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BY MRS. CHILD.

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FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN.

BY

L. MARIA CHILD,

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

I.

FOR CHILDREN EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OLD.

Go, little book, and to the young and kind,
Speak thou of pleasant hours and lovely things;
Of fields and woods, of sunshine, dew and wind;
Of mountains, valleys, and of river-springs;
Speak thou of every bird-bird that sings.

NEW-YORK:
C. S. FRANCIS & CO., 252 BROADWAY.
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1844.

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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.

The story of the Christ-Child and the Poor Children was suggested by the account of the Redemption Institute at Hamburg, by Horace Mann, in his late admirable Report on Education. It would be well for all parents, teachers, and magistrates, to read that account, and receive deeply into their hearts the lesson it conveys.

L. M. C.

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

LITTLE JOHN.

THE CHRIST-CHILD

AND THE POOR CHILDREN.

EINRICH LUDWIG lived in a narrow dirty court in the city of Hamburgh, in Germany. The sun never came there, and no green tree was to be seen. It is a great evil to spend childhood in such a dismal home; but all over the world there are thousands of poor children, who never see the beautiful things which God made for all creatures to enjoy. Poor little Heinrich! his father was a drunkard; and sickness and trouble had so changed his mother, that she was sometimes stupid and crazy. At such times, she would sit with her head leaning on her hands all the life-long day, and no one could get a word from her. Little Heinrich did not know

what to think of his mother when she had these fits. When he first began to walk alone, he would tottle up to her, and pull her ragged gown, and stoop down to peep up in her face, and try all manner of baby ways to attract her attention. But she looked at him with strange eyes, for she did not know him; and if he continued to pull at her gown, and call "Mammy, mammy," she would sometimes push him, so that he fell backward on the floor. The poor child had nothing to do all day, but to tumble about among bad boys in a dirty court, and dig holes in the mud. If he heard his father's voice, he would run and hide himself; for he almost always came home drunk, and would beat the little boy, if he happened to be in the humour. It was a sad sight to see poor little Heinrich at nightfall, with his father drunk on the floor, and his mother staring stupidly into the air, without sense enough to know that her child was suffering. If he could find a cold potatoe, or a crust of bread, he would munch it like a hungry dog, take a sup of water from his little battered porringer, untie his ragged frock, as well as he could with such very small fingers, and creep into the little heap of rags that he called his bed.

But Heinrich had some blessings. He was a healthy little thing, with a loving and happy disposition. His mother was very kind-hearted, and when she was not crazy, she treated her little boy with great affection. Often would she lie down beside him when he went to his little bed, and hold his hand in hers, and wet his bright hair with her tears. Alas, for the fond mother! she often went hungry herself, that the little one might have a scanty supper. The thought often came over her, "What does my poor boy do when the fits are on me, when he has no one to care for him?" This would make her weep bitterly. And so the little Heinrich seldom saw the sunshine or a smiling face. He heard cursing and swearing, but never the warbling of birds, or the ringing laughter of the innocent and happy. He learned of his mother the habit of sighing, and would look into her eyes with such a sad expression, that it made the heart ache. But when he was two years old, a little sister was born to him; and this little sister became the blessing of his young life. She was very beautiful, with her golden hair, and her large blue eyes, so sad and gentle. After she came, like a sunbeam, into that dark and miserable home, the mother's health

improved, and she had her fits more seldom. When they did come over her, it was heart-touching to see how that little brother performed a mother's part. He would wash his sister's face, and comb her silky hair with a fragment of wooden comb, and every button and bright thing he could find, he would string together for her amusement. When she needed more help than he could give, he would summon an old woman in the neighbourhood, who, though feeble and tottering, never refused to come when little Heinrich took hold of her apron, with one of his pleading looks. It was a beautiful sight to see the lovely children asleep in each others' arms, on their little heap of rags. They seemed like two little angels that had lost their way, and accidentally fallen asleep in that dismal court. Even the drunken father felt the tears in his eyes when he gazed upon them, and sometimes for a week after did not taste a drop of intoxicating liquor.

It was indeed a blessing to Heinrich that he had little Gertrude to play with; for he seldom wanted to be out of doors with the bad boys. They were rough and cruel, but Gertrude, with her sweet voice, her timid, gentle looks, and her loving ways, kept his heart tender.

Wolfgang Turkheim, grandson of the old woman who always came when little Heinrich took hold of her apron, was a very rude, boisterous boy. He had not a bad heart, but he was bold and strong, and he had lived with people who taught him all manner of evil things. His father had been in prison several times for stealing. His mother died when he was four years old; and his father had brought home a coarse, rough woman, who sold oysters. At night she came back with a bottle of rum, and they drank together till both of them were ready to fight with every body. When Wolfgang was very small, this woman used to encourage him to quarrel with all the boys that came near him. "Come, my little game-cock," she would say, "go at him. Let father see how you can lick a boy twice as big as you are." Thus taught, Wolfgang thought it was brave and beautiful to fight; and he became a perfect nuisance to the neighbourhood. Poor little Heinrich could not step out of doors to pick up sticks to build houses for Gertrude, without having Wolfgang come out and knock them all out of his hands. Then he would say, "Pick them up again: if you don't, I'll kick you;" and when the patient little fellow had picked them

up, he would spill them all again, and burst into roars of laughter. He was two years older than Heinrich, and a great deal stouter and stronger. Heinrich was very much afraid of him, but once he was roused to fight. Little Gertrude was climbing up the door steps, with her small porringer of water in one hand, and holding up the rags of her robe with the other. She had much trouble to get along; for the porringer was very full, and the tatters of her gown tangled her little naked feet. Wolfgang saw her, and tried to throw his leather ball so as to hit the porringer; but instead of that, it hit her eye, and made her lose her balance and fall backward. She was not hurt very badly, but she cried out aloud with fright; and Heinrich flew at their troublesome neighbour like a wild cat. Wolfgang easily threw him down, and beat him and kicked him till he made the blood spout from his nose. He might have half killed him, if Heinrich's father had not happened to come along. He seized Wolfgang by the collar, and gave him a terrible thrashing. Thus did they live like wild beasts, in that dark, dirty court. No one had ever taught them that there was a better way to conquer enemies, than by fighting and scolding. Violence always

makes people worse than they otherwise would be. After that encounter, Wolfgang was more tormenting than ever; and even the tender-hearted Heinrich began to grow more quarrelsome and fierce. When Wolfgang came to the door, and snapped his fingers at him, and called, "Come out here, you poor little girl-boy; come out and fight!" his heart was filled with rage and bitterness. He hated Wolfgang so badly, that he one night kicked his old cap all to pieces, and threw it out to the dogs. Thus these poor children were in the way to become thieves and murderers, and perhaps finally to die in prison or on the gallows, because they had nothing to encourage their good feelings, and everything to excite their bad passions. But our little Heinrich will be saved, and so will Wolfgang.

