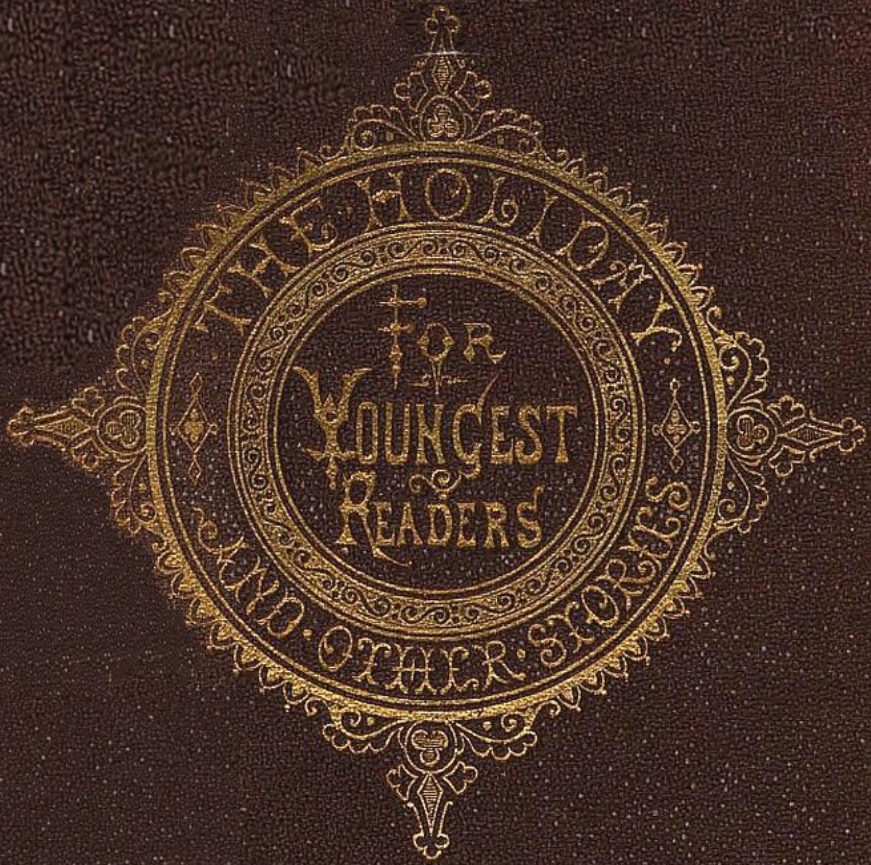
THE HOLIDAY
FOR
YOUNGEST
READERS
AND OTHER STORIES

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THE HOLIDAY,

AND OTHER STORIES,

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

With more than One Hundred Illustrations

BY

OSCAR PLETSCH, HARRISON WEIR, HAMMATT BILLINGS, AND OTHERS.

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THE HOLIDAY.

I SHOULD like to take you, one of these fine summer days, to a place that I know on the seacoast. It is not a great many miles from the city; but there are woods and hills, and all the sights and sounds of the country, around you.

In the midst of them is a charming little cottage. From the front windows of the cottage, you catch a glimpse of the ocean through the pine-trees; and

within a stone's-throw you have rocks and coves, and sandy beaches, and all the sights and sounds of the sea.

This cottage is the summer home of my Cousin Annie. She thinks there is no place in the world like it, and is as happy there as the day is long.

But to-day she is having a nicer time than ever; for her brother Charles has come home for a holiday. Charles is a tall, manly boy, about fifteen years old.

When he comes down to the seashore, he likes to throw off his city clothes, and put on a loose sailor-dress. I think he has been out in a boat this morning; and I dare say he has brought home a good mess of fish. But he is going to spend the rest of the day with Annie.

Annie has had her morning bath, and her stroll on the beach. Little Freddy, the pet of the family, has been with her, and has been having a grand time picking up stones and shells, and digging wells in the sand.

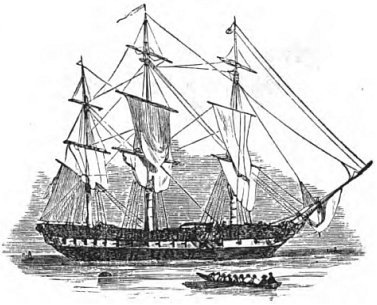
And now they have all come together up on the high, grassy point, which they call the "Look-out," to enjoy the sea-breeze. Little tired Freddy has gone fast asleep in his sister's lap. Charles kneels beside her, and, with spy-glass in hand, is taking a view of the ocean, and pointing out all that there is to be seen.

Now, if any of my little readers who live far back in the country, on the mountains or the prairies, would like to look at the ocean, they cannot do better than to fancy that they are sitting by Annie's side.

The wide, open sea is before you. It is a warm, sunny day; but the sea-breeze keeps you cool. With every breath of the pure, salt air, you seem to take in new life.

You hear the waves rolling and breaking on the beach, and dashing and gurgling among the rocks. You see sail after sail dotting the waters far as the eye can reach. Listen now, and Charles will tell us something about them.

"There is a large ship," he says, "at anchor in the bay. She must be a man-of-war; but she is so far away, that I can hardly make her out. I see three or four fishing-vessels coming in. I see three brigs and any number of schooners.



"One of them, I think, is a pilot-boat. And there is a large vessel coming in. She must be an emigrant-ship. Yes: her deck is filled with people."

"Oh! let me look at her," said Annie. "How glad they must be to see the land!"

Charles hands her the spy-glass, and she takes a long look through it All of a sudden she exclaims, "Why! Charles, I do believe I see the sea-serpent!"

"Nonsense!" says Charles, taking back the glass. "It is only a school of porpoises."

Then we have a good laugh at Annie's mistake.

And here we will end our trip to the seaside.

UNCLE JOHN.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

O little flowers! you love me so,
You could not do without me;
O little birds that come and go!
You sing sweet songs about me;
O little moss! observed by few,
That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you
When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river-side!
You bow when I come near you;
O fish! you leap about with pride,
Because you think I hear you;
O river! you shine clear and bright,
To tempt me to look in you;
O water-lilies pure and white!
You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things! you love me so,
I see I must not leave you:
You'd find it very dull, I know—
I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
My flowers, you need not shiver;
My little buds, don't look so cross;
Don't talk so loud, my river.

I'm *telling* you I will not go;
It's foolish to feel slighted;
It's rude to interrupt me so:
You ought to be delighted.
Ah! now you're growing good, I see,
Though anger is beguiling:
The pretty blossoms nod at me;
I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,
That will content you, may be,—
I'll love you through the happy years,
Till I'm a nice old lady.
True love (like yours and mine), they say,
Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
Keeps steadily increasing.

A.

A plate of apples was passed round to a group of children. There was a fine red apple at the top, which a little girl took. "How greedy you are!" said her next neighbor, "to take the largest. I meant to take that myself."

LETTERS FROM DOLLS.

FROM LUCY'S DOLL.

I AM Lucy's doll. I think my name must be Dolly; for I never heard Lucy call me any thing else, and she has had me ever since she was two years old. Now she is six.

When I first came here to live, I think that Lucy could not have known how weak I was; for she was not careful of me, and one day she let me fall to the floor, and I broke one of my ankles. Ever since that, I have not been able to walk without limping.

Lucy is older now, and takes more care of me. The only time she treats me as I do not like to have her is when her "Nursery" comes. Just as quick as she sees it in her papa's hand, she lays me flat on my back on the table; and there I have to lie, with nothing but the ceiling to look at, till she is tired of reading,—and that is not soon.

Once she did let me sit in her lap; and then I saw beautiful pictures, and I wished I could read what it said about them. I know it was something nice, for Lucy looked pleased. But dolls cannot read. Is it not too bad?

I send you a copy of my photograph. I am in Lucy's arms, you see, and have my bonnet on. I shall say nothing of Sarah's doll; for I don't like her, she is so proud.

If you print this letter, I will write you another, and tell you of a dreadful accident that happened to me soon after I broke my ankle.

THEKLA.

FROM SARAH'S DOLL.

I am Sarah's doll, and I am larger and handsomer than the pert thing that belongs to Lucy. I have a blue silk dress, trimmed with red ribbons; I have purple shoes; and my hair is black and thick, and I am to have it done up behind in a bunch one of these days.

I do not have a broken ankle, like some folks. Oh, no! Sarah thinks too much of me to let me fall, and break my limbs. She has a nice trunk, in which she lays me away when she is not playing with me. It is dark there, which I do not like; but then no dust can get on my nice silk.

Sarah has a black doll whose name is Flora. She is my slave. I can beat her as much as I like; that is, if Sarah will help me, for I cannot lift my arm without Sarah's help.

Sarah's brother Tom is a bad boy. One day he took me, and tied me face to face with black Flora. I thought I should have fainted. Another time, he tied a piece of twine round my feet, and hung me, with my head down, on the knob of the door. He says I am a proud thing, and so he likes to play tricks on me.

I do not care for books or pictures. All I care for is dress. If I am dressed well, and my cheeks are red, I am as happy as a doll can be. But I do not like to see Lucy's doll dressed as well as I am.

Now, I am told there are some little girls who are just like me in these things. They do not care for books or pictures. All they care for is dress; and they do not like to see other little girls with dresses as fine as their own. If you do not want to have people say of you, "She is silly as a doll," you must try and not be like me in these things.

You must love books and pictures. You must care for many other things besides dress. You must like to see your friends dressed as well as you are, and must not feel envy if they are dressed better. Envy is a bad, bad feeling: you must drive it out of your heart, and leave it to dolls.

SARAH'S DOLL.

FROM FLORA.

There is no truth in the story that I am a slave. I am no such thing. I am as good as Sarah's doll; and, if she beats me, I can beat her if Sarah will only help me.

When I am dressed up, I am very handsome. It is true, I am kept in the kitchen, and do not take tea with the two lady dolls. The hair on my head was got from an old mattress, and my eyes are made out of blue beads. But I

know quite as much as the two lady dolls do, and can write just as good a letter.

FLORA.

THE TEST.

Buttercups, every one
Bright, like a summer sun,
  Looking and smiling so bonny,
Some of you come with me—
Something I want to see,
  Want to find out, about Johnny.

If I can slip you in
Close under Johnny's chin;
  If you can there shine clearly;
Though he may own it not,
We shall the truth have got,—
  Johnny loves butter too dearly.

Chasing the dragon-fly,
Johnny, with shout and cry,
  Tramples the fair fields over;
While I string lilac-bells,
Or, in the grassy dells,
  Hunt for the four-leaved clover.

Stirring you through and through,
How the winds play with you,
  Putting you all in a flutter!
Tell me, O buttercup!
Through the grass looking up,
  Tell me, Does Johnny love butter?

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

WINDING THE CLOCK.

WHILE my mother winds the clock, I hold the watch to my ear. "Tick, tick, tick," it says; for it is a real silver watch, and keeps time. My Aunt Alice gave it to me. My name is Alice too; and I was named after my aunt.

I will tell you how she came to give me the watch. She said that she had an old watch that once belonged to her grandfather, who was, of course, my great-grandfather.

"Now, Alice," said my aunt, "if you will learn to tell the time of day, you shall have the watch." So I learnt to tell all the figures on the watch,—1, 2,

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Then I learnt what the short hand of the watch meant, and what the long hand meant.

Then I got my mother to explain to me all about it; and, after a week's practice, I could tell the time of day quite well.

So I called on my Aunt Alice, and said, "Now, aunt, if you please, I will take that old silver watch that once belonged to my great-grandfather."

"What! you haven't learned already to tell the time of day, have you?" cried my aunt.

"Just try me," said I. So my aunt led me to the clock, and pointed to it; and I said at once, without a pause, "It is seven minutes past three o'clock."

"You are right, little girl," said my aunt. "The watch is yours. It does not keep very good time now. It loses about ten minutes a day. But, if you will take care of it, I will send it to the watchmaker's, and have it cleaned and fixed."

This my aunt did, when she found that I took good care of the watch; and now every day I hang the watch up on a nail by the side of my bed. It keeps good time, and I have learnt to wind it up every day myself. My mother says I am a small girl to own a watch, and that mine is rather a big one for a lady: but I love it because it once belonged to my great-grandfather; and he, I am told, was a good man.

ALICE.

THE DOLL'S BONNET.

LITTLE HELEN is three years old. One day, she was tired of playing with her dishes: her blocks would not make houses; and her doll was "naughty," she said. So she came, and laid her curly head on my knee.

"Please take me up, mamma. Tell me a story."

"What shall I tell Helen about?" I said, as I let her "cuddle up cosey" in my lap.

"Tell me about when you were a little girl."

So this is the story I told my darling:—

"When I was a little girl like you, only larger, my Aunt Mary brought me a doll,—a great doll, with a head made of wood, so that I could not break it if I let it fall on the floor.

"This doll had blue eyes and very red cheeks. She was nicely dressed, just like a grown-up lady. But, what pleased me most, she had a bonnet,—a real bonnet made of straw, with a blue ribbon round it. She was a fine doll indeed; and I loved her very much: her name was Lucy.

"We had a little dog then: his name was Carlo. He was quite a young dog; and he would jump about and play, just as the kitten plays with you. One day, my mother took me to spend the day at my grandma's house.

"I left my doll on a great box in the corner of the kitchen; and Carlo was left at home too. We were gone all day. When we came back, I ran to find my dear doll, my pretty Lucy. And where do you think she was?"

Then little Helen opened her eyes very wide, and said, "Where?"

"Why, she was on the floor; and her pretty bonnet was all crushed and torn! Carlo had jumped up in a chair, and then on the box; and he had taken my Lucy by the head, and with his sharp teeth had pulled off the nice straw bonnet, trampled on it, and torn it all in pieces. It was quite spoiled."

"Then what did you do? Did you cry?" asked Helen.

"Yes, I cried very much. Then I ran after Carlo; and I caught him by the hair, and held him fast, and raised my fist to pound him as hard as ever I could, and punish him for touching my doll.

"But my mother would not let me do so to poor Carlo. She said it was my fault for leaving my doll on the box. Carlo did not mean any harm: he did not know any better. I ought to have put my doll in my play-house."

"Tell me about your play-house, mamma."

But I saw that my little Helen's eyes were very sleepy; so I said, "Not now, my darling. Some other time you shall hear about the play-house."

G. T. Brown.

THE POPPY.

Edwin found a bright-red flower in the wheat-field, and brought it home to his mother. "What can it be? Is it a lily?" he asked.

"No," said his mother. "It is a poppy."

"I do not like the smell of it," said he. "It is not so sweet as a rose or as a pink."

"No: this is a flower from which a poisonous drug, called *opium*, is made. A very small bit of opium would put you to sleep, and a large piece

would kill you.”

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

THE wind bloweth wildly: she stands on the shore;
She shudders to hear it, and will evermore.
The rush of the waves, as they rose and they fell,
Evermore to her fancy will sound like a knell.

"When, mother, dear mother, will father return?
His supper is ready, the sticks brightly burn;
His chair is beside them, with dry shoes and coat:
I'm longing to kiss him—oh I where is the boat?

"Why does he not come with his fish on his arm?
He *must* want his supper; he cannot be warm.
I'll stroke his cold cheek, with his wet hair I'll play:
I want so to kiss him—oh! why does he stay?"

Unheeding the voice of that prattler, she stood

To watch the wild war of the tempest and flood.
One little black speck in the distance doth float:
'Tis her world, 'tis her life, 'tis her fisherman's boat!

Her poor heart beats madly 'twixt hope and despair:
She watches his boat with a wild, glassy stare.
Ah! 'tis hid beneath torrents of silvery spray:
Ah! 'tis buried in chasms that yawn for their prey.

Over mountains of horrible waves it is tost:
It is far, it is near, it is safe—*it is lost!*
The proud waves of ocean, unheeding, rush on;
But alas for the little black speck—it is gone!

Oh! weep for the fisherman's boat, but weep more
For the desolate woman who stands on the shore:
She flies to her home with a shrill cry of pain,—
To that home where her loved one may come not again.

All night she sits speechless, her child weeping near;
But no sob shakes her bosom, her eye feels no tear:
In heart-broken, motionless, stupid despair,
She sits gazing on—at his coat and his chair.

Hark! a click of the latch—a hand opens the door—
'Tis a step—her heart leaps—'tis *his* step on the floor:
He stands there before her all dripping and wet;
But his smile and his kiss have warm life in them yet.

He is here, he is safe, though his boat is a wreck:
He sinks in his chair, while her arms clasp his neck;
And a sweet little voice in his ear whispers this:
"Do kiss me, dear father, I long for a kiss!"

A.

MORNING.

How pleasant is the morning!
   How innocent and bright!
How pretty and surprising
To see the sun uprising,
   A ball of golden light;
While sleepy twilight melts away,
And the delicious summer day
   Succeeds the silent night!

How pleasant is the morning!
   The flowers begin to shine:
No longer idly dozing,
Their happy eyes, unclosing,
   Look laughing into mine.
I watch them open one by one,
Bidding good-morning to the sun
   By many a pretty sign.

How pleasant is the morning!
   Bright earth and dewy sky
Delicious tears are weeping,
And rivulets are leaping,
   And breezes flutter by;
And birds and flowers and trees and grass,
And changeful shadows as they pass,
   Enchant the eager eye.

How pleasant is the morning!
   How bountiful is He
Who made delight a duty,
And filled the earth with beauty,
   And gave us eyes to see!
Rejoice, O happy world, rejoice!
And raise to Him thy glad, glad voice,
   Childhood serene and free!

A.

THE HOUSE OF CARDS.

See the card-house, little one!
Is it not amazing fun?
Open wide your bright blue eyes!
High and higher it will rise.

Ah, it falls! a breath of air
Overthrows the fab′ric fair:
Now, dear boy, what shall we do?
Arthur cries, “Why, build anew!”

Right, my boy! we’ll try again:
You shall do like wiser men,—
Keep on trying, brave and true,
Never fear to build anew.

When, a lad, to school you go,
Should you fail your task to know,
Do not then as idlers do,
But cheer up, and build anew.

When, a grown-up man, you try
Some good work to build up high,
Should it fall, and you fall too,
Why, get up and build anew.

If we try to do our best,
We to God may leave the rest;
And, should failure here pursue,
We in heaven may build anew.

Ida Fay.

"THE HOUSE OF CARDS."

THE BLUEBIRDS WHO WOULD HAVE THEIR HOUSE CLEANED.

I WANT to tell you a short story about some birds. It is a true story about Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird.

I have a friend who is very fond of all kinds of pets, and, most of all, of birds; and she loves so much to watch them, that she has put two little bird-houses in the trees near her window.

Here, every year, a pair of bluebirds come to make their home for the summer. My friend likes very much to watch them, as they fly round so busily, getting food for their little ones, and, when the warm weather comes, teaching them to fly.

So, very early every spring, my friend has the gardener clean out the houses, and make them quite nice, and ready for the little birds. But this spring, she was busy about other things; and it was so cold and chilly, she scarcely thought of the birds.

But one morning, as she was sitting by her window, she heard a great twittering and fluttering in the old maple-tree. It was Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird, and they were in some trouble.

Mrs. Bluebird would go into the house and look round; and then she would come out and talk away to Mr. Bluebird; and then he would go in, and they would both come out, and chatter and scold.

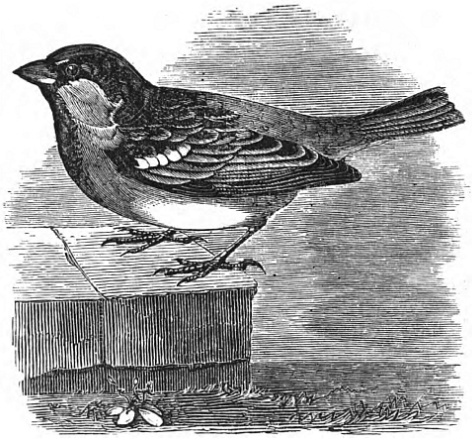
Then they examined the other house; but it did not suit them any better. They said, just as plainly as birds could, that they would not do their own house-cleaning; and then they flew off.

My friend was very much amused; but she felt sorry too, for the disappointed little birds; so she had the houses all put in good order that very day.

The next morning she was much pleased to see the little birds back again. No doubt they were glad to find their house so nicely cleaned and put in order. They went to work happily and cheerfully to build their nest, and then to go to house-keeping for the summer.

Don’t you think they were funny little bluebirds?

CHARLIE’S MAMMA.



THE EUROPEAN HOUSE-SPARROW.

HERE is a picture of the little bird that has lately been brought to our country, where it now begins to increase in numbers. In New York, a great many may be seen in the Central Park, and other parts of the city.

These birds were brought here because it was thought they would free the trees of the worms that do so much hurt to the leaves. How many caterpillars do you think a pair of these sparrows will eat in a week? They will eat four thousand.

But I am sorry to say that some bad stories are told of this bird. It is said he will plague the farmers badly by stealing their grain; that he is a sad thief. In England, boys are sometimes hired by the day to scare him from the wheat-fields.

"How fortunate that you have none of our house-sparrows in America!" said an Englishman, not long ago, to a friend of mine. But these sparrows are now here; and they increase so fast, that, in a few years, we shall have a plenty of them. They have been let loose in the Public Garden in Boston.

I hope they will behave better than some folks seem to expect. The house-sparrow is a pretty little bird, as you see. It likes to stay near houses and barns, and to fly over the new-mown hay. The children love it because it is so tame.

It is said that already, in two seasons, this little bird has done much good in the cities of New York, Newark, and Brooklyn. It has cleared the shade-trees of the insects which were such a pest. It is a hardy bird, and stands our cold winters quite well.

After he is fed, he likes a good frolic. In New York, you may see children feeding these sparrows. A favorite sport with the children is to throw up a feather into the air, and then to see these little birds fly after it, each striving to catch it and bear it off to his nest.

UNCLE CHARLES.

CHARLES READING THE BIBLE.

CHARLES RAY is six years old. He can read to the folks from the good book. He likes to read, and he likes to play too.

But he does not like to play in school. No: while he is in school he minds his task; for he does not want to be a dunce when he grows up.

Charles went to the seaside in June; and, while there, he went in to swim. But he did not go in without a man to take care of him.

The man tied a rope un-der Charles's arms; and, when Charles got be-yond his depth, the man would

pull him back to the shore. But for this, Charles might have sunk.

There was a large black dog, who went in with him one day; and then Charles had a fine time. He would stand on the beach, and throw a stick as far as he could; and the dog would plunge in and swim for it, and bring it back.

Then a horse was brought down to the beach; and Charles rode on his back in-to the sea, till the waves were up to the little boy's knees. Then the horse swam, and Charles thought it was fine fun.

