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A  
GIFT BOOK  
OF  
TALES AND STORIES  
FOR THE YOUNG.

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Adorned with Pictures

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49. 1704.



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49. 1704.

TALES AND STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

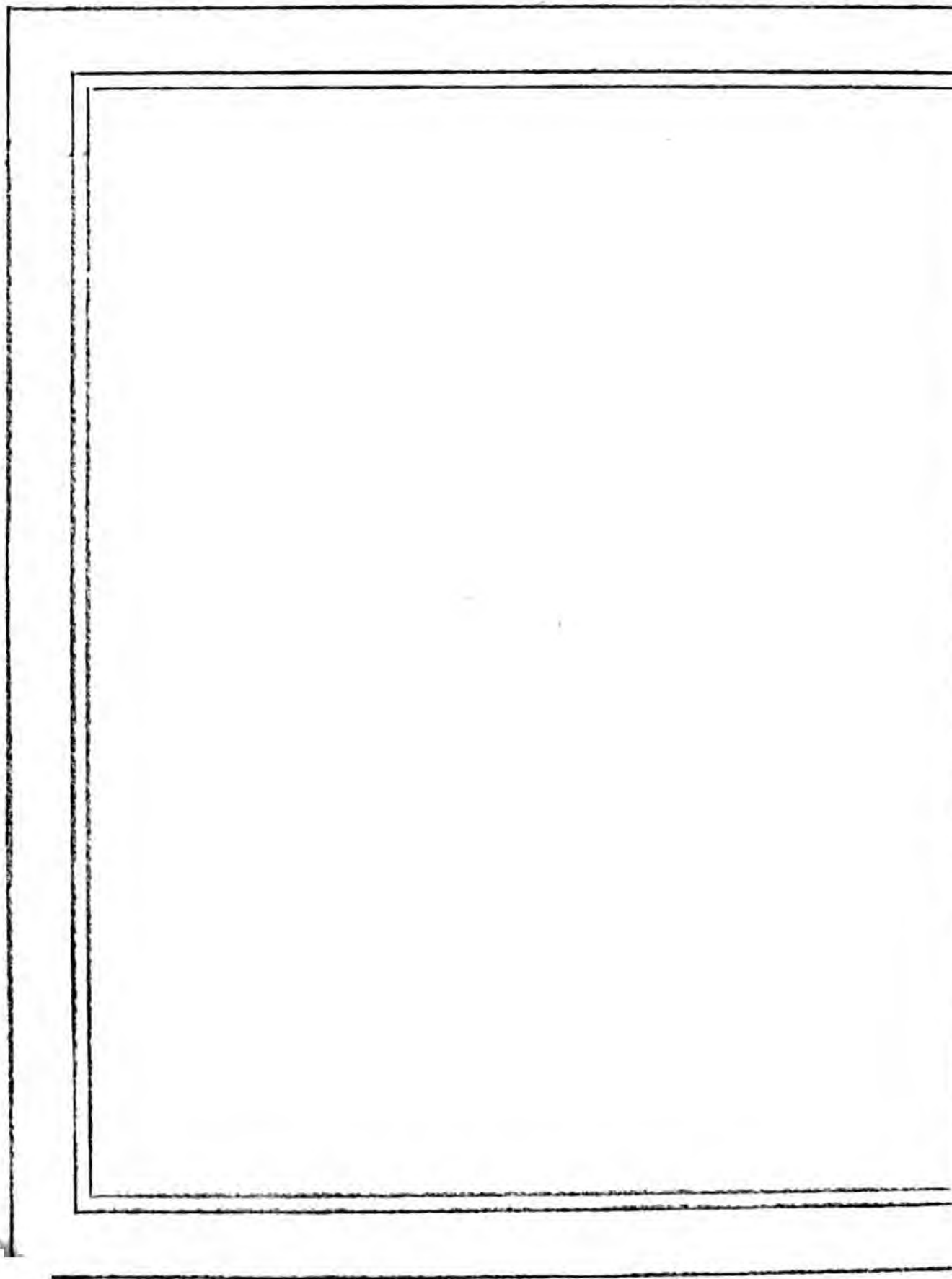
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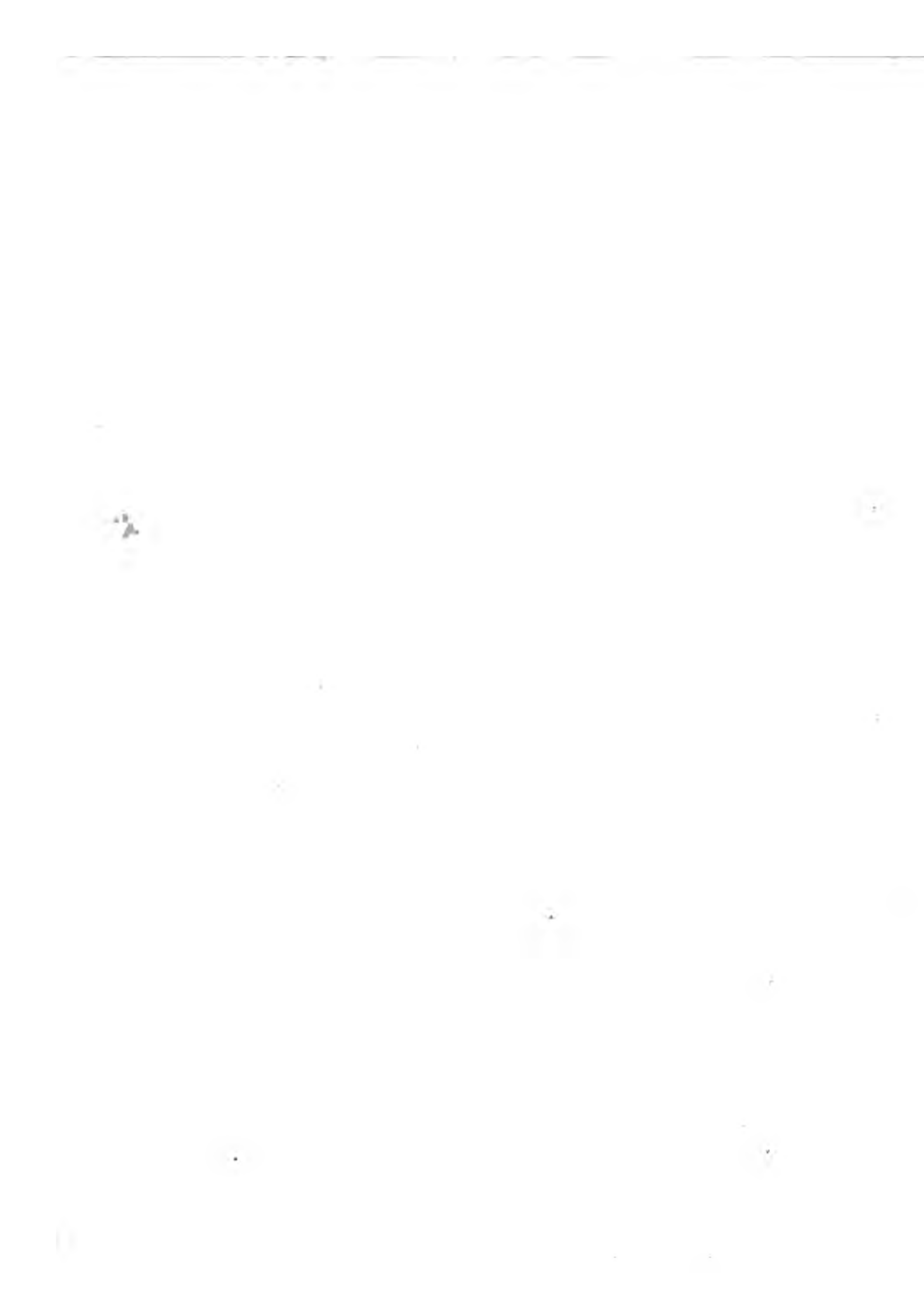


**TALES AND STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.**

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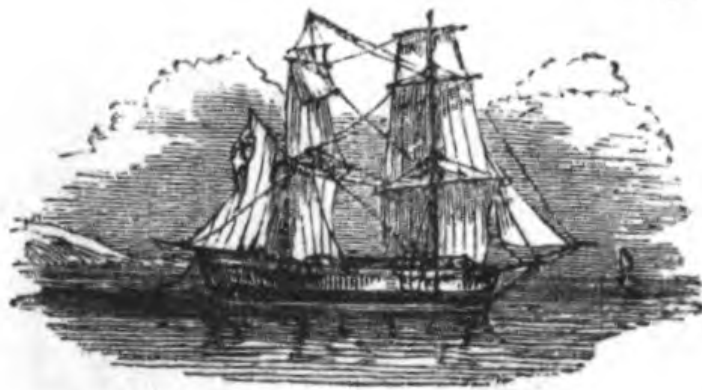
J. RAMAGE

EDINB

**TALES AND STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.**

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**ADORNED WITH PICTURES.**

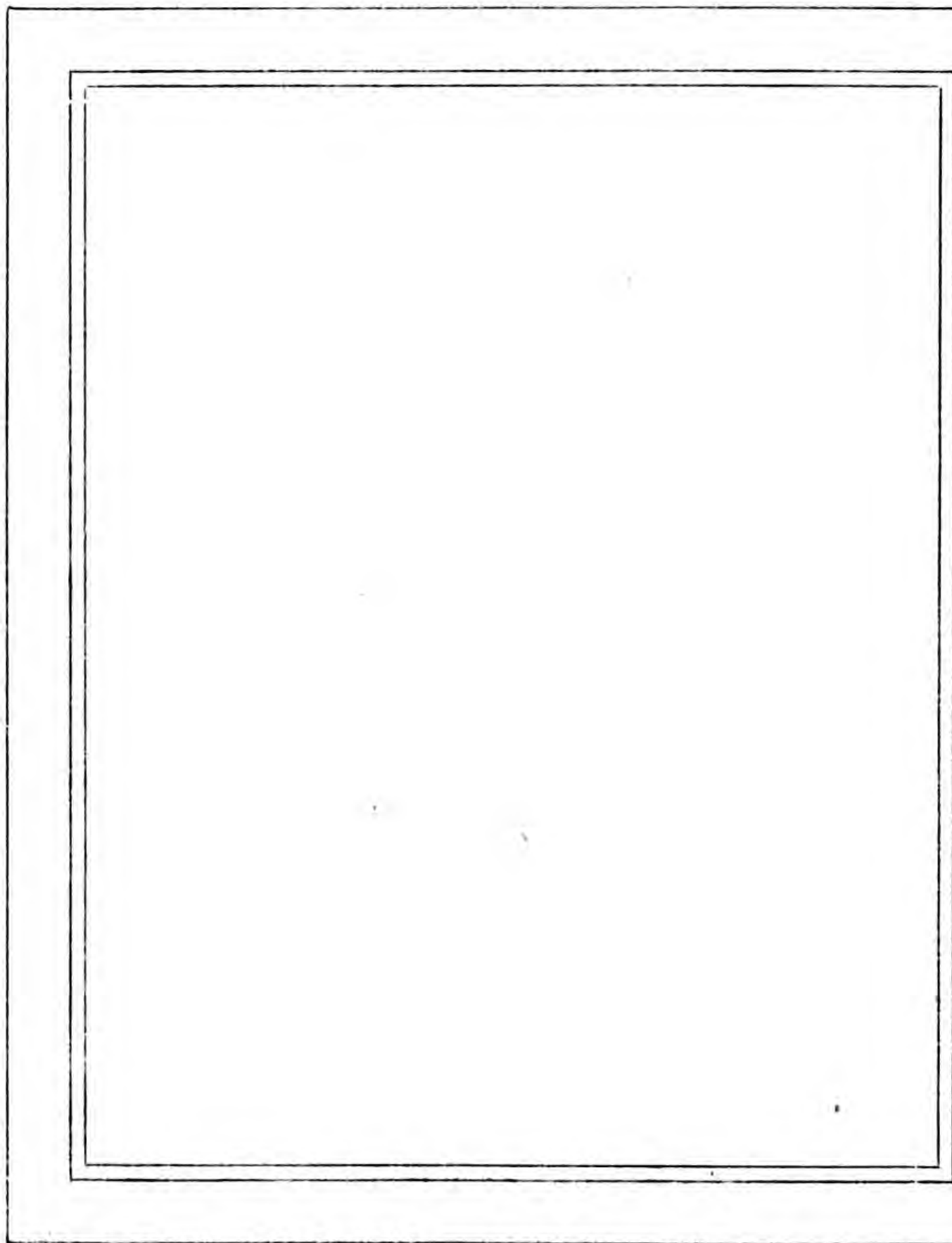


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**London:**  
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**AND EDINBURGH.**

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**M. DCCCXLIX.**





## CONTENTS.

---

|                                                        | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Lydia giving the Best Peach to her Little Brother, ... | 11   |
| Adeline, Frank, and the Two Books, ...                 | 16   |
| The Pedler's Jewel, ...                                | 20   |
| Mary's Lamb, ...                                       | 26   |
| The King and the Page, ...                             | 28   |
| Come and see my Little Sister's Grave, ...             | 32   |
| How to be Happy, ...                                   | 36   |
| The Stars, ...                                         | 43   |
| Aunt Maria's Swallows, ...                             | 45   |

|                                        | PAGE |
|----------------------------------------|------|
| Invitation to the Bee, ... ..          | 60   |
| The escape of the Doves, .. .          | 63   |
| Dedication for a Child's Album, ... .. | 67   |
| The Mother and Child, ... ..           | 68   |
| William, Henry, and the Gate, ... ..   | 71   |
| The Bee, . . . . .                     | 75   |
| Edmund and his Dog, ... .              | 77   |
| The Dying Boy, ... ..                  | 85   |
| The Little Bird, ... ..                | 89   |
| Good for Evil, ... ..                  | 92   |
| The Skylark's Song, ... ..             | 95   |
| The Child's wish in June, ... ..       | 97   |
| The Violet, ... ..                     | 99   |
| The Cockatoo, ... ..                   | 101  |
| The Owl, ... ..                        | 105  |
| Song of the Bees, ... ..               | 107  |

CONTENTS.

vii

|                                                 | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------|------|
| Story of the Two Friends, ... ..                | 109  |
| Richard Reynolds, the Benevolent Quaker, ... .. | 111  |
| Anna and her Chicken, ... ..                    | 114  |
| To a Child, ... ..                              | 115  |
| We are Seven, ... ..                            | 118  |
| Rosy Childhood, ... ..                          | 123  |
| See the Stars are coming, ... ..                | 125  |
| Baptist and his Dog, ... ..                     | 127  |
| The Bird's Nest, .. ...                         | 133  |
| Dialogue between a Child and Bird, ... ..       | 137  |
| William, Julia, and the Two Apples, ... ..      | 140  |
| The Orphan's Simple Tale, .. ...                | 144  |
| The Broken Flower, ... ..                       | 147  |
| The Dove Set Free, ... ..                       | 151  |
| Invitation to a Robin, ... ..                   | 153  |
| The Dead Sparrow, ... ..                        | 154  |



|                                         | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------|------|
| The Contented Blind Boy, ... ..         | 156  |
| The Robin's Petition, ... ..            | 158  |
| Morning or Evening Hymn, ... ..         | 162  |
| The Pet Lamb, ... ..                    | 163  |
| The Harvest Field, ... ..               | 169  |
| Mary Wilson, ... ..                     | 171  |
| The Kite, ... ..                        | 178  |
| The Mocking Bird, ... ..                | 180  |
| Sagacity of Ants, ... ..                | 184  |
| Against Idleness, ... ..                | 187  |
| A Cradle Hymn, ... ..                   | 188  |
| The Little Girl to her Pet Lamb, ... .. | 190  |
| The Bee and the Flowers, ... ..         | 192  |
| The Shadows, ... ..                     | 195  |
| To the Lady-Bird, ... ..                | 198  |
| A Kiss for a Blow, ... ..               | 201  |

CONTENTS.

ix

|                                       | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| The Dog at his Master's Grave, ... .. | 207  |
| What is that, Mother? .. ...          | 210  |
| The Mouse's Petition, ' ... ..        | 218  |
| The Snow-Shower, ... ..               | 220  |
| A Walk by the Water, ... ..           | 223  |
| The Dog and the Water-Lily, ... ..    | 225  |
| The Snail, ... ..                     | 228  |
| The First Grief, ... ..               | 230  |
| Sueing to the Law, ... ..             | 233  |
| The Better Land, ... ..               | 237  |
| The Star, ... ..                      | 240  |
| The Poppy, ... ..                     | 241  |
| Who Teaches Little Birds, ... ..      | 243  |
| My Little Brother, ... ..             | 245  |
| The Dog of St. Bernard, ... ..        | 247  |
| The Humble Bee, ... ..                | 254  |

---

|                                           |     |     |     |     | <b>PAGE</b> |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------------|
| <b>To a Green-Chafer on a White Rose,</b> | ... | ... | ... | ... | <b>258</b>  |
| <b>The Joyful Spring,</b>                 | ..  | ... | ... | ... | <b>259</b>  |
| <b>The Bird Set Free,</b>                 | ... | ... | ... | ... | <b>262</b>  |
| <b>The Season,</b>                        | ... | ... | ... | ... | <b>265</b>  |
| <b>The Reindeer,</b>                      | ... | ... | ... | ... | <b>267</b>  |
| <b>The Echo,</b>                          | ... | ... | ... | ... | <b>272</b>  |
| <b>The Swallow,</b>                       | ... | ... | ... | ... | <b>275</b>  |
| <b>The Rose-Tree,</b>                     | ... | ... | ... | ..  | <b>277</b>  |
| <b>The Love of Truth,</b>                 | ... | ... | ... | ... | <b>279</b>  |
| <b>A Dialogue,</b>                        | ... | ... | ... | ..  | <b>281</b>  |



**LYDIA GIVING THE BEST PEACH TO HER LITTLE BROTHER.**

LYDIA ELLIS was a kind-hearted girl, and a great favourite of mine. One evening I took supper with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in



the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard, drawing his cart about. The mother went out and brought in some peaches; a few of which were large, red-cheeked rare-ripes—the rest small, ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones, and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother. He was four years old. Lydia went out, and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

“Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?” asked her father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

“Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?” asked her father again, a little sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him *that*."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What! Did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she, "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father, rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she, and her bosom began to heave, and her chin to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.