One day, when Heinrich was about seven years old, and Gertrude not quite five, they obtained leave to walk in the streets to see the show for Christmas, which was to be on the morrow. The shops were full of glittering toys, the windows were hung with evergreens, and many large boughs were carried through the streets, for the Christmas-tree of some rich man's children. Poor little Heinrich looked with longing eyes, and wished

that he and Gertrude could have a Christmas-tree. He gathered up, here and there, a green bough, which some servant had dropped on his way. "I will carry home these to mother," said he, "and she will make us a Christmas-tree." "And will the Christ-child bring us anything to hang on our tree?" asked little Gertrude. As she spoke, she raised her large sad-looking eyes to her brother's face, with a very earnest expression. A gentleman, who was passing, heard what she said, and was struck with her innocent countenance. "Here, my little one," said he, "the Christ-child sends thee this," and he placed a small coin in her hand. He inquired where they lived, and wrote it on a card.

Great was the joy of the children at receiving the bit of money. They bought four apples and some nuts, and went home happier than kings. "Here mother is a Christmas-tree," said Heinrich, displaying his evergreen boughs. "And see here! see what the Christ-child sent us!" said little Gertrude, opening her ragged apron, and showing the apples and nuts. Tears came to the eyes of that poor mother; for she had a kind heart, and loved her little ones, though she was too ill, and poor, and discouraged,

to do much for them. She took a penny from the shelf, and told Heinrich to go and buy a taper to hang in the tree. "Oh mother, shall we have our tree lighted, just as they do in the big houses?" exclaimed Gertrude; and the usually quiet little creature jumped about and sung.

Rich people in Germany arrange the Christmas-tree privately, and keep the room carefully shut, while beautiful presents of all kinds are hung upon it, to take the children by surprise. It is brilliantly lighted with coloured lamps, and over it floats a little angel-image with shining wings, which they call the Christ-child. The very small children think this Christ-child brings them all the pretty presents. And truly

> "There *is* an angel, who from Heaven comes,
> To bless and comfort all the little ones.
> Guess who it is, so good and mild,
> And gentle to each little child?
> I'll tell thee——It came from God above,
> And the spirit's name is MOTHER'S LOVE."

Heinrich and Gertrude could not have their tree prepared in another room, and lighted up to surprise them suddenly with its splendour; for they had but one room, and a little strip of shed, where they and two or three other families kept brush and

chips. They had never seen the Christ-child, with glittering wings, that floated over the Christmas-trees of the rich; but the angel called Mother's Love was with them that night, and right happy were they arranging their Christmas-tree against a broken chair. The mother went into the shed to get a piece of wood, to make it stand upright, and the children followed her. When they came back, their apples and nuts were gone! This was a great affliction to little ones who had so few joys, and they cried bitterly. "It is that ugly Wolfgang," said Heinrich; "when I am big enough, how I will beat him!"

Poor little Heinrich! there was no Christ-child in his heart when he said that. The large tears ran down Gertrude's cheeks; and now and then she sobbed for their lost Christmas-tree. But she said nothing; only when they lay down to sleep that night, she asked, in a very melancholy tone, "Mother, why don't the Christ-child bring things to *poor* children?" Her mother kissed her, and answered not a word. Her heart was very full, for she too thought it was very hard that the Christ-child carried so much to the rich, and left her little ones without anything on their Christmas-tree. The children no-

ticed the looks of her eyes, and said to each other, "Mother's fits are coming on."

The next morning, Gertrude smiled sweetly, as she slept; and when she awoke, she said joyfully, "Oh, Heinrich, I have been in a beautiful place! You and I were walking in a garden. A child with bright wings was up in a tree, and he threw red apples at us, and said, 'Be good, Heinrich, be good, Gertrude; and see what the Christ-child will do for you.' Did you see his bright wings, Heinrich?" "No, I did not," he replied. "That is strange," said little Gertrude; "for you were with me, and he spoke to both of us." "It was a dream," said Heinrich. "What *is* a dream?" asked Gertrude. "It is somewhere where people go when they are asleep," answered Heinrich. His sister said she wished she could go there again, the red apples were so pretty. "I wish I could beat Wolfgang," said Heinrich.

It was true that Wolfgang had stolen their apples and nuts; but after he had eaten them he felt very badly about it. He had some good feelings in his heart, though nobody had ever taught him anything but evil. When he saw little Gertrude sitting mournfully on the door-step, next morning, he wanted to say, "I wish you a merry Christmas;"

but the words choked him, for he knew he had spoiled her Christmas. He whistled, and took up a stone and threw it at a dog; and nobody knew that Wolfgang's heart was troubled with some kindly and repentant feelings. He went forth into the streets with his old hat pulled over his eyes, and his hands stuck in his pockets. An orange woman, jostled by the crowd, had her basket knocked off her head. Wolfgang darted among the scattered oranges, and under pretence of helping to pick them up, he filled his pockets and ran home. "Here, Gertrude," said he, "here are some oranges for you. I am sorry you lost all your nuts and apples." The little girl's eyes sparkled at sight of the golden fruit. "Did the Christ-child give them to you?" she asked. Wolfgang felt a twinge at his heart; but he only whistled, and told her to call her brother. Heinrich had kept out of sight, because he wanted to beat Wolfgang, and was afraid to do it. But when Gertrude showed the oranges, and said he was sorry they had lost their nuts and apples, he ran out with boyish eagerness to ask where the oranges came from. "An old woman spilled them in the street, and I picked them up and run," said Wolfgang. "Oh, then the Christ-child did not give them

to you," said little Gertrude, with a disappointed look. "Never mind the Christ-child," replied Wolfgang; "the old woman had a bushel of oranges, and will never miss these." "Perhaps she is poor, and sells them for somebody else, and will have to pay for these," said Heinrich. "Oh, shut up, shut up," shouted Wolfgang, laughing: "Come, eat your oranges: the old woman will never miss them, I tell you. It is a hard case if we can't have some Christmas as well as other folks." He cut open an orange, as he spoke, and the rich juice flowed so temptingly, that Heinrich and his sister began to eat. They had scarcely eaten half an orange, when some men came into the lane, and a woman, who was with them, cried out, "That 's the boy that stole my oranges!" Then the men roughly seized Wolfgang and Heinrich, and said, "Ah, you young thieves, come along with us to prison." Gertrude threw her arms about her brother, and cried out piteously, "Oh, don't take Heinrich away! He didn't steal the oranges, indeed he didn't." A friendly voice spoke, and said, "What is the matter here, my little girl?" Gertrude looked up, and through her tears, saw the gentleman who had given her the small coin the day before. She immediately ran to

