slept till I began to fear he would never awake again; but Providence had provided him the refreshment he needed, and when he awoke, the next day, he was well and lively. I inquired how he came into so strange a situation, when he told me that four young men, without much consideration, had purchased the vessel, and fitted her up for a voyage of discovery into those far-off

seas. They had encountered a furious storm, which drove them among the ice, near the place where they were found. They had suffered very much with cold and want of sleep, while the vessel was every moment in danger of being crushed to pieces.

"In this distress his companions began to drink spirits to warm them. They offered him some, and urged him to drink, but he replied it would make him worse, and reminded them of a ship which was cast away one very severe winter, among the rocks near his own native town, when all the sailors who drank rum were frozen, while those who did not drink, escaped. His companions, however, would not listen to his advice, but continued to drink, and were soon unable to move, and were all frozen to death, and were still on the deck, covered with ice and sleet. Robert (this was the young man's name,) was saved by not drinking any of the rum, but by using it outwardly, pouring it into his boots, and a part into his bosom."

"But how did you escape that terrible iceberg, and get out of that dreadful sea?" said Edward: "were any of your men frozen?"

"No," replied Captain Albert; "we suffered very severely, but we did not use any 'fire-water,' and every sailor who went out in the ship, returned in good health; still, all that we were able to do would have been no more than the fluttering of a leaf in a whirlwind, without the help of Him, who, you will remember, was once in 'a little ship when a great storm arose,' and who said, 'Peace be still, and there was a great calm.'"



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THE OLD SLATE.

"I have a great mind to break this stupid old slate," said little Charlie Fidget, one morning, as he sat over his first sum in subtraction.

"Why, what has the poor slate done?" asked the pleasant voice of his sister Helen, behind him.

"Nothing; just what I complain of; it won't do this plaguy sum for me; and here it is almost school-time!"

"What a wicked slate, Charles!"

"So it is. I mean to fling it out of the window and break it to pieces on the stones."

"Will that do your sum, Charlie?"

"No; but if there were no slates in the world, I should have no good-for-nothing sums to do."

"Oh, ho! that does not follow, by any means. Did slates make the science of arithmetic? Would people never have to count or calculate, if there were no slates? You forget pens, lead pencils and paper: you forget all about oral arithmetic, Charlie."

"Well, I don't love to cipher, that's all I know."



"And so, you hasty boy, you get angry with the poor harmless slate, that is so convenient when you make mistakes and want to rub them out again. Now that is the way with a great many thoughtless, quick-tempered people. They try to find fault with somebody or something else, and get into a passion, and perhaps do mischief, when if they would but reflect a little, it is their own dear selves who ought to bear the blame. Now, Charlie, let me see what I

can do for you."

So Helen sat down in her mother's great easy-chair; she tried to look grave and dignified, like an old lady, though she was but eighteen. Charlie came rather unwillingly, laid the slate in her lap, and began to play with the trimming on her apron. "Why, what is all this?" said she; "soldiers, and cats, and dogs, and houses with windows of all shapes and sizes!"

Charlie looked foolish. "Oh, the sum is on the other side," said he, turning it over.

"Ah, silly boy," said Helen; "here you have been sitting half an hour drawing pictures, instead of trying to do your sum. And now, which do you think ought to be broken, you or the slate?" and she held it up high, as if she meant to strike at him with it.

Charlie looked up, with his hands at his ears, making believe he was frightened, but laughing all the while, for he knew she was only playing with him. Presently, however, she put on a serious face, and said, "Now, my little man, you must go to work in good earnest to make up for lost time."

"Oh, Helen, it wants only twenty minutes to nine; I can't possibly do this sum and get to school by nine. I shall be late. What shall I do? Miss Fletcher will certainly punish me if it is not done. Can't you, just this once, Helen?"

"No," said Helen.

"Oh, do, there's a dear, good sister; just this once."

"No, Charlie; there would be no kindness in that.

You would never learn arithmetic in that way."

"Just once," still pleaded Charlie.

"No," answered Helen, in a kind, but resolute tone: "if I do it once, you will find it harder to be refused to-morrow; you will depend upon me, and sit playing and drawing pictures, instead of ciphering. I will keep you close at it till you perform your task."

So she passed her hand gently round him, and though Charlie pouted at first, and could hardly see through his tears, she questioned him about his rule, and then began to show him the proper way to do his sum, yet letting him work it out himself, in such a pleasant manner, that he was soon ashamed of being sullen. First she held the pencil herself, and put down the figures as he told her to do; and then she made him copy the whole, nicely, on another part of the slate, and rub out her figures.

After all this was finished patiently and diligently, Charlie was surprised to find he should still be in good time for school.

"Now, to-morrow, Charlie," said Helen, "don't waste a moment, but go to your lesson at once, whatever it is, and you will find it a great saving, not only of time, but of temper. You won't get into a passion with this clever old slate of mine. It went to school with me when I was a little girl, and I should have been sorry if you had broken it for not doing your work. Generally, Charlie, when you see a person fidgety and angry, and complaining of things and people, you may be sure he has either done something he ought not to do, or left undone something he ought to do."

Away ran Charlie to school, thinking to himself, "Well, I suppose I was wrong both ways. I ought not to have been drawing soldiers, and I ought to have been ciphering."



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CHILDREN.

The early lark, that spreads its wings
And mounts the summer air,
Obeys its Maker while it sings
In morning carols there.

The skilful bee from flower to flower
Pursues its nectar'd store,
Nor has it instinct, skill or power
To please its Maker more.

But children, born with nobler powers,
In paths of vice may stray,
Or rise to virtue's fragrant bower
In realms of endless day.

Then let me shun those wicked ways
Which lead to sin and shame,
So shall my heart be taught to praise
My Lord and Saviour's name.

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LIZZY; A FAIRY TALE.

Lizzy was walking in a wood one day, and as she stooped under a tree to gather some flowers that grew at its foot, she heard a loud tapping high up in the tree; she looked up, and there she saw, clinging to a dead bough that industrious and happy bird, the woodpecker. “Are you going to dig out a chamber for yourself there?” asked Lizzy. “That bough is too small, I should think.”



"Oh! I am not doing carpentry work now," said the bird; "there are some nice little insects under this bark,—sweet things!—which I love as well as you love the lambs."

"And yet you intend to make a meal upon them—barbarous bird!"

"Yes, as good a meal as you make upon the lamb, —barbarous child! But let us forgive each other; we must eat to live. You would love to eat me if I were nicely cooked, and I should relish you exceedingly if I could only change you into a beetle-bug, or a grub of some sort."

"Do not talk so, Mr. Carpenter: I would rather go

without my dinner than to have you killed and cooked for me."

"Ah! do you love me so well? Then I will confide in you, and tell you a secret. My chamber is in the trunk of this tree, and my six eggs lie on the floor of it. Jump up here, and I will show it to you."

"I could not jump twenty feet into the air," said Lizzy.

"Why! are you not twenty times longer than I am?"

"Oh, more; and more than forty times heavier?"

"Well, well, I will go down and help you up."

"I should like to know how you expect to help me," said Lizzy.

"We shall see;" and the woodpecker flew down;—but where is he? Lizzy looked about, and she could not see him anywhere.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a voice close by her ear; and Lizzy turned, and saw a pretty little fairy figure standing close beside her. "I was only acting the woodpecker for my amusement. We fairies are very fond of masquerading."

"Then I cannot see the woodpecker's nest," said Lizzy. "It is too bad to disappoint me so, when I did so want to see his pretty eggs."

"Oh, if you wish to see some pretty eggs. I can show you some as pretty as the woodpecker's. I have hundreds of them stowed away in a woodpecker's hole, up in this very tree. I had come here this

morning to deposit some, and this is what made me think of acting the woodpecker just now."

"Where did you get so many eggs? Do you rob birds' nests?"

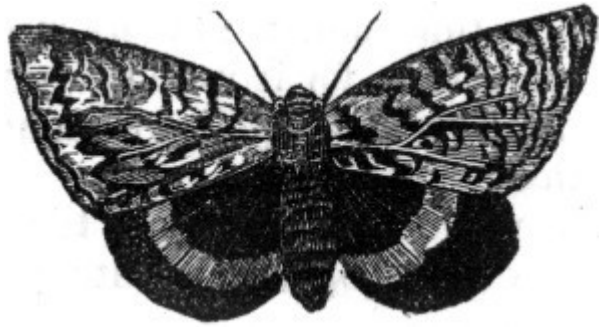
"Oh, no, indeed! they are not birds' eggs; they come down in the rain, and we use the large flower-cups to catch them in."

"And what will hatch from them?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell as yet. I will give you some of them, and they will hatch just such kind of creatures as you tell them to."

"That is a very likely story,—but give me some, do; and I will tell them to hatch most beautiful birds and butterflies."

"Stay; let me explain a little, before you count your unhatched birds and butterflies. I will tell you how to hatch them. Put them in your bosom, and they will be hatched by its warmth; but what is hatched from them must depend entirely upon what kind of feeling shall warm your bosom, and upon what deeds you do. If you have a wicked feeling, an ugly creature will begin to form within one of the eggs; and if you let that feeling cause you to do anything wrong, then the egg will hatch. Are you willing to take the risk of having spiders and scorpions in your bosom, for the sake of the hope that they may be pretty birds and butterflies?"



“Oh, yes!” said Lizzy; “I do not think I ever have such bad feelings as spiders and scorpions are made of.”

“Come, then,” cried the fairy; and she led Lizzy round to the other side of the tree, where she saw, high up in the trunk, a woodpecker’s hole.

“Run up,” cried the fairy.

“How can I? There is nothing but an ivy-vine to cling to.”

“You mistake,” said the fairy; and she touched the ivy-vine with her wand, and there was a nice rope-ladder leading up to the woodpecker’s hole. It was almost full of small, pearly white eggs.—“Take out three or four,” said the fairy, “and put them in your bosom, and before you reach home, they will very likely all be hatched.”

“Oh, what pretty little things!” cried Lizzy, as she took them out; “they shall certainly hatch something pretty.”

She was going to put them all in her bosom at once; but the fairy told her she had better put only one in at a time, and the others in one of the pockets

of her apron; for it would be rather worse if there should be several spiders running about in her bosom, than only one.

"Oh, there will not be any," said Lizzy; "there will be a pretty bird hopping about there—but I will do as you advise." She ran down the ladder, and the fairy tripped along after her, and when Lizzy turned to bid her good morning, she saw the ivy-vine clasping the tree, and the woodpecker tapping away at the bark.

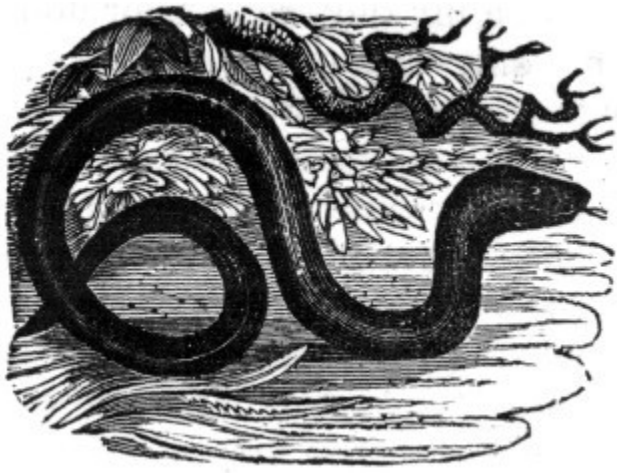
Lizzy ran along through the wood, hoping that something would happen to arouse in her breast a good affection of some sort,—for there was nothing there now but a mingled feeling of pleasure and dread,—for a sweet-brier bush, for what purpose is not known, caught hold of her dress, and thus occasioned a frightful rent; and sweet-brier bushes, if they do bear sweet roses, do also love to play off their jokes upon people, in quite as unbenevolent a way as the blackberry and thorn. But Lizzy thought it no joke at all. What barbarous cruelty to tear her dress so, and then to hold upon it so relentlessly! and whilst she was trying to force the thorns to let go their hold, she became so angry that she cried out, "Oh! I wish there was not a sweet-brier bush in the world, I do! and I wish this was dead and burnt up." But before she had released herself from the bush, she felt something moving in her bosom. Putting her hand in, she pulled out an empty egg-shell, while the wasp, which had just been hatched, flew around her face. She brushed it away with her handkerchief. She looked at the sweet-brier roses,—those little rosy cups all arranged so garland-like on the bending boughs,—and said, "I wonder it was not a scorpion.

Poor little roses! I do not wish you to wither; I want you to flourish, and breathe out your sweet breath;" and she bent her head over them, and while they breathed forth their sweet breath, they looked so much like little infants, that the tears came into Lizzy's eyes, while she said, "May the Lord that made you, forgive me!"—When she lifted up her head, she saw a wasp fall to the ground, and then a pretty bird came, and picked it up and swallowed it. Lizzy then took another egg from her pocket, placed it in her bosom, and walked on, taking care to keep at a safe distance from sweet-briers and brambles.



She had not gone far when she saw a little sparrow fly from a low shrub, making a sound as if he had a nest there. When he had gone so far away that she thought he would not see her, she peeped in amongst the leaves, and there she espied the little home, with its three inmates; not three little birds as yet—but, what she knew were quite as dear to the parents, two speckled eggs. "Ah!" thought Lizzy, "how I should like to see if I could not hatch a sparrow's egg. I should be sure that a wasp would not come out of a sparrow's egg." And she put her hand very slily into the nest, and stole away one of the sparrow's

speckled treasures, and laid it in her bosom by the side of the fairy egg. As she left the bush, she turned to see if the sparrow went to look at it; and while she stood watching him, she felt a strange nestling and fumbling in her bosom, that she thought both eggs must have hatched. Looking in, she saw a small snake writhing about most energetically. “I will put the sparrow’s egg back,” thought she, for she was struck with horror.



Throwing the snake upon the ground, in an agony of disgust, she felt for the sparrow’s egg; but, alas! the empty shell was alone there,—the snake had sucked the egg. “How I wish I had not stolen away the sparrow’s egg! The snake has eaten what would have been a pretty bird. I would give the sparrow one of my fairy eggs, if I thought he would like it, but perhaps he would not. Vile snake!” she cried, stepping back as she saw the snake writhing on the ground close by her feet. Her words seemed to give him a death-stroke; he lay still, as though lifeless; she touched him with her foot, but he did not move.

There was a little frog-pond near by, and to make sure that he should not come to life again, Lizzy took the snake on a stick, and threw it into the pond and then put another egg into her bosom. As she stood by the pond, lashing the water with the stick, she began to fear she was not quite so delightful a child as she had imagined herself to be, and to wonder what she should do to make the egg hatch a pretty creature. "Let me think," said she, "what have I to do before dinner? I have some sewing to do, and two lessons to study. Now, if I go directly home, and do these things well, instead of staying here to play, perhaps I shall find, after I have finished my tasks, some bright bird, or shining insect, in my bosom. To be sure, that ought not to be my only reason for doing well, and it is not my only reason." This was quite true; for Lizzy began to feel so penitent for the unpleasant things she had done, that she felt a desire to make amends of some sort. "I believe I will," said she, "go directly home, and see how much I can do before dinner. Oh! see the tadpoles! how they run and wag their tails, queer creatures! but I must not stay." A frog then leaped into the water, from amongst the grass at the other side of the pond. "Ah! father long-legs! what a water-nymph you are! I must just go round and see if there are not some more frogs there; I do love so to see them leap into the water with such a plash." And she walked round the water, frightening the frogs from the grass; and when they had all leaped into the water, she thought she must sit down quite still for a few moments, just to see if one would not jump out again. She waited a few moments,—and then a few more,—and then a few more. "Oh, dear!" she cried, "I will wait till one—just one—comes, if I wait till night, I am determined." But it seemed as if the frogs were determined to be revenged upon Lizzy for

frightening them in, for not one lifted his head above the water, for more than a quarter of an hour; and Lizzy began to feel a little frightened, and to wish she had made no promise. At length one, more courageous or less obstinate than the rest, leaped upon the bank. “Oh; and there is another!” Now Lizzy must just go and drive them in again, because it is still better to see them leap in: for you then have the pleasure of seeing them swim. As she stood watching them swim, she thought the egg in her bosom felt cold; this reminded her of her good resolution, and she walked straight homewards.

It was dinner time when she reached home.—Ah! where were the lessons and the sewing? and why had not the egg hatched? It was a great while since she put it into her bosom. She did not believe it was going to hatch at all, for it still felt cold, and she thought she would break the shell, and see if there was anything in it. Yes, there was something, and something very pretty, too. A small, shining, green bee; but it was dead. Oh! those amusing frogs!

“Well, this one,” said Lizzy, as she put the last egg into her bosom, “shall hatch a beautiful bee; for, as soon as dinner is over, I will sit down and be as industrious as a bee on a summer’s morning.”

“Lizzy,” said her mother, while they were sitting at table, “what was that you put into your bosom, just now?”

“What, mother? when?” asked Lizzy; for she did not feel as if the story she had to tell about the eggs would be one much to her credit, and she was too proud to be willing to tell it.

"As you were sitting down, I observed you put something into your bosom; what was it?"

"Oh, I—just happened to put my hand into my bosom."

"Lizzy, you had something in your hand; I saw it."

"Why, mother, you are mistaken. I—I—"

"Tell me what it was, my child."

"Why, mother, it was only my—my thimble."

As the falsehood came out of Lizzy's mouth, a black bat crept out of her bosom, and, spreading out his filmy wings, fluttered about her head.—Every one started up from the table; Lizzy screamed, and tried to brush the impish-looking creature away, but he persisted in fluttering around her head. She ran from the room; but before she could shut the door behind her, the bat was out also, and sailed round and round her head. Her mother followed her out, and tried to drive the bat away, while she reproved Lizzy for putting such ugly things in her bosom, and expressed very great grief that her daughter should have told a falsehood; and she told her that the falsehood would haunt and trouble her mind till she confessed the truth, and begged forgiveness, just as the black bat now troubled her by flying around her head.

"I will confess all," said Lizzy; and she burst into tears, and throwing herself into her mother's arms, told her morning's adventures, without sparing herself at all.

The bat dropped down dead upon the floor.

"Ah!" said Lizzy's mother, "now, how good it is to

confess and beg forgiveness, and how pleasant it is to forgive. See! he is dead, and I trust you will never more put any such ‘thimbles’ into your bosom.”

“Oh, mother,” said Lizzy, smiling, as she dried her tears, “I have no doubt it was beginning to be a pretty little bee when I put it in; but I will be one myself now;” and she took her sewing work, and sat down; and happening to look up from her work to the spot where the bat had fallen, she was delighted to see, instead of the bat, a bee creeping along on the floor. Presently he flew up, and crawled on her arm, while she worked.

“Well,” said Lizzy, the next morning, “I really did not know I was so bad a girl. Only think of my causing the existence of such disagreeable creatures, when I thought I should bring out such delightful ones. But I will do better, certainly.—I wish I had some more of these eggs.” And she resolved to go again into the wood, and seek out the fairy. She had been strolling about for some time, looking for the tree on which she had seen the woodpecker, when she saw, on the ground before her, a brown beetle, or May-bug, lying upon his back. She took him up, and turned him over.

“That is a kind girl, Lizzy,” said a small voice.

“Ah! the fairy!”

“How are you, this morning? I have not seen you since last evening, when I was bobbing about in your room, striking my head against the ceiling, and then falling bounce upon the floor. I was lying here on my back, just to see if you would have the kindness to pick me up. And now, tell me, what was the fate of the eggs? Have you got some pretty bird, bright

butterflies, and shining beetles, to show me?"

"Ah! I am ashamed of myself," said Lizzy; "all your pretty eggs were wasted, but one."

"No wasted," said the fairy; "you know yourself better than you did yesterday—do you not?"

"Indeed, I do; and therefore I think I shall succeed better to-day, if you will give me some more eggs."

"Oh, yes," said the fairy; and taking the form of a squirrel, she ran up the tree in which the eggs were concealed, and which was not far distant, and presently returned with five of them in her cheeks, which she gave to Lizzy, and then ran up the tree again, and sat chattering on a high bough. As Lizzy walked on her way homewards, she passed by a low meadow, where she saw a little girl gathering cowslips, or May-blobs for greens. She had a peck-basket beside her, and Lizzy asked her if she meant to fill that great basket with greens. The girl told her she should have to fill it twice, and carry them into town to sell. A glad thought leaped into Lizzy's heart. "I mean to try and help her to gather them," said she to herself. When she offered to do it, the little girl seemed quite pleased, and so Lizzy went to work very industriously, and broke off the leaves and buds of the May-blobs, and the little girl's basket began to fill very fast; and they talked together while they picked, and the little girls soon became very well acquainted with each other. The little girl told Lizzy how many brothers and sisters she had, and how many hens and chickens, and what all their names were; and Lizzy told the little girl how many brothers and sisters she had, and how many rabbits and Canary birds, and what all their names were; and the little girl told Lizzy how many funny things her hens

and chickens did; and Lizzy told the little girl many knowing things that her canaries did; and Lizzy felt as happy while she picked the May-blobs, as the bright yellow blossoms themselves looked. And now the basket is full, and the little girl is glad her morning's task is done, before the sun is up so high as to be too warm; she is not going to pick another basket till towards night;—and now Lizzy feels the egg-shell crack in her bosom, and she and the little girl laugh to see a full-grown yellow-bird fly out, and, alighting upon Lizzy's shoulder, pour out his pleasant song.

"How he sings!" said the little girl.

"He is thanking me for his existence," said Lizzy; for she had told the little girl all about the fairy eggs. "Come now, let me take your basket, if you are going the same way that I am; for I know you are tired, and I am not."

"That is where I live," said the little girl, pointing to a house about an eighth of a mile distant.

"Ah!" said Lizzy, "that is not much out of my way; I think I shall be home in good time." And she put another egg into her bosom, and taking the basket, accompanied the little girl home, telling her she would perhaps come and help her again at night; and just as the children were saying good-bye, a hen yellow-bird flew out of Lizzy's bosom, and the other one which had followed on, went gladly to meet her. "Ah! there is a little yellow mate for him," cried Lizzy; and she held out her arm, and the hen yellow-bird alighted upon it, and sat there while her mate stood by her side and gave her his prettiest song. The little girl went into the house, and Lizzy, first putting

another egg into her bosom, walked on, the two birds flying around her as she went, and the male now and then stopping to trill his notes upon a shrub or tree. When Lizzy reached home, she was met by Hero, her brother's dog, and not in the most pleasant manner imaginable. He had just come out of a muddy ditch, and with his wet, black paws, up he leaped upon her nice, clean apron. "Be still, Hero; down, down, sir," said Lizzy; but Hero's expressions of joy were not so easily quieted. Lizzy took up a stick and was going to beat him, for she felt very angry; but she controlled herself, and throwing down the stick, took hold of Hero's collar and held him down till he became more quiet. When she went into the house the two yellow-birds flew up and alighted upon a cherry tree, which was close by her chamber window, and when she went into her chamber, how pleasant was the song that met her ear! But why did not the other egg hatch! Lizzy waited and waited, and towards night her patience became exhausted, and she broke the shell. Oh, how glad she was it did not hatch! how glad she was that she did not beat poor Hero, because he welcomed her rather too rudely. A dead hornet was in the egg shell.

Lizzy's heart was full of gratitude and love when she laid herself down to rest at night. She loved the little girl she had helped, and she felt penitent and humble when she thought how angry she had been with Hero, and grateful when she thought of the escape she had made; and she felt very grateful and happy when she thought of the two yellow-birds she should have to sing at her window. She took the two remaining eggs in her hands and held them up against her bosom, and while she was going to sleep, sweet thoughts of love and beauty floated about in

her mind; and when the song of her yellow-birds awoke her in the morning—Oh, what was she pressing to her bosom? A pair of white doves! and they nestled and cooed in her bosom, and when she arose she let them play around the chamber. Unlike the dark, filmy wings of the bat, their white pinions whistled as they flew, and Lizzy thought, “Oh, how sweet it will be to have these to nestle in my bosom every night, and the yellow-birds to awaken me in the morning!”



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ELLEN.

A TRUE STORY.

She looked into my eyes,
Her own were filled with tears;—
A loving and a thoughtful child,
Disturbed by dreamy fears.

She said—“Oh! mother dear!
I dread that I shall die
Too soon, and go to heaven

alone,
And leave *you* here to
cry!”

“My darling! if you do,
You will be always blest;
The angels there will play
with you,
And lull you, love, to
rest!”

“Oh, no! it may be
bright,
A pleasant place and
fair;
But how can I be glad, and
play?
I’ll have no mother there!”

“My Ellen! if you stay
In this sad world of ours,
You’ll often weep woe’s
bitter tears
Above its fairest
flowers!”

“Dear mother! *yet* I’d
stay;
For oh! so much I love
you,
I’d rather grieve with *you*, on
earth,
Than joy, in heaven,
above you!”



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PHILOSOPHY IN COMMON THINGS.

CORKING THE KETTLE SPOUT UP.

MR. W. Tom, have you brought the small cork I told you to bring?

TOM. Yes, father; here it is.

MR. W. Put it in the kettle spout.

