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HISTORY
OF
LITTLE
JANE.

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LITTLE JANE'S FIRST RIDE ON HER DONKEY.

Home Story Books.

HISTORY OF LITTLE JANE,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE PRETTY STORIES

SHE FOUND IN

HER NEW BOOK.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

MANY little children of five or six years old, read tolerably well; and it is often difficult to find books for them, sufficiently simple and interesting. In the following pages, the writer has endeavoured, in some humble measure, to supply this want; and her long familiarity with the tastes and feelings of young children, encourages her to hope, that "Little Jane" may yield them instruction and amusement.

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HISTORY OF LITTLE JANE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITTLE Jane was a merry, sweet-tempered little girl; she always looked smiling and cheerful. She had rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and brown hair. When this story begins, she was five years old. She was a good, kind little girl. She would let her little brother, Willie, play with any of her toys. When he sometimes wanted the very one she was playing with, she would give it up to him; and say, "Dear little fellow! he does not know I want it." You would have loved Jane very much, I am sure, if you had known her.

When this story begins, she lived in the country. Do you love the country? Little Jane did, very much. Oh, how she loved to play in the pretty garden; or to walk with her mamma in the pleasant fields! But little Jane had not always lived in the country. At first she lived in London; in a broad street where there were such tall houses, and fine shops; and such numbers of carts and carriages always going by. She used to stand

at her nursery window and look at them ; and in the evening, in the winter, she thought the lamps, and the lights in the shop windows, looked beautiful.

There was no garden to Jane's house ; and when she went out to take a walk, she had to go along the streets. There were always so many people, that she could not walk a minute without having fast hold of nurse's hand. Sometimes, when it was very fine, and papa had time to go with them, mamma took her to Hampstead Heath ; or other pleasant places near London. How happy Jane was then ! She ran about, up and down the little hills on the Heath, and gathered flowers ; and sat down on the soft grass, under the shade of the trees ; and when it was time to go home, she would say : " I wish *home was here*, mamma, in this pleasant place."

One morning, when Jane came down after breakfast, she was very much astonished to see the carpet taken up in the dining-room, and everything in confusion. There were some strange men packing the chairs and tables, in matting and hay. She ran away to find her mamma ; and when she got into her room, she saw that the bed was all pulled to pieces ; and men were packing that up too. She ran into another room, there she found her mother. " Oh, mamma," she said, " what is the matter ? Those men are spoiling all our things, and taking them away. What shall we do ? "

Her mother said, "Don't be frightened, Jane: those men will not hurt the things; they are only packing them up, to carry them away to another house. We are going to *move*." "To *move*, mamma," said Jane, "what does that mean?" "Going to live, my dear, in another house." "Oh, where mamma? Is it a pretty house? Is it in the country? Is it at Hampstead?" "What a number of questions!" said her mother. "Yes, my dear, it is a pretty house; it is in the country; but not at Hampstead."

"But, mamma, is it a long way off?" "About ninety miles, dear. But now run away into the nursery, and keep there. I am so busy I cannot talk to you now, but I will tell you more at dinner time."

Jane flew up stairs full of joy. "Oh, nurse! dear nurse! we are going to live in the country. Mamma says, it is such a pretty house. Do you know it? Were you ever there?" "Yes, dear, I have often been at that house. There is a beautiful garden; you will be so happy to play in it; and little Willie, too." At dinner, mamma told her to make haste; for at three, her Aunt Maria was coming to take her to the new house. "You will have to ride such a long time; and it will be quite dark before you get there. I hope you will not be troublesome to Aunt Maria, or complain if you are tired." "No, mamma, I will be good; but are *you*

not going too?" "No, dear, I must stay till to-morrow; then I shall come."

When it was time, nurse dressed Jane; and she was quite ready when her aunt came. They went to the railway. Jane was almost frightened at the bustle, and when she heard the noise of the engine. But Aunt Maria told her there was no occasion to be afraid; and when they were seated in the carriage, she liked it very much. At first she was very much pleased, with looking out of the window at the field and trees, and sheep, and cattle, which they passed. But when it grew late, she felt very tired, and her aunt wrapped her up, and put her in the corner of the carriage, and she went fast asleep.

She was asleep when they reached their journey's end; and was lifted out and put into a carriage, and taken to the new house, without once waking. Her aunt thought she must have some supper before she was put to bed, and waked her; but she was so sleepy, that though she ate a little bread and butter, and drank some tea, yet she did not remember it next morning. She was carried up stairs, and put into a nice little bed; and when she woke up in the morning, the sun was shining so pleasantly through the window, and the birds were singing so sweetly, that she could not think where she was.

A servant, whom she did not know, but who

looked very kind, came and dressed her. While she dressed her she talked to her, and told her, that she was come to live in the country. Then Jane remembered; and she laughed, when Ruth (that was the servant's name) told her that she was asleep when she got there, the night before. When she went down stairs, she found Aunt Maria sitting, with the breakfast ready. She felt a little sad at first, not to see her dear mamma; but she kissed her aunt, and then sat down to breakfast. She kept looking out of window, and could hardly eat her bread and butter, so lovely did the garden look, and so much did she long to run in it. But I think it is time to finish this chapter; and I will tell you about the house, and the garden, in the next. Jane went all over them, directly she had done her breakfast.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE GARDEN.

WHEN breakfast was over, Aunt Maria said to Jane: "Now, dear, I am going to be so busy that I cannot hear you read, or say your lessons; so you may go into the garden and amuse yourself. Don't pick the flowers, or meddle with anything." Jane ran

and got her bonnet and a little shawl, and very joyfully went to see the garden. It was a sweet spring morning; the sun shone bright, and the flowers and shrubs looked so gay. And now, shall I tell you about the garden? It was large; there were a great many flower-beds, on a large lawn before the parlour window. The parlour had windows that opened like doors; and you could walk out on to this pretty lawn. Through one of these doors Jane ran. She stood still a moment, looking round. In the flower-beds were crocuses, hyacinths, anemones, and other spring flowers. "Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" she cried, and then stooped to smell the hyacinth.

She then ran on, up one path and down another; when she came to the bottom of the garden, she saw a gardener at work. He was an old man, and his hair was quite white, and very thin. He looked very kind, and Jane went and stood by him, to see what he was doing. His name was "Andrew;" they called him "old Andrew."

"Good morning to you, pretty Miss," said he, "so you are come to live in the country." "Yes," said Jane, "I am so glad. I love the fields, and the flowers so much. Will you tell me the names of the flowers?" So old Andrew went round the garden with her, and told her the names of many of the flowers; and showed her the kitchen-garden, where the cabbages, and potatoes, and beans, and

all the vegetables grew. And he showed her the currant and gooseberry bushes; and the apple and cherry trees, in the orchard. And the bee-hives, at the bottom of the kitchen-garden. There were six bee-hives; he asked Jane if she loved bees; and told her, they made the sweet honey, she sometimes had for breakfast.

At the bottom of the orchard, there was a little green gate; and they went through it into a nice open meadow. In the meadow was a pretty white cow feeding. "Is that papa's cow?" said Jane. "Oh, yes, and it gives milk to make butter." Then they went back another way, and old Andrew showed her a place, where two nice clean pigs lived. The pigs were eating, and Jane laughed to see how droll they looked. She had never seen a pig's house before. In the yard, there were some pretty hens and chickens. The maid came out, and scattered some barley on the ground, that Jane might see them feed. She was very much pleased with them, and asked, "if she might feed them one day?" and the maid said, "Oh, yes." And then she took her into the dairy, and showed her the beautiful cream, in large pans; and the churn with which she made the butter; and many other things she had never seen. As she went back to the house, she saw the dog. He was a very large dog, black and white; he was lying in the sun before his house; Jane was rather afraid to pass him, but old

Andrew told her he was very good-natured ; and then she ventured to pat his head. He looked at her very kindly ; and barked, as if he meant to say, " Good morning." Then they came round into the garden another way.

Jane thanked Andrew for showing her all these things ; and went in to tell her aunt, where she had been. She found her upstairs very busy, putting things into drawers and closets.

" Well, and how do you like the garden, my dear ?" said she. " Oh, what a lovely place ! I have seen the cow too, and the chickens, and the dog, and the bees, and the cream, and the milk, and all ! Oh, how glad I am that we are going to live in this nice house. But when will mamma come ?" " This evening, after you have gone to bed ; but you will see her in the morning. But now if you like, you may go into all the rooms, and see if you like them." Away she flew ; upstairs and downstairs, and from room to room. There were some very nice bed-rooms ; and when she went to the windows to look out, how pleasant it was : she could see such a long way. She could see the church at a distance ; and beyond some beautiful green fields, there was a broad shining river. There were little ships sailing on the river. She stood a long time looking at them. Then she went into a little room full of books, all put in order on nice shelves. There were some nice large maps, hung

on the walls, and some very pretty pictures. Then she went down stairs, and there she saw another large pleasant parlour, and a play-room, where she might play in bad weather, and many of her toys were there. At last, she began to feel tired with running about; so she went back to the parlour where she had had her breakfast, and sat down on the floor to rest. Presently her aunt came in, and told her dinner was ready. She was glad, for she was hungry, as well as tired; and she went with her aunt into the room where the cloth was laid. And now, I think, I have made this chapter long enough; so I will leave off, and tell you more in the next.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

LITTLE JANE'S NEW STORY BOOK.

ONE day, when they had lived a little while in the new house, Jane was sitting with her mamma in the parlour working, (for though she was only five years old, she could work a little,) and she said, "Oh, mamma, what shall I do to-morrow? You know I have finished my book to-day. Have you got a new book for me? I like 'The Discontented Chickens' so much. I hope my next book will

be as pretty." "I have got a new book for you ; and I hope you will like it. It is full of stories, and you love stories." "May I see it now, mamma?" "No," said her mother, "not to-day. But to-morrow, if you are good, you shall read me the first story." Jane was a good little girl, and never teased her mamma, as some children do, who will not keep from asking for a thing, though they have been told many times they are not to have it, or to do it ; so she said no more about it, but waited patiently till the next day. I don't think I have told you what she could do, and what her lessons were. She could read nicely, and had begun to write a little. She was very attentive ; and when her mother told her how to hold her pen, and how to make her strokes, she tried to do exactly as she was told. She could make all the figures ; and had begun to do very little sums. She took great pains to work nicely. She did not like working so much as reading ; but she did not grumble, and complain of its being tiresome, as some little girls do. Sometimes she hurt her finger with the needle, but she bore it patiently. So by taking pains, and doing a little piece every day, she had learnt enough to make two or three little bags, which were really useful. One her mamma used, to keep reels of cotton in. Another was called the "string bag," and hung up in a closet. If any body wanted a piece of string, they could find it there.