him, and exclaimed, earnestly, "Oh, good sir, they are going to take Heinrich to prison, and he didn't steal the oranges. He *didn't* steal the oranges." "Did you know they were stolen?" asked the gentleman. The children hung their heads, and did not answer. "My little one, how came you to eat the oranges, if you knew they were stolen?" said the gentleman, placing his hand affectionately on Gertrude's head. The child looked up, with all the frankness of innocence, and answered, "Somebody stole our nuts and apples, that the Christ-child sent us. We had nothing on our Christmas-tree; and the oranges looked *so* good." The officers let go their hold of Heinrich, and the orange-woman felt tears coming into her eyes. "*That* is the boy that stole my oranges," said she, pointing to Wolfgang; "these other children would of course eat what he gave them." "No, it is not of course," replied the stranger gentleman, in a very kind tone; "for good children will never eat what they know is stolen." "Umph!" said the orange-woman, "whom have they to teach 'em to be good?" "Did you steal the oranges, my boy?" said the gentleman to Wolfgang. He did not answer, but stood with his hands in his pockets, looking very

sullen. "See him! he looks like a born thief," exclaimed the orange-woman.

"Nobody is born a thief, my good woman," replied the stranger, with a smile: "To-day is Christmas: the day when Christ was born, who came to open all the prison doors. These children are very young, and I hope will steal no more. Let them go, and I will pay for your fruit." "But," said the officers, "this is a bad-looking boy; if we let him get off so easily, he will be doing farther mischief." "Try him this once," said the gentleman; "it is Christmas-day, and he is very young." Thus entreated, the officers went away. Wolfgang stared at the stranger, who thus addressed them: "My children, this is a bad life you are leading. I live about five miles from the city, and I have with me fifty children, who have no kind parents to take care of them. They are very happy. Will you come and live with them?"

The children looked at each other, and didn't know what to say. When the question was again repeated, Wolfgang answered, with an impudent air, "I know what you want. You want to make us work like dogs for you. I won't go along."

"No, my child," replied the stranger, "I

do not want you to work like dogs for me. I want you to work like good industrious children, for yourselves; that you may have good things to eat, and clean clothes to wear, and be able to do something for other poor children." Wolfgang played with the pebbles in his pockets, and gave a low whistle, as much as to say he didn't believe a word of it. "Will you go?" said the gentleman to Heinrich: "Will you work in our garden next spring? You and your sister shall have a little garden of your own." Gertrude's eyes brightened. "Oh, Heinrich," she exclaimed, "it would be so pleasant to have a garden! The beautiful Christ-child spoke to me in a garden." "We could not leave our mother," replied Heinrich. The little girl's expressive face saddened all at once, like a cloud going over a sunny field. "Oh, no," said she, "mother couldn't do without *us*." "Where is your mother?" inquired the stranger. "In bed," replied Heinrich. "How comes it that she is not up at this late hour?" "I think she has one of her fits," answered Heinrich; "for she has not spoken to us this morning." "Does your mother drink too much?" inquired the stranger, in a very low tone. "Oh, no, indeed," replied Heinrich, "my mother never drinks." "What do you

mean by saying she has one of her fits?" said the gentleman. "I don't know what fits are," replied the boy. "Old dame Turkheim says mother has crazy fits."

The gentleman followed the children into the room, where stood two broken chairs, and a rickety table, with a battered porringer, a mug without a handle, and a few potatoe skins. On the bed of rags lay a woman, whose fair pale countenance still gave indication of early beauty. Her eyes were open, but had a strange look, like one who walks in sleep. She took no notice of anything, and made no answer when spoken to. The stranger sighed deeply, as he looked round the miserable apartment. All, but the wretchedly poor, were rejoicing with Christmas presents, before a blazing fire. But these little hardy children were blue with the cold, and a few scattered boughs, some still tied to the broken chair, were all they had for Christmas. "Where is your father?" said he. "I don't know, sir," replied Heinrich: "he has not been home these two days." "Is he kind to you?" "When he is sober, he is very kind," said Heinrich. "If I take your mother along with me, would you like to go and have a good Christmas dinner? You shall all come back whenever mother

wishes." "Oh, please let us go," said Gertrude: "I saw the Christ-child in a garden, and he spoke to us just like you."

A sleigh was soon brought to the door, and the unconscious mother and her children were lifted in, and covered warmly with buffalo skins. Wolfgang was again urged to go, but he answered very gruffly, that he had rather stay where he was.

Heinrich and Gertrude were delighted beyond measure. It was the first ride they ever had. The multitude of happy-looking children in the street, the merry bells, and their rapid motion through the clear pure air, made them very glad. At last they came to a place which the gentleman told them was his home. Two large houses stood near each other, and around them were several smaller ones, with many barns and outhouses. A wide circular space around the large houses was laid out in garden walks, with many arches and arbours. Snow covered the garden with a pure white robe, and lay on the evergreen trees like a mantle of swan's down. The principal gate of entrance rose in a pointed arch, surmounted by a Cross, wreathed with a vine, from which some crimson leaves still fluttered. A group of boys were building a snow

man in one of the walks, and others were playing at bat and ball. From one of the houses came the sound of music, and of happy children's voices. The ride, the invigorating air, and the pleasant sounds, seemed to rouse the mother from her lethargy. She looked round bewildered, as if wondering where she was. The gentleman led them in, and a multitude of little folks flocked around them. "Here, my children," said he, "I have brought some new comrades, to help you play and work." They all began to jump and caper. A blind man sat by the fire-side, with a flute in his hand. He warbled the first notes of a joyful tune, and the children, of their own accord, took hold of each others' hands, and formed a circle round the new comers, singing,

Welcome, children, welcome here,
Where perfect love has cast out fear!
Here we work the live-long day,
And that makes us enjoy our play.
Welcome, little children dear,
For the Christ-child brought you here.

There was a large evergreen tree in the middle of the table, with gay ribbons in the branches, and among the topmost boughs nestled the image of an angel-child, with large mild eyes, and shining wings. The

children came running with little bags and baskets and books. "See," said they, "see what the Christ-child brought us last night! Did he bring you anything?" "He brought us some nuts and apples," said Heinrich, "but an ugly boy named Wolfgang stole them all. I wish I could beat him." Then spoke little Hans, the son of the blind flute-player: "Oh," said he, "that would only make Wolfgang want to beat *you*. The Christ-child never beats anybody. If one strikes him, he gives him a kiss, and then he wants to strike no more." "Oh no," exclaimed many voices, "the Christ-child never beats any one. The Christ-child loves every one, and every one loves him." "But," said Hans, "these little friends have had no Christmas-tree, and we will give them some of our presents." Then all were eager to bring something. One brought a picture-book, and another a basket; and a little chubby girl came with an apron full of red apples to fill the basket. Heinrich and Gertrude did not know what to make of all this. They never had such joy in their lives. Gertrude looked at the round red apples, and then at the angel-image in the tree; and she said, "Why don't the Christ-child speak to me? and say 'Be good, Gertrude—be

good, Heinrich.'" "The Christ-child can't speak, can he, father?" said the children, addressing the gentleman, who had brought the poor little ones from their cold dismal home, into fire-warmth and gladness. "Yes, my children," he replied, "he speaks inside your hearts; and he says ever, Be good; love one another."

