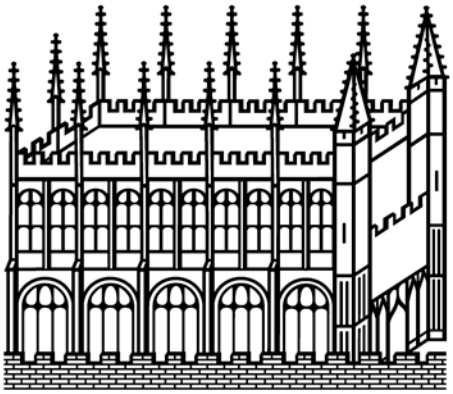
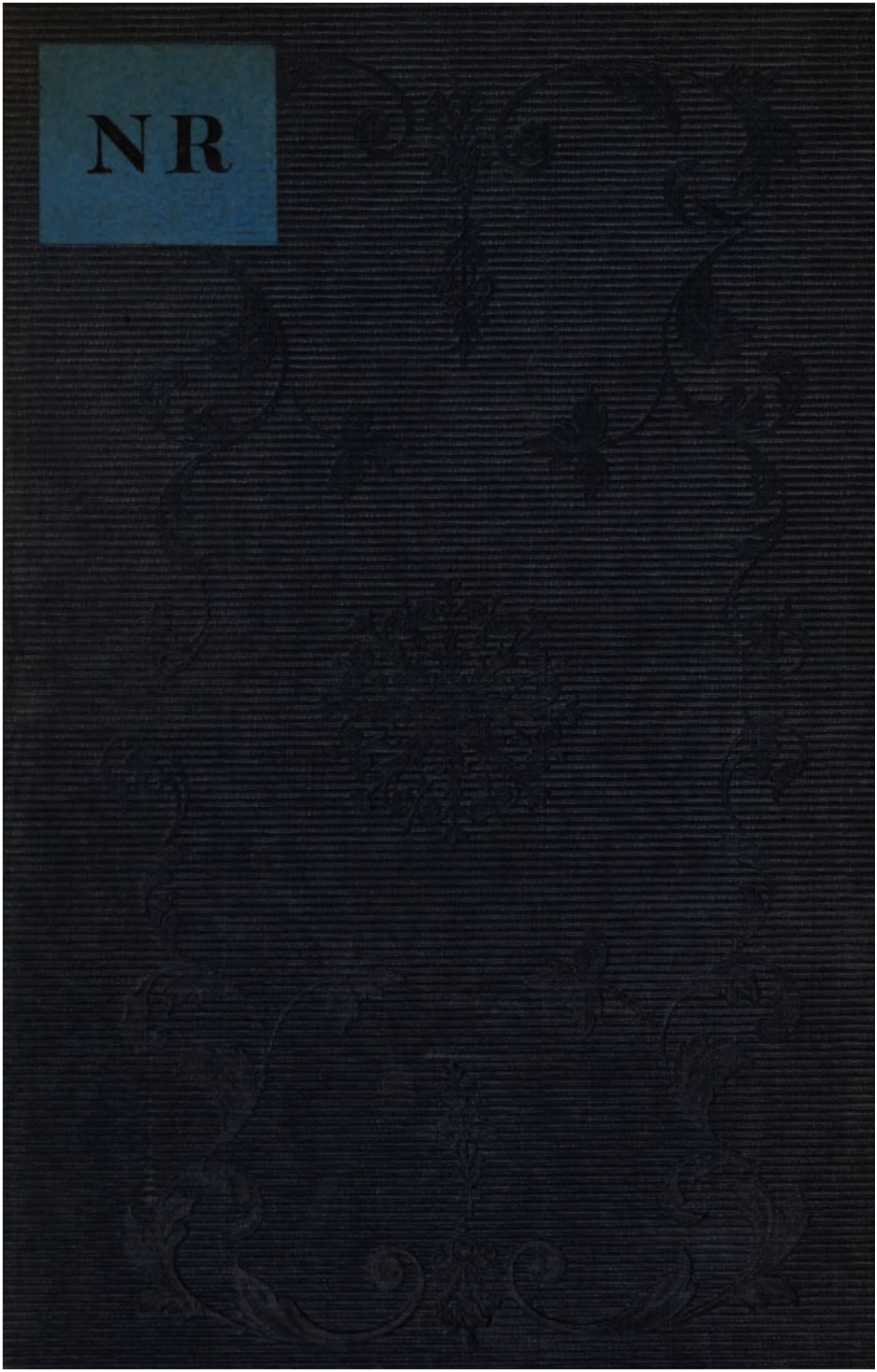


NR



41.

102.

THE BRACKEN-BURNERS.

From a Drawing by Sir Augustus Callcott.

THE

LITTLE BRACKEN-BURNERS,

A TALE;

AND

LITTLE MARY'S FOUR SATURDAYS.

By LADY CALLCOTT,

AUTHOR OF

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

M.DCCC.XLI.


BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

TO MY YOUNG READERS.

THE following little volume contains one tale, and four conversations, of a little girl, chiefly with her parents; which, having been thought, by other little girls, very pleasant to read, I have determined to print them. I am very fond of little girls and boys, and love to do all I can to amuse and instruct them.

I know young folks like to read true stories; and I can tell them there is nothing but what is quite true about the good clergyman in the little Bracken-burners, and that there were such people as Mr. Bomer and Mr. Park, and their children; and though they are either dead or grown old now, the young people in Sherwood Forest burned the brackens last year, and I dare say will do so again.

Little Mary was a real little girl, who died when she was very young. Her papa and

mama were very sorry, and they never forgot her. They were more kind than ever to old Molly and Jane, for little Mary's sake; and Sam continued to live with Henry, even after he became a man, for Henry used to say that he could talk to Sam about his sweet little sister Mary.

So it is with good children. If they grow up, they please and comfort their parents and brothers and sisters; and if it pleases God that they should die soon, and so become angels with Him in Heaven, their parents and brothers and sisters love to think of them and talk of them; and they do good on earth even after they die, because other little children follow their example and do good, to be like them.

Now good bye, my young friends. I have told you all I can about this little new book, and I hope you will like it.

CONTENTS.

Bracken.

THE

LITTLE BRACKEN-BURNERS.

THE

LITTLE BRACKEN-BURNERS.

THERE are still some portions of the midland of England eminently pastoral, where plains exist which are neither meadows nor fields, and hillocks which are neither sheep-walks nor gentlemen's lawns. These lie chiefly in such parts of the old forests and chases as, either from poverty of soil or scarcity of running water, have offered no temptation to the farmer for tillage, and no promise of advantage to the parish to inclose. The old forest of Sherwood boasts of many beautiful spots, where the scythe and sickle are unknown, except where they come, as it were in sport, to aid the bracken-burners in their annual short but hard labour.

Bracken-burning is rarely to be seen now-a-days: but, five-and-thirty years ago, the travellers on the Western Road might have seen young girls employed, even so near London as Maidenhead

thicket, gathering the fern or bracken, and burning it near the road-side, to use, instead of pearl-ash, for washing their clothes, during the ensuing season. The practice is still kept up in merry Sherwood; and, of all the labours of the year, the bracken-burning is the merriest.

It is true that a certain portion of Sherwood is inclosed; but there is still a part, comprehending both hillock and plain, in a state of nature, shared out into sheep and cattle-walks, in proportion to the fields which particular farmers may have brought into cultivation. From time immemorial the poor women of Kirton, and other parishes, have eked out their scanty means of support by burning the bracken and selling the ashes; and, annually, the overseers of such villages encourage their little traffic, as a means of lightening the poor-rates.

The plain spots in the forest are, however, generally spoiled of their bracken by the daughters of the farmers, who make the burning a sort of feast, and who never think of encountering the thorny tangles of the furze-brakes, where the best and most profitable brackens grow; so that their holi-

day-making by no means trenches on the profits of their poor hard-working neighbours. Autumn is the season for bracken-burning. In autumn our tale begins.

On a bright warm morning, towards the end of September, just when the sun had begun to throw long slanting beams athwart the old grove that then shaded Robin Hood's Seat, merry voices, now and then interrupted, for a moment, by a shriek of pretended alarm, or the creaking of a waggon-wheel, were heard from one of the glades of Sherwood, long before any object was visible to a group which had already occupied the spot.

This group consisted of two aged countrymen, several women, and a number of little ragged girls, who were laughing and jumping about merrily, in spite of their rags, and clapped their hands as the waggon slowly made its appearance.

"Oh! mother, if there isn't Miss Ailie," cried one of the children, "and Kate, and all of them, from Mr. Bomer's farm. Are they going to gather bracken here, as well as we?"

"No, child," returned the mother. "It is not for the like of them to come, and tear their holi-

day clothes, and scratch their hands, among the furzes about these old stones: they'll be for Bomer's plain, yonder, as you might guess, by seeing Dick Bothby with his scythe on's shoulder, this autumn morning."

"Well, Mary Jones," said another of the women, "I think it's a shame for them to come to the bracken-burning; why can't they leave it for us poor folk?"

"Nay," said Mrs. Jones, "you need not grudge them all they'll get: if they burnt every bracken they could gather on the plain, in the two days, they are free to burn, so long as they leave the bush and the hill to us for the whole season. But there's little chance of their doing much in that way; for I see Tom Syers with his flute, and I'll warrant there'll be dancing, and some of Ailie Bomer's best pies, cold puddings and cakes, and what not, that will prevent their panchens* from being too heavily laden this night. Here, Hannah," continued Mrs. Jones, "I shall keep Betsy with me, and do you trot after the wain, child;

* Small earthen pans, in which the fern ashes are collected, and carried home.

no doubt it will be something in your way, besides the dinner you are sure to get from Kate."

"Dear Kate!" said the child, "I wonder what makes her so good to me, and all of us, mother;" and off she set to catch the wain, where she soon found a seat, and fared at least as well as her mother had foretold.

Now her sister Betsy knew very well what made that dear Kate so kind to them; and she often wondered, in her turn, whether her mother had forgotten all about it, and, if she had not, how she could seem so well to have forgotten.

But she had no time to give to musing of any kind. This was the first day of the season; and, according to the weight of ashes the brackens yielded this day, she should be able to calculate how far their autumnal labour would go towards helping her mother, her sister, and herself to pass the long winter before them. It was the first they had had to struggle against, without the aid of a stronger arm, and she dared not depend on their own exertions, though, perhaps, never young girl more ardently desired to preserve the decent pride of self-dependence.

She therefore turned to the two old men, who were evidently bargaining hard with the women, and suggested that none of them would be the better for wasting time in disputes, and that the women had better go to work by themselves, if they could not bring the bracken-cutters to reasonable terms. This settled the matter at once: the price demanded for assistance became more reasonable; and it was agreed that it should be paid in kind, that is, with a certain portion of the ashes, for the labour of cutting the stalks. Armed with sickles, and defended with leathern gloves and gaiters, the men then entered the thickest brakes, while the women cleared the outskirts of every attainable stalk, and the children raked the scattered leaves together, or made piles of the beautiful feather-like plants, of a suitable size for firing.

Meanwhile the waggon was pursuing its way to Bomer's plain, where it arrived about half an hour after little Hannah had been taken up, and seated on Kate's knee.

Just at the entrance to the little plain there was a farm-house, with its colony of barns, stables

and byres; its garden, its orchard, and its crofts, overshadowed by a tuft of ash trees. It was built almost equally of timber and of brick: the strong corners, quarterings, and plates seemed to occupy at least as much room as the brick noggins that filled up the interstices. The roof was of thatch; and the whole, whether thatch, brick, or timber, was beautifully tinted with the white and yellow lichens, which seemed to have grown there for at least a century undisturbed. Within, however, all had been brightened, and cleaned, and swept that very morning, early as it was. The windows were so clear that it was doubtful whether a mere leaden net-work excluded the poultry, which trod on the sill, clamorous for breakfast, or whether the Kirton glazier had duly filled each lozenge with its portion of glass. There the merry company from the waggon alighted; and, leaving their ready-prepared dinner (a real pic-nic) to the care of Mrs. Bomer, they set off, with nothing but their rakes, sickles, and panchens, accompanied by all the young people of the house, along the shady green path leading to that side of the plain most fertile in bracken, consequently most barren

of everything else, and which happened to be most distant from the farm, and fenced with a tuft of tall beeches.

Here, for a few hours, the whole party set seriously to work. An idle looker-on might have fancied that Kate kept as much aloof as possible, without drawing attention from any of the young men whose scythes were this day employed in the service of their sisters, cousins, and other female friends, and that she never suffered little Hannah to be far behind her in raking together the half-faded* bracken. Perhaps, too, James Bomer might be thought very zealous in his endeavours to throw the best stalks in her way; while his brother Thomas evidently favoured Ailie, and so on; each lass having her follower, who was to be her partner, at least, in the evening dance that always finished the day's labour, and, as it often happened, her partner for life.

How many qualities may be displayed at a bracken-burning! Cheerfulness, strength, and

* No bracken-burning is allowed till at least a fortnight after the shooting season begins; the bracken on the plain is, therefore, much dried and withered. That among the furze keeps greener, and consequently yields more ashes.

activity, in the early rising, the hard labour, and the rough journey to the spot; forethought, contrivance, and judgment in laying, kindling, and tending the fires; diligence, patience, and economy in collecting the ashes, and carrying home the full panchens! Happy the young farmer who sees the girl he wishes to make his wife display all, or even a fair portion of these qualities on a bracken plain!

It was very evident that Kate had resolved, for a time at least, to hold no converse with any body but the little girl who, with a flushed face, was following her with her rake, and working as hard as her little strength would let her. And when she had sufficiently separated herself from the merry band of her companions, she said to little Hannah, in a low voice,

"Is Betsy with thy mother to-day on the hill?"

"That she is," said the child; "she was up before daylight, and dressed me, and got mother's breakfast and all; and would carry the three panchens herself, so she would, though mother said 'twas too much for her, and wanted to take her own, and for me to have mine. And at last I

coaxed her to let me bring one, and I brought it to Robin Hood's stone myself, so I did, but she would carry mother's."

"Good girl!" said Kate, "God will bless so good a daughter."

"So mother always says," replied the child. "But, Kate dear, I do'nt think Betsy is happy; she does not laugh as she used of herself. I'm obliged to make her laugh now; and then she works so hard! She grudges mother doing anything, since she had her fall."

"Her fall!" said Kate, "how came none of you to let me know of it? Where did she fall? how was it?"

"Oh! she was reaching down the rent for Mr. Wright, and fell off the stool: she was a-bed two days, but she said 'twas nothing to signify, and 'twas only because of Betsy's fright that she lay still; and Betsy would'nt let me tell Susan that day she called on her way from Leicester; and so, I suppose, you never heard."

"No, my dear; but when you go home to-night, tell Betsy I wish she had sent me word; but no, Hannah, do'nt," said Kate, after thinking

a moment, "perhaps it would vex her, and so say nothing about it unless she asks you, and then you must always tell her all the truth. Betsy will teach you all that is good, and I hope you will try to be like her. But see, the others have got before us; we must be busy now, and look! I declare here is James, with his scythe, close to us; clear away with your rake, little maid."

Kate no longer avoided James, nor shunned his homely kindnesses; but she did not seem in spirits; and it was at least an hour before she could return his good-humoured sallies with anything like the cheerfulness that in general rendered Kate the very centre of gaiety in all the Kirton merry-makings. What could she be thinking about all this time? Every member of her own family was prosperous. Her father and mother were alive and hearty. Their farm was well stocked; the dairy and pantry was so well stored that no chance poor body ever passed without a meal; nay, the very pedlars were sure to carry away a lump of cheese or butter, almost equal to what they might have made by their bargains. Her brothers were either well settled on the farm,

or in Leicester, where two of them were clerks in a good manufacturing business; and her little sisters were growing up, like herself, to be the pride and comfort of her mother's heart. What could ail Kate therefore? And the thought, what could ail Kate, passed in more minds than James Bomer's, who, perhaps, had most reason to be anxious about the matter; and yet he seemed to be the one easiest satisfied by Kate's first smile. In truth, he was the only one who guessed rightly; and yet, perhaps, even he could not entirely enter into the sadness of her feelings; for he thought that if Kate would but listen to him she might soon have it in her power to put an end to the distress of those for whom he knew she was at that moment grieving.

But the day was now wearing apace; and a hot September sun, as it drew towards noon, reminded them of the good cheer they had deposited at the farm-house, and of the accustomed shady corner which annually served as a dining-room to the bracken-burners. Accordingly, half-a-dozen of the lads, and as many lasses, set about preparing the banquet, which consisted of pasties of meat

or fowls, of a shape as ancient as the time of the king of outlaws, and such as Friar Tuck himself would not have disdained. And there were sage cheeses, and various other kinds, such as cream-cheese, and new-pressed curd, and old cheese flavoured with many herbs; and bread, both white and brown; and cakes; and ale, and beer, and mead; standing pies of codlings, and custards without end.

After a right merry dinner, and an hour's rest in the shade, the party rose to perform that part of their task which, if it were less laborious, required more skill than their morning's work.

The brackens were to be made into heaps, of a proper size for burning, and the green and the dry so disposed as to burn equally and sink gradually, so as not to scatter the ashes. That part of the little plain, best sheltered from the wind, was chosen for the burning, and the fire applied on the side whence the wind blew, that it might drive it through the heaps.

And now, when the heaps were made and properly disposed, and the kindling fairly applied, a few out of the company were appointed to watch

the progress of the fires lest any should go out, or require damping, by laying on more green plants; or need raking in, on account of being spread by a gust of wind. These guardians of the fire were to be changed after a time, so that most, if not all, should share in the work. The rest then speeded to the green plot under the beeches, and danced as merrily to Tom Syer's flute as if they had not been at work all day.

At length the signal was given that the fires were out, and the ash-heaps ready for the lasses to fill their panchens. And there was again a busy scene of emulation. Spreading the ashes with the shovels, enough to cool them, yet not scatter them; filling the panchens, without scraping up mould or dust; and yet clearing every available particle of ashes. Such was the evening labour; and happy the girl whose panchen was the weightiest!

The young men had disappeared; they had collected and carried off the dishes and drinking utensils which had supplied their dinner, together with the tools used in the day's labours, and were gone to prepare the wain for the return of the young people who had come in it in the morning.

