MOTHER'S STORY BOOK

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

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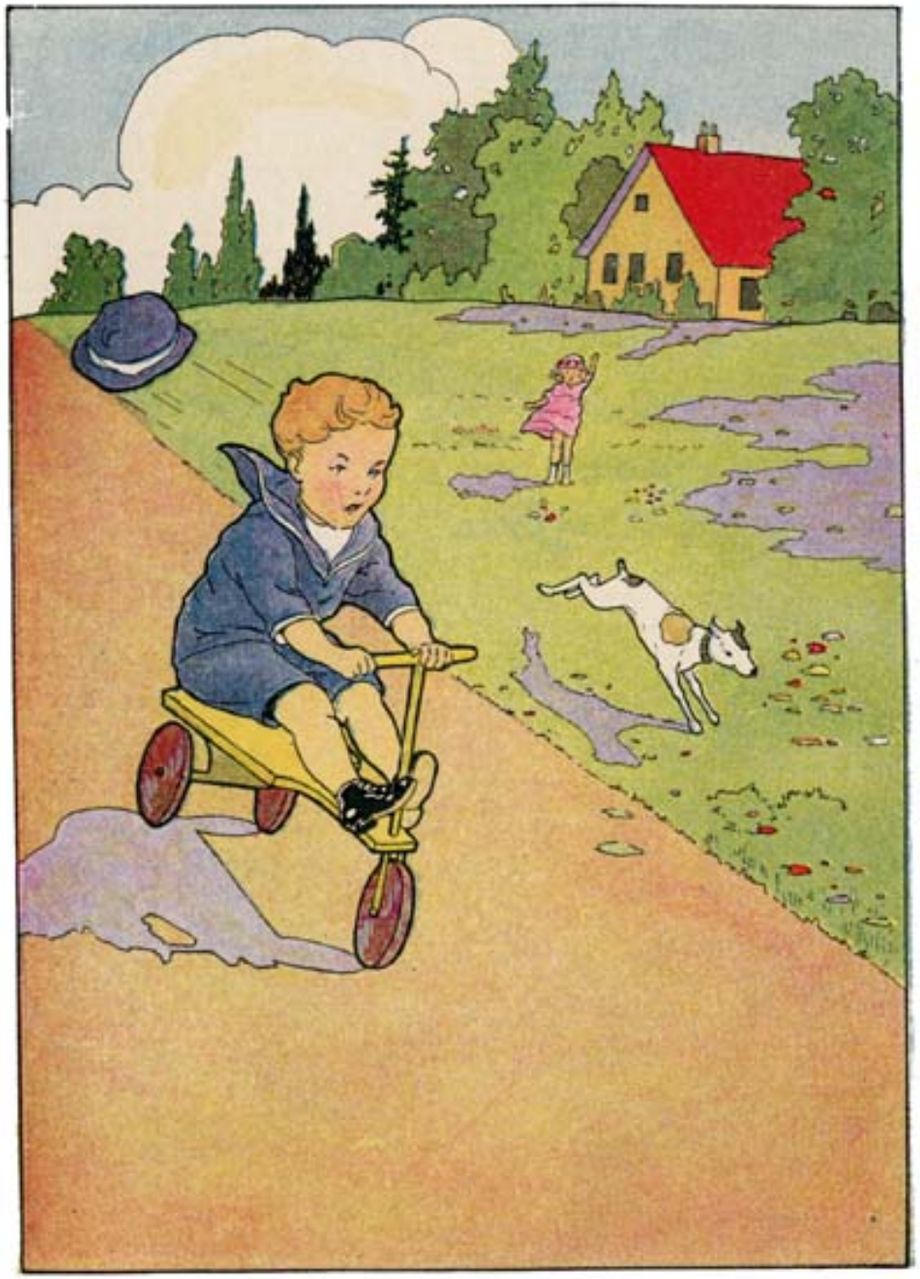


MOTHER'S STORY BOOK

FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

With Color Plates
and
Numerous Illustrations
in Black and White

NEW YORK
THE PLATT & MUNK CO. INC.

Made in U. S. A.

ELSIE'S FAULT.

ELSIE HAYDEN would have been a charming little maiden but for her besetting fault — talebearing. She was always running in to tell her mother or governess the faults of the others. All day long it was, "Mamma, Rex took some currants," "Mamma, Minnie blotted her copy this morning," "Mamma, the boys have been quarrelling," or some other complaint concerning her companions. Before long Elsie was to go to school, and her mother knew what troubles lay before her if she persisted in looking out for motes in the eyes of others, and forgetting all about the beams in her own. She got Elsie to work a text in silks, "Speak not evil one of *another*," and she told the child that if we feel it is our duty to complain of somebody else, we should be very careful to speak only the *truth*, and in *love*.

One day Elsie came to her mother in great distress.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "they won't play with me; the others have all sent me to Coventry. They whisper 'tell-tale tit' when I go near them; please make them play with me, mamma. It is so horrid to be left all alone."

"But Elsie," said Mrs. Hayden, "you have brought this trouble on yourself. When you play with the others you seem always on the lookout to find fault with them; how can you suppose they will enjoy a game with a little tale-bearer? Miss Clifford and nurse and I have kept an account of the tales you have carried to us, complaining of the others, and our lists added together make 352 complaints in one week!"

"Oh, mamma — I *haven't* been a tale-bearer 352 times in a week!"

"It is so indeed, my poor little Elsie. I am sadly afraid you will grow up a scandal-monger, one of those people who go from house to house spreading tales and making mischief. You must try hard, my darling, to cure this fault; remember your *own* failings, and let the faults of your playmates alone. Poor little Min-

nie came crying this morning to confess to me she had called you by an unkind name which I had forbidden; but she found you already complaining about her, and trying to get her punished. It was not kind or sisterly, Elsie! Let *love* rule that little tongue, and be silent when those impatient complaints come into your mind."

"I will try, mamma — I will indeed. Will you keep another list for *next* week, and see if I am any better?"

Mrs. Hayden promised to do so, and the result showed that Elsie had been a tale-bearer ten times only during the week. The child tried very hard to cure herself of fault-finding, and she was soon "out of Coventry," and as time went on nobody on seeing her sang the rhyme about "tell-tale-tit."

ROSIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

IT *was* a disappointment! Mother looked gravely at the clouds, Nurse shook her head, and Father said it would never do for Rosie, who was not strong, to go to a picnic if the weather was doubtful.

And it was more than doubtful; for a sharp shower made the grass and the trees and the flowers look all the more beautiful to the poor child, who was longing for a day in the woods.

"Mother, I believe it will clear up later," she said, looking at the sky.

"I couldn't let you go, Rosie, for the grass would be wet."

"But I could sit on a rug."

"You couldn't walk on a rug, and the grass and underwood will be damp. I am very sorry, Rosie, and it is a great disappointment; but, indeed, it can't be helped." And Mrs. Seymour stooped to kiss her little girl.

At that moment a servant came to say that Miss Peters was in the drawing-room.

Miss Peters was a very rich lady, who lived all alone in a beautiful house about two miles away, and she had come to lend Mrs. Seymour some books, and ask her if she would go for a drive with her on the following day. Mrs. Seymour said she would be quite ready at the appointed time; and when they spoke of the weather she told her friend what a disappointment the rain had been to poor Rosie.

"Won't you let me take her home, Mrs. Seymour?" said Miss Peters. "I have the carriage here, and we could wrap her up in rugs; and I will bring her home this afternoon myself. Let me have her; I shall enjoy it; and there will be an end to your difficulties."

Mrs. Seymour was very glad, but wondered if Rosie would like it, as she was rather shy; but the little girl saw that it was the only arrangement by which her brothers could have all their fun, so she went with Miss Peters. She was a very grave little visitor, but Miss Peters was so kind that Rosie could not be shy for long;

and then there was so much, so *very* much, to see! The house was like a museum, the conservatory a fairyland, and the garden a paradise of loveliness.

The showers all passed away, and Rosie could run about on the terraces, where there were so many flowers that Miss Peters told her she might pick what she liked, and Rosie made a very pretty bunch to take home, which pleased her; and pleasanter still was Miss Peters's kiss as she said, looking at the modest little nosegay, "I am glad to see that you are not greedy, Rosie."

"Oh, that would be horrid when you are so kind!" said Rosie.

But what Rosie enjoyed most of all was that Miss Peters came out with her, and, calling Jacob, the old gardener, she went down to the lake and told him to get the boat ready, and then they went for a delightful row on the clear water. Rosie *was* happy then; she did not want Miss Peters to talk to her, and was very glad that the lady had brought a book, though she did not read much of it, for she was steering.

The only time Rosie did speak was when the great swan went gliding by, and, lifting his wings, began to hiss at the boat in a rather alarming manner. Then Rosie did touch Miss Peters's arm, asking, "Will he hurt us?"

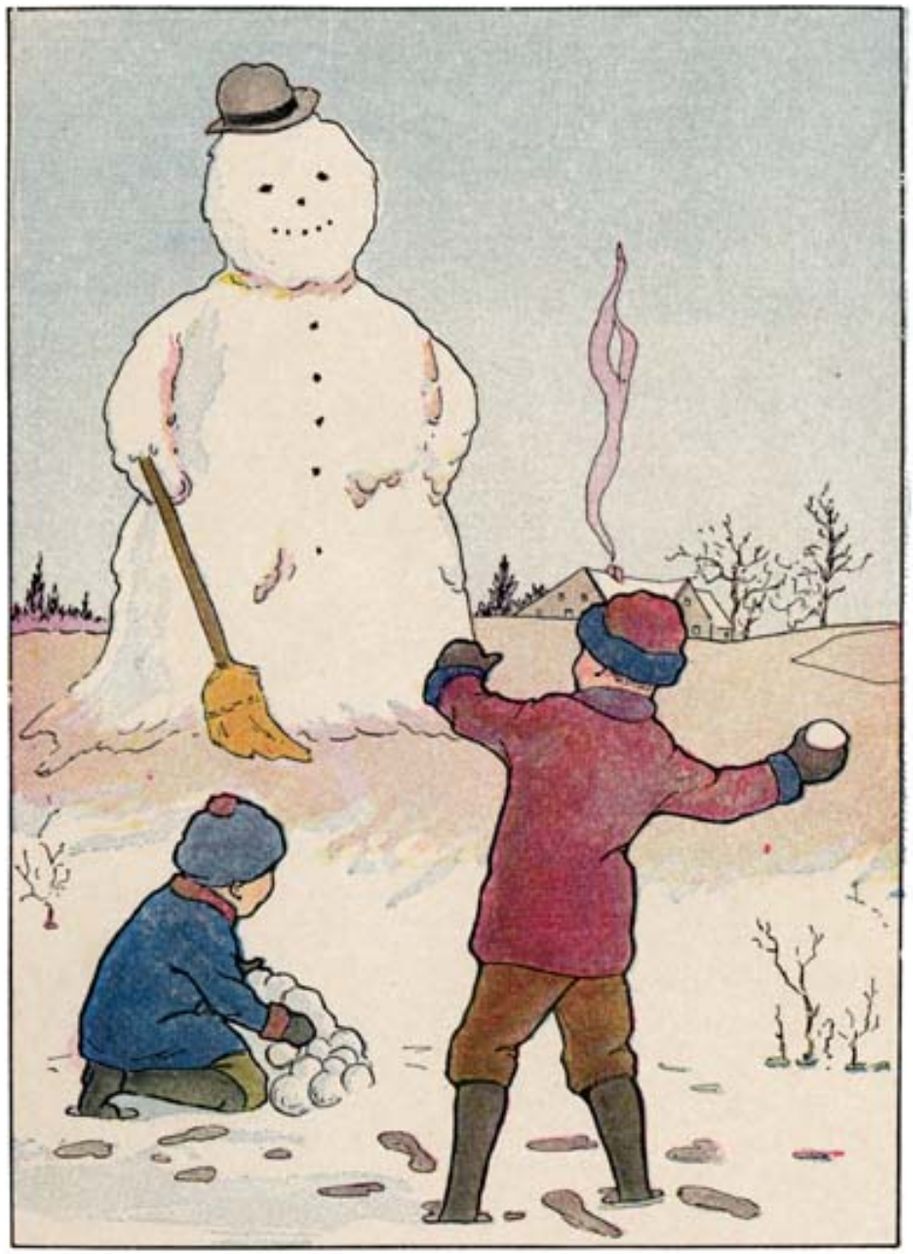
"No, dear; but we will not go very near that bank, as he has a nest there, and might be angry if he thought we were going to disturb the hen, who is sitting." And Miss Peters steered away from that end of the lake.

Altogether Rosie passed a very happy day, and Miss Peters was so pleased with her that when, after they had had tea together in the delightful room that opened into the conservatory, she brought the child home, she kissed her, saying, "Remember, Rosie, you must come and see me again. I hope you have not been *very* unhappy at not being at the picnic!"

Rosie laughed and shook her head.

"I don't think I have been sorry at all," she said; "I have been very happy all the time, and I forgot about being disappointed."

Margery sits thinking, in the twilight, till it seems
Fairy forms and voices come from out the Land of Dreams.



THE DEAD COMORANT.

GERRANS is a splendid place for those who like sands. There is a fine stretch of them, and the green waves with foamy crests roll in from the Atlantic Ocean all day long. The water there is very clear; and through it you can see the brown weeds quite a long way out.

In the sands are large numbers of a large worm which the fishermen call a lug, or lug-worm. Fish are very fond of it as a food, so the fishermen use it as bait to catch the fish.

Ben and Elsie are not big children, but they like to help father by going down to the sands to get bait; and when father comes home with lots of fish he says, —

"Here, mother, Elsie and Ben's bait caught these!"

Of course, the children are pleased at this, and deem it ample reward for digging the bait. Ben digs out the lugs, and Elsie picks them up and puts them in her basket.

To-day, as they walk over the sands with their basket of bait, they come across a dead bird lying on the shore. It is mostly black in color, has webbed feet, and its long beak ends in a strong hook.

"What a strange bird!" says Elsie; and Ben replies, —

"Yes, it is a cormorant. There are lots of them on the rocks up by the lighthouse. They are the greediest birds I know; they never seem to get enough to eat. This one, I think, has had too much."

Opening its beak, Ben showed Elsie that it had fallen a victim to gluttony — a fish with sharp spines on its back and sides had stuck in its throat and choked it.

"What an awful thing — for a bird to be so greedy," said Elsie; "tell me about these birds, Ben; I do not remember to have seen one before."

"There are plenty on the rocks yonder. I have often watched them. They sit on the edge and look down into the water, and when they see a fish they dive down after it, and catch it.

They build their nests up there, on the rocks, and sometimes I have seen their nests in trees."

"What kind of nest do they make, Ben?"

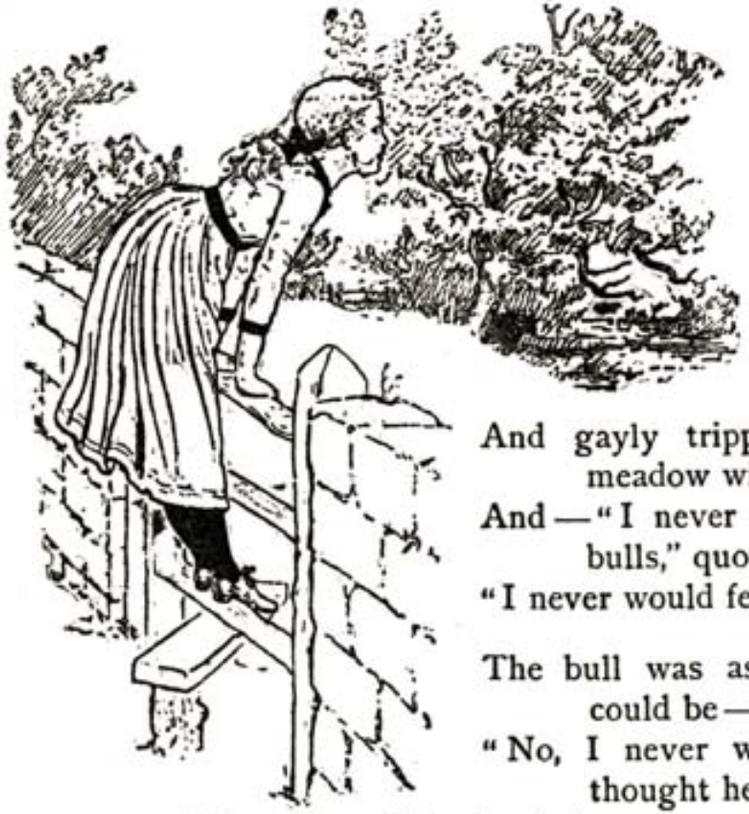
"Oh! it's rather roughly made of sticks and sea-weed, and in it there are four or six eggs; but I don't much care to go up among them, they smell so bad. Bill Carlyon, at the lighthouse, has been all over the world, well-nigh; and he says that in China they tame the cormorants, and set them to catch fish. Their master takes them out in a boat, and they sit quietly on the edge until they see a fish, when a cormorant dives after it and brings it into the boat. When they have caught what their master thinks sufficient, he then gives them a few fish for their wages."

"Well, that's a very nice use to put them to, if the birds are kindly treated, and are given enough to eat. But we must be getting home now, Ben; father will be waiting for the bait."

"We are Seven."

A BALLAD OF A BRAVE MAID.

The maiden was brave, as a maid should be—
"Oh, I never would fear black bulls!" quoth she,
"I *never* would fear black bulls!"
From the top of the stile she gazed about,
That the field was empty she had no doubt;
But never a look gave she
Where under the willow-tree



Stood the old black bull in his majesty
(And oh, the flowers were *so* fair to see)!
So down she skipped on the other side,
And gayly tripped through the meadow wide.
And—"I never would fear black bulls," quoth she,
"I never would fear black bulls."

The bull was as black as a bull could be—
"No, I never would hurt a fly," thought he;
"I never *could* hurt a fly!
Though they worry and tease when I take my ease
With the water rippling round my knees."
Then slowly his head he raised,
And over the meadows gazed

At the maiden skipping so merrily,
When lo! she caught sight of his majesty.

She turned with a shriek, and away she flew
At the top of her speed — while a gentle "moo-o-o"
Thrilled her with terror through and through,
And winged her feet, for she never stopped
Till over the stile she had scrambled, and dropped
On the other side — too frightened to see
That *the bull had not stirred* from the willow-tree.
But she wasn't so brave as she thought, you see,
For "Oh, that horrid old bull!" gasped she;
"That horrible great black bull!"

"CHIT," THE JACKDAW.

How *could* the letters have disappeared? This was a question which at length raised a great commotion one morning at Oak Dene, where we were living at the time.

Oak Dene was an old country house. It was quite different from other country houses we had been in, as it was *very* ancient. It also had the reputation of being haunted, which added a great charm to us in the holiday time, when the days were long and cheery. As Oak Dene was far from the postoffice, old Dan the postman, who had many a weary mile to tramp, used to call for our letters, sometimes as early as four in the morning. To avoid knocking up the household, a large natural cavity in one of the avenue trees was used as the family post box. In this the letters were placed at night, and Dan got them as he passed.

This plan had worked capitally for many months, till this summer morning that I speak of, when we all began to wonder why we had received no answers to letters of invitation to a gypsy tea, which had been sent out. What had come over our friends? The tea was to be to-morrow in the woods, and yet no answers had come! So we determined to ask Dan if he had found the fourteen letters one morning in the tree.

No: he had seen no letters for a week past, and was beginning to think something must be wrong.