THE STORY OF ROBIN REDBREAST.

THIS is Robin Redbreast, with his little bare feet. He sits and sings all day long, up in the top of the maple-tree.

Robin Redbreast found a string on a little rose-bush down by the door-step. He took it in his bill, and away he flew.

This is the way Robin Redbreast looked when he pulled the string from the rose-bush.

Robin Redbreast built a curious nest. He put in little sticks and straws, and then wove it together with strings.

This is Lady Redbreast, sitting on her three little light blue eggs, in her little soft nest.

Here are the three young robins that peeped all their little soft heads out of the nest one fine spring morning. Mary saw them, and counted them.

W. O. C.

Little Daisy's mother was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes, I know," said the child: "it is the whisper of a laugh."

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Come to the window, Susan, quickly! Get your handkerchief ready to wave. Here come the soldiers marching down the hill. This is Capt. Robert's company of light infantry. They are out in honor of the Fourth of July.

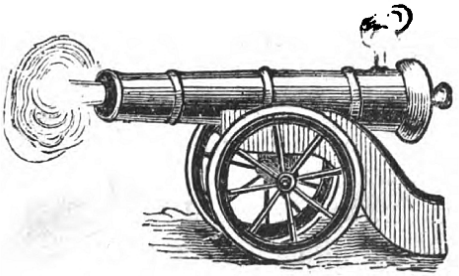
Capt. Robert is a very able officer. He is six years of age. He is very proud of his troops. He raised the company himself, and drilled them in his father's back yard. This is their first public parade.

Look at that tall trooper with the flag! Is he the captain? Oh, no! he is a model soldier; but he is not the captain. You may know Capt. Robert by his cocked hat and his sword. Don't you hear him giving the word of command? What are you laughing at, Susan?

Just look now at the band! There's a trumpeter for you, who blows with his whole soul. Were ever drumsticks handled better? What a fine thing is martial music!

There, they have all passed by. But I will give you their line of march, and you may run round the corner and see them again. Perhaps you would like to follow them. After the parade is over, they are to have a lunch of gingerbread and lemonade at their headquarters in Capt. Robert's back yard. I dare say there will be some fine speeches. I should like to be there; but I suppose none but military men will be admitted.

Alfred Selwyn.



"THE FOURTH OF JULY."

HOW THE ELEPHANT TRIED THE BRIDGE.

"TAKE care, take care! that chair will not bear you: you will fall!"

Crash, crash, crash! Down goes the chair, with poor little Trottie on it!

"There! Did I not tell you you would fall? Get up, and do not cry. You are not hurt."

"But what made the chair give way and break?"

"It is old and weak. If you had done as you were bid, you would not have had a fall at all. You are not as wise as an el′e-phant was, of whom I could tell you."

"Why, what did he do? Tell me of the elephant."

"He took care to do as he was bid. One day, when he had a great load on his back, he came to a bridge which had just been put up; and the man who drove him did not know if the bridge might not be too weak to bear so great a weight.

"So the man said to the elephant, 'Take care, Tim! I do not know if this bridge will bear you.'

"When Tim heard this, he went slow,—oh, quite slow!—and he put one great foot down on the bridge, and pressed hard, to try if the bridge would bear his weight.

"And when he found that the bridge did not so much as crack, then he put his two fore-feet on the bridge, and pressed hard, and gave a great stamp with his feet.

"But the bridge did not so much as shake. So then Tim turned to the man who drove him, and gave him a look which said as plain as words, 'It is all right: I may cross this bridge.' And so he did, and got quite safe to the other side."

"I wish I had been as wise as Tim."

"So do I; for then you would not have tried to get up on a chair not strong enough to bear your weight."

TROTTIE'S AUNT.

HENRY'S HAPPY DAY.

"I HAVE had such a happy day, mother!" said little Henry, as he lay on his bed, after he had said his prayers, and was ready to go to sleep.

"Now tell me what you have done," said his mother.

"Well, first I got up at six o'clock, and went to the barn, and saw Tim milk the cows. Then I came in to breakfast; and you and father each gave me a kiss."

"I will give you another, my dear little boy," said Henry's mother. "Go on with your story."

“Then, mother, you gave me some corn; and Ida and I went to the door, and called the chickens, and I fed them. There was one queer thing that made us laugh.”

“What was that, Henry?”

“Why, while our two little puppies were playing at fighting, and one was going to jump down on the other, the old rooster, who seemed to think they were having a real fight, came up, and tried to part them. Then the mother of the puppies began to growl and bark; but she could not get out of her kennel to bite the rooster. How we did laugh!”

“What more happened to my little son?”

“Then I went to school with Ida; and my teacher said she should give me a reward of merit next week. There was no school in the afternoon; so we went to the fields, and I had a good time playing in the hay while the men were raking it.”

“But what did you do with the two cents I gave you?” asked Henry’s mother.

“I am coming to that by and by, mother,” said Henry. “After we had played in the hay, I thought I would go with Ida, and buy some candy. Just then, an old, old woman came along, who looked so poor, that I said to Ida, ‘I will give one of these two cents to this poor woman.’ ”

“But why did you not give her both?” asked Henry’s mother.

“You naughty mother! You know all about it. Ida has told you. I *did* give the poor woman both the cents,” said Henry, kissing his mamma.

“Well, sir, go on with your story.”

“As we passed through the field, mother, I saw a little bird on the ground. It had fallen from its nest in a bush. So I picked it up, and put it back in its nest; and then I thought how happy the mother-bird would be, and that helped to make me happy too.

“We stopped at a field where a man was reaping wheat; and he told us where we could find some nice ripe blackberries. Well, we went and picked some of the nicest blackberries you ever saw; and, if we had had a basket, we would have brought some home for you and papa.

"As we came home by the pond, we saw an old hen and some little ducks; and I said to Ida—I said to Ida—and Ida said to me—said—Ida—ducks—hen—swim—little ducks—so—Ida—ducks—old hen—and so"—

Little Henry, who, while speaking these words, was half-asleep, now fell fast asleep. I am much afraid we shall never learn the end of his story. I wish he had not fallen asleep before he told us what he said to Ida, and what Ida said to him, and what the old hen did when she saw the little ducks in the water. I would like to know all about it. Would not you?

EMILY CARTER.

THE LITTLE BOY'S MISTAKE.

"WHAT is the matter, my young friend?" asked a lady of little William Scott, who seemed to be quite vexed about something. "What have you in your hand?"

"It is a flower," said the little boy. "I asked a girl I met the name of it; and she mocked me."

"Why, what did she say, William?"

"Instead of telling me the name of the flower, she kept laughing at me, and saying *Sweet William*. Now, what is the name of the flower?"

"Sweet William," said the lady.

"I'll not stay here to be laughed at," said William. "I'll go home and tell my mother."

"Good-by, then, Sweet William," cried the lady laughing, as William ran off, ready to weep with vexation.

As soon as he got into the house, he went to his mother, and, holding up the flower, said, “Mother, please tell me the name of this flower.”

“Sweet William,” said his mother.

“I’m not sweet. I feel angry; I’m ready to cry,” said William. “Why do you all plague me so to-day? When I ask the name of the flower, everybody says, *Sweet William*. I do not like to have people joke me. I will not be laughed at.”

And, as he said these words, William frowned, and threw his cap on the floor.

“Pick up your cap, and come to me,” said his mother.

William obeyed; but a tear glittered on his cheek.

“Now take down your dictionary, and look at the word *sweet*.”

William looked, and said, “I have found it.”

“Now glance down the column, and read the words that begin with *sweet*.”

So William read, *sweet-bread*, *sweet-brier*, *sweeten*, *sweetmeat*, *sweetness*; but here he stopped, blushed, and hung down his head.

The line at which he stopped was this: “*Sweet William*, the name of several species of pink, of the genus Dianthus.”

“Please do not laugh at me,” said William, as he saw a smile on his mother’s face. And then he added, “Yes, you *may* laugh at me. I deserve to be laughed at. And I must run and beg pardon of the girl and the lady who answered my question; for I was rude to them both.”

We must not take offence till we are sure that people mean to give it by what they say. William was quickly forgiven by the girl and the lady, with whom he had been foolishly vexed.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE FLYING-FISH.

OUT of the water into the light
I leap for a moment, then drop out of sight.
They call me a flying-fish; but I've no wing,
Nor can I mount freely like robins, and sing.

The shark and the dolphin, they try and they try
To catch me and eat, but too nimble am I;
For when they come near me, and think I'm their prey,
Up, up, I spring quick, and get out of their way.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE WORDS OF CHRIST.

CONSIDER the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—MATT. vi. 28.

CHARLOTTE CUTTING BREAD AND BUTTER FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHARLOTTE CUTTING BREAD AND BUTTER.

CHAR′LOTTE is bus′y cut′ting bread and but′ter for the chil′dren. I want you to look at the pict′ure, and stud′y it well.

Charles, James, Ma′ry, and Ar′thur stand in front of Char′lotte, wait′ing for the slice she is cut′ting. Ma′ry has her arm round Ar′thur, who is look′ing up ea′ger-ly; for he is hun′gry. James, too, feels that he would like a piece of bread. But Ma′ry is quite will′ing to wait.

Lit′tle Paul sits fast′ened in the high-chair, and holds a piece of bread to his mouth with both hands. He has kicked his shoes and one of his stock′ings off from his feet; for he is still not much more than a ba′by.

On the floor I see a whip, a doll, and a wood′en horse; and the old black cat sits qui′et-ly by. I think she must have been fed, or she would not sit so still while there is some′thing to eat in hand.

But, ah! what is that boy a-bout, who stands be-hind Char′lotte, where she can′not see him? That is Rob′ert; and I am sor′ry to say he is tak′ing a bunch of cher′ries out of a plate with-out ask′ing leave.

That is not right. The cher′ries are put there for all the chil′dren; and Rob′ert ought to wait till Char′lotte is read′y to di-vide them. We must not be greed′y. We must not take what does not be-long to us.

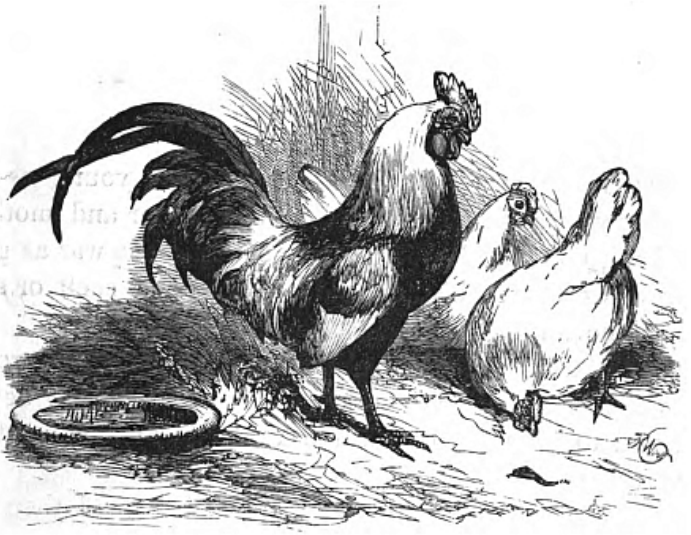
Char′lotte is a good sis′ter. The dear moth′er of these chil′dren is dead; and Char′lotte helps her fa′ther to take care of them. She keeps a lit′tle school for them in the big par′lor, and there teach′es them to read and write.

On a mild day in June, while the chil′dren were at their studies in the school-room, a lit′tle bird flew in at the o′pen win′dow, and fell in′to Char′lotte's lap. It was a young king′bird, and had been chased by a hawk.

Char′lotte took it in her hand, and fed it, and made it tame; so that now it will rest on her head and play with her. Some-times, when she is at work, it will come and take the thread from her hand, and fly off.

Char′lotte is so kind to birds that they love her dear′ly. She has taught them to come to her in the gar′den. They will come and light on her hand, and feed from it. They sing sweet songs when she is by; for they seem to know that she is their friend.

UNCLE CHARLES.



Two hens and a rooster. Is he not a fine, large bird? See his long feathers.

BESSIE'S TEMPTATION.

Little Bessie was just six years old; but, young as she was, she was a great com′fort to her fa′ther and moth′er. Shall I tell you why? Well, it was be-cause she was as good as she was pret′ty. If they told her not to do such or such a thing, she would mind what they said to her.

One Sat′ur-day af-ter-noon, her moth′er, who was go′ing out to call on a sick la′dy, said to Bessie, "Now, my dear, I want you to stay at home while I am a-way. Do not go out of the yard."

"I will stay and keep house," said Bessie. And then her moth′er gave her a kiss, and left her.

It was a bright, mild day. The birds sang sweetly; and the smell of new-mown grass came from the fields. Bessie felt quite hap′py as she sat on the steps of the front door with her kit′ten in her arms.

But she had not sat there long when she heard the voices of chil′dren com′ing near. She looked up, and there, outside the gate, stood two of her little school′mates.

"O Bessie!" said one of them, "we are go′ing to have a nice time, and you must come with us."

"What are you go′ing to do?" asked Bessie.

"We are go′ing to pick some ber′ries, and then we are go′ing to take them home; and Clara says she will ask her moth′er to let us have the doll's tea-set to play with; and we will have the ber′ries for sup′per. Will you come too?"

“Yes, I will come,” said Bessie: “but wait till I take Kitty into the house; for, if I leave her here, some bad boy may come a-long and steal her, or some big dog may scare her.”

So Bessie took her kitten into the house, then came out, and ran to the gate; when all at once she thought of what her moth′er had said to her.

“O Clara! and O Lucy!” said the little girl, “I must not go with you after all.”

“Why, Bessie! you just told us you would go.”

“I know it, and I do want to go so much! But, when I spoke, I for-got that I told mam-ma I would not go out of the yard.”

And the big tears stood in Bessie’s eyes.

“We shall not be gone long; and your moth′er need nev′er know of it,” said Clara.

Poor little Bessie stood there with her hand on the gate. She thought of the nice walk through the fields, and how sweet the ber′ries would taste: but then, had she not told her moth′er she would not go a-way from the house; and was it right for her to break her prom′ise?

“I cannot, I *will* not, go,” said Bessie; “but, if you will stop and play with me till moth′er comes back, I feel sure she will let me go with you then.”

“No, no! we want to go now,” said Clara and Lucy; and off they ran, leaving Bessie with her hand on the gate.

Bessie watched them till they were out of sight, and then she took a seat on the step. She thought of the nice time they would have among the ripe ber′ries, and she sighed just a little at the thought.

Then she went into the house, and played with Kitty, and tried to make Kitty look at the pictures in her book; but Kitty would have liked much more to look at a good sau′cer of milk.

All at once Bessie saw her mother coming up the street So she ran out of the house, and bound′ed through the gate, to meet her and take her by the hand.

“Has my little girl been good?” asked her mother.

“Yes, mam-ma; but I came near to being naugh′ty,—oh, so very near! Clara and Lucy came for me to go and pick ber′ries with them; and I was go′ing, when all at once I thought of what you had told me.”

“You are a good child, Bessie,” said her moth′er; “and here is an or′ange that I bought for you.”

Bessie felt very hap′py that night. Can you tell me why? It was be-cause she had kept her word to her moth′er. How sad she would have been if she

had not done so! Be true to your par′ents, my dear little friends. Nev′er, oh, nev′er, try to de-ceive them!

F. P. S.

EDWIN MAKES HIMSELF USEFUL.

EDWIN is not three years old; but he likes to be of use. When the snow is on the ground, he will put on his greatcoat, and take his little shovel, and help the men shovel off the snow.

When the warm days of June have come, and the men begin to mow the grass, Edwin will take a rake and try to spread the grass, so that the sun may dry it, and make it into hay.

He likes to take a stick and drive the cows home to the barn-yard. The other day he tried to milk one of the cows; but he found it too hard work for so small a boy.

Then he thought to himself, "I can go up in the hay-mow, and see if the old hens have laid any eggs there." So up he went, and he looked here, and he looked there, in the hay, till he caught sight of a white hen sitting on her nest.

"Get up from there, old hen!" said he, "and let me see if you have laid an egg." The white hen did not like to get up; but Edwin made her do so. She scolded him well; but it was of no use. To his great joy, he found four eggs in her nest.

Then he went to another part of the hay-mow, and there he found a black hen sitting. He drove her off, and found five eggs, white and warm, in the nest. So he put them in his apron with the others, and ran to take them to his mother.

But, ah! he ran too fast His foot slipped, he fell! and the eggs rolled out, and were broken on the floor of the barn. The hens flew off as fast as they could go; and the old rooster turned his back on him, and walked away cackling, as if he meant to say, “You are a bad little boy to come and drive off the hens.”

But Edwin was not a bad little boy, though he sometimes fell into mischief in trying to do too much. His mother forgave him for breaking the eggs; and now, when he goes to the barn in search of eggs, he takes a small basket, and puts them in that.

Ida Fay.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

COME, we will our voices raise
In a grateful song of praise;
Children, come and join my song:
Praise and prayer to God belong.
Heavenly Father, oh! impart
Truth and love to every heart.

Though the earth and sky are his,
He our loving Father is;
Though all Nature owns his reign,
He will not our gift disdain.
Heavenly Father, oh! impart
Truth and love to every heart.

We are young, and we are frail;
Soon our mortal strength must fail:
Let us find, O holy One!
Light and peace in Christ thy Son.
Heavenly Father, oh! impart
Truth and love to every heart.

EMILY CARTER.

THE CAT AND THE CHICKEN.

A TRUE STORY.

MRS. HOLDEN had an old hen which had only one little chicken. This little chicken was very feeble, and went peeping about in quite a pitiful way. When Mrs. Holden was in the kitchen one day, and saw the old hen clucking around the doorstep with one chicken, she said to her girl Ann, "I don't think it is of any use to raise that one chicken. I will give it to the cat."

There was a great gray cat under the table, lying in a basket with her three kittens. So Mrs. Holden picked up the poor little chicken, and tossed it into the cat's basket, looking to see it eaten up.

But, instead of hurting it, the old cat began to lick its little downy feathers just as she did her soft little kittens. And the chicken cuddled down close to the cat, and kept warm.

Mrs. Holden said, “Old Pussy isn’t hungry just now.” But old Pussy had no idea of eating up the chicken, even if she was hungry; and, when food was given to the cat and kittens, the chicken ate some too. So it lived with the cats, and began to grow and thrive; and Mrs. Holden used to take her friends into the kitchen to see the funny sight,—a chicken nestling down among the cats, and the old cat washing it like a kitten.

When Mrs. Puss left her basket, the chicken would jump out, and follow her out of doors and in again.

At last one day, when the chicken got as large as a pigeon, the old cat started out to go hunting. She had got nearly round the house, when she looked round, and saw the chicken following her. Then she turned back, and took it by the neck.

“There,” said Mrs. Holden, “the chicken’s gone now! The old cat has killed it!” But she had not. She carried it back to the basket, and dropped it in. Then she went away.

But she had not got round the house, before the chicken was out and after her again. The old cat heard it, and turned about, and took it by the neck the second time.

“She’ll finish it this time,” said Mrs. Holden. But the cat only carried it back, and dropped it in the basket, and went the same way she did before. In a minute, the chicken was after her. The old cat turned about the third time.

“Now she will surely kill it,” said Mrs. Holden. But she did not She carried it dangling along, and dropped it in the basket, and it staid there that time.

So the chicken lived with the cat after the kittens were given away. She grew to be a very good hen, only she never learned to go to roost like other hens. I do not think all cats would be so kind to a chicken as that cat was: do you?

HARRIET F. WOODS.

A boy on the back of a cow. Look at them!

WISHING.

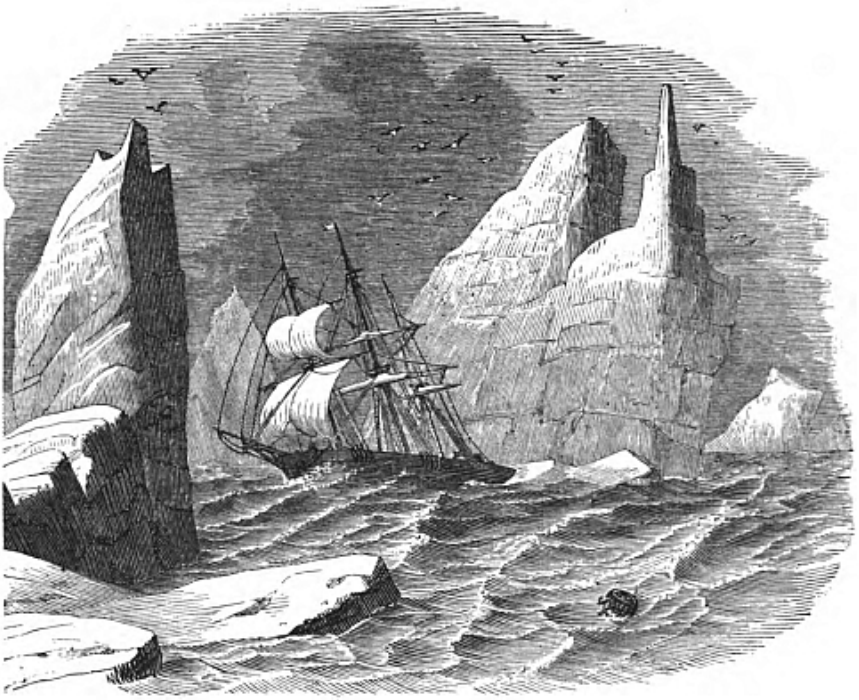
RING-TING! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm-tree for our king.

Nay, stay! I wish I were an elm-tree,
A great lofty elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly to me sing.

Oh, no! I wish I were a robin!—
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing.

Well, tell! Where should I fly to?
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before the day was over,
Home comes the little rover,
For *mother's kiss*—sweeter this
Than any other thing!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



PLAYING AT ICEBERGS.

THE FOURTH of July was a very hot day,—so hot that we did not feel like walking in the sunshine; so hot that the hens kept in the shade, and the old cat lay down in a cool place in the cellar.

It was voted by the children in our house that we would all stay at home, and have as good a time as we could. It would take me too long to tell you of all our games; but I can tell you of one which seemed to suit the heat of the day quite well.

Little Albert called it "Playing at Icebergs."

But what is an iceberg? some may ask. You know what ice is? Well, a berg is a great mass or hill of floating ice. Far at the north, where it is very cold, great heaps of ice form along the shores; and in summer they break away, and drift toward the south.

Sometimes these heaps of ice are a mile long and half a mile wide, and as high as the highest house you ever saw. When these bergs are afloat, the ice under water is about eight times more than that above water.