With steps less brisk, but hearts not less merry than those with which they had trodden the path from Bomer's in the morning, the girls reached their wain; and, getting into it, proceeded homewards, making the old forest ring with song and laughter as they went.

While such was the feast on the plain, let us turn to the company of bracken-burners on the hill. Under the shade of the old grove they were seated in groups, each family endeavouring to make the most of its scanty package, and almost all so overcome with heat and labour as to be as anxious for silent rest as for food. Betsy Jones and her mother fared the better for little Hannah's absence, the latter saying that she was sure the child would dine better than they; adding,

"I wish, my dear, you had gone with her too."

"No, mother," said Betsy, "that could not be: the child was enough to send, though, I am sure, Kate, at least, will think her no incumbrance; but I could not go to a feast where I contributed nothing. Besides, dear mother! 'tis not bracken-burning in the plain that will do for me now."

"Always right thou art, my dearest!" replied

Mrs. Jones. "We must both labour harder than we were wont, or than I hoped thou wouldst ever have to labour, to keep ourselves in the old house."

"Ah, mother! 'twill be well if we contrive to do even that. I was thinking, mother, that we might spare one room for a lodger, and somehow help the rent that way; and tending a lodger would be easier work for you, and you could have Hannah to help, and let her go messages, and tend the fowls, and do what needlework you could give her, and maybe get some from the neighbours; or, if my plan of mantua-making thrives, she may work for me, and, if not, keep her at home, and I must even turn stockiner*."

This last sentence Betsy tried to speak with a smile; but, what with fatigue, the heat of the day, and some internal feeling, the smile became an hysterical laugh, which ended in a flood of tears.

"Nay, if thou art crying already," said her mother, "how are we to get on even to-day, to say nothing of the winter, Betsy? I'm afraid, lass,

* A stockiner in that part of the world means a young woman employed in the woollen-stocking manufactories.

thou'rt fretting thyself about Alec Park; but the sooner thou canst forget him the better, for thou canst not think the old farmer will hear o' thee for a daughter, whatever foolishness thee and Kate have got in your heads."

Now Betsy felt that this was very reasonable, and that her mother's advice was good; but she could not forget Alec Park: first, because he was Kate's brother; and then, because, from the time she first went to Leicester to learn mantua-making, Alec had always called to see his sister's pretty friend on a Sunday, and had walked home with her from church, had carried her parcels through the street for her, and had showed her so much kindness, that when she had been at Kirton, a few months before her father died, and Alec had been at home at the same time, and when she and Kate, with Alec and James Bower, had walked and danced together, old Mr. Park had said as much as that, when two or three years had passed, he should expect to have another son and daughter, but it was too soon yet.

Upon this encouragement Alec had spoken to Betsy, and James to Kate; and they had agreed,

that when Betsy should have finished the time she had engaged for in Leicester, and Alec had been raised to the clerkship in his master's house, which had been promised, and his wages proportionably increased, that they would marry if their parents consented, of which they could not doubt; and James and Kate agreed that their wedding should be on the same day.

But this pleasant prospect was soon darkened. Betsy's father, who had always had delicate health, caught cold, working over-hours at a job which, he thought, would enable him to lay by a comfortable sum for himself and his wife, who was a few years older than he was, and their youngest child. Betsy he thought well off with the mantua-maker, who employed her for the present; and he looked forward to the time when she might be happy with Alec Park, and want no further assistance from him.

William Jones had been a carpenter and joiner, and had the name of being the most skilful workman in all the country round. He had been early taught to read and write. Cyphering and a little drawing he had learned by his own diligence; and

these had been most useful to him in his craft. He had determined, as soon as Betsy was born, that every child he had should have as much instruction as he could afford. But he knew that instruction, which only gives knowledge, is not always a blessing, unless a good education goes along with it. One of his sayings was, that he had known many well-educated people who had never been taught a letter. Old Mr. Park agreed with him: and, though they valued knowledge much, they both taught their children to perceive that piety to God, duty to their parents, and honesty and kindness to all, were more to be prized than any learning without them; and that, if to those qualities were added diligence, industry, patience, neatness, and economy, they would be well educated though they should never open a book.

Yet, as I said before, both these good men valued knowledge; but it was chiefly as a means of bringing education to greater perfection; and, accordingly, no young people of their rank were better instructed than the young Parks and Betsy Jones. They had read some of the most useful

English books: they all wrote clear, legible hands, and could keep accounts of all kinds. They knew enough of music to sing from notes; so that, whether in psalms at church, or in cheerful songs at home, their voices were used easily to themselves and pleasantly to others.

Betsy Jones loved, at leisure minutes, to try to draw the flowers and leaves of the forest. Her father encouraged her: he hoped it might be useful to her, as a needle-woman, to draw her own patterns; and, as an amusement, he said that whatever made us better acquainted with the works of God, brought our hearts nearer to Him, and inclined our wills to obey Him.

It was no wonder that the loss of so kind and wise a father should be severely felt by Betsy and her mother. Hannah, too, grieved; but it was the grief of a child, easily diverted; and, all the time she had been this day on the plain, she had been so happy, that she could hardly understand the sad looks of her mother and sister, when she joined them on the hill, with her panchen brimful of ashes.

She was afraid the burning had been bad, or

that they had not got enough; but she soon saw they had panchens as full as her own, and of the best sort; so she sat down silently, and felt almost inclined to cry because they were not as gay as herself. It was not long before she did cry in earnest.

Her friend and playmate, Nelly Black, was sitting by a panchen not half filled, and sobbing as if her little heart would break. The cause was soon told: mother was in bed with a fever, and father had hurt his leg, so that he could not come out even to cut bracken in return for ashes; and sister Fanny must stay at home, to tend her father and mother, and mind the house; and poor Nelly's good will and hard work had been able to do but little towards getting a stock of ashes for their own use, much less should they have any to spare.

"Oh!" cried Hannah, "may I, Betsy, give her part of mine? I am sure Kate would let me make up for it to-morrow. You don't think Kate would be angry, do you?"

Hannah was startled by a man's loud voice behind her saying,

"No, no, Kate'll not be angry; but mind! you

two little girls shall keep together to-morrow, and work for yourselves. If you get the panchens above half full, you shall each have a fine large plum loaf to take home; and if either gets three quarters of a panchen, she shall have a bright new sixpence besides."

Hannah's face brightened directly. It was old Mr. Park, Kate's father, who spoke; and she knew he would keep his word. So she gave part of her ashes to Nelly; and the two little bracken-burners trotted home, with their burdens on their heads, full of hope for the next day.

Mr. Park was on his old fat horse, and rode up to Mrs. Jones and Betsy directly; he reproached Betsy for not coming oftener to the farm, and still more for not giving Kate notice of her mother's accident.

"You know," said he, "we can spare Kate a day or two now, for Madge and Susan are quite helpful to their mother, and Kate and Hannah might have minded Mrs. Jones and the house, while you went on with your needlework, instead of sending it home undone, because you could not do it by the day you promised."

Poor Betsy could not tell Mr. Park, that as her mother wished her to forget Alec, it was not right to be so much with his sister as she used to be. But Mrs. Jones took upon herself to answer,

"Ah! Mr. Park, times are changed now. We are left very poor, and it isn't for the like of us to think to find folks as they were when my poor dear husband carried all the work of the country before him. Betsy's a good girl, and will work for me, and Hannah, and herself, as she is bound to do, in return for all her father spent on her teaching. Not but what Betsy deserved anything, but it would have been as well for us all if the money had been saved."

Mr. Park held his peace; but he made Betsy give him the two panchens, which, he said, the old horse would let him carry steady enough to their house; and went with them, at a foot's pace, to their own door.

After standing a few minutes, apparently in serious thought, the farmer alighted from his horse, went into the house, and seated himself in the old window-seat, which little Hannah prided

herself on keeping as bright as a looking-glass. Then, turning to Mrs. Jones, he said,—

"You have good children, well brought up, and even more willing than able to do their duty by you; and much of their good character and power to help you and themselves is owing to the care and expense you and your good husband bestowed on bringing them up; so never grudge it, my good friend. I want you to do me a kindness, and that is, to stay quietly at home yourself, to-morrow. I have given Hannah and her friend Nelly tasks, that will keep them busy all day, and I mean to take Betsy home with me. She can sleep with Kate, as she has done many a time ere now, and will go to Bomer's plain with them all to-morrow, and make, I trust, a merry day's work. I shall be coming up, at any rate, to-morrow evening, to look after Hannah and her ash-pots."

So saying, Mr. Park bade Hannah show him where the pillion was kept. He buckled it on behind his saddle, while Betsy got her night-things together; and, as she was always neat, her little packet was soon made; and, with a lighter heart than she had felt for many months, she

seated herself behind Mr. Park, to trot the mile and a half to his own farm.

As soon as they were clear of the Ashton houses, Mr. Park said,—

"I am afraid, Betsy, that you want one quality, which your good father had, and which I depended upon finding in you: I mean trustfulness. You would shudder at the thought of want of trust in God—that trust which springs from his assurance that he watches over us, and guards us, so as finally to dispose the events of our life, for the best. But there is another trust you ought to feel. You know, the disciple whom our Lord loved says, 'If any man loves not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?' And may we not almost say the same of trust? You know me and mine, and have known us from your childhood; and yet, I fear, your mother did but speak *your* thoughts, when she said you could not hope to find your friends the same in your adversity as in your good days."

"Oh! sir," said Betsy, "you must not be angry with mother; she only advised me for the best. She feels her loss so much: and then, if I

left her, she would be so lonely, and Hannah can do nothing to speak of yet, and mother is getting old, so it was best she should advise me to forget Alec. And then you know, sir, how could I, if I was to see Kate, and all of you, the same as before? Besides, sir, all my time must be taken up in working for mother and Hannah, and not letting her feel her great change so much."

"So far so good," said Mr. Park. "But, Betsy, do you owe no duty to Alec? Have you not promised to be his wife, when he is able to maintain you and himself decently? And should you not have thought of him and his feelings?"

"Oh! I did, and do think of him; but my own wishes go so much to that side, that I was afraid of myself. And then, sir, sure my first duty is to my mother. She watched and tended me, when I was a burden and a grief to her, in my sickly infancy."

"True, my dear; no wonder that Alec and Kate love thee!"

Betsy then told him of the plan for letting their best room, and that she should try to get country mantua-making, and teach Hannah all

she could; and, if that did not answer, spoke of her resolution to become a stockiner.

"No, Betsy, no; that last shall never be. But all the rest of your plan is good; and I know of a tenant for your room. Our curate asked me, a week ago, if I knew of a nice, tidy room, near Kirby, where an invalid lady, a cousin of his wife, could pass the winter, and be waited upon by the inmates of the house. Now she would pay punctually, say six pounds for the lodging: you could soon agree about her provisions, and Hannah would be a nice little waiting-maid. Miss Marden comes to the parsonage to-morrow, and you might see her yourself, the day after; and, I suppose, next week you would be ready for her. As to your needlework, I've a notion we shall find you plenty to do."

The old gentleman then began to talk about Leicester and Kirton, and was unusually disposed to jest and gossip; and so beguiled the time their sober trotting steed took to go his distance.

Mrs. Park could hardly believe her eyes, when she saw her husband, with a young woman behind him; and the girls ran eagerly to the door to see the wonder. But all wonder soon turned to joy;

and perhaps Mrs. Park's parlour had never had so much chat and laughter in it, in the same space of time, as passed between Betsy's arrival and supper-time.

A cheerful, hearty supper it was, at the long table in the great farm-kitchen, where master and mistress, sons and daughters, and the farm-servants, men and maids, found places. After the young women had cleared away the fragments, the table was uncovered: the farmer stood up, in his place, and the family all kneeling round, he pronounced a thanksgiving for the mercies of the day past, and a prayer for good to soul and body, for the days to come.

After this, the various tasks being appointed for the next morning, all sought their beds, some within the farm, others in the neighbouring cottages.

A few happy sentences of renewed hopes were all that passed between the girls that night. The fatigue of the day soon brought on deep and sweet sleep, from which Madge roused them, in the morning, to prepare for their second day on Bomer's plain.

All Betsy's Kirton friends were glad of her coming amongst them again; and, to-day, Ailie Wilton and Thomas Bower joined Kate's party; and, among other tales told, was one, which promised Betsy the making of at least one set of wedding-clothes immediately. Thomas, who had been appointed overseer to a large proprietor in the neighbourhood, was to go to the new house belonging to his place, early in November, and he had prevailed on Ailie to be married, in time to help him to choose his furniture, and put the house in order. So next Monday, she and her mother were to go Leicester for the wedding-clothes, and to leave her own three dresses, and her mother's wedding-day gown with Betsy, on their return. "And mind, lass," said Thomas, "to make them fitting for my buxom bride, or I shall hardly wish, that by this time twelvemonth you may make your own."

Ailie and Thomas's glee was shared by his brother and Kate, while Betsy, elated with fresh hopes, thought to herself that, sooner than she expected, she might have to tell Alec Park how much she had thought of him, at her bracken-

burning at Bomer's plain. The day was over, and the work was done. The sun had set some time before the wain was in motion; but a sweet September moon lighted it on its way to Kirton. When it turned the corner, where the old church came in sight, Betsy sang an old-fashioned harvest hymn: and if cheerful industry and innocent affection bring happiness, then none could be happier than those young people, who ended the day, as they had done the last, with praises and prayers to the Giver of all good.

Meantime, Mr. Park had not forgotten the little girls on the hill. He saddled the fat horse, and rode up to the grove, just as the sun had set. The children had but now gathered their ashes, and he found them busily engaged in making a bargain equally good for both. It seemed that Hannah was the best needle-woman and scholar, but Nelly understood a garden, and the raising of herbs and flowers, as well as garden-stuff for the kitchen: she knew when to sow, and when to plant; how deep to dig, and how to hoe, and rake the seed-beds. Now they agreed that whenever they should be allowed any spare time, they

would pass it together, and teach one another. And Hannah was to begin giving Nelly lessons in needle-work, by showing her how to mend the great rent she had made in her frock, among the bushes that day; and Nelly was to show her the best way to make the border of her mother's little garden ready for putting out the winter herbs. All this Mr. Park heard, before the children perceived how near he was; but, as they saw he was smiling, they were sure they were not saying anything wrong, and held up the panchens to show that they had earned his plum-loaves, but they did not feel quite sure that either would get the new sixpence. Mr. Park himself was at first puzzled; but, at last, he said:

"I think it must be Nelly's. Her ashes are quite clean; but you, giddy Hannah, have gotten some grass-roots among yours, and look here! one, two, three bits of stick."

Hannah pleaded guilty, and owned that Nelly was a better hand at that work than she was.

"I'm sure, then," said Nelly, "you're the most good-natured. Do you know, sir, she would have given me some of her best ashes, to make my

panchen the fullest, that I might have the sixpence to get mother some tea."

"You are both good girls," said the old man; "but my wife thought of your mother, Nelly, and here is a quarter of a pound of tea for her; and I spoke to the doctor, this morning, about your father's leg, and he told me he was going to send him a plaister, that would soon cure it. But it's time you were at home. I shall call at both your houses, in less than half an hour."

Accordingly, Hannah had hardly reached home, before the farmer arrived, and told Mrs. Jones he had persuaded Betsy to stay at Kirton that night, that she might see Miss Marden about letting the room early the next day. He praised Hannah's industry and good-humour: and, bidding her take good care of her mother till Betsy came home, he trotted off to George Black's, where, after a few words of comfort to them all, he called Fanny aside, and bade her encourage Nelly to be as much with Hannah Jones as she could.

"It will be good for them both," he said; "and Nelly may learn, from her and Betsy, as much of her needle as may save you many a

weary stitch. If you have a bag, put Nelly's ashes into it and I'll carry it home, where they shall be made into balls, without your having the trouble, now you have so much to do."

"I'm sure, sir," said Fanny, almost crying, "I never can say enough to thank you for your kindness, which comes in good time indeed."

"Well, well! give me the ashes quick, and mind you make your mother eat a bit of Nelly's loaf with her tea, it will do her good."

The good fat horse did not seem to feel the bag of ashes, more than if it had been a fly, and landed it and his master at the farm-door, much at the same hour as Betsy had reached it, in his company, the night before.

The next morning was a scene of bustle in the farm-yard: men-servants and maid-servants were busy with tubs, and coarse-cloths, straining the lye-water, that was to be mixed with the ashes, in order to form them into balls, of convenient size for washing. As it is both a laborious and dirty operation, all, who can afford servants, leave that part of the bracken-burner's labour to them. Mrs. Park had sent, early in the morning, for

Mrs. Jones's ashes; and, under her superintendance, they, with little Nelly's bagful and her own, were rolled, and laid up to dry in due time.

At ten o'clock, Kate and Betsy called at the Parsonage, to see Miss Marden. She was certainly looking sickly; but she was cheerful, and kind. She was rather elderly, and very neat: and Betsy only felt afraid their room might not be good enough for her, and begged the curate would see it, before she settled to come. He made no objection, and walked over to Ashton immediately, with the two girls. Betsy said, that as this was Thursday, she should require Friday and Saturday, at least, to make the little alterations, she should wish, for the lodger's comfort through the winter. The curate agreed readily to this; and, on reaching Mrs. Jones's, declared he was sure the place would suit his relation, in all ways.

The room was at one end of the house, with a window to the south, beneath which there was a border of flowers, edged with thyme, for the sake of the bees in the hives, that stood on each side of it, and the walk beyond the border was shel-

tered from the east wind by a huge arbour, formed by old cut yew-trees. The garden was very small, and the croft only large enough for one cow, which grazed in the forest, part of the year. Still the little homestead was a pleasant one. And the curate, who was particularly pleased with Mrs. Jones and her daughters, fixed the rent, at once, at six pounds for the half year.

This relieved Mrs. Jones from much of her anxiety about the coming winter. And, when Betsy told her of the four dresses that she was to make for Mrs. Wilton and her daughter Ailie, she forgot all her vexations, and resumed her pride in the good education she had given her daughter.