Maud and Jack were therefore "told off" to rise at three o'clock next morning and watch for the thief, whoever he might be, while some empty envelopes were inserted into the hole. I was too little to be allowed to go out, but Jack promised to rouse me, so I watched from the nursery window. There! exactly at three, down the avenue crept Maudie, then followed Jack, till they both stopped behind a large beech-tree, in full view of the post box. They had not been there ten minutes before hop! hop! hopping down the avenue came "Chit."

"O Maud!" whispered Jack, "can this be the thief?"

"Hush, Jack, hush!" whispered Maudie; "just wait and see."

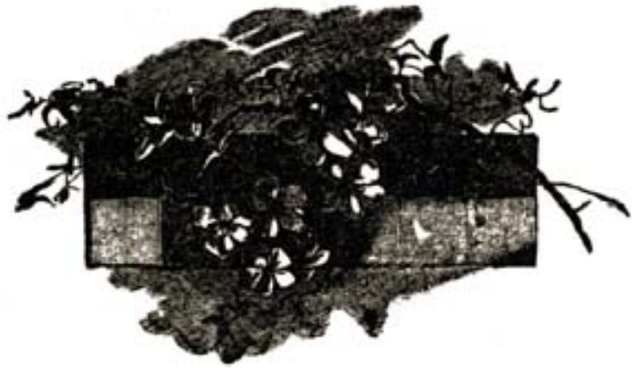
And slowly hopped "Chit" till he reached the tree; then up he flew to the hole, and, stretching down his neck, in a moment he had secured an envelope in his beak, which he flew off with to a hiding-place in the hayloft.

Oh, naughty Chit! back he came, over and over again, till he had possession of all the envelopes and hidden them away, and later in the morning came to the breakfast-table as usual, begging for his bread and milk with as innocent a jackdaw's face as he always had.

As "Chit" was a very wise jackdaw, we determined to teach him how wrong he had been by taking him to the hayloft, and showing him the letters, and here we condemned him to stay without dinner all that day.

Poor Chit! how disconsolate he was! All his merry games with Fuss and pussy in the sunshine were denied him. If ever a jackdaw could look miserable it was he, but it was not till supper time that he really looked penitent, when Fuss, unable any longer to endure his playmate's disgrace, dragged one of his choicest bones up to the hayloft and laid it down at Chit's claws.

Fussie's love dispelled his sulkiness; and after picking the bone very clean indeed, we allowed him to have a game with Fuss before going to bed.



"TEASING NED."

SUCH a terrible tease was Ned! Mother's patience lasted longer than any one else's, but even *she* was perhaps not altogether sorry when holidays were over and the boys were safely back at boarding-school. He teased the cats and the dogs and the chickens, teased the servants terribly with his mess and pranks; teased his bigger brother George, and more than all teased his good little sister Lizzie. "Lizababuff," she called herself, which was as near as her wee mouth could get to Elizabeth. George was something of a tease too, if the truth must be owned, only, beside Ned, people didn't notice him so much. Yet tease as they might, by hanging her dolls high out of reach in the walnut-tree, setting her dear black kitty afloat on the pond in a box, or laughing at her when she failed to catch little birds by putting salt on their tails, or any other way, and they had a great many, Lizzie never sulked; she forgave them directly, and wherever the boys played, in garden, orchard, or paddock, Lizzie's little fat face and white sun-bonnet could always be seen close by.

A very favorite place with the children was the paddock gate; here they would often swing for hours or amuse themselves by watching anything that might come along the road. Not much traffic passed that way, to be sure, but knowing every one in the village, they seemed to find enough to interest them.

"Here comes Tom Crippy with two baskets," cried Ned, as they all leaned over the gate one sunny afternoon, — an afternoon on which even Lizzie's sunny temper had almost given way, for both boys were in an especially teasing mood, and had brought tears very near her blue eyes more than once. "Don't they look heavy?" he went on. "My! He's got carrots and ripe apples in one. All ours are as hard as wood."

"Going to take them up to the house, Tom?"

"Not to yours, Master Ned," Tom answered, setting down his baskets and resting on a low wall. "This one is for you; but this one, with the apples, is for Mrs. Veale."

George looked at the baskets. "It is very hot, and you look tired right out," he said. "Suppose you leave Mrs. Veale's basket here while you take ours."

Tom Crippy agreed at once, and gladly made his way up to the house with his lightened load, Ned shouting after him, "I say, Tom, you may as well spare us an apple when you come back!"

"Wouldn't it be fun to hide his basket?" Ned went on; but, having offered to take care of it, both boys dismissed the idea as *mean*.

"Now for the apple," they said, when he returned.

In vain Tom protested, "I never promised it. It isn't mine to give; not even father's! Mrs. Veale has bought and paid for these apples."

George would have let him go after a bit; but Ned was somewhat greedy, and hankered after the apple, as well as after what he called a bit of *fun*.

"Well, it won't be more than a mouthful apiece," said Tom, at last. "Who'll have first bite?" and he took a ripe, red apple from the basket.

"I," cried Ned at once.

"Well!" said Tom, "I should have thought you would have let the little lady!"

He looked at George, who at once blinded Ned's eyes. Widely, eagerly, he opened his mouth, to close his teeth upon — a carrot.

People who tease can rarely stand being teased themselves. Frantic with rage, Ned struck out right and left, then dashing the basket over, trampled and smashed the delicious apples with his feet.

Well, the apples had to be paid for, and the boys had to be punished; even mother couldn't overlook such an afternoon's work as *this*.

The boys' pocket-money would be stopped till the two shillings were made up. Threepence a week each, and a month seemed long to look forward to. Gloomily they leaned over the gate in

the evening. Patter, patter, nearer and nearer came little feet. "Lizababuff has opened her money-box, and here is sixpence for George and sixpence for Ned."

How they hugged the sun-bonnet! "Lizzie, you are a brick! But we won't take your money, nor tease you any more!"

"DAISY."

FAR in the Highlands of Scotland, nestling amid their rugged mountains, lay a beautiful farm. Here one of our boys lived with the good old farmer for two or three years, to be taught sheep-farming. Every summer he came to see us; and one year, as we were staying at a country house, he brought us a dear little pet lamb, which he had carried on his shoulder for many a mile across the country. It was a poor little orphan, its mother having died; but Willie had brought her up on warm new milk, which the farmer had given him. We at once named her Daisy, she was so white and fluffy, just like a snowball; and twice a day we used to feed her with warm milk out of a bottle. She very quickly got tame, roaming about and following us in our walks. She knew Sunday quite well, and never attempted to go to church with us but once; when we were half way there who should come panting after us but Daisy, so she had to be taken home, and very sulkily lay down beside Hero, the watch-dog, perhaps for a little sympathy. Of course she grew into a very big lamb, and as we had to go back to town for the winter a farmer offered to take Daisy and put her amongst his own flock of sheep. Next summer when we returned the first thing we did was to go and see Daisy. The flock was feeding in a meadow, and as we opened the gate a sheep darted from among them, came straight to us, and bleating out her welcome, trotted home with us. She went back to live with the farmer, and died at a good old age.

ROGER'S RIDE.

When Roger said that aeroplanes
Were stupid without eyes and manes,
A fairy let him ride a course
Upon her magic aerohorse!

FAITHFUL ROVER.

WHAT can that dog be doing? thought the engineer, as looking ahead he saw a large dog on the track barking furiously at the approaching train. He blew the whistle; but the dog refused to move, though the engine was fast approaching him, and in a few moments must dash him to pieces. The engineer was a kind-hearted man, and did not wish to kill the poor animal; so he slackened the speed of his train, and tried by whistling and calling to drive the dog away, but he would not go. So stopping the train, the engineer ran ahead to see what was the matter; and what was his surprise when he saw, lying fast asleep, with her head resting against the iron rail, a dear little girl, who had wandered upon the track and had fallen asleep. And so faithful Rover, at the risk of his own life, had saved that of his little mistress.

EVAN OWEN'S AMBITION.

AWAY in South Wales lived a boy named Evan Owen.

Evan was the youngest son of an honest countryman named Owen Owen, and he had three brothers named David Morris Owen, Rice Owen, and Jacob Owen.

"You have cause to be proud of your three boys, friend Owen," said his neighbor, Lloyd Jones, one day.

"Well, I don't know about being proud, neighbor Jones," said Owen, in his quiet, deliberate way; "but the Lord knows I'm truly thankful to see them so good and steady."

"There's Evan, now," said Lloyd Jones, "who is altogether different; I fear you'll have trouble with him, friend Owen."

"The Lord forbid!" said Owen. "Why should you think he'll bring us trouble?"

"Because he's idle," replied Lloyd Jones; "too fond of dreaming away his time in the fields playing that fife of his. My father brought me up to work, and if I had twenty sons I'd bring them up the same way."

"And right, too," said Owen Owen; "but Evan is not idle; he does all the gardening, and three times a week goes with Thomas Pritchard's milk-cart to the village; he's a good little lad, is Evan, and granny here knows what he has set his heart upon."

"Ay, I know," said granny.

"What is it, mother? Tell us now, do tell," pleaded Owen Owen.

"Well, it's no great secret," said granny. "Evan wants, if the way ever opens, to study music, so that he can one day play one of those grand, large organs he has heard about, and lead the singing in the Lord's house. That's no wrong desire for a lad, is it?"

"No, no," exclaimed Owen Owen; "God bless the lad, and grant him, if it be His will, his heart's desire. I don't see as we've much cause to trouble about Evan, friend Jones," he added.

"Maybe not, maybe not; time will show, however," said Lloyd Jones, as he took his leave.

"Granny, granny," exclaimed Evan, entering the cottage at that moment, "Hugh Griffiths was passing the field when I was playing just now, and he stopped to listen, and then he talked to me, and I told him how I loved music, and he says if you'll let me go to his house twice a week he'll teach me to play his harmonium. Father, you'll let me go, won't you? Only twice a week, and I'll work hard all day."

"Yes, yes, my lad, you shall go," said Owen; and granny, laying aside her knitting, kissed the boy's eager, upturned face.

Very dear to granny's heart was Evan, left in her care as he had been by his gentle mother, who died when he was only a few weeks old. Somewhat delicate as a baby the child had been, but thanks to granny's good nursing and loving care, he grew a strong, healthy boy, able to walk a long distance, or work for several hours at a time as well as any of the lads in the neighborhood.

"Will I put on my Sunday clothes?" Evan asked granny, as, barelegged and without coat or jacket, he presented himself for her inspection on the evening of his first visit to the house of Hugh Griffiths.

"Yes, Evan, yes," replied granny; "it's a great event in your life, my boy, the result of which we cannot tell."

A few minutes later, with granny's kiss upon his cheek, and her loving words still ringing in his ears, dressed in his neat, gray homespun suit, Evan walked with rapid step past Lloyd Jones's door.

An apt pupil Evan proved himself to be; Hugh Griffiths, his self-appointed teacher, a well-to-do young farmer, was delighted with the progress the lad made.

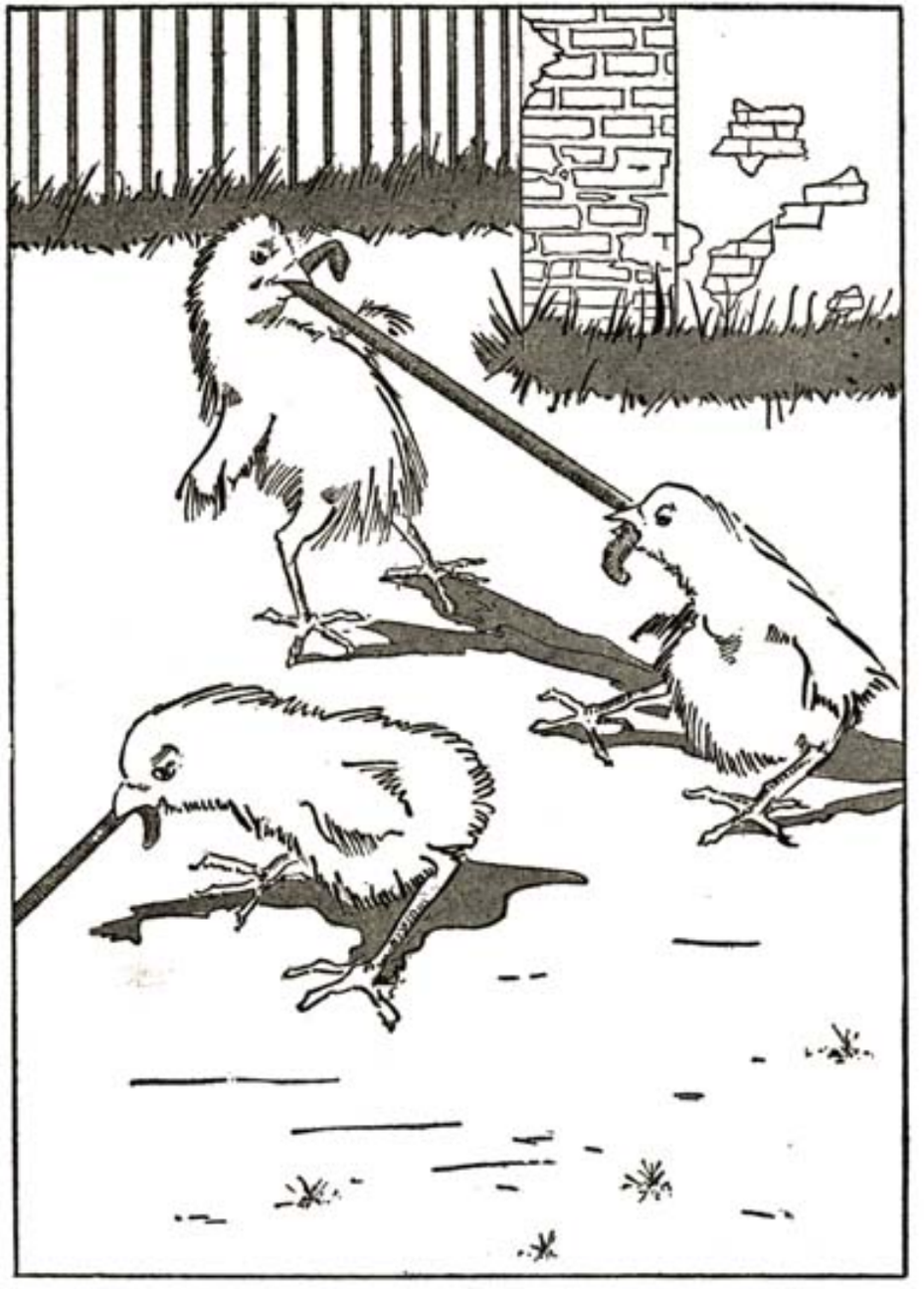
"He'll soon out-distance his master," he said one day to Evan's father; and then pleading his willingness to bear all the expense, he obtained his consent to his employing an efficient teacher thoroughly competent to instruct the boy.

The years passed on, and the barefooted lad, whose delight it had been to play the Psalm tunes "for Granny to sing to," became one of the most skilful organists and eminent composers of the day. He was appointed organist at one of the great cathedrals of our land, and among the congregation gathered there on the first occasion of his presiding at the organ might have been seen a plain, homely Welsh countryman, accompanied by his three stalwart sons.

"The lad has realized his heart's desire," said Owen Owen to himself, as Evan led the service of song in the great cathedral; "it is the Lord's doing," he continued, "and marvellous in our eyes."

FEEDING THE POULTRY.

If any of our young readers have ever been a long sea voyage they will most likely have noticed in the front part of the ship pens full of sheep, ducks, chickens, turkeys, geese, and generally a cow. The former have to be taken for food, and the latter for its milk, which is given to the children and invalids on board. In bad weather these poor birds and animals have a very rough time, for the sea often breaks over the ship, and although every care is taken to make them comfortable by hanging tarpaulin over the bars of their pens, the sea-water finds its way in, and sometimes they get very wet. No wonder, then, that the heart of the little girl in our picture is moved to compassion for these poor creatures, and that she is trying by making friends with and feeding them to render their lot a little happier.



A LITTLE MAN.

Bobby was not quite six years old, but he thought himself quite a man, and a very strong man too. He was a sturdy little fellow, and as he never caught cold, his mother allowed him to run about without shoes and stockings when the weather was warm and dry.

Bobby's mother was always a little afraid of his being hurt. She had only two children — Lucy, who was twelve, and Bobby — and she was sometimes very anxious lest Bobby should come to some harm when he would work among the men. She also forbade him the use of knives and all sharp instruments. This was a real grief to Bobby, as the men knew it, and would sometimes tease him, and it was then so difficult to pretend to himself that his knife wasn't in his pocket, as he could have done for his own satisfaction.

One day in the spring, when the laurel hedge was being cut, one of the men offered to lend Bobby a knife, and, without a thought of his mother's wishes, Bobby took it, and began cutting in a great hurry. Alas! after a few boughs had come off, Bobby tried to cut a thicker one, which he had to hold down with his left hand, so that when the knife slipped he cut his third finger rather badly. He ran at once to Lucy with the knife in his hand, and then dropped it on the ground close to his bare toes. In his thoughtlessness he might have cut his foot also if Mother had not come out and picked up the knife. She was more sorry than angry at Bobby's disobedience, but the boy was more careful to obey his mother after that, and among the presents on his next birthday there was a capital knife from Mother, but given on condition that at first it should only be used when his father was present, and could show him what ought to be done with it. Bobby is a very happy boy now, because no one can tease him, as he has that precious knife of his very own.

MAUD'S NEW SKIPPING-ROPE.

"Books, books, books! I think you will turn into a book yourself some day, Phil."

"Wait till I have finished this chapter, Maud, and then I will go out with you."

"That is always what you say," said Maud: "just a chapter, just a page, and the time goes."

Philip turned over another page.

"Only two more, Maud. Do go. I shall read faster if you do not talk to me. And then I will come,

And you shall see with your eyes of blue
What a nice surprise I have got for you."

Maud went away slowly, and when she had reached the door she turned to say, —

"Be quick, Philip."

And then she went and put on her garden hat and went into the garden, down the walk between the currant bushes to a piece of waste ground grown over with short grass, that she called her playground, for here she could run about, and jump, and skip, and hop, and try to walk upon stilts, and do all sorts of things; and the gardener did not find fault, as he did if she skipped in the garden walks, and knocked off a flower here and there.

"I wonder what the surprise is," said Maud, as she sat down on a bench to wait for Philip.

Before long she saw him coming along, holding his arms behind him. It was plain he had got something he did not want her to see.

As he came nearer to her, he called out —

"Three guesses, Maud. What have I got in my hand?"

"Oh, I don't know. Is it a parcel?"

"Yes, it is a brown paper parcel; but what is in it? That is one guess. Now guess again."

"Is it a wax doll with curly hair?"

"No, not quite so large as that."

"Not so large? then is it a small thing? I have lost my thimble, and I've broken my china cup, so perhaps you have brought me one. Stop, stop; I have not had my third guess yet. Let me see: I gave my skipping-rope to Sally Brown. Oh, Phil, is it a skipping-rope?"

Philip laughed.

"Yes," said he, "it is a skipping-rope with fine painted handles. It is the prettiest I could find in the shop."

And Philip opened the parcel.

"Oh, what a beauty!" said Maud; "it is far prettier than mine was. And what nice rope! Oh, Phil, how good of you!"

"Well, now let me see if you can skip with it," said Philip, giving it into her hands.

And Maud began to skip.

"It is splendid," said she; "it almost skips of itself. I never skipped with such a skipping-rope before. It is the thing I wanted most, Philip. How came you to think of it?"

