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But she's MY sister, ——
My own sweet loving sister Mary.
I cannot spare her for a day:
She helps me at my work and play

FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN.

BY

L. MARIA CHILD,

AUTHOR OF THE MOTHER'S BOOK; NEW-YORK LETTERS, ETC.

II.

FOR CHILDREN FROM FOUR TO SIX YEARS OLD.

Of all my things I like it best,
I begin and take a look;
'Tis prettier than all the rest,
My little story book.

NEW-YORK:
C. S. FRANCIS & CO., 252 BROADWAY.

BOSTON:
J. H. FRANCIS, 128 WASHINGTON STREET.

1845.

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THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

LITTLE MARIA.

TO PARENTS.

SEVERAL years ago, I published a little periodical called The Juvenile Miscellany. It found favour in the eyes of parents and children; and since it has been out of print, I have had frequent requests to republish it. I did not think it advisable to do this. But I have concluded to publish a series of small books, under the title of Flowers for Children. About half of each of these volumes will consist of new articles written expressly for the occasion; and the other half will be a selection of what seem to me the best of my own articles, formerly published in the Juvenile Miscellany. Upon reviewing the work for this purpose, I find that my maturer judgment rejects some inaccuracies, some moral inferences, and many imperfections of style. I have therefore carefully re-written all the articles used in the present selection.

L. M. C

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GOOD LITTLE MITTY.

MELIA OSGOOD was a very good little child. She was as busy as a bee. You know the bee works all the long summer day, to fill his honey-pots from the flowers, before winter comes.

When Amelia first began to talk, she called her own name *Mitty Osdood.* The words were too big for her little tongue, and she could not speak them quite plain. This made her older sister smile; and afterward, when she was quite a large girl, she always called her Mitty.

I am sure Mitty had very bright eyes, for they spied out every thing; and I am very sure she had a nimble tongue, for she talked about every thing. When her sister Mary was sitting at work, Mitty would

talk to ner all the time, unless Mary asked her to be silent.

"Sister *Ma-wee*," she would say, "here is a little fly eating up my sugar. He sucks, sucks, sucks. Why don't he eat it up, sister Ma-wee? How long it takes him to eat a little crumb of sugar. There, you may have it all, poor fly; for I know you are hungry, and have not had any breakfast. My mother tells me to bring my little arm-chair, and she ties on my little apron, and gives me a porringer of good warm milk for my breakfast, every morning. But you have not got any mother, or any arm-chair, poor little fly; and you may eat all my sugar for your breakfast. Now he has stopped eating; and he is rubbing his hands together, just as kitty does when she washes her paw. Kitty puts her tongue in the milk, when she eats. Where is the fly's tongue, sister Ma-wee?"

Mary called her a little chatterbox; and told her that the fly had a little tube in his mouth, through which he sucked sugar, just as little girls sometimes suck cider with a straw. A few days after, Mitty went to the Museum, and saw an elephant. She saw him drink a bottle of wine, and pick up half a dollar with his trunk. Then her

sister told her that the little fly's tube was very much like the elephant's trunk; only the fly's tube was very, very small, and the elephant's trunk was very large indeed.

Mitty listened to all her sister said about the elephant. When she got home, her head was so full of what she had heard, that she told her mother she had seen a great big fly. This made her brother John laugh very much. When his little sister grew older, he loved to plague her, by calling an elephant "Mitty's fly."

Mitty was a very good-natured little girl. I never heard her speak a cross word in my life. When John laughed at her about the elephant, she did not cry, or pout, or push her brother away. She only said, "Sister Mawee *told* me a fly was just like an elephant."

"Oh no, Mitty," said Mary; "I did not tell you a fly was just like an elephant. A fly has wings, you know, and can fly away. But the elephant has no wings; he cannot fly away. I only told you the fly had a little tube, with which he sucked up his food, very much like the elephant's trunk."

John kissed Mitty, and said she was a very little girl, and could not understand all that was told her; but she was the best little playmate in the world. And because

she was such a good-natured, pleasant little girl, he asked her to go out in the sunshine, and see him blow soap-bubbles. Mitty was very glad to go with her brother; and she gave him her hand, and ran jumping along, as happy as a little butterfly among the roses.

While John was fixing a bowl of soap and water, to make the bubbles, she ran to the barn to get a big straw for him. Her little lamb heard her coming, and he ran to her, crying, "baa! baa!" I do not believe there ever was a little girl more happy than Mitty was then. She laughed so loud, you might have heard her merry voice all over the garden. She loved her little lamb dearly. She picked some sweet clover for him, and he ate it from her hand. When she went to carry the big straw to John, the little lamb ran after her, as fast as he could make his trotters go.

When John saw him come, he laughed, and said, "One of these days, when the lamb is bigger, perhaps father will cut some wool from his back, and mother will make my little *sis* a nice pair of lamb's wool stockings. But kind little Mitty said, "Oh, no indeed; for then my little lamb would be cold." John told her it would not make

the lamb cold; for father would cut off very little wool, and he would cut it off when the weather was very warm. So Mitty was well pleased to think of having some nice lamb's wool stockings.

She sat down on the grass with the lamb's head in her lap, and watched the bright soap-bubbles, as they rose up in the air. Sometimes she would laugh so loud, and clap her hands, that the little lamb would jump upon his feet, to see what the matter could be.

There was a beautiful little humming bird flying about among the vines in the garden, and eating his supper in the honey-suckle blossoms. When he flew up in the air, his feathers shone with such bright colours, that Mitty clapped her hands, and shouted, "Oh, brother John, see, see that *bubble*-bird!" She called him a bubble-bird, because he had colours bright as the rain-bow, and glittered in the sunlight, like the soap-bubbles.

When Mitty went to bed that night, she was very tired; for she had played a great deal, and her little feet ached. She fell asleep in her little arm-chair, with her porringer of milk half full in her lap. Her mother undressed her, and was going to put

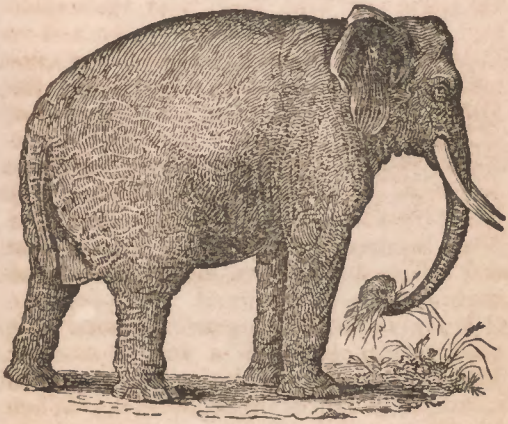
her into bed, without hearing her say, "Now I lay me down to sleep." She thought her little girl was too sleepy to say it. But Mitty knelt down, and said, "I will say my prayers, mother; for God is very good to me. He gave me my father, and my mother, and sister Ma-wee, and brother John. He made my little lamb, and the bubble-bird, and the great big elephant fly, and the little fly, and the good old cow, that gives me milk for my supper. God loves little Mitty, mother; and I will not go to sleep without thanking God."

Her mother kissed her, and called her a good little child; and Mitty folded her hands in her mother's lap, and said her prayers. Then her mother laid her down in her clean soft bed, and kissed her, and bade her good-night.

Mitty talked as long as she could keep awake; for she was a real chatterbox. When her mother left her, she said, "Good night, mother dear. When I am big enough, I will knit father some stockings of my lamb's wool; and my little Bantam hen will lay some eggs; and when I am a great big girl, I will make some custards for you."

If Mitty lives to be a woman, I am sure she will be very good, and everybody will

love her. I think so, because she is such a kind, good-natured little girl. She never speaks a cross word, and she always obeys her father and mother. Yes, I am very sure Mitty will be a good woman.



THE SAUCY LITTLE SQUIRREL.

A GENTLEMAN went into the woods to stay all day. He took with him two ears of roasted corn and some bread for dinner. After a while, he sat down under a tree to rest himself, and a little squirrel came capering about. The ears of roasted corn were lying in some clean paper, on the ground. I suppose the little squirrel liked the smell of them. He acted very much as if he wanted to carry them off. He looked at the corn, and then he looked in the gentleman's face. When he saw him smile, he took hold of one ear of corn with his little sharp teeth, and tried to drag it away; but it was quite too heavy for him. So he nibbled off the kernels, and stuffed his mouth as full as he could. Then he trotted off to his house under the ground,

and put the corn away for his dinner. He came back again, and stuffed his cheeks as full as they could hold.

He looked up in the gentleman's face, as if he wanted to ask whether he would whip him for taking his corn. But the gentleman loved the squirrel; and he did not make any noise to frighten him away. So the pretty little creature came to the tree again, and again; and every time he came, he carried off as much as his mouth would hold. He did not leave one single kernel of corn on the ears. I wonder his little feet were not tired, before he got it all stowed away in his house.

I should love to go into the woods, and have a little squirrel come and look up in my face, and carry off my dinner.

THE VISIT.

ANN and MARIA were sisters. One summer's day, they went to see some little girls rather older than they were. Their names were Harriet and Isabella. Ann and Maria were afraid. They had never seen the little girls they were going to visit; and they thought they should not know what to say.

But when they came to the house, they soon felt very happy. Harriet and Isabella did all they could to please them. They took them by the hand very kindly, and led them out to the barn, to see their white hens, and their grey hens, and their nice little brood of chickens. One of the chickens, not much bigger than a butterfly, jumped upon its mother's back, and the old hen walked all round the yard with her little one. Maria

was small, and could not speak quite plain. She clapped her hands and said, "O, see that *ittle chitten* riding puss-back."

The girls all laughed, and Harriet said, "I think the chicken is riding hen-back."

Maria puckered up her little mouth, and began to feel grieved; for she thought they were making fun of her. "Ann, don't the *chitten* ride just as I do, up tairs and down tairs, on father's shoulders?" said she.

Harriet kissed her, and called her a good child. She knew it was not kind or polite to laugh at very little children because they cannot speak plain.

The white hen was running round the yard, with a kernel of corn in her mouth, and the grey hen was running after her. Isabella pointed her finger at them. "I think that white hen is a very stingy hen," said she: "see her run all over the field, and away down into the orchard, just for the sake of eating that morsel of corn all by herself."

"I would not be so stingy for all the world," said Ann; and so said all the little girls.

When the children were tired of looking at the chickens, they brought little chairs and crickets, and seated themselves under

a large elm-tree. There was a sweet-briar bush near by, covered with beautiful red seed-vessels, almost as large as cherries. Ann said the berries would make a sweet pretty necklace. "I will go into the house, and ask mother for a big needle and thread," said Isabella, "and we will string some of them for you and Maria."

"And will you string one for kitty's neck, too?" asked Maria. Isabella promised that the kitten should have a necklace. She soon came back with needles and thread.

While they were stringing the bright red berries, Harriet said she would go into the garden and gather some flowers, to make a wreath for Maria's hair. "Will you make one for me to carry home to little puss?" said Maria. She peeped up into Harriet's face so prettily, with her bright blue eyes, that she could not help running to kiss the little darling. "You are a good little puss yourself," said she, "and I will make a nice little garland for your kitten's neck."

"I love her little kitten," said Ann. "She lies in my lap and purrs so good-naturedly. Aunt Maria says that is the way cats laugh."

Harriet asked her mother's leave, and then ran into the garden, to gather an apron

full of flowers. When she came back, Maria was crying, and stamping her little feet. Ann stood a great way from her, with her hands behind her back, looking very cross. When Maria ran a few steps toward her sister, she ran away as fast as her feet would carry her. Maria tried to run after her, but she hit her little foot against a stone, and fell down, and cut her lip.

"What is the matter?" asked Harriet. "I left you all so happy when I went in the garden, and now you are all in trouble."

"Ann found a nice ripe pear on the ground," said Isabella; "and she hid it behind her back, and was not willing to give her sister a piece."

They took the little girl up, and wiped the blood from her mouth, and tried to comfort her. When Ann saw how much her little sister was hurt, she felt sorry, and very much ashamed. "I thought you would not be so stingy as our white hen, for all the world," said Isabella; "and now you have been running away just for the sake of eating a pear all by yourself."

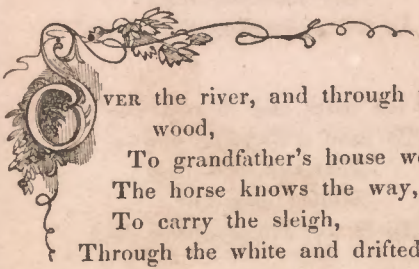
Ann began to cry, and said she was very sorry she had acted so much like the stingy hen. When they had washed Maria's mouth, she kissed her, and gave her half the

pear. Then they were all happy again. Little children are always happy, when they are kind and obliging to each other.

At sundown, their mother came in a chaise, to take them home. They kissed their little playmates, and bade them good-bye a dozen times. They talked very fast all the way home, telling their mother what a charming time they had.

THE NEW-ENGLAND BOY'S SONG

ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY.



Over the river, and through the
wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way,
To carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house away!
We would not stop
For doll or top,
For 't is Thanksgiving day.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood,
With a clear blue winter sky,
The dogs do bark,
And children hark,
As we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play—
Hear the bells ring
Ting a ling ding,
Hurra for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood—
No matter for winds that blow;
Or if we get
The sleigh upset,
Into a bank of snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
To see little John and Ann;
We will kiss them all,
And play snow-ball,
And stay as long as we can.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple grey!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound,
For 't is Thanksgiving day!

Over the river, and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river, and through the wood—
Old Jowler hears our bells;
He shakes his pow,
With a loud bow wow,
And thus the news he tells.

Over the river, and through the wood—
When grandmother sees us come,
She will say, Oh dear,
The children are here,
Bring a pie for every one.

Over the river, and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurra for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurra for the pumpkin pie!

THE IMPATIENT LITTLE GIRL.

"They won't come to-night, I know they won't come," said Julia to her mother. "Oh yes, they will, my dear," replied her mother; "it is not late yet."

Julia was expecting some little girls to come and play with her; and she was not so patient as a good little daughter should be, when mother is kind enough to invite her friends. A minute or two after, she said again, "Mother, I'm sure they won't come. The sun has gone away from the last paving-stone in the yard. I know they won't come."

"If you are so fretful, I shall not invite your friends to come and see you again," said her mother. "I am not fretful," said Julia, "but I do wish they would come."

While Julia said this, she was dressing a

large wax doll; and she was in a great fidget, for fear it would not be dressed before the little girls came. Her aunt Mary had made the doll a pretty robe of white muslin, and Julia wished very much to put it on. The robe was too short, and her mother told her she had better rip the wide hem very carefully, and make a narrower one. Julia began very well, but there was a knot in the thread, and she would not wait for her mother's advice. She took a pin, and pulled upon the knotty stitch, with all her strength. She tore the muslin badly, and began to fret.

"If you had been slow and careful, you would not have spoiled that pretty robe," said her mother; "I wish my little daughter would learn to be more patient."