Hannah had set off, as soon as she had put away the breakfast things, to see the ash-balls made at Mrs. Park's: and there she had been learning the proper proportion of ashes and lye, the proper time and method of mixing them, the right size of the balls, and how to lay them out to dry. Moreover, Mrs. Park had told her, how long they ought to be spread out and how they were to be kept for use. She told her also, that

they were much better than soap, for cleansing all woollen stuffs, from the finest flannel to the heaviest blankets; and that for cotton, especially of the coarser kinds, for coarse linen, such as the carter's frocks, and the tilts of the waggons, she liked them; but that for fine linen and printed cottons soap was pleasanter to use, and wore the things less.

Hannah had scarcely promised to remember all this, when Nelly Black came into the yard, quite out of breath, to tell her she must go home directly, and help her mother and Betsy, and Kate, to get ready for Miss Marden, who was to come on Monday, and live in their best room.

While she was delivering her message, she could not help looking at the balls, and thinking, sorrowfully, how few of them her little bag of ashes could have made; when Mrs. Park, who was quite as kind as her husband, showed her those set apart for her.

"Oh! ma'am," said the child, "I'm sure that's more than my share, it is indeed."

"Well, my dear," said the good woman, "each of my girls has given you a ball. You see they

have more than they wanted themselves, and they would only have been changed away to old Peter, the pedlar, for ribbons or hair-combs, that they did not really want, in the course of the winter, if they had kept them; so they are better with you and Fanny. But now get home with you both, as fast as you can."

Before the children reached Ashton, Kate had settled with Fanny Black, that Nelly should help Hannah; and, to save time, should take her meals with her. And now everybody was ready to take part of the work on hand. Betsy and Kate had already taken down the blue-and-white striped bed-hangings and window-curtains to wash. Mrs. Jones was polishing the walnut-tree drawers and chairs, and the little girls were employed to carry the bed and bedding into the croft, and lay them out in the sun to air. Then Hannah, who was an excellent scourer, put on her coarse brat, and cleaned the floor; while Nelly carried the brass fender and dogs, with the fire-irons, into the yard to polish.

While Mr. Jones was alive, he had had great pride in fitting up all his rooms with convenient

cupboards and closets, and had managed to find space for a shelf or two for books, even in the smallest. In the best room, which they were now preparing for their lodger, the shelves were of walnut-tree, to match the old chairs; and the recesses, on each side of the fire-place, had doors nicely fitted. One contained a set of shelves; in the other Betsy determined to place a small table, with everything necessary for washing and dressing, and there were pegs for towels and dressing-gowns; so that Miss Marden might have it open at night and in the morning, and closed in the day. The only thing Betsy insisted on buying new, was enough green baize to cover the floor; and this Thomas Bower, who had business in Leicester, promised to bring out that night.

The hangings were washed; and, while they were drying, Kate was at leisure to strip Nelly of her torn frock, and mend it even better than Hannah, with all her good will, could have done; and she, moreover, washed it out, telling Nelly, her working pinafore was quite enough to wear, that hot day, over her skirt. Nelly was willing enough to believe her, as she was longing to get

into the garden, and nail up the nice rosemary under the window. Her father, who had been a gardener in his days of youth and strength, had taught her how to train plants against a wall, as well as to manage them in the borders. She coaxed one long branch of rosemary up the side of the casement, to meet the cluster-rose, which grew on the other side, and spread along the top. The vine had been trained, by Hannah's father, upon stout lattice-work, not only on the side of the house, but over the thatched roof. A bay-tree grew on one side of the porch, and a honey-suckle on the other. The vine wanted tying up, here and there, especially where some nice bunches of grapes were bending it down. So Nelly got a short ladder out of the croft, with Hannah's help; and having worked while day-light lasted, was glad to be called to put on her much improved frock, and go to supper.

She then ran happily home, promising to come next day, in good time for breakfast. She kept her word, and the morning after also; and much did she and Hannah labour in the house and in the garden, and running messages for everybody. At

length it was Saturday evening. The kitchen, the parlour, their own bed-rooms, the little dairy, and all the out-houses, looked as bright as if they were set in order for a visitor, as well as the lodger's room. That room the children could never admire enough. Betsy's green baize seemed to them a magnificent carpet; the dressing-table, with the snow-white cloth, set off the looking-glass to great advantage; a flower-piece, worked by Betsy when at school, was framed and glazed, and hung over the chimney-piece, upon which stood two bright brass candlesticks, and a beautiful old fashioned delft flower-pot, destined to be filled on Monday morning. An easy chair on one side of the fire, in a white dimity cover, promised comfort for the invalid. In short, everybody pronounced it perfect, and felt a little impatient for Monday, that they might see how the new mistress of the room liked it.

On Sunday morning Kate persuaded Betsy to go to church with her, and promised, if she would dine at the farm, to come home with her after evening service, in time for her mother's tea. In the afternoon, they found Hannah, Nelly, and

Madge Park, in the pew before them. They had missed Madge at dinner, but Mrs. Park only smiled, and said she would not be starved, as she had ate bread and milk enough for two, half an hour ago. The truth was, the curate had told Mr. Park he was going to preach a sermon on purpose for the children, and he had sent Madge to bring the two little Bracken-burners to Kirton church, to hear it. The three little girls had wondered much, during their walk from Ashton, whether their sermon would be very different from what was preached to grown-up people.

Madge said, as they entered the church, "We shall soon know; and father bade me be sure not to think about it, while I ought to be minding the prayers."

"Well," said Nelly, "I will try too, but I'm a little afraid."

When the sermon began, they found the text was from the comfortable words of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The curate pointed out the goodness and graciousness of the Lord, in receiving little children, and inviting them to be near him. This, he said,

proved that children were capable of learning, and performing duties, according to their age and strength; and that Christ himself had set an example of the first great duty of children, while he was yet a child: this was obedience to parents. For, even after his first showing forth his divine nature, by remaining in the temple, and hearing, and asking, questions of the most learned men of his country, he went home, and was subject to his mother. In this manner, and in very plain language, the curate preached to his young hearers, and the children went out of church, filled with serious wishes to follow the example of Christ: and when in pain and in sorrow, to bear their sufferings with patience and submission, that they might deserve all the good, that the Saviour had secured, by his agony and death, for such as follow his example and obey his precepts.

In the time of the grandfathers of these children, the inhabitants of Kirton and its neighbourhood had been amongst the most ignorant and miserable in the country. The people were not, indeed, remarkable for wickedness; but they never thought of improving either their families, or their

farms; there were many beggars, and but few who, in cleanliness or neatness, appeared better off than beggars. Happily for them, an excellent man was appointed Rector of the parish, who resolved, if possible, to improve his people.

His first care was to become acquainted with them all, but especially the farmers, whose example must be of consequence to their servants and labourers. Mr. Park and Mr. Bomer were then young men, and had just taken possession of their farms. They were sensible, and wished to do what was right; and their young wives were good house-wives, but so uninstructed, that they could not even read and write. However, that defect was soon remedied; for they had good-will, and loved their husbands so well, that they would have done more than learn to read and write to please them. By degrees, the Rector showed them the advantage of neatness in the house, and of having a garden, about the house, for herbs and vegetables. His example, at the Rectory, taught them the use and pleasure of bees, and of flowers to feed them; and it was not long before a general improvement took place in the appearance

of Kirton, and the hamlets and farms belonging to it.

But, this point once gained, the Rector and his two friends, (as he always called Mr. Bomer and Mr. Park,) were not satisfied without improvement in the character and morals of the people. The farmers used their power over the cottagers and labourers, for that end; and the Rector never spared himself, either in winter's frost, or summer's heat; but, in his widely scattered parish, he was to be found by the bed-side of the sick, or instructing the ignorant, or comforting the afflicted. In church, where there used to be empty seats, many were now to be seen standing even in the porch; and the people learned to understand the Word of God, and to rely upon the merits of their Saviour.

When age and infirmity had made it necessary for the Rector to have an assistant, he had sought a man of principles like his own, as zealous to do good, and strong to do it; and this man was the Curate, who preached the sermon for children, which Nelly and Hannah went to hear.

It was no wonder, then, that many good, and

prudent, young men and women grew up in the parish, and that even the children were so anxious to do what was right.

The little Bracken-burners, Hannah and Nelly, belonged to families that had been among the first to listen to the good Rector's advice; and, although they were poor, yet more contented or happier families could scarcely be found.

Betsy Jones's prudence and goodness had enabled her to support her mother in her distress, when her father died; and now Hannah's cheerful activity and industry spared her mother much trouble, and saved Betsy's time, so that she could carry on her business.

The autumn passed quickly. Miss Marden's health was a little better. In the long winter evenings, she often invited the little family to her room, and made Hannah read some entertaining or instructive book. She showed her prints of the flowers Betsy had drawn; and she taught her and her friend, Nelly, how to dry plants nicely, and made them write their names on the paper they were fastened to, as well as their uses, whether for food or medicine, for men or animals.

Christmas was now come. Alec Park paid his yearly visit of a week to the farm, and his father came on the fat horse to fetch Betsy, that she and Alec might talk over their future plans. It seemed a short week at the farm, for it was a very happy one. Alec and his father found out, that with Betsy's good management, and his own good wages, and the furniture and linen that Mrs. Park meant to give them, and fifty pounds that Mr. Park was to give Betsy to begin house-keeping, they might prudently marry at Midsummer.

James Bomer knew, in less than an hour afterwards, what had been settled about Alec and Betsy, and claimed Kate's promise to be married on the same day. The mother smiled, and said her linen was all ready, and something besides, to make up for the furniture which she gave Alec, but which they would not want.

"And now," she said, "our little Brackenburners must supply the places of their sisters, for I can tell you that Fanny Black is going to live in Leicester, with the mantua-maker, who was so good to Betsy."

At Midsummer, when it came, there were some

natural tears, when the young women left their homes; but their happy prospects soon comforted their parents; and my friends, Hannah and Nelly, were almost reconciled to the loss of Betsy and Fanny, when they found that dear good Miss Marden had determined to continue living in the pretty room at Ashton, as long as the good Curate remained at Kirton parsonage.

PALM SUNDAY;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S SATURDAY'S WALK.

PALM SUNDAY;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S SATURDAY'S WALK.

"COME, Mary!" said Mr. Lumley to his little girl, one Saturday afternoon, "put on your bonnet and your thick shoes. I am going to Davies's cottage, and there is a basket for you to carry, with some work for Jane, and some jelly for her grandmother. The lane is pretty clean, and the stepping-stones, even the rickety one, quite out of water."

Before the last comfortable assurance could be heard, Mary was ready for the walk.

Papa at leisure on a fine Saturday afternoon to help her to enjoy her holiday would have been enough; but to go to old Molly Davies, and to see her favourite Sunday-scholar Jane, was pleasure indeed.

It was a charming afternoon,—one of the first that Mary had called so that spring. The winter had been severe; there had been no fine Saturdays in February, scarcely one in March. But on this, the wind was soft, the sun was shining, the violets had no withered brown edges to their deep blue petals, but looked and smelt as March violets should look and smell. In the sheltered lane there were a few full-blown primroses among the moss, the woolly stems of the cowslips were already peeping up in the meadows, and innumerable buds of all Mary's favourite spring flowers seemed ready to open in the warm sunshine.

"Oh, papa, how happy I am!" cried the little girl, as she showed him a lap-full of gay colours. "Here are yellow pileworts, and gray lady's-smocks, and wood-sorrel, and cowslips, ready to blow; and I declare, there's a wood anemone quite blown. Oh! this year these darling anemones will answer to their pretty name of pasque-flower, for they will be in full beauty by Easter.

"Do you know, papa, I feel as if it were more good in God to create beautiful things, to make us happy when we only look at them, than even

to give us needful and useful things, which are often far from being beautiful or pleasant. I hope I am not foolish or wrong to say so."

"No, my little Mary. I remember the wise and good Mrs. W—y said the same thing, almost in your very words, to me some years ago, when she saw a bunch of spring flowers in water on the table of a sick friend. I am glad you are learning to see and love the goodness of God while you are young; it will make it easier to do your duty towards Him for the rest of your life."

"Hush! dear papa. Hush one moment!—I am almost sure I hear a willow-wren in the hedge; and those wagtails! I declare they are catching flies already; and look! there are the little tadpoles all gathering round that green mossy stone; how merry they are in the clear water! But here we are at Davies's cottage, and there's a thrush singing; and old Molly says the thrushes sing earlier in the copse behind their house than anywhere else. Do you think it's true, papa?"

"I don't know, my dear. But run in and settle it with Molly, while I step on to the over-

seer's; and by the time you are ready to go home, I will call for you."

Now, this was just what Mary liked. She went into the house by herself, and felt very important as she opened her basket and gave Jane directions about the needle-work to be done for her mama, and then helped her to spread the cloth on Molly's little deal table, that she might eat some of the jelly, to do her good directly, as Mary said.

Meantime, the flowers were laid out in due order by the two little girls; and as soon as Molly was at leisure, a hundred questions were asked at once, but as she declared she could only answer one by one, Mary was obliged to curb her impatience.

"Well, then," she said, "do tell me why this pretty yellow flower is called pile-wort?"

"I have been told," said Molly, "that wort means root or plant in general; as for the *pile*, you know that is an old word for cross, and as you have brought a bit of the root, I can shew you why this is called pile-wort, or cross-root. Look, I will cut the root across, and you will

see a number of black spots in the form of a cross upon the white part. In former days this root was used in washes and salves, for healing many kinds of sores. This pretty little green leaf, whose flower is just budding, lying close by, is adder's-tongue; and I still often boil it with sweet oil and wax to make salve for the wounds and cuts that mowers and reapers are apt to meet with in the course of their work."

"And what do you do with the lady's-smocks?" cried Mary. "I see such a store of dried ones hanging up there!"

"They are the remains of last year's gathering, Miss. The powder made of them is given for agues. The bundles of roots hanging by them belong to your pasque-flower: they are good in powders and in drinks for obstinate coughs; and this pinkish wood-sorrel makes a sort of tea which is very good for colds. In short, you have not brought anything but the pretty primroses that I do not remember using or seeing used to cure some ailment or other."

"What, Molly, even the violets?"

"Oh yes, Miss! The syrup of violets makes

people sleep as well as the laudanum the doctors are so fond of now-a-days. But next month and the one after it are those of all the year that bring forth most of the plants of which the leaves and flowers are good for physic. August and September ripen such as have most virtue in the seeds and roots. If your mamma likes it, I shall be very glad to tell you all I know about these things, and Jane can show you all the plants I use in the fields."

"Thank you!—thank you, dear Molly! but here comes Sam, with a whole bundle of sticks. What can they be? Oh, I see now, they are palms to wear to-morrow. Are they good to cure sickness? And why do we call them palms, and carry them about on Palm Sunday?"

"Why, Miss, I think you had better ask your papa the two last questions, and, in the meantime, I will do my best to answer the first. The bark of willows in general, but particularly that of the sallow, which is the palm-willow, has long been known and used as a cure for agues and low fevers; and though the elm and some other barks were employed, yet none was found to be so good

as the sallow, till the Jesuits brought the bark of a shrub from America, about two hundred years ago, which is so much more powerful as a cure for the same disorders that the European barks are nearly out of use*. But here comes your papa, and I shall be as glad as you to hear what he will have to tell you."

"Papa! papa!" cried the eager little girl, as she ran to meet her father, "do come in quick, and tell Molly, and Jane, and me, all about them."

"All about what, or who, my dear? The new benches in the church, or the children in the new school?"

"No, no, not now; but about the palms, papa! and Palm Sunday, and why we carry palms, and——"

"Enough, enough, my little girl. If I answer all those questions, I must sit down in the chim-

* Though old Molly did not know it, just about the time she was speaking, some gentlemen began to examine the sallow bark with more attention than it had met with before. And they procured a medicine from it called salicine, which seems to have the same properties as the quinine, which is made from Jesuit's bark.

ney-corner, and Jane must give me a draught of whey, and Molly must have patience with us for at least half an hour."

"That I will, and be thankful too, your reverence," said the old woman. Jane dusted the settle, and brought the whey, and the party was soon seated.

And now, who so happy as little Mary? Seated on her father's knee, hoping to have all her questions answered, with old Molly in the opposite chimney-corner, Jane at work in the window-seat, and old puss purring on the hearth: it was far the best Saturday afternoon she had known, this year at any rate.

"You know, my little Mary," said Mr. Lumley, "that what you call palms are really branches of willow in flower, and that all willows bear their flowers, called catkins, before their leaves come out. I think you know also, that real palms are trees which only grow in hot climates, whose large branch-like leaves grow like a crown, distinguishing them among trees, on the top of the stem, whether it be only one year old or a hundred. I think you can compare a palm-leaf to

nothing so aptly as to the ostrich feathers which ladies wear in their head-dresses.

"Now these palm branches have been thought, at all times and in all places, so beautiful as to be fit to carry before kings and conquerors, as signs of victory and of fame likely to last."

"In what particular country was that, papa?"

"Wherever palms grew, at first; but by degrees neighbouring countries adopted the palm as a sign of victory, and we read of them in every profane history as well as in the Bible, where you know the palm is often named."

"Was there any reason besides the beauty of the leaf for this, papa?"

"You shall judge. The palm leaf, even when cut from the tree, is not subject to decay. In the countries where it grows it is used to thatch houses, nay, even for the walls, when woven into mats. Palm mats make soft bedding for men, and safe cradles for infants; and I have seen labourers in rice grounds well sheltered from sun and heavy rain by a hood and cloak made of one leaf of a palm-tree. The fibres of many kinds of palm are woven into coarse cloth, and most of

them furnish materials for strong and durable ropes.

"The juice that flows from the top of several palms, when a small cut has been made either in the bark, or the footstalk of a leaf, is as refreshing as Jane's whey, when fresh; and after standing a few days a strong spirit is often distilled from it. The juice from the date palm, indeed, when boiled, produces a very sweet, dark-coloured sugar, called jagree.

"The palm-tree wood is useful in building; it resists the attacks of all insects, even those of the white ant, and is perhaps the most durable wood in the world."

"How can we know that, papa?"

"A piece of timber was lately brought to England from the ruins of Babylon. It was found in the ceiling of a chamber where it must have been at the very least for two thousand years. Your dear friend Mr. Brown examined it, and found it was palm-tree wood."

"How wonderful! but, papa, has the palm-tree any fruit fit to eat?"

"What think you of cocoa-nuts and dates?

You like them both, I think; and in many countries these fruits furnish great part of the food of the natives during many months of the year. And from the refuse cocoas and the seeds and nuts of other palms a sweet oil, good for food as well as for lamps, is pressed."