The next morning, when Jane went into the parlour to her lessons, she saw on the table before her mamma, a beautiful new book! The cover was blue, and it had pretty gold letters on the back.

"This is your new book, my dear," said her mother; "come and look at it." Jane opened it, and saw there were a great many pictures: they were very pretty ones. The first picture was two little girls: one was sitting on a bank, crying very sadly, and a broken bottle was lying beside her; it looked like a bottle of medicine. The other little girl was standing, and seemed to be trying to comfort her. She looked very kind. "Mamma," said Jane, "who are these little girls?" "Read the story, my dear, and you will see."

The title of the story was, "Rosa's Sixpence." "What can it be about?" said Jane. "May I begin, mamma?" "Yes, my dear." So Jane began to read.

"Rosa's mother was a very poor woman: she lived in a little cottage beside a common. It was a very poor cottage, but it was very clean; and there was a little piece of garden, where they grew a few flowers and some potatoes. Rosa was about seven years old. She was the kindest little girl that could be. She was always trying to help and please every body. She used to save some of her bread, in the winter time, to give to the poor little birds,

who came hopping to the cottage door. And she never drank all the milk she had for breakfast, because she would save some for poor puss. When she went with her mother, to carry home the linen to the ladies she worked for in the village, she would ask for a bone, to bring home to a poor dog, who was almost half starved, and who lived at the next cottage. She loved her mother dearly, and often wished she could help her; but she was too little to wash or iron. When she went to play in the fields, she would pick up all the little bits of wood she could find, to carry to her mother, to help to make the fire.

“Her mother was too poor to pay for her to go to school; but some kind ladies in the village, used to teach poor children on Sundays, in a large room. This was called the ‘Sunday School.’ Rosa loved to go there. She used to learn such pretty hymns, about our Saviour, and about heaven. She could read in her Testament, and she had learnt a great many texts. When she came home, she used to repeat them to her mother; and used to tell her all she could remember, of what the ladies told the children.

“She often went to help her mother to carry home the linen, when she had washed it; and they used to talk very pleasantly, as they went along the shady lane and pretty green meadows, that led to the village. One day, when they got to the lady’s house, it happened that a young lady, who was visiting

there, saw little Rosa pass the window to go round to the back door. She thought she looked such a good, pleasant little girl, that she should like to talk to her; and she sent for her into the parlour. Rosa looked a little confused, at being sent for to see the strange young lady; but she made her best curtsey, and stood blushing by the door.

“The young lady was very kind, and asked her a good many questions; and when she found that she went to the Sunday school, she asked her to repeat some of her little hymns. Rosa knew them very perfectly; and so, though she was timid at first, she said them very nicely. When she had finished, the young lady took sixpence out of her purse, and gave it to her to buy a new book. Poor Rosa was so overjoyed, she scarcely knew how to thank her. She had never had so much money before. She made many curtseys, and went back to her mother.

“When they had left the house, she showed her treasure; and her poor mother was as pleased as herself. They walked home quite joyful; and the money was put into a little box, to keep it quite safe, till she could go to the next town to buy the book. There was no bookseller in the village. The town was about four miles off.

“One fine morning, a few weeks after Rosa received the sixpence, a neighbour was going part of the way to the town in a cart; and he said he would take her as far as he went in his cart, and then she could walk the rest of the way. So she put on her

Sunday frock and bonnet, and they set off together. Rosa liked the ride very much; and when they came to the path which led to the town, where the man was to leave her, she bade him good-bye, and walked gaily on. She was to fetch something for her mother, as well as to buy the book. When she had got nearly to the town, she saw a little girl rather bigger than herself, sitting on the bank weeping bitterly. Beside her lay a bottle, broken; and what had been in it was spilt on the ground. Rosa stopped to look at her; she felt very sorry for her, and wished she could help her. At last she said, 'Little girl, what is the matter?' 'Oh,' said the girl, 'my father is very ill, and my mother sent me to the chemist's for some medicine for him. I have fallen down and broken the bottle, and it is all spilt, and my father will die! What shall I do? what shall I do?' 'Can you not buy some more?' said Rosa. 'Oh no!' said the little girl; 'mother has got no more money. It was the *last* sixpence she had; she told me so.' And then she cried more sadly than before.

"Rosa stood thinking: she had her sixpence in her hand. At last she said, 'Here, little girl, here is sixpence: it is my own; I may give it to you. Take it, and make haste, and buy some more medicine for your poor father.' The little girl wiped away her tears, and thanking her many times, ran over the fields as fast as she could, to fetch some more medicine. Rosa stood still, thinking. She had



HOW ROSA SPENT HER SIXPENCE.

now no money, and must go without the new book she had so counted upon. ‘But I can do better without a new book than the poor man could without the medicine,’ thought she. ‘Oh! I am glad I was here to help the poor girl.’ She walked slowly to the town, and fetched the parcel her mother wanted. As she came back through the fields, she saw the broken bottle, and felt very happy to think she had been able to do some good. She walked home, and when her mother saw her coming, she ran to the door to meet her. ‘Where is the book, Rosa?’ she cried. Rosa ran to kiss her, and then told her what she had done with the sixpence. ‘I hope you will not be angry, mother; but indeed the poor girl was so unhappy; and if the poor father had died! Oh! I am sure you would have let me give it if you had been there.’ The mother kissed her, and said, ‘Dear child, it makes me more happy to see you so kind, than if you had brought home twenty new books.’ And I think they both felt as happy as they could be.”

“Oh, what a pretty story!” cried Jane. “How I love Rosa! Will you take me to see her, mamma; and let me give her one of my books? Did the poor man get well?” “We cannot go to see Rosa, dear, for I do not know where she lives. She was indeed a good little girl; and I hope you will try and be as good and kind.”

“And may I save some of my bread for the birds?” “You may, when the winter comes.”

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE VISITORS.

ONE morning, when Jane was sitting by her mamma working, a carriage drove up to the door. In it there was a lady, whom she had never seen. By her side sat two little girls, one about ten years old, and the other about seven. They all got out of the carriage, and came in. Mamma and the lady seemed much pleased to see each other. The little girls spoke to Jane, and she put away her work, and went with them into the garden. Their names were Julia and Maria; Julia was the eldest. When they got into the garden, they began to run about in a very rude manner; they did not mind whether they ran on the beds or on the walk, and they jumped over some of the little flower-beds on the lawn. Jane was very much surprised, and said, "You will break off the flowers; mamma never lets me do so." "Oh!" said Julia, "what harm if we do break a few—you have so many?" "I do just as I please at home, in mamma's garden," said Maria. When they came to the fruit garden, they began to gather the strawberries and currants by handfuls. Jane was quite frightened, and said, "May you eat fruit without leave? Will it not make you ill?" But they only laughed. They ran on into the meadow, where the cow was feeding

very quietly. "I'll make her run," said Julia; so she took up a long branch, which happened to be lying on the ground, and running up to poor Cherry—that was the cow's name—shook it in her face, and made her gallop away quite in a fright. "Oh! don't do so; pray don't tease poor Cherry," said Jane, almost ready to cry; but her naughty companions did not mind her at all. When they were tired of running after Cherry, they came back through the poultry-yard. There they began teasing the chickens, and made the poor hen in such a passion! This made them laugh so loud that Betty, who took care of the poultry, came running out to see what was the cause of so much noise. When she found it out, she told the young ladies that she could not allow it, and she made them go away. As they passed the dog, who was sleeping in the sunshine, Maria took up a stone, and threw it at him, to wake him. "Do not tease poor Tray," said Jane; "he is such a good dog." "Good!" said Julia; "I think he is a lazy, good-for-nothing beast, to be asleep at this time of day!" So she took another stone to throw at him. Jane tried to hold her hand, but she could not. Just then the gardener came by, and said, "You must not tease the dog: it is strange for young ladies to be teasing a poor dog!" They looked rather ashamed, and went into the house.

"Would you like to come into my play-room, and

see my toys?" said Jane, timidly. "Oh, yes! what have you got to show us?" said Julia; and they all went into the play-room. It was a nice, large room: there were two large closets, in which Jane kept all her playthings; she always put them away carefully when she had done with them: her mamma taught her to be very neat, and to take care of everything she had. When the visitors opened the closets, and saw all the things in such order, they were rather surprised, and said, "Who takes care of your toys for you?" "I always take care of them myself," said Jane. "Mamma often comes to see if they are all in their places." "How particular your mamma must be!" said Maria; and she began to pull the toys roughly out of the closet. Jane looked at her with great anxiety, as she saw her nice playthings, of which she had always taken such care, tossed and tumbled out of their places. "Please take care!" she said; "you will spoil them—indeed you will!" but they did not mind. At last they came to her doll's cradle, and snatching up the doll out of her bed, threw it on the floor. Poor Jane could bear it no longer: she loved her doll as much as if it had been alive, and she burst into tears. "Dear me!" said Julia, "what nonsense to cry about such a trumpery doll as that; why, no harm is done to it; see, your darling is not hurt!" and she picked it up, and tossed it into its cradle again. Jane went to the cradle,

made the bed nicely again, kissed her poor doll, and put it in gently, and then shut the closet door. Julia and Maria were rather ashamed that they had made her cry; and so they left off meddling with the toys, and sat down to read some of the books. Jane asked them if they would not play at "Ladies," or at making a doll's feast, or some other of the quiet plays she had been used to; but they said they were all *stupid* plays, and they would not.

Poor little Jane felt very miserable with her rude visitors, and wished they were gone; but they told her their mamma was going to stay to dinner; and so it proved. They were soon tired of the books, and throwing them down on the floor, ran out of the play-room, and went up stairs, as they wished "to see every room in the house." They would go into papa's study, though Jane told them they must not, and they meddled with the papers and books upon his table. They made so much noise racing out of one room into another, that at last one of the servants came to see what was the matter. When she found what they were doing, she made them come down, and shut them in the play-room till dinner was ready.

When the dinner-bell rang they all went into the dining-room, and sat down to table. Julia and Maria behaved very awkwardly and rudely: there was a very nice dinner; but they said they did not like anything they were asked to take; and their

mamma looked quite ashamed of them. Maria said, "the chickens were not so nice as those they had at home;" and Julia complained, "that the custards were not sweet enough." "How can you make such rude remarks?" said their mamma; "I am quite ashamed of you." But still they went on the same. Maria let her knife and fork fall two or three times, and Julia spilt her gravy on the tablecloth; then she managed to upset her plate of currant-tart into her lap, and as she had a white frock on, you may fancy what a figure she looked. Nobody could have any comfort with their dinner, because of these naughty, rude children.