Before Julia could find another gown for her doll, two of the little girls came. She was so impatient to see them, that she flung the doll down in her little brother's chair, and ran to take off their bonnets and shawls. When her brother heard the bell ring, he wanted to climb in his chair, to look out of the window. He stepped on the doll, and broke it to pieces. When Julia came back for her doll, she found the face all smashed, and the pretty black eyes rolling on the floor.

She cried with vexation, and began to make loud complaints of George. But her mother said, "Your brother is not to blame. He is a very little boy, and he did not know the doll was in his chair. You should never be in such a hurry, that you do not mind where you throw your playthings."

More little girls came soon. When they saw the pieces of the doll, they all said it was a great pity such a beautiful thing had been thrown down so carelessly. They all went into the parlour, and began to play Hide-and-go-seek. They enjoyed this very well, for a short time; but Julia soon began to grow impatient. When she was blinded, she would open one eye a little, so that she could see where the handkerchief was hidden. If the little girls did not find it very quick, she would tell them where it was. Her playmates said there was no fun in this; and they would not play Hide-and-go-seek any longer.

Julia saw that her visiters were offended with her, and she did not feel pleasantly at all. But they soon became good-natured again. A little girl, named Catherine, said, "Now let us play the Grand Mufti." Some of them said they did not know how to play it. But Catherine said, "Look at me;

and whenever I say, '*As* says the Grand Mufti,' you must do whatever I do. But when I say, '*So* says the Grand Mufti,' you must be careful *not* to do what I do."

They began the play, and she tried to speak as quick as ever she could. It was very hard to remember whether she said *so* or *as;* and they made a thousand mistakes. She snapped her fingers, and said, "*So* says the Grand Mufti;" and they all snapped their fingers.

"That is wrong," cried Catherine, "I told you *not* to do as I did, when I said, '*So* says the Grand Mufti.'"

Then she said, "*As* says the Grand Mufti," and began to dance. The little girls remembered that they had made a wrong motion before, and all but one stood still.

This amused little George very much. He began to shake his curly head, and laugh merrily. But Julia grew impatient again. Every time Catherine spoke, she repeated *so* and *as*, very loud, that the little girls might not make a mistake. Catherine said there was no fun in playing so; and they gave up the Grand Mufti.

Some of the girls were quite discontented, and wanted to go home. Julia went cry-

ing to her mother, and said, "My company want to go home. What shall I do?"

Her mother went to inquire what was the matter; and the children said, "We cannot play anything. Julia spoils all our fun." The mother said, "My little daughter wishes to make you all happy; and I think she will try not to be impatient any more."

Julia promised she would; and they all began to play Hunt-the-thimble. But when little girls allow themselves to form a bad habit, it is not easy to leave it off, all at once. After a while, Julia forgot her promise. If she knew what little girl had the thimble, she would call out, "I know where it is: somebody with a blue sash has got it." When the children found she would not wait for her turn, they said they would not give a cent to play so; and they gave it all up.

They went home early, and said to one another, "Julia showed us many pretty things, and we begun many pleasant plays; but she spoiled it all, by being so impatient."

Julia's mother talked very seriously with her. "My little daughter," said she, "do you not see that you make yourself disagreeable, and everybody uncomfortable, by always being in such a fidget?"

"Yes, indeed I do," said Julia, wiping her eyes: "I lotted a great deal on this party; but I have not been happy at all. I have torn my doll's frock, and broken my doll, and spoiled all the girls' plays. I will try to do as you tell me. When you tell me to wait, I will be as patient as I can; and when my little playmates come to see me again, I will try not to break up their plays by my impatience. Oh, mother, do you think I shall ever be a patient little girl?"

Her mother told her that she felt quite sure she would be, if she would only try.

LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

SMALL children should never venture out in the streets alone. They are almost sure to get into trouble by it. One day, when I was walking in the streets of Boston, I met a little girl, who was crying very hard. I asked her what was the matter.

"I don't know where my mother lives," said she; and she sobbed so that she could not speak any more.

I took her hand, and tried to comfort her. I asked her how she came to get lost.

"Mother told me I might sit on the door-step," said she. "A pretty little dog went by, and I wanted to catch him. So I ran after him. But the little dog went off with a great dog, as fast as he could go. I was afraid of the great dog, and I tried to run

home again. But my home had gone away, and now I don't know where it is." Then she began to sob again.

I asked her in what street her mother lived. "She knows, but I don't," said the poor child.

I did not know where to carry her, and I told her she had better go home with me. This made her sob worse. "Oh, I want to see my mother! I want to see my mother!" said she: "how I do wish my mother would come and find me."

I told her she must never go in the street alone again, till she was bigger; for she was not old enough to find her way, and there were many horses in the street, that might run over her. She said if she ever found her way home, she would never run away again, so long as she lived. As I was walking along with her, and she was wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, I saw a woman, who looked at every little girl she met. I thought perhaps she was mother to the lost one; and sure enough she was. As soon as the little runaway saw her, she let go of my hand, and ran faster than the little dog she wanted to catch. She caught hold of her mother's gown, and cried, and laughed, and jumped up and down.

Her mother was very glad to see her. She kissed her a great many times, and hugged her close to her heart. When she told her how naughty it was to run away, and how she had frightened her poor mother, the little girl began to cry again. She said she never would go away from the door step alone again.

I knew another little girl, about three years old, whose name was Lucy. She was generally a pretty good girl; but one day she did a very naughty thing, and made her mother very much ashamed. Her father and mother had gone to church, and Lucy was left in the care of her nurse. While the nurse was dusting the chairs in the parlour, Lucy went into the kitchen, and crowded her whole apron into a bowl of soft soap. Then she began to wash it, as she had seen the washer-woman do. The nurse called to her, to know what she was doing; and when she did not answer, she went into the kitchen to see what she was about. Lucy cried very much, when the soaped apron was taken from her; and while the nurse went to get a clean apron, she ran off.

I do not know what made little Lucy so very naughty that day. She knew her fa-

ther and mother had gone to church; and she ran along the dusty road, till she came to the church door. She ran right in, among all the people. She had been crying, her face was spotted with soft soap, and her gown was very wet with the water she had spilled. Of course, she was a strange looking child. She did not know where to find her father and mother, and when she saw the people looking at her, she began to cry. A man led her out of the church, and showed her the way home. Her mother sat far from the church door, and she did not know what child it was, who came in with a wet gown and a dirty face, and disturbed the people by crying. When she heard that it was her own little girl, she was very much grieved. She told Lucy that she could not kiss her when she went to bed that night, because she had been so very naughty.

This made Lucy very unhappy. When the nurse put her to bed, she said, "Oh dear, if my mother will only kiss me tomorrow night, and call me her good little girl, I will never run away again in my life."

There was another little girl in Boston, whose name was Ann. She ran away with her brother one day, to see the pond on the

Common. When she got there, she let go of her brother's hand; and because she was not big enough to take care of herself, she fell into a mud puddle. Her clean gown was all covered with mud, and so were her hands and face. Some men took her out of the puddle, and gave her to her brother to be carried home. She was so much frightened and ashamed, that she cried all the way. Even after her mother had washed her, and put on clean clothes, she kept sobbing for a long time. She never forgot how frightened she was, when she felt herself sinking down in the mud puddle. Whenever she saw the gown she had on then, she was sure to say, "That is the gown I had on when I ran away to the Common."

She thought there could be nothing half so bad in the world, as falling into a mud-puddle. One day, she heard her brother read in the Bible about Job. She asked who Job was. Her mother told her he was a very good man, who met with a great deal of trouble, but was always patient. She looked up, with a very serious face, and said, "Mother, do you think Job ever fell into a mud-puddle, when he was a little boy?"

This made all the folks laugh. Poor Ann

had been so frightened, that she thought nobody could ever meet with any thing worse than falling into the mud.

She was always very careful after that; and never went away from home without her mother gave her leave.

I knew two little brothers in Boston, who went out to make sand-pies, in a heap of sand before the door. When nobody was looking at them, they ran away. They thought it was very good fun to be in the street alone; and they ran about like wild things. By and by, they came to an open field, and they crept through the fence, and went to walk on the grass. They had always lived in the city, and the grass felt very pleasant to their feet. They went on till they were tired, and then they lay down on the grass, and rolled over and over. Then they jumped up, and walked on, and walked on, till they came to a place where there were many trees, and red clover, and weeds with big white flowers. They talked to a bird they saw on a bush, and tried to catch a butterfly. They thought it was a very fine thing to run away from home.

But at last they began to feel very hungry, and very tired. They wanted to go back to their mother, but they did not know

the way; and their little feet ached so, that they could not walk. The younger one had but one shoe; for when he tried to step over a small brook, his foot slipped in, and stuck fast in the mud. When he pulled his foot out, he could not find his shoe. Afterward, the stones cut his foot, and made it bleed. The poor little fellow lay down and cried. Every minute, he kept saying, "I want to go to my mother. I want to go to my mother."

The older brother washed his lame foot with some water from the brook, and that made him feel a little better. They were very hungry indeed, but they could find nothing to eat but two berries. Once, they came near a house, and they would have gone in, but a great dog barked at them, and made them afraid. The dog would not have barked at them, if he had known they were poor little lost children; for he was a very kind dog. The little boys did not know what a good dog he was. They thought he would bite. So they ran away into the fields again.

They had no dinner, and no supper. Night was coming on very fast, and they had no bed to sleep on. The little squirrels went into their nests, and slept nicely with

their mothers. But these little naughty runaways had no nest, and their good mother was far away from them. They laid down on the grass, and put their arms round each other's necks, and cried themselves to sleep. If good little robin red-breast had seen them, I suppose he would have brought leaves in his mouth, and covered them up, as he did the little Children in the Wood.

The mother of these little runaway boys was very unhappy. She cried all night, because she had lost her children. The crier went through the streets ringing his bell, and calling out, so that all the people could hear him, "Two little children lost!" He told every body he met that one of the little boys had blue eyes and light hair, and the other one had dark eyes and brown hair; and that neither of them could speak plain. But nobody in Boston knew any thing about the little ones. The poor mother thought she should never see her children again; and she cried as if her heart would break. How naughty it was in these little boys to disobey their mother, and make her so unhappy.

They were so very tired that night, that they slept on the grass, till the sun was very high up in the sky. A woman, who

went to the brook to get a pail of water, saw them lying there, folded in each other's arms. At first, she thought it was a heap of clothes; but when she came nearer, she found two little sleeping boys. She waked them up, and asked them where they came from. The younger one said, "Ma, Ma;" and the older one said Bos. He meant to say Boston, but he could not speak it; and the woman did not understand him. They were very dirty and very pale. The kind woman took the youngest in her arms, and the elder by the hand, and led them to her house. There she washed them, and put a rag on the lame foot, and gave them some good bread and milk. This made them feel better; but they soon began to cry, "I want to see my mother. I want to see my mother."

The woman did not know who their mother was, or where she lived. So she wrote a story about two little children found in the fields, and put it in the newspaper, that every body might read it. The mother of the little runaways read the story, and she jumped up for joy. "Those are my little lost children," said she, "and I will go and bring them home."

Oh, how glad she was to see them again! and how glad they were to see their mother! She kissed them and cried, and then kissed them and cried again. And the little boys put their arms about mother's neck and kissed her, and cried too.

The little boys never wanted to run away again as long as they lived.

ROBINS.

EVERY child has seen little robin red-breasts, and heard many pretty stories about them. Every body loves little red robin, and robin seems to know, too, that she is a great favourite; for she hops round the door-step, and picks up crumbs, and is not the least afraid.

One day, when the air was very cold, a robin pecked at the window of a poor man in Germany, and seemed to ask as plain as she could, whether she might come in. The good man opened the window for the poor little creature, and robin seemed very glad. She picked up the crumbs that fell from the table; for she was very hungry. The children scattered plenty of crumbs for her, and they were greatly delighted to see her hop up on their shoes.

When the grass began to grow green again, in the spring, robin flew away into the woods, and made a neat little nest in the bushes, and laid three pretty blue eggs. Out of these eggs came little birds; and robin fed them, like a careful mother. She did not come into the house, but she would often perch on a tree by the window, and sing the children a pretty song.

When winter comes, the robins fly away to a warmer country, because they do not like to have their bare toes on the snowy ground. But this little robin red-breast remembered the good friends that had taken care of her; and when the weather was cold she hopped into the cottage, and brought a little mate along with her. The children clapped their hands for joy. They

made robin and her mate a snug little roost in a warm corner. When they were eating, the birds would hop about on the table, and pick up the crumbs from the plates. "How cunning they look up, with their bright little eyes," said the children. "It seems as if these dear little birds wanted to speak to us."

"If they *could* speak," answered the father, "they would tell us that they trust us, because we are kind to them. If men loved all the little creatures of the woods, and treated them gently, they would never be afraid of men."

It seemed as if little robin red-breast understood what the good father was saying; for she hopped into his hand, and warbled a song.

And now I will tell you about two little Irish robins. They came hopping into a doctor's room, one day, and looked round for a place to build a nest. They took a fancy to a shelf in the corner of the room; but a small gallipot of medicine stood in their way. They pushed against it, and pushed against it, and finally, by working very hard, made it fall on the floor. They seemed much pleased when the gallipot was out of the way; and they immediately be-

gan to bring in straws, to make a nest. Many people came into the room, and looked at them; but they did not mind that. The doctor threw wool and moss on the floor, and they would pick it up, to line their nest. In four days, they finished the nest, and the mother bird laid seven pretty little eggs in it. While she was setting on the eggs, her mate brought her food to eat, and sung pleasant songs to her.

In twelve days, the little ones were chirping about her; and the father and mother both had as much as they could do to feed their large family. The kind doctor placed a pan of groats on the shelf, and the old birds used them freely, to feed their young. One day, they found their way into the pantry, and began to peck at the butter. First, they would carry a grain of corn to their little ones, and then a piece of butter. Being fed in this way, they soon became so fat, that they could hardly see out of their eyes.

The old birds kept the nest very neat indeed; but the doctor observed that they always cleaned it with their bills; and he did not like to have them pecking at his butter. He placed a cup of lard near them, and they seemed to like it just as well.

The old birds and the young birds were all as sociable as possible. The mother would hop on the dinner table, to pick up the crumbs, and would stand still while the children patted her on the head. The father would fly about, and perch on the tops of the chairs, and twitter and chirp, as if it made him very happy to have his family so well taken care of.

When the little ones were large enough, they flew away; but the old ones chose to stay with their friend the doctor. After a time, they made another nest, and soon had a family of six little ones. They fed them with groats and lard, as they had done the others; and they grew very fat and strong. But when they began to fly, two of them fluttered over the grate, and fell into the fire, and were burned to death.

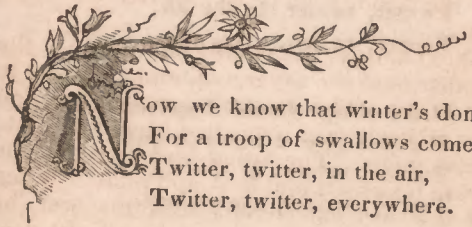
The father and mother were very attentive to their little family. When not bringing them food, the father sat on a peg in the wall, and kept a look out on all that was going on. If a cat walked into the house, he would fly screaming to his friend, the doctor, and would not rest till the cat was driven away. He would then twitter and chirp, as if he were glad, and go back to his nest to look at his little ones. He

was very fond of milk, and often went into the pantry to drink from a bowl that was left open for him. The young ones flew away, when they were big enough; but all winter long, the old ones slept on pegs in the doctor's bed-room. In the morning, they would wake him up, by whirring round his pillow; and then they would tap on the window to be let out into the fresh air.

