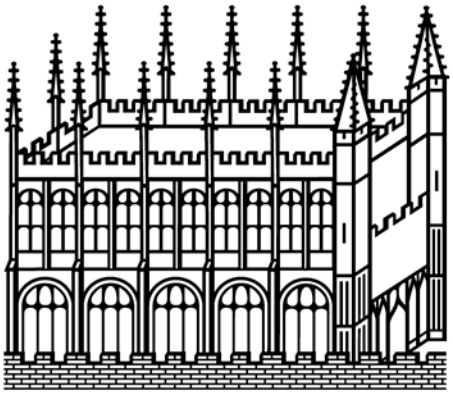

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EDWIN AND MARY

OR

THE MOTHER'S CABINET

ILLUSTRATED

EDWIN AND MARY;

OR,

THE MOTHER'S CABINET.

"IS IT POSSIBLE YOU HAVE SPENT THE PAST HOUR IN IDLENESS?"

London:
WARD, LOCK, AND CO., WARWICK HOUSE,
DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

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A Book for the Young.

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THE OLD HOME AND THE NEW:

A TALE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY BARBARA HAWES.

THERE was a family of children who had all been born and brought up in the country, where besides having a very large garden to play in, they used to run about in the fields, or take long walks in the lanes, or by the side of the river which ran through the village.

The house they lived in was large and old-fashioned: it had a wide oak stair-case, and lattice windows, from which you might frequently see boats and barges as they passed along the winding river which came close to the garden. The children admired the white sails when the sun shone on them, just at the bend of the stream where the alders grew on the little island; such a pretty little island! not much bigger than their parlour, and quite covered with alders which hung over into the water. And on another side of the garden was a very wide ditch which separated it from the meadow in which their Papa's cow was kept, and there was a narrow wooden bridge over

this ditch. In the winter the cow used to be driven up to the cow-house to be milked, but in pleasant weather the maid liked best to milk her in the field, and every morning and evening she used to go with her pail and her three-legged stool to milk Moggy, the red and white Ayrshire cow, and some of the children often went with her; and on warm evenings, when the flies teazed the poor cow so that she could not stand still to be milked, they used to take green boughs with them, and drive away the flies, and then she was quiet.

About half a mile from where these children lived, there was a water-mill, and in hot weather they liked to go there and look into the mill flushes, and gather the beautiful yellow irises (flags, the country people called them), and scorpion grass, and purple loose-strife, and a number of other beautiful flowers that grow in the meadows near the mill.

In an adjoining village stands a very old church, with a round tower, built many hundred years ago by the Saxons, and there are some very, very old grave-stones in both church and churchyard, so much worn and moss-covered, that no inscription can be read on them; but on one the words, "PRAY FOR THE SOULE," can just be made out, and the children pretended that the inscription originally was as follows:

"Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year a hundred and one!

You may if you please, or let it alone;
For 'tis all one to Gabriel John,
Who died in the year a hundred and one."

Whether this really was the epitaph, I cannot decide; all I can say about it is, that my eyes were not good enough to decipher it. Close by this Saxon church there had once been a monastery; the moat which surrounded it still remains, it is not deep, but the water is beautifully clear, and the children often got fresh-water shells there. They are very pretty and delicate in their form, but have not the bright colours of those which come out of the sea. Bullrushes there were growing in the old moat, and bur-rushes, and the elegant little water crowfoot which looks as if it floated on the surface of the water, and the pretty cotton grass, with its tufts of white downy cotton, grew among the grass where once the monastery stood.

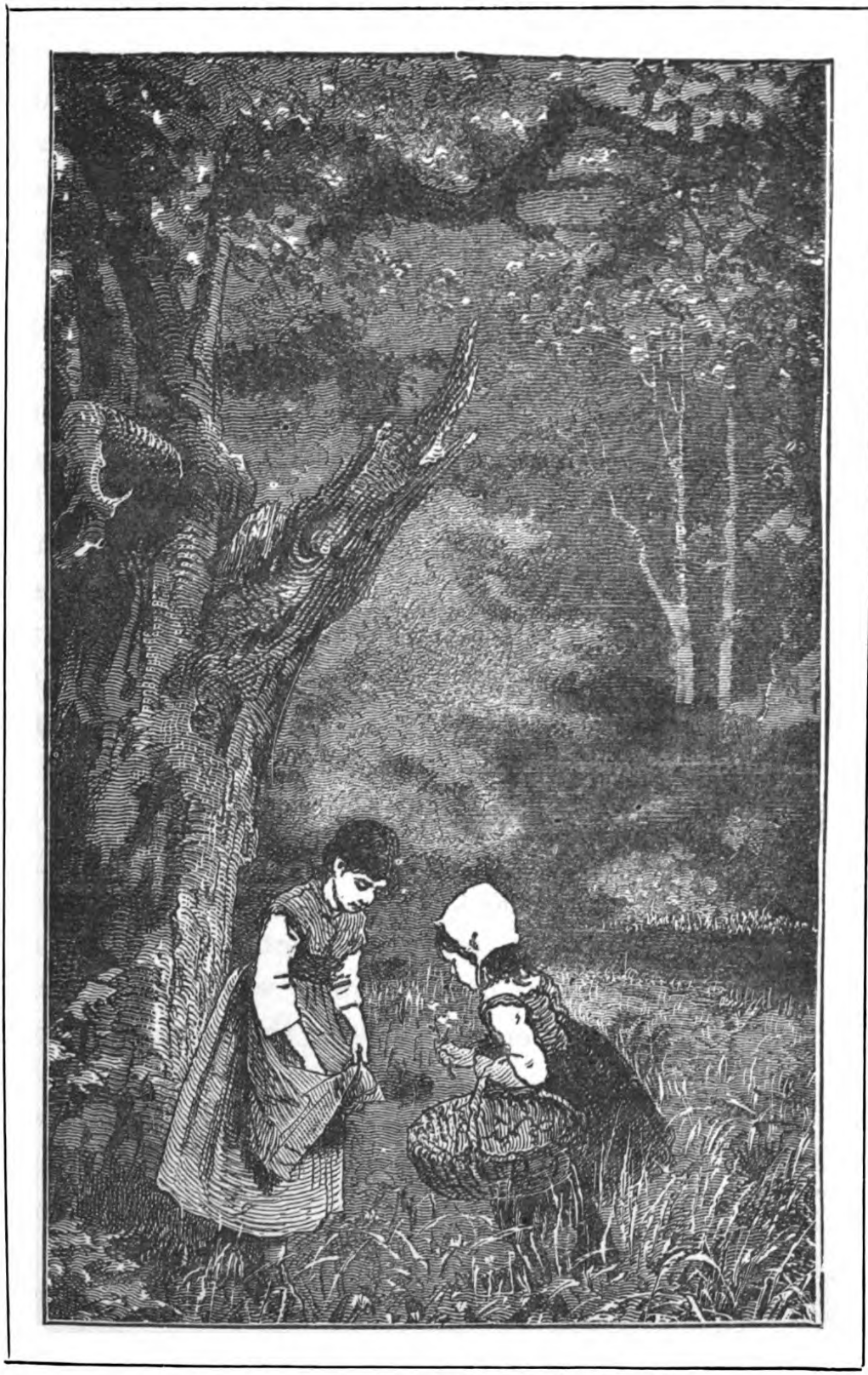
Now these children were all fond of reading, and their father had several books about birds, and about plants, about quadrupeds, and about fishes, with prints in them, and he used to encourage them in their taste for natural history, and assist them in making little collections of curiosities. But though they liked reading, I believe they liked being out of doors much better, and as long as they lived in the pretty village, they had plenty of out-door amusement all the year round. As soon as spring came, there were

lanes to be searched for primroses and violets, and there was a favourite little wood in which the ground was really covered with harebells, anemones, and primroses, and where the nightingales sung undisturbed at all hours.

The children generally knew to what bird any nest belonged as soon as they saw it, for they knew that different kinds of birds build nests, not only of different sizes, but of different materials. In the sand round the top of a marl-pit were sand-martins' nests; and in the shrubbery those of the titmouse, wren, thrush, blackbird, and some others.

In the summer they used to work in their own gardens,—for each of them had one,—and sometimes to gather fruit for dessert, or peas and beans for dinner, for their mother liked them to learn how to do common things, and to be useful; and sometimes they went into the hay-field to play amongst the hay-cocks, and bury one another in the sweet-smelling hay. And not very long after hay-making came harvest-time, when they often got a ride in the empty carts as they went back to the field.

In the autumn they used to go into the lanes and fields to gather blackberries, and sometimes they brought home enough to make a pie for dinner; and a blackberry pie is a very good thing —particularly if you gather the fruit yourself. And they found mushrooms, too, in the autumn, which grew in old grass fields, and later still in the



There was a favourite little Wood.—*Page* **10.**

year, there were hazel nuts and beech nuts; and when the apples and pears in their Papa's orchard were quite ripe, they helped to gather them and bring them into the house.

In the winter, before it was very cold, the children used sometimes to get water-cresses out of the little streams, and bring them home in their baskets for tea; and I really believe they liked the winter almost as well as the summer, for when the ground was covered with snow, and the weather was clear and frosty, there was fine fun in sliding in the garden or on the frozen ditches. But the thing they liked best of all was going out with their sleigh, which had a strong rope fastened to the front of it, so that the children drew each other by turns over the snow. The sleigh slips so easily over the snow where it has been trodden down, that a child can draw it along almost as quickly as he can run without it.

Now that I have told you how many amusements these boys and girls had, and how fond they were of running about in the fields and on the common, and in the lanes, you will not wonder that they did not at all like leaving the country, and going to live in a house that was only a mile distant from a large city. It is true that there was a very good garden, but it was not like their old one; there was no large grass plat to play trap ball, or Puss's Ground, on — no nice winding walks between beautiful flowering shrubs, that they could

play "Hide and Seek," or "Hunt the Hare," in; all was flat, laid out in formal flower-beds near the windows, and farther from the house in large square beds for fruit and vegetables. Besides these beds, however, the children had little gardens of their own, with box-edging round each, and these gardens they kept very neatly.

But they were a long way from any real country walks; opposite the front of their house was a wide lane which led into the high road, but here they complained they could find no hazel-nuts, no blackberries, no primroses or violets. However, just past the church there was a very pretty lane, and on one side, many feet lower down, was the Common, with the river winding through it, and some fields, in one of which was a very deep marl-pit.

On the other side of the lane was a high bank with an old ragged hedge on the top of it, with here and there a pollard oak, or a stunted-looking maple, and near the top of the lane was a very black-looking wind-mill, standing high above every other object, so the children always called it the Mill Lane.

Now I should tell you that Anne and Mary were the names of the girls, and William and Edwin the names of the boys. The two girls were older than the boys, and there were some younger children besides.

One day when their mother was walking with

them in Mill Lane, and they stopped to admire the swans sailing along on the winding river, she asked them how many different plants they supposed might be collected in that lane alone?

This question set them all thinking, and they immediately began to count those within sight, making various exclamations:

"What a number on the bank, just where we stand!" said Edwin.

"I have counted twenty different ones already," said Anne, "and there are a great many others that I do not know the names of."

"Suppose you were to try to write the Natural History of Mill Lane. I think it would be both amusing and instructive; here is a great variety of plants—and what else could you find here besides plants?" asked their mother.

"Insects, certainly; for here are two snail-shells quite unlike each other, and I have noticed some different from either of these."

"I think," continued their mother, "that you might collect specimens of the different plants as they come into flower, and when you have made out their common English names, and their botanical names, you should try to draw them."

"Or we might dry them in blotting-paper, and press them, and then tack them on sheets of white paper, and write their names—we should soon have a nice collection. When shall we begin, Mamma?"

"You recollect," replied her mother, "that it is now mid-winter, and therefore not a very good time for making collections of plants. Still, the mosses are in all their beauty, and the weather is so singularly mild, that I believe you will have no difficulty in finding objects suited to your purpose."

Soon after this conversation the two boys fitted up some shelves which their mother said they might have to keep their curiosities on. William was the first contributor, for he brought from the water's edge several specimens of the caddis-worm, or case-worm. Nothing can be more curious or more cunningly contrived. The cases were about an inch or an inch and a half long, and as thick as the larger end of a wheat-straw. One of them was entirely covered with minute shells, some of which were no bigger than a pin's head, some (the *Helix planorbis,* or flat-snail shell), were about as big as a split pea; others were spiral and sharp-pointed, and others were the shells of young fresh-water mussels with the living animals in them, and some were so exceedingly small as hardly to be perceived without the help of a magnifying glass.

A second specimen of the case-worm was entirely covered with bits of stone and grains of sand, so that at first sight it looked like a small long-shaped stone; but on closer examination it was found to be hollow, like the one that was covered with shells.

A third was covered with very small leaves, and bits of the stalks of water plants, and when freshly taken out of the water, these looked of a bright green colour. All these William had found on the Common by the side of Mill Lane, for the river frequently overflows its banks, and then it leaves a number of shells on the grass. The children had read about case-worms in a book called "Insect Architecture," but they liked much better to see the real insect and its habitation than to see prints of it, which cannot give any idea of its extreme beauty.

Their mother remarked that the cases of these worms were all perfectly smooth underneath, and she asked if any of them could tell why it was so?

"I remember," replied Anne, "that Papa told us it was that the fly may creep along easily; he said that if the large stones or large shells were below, instead of above, they would either be rubbed off, or they would prevent the animals' creeping; but I wonder *how* they are fastened to the film which covers the fly, and what excellent cement it must be that is not softened or melted by being under water!"

"Do you remember," asked her mother, "how sorry we were to come away from the country? Look—there is the tall spire of the Cathedral, and there is the thick black smoke pouring out of a factory chimney, not much more than a mile from where we now stand; and yet we can in this short

walk find innumerable natural beauties to admire."

"Oh, yes, Mamma; but I am very glad we do not live in a town."

The boys had already a large collection of eggs, most of which they had brought from their old home in the country; but some birds which they had often seen there they now saw but seldom, whilst on the other hand they now saw some with which they were but little acquainted.

"I wonder what is the reason," said William, "that there are such different plants growing near the town to what we used to find in the fields—and such different birds, too. We are not ten miles off our old house, yet many things seem very different."

"Perhaps," replied his mother, "it is that the soil, being different, brings forth plants which are different, and these plants form the habitation, and perhaps the food of insects which are sought for by birds that have the liberty of roving at pleasure, and whose instinct teaches them where to seek the food most proper for them."

"You mean, Mamma, that birds which live upon particular seeds, or particular insects, will from instinct, frequent those soils where the plants and insects are to be met with in the greatest number?"

"Yes, that is my meaning; but I assure you it was not from my own observation that I learned it. I read it a long while ago in the Life of Mr.

William Smith, of Oxford. He is often spoken of as the "Father of English Geology," because he studied the different strata of the earth, and the fossils imbedded in them, at a time when very little attention had been given to the subject."

"Are there any entertaining books about Geology now, Mamma, or are they all very scientific and difficult to understand?"

"There are some exceedingly interesting books on Geology, and the greater part of them you could understand. You might leave out all that you did not like, and still find an immense deal to interest you in Dr. Mantell's 'Wonders of Geology.'"

In the course of the first winter the children collected many stones and shells which were thought worthy of a place on the shelves of their little museum, for within half a mile of their father's house were several large chalk and marl-pits, and in these they frequently found fossil echini, or *Fairy loaves,* of great variety of shape and size. Some were conical and high-pointed, others were almost flat, some were so delicately white that they looked as if they had been cast in plaster of Paris, while others were black, like the flint which is often used for building in that part of the country. In the sides of these chalk pits they also found great quantities of delicate white shells; some were like small cockles, only they had spines on them, which made it a work of some

skill and patience to get them out of the chalk without breaking them. Others were much smaller, quite smooth, and easily taken out without injury. The children took great interest in finding these treasures themselves, and in carefully picking them out of the chalk in which they were incrusted, with their pocket-knives.

Sometimes they went with their father for a very long walk—quite through the city and over an old-fashioned bridge, and then up a high hill, from which there is a beautiful view of the river winding along the green meadows, and of the old city rising on the sloping banks of the opposite side, with its many churches, and its ancient castle, and its tall Cathedral spire, higher than all.

But it was not so much for the sake of the view that they liked to go up this hill; it was because in some parts of it there were gravel and stone pits, and in other parts thickets, among which were many fine holly trees, and where in the spring the ground was almost covered with wild hyacinths and lily of the valley.

In the gravel pits there are quantities of large flint stones that are used for building. Sometimes they are used just as they come out of the pit, but when they are required for a handsome building, they are first cut into cubes, and being laid with very little cement between them, they make beautiful walls. On splitting these flint stones, marks as if moss or sea-weeds had been

impressed on the stone are often seen; sometimes the impressions are like pretty landscapes, trees and shrubs being delicately traced on the gray stone in a darker colour. Their father told them that these marks are called Dendrites, and he helped the children to get some very pretty ones.

As they returned home they sometimes crossed the river lower down the stream, where a bridge had been built only a few years before, and where each foot-passenger was still obliged to pay a halfpenny toll as he went through the gate.

"I am afraid you two boys could not manage to get through the gate for *one* halfpenny, as the chimney-sweepers did," said their father, laughing.

"What do you mean, Papa? what did the chimney-sweepers do?—tell us, please?"

"The story I have heard is this," said their father: "When this bridge that we are now going over was first built, there was a very ill-tempered man who kept the gate. Very early one fine summer's morning two poor boys came through. They had been sent by their master, who lived in the town, to sweep chimneys three or four miles off in the country, and coming over this new bridge saved them a considerable distance. It was late in the evening before the poor boys had finished their work, and the few pence they brought with them had been spent for bread and cheese in the village.

"The boys were brothers; the elder was a

great strong chap, but the other, who was much younger, was a very little fellow.

"'I've got only a halfpenny left,' said the big boy, 'but I think he'll let us both through—we'll try, at any rate; 'tis such a way round by the old *brig*.'

"'I'm so tired, Charley,' said the little one, almost crying, and just then they came up to the gate.

"'Please, sir,' said Charley, 'will you let us both through for one halfpenny, for 'tis all we have got?'

"'No!' said the surly gate-keeper, closing the gate which he had begun to open, in an angry manner.

"'Please, sir, my brother is very tired, and it is full two miles out of our way to go round by the old brig—and 'tis getting very late, sir.'

"'Your brother can come through, if he pays; sha'n't let you both through.'

"'I can't leave my brother,' said Charley, sorrowfully.

"The man made no answer, but locked the gate, and turned into his house, shutting the door after him violently, as if to revenge himself for having been disturbed for nothing.

"Poor little Jimmy began to cry.

"'Come along, Jimmy! crying won't help ye; here, round this corner, as if we were going by the old brig—but I don't mean to go all that way, though.'

"'You ain't going by the ferry, Charley? that's a halfpenny too.'

"'Oh, ferry! no—why, 'tis almost as far as the brig. Be quiet now, and I'll show ye what I mean to do.' And Charley laid down his soot-sack, and bid Jimmy creep in, and lie quite still. Jim rolled himself up like a dormouse, and in another minute was safe on Charley's back, hanging in the soot-bag.

"'Might have known your own mind,' said the surly man, as he let the boy pass through the gate, and took his last halfpenny—'nice job, turning out twice for a young rascal like you!'

"'All right,' cried Charley, as he hitched the soot-bag a little higher on his back—'all right!' and he grinned from ear to ear.

"As soon as he had got over the bridge, he set down his load and untied the sack to give poor Jimmy a little air. 'Keep still a minute longer—he'll have to mind the gate. There's a carriage coming, and a mackerel cart's behind it; there—now—quick, get up; he can't come after us now. I say, Mister! you won't let us *both* through for one halfpenny, will ye?' roared Charley, as he pointed to poor little Jim, who had crawled from his hiding-place, and now stood puffing and shaking the soot out of his miserable rags. They did not wait for an answer, but ran off as fast as they could, and were soon out of the enraged gate-keeper's sight."

"How I should like to have seen Jimmy creeping out of the sack!" said Mary; and all agreed that the ill-tempered gatekeeper was rightly served.

In their walks within two or three miles of the city they often met with poor weavers, some of whom go to gather plants for their birds, and others to seek for certain rare moths, butterflies, or other insects. Their father told the children that many of these persons were good entomologists, and that some were botanists; some also were florists, who cultivated choice plants in pots in their work-rooms, and that those who were fortunate enough to possess little gardens often grew very beautiful tulips or ranunculuses.

"Then, Papa, these weavers are not very ignorant people, though they are poor?"

"They should not be called ignorant because they do not know many things which others are supposed to have learnt. They have had but limited means of acquiring either books or book-learning; but many of them, having much natural intelligence and the habit of observation, have studied the Book of Nature, which is open to all. We ought not to call a man ignorant merely because his stock of knowledge and ours are of different kinds—but I am afraid this is often done."

"Papa, you said that many of the city weavers were botanists and entomologists; then workmen in the country who care about such things will be much better informed?"

"Their opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of either of these sciences are certainly far greater than those of men who live in the midst of a thickly-populated city; and I have occasionally heard people make excuses for their hardly knowing a thistle from a nettle, or an ash from an elm, by saying that they were born and brought up in a town; yet it is somewhat remarkable that none of our great botanists are countrymen by birth. Sir James Smith was born and lived in a city all his life; Sir William Hooker and Dr. Lindley are natives of the same city, and so is Mr. Curtis, whose beautiful work on entomology you have so often admired. I could mention other instances, but I had rather that you should try to recollect some of them yourselves."

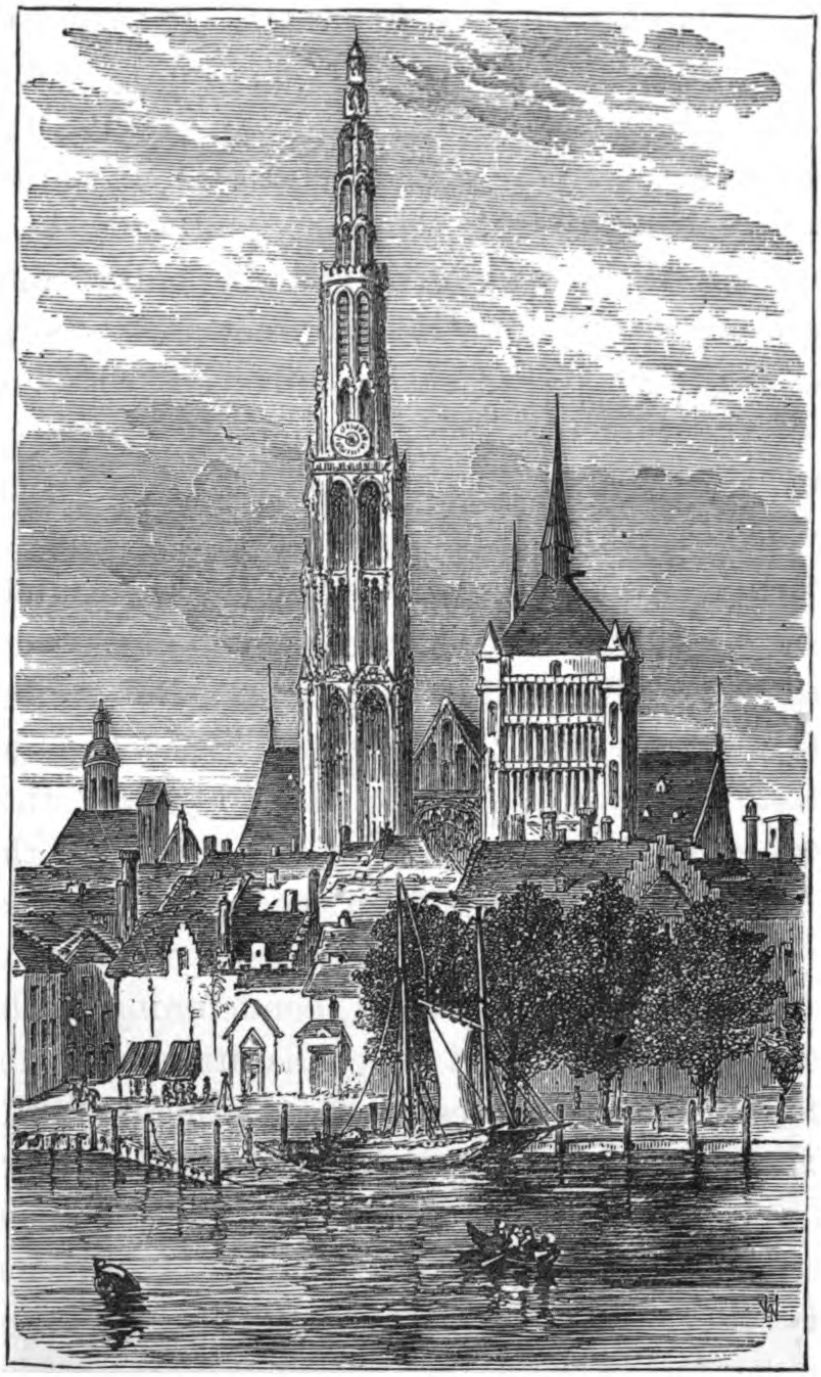
"Don't you think, Papa, that it would be a good thing if all workmen were to study botany?"

"You must remember that, pleasant and useful as the science of botany is, like everything else it may be carried too far. If a working man devotes his leisure hours to such a study, he is highly to be commended and encouraged; but should he neglect his daily avocations for such a pursuit, he is as much to be discouraged and condemned. As an illustration of what I mean, I will tell you of the inordinate passion which at one time prevailed for tulips, and which led to gambling as keen as ever was known at a billiard-table. It was in the year 1634 that what was known as the tulip

mania originated in Holland; and for several years afterwards little else was thought of in that country. From the nobleman to the common labourer, all engaged in it, and immense and rapid fortunes were made. In all such cases, where no substantial return is given, sudden gain to one involves loss to others. During this mania single tulip-roots brought from two hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds; and one gentleman is reported to have received three thousand pounds for three roots! The trade in tulips in one city alone is said to have amounted to one million sterling. It is somewhat curious that, above all other places, the mania should have attained such a height in Holland, as the Dutch are proverbially a quiet, slow-going people; besides, they had only a few years before emerged from a long and sanguinary war, which well-nigh laid waste their country."

"Oh, Papa, do tell us about this war," exclaimed William.

"Well, in the hope that it may lead you to read and ponder over the deeply-interesting chapters of history, I will give you a brief outline of what occurred in the Netherlands, or the Low Countries, at the period to which I referred. But, in order to give you a better idea of these countries, I will begin by telling you how much we are indebted, as a mercantile country, to the Netherlands, particularly the maritime provinces of Flanders, Holland, and Zealand. The lead which these provinces



Antwerp Cathedral.—*Page* 25.

took among the nations of the North may be attributed largely to physical causes. The country presents an almost uniform level surface, intersected by the great rivers called the Scheldt, the Maese, and the Rhine. This led to the formation of canals through the interior; and thus, at a time when the means of transit for bulky commodities in other countries did not exist, corn, coals, wood, &c., were easily conveyed from one part of the Low Countries to another. In navigation also, Holland and Zealand, from their ready access to the sea, led the way; and some of the earliest discoveries were made by the Dutch. In the sixteenth century these advantages were turned most effectually to account. But unfortunately these fair prospects were checked by political dissensions, and by the long war that ensued. At this period the doctrines of the Reformation took deep root in the Low Countries, then under the sway of Charles V. of Austria. This monarch issued an edict, condemning to the flames the persons, and to confiscation the substance, of all who professed the Lutheran faith; and the page of history scarcely presents a more cruel or painful series of persecutions than those to which he subjected the people. Truth and liberty they dearly loved — persecution they resolved no longer to bear. Charles, frustrated in his object, abdicated in favour of his son, Philip II. of Spain, who was held in more general dislike

than even his father. Philip's conduct soon justified this opinion. He was not fond of the Low Countries; and having appointed a council of state, with the Duchess of Parma as regent, he returned to Spain. Shortly afterwards he issued a mandate, ordering the Inquisition to be instituted in the Netherlands, and stipulating that all who were suspected of holding the reformed faith should be privately tortured and executed. The council of state was alarmed — the regent perplexed. William of Nassau (Prince of Orange) and other of the councillors declared that they would not support the Inquisition. The nobles, as well as the cities, formed a secret league for resisting it by force of arms. The members of this new confederation rapidly increased. Deputies, numbering some hundreds, were sent to Brussels to present a memorial to the regent. They proceeded in formidable array to the palace, two by two, in procession up the great staircase to the hall of state, and entered unbidden and unwelcome into the presence of the regent. No satisfactory reply was given to their memorial; and one of the council of state having called the deputies beggars, they resolved to pass by that (in the circumstances) honourable title, and to carry a sack and wooden spoon as emblems of the profession. The new badge added greatly to their numbers, and there was an open triumph over the court. The confederates, now headed by the

Prince of Orange, resolved to cast off the yoke under which they had been so long borne down, and thus commenced that series of wars and persecutions which desolated the Netherlands, and was waged in a greater or lesser degree from 1555 to what is known as the Peace of Westphalia, 1609."

For some weeks in the winter the weather was so wet, and the walking so dirty and unpleasant, that the children could not get out every day; and though they had many in-door employments and amusements, and were also fond of reading, they often felt weary of so much confinement to the house.

One evening, after the girls had been reading, Mary shut her book, and laying it down, said: "Papa, I wish you would tell us something about your travels."

"Do, do, Papa!" said William. "Where did you go first?—to France, I suppose; but I do not care to hear about Paris, and statues and pictures. I like to hear about the birds and quadrupeds of foreign countries."

"Well, as I did not go to Paris till long after I had seen something of North and South America, you need not be afraid of having to listen to a catalogue of what is to be seen in the Louvre. But as little boys have something to learn in addition to stories about birds and quadrupeds, before recounting what fell under my own observation I will give you the outline of a story which

the French people are proud of instilling into the minds of their children, and which they call 'The Value of a Pin.' Towards the close of the last century, Jacques Laffitte, the son of a poor carpenter, arrived in Paris. In the course of his long journey the small sum which his father was able to afford him had all been expended in the purchase of the commonest fare, and Jacques found himself in the streets of Paris a penniless stranger; his only hope being in a letter of introduction from the curé of the district where he had resided to a wealthy banker. This was at once presented. The reply was that there was no opening for him; and the poor boy left the presence of the wealthy man, his sole hope fled. Something, however, in the appearance of the youth so far attracted the attention of the banker, that he almost unconsciously turned to the window looking into the court through which Laffitte must pass, and there he observed him stoop to pick up what he supposed must be a pin. Trifling though such a circumstance to many might seem, the banker thought otherwise, concluding in his own mind that the youth who had only a minute before met with a refusal of that employment which he had travelled so far to obtain, yet in his dejection did not fail to observe and pick up an insignificant pin, must be one possessed with the rare and priceless faculty of knowing the value of small things. Laffitte was recalled, and engaged as

a junior clerk in the bank. Step by step, slowly but surely, Jacques Laffitte by integrity and ability rose from one position to another till he became chief cashier, then a partner; and on the death of M. Perregeaux—he who had picked up the youth because that youth had picked up a pin—he was left his executor and successor. In 1809 Laffitte was appointed a director of the Bank of France. Five years afterwards, at the fall of the Empire, he was elected governor, the emoluments of which office, exceeding four thousand pounds a year, he refused to accept. During those troublous times in France, Laffitte maintained the confidence and respect of all political parties, the idea being entertained that so long as he remained governor the Bank of France was safe. In 1815, when the allies entered Paris and seized the public treasury as a contribution of war, with an exhausted exchequer, Laffitte made up the sum demanded from his own resources. Almost fabulous sums were called for on many occasions, which Laffitte continued to supplement from his private means. His own fortune expended to satisfy claims which he had undertaken for his country, he sold his estates, and even proposed to sell his private mansion and his interest in the business of his bank. This was fortunately prevented by a public subscription, and in 1836 he had managed to pay off all claims, leaving himself with a very moderate sum. As an evidence of the respect in which he was held by the nation for

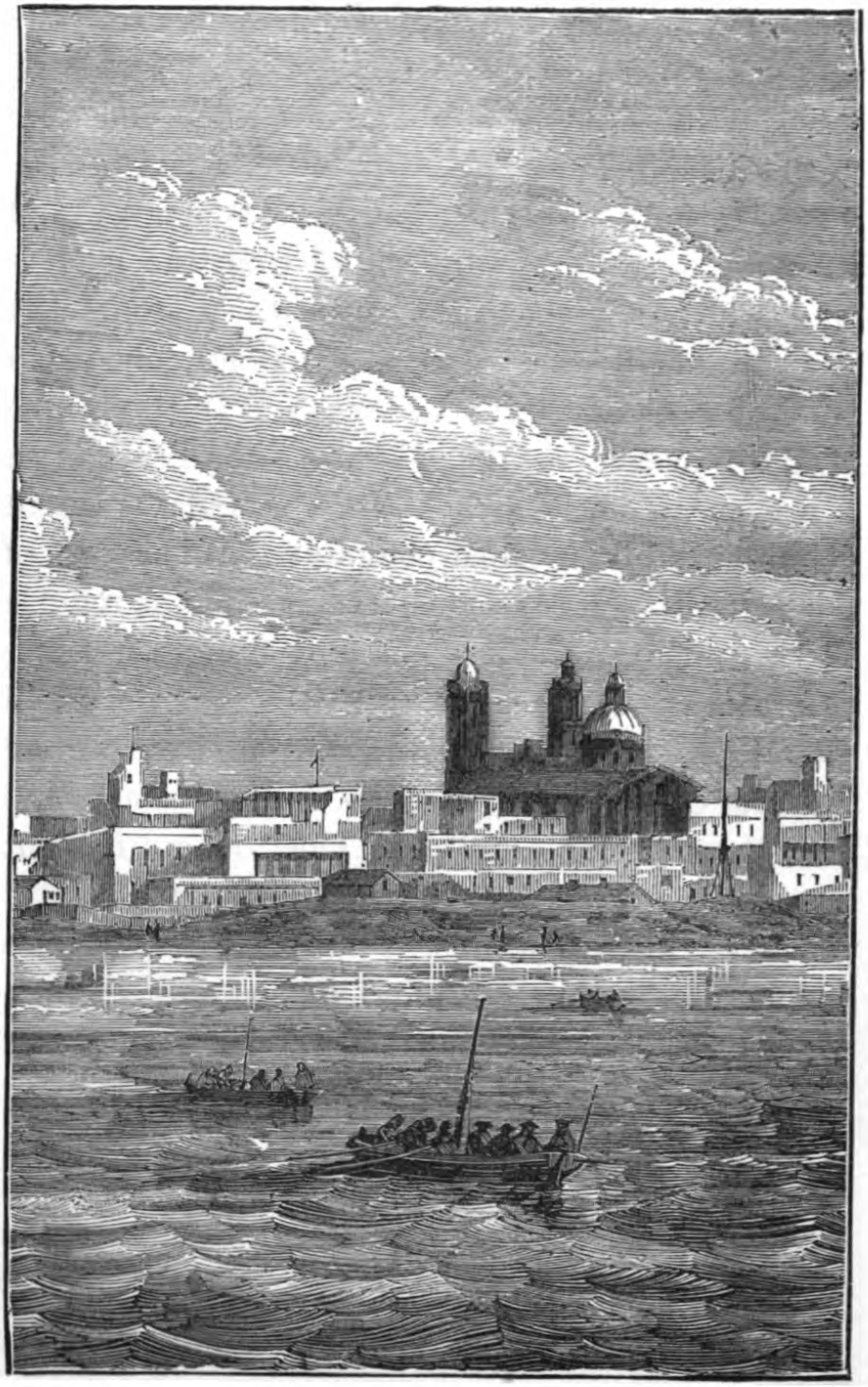
which he had done so much, his funeral was attended by upwards of twenty thousand of his countrymen, ranging from the highest dignitaries to the humblest artizan.

"You asked me where I went first. The first foreign land I ever saw was Madeira, on my way to South America. We passengers went ashore for a few days at Funchal. When we landed, the beach was thronged with olive-brown, half-naked, wretched-looking Portuguese. To me, who had never till then seen any but English towns, Funchal had a very strange appearance, for the houses, instead of being built of bricks, are made of huge rough stones plastered over, and the streets are very narrow and hilly. There are hardly any horses to be seen in the town, but oxen are driven in the streets, drawing all the heavy goods on sledges, and this looks very strange. It was very hot weather, and we slept on board ship, as it was much cooler there than on shore.

"A day or two after we left Madeira we saw a number of flying-fish: their flight reminded me of the wag-tail, flitting over a short space and then alighting. Several of them fell on the deck of our vessel and were killed."

"Oh, how much I should like to see them!" said Edgar. "What did you do with them? could you stuff any of them?"

"No; I had no means of stuffing them or preserving them by any other means, so we put them



"You landed at Buenos Ayres."—*Page* 31.

to a very different use—we had them fried, and ate them! They are very good, I assure you: they taste like herrings."

"Did you ever see any swallows when you were far from land, Papa?"

"Yes, both swallows and sand-martins; and when we were six hundred miles from the nearest land, which was the coast of Africa, a stone-chat flew on board, and after resting for about an hour, it went off to another vessel. In the course of our voyage, on the coast of South America I was particularly struck by a singular race of amphibious birds, called penguins. When out of the water, they form themselves in ranks as regular as a regiment of soldiers, the only difference being that they are so placed as to have a look-out in all directions. Instead of wings, they have strong flippers, covered with feathers so short and small that they resemble scales. They do not fly, but live in the water like seals, and swim with great rapidity. Their feet present a broad fleshy surface adapted for either walking or swimming; and when on shore, they move about in a waddling erect position, presenting from a distance a very startling appearance."

"What time of the year was it, Papa, when you landed in Buenos Ayres? for it was there that you went, I know."