"Dear papa, you might well say the palm is distinguished among trees. Were there many palms in Palestine?"

"Yes, my dear; and in Egypt, where the Jews dwelt so long, many more; nay, even while they wandered in the desert, they often came to clumps of date trees, whose charming shade, sweet fruit, and refreshing juice, were to them truly a 'table in the wilderness.' You cannot wonder, then, that on all occasions of rejoicing, and especially on the solemn feasts, when the heads of families went up to Jerusalem to worship, the people gathered the branches and carried them with their other offerings to the temple, where they probably formed shades and screens from the intense heat of the sun, while they waited in the court of the people."

"Has that custom of the Jews anything to do with our carrying palms on Palm Sunday?"

"It is the origin of it. You have read in the New Testament, when our blessed Saviour was preparing, with his disciples, to eat his last paschal supper in Jerusalem, the people met him as he was riding towards the gates of the city, and received him with shouts and rejoicing, crying to him, HOSANNAH! which means, SAVE, WE BESEECH THEE, and strewing palm-branches in his way, and some even spreading their own clothes before him.

"As this is supposed to have happened a few days before the feast of the Passover, which was, and indeed still is, observed by the Jews at the same time with our Easter, though not always on the very day, the first Christians used to carry palm-branches into their churches on the Sunday before Easter, in memory of Christ's entry into Jerusalem."

"Well; but, papa, how came we to use willows instead of palms?"

"It was natural that, as the first Christians were all Jews by birth, they should observe many of the customs and ceremonies of the Temple of Jerusalem in their own churches; and when the Christians became numerous, and gained riches

and power in all countries, that their priests and bishops should wish to make the worship of the Christians at least as grand as the worship in the ancient temple of the Jews. Accordingly, they imitated, as far as they could, the dresses and music, and some of the offerings; and among these that of the palm leaves.

"Now, the Christians in most of the countries of Europe looked upon the bishop or pope of Rome with the same reverence that the Jews paid to their high-priest, and considered the chief Church of Rome as holy as the old Temple of Jerusalem. Of course, it was impossible for many of them to go to Rome every year to worship there; but every one who could possibly afford it went thither once in his life, and carried offerings in money, or jewels, or curious things, such as he could afford. Noblemen and kings gave great estates to the church; and for some hundreds of years, the popes pretended to have authority over all kings and princes. During that period, the visitors to Rome were not to be counted. The ceremonies observed during the whole week before Easter attracted crowds from all countries. The

churches were decorated with costly hangings of tapestry, or gold and silver cloth, or silk and velvet. And on Palm Sunday, in the church where the pope himself sung the service, the altar was covered and ornamented with palm branches.

"At a particular part of the forenoon prayer, the pope pronounced a blessing over the palms, which were the signs of the victory of Christianity over the heathen; and then the palms were distributed to the cardinals, the bishops, the princes, and, in short, to as many persons as they would serve."

"What was that for?" interrupted Mary.

"Such of the persons receiving them, as had come on a pilgrimage from a distant country to Rome, carried these palms home, as a sign that they had accomplished their undertaking, and called themselves Palmers in consequence. They, and all who had palms from the church, preserved them carefully, as they believed that the blessing pronounced over them by the pope would extend to the house in which they were kept."

"Now, papa, tell us why we call willows palms, and gather them for Palm Sunday."

"A little patience, my dear, and I will. I need not say that palm-trees do not grow in all the countries where there are Christians. Even in Italy the climate does not suit them. There is, however, one small sandy valley, open to the sea and the southern sun, on the coast of Genoa, where the date-palm is cultivated on purpose to supply Rome with branches for Palm Sunday; and I have heard it said that it is the exclusive privilege of *one* family living in a village on the coast to furnish these branches, because it is descended from a sailor to whom the right was granted in reward for having, by quickness and presence of mind, saved the lives of hundreds, and ensured success to the raising the immense obelisk of Egyptian granite in the Piazza di San Pietro, where it has stood ever since the days of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, who was Pope from 1585 to 1590. At his command it was raised out of the earth in which it lay buried by the enterprising skill of the architect Domenic Fontana. Crowds assembled to behold the wonderful work. Silence was enjoined to all upon pain of death, that nothing might for one moment draw the

attention of the workmen from what they were about, or prevent their hearing the signals agreed upon. A Genoese sailor, however, accustomed by his seafaring life to the management of ropes, perceived that the cords to which the obelisk was fastened were slackening, and, in defiance of the order, loudly cried out, '*Acqua! acqua!*' (Water! water!) Fontana instantly understood his meaning and the danger, and ordered pails-full to be brought and splashed over them, by which means the ropes, which had been dried too much by the sun, were quickly tightened again, and the heavy obelisk saved from falling upon the workmen."

"Oh, papa, how could that be?" said Mary.

"When you go home, your brothers will show you the difference wetting will make in the length of a rope, and then you will understand my story better. I am sure Molly and Jane know it already by their washing-lines. But to finish my story.

"The brave sailor was tried and sentenced to be put to death for disobedience to the Pope's orders; nor was it (the story goes) without difficulty that Fontana obtained his pardon, and, as it seems, a slender reward for so great a service.

"It is probable, too, that this family may be employed to manufacture artificial branches, when (as is frequently the case) the trees themselves do not supply a number equal to the demand*. This they contrive by tying reeds and sedges to willow wands, in imitation of the palm leaf, and placing a portion of the *real* palm at the tip of the mock one."

"Oh, thank you, papa—thank you. What a pretty story, what a brave, good man the sailor was; how I love him! I hope it is quite true, papa."

"Indeed, my dear, so do I, and I am inclined to believe that it is."

"But what a pity there is no more of it, papa. We have not been sitting in this snug corner nearly half an hour; have we, Molly? have we, Jane? You are not tired, dear Molly?"

"Oh no, my dear Miss Mary. Perhaps," con-

* Little Mary's friend Mr. Brown told her afterwards, that the only place in Europe where the climate and soil are sufficiently favourable to the palm for dates to ripen is Valencia; and that the palm-trees there had been originally planted for the purposes of the church.

tinued the old woman, "your papa can tell us why the willow, rather than any other tree, was chosen to represent the palm; if he really will spare us a little more of his time?"

"Willingly," said Mr. Lumley. "From the prayer of consecration used in early times on presenting the palms at Rome, we learn that fruit and flowers were also presented. This clearly shows that the whole ceremony was copied from some of those of the Temple of Jerusalem. There, at the Feast of the Tabernacles, along with the palm branches, boughs of the willow and myrtle, and the fruit of the citron, each perfect in its kind, were presented by every man to the priest at the altar."

"Why was that, papa?"

"The palm, as I told you before, was a sign of victory; and the Jews loved to worship God as the Leader of their hosts, as the Lord of Battles. The willow grows by the fresh water brooks, and is a sign of fertility; it was properly laid on the altar of Him 'who openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness.' The myrtle is a shade and shelter from the heat, and its bark

and leaves preserve all materials tanned with them from decay; it is in reference, I think, to this quality, that Queen Esther is often called Hadassah, or the Myrtle, because she sheltered the Israelites and preserved them from the malice of Haman. As to the ripe citron, its fragrance, its beauty, and perhaps its quality of keeping long unspoiled when gathered from the tree, fitted it for an offering representing the beauty and fruitfulness of the land of promise.

"Now you see, Mary, that of the trees or fruits offered in the Temple of Jerusalem, or the Church of Rome, the willow is the only one which is found in the northern countries of Europe, and therefore the only one likely to be used by us on Palm Sunday."

"I am sure," said old Molly, when Mr. Lumley had done speaking, "we shall not easily forget why we gather willows and carry them instead of palms, eight days or so before Easter. Can your reverence tell us if the poor Jews preserve any of these customs now?"

"A great many; although the glory is departed from their Temple, many with true hearts con-

tinue to perform their ceremonies, and to the best of their power, to make their offerings in their synagogues. At present, I have not time to tell you more than that they spare no expense to procure fair citrons and flowering myrtles: the willow, you know, they find everywhere; but they generally supply the place of palm by the branch of an almond tree."

Mary's half hour was now spent. The minute-hand of Molly's great clock pointed to half-past three. Mamma expected her and papa home by four; so, tying on her bonnet, she bade Molly and Jane good-bye, and followed by Sam, with a bundle of palms for her brothers, she set out gaily on her walk home, gathering fresh flowers for her own flower-pot, and arranging the new things she had learned that day in her little head, by the help of a question to papa every now and then about citrons, myrtles, willows, and palms.

BOTANICAL NAMES OF LITTLE MARY'S FLOWERS.

March Violet . . .	*Viola Odorata*
Primrose . . .	*Primula Vulgaris*
Cowslip	*Primula Veris*
Pilewort . . .	*Ranunculus Ficuria*
Lady's-smocks . . .	*Cardamine Pratensis*
Wood Sorrel . . .	*Oxalis Acetosella*
Pasque Flower . . .	*Anemone Pulsatilla*
White Wood Anemone .	*Anemone Nemerosa*
Adder's Tongue . . .	*Ophioglossum Vulgaris*
Sallow	*Salix Aquatica.*

MEDICINAL USES

Acknowledged by Lindley in his "Flora Medica, 1838."

Violet.—Flowers anodyne, and roots emetic. Used in the Grand Seignor's Sherbet.

Cowslip.—Pleasant sedative, particularly in wine.

Pilewort.—Very acrid. Used sometimes for blisters, or for drawing-plaisters, but with great caution.

Lady's-smocks.—Lindley does not seem to know its use in agues, but says it is a popular remedy for falling-sickness in children.

Wood Sorrel.—A cooling drink in fevers.

Wood Anemone.—The pulsatilla very acrid, and those who rub down the powder vomit and are affected with colic if they do not use a veil. Used in very small

doses for complaints on the lungs. The Anemone Nemerosa is much milder. Both have been used by country people, in various ways, often with good effect; but sometimes producing much mischief.

SALLOW.—The bark of many willows is an effectual substitute for cinchona or Jesuit's bark. A substance called Salicine is produced from it, used with effect instead of Sulphate of Quinia.—*Lindley.*

Willow bark contains a good deal of tannin.—*Hatchet.*

Next to oak-bavin, willow sprays peeled make the best charcoal for gunpowder.

EASTER EVE;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S SECOND WALK.

EASTER EVE;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S SECOND WALK.

The week between Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday was a very busy week at the parsonage; so Mary had no hope of a walk with papa on the Saturday. There had been morning prayers every day, and two full services on Good Friday. The overseers had been very often to see Mr. Lumley, and many of the young people from the distant parts of the parish had been with him in his study, in the afternoon, to be examined and prepared for receiving the Sacrament on Sunday.

Mama had been very busy too. The little school girls had brought their needle-work to show her, and Mary had been allowed to stand by while they were questioned about their regular school lessons, their catechism, and what they

could do in the way of cleaning and scouring a house and furniture. Mary was surprised that many little girls of her own age were able to do a great deal of useful work, and to save their mothers a great deal of trouble; and she thought they must be very happy, for she remembered how very glad she was when mama trusted her with the keys of the store-room, to give out things for use in the family, or for the sick poor people in the village, and she longed for the time when she might do a great deal more.

Mary was thinking so much of these things, that she hardly remembered the wild flowers in the hedge as she carried a message to old Molly, till she smelt something particularly sweet; and looking round she saw some beautiful pink mezereum, and a bush of blackthorn, besides squills and ground ivy on the bank. These she quickly gathered, and hoped Molly would be able to tell her if they were useful in any way when she got to the cottage.

The sun was shining brightly, and one or two of Molly's bees had already left the hive in search of food; several birds were warbling in the copse,

and the little garden smelt sweetly not only of flowers, but of the newly turned earth where Molly's grandsons had been preparing seed beds for sowing herbs and vegetables.

Mary stood a moment at the door before she went in, and then she found Molly and Jane busied in such a manner as to make her forget her wild flowers for some time. They were tying bits of coloured cotton and ribbon round some eggs, and smearing parts of others with butter, while from time to time they watched the boiling of something contained in two pipkins over the fire.

The little girl made haste to deliver her mama's message to Molly, and then eagerly asked what she and Jane could be doing with those eggs.

"We are going to make Easter eggs, which some call pace eggs, of them," said Jane. "Don't you remember Miss how much you liked the coloured eggs I brought you last Easter, when you had the measles, and I promised you some more the next time grandmother made any."

"Do you really mean," replied Mary, "that the beautiful colours on the eggs were made by

greasing them, or by tying bits of ribbon on them?"

"You shall see, Miss," said Molly, "if you have time to wait till they are done."

Mary thought she might stay half an hour, and Molly told her that would do, as the liquor in the pipkins was now boiling. In one Molly said there was a small quantity of turmeric, a vegetable dye-stuff, which dyed yellow. It came from the East Indies; this turmeric was also wholesome, and was mixed with curry and pickles, and other kinds of food. The other pipkin contained a few shavings of logwood, a purple dye-stuff, which grows in great abundance in South America.

Jane now put the prepared eggs into the pipkins, part into one and part into the other; but little Mary observed that she kept a few out, and asked her why?

She said, when the others had boiled long enough she should take them out, and mix the two colours to make a green, and the rest of the eggs should be put into it.

Old Molly then said it would be better not to think more of the eggs just now, and asked little

Mary if she had no flowers to talk about, as she thought surely she had seen some in her hand when she came in.

"True, dear Molly, and here are four quite different from any we had last Saturday. Look how beautiful this blackthorn is; of what use is it?"

"The little birds make great use of it after the frosty weather sets in, for food. Before that time it is too hard and sour for them. We use the juice, after it has simmered a long time over the fire till it thickens into a cake, as a medicine for fevers and agues, which it often cures, as well as bark; and that, without making people sick. The dried leaves make very pleasant tea, and I often use it myself instead of real Chinese tea. I have known apothecaries distil the flowers with water, and so procure a liquid with a pleasant taste to mix their drugs with; and then you know, Miss Mary, what nice hedges blackthorn makes, and what good stout walking-sticks your papa and Master George have got of blackthorn."

"Well," said Mary, "I might have thought of the walking-sticks and the food for the dear little

birds. Let me see, do I know anything about mezereum besides the sweet smell? Oh yes! mama told me last year never to touch the berries because they are poisonous. Now Molly, can you tell me any good use of mezereum?"

"Yes, Miss. Jane, bring the bark you strung on your pack-thread to dry this morning. You see this pretty shining grey bark is quite poisonous enough to hurt the stomach if it is swallowed; but we dry it, and sometimes by bruising and steeping it in water, we make a wash which is very good for such complaints of the skin as make it appear scaly and rough, or full of pimples. And sometimes it is pounded to powder and tied on any part where we wish to make a blister. So you perceive that even this poisonous shrub is not without its use."

"Why do you call it a shrub, dear Molly?"

"You know, Miss, it is not so tall and large as a tree, and yet its wood and bark are like those of trees; and it neither dies entirely every winter, like your pretty annuals in the border, nor down to the root, like Michaelmas daisies and lilies and asparagus, and many more, every autumn. It

only sheds its leaves like the oaks and elms, and most of our English trees. My pretty rosemary that the bees love so, and your papa's laurels and rhododendrons, and many more, are evergreen shrubs. The fir trees and pine trees, and the old cork tree behind your arbour at the parsonage, are evergreen trees."

"And what do you call the others?" cried Mary.

"Your papa calls them deciduous, and says it means that the leaves fall or die every year."

"And what is the particular name for the flowers and plants that die down to the root every year?"

"Oh, they are called herbaceous, because most of the grasses and many herbs, such as mint and balm, do the same. I see you have brought in two with you."

"Oh," said Mary, "I think I understand. But is my beautiful squill of use?"

"Squills, or rather the bulbs of squills, are very much used in medicine," replied Molly; "but our small squill is of little value; and, indeed, is not exactly the same kind with the great sea squill,

which is brought from several warmer countries, and among the rest from Malta. The root is boiled with sugar into a strong syrup, and it is particularly good for coughs and asthmas."

"Then," said Mary, almost disappointed, "our pretty wild English squill is good for nothing."

"Do not say that, my dear child," cried her old friend; "it is true the foreign squill has more powerful qualities for the use of man; but our's is not without some. Then consider the small animals and insects that may derive either nourishment or medicine from them."

"Animals and insects!" said Mary, quite surprised; "do they take medicine? and how can they know what to take?"

"When God made them," said old Molly, earnestly, "He gave them all the knowledge they required to preserve themselves. Surely you have seen your papa's spaniel and your own pretty cat eat grass, which serves them for an emetic. I recollect your complaining that puss had been nibbling the leaves of your crocuses because the grass was not ready for her; and last summer when the grass was so burnt up, did not

Frisk eat the husks of the seeds of the Canterbury bells?"

"I am very glad, Molly, that they know so much, and that God is so good to them. Oh, whenever I hear any new thing about God's goodness to everything that He has made, I love Him more and more, and then I think I will try to be very good that He may love me."

"Bless the child!" said the good old woman; "only follow the examples of your parents, my dear, and you will deserve the love of God."

Mary looked very grave for a few minutes, till Molly said, "But what is that pretty blue flower you have brought me?"

"Ground ivy; dear Molly, is it useful to us?"

"Oh, yes! the leaves made into tea I always give Jane when she has a little cough. Besides, a medicine is made of it, which is very good for people subject to be melancholy."

Jane now called Mary to look at the eggs. She had taken the yellow and the purple ones out of the water, and had put in the rest with the mixed liquor to make them green."

At first Mary was disappointed; the eggs and

the rags appeared all of one colour. But when Jane had removed the covering, the prettiest variety appeared, and the eggs looked like variegated marble. The colours of the ribbon had been left in some places; in others the cotton had made stains; and where the grease had been under the rags, white spots appeared. There was one which Mary particularly admired, rather darker than the rest, and Jane took a penknife and scraped away the colour so as to make the letters M. L. appear bright white on the darkest part. Mary was charmed to see her own letters on her Easter egg; and still more so when Jane put into a basket three more for her brothers, and said she would carry it home along with the work she had finished for Mrs. Lumley.

Mary now begged Jane's grandmother to let her walk home with her. It was so much pleasanter to have somebody to walk with. Besides, Jane could show her some more plants, and might help her to gather a nosegay for the flower-pot.