Next spring, the mother-bird built in the garden, and she never again made a nest in the house. She seemed to remember that two of her young ones had been burned to death there. The father-bird flew into the house for groats and lard, and milk. When he saw any cat coming near his nest, he would go screaming to his friend, the doctor, and fly along before him, to show him where the cat was.

Is it not pleasant to be thus loved by the little creatures of the woods and fields? If we are always kind and gentle, every thing will love us. Our Heavenly Father made us all to live together in love, and to make each other happy.

THE SPRING BIRDS.



Now we know that winter's done,
For a troop of swallows come,
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

Oh, they are sweet pretty things!
Flying round with rapid wings,
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

The swallow knows no other tune,
But always sings to May and June,
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

In the barn she builds her nest,
In the corner she likes best,
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

See! she took a hair just now,
From the back of Moolly cow.
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

If the sheep should drop some wool,
She will give it many a pull;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

From the hen she gets a feather,
And she weaves the whole together;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

But when her little ones can fly,
They bid us all a kind good-bye;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere,

Swallows come with the first spring day,
And with summer they go away;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

Poor little swallows have to go;
They do not like the frost and snow;
They could not twitter in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

But when spring comes with sun and rain,
The swallows will come back again;
Twitter, twitter, in the air,
Twitter, twitter, everywhere.

LITTLE MARY IS CROSS TO-DAY.

HAT is the matter, Mary? Why do you throw your pretty patch-work on the floor, and stamp upon it so?"

Mary's cheeks were very red. She felt ashamed that her mother should see her behave so. She wanted some excuse; and she said, "It is very ugly patchwork, mother; very ugly indeed. The needle is very ugly, too. It pricks my fingers every minute.

"The needle is not naughty, but my little girl is not good-natured," said her mother, "You push your needle in a hurry, and that makes it prick your finger."

"I do not love to sew. May I get my playthings?" asked little Mary. Her mother told her she might get them. So Mary brought out her wooden lion, and her little

china lamb, and her doll, and a little milk-maid with a churn. Mary twitched the string that made the milk-maid churn, and it broke. Then she could not raise her arm up and down any more.

Mary began to cry quite loud. "What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"This is a very ugly milk-maid," said Mary; "she will not churn any more."

"The string broke, because you pulled it too hard," said her mother.

Before Mary could dry up her eyes, her father, and her little cousins, George and Charlotte, came in. When her father asked what made her eyes look so red, her mother said, "Little Mary is cross to-day." "Oh no, I am not cross," said Mary; and she was going to cry again. But her father spoke to her very kindly, and though her lip trembled a little, because she was very much grieved, she did not cry loud.

She ran to find her very little pail, full of pretty popping-corn, that she might show it to her cousins. Charlotte gave her a little swan and a piece of steel. The swan's mouth was made of magnet. Magnet loves steel, and always tries to go to it. They put the swan in a basin of water, and held the steel a little way from him. Then the bird

began to swim toward the steel, because the magnet in his mouth wanted to get hold of it. It made Mary laugh to see the swan go round wherever the steel moved. She fastened a crumb of bread on the steel, and held it to him, and called, "Come, biddy, come." The bird went after the bread, just as he would if he had been alive and hungry. Charlotte told her that if she held it too near the swan, the magnet would take hold of the steel.

George and Charlotte went into the next room, to play with the bow and arrow, and little pail of corn. While they were there, Mary held the steel too near the bird, and the magnet and steel fastened together, like two pieces of wax. Mary screamed out. She forgot that when her father looked so kindly at her, she did not mean to cry any more that day.

Her mother came running in, to see if she were hurt.

"What! is my little daughter crying again?" said she.

"I did not mean to cry any more," said Mary; "but this swan is very ugly. He bit the piece of steel."

"The swan is not naughty," said her father: "my own Mary is not good-natured.

Your cousin told you that the magnet and steel would fasten together, if you put them too near. You could easily have pulled it away; or you could have asked Charlotte to come and take it off. Would it not have been much better than to scream so?"

Mary held down her head, and said it would have been much better; and she promised her father that she would try to be pleasant all day. But soon after, George came running with a dead butterfly, that he found in the window. He struck his foot against Mary's little pail, and spilled all the corn on the floor. "Oh, dear," said Mary, "what an ugly pail!" and she began to cry again.

When George had picked up all the corn, and Mary was quiet once more, Charlotte asked her aunt if she would be so good as to cut out some houses, and trees, and dogs, from some nice white paper she held in her hand. Her aunt cut out a great many pretty things for her, and made some little boats and cocked-up hats for Mary. After that, Mary's father went into the library, and her mother went into her own room. When she went away, she said, "You must be good children, and be very kind to each

other. I hope I shall not hear my little Mary cry again to-day."

Mary's mother had told her, a great many times, never to put anything in her nose and ears. But when little girls are fretful, they feel very uneasy, and do not know what to do with themselves. Mary rolled up some of the paper, and stuffed it in her ears. But when she had done it, she was very much frightened; for her mother had often told her it might hurt her very much. She ran to the foot of the stairs, and screamed as loud as she could, "Mother! mother! I have got a cocked-up hat in my ear!"

Her father and mother went to her very quick. She called so loud, they were afraid she was half killed. But when they heard what she said, they laughed very much; and that made Mary cry louder. Her mother took the paper hat out of her ear, and wiped away her tears. When Mary looked round, she saw Charlotte sitting on her father's lap. She puckered up her lip, and looked at her mother with a very grieved face. Her mother smiled, and shook her finger at her; so she did not cry again. But her voice trembled very much, as she said, "Mother, cousin Charlotte is sitting on *my* father's lap."

"That is because Charlotte is a good girl, and does not cry," said her father; "if my little daughter will be good-natured, she shall sit on my lap, too." Mary could not bear that. She loved her father very dearly; and when he was displeased with her, it made her feel very unhappy. She laid her head in her mother's lap, and sobbed.

"Mary is not well, I am sure," said her mother. "I will ask Susan to take her up to the nursery. She must be very ill, to cry so much."

"Oh, don't send me to the nursery. I am not ill, but I do want to cry," said Mary.

She knew it was naughty to do so. In a few minutes, she wiped her face quite dry, and looked up very pleasantly. A gentleman came in, to talk with her father and mother. He happened to look at one of Mary's picture-books; and her father asked if he would like to take it home, and show it to one of his little girls. He thanked him, and put it in his pocket. Mary came very near crying again; but she remembered her father had said she must not sit on his lap, if she cried. So she crept up softly behind his chair, and whispered, "Father, that is *my* book." "I know it my dear: you

shall have it again;" said her father. He smiled at her, and put his hand on her little bright curls, and she felt very happy.

When she saw the gentleman go away, with the picture-book in his pocket, she tried very hard to keep from crying. She shut her mouth tight, and winked her eyes, and would not let the tears come. When she looked up, she saw that her father was very much pleased with her, for trying to be a good girl. He took her in his lap, and kissed her, and said, "Now Mary is a good little daughter, because she did not cry, when she wanted to cry very much indeed."

Mary said, "I will try never to cry so much again, dear father. My playthings break, and you don't love me, and I feel very bad myself, when I am cross."

She was a better little girl afterward. If she began to cry, she stopped herself, and said, "I don't want mother to say again, 'Little Mary is cross to-day.'"

LITTLE LUCY AND HER LAMB.

UCY was a very kind little girl. She never struck the kitten, and when she rode out with her father, she never wanted to whip the horse. When she was eating her bread and milk, a hungry fly would sometimes light on the edge of the bowl, and try to drink. Little Lucy never knocked him with her spoon. She would say to him,

"Drink away, poor little fly,
You may drink, as well as I."

One day, when spring weather came, and the sun was warm, and the grass green, a butterfly flew into the window, and lighted on a beautiful rose that was standing in the sunshine. Lucy jumped up, and clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, what a pretty,

pretty, pretty butterfly! Mother, may I touch it?"

Her mother told her she could not touch him, without hurting him. She took down a large dead butterfly, that was pinned over the looking-glass, and told Lucy to put her finger on it. When she took her finger off, it was all covered with fine meal from the butterfly's wings. Her mother told her that this meal was made of very small feathers, like the down on a bird; but the feathers were so very, very small, that they could not be seen, without a magnifying glass.

"Can the butterflies see them?" asked Lucy.

"I suppose they can," replied her mother; "but I do not know. I never was a butterfly; and so I cannot tell how much they can see with their little eyes."

"And when this meal comes off from their pretty wings, does it hurt them?" asked Lucy.

"I suppose it hurts them, as it hurts a bird to pull out his feathers," said her mother; "and besides that, they cannot fly as well, when the down is taken from their wings. It makes them lame."

"Then I will never touch a butterfly," said Lucy.

Lucy's grandfather lived in New Jersey. He was a good old Quaker gentleman, and Lucy loved him very much. When the snow-ball bush was in blossom, he came to see her, and staid a whole week. Almost every evening, Lucy took a walk with her good grandfather, and she was a very happy little girl. One evening, they met a man who was driving some sheep and lambs. A chaise-wheel had passed over one of the little lambs, and hurt its leg so badly, that it walked very lame indeed. Lucy begged to carry the little lamb home, because it was too lame to trot along after the mother.

"I will buy it for thee, my dear child," said the old gentleman. "Thou art as gentle as a little lamb thyself. But I think the little one will grieve for its mother; so I will buy the old sheep too."

He bought the sheep, and led her home by a string. Little Lucy carried the lame lamb in her arms. Her mother spread a nice warm blanket in a basket, and Lucy laid the lamb on it, and fed it with warm milk, from her own little china bowl. In a few weeks it was quite well.

One morning, the old gentleman called Lucy to him, and kissed her, and told her he must bid her farewell before she went to

school, for he should be gone to New Jersey before she came back. Lucy jumped up in his lap, and hugged him, and kissed him, and said, "Oh, do come again soon, grandfather. I love dearly to have you come."

When she put on her cape-bonnet to go to school, she staid round the good old grandfather, and leaned on his knees, and looked up in his face. "Poor Lucy," said her mother, "it comes very hard for her to part with grandfather."

"I must walk to school with the little darling myself," said the old man. And he took her hand, and she went jumping along, as happy as a kitten.

While Lucy was in school, her father brought the chaise to the door, for the grandfather to ride home. And up trotted the old sheep and the little lamb, as if they had come to say good-bye to their old friend.

"Look at the pretty creatures," said the old gentleman. The father looked, and smiled when he saw a small bell fastened to a neat little collar round the lamb's neck. On the bell was written "Little Lucy's Lamb."

"Tell my little darling," said the grandfather, "that I bought the bell for her, be-

cause she is always so kind to every body and every thing."

When Lucy came home, she was greatly delighted with her lamb's collar and bell. The little creature became very fond of her, and used to follow her all round, like a dog. When the lamb grew to be a sheep, she had many a warm pair of stockings made of her wool.

LITTLE FRANCIS.

NCE there was a little boy named Francis. He was a very lively child; always full of his talk. When he was two years old, his mother bought him a china bowl, covered with pictures. He thought the men and women on it were alive. When he ate his bread and milk, he would talk to them. They did not answer him. But their mouths were painted as if they were open; so he began to laugh, and offer them a spoonful of his supper. "Take some—take some. Why don't you eat it?"

When he saw that the figures on the bowl did not move, he turned round and offered the spoonful of milk to his mother. If his mother drank it, and said she loved it, his eyes would sparkle, and he would laugh for

joy. He loved dearly to give away a part of everything he had. If his mother gave him an apple, he would always ask to have it cut in five pieces, and give one to each of his brothers. And when his mother filled his bowl with milk, he would run about the house as fast as his little feet could go, to give all the children a drink.

Francis was very kind to animals, too. A poor dog used to go by his father's house sometimes. He did not have half enough to eat, and he was so lean that he looked like a mere skin full of bones. When Francis was very small, before he learned to talk very well, his little heart was full of pity for the poor starved animal. The first time he saw him, he called out, "Mamma, there's a poor dog that gets no dinner. He looks like a good boy of a dog. Do give him something to eat." His mother gave him some pieces of meat, and it made him very happy to go out and feed the hungry dog.

One day, the dog was going by, and they could not find any bones or cold meat for him. Francis was in great trouble. At last, he ran and took the plate of bones away from the cat. "She is a great fat puss,"

said he: "she gets a dinner every day, and the dog don't."

The beggar dog came to know his little friend so well, that he never went by the house without stopping to see him. If he did not come out soon, he would scratch on the gate, and bark.

One day, when Francis went to walk with his father, they met a blind man, who was led by a little white dog. The dog could not speak to ask for money for his poor master; but he made a whining noise, and scratched on the ground with his paws.

It pleased Francis to see the dog so good to the poor old man. He stooped down, and patted his head, and talked to him as if he had been a child. He gave the blind man all the coppers he had, and gave the dog the roll of bread and butter he was eating. "Take it, good little puppy," said he: "I wish I had another roll; you should have it."

The dog ate the bread, and licked his lips as if he thought it was good. Then he came and rubbed his head against the little boy, and looked up in his face, as if he wanted to speak. This made the lively little fellow laugh. "See, papa! see pa-

pa!" shouted he; "he is saying, Thank you, Francis. Have you got another roll?"

The blind man said he had another dog at home, that he would sell very cheap. The father told him to bring it to his house, and if it pleased him, he would buy it. He brought it the next day; and Francis liked it so well, that his father bought it, and gave it to him. The cat did not like this very well. She put up her back, and spit at the dog; and when she saw Francis take him up in his arms, she walked out of the house.

But the dog and cat soon came to be good friends together. They ate their dinner out of the same pan. When they had done, they would lie down on the grass, and roll about, and box one another's ears in play. This was great sport for Francis. Sometimes, he would lie down on the grass with them, and they would tumble over him, and jump and frolic about every way. If he set a little ball rolling, they would both scamper after it, and the dog would bring it back in his mouth. He taught his dog to stand on his hind legs and beg; and to carry his basket in his mouth, when he went into the garden to help his mother pick peas and beans.

But though Francis loved his dog so much, he did not neglect his cat. As soon as he was dressed in the morning, he would seat himself in his little arm-chair, and ask for his bowl of milk. Then he would call "Puss, puss! Bijou, Bijou!" and the cat and dog would both come running, and stand one on each side, while he gave them some of his breakfast. Sometimes he would take the cat in his lap, and she would lick his hand and purr. Then the happy little fellow would laugh, and say, "Mamma, hear puss talk, she is whispering to me; and I guess she says, Good morning, Francis."