"Oh, Maria!" said her mother, "pray, do not run in the garden, and make yourself hot, just after dinner; you will be ill, I am sure." But the naughty girl did not mind, and away she flew, as soon as the table was cleared. Her sister ran after her; but Jane's mamma told *her* to sit still in the room, for it was too hot for her to be out just after dinner. Jane was very glad indeed not to have to go with Julia and her sister, so she sat down quietly by her mother's side, and began to read to herself in her new book. It was well for her she was not with those rude girls; for what do you think they did? After they had tired themselves with scampering all over the garden, they went down to the place where the bee-hives stood. There were some butterflies flying about that part of the garden, and



JULIA AND MARIA UPSETTING THE BEEHIVES.

they wanted to catch them. They followed them for some time: at last they settled on a bush very near the hives. Maria, who was nearest, stretched out her arm as far as she could to reach them; but they were too far off, and she overbalanced herself and fell, knocking over one of the hives. The bees, enraged at their fall, flew out and attacked the two girls, who ran screaming away, followed by the whole swarm. Every body ran out of the house to see what was the matter, and very frightened they were. Old Andrew succeeded in getting the bees away, with much difficulty; and the two girls were carried into the house, shrieking with pain and terror. They were very much stung; and their mother was sadly frightened. Jane's mamma knew what was good for the stings; and when she had bathed the places, the pain was better, and they were laid on the sofa till tea time. They were now very much ashamed indeed, and really seemed sorry for their naughty behaviour. Their mamma said, "She would never bring them out any more with her, till they were grown good children." Jane was sorry for them when she saw them in so much pain; and she tried to comfort them, and took them her prettiest books and pictures to look at. After tea, the carriage was brought to the door, and they all went away. I have heard that it was a long time before the pain of the stings was quite gone; and

that Julia and Maria both grew rather better children ; but they did not come to see Jane any more.

When they were gone, Jane said, " Oh, mamma, what a miserable day I have had ! How naughty ! how very naughty ! these little girls were ! Pray, do not let them come any more."

" I am sorry they behaved so ill, my dear," said her mother. " You see how disagreeable such rude, unkind conduct makes children. I hope you will try always to be kind and gentle, and to mind what I tell you. But now you look very tired ; you had better go to bed, and forget all the troubles of the day."

Jane kissed her kind mother, and went to bed, and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ANOTHER STORY FROM JANE'S NEW BOOK.

ONE day, Jane's papa said to her, " I have not heard you read for a long time ; fetch your book, and read me a story." Jane ran for her book ; she always liked to read to her papa ; and when she brought it she said, " Which story shall I read ?" " Which you like," said papa ; so she opened the book at the story of " Laura's Garden."

“ Laura was a pleasant little girl, but she had one great fault: she was so conceited, she fancied she knew better than anybody. She was always doing very foolish things, because she would never believe what her mamma, or nurse, or her eldest sister told her. She one day spoilt a beautiful little wax doll that had been given her, because she would put it before the fire *to warm it*. Her sister saw what she was doing, and told her the fire would melt the wax, but she would not mind; and when, after a little while, she went to take poor dolly away, she could not help crying, it was so spoilt. The head was all melted away into a dirty-looking lump of wax: its pretty rosy cheeks and red lips all gone; one arm fallen off, and the other quite soft. For a little while, Miss Laura was more humble, and minded better what was told her; but she soon forgot this misfortune, and grew as conceited as ever.

“ Now, I must tell you about her garden. One fine morning in May, she was walking with her mamma in the garden, and she asked her to give her a piece of ground of her own, to make a little garden. Her kind mother, who loved to give her pleasure, gave her a nice little bed on the lawn, at the bottom of the garden, and told her to ask Philip the gardener to plant some roots, and sow some seeds for her. She ran to him, and asked him to come and do it *directly*; but he said he could not, and that it would be much better to transplant the roots in the

cool of the evening. She was quite angry at having to wait; but it was of no use, for Philip said he could not leave what he was then doing; so at last she left him, and went into the house. After dinner, she went walking, and quite forgot all about her garden.

“ Philip, as he promised, put in the plants and seeds in the evening, and made the bed look very neat. He put sticks where the seeds were sown, that she might know the places; he wrote the names also on pieces of card, and fastened them to the sticks. He chose the prettiest kinds of plants and flowers he could think of, and thought she would be quite pleased. There were no flowers yet on the plants, but in two or three weeks they would come into blossom, and then the bed would look beautiful.

“ The next morning, Laura remembered her garden, and ran to see how Philip had done it. When she saw only roots, not yet in blossom, she was very angry, and called him ‘ a tiresome, stupid creature!’ and said *she* could have done it ‘ a great deal better.’ She ran to her mother to complain, and to ask leave to gather some flowers in the garden. ‘ You may gather any you please, my dear, said her mother; ‘ and if you do not like what Philip has done, you can alter it; but I think you had better not, for he is a very clever gardener, and knows much more than you do about it; and I have no doubt, if you will have patience, and wait a few days, you will like your garden very much.’

“But Laura was too conceited to take her mother's advice, and she ran back to her garden, and plucked up all the things Philip had set. This she could do very easily, as they had been so lately planted. She then fetched her little wheelbarrow, and carried them away to the rubbish place; there she threw them to fade and die!—all those nice plants Philip had chosen for her with such care! Her mamma's garden was full of flowers, and she gathered all the prettiest she could find; then she brought them to her garden, and stuck them all over it. It looked very gay, as you may suppose; and, delighted with her own cleverness, she ran to call her mamma and sister to come and see how much better *she* could make a garden than ‘stupid, tiresome Philip.’

“They said it looked very gay, but they thought it would soon fade, because the flowers had no roots. ‘Oh!’ said she, ‘but I don't want the roots—the ugly roots! I like *all* flowers.’ ‘Very well, my dear,’ said mamma, ‘you may do it as you please.’

“Laura told every body that day how cleverly she had made her garden; how beautiful it looked; and how stupid Philip was!

“The next morning, when she went to look at it, the flowers were pretty fresh, as the earth was rather damp; but in the afternoon the sun came out very hot, and—poor things! they began to droop and fade, and were soon dead. When Laura saw how withered and faded they looked, she felt a



LAURA IN HER GARDEN.

little mortified, but she was too proud to own herself in the wrong ; so she gathered more of her mamma's flowers ; then she pulled up the faded ones, put in the fresh ones, and again her garden looked gay.

“ But, alas ! they faded too ; and after a few trials more, she grew tired, and said, ‘ she did not want a garden ! it was so troublesome to have one.’ Her mamma desired Philip to make the flower-bed neat again, and to plant geraniums in it ; and it was quite taken away from Laura.

Now Philip had found the nice plants he had given this conceited little girl on the rubbish, and could not bear they should be so wasted. He therefore carefully gathered them up, and planted them on a new flower-bed at the entrance of the kitchen-garden. They grew nicely, and were soon in full bloom.

“ One evening, Laura went with her mamma to walk in the garden, and they went to look at the new flower-bed. She was quite struck with its beauty, and, running from flower to flower, exclaimed, ‘ Oh, how beautiful ! how lovely ! what charming flowers ! how sweet they smell !’ ‘ Do you know,’ said her mother, ‘ where these flowers come from ?’ ‘ No, dear mamma ; where did you buy them ?’ ‘ I did not buy them : they are the *ugly roots* you pulled up out of your garden, and threw away. Had you allowed them time to grow, your little garden would have been as beautiful as my new flower-bed, and all these lovely flowers would have

been your own.' Laura, struck with astonishment and vexation, could not speak. She hung down her head, and walked silently by her mother's side. 'Who do you think knew best—you or Philip?' said her mamma. The little girl burst into tears of mortification for having lost all those beautiful flowers, and shown herself to be such a foolish, conceited child; and I have heard, that since that time, she has grown much more docile and modest. Her mamma hopes, that the lesson she learnt from her foolish conduct about the garden is not lost upon her."

When Jane had finished the story, her papa said she had read it very nicely; and he looked quite pleased.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

JANE'S ILLNESS—THE DONKEY.

WHEN Jane came to her lessons next morning, her mamma noticed that she looked pale. While she was reading, she became very faint, and her face was quite white. Her mother took her up on her lap; she felt quite frightened to see her dear little girl so ill. After a few minutes, she began to shiver, and be very cold. Her papa came in, and carried her up stairs, and she was put to bed; then he went for the doctor, who soon came. He brought her some medicine; and, after a little while,

the poor little girl felt somewhat better. Mamma sat by her bed-side, to watch her, and do all she could for her. It comforted Jane very much to have her dear mamma beside her: she was very patient, and did not complain, though she felt very, very sadly. When mamma or papa asked her how she was, she always said, "better;" she could not bear to see them look so sorry, and she tried to smile at them, even when she felt so ill. She had to take a great deal of medicine, and some of it was very disagreeable indeed, and she could hardly bear to drink it; but she never refused it when it was brought to her, and took it at once. Sometimes the tears came into her eyes when she saw the glass in her mother's hand, but she tried to help even that. At last, after a good many days, she began to get better, and was able to be taken up and dressed, and laid on the sofa. She was so weak she could not walk, or even stand. When she found this, she was rather frightened, and said, "Oh, mamma! shall I ever be able to run about, and play again?" "Yes, dear child," said her mother; "as you grow stronger, you will find that you are able to walk again; and by and by, you will, I hope, run about and play, as you used to do."

When Jane was able to bear it, mamma used to read to her, and tell her pretty stories. She got strong enough, also, to have some of her toys to play with; especially her doll, which she loved so much. It

was always by her side on the sofa. A kind young lady, who lived in the village, and loved Jane, sent her a "Noah's Ark," that *she* used to play with herself, when she was a little girl. Do you know what a "Noah's Ark" is? It is a kind of box, made in the shape of a covered boat or ark. It is full of all sorts of animals, cut out in wood, and painted. Besides the animals, there are figures of Noah, and his wife, and his sons, and daughters. You have read the story of Noah and the Ark, in the Bible? Some of these toys are large, and others smaller. The large ones cost a great deal of money. The "Ark" which Jane had was very large; in it were all sorts of animals: lions, elephants, horses, sheep, &c. Then there were all sorts of birds. There were no fishes; can you tell the reason why? Jane had great pleasure in playing with these animals. She used to put them all in order, as if they were marching into the Ark, to Noah. And then her mamma would talk to her about that story, and about other stories in the Bible. Jane loved to hear them very much. There are a great many pretty stories in the Bible—do you know any of them? At last Jane was so much better, that the doctor said, she might be taken down stairs into the parlour. How glad she was; and how glad papa and mamma were! Papa carried her down himself. Two or three days after, she had leave to be taken out into the garden.