Molly made no objection, and promised to watch the green eggs while Jane was gone. And Jane, after washing her hands and face, put on

her Sunday's bonnet, to walk with little Mary to the parsonage.

When they were going into the lane, Mary observed a great many brownish-green scales rather than flowers scattered under a large tree, which had not yet put out its leaves. She asked Jane if she knew what they were, and was surprised to hear that these were the blossoms of the large elm tree that stood at the corner. She then wanted to know what the elm tree was good for. Jane told her that the carpenters said it was a very tough tree, and that the timber when cut down would last a long time in the water. So pumps are made of it, and parts of the wheels of water-mills; and as it did not easily break, it was used for making farm and garden tools. She also said her grandmother kept some of the inner bark dry among the sorts of bark that were good for fevers.

Both the little girls now began to look for pretty flowers. Mary, though it was full early for them, found two sorts of cowslip, one of which was of a deep orange-brown colour; and Jane said, in some places they called them both paigles.

There were still plenty of violets and primroses;

the buds of the spindle-tree and buck-thorn seemed ready to burst; and Jane said the oak was going to blow. Mary laughed at the notion of the huge oak making part of a nosegay; and Jane confessed that the flower was no handsomer than the elm-blossom; "but you must own," she said, "Miss Mary, that the acorns which come after the flowers are very pretty."

"So they are," said Mary; "and I have heard papa say they are very useful too, in many places where large herds of pigs are kept; for the swine-herds drive them into the oak woods as soon as the acorns are ripe enough to fall, and the pigs grow fat and handsome while they feed on them. Then you know the wood is so useful and so beautiful; the wainscote in our parlour and the carved ends of the old seats in church are oak; and papa says, wherever very strong wood is wanted, oak is the best."

Jane said she had once been to see her aunt, about twenty miles off, and she had shown her a tan-yard, where the hides of cattle were sent to be cleaned and tanned, to preserve them, and make them into leather for use. The tan was oak

bark steeped in water, and kept in large pits, and the hides and skins were put into them, along with some lime, to soak, and then they were rubbed till they were soft after they were cleaned, and so we had them to use for leather.

"What," said Mary, "all sorts of leather?"

"Yes, Miss, the leather for your shoes and your papa's saddle and bridle, and the harness for the waggon horses, and more things than I can tell you."

"Then every part of the common English oak is useful," said Mary; "and besides that, my old cork tree, which is an oak in its own country, has a bark thick and soft enough to make corks for bottles and cork shoes, and a great many other things; and then, papa says, in some countries the acorns are sweet enough to be ground into flour, and mixed with corn flour to make bread."

Mary had been so busy getting her nosegay, and chattering about oaks and acorns, that she had not perceived Mr. Lumley coming along the lane to meet her. He said he had a little spare time before dinner, and would willingly use it in

talking to her now, as he should be busy in his study all the evening.

"Then, papa, you can tell us what I want very much to know. But first of all, Jane must show you our beautiful Easter eggs. I found Molly and Jane busily making them, and I staid till they were done, and now we are carrying some home."

"I never knew that eggs were to be made by hands, my dear," said Mr. Lumley, laughing at Mary's mistake, "you mean that they were colouring them, I suppose."

"To be sure, papa! but I want to know why they are called pace eggs, and why we have them at Easter?

"The word pace, my little girl, is a common way of pronouncing pasque, which, as you know, is one name for Easter; though I think we only use it now in naming the pasque-flower, a kind of wild anemone, which I see you have in your nosegay. So pace eggs are Easter eggs.

"Your second question will take more time to answer. It was the custom among the first Christians, as you have read, to keep Lent very strictly; fasting very often, and praying whenever

they were not obliged to do their ordinary work. Now, at the end of that time, when they left off the mourning clothes they used to wear in Lent, and began to rejoice on account of our Lord's resurrection, they made presents to one another; and eggs being plentiful at this season, even the poorest Christian could afford to give away an egg. I do not know when they began to colour the Easter eggs to distinguish them from others; but I believe it was done as long ago as when there had only passed two hundred years after the time of our Saviour."

"Has everybody Easter eggs every year?" said little Mary.

"No, my dear child: I believe there are few persons, excepting you and Molly, in England, who trouble themselves about coloured eggs now, and many I am sure never heard of them."

"Then do the people in any other countries use them?" said Mary.

"Yes!" answered Mr. Lumley, "in Russia. And I believe that wherever there are Christians of the Greek church, Easter eggs are regularly provided in every family to give away."

"What do you mean by Christians of the Greek church?" said Mary; "are they Roman Catholics?"

"In some things only," said Mr. Lumley; "but many hundred years ago those Christians whose chief bishop was at Rome, and those whose chief bishop was at Constantinople, could not agree about the proper day for keeping Easter. The dispute grew so violent that one part of the Christians would not eat with the other, nor marry their daughters, nor live peaceably in the same towns. At length they separated entirely; and they were called the Church of Rome and the Church of Greece."

"And is all the difference between them only about the day of keeping Easter?" cried Mary.

"It is the chief difference; but there are many others which would be scarcely worth talking about, even if I knew more of them, and we had more time to spare."

"Then, papa, everybody does not keep Good Friday, on the same day?" said Mary.

"Certainly not; for you know Good Friday, the day on which we remember the crucifixion,

must be the third day before Easter, when we rejoice in the resurrection."

"Oh, I did not think of that, papa; I was going to ask if everybody had cross-buns on Good Friday?"

"I dare say," said Mr. Lumley, "that every Christian had something of the kind long ago. They were not used then merely as we use them now, for a luxury. But every body, whose health and strength could bear to fast all day, never tasted food till after sunset. The weak were allowed a small loaf or bun, with a little spice in it, in the morning, to support them through the day; and these little cakes were marked with a cross to show their purpose.

"Then, papa, the plum-buns are not really cross-buns, are they?"

"I think," said Mary's papa, laughing, "that long ago plums in the buns would have been thought too great an indulgence, and that it is only for the sake of you little people, of very late times, that they have found their way into the buns."

Here Jane very modestly begged leave to ask a question.

"As many as you please, my good girl," said Mr. Lumley.

"How came people to think that a cross-bun, if kept a whole year, was lucky, and could cure diseases?"

"Oh, Jane," interrupted Mary, "you surely are mistaken; nobody could be so foolish."

"Indeed, Mary," said her papa, "I am sorry to say Jane is not mistaken. There are still people ignorant enough to think that a thing intended for a holy use becomes holy itself, and gains power to do good, which common things, though made by the same hands and of the same stuff, never have. Remember what I told you last Saturday about the respect paid to the palm leaves; and you will hardly wonder that people should fancy that cross-buns which used to be blessed by the bishops and other clergymen might be good for various diseases, especially if kept carefully for a whole year. The manner of using the holy cake was to grate a little of it into a cup of milk or other liquid, and then drink it before breakfast; you see, Jane, this was very harmless

medicine, and I dare say your grandmother has often seen it used."

"Indeed, sir, she has; and it was her telling me of it yesterday morning, that made me bold to ask your reverence about it now."

"I am always pleased when questions are asked by young people, especially in a gentle modest way as you ask them, Jane. You owe a great deal to your good grandmother for the pains she has taken in bringing you up."

While Mr. Lumley had been talking to Jane, little Mary had picked up three kinds of speedwell which delighted her very much.

She knew that some of the handsomest speedwells would not blow, at soonest, till next month; but it was pleasant to find any, a little earlier.

When Mary had talked a little about her speedwells, she said, their blue flowers put her in mind of another little blue thing that she had in her garden. It was corn-sallad, or lamb's lettuce, and she meant to gather some the last thing before she went to bed, that mama might have it at dinner next day. "How glad I am," she said, "papa, that you told me to gather the seed last

year in the corn field! I have quite a nice little bed of it now. I know it is called corn-sallad because we find it wild in corn fields; but why do we sometimes call it lamb's-lettuce? Do you know, Jane?"

"I think, miss, it is because the little lambs are fond of eating it. I remember when my brother Sam had a pet lamb, he used to go about in the dry corn fields, and get as much as he could for it, and he often found some on the old wall where the windmill used to be. It likes to grow in dry places."

"Then," said little Mary, "some plants like to grow best in one place, some in another. Why is that, papa?"

"Because every plant requires some particular kind of nourishment, which it finds best in the places where we see it oftenest wild. A sea-weed would soon die if you planted it in the freshwater stream that we are walking by, and the pretty little water star-wort that you are gathering, would not fare better in salt water if you placed the roots there ever so carefully. Your sweet primroses would fade and die in a hot

sunny place; and lupines, sweet peas, or lark-spur, never do well in a cold and moist border, such as the primrose loves."

"Oh, then," said Mary, "I shall not be afraid to go to places very far from home, because if I don't find all my own dear flowers that I am used to, in the lanes and fields, I may see some of them, and maybe others quite as curious and as beautiful."

"Why, really," said Mr. Lumley, laughing, "I hope my little Mary will never go into those sad countries which are quite without flowers."

"Where are they, papa?"

"You have read of sandy deserts in Arabia and Africa, where the soil or sand is so loose and light that the wind blows it in such clouds before it, as to smother travellers who are so unfortunate as to be crossing the desert in a high wind; and there you can understand that there can be no firm ground for a plant to take root in."

"Then, papa, are no plants at all seen in the deserts?"

"I do not say that, Mary, for here and there,

but at great distances, there are springs of water which moisten the sands a little; and though these springs often contain saltish or bitter water, a few shrubs and herbs spring up by them, which the poor camels, who generally carry travellers across the desert, eat willingly."

"Oh, papa, I remember you took us all to see the wild beasts that came to the village last year, and I thought the camel looked very like a large sheep, and when we came home you showed us the print of him in 'Bewick's Quadrupeds,' and read the account of that dear useful creature to us; and told us that his life was a lesson of patience to us!"

"I am very glad, my dear child, that you remember what we read and talk of. It shows that you pay attention to what is said and done. But we have been walking very slowly while we have been chatting, and I am afraid we have kept mama and the rest waiting. So run home with Jane, and say I am coming in, and prepare yourself for dinner."

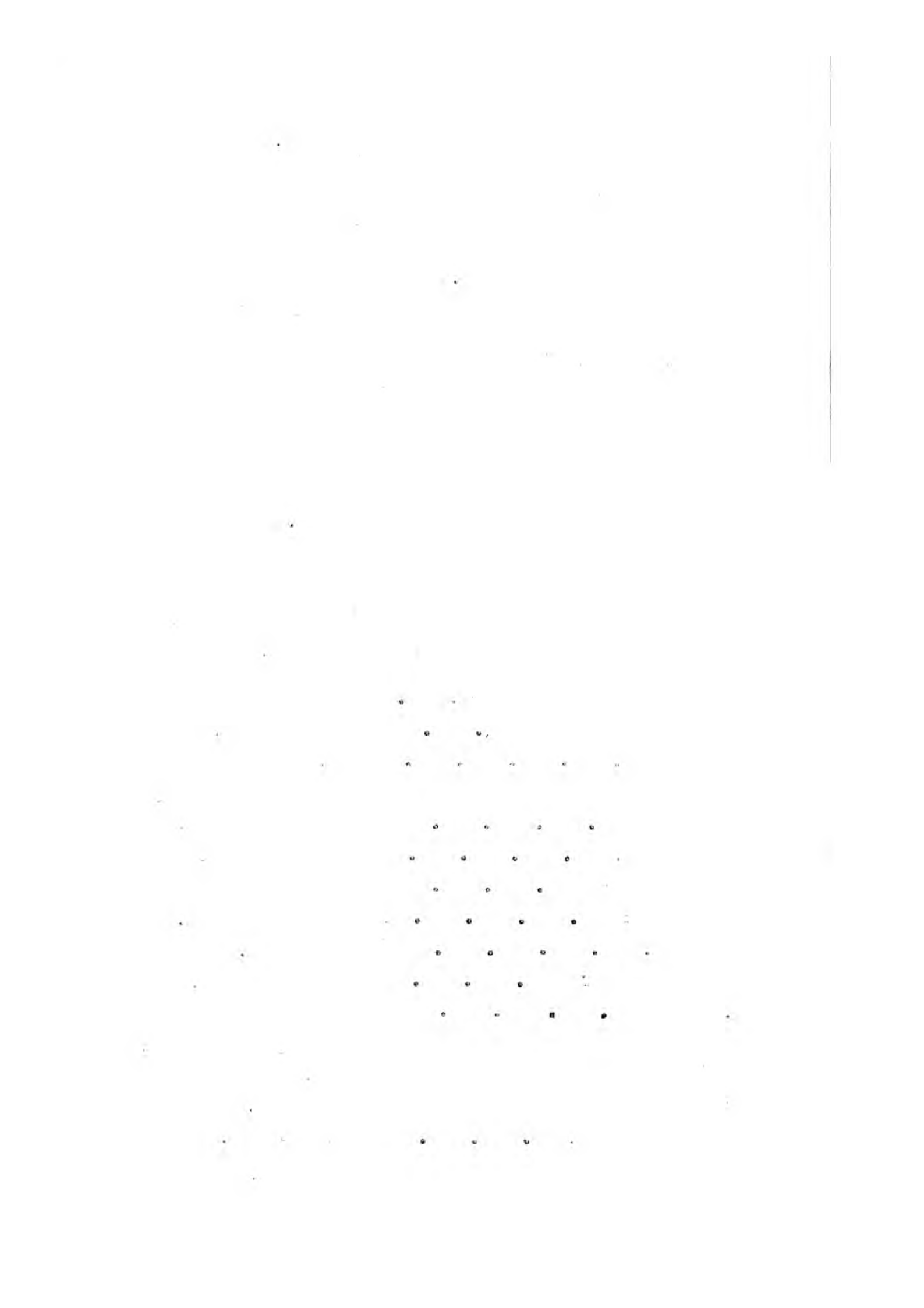
Little Mary then said she was afraid running

would shake her delicate flowers to pieces, but as papa was not going to run she begged he would bring home her nosegay.

This he promised to do carefully; and, as he looked after her as she skipped lightly along the green sward, he thought that, if it pleased God to preserve her till she became a woman, she would be as sweet tempered and cheerful as her mother, and, he trusted, as clever and as good.

BOTANICAL NAMES OF LITTLE MARY'S ENGLISH PLANTS, GATHERED OR SEEN ON EASTER EVE.

Mezereum or Spurge Olive . .	*Daphne Mezereum.*
Black Thorn or Sloe . .	*Prunus Spinosa.*
Squill	*Scilla.*
(There are three English kinds.)	
Ground Ivy	*Glechoma Hederacea.*
Elm Tree	*Ulmus Campestris.*
Spindle Tree . . .	*Euonymus Europœus.*
Buckthorn	*Rhamnus Catharticus.*
Oak	*Quercus Robur.*
Pasque Flower . . .	*Anemone Pulsatilla.*
Speedwell	*The three earliest blowing are Triphyllos, Verna, and Agrestis.*
There are 18 English kinds of Veronica.	
Corn Salad, or Lamb's Lettuce	*Fedea Olitoria.*
Water Starwort . . .	*Callitriche Verna.*



LITTLE MARY'S SATURDAY

AT HOME.

LITTLE MARY'S SATURDAY AT HOME.

The Saturday after Easter Day was so rainy that Mary had given up all thoughts of a walk long before lesson time was over.

But she thought that she should be more with mama that afternoon, and be in the way too if papa could spare an hour to come out of the study and play with her brothers, and talk a little to her. So she began to think it was almost a good thing to have a rainy Saturday now and then, though she did love a walk either to the village or to Davies's, to chat with old Molly and gather flowers for her own flower-pot.

When the lessons were done, her books put neatly by, and the inkstand and slate in their proper places, she said, "Mama, after I have washed my face and hands and made myself neat, may I come and sit with you this afternoon?"

"Yes, my dear," said mama, "and as you have been very attentive to your lessons and your summing, you shall help me in a little job I wish to do."

"Oh, that will be charming," said Mary; and off she ran to make ready to sit with dear mama and help her.

When she came down stairs, she found Mrs. Lumley seated at a table near the window. There was on the table a basket with a number of small paper parcels in it. There was also a number of pieces of paper of different sizes, all neatly cut, a ball of fine pack-thread, and the inkstand.

Mrs. Lumley told her to bring a chair, and sit at the opposite side of the table. "And now, my little girl, we are to divide each of these parcels first into four parts; you perceive by the names written upon them that they are garden seeds. One of the four parts of each will be neatly tied up, and the name written plainly upon it to keep at home; one part must be divided in two, and each part tied and written upon also:—Mr. Blair, your papa's good curate's name upon one; and old Molly's name upon the other. A third part

you may divide into eight or ten parcels, neatly folded and named, and the last of the four parts is to be directed for the new school-master."

"What, mama!" cried Mary, quite surprised; "where is there a garden large enough in the village to need as many seeds as our garden does?"

"You have not been in the village, except just to go to church, for several weeks," said mama, smiling, "and in that time a great deal has been done. Mr. Watt has given that pleasant field that slopes to the sun, where you have played with little Susan so often, to the new school for a garden. Mr. Watt allowed his ploughman to plough it twice, and since that the boys have been busy trenching it under William Davies's direction."

"Oh how nice, mama! They can have a door into it from the end of the school-room. But I do not know what trenching is. Can you tell me?"

"It is digging very deep into the earth. Common digging, as you have often seen, only disturbs the earth as far down as the length of the spade used by the labourer; but trenching is digging to

twice that depth, or as far as two spades will reach; it is slow and laborious work, but is necessary where ground, that has been undisturbed for many years, is wanted for gardens or for nursery grounds. Sometimes double trenching is required, or digging as deep as four spades length would reach.

"Oh!" said Mary, "then William Davies was trenching the ground in the garden when he turned the old grass walk into seed-beds, because you had the great grass-plat made before the windows. But is all the field ploughed and trenched, mama?"

"Not quite all. The girls are to have a garden as well as the boys; and a little green is left for them where they may dry the fine linen they will be taught to wash. On one side of it too, I mean to have some bees placed, that they may learn how to manage those useful insects."

Mary now set busily to work. She divided and tied up several sorts of greens and cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, carrots, turnips both white and yellow, celery, onions, parsnips, beet-root, beans, peas, French beans, cucumbers, vegetable

marrow, lettuce, and endive. She had now divided all the large packets, when she said, "Mama, are there to be no potatoes? I do not see any seed."