"It was near the end of October; and as December, January, and February are the summer

months in the Southern Hemisphere, October of course is a spring month. But there is no extremely hot or cold weather in Buenos Ayres; occasionally in a winter's morning—that is to say, in June or July—a very little ice may be seen, as thick perhaps as a dollar, but by noon it is melted. In the hottest weather there is always a delightful cool breeze from the river every evening; and on the whole, the climate is, with the exception perhaps of that of Chili, the finest in the world."

"Papa, how long did you stay in Buenos Ayres?"

"I remained there about two years and a half, and went from thence to North America. It is not a country that an Englishman can like to live in until its government and its people are very much improved. It certainly is very pleasant to see fine scenery and beautiful birds, and to have the best fruit almost as cheap as potatoes are with us, but it is not at all pleasant to feel that your life is never secure, or to live in a place where it would be extremely imprudent to go out of doors after dusk without being armed."

"Do you mean Papa, that you used to carry arms when you lived in Buenos Ayres?"

"Indeed I did. Even in the town I never went out without pistols after dusk, and at no time without them into the country."

"Could not you even take a ride into the country without being armed?"

"No; you would not be safe if you were alone, even in a morning's ride a few miles out of the town. The only way is to go with a companion, and carry a brace of pistols."

"But why, Papa? who would hurt you?"

"You constantly meet armed men, who, if they knew you to be without arms, would throw a lasso over your head, and rob, and very likely murder you if you made any resistance."

"But would not they be hung for murder if they were found out?"

"Most likely not; for the worst of it is, that no trouble would be taken to find it out. If a man were to go to the police, and tell them that in such a place a man had been murdered, or that a body had been found with marks of violence on it, they would merely shrug their shoulders, and say: "Ah! is he dead? what more can be done, then?" or make some such reflection, but they would not trouble themselves any farther."

"Then, Papa, what are the police for?"

"My dear, you must not imagine that their police is at all like ours. Theirs is a military police, and the people are governed by force rather than by law. A constable with his staff would be despised, and very likely stabbed if he were to offer to apprehend a thief in Buenos Ayres. Soldiers are always employed for such purposes. Even in their theatres, a party of soldiers armed with muskets and bayonets is always stationed at

the back part of the pit—just to keep tne people in proper order!"

"Oh, Papa, how horrible! I'm sure I should never wish to go to the theatre there; I should be afraid of being shot if there were any disturbance," said Anne; "indeed, I do not wonder at your saying that it is not a country for English people to live in: but do tell us more about the people, and what you saw of them when you lived amongst them: I want to know about the common people as well as about the ladies and gentlemen."

"The people in the country are a very rough set; they live in the most wretched huts, made with sticks and rushes, and plastered with mud. One large room, with an ox or horse hide hung up to serve as a door, contains the whole family; a fire is occasionally lighted in the middle, and as there is no chimney, the smoke finds its way out at the door. Then their manner of eating is far from refined, as you may easily imagine; for they use neither plates nor forks—indeed, they possess no such luxuries."

"Then how do they eat their meat, Papa? I should think it must be rather difficult to manage without plates or forks."

"The meat is cut into steaks and broiled over the fire; when it is sufficiently cooked, a man takes a piece in his left hand, and setting his teeth into a good mouthful of it, he cuts off the rest with the knife that he carries in his belt."

"I wonder they don't cut their noses off," said

Edwin, laughing, "but I suppose habit makes them expert; I think I should be puzzled to eat a beef-steak in such a manner. I suppose their knives are pretty sharp, are not they?"

"Yes, they are very formidable weapons, and are used for many other purposes besides that we have just spoken of. The common people all carry knives, which they use with frightful dexterity in their quarrels with one another; and as they are both cruel and treacherous, they will revenge any injury they may have received by stabbing. Men walk the streets who are known to have committed eight or ten murders. Of such a man it is said that he *owes so many deaths* (Dobe tantas muertes). So little is human life regarded!

All round the town are to be seen small wooden crosses, which it is the custom to fix on the spot where some unhappy wretch has fallen; and such is the force of superstition, that even the ferocious murderer, as he passes these, will always lift his hat and cross himself!"

"Then Papa, the people are Roman Catholics, as they are in old Spain, I suppose?"

"They are. One often sees priests in the streets, carrying the *host*—or wafer, as I should call it; they call it by a name which every Protestant must think impious. A boy goes before, ringing a little bell to give notice of what is coming, and every one must fall on his knees at its approach."

"What did you do, Papa? to be sure you did not go do down on your knees in the street when you met these priests, did you?"

"Whenever I could, I slipped off as fast as possible in another direction, and so avoided them; but when that was not possible, I had to kneel. If I had not done so, I should have been forced down, or perhaps knocked down."

"How very absurd, and how disagreeable in a dirty wet street, Papa!" said Mary.

"Wet or dry would make no difference," replied her father; "you see people of all ranks lay down their handkerchiefs in the dirt, and then kneel on them. I was in a theatre one night, when some comedy was performing; all on a sudden the bell was heard in the street: in an instant the players left off, and fell on their knees on the stage, and the audience all did the same. After a minute or two, when the tinkle of the bell was out of hearing, all got up again, and the actors went on with the play as if nothing had happened."

"Papa, is it true that ladies go to bull-fights?" asked William.

"It is quite true, my dear. The ladies of Buenos Ayres are very graceful, and many of them are likewise very beautiful, but their minds are entirely uncultivated. They make a point of going to Mass daily, and spend much time standing at their doors or windows, looking at anything that passes. The men spend a great deal of their time

in smoking cigars; and the ladies smoke also, but not in public. The people in general are thoroughly lazy, and consequently poor. . . . It might be the finest country in the world."

"I do not wish to hear anything about bull-fights, papa," said Mary, "because they are so horrible. Cannot you tell us anything good of the people?"

"I will tell you one thing which does them great honour; and I am sure you will be glad to hear it. There used to be slaves in Buenos Ayres, as there are still in the Southern States of North America, but in the year 1809 the Government decreed that no more slaves should be brought into the country, and that all persons of what colour soever, who should be born after that time, should be free. The Spaniards are the mildest of all slave masters, but at the best, slavery is a horrible thing. I remember talking to a respectable elderly man who was a slave in Buenos Ayres; I asked him if he was happy? At first he did not seem to understand my question, but when he did, he replied in Spanish, with a look of amazement at my asking: "Happy! no." "And why not, Fransisco?" "*Because I am a slave,*" was his short and melancholy answer. The best labourers in the country are the civilized Indians of Paraguay, who come down to Buenos Ayres in great numbers, to look for work. They are honest, industrious people, and very mild and patient."

"Did you ever know any Paraguay Indians, Papa? Did you ever talk to them? What language do they speak?"

"I have often talked with them, they are very intelligent, and I never met with one who was not able to read and write. They speak their own language, Waranih, as it is called, and Spanish also, but they generally write the latter, I believe."

Did you ever taste the Paraguay tea, Papa? Is it at all like the tea that comes from China?"

"No, it is not. I have drunk it, but I never became fond of it. Immense quantities of it are brought from the country for the use of the people in the town, for it is the universal drink of all classes. It is made fit to drink just as we make tea—only teapots are not used."

"What then do they use, Papa? How do they drink it?"

"The dry herb is put into a small gourd shell, called a *Matté,* then boiling water is poured on it, and the hot liquor is immediately sucked up through a tube, at the lower end of which is a bulb full of small holes. A servant hands the *Matté* from one person to another, and all suck from the same tube—a custom which to English people, does not seem very delicate!"

"I suppose, Papa," said Anne, "that the bulb full of holes is to prevent the tea leaves from passing into the tube, is it not? What is the tube made of?"

"That is the object of the bulb. The tube and bulb also are sometimes made of silver, and sometimes the tube is merely a hard reed, and the bulb is made of fine wicker-work. There are many kinds of them, varying according to people's tastes and wealth. I ought to tell you that the Spaniards call the herb *yerva,* and the natives call it *cáá ;* it is sold dry and fit for use for about ninepence a pound.

"Now, Papa will you tell us—?"

"Not now, my dear. I cannot tell you anything more now, as I have something else to do. Some other time, I will answer the question you were going to ask—if I can, and if you recollect it."

"Oh, I shall recollect it Papa—thank you for telling us what you have done now—I like hearing about South America."

Some time passed before their father was able to tell them anything more about what he had seen in South America, for he had occasion to go to London on business, and was detained there much longer than he had expected. When he returned, he brought with him a strangely shaped packet, which he took from the chaise and brought into the parlour himself.

"What is that odd-looking parcel Papa, marked 'GLASS, WITH CARE,' is it really glass?"

Their father set it down carefully on the table, and smiling in a mysterious manner, he told them

not to touch it, as though there was very little glass about it, it might easily be put out of order.

"When will you unpack it, Papa? I want so much to see what it is," said Anne.

"Try and guess what it can be," replied her father, "and if you guess first, you shall undo the parcel, and have the first sight."

The children made several wrong guesses; when after a little thought, and a close examination of the shape of the package, Anne exclaimed, "I know! I know what it is—It is a Magic lanthorn," and hardly waiting for an answer, as she saw by her father's look that she had guessed right, she began very carefully to untie the numerous knots, and to take off the almost endless number of sheets of brown paper, by which it was so well protected.

"You elder children have all seen a Magic lanthorn, I think?"

"Oh yes, Papa, but not nearly so large a one as this—but where are the slides—have you no slides, Papa?"

Their father told one of the boys to bring in a square box, which he had left in the hall.

"The slides are in this box; they are not at all like those you have seen, I dare say, but I hope you will like them as well."

"The Magic lanthorn that we saw last Christmas at Mrs. Godfrey's, had some very funny slides. There were donkey races, and a man

tumbling out of a cart, and a ship that pitched about on a very rough sea, and an old man with a very long nose, and a blackbird perching on it."

"You will not find any such funny things amongst these. These are all what are called Astronomical slides, and are intended to show the motions of some of the heavenly bodies. I had thought of getting a small Orrery for you, but a gentleman who knows much more about these matters than I do, advised me to get a good magic lanthorn instead."

"Thank you, Papa, very much," exclaimed the children, one and all. "I am sure we shall like it a great deal better. And here are little books explaining the slides. How many slides are there? Fourteen, I see; all framed too, so they are not likely to be broken like those little slips of glass I have seen used in the small lanthorns."

The children examined each slide, carefully holding it up against the light, but it was not till some evenings after their father's return home, that it was convenient to exhibit the new magic lanthorn. When oil had been got for the lamp, and everything was in proper order in the large old fashioned study, the candles were put out, and the children sitting in a simi-circle with their backs to the lanthorn, were delighted at the appearance of the Sun on the wall, with our earth revolving round it, attended by her beautiful satelite, the Moon.

When this slide had been sufficiently admired, their Mamma changed it for the second, which represented the Moon's monthly journey round the earth. This was very pretty. When the moon was between the earth and the sun, it was invisible, but after travelling a little way, the new moon appeared, then a half moon, and then gradually increasing, it became full. Proceeding on its journey it began to *wane;* the side which was turned from the sun disappearing little by little, till again it became a half moon; then a little bow, and lastly it again disappeared as it came once more between the sun and the earth.

The children were very much pleased with this slide, and even the little ones, who of course did not in the least comprehend what was meant by the *moon's orbit,* thought it very pretty, and liked it quite as well as they did the donkey races, and the man with the blackbird on his nose.

I shall not attempt to describe every one of the fourteen slides, but I will merely mention two or three of them, in order to give some idea of the kind of instruction which may be so agreeably given by means of a magic lanthorn.

There was one that represented an eclipse of the sun, which is caused by the moon's passing between it and the earth. The three bodies being in a line with one another, it follows of course, that from the people on that side of the earth

which is turned towards the sun, the sun must be partly, or entirely hidden by the moon.

Another slide showed what it is that causes an eclipse of the moon.

The earth was represented between the sun and the moon, and the three bodies again in a line with one another. But the moon, now being further from the sun than the earth is, the shadow of the earth falls upon it, and thereby obscures it for a time.

The last was a representation of the tides, rising gradually, as the moon in her course round the earth comes between it and the sun, when by their combined attraction they cause SPRING TIDES. As the moon changes her position, and at length arrives on the side of the earth farthest from the sun, the tides sink lower and lower, and are called NEAP TIDES.

The children were well pleased with their evening's amusement, and all agreed that they liked the 'sensible slides,' as they called them which their Papa had bought for them, much better than the ludicrous ones, which they thought they should very soon get tired of.

"I think," said their mother, one morning after the elder ones had been reading "Joyce's Scientific Dialogues on Astronomy," with her, "that we might make some slides for the lanthorn ourselves — what do you think?"

"But Mamma, do you know how to paint on glass, for many of these are painted?"

"No, I do not. I did not think of *painting* anything. I thought of using natural objects, such as skeleton leaves, and some other things, which it seems to me would be suitable to the purpose."

"Oh that would be very nice; we can find some *natural objects* ourselves. I thought, Mamma, that you meant to try to make some more astronomical slides, and we could not help you in doing that. We often find skeleton leaves under the row of poplars at the bottom of the garden, would they do, do you think?"

"I have never tried, but I think they would do admirably."

"Mamma, do you know that we understand Joyce's Astronomy,' when we read it now, a great deal better than we did before we had the magic lanthorn; we seem quite to *see* what causes the sun or the moon to be eclipsed, and I do not think we shall forget these things as we did when we only read about them."

"I am very glad you think so, but you must not suppose that you know much about astronomy. The wisest and most learned men make discoveries concerning the heavenly bodies which are indeed wonderful, but they are quite beyond our comprehension. For instance, all astronomers I believe, agree as to the size of the sun, and its distance from the earth; they know also the size of the various planets, and their respective distances from the sun."

"I do not think I shall ever be able to understand how such things can be really known, Mamma; yet I believe they are true, because astronomers have foretold the appearance of comets, and the comets have arrived exactly at the time predicted. But, Mamma, do you think there is any use in our knowing anything of astronomy?"

"Certainly I do—I should not like you to be so ignorant as to suppose that the sun goes round the earth, or that there is really a *new* moon every month."

"Oh, no!" but every child must soon know as much as that, Mamma, without reading hard books about astronomy."

"I have no wish that you should read hard books about astronomy, for I think you would lose your time; but I do wish you to know enough to make you, as you grow older, think more and more of these most wonderful works of God; for it seems to me, that of all human knowledge, it is astronomy that gives us the most exhalted notion of his *infinite* power."

The first morning that their mother could spare time to go, she walked with the girls into the town in order to get some slips of glass at a glazier's. He had already cut them the length and width that was required for the lanthorn, as the boys had given him the dimensions. In coming home they passed a carpenter's shop; one of the workmen was planing the edge of a pine board,

and as he planed, the thin shavings fell on the ground.

"I dare say, Mr. Evans, you will give me a handful of these shavings?" said their mother to the master of the workshop.

"To be sure ma'am—as many as you please—shall I send my boy with a sack of shavings to your house?"

"Thank you, no. I only want about half a dozen of the thinnest little pieces we can find—these will do"—and the *specimens of pine wood* for the new slides were carefully carried home.

"I think, Mamma," said William, "that unless these slides are framed they will not be of much use; they will not fit the lanthorn, and perhaps they will cut your hands. It would be very easy to frame them."

"I was just thinking the same thing, William, and I think that one frame would do for all the slides, if you were to leave one end open."

"There are some pieces of old slate frames that would do exactly; they are grooved just as if they had been made for our glass slides; but I would not leave one end open, Mamma; I would cut away half the thickness only at one end, and then you could easily slip the glass in and out, and it would be kept firmly in its place."

William's plan was soon carried out, and the frame of the broken slate was cut into the proper length, and fastened with glue at the corners, so

as to form a moveable frame, into which the new glasses slipped easily. The next thing was to fix the natural objects as smoothly as possible on the glass. For this purpose, a little of the whitest and purest gum-arabic was used, and on the first slide were fastened some pine shavings, a skeleton poplar leaf, and the thinnest possible cross-cut slice of dry stalk of a dead cabbage plant.

Another slide contained the skeleton of an ivy leaf, and three small pieces of different kinds of sea-weeds. Another had a *slice* of sponge, a piece of oak shaving, and the opened seed vessel of the Honesty plant (Lunaria).

On the fourth slide were placed several small winged insects which had been carefully picked off a cobweb in a corner of the garden wall. There was also a dead house-fly with its wings expanded, and a dead wasp.

The fifth contained only one specimen. It was one of those winged insects best known to children by the name of Daddy-long-legs.

The sixth contained a honey bee, a flea, and the wings of a magnificent dragon fly.

The slides were now completed, a sheet was hung up against the study wall, and the lanthorn was placed in readiness for the evening's entertainment. A few young friends had been invited to spend the evening with the children, and see the wonders of the magic lanthorn.

First, the astronomical slides were again ex-

hibited, and as their mother placed each in the lanthorn and explained its meaning, one of the girls who stood near the wall for that purpose, pointed to the shadows on the sheet, with a slender yard measure.

"Now for our own home-made slides! I hope we shall not be disappointed," said their mother, as she fixed one of the glasses in William's frame, and slipped it into the opening in front of the bright lamp.

"Oh! how beautiful! Is not it beautiful?" was heard on all sides. "Look at the poplar leaf, it is full a foot long, and every fibre perfectly distinct; and the pine shavings too, they are very curious."

Then followed the ivy leaf and the sea-weeds, all of which were very much admired. The seed-vessel of the Lunaria was not so well adapted to the purpose, as it was not sufficiently transparent. The insects showed capitally—the bee looked quite as large as a cat, as one of the little children remarked, and the wings of the dragon fly were exquisitely beautiful; but when Daddy-long-legs appeared, sprawling from one end of the picture to the other, and taking the whole slide to himself, the little children were delighted.

"How big is it? how long are the legs?" cried one.

"Measure it, Anne, I really believe the legs are a yard long," said another.

Anne laid the yard measure against the shadow of the insect, and all saw that the leg was considerably more than a yard in length.

The home-made slides were very successful, and they had the advantage of being very inexpensive, as they cost only the few pence that the glazier charged for the slips of glass. At any time the specimens could be washed off, and others put in their place if it were desired. Some objects were tried which did not succeed, such as feathers, and the petals of flowers; but with a little ingenuity and perseverance, a great many things may be adopted for exhibition in a magic lanthorn.

Searching for insects, skeleton leaves, or such parts of plants as were not too large or too thick to be easily attached to the glass slides, gave a new interest to their walks, and they were soon obliged to procure more glasses from the glazier.

"Mamma, I was looking in an old port-folio of yours this morning, and I saw some strawberry leaves, and currant leaves, and several others so beautifully drawn that I thought they must have been traced against the window in some manner; can you tell me how they were done, and whether it is very difficult to do them?"

"It requires some care and nicety, otherwise it is not difficult to make these impressions; but some leaves are much more suitable than others. Very smooth leaves, such us the common laurel, would not make good impressions, and you cannot

make clear impressions from those which have a crumpled, or a very rough surface."

"Are they done with printer's ink, Mamma? they look as if they were."

"No, I have not found that printer's ink answers well for this little art, though I believe it is used by some people, who I suppose manage it better than I can. Fine powdered lamp black, and fine oil are the only ingredients with which I have succeeded in printing leaves, but there may be better materials."

"Can you show me how it is done, Mamma? William has some lamp black in a bottle, and salad oil I suppose will do?"

"Salad oil is the right thing. Now bring me a good handful of wool, and two pieces of smooth leather—kid is the best."

Mary soon returned with some wool, and two pieces of kid, and her mother, dividing the wool into two equal parts, tied them up in this shape, with a piece of twine. She then took some of the lamp black on one of the balls, dropped a little oil over it, and immediately rubbed the two balls together. This she repeated two or three times, till a smooth black surface was formed on the balls.

"Now, Mary, hold one ball in your left hand, and lay this Potentilla leaf smoothly on it. Now

take the other ball, and press the leaf between the two, rubbing slightly, not too hard, or you will break the veins of the leaf. That will do—now, lay it on this piece of paper, and press this other piece very carefully over it; press every part with your finger, but do not move the leaf—now look."

There was a very nice clear impression on each piece of paper, one of the front of the leaf, the other of the back. Mary tried several other leaves; with some she succeeded very well, but of others she made what she called "a sad mess." Too much oil, or too much pressure, or too little, and the result was a failure; but after a good many trials, and a good deal of patience she succeeded, not only in making some beautiful impressions of leaves, but of flowers also, though, as she observed, there were a great many flowers which could not be nature-printed in this manner.

In the evening Edwin asked his father whether he could tell them something more about South America, as he had promised.

"Oh yes, now if you like, for I have read enough and my eyes are tired."

"Well, Papa, I have not forgotten my questions, though you seemed to think I should. I want very much to know whether you ever saw any Patagonians, and whether they really are such giants as travellers have represented them to be, or is that only a fable?"

"It is no fable, and the fact of their great height is as well authenticated, as that the Esquimaux are small. I never saw but two Patagonians, and I cannot tell you their height exactly. I was walking with a man of six feet high when these two men passed us, and we agreed that they must be nearer to seven feet in height than to six, for they were full a head taller than we were."

"Did you see any other Indians beside these two Patagonians, Papa?"

"Oh yes, very often; the Indians of Paraguay, who in general bear so good a character that every one is glad to employ them. The civilized *Waranihs* are called Mild Indians by the Spaniards. The Spanish missionaries have established schools, and taught them many of the arts of civilized life."

"I suppose then, that these *Mild Indians* are Roman Catholics, are not they, Papa?"

"Yes, and they are in general sincerely religious. I once gave a Spanish Testament to a *Waranih,* or Paraguay Indian, who used to work for me. He was delighted with it, and constantly carried it about with him carefully wrapped up in a handkerchief. One morning he came late to his work, for which he apologised, saying, that just as he was coming he missed his Testament. He looked for it everywhere, and asked his landlady, who pretended she knew nothing about it. But he saw by her manner

that she did know, and that she had been playing him a trick; so at last she told him that she had hidden it over the door. 'She knew that I valued it more than my life,' said the poor fellow, in an earnest manner."

"The Guachos of the Pampas, or Great Plains, are very different people; but they are not Indians, they are of Spanish descent. They actually live on horseback, and what you will think still more strange, on horseflesh! They never taste bread, but live entirely on horseflesh or beef. They all wear ponchos—you have seen a South American poncho—so I need not describe it to you."

"But are all ponchos alike, Papa, merely a kind of rug with a slit in the middle, to put ones head through?"

"Some are made of much finer wool than others, and they vary a little in colour and in the patterns that are woven on them, but they are exactly the same shape; and of all garments, I think it is the best adapted for riding on horseback. These Guachos ride with their heads, arms, and legs bare. The women's dress is the same, except that they generally wear a broad flat hat, and boots ornamented with a profusion of brass buttons; they sit astride on their horses like the men."

"What extraordinary looking people they must be! But what is it they do?"

"They are constantly riding about looking after

the great herds of cattle which belong to the farmers who live just outside the town of Buenos Ayres; but you must not imagine that these farmers are at all like English farmers, or that their farms are like English farms. They are more like market gardens as to size, for many of them do not contain more than a dozen acres."

"What is grown in them, Papa?"

"They are cropped partly with wheat, and partly with vegetables, for the Buenos Ayres market. On many of them too, there are peach orchards, and beautiful figs and water-melons are grown. Many men who live on their own farms possess several thousand head of cattle, yet they are content to exist from year to year in a miserable mud cottage, in which there is neither a chair, nor a table, nor a bedstead to be seen."

"But Papa, they must sit down sometimes, I suppose, and lie down too, though you said just now that they lived on horseback. How can they live without these things?"

"In place of chairs they use the heads of horses and oxen, and they never sleep on anything better than an ox hide stretched upon poles. The farms are rough indeed! There are no fences, except where there are gardens or orchards, no barns"—

"No barns," interrupted Edwin, "then where do they thresh the wheat?"

"The grain is trodden out in the open air by horses, and dressed in the wind; then, as there

are no mills, the bakers buy the wheat and grind it with mules. The bread is very good, and very dear. It is eaten only by the wealthier people; poor people live chiefly on beef. The climate is so fine and the soil so rich, that enough wheat might be grown to supply all Europe; but the people are lazy, and the government is so bad that there is no encouragement either to industry or enterprize of any kind. As long as a man just lives by his work he will not be molested; but if he were seen to be growing rich, he would soon be stripped of everything he possessed."

"What a shame! But do tell me, Papa, if there are no fences, how do the men manage to get the cattle when they want to kill them; and the cows too, how do they manage to milk them?"

"I will answer your last question first," replied his father. "The farmers employ Guachos, who are in fact servants on horseback, to drive the cows into an enclosure, a little way out of town. In the evening you may see a number of cows in this great pen, waiting to be milked. The manner of doing this is somewhat strange, you would think. One man throws his lasso over a cow's head, another holds her by the tail, and a third milks her; the milk is then carried about the town in skins, by dirty boys on horseback."

"In skins, and by dirty boys! What an uncivilized way; why don't they use tins?"

"I don't suppose they ever heard of such things, my dear. Water is also carried about for sale in skins. I should tell you that in this country everybody rides on horseback, and they ride beautifully too. Men go a fishing in the river Plate on horseback; they kill cattle on horseback; and beggers go a begging on horseback."

"Then I suppose that horses are very cheap there? I should like that," said William.

"Horses are very cheap; from four to ten dollars is the common price, (and a dollar is equal to about four and twopence of our money.) A saddle costs a great deal more. There are immense herds of wild horses, as well as of wild cattle on the plains, which any one may take that likes to be at the trouble of catching and breaking them in. The cattle and horses that belong to the farmers are all marked, so as to be easily recognised by the Guachos whose business it is to look after them. You asked me, Edwin, how the cattle are caught? The Guachos catch them with the lasso. These Guachos can hardly be called civilized beings, for they can do nothing but ride on horseback, throw the lasso and the balls, and kill and flay oxen."

"Will you tell us what the lasso is, Papa, and the balls? I do not remember ever having heard you speak about them before."

"The lasso is a very long rope, made of raw hide, with a noose running in an iron ring upon

Throwing the Lasso.—*Page* 57.

it. One end of this is fastened to the saddle, the other the rider holds in his right hand, the rope being loosely coiled on his arm. The dexterity with which these savage fellows use the lasso is almost inconceivable to those who have never witnessed their feats. As soon as they come within reach of the animal they want to catch, they swing the noose round over their heads, and then throw it so as to catch the head and feet of any animal, however fast it may be running, and they riding full gallop after it."

"How I should like to see all this, Papa. What other animals are caught in this manner?"

"Almost all animals are so caught. Within a few leagues of the town tigers are found, and are killed by the Guachos for the sake of their skins. Deer, three different kinds of armidillos, wild hogs, biscaccias, which resemble rabbits, and many other animals are also found, and are frequently brought to the Buenos Ayres market for sale. At some distance from the town are herds of wild dogs, which it is very dangerous to meet with. The town of Buenos Ayres probably contains more dogs than any other place on earth; it costs nothing to feed them, as they live on the meat which is continually thrown into the streets."

"It seems very wasteful to throw away meat, but I recollect your telling us, that after every meal the meat that is left is taken no care of, but

thrown away. What a pity it is that our poor people cannot have it!"

"I wish they could. But what will you think when I tell you that hundreds and hundreds of the heads and feet of oxen are constantly used for firing!"

"For firing! but people certainly cannot use them in their houses, they must smell so horribly. For what purpose do they use them?"

"The climate is so mild, that very little fuel of any kind is wanted in private houses, and none of their rooms have fireplaces or chimneys, for the cooking is always carried on in a separate building. It is on the brick grounds chiefly that this *animal fuel* is used, and the smell there is bad enough, as you may imagine. The heads and feet of the cattle which are killed for the use of the town—about six hundred daily—are piled up on the killing grounds for sale, as a regular article of firing. Two or three hundred carcases of horses may sometimes be seen near a brick kiln, and the same fuel is constantly used for burning lime; for this purpose sheep too are sometimes slaughtered at the door of the kiln, and immediately thrown in to burn."

"I know what is done with the skins of the horses and oxen, Papa, for I have heard you say that ship loads of them are sent to Europe, and to North America."

"Yes, and these 'Buenos Ayres hides,' as they are called, are *almost* the only things that they do

export. If the country had been peopled by Englishmen or Americans, they would export the *beef* as well as the hides; they would also export salt fish, wheat, and dried fruits, oranges and lemons, figs and olives, and a hundred other things which this most beautiful country produces. But as I told you before, the people are lazy, and the government gives no encouragement to industry."

"What did you mean, Papa, when you said that the Guachos knew how to throw the balls? They cannot kill animals by merely throwing balls at them, can they?"

"No, that is not their object. It is much easier to describe the balls than the lasso, the manner of using which you can form but an imperfect idea of without having seen it handled by these half savage men. The balls, which are three in number, and about as big as a middle-sized orange, are made of iron, and covered with raw hide. These are fastened together by thongs of the same material, and about two feet in length. One of the balls is taken in the hand, and the other two are swung round and round over the head for a few moments, and then thrown at the object with great force. They are hurled with unerring aim, and will entangle and tie together the legs of a horse or an ox, at the distance of thirty or

forty yards. The balls are used on horseback only, and are not nearly in such general use as the lasso. You know, I suppose, that Buenos Ayres is surrounded by plains that are hundreds of miles in extent—there is not a tree to be seen on them, but in the spring they are covered with the most luxuriant grass. In the summer, when the grass gets dry, it is frequently set fire to and burnt to dust; myriads of reptiles and other animals are destroyed in the conflagration, but the earth is soon covered again with verdure. In some parts of the country there are perfect forests of thistles, which grow with astonishing rapidity, and cover many hundreds of acres together."

"Are they like any of the thistles which grow here, Papa?"

"They are much larger and stronger than any that grow in England. They are from ten to twelve feet high, and grow so thick, that neither man nor beast can get through them, except where the roads have been trodden whilst they were small. The bakers heat their ovens with the stems of these gigantic thistles, but the rest of the inhabitants burn wood that is brought from the north side of the river, and some little peach-wood that is grown near the town."

"In some parts of South America there are immense forests, are not there, Papa? But I suppose they are at a great distance from Buenos Ayres?"

"There is no forest within several hundred miles of the town, and if there were, it would be no use unless there were roads across the country. The Waranihs, who as I told you were very industrious people, bring a good deal of palm-wood, which is used for the roofs of houses, for which purpose it is well adapted, as it is extremely light and durable; they also bring several other kinds of timber which is used in building, and for making their wonderfully clumsy carts. The smiths use coal, which is brought from England."

"And iron too, do they get that from England, or is it found in their own country? They must have iron for the wheels of the clumsy carts which you spoke of just now, Papa, and for horses' shoes too."

"You are mistaken, William, as to both these matters, for their carts which are of the very rudest construction, have not a particle of iron about them; and very few of their horses are ever shod, and those few, only on their fore feet."

"I should have thought that the horses' feet would be cut, and that they would be lamed if they were not shod."

"And so they certainly would on stony ground, but neither on the surface of the vast plains around Buenos Ayres, nor even in digging wells of any depth, is a stone of the smallest size to be seen. The greater part of the iron which they use is brought from England, though they have

native iron of excellent quality. There is a cannon foundry in the town of Buenos Ayres—the church of the Residencia, which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, is now used for this purpose. There is also a manufactory of small arms. It was there that I saw a mass of native iron which had been brought from a plain in the province of Tucumán, where great quantities lie on the surface of the ground.

"Anne and Mary will not care perhaps, to hear about such things, but you boys will understand when I tell you how much I was surprised to see it cut after a part had been heated, just as easily as any piece of hammered iron, for this iron is malleable by nature. I also saw where it had been cut by a chisel. But I think I see signs of weariness, and I had better not talk to you any more to night."

"Oh no! indeed, we are not tired, Papa, and it is not at all late. If you are not tired, I wish very much that you would tell us about fishing on horseback, for I cannot imagine how that is done."

"I suppose it is all fresh water fish that is caught so, is not it?"

"Yes, Mary; I do not remember to have seen any salt water fish there except mullet, which is brought from a salt lake about seventy miles distant. There are a great many kinds of fish, all different from those of Europe, but generally very

good. The river Plate is thirty-six miles wide at Buenos Ayres."

"Then Papa," interrupted Edwin; "you cannot see across it; that is wider than the British channel, some parts of it at least."

"You are quite right, you cannot see across it; and when you consider that the town of Buenos Ayres is one hundred and fifty miles from the sea, you may form some idea of the magnificence of the river. The sides of the stream are very shelving, and the descent is so gradual, that men can ride into it on horseback for a quarter of a mile or more. When they want to get fish, two men mounted on horses, carry between them a net about sixty feet in length, and made of the fibre of some South American tree. When they have got about a quarter of a mile from the shore, they separate, and let the net fall, except at the ends which they hold in their hands. Hauling the net along with them, they then ride slowly towards the beach, where carts are waiting to carry away the fish, which are so abundant, that several hundred are frequently caught at one haul."

"Well, that is something like fishing, indeed! How I should like to go a fishing on horseback, and catch hundreds at a time," said William. "Do they go shooting too? Are there many birds? You have not told us anything about the birds, Papa."

"There are birds innumerable; on the plains

there are wild turkeys, smaller than our domestic turkeys, but very good eating. Ostriches too, are numerous on the plains; and there are storks, swans, geese, and several kinds of ducks on the banks of the river. There are also beautiful little turtle doves, not at all larger than our sparrows, which you would admire very much. Just out of Buenos Ayres there are a great many burrowing owls, which are not nocturnal birds like those you are acquainted with; but they hunt their prey in the day time, and appear to live in the deserted subterranean villages of the marmots. But you asked me whether people go out shooting? They do not, and though pheasants and partridges are brought to Buenos Ayres market in great numbers by the Indians and Spaniards, not a shot can be found in them, for they are killed by men who ride full gallop among immense coveys, and strike them down with a long cane; another man follows and puts the dead birds into bags, made of ox-hide, which hang on each side of his saddle."

"What strange ways they seem to have, Papa, and how very different everything must be from what we are used to in England. . . . . and what a pity it seems that so beautiful a country should have such bad inhabitants. When you said it was such a fine climate, I suppose you meant that it was healthy as well as very pleasant?"

"There is not a healthier climate in the world, and instances of longevity are very common. I

have talked with a man who was a hundred and fifteen years old, and even at that great age he was able to walk daily."

"Was he born in Buenos Ayres, Papa, and had he lived there all his life?"

"No; he was a native of Old Castille, and had lived *only fifty years* in Buenos Ayres. He had been a soldier almost all his life."

"Did you know his name, Papa?"

"His name was Diego Antonio Fernandez, a real Spanish name. He died a short time after I saw him; and I should tell you, that though he could walk well, and seemed in good health, his sight and hearing were both very imperfect. But there was a still older man than Diego who died about the same time; he was a native of Buenos Ayres, his name was Godea, and he was buried in the church of Santo Domingo, at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven. I never saw him, but I know this to be true."

"Papa," said Anne, pointing to the table, "Mamma told me you purchased that beautiful vase when you were abroad. Did you buy it in Spain?"

"No, my dear; Spain cannot boast of such things. We are indebted to Italy for the finest specimens; although, thanks to the taste and skill of Josiah Wedgwood, England has now attained a prominent position in the manufacture of such articles."

"Papa," cried William, "do tell us something about this Josiah Wedgwood."

"It is fortunate, William, that you used the word 'something,' as I must confess my inability to give you all the particulars in the career of such a man. As my object, however, in these conversations is to induce a desire for further information, I will recount what occurred at the sale of the Portland vase, in the hope that at some future time it may lead you to read and ponder over the life of Josiah Wedgwood. The name of Wedgwood is a common one in Staffordshire, and to distinguish Josiah from the others, he is known as the 'great' Wedgwood. Born of humble parents, who were potters, Josiah was brought up to the same trade. At that time the English potters never got beyond the manufacture of common earthenware articles fit for every-day use, while other countries were supplying us with all that was beautiful in the art. Wedgwood determined on overcoming this. He began by copying foreign productions; then employed the best workmen and most gifted artists of the day. His success was as great as it was deserved. The copies which he made of what are known as the 'Etruscan vases' soon equalled the originals; and the name of Etruria, given to the village which sprung up under the genius of Wedgwood, is derived from the Roman province of that name. He spared on expense in obtaining the rarest specimens of

sculpture, cameos, medallions, and seals, as the incident I began by alluding to will show. What is known as the Barberini or Portland vase is said to have been dug up near Rome about the middle of the seventeenth century. Some antiquaries think it must have been made several centuries before the Christian era. When offered for sale in this country, Wedgwood appeared as one of the chief competitors, the other being the Duchess of Portland. Amid breathless anxiety the bidding went on, Wedgwood never faltering, till it reached the sum of eighteen hundred guineas. At this point the agent of the Duchess of Portland, seeing the determination of his opponent, and having ascertained that his object was to obtain copies, came round to Wedgwood and offered him the loan of the vase, provided he withdrew his opposition. To this proposal Wedgwood agreed. The vase was afterwards presented by the Duke of Portland to the British Museum, where it may now be seen. But we have been talking without recollecting how late it is getting, and we must be up early to-morrow morning."

"Oh yes, Papa, we shall be up in time: I don't believe I shall sleep at all to-night," said Anne, laughing.

It was beautiful autumn weather, and an excursion which had been looked forward to with much pleasure for some time was to be made the next day.

The morning was bright, and according to the promise their mother had made, she took all the children to spend a week at a little retired village on the coast. As they went for the sake of the sea and the pure air, and not for gaiety and fashion, they took a clean but very humble and inexpensive lodging near the top of the cliff which overlooked the ocean, within sight and within hearing of the mighty waters.

On their arrival, the children could hardly be induced to give themselves time to eat their dinner, so impatient were they to go down to the beach. Of course, baskets were indispensable, and even their mother confessed that she never liked to walk on the sands at low water, without a basket in her hand.