“I thought you would not be displeased with me, father,” said Lydia, “if I did give brother the biggest peach ;” and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

“But I wanted you to have the biggest,” said the father ; “you are older and larger than he is.”

“I want you to give the best things to brother,” said the noble girl.

“Why ?” asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.

“Because, answered the dear, generous sister, “I love him so—I always feel best when he gets the best things.”

“You are right, my precious daughter,” said the father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms. “You are right, and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeased

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with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your affectionate little brother. He is a dear and noble little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"

Yes, father," said the girl, "I think he does; for when I offered him the largest peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

H. WRIGHT.



### ADELINE, FRANK, AND THE TWO BOOKS

THESE children lived at Ripley Green, Adeline was eight, Frank six years old. Their mother bought two books for New Year's presents. One



of them was full of pictures and interesting fables. New Year's day morning, the children arose early, washed and dressed, and came to their mother for their books, which she gave them. They examined them both, and concluded the one with the pictures and fables was much the better of the two.

“ Well,” said the mother, “ who shall have the better one ?”

Adeline stood by her mother, with her arm around Frank ; and she instantly spake and said :—

“ Mother, I wish Frank to have that.”

“ Why, my daughter !”

“ Because, mother, I always feel better when he gets the best things, and Frank always lets me have his things when I want them.”

“ Well, Frank, what do you say ? Do you want the better book ?”

“No, mother, I wish you would give it to sister; for she is always kind, and shows me her things, and lets me do as I please with them.”

What could their mother do? Adeline insisted that Frank should have the better book, and Frank that Adeline should have it. Here was a singular dispute. I fear there are not many like it. Each contending for the right and privilege of giving up the best things to the other! Such contests among children always endear them to their parents, and to one another. The mother of Adeline and Frank was quite overcome to see the sweet and affectionate contest, and she pressed them both closer to her heart than ever. But finally she gave the better one to Adeline, and wrote her name in it. Frank evidently felt more pleased than Adeline. He was delighted to give the best of everything to his kind-hearted sister.



This is a certain way to prevent all strife among children. If either contends for the right to give up there can be no fight. But had Adeline said, "I will have that book," and Frank said, "No, you shall not—I will," and had felt angry, and contended, each of them, to keep it, rather than give it up, how miserable they had been! how wretched that mother had felt! She would have been sorry that she had bought the books. How, then, must our heavenly Father feel to see his children fight, each contending for the right to take and keep! If earthly parents are pleased to see their children each contending for the right to give up the best of everything to the others, how much more pleasing to our heavenly Father to see each of all his children thus contending!

H. WRIGHT.

**THE PEDLER'S JEWEL.**

---

ABOUT six hundred years ago, in Spain or France, an old man might be seen going about from house to house among the rich families who lived in the country, with valuable articles for sale. He would carry a box of silks and jewels, which the wealthy ladies were glad to examine and buy from him, if he could suit them. He is supposed by a poet to offer his goods in this manner :—

“ O ! lady fair, these silks of mine  
Are beautiful and rare—  
And these pearls are pure, and mild to behold,  
And with radiant light they vie :  
I have brought them with me a weary way,  
Will my gentle lady buy ?”

The lady looks at his merchandise, and is so much pleased with some of the brilliant and valuable ornaments of pearl which he has for sale, that she purchases them, and having paid their price, supposes the old pedlar will go off very well satisfied. But, according to the poem, he seems more anxious to call her attention to some article he had not yet exhibited, than he had been to dispose of the pearls.

“O! lady fair, I have yet a gem,  
Which a purer lustre flings  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown  
On the lofty head of kings :

A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,  
Whose virtue shall not decay  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,  
And a blessing on thy way.”

What could this be ? The lady's curiosity bo-

comes very eager to see so splendid a pearl, and one that had such powers as the pedlar described. She at once agrees to buy this precious jewel at any price, if it should be really as valuable as he had said. But how was she astonished when the old man solemnly drew from his bosom a small book, in very plain binding, and put it into her hands, with as much care as if it were a diamond worth thousands of pieces of gold, saying :—

“ Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—  
May it prove as much to thee!  
Nay—keep thy gold, I ask it not—  
For the word of God is free!”

So it turns out that the aged pedlar is one of those Christians called the Waldenses, who, when persecuted for their love of the Bible, and obedience to its commands, had no means of doing good to such as were living in ignorance of the

Word of God, excepting by going about as travelling merchants, and giving a copy of the Scriptures, when they could do so with safety. The poem I have been quoting is a just description of many good old men who became missionaries in this way ; and the Bibles they distributed were often the means of enlightening the minds of those who, though they were rich and learned, were not permitted to have the Scriptures. So it was often true, as the poem concludes, that

“ The hoary traveller went his way,  
But the gift he left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect work  
On that high-born maiden's mind ;  
And she hath turned from her pride of sin  
To the lowliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God  
In its beauteous hour of youth.”

And the same volume, though now offered to



every one who can read, is as truly precious now as it was when it could only be obtained secretly, and read at the risk of life. But do you prize it as more valuable than pearls or gold? Do its truths delight you more than the possession of jewels would? Let me tell you that the Bible, though it may be a small and common book, is a key to treasures that are not only too precious to be valued, but which are everlasting. It is not the mere book—the paper and the cover—that is so valuable, for it may be had for a few pence, or for nothing. But he who is well acquainted with the contents of the Bible; who makes it the rule of life; who goes to it for reproof, instruction, and comfort; who follows it as it leads to Christ, believes in him as it requires, and lives accordingly, such a person, however humble in life, or however young, has found in the Bible a treasure

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above all price, for it brings him peace and joy eternal, and he will be ready to exclaim with the Psalmist—"The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."





MARY'S LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow ;  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go.

---

He followed her to school one day—  
That was against the rule ;  
It made the children laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out ;  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear ;

And then he ran to her, and laid  
His head upon her arm,  
As if he'd say—I'm not afraid,  
You'll keep me from all harm.

What makes the lamb love Mary so ?  
The eager children cry—  
“ O Mary loves the lamb, you know,”  
The teacher did reply :

“And you each gentle animal  
In confidence may bind,  
And make them follow at your call,  
If you are always kind.”



### THE KING AND THE PAGE.

---

THERE once lived in Prussia a king, who, on account of his eminent virtues and talents, was called Frederick the Great. He one day rang his bell several times for a servant, but no one came. He opened the door, and found his page asleep in an arm-chair. Advancing to awake him, he perceived the corner of a note peeping out of his pocket. Curious to know what it was,



**THE KING AND THE PAGE.**

he took it, and read it. Now, I do not think it very polite even in a king to open another person's letter ; but you may be inclined to pardon him, when you know what a good use he made of the contents of the boy's note.

The king found that the letter was from the mother of the youth, thanking him for sending her part of his wages to relieve her poverty. She concluded by telling him that God would bless him for his good conduct. The king, after having read it, went softly into his room, took a purse of money, and slipped it, with the letter, into the pocket of the page. He returned, and rang his bell so loud, that the page awoke, and went in. "Thou hast slept well!" said the king. The page wished to excuse himself, and in his confusion put his hand by chance into his pocket, and felt the purse, with astonishment. He drew it out, turned



pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to utter a word. "What is the matter?" said the king; "what hast thou?"

"Ah! Sire," replied the youth, falling on his knees—"they wish to ruin me; I do not know how this money came into my pocket." "My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us blessings while we are asleep. Send that to thy mother; salute her from me, and say that I will take care of her and thee."





**COME AND SEE MY LITTLE SISTER'S GRAVE.**

---

“COME and see my little sister's grave,” said a rosy child to me, as he took hold of my hand when I was first opening the gate that leads into the church-yard. “And why am I to go and see your sister's grave, my love?” said I. “Be-



cause," replied the boy, who was about four years old. "I want you to see where they have laid my Mary."

Oh, how touching was the request, and how touching the manner in which it was urged—"Come and see where they have laid my Mary," for it proved that his grief was heartfelt and earnest.

I raised the infant in my arms, for I could not help loving him; and then, putting him on the ground again, we proceeded together to see where Mary was laid. We walked down one broad gravel walk, and then another; and then making our way among many rising hillocks, where the tall grass entangled our feet, and where the dark leaves of the numerous trees waved over our heads with mournful sounds! there, all undisturbed, solitary, and alone, was "Mary's grave."

My dear little companion immediately sat down on a fresh covered sod, and said, with tears of affection rolling down his chubby cheeks, "This is where they have laid my Mary."

"And who was Mary, my child," said I, "a sister of yours?"

"Yes, she was my sister."

"But why have they laid her here?"

"Oh, Mary's face was very pale, and her lips turned blue, and her hands were stiff; and they said she was dead; and they have laid her in this cold ground, and I shall never see her any more."

The little creature then seemed quite broken-hearted, and he sat, sad, very sad, upon the ground; and he wept most bitterly.

"But," said I, as I held out my hand to take him from this scene of his sorrow, "you must

not cry so much. How old was your sister, do you know ?”

“No, I don't know, Ma'am ; but she was taller than I am ; and she used to play with me, and teach me to pray to the great God. But I have no play-fellow now, like her.

I saw it was in vain to inculcate Christian resignation upon so young a child, therefore I told her that God who lives above the sky has said, “the dust shall return to the dust as it was, and the spirit to himself who gave it.” This I represented in as simple a manner as I could, and, after a great deal of talk, we separated. But never shall I forget his words, “Come and see where they have laid my Mary.”

ELIZABETH.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY.



WHAT are you thinking of Harriet?" said Mrs. Os-

well to her daughter, who had let her work fall from her hand in deep meditation.

"I am wondering, mamma, how it is that I have been so much happier to-day than I was yesterday. I know I am always happy when I am good, and yesterday I said my lessons very

well, and I think I did every thing else you desired me ; but I was not so very happy last night as I am to-night."

"Indeed, Harriet ! And cannot you discover the reason of this difference ?"

"No, mamma."

"Suppose, then, I try to assist you. Tell me how you amused yourself yesterday."

"When I had finished my lessons, you know, you sent me into the garden, and I stayed there a long time, weeding my strawberry-bed. I soon felt very tired, but I did not much mind that, for I was thinking all the time how nice it would be to eat the strawberries when they were ripe. When I came in, Marion gave me a large book full of pictures to look at, that I might not disturb her while she was writing to brother Edmund ; and in the evening, I played with my



doll and with little Emily, but she was not well, and was rather cross, so I was soon tired, and went to bed."

"And what have you done to-day since school-time?"

"Oh! to-day I have been so busy! Perhaps Marion can tell you what I did before dinner, for here she comes, and I think from her looks she must have found it out."

At this moment, a tall, blooming girl of fifteen entered the room, and affectionately kissing her sister, exclaimed—

"Yes, dear Harriet, I have found out how very kind you have been. You know, mamma, I could not go to look at my garden yesterday; in the morning I was so busy unpacking, and my letter to Edmund occupied all the afternoon. This morning, while I was so busy with you, I often



thought of my flower-bed, and knew it must be quite covered with weeds, as I had been at school so long, and not able to take care of it. To-night I ran to it, determined to have one look, and found it so beautifully neat—not a single weed to be seen! I asked John if he had done it for me? ‘No, he had been too busy, but he thought he had seen Miss Harriet there in the morning.’ So, thank you, dear Harriet, I shall not soon forget your kindness.”

“I am very glad you are so much pleased, Marion; but you cannot think how happy I was when I was doing it—much happier than when I was weeding my own strawberries yesterday. But you desired me to tell you, mamma, what I have been doing besides. When I went into the nursery to wash my hands, I found poor Emily crying terribly; her beautiful doll was lying by her on

the floor, broken to pieces. You know, mamma, I am getting too old to play with dolls, so I gave her mine, and have been busy all the afternoon dressing it for her. I wish you had seen her when she kissed me, and promised that she would not let *this* fall;—she seemed to think it much prettier than her old one. Since tea, you know I have been hemming this cravat for papa. Oh, dear ! I have been talking so fast, that I had almost forgotten my work, and I shall hardly get it finished to-night.” So saying, her little fingers set to work even faster than before.

“ I think I can tell you now, Harriet, why you feel so much happier to-night than you did last night.”

“ Oh ! why, mamma ?”

“ Just think for a moment, my dear little girl, for whom was your leisure time spent yesterday ?”

“I only amused myself.”

“And have you done anything for yourself to-day?”

“No, mamma; nothing.”

“Then, now, my love, you can understand what you so much wished to know—the more useful day has been the happier one. Always remember this, my dear Harriet—you can never be unhappy while you do everything that is in your power for others, without the hope of recompense. Kindness brings its own reward. Emily will, I dare say, continue to like the doll you have given her even better than her own. And see how happy Marion looks because she has so affectionate a little girl for her sister. Here is papa, too, come just in time to see how busy Harriet has been for him. And now, good night, my dear girl. May every day be spent as pleasantly as the last has been.”

“ Good night, mamma ! How I wish I could  
always be useful ! ”

H. H.



THE STARS.  

---

MOTHER, why do the stars to-night  
Shine down so prettily,  
Casting abroad their modest light  
O'er all the sparkling sea ?

Who made them, mother ? Did not He  
Who built the earth and sky ;  
Who gives us air to breathe so free,  
And souls that never die ?

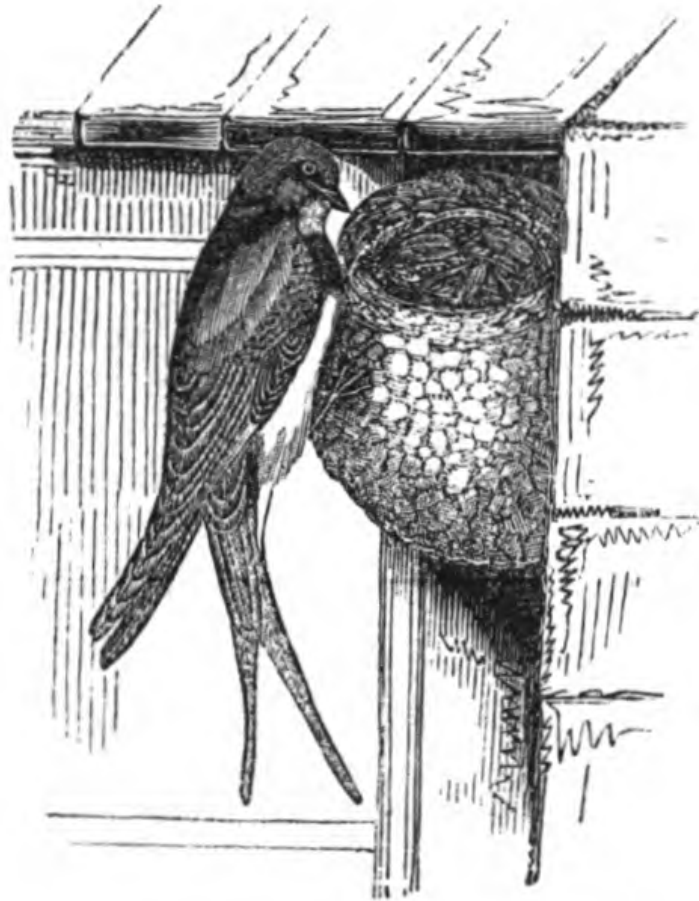
'Twas God, my child, who made them all,  
And scatter'd them on high ;  
He holds them that they do not fall,  
Fix'd firmly in the sky.