Mamma wrapped her up in shawls, and papa carried her in his arms. He carried her to all the prettiest and sweetest flowers. How she enjoyed the sweet smell of the flowers—the pleasant air! Then papa carried her to the poultry-yard, to see her favourite white hen. The hen had got twelve pretty little chickens. After a little more time, the dear child began to be able to walk about a little; and was able to sit up most of the day. But she still looked very pale and thin, and the doctor said, they must take great care of her. One morning, when she was resting on the sofa, after playing a little, papa came in, and taking her up in his arms, said, “I have something to show you, that will please you, my dear;” so he carried her to the window. What do you think it was, that papa wanted to show her? Can you guess? No—well, I will tell you: A very pretty little donkey, with a nice little seat on its back, just fit for the little girl to ride on. “Oh, papa! dear, kind papa! is it for me?” said Jane, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him many times. “Yes, my darling,” said he; “and I hope you will have many nice rides on it, while mamma and I walk beside you.” “May I ride this morning?” said she. “When you are rested you shall,” said her mother.

After a little while, Jane's things were brought; she was dressed, and then papa lifted her on the donkey; it was a very gentle one, and she highly enjoyed

the ride. They went through a pleasant lane, and over some fields, where the gates opened to let people ride through. Jane was delighted with the exercise; and every day when the weather was fine, she went out. She soon grew stronger; and after some time, her kind parents had the comfort to see her quite well again. She loved them very dearly before her illness; but when she thought how kind they had been, and how much they had done to try to make her well, her little heart was full of love and gratitude. Her mother spoke to her, sometimes, of the goodness of God in her recovery: "For you know," she said, "*we* could not have made the medicine cure you, if your kind Father in heaven had not blessed it to you." Though Jane was so young she could feel this; and she loved God all the more. She had always loved Him since she could think or know anything about Him; and this was the reason she was such a good child.

Little children who read this story, you, perhaps, have been ill, and have had kind parents doing everything to ease your pain, and make you well again. Do you not love them more and more for it? And ought you not to be obedient and affectionate to them? Ought you not to do all you can to please them? When you are tempted to be naughty, remember their goodness to you; and I think then you will conquer your evil tempers, and try never to grieve them.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

“WHAT CAN I DO FOR MAMMA?”

WHEN Jane was well enough, she began again to attend to her lessons. She was very pleased to be able to read and work with her mamma, as she used to do, before she was ill. They were sitting one morning in their pleasant parlour, with the glass doors open into the garden; the sun shone, and the perfume of the flowers came into the room delightfully. The birds were singing, and everything was pleasant. Jane and her mamma enjoyed it greatly. “How kind God is to us, mamma,” said the little girl, “to make everything so beautiful; and to give us such sweet flowers! I wonder everybody does not love Him.” “Everybody would love Him, I think,” said her mother, “if they did not so often forget, that it is He who makes all the beautiful things which are around us. I am glad that *you*, my dear little girl, love Him. I trust you will never forget Him, for it is He who gives you all the blessings you enjoy.”

Jane sat silent for a few minutes, and then she said, “I wish I could do something to please God. When I am a woman, I shall perhaps be able to serve Him; but what can *I* do?” “You can show your love to Him, by keeping His commandments, my love,” said her mother; “when you are obedient,

and gentle, and patient, then you please Him." Jane was glad; she sat thinking some time, and then said, "Mamma, I wish I could do something for you and papa; something of *real* use. You are always doing things for me; but I can do nothing for you, to show you how I love you."

"Yes, dear child, you can," said her mother. "Can I, mamma—can I?" said she, joyfully; "tell me what I can do of any *real* use?" "Do you think it is of *real* use to make people happy?" said her mother. "Yes, mamma." "Well, then, you can make me and papa very happy." "But how, mamma?" "By being good, obedient, and industrious; by taking pains to learn all we try to teach you; and by being affectionate, and kind to your little brother." "And will that make you happy?" "Yes, much happier than if you could give us a great deal of money; or do any great thing for us." "Then I will try and be all you wish me to be, and I will ask God in my prayer, every night and morning, to help me to make you and papa happy," said Jane, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and kissing her many times. "You do make us very happy, my dear, every day; and I hope as you grow older, you will make us still more so;" said her mother. "But, mamma, is there anything I can do for you—such as you do for me, I mean?" said the child earnestly.

"Well, I just recollect a little job I want done,

which you can do nicely: my work table is quite in disorder; will you put it right for me?”

Jane was delighted; she set about the job with great spirit, and soon put everything in beautiful order. Her mamma was quite pleased; and papa, who came in just at the time, admired it very much. “Can I do anything for you, dear papa?” said she, greatly encouraged by her attempt at usefulness. “I think I shall call you, the little fairy ‘Order;’” said he. “Well, my little Fairy, the two lowest shelves in my bookcase are in great confusion; will you try your skill upon them?”

Away she flew, and soon returned, having put the books into their places in very neat order. She had been careful to arrange the volumes according to the figures on the backs; and not, as I have sometimes seen little girls do, all “higgledy-piggledy,” 4 coming before 3, or 6 before 1.

“Now,” said mamma, “I will give you a little task to do regularly for me: it is to keep the things in this low chiffonnier neat. You must look at it every morning, and put every thing into its place. Let me see if you can remember it for a whole week without being reminded.”

Jane undertook it; and mamma was pleased to find that the whole week passed without any occasion to remind her of her duty.

Her affection to her parents made her very quick to find out any opportunity of pleasing them.

She would often get out the working materials her mamma would want, and lay them ready for her use on the table. If she was cutting out work, she would hold the scissors, or hand her the pins, or pick up any pieces that fell down. When she was dressing to go out, she would button her boots, or set her clogs ready for her feet, as she said, to "pop in." If she came in tired, she would place a hassock for her feet, and gently rub them if they ached.

If it was cold weather, and papa was out, his slippers were sure to be set to warm by his dear little daughter; and his arm-chair was placed in his favourite corner by the same kind hands. She would fetch his book, or newspaper, or any thing he had forgotten and left in his study, and she watched to see whether he had all he wanted.

Her wish to be useful seemed to make her clever, and she learnt to do many things which it is not usual for children of her age to be able to perform.

It made her mother very happy to see her growing up so good and useful; and she often thanked God for having given her such a dear little daughter.

My dear little children, do *you* wish to be useful, and to make your parents happy? Try to be good, and try to do any little things for them that you can. Very little children can be of some use, if they try. All can be kind to their brothers and sisters. How beautiful it is to see little children living together in peace and love!

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE LOST CHILD.

“JANE,” said mamma one day, “I am busy at work; will you read me a story out of your new book?”
“Oh, yes, dear mamma!” said she; and having fetched the book, she read the story of “The Lost Child.”

“Little George and Clara lived in London: their house was in a long, broad street, full of shops. When they went out walking, their mother told them to mind and never let go their maid’s hand; and they were very careful to do as their mother told them, for they were good little children. But their maid was very careless, and did not behave at all as she ought to have done: she used to stop to look in at the shop-windows; and then, while she was staring at the pretty things there, and wishing she could have them, poor little George and Clara were pushed about by the people passing. If you live in the country, perhaps you will wonder how this could be, for in the country there is room for every body; but if you live in London, you will know what crowds of people there are in the streets, and you will know that it was very miserable for the poor little children to have such a naughty maid. Their mother did not know that Susan—for that

was her name—was so careless, or she would not have trusted her dear little George and Clara to her. She would have liked to have taken them out herself, but she scarcely ever had time, because she had a shop she was obliged to attend to.

“One day, Susan was sent to take the little boy and girl a walk. As they went along, she stopped to look into the shop-windows, as usual. She held Clara by the hand, because she was the least, but George she told to hold fast by her gown. They walked some time in this manner: poor George had much difficulty to keep hold of her gown, because the people pushed him so in passing. At last they came to the corner of the street where there was a beautiful shop, full of flowers, feathers, ribbons, and caps. It was a new shop, and a great many people were standing round, looking in. Here Susan stopped, and pushed into the crowd, close to the window. George held her gown as fast as he could; but the people passing pushed the little fellow so, that at last his hand was forced away; he could not get hold again, and in trying to find Susan and his sister, he turned the wrong way, and got into the next street.

“The poor child was dreadfully terrified when he found himself alone in all the bustle and crowd. He ran on as well as he could, hoping to find Susan. Nobody noticed him, for the crowd of people was so great. He was pushed from side to side, till at

last he was knocked down by a baker's boy, with a large basket of bread. The baker's boy was a very cross boy, and did not stay to help him up. Poor little fellow! he got up as well as he could; his nice clothes were all covered with dirt, but that he did not think of: still he kept running on. At last, overcome with fear and fatigue, he could go no farther, and he sat down on a step, and cried bitterly.

“The people kept passing, and nobody saw him, till at last a lady with a little boy came by. The little boy was bigger than George: he was looking all about him, and saw poor little George crying. ‘Oh, mother!’ said he, ‘look at that little boy; what can be the matter with him? let us stop and ask him.’ The lady turned, and when she saw George, she knew by his dress and appearance he must be lost. She felt very sorry for him, and stopped and asked him his name, and where he lived.

At first George was frightened, and could not answer: at last he did speak, and told the kind lady that he had lost Susan. ‘Do not cry so,’ said she; ‘I will take you home, if you will tell me where you live.’ Now George did not speak plain, and the lady could not understand him. She did not know what to do. She was afraid a crowd would get round her, if she staid longer talking; so she took hold of the poor little boy's hand, and led him on, towards the end of the street. George kept

sobbing sadly, and could hardly walk, he was so tired and frightened. She talked to him very kindly, and told him she would find his home for him, and take him back to his mamma. At last she came to a cab-stand; and then she called a cab, and put the little boy in, and she and her own little boy got in. She told the man to drive her to her own home, which was not very far off. When they got there, she took off poor George's dirty clothes, had his hands and face washed, gave him some dinner, and made him comfortable.

“The lady was so kind, that he was no longer afraid; and when she told him she would certainly find his mamma, he believed her, and began to play with her little boys and girls. So she left him at her house, and went out to try and find the little fellow's home.