TOM. Why, it blows it out again, as soon as it is in.

MR. W. You did not half press it in. Hold it fast—press with all your strength.

TOM. See there—the lid is blown off!

MR. W. Blown off! How is this?—nobody has put gunpowder into the kettle!

ELLA. I am sure there is nothing but clean water; I saw it put in.

MR. W. But, is it not very extraordinary that simple, clean water, should blow the kettle lid off?

TOM. Not at all, father. When you told us about the expansion of cold water below forty degrees, we wondered, because we could not think ice was more bulky than water; but there seems no reason to doubt, that the hotter water becomes, the more room it takes up.

MR. W. How does the heat of the fire do this?

TOM. By expanding it.

MR. W. We know that; but how?

TOM. By driving the particles of steam farther and farther asunder.

MR. W. Precisely. The moment the particles of a drop of water become steam, they occupy eighteen hundred times as much room as they did before.

TOM. And press the lid eighteen hundred times more forcibly than water?

MR. W. Its force is altogether irresistible. If this kettle were composed of iron, an inch thick or more, if steam could not escape, it would burst it with ease.

TOM. Is that the reason why steam boilers burst?

MR. W. It is one reason, but not the principal one. If the water in the kettle were all boiled out, and it was full of steam, and we corked it tightly up, and soldered the lid down, and still kept the fire blazing fiercely about it, it would burst at the weakest part:

perhaps the lid would fly off, or the side burst: the steam would rush out, and, if we were near, we might be scalded.

TOM. Then, when a boiler grows old and thin, if the pressure is very great, it bursts in the weakest part?

MR. W. Just so; and ingenious men have made some portion of the boiler of a weaker metal—so that, if it burst from the pressure of the steam, it should hurt no one.

AMELIA. I cannot understand what you mean.

MR. W. You see this kettle on the fire:—if we cork up the spout, and fasten the lid down, and let it boil, it will, probably, blow the cork out, and hit some of you; but if, at the back part of the kettle that touches the chimney, we have a part of it made of lead, or tin, it will explode there.

AMELIA. Oh! I see now.

TOM. But, father, this cannot account for the tremendous explosions, by which the boiler itself is thrown a great distance, and even factories are blown down.

MR. W. I think not. I will try to make you understand this, to-morrow.



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THE LOST CHILDREN.

A TRUE STORY.

Philip and Jessie went to school every day through a pretty lane that led to a small school-house in the country. It was not far from their mother's house, and it did not take them many minutes to get there, when they did not stop to play by the way. There were a great many flowers growing in the field, on each side of the path, and they often started a little earlier in the morning, to gather some of the freshest to carry to their kind teacher.

Philip was only eight years old, but he felt like a man, when he thought he was two whole years older than Jessie; and they had a little brother, Willy, who was just three. Jessie was very fond of taking care of "the baby" as Willy was still called. How fast the little fellow used to run when he saw Philip and

Jessie coming up the hill from school; and Philo, Philip's dog, would bark, and run quite out of sight in a minute, and then back again, and Jessie would put her basket in his mouth, and he would walk along by her side, while she led Willy to the house.

Willy often asked to go to school with his brother and sister; but Mrs. Morton, their mother, was not willing to let him go in, though his nurse often took him to the door, and then brought him back, for fear he should make a noise and disturb the children at their lessons.

One fine afternoon, it was Philip's birth-day, his mother said they might take Willy with them to see "Aunt Ellen," as they used to call their teacher. He promised to sit still by Jessie, and not speak one loud word; and he kept his promise, too, though he whispered and laughed so much, and looked so pretty, that the little girls did not do much work that afternoon. However, Aunt Ellen dismissed the school half an hour earlier than usual; and as they ran out, shouting and jumping, she stooped and kissed Willy, and told Jessie to say, to his mother, that he had been a very good boy in school, and that she hoped soon to have him for a scholar.

Mrs. Morton had charged Philip to come straight from school, and not stop by the way for anything, and he had promised her to do so;—but the sun was so high, and shone so pleasantly, that they did not walk very fast at first, for Willy would stop to pluck every flower he saw, to carry home, he said, to mamma.

So they went along, and did not attend to the time, but began to gather blackberries, and were delighted

to see Willy eat them, and put them into their basket. They were all so busily engaged, that they entirely forgot what their mother had told them when they left home, and had wandered a good way from the path, when Philip looked up, for it was becoming quite dark. The sun had gone under a cloud, and it began to rain; so Philip tied on Jessie's hat, and they both took Willy by the hand, and ran, as they thought, towards home, but it was quite another way. The rain came down, now, very fast, and it thundered at a distance, which frightened them a little. Poor Jessie pulled Willy along, who began to cry, for his shoe was coming off. She could not stop to tie it on; and then they both fell over the stump of a tree, and Jessie spilt all her blackberries over her dress and Willy's apron, which were already wet with the rain. Then Jessie could not help crying too; but Philip helped him up, and told him they would soon get home now.

As they were near the woods, that were very thick, Philip said they had better stop a little while till the rain ceased, and then go on; but it grew so dark, and kept on raining so fast, they could not see which way to go. They sat down on a great stone under a thick grape-vine that kept off the wet, and Jessie took "the baby" in her arms, and tied her handkerchief around his neck.

"I want to go to mamma," he cried. "Take me home,—I want to go to mamma!"

So did Jessie too, but she tried hard not to cry to keep Willy still.

"Do you think we are lost, Philip?" she said.

"I am afraid so," replied Philip. "But, Jessie, I have

often read about lost children, and that some good person came to take care of them."

"But if Willy should die like one of those babes in the wood, that nurse Annie sings about, all stained with blackberries—Oh, Philip! we were so naughty to pick blackberries!" and the tears came so fast she could not speak.

The rain was now over, and the stars shone brightly, and Philip thought perhaps they could hear him at home if he called; so he went out of the wood a little way, and called out as loud as he could, "Father! Mother! we are here!" He repeated it till he was quite hoarse, but he could not make them hear. He saw an old shed not far off, and he told Jessie that he thought they had better go there, and stay till some one found them.

They took their brother in their arms between them, and reached the shed, where they found some hay, and Philip made a bed for Jessie and Willy as well as he could, and put his coat over it. Jessie took off Willy's apron and hung it up inside the shed to dry, and took off his wet stockings and one shoe, for he had lost the other, and held his feet in her lap, to keep them warm. As she sat down beside him on the ground, she began singing him to sleep—

"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall upon thy head!"

She could not sing any more, for she thought of her mother, who sung this hymn to them every night, and of the quiet little room where she slept with Willy so warm and comfortable, and father and

mother and Philip near; and now they were all in the dark, and lost in the wood!

Philip was as sad as Jessie, but he did not cry, and he said,—

"Jessie, may be, if we pray to God, he will send some one to find us, and take us home. Don't you remember how often aunt Ellen has told us that God sees little children, and everybody, in the night as well as in the day, and that good angels are around us, though we cannot see them? I was a very naughty boy to stop when mother told me to bring Willy straight home from school, and I will pray to God to forgive me, and find you and me and the baby!"

So they both kneeled down, and took hold of each other's hands, and said their prayers.

Willy was fast asleep now, and Jessie laid down beside him, and put her arm around his neck—but she could not sleep, and hearing a noise close by, she got up and went to Philip, and asked him what he thought it could be.

"I will go and see," said Philip.

He went out, and soon coming back, told her it was only a horse quietly feeding on the short grass that grew in the wood, and that he was tied to the shed by a long rope, to keep him from running away.

"Philip," said Jessie, "don't you think some one may come in the morning to get the horse, and find *us*?"

"Yes! to be sure they will," said Philip; "and I will tell them my name is Philip Morton, and may be they may know my father, and then they can show us the

way home."

And so these little children found comfort in thinking they would not be deserted, even though away from their parents, and lost in the thick wood; for their Father in heaven was watching over them, and allowing the good angels to put this thought into their head, to cheer them, so that they were not afraid.

All this while their parents and friends were out looking for them everywhere; for Mrs. Morton, seeing the dark cloud arise, and finding that the children did not come home, was very uneasy. At first, she was sure that they would be in directly, as Philip had always been so obedient to her, and so careful of his brother and sister. But night coming on, and seeing nothing of them, she became greatly alarmed. She went out herself with nurse Annie, and looked and called in vain. When Mr. Morton came home, he found her in the deepest distress, for all her children were gone, she knew not whither, and it was dark and raining, and there was a mill-race and pond not far off, where the children had often walked with her and their father,—and oh! if they had lost their way and fallen in there! Mr. Morton, and some gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who kindly lent their assistance, took lanterns, and all went out, some on foot and some on horseback, to search far and near for them.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when the children thought they heard some one calling them. They listened—no! they could not mistake their father's voice calling, "Philip! Philip! Jessie!"

Oh! how their hearts beat! Philip ran farther into the wood and called again, "Father! Father! here we

are!”

But no answer was returned. Just then they saw a light through the trees, at a distance, and Philip, running in the direction, saw his father, and their old man Tom, and Philo. Presently Philo barked, and Philip knew, by the sound, that they were all coming towards them.

“Don’t leave me, Philip!” cried out little Jessie. “I will take the baby up, if you will help me.”

So Philip ran back to the shed, and called again. His father heard him now, and came directly up to where they were. There he found Willy fast asleep, and Jessy trying to put on his apron and shoe.

Old Tommy had a bundle of shawls, and some cakes for them, that their mother had put up.—They were so glad to see their father, and to know that they were found, that they did not care for the cakes; but Jessie took a shawl for herself, and her father wrapped one around Willy, who opened his eyes, and seeing his father had him, fell asleep again.

They were soon on their way home,—Philo running on before them, as if to be the first to announce their coming; and Tommy, with Philip on one side,—and Jessy, holding her little school-basket in her hand, on the other; and Mr. Morton with the baby.

Mrs. Morton ran to meet them, and I cannot say who were the happier,—the children, to be once more safe at home, or the mother to hold again her darlings in her arms!

“Mother, I am afraid you will never trust Willy with me again,” was the first thing Philip said.

—“But, indeed, I will never disobey you again. I did not know what a terrible thing it is to be naughty!”

His mother could not speak—she wept; but it was with joy and gratitude to God for restoring to her her children.

“Don’t cry so; indeed I think God will make me a good boy, after this, always,” said Philip, looking up earnestly in his mother’s face.

“May He indeed do so, my dear boy, and ever bless, and strengthen you!” said his mother. “May you never forget to obey your father and mother, now you are young, and I am sure you will be a good *man*.”

Philip never forgot the night in the woods. He is now grown up, and what his mother said was true. He is a good man, because he learned to be a good boy.



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FORGIVENESS.

A very little child, one day,
Too young to know the harm it did,
Trampled, with his small naked foot,
The place in which a violet hid.

The violet sighed its life away,
Embalming, with its last faint breath,
The little foot, that thus, in play,
Had put its soft, blue flower to death.

Ah, was it not a tender flower,
To lavish all the wealth it had,
Its fragrance, in its dying hour,
Mild, meek, forgiving, mute, though sad.

My little girl, the lesson learn;
Be thou the violet—love *thou* so;
Retort no wrong; but nobly turn,
And with thy heart's wealth bless thy foe.

SNOW DROP.

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THE TWO NOSEGAYS.

One fine summer evening, as the mother of Virginia and Maria was walking with them in the garden, she observed that, from time to time, they went away by themselves, and whispered mysteriously together; and whenever she went towards them, to inquire into the subject of their conversation, they stopped, and began to play about.

This conduct disturbed her very much; for she knew that when girls have anything which they wish to conceal from their mothers, there must be something wrong about it.

This case, however, was an exception to the general rule, Virginia and Maria had nothing improper in their minds; but the next day was their mother's birth-day, and they wished to think of something which would be a suitable present for them to make her.

Virginia was two years older than Maria, and the two sisters were very different. Virginia was lively, quick, and graceful; Maria was quiet, modest, and loving.

"Let us make mamma some present which will prove which of us possesses the finest taste," said Virginia. "In our garden and the meadow the flowers are all striving to see which will excel in beauty. Let us choose, from among them, the flowers we like best, and make a nosegay, each by ourselves; and then see which our mother will prefer."

Maria agreed to her sister's proposal, and, early on the next morning, they went, by different paths, through the meadow and garden, to make their

choice. All the flowers smiled upon them, and seemed to invite attention: but they flew, like butterflies, from one to the other, uncertain where to choose. At length the early morning was gone, and it was time for them to return to breakfast.—They both knew that a want of *punctuality* would displease their mother, more than any nosegays could give her pleasure. So they broke off their flowers hastily, and carried them to the house, without even suffering each other to see what they had.

Soon after breakfast, Virginia approached her mother with a smile of satisfaction, and very gracefully presented her a bunch of fresh moss-roses, in a little basket curiously woven of the green leaves of the bush.

"Dear mother!" said she, "see how, from this little basket of leaves, this full-blown moss-rose lifts up its head in the centre, with a colour so lively and so soft. This beautiful rose is you, mother, and this little bud beneath its shadow is your Virginia."

Maria approached with a timid step, and spoke in a low, hesitating voice:

"Mother, here is my nosegay. It is not so beautiful nor ingenious as Virginia's rose-basket.—It is only a bunch of honeysuckle blossoms, from the vine which twined around the nut-tree, as I would rest on you."

When Maria said this, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and wet her cheeks with tears of quiet love.

The beauty and ingenuity of the rose-basket had delighted the eye of the happy mother, but Maria's present touched her heart; and tears filled her eyes,

as she returned the embrace of her affectionate child.

"My dear children," said she, "your gifts are like yourselves, and you shall both be precious to me."

As she said this, she took the rose-bud from the basket, and twining it with the honeysuckles, put them both into her bosom.



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CAMGNO; OR, THE TAME ROE.

A TRUE STORY.

And now, little girls, I am going to tell you of the life and history of a young roe-deer. It is quite a true story, as I have very good reason to know.

When Fanny Grey was about seven years old, one day her father opened the door of the room where she sat, and said, “Come here, Fanny, and look at the beautiful present I have brought you.”

So she got up in great haste, and followed her papa to the lawn, and there, in a nice square box, was a young roe.

“It is for you, my child, as a reward for your attention to your studies.”

I wish you could have seen Fanny’s joy. She danced about, and clapped her hands, and ran to the dairy to get some milk for the little stranger. When she had taken it out of the box, she could see it much better: she could see the white spots that make the coat of roe-deer, when they are very young. She could see its pretty little graceful feet, and its soft, black eyes; and Fanny was so happy, that she said she should like it better than any of her pets. She had birds, and dogs, and a beautiful grey horse, but this dear little roe was better than all. She gave it the name of Camgno; and by this name it would come whenever she called.—She made a velvet cushion for it to sleep upon, and every day she thought it grew more pretty. After some time Camgno became quite strong, and Fanny had a silver collar made for it; and the gamekeeper made a “nice little house” for her favourite, where it could sleep every night. Camgno would always come when Fanny called, and they

loved each other very much. But Camgno was taken sick, and it was necessary to carry him to the pheasant-house, where the gamekeeper could take care of him; for Fanny was not old enough to take all the care of her little pet, when he was so sick, and so she consented to its being removed.

One day her father came home and told her a sad tale, that Camgno could not live. Oh! how sorry she was!—the tears came into her eyes, and she ran away, as fast as she could, to see her poor roe. When she came to the pheasant-house, Camgno was lying on the ground, and looked quite dead.

"Oh, my poor Camgno!" she cried.

Camgno opened its black eyes at the sound of her voice; and Fanny sat down by the roe, and raised its little head, and laid it upon her knee.—She staid a long time beside her dear little pet, till her father said he was afraid she would catch cold, and she must now go home.

The next morning she got up very early, and went to the gamekeeper; but just before she reached the house, she met James, who said, "It is of no use; Camgno is dead; but if I live till another spring, I will get you another roe."

"Thank you James," said Fanny; "but I shall never want another roe; it might die too; and it makes me very sorry: but I will thank you to dig a grave for my *pet*, and help me to bury it."

So Fanny covered the grave with flowers, and resolved that she would try and not love anything so much again that could be taken away from her; but she was always kind to all animals, and every living

thing,—and, after this, she was led to think of and love such things as could not be taken away from her: and that made her truly happy.

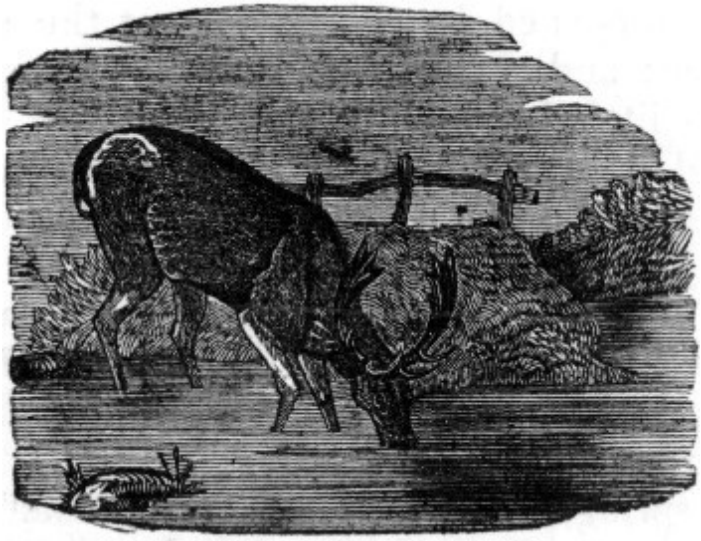


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THE SECRET.

"Come, Fanny," said George Lewis, "put on your hat, and go out with me among the trees and bushes. It is a bright, glorious morning, and I have a secret to reveal to you, sister, when we get where nobody will overhear us."

"Oh, that's grand," cried Fanny, with her face kindling up with joy, and her curiosity, like herself, all on tiptoe. "I love to find out secrets."

She took her brother's hand, and away they hied, running and leaping, over the field, past the new hayricks, across the rivulet, and into the flowery border of a thicket. Here was a little silvery fountain, gushing from a mossy rock, and flashing to the light over its pebbly basin; and there a green, arching bough, hung with clusters of wild berries, and trembling from the weight and motion of their light-winged gatherer; while the air was filled with sweet perfume, and the songs of the feathered warblers sounded from shrub and tree on every side.

"But what *is* it—what *can* it be that you have to tell me, George?" said Fanny; "I'm out of breath to know the secret."

"Be patient, and you shall know it in the right time," replied her brother.

"Oh! how can you be so cruel as not to tell me *now*?" said Fanny. "How long have you known the secret without letting me know it, too? I shan't be able to go much farther, if you keep it from me. My heart is all in a flutter."

"I don't want to tell you, with your heart all in a *flutter*. You should be calm, so as to hear what I say, and to enjoy the sight I have to show you," said the young philosopher.

"I am calm, now, and I have been patient," said Fanny. "Come, dear Georgie, do tell me."

Georgie kept silence, and proceeded a few paces, when he paused; and lifting a long, leafy branch, disclosed to the eye of the delighted girl a beautiful nest, full of young birds, so closely snuggled in their little round cell, that they looked as if, from below

the neck, they grew together.

In momentary surprise at the sudden flood of light that poured upon them, the nestlings put up their heads, as if to ask what was meant by it, and who it was that had unroofed them. They had never received anything but what came from care and kindness; they were innocent, and therefore they knew no fear. Putting forth their open beaks at the strange visitants, they cried, “Petweet-tweet, petweet-tweet,” as if their mother had hung over them with their morning gift of food.

Fanny was for a moment as much surprised as they. Then, in an ecstacy of delight, she sprang forward, and would have dislodged the nest from its place, to take the birds, and examine them with her fingers, as well as her scrutinizing eye, had not her brother checked her motion, and stood between her and his casket of living jewels.

“Oh! I want to touch them!” said she. “But how long have you known of this nest?”

“Ever since it was begun to be built,” said George.

“And didn’t tell *m-e*!” said Fanny, in a whimpering tone.

“No,” replied George, “but I will tell you the reason why I did not. Had I told you then, Fanny, we should never have seen these little birds here. You haven’t the art of keeping a secret belonging to your own concerns or another’s, long enough for anything depending on its being kept to come to pass. You will surely, in some way, let it slip too soon. You would not tell it if you promised not to do so; but by some air or act, or mysterious manner, you would show

them that you knew something that was unknown to others, and set them to watching and studying for it. If I had told you of the nest, you would have wanted to be running out every little while to see how it went on, till the bird would have found herself watched, and forsaken it, to build somewhere else. Or you would have wanted to break the blue shells, to see if the insides of the eggs were growing into birds; just as you dug up your flower-seeds, to know if they were sprouted; and broke open the green rose-buds, to find out if the under leaves were turning red. So your seeds never came up, and your roses didn't bloom; all for your impatience and curiosity. If you had not done this, your continual coming would have drawn the attention of some of the boys or girls, to learn what was here, till they would have found the nest, and robbed it. You have too much *curiosity*, Fanny. If you choose, tell your own secrets, and take the consequences. But they who cannot keep their own, are not very likely to be trusted with those of others. And as to coming at them by prying, I should feel as if I was 'tiefing,' as the Frenchman told his little boy he had been doing, when he cut the shoot from grandpapa's English walnut-tree, to make him a *rattan*. If I discovered, by accident, what concerned another, and was not designed for my knowledge, I should feel sorry, and that I had no more right to tell or expose it, than I should have to spend a piece of money that I saw another drop. This secret was the *bird's*—and I should have caused her great distress by telling it. It is the kind of curiosity which makes you want to know what others are about, what they have, and so on, that gets you into your worst troubles, sister. You saw John bring in a covered basket, and put it on a shelf in the cellar closet. The next that was heard

was the basket, eggs and all, smash upon the brick floor; and sister Fanny shouting lamentably and crying, ‘Oh, dear, dear, they are all over my feet!’ So none of us had pudding that day. Then, when you saw your mother wet her eyes with clear water from a phial, and thought you’d try it too, you found the sal volatile not quite so cooling to yours, as the rose-water to hers. No wonder that they wept!

“Now, Fanny, since I’ve played minister, and preached you such a sermon on curiosity over this nest, I know you’ll prove so good a hearer as not to show that you know anything about the secret, till the birds are a few days older, and can fly away.—Then they’ll come and do the singing part of the service, from the trees around our house.”

Fanny looked thoughtful and solemn, and only replied, “I’m glad I didn’t break the bird’s eggs. There never would have been any music nor pretty birds come from these if I did break them. They would have been made into a pudding; the pudding would have made me heavy and sleepy, so that I should not have got my lesson so well, and I should have been mortified at school.”

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SCIENCE OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

THE SKIN.

FATHER. It is pleasant and profitable, my children, to learn the uses of various parts of the human body; for when we understand the uses of any member of the body, and the manner in which it is composed, we shall be better able to avoid all things which would interfere with those uses. It seems to me that it would be useful for you to give your attention to these subjects, and I will give you all the assistance that I am able.

ALBERT. I wish to learn the use of a great many parts of my body that I do not now fully understand; for I have been told that the human form is the most perfect of all material things; and it seems to me that we ought to give much more attention to it than we have yet given.

CHARLES. It seems to me that it would be a good plan, if you are willing, father, to spend a part of each evening in teaching us these things. Albert and I can ask some questions, and you can answer them, and give us any other information that you think may be useful to us.

FATHER. I think that this is a good plan; and as we are now together, we will begin this evening. We will begin with the *skin*,—for though the skin covers the whole body, and is so exposed to view, there are many things concerning it with which you are not familiar.—The skin is that thin covering which is spread over the whole surface of the body. It serves to bind together and to protect from injury the more delicate parts which are beneath it. Come, Albert, tell me some of the things which you have observed respecting the skin.

ALBERT. The skin differs in its appearance in different animals, and in different parts of the body.

With young people and females it is soft, smooth, and delicate; it is firmer and more resisting in middle age, and with males; it appears loose and wrinkled in old age, and after some diseases; it is puckered or disposed in folds in places where it would otherwise interfere with the proper movements of the limbs, as over the finger-joints, and in the palm of the hand.

FATHER. Very well, my son. Should you suppose, Charles, that the skin is one sheet, or that it is composed of layers?

CHARLES. I have observed that a very thin coat of the skin has sometimes risen in blisters, from being rubbed when I have been working, or from a burn, or slight scald; and sometimes I have peeled it off, as I can the outside bark of a birch tree; and from these things I suppose the skin is composed of thin layers.

FATHER. It is so. The skin is composed of three membranes, or layers. The outside layer is called the "cuticle," or "scarf-skin." There are some other names for the three layers of the skin besides those that I shall use; but if you remember those which I give, it will be sufficient until you are old enough to understand more fully the good books which have been written concerning the different parts of the body. The cuticle has no blood-vessels. It is very thin. There is still some doubt whether the scarf-skin has any nerves or not. Perhaps it has nerves which are so unsusceptible to external impressions, that we do not notice their effects.

ALBERT. If there were nerves in the scarf-skin as sensitive as those in some parts of the body, we should be in constant pain; we could not take a single step without extreme pain; for the scarf-skin is, I suppose, a protection to the parts which are

tender; and unless its nerves were blunt, it would not answer this purpose. I never thought of this before; but this, as well as the structure of every part of the body, shows us the kindness and wisdom of our Creator.