Say, mother, will this glorious One  
Love children such as I;  
And take us, when we die, to dwell  
In his eternity?

If you are good, he will, my child;  
If you delight in prayer,  
He'll take you to his heavenly home,  
To reign for ever there.

Then I will love Him; and each day  
I'll bend my knees in prayer;  
He'll teach a child what words to say  
And then I know He'll hear.





AUNT MARIA'S SWALLOWS.

Tw'as in the spring-time of the year,  
The latter part of May,

When two small birds, with merry cheer,  
Came to our house one day.

I watched them with a loving smile,  
As they glanced in and out,  
And in their busy, chirping style,  
Went peering all about.

I knew that they would build a nest ;  
And joy it was to me,  
That the place they liked the best,  
Beneath our roof should be.

In the crotch of a sheltering beam,  
They found a cozy spot ;  
And never before or since, I ween,  
Chose birds a better lot.

---

The green boughs of a tall old tree  
Gave them a pleasant shade,  
While, through an arch, they well could see  
Where sun and river played.

And here they came in sunny hours,  
And here their nest they made,  
Safe, as if hid in greenwood bowers,  
For none their will gainsaid.

I think they *felt* a friendly sphere,  
And *knew* we loved them dearly ;  
For they seemed to have no thought of fear,  
And planned their household cheerly.

They fanned me with their busy wings,  
And buzzed about my head ;

Never were such familiar things  
In field or forest bred.

The father was a gentle bird,  
Right gracefully he wooed,  
And softer notes were never heard,  
Than to his mate he cooed.

And, when their clay-built nest she lined,  
He'd go, in sunny weather,  
And search and search till he could find  
Some little downy feather.

Then high would swell his loving breast,  
He felt so very proud,  
And he would sidle to the nest,  
And call to her aloud.

---

And she would raise her glossy head,  
And make a mighty stir,  
To see if it were hair or thread,  
That he had brought for her.

And she would take it from his bill,  
With such an easy grace,  
As courtly beauties sometimes will  
Accept a veil of lace.

They did not know, the pretty things,  
How beautiful they were ;  
Whether they moved with rapid wings,  
Or balanced on the air.

And yet they almost *seemed* to know  
They had a winsome grace ;

---

As if they *meant* to make a show,  
They'd choose their resting-place.

On a suspended hoop they'd swing,  
Swayed by the buoyant air,  
Or, perched on upright hoe, would sing  
Songs of a loving pair.

Swiftly as rays of golden light,  
They glanced forth to and fro,  
So rapid, that the keenest sight  
Could scarcely see them go.

The lover proved a husband kind,  
Attentive to his mate ;  
He helped her when the nest was lined,  
And never stayed out late.



---

And while she hatched, with patient care,  
He took his turn to brood,  
That she might skim along the air,  
To find her needful food.

He did it with an awkward hop,  
And the eggs seemed like to break,  
Just as some clumsy man would mop,  
Or thread and needle take.

But there with patient love he sat,  
And kept the eggs right warm,  
And sharply watched for dog or cat,  
Until his mate's return.

And when the young birds broke the shell,  
He took a generous share

In her hourly task to feed them well,  
With insects from the air.

But, when they taught the brood to fly,  
'Twas curious to see  
How hard the parent birds would try,  
And twitter coaxingly.

From beam to beam, from floor to nest,  
With eager haste they flew ;  
They could not take a moment's rest,  
They had so much to do.

For a long while they vainly strived,  
Both male and female swallow ;  
In vain they soared, in vain they dived,  
The young ones would not follow.

The little helpless timid things  
Looked up, and looked below,  
And thought, before they tried their wings,  
They'd take more time to grow.

The parents seemed, at last, to tire  
Of their incessant labours ;  
And forth they went, to beg or hire  
Assistance from their neighbours.

And soon they came, with rushing noise,  
Some eight or ten, or more,  
Much like a troop of merry boys,  
Before the school-house door.

They flew about, and perched about,  
In every sort of style,

And called aloud, with constant shout,  
And watched the nest the while.

The little birds, they seemed half crazed,  
So well they liked the fun ;  
Yet were the simple things amazed  
To see how it was done.

They gazed upon the playful flock,  
With eager, beaming eyes,  
And tried their winged ways to mock,  
And mock their twittering cries.

They stretched themselves, with many a shake ;  
And oft, before they flew,  
Did they their feathery toilet make,  
And with a great ado.

Three times the neighbours came that day  
To teach their simple rules,  
According to the usual way,  
In all the Flying Schools.

The perpendicular they taught,  
And the graceful parallel ;  
And sure I am, the younglings ought  
To learn their lessons well.

Down from the nest at last they dropped,  
As if half dead with fear ;  
And round among the logs they hopped,  
Their parents hovering near.

Then back again they feebly flew,  
To rest from their great labours,

And twittered a polite adieu  
To all their friendly neighbours.

Next day, they fluttered up and down:  
One perched upon my cap;  
Another on the old loose gown,  
In which I take my nap.

Each day they practised many hours,  
Till they mounted up so high,  
I thought they would be caught in showers,  
And never get home dry.

But when the sun sank in the west,  
My favourites would return,  
And sit around their little nest,  
Like figures on an urn.



And there they dropped away to sleep,  
With heads beneath their wings :  
I would have given much to keep  
The precious little things.

But soon the nest became too small,  
They grew so big and stout ;  
And when it would not hold them all,  
They had some fallings out.

Three of the five first went away,  
To roost on the tall old tree ;  
But back and forth they came all day,  
Their sister-kins to see.

My heart was sad to find one night,  
That none came back to me ;

---

I saw them, by the dim twilight,  
Flock to the tall old tree.

But still they often met together,  
Near that little clay-built nest ;  
'Twas in the rainiest weather  
They seemed to like it best.

Yet often, when the sun was clear,  
They'd leave their winged troops,  
Again to visit scenes so dear,  
And swing upon the hoops.

Just as when human beings roam,  
The busy absent brother  
Loves to revisit his old home,  
Where lived his darling mother.

---

Months passed away, and still they came,  
When stars began to rise,  
And flew around our window pane,  
To catch the sleepy flies.

Into our supper-room they flew,  
And circled round my head:  
For well the pretty creatures knew  
They had no cause for dread.

But winter comes, and they are gone  
After the Southern sun;  
And left their human friends alone,  
To wish that spring would come.

## INVITATION TO THE BEE.

Child of patient industry,  
Little active busy bee,  
Thou art out at early morn,  
Just as the opening flowers are born ;  
Among the green and grassy meads  
Where the cowslips hang their heads ;  
Or by hedge-rows, where the dew  
Glitters on the harebell blue.—

Then on eager wing art flown  
To thymy hillocks on the down ;  
Or to revel on the broom ;  
Or suck the clover's crimson bloom ;

---

Murmuring still thou busy bee  
Thy little ode to industry !

Go while summer suns are bright,  
Take at large thy wandering flight ;  
Go and load thy tiny feet  
With every rich and various sweet,  
Cling around the flow'ring thorn,  
Dive in the woodbine's honied horn,  
Seek the wild rose that shades the dell,  
Explore the foxglove's freckled bell,  
Or in the heath-flower's fairy cup  
Drink the fragrant spirit up.

But when the meadows shall be mown,  
And summer's garlands overblown ;  
Then, come, thou little busy bee,  
And let thy homestead be with me,

There, sheltered by thy straw-built hive,  
In my garden thou shalt live,  
And that garden shall supply  
Thy delicious alchemy ;  
There for thee, in autumn, blows  
The Indian pink and latest rose,  
The mignonette perfumes the air,  
And stocks, unfading flowers, are there.

Yet fear not when the tempests come,  
And drive thee to thy waxen home,  
That I shall then most treacherously  
For thy honey murder thee.

Ah, no !—throughout the winter drear  
I'll feed thee, that another year  
Thou may'st renew thy industry,  
Among the flowers, thou little busy bee.





THE ESCAPE OF THE DOVES.

“Come back, pretty doves, oh ! come back from  
the tree,  
You bright little fugitive things ;

We would not have thought you so ready and free  
In using your beautiful wings.

We did not suppose, when we lifted the lid,  
To see if you knew how to fly,  
You'd all flutter off in a moment, and bid  
The basket for ever good-by.

Come down; and we'll feed you on insects and  
seeds;

You shan't have occasion to roam—  
We'll give you all things that a bird ever needs  
To make it contented at home.

Then, come, pretty doves! oh, return for our  
sakes;

And don't keep away from us thus;

---

Or, when your old slumbering master awakes,  
'Twill be a sad moment for us."

"We can't!" said the birds, "and the basket may  
stand  
A long time in waiting, for, now,  
You find out too late, that a bird in the hand  
Is worth, at least, two on the bough.

And we, from our height, looking down on you  
there,  
By experience taught to be sage,  
Find, one pair of wings that are free in the air  
Are worth two or three in the cage.

But when our old master has waked, and shall find  
The work you have now been about,  
E

We hope, by the freedom we love, he'll be kind,  
And spare you for letting us out.

We thank you for all the fine stories you tell,  
And all the good things you would give ;  
But think, since we're out, we shall do very well  
Where nature designed us to live.

Whenever you think of the swift little wings  
On which from your reach we have flown,  
No doubt, you'll beware, and not meddle with  
things  
In future, that are not your own."





DEDICATION FOR A CHILD'S ALBUM.

Like this Album's snowy page,  
May thy path from youth to age,  
From each dark erasure free,  
Beautiful and stainless be.—

When in Death's approaching shade  
Life's last trembling trace must fade,  
May the hand that saves the soul  
Write "*accepted*" on its scroll—  
And insert it as a gem  
In an angel's diadem.

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### THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

Behold ! a little baby boy,  
A happy babe is he :  
    His face, how bright,  
    His heart, how light,  
His throne his mother's knee.



---

Now in her face with laughing eye  
I see him gaily peep ;  
And now at rest,  
Upon her breast,  
He gently sinks to sleep.

His lips are red, his teeth like pearls,  
The rogue ! he has but two ;  
His golden hair,  
How soft and fair,  
His eyes, how bright and blue.

His tiny hands are white and plump ;  
And, waking or asleep,  
Beneath his clothes  
His little toes  
How cunningly they peep !

Oh many things are beautiful;  
The bird that sings and flies—  
The setting sun,  
When day is done—  
The rainbow in the skies.

My own pet lamb is innocent,  
And full of play is he—  
The violet  
With dew-drops wet,  
Is sweet and fair to me.

But there is one more beautiful,  
Gay, tender, sweet, and mild,  
A baby boy,  
With heart of joy,  
A loved and loving child.

## WILLIAM, HENRY, AND THE GATE.

PASSING along a street, I saw, at a little distance before me, two boys, brothers, come out of a house and run toward a gate, leading from the door-yard into the street. Henry, the youngest, came to the gate first. In pure fun and frolic, he shut the gate, and placed himself against it in such a way as to prevent his brother from opening it and going out. William seized the gate, and pulled to open it, and Henry held on to prevent him. They pulled and struggled, the one to open it, the other to keep it shut. At first it seemed all in fun. They laughed and frolicked about it. Soon, however,

they began to get excited and angry, each striving for the mastery, and using provoking and unkind language. Finally, the eldest pulled the gate open, and, in doing so, hurt his brother. But Henry was evidently a great deal more angry than hurt. He was angry because William had proved the stronger, and more angry still to hear him boast of his victory. Henry flew at his brother in great wrath, and declared he would kill him. Both became very angry. All brotherly love was gone. But William, being the eldest and strongest, soon hurled his brother down on his back, in the mud, held down both his arms, and pounced on his breast with his knees enough to beat the breath out of his body. They both looked as if they would have killed each other if they could. As I came up, William got off from his brother; but Henry was so bruised and stunned, that he could

not get up without help, nor stand when he was up.

This hateful quarrel between two brothers began in mere fun and frolic. But it would never have happened, if these boys had learned how wicked it is, and how displeasing in the sight of God, for his children to quarrel with and injure one another. I suppose they thought it *brave* to fight, as many other foolish children do. If William thought Henry was holding the gate on purpose to plague him, he ought to have waited pleasantly till Henry was willing to open it, and not have tried to force it open, at the risk of hurting his brother. Henry would not have held it long, and then they could have gone out and had a pleasant play together. Or, if Henry had opened the gate as soon as he saw that William was becoming cross and angry, there would have been

no quarrel, and both the boys would have felt kind and happy. Brothers should never do anything in a frolic merely to try each other's temper, lest it should lead to a quarrel.

H. WRIGHT.



## THE BEE.

PRETTY Bee, pray tell me why  
Thus from flower to flower you fly,  
Culling sweets the live-long day,  
Never leaving off to play.

Little child, I'll tell you why  
Thus from flower to flower I fly;  
Let the cause thy thoughts engage  
From thy youth to riper age.

Summer flowers will soon be o'er,  
Winter comes—they bloom no more;  
Finest days will soon be past,  
Brightest suns will set at last.

Little' child, now learn of me—  
Let thy youth the seed-time be ;  
And when wintry age shall come,  
Richly bear thy harvest home.





EDMUND AND HIS DOG.

THERE was once a little boy named Edmund. He was generally mindful and good-natured ; but he had one fault, of which his parents found it dif-

ficult to cure him : he was too fond of delay. If he was sent upon a short errand, he would often stop by the road, and pass an hour in seeing the men mow down the grass. Or, he would lean over the railing of the bridge that crossed the river, and gaze upon the water as it flowed swiftly underneath. Sometimes, he would crook a pin, and, tying it to a piece of twine, throw it into the stream, to try his luck at angling. I suspect that he was never a very successful fisherman ; although, occasionally, he used to boast of having had a "glorious nibble."

Edmund was also very apt to be tardy at school. He would come running in, after all the other boys were seated, and would wonder that it was so late. It was in vain that his master reprimanded him, and that his parents advised him ; his habit of delay still clung to him.

Among his other indulgences, Edmund had a dog, which was called, after one of its ancestors, Ponto. This dog was a good deal like his owner, of whom he was very fond. He would follow Edmund in his saunter to school, and lay upon the door-steps until the boys were dismissed. Ponto would then wag his tail, and leap upon his young master, as if to let him know how glad he was to see him again. But Ponto, I am sorry to say, was a very mischievous dog. He would hunt among the bushes, and when he found a little bird's nest with some pretty eggs in it, he would seize it in his mouth, and bound away, to lay it at the feet of Edmund. Ponto would also take a wicked pleasure in frightening the cat, and in exciting the anger of the old hen, with her brood of chickens.

One Saturday afternoon, Edmund asked leave

to go and visit his cousin, who lived about a mile distant. His mother told him that he might go, if he would come back before five o'clock. Edmund promised that he would not stay beyond that time, and whistling for Ponto, he left the house. He had not walked far, before he saw some large boys playing at foot-ball. Climbing a fence, he sat down to observe the game. Ponto stretched himself upon the ground, and sought amusement in catching the flies which buzzed around his head. Suddenly, a great noise was heard in the road ; and, turning round, Edmund saw a horse running away with a chaise, in which a little girl sat, pale with terror. Several men were running after the horse ; and the boys immediately left their play, and joined in the chase. Ponto rose up, barked, and leaped forward, as if to encourage Edmund to follow him. Edmund



did not hesitate long, but jumped from the fence, and followed the other boys.

The horse ran nearly two miles before he was caught. The little girl was saved, although she was much frightened. Edmund felt very tired when he came up to the spot where the chaise was stopped. The little girl was carried home to her father and mother ; the horse was led back to the stable ; the men went to their work ; and the boys returned to their play. Edmund and Ponto remained alone.

It was now late in the afternoon. The sun was becoming less and less bright. Edmund sat down by the side of a brook to rest himself. He felt quite tired ; but thought that he should be able to get home in good season. He concluded not to go to his cousin's house that afternoon. Seeing a piece of wood by his side, he

threw it into the brook. Ponto jumped into the water, took the stick in his mouth, and brought it to Edmund. They played in this way till sunset, and then Edmund started up, and took the path towards his home.