The first day, the younger children who had never seen the sea before, were tempted to pick up every bright and shining stone that they saw on the sands; but a little experience taught them that most of these stones lost their beauty when they were dry, and in their next ramble they were more select. Of shells there were not many, except such very common ones as whelks, oysters, and cockles; but they found many pieces of amber and of jet, some of which were large enough to cut into crosses, and others into hearts and rings.

The boys knew how do this with a common pocket knife and a small file—a watchmaker's file is best for the purpose—and after the cutting

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and filing were satisfactorily accomplished, they polished the trinkets with a little crocus-powder on wash-leather.

"Oh William! what a pity!" exclaimed Mary, who had been watching her brother as he was carefully drilling a hole in an amber heart which he had just finished. "What a pity to have broken a great piece out of the side, just as you had polished it so beautifully. What will you do with it?"

"I can't do anything with it, it is quite spoilt, and the worst of it is that I am just as likely to spoil the cross I made for Anne, if I try to drill a hole in it. I wish I knew how to do it without splitting them."

"I believe I can show you," said his mother, laying down her sewing. "Give me the broken piece that is of no value, and give me a cork, and we will soon drill a hole through even the thickest part without any danger of breaking it."

His mother then took a middle-sized needle, and stuck the head of it firmly into a common wine-cork, so as to make a handle. She then took the candle towards her, and held the point of the needle in the flame till it was red-hot, and then instantly pressed it hard against the piece of amber which she held with her left hand, close to the flame. In a short time the needle burnt through the amber without in the least splitting or chipping the edges. The boys immediately

tried to do it themselves, and found no difficulty with either the amber or the jet.

The weather was so fine that the greater part of their time was spent out of doors, but in the evening for an hour or two before they went to bed, they amused themselves with sorting the stones and sea-weeds they had gathered during the day.

Some of the large and coarse-looking sea-weeds they merely dried by hanging them up in the open air, but the more delicate kinds they preserved in a different manner, which I will describe for the benefit of those young people who may have opportunities of collecting sea-weeds without knowing this easy method of preserving them.

In the first place, they should never be washed in fresh water; if it is necessary to wash them at all, in order to get rid of sand or dirt, it is best to shake them in sea-water till they are clean, and if it is not convenient to *mount* them immediately, you had better lay them out separately on an earthen dish to dry; some kinds can be mounted just as well after they have been kept a few days, provided they have not become mouldy or decayed by being huddled together while they were wet. All the apparatus that you will require will be a large, flat, white dish, and a long pin, or a netting needle; you must also have some stout printing paper, or drawing paper.

I said a *white* dish, because the forms of the

sea-weeds are seen so much better on it than on a coloured one.

If the specimen you are about to mount is too thick and bushy, it will be advisable to pick off some of the fibres or leaves, or it will be impossible to make it lie flat on the paper, but many very beautiful plants may be preserved without any mutilation. Let your sheets of paper be somewhat larger than the specimens you intend to mount on them, so as to leave a good margin, and room to write the name of the plant, *and the place in which it was found,* beneath it. Now, having nearly filled the dish with water—either salt or fresh—lay the sea-weed in, and spread it out as nicely as possible with the netting-needle; now, take the sheet of paper, and carefully slip it under the plant — shake it gently, till the sea-weed is well spread out over the paper, then lift it carefully, letting the water run off as much as possible; arrange again with your needle, and lay a folded handkerchief over the sea-weed to absorb the moisture. Then press with a moderate weight, such as a large book, and you will generally find that when dry, the sea-weeds will stick as close to the paper as if they had been gummed on—closer, indeed, as there is no substance between them and the paper.

Managing the sea-weeds in this way, and learning by experience a great many little niceties in the manner of preserving them, the children had,

by the end of the week, made a very beaut ful collection to carry home. Amongst their treasures they also possessed a fossil oyster, and a large fragment of an elephant's tooth: these were both found on the beach at low water.

The moon was at the full the last day that was to be spent by the sea-side, and the tide had been very high. About seven o'clock in the evening the tide would be out, and it was arranged that the party should have tea at six, and afterwards go for a farewell walk on the sands. The weather was so warm, and the evening would be so light, and the moon would look so glorious, rising from the sea and making that wondrously beautiful rippled path of light across the water, and everything seemed to promise so much pleasure in this late evening stroll, that when, during tea-time, their mother expressed some misgivings that rain was not far distant, the children were very unwilling to believe that the black clouds which were gathering towards the south and west were anything more than the shades of evening. "At any rate the rain will not come just yet, Mamma, so let us go out as soon as possible," said Anne, rising from the tea-table as she spoke; and as Anne's prompt movement was followed by the rest of the party, in a very few minutes they were all upon the beach. The sun was set, and the moon had not yet risen, and the clouds looked more and more threatening.

"We shall not mind a *little* rain," said Mary, as on looking up at the black clouds, she felt first one drop and then another fall on her face.

"But it is not a *little rain* that we are going to have. Mamma, we had better go back, for I believe if we stay here ten minutes longer, we shall be very wet."

Great heavy rain-drops now fell faster and faster, and thunder was heard grumbling at a distance. Fortunately the cottage on the cliff was very near, so that all the party got back without any greater inconvenience than what was caused by a hurried scramble up the gangway.

For some time the children stood at the windows looking at the sea as it was from time to time lighted up by the flashes of lightning, which making every object distinctly visible for an instant, seemed to be followed by utter darkness. The rain still poured down steadily, but after a while the lightning became less and less vivid, and there was no longer anything to be seen from the windows.

"Mamma, what shall we do? our books are all packed up, and so are our pieces of jet and amber—we have nothing to read, and nothing to do—it is very tiresome. How I wish it had been fine to-night!"

"I wish so too, my dear; it is a great disappointment, and I own that I also am quite at a loss what to do, for as we start for home early

to-morrow morning, I have packed up everything except the clothes we shall want for our journey, and I cannot even get my netting without more trouble than I am inclined to take about it."

"Then Mamma, if you have nothing to read, and cannot get your sewing or netting, would you tell us a story? one of those nice long stories that you tell us sometimes in a winter's evening."

"Indeed Mary, I hardly see how I can escape, since I have confessed that I have nothing I can do! My story will be a poor substitute for the pleasant walk we had all reckoned on this evening, but I will do the best I can—give me a little time to arrange my thoughts, while you settle yourselves comfortably in your seats."

The children soon settled themselves comfortably, and their mother having taken a few minutes for reflection, then told them the following story of

THE BEAR OF BERRIWIG.

Once upon a time there lived a gentleman who was a great merchant, and he was very good and very rich. He lived in the most beautiful part of England, in a fine house with gardens all round, and tall trees, and sweet flowering shrubs, and shady green walks and arbours of honeysuckles and jasmine. And singing birds flew amongst the shrubs without any

fear of being hurt, for this good gentleman never let them be disturbed. Even the pretty bright yellow Canary birds flew about the garden, and built their nests and hatched their young ones in the snug sheltered places this kind gentleman had made there for them.

A little stream, whose water was so clear that one could see the shining white pebbles at the bottom, ran winding through the garden; and across the stream were several pretty wooden bridges, with light rails on each side, which were partly covered by flowering creepers which hung down and almost touched the water below.

On one side of the garden, and at some distance, were high hills, and on the other side was a great wood—such a great wood that nobody knew how big it was. There were many pleasant paths in the wood, but they wound about so strangely, and branched out in so many directions, that a person would soon have lost himself had he not been stopped from going too far by curious high iron gates, which were always locked, and nobody knew who kept the keys, nor where the paths on the other side of the gates led to.

Now the good gentleman who lived in the great house with the beautiful gardens all round, had three daughters, but he had no wife, for she, poor lady, had been dead several years. And he was very fond of his daughters, and very kind to them, and often when he came home from his travels in

distant countries, he would bring them presents of curious things, such as are not to be found in England. He had a great many books, too, written in all sorts of languages under the sun, and he often used to sit in his study and read some of them. And then his youngest daughter, Ursula, would come and sit by him, for she loved her father better than any body else in the world, and she liked to talk to him, and learn wisdom and goodness from him.

Her two sisters, whose names were Calumnia and Invidia, did not care to learn anything that was good or useful; they cared only for fine dress and for balls and grand parties, and for show and glitter. So they laughed at poor little Ursula, and called her a stupid little hum-drum when she staid at home with her father, instead of gadding about with them. And they teazed her, and mocked at her, but Ursula was so happy with her father that she forgot all their ill-treatment as soon as they were out of sight.

But when one day the good merchant told his children that he was going away from home to a far distant country, and that he should not come back for many months, little Ursula was very unhappy, and she could not help crying. Calumnia and Invidia were not at all unhappy, though they pretended to be so—they were very glad, for they knew when their father was gone nobody would have any control over them, and they thought,

like silly girls as they were, that they must be very happy, as they would have a great deal of money to spend, and could do just what they pleased.

Next morning their father called his three daughters into his study, where there were so many books, and a great globe, and a telescope, and a mariner's compass, and an electrical machine, and a great many other curious things that Ursula liked to learn about. And the good merchant kissed his children and told them how sorry he was to leave them, but that he hoped they would be very good in his absence. And then he gave his keys to his eldest daughter, Calumnia, and told her where his money was kept, and that she and her sisters might take what they wanted. And he told them they might have all they wished for, and do whatever they liked, and that he hoped they would be very good and very happy. "There is only one thing, my dear daughters, that I forbid you touching or meddling with—you know what that is!"

Now you must know that this rich merchant amongst his curiosities, had one that he valued above all the rest. He had bought it of a very ancient Persian magician for a great sum of money. It was by no means beautiful, for it was merely a black wooden stool, made of ebony, with twisted legs, each of which ended in an eagle's claw holding a bright green glass ball. These glass balls formed the four feet of the stool. It was not

for its beauty then that the merchant valued this stool, but for its wonderful properties; for whosoever sat on this ebony stool and wished a wish, behold! the wish was instantly fulfilled.

The good merchant very seldom used it, for he was wise enough to know that it would not be good for us to have our wishes granted all in a hurry, and he kept the Wishing Stool, as it was called, carefully locked up in a closet in his study. His daughters had seen it, and knew where it was kept, but neither they nor any other person had ever been allowed to sit on it.

Calumnia answered that she would obey her father, and that though she had his keys, she would not for the world think of unlocking the closet in which the Wishing Stool was locked up.

"And you, Invidia, what do you say?" "Oh, father, you have been so good to us that indeed we have nothing to wish for. I would not sit on the Wishing Stool even if you had given me leave?"

"And my little Ursula, does she promise to obey me in my absence?" Poor Ursula could not answer her father for crying, she was so sorry to lose him; but when Invidia saw this, she whispered in his ear that Ursula was crying because she could not have the Wishing Stool to sit on when she pleased, and that she was afraid she would be very disobedient and troublesome when he was gone. This made the merchant very uneasy; but after thinking for a few minutes, he said, "Now,

my dears, I must be gone; it is past noon, and my horses are waiting. I wish to know whether you are worthy of the trust I place in you. Make what use you please of my riches and of every thing in my house, but do not touch the Wishing Stool;" and once more bidding them all farewell, the good merchant got into his carriage and drove away.

"Let us go into the garden," said Invidia to her elder sister, "this study of my father's is so dull and gloomy I cannot bear to stay in it. Nothing but books, books, books, all round, and those queer glass affairs that he thinks so precious, standing about so that one is almost afraid to move, I am sure *they* are not very pretty."

"No, indeed, nor that frightful globe, nor the telescope that Ursula pretends she can see mountains in the moon through. I cannot think why my father fills his study with such ugly things, instead of having pretty china, and cut glass, and wax flowers, and pretty images."

So away went Calumnia and Invidia, taking no notice of poor Ursula, who could not get over her grief at her father's departure.

The next day was spent by the elder girls in making plans for gaiety, and in sending invitations to the neighbouring grandees for a splendid ball which they intended to give. They ordered the most expensive dresses they could think of for themselves, and desired that their

footmen should all have splendid new liveries of scarlet cloth bedizened with a profusion of gold lace. Costly ornaments were procured for the ball-room, and the whole house was to be lighted up with coloured lamps. They could think of nothing, and talk of nothing, but the grand ball they were about to give. They did not consult Ursula, or ask her what she wished, poor girl, for they looked down upon her, and thought she was quite beneath their notice; so while they shut themselves up together, and were planning the greatest extravagancies, she spent her time in her father's study or amongst the birds in the garden, and still oftener she rambled among the tall trees and the beautiful wild flowers in the great wood.

Here she might have been lost but for an old forester who was very fond of her, and who used to show her the prettiest paths, and tell her where the sweetest flowers grew; and often, when she was tired, she would sit down with old Sylvan under the sweeping branches of a great cedar tree, and then he would tell her wonderful stories of giants and of dwarfs, and of fairies and magicians, such as there used to be in old times. And Ursula was never tired of hearing his strange stories.

Now one day that Ursula had gone farther into the wood than usual with old Sylvan, they came to one of the high iron gates which I told you of. Sylvan was going to turn back, but Ursula stopped him, and looking through the curiously wrought

iron trellis-work, she said, "Sylvan, I should like very much to go through this gate and see where that smooth grass path leads to—it must be to some beautiful place, I think: do you know—did you ever go?"

"No, Miss, never. I have been a forester in this wood for a great many years, and I know every path in it, but I never saw one of those gates open: there are seven of them, all alike, exactly."

"But who lives there, Sylvan. Somebody must, I am sure. Do tell me what you know about these beautiful gates."

"Well Miss, I will tell you what I know. When you were quite a little child, your good father bid me not tell you, for he thought you would be afraid to come and play here, if you knew who lived within those gates; but now you have sense enough to know that he would not let you come here if there was any danger. Within those gates lives the BEAR OF BERRIWIG."

Ursula shrunk back a little.

"You need not fear, my dear child, nobody ever heard of his doing any harm; and if by chance he sees any stranger, he gets out of the way as fast as possible. On fine moon-light nights he sometimes comes into the forest, but it is very seldom I am sure, for I have seen him only twice all the years I have been forester."

Ursula was more grave than ever when she got home, for she could think of little else than what

old Sylvan had told her about the Bear of Berriwig. This made her sisters still more cross to her than they usually were.

"Why don't you get a ball dress, Ursula," asked Calumnia; "recollect it is only three nights before the ball, and you have nothing fit to wear, child."

"Ursula is so much wiser than we," said the spiteful Invidia, "that I dare say she would rather spend the evening in the wood with her favourite companion old Sylvan, particularly as it will be a full moon on our ball night."

At the words *full moon,* Ursula coloured and felt confused; the thoughts of the Bear's coming out on moon-light nights, rushed into her mind, and she answered her sister quickly: "Oh, no indeed! I do not at all wish to go into the wood; I will get whatever dress you like, and come to the ball."

"Indeed! that is more than I expected from so wise a young lady. Come, you shall see our dresses," said Calumnia, and she showed her ball finery to her sister with much satisfaction.

"How I wish I had diamonds, dear Invidia, the Princess Arrogantia, and the Countess Perdives, will wear their splendid diamonds. Our dresses will be nothing compared with theirs!" and she looked with something like disdain on her rich ball dress.

"I do not care so very much about the dia-

monds," replied Invidia; "but I have been thinking that when we go to the Countess's grand dinner party next week, we shall cut a very shabby figure in my father's old yellow chariot, with only a pair of grey horses. I should like to go in an open carriage, drawn by four cream-coloured horses—six would be better—with long tails; and oh! how the scarlet and gold liveries would blaze in the sun."

"And why should not we have diamonds, and why should not we have a carriage and six? You know we could if . . . . . ;" and then Calumnia drew her sister apart, and whispered something in her ear.

"Ursula!"

Ursula started, for she had already guessed what her sisters were going to propose.

"Ursula! I hope you are not a tell-tale?"

"I hope not," replied Ursula. "I am sure I wish to be kind and obliging to everybody."

"Oh, yes, of course; but now you must promise to tell no tales. My father needs not know that we have just opened the closet, and looked at the Wishing Stool . . . . You know there can be no harm in that!" And so saying, Calumnia took an old-fashioned twisted key from her pocket, and unlocked the door of the closet in which the curious ebony stool was kept.

"Oh pray do not meddle with it—pray do not take it out of the closet—you know our dear

father forbid us, and we promised we would not, and he trusted us. Oh pray, do not!"

"Nonsense, child, my father will know nothing about the matter."

"Ah, that's right, Invidia, take it out and let us look at it," and Invidia lifted the stool from the closet, and set it in the middle of her father's study.

"Come, let us each have one wish—just one; you are the eldest, Calumnia, so you ought to have the first. The diamonds, you know!"

Trembling a little from fear of what might happen, Calumnia in a hurried manner sat herself down on the ebony stool. "I wish, I wish," cried she, "I wish that I had a diamond necklace, and car-rings, and bracelets, twice as handsome as the Princess Arrogantia's," and Calumnia was silent, for a sweet musical sound was heard throughout the room; and while she was looking in every direction, trying to discover where the sounds came from, she felt something heavy fall into her lap. She started up, and opening the crimson morocco jewel-case which had fallen, lo! she beheld the most magnificent set of diamonds that were ever brought from Golconda. Calumnia's exultation knew no bounds; whilst Invidia hardly gave herself time to look at the precious stones, so great was her impatience to sit on the enchanted stool herself.

"I wish, I wish," she exclaimed, the instant she was seated, "I wish that I had an open

carriage and six cream-coloured horses with long manes and tails!"

Hardly had the wish passed her lips, when the sound of carriage wheels, and the trampling of horses, were heard rapidly approaching the house. The two girls flew to the window. Invidia was out of her wits with delight, but suddenly recollecting that she had left the ebony stool in the middle of the room, she turned back, and was going to replace it in the closet.

"No, no," cried Calumnia, "Ursula shall wish too, and then she can't say anything about us. Come, Ursula, sit down."

"Oh no! dear sister. I cannot,—I do not wish for anything,—indeed I do not."

"Nonsense, you do,—I am sure you do,—everybody does. Think now, quick, what do you wish for most?"

"Oh, nothing; pray put the stool in its place again — what will my father think when he knows . . . . ."

"Hold your tongue about my father, and sit down this minute, or I will make you do it," said Calumnia, who was getting very angry and impatient. Still Ursula refused, and the two wicked girls seeing that they could not persuade her to disobey her father, suddenly seizing her one on each side by the shoulders, forced her to sit down on the stool.

In vain Ursula struggled and tried to rise, her

sisters held her down, till greatly terrified, sobbing, and not thinking what she said, she cried out, "I wish—I wish—I wish that the BEAR OF BERRIWIG would come and take me away!"

Scarcely had her sisters begun to laugh at her for so absurd a wish, when a low growling noise was heard at a distance; it grew louder as it rapidly approached the house, and a minute or two afterwards they heard the pattering of foot-steps, as if of some large and heavy animal coming up the great oak stair-case. Calumnia shrieked and ran towards the window; Invidia sunk on her knees and buried her face in the sofa cushions; Ursula sat motionless, and as if spell-bound, on the Wishing Stool. The growling increased—the study door flew open, and in walked a large brown bear. His curly coat was long and glossy, his tail was bushy, and his back very wide and flat. The horror of the merchant's three daughters cannot be described!

The bear stood still for a moment, and then walked slowly round the room. As he passed Calumnia and Invidia, he stopped and gave a deep growl. He then went gently towards Ursula, who jumped up and ran from him, but the moment she rose, the bear seized the box of jewels and the Wishing Stool, and carrying them off to the closet, locked them up and took away the key.

The two elder girls were so completely stupified

with terror, that they saw nothing of all this, and heard nothing but the beating of their own hearts. But Ursula began to recover herself, and to breathe more freely. She remembered what old Sylvan had said: "Nobody ever heard of his doing any harm;" so when he again approached her in a very humble manner, she did not retreat. He came nearer and nearer, and bowed his head respectfully, then knelt down at Ursula's feet, and raising his fore paw, gently drew her on his back. Ursula trembled a little, when she felt herself quickly moving towards the door. On went the bear down the great oak staircase, through the marble hall and out at the portico. There stood the open carriage and the cream-coloured horses. The Bear gave a terrific growl, and the horses, who had no driver to restrain them, set off at full gallop towards the wood, and never stopped to take breath till they came to one of the seven iron gates which enclosed the BEAR OF BERRIWIG'S domains.

In the meanwhile the Bear trotted away with Ursula comfortably seated on his back. On, on, through her father's garden—on, on, through the wood and under the great cedar trees—on, on, till he came to the iron gate where the carriage and horses stood. There he stopped, and setting his paw on a spring that was hidden in the earth, the tall iron gates instantly flew open. In went the carriage and horses—in went the BEAR OF BERRI-

WIG and Ursula. The great gates closed after them—closed with a musical sound which echoed far and wide through the woods.

This must have been the signal of the Bear's return home, for before the echoes had died away, a servant in a plain brown livery came forth to meet them. On a sign from his master, the servant mounted the coach-box and was soon out of sight. Still the Bear trotted on. The broad green paths were as smooth as velvet. The trees were more beautiful than any that Ursula had ever seen. Presently they came to a garden where clustering roses were trained in arches over their heads. From the garden they passed into a conservatory, in which the Bear stopped for a few seconds and raised his paw as if to direct Ursula's attention to a device tastefully composed of moss roses on a ground of ivy leaves—

"THESE ARE MINE AND SHALL BE THINE."

They next entered a noble hall decorated with beautiful statues and busts of the purest marble. Again the Bear made a sign for Ursula to look up, and over the entrance she saw in letters of gold the same words as those she had just read—

"THESE ARE MINE AND SHALL BE THINE."

The Bear next carried her through a magnificent drawing-room, ball-room, and library. Then up the grand staircase and through I know not how many fine rooms, but in every one of them the

same motto caught her eye, and even in the painted glass windows of the staircase the words—

"THESE ARE MINE AND SHALL BE THINE,"

were ingeniously introduced in a scroll.

At length the Bear came to a pretty dressing-room, where the Bear, first kneeling down in order to allow Ursula to alight, bowed and left her.

"Am I in a dream," said Ursula to herself, "or is all this real, and is this beautiful house really to be mine?" And more questions she most likely would have asked herself, but at that moment she heard a gentle tap at the door. She opened it, and a pretty maid-servant entering, curtsied and told her she was come to wait on her and obey all her commands.

"Then first of all tell me whose palace this is, for it is more like a palace than a house."

"The BEAR OF BERRIWIG is our good master, and lord of all that is here."

"But who is the BEAR OF BERRIWIG? and how do you understand him? he cannot speak, can he?"

"No, but we understand his signs, and he is very good to us, and we are very happy here, and I hope your ladyship will be very happy here, too."

"But you have not told me what I most want to know—how comes a great shaggy brown bear to be master of this beautiful place?"

"I cannot tell you. We know no more than

you do. It is no use asking — nobody can tell you."

Ursula was more curious than ever, and when the Bear came again and knelt before her, she stroked his head and ears, and praised his gentle manners.

Time passed away very pleasantly. Ursula had everything she could wish for, and the Bear was her constant companion.

"How I wish you could speak, my kind, good Bear!" said she one day; "you know all that I say; how I wish you could answer me!"

The Bear sighed deeply.

"My poor dear Bear! why do you sigh? Everybody here is happy, but you often sigh, and look unhappy."

The Bear sighed again, and hung down his head.

Full of gratitude and compassion, Ursula put her arm round his neck, and kissed his rough forehead.

The Bear looked up in her face; his eyes sparkled with joy.

"My dear, good Bear!" exclaimed Ursula, "how much I love you!"

The moment she finished speaking, the Bear, who till then had been on his knees before her, rose on his hind feet, and stood perfectly upright. Much alarmed, Ursula put her hands before her face, and shut her eyes.

"Do not be afraid, my beautiful Ursula," said a pleasant voice, and she felt her hand taken by some one who was not a bear. What was Ursula's astonishment when on opening her eyes she beheld, instead of a bear, a graceful young gentleman standing before her, and all that remained of the Bear was the shaggy brown coat which lay at her feet. "Do not run away from me, Ursula! if you were not afraid of me when I was in the shape of a beast, surely you need not fear me now. Listen to me while I tell you my strange history."

Ursula sat down again, and listened attentively to the young man's story:—

"My father was a great lord, and owned this palace and miles of country round it. It is surrounded by woods and mountains, and seven iron gates inclose the domain. My mother was a very good and beautiful lady, but unhappily for me, both my parents died when I was very young, and I was taken charge of by my godmother who was a cruel enchantress, which my poor mother did not know. One day when she had been more than usually harsh with me, I answered her disrespectfully, whereupon she told me that I was not worthy to be called Felix—as my parents had named me—for I was no better than a bear!

"I got still more angry, and not reflecting on the mischief I might bring upon myself by offending her, I foolishly replied that I would

rather be a bear all my days than a wicked sorceress, as she was!

"I never shall forget her terrible rage; she caught me by my hair, which was long and curling, and twisting her hard sharp claws into it, she shook me till I almost lost my senses.

"At length she stopped to take breath.

"'Then be a bear—a great, shaggy, brown bear, for the rest of your days!' she shrieked out—'or till some fair lady tells you that she loves you!' added she, with a fiendish laugh at the very thought of such a thing; 'be a bear, but with the knowledge and feelings of a man, to make your punishment complete!'

"Inexpressible horror came over me—I was transformed! and for ten long years I have lived under her wicked enchantment. She is dead now, and can do me no more ill. It was her hatred and malice that made me a bear—it was your love that has changed me from a Bear to a Man! Say now that you will share my fortune with me, and I shall be completely happy."

"Then now I understand," replied Ursula, smiling, "what was meant by that motto which I have seen in so many places! But what will my dear father say when he comes home?"

"He is home. I learned from my servants that he came home yesterday, quite unexpectedly, and that he is very unhappy at your absence. Shall we go and see him this very day?"

"Oh, yes, this very minute! Oh, what a kind, good ——," and Ursula stopped short—she had forgotten Felix's name.

"BEAR, you were going to say, but I am Felix now, and no longer a Bear."

The carriage that Invidia had WISHED FOR, with a pair of cream-coloured horses, took Felix and Ursula to her father's house. Great were the rejoicings on her return, and at her request her sisters were forgiven. Felix gave up the key of the closet, and after telling his wonderful story to the good merchant and his two daughters, he was married to Ursula, by special license of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the study.

Her father presented Ursula with the case of jewels, and he would have given the ebony stool, with its twisted legs and its bird-like claws to his son-in-law, but Felix declared that he already had everything his heart could wish, and moreover, he whispered to Ursula that the claws put him so much in mind of his godmother's, when she cast that frightful spell over him, that he could not bear to look at them.

In the evening there were all kinds of rejoicing —music, dancing, and fireworks—which were to be ended by an immense bonfire which the old merchant ordered to be built up in an open part of the wood, saying that he would himself see the topmost faggot laid on it before it was lighted.

When all was ready he came towards the pile,

followed by an active young lad carrying a bag over his shoulder.

The boy set down the bag.

"Untie it," said the merchant, "and take out the old stool that you will find there."

The boy did so.

"Now, my boy, can you climb up and set this old stool on the very top of the pile."

"To be sure I can, Master;" and up the boy went as quick as a squirrel, placed the old stool on the top of the pile, and scrambled down again in a minute.

"What is our good master thinking about?" whispered one to another in the crowd, "burning a good stool in a bonfire!—he must be crazy—but he always was a strange man."

"Now for the torch"—and the enormous pile of wood and pitch and tar was fired in half a dozen places at once. First a crackling noise—a little light—then volumes of smoke, black, gray, white, red, as the flames broke forth, and streaming up higher and higher, lighted up everything around. Higher and higher still, lighting all the faces below, lighting the beautiful iron gates, lighting the tops of the cedar trees. And now a strange whizzing noise, and a great crash, and four twisted red and green flames were seen to issue from the top of the pile.

The people believed that, under the form of an old-fashioned stool, the good gentleman had de-

vised this beautiful firework. "For," said they, "he was always a strange man, and had very queer things in that study of his."

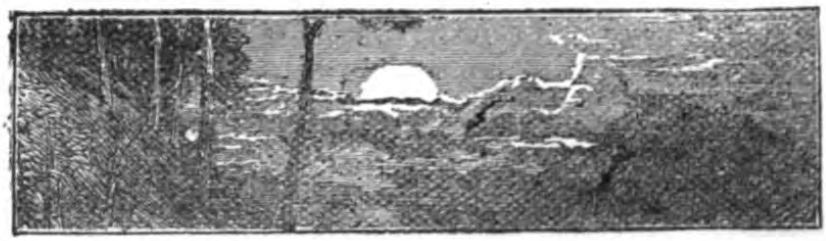
The merchant said to himself as he saw its last ashes blown away by the breeze, "There's an end of the WISHING STOOL!"

Felix and Ursula lived together as happily as such good people ought to live. The shaggy brown coat which had fallen at Ursula's feet when he was disenchanted, was converted into a hearth rug for her pretty little dressing-room. There it still lies, and behold! this is all that now remains of

THE BEAR OF BERRIWIG!

"Oh, Mamma! I like that story very much: did you ever read it, or did you make it up yourself?"

"I never read it, and I did not *make it up*, as you call it, either. A very old lady told it me when I was much younger than you are, Anne, and I used to be very fond of hearing it repeated when I was a child.—But we will not talk any more, for it is getting late, so I shall say as Isaak Walton says, 'Good night to everybody, and thank God we have a dry house over our heads.'"



LITTLE NELLY'S STORY;

OR,

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HOOP.

BY GERALDINE STEWART.

CHAPTER I.

"MAMMA," said little Nelly, one day to Mrs. Dunford, "tell me another story. Not the one about the Doll, over again, for I know it by heart now, but something as nice."

"Some story as nice as the one of Dolly's Adventures. Why, Nelly, I am afraid that will be difficult to find; but come and we shall look over those new Story Books which Uncle Bob sent us lately, and perhaps we may find one to suit your taste. Kitty and Adèle read them over, and they think them very pretty." And Mrs. Dunford opened a drawer in the writing table and took out several books. They were bright and beautiful in their bindings, and they had pictures in them; but she said she was afraid they were too long for Nelly, for she was a very little girl, a great many years younger than her sisters, and she could only understand little stories. Nelly

was quite disappointed. She said: "Surely Uncle Bob would send one for me," and then she leant on her Mamma's lap, and stretched her little neck, and looked into the drawer, and gave a jump and a laugh, for she saw as she peeped, far back in the corner, a beautiful little book with a red cover, and she knew that it was for her.

"Ah," said Mrs. Dunford, "your little eyes are sharper than mine; I did not notice this one. Let me see what it is called," and she took it out and opened it, and read the "History of a Hoop."

"A hoop! What kind of hoop, Mamma? not like this, surely," and Nelly tapped her Mamma's dress, and laughed, for she was a roguish little girl, and had seen *Mr. Punch's* pictures of the poor ladies and their *crinoline,* which he is always laughing at.

"No, Miss Puss, not that, but a hoop like Tommy Bellingham's."

"Oh, I know: a toy hoop. Oh, do let me hear about that, Mamma. May I sit upon your knee, or shall I get my little stool and sit beside you?"

"Get your little stool, for you fidget about so, you would fatigue me."

Nelly ran out of the room, and presently came back with her little stool, a very diminutive article, which had been made for her *very own,* as she said, that she might carry it about as she liked; and placing it quite close to her Mamma's chair, she sat down upon it, and putting her little hand

into her mother's and nestling up to her, said: "Now, darling Mamma, please begin."

Mrs. Dunford then read as follows:

CHAPTER II.

A NUMBER of playthings were shut up one day in the nursery at Fairlie Castle, for all the little children were gone to town, and the shutters had not been opened, and they had had no variety for a great many hours. They had often been shut up before, and so they did not grumble, for it was, they knew, just their lot, and it would be useless to make a fuss about what could not be helped; but, somehow, they could not avoid feeling dull on this particular day. Perhaps it was because they had had more fun than usual for some months past, for there were dear, little, merry twins added to the nursery party since the children had been in Scotland the year before; and they were always creeping and tumbling about and playing with everything they could get hold of, in their own pretty way. And though they sometimes did rather annoy the toys by trying to put them into their little mouths, and sucking things that were never meant to be sucked, as if they were quite as nice for their little gums as their ivory rings and coral sticks; still they liked to feel the soft fingers, and it was cheerful to have so much company, and now the perfect quiet and rest after such constant play was depressing.

One poor Humming-top was the first to speak. She was a gay little thing, and had been always whirling about, and so the stillness was very sad to her. Her voice was low and sweet as she said:

"Oh dear, this quiet is so dreary, I shall die of it."

Shuttlecock, who was near her, said: "It really is too bad not to give us a little light, but suppose we try to amuse ourselves, though we can't see, we can always hear each other speak."

"Speak!" said a great fat Ball, who was stupid and lazy, "what fun could their be in that? I think it would be far better just to sleep, like the dormouse, till next year."

"Well, you may do so," said a number of voices from Noah's Ark, "but we should like the conversation."

"Let us all tell stories then," said Humming-top, "and sing songs."

"But who is to begin? There will always be a work about it, unless we have some regular order."

"The oldest should begin," Shuttlecock said.

"Yes, but how are we to know who *is* the oldest? You know that is a subject people are always apt to make mistakes about; and we may give offence," whispered Battledore, slily.

This was a dilemma; but the party were soon relieved by a voice from the closet where the large toys were kept.

"I shall spare you all further trouble on that point," it said. "I have no doubt I am older

than any of you, and if I can amuse you, I shall be glad to do my best."

"Who are you? I never heard your voice before," said Battledore.

"Ah! I dare say I have never appeared in public since you came; but I am not only the oldest toy inhabitant of the Castle, but also the person of most ancient descent, and of the greatest age here."

"I don't think we ought to taunt each other about birth," said a Dutch Doll; "it isn't nice."

"Oh, I do not mean to do so; I was merely you that I am Hoop, you will readily believe me." mentioning a fact," said the voice; "and when I tell

"Oh, you must have seen a great deal. Pray tell us your story," cried several voices.

"From my peculiar position for many years, I did not see much, but I have heard and felt a great deal."

"Begin, begin then, and we shall listen patiently," said Humming-top, who was quite on the *qui vive* for Hoop's story.

"I don't know that you will find what I have to say very amusing after all, but perhaps it may interest and instruct you," said he, clearing his throat. "If you are wearied of it just say so, and I shall stop at any moment."

"I am sure we shall not tire," said Battledore, politely.

"Well, then," began Hoop, "my earliest recollections are of hanging upon the tip of a wide-spreading branch of an ancient oak which grew in

Sherwood forest. I was an acorn then, and I remember thinking it a very pleasant thing to see the leaves all round, and the sun glancing through them, and the grass and flowers below; and I liked, when a shower fell, to see the drops glistening afterwards; and I used to try to catch one, and keep it beside me as long as possible, the soothing coolness of it was so delightful.

"Troops of gay cavaliers used sometimes to pass by, and then I watched the glitter of their trappings, and wondered at the bright colours of their saddle-cloths, and the burnished appearance of their armour, for in these days people always travelled equipped with warlike weapons. And I used to quiver all over with excitement when the chase was up, and the loud braying of the hounds sounded through the forest, as they sped after the bounding deer. And then would come the huntsman's call, summoning the dogs back again, when all was over with their prey, and the sounds of sport would die away again, and stillness fall upon the leafy glades once more. These were the exciting times of my childhood; generally, however, I led a quiet life enough; but I heard a good deal of improving talk sometimes.

"When we had one of these noisy days, the parental oak used to say, 'Changed times since I was young;' and then he would tell how he remembered when oaks were sacred trees, and when, instead of men gallopping past halloing and

shouting after deer and dogs, the venerable Druids used to sit beneath his shade, and give council to those who came to consult them. In those days, gaudy raiments, and helmets, and all that sort of thing, were unknown. The Britons were not expensive and extravagant then in their habits. Their chief adornment was a blue dye, with which they stained their persons, and which of course rendered journeying a very simple matter indeed, as they did not, in those circumstances, require much luggage. I used to think it was rather a change for the better, that people should be well dressed; but my parent did not think so. He said, if I had been accustomed to it, I should have thought the blue paint a very handsome dress; and that for his part he did not like new fashions, and what were called improvements. 'I can understand now,' Hoop remarked with a sigh, 'how he should have looked back with fondness to the Druids and the Britons, for I find that what is associated with one's youth, has a charm which nothing else can ever possess. I look back with regret to my childhood, though it was a somewhat lawless period, as you will hear presently; and no spectacle, however grand now, seems so gorgeous to me as the hunting parties I used to witness in Sherwood Forest.'"

"Oh! please don't stop," cried Humming-top, for Hoop, overcome for a moment by those recollections of his childhood, had paused, "it is so

interesting, and I cannot imagine how ever you grew into a Hoop. Do tell us all about it."