CHARLES. And if there were blood-vessels in the scarf-skin, we should continually be in danger of being covered with blood, since a slight blow is sufficient to break this skin. I have also observed, father, that those parts of the body which are the most exposed to pressure and friction, such as the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, are provided with a scarf-skin much thicker than that on other parts of the body.

FATHER. Yes, my son. The difference in the thickness of the cuticle in different parts of the body is apparent even at birth. But the farmer and blacksmith, who are constantly engaged in manual labour, need a thicker scarf-skin to protect their hands, than would be convenient for a student or a merchant; and it has, for this reason, been so provided, that the scarf-skin increases in thickness when it is much used, and decreases when it is but little needed.

CHARLES. If we have got through with talking about the scarf-skin, I should like to ask about the next layer, for you told us there are three coats.

FATHER. Yes, there are three coats. Immediately beneath the scarf-skin, is what is called the *mucous coat*. The mucous coat is chiefly remarkable as the seat of the colouring matter of the skin.

ALBERT. Then I should think that persons of dark complexion must have much thicker mucous coats

than those of light complexion.

FATHER. They have. It can scarcely be seen with those who are of a very light complexion, but in the negro it is thick. If the mucous coat were the same in all persons, all would be of one colour. The mucous coat is very bright in those fishes and other animals whose skins have beautiful, variegated colours, and is the cause of their brilliant appearance. The mucous coat, like the cuticle, is destitute of blood-vessels, and of very active nerves.

ALBERT. As it is not yet late, let us talk about the third layer, and then we shall have some idea of the composition of the skin.

FATHER. The third, or inmost layer, called the *true skin*, is much thicker than either of the other layers of the skin. The true skin seems to be a complete network of extremely small blood-vessels and nerves.

CHARLES. I can see that this is so; for I cannot prick entirely through the skin, even with the point of the finest needle, without giving some pain, and drawing some blood; and I suppose that the pain is caused by piercing a nerve, and the bleeding by opening a blood-vessel.

FATHER. You are right, my son. There are so many nerves in the true skin, that in amputating a limb, the principal pain is always in the skin.

ALBERT. I suppose we should not be able to distinguish different things by the touch, unless the true skin were furnished with nerves.

FATHER. One of the great uses of the skin is to remove from the body the impure matter which is constantly collecting. You both have, when warm,

perceived drops of sweat, or perspiration, on your faces and other parts of your bodies. Much impure matter is removed in that way, which, if not removed, would be very injurious to the health.

CHARLES. It seems to me that but very little impure matter can be conveyed away in the perspiration which falls from us.

FATHER. Even when we cannot perceive the perspiration, there is what is called *insensible* perspiration, by which, in a state of health, about twenty ounces of waste matter are daily removed. When a person takes a sudden cold, this perspiration is checked, and the waste matter accumulates, and causes sickness. Perspiration takes place with much more regularity when the body is kept perfectly clean, than when it is allowed to remain dirty; and from this we can see how necessary it is to bathe the body thoroughly and frequently, and also that we ought to avoid exposing ourselves to take cold.

ALBERT. I thank you, father, for explaining these things, and will try to remember them.

CHARLES. And so do I: and I hope that another evening we shall learn much more.



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VOICES FROM NATURE.

CHILD.

"River, river, stay and tell me,
Whither going with such speed?"

RIVER.

"No, I cannot stop, for onward
I must go, the sea to feed.
I am one of many others,—
To the same great deep we go,
Pouring into it for ever,
Yet it doth not overflow."

CHILD.

"Little brook, stay still a moment,
Dancing neath the summer sun,
With such sweet and pleasant music,
Tell me, whither do you run?"

BROOK.

"I am hastening to the river,
And I cannot longer stay,
I am one of many others,
Who must feed it day by day."

CHILD.

"Little rill, which down the mountain,
Like a silver thread dost flow,
Tell me now before you leave me,
Why you are in haste to go?"

RILL.

"Downward, downward, little maiden,
Is a voice that bids me speed,
Where a little brook is waiting,
Which my limpid drops must feed.
I am one of many others,
And when Spring's first hours awake,
Into life and motion springing,
To the plains our course we take."

CHILD.

"Rain-drops, which so fast are falling,
Patter, patter, on the ground,
Much I love to stand and watch you,
Much I love your merry sound;
But I pray you stop and tell me,
On what mission you are bound?"

RAIN.

"Humble as our mission seemeth,
Maiden, to your thoughtful eye,
Yet for good, by God's appointment,
Drop by drop, I fall from high;
And, without me, mightiest rivers
Soon would leave their channels dry."
Musing, then, the little maiden,
Inward for a moral turned,
Where, to light the spirit temple,
Truth upon her altar burned.
"Rain," she said, "from heaven
descending,
Feeds the little fountain rill:
Onward, onward, all are hastening,

Never for a moment still.
Rill, and brook, and mighty river,
All to the deep ocean go;
All the thirsty river swallows,—
Yet it doth not overflow.”
Child, thou seekest from this a moral,
Ask of Truth, and thou shalt know.



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KING ALFRED.

Alfred was one of the early kings of England, distinguished for his wisdom and virtue. In his childhood he was very much indulged by his parents, and his education was neglected, but he engaged in study of his own accord, and became an eminent scholar in his youth; although in those days there

were no printed books, and few means of instruction of any kind.

When he became king, after the death of his father, his country was suffering from the invasion of the Danes; and Alfred spent a considerable part of his life in wars with them. These Danes came over in swarms from the continent of Europe, under different leaders; and they succeeded in defeating the armies sent out against them, one after another, and in extending their ravages over so many parts of the kingdom, that the people of the island were reduced to despair. The army was dispersed, and Alfred had to fly and conceal himself, to save his life. He finally went to service in the family of a herdsman,—a sort of farmer, who had care of the cattle,—where he was once well scolded by the herdsman's wife for letting some cakes burn. Hume, the historian, relates the story in the following language:—

"The wife of the neat-herd was ignorant of the condition of our royal guest, and observing him one day busy by the fireside, in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes which were toasting, while she was employed elsewhere, in other domestic affairs. But Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, neglected his injunction; and the good woman, on her return, finding her cakes all burnt, rated the king very severely, and upbraided him, that he always seemed very well pleased to eat her warm cakes, though he was thus negligent in toasting them."

After this, Alfred contrived to collect some of his followers, and to conceal himself with them in the centre of a vast tract of swampy land. The piece of firm ground on which he established his company,

contained only about two acres. Here he remained a year, though he often went on excursions against the enemy. Finally, his strength increased, so that he was prepared to adopt still more decisive measures. He accordingly formed a plan for a general mustering of the forces of the kingdom, in order to make a combined and effectual attack upon the Danes. At this time, another incident occurred, which has helped to make Alfred famous. He concluded, before summoning the army together, that he would go into the camp of the Danes, in disguise, in order to see what their strength and condition were. So he procured a harp, and dressed himself in the disguise of a harper. In those days, harpers were accustomed to wander about towns and armies, playing for the amusement of those who would pay them. Alfred seems to have acted his part very successfully. He not only entertained the soldiers and officers with his harp, but he amused them with tales and jokes, and finally he made his way into the tent of Guthrum, the general. There, Alfred learned all he wished to know, and then returned to his own camp. This was a very dangerous experiment, for if anything had occurred even to arouse the suspicions of the Danes, he would have been hung at once.

Immediately after this, Alfred sent messengers through the kingdom and called his army together, and, after several battles, expelled the Danes from the country. He then evinced great wisdom in the arrangements which he made for reducing the kingdom to regular order. He founded the most useful institutions, and restored the dominion of law and public tranquillity. He has been always regarded as a great benefactor of the English nation.

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GRACE MIDDLETON.

Grace was returning from a distant part of the country to her own loved home; she had been living with a relation, and a long time had passed since she had heard from, or listened to the gentle voice of her parents; (there was no mail in that part of the country;) and as she drew near to each loved haunt of her early childhood, her heart beat quick with sweet anticipations of delight. She fancied her

brother and sister very much grown, but still as loving and happy as when she last sported with them on the grass-plat by the cottage door. It was evening when Grace descended the long, sloping hill, at the foot of which was an extensive avenue of tall oak trees, leading directly to the cottage, and the declining sun cast a melancholy shadow over the face of this well-remembered spot, once resounding with the shouts of happy infancy.

The heart of Grace grew sad as she drew near the cottage, and she wondered very much that no one was in sight. At length she hears the well-known bark of old Carlo;—"but where are my parents, my brother and sister! I thought to find them *all* here; where are they?"

Alas! alas! she soon ascertained they were all gone; all, save her aged grandfather, who comes with feeble step to embrace and welcome her. "The Lord bless you, my child, and blessed be his name for restoring you to me in my old age; come with me, and let us give thanks to our heavenly Father, for all his blessings. It is true he has seen best to remove those we love most from us; but it is all right, my child, all right;" and he led her into the cottage, where the evening meal was spread for them by the kind old housekeeper; but it was a sad meal for Grace, and she soon hastened to her chamber to weep and meditate on the change which had taken place in her absence, and to think of what she ought to do.

It was the spring of the year—and when Grace arose from her bed the next morning, and looked forth from the window of her little room, and saw all Nature smiling with beauty, she felt refreshed; and as

she gazed on the beautiful flowers that grew beneath her window, and listened to the songs of the birds, and the gentle murmurs of the little stream which watered the garden, she felt that she had much to be thankful for, and that good spirits were near to make her happy; and when she met her old grandfather in the library, where it was the custom to assemble the family for morning prayers, her eyes expressed the peace and devotion which she felt; and while they partook of the repast prepared for them, in the well-remembered breakfast-room, they talked over the trying events of the past with humble resignation. Grace was very thankful to find that she could, in various ways, make herself useful to her only relation; and in arranging the occupation of her time, the garden was to be under her care—to employ and amuse her as one of her principal things; and in a short time, she had made so many improvements, that her grandfather said it was quite a little paradise.

The rivulet, which flowed through the garden, had many flowers growing on its borders; and here Grace delighted to ramble, for it reminded her of other and happy days, when she had been used to gather the flowers, with her little sisters, to make nosegays for her parents.

One day, when she was walking beneath the trees of the garden, she saw a beautiful bird building its nest on one of the branches. This was a new source of delight to her; and when the nest was finished, and a little brood of beautiful birds were heard chirping in the trees, Grace thought there was but one thing more she desired, and that was a pleasant seat for her grandfather, where he might sit in the heat of the day, and enjoy his nap, or read his

favourite book undisturbed; so she built him a bower, and planted the choicest flowers about it, and watered them morning and evening, that they might grow and flourish; and while she did so, she prayed that *good affections* might grow in her own heart, and expand like these flowers; and they did so, for, as she grew in years, she grew in wisdom and love.

Several years passed in this peaceful retirement and the care of her good grandfather,—who was now quite old, and whose white locks and feeble step reminded her that *he* would be called to join those who had gone before him. But for this she was prepared; for he had often spoken to her of death—he had made this subject familiar to her, and he had tried as much as possible to elevate her mind above the grave, that she might think of her departed friends as near to her, and still living in a more perfect state; and she knew it would be far better for him to go and live with his heavenly Father, than to remain in this world, even though they might continue to be very happy together; and when his last hour on earth *did* come, it was so full of peace and holy confidence in the Saviour of man, that she was assisted to feel and say, “Father, thy will be done;” and as she knelt by his bed-side to receive his blessing, she felt conscious that ministering angels were present, and gently removing his spirit from earth to heaven.



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SHELLS.

"Well, Henry, where have you been? I have not seen you this morning."

"I have been with papa, and he has given me this little box full of shells. Look, mamma, how very pretty they are. Papa says they are found in the sea, and that little fish live in them! Can fish live in these very small ones, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, a fish has lived in each of these little shells. I have sometimes picked them up on the beach with the fish in them; but they are generally washed on shore when the sea is rough, and the fish dies and falls out of the shell before it is picked up;

as fish, you know, cannot live out of the water. Some day I will show you a very beautiful shell, which I have in my cabinet; it is the shell of the paper nautilus, which is a very curious little fish. I have heard that it was this fish which first gave men the idea of building ships to sail on the sea. These fish have two arms, or horns, which they put out of their shells, and stretch a kind of skin across them, which makes a little sail, just like the sail of a ship. They then stretch two more arms out of the shell, which they use as oars or paddles; and when the sea is calm they amuse themselves by sailing about on the water, and look very pretty; but if a storm comes on, they draw in their horns and their little sails, and sink to the bottom."

"Have you ever seen them sailing about, mamma?"

"No, Henry, I have not, because I have not been much on the sea; but they are often seen by sailors, who, you know, are almost always at sea. There are a great many curious fish in the sea, some very large indeed, and others very small; about many of which I shall be happy to tell you more at some future time."



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EMULATION.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN HENRY AND HIS FATHER.

“What is the matter, Henry?” asked Mr. Carey of his son, who looked more sober than usual, one day, after his return from school.

“I don’t feel happy,” Henry replied, looking up into his father’s face with an effort to smile. “But I suppose it is my own fault, although I can’t help it.”

“Has anything very particular happened?”

"No, sir. Nothing very particular. Only I've been next to head in my class for a week."

"Next to head! Why, I thought you had been at the head of your class for the last three or four months."

"So I have been until within a week. But, since then, do all I can, Herbert Wellmore keeps his place above me."

"And this is the reason of your unhappiness?"

"Yes, sir."

"But do you think it is a just cause of unhappiness?"

"I always feel bad if I am not first in everything, father."

"Do you think it right to feel so, Henry?"

"Is it not right, father, for me to excel others in every way?"

"Yes, if it is in your power to do so; for then you can be more useful than any one else. But, it seems that Herbert Wellmore can excel you—and I suppose he does so fairly."

"Oh, yes. It is fair enough—and that is just what I don't like. It shows that he can do better than I can."

"Then he will have it in his power to be more useful to his fellow-men than you. And should not this make you glad instead of discontented?"

"I didn't think anything about that, father."

"So I supposed—if you had so thought, you would,

probably, never have been willing to have seen your school-fellow. But why does this circumstance make you unhappy?"

"I don't like any one to get ahead of me."

"Why?"

Henry tried to determine in his own mind the reason, but was unable to do so. Mr. Carey saw this, and added:

"Don't you think that selfishness has something to do with it? Wounded self-love, I have before told you, is a frequent cause of our unhappiness. Now, think again, and try if you cannot determine the reason why you wished to excel all others in your class."

"That I might be thought to be the smartest boy in it, I suppose."

"Would you not call that a mere selfish feeling?"

"I suppose so. And yet ought I not to try and keep ahead?"

"Certainly, as I have said before. But you should not feel the slightest pain if another boy excels you fairly. Suppose every boy were to be disturbed in mind, as you have been, because other boys were in advance;—don't you see that every boy in a class, but one, would be unhappy? And would that be right? None of us, my son, have minds alike. This, you know, I have before explained to you, and also the reason why it is so. Now, do you remember that reason?"

"It is because in society there are various uses, all

requiring a different order of talent. Is not that the reason?"

"Yes, my son; that is the reason, and I am glad you have remembered so correctly what I told you a few days ago. From this you may see that there is always something that one person will be able to do better than another; and, of course, one kind of knowledge that he will be able to acquire more easily than another. Have you not, yourself, noticed, that while one boy excels in penmanship, another, who cannot learn to write even a fair hand, will far outstrip this one in arithmetic?—and a third go ahead of the other two in acquiring a correct geographical knowledge?—A fourth delights most in the study of navigation and surveying, while a dull boy, in almost everything else, can acquire a knowledge of chemical laws more rapidly than any in his class. You have, of course, observed all this?"

"Oh, yes, frequently. There is Thomas Wiley, for instance, who, in spelling, reading, and writing, is always behind every one else; and yet no one can answer more questions in geography, or project so beautiful a map, as he can. Charles Lee has no trouble at all with the hardest question in algebra; but is deficient in grammar, and hates his Latin and Greek more than any punishment or reprimand the teacher can give. And, now I think of it, I don't know any two boys in school who are alike in regard to learning their lessons."

"Do you not think that it would be very foolish in Thomas Wiley to make himself unhappy because he could not write so pretty a hand as you do? Or for Charles Lee to forget all his skill at solving algebraic problems, in making himself miserable because he

was behind another boy in Latin and Greek, whose mind was peculiarly fitted for the acquirement of language, while his was not?"

"I certainly think it would, father."

"Then bring this home to yourself. Is there no one thing in which you can excel Herbert Wellmore?"

"Yes, sir. I can solve a problem in half the time it takes him to do it in. But, then, he is always correct —and so gets as much as I do from the teacher, who does not seem to take into account my superior quickness."

"In this, I need hardly point out to you, my son, the selfish principle that influences you. Instead of feeling grateful to your heavenly Father for having given you the ability to work out a difficult problem with half the labour it costs another, you are unhappy because this superior ability is not praised, and you, in consequence, held up to view as deserving of more commendation than Herbert; when, in fact, he is the one who should be praised for his steady perseverance in overcoming difficulties that are as nothing to you."

"I believe I have permitted myself to indulge in wrong feelings," Henry said, after remaining silent for a few moments. "But I think you have told me that emulation is not to be condemned."

"It certainly is not, my son. I would have you, as now, emulous of superior acquirements; but, at the same time, aware, that in this emulation there would be no jealousy or unkind feelings. Be first in everything, if possible,—and yet willing to see others

excel you,—remembering, that in so excelling they will have the power to be more useful to mankind; for the true power that resides in knowledge is the power of doing good."

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A NURSE'S SONG.

The voice of children is heard on the
green,
And laughing is heard on the hill;
When my heart is at rest within my
breast,
And everything else is still.
"Now, come home, my children, the
sun is down,
And the dews of night fall fast;
Come, leave off play, and let us away,
Till the morning appears in the
east."
No, no, let us play, for it is yet day—

And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky, the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with
sheep.
“Well, well, go and play till the light
fades away,
And *then* go home to rest.”
The little ones leaped, and shouted,
and laughed,
And all the hills echoed for joy.

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THE SHEPHERD AND THE FAIRY.

A shepherd, who was of an unfortunately discontented turn of mind,—one who was much fonder of reclining lazily on a sunny bank, than of viewing his own lot on its sunny side—was one day moodily watching his flock, wishing himself all the while its owner instead of guardian; in other words, a happier man. His faithful dog lay beside him, and every now and then licked the hand of his master, as it hung listlessly by his side, and then looked up into his face, as if to read his thoughts. But the shepherd was in no humour to stroke the shaggy hide of his friend, Keeper—his envious musings having been diverted to the sleek coat of his master’s hunter, which had just bounded, with its wealthy rider, over an adjacent hedge. The sullen tender of flocks was all at once roused from his reverie by the small, silvery

voice of a sprightly little fairy.

"What ails thee, my good man?" said she, tapping his shoulder with her wand; "you seem mighty melancholy. Have you met with any disaster?—lost anything?—perhaps your wife!"

"No such luck."

"Or some of your sheep?"

"What should I care—they're my master's."

"Your purse, then?"

"Purse!" growled the shepherd, "no great loss, if I had, for it's always empty."



"Ah! I think I can guess what's the matter," said the fairy: "you are wishing to be rich, and discontented because you are poor. But, prithee, now listen to me. Once upon a time, when we fairies used

to mix much more with mankind than we do at present, we learnt many of their pernicious customs; and seeing the high store they set by money, and the uses to which they applied it, we (in an evil hour) resolved to have money of our own. Nature had ready coined it to our hands, in the gold and silver seeds of flowers, and these we stored up, and made our circulating medium. Then came amongst us, envy, avarice, dishonesty. Instead of being, as heretofore, the protectors of the beautiful flowers, we became their ravagers; instead of the most benevolent and happy little creatures in the world, we became a discontented, malevolent, and restless race. We began to dislike our native dells and dingles, and to haunt, more than ever, the habitations of man. We knew well enough, however, that the cause of all our misery had been our foolish imitation of their practices; and with a view to revenge, many a sorry trick and mischievous prank did we delight to play them—as, doubtless, you may have often heard. This, however, availed us nothing; and, at last, growing tired of such profitless vengeance, we made up our minds to return entirely to our shady recesses, and, what was better, to our ancient habits. Truly, it cost some of us not a little to part with our stores of golden treasure; but at last we all agreed to throw away our money; and having then no further use for our purses, we hung them up, as memorials of our folly, upon the most ugly and worthless weeds we could discover, where you may even now behold them."

The fairy, as she spoke, pointed out to the shepherd some mean, ragged-looking plants which grew beside him; and, sure enough, there he saw suspended, the little triangular pods or purses, of which she had been speaking.

They proved more useful to him than they had done to their former possessors; for the common weed to which they were attached, could never in future, cross his path, without reminding him of the lesson of his fairy monitress; taught by which, he soon found that, in the enjoyment of a contented mind, a light purse need not always make a heavy heart.

NOTE.—Shepherd's purse, or wedge-shaped treacle-mustard, one of our commonest road-side weeds, varying greatly in the size and form of its leaves. "It flowers from spring to the end of autumn, and ripens copiously its triangular pole or pouches, whence its name,—distinguished from all other British plants. The root is tapering, and exhales a peculiar scent when pulled out of the ground. Small birds are fond of the seeds and young flowers."—[*Sowerby's English Botany.*



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SIMPLE PLEASURES.

Far, far down in the pass of the Clara mountains I dwelt with my sister Joanna. We lived with an old aunt, who took us home after our father's death. She was not in good health, and so could not do much for us. We were generally left to an old woman, who had the charge of us; but she was a little severe, and a little sharp, and very deaf; so that we did not have many pleasant days with her. Nevertheless, we tried to amuse ourselves as well as we could. We had tamed a little rat, so that when we laid a bit of sugar on the stone by the stove, he would come out and eat it, while we stood in the other corner of the room. It is true that we dared scarcely breathe, but yet we were a little flattered by his confidence in us.

Bits of sugar were, however, in these times, rare treasures for us; and not more than two pieces a week, could we have for the rat and for our own eating. Sundays were great holidays for us, for then we had Cologne water on the corners of our handkerchiefs, butter to our potatoes at breakfast, and roast meat at dinner.

It was also among our pleasures that we could, twice in the week, walk an hour in the court-yard. But, as people are seldom content with what they have, we were not satisfied with our amusements; and when summer arrived, and all the great people came out to their estates in the country, we took great pleasure in the idea of making a country residence for ourselves. We had sometimes followed the old woman to the cellar, and we had observed a place in the corner, on which the light struck from a certain air-hole, open towards the garden. There we planted a pea, one fine morning towards the end of May. For three weeks we went every day, and sought out the place, removing the earth a little about it, to

see whether the pea had not begun to sprout.

Our delight was great, when, on the twenty-fourth day, after the planting, we saw a little swelling up of the pea, beautifully green and very shy, just peeping up with an expanded leaf.

We danced round it and sang for joy. Near this plantation we then placed a little pasteboard house, and before it a small bench, on which we put some paper gentlemen and ladies. And no one can have a livelier enjoyment in his country residence than we had in ours.

We lodged in a dark and very small room. But from my bed I could see a little bit of sky in the morning, and the chimney of our neighbour's house. But when the smoke rose from the chimney, and was coloured red and yellow by the rising sun, under the dome of the blue sky, then I thought the world up there in the air must be very beautiful, and I longed to go thither.

I conceived a great desire to fly, and confided this wish to Joanna. We made ourselves paper wings, and as these could not lift us up, we tried whether they would not at least sustain us, if we let ourselves go, without holding on to anything, from the stove, chest of drawers, or whatever we had climbed up upon.

But besides that, we got many bruises in these attempts, we made such a noise by falling to the floor, that it brought in the old woman, who gave a hearty scolding to the clumsy angels. Meanwhile, we thought of still another means of sustaining ourselves as we hovered over the earth. We selected suitable sticks, which we used as stilts, and on these we went

round about the court yard, imagining all the time that we were flying.

Would that we had been content with this! But the desire to know more of the world without, threw us into misfortune. The house which we lived in was situated within a court-yard, and was separated from the street by a high wooden fence. A part of the enclosure was a garden, well fenced in and belonged to a notary. He was a severe man, and we were much afraid of him.

The temptation to evil came this time in the shape of a little pig. We saw, one day, when we were passing our play hour in the court-yard, a fortunate pig, who was enjoying himself in the most riotous manner in this garden. Spinach, tulips, strawberries, and parsley, all were thrown around him, as he dug with his snout in the earth.

Our anger at this was very great, and not less our wonder how the pig could have got into the garden, as the gate was shut and the fence was so firm. We looked about carefully, and at last discovered a hole, which had been nearly covered by a few old boards placed against it, but which the little pig had instinctively found out, and through which he had forced his way.

We thought it of the greatest importance to get the pig immediately out of the pleasure garden, and we could see no other means of doing so than to creep through, in at the same hole by which he had made his way; and now we hunted with great zeal our poor guide, and then put in order, as well as we could, what he had scattered about.