"Why," said Philip, "that was not very hard. You gave your rope to little Sally because she was a poor little girl, and her mother could not buy one for her. So I thought it was the best present I could give you, and the best surprise, and I took a walk into Linton to the toy-shop there, and though I saw all sorts of toys, I only asked for skipping-ropes, and I bought the prettiest that the shop-keeper had to sell. I am glad you like it."

"Yes, I like it very much. I could skip all day with it."

"Well, don't do that, for I want to have a hopping-race with you, and then we will try the new jump. Where is it?"

"It is just at the end of the playground, over hurdles. They are not very high, and I think I can jump over them. I know you can, and now that you are here I will try."

And Maud put her skipping-rope into the brown paper, and laid it on the bench.

"We will hop down to the hurdles, and then we will have a grand jumping-match," said Philip.

A SPARROW STORY.

I AND my little sisters are very fond of the sparrows who come to our garden to eat the crumbs that we throw out for them. We find our cat also likes them, but in a different way. We have been able to rescue several little ones from it, but have never been able to rear them, as they have generally died two or three days after. However, a little while ago we saved one poor little bird from pussy, and placed it in a cage and fed it, as it was too young to look after itself. The cage was placed in my bedroom, with the window open, and we suppose the chirrup of the little prisoner was heard by its parents, and we were pleased to see one of them fly into the room and carry it food. As they seemed so anxious, and we thought they knew better than we how to feed it, we placed the little thing on the window sill, watching near it to prevent it meeting with any accident, as it was too young to fly more than a few yards by itself. It had scarcely been there a few seconds before its mother flew down to it and chattered, as we thought scolding it, but we suppose she was only giving it directions, for the young one laid hold of the mother's tail with its little beak, and, with that assistance, was able to fly away.

We watched until it was out of sight, and were very glad to think that the parents had recovered their little one, about which they had shown such anxiety.

THE GHOST IN THE GARDEN.

HARRY PETERS had to cross the common one evening in the dark, and, though his father had sent him to post a letter, he could not get on, for he saw a ghost, as he fancied, in the garden near the lane, and his hair stood almost on end. There it was, rising white and spectral before him with outstretched, slowly moving arms. Harry uttered a piercing shriek, for the boys at school had told him some dreadful ghost stories, and he quite expected to be carried off by those ghostly beckoning arms. His father was very vexed that he had lost the post, and would not believe he had seen a ghost.

"There are no such things," he said; "light the lantern and we'll drive your ghost away. Some silly boy has been frightening you."

Harry's big brother declared he would pay the boy out for

shamming ghosthood, and so the three went together, followed by the dog, barking loudly.

And what do you think Harry's ghost turned out to be? The white shirt belonging to the cobbler, which his wife had hung up to dry in their back garden.

Harry has left off believing in ghosts now; and if ever he sees one again, he intends to go right up to it, and find out all about it, instead of running away.

THE NEW SCRAP-BOOK.

"I WISH you would give me this picture, Mattie," cried Will, pouncing on a ship in full sail. "I think it is an awfully jolly one."

"Oh, Will, I can't! Not that." And Mattie flushed red.

"Why not? You have such a heap! *I* wouldn't be a selfish pig of a girl for anything," said her brother scornfully. Mattie looked more distressed.

"Why, you have dozens and dozens," Will grumbled on, "and that big scrap-book Aunt Mary gave you besides. Oh, Mattie, I didn't think you were so mean!" This was hard, indeed, and tears rose to Mattie's eyes, but still she did not give way.

"Wait; do wait a little, Will," she entreated.

"I'd be ashamed not to be generous with *my* things," he said; "and I won't speak to such a mean girl; and very likely I'll stick your ridiculous musical rabbit on the bonfire old Jones is making and roast it. It would only serve you right."

"Never mind, Mattie," said Aunt Mary, "we'll have a quiet time to stick the pictures in the new book while Will keeps out of our way." And a nice quiet time they had, and very beautiful Mattie thought the scrap-book looked with the grand ship in the place of honor as frontispiece.

"It would have spoiled it all if I had let Will have that for his old scrap-book and we hadn't put it there," she said. And Aunt Mary quite agreed with her. Will didn't quite manage to keep his threat of not speaking to Mattie at all; but, at any rate, he did not speak pleasantly, and though she searched high and low, here, there, and everywhere, Mattie *couldn't* find her rabbit.

"Roasted on my bonfire?" exclaimed old Jones, the gardener, in amazement, when at last she questioned him. "Bless me, no, Missy! You don't think I'd let Master Will be up to his games like that. I haven't so much as set eyes on your rabbit."

Three whole days the cloud lasted, in spite of Mattie's grieved looks and timid efforts for peace.

"Will," asked Aunt Mary, "why don't you and Mattie play together?"

"Because I hate meanness," he said loftily.

"Oh!" said Aunt Mary, looking at him over her spectacles, "so do I; but I haven't let that make any difference in my behavior to *you*."

"To me?" asked Will, in surprise. "Why, every one says that I am generous."

"Yes," said Aunt Mary. "Well," she went on, finding that Will was not inclined to speak, "there are different kinds of meanness. I think it is mean of a boy to hide a little sister's favorite toy, and mean of him to want to take a picture, or anything else, away from her against her will; but meanest of all to sulk for three whole days because he finds he can't do exactly as he likes. That is my opinion."

Will walked slowly away; slowly he went to the stable loft, and from behind a pile of sacks took Mattie's rabbit. Alone in the breakfast-room sat Mattie, carefully turning over the pages of a large new scrap-book; she did not hear him come. "Oh, Will, how you made me jump!" she cried, when at last, to rouse her, he poked the rabbit's soft head into her neck. Will didn't speak, but he gave Mattie a hug and dropped the rabbit into her lap.

"Oh, Will!" she said, in a great hurry, "the book is quite dry now, and the pictures *do* look lovely. I couldn't let you have that splendid ship when you asked for it, because I did want it so for the first page; and I didn't like to explain, because you always laugh at me, and say I am like all girls, and can't ever keep a secret. But, Will, I bought this book and all these pictures for you with my very own money, and Auntie Mary helped me stick them in, and said we wouldn't tell you — not till it was finished. It is just like mine that you liked so much, only better. And, Will, I am so glad that you forgave me before you knew it was for you."

"For me?" stammered Will. "Oh, Mattie, and I called you mean!"

"Never mind," said Mattie readily; "you see, I couldn't tell you because of spoiling the surprise. But you don't think me mean now, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Will. "I think you are awfully generous, Mattie, to give me this lovely book, and more generous still, after I have been so unkind to you, to forgive me without one cross word."

NESTOR.

Miss Mary was the vicar's daughter, and she had three dogs. Every one knew when Miss Mary was coming because of the dogs; and the children would cry to their mothers, "The dogs are coming, and Miss Mary has just turned the corner." But the dogs always came first. There was Nestor, a splendid Newfoundland, and Mac, the collie, and Vic, the fox-terrier, whose whole name was Victory, as he was born on the day of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The dogs were all great friends, particularly Nestor and Vic; but as Vic was sometimes very naughty, Miss Mary made Nestor carry a dog-whip in his mouth when they went walking. Nestor was much distressed if Vic was punished during the walk, and at last he resolved to spare his friend the pain and disgrace of a beating.

One winter morning Vic was even more naughty than usual. He barked loudly at the children, terrified an old woman by seizing her skirt and shaking it, chased a cat over a fence (in which he was assisted by Mac), and finally disappeared behind a cottage, returning with his mouth full of bones. This was too much, and Vic must be whipped; but Nestor would not give up the whip, and walked on with his head in the air, while Vic barked his

admiration of such friendship; for Vic escaped the punishment he deserved, as Nestor carried the whip to his bed, and lay upon it until Miss Mary had forgiven Vic. Master Vic is older now, and is more obedient, but he will never be as good a dog or as faithful a friend as Nestor.

Family Cares

"IT isn't the hats I mind,
The petticoats or the suits;
Or the jackets and frocks I find
So ruinous—but
the boots.

"You'd open your eyes, I know,
And be thankful you'd not *my* cares
If I showed you the bill I owe
For nothing but
just repairs.

"How to pay it I don't know—while
'Tis nearly enough to send
One crazy to see the pile
Of stockings and socks to mend.

"Some families have a lot
More pinnies and frocks than mine;
But nobody else has got
Such a number of shoes to shine.

"While presently 'twill be found,
New boots or else shoes they'll need
With stockings, as well, all round!"
Sighed poor Mrs. Centipede.

The Alphabet

A Nursery Jingle.

Said Master A to Master B
We'll go and call on Master C,
And after that on Uncle D
Who lives next door to Mister E
We must ask after Mister F
Poor gentleman hes rather deaf
And after that we'll take our tea
With our dear grandpa Doctor G.
They went and met with Mister H
Who has a nephew Master I
He'll be a great man by-and-by

Who with his cousin Master J
Goes to the school across the way
Kept by the great Professor K
So great that none can him excel

Except the great Professor L
Who gave his best boy Master M
A present of a lovely gem
Picked up within a lonely glen
Upon the land of Farmer N

This farmer was as you must know
The father of young Master O

And very fond of tarts
was he,
Though not so fond
as Master P,

Who never would buy
less than two
Out of the shop of
Mister Q.
'Tis said he ate too
much by far.
And tarts you know
most tempting are.

His father sent for Doctor R.
Who came and said, "I can't do less
Than bid you send for Doctor S
I know he
cured
Wild Master
T

Who ate unripe fruit from the tree.
Believe me, sir, that I speak true.
But if you don't ask Mister U,
Who sent his son last week to sea
With that bold sailor
Captain V.

Or if you think it
wouldn't trouble you,
Just ask my neighbour
Mister W,
A man I would not
like to vex
He is so kind to poor old X.
But I must off I'll tell you why
I have to visit Mister Y,
And then before I go to bed
I'll give a call on Mister
Z

JOHNNIE'S DICTATION.

"THERE now, dear, run away, and make haste, or you'll be late to school, and that will never do."

Little Johnnie Strong obediently gathered his books together, and with an effort to keep back the tears that were filling his eyes, held up his face for a last kiss.

"Good-by, then, mother dear, and I'll try to be brave and remember what you've been saying. I'll just do the very best I can, and perhaps I shall be able to manage it after all."

"That's my brave little man, now; good-by, dearie." And Johnnie was gone.

Very often Mrs. Strong and Johnnie had little talks at breakfast-time about his troubles, and he used to say it helped him through the day to remember his mother's loving words. The conversation with which this story began was the end of one of these talks. It was getting near examination time, and Johnnie had been trying very hard to catch up with the other boys in his spelling and writing. Sums he could manage now pretty well, and he read very fairly; but it seemed to him he should *never* be able to spell properly. "Thousands of words," he would say, despairingly, "and no two spelt alike." However, he went off to school very bravely, and his determination to do the best he could was a wonderful help.

He got on very well that morning until the time came for "dictation," and then poor Johnnie's troubles began. He knew there were boys in his class very little better at spelling than he, who copied from their neighbors whenever a word was given out that they could not spell; but Johnnie was above doing that. It was cheating and deceiving, and he would rather every word of his exercise were wrong than be a cheat. But that morning he was sorely tempted. He thought there had never been such a hard piece of dictation; and when Jimmy Lane, who sat next to him, tried to help him by whispering the letters of one very hard word, it required some courage to ask him to stop.

At the end of the lesson the boys had to pass their books up to the teacher for inspection, and Johnnie's worst fears were realized when his book came back with ever so many words marked in blue pencil.

While the teacher was finishing marking the exercises, the master's bell sounded, and the boys were dismissed for a few minutes' run in the playground; but Johnnie was obliged to stay behind to learn to spell correctly the words he had blundered over. Poor Johnnie! It was very hard for him to have to stay there, trying to fix in his mind the fact that "Receive" is spelt with the E before the I, and "Believe" with the I before the E, while every other boy of the school was outside, enjoying the games in which he delighted as much as any of them.

Not quite every other boy though. There was one other prisoner besides himself — Will Maynard, and he had to stay behind because he couldn't always remember to *pay back* when he *borrowed!* Not that he was by any means dishonest — it was only when he had a subtraction sum to do that he got into this difficulty!

Johnnie and he were not chums, but, somehow, when they had the whole school to themselves they couldn't sit on forms ten yards apart — it seemed so very unsociable and unfriendly. So Will brought his slate over to Johnnie, and they were soon busily discussing the difficulties of sums and spelling.

Although Will was a good deal the older, he was not nearly so clever at sums as Johnnie, and, moreover, he was not too proud to accept the help that Johnnie rather timidly offered. They soon settled the difference between the various rows of obstinate figures, and Will laid down his slate with a sigh of relief and a grateful "Thank you, Johnnie. Now," he continued, "let's have a go at your spelling."

By this time they began to feel quite warm friends — for it is wonderful how quickly a little mutual help creates feelings of friendship. Together they went over the mis-spelt words, and,

with Will to help and encourage, Johnnie soon felt quite sure that the spelling of the particular words of that morning's exercise would never trouble him again.

They had scarcely finished their work when the big school-bell sounded, and the boys all came trooping in. Will had to go back to his place, but he left a very light-hearted little boy behind him, for Johnnie and he had vowed life-long friendship, and sums and spelling seemed to have lost all their terrors for both of them.

When Johnnie arrived home from school he could talk of nothing but Will Maynard, and Will, for his part, voted Johnnie "a jolly little chap." Many a time after that day did they help each other, and when it was reported after the examination that they had both passed, each declared he must have failed without the other's help.

They are firm friends still, and are likely to remain so; and whenever a difficulty occurs, in school or out, they always tackle it together; for, as Johnnie says, "A difficulty shared is only half a difficulty."

ELLA'S VIOLIN.

"You must promise to take care of it, Ella," said Mrs. Warren, as she handed her little girl the violin that had belonged to Uncle Willie, and had cost him a great deal of money. "This is not a toy, but a valuable instrument, and I hope you will never forget to put it away when you have done with it."

Ella promised, and for some weeks never forget to put it into its case; but after a time she forgot to be so very careful, and would leave the precious violin on a table or chair while she went out for her walk.

Ella's little sister Conny had a kitten; and one morning, when Ella had been practising up to the last moment before dressing for her walk, she laid the violin on the table and ran up-stairs, leaving the school-room door open, so that Kitty walked in and began to amuse herself. She was soon on the table inspecting the violin, patting it with her paw, and making the strings vibrate, to her own great astonishment.

Ella, who looked in as she came down dressed for her walk, thought they made a very pretty picture. The next moment there was a twang. A string Ella had put on the violin that morning in a great hurry and very untidily had snapped, hitting pussy a hard blow over the nose. Away bounced puss, and Ella sprang forward with a cry; for the kitten had knocked over a tall vase of flowers, and it looked as if the water must be pouring over her violin. Fortunately for Ella the violin was safe, and she at once put it away very carefully. During their walk she told her mother all about it, ending with —

"Nurse talks about things being *warnings*, so I shall take this as a warning, Mother, and be more careful of my violin after to-day." And she was.

THE STOLEN CHERRIES.

LONG ago I read a story of some boys who stole some cherries, and, try what they might, the cherry stones were always turning up and reminding them of their wickedness. It was a good thing for their consciences that they could not forget what they had done; it is a dreadful thing to do evil and then care nothing about it.

Do you know what is the best thing that can happen to you if you do wrong? To get found out. To conceal a sin is worse than you may suppose; confess to God and man, and pray for forgiveness. We get vexed with the little birds sometimes when they spoil our fruit; what do you think of Dick Raynor and Willie Abbot who robbed a poor widow's orchard, and took away the cherries that she would have sold to pay her rent? Day by day the little thieves had a feast in that orchard, and nobody guessed who stole the cherries; but there was One Who saw and knew all about the matter. The rent was not paid, and the widow was turned out of her cottage; Dick and Willie grew to be rich men by and by, and they could have paid her rent over and over again, but it was too late then — the aged woman had passed away.

ARCHIE'S FORGETFULNESS.

ARCHIE was really a very good boy: his mother always said so, and his grandmother thought there was not such another boy in all the wide world. Yet there was no denying that he had a knack of continually getting into trouble.

He and the old baby were spending the day with grandmother, Mrs. Crump — there was a new baby too now, but so far nobody had begun to call the old baby by his Christian name, which was Matthew, and did not seem to suit him.

They had had their dinner, and Archie remembered that it was Mrs. Crump's habit to take a nap in her easy-chair in the afternoon.

"Granny," said he, "shall we go out and play in the garden while you go to sleep?"

The old lady put on her spectacles and looked at him. She hardly liked to trust the children out of her sight; but the afternoon was hot, and she was very drowsy. And she reflected that Archie was such a good boy.

"You must not play about all over the place," she said then. "You may take your picture-book and the kitten, and go straight down to the seat under the tree. When you're tired of being there, come in again. I don't want you wandering about without me."

"Yes, grandma," said Archie brightly. "Come along, baby."

So he gave Matthew the picture-book to carry, and picked up the kitten himself, and they went along the path to the garden seat. He sat down, with his little brother on his knee, and made up a tale about every picture, while the kitten climbed on to their shoulders, or frisked here and there after flies.

At last they came to the end, and shut up the book.

"Why, where's the kitty?" exclaimed Archie. They gazed about them, but pussy was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, I want pussy, I want pussy!" said the old baby sadly; and he looked as if he were going to cry.

"Let's go and find her," said Archie, jumping off the seat, and setting baby on the ground. He had quite forgotten his grandmother's instructions; and while Mrs. Crump was calmly dozing indoors, not even dreaming that they were in mischief, the two children were roaming wherever they pleased in search of the kitten, who was all the time up the tree by the garden seat.

There were so many interesting things in this garden that they were very happy. There were the beehives, where they watched the bees flying out of their little door, until the old baby touched one hive, when they had to run away in a hurry, as two or three bees were angry and flew after them.

"THE KITTEN CLIMBED ONTO THEIR SHOULDERS."

It was the greatest wonder that neither of them was stung. They were frightened, though, and kept away from the beehives afterwards. Then they went into the little tool-shed, opened and shut the shears, played with the rake and the trowel, and finally they wandered down to

the pond, and looked into the water to see if there were any fishes.

All at once, as they stood there, Archie's memory returned.

"Oh!" he said in a dismayed voice, "granny told us not to. Baby, we must go in."

"No, no, no!" cried the child, snatching away his hand, as Archie took hold of it to lead him back.

"Yes, come along, baby dear. You must, really."

But baby had a will of his own, and he was happy out here. As Archie tried to persuade him, he stepped backwards to escape, and in an instant, in the middle of saying "No!" he went with a splash into the pond. Archie shrieked and clutched at him, but it was of no use: he only just touched the baby's pinafore with the tips of his fingers, and then there was no baby anywhere to be seen.

Becky, Mrs. Crump's servant, was chopping up some wood in the tool-shed, when she heard screams from the direction of the pond. She dropped her chopper and ran, and what was her horror to find Archie up to his waist in the water, apparently going farther in as fast as he could.

Becky, who was a big, strong woman, marched into the pond in a moment, and seized him round the waist; but Archie pushed her away, and gasped something that at first she could not understand. But the gleam of a little pink pinafore a yard or two away, that showed for a moment, then vanished, explained the case, and she knew that what he had said was "*Baby!*"

The next minute Becky had a small, helpless figure in her arms, and was making her way back on to dry ground, pulling Archie with her. The pond was only two or three feet deep, but it was quite deep enough to have nearly drowned the poor little fellow. He lay back, unconscious, with closed eyes.