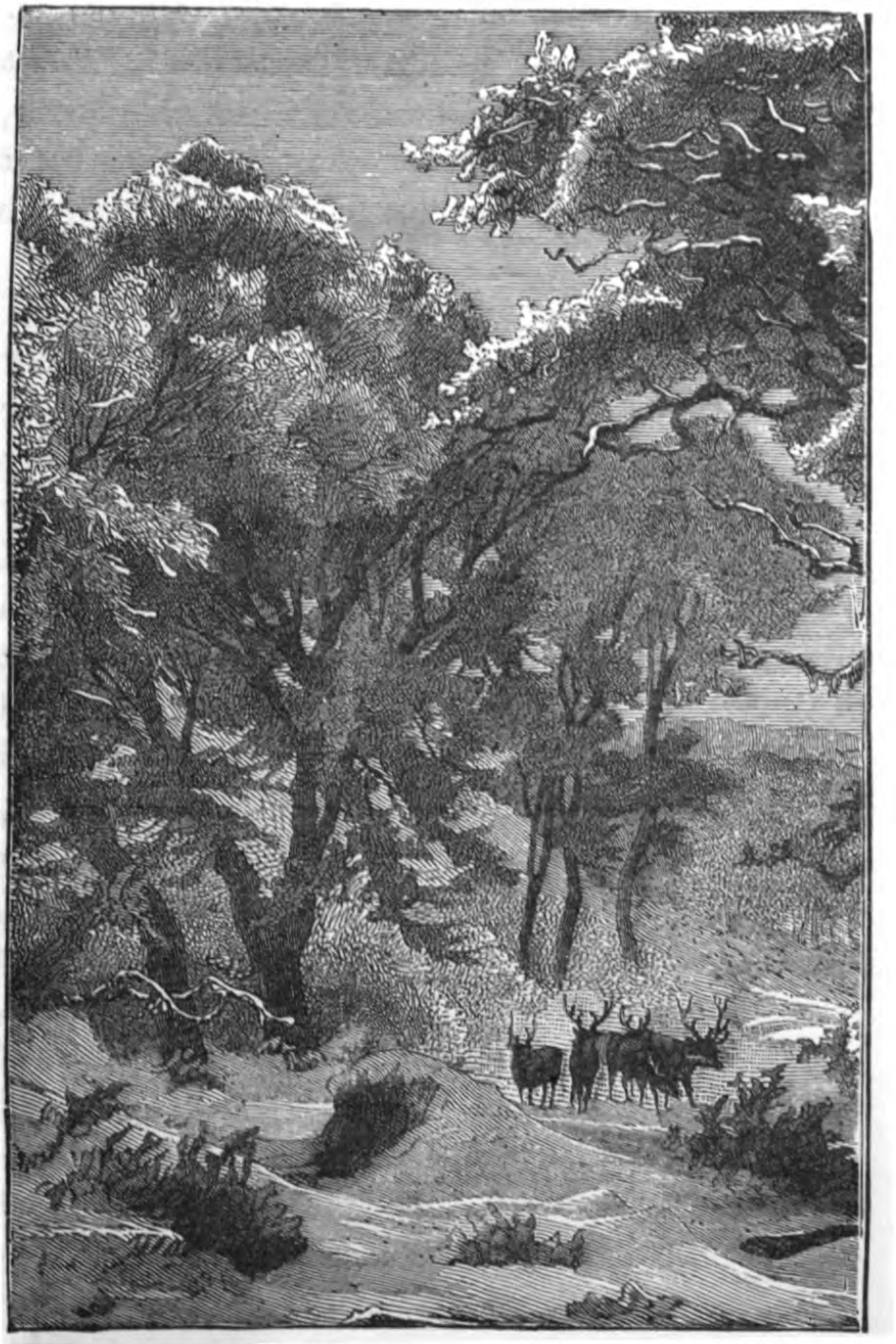
"Yes, do do," said the whole party.

CHAPTER III.

"WHY, many of you must know," resumed the Hoop, "that oaks grow from acorns, and that the best and strongest hoops are made of oak, and that is the part to which I am now coming; how I ceased to be an acorn, for though it is so many hundred years ago, I recollect it more vividly than things that happened lately. I had noticed for some time that the leaves, my companions, were growing red and dry-looking, and instead of the soft whispering voices, in which they used to speak during the spring and summer, they had husky, rustling tones, and seemed to be getting very stiff and cross whenever there was the least breeze to ruffle their composure. By and by one and another would become quite unable to retain their hold of the branches, and would fall off and drop slowly to the ground. At length one night a great storm came. It was very dark, and I could not see what was going on, but I heard a rushing and shaking all round, and felt myself rubbed frequently as if by things whisking by, and I thought something dreadful is happening to the leaves. In the first glimmer of light I peered eagerly around, and nothing but naked twigs met my gaze. A sudden

chill seemed to seize me, and I began to feel powerless, the feeling increased from day to day. At last a blackbird alighted on the spray to which I clung, when it flew away again the spray jerked up, I lost my balance, and fell headlong from my cup to the ground.

"What happened after that for a long time I cannot tell. I suppose I must have been very much stunned by my fall, and probably brain fever or something of that kind followed, for many months must have passed ere I recovered my senses. When I did return to consciousness I was down in the ground, my coat was torn, and a green, or rather whitish sprout, was growing out of the rent. This little thing grew and grew, and stretched upwards and upwards, until it pushed itself above ground, then it spread out two leaves, and sent out also roots below, and gradually sucked up all the kernel of the acorn into itself, and so, although my heart and mind were still the same, my outward appearance was entirely changed, and I became a young oak. I was very proud of the change, for now I was very independent. I enjoyed excellent health and spirits, but sometimes my nerves were shaken by the deer, for I was afraid, when I saw a herd come, that they would trample upon, and hurt me, but I escaped all accidents, and grew up into a fine straight, flourishing sapling. My life was much the same as it had been when I was an acorn, as far as the



"I was afraid when I saw a herd come."—*Page* 104.

outward incidents went, and year upon year went by and found me still getting taller and stronger.

"One event which happened made a strong impression upon me. It occurred in summer, but the night was a dark and cloudy one. A lady and a child, followed by a single atttendant, rode up slowly and wearily, having apparently come from a great distance, for they were worn and travel-stained; and just as they approached us (for my parent was still standing) the child began to beg and entreat of his mother (it was a beautiful boy) to alight from her horse and rest, for he was, he said, so very tired. She looked very anxiously around, and in a low tone consulted with her attendant. He seemed to urge her proceeding on her journey, and from the isolated words which I overheard, I could gather that she was flying from some proud lord, who had usurped the estates of her child, and wished to get possession of him also, probably for an evil end. Her chief dread seemed to be lest he should overtake them, while on the other hand, the fear lest her son should die from over-fatigue, inclined her to rest. As she was considering, again the little boy prayed her to let him rest. She then bade her follower dismount, and was giving the little boy who had been riding before her, into his hands, when a tall man rushed from a neighbouring thicket, and snatched him from her grasp, for she had folded the boy tightly in her arms, and shrieked as she saw the

robber, for such he was immediately proved to be, by his saying in a harsh grating voice: 'Thou mayest scream and shriek like the hoarsest owl in the forest, but unless thou hast a heavy purse, I do not give up the child, or suffer thee to proceed.'

"The lady had thought that the man was a follower of the cruel lord, and so she was almost relieved to find that he was but a robber, and ignorant of her name and rank; for, had he known it, he might have won countless crowns of gold, by taking the child from her and giving it to the wicked baron; but then in a moment she remembered that her purse was not heavy, and if it were emptied, and would not satisfy him, how could she live without her child? Or if she had the child and no money, what would they do for food? Her follower had attempted to wrestle with the man, but he felled him with a blow of one hand, while he held the terrified child, who was screaming loudly, with the other. 'Peace, hold thy noise, or I shall put thee beyond deafening people with thy din,' said he, giving the little boy a shake, and setting him down. 'Now Madam, art thou counting out thy ransom?' he then said, 'perhaps thou would'st prefer me to empty thy pockets for thee?' And he was about to lay hold of the lady, when the twang of a bowstring was heard, and he dropped to the earth, pierced through the head by the well-aimed arrow. The white feather which adorned his close cap

had been the mark for the hidden bowman, and he fell never to rise again. The lady flung herself from her saddle, and clasped her child in an ecstacy of joy, and then she gazed to descry in the gloom the figure of her preserver. Presently he came up. He was dressed as a forester, and had his tough yew bow in his hand and his quiver by his side. The lady poured out her gratitude and thanks. He listened, and then said: 'My lady, no thanks are due, I were but the veriest caitiff that ever trod this earth, could I hear a woman's cry of distress and not rush to the rescue. Methinks,' he continued, 'this is an unfitting time and place for such as thou art, to travel thus meagrely attended. Permit me to see thee to a place of safety.'

"'But where is a place of safety for me?' the lady cried. 'I know not where to go, for in the haunts of men I may be known, and my enemy may overtake me, and here where I trusted to my sex to protect me, I am equally unsafe.'"

"'Trust to me,'" he said.

"'Whom am I to trust and thank as my kind protector?'" she asked.

"'Robin Hood.'"

"'Robin Hood,'" she exclaimed, 'the outlaw? Why I have been thinking this,' glancing on the prostrate body, 'was one of his band, and yet I had heard he let women and children pass.'"

"'I am even the outlaw, and as thou knowest

now, swift to aid the weak, so trust to me. This wretch is none of mine. Thou hast heard rightly, we keep our hunting ground clear, but we do not attack women and children who come not hither to chase our deer.' So saying, he whistled shrill, and a party of merry men appeared, who raised the attendant and placed him on his horse. Robin Hood gallantly helped the lady to mount, and then walking by her bridle rein, with some of his followers behind, they disappeared, while the rest remained and consigned the wicked robber to a hasty grave."

"That was a dreadful incident," said Humming-top, "I should not like to have been there. I am glad I did not live in those days, but tell us more."

CHAPTER IV.

"As I told you, a great portion of my life has been passed more in thinking than in acting; but, as it is well to know about times different from the present, I thought those little sketches of what I had heard and seen, so unlike what can be experienced now, would please you; I am glad you like them. Another marked event was the felling of my parent oak. He was such a grand old tree! I was so proud of his magnificent appearance, of his wisdom and experience, and it never entered my mind that any evil could happen, until I saw the woodmen actually hewing at

his venerable trunk. They came in a band one beautiful morning, and walked round about, and looked and consulted together, and said he was the finest oak in the forest, and certainly he would make splendid panelling for the Lord Keeper's new palace; but even then I did not understand what was going to happen, till one cried: 'Well, my lads, let us to work;' and the ringing of his axe, as it went deep into the thick bark, and struck off a chip, carried the dismaying conviction to my heart, that I was to be deprived of my protector and left in the world alone. I shall never forget my feelings when I saw the splendid branches swaying and quivering as if in a strong gale, and then at last the whole fall with a crash, and the old oak lying like a wounded giant, helpless upon the ground. Soon the branches were chopped off and cleared away, and after many days, and much work of men and horses, nothing was left to tell where the tree had been, save a blackening stump.

"Years upon years passed away after this. The forest seemed now to be deserted, and in all directions the distant sound of hewing timber would be borne upon the air. The poor deer used to pass in a startled manner, though no hounds were behind; and I began to believe that a great change was coming over the home of my youth and middle age, for I was now a lordly oak. By degrees I could see open spaces where only trees

had been before, and I learnt by the talk which I sometimes overheard, as groups of men passed by, carrying axes, that there was to be a thorough clearance in my neighbourhood, for oak was wanted for the Wooden Walls of Old England, as they said. At last my turn came too, and I shuddered and struggled bravely to stand against the cruel strokes which fell upon me thick as hail. But all in vain; my trunk was severed at the root, as my parent's had been, and like him I lay at the mercy of puny man. They stripped off my bark, for tanning had now become a great trade in England, and oak-bark, you know, is used to make the skins, which the ancient Britons used to wear in their natural state, into leather for the boots of their refined descendants."

Here Nelly, who had listened very quietly hitherto, began to fidget, and said: "I think, Mamma, Hoop is getting rather too fine in his way of speaking, and is using very long words. What are descendants?"

"Why, Nelly, you are getting tired of the story, and stupid, else you would not ask that," said Mrs. Dunford.

"No, really I don't know, Mamma?"

"Well, then, you are grandpapa's descendant, and he is the descendant of his great-grandfather, the old knight of whom you have heard, who fought in the great battle between the French and English, and won golden spurs for bravery. De-

scendants are people's children, and children's children, and so on."

"Oh, yes, now I understand. I know how it is. Please tell me more about Hoop, Mamma."

"I am afraid it is too long a story to read all through to-day. It seems to have spun out more than I expected, for it is twenty minutes since we began; but I shall glance over this chapter, and then read the last one. Humming-top is beginning to fidget like you, and so Hoop says he will not go into all the particulars which he remembers about the period of his life after the oak was cut down, but he describes being conveyed to Woolwich dockyard, and says that some of the timber of his tree helped to build the Royal George. You remember its fate:

"Down went the Royal George,
With all its crew complete."

And then he mentions various occasions of rejoicing, when sovereigns came to the throne, for he lay at Woolwich a long, long time, and how the flags used to fly, and the cannon roar, and then—but I shall give it in his own words.

CHAPTER V.

"I SEE some of you are getting a little tired."

"Oh it is such a nice story," cried several voices, but Hoop saw that pol teness prevented them from

saying that they would be glad of the end all the same, so he proceeded: "At length all that remained of the great trunk was one thin plank, and it was soon reduced to a strip such as you see, or would see, if I were out of the closet, (for you remember Hoop was shut up, and was only known by his voice). I had been just the little bit over when all my other pieces were used, and I found myself picked up by an old man, whom I had often seen picking up bits of wood before, in the days when I expected to become part of a man-of-war, like the rest; and at that time I should have been quite offended had he touched me, but now I was glad of any change, and was quite pleased to be carried away from the dock-yard. The old man lived in a funny little cottage in the outskirts of the town, and he seemed, to my surprise, to do nothing but make hoops. By and by this was explained, for I heard him telling people, that Charlie (this I found out afterwards was his son), had a splendid shop in Regent Street, in London, and that he sold off his hoops as fast as he could make them, sometimes to country toy-shops, who sent to him for the fashions, sometimes to the young nobility and gentry, who, he said, were Charlie's fast friends.

"I was soon bent and polished, and nailed together at the ends, and was, he said, 'a right 'un,' and I was sent up to Charlie, along with the first batch of hoops. I liked my new quarters

very well, for I was hung up so that I could get a glimpse of all the carriages and vehicles that passed, and I never tired of watching the whirl and bustle, so different from anything I had hitherto seen, though occasionally my thoughts would wander back with regret to my youthful days in the beautiful freedom and freshness of the forest.

"At length, one day, a beautiful lady, with blue eyes and golden hair, like the Saxon beauties my father used to describe, came into the shop, and she had a great many little children with her, as fair and beautiful as herself. Charlie was wonderfully polite to her, and made a great fuss to try to please all the little boys and girls, and he was always saying 'your Grace,' and 'my lord,' and 'my lady.' I knew by and by that it was the Duchess of Fairlie and her children. The little lords and ladies took some time to choose their purchases, and there was one of the boys who was harder to please than any. At length he looked to where I hung, and said: 'I think I shall have this old fellow.'

"I wondered how he knew my age, but that was an expression of his, I found out afterwards, for anything that pleased him. So I was taken down, and bundled into the carriage, and drove away in great ease and dignity. Lord Walter, my little master, was a very active, merry boy, and while I remained in his possession I used to have very hard work. First in

the garden of their house at Kensington, and then when I came down to Scotland, I used actually to have quite a pain in my side sometimes, from the races he made me run. But at length he grew tired of me, and I was handed over to his sister Lady Edith, when I had an easier life. I am now the property of no one in particular, and often would like a run when I don't get it."

"Oh thanks," said Humming-top, "you are a dear good Hoop, for telling us such a long story, and I think we must all try to tell one, but ours will never be so clever as yours."

"I don't know that," replied Hoop, "a lively little lady like you ought to be able to tell a pretty story, but I hear the housemaid coming to open the shutters, so we shall have no more story-telling to-day."

"Pray accept our warm thanks," cried they all.

"And so there Uncle Bob's story ends, Nelly,' said Mrs. Dunford.

"And I think it is a very nice story, Mamma, and please tell Uncle Bob so when you write to him; and now kiss me, Mamma, and say good-by for the present, and then I shall go and have a game of romps."

"Good-by for the present, Miss Puss," said Mrs. Dunford, laughing, and Nelly scampered off.

CHARLEY AND ION.

THE STORY OF A DOG'S FIDELITY.

BY C. E. B.

So many stories have been written about dogs, of their faithful affectionate nature, and of the care they have often shown for children in particular, that it seems as if there could be nothing left to tell concerning them; but as new generations of children and dogs arise, fresh incidents occur, and thus it is that I have one to relate which will, I think, interest young people.

"The infant's guardian, and the orphan's friend—
True, steadfast, loving, faithful to the end."

Some years ago, in the middle of a warm and beautiful summer, I started on a walking excursion which was to extend along the north-west coast of England. I had no intention of pursuing any beaten track, my object was thorough relaxation of mind and body, and instead of going to towns and inns when I halted for the night, I was in the habit of seeking shelter amongst the cottagers, in the many villages that came across my path, and whom I generally found warm-hearted, simple, and hospitable.

One evening I arrived at a little fishing village in a somewhat rugged and picturesque part of the coast, and having arranged with a worthy couple for board and lodging that night, I strolled out, as was usually my custom, to look at the church.

I found it situated on a hill, surrounded by its little church-yard, without pretension to being more than a very humble building; but the view from the stile leading to a path which crossed the church-yard was so beautiful, that it tempted me to seat myself and produce my sketch-book.

Before me lay the broad ocean, with many sails in the distance, tinged with rose-colour from the clouds round the setting sun. Nearer, a little fleet of fishing vessels were standing out to sea, although the perfect stillness of the air prevented their making much way. To the right hand extended a line of rocks, terminating in one much larger, and which, advancing slightly before the others, hid the coast beyond from view. On the left, a rude pier extended to a short distance in the sea, and the beech of fine white sand stretched beyond as far as the eye could reach. Inland on either side, the country was much less flat than is usual in the neighbourhood of the sea. The trees were of good size and foliage, owing probably to the shelter afforded in this part from the north winds, by the advancing rock before mentioned. The cottages were built in different directions, some along the sea coast, others

perched here and there on higher ground, whilst the church, rising above all, with its tall weather-vane, formed a beacon for the sailors as they returned from their fishing excursions.

On the beech immediately below me several men were busily employed with their nets, and near them some little children were paddling with naked feet and legs in the pools of salt water left by the receding tide. The whole formed a scene for my sketch-book which kept me busily employed till the sun had set; the warm, rosy tinge of the landscape had changed into soft grey, and twilight was deepening into summer night.

As I was putting away my colours, my attention was attracted by a large handsome black dog who came trotting leisurely up the path leading to the church, and who with one bound cleared the stile on which I was sitting, almost upsetting me as he did so. Instead, however, of continuing along the path crossing the church-yard, he suddenly turned off, and made for a snug sheltered corner on the north-west side, where, under the stone wall, was built what appeared to be a sort of kennel or small shed, close to a grave covered with a flat stone, the only one in the place so protected. The animal snuffed about this spot for a moment, and then entering the kennel, he lay down. My curiosity led me thither. He instantly rose to a sitting posture, and uttered a low warning growl, as I inadvertantly placed my foot

on the flat stone whilst stooping to read the inscription upon it in the dim light. It was simply these words:

To the Memory of Charley,
Saved from Shipwreck on Christmas Eve, 185--.
Died on Christmas Eve, 185--.
Aged about 5 Years.

The absence of the surname, and the uncertain mention of the age seemed singular. I felt convinced, too, that there must be some connection between this grave and the circumstance of the animal making it apparently his home. He sat looking at me with an eye that pretty plainly asked why I intruded upon his territories, and advised me to be gone. In vain I removed my offending foot from the stone, and tried to coax him from his den. At length I left him, but looking back as I crossed the stile, saw he had settled himself for the night on the clean straw, provided by some friendly hand for the bottom of the kennel. Whilst I was at supper that evening, my cottage host and hostess related to me the circumstances which form my promised story.

It was a wild threatening looking evening on the Christmas eve of 185--, and the inhabitants of the fishing village of Greatcliff, prophesied a terrible storm.

By nine o'clock the moon had risen, but so had the wind also to a frightful extent, and the sailors' wives as they drew nearer their warm fires, and saw their husbands' smoking in their chimney corners, thanked God they were safely there, instead of on the sea. In another hour it had become a perfect hurricane, the sea rose high, and seemed to be contending with the wind as to which could roar the loudest. The houses shook to their foundations, and a feeling of deep awe came over even the weather-beaten men who had braved so many storms!

"God grant there may be no vessel near the Black Rock," said Ned Scott to his wife, as he rose and undrawing the curtain from the little window, gazed on the scene without. The Black Rock was one of great danger to ships, because hidden completely under water; and although every precaution had been taken to warn sailors of its vicinity, in a gale like the present, a vessel might be wrecked upon it almost instantly, if driving violently before the wind.

"May God help all the poor souls at sea this night," said Ruth, as with her husband she looked at the foaming billows, clearly seen by the light of the moon which was only partially obscured from time to time by thin clouds sweeping over her for a moment. As she spoke, the wind gave a positive shriek, long and shrill like a mighty creature in the agony of torture, and then came

one of those sudden lulls which often precede a still greater burst of fury. During this pause a sound was heard which made many in the village start up in terror! It was the firing of a gun from sea, near and clear; then a second, and perhaps there was a third, but this was never known, for at that moment the wind suddenly rose again with terrific fury, as if refreshed and strengthened by its momentary rest. Most of the men, and many of the women rushed upon the shore. One glance showed that the gun had been fired from a vessel which lay upon the Black Rock, and even at that distance it could be seen to be utterly lost, and splitting up rapidly, as her timbers kept dashing furiously against the subtle hidden enemy below. It was in vain to attempt to save her,—but the souls on board might yet be rescued! Ned Scott paused not to think whether a boat could live in such a sea, but flew to his own, a good and strong one, and quickly launched it with the aid of three other brave fellows who were ready to accompany him. Poor Ruth did not attempt to dissuade her husband from his purpose, but turning away, silently re-entered her cottage. Off went the men, and in spite of the waves the boat began to gain on the spot where the ill-fated vessel was sinking with such rapidity, that before they had reached it the sea washed over the place where she had been! Those who were on board, many

or few, had sunk with her. From the little that had been seen, she appeared to be an American schooner, of no great size, with probably few passengers, but nothing was ever known with certainty.

As the boat was about to return, Ned Scott noticed something dark, struggling with the waves. It proved to be a large black dog, holding a child by the clothes, and endeavouring to keep it above water. On taking him into the boat, they found it was a little boy of about two and a-half years, in whom there were still the signs of life. They wrapped him in a rough warm coat, whilst the dog sunk exhausted at the bottom of the boat, but even then he seemed to keep an anxious eye to the child as he lay on Ned's knee. When they landed, the excitement was very great on finding what it was they had brought with them, and many a motherly hand was held out to receive the little stranger; but Ruth was by her husband's side, and in her arms he placed him, saying: "Lose not a moment, he may be saved." Everything necessary seemed already prepared in the cottage for restoring animation, for Ruth, who was a woman of great presence of mind, anticipated the possibility of her *husband* being brought home thus, and had provided for the worst. Not a moment therefore was lost, as is too often the case; the proper remedies were applied, and soon followed by the gradual revival of the little fellow

thus thrown upon entire strangers for love and protection. It was painful to see the look of bewilderment and alarm on his countenance, as he gazed around him into the faces of the women, seeking in vain for one loved familiar form. He was a beautiful child, with large soft blue eyes, and golden hair, that the sea had seemed to curl rather than have laid straight; the clothes he had on were neat and good, bespeaking him to be of respectable parentage.

At length he burst into an agony of crying, and kept repeating in the first broken language of infancy, "Mamma, come to Charley." In vain Ruth endeavoured to soothe him with endearing words and caresses, his sobs were piteous, when the first paroxysm of grief had spent itself.

Suddenly, as one or two of the neighbours moved aside to go to their own homes, Charley's eye caught sight of something which lighted it up with joy. It was the poor dog, who had been forgotten in the excitement, and who had crawled after them into the cottage, and laid down under a table near the fire. He wagged his tail as the child recognized him, but was too exhausted to move, so Ruth lifting Charley in her arms laid him gently beside him, whilst the wearied animal, no less delighted, licked his face and hands with touching fondness. Charley would not leave him again for a minute, but after he had been fed, and an old mat placed for the dog

close to the little bed prepared for himself, he consented to be laid down and was in a moment fast asleep, with his little hand still resting on the animal's head.

The next day, both child and dog were quite recovered. The name Charley called his dumb friend by was "Ion." "Lion" had been probably his appellation, and was imperfectly lisped by the babe; but "Ion" was what he was called in future by all.

It was arranged that they should live with Ned and Ruth. The parish would have made them an allowance for their maintenance, but this they refused. Ned said his hands had taken them from the sea, and his hands should support them; whilst Ruth, who had lost her only child, received the little foundling into its place with a mother's love. From that time Charley and Ion seemed to feel that they were all in all to each other. The villagers petted them universally, and to have seen one without the other would have caused alarm. As spring advanced, and in the warm summer days, it was no uncommon sight to see the child fast asleep on a sand-bank, with his head resting on Ion for a pillow; or they would ramble together along the shore, Ruth having no fear so long as her adopted little one was with his faithful protector. No power could get either of them to enter a boat. They recoiled from any invitation to accompany the fishermen on fine days on their fishing ex-

cursions, and it was often noticed that if Charley loitered near the water's edge when the tide was coming in and filling the little pools through which he would have to pass to return home, Ion would become uneasy, and pull his frock to point out the fact. As he grew older it was remarkable how little the child seemed to care for playfellows of his own age. Whether it was that Ion was in the place of all other companions, or that being far from strong, he felt unequal to the sports of the village children, certain it is he cared little for them; and even Ion seemed to notice his own species but little, and to cling to Charley with a sympathy and protecting love that was almost human. It must not be supposed that the little boy did not feel affection for his kind friends, Ned and Ruth; he was of a very affectionate disposition and loved them dearly, but Ion always took the first place in his heart; nor is this wonderful when we consider that the dog had been not only his preserver from drowning (a fact which Charley always appeared perfectly to comprehend), but that he was the only link between him and the beloved mother he had so bitterly cried after. Consequently he filled the first place in the desolate child's affections. When he was about five years old (for of course his exact age was never known), he had meazles, followed by inflammation of the chest; and being naturally delicate, his strength rapidly gave way under the

double attack, and though nursed with the tenderest care by Ruth and others of the village matrons, who all dearly loved the little orphan, it was soon evident he must die.

From the commencement of his illness, Ion sat by his bed-side, and his rough shaggy head was always found within reach of the small white wasted hand that was constantly stretched out to feel for it. It was affecting to see how, when he was suffering, Charley would call upon Ion, and seemed soothed by his presence and by the touch of his head or paw; exactly as the sick child calls for his mother, and fancies relief will be found by the resting of his hand in hers, or laying his head in her bosom.

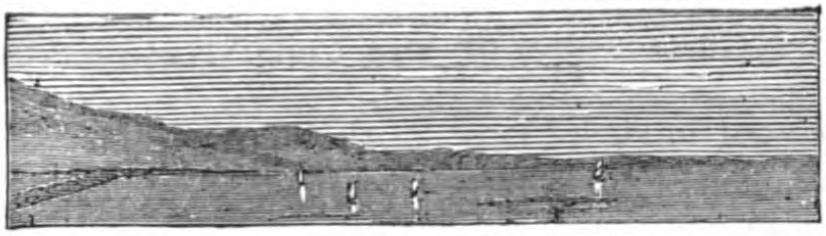
On the day of his death he lay for an hour or two in deep sleep; and all that time Ion sat watching, and apparently breathing even with caution, lest he should awaken him. His spirit passed gently away during sleep, no one knowing the exact moment. The dog seemed to be the first to be conscious that some change had taken place: he became restless and uneasy, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was coaxed away for a time. When the body was put into the coffin, he grew so angry and excited that it became absolutely necessary to shut him up; but his distress was such, that at length Ruth, with a true woman's heart, cut off one of the dead child's long golden curls, and laying it on his little

frock, placed both near the mourning animal; who from that moment ceased his piteous howls, and lay down with his head resting upon them. On the day of the funeral he was allowed to follow the coffin, led by Ned Scott, who took him with him as chief mourner. The poor creature seemed bewildered, and was quiet till they were about to lower the remains of his beloved little master into the ground, when, springing forward, he was only prevented by his chain from jumping into the grave, and he could scarcely be kept quiet till the service was over, when it was again thought advisable to confine him. At night, Ruth brought him to his accustomed bed by the crib, laying the lock of hair and the little frock near him. He appeared consoled, and kept quiet till morning; but the instant the door was opened he darted out, and not returning, Ned guessed where he had gone, and found him busily employed in scratching the earth from Charley's grave. He ran off at sight of Ned, but in a short time was back again; so he had to be shut up till a large flat stone could be laid over the place, when he was set at liberty. At once making off to the spot, he refused to leave it again, though by degrees he was prevailed on to go home for the food which at first was brought to him, and he would take occasional rambles in the neighbourhood, or pay Ruth visits in her cottage; but he always returned to the

churchyard at night. And as it was winter (for the little boy had died on the day he had been found, Christmas eve), the villagers had put up the kennel I have mentioned, keeping it supplied with fresh straw. It was just seven months from the time of Charley's death that I thus accidentally saw this faithful creature keeping his nightly watch, and evidently he was then still clinging with unchanged love to the memory of the child he had saved and watched over, and who he believed he was still guarding from harm during his long slumber!

My young readers may be interested in knowing that it was in Ned and Ruth Scott's cottage I was located that night, and that from their lips I gathered the history which deeply affected me.

I rose early the next morning to proceed on my journey, but resolved to take one more look at the grave. There lay Ion where I had left him the night before; and as I turned away and went on my road, I felt I had learnt a lesson of fidelity and love rarely to be equalled even by mankind!



THE STORY OF THE GIBEONITES.

JOSHUA, CHAPTERS IX., X.

To the careful student of Scripture the Old and New Testament form one comprehensive whole, the two parts mutually reflecting light upon each other; and inspired by the same Spirit, he delights to find the same great subject (the redemption of man brought about by the mercy of God) running through all its pages, sometimes in history, sometimes in parable. Our Saviour told his disciples that *in all the Scriptures* were things concerning himself; and it is a very profitable way of reading the Bible, to note down in each portion as we proceed, whatever bears directly or indirectly upon this subject, of such momentous interest to us.

In 1 Cor. x., we read that the whole history of the Jews, from their departure from Egypt to their final settlement in the land of Canaan, was typical of some greater deliverance which should affect us all; and in the 10th verse we read: "Now all these things happened unto them for *ensamples* (or, as the margin reads, *types*), and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." We have, therefore, chosen the history of the Gibeonites as suggestive of many of those blessed truths, which

shine out in such lustre in the pages of the New Testament. We will be careful not to carry the resemblance too far—not to strain the type. We will take only the salient points, and we shall find them full of instruction.

1. *The Gibeonites, or Hivites, were of the idolatrous nations who had set themselves against the Lord and his people.*—Chap. xi. 19.

And this is the condition in which every child of Adam finds himself—set against God in his heart, and looking upon Him as his most bitter enemy. Under this impression, therefore, he is perpetually striving against His authority, and gathering up all his forces, and gaining courage by numbers, he resolves, in his puny might, to measure strength with the Omnipotent.

2. *All these nations had heard of the danger that surrounded them; The Gibeonites alone believed it.*—Chap. ix i.

We know that it is possible to hear and not understand, that there is a faith which appertains to the head, and never reaches the heart. We may assent to the fact that "there is none righteous, no, not one;" and "the Lord is coming with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon the ungodly." But it will be of no avail to us, until we recognise, each one for himself, that he is a sinner, and as such, exposed to the wrath of God.

3. *They were seized with mortal fear, and were willing to sacrifice all for safety.* "*We were sore afraid of our lives because of you.*"—Chap. ix 24.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It is true that perfect love casteth out fear; but whatever be the motive, be it fear of impending evil, or grief, or anguish of body or soul, it matters not, if only it drive us to our city of refuge—the Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

4. *They believed that this safety could be found in none but Joshua.**

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we can be saved;" and "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him." He asks no questions, he requires no fitness, he only says, "Come," and "him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

"None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

5. *They therefore joined themselves to him by a perpetual covenant; they threw themselves upon his mercy.* "*Behold we are in thy hand; as it seemeth good and right unto thee to do unto us, do.*" —Chap. ix. 25.

It was a desperate venture, but they knew they must perish if they continued as they were, and they could but perish if they came to Joshua. With our Joshua, God has made an everlasting

* Called Jesus in Heb. iv.

covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and they who "take hold" of this covenant shall find that they are included in all its saving benefits. "They shall never perish," saith the Saviour, "neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

Now let us note what follows:

6. *All their former friends rise up against them; danger surrounds them on every side; but they know where to look for help—their Redeemer is mighty.*—Chap. x. 5, 6.

Their first impulse in their extremity is to cry aloud unto Joshua. "Slack not thy hand for thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us, and help us." And how does the believer stand in the midst of this naughty world? Since he has come out from among them, his former friends have become his enemies: Satan with his legions is bent on his destruction, and he is so weak he can never abide the onset. Oh, let him cry aloud to the great Captain of his salvation: He is not far from every one of us: He will surely hear our cry.

7. *Their enemies are now God's enemies, their cause has become His cause; and sooner than one Gibeonite shall suffer harm, the laws of heaven shall be stayed. "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon."* —Chap. x. 10-13.

"Fear not thou worm, Jacob. I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One

of Israel." "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper." "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye." "I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." "If," then, "God be for us, who shall be against us? Nay, in all these things we shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us."

8. *God's word was not made void by the unbelief of those nations. They were all destroyed.*—Chap. x. 40.

We may not shut our eyes to this truth, fearful though it be. "Hath He said, and shall he not do it; or hath He spoken and shall He not make it good? Those five kings, with their well appointed armies, were swept away, as though they had never been. The day is coming, how soon none of us can tell, when it will be too late to offer terms of peace. As yet the great Captain of the Lord's armies is encamped on the outside of our devoted city, and day after day is He sending His messengers of mercy, and beseeching us to enter into covenant with Him. Oh, let us not delay! "If His wrath be kindled, yea but a little; whither and to whom shall we flee?"

Oh Lord, do thou the sinner turn,
Now rouse him from his senseless state;
Oh let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

TWELVE STORIES OF EARTH, AIR, AND WATER.

1. THE DISCONTENTED DORKING FOWL.

Once upon a time there lived, at Dorking, a most splendid cock, called Bill, who could crow loudest of all the cocks in the village, and, depend upon it, he did not leave his crowing abilities unemployed Bill had a very kind master, a snug little house, and as many oats and wives as he could dispose of. In summer he often went out with all his hens and chickens into the fields, and, like a good Paterfamilias, he would scratch up the worms and give them to his children. We might thus suppose that Mr. Bill had a very pleasant life; but no, he was constantly finding fault at the least thing, complaining of his master, and giving the poor chickens who came in his way clouts on the head. He would say the grass or the oats were not eatable, or declare he could not sleep a wink in such a wretched old house, which, he said, was nothing but a lot of holes patched together. When in the fields, he would lie down gloomily in the sun, brooding over the injustice of this world, and not

even the remonstrances of his favourite wife could rouse him. One day as he was basking in the sun he said to himself, "What stupid things these cocks over there are, strutting about as if they thought themselves very grand; I'm sure I don't know why I stay with such silly fellows, and I won't stop—I'm determined to run away!" So saying, he looked round. As all the hens were asleep, and the cocks standing on one leg at the other end of the field, Bill quickly dodged through a hole in the hedge. He ran on a very long time amongst the fields and through the hedges, till at nightfall he found himself in a forest. "Dear me," said he, "I did'nt think it was so late; well, but I have a very good appetite." So he looked round for supper; but lo! nothing was to be found but the grass, which poor Bill, having always been accustomed to barleycorns and oats, did not at all relish. "Now for bed," but in vain Bill looked round for his comfortable house. At last he was obliged to roost in a tree, which he had managed to ascend; but hardly was he settled for the night when a shower of rain began, which drenched him to his skin. In the morning he had a severe rheumatism in his right leg, so that he could only walk very slowly. For three hours he went on trying to find some cottage, till, just as he heard some hens cackling in the distance, he sank down exhausted. A big dog who came running along tried to seize Bill, but the latter hut-

tered his wings so vivaciously, and screamed so loud, that the dog was at last driven away. After reposing some time, Bill slowly walked towards where he heard the hens cackle, when, just as he turned a corner, he found himself opposite his favourite hen and a brood of chickens newly hatched. With amiable cackling she approached him, kindly embraced him, and asked him where he had been. Bill told her, and when she heard how exhausted he was, she directly scratched up some worms for him and got him some oats. How different this fare was from the nasty grass he had been obliged to eat last night. Bill resolved never to leave so comfortable a house again,—a resolution that was confirmed when he found himself warmly embedded in the straw of the hen-house.

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2. THE YOUNG GAZELLE.

I DARESAY you have sometimes heard your Mamma and friends speak of the Cape of Good Hope, which is the southern end of Africa. Here there is a colony of English people, with many beautiful towns; but to the north of it there is a wide desert, where no people live but the wild Kaffirs, who are quite brown from the great heat, and live on the animals that they kill in hunting. When they

want to hunt they have certainly not to look long, for the whole country swarms with herds of antelopes, gnus, and gazelles, which are a kind of very small deer, with a pretty light brown skin.