“But now I must tell you about Susan, what she did when she found George was gone. She was dreadfully frightened, and hurried on, asking every body she met if they had seen a little boy, in a green pelisse and straw hat; but nobody had seen him. Poor little Clara cried very much, when she found her dear George was gone, and Susan could not quiet her. She wandered about the streets for a long time, for she was afraid to go home. At last a policeman, whom she asked if he had seen the child, told her she *must* go home, and tell her master and mistress; and he made her go, and went with

her. He was a kind man, and took poor little Clara up in his arms, and carried her, for the child was so tired she could scarcely walk. When the poor mamma (who had been expecting them home for a very long time, and was fearing some accident) saw the policeman carrying Clara, and that George was not there, she was so terrified she almost fainted; and when she heard the dear little boy was lost, poor thing! she was indeed distressed. She was going to run out to find him; but the policeman stopped her, and told her it was of no use. He said, 'Leave it to me: I will certainly find him; and I hope to do so soon.' So he went away to tell all the policemen to look for a little boy, with a green pelisse, a straw hat, and curling brown hair.

"The poor mother thanked him very much; and when he was gone, she sat down and wept bitterly. Her servants came round her to try and comfort her; but she could only say, 'My poor George! my poor George!'

"Now, the kind policeman went and did as he had promised the mamma. He wished very much to find the little boy, and he went to all the places where the policemen meet. Those places are called 'stations.' At last he went to one, where the kind lady, who had found George, had been, to tell them she had found such a little boy. She had given them the name of the street and the number of the house, and they had written it down.

“ ‘ Now,’ said the policeman, ‘ I shall be able to keep my word to the poor child’s mother, and shall give her back her little boy before night.’ So he went to the lady’s house, and asked to see her. She was very glad, and took him into the room where little George was. He was asleep on a sofa, for he was quite tired out with the fright and fatigue he had suffered. Then the lady sent for a carriage, and the poor little fellow was put in, and she got in herself; her little son, who was with her, begged to go too, and she allowed him to do so: the policeman got on the box. They soon came to the house where George lived. ‘ Good news, ma’am,’ said the policeman: ‘ here is your little gentleman safe and sound.’ You should have seen the joy of the little boy and his poor mother: I cannot describe it. At first she could not thank the kind people, who had brought back her dear child; but they did not want thanks: they all felt very happy at being able to do so much good. Afterwards, George and his mother went to see the kind lady, and to thank her; and they all became great friends, and George and her son went to school together, and when they grew up to be men, they were always friends, and helped each other. George never forgot his gratitude to him and his mother.”

“ Do you not think that is a pretty story, mamma ?” said Jane, when she had finished. “ I wonder what became of naughty Susan.” “ Perhaps,” said mam-

ma, "she grew better, when she saw what mischief her carelessness occasioned." "Nurse would not lose me and Willie so," said Jane. "No, my dear; she loves you both too much to do as Susan did."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

LITTLE BROTHER WILLIE.

I THINK now I must tell you about Jane's little brother Willie. She loved him much—he was a nice little fellow; his face was rosy, and his eyes bright; he had very pretty light hair. He was good-tempered, but rather passionate. Sometimes, if he was very angry, he would throw all his play-things on the ground, and scream out very loud; but this did not often happen. He was quite a little boy; only just three years old. Jane was *so* kind to him. She never teased him. There was not one of her toys which she would not let him have.

She would sit on the ground, and build up towers and walls on the floor with her bricks, that he might have the pleasure of knocking them down. She would play with him at horses, and be his horse as long as he liked. Sometimes she would make a railway for him of the bricks, and lend him her little train of carriages to go upon it. She had a pretty farm-yard: there were cows, and



JANE PLAYING WITH HER LITTLE BROTHER WILLIE.

horses, and dogs; and ducks, and chickens, and pigs; and little wagons; and men to make hay; and women to milk the cows; and houses for the pigs, and horses, and cows; and some trees, and a pretty house for the farmer; and he was standing at the door looking out. It was a beautiful toy, and cost a great deal of money. Grandpapa gave it to Jane, when she was four years old. When it was set out in order, it filled a large table. Jane used to have great pleasure in putting it in different forms. Sometimes she put the farmer's house in the middle, and sometimes at one end of the farm. She used to roll white paper into little balls, to make turnips to load the wagons with; and she had something to make believe hay. Many little girls and boys would not have allowed such a little brother to touch these beautiful toys, but Jane did. "Oh, mamma!" she said, one day, when her mother told her she was afraid he might break some of the animals, "I could not enjoy it if Willie might not play with it too."

You will not wonder that little Willie dearly loved his kind sister. Sometimes he would throw his arms round her neck, and tell her how he loved her. It was a pretty sight to see them playing together; and to see how kind, how very kind, and gentle, and patient, Jane was with him. Nurse often said to her mistress, "Oh, ma'am! I wish you would have the picture taken of these dear

children at play together." And mamma often wished she could too: it would have been so pretty.

When it was fine, they played in the garden together. Willie liked that very much. They used to play at running races. Jane used to run slowly, that Willie might catch her, because he liked to catch her so much. Then they played at "hide-and-seeK," amongst the shrubs. Jane used to hide in very easy places, where Willie could easily find her. When she was weeding her garden, he would put the weeds into the little barrow, and try to wheel them away. They were very happy often in their pleasant garden. Mamma and papa would stand at the window looking at them. And how thankful they felt to see their dear children, so good and so happy! They hoped that when they grew up, they would continue to love each other as much.

Do you love your little brothers and sisters? Are you kind to them? I hope you never snatch away your toys from the little ones, and say, "Naughty child! how dare you touch my things?" I have seen some little boys and girls, who would not lend their bricks, or ninepins, or animals, or dolls, to any of the others. Is this kind? Oh, no! Little children should love each other, and try to make each other happy; then they would be happy themselves, and make their papas and mammas very happy too.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

WORKING FOR PAPA.

ONE morning while Jane was reading, papa came into the room. "I want a bag, a large bag to hold some papers. Who will make it for me?" "May I, papa?" said Jane, joyfully. "Do let me? I will be so industrious." "I am afraid," said mamma, "it will be too large a piece of work for you. Perhaps papa cannot wait long enough."

"Oh, I will wait for my little girl to do it," said he; "if you think she can." "Indeed, mamma, I think I can; I shall not be tired. I should so like to do something for papa." So it was settled that she should do it; and her mother went to the drawer, where she kept pieces, to find a proper piece for it. She brought out several, and they were all spread out, for papa to choose which he would like. He was a long time choosing: some were too pretty, and some too ugly. At last he fixed upon a piece Jane thought beautiful; it was full of roses and rosebuds. She was quite pleased; and they all said they thought it would make a very pretty bag. Mamma said "it was too pretty to put dusty papers in;" but Jane thought "nothing could be too pretty for papa." When they had settled it, Jane went on with her reading; and

mamma fixed, and prepared the work, very nicely. It was a large bag, and took the little girl a long time to make; she worked an hour every day, and wanted to work longer; but her mother would not let her, because she said she would make herself too tired. •

Sometimes while she was working, papa would come in, to see how his bag was getting on. He used to say such funny things about it. One day he took it up, to look if it was well done; and he said, "Pray, Jane, make small stitches, or perhaps the *mice* may creep through and eat up my papers." Jane and her mamma laughed heartily at the idea of stitches large enough for a mouse to creep through; and they both made papa notice what very small stitches they were, and how close they were together.

They were all very merry about the bag, all the while it was being made; at last it was finished, and then papa said, "it was too handsome for a bag, and it would make a beautiful cap;" so he put it on his head, and walked about with it. Then he went out, and came and stood at the window, and pretended to be a stranger; and talked in some foreign language, which neither Jane nor her mamma could understand. Jane capered about the room with delight, exclaiming, "Funny papa! Funny papa!" Presently mamma called out, "There is some company coming!" Papa ran

in hastily, pulled off his beautiful cap, and went into the hall to receive his guests. They were two gentlemen whom he had not seen for a long time. He was pleased to see them, but they could not stay long. While they staid, Jane sat very patiently waiting for their going, to have the string put in the bag, that she might carry it to her papa's study; where it was to be filled with the papers, and hung up in a nice place where he could always see it. He had put up a handsome hook on purpose for it.

When the gentlemen were gone, mamma put the string in the bag, and then she, and papa, and Jane, all went to the study. How pleased and proud Jane felt when she saw her bag filled, and hung up on its handsome hook! "It will be *really* useful, will it not, dear papa?" said she. "Yes, *really very* useful," said he, kissing her; "I have wanted such a bag a long time, and I am very much obliged to my dear little girl for making it."

Jane ran to ask her dear nurse to come and look "how pretty the bag looked," and she was as pleased as the child.

"Well, now," said papa, "that you have all paid your respects to my new bag, you may go and leave me to my books." So they all went away; mamma into the parlour, nurse into her nursery, and Jane into the garden.

When the study door was open, you could see

the bag ; and Jane often ran up stairs that day to peep at it. And, indeed, for a long time she always looked in if the door was open, when she passed up and down stairs. I think she had more pleasure in making that useful bag for her papa, than she would have had in a new toy, had it been ever so pretty.

When she grew bigger, she did many things for him ; and nothing made her more happy than to be employed for him, and her dear mamma.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

JANE'S BIRTHDAY.

WOULD you like to know how Jane spent her birthday ? Well, I will tell you. It was in the beginning of August ; it was a beautiful day, but not too hot. When she came down in the morning, after breakfast, every body came into the parlour to see her, and to wish her “ many happy returns of the day.” She was six years old. Andrew, the gardener, brought her a most beautiful basket of flowers : they looked so lovely, and smelt so sweet ! They were put on the table in the middle of the room. Then Jane thanked everybody for their kind wishes ; and she had a little present to give



OLD ANDREW PRESENTING HIS BASKET OF FLOWERS TO LITTLE JANE.

to each of the servants, that they might remember her birthday; and mamma told her, to invite them all to have tea in the meadow, in the afternoon. Nurse's present was a new gown; which was made, and ready to wear in the afternoon.

When the servants were gone out of the room, mamma and papa gave their dear little girl their presents. Papa's was a pretty little rose-wood work-box: it was lined with rose-coloured silk; in it was a silver thimble, a pretty pair of scissors, a needle-book, a great many reels of cotton and silk, and all that could be wanted for working. Jane was greatly delighted with this beautiful present; she admired every thing in it, and thanked her dear papa many times.

Then mamma gave her, hers: it was a beautiful little wardrobe for her doll's clothes. It opened with doors, just as her mamma's did; and had hooks to hang up dolly's dresses; and shelves to lay her things on; just like a real lady's wardrobe.

The little girl did not know how to express the pleasure she felt; but mamma and papa could see it in her face, and they were as pleased with her pleasure, as she was with their gifts; so, after kissing her, they sent her into the play-room, where she spent a happy and quiet time, putting all dolly's clothes in order in her new wardrobe; and then she took all the things out of her work-box, that she might have the pleasure of putting them neatly in their places again.