They met the grandmother coming to look for them, for she had awaked from her sleep in a fright. She said not a word, and did not even glance at Archie, who was shivering so that he could

scarcely stand. The next instant Mrs. Crump and Becky had disappeared with the baby into the kitchen, and Archie sat outside on the floor, so frightened and bewildered he hardly knew where he was.

After a long time Becky came quickly out, and pulled him in to the fire. "Now for this one," she said, "before he catches his death of cold. Why, he looks worse than the other."

The old baby was lying quietly in granny's arms, rather pale and exhausted; his eyes followed the movements of the two by the fire. Archie gave a great start of joy. Baby was not drowned!

"Oh, granny," he sobbed out, as Becky took off his wet things, "I forgot!"

His grandmother shook her head gravely. "I shouldn't think you would soon forget this," she said. "I doubted whether we would bring him round."

Further than that neither she nor any one else ever reproached Archie. Mrs. Crump was right: whatever he might fail to remember he could never forget the day when the old baby was nearly drowned.

THE SPOON AND FORK FAMILY.

Said Mister Plum Pudding,
"I'm merry and bright,
I feel quite contented,
The world is all right!"

They laughed and they chuckled,
So merry were they,
And all went quite gaily
Till came Christmas Day.

He forgot it was Christmas—
The very time when
The Spoon and Fork Family
Came out again.

And then—but what happened
I'd rather not tell;
But Mister Plum Pudding
Did not feel so well.

Nor yet did the Spoons and Forks,
Greedy young elves,
For all that Plum Pudding was
Eaten by *ourselves!*

CHARLIE THE CHATTERBOX.

"Do be quiet, Charlie!" "Leave off talking!" "Silence, sir!" These words were addressed to Charlie in vain, whether at home or school. He talked at meals, at class, in church; his little tongue was always at work, and yet it never seemed weary. Even if his mother had a headache, Charlie rattled on; if his father wanted to read or write quietly he had to go apart from Charlie, for there was no peace in the presence of the chatterbox. Of course he was a dunce, for how could he chatter and learn as well? And you may be sure he made plenty of mischief, for tongues that are always on the move do not keep to the exact truth sometimes when repeating what the ears have heard.

One day Grandfather said, "I really must teach that little tongue a lesson. If you can be silent for half an hour, Charlie, I will give you half-a-dollar." "Half-a-dollar! I'll earn it, grandfather." Charlie watched the clock and thought of tops and balls and kites and sweets and apples, and all the wonderful things half-a-dollar would buy; he had to keep silence till the clock had struck twelve, and just as the hand approached the hour he grew so excited with his success that he cried out, "There, I've done it! Please give me the money, grandfather." But Charlie never got that half-dollar, and I do not think such a chatterbox *deserved* it. You have two ears and one tongue, children; listen quietly, pay attention, but do not always make your voice to be heard, else other people may *grow just a little tired of the sound.*

THE TINKER'S VAN.

"RONALD! Ronald! our van has come! John saw it go past the gate whilst we were in school."

"Has it!" exclaimed Fred Norton, no less excited at the news than his brother; "then let's go down at once and have a look at it."

Off ran the two little fellows, and were soon in the village; and there, sure enough, drawn up in a side street, was the van of a travelling tinker. The old horse had been taken out of the shafts and was standing patiently on one side, while the tinker's wife, with her baby in her arms, walked slowly up and down, casting from time to time an anxious look up the street.

Her sunburnt face beamed with a hearty smile as the two boys rushed up to her.

"Here you are, young gentlemen!" she said, with evident delight; "I was looking out for you. I thought you'd see us go by; but my old man, he says, 'Susan, what are you thinking of? Those young gentlemen have forgotten you by this time, for it's six months more or less since we last passed by here.'"

"We haven't forgotten you," said little Ronald indignantly. "How could I forget when you were so kind to me? I could not have got home that day I sprained my foot, and then your van came up, and you jumped out and carried me in, and bathed my foot, and brought me home. Why — why —" stammered the little fellow in his eagerness, "I should be a *pig* if I forgot you."

"Step inside, sirs," said the woman, quite confused by Ronald's gratitude; "I want you to see how beautiful the clock looks that your mamma gave me. It goes just splendid; my old man *is* proud of it; it never loses a minute, and yet it gets many a jolt."

The children needed no second invitation. The van was a paradise to them, and they ran up the steps and looked at everything, and everything seemed charming. They longed to possess

such a treasure, and thought the tinker and his wife must be the happiest of mortals.

"I should like to live here always," said Fred, as he and Ronald stood at the door of the van and looked out at the scene around them. "It's so jolly free," continued the boy, "so far better than always being in one house; and the cat there, and the cocks and hens, and old Dobbin — I'd much rather look at things like that than at the maps and pictures on our schoolroom walls."

"Ah! but you don't know all, sir," said the woman, shaking her head. "I was born in a van, and have always lived in one, but I don't want my little laddie here to lead the life," and she danced the crowing baby in her arms as she spoke. "I hope, by and by, we shall have a little cottage of our own and settle down, and my boy can go to school and learn to read his Bible, which is more than his mother can do, for I never had a day's schooling in my life."

"Can't you read?" said little Ronald in astonishment. "I'll come every day that you stay here and teach you. I'll begin to-night!" and before another word could be said he had darted out of the van and was up the street and out of sight, returning in a very few minutes with a large picture-book, out of which he himself had learned to read.

Ronald was a wise little fellow to have brought a picture-book; for such a work of art had never been seen by the woman before, and if reading was only looking at pictures like that she felt she might manage it after all.

She was by no means a stupid scholar, and Ronald was so earnest a little teacher that the progress made was really astonishing. The tinker found a good many jobs in the village, and stayed nearly a fortnight, and by that time Susan could spell little words very nicely, and no longer read a-s-s, donkey, as, misled by the picture, she had done at the beginning of the lessons.

Ronald's mother gave the woman a large print Bible with a great many pictures in it; and when next year the tinker's van

again visited the village, Susan was delighted to be able to exhibit her progress, and slowly and reverently she read the parable of the Lost Sheep.

"I read that to my old man most nights," she said; "his father was a shepherd, and he knows all about sheep. Oh, Master Ronald!" said the woman, suddenly changing her tone, "I do bless you for putting it into my head to learn to read."

Certainly Ronald was a happy boy that day.

A NONSENSE RHYME.

Fid-dle-de-dee,
The cat was at tea,
The rab-bit was tak-ing snuff;
The dog and the pig
Were dan-cing a jig,
And the don-key put on
A lace ruff.

SOPHIE'S ROSES.

FRÄULEIN HOFFMAN always gave the girls at her school a holiday on the tenth of June. It was her birthday; and though the old lady would not allow her pupils to make her any presents, saying, in her firm manner, "Such things speedily become a tax, my dears," yet she was always pleased that they should decorate the schoolrooms in her honor, and hang a handsome wreath round her father's picture.

So on the evening before the birthday the day-girls would bring baskets of flowers, and the big schoolroom table was brought out into the garden, and there the wreaths and garlands were made amid much chattering and laughing by the happy children.

"There," said Marie Schmidt, with a satisfied smile, as she held up a large wreath for general admiration. "That's finished at last! and I flatter myself that the old gentleman never had so handsome a decoration in his lifetime as I have now made for his picture."

The girls laughed; but gentle Adela Righton, the only English girl at the school, said quietly, "Take care, Marie; Fräulein Hoffman might hear you, and it would hurt her feelings to think that we were laughing at her father."

"I don't want to laugh at any one, you sober old Adela," returned the reckless Marie. "I only think the old gentleman's hooked nose and beady black eyes will look very well under my wreath of lilies and roses."

Adela said no more, for she saw that her words only excited Marie; and fortunately at that moment a diversion was created by a girl coming into the garden with two immense baskets of cabbage-roses and white moss-buds.

"What! more flowers? Why could you not bring them sooner, you tiresome girl?" exclaimed Lotta, who, having finished her garland for the schoolroom window, was more inclined for a romp than for any other flower-wreathing.

"Throw them away! bury them in a hole!" said impetuous Marie, getting up and shaking the petals off her dress. "We've done the wreaths now, Sophie, so your flowers have come too late. I'll tell you what, though: we might fasten a rose to the end of Fanny's pig-tails, and then they would indeed be rose-red."

"No, thank you, Marie: I prefer my pig-tails unadorned," said Fanny good-temperedly, for she was accustomed to jokes on her red hair.

"Throw the flowers on the grass, Sophie! we really can't begin again now!" declared Marie. "I'm going to teach the girls a new game. Now, children, stand in a row. Now hold out your frocks and sing with me." And Marie, leaning against a tree, proceeded to give her orders, and, being somewhat blunt, did not notice the grieved look on Sophie's face as she thought of her wasted flowers.

"Poor roses!" said Adela kindly, noticing Sophie's discomfiture. "They are too sweet to be wasted. May I use them as I like, Sophie?"

"Oh, yes, dear Adela!" said Sophie, brightening. She was a fair, pretty child, with a shady hat tied under her dimpled chin; and seeing Adela stooping to pick up the despised flowers, her spirits rose, and she joined the others in their game under the tree, and danced and sang with the rest.

MARIE TEACHES THEM A NEW GAME.

When Fräulein Hoffman went early the next morning, as was her yearly custom, to deposit a wreath on her father's grave, she found, to her surprise and intense delight, that some one had been before her.

The grave was literally covered with sweet rose-petals, and

Her heart was full to overflowing at this kindly act, and at breakfast, in the gayly-decorated room, she made the girls a little speech.

"Dear girls, you are all young, and have still your friends and relations with you. Mine are all now in God's keeping, but it is very sweet to me to believe that they who loved me so well when on earth still think of me in Heaven. You have helped me to realize this by your tender care of my dear father's grave, and in his name and my own I thank you."

There was silence for a minute or two, for the old lady's speech had moved even the giddy Marie. Then Sophie pressed Adela's hand, and whispered gratefully, "My roses went to decorate God's garden; that is best of all."

"GOOD MORNING."

A CAGE STORY.

Now, Pussy, don't turn away and look sulky. I've only put you in Polly's cage so that you may understand a real true cage story that Uncle Rupert told me last night. He's a soldier, you know, and he wears a red sash, just like mine, only he does not wear it round his waist as little girls do, but across his shoulder.

Well, that's not the story, but this is. Uncle Rupert was in China, where the men wear pig-tails down their back, and it was war time: the English were fighting against the Chinese. He told me why, but I've forgotten, but I know in the end the English won; but they lost a battle first, and Uncle Rupert was taken prisoner. English people are kind to their prisoners, Pussy, but the Chinese are very cruel. Uncle Rupert says he could not tell me the dreadful things that they did to some of the poor English soldiers, but he told me what they did to him, and though it was dreadful it was rather funny too. Listen, Pussy! They made a big cage, only it wasn't nearly big enough, and they shut Uncle up in it, and slung it on a big stick, and carried him about as a show to all the towns and villages.

It was very hot, and Uncle was so cramped up in the cage that he could hardly move, and he was very hungry and thirsty, and very, very miserable. The people used to come and stare at him, and tease him by poking nice fruit through the bars, and then snatching it away before he could eat it. Uncle Rupert said he longed to die; but he said one thing, Pussy, which I must always remember, only I'm afraid you won't understand this. He told me how glad he was that when he was a little boy his mother had taught him a great many texts and hymns. They all came into his mind then, and they comforted him very much, and made him remember that God was near him, even in the cage. So he was patient, and at last he was saved, for some English soldiers marched to the village, and the Chinese ran away and left the cage behind them, and you may be sure the soldiers soon got Uncle Rupert out.

LOLLY.

ANOTHER true story — this time about a very loving, very obstinate pony, who knew when he had a good home, and altogether refused to leave it.

Perhaps Lolly might have resented being called a pony, seeing that he stood some thirteen hands high, and was a beautifully made creature, with Arab blood in his veins. He was cream-colored, without a dark hair anywhere, and the thick mane and tail were the color of skim-milk. In spite of the beauties of his person, truth compels me to say Lolly was far from perfect; for he had a hard mouth and a most obstinate temper, which, when it is rightly directed, people call by the prettier name of firmness.

A day's hunting was quite as great an excitement to Lolly as a Christmas-tree or a party is to young two-legged folks. His duties consisted for the most part in carrying children for quiet rides, and as a rule he made no objection. Still he enjoyed variety, as we all do, and when one morning Lolly understood that he was actually to go across country after the hounds, the creature's delight knew no bounds. He kicked, he capered, he neighed, and made up his mind to enjoy himself, regardless of consequences or propriety; "for," thought Lolly, "of course they will put somebody on my back who understands how to ride, instead of those tiresome little ones who jerk the reins or whip me, and expect me to behave all the time like a lamb."

Lolly's rider — we will call him Eddie — was very proud to think that for the first time in his life he was really going out hunting, and with Father.

Eddie was one of the elder boys, and he did not know what nerves meant; so the thought of the ride was unmixed pleasure to him, and he did not for a moment doubt his own power to keep the Arab in order.

"Now then, steady there," said Father, reining in Uncle Toby, while he cast a rather anxious eye on the prancings of Lolly, who could not contain his spirits when he first set out.

"All right," answered Eddie; and all right it proved, at least till the riders reached a distant green hill, where a group of white restless tails and legs were moving about a few horsemen.

When greetings had been exchanged between these last and the new-comers, the whole party moved leisurely forward in the direction of a chestnut-wood, where report said Mr. Fox had taken lodgings and done much damage lately. Many a theft was laid to his charge; and since he did not appear to deny them, there was no doubt left in the minds of the huntsmen that to-day's sport was a righteous act, besides being a very pleasant thing.

Eddie on Lolly rode demurely by Uncle Toby, enjoying all, but saying nothing, when suddenly a wild "Tally ho!" rang out from some one in front, and before the boy could count two Lolly started off like the wind.

"Give him his head, and follow me," shouted Father; but Eddie could not reply, for the wind took away his breath. Besides, Lolly was obeying the first injunction, and at present seemed inclined to obey the second, only his rider had nothing to do with either.

All admired the boy's riding and the Arab's pluck. Eddie began to feel proud beyond words of his nearness to the hounds and that yellow speck far away, when alas! something happened which spoilt poor Lolly's temper for the day, and — it is needless to add — Eddie's enjoyment also.

They were nearing a broad stream set with pollard willows along the broken, shelving banks. Lolly disliked the look of it, doubted his power to clear the water, and decided, just in time, he must try another way, when Uncle Toby came up, and Father called out at the top of his voice, —

"Take him round by the bridge."

Now, the bridge was some way off, and Lolly was disgusted to lose sight of all he most cared to see. Eddie added persuasion with words, whip, and rein; in short, there was nothing for it except for once to obey his young master, and the Arab trotted

sulkily along, feeling that every step took him farther from his companions.

At last the bridge was reached, and Lolly sped at full gallop to the top of a hill, just beyond whence he and Eddie hoped to catch sight of huntsmen or hounds. Not a red coat, not a creature, was to be seen, except a few sheep grazing in the valley below, and a brindled cow contentedly chewing the cud in a farmyard close at hand. Worse than that, not a sound could be heard, except the twitter of some stray robins; and the disappointment of the listening pair grew greater every moment.

Eddie knew he was a long way from home, and was beginning to feel rather perplexed what to do next, when Lolly decided for him, by turning sharp round, and making off down the hill faster even than he had gone up. Eddie might as well have whipped a wooden rocking-horse and tugged at its mouth, for all the difference his efforts made to the pony's speed; and before long he saw with dismay he was being helplessly carried towards home.

No doubt Lolly argued the fun was over, and it was about the time of day when all sensible folk should be dining. So he turned a deaf ear to his rider's wishes, and never slackened speed till he was not only in the stable-yard but in the stables, the door of which by good luck stood wide open.

Great was the coachman's amusement and Eddie's vexation at this unexpected end to his first day's hunting, but Lolly looked the picture of contented indifference as he munched some oats.

Lolly's temper, never good at the best, went from bad to worse as time passed on, and at last it was decided to get rid of him. So the pony was sold to a candle-maker in the county town some twelve miles away, and meekly enough he trotted away with his new purchaser. The meekness was merely put on, for Lolly had not the smallest intention of leaving a comfortable home and a friend of several years' standing. Billy watched the Arab depart with feelings of regret and wonder, for no one was left in the Park now except the donkey, who was on amicable terms with the ponies, but nothing more.

Early one morning, about a week later, Davies, the coachman, was rubbing up the harness in the stable-room. The door was shut, for the wind blew keenly into every corner, and the air was damp from torrents of recent rain. But suddenly the man pricked up his ears and paused in his rubbing, for there was a clatter of hoofs on the stones of the yard, followed by a sharp, rap, rap at the door. The listener was too surprised to move for a minute, and the summons to open was impatiently repeated a little louder than before, so Davies no longer delayed to satisfy his curiosity.

There on the wet stones stood Lolly, uncombed and splashed, looking the picture of dumb unhappiness; but directly this two-legged friend appeared, the pony gave a low whinnying of delight as he laid his nose on the other's shoulder.

"Poor beast, good fellow!" said Davies, stroking it tenderly. "Well, I never did! — only to think of it! — And where's your master, I wonder, for it's pretty clear he's never been on your back this morning. Anyhow, you've earned a breakfast, an' you shall have it too; so come along."

So saying, the speaker led the way to an empty stall, piled some sweet hay into the rack, and then stood with arms akimbo to watch Lolly, who ate ravenously, as if he had never tasted hay before, or had been kept on short commons since leaving the place.

A few hours later the wrathful candle-maker appeared to claim his property. He had no idea how or when the latter escaped; but some neighbors had seen him on the road, and suggested where he might be going.

The end of it was that the candle-maker rode away in triumph with Lolly.

Davies sighed, for he was really sorry to part with the Arab; but he knew it could not be helped, and, like a sensible man, he turned to his duties again, never thinking to see or hear more of Lolly. But Davies was wrong; how could he calculate on the strength of the former's affection or the goodness of his memory?

To make a long story short, before two months had gone by Lolly came once more, and knocked at the stable-door, luckily when the coachman happened to be again within rubbing harness. But this time he stood staring in sorrowful amazement, while something very like tears started to his eyes, and an aching lump rose in his throat. For neglect, cruelty, and starvation were as plainly seen on Lolly's body as if they had really been there in letters of half a yard. Every bone was visible through the heaving skin, the mane was tangled, the coat was dirty, and, besides all this, there were sundry marks, suggesting that a stick had been mercilessly used till the blood came.

Davies's surprise soon gave place to boiling indignation, for he saw Lolly was too weak to do more than crawl, so that the effort of this journey must have been very great.

"The brute! the rascal!" he exclaimed, as he bustled about to attend to the visitor's comfort. "Only come near me, an' you'll run a chance o' getting every bone in your body broken, always providing you come afore I've cooled down a bit. If you ain't hauled up for cruelty to animals my name ain't Dan Davies; an' as to having 'im again, why, I'll see you further first."

It was growing late and dusk, so, when the coachman had done everything a kind heart could suggest, and been gratefully licked for his pains, he locked up the stables, put the key in his pocket, and went straight to his mistress.

She heard the moving tale, full of sympathy with the teller of it, and promised that if Lolly's possessor could in any reasonable way be silenced, he should return to town leaving the Arab in peace; and Davies was obliged to go home that night soothed, though not altogether satisfied.

Next morning there was a stormy scene between the lady, the coachman, and the candle-maker, whose temper had probably never been very good, and now was very bad. Davies was inclined to take things with a high hand, and to lavish threats garnished with abuse; but his mistress tried a gentler plan to induce the wrathful man to part with his property.