They had a happy time there, at the Father-House and the Mother-House, that merry Christmas day! I wish all the poor children were brought from all the dark holes of the world into such a pleasant home. The wife of the gentleman had a beaming face and very friendly eyes. She took little Gertrude and Heinrich by the hand, and calling two or three of the older children to help her, she led them to the bathing rooms, and washed them, and combed their hair, and dresssed them in cheap, but very neat clothes. When little Gertrude came out of the bath, the water made her hair twist into curls, and the golden ringlets fell all round her innocent face. She looked first at herself, and then at Heinrich in his new garments, and then she clapped her little hands and laughed. When they went back to the large room, she stroked her clean apron with great satisfaction, and Heinrich kept

thrusting out his feet to look at his new shoes. Never were two children so happy. The poor mother had some nourishing food prepared for her, and was persuaded to take a bath, and dress herself in clean garments. It was very affecting to see her gaze upon her children. She had never seen them so happy before, and therefore she never knew how beautiful they were. Then came the remembrance of their drunken father, and their own miserable dwelling; and while her mouth was smiling, her eyes were swimming with tears.

The children all sung a hymn together, before they went to rest; and all kissed the two kind people, whom they called Father and Mother. As they parted off to their different rooms, sweet little voices were heard singing to each other, "Good night, good night." They all slept like dormice, until the bell woke them in the morning. Then they took a bath, and sang a hymn together. After breakfast, every one went to work, as busy as bees. Even the smallest child had something to do. At the end of two hours, they all had a run in the air, and came back to work till dinner time. "We like to work, about as well as to play," said Hans; "for you see our work *is* play. Each

boy does what he can do best, and he likes to do it. I like to weave baskets; and that boy there likes to cut images in wood; and that little girl knits famous caps. We choose some boy to carry these things to Hamburg to sell; and each of us likes to see how much we can earn." "Who do you earn the money for?" asked Heinrich: "is it for yourself?" "Not for ourselves, but for each other," replied Hans: "but you see that *is* for ourselves. If we can buy trees and grafts for our orchard, we all have more fruit; if we can buy bushes and seeds for our garden, we all have more flowers; if we can add to our library, we all have more pleasant books to read. We all give a portion of what we earn for our food and clothes, and a portion to the poor; and the remainder each gives as he pleases. One gives his toward buying some more books for the library; another toward maps for the school; another toward building an arbour, or a lattice for grapes; another to buy prints for our picture-room. We have bought two flutes and a clarionet, and a bass viol; and we hope we shall be able to buy a piano, some time or other. I put six cents a week into the piano treasury. Oh, it is a great deal pleasanter to work for a thing, than it is to have

it bought for you. When I hear the flute, it pleases me to think I helped to earn that pleasure for all the others."

"And this man that you call Father, what makes him bring poor children here?" asked Heinrich. "Because he loves to do good and make everybody happy," answered Hans. "And if a boy won't work, does he flog him?" "Oh no, indeed," said Hans; "I have been here three years, and I never saw a whip, or heard a cross word spoken. Sometimes, children are lazy at first; but where they see everybody else working, they want to work too; and they soon begin to feel uneasy, to be earning something toward the library, or the music-room, or the garden, or the play-ground."

"What does the Father do to stop the children from running away?"

"He makes them so happy they don't want to run away," said Hans. "I have heard him say, that when he came here, there were iron bars on the windows, and heavy bolts on the gates; but he took them all off. He says he don't want us held by any chains, but the chains of love. And we every one of us love Father and Mother so much, that we had rather cut off a finger, than do anything to grieve them. They

never scold at us, but if we do wrong, they seem very sad."

All this sounded very strange to poor Heinrich, who had seen so much fighting and quarrelling. It made him happy to hear his mother say that the good gentleman would try to persuade his father to leave off drinking, and come and live there too. It was several months before the drunkard could be persuaded to come. He thought it was all a trick to get work out of him for nothing. But he was very lonesome, and he had not the heart to take his children away from a place where they seemed so happy. When the summer came, he went out often to see his family; and when he looked at Heinrich with his wheelbarrow, weeding the garden, and Gertrude feeding the chickens, he could not help feeling thankful that they were removed from his dirty, stifled room in the city. One day his beautiful little daughter leaned on his knee, and looked up in his face with those large eyes, so plaintive and loving in their expression, and said, "Dear father, do come and stay with us always. It is so pleasant living here." The unhappy father caught her in his arms, and bursting into tears, said, "I will never get drunk again; I will never

swear again; I *will* be a good man, for your sake, my angel-child." He came next day to the Father-House, as it was called; and he was so steady and industrious, that he soon became the head gardener. He had been so used to scolding and swearing, that he once or twice said what he ought not to have said. But little Gertrude blushed for him, and Heinrich said, "Please, father, don't speak so here. You know the good man don't like to hear us speak any but kind, and pleasant, and clean words." And he would answer, "I did wrong, my son; but it was because I forgot." Thus did the little children take their father by the hand, and lead him to the angels.

And where was Wolfgang all this time? He was cursing, and swearing, and fighting. When the good Father went to Hamburgh, he several times tried to coax him to go back with him; but he always answered gruffly that he would rather stay as he was. At last, he was detected in stealing, and sent to prison, where he was treated severely, and kept company with many boys worse than himself. He came out with a heart much harder than when he went in. When the good Hans, son of the blind flute-player, tried to persuade him to go to the Father-

House, and be a better boy, he mocked at him, with his fingers on his nose, and then kicked him. But there was a soft place, in his heart, after all. Wolfgang once had a little twin sister, who died when she was about four years old. He loved that little sister more than he ever loved anything in the world. It chanced that Gertrude Ludwig came to Hamburgh one day, with several other little girls, and the good Mother, to sell flowers. When Wolfgang saw her standing with a bouquet in her hand, singing "Come buy my flowers," his first thought was to snatch the bouquet, and pull it to pieces. But then he remembered his little sister, and he thought Gertrude looked like her; and he could not do it. He lingered round them, as long as they staid. He thought of the prison he had lately left, and he wondered whether it was as pleasant at the Father-House, as Hans had told him. Gertrude had in her hands a garland which she had broken. She smiled at Wolfgang, and throwing him one end of the garland, in play, she said, "Come, Wolfgang, let me lead you to the Father-House. We will make you so happy there!" The innocent little creature did not know she was a missionary to the poor; but when the rough

boy gave her his hand, she jumped for gladness. She introduced him to the other children, as a new comrade, and they sung a welcome round him.