Now mamma had thought, it would be very pleasant for Jane to give a little treat to the poor girls in the village school. So the day before, Betty, the cook, had made a great many large plum-cakes; and mamma and Jane had walked to the school-house, to invite the children. You may be sure they were delighted at the prospect of such pleasure. Their teacher was to come with them; there were about forty children. The boys were not to come, but some cake was sent for them, to their school; and they had a half-holiday, and played on the green.

After dinner, about three o'clock, Jane and her mamma went into the garden, to see if the little girls were coming. They saw them coming along the lane, walking two-and-two, very orderly. They were all dressed neatly in their Sunday clothes. When they came to the gate, Jane and her mamma spoke kindly to them; and showed them the way through the garden and orchard, into the meadow. When they got into the meadow, they had leave to play about as they liked; so they soon began a great many pretty games.

There were seats placed under the shade of some large trees, at the end of the meadow; and mamma and the teacher sat down there, to look at the children while they played. Jane sat with them, for she was not strong enough to run about so much.

It was a very pretty sight to see them at play, in that pleasant meadow. Some danced in large

rings ; some played "hide-and-seeK," amongst the trees and bushes, in one corner of the field ; and some danced. In the afternoon, some of the ladies in the village, who knew of the children's treat, walked up on purpose to see them so happy.

About half-past four, Andrew and the maids came with large baskets of cake, and pitchers of milk, and a large tray of mugs, to give the children their refreshment. There were also plates of bread-and-butter. The teacher called them all, by a little bell, to come to the end of the field where the company were, and they sat down on the grass, and had their cake and milk : Jane and her mamma, and the other ladies, waiting upon them. Then they went to play again ; and the servants had their tea in the field, just at the orchard gate. A table was set there, with tea-things and cake, and bread-and-butter, for them. Every body quite enjoyed it, for it was so very pleasant.

While the servants had their tea, Jane and her mamma, and the ladies with them, walked about looking at the children, and seeing that all were comfortable and happy ; but after they had done, the servants went in and got tea ready for their mistress and her friends, in a room which looked over the garden to the meadow. So they all came in to tea, and while they sat at tea, they could see the children playing among the trees and the grass.

When they had finished, all the little girls were

called out of the field; they came walking through the garden in the same order as they had gone in. Then they came into the large parlour, where Jane and her friends were seated; and they stood and sung two or three pretty hymns; their voices were very sweet, and everybody liked to hear them sing.

The eldest scholar then thanked Jane's papa and mamma for their nice treat; and as she finished, she curtseyed, and all the other little girls with her. Jane bade them good evening, and they all went. As they passed through the hall, a large piece of cake, wrapped in paper, was given to each girl, to take home for her father and mother, and brothers and sisters; and so they ended their happy day.

When the little scholars were gone with their teacher, it was time for Jane to go to bed. She was very tired, (for pleasure tires us as much as work,) so she bade papa and mamma and the ladies good night, and went up stairs to nurse, to be undressed.

"What a happy day I have had!" said she, while her kind nurse was undressing her. "Everybody has been so kind to me." "I hope you will have many more such happy birthdays," said her fond nurse, and she kissed her, and bade her good night.



CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

JANE'S LITTLE FRIENDS, AND THE MAGIC LANTERN.

WHEN they had lived some time in the new house, Jane's mamma found there were several nice little children in the neighbourhood, and so she sometimes invited them to come to see Jane, and play with her. All the children loved to come to see her; she was so obliging and kind. She never seemed to want anything to be done to please her. She was always thinking what the others liked, and trying to please *them*.

There were two very good little girls, whose names were Martha and Lucy Bell, who often came. Jane liked them very much; they were rather older than she was. They used to play at "ladies"; and one would be the mamma, and one the nurse, and the doll was the baby. Then, sometimes they made feasts for the dolls. Jane had a great many little dolls, and they set them up to table; and put the dishes on the table, and made believe, that the dolls were ladies and gentlemen. Sometimes mamma would let them have the donkey, and ride in turns about the meadow; and sometimes they played "hide-and-seeK," in the garden.

Then there were George and Emily White, and little Freddy, who was not much bigger than

Willie. They came one fine day, and what famous games they had! They played in the garden; and after that Betty, the cook, showed them all the poultry, and she gave them barley to throw to the chickens; and old Andrew showed them the pigs; and they saw the cow milked, and tasted the nice warm new milk.

Another time, when it was winter, and quite cold weather at Christmas time, they all came to see Jane; and several other little boys and girls came besides them. Then they could not run in the garden, for it was all covered with snow; and the sun was gone soon after four o'clock; so they played in the play-room. There was a beautiful fire there, and all the toys set out; they were lighted up with little candles, in little dolls' candlesticks; they looked so pretty you cannot think. After they had played there some time, they went into the large parlour to tea. There was such a long table, set out with tea, and cakes, and buns, and bread-and-butter; chairs were placed all round, and when the children had seated themselves, mamma made tea for them. After tea they went into another room; and what do you think was prepared to amuse them? A beautiful "Magic Lantern." The room was so dark, that one or two of the little ones were almost frightened; they had never seen a "Magic Lantern," and did not know what it was. Presently there was a large bright circle on the

side of the room ; and while they were wondering at it, a beautiful ship came sailing on it. The children clapped their hands with delight. The noble ship kept sailing on ; the sun seemed to shine bright, and the sea looked so blue and calm. Suddenly there came a black cloud all over the sky ; the waves began to roll high, and the poor ship was so tossed, they thought it would be broken to pieces. " Oh, the ship will be drowned ! " cried one of the little boys ; but while they were looking the black cloud went away, the sea grew smooth, and the ship went on again gently and pleasantly. When they had seen it as long as they liked, it vanished, and the bright circle was all white again. Then there appeared a noble elephant, with a tower on his back full of soldiers ; after him came another, with a grand seat, covered with a canopy of crimson and gold : in this beautiful seat, sat a king and queen, dressed in magnificent robes, with crowns on their heads ; and beautiful pearls and diamonds, and other precious stones, glittering all over them. Behind them walked a great many servants ; they were almost black, and were dressed in white muslin robes, with turbans ; they had no shoes, but you saw their black feet on the ground. The children liked this picture very much indeed ; while they were looking at it, the elephants both knelt down, and the soldiers got out of the tower, and the king and queen out of their throne, and walked away.

And then it all vanished. "Where do they go to?" asked one little girl. "They are only shadows," answered one of the bigger ones; but she could not understand it. The next picture was a very pretty one; it was moonlight, there was a beautiful green field, and some pretty sheep and lambs were sleeping in it; the shepherd and his dogs were also asleep, at one corner of the field. While they were admiring the sheep, there was a howling heard, and two fierce wolves came rushing into the field: they seized each a lamb, and were just running away with it, when the shepherd and his dogs awoke; and jumping up, drove the wolves away, and rescued the lambs, and then they saw them all lying quietly asleep, as they did at first. "I thought," said one little boy, "the cruel wolves would have carried the lambs quite away." "Pray do not let them come any more," said several of the little ones, "to hurt those dear little lambs." The next picture was a funny one; it was Punch and Judy dancing. They all laughed very heartily at it. Punch's nose was so long, he said, "he was afraid it would throw him down;" so he held it up with his hand, while he danced. Judy made such very droll curtseys, and Punch the oddest bows; they were dressed very smart, and Punch had a wig, which he took off when he bowed, as gentlemen take off their hats. When Punch had amused the company long enough, he, and his little dog Toby, and Judy, all vanished.

Then there came some beautiful birds ; amongst them a very large peacock ; first he had his tail hanging down, but presently he spread it out wide. He looked as if he was very proud. The children were delighted with his beauty, and clapped their hands at him. Then he put down his tail, and walked off. After the birds, came some beasts : there was a tiger, and a great lion, and a lioness, and some pretty spotted leopards. They were all lying down ; and at the feet of the lion lay a beautiful little white lamb. They all looked as if they were very good friends.

“ Will they not eat up that dear little lamb ? ” said one of the little girls. Just then the lion opened his great mouth, and showed his large teeth ; he looked so terrible, that two or three of the least of the children screamed out. The elder ones laughed. “ Oh, he will eat the lamb ! he will eat the lamb ! ” the little ones cried. But he did not ; he shut his great mouth again without doing any harm, and they all looked so happy. After these animals were gone, came some dancing dogs, and monkeys. They were very droll, and the children laughed heartily. There were a great many other things, but I cannot tell you about them all ; it would make this chapter too long.

After the “ Magic Lantern,” they went back into the play-room, and played at several pretty plays, till at last it was almost time to go home. Then

they had some biscuits and jellies, and such nice things as were proper for them.

Presently the servants brought their warm things, and they were dressed; and then came an omnibus to take them all home. It was the omnibus which used to take people to the railway; and papa had ordered it to come, that the children might go home comfortably. They bade Jane good-bye, and all got in; the omnibus was quite full; they looked so pretty; all their merry faces, with the bright lamp shining upon them.

They had a nice ride home, over the frozen snow. And when they were gone, Jane said, "What a happy evening we have had!" Then she thanked her kind papa and mamma for taking so much pains to amuse her and her little friends; and, bidding them "good night," went to bed, where she dreamt of the "Magic Lantern."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

GOING ON THE WATER.

I TOLD you, that there was a beautiful broad river at some distance from Jane's home. You could see it from the windows of the bed-rooms, but it was several miles off. One day, papa said, "I think I should like to go and sail upon the river, while the

weather is so fine." So mamma and he agreed, that they would go the next day, if it continued fine and warm. They were to have a chaise to drive to the river; and were to take some provisions with them; for at the place where the boat was, which they meant to sail in, there was no inn. Jane was to go with them; they would not have enjoyed the pleasure half so much, if their dear little girl had not shared it with them.