It was a pleasure to see this little boy's face. His eyes were so clear, and bright, and blue, and he always looked so happy. He was always full of play, but he was never rude or noisy. When the sun had gone down behind the hills, and it was cool enough to play out of doors, he loved dearly to have his father run after him. He would go round the house, as fast as his little feet could fly. Sometimes, he would hit his toes against a stone, and fall down on the grass. But he did not mind that. He would jump up and run again. When he got round the corner, he would peep back, to see if father

was near enough to catch him. It was a pretty sight to see his eyes sparkling with fun, and his gold-coloured hair blowing in the wind. One day, when he came running round the corner very quick, the kitten came running against him. She was frightened, and put up her back, and hissed at him. How Francis did laugh!

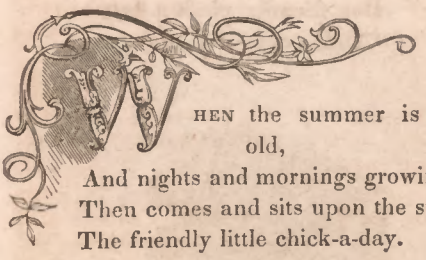
He loved to frolic out of doors, but he always came in as soon as his father and mother thought it was best. He would walk right in, and seat himself in his little arm-chair, and say, "Now will you tell me a story?" If his father said yes, he would climb into his lap, and lay his little curly head on father's shoulder, and be as quiet and happy as a little lamb lying on the grass with the old sheep. He was so fond of hearing stories, that he was not always ready to go to bed, when the proper time came. When he had his night-gown on, he would want to kiss every body two or three times over. And when his mother said, "Come, Francis, it is time to go to bed, and shut your little peepers," he would say, "Please let me stay a minute. Papa cannot do without his little boy." Sometimes, he would say, "Puss wants me to stay a little longer."

One night, when his mother was ready to lead him to bed, he said, "My foots are cold. Let me sit down a minute, and warm them in the moonshine." It made all his brothers laugh to see him sit down on the floor, where the moon shone brightly on his little white toes. As he sat looking up at the sky, he said, "The moon is a very bright thing. Mother, what was the moon made for?" His brother Henry said, "It was made to warm your toes."

Little Francis did not smile, he sat looking up at the window, winking his eyes slowly, as if he were thinking of something. At last, he said, "It looks very bright and pleasant up there. If we are good, perhaps father and mother, and little Francis and Henry, and all of us, will go to heaven together. I should love to have hold of dear mother's hand, when I go."

His mother stooped and kissed him, and said, "Take mother's hand now, and go to bed, like a good boy." He took her hand, and she laid him on his pillow, and in a few minutes he slept as sound as a mouse.

THE AUTUMN BIRD.



WHEN the summer is getting old,
And nights and mornings growing cold,
Then comes and sits upon the spray
The friendly little chick-a-day.

She is a chubby little bird,
And all day long her song is heard,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

She never minds a cloudy sky,
But ever singeth cheerily,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

When cold winter draweth near,
Dearly do I love to hear
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

Blessings on the happy bird,
With her pleasant little word,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

HAPPY LITTLE GEORGE.

LITTLE GEORGE lived in Boston. He was very fond of flowers. When the spring time came, he always used to say, "Oh, mother, how I do wish we lived in the country." Every morning and evening, he went to walk on Boston Common. If he happened to see a Dandelion, or a White Clover, he would break it off, and exclaim, "Oh, mother, see what a beautiful flower!"

People who live in cities have not much ground to spare. George's father gave him a small piece, about as big as an apron, and he liked to be digging in it half his time. At first, he put into the earth all flowers that were given him, and then he was sorry because the hot sun made them wither. But his mother bought him some Sweet Peas

and some Lupine seed, and showed him how to plant them. She told him they would not come up for many days, and he must wait patiently, and not touch them at all. It is very foolish for little boys to fret, because things do not grow as fast as they want them to. Fretting never makes any thing grow.

George was very good. Sometimes he looked at his garden, but he never touched it. One day, his mother told him she would show him something as pretty as the prettiest flower. So little George put on his hat, and ran off to walk with his mother, wondering what he was going to see. They stopped at a house where he had never been before. A gentleman who lived there showed them a gold snuff-box, with a very beautiful picture on the cover. While George was looking at the picture, the gentleman touched the box, and the cover opened. A beautiful bird rose up from the box, and shook himself, and turned his head round, and began to sing. He was very small; not bigger than a thimble. His feathers were smooth and glossy, and the colours as bright as a butterfly. His song was so clear and sweet, that George thought it was a real bird from the woods. But it was not

alive. It was a little machine, like a watch. A watch moves its hands, and keeps making a ticking noise, though it is not alive. So this little bird moved and sung, though it was only a machine.

George was not old enough to understand how this was done. But he was delighted with the beautiful bird, and wanted to look at it all day. After the bird had sung his songs three or four times over, the gentleman shut the box, and said he had not time to show it any more. George wished very much to see it longer; but he knew it was not polite to tease. He thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and bade him good bye.

The next morning, his father took him to ride in the country. There he saw ever so many flowers, and had plenty of sky-room to fly his kite with his little cousins. One day, he saw two pretty little squirrels seated on a bough, and never was any little boy so glad. He wanted to catch the squirrels and carry them home. But his father told him they would not be happy shut up in a box; and if they ran about in the city streets, they would get killed. Good little George thought he had rather leave them to be happy in the fields.

Afterward, George saw a white hen, with a whole brood of little chickens. She was scratching very busily, to find food for her little ones. One chicken was brown, and all the rest were white. George thought the brown one had been out in the sun too much. He said, "See father, how that little chicken is tanned!" His cousins laughed, and his father told him that the sun tanned little girls and boys, but it did not tan chickens. George saw a thousand pleasant things, and ran about, till he was tired. When he went home to Boston, he wanted to go to bed directly.

The next morning, he went to look at his garden; but he did not dig in it. He asked his mother only once when she thought the seed would come up. He built cob-houses, and looked at his little picture-books all day, without troubling his mother at all. He watched his garden every day. He wished the flowers would make haste and come up; but he never teased about it. In a fortnight, he saw little green things above the ground, and he ran into the house to tell of it. Every body was glad to see him so pleased. They all loved him; he was such a good-natured boy.

The next day, when George went to look

at his Lupines, he found a pretty flower-pot standing in the middle of his garden. In it was a rose-bush, with three beautiful roses, and three buds on it. Happy little George clapped his hands, and shouted for joy. His father heard him, and he opened the window and said, "That rose-bush is for you, my son; because you have been such a good boy, and have never teased about your garden."

"Thank you, father," said George; "now I can carry a rose to school for little Mary."

The flowers grew finely in George's garden. The bees came there to ask the flowers for honey, and the butterflies came for a breakfast. Almost every day George went to school with his little hand full of blossoms. And when he met a little ragged child, that had no garden, he was always glad to give him a flower.

THE DONKEY.

They say the donkey is a very stupid animal; but he is not stupid. Men beat him, and kick him, and keep him half starved; and that makes him not care about any thing; and so he seems stupid. But he is bright enough, when he is treated with gentleness and love. It makes all creatures bright, and lively, and happy, to be treated kindly. A donkey will do any thing for those he loves; but he does not care to please those who beat him and abuse him.

Thousands of miles from here, there is a beautiful sunny country, called Spain. The poor, hard-working people there are called peasants. In that country, there are many rocks and hills, and the donkey steps very safe and sure-footed among the stony paths,

In Spain, almost every body has a donkey. Rich people have them for the ladies and children to ride on, because they are so easily mounted, and step so softly and so gently. Sometimes you will see a plump little donkey, covered with handsome scarlet cloth, and three little children riding on his back. He will step round so carefully and softly, that even the little baby is not afraid; and he will stop close to the high step, that the little ones may get off his back safely, and not fall and hurt themselves.

When the poor Spanish peasant has been hard at work all day, and his donkey has been hard at work too, they come home very tired, and the poor jackass can hardly carry the heavy panniers on his back. But the children stand at the door, watching for him; and when they see the good creature come slowly along the road, that winds down from the hill, they throw up their caps, and set up a merry shout. The donkey hears them, and he pricks up his long ears, and trots fast, in a hurry to meet them. When he comes up to the cottage door, they hug him round the neck, and pat him on the side. They bring him some of the bread they have for their own suppers, and if they can find a turnip, they run gladly to give it

to him. He eats from their hands, and lays his head on their shoulders, and tries, all he can, to say, "I love you, dear children."

Oh no, the poor donkey is not stupid. It is very pleasant to him to be loved, and he gives back love to those who treat him well.

I will tell you what a Spanish donkey did once. His master was a poor man that carried milk to market. He did not ride into the city in a cart, as our milk-men do. The milk was put into bottles, and packed close in panniers, that were thrown across the donkey's back. The peasant walked along beside the donkey and his load, and thus they trudged to market together, every day, for many years. The donkey knew his master and mistress, just as well as they knew each other. He would come joyfully when they called his name, and feed from their hands, and follow them all round, like a dog. He loved them, and would do any thing for them.

Now it chanced, one day, that the peasant was very ill, and he could not leave his bed. "What will my customers do for milk?" said he; "they will expect me, and will not know what is the reason I cannot come."

"I cannot go and leave you alone," said his wife; "for we have no neighbours to

call in, to take care of you; and if I carried the milk all round the city, I should be gone many hours."

The donkey was eating some short grass by the road side, and just as she spoke, he brayed very loud. If you were to hear a jackass bray, you would think it was a very ugly sound, indeed; but the peasant did not think it very ugly, because he loved his donkey so much, and had lived with him so long.

"The poor fellow is calling me," said he. "He thinks it is time we were on our way to market."

"He knows as well as we do," said his wife. "I do believe he understands every word we say to him."

"He knows all my customers in the city, as well as I do," said the peasant. "I am sure of that. Sometimes I think he could go to market without me, as well as with me."

"We will try him," said the wife. So she called the donkey, and packed the milk in the panniers on his back, and told him to go to the city, and leave a bottle at every house, and come back as soon as he could.

The good creature seemed to understand what she said, though he could not speak to

make any answer. He walked off with his load, and went to the city. When he came to a house where they bought milk of his master, he pulled the door-bell with his mouth, and waited till somebody came out and took the milk. He would look round and watch till the bottle was taken out, emptied, and put back again; and then he would walk off to another house, and ring the bell. If it had been in New-York or Boston, the donkey could not have reached the door-bell; but in Spanish cities, the bells are not placed as they are on our doors. The donkey could pull them very well, without spilling his load of milk.

He had a happy time in the city; for many people followed him to see him pull the bell, and they gave him bread, and cake, and turnips. When he had left all the bottles, he turned round and walked home. He felt very lonesome on the road, without his old master. But the peasant crawled to the door step, to watch for him; and when he came trotting up with his empty bottles, all safe and sound, it was a joyful meeting. His old mistress patted him, and called him kind names; and he nestled his head on her shoulder, and seemed to try to say, "Am I not a good boy of a donkey?"

THE SAILOR'S DOG.

The other day, I went to walk with little Maria.

The sun shone very brightly, and the streets were clean. Maria said, "You walk me too fast." Then I walked slower. But Maria did not come along with me. She held back all the time. I looked round to see what made her do so; and I saw a little dog; the funniest little dog you ever looked at. He was not bigger than a kitten, and he had silky white hair, that curled all over his body. He was a very pretty little dog. His master thought he was a pretty dog, and a good dog; I know he did. He had given him a little morocco collar, all hung with silver buttons, that looked like little bells.

Though he was such a very small dog,

dog, he seemed to think himself very big. If he saw a great dog, as large as a calf, he would run after him, and jump up in his face, and bark at him. The great dogs would stop and stare at him, as if they did not know what such a little thing could mean by being so saucy. When he had done his noise, and gone off, they would look back, as if they wanted to laugh at him. But the sailor's dog seemed to think he was as big as any body's dog. When his master went by the corner of a street, he would run at full speed, to see if there were any horses there for him to bark at; and the sailor would have to whistle him back. I never saw a dog act so wild and funny. Maria took a great fancy to him. I could not make her walk along, because she laughed so much to see the sailor's dog.

The sailor saw that the little girl was very much pleased; and he came to me, and asked if I did not want to buy the dog for that little lady. I asked him how much money he would sell him for. "Poor Frisk," said he, "I would not sell him for fifty dollars, if I could help it; but I want money very much, and I will sell him for five dollars. He is as good-natured and playful as a kitten, and will catch rats and mice, as

well as a Maltese cat. I am going to sea to-morrow; and I should like very much to leave my pretty Frisk in the care of this little lady."

Maria looked up in my face very earnestly, and I knew that she greatly wanted the little dog for a play-fellow. So I bought Frisk, and carried him home in my arms. After we had given him something to eat, and played with him a little, he seemed almost as much at home, as if he had always lived at our house. Maria played with him till she went to bed, and when she came down in the morning, and found Frisk asleep on the hearth-rug, you never saw any little creature so glad as she was. The little dog jumped up, when he heard her cry out for joy; and he capered about, as if he were glad too.

From that day, Maria and Frisk were always together. When she walked, he ran by her side. When she slept, he lay on the foot of the bed, to keep her little feet warm. If she was gone out of sight, a single minute, Frisk would be so glad to see her when she came back, that he would run round, and shake his little silver buttons for joy. There never was a dog that loved a little girl so well as Frisk loved Maria.

Thus they lived together five or six months. When the sailor came home from sea, he came one day to ask if he might see Frisk. The little dog knew him, and jumped upon his knee, and licked his hands. This made the poor sailor cry. He said he was very sorry that he had sold Frisk; for he had a little girl at home about six years old, and when she heard the dog was sold, it almost broke her heart.

"I have promised my little Dolly that I will try to buy Frisk back again," said the sailor; "for Dolly is a good girl, and she is sickly now, and pines after the little dog all the time. When she sees me, her first question will be whether I have brought Frisk back; and it makes me feel very bad to see my little Dolly cry."

Maria stood looking in the sailor's face all the time. When he had done speaking, she made up a very grieved lip, and came and leaned in my lap, and whispered, "Is that man going to take my Frisk away?" I told her she must tell the sailor whether he might have the dog, or not; but she must remember that Dolly loved Frisk very much; and perhaps poor little sick Dolly had nothing else to love or play with.

Maria listened to me when I said this;

and she stood still, and looked very serious. At last, she said to the sailor, "Has Dolly got a Canary bird?" "No, miss," said the man. "Has she got a Maltese kitten?" "No, Miss," said he.

Maria ran out of the room, as fast as her small feet would carry her; and a minute after, she came back with her kitten in one hand, and her bird cage in the other. "You may give both these to Dolly," said she; "and then perhaps she will be willing that I should keep Frisk."

The sailor wanted to please the kind girl, but he did not know what to do. I said to Maria, "Dolly does not love the Canary bird and the kitten, because she has never lived with them. But she does love Frisk, and she will cry if her father does not bring him back; for poor little Dolly is not well. Maria is very good, to be willing to give her bird and her kitten to the little sick child. But she will be a still better girl, if she sends Frisk; because she wants to keep him, very much indeed."

Maria thought a little, and then she kissed the dog, and put him in the sailor's arms, and said, "You may carry him back to little Dolly, because little Dolly is sick."