Here, in the wide desert, there lived a young gazelle with her mother. She was called Zaire, and belonged to a large herd, who always went out together to feed, and never separated but when they were being pursued. They were all graceful and elegant creatures, that bounded as swift as the wind across the sandy plains; yet none was as pretty or as fleet as Zaire. Her slender little legs moved about in the most graceful way, her small pointed ears she pricked up at the least noise, and she gazed about her attentively with her large, beautiful brown eyes. Her tail, certainly, was not much to speak of, for she had hardly any; but I suppose this was thought fashionable by the gazelles, for none of them had long ones. Zaire's chief playfellow was a young gazelle called Gareep. He was so quick and sharp that he was almost always appointed sentinel to watch whether an enemy approached whilst the herd were grazing or drinking at a pool which lay in the depths of a valley. One summer it was much drier and hotter even than usual, no rain had fallen for months, and so the plants that the gazelles lived on dried up from the heat. Soon there was nothing left for them to eat. So Gareep was sent out to look for some place where something grew to eat. After he had

been gone a day or two, he returned with the news that, not far away, there was a village of the Kaffirs all surrounded with fields of fresh green corn, which tasted delicious. No sooner had the gazelles heard this good news than they set out at once, and travelled all night, till in the morning they arrived at the village Gareep had spoken of. Bright green fields of corn were before them, but, alas! they were all enclosed with fences. You would have thought that the timid little gazelles would not have ventured over these. But they were so hungry that all their fear and shyness was gone. Zaire bounded over first, and all the rest followed. Soon they had made an enormous havoc in the corn, for what they did not eat they trampled down. Suddenly a sharp crack was heard, and immediately one of the oldest gazelles fell down, pierced by a bullet. The fact was, the Kaffir to whom the field belonged had seen the herd devastating his corn, and had fired his gun at them to drive them off. You may imagine what an effect this had on the animals: they bounded over the fence here and there and everywhere, and rushed away in all directions. Zaire dashed on and on, not daring to look behind her, over hill and dale, till she reached the summit of a high hill. Here she stopped to wait till some of her friends should come. But she waited in vain. The country all around her was quite unknown to her, though it very much resembled her own home. In one di-

rection a wide plain extended, bare of anything but a herd of tall giraffes who were dashing across it. On the other side there was one hill after the other, all covered with sand, and some overgrown with a kind of prickly bush. Zaire saw she had lost her way, and as she had never been left by herself, she became very much frightened. But soon she thought, "If I could only find out whereabouts the spring is, I should be sure to find my herd again, for they would come there when they are thirsty." So she sniffed about in the air till she felt from what direction the moisture in it came. Then she ran in that direction, and before long she had reached the pool. But, hardly had she bent down to the water to drink, when she heard a most awful roar behind her, and an enormous lion jumped out of the thicket. He had waited there till some thirsty animal should come which he could devour. Zaire had only just time to wheel round and rush away, but as she was already tired, she could not run as fast as usual. On and on she sped over the plain, and every time she looked round her enemy seemed to be nearer. Suddenly, she found herself in a valley all overgrown with the prickly bushes. She darted into them, and as they grew very thickly, she could only just pass between. But the lion was too big. When he tried to pursue her into the thicket, the prickles stuck into his skin and held him back, so, with a dreadful roar, he gave up the chase.

Zaire saw she was safe, yet she still ran a good way. All at once she saw in a valley amongst some bushes an antelope (which is another kind of gazelle) all by itself, and seeming to be grazing. "Whatever can it be there for so alone? I suppose it must have lost its way like myself. I think I had better go and make its acquaintance," thought Zaire, as she walked towards the antelope. When she was within a yard of it, she was just going to speak to it, when, to her astonishment and terror, the creature sprung up on its hind legs, and rushing towards her, threw a sling round her neck. She tried to escape, but in vain, and now she saw that what she had thought an antelope was a Kaffir, who had put on an antelope's skin and horns, so that he might get close to the animals. He now dragged Zaire along with him, till at nightfall they reached his house, in the same village where the herd had fed that morning. The young gazelle was put into a dark little stable, where she did not pass a very pleasant night, and next morning she was fed with corn. Then she was taken in a waggon to the sea shore, where she was put on a ship. For weeks and weeks she heard nothing but the beating of the waves against the sides of the vessel. At last the ship stopped, for it had arrived at London, and Zaire was taken to the Zoological Gardens, which were to be her future home. Two men put her into a pretty little enclosure, and shut the door after her. At

first Zaire looked sorrowfully round, but presently another gazelle came bounding out of the little house at the end of the enclosure, and who can describe Zaire's joy and astonishment when she recognised her dear Gareep! The two pretty creatures hugged and kissed each other. "Who would have expected to have seen you here," exclaimed Gareep; and "How did you come over here?" said Zaire. Gareep then related how he had been caught in a trap by the Kaffirs.

From that day the two gazelles lived happily and peaceably together; and if you want to make their acquaintance you had better go to the Zoological Gardens, where they will be very happy to see you.

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3. THE BAT.

On the top of a hill, not far from the sea shore, there stood an old ruined castle. It had been destroyed years ago, and the ivy had all overgrown the ruins. In the large tower, the roof of which had fallen in, a colony of bats had settled. Their sleeping place was underneath one of the steps of the winding staircase. Here they staid all the winter, for in winter they slept for months and months without once waking. But one warm day in spring the rays of the sun shone through a

window of the tower, and fell on the heap of bats who were closely huddled together. One of the young ones was wakened, and started up. "What nice weather it is," exclaimed Muffle, as he was called, "I'm sure it's high time for us to be up." So he shook all the others till they awoke, and now they told one another what they had dreamt of in their long sleep. They dared not go out in the day-time, because their eyes could not stand the strong light of the sun, but in the evening, when the sun had gone down, they all determined to make an excursion. These bats were very funny looking little creatures. They had very big round ears, pointed little snouts, and glittering black eyes. Their soft fur was dark brown above, and grayish underneath—altogether, they looked very much like mice. Yet they could not run and skip along the ground, but could only crawl very slowly; nor had they proper wings, like birds, to fly with. So how do you think they managed to get on? They only spread out their large flat hands, and then between their fingers, each of which was as long as their whole body, they found a thick skin that was also joined to their tail. This they spread out like a little sail, and the air catching in these little sails supported them. So they could float and soar about in the air very quickly.

On this evening the whole colony set sail—that is, they spread out their hands and soared out of the tower. It was a beautiful night; certainly

you and I would have thought it dark, but the bats did not, for, with their keen eyes, they could see better even than in daytime, and with their sharp ears they could hear the least noise. As soon as they saw an insect flitting about or heard one buzzing, they rushed towards it and seized it. You may be sure they made good use of their sharp little teeth, especially Muffle, who always caught flies and moths by dozens. Every evening the bats went out like this to get prey, but as soon as they felt the air to be moist they hurried home as fast as possible, for they knew that if it began to rain they would not be able to fly. One summer evening, as they were flying about in the lanes, Muffle's mother called him and said, "We must make haste home, dear, or else we shall be caught in a shower." "But I want to be caught in the shower, Mamma," said Muffle, "for I should like to know what the rain is like." "You silly child," said his mother, "you will not be able to fly home, and most likely you will be caught. So make haste and come." But Muffle had the fault of being very disobedient. He quickly hid in a blackberry bush, and when his mother had looked for him, and called him a long time in vain, she was obliged to return home without him. As soon as she was gone Muffle came out. "What fun," he said. "Now I am free for once, and can enjoy myself as I like," and so he began to fly about all through the fields of corn and across the hedges

and lanes. But presently he felt a heavy thump on his back. "For goodness sake, whatever can it be?" he thought. Soon there followed another, and always faster and faster, till he became aware that they were large raindrops. The wet and cold came through his warm coat, and he began to feel rather uncomfortable. Besides, when he now tried to fly, the weight of the water was too much for his weak wings, which could only just lift up his own weight. Very much exhausted, he fell down into a hedge at the side of a lane. Two little children had just sat down underneath the hedge to shelter themselves from the rain. "What funny bird that is, Charlie," said the little girl to her companion; "do go and get it." "I'm sure I never knew I was a bird," thought Muffle, as the little boy took him up. "Why, it's a mouse, Susan," said Charlie; "how ever could it fly." The little girl took it in her hand and said, "It certainly looks just like a mouse; it must be one, for look at its grayish fur. We'll take it home and play with it." When the shower had left off, the children went home to a pretty cottage, and took Muffle with them. "Ah," thought he, "how I wish I had obeyed Mamma; perhaps I shall never see her again." The children put their little prisoner before the fire to dry him, and were very much astonished that the mouse did not try to run away. As soon as he was dry, Muffle felt that he could fly again, and suddenly, to the asto-

nishment of the children, he spread out his wings and flew out through the open door. The night air felt quite chill after the warm fireside, but luckily there was no rain, and on he flew till he reached the old castle. He darted into the tower, and there, underneath the steps, were the bats, all fast asleep except his mother, who was crying because she had lost her dear little Muffle. But as soon as she saw him she dried her tears, and Muffle kissed her, and promised never to disobey her again. Then, as he was very tired, he hung himself up at a projection of the stairs by his hind feet, for that is the way in which the bats always sleep. He was soon fast asleep, and I hope he had pleasant dreams.

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4. THE TWO FROGS.

In a pond near the shore there lay a long chain of pearls, which extended far into the water. It looked very pretty, and seemed to be kept together by a fine thread. It consisted of a quantity of eggs which a frog had laid there. The frog hopped away without caring any further for them, for she thought, "The sun is shining very warmly; I'm sure it will hatch my eggs fast enough." And as spring approached nearer and nearer, the rays of

the sun became warmer and warmer; their warmth penetrated into the water, and hatched the eggs of the frog mother. The little black dots in the round white pearls grew thicker and blacker; soon no more of the surrounding white was to be seen, and a small living animal had grown out of each. What funny creatures the little tadpoles were! They had a little black head, with a big mouth full of sharp teeth, and large eyes; their stout little body had a fin for swimming on the back, and a tail with which they beat merrily into the water. Their mother came now and then from the land, where she took long walks, to see them in the water, and she was much pleased with her healthy and joyful children. But she did not suckle them, for in her cold body no milk had grown for her children, and these did not want any. They were so clever and quick in the water that no little worm, insect, or gnat escaped them; they always seized enough for their large mouth, and became larger and fatter without any pain or want. Two little tadpoles always played and swam together, and often they talked together, but so low that men could not hear them. Anabbie and Paddie, as they were called, were very merry, but Anabbie much more so than her sister, who used to meditate on all kinds of questions. "I say, Anabbie," said Paddie one day, "why does our mother look quite different from us?" "Why," Anabbie replied, making a merry leap, "because she is the mother and we

are the children." "I don't think so," said Paddie, a little vexed, and she caught a little fly that was flitting just over the water. "I can very well understand that she should be bigger and stronger, but she is so different from us: just look, she has four legs whilst we have not one, and then she has no tail, and we have one. Besides, look at her pretty brown speckled dress. I like it much better than our black frocks." "Don't talk nonsense," said fat little Anabbie, "I am quite contented as it is. If Mamma is different, I suppose it is best so." And with that she hunted after a gnat's egg, and did not rest till she had caught and eaten it. But Paddie had still more things to think of and to ask. "Well, Anabbie," she said, "I am sure you must have noticed that though our mother and her relations are very good swimmers, they can also, when they like, travel just as well on the land as in the water." "Well, they are quite welcome," said Anabbie. "Why don't you try to go on the land if you want to. I shan't, for I like the water best." "Alas! I must also remain here," said Paddie, sorrowfully. "The other day I tried to go on the land, but my tail was in the way, and I felt so ill all at once that I quickly went back into the water." Anabbie laughed, and swam about merrily, as if she wanted to say, "Our kingdom is large enough," and Paddie soon reconciled herself to her fate. But before long their tadpole dresses were taken away, and they changed altogether.

At first their bony hind legs came out, then their little black frock broke open, the tail and fin fell off with it, and the short fore legs grew out. How they could leap now! On the land they frisked about like little dogs, and then they jumped into the water and swam like the best swimmer. One day there was a very heavy shower, and so all the frogs jumped into the water, and only peeped out now and then with their flat heads and big eyes; but as soon as it had left off, and the sun shone on the wet grass, they came out in heaps, and so did Paddie and Anabbie. They sat down on their hind legs and seized the flies and gnats that were dancing about in the air. As soon as one came near them they stretched out their long tongue, which was rolled up in their mouth, and then their prey stuck to it. They both thought this game very nice, and were quite absorbed in it when two boys came by. They said, "Look there, what a lot of frogs! the nasty things! There are two little ones together, we will try to hit them." Both boys picked up large stones and threw them at the frogs, but the attentive Paddie saw them just in time, and cried, "Anabbie, enemies!" Anabbie dashed into the water very much frightened, but Paddie hopped into the field, and when the boys pursued her she jumped into the forest. There she found shelter under a large wet stone, and, besides, there were plenty of little worms to eat. When she had rested, and eaten as much as she could, she returned

to the pond; but hardly had she told Anabbie of her beautiful retreat, when the latter cried, "An enemy!" This time the enemy was a large bird with long legs, who walked solemnly along the edge of the pond, stooped down, and drew out frogs and fishes with his long beak to eat them. Now, Paddie showed the way to the big stone, and the sisters remained there till evening. Then, with large bounds, they returned to the pond. A grand concert had just begun—all the frogs were croaking as loud as they could. Our two little friends joined in the chorus, and they managed it very well.

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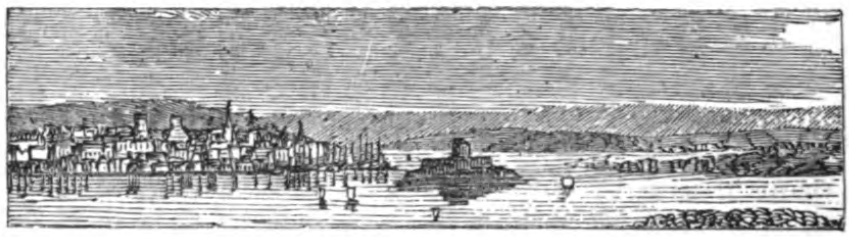
5. THE LITTLE GLOW-WORM.

In America there is a country called Mexico, where the air is much warmer and the plants are much larger than in England. The trees in the forests are sometimes so large that six men cannot span them round. The seasons, too, are very different: for one half of the year it is so dry that everything dries up, and the other half is the rainy season, for then the rain falls down in torrents to cool the earth. The plants, too, become refreshed, and palm trees, bananas, and cocoa trees grow in such abundance, and so closely together, that it is

not possible to get through a forest of them without cutting one's way with an axe. The creepers, particularly, that grow all up the trees, and hang from one to the other, are very much in the way; but they look very beautiful with their purple flowers. At night these forests look splendid; for then, amongst the trees and the festoons of the creepers, you see little glittering lamps flitting about by thousands, which you would suppose were fairies sporting about. But when you look closer at them you see that they are little flies with two light points on their breast, from which a beautiful bluish light streams, on account of which they are called glow-worms. One of these glow-worms, who was called Coyuco, lived with his wife in the forest. All night long the two glittering creatures floated about, and played at hide and seek, or they went to visit their friends. By their own light they could always see well enough, even when it was pitch dark. One dark night Coyuco heard a loud crackling in the bushes, and, as he was a very inquisitive little fellow, he, of course, was very curious to know what this could mean. He flew to where the noise came from, and saw two Indian boys trying to press through the thicket. "How dreadfully dark it is," said the one; "if it were not for these glow-worms we should not see any thing." "I know what we must do," said the other, "we must make ourselves a lamp, like my father always does," and with that he seized

Coyuco, who, in his attention to what they were saying, had not noticed how near they had come. The boy put him into a large transparent bladder, which he had blown quite full of air. Coyuco at first felt very solitary in his enormous palace, as he considered it, but presently another glow-worm was put in by the boy, and soon more and more, till there were thirty at least. The light of all these glow-worms lit up the transparent bladder till it was like a brilliantly illuminated room, and the boys used it as a lamp. At first the glow-worms in the bladder enjoyed themselves very much in their brilliant palace, but soon they were tired of it and wished they could get out, especially as they were very much shaken about as the boy that carried them walked. Suddenly he stopped; they could hear many voices speaking, and soon the entrance of the bladder was opened. The boy took out Coyuco and several of the others to show them to his sister. "Oh! how pretty they are," she said; "do give them to me, I want to make a chain of them." Then she took a fine thread and tied one glow-worm after the other to it, each half an inch apart from the other, so that they all made a splendid chain of little glittering stars. Onata, as the Indian girl was called, drew the chain through her long black hair, and then went with her brother to join her friends. On this evening there was a great feast of the Indians, which they celebrated by a great deal of danc-

ing and music. Onata, with five other Indian girls, all adorned with chains like hers, danced a beautiful Indian dance, and the glittering stars in their hair, as they moved about in the darkness, looked very pretty. Coyuco, who was fastened just in the middle of Onata's forehead, thought himself a person of great consequence to be looked at by so many people, and when, at the end, the Indians who had looked on clapped their hands, he was sure it must be meant for him. When the dancing was over Onata took off her chain, and her brother wanted to throw it away, "How can you be so cruel," she said. "Why the poor little things would die tied up like this, and I am sure I would not be so cruel to kill even a fly for no good." So saying, Onata carefully undid the thread, and let the glow-worms fly away. Coyuco was almost sorry to leave a place which was so wonderful to him, and he was very curious to know more about the Indians. But when he had arrived in his own forest again, and had been kindly welcomed by his wife, he exclaimed, "Well, after all, I must say, there is no place like home."



6. THE BEAVER COLONY.

One fine day in summer a colony of beavers came swimming down one of the large rivers of North America. All along the shore wild forests extended, and when the beavers had arrived at a place where some trees bent over into the water, they stopped and landed on the shore. One of them seemed to be their general, for he beat about his large flat tail in a very commanding way. "I think this would be a good place to settle in," he said, "and there is plenty of material for building with, so we had better begin at once." The beavers all set to work directly: some of them went to get the wood, wherever a branch was close enough to the surface of the water they gnawed at it with their thick and strong teeth, and so sharp were these that they could cut through a branch an inch thick with one bite. Soon they had gathered a great deal of wood, and meanwhile the others had dragged a quantity of stones and pebbles to the shore. They now began to build their houses, which were quite round and pointed at the top. They were built near the shore, so that the foundation and lower storey were in the water, and the upper storey came out over the surface. Now you would suppose that each beaver built his own house, but, on the contrary, they all helped one

another, for they knew very well that every work can be done much faster and better, when a great many do it together, than when each does his separately. Thus a whole village was gradually built, and each beaver went into his house with his wife. The upper storey was the parlour and bedroom, and the lower storey, which was under water, served for the storeroom, where the provisions for the winter were kept. It was filled with bark, for that is what the beavers eat. The beavers lived very comfortably for some time, but by and bye they noticed that when it had been dry for some time the river was lower, because there was no rain to fill it. Then the water did not reach even to the foundations of the houses, and this was very inconvenient for the beavers, who liked to be close to the water. So they began to build large dams of stones, wood, and bark, all round the village; these they opened when the water was very high, but as soon as it was as high up their buildings as they wanted it to be, they closed the dams, so that the water could not run out, and always remained on the same level. Before long the hunters had discovered the new colony of the beavers, and as these animals are very much worth on account of their soft fur, which is used for making hats with, the hunters tried to catch them. So one of them one day hid in the bushes, and as soon as he saw one of the beavers go into his house, he quickly sprang out and stopped up the entrance. Then he broke

open the pointed top and looked in, but to his astonishment no beaver was there. The fact is, the animal was cleverer than the hunter thought, for he had made another entrance in the lower storey, which opened a good bit under the water, and as soon as he heard somebody coming, he darted through this and swam a long way under the water. The hunter looked into a good many other houses, but in each the inhabitant was gone. Then he saw that he should never be able to catch them that way, and so next day he put traps into the river for them. A great many were caught, their skin was taken to England, and here pretty little beaver hats were made of them. I daresay you will one day wear one of them.

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7. THE LITTLE HARE.

In a large forest, underneath a green bush, there lived a hare with her three children. They were all dear little brown creatures, that jumped and frisked about all day long, and sometimes all night too. The eldest could jump and skip as well as his Mamma, and so they called him Jumper. His mother was very glad that he and his brother and sister could run so well, "For," she said, "you will have to run indeed some day, when the hunters

and their dogs are after you, and want to catch you."

Before they could run and jump she would not let them go out into the forest for fear of their being seen and pursued; but, now that they could run nearly as fast as she herself, she took them with her into the forest, and there they found plenty of grass, roots, and leaves to eat. There was one broad grassy lawn, at the end of a glen in the forest, which was the favourite play-ground of the little hares. They often went there at night when the moon was shining, and jumped over the lawn and the bushes, chased one another, or played at hide and seek. One afternoon they had gone again to play in the glen, and it was Jumper's turn to hide. "Ah," he thought, "now I will let them look a long time before they find me; and off he went at full speed, till all of a sudden he remembered that he should perhaps not be able to find his way home again. He looked round him, and saw that he was in a place quite unknown to him. He had left the forest behind, and before him was a high hedge. Jumper was very curious to know what could be behind it. He soon discovered a little hole in the hedge, through which he crept, and now he found himself in a large field, enclosed on all sides, in which there were plants growing side by side in regular rows. Jumper had never seen anything like them, and as he was rather hungry, he began to nibble

at a big lettuce. Ah! how delicious it was! Jumper thought it much nicer than the sweetest grass, and whilst eating on and on, he quite forgot his Mamma and his brother and sister. Suddenly a hand seized him by his long ears and lifted him up. The poor little hare was terribly frightened, and trembled from head to foot, but the cook who had caught him put him into her basket and carried him away. Through the wickerwork of the basket Jumper could see that she went across the field, through a beautiful garden to a country house; here she put down her basket in the hall, and called the three children of the house, who appeared like giants to Jumper, though they were really no bigger than you. You may imagine how glad they were when they saw the little hare. Each of them wanted to have it, and they kissed and stroked it; but Jumper did not at all enjoy their caresses, for he thought they wanted to hurt him. He tried to escape from the arms of the little girl who held him, and when her brother offered him some lettuce leaves, which before he had liked so much, he would not touch them. Just then the Mamma of the children came in, and when she saw Jumper she told her children to put him into a little cask, and to take care that he had enough to eat. So they put him in, and quite covered him with lettuce and cabbage leaves, but he was too sorrowful to eat any. Poor Jumper was now quite alone, and in the dark, for the cask was

covered with a lid, so that no light could come in. Ah, how his little heart was beating, and how he longed for the forest, where he could run about all day, and play with his brother and sister. Soon no sound was to be heard in the house—all had gone to sleep. Towards morning Jumper thought he would at least try whether he could escape; so he made a heap of all the leaves and scrambled upon them. He could not yet reach the top of the cask, but with a courageous bound he knocked off the lid and jumped out. The cook had left the kitchen window half open, he jumped out, scrambled through between the bushes of the garden, and away he went. This time he did not stop to eat the lettuce and cabbage, but hurried past them, through the hedge, into the fields. Suddenly he saw a man coming along in a green coat with a gun on his shoulder. "Oh, dear me," thought Jumper, "that must be a hunter; he looks just like what Mamma described to us. I must take care that he does not see me." So he hid himself in a hollow in the field, and as he was still very small, and the morning was dark, the hunter did not see him. When he had passed, Jumper sprang up and bounded away to the forest. He had soon reached the play-ground, but neither his mother nor his brother and sister were there. So he went to the bush where they lived, and there they all were, fast asleep. He pulled his brother by his long ears, so that he jumped up very much frightened; but

when he saw Jumper, he awoke the others, and they all kissed and hugged him, and danced round him for joy. You may imagine how glad poor Jumper was to be home again. He promised his Mamma never to run away again, and you may be sure he kept his promise. So, if he is not dead, he is still living in the forest at this moment.

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8. THE EIDER DUCK.

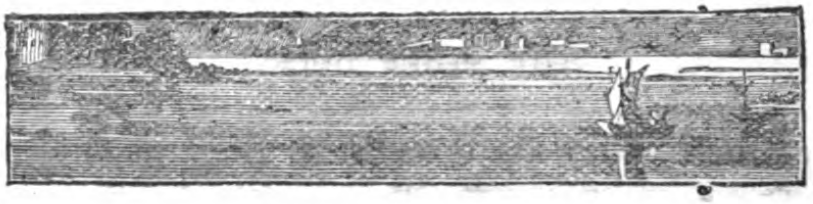
On the coast of Iceland, far away in the Arctic Ocean, a white cliff stood out into the blue sea. Here, on a ledge of rock, an Eider duck was building her nest. Her husband, the drake, brought her as much moss and seaweed as he could get from the rocks, and these she wove firmly together. When the nest was finished, she lined it with feathers and down that she plucked from her breast, so as to make it soft, and laid five pretty, greenish eggs into it. Then she sat down upon them to hatch them, and her husband flew about to see whether a crow or a sea gull was coming. The Eider duck had good reason to be afraid of the gulls and crows, for they used to come and eat her eggs whenever they possibly could. This time, however, the drake could not see any, so he flew out to sea to get some fish for dinner. He was very dif-

ferently dressed from his wife: on his back the feathers were white, but below they were nearly black, whilst the duck had brown feathers all over, slightly reddish on the back. After flying on some time, the Eider drake stopped and hovered about over the waves. Presently a large glittering fish came up to the surface of the water, to enjoy the beautiful sunshine, but he did not enjoy it long, for as soon as the drake saw him, he dashed down to the water, seized the fish in his bill, and flew away with him to the nest. You may be sure that the two Eider ducks made a good dinner that day, and there was even something left for supper; but in the afternoon the duck said to her husband: "Oh my dear, I do feel so dreadfully stiff from always sitting down, I really should like to fly out for a little while." "Do, my love," said her husband; "it will do you good, and I will stop here and take care of the nest and eggs." So the duck got up; but before leaving the nest she covered her eggs with feathers from her breast to keep them warm. Then she spread out her wings, flew away, and was soon out of sight. She had not been gone long when the drake heard a noise on the rock above him. He looked up and saw three men and a little boy standing at the edge of the rock. "Now, then, make haste and undo the rope," said the eldest of the men, who were all Icelanders, and dressed in the Icelandic costume. "Father," said the little

boy, "why don't you let me try to get feathers once? I'm sure I could." "Because you'd be frightened if you were hanging over the abyss only by a rope." "I'm sure I should not, father," said the boy; "do let me try." "Well, you may for once, and then I'm sure you won't want to do so again," said his father. By this time the two other men had uncoiled the rope that they had brought with them. They tied one end of it round the boy's waist, and so they let him down the precipice. It certainly looked very dangerous how the little boy was swinging about there, for if the rope had torn he would have fallen down many hundred feet into the sea; but the courageous little fellow was not afraid. Soon he was quite close to the nest, round which the drake was fluttering in great fright; and now he stretched out his arm, seized the feathers and eggs, and tore the nest from the ledge of rock on which it had been fastened. The drake flew round him, uttering shrieks of terror and grief; but the boy did not care. "Father," he called out, "pull me up, quick; I have got such fine feathers!" When he had reached the top, the rope was taken off his waist, and all the men praised him for his courage. "You might have left the eggs," said one, "for they are not eatable; but I am very glad that you have brought such a lot of the feathers;" and so were all the others: for you must know that the feathers and down of the Eider duck are worth

very much. They are brought to England, France, and Germany, to stuff pillows with, for there are no feathers as soft as these. So the Icelanders who go to get them out of the nests, are paid very much for them.

Not long after the men had gone, the Eider duck returned; but who can describe her fright and sorrow when she found her eggs and nest gone. Her husband did everything to soothe her, and next morning they began to build another nest. The duck again laid eggs, and this time they were hatched without any mishap. The little ducklings came out of their shells, one after the other, and were joyfully welcomed by their parents. When they had grown a little, and become stout and strong, their mother took them with her to the sea-shore, to teach them to swim. But when they saw the sea and the rolling waves, the little ducklings were terribly frightened, and did not at all relish the idea of being in them. Their mother did not know how to make them go into the water, so she took them all upon her back, and swam out with them. When she had got a little way, she suddenly dived under, so that the ducklings were left struggling in the water, and were obliged to help themselves. In this way they learnt to swim very quickly, and soon they liked it better than anything else. So they grew up, playing on the sea, in the air, or on the rocks, and you may be sure that they enjoyed themselves very much.



9. THE LITTLE OYSTER.

Once upon a time there lived a little oyster on a big rock at the bottom of the sea, many, many hundreds of miles away from here, near the coast of India, where the sun shines so strong that people are nearly roasted. But the little oyster was not at all afraid of being roasted, because it lived in the cool sea-water, and the hot rays of the sun hardly ever came to it. There it lived as happy as a king, with a pretty little house all to itself, and by its side its mamma, and all its brothers and sisters. All day long it lay there with its shell open, drinking the sea water, and catching little insects that were swimming about; for you may be sure it had a good appetite, and could eat as long as there was anything to be had. But when it saw a large fish coming along, it quickly shut its shell, and so did all the other oysters on the rock. Then the fish, who would have very much liked to have one of them for supper, could not get at them at all, and had to go away again. But sometimes the little oyster was very much frightened, and that was in the storm, when the waves dashed against it so hard, that it was dreadfully afraid they might tear it off the rock, and carry it away from its mamma. Then it clung as tight as it could, till the storm had left off. By and bye the little oyster became

bigger and bigger, and it ate so much that it was fatter than any of the other oysters, so they called it Fattie. Now, Fattie had something very pretty indeed inside his shell, and what do you think it was? Some beautiful pearls; for you know all pearls are made by oysters—not by those that are eaten in England, but by another kind, who live in the Indian Ocean. Fattie was of this kind, and when his shell scratched or rubbed his soft and tender little body, he used to put one of the smooth pearls to that place, and then it did not hurt him any more. One night Fattie was just going to sleep, it was so dark that he could not distinguish anything, when suddenly all around him was as light as day, and then again quite dark. He started up, and would certainly have rubbed his eyes, if he had had any to rub; but soon he saw that it was only a flash of lightning, and directly after there was a peal of thunder, which, however, could hardly be heard so deep under the water. A dreadful tempest arose now, and the waves dashed poor Fattie about so much, that at last he was too exhausted to cling to the rock any more. Then, in an instant, an enormous wave pulled him off, and now he was floating along, quite helpless, all night long. At morning, when the storm left off, he found himself very near the coast, and he lay down quite tired on the sand at the bottom of the sea. But he had not rested long, when, through the clear water, he saw a

boat coming above him, in which there were two men. These men were pearl fishers; they stopped their boat just over Fattie, and the one said to the other: "Suppose we begin to dive here, I think we shall find something." Then he tied a basket to his back, took hold of a rope which the other man held, and jumped into the water. When he was at the bottom, he picked up as many pearl oysters as he could find, and put them into his basket; and when he was obliged to breathe again, he gave a pull to the rope, and then his companion drew him up by it. Amongst the oysters which he brought up in his basket was Fattie, who wondered very much what they were going to do with him. The man with the basket dived still a good many times, till the boat was quite filled with the oysters that he brought up. At last the men sailed back to the coast, and when they had arrived there, they opened the shells of the oysters. In some they found pearls, but most had none. At last one man took hold of Fattie, and forced open his shell. "Look here!" he called out to the other, "we are in luck to-day; just look at these beautiful pearls, they are of the finest kind." The other man came to look at the pearls, and both admired them exceedingly. Of course Fattie was very proud of this, for no doubt he thought they would give him back his pearls; but he was mistaken. Before he was aware of it, one of the men had seized him, and a quantity of

others, and carried them down to the beach, where he threw them all into the sea. However, he took good care not to throw the pearls in with them, for those are very much worth: one pearl sometimes costs one thousand pounds. Next day the two men took all their pearls to a merchant, who bought them for a great deal of money, and took them with him to England. Here he had a beautiful necklace made of them, which he gave as a birthday present to his wife. Whenever she goes out to a party she wears it, and Fattie would be very proud if he could see how his pearls are admired.

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10. THE LITTLE MOUSE.

In a large house with many beautiful rooms, there was one which was called the lumber-room. It was used to put things in that were not in use, so all round there stood, or leant against the walls, old tables, or chairs with only three legs, shovels, brooms, and even wheel-barrows. The lumber-room opened upon the garden, and on one side a ladder led to a loft. The gardener found it handy to put his tools into this place, and here he kept many kinds of seeds and dried plants. Of course this was an excellent play-ground for the mice,

who romped about here all day long, for there was nobody to disturb them. They ate the seeds, and looked for crumbs on the tables and chairs, and when there was not enough, they ascended the ladder; in the loft they always found some corn. Here a mouse was born, called Mimi; at first it was blind and naked like all little mice, but soon it had sharp, glittering eyes, and greyish-brown fine hairs. Mimi liked nothing so well as running about; she scampered right across the room, up the ladder and all round the loft, then down the ladder, and with one bound into a basket all filled with seeds. Mimi dived about in the seeds, ate as much as she could, and when she was tired of it she began her game anew.

One day Mimi was quickly descending the ladder, when a shower of rain fell outside, and a gentleman with his three children took shelter in the lumber-room. They sat down upon a bench, and the father told the children to sit quite still, that they might watch the games of the mice. Mimi saw the four large figures, but as they sat quite still, she thought they must be of wood, like the benches and chairs, and did not notice them. So she slipped down the ladder, and skipped along the floor to a broken wheel-barrow, upon which she jumped. She was now quite near the basket in which she so often played, and down she dived into it. "Oh, Papa, did you see the little mouse go into that basket?" said Alice, one of the little

girls. Her Papa nodded, went to the basket, and looked all through the seeds, but no mouse was there. "You must have been mistaken, Alice," said the gentleman, but all the children assured him they had seen it go in. All at once Walter said: "Papa, what a funny little lump you have under your sleeve!" The gentleman felt up his arm, and drew Mimi out of his sleeve. She had hidden there, and felt quite comfortable and safe in the dark and warmth; but how she trembled when she was pulled out by her little tail, and the children cried: "Oh, what a pretty little creature! do let us keep it, Papa." The gentleman gave the little mouse to Alice, who put it into her basket and carried it into the parlour. Here she put it into a box, and covered it with a lid. Poor Mimi was not at all pleased with her new house. Certainly Alice had bored holes in the lid, that her mouse might have air to breathe, but those windows were too small even to look through. Alice and Emma soon returned with some biscuit for Mimi, but Mimi would not eat till they had gone. Next day Alice brought another mouse that had been caught, and soon still more, till there were seven. Alice took good care of her little prisoners; she brought them plenty of biscuit and water. Soon they were so tame that some let themselves be stroked gently. One evening Mimi noticed that Alice had not shut the lid, but only laid it on. "Come," she said to the

others, "let us escape." "Oh, yes, let us run away," they all said, "though we have such nice food and such a kind mistress, we shall never be happy here in this narrow house where we tumble one over the other, and cannot run about as we like." So Mimi began to climb up the side of the box, the others followed, and soon they had knocked off the lid and jumped out. Oh, how they scampered and raced! Soon each had found a place which she liked better than the narrow house. They hid in the passages, bedrooms, and cupboards, and whatever they thought nice they nibbled with their sharp little teeth.

Next morning when Alice looked into her box, and all her little friends were gone, she was very sorrowful, indeed I think she cried. But when her mother heard what had happened, she was angry, and said: "Now, we shall have a pretty trouble. All mice are thieves and destroyers: we shall not be able to sleep another night in peace." And she was right. At night the mice ventured out of their holes and hiding-places, climbed on the chairs, tables, and beds, and danced and whistled. So traps were placed all about in the rooms, with barley, toasted cheese, or bacon in them, and many mice were caught. Mimi however was still free, and one night she went into the passage to look for something to eat. But she could find nothing. Poor Mimi was very hungry, so she ran on sorrowfully, but soon she saw a

pretty house of wire just before her, and inside there were many glittering white corns. "Oh, how I wish I could get at the barley!" she thought. There was an entrance at the top; Mimi climbed up at the wire, squeezed through the entrance, and jumped right into the corns. She ate on and on, and ran two or three times round; soon, however, she thought it very narrow, and wanted to run on; but alas! everywhere she was surrounded by wire. Inside she could not climb up, and round the entrance at the top were sharp points, which prevented her squeezing through. Ah, poor Mimi, she was caught! Now she would not eat any more, but ran about all night very much frightened. In the morning Emma and Walter came into the passage, and when they saw her in the mouse-trap, they took it in to their Mamma, who was teaching Alice her lesson. "Ah, I see you've caught another mouse," said their Mamma; "there, Alice, go and throw it into the water." Alice took the trap and went sorrowfully, for she had recognized her dear little Mimi, but after five minutes she came back quite joyfully. "Mamma," she said, "Mimi has saved herself. I took her into the garden, and let her drop into the pond, but she was more clever than I thought. She began to swim, and swam on and on till she reached the little island in the middle." "Well, I don't mind her being there," said her Mamma, smiling,

"but she had better take care that the owls don't catch her."

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11. LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Mr. Redbreast had built a beautiful nest high up in an oak tree, and when it was finished, his wife, Mrs. Redbreast, laid an egg into it. Next day she laid one more and so on till there were six, all small and spotted. Then she sat down upon them, and spread out her wings to warm them. A whole fortnight she sat there, and Mr. Redbreast brought her food, and amused her by singing and whistling, so that the time passed without her noticing it. Mr. Redbreast was very smartly dressed; he had a black velvet cap, and a bright red waistcoat, and he took care that his black coat and gray cape were always very clean and neat. Mrs. Redbreast on the contrary, was dressed very plainly, she only wore a common brown house dress. But she had just as glittering black eyes as her husband, and she looked carefully and anxiously around with them to see whether an enemy or disturber came. But none came. Meanwhile the little birds in the eggs had grown by the warmth of their mother; the shells were too narrow for them, so they broke them with their little beaks and came out. But they

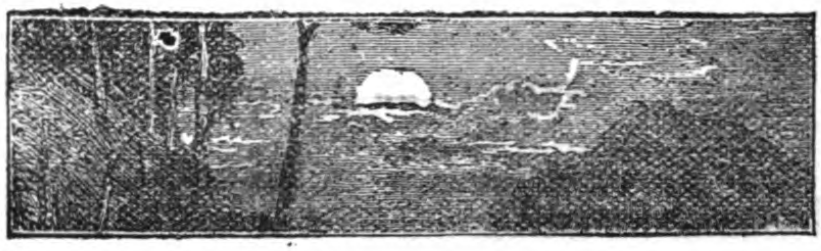
could not yet see anything, for their eyes were closed; they shivered with cold, for they had no feathers on their naked little bodies, and were very ugly. But still their mother loved them, warmed and fed them, and her husband helped her. So the children grew, their eyes opened and brightened, and little feathers which at first looked like hair, began to cover them. Their parents were very much pleased with this, and never tired of filling their little beaks, which, you may be sure, were always open. But one thing frightened them very much; as the children had grown so much, they were too big for the nest, and it was overcrowded. This did not matter as long as there was no wind; and when the mother was at home she could take care of her little ones. But one day, when she had gone out to get something to eat, a high wind and storm of rain arose. The branch on which the nest was built shook very much; the youngest of the little Redbreasts, who was called Robin, looked out to see whether Mamma was not yet coming; he bent forward too much, and down he fell through the bushes into the grass. He could not fly, else he would have flown away, nor could he cry loud enough for his mother to hear him. At first he was quite stunned from his fall, and wet and cold, but soon the rain left off and the sun shone again.