The night was approaching fast. The crickets were chirping loudly from all sides, and every thing seemed to be settling into repose. Edmund tried to whistle, and Ponto barked. The trees grew thicker as they advanced, and at last Edmund could not see a single light streaming through the leaves. He was not a timid child, and he hastened forward with a light heart. But soon he perceived that he had missed his way. He was very, very tired, and sat down on a large rock to repose himself. He thought of his situation, and sighed. Ponto leaped up, placed his fore-feet on Edmund's shoulders, and wagged his

tail. Edmund sighed again. Ponto barked, and ran away.

Edmund stood up on the rock, and tried to call back the dog. But Ponto had forsaken him in his trouble, and he was now all alone. He could no longer keep from crying. His eyes were blinded with tears. The night grew darker and darker, and the grass was wet with dew.

After he had sat nearly an hour upon the rock, Edmund heard a loud rustling in the bushes. He was startled at the sound, but his fears were quieted, when he heard the well-known bark of Ponto. The next moment the faithful creature was at his feet. There was then a sound of voices, and Edmund heard his name shouted by some one at a distance. Ponto again left him, but soon returned. Two men rushed through the bushes. One of them was Edmund's father, and the other, John, the servant-man.

---

Edmund returned in safety to his home. His mother had suffered the greatest anxiety on his account ; and the family had been long in search of him. He learned a useful lesson from his adventure. From that moment, he overcame his idle and dilatory habits.

My young readers ! begin early to shun delay, for it is dangerous. Go straight forward in every thing that you undertake, and never “linger by the road.”

## THE DYING BOY.

I KNEW a boy whose infant feet had trod  
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,  
And when the eighth came round, and called him  
out,  
To revel in its light, he turned away,  
And sought his chamber to lie down and die.  
'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends,  
And in this wise bestowed his last requests :—

“ Mother, I'm dying now,  
There's a deep suffocation on my breast,  
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed ;  
And on my brow I feel the cold sweat stand.



Say, mother, is this death ?  
Mother, your hand !  
Here, lay it on my wrist,  
And place the other, thus, beneath my head ;  
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,  
Shall I be missed ?

“ Never beside your knee  
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,  
Nor in the morning wake and sing the lay  
You taught me.

O! at the time of prayer,  
When you look round and see a vacant seat,  
You will not wait then for my coming feet—  
You'll miss me there.

“ Father, I'm going home,  
To that great home you spoke of, that bless'd land  
Where there is one bright summer, always bland,



---

And tortures do not come  
From faintness and from pain.  
From troubles, fears, you say I shall be free ;  
That sickness does not enter there, and we  
Shall meet again.

“ Brother, the little spot  
I used to call my garden, where long hours  
We’ve stay’d to watch the coming buds and flowers,  
Forget it not ;  
Plant there some box or pine,  
Something that lives in winter, and will be  
A verdant offering to my memory—  
And call it mine.

“ Sister, the young rose tree,  
That, all the spring, has been my pleasant care,  
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,

I give to thee ;  
And when it's roses bloom  
I shall be gone away—my short course run—  
And will you not bestow a single one  
Upon my tomb ?

“ Now, mother, sing the hymn  
You sang last night, and pray that, when I sleep,  
The Saviour's arms may hold me. Do not weep --  
I go to heaven ! ”

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,  
And that meek sufferer, cold and icy pale,  
Lay on his couch asleep. The morning air  
Came through the open window, freighted with  
The fragrant odours of the lovely spring.  
He breathed it not. The laugh of passers-by  
Turned like a discord in some mournful note,  
But worried not his slumber—he was dead.



THE LITTLE BIRD.

—  
BOY.

Do, pray, my dear mother, come hither and see  
My sweet bird is sitting quite low on the tree ;  
He has eaten my crumbs, and is singing so clear :  
Dear mother, I wish you'd come with me and hear.

Then she with the little boy softly drew near,  
Where the bird still sat singing without any fear,  
And they watched him with joy, when his crumbs  
were all done,  
How he rubbed down his feathers beneath the  
warm sun.

## MOTHER.

See that bird, my dear Henry, and learn to be wise:  
He prepares for the storm ere wild winds arise;  
Think, too, of that good God, who blesses us all.  
Without whom, *not even a sparrow can fall.*

## BOY

Pray tell me, dear mother, what way he prepares  
And why the Great God for a little bird cares;  
He only, I think, picks himself with his beak—  
What good can that do him? I wish he could  
speak!

## MOTHER.

Instead of the bird, I will tell you, my dear,  
What I know to be true, and 'twill please to hear;  
Since it shows that our God for a little bird cares,  
And that each of his creatures his kind blessing  
shares.

Each bird is provided with oil, at his will,  
Which he rubs o'er his feathers with his little bi'll.  
The rain cannot wet him; and fearless he sees  
The storms rise, while hidden among the thick trees.  
As the bird in the sunshine prepares for the rain,  
So you, in your youth, ought to strive to obtain  
A mind stored with knowledge, a heart hating sin,  
And thus life eternal through Christ you may win.

**GOOD FOR EVIL.**

---

I CANNOT answer for the truth of the following story, although it may be true. At any rate, it may pass for a parable, from which much useful instruction may be gathered.

There was once a very rich old man, who had three sons. Being near his end, he resolved to divide his property equally among his sons. But he had a very precious jewel besides, which he promised to give to whichever of his sons should perform the most noble and generous action within three months. At the appointed time, the young men came to make their report to their aged father. The eldest spoke first :—“ I met an entire



stranger, who intrusted to me the whole of his property. I might easily have kept the whole to myself, for he had no witness nor any means of proving the fact. But I faithfully returned to him the whole.—Was not that *noble* and *generous*?

“No, my son,” replied the old man; “You did nothing more than was strictly just.”

The second son said, “I saw a child which had fallen into the river, and was on the point of being drowned. A crowd of people stood around, but none dared to venture into the waving flood. I plunged in, and at the risk of my life I saved the drowning infant.—Was not this *noble* and *generous*?

“The act was indeed praiseworthy,” said the father, “but it was only the dictate of humanity.”

The youngest son then modestly stepped forward, and blushed at having to tell his own good

deed. He said, "I found my mortal enemy, who once attempted to take my life, fast asleep on the edge of a precipice, to which he had approached in the night without being aware of his danger. His life was in my power, for the least motion would have plunged him down the abyss. At the risk of sharing his fate, if I did not succeed in saving him, I dragged him from the fatal spot.

"Take the jewel, my son," exclaimed the delighted old man, "this was truly the spirit of the gospel of Christ, who has said, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you.'"

THE SKYLARK'S SONG.

ERE the sun is up, I am soaring away,  
Through the clouds in the clear blue sky;  
And amid their fleeces I merrily play,  
Ere the morning wind floats by.

High and low, high and low,  
Ere the mists from the valley are gone,  
Above the waving forests I go,  
When their boughs are gilt by the sun.

Where the blackbird warbles far below,  
In the thicket's moving shade;  
Where the winding stream doth onward flow  
Through the meadow, the forest and glade;

On each wave I see the white spray  
Dash o'er the wandering bark ;  
Whose sails are spread as it glides away.  
Where the shade of the forest lies dark,





THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

Mother, mother, the winds are at play,  
Prithee let me be idle to-day.

Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie  
Languidly under the bright blue sky  
See how slowly the streamlet glides ;  
Look how the violet roguishly hides ;  
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,  
And scarcely sips the sweet as he goes.  
Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,  
And the flies go about him one by one ;  
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,  
Without ever thinking of washing her face.  
There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,  
But very lazily fieth he,  
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,  
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.  
You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear,  
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,  
And the soft wind is so light in its play,



---

It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.  
I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder cloud,  
That sails about with its misty shroud ;  
Books and work I no more should see,  
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

---

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew,  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its colours bright and fair ;  
It might have graced a rosy bower,  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints arrayed,  
And there diffused a sweet perfume,  
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.



THE COCKATOO.

There is a bird of plumage rare,  
Which oft in gilded cage we view ;

---

Procured with cost, preserved with care,  
I mean the gaudy Cockatoo.  
He is a bird of price and fame,  
And talks, as other birds can do ;  
For, if you ask him what's his name,  
He'll say 'tis " Pretty Cockatoo."

Yet in those words of simple lore  
Does all this scholar's wisdom lie ;  
For, put a thousand questions more,  
You'll only get the same reply :  
Ask him, who form'd the mount and plain ?  
Who first the glowing landscape drew ?  
Who bade the steamboats plough the main ?  
He'll say, 'twas " Pretty Cockatoo."

Thus children oft, when sent to school,  
Perform the same unmeaning rounds ;

---

Learn all by accident or rule,  
But see no meaning in the sounds :  
Yet, Reader ! if 'tis but by rote  
Thou run'st thy daily lessons through,  
And never giv'st the sense a thought,  
Thou'rt but a prating Cockatoo.

A bird may come to sound its name,  
A bird might almost learn to spell ;  
But boys and girls must seek to aim  
At something more than birds can tell.  
The wreath, which grows on wisdom's bough,  
Is free to all, though cropp'd by few :  
Be that thy bright reward, and thou  
Shalt shame the senseless Cockatoo.



THE OWL.



## THE OWL.

Why dost thou wander, lonesome owl,  
Now every thing beside, each fowl  
And beast, to rest is laid ?

Why do thy broad wings shine so light  
From mead to mead, when the dim night  
Bids all the prospect fade ?

Doth the sun blind thine eyes by day,  
That, hid from sight, thou steal'st away  
Amid the ivy tree ?

Go, silly owl, go sleep till morn  
Shall to the woods and fields return,  
Then wake, and sport like me.

---

“ Ah ! little boy,” the owl would say,  
“ Thou dost not know how blithe and gay  
I hail the twilight hour.  
When the pale stars are up, then I  
Am out beneath their gentle sky,  
The mistress of the bower.

When lark and linnet lie asleep  
In their warm nest, 'tis then I keep  
My merry-makings here :  
My hootings long and loud, no less  
Than their sweet songs, can joy express,  
And my companions cheer.

The moon sheds down her brightest beams,  
To guide me by the woods and streams,  
Home to my dark old tree ;

---

And when the sun brings back his joys,  
Then little birds and little boys  
In turn may merry be.

---

## SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morn to break,  
And colour the eastern sky,  
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,  
Then say to each other, "Awake! Awake!"  
For our winter's honey is all to make,  
And our bread, for a long supply.

And off we hie, to the hill and dell,  
To the field, to the meadow and bower,

---

We love in the columbine's horn to dwell,  
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,  
To search the balm in its odorous cell,  
    The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,  
    Of the painted thistle and brier ;  
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,  
Whether it trail on the earth supine,  
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,  
    And reach for a state still higher.

While each on the good of her sister bent,  
    Is busy, and cares for all,  
We hope for an evening with full content,—  
For the winter of life ; without lament  
That summer is gone, its hours mispent,  
    And the harvest is past recall.

STORY OF THE TWO FRIENDS.  

---

AT Westminster School, in England, were two boys, by the name of Erskine and Freeport. Erskine was mild and timorous, Freeport bold and hasty. One day Erskine accidentally tore one of the curtains of the school-room, and as the master was very severe and would probably punish him as soon as he came in, he fell to trembling and crying. He was observed by his play-fellows, and by Freeport among the rest. "Don't be concerned," said Freeport, "I'll take the blame upon me." Erskine reluctantly consented to it, and sure enough Freeport was whipped for the fault soundly.

When these two boys became men, a civil war broke out between the king and parliament. Freeport became a Captain in the king's army, and Erskine a Judge on the side of the parliament. In a battle which was fought, Captain Freeport, among many others, was taken prisoner, and Judge Erskine was appointed to try them. They had been so long separated that they did not know each other, and Judge Erskine was on the point of condemning them all, when, on hearing their names read over previous to his pronouncing sentence, he was surprised to hear the name of FREEPORT. Looking attentively in his face, he asked him if he was ever at Westminster school. He answered Yes. This was enough. Not a word more was said. Judge Erskine rode at once to London, and in a few days returned with a sealed pardon in his pocket for Captain Freeport.



**RICHARD REYNOLDS, THE BENEVOLENT QUAKER.**

THIS gentleman was a native of Bristol, and though he had a wealthy father, was brought up in habits of industry. By diligence in business he became wealthy himself; and, what is not always the case with wealthy men, he was *charitable*.

A lady once applied to him on behalf of an orphan, and received a liberal gift. She said; "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man; "thou mistakest. We do not thank

the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher and thank Him who giveth both clouds and rain."

Some persons think it enough to give one tenth of their income to the cause of God, reserving nine tenths for themselves. But Richard Reynolds did not expend more than one tenth of his yearly income on himself. The rest was sacredly devoted to the benefit of his fellow-men. Nearly the whole of his time, during the last ten years of his life, was spent in seeking out and relieving the distressed.

During a time of great scarcity and distress in London, in 1795, he sent to the committee at London £20,000, enclosed, without putting his name to it. This he did besides assisting the poor of his own neighbourhood. He has often given 500 guineas, at a time, to purposes of charity; and once, twice that sum: and without allowing

his name to be published. In one year he gave, for different charitable societies and objects, £20,000. It is supposed that he gave away, in various charities, during his whole life, not less than a million of dollars.

But he was a man of piety, as well as of benevolence. He abhorred the idea of *meriting* future happiness by his deeds of charity. The following anecdote is related to show his regard for the Bible.

Being once urged by a friend to sit for his portrait, he at length reluctantly consented. "How," said his friend, "would you like to be painted?" "Sitting among books." "Any book in particular?" "The Bible."

He lived to a great age. His good habits rendered him healthy. He was beloved and honoured; and his end was peace.

**ANNA AND HER CHICKEN**

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**MAMMA**, my little chicken see,  
He wants a crum to pick ;  
And see how fast he'll run to me—  
I'll call him—chick ! chick ! chick !

He's got a bit,—the others come,  
They all want to divide,  
But off he scampers with his crum,  
Behind the tree to hide.

Stop, greedy chicken, do not take  
The whole, it is not fair ;  
When Ma gives me a piece of cake,  
I let my sister share.



## TO A CHILD.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,  
And curly pate, and merry eye,  
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,  
And soft and fair, thou urchin sly?

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,  
First called thee his, or squire, or hind?  
For thou in every wight that passes  
Dost now a friendly playmate find!

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,  
As fringed eyelids rise and fall,  
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,  
'Tis infantine coquetry all.

But far afield thou hast not flown,  
With mocks and threats, half-lisp'd, half-  
spoken,  
I feel thee pulling at my gown,  
Of right good-will, thy simple token!

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,  
A mimic warfare with me waging,



---

To make, as wily lovers do,  
Thy after-kindness more engaging!

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,  
And new-cropped daisies are thy treasure;  
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,  
To taste again thy youthful pleasure!

But yet for all thy merry look,  
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,  
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,  
The weary spell, or hornbook thumbing!

Well; let it be! through weal and woe,  
Thou knowest not thy future range;  
Life is a motley shifting show,  
And thou a thing of hope and change!

## WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad :  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;  
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?”  
“How many? seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell?”  
She answered, “Seven are we!  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,

---

Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door  
And they are side by side.

---

My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them.

And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was sister Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain ;  
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid ;  
And, when the grass was dry

Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little maid's reply,  
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"





ROSY CHILDHOOD.

Joyous dawn of rosy childhood!  
Thou art beautiful to see,

The green earth, with its wild-wood,  
Hath no flower so sweet as thee ;  
The stars—night's reign enhancing—  
Beam not, within the sky,  
With a ray so brightly glancing,  
As the flash from childhood's eye !

Rosy childhood ! Bud of beauty !  
Thou'rt a blessing, and art blessed,  
Holy ties of love and duty  
Fill thy happy mother's breast ;  
And thy father, though he chideth  
Thy loud, but harmless glee,  
In his heart no pang abideth  
Like the thought of losing thee.

SEE THE STARS ARE COMING.

---

SEE the stars are coming  
In the fair blue skies !  
Mother, look ! they brighten ;  
Are they angels' eyes ?”

“ No, my child, the splendour  
Of those stars is given,  
Like the hues of flowers,  
By the Lord of heaven.”

“ Mother, if I study,  
Sure he'll let me know  
Why those stars he lighted  
O'er our earth to glow.”

“ Child, what God has finished,  
Has a glorious aim ;  
Thine it is to worship,  
Thine to love his name.”





BAPTIST AND HIS DOG.

BAPTIST had a favourite dog that used to follow him everywhere, and was one of the most faithful and sagacious creatures ever met with. He usually accompanied us to S——, and though the town is large, and was often crowded, we never

felt any fear of losing poor Sweetheart. At last, however, we lost him. His fidelity was not in fault, but we had every reason to believe he had been stolen.