We closed the hole in the fence with a board, but could not resist the desire to let it serve us, now and then, as an entrance to this paradise. As we did not mean to hurt, or even meddle with anything in the garden, we thought it would not be wrong to take a breath of fresh air now and then. Every Sunday, in particular, we crept in by the pig's hole, which we always closed carefully after us. All around, within the garden fence, there was a hedge of syringa bushes, which hindered us from being seen from without.

However, it was very wrong in us to go into another person's garden without leave; and we soon found that every wrong thing brings its punishment with it sooner or later.

There was a little summer house in the garden, near that part of the fence which separated it from the street. There were some bushes so near that Joanna and I took the bold resolution to climb up by them, so as to get on the roof of the summer house, and there to look over the fence into the street. Thought, said, done.

Proud, triumphant, and glad, we found ourselves, after a quarter of an hour's labour, on the much-promised roof, and richly were we repaid for our trouble. We had a full view of the street. We saw, now and then, an old woman with a milk-cart, sometimes a gentleman in a chaise, and when we were in great luck, a lady with a parasol; and, still better, we had even a distinct perspective of King street, and had the indescribable delight of seeing a crowd of walkers and idlers, on horseback and in carriages, passing by. The whole world seemed to be moving there. After we had once seen this, we could

not live without seeing it again.

One day,—I remember it as if it were yesterday,—one day we had taken our high post, and were looking curiously upon the world in King street. All at once we saw a stately rider on horseback, and directly after him a pair of white horses, drawing a splendid carriage. That must be the queen!—perhaps the king himself! Out of our senses with delight, we began to clap our hands and hurra loudly. At the same moment we heard the notary coughing in the garden. We were dreadfully frightened. We wanted to get down quickly from the roof, and hide ourselves among the trees; but, in our alarm, we could not find the right places for our hands and feet. Joanna rolled like a ball over the notary's strawberry bed, and I remained hanging by the chin to a great nail in the plank, and screaming as if out of my senses. See! here is the scar by the nail, it can be seen even now.——

These youthful adventures were related to amuse two little girls, who were suffering under a disappointment, having been prevented from going out to see an exhibition of fire-works. When their governess had reached this point in her story, a more than delicate supper was announced, and the children ran off to enjoy it, without stopping to inquire farther about the scar on the good lady's chin.

(From the President's Daughters by F. Bremer.)

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THE ROBIN'S "GOOD BYE" TO LITTLE ARAMINTA.

ROBIN.

Good bye, good bye! I'm going away!
I'll come again next spring, clear!
I scarce can find one leafy spray,
On which to plume my wing,
dear.

ARAMINTA.

Dear Robin, are you going south,
To pass the coming season?
This chill air don't agree with you—
You're ill?—Is that the reason?

Your doctor thinks you cannot stay
With safety in this climate?
Advises you to travel? hey?
(That word—how shall I rhyme
it?)

ROBIN.

I have no doctor. I'm as well
As you are, Araminta;

But I've relations at the south,
With whom I pass the winter.

We birds, that have no clothes or fire,
Must fly this stormy weather;
Good bye!—my friends are setting out;
We always go together.

ARAMINTA.

Stay just a moment! Tell me how
You're going? *Wings* will weary;
And there's no steamboat in the sky;
The way is long and dreary.

ROBIN.

There's One above, who will not see
A sparrow fall unheeded;
He, 'Minta, will watch over me,
And give me strength when needed.

I'm going where the orange glows,
Like gold, thro' the emerald leaves, love;
I'm going where its richest rose
The laughing summer weaves, love.

ARAMINTA.

But tell me, Robin, how you'll find
The route you want to glide on;
There are no sign-posts in the air,
Not even a road to ride on!

ROBIN.

Ah, little one! I cannot err,
With His true hand to guide me;
His care is ever o'er my way,
His helpful love beside me.

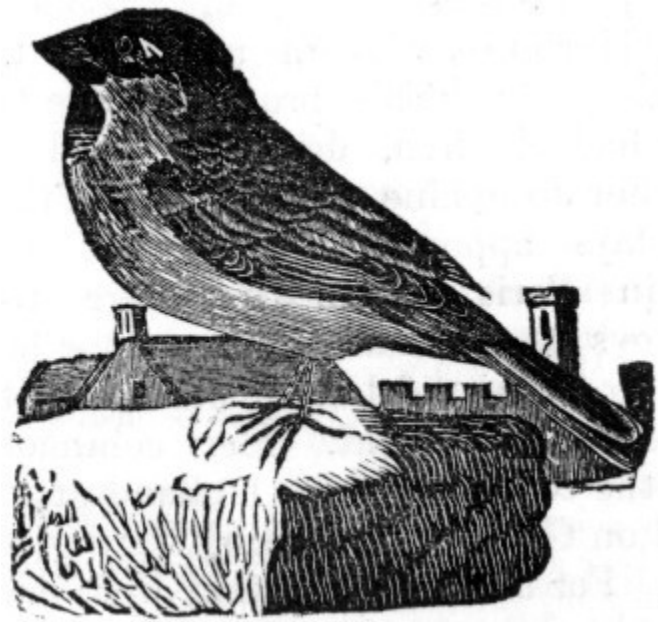


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THE BABY-HOUSE.

Are there any of you, my young friends, so young or so ignorant as to believe that, if you might go to the beautiful toy shops, and had but money enough

to buy just what toys you fancy, you should be quite happy?

You have heard of Napoleon, the great Emperor of France, and perhaps you have heard of his wife, the lovely Empress Josephine. She had a daughter, Hortense, who was married to the King of Holland, Napoleon's brother. The Queen of Holland had children, dearly beloved by their grandmother Josephine. One year, as the Christmas holidays approached, she sent for those artisans in Paris who manufacture toys, and ordered toys to be made expressly for her grandchildren, more beautiful and more costly than any that were to be bought. Her commands were obeyed—the toys arrived in Holland at the right time, and on Christmas morning were given to the children. For a little while they were enchanted; they thought they should never see enough of a doll that could speak, wild beasts that could roar and growl, and birds that could sing.

But, alas! after a few hours, they were tired of a doll that could say nothing but ma—ma, pa—pa, of beasts that growled in but one tone, and the birds that sang the same note. Before evening the toys were strewn over the floor, some broken, all neglected and deserted; and the mother, on coming into the apartment, found one of the little princes crying at a window that overlooked a court, where some poor children were merrily playing.

"Crying *to-day*, my son?" she exclaimed. "Oh! what would dear grandmamma say?—what are you crying for?"

"I want to go and play with those children in that pretty dirt, mamma."

This story was brought to my mind last Christmas eve. I went to see a very good neighbour of ours, Mrs. Selby, a carpenter's wife. The whole family are industrious and economical, and obliged to be so, for Mr. Selby cannot always get work in these times. He will not call them *hard* times. "It would be a shame to us," he says, "to call times hard when we never go hungry, and have decent clothes to cover us, and have health on our cheeks, and love in our hearts."

And, sure enough, there was no look of hard times there. The room was clean and warm. Mrs. Selby was busy over her mending basket, putting a darn here, a button in this place, and a hook and a eye there, to have all in order for Christmas morning. Her only son, Charles, was very busy with some of his father's tools in one corner; not too busy, though, to make his bow to me, and draw forward the rocking-chair. I wish I could find as good manners among our drawing-room children, as I see at Mrs. Selby's. Sarah and Lucy, the two girls, one eleven, the other ten years old, were working away by the light of a single lamp, so deeply engaged that they did not at first notice my entrance. "Where is little Nannie?" I asked. "She is gone to bed—put out of the way," replied Mrs. Selby. "Oh, mother!" exclaimed the girls. "Well, then—have not you banished her?" "Banished? No, mother—Oh! mother is only teasing us;" and they blushed and smiled.

"Here is some mystery," said I; "what is it, Sarah?" "Mother may tell if she pleases, ma'am," said Sarah. Mother was very happy to tell, for all mothers like to tell good of their children.

"You know, ma'am, the children all doat on little

Nannie, she is so much younger than they—only five years old—and they had a desire to have some very pretty Christmas gift for her; but how could they, they said, with so little money as they had to spend? They have, to be sure, a little store. I make it a rule to give each a penny at the end of the week, if I see them improving in their weak point." "Weak point! what is that, Mrs. Selby?" "Why, ma'am, Charles is not always punctual at school; so I promised him that if he will not be one half minute behindhand for a week, he shall have a penny. Sarah, who is a little head over heels, gets one for making the beds and dusting neatly. And Lucy—Lucy is a careless child—for not getting a spot on her apron. On counting up Charles had fifty-one pennies Sarah forty-eight, and Lucy forty-nine."

"No, mother," said Lucy; "Sarah had forty-eight, and I forty-seven." "Ah, so it was; thank you, dear, for correcting me." "But Lucy would have had just the same as I, only she lost one penny by breaking a tea-cup, and it was such cold weather it almost broke itself."

I looked with delight at these little girls, so just and generous to one another. The mother proceeded: "Father makes it a rule, if they have been good children, to give them two shillings each, for holidays; so they had seventy-five pennies a-piece."

"Enough," said I, "to make little Miss Nannie a pretty respectable present."

"Ah, indeed, if it were all for Nannie? but they gave a Christmas present to their father and to me, and to each other, and to the poor little lame child, next door; so that Nannie only comes in for a sixth part. They set their wits to work to contrive

something more than their money would buy, and they determined on making a baby-house, which they were sure would please her and give her many a pleasant hour when they were gone to school. So there it stands in the corner of the room. Take away the shawl, girls, and show it to Miss ——. The shawl has been carefully kept over it, to hide it from Nanny, that she may have the pleasure of surprise to-morrow morning." The shawl was removed, and if my little readers have ever been to the theatre, and remember their pleasure when the curtain was first drawn up, they can imagine mine. The baby-house was three stories high—that is, there were three rooms, one above the other, made by placing three old wooden boxes one on the other. Old, I call them, but so they did not appear: their outsides had been well scoured, then pasted over with paper, and the gum arabic was put on the paper, and over that was nicely scattered a coating of granite-coloured smalt. The inside wall of the lower room, or kitchen, was covered with white paper, to look like fresh white wash; the parlour and chamber walls were covered with very pretty hanging-paper, given to the children by their friend, Miss Laverty, the upholsterer. The kitchen floor was spread with straw matting. Charles had made a very nice dresser for one side, and a table and a seat resembling a settee, for the other. The girls had created something in the likeness of a woman, whom they called a cook; the broom she held in one hand,—they had made it admirably,—and the pail in the other was Charles' handy-work. A stove, shovel and tongs, tea-kettle and skillet, and dishes for the dresser they had spent money for. They were determined, first, to get their *necessaries*, Sarah said, (a wise little house-wife,) if they went without everything else. The kitchen furniture, smalt

and gum arabic, had cost them eighteen-pence—just half their joint stock. “Then how could you possibly furnish your parlour and chamber so beautifully?”

“Oh, that is almost all our own work, ma’am. Charlie made the frames of the chairs and sofas, and we stuffed and covered them.” “But where did you get this very pretty crimson cloth to cover them, and the materials for your carpet and curtains?” The parlour carpet was made of dark cloth, with a centre piece of flowers and birds, very neatly fashioned, and sewed on. The chamber carpet was made of squares of divers coloured cloth.

The cloth for the centre-table was neatly worked; the window-curtains were strips of rich coloured cotton sewed together; the colours matched the colours of the carpet. To my question to Sarah, where she had got all these pretty materials, she replied, “Oh, ma’am, we did not buy them with *money*, but we bought them and paid for them with labour, father says.”

These little girls were early beginning to learn that truth in political economy, that all property is produced and obtained by labour. “Miss Laverty, the upholsteress, works up stairs; we picked hair for her, and she paid us in these pieces.”

“The centre-table, bedstead, and chairs,” said the mother, “and the wardrobe for the bed-chamber, Charlie made. The bed-sheets, pillows, spreads, &c., the girls made from pieces *fished*, as they say, out of my piece-basket. The work was all done in their play hours; their working time is not theirs, and therefore they could not give it away.”

"I see," said I, looking at some very pretty pictures hanging around the parlour and chamber walls, "how these are arranged; they seem cut out of old books, pasted against pasteboard, and bound around with gilt paper; but pray tell me how this little mamma doll was bought, and the little baby in the cradle, and this pretty tea-set, and the candle-sticks, and the book-case and flower-vase on the centre-table, and the parlour stove. Charlie could make none of these things; you could not contrive them out of Miss Laverty's pieces; and surely the three sixpences left after your expenditure for the kitchen, would go very little way towards paying for them."

"To tell the truth, ma'am," said Mrs. Selby, "the girls were at their wits' ends. Miss Laverty could not afford to pay them money for their work. I had got almost as much interested in fitting up the baby-house as they, and would gladly have given them a little more money, but I had not a shilling to spare. Sarah and Lucy laid their heads together one night after they went to bed, and in the morning they came to me and told me their plan.

"We have always a pudding-pie on Sunday instead of meat. 'Can't you, mother,' said they, 'reckon up what our portion of the pie costs?—Make one just large enough for you, and my father, and Nannie, and we will eat dry bread, and then, with the money saved, added to our three sixpences, we will get what we can.' At first I thought it rather hard upon the children, but my husband and I talked it over together, and we concluded, as it was their own proposal, to let them do it. We thought it might be teaching them, ma'am, to have love, as one may say, stronger than appetite, and work their little self-denial up with their love, and industry, and

ingenuity. Poor people, such as we, cannot do what rich people can, for the education of their children. But there are some things we can do, which rich people can't—our poor circumstances help us. When our children want to do a kindness, as in this matter of the baby-house, they can't run to father and mother, and get money to do it with; they are obliged to think it out, and work it out, as one may say: and I believe it is the great end of education, ma'am, to make mind, heart, and hand work."

Again I looked at the baby-house, and with real respect for the people who had furnished it. The figures on the carpet, the gay curtains, tables, chairs, &c., were all very pretty, and very suitably and neatly arranged, but they were something more,—outward forms, into which Charles, Sarah, and Lucy had breathed, a soul instinct with love, kindheartedness, diligence, and self-denial.

Now, I ask my young friends to compare the gifts of the poor carpenter's children to those of the empress. Hers cost a single order, and a great deal of money,—theirs, much labour and forethought. If the happiness produced in the two cases, to both giver and receiver, were calculated, which would be the greatest amount? And which, in reality, were the richest—the rich empress's grandchildren, or the poor carpenter's little family?



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FIDELITY AND OBEDIENCE.

"Isabelle: Isabelle! where are you?" but no Isabelle answered; and Mrs. Howard, her mother, was just going to send some of the servants after her, when Bruno, a large Newfoundland dog, rushed into the hall, and caught hold of her dress in his mouth. He was wet, and seemed very anxious for her to follow him; accordingly, Mrs. Howard called the gardener, and followed Bruno, who seemed delighted.

There was a large pond at the foot of the garden, and it was towards this that the dog ran; and as they were proceeding along, a suspicion entered the mother's mind, which caused her to hurry forward; need I say that it was of her child she thought—her darling Isabelle? Soon they reached the pond, and there, on the bank, lay her daughter; but her eyes were closed, and her cheeks so white that she seemed dead. Mrs. Howard uttered a shriek of mingled joy and anguish—joy, that she was out of

the pond, and fear that she might not live.

She sprang forward and raised her from the ground—she put her hand on her child's heart—and, oh! happiness! she felt it beat. Isabelle was immediately carried home, and a physician was sent for, and he said that she was not hurt in any way,—that fright, only, had caused her to faint.

Bruno, the faithful Bruno, was given to Isabelle for her playmate and protector; and often might the two be seen bounding over the lawn, and through the meadows; and when the little girl was tired, Bruno would seat himself under the shade of some tree, while Isabelle would make him her pillow, and when she was rested, away they would run again. But this was on holidays; for Isabelle was a studious little girl, and did not spend all her time in play.

I suppose my little readers are all this time wondering why I do not tell them how Isabelle came to fall into the pond: I must beg pardon for my neglect, and repair the error by telling them. Well, Isabelle had leave to play in the garden with Bruno, and, as she was rambling by the pond, she saw a beautiful tuft of blue violets; and as she knew her mother was very fond of violets, she wished very much to get them for her; and though she had been told never to walk near the edge of the banks, she thought she should be able to get the flowers without danger; but in reaching for them, her foot slipped, and she fell over into the water.

Bruno immediately plunged in, and brought her safe to the bank, as we have seen; but Isabelle learnt a good lesson, which she never forgot, and that was, obedience to her parents; for with obedience to their commands, they will be always more pleased and

happy, than with the most lovely flowers in the field.



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BESSIE LEE.

In an old school-house in one of our rural villages, one beautiful summer's day, a group of merry children were assembled. Some were hurrying with their lessons, while others were turning listlessly from their books to gaze with anxious faces upon the clock, which ticked loudly (and very slowly on this particular day) in the corner. An afternoon holiday

had been promised, and an excursion to a not far distant wood, for the purpose of gathering berries. No wonder, then, all looked pleased and happy.

At length, the long-wished-for hour arrived. A waggon appeared at the door to convey the younger children and the basket to the entrance of the wood, and the elder scholars tripped gaily on—each one with a well-filled basket in hand to contribute to the repast "under the greenwood tree." It was not long ere they reached the wood.

"Oh, how cool!" one exclaimed, as the breeze sighed through the trees and rustled the green leaves; "and how shady!" another cried, as she walked beneath the spreading branches.

Near the entrance of the wood, meandered a clear stream, and the soft, rich grass sloped gently to the bank, while the branches of an old elm tree fell partly on the water, and formed a fairy-like nook; and here the children stopped,—'twas the very spot for their feast, before they gathered their berries. The baskets were quickly opened, and the contents spread upon the mossy bank. But who was to do the honours of the table? Their choice quickly fell upon a beautiful girl, the daughter of the minister. Bessie Lee was indeed beautiful; her golden hair clustered round her face, and her eyes, of the colour of the noonday sky, shaded by their dark lashes, gave an unusually lovely expression to her countenance;

"And her laugh, full of life, without
any control,
But the sweet one of gracefulness,
rung from her soul."

No wonder, then, she was loved by all—rich and poor, young and old. A wreath of wild flowers was twined by the happy subjects, and the lovely queen was crowned. And then they separated to gather the berries, going in different directions, but intending to meet by the spring ere they returned home.

Bessie hurried eagerly on towards the interior of the woods, but she went not alone; her cousin, Harry Morton, about her own age, accompanied her to help to fill her basket. Hand in hand they wandered, ever and anon stopping to gather the clustering berries, or the bright flowers, that grew in their path. They heard the voices of their companions, but soon the sound died away in the distance. Yet they pressed on, conversing gaily;—but the baskets were filled, and should they not return, asked Harry of his cousin. She looked up,—the sun was shedding his declining rays through the trees, and the woods were flooded with golden light.

“I did not know it was so late,” exclaimed Bessie: “we shall be missed, and our schoolmates will be waiting by the spring; we shall have to walk fast.”

They turned to retrace their steps and hastened on. “Surely,” said Henry, “this is not the way we came; the trees are closer together, and I do not see the big chestnut we said we would have for a landmark.” “Oh,” cried Bessie, “that is farther on; it was just where the two roads met;—we shall soon be there—don’t you think so?” The poor boy did not answer; he felt that they had lost their way, and he feared to tell his cousin, for timid as a fawn she had always been.

“Are you tired, Bessie?” He looked into her face; the flush of hope had disappeared, and her faltering

steps could scarce support her. He placed his arm around her slender waist; “Lean upon me, cousin; you are fatigued.”

“Oh, Henry!” she exclaimed, bursting into tears; “we are lost; and my poor mother, how will she feel? We shall never see her again; we shall have to stay in this dark place all night—and the bears and lions—oh, what shall we do?”

“Do not cry, dear cousin; there are no wild animals here now; there is nothing to hurt us here. The woods in this part are free; and don’t you know what we read this morning,—there were no lions in this country?”

And so he tried to comfort her, and poor Bessie dried her eyes and tried to smile. “We are like the ‘Babes in the Wood,’ Harry; only I am afraid there are no pretty robins who will cover us up with leaves, and watch over us.”

The last rays of the sun faded away, and the golden-fringed clouds melted into blue. The full moon rose high in the heavens, and the bright stars shone calmly down on the lost ones. Exhausted, the cousins sank upon the grass, under an old tree, whose friendly branches stretched far and wide to shelter them.

“I can go no farther,” cried Bessie; “my head aches, and I feel so tired. Oh, if I could only see mother,—she will be so frightened. Do you think any one will come to find us?”

“Do not feel so bad,” said Henry; “nothing will hurt us. God will take care of us, and it will soon be morning, and then we can easily find our way out of

the woods. Your father will send some one for us, or he may come himself, who knows?"

"Hark!" cried Bessie, springing to her feet; "did you not hear a noise? Something rustled in the grass; I am sure it was a snake." She clung closer and closer to Harry, and it was with difficulty he could soothe her. He told her how groundless were her fears; that a protecting Providence watched over them, and they would not be harmed.

He wrapped her shawl closer around her, for the night air was chilly to her tender frame. "The soft grass shall be your bed, Bessie, and I will watch over you; but first let us say our evening prayer, just as if we were at home." Together the cousins knelt down and offered their humble petition to the Most High, and then they lay down on their mossy bed to sleep, —Bessie, with her head pillowed on the breast of Harry; his arm supported her, and so they slept. Sweet visions of home haunted their dreams, and their parents' loved faces smiled upon and blessed them.

It was morning; the sun was just rising, and a faint light was diffused through the trees, and the birds were carolling forth their matin songs. Bessie still slept—the innocent sleep of childhood. Henry lay in the same position, for he would not disturb her. For hours he had lain listening to every sound.

At length Bessie awoke; she looked around, —"Where am I?" were the first words that escaped her lips. She looked at Henry. "Oh! I remember now; we have been here all night. Do you think we shall get home to-day?"

"Oh, yes;" said her cousin, gaily. "I am so glad you

have rested so well. We will soon set out, and perhaps we shall get home to breakfast. But eat some of the berries, Bessie, and then we will try to find our way out of the wood."

She tasted the berries, but pushed them aside. "I cannot eat; I feel, Harry, if we do not soon get home, I shall never eat again."

"Oh! do not grieve so, dear, dear Bessie. Look, the sun is shining brightly through the trees; so *that is* east, and you know the woods lie west of the school-house; so we will walk towards the sun, and then we will soon see dear home." He placed his arm carefully around her, and they set out, her steps still faltering.

Mile after mile they thus walked, for they had wandered far the preceding night. At times the trees grew thinner, and they would congratulate themselves they were almost home; but then again they could hardly find their way through the overgrown path.

"I cannot go much farther, Harry; for my head throbs almost to bursting, and I am so dizzy, I can hardly see." Bessie stopped and leaned for support against a tree; her hat fell back and revealed her face deadly pale. Poor Harry gazed upon her in despair. What if she should die there in the wood, away from all that loved her? The thought was agony,—the scalding tears started to his eyes. He took hold of her hand; "Bessie, speak to me; lean upon me—we will soon be home, only think so."

At that instant, a plunge was heard in a neighbouring bush. Bessie, too, heard it; it recalled

her fleeting senses. She looked up,—a beautiful dog came bounding towards her. She stretched out her arms; "'Tis Carlo; dear, dear Carlo!" The dog crouched at her feet. She stooped to embrace the animal—the tear-drops glistened in her eyes and fell warm upon the faithful creature. "Oh, Harry! he has come to save us; we shall see home once more."

But she was too weak to walk, and how was he to bear her home? Delicately formed himself, and worn out with fatigue and watching nearly the whole night, he could scarce bear his own weight. Carlo bounded gaily on, inviting them to follow. A voice was heard in the distance, calling on their names, —"Bessie! Harry!" He tried to answer, but his voice was low and feeble. "Bessie, let me help you; I hear voices; let us try to meet them; I will support you." He raised her from the ground and tried to bear her on. The voices approached nearer and nearer; again he essayed to answer,—this time he was heard. They saw some one coming rapidly towards them, and recognised Bessie's father. He hurried on, and received the almost insensible form of his child in his arms. He was accompanied by some of his neighbours, who supported Harry home. Scarce half an hour elapsed, ere Bessie was laid in her mother's arms. Carlo, half maddened with joy, frisked and gambolled round them. In vain poor Bessie tried to tell her story, but tears and sobs choked her voice.

They had wandered very far into the woods. On the return of their schoolmates without them, the anxious father, accompanied by some kind neighbours, had spent the night in search of them; but had been unable to trace them, and returned wearied and alone. Another party had immediately

formed, and the bereaved father had insisted on again accompanying them. Carlo, Bessie's little favourite, had followed, and it was the instinct of the faithful animal that led the father to his children. And now they were safe in their own loved home; and many a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for the recovery of the lost ones ascended that night to heaven, from the humble dwelling of Pastor Lee.

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THE STARS.—ORION.

"O Father," said Rollo, looking up; "look at the sky; see how full of stars it is."

The sky was indeed very full of stars. The galaxy, or the milky way, as it is sometimes called, was very bright. Rollo looked at the stars a moment, and then he got into the sleigh. His father advised him to take a seat with him, behind; but Rollo said he wanted to sit with Jonas, and see the pond, when they came to it.