"The potatoes grown from seed are so very small that I am afraid there would be no depending upon them for winter food, and those gardeners who do sow the seed must wait three or four years before their seedlings are worth eating; there is a quicker way of procuring potatoes, which I will explain to you if you will go and ask the cook for a raw potato and a small knife."

As soon as Mary had brought the potato, Mrs. Lumley cut it and showed Mary that where the little hollows and spots upon the skin were, there appeared to be something like a little thread in the potato within. This she told her was a root, and on looking at the spot on the outside with her mama's magnifying glass she saw it was like a bud.

"Oh, I understand now, mama; you plant old potatoes, and these buds grow into roots and have new potatoes."

"We do not do that exactly," said Mrs. Lum-

ley. "Each of your buds is called an eye; now the potato is cut into as many pieces as there are eyes, taking care not to injure the eye. The ground being properly prepared, either with the plough or the spade, the potatoes are planted each in a separate hole. The planting is most conveniently done by two persons. A gardener's line is first stretched across the seed-bed or field. Then one goes with a dibble and makes holes at equal distances all along the line, while another (generally a boy or girl) comes after and drops an eye into each hole along the line, and then another line is made till the bed is full."

"What is the use, mama," said Mary, "of taking the trouble to plant them all in lines?"

"Potatoes require to be kept clean and to have the earth heaped up about the roots, in order that the potatoes may receive proper nourishment, and this is more conveniently done when the plants are in rows, and at equal distances."

"Are any other vegetables planted in the same manner?" said Mary.

"Several, I believe, in various countries; but I only recollect one here, and that is the Jerusalem

artichoke. The parts we eat of these and of the potato are called tubers, and it is by means of tubers that these useful vegetables are increased as well as many of our garden flowers."

"Oh! which, mama?"

"The gayest is the dahlia; then there are several sorts of iris and ranunculus, and many more than we have time to talk of now."

"Here is parsley seed," said Mary. "I thought parsley was always green all the year."

"If the flowering stalks are carefully cut, the root and leaves will continue to flourish for many years, but otherwise it requires to be sown at least once in two years. But I perceive we have done with the larger table vegetables, and are come to the pot herbs."

"Pot herbs, mama, what are they?"

"Herbs used either to improve the flavour, or add to the wholesomeness of what is put in the pot to cook. Thyme, parsley, sweet marjorum, and winter savory, are put into most soups. They are also mixed with bread crumbs and other herbs, such as sage and mint, to make stuffing for poultry and white meats. Chervil, burnet,

cress of various kinds, are used with lettuce and radish for salads. The bitter herbs are chiefly used as medicine."

"Mama! we read lately in church about the Jews eating bitter herbs with their paschal lamb. Do you know what they were?"

"No, my dear. Most of the common herbs grow in all parts of Europe, the neighbouring parts of Asia, and in Egypt, and the oldest books which mention the food of men always speak of herbs and salt to eat with their meat. But though I cannot tell you what the ancient Jews ate with their paschal lamb, I know that the modern Jews in England eat horseradish and chervil with it. We are accustomed, you know, to use mint, vinegar, and sugar, for sauce with lamb."

Mary thanked her mother, and then said, "But I do not think we have seeds of nearly all the herbs. Have we, mama?"

"No, dear child; because some grow more quickly and even better by dividing the roots and making several plants of one. And between our garden and Davies's we shall be able to furnish the school garden with all that is necessary."

"How I shall like to see the garden, mama! But here are the flower seeds. I suppose the boys must learn to take care of flowers as well as vegetables, but they will be of most use in the girls' garden because of the bees."

"I do not think," said mama, laughing, "that the fence between the gardens will be so thick or so high as to prevent the bees from visiting their neighbours' flowers. These wonderful insects are said to go several miles in search of food, and I think you may trust to their travelling a few yards to taste the honey they would be sure to find there."

Mary laughed a little at herself too; and said, "How foolish to forget seeing Molly's bees over and over again feeding on the wild thyme on the bank behind her house. But who are all the small packets of seed for, mama?"

"Mr. Blair promised last year that whoever kept their little gardens round their cottages in the best order should have garden tools and packets of seeds given to them as an encouragement; and I promised to send to London for as many as should be wanted, along with our own and those for the school."

"Oh, mama, do you give rewards to grown men and women as well as to little boys and girls?"

"Surely, my dear, when we have the power. I remember before my little Mary was born, old Molly's was the only cottage garden in the parish. The little plots intended for gardens were used as yards, where heaps of rubbish and broken tools lay about, and a few fowls lay scratching the dust among them."

"Who made them so different, mama?"

"The poor people themselves, my dear. Papa and I were eager to help them to be more comfortable, and we persuaded one or two the first year to plant a few common vegetables. They found how good they were for food, and talked to their neighbours about it, and now, Mary, you see that almost all the labourers have gardens, and many take pains to have a few flowers under their windows."

"Are the boys and girls to work in the garden instead of play, mama?"

"Oh, no, Mary; part of their play time will be spent in the garden, but part of the school

hours will also be spent in the open air, learning many useful things. As soon as the weather is dry enough for the seeds to be sown, you shall go with me and help to teach the little girls what to do with them."

"Oh thank you, thank you, mama; but what shall we do for fruit? Here are vegetables, herbs, and flowers, but no currants and gooseberries."

"Mr. Watt has supplied those from his nursery-ground, as well as two vines to be trained on the wall of the school-house, and papa and Dr. Ireland have sent apple, pear, and cherry-trees. Strawberries and raspberries are coming from good old Farmer Tedman."

Mary's fingers were fast beginning to be rather tired of folding and tying up papers; and she was very glad to hear the boys at the door, struggling who should get in first to tell that Henry had finished a neat carpenter's job, which had taken a good deal of time and patience.

"Oh, what is it?" said Mary, who had not been allowed to go into the workshop for a whole fortnight.

"May we fetch it, Henry?" cried Tom and

Charles both at once, "and then mama and papa and Mary may all see it. Oh, mama, it is so beautiful!"

"Well, run and fetch it then," said mama.

While they were gone, Mary asked her mama if she thought Henry were well enough to walk out with her now?

"We must ask Dr. Ireland, my dear. He said, you know, that after having the measles so severely it would not be safe for him to go out, if the weather should be cold or damp, for many months."

"Oh," interrupted Henry, "I am very happy within doors. I get plenty of play and exercise too, at my carpenter's bench; and if it was not for losing a walk with you and Mary now and then, I should not mind staying at home a year."

By this time Tom and Charles had dragged in the thing they admired so much. It really was a very neat box, which mama praised, and Mary thought, as Tom said, quite beautiful. It was divided into little squares within, and every square was numbered; and Mary found a list of all the seeds she had been tying up numbered to suit the

box. She guessed then that Henry had prepared a pleasant surprise for mama and herself, and that the box was for the school seeds. She ran to Henry and kissed him, and told him how glad she was that he had finished it so nicely. She was sure papa would be pleased, and said it was just like papa's own seed-box.

"Why," said Henry, "it was seeing that which put it into my head to make this; and as I knew the seeds were to come by the coach last night, I worked hard to get my box done in time."

"Oh, how glad I am," said little Mary, "that I have tied all the parcels for the school, mama! may I help Henry to put them into the box?"

"Yes, my dear; and you had better number them to agree with Henry's list as you do so."

The two children had just happily finished their task, when papa came in, prepared to play or to talk just as the children pleased; but Tom and Charles had borrowed some of Henry's tools, and had begged a piece of wood from mama, so they were in a hurry to go to the workshop, and only waited to be jumped twice off a high chair, and left papa to talk with Mary and Henry till dinner-time.

Mary as usual climbed upon her papa's knee; Henry drew his stool close to his arm-chair; and as usual eager little Mary began.

"Papa," said she, "were all the common flowers that grow in our garden borders wild in England once?"

"No, my dear, very few of them indeed."

"Then, papa, where did they come from?"

"Some from the southern parts of Europe, and many more from Asia Minor, Syria, and Persia."

"Can you tell us which each particular flower came from?"

"I don't know, indeed, my dear; but if you will question me, I will see how far I can answer."

"Let me see, papa; the first blossom that came through the snow this year was the pretty little winter aconite, with its yellow flower set close into its green leaf. Is that English?"

"No, my dear; it is found in the hilly parts of Italy and Switzerland. Like other aconites, and the hellebores which it resembles, it is poisonous, and so is the beautiful Christmas rose, which is also a foreigner."

"Well then, papa, what do you say to snow-drops and crocuses?"

"Oh, snow-drops are our own, and so are four kinds of crocuses. Two of these blow in autumn; and of these one produces saffron, used as a medicine and in dyeing linen, and the other yields a drug called colchicum, good for gout and rheumatism."

"I shall love them better than ever, papa; but where do polyanthuses and auriculas come from? I know primroses and cowslips are our own."

"Some of the polyanthuses, I believe, are only primroses and cowslips carefully cultivated. Others come from the Alps and other mountainous districts; so do almost, if not quite, all your auriculas. A few years ago a beautiful kind of primrose was brought from China, and one nearly the same from the high mountains of Nepaul, but it does not grow in the open air with us."

"I know the single white and blue sweet violets are English, papa? But where do the double ones come from?"

"The pale blue is from the south of Italy,

Mary, and I think we owe the others to the same country, as well as some of our hyacinths, though the finest were originally brought from Syria and Persia. The jonquil is also a Persian; and so are some of the delicate kinds of narcissus."

"Oh, but papa," cried Mary eagerly, "you know the starch hyacinth is English, and our pretty squills are wild hyacinths."

"True, my dear, and we have the delicate poet's narcissus, with its pure white flower, and the pale yellow, in our sandy fields and heaths, and the woods full of the rich daffodil in spring."

"Oh yes, papa! and the lovely sweet lily of the valley and wise Solomon's seal are English too, but where do we get the other lilies?"

"The beautiful white lily is a native of Palestine; do you not remember that it is mentioned in St. Matthew's Gospel?"

"I do," said Henry, gently; and he repeated the verses, "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. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field

which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you?"

"My dear boy," said Mr. Lumley, laying his hand on Henry's head, "I am glad you have so good a memory for good and beautiful things! You cannot do anything while you are young that will comfort and delight you so much at the end of your life, as to learn by heart those parts of the Scriptures and of other books, which encourage good and beautiful thoughts in your own mind, and lead you to trust in God."

"Oh father! when I was so ill and weak, nurse read the sermon on the Mount to me, and I determined to learn it all by heart as soon as I was strong enough; I hoped, as it is the advice of Jesus Christ, and in his own words too, that it would help me to keep from being wicked, and perhaps make me good."

Mr. Lumley stooped and kissed his sick child. Little Mary saw mama wiping her eyes, and she felt as if she could cry herself without knowing why; and then she looked at poor Henry's thin face, and she felt afraid he would die, as her little

sister had done last year: and she thought she would ask old Molly about him when she saw her, for she knew it would make mama and papa very sorrowful if she asked them. She sat very still, and in a few moments, Mr. Lumley, looking up, said, "The roots of these lovely flowers are used by the people in Palestine as poultices, and from the leaves and flowers various medicines are prepared. Turk's cap and martagon lilies come from Siberia, where the natives make great use of their bulbs for food."

"Do they eat them raw, papa?"

"No my dear. The root is either boiled or roasted in the ashes. It has a mealy taste, and is not unpleasant."

"Do any other lilies come from Asia, papa?"

"A great many, my dear. But some are too delicate to live in England without a hot-house. One, however, is so like a wild English plant, that they are called by the same name. It is the Star of Bethlehem. The very small bulb of the Star of Bethlehem has been occasionally used for food in Palestine, from very early times."

"Oh, I know the flower very well," said Mary. "How it opens on a sunny day! and then shuts when night comes, as if it went to sleep."

"Where do tulips grow wild?" said Mary.

"In Persia, Syria, and the neighbouring countries. One pretty kind you may find in some parts of England, and that is the single yellow with pointed petals; it bends on its stalk a little."

"Oh, that is my favourite," said Mary. "Don't you remember, Henry, how equally we divided the roots in the Autumn?"

"Yes, very well, because you were so good natured and would put that fine large one into my portion."

"I am glad, my child, to see that though you love your flowers dearly, you love your brother's pleasure still better. Do you remember, Henry, the Psalm you liked so much upon brotherly love?"

"I think I can say the first and last verses, papa.—'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that de-

scended upon the Mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded his blessing, even life for ever more.' "

"Very well repeated, my dear boy. A man alone in the world is a very weak creature, compared with one who has brothers and sisters to help him in time of need, to comfort him in sorrow, and to care for him in sickness. Love one another then, my dear children, if you would be happy, and obtain the blessing of God."

"Papa!" said Mary, almost crying, "I can't help loving them all, so it is not goodness in me, is it?"

Papa smiled, and said,—"It is the goodness of your nature, my little girl, for which, like every other good thing, you must thank God, and take great care never to lose it."

"Papa!" said Henry, "who wrote that pretty fable about brotherly love, called The Old Man and the Bundle of Sticks?"

"It is one of a large collection, generally called *Æsop's Fables*, and is said to have been written by a little man called Æsop, a deformed slave, who lived at Athens, but some of them were certainly

written since his time, and it is very likely that he did not write all of the old ones."

"I love fables," said little Mary; "I know the dogs and the lions, and the trees did not talk; but then, if they could talk and be good and naughty like us, it is just what they must like to say. I often think of the little kid, who would not look out at the window before she opened the door, though her mama bade her, and so the wolf got in and ate her up."

"Can you tell me which is the oldest fable that we can read of papa?" said Henry.

"The oldest is to be found in the oldest book," said Mr. Lumley.

"You don't mean in the Bible?" cried little Mary.

"Yes, Mary, I do. Perhaps if Henry thinks a little he will remember it."

"No, papa: I have been thinking, and I know there are parables, which are examples of men doing right, or wrong, such as our Saviour used, but I cannot recollect a fable."

"Let us turn to the book of Judges," said papa, "and we shall find what even Mary would think a very pretty fable."

"Oh let me read it," cried Mary. So Mary read from the ninth chapter, Jotham's fable of the trees that wanted to choose a king.

Then Henry said, "I suppose, papa, that is to show how foolish it would be to wish for employment that we are not fit for. The good useful olive, and fig-tree, and vine, thought they were doing good in their own stations, but might make bad kings; and it was only the bramble which does little good, that thought of changing his place; and then he knew that he should be likely to do mischief."

"Very well explained, Henry. And Jotham's fable has brought us back to Mary's plants."

"Are the cedars of Lebanon the very same kind as grand-papa's?" said Mary.

"Yes, for the seeds grand-papa's grew from, were brought by a merchant from Mount Lebanon; and he gave them to grand-papa when he was a boy. You see they thrive quite well in England."

"Are there any olives in England, papa?"

"Only as curiosities, and kept in hot-houses, my dear. But the fig thrives very well in sheltered situations."

"Ah, I know it, papa, we had some very nice ones at Mr. Watt's last autumn, and there is no want of grapes in the village, I am sure; but where did the vines first come from?"

"From Asia, my dear. You know that Noah was the first who cultivated the vine, and made wine. How soon it spread over Persia, Syria, and Lesser Asia, I cannot tell; but the Romans received it from Greece, and carried it with them to Spain, France, Germany, and England, in some of which countries it produces very fine wine. Wine may be made in England in very fine warm summers; but as grapes are not a certain crop, we employ our land better in growing corn."

"Well," said Mary, "I am sorry we have none of the wise plants in the fable for our own, but for the brambles we have plenty in the hedges wild."

"I think, my dear, the bramble is to be found in most countries as well as Palestine and England. Your cousin John told us when he paid his last visit, that one day while he was in Brazil, he was quite pleased as well as surprised to find a large branch of ripe blackberries, hanging over

the road near the top of a very high mountain at Rio Janeiro."

"Are there any other plants," said Mary, "that are found all over the world?"

"I believe the plant which has been found in most countries is the useful watercress. But we have had a long chat, and I fear our Henry is tired; so go, and get ready for dinner, and we will have a game of questions for my spare half-hour after tea."

BOTANICAL NAMES OF THE PLANTS TALKED OF BY LITTLE MARY.

Cabbage and Greens . .	*Brassica Oleracea.*
Brocoli	*Brassica Botrytis.*
Cauliflower . . .	
Carrots	*Daucus Carota.*
Turnips	*Brassica Rapa.*
Celery	*Apium Graveolens.*
Onions	*Allium Cepa.*
Parsnips . . .	*Pastinaca Sativa.*
Beetroot	*Beta Vulgaris.*
Beans	*Vicia Faba.*
Peas	*Pisum Sativum.*
French Beans . .	*Phaseolus Vulgaris.*
Cucumbers . . .	*Cucumis Sativa.*

Vegetable Marrow . .	*Cucurbita Melopepo.*
Lettuce	*Lactuca Sativa.*
Endive	*Cichorium Endivia.*
Potato	*Solanum Tuberosum.*
Jerusalem Artichoke .	*Helianthus Tuberosus.*
Dahlia	*Dahlia Superflua.*
Iris	*Iris Susiana.*
Ranunculus . . .	*Ranunculus Aconitifolius.*
Parsley	*Apium Petroselinum.*
Thyme	*Thymus Vulgaris.*
Sweet Marjorum . .	*Origanum Vulgare.*
Winter Savoy . . .	*Satureja Montana.*
Sage	*Phlomis Lenata.*
Mint	*Mentha Viridis.*
Chervil	*Chærophyllum Sativum.*
Burnet	*Sanguisorba Officinalis.*
Cress	*Lepidium Sativum.*
Radish	*Raphanus.*
Horseradish . . .	*Cochlearia Armoracia.*
Currant	*Ribes Rubrum.*
Gooseberry . . .	*Ribes Grossularia.*
Apple	*Pyrus Mala.*
Pear	*Pyrus Communis.*
Cherry	*Prunus Cerasus.*
Strawberry . . .	*Fragaria Vesca.*
Raspberry . . .	*Rubus Idæus.*
Winter Aconite . .	*Eranthis Hyemalis.*
Christmas Rose . .	*Helleborus Niger.*
Snowdrop . . .	*Galanthus Nivalis.*
Crocus	*Crocus Sativus.*
Polyanthus . . .	*Primula Polyanthus.*

Auricula	*Primula Auricula.*
Hyacinth	*Hyacinthus.*
Jonquil	*Narcissus Jonquilla.*
Narcissus . . .	*Narcissus Poeticus.*
Starch Hyacinth . .	*Hyacinthus Racemosus.*
Daffodil . . .	*Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus.*
Lily of the Valley . .	*Convallaria Majalis.*
Solomon's Seal . .	*Convallaria Multiflora.*
White Lily . . .	*Lilium Candidum.*
Turk's Cap Lily . .	*Lilium Martagon.*
Martagon Lily . . .	
Star of Bethlehem .	*Ornithogalum Umbellatum.*
Tulips, the yellow English	*Tulipa Sylvestris.*
Olive	*Olea Europœa.*
Fig-tree	*Ficus Carica.*
Vine	*Vitis Vinifera.*
Bramble . . .	*Rubus Fruticosa.*
Cedar	*Pinus Cedrus.*
Watercress . . .	*Nasturtium Officinale.*

WHITSUN EVE;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S LAST SATURDAY.