The ship that comes near to these great heaps of ice is in much danger: for, if she should hit them, great splinters of ice might fall and crush her; or, in the night, she might run against an iceberg and be wrecked.

But I must not forget to tell you how we played at icebergs on the Fourth of July. You must know that we have, in one of our upper rooms, a tank which is six feet long by three feet wide. I think that must be quite as large as the table at which you take your meals.

This tank was filled with rain-water; and we were told that we might make little boats out of shingles and paper, and sail them in the tank. This we did; but, as the water was rather warm, my brother Henry ran to the ice-house, and got six large lumps of ice, which he put into the water.

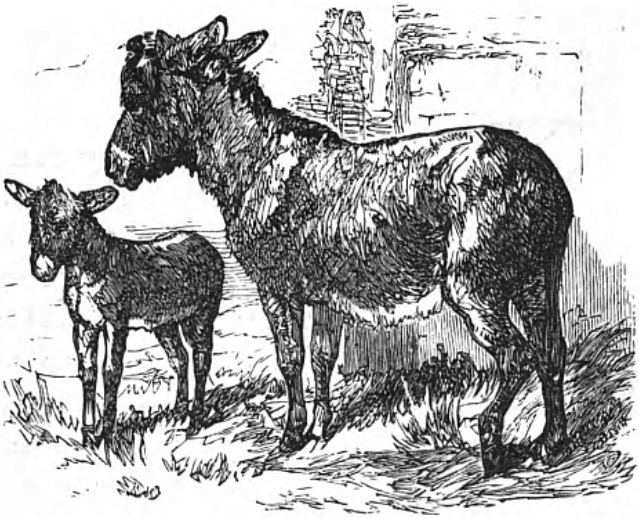
It was then that we began playing at icebergs. First, Albert's boat ran on an iceberg, and was upset; then, as Mark Winslow's ship was sailing before a fair wind, down came a great iceberg, and tumbled over on to it, and sank it. The whole cargo, made up of wooden nutmegs, was lost.

We looked at the iceberg to see how much more of it was under water than above. I think I am right in what I have told you on this point. Some men who were in Albert's boat when it sank were saved, and put on an iceberg; but they must have had a cold time of it there, floating about on ice. Still, as they were made of pewter, ice was much safer for them than fire would have been.

One of these men, who had on a red cap, and carried a gun, fell into the water, and sank to the bottom just like lead. I am glad to say, that, with the aid of a pair of tongs, he was saved. When brought up, he seemed to be quite as hearty as he was before he was drowned. We offered him lemonade, and treated him well.

The ice lasted about half an hour. Then it was found to be nearly all melted; and, as we were nearly all melted likewise, we thought we would go down stairs, and each find as cool a place as he could, and keep fresh for the fireworks in the evening.

Alfred Selwyn.



THE DONKEYS.

JOHN has the promise of a little donkey. This little donkey is yet with its mother, and is not quite large enough for John to ride. But John's father tells him that in four months the little donkey will be quite large enough for him to ride. Will not John have good times then? I think he will.

LIZZIE AND HER CHICKS.

HERE is Biddy with her five little chicks. She had eight chicks at first; but three of them died. They went out in the rain, and took cold. Then I thought that Biddy had better keep in her pen when it rained.

Now these five little chicks have very nice times every day. They scratch in the dirt for worms; and, when a bug flies along, they run after it. If their mother finds any thing for them, she clucks, and tells them to come and get it. When the sun goes down, then the little chicks are all tired. Their little eyes feel sleepy, and they begin to say, "Peep, peep;" which means that they want to go to bed. So the Biddy tucks them all up under her feathers, just as you see in the picture.

Lizzie went out in the morning to feed the chicks, and to give them some drink. They had just waked up, and were peeping out from under their mother's wing. As soon as Lizzie called them, they all ran out to meet her. They picked up the nice crumbs, and then ran to the dish to drink.

W. O. C.

MORE SCARED THAN HURT.

I KNOW a boy whose name is John Blunt. He is a boy who boasts a good deal. To hear him talk, you would think he was a brave boy,—one who did not fear to walk for miles through a thick wood on a dark night.

But, as you will see, John was bold in his words, but not in his acts. If a small, weak boy came in his way, John would knock off his hat, or try to

throw him down; but let the boy be large and strong, and John would take care not to do or say what would tease him.

Once John met a small boy, who, though he was small, was strong and brave; and so, when John said to him, "Come here to me," this boy, whose name was Charles, said, "If you will ask me in the right way to come, I will come; but I shall not mind you so long as you speak in that tone of voice."

Then John ran at him to strike him, and throw him down. Charles stood his ground; and, when John put up his arm to strike him, Charles took hold of it so hard, that John cried out with pain, and tried to get a-way.

Then Charles said, "I do not fear you, John Blunt. I do not like to fight; but you may be sure I shall not let you strike me, or throw me down. So now do what you can." And with these words, Charles let go his arm, and stood up, brave and proud, face to face with the big boy.

"I was in fun," said John Blunt, who thought it best to walk off, and not to play tricks on Charles. But Charles cried out to him as he went, "Take heed now of what I say, John Blunt: from this time forth, I shall not let you knock off the hats of small boys. If I see you do it, I shall stop you. So look out, and treat small boys well."

Since that time, John has not been rude to small boys when Charles has been by to see him.

But what I sat down to tell you of now is how John was scared in the grove last week. The sun had set, and the new moon was in the sky, so that it was not quite dark. John had been sent to a place three miles off to get a man to come to mow grass the next day.

John saw some boys at play, and stopped a long while to see them. On his way home, he had to pass through a grove of oak and pine trees. John did not like this. He thought of rob′bers, and he thought of wolves, though no one had ev′er seen a rob′ber or a wolf in that grove.

All at once he heard steps in the dry leaves near by. "Ah! that must be a wolf," thought John; and he shook with fear. Trot, trot, trot!—near and more near came the sound. "Help, help!" cried John. "Here is a wild beast in the grove. Will no one come to help me?"

In his fear, John fell on the ground, and hid his face with his arms, so that he might not see the grim thing. On it came, near and more near—trot, trot, trot! And now it stands over him; it breathes in his ear; it licks his hand. "Oh, don't! oh, don't! Help, help!" cried John.

But no one came; and, as the beast kept on lick′ing his hand, John at last grew so bold as to look up. What did he see? Only old Boz, the miller's dog!

Boz had been tied up all day. At last he broke the rope that held him, and ran out in the grove to have a good time.

How glad John was when he found it was Boz! He made Boz go home with him; for John did not feel quite sure that he might not meet a wolf, and it was well to have a friend in need. John gave Boz some milk and a bone when they got home. Then Boz ran back to the mill, and kept watch there, like a good dog, all night.

EMILY CARTER.

WHO'LL BUY THE BABY?

A BABY at auction!
Who wishes to buy?
With small pretty features,
And laughing blue eye.

To those who would purchase,
We've only to say,
She'll furnish you music
By night and by day.

She sings like a robin,
And coos like a dove;
Her heart is o'erflowing
With sweetness and love.

Now, who'll buy the baby?
She's fresh as a rose,
With soft dimpled fingers,
And little pink toes.

She cannot be purchased
For silver or gold:
For mother's love only
Will baby be sold.

No bid for our darling!
Then home we must go;
For no one loves baby
Like mother, I know.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

HOW THE CAT WAS LOST AND FOUND.

MY friend Miss Jones had a cat to which she gave the name of Buff. One day, when Miss Jones called her, there was no Buff to be found,—no Buff to say, "Mew! mew!" mean′ing, "Here I am!"

Miss Jones looked here, and looked there; and the maids looked, and the men looked: but there was no Buff to mew out, "Here I am! here I am!"

And the day went by, and the night came; but no Buff came with them. And once more the day came, and night came; but no Buff came with them. And so two weeks went by, and no one saw poor Buff.

Then my friend Miss Jones gave Buff up for lost, and said, "My poor cat, I shall see you no more. You were such a fine, nice cat, that I fear some bad man has put you to death for the sake of your soft white fur."

At this thought, Miss Jones, I am grieved to say, sat down in her arm-chair, and cried.

Now, a day had come when she was to go and stay from home; and the coach was at the door. And, just as Miss Jones was to get in, one of the maids said to her, "You will be cold: you must have your warm cloak."

"No, no," said Miss Jones. "My warm cloak is put by where no one but I can get it; and I will not get it now."

"Then you must not go at all, Miss Jones," said the maid. "You must not go to take cold and be ill."

So Miss Jones had to go back to the house to get her cloak; and she went to a room at the top of the house, in which her cloak had been put by. And, as she went in′to the room, she heard a sound of "Mew! mew! mew!" Oh! quite soft and low.

"Hark! That is Buff's voice. I am sure that is Buff," thought Miss Jones; and she was like to jump for joy.

And she looked this way, and she looked that, but there was no Buff; and yet Miss Jones was sure that the sound came from Buff. So Miss Jones said, "Buff, Buff, Buff! Where are you, my dear Buff?"

And then there was a soft, low *mew*, which seemed to come out of the wall, and to say, "Here I am: I am shut in. Pray let me out."

And Miss Jones went up to the wall; and in it she saw a door, and in the door a lock. So she turned the key of the lock, and the door gave way; and there on the floor was Buff, so thin,—oh! so thin,—that she seemed no more than skin and bones.

Buff could not move, she was so weak; but she looked up at my friend, and said, "Mew! mew! mew!" which meant, "I am so glad, so glad, so glad to see you!"

And Miss Jones took Buff up in her arms, and bore her to a nice warm room, and gave her nice warm new milk: and poor Buff could not lap it at

first; but by and by she lapped the milk, and then she did not feel so weak and ill.

In a short time, Buff was well, and could run and jump and play once more; and Miss Jones was right glad to see her fine cat well once more.

"Oh, I am so glad that Buff was found!" said Trottie. "It would have been so sad if Buff had been put to death for the sake of her soft white fur."

"Yes: it would have been sad. I am glad that Buff was found."

TROTTIE'S AUNT.

THE HORSE THAT CALLED A DOCTOR.

THE story of the horse that went to the blacksmith when his shoe hurt him reminds me of one that went to a doctor of his own accord. It is a true story.

He had been sick several times with the same disease; and a farrier (which means a horse-doctor) had given him medicine that always cured him.

One day, when Old Jack was out at work with other horses, he was taken sick again; and, when no one was near him, he started off, and went to the farrier's house. It was nearly a mile away.

The man at first supposed the horse's owner must have come with him; and he looked around in every direction. But, as he did not see any one, he thought the horse was sick, and had come for help.

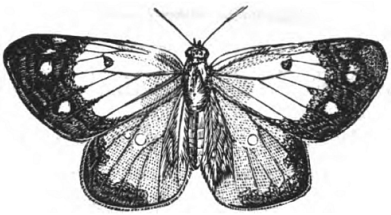
So the man unharnessed him; and the horse at once lay down, and showed, as plainly as if he could have said it, that he was in pain.

The same remedies that had helped him before were used; and in a little time the horse was better, and was sent home to his master, who had been looking for him.

Horses know a good deal; and, when treated kindly, they grow to love their masters very much. They try to serve you all that is in their power. It is wicked to abuse them.

No person can be truly happy, even in this world, who is not kind to God's creatures; nor can he be fit to dwell in heaven by and by.

M. O. JOHNSON.



THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

BOY.

Butterfly, upon the wing,
Pretty, fluttering little thing,
Floating, hovering in the air,—
On what do you live up there?

BUTTERFLY.

Honey-dew, sunshine sweet,
Is the food I have to eat.

The insect gay floated away,
Fearing the boy would mar its joy;
And as it went on glittering wing
Floating, thus it seemed to sing,
"Dear child, it is so bright
In the glad sunlight,
Catch me not, but let me fly:
To-morrow, cold and dead I'll lie."

M. E. L.

WHICH IS THE PRETTIER DOLL?

THERE were two lit′tle girls. The name of one was Mar′tha; of the oth′er, Ra′chel. They were sis′ters. Mar′tha was the eld′er of the two, and ought to have known bet′ter than to quar′rel: but these lit′tle girls *did* quar′rel; and what do you think it was a-bout?

I will tell you what it was a-bout. It was a-bout whose doll was the pretvti-er. Ra′chel said, "My doll is the pret′ti-er doll of the two." And then Mar′tha said, "No, it is not. My lit′tle Flo′ra is much bet′ter look′ing than your fat old Ro′sa."

Now, Ra′chel did not like to hear her doll called “fat old Ro′sa.” The doll was a pres′ent from her aunt, and Ra′chel set great store by it; and so she said to Mar′tha, “You are a bad girl to call my doll ‘fat and old.’ ”

Mar′tha did not like to be called a bad girl. So she said, “I shall not speak to you till you ask my par′don.” And Ra′chel said, “I shall not ask your par′don.”

And so there they stood, the two sis′ters, each with her doll on her arm, and each feel′ing sulk′y and cross. Just look at them! Now, was it not silly for them to quar′rel a-bout so slight a thing?

Their moth′er came down stairs, and found them stand′ing there, still and speechless. When she learnt what was the mat′ter, she took both the dolls a-way from them, and locked them up, and said, “If the dolls are to be made a cause of strife, they must be put out of the way.”

Mar′tha felt a-shamed; and, af′ter a silence of some min′utes, she went up to Ra′chel, and kissed her, and said, “I ask your par′don if I hurt your feelings.”—“And I am sor′ry that I said what I did,” cried Ra′chel, giving her a kiss in re-turn.

And so the grand quar′rel was made up. The dolls were given back to the chil′dren. Then Mar′tha and Ra′chel put them into their lit′tle car′riage, and went out by the wayside, near the fields, and plucked wild ros′es, but′ter-cups, daisies, and red clo′ver. They had a good time; and I hope they will be too wise to quar′rel more.

Anna Livingston.

FRANK LEARNS TO WALK.

KATE says to Frank, "Be brave now, and try to walk. You will not fall if you will but think that you will not fall. Come, do not fear. I will hold my arms wide to catch you if you should fall."

Frank does not fall. He is more than a year old by one month. He walks to Kate, and she takes him in her arms, and gives him a kiss.

See, his small cart is on the floor; and Kate's doll is on the floor too. Frank will put the doll in the cart by and by, and push it back and forth. He loves to play; but I hope he will love to learn, too, as he grows up.

In the barn, there is an old black dog whose name is Bob. Bob is good to Frank, and will let Kate put Frank on his back. Then Bob will give him a ride,

first to the front gate, then to the grove, and then to the pond.

On the pond, near the shore, there is a boat; and some-times Jane and Frank get in-to the boat and rock it. Bob stands by to see that no harm comes to them. If Frank should fall from the boat, Bob would rush to take care of him; for Bob is a good, strong old dog, and likes to be of use.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

It is a sad thing to be at sea, not far from the coast, in a storm. The fear is that the gale, if it comes from the wrong point, will then drive the ship on to the rocks or sands of the shore.

On a day in spring, two years since, the wind blew hard from the north-east; so hard, that the folks in the good ship "John Bright," which lay not quite four miles from the coast, were in great fear of their lives.

At night, the fog set in with rain; and it was so dark, that the crew did not know how near the shore they were. When the light dawned the next day, they found the ship was near a reef of rocks; and she soon struck on them, and there she lay for some time.

The waves would rush in and lift the ship, and then go back, and let her fall on the sharp, rough rocks; and the folks on board the ship saw, that, if they did not soon have help from the shore, they must be lost in the wild sea, or tossed on the rocks and killed.

But there were brave folks on the shore, who were quick to lend their aid. They drew the life-boat down from the house where it was kept, and then got on board, and went out to the poor ship that lay a wreck on the reef.

A life-boat, you must know, is so made that it can-not well be sunk. It will float on the top of the waves; and, if the waves rush into it, it will still float They can-not sink it.

There were seven brave men in the life-boat that went out to the ship "John Bright." On board the ship they found, be-sides the crew, three women and a baby. How glad they all were to see the life-boat come to save them!

First the women and the baby were put in the boat; then the men got in, and the boat was rowed back to the shore; and all were saved. The baby did not cry all the time; and the mother said it should be called John Bright, after the good ship that had been lost.

UNCLE CHARLES.

"HOW SHALL WE CUT THE ORANGE?"

ALICE wanted to cut up two oranges so as to divide them equally among seven children. How do you think she did it?

EDDIE'S GOOD-NIGHT HYMN.

THE little boy's play is over for the day. The busy feet, tired with their running at home and at school, are ready for rest. And now, as he comes to his mother's side to say his evening prayer, and then give his good-night kiss, dear mamma, stroking his forehead, says, "Eddie has been a good boy to-day: I am sure he has *tried* to be: and that makes mamma very glad."

And Aunt Sophie, sitting by, holds up a nice little sheet of note-paper, and says, "Hear what auntie has written for him."

I am happy, happy, happy,
For I have been good to-day:
While at school I pleased my teacher,
And was gentle in my play.

I have done as mother told me:
I have said no angry word;
For I know that angry children
Are not pleasing to the Lord.

Oh! 'tis pleasant to remember,
When I go to rest at night,
That through all the day, since morning,
I have striven to do right.

And I know that God will hear me
If I ask him every day,
And that his dear love will lead me
In his sweet and pleasant way.

Now may loving angels guard us,
Till the morning's rosy light
Wakes us from our quiet slumbers:
Darling mother, now good-night!

E. O. P.

ELLEN'S BUNCH OF GRAPES.

THE grapes hung purple on the wall. They were Ellen's grapes. She had raised them from a small vine which now bore one nice bunch, and only one. This she had watched for some weeks.

She had seen the grapes when they were little green dots, no larger than the head of a pin. Day by day, and week by week, they grew and grew till they became quite large, and began to turn purple.

And at last they were ripe, and ready to be plucked. "How nice and sweet they must be!" thought Ellen. "How I would like to eat them all down!"

But she did not eat them. She thought of Mary Draper, a little schoolmate who had been very ill for six weeks, and who, it was feared, would never get well.

Ellen cut the bunch from the stem, put it in a nice basket, and took it to Mary Draper. How glad Mary was! I think it must have helped to make her well; for from that time she grew better, and she is now well enough to go to school. She will never forget Ellen's kindness.

"How much sweeter it was to do good to Mary than to eat the grapes myself!" thought Ellen.

ALICE.

LUCIAN AND HIS COUSIN LILY FRIGHTENED AT A WHAT-IS-IT!

LUCIAN AND HIS COUSIN.

I THINK I once told you of Lucian and his cous′in Lily,—how Lucian want′ed Lily to go forth with him into the wide world; and how they met some bad boys who tried to take away Lily's pet lamb (but it was made of wood); and how Lily then cried to go back home.

One fine day, not long after this, they thought they would once more go forth and see the world all by them-selves. So, as soon as they had eat′en their din′ner, they left the house, and went into the wood.

Here it was so pleas′ant, that they sat down on a rock, and watched the birds, as they flew from branch to branch or sang sweet songs on the stone wall near by.

Lily found some bright green moss, and this pleased her a good deal. She found a bay′berry-bush; and the leaves were so sweet to smell of, that she plucked quite a hand′ful. Lucian told her it was also called *wax myrtle*, and that a nice, fra′grant wax could be made from the ber′ries.

All at once, Lucian cried out, "O Lily! here is some penny-royal." And then Lily ran to the spot, and they picked as many stalks of this sweet-scented herb as they could car′ry.

But by and by, when they came to a wall where the black-berries grew large and sweet, Lucian and Lily threw away all the sprigs and herbs and flowers they had gath′ered, and be-gan to pick and eat the ber′ries.

"What a good time we are hav′ing!" said Lily.

"Yes," said Lucian; "but we must not stay here. We must go on till we can find a place where we can pass the night."

So the chil′dren went on through the wood; and the wood grew thick′er and dark′er; and the little birds stopped sing′ing, all ex-cept the thrush, and that sang sweet′er than ever for a time. But at last the thrush stopped sing′ing too; and then the wood grew so still and dark, that Lily said she would like to go home.

"Now, don't play the cow′ard again! Be brave this time, do!" said Lucian.

But, as he spoke these words, a strange an′i-mal—an animal he had never seen—flew before his eyes, and made him won′der.

"Oh, dear! What is it? what is it?" cried Lily.

"I don't know what it is! I never saw such a beast before," said Lucian.

And then, as it flew once more be-fore his eyes, and brushed his cheek with its wing, Lucian ducked his head, and put up his arms, and ran and

screamed as if a wolf were at his heels.

Lily, see′ing that Lucian was so fright′ened, thought it was time for her to be brave; and so, after her first fear, she looked up and saw that the dread′ful *what is it* was noth′ing but a bat. She had seen a pict′ure of one in a book, and she was sure this was a bat.

So Lily called to Lucian to stop. And then she went to him, and laughed at him, and said, “Who is the cow′ard now?”

Lucian felt some shame when he saw that his cous′in, who was younger than he, and a girl, was the more brave of the two. So he said, “I think we will go home, Lily.”

But this was not so ea′sy. They could not find the path. They sat down on the rock, and cried out, “Help, help!” They did not have to wait long. Old Bob the dog came once more to their aid. He showed them their way home; and there they found the folks just sit′ting down to the tea-table.

I will tell you one of these days what Lucian and his cous′in did a few weeks after this.

ESTELLE KARR.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

What do you suppose the bright little bird,
As through the air he whirls,
Or softly broods in his leafy nest,
Thinks of us boys and girls?

Do you suppose, as the morning light
Steals rosily through the gray,
That he yawns, and says to his sleepy wife,
"Will the children be out to day?

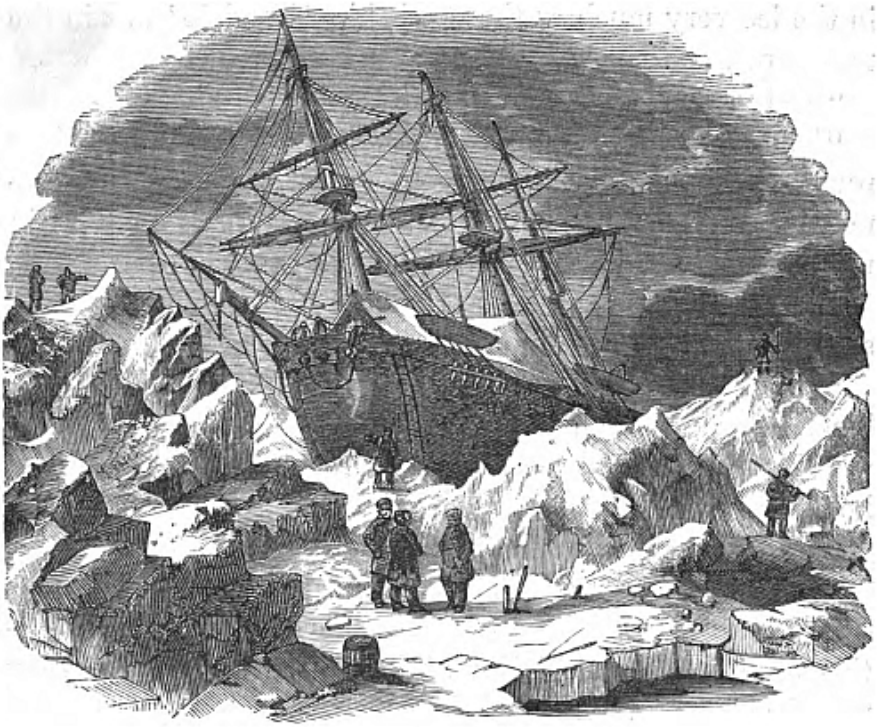
"How queer they look! such a noise they make!
And they run and climb so high!
But they can't even give one little bird-trill;
And—poor little things!—they can't fly."