"I am afraid you will be cold," said his father.

"No, sir," said Rollo; "I don't think it is cold."

So Rollo took his place, by the side of Jonas, on the front seat, and they rode along. After going at a brisk pace for a few miles, they came to the top of a hill, where the pond first appeared in sight. It looked like a great level field covered with snow. They could see a dark line winding along in a gently-serpentine direction across the surface of it. Jonas

said that this was the road they were to take in crossing the pond.

The horse went rapidly down the hill, and before long they were upon the pond. There was not much wind, but a light breeze blew keenly towards Rollo's face, and made his nose and cheeks cold. So he said he meant to turn round towards his father.

His father proposed to him to come and sit upon the back seat; but he said he should be warm upon the front seat, if he only turned round. So he put his feet over the seat, and enveloped them in the buffalo skins which were down in front of the back seat, and the buffalo skin which had been before him, he threw over his shoulders, so that now he had a very good place indeed. He could see, all around him, the shores of the pond, with the lights in the farm houses on the land, and all the constellations which were spread out before him in that quarter of the heavens at which he was looking.

"O father," said Rollo, "I see three stars all in a row. I wish I knew the names of them. Could you look round and see, father?"

"Why, not very well," said his father. "I cannot look round, I am so muffled up."

Rollo, being seated on the front seat, with his back to the horse, of course was looking at that part of the sky which was behind the sleigh, so that his father could not see the constellation in that quarter of the heavens.

"Let me see," said his father; "we must be going nearly west, so that that part of the sky is the eastern part. Orion must be rising about this time. Perhaps

the stars which you see are the stars in the belt of Orion."

"In the belt of Orion?" repeated Rollo.

"Yes," said his father. "The most beautiful constellation in the sky is Orion; and early in the winter it rises in the evening. Orion was a hunter, and he has a belt: and in his belt are three beautiful stars, all in a row."

"Well, father," said Rollo, "tell me some other stars that ought to be near, if it is really the belt of Orion that I see, and then I will tell you if they are there."

"Very well," said his father. "If they are the three stars in the belt of Orion, they lie in a line one above the other, not one by the side of the other. I mean by that, that, if there was a line drawn through them, and continued each way, it would be a line running up and down in the sky, not a line extending from one side to the other."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo; "this row of stars is in a line up and down."

"And off on each side of the little row of stars are two other bright stars, on each side."

"How far off, sir?" said Rollo.

"About twice as far, I should think, as the little row of stars."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo; "I see one of them. Yes, I see them both. One is on one side, and the other is on the other side."

"Yes: then I have no doubt it is Orion that you see.

One of the stars that you last found is in his foot, and the other is in his shoulder."

"I wish I could see his shape," said Rollo, "all drawn out in the sky."

"It would be very convenient, I have no doubt," replied his father. "Pretty near the lowest of the three stars in the row, there is a faint cluster of stars, towards the south."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo; "I see them."

"They are in Orion's sword," said his father.

"I see them," said Rollo.

"Now, look at all the stars in the constellation again, and notice how they lie in respect to each other, so that you will know the constellation when you see it again."



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THE APPLE.

Little Anna bent over a quiet brook, and smiled with pleasure at what she saw there. A beautiful living picture was reflected from the clear water. There, bright clouds seemed to sail slowly along, through the clear blue sky, and the leaves of the trees seemed to flutter in the soft summer air. In the midst of these pleasant appearances stood the image of a beautiful little girl, with laughing blue eyes and brown curled hair, which hung down over her white frock, as she stooped forward, as if to look back upon Anna, with a good-natured smile.

While Anna was looking and wondering at the beauty of this picture, an apple fell with a rush into the water, and spattered her face with small water-drops.

“What is that?” said she, wiping her eye-lashes with her little hand. “Oh, it is an apple, covered with bright red cheeks. It is swimming off down the brook, but I will see whether I cannot stop it.” She broke off a blue iris, with a long stem, and after trying many times, she at length drew the apple to the shore, and taking it up with a smile, she turned it round and round, to look at its red streaks.

“Little apple!” said she, with a soft voice, “little red striped apple. I should never have dared to break you from the tree, because the tree does not belong to my father, but to good neighbour Ackerman; but a kind wind has blown you down, into the brook, and now that I have drawn you out with the flag blossom, would it not be best for me to try whether you are as good as you are pretty?”

She sat down on the grass, under the tree, and

after she had wiped the apple, she ate it with a very good relish.

Before she had finished, another apple fell directly into her lap. She wondered very much at this last wind-fall, but was much pleased, and thought it still more beautiful than the first. Soon after, a twig fell into her lap, with three apples upon it. Much astonished, she looked up to the tree, and among the thick boughs she saw little Fritz looking down upon her with roguish eyes. He was a bright boy, but he loved mischief better than work or study. He had gone to the garden of neighbour Ackerman a little before Anna, not to look into the brook, but to climb the tree where the sweet red apples grew. He saw Anna looking into the brook, and mischievously threw an apple to disturb the water. He was very much amused to observe Anna's surprise, and her innocent belief that the wind had broken off the apple, although it was a calm summer day, and no air was stirring.

When Anna saw Fritz in the tree, she understood what made the apples fall. She grew almost as red as the apples, and cast down her eyes.

Fritz longed to talk with her, but did not know how to begin. At length he said,—

"Was it good, Anna?"

Then he slid down the smooth stem of the tree and stood close beside her, but he did not know how to begin a conversation there, any better than he did in the tree.

Suddenly, farmer Ackerman appeared from behind a clump of bushes, and looked earnestly at them. He

was an old man, and was much loved and respected by all his neighbours.

Anna and Fritz coloured and looked frightened. They would have slipped away, but he called to them,—

"What disturbs you so, my little ones? What must I understand from those eyes, which turn away from mine, the sudden colour of your cheeks, and these unquiet doubtful looks? Did you come under my apple tree to enjoy the cool shade, or were you enticed by the apples?

"I am not surprised to see Fritz here, but you, Anna, whom I have always considered so innocent, how could you encourage this little rogue to rob my tree, and receive the apples after he had stole them?"

Anna made no answer, but the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her bosom swelled with grief. Fritz could not bear the sight of her distress.

"She has done nothing wrong," said he; "I am the only one to blame."

He then told the farmer how it had all happened, and confessed his dishonest intentions in climbing the tree. The farmer kindly said, "A fault confessed is half amended." He then wiped little Anna's eyes, with the corner of her apron, and gave her the handsomest apple he could find on his tree. Anna thanked him, with a sobbing voice and said, "If I see another apple in the brook, or in the road, I will not touch it till I know whose it is, and how it came there!"



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THE NEW SINGING SCHOOL.

Do re mi fa sol la si do,
Do si la sol fa mi re do.
Come, begin and follow me,
'Tis down upon the board, you see;
Young ladies turn your heads this
way,
Look on the board, the board, I say!

PUPILS.

Do mi re fa sol si la do,—

MASTER.

Stop! now is that the way you'd go?
Where are your eyes and ears to-
night?

Cannot you sing two notes aright?

A SWALLOW ON THE EAVES.

What is the matter down below?
What dreadful clatter, do you know?

SWALLOW'S MATE.

It is a singing school, my dear,
There's do re mi, pray don't you hear?

SWALLOW.

Is that the way folks learn to sing?
I ne'er imagined such a thing.
Ah me! why what a time they make!
They really make my ear-drums ache;
Why, what a dreadful noise they keep
—
They waked me from a nice sound
sleep.

MASTER.

Beat! beat your time, and mind the
board,
Was such a discord ever heard?
Put up your chestnuts, boys, and beat,
—
You did not come to school to eat.
Come, if you can't sing do re mi,
Follow as I sing one, two, three.

BOYS.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
—

He! he! he!—eight, nine, ten, 'leven.

MASTER.

Boys! mind your manners, or go
home,
And learn them ere again you come.

PUPILS.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
eight.

MASTER.

Why, really, now you've sung it
straight;
Now answer, if you can, and tell,
What is the first note in the scale?

FIRST BOY.

Don't know,—b'lieve 'tis h or i.

MASTER.

Shame! I should think the seats would
cry,
"Shame on you!"

FIRST BOY.

Well, I know that I
Was, am, and will be, number one;
And 'tis by that the scale's begun.

MASTER.

And now the third?

SECOND BOY.

The third is mi.

FIRST BOY.

It is not me then,—He! he! he!—
'Tis you, not me, I'm third to none,
I'll be always number one.

MASTER.

Take care, boy, how you jest with me;
Again, what note is number three?
Now do the best that you can do.

FIRST BOY.

I rather think 'tis w.

MASTER.

Sirrah! you know, and know full well,
There's no such letter in the scale.
The third note is the letter e,
And, mind, the syllable is mi.

FIRST BOY.

Me, is it? Oh, if that be true,
Then, I am sure 'tis double *you*.

PUPILS.

Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! he! he!

MASTER.

Oh, Apollo, pity me!—

Young Miss, I've not yet heard you
sing,
Have you a cold, or anything?
"Don't know?" Oh, you feel bashful;
boys!
Look on your notes, and stop that
noise.
Do mi sol do, do sol mi do.

PUPILS.

Do mi sol do, do sol mi do.

MASTER.

Out of tune is the way we go;
I'll sing, and in Apollo's name,
Now try if you can do the same.

SWALLOW.

Oh, were it day, and I on wing,
I would teach them how to sing;
But this is shocking; even twitter,
Twit, twit, twit, were surely better.

CHORUS OF YOUNG SWALLOWS.

Twitter! twitter! twit! twit! twit!
Boys and girls have little wit.

SWALLOW.

Do hear our young ones, how they
sing!
They find it quite an easy thing.
They ne'er beat down, up, hither,
thither,

And never saw the blackboard,
neither.

MASTER.

And now you have sung one, two,
three,
Perhaps you'll say your a b c;
Come, say it,—c d e f g,—

BOYS.

H i j k l m n.—

SWALLOWS.

Oh, defend us! what a din?
How hard they try to learn to sing
'Tis really an amusing thing.

MASTER.

Enough! enough! you may sing now
"Old Hundred" once, then you may
go.

CHORUS OF SWALLOWS.

That's pretty well, but might be
better;
Not so good as twitter! twitter!
Twitter! twitter! twit! twit! twit!
Boys and girls have little wit.



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THE BALLOON.

"Oh! brother, what is that?" exclaimed little Mary to her brother James.

"What do you mean, sister?"

"Why, that thing, away up in the sky,—what is it?" And Mary pulled her brother by the arm as she looked up at the strange-looking object.

"Oh, that thing so far up in the sky; well, it is an odd looking creature. I wonder if it is a bird; let us ask John the gardener; perhaps *he* knows."

"John! John!" cried both children at once, "what is that wonderful-looking object, up there?"

John looked up very wise, shook his head, and looked again,—"Oh! it is a *balloon*."

"Well, pray, sir, will you tell us what a balloon is made of," said James, "and how it enables one to go up into the air so great a distance?"

"The balloon is made of oiled silk, or of silk prepared with a solution of India-rubber, made perfectly air tight, and is filled with air, lighter than the common air we breathe."

"But where can this air be obtained?" said James.

"There are many ways of obtaining it, but the easiest is to go to the gaslight company, and purchase as many gallons as may be wanted to make the balloon rise."

"This is, indeed, curious," said Mary; "I never thought air was bought and sold."

"What is the *use* of a balloon?" asked James, who was very fond of asking questions about everything.

"I don't know that it is of *any* use, at present," replied John, "but it may possibly be made of use at some future time."

"I should like to go up in it," said James; "it must be so beautiful to sail through the air, and look down on the cities and villages, and green fields, and woods."

"Oh, dear!" cried Mary; "*I* should not like to go;—only think, we might fall out."

"Well, sister, I don't think there is much chance of our ever trying it, though I should not be afraid. But let us go and inquire further about the matter, for it is certainly a very wonderful affair. I dare say father will be able to tell us a great deal more than John can, and we may meet with some one who has been above the clouds in one of these ærial cars or baskets."

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CURIOUS LITTLE PAINTERS.

The next afternoon, when Catherine found her mother at leisure, she came and stood close by her, and looked in her face for some time.

"What are you looking at me for, so steadily?" said Mrs. Nelson.

"I am trying to see the pictures in your eyes, mother; and don't you remember, that you said you would tell me more about these curious little painters, as you call them? Is it only that small dark spot in the middle of your eye that sees?"

"That little place, my dear, is a sort of window, which lets in the light that makes the picture upon the back part of the eye. It is called the *pupil*, and it is what is meant by 'the apple,' which you recollect being puzzled with in the Psalm that you read for your Sunday lesson. Do you remember it?" After a while, Catherine said, "Oh, yes;" and repeated this verse, "Keep me under the apple of thine eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings."

"By this little round window the light enters the eye, and passes through to the back part of it, and represents there, upon what is called the retina, everything that we see. So you perceive that if anything happens to the pupil of the eye, no light can enter it, and we should see nothing of all this beautiful and glorious world around us; we should be in perpetual darkness."—"And now, mother, I understand the Psalm; for it is necessary that these two little windows should be kept very safe, as safe as we pray that God would keep us. But is that a little hole in the eye, mother?"

"No, my dear, this precious part of the eye has a covering over it like the chrystal of a watch; this is properly called the *cornea*, a Latin word that means *like horn*, because it resembles thin horn that the light can shine through,—as you may ascertain by asking the cook to show you a fish's eye, and looking at this part."

"And is the eye all hollow, mother? or what is between the pupil and the place on the back part of the eye where the picture is painted, that you called —I forget what you called it, mother?"

"The *retina*, my dear, from a Latin word that

means anything by which another thing is *held* or *retained*, as this part of the eye holds or retains the picture of things. You ask me what is between the pupil and the retina. There are in the eye three different substances, called humours, all transparent. A transparent substance means anything that can be seen through. The first one, directly back of the pupil, is called the *acqueous*, from a Latin word, that means *watery*: it is a thin liquid, like water. The second, behind that, is called the *crystalline* humour, from its clearness and brightness. It is formed like the glasses they use in telescopes, and is fastened at the edge by the delicate transparent substance that covers it, called a *membrane*. The one beyond this, and next the retina, is called the *vitreous* humour, from its resemblance to glass. All these substances assist in forming the images of objects on the back of the eye; but you are not old enough to understand how, at present, my child."

"Then, mother," said Catherine, "our eyes are as curious as grandfather's telescope, or as the camera obscura, that he gave us to see pictures with."

"They are far more curious my dear; and it is by imitating the eye that they can make them so well. I remember, Catherine, when your grandfather sent that camera obscura to you the other day, and your father showed you the pictures in it, that you and Lucy and James capered about the room with joy, saying, 'Oh, how good grandfather is to give us such a beautiful thing!'—and now, my dear, when you go into a garden and dance with joy at the sight of the flowers; when you look up with so much wonder and delight at the beautiful moon sailing through the clouds, and at the bright twinkling stars; when, after

having been even one day away from your father and mother, you feel so happy at looking in our faces, and reading in them our love for you,—of whose goodness ought you to think? Who has given you eyes to see all these delightful things? Whom should you then love? Of whom then should you speak, and say, 'Oh, how good He is?'"

Catherine felt and understood what her mother said, and answered her, that it was God.

"I have yet much more, my dear," said her mother, "to tell you about the eyes, that is very wonderful. This beautiful little round window grows larger and smaller as you want more or less light. When there is a great light, it contracts so as to take in but little; and when the light is faint, it becomes nearly twice as large, so as to take in more."

"Why, mother," said Catherine, "how can that be?"

"Shut the shutter," said Mrs. Nelson, "and then look in my eye." She did so; and she saw the pupil of her mother's eye grow larger and larger. "Now open it," said her mother. She did so, and it gradually became smaller. "Oh, it is very curious," said Catherine. "But, mother, is not that pretty rim round the pupil of any use?"

"That is what it called the iris," answered her mother, "which is the latin name for *rainbow*, I suppose from some fancied resemblance to it. It is thought that by means of it the pupil of the eye is enlarged or contracted. If you remember, my child, the pain you feel in your eyes when you come from the dark suddenly into the light, you will understand the use of this, and see what a beautiful contrivance it is. In the dark your pupils become very large, so as

to catch all the light they can. When the light comes before they have time to grow smaller, they take in more light than they can bear without pain.

“There is another thing that you never thought of. You know that if your eyes were fixed fast, as your ears and nose are, you could only see straight forward, or you would have to keep your head twirling about continually. But the eye is set loose in the head, and surrounded with little muscles, things with which we can turn it up, or down, or in any way, just as we wish. You know how long it takes grandfather to fix his telescope; but our eyes are ready, quicker than we think.

“You perceive, my dear, that this beautiful and curious thing, the eye, is very delicate, and easily injured, and if anything destroys our sight, it is a great calamity, and that the eye ought to be carefully protected. And so you will find that it is. It is placed in a deep socket, surrounded by bone, and lined with something very soft. It shelves over on the upper part, so as to form the eye-bow, which is a great protection to it. It is important that it should be kept clear and bright, and there is a little vessel close to it, full of salt water, called tears, to wash it clean, whenever we open or shut the eye; and there is a little hole in the bone of the nose to carry off the water after it has washed the eye. Then it has a nice cover, which we call the eyelid, with a beautiful fringe on the edge of it to shut the eye up tight, away from the dust and air when we do not want to use it: and which, moves so quick, that it shuts up in an instant if anything touches or alarms the eye. Indeed, it seems to be always employed in watching over and protecting this precious instrument of knowledge.

"There is still another thing, my dear, to be remembered about the eye. It is so made that sight is pleasant to it. The blue sky, the green grass, the flowers, the rainbow, all give it pleasure.

"A baby, you know, loves to look about, though it knows nothing. Our Father in Heaven has made it a great happiness to us merely to open our eyes upon the beautiful world he has made."

After a short silence, Catherine said to her mother, "You told me that these curious painters, as you call them, drew the pictures of everything in that wonderful book that you described. How is that done, mother?"

"All we know," answered Mrs. Nelson, "is, that the back part of the eye, where the pictures are painted is connected with the brain, and that by this means we become acquainted with the appearance of things."

WELL SPENT HOUR.

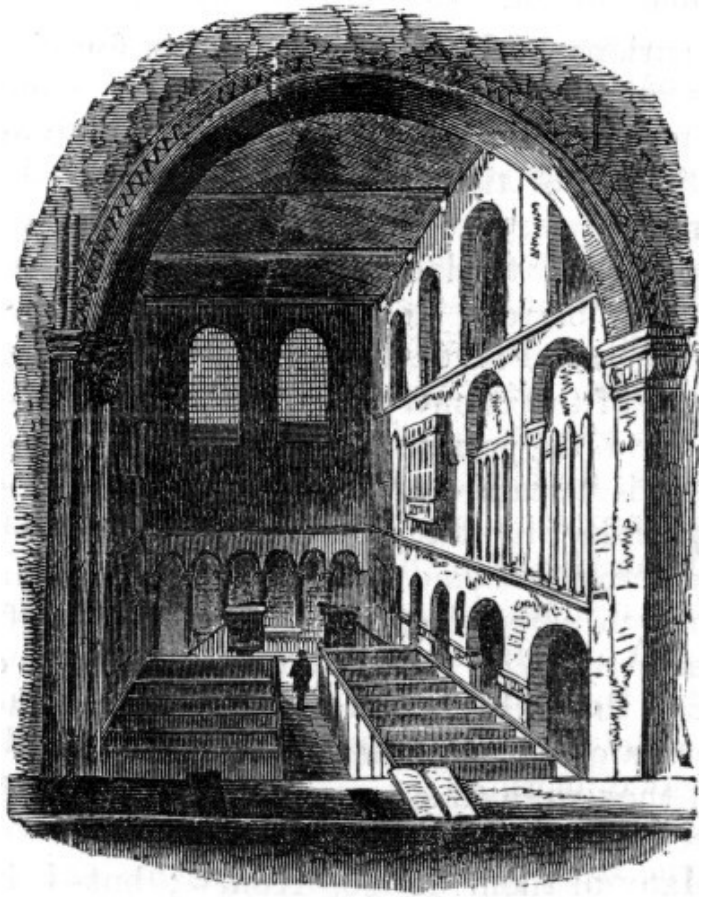


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THE UPAS, OR POISON TREE.

This curious and wonderful tree is found in the forests of Java; the gum which it yields is a rank

poison, and, indeed, so strong and powerful is the poison of this tree, that the effluvia from it prevents any tree, plant, or shrub, from growing within ten or twelve miles of it. The country is perfectly barren; not a living thing, or even a blade of grass, is to be seen. The chiefs and grandees of the country poison the points of their arrows and daggers with the poison of this tree; but as it is certain death to approach the tree, the task of collecting the gum is given to people who have committed some very wicked act, and are condemned to suffer death. After sentence of death has been passed on them, they are allowed to choose whether they will be executed, or go to the upas tree for a quantity of the gum.

"If they were to ask me, mamma, I would go to the tree."

"Many of them do go, Henry; but I believe not more than two out of twenty escape death. Before the criminals commence their journey, they are furnished with a box for the gum, a pair of very thick leather gloves, and a kind of leather cap, which is drawn over the face and reaches down to the waist. They wear this cap to prevent them as much as possible from inhaling the air, which, as I mentioned before, is poisonous for some miles round the tree; there are two glasses fixed in the cap, to enable them to see without removing it; they are usually accompanied by a priest for the first three miles of their journey, who, when he takes leave of them, blesses them, and informs them in which direction they are to travel, and also advises them to proceed as speedily as they can, as that is the only chance they have of saving their lives."

"I should think, mamma, it would be much better

to do without poison, as it is only used to kill people."

"You are mistaken, Henry, in imagining that poisons are only used for so bad a purpose. Some of our most valuable medicines are poisons; but mixed with other drugs, and properly administered, they cure many painful diseases. Many poisonous herbs are also used in dying different colours. There is another poison tree, which grows in this country; it is found in damp, marshy places, and resembles the ash. It never grows very large. The wood of this tree is poisonous, if you either touch or smell it, but it is not fatal; the effects of the poison go off in a day or two. If a piece of the wood is put into the fire, the smell of it will poison some persons, and cause them to swell and itch all over, whilst others are not in the least affected by it, and can even taste the wood without being hurt by it. It is as cold as ice to the feel, so that if you take up a piece with a handful of other sticks, you would discover it immediately. Little children should be very careful never to pick or eat the berries of any tree. I have often heard of little boys being very ill, and even dying, from having eaten the berries of trees growing in the hedges, mistaking them for fruit."



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DISOBEDIENCE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"I want you to come over to our house, after dinner, and play with me," said Alfred Barlow, one Saturday morning, to a little fellow, named Wilson Green. "Father has just put us up a swing. It is made with two ropes tied to a limb of the great oak tree, and has a basket at the bottom, big enough to hold two. And then we have got a good many other things to play with. Won't you ask your father to let you come?"

"Oh, yes! And I'll come right away after dinner," said Wilson, full of delight at the thought of spending an afternoon with Alfred.

When Wilson went home, he asked his father to let him go over to Mr. Barlow's, and play with Alfred. But his father told him that he did not wish him to go there.

This was a sore disappointment to the little boy. He did not ask his reason why he refused to let him go; for this he knew would be of no use. But he was so very desirous of going, that he soon began to think about disobedience.

"He'll never know it," he said to himself, as he saw his father leave the house. "He never comes home from the mill until night, and I can be back long before that time."

Something whispered to Wilson that to disobey his father would be to do a very wicked thing; but he quickly turned from the warning thought, and in a little while determined that he would run over to Alfred Barlow's for a short time.

Wrong as this was, Wilson so far forgot his duty to his parents, as actually to go over to Mr. Barlow's very soon after his father had gone away. Instead, however, of spending the delightful afternoon as he had anticipated, he found all the family in much alarm for Alfred's little sister, who had been taken very ill since morning. Of course, all thoughts of play were banished from the mind of Alfred, who loved little Anna very much, and could not be persuaded to leave her bed-side a moment.

As soon as Mrs. Barlow found Wilson in the chamber of her sick child, she told him that he had better run home, as the doctor feared that Anna had the scarlet fever, and she did not wish any of her neighbours' children to be exposed to the danger of

taking it.

Slowly did Wilson Green leave the house in which he promised himself so much delight, and turn his steps homeward with no very happy feelings. He had disobeyed his father, deliberately, and got nothing for that disobedience but an exposure to a terrible disease, of which he might die.

When his father came home at night, he felt almost afraid to look at him in the face. It seemed as if he must know all about what he had done.

“Wilson, come here, my son;” he said, in a serious voice.

And Wilson went up to him with a sinking heart.

“When I told you, at dinner time, that I did not wish you to go and see Alfred Barlow,” the father began, “I neglected to say, as a reason for denying your request, that Doctor Ayres had mentioned to me that little Anna was very sick, with all the symptoms of a dangerous attack of scarlet fever. This dreadful disease is thought by many contagious, and it was for this reason that I denied your request.”

Wilson said nothing, but he was very unhappy. A frank confession of his fault arose to his tongue; but, before he could make it, his heart failed him. Not that he dreaded his father’s displeasure so much as the distress his act of disobedience would give him.