Presently a little girl came by with her Mamma. She saw Robin, and said: "Oh, Mamma, look at

this little bird, poor thing he is quite wet, may I take it up?" Her Mamma allowed it; so the little girl took Robin carefully up, wrapped him into her jacket, and carried him home. He was put into a pretty cage, the ground of which was strewn with sand. At each side there was a little glass basin, one with water and the other with seeds. But Robin could not eat any, for he had not yet learnt to eat by himself. So the little girl softened some bread in water, put it into a quill and wanted to feed Robin, but Robin was too clever for that; he knew very well that the quill was not his mother's beak, and would not take anything. "What shall we do, Mamma," said the little girl, "the poor bird does not eat anything; he is quite weak, and I'm sure he will die." "Put him into the cage of your hedge-sparrow," said her Mamma, "she will take care of it as if it were her child," and the little girl did so. The hedge-sparrow had already six children, and now a seventh was given to her; she was very kind to Robin, and fed him with her own young ones. She had enough to do, for the children were always hungry; so she showed her eldest daughter, who could already eat by herself, how to take the food in her beak, and put it into that of the little ones. The daughter learnt it very well, and always fed her youngest brother and the little Redbreast, who grew and became healthy and pretty. One day Robin noticed that

a red waistcoat had grown on his breast, just like his Papa's. "Oh, how I wish I could show my beautiful new waistcoat to my mother!" he thought. Just at that moment the little girl opened the door of the cage, seized Robin, and carried him to the open window. "Now I suppose I must let you go, my pretty Robin," she said sorrowfully, "for I think you can fly." Robin lifted his wings shyly, they carried him, and away he soared. But he did not fly far. He perched upon an apple-tree near the window, and twittered more prettily than he had ever done before.

He wished to sing a song of thanks to the good hedge-sparrow and her children, and also to the little girl. They were all very pleased with it, and glad that he could fly so well. Now Robin flew on and on in the direction of his home; he met many Redbreasts like himself, but he could not tell whether they were his brothers. But his mother he recognized at once by her brown dress and busy way. He kissed her, and told her what other mothers and sisters he had found. She listened joyfully and attentively to him, but she could not stay long, for she had just laid eggs again, and hastened to hatch them. Just then the father flew to her with his beak full of food. Oh, how glad he was when he saw his beautiful son! he could not leave off admiring the new waistcoat, and twittered: "You're just like me, you're just like me!"

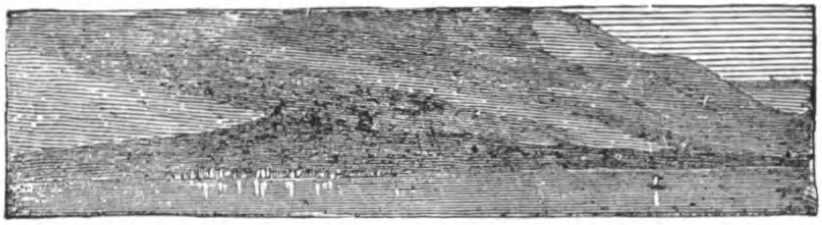


12. THE SILKWORM.

Out of a little egg, as large as a pin's head, a little worm crept out on a warm summer's day. As soon as it was conscious that it lived, it found itself sitting on a little green leaf. "I'm rather hungry to-day," it thought, as it began to nibble away, and it had such a good appetite that the leaf was eaten up in no time. The little worm had already enough strength to creep to a neighbouring leaf, and soon this too was gone. So the little worm went on eating with the greatest diligence day after day, and as it ate so much, it soon grew large and fat. Luckily the fresh mulberry-leaves were such wholesome food, that the little creature never felt ill. But one day as it was resting on a leaf, it thought: "I do not feel at all inclined to eat to-day; I should like to be diligent once in another way. I will spin." So the worm crept into a little arbour of heather which was close at hand.

Here the little spinster began her work, and though she had never learnt to spin, she could do so at once. Certainly she improved as she went on, for at first she had spun far apart from one twig to another, but gradually she drew the thread always closer and more evenly from the lower end of her body, and ran round and round spinning, up and down, and down and up. So

the veil around her was always becoming denser. At first one could still see the whitish yellow body of the industrious spinster, creeping about inside, but soon she was no more visible. She was so diligent at her work that she no longer thought of eating, but when her web was finished, and had become a tight, soft, little house, she felt very tired. Then she took off her working dress, it was too tight, and pressed her very much. Under it she found a pretty night-gown, all ready, and fitting quite comfortably. In that she lay down, and slept on and on, for days and weeks. And how she was changed when she awoke! Wings had grown to her, and she felt strong and in high spirits. "I won't stop in the soft bed any longer," she said; "my working-dress and night-gown may remain here, but I will go out into the fresh air." So the gay young butterfly bored through her silken house and flew out into the light. On looking around her, she saw many long rows of shelves, on which there were hundreds of little arbors like hers. In each of these, silkworms had built their cocoons, for this was a silk factory, where the silk is taken from the cocoons. It is then spun into thread, and when this thread is woven, it is the stuff of which your silk dresses and handkerchiefs are made.



THE BLUE BIRD AND THE BAD BOY.

A TALE IN WORDS OF NOT MORE THAN FIVE LETTERS.

Sam, and John, and Jane Gray, did live in a nice cot near a wood. It was not cold at all at their cot, for the sun was hot on it all the day long. A nice bird came one day and sat on a tall tree near to the cot, and sang a song so long and loud, that Jane came out and sat down on a log, to hear that dear bird sing so loud and clear.

The bird had a wing of blue, and the rest of it was red; and as it sang, it did move its blue wing to and fro; so that Jane saw both the blue and the red.

Jane was kind and good, and so was Sam. Sam was a tall man, with hair on his face, and much more hair on his head. Sam was not a boy; he was a man, and the cot was his. Jane was not a girl; she was old too, like Sam; but John was a boy, and, sad to say, a bad boy. John was ten, and Sam had taken much care to make him good; but bad John did not try to do as he was told, and oft made Jane cry.

When the Blue Bird saw how nice and kind a face had Jane; it said, "I will make my nest here in this very tall tree of the wood, close to the cot

of the mild girl. When my nest is made, I will put in it four blue eggs, and then I will sit on the eggs for many days. When I sit on my four blue eggs, I will sing all day long, that the nice girl can hear a song, as she sits at her work."

Now poor Jane was sad to see the Blue Bird make its warm soft nest so near their cot; for she had fear, that if bad John did but once hear the loud clear song, no more were the blue eggs safe.

John did not fear God, nor love him. God is good to all who live. He made the blue sky, and the nice kind Cow to give us milk. He made the wise Dog, who will love us well and long, and who will not bite nor bark if we do not vex him. God made the soft Cat, she will not let a fat old Rat, with a long tail, eat up our food. No, no, she will snap at the old Rat, and eat him up her own self. God made the Fly, and the Bee; also the Wasp. He made the Cock and the Hen, and the Fish. The Fish can swim, but the Pig can not swim; and so the Pig must live on dry land in his sty. God says we must not hurt a dumb Bird, or Dog, or Fish, or Fly; we must give them nice food, and be kind and good to them. We may pat the Dog on the head, and then he will wag his tail to show how glad he is; and we may pet the soft Cat, and she will be glad and purr so loud for us to hear.

We may not hurt the Dog or the Cat, or pull their ears; for that is a sad bad thing for any boy

or girl to do to a poor dumb Pet. We can not pet a fish: for it will swim off very fast; it does not like a pat on the head, but it will snap up a fly at one bite, and be very glad if a boy will give it one fly, or it may be two.

When the Cock saw Jane come out to the yard, he crew for joy; the Hen too did run fast, for kind Jane had oats in a bag, to feed the wise Cock and nice Hen.

In the morn, the Cock crew loud and long, as if to say, "Get up, John, the sun is up a long time ago, and the dew is dry from off the new hay. John you are a lazy boy, to lie so long in bed, Sam is up, and so is Jane; and my good hen has laid a nice egg for Jane to eat."

Crow! crow! crow! still more loud, as if to say, "John, you must rise out of bed at once, and give your face a good wash, like the old duck. John, you bad boy, it is nine; you are a lazy lazy boy."

But John did not seem to hear, but lay in bed; and if you did but tap at his door, "Snore, snore," did he give; but not one word did he say.

If John came to walk in the yard, all did then hide. The old Pig hid her head in the straw; the Duck did dive down; the Hen flew to the loft, and so did the Cock. The poor dear Dog, who was tied up, did look with fear, and held down his head; the Cat ran to the roof. All had much fear of bad John, and his whip. His whip was big, and with the long hard lash, he cut at the

poor dumb Dog, and Cat, and Pig, and Cock, and Hen, and Duck.

One fine day at noon, Jane sat at work on the old log near the door. The sun was warm, and the Blue Bird sang loud and clear. A fine pink Rose grew near the door, and a busy Bee came to sip the Rose. Soon the Bee flew away home with its load; and then came a poor weak Wasp to seek some food from the Rose, as had done the Bee. Jane did not try to kill the Wasp, as some do; no. She said, "poor Wasp, I am sure you have no food at home, you seem so thin and weak. I know you will not sting me if I do not touch you; so fly away home with your load."

Jane was glad to see the poor old Wasp take up his load, and fly away to his nest. The nest of the Wasp was hung up in a tall fir tree; and "Buzz, buzz," went the old Wasp, in and out all day long.

The Bird sang, and Jane sang, and a Fly came up and sat on the log, near Jane. Soon she saw Sam walk to the door of the cot, and when he saw Jane, he said, "Dear Jane, be so kind to give me my best hat out of the old oak box; I must go to town, and am in haste."

"Yes, Sam," said Jane, and ran for the hat at once. "But pray stay, and dine first. It is now near one, and the way to the town is long, you will tire soon, if you do not eat."

"I may not stay to dine, Jane," said Sam, "but you must dine well, even if I am not here.

Our poor man, Ben, has had a bad fall from off a cart of hay; and his best leg is much hurt; I fear it may be broke. I must take him in a cart to the town, and try if the Good Man can heal it."

Jane spoke no more, for she was very sad, to hear of poor Ben's fall. She ran fast for Sam's hat, and gave him too some good wine, and told him to give Ben sips of it if he grew weak by the way.

When Sam was gone; Jane went to tell the sad news to Bess the maid, and soon did poor Bess cry sore; Jane cried too; for Ben, the man, was wise and kind, and took care of all near the cot. Poor Ben had only one good leg of flesh and bone, and one of wood; but on his leg of wood, he made a hop and then a step.

Now, his good leg was much hurt, and he must lie in bed, and bear sore pain. But Ben was a good man, and had much fear and love of God. He did not moan, and roar, and cry out, "I will not bear this pain," as some boys and girls do when they are sick. No, no; as he lay in bed, he said; "How good is God, to save my poor life. He is kind to give me so soft a bed to lie on, and nice food for me to eat. My one leg is now hurt, and I can hop no more; but each hand, and each arm are safe and well; so that I can work; and both my eyes are safe and well for me to see with. God is very good to me; God will make the Good Man heal me, all in his good time. Amen."

Soon Bess said, "But Miss Jane, our Head

Man, has not eat a bit to day. He must have all food that is good, when he comes home at eve."

"That is a good idea," said Jane, "what nice food can you give Sam?"

"Well," said Bess, "Some nice cold lamb."

"No," said Jane, "we have no cold lamb left, did you not dine on it?"

"No, Miss Jane," said Bess, "I did not dine on the cold lamb; it was much too good for me to use. It is quite safe on the dish."

"Bess," said Jane, "I am not at all glad. Sam and I like you to eat good food, the same as our own; and we left some nice meat on the leg of lamb for you."

"Well, well, Miss Jane," said Bess, "it is too late now; the lamb is on the dish, and I did dine very well. I eat up a big salt fish, all but the tail; and as good a fish it was as ever I saw."

"What more have you," said Jane.

"Well, Miss," said Bess, "we have an inch or two of cold beef; but it is dry and hard. A cut of the red fish has a good taste, and is not dry and hard like the beef."

"Yes," said Jane, "Sam likes red fish; you plan well Bess. Have you a fresh egg?"

"Yes," said Bess, "we have ten or more. Will it be best to give the egg a boil, or a fry?"

"One each way," said Jane.

"No, Miss," said Bess, "Two each way; one egg is but a bite. Let us have four eggs, two of

the Duck, and two of the Hen's eggs; and then some of your good plum cake."

"Yes," said Jane, "and our best ale."

"Miss," said Bess, "our Man must sup well this eve. It has been a long sad day, he had best have some good port wine as well."

"Well, Bess," said Jane, "Sam will grow so fat on all your fine food, he will not be able to get in at our door."

"No fear, Miss," said Bess. "A man who must work hard all day long, must eat the best food he can get. All who mean to live must eat, and the Cow and Pig say so too, in their own way. Ah! poor Ben; our Cow, and Pig, and Duck, and Cock, and Hen, will now look for you in vain. I will make food for you all, as well as I can, but it will not taste as well as that made by Ben."

"Let me help you to make the food," said Jane, "you have much to do this sad day."

"No, Miss Jane, I will not let you help me. Go and sit on your log; it is not fit for a lady to put her hand into a Pig's mess."

"Then," said Jane, "you may make the Pig's mess, and I will milk the Red Cow."

"No, no, Miss Jane," said Bess, "the Red Cow will not let any one milk her but Ben. She is cross, and puts out her long horns, and will even kick down the can of milk. No, no, you must not go in the way of dirt; and if you will work, when you need not, then go and make a cake or a pie."

"No, Bess," said Jane, "you are too kind; you have too much work to day. I will not go in the dirt, but let me help. I will lay the cloth, and rub a fork or two, and get the salt; then I can put the ale in the jug, and get out some port wine."

"You are a kind good lady, Miss Jane," said Bess, "I love to work hard for you and our good Sam. This cot is all love and joy, when John is not here."

So Jane went to lay the cloth, and Bess went to feed the Pig, and to try to milk the Red Cow. Soon Jane went to the yard to see how Bess got on, and found Poor Bess in sad woe. The Red Cow did not stay still all that Bess had tried to do. It was only a kick of her heel, or a poke of her long horn, and then a lash of her tail in the face of Bess.

"Wait Bess," said Jane, "I will get some nice food, and hold it near her nose; she will then eat, and so it may be, when she finds we are so kind, she will stay still."

So Jane got the nice food at once, and soon the Red Cow put her nose into the pail, and as the food was a kind that cows like most, she went chew, chew, till all was done.

Bess soon had all the nice milk into her can; and as it was now near nine, and dusk, they went back into the cot. Soon the moon rose full, and a glow-worm came out on the bank.

At last came Sam, at a fast walk, and when he

got near the cot, he gave a loud call, "Good news!" said he, "good news! The leg is not much hurt, and Ben is to stay with the Good Man for one week, to get well. Let us call Bess, and tell her this good news."

Bess ran out in haste, to hear this fine news; and was in so much joy, that each tear ran down her face more fast than when she was told that Ben was hurt.

"The eggs are done, Miss Jane." said she. "Now, dear Sir, try to eat well."

"I do not need to try, good Bess," said Sam, "for I feel in much need of food." As he spoke he hung his best hat on a high peg in the hall, and went in to sup. Jane ran fast with the lamp, and sat it down, but what did she see? No cake! no red fish! no cold lamb, no ale, no salt! all was bare, and only the cloth left.

Soon was a loud roar from Bess, who ran in, "Oh dear! Miss Jane, the four eggs are gone I left in the oven to keep hot; and the dish is in the oven, but the eggs are gone."

All were sad at this, for they knew well it was done by bad John; and Sam had a long sad day, and now he had no food to sup on. Sam did not care what kind of food he had, but he did fret much that John did so vex and fret Jane and their maid Bess, who were so kind to all. Jane knew Sam must eat, so said, "Bess, can you find some more eggs?"

"Yes, Miss," said Bess. "Our man may have a score to eat, if he like."

"A score will be too many, good Bess;" said Sam," but I can eat two at this time."

"I fear, Bess," said Jane, "the hard dry beef must come out now."

"The beef will be good I know," said Sam. "Bess can fry old dry beef, and make it taste as nice as red fish."

"It is but an inch or two of beef, sir," said Bess; "but I will do my best to fry it with spice, and make it taste well."

"Cut some bits of ham," said Jane, "and I will get some more plum cake, and a jug of ale; we must do the best we can."

As Jane and Bess made much haste, Sam soon had hot food to sup on, and when he had done, he took his port wine, and said his food had been most nice and good."

When Bess came to take away the tray, she said, "Sir, Tim Bray, the lame man, is here. He says he has come to do Ben's work."

"I am glad of that," said Sam; "did you send for him Jane?"

"No," said Jane, "I did not send for him. It is his own plan, I am sure."

"Tell Tim Bray to step in," said Sam, and so in came lame Tim Bray, with a low bow.

"Good day, Tim," said Sam, "I hear you are come to help us."

"Good day, Sir; good day, Miss;" said Tim. "I hope to do the work well."

"It is very kind of you Tim, to come at this time, when we are in such need of help. All will go well now, I hope. You can go to Miss Jane, who will tell you what to do. Feed such as can not find their own food; and you can dine and sup with Bess; she is a fine cook, I can tell you; and is so kind, she will like you to eat too much. I will tell you once more. Miss Jane will tell you what to do; you will feed and mind all in the farm-yard; Bess will feed you, and you are to come to me for the pay."

"No, Sir;" said Tim, "I will not do your work for pay, I owe you too much as it is. Nor will I dine and sup with Bess, for that will give her more work to do. No, sir, you are very good, but I mean to eat at home; and till Ben is back I will do his work as well as I can."

"Tim, Tim," said Jane, with a nod of her head, "if you do our work, you must take our pay."

"Miss Jane," said Tim, "I may speak rude, for I am a poor man, and do not know fine words. But I will do your work, and I will not take your pay."

"When I was ill, and like to die; your good care was what made me live. Have I not the soft bed you gave me to lie on then? And you, sir, put a fine new roof on my cot. And then, the good wine Miss Jane gave me each day out of her

own cup. And then, how many days did kind Bess run down the lane with soups, and beef, and mugs of milk. Ah sir! God was good, that when he saw fit to make me ill, he made me to fall sick near this cot. Still I was ill, and like to die; I knew not of God, and his love to man; and how he sent his dear Son to die for our sins. Miss Jane first read that to me out of the Good Book, and now I read in that book each day. Is Ben with the Good Man who used to come each day to heal me, Sir, when I was sick?"

"Yes, Tim," said Sam, "he is; and you may be sure his bed is good and soft, and all is nice round him."

"Sir," said Tim, "I pray for that Good Man each day, that God will spare him long, to heal many who are sick."

"I am glad you do, Tim;" we must pray for all we love, and for all who hate us. God loves us to pray to him."

"Tim," said Jane, "if I am to tell you what to do each day, you must obey me."

"Yes, Miss," said Tim, "that I will,"

"Well then," said Jane, "you are to obey me when I say, you must eat with Bess each day; it is sad and dull for her, now that Ben is not here; and if you see that she does not eat much, you must just say, 'Bess, if you do not eat, I can not eat.'"

"Well, Miss Jane," said Tim, "The food here is too good by far, for a man like me; I do not

wish to live like a King. But Miss Jane, if you ask me to take the pay, I will step off home, and not come back."

"Very well, Tim," said Sam, "take your own way now, we can talk of the pay when Ben is home once more."

When Tim had made four fine bows, and was gone, Sam said: "Dear Jane, I must talk to our bad boy John, ere I go to bed. Pray to God that I may say what is wise and good."

Sam went up to the room, and said "John."

John said, "go away, Sam; go to your own room."

"My poor John," said Sam, "why do you go on each day to do what is bad? You vex God, and you vex us."

"I do not care," said John. "I will be bad if I like."

"Poor boy!" said Sam, "my mind is sad for you. It is sin, when you do not obey Jane and me, who are old. And God says in the Good Book, that a boy who will not obey, must be beat with a rod, and made good. Pray to God to make you good; and I am sad to say it, but when next you are so bad, I must beat you with a rod."

"Go to your room, Sam," said John, "this is my room; I am a man, I am ten. I will go and live in a cot of my own. You and Jane may have your rod for who you like, it will not be for me."

Sam went to bed with a sad mind; he did not

like to give John pain with a rod, but he had much fear that it must be done one day. So he lay in his bed, and did not as much as shut one eye, till just four, and then he had a doze.

Just at four, John got up, and went down on tip toe. He saw a nice pie, set out to cool, and said, "Ah! that will do me for food on my way to seek my own cot."

He took up the pie, and went out of the door, but as he put out his hand to open the iron gate, the bad boy said, "that old Blue Bird goes 'twit, twit,' in its nest; I must have its eggs. Miss Jane will be in a fine fuss, when she sees her pet sit in a nest, with no eggs left."

John went climb, climb, up the tall tree, and the Blue Bird saw him come.

A bird does not like a boy or a girl to peep into her nest, or to take the eggs up to look at them; so she gave a cry of fear. If John had been a kind boy, he had then left the tree; but no, he went on, up, up, and yet more high.

Soon his eye was near the nest, and the dear Blue Bird did cry yet more in fear.

"Ah!" said John, "your head must come off if you cry out so. I will not have you wake up Sam and Jane." As he spoke, he took one hand from the stem of the tree, to take hold of the Blue Bird, but, oh joy! he went slip, slip, down the tree; and as he went down, his chin went rub, rub on the bark of the tree, till not a bit of skin was left on

his chin. Oh! it was so sore, and so hard to bear. He gave a cry of rage, and left the tall tree. In his fall, he had made a bad step, and his foot had gone into the pie, and broke the top; so that now he had meat on his boot, and a hole in the top of his pie.

Now he went off very fast, for it was near five, and he knew that at five the Cow and Pig did call for food in their way, and what if he were seen by Tim Bray?

He ran fast down the lane, and soon came to a stop. He had a wish to find a bird who sang loud and clear, but do his best to look, no bird did he see.

He made as if to look up in the air, but did not see well, for it was now June, and in June the sun is up at five; still the bird sang on, and went high, high, and did seem to soar to the sun.

"Well," said John, "I feel sure you are a lark, to be up so high in the sky at five. That old Ben used to say to me, I must lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark. I wish God had made me a lark, and not a boy; I like a wing much more than a leg and foot."

Soon did a dog bark, not far off. "Ah!" said he, "that is our dog; Sam is up. I must run on."

Soon he came to a nice pool, and saw in it a nice duck take its bath. It made a dip of its head; one, two, four, five, six, nine, ten, and one time more. "Ah!" said John, "I wish God had made me a duck, and not a boy; that is a nice way to

wash, in a good pool. I hate our tin bath and the hard soap, but I like the pool and the soft mud."

The duck now swam to the edge, and near a rush sat a fat frog. The duck made but one bite of the fat frog, and swam off to seek for more food. "Ah!" said John, "Such food will not do for me. I may wish to be a duck, but I will not eat a frog."

As he ran fast on and on, a hare gave one jump from the side of the lane, and ran so fast, that soon it was hid from John. "Ah!" said John, "I will not be a lark or a duck, it is more nice to be a hare; with fine long legs, and not too much tail. That will do best; I wish God had made me a hare, and not a boy."

By this time he had come to a post with two long arms, to show the way. He gave many a look at the old post, but the bad boy had not tried to say his task, and now he was a boy of ten, and did not know how to read one word. On one arm of the post was "This way to the sea." Now John did not mean to go to the sea, for he had been once at it, and had had a dip in it, with Sam, and he did not like to be wet in the nice salt wave.

He sat down to cry, and then gave his eyes a rub, and set to work to eat his pie. The pie was very good, but it was so big, that when he had had too much of it, he had still much of it left in the dish. Just then a cart came up, and in the cart sat a boy with a red face. A

tall ass drew the cart, and the boy with the red face held the rein and the whip. When he saw John, he came to a full stop, and said: "Why boy, you have no need to cry, when you have that fine pie in your lap."

"Sir," said John, "I cry, for I do not know my way; you can have my pie if you will let me ride in the cart with you."

"Very well," said the boy, "you may ride in the cart if you like; but you must come my way; I can not go your way."

"I have no way," said John, with a great sob; "I have lost my way, and I do not know how to read the post."

"Nor can I read the post," said the boy with the red face; "and more is the pity, it is a fine life to know how to read a book. I had no one to show me when I was a baby-boy like you, and now I have no time."

"I am not a baby-boy," said John, "I am a man of ten, and go to seek a cot for my own self."

"Get in! get in! man of ten," said the boy, "if you mean to come with me. I may not stay to talk: you may hold the rein, and tell me your firm plan; and as we jog on, I can eat up the large pie."

The boy took the dish on his knee, and a grin of joy was on his face at the look of that good pie.

"Man of ten," said he, "I will come and see

you at your cot, if you have such fine pies in it. Dear me! How good it is."

"That pie," said John, "was made at our old cot by Bess or Jane; but I do not mean to have them to live with me at my new cot."

"Then," said the boy, "I will not go to you; I will go to see Bess and Jane, and eat some more pie."

"Oh! you rude boy," said John, "do you not know that Bess is our maid—she is our cook. Jane is Miss Jane; you must say 'Miss Jane.'"

"I will say 'Miss Bess,' too, if you like," said the boy; "but how was I to know that a man of ten I did not see ever before, has a cot, and in it a cook, Bess, and a lady, Miss Jane?"

"What road is this we are on now?" said John. "It is the Old Sand Lane," said the boy; "once an old sand bank fell down here, and so the pit was made full; and the men had to make a new pit and a new lane to get at the sand."

"Is it for sand you go now?" said John.

"No," said the boy, "it is for weed for our land."

"Weed?" said John. "Is not weed bad for land?"

"Oh," said the boy, "it is a bad kind of weed you mean. It is sea-weed that I go for."

Now John did not know that sea-weed grew in the sea; and so he sat in the cart, and the cart went jog, jog, on its way to the sea; and John did not mean to go near the sea at all.

"Now Sir," said the boy, "the nice Pie is all done; what can I do with your fine blue dish?"

"I do not care," said John. "Toss it out of the cart."

"No, no," said the boy, "it is a fine dish, and must have cost much."

"I do not want it;" said John, "you may keep it if you like."

"I like the dish;" said the boy, "but I do not like our men at home to say, I stole it. I may say: "a man of ten gave me that fine blue dish;" but they will say, "no, no, that is not true; a boy of ten does not go in a cart, and then give you a fine dish of blue, and red, and gold."

"Well then," said John, "I will chop it into bits, and let the bits fall out of the cart, one by one, till all are gone."

"I do not like to see it done;" said the boy, "for it must have cost much. It is much more good, and dear to pay for than delf; and it is a pity to see the blue, and red, and gold, broke into bits."

"Very well," said John, "do as you like; stay, I will hold the rein once more, and do you get out and hide the dish in the sand."

The boy did as he was bid by John, and soon made a hole in the sand, and put the dish in, and put the sand on the top.

When he got into the cart once more, he said: "Now Sir, if you buy all your delf as good as

that, when you go to your new cot; it will cost you much. Can you pay well for all you buy?"

"Yes, yes," said John. "Do you know, I can pay well for all I get; I have got some gold in my bag."

"Is it as big a bit of gold as one can have?" said the boy.

"No, said John, "it is the half size of what Sam and Jane have to pay with."

"Then," said the boy, "it will not buy much; it will not get you a dish like the fine one you have left in the sand."

"I do not care," said John, "that dish came from the old cot. If I can not buy a delf dish, I will make my pie in an iron pot."

"Can you make a pie?" said the boy.

"No," said John.

"Can you cook a Hare?" said the boy.

"No," said John.

"Can you make a pot of broth, with rice and salt, and a fine leek in it?" said the boy.

"No," said John.

"Can you make a plum cake?" said the boy.

"No," said John.

"Can you boil beef?" said the boy

"No," said John.

"Can you fry a Fish?" said the boy.

"No," said John.

"Then," said the boy, "you can not do much that is of use; you must get a good cook."

"Yes," said John, "I do not like to work at all. I mean to buy a cot, and have a cook to cook good pies, and a cake or two, all day long. I mean to have a maid to make the beds, and a man to wait when I dine, and to open the door to such as call to see me. And I mean to have a man to mind my cow, and a man to hold my rein when I go out to ride."

"Your half bit of gold will not last you one half day, Sir;" said the boy. "Each man, and each maid, will need many bits of gold to pay him or her for work, each year; and your food, and food for them, will cost much more gold than you know of."

"I did not know all this," said John, "when I was at our old cot; for Sam and Jane pay all who work for us; and if they have much gold, I do not know."

"Why did you come from the old cot?" said the boy.

"Sam and Jane are old, and have bad ways. They say that I must do as they tell me, at any time, and I do not like that; and when I do my own way, they say it is a bad way."

"What is your way? man of ten," said the boy.

"Well," said John, "I do not like to go to bed at nine, or to rise at six; I like to go to bed at ten, and rise at nine or ten. As soon as I am up each morn, I like to eat, and have hot tea, and meat, and an egg, and jam; but Sam and Jane

will not let me have what I like. Jane says, I may have tea, and milk, and a hen or duck egg; and a roll or two, or four, if I can eat so much; but she will not give me jam or meat. They dine at one, at our cot; and that old Bess will not give us pie, more than one day in two."

Then Sam says, "John, shut the gate; you must shut the gate when you come in." Then Jane says, "John, you have let the lamb get out of the fold; seek it, and then shut the gate." And then, "John, you must not vex the dog, and you must not take the eggs from the nest of any bird; and you must not take the oats from the pony; and you must not let the rats out of the trap; and you must not hide the keys. Oh! it is a bad life for a boy at our cot; and then they give me a book, and say, it is bad that a boy of ten can not read."

"I see well as can be," said the boy with the red face, "that it is a bad life at your old cot, for Sam and Miss Jane; and that you are as bad a boy as ever I saw. I do not like a bad boy, who will fret what is dumb; so get out of my cart at once."

"I will not get out," said John, "I mean to stay here."

"You are a bad boy;" said the boy with the red face. "I will not have you here with me; if you do not step out at once, I will tilt up the cart, and then you will come out with a fine toss on the road."

John got out with rage in his mind, and shut his fist, and held it up at the boy. The boy gave a grin, and drove off very fast.

John went on, and on, the hard road, till his feet were so sore, he had to sit and rest now and then. The sun was high in the sky, and it was so hot he was but just able to move. A mist rose from the sea, so that John did not see how near he was to it, till the roll of the wave on the sand came to his ear.

By this time his head did ache so bad, and his feet were so sore, he was not able to turn back; and so he went on into the town. It was now one; the time he used to dine at the old cot; and so he went to look for a shop to buy food at.

A shop was soon seen, and John went in and got some cold pie; but oh! what a bad pie! not like what Bess made in the old cot. The pie of the shop was hard, and old, and dry as wood; but John had to eat it up. When it was all done, the man of the shop said: "Now boy, pay for the pie."

"Yes," said John, "I have gold." But look in, or look out, was no good; the gold was gone!

Jane had said two days ago: "John, give me your coat; I must mend that hole, or you will lose your cash out of the hole."

And John had said: "No, Jane, I like to have a hole in my coat; I do not wish you to sew it up."

Now the gold was gone, bag and all; and the hole was plain to be seen.

"I see you are a bad boy," said the man of the pie shop. "Take off your coat, and give it to me to pay for my pie."

So John had to do as he was bid; and took off his nice coat poor Jane had made for him; and with his belt in his hand, set off once more; but this time with a face full of woe.

He soon saw a ship, and said: "This is a bad land; I will go over the sea, and not come back any more." As he spoke, he ran very fast into the ship, but a tall man gave a loud roar at him. Ho! boy, what do you do in my ship?"

"Sir," said John, "I wish to sail over the sea with you."

"Ah! ha!" said the man, "can you pay if I take you in my ship?"

"No, sir," said John, with a sob; "I can not pay; I have lost my gold."

"Then," said the tall man, "I see how it is; you have run from your home. I see you are a bad boy, but you can stay in my ship, if you like to work very hard."

"Yes, yes," said John, "I will work very hard."

"Then," said the tall man, "take a mop, and wash the deck; do not let me see one bit of dirt when I come back. Then mend my old boots, and then take all the soot out of the tall pipe. Boil some tar, and give it to the mate; wash all the mugs, and chop some fat for the cook. Kill a fowl, and hang it up; and then with a mop and

and soda, wash that old sail. Let all be done when I come back at four; for, if it is not, I will give you some hard raps with the end of a rope."

"Oh sir!" said John, "I do not like to kill a fowl."

"Then," said the man, "I dare say you like to aim a stone at a poor bird on the wing? You do not mind if your blow may make it lame for life; so that it can fly no more."

"But that is fun;" said John.

"I know you must be a bad boy," said the man, "when I saw you run to my ship; and so it is, you will give life-long pain to a poor bird, to make what you call fun; but you will not cut off the head of a fowl at one blow, that we may eat it."

"But then, a fowl is big," said John.

"A fowl and a fly feel pain the same," said the man. "Have you ever had the ear-ache?"

"Yes," said John, "it is a bad pain."

"Then," said the man, "it may be fun of my kind to cut off your ear; so that you will have a bad ear-ache all your life."

"But," said John, "a boy with no ears, can not hear."

"A bird with a hurt wing can not fly;" said the man, "and then it must die for want of food. I do not wish you to kill the fowl; I will have it done by my cook. I only want to show you that God, who gave us a fowl or a hare for our food,

did not mean to keep them long in pain; and we must not kill any but such as we can eat."

"Ah! ha!" said John, "I like to see a hare run from a pack of dogs, up hill and down dale; it is good fun."

"I do not like to see a poor hare run up hill and down dale," said the man. "It is bad fun to see the poor pet run, till it can run no more, and then pant and die. No: it is more kind to kill the hare with one shot of a good gun, and then the pain is soon over. Go now, and do your work, and let me see you work hard."

Now John was much of a pet at the cot, and did no work ever. Sam and Jane used to say: "John may play, and we can do all the work."

So when John went to wash the deck, the wet came on his feet, and the mop hurt his hand. Then the old boot had a hole in the sole, and the leg of it was torn; and John did not know how to mend a boot. He laid it down on the deck, and then went to take a peep up the tall pipe. The tall pipe was full of soot, and John said: "I did not come to this ship to take soot out of a tall pipe, and so I will not do it. The mate may boil his own tar, and the cook may chop as much fat as he may like. I will not wash a sail, and I will not wash a mug; so good bye ship, and man, and mate, and dirt; I will go a new way."

Just as he made one step out of the ship, the

mate saw him go. The mate made but one long step, and took John by his left ear.

"Ah! you bad boy," said he, "come back and do your work. I have here near me the rope to give you hard raps, if you do not work fast and well."

John gave a cry and roar, and a tear was in each eye.

"Yes," said the mate, "I like to see a bad boy cry. I will help you to cry loud and long." The mate then took the rope, and with the end, gave John four raps, so hard, that John, who had not ever had a rap before, felt he must die of pain.

"Oh!" said he, "I will die! I will die!"

"No," said the man, "no fear; you will not die of such soft taps of a rope as that. Go to work at once, or I will give you some good hard raps."

So John had to get up; cry as he did, long and sore, he did not dare to stop at his hard work; and so he had to do his best with the soot, and the boot, and the tar, and the old sail.

At four, the man of the ship came back. "Mate," said he, "I fear this boy is idle; our work is but half done."

"Yes sir," said the mate, "he is idle; and I saw him try to run out of the ship."

"That is bad," said the man.

"Sir," said John, "I do not like to work; and I wish to dine. Is the fowl done? I saw some peas too; they seem good."

"The fowl is not for you, boy of dirt," said the

man; "it is for my mate and me. You are a nice boy to live on a farm, and not to know that new peas are not in June. Our peas are old peas, and you may not eat even one, till all your work is done."

"I do not care for your old peas," said John; "and so I will go to bed. Show me my bed."

"We have no bed for you," said the mate. "You may lie on the deck, and put a sail over you."

"I will not lie on the deck; and I will not have a sail; and I will not eat old peas; and I will not stay in your ship;" said John.

"You need not rage so," said the man; "it will do no good here. Here you are, and here you must stay; and I see that your home is well rid of you."

The man of the ship did not tell John, that he had sent a man to ask all he met, if any one had lost a boy; and so he had John safe in the ship, and kept an eye to see he did not run away once more.

Now let us see how the day went on at the old cot.

When Sam came down, he saw the hall door open, and the iron gate wide open as well. And soon Bess came in: "Sir," said she, "I do not like to wake Miss Jane so soon, but I fear that John is gone off. Here is a note was in his room."

It was a bad note too; for John was a bad boy, and did not mind his book; so the note was: "I

am gon—John." He did not know that gone must be made with an e at the end.

Sam was full of woe. "Bess," said he, "I fear he is gone; I will go and seek him; and do you wake Miss Jane. I dare say he is not gone far."

Bess soon knew that her pie was gone; so that Jane and she had much fear that John had run far away.

All that long June day, did Sam, and Jane, and Bess, and Tim Bray, seek for the bad boy. At ten, when the moon was up, Sam came home, so sad, that Jane saw he was now past hope. "Dear Jane," said he, "I can do no more to-day. Let us pray once more to God, to keep our poor boy safe, and to show us how to find him."

Next morn, at four, Sam, and Jane, and Bess, were up, and had the cart at the door, to go once more to seek for John.

They were half way down the lane, when they met a man with a pie dish in his hand.