The streets were unusually crowded on one of our walks to S——, and we did not miss the dog till after our return home. It was then too late to recover him, but I heard that he had been seen dragged along by some beggars, with a muzzle on his mouth and his poor tail between his legs. Of course I gave him up for lost. Two or three years passed away, yet Sweetheart was not forgotten by either of my children. I often heard conversations between them, at which I could not resist smiling; for in the simplicity of their hearts, they always spoke of the great probability of recovering poor Sweetheart, and of bringing the thieves to justice.



During a visit that we paid to my brother and the Eresby family in London, Baptist and I were walking in one of the streets near Soho, when our path was stopped for awhile by one of those crowds often collected in the streets when any thing is to be seen or heard. I was pushing my way forward, but as I found Baptist was in no such hurry, I also stopped. A man was turning the handle of an organ, and puffing and blowing with a rapidly moving chin at the pan-pipes that were stuck just below within his waist-coat, and in the midst of a circle that had been cleared by the mob, were two dogs dancing. One was attired as a lady, in a petticoat of scarlet cloth, ornamented with tarnished spangles, and a cap and feather; the other as a soldier, with a cocked hat, and a very short-waisted jacket of blue cloth, faced with red, and a pair of pantaloons, through

the back of which his tail turned up. While the organ was playing the dance continued, but when it stopped, the dog in the soldier's dress took what seemed to be the crown of an old beaver hat cut into a sort of shallow dish, from the organ-man, and holding it in his mouth, went round the crowd to beg. A few halfpence were thrown into it. The dog came up to Baptist, who had managed to get among the foremost within the circle. He also put some halfpence into the hat, and as he did so, said, Poor fellow! poor fellow! The first sound of his voice had a magical effect on the dog, the hat and its contents dropped at once, and with a short joyful bark, the poor little disguised dog leaped upon him and licked his hand, and seemed unable to express with sufficient liveliness the joy it felt. "Father," cried the boy, in a loud voice, "It is my dog, my

own lost faithful Sweetheart, and he knows me; 'tis my dog that was stolen by the beggars at S——." The organ-man came forward to seize the dog, but Sweetheart—for it was indeed the very lost Sweetheart—snarled and growled, and even snapped at the man. "He is my own dog," said Baptist, stooping down and caressing poor Sweetheart, "indeed he is, and no one shall take him away from me. Judge between us," said the boy, with an energy that surprised me, turning and appealing to the mob, but holding Sweetheart fast under his arm all the while. The by-standers seemed almost as much interested as we were in all that passed, and many of them came between the angry man (who seemed still determined to seize the dog) and Baptist. Indeed, the fellow had slung his organ behind him, and was coming forward with a small whip that he

produced from his pocket, the sight of which seemed to dash at once all the spirit of poor Sweetheart. After much expostulation, and some threats, and at last on the offer of a piece of gold, the man seemed to think that his best plan was to give up the dog, and the whip was pocketed again, while Baptist released his old favourite from his military attire.

Once, several years after, Sweetheart was missed by his young master at Oxford, and on turning the corner of the street to seek him (which he did instantly) he found the dog on his hind legs, turning round and round, and making a sort of slow pirouette before an old man, who was very slowly grinding an organ.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

“You can't get him if you jump ever so high,” said little Emma to the dog, who was trying to catch the bird, which she held in her hand. She was walking in the fields, when she saw Pont



playing with something on the ground. On coming nearer, she saw a nest with one poor little bird in it; and taking it away from the dog, she sat down on a bank to smooth its feathers, and calm its fluttering heart.

She again placed it in the nest, and throwing over it her handkerchief, she carried it home. Here Emma put it in a cage, and gave it some food. The bird seemed very hungry, and Emma was glad to see it eat.

The next morning she rose very early, and going to the cage, gave the little bird his breakfast. She took good care of it for several weeks, and at last it grew quite strong, and could fly. Every morning it sung sweetly, as if in gratitude to its mistress for her protection.

Emma's mother now told her, that she must open the door of the cage and let the little bird



fly away. "O no, no, mother," said Emma hastily; "he is mine, and I cannot let him go." But the next moment, she reflected how unhappy it always made her to disobey her mother, and taking down the cage, she opened the door to let the bird fly away. The little prisoner hopped about for a few minutes, and then flying out, alighted on Emma's shoulder. She was much pleased when she saw it so tame. She went towards the window, and taking it in her hand, held it out until the bird soared away into the clear air.

Emma was quite sad when it was gone. But the next day her surprise was great, while sitting at dinner, to hear a flutter of wings, and again to feel the little bird perched upon her shoulder. It came and pecked the crumbs from the table-cloth, and then flew away out of the room. Emma tells me that the bird now visits her every pleasant

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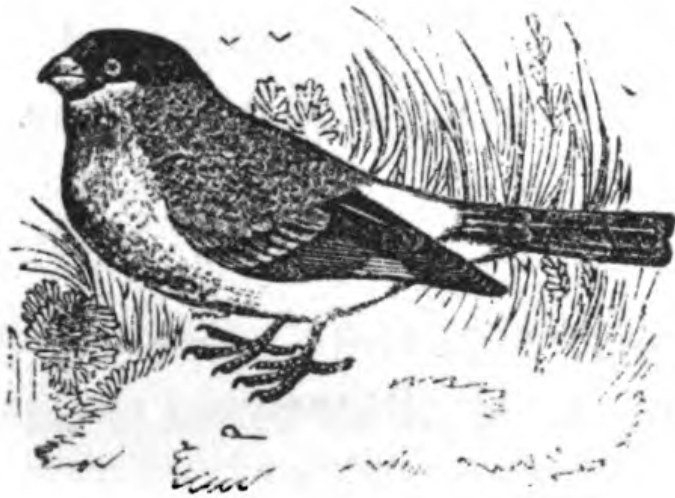
day, and sings in her ears, as sweetly as when it was confined to its narrow cage.

C. E. C.



**DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CHILD AND BIRD. 137**

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**DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CHILD AND BIRD.**

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**CHILD.**

**LITTLE bird! little bird! come to me!  
I have a green cage ready for thee,  
Many bright flowers I'll bring to you,  
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew.**

138 DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CHILD AND BIRD.

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BIRD.

Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,  
But I dearly love the clear, cool air;  
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree  
Is better than golden cage for me.

CHILD.

Little bird! little bird! where wilt thou go,  
When the fields are all buried in snow?  
The ice will cover the old oak tree—  
Little bird! little bird! stay with me.

BIRD.

Nay, little maiden; away I'll fly  
To greener fields and a warmer sky;  
When spring returns with pattering rain,  
My merry song you will hear again.

CHILD.

Little bird! little bird! who'll guide thee  
Over the hills, and over the sea?  
Foolish one, come in the house to stay;  
For I am sure you'll lose your way.

BIRD.

Ah, no, little maiden! God guides me  
Over the hills and over the sea.  
I will be free as the morning air,  
Chasing the sunlight everywhere!

**WILLIAM, JULIA, AND THE TWO APPLES**

---

THESE two children lived in Berkley. William was seven, and Julia five years old. I was at their house, and one day witnessed the following scene. The mother gave each of them an apple, William's was the largest. Julia was angry at her brother because his mother gave him the largest apple. She began to scream and stamp, and flew at William and struck him, and snatched his apple from him. Her mother took it away, and gave it back to William. Julia raved, and stormed worse than before. William was a generous-hearted boy as ever lived, and begged his mother to let him give his apple to his sister.



She finally consented. William put his arm around his sister, and offered her his apple, without even asking for hers. Julia took it, and began to eat it. But she ate as if it did not taste good. "What is the matter, Julia?" said I. "Does it not taste good?" She hung her head, and said nothing. She evidently felt uncomfortable. She saw that William had no apple, while she had two. "I do not wonder," said I, "that you cannot enjoy your apple, Julia, after showing such a selfish spirit, and while William has none." She began to sob, and William tried to comfort her, and told her he had rather she would keep them both. This made her cry harder. Finally, Julia gave William back his apple, and seemed to feel much happier when he took it. Had William contended for the best apple, and struck Julia back when she struck him, there

had been a fight between them. But William prevented it, and conquered Julia by kindness and submission to injury.

I was talking and playing with William one day, and trying to get well acquainted with him. Julia saw us, came up and pushed William away, and appeared to be angry with him. She was angry because she thought I liked him better than I did her. But her brother was not to blame, if I did like him better. She certainly had no right to be angry with him. I was the one to be angry with, if anybody. "Julia," said I, "do you not wish me to love William?" She hung her head, and was silent. "Are you not willing I should love him, and play with him, as well as with you?" She kept her head down, and would not answer. But William felt much for her when he saw her look so confused. Said

I, "William was talking about you, when you came in and pushed him away. He was telling me how he loved you, and how he wanted me to love you ; and he said, the more I loved you, the better he should like me ; and that he had rather have everybody love you, and play with you, than love him, and play with him. Now you are angry with him ! O, Julia, how selfish and ungenerous you are !" William pitied his sister, and tried to comfort her, and reconcile her to herself—for that was all she wanted—and he did. Thus he conquered his angry sister again without any fighting. She struck him indeed, and was angry , but there was no fight, simply, because William loved her, and would not fight back again.

H. WRIGHT.

**THE ORPHAN'S SIMPLE TALE.**

My mother bless'd me, yet so low  
I scarce could hear her speak ;  
And she breathed heavily and slow,  
And pallid was her cheek.

---

I tried to pray beside her bed,  
My bosom filled with fear,  
For something terrible and dread  
I thought was coming near.

And while my mind was wandering,  
I heard a trembling sigh ;  
It seemed as if an angel's wing  
Was passing swiftly by.

I looked : my mother's breath had ceased,  
And motionless she lay ;  
Her hand I fearfully released—  
'Twas stiff and cold as clay.

Those came who never knew her worth,  
And placed her 'neath the sod ;  
So I'd no mother on the earth,  
Nor father but my God.



My weary feet far far have roved,  
And many friends I have met ;  
But one to love me as she loved  
I've never met with yet.

But vile and hardened I should be  
If I did not confess,  
That though the Lord hath smitten me,  
He did it but to bless.





THE BROKEN FLOWER.

“O, ANNA,” said little Lucy, as they were one day playing in her father’s garden, “what shall I do? I have broken a pretty flower, and I am afraid mother will be angry with me. I remember, now

that she told me not to play in this part of the garden."

"Well, no person saw you," said Anna, "and you need not tell your mother who broke the flower; if she asks you, tell her that you do not know."

"O, Anna, you forget that God saw me; and if I do not speak the truth, he will be angry with me." So Lucy took up the broken piece of the flower, and holding it in her hand, walked slowly to the house.

Now Lucy's mother was walking in the garden, and although the little girls did not see her, she heard all that they said. She did not let them know this, but went into the house and waited till Lucy came in with the flower.

Lucy told her mother all the truth, and was glad to hear her say, "I am sorry, Lucy, that you

have not obeyed me ; but I forgive you, my dear, because you have told me truth. I heard all that was said in the garden, and it would have grieved my heart had my little daughter told me a wicked lie."

Lucy's mother then told her that she could not allow her to play again with the naughty Anna, who had given her such unkind and wicked advice.

" I feel sorry for this poor child, my dear, and will speak to her mother about her ; but I cannot choose that she should be a friend of yours. But as you have no one to play with you now, if you would like it, I will tell you a story from the Bible."

" Oh, thank you, dear mother," said Lucy ; " I would rather hear a Bible story than play."

" Bring your work, then, my dear, and I will tell you of a wicked servant, called Gehazi, who told a lie to his master."

“ And was he found out, mother ? ”

“ Yes, my dear ; and his punishment was so great, that he could never forget it, nor his family after him ; and this is one fact told in the Bible, by which we may know how much God hates the sin of telling lies.”

## THE DOVE SET FREE.

MR. SEABRIGHT had bought for his children a beautiful dove, and they kept it in a wicker cage, which hung at the door. The dove did not seem to be happy, and their father advised them to let it fly away. The children loved the pretty creature, and, at this proposal there was a delay of a moment, during which the tears stood in their eyes. At length Charles said, "I am willing to let the dove fly!" "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" said the rest. "Come, father, help us to take down the cage, and let us go, and we will let out the dove and see her fly."

It was all settled that moment. Mr. Seabright

took down the cage, and walked, in the midst of his children, to the top of a hill ; where, looking towards the east, they had a full view of the mountains, on which the twilight was still spread, for the sun had not yet risen from behind them. "And now, my children," said Mr. Seabright, "wish long life to your lovely dove, and a happy meeting with her mate and her nestlings, for I have opened the cage door."

For a moment the affrighted dove did not observe that liberty was offered her ; but the next minute she dropped from her perch, stepped into the doorway, spread her wings, and rose into the air.

The children cried out with joy, exclaiming— "A happy journey, fair dove ! and a pleasant meeting with all you love !" and in a few minutes she was out of their sight.





INVITATION TO A ROBIN.

Little bird, with bosom red,  
Welcome to my humble shed!  
Daily near my table steal,  
While I take my scanty meal;

Doubt not, little though there be,  
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;  
Well rewarded if I spy  
Pleasure in thy glancing eye,  
And see thee when thou'st had thy fill,  
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Come, my feathered friend, again,  
Well thou know'st the broken pane;  
Ask of me thy daily store,  
Ever welcome to my door.

---

### THE DEAD SPARROW.

Tell me not of joy! there's none,  
Now my little sparrow's gone:  
He would chirp and play with me:

---

He would hang the wing awhile,  
Till at length he saw me smile;  
Oh! how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then,  
Sporting let it go again;  
He from my lip  
Would moisture sip:  
He would from my trencher feed,  
Then would hop, and then would run,  
And cry *phillip* when he'd done!  
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,  
And ne'er hurt though he did bite!  
No morn did pass,  
But on my glass

He would sit, and mark and do  
What I did; now ruffle all  
His feathers o'er, now let them fall;  
And then straightway sleek them too.

Now my faithful bird is gone;  
Oh! let mournful turtles join  
With loving redbreasts, and combine  
To sing dirges o'er his stone!

---

### THE CONTENTED BLIND BOY.

Oh! say, what is that thing call'd light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy?  
What are the blessings of the sight?  
Oh! tell a poor Blind Boy!

---

You talk of wond'rous things you see ;  
You say the sun shines bright :  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make  
Whene'er I sleep or play ;  
And could I always keep awake  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe ;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy ;

While thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor Blind Boy.

---

### THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

“A suppliant to your window comes,  
Who trusts your faith and fears no guile,  
He claims admittance for your crumbs,  
And reads his passport in your smile.

For cold and cheerless is the day,  
And he has sought the hedges round ;  
No berry hangs upon the spray,  
Nor worm nor ant-egg can be found.



---

Secure his suit will be preferr'd,  
No fears his slender feet deter,  
For sacred is the household bird,  
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

Lucy the prayer assenting heard,  
The feather'd suppliant flew to her,  
And fondly cherish'd was the bird,  
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

Embolden'd then, he'd fearless perch  
Her netting or her work among,  
For crumbs among her drawings search  
And add his music to her song ;

And warbling on her snowy arm,  
Or half entangled in her hair,

---

Seem'd conscious of the double charm  
Of freedom and protection there.

A graver moralist, who used  
From all some lesson to infer,  
Thus said, as on the bird she mus'd,  
Pluming his scarlet stomacher—

“Where are his gay companions now,  
Who sung so merrily in Spring?  
Some shivering on the leafless bough,  
With ruffled plume, and drooping wing.

Some in the hollow of a cave,  
Consign'd to temporary death;  
And some beneath the sluggish wave  
Await reviving nature's breath.

The migrant tribes are fled away  
To skies where insect myriads swarm,  
They vanish with the Summer day,  
Nor bide the bitter northern storm.

But still is *this* sweet minstrel heard,  
While lowers December dark and drear,  
The social, cheerful, household bird,  
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

And thus in life's propitious hour,  
Approving flatterers round us sport,  
But if the faithless prospect lower,  
They the more happy fly to court.

Then let us to the selfish herd  
Of fortune's parasites prefer

---

The friend like this, our Winter bird,  
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

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MORNING OR EVENING HYMN.

Great God! how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

---

I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Dem and perpetual songs of praise.

---

## THE PET LAMB.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;  
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature,  
drink!"  
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at  
its side.

---

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,  
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;  
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden  
    kneel,  
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening  
    meal.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty  
    rare,  
I watch'd them with delight, they were a lovely  
    pair ;  
And now with empty can the maiden turned away ;  
But, ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did  
    she stay.

' What ails thee, young one ?' said she, " Why  
    pull so at thy cord ?



---

Is it not well with thee, well both for bed and  
board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;  
Rest, little young one, rest, what is't that aileth  
thee?