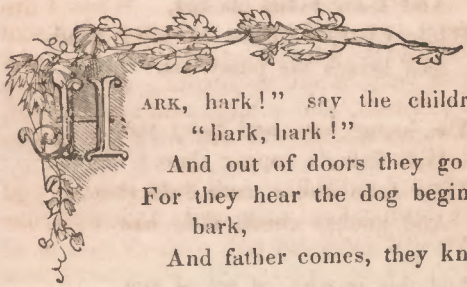
The sailor almost cried. He kissed Ma-

ria, and thanked her, and called her a blessed little girl, and promised to bring Frisk to see her, whenever he could.

When he had gone, Maria sat down in a corner and cried. But I took her out to walk, and we went to the Museum, where we saw many pretty things. She came home very tired and sleepy. When I undressed her, she said, "I am glad I sent Frisk away. I suppose the sailor's little sick girl is very happy with him; and I have got a kitten, and a bird, and a rose-bush, that I can water with my own little green water-pot."

"Yes," said I; "and better still, you have been a kind little girl, and made another little girl happy."

FATHER IS COMING!



HARK, hark!" say the children,
"hark, hark!"
And out of doors they go;
For they hear the dog begin to bark,
And father comes, they know.

Jane, and Lucy, and Charley dear,
All love the noisy Tray;
And quick they spring his bark to hear,
At close of summer's day.

For when Tray jumps the orchard wall,
Their hearts are full of bliss,
And forth they scamper, one and all,
To gain a father's kiss.

And dearly father loves to take
His babies on his knee,
While one calls out for "patty cake,"
Another cries, "Take me!"

Jane runs to bring the milk and bread,
And Lucy takes his hat,
While Charley shakes his silky head,
And brings his pussy cat.

The happy boy, and Lucy too,
Will father's supper share;
Then Jane unties each little shoe,
And mother combs their hair.

And this is why, at set of sun,
They every one will hark,
To see who first will call, "Run, run!
For Tray begins to bark!"

ANNA AND HER KITTEN.

ITTLE ANNA had a pretty grey kitten. She loved the kitten very much, and the kitten loved her. Sometimes, when Anna played with her doll and her small nine-pins, kitty would put out her paw, and roll all the playthings about the room. But Anna did not mind that. She knew little pussy did it all for play.

One day, when Anna was alone with kitty in the parlour, she made some scratches on the window; and that was a very naughty trick. When her nurse came into the room, she said, "Who made these scratches on the window?" The little girl felt very much ashamed of the mischief she had done; and she did not speak a word.

Kitty was rolled up in a heap, sleeping

in the rocking-chair. The nurse said, "Perhaps this naughty puss did it, with her sharp claws. I must box her ears, to teach her not to scratch the window."

Little Anna began to cry. She ran up to her nurse, saying, "Oh don't whip little kitty. She didn't scratch the window. I did it. I know it was a naughty trick, and I will not do it again."

The nurse did not box kitty's ears. Anna took poor little puss in her arms, and stroked her soft fur, and made her so happy, that she purred a song, as little Anna said.

Anna's father and mother, and her grandmother, and her nurse, all loved their little girl very much; because she always told the truth, and had such a kind heart.

THE HOUSE OF LITTLE TOM THUMB.

HEN there are four or five little children together, they may have some fun, trying to say the following sentences, without leaving out any thing. Each one should say a sentence, and then, when his turn comes round again, see if he can begin in the right place, and remember all he has to say:—

1. I sell you the house of little Tom Thumb.

2. I sell you the little chair, that stands in the house of little Tom Thumb.

3. I sell you the little cushion, that lies on the little chair, that stands in the house of little Tom Thumb.

4. I sell you the little hat, that little Tom

Thumb wears on his little head, when he sits on the little cushion, that lies on the little chair, that stands in the house of little Tom Thumb.

5. I sell you the little cane, that little Tom Thumb holds in his little hand, when he wears the little hat on his little head, and sits on the little cushion, that lies on the little chair, that stands in the house of little Tom Thumb.

6. I sell you the little ring, that little Tom Thumb wears on his little finger, when he holds the little cane in his little hand, and wears the little hat on his little head, and sits on the little cushion, that lies on the little chair, that stands in the house of little Tom Thumb.

7. I sell you the little watch that little Tom Thumb carries in his little pocket, when he wears the little ring on his little finger, and holds the little cane in his little hand, and wears the little hat on his little head, and sits on the little cushion, that lies on the little chair, that stands in the house of little Tom Thumb.

8. I sell you the little key, that winds the little watch, that little Tom Thumb carries in his little pocket, when he wears the little

ring on his little finger, and holds the little cane in his little hand, and wears the little hat on his little head, and sits on the little cushion, that lies on the little chair, that stands in the house of little Tom Thumb.

THE UNLUCKY DAY.

LUCIA was a little blue-eyed girl, with silky hair, as light as flax. She was very good-natured and talkative. People loved to ask her questions, to see what she would say. This made Lucia rather pert. She began to think she was old enough to know what she ought to do, and what she ought not to do, without asking her mother. She thought every body must be pleased with her stories; and she talked more than a little girl ought to talk. Her friends were not pleased with her. They often said to each other, "Lucia does not behave as prettily as she used to."

One day, Lucia said to her mother, "Ann Pratt does just as she pleases in every thing. Why don't you let me do so, too?"

"Because I do not think you would be so happy, my dear," replied her mother. "When I think you will be happier for doing a thing, I allow you to do it."

"I should have been happier yesterday, if you had given me some raisins when I wanted them," said Lucia.

"You know very well that raisins make you ill," answered her mother. "If I had given them to you, you would have been better pleased for a few minutes; but you would have felt very uncomfortable for hours."

Lucia sighed, and said, "Oh dear, how glad I should be, if I were my own mistress."

"You may be, if you please," replied her mother.

"For how long, mamma?" asked the little girl, with great eagerness.

When her mother told her she might do just as she liked, for a whole week, she was greatly delighted. She thought of fifty fine things she would do. In the first place, she would not go to school, or get a single lesson, the whole week. She would dress her doll, and work in her garden, and colour her maps. There never was a little girl had half so many plans as she had.

The first day of the week, she found two little white chickens in her hen's nest. It was warm weather, and Lucia thought the little creatures could not possibly be happy among so many straws and feathers. She brought them into the house, and put them on a nice linen cloth in a basket. She fed them with crumbs of bread, but they did not seem to like it much. They were just out of the shell, and did not know how to eat big crumbs. When she was tired of looking at them, and hearing them chirp, she put the basket on the table, and went out. The old hen was running about in great distress, and the little chickens wanted their mother. But Lucia did not think of this.

When she went into the garden, she found her lupine seeds just peeping above the ground. They grew so strangely, that she thought they had come up bottom upwards. She pulled them all up, and planted them again, with their roots in the air. When she had worked in the sun, till she was very warm and tired, she went to her doll-house. The doll had on a very pretty pink crape gown. Lucia forgot that she had soiled her hands, by digging in the earth of the garden. When she took hold of her

doll, every one of her fingers left a dirty mark on the nice crape.

Though Lucia was very tired, she thought she would run down stairs, and get some water to wash the robe, before the spots were dry. She saw a stone jar of water behind the kitchen door, and she dipped up a mug full. It was not rain water, as she thought. There was ashes soaking in it. The moment she put the gown into it, all the colour went away, and it looked like a dirty white rag. To make the matter worse, the thoughtless child washed the robe right over her doll's face; and wherever she sprinkled it, all the colour was taken out. The pretty cheeks were as spotted, as if the doll had had the small-pox. "Oh dear," thought Lucia, "what an unlucky day!" She sat down and cried bitterly. She did not like to go to her mother, to tell her troubles. She thought her mother would say that she would not have been so mischievous and unhappy, if she had learned her lesson, and gone to school.

She put her doll away, and thought she would comfort herself by a look at her chickens and lupines. The plants were all withered. The gardener told her they were quite dead, and that all the care in the world

would never bring them to life again. Lucia said the lupines came up bottom upwards. The gardener laughed, and told her that the flowers knew how to grow, better than she could teach them.

Poor Lucia sighed deeply, and walked into the house to see her chickens. The wings were lying about the table. The cat had eaten them. The little girl could not bear that. She sat down and cried, as if her heart would break. Her mother came in, and asked what was the matter. "Oh dear," sobbed Lucia, "that wicked cat has eaten my two little white chickens."

"You should not have brought them into the house," said her mother. "The old hen knew what was good for her little ones, much better than you do."

Lucia began to think that mothers always knew what was best for their children; but she did not say so. She dried her eyes, washed her face, and looked out of the window, till dinner was ready.

After dinner, she thought she would amuse herself with painting her maps. She had a box full of bright colours, which one of her school-mates had given her. She daubed Europe with blue, and Asia with orange colour, and Africa with red, and America

with green and vermillion. She put the paint on so thick and dry, that it was full of stripes and spots. Not a word of the printing could be seen. Lucia was out of patience, and threw her maps into the desk.

Then she ran into the meadow to chase butterflies. She forgot that her mother had often told her not to go there alone. As she was running very fast, she fell into a deep ditch, and was buried up to her chin in black mud. A man, who was at work in the meadow, heard her scream, and ran to take her out of the ditch. She lost one of her shoes, and her gown was heavy with dirt. So the man put her in his wheelbarrow, and carried her home. When her mother was sure that she was not hurt at all, she could not help laughing, to see what an odd figure she made. Her hair was all tangled together with mud, and her arms were as black as a chimney-sweep. It was a great while before she looked like herself again; and when she was washed and neatly dressed, she did not feel quite comfortable. She thought every body that looked at her, wanted to laugh at her bad luck.

After a little while, she told her mother she was going to take tea with Caroline Pratt. Her mother advised her not; because Caro-

line's mother did not like to have her receive visits, except on Saturday, when she had no lessons to learn. But Lucia wanted to go very much, and she put on her bonnet, and ran off.

Caroline was studying her lesson, and her mother did not seem to like very well to have her interrupted. "Lucia, how comes it that you are not getting your lesson for to-morrow?" said she.

Lucia hung down her head, and said, "I don't go to school this week. Mother said I might do just as I liked in every thing, for one week."

"I think a wise little girl would rather go to school, than remain idle at home," said the lady.

Lucia blushed, till her cheeks felt very warm. She began to feel ashamed of being an idle child. Caroline tried to amuse her with her playthings; but in about an hour, her mother told Lucia she had better go home, and leave her little daughter to study her lesson.

So Lucia went away before sun-down. When she got home, her mother said to her, "You do not look happy, my daughter."

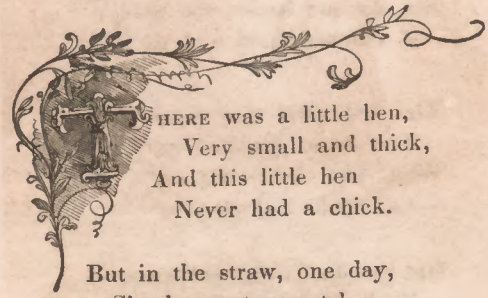
"No, I am not happy, dear mother," she replied. "I have been very unlucky all

day. I believe it was because I have been idle, and did not know what to do with myself. Hens know what is best for their little chickens, and mothers know what is best for their little girls. I do not want to be my own mistress any longer."

THE HEN AND HER DUCKS

The first pond they came nigh,
The ducks waddled in,
While poor biddy did cry,
And make a loud din.

THE HEN AND HER DUCKS.



THERE was a little hen,
Very small and thick,
And this little hen
Never had a chick.

But in the straw, one day,
She began to scratch,
And four eggs she did lay,
Some young ones to hatch.

The farmer heard her cluck,
And he thought it best,
To put the eggs of a duck
Into biddy's nest.

And soon the hen marched out,
With a pretty young brood,
But what she led about,
She never understood.

Proud was the little biddy,
When she called chuck, chuck,
She did not know, the niddy,
A chicken from a duck.

The first pond they came nigh,
The ducks waddled in,
While poor biddy did cry,
And make a loud din.

But the ducks did not know
What frightened their mother,
Or what made her scream so,
And make such a pother.

For they liked it right well,
To splash in the waters,
While the hen could not tell
What on earth ailed her daughters.

So she spread out her wings,
And went screaming about,
Till the fat little things
Had all paddled out.

The poor hen did not know,
For nobody taught her,
That young ducks always go
Right into the water.

And she never understood
That farmers play tricks;
So she thought her little brood
Were all honest chicks.

And hard she did strive
To teach them aright,
For to see them all dive,
Gave her many a fright.

But the ducklings grew strong,
And she stopped her cries;
For she thought she was wrong,
And the little ones wise.

They grew up and went away,
And biddy lived alone,
Till she laid some eggs one day,
Under the barn-door stone.

She kept her eggs full warm,
And brooded them so well,
That by and bye a swarm
Of chickens broke the shell.

Proud was the hen, and fond,
But little she did know,
For down unto the pond,
She made the young ones go.

When she saw they would not dive,
She made a great ado,
For she thought she ought to drive
Her little chickens through.

The poor little timid things,
They were afraid to go,
But she beat them with her wings;
She thought she must do so.

They knew not what she meant;
  She drove them round and round,
Till into the pond they went,
  And there her chickens drowned.

Poor little biddy couldn't think
  What made her first brood thrive,
And all the others sink,
  Before they learned to dive.

It was a pity she didn't know
  It could not bring good luck,
To train a little chicken up
  As if it were a duck.

THE LITTLE GLUTTON.

ITTLE LAURA is a glutton. Do you know what that means? A glutton is one who eats more than he needs, merely because he likes the taste. Sometimes Laura eats more than is good for her. Then she has the head-ache, and is very cross. If her brother comes and pulls one of her curls, just for fun, she stamps her foot, and says, "Get away, Tom." This is because she has eaten too much, and made her head ache; for Laura is a good-natured little girl, when she feels well.

I do not know what makes Laura so silly as to eat more than she needs. Her kitten never eats a mouthful more than she needs. She leaves the dinner in her plate, and lies down to sleep, when she has eaten enough.

Her little Canary birds are not so silly as Laura; for if she were to fill their cage with seed, they would only eat as much as they need, and leave the rest till to-morrow. The little busy bee is wiser than Laura. She flies about among the flowers, and might eat out of their honey-cups all day, if she chose; but she only eats enough to keep her alive and well, and carries the rest home to her hive. The little squirrel is not so silly as Laura. He eats half a dozen acorns, and then frolics about. If he had a house filled with acorns, he would never need to have a doctor come to see him; for he would not eat one acorn more than he needed, merely because it tasted good.

Laura will never feel as well as the squirrel, or have such nimble little feet, if she eats more than she needs. Little children that eat much cake, or pie, or candy, do not have such rosy cheeks, or bright eyes, or such sweet lips, or such happy tempers, as those who eat but little. The kitten, and the birds, and the bees, and the squirrels, are good-natured, and industrious, and frolicsome, because they never eat many different things, and only eat just enough.

I had rather be a squirrel, and live on acorns in the woods, than to be a glutton.