"Miss Jane," said he, "is this your dish?"

"Yes," said she, "it is our dish. How is it you have our best dish?"

"Well, Miss," said he, "last eve, as I came home from the town, by the sea, I saw a blue and red and gold dish in the old sand pit."

I took it home, and my wife said: "You must take it in the morn to Miss Jane; I dare say it is her's, for she has much fine delf."

"You are a good man," said Jane. "I hope this will help us to find our lost boy."

"What boy is lost?" said the man.

"John is lost," said Sam.

"Then you are well off," said the man, "to have got back your fine blue and red dish, and to have got rid of your bad boy."

"John is no pet, I fear," said Sam, as he went on.

"No," said Jane, "I fear not."

"I do not think John can be at the sea side," said Sam, "for he used to say he did not like it."

"It may be," said Jane, "that as he does not know his way, and can not read, he may have gone that way. Nor do I see how the dish came in the sand pit; he must have hid it in the sand, when the pie was done."

"You are a wise girl, Jane," said Sam. "Let us go to the sea at once."

Just at the old post, they met a cart and ass; a boy with a red face held the rein.

"Sir," said he, "is your name Sam? and is that Miss Jane?"

"Yes," said Sam; "why do you ask?"

"Sir, and Miss," said he, "do you seek a lost boy of ten?"

"Yes! yes!" said Sam and Jane; "we do, we do."

"Then," said the boy, "go on to the town, at

the sea side; he is safe in the good ship Pink, of Hull. I dare say by this time he will be glad to go back to the old cot."

Sam and Jane were full of joy, and went fast to the town. Soon they saw the ship Pink; and soon too they saw their poor boy; but oh! what a boy of rags, and tar, and soot, and dirt; and no coat at all!

"Sir," said Sam, to the man of the ship, "it was kind of you to send a man up and down, to say you had a boy who had run from his home."

"Sir," said the man, "it was my duty to do so; but I was not kind to him, for I saw he was a bad boy, and had need of stern hard ways. Sir, you are too kind, and mild; you must make him work hard."

"John," said Sam, "will you be a good boy, if we take you home with us in the cart?"

"Yes! yes!" said John. "I will do all you like; I will work hard; I will read my book; I will dig, and rake, and hoe; I will not aim at a bird, nor vex the dog. Oh! I will be so good; only take me home, and you will see."

They all got into the cart, and went home full of joy. Bess and Tim ran out to meet them, and oh! how they did look at John! The boy who had left home so neat and trim, was now all dirt and rags. They did but just know who he was.

John did not cry now at the tin bath, and hard soap; he got in with joy; and I can tell you,

Tim Bray had to give him many a hard rub, to get off all the dirt, and tar, and soot.

I am glad to say, that John was good from that day; and soon all had love for him, like what they had for Sam and Jane. No more did he aim at a dear bird; nor did he ever more vex the good dog in the yard.

When poor Ben came home from the town, his leg was so weak and lame that Sam did not like to see him work much; so one day he got the boy with the red face to come and live at the cot and help Ben. Tim Bray came to live at the cot too; so that now, two men went hop, step, in the yard.

John was now so good, that the cot was full of joy. Soon he read so well, that at eve, when work was done, John, and the boy with the red face, sat on the log at the door, with a book, to show the boy how to read too.

One fine day, next year, after the day John had been bad, came the man of the ship Pink, to dine at the cot. Oh! how glad he was to see that John was so good a boy; and he said: "When next I come, I will bring you a fine tall dog; it can beg, and go in at a hoop and out. It can open the door too with its nose. Its name is Tray, and you must let him swim in the pond each day. I see now, that you are kind to dogs; and so if you are kind to Tray he will love you long and well.

FANNY AND HER MAMMA:

A SERIES OF INTERESTING AND USEFUL CONVERSATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY CAROLINE LEICESTER.

"HAVE you learned your lesson, Fanny?" said Mrs. Howard to her daughter, a little girl who was just seven years old.

Fanny was silent; and Mrs. Howard was obliged to repeat the question. At length the answer was given—

"No, Mamma;" which came out slowly, in an under voice.

"Is it possible, Fanny," inquired her Mamma, "that you have spent the past hour in idleness, instead of learning for me the simple lesson which I gave you; what have you been doing?"

The little girl made no reply at all to this question: the truth was she could not, for she had been the whole time admiring, and fixing, and settling a new frock she had got on that morning; and it was this which had prevented her from attending to the wishes of her Mamma.

Though Mrs. Howard had asked the question, she knew very well what Fanny had been about; but she wished to make her feel that she had done wrong. She had often before told her how sinful it was to have our minds taken up with the love of dress; but if children will not themselves try to conquer their bad habits, it is difficult for the advice of their friends and parents to do any good.

Fanny would not try; she was sullen, when her good Mamma told her to follow what was right and forsake that which was wrong. She did not care about learning, but thought only of her clothes. On this account her Mamma tried to keep her as plainly dressed as possible; but whenever she got anything new she would attend to nothing else.

This was the case on that day on which our story commences. Her Mamma gave her an easy lesson, such as she knew she would be well able to learn; but the new frock ran in her head, and every now and then she was at the looking-glass, and her book had never been even looked at, when her Mamma first asked the question; certainly this was enough to vex her Mamma, but Mrs. Howard was a kind lady, and though she wished to correct the defects in her child, she always tried to do so in the most gentle manner possible.

Calling Fanny over, she said she would read her a hymn which she hoped she would remember;

and this pretty hymn I shall now write down for the benefit of my little readers, especially any of them who may be like Fanny, fond of dress—

"Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, excite our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learned to sin.

"When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast—
In the sad marks of glory lost.

"How proud we are! how fond to shine
In clothes considered rich and fine!
Though the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before.

"The tulip and the butterfly,
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

"Then will I set my heart to find,
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, grace and truth,
Give loveliness to age or youth."

Before Mrs. Howard had proceeded so far, she had the pleasure of seeing Fanny's countenance brighten up; she had lost the sullen look, and appeared to listen with much interest to what her Mamma read. This was very gratifying, but how much more so it must have been, when Fanny said—

"Well, indeed, Mamma, there is much truth in that hymn which I never thought of before; will you tell me something more about it? What is that it says about Eve?"

"It says, my love, what is perfectly true, that clothes were never thought of while Adam and Eve were in a state of innocence; it was only after they rebelled against God's commands and sinned that they wished for a covering; this ought to make us very humble, and instead of taking a pride in fine or new clothes, it should only serve to remind us that we are poor sinful beings."

"But, Mamma, surely we did not sin like Eve," said Fanny; "how does that make us sinful?"

"True, my love; we do not precisely eat an apple as Eve did; but if we break the least commandment of God it is equally sinful; and are we not doing so at every moment in the day? There is no one in this world without sin; no, not one, for we are all born in sin, in consequence of our first parents having sinned; and it is only through the goodness of our Lord Jesus Christ that we can ever hope to get to heaven."

"Well, Mamma," said Fanny, "I shall try not to be sinful any more, and not to be fond of my new clothes; but I am afraid I cannot help it; how do you think I could help it, Mamma? Do you think would God hear me if I asked him to help me?"

"Most certainly, my dear child; that is the

very best possible way, for if we only ask Him to help us, He surely will do so—he has promised it."

"There was something else mentioned in that hymn, Mamma, that I should like to ask you about," said Fanny.

"What is that, my love?" asked Mrs. Howard.

"I do not understand about the sheep and the silk-worm wearing clothes, Mamma; what does that mean?"

"Do you not know, my love, that many articles of our clothing are made of the nice soft warm wool that grows upon the back of the poor sheep, and that it is sheared or cut off, and then manufactured for our use. There is your cloth dress, your woollen stockings, your warm gloves, your flannel petticoat, your blankets, and many other things."

"Well, Mamma, we ought to be obliged to the poor little sheep for their wool, which is made so much use of for our comfort; I wish we could do something for them in return."

"But, my love," said Mrs. Howard, "to whom should we feel grateful for giving us the sheep? and for having made that useful wool to grow upon the sheep? and by whose power and wisdom is it that man was capable of knowing how to manufacture all those various articles, which he never could have done had he not been taught by

a higher power?" Fanny considered for a while, and then she said—

"I believe, Mamma, it is God we should thank for all; I suppose the little sheep would not have had the sense to give us their wool; and it is to God we should be grateful—is it not, Mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear child, we never can be sufficiently grateful to God for all he has done for us, and all he is doing, every moment of our lives. And you ought to thank him for having so taught your Mamma, as to enable her to teach you: a great many little children are left without any one to teach them, or tell them any thing about heaven."

"Oh! poor children, they must indeed be badly off, Mamma," said Fanny, with a sigh—"for I fear I should be very naughty but for you; and if I were left to myself I should never do any thing right."

"No, Fanny; none of us can do any thing that is really good, if left to the guidance of our own wills: we were all, as I told you before, born in sin, and if we had no kind parents to teach us, what would become of us?"

Oh! we would be very badly off indeed, Mamma," replied Fanny; "I wish all the little children in the world had good mammas, who would teach them to do what is right."

"Well, my dear child," said Mrs. Howard, "since you appear to know how great the blessing

is, I shall expect you to profit the more by it: for children who have been taught their duty, and do not practice it, must be much more to blame in the sight of heaven than those poor children who have been reared in ignorance. Our blessed Saviour told the Scribes and Pharisees that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for them."

"That is true, Mamma; I never thought so much about it before, but now, with your assistance, I shall try to be better for the future."

"My love," said her Mamma, "it will be my greatest pleasure to assist you; but remember there is some other assistance necessary, you have been given to my charge by a higher power, to whom I must answer for my care of you; and not only that, but for your conduct. Do you remember the chapter in the bible I pointed out to your attention the other day? What was the name of the old man who was punished for the wickedness of his sons?"

"Oh! yes," said Fanny, "I think now it is coming into my mind, though I almost forgot it; was it Eli, Mamma?"

"Yes, that was the name, my love; Eli was himself a good man: that however was not sufficient for God, who thought he ought to have endeavoured to make his sons good also. It is no wonder that parents should feel anxious—and how dreadful it is when their children will not be

guided by their advice. But I trust that you will henceforth attend to me, pray to God for his assistance, and try to break yourself off that sin which has heretofore so much occupied your mind —I mean the love of dress." Fanny promised, and her Mamma invited her to take a walk in the garden. While they were busy looking over the flowers, Mrs. Howard stepped aside to avoid treading upon a worm.

"What an ugly creature," said Fanny.

"But we must not think the less about hurting it because it is ugly," said Mrs. Howard. "A great many useful animals and insects are very ugly also; for instance, there is the silk-worm, which is mentioned in the hymn I have read to you, if we only were to think of its beauty we might be tempted to throw it away, for one might almost call it ugly."

"That reminds me, Mamma, that I intended to have asked you something about the silk-worm— did you ever see one?"

"Indeed, Fanny, I have seen a great many," replied her Mamma; "some years ago, when I was a young girl, I had a number of my own."

"Oh! dear, had you indeed, Mamma? that must have been delightful; where did you procure them?"

"They were made a present to me by a friend, and my Mamma allowed me to keep them; it certainly was a great pleasure to me to watch them."

"And would you permit me to keep some, Mamma, if I could get them, since it is so pleasant?"

"No, Fanny; the truth is, I would not, for you are too young and too giddy to take proper care of them."

"Why, do they require so much care, Mamma?"

Her mamma replied, "Yes, they are very tender creatures; they require a supply of fresh food every day, and they must not be touched; I used to manage so that they would go upon the fresh leaves themselves, by leaving them over the remains of the old ones, which could then be slipped away. They are very voracious little things, and devour a great deal.

"What do they eat, Mamma?"

"Mulberry leaves, and the leaves of cos lettuce, a kind of salad, which I can show you in the garden. By this diet the silk-worm gathers within its body a kind of glue, which has the property of growing hard as soon as it gets the air. When it is grown to the full size, and in the proper time, it spins itself a web out of its gluey matter, and in this it lies safe and concealed during the time of change into that of a helpless chrysalis."

"And did yours spin, Mamma?" asked Fanny.

"They did, love," said Mrs. Howard. "They formed a kind of a little oval ball, just about the size of a pigeon's egg; they each made this ball by spinning a single thread, and winding it round

and round, so as to make a very close covering, the silk-worm itself remaining in the inside of that ball, so that it could not be seen. If it were left undisturbed in this enclosure, it would, in about fifteen days, eat its way out, after it had become a species of moth, into which it changes while it is thus shut up; but those who wish for the silk prevent this, because that would render it useless."

"And how did you prevent it, Mamma?"

"By putting the balls into warm water; by this means the chrysalis was killed, but I was enabled to wind off the silk, which was beautifully fine, of a very pale yellow colour."

"How long is the silk, Mamma, which is wound off?"

"The length of the thread varies; some of the silk worms are larger than others. I did not measure any of mine, but I have heard of a lady who did, and she found the length to be more than three hundred yards, though the silk was so fine that it weighed only two grains and a half."

"Well, certainly, that is very wonderful," said Fanny, "to think of such a little creature being able to give us clothing; but I believe, Mamma, I did not ask you how large is a silk-worm?"

"About the size of a large catterpillar; it is of a green colour, and I recollect they used to change their skin; about that time they were rather sick, and did not eat so ravenously."

"And who first discovered how to use the silk, Mamma? I suppose it must have been very long ago."

"I have heard the discovery was first made by the Chinese; the inhabitants of China, which is one of the oldest peopled countries on the globe. If you like, Fanny, I shall teach you a few verses about the silk-worm which I learned myself when I used to be attending to them," said Mrs. Howard. "Poor little things, I used to take great delight in watching them; I have not been, I think, so much interested in any living creature since I had them, except my children."

"Thank you, Mamma, I should like to learn the verses. From what you tell me I should like to have some silk-worms. When I grow up and can take care of them, perhaps you will allow me to keep some, Mamma? Now I am ready to repeat the verses after you."

"Poor insect, what a little day
Of sunny bliss is thine;
And yet, thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
And bid'st them spreading shine.

"Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune
Unmindful of the blast;
And careless, while 'tis burning noon,
How soon that noon be past.

"Then spread thy little shining wing,
Hum on thy busy lay;
For *man* like thee, has but his spring
Like thine it fades away."

"Thank you, Mamma, for teaching me those verses," said Fanny, "I shall try to repeat them for you the next time we are out together. Have you any more wonderful things to tell me of?"

"I am glad you are fond of enquiring," said her Mamma; "a child, no matter in what situation, ought not to be entirely ignorant of what are called the wonderful things of this world. All the works of God are wonderful, but there are some which impress us much more than others. 'In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it, and his hands formed the dry land.' A child may be generally impressed with the wonderful works of God, and yet have that impression deepened when striking objects in nature are pointed out; but, see, we are just come to the bed of tulips—do you remember their being mentioned in the hymn which I read to you about pride in clothes?"

"Oh! yes, Mamma, I think the lines were—

'The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in better coats than I.'"

"I am glad to see you have not forgotten them, Fanny; now look at the tulips, and tell me, do they not put our gayest, finest dresses to shame?"

"You are right, Mamma, flowers are some of the wonderful works of God. I declare, here comes little Charley; may I run to him, Mamma? thank you; here goes, one, two, three, and away."

Fanny soon returned to her Mamma, holding little Charley by the hand; and Charley is holding a snail, while he says to it—

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll make you as black as a coal."

"What curious things snails are, Mamma," said Fanny; "how can they see? I do not think that they have eyes."

"They can see, then, and they have eyes too," said her Mamma, "but their eyes are at the ends of their horns."

"Well, I declare, that is odd. I never should have thought of that."

"Cowper wrote some pretty verses about him," said Mrs. Howard, "here is one of them—

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

CHAPTER II.

"I HAVE good news for you, Fanny," said Mrs. Howard one day to Fanny; "but how do the lessons go on; have you learned them yet? Children require to be always occupied in some way or another, they have so much to learn, and it is a melancholy thing to see them ignorant when they have an opportunity of learning."

"I have them nearly all learned, Mamma, and shall I tell you what I did that I might learn them

quickly? I put on my old frock, lest I might be tempted to be thinking of my clothes."

"So I see," said Mrs. Howard, "you did very right, if the new frock would really hinder you from paying attention to your books; but, at the same time, I should like you to be able to wear a new frock without having your thoughts occupied about it. Habits of self-denial and self-control are among the richest treasures a child can possess, and by early endeavouring to practise them, they soon become easy, and the means of procuring a great deal of happiness, not only to ourselves, but to others. I think I shall never forget the pleasure I experienced in my younger days, when I and your dear aunt, who is now in heaven, used to lay by all the good things which were given to us, in order to have a little store to carry to our poor cottagers; added to that, we laid by our pocket money also, to purchase comforts for them which they could not afford to get for themselves."

"Oh! dear Mamma, did you, indeed, do that? and were they very grateful?"

"So much so, my dear child, that we were willing to forego at least what others considered the greatest pleasure, for the sake of filling our little baskets, and tripping off to deliver them: our hearts were light and gay, and we seemed to tread the earth more lightly while we were engaged in this pleasing task. Then the smiling faces which greeted us, and the happiness we were the means

of imparting; but above all, I have since found on many an occasion, that our gracious Heavenly Father has returned the blessing an hundred fold into our own bosoms, when we require his aid."

"And did you go to many of those poor people, Mamma?"

"Not to a great many, my love. I have always preferred taking a chosen few and making them comfortable, because if you scatter your gifts amongst a great number, none can receive the same benefit. The sick and the aged were always our first care. I recollect one old couple, who were both upwards of ninety years of age, but they had their intellects perfectly, they were for a time our chief favourites; it was a pleasure to us to hear them say, that we, under Providence, were the means of prolonging their lives by the nourishment we gave them, and of first directing their thoughts to heaven by the instructions we afforded."

"I have heard people sometimes say that the poor were not grateful," said Fanny.

"So have I heard too, Fanny; but I have been generally fortunate in meeting with grateful poor people, so that I may safely say from experience, that they are, except perhaps in a very few instances, capable of the most lively gratitude."

"Well, Mamma, and if you found that they were not so, what would you do? would you give any thing to the ungrateful people?"

"I trust I should, Fanny; it would not be my

business to withhold anything from them because I found them what I might consider ungrateful; that would show that I only gave anything for the pleasure of having myself praised. Think how very deficient we are in gratitude to God for all the favours with which he is perpetually loading us; yet if it depended on our gratitude how little of any thing we should have."

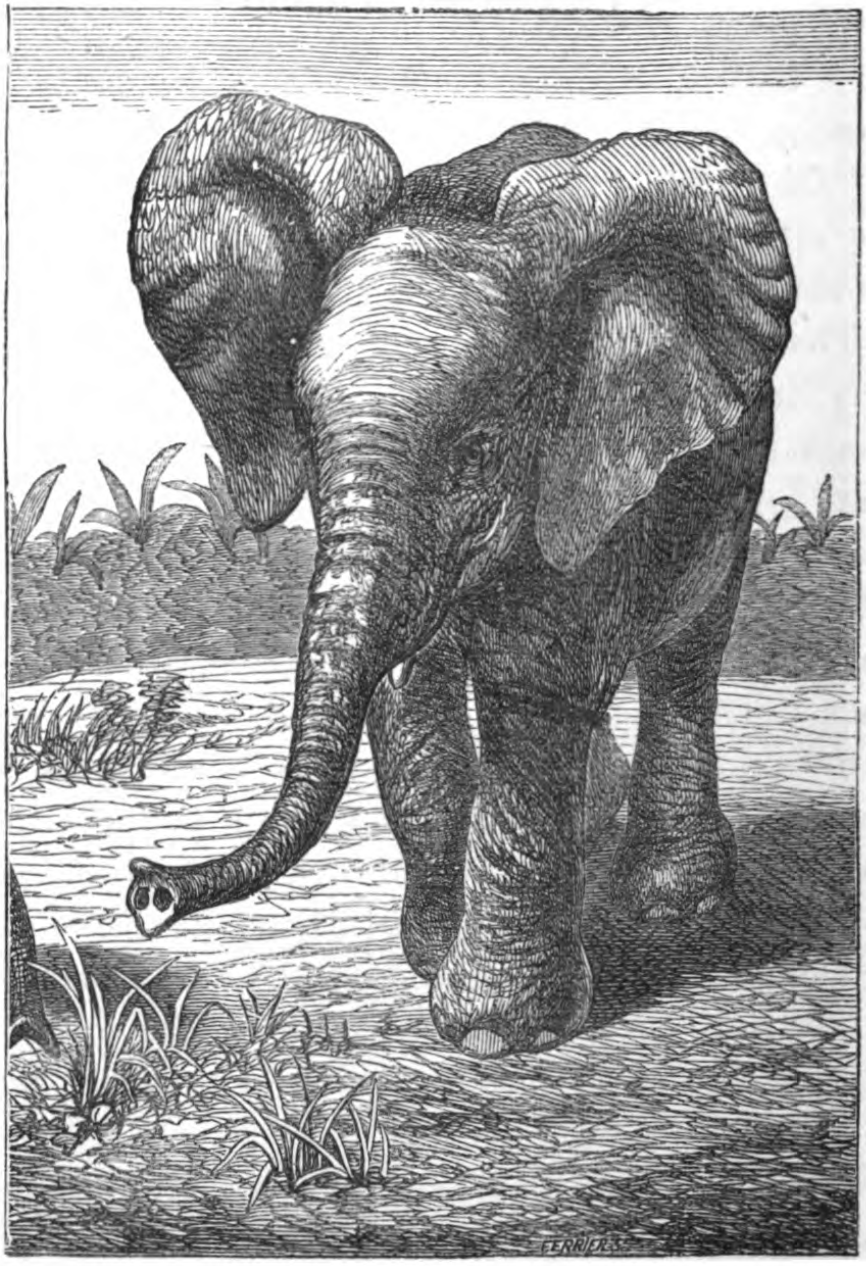
"Very true, Mamma; then for the future I must try not to givef or the pleasure of having myself thanked, which I am afraid I have often done."

"That is right, my child, you should only consider if the person really want your assistance. But really I have quite forgotten all this time what I was first going to say, which is, that in consequence of my having given a good account of you to Papa, he is going to take you to the Zoological Gardens."

"Oh! thank you, dear Mamma; is not that the name of the place where all the animals are kept? How good you and Papa are."

"Yes, love, that is the place; there is an elephant just arrived, and Papa kindly wishes us to see it; let us come now and get ready, he is gone out about business and will come back for us in an hour."

Fanny was soon equipped, and you may be sure she was quite ready by the time her Papa returned, which he did at the end of the promised hour; then, again, she thanked him for the pleasure he had prepared for her.



"I had no idea it was so large."—*Page* 225.

It was a fine sunny day, and Fanny, in company with her Papa and Mamma, enjoyed much the drive to the Zoological Gardens. Very soon after they had entered an elephant of immense size presented itself to the astonished eyes of Fanny.

"Oh! Papa," she said, "I have often heard that the elephant was a very large animal, but I had no idea it was so large as this."

That which increased her wonder was, that a very little boy was seated on the back of the elephant without showing the slightest symptoms of fear. A number of persons were assembled, and many of them threw halfpence on the ground, which the creature picked up with his trunk and gave them to the little boy who was seated on his back. Then pieces of bread and biscuits were thrown down to him, but all those he eat himself, and when they tried him again with the halfpence he gave them up as before to the little boy, and placed them in his hand in the most gentle manner possible.

Fanny was greatly amused, as well as astonished, to see such a powerful creature so completely docile. She very properly did not tease her Mamma with questions, but as they were walking away from the elephant, she told her Mamma she hoped she would give her some information about its habits when she had time; as she said now that she had seen it she should feel much more interested in hearing any thing about it.

Her Mamma promised that she would take

the first opportunity to comply with her request, and they passed on to see something else.

Her attention was soon attracted by a group of monkeys, who were performing various tricks of the most laughable description. One of them was washing some article of clothing, just as if he were a washerwoman; he soaped it, and rubbed it, and wrung it, and hung it up to dry, and appeared quite satisfied with his handy-work; another was dandling its young, just as a woman would a little child; every now and then it would hug and caress it: this young one, though very small, was, as they were informed by the keeper, a year old.

Next, they came to the house where cages were erected for beasts of prey. There was the lion with his glaring eyes, and ravenous jaws, and his strong paws, looking at them with defiance —giving a great roar, as if he would have been well pleased to devour them. And there was the royal Bengal tiger, and the laughing hyena, who showed his teeth, and walked from side to side, as if impatient of being restrained by the strong iron bars. Fanny could not help shuddering as she looked at them, and pressed more closely to the side of her Papa and Mamma, as if she sought their protection; so they led her away, and moved on till they came to the bears, one of them was mounted on the top of a high pole, which was placed purposely for it, because these animals are fond of climbing; he was a stupid looking fellow,

with a rough shaggy fur, and he gave a frightful growl, which warned them to move onward in search of something more agreeable to the eye and ear. They next reached two beautiful striped zebras, at which Fanny remained looking for some time with great pleasure. Having seen a number of other animals they came to the birds. There was the golden eagle, and a great many other kind of eagles, with their great strong beaks. Next there was some beautiful pheasants, of every description, and some pretty guinea fowls. I think of all the birds, I might almost say that Fanny liked best some sweet little ring-doves. While she was very busy admiring them, she saw something very curious lying inactive at the bottom of the cage; but looking still, she was much surprised to see it move, which seemed to be very wonderful, for it was such a shapeless creature she never could have supposed it had life or power of motion.

"See, oh! see Mamma," she said, "what can that be? I declare it is stirring—what can that be good for?"

"That, my love," said Mrs. Howard, "is a tortoise, and ugly and shapeless as it looks, I am indebted to some of its kind for my beautiful tortoise-shell combs, which you have so often admired while holding them up between you and the candle."

"Oh! can that be Mamma? I never could have supposed that an ugly creature like that could have given us anything so beautiful."

"You must remember for the future, Fanny, never to judge from outward appearances, nor think that the handsomest objects are the most valuable. Even in the human species, I have frequently found that those who possessed the handsomest features, were far less worthy of our admiration than some who had no outward beauty whatever to recommend them; therefore, now that I have gained experience, I seek always for the more valuable beauties of the mind; those are the beauties, Fanny, which I trust you may possess: but you must first try to cultivate them —show by your actions that you are deserving of admiration."

"I suppose, Mamma, that is what nurse means when she says—'handsome is that handsome does.'"

The following beautiful lines express something of the same idea—

> What's the bright sparkling of the finest eye
> To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
> Or what the tincture of the fairest skin
> To peace of mind and harmony within?

"Exactly so, Fanny, though she expresses herself in a homely way, she means the same thing."

It was now growing late, and our little party having carefully observed every thing worthy of observation, Fanny's Papa observed it was time to go home, to which Mrs. Howard agreed.

Fanny would willingly have remained, in order to view everything over and over again. It was a

very tempting place, and the gardens were beautifully laid out, but she would not ask to stay, lest her Papa and Mamma might not bring her there again; so she immediately followed. The entire way home, as you may well imagine, she could talk of nothing but of the wonders she had seen.

CHAPTER III.

It was about a week after the visit to the Zoological Gardens that Mrs. Howard invited Fanny to accompany her in a walk to visit one or two families at some distance. Fanny joyfully consented to bear her Mamma company. She had not during all this time forgotten the surprising elephant or any of the other animals she had seen on that day; so as she went along she said—

"Mamma, do you recollect you promised to tell me something about elephants, you were so busy all the week I did not like to interrupt you, this would be a good time as we walk along."

"So it would," said Mrs. Howard, "I am glad you reminded me, for I always like you to converse on subjects which will afford you information. I must, then, in the first place, mention that the elephant, in point of size, surpasses any living creature on our earth, and in his understanding is inferior only to man. Of all the brute creation, the elephant, the dog, the ape, and the beaver, are

the most admirable for their sagacity; but the genius of the dog is only borrowed, being instructed by man in almost everything he knows; the monkey has only the appearance of wisdom; and the beaver is only sensible with regard to himself and those of his species; the elephant is superior to all these, and unites all their eminent qualities. You have seen what an odd contrivance he has for taking his food, and how he can manage to pick up anything, however small, by means of that long trunk of his, which is called a proboscis, and which serves him for hands; and it is well for these animals that it does so, for their great forepaws are so clumsy that they can be of little use, except in supporting their enormous bodies, which are so heavy that they can shake the ground at every step, and so strong that he can make a breach in a wall. He can carry on his back a large tower filled with a number of armed men, and on this account they are often used in war, which makes them dreaded, for they tread down all before them. To this great strength he joins courage, coolness, and prudence, and is remarkable for his exact obedience. When he is vexed he is subject to violent passions, though even in that he has been known to restrain himself. He is very capable of friendship, and never forgets a favour, but he can equally resent an injury, and will bear it in mind for a long time. I remember an anecdote of an ele-

phant, who, as he was led to water one day by his keeper, received an insult from a man who threw something at him from a window. The creature at the time took not the slightest notice of this unmerited insult, but jogged on, as if nothing had occured; but he soon proved that he had not forgotten it, for as he passed the same man on his return from water, he spouted a quantity of it, which he had contained in his trunk, upon the man who had vexed him, which gave him such a ducking that he never meddled with the elephant any more."

"Well, really, that was droll," said Fanny, "but I think the man was wrong to insult or vex him."

"I think so too, Fanny, for we are not at liberty to tease or annoy any living creature, especially was it cruel to vex such an animal as the elephant. I heard of one who had saved the life of a child who belonged to a person who had been his keeper, and this little child used to be constantly with him, but it so happened that the father of the child died, and he would not submit to any other keeper, but killed two or three, one after another; one day that this elephant was in a violent passion at some restraint that his new keeper had endeavoured to put upon him, he broke loose, and this little child which I mentioned to you was lying on the ground just in the way towards that part where the elephant was hastening. There were many spectators, but not one had power to venture in the way of the enraged animal, who

dashed furiously along, tearing up the earth as he passed. All gave the child up for lost—when suddenly the animal stopped before it, and lifting the child in the most gentle and tender manner by means of his trunk, he laid it down again as gently when he had sought out what he considered a place of safety."

"That really was wonderful, Mamma, after that I think I shall always feel attached to the elephant. I like to hear stories about him; have you any more?"

"Yes, I recollect one about another, who resented an injury in a more fatal manner. His keeper, as he walked along with him one day, bought a cocoa-nut at a stall, and wishing to break it, gave it a terrible rap on the head of the poor animal, who, like the other, did not notice the cruelty at the time, but coming to a place where there were large stones, he took up one in his trunk and hurled it at the head of the keeper, who was killed on the spot."

"Oh, dear Mamma, that was dreadful," said Fanny, "but it was very wrong to have vexed and injured him. I should never get tired of listening to your stories; have you any more?"

"I must try to recollect," said Mrs. Howard, and after a few minutes silence she again began.

"In that part of the East Indies which you will find in your map marked Hindoostan, there was a war some time ago, and the elephants were made use of to carry the artillery up the mountains."

"What are the artillery, Mamma?"

"They are guns upon a large scale set upon wheels, and when fired off send large balls to a great distance."

"Thank you, Mamma, now I understand; pray go on."

"When his leader employs him in this hard labour he explains what he wishes him to do, and the reasons he has for requiring it to be done. The elephant is not at all times willing to comply, in which case the leader promises to give him arrack, which is a drink he is very fond of; then the animal agrees to that which is proposed, but it is highly dangerous for a man to break his word, for if he does so, the elephant is sure to punish him for his deception; sometimes he kills him; but I remember an instance where he reminded him in another manner.

"There were four oxen drawing a gun carriage up a very steep mountain; the elephant was behind pushing it on, and preventing it from rolling back; the leader had on another occasion disappointed this elephant by not giving him what he promised. They had now come to a very difficult part, the elephant was unwilling to go on, and the leader to induce him to persevere again promised some arrack; but the animal, as if concluding that his word would be broken this time also, placed his hugh knee against the side of the carriage, and overturned it; with a terrible crash it rolled over."

"And what became of the poor oxen, Mamma, were they dragged down?"

"Fortunately for them," said Mrs. Howard, "the ropes broke, and they, though with some difficulty, disengaged themselves, and were saved."

"Talking of the arrack, Mamma, puts me in mind of asking you what these animals eat? It must be difficult to supply them with food."

"Indeed, Fanny, of that you may be certain. Their common food is roots, herbs, leaves, and young branches; they also eat fruit and corn, but they have a dislike to fish and flesh. When one finds abundant pasture, he calls the others, and invites them to come and feed with him. As they require such a quantity of fodder, they often change their place; and when they find cultivated lands they make prodigious waste, their bodies being of such enormous weight, they destroy ten times more with their feet than they consume for their food."

By the time Mrs. Howard had finished her account, she was drawing close to a low, poor looking cottage; as she approached the door she said to Fanny, "This is one of the calls I have to make, my love; it may not be a pleasing scene to you, but I brought you with me, because seeing the distress of others, may make you more content with your own happy state, and more sensible of the blessings you enjoy; it is selfish to absent ourselves from such scenes of misery, merely for the

purpose of sparing our own feelings: it is more necessary, and more useful, to accustom ourselves to them, because we may do some good then, by assisting those whom Providence has placed in our way; even if our means be ever so limited, we may do something towards alleviating their distress."

When they had been some time in the cottage, Fanny's Mamma beckoned to her to come away, and she left, saying she would be there again to-morrow.

"That was indeed a sad sight, Mamma," said Fanny, speaking for the first time since she had entered the cottage; "I hope that poor man may not die."

"Indeed, I hope not, my love," said her Mamma, "we must do all in our power to prevent his sinking under this illness; I hope our aid may not have come too late, but if it please God to restore him, He will do so. In his hands are the issues of life and death."

"Have you any more sick persons to visit, Mamma?" said Fanny, who still appeared to feel the scene she had so lately witnessed.

"I have, my love. I want to see a poor woman who had a little baby last night, and I much fear she is in sad want of assistance; do you dread to see any more suffering?"

"It is not pleasant, Mamma, certainly," said Fanny, "but I like to go where you go, and I like to try to make myself able to bear it, that I

may do good like you; do you remember you told me, Mamma, that you used to take care of poor people when you were young, did you not?"

"True, my love, I did. I had a good mother, who was very kind and charitable to the poor, and it was while visiting them with her that I first learned to take an interest in them; she always made me her companion on such occasions."

"Then I hope, Mamma, you will always be so kind as to take me with you," replied Fanny.

They had now reached the door of the sick woman's cottage, and stepped lightly in. She was in bed, surrounded by a group of six children, all very ill clad. The eldest, a little girl of twelve years old, seemed to be the principal caretaker of all; she had evidently been lately busied in cleaning up the place, and making it look tidy; she made a low curtsey as Fanny and her Mamma appeared. Mrs. Howard sat down beside the bed; Fanny begged to be allowed to hold the baby; and the little girl began to prepare some food of a coarse description for the children.

"You have a good daughter," said Mrs. Howard to the poor woman.

"Oh! indeed, ma'am," she answered, "Catty is a treasure to me. I do not know what I should do but for her; she is the only person now who is to mind us all, and she does everything so well and so cheerfully, though she is but a child herself; but I know that God will reward her."

The little girl blushed and looked pleased, when she heard her mother praise her, and went on feeding one of the younger children.

Mrs. Howard having emptied the contents of her basket, stood up, and Fanny laid down the baby gently upon the bed, and they bade the sick woman and Catty "good bye."

While they were walking home, Fanny said, "Mamma, do you know I am thinking of something which I know would be of use, if you would allow me to do it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Howard.

"While I was sitting in the cottage nursing the baby, I began to think, that perhaps I could make some clothes for these poor children, they are so badly off. I wonder does their mother teach them any thing; do you think they know their catechism?"

"I am glad you thought of the clothes, Fanny, for I intend making them some, and shall be glad of a little assistance from you. As to the teaching, I very much fear their mother will have much to answer for on account of her neglect, but I think we might do something in that way to help her. When we call there to-morrow," said Mrs. Howard, "which we can do on our way from the sick man, we can speak about it."

They were now at home, and Fanny flew eagerly up stairs; her Mamma wondering what

she could be doing, desired the servant to call her. When she came down, she had a large bundle of clothes in her hand.

"What is all that, Fanny; what have you been doing?"

"Oh, Mamma, I was looking what clothes I could make up for the children, and I have brought down all that I think I can spare; here they are for you to look at."

Mrs. Howard looked at all the clothes which Fanny had given her, and after a short pause, she said, "How is this, Fanny? here are some of your last new frocks."

Fanny looked down, and then looked up, as if uncertain what to say, then she blushed; at last she said, "Yes, Mamma, I am not fond of dress now, and if you will allow me I should prefer giving them to those poor children who want them more than I do."

"I am heartily glad, my love," said her Mamma, "that you are cured of your love of dress; at the same time we cannot afford to cut up new frocks for poor children, there is an old saying that we must not lose sight of, which is, 'wilful waste makes woeful want.' We shall be able to make up some warm comfortable clothes for the poor children of a kind more suited to their manner of living than these frocks of yours, lay them by again; now I shall have the pleasure of giving you new clothes for the future without fearing that

your time or your thoughts are too much taken up with them. I am happy to see also that you are willing to practice *self-denial.* The children shall be at no loss though I cannot let you give them these."

It would be difficult to tell how happy Fanny was at that moment.

The next day, according to promise, Mrs. Howard, accompanied by Fanny, were on their way to the cottage of the poor sick man. When they entered, which they did on tiptoe, they found him in a gentle slumber; his wife was sitting beside him, but she did not seem to be in such deep grief as on the preceding day; she rose immediately, but Mrs. Howard made signs for her not to speak, lest the invalid should be disturbed, and she and Fanny sat down to wait for his awakening. His breathing was more easy, and he did not moan as they at first had heard him, from which Mrs. Howard guessed that he was better. After they had waited patiently for about a quarter of an hour he awoke; he did not see any one but his wife, but they had the satisfaction of hearing that he was able to speak, though feebly.