What is it thou would'st seek? What is wanting  
to thy heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong?—and beautiful  
thou art ;

This grass is tender grass; these flowers, they have  
no peers ;

And that green corn, all day, is rustling in thy  
ears.

If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy  
woollen chain,

---

The beech is standing by, its covert thou canst  
gain ;

For rain and mountain storms ! the like thou  
need'st not fear—

The rain and storm are things which scarcely can  
come here.

Rest, little young one, rest ! hast thou forgot the  
day

When my father found thee first in places far  
away ?

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wast  
owned by none ;

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was  
gone.

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought  
thee home ;

A blessed day for thee! then whither would'st  
thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast, the dam that did thee  
yea

Upon the mountain tops, no kinder could have been.

Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought  
thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran:  
And twice, too, in the day, when the ground is  
wet with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is,  
and new.

It will not, will not rest!—poor creature, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart that is working so in  
thee?

---

Things that I know not of, belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou can'st neither  
see nor hear.

Alas ! the mountain tops, that look so green and  
fair !

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come  
there ;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

Here thou need'st not fear the raven in the sky ;  
Night and day thou'rt safe—our cottage is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me, why pull so at thy chain ?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee  
again.”



THE HARVEST FIELD.

“How beautiful, mamma, how bright,  
All waving in the sunny light,  
Yon harvest-field appears ;







MARY WILSON.

MARY WILSON was so pretty, and possessed such a sweet temper, that she was greatly beloved by all who knew her. Some children who know that they are handsome, become vain, proud, and ill-tempered : but it was not so with Mary.

Mary's parents lived only a little way from the city, in a neat little cottage, the walls of which were covered with beautiful flowers. You could hardly imagine a more beautiful spot.

Our little Mary was now nine years old. Her father had taught her to read every fine evening, sitting at the cottage door; and so attentive was she to her lessons, that she was soon able to read in any book with ease.

When she attended school, she was so good a scholar, that her teacher appointed her a monitor to her class, many of whom were older than herself. Mary was so kind, and affectionate, and good-tempered, that the whole school loved her. Neither was she wilful or selfish, like many little girls that I have seen, but she would always yield her will to that of others, if she found she had been in the wrong: for I do not wish to have the

reader suppose that she was perfect. Far from it. But she did not indulge herself in bad feelings, or thoughts, or desires, as some young folks are apt to do.

When Mary could be spared from her other employments, she would visit the poor, sick people in the neighbourhood, and do every thing in her power to render them comfortable. At church, no one was more attentive than little Mary. She seemed to take pleasure in the exercises, and to think much of her Creator, not only at church, but at home. Her warm young heart often seemed to go out to Him in prayer, and in singing hymns and psalms,—for she was a sweet singer—and she also loved to read her Bible. When she was at play with her little companions, she was always cheerful and happy, and ready to oblige and do them good.

One fine morning she went out, with her father, in a sail boat, and several others with them. For some time all was pleasant, and they enjoyed the excursion. But all of a sudden, the clear sky became overcast with clouds, the wind began to rise, and the smooth water began to be rough and agitated. Soon it blew a gale, and at last upset the boat. Poor Mary was thrown into the water with the rest, and might have been drowned, had not her father, who was a good swimmer, rescued her. They all escaped, but some of them very narrowly. Mary was taken into another boat, but the fright and the chill, together, threw her into a violent fever. The doctor was called, and did all he could, but she daily grew worse. It was delightful to see how patiently Mary bore her sufferings. The little children, all around, came to see her—for almost every body loved her—

and she talked with them as much as her friends thought she was able to do.

But it was painful to see how fast her rosy cheek grew wan and pale, and her body became emaciated. It now became evident that she was not likely to recover. Indeed Mary thought so herself. She now talked much to her friends and companions about dying, and about heaven, and angels, and the Saviour. She said she expected to go to heaven, and to be very happy there.

One day when her mother and three of her little companions were standing around her bedside—some of them weeping—“Oh my dear, dear mother,” said she, “don’t weep for me. I am indeed going to leave you ; but I am going to a place where I shall be far happier than ever I was here. I had a dream just now. I thought



I was wandering in a beautiful walk, when I fancied, all at once—for I know it could be *only* a fancy, mother—that an angel with golden wings came and took me by the hand, and kissed me, and said, ‘Rose, you are coming to live with me for ever.’ Then I seemed to hear the sound of harps and other delightful music. And, oh, mother! I do think I shall soon be with the angels, and with my dear Saviour.”

“My dear child,” said her mother, “I hope God will allow you to live with us a little longer.” “Oh no, dear mother,” was the reply; “I shall go very soon to that delightful world you have so often told me about, where the sun always shines, and the flowers never fade.—Oh,—dear mother—kiss me—I am going now!” She then closed her eyes, and in a few minutes afterward her spirit fled—none knew whither—but it was



gone!—The body was indeed there ; but it was not Mary Wilson. Perhaps Mary herself was already with the angels, as she hoped to be.

Those of my young friends who read this story of Rose must not mourn for her, as they would for a bad child, one who never thought of God, or cared to mind him ; for would this not be selfish and wrong ? A better way would be to love God, and do good, as Mary did, in the hope that when our spirits leave the earthly houses they now dwell in, and fly away to other worlds, as hers did, we may be prepared to dwell with her, and with angels, and the Saviour, for ever

THE KITE  
—

Oh look at my kite,  
In its airy flight;  
How pretty it flies,  
Right up to the skies,  
With its white breast stirred,  
Just like a bird!

    Pretty kite, pretty kite,  
In your airy flight,  
What do you spy  
In the bright blue sky?  
I wish I was you,  
To be there too.

---

Oh then how soon  
I would peep at the moon,  
And see the man there,  
Who gives me a stare,  
When I look up at night,  
At his beautiful light.

**THE MOCKING BIRD**

A MOCKING BIRD was he  
In a bushy, blooming tree,  
Embosomed with the foliage and flower,  
And there he sat and sang  
Till all around him rang  
With sounds from out the merry mimic's bower.

The little satirist  
Piped, chattered, shrieked, and hissed;  
He then would moan and whistle, quack and caw;  
Then carol, drawl, and croak,  
As if he'd put a joke  
On every winged thing he heard or saw.

---

Together he would catch  
A gay and plaintive snatch,  
And mingle notes of half the feathered throng.  
For well the mocker knew  
Of everything that flew  
To imitate the manner and the song.

The other birds drew near,  
And paused awhile to hear  
How well he gave their voices and their airs.  
And some became amused,  
While some, disturbed, refused  
To own the sounds that others said were theirs.

The sensitive were shocked,  
To find their honours mocked  
By one so pert and voluble as he.

---

They knew not if 'twas done  
In earnest or in fun,  
And fluttered off in silence from the tree

The silliest grew vain,  
To think a song or strain  
Of theirs, however weak, or loud, or hoarse,  
Was worthy to be heard  
Repeated by the bird,  
For of his wit they could not feel the force.

The charitable said,  
“ Poor fellow ! if his head  
Is turned, or cracked, and has no talent left,  
But feels the want of powers,  
And plumes itself from ours,  
Why, we shall not be losers by the theft.”



---

The haughty said, " He thus  
It seems would mimic us,  
And steal our songs to pass them for his own.  
But if he only *quotes*  
In honour of our notes,  
We then were quite as honoured,—let alone !"

The wisest said, " If foe  
Or friend, we still may know  
By him, wherein our greatest failing lies.  
So, let us not be moved,  
Since first to be improved  
By everything becomes the truly wise."

**SAGACITY OF ANTS.**

---

A GENTLEMAN having had some wheat loosely thrown into a summer-house, in a little time observed a vast number of ants in the walk leading to it, and some were dragging the wheat away. This induced him to follow their track, and he found their little community settled at the root of a large tree, a great distance for such little creatures to wander in search of food. Two of the ants would sometimes work at one grain, and when tired they were relieved by two others. They had to travel over a large garden, and a considerable part of a field. The next day he slopped every part of the summer-house, and the attempts they

made to find an entrance were astonishing, and a great bustle was observed by him around their home. At length he observed a vast number of them taking an opposite direction to the summer-house, and he traced them to a granary at a much greater distance. The summer-house was now deserted except by a straggler now and then, which seemed to be on the look-out, in case any thing favourable should give them admittance to their old store. But as that was closed for several days, not an ant at last was seen near it, while they were going by hundreds to and from the granary. The gentleman now threw the summer-house open, and sat himself down to watch if any ant approached, but no ant appeared. On the second day he observed a single ant wandering about, and then entered the summer-house; it was gone in an instant. He then left the spot,

but returning in a few hours, he found hundreds of the ants busy in his store ! There can be no doubt, therefore, but that the single ant he saw was a spy, and had communicated its discoveries to its fellows. “ Come, my little companions, my little play-fellows,” said the gentleman, “ I sent you a long journey for my amusement, I will now repay the trouble I gave you ;” and immediately put down a quantity of wheat near their habitation.

## AGAINST IDLENESS.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From ev'ry op'ning flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell !  
How neat she spreads the wax !  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past ;  
That I may give for ev'ry day  
Some good account at last.

WATTS.

## A CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my dear ! lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed !  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ! thy food and raiment,  
House and home thy friends provide ;



---

And without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When his birth-place was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

---

May'st thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days;  
Then go dwell for ever near him,  
See his face and sing his praise.

WATTS.

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### THE LITTLE GIRL TO HER PET LAMB.

My own Pet Lamb ! I long to be  
From envy, pride, and malice free ;  
Patient and mild, and meek like thee,  
My own Pet Lamb !

I long to know my Shepherd's voice,  
To make His pleasant ways my choice,

---

And in the fold like thee rejoice,  
My own Pet Lamb!

For me His tender care has spread  
The word's pure milk, the living bread,  
And there like thee I would be fed,  
My own Pet Lamb!

And if my Shepherd bid me die,  
I would not strive, I would not cry,  
But calm, like thee, before him lie,  
My own Pet Lamb!



## THE BEE AND THE FLOWERS.

MOTHER.

Ah ! do not,—do not touch that bee !  
Stand still, its busy course to see,  
But take your hand away;  
For, though 'tis neither large nor strong,  
It has a sting both sharp and long,  
And soon could spoil your play.

CHILD.

I did not know the bee could sting—  
I see it fly on rapid wing,  
Among the garden bowers ;  
And now it lights upon a rose,  
Now to a jasmine branch it goes ;  
*Say, will it sting the flowers ?*

---

It settles where the woodbine sweet  
Twines round the tree—it plants its feet—  
How firm and fast they cling !  
Oh, how I love the pretty flowers,  
That bloom through all the sunny hours !  
Pray, do not let it sting.

## MOTHER.

You need not fear ; it loves, like you,  
The flowers of varied form and hue,  
They yield it honied spoil ;  
It only stings the thoughtless train,  
Who seek its life, or give it pain,  
Or stop its happy toil—

Or idle drones, which labour not,  
But eat the honey it has sought

To store the crowded hive ;  
Or insects that would enter there,  
To steal the food it brings with care,  
To keep its race alive.

In search of flowers this food that yield,  
It flies abroad through hill and field,  
With pleasant humming sound ;  
It rests on many a blossom bright,  
That opens, far from human sight,  
To deck the lonely ground.

Flowers were not made for man alone,  
But freely o'er the earth are strewn,  
To bless the creatures too ;  
And many an insect-nation dwells  
Among fair buds and mossy cells,  
That we shall never view !



---

CHILD.

Mamma, you told me it was God  
Who clothed with flowers the ground I trod—  
Oh, I will love him well !  
He made the flowers to feed the bee,  
And to delight a child like me,  
Who scarce his praise can tell.

---

THE SHADOWS.

MAMMA.

The candles are lighted, the fire blazes bright,  
The curtains are drawn to keep out the cold air ;  
What makes you so grave, little darling, to-night ?  
And where is your smile, little quiet one, where ?

CHILD.

Mamma, I see something so dark on the wall,  
It moves up and down, and it looks very strange;  
Sometimes it is large, and sometimes it is small;  
Pray, tell me what is it, and why does it change?

MAMMA.

It is Mamma's shadow that puzzles you so,  
And there is your own close beside it, my love  
Now run round the room, it will go where you go;  
When you sit 'twill be still, when you rise it  
will move.

CHILD.

I don't like to see it, do please let me ring  
For Betsy to take all the shadows away.

## MAMMA.

No; Betsy oft carries a heavier thing,  
But she could not lift this, should she try a  
whole day.

These wonderful shadows are caused by the light,  
From fire, and from candles, upon us that falls;  
Were we not sitting here, all that place would be  
bright,  
But the light can't shine through us, you know,  
on the walls.

And, when you are out some fine day in the sun,  
I'll take you where shadows of apple-trees lie;  
And houses and cottages, too,—every one  
Casts a shade when the sun's shining bright in  
the sky.

Now, hold up your mouth, and give me a sweet  
kiss ;

*Our shadows kiss too !* don't you see it quite  
plain ?

CHILD.

Oh yes ! and I thank you for telling me this ;  
I'll not be afraid of a shadow again.

---

TO THE LADY-BIRD.

Oh ! Lady-bird, Lady-bird, why dost thou roam  
So far from thy comrades, so distant from home ?

Why dost thou, who can revel all day in the air,  
Who the sweets of the grove and the garden can  
share,  
In the fold of a leaf, who can form thee a bower,  
And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower ;  
Ah, why, simple Lady-bird, why dost thou venture  
The dwellings of man so familiar to enter ?  
Too soon you may find that your trust is mis-  
placed,  
When by some cruel child you are wantonly chased,  
And your bright scarlet coat, so bespotted with  
black,  
May be torn by his barbarous hands from your  
back.  
And your smooth jetty corselet be pierced with a  
pin,  
That the urchin may see you in agonies spin ;

---

For his bosom is shut against pity's appeals,  
He has never been taught that a Lady-bird feels.  
Ah, then you'll regret that you were tempted to  
    rove,  
From the tall climbing hop, or the hazel's thick  
    grove,  
And will fondly remember each arbour and tree,  
Where lately you wandered contented and free;  
Then fly, simple Lady-bird!—fly away home,  
No more from your nest and your children to  
    roam.





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**A KISS FOR A BLOW.**

---

I USED to visit some of the public schools of the city almost every day, and spend a few minutes in each school talking to the children. The children understood that, when I came into the schools, they were at liberty to ask me questions. They generally had some questions to ask.

One day I visited one of the schools. There were about fifty children in it, between four and eight years old.

“Children,” said I, “have any of you a question to ask to-day?”

“Please tell us,” said a little boy, “what is meant by ‘overcoming evil with good?’”

“I am glad,” said I, “you have asked that question; for I love to talk to you about peace,

and show you how to settle all difficulties without fighting.”

I tried to think of something to make it plain to the children, when the following incident occurred.

A boy about seven, and his sister about five years old, sat near me. As I was talking, George doubled up his fist, and struck his sister on her head, as unkind and cruel brothers often do. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand to strike him back. The teacher saw her, and said, “Mary, you had better kiss your brother.” Mary dropped her hand, and looked up at the teacher, as if she did not fully understand her. She had never been taught to return good for evil. She thought if her brother struck her, she, of course, must strike him back. She had always been taught

to act on this savage maxim, as most children are. Her teacher looked very kindly at her, and at George, and said again, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks!" Mary looked at her brother. He looked very sullen and wretched. Soon her resentment was gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart. She threw both her arms about his neck, and kissed him! The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow. He could not endure the generous affection of his sister. It broke his heart, and he burst out crying. The gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him, by saying, with most endearing sweetness and generous affection, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much." But he

only cried the harder. No wonder. It was enough to make anybody cry.

But what made George feel so bad, and cry? Poor little boy! Little did he dream that his sister would give him such a sweet return for his wicked blow. Would he have cried, if his sister had struck him back with her fist, as he had struck her? Not he. He would rather she had beaten him black and blue than kiss him as she did; for striking him back again would not have made him feel sorry at all. It was that sweet, sisterly kiss—that gentle wiping away his tears with her apron—that generous and anger-killing affection, that led her to excuse him, and seek to comfort him by saying, “Dont cry, George; you did not hurt me much.” These were the things that made him cry. So it would break anybody’s heart, and make him weep, to

receive such kind and generous treatment from those whom he had injured.

**A KISS FOR A BLOW!** All the school saw, at once, what was meant by overcoming evil with good. They never will forget it. Had Mary struck her brother, there had been a fight. It was prevented by her kiss.