Early in the morning, Betty cut some nice sandwiches and packed them up, with a pigeon pie, some tarts, and bread-and-butter, and a bottle of ale, in a nice basket. She also put in the basket some plates, knives and forks, and glasses, and a bag of biscuits. Jane did not know of this pleasant party, till nurse got out her bonnet and pelisse, to dress her. "Where am I going?" said she. "You are going to have a pleasant drive; and then to sail upon that beautiful river," said nurse, pointing as she spoke to the river, on which the sun was shining brightly. "And you are not coming home to dinner; but you are to have dinner on the grass, beside the river." Jane's eyes sparkled with joy; she was soon dressed and ready, and the chaise came to the door. There was a pretty gray horse to draw the chaise, he went so nicely. Jane enjoyed the drive very much; the roads were so pleasant, there was no dust. Sometimes there were tall shady trees beside the road; and then they came to an

open part, where they could see a long way. The corn was quite ripe, and looked as yellow as gold. The reapers were in some of the fields, cutting it down. Sometimes they passed pretty cottages, with roses growing over them, and merry children playing in the little gardens. Jane was filled with delight, but she was silent. Her papa and mamma knew that she was enjoying it, and they did not talk much to her. At last, they came near the river. She was greatly surprised to see it look so wide. She thought it was more than a mile across. "Not quite so wide as that," said papa, "but it is indeed a noble river." Papa drove to a little cottage close to the bank of the river, and a man came to the door, to ask him what he wanted. "I want to see John Smith," said he, "and to ask him if he can take us on the water in his boat to-day." "I am John Smith, sir," said the man; "and I shall be very glad to take you in my boat—it is a beautiful day for a sail." So he called a boy to come and take the gentleman's horse, and put him in what he called his stable, which was only a poor shed. "I have not got anything for the horse to eat," said he, "except a little straw." "I have brought some food for him," said papa; and he lifted a bag of corn from under the seat of the chaise. So the boy led the horse away, and took the corn to give him some; and Jane went into the cottage with her father and mother, to wait till the boatman had got

his boat quite ready. It was a pleasant little cottage; and out of the window you could see the river, and the boats sailing up and down. Jane was so pleased with the prospect, she stood gazing at it, till John Smith came to tell them the boat was quite ready. Then papa took up the basket of provisions, and they all followed the boatman to the place where the boat was fastened.

When Jane saw that the water moved the boat, and that, when they got in, it shook, she was rather afraid; but her papa told her she need not fear, and seated her between him and her mamma; so, in a few minutes, she felt quite comfortable. There was another man, besides John Smith, to manage, and the sail was soon filled with the wind, and they began to skim swiftly over the water. It was a most beautiful day; the sun shone in the clear blue sky, and every white cloud, as it floated across the heavens, was reflected in the water, which was as blue as the sky. The trees on the banks of the river, and the little vessels which sailed over its surface, were all reflected as clearly as in a mirror. Sometimes the banks of the river were steep and high, then they came to a part where the beautiful green meadows came down close to the water's edge, and the grass seemed to kiss the waves, and the cattle and sheep, feeding on the banks, looked curiously at the boat as it sailed past.

They all enjoyed the scene; and Jane thought

sailing the pleasantest treat of all. After some time, they came to the part of the bank where they were to land and have their dinner; the boatmen brought the boat close to the land, and they all stepped on shore. One of the men took the basket of provisions to a beautiful green slope, where they could sit and dine under the shade of some large trees. Mamma had brought some cloaks and shawls, and they laid them on the ground, to sit upon; then they spread a table-cloth they had brought in the basket, and laid out the provisions upon it.

They had some water from the river, and made a "sumptuous dinner," they said. Jane had some sandwiches, and a tart, and some biscuits. She liked dining on the grass very much.

When they had finished, they left all that remained for the boatmen, and told them to eat their dinner, while they went to walk about in the meadows by the river-side. The men were quite pleased to have such a nice dinner; they very seldom got anything half so good. So they soon cleared the pie-dish, and finished the sandwiches and the ale. Then they packed the glasses, plates, knives and forks, and other things into the basket, and carried them back to the boat. There they waited till Jane, and her papa and mamma, came back.

They had a charming walk, and when they returned to the boat, were quite ready to get in, and go back to the boatman's cottage. The sail back



THE DINNER ON THE RIVER BANK.

was as pleasant as it could be, and they all said they were sorry it was over. When they got to the cottage, they found the boatman's wife had got tea ready for them. She said, "she hoped they would please to take a cup, before they set off on their ride home." She had baked some hot cakes in her oven, and got some nice new milk and fresh butter from a farm close by. The kettle was boiling, and the little room was neatly arranged. "We are very much obliged to you, Mrs. Smith," said papa, "for taking so much pains to make us comfortable." So the good woman was very pleased to see they liked her tea and cakes, and she waited upon them with great pleasure.

"I hope, sir," said her husband, "if you liked my boat, and your sail to-day, that you will come and take another trip before the summer is over." "I should like to do so very much, my good man," said papa; "we must see about it."

Presently, when tea was over, the chaise was brought; the pretty gray horse looked quite ready to take them home, so they all got in, and drove off. The boatman, and his wife, and the boy, stood at the door looking after them, as far as the turning in the road. They all enjoyed their drive home exceedingly; they saw the sun set behind the hills, and then the evening star kept growing brighter and brighter. As it grew darker, other stars came out; Jane was pleased to watch them, but at last

she felt rather tired. But a beautiful sight roused her up. It was a green bank, on which were a great number of glow-worms. "How beautiful! how very beautiful!" she exclaimed. Papa drove very slowly past the bank; when he had got nearly to the end of it, he thought he would get out of the chaise, and take a few of the glow-worms, and carry them home, to put on the bank at the end of his garden. He took four of the brightest, and put them on a large leaf, and mamma laid them on her lap; for a long time, they continued to shine, but before they got home, three of them had put out their light, and Jane was afraid they were dead. Her father told her he thought they were not, and when they got home, they found them all alive and safe. She was very much surprised to find them such poor-looking little worms. Papa carried them to the bank, and put them carefully upon it. The next night he went to look for them, and found them all shining beautifully; but, in a few nights, they disappeared, one by one. They were all very sorry to lose them, for their light is so beautiful.

The gray horse, which had brought them home so nicely, was taken to his stable, and had some corn for his supper. Jane had some biscuit and milk; she was so tired, she could not tell nurse anything about her pleasant day, so she kissed her, and said, "I will tell you all, dear nurse, to-morrow;" and nurse popped her into bed, and she was asleep in two minutes.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

WHEN Jane had finished her lessons one morning, her papa and mamma went out; they were going such a long walk, they could not take her with them. She went into the nursery for some time, to play with little Willie, and then nurse told her to go and run about in the garden.

In the garden, there was a gate which opened into the road. Jane went to it to look and see if her papa and mamma were coming; but it was not the time yet for them to come, so she could not see them. As she stood by the gate, she saw a poor old man, with a little dog, coming along the road; they both looked very tired. When they came near the gate, the old man sat down on the bank of the road, and the poor dog lay down at his feet. The poor man looked very thin, his face was quite pale, his head was bald at the top, and his hair was long and white at the back of his head. His clothes were very old and tattered; he had a stick in his hand to help him to walk, and he leant upon it as he sat. The poor dog was very thin, too; he was black and white; he looked up in his master's face, as if he would ask him for something to eat, and the old man shook his head, and said, "Poor Fido! poor fellow!"



THE POOR OLD MAN AND HIS DOG FIDO.

Jane stood some minutes looking at them, her little heart was full of compassion, but her timidity kept her from speaking. At last, she opened the gate, and, going up to them, said, "Poor man, you look very tired; do you want anything?" Her voice was sweet and gentle, and her face so full of pity, it cheered the poor man to look at her.

"Little lady," said he, "I am very tired, and very hungry; I have walked a long way this morning, and neither I nor my poor dog have had a morsel to eat since yesterday. I have no money to buy any bread." While he spoke, the tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks. "Poor man!" said the child; "I am so sorry mamma is not at home; she would give you some money, but I have sixpence of my own. I may give it away: I will fetch it for you."

She ran into the house to get her little purse, and met Betty. "Oh, Betty!" she said, "there is a poor old man, and a little dog, sitting by the gate, and they have not had any breakfast, and they look so tired; do give me something for them to eat."

Betty knew that she might do what the child wished; but she went to the gate, to see whether the poor man looked like an honest good man. His venerable and distressed appearance moved her compassion; and going into the pantry, she filled a basket with some cold meat and bread; this she gave Jane to carry, and, delighted, the child skipped away. "Here, poor man; here is some

dinner for you, and your poor dog." He took it, and thanked her; but more by his looks than his words, for he could scarcely speak. The little dog wagged his tail, as if he wished to thank her too. Though he was so hungry, he did not try to take anything, till his master gave it to him; and the old man, who loved his faithful dog, gave him some before he tasted any himself. Jane said, "Don't go away till I bring you my sixpence," and then left them to eat their dinner. While she went into the house again, Betty came out with a little mug of ale, which she carried to the poor man. She talked to him a little, and thought he deserved help; so she told him to continue there till her master and mistress came home, and she thought they would help him. Jane came back with the sixpence; he was unwilling to take it at first from such a child; but she said, "Indeed it is my own to do as I please with, and I *may* give it to you." Then he took it.

"Have you not got any better clothes?" said she, kindly. "No, little Miss; I am so poor, I have no house, nor money, nor clothes; nothing but my poor Fido!" "Is he a good little dog?" said Jane. "Oh, yes! he is, indeed; he loves his poor old master."

While Jane talked with the poor man, her papa and mamma came home. They wondered, as they came along the road, to see her out of the garden; but it was soon explained. As soon as she

saw them, she flew to them, and began to tell them the history of the old man. "Dear papa, he has no house to live in, and no money! Do, dear papa, give him some." "I will talk to him," said her father, "and see if I can help him." When they came up to the gate, the old man got up, and bowed; and told them what Jane had given him, and asked their permission to keep the sixpence. They liked his manner, and were full of pity for his age and deep poverty. When they were rested from their long walk, they sent for him in, and heard his story, and found he was a truly good man. Jane stood by while he told all his troubles and misfortunes. How pleased she was to hear her papa say, he would help him! He gave him some money to get a lodging in the village, and told him what house to go to. So when he was well rested, he went away.

"Papa," said Jane, at dinner-time, "I wish you would let the poor man live in the little cottage at the bottom of the green lane; nobody lives there, and I think he is a good man. Will you, dear papa?"

"Perhaps I may, my dear," said papa; "but you must not be in too great a hurry about it. I must inquire and see how it will be best to help him."

The next day he inquired, and then he determined to do as Jane wished. The cottage was a very little one, but it was big enough for him and his dog. There were two rooms, and a little piece

of garden in the front ; it was very clean, and looked cheerful.

“ Now, Jane,” said papa, “ I will give you the cottage for your old man ; but how will you furnish it ? ” “ Oh, papa ! I cannot furnish it. I have not half money enough. I have only two sixpences, and a shilling, and a few halfpence. ” “ Well, that will not buy much furniture,” said he, laughing ; “ what must be done ? ” “ I think,” said mamma, “ we must look, and see whether we can find any things we can spare in the house. Let us go into the lumber room. ” Away they all three went to a large loft, which they used only for putting things in, which were not wanted in the house.