O little brown bird with shining black eyes!
Nestle close in your soft swinging nest:
We envy you not your gay, careless lives,
For our Father knoweth best.

And he gives to *you* to pour forth songs
As up through his skies you soar;
But to *us* he gives immortal souls,
To praise him evermore.

WILLIE'S MAMMA.

BRADFORD, N. H.



THE SHIP IN THE ICE.

AFTER we had played at ice′bergs by put′ting large lumps of ice in the tank, we went to the ice-house with our ships; and there we talked with Uncle Charles, who had come to get some ice for a pitch′er of lem-on-ade.

"I won′der," said Albert, "if ships ever get wedged in the ice so that they can′not get out."

"Give me your ship, and I will tell you," said Uncle Charles.

He took it, and then, with a hatch′et which he held in his hand, cut a place be-tween two large blocks of ice, and put the ship in it.

"There!" said Uncle Charles, "your ship is now nipped in the ice very much as the good ship 'Terrible' was in the month of Sep-tem′ber, 1836."

"Tell us a-bout it," said Albert

"The 'Terrible' sailed from England to find a pass′age round the north coast of America. Capt. Ross had the command of the ship. When in Baf′fin's Bay the ice closed in upon the ship, and she had to stay there ten months."

“Ten months in the ice! I should not have liked that,” said Albert “What did the men find to do?”

“Well, it was rath′er te′dious for them, I con-fess,” said Uncle Charles. “They could climb about on the ice round the ship, as you may see from this pict′ure, which shows you how the ship lay.”

“But what did they do for things to eat?”

“Oh! they had a good stock of food on board the ship. Some-times they would suc-ceed in shoot′ing a duck. Some-times the sail′ors would play at leap-frog. Sometimes they would act plays. The capt′ain tried hard to keep them cheer′ful.”

“How did they get the ship out from the grip of the ice?”

“The sun helped them out of their scrape. In the month of July, 1837, the ice round the ship melt′ed and broke away; and then the men were so glad, that they gave three cheers. They hoist′ed the sails; and soon the good ship ‘Terrible’ sailed away from the froz′en coast, and got into clear water. On the third of September, she was in sight of the coast of Ireland; and there they were home once more.”

“I hope, when I go to sea,” said Albert, “we shall keep our ship out of the way of ice′bergs and of fields of ice.”

“I hope so too,” said Uncle Charles. “As we sit here by the ice-house on a hot day like this, we get just as much ice as is pleas′ant; but to be jammed in the ice for ten months of one’s life is what I call get′ting too much of a good thing.”

Alfred Selwyn.

ALFRED'S MISHAP.

ALFRED was a little boy not four years old. He was a good boy most of the time; but he liked to play in the water.

Near the house where he lived, there was a brook; and, at the edge of the brook, there was a little raft tied to the shore.

Sometimes Alfred's mother would go down to the brook to wash clothes; and Alfred would go with her, and play in the water while she was at work.

One day he went on to the raft to play. He took off his shoes, and tied a string to them. Then he thought he would dip one shoe into the brook, and bring up some water to drink. This he did, as you may see from the two pictures.

Then Alfred thought he would make the shoes float about like a boat. “A shoe,” he thought, “is much like

a boat in form. I will play that these are two boats, and that they are going far off to sea. I will put two chips in them, and play that these are the men that guide the boats."

No sooner thought of than done! But, ah! Alfred let go his hold of the string, and in trying to seize the shoes before they might float away, he fell into the brook head first, and was wet from top to toe.

Was he drowned? I am glad to say he was not.

HOW GRIP TOOK CARE OF THE LADY.

Miss Lane, a friend of mine, had a nice gray dog; and he was a big dog too. And, when Miss Lane went for a ride, the dog went with her; and he would run and race from her, and then he would run and race back, and bark, and be glad to have such a nice run.

The name of this dog was Grip. One day, when Miss Lane was to go for her ride, the man who used to ride with her was ill. So the folks all said that

Miss Lane must not go to ride that day. But she did not like to lose her ride: so she said she would ride in the park,—she would be safe in the park.

When her horse came to the door, her good dog Grip came too. And he looked this way, and he looked that, to see if he could spy the man; but no, —no man was there. Then Grip went up to Miss Lane, and looked up in her face, and barked, as much as to say, "You cannot go to ride to-day; for the man is not here to take care of you."

But when Grip saw Miss Lane get on her horse, then he must have thought, "Ah! you will go, will you? Well, then, I must try a new plan. I must take care of you my-self, since the man is not here."

So Grip ran up to the side of Miss Lane; and he took a bit of her dress in his teeth, and he would not let it go, let them say what they would. And when Miss Lane let the horse walk, then Grip would walk, too, by her side; and when the horse went fast, then Grip would go fast too,—oh! quite fast.

And so she rode, and Grip ran; and he did not let go of her dress, no, not all the time that she was out for her ride; no, nor till she came home, and got off from her horse at the door: and then Grip let go his hold.

As soon as he let go his hold, he looked up in Miss Lane's face, and barked, as if he would like to say to her, if he could, "Am I not a good dog? And did I not take as much care of you as the man does? I did not let go my hold—no, not once—all the time you were out, though the horse went quite fast."

"Oh! he was a good dog," said Trottie, "to hold on so, and take care of Miss Lane, though the horse went quite fast. I should love that dog. How Miss Lane must love him!"

"Yes, she does, Trottie; and Grip loves her too."

TROTTIE'S AUNT.

CHARLES AND HIS DOG.

A TRUE STORY.

Charles Napier was a brave little fel′low. Once, when he was a small boy, as he was catch′ing fish, a great, fierce ea′gle flew down on to his shoul′ders, and took the fish out of his hands.

Far from be′ing fright′ened, Charles caught another fish, and held it up to the ea′gle, and said, “Come and take this one if you dare, you old thief of a bird!” But the eagle did not dare to come.

On a warm day in June, Charles went with some boys to bathe in a stream near his house. None of the boys knew how to swim; but Charles had a big dog with him, whose name was Tim, and who could swim well.

So Charles said, “Now, Tim, you must let me tie this rope to your collar, and then I will take hold of it, and you can swim with me a-cross the stream to the oth′er bank.”

Now, this was a rash thing for Charles to do. The water was over his head, and he could not swim. He could not be sure that Tim would take good care of him. But Tim *did* take good care of him. Tim swam with him to the other bank, and then swam back with him, while Charles held on to the good dog’s neck.

Charles’s moth′er, when she heard what he had done, told him he must prom′ise not to do so again till he could swim. Charles gave his word, and kept it; for he could not be made to tell a lie. If you would be brave and good, you must speak the truth.

Charles Napier was born in England, in the year 1782. He be-came a great gen′er-al. He was brave and just. He was kind too. He would not harm a worm if he could help it. He tried to do his du′ty. He was not a-fraid to work. His men all loved him, and did as he told them.

UNCLE CHARLES.

“Say, would you lead a happy life,
All bright with constant beauty?
Be brave, be loving, and be true,
And always do your duty.”

EVENING.

It is the hour of evening,
  When Nature is at rest:
Each weary bird is sleeping
  Within its pleasant nest;
The bee hath ceased its humming,
  The fish no longer springs,
Even the happy butterfly
  Closeth its shining wings.

The pretty flowers are lying
  Half hidden in the grass:
They cannot hear our footsteps
  Or our voices as we pass;
For all their darling blossoms
  Are shut in slumber deep,
Just like the eyes of children
  When they are fast asleep.

The little stars are twinkling:
  See how they shine and shake!
The little stars are sleepy:
  They cannot keep awake.
The moon has hidden from us,
  She is so very proud;
But I know that she is sleeping
  Behind yon silver cloud.

The flowing of the water
  Is a very sleepy sound,—
The lullaby of Nature,
  With silence all around:
The music of the night-time,
  It stealeth to repose:
The never-resting water,
  How sleepily it flows!

A.

NORA'S HYMN.

KEEP me, Lord, from harm secure;
Keep me watchful, keep me pure;
Teach me from the bad to turn,
And the good alone to learn.

Should a playmate me entice
To a deed or thought of vice,
Draw me back, good angels all,
Lest I falter, lest I fall.

Let the thought of death be bright,
With a ray of heavenly light;
May I meet my parents dear
In a higher, happier sphere!

Good and modest let me be,
Seeking help, my God, from thee:
Fit me for that life above,—
Life of wisdom, life of love!

EMILY CARTER.

DON’T DO THAT, NAUGHTY SHEEP.

It is long since I told you about Rosy. She is the little girl who lives in France with her par′ents. She went with them from New York when she was a baby. She is now four years old.

Last spring, Rosy went with her moth′er to a nice place in the coun′try. It was a place near some hills; and on the hills a great many sheep and lambs were to be seen.

Rosy used to walk out with her mother to look at the sheep and lambs, and to pluck the wild-flowers that grew on the hills. One day she made a wreath of some nice plants and flowers, and her mother tied it round Rosy's hat.

Then they went near′er to the sheep; and, while Rosy stood hold′ing her moth′er's hand, a young sheep came up be-hind her—and what do you think it did?

It did a very sau′cy thing. It put its mouth up to Rosy's hat, and nib′bled off the nice wreath which she had made with so much care out of plants and flowers.

"Don't do that, naugh′ty sheep!" Rosy cried out, as soon as she found out what the sheep was do′ing. Her moth′er laughed; and Rosy took off the wreath, and gave it all to the sheep to eat.

"Since you have eaten so much of it, you may as well eat the whole," said Rosy.

Was it not a queer thing for the sheep to do? Indeed, I think it was.

ESTELLE KARR.

THE REAPERS.

Here are two reapers at work in the field!
The wheat that they reap, a good flour will yield.

MINNIE'S GIFT.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

LITTLE HEN′RY had been ab′sent from school some days, when his moth′er called, at his re-quest, to ask the teach′er to save his place in the class.

The chil′dren looked very sor′ry when they heard Mrs. Lane tell how sick their dear play′mate had been.

So the teach′er said, "Chil′dren, have you not some′thing which you would like to send to little Henry?"

"I have a top at home, which I know he will like," said Emma.

"Henry is too sick," re-plied the teach′er, "to play with a top: be-sides, Mrs. Lane can′not wait for you to bring it. I am quite sure, how-ev′er, that each of the little girls and boys here has some′thing which poor Henry will be glad to get. Can you not guess what it is?"

"Oh!" cried Ella, "I know,—a kiss, and our love."

"Yes," said the teach′er, "that is what I meant: Mrs. Lane will be glad to take your love and kiss′es to her dear boy."

So fif′ty ti′ny hands were placed upon as many little mouths, and fifty lov′ing kisses were thrown to Mrs. Lane for their sick friend.

As Mrs. Lane was about to leave, Min′nie said, “I know of some′thing for Henry bet′ter than that: I mean I can do some′thing.”

“What is it?” asked the teacher.

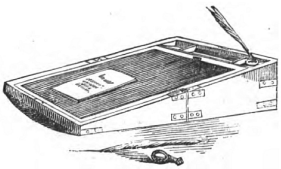
“Oh!” re-plied the child, as she rev′er-ent-ly clasped her little hands, “I can say, ‘Please, heavenly Father, make dear Henry well.’ Once, when my mamma was ill, I said, ‘Please, heavenly Father, make my mamma well;’ and in the morning she was as well as ever.”

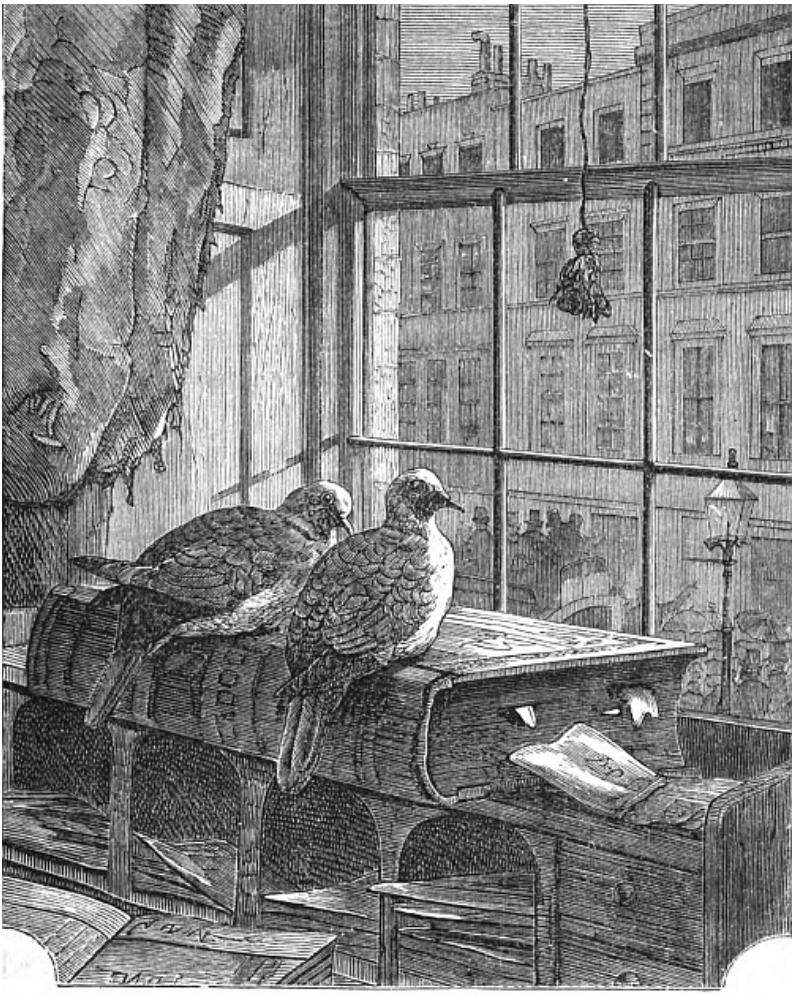
“Thank you, my dar′ling,” said Mrs. Lane, as she stooped to kiss the little one. “That is in-deed the best gift. No rich′er gift can be be-stowed than a prayer to our Father in heaven, who is al′ways read′y to hear the prayers of *all*, even of the young child, and who will, if best, grant their requests.”

Henry’s mother watched long by his bedside that night. He is now well, and likes his play-mates better than ever since he has heard the story of their love.

Here is a picture of Henry’s little desk, and of the pen he writes with.

ACORN.





EMMA'S PETS.

My little friend, Emma Maynard, keeps a number of birds. She has a canary, a parrot, and two doves. The doves, you must know, do not like to be alone. They are quite sad unless they have a companion. They are gentle, quiet birds, and easily tamed.

Emma has named one of her doves Norma, and the other Daisy. They are so much alike that it is hard to tell Norma from Daisy. Emma gives them a plenty of fresh water to bathe in. She feeds them on barley, wheat, hemp and canary seed, and crumbs of bread.

The other day the two doves left the place where they were kept, and it was long before Emma could find them. At last she found them in her father's library. There they were, seated on one of his big books. The sunshine streamed into the room; and the sight was a very pretty one, as the doves sat there enjoying the show.

"You pretty birds!" said Emma: "you do not have to read big books to make yourselves wise. Yours is the wis′dom of love and of content. Why, then, come here to light on these old must′y vol′umes? It is a queer place for you, my dear doves."

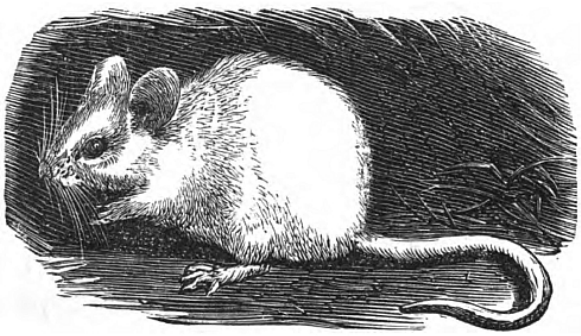
Emma's parrot seems to be a more knowing bird than either Norma or Daisy. His name is Bob. He can talk, and is at times quite noisy. He will cry out, "Give me a cracker!" And, if boys come up to his cage to plague him, he will say, "Bad boy! bad boy!"

Once Bob did a good thing by speaking. He had learned to say, "No, you don't." That is not a pretty speech to make; but Bob had learned it from a little boy who was so rude as to use these words quite often. If any one said to him, "Do this," or "Do that," this rude boy would reply, "No, you don't;" by which he meant, "You shall not make me do it."

Well, the folks were all away, and Bob sat in the ring that hung from the top of his cage. He sat and won′dered why some one did not come to pet him, and say, "Pretty Poll," and give him a cracker.

By and by, a man who was a thief looked in the win′dow; and, seeing a silver spoon on the table, was getting in to steal it, when he heard some one cry out, "No, you don't!" Not thinking that it was a bird who spoke the words, the man was so fright′ened that he left the spoon, and ran off as fast as he could.

IDA FAY.



MAY'S LITTLE PINKY.

DID you ever see a white mouse?

I have seen a great many. They are just as large as brown mice; but they are pure white, and have little, funny, bright, pink eyes.

Did you ever know a little girl named May?

I know a sweet little May; and she is the dearest little girl in the world, I think.

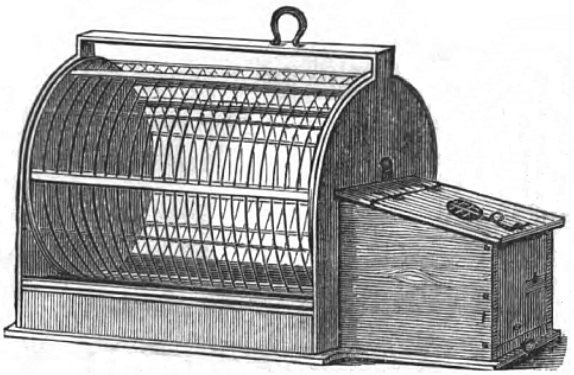
Once little May was sick, and I wanted to make her happy; so I took a little white mouse to her. I had to take it in a glass bottle; for it must go in my hand, and must have plenty of air, you know.

So I put it into the bottle, and did not put any stopper in; and then I went with it to May's house. She was very glad to have a white mouse, and she named it Pinky. Can you guess why?

"Because it had pink eyes."

Yes; that is right.

When May's papa came home, he made Pinky a dear little house, with a big wire-window, where Pinky could look out; and a whirl-a-gig for the little mouse to whirl round in. Here is Pinky's house:—



You can only see the front of it. Sometimes May's papa would take Pinky out of his house, and let him run on the table, and up and down his arm.

Pinky liked to play in the night; so in the day-time he slept a great deal. He had a soft, warm bed of cotton-wool; and he would creep into it and hide from May, till he wanted some milk or crumbs, and then he would come out to drink or eat.

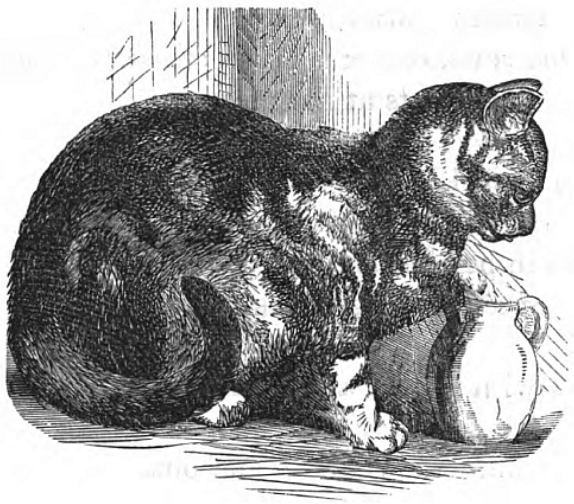
Pinky's house was strong; but Pinky's teeth were strong, too, and very, very sharp. He would gnaw a hole right through his pretty little house, and get out.

Then May's mamma would hunt for Pinky, and catch him, and put him back into the house; and then she would mend the hole.

Poor little Pinky! I know you will be very sorry for him and for dear little May. One day he gnawed a hole in his house, and got out on to the floor; and pussy put out her soft paw, and caught him, and ate him all up.

Poor little Pinky! Little May did not know what pussy did. She watched and watched for her little white Pinky, but he never came back.

COUSIN SUSIE.



KITTY GRAY.

I'm a pretty little kitten;
My name is Tabby Gray:
I live out in the country,
Some twenty miles away.

My eyes are black and hazel;
My fur is soft as silk:
I'm fed each night and morning
With a saucer full of milk.

The milk comes sweet and foaming,
Fresh from the good old cow;
And, after I have lapped it,
I frolic—you know how.

I'm petted by the children,
And the mistress of the house;
And sometimes, when I'm nimble,
I catch a little mouse.

But sometimes I am naughty:
I climb upon the stand,
And eat the cake and chicken,
Or any thing at hand.

Ah! then they hide my saucer,
No matter if I mew;
And that's the way I'm punished
For naughty things I do.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

WISHES.

THREE little children, side by side,
Upon a mossy seat:
One sews, one reads, and one doth pluck
The violets at her feet.

"I wish I were a lovely flower,"
Said rosy, laughing Sue,
As in her hat and in her hair
She stuck the posies blue.