When others strike you, or do anything to you which you think an injury, always do as sweet little Mary did, and give a kiss for a blow, and there will be no trouble. They will take care how they wrong you, in any way, when they are once sure that the injuries they do you will not be returned. The large, strong body of George, his muscular arm, and hard blows, were not a match for the strong love and sweet kiss of Mary. If George had had the body of a giant, or the strength of a million of



men in his arm, Mary's sweet love and kiss, that clean, soft apron wiping away his tears, and those gentle, but heart-piercing words, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much," would have conquered them all. What could poor George do? If he had had all the arms and soldiers in the world to help him in his attack upon Mary, armed with her sweet love and kiss, and clean, soft apron, and gentle words, she would have conquered them all.

Dear children, arm yourselves with Mary's weapons; throw away your anger, your sullen looks, your provoking nicknames, your clenched fists, and furious blows, and take the sweet love, and kiss, and soft words, of little Mary; then go forth to meet your enemies, and you may be sure of an easy and bloodless victory.



THE DOG AT HIS MASTER'S GRAVE.

"*He will not come,*" said the gentle child,  
And she patted the poor dog's head,  
And she pleasantly call'd him and fondly smil'd,  
But he heeded her not, in his anguish wild,  
Nor arose from his lowly bed.

'Twas his Master's grave where he chose to rest,  
He guarded it night and day,  
The love that glowed in his grateful breast,  
For the friend who had fed, controlled, cared,  
Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near,  
Beneath some hasting tread,

He started up with a quivering ear,  
For he thought 'twas the step of his Master dear,  
Returning from the dead.

But sometimes, when a storm drew nigh,  
And the clouds were dark and fleet,  
He tore the turf with a mournful crie,  
As if he would force his way, or die,  
To his much-loved Master's feet.

So there through the Summer's heat he lay  
Till Autumn nights grew bleak,  
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,  
And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,  
A skeleton gaunt and weak.

And oft the pitying children brought  
Their offerings of meat and bread,

And to coax him away to their homes they sought,  
But his buried Master he ne'er forgot,  
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

Cold Winter came with an angry sway,  
And the snow lay deep and sore,  
Then his moaning grew fainter day by day,  
Till close where the broken tomb-stone lay,  
He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,  
And Death was by his side,  
With one loud cry that shook the plain,  
He called for his Master,—but all in vain,  
Then stretched himself and died.

**WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER ?**

What is that, mother ?

The lark, my child !—

The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,  
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,  
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,  
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure brightsphere,  
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child ! be thy morn's first lays  
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.



THE LARK.

What is that, mother ?

The dove, my son !—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,  
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
For her distant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—

In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.





THE DOVE.

What is that, mother ?

The eagle, boy !—

Proudly careering his course of joy,

Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,

Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;

His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,

He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy ! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,

Onward and upward, true to the line.



THE EAGLE.

What is that mother ?

The swan, my love !

He is floating down from his native grove ;

No loved one now, no nestling nigh,

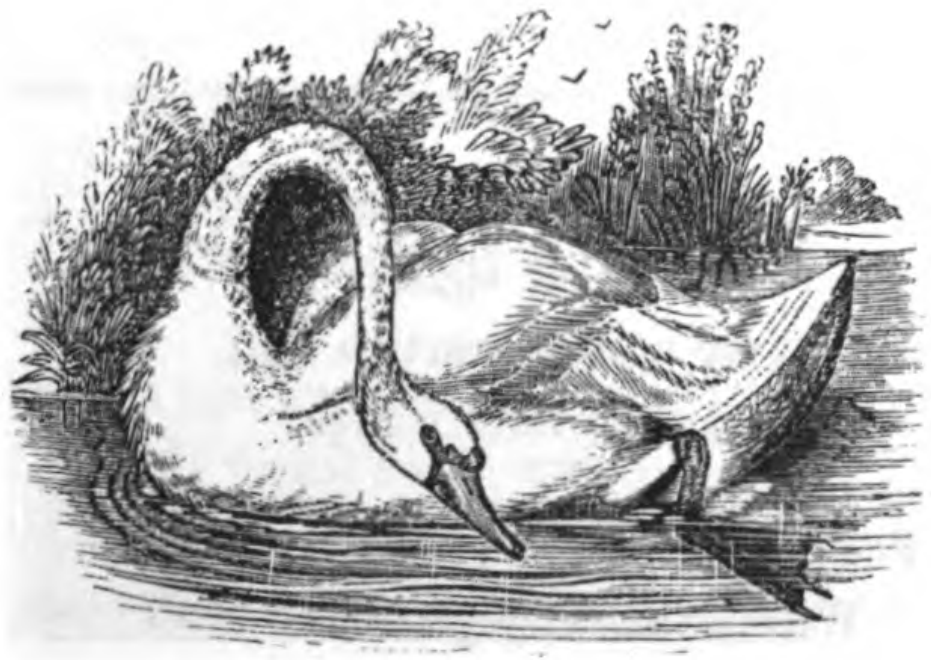
He is floating down by himself to die ;

Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,

Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,

Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.



THE SWAN.

## THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

FOUND IN THE TRAP, WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONFINED ALL NIGHT.

Oh, hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,  
For liberty that sighs ;  
And never let thy heart be shut  
Against the wretch's cries !

For here forlorn and sad I sit  
Within this wiry grate ;  
And tremble at the approaching morn  
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,  
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,



---

Let not thy strong, oppressive force  
A free-born mouse detain.

Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood  
Thy hospitable hearth ;  
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd  
A prize so little worth !

The scattered gleanings of a feast  
My frugal meals supply :  
But, if thine unrelenting heart  
That slender boon deny,—

The cheerful light, the vital air,  
Are blessings widely given ;  
Let nature's commoners enjoy  
The common gifts of heaven.

---

The well-taught, philosophic mind  
To all compassion gives,  
Casts round the world an equal eye  
And feels for all that lives.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

See, mamma, *the crumbs* are flying  
Fast and thickly through the air !  
On the branches they are lying,  
On the walks and every where ;  
Oh, how glad the birds will be,  
When so many crumbs they see !

## MAMMA'S ANSWER.

No, my little girl, 'tis *snowing*,  
Nothing for the birds is here :  
Very cold the air is growing,  
'Tis the winter of the year :—  
Frost will nip the Robin's food,  
'Twill no more be sweet and good.

See the clouds the skies that cover,  
'Tis from them the snow-flakes fall,  
Whit'ning hills and fields all over,  
Hanging from the fir-trees tall.  
Were it warm, 'twould rain, but lo !  
Frost has changed the rain to snow.

CHILD.

If the Robins food are needing,  
Oh, I hope to me they'll come ;  
I should like to see them feeding  
On the window of my room ;  
I'll divide with them my store,  
Much I wish I could do more.





A WALK BY THE WATER.

Let us walk where reeds are growing,  
By the alders in the mead ;  
Where the crystal streams are flowing,  
In whose waves the fishes feed.

---

There the golden carp is laving,  
With the trout, the perch, and bream:  
Mark! their flexile fins are waving,  
As they glance along the stream.

Now they sink in deeper billows,  
Now upon the surface rise;  
Or from under roots of willows,  
Dart to catch the water-flies.

'Midst the reeds and pebbles hiding,  
See the minnow and the roach;  
Or by water-lilies gliding,  
Shun with fear our near approach.

Do not dread us, timid fishes,  
We have neither net nor hook;  
Wanderers we, whose only wishes  
Are to read in nature's book.





THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

The noon was shady, and soft airs  
Swept Ouse's silent tide,  
Then, 'scaped from literary cares,  
I wandered by its side.

P

My dog, now lost in flags and reeds,  
Now starting into sight,  
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads  
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed  
Its lilies newly blown,  
Their beauties I intent surveyed,  
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought  
To steer it close to land;  
But still the prize, though nearly caught,  
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains  
With fixed, considerate face,

---

And puzzling set his puppy brains  
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,  
Dispersing all his dream,  
I thence withdrew, and followed long  
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned,  
Beau, trotting far before,  
The floating wreath again discerned,  
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily, cropped,  
Impatient swim to meet  
My quick approach, and soon he dropped  
The treasure at my feet.

---

Charmed with the sight—"The world," I cried,  
"Shall hear of this thy deed :  
My dog shall mortify the pride  
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,  
Awake at duty's call,  
To show a love as prompt as thine  
To Him who gives me all."

---

### THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,  
The snail sticks fast, nor fears to fall,  
As if he grew there, house and all  
Together.

---

Within that house secure he hides,  
When danger imminent betides  
Of storm, or other harm besides,  
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,  
His self-collecting power is such,  
He shrinks into his house with much  
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,  
Except himself has chattels none,  
Well satisfied to be his own  
Whole treasure.

Thus Hermit-like his life he leads  
Alone, on simple viands feeds,

Nor at his humble banquet needs

Attendant.

And though without society,

He finds 'tis pleasant to be free,

And that he's blest who need not be

Dependant.

---

### THE FIRST GRIEF.

“ Oh, call my brother back to me,

I cannot play alone ;

The summer comes with flower and bee—

Where is my brother gone ?



The butterfly is glancing bright  
Across the sunbeam's track ;  
I care not now to chase its flight—  
Oh ! call my brother back.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed  
Around our garden tree ;  
Our vine is drooping with its load—  
Oh ! call him back to me."

"He would not hear my voice, fair child !  
He may not come to thee ;  
The face that once like spring-time smiled  
On earth no more thou'lt see !

A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given ;

Go, thou must play alone, my boy—  
Thy brother is in heaven !”

“ And has he left the birds and flowers,  
And must I call in vain ?  
And through the long, long summer hours,  
Will he not come again ?

And by the brook, and in the glade,  
Are all our wanderings o'er ?  
Oh ! while my brother with me played,  
Would I had loved him more !”



SUEING TO THE LAW.

---

“GASPARD and FRANTZ were neighbours. They were in a dispute about a meadow. Frantz said, “The Meadow is mine.” “No, it is mine,” said Gaspard.

Thus they contended. Frantz went to the Judge to get him to settle it. The Judge appointed a day to meet them, and decide who should have the meadow. It was summer, and the meadow was ready for mowing. Gaspard took his scythe, and went into the meadow, and began to mow. Frantz saw him, went out to him, and said—

“My friend, you know we are at variance about this piece of ground.

“Yes,” said Gaspard; “but I know the meadow belongs to me, so I have been mowing it.”

“But I have applied to the Judge,” said Frantz, “that he may decide which of us is in the right; and he has appointed to-morrow for us to appear before him, and tell our stories, that he may tell to whom it belongs.”

“Frantz,” answered Gaspard, “you see I have mowed the whole meadow. I must gather the hay to-morrow. I cannot go.”

“What is to be done?” answered Frantz. “How can I disappoint the Judge, who has fixed on to-morrow to decide the question? Besides, I think it necessary to know to whom the ground really belongs before gathering the crop.”

Thus they disputed some time. At length, Gaspard seized Frantz’s hand, and said—

“I’ll tell you what, my friend, I have just thought of a plan to settle it.”

“What is it?” asked Frantz.

“Why,” said Gaspard, “you go to the Judge alone. First tell him your reasons to show that the meadow is yours. Then tell him my reasons to show that it is mine. Argue on both sides. Why need I go at all? I will leave it all to you.”

“Agreed!” said Frantz; “and since you trust me with the management of your side depend upon it I shall act for the best.”

Frantz set off the next day to meet the Judge, and Gaspard went to gathering the hay. Frantz first argued his own side. Then he began to argue for his friend with all his might. The verdict was rendered in favour of Gaspard. Frantz hastened back to his neighbour.

“I congratulate you, friend Gaspard,” cried he, as soon as he saw him; “the meadow is yours, and I am glad the dispute is at an end.”

A kind and loving way to settle disputes, and manage lawsuits! When anybody sues you, to seek redress by appealing to judges and courts, do as Gaspard did, and get the person that sues to argue both sides, and manage your cause, and state your reasons, as well as his own; and there would be an end of lawsuits.

So, in all cases when you and others get into disputes and difficulties about anything, say to them, “My friends, go and state your reasons and mine—ARGUE ON BOTH SIDES—settle it all your own way.”





THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the better land ;  
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;

Mother! oh where is that radiant shore—  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?  
“Not there, not there, my child!”

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,  
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?  
“Not there, not there, my child!”

Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,

---

And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?

“Not there, not there, my child!”

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
Sorrow and death may not enter there;  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

“It is there, it is there, my child!”

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## THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are !  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light :  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

When the traveller in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark,  
He could not tell which way to go,  
If you did not twinkle so.

---

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
And often through my curtains peep ;  
For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

---

THE POPPY.

High on a bright and sunny bed  
A scarlet poppy grew,  
And up it held its staring head,  
And thrust it full in view

Yet no attention did it win  
By all these efforts made,

---

And less unwelcome had it been  
In some retired shade.

Although within its scarlet breast,  
No sweet perfume was found,  
It seemed to think itself the best  
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,  
And take great care indeed,  
Lest I appear as pert and vain  
As does this gaudy weed.







WHO TEACHES LITTLE BIRDS.

Sweet bird, I like to hear you sing,  
This pleasant morning in the spring;  
Oh, do not fly so far away,  
I will not hurt you if you stay.

Oh, you are busy I can see,  
Building your nest in yonder tree ;  
Here is some moss, and wool, and hay,  
You'll fetch it when I'm gone away.

Who teaches little birds to make  
Their nest, mamma ? and what to take ?  
For though I both can hem and sew,  
I could not make a nest—could you ?

God teaches all things to provide  
Itself a home, and then beside,  
They have no care for clothes you know—  
He makes their pretty feathers grow.

The old birds teach the young to fly,  
First a few inches, then up high,

---

And then they take their little brood,  
And show them how to find their food.

---

### MY LITTLE BROTHER.

Little brother, darling boy,  
You are very dear to me !  
I am happy—full of joy,  
When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,  
And could know the words I say !  
Pretty stories I would seek,  
To amuse you every day :—

All about the honey bees  
Flying past us in the sun ;

Birds that sing among the trees,  
Lambs that in the meadows run.

Shake your rattle—here it is—  
Listen to its merry noise ;  
And, when you are tired of this,  
I will bring your other toys.





THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

They tell that on St. Bernard's mount,  
Where holy monks abide,  
Still mindful of misfortune's claim,  
Though dead to all beside;

The weary, way-worn traveller  
Oft sinks beneath the snow;  
For, where his faltering steps to bend,  
No track is left to show.

'Twas here, bewildered and alone,  
A stranger roamed at night;  
His heart was heavy as his tread,  
His scrip alone was light.

Onward he pressed, yet many an hour  
He had not tasted food;  
And many an hour he had not known  
Which way his footsteps trod.

And if the convent's bell had rung  
To hail the pilgrim near,



---

It still had rung in vain for him—  
He was too far to hear.

And should the morning light disclose  
Its towers amid the snow,  
To him 'twould be a mournful sight—  
He had not strength to go.

Valour could arm no mortal man  
That night to meet the storm—  
No glow of pity could have kept  
A human bosom warm.

But obedience to a master's will  
Had taught the Dog to roam,  
And through the terrors of the waste,  
To fetch the wanderer home.

And if it be too much to say  
That pity gave him speed,  
'Tis sure he not unwillingly  
Performed the generous deed.

For now ne listens—and anon  
He scents the distant breeze,  
And casts a keen and anxious look  
On every speck he sees.

And now deceived, he darts along,  
As if he trod the air—  
Then disappointed, droops his head  
With more than human care.

He never loiters by the way,  
Nor lays him down to rest,

---

Nor seeks a refuge from the shower  
That pelts his generous breast.

And surely 'tis not less than joy  
That makes it throb so fast,  
When he sees, extended on the snow,  
The wanderer found at last.

'Tis surely he—he saw him move,  
And at the joyful sight  
He tossed his head with a prouder air,  
His fierce eye grew more bright;

Eager emotion swelled his breast  
To tell his generous tale—  
And he raised his voice to its loudest tone  
To bid the wanderer hail.

The pilgrim heard—he raised his head,  
And beheld the shaggy form—  
With sudden fear, he seized the gun  
That rested on his arm .

“ Ha! art thou come to rend alive  
What dead thou might'st devour?  
And does thy savage fury grudge  
My one remaining hour?”

Fear gave him back his wasted strength,  
He took his aim too well—  
The bullet bore the message home—  
The injured mastiff fell.

His eye was dimmed, his voice was still,  
And he tossed his head no more—

---

But his heart, though it ceased to throb with joy  
Was generous as before !

For round his willing neck he bore  
A store of needful food,  
That might support the traveller's strength  
On the yet remaining road.

Enough of parting life remained  
His errand to fulfil—  
One painful, dying effort more  
Might save the murderer still.

So he heeded not his aching wound,  
But crawled to the traveller's side,  
Marked with a look the way he came,  
Then shuddered, groaned, and died !