I had rather be a bee, and make honey for good little boys and girls to eat, than to be a glutton. I had rather be a bird, even if they shut me up in a cage, than to be a glutton. I had rather be a kitten than a glutton; even if the people cried "s'cat," when I came in their way.

THE TWINS.

MARY ANN and MARY JANE were twins. That means that one of the little girls was just as old as the other. They both had blue eyes, and light brown hair. When one had a new gown, or a new apron, the other had one just like it. When they stood together, with their pink gowns and their white aprons, it was very hard to tell which was Mary Ann, and which was Mary Jane, they looked so very much alike.

They lived in the country, and each of them had a very small garden, which they called their own. They had two little Maltese kittens, one just as big as the other; but Mary Ann always knew her kitten, because it had a white speck on its nose. The day they were four years old, their father

gave them each a little white lamb, and a little spotted calf. The lambs had small bells on their necks, and when they came running to meet the little girls, the bells jingled and made pleasant music.

Mary Jane's uncle gave her a little shaggy dog. He often made the little girls laugh when he capered among the kittens and the lambs. They named him Frolic, because he was always so full of his fun. Mary Ann had no dog; but she did not cry about that. The little sisters loved each other very much, and never quarrelled about their playthings. Sometimes, when little girls came to see them, they would ask, "Mary Ann, don't you wish you had a dog, too?" But she always said, "No, I don't care about it. Mary Jane lets me call him mine, sometimes, and that does just as well."

One day, they heard their older brother reading about Robinson Crusoe, and how he taught his cats to dance. The little girls thought this was very funny. "Oh, let us try to teach our kittens to dance!" said Mary Jane. Her sister thought it would be very pretty play. So they went into the garden, and called Tabby and Dinah. The kittens came running along, purring and rubbing their sides against the fence. But

they did not like to dance; and when the little girls tried to make them stand upon their hind legs, the kittens spit at them, and tried very hard to pull away their paws.

The two lambs, named Snow-drop and Snow-ball, came walking through the yard, nibbling the sweet clover. The little girls said, "Perhaps the lambs will dance better than the kittens. Let us teach the lambs to dance." But the lambs would not dance. They just lifted up one foot, and stood stock still. Dinah, the puss, curled herself up, and laying her head on her paws, went to sleep. Then Frolic came barking with all his might, and Tabby was so frightened, that she put up her back and spit at him. Snow-drop went up to Tabby, and stamped her little foot, and looked as if she wanted to say, "Naughty Tabby! shame on you, Tabby!" It made the girls laugh very much to see a lamb stamp its foot. Mary Jane said, "The dog and the kittens, and the lambs all act so wild, that we shall never teach them to dance."

Then the girls went into their own little garden, to gather some flowers. They fastened some of them in the collars of Snow-ball and Snow-drop; and the little white lambs looked very pretty indeed, with their

posies round their necks. I do not know what ailed Frolic. He seemed bent upon doing some mischief. He came and stood right before Snow-drop, and looked in her face, and made such a loud bow-wow, that the poor little lamb was frightened, and trotted off as fast as she could run. Then he took Tabby's ear in his mouth, and shook it, till the kitten squalled out, and the ear began to bleed. I do not think Frolic meant to hurt poor kitty; but he was so wild and full of his fun, that he did not know what he was doing.

Mary Ann was very sorry for her poor little kitten. She washed the ear, and wiped it with a soft linen rag, and sat in her little rocking-chair, and rocked the kitten fast asleep. But she did not fret at her sister, because it was her dog that bit the kitten. These good little sisters never fretted at each other.

Mary Jane said she was so sorry, that she would give Frolic away, where he could never come near the kittens again. But Mary Ann said she was sure Frolic did not mean to hurt poor Tabby; and she should not like to have her sister give away the little dog she loved so much. Mary Jane was much more grieved than she would

have been to have had her own kitten hurt. She did not take any notice of Frolic for several days. The little dog would lick her hand, and jump upon her gown, and try every way he could to tell her that he loved her. And when he found she would not take any notice of him, he would hang down his head, and go away by himself, and seem to be as much ashamed, as a naughty little girl, when she knows that her mother is not pleased with her. He never bit Tabby again, and Tabby never put up her back at him. They often had great frolics together. The dog, and the lambs, and the kittens, would all lie down to sleep together, under the shade of the old apple tree; and sometimes the little spotted calves would come and sleep there, too.

At last, Mary Ann's little lamb became very ill. It would lie on the grass all day, and not frisk about as it used to do. When the little girls tried to feed it with good warm milk and tender clover, it would not take any thing from their hands. Its bright eyes grew very dull, and in two or three days it died. It would have grieved you to see how the sisters cried, when they stood by the dead lamb, with their arms round each other's necks.

"Now you shall have Frolic for your own," said Mary Jane; "for you have no dog, and your dear little Snow-drop is dead."

Mary Ann wiped away her tears, and kissed her sister. "You are very kind to me, Mary Jane," said she; "if you give Frolic to me, you may call him yours, just as I used to call him mine, when he was your dog."

When the twins went to sleep that night, there were tears on their eye-lashes, because dear little Snow-drop was dead. But it was a comfort to them to know that they had always been kind to Snow-drop, and had made her as happy as a lamb could be.

THE PARROT.

In this little story, Mary and Ann, and their brother James, are talking together, and Poll Parrot keeps putting in her word, and makes mischief.

MARY. There is James coming from school, with his bag of books slung over his shoulder. I will run and tell him what uncle Thomas has brought home for us.

Ann. I know he will wish it had been a monkey. He is always talking about monkeys.

Mary. Monkeys are dirty, mischievous creatures. I like pretty Poll as well again as a monkey. James! James! make haste, and come here. Uncle Thomas has brought something for us.

James. Is it a monkey?

Ann. There now! I knew he would ask whether it was a monkey.

Mary. Oh, brother, it is a great deal prettier than a monkey. It is a beautiful parrot, all green and gold, except a little tip of red on the tail. Come and see.

[*James follows his sister into the house. She offers the Parrot a piece of apple. Poll takes it in her claw, and eats it very genteelly.*]

Mary. Is she not a handsome creature, James? Pretty Poll!

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Ann. How plain she speaks.

James. I should like a monkey better. What a vain thing she is, to keep saying Pretty Poll.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

[*James laughs; the parrot laughs like him; and that makes James angry.*]

James. What do you mean by mocking me?

Parrot. What do you mean by mocking me? Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

James. You saucy thing!

Parrot. You saucy thing!

[*James takes up an apple core, and throws it at her cage.*]

Ann. Now, James, don't be angry with pretty Poll; though you are a little pepper-box.

Parrot. Little pepper-box.

James. What made you say that word? That ugly parrot has learned it. You know I hate to be called a pepper-box.

Parrot. Pepper-box.

James. Hold your tongue, Poll.

[*Parrot laughs.*]

Mary. Never mind, brother. Ann did not mean to teach it to Poll; and Poll will soon forget it. Poll don't know the meaning of what she says; so what's the use of minding her?

James. That is true, Mary dear. You are a kind little soul, and always try to make peace. But I don't like Mrs. Poll Parrot half as well as I should like a monkey; for all her bright feathers.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Ann. A monkey is so ugly looking, and so full of mischief.

James. Some of the small ones have glossy green coats, as handsome as Mrs. Poll's; and as for mischief, I guess you will find pretty Poll mischievous enough. But now I will tell you a secret, girls. You know to-morrow is mother's birth-day. I

have been saving all my money, on purpose to buy a present for her. But don't you say a word. I don't want mother to know any thing about it, till she sees it on her table.

Mary and Ann. What is it? What is it?

James. A work-box.

[*The girls jump and clap their hands.*] A work-box! What a pretty present!

Parrot. A work box! What a pretty present!

James. I declare, Poll knows the secret; and now she will blab. But here, you may just peep at the box.

He opens his bag, and the girls call out, Oh how pretty!

[Their mother enters.]

Mother. What is so pretty? What have you there, my son?

Parrot. A work-box! What a pretty present!

James. There! I knew the mischievous thing would blab.

[*He throws a stick at her cage.*]

Parrot. Pepper-box.

[*James tries to run out, and falls over a footstool. The parrot laughs.*]

Mother. What *is* the matter? Why is James so vexed?

Parrot. Pepper-box.

[*Mary goes out, and soon returns, leading her brother by the hand.*]

James. The fact is, dear mother, I bought a present for your birth-day, and wanted to keep it a secret till to-morrow. But that ugly old parrot told it all.

Mary. She is not ugly, or old, James.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Mother. It is a beautiful present, my son; and it makes me very happy that you should be so thoughtful about my birth-day.

James. Dear mother, you always think of something to make us happy. It would be strange if we did not sometimes think of you. I am sorry I was angry; for I resolved, a good while ago, not to be a pepper-box any more. Oh, you saucy Poll!

[*He laughs, and shakes his fist at the cage.*]

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

Mary. I am sorry you found out about the present, sooner than James wanted you to, mother. But the parrot was not to blame. She does not know the meaning of what she says.

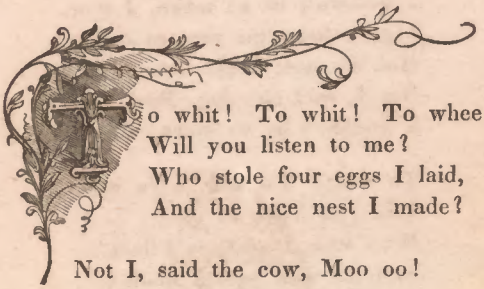
James. That is true, dear sis; and I did wrong to call her a vain thing for saying Pretty Poll.

Parrot. Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!

James. Oh yes, I dare say you will have the last word.

Parrot. Oh yes. Oh yes. Pretty Poll!

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?



To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Not I, said the cow, Moo oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I, said the cow, Moo oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

To whit, To whit, To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb-tree to-day?

Not I, said the dog, Bow wow,
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I, said the dog, Bow wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.

To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb-tree to-day?

Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest,
From little yellow breast?

Not I, said the sheep; oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa baa! said the sheep, oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plumb-tree to-day?

Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow breast?

Caw! Caw! cried the crow,
I should like to know,
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?

Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again.
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

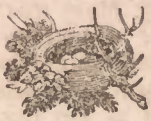
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again.

Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry for shame!

I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean.

'Tis very cruel, too,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.



THE LITTLE WHITE LAMB AND THE LITTLE BLACK LAMB.

MARY LEE is a kind little girl. She loves every thing, and when she sees any creature hurt, it makes her cry. When Mary was a babe, just big enough to sit on the floor alone, her father bought her a lamb. At first, she did not like the looks of the wool. She was afraid to put her fingers on the lamb's back. The little lamb said, "Baa! Baa!" and Mary cried. She did not know that was the way little lambs talk. But very soon Mary loved the lamb.

When her brother George asked her, "What is little Mary?" she would say, "*Ma-wee* is mother's pet lamb." And when he asked her, "What is the little lamb?" she would say, "The lamb is Ma-wee's friend."

Every night, the lamb stood beside her,

when she ate her bread and milk; and she fed him with her little spoon. Sometimes, when she drew her little cart about the room, the lamb ran after her; and oh, how Mary would clap her hands and laugh. Nancy, the nurse, would laugh, too; for she loved little Mary, and was pleased to see her happy.

Every day, the little lamb grew bigger; and every day the little girl grew bigger. One day, George led his little sister out to the barn, and there she found two little baby lambs. One of them was a black lamb, and one was a white lamb.

Mary ran into the house and told her nurse, Nancy, that her lamb had two baby lambs, and one was black and the other white. Nancy was a black woman. She had a little boy named Thomas. George and Mary were white children. Thomas was a black child. Thomas loved George and Mary, and George and Mary loved Thomas.

Nancy went out to the barn with the children, to see the lambs. Little Mary said, "What makes one lamb white, and the other lamb black?"

Nancy told her, "God made the white lambs, and the black lambs. God loves them both, and made them to love each other."

Then Mary said, "I am my mother's white lamb, and Thomas is Nancy's black lamb; and God loves us both."

When they all went into the house, Nancy gave the children a cake and an orange; and George and Mary said, "Give Thomas one, too."

When Mary was sleepy, Nancy took her in her arms, and rocked her, and sung pretty songs to her.

The little girl said, "I love my father, and my mother, and Nancy, and George and Thomas. I love you dearly, Nancy. You are always good to me. God loves George, and Thomas, and me, when we are good children. And God loves the little white lamb and the little black lamb, when they are good lambs. I suppose lambs are always good. But little children are naughty sometimes. Henry Pratt struck good little Thomas, and called him a nigger; and that made me cry. My little white lamb loves the black lamb; but Henry Pratt struck good little Thomas, and called him names. That was very naughty."

Then the little chatter-box put her arms round Nancy's neck, and went to sleep. Nancy kissed Mary's cheek, and covered her up all warm.

MAY DAY.

LOUISE was only five years old; but she was a good scholar, and behaved like a lady. She had always lived in the city; and she did not know much about sheep and cows, and flowers, and green grass. She knew the fragrant Geraniums by sight, for she had seen them in her mother's window. But she did not know how pretty the Violets are, when they first come out, and stay close to the ground, for fear the cold winds will blow them over. She had never seen the Wild Lilac, hidden under the leaves of last autumn; or the beautiful blue flowers of the Liverwort, smiling all alone among the dry grass.

Louise wanted very much to see the pretty wild flowers. Her mother told her

she might go into the country, to spend May day with her aunt, if she would try hard, for one week, to cure herself of a bad habit. "What is my bad habit?" asked Louise.

"You make good resolutions, and then break them," replied her mother.

"Great folks talk about resolutions," said Louise. "Little girls, like me, do not talk about resolutions."

"Yes they do," said her mother: "My little Louise told me yesterday morning, that she would break herself of teasing; that she would not ask me twice for any thing, all day. I told her that was a very good resolution, and I hoped she would keep it. That same little girl, before it was night, wanted to go to see her cousin Ann; and when I told her it was not proper, because it rained, she teased to go in the omnibus. That little girl broke her good resolution."

"I know who it was. It was I, mother. I remember it very well."

"There was a little girl, too," continued her mother, "who rose from the breakfast table this morning, and said, 'To-day, I will not say I can't. Whatever I am told to do to-day, I will not say I can't.' A

spelling lesson was given her, and she forgot her resolution, and said, 'I can't get that, it is so long.' She was asked to hold a skein of silk, and she said, 'I can't hold it, because it makes my hands ache.' "

"That was I, too," said Louise. "I am sorry I did not keep my word. I will try very hard not to say 'I can't' again to-day."

"It is better to say, 'I will try,' than to speak so very certainly, as you sometimes do, my daughter. If you feel a little afraid of breaking your promise, you wll be more likely to keep it," replied her mother.

"I will try," said Louise.

A little while after, her mother told her to ask the boy to bring some coal. Louise began to say, "Mother, I ca—;" but she stopped, and put her hand on her lips, and laughed, as she said, "Only think, mother! I was going to say, 'I can't get up, because my lap is full of patch-work;' but I can. I am glad I did not quite forget."

Louise did try very hard to keep her resolutions, during the whole week; and her mother told her she should go into the country to spend May day.