For a day or two, Wolfgang behaved tolerably well; but his evil habits were strong, and he soon began to be quarrelsome and mischievous. Heinrich was nursing a few currant-bushes in his garden, with great care. The bad boy dug them up by the roots, and when Heinrich came to look at them, he laughed and mocked at him. Heinrich grew very red in the face, and began to double up his fists. But, luckily, he remembered that the boys had been told to go to the Father-House and ask advice of their teacher, whenever they were in trouble, or tempted to do anything wrong. Therefore, he did not say one word, but went straight to the Father, and told him the story. "You say you wanted to beat Wolfgang," replied the good man: "would that make him a better boy?" "No, sir," replied Heinrich; for he knew that beating never made *him* better. "Do you want to punish him, or do you want to make him a better boy?" asked the teacher. Heinrich hesitated; but finally answered, "I did want to have him punished; but I ought to want

to make him a better boy." "You have answered well," replied the Father. "I advise you to treat Wolfgang more kindly than ever, and make no allusion to what he has done. Offer to help him make his garden; and the next time you have fruit, or anything he particularly likes, give half your share to him. In the book I read to you, you know Jesus Christ says we must overcome evil with good. Let us try it with Wolfgang. The more evil he does to us, the more good will we do to him."

Heinrich promised that he would, and he went away glad that he had not struck his provoking companion. The next day, he helped dig Wolfgang's garden, and gave him some plants from his own. The rude boy was at first rather surly and ungracious, but his heart was touched; and when Heinrich came to him at sunset, with a basket full of berries, he could not help saying, "I am sorry I pulled up your currant-bushes. I only did it for fun. I will water them every day, and try to make them live." "Thank you," said Heinrich; and the two boys chatted pleasantly together, among the flowers. When Heinrich saw the teacher, he ran to him, and whispered in his ear, "Father, the evil *is* overcome with good!

Wolfgang is sorry." A kiss and a smile were his reward; and he went bounding off, with a heart full of love and joy.

Wolfgang had formed very lazy habits, and he thought rich people were most to be envied because they could live without work. But the Father and Mother worked very industriously, and they taught all the children that God made everything to be useful; that he who did most for others was the noblest man; and he who made others serve him in his laziness, was the meanest man. Thus the boys learned to think it honourable to labour. They worked and played alternately, and did both with their whole hearts. By degrees, Wolfgang caught the spirit, and began to like work as well as play. He was very fond of music, and soon became ambitious to contribute toward a piano for the concert room. The teacher saw that he had uncommon gifts for music. He advised him to contrive some way of earning extra money enough to buy a flute; and the blind man offered to teach him to play upon it. I am glad Wolfgang will have a flute; for the sweet sounds will teach far gentler lessons, than the cursing and swearing in that dark alley. They will talk to him of worship and of tenderness, till his whole soul will be filled

with bird-warblings, and summer moonlight, and love for every helpless thing.

But habits of selfishness, once formed, are difficult to cure. Neither love nor music could make Wolfgang a good boy, without strong efforts. When he had been there a few weeks, he was one day detected in taking a small coin from the Treasury for Poor Children. Each one of the household put something into that box every week, to purchase books and clothing for those who came there destitute. Wolfgang had himself been clothed from that treasury; yet something evil tempted him to steal from it. The children were all very indignant with him, and many wanted to have him turned away directly. But the Father said to them, "Wolfgang has done this wrong, because he formed bad habits when he was small, and had nobody to teach him better. If we turn him into the streets, who will love him and pray for him? who will help him to grow good?" One little boy said, "Ah, we have all done so many wrong things, because we had nobody to teach us better." Another said, "Wolfgang lived nine years among bad people, and he has been here but a few weeks. We must give him time." Then a little girl burst into tears, and said,

"Wolfgang's mother is dead. Let us all help him to be good." The teacher, deeply moved, said, "Whoever thinks as Mary does, may hold up the right hand." Every hand was raised. When the culprit saw this, he held down his head, and the big tears dropped on his feet. The good Mother said, "Let us sing together." And they sung a plaintive little song, that told how the mother loves her child, and wishes him to be good and happy. Every verse ended with the mournful chorus,

"But my mother died
A long, long time ago."

The poor boy could not bear this. He remembered how his mother used to kiss him; he remembered when she lay dead and could speak to him no more. He threw himself on the bench, and sobbed violently. The other children began to weep with him. The teacher said, "This is too sad. Let us sing a cheerful hymn together, and then we will go and play in the open air." But the good Mother took Wolfgang by the hand, and kissed him, and led him to her own room, where they talked together, till the stars were in the sky.

After that, Wolfgang was much changed.

He became more gentle and obliging; he seldom spoke an improper word, and seemed perfectly honest. But his evil propensities were not quite conquered. He thought that blessed night that he should never want to do wrong again. But poor Wolfgang will sin and suffer more, before his soul becomes quite clean.

Two days before Christmas, he was chosen by the children to go to Hamburgh, to sell their baskets. Gertrude gave him particular instructions about a basket, which she had woven with great care. "Is it not pretty," said she, turning it round with delight: "I want it to sell well; for I mean to give every penny to the Christ-child, for poor children, who have no Christmas-tree." Wolfgang promised, and went away full of happiness and good resolutions. But in Hamburgh he met some of his old wicked associates. They teased him to give them a treat of cake and gin. When he refused, they called him stingy. When he told them the money was not his, they laughed at him, and asked him whether he hadn't done work enough out there, to have a little money to spend. Wolfgang was weak enough to feel ashamed when they made fun of him. After a while, he let them tease away the basket-

money, and spend it for gin, and cake, and marbles. He thought to himself that he would earn enough to make it up; but still he felt very unhappy. He tried to play with the boys; but an uneasy feeling troubled him all the time, and made his heart very heavy. The boys told him that he had lost all his spirit by living out there at the Father-House, and that he must drink gin and be merry. At first he refused; but they made fun of him, till he raised the hateful liquor to his mouth. He drank but one swallow, and set the mug down hastily. He remembered that he had promised the good Mother, that night when they sat together alone in the starlight, that he would never again taste of intoxicating liquor, and never steal again. When the boys saw that he did not drink, as he used to do, they raised a great shout, and mocked at him with their fingers, and cried, "Ah, you coward! you are afraid of the old tyrant at the Father-House!" "Say that again, if you dare!" shouted Wolfgang, doubling up his fist. "He is not a tyrant. He is a dear good father to all of us. He has been very kind to me. And I—and I—" He could not finish; but choking with emotion, he turned and ran away.