The latter declared he had never been able to do much with Lolly because of his mule-like obstinacy, and he confessed a little money would be of more use just now since keep was scarce. So the candle-maker broke up the interview, and went home content, thanks to a five-pound note in a ragged pocket, leaving Lolly to end his days in peace.

THE LITTLE MILKMAID.

"PLEASE, Grandmother, I can milk Daisy."

"There, child! Nonsense!" said the old woman crossly. "Daisy would kick thee and thy pail over in no time. We should lose our milk, and happen have thee to nurse as well."

"But Daisy likes me, Granny," pleaded the would-be milkmaid. "I never throw stones at her or pull her tail; she would not kick me. I know how to milk, don't I, Grandfather?"

"Eh, bless her, so she do!" returned a feeble voice from the bed in the corner of the kitchen. "It's a brave little lass, that it is! I'd sooner trust her than Tom, for all he's three years older."

Grandmother gave a reluctant consent, and forth went the little milkmaid, her bucket on her arm, and her dog Gypsy jumping about and inviting her to have a race with him. Play was a very good thing, and Susie dearly loved a romp, but this morning she shook her head, and told Gypsy he must wait until her task was safely over. She was very proud of Grandfather's confidence in her, and made up her mind to deserve it.

Susie looked like a part of the bright May morning as she tripped gayly down the pathway to the brook, brushing the dew off the grass and flowers with her bare little white feet, and singing a gay "good-morning" to the birds fluttering in and out of the bushes.

A kind little girl was Susie, loving all the living creatures about her moorland home, and loved by them. The birds knew better than to come within reach of Tom, but they hardly paused in their busy nest-building as Susie passed by; only singing a little more gayly than before, which was their way of welcoming her, so Susie said.

Grandfather's cottage was built on the top of a steep field. At the bottom a bubbling, noisy little brook went tumbling and bustling merrily over the stones, filling the sweet, warm air with a cheery song of its own. A plank served as a bridge across the stream; and as Susie walked steadily over it she noticed a fat,

motherly old duck nestling down amongst the ferns and dock-leaves on the bank. Mother Duck uttered a startled and indignant "Quack, quack," as Gypsy jumped over her head and dashed headlong into the cool, bright water.

"Ah, Mrs. Duck," cried Susie merrily, "I see now where your eggs go! I shall pay you a visit presently; I can't stop now, because I am going a-milking."

The old duck looked after her with quite an air of understanding all about it, and gravely watched her run on towards the field where Daisy the cow stood waiting at the gate. Tom had forgotten all about milking-time, but Mistress Daisy had good reasons of her own for liking punctuality in such matters. So she poked her long white nose through the bars of the gate, and greeted Susie with a long, doleful complaint of the sad way in which she had been neglected that morning.

Perhaps it was Daisy's reproachful "Moo" which first made the little maid conscious that she had forgotten the milking-stool, but she now decided to do without it. The good old cow's temper must not be tried by any further delay, so down she knelt in the cool, dewy grass, and, carefully fixing the pail, began her task.

She found it not so easy as she expected, for milking requires practice, and some strength of fingers, and Susie had little of either. But Daisy was very good, and so the sweet, frothy milk rose higher and higher in the little pail, until at length the task was done. Daisy showed she thought so by suddenly beginning to walk away. The pail had a narrow escape then, but Susie got it safely out of the way, and began her homeward walk. Very steadily she carried the pail to the brook. There a surprise awaited her; while she had been milking some one had pulled away the plank, and thrown it down on the opposite bank. Wet feet are no hardship to little girls who wear no shoes and stockings. Susie soon tucked up her dress, and walked carefully through the bubbling stream, taking good heed of the stones at the bottom. She got across safely, and began to climb the steep, narrow path leading to the

cottage. On either side the grass was long, sometimes almost meeting across the path. All in a moment her foot caught in some hidden trap, and down she fell! Alas for the poor little milkmaid! Her pail was upset, and the milk — the precious milk — ran hither and thither amongst the primroses and daisies, and finally trickled down into the brook.

"This comes of sending babies a-milking," said Grandmother, who had seen the disaster from the cottage door. "Come in," she added crossly, as the distressed little maid came slowly up the path. "Thou'rt a bad, careless lass, and shall have no breakfast. Catch me sending thee a-milking again."

"Wait a bit, Grandmother," said the old man, in his feeble, quavering voice. "Did not I hear Tom say that he'd teach the little one to meddle with his job? You must go down the path and see for yourself if it is not one of his tricks. Something must have tripped the child up."

Grandmother could not refuse to go down the path, but she went unwillingly. Tom was her favorite, and she did not wish to find him out in the wrong. But when she came to the milk-dyed spot, and found the long grass tied together across the path, she could no longer deny that the child in fault was not little Susie. As she slowly wended her way back to the cottage, she felt not only angry with naughty, idle Tom, but grieved at her own lack of justice to the willing little milkmaid.

Tom's unkind and revengeful conduct did not this time go unpunished; but his grandmother's over-indulgence had sadly spoilt his character, and although she strove hard to remedy the evil, it is doubtful if he will ever learn to be as obedient and unselfish as his good little sister Susie.

JUDGE JACKO AND THE CATS.

In the same barn dwelt two cats. One night they found the door of the neighboring pantry open and both walked in. They feasted on roast chicken and cream, but were not satisfied, and so they agreed to carry away a large piece of cheese. Their plan was executed, and they dragged the cheese to the barn. Next morning a dispute arose between them concerning the dividing of it. Each claimed it, and their voices awoke the cook, who, to her horror, found that she had been robbed during the night, and she declared that she would kill every cat in the neighborhood. Thus the innocent are often condemned because, in name or employment, they are associated with the bad. One is known by the company he keeps; hence, the society of the bad should be shunned.

The cats' quarrel in the barn was long and loud. Each one tried to argue his case in his own interest, and they thus drawled out their arguments.

"Know you the law?" said one, with a prolonged and emphatic howl at the word "law."

"I know the law!" howled the other, and then cried, "Neow, give me mine."

"'Tis mine!" howled the first.

"You lie!" drawled the other, and then asked in the same tone loud and emphatic:—

"Who made the law?" and the first replied in a prolonged undertone.

"Who broke the law?" he then asked, to which they both sharply replied, and clinched in a rough fight, screaming, "You an' I, you an' I! Spit! spit! Meow! meow!" and there was a roll and tumble, and scratch, and a howl, and the air was filled with dust and flying fur.

When their fight was over both were scratched and bruised and sore, and blood oozed from their wounded ears. Each felt

ashamed of himself, and stole away and hid in the hay-mow, and spent the forenoon smoothing out his ruffled fur and dressing his aching wounds.

The next day they met again and decided to leave their case to Judge Jacko, a venerable monkey, who lived in the adjoining shed. Judge Jacko was an African by birth, but in early life he was stolen by a wicked sailor from the land of palms and cocoanuts and sold into slavery to a travelling showman, with whom he wandered over many countries and learned the manners and customs of the people. He was a careful observer of all he saw done, and hence he acquired a great amount of information. Those who would learn rapidly should be careful observers of all that goes on around them; knowledge obtained by observation is generally of more value than that obtained from books.

When Jacko had become advanced in years he was fortunate enough to have a permanent home with his master, who had also retired from the travelling show business. In his quiet home he had a chance to meditate on what he had learned, and he became so wise that everybody called him Judge Jacko.

When the cats presented their case, he put on his wig and spectacles as emblems of his judgeship, and procured the pantry scales in which to weigh the cheese. They sat quietly down before him and anxiously awaited his decision.

He broke the cheese in two parts and placed a lump in each end of the scale.

"This lump outweighs the other," said he, "justice must be done. I will bite off enough to make them equal," and so he took the lump out and nibbled at it a long time, and when he put it in the scale the opposite end was the heavier; and he took out that lump and bit off a large piece to make it equal to the other. Thus he continued to eat, first one and then the other, till the cats saw but little would be left for them, and they cried: "Hold, hold! Give us our shares and we will be satisfied."

"If you are satisfied, justice is not," replied Judge Jacko. "I

must make this division equal," and he kept on nibbling at the cheese.

"Give us what is left!" cried one of the cats, jumping up quickly, and earnestly looking the judge in the face.

"What is left belongs to me," replied the judge. "I must be paid for my services in this difficult case."

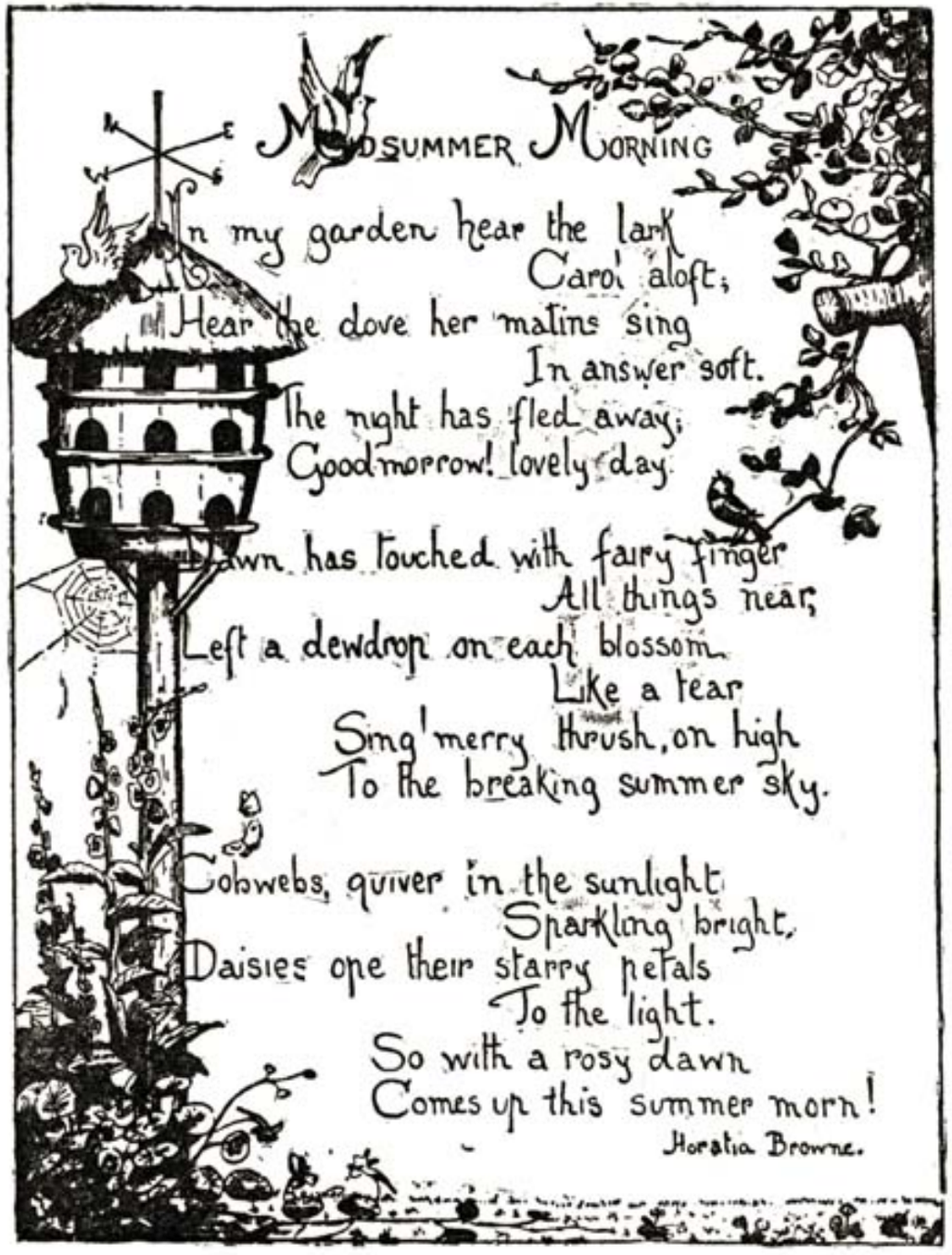
He then devoured the last piece, and said:—

"Justice is satisfied, and the court is dismissed."

The hungry cats went back to the barn wiser than when they came.

They had learned that ill-gotten gains are unprofitable, and that they should never employ the dishonest to adjust their difficulties. They also learned another lesson:—

"The scales of the law are seldom poised till little or nothing remains in either."



MIDSUMMER MORNING

In my garden hear the lark
Carol aloft;
Hear the dove her matins sing
In answer soft.
The night has fled away;
Good-morrow! lovely day.

Dawn has touched with fairy finger
All things near;
Left a dewdrop on each blossom
Like a tear
Sing! merry thrush, on high
To the breaking summer sky.

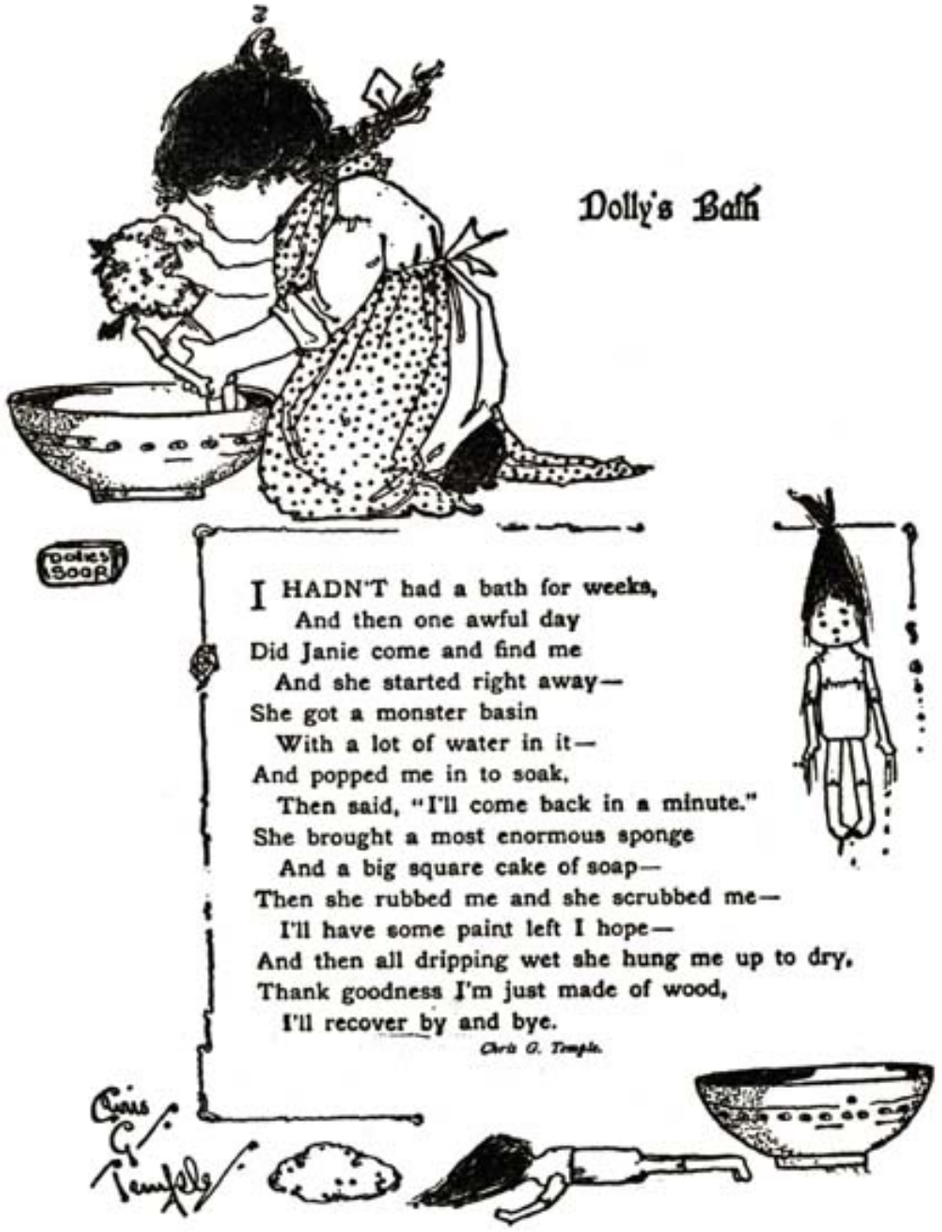
Cobwebs, quiver in the sunlight
Sparkling bright.
Daisies ope their starry petals
To the light.
So with a rosy dawn
Comes up this summer morn!

Horatia Browne.

IT is a very funny thing
But when I go to sleep
My toys will get quite wide awake
And dance and sing and peep
At me when I'm fast asleep.

But oh! if they would only think
How nice 'twould really be
If they would sleep when I'm asleep
Then waken up with me
What great fun that would be!

Clara G. Temple.



GRANDMOTHER'S WATCH.

GRANDMOTHER sat in her chair by the chimney corner, and the children were gathered round her on their little wooden stools. There was Tom, the eldest, who thought himself almost a man; and Polly, who was so helpful that Mother often said she did not know what she would do without her; and Jack, who was always in mischief; Nelly, with the pretty curly hair; Bob, who could only just speak plainly; and the babies, only, fortunately, the babies were all asleep.

"Now, Granny, a story!—a story!" called Tom.

"Oh, yes, please, a story!" said Polly.

Granny looked round at the eager faces.

"Why, bless your little hearts, you know all my stories as well and better than I know them myself. What is the good of asking me for stories?"

"But, Granny, your stories are so nice, and we don't mind hearing them over and over again," said Polly.

"Well, tell me what time it is by my old watch first," said Granny. "And be careful, Tom, for that watch is the most precious relic I have."

"Why?" asked Tom.

"Don't you know, child? Haven't you heard *that* story? Well, then I have found something new to tell you.

"I've often told you about my sister Nelly and I, and how we lived in a little tumbledown hut by the seashore with our father. Poor Father! He had worked hard for many years, and at last he had grown so stiff with the rheumatics that he couldn't get about at all. So Nelly and I had to work for him. We used to do all kinds of work. In fact, we did anything we could to earn an honest living.

"But Father grew worse, and the winter came. We got behind with the rent, and there was five shillings owing at the store.

"One afternoon in May we went out with our baskets along the shore, and except for a great bundle of seaweed we had found

nothing that we could sell. Nelly was tired, and we were going home, when I caught sight of something in the sand.

"'Look here,' I called to Nelly; 'wait while I dig this up.'

"'I can't wait; I must get home, for I'm just fit to drop,' was Nelly's answer.

"'But you *must* wait,' I said quickly, for I had a bit of a temper. 'I tell you I see something glittering, and it looks like gold.'

"'A piece of oyster-shell!' said Nelly; but she waited all the same.

"'A piece of fiddlestick!' I said, and I put my knife into the sand.

"Children, what do you think I pulled up?"

"A pound," said one; "A purse," said another.

"I pulled up that gold watch and chain," continued Granny. "I can't tell you how excited Nelly and I were over this discovery. First we wondered how it came there, and how long it had been lost, and then — and we both become graver — who had lost it.

"'Well, it's ours now,' said Nelly.

"'Oh, no!' I said.

"'It is. We found it,' said Nelly.

"'That doesn't make it ours,' I said, though I thought to myself that the finding had been all mine.

"'Well,' said Nelly, 'what do you mean to do? I dare say old Solomon would give five pounds for it, and we could pay our rent and the store, and give Father some of the comforts he is wanting so badly.'

"I never said a word to all this, but we walked home together, and at the gate I turned round and ran as hard as I could to the vicarage.

"The Vicar was a good gentleman; he heard my story, and said he would try to find the owner of the watch. Then he gave me five shillings for Father, and I went home.