"If I make a good resolution every week, and try to keep it, I shall soon get to be a

very good girl; shall I not, dear mother?" said Louise.

"I think you will, my daughter," replied her mother. "If I were you, I would try not to feel in too great a hurry about anything, the first week in May; and I would resolve not to be fretful about anything, all the time I staid with my aunt."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Louise; "and I will try to do it."

Louise went into the country on Monday, and Tuesday was May morning. The children were all going into the fields early; and when they knew a little girl from the city wished to go with them, they said they would call for her. Eighteen or twenty children, with baskets in their hands, came to the door at five o'clock in the morning. Louise was not quite dressed, and she began to speak in a fret, to the woman who was buttoning her clothes. But she remembered her good resolution, and said, "Will you be so good as to fasten my frock as quick as you can? The little girls are waiting for me."

Her aunt had made a pretty little basket of moss, and trimmed it with pink ribbon, on purpose for her. It was not so cold as it sometimes is on May day. It was warm,

and sunny. Louise soon filled her basket with Violets, and Anemones, and Wild Lupine leaves. They made a pretty wreath of flowers and crowned one of the little girls Queen of May. Then they all said they would go down to the meadow, to get some Cowslips. Louise did not know that meadows were very soft and muddy. She stepped in so deep, that she soiled her stockings badly, and came very near losing her basket. She felt a little impatient at first, but she did not forget her good resolution.

Her aunt had written a verse neatly, on a pretty bit of note paper, with a wreath of flowers painted round it. She tied it with rose-coloured ribbon, and put it in the moss basket. Louise did not see it, till she began to arrange her flowers in bunches. She was much pleased when she opened it, and read,

> The butterfly now spreads her wing,
> The little birds begin to sing,
> And children are as glad as they,
> To welcome in delightful May.

After the happy little band had filled their baskets with flowers, Louise tied her poetry into the handle, and they all began to move homeward. The little girls stopped

and left their baskets at the houses of friends, as they went along. Louise saved hers for her dear mother. She was looking at the pretty loaded basket, thinking how much it would delight her, when the handle broke, and all the flowers fell into the dusty road. When Louise saw the Cowslips she had toiled after so much, all covered with dirt, she came very near breaking her resolution; but she did not. She only said, "Oh dear, I wish the handle had been sewed better; but I cannot help it now."

The children were all willing to give her some of their flowers. They said they liked that little girl, because she was so patient and good natured. The basket was soon mended and filled again. When Louise gave it to her mother, she said, "I was very happy May-day. The bright sun and the pretty flowers made me glad. But the best of all was, though I broke my basket, I did not once break my resolution."

LITTLE JANE.

LITTLE JANE was about four years old. She was a very neat little girl, and she had a kind heart. But little Jane was apt to fret. If her brother George came near her, and tickled her ear with a feather, she would toss back her curls, and hunch up her shoulders, and say, "I do wish George would let me alone."

George loved his sister dearly; but he was a merry boy, and he liked to plague her sometimes. One day, he had been playing with some boys, and he felt very happy indeed. He came into the house, laughing and jumping, and began to sing,

"Little Jane
Went up the lane,
To hang her clothes a drying;
She called to Nell,
To ring the bell,
For Jack and Gill were dying."

His sister was sitting on a cricket, sewing a doll's gown. She gave her thread a twitch, and said, "Mother, will you speak to our George? He is always singing about little Jane."

"What harm does it do, to sing about little Jane?" asked her mother.

"I do not like to have him sing, little Jane, little Jane, all the time. There, mother, he has begun again. Will you speak to him?"

Before there was time to speak to the rogue, he ran out of doors, looking back all the time, and singing, "Little Jane went up the lane." Jane had half a mind to cry; but she concluded she would not. She knew George loved her, and only did such things for play.

She put her doll in the cradle, and began to sing lullaby. All at once she stopped, and said, "Mother, I wish I was a butterfly."

"Why do you wish that, my little girl?" said her mother.

"Because, if I was a butterfly, my brother George would not tickle my ears, and sing, 'Little Jane.'"

"But then you would not have any brother George," said her mother; "and you would be sorry for that."

"Yes I should be sorry for that," said little Jane. "I do love George, if he only would not plague me so, and sing baby songs to me. But if I was a butterfly, I should have pretty, bright wings; I should fly all over the fields; and I should sleep on the flowers."

Her mother smiled, and said, "Butterflies have no mothers to tuck up their beds nicely, and kiss them, and bid them good night."

Little Jane sighed. "I should not like to be a butterfly," she said. She sat still a minute, and then said, "But I should like to be a mouse; I am sure I should."

"Why should you like to be a mouse?"

"Because I should have such sleek, soft fur, and such cunning little black eyes. I should so love to do mischief in the pantry, and then slip away into a hole, when I heard somebody coming. It would not be naughty for a mouse to do so, would it, mother?"

"No, it would not be naughty for a mouse to do so; because a mouse does not know any better," said her mother: "But don't you like better to be a nice little girl, who knows what is right, and who has a mother to love her when she does right?"

"Yes I do," said little Jane: "I suppose, too, the cat would catch me, if I were a mouse." She looked very sober, at thoughts of being caught by the cat; but her face brightened up, as she said, "Oh, I should like to be a bird! Then I should have wings, and fly about after straws to make a nest. Such a pretty, pretty nest, as I would make; so soft and warm. I should like to sleep in a bird's nest."

"But perhaps the boys would steal your nest," said her mother; "or perhaps the gunners would shoot you, when you were flying. Then you know you would have no nice little chair to sit in, and no mother to bring you your porringer of bread and milk."

"I should be sorry for that," said little Jane: "I should not care much about the bread and milk; for if I were a bird, I could pick as many cherries off the trees, as I wanted. But I should want somebody to give me my breakfast; and I should like to have a brother George to speak to, though he does keep singing, little Jane, little Jane. I was going to say I wished I was a kitten; but then I should grow a great cat. I believe, mother, I had rather be your little Jane, than any thing else, after all; for

father loves me, and you love me, and George loves me; and if I grow such a woman as you are, every body will love me."

The little chatter-box did not talk any more that time; for she heard her brother in the next room, and she went to play Puss-in-the-corner with him.

MY SISTER MARY.

A Talk between an Uncle and his Niece.

UNCLE.

LOUISE, Mary must live with me,
And I'll give you, for company,
A pretty bird with glossy wings,
That hops about and sweetly sings.
Her garden filled with lovely flowers,
Shall have two honey-suckle bowers,
And golden fish, in sparkling water,
If she will come and be my daughter.

LOUISA.

But she's *my* sister, uncle Carey;
My own sweet loving sister Mary.
I cannot spare her for a day;
She helps me at my work and play.

How I should cry if she were gone!
I could not dress my doll alone.
Therefore, dear uncle, I do pray
You will not make her go away.
Good cousin Jane may live with you;
She has no little sister Loo.
You may give her the bright Canary,
And let me keep dear sister Mary.
I'm very sure she will not go
From little Loo who loves her so

UNCLE.

Now blessings on your gentle heart!
I should be loth to see ye part.
You need not cling to her in fear;
You shall not lose your playmate, dear.
My words were merely meant to prove
How dearly you your sister love.
I will give her the bright Canary,
And she shall be *your* sister Mary.

DISCONTENTED DORA.

ORA MANNING was rich, and her cousin Jane Loring was poor. If Dora wanted any thing that could be bought with money, her parents could afford to buy it for her. But little Dora was not happy with her playthings, while her cousin Jane was almost always happy. Dora wanted every thing she saw, and was never willing to make any thing for herself.

One day her mother bought her a beautiful large French doll. Dora admired it very much, and went directly to show it to her cousin Jane.

"It is sweet and pretty," said Jane: "I wonder whether I could make one like it."

Her mother told her she could not make one as handsome; but with her help, she thought she could make a very pretty one.

She bought a head for her, and showed her how to make the body, and stuff it. Then she gave her some pretty pieces of calico and silk, to dress it. For four or five days, Jane employed all the time she was not at school, in making and dressing her doll. She was very happy; for busy people are always happy. When the doll was done, it was really very pretty. It was not so handsome as her cousin Dora's doll; but the dress was made so neatly, that everybody liked it. It served to amuse Jane and her little companions for months afterward.

Do you think Dora Manning had so much pleasure with her beautiful new doll? No indeed; she did not enjoy it half so much. It was entirely dressed when her mother bought it; and after she had looked at it a few times, she cared very little about it. It was none of it the work of her own little mind and fingers; and that was the reason she soon grew tired of it.

Two days after it was bought, one of her friends showed her a remarkably large doll, that could open and shut its eyes, when a string was pulled, to make them open and shut. This made Dora unhappy. She did not like her own beautiful doll, because she had seen another doll, that had moving

eyes. "I must have a doll that can open and shut her eyes," said she. "I get cross with my doll; for when I sing lullaby, lullaby, there she lies in her cradle, with her great bright eyes staring wide open all the time. I must have a doll that can go to sleep."

Her mother bought a great doll with moving eyes; and, for a week or two, Dora was satisfied. But at the end of that time, she said she was tired of her doll, because she would not open and shut her eyes herself. "I have to pull a string to make her shut her eyes," said Dora; "and I don't call that going to sleep at all. I am tired of the stupid thing. Mother, will you buy me a musical box, like that we saw at Mrs. Gray's? You know a little bird came jumping out of that, and opened and shut his eyes, and sung, just as if he were alive. There was no need to pull a string, to make him open and shut his eyes. Mother, I want such a bird as that."

"That musical box cost several hundred dollars, my dear," answered her mother. "I cannot afford to indulge you in such an expensive present. Besides, the bird's eyes were opened and shut by little springs inside of the box. He could not open his eyes himself, any better than your doll can."

"Well, it *seems* as if he did it himself; and that is what I want," said the little teaser. "I never want to see my stupid doll again, with a string to pull her eyes open."

"You are never contented with your playthings, my dear Dora," said her mother; "I wish I could see you as happy as your cousin Jane."

"Jane does not have half as many things as I do, and they are never half as pretty," said Dora; "but she always seems to like them. Mother, may I go to spend this afternoon with Jane?"

Her mother said she might; and Dora went to tell her cousin how tired she was of her new doll, that would not open and shut her eyes without having a string pulled.

She found Jane very busy, pasting pictures upon a small white box, which her mother had given her. "Oh, that is a sweet pretty box," exclaimed Dora; "I will ask mother to buy me one just like it."

"Why not make one for yourself?" asked Jane.

"Oh, mother can afford to buy me one; and I do not want the trouble of making it," said Dora.

"But you will like it as well again, if

you make it," said Jane. "You cannot tell how pleasant it is to make your own things. I like the things I make, as well again as I like the things that are bought for me."

"You always like your things," said Dora, with a very sad voice. "I wonder what is the reason I cannot take as much comfort in mine."

"I will tell you, my dear," said her aunt Loring. "You are not happy because you are not busy. You buy every thing already made, and then you have nothing to do but to look at it. This soon gets tiresome; and it gives you no chance to improve yourself. Put some of your own taste, and your own industry into your things, and depend upon it you will like them a great deal better. If I were you, I would ask my mother not to buy me any more playthings. I will teach you to make many little things for yourself and others; and when you are busy, you will be happy."

Dora said she would; and two years afterward, she told her mother that now she was learning to help herself, and help other people, she had found out how to be happy. After that, she never wanted a thing merely because she saw somebody else have it.

LITTLE EMMA.

LITTLE EMMA lived in New-York. She had an uncle in the country, who was a farmer. Emma loved nothing better than a run in the fields, where in two minutes she could fill her apron full of buttercups and clover blossoms.

In the early spring time, she watched to see when the grass on the Battery began to look green; and the very first Dandelion she saw, she ran to her mother, and said, "The sunshine has come now, mother. When shall we go into the country to see uncle?"

In August, she had her wish. As they rode along, she saw the trees loaded with fruit, and the gardens full of flowers. She was so impatient to run in the fields, that she could hardly be contented to sit still in

the chaise. At last, they arrived at her uncle's farm; and every body was glad to see little Emma and her mother.

The little city girl could hardly stop to take her bonnet off, she was in such a hurry to run to the barn, with her cousins, to see the cows and the calves, and the sheep, and the hens, and the chickens. The white hen had a fine brood of chickens; and Emma clapped her hands when she saw them running about to pick up seeds in the barn-yard. Two of the chickens were hatched from one egg. They had a wing on each side, and were fastened together by one wing between them. Her cousin George called them his Siamese twins; and said he meant to send them to the Museum. But the chickens were not so kind to each other, as the Siamese twins were. One chicken wanted to go one way, and the other chicken wanted to go another way. The big one pulled the little one very hard; and that made the little one cry, "peep, peep."

Emma pitied these poor little chickens. "If I was the big chicken," said she, "I would be more kind to my little brother, and not pull him about so. But I suppose he don't know he hurts the little one."

When the sun was setting she had some

good new milk to drink; and then the children went into the fields to gather flowers.

While they were in the fields, Emma saw a little chipping squirrel run along the top of the wall. She cried out joyfully, and ran after him. She thought she could catch him, and stroke his fur, and teach him to live with her little kitten in New-York, and eat milk from a saucer. But the squirrel hid himself in his hole, and Emma could not find him. Her mother told her she was very glad she could not catch the squirrel; for if she had taken hold of him, it would have frightened him very much, and made his little heart beat very fast. She told her the squirrel would be very unhappy in a city; and unless he were shut up in a cage, he would run away. When Emma knew this, she did not want the pretty squirrel any more. She loved dearly to hear about his snug house under the ground, and the nuts he stored away in his little closet.

In the evening, Emma saw a great many fire-flies in the meadows. She said to her uncle, "See how the ground is covered with pretty little stars! Did the sky sprinkle them down?"

Her uncle told her they were not stars, but little insects that gave light from their

wings. Then the little girl asked, "What is their name, uncle?" He told her people in the country called them lightning-bugs.

Emma had never seen any fire-flies before, and she talked a great deal about them. But when she tried to tell her mother all about it, she forgot the name, and said, "Oh mother, I have seen a great many beautiful thunder-bugs!" This made them all laugh; and George called fire-flies thunder-bug,s for a long time after.

The next day, Emma went into the meadow with her cousin George, to gather cranberries. "Where are all the fire-flies now?" said she. "I don't know," said George. "I suppose they have put their lamps out." Emma had never seen cranberries growing before. She called them little red apples, and wanted to carry some home for her doll.

When they went back to the house, the children heard a great noise behind the barn, and they ran to see what it was. A cross dog was trying to bite a poor little calf. But there was a great ox feeding in the same pasture, and he ran to the calf and stood by him; and whichever way the dog turned, the ox turned too, and pointed his horns at him. So the naughty dog was

driven off, and the calf was not hurt much. Emma called him a good ox, and wanted to give him some of the cranberries from her little basket. But George told her the ox would not eat cranberries.

When Emma found her cousins were going to school, she wanted to go too. She had never been to school; but her mother had taught her to read and spell a little. She went with her cousins, and sat very still while the scholars said their lessons. When the school mistress asked her to read, she read as well as she could, and did not make any trouble at all.