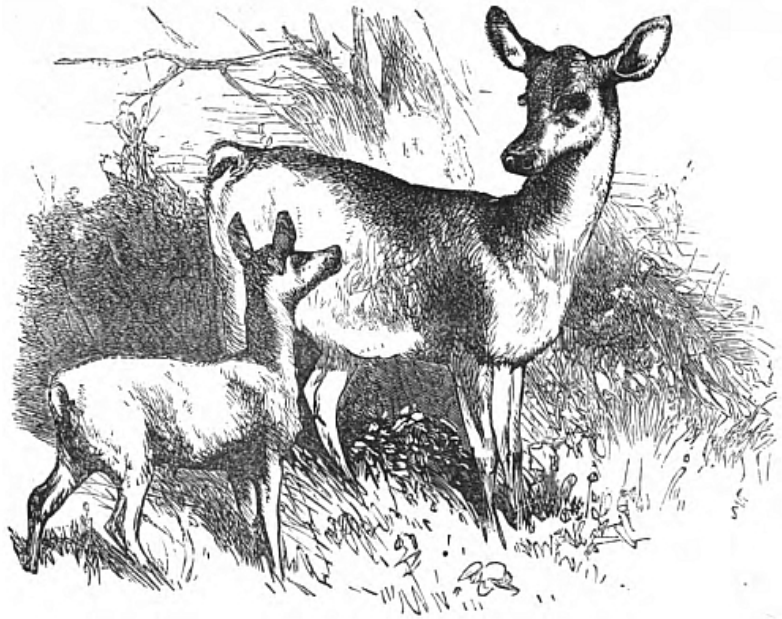
"I wish I were a golden bee,"
Said Mary, as she bent
To pull her needle in and out,
Upon her work intent.

"And I," said Clara, as she laid
Her book upon the grass,
"I wish I were the fleecy cloud
That over them doth pass."

I would I were a fairy small,
I thought as I drew near,
For then this tender angel-song,
I'd whisper in each ear:

"It matters little what you are,
Or cloud or bee or flower,
So that you have some gift of love
For every passing hour."

MRS. E. D. HARRINGTON.



THE DEER AND THE FAWN.

On Boston Common, near to Boylston Street, there is a place shut in by a high wire-fence, and here some nine or ten deer are kept. They have a good house to go to for shelter when the day is cold.

A fawn is a young deer not a year old. A stag is a male deer, and has branching horns. Here is a picture of a female deer and a fawn.

The deer is a timid animal. A small dog can frighten him; and yet one stag will fight with another stag quite bravely. They have been known to fight on the edge of a high cliff, and to try to push each other over. The flesh of deer is called venison.

The common deer of America was once found in great numbers throughout our country; and it is still to be met with in the woods far from towns and houses.

When chased by hunters, the deer will plunge into a lake or river, if one can be reached, and try to escape by swimming. If they cannot do that, they will seek some high cliff or rock, and there boldly face the hunters and the hounds.

Sometimes the deer are shot by the hunters, who lie in wait for them near the salt-springs or deer-licks, which the deer frequent. They are also tracked by hounds, and shot by the hunters, who watch near the paths which the deer are used to take in their runs.

Sometimes the deer are shot in the night-time. A torch of pitch-pine is carried by one of the hunters: the others, with their guns, keep in front. The deer, instead of darting off when he sees the light, stops to look at it; and his eyes shine so that the hunter is guided in his aim, and shoots the poor beast.

THE TOAD IN SEARCH OF A SUPPER.

’Tis too dark to quite see clear—
Who is this that’s coming here?
Hop, hop, hop! ’Tis really you!
Mr. Toad, how do you do?

Mr. Toad, he makes a bow:
“Hop, hop, hop! I’m travelling now.
If my home you wish to see,
You at noon must visit me.

“ ’Tis a hole within the ground,
By the grass grown all around:
Cool and calm, ’tis there I stay
Through the warmest of the day.
But I sometimes go and dine
Underneath the melon-vine.
Bugs and worms, my favorite fare,
I can find to feed on there,
While the leaves and blossoms bright
Hide me from the burning light.

“Noon-time journeys are unwise;
Too much sunlight hurts my eyes:
But when day at last is through,
And the cooling drops of dew
On the clover-blossoms fall,
On the fern-leaves green and tall,—
Hop, hop, hop! then I come out,
And begin to look about,
As I’m doing now, you see;
So you must not hinder me!

“Hop, hop, hop! a worm I spy!
Hop, hop, hop! I see a fly!
I must catch him; so good-by.”

Hop, hop, hop! away he goes,
And the shadows round him close.

Marian Douglas.

THE SISTERS IN THE BOWER.

See Lucy and May on the bench in the bower:
They go there to play through the hot noon-day hour.
A basket of peaches May has in her lap,
While her doll at her side seems stretched out for a nap.

These sisters are thoughtful, obliging, and kind;
They try to be good, and their parents they mind:
And I hope all the young folks who see them will say,
"Let's be kind and unselfish, like Lucy and May."

Anna Livingston.

AUNT HELEN.

Have you an Aunt Helen? I have. And here she is: by which I mean, here is a likeness of her. To please me, she had it taken with her hair down, just as I like to see it.

Aunt Helen is an aunt worth having. She knows as much as a boy. She can make a kite, and then help fly it. She can skate and slide, and coast down hill.

When our man Zeke was ill, and there was no one to milk the cow, Aunt Helen said, "I can do it." And she did it better than Zeke himself.

Aunt Helen can make bonnets for the girls, and bows and arrows for me. She can play on the piano, or drive a team of oxen. I tell you she is clever as any boy.

She is braver than some boys. One day she caught a big boy teasing some small girls who had been picking blackberries. This boy, whose name was Sam, took away from the girls their baskets, and emptied the berries out on the grass.

Aunt Helen cut a good stout switch from a birch-tree, and went up to Sam, and said, "Pick up every one of those berries, or I will punish you with this switch." Sam set out to run. Aunt Helen seized him by the collar of his jacket, and would not let him go till he had picked up every berry.

"Served him right!" I think you will say. So it did.

Aunt Helen can ride our new colt Barney, though Zeke is shy of doing it. Zeke is too heavy for the colt, so Zeke says; but, between you and me, I think it is the colt that is too gay for Zeke.

There is a young man who comes to our house. His first name is Peter; and he says he wants to make Aunt Helen his wife, and take her off to New York to live with him. How can I put a stop to it? This is what vexes me now. What should I do without Aunt Helen?

Who would bind up my cuts and bruises? Who would explain to me my lessons? Who would sing sweet songs? Who would make the old house lively, and keep us all, young and old, from growing dull? I must talk to Mr. Peter. I must tell him to please to keep away from our house, or else to give me his word that he will not try to make Aunt Helen leave us.

FRANK.

OUR WOODPECKER.

ONE day, as I sat in my room, I heard a loud rap′ping some′where out-of-doors. I looked out, and saw a wood′peck-er rap′ping away upon the bird-house with his long bill, as you here see him.

The bird-house had been put up for the blue-birds to live in, and they had made it their home. But, just at that time, none of their folks were in.

The woodpecker was a splen′did-looking bird. His head and neck were red; his breast was white as snow; and his wings were of a dark, gloss′y blue. But, for all that, he could not come in; for there was no one to in-vite him. Charles thought that the bird might be hun′gry, and may-be had called just for a lunch.

"But what can the poor bird find to eat?" thought Charles. That was the next thing to settle. So Charles set his wits to work. He got a small tin box, and punched holes in the sides. Then he filled the box with bits of meat and cold boiled egg, and fixed it to the top of a stake.

The woodpecker came, and put his long bill into the holes Charles had made, and ate a good din′ner. And after that, every day, the bird would come and help him-self; and Charles and all the boys and girls would en-joy the sight.

Last week he came, and, for the first time, ate crumbs of bread from a little swinging-board where we feed the sparrows. And, when he went off, he took a large crumb in his bill to give to his wee ones at home.

The other day he flew down into the gar′den to eat an ap′ple that lay on the ground. The old roost′er walked up to him, and looked him all over as if puz′zled to know wheth′er he was a bird or a toad. Woodpecker stood his ground; and then rooster walked off, thinking, no doubt, that it was a fun′ny chick. True, it was a funny chick.

W. O. C.

HOW JOHNNY LOST HIS SUPPER.

HOW JOHNNY LOST HIS SUPPER.

My little friend Johnny had a cat, of which he was quite fond. The name of this cat was Vel′vet. Johnny gave her that name be-cause her fur was smooth as velvet. She would let him take her in his lap; and, when he went out-of-doors, she would fol′low him like a dog.

Johnny was a good boy most of the time; but, in the room where he took his meals, a rod hung from the wall. It was put there just to help him to bear in mind that there was such a thing as a rod, and that it was kept for the backs of bad boys.

But it must be said, that the rod was more for show than for use; for though Johnny was three years old, nei′ther his fa′ther nor his moth′er had ev′er thought it wise to pun′ish him by whip′ping. I think they were right,—do not you?

When Johnny failed to mind his moth′er, she would pun′ish him by hav′ing him take his meals all by him-self. He did not like this; for he want′ed to sit at the ta′ble with the grown folks, and hear what they had to say.

His moth′er had told him that he must not play with his ball in the par′lor. One day he for-got what she had told him, and threw his ball so as to break a pane of glass. He did not try to hide what he had done; and in this he was right. He went to his moth′er, and said, "Moth′er, I broke a pane of glass with my ball."

"Then, Johnny, you must take your bread and milk all by your-self," said his moth′er; "for I told you, if you did not o-bey, I should have to pun′ish you; and I must keep my word. But, since you told me the truth like a good boy, I will kiss you be-fore you go."

So his moth′er gave him a kiss; and off Johnny went with his bowl of bread and milk, to take his sup′per all by himself. It was a hot day; and, in the room where Johnny sat, one of the win′dows was open.

"I do not like to take my bread and milk all alone," thought Johnny. "How nice it would be to have some one here to play with me, and to share my supper, be-fore I go to bed! I will wait, and see if Velvet will not come."

So Johnny wait′ed, as he sat in his chair; but soon he began to nod, and at last he fell a-sleep. No soon′er was he a-sleep than Velvet jumped in at the win′dow.

"Milk fresh from the cow," thought Velvet, as she went and smelt of Johnny's bowl. "Since Johnny does not seem to care for his supper, I will eat it up for him."

It did not take Velvet long to eat up all the bread and milk in the bowl. When Johnny woke up, he found the bowl as clean as if it had been washed and wiped dry.

Velvet sat on the floor as calm as if she had never stolen a drop of milk in her life. Johnny did not scold her; for he was glad to see the old cat, and he knew that his mother would give him some more milk.

When his mother learnt that Velvet had eaten up Johnny's supper, she laughed, and filled his bowl once more. He had it all to him-self this time, for the old cat had taken enough to last her till morn′ing.

IDA FAY.

JACK AND THE SPARROW.

Ah! little Jack Dingle, just seven years old,
A brave little fellow, so daring and bold,
One morning went out with his bow and his arrow,
Determined to shoot every robin and sparrow,
Because they were eating his cherries so nice,
Although he had stoned them away once or twice.

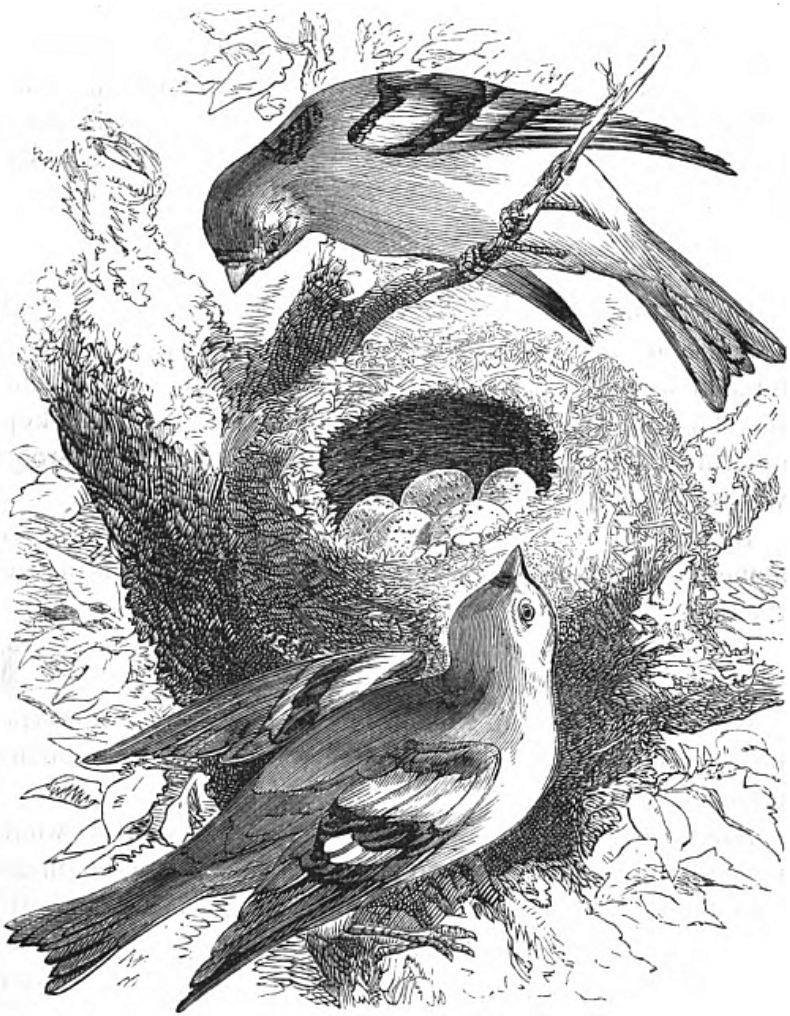
But, ah! they grew bolder and bolder each day,
And naught could he do that would keep them away;
And so he marched boldly out under the tree—
But then not a sign of a bird could he see!
And so he sat down on a little brown stone
To watch, and to see where the birdies had flown.

Soon a little brown sparrow flew into the tree,
And went pecking cherries,—so fearless was he!
Then Johnny took aim at the little brown sparrow:
Snap went the string, and whiz went the arrow!
And Johnny looked up with a terrible frown—
But neither the bird nor the arrow came down!

Away with a cherry the bold sparrow flew,
Whistling, "Try again, Jack!" and, "Jack, how do you do?"
Poor Jack hunted vainly his arrow to find:
It had lodged in the tree, and he left it behind;
And home he went crying to lose his best arrow,
And then to be laughed at and tricked by a sparrow!

Aunt Clara.

North Andover, Mass.



MARGARET'S STORY.

THIS is a picture of two little bulfinches. They have built a nice nest, and in it the mother-bird has laid some speckled eggs. Please count them, and say how many eggs there are.

The bulfinch is found in England and other parts of Europe; and it can be trained to whistle three or four tunes. It is not so large a bird as our robin. Here is a true story, which Margaret has written out for you about some robins.

Up in a tall elm-tree, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast built a house in the early spring-time. Before many weeks, a number of pretty blue eggs were laid, out of which came tiny birds. They had great wide mouths, which they kept open nearly half the time, begging for food, which papa-robin was only too glad to get for them.

By and by, these young birds grew so, that they were left alone while the old birds went off in search of dainties for them.

But one day, one of the little birds in the nest, in trying to fly, fell out, away down on to the cold, damp ground.

Grandma Gray, who was always on the look-out for stray birds in need of help, heard the cry of distress, and hurried off to see what was the matter.

She picked up the poor little bird, but thought it would never do to put him back in the nest, from which he might tumble out again; nor would it do to leave him on the ground, where the cat might catch him and eat him up.

So Grandma Gray brought the little bird into the house, and made a cosey nest for him in a bird-cage, and hung the cage out of the window.

The next day mamma-robin, as she was flying about, found her poor little lost child in the cage. Mamma-robin gave a scream of joy at the sight. Then she flew off, and got some food, and brought it to him.

For four or five days mamma-robin took care of him; and then Grandma Gray thought it would do to let the little bird out of the cage, as he was now large enough to fly.

So the door of the cage was thrown open, and out hopped the little robin; and off he flew, without even chirping a "good-by," so eager was he to see all his folks.

We knew, by the remnants in his cage, that he must have fared well. There were twenty cherry-pits, five great grass′hop-pers, and quite a heap of flies, bugs, and worms. These the greedy little thing had not been able to eat.

It was plain that mamma-robin had meant that he should not suffer for want of food. Was it not funny that she should find out her own lost baby? and funnier still, that she should feed him through the wires of the cage?

Doesn't *your* mamma love you a thousand times more than mamma-robin loved her little one? I think there can be no doubt of it.

M. P. R.

Great Falls, N.H.

HOW A DOG TOOK IN "THE TIMES."

"WHAT will you tell me now?" said Trottie.

"I will tell you," said his aunt, "how my friend's dog Dash takes in the news′pa-per called 'The Times.' "

"But why should a dog take in 'The Times'? He cannot read it,—can he?"

"No: I do not think that Dash can read 'The Times;' but I will tell you what he does. He takes his seat on the steps of the front door; and he looks till he sees the boy come down the street with 'The Times.'

"When the boy comes near the house, Dash gets up, and wags his tail, and barks, as much as to say, 'Here you are, boy: now give me 'The Times.' '

"And the boy gives him 'The Times;' and Dash takes it in his mouth, and runs off quite fast: and, when he comes to the door of the room in which

his mas′ter takes his meals, he peeps in; and, if his mas′ter is not there, he goes on to the next room, and peeps in there.

"If his mas′ter is not in the next room, Dash will not give up 'The Times' to the wife of his mas′ter,—no, not if she says to him, 'Dash, give me "The Times" '; but the wise dog will shake his head, and growl, as much as to say, 'No, no: this newspaper is not for such as you. What do you want with a newspaper?'

"And so, off he will run once more; and this time he goes to the door of his mas′ter's bed-room, and gives a tap on the door with his paw. 'Tap, tap, tap—scratch, scratch, scratch,' goes the paw.

"Then, when his mas′ter comes to the door, Dash gives a loud bark for joy, as much as to say, 'See, here is the newspaper for you. See, here it is quite safe. They tried to make me give it up, but I would not do it. You shall be the first in the house to read the news.'

"And then Dash will put 'The Times' in his mas′ter's hand, and like a good, bright dog, lie down still at the foot of the bed, while his mas′ter reads the news."

"I should like such a good, bright dog as that," said Trottie.

"Yes: Dash is a rare dog; and, one of these days, I will take you to see him and play with him."

TROTTIE'S AUNT.

DEAF AND DUMB.

He lies on the grass, looking up to the sky.
Blue butterflies pass like a breath or a sigh;
The shy little hare runs confidingly near;
And wise rabbits stare with inquiry, not fear;
Gay squirrels have found him, and made him their choice:
All creatures flock round him, and seem to rejoice.

Wild ladybirds leap on his cheeks fresh and fair;
Young partridges creep, nestling, under his hair;
Brown honey-bees drop something sweet on his lips;
Rash grasshoppers hop on his round finger-tips;
Birds hover above him with musical call:
All things seem to love him, and he loves them all.

Is nothing afraid of the boy lying there?
Would all Nature aid if he wanted its care?
Things timid and wild with soft eagerness come.
Ah, poor little child!—he is deaf—he is dumb.
But what can have brought them? but how can they know?
What instinct has taught them to cherish him so?

Since first he could walk they have served him like this:
The boy could not talk, but they found he could kiss.
They made him a court, and they crowned him a king:
Ah, who could have thought of so lovely a thing?
They found him so pretty, they gave him their hearts,
And some divine pity hath taught them their parts.

A.

RAIN IN THE WOODS.

THE children had been with me in the woods in search of wild flowers when a shower came on all at once. We were in the thickest part of the woods. We found a dry place on some rocks where the moss grew thick, and there we took our seats.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, sprinkle, came down the rain; and then patter, patter, patter; and at last some big drops began to drip through the leaves over our heads.

"It is time to leave this place, children," said I: "I know a little hut near by, which the men who cut logs here in winter sometimes use to sleep and eat in. Let us go there."

"That will be fine fun," cried Charles. "We can make a fire there, and dry our clothes."

“Yes, Aunt Mary, it will be fine fun,” said little Henry, the youngest of our party.

So, as Susan and May were willing, we left our shelter under the trees, and ran to the hut. Much to my joy, I found two young men there, whom I knew. They had been catching trout in the brooks near by, and had built a fire to cook them. They invited us to take supper with them.

We were all so hungry, and the trout were so fresh, that we did not have to be asked twice. I became the cook of the party. We found some clean shingles, which served for plates; and we found some mugs to drink out of.

Before we sat down to our meal, a poor woman came along with a basket of large ripe blackberries. I bought all she had; and she said I had saved her a tramp of three miles to town. So she felt happy and rich; and the young men gave her six fine large trout to take home for her husband’s supper.

We asked her to stop and eat with us; but she said, “No: the rain is nearly over, and I must get home in time to set the table for tea for my old man, who has been hard at work all day, and who will be overjoyed to see these nice fish.”

By the time the rain had stopped, and a bright rainbow had come out on the sky, I had got our supper ready. We all sat down, for there were boards to sit on; and we had a nice feast on fresh trout and blackberries.

It was six o’clock when we got home. The children slept sound that night, you may be sure. In their prayers, they did not forget to thank our heavenly Father for all his good gifts to his creatures.

AUNT MARY.

FANNY AND HER PETS.

FANNY's uncle has just brought her a pres′ent. What is it? A pret′ty little dog, with soft, white wool, and a blue ribbon round its neck. Fanny has left her doll in its little wag′on, and is much pleased to have a live dog.

Lily has jumped up from build′ing her house of blocks on the floor, and is stand′ing be-tween uncle's knees, clap′ping her hands. The chil′dren are both de-light′ed to see the little dog jump up when uncle snaps his fin′gers.

The dog's name is Bruce. He will have to be washed and combed every few days. Fanny must make him a nice, soft bed in a box. She will have to feed him with crumbs of bread and crack′er, and some-times give him some meat cut up very fine.

One day, a-bout a week af′ter Fanny's uncle had brought her this new gift, the little dog got up on the so′fa. He was a-fraid to jump down; so he be-gan to bark. Fanny ran to her mamma, and, almost cry′ing, said, "My dog made a noise just like oth′er dogs! It fright′ens me. I don't want my dog to make that noise."

Fanny is on′ly three years old; but she is very gen′tle with her pets. She nev′er pulls Kit′ty's tail. She nev′er lifts her dog by the neck.

She has a fine large roost′er, and a hen too. They were both given to her by this same uncle. They will eat out of her hand or her lap. This de-lights little Fanny very much.

I wish you could have seen how pleased she was one morning when she found that her hen had sev′en little chicks. They were so small and soft, that Fanny thought they looked like her ca-na′ry-birds. Then Fanny mixed some corn-meal in a cup with some wa′ter, and fed these cun′ning little chicks.

When Fanny was too small to walk, Aunt Lizzie used to carry her in her arms to pick plan′tain-seed for her little bird. Now her aunt leads her to the hen's nest, and lets her take an egg out her-self.