"Nelly never asked me about the watch, I think she was afraid;

but we both thought of it many times during the next three weeks, for I heard no more from the Vicar.

"One evening, about seven o'clock, there came a knock at the door, and when I opened it there stood a young man, dressed like a farmer, and he was smiling quite pleasantly, and asked if he might come in. I'm sure I don't know if I gave him leave, but in he came.

"'Which of you found my watch?' he says, looking from Nelly to me; and somehow I felt that he looked glad when I said, 'I did, sir.'

"'It's a watch I value,' he said, 'and I thought I should never see it again. What do you want me to do for you as a return for finding my watch?'

"I could not tell him, but Nelly spoke up, and told him about the rent, and the debt at the shop, and Father being so ill, and all, and she even told — poor Nelly! — that she had wanted to sell it, but that I wouldn't listen to her. And then he turned round to me again, and asked, 'But what am I to do for you?'

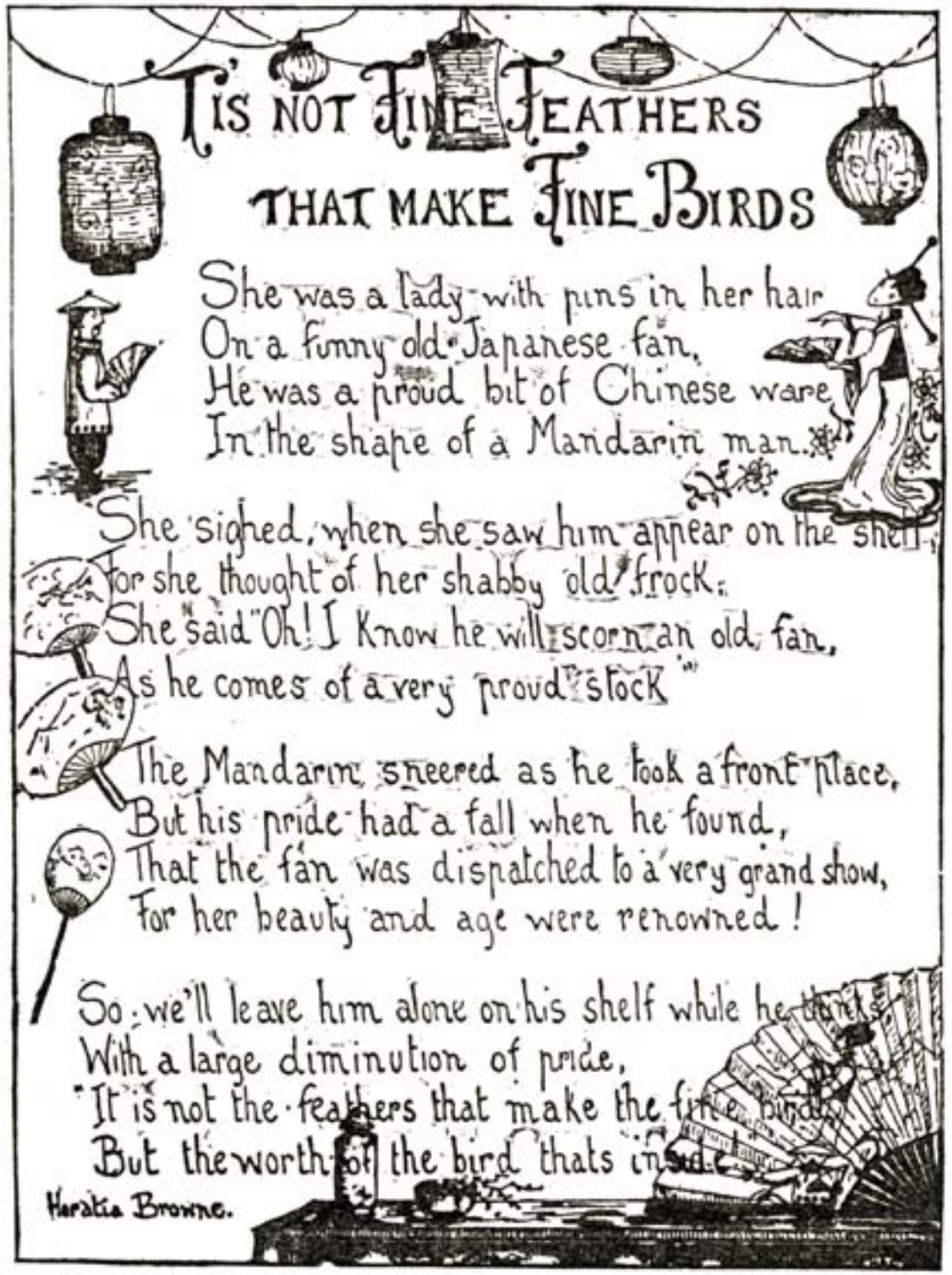
"That made me feel angry, so I said, 'Nothing, sir, unless it is what my sister and father can share.'

"Well, he gave Nelly five pounds; he counted them into her hand one by one, and I looked on and didn't even say, 'Thank you,' though I was glad enough to see the money.

"'Well,' he said, turning round to me, 'it is clear you don't want money, my girl, so I'll say thank you another way,' and with that he kissed me. He always was audacious in his ways, was your grandfather, bless him!"

"Why, Granny! Granny! was *that* Grandfather?"

"To be sure it was! Who else? And before the summer was out we were married, and he brought us here to live at his farm. Father died the next winter, and then Nelly married a pilot, and went to live at B——, and your grandfather and I lived on here and spent many happy years together, until he died ten years ago."



ADELINE'S REQUEST.

It was June — a lovely summer's day, and Adeline was waiting for her father in the Rose Garden — looking herself like a bonny rose in her soft white frock and plumed hat, and with her sweet little face flushing with eagerness.

"Daddy! daddy!" she cried, as she caught sight of her father who was returning from his daily inspection of the stables.

"What is it, my darling?" exclaimed the doting father, gazing with rapturous admiration at his little girl. "What can daddy do for you to-day?"

This was a question he often asked, and generally Adeline would answer with a merry laugh, "Oh, nothing, daddy; I have everything I want." But this time she clung to his hand and said, earnestly, "I do want something, daddy, very, very much."

"Bless my heart!" said her father, quite disturbed at the very idea. "Tell me what it is, Addie; I'll get it this very day."

"Stoop down and I'll tell you," said Adeline, trying to get her arms round his neck. "I want this: I want you to let all the children — the poor children from the village — come and play in the park here on my birthday, next week."

Her father looked aghast at this idea: the village was a large, straggling one, and the people chiefly miners and very rough, and to let three or four hundred children into the park to bring all sorts of dreadful diseases to his darling child — oh, that was too much even for Adeline to ask.

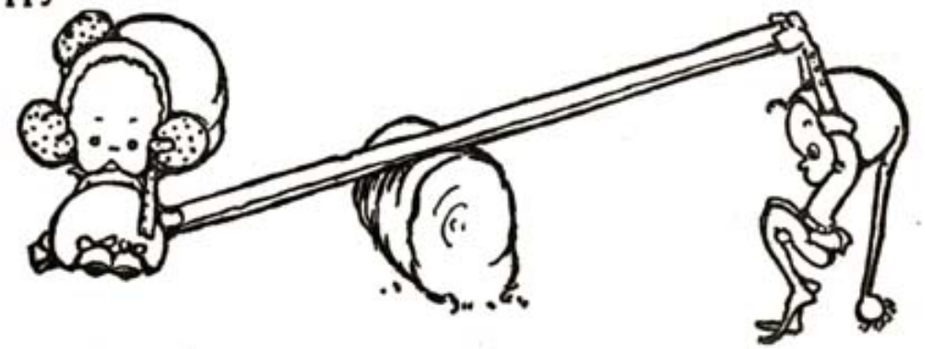
The child noticed the cloud on his brow, and she went on quickly before he had time to speak. "I'll tell you what made

me think of it. You know when we were in the city last year, we went to tea with Uncle Joe in the Temple, and after tea I was standing at the window when I saw crowds of poor children come trooping into the Gardens. So poor and ragged they looked, and Uncle Joe told me they came from the neighboring streets and alleys, and as they had only the streets to play in, they were allowed to come every evening and play on the grass in the Gardens. Now, daddy, the poor children here have nowhere to play either, except the street, and that is horrid! *Do* let them come and have a good game on the grass here. For my birthday treat, you know," said Adeline with a very coaxing tone in her voice.

Her father was terribly perplexed; he dreaded the idea of so many rough children coming near his darling, but still how could he refuse Adeline anything?

So she got her way—nay, her father himself provided a liberal tea for his little daughter's guests, and wrote to the city for bats, balls, skipping-ropes, and other toys, so that Addie's party should lack no element of success.

It was a scene out of fairyland to the village children to be admitted to those grassy slopes, and to be allowed to play and roll and skip to their hearts' content. But happiest of all was the little hostess as she flitted hither and thither among the groups, picking up a ball for a little child, or turning a rope whilst the elder girls skipped — in short, doing all she could to make others happy.



TROT, TODDLES, AND THE TEA-PARTY.

TROT walked slowly up-stairs, repeating the words she had heard, —

"If you want the entertainment to be a success, you must draw up a programme, and carry it out."

She looked very solemn, for she felt the importance of the occasion. On the day following she and Toddles were to give their very first party; and four little girls and four little boys, not to mention the four dolls of the four little girls, were coming to take tea with Trot and Toddles and mother.

"TODDLES STOOD IN FRONT OF HER."

Trot had thought about it a great deal, and so had Toddles, wondering what would happen, and what they should do to make the guests enjoy themselves.

The two children had spent many half-hours talking the matter over, and each time the conversation had ended by Toddles saying, — "Well, never mind; there'll be tea." He had found out from cook that there would be two kinds of jam provided for the tea-party, and he felt quite sure that even if there were fourteen little boys and fourteen little girls expected, they would enjoy themselves thoroughly if they had plenty of jam. But Trot did not agree with him, and declared that the question could not be settled that way.

"'HIGHER!' SHOUTED TODDLES."

The speech which Trot had overheard suggested all kinds of plans, and she made her way into the nursery to talk over the party once more with Toddles.

Toddles was in the middle of a grand sea-fight. His tin soldiers were sailing about on books on the sea of the nursery floor, and Toddles was firing first at one ship, and then at another, with a large glass marble. Toddles did not wish to be disturbed.

"TODDLES FELL DOWN."

"Toddles," said Trot, "the tea-party is settled at last. If you want the entertainment to be a success, you must draw up a programme, and carry it out."

"Six down at one shot!" cried Toddles; "and the captain among them, too."

"Toddles," said Trot solemnly, "you do want the entertainment to be a success, don't you?"

Bang! bang! "There'll be tea," cried Toddles.

Trot touched him on the shoulder.

"Do come and talk about the party, Toddles," she said. "I have thought of a new game to play at."

Toddles looked up at last; he was beginning to feel interested. Trot's new games always meant fun, though they sometimes ended in a scolding from nurse.

"TROT PUT THE JAR UPON HER HEAD."

"What is it?" he asked.

"A circus," answered Trot, with a smile.

"No," said Toddles, jumping up from the floor. "Do you really mean it?"

Trot sat down in a chair, and Toddles stood in front of her, and rested his two chubby elbows in her lap.

"We must draw up a programme, and carry it out," said Trot, waving one arm, as she had seen her father do, when he had made the same remark down-stairs.

Toddles stared; he felt very much impressed, though he did not know in the least what Trot meant.

"And the circus will be the programme," continued Trot, drawing a dirty, crumpled piece of paper out of her pocket. "I will write it down on this. They will come at four o'clock."

"Oh, they'll come before that," objected Toddles. "You put 'Tea at 4' on the letters, and they are sure to come in plenty of time for tea. I should, because of the two kinds of jam, you know."

"Never mind," said Trot; "we can't do anything before tea, so the first thing to put down is 4 TEA;" and she wrote the word in big printing letters.

"THERE WAS . . . A SMASH"

Toddles watched her silently.

"After tea will come the circus," said Trot. "I wonder how you spell circus?"

"But will mother let us have the circus?" said Toddles. "There won't be room in here for all the horses and clowns, and ladies we saw the other day."

Trot laughed. "That isn't the kind of circus I mean," she said; "we're to be the circus!"

Toddles looked more astonished than ever.

"We shall ask the party to sit in a circle," said Trot; "and then we shall do things. Perhaps we may as well settle now what to do."

"We must jump through hoops, of course," said Toddles.

"And walk about with things on our heads," said Trot; "balancing, they call it."

"I do wish we could walk on a rope like the man did the other day," said Toddles.

"We will," said Trot, writing busily.

The spelling was rather a trouble to her; but Toddles quite

approved of it, and both children were satisfied with the programme when it was finished, though perhaps any one else might have found difficulty in understanding it. It looked something like this:

"4 TEA AFTER TEA JUMPING THREW HOOPS BALLUNCING TITE ROPES."

"Won't they be surprised?" said Toddles.

"Now we will practise," said Trot. "As we can't have any horses, I will hold the hoop, and you shall jump through it."

"That is much too easy," said Toddles. "Couldn't you stand on a chair, and let me jump off another chair through the hoop?"

Trot looked doubtful —"Nurse doesn't like us to stand on the chairs," she said.

She fetched her big wooden hoop and held it up.

"'LET US TRY WALKING THE ROPE.'"

"Higher!" shouted Toddles, getting ready to make a spring.

Trot raised the hoop and Toddles jumped; then somehow Toddles and the hoop got mixed up together, and Toddles fell down on the ground.

"Oh dear!" said Trot. "I am sorry; we must try again."

Toddles picked himself up, and rubbed his elbows.

"Don't you think it will look stupid to jump through hoops when we can't ride on horses?" he said. "Of course if we had horses it would be easy enough. I think we had better leave that part out."

"Perhaps we had," said Trot; and she slowly drew her pencil through "JUMPING THREW HOOPS."

"We can both balance things," said Toddles, "I know;" and he jumped up quickly and ran across the room. "I will lie on my back, and put the footstool on my feet"—

"And throw it up in the air, and catch it," cried Trot. "Like the man with the tub the other day. That will be fine!—What shall I do?"

"Walk about with that pot on your head," suggested Toddles.

"That old thing," said Trot; "that will be very easy."

Toddles lay down on his back, and stuck the footstool on his feet, and Trot put the jar upon her head.

"It is quite easy," said Toddles, "and I am sure the party will like it."'

"Quite easy," said Trot.

There was a sound of something falling, a cry, a little scream, and a smash.

"Oh!" cried Toddles.

"E—ee—eh!" cried Trot.

"THERE WAS A VERY LOUD SCREAM THIS TIME."

"It came right on my nose," said Toddles. "I believe it's broken."

"I'm sure my toe is," said Trot.

There was no doubt at all about the pot, it was very much broken.

"Hush!" said Trot, "there's nurse!"

Toddles stopped in the middle of a scream, and the two children crept on their hands and knees to the door, and listened eagerly—but it was a false alarm.

"Let us try walking the rope," said Trot.

"I suppose you will do that," said Toddles, rubbing his nose; "though we haven't any rope."

"Then we must find something else," said Trot cheerfully, determined not to be beaten. "I think a walking-stick would do beautifully to practise on, and we'll get nurse to give us a rope to-morrow."

"It looked very easy the other day," said Toddles, as Trot

began to arrange one end of the stick on a chair, and the other on a stool; "but I don't expect it is."

"We'll be more careful this time," said Trot. "You hold the walking-stick so that it sha'n't slip, and I'll hold this long stick so that I sha'n't slip."

"All right," said Toddles, in a tone of voice which meant that he thought it was all wrong.

There was a loud scream this time—a scream that brought nurse up-stairs very quickly, so that she might see what was the matter.

Both the children were on the floor, and sticks, chair, and stool were flying in every direction.

"TODDLES AND TROT WERE SITTING SIDE BY SIDE."

For a minute nurse was doubtful which was Trot, which was Toddles, and which were sticks and chair.

"What are you doing?" said nurse.

But neither of the children answered. Toddles's head felt as if it had suddenly become twice its usual size, and Trot did not feel quite sure where she was, or whether she was standing on her head or her heels.

Nurse picked them up, and kissed them and comforted them, but quite forgot to scold the two miserable little pickles.

They didn't say anything about the circus, and somehow or other Toddles thought he would like to go to bed early; and of course there was no use in Trot staying up by herself, so she went to bed early too.

Next morning the children slept late, and did not seem very eager to get up when they did wake.

"Trot," said Toddles, sighing deeply, "it is the party day. What shall we do about the circus?"

Trot only answered with something between a groan and a growl.

"Children," said mother, coming into the nursery after breakfast, "shall we write to the boys and girls, and tell them to come another day?"

And though you will probably be astonished to hear it, Toddles and Trot nodded their heads and smiled.

"You wouldn't like it not to be a success," said mother.

"Trot," said Toddles, when mother had left the room, "you won't write a programme next time."

"If I do, Toddles," said Trot, "you may carry it out—out of the room, I mean."

But after all there was one part of the programme carried out.

At four o'clock that same afternoon Toddles and Trot were sitting side by side on the nursery floor, looking and feeling very unhappy and miserable.

"If only we hadn't hurt ourselves," said Trot, "we might have been having the party now."

"And the two kinds of jam," said Toddles. "Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Trot.

The door opened, and nurse came into the room.

"Miss Trot, Master Toddles," said she, "you are to have tea down-stairs with mistress to-day."

Toddles and Trot looked surprised; but they jumped up quickly from the floor, forgetting for the moment all their aches and pains.

"Do you think," whispered Toddles to Trot, as they walked slowly down-stairs, "that there will be two kinds?"

Trot nodded her head. "I hope so," she said.

And there were.

MR. BOBOLINK.

"I WISH I could catch a bobolink," said Samuel.

"Let us try to-morrow and see if we cannot catch one in a box trap," said his brother Robert.

"That will be real fun," said little Maggie. And so the three children talked the matter over, and made plans for the morrow.

"You must help me in the morning," said their father. "Samuel must drop the corn in the hills for the hired man to cover, Robert will drop the beans, and Maggie must put in the pumpkin-seed. We shall have it all done by ten o'clock, and then you can play the rest of the day. If a flock of bobolinks comes along you may be able to catch one, though they are very shy, and do not stop long in any one place."

The next morning the sun rose radiantly in the eastern sky, and climbed up among the golden clouds, and all the early birds joined in a glad song of welcome. The robin chanted from the lofty branches of the elm; the bluebird, with plumage brighter than the bluest sky, glided in and out among the apple-trees, and enlivened the scene by its occasional joyous song; the red linnet whistled and chattered in the shrubbery, and the sparrow chirped in the hedge. All around seemed full of life and joy.

The bobolink swung from the highest branches, and poured out his ecstatic feelings in thrilling song.

The children went to the fields amid all this morning music, and tried to translate the song of each bird into English.

The robin chanted, "Kill him! cure him! Kill him! cure him! Give him physic!"

Who he wanted treated in this manner they could not tell, but that seemed to be the language of his song.

The voice of the linnet or bluebird could not be interpreted easily, but the bobolink spoke very plainly, and seemed personal in his remarks, which were evidently intended for the eldest boy; for he said over and over again, "Samuel! Samuel!—Samuel,

planting, planting. Samuel! Samuel! planting for bobolink! bobolink!"

This chattering and singing were kept up all the forenoon, and the children resolved that when their play-time came in the afternoon they would set some traps and try to secure one of these saucy songsters, who had been talking so much to Samuel during the forenoon.