When she came home, her mother asked her what she did at school. Emma said, "I sat as still as a mouse; and I read 'Chain up a child, and away she will go!'" This made her uncle and all her cousins laugh very much; for Emma did not say the verse right. She meant to say she had read, "Train up a child in the way he should go."

In the afternoon, her uncle went into the orchard to gather apples to send into New-York. Emma stood under the tree, holding her apron for some, while George tried to catch them in his hands, as they fell. A pretty little lady-bug lighted on her apron,

and that pleased Emma very much. It had red wings, with little black spots. "Oh, look here, George!" said Emma, "here is a pretty little fly with a calico gown on."

Presently, she saw a great many ants, crawling out of a hole in the ground near her feet. Some of them were eating into the apples that had fallen. "What are these black things?" said she; "Will they sting me?" George told her they would not sting her, and that they were called ants. "Aunts!" said she: "Who are they aunts to? Your mother is my aunt; but who are these black things aunts to? Are they aunts to the lady-bugs?" George told her that ant, an insect, was a different word from aunt, a relation. But Emma did not understand very well about it. When she grows bigger, she will understand better.

When they came home through the fields, after sunset, she heard a noise all the time. "What is that?" said she. George told her it was the crickets singing. Poor little Emma was puzzled again. "Crickets!" said she: "Why, I sit on a cricket." Her uncle smiled. "Little Emma finds many things in the country that she does not understand," said he. Then he told her that a cricket

was a little thing with wings, that made a noise at nightfall.

When they came to the house, Emma ran and emptied her apron full of apples into mother's lap. "What has my little girl been doing all the afternoon?" said her mother. "I have been helping uncle pick apples," said she; "and I have seen a sweet pretty fly with a calico gown, that had a great many black aunts. When we came home, I heard some little birds singing their prayers. The birds have a queer name, mother. They call them crickets; and I sit on a cricket."

Then they all had a laugh at Emma. Her mother kissed her, and said, "My little girl does not know much about country things; and she makes a great many mistakes. A cricket is not a bird, my dear. It is an insect. If you were to see one, you would call it a bug."

When it was time to go home, Emma cried. But her mother told her how much father wanted to kiss his good little girl; and how he would love to hear about the things she had seen. Emma loved her father, and she was willing to go home.

She told him all about the chickens, and the ox, and the lady-bug, and the squirrel,

and the crickets. "I am glad I did not catch the pretty little squirrel," said she; "he would not love to live in New-York. I suppose he was made on purpose to live in the country. I wish I was a squirrel."

THE YOUNG TRAVELLER.

ITTLE FANNY lived in the country. She had one brother and two sisters. They had never been in a city. When Fanny was four or five years old, her father and mother promised to take her to New-York. There never was a little girl so glad as she was. From morning till night, she talked about her journey. When she first awoke in the morning, she would say to her sister, "Ah, Mary, I am going to New-York." And when she laid her head on the pillow, the last question always was, "Mother, when do you think we shall go to New-York?"

The important day came at last. The baskets and boxes, and little Fanny, were all safely stowed in the steam-boat. Fanny had never been in a steam-boat before. She

asked what made the trees and fields run so; and when she looked at an old cow on the shore, she said, "What makes her go away so fast? She did not move her feet."

Her mother told her the boat was moving away from the cow. Then little Fanny looked at the water, and saw that the boat was moving through it. But she thought there was soap in the water, because the bright foam looked so white.

When they came to New-York, she was afraid in the street, because there were so many horses, and so many people. She met a woman carrying a very small poodle dog in her arms. His hair was white and soft as silk, and fell all over his face in pretty curls. Fanny stopped to look back at the poodle, and a boy with a basket of matches ran against her, and knocked her bonnet all in a bunch.

"Mother, is this another steam-boat?" asked Fanny. "No, this is a city," said her mother: "Don't you see the houses?" "Yes I see the houses," said Fanny; "but I thought may be it was another kind of steam-boat; the folks run over me so."

Fanny had great pleasure in looking at the toy-shops. She saw many things that she never saw before, and she wanted to

buy them all. But after a few days, she began to be very homesick. She wanted to get back and see the children, and her little red and white calf, and her Bantam chickens. She wanted to be where she could run out of doors, without getting lost. She was glad enough when the day came to go home.

Her brother and sisters were waiting for her with great impatience. When the wagon came from the steam-boat they saw it a great way off, and began to wave their handkerchiefs for joy. They all crowded round Fanny, and began to kiss her. "Oh, I have had such a good time," said Fanny; "and I have brought some things for you." She was so impatient, that she broke the string of her bonnet, trying to get it off. Before her mother could unpin her shawl, she seated herself on the floor, and began to open the big basket. "Susan, here is a doll for you," said she; "and here is a little pail for Mary, and here is a top for Willie. It will spin, spin, spin,—oh, my heart, how it will spin!"

"Spin what? Spin yarn for stockings?" asked little Mary.

"No, no," said Willie, laughing: "it will not spin yarn, it will spin round."

"And what is round?" asked little Mary.

"Oh you don't know anything. You never went to New-York," said Fanny: "Look at me. That is round." As she spoke, she whirled round, till her gown stood out, as stiff as a churn.

"That is going; that is not spinning," said Mary.

"Well, they call it spinning; for they said so in New-York," answered Fanny.

"They say so here, as well as in New-York," said Willie: "I suppose they call it so, because the top makes a noise like a spinning wheel."

Fanny thought her brother did know something, though he had never been in New-York. She said no more about his top.

"Come, tell us what you have seen," said Susan.

"Oh, I have seen such a many things," said Fanny; I cannot remember to tell half of them. I saw a little boy riding in the prettiest little carriage you ever saw. He had two ponies, no larger than uncle James's big dog. They looked like baby horses. I saw a great white image of a woman, that kept pouring water, from a pitcher in her hand all the time. They called it a fountain. And I saw a little marble boy, that kept throwing up water over his head, and laughed

when he saw it fall back again, wetting him all over. He was not alive. He was a marble image. But he looked as if he were laughing. And I saw so many, many dolls!"

"Should you like to live in New-York?" asked Willie.

"No, I should not like to live there. I couldn't run about; and the folks push me. Come, let us go to the barn, and see how bossy calf does."

They all ran out to the barn, and found the calf eating his supper. Fanny patted him on the head, but he did not take much notice of her. "The foolish little thing," said Fanny: "he does not know I have been to New-York. But here comes pussy cat, and she is glad to see me."

Pussy rubbed her fur against Fanny's gown, and purred. Then they ran into the barn to hunt for eggs; and the children all went back to the house, with an egg in each hand. Their mother told the little ones it was time to eat their supper and go to bed. For a long time after they went up stairs, Fanny's tongue was running, as fast as her brother's top could spin. Poor little Mary could not keep awake to hear all her stories; and the chatter-box, finding that her sister was asleep, went to sleep herself.

Every day, she tells of some new wonder, that she saw or heard while she was in the city. If the children laugh at her stories, she walks very tall, and says, "You never saw such things; for you never went to New-York."

GERTRUDE AND HER BIRDS.

ONE day, when Gertrude May was walking with her mother, they met a boy who had a bird to sell. It was a little wild yellow bird; such as fly about in our woods and fields. Gertrude's mother bought the bird, and her little girl was much pleased.

When they brought him home, she talked

to him by the hour together. He was so tame, that he would hop out of the cage, and sit on the rose-bushes and geraniums that stood in the window. He would pick up the crumbs from the breakfast table, and peck at the lump of sugar that Gertrude held in her hand.

Birds like a clean cage as well as little girls like a clean gown. Gertrude learned to brush out the cage very neatly, with a little broom, that she called her bird-broom. Every morning, she gave him fresh seed, and filled his glass cup with fresh water. Sometimes she would place a large basin of water on the table near him. He liked to dive into it, and bob his head in and out, "and dash about, and splash about, and shake his dripping wings." This was good sport for Gertrude. She loved dearly to see yellow-breast take a bath.

Her mother used to tell her that she must be very sure not to forget the little bird for a single day. "It is very cruel to let little birds want seeds or water," said she: "it is bad enough to keep them shut up in a cage."

"Is not yellow-breast happy in his cage?" asked Gertrude.

"Not as happy as he would be flying in

the woods," said her mother. "He feels just as you would if you were always shut up in a small room, and never allowed to go out."

"Then we ought to let him fly," said kind-hearted little Gertrude.

"The ground is covered with snow, now," replied her mother. "His toes would be cold on the ice, and he could not find any berries or seeds on the frosty bushes. I bought him of the boy, for fear he would not take good care of poor little yellow-breast through the cold winter. When the warm spring comes, we will let him go out among the trees and flowers, where he can find other little birds to play with."

"How long will it be before spring?" asked Gertrude.

Her mother said it would be about eight weeks. The little girl sighed. She wanted little yellow-breast to be happy, but she did not like to think about his going away.

When the snow was all gone, and green leaves were on the bushes, Gertrude said, one morning, "Mother dear, if you think yellow-breast will be happier out in the warm air, I am willing to let him go."

Her mother kissed her, and called her a kind little girl. They took the cage from

the window, and went out into the garden together. The good mother hung the cage on the bough of a cherry tree, and opened the door. Yellow-breast flew out, and perched on the green bough, and warbled a joyous song. He did not go out of the garden, and Gertrude staid and watched him a long time. Some other little birds came to see him, and they seemed to be talking together in the cherry tree. "I am glad he is so happy," said good little Gertrude.

The next morning, she got up early, and went into the garden. She called yellow-breast, but he did not come. When she went into the parlour, and looked at his empty cage, she felt so sad, that she sat down and cried.

Her mother came in and asked what was the matter. "I do not want any breakfast," said Gertrude; "for dear little yellow-breast will not come any more to eat my crumbs."

"My little Gertrude must not be selfish," said her mother. "It is selfish to think how sad you will feel at breakfast time, instead of thinking how happy little yellow-breast will be, playing with other little birds in the open air. It is a long time since he has had

any little birds to play with, and he will enjoy it very much."

Good little Gertrude dried her eyes, and said, "I will try not to be selfish, dear mother. I am glad yellow-breast is happy with his little playmates."

She went and studied her lesson, like a good girl.

The next morning, before she was up, she heard some little birds singing sweetly in the garden. "One of them sounds just like yellow-breast," said she. "I guess he has brought a great many little birds, to thank us for taking care of him through the cold winter."

Gertrude had two uncles that were sea-captains. When they knew how fond she had been of little yellow-breast, they brought home birds in their ships, from countries far off, beyond the big sea. Her mother told her it would not do to open the cage and let these fly away; for these birds were used to living in very hot countries, and the weather in our country would kill them. So little Gertrude said she would make them as happy as she could in a cage.

After little yellow breast was gone, her first favourite was a beautiful green parrot, with fiery red feathers at the tip of her

wings. She was a very genteel parrot. She would take an apple in her claw, and nibble it as prettily as any lady in the land. She was very neat in her habits, and would scold violently if her cage were not cleaned early in the morning. She came from the island of Hayti, and had lived a long time with a French family; of course, she talked French. When any stranger came to the house, she flapped her wings, rolled her eyes about, perched up her head, and called out, "*Jolie Jannette! Voici! Voici! Jolie Jannette!*" In English, this means, "Pretty Jannette! Look here! Look here! Pretty Jannette!" It made Gertrude laugh to hear her parrot talk French, and to see her so vain of her bright feathers.

A few months after, the other uncle brought her a parrot from the island of Cuba. The people there speak Spanish; so the parrot spoke Spanish, too. It was not so handsome, so neat, or so good-natured, as the French parrot. These two foolish birds quarrelled whenever they saw each other. When the French parrot strutted about, and called out, "*Jolie Jannette!*" the Spanish parrot would scream "*Tonto! Tonto!*" In English, this means "Fool! Fool!" Then the French parrot would

scream "*Mechant garçon! pas propre!*" In English this means, "Naughty boy! Not clean!"

Neither of them knew what the other meant; and each thought the other was a great fool for using words that could not be understood. It was very funny to hear them. The moment one spoke in French, the other would scold in Spanish; and the French parrot, without understanding a word the other said, would scold in French, as loud as she could scream. At last, they would both get so angry, that it seemed as if they would tear their cages in pieces.

Jannette used to sit upon a perch in the cherry-tree, during the day time, fastened by a long silver chain, to prevent her flying away. The Spanish parrot, whose name was Antoine, was likewise fastened by a long slender chain, and his cage was placed in another tree, with the door open. One day, these quarrelsome birds were carelessly placed too near each other. Jannette was on her perch nibbling an apple, and Antoine sat on the top of his cage, whistling a tune. Jannette began the quarrel by calling out, "*Vilain Antoine! pas propre! pas propre!*" This means "Ugly Antoine! Not clean! not clean!" Antoine did not know what she

said, but he thought it was something rude; so he screamed, "*Calla, Tonto!*" which means, "Hold your tongue, you fool!" They kept on screaming louder and louder, calling each other all the names they could think of. At last, they began to fight furiously with their beaks and claws. A large cat ran up the tree, seized Jannette by the throat, and killed her. Antoine was hurt very badly in the fight, and died a few days after.

Gertrude cried heartily for her foolish birds. But the next time her uncle came home from sea, he brought her a very beautiful parroquet, famous for his music. Gertrude soon learned to love this dear little bird, more than she had ever loved her parrots. It could whistle any tune it ever heard twice; and its voice was very soft and sweet. It was as pleasant as a music-box. Gertrude was never tired of hearing it sing. But she did not enjoy it long. A boy brought some wild berries into the house, and nobody knew they were poison, till the poor little parroquet ate some of them and died.

Gertrude cried very much. She thought she never would try to keep another bird. She asked her father to bury her little fa-

vourite in the garden, and she planted a Forget-me-not where his body was laid.

Some months after, her uncle brought home a Java sparrow. This little bird was so lady-like and slender, and had such very delicate purple feathers, and picked the sugar from Gertrude's hand so prettily, that she soon learned to love it very much. She had a large cage, hung in a sunny corner, with a rich grape vine all round it. The water in her little glass cup was changed twice a day, and she had plenty of cake-crumbs and dainty seed. She was as happy as a bird could be, taken away from her little playmates, and from the wide free air, to be shut up in a cage.

But poor Gertrude did not have good luck with her birds. One day she came home from school, and found her darling little sparrow dead in the cage. She never knew what killed it. There was plenty of clean water and good fresh seed in the cups; but there it lay on its back, quite stiff and cold. Gertrude stroked its glossy feathers, and kissed it, and cried as if her heart would break. Her father had the pretty little creature stuffed, and put under a glass case. But, for many weeks, Gertrude could not look at it, without feeling the tears come in her

eyes. She asked her mother to put the empty bird-cage away, where she could never see it again.

She begged her uncles never to bring her another bird. "I had rather the little creatures would stay in the warm countries where they are born," said she. "I am afraid they are not happy in a cage. I am sure they like better to fly about in the open air, with their little playmates."

After that, Gertrude had a little baby brother, and she liked so well to play with him, that she did not cry any more for her parroquet and sparrow. "I love darling little Frank better than a hundred birds," said she; "and I don't have to keep him shut up in a cage. That is a good thing."

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