For more than an hour that night, did the unhappy boy lie awake, after he had retired to bed, vainly regretting his act of wickedness and folly. It is said, “of wickedness,” for deliberate acts of disobedience to parents are wicked. He was likewise troubled, lest he, too, should be attacked with scarlet fever, and

die—and all because he had not obeyed his father.

On the next day, when he learned that the doctor had declared Anna Barlow's disease to be really the scarlet fever, and her case a very bad one, Wilson was more troubled than ever. How often did he wish that he had been an obedient boy. But no sorrow could recall the act.

It was several days afterwards, when the boy's fears had nearly all subsided, that he awoke one morning with a violent headache, a sore throat, and a general uneasiness, with considerable fever. The day afterwards, his skin became dry and burning, and his throat so sore that he could swallow only with great difficulty. On the third day the physician pronounced the case one of decided scarletina, or scarlet fever, accompanied by some very alarming symptoms.

From that time for nearly two weeks the sick boy was conscious of little more than great bodily distress. When the fever at last gave way, he was just upon the brink of the grave. The slightest neglect on the part of those who attended him with more than the care that a new-born infant requires, would have proved fatal. But the skill of his medical attendant, and the unwearying care of his parents, were the means of saving his life.

About a week after the crisis of the disease had passed, when Wilson could sit up in bed, supported by pillows, as his father sat by him, he said, in a penitent voice, while the tears came into his eyes:

"I have been a very wicked boy, father; and that is the reason why I have been so sick."

"How so, my child?" asked Mr. Green, in surprise.

"You remember having told me that I could not go over to see Alfred Barlow, one day when I asked you. Well, I wanted to go so bad, that I disobeyed you. I found little Anna Barlow very sick—so sick that Alfred could not play with me. As soon as his mother saw me by Anna's bed, she told me to go right away home at once. And so I did, without having had any of the pleasure, to gain which, I had done what you had told me not to do. It was the scarlet fever that Anna had, and no doubt I took it from her. But I have been severely punished for what I did."

"Severely, indeed, my dear boy!" Mr. Green said, wiping a tear that came to his eye. "But not too severely, if it prove the means of restraining you from ever doing so wrong an act in future. To disobey your parents, is to do yourself one of the worst of injuries. For if, in early years, you are not obedient to your parents, you will not be truly obedient to just laws when you grow up to be a man; nor, above all, obedient to GOD. And if not obedient to Him, you never can be happy. It is not from any selfish desire to command your obedience, that I forbid your doing certain things at times. I have only your good at heart. I know, much better than you can possibly know, the evil that you ought to shun—and much better than you can know, the good effects which will be produced in your mind by obedience. But I need not, I trust, say more now. You have had a practical lesson that you can never forget, and which will, I am sure, have upon you a most salutary influence."

"Indeed, father, I can never forget it," Wilson replied, with much feeling. "No one knows how

much I have suffered, in mind as well as body, for my faults. From the hour I disobeyed you until this moment, I have been unhappy. And I believe, until I had told you all, I should never again have been happy."

"Repentance and confession are the only means of obtaining peace after a wrong act," the father said.



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THE GAME OF WEATHERCOCKS.

The company arrange themselves, and give to the four corners of the room, or the part of the park where they are playing, the names of the four cardinal points. To avoid disputes, it is best to place the words east, west, north, south, in writing, at the points agreed upon. One of the players, and it should be a lively, gay person accustomed to the game, takes the part of EOLUS. All the other players arrange themselves in one or more rows. When it is possible, a lady should have a gentleman on each side, and a gentleman, a lady. After having ordered silence,

Eolus points to one of the corners designated by name, it is no matter which, and from which he means to have the wind blow. When the god of the winds points one way, the company must all turn in the opposite direction.

It is a party of WEATHERCOCKS, and consequently each one must turn his back upon the wind, to show which way it blows. When Eolus cries *south*, everybody faces north, and in the same way at all the points. When he says *tempest*, everybody must whirl round three times, and come back to the same place. At the word *variable*, they must balance them, first on one foot, then on the other, until the god of the winds names one of the four points. If he says *variable west*, then they vacillate towards the east, but not rapidly, as most of the motions of the game are made, for the wind is changeable, and often, as soon as they have got round to a certain point, Eolus gives a shout which sends them all round to another.

When the capricious deity is pleased to name a point directly opposite to the one where the company is placed, they must all remain motionless.

It may easily be imagined that this opposition of order and motion, the variety, the multiplicity of movements, must give occasion for forfeits to be paid whenever a mistake is made. The game affords a great deal of sport.



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JAMES CARTIER.

AN EARLY TRAVELLER IN AMERICA.

James, or as he is commonly called, Jacques Cartier, was the first who explored the shores of Canada to any extent, and the first to discover the existence of that great river, communicating between the Atlantic Ocean and the great North American lakes, the St. Lawrence. The Indians called the river Hochelega, and told him that they had never heard of any one who had reached its source.

Cartier sailed up the river, and anchored his vessels near the island of Orleans, below the place where Quebec now stands. It was in the summer of 1535, when he sailed up the river, and he found Orleans island nearly covered with loaded grape-vines, from which circumstance, as well as from the beauty, variety, and luxuriance of its vegetation, he

named it the Island of Bacchus.

All the early navigators to this continent were in search of a north-west passage to India, by which they thought they might reach the East Indian islands by a shorter voyage than that in use. They were formerly obliged to sail along the coast of Africa, and around the Cape of Good Hope, when they had still another, the Indian Ocean, to cross before they reached China. This was a very long and a very dangerous voyage, and they wished for a shorter one; and the learned men of those days were of opinion that there existed a passage somewhere in North America, which joined the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans together.

When Henry Hudson discovered the bay which bears his name, he thought that he had found the desired object, and Cartier indulged the same hopes, when sailing up the noble river Hochelega, which he called the St. Lawrence, because he had discovered it on the day of the festival in honour of the saint of that name, the 10th day of August. On the 15th, he discovered the island now known by the name of Anticosti. At Bacchus island he was visited by the principal chief of the neighbouring tribes, whose name was Donnacona. The chief and his attendants were very hospitable to the navigators, and in a solemn assembly he welcomed them, in the name of five hundred of his warriors, to the shores of the Hochelega. Donnacona had his residence and chief town at Stadacona, which occupied part of the place where Quebec now stands.

Cartier had already made numerous and surprising discoveries; but the great object of his expedition had not been certainly attained, although he had strong

hopes of ultimate success. Stadacona neither satisfied his curiosity, nor limited his progress. The Indians informed him that there was a town of much greater importance farther up the river; but when he intimated his intention of visiting it, they were displeased, and resorted to every artifice to divert him from his project. One of them was very curious. The savages were themselves superstitious, and imagined their visitors to be so likewise. They dressed up three men in black masks and white dog-skins, with their faces blackened and great horns on their heads. They were put into a canoe, with oars, in such a situation as to be carried near the ships by the flowing of the tide. Their appearance was awaited by the Indians, who lay concealed in the woods. When the canoe neared the ships, the white men were harangued by one of the three ugly creatures, who stood up in the boat; and as soon as they reached the land, they fell down, as if dead, and were carried off by the Indians into concealment. Some of the Indians immediately came on board to Cartier, and, feigning the greatest consternation, explained to him the meaning of what he had seen. Their god had sent these three emissaries to signify that there was so much ice and snow, in the far country, that whoever ventured there would surely perish.

Notwithstanding their predictions, Cartier determined to explore the river farther, and, equipping two long-boats for the purpose, he commenced his voyage. He was delighted with the scenery on both sides of the river, and the natives cheerfully furnished him with what they could procure to supply his necessities. At Lake St. Peter, the French were much perplexed by the shallowness of the water, and their ignorance of the channel. On the 2nd of October, 1535, Cartier effected a landing,

six miles from the town, below the rapids of St. Mary's, which were becoming difficult and dangerous. Here they were met by more than a thousand of the natives, who received them with every demonstration of joy and hospitality, in return for which Cartier made them many simple presents.

The next day, having engaged three Indians as guides, Cartier, with a number of his own people, entered for the first time the Indian village of Hochelega, which stood on the site of the present city of Montreal. Cartier remained among these people for a short time, when the cold of a Canadian winter began to approach, and he returned in his boats to St. Croix, and afterwards to France. He came again to Canada, in the course of a few years, with Roberval, but did not stay long, and returned to France, where he soon after died.

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ANSELMO'S ESCAPE;

OR, THE DOG SAINT BERNARD.

In a beautiful valley in Switzerland there lived a rich farmer, named Pierre, with his wife Mary, and son Anselmo. When Pierre was very young, he had been found, almost dead, in the snow, by one of the monks of St. Bernard, and his dog; and he felt so grateful that, now he was rich, he had sent to the Convent of St. Bernard for one of those large dogs which are so famous for saving people that are lost in the snow; for Pierre was a good man, and he wanted to have one of the dogs himself, so as to be able to save any traveller who might have lost his way. So one of the monks who had taken care of him brought him a little puppy, and he trained it so well, that even in the first year he had brought home several travellers; but the first life he saved was Pierre's own son, Anselmo.

The little fellow had been sent across the hill to a distant village; it was a clear, frosty day, and if he had minded what his mother had said, and come home quickly, he might have been home long before dark; but Anselmo did not think of this;—now he stopped to make snow-balls, and roll them before him, till they were larger and higher than himself; then he would push them over the rocks, and watch them, as they bounded from one part to another, breaking to a thousand pieces on their way; now he wandered from the path to follow the track of an Izard, that perhaps had passed hours before, and that he well knew would never allow him to come within sight of it. And so the time passed on, and when he ought to have been there, he was not even half-way.

When he did reach the village, there were too many little boys ready to play with him, for Anselmo to leave it soon; so that it was already getting dark when he stood alone on the top of one of the highest hills between him and his home.

The wind had begun to blow, and the snow was drifting around him; he grew cold and frightened, and at last sat down and burst into tears. Now, for the first time, he thought of all his kind mother had told him, and remembered that in disobeying her, he had offended God. The longer little Anselmo sat in the snow the more cold he became, until at last he seemed to fall asleep—a sleep from which he would never more awake, had not God, from whom he had asked forgiveness for his disobedience, watched over him in the hour of danger.

Many hours before this, his mother had gone, again and again, to look for his return, and now when the wind began to blow, and the grey light of evening come on, she trembled to think that her child was alone on the hills, with snow on every side.

Pierre had been away from home two days; he was to return that night. And oh! how she feared it might be to find Anselmo gone, his little boy lost to him for ever; for she thought that if he should miss the path in the drifting snow, he would never find it again.

“Here, St. Bernard,” said she to the dog, “go and find Anselmo; go and seek for my child, my brave dog!” and she burst into tears, and threw her arms round his neck. Well did St. Bernard understand her words; he sprang from her hold, and darting through the door, was out of sight in a moment.

The poor woman smiled. “It will be a comfort to

him," she said, "to see his good dog, and will cheer his heart and give him strength for the rest of the way." Poor Mary! little did she think that already her boy was stretched upon the snow, stiff and cold, and almost without life.

An hour had passed; but neither Pierre, Anselmo, or St. Bernard, had yet returned. Again and again she wandered round the house and looked down the path. At last a figure was seen, and as it came nearer, she saw it was Pierre, and that he had his child in his arms, and that St. Bernard was at his side. "Thank God! thank God!" she said; and she ran down the hill to meet them. Anselmo is tired with his long walk, thought she, and no wonder. Pierre must be tired too; I'll carry the boy myself. But as she came near, she stopped; for a sudden fear seemed to have struck her, and she covered her face with her hands.

"He is not dead, Mary," shouted Pierre; "he is better already; see, he looks up to you," and the child tried to raise his hand, but it fell by his side.

Anselmo was laid in a warm bed—they rubbed his hands and feet; and soon he began to revive, and to look about him, and then to thank his father and mother, and to tell them that he felt better.

After Pierre and Mary had knelt by the bedside of their child, and thanked God for his mercy in restoring him to them, his mother for the first time asked how it had all happened, and where he had been found.

Anselmo turned his face away, and for a moment did not answer; then he said: "Mother had sent me to the village, and I staid too long there; I had played by the way too as I went. So it was getting dark, and

I lost my way, and was cold long before I could reach home; so I sat down, meaning to rest a little, and began to cry, but I do not know anything after that. I think I remember feeling very sleepy, and I suppose I did fall asleep, but I do not know; my father can tell you best, mother, for he found me."

"No," said Pierre, "I did not find you, my dear boy; I was close to the foot of the hill, thinking that I should meet you all well, and at home, when I saw something moving on the snow; it stopped; and then I heard St. Bernard's bark; it seemed wanting my help, and I hastened up the hill. He was coming to meet me, his head high in the air; his step through all the drifting snow was firm and sure, and I saw that he carried a child in his mouth; but when he laid the child at my feet, I saw it was Anselmo, my own son!"

"Then it was St. Bernard, good, kind, St. Bernard," cried the boy, "who carried me all the way from the top of that high hill, for I am quite sure it was there I sat down."

Whether this lesson cured the little boy of *loitering* on his way, I cannot tell. I hope and think it must have done so, but this I know, St. Bernard became more than ever a favourite,—more than ever loved and valued by the whole neighbourhood, and he continued showing his wonderful instinct and bravery, in many ways.



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TO MY BOY TOM,

ON GIVING HIM HIS FIRST SPELLING-BOOK.

Poor Tom, they’re heathen
Greek to you—
Those curiously-formed
letters;
But you must learn them all,
my boy,
And break the dunce’s
fetters.

Ay, there they stand, from A
to Z,
Like prophets sent on
mission,
To point the way in
Wisdom's path
With accurate precision.

Or rather, they are like old
nurse,
Aiding the first
gradation,
The Alpha-*Bet* and leading-
strings
To better education.

And having totter'd, step by
step,
Till stronger grown in
knowledge,
Why, then, my boy, you'll
run alone
Through this, your
infant's college.

Ay, puzzle on—that's A, this
B;
Ne'er mind a few
erratics:
The big round O, and upright
I,
Will lead to
mathematics.

Your little book is just like
life
In its progressive stages;

You'll find the spelling
harder grow,
As you turn o'er the
pages.

Two letters—three—and
then comes four
Then syllables united,
Till six or seven in columns
stand,
To render you
affrighted.

But, having conn'd your
lesson o'er,
With true pronunciation,
The task's performed, and
you will gain
A parent's approbation.

Just so in life our troubles
rise,
Getting from rough to
rougher,
For man is like the grammar
verbs,
To be, or do, or suffer.



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SECOND STORY OF THE SEA.

The tea-table was cleared away, the shutters were closed, a bright wood fire blazed on the hearth, and Captain Albert, with his family, were seated round it.

"Now, father," said Edward, "tell us another story of the sea, if you please. How did you get your ship out of the ice?"

"It was brought out without much exertion of mine," said his father. "If you had been there, my son, you would have felt that all the power of man could have done little to relieve us. The ice gathered around us thicker and closer, the wind died away, and it was a dead, freezing calm. The ship did not move an inch, and the thoughts of my mind troubled me by continually bringing up an account I had read in my youth, of a vessel which had been caught in the ice near the south pole and all the crew frozen, where they stood on duty—

> "To the cordage glued the sailor,
> And the steersman to the helm!

"I began to feel as if we had little prospect of escaping a similar fate, and looked about to see what part of the ship could be spared for fuel, in case of necessity. I also examined the provisions and water, and calculated how long they would last. My faithful crew were sensible of the danger we were in, but uttered no complaint. The whales appeared to understand our helpless condition, and came around us, as if in mockery, dashing about the ice with their powerful flooks, and exulting as it were, in showing us how much more they could do for themselves than we could. One of them even ventured to rub his

monstrous sides against our ship.

“In this melancholy situation, Robert (spoken of in our first story) was a valuable addition to our ship’s company. He was a young man of bright natural talents, and possessed a good share of wit and power of imitation. Besides which, he had received an education much superior to that of sailors generally. He was a fine singer, and had a great share of good songs, so that he became the life of the whole ship. We had very little to do, and the men were very fond of sitting down on the berth-deck, among the hammocks, with a lantern in the centre, to hear Robert give an account of himself, and relate the wonderful adventures he had met with.

“After we had been some time in the helpless situation I have described, one morning, about day-break, I was awakened from a troubled sleep by the sound of a rushing wind, and rushing up, I went on deck. A violent rain was falling, and the wind was rising at the same time, which is a very uncommon circumstance. It blew in a direction to favour our escape; and think, my dear ones, what was my joy and thankfulness, when I saw the ice dividing before us, and leaving a broad, clear path, as far as the eye could reach. The rain loosened the ice from the sails, and it fell on the deck in thin sheets; the sails filled, and we began to move rapidly toward home. Did I not tell you right, when I said Divine Providence helped us out without much aid from us?

“We had prepared to tow the schooner (to which Robert belonged) behind us, but considering that she would check the speed of our ship, and feeling the necessity of making all possible haste to escape from the regions of ice, I put three of our most capable

hands into her, with Robert, and directed them to follow my ship as near as they could. When we were in the open sea, it was a pleasure to look back and see the little craft clipping along through the waves, following on like a greyhound in the chase, leaving ice and icebergs far behind.

"Our voyage home was prosperous and pleasant. The remembrance of dangers and sufferings, made every blessing more thankfully acceptable, and I hope we all returned better and wiser men."

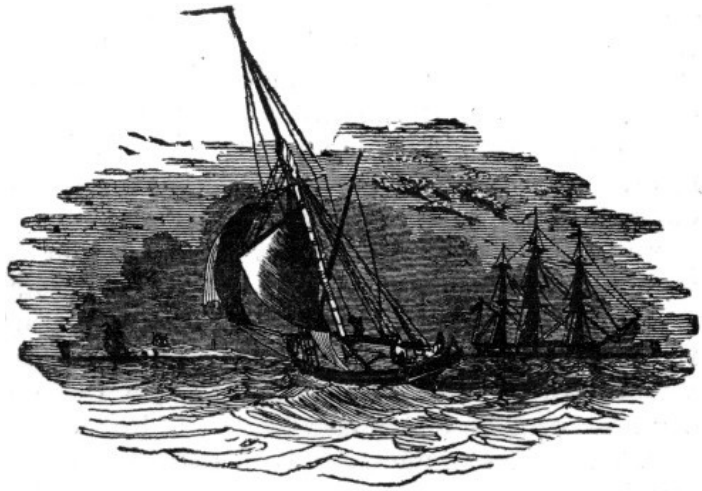


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THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

As the Lady of Lindorf entered the chapel, she beheld a little girl, of about eight years old, alone,

and dressed entirely in black, kneeling upon the steps of the altar. The child prayed so fervently, that she paid no attention to what was passing by her. Tears were streaming down her blooming cheeks, and her beautiful and innocent countenance had an expression of melancholy resignation and pious fervor beyond description.

The lady felt the sincerest pity and greatest good-will towards the praying child. She would not disturb her in her devotions; and only when the little girl arose did the lady approach her:—"You are very sorrowful, dear child," she said softly; "why do you thus cry?"

"Alas!" answered the child, and tears flowed afresh down her cheeks; "a year ago this very day I lost my father, and this day last week they buried my mother."

"And for what have you prayed to God?" asked the lady.

"That he would take pity upon me," answered the child; "I have no refuge but Him. True, I am still with the people with whom my parents lodged, but I cannot stay there; the master has told me again that I must go to-morrow. I have a few relatives in the town, and wish very much that one or the other would take charge of me. The good priest, also, who often visited my mother in her illness, and showed her a deal of kindness, told them plainly that it was their duty to do so, but they cannot agree among themselves which of them is to take the care of bringing me up: nor can I complain, for they have many children, and nothing but what they earn by their daily labour."

"Poor child! it is no wonder that you are sorrowful."

"I came here very sorrowful," replied the child; "but God has suddenly removed all grief from my heart. I now feel comforted. I have no further anxiety than to live ever after His will, so that He may take pleasure in me."

The words of that innocent child, and the sincerity that appeared through her tearful eyes, went to the heart of the noble lady. She looked at her with the tenderness of a mother, and said "I think that God has heard your prayer, dear little one; keep to your resolution—remain ever pious and good, and be comforted, and you will find help. Come with me."

The good child looked at the lady with astonishment:—"But where?" asked she. "I must not; I must go home."

"I know the good priest who you said had been so kind to your mother," said the lady. "We will go to him, and I will arrange with him how to help you."

Saying this, she took the child by the hand, who went joyfully with her.

The excellent curate, a man rather advanced in years, and of a venerable aspect, rose from his writing-table on the approach of the lady. She told him how she had just become acquainted with the child; and then desired the little one to leave her with the curate, and amuse herself in the garden awhile, as she wished to speak to him privately.

"My dear sir," said she, "I have a great desire to take this child, and supply to her the place of a

mother. My own children all died at a tender age, and my heart tells me that I can love this little one. Still, I wished to know whether you, who knew the parents well, would advise me to do so. What do you say to it? I wish to mark my short course on earth by some benevolent action. Do you think that the benefits I mean to bestow on that child will be well conferred?"

The good man lifted his eyes to heaven, and tears of joy were glistening in them, as, folding his hands, he said, "The holy providence of God be ever praised! You could not, lady, do a greater act of mercy; neither could you easily find a more pious, well-behaved, and intelligent child, than the little Sophy. Both her parents were honest people, and true Christians. They begun to give this, their only one, a good education, but, alas! they did not live to finish it. I shall never forget with what grief the dying mother looked upon this dearly beloved child, who was sobbing upon her death-bed; with what confidence, nevertheless, she looked towards heaven, and said; 'Thou Father in heaven wilt also be a father on earth, and wilt give my daughter another mother: I know this, and die comforted.' The words of the good parent are now come to pass, and it is obvious that the Divine Providence has selected you, gracious and worthy lady, to be this child's second mother: for this you were called to this town—for this, God put it in your mind to visit His temple before your departure. It is evidently his work; let his holy providence be gratefully acknowledged!"

The worthy curate now called in the poor orphan, and said, "See, Sophy, this kind and devout lady wishes to be thy mother:—this is a great happiness

that God bestows upon thee. Wilt thou go with her, and be to her a good daughter?"

"Yes," answered Sophy gladly, and tears of joy prevented her saying more. She thanked her benefactress with her looks, and kissed her hand in silence.

"See, my child," continued the curate, "how God cares for thee: when thy late mother was lying on her death-bed He had already conducted thy second mother here, unknown to us, nor has He allowed her to depart without having first found thee, and adopted thee. Know, in this, His fatherly care;—love with all thy heart the good and merciful God, who so evidently takes care of thee—trust in him, and keep his commandments. Be as good and obedient a child towards this thy new mother, which He has given thee, as thou wast towards thy mother which is now dead, and then this kind lady will rejoice in thee, and thou shalt prosper. One thing remember especially,—in thy future life, sorrow and misfortune cannot be kept entirely aloof; but when it does come, pray with the same child-like trust with which thou hast been taught; and as God has helped thee now, he will help thee again."

The child's relatives were now summoned, and made no sort of objection to the arrangement; on the contrary, they were well pleased. Their satisfaction was still more increased by the Lady of Lindorf's declaring she would take Sophy as she was, and leave her mother's little legacy, together with her own clothes, to them and to their children. Sophy only wished for a few religious books as a remembrance of her mother, and these were willingly granted to her.

Early the next morning the Lady of Lindorf departed for her castle, accompanied by Sophy.



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THE CHILD ANGEL.

“Come, come,” said the
bright angel,
In a whisper sweet and
low,
“To yonder stream so lonely

Together let us go."

And the child made haste to
follow
The guide she could not
see,
For she said, "A sweet child
angel
Is whispering to me."

The morning sun shone
brightly
Through the branches
overhead,
And summer leaves upon the
ground
Their dancing shadows
spread.

And still, upon the cool,
green earth
The trembling dew-
drops lay,
And fell in showers, beneath
her touch,
From every leaf and
spray.

Yet onward, onward went
the child
Without a thought of
fear,
For the voice of the sweet
angel
Still sounded in her ear.

And now the path is hidden

By branches bending
low,
And, pausing there, she
listens
To hear the waters flow;

And from the opening
blossoms,
That smile beside her
feet,
She twines, with ready
fingers,
A wreath, for angel meet.

The deep and waveless river
Spread out before her
lies,
And she sees the fair child
angel
Look fondly in her eyes.

One cry of joy she utters,
Her arms extending
wide
To clasp the lovely phantom
Beneath that treacherous
tide.

Weep not, thou childless
mother,
Above that beauteous
clay,
For the voice of blessed
angels
Has called the soul
away.

Think, when thy lips are
pressing
That pure and marble
brow,
In heaven thy own child
angel
Is living for thee now.

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THE STORM.

You have heard of Switzerland, my dear young readers. You have heard of its high mountains—its lovely streams—its pretty flowers—and bright sunshine in summer. You have heard, too, of its deep snows in winter—its frozen waters—and its fearful storms;—its beautiful lakes—one moment calm, soft and bright—the next changed into furious commotion, throwing its angry waters high into the air. There, many a little boat, that had gone out upon its smooth waters, confident that there could be no danger, has been lost, after struggling long and fearlessly with the waves, and sunk to rise no more.