Soon as dinner was over the three hurried off to the sheep pasture, where, among the maple-trees, a large flock of bobolinks were evidently resting a day or two on their journey towards Canada, that they might feast on the scattered grains of an old wheat-field near by. The children took a few handfuls of wheat, which they scattered upon the ground; and, as Maggie could sew better than the boys, she strung some grains of wheat on a small thread. This was tied to a slender prop which held up the cover of the trap, which was made by putting four blocks together in the shape of a box. In it was a handful of wheat. When all was ready the children hid behind some shrubbery and watched and waited the result. They whispered to each other, and laid plans concerning what could be done with the bird after he was caught.

Samuel said, "Sell him. I read of bobolinks being sold at bird-stores in the city for two or three dollars each. We could get money enough to buy snap-crackers and fireworks for next Fourth of July."

"Oh! I wouldn't do that," said Robert.

"Nor I," said little Maggie. "I should rather go without any money for Fourth of July. Let's keep him, and put him in Dicky's old cage, and teach him to sing."

"Perhaps you are counting your game before 'tis caught," said Robert. "There are no birds near your trap yet."

Just then a large flock had discovered the scattered grain, and flew down near the trap. Each one of the children watched in breathless silence. Several birds entered the box, and chattered and feasted, but the cover did not fall, and the time the children

were waiting in silence seemed very long. At length an old, strong bird caught up a grain attached to the string, and gave it a violent jerk. Out came the little prop, and down went the heavy cover, and a jolly old singer was entrapped. He screamed and fluttered, and his frightened companions flew away over the distant meadow.

The children ran to the trap, delighted with the capture they had made, and each one got down on his knees and peeped into the trap. Sure enough, there was Mr. Bobolink. He had on his black dress-coat and white waistcoat and breeches, and a pretty yellow necktie. They all thought him very handsome, and they laid plans for having him put into a nice brass cage at the front of the house, where they could every day hear his cheerful song. They were all delighted with their prize, and thoughts of much enjoyment went through their minds.

"Take him out carefully," said Robert, as Samuel knelt down to open the box.

"Don't hurt him," said Maggie; and Samuel raised the cover to put in his hand.

There was a flutter and a scream, and Mr. Bobolink flew away, and soared high into the air, and soon joined his travelling companions on their way to Canada.

The children were much disappointed, and when they told their father he laughed heartily, and repeated the old proverb:—

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the air."

GEORGE'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try, again," said Nurse to Master George, who sat building at the other end of the table. He had just made a lovely castle; but, alas for poor George's patience! the flag-staff proved one brick too many, and down came the whole thing with a crash. George flew into a passion, and dashed the bricks all over the room. Nurse said she would not stand his tantrums, and ordered Master George off to bed.

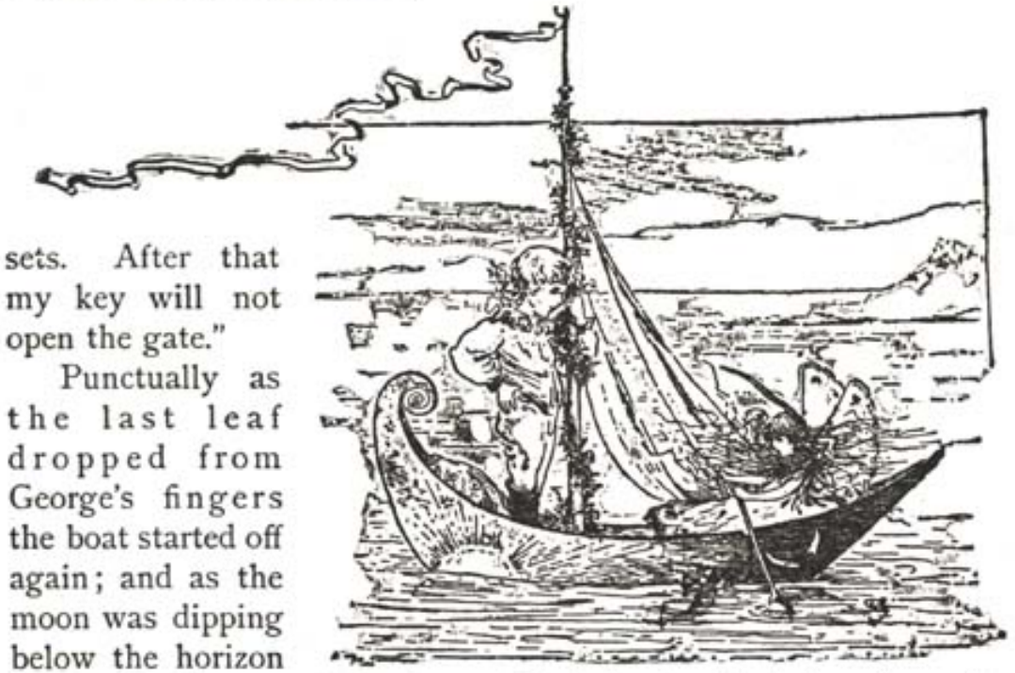
George went grumbling up-stairs, and kept up a growl all the time he was undressing and long after he was in bed. He wished he could run away —wished he was at sea; then he had a drowsy notion that he was at sea. Then he came back to land again, and presently he heard a little fairy say, "Would you like to come with me?"

George was delighted with the idea of a change, and willingly followed the fairy. She led him to a lake, where a pretty little boat stood in readiness. Its sails were made of dragon-flies' wings; the sun was shining through them, turning them all the colors of the rainbow; and the cushions, covered with rose-leaves, gave a soft, pink tint to the whole. The fairy invited George to step in, and, plying her tiny oars, glided smoothly across the lake. The motion was delightful, and George thought how easy it would be to keep in a good temper with everything so smooth around.

"We are just half-way," said the fairy; "we must have some refreshment." She pulled out a dainty hamper from under the seat, and divided its contents. "We always share and share alike in Fairyland," she continued. "Now we must draw lots for the knife and spoon. I think it waste of time to rest on my oars, so I made them in the shape of a knife and spoon. Our Queen gave

me a prize for them, to encourage useful inventions." She handed him a leg of a gossamer spider and the cup of a pimpernel filled with dew. George ate his up in a moment, almost before she had time to begin.

"Now take my watch," said the fairy, passing George a large daisy. "It has fifteen leaves. Each leaf is a minute. You must pull them off one by one. That will allow me a quarter of an hour for my meal, and will just give me time to land before the moon



sets. After that my key will not open the gate."

Punctually as the last leaf dropped from George's fingers the boat started off again; and as the moon was dipping below the horizon it brought them to the borders of Fairyland. Springing from the boat, the fairy moored her slender craft to a bulrush; and taking George by the hand, disappeared with him down the hole of a huge hollow oak. A minute later he found himself in a long corridor, which was fantastically arched over by the gnarled roots of the tree. They soon reached an iron door, before which an old blind mole stood sentinel.

"How did he lose his sight?" asked George, who always wished to know the reason of everything.

"By not using it," answered the fairy. "He kept his eyes closed so much that the eyelids grew over them. He is quite useless; but the Queen has put him there as a warning to us when we go out into the world to keep our eyes open." As she said this she put a tiny gold key into the lock, and the door flew open with a spring. The sight fairly took George's breath away. "How lovely!" he gasped.

"Yes, they are very beautiful," said the fairy, supposing he meant the lanterns, which hung from every tree and flower in the garden. "They are made by our dressmakers, the silk-worms, who, when they have nothing to do, cut out and work patterns on the empty cocoons. The lily-pistil candles give the soft yellow light."

Just then a breeze rustled through the garden and set the bluebells ringing.

"I'm late," said the fairy; "I must leave you. Walk straight up that avenue till you come to the Palace. Knock very gently and ask to be let in."

George did as the fairy bid him, and soon came in sight of the Palace. What a splendid one it was! Just such a one as George would have liked to build. He gave a gentle knock at the door, which, like the iron gate, flew open with a spring. A fairy came fluttering down the stairs, and asked what she could do for him.

"Let me in, please," said George.

"Can you write?" asked the fairy.

"Ye-es," said George hesitatingly, thinking of the untidy copy-book he had left at home, with the letters slanting every way but the right way, some above, some below the line. He was thankful he had not brought it with him.

"Write your name on this," said the fairy, tearing a leaf from a pink rose.

George racked his brain, but could think of no other name than Grumbling George, so he had to write that down.

The fairy placed the tiny leaf on a shell, and flew up-stairs and presented it to the Queen.

"Grumbling George," read the Queen. "Bad name. Bring me my book."

"A, B, C, D, E, F, G," read the Queen, running her finger down the page. "G— G—. Here it is." And she read aloud as follows: "Grumbling George.—Expelled from the nursery on Friday, March 13th, for impatience and want of perseverance."

"I cannot allow him inside the Palace," said the Queen sternly. "Tell him he must stay outside till his character is changed."

The little fairy fluttered back with her message to George. "You will find it very dull," she said; "but the man who built this Palace had to wait seven years before the Queen would receive him. He is now Prime Minister. See how cleverly it is built. We never could remember how many days, and weeks, and months there are in a year; so he made three hundred and sixty-five windows for the days, fifty-two chimneys for the weeks, and twelve doors for the months. We never forget them now."

"Did he build it all in one day?" asked George.

"Oh, no!" said the fairy; "he was the whole seven years over it. You see, he suffered badly from a complaint called impatience. When a brick fell he would often dash the whole thing to pieces, and knock the bricks so far over the garden that it sometimes took him days to collect them together again."

"How foolish!" said George, in a patronizing tone. "How was he cured?"

"I was just going to tell you," continued the fairy. "The Queen's Physician gave him a prescription, which he ordered him to follow whenever his fit came on. At first it seemed to have no effect; but by repeated use it worked wonders. He was completely cured, and the Queen was so delighted that she adopted it as her motto, which you see there under the royal coat of arms." The fairy read aloud:—

"Keep your temper, never give in,
And success you will surely win."

George began at once to think what he could do. The idea of balloons floated across his mind, and he seized hold of it at once. Plucking a reed, and gathering some soap-plant, he went to the fountain and began blowing bubbles. One after the other broke; and George was very nearly giving up in despair, when he caught sight of the Queen's motto, and began again.

At last six well-shaped bubbles were fairly launched. Borrow

ing some thread from a spider, he wove nets over them, and fastened to each a cowry shell as a car. When the balloons were finished the delighted fairies came thronging round him in such numbers that their soft wings fluttered against his face.

At that moment George opened his eyes, and found his face covered with his mother's hair, as she bent over him and kissed him in his sleep.

The palace and garden of his dream had vanished, but the good fairy was by him still; and often afterwards did she gently remind him of the royal motto:—

"Keep your temper, never give in,
And success you will surely win."

PROVERBS.

We do like dressing up and pretending to be other people! Nurse says we pretend so much that some day we sha'n't remember who we really are, but I don't think we shall; and if we do, father and mother will remind us, and tell us that we are Cicely, Constance, Letty, and Tom.

We like doing pictures—living pictures—only Father and mother call them by some other name. Mother helps us, and nurse does sometimes when we've been very *extra* good. We used to make pictures from the fairy tales, only it was so difficult, because we all wanted to be the lovely princess, and no one liked to be the dragon. Tom didn't mind because he was always the prince, but we used to squabble a little among ourselves, at least Cicely, Constance, and I did.

So we talked to mother, and she thought we could make pictures from proverbs, and we did a very nice one that she told us, and father, nurse, and Uncle Rufus tried to guess it. I had on my best frock and nurse's bonnet—her Sunday one, and Constance had a yellow handkerchief tied on her head, and bare feet, and Cicely had our common garden things. But Tom was so funny with Uncle Rufus's stick and nightcap with a feather stuck into it, and he had no waistcoat on. Then we put up a screen to look like a wall, and brought some broken china—and they had to guess what the proverb was. Nurse said, "There's many a

PLAYING AT PROVERBS.

slip 'twixt the cup and the lip;" and Uncle Rufus said, "It is useless to cry over spilt milk;" and father said, "A pitcher may go once too often to the well;" but it wasn't any of those, so mother said softly, "It's love that makes the world go round." Uncle Rufus said that wasn't a proverb; but we didn't mind, for mother had chosen it, and we always like what she chooses.

PHILIP AND PHILIPPA.

"I DO wish I had a suit like yours," said Rosamond Phipps, a little cousin of the twins, as she stood on the shore in the daintiest of soft white frocks, with a sun-bonnet that flapped all over her eyes, and enviously watched Phil and Lippa as they jumped about in the waves catching shrimps, which they transferred one at a time to a basket which Philippa wore slung over her shoulder; "but Mother thinks I should catch cold if I ran about as you do."

Philippa stopped, whispered to Phil, and then both children came out of the water.

"We won't shrimp any more now, Rosie," said Philippa good-naturedly; "let us play some game that you may join in."

"Oh! will you? that is good of you!" said Rosamond gratefully. "Let's play Hide and Seek. You two hide, and I will count fifty, and then come and look for you."

So off ran the twins, and soon found a good place under a large rock.

"Lean back, Lippa," said Phil, as he threw his arm protectingly round his little sister, "and put my spade by your basket, or I know I shall forget it."

Philippa took the spade and laid it beside her, then, looking towards the shore, she exclaimed, "See, Phil! here come all the little convalescents! There's your boy — he's only got one crutch to-day — and there's my dear baby in the perambulator."

"My boy is getting on finely," said Phil, gazing as intently as Philippa at the little crowd of invalid children who had just come down to the shore: "he's soon going to walk without crutches at all — he told me so yesterday."

It must be explained that the twins' mother, in gratitude to God for her own two healthy children, had paid for two sickly London children to be at the Home on the cliff; and it was a daily interest to the twins to meet *their* children on the beach. and to provide them with toys and cakes.

"Look!" continued Philippa eagerly; "just see my baby! he's now crawling on a shawl! Oh, Phil! he's standing up!"

"Caught!" exclaimed Rosie, who just then came round the rock.

"So we are!" said Philippa. "Come, Rosie, let us go and play with the little convalescents. Do you know," she whispered, "when Phil and I grow up we are going to have a Convalescent Home of our very own, and cure all the sick children in the world."

HARD TIMES.

IT had been the worst summer that the oldest laborer could remember, wet and cold, with no fruit and no harvest to speak of. Food was dear, and work and money scarce, and the hard times were bitterly felt by John Holt and his family. John was not young; he had married late in life, and found that at sixty it is not so easy to provide for a young family. Mrs. Holt was very ill for six weeks; and when she and the baby died there was only just enough money in the box of "savings" to pay for the funeral, and there were still three children left to feed. Mary, the eldest, was a thoughtful girl, and tried to take the place of mother to Patty and little Jack, who was two years old, and she succeeded pretty well. Jack was rather a delicate child, and it grieved Mary to see him getting thinner and weaker for want of good food. So at last she made up her mind, and leaving Patty at home in case Father should return, she went to the corn-dealer's. Mrs. Middlings, the corn-dealer's wife, was in the shop, and Mary made her request. Did Mrs. Middlings want a girl for a few hours in the morning to help with the work, and if so would she take Mary, and would she pay her in oatmeal and a handful of coals? Mrs. Middlings considered, and Mary left the shop with the promise of a week's trial, and the advice to be punctual and not bring the baby with her, but be sure to leave him where he would be quite safe — for Mrs. Middlings had a mother's heart.

Very happy was Mary when next day she returned home with her coals and oatmeal. She had worked so well that Mrs. Middlings had given a plentiful supply, and in a short time a good steaming "mess of porridge" was on the table. There was no milk, but the children were too hungry to think about that, and little Jack even wanted to eat it while it was scalding hot, for he almost screamed while Mary blew the spoonful she had taken, because he thought she was going to eat it herself. Poor little Jack, he was very young and very hungry, and did not know that Mary and Patty would not touch the porridge until he had eaten all he could. There was a basinful of porridge put on one side for Father, though it was hard to persuade him to eat it when he did come in, for he said it was the children's food, and he could not take it from them. Mary, however, showed him that she had more, and made him eat it to give him strength to look for work and to do it when found.

The whole winter Mary worked for Mrs. Middlings, and fed the whole family on her earnings, and in the spring John Holt found work to do, and the hard times were over. But Mrs. Middlings would not let Mary go, and instead of giving her meal she now pays her wages, which Mary is putting by for boots and dresses for Patty and Jack next winter.

SAVED FROM A SNAKE; OR, "EXCELSIOR."

"I THINK he was a real stupid for his pains," said Mary Burton to ner friend Agnes Lane; "fancy seeing cosey homes, where they would have been very glad to have him, and turning his back on them to climb up those cold mountains.

'In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!'

If he wanted to groan about it, why did he do it? I think it's a silly story, and I wish Miss Moss had not given it to us to learn. Now, it's ever so much nicer to be here in this lovely wood, and do nothing but enjoy ourselves."

Agnes was lying on the soft carpet of moss and flowers, looking dreamily into the trees, through which the sunlight danced.

"Perhaps you are right," she said softly; "but I don't think you are. Father told me that 'Excelsior' was a kind of parable, and that it was meant to teach us that many things which are pleasant and harmless may have to be given up if we want to serve God."

"I don't see why we shouldn't get as much pleasure as we can," said Mary; "you might as well say 'Excelsior' now, and not let me tickle you. You know you like it, and if you want to go in for 'Excelsior,' you'd better sit bolt upright, and make me leave off playing with your hair. In fact, I don't believe we ought to be in this wood at all. I'm sure that silly boy in 'Excelsior' would have chosen the hard stones in the road outside."

"Do talk pretty," said little Blanche, who had been sitting quiet for the long space of five minutes. "I don't like that talk; tell me a pretty story."

Agnes was devoted to her little sister, and began at once to tell her some of the simple stories with which her memory was

well stored. Then Mary took her turn, and Agnes lay back again and thought while her friend played with her hair.

Mary had told stories till she had nearly talked herself and Blanche to sleep. The terrier Punch, who was the children's constant attendant, had chased butterflies till he was tired, and he was drowsing lazily, only snapping now and then at a too impertinent fly.

"Oh, pretty thing!" exclaimed Blanche suddenly. "Do look at that long, big worm;" and before either of the bigger girls knew what she was looking at Blanche had caught hold of a snake.

Agnes saw the danger in an instant. The poor little mite had taken hold of the reptile near the tail, and it was wriggling around her little wrist.

One instant's hesitation and she would have been bitten. Agnes did not stop to think; she saw that her darling sister was in danger. She seized the viper and tore it from Blanche's arm. She had no time to think, or she would have known that she ought to hold it by the back of the head; but, alas! she took it by the middle of the body, and the snake bit her before she could throw it from her.

Mary screamed, and took her friend's hand.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "Now you will die, and I shall be left alone."

Poor Blanche, terrified, stood sobbing; only Agnes and Punch were calm. The latter was licking his mistress's face with pitiful eyes, as if he quite understood there was something wrong.

"Help! help!" cried Mary again; "won't some one come and tell me what to do?"

"What's the matter, miss?" said a strange voice; and a big gypsy-man pushed his way through the bushes.

Mary screamed again, and actually turned to run away; but her feet, catching in a bramble, she fell on her face into the bush, and had to be rescued by the man from whom she was running.

In a few words Agnes told what had happened. The gypsy

SAVED FROM A SNAKE; OR, "EXCELSIOR."

looked at her hand and declared it was only a slight bite; then he sat on the ground and sucked the wound until the blood came freely through the little hole.

"I expect I've drawn it all out now, miss," he said; "and perhaps after all it wasn't a viper. If you'll come with me, my old mother will give you some stuff to put on it; it won't take you much out of your way."

"How do you know where I live?" asked Agnes in astonishment.