After the egg is boiled hard, and cooled, Aunt Lizzie cuts it up fine, and puts it into the cage. It is Fanny's de-light every morn′ing to help Aunt Lizzie wash and fix the bird-cage, and fill the little bot′tle with fresh wa′ter and seed.

COUSIN SUE.

WHO STOLE THE EGGS?

"Oh! what is the matter with Robin,
That makes her cry round here all day?
I think she must be in great trouble,"
Said *Swallow* to little *Blue Jay*.

"*I* know why the *Robin* is crying,"
Said Wren, with a sob in her breast:
"A naughty, bold robber has stolen
Three little blue eggs from her nest.

"He carried them home in his pocket;
I saw him, from up in this tree;
Ah, me! how my little heart fluttered
For fear he would come and rob *me*."

"Oh! what little boy was so wicked?"
Said Swallow, beginning to cry:
"*I* wouldn't be guilty of robbing
A dear little bird's nest—not I!"

"Nor I," said the birds in a chorus:
"A cruel and mis′chievous boy!
I pity his father and mother:
He surely can't give them much joy.

"I guess he forgot what a pleasure
The dear little robins all bring
In early spring-time and in summer,
By the beautiful songs that they sing.

"I guess he forgot that the rule is
To do as you'd be always done by;
I guess he forgot that from heaven
There looks down an All-seeing Eye."

Aunt Clara.

North Andover, Mass., 1868.

THE WHEELBARROW:

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY A PAPA.

ACT I.

Frank.—Here is the gardener's wheelbarrow. Now, Grace, get in, and let me wheel you about the garden.

Grace.—I fear you will find me too much of a load. Besides, I must not go without my new doll, Miss Pink; and you are not strong enough to wheel both of us.

Frank.—Not strong enough? A big boy like me not strong enough? Let Miss Pink ride too. You shall see.

Grace.—I am not quite sure that it is safe. But get up, Frank, and I will sit down, just to try it.

ACT II.

Frank.—You must sit on the wheelbarrow better than that.

Grace.—But is it quite safe, Frank? Are you strong?

Frank.—When I point at you, I point at a coward. I do believe that all girls are cowards. What is there to be afraid of?

Grace.—If mamma should see us, she might not approve.

Frank.—Mamma would be glad to see how strong I am.

Grace.—If Miss Pink should fall, she would break her head, for it is made of porcelain.

Frank.—But I tell you there is no danger. Just look at my arms! There! Put your feet up so, and hold Miss Pink tight.

ACT III.

Grace.—This is fine fun, Frank,—is it not?

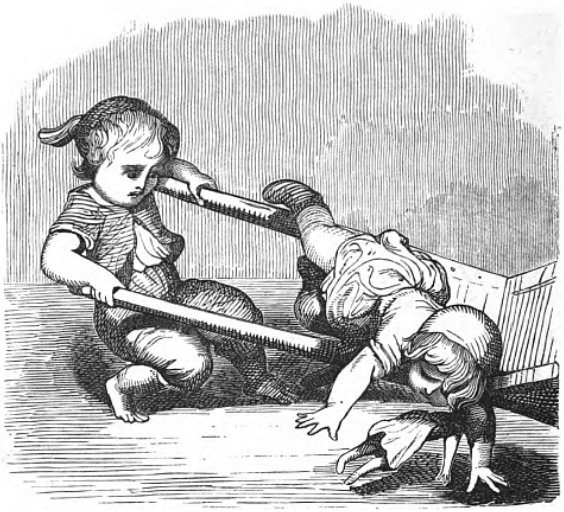
Frank.—Yes: it takes *me* to wheel a wheelbarrow. I hope Miss Pink is not at all nervous.

Grace.—No: I will hush her to sleep.

Frank.—You might load me down with a doll twice as large as Miss Pink, and I should not mind it at all. I am strong, you see. I can lift that big cannon-ball the gardener tied to the wheelbarrow.

Grace.—You are strong, but not as strong as papa. It seems to me that your arms shake just a little. Don’t upset us, Frank.

Frank.—Be easy, and don’t move about so.



ACT IV.

Grace.—Oh, dear! What's the matter?

Frank.—Keep still, Grace. The wheelbarrow wants to turn, and I want it to keep straight. Do be still while I stiffen my arms.

Grace.—I think you had better let me get off.

Frank.—I think you will get off without my help. The wheelbarrow seems to be trying to upset. I never saw such a bad wheelbarrow. Hold on, Grace! Look out for Miss Pink! I can't keep it up much longer.

Grace.—Oh! What shall I do? What will become of Miss Pink?

Frank.—What will become of me? This wheelbarrow must be alive. Crash! There it goes!

ACT V.

Grace.—Oh, my head! My head!

Frank.—Oh, my knee! Oh, my torn clothes!

Grace.—Miss Pink's nose is badly broken.

Frank.—I am sorry for it.

Grace.—That will not cure my bruise, nor mend your torn clothes, nor give Miss Pink a new nose.

Frank.—What will mamma say?

Grace.—Mamma will say we have been bad children not to ask her leave.

Frank.—It was all the fault of that wheelbarrow: it would turn.

End of the tragedy of The Wheelbarrow.

ARTHUR'S NEW SHIP.

ARTHUR has a new ship. I will tell you how it came to be his. A man lost his purse in the street. Arthur found the purse, and took it to the man.

The man said, "You are a good boy to bring my purse to me. I have a small ship which I made when I was at sea last spring. If you will come to my house, I shall be glad to give you the ship."

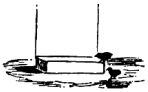
So Arthur went to the man's house, and the man gave him the ship. Arthur said, "I thank you, sir;" and, when he got home, Arthur went with his sister and brother to the pond, and there he sailed his ship.

The wind made it go to the end of the pond; and then Arthur ran round to where the ship stopped; and he turned the sails so to the wind that the ship went back to the place it had sailed from.

Arthur wants Mary to put her doll in the ship, and let it sail across the pond; but Mary does not like to do it, lest the ship should upset.

Sometimes Arthur ties a string to the ship, so that he can pull it back when it has gone the length of the string.

LUCY AND HER CHICKS.



ONCE there were two little chicks that had no moth′er. They ran a-bout the door, cry′ing be-cause they were all a-lone. Was it not a sad lot for the poor little chicks?

Lucy said, “Don’t cry, little chicks: I will be your moth′er.” So ev′ery day she fed them with crumbs, and called them lov′ing names; and they both ran af′ter her. They were just as glad to see her as if she had been their own dear moth′er.

Ev′ery night, when the sun went down, these two little chicks came run′ning, to Lucy, and want′ed to tuck their heads un′der the folds of her dress. They were tired and sleep′y, and want′ed to be put to bed.

So she took them up in her hands, and put them into a tub close by the door. Here you can see it in the pict′ure. The tub had some soft, dry grass in it; and there the little chicks tucked themselves up, and went to sleep.

Lucy put a board over the top of the tub, so that noth′ing could hurt the little chicks. In the morning, as soon as she heard them peep′ing, or making their little shrill cry, she took them out of the tub and fed them.

Was not Lucy a kind, good moth′er to the two little or′phan chicks?

W. O. C.

HOLDING THE SKEIN.

Emma.—What a boy you are, John! You cannot even hold a skein of yarn for me without having your book before you.

John.—I am in the midst of the story of Capt. Kane, just where his vessel is fixed firm in the ice.

Emma.—But you cannot do two things at once, and do them both well. So get out of the ice at once. I could wind my yarn twice as fast if you would attend to what you are about.

John.—Well, Emma, you are right; and I will put by my book. "Work while you work, and play while you play," is the best plan. There! now wind away.

Emma.—You take my advice so well, that I would like to give you some more.

John.—What is it now? I like to hear good advice.

Emma.—But are you sure it will not hurt your feelings if I say—

John.—If you say what, Cousin Emma? Tell me my faults, as many as you please.

Emma.—Well, then, John, in the first place I think you might sit up straighter without its hurting you.

John.—That is not a bad hint. I will sit up straight. Will that do?

Emma.—That will do very well.

John.—Now, what more can I do to please you, Cousin Emma?

Emma.—You can go to the barber's, and get him to cut your hair.

John.—I will do it this very minute, Cousin Emma.

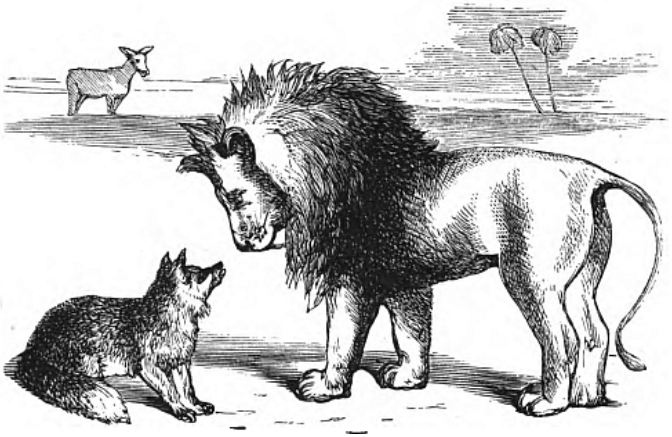
Emma.—And John—

John.—Do not stop me.

Emma.—If you would get a new pair of shoes on the way, it might be well.

John.—Good-by. I must not stay here any longer, Cousin Emma.

ALFRED SELWYN.



THE DONKEY, THE FOX, AND THE LION.

If you wrong those who trust you, no one will pity you if you come to grief. There is an old fable of the Donkey, the Fox, and the Lion. The Donkey and the Fox agreed to help each other, and then went into the woods to hunt.

They had not gone far when they met a Lion. The Fox, fearing that he could not keep out of the clutches of the Lion, thought he would try to save himself at the expense of his partner.

So the Fox went up to the Lion, and told him, that, if he would pledge his royal word not to harm him, he would lead the Donkey to a place where the Lion could catch him.

The Lion told the Fox to do it, and trust to his mercy. So the Fox led the poor Donkey to a deep pit, and contrived to have him fall into it. The Lion, seeing that the Donkey was in his power, then clutched the Fox, and said, "Those who cheat deserve to be cheated in their turn. I shall begin my meal with a joint of fox, and end with a bit of donkey."

But the Donkey brayed so loud that the hunters came up and helped him out of the deep pit. Then they gave chase to the Lion and the Fox, and killed them both.

EVENING HYMN.

THOU, from whom we never part;
Thou, whose love is everywhere;
Thou, who seest every heart,—
Listen to our evening prayer.

Father, fill our souls with love,—
Love unfailing, full, and free;
Love no injury can move;
Love that ever rests on thee.

Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill:
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

R. W.

CORN.

CHILDREN, have you seen the corn
Waving in the summer morn?
Listened to its rustling low,
When September breezes blow?

Have you turned its husks of green,
Backward, down, and looked between,
Seeing there its yellow silk,
And its kernels white as milk?

What 'tis good for, you can tell:
When 'tis boiled you like it well;
When 'tis roasted,—and, oh! stop,—
Charlie says 'tis good to "pop."

When the corn is shelled and dry,
Then the miller makes it fly
Through the hopper, till the wheel
Turns it out as yellow meal.

Mother gives it to her hens;
John will put it in the pens
For his pigs; for do you know
Corn is good to make them grow?

Is that all? No: one thing more;
When the winter days are o'er,
Farmers plant it well, and then
Up it comes and grows again.

LETTER FROM AN INJURED PERSON.

My dear Young Friends,—I write to you in the hope that you will think of my case, and try to help me. For a long time I have been ill used. I have had all sorts of slights put upon me. I have made up my mind now to speak out. Hear me, and say if you do not think I have good cause to find fault.

You must know, my dear young friends, that I have a twin broth′er. Now, I am sure you will say with me, that, when two broth′ers are of the same age, folks ought to treat them in the same way,—ought not make fish of one, and flesh of the oth′er. They ought to bring them up with the same care, and be kind to both.

Is that the way they do in my case? Far from it. From the day of our birth, my broth′er has had much more done for him than I have had for myself. He has been taught to write, to draw, and to paint; to throw a ball, to wind up a watch, and to use a stick; to cut with a knife, to stir with a spoon, and to shoot with a gun; to snap a whip, to drive a hoop, and to pull a string.

If I ev′er took up a pen to try to write, the folks would cry out at once, “Don’t do that!” And then they would snatch the pen from me, and give it to my broth′er. Though I am now more than eight years old, they do not let me use a knife, a stick, or lift a spoon. Is it not too bad?

When I have taken up a pen′cil, and have tried to draw, I have been scold′ed, and told to lay the pen′cil down at once, or else to give it to my broth′er. Some-times I have got a slap, just for try′ing to write. Is it not a hard case?

It is true I have been taught to box, and to help row a boat; but my broth′er takes the lead in these things, as in all othe′rs. Is it strange that I am not so strong or so quick as he? If one is kept all the time in the back-ground, what chance can one have to learn? Tell me that.

When my broth′er hap′pens to be laid up (as he was the other day from a jam he got), then they are glad enough to get me to work for him; but, even then, people laugh at me, and cry, “What an awk′ward fel′low! He isn’t near as clev′er as his broth′er!” Who could be clev′er, treat′ed as I am, I would like to know?

Per-haps you will laugh at my hand-writing. But it is almost the first time I ev′er held a pen. What could you ex-pect, I would like to know? You say I am cross, do you? Who wouldn’t be cross, when one is snubbed and laughed at, as I have been?

I will tell you now what hap′pened to me the oth′er day. My mas′ter, Edwin, was play′ing at ball; and he kept on employ′ing my broth′er in the game, and giving me nothing at all to do.

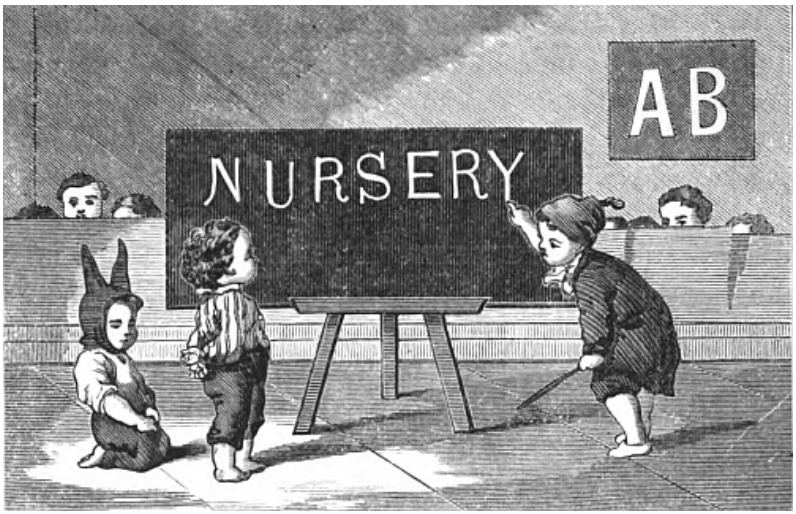
At last I got vexed at this; and, when the ball came near me, I picked it up and threw it. But, as I had nev′er been taught to throw a ball, I did not aim right. In-stead of send′ing it straight a-cross the room, I gave it a twist, which made it turn a-side and strike a fine glass vase that stood on the shelf. The vase fell to the floor, and was broken.

My mas′ter had to take a scolding from his moth′er for let′ting me be so clum′sy. But what vexed me most was, that she told him he ought al′ways to em-ploy my broth′er, and not to let me play at ball. I could have cried, I was so vexed!

Now, would it not have been right to have told Edwin that he ought to teach me, and not trust all the time to my broth′er? Why should not I have a chance to learn, and get strength? You could hardly tell me from my broth′er, we are so much alike. And yet see how I am neg-lect′ed!

Hoping that you will try to do some′thing for me, I sign my-self your sad friend,

THE LEFT HAND.



THE SEVERE SCHOOLMASTER.

SCHOOLMASTER.—NOW, SIR, what word is that?

Boy.—I don't know, sir.

Schoolmaster.—Spell it, sir. Do you see this rod?

Boy.—I see it, but I do not want to feel it.

Schoolmaster.—Do you want to have the fool's cap on, like the dunce at your back?

Boy.—Oh, no sir! Please, don't put the fool's cap on me.

Schoolmaster.—Spell that word, sir! Don't let me have to speak again.

Boy.—N, U, R-nur,-S, E-se-nur-se,-R, Y-ry-Nur′se-ry!

Schoolmaster.—Wonderful boy! You shall have a leather medal for that. Now, what ought all the children to do?

Boy.—They ought to tell their parents to subscribe for "THE NURSERY," to be sure.

Schoolmaster.—Right! You are a good boy. You shall take the head of your class. School is dismissed. Silence! or I'll flog you all round.

THE HORSE AND THE LAMB.

THE HORSE AND THE LAMB.

THE horse loves com′pa-ny. Some horses do not like to stay in a stable or a field by them-selves; and yet if they can have a dog, a cow, a goat, or a pet lamb, near them, they will be quite con-tent.

I have heard of a horse that grew quite fond of a little dog. The little dog would run up to the horse, and lick his nose, and the horse would scratch the little dog's back with his teeth. One day, when a big dog flew at the little dog, this horse with his teeth seized the big dog, and shook him well. The big dog then ran off, and did not harm the little dog.

There was once a man who was a trum′pet-er, and who had a horse which he rode for three years in the wars in Spain. In a great bat′tle this man was shot and killed; but his faith′ful horse would not quit the body. He stood by it for days; and, when found, he was quite weak from loss of blood and want of food.

If an old war-horse, after he has been turned out to grass, hears the roll of a drum, or the twang of a trum′pet, the fresh′ness of youth seems to come upon him; and if he at the same time gets a sight of men clad in u′ni-form, and drawn up in line, it is no ea′sy thing to keep him from join′ing them.

There was a man a friend of mine, and his name was Jennings. He had a fine Arabian horse, and the name of the horse was Rex. Do you know the meaning of "Rex"? I will tell you: it is a Latin word, and means *king*.

Some of the best horses in the world are those of Arabia. Many of the peo′ple of that land live in tents; and they will let their horses come into the tents, and lie down on the floor with the fam′-ily.

An Arabian horse will pick his way over the sleep′ing ba′bies as care′fully as their own moth′er could do. He will let the chil′dren hang on his neck, and mount his back, and will take great pains to save them from harm.

But Mr. Jennings lived in England, not in a tent, but in a house; and Rex was kept in a stable. He was such a wild, fierce horse, that he was called "The Mad Arabian." For a long time, he would let no man mount him.

At last, a man from London, whose name was Hughes, said he could tame The Mad Arabian. All the other men who had tried to rule the horse had used the whip and the spur quite freely. Hughes threw them both away, and said, "I will con′quer this horse by kind′ness."

And he did so. Rex soon gave back love for love. He would let Hughes bri′dle and sad′dle, and drive him where he would.

Hughes had a pet lamb, that followed him into the sta′ble. Of this lamb Rex grew so fond, that he would let her mount on his back, and gam′bol

upon his shoul′der.

See what a power there is in kind′ness! Be sure the way of love is the best way in dealing with the brutes as well as with men.

UNCLE CHARLES.

BABY IS AWAKE.

YES, the baby is now awake. Come, little dog, come here and play with her. You may bark now as much as you please. You may bark; but we know you will not bite.

The name of our little dog is Bright. The other day, John took baby out in her carriage. He stopped to pluck a flower. Just then a big dog came, and looked at baby.

I do not think the big dog meant to harm baby; but Bright was so angry, that he flew at the big dog, and barked and barked, till the big dog ran off.

John told Bright to stop barking, and then called the big dog back, and gave him a piece of bread. Then John let baby put her hand on the big dog's honest old head; for the big dog was a good dog, and meant no harm.

WATCHING BY THE CRADLE.

Now go to sleep, baby, for sister is here:
By your side she will watch; so you need never fear.
Mamma will be back by the time that you wake,
And give you a kiss for your own darling sake.

While I rock your cradle, and sew on your sack,
Sleep, sleep, and dream sweetly: yes, she will come back.
See, pussy is curled up asleep on the floor,
And the dog is asleep on the mat by the door.

That's a dear little baby. She shuts up her eyes,
She opens them now with a drowsy surprise.
And now they are shut: she is still; she's asleep.
May good angels bless her, and love her, and keep!

EMILY CARTER.

THE TWO CAKES.

DID you ever hear the story of the two cakes?

I do not think you have heard it: so I will tell it to you, and I hope you will bear it in mind.

There were two boys who did not live at their own homes, but with the man to whose school they went.

These boys had each a large cake sent to them from home. When Paul got his cake, he said to him-self, "What a fine time I shall have cut′ting up this cake for the boys! How they will smack their lips! It will be fun to see them.

"Let me see: there will be nine of us if I count my-self in. I must cut it so as to make nine slices all of the same size. I could make eight slices of it more ea′si-ly; for I could cut the cake in-to quar′ters, and then halve each quarter. No mat′ter! I will find a way."

And Paul *did* find a way. Where there is a will, there is a way, you know. He cut up the cake into eight slices, and then cut a small piece from each for him-self.

See the boys, as they gath′er round him! How they long to have a taste of the nice cake! And how kind they think it in Paul to rob him-self that he may please them.

But how was it with Ralph, the oth′er boy who had a cake sent to him? Ralph, when he saw the cake, said to him-self, "Now I will put this in my trunk, and have a good feast on it every day till it is gone."

He did not think of giv′ing one bit of that cake to any friend. He used to go where no one could see him, and eat till he could eat no more. But on the third day he was quite sick. You may guess, from his looks in the pict′ure, that he wished he had not been so self′ish.

See him seat′ed in the chair, with his arm on the table, and his hand at his head! "I wish," said he to him-self, "they would not give me cake to make me sick. I wish I had thrown it all away." But Ralph ought to know that all good things may do us harm if we make a wrong and greedy use of them. We may use, but not abuse, the good things of life.

The folks in the house had to send for the doc′tor; and Ralph had to take a dose that made him feel worse than he ev′er felt be-fore in his life.

Paul came to see him, and took care of him; and, when Ralph got well, he made up his mind that Paul's way is the best way,—that we ought not to live for our-selves a-lone, but try to do all the good we can, and to make oth′ers as hap′py as we can.

EMILY CARTER.

THE RAIN.

Drip, drip, drop,
That is the song of the rain:
When will it ever stop,
And the sun shine upon us again?

Patter, pitter, patter,
Falling on roof and gutter,
While the wind with a terrible clatter
Is shaking the window-shutter.

Spick, speck, span,
All in their brightest and best,
To visit their Cousin Ann,
Katie and Harry were drest.

Pour, pour, pour,
The pitiless rain came tumbling;
Roar, roar, roar,
The gusty wind went rumbling.