One night I stood alone upon a high rock, which projected over the Lake of Lucerne, and saw what I have imperfectly described to you.

I had been on the mountains all day—a bright, beautiful day. I had climbed the hills, where nothing was to be seen but grey stone; I had passed on to others, and found them covered with lovely flowers

—growing in every spot where they could find any soil—and some large trees, that, spreading wide their branches, allowed me often to sit down in the cool shade to watch the gay butterflies around me, and to contemplate that glorious and almighty Parent—the Creator of all that is beautiful and good, and the Author of all good feelings and affections, and who enables us to enjoy all which He has made.

The sun was setting, and there was a bright red glow over the lake, that lay like a large sheet of glass, smooth and bright; and that was only stirred when the trout leaped high in the air—as if to look once more upon the sun before it went to rest; and then sinking down, they left a bright round ring on the lake, that soon passed away, leaving all smooth again.

In a little time the waters began to move, and there was a low sound of wind, that soon rose into a storm; and then the waves dashed furiously against the cliffs, as I have before described; when a boat, with a man and a child, which I had been watching for some time before, sailing gently on the water, was now high on the crested wave—now cast suddenly down; and each time I feared it was lost. All I could do was, to pray to Him, who could say to the wind, and the storm, “Be still!” But their time had come, and God saw it best to take this father and child to Himself. I watched the boat till it came very near,—so near that I could see every stroke of the oar—every look of the poor man, who seemed to use all his force—but in vain.

The little child, who was seated in the bottom of the boat, looked up into his father’s face, as if to learn there, what hope was left; but he neither

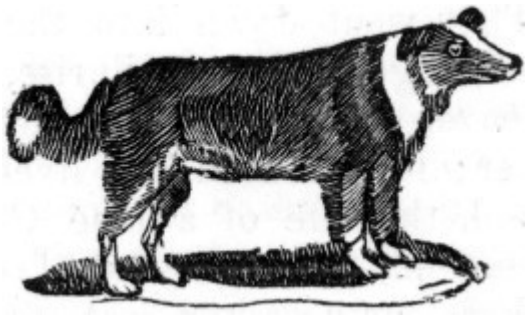
moved, nor uttered one cry of fear. At last, when every chance of saving their lives was past—when each moment brought them nearer and nearer the fatal rock, on which it must be dashed to pieces, the oars dropped from the father's hand; and throwing his arms around his child, in one moment they were gone below the wave—and I saw them no more. They went down into the deep waters together—and together they will rise, I doubt not, to live in heaven with *their* Saviour, and our Saviour for ever; for the man had lived, as I afterwards learned, the life of a true Christian, and was now removed, with his child, to a state of existence where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."



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SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS.

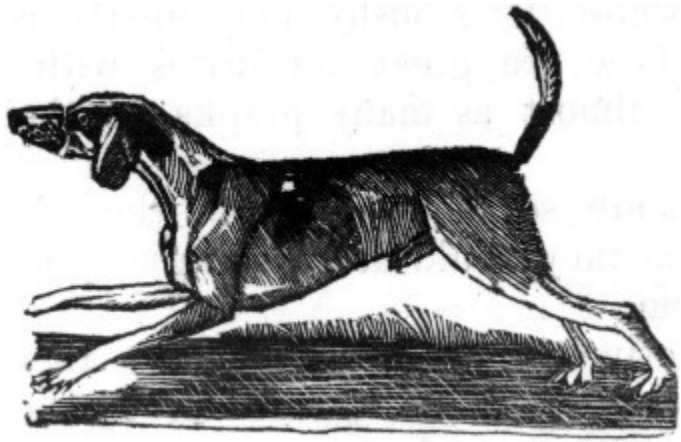
"Come, little boys and girls, and let us have some talk about that kind and useful creature, the Dog.



"*The Shepherd's Dog* takes care of the sheep as they graze on the hills and plains; at night he drives them safely into the fold; and if a sheep or a lamb were lost, he would not rest till he had found it, and

brought it back to the flock.

"*The Esquimaux* sits in his sledge, wrapped from head to foot in warm fur, and his dogs draw him swiftly along many miles over the ice and snow.



"*The Hound* is used to hunt the sly fox, that steals our chickens.

"*The Newfoundland Dogs* are so fond of water, and are so large and strong, that they have saved many people from being drowned. If one of them were to see a child fall into the water, he would immediately jump in after it, and quickly bring it to land.



"Then we must not forget the pretty *Spaniel*:—he has silky ears, and a curly tail;—or *Little Shock*, whose long bushy hair nearly covers his eyes. These are great favourites with children, and play almost as many pranks as their young masters.

"Dogs are so fond of those who are kind to them, that they would do anything to protect them from harm.

"Sometimes they will not leave their master even after he is dead, but will sit by the body as long as they can, and moan very sadly, and at last lie down on the grave and die too."

OLD OAK CHEST.

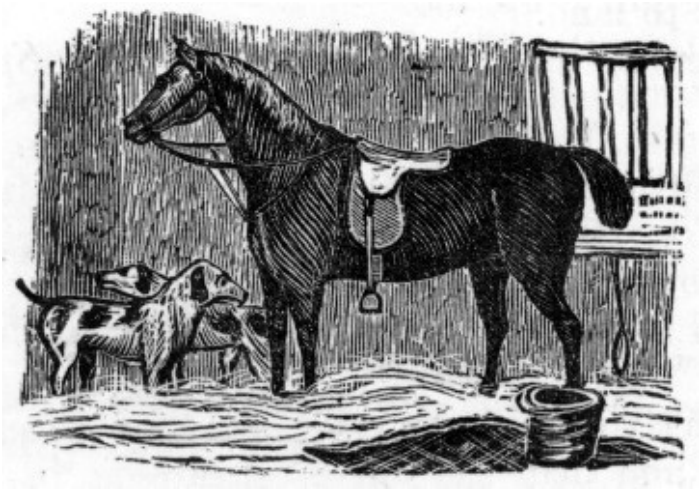


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THE MORNING WALK.

"Come, George! come, my little son," said Mrs. Hope to her sleeping boy, one bright morning in June, laying her hand upon him, and endeavouring to awake him.

George roused up for a moment, and then fell off again to sleep. He felt heavy and dull.

"Come, George!" urged his mother, again disturbing him. "Emily is up and dressed for a walk. And the sun is up, too."

This time the little boy opened his eyes, rubbed them, stretched himself, half arose from his pillow and then sunk down again and went to sleep.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber," said Mrs. Hope, smiling. "Ah, George! I'm afraid you will be a sad sluggard. Come! come! this will never do!" and she shook him harder than before.

"Don't you see, George, that your sister is all dressed, and that the sun is streaming in at the window?" she continued, as her boy started up quickly. "Come, be quick now, or every bright dew-drop will be kissed from the leaves and blossoms before we can get into the fields."

"I don't care about going, mother," replied George, sinking back upon his pillow. "You and Emily can go this time. To-morrow morning I will go with you."

"And to-morrow morning you will feel just as dull and sluggish as you do now. No, no, George; now is the time. So, come, rouse yourself up, and don't keep us waiting for you any longer."

As the mother said this, she lifted her little boy from his bed, and, seating him on her lap, first of all washed his face in a basin of cool, clean water. This made him as bright as a new shilling. In a little while he was all ready for the walk; and then mother, George, and Emily, accompanied with gay little Fido, who went barking before them, started off for their morning walk.

“An’t you glad, now, that you got up to go with us, George?” asked Emily, as they tripped along, and drank in the pure morning air.

“Oh, yes. I wouldn’t be in that warm bed, feeling as dull as I did, for anything. I’m so glad that mother made me get up.”

“It was because I knew what was best for you, my son, that I made you get up. I knew that the fresh morning air would not only be good for you, but that when you once breathed it, and exercised in it, you would feel like a new person.”

“Oh, see that beautiful butterfly!” Emily exclaimed, pausing near a sweet-briar bush, upon one of the delicate blossoms of which reposed a large butterfly, with wings glowing in colours the richest and most varied, gently fanning the pure air.

“Shall I catch it, mother?” eagerly asked George, taking off his cap, and beginning to move stealthily towards the sweet-briar bush.

“No, my child,” said Mrs. Hope, laying her hand gently on the boy’s arm, and detaining him.

“But, mother, it is such a beautiful one, I should like to take it home and shew it to father.”

"And what do you think your father would say, if you were to take him that gay insect?"

"He would call it very pretty, I am sure, and say I was a good boy for bringing it to him."

"No, George," replied his mother. "He would more probably say,—'George, my dear boy, I am grieved that you have crushed, and soiled, and hurt this pretty creature. See, how the beautiful colours have already faded from its wings! See, how it droops in my hand, unable to fly as it did a little while ago from flower to flower, a gay and happy thing. You were wrong, my dear boy, to have touched so delicate a creature, born only for the sunshine and the flowers, and too fragile to be handled by anything ruder than a summer breeze.'"

"But I won't hurt it, mother."

"You could not possibly touch it, my dear, without hurting the delicate thing. Your little fingers, that to my hands are soft and smooth, would be so rough to the wings of a butterfly, as to rasp off the rich painting that adorns them, and even to crush their delicate frame-work. And I am sure my boy would not wish to hurt any of God's creatures."

"Oh, no, mother! I wouldn't hurt that butterfly for the world. But see, it has risen up from the flower, and now away it goes, floating along like a pretty blossom with wings. And there goes Fido, barking after it. Foolish dog! You can't catch the pretty butterfly."

"See, mother, here is a bee, right in the middle of this large flower," said George, looking up into his mother's face with a glow of pleasure upon his own.

“He is getting honey, is he not?”

“Yes, dear. The bee is a very industrious little creature, and when the blossoms are out he is up with the sun, and works all through the day, busily engaged in procuring honey for his winter’s store. You never find him asleep after the sun is risen, as my little boy was this morning.”

“But then, mother,” said George, as they all walked on, and left the bee and the sweet-briar bush, “I don’t have to gather honey as the bee does. I am a little boy, and don’t have to work to lay up bread in the winter.”

“Can’t you teach your brother a better lesson than that, Emily?” said Mrs. Hope, turning to her little girl. “Don’t you remember the talk we had yesterday about the use of learning, and how necessary it was for us, like the bee in spring and summer, to lay up a store of knowledge in our minds, against the winter of old age?”

“O, yes, mother, I remember that I said, just as George did just now, that it wasn’t as necessary for me to work as the bee, for I had kind parents who provided everything for me. And then you told me that I had been made very different from the bee; that the bee had not a mind as I had; and, therefore, that it only required food to supply the natural wants of its body, which food it industriously obtained and stored up in the season when it could be found. You then told me that I had a spiritual body as well as a natural body, and that my spiritual body required food as well as my natural body; that to learn about everything that my parents and teachers wished me to learn about, was the way to store up food for this

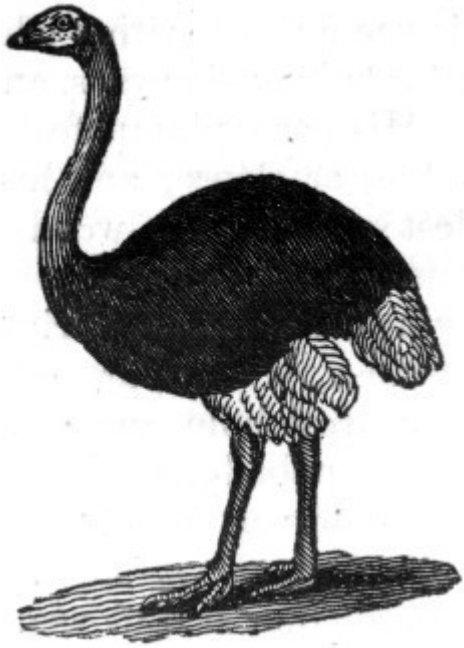
spiritual body, which would require more and more food, the older I grew; and that, at last, when I became very old—when the winter of life came, I would not be able to store up food as in early life, but would have to live upon that already laid by."

By this time the mother and her children had extended their morning walk as far as was intended, and then they turned their steps towards home. In passing the sweet-briar bush, the bee and the butterfly were recalled to the minds of the children; and George said, that whenever he passed that bush he should remember that his fingers were too rough for a butterfly's wings; and that, like the bee, he must diligently store up food for the mind, in early years, that he might have a full supply when the winter of old age should come upon him.

At the breakfast table they met their father, and George told him all about what they had seen, and what their mother had said to them, and how determined he was to be like the diligent bee.



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THE OSTRICH

There are many large and respectable birds;—the long-legged stork, the crane, the bustard, the heron, the eagle, the vulture, the cassowary; but all these are mere dwarfs compared with the *ostrich*. This bird is often nine or ten feet in height, and is as remarkable for its great strength and swiftness, as for its size. Neither the swiftest horse nor fleetest hound can compete with the ostrich in speed; but, fleet as the whirlwind, he sweeps over the sandy wastes of Africa. And this is indeed fortunate for him, since, although a bird, he is unable to fly. He has feathers only upon his wings and tail, the rest of his body

being covered with hair. The ostrich has eyelashes upon the upper lid, and can, like quadrupeds, see a thing with both eyes at once; although other birds look sideways, and use but one eye at a time. His bare, plump feet are furnished with only two toes or claws; and his stomach can digest the hardest substances,—wood, stone, leather, metals, and glass.

It was imagined that the ostrich was a very stupid bird, because, when pursued, it thrusts its head into the nearest hole, apparently imagining that when *he* sees nobody, he cannot himself be seen. The fact, however, is, that when quite exhausted by a long pursuit, it shields its head, because it is the most tender and weakest part, and surrenders the rest of the body to its pursuers. Had the ostrich been in any way as stupid as the goose, the race would long ago have been extirpated, as it has many enemies both among men and animals. It is, on the contrary, a very prudent bird, and in a clear field extremely difficult to catch, for it takes flight the moment its quick sight threatens it with the slightest danger; and as it lives in the deserts of Arabia and Africa a few minutes is sufficient to carry it beyond the sight of its pursuers.

As the ostrich belongs to the same species as fowls, it leads, as they do, a domestic life. Every ostrich family consists of one male bird and five females, who keep constantly together. These birds have a common nest, which consists merely of a hole in the sand, protected by a wall of sand. Every egg stands upon its pointed end, in order to take as little room as possible. When there are from ten to twelve eggs in the nest, they begin to sit upon them alternately, the female by day and the male by night; as, from his

superior strength, he is better able to guard the nest from the attack of the wild-cats, which are allured by the eggs; and that he understands how to protect it, is proved by the dead bodies of these animals being found in the neighbourhood of the nests. During the brooding, the female continues to lay until the nest is full; and it generally contains about thirty eggs. They also lay eggs on the outside of the nest, with which to feed the young ostriches, which, as soon as hatched, are as large as full-grown fowls; and, like fowls, immediately begin to eat greedily. The parent birds break one egg after another, until the young are strong enough to find their own food. The size of the egg is in proportion to the size of the bird; it is as large as a child's head, and yields as much nourishment as four-and-twenty hen's eggs. Four hungry men may make a good meal on one. The shell is so extremely hard and close, that it remains fresh for a considerable time; and in the desert countries is a real treasure.

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THE VIOLET.—MODESTY.

The fragrance of the violet is noticed when the flower itself is not seen—just as benevolent persons' actions are sometimes known and felt, while the *actors* remain out of sight.

Four hundred years ago, some gentlemen of rank, who were very fond of poetry, were walking at Toulouse; one of them remarking the beauty of the

violet, all agreed to write some verses on it, as a sort of trial of skill. At the end of the week, the poets met, and each read the verses he had written, and the umpire decided which of the poems was the best. Wishing to extend a love of poetry, those gentlemen, with some others, drew up a circular letter in rhyme, and addressed it to all the poets of Languedoc, inviting them to come to Toulouse on the first of May, and read their verses, promising a golden violet to him who should compose the best poem. This society continued until the middle of the last century, when it became more celebrated from an incident connected with Marmontel, the French poet. He was the child of very poor parents, but being very fond of study, he gave his life up to it. After contending with great difficulties, he obtained admittance into a college, and hearing of this annual challenge, resolved to enter the list of the Toulousian writers. He was very fond of his mother, and, for *her* sake, more than anything else, he determined to obtain the prize of the golden violet.

The hall was filled with the gentry, and the young students of the university were present. When the successful candidate was announced, the hall resounded with the sounds of music and the shouts of the audience.

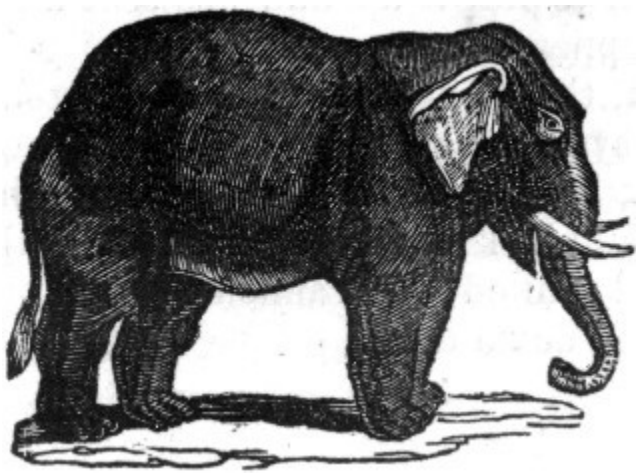
Marmontel had been kept in great suspense during the time of the decision by the judges. It was first announced that the prize for the ode had been withheld; and as he had offered an ode to the academy, and had been the author of an unsuccessful idyll, everybody pitied the youth for his disappointment. But when the poem which gained the prize was proclaimed, Marmontel stood up and

received it. Some were glad of this, and said, “Poor fellow, he missed twice—but he did not fail a third time; he has more than one string or arrow to *his* bow.” He retired to his seat, but only to be called up the second time for the second prize; again he retired, and again returned to receive the other prize, amid the redoubled and enthusiastic applause of the multitude. But, in the midst of this applause, the young poet looked around among the vast multitude, and there he beheld two arms stretched out to receive him; they were those of his tutor. Close beside stood his mother, shedding tears of joy. He rushed forward through the crowd,—“My father!” said he, “my mother!—take them all,—they are yours;” and so saying, he threw all the prizes, together with himself, into the arms extended to receive him.

“Ah! my children;” said he, when he became an old man, “that which interests the heart is always sweet. I care nothing for the golden violet now. But the feelings of love which burned in my heart for my mother and good old tutor, are as fresh as ever, and survive the blight of other things, as the fragrance of the violet survives its withered leaf.”



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THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant is by far the largest and strongest

quadruped in the world. He is capable of carrying a burden of several thousand pounds' weight; and when tamed, one of the most sagacious and teachable of all animals. He is of great service to Eastern nations, particularly in time of war. A sort of turret is fastened on his back, in which are men with their fire-arms. His amazing strength renders him a fearful enemy.

It is related, that, by some accident, a large cannon had fallen into a ravine, where it stuck fast. An elephant was taken to the spot to draw it out; but he shook his head and gave evident signs that he thought it beyond his strength. His keeper, however, fastened him to the cannon, and he tried, but in vain, to pull it up, and was sent away. But, as there appeared no other way of getting the cannon out, the elephant was again fastened to it; he showed symptoms of displeasure at being required to do what was beyond his power, but when urged forward by his keeper, he strained with all his might, and pulled the cannon out of the ravine and dropped down dead.

FINIS.

H. G. Collins, Paternoster Row, London.

Table of Contents

Transcriber's

Notes

The following changes have been applied to the text:

Page 21: But James ate{original had eat} his with much satisfaction.

Page 31: “Eh! thank you all the same,” said the boy. {original had an additional closing quotation mark here}

Page 36: “You know how to amuse yourself in the best manner, George,{original had period here}” said he to the boy.

Page 46: and the cork put into its place, and the tube slipped{original had slippped} down until the lower end reaches below the surface of the water,

Page 58: And now, an’t{original unclear, possibly a’n’t or ain’t} you glad, my son, you were with us?”

Page 93: “{original omitted quotation mark}I was only acting the woodpecker for my amusement. We fairies are very fond of masquerading.”

Page 116: They sat down on a great stone under a thick grape-vine that kept{original had keept} off the wet,

Page 117: and he told Jessie that he thought they had better go there, and stay till{original had still} some one found them.

Page 125: and then see which our mother will prefer.”{original omitted closing quotation mark}

Page 126: As she said this, she took the rose-bud from the basket, and twining it with the honeysuckles, put them both into her bosom.{original had superfluous quotation mark here.}

Page 128: The illustration on this page was destroyed in the original source. Multiple sources were checked for this illustration, but all of them were copies of the same damaged source.

Page 131: “Come, Fanny,”{original omitted this quotation mark} said George Lewis, “put on your hat, and go out with me among the trees and bushes.

Page 132: Putting forth their open beaks at the strange visitants, they cried, “Petweet-tweet, petweet-tweet,”{original omitted this quotation mark}

Page 133: You haven’t{original had havn’t} the art of keeping a secret belonging to your own concerns or another’s,

Page 149: At length she hears the well-known{original had well-know} bark of old Carlo;

Page 150: and when Grace arose from her bed the next morning, and looked forth from the window of her little

room, and saw all{orignal had ll} Nature smiling with beauty,

Page 162: “No such luck.”{original omitted closing quotation mark}

Page 163: and having then no further{original had farther} use for our purses,

Page 171: The illustration on this page was missing from the paper copy used for the source. It was found in the microform source, but the quality of this image is poor.

Page 177: so they had seventy-five pennies a-piece.”{original omitted closing quotation mark}

Page 177: “Enough,” said{original had an additional comma here} I, “to make little Miss Nannie a pretty respectable present.”

Page 178: The kitchen furniture, smalt and gum arabic, had cost them eighteen-pence—just half their joint stock.{original had a superfluous closing quotation mark here}

Page 202: “{original omitted quotation mark}And off on each side of the little row of stars are two other bright stars, on each side.”

Page 211: *Me*, is it{original had i}?

Page 224: “If they were to ask me, mamma, I would go to the tree.”{original ended with a

single quotation mark}

Page 230: How often did he wish that he had been an obedient boy. But no sorrow could recall{original had recal} the act.

Page 235: The Indians called the river Hochelega{original had Holchelega}

Page 262: “Come, little boys and girls, and let us have some talk about that kind and useful creature, the Dog. {original had a comma here}

Page 262: “{original omitted this quotation mark}*The Esquimaux* sits in his sledge, wrapped from head to foot in warm fur,

Page 265: “Emily is up and dressed for a walk. And the sun is up, too.”{original omitted closing quotation mark}

Page 266: As the mother said this, she lifted her little boy from his bed, and, seating him on her lap, first of all washed his face in a basin{original had bason} of cool, clean water.

Page 268: And I am sure my boy would not wish to hurt any of God’s creatures.”{original omitted closing quotation mark}

Page 275: and as he had offered an ode to the academy, and had been the author of an unsuccessful

idyll{original had idyl}, everybody pitied the youth for his disappointment.