WHITSUN EVE;

OR,

LITTLE MARY'S LAST SATURDAY.

Poor little Mary was obliged to pass several Saturdays without one very pleasant walk. Her brother Henry had been ill again, and either their papa or mama always sat with him in his bedroom, her other brothers were at school, and there was nobody to walk with little Mary.

It is true that her mama kindly sent her every Saturday to take a message, either to old Molly, or to the school-mistress, or some old woman in the village. But then, though there were beautiful flowers by the way, and birds singing sweetly in the hedges, there was nobody to talk to about them, and to help her to gather the sweet things in the lane, and she thought she should not care about gathering them at all, if it were

not for the pleasure of taking them to poor Henry.

At last, towards the end of May, a fine Saturday came with a bright sunshine and a blue sky, such as little Mary dearly loved. It was Whitsun-Eve, and her papa said, at breakfast, that Henry was so very much better, that he might sit up and read a little, and then lie down and sleep in the afternoon, that his old nurse could sit by his side while his mama was busy, and that he would walk with Mary.

This was indeed happy news. Henry better, and papa able to walk with her! It was pleasant to see how carefully the little girl went up and down stairs, and how gently she moved everything, that she might not startle or disturb her brother, though she was longing to jump about and sing for joy at the thoughts of her walk with papa. But Mary learnt, from her mama's example, to be thoughtful for other people before she indulged herself.

And now it was one o'clock. Mary put on her bonnet and thick shoes, and knocked at her papa's door to tell him that Henry was sound

asleep. Mr. Lumley immediately rose from his desk, and taking his little girl by the hand, they were soon in the lane leading to Molly's cottage. Mary could not walk a step without finding some new flowers in the hedges; the beautiful yellow-broom was showing itself here and there, while wild roses of four or five different kinds were hanging about in beautiful wreaths, one of which she got her papa to gather, and twist round her hat. On the bank, under the hedge, she found a beautiful yellow cistus hanging on its delicate stalk, and the blue ground-ivy, and the sweet woodroof, which, when dry, Mary loved to have put into her drawers to make her linen smell of new hay. There were a few cowslips still in the shady places, and close down by the brook she gathered several pieces of the delicate fern called maiden-hair, as well as another kind of fern, which she liked almost as well, and which her papa told her was called hart's-tongue.

When they got out of the lane and had passed the oak, which was now in full leaf, she found two or three flowers of the crimson pheasant's eye, and further on the common bugle. In short,

before she reached Molly's cottage, she had contrived to gather a very beautiful nosegay.

Her papa went in with her, but after speaking a few words to Molly, he said he should go on to the doctor's, and call for some medicine for Henry.

As soon as he was gone, Mary, as usual, laid out her treasures before her old friend; she learnt some of the names that she did not know before, and then, as usual, asked which were good for physic. Molly said, that the fruit of the dog-rose, which is called hep, when made into a conserve, is the pleasantest thing to mix other medicines with; that the apothecaries are always provided with a large supply of it in autumn, for the purpose of making up pills and electuaries. Mary asked what an electuary was. Molly said it was a mixture of some medicines which might be nauseous in themselves, with some pleasant jelly or jam, and that the conserve of heps was very much preferred for the purpose. The pretty little maiden-hair which Mary had brought was boiled, Molly said, with sugar into a thick syrup, called capillaire, and mixed with water made a very

pleasant drink for people who are feverish, or have bad colds. Just as she had got so far with her lesson, Mr. Lumley returned from the doctor's, and asked after Jane, whom he was surprised not to find with her grandmother. Molly said she was gone to the village to fetch her white frock,—"because you know, sir, to-morrow is Whitsunday, and our girls always go to church, if possible, in a white frock at Whitsuntide." Mary asked the reason of this, and her papa sitting down just where he had sat when he told her about Palm-Sunday, took her upon his knee, and was just beginning to tell her about Whitsunday, when Jane came in.

He stopped for a few minutes whilst she put her bonnet in its place, and took her seat at the window as usual, and then he went on to tell his little girl and her friends why it was the custom to wear white clothes on Whitsunday.

"You recollect, my dear, that on Easter-day all Christians rejoice because it is the day on which our Saviour rose from the dead, and thereby confirmed his promise, that we should also rise again

after death. Now, before Jesus was crucified, you know he promised his disciples to send them a Comforter after his death, which Comforter was to teach them that his death had been for the good of all mankind. In fulfilment of this promise, six weeks after Easter this Comforter did come, on the day of Pentecost, as you will hear read in church to-morrow. And as Christ rose from the dead on the day of the Jewish Passover, showing that he had delivered all men from the dominion of sin, even as the people of Israel were delivered from the bondage of Egypt; so the Comforter, who taught his disciples why he died and rose again, came on the day when God delivered his commandments from Mount Sinai, and declared his people a peculiar people, and separated from the sinful of the world. Now the first Christians regarded the time from Easter to Whitsunday as particularly holy, and ordained that such persons as desired to become Christians, and who had employed a sufficient part of the year in learning Christian doctrine, and practising Christian virtue, might be baptized on any of the days from Easter to Whitsunday, but it

was chiefly on the latter day that they gathered together for that ceremony.

"On such occasions, all the persons to be baptized wore white clothes, and that is one reason why it is called Whitsunday. The other is, that as the word white signifies light and brightness, it is applied to the day on which the Christian church received the light of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, and on which the ancient congregation of God's people received the light of the Law on Mount Sinai."

As soon as the good Clergyman had done speaking, Molly thanked him, and so did Jane, who said she should wear her white frock now with double pleasure, since she had so good a reason for it; but she had always been afraid before that people should think her too fine, considering she was only a gardener's daughter.

Mr. Lumley laughed, and said, "that she would have to wear her white frock next year, when she would be confirmed, for that in ancient times the day of confirmation was also one on which the new Christians loved to clothe themselves in white in token of purity; "and now," he

said rising, "I think we must go home to poor Henry, and carry him these flowers and whatever else we may pick up on our way home."

Molly begged leave to send Jane up with some carr cakes, which in that part of the country people were used to bake and eat with their friends at Whitsuntide.

And now they set off home by a different road from that they had come. Mr. Lumley wanted to go by his wheat-fields to see how the crops were going on, and certainly a more beautiful hedge never was seen than that they had to pass by. Besides the hawthorn, both pink and white, there was the bird-cherry and the mountain-ash, with the bullace, the crab-apple, and the cinnamon-rose; and then the wild strawberries in blossom on the bank, with the common avens and the three-leafed potentilla, the common celandine, and a number of other things in bud, which promised in another week to give Mary an entire change for Harry's flower pot. The last thing she got her papa to gather for her was a great branch of common furze, because Henry was so fond of the smell, and as she knew her papa was never with-

out his garden knife and his strong gloves she did not mind asking him to handle it in spite of its thorns. When they got home they found Henry just awake, and mama allowed her to go immediately into his room with all her flowers, and to tell him whatever she might have learnt from Molly about them; but she said Henry already knew all her papa had told her about Whitsunday, and that she had better amuse him by putting her nosegay into the flower-pot, and she lent her a large jar to set the prickly furze in by itself.

"I wonder," said Mary, as she was trying to make it stand upright, "whether this is of any use besides its smelling so sweet?"

"Oh!" said Henry, "don't you remember how the little lambs and sheep on the moor used to shelter themselves under it last spring when the wind was bleak? And I know that the young tops of the furze are often cut and mixed with other food for horses and cows, especially when they are at all sickly."

While Henry was speaking Mrs. Lumley came into his room and prevented his talking more.

As Mary went on arranging the nosegay in the

flower-pots, Henry said to his mother, "But though I may not talk much, mama, must not I speak to you about the flowers? What a pity it it is that such a beautiful flower as the crab should belong to such a good-for-nothing fruit!"

"Do not say that, my dear, the juice of the crab-apple is a very valuable acid for many purposes. In former times, when it was not the practice to make vinegar from so many different substances as we do now, verjuice, which is the fermented juice of the crab-apple, supplied its place. Even for pickling fruits and vegetables no other acid was used; and when lemons were not so plentiful in this country as they are now, instead of the nice lemonade and saline draughts that have done you so much good, my little boy, you would have had a far less pleasant drink made of verjuice and water, sweetened with a little honey."

"What then, mama!" said Mary; "have they planted more lemon and orange-trees in the countries near England, that we have so many more now than we used to have?"

"No, my little girl; but one of the blessings

of peace is this, that instead of employing all our ships and men in making war against other countries, they are at leisure to go from climate to climate and bring home whatever is useful that does not grow at home; and in return they give to people in foreign lands all sorts of cloth and stuffs, and knives and scissors, and many other things, which we make better than they do. Many useful things have become much more plentiful since I was your age, and among them those very good things, oranges and lemons, sugar and coffee, with many more than I can tell you."

"Well," said Henry, "I am very glad that the crab was of use once, though we have better things now!"

"Nay," said his mama; "verjuice is still used in various ways, and I do not know what the nurserymen would do for proper hardy stocks to graft their best apples upon, if it were not for the crabs. These, you know, are growing here in their native soil, and so are able to bear the cold and wet of our winters without injury, and preserve the finer kind of fruit which is grafted or budded on them."

"Now," said Mary, "I think here is a thing which is of no use but to feed the birds in winter, just like the hawthorn. Look at its beautiful white flowers and its pretty winged leaves, and then, what beautiful red berries it will have!"

"The mountain-ash you mean," said mama; "but you are mistaken about that and the hawthorn too: it is true that the birds do feed upon their fruit, which of itself entitles them to our regard. Remember the beautiful lines in your favourite paraphrase:

> Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
> On the least wing that flits across the sky;
> To Him they sing when spring renews the plain,
> To Him they cry in winter's pinching rain;
> Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain.
> He hears the gay and the distressful call,
> And with unsparing bounty feeds them all.

"The common uses of the hawthorn you know; the farmer could not do without it for his hedges, and it furnishes the very best of fuel where coal is scarce. As to the mountain-ash the timber is of use for many purposes where strength, lightness, and pliability are required; but in warmer climates than this, the curious and

useful substance called manna exudes from its bark as well as from that of the great forest ash and the larch-tree. But the best manna of all is gathered from a low thorny shrub in the deserts of Arabia."

"Oh, mama!" said Mary, "what a pity the manna only comes in hot climates; we might go out and gather it for ourselves if the trees bore it here."

"We might do so, my dear; but the same degree of heat which produces manna in the trees might also produce the same kinds of disorders here that prevail in hot countries, and which render manna almost a necessary of life to the inhabitants. The small quantity required among us is easily procured by our merchants in return for other things."

"Is the bird-cherry good for anything," said Henry, "besides food for the birds?"

"The wood of the bird-cherry is very much esteemed for a variety of ornamental purposes, both by the joiner and the cabinet-maker; and you who are so fond of your carpenter's bench will value it acccordingly. As to the bullace, or

wild English plum, the blossom of which Mary has brought in, you know how fond you are of the tarts and puddings made of preserved bullaces in winter."

"Now, mama," said Mary, "here is this most beautiful celandine; but only look how the juice of it has marked my frock. Will it ever come out?"

"I dare say it will, my dear, but not very easily; for there are few things so sharp and biting as the juice of celandine, which is a powerful poison. Nevertheless, there are methods of preparing it which convert it into a medicine excellent for some uses. Your other hedge-flowers are quite harmless in every state; and both your avens, which is also called herb bennet, and your potentilla, furnish a mild astringent tonic, which may be given even to infants with safety; and I suppose I need say nothing about your strawberry blossom."

"Oh no, indeed, mama," cried both the children at once. "How often we have gathered them in that very hedge, where Mary has found the blossom; but the best place of all for them is the copse behind Molly's house."

"But," added poor Henry sorrowfully, "Mary will have to gather them by herself this year, for I shall not be able to get to the hedge, far less to Molly's copse."

"Oh," said Mary, "you don't know that, dear; only think how much better you are to-day than you were last week, and I don't believe there will be a strawberry ripe for this fortnight yet; I'm sure I hope there won't."

At this Henry laughed, and said, "I don't know whether to be obliged to you or not for that. I had been thinking you would like to gather some for me, and bring them in the little basket we used to have together, and I should be sorry to have a whole fortnight to wait for them."

At this moment Mr. Lumley came in with a very pretty little basket in his hand, which neither of the children had ever seen before.

"I heard what Henry was saying when I came in," said he, "and I have the pleasure to tell him that he will not have to wait a minute unless he chooses it. Jane's brother has been a long way through the woods to-day, and as he came home

he gathered the few wild strawberries that were ripe, on purpose for you, Harry; and here they are in a basket of his own making."

"Did he bring them himself?" said the little boy. "How I should like to see him!"

"Go, and call him, Mary," said papa; "he is waiting below."

Henry observed that his father and mother smiled at each other, when Mrs. Lumley said, "I hope you have succeeded in finding somebody to preach for you next week?"

"I have," he said; "and there is nothing to prevent our setting off on Tuesday."

"Oh, where are you going?" said Henry, "and what shall I do without you so many days, from Tuesday till after Sunday, and I don't know how much longer?"

"You will not be without us at all, my dear," said his mother, kissing him; "you and Mary are to go with us, and we shall take Jane's brother Sam to walk about with you, and to hold your papa's horse and your pony."

"My pony!" said Henry, "am I to have a pony? Oh, what happiness!" and the poor sick

child jumped off the sofa more gaily than he had done for some weeks, and ran to the door to meet Mary with the good news; and when she came in, followed by Sam, it seemed as if there would never be an end to their rejoicing. They asked Sam if he were not as happy too?

Sam said there was only one thing against his being as happy, and that was leaving his grandmother; but as Jane was to stay and take care of her, and Jane had promised to write to him, and tell him all about the garden, and grandmother, and the bees, he thought he should get on very well, and as he had never seen the sea in his life, his grandmother said it would be a very great thing for him to go and see the most wonderful work of God.

"Oh," said Henry, "I remember those verses in the beautiful 107th Psalm:—

They that go down to the sea in ships; and occupy their business in great waters;

These men see the works of the Lord; and his wonders in the deep;

For at his word the stormy wind ariseth; and lifteth up the waves thereof;

They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble; he delivereth them out of their distress.

For he maketh the storm to cease; so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they are at rest; and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

Oh, that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and the wonders that he doeth for the children of men.

"Dear mama," said Mary, who had been silent longer than usual, "I did not think we should ever go to the sea, which I have heard my cousins talk so much about; all so beautiful and smooth one day, and another so rough and boisterous as to break great ships to pieces and drown hundreds of men."

"And yet," said Henry, "you know, Mary, there are many creatures that live in the sea, and many beautiful plants that grow in it, besides those wonderful things that seem to be neither plants nor animals, such as sponges, and other

things, that I have seen in the prints which papa allowed me to turn over when I was ill."

"And shall we see all these?" said Mary.

"That would be very difficult, my dear," said Mr. Lumley; "the sponges and the sea-weeds grow at a very great depth in the sea, so that people are obliged to dive for them very nearly as low down as they dive for pearls. The fine red and black coral are also procured from considerable depths, and even the common sea-weed, though it is often torn up by the roots, and thrown on the coasts by storms, is chiefly to be had in very deep water, where it serves for food to innumerable fishes and marine insects."

"Oh, what are they?" said Mary.

"Two of them, at least, you like very well to eat," said her father, smiling; "what think you of crabs and lobsters?"

"I thought they were shell-fish," said Mary.

"They are commonly called so, my dear; as oysters, and many other creatures contained in shells, are called shell-fish, but they are really insects; and after tea, if Henry is not too tired, we will look over some of his prints, and learn

the difference between a real fish and a sea insect."

Just at tea-time, while little Mary was still playing with her doll, she was surprised and very much pleased to see her papa come in with Henry in his arms. The little boy was well wrapped up in his mama's shawl, and his father was going to lay him at once on the sofa near the tea-table; but as there was still some daylight left, he begged to be allowed to sit at the window, and look into the garden.

When he was seated in what he and Mary always called their comfortable corner, he drew a long breath and said: "Well, I always loved this parlour, but I never thought it was so pretty before; and the garden too, oh, how sweet it looks!" It was, indeed, the prettiest parsonage parlour I ever saw, and looked into as pretty a garden, and there were other things in sight too which Henry dearly loved to look at.

The bow-window where the children sat, opened down to the ground, and they could step out upon the broad gravel-walk which began at the church-yard gate, just where two old yew-trees grew at

the corner and went round all along the front of the house, past the kitchen-garden, where the four fan-trees stood that shaded the dairy, and by passing Harry's chair and the middle of the bow-window. Mary managed that he should see both the yew-tree and the dairy. Then there was the grass-plot where they had often played, beyond the gravel-walk, and the flower-beds and the arbour; and beyond the fence there were the fields and trees and hills that the evening sun was shining upon. So the children as they held each other's hands agreed that it was almost a pity to leave their pretty home, even to go to the sea-side.

They soon, however, thought again of the sea: and Mary said, "I do know, Harry, that we shall only be away a little while from this dear parlour and garden, and when you are well, how much better it will be to have the sea to talk about while we are working in our gardens or sitting in the arbour!"

"So it will," said Harry, "and now I will go and lie on the sofa, that I may be rested enough by after tea for papa to give us a long talk."

And the little boy was rested; and Mary, in high spirits, helped her papa to bring two or three books and a box out of his study: and then her papa said, laughingly, to her, "Well, Mary! what are we going to learn to-night?"