He took the road homeward; but after running a little way, he began to think that he had been too wicked to go back. "It is the first time they have sent me to Hamburgh," thought he, "and I have stolen their money, and drank gin, and doubled up my fist to fight. Poor little Gertrude! she was so ready to trust me; and now I am afraid she will cry about her pretty basket for the Christ-child. Oh, dear! I expected to have such a happy Christmas; and I could sing the tenor so well for the Christmas-hymn; and now I cannot go back—I cannot go back." He sat down on a rock, and cried a long time. Then he crept into a shed and slept under a heap of straw. The next morning, he skulked about, dreading to go to his old haunts, and not daring to go home. At last, the evening drew near; and it was Christmas Eve. In a few hours, the Christmas-hymn would be sounding at the Father-House, and the happy children would be gathering around the Christmas-tree. Again Wolfgang wept aloud; but this time something whispered in his heart, "Go back, poor erring child. They will forgive thee. Go, and sin no more."

The winter air blew keen and strong, but Wolfgang faced it bravely. He was in a

sad and thoughtful state of mind, and therefore the wind among the trees spoke mournfully, and the evening star seemed to look into the very depths of his soul. At last, he came in sight of the Father-House. The light of a blazing fire was streaming through the shutters, and the sound of the blind man's flute flowed through the evening air, like an angel's voice. Wolfgang spied a half-open shutter, and he crept timidly up, and peeped in, as well as he could through the frosty window-pane. The children were all around the flute-player, and two of the very little ones were dancing. The teacher stood among them, and played with castanets. Presently, the Mother came in. He could not hear what she said, but they all began to jump and caper, and he guessed she had called them to come and look at their Christmas-tree.

He guessed right. They all ran after the good Mother; and Gertrude, as she passed the window, saw a face peeping in. She started at first, but immediately arose the joyous cry, "Wolfgang is come! Wolfgang is at the window!" "He has done very wrong to stay so long in the city, and give us so much uneasiness," said the teacher; "but we will welcome him home. Let Gertrude

go out and invite him in; for she first led him to the Father-House." The little girl went out, much satisfied with her mission. She did not come back soon, and Heinrich was sent for her. Presently they returned, and Gertrude said, "Wolfgang will not come in. He says he wants to see the Mother. When I asked him about my basket, he did nothing but cry." The Mother immediately went out, saying, "Wait a little for the Christmas-tree, my children. I will bring Wolfgang in." When the repentant child saw his kind friend coming toward him, he dropped on his knees trembling and weeping, and said, "Oh, mother, I have spent all their money, and drank gin, and doubled up my fist to fight; and I dare not go in to hear them sing the Christmas-hymn." "This is sad, indeed, my child," replied the Mother; "but you repent, and repentance always brings peace. Come in, and tell the whole story frankly. As they all sent baskets by you, they all have a right to know what you have done with the money." "I cannot. I cannot," said Wolfgang: "they will never forgive me. They have already forgiven so much." "And therefore can forgive more," said the Mother: "Come with me." She put his arm within hers, and led him in.

But he slunk behind her, abashed, and stood gazing on the floor, until she whispered in his ear, "My son, is it not right to confess what you have done?"

Then, with many tears, Wolfgang told how he went away with good resolutions, how some boys, as bad as he used to be, tempted him, and how he had been weak enough to yield, though he knew it was wrong. "I have given them all your money," said he; "but I will not buy my flute, and I will work every minute of my play hours, till I earn enough to pay you."

When he had finished his story, the Father said, "Well, my children, what ought to be done to Wolfgang?" There was silence for a moment. Then little Gertrude said, "The Christ-child would forgive him." "And shall we forgive him?" asked the Mother. They all held up their hands. "And now," said the Father, "we will go to the Christmas-tree, and sing the Christmas-hymn. Come, Wolfgang, we are glad to have your voice to-night." The once rude boy was now gentle as a lamb. He covered his face with his hands, and said, "Oh, father, I am not worthy to sing the Christmas-hymn." "Then sing it, that you may become worthy, my son," replied the good teacher.

The Mother opened the wide doors of the dining-room, and there stood the Christmas-tree in a blaze of light, with ribbons and wreaths, and the smiling angel-image. Some of the children nestled close to the Mother's side, and privately put little presents in her hand, and said, "Please, mother, hang these on the tree for Wolfgang." And the Mother smiled and blessed them for their love.

When they sang the Christmas-hymn that night, Wolfgang's clear voice sounded distinct and strong; but when they came to the verse that told how Jesus forgave all injury, and ever returned good for evil, his voice quivered, and went silent.

When they were about to part for the night, the Father said, "Now, my children, I have something to propose to you. In a few days, we must send some more baskets to Hamburgh. Let us send them by Wolfgang, that he may see we trust him entirely. He must learn to meet temptation and resist it." "Oh, yes, we will trust him! we will trust him!" shouted many voices.

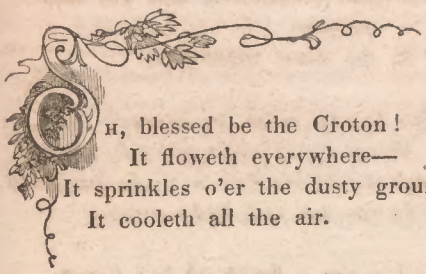
The offender dropped on his knees; but the teacher said, "Not to me, my child; not to me. Kneel before your Father in Heaven, who maketh his sun to shine alike on the evil and on the good." He kissed his

forehead, and the Mother led him to a room apart. There she laid his head on her bosom, and talked to him affectionately of his own mother, and of his little sister that died. She told him that through temptation and struggle, bad men become good, and good men become angels. She read to him some of the blessed words of Jesus; and they knelt down and prayed together for forgiveness and strength. In those sacred hours of love and prayer, the angels came into his heart, and he never after drove them away.

Thus did the spirit of Love lead those poor children out of that dark and dirty lane, and those dark and evil passions, into sunlight and peace.

THE NEW-YORK BOY'S SONG

TO CROTON WATER.



Oh, blessed be the Croton!
It floweth everywhere—
It sprinkles o'er the dusty ground,
It cooleth all the air.

It poureth by the wayside,
A constant stream of joy,
To every little radish girl,
And chimney-sweeping boy.

Poor little ragged children,
Who sleep in wretched places,
Come out for Croton water,
To wash their dirty faces.

And if they find a big tub full,
They shout aloud with glee,
And all unite to freight a chip,
And send it out to sea.

To the ever-running hydrant
The dogs delight to go,
To bathe themselves, and wet their tongues,
In the silver water-flow.

The thirsty horse, he knoweth well
Where the Croton poureth down,
And thinks his fare is much improved
In the hot and dusty town.

And many a drunkard has forgot
To seek the fiery cup;
For everywhere, before his face,
Sweet water leapeth up.