The following words appear with and without a hyphen. They have been left as in the original.

bed-side/bedside

eye-lashes/eyelashes

play-things/playthings

sealing-wax/sealing wax

The following words have variant spellings. They have been left as in the original.

acqueous

chrystal

ecstacy

transmited

waggon

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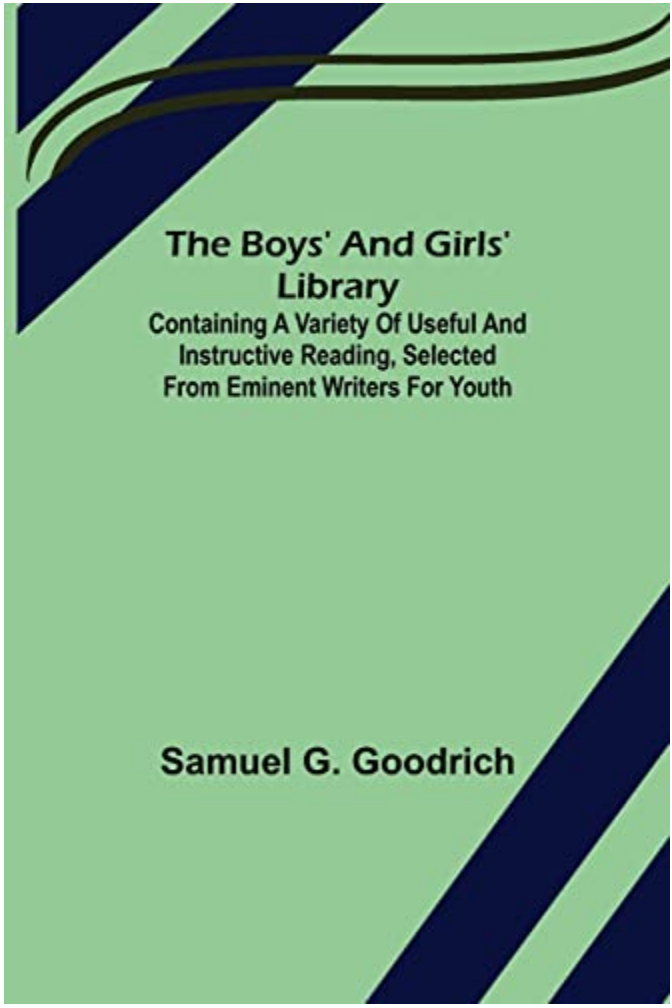
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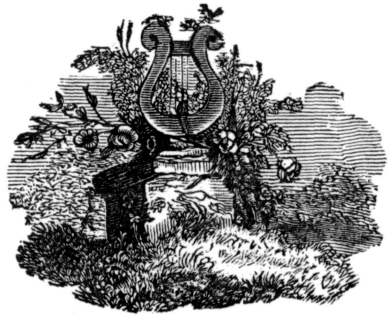
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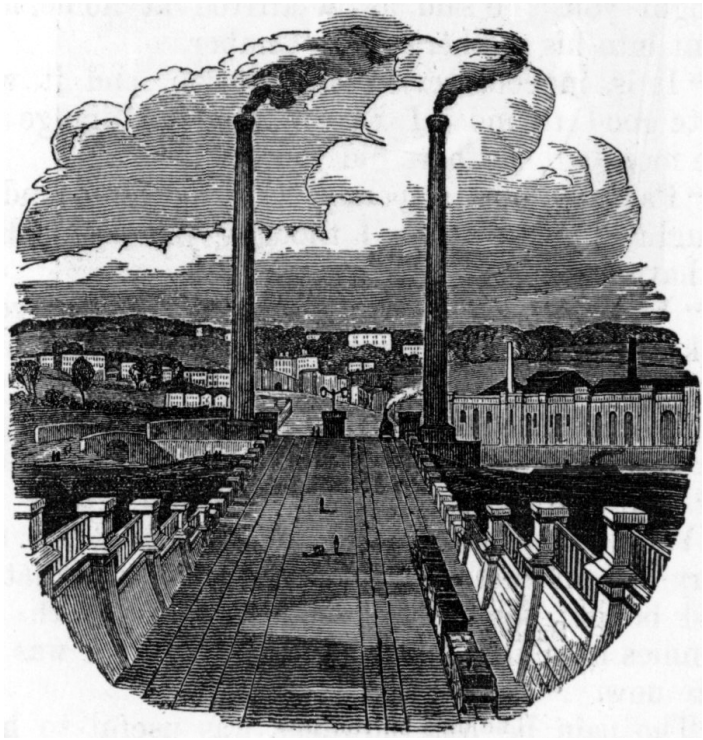
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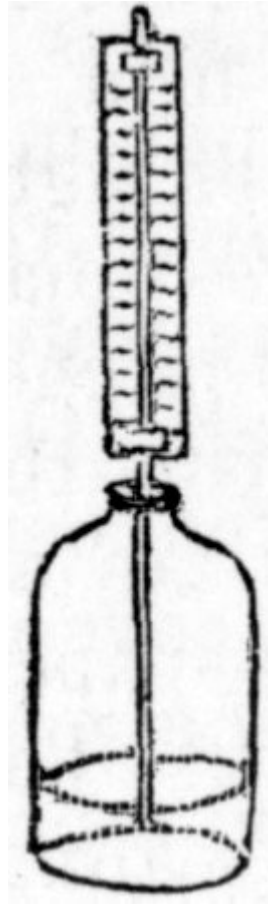
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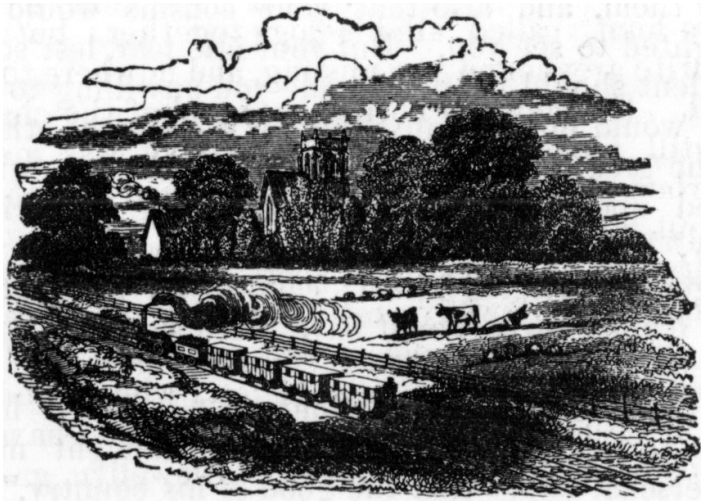
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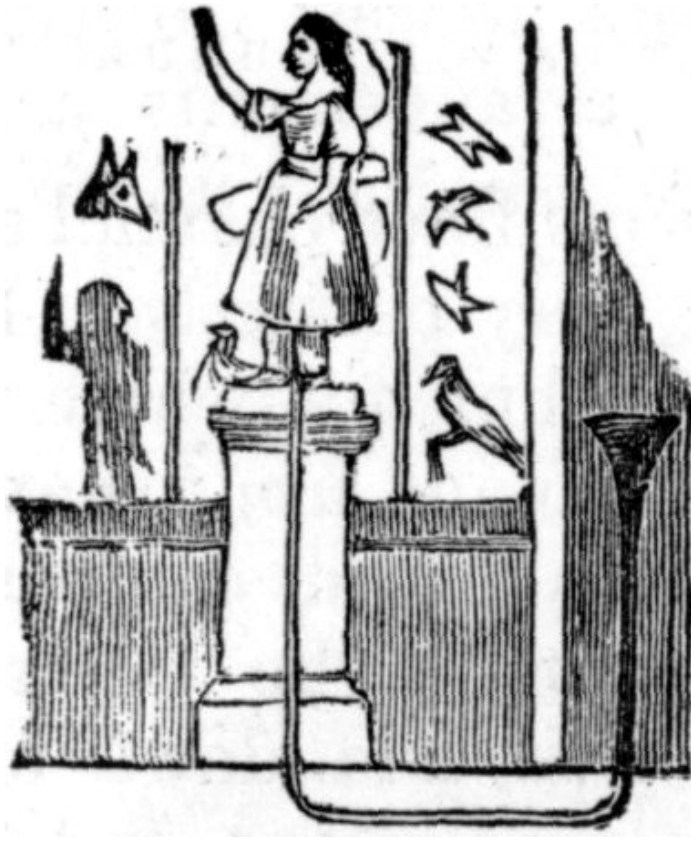
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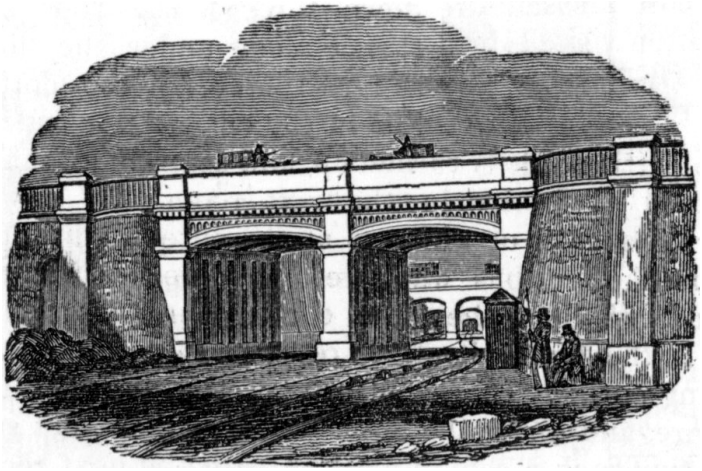
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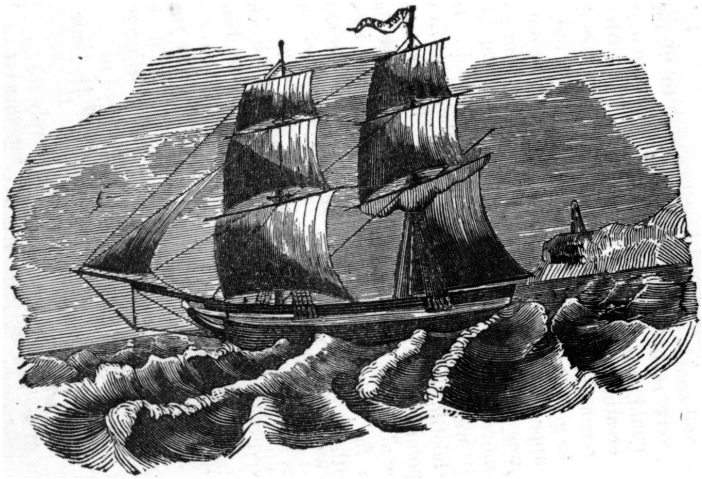
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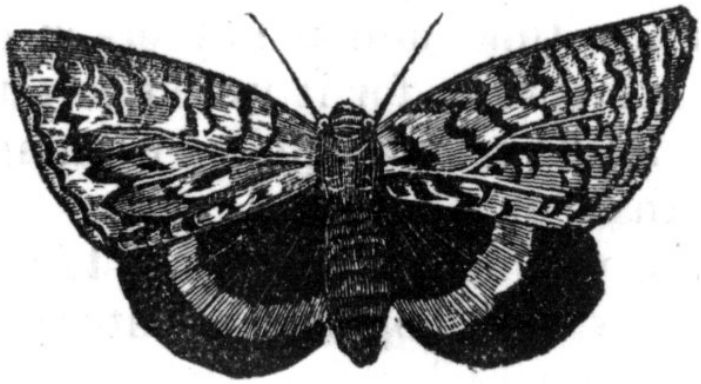
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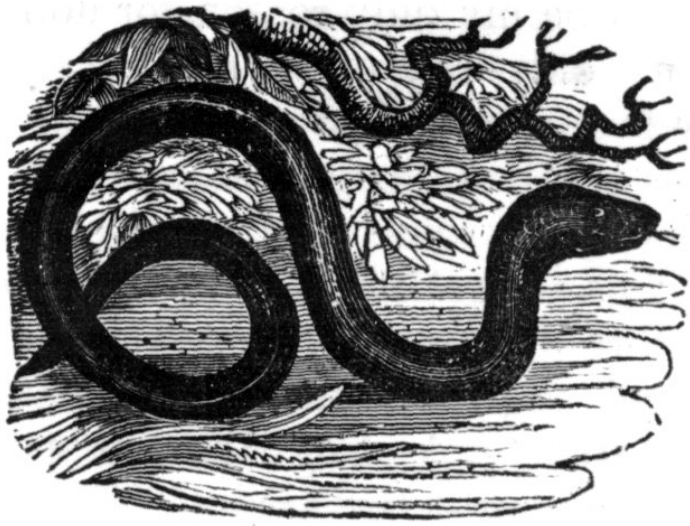
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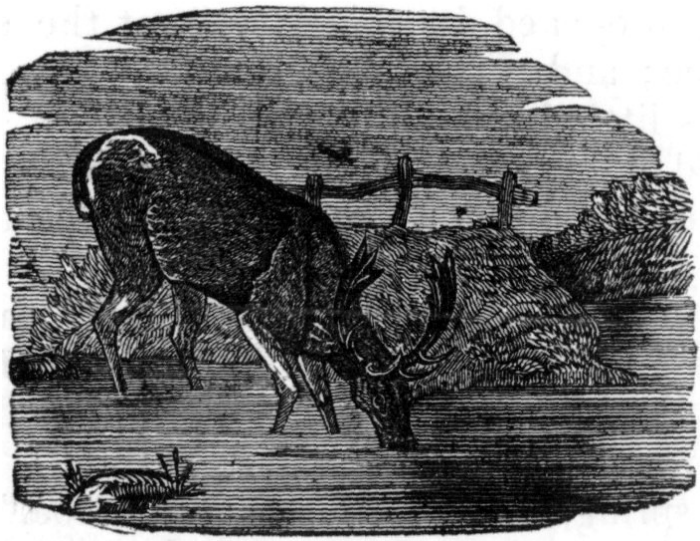
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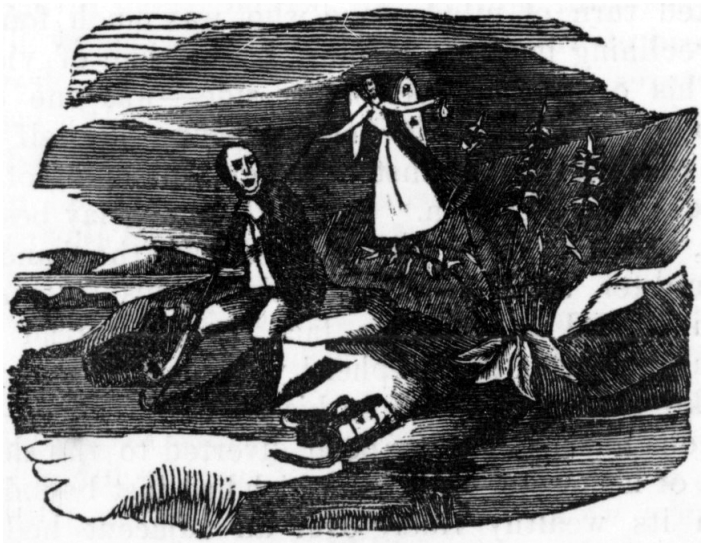
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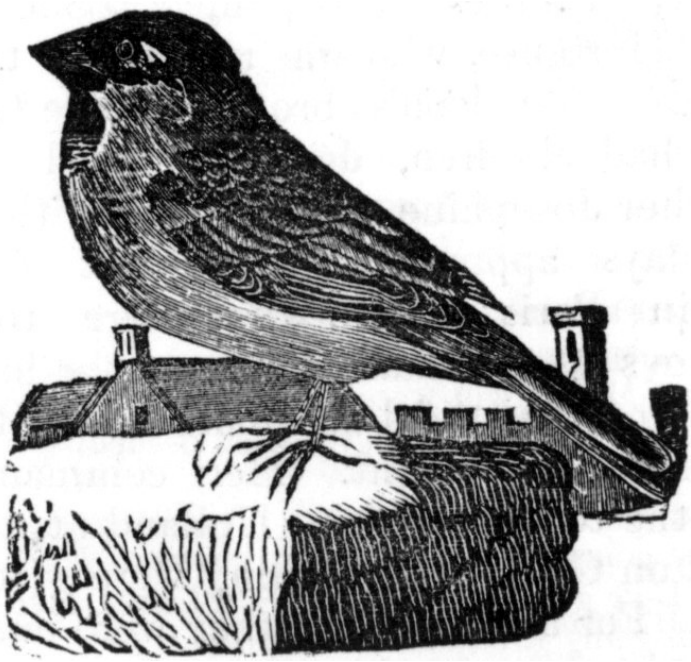
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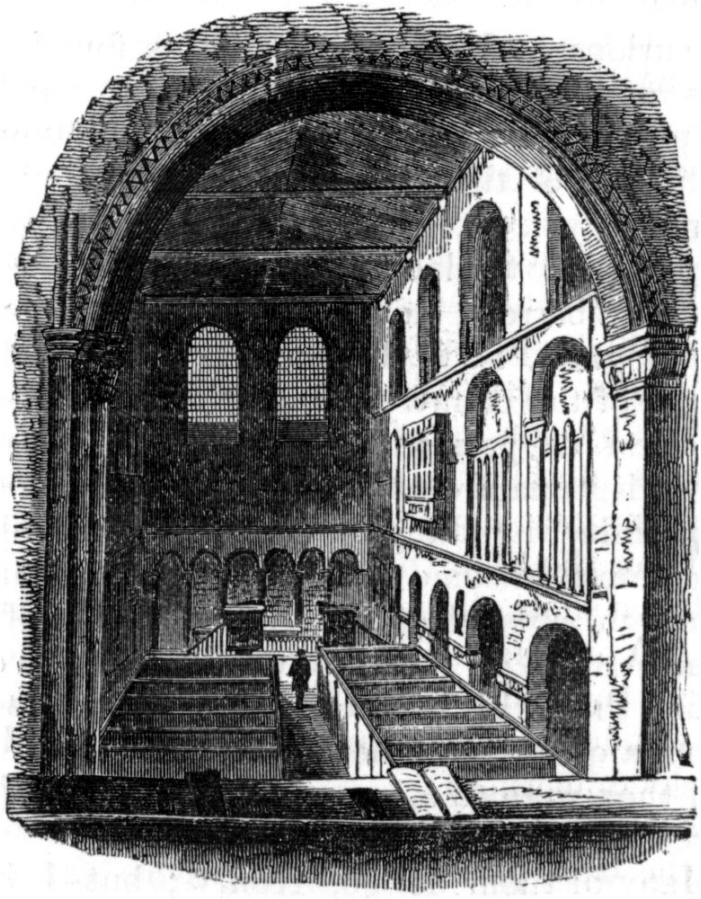
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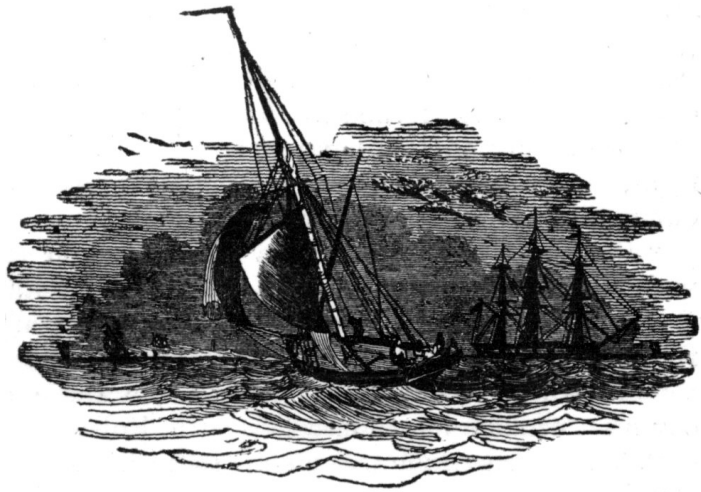
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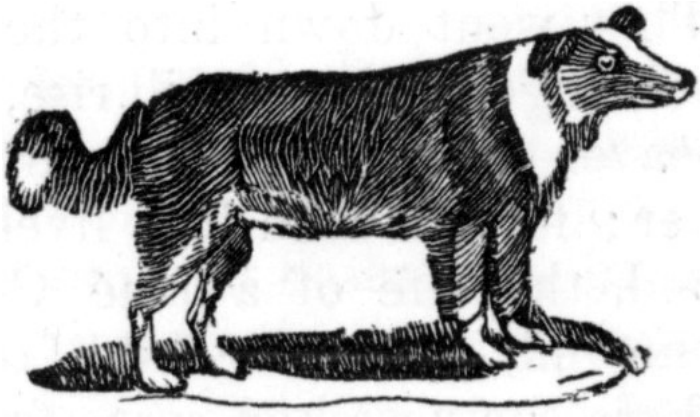
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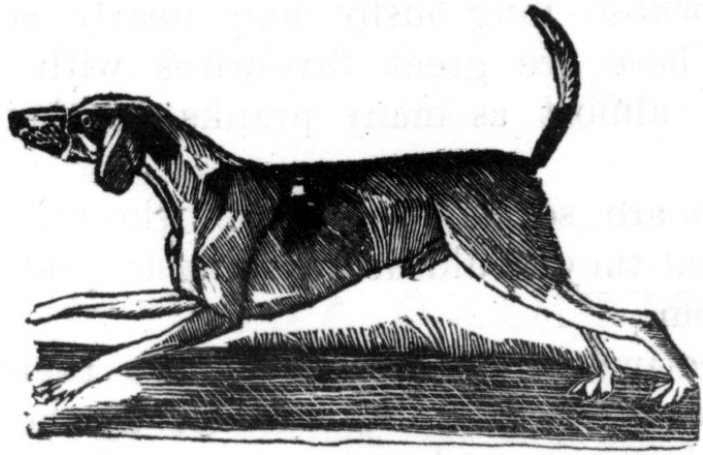
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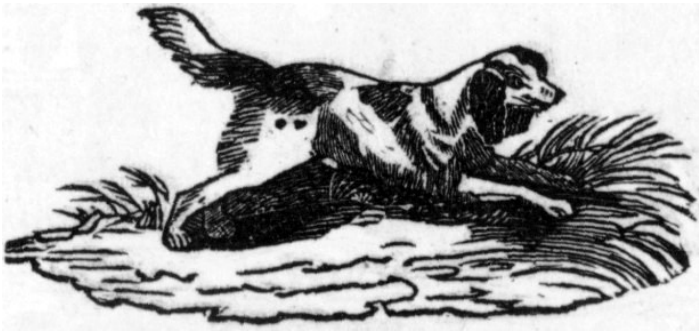
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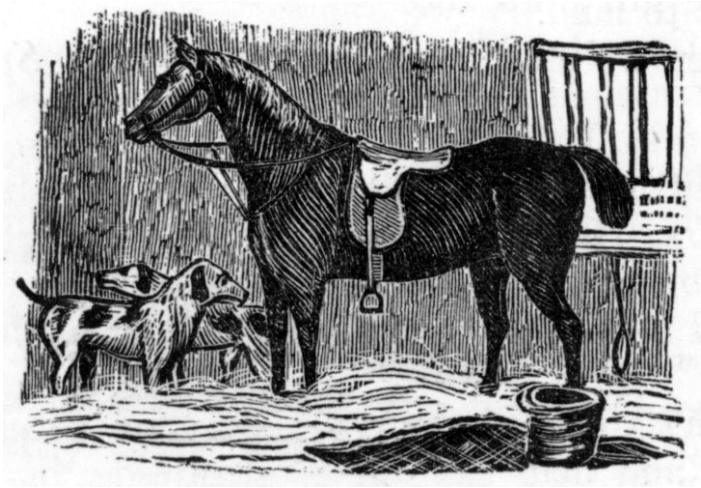
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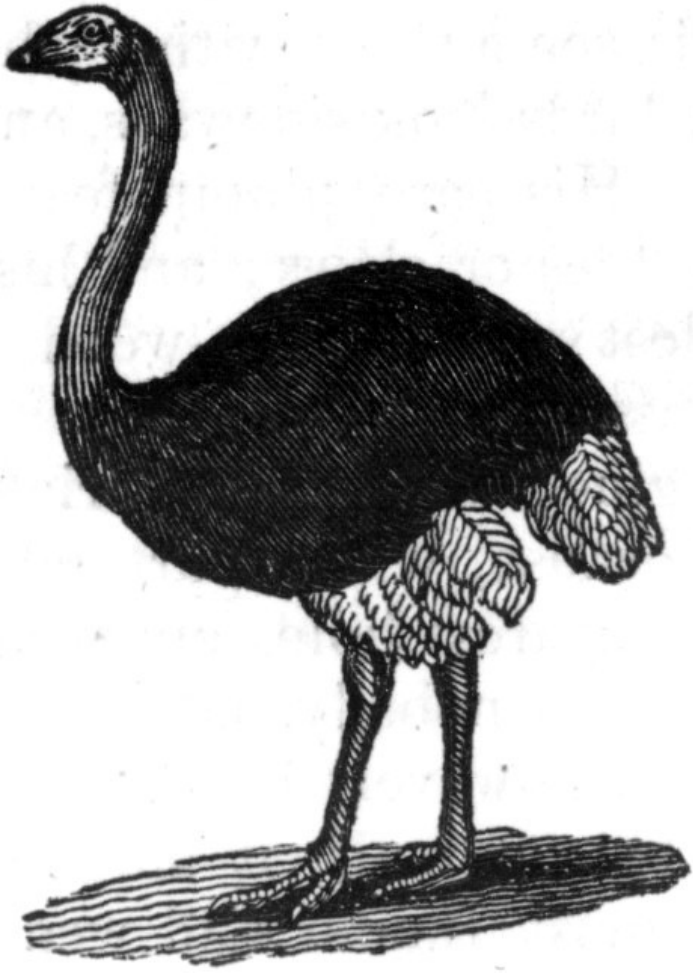
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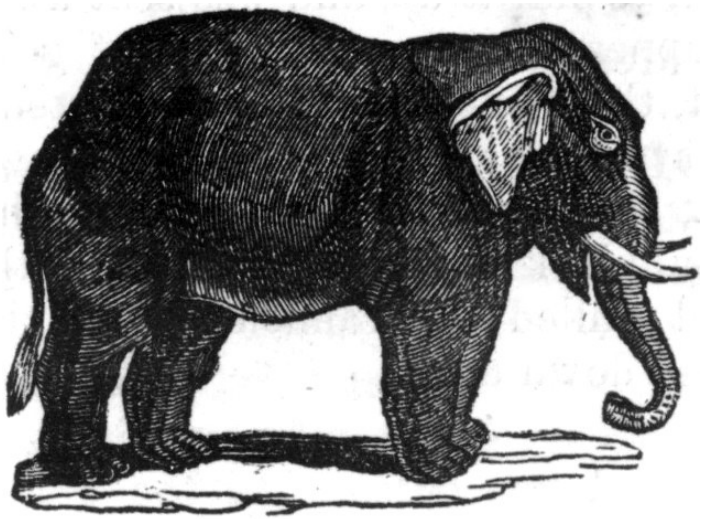
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