"I saw you about six months ago, miss, when you helped a little girl with a big bundle. That was my child, and when I saw you, a little lady, taking hold of that big bundle, just because Peggie looked tired, I said to myself, 'If we'd a few more of that sort in the world, we should all be a deal happier.'"

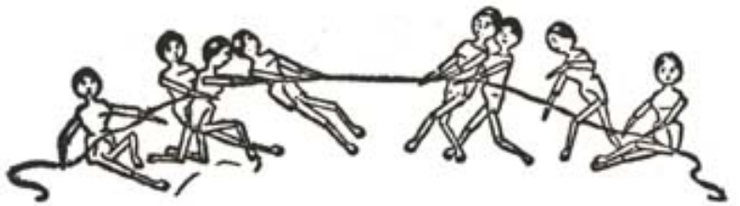
Both Agnes and Mary blushed, but from very different causes. Agnes was grateful for the praise, but Mary was ashamed, for she had nearly quarrelled with her friend that day for helping "a dirty little beggar."

The wounded hand was bound up by the old gypsy, and although it was very tender for some time, no more harm came of it.

BABY'S LETTER.

Mummy's gone to town, you know,
So I must write a letter—
"Dear Mummy, pussy isn't well,
But Teddy Bear is better;
Rocking-horse has lost his tail,
Which makes him look so funny;
Dolly's cracked her head. Good-bye;
Your loving little Sonny!"

M. M. Read.



A VISIT TO THE RABBITS.

LITTLE Ann was eating her breakfast in the nursery, so she did not know anything about the new rabbits. She had not been well, so nurse did not wake her, but let her sleep on till Rose and Lucy had gone into the garden.

She dipped a piece of toast into the milk in her cup, then she looked up and said, "Where Rosy and Lucy, nurse?"

And nurse said, "They have gone to see the rabbits."

"Me go too," said Ann, pushing away her cup.

But nurse said, "Not yet," for Ann was not well enough "to go out of doors."

Now, whilst nurse and Ann were talking, Rose and Lucy had gone as fast as they could to see some new rabbits their father had bought. They had talked to the gardener about them, and had said,—

"We will bring something for them to eat, and they like milk to drink; they don't drink water, do they?"

"Oh, yes, they do, miss; it is quite a mistake to suppose they don't drink water. It is very cruel to keep them without it; I always put a good saucer of water in the pen, and they can drink it or not as they like."

Then John went away to his work, and Rose and Lucy felt they could scarcely wait till the next day to see the rabbits.

The next morning Rose and Lucy went off quite early after breakfast.

They had taken their baskets with some crusts of bread and some parsley, for they thought they should like to feed them.

They found John waiting for them, and he opened the door of the hutch.

"Are not they beauties, miss?" he said.

"Oh, the loves!" said Rose; "may I have one of them to nurse, John? I would not hurt it; I would be very gentle with it."

"Well," said John, "I don't like rabbits being handled too much, but you may hold one of them just for a minute or two till I come back."

And he lifted out one of the rabbits and placed it on Rose's lap.

She stroked it gently, and the rabbit did not seem afraid, but nibbled at a piece of parsley that she held for it. When she had nursed it for a short time, Lucy said that she also must have a turn.

After that John returned, and put the rabbit back into the hutch, where the little girls placed crusts for them to eat.

MARY'S PIGEONS.

I CAN'T believe there are prettier pigeons than mine anywhere in the world. Every morning and every afternoon I feed them myself, and they are so tame they eat out of my hand, or out of the basin when I hold it for them.

There is some one else who thinks them as pretty as I do, and I'll tell you all about her. It was last year, early in the autumn, that I went out with the pan into the front yard to feed them, and walked down the stone steps, calling the pigeons all the way, while they flew after me. I didn't notice anything in the road, which was just in front of me, until I saw a very big man in a grand livery picking his way across the yard, and then I noticed a carriage had stopped in front of the house, and the lady inside was looking at me and at my pigeons. She beckoned me to come to her; but I was too shy, and ran into the house, to find Mother, who went out to the lady, and I followed just behind her.

And what do you think the lady wanted? To buy my pigeons — my beautiful pigeons! She offered me a dollar, and then two, and then three; but I shook my head every time, and hugged the pigeon that was in my arms. At last she showed me five dollars in gold, and asked if I would let them go for that. But I couldn't — it didn't seem as if any money could pay me for the loss of my pigeons.

Mother said I must do as I liked about it, for they were my very own, but she said five dollars was a great deal of money, and more than the pigeons were worth; only I didn't think so.

Then the lady said she wouldn't ask me any more, but in case I changed my mind she would give Mother her card. I was sorry I couldn't let her have my birds, but then I dare say she has lots of pretty things, and I have only my pigeons.

Well, Father and William laughed at me for some time about the pigeons; and if I wanted any money for shoes or anything,

Father would say, "Dear me! how well Mary's five dollars would have paid for this!" But that was only laughingly, for he would never have taken my money.

This spring my pigeons made a nest, and there were two eggs in it, and after a time two birds, that grew just like the others. I was thinking about the lady one day, and I thought, as I had refused to sell her the old birds, I had better offer to give her the young ones. So next day William carried them over in a basket, and left them at the house.

A few days after, the carriage stopped again before our house, and this time the lady came in and sat in the parlor, and ate a piece of Mother's cake and drank a glass of new milk. But before she went away she gave me a parcel which she said was for my very own, and she hoped I would take as good care of it as I did of my pigeons. And when I looked there was the most beautiful work-case in the world! I used not to like my sewing, but now I do, because I use the work-case and the silver thimble every time!

TOMMY TORMENT.

We all called him in private "Tommy Torment;" but his mother called him "My precious darling," and "My sweet, good boy," and spoiled him in a truly dreadful way. Anyhow, he was not a nice boy, and we never saw more of him than we could help.

He did not go to school even, for this seven-year-old boy was thought too delicate, and was taught at home by a governess with sandy curls, who brought books in a needlework bag that we all used to laugh at — I am sure I don't know why; but her teaching could not have amounted to much, for I went into the schoolroom one day, and found Tommy riding defiantly on the rocking-horse, while poor Miss Feechim stood by him with an A B C in one hand and a long pointer in the other, with which she showed him the letters. When he said them correctly, Miss Feechim gave him a sugar-plum out of the bag on her arm, but when he refused to look at them, which he did as often as not, she only said, "Oh, Tommy!" and shook her curls, and never attempted to make him mind her; and then he laughed and called her names, and rocked his horse so violently up and down that his poor mother came rushing up-stairs white with anxiety to know what was the matter.

You can imagine after this we were not overjoyed when we heard from Mother that Lady Mary was so ill her mother had taken possession of her, and that we were to have the pleasure of Tommy Torment's company at the seaside. Mother said she was very sorry, but she could not help it. The doctor said Lady Mary must have complete rest, and no worries; and Lady Mary had said she could not trust her precious treasure to any one else but Mother. So, when we set off on our annual holiday, Tommy was stuck into a corner of the omnibus.

Well, at first, and under Mother's eye, we really did think we had been rather hard on Tommy Torment, he seemed so like other boys; but presently, when the novelty had worn off, and he had become tired of being good, the real Tommy appeared, and for at least a week we had really what Nurse calls a "regular time of it."

There was not a trick he did not know; and the worst of it was that our boys became tricky too, and we really did not know how to bear the rough usage we all received, for we never had a moment's pleasure or peace of our lives; and what with sand in our hair, wet star-fish down our backs, and seeing our dolls ship-wrecked in their best clothes off the steepest possible rocks, we never felt secure for a moment, and we actually began to wish ourselves back in the city, when Nurse fortunately rose to the occasion, and, taking the law into her own hands, escorted the whole party up to Mother, which brought matters to a climax; for our boys were so ashamed of their cruelty and ungentlemanly behavior when Mother explained to them what their tricks really meant, that they became their own true selves, and we had the first good play together of the season the next morning on the shore, though Tommy did his best to bother us, and to draw off the boys again by promising to show them quite a new way of managing a shipwreck.

But the boys would not join Tommy, and so he went off alone, and we saw him five minutes after with Yellowboy, the sandy kitten, tied to the mast of his ship, doing his very best to drown the poor little thing, pretending he was rescuing it from the perils of the ocean.

I could fill pages were I to go on telling you only of Tommy's tricks; but as that cannot be, I am just going to let you know how we cured him. We simply let him alone. Mother only scolded him, or rather talked to him, once, and that seemed to have no effect on him at all, though Mother's "talkings" usually soften the hardest heart; so finally we all agreed to go our own ways just as if he were not there, Nurse promising to put all our toys and pets out of his reach, and to see that he came to no real harm.

He actually bore a whole week of it before he repented. We used to watch him from the corners of our eyes moping all by himself, and looking at the toes of his boots, or at his ship, which he really could not sail without our help, and felt so sorry for him.

We longed to break our resolution; but Mother and Nurse helped us to keep firm, and one Monday morning Tommy came up to me and said, "Why won't you play with me, Hilda?"

"Because you are cruel and ungentlemanly," I said seriously, "and because you are selfish. We tried our best to be pleasant to you, though we never wanted you here, and in return you made the boys horrid to us, and never allowed us five minutes' peace. You spoiled a whole week of our precious holidays, and we can't afford to waste any more time over you. We can do without you perfectly well, and so please go away."

"But I am truly sorry, Hilda," he said, looking down. "I've been 'flecting" (he meant reflecting). "I'd much rather be agreeable and nice, and I won't be selfish if you'd not look away from me and forget me any more. If I'd your mother I'd be good perhaps, but I really think my mother doesn't understand boys." And he sighed deeply, and put his hands into his knickerbocker pockets.

"You'll not forget, and tease us again?" I asked firmly; "and you know I must ask Mother too."

"I'll promise, really," said Tommy, giving me a very grubby little hand; "only please do look at me as you look at Charley, and don't leave me all to myself again. I do get so tired of myself, you can't think."

I could, for once I had been left alone just in the same way; but I didn't tell Tommy this, and only went to Mother, and soon he was playing quite happily with us, and remained such a good boy. Nurse used to look out for spots on his chest every day when she bathed him, for she was quite sure that he must be going to be ill, but he wasn't; and he remained so good we were quite sorry to part with him, for he was really funny, and full of life. But as his mother kept very weak, Tommy was sent to school; and so, when we went back from the seaside, after the holidays were over, we did not meet again for nearly a year.

When we did meet, we hardly knew him again, he was such a

jolly little fellow. And when he grew confidential, which he did the third day of the holidays, he said to me very solemnly, "I say, Hilda, if any little boys and girls are as rude and naughty as I used to be once, I know how to cure them. I shall first talk to them nicely, as your mother talked to me, and then I shall let them alone. It cured me, I know. You don't ever call me Tommy Torment now, do you, Hilda?"

THE TRICYCLE.

My grandfather does give me nice things! Last birthday he gave me a lovely box of tools, and he gave me the rocking-horse when I was quite little, and the swing trapeze that hangs from the nursery ceiling, and books and toys, — I can't remember them all now. But his last present was best of all: it was a tricycle!

I was nine last birthday, and I couldn't help wondering — though it sounds rather greedy — what grandfather would give me, because I thought it wouldn't be a toy, and he had given me a book at Christmas, for he said I was growing "quite a man."

When the birthday morning came, and I ran down to breakfast, there was nothing at all from grandfather! I'm afraid I looked very disappointed just at first; but presently we heard a little noise outside, and there was grandfather himself, and a man with him, who was wheeling the dearest little tricycle you ever saw.

It was rather hard work at first, and I soon got tired; but now I can go ten miles with father, and not feel at all tired.

I'll tell you one thing that makes me so glad about my tricycle. I was just going out on it one morning, when mother came running out of the house, looking so pale and frightened that I was quite frightened too.

"Bertie," she said, "tell John to go at once to Dr. Bell's and ask

him to come here at once — *at once*, remember. Your father has cut his hand very badly, and we can't stop the bleeding."

"I'll go, mother; let me go on the tricycle," I said.

And she answered, "Do, dear; only make haste!"

I don't think I ever went so fast before; but it was a good road, and that helped me, and I was saying to myself all the time, "Oh, don't let me be too late for the doctor! *Please* let me find him and bring him to father."

And I *did* find the doctor at home. I was out of breath, but I managed to tell him what was the matter, and he was soon ready.

Of course I couldn't keep up with his pony-cart, as father could have done, but I got home not long after, and heard that the doctor was there, and the bleeding had stopped.

Father was very weak for some time, and his hand was not well for several weeks, but the doctor and mother said he would have died if I hadn't been able to fetch the doctor so quickly on my tricycle.

That's why I like my tricycle so much, and think it such a useful thing. If it had been a pony, it would have had to be saddled and bridled; but I always keep it cleaned and oiled, so it was quite ready for use when it was wanted. Mother used to be rather afraid of my riding it at one time, but she doesn't mind it now, because she knows how useful it was the day father cut his hand.

They've worked as hard as little rabbits can
To make this giant, snow-white, rabbit man.

HIS FIRST KNIFE AND FORK.

STEVIE could hardly believe his eyes. But it was true, quite true, all the same for that, and he opened his blue eyes wider and wider till mother laughed and kissed them, and lifted him up into his high chair, saying, "Yes, Stevie, they are yours, your very own, and grandpa sent them to you because he remembered your birthday." Such a beautiful, sweet-smelling leather case it was, lined with purple velvet, and inside it a silver fork with a pretty "S" on the handle, and a knife that would really *cut*. His first knife and fork! Oh, how Stevie had longed for them! And now that they had come, his very own, he felt quite a man, almost like father.

"Stevie must learn to handle them nicely, ready to show grandpa when he comes. Not that way, pet! Let the back of the blade look up to the ceiling, like little birdies after they drink, and keep the sharp edge down to the plate, and then little fingers won't be cut."

"All alone by myself, mother? all alone by myself?" cried Stevie eagerly; but mother stood beside him till the pie was cut up, and the pretty knife and fork had been laid aside to be washed and put back in their velvet case.

Stevie learned to handle his knife and fork quite nicely in a few days, but he found it rather hard that he was never allowed to have them to play with. He used them at the table and that was all. The day grandpa came Stevie was all excitement to show him how well he could use his beautiful present. Mother had gone to the station to meet him, and it seemed that the long morning of waiting would never be over. But twelve o'clock came at last, and nurse gave Stevie a biscuit and an apple, and sent him out in the garden so that he should not disturb baby's nap. He ran away down to the fountain and began to play dinner. Then he thought of his dear knife and fork. He knew just where they were, but he had been told never to touch them. He did want them so much, and they *were* his own. The apple would seem just like a real dinner if he only had them. Stevie ran into

the dining-room and mounted the chair by the sideboard. For a moment he stopped; for it seemed as if some one said, "Don't touch, Stevie!" quite loud in his ear, but only the clock went "Tick, tack, tick, tack!" There was only the little voice of conscience *inside* Stevie to say "Don't touch;" and he wouldn't listen to that, so he ran away with the pretty case in his hand.

Stevie played dinner, and old gray pussy sat on the fountain basin and looked at him. She played grandpa, at least Stevie said so; but somehow the apple didn't taste so sweet as at first, and he cut his thumb a little, and thought he would put the knife and fork back. Back in their case he did put them, clip went the little silver fastening, Pussy arched her back and swelled her tail, for the dog belonging to the baker had just come through the gate with his master. There was a rush and a tussle, and the baker ran to Stevie; but something had gone splash! into the fountain, and Stevie ran away crying. How everybody did *hunt* for that knife and fork, while Stevie sat very pale and quiet, holding one fat thumb hidden by his hand.

Grandpa sat next to the high-chair. "Cheer up, little man: it will be found."

And mother said, "Never mind, pet; it can't be really *lost!*"

Stevie's thumb hurt him, and he felt so miserable that he couldn't bear his trouble "all alone by himself" any longer, so he sobbed out, "'Tisn't lost! it is in the fountain! Wanted it all by myself!"

Mother took him on her lap till she had made out what had happened. Then she tied up the poor cut thumb while grandpa went down to the fountain and fished up the knife and fork. Stevie ate his dinner with a spoon, for grandpa said he thought the knife and fork had better go away till the poor thumb was well. The pretty case was quite, *quite* spoiled. But Stevie got his knife and fork back; and we noticed that we didn't have to say, "Don't touch, Stevie!" nearly so often to him, and that he was not nearly so eager to have things "all alone."

HASTY CHARLIE.

CHARLIE never could wait. It was no use telling him "more haste less speed," "slow and sure," or anything of that kind. You might as well talk to the winds. He scrambled up in the morning, scurried over the parts of his toilet that he was trusted to do for himself, hurried over his breakfast, rushed through his lessons, with many mistakes of course, and by his hasty, impatient behavior worried his quiet, gentle little sister Ethel nearly out of her wits, and almost drove patient Miss Smith, the governess, to despair. He burnt his mouth with hot food, because he couldn't wait for it to cool; fell downstairs, racing down, times out of number; his toys were always getting broken because he couldn't stop to put them away; his canary flew away because he, fuming with impatience about something, neglected to fasten the cage door one day; and indeed space would fail to tell of all the troubles he brought upon himself by his perpetual, heedless haste.

There were some exceptions to this general state of things. He didn't hurry to begin his lessons,—nor to go to bed. Here he would wait as long as you liked to let him. One thing he was obliged to wait for, sorely against his will, and that was to grow up. It did take such a long time, and oh, the things he meant to do when once he was a man! Father hoped he would alter a great deal before that time came, for, as he told him, a hasty, impatient man makes other people unhappy and cannot be happy himself.

Charlie meant to have a balloon when he grew up, and a sweet-stuff shop, an elephant, a garden full of apples and plums, a tall black horse, and a donkey.

"You needn't wait so long for the donkey," Father said one day. "I have seen a boy with two nice donkeys in Pine-tree Walk; when you and Ethel have been good children at your lessons, Miss Smith shall let you ride them, and when you can ride nicely I will buy you each a donkey of your own."

Lessons certainly went better after this, and the rides were much enjoyed on every fine day, though timid little Ethel was

always just a wee bit afraid at first starting. Miss Smith always safely mounted Ethel first.

"Wait a minute, Charlie!" she said one day, when he was pulling and tugging impatiently at Neddie's bridle, "we'll have you up directly."

But Charlie couldn't wait: he dragged the donkey into the road and scrambled upon its back.

"Charlie! Charlie! you mustn't start without us. Wait a minute!"

"I can ride by my own self now," he said; and jerking the bridle, off he went clattering down the road, the donkey-boy after him.

To mount a donkey is one thing, to manage him another, especially if you don't know how. On galloped Neddie, and after having knocked down a little girl and upset a barrow of fruit, he pitched Charlie over his head, and having thus got rid of his rider began to enjoy himself on the grass. Poor Charlie! He had such a bruised face that he was obliged to stay at home for days.

Miss Smith couldn't take him out like that. It hurt him very much, but it hurt him more when Father said that such a silly, impatient boy was not fit to be trusted to ride, and that he must wait a whole year before he could be allowed to mount a donkey again. "For your own sake, Charlie, and for other people's."

The little girl he had knocked down was more frightened than hurt; but Charlie was very sorry, for he was not at all an ill-natured boy; and when he was at home by himself, while Ethel went for her donkey-rides, he had plenty of time to think things over, and made a good use of it. At first he found it very hard to be patient, but after a little while he found it becoming much easier to wait, and every time he tried it became easier still.

Next summer, when Father gave him and Ethel the promised donkeys, he said, "I am proud to trust you now, Charlie, and hope that you will have some happy times with your Neddie."

And very happy times they had.

The End.