“ Here is an arm-chair, which will do beautifully,” cried Jane. “ And here is a little table,” said mamma. “ If he had any clothes, here is a box which would hold them nicely,” said papa. “ You will give him some,” said Jane, “ will you not ? ” “ Ah ! you would like to go and search my wardrobe, I suppose, Miss Jenny,” said he, laughing. “ Well, I will give you leave, and you shall have the box. ” Then they found some other things, but they could not find a bed ; however, mamma said, “ she thought she could manage that. ”

“ Now for the clothes,” cried papa ; and away they went into his room. They found some that would do, but mamma said, “ the poor old man would look ridiculous in one of papa’s coats ; so

they must beg one of some old gentleman amongst their friends." And she promised to do so to-morrow if she could go into the village. "How pleased the poor man will be," said Jane, "to have such a nice cottage, and a bed, and a table, and some clothes!"

After two or three days, all the things necessary to make the cottage comfortable were collected, and they were put into a cart, and taken there. Betty and Andrew went to put them all right, and they lighted a nice cheerful fire. The bed, and the box of clothes, were put in one room; the table, arm-chair, and other things, in the larger room, where the fire was. Then Betty put a little kettle on the fire, and it soon began to sing; she had brought some bread, and cheese, and butter; and she put them on the table, and a little tea-board, with some tea-things. While she and Andrew were doing this, mamma and papa, and Jane came in, to see how the cottage looked; they were quite pleased, and then they sent for the poor old man and his dog. When they came, Jane asked the old man to sit down in the arm-chair; and then papa told him, that he was to live in that nice little cottage all his life; and that all the things in it were for him. Poor old man! he could not believe it, and he was quite overcome with joy. "What can I say? What can I do to thank you?" he said; and tears of gratitude and joy ran down his cheeks. I do not know who felt happiest, the old man, or his kind friends.

After a few minutes they left him, with Betty and Andrew ; who staid and had tea with him. They showed him where all the things were, and then bade him good-night. He lived very happily for some years in his cottage, and used, when it was fine, and he felt well enough, to go and weed a little in papa's garden. Jane often came to see him ; and when she grew bigger, and had more money, she used to save it, to buy him useful things that he wanted ; and when she could work more, she made him a new shirt every year.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE STORY OF THE ROBINS.

“ How have you amused yourself, my dear, this wet afternoon ? ” asked Jane's mamma one day when she came into the parlour to tea. “ Oh ! I have been very happy,” she said : “ part of the time I played with Willie, and then I read nurse a story from my new book ; such a pretty story ! about some robins who lived in a nest in a tall holly tree in a beautiful garden. There were four of them. Two of them, called Jennie and Bobby, were good little birds who loved their papa and mamma, and did what they were bid ; but the other two, Jessie and Bennie, were so naughty they paid no attention to what was said to them ;

and although they were told that there was a cruel cat in the garden, that would kill and eat them if she could, they fancied they were quite clever enough to take care of themselves, and thought how happy they would be if they could just do as they liked, without anybody finding fault with them. So away they flew from their papa and mamma, wandering about the garden wherever they pleased, and making acquaintance with any idle little birds that chance threw in their way. One day," continued Jane, reading from her book, "they met a goldfinch that had just escaped from a cage, which hung in a lady's drawing-room close by; while they were listening to his account of himself, Miss Prue, the cat, passed under the tree, but she did not observe them. The goldfinch called out, 'Good morning, Miss Prue; how do you do?' Prue looked up, and said in a very gentle voice, 'Oh, pretty Goldie! are you there? Our mistress is looking for you everywhere. Will you not go home?' 'No, indeed,' said he, 'I will never go back. I mean to live in this garden and enjoy my liberty.' So Prue said no more, but walked softly away. 'Do you know that cat?' said Bennie; 'and is it true that she eats birds?' 'Oh, yes! I know her quite well: she belongs to my mistress; but it is quite a story to say that she eats birds; she has told me a hundred times that she would not hurt a bird for the world! and that she loves us better than her own kittens! I often wanted to get out of

my cage to play with her; but my mistress never would let me.' 'I thought it was not true,' said Jessie; 'for cats look so mild and gentle, I often feel inclined to talk to them.' Thus these foolish birds continued to chatter; and after some time they proposed to fly into another part of the garden. Away they went, and, after playing about till they were tired, they came to the sunny bank where Prue loved to lie; there she was, fast asleep! 'Let us wake Prue,' said Bennie, 'and tell her we should like to be friends.' 'Yes,' said Goldie, 'we will sit on this tree and sing as loud as we can.' So all three began to sing as loud as they could. Now, Prue was not asleep; she was only making believe, and waiting there to try and catch come foolish bird. She was very fond of birds, and she was so sly, that she managed to catch and eat them without anybody seeing her. She never left the smallest bit, even of a feather, to tell what she had done.

"When she heard the noise these foolish birds were making, she opened her eyes and looked about; at last she said, 'Oh, what beautiful singing! what birds can they be who are singing so sweetly?' Jessie, Bennie, and Goldie were quite delighted to be praised; so they called out from the branch where they were sitting, 'We sang that fine song, which waked you, Miss Prue; and if you like we will sing you another.' 'Do, my pretty darlings,' said she; 'your voices are the sweetest I ever heard; there are

no birds in this garden that sing half so well.' Quite delighted, they began again; but Prue said, 'If you would come down from the tree, and sit on the bank by me, I should hear a great deal better; and I should be able to see your pretty feathers. I am sure you must be as handsome as you are clever.'

"The foolish birds, delighted with this flattery, wished to come down; but Bennie thought he would first ask if she really did ever eat birds. So he said, very politely, 'We should like to come down, and sit by you; but we are a little afraid, because we have heard that you sometimes eat birds. You look so kind, we do not believe it; but will you tell us?' 'My dear friends,' said Prue, 'it is a wicked story. I never ate a bird in my life; and I would rather starve than do such a cruel thing! The people who live in the house say so, that they may frighten you away from their garden, because they don't like you to have any of their cherries. Goldie knows well I never do such wicked things. Did you ever see me kill a bird, Goldie?' 'No, indeed,' said he; 'and I don't believe you would.' So they all three flew down, and perched close to the cat. Now this wicked cat meant to eat them *all*, but did not know how to manage it, because there were *three* of them, and she could not catch more than two at once; and she knew that one would fly away, and perhaps tell the other birds in the garden. However, she soon contrived a plan, for she was a very cunning cat; and this was the way she managed:

“ After they had talked for some time, she said to Jessie, ‘ My dear, will you go and tell the linnet, who lives in the next garden, how happy we all are ; and ask him to come and hear your singing ? ’ Away flew Jessie, delighted ! and when she was gone, Prue pretended to be asleep again ; so Bennie and Goldie came very close to her, and began to dispute which sang best, and which was the prettiest bird. While they were quarrelling, and not noticing her, Prue slyly put out her paws, caught them both, and, before they could even cry out, killed them, and dragged them away to a dark corner to eat them ! ”

“ Was she not a cruel deceitful cat, mamma ? ” said Jane. “ She was, indeed ; but pray go on, and let me hear what became of Jessie. ” “ After looking a long time for the linnet, Jessie flew back to tell Prue she could not find him. What was her disappointment when she came to the bank, to find her friends all gone ! She flew about the garden till she was quite tired, calling for Bennie, and asking all the birds she met with if they had seen him ; but no Bennie could be found. At last she began to fear that what her mother and father had so often told her, might be true ; and that Prue had eaten her poor brother ! This thought made her so unhappy, that she got into a hole in the ivy, on the top of the wall, and cried and lamented all night. In the morning she again flew in search of Bennie ;

but it was in vain! No Bennie could be found! Grief took away her appetite, and she went and sat on a high tree, away from the other birds, thinking about her poor brother; and then about her father and mother, and how naughty she had been to them. While she sat there, so sad and miserable, a violent storm came on. She was terribly frightened at the thunder and lightning, and drenched with the rain! She had no kind mother or sister to smooth her feathers, or comfort and help her; and wet and faint as she was, she was obliged to sit in the tree all night. She felt very ill next day; her wings were stiff with the cold she had caught, from being so wet the day before. She was also very hungry; she tried to fly, and succeeded with great difficulty in getting as far as the tree which grew by the sunny bank. After she had been there some time, she saw Miss Prue coming; but she felt afraid of her, and tried to hide herself in the leaves. Prue looked up and saw her. 'Oh, my dear Jessie!' she said, 'where have you been? We have all been so frightened about you.' Then Jessie told all that had happened to her. Prue pretended to pity her very much. 'After you were gone,' said she, 'two great fierce dogs came into the garden, and we were obliged to run away as fast as we could, or they would have killed us all! But we came back as soon as we could, and waited till quite late for you. Bennie and Goldie said they should fly about all the fields

and gardens to look for you; and I have not seen them since. They promised to come back here to-day, and I am waiting for them. I dare say we shall soon see them.' Poor Jessie was quite rejoiced, for she believed every word this deceitful cat told her; and full of joy to think she should soon see her dear Bennie again, she was going to fly and meet him; but when she tried to spread her wings, she could not, and she fell to the ground! Prue ran towards her, pretending to help her. Poor Jessie saw by her looks what she was going to do, and screamed with terror! She attempted to rise from the ground; but her wings were stiff, and she could not move them, and wicked Prue killed and devoured her in a moment.

"Oh, Jessie and Bennie! what a pity you were not obedient and good! If you had minded what your father and mother had told you, you would not have believed this deceitful cat, and she could not have caught and killed you!"

"Is it not a sad story, mamma?" said Jane, as she shut up her book. "I wish all the robins had been good. To-morrow may I read you another story? there are a great many more in my book. I am glad you bought me this pretty book." "And I am glad also, my love, that it gives you so much pleasure. As you grow older, and know more, you will be able to read many other books, which will amuse you as much as this does; and which will

teach you many useful things. Now you are more than *six* years old, I mean to give you some new lessons." "I am so very glad," said Jane; "what will my new lessons be?" "I mean to teach you a little French, and geography, and music. Shall you like to learn these things?" "Yes, dear mamma, I like to learn all you teach me; but will they be very difficult?" "They will require attention and diligence; but I think you will not find them difficult, for I shall explain them to you, and help you as much as I can." "When shall I begin, mamma?" "Next Monday, dear, I intend to give you your first lesson in music; and the geography and French you may try to-morrow. Now go and play; you have done enough for this morning."

Jane put away her slate, work, and books; and then kissed her mamma, and went away to play.

THE END.



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