"Oh! the difference between fishes and sea-insects, are we not?"

"Yes, my dear; and I must begin by asking you a few questions. Where do you find the bones in your fish?"

"In the middle, to be sure, under the skin and the flakes of fish."

"And where do you find the bones of lobsters and other shell-fish, as you call them, such as crabs and craw-fish, and shrimps and prawns?"

The children thought a moment, and then said they did not think they had bones; they had never found any in them.

"How, then, are their flesh, and the other parts necessary to their being, supported and kept in shape?"

"Oh," cried Mary, "I declare their bones must be on the outside, the shells must be the bones."

"The hard covering of these creatures does indeed stand instead of bone, as far as preserving the form and serving as a frame-work and support to the tender fleshy parts, but are you sure it is really a shell? Open that box, and compare the beautiful shining shells, and even a common oyster-shell, with the coat of a lobster."

"I think it is more like a crust," said Henry.

"You are right, my little boy. Lobsters, crabs, and all that sort of shelled creatures, are called Crustacea, on that very account. They come out of their eggs in the very same shape in which you see them when large enough to eat. But as their crusts could not grow with them, they change them every year till they are full grown, and sometimes, perhaps, afterwards."

"How wonderful, papa! Can you tell us more about them?"

"You see by this print that they have ten legs; and two long feelers, perhaps to help them to find their way: and look how their eyes are placed, one on the top and one on each side of the head.

"The Crustaceous animals are divided into many orders and families. Those we have men-

tioned to-night are of the ten-footed order, which contains two families, the long-tailed and short-tailed. I am sure you can name one of each immediately, my little girl."

"Oh yes, papa! A lobster is a long-tailed ten-legged crustaceous animal, or insect rather; and a crab is a short-tailed one."

"Now," said Henry, "we know of two kinds of sea-insects at least. But what are we to call oysters, and cockles, and muscles, and periwinkles, if they are not fish, papa?"

"The general name for them is Mollusca, or soft-bodied. That is a very large class indeed. Some of them are always soft and naked, as you will see by numbers about the sea shore, and of which here are some beautiful prints. The curious thing you will remark about the oyster is that it has no head, and therefore the order to which it belongs is called Acephalous, which means headless. They have two shells, and so are called bivalves, and they adhere to rocks or to each other. Cockles and muscles are like them in most particulars, but your periwinkle differs from them all, because he has but one shell, and that a twisted one."

"So I see, papa. His shell is something like a snail shell."

"It is so, my dear; and, moreover, he has feelers like those of the snail, which you misname horns, and little eyes like him. He is a Molluscus, like the oyster, but belongs to an order called Gasteropoda, or stomach-footed."

"What an odd name," said Mary.

"That seems true, my dear, but bring that snail that I see crawling on the window frame. Now put it upon this leaf. How does it move?"

"Oh," said Henry, "I see there is a large flat thing under its stomach that it pushes out before it and draws up after it, by which it gets along. It is really a stomach-foot. Oh papa, what curious things there are among living creatures; I should never be tired of them."

"I am afraid, my dear, we are letting you tire yourself too much now; so we will only say of your shell-fish, that all the pretty shells you will find on our coast have belonged either to headless or to stomach-footed animals, and are called bivalve shells and univalve shells."

Henry promised to remember this. But he

looked wistfully at the rest of the prints, and said, "Must they be put by without one word about a real fish?"

"It must be a very short word, then," said his mama. "Your papa is as fond of Natural History as you are Henry, and is apt to forget what o'clock it is when he is studying it."

Mr. Lumley laughed and said, "Well, never mind, Henry. We will only take a little time to-night, and trust to having more another day. Look, here is the skeleton of a fish. You perceive that he has a back-bone composed of a number of joints which are called vertebræ. He has a head also, in which are eyes, a nose, a mouth, and ears. His skeleton differs chiefly from those of the lizard and frog because he has no legs. He resembles the snake, however. And look, here is the skeleton of a bird. She has a vertebrated back, and a head and face, with eyes, nose, mouth, and ears; but then she has a beak and she is covered with feathers, and has wings and legs. Can you tell me what other animals have a jointed or vertebrated back-bone, and a head and face?"

"Oh!" cried Mary, "my kitten too, and your dog, and the cows and horses."

"And nothing else, my little Mary?"

"Why," said Henry, gently, "have not we?"

"Yes, my child, and you now see how the meanest animal is indued with as by degrees of powers suited to its wants. Now the Almighty has been pleased to give us in our bodies much that belongs to the nature of other animals: while He has also bestowed on us faculties of a different nature; and if we make a good use of them, they will contribute to our happiness both in this world and hereafter. And now, my dear children, before you go to bed we will praise God for his goodness, and beseech Him to continue his blessings to us."

Mrs. Lumley then rang the bell for the servants: and Mary and Henry knelt by her side, and heard their papa read prayers in their pretty parlour for the last time for very many weeks.

BOTANICAL NAMES OF LITTLE MARY'S WILD FLOWERS.

Broom	*Spartium Scoparum.*
Wild Roses	*Rosa Canina.*
Yellow Cistus	*Cistus Marifolius.*
Woodroof	*Asperula Odorata.*
Maiden Hair	*Adiantum Capillus Veneris.*
Hart's Tongue	*Scolopendrium Vulgare.*
Pheasant's Eyes	*Adonis Autumnalis.*
Bugle	*Ajuga Reptans.*
Hawthorn	*Mespilus Oxycantha.*
Bird Cherry	*Prunus Padus.*
Mountain Ash	*Pyrus Aucuparia.*
Bullace	*Prunus Insititia.*
Crab Apple	*Pyrus Malus.*
Cinnamon Rose	*Rosa Cinnamomea.*
Wild Strawberry	*Fragaria Vesca.*
Avens	*Geum Urbanum.*
Potentilla	*Potentilla Tridentata.*
Celandine	*Chelidonium Majus.*
Furze	*Ulex Europæus.*

LONDON:
HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

SELECT BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY JOHN W. PARKER,

WEST STRAND, LONDON.

Foolscap Octavo, with numerous Engravings, 4s.

* EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS OF TRAVELLERS,

Illustrative of Manners and Customs mentioned in various Passages in Holy Scripture.

Foolscap Octavo, 4s. 6d.,

THE CIVIL HISTORY OF THE JEWS,

From Joshua to Adrian; with incidental Notices of Manners and Customs, Geography and Antiquities.

By the Rev. O. COCKAYNE, M.A., of King's College, London.

Two handsome Pocket Volumes, bound and gilt, 8s.

GEMS OF SACRED LITERATURE;

Or, Choice Pieces from the Works of celebrated Writers, from 1600 to 1840; with Select Passages from the Early Fathers, and an Introductory Essay on Sacred Literature.

Uniformly with the above. Two Vols., 8s.,

GEMS OF SACRED POETRY;

A Collection of Beautiful Poems from the Works of British Writers between 1600 and 1840.

THE LITTLE BRACKEN BURNERS, A TALE; and LITTLE MARY'S FOUR SATURDAYS.

By LADY CALLCOTT, Author of *Little Arthur's History of England*; with a FRONTISPIECE, from a Drawing by Sir A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A.

Two Volumes, Foolscap Octavo, 7s.,

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES,

Or Morals and Manners connected.

By HARRIETTE CAMPBELL, Author of "The Only Daughter."

Second Edition, 3s. 6d.,

POPULAR POEMS.

SELECTED BY ELIZABETH PARKER.

Second Edition, with a Hundred Wood-Cuts, 3s. 6d.,

FABLES AND MORAL MAXIMS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED BY ANNE PARKER.

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES.

Third Edition, enlarged, 4*s.* 6*d.*,

*READINGS in ENGLISH PROSE LITERATURE,

Containing choice Specimens of the Works of the best English Writers, From LORD BACON to the Present Time.

With ESSAYS on the PROGRESS of ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Fourth Edition, enlarged, 4*s.* 6*d.*,

*READINGS IN BIOGRAPHY;

A Selection of the LIVES of EMINENT MEN of all NATIONS.

Fifth Edition, enlarged, 4*s.* 6*d.*

*READINGS IN POETRY;

A Selection from the Works of the best English Poets, from SPENSER to the present times; with Specimens of the American Poets; Notices of the Writers; and Explanatory Notes.

Price 4*s.*

READINGS IN NATURAL THEOLOGY;

Or, the Testimony of Nature to the Being, Perfections, and Government of God.

Third Edition, revised and enlarged, with many Engravings, Price 5*s.*,

*READINGS IN SCIENCE;

Being familiar EXPLANATIONS of some of the most interesting Appearances and Principles in NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Price 10*s.* 6*d.*, with many Cuts,

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY;

Comprising Descriptions, Popular and Practical, of the most important Philosophical Instruments, their History, Nature, and Uses.

By CHARLES TOMLINSON.

Second Editions, enlarged, 10*s.* 6*d.* each Volume,

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY;

Political History, Geographical Position, Social State, Wars and Conquests of the Principal Nations of Antiquity.

THE STUDENT'S MANUAL OF MODERN HISTORY;

Rise and Progress of European Nations—Political History and Social Condition—Colonies—General Progress of Civilization.

By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES.

Ninth Edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*,

WOMAN'S MISSION.

"If women could once be made to understand their real mission in the world, and to feel their own importance and responsibility, a surprising change must immediately take place in society, giving it a higher tone and purer spirit."

Foolscap Octavo, 3*s.* 6*d.*,

BELLINGHAM;

Or, the Narrative of a Christian in SEARCH of a CHURCH.

By W. PALIN, B.A., Rector of Stifford.

Third Edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*,

LIGHT IN DARKNESS;

Or, the RECORDS of a VILLAGE RECTORY.

THE VILLAGE.—THE RETIRED TRADESMAN.—THE GOOD AUNT.—VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.—THE VILLAGE APOTHECARY.—THE DESERTED WIFE.—THE FAMILY AT THE HALL.

Post 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*,

LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS;

Selected and Illustrated, with Biographical Notices.

By R. A. WILLMOTT, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; Author of *Lives of English Sacred Poets.*

Two Volumes, with Portraits, price 4*s.* 6*d.* each,

* LIVES OF ENGLISH SACRED POETS;

With an INTRODUCTORY SKETCH of EARLY SACRED POETRY and POETS.

By R. A. WILLMOTT, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

Third Edition, 4*s.*,

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS;

Their MANNERS and CUSTOMS, TRIALS and SUFFERINGS.

By the Rev. W. PRIDDEN, M.A.

Three Volumes, with Portraits, New Edition, 4*s.* 6*d.* each,

* LIVES OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS;

By the Rev. R. B. HONE, M.A., Vicar of Hales Owen.

VOL. I. USHER,—HAMMOND,—EVELYN,—WILSON.

VOL. II. BERNARD GILPIN,—PHILIP DE MORNAY,—BISHOP BEDELL, DOCTOR HORNECK.

VOL. III. BISHOP RIDLEY,—BISHOP HALL,—HON. ROBERT BOYLE.

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES.

With many Illustrations, price 4*s.* 6*d.*,

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY,

With a Glossary.

By Rev. LEWIS TOMLINSON, M.A.

Second Edition, with Illustrations, 4*s.* 6*d.*,

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY,

With a Preliminary Discourse on the Nature and Advantages of Geology, and a Glossary.

Also, Foolscap Octavo, with numerous Illustrations, Price 6*s.*,

RECREATIONS IN PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY;

Or, THE EARTH AS IT IS.

By Miss R. M. ZORNLIN.

With numerous Illustrations, 4*s.* 6*d.*,

RECREATIONS IN CHEMISTRY.

By THOMAS GRIFFITHS,

Chemical Lecturer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Second Edition, with Engravings, Price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

*MINERALS AND METALS;

Their Natural History and Uses in the Arts; with incidental Accounts of MINES and MINING.

Third Edition, Two Volumes, with Engravings, Price 7*s.*,

*A FAMILIAR HISTORY OF BIRDS;

Their Nature, Habits, and Instincts.

By the Right Rev. E. STANLEY, D.D., Lord Bishop of Norwich, President of the Linnæan Society.

With many Wood-Cuts, handsomely bound and gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.* each Volume,

By MARY ROBERTS.

I.

*DOMESTICATED ANIMALS,

Considered with reference to Civilization and the Arts. Fifth Edition.

II.

*WILD ANIMALS;

Their Nature, Habits, and Instincts; with Incidental Notices of the Regions they inhabit. Second Edition.

III.

*THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS OF AMERICA

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES.

Price 7*s.*,

BIBLE NARRATIVE;

Chronologically arranged, in the words of the authorised Version, continued by an Historical Account of the Jewish Nation: and forming one Consecutive History from the Creation of the World to the Termination of the Jewish Polity.

Price 4*s.* 6*d.*,

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY;

Or, Histories of the Lives and Conduct of the Principal Characters of the Old and New Testament. By EDWARD FARR.

Five Volumes, at 6*s.* 6*d.* each,

ORIGINAL FAMILY SERMONS:

By upwards of ONE HUNDRED and FIFTY DIVINES of the ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Third Edition, Price 1*s.* 6*d.*,

A DAILY PRAYER BOOK,

For Families and Schools; arranged from the Services of the United Church of England and Ireland, after the Form and Order of Morning and Evening Prayer.

By J. T. BARRETT, D.D.

Fifth Edition, Price 2*s.*,

THE BOOK OF PRIVATE PRAYER,

For Members of the United Church of England and Ireland.

By JOHN A. BOLSTER, M.A., Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Cork and Cloyne.

Second Edition, Price 2*s.*,

A MANUAL OF FAMILY PRAYER;

Comprising Three Weekly Courses of Morning and Evening Devotion. With Collects for the Feasts and Fasts.

By the Rev. A. HORSFALL, M.A.

In Three Volumes, price 6*s.* 6*d.* each,

THE FAMILY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By the Rev. GEORGE R. GLEIG, M.A.;

WITH A SERIES OF PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES.

Third Edition, Price 2*s*. 6*d*.,

* ON THE EDUCATION AND TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

The "MOTHER'S BOOK," adapted to the use of Parents and Teachers.

Second Edition, with many Cuts, price 2*s*.,

RHYMES FOR MY CHILDREN.

By A MOTHER.

Third Edition, with many Cuts, price 2*s*.,

PRETTY LESSONS FOR GOOD CHILDREN;

With some Easy Lessons in Latin.

By SARA COLERIDGE.

Fourth Edition, with Engravings, Price 2*s*. 6*d*.,

SISTER MARY'S TALES in NATURAL HISTORY.

Price 2*s*. 6*d*.,

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO GOOD BREEDING,

founded on Christian Principles. By Mrs. MARSHALL.

Also, by the same Lady,

ANNETTE MOWBRAY; or, Conversations with Mama. 3*s*.

THE FIRST LIE. 6*d*. | THE FIRST THEFT. 6*d*.

MRS. GODWIN'S TALES FOR YOUNG PERSONS,

Printed uniformly, and illustrated by Wood-cuts; price 2*s*. each.

COUSIN KATE;
Or, the Punishment of Pride.

BASIL HARLOW;
Or, Prodigality is not Generosity.

ESTHER MORE;
Or, Truth is Wisdom.

LOUISA SEYMOUR;
Or, Hasty Impressions.

ALICIA GREY;
Or, to be Useful is to be Happy.

JOSEPHINE;
Or, Early Trials.

SCHEMING; a Tale.

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES.

Second Edition, price 5*s*.,

THE FAMILY HAND-BOOK; or, PRACTICAL INFORMATION in DOMESTIC ECONOMY;

Including Cookery, Household Management, and all other Subjects connected with the Health, Comfort, and Economy of a Family. With Choice Receipts and Valuable Hints.

Third Edition, Price 3*s*. 6*d*.,

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND;

A MANUAL of PRACTICAL ADVICE and INSTRUCTION to YOUNG FEMALES, on their entering upon the DUTIES of LIFE after quitting School. By a LADY.

Sixth Edition, Two Volumes, with Engravings, Price 5*s*. 6*d*.,

*CONVERSATIONS OF A FATHER WITH HIS CHILDREN.

Third Edition, Two Volumes, with Engravings, 7*s*.,

TALES AND STORIES FROM HISTORY.

By AGNES STRICKLAND.

Third Edition, 3*s*. 6*d*.,

FIRST SUNDAYS AT CHURCH;

Or, Familiar Conversations on the Morning and Evening Services. By the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A.

New Edition, with many Cuts, price 3*s*. 6*d*.,

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

Adapted to the Use of Young Persons of the present day.

By MISS ZORNLIN.

Second Edition, Price 2*s*. 6*d*.,

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN;

Or, Popular Illustrations of the Structure and Functions of the Human Body.

Edited by T. C. GIRTIN.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made!"

Third Edition, 3*s*.,

ABBOTT'S READER;

A Series of Familiar Pieces, in Prose and Verse, calculated to produce a Moral Influence on the Hearts and Lives of Young Persons.

SELECT BOOKS FOR FAMILIES.

Price 3*s.* 6*d.*,

TRAVELLING SKETCHES in EGYPT and SINAI;

Including a Visit to Mount Horeb, and other localities of the Exodus; Translated, Corrected, and Abridged from the French of ALEXANDER DUMAS. By a BIBLICAL STUDENT.

Eighth Edition, Price 3*s.*, with Engravings,

*** THREE WEEKS in PALESTINE and LEBANON.**

By an ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

With Engravings, Price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS and DISCOVERIES in SOUTH AMERICA.

Second Edition, with Engravings, Price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

THE LIFE, VOYAGES, AND DISCOVERIES OF CAPTAIN COOK;

With an Account of PITCAIRN'S ISLAND and the MUTINY of the BOUNTY.

Second Edition, Price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

AND HIS DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

Second Edition, with Engravings, Price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

MUNGO PARK, HIS LIFE AND TRAVELS,

With the Account of his Death, from the JOURNAL of ISAACO, the substance of later Discoveries relative to his Fate, and the Termination of the Niger.

Second Edition, with Engravings. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*,

CONVERSATIONS ON GARDENING AND NATURAL HISTORY.

By the Author of the Elements of Botany.

*** *Those to which an asterisk is prefixed are among the works published by the General Literature and Education Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.*

LONDON: JOHN W. PARKER, PUBLISHER, WEST STRAND.