## THE HUMBLE BEE.

Good morrow, gentle, humble bee,  
You are abroad betimes, I see,  
And sportive fly from tree to tree,  
To take the air ;

And visit each gay flower that blows,  
While every bell and bud that glows,  
Quite from the daisy to the rose,  
Your visits share.

Saluting now the pied carnation,  
Now on the aster taking station,  
Murmuring your ardent admiration ;  
Then off you frisk,



---

Where poppies hang their heavy heads,  
Or where the gorgeous sun-flower spreads  
For you her luscious golden beds,  
On her broad disk.

To live on pleasure's painted wing,  
To feed on all the sweets of Spring,  
Must be a mighty pleasant thing,  
If it would last.

But you, no doubt, have wisely thought,  
These joys may be too dearly bought,  
And will not unprepar'd be caught  
When Summer's past.

For soon will fly the laughing hours,  
And this delightful waste of flowers

---

Will shrink before the wintry showers  
And winds so keen.

Alas! who then will lend you aid,  
If your dry cell be yet unmade,  
Nor store of wax and honey laid  
In magazine?

Then, Lady Buzz, you will repent,  
That hours for useful labour meant  
Were so unprofitably spent,  
And idly lost.

By cold and hunger keen oppress'd,  
Say, will your yellow velvet vest,  
Or the fair tippet on your breast,  
Shield you from frost?

Ah! haste your winter stock to save,  
That snug within your Christmas cave,  
When snows fall fast and tempests rave,  
You may remain.

And the hard season braving there,  
On Spring's warm gales you will repair,  
Elate through crystal fields of air,  
To bliss again.

---

TO A GREEN-CHAFER ON A WHITE ROSE.

You dwell within a lonely bower,  
Little chafer, gold and green,  
Nestling in the fairest flower,  
The rose of snow, the garden's queen.

There you drink the crystal dew,  
And your shards as emeralds bright,  
And corslets, of the ruby's hue,  
Hide among the petals white.

Your fringed feet may rest them there,  
And there your filmy wings may close,  
But do not wound the flower so fair  
That shelters you in sweet repose.

Insect! be not like him who dares  
On pity's bosom to intrude,  
And then that gentle bosom tears  
With baseness and ingratitude.



THE JOYFUL SPRING.

The joyous spring has come again,  
It glads my heart to see  
The springing of the tender grass,  
The blossoms of the tree.

---

Oh, I do love the breath of spring,  
It is so soft and clear,  
It seems to have its dwelling-place  
In some far purer sphere.

Again the melody of birds  
Is wafted o'er the vales,  
And through the wilderness of green  
The balmy zephyr sails.

The primrose, eldest child of spring,  
Its showy head uprears,  
And yellow cowslips lave their brows  
In morning's dewy tears.

Now forth the busy farmer goes,  
And roots out all the weeds,



---

And carefully prepares the earth  
To sow the various seeds.

I too must well improve my *mind*,  
And cultivate the soil,  
And then the harvest will reward  
My spring and summer's toil.

If it neglected lies in youth,  
'Twill prove a barren field  
And in the autumn hour of life  
No golden harvest yield.



## THE BIRD SET FREE.

She opened the cage, and away there flew  
A bright little bird, as a sweet adieu  
It warbled in haste, and passed the door,  
And felt that its sorrowful hours were o'er.

A hymn of freedom it seemed to sing,  
To utter its thanks for an outspread wing,  
In joy that now in the boundless air,  
It might go any and everywhere.

And Anna rejoiced in her bird's delight ;  
But her eye was wet as she watched its flight ;  
'Till this was its song that she seemed to hear ;  
And merrily warbled, it dried the tear.

---

“ My prison was sad, but my keeper kind  
In all, but holding a bird confined :  
She ministered food and drink to me,  
But Oh, I was longing to join the free !

I sat shut up with a useless wing,  
And looked with sorrow on every thing ;  
I lost my voice and forgot my song,  
And pined in silence the whole day long.

My fluttering bosom she loved to smooth ;  
While the heart within it she could not soothe  
’Twas homesick still for the sweet green trees,  
My feathery kindred and wild-wood breeze.

I then broke forth with a plaintive air,  
And asked why I was a captive there ?

She tried to tell, but she did not know,  
And the door threw open to let me go.

But I will go back with a mellower pipe,  
To her when the cherries are round and ripe,  
And sing secure from my leafy seat,  
On the topmost branch as I lock my feet.

My merriest notes shall then be heard,  
And draw her eye to her franchised bird;  
The burden then of my song shall be,  
*Air for the winged, and earth for thee !*”

THE SEASON.  
—

UP up,—let us greet  
The season so sweet,  
    For winter is gone :—  
The flowers are springing,  
The little birds are singing,  
Their soft notes ringing,  
    And bright is the sun!  
Where all was drest  
In a snowy vest,  
There grass is growing,  
With dewdrops glowing,  
    And flowers are seen  
On beds so green.

---

All round the grove,  
Around and above,  
    Sweet music floats,  
As now loudly vieing,  
Now softly sighing,  
The nightingale's plying  
    Her tuneful notes,  
And joyous at spring,  
Her companions sing,  
—Up, children, to Heaven  
Let your songs be given ;  
    Join with all nature  
To praise the Creator.



## THE REINDEER.

REINDEER, not in fields like ours  
Full of grass and bright with flowers ;  
Not in pasture-dales where glide  
Never-frozen rivers wide ;  
Not on hills where verdure bright  
Clothes them to the topmost height,  
Hast thou dwelling ; nor dost thou  
Feed beneath the orange-bough ;  
Nor doth olive, nor doth vine  
Bud and bloom in land of thine ;  
Thou wast made to feed and fare  
In a region bleak and bare ;

In a dreary land of snow  
Where green weeds can scarcely grow!  
Where the skies are grey and drear ;  
Where 'tis night for half the year ;  
Reindeer, where, unless for thee,  
Human dweller could not be !

When thou wast at first designed  
By the great Creative Mind—  
With thy patience and thy speed ;  
With thy aid for human need ;  
With thy gentleness ; thy might ;  
With thy simple appetite ;  
With thy foot so framed to go  
Over frozen wastes of snow,  
Thou wast made for sterner skies  
Than horizoned paradise.  
Thou for frozen lands wast meant.  
Ere the winter's frost was sent ;



THE REINDEER.

And in love he sped thee forth  
To thy home, the frozen north,  
Where he bade the rocks produce  
Bitter lichens for thy use.

What the camel is, thou art,  
Strong of frame, and strong in heart !  
Peaceful ; steadfast to fulfil ;  
Serving man with right good will ;  
Serving long, and serving hard ;  
Asking but a scant reward :  
Of the snow a short repast,  
Or the mosses cropped in haste ;  
Then away ! with all thy strength,  
Speeding him the country's length,  
Speeding onward, like the wind  
With the sliding sledge behind.  
What the camel is, thou art—  
Doing well thy needful part ;

Through the burning sand he goes,  
Thou upon the upland snows ;  
Gifted each alike, yet meant  
For lands and labours different !

Meek Reindeer, of wondrous worth ;  
Treasure of the desert north,  
Which of thy good aid bereft,  
Ten times desert must be left !  
Flocks and herds in other lands,  
And the labour of men's hands ;  
Coined gold and silver fine,  
And the riches of the mine,  
These, elsewhere, as wealth are known,  
Here 'tis thou art wealth alone !

**THE ECHO.**

---

LITTLE George had not yet the least idea of an echo. One day he happened to cry out in the midst of the fields : “ Ho ! ho ! ” and he instantly heard the same words repeated from the neighbouring thicket. Surprised at the sound, he exclaimed, “ Who are you ? ”—upon which the same voice also returned, “ Who are you ? ” George cried out : “ You must be a very foolish fellow.” —“ Foolish fellow ! ” repeated the voice from the thicket.

George now began to grow angry, and he uttered words of defiance towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded. The echo faithfully repeated all



his words. Thereupon George, in order that he might avenge himself, searched through the wood for the boy, who he supposed was mocking him, but he could find nobody.

After searching in vain for some time, George ran home, and complained to his mother, that a wicked boy was concealed in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him. "Ah, now you are complaining of your own self," replied his mother. "Know that you have heard nothing but your own words ; for even as you have more than once seen your face reflected in the clear water, so you have just heard your own voice in the wood. If you had uttered an exclamation of kindness, you would not have failed to receive a similar exclamation in reply. It is thus in every-day life The conduct of others towards us is generally but an echo of our own. If we deal honestly with

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them, they will be disposed to do the same towards us. But if we are harsh and rude towards our fellow-creatures, we can expect nothing better on their part, in their conduct towards us."



THE SWALLOW.  
—

SWALLOW : when from us you went,  
Who held up your little wing ;  
And now winter's blasts are spent,  
Who returns you in the spring ?

Who told you flowery May had come,  
And that trees in green were drest—  
That 'twas time to make a home  
Of clay, and softly line the nest ?

You cannot answer, but I own  
A book that will the secret tell,—  
On the Bible leaf is shown  
'Tis God that teaches you so well.

Nature is to you his word,  
But his grace must teach my heart:  
Will he instruct you, thoughtless bird,  
And not to me his grace impart?

O no! for on the holy page  
The kind permission is imprest,  
That I may go, in childhood's age,  
To Jesus, that I may be blest.

I may ask God to make me love  
My Saviour, and obey his will;  
Then, swallow, as you dart above,  
My willing heart will fly from ill.

Then shall my happy soul, at last,  
By the same hand that guides thy wing,  
Be led beyond life's wintry blast  
To heaven, an everlasting spring.

## THE ROSE-TREE.

AH ! dearest child, your rose-tree spare,  
And cast it not away;  
Though it has *yet* no blossom bore,  
It may some future day.

You know not how, by this death-stroke,  
You might yourself condemn ;  
If *you* should, like the rose-tree, prove  
A useless, fruitless stem.

Should you, by the great Lord of all,  
In such a case be found ;  
Oh, may he never cut *you* down—  
“ A cumberer of the ground ; ”—

But in his mercy spare your life,  
Till, by his fostering care,  
The beauteous blossoms of his grace  
Your barren heart may bear.

Then spare your rose-tree yet a year,  
And when you on it gaze,  
Think "God in heaven has also fixed  
The measure of my days."



THE LOVE OF TRUTH.  
— —

IT is related of the late President Washington, when about six years of age, that some one made him a present of a hatchet ; of which being, like most children, very fond, he went about chopping everything that came in his way, and going into the garden, he unluckily tried its edge on a cherry-tree, the bark of which he injured so much as to leave very little hope of its recovery. The next morning his father saw the tree, which was a great favourite, in that condition, and inquired who had done the mischief, declaring he would not have taken five dollars for the tree, but nobody could inform him. Presently after, how-

ever, George came with the hatchet in his hand, into the place where his father was, who immediately suspected him to be the culprit. "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then nobly replied, "I cannot tell a lie, Pa; you know I cannot tell a lie, I cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, my boy!" exclaimed his father, "run to my arms. Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold! Such an act of heroism in my son is of more worth than a thousand cherry-trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits gold."

A DIALOGUE.  
—

BROTHER, what a pretty flower!  
There beside are hundreds, see!  
What a charming little bower,  
For the honey-making bee!

Sister, know your pretty prize  
Has a charm beside its bloom;  
For though lovely are its dyes,  
Sweeter yet is its perfume.

Brother, tell who fixed the rose  
On the scented hedge-row thorn—  
Made it thus its leaves disclose  
In the silver dew of morn?

Sister, on that lowly thorn,  
    Bending now with glittering dew,  
Gladdened by the light of morn,  
    Know the pretty flow'ret *grew*.

Brother, though you've truly said,  
    You have not yet answered me ;  
Tell who all these branches spread,  
    Tell who made the parent tree ?

Sister, know that beauteous bush,  
    Where the robin oft hath sung,  
And where sings the merry thrush—  
    From a tiny seed it sprung.

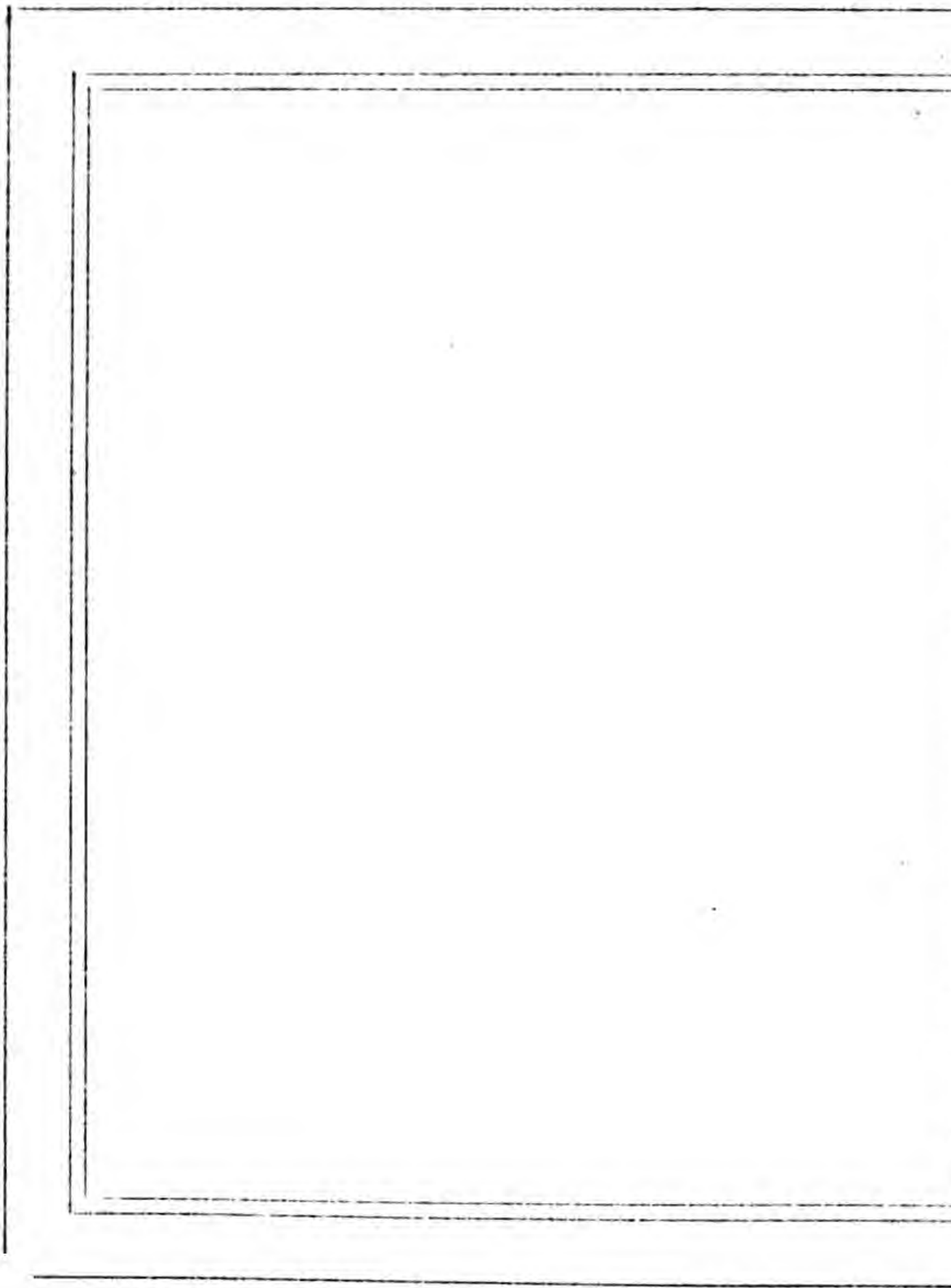
Brother, yet I must inquire :  
    Though the boughs and blossoms feed,  
Though the seed produce the brier,  
    Some one must have made the seed ?

---

Yes, 'twas He who framed the earth,  
Spread aloft yon azure sky,  
Gave the myriad stars their birth,  
Gave to every flower its dye:

Blessed all living things with life—  
Worms that live beneath the clod,  
Birds that soar 'bove tempests' strife—  
He whence *we* have being—God!







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The friend's last look, and love's true token;  
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When a lover would send to his lady a token  
Of love, which in words may not be spoken,  
He hies away to the garden bowers,  
And culls a bouquet of the fairest flowers;  
Which, woven together of magic art,  
Are the language of love to the maiden's heart!

No tale of passion have I to breathe;  
Yet, gentle reader, I fain would wreath  
A floral garland, whose leaves shall be  
Emblems and tokens of love to thee.  
FLOWERS!—they bloom by the lowliest cot—  
May they gladden, and brighten, and bless thy lot.

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