Sad at the window sat
The poor little boy and girl:
"It will spoil my new black hat;"
"It will put all my hair out of curl."

"Still we should like to go
If you will allow us, mamma."
Mamma says, "It cannot be so:
You must stop here with me and papa."

"Only think, only think, of the rain
Spoiling our happiest day!
Don't set us to lessons again,
But tell us a story, we pray."

Kate sat on my knee like a child,
And Harry reclined on the rug:
Without it was stormy and wild;
Within we were merry and snug.

THE STORY OF LITTLE BENJAMIN.

HOW HE BEGAN LIFE.—HIS SAD FATE.

ONCE there was a little chicken; and he woke up one morning, and looked about him.

"This is a snug little room," thought he. "The walls are smooth and white. I have slept well here. It is warm and nice; but it never struck me till now how *small* it is."

"I have no room," thought he, "to turn round without hit′ting my head against the wall; and I am sure I couldn't fly here the least in the world. I should like much to get out. I won′der where the door is, or the win′dow. I think I will rap on the wall."

So he rapped with his bill. No answer. He rapped again.

This time his mother heard him, and rapped in her turn.

"Come in!" said the little chicken.

"No, thank you, my dear," said his mother. "You'd better come *out*. Make a little hole in the shell, and perhaps I'll help you; though, if you do it all yourself, it will be much to your credit."

So he made a hole in the shell, and peeped out. There was his mother, and there were his eleven brothers and sisters waiting for him.

He was the twelfth, and just like all the rest.

His mother called him Benjamin, because he was the youngest.

It seemed rather chilly outside.

"I don't know about this," said Benjamin. "Perhaps I sha'n't like it as well as the egg-shell."

"Come, Benjamin," said his mother: "we can't go to break′fast till you are read′y."

And she made the hole bigger.

"Come," said she, "be spry!"

In a little while he was fairly out of the shell, and in the cold world. His mother kindly cud′dled him under her feath′ers till he was more used to the change of air and the bright light.

"I'm as hun′gry as a bear," said the el′dest.

"So am I," and "so am I," said all the rest.

"That's a good sign," said the hen. "So was I when I came out of the shell. When little Benjamin is fairly on his legs, we'll go to break′fast."

By and by they went to breakfast.

"I ought to count you before we go," said the hen: "that's the rule. But, never mind; I'll do it after breakfast, you are all so hungry."

So she set before them the nicest little worms and bugs that ever were eaten, and taught the chickens how to find them for themselves.

"How good they taste!" said the chickens.

"Do you think so?" said the hen. "Wait a sec′ond, and I'll show you something better still."

And she made a plunge into the high grass, and brought out a green grasshopper.

"Try that, my dears," said she. "There's only a small scrap for each of you: but it will do. It is a rare bit."

"Why, so it is," said the eldest.

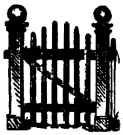
Just as they had finished their breakfast, pussy, who had been waiting behind the hedge for *her* breakfast, all at once pounced on little Benjamin, and chewed him up before he could even say, "Peep."

Don't cry! . . . He would have been made into a chicken-pie if he had lived to grow up.

“Cluck, cluck!” said the hen. “Come, my chil′dren, stand still, and let me count you; and then we’ll go and see our relations. Two, four, six, eight, ten, —tw— Stop a moment: that’s wrong. I’ll begin again. Two, four, six, eight, ten—why, I thought there were twelve of you! There are only eleven. I must have been mistaken. Come, then, let us go. Cluck, cluck!”

So they walked contentedly away to see their relations, just as pussy was chewing the last of little Benjamin’s feathers! As we came in at the gate, we saw the bad cat, but were too late to spoil her meal, and she took care to get out of our way.

Mrs. Annie Moore.



THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

"Did you ever see a bear? Do not all speak at once; but let those boys and girls who have seen a bear all hold up their hands."

This is what Miss Gray said to the pu′pils in her little pri′ma-ry school.

Three boys and two girls held up their hands.

"Can it be that so many of you have seen a bear?" said Miss Gray. "Well, now, I want you to come up to my desk, and tell me the mean′ing of this pict′ure."

They all came up and looked; but they could not tell what it meant. One boy said that the man was asleep; another, that he was drunk; and another, that he was dead.

"You are all wrong," said Miss Gray.

Then one of the girls said, "I think it is a pet bear, and the man is play′ing with him."

Then a little girl who sat near on a bench held up her hand.

"What is it, Mary?" said Miss Gray.

"I have nev′er seen a live bear," said Mary; "but I have seen many pict′ures of bears, and I think I know what this one means. It tells a story more than two thousand years old."

"Oh! so old as that? Do tell it to us, Mary," said Miss Gray.

Then Mary said, "Two men went through a wood, when a bear met them on their path. One of the men climbed up a tree, and hid.

"The oth′er man, who could not climb the tree, fell flat on the ground; and when the bear came up, and felt him with his snout, and smelt him all over, the man held his breath, and made be-lieve he was dead.

"Then the bear left him; for it is said that a bear will not touch a dead man. When the bear was quite out of sight, the man who had gone up the

tree came down, and, as a joke, asked the oth′er man what the bear had been whis′pering in his ear?

" 'He gave me this ad-vice,' said the man on the ground: 'Nev′er trav′el with a man who de-serts you at the first sign of dan′ger.' "

"You are a good little girl, Mary," said Miss Gray, "and you have told the true mean′ing of the pict′ure."

IDA FAY.

BROWNIE'S KITTENS.

IN MAINE, there lives a little girl who is just sev′en years old; and we call her Brownie. Her true name is Helen Brown; but we all call her Brownie for short′ness.

A dear little black-eyed, curly-haired girl she is. She takes "The Nursery," and every month she reads it all through; and then some-times her moth′er reads the sto′ries o′ver to her, for it is pret′ty hard for little girls to keep a sto′ry in their minds when they have to stop and spell some of the words.

Mr. Young, who lives near by, has a cat that loves Brownie; and this cat, in-stead of stay′ing at her own home, stays most of the time at Brownie's. Brownie knows that cats love milk, and per-haps puss does not get milk at home.

Well, some weeks since, puss came up through the gar′den with a kit′ten in her mouth. That is the way a cat car′ries her young; and it does not hurt them, though Brownie at first thought that puss had killed the kit′ten.

But, no: the kit′ten was all right. Brownie's moth′er gave it some milk, and taught it to drink; and then Brownie went in-to the wood-shed, and there was the old cat with six charm′ing kit′tens!

After Brownie's moth′er had fed them all, she put them in a bas′ket, and sent them home. The old cat seemed to know that they were not all want′ed; and, like a mod′est moth′er, she nev′er af′ter-wards brought them all, but was con-tent to bring one or two.

Brownie's fa′ther keeps hens, and they are quite a-fraid of the old cat. When, after the folks have had their din′ner, Brownie feeds the hens, the cat will pick out the bits of meat; and, if the roost′er tries to get some that puss wants, puss will box his ears, and growl. It is fun to see a cat box a roost′er's ears.

One of the kit′tens loves dear′ly to be pet′ted, and will rub her sides against Brownie, and purr quite loud. The oth′er day, Brownie was not there; and so kitty went up purr′ing to an old hen to get her to pet her. But the old hen did not see it in that light, and be-haved so rude′ly, that kitty ran off.

LIZZIE.

AUTUMN DAYS.

AUTUMN days are pleasant:
When the men are reaping;
When the air is still and mild,
And the clouds seem sleeping.
Then we happy children
All run out together;
And we pluck the pretty flowers,
And enjoy the weather.

On the turf reclining,
Where the sun has dried it,
John and Anna are so glad,
That they cannot hide it.
Birds above are flying,
Little squirrels peeping:
Oh! we have a pleasant time
While the men are reaping.

EMILY CARTER.

SHUN BAD COMPANY.

Poor Charley is sad; and what ails the lad?
He says he don't wish me to tell:
He wants to go down on the green in the town,
And play with that naughty Jack Bell.

Now, Jack, I have heard, will oft use a bad word;
And he smokes a cigar every day:
Ah, Charley, take care! of bad boys beware,
And keep from all evil away.

The spider is sure every fly to allure
Who happens to come in her way.
Just so with Jack Bell; no good boy can tell
How soon Jack will lead him astray.

Now, Charley, come here; wipe away every tear;
For mother is soon coming back;
And what would she say if she found you away,
And playing with naughty boy Jack?

To-night we will find some game to our mind
Much better than those on the street;
And, when we are through, I know what we'll do:
We'll have nuts and apples to eat.

Aunt Clara.

North Andover.

MAX AND HIS KID.

On one of the high hills of Tyrol, there lived a little boy who had a kid, to which he gave the name of Joliette, meaning “pretty little one.”

The name of this little boy was Max. He was so fond of his kid, that he used to play with her, and sing songs to her. He would play a tune on a pipe, and the kid would hop about to the sound.

The kid was so tame, that she would let Max hug her, and would take milk from a cup he held in his hand.

As soon as Max called, “Joliette, come here!” Joliette would run to him; and, when Max jumped and hopped, she would jump and hop, and stand on her hind-legs, as you may see her in the picture.

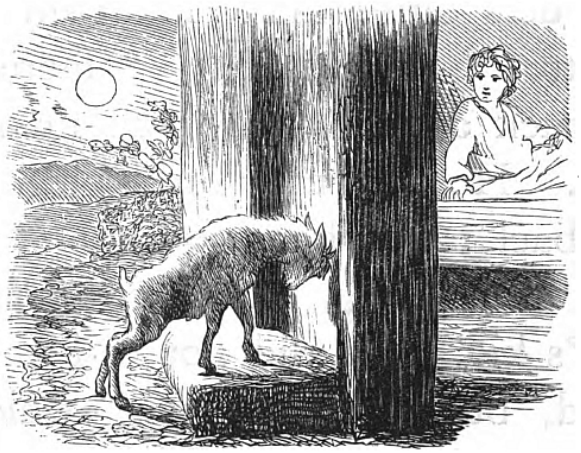
Some of the folks near by, who saw what a fine kid Joliette was, wanted to buy her; but Max would not sell her,—no, not for all the money they could give him. “I will not part with my own dear Joliette,” said Max.

But one day, when he came home, his dear Joliette was not to be found. Where could she be? Max ran round to all the folks who lived near, and he asked them if they had seen his Joliette; and, when they told him they had not seen her, he was ready to cry.

“Don’t cry, my little boy,” said an old man to him: “you will find your kid by and by. I do not think the wolf has killed her. You love your kid so much, I think God will give her back to you.”

Max dried his tears, and went home; and, when it was night, he said his prayers, and lay down in his little bed. But he could not stop thinking of Joliette. “I do hope the old wolf has not got her,” said Max. “I should be so sad if the wolf had got her!”

And, as Max lay awake look′ing at the moonlight as it streamed through the win′dow, he heard a noise at the door. “Scratch, scratch, scratch! rap, rap, rap!”—that was the noise.



Max jumped out of bed, and ran and opened the door; and who should trot in but Joliette! “Oh, you dear little kid! my own little Joliette!” cried Max. “Here you are back again! The old man was right. He told me God would send you back; and here you are!”

A little song was written about Max’s kid. He did not call Joliette a kid, but a “chevrette,” which is the French name for kid. Here is the song:—

Hop, jump! my chevrette,
Joliette;
Hop, jump! my darling,
Ever charming.

A kid was all the wealth he had,
This little Tyrol shepherd lad,—
A chevrette,
Joliette.
In merry play how they doted!
Lovers were not more devoted.

At his voice with joy she’d run,
Jumping, capering, full of fun,
This chevrette

This chevrette,
Joliette.
On herbage from his hand she fed,
Then at his feet laid down her head.

All the shepherd lads around them,
Envious of the love that bound them,
Tried to buy his chevrette,
Joliette.
They offered him a golden florin;
But they could not win her from him.

One day, the little kid was gone:
In tears he ran to every one,
For his Joliette,
His dear chevrette.
“What shall I do,” said he,
“If my kid no more I see?”

“Do not weep, my little shepherd:
The ugly wolf has not devoured
Thy Joliette,
Thy chevrette.”

Yes: God will give her back to thee,
And once more thou’lt cry with glee.
“Hop, jump, my chevrette,
Joliette;
Hop, jump, my darling,
Ever charming.”

One night, rap, rap, rap, at the door!
And there came hobbling o’er the floor
This chevrette,
Joliette.
Oh how joyous was the meeting!
And with tears he said, in greeting,
“Do not through the wildwood roam:
Joliette, now stay at home.”[1]

☛ Pronounce *Chevrette* as if it were spelt *Shev-ret'*.

[1] Taken, with the cuts, from " 'The Little Gypsy.' By Elie Sauvage. Illustrated by Lorenz Frolich. Translated by I. M. Luyster. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston." A beautiful volume.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived for several years in the country. My father had a great many fowls, and he gave me the whole care of them. When I called them to be fed, they would come running from all quarters, and the chickens would fly on my head and shoulders.

One day I was standing in the hen-house, thinking what I could do for a poor old hen who was lying on the ground beside her nest, and who seemed very sick.

All at once a rooster came in, and with his beak tried to get her into the nest, which was about four inches from the ground.

The hen was too heavy for him; and he went out of the hen-house, and in about two minutes came back with two hens.

The three then hoisted the old hen into her nest There she died next day, from old age, I think; for we had had her a long time, and she was old when we got her.

C. G. H.

MARY AND THE BIRDS.

A LITTLE gray bird was hopping around the door, and kept saying, "Chip, chip." I suppose he said this because he was hungry. So Mary put out some crumbs upon a board, and then went away.

The little bird looked at Mary, and then flew down. I suppose he wanted to say, "May I have these crumbs?" He picked up a few crumbs, and then flew off. When he flew off, he had a large crumb in his bill, as you see in the picture. What did he do with the crumb? He gave it to a young bird, that was just learning to fly. If you look at the picture, you will see the young bird down in the grass. It cannot fly much yet, and so the old bird brings it crumbs. Do you not see how he puts the crumbs down into the little bird's throat?

Pretty soon, this little birdie thought he was old enough to fly. So he spread out his wings, and gave a jump, and away he went. He flew up to the twig of a tree. Then his mother was so proud of him, that she brought him a nice large crumb. Here you can see him on the twig.

W. O. C.

"THERE is nothing like trying and daring to do:
You see that by trying the little bird flew.
Though we, little friend, have no feathers for flying,
We may soon learn to read if we only keep trying."

SAVED.

Last June, when we were at the sea-side, there was a boy in a house near by, whose name was George Hope. He was not quite five years old.

His folks were at the sea-side with him for their health; and, as there was no school near to which he could be sent, George had a good deal of time for play.

He was not a bad boy; but some-times he did not heed what was said to him. We had seen him at play near the edge of the wharf; and we had told him he would fall off if he did not take care.

Now, the wharf was so built out in-to the sea, that, when the tide was high, the waves dashed up so as to wet the posts. Large ships could come up to the end of the wharf.

On a fine day, when a soft breeze blew from the land, and the sun had come out to drive off the clouds and make all things bright, George went down to the wharf to play. He did not bear in mind that his moth′er had told him, the day be-fore, not to go to the wharf with-out some one to see to him. The wind blew so, it would have blown off his straw hat if it had not been tied under his chin.

George looked at the sea, and thought it a fine sight. The tide was high. The air was so fresh and sweet, that it made him feel gay. “Oh! I do so want to jump and leap!” thought he. “I wish I could have a sail in a small boat!”

Far off out at sea and a-gainst the sky, he could spy a steam-boat; then, to the right, a white sail; then, far off to the left, a dark sail. He could count three large gulls that were fly′ing o′ver the wharf. Two were white, and one was of a dark hue. George jumped up as if he would like to reach them.

Then he ran round on the beams that made the edge of the wharf. How bright and blue the waves did look! "I must run round once more," thought George. And he ran round, and did not fall.

Then he thought he would try it a third time. But, as he ran, the sole of his shoe, which was torn, was caught by a rough place in the beam, and, sad to say, George tripped, and fell from the wharf in-to the sea.

He could not swim; and, as he went down, the salt wa′ter filled his mouth and nose, so that he thought he should choke. Up he came *once*; and, as he saw the sky, he cried, "Help!" Then down he went.

Up he came a second time. "Help, help!" he cried; but that was all he could say. Down he went a third time, and it seemed as if there was to be no help for the poor boy. Was that look at the sky to be his last?

Now, it chanced, that, just at that time, I was on the way to the beach with my good stout dog Bob. Far off I had seen the boy run round on the edge of the wharf, and I had said to Bob, "Bob, go and see to that child."

Bob knew at once what I meant. He ran and ran, and, though he ran quite fast, he did not get to the wharf till George had sunk the third time. But he did not sink so far that Bob could not seize him by the dress with his teeth, and bring him up.

Bob found a place where the wharf was not high; and there he took George up, and laid him on the ground. When I got there, the good dog was keep′ing guard o′ver George.

The poor boy had not come to his senses yet. I turned him o′ver, and got the salt wa′ter out of his throat; and then I rubbed him, and rolled him a-bout till he o′pened his eyes.

I led George home to my own house; and my wife took his clothes off, and put on a dry suit that was our little boy's. Soon George was well and bright. I then took him home to his mother, and told her all about it.

She wept with joy at the thought of her son's res′cue. As for my good stout dog Bob, he was so pet′ted by all the folks in the house, that I thought they would spoil him. George's sis′ter Julia read these lines to the dog; but I do not be-lieve that Bob un-der-stood a word of them, though he wagged his tail a good deal, and seemed to share in the joy of all:—

“O DOG! so faithful and bold,
O dog! so tender and true,
You shall wear a collar of gold,
And a crown, if you like it, too.
You shall lie on the softest satin;
You shall feed from a diamond dish;
You shall eat plum-cake and cream,
And do whatever you wish.

“Will you drive in a coach and four?
Will you ride in the master’s hack?
Shall a footman open the door,
And out of your presence back?
Old dog, in love and honor
Your name shall be handed down,
And children’s hearts shall beat
At the story of your renown.”

UNCLE CHARLES.

A MAN SHEARING A SHEEP.

CAN KITES BE MADE OF USE?

GEORGE and Albert had been flying their kites in the field, when Uncle Charles came up; and George asked him why kites could not be made of use in pulling boats.

"So they can be," said Uncle Charles. "I have been pulled across the stream in a light boat by a good large kite many a time when I was a boy."

"Did you ever fly a kite when you were skating on the ice?" asked Albert.

"That used to be a common sport when I was a boy," said Uncle Charles. "With a high wind, a good kite would pull me over the ice almost as fast as I could skate."

"It is no fun skating when the wind is high," said Albert.

"Why not?" said Uncle Charles. "I have seen good sport on the river, when the ice was so smooth that we could sit on our sleds, and be pulled at the rate of ten miles an hour."

"Would not a sail be better than a kite for a sled when the wind is high and the ice is smooth?"

“Yes: on the St. Lawrence River they often use sleds with sails. You have heard of the vessels that were sent out to the Arctic Seas to search for Sir John Franklin?”

“Yes: poor Sir John went from England to search for a passage round the North Pole; and it is thought he and his men must have been lost in the ice.”

“Well, in the year 1849, some ships were sent out from England to the Arctic Seas. While there, the crews would go on sledg’ing-parties over the snow and ice to make a search. They used both sails and kites.”

“How far did these parties go?”

“Some of them went seven hundred miles in this way. When the wind was high, the sails and kites would propel the sledges so fast, that the men could all ride; but, when the wind fell, they had to pull the sledges over the ice and snow.”

“Did they meet any bears?”

“Yes: they met a few; but the bears kept out of their way. I should not like a hug from an Arctic bear. He is a terrible fellow, as you may guess from the picture of him.”

ALFRED SELWYN.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

O SUN! so far up in the blue sky;
O clovers! so white and so sweet;
O little brook! shining like silver,
And running so fast past my feet,—

You don't know what strange thing has happened
Since sunset and star-shine last night;
Since the four-o'clocks closed their red petals
To wake up so early and bright.

Say! what will you think when I tell you
What my dear mamma whispered to me
When she kissed me on each cheek twice over?
You don't know what a man you may see!

Oh, yes! I am big and I'm heavy;
I have grown, since last night, very old;
And I'm stretched out as tall as a ladder:
Mamma says I'm too large to hold.

Sweet-clover, stand still; do not blow so:
I shall whisper way down in your ear,
I was four years old early this morning!
Would you think so, to see me, my dear?

Do you notice my pants and two pockets?
I'm so old, I must dress like a man;
I must learn to read books and write letters,
And I'll write one to you when I can.

My pretty gold butterflies flying,
Little birds, and my busy brown bee,
I shall never be too old to love you;
And I hope that you'll always love me!

FANNIE BENEDICT.

THE CROW.

Crow, crow, though you wear a black coat,
And utter by no means a musical note,
For all your grave looks, it is our belief
That you are no better to-day than a thief.

You come to our fields, and you rob us of corn:
You don't mind the scarecrow we set up to warn.
You cunning old fellow, those pieces of tin
Don't frighten you off from committing a sin.

If you do not act better; if you and your folks
Don't go away quickly, and cease from your jokes,—
My uncle will come with a big loaded gun,
And fire it off, and so stop all your fun.

Emily Carter.

GRANDMOTHER HAS COME.

It was a cold, cold day in December. The children were in a high state of glee because they were to have a Christmas-tree; and it was to be hung with red and blue candles, and with all sorts of gifts for the young friends of the family.

School did not keep. It was the day before Christmas. The tree stood in a great green tub in the hall. Mary and her brothers had been busy making it ready for the evening.

All at once there was a sound of sleigh-bells; and Arthur cried out, "Halloo! Grandma is coming. She will bring lots of things for our tree. She will bring a big basket all full of dolls and guns and Jim Crows and wooden-horses. Now, you see if I am not right."

Arthur ran to the door, and little Peter after him. True enough, it was Grandmother Blake who had come; and she had a big basket with her as Arthur had guessed. Henry brought it up, and put it on the carpet in the parlor; while Mary led grandmother in, and placed her in a chair, and began to help her off with her bonnet and shawl.

Arthur was the first to take a peep at the things in the basket. He saw a doll and a sheep and a watch, and I know not how many other toys, but could not find a pistol. He had set his heart on a pistol.

"Now, children," said Grandmother Blake, "sit down, and I will tell you why I did not bring two baskets full of toys instead of one. As I sat in the toy-shop, I saw a poor woman who used to wash clothes for me come in.

"She did not see me; but I heard her tell the shopkeeper that she was going to have all the poor children in her street at a party that night at her house, and she would like as many toys as he could let her have for twenty-five cents.

"The shopkeeper asked, 'How many toys do you expect to get for that sum?'