"Oh! Martha," said he to his wife, "I have had such a sweet dream. I thought an angel came to me and told me I was to get well."

"Indeed, then, my own darling Joe," said his wife, "I do not wonder at your dreaming it, for there is one here in reality."

On saying this the poor woman threw herself upon her knees before Mrs. Howard, and prayed for every blessing upon her head, "Oh, ma'am dear," she said, "under God he owes his life to you."

Mrs. Howard raised her, and begged of her not to excite or disturb her husband, she then stepped forward, and as she held out her hand to him he kissed it. Mrs. Howard made a sign for him not to speak, but gave him some little nourishment she had brought with her, which he gratefully took. After which, Mrs. Howard having read for him some appropriate passages from the Word of God, and pointed him to the Saviour as the Great Physician, she and Fanny went away.

They next called upon the poor woman, and after some kind enquiries, Mrs. Howard told her that she and Fanny were going to prepare some clothes for the children. The poor woman was very grateful, and returned many thanks for their kindness.

Mrs. Howard desired that some of the children should be sent to her the next morning; there was one of them a nice little, rosy faced, curly haired boy, to whom Fanny took a greater fancy than the rest, and she said to him, "Little boy, do you know who made you."

"No, miss," said the child.

"Oh! Mamma," said Fanny, "is not that dreadful; he does not know who made him.

Now I know better than ever what it is to have a good mamma."

"Well, my love, these poor children have had very few advantages, we should therefore feel for their ignorance, and endeavour to afford them every instruction in our power, and as you mentioned you would teach them their catechism, you may as well at once make a beginning."

Mrs. Howard and Fanny then collected the elder of the children, and endeavoured to make them understand who it was that made them, and for what purpose they were created—that they were all sinners—and must look to the Saviour for the pardon of their sins, and raising their minds to heaven, told them of the love of the Saviour in coming into this world in order that he might redeem them from everlasting misery. These matters appeared strange and new even to the poor woman herself, but Mrs. Howard continuing her visits from time to time, and persevering in her system of instruction, assisted by Fanny, they very soon had the pleasure of observing a marked change in the mind and feelings of the mother and the eldest girl, and even the younger children appeared to be impressed by the important lessons which they had heard taught.

I am sure my little readers will also be glad to hear that from the day when Mrs. Howard and Fanny first visited the poor man before mentioned he gradually grew better, and soon got strong and well.

THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER.

"WELL, Maria," said Mrs. Campbell to her daughter, who was busily engaged in copying a beautiful painting, "you and I have scarcely met to-day. You have been all the morning with your cousins, and I have been out all the afternoon. We shall have a quiet hour yet before dinner, and I want to know how you like your new cousins; you have spent three mornings with them now, and can form some judgment about them;" and Mrs. Campbell took her work, and sat down with a disengaged air, to listen to all her daughter might have to say.

"I do not like them at all, Mamma. I have had a most disappointing morning;" and as Maria looked up, her mother could easily discern the marks of irritation and disquietude still left upon her brow.

"And why, my dear? I have not yet seen them, and I should like to hear from you truly what they are."

"Mamma, I shall be glad enough to tell you.

I want to talk it over with some one, it will be quite a relief to me. But then I must give you my impressions just as they are, and you must not call me uncharitable."

"I will not, my dear; you shall talk as freely as you like; but if I grant you a condition, you must grant me one."

"Certainly, Mamma; and what is it?"

"That I may comment freely afterwards upon what you tell me; it is just possible, you know, that I may view some points not exactly in the light in which you view them."

"Oh Mamma, I have no fear. I am quite willing to look at the subject in any light you please, but view it as I may, it will never be otherwise than obnoxious to me." And Maria laid down her paint brush and began:

"I always imagined my cousins had had such a superior education, and really Mamma their minds seem to me totally unfurnished. I never met with any one so vapid as Anna. I tried her upon every subject which interests me—music, painting, reading of all kinds—but she responded to nothing. The only thing which interests her is her dress. She seems to think of nothing else, and her one desire is, not so much to possess good taste in dress, as to be thought to possess it. You cannot please her more than by this kind of flattery, and I found this out by the evident pleasure she took in the visit of a young friend, who is even more

foolish than herself, and seems to delight in administering to my cousin's weakness."

"But could you do nothing, my dear, to divert the conversation to something more rational?"

"Nothing, Mamma. I tried till I was quite tired, and then gave it up in despair."

"Did you go to the Vernon gallery, as you planned yesterday?"

"Oh no, there was no time. The whole morning was frittered away at Brandon's, trying on bonnets, and talking of fashions. I could have cried for very disappointment. How my cousins can call themselves rational, immortal beings, and spend life in such foolery, I cannot imagine!"

Mrs. Campbell was on the point of making some observation, for her daughter's flushed face and angry tone distressed her, but she remembered the agreement between them, and only said:

"Well, now about your cousin Marion, can you give me a better account of her?"

"If I speak what I think Mamma, I cannot. Her society is even more oppressive to me than Anna's, she is so much more exacting."

"In what way, my dear?"

"Mamma, her one thought is herself, and she seems to me to be occupied with nothing else, and I am quite sure she talked of nothing else all the while I was there. Whatever subject was mentioned, she always contrived to bring herself into some prominent point of view. I could not help

thinking of that multiplying glass the children have in the nursery, which shows your own face in every reflection. All her anecdotes tended to magnify herself, either her superior discernment, or her tact, or the good opinions of her friends. As long as she was able to keep up the conversation to this point, she was cheerful and animated; when she could not, or when it fell into the hands of others, she was silent and morose. I never saw any one so clever in the art of making all things subservient to her one object—herself. Of course this makes her very disagreeable to others."

"And is she selfish in her conduct too?"

"Well, Mamma, I have not been long enough with her to judge, it was her conversation chiefly that struck me."

"Did you make any attempt to turn the conversation to the one subject which is the best corrective for selfishness, as for every other evil of the human heart?"

"I do not know that I did, Mamma; and really I had small inducement, and scarcely any opportunity. I have never passed three such wearisome days in my life. I look upon the time as utterly l st and wasted."

"Not altogether, my dear, surely. What would you have done had you been at home?"

"I should have finished this painting, Mamma; I should have learned those two songs Papa brought me; I should have finished those beauti-

ful lectures of Ruskin's, on Architecture; and I should have done sundry things besides. I certainly should not have spent my time as my cousins have done."

"And are you quite sure, my dear, that the difference is so great between your pursuits and your cousins'?"

"Quite sure, Mamma; how can there be a doubt?" and Maria looked wonderingly at her mother, as though she expected her to say something which should contradict all her former experience of her character; but Mrs. Campbell continued silent. "Mamma, can you mean that these rational and delightful pursuits can for a moment be put in the balance with the foolish trifling I have been describing?" and Maria rose from her seat near the window, and drawing a low stool near her mother, sat down close beside her. "Now, Mamma, I have done; I am ready to listen to you; tell me what you mean."

"My dear girl, if I wished to exclude the light which is pouring into this room through that beautiful west window, I could do it as effectually with one blind as another. I might buy a green baize curtain, costing four or five shillings, or I might choose to give ten or twenty pounds for some costly material—nay, I might put in one of Turner's beautiful pictures. In any case, if my object were to exclude the light, I could do it in any one of these ways."

"Certainly, Mamma."

"Or if I were perishing with thirst in a desert, and when I arrived at the fountain, found that my pitcher was filled to the brim, so that I could not secure one drop of the living water, what would it import to me whether I had filled it with sand or with gold dust? Both would be alike worthless, and both would be alike cast aside when it became to me a question of life and death. And while you have been talking to me, my mind has been drawing a comparison, making an estimate of the true value of things; and the only way to do this truly is to bring them all to one common test, not to compare them with each other; this will lead to no result at all."

"And what is the test, Mamma?"

"What should be the object of life, Maria?"

Maria was silent, and her mother went on: "We are here for a very short time, and we are told by Him who placed us here that only one thing is needful. Many things are desirable, but only one is needful, and that one is, that the Saviour should be restored to, and possess, the chief place in our hearts. Before man fell, God was the supreme object of his love; and, till He becomes so again, man can never be happy or holy. Now, if the pursuits in which we are engaged tend to exclude Him who is the Light of Life, or if they so fill our hearts and affections that there is no room left for Him to enter, what

matters it of what material the hindrance is composed? There it is, and while we continue to cherish it, darkness and death are before us. It may be very valuable in itself, but, compared with the 'one thing,' it is of no value at all."

"But do you think, Mamma, that God looks with the same complacency upon a life spent in ennobling and useful pursuits, and upon one passed in vain and idle trifling?"

"I think, my dear, God does not look with complacency upon either, when the heart is not given to Him. 'My son, give me thine heart,' is the continual cry made to us in His word. Most truthfully does Erskine exemplify our condition when he speaks of our having lost by the fall the principle of spiritual gravitation. He says, "Love to God is the gravitation of the soul, and when this principle is wanting, we need not count the moral aberrations which the spirit makes; its whole existence is an aberration.'"

"Oh Mamma! what a melancholy view this gives!"

"No, my dear, it does not, it only reveals to us the real source and cause of all our sin and sorrow. But you know we are not left to struggle alone and unaided in this misery. A power above our own is engaged to help us. God is able and willing to lead our souls back into that orbit, of which He is himself the centre, and never can we perform acceptable service to Him, never can we

harmonize with the law of order and beauty which we see around, until we are thus restored."

Maria was silent for some time. At length she said: "Mamma, I have never viewed the subject in this light before, and if what you say be true, it seems to pass a sweeping condemnation upon the exercise of all our talents, and the enjoyment of all the charms of literature. And yet this cannot be, for I have heard you say again and again that God gives no man powers that He does not mean him to use. And the soul is full of power, and full of capacity for enjoyment."

"And let it exert all its power, my dear, nay it ought to do so, and rejoice with a glad heart before Him who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. Only let us be careful that these things steal not our hearts away from Him, and usurp that dominion which should be His alone. There is all the more danger of it, because their aspect is so imposing, that we fear them not. Against selfishness, and vanity, and frivolity, we are perhaps upon our guard, because their names are so legibly impressed upon them that he who runs may read. Oh, we have indeed need to pray for a sound judgment in all things, that we may estimate the value of things as God estimates them. And I think too, this would lead us to a clearer view of our own short-comings, and a more charitable judgment of others."

"You may well say so, Mamma, and I feel

heartily ashamed of my unkind feelings towards my cousins. I understand and follow your meaning now, but I did not when you first began to speak, and it has opened out to me quite a new field of thought. Oh how I wish I could always view things as calmly as I do at this moment!"

"To be thus open to conviction, my dear, is your best safeguard. We are all fellow sinners, and our only hope is in the forbearance and long suffering of God towards us. And when we remember this, we shall feel compassion, not indignation, towards each other, when any of the symptoms of our common disease are more than usually manifest in our sight."

The dinner bell now rang, and the conversation closed, but the hour before dinner had not been a lost one.

OUR FIRESIDE:

A CENTURY OF CHARADES

In Verse.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CHILD'S FIRST BOOK ABOUT BIRDS."

"Cudgel your brains."
SHAKSPERE.

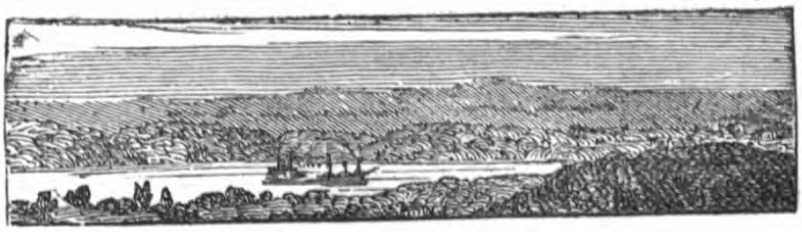
*** *The Solutions will be found on page 284.*

TO LUCY.

Lu with the nut-brown hair
And brow so broad and fair;
Lu with the dimpled cheek,
And eyes that laugh and speak:
Lu full of whim and glee,
Warbling so joyously;
Child of fancy—frolick's sprite,
Light of foot as elf at night;
Nature's favourite, and mine, too,
Accept this little book, dear Lu.

D. E.

The Charade.—*Page* 252.



CHARADES.

1

My first's the Captain of a band
Well known and valued in this land;
The temper of my next is known
When spoken, merely by the tone;
My whole the fuss some good folks make
With everything they undertake.

2

The letters of my former part
After a name relate to Art;
You may beneath my second cower
To save your best coat from a shower;
My whole comes on you unawares,
May end at once your life and cares.

3

Some folks to my first are invited,
There are others who quake at its name.
With my next who is not delighted?
And my whole we all strive to obtain.

4

My first before your death takes place;
Headless my next, yet has a face;
My whole is ne'er so full of fun
As when it numbers twenty-one.

5

Of various fabric, form and hue,
My first's presented to your view;
Things the most contrary it holds
Within its many clutching folds.
In towns and cities I could name,
Like arteries in the human frame,
My second runs through every street
Concealed from sight beneath your feet.
My whole a dark and moving cell,
Wherein imprisoned winds do dwell,
Which when permitted to take flight,
They man and beast alike affright.

6

My former part is not ashamed to play,
Although its childhood long has passed away;
Within my next before a mimic scene
Sit youth and beauty, and sometimes a queen;
My whole a répertoire wherein is laid
Things fair and bright, and therefore doomed to fade.

7

My first may be of wood or stone;
Both you and I my second own;
My whole is heavy, stupid, dull,
Of anything but learning full.

8

My first the former of two names
A little shepherd bears;
Without my next where would be James?
To touch my whole who dares?

9

A tourist bound for foreign parts
Seldom without my first departs;
My second does endanger life,
The harbinger of deadly strife;
My whole, though arms it does not wield,
Is found upon the tented field.

10

Although my first a gig may be,
And moves with great velocity,
Nor wheels nor horses does it need
To put it to its utmost speed,
'Tis easily obtained by money,
Is jolly sometimes, often funny.
My next has felt the power of love,
Is meek and gentle as a dove;
Not so my whole, his softest strain
Shrill as the whistle of a railway train.

11

Bags, bones, bundles, barrels, kegs,
Handkerchiefs, hampers, human legs,
Into my first are rudely thrust,
To shelter them from rain and dust.
My next ignoring his true name,
Goes by another known to fame,
Now Robinson is one of those
Who on the public thus impose;
The body of my whole is long,
Its mouth has neither teeth nor tongue;
Its gaping jaw has wondrous power,
You seek it at the vesper hour.

12

My first incased in leather, cloth, or wood,
When opened does you either harm or good;
My next in this hard world makes its own way,
Labouring through many a dark and toilsome day.
My whole a great devourer, yet no glutton,
Preferring mega biblion to mutton.

13

But yesterday another name
My happy first might justly claim;
Though when you ride my next attends
You do not jog along as friends;
My whole though young will cease to be
Ere he another day will see.

14

When "o'er one half the world Nature seems
dead,"
And balmy sleep o'er fast closed eyes is shed,
'Tis then my first, shunning the gaze of day,
With venomed fangs attacks its sleep-bound prey.
My next delights in wilder scenes to roam,
Far from the haunts of men it seeks a home,
Passes its days in regions cold and drear,
And wears a warm great-coat throughout the year.
But though my head and tail have forms quite real
My whole is incorporeal, ideal,
A mental scare-crow, and is called by some
Old Bogey, or the Giant Fi! Fo! Fum!

15

Many are filled with deep regret
That to my first their names are set;
About my next as all know well
Ladies oft fail the truth to tell;
My whole is woe, so sad, so sore,
It eats of heart and hope the core.

16

My first can soon disperse a crowd,
  Though sometimes 'tis a blunder,
Now sends forth notes both deep and loud,
  And now is paper thunder.

My next reveals in its own way,
  Thoughts holy, generous, and pure,
But like a radiant summer's day
  May suddenly become obscure.

Circled with rings of red and white,
  My whole obtains the longing gaze
Of boys and girls, 'tis the delight
  Of childhood's lollipopping days.

17

A hero or his lifeless form,
Fresh from the battle's iron storm,
Might in my first be seen of old
Enwrapt in purple and in gold.
My next the creature of a whim,
May walk or creep, may fly or swim;
My parts united form a plain,
As yet uncrossed by coach or train.

18

When midnight plunderers softly creep,
About my house while I'm asleep,
Thou dost a wakeful vigil keep
My first.

Of all the folk who tread the earth,
Whate'er their rank, whate'er their worth,
I love them best who are by birth
My second.

In spring time as I watch the bee
Winging its way so joyously,
I look around and gladly see
My whole.

19

My first does hasty tempers sour,
My next a captain hopes to be,
My whole restraint on regal power,
A monarch in captivity.

20

A lively, playful little thing
Joyours as a bird in spring,
And April-like oft bathed in tears
That soon dry up, my first appears.
Beneath my next you may descry
The haughty glance of Beauty's eye,
Religion's features calm and meek,
And palsied age with shrivelled cheek.
My whole the brightest of life's hours,
A sunny pathway strewn with flowers.

21

My first a very pleasant fruit
Is likewise a most useful brute;
As well in texture as in hue
My second varies, and if you
Are a relation of Paul Pry
My whole too often you espy.

22

My first is company, but don't suppose
I mean a company of belles and beaux;
My second too is neither beau nor belle,
No prisoner yet the tenant of a cell;
My third when beaten utters noises rude,
Though not a south-sea savage is tattooed;
My whole, or, if you please, I'll say my closer,
Is, what your faces show it is, a poser.

23

Within a tube black, white, or green,
My first hard pressed is mostly seen;
My second does great power display,
Will e'en through iron force its way;
My whole is ringed and curled, 'tis also taper,
And draws without pencil, pen, or paper.

24

My first is cut off in its prime,
This is its fate in every clime;
Pleasure and danger too, my friend,
In-doors and out my next attend;
Only in-doors my whole you see
In houses of gentility.

25

Ambition's victim, Mammon's worn out slave,
Oft seek my first before they reach their grave;
"Mene mene tekel upharsin," this text
Applies to you when weighed against my next;
My whole the produce of far distant lands
A mine of gold becomes in English hands.

26

My first in crowded cities found,
Is square or oblong, never round,
Though out of doors the sun and air
Are still too often wanting there;
A little world my second holds,
Both human joys and griefs infolds,
And carries in its wide embrace
People of every clime and race;
My whole's made up of prayers, vows, sighs,
And the warm language of the eyes.

27

My first of china, delf, or wood,
When filled may do you harm or good;
With those kind folks who lodgings let
My second you may often get;
My whole is not at all disgraced
By being in a corner placed.

28

My first to manifest his spite
Will show his teeth but dares not bite;
My next to farmers is well known;
My whole both thought and water own.

29

When ponds and wells are getting low,
And shallow streams do feebly flow,
Across from bank to bank you throw
My first.
The bended form, the hollow cheek,
The tottering step, the voice grown weak,
And eyesight dim—all these bespeak
My second.
Against you if a law-suit goes,
Or if you are o'erwhelmed with blows,
You suffer, then, we may suppose,
My whole.

30

My first is a slight deviation from truth,
If you be my next you should be in your youth;
Sparkling my whole recalls rout, ball, and play,
The night illumes though dark as pitch by day.

31

My first is arched, beneath its span
A pathway lies, untrod by man,
A channel of communication
For every kind of information;
Within its many winding folds
A musical machine it holds,
Which, injured, would at once become
As silent as a broken drum.
My next, though endless, ne'er is long,
To any one it may belong.
Useless my whole will be to you,
Till my first part be riven through.

32

Chameleon-like, my first is seen
To change from sober brown to green,
From green to yellow; it appears
Sometimes with, as often without ears.
My next presented in a dish,
Is butcher's meat, or fowl, or fish;
If from your purse the coins have fled,
It may be nothing but dry bread.
My whole, when dead, a well-known art
Transforms into my second part.

33

Great pains some take my first to rear,
  Then on a winter's day
They kill it, while they loudly cheer
  O'er the ignoble prey.
My next is part of the attire
  Of belles, and beaux, and others,
And lovers earnestly desire
  That which it daily covers.
These two, so diverse when combined,
  Not found in town or city,
Are sweeter than my first, you'll find,
  Than my second are more pretty.

34

My first a pedestal, sustains
A body crown'd with head and brains;
My next a cushion, but too small,
If your foot slipped, to save your fall;
My whole, when met by night or day,
Unpleasantly obstructs your way.

35

In the fair city of Madrid
You meet my first proud as the Cid;
My next your secrets safe will keep,
And answer questions grave and deep;
My whole is obstinate and shy,
And sorely will your patience try.

36

My first, I have no doubt, you've heard
Now called a beast and now a bird;
'Twas known of yore, so history tells,
By my next part adorn'd with bells;
Lawyers upon my whole narrate
John Doe's and Richard Roe's hard fate.

37

All with my first, pray do not doubt it,
Begin life, though some end without it;
Wanting my second, there would be
No fruit or flower, no herb or tree;
My whole an outstretch'd arm extends
To menace foes and welcome friends.

38

My first's at Court in costly robes displayed,
And gives to oratory sometimes its aid;
Of mechanism my second is the boast,
It may admit, or may exclude a host;
Hostile to life, my whole recalls to mind
The death of a great teacher of mankind.

39

My first, though quick of eye and ear,
Is often seized with sudden fear,
And, timid as a modest maid,
Of men is very much afraid.
My next, less often seen than heard,
Speaks without uttering a word,
In tones as solemn, gay, severe,
As ever fall on mortal ear.
In a secluded bosky dell
My gentle whole delights to dwell;
With downcast look and pensive mien,
She wears a robe of blue and green.

40

My first is worn by beast and belle,
Some people in my second dwell;
My whole does sometimes find a place
Both in your field and in your face.

41

My first a low and pleasant sound,
Is heard where summer flowers abound;
My next's as silent as though dead,
Until well beaten on the head;
You won't, then, be surprised to hear
My whole's as flat as stale small beer.

42

My first may be your nephew, son, or brother;
My next his surname, and there is no other,
Except my whole, who never had a mother.

43

Upon my first you've sprawled,
You've cried and kicked and squalled,
While lying on it flat,
Pat quickly followed pat.

My next a wand supplies,
In which great magic lies;
Borne on my second from its birth,
My whole disdains the cares of earth.

44

Sometimes my first you hear but cannot see,
Though not concealed by houses, hedge, or tree
My next, so far from being coercion,
Is a persuasive to exertion;
Although my whole has sisters far more gay,
She has admirers: "are you one, I pray?"

45

My first, I must beg leave to state,
Unless it be of too great weight,
You place upon your back or head;
But if it be a ton of lead,
You put it in a van or cart;
This brings me to my second part,
Of which so many things are made,
To name them all, I am afraid,
Would weary—memory recalls
Houses, churches, bridges, barns, and walls;
Were not my whole aye faithful to one point,
We should declare "the times are out of joint."

46

Though men attain a century or more,
My first, alas! never exceeds three score;
Against my second ladies set their faces,
While by it butlers often lose their places;
When my suggestive whole before you stands,
You're led to think of life's fast running sands.

47

My first is English, also French,
So is my second too;
My whole, if English, or, if French,
Is very dear to you.

48

No stranger is my first to hope and fear;
My next speaks of a day, or month, or year;
Unpleasantly my whole falls on the ear.

49

Oft, on the deepest gloom of night,
Flashes my first, a sudden light;
My second is a guardian true
Of secrets, wealth, and honour too;
My whole was found mid heaps of slain,
On many an Indian battle-plain.

50

Seldom my first you find
Without, too, womankind;
My next, a little thing,
Hath vanquished oft a king;
My whole your bosom fills
With fear of future ills.

51

Some folks take my first after dining;
Sons and cousins are my second to you;
And my whole is as white and shining
As the 'kerchief that waves an adieu.

52

A pillar with a capital there stands,
Not sculptured or upraised by human hands,
'Tis thus my first appears; my other part
May hide a pretty face or aching heart;
My whole, produced by Art, with graceful bend
Does from my first in various forms depend.

53

When silence reigns o'er hill and dale,
And Hodge has laid aside his flail,
Then drowsy folks do gladly hail
My first.

In king and prince, but not in queen,
In thin, but not in thick or lean,
In Spain and India too is seen
My second.

When the sun sets in lurid red,
And surges stir old Ocean's bed,
If then at sea you greatly dread
My third.

On a warm eve you linger near
The hazel copse, and bend your ear,
Each moment hoping you may hear
My whole.

54

All people of my first have two,
Some folks have three or four;
And, besides these which are your due,
Wags give to you one more.

My next is purpose, or regard
When said of you or me;
My whole should put you on your guard,
Not to take A for B.

55

My first, though never mad, 'tis true,
Is often cracked, and doubtless you,
When thinking it was sweet and sound,
Have at its core corruption found;
By various appellations known,
In colour every shade of brown.
My second is a Christian name
Inscribed upon the page of fame
By Walter Scott's immortal pen;
Its owner, leagued with lawless men,
Dwelt in a lowly mountain glen.
My whole, in figure and in size,
Is like my first, but Indian skies
Have tinged it with a deeper hue,
It is presented to your view
When learned doctors for your good
Prescribe you farinacious food;
'Tis roughly handled, and endures
Many sharp rubs from those it cures.

56

When folks bid you my first to be,
They do not want your company;
One of four nymphs my next is seen,
Clad in a robe of brightest green,
While the three others are bedight
In yellow, brown, and modest white;
My whole excite both hopes and fears
Viewed with regard to future years.

57

My first when spoken of a place,
Adds to the length of many a face;
To time, when it refers, you'll find
It often has to do with mind;
When it's connected with a date,
It means in other words too late;
And when of you and doors 'tis said,
I hope your hat is on your head;
Your pocket, too, should it regard,
You justly think your case is hard;
If it be spoken of a tune,
You feel inclined to leave the room;
When it affects your breath, you're wrong
If you attempt to sing a song;
When next your health it finds a place,
Much to be pitied is your case.
The heavens by furious storms perplexed,
Are a true image of my next;
My whole occasions great distress
For which the law will give redress.

58

Seldom of Grecian symmetry,
More often it is Roman,
Or, like poor Pug's, my first may be,
So turn it up at no man.

If young, you are my next I guess,
I hope with moderation,
In manner, spirits, and in dress,
According to your station.

My whole presented to the fair,
Oft under false pretences,
Is always pretty, sometimes rare,
And gratifies two senses.

59

My first to John Bull is allied,
On the father's and the mother's side;
All animals beneath the sun
Possess my next excepting one;
My whole pertains but to one beast,
Is oft the prelude of a feast.

60

My first is stylish, wears a ring,
Though not a belle or bloomer,
Its toilette makes of anything,
And is its own perfumer.

Part of my first and of a mole
My next one often sees,
While my whole dangles from a pole,
The sport of every breeze.

61

On a fair plain drawn up in serried ranks,
Appear a host of sable pigmies, mute
And motionless they stand, as if Death's wand
Had suddenly waved over them. Here ends
The first Act of our drama.

Again the curtain rises: now is seen
A countless multitude of tiny folk,
They, too, are speechless, but instinct with life;
Their labour seems an aimless bustle,
But such it is not; purpose and order,
Well organized, direct their various toils:
These build, those carry, and some garner up;
While yonder band, plying their sharp pincers,
A skeleton are making of a mouse.
Again the curtain falls.

Our last Act, too, is one of stirring life;
In blazoned equipages drawn by steeds
Caparisoned with gold, heralds in tabards,
Braying trumpeters, and a king just crowned;
Now warriors, banners, and triumphal cars;
And now rich vestments, jewelled tiaras,
Gold crosses, canopies and feathered fans,
Are borne across the stage. Our play is o'er.

62

Within my first, fish, flesh, or fowl may be,
My next old age is, so is infancy;
My whole not colourless, and yet its hue
Of no one colour ever seen by you.

63

Wandering Arcadia's groves among,
When the broad glowing sunbeams flung
A radiance o'er the scene,

And heaven-dyed flowers in clusters hung,
And sylvan warblers blythely sung,
And through the glades the shrill horn rung,
Of old, my first was seen.

From ivy-mantled gothic pile,
With fretted roof and chequer'd aisle,
Issues a youthful pair—
Love's hallow'd home, that peaceful isle
In life's rough sea, they seek; no guile,
Amid the mingled tear and smile,
Will meet my second there.

Now mirthful sounds fall on the ear,
Though days of penitence be near,
Eve of a holy fast—
That vigil of the Christian year,
When from this world of gloom and fear,
Towards the blue heaven, serene and clear,
My whole is sometimes cast.

64

In my first, equality you view,
Of value and of merit too;
Pomposity oft marks my second,
Though lately a mere fellow reckoned;
My whole remits a debt from you
To courtesy or justice due.

65

The Alpine wanderer, when the god of day
Casts o'er the frowning heights his last pale ray,
Thick coming fears possess that wanderer's mind;
He looks around, anxious my first to find,
That found, should he, his wanderings not yet o'er,
Step from his bark on Albion's cliff-topp'd shore,
In that fair isle of mountain, wood, and dell,
He meets my next locked in a crystal cell;
If still, untired, his wanderings he prolong,
And visit Gallia, land of dance and song,
Parisia's domes, or thy famed pile, St. Cloud,
Without my whole he must not hope to view.

66

When my first's given to your head,
Something good you've done or said;
If given to your back, we know
Your food did not the right way go;
When to your shoulder 'tis applied,
You turn so see who's at your side.
My second, when it speaks of time,
Tells the same tale in every clime;
And if you wear my whole, you'll be,
With your cap on, clothed cap-à-pie.

67

When of a thing my first is spoken,
'Tis clear it is not whole, but broker;
At stated hours my next is taken,
Three times a day, but is not shaken;
My whole reminds you that 'tis said,
"A slice is better than no bread."

68

My first attached by bands of tape,
Will remedy defects of shape;
Although as guileless as these rhymes,
My second harbours craft sometimes;
If it were circled by the sea,
My whole an emerald isle would be.

69

My first is of my whole a part,
And lies imbedded in its heart,
Pear-shaped, and either brown or white,
By violence is brought to light.
My next is slender, round and straight,
Of no great size, and light in weight;
Much larger bodies to us bring
Less comfort than this little thing;
Schoolboys my whole with rapture view,
Most valued with a golden hue.

70

Foe by night, a hinderance by day,
My first is often in your way;
My second when it is extreme,
Is nothing but a waking dream;
My whole a tax most fairly laid
On friendship, politics, and trade.

71

I've known my first to be my second,
And that a favourite is reckoned;
They both together seem to me
A satire on humanity.

72

When by my fire-side I muse
On foreign or domestic news,
With pussy and the kettle near,
I'm not surprised my first to hear.
Vain men my next with rapture view,
Especially when spic span new,
It has three parts, they're known to fame,
And each part has its proper name.
Swift as the arrow from a bow
My whole pursues a flying foe.

73

My first, oft gentle, soft and warm,
May yet be cold, does sometimes storm;
My next alone is incomplete,
Its ends, though joined, still never meet;
My whole is arrayed in the hues of the sky,
And with earth's brightest tints in beauty may vie.

74

My first, whate'er may you betide,
Is always found close at your side;
My next when doubled, on a tree
At Christmas-tide you often see;
You use my variegated whole
Both to adorn and to control.

75

My first's an enemy to trees,
My next the sport of every breeze,
My whole more short-lived than a flower,
Is born and buried in an hour.

76

My first, not always of one size,
At Storr's you may obtain,
When jewelled bright as ladies' eyes,
Yet they prefer it plain.

My second leads a life obscure,
And shuns the light of day,
But yet of this you may be sure,
You will become its prey.

Your head my whole may circle round,
But with no rays of glory,
With it no saint was ever crowned,
'Tis not renowned in story.

77

My two parts are of the same verb,
Two tenses, which when joined disturb
A well poised balance, then appears
An emblem of our hopes and fears.

78

When old Boreas swells his cheeks,
And sails are full and cordage creaks,
The seaman fears my first may fail,
O'er mastered by the powerful gale.
Men, monkeys, monuments, and mops,
Tents, tumblers, tomahawks and tops,
All things in nature, art and trade,
May in my second be displayed.
My whole for impudence renowned,
In almost every land is found.

79

In every walk of life we meet
My first, a counterfeit and cheat;
In life's long voyage in various forms
My next, mid sunshine and mid storms,
Lies in our course, a danger great,
Our ruin it perceived too late;
My whole a preacher once held up to view,
To show his audience what he said was true.

80

My first, although of heavenly birth,
Yet condescends to visit earth;
The sea has of my next e'en more
Than there are pebbles on its shore;
My whole though plainly robed we greatly prize,
Heralds of gayer scenes and brighter skies.

81

My first the ruin of our race,
Brings with it sorrow and disgrace,
Makes men my next and women too,
This charge no one denies is true;
Unite them and you cannot fail
To find the hero of a tale.

82

Beneath my first each form and hue
Of good and evil meet our view;
My next is mischief, frolic, fun,
Which young men will do well to shun;
My whole is musical and gay,
And takes an airing every day.

83

When Sue puts on her smartest cap,
And takes the kitten in her lap,
And snarling dogs you fear may snap
My first.

When the sun sets oe'r yonder crag,
And boastful men are heard to brag,
And galley-slaves do sighing drag
My second.

When prisoners looking pale and wan,
And daylight is already gone,
Then travellers their nags urge on
My third.

You need not now expect to hear,
In vain you bend a listening ear,
I have already made quite clear
My whole.

84

My first is either right or left,
My second from a tree is cleft,
My whole a prison with a cell,
In which most potent spirits dwell.

85

You see my first on banners oft unfurled
On the wide pampas of the western world;
The prudent sailor ere he puts to sea,
Takes on my next, pork, biscuits, rum and tea;
This having done, looks how the compass veers,
Ports hard his helm, then to my whole he steers.

86

My first, child of the sky is bright,
  My next is born in water,
On earth my whole first sees the light,
  Though of the air a daughter.

87

To purposes both good and ill
My first is put by strength and skill,
The abettor both of peace and strife,
The foe and yet the friend of life.
On foot my next you never meet,
Yet strange to say it lacks not feet,
'Tis carried wheresoe'er it goes,
Not having either soles or toes.
My whole inflexible and true
Allots to every one his due.

88

My first you daily see and feel,
Before him some adoring kneel;
My second gives its great support
To palace, cottage, hall, and court;
My whole is radiant in the noon
Of the bright days of sunny June.

89

My parts in figure and in name
Are now and ever were the same,
No difference 'twixt them can be found
Either in meaning or in sound;
My whole sometimes is caught by you,
When you had some one else in view.

90

A digit and a cipher side by side,
The name and value of my first decide;
My next are animate, a busy race
That love to labour in a sunny place;
If you possess shops, houses, stores, or land,
My whole before your mind's eye often stand.

91

My first, though very old, shows no decay,
But still with hasty strides pursues his way;
Whene'er my next its name to music lends,
It may, if you have skill, amuse your friends;
My whole thus speaks in accents sharp and quick,
"From me take warning never go on tick."

92

My first though sometimes joined with top,
Does never either spin, or hop;
Into my next some people get,
And then they grumble, fume, and fret;
My whole when winter chills the air,
Presses the bosom of the fair.

93

Both felt and heard, although unseen,
My first is boisterous, soft, or keen;
With wine or music filled, my next
Cheers you when weary or when vext;
With life my whole your form imbues,
Embraced too tightly, death ensues.

94

My first may be of either sex,
But young of course must be,
And he or she, may surely vex
The Lord of Chancery.

In ample folds my second falls
From figures of all sizes,
Is seen at court, at church, at balls,
What every lady prizes.

My whole contains things rich and rare,
Of dresses a large store,
'Tis the delight of all the fair
To turn its treasures o'er.

95

To peace my first the direst foe
Spreads ruin, misery and woe;
My second noisy and absurd
Oft in conventicle is heard;
My dreaded whole confers a right,
The prelude to a legal fight.

96

Capricious as a woman's mind,
My first now here, now there you find;
When ice and snow lie 'neath your feet,
My second you expect to meet;
My whole is money, house, or land,
Dropped suddenly from Fortune's hand.

97

Of nothing is my first a part;
When it is spoken of your heart,
You're free from carking care and sorrow
And anxious forethought for the morrow.
My second is a noisy clamour,
Varied with knockings of a hammer;
While rivalry and greed of gain
Strive the best bargain to obtain.
My whole, being used to deal with tons,
Both pennyweights and ounces shuns.

98

Onwards my first pursues its way,
As if impatient of delay,
So quickly does it pass you by,
Its features you can not descry;
And though it often puffs and blows,
'Twas never seen to blow its nose.
Not so my next; her nimblest pace
Gives you full time to see her face,
And on a frosty winter's morn,
She sometimes sounds her nasal horn.
My first, whene'er they chance to meet,
Passes her rudely in the street,
Or coolly takes her off her feet.
My whole attracts; it gently brings
Within its sphere all sorts of things;
And let me not forget to state
It deals with matters of great weight.

99

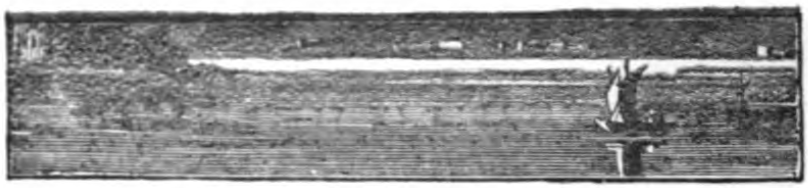
Doer of many an evil deed,
My first's a wicked sprite,
Who mounts a fleshless, headless steed,
And takes her ride by night.

My next in cities you will meet,
In every shop appears;
My whole a lie, an impious cheat,
Duping our hopes and fears.

100

My two parts as to heads and tails,
Are to a hair the same,
But of their bodies there prevails
A difference in the name.

You'll find my whole in prints and books,
One name it ever had,
'Tis full of angles, and it looks
Like little lines run mad.



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