Then blessings on the Croton!
It flows for man and beast,
And gives its wealth out freely,
To the greatest and the least.

We city boys take great delight
To watch its bubbling play,
To make it rush up in the air,
Or whirl around in spray.

It is good sport to guide a hose
Against the window-pane,
Or dash it through the dusty trees,
Like driving summer rain.

Oh, blessed be the Croton!
It gives us endless fun,
To make it jump and splash about,
And sparkle in the sun.

And the Fountains in their beauty,
It glads our hearts to see—
Ever springing up to heaven,
So gracefully and free.

Fast fall their sparkling diamonds,
Beneath the sun's bright glance,
And like attendant fairies,
The shim'ring rainbows dance.

White and pure their feathery foam,
Under the moon's mild ray,

While twinkling stars look brightly down
Upon their ceaseless play.

And all about the crowded town,
In garden, shop, or bower,
Neat little fountains scatter round
A small refreshing shower.

Perhaps some dolphin spouts it forth
To sprinkle flower or grass,
Or marble boy, with dripping urn,
Salutes you as you pass.

Then blessings on the Croton!
May it diminish never—
For its glorious beauty
Is a joy forever.

NOTE.—In former years, water was very scarce and very bad, in some parts of the city of New-York. But now an abundance of delicious water is brought from the river Croton, forty miles off It runs under-ground, in big iron pipes. In every street, are conductors, called hydrants, from which small streams flow continually.

MANIKINS;

OR, LITTLE MEN.

In 1741, one of the most remarkable dwarfs ever seen was born in Lorraine county, France. His parents were absolutely frightened at his extreme smallness. His head was no bigger than a large nut, and his cry was as feeble as the squeak of a mouse. His mouth was so small that they were at a loss how to feed him; but by means of a very small silver tube, they at last contrived to give him a drop or two of luke-warm milk at a time. He was carried to church in one of his mother's wooden shoes, to be baptized. No one thought it possible that he could live; but he did live, and grew stronger every day. His size, however, increased but little. He

was never more than twenty-six inches high, and weighed fifteen pounds. His hands and feet were like those of a doll, and his little round fresh face was no bigger than an apple. He was a very lively and animated child, and before he was a year old, could walk very well. His mother did not dare to let him run about the house, for fear he would get lost, or run over; but his father arranged a line of boards for him, along which he would run like a squirrel.

He was exceedingly slow in learning to speak. At six years old, he could not articulate a single word. His parents were poor and very ignorant, and they thought that witches, or wicked fairies, had made him silent, and prevented him from growing. He was exceedingly sweet-tempered, affectionate, and generous. He was passionately attached to his family, and loved every little bird and lamb. As soon as he could walk, he was eager to be up early in the morning, that he might go into the lower court, with his little basket full of grain for the chickens. He would ask for bread continually, that he might crumble it up for the ducks and birds. If the greedy turkeys came after it, he would chase them away with a stick, though they were bigger than

he was. An old goose and a sheep, on his father's farm, became so much attached to the kind little fellow, that they would follow him everywhere. The sheep would allow him to climb upon her back, and sit there by the hour together. If his mother allowed him to go to one of the neighbours to play, the goose would follow him, and watch every step with as much care, as if she were conscious that such a little person was exposed to unusual dangers. She would never allow a strange dog to come near him; and even if she saw one at a distance, she would stretch out her long neck, with hisses, to drive him away.

As he grew older, his parents allowed him to run about in the fields with his sheep and goose. Breathing the fresh air continually, and accustomed to constant exercise, his little face was blooming as a rose, and his well-formed limbs were remarkable for pliancy and gracefulness. People came from far and near to look at him; and they never could sufficiently admire his pretty little figure, and lively motions.

At last, his fame reached the ears of Stanislaus the Benevolent, then Duke of Lorraine, and afterward King of Poland. This prince heard such marvellous accounts of

the dwarf, that he sent to have him brought to court. His father packed him away in a rush basket, and covered him with leaves, as he would a rabbit. When he presented himself at court, the duke said, in a disappointed tone, "Why have you not brought your famous little son?" The villager took off the napkin that covered his basket, and little Nicholas immediately popped out his head, and jumped on the floor. The duke was so delighted with this remarkable child, that he wanted to keep him always. He found it hard to coax his father to part with him, but his very liberal offers at last induced him to consent. Thinking the prince would do more for the boy than he could, he left him at court, and went homeward with many tears.

All the lords and ladies caressed little Nicholas exceedingly, and overloaded him with sweetmeats and playthings. But the poor little fellow was very homesick. The richly dressed ladies did not seem like his own fond mother; and he liked a thousand times better to ride on the back of his sheep, than to be shut up in the Duke's grand carriage. He would not run, sleep, or eat. He became sulky, and took no interest in anything. He would not try to say a word, except

"mamma, mamma;" and this he repeated, in a most mournful tone, through the whole day, and the long, long night. This continual unhappiness, with want of food and sleep, made him very ill, and they feared he would die.

He was too weak to be carried home, and the prince sent a messenger for his mother. The moment the poor child heard her well-known voice, his eyes sparkled, and his little pale cheeks flushed with joy. Feeble as he was, he sprang out of bed, and rushed into her arms. He could not be persuaded to leave her for a moment, and would sleep nowhere but on her lap. Under her affectionate care, he soon became strong and lively as ever.

He had never been to school, and his utterance was extremely imperfect. The prince offered him all kinds of playthings, if he would learn to read. He tried to do as they wished, but he could never remember anything except the vowels. He called all the consonants B; and he took such a fancy to that sound, that he used it to ask for almost everything he wanted. For this reason, he was generally called Be-Be, though his real name was Nicholas Ferry.

It was evidently of no use to trouble his

little brain with learning; for it was not big enough to hold it. In dancing, he succeeded much better. He soon became remarkable for the swiftness of his movements, and for all manner of graceful gambols. They taught him to handle a little gun very dexterously; and large companies often assembled at the castle, to see the manikin, in grenadier's uniform, jumping, vaulting, and fencing, upon a large table.

One day, the duke made a grand dinner, and invited many distinguished lords and ladies. The principal ornament of the table was a large pie, in the shape of a citadel, with towers, turrets, ramparts, and sugar artillery. When the first course was removed from the table, a band of musicians struck up a lively tune. Up jumped the pie-crust, and out started little Nicholas, holding a brace of the smallest pistols that ever were seen, and flourishing a little sabre over his head. The guests, being entirely unprepared for his appearance, were startled at first, but they soon enjoyed his frolics highly. When the dessert came on, he very gravely returned to stand sentinel at the pie, where he was pelted with sugar-plums, till they were piled up as high as his shoulders.