“ ‘I would like about thirty,’ said the poor woman.

“The shopkeeper laughed, and said, ‘Toys are dear now-a-days: I could not make up much of a variety for twenty-five cents.’

“ ‘But you can for six dollars,’ said I; ‘so put up as many as that amount will buy, and send it to this woman’s house.’

“The woman turned round and saw me; and you should have seen how glad she looked when she found she was going to have so many toys to give away. ‘O Mrs. Blake, I do so thank you!’ she said. ‘I have a little boy and girl at home who will almost go out of their wits at the sight.’

“The man filled two baskets with toys, and sent them to the woman’s house for her to give them to all the poor children. I peeped in at her window as I went by; and I saw two children quite wild with joy at the sight of the things. Be sure the little folks of that street will have a fine time this evening.”

“You did right, grandmother,” said Mary and Henry.

But Arthur said, “Do you think there was a pistol among the toys the man sent to the poor woman? Because, if there was, I would like to exchange one of these watches for a pistol.”

“I do not approve of pistols or fire-arms of any kind,” said Grandmother Blake. “If you ever aim a pistol (even a sham pistol) at any one, in fun, I shall not like it. Many persons have been killed in that foolish way.”

“Well, grandmother, I will be content without my pistol, since you wish it,” said Arthur.

Then the children led her into the hall; and there they unpacked the basket, and took out the toys, and hung them on the tree; and Grandmother Blake seemed all the while just as gay and young as the children themselves.

“Children,” said she, “remember this: the best way to have a merry Christmas is to try to make others merry. May God bless you, my dear children!”

IDA FAY.

TEA AND COFFEE.

TEA and coffee are put on the ta′ble every day; but I think that some of us do not know how they grow. Here is a pict′ure of a tea-plant and a coffee-plant. Now, you must guess which is which. I think you cannot mis-take them.

Tea is grown in Chi′na and Ja-pan. We have what is called green tea, and what is called black tea. These may both be from the same plant; only the leaves of one may be plucked when green, and of the other when ripe.

Coffee grows in Cu′ba and South America and Arabia; also in the Sand′wich Islands, and in many other places.

It is brought to us in ships from all these far-off lands. The coffee-tree is kept at a height of five feet. The flowers grow in clus′ters at the root of the

leaves, and close to the branch′es. They are of a pure white, and of a nice o′dor.

The fruit, which is a ber′ry, grows in clus′ters a-long the branch′es, and un′der the leaves. To make coffee into a drink, the ber′ry is first roast′ed, and then ground in a mill and boiled.

It was not till the year 1652 that the use of coffee as a drink be-gan in France. The best coffee is said to be the Mo′cha coffee, from Arabia Fe′lix.

MOTHER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

WHAT ails little Kate as she sits down to rest?
What makes the head droop on the plump little breast?
Her eyelids are heavy, she hardly can wink;
But she says, "She's not sleepy: *she's trying to think!*"

So, nodding and sighing, she soon is undressed,
And her fat little cheek to the pillow is pressed:
Her playthings and *sorrows* are all put away,
And sweetly unconscious she'll slumber till day.

A prayer for our darling is whispered, "that He
Who loved little children her Saviour would be,
Protecting from danger and sorrow;" and then
Little Kate says her prayer, which is only "Amen."

Around her dear mouth now there plays a sweet smile:
Like a touch of warm sunshine, it lingers awhile;
And dreamland's unfolding its visions so bright;
So mamma will kiss baby Katie *good-night*!

LIZZIE.

THE RIDE TO BOSTON.

"Coach all ready for Boston!" shouts William as he climbs up to the driver's seat, and pulls hard at the reins, and cracks his whip. You see the coach, do you not? but where are the horses? I think there must be some; for it seems to take all William's strength to hold them in. It is hard work to drive a stage-coach.

Mary and her little dolly are the only passengers inside. Dolly's health is poor, and her mamma is taking her to Boston to see the doctor. Mary has on an elegant bonnet, which she found in a bandbox in the garret. I hope it does not make her feel proud.

Rachel thinks it much nicer to ride on top of the coach, where she can have a fine view of all the places they pass through. She has her mother's parasol, which will keep the sun from burning her.

James and Harry are on behind. I wonder if William knows they are there. If he does, I think he is too kind-hearted to drive them off, even though they have no pennies with which to pay for a ride.

Frisk barks at the coach, as dogs are so fond of doing; and little Mary tries to climb up by her brother William's side. She does not want to be left

behind this fine day, when all the boys and girls are going to Boston. Look out, little Mary, and do not get run over.

"I do not believe they are going at all," says my little Margaret, who looks over my shoulder; "for see, the coach has only one wheel, and that is off! They are only playing, just as I do on the old coach back of the barn."

What do you think of it, little reader?

L. B. H.

THE BIG SNOW-BALL.

See what a big snow-ball the boys have made! It is so big they can-not lift it, but they can roll it.

Boys, when you throw snow-balls, do not make them so hard as to hurt when they hit. I have known a boy to have his eye put out by a hard snow-ball.

SLEEPY TIME.

"Come, dear little boy, sit in mamma's lap, and listen to a story, before the old sand-man comes to make my boy sleepy."

"No, no! Jim is not sleepy; Jim doesn't want to go to bed yet."

“Well, never mind: come and hear what Jim’s pets are saying. Now nestle close to mamma.

“Here comes the old cow; and what does she say? ‘Moo-oo, moo-oo, I’m sleepy, and I’m going to bed. Moo-oo, moo-oo! William must make me a warm bed of straw.’ That’s what the old cow says.

“But see the chickens run; and, hark, what a noise they make! ‘Cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo! I’m going to bed.’ ‘Cluck, cluck, cluck! I’m going to bed.’ ‘Peep, peep, peep! I’m sleepy too; I’m going to bed.’

“And so the roosters, the old mother hens, and the little wee chickens jump up on their roosts, and go sound asleep.

“ ‘Quack, quack!’ There waddle the ducks. ‘Quack, quack, quack! I’m off to bed.’ And they tuck their heads under their feathers, and dream of a good swim in the pond to-morrow.

“ ‘Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-bow! I’m sleepy too. I’m going to my good warm little house. Bow-wow!’ And Jack wags a good-night to my boy, and will be fresh for a romp in the morning.

“ ‘Meow, meow, meow! Where is pussy to sleep? Meow, meow! Pussy wants to go bed.’ Here is a good, warm rug, and pussy may curl herself there by the fire.

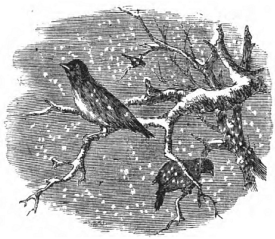
“But see, there comes papa! Old Tom, the horse, has just brought him home. Now William must rub the old fellow, and blanket him, and give him some supper, and a warm bed; for his old legs have trotted so fast to-day.

“And now *my* pet has said *good-night* to the old cow, the chickens, the ducks, Jack, pussy, and old Tom,—and now what is he going to do?”

“Mamma, mamma, the old sand-man has made Jim sleepy, and *Jim* wants to go to bed.”

“Why, so he has! just see, my baby is gaping. Now run to papa, and give him a good-night; and mamma will tuck her little boy in his soft little bed. Now put his hands under the covers, and kiss dear mamma good-night.”

A. C. D.



MY WINTER FRIEND.

THE chickadee, the chickadee,—
A chosen friend of mine is he.
His head and throat are glossy black;
He wears a gray coat on his back;
His vest is light—'tis almost white;
His eyes are round and clear and bright.

He picks the seeds from withered weeds;
Upon my table-crumbs he feeds;
He comes and goes thro' falling snows;
The freezing wind around him blows—
He heeds it not: his heart is gay
As if it were the breeze of May.

The whole day long he sings one song,
Though dark the sky may be;
And better than all other birds
I love the chickadee!

The bluebird coming in the spring,
The goldfinch with his yellow wing,
The humming-bird that feeds on pinks
And roses, and the bobolinks,
The robins gay, the sparrows gray,—
They all delight me while they stay.

But when, ah me! they chance to see
A red leaf on the maple-tree,
They all cry, "Oh! we dread the snow!"
And spread their wings in haste to go;
But, when they all have southward flown,
The chickadee remains alone.

A bird that stays in wintry days,
A friend indeed is he;
And better than all other birds
I love the chickadee!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

ABOUT MINNIE.

Now, perhaps you think that Minnie is a little girl; perhaps a kitten; perhaps a dog. If you think she is a dog, you think right.

Perhaps you would like to hear some things about her; so I will tell you.

Minnie is a pretty little dog, and she likes to eat grasshoppers. That seems cruel to you, I suppose; but to Minnie it does not seem any more cruel than to us when we eat birds or fish.

Minnie's master is a little boy whom she loves dearly. When he calls her, she runs right to him,—oh, so fast!

Minnie likes to lie down on the hearth by the fire, and go to sleep.

Minnie's little master lived at the seaside last summer; and, when he went in bathing, he would take Minnie in too, and wash her. But Minnie did not like to be washed any more than some little boys and girls do; so, as soon as she could, she would swim to the beach, and run about in the sun till she was dry.

Then she would run all over the rocks after her little master, and not tumble once. I should think she would have fallen, should not you? for the rocks are quite slippery.

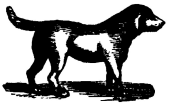
Minnie slept in the barn nights with the stable-man; but, as soon as the barn-door was opened in the morning, she would run into the house, and then upstairs into her little master's room, and jump on his bed, and lick his face and hands, and wag her tail.

I guess if she could speak she would say, "Good-morning, my little master! good-morning!"

ANNIE.

LITTLE ANNA'S PICTURES.

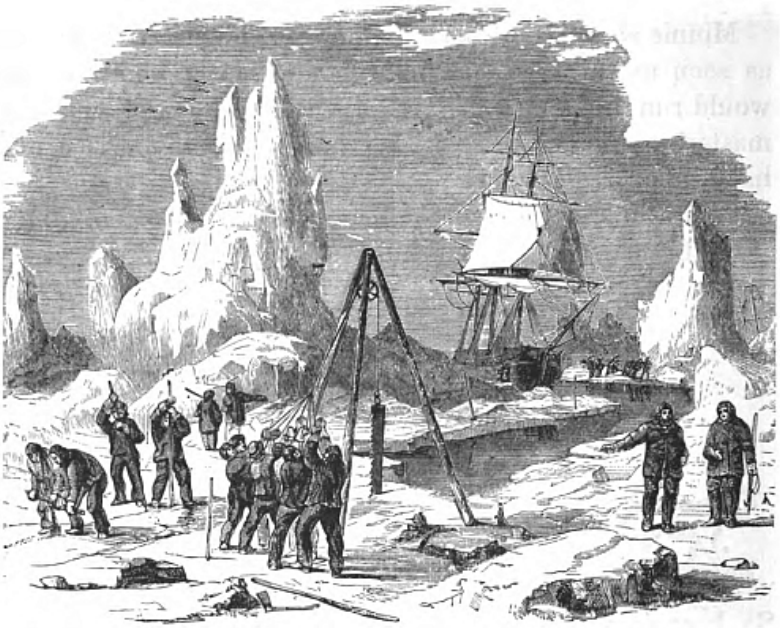
THIS is the picture of a cat that little Anna saw in a book. Her father gave her a piece of paper and a pencil, and asked her to make one like it. So here is the picture that Anna made. Her father told her he thought it was very well done for a little girl.



Then Anna thought she would try and make a dog. She thought she would make it look as pretty as she could, so that her father would call her "a nice little girl." Here is the dog that Anna made.

So she ran and showed it to her father; and he said, "Ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!" and laughed as hard as he could. "Do tell me, little girl," said he, "which is the dog, and which is the cat. Seems to me, one of them looks very much like the other."

W. O. C.



MAKING A WAY THROUGH THE ICE.

"Let me be seated by a good warm fire while I look at this scene," said my young friend Frederick, who had been reading a book called "Arctic Adventure."

"What does it all mean? What are those men doing?" asked his sister Ruth. "They seem to be sawing ice."

"Yes," said Frederick: "that picture shows how the crews of the good ships 'Hecla' and 'Griper' were at work on the twenty-fourth day of September, in the year 1819."

"Why, what was the matter?" asked Ruth.

"Do you think that a little girl like you can understand it all?" said Frederick.

"Yes: try me, and see if I do not understand," said Ruth.

"Well, the ships were under the command of Capt. Parry. They had passed up Baffin's Bay into Lancaster Sound, and were within two miles of one of the harbors of Melville Island, when the weather grew cold, and the sailors found themselves beset by ice on all sides.

“Through this field of ice Capt. Parry told them they must saw their way. Can you guess how they did it?”

“Yes,” said Ruth: “I can see by the picture how they did it; but I cannot quite see how they got rid of the ice after they had sawed through it.”

“I will tell you how they did it, Ruth. First they marked on the ice two parallel lines. Do you know what I mean by parallel lines?”

Ruth was not quite sure that she knew.

“Two lines are parallel,” said Frederick, “when they stand in this way to each other: =====. A line that through its whole extent is the same distance from another line is said to be parallel.”

“I think I know about it now,” said Ruth.

“Well, after the men had marked out the lines on the ice with their pikes, they sawed through them; and then, to get rid of the ice, they made cross-sawings, and through these they floated the ice as fast as they sawed; and in this way they made a clear channel for the ships.”

“I think I can see now how it was done,” said Ruth. “What a hard job it must have been!”

“Yes, it was a hard job indeed,” said Frederick; “but in a few weeks they finished it, and the good ships sailed through the channel and got into a safe harbor; and there the crews passed the winter, and made themselves as happy as they could in such a cold, cold place.”

ALFRED SELWYN.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

(1 Sam. iii. 1-10.)

In Israel's fane, by silent night
The sacred lamp was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel the child securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke:
"Samuel!" it called; and thrice it spoke.
He rose: he asked, "Whence came the word?
From Eli?"—No: it was the Lord.

Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blessed.

Speak, Lord! and, from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways.
Thy wakening voice shall reach our ear:
Speak, Lord, to *us*; thy children hear.

SUSAN AS A GREEK GIRL.

SUSAN AS A GREEK GIRL.

SUSAN GRAY had a friend who went to the same school with her, and whose name was Jane West. One day, as Jane went through the street, a piece of ice fell from the roof of a house, and hit her on the head.

Jane was hurt so much that she had to stay at home for three months; and her mother, who was a poor widow, had to pay a large bill to the doctor who had been called on to cure Jane.

Susan said to her father, "I wish I could help poor Mrs. West. I know she is poor,—too poor to send Jane to school. If I could raise fifty dollars for her, how glad I should be!"

"Where there is a will, there is a way," said Susan's father.

"But how can a small girl like me raise such a sum?" asked Susan.

"What was our mind given to us for, if not that we might *think*?" said her father. "Little girls do many wrong things, and leave undone many good things, just for want of thought."

Now Mr. Gray was rich, and had rich friends, and he would have been glad to put fifty dollars in Susan's hand to give to her friend; but he wanted Susan to learn to *think*, and to show that she could do more than *wish* to be kind,—that she could *act* kindly, and take great pains to help a friend.

So he left Susan to her thoughts, and Susan thought a long while. She even prayed that the good God would help her to do something for her dear friend Jane. But she could think of nothing that night.

The next day, she took up a book in which she found some nice pictures; and, as she looked at them, all at once a bright thought came into her mind, which made her run to her father, and climb into his lap, and say, "I know what I can do if you will let me."

"What is it, my dear child?" said Mr. Gray.

"I will get up some *tableaux*, and will sell tickets to all our rich friends, and in that way will raise some money for Jane. See, here is a picture of a Greek girl at a fountain. Look, papa! I will appear as the Greek girl."

Mr. Gray kissed his little girl, and told her she should have her way.

I cannot stop to tell you all about the *tableaux*. They took place in Mr. Gray's long parlor, and were quite fine. Twenty of Susan's young friends took part in them. Susan had sold a hundred tickets, at fifty cents a ticket.

If you will take a look at the picture, you will see how Susan was dressed. A large vase stood on the floor, and she held a small vase in her left hand; and her brother hid behind a shrub taken from the greenhouse, and

poured water, as if it ran from a fountain, into the jar. This *tableau* was much applauded.

Jane West was present; but she did not then know that the money was for her. The next day, Susan went to her house, and put fifty dollars into the hands of Jane's mother.

Were they all happy? I think there can be no doubt of it. How sweet it is to do a kindness to those who need it!

ANNA LIVINGSTON.

THE CONCERT.

LITTLE Bell and toddling May,
Slyly have they crept away,
And found aunty's "gay guitar."
Happy Bell! I hear her say,
"Hark now, May! and Bell will play
'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.' "

So Bell sounds the twanging strings:
"Twinkle, twinkle," loud she sings;
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!"
Now, May, listen!" May's eyes glisten:
"How I wonder what you are!"
May thinks of the old guitar.

Chubby hands has baby May,
Mischief-hands, the livelong day;
Now she thinks 'tis time that she
Should take part in all the glee.
"Me, too, sister: let *me* play!"
And does Bell unkindly tell
Little pet to go away?

No: she says, "We'll play together
'Yankee doodle with his feather,'
Or 'The three blind mice a-running.'
You may play, you baby cunning!"
And when aunty, who is coming,
Hears the tinkling, singing, thrumming,
'Tis not music—yet to see
How the little maids agree.
"Ah!" she says, "such loving ways
Sweeter are than harmony."

AUNT SALLIE.

THE DOGS IN THE BARN-YARD.

HERE is our old dog Fan, with her four pups. They are in the barn-yard, and the hens are there too. There is our old rooster. Little Tiger, one of the pups, creeps along to bark at him.

But the rooster springs on a fence, and flaps his great wings, and makes a dreadful noise that can be heard half a mile off. Poor Tiger is so scared that he runs back to his mother.

Then Tiger grows more brave, and runs up to his brother Bob, and barks at him; but Bob is not afraid. He stands his ground so well, that Tiger at last runs back to his mother. Tiger, you see, is a coward.

Now, Fan does not like to see her pups grow up to be cowards. So she growls at Tiger; and I think by her growl she means to say to him, “Let me see you go and drive that proud old rooster out of the yard!” What makes me think so is that Tiger goes at once up to the rooster; but the rooster again utters that dreadful cry, and then Tiger runs off yelping in a great fright, just as you may see him in the picture.

The old dog now scolds at Tiger, and says something which I do not quite understand. Perhaps she says, “The pup that will drive that proud old rooster out of the yard shall have a nice lamb-bone I have hid away somewhere.”

I do not know that she said this; but little Bob runs boldly up to the rooster, and barks, oh, so loud! that my fine gentleman is frightened, and instead of crowing loud, as he did before, drops his feathers, and runs off.

Round and round, left and right, right and left, backward and forward, runs the old coward, with Bob close upon his spurs.

How the hens cackled! and how the turkeys gobbled! and how the folks in the house looked from the window, and laughed!

At last, the rooster escapes through a hole into the hen-house; and there ends the chase.

All the four little pups run, and bark for a long time at the hole through which the rooster has gone; but no one of them barks one-half so loud, or looks one-half so fierce, as little Tiger.

He is very brave when there is no longer any danger. To hear him bark, you would think he knew no fear. I hope you will not be a boaster like Tiger.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY A CHILD IN THE BRITISH NATIONAL ORPHAN-HOME, 1861.

BEAUTIFUL ground on which we tread,
Beautiful heavens above our head,
Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,
Beautiful land and beautiful seas!

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
Beautiful stars with glittering light,
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
Beautiful birds that merrily sing!

Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,
Beautiful night and beautiful day,
Beautiful all the plants that grow,
Beautiful winter, beautiful snow!

Beautiful drops of pearly dew;
Beautiful river, bright and blue;
Beautiful herbs that scent the air,
Beautiful objects everywhere!

Beautiful every thing around,—
Beautiful grass to deck the ground;
Beautiful lakes and woods and fields,—
Beautiful all the green earth yields.

Beautiful bud and beautiful leaf;
Beautiful world, though full of grief;
Beautiful every tiny blade,—
Beautiful all that the Lord hath made!

“A MERRY CHRISTMAS, GRANDPA!”

It is Christmas morn. Grandpa Snow is seated in his armchair, with his cane in one hand, and a copy of a paper which tells of “The Nursery” in the other.

Grandpa Snow is eighty-five years old; but he still can see to read. Look at his spectacles on the table! He says he loves to read “The Nursery:” it makes him feel young again.

Charles and Emma come in with their mother to wish Grandpa Snow “a merry Christmas,” and to bring him some presents. Charles brings a plant in a pot; for grandpa is fond of plants and flowers. Emma has for him a green sprig that yields a sweet smell.

Their little dog Snap thinks that he must come too to hear what grandpa has to say. If you will look sharp, you can see Snap with his tongue out, between Charles and Emma.

"My dear children," says Grandpa Snow, "I thank you for your pleasant gifts and your kind wishes. Eighty years ago, I was young and active like you. I was not a bad boy; but I sometimes would be so heedless as not to mind what my dear mother said to me.

"One fine Christmas day, she said to me, 'Now, Charles, do not go on the pond to-day, for the ice is thin; and, if you should break through, it would be a sad thing for me.'

"But when I went out of doors, and saw the boys with their sleds and skates on the ice, I thought to myself, 'The boys know more than the women do about the ice. I think I may take some slides on it.'

"So I went on the ice; but I had not gone far when it began to bend, and then to break; and then down I went in the cold, cold water."

"O grandpa! how did you get out? Were you drowned?" asked Emma.

Grandpa smiled, and said, "If I had been drowned, my dear child, how could I be here to tell you of it? No: I was not drowned; a brave boy came to my help. While the others could do nothing but cry, and run to and fro, this brave boy, who had his thoughts about him, saw how he could save me."

"Why, what did he do, grandpa?" asked Charles.

"There was a tall birch-tree that had been cut down, and lay by the side of the pond. Alfred Brown (for that was the boy's name) dragged this tree swiftly to the hole where I had sunk. Then he threw it over the hole so as to rest on the ice on both sides; then he took hold of it, and, jumping into the water, caught hold of my coat."

"I was taken out and carried home. 'Mother knows best after all: I will mind my mother,' thought I. And I did mind her well after that; and I hope my dear grandchildren will mind *their* mother, and will try to be good and kind, and will remember who it is who was born on Christmas day, and how he shows us the way in which we should go.

"And now a merry Christmas to all good girls and boys!
May they the poor remember in all their sports and joys!"

The Nursery

A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers.

TERMS, &c.

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TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

Some illustrations were moved to facilitate page layout.

[The end of *The Holiday and Other Stories* by Oscar Pletsch]