This adventure of the pie made Be-Be

more famous than ever. Painters took his likeness, and poets made verses about him. Other princes envied the duke the possession of such a curiosity, and privately offered large sums of money to any one who would decoy him away. Sometimes the servants of visiters, under the pretence of play, would put him in their pockets; or the sentinel, as he ran along the gallery, would cover him with his cloak; or the postillions would coax him to creep into their great boots, which they would tie together, and sling over their shoulders. He would let them play with him a little in this way, but as soon as he suspected something more serious than fun, he would utter such shrill cries, that they were glad to release him.

Stanislaus was, however, afraid that he would be stolen, sooner or later. He therefore ordered a number of pages to follow him wherever he went. Be-Be did not like this. He had been so much accustomed to run about the fields with his goose, that it annoyed him not to be able to stir a step without a sentinel at his side. He became melancholy, and ill. The duke, in order to divert his mind, ordered a little castle to be built for him on wheels. It contained a parlour, sleeping chamber, dining hall, and even

a little miniature garden, with flowers, trees, and fountains. The chairs, tables, beds, and time-pieces, were all adapted to his size. A small billiard-table, and a great variety of games, were prepared for him. A collection of animals, extremely small of their kind, were arranged in this pretty little hermitage. Sparrows, linnets, and wrens, hopped about in cages of ivory and silver; a little greyhound, not much bigger than a squirrel, ran from one room to another; and the Empress of Russia sent a pair of snow-white turtle doves, no larger than the smallest species of sparrows.

A company of well-behaved little children was likewise formed for his amusement, and called the Joyful Band. These affectionate attentions made Be-Be very glad, and he chattered thanks very earnestly, in his queer little language. It was funny to see him receive his small guests at dinner, and imitate the manners of a great man. He was extremely affectionate and gay, but he had strict ideas of politeness and good order. One day, a member of his little band became too noisy in his play, and awakened the duke, who was sleeping in his arm-chair near by. Be-Be insisted that he should do penance for his fault, by sitting on a foot-

stool at the door of his little palace, and eating his dinner alone.

On one occasion, a famous dwarf came from Polish Russia to visit him. His name was Count Boruwlaski. He measured just eight inches when he was born, and at thirty years old was only thirty-nine inches high. His mother was very poor, and had a large family of children. She gave him to the Countess Humiecka, with whom he travelled into various parts of Europe. In Turkey, he was admitted into the seraglio, and the women who live secluded there were as much amused with him as with a living doll. Everybody petted and caressed him, and he was universally called Joujou, the French word for plaything.

In Austria, he visited the empress, Maria Theresa. Her daughter, Maria Antoinette, afterward the unfortunate queen of France, was then only six years old. The empress drew a ring from her hand, and placed it on the miniken finger of Joujou. At Paris, he was received with great attention. A wealthy gentleman there gave him a dinner, at which all the plates, knives and forks, and even the eatables, were adapted to his size. In the course of his travels, he visited the court of Stanislaus, and was introduced to

Be-Be. In the latter part of his life, he visited Lapland and Nova Zembla, where the people crowded to see him night and day, so that he could get no chance to sleep. The savages devoutly thanked the sun for showing them such a little man; and he to thank them played them tunes on his small guitar. After many wanderings, he settled in England, and lived to be an old man.

Be-Be received Joujou with his customary politeness, and made his visit as pleasant as possible. It must have been a funny sight to see these little fairy men doing the honours to each other.

Be-Be was distinguished for neatness as well as courtesy. One day, when he was playing ball, he broke a glass lamp, and spilled the oil on his clothes. He tried to wipe it off, and seeing the spot spread, he begged earnestly for a pair of scissors, to cut it out. Being refused, he sobbed out, "Oh, how wretched I am! What will my good friend say, when he sees me so dirty?"

He was extremely generous. He had a great many jewels and beautiful playthings given him, but almost always gave them away, to the children who visited him. He liked nothing so well as a purse full of small bright money; for he delighted to walk on

the balcony, and throw it to poor children, who came there to catch it. Sometimes, he would roll up a crown in a paper with his sixpences, and throwing it to the raggedest little beggar, would cry out, "Catch it quick! it is for you."

Whenever he had a gold piece given him, he put it in a box and locked it up, to send to his native village, for his dear brother Louis; who, by his generosity, became one of the richest farmers in the country.

Be-Be was mischievous sometimes, and liked to trouble the pages, who were ordered to keep watch over him. One day, he hid himself in the bottom of the kennel with his greyhound; and there the little rogue remained eating and drinking with his playfellow the dog, all day and all night. The page was scolded severely, and threatened with dismissal. Be-Be, hearing him weep, sprang out of his hiding-place, and embracing the knees of King Stanislaus, entreated him to forgive the page, for he only was to blame.

He was always remarkable for the loving disposition, which characterized his infancy. Among the boys who visited him, was a little fellow about seven years old, named Zizi. Be-Be was so fond of him, that he

wanted to give him everything. He made him a present of his little gold watch, not bigger than a ten cent piece, containing his miniature set with gems. This watch was marked with only five hours, because the little man could never learn to count higher than five.

His favourite Zizi died of small-pox, after a very short illness. They were afraid to tell Be-Be, for fear his tender little heart would break with grief. Every hour in the day he would ask, "Where is Zizi? Why *don't* Zizi come?" He and Zizi had often talked together about the goose and the sheep that he loved so well; and at last, he took it into his head that Zizi had gone to his native village, to bring the goose and the sheep. Every day, he laid aside half of his cake, fruit, and playthings, for his beloved comrade; and to the day of his death, he always expected to see Zizi come back with his old friends, the goose and the sheep.

When King Stanislaus went to Versailles, to visit his daughter, he took Be-Be with him. There, as elsewhere, he was a great favourite. The ladies caressed him greatly, and always wanted to have him in their arms; but if they attempted to carry him out of sight of the king, he would call

out, "My good friend, the lady will carry me away in her pocket!" and he would struggle, till they released him, and let him run back to Stanislaus.

The poor dwarf never seemed like himself after he returned from his journey. He became very sad, wanted to be alone, and wept much. Sometimes he would sit for two whole days, without even changing his position. He lost his appetite entirely. One lark was enough for two dinners; and in a short time he could take nothing but a little weak lemonade, and burnt sugar. His round, blooming face wrinkled very fast, and though not yet twenty-two, he looked like a very old man. He begged most earnestly to see the king before he died, but his benefactor was then absent at Nantz, and they could not gratify his wishes. He repeated his name almost every minute; and as he lay in his mother's lap, and raised his dying eyes to hers, his last words were, "Oh mother dear, I wish I could kiss once more the hand of my good friend."

When Stanislaus returned, he was deeply affected to find that his little favourite was dead. He caused his body to be embalmed, and buried with much ceremony.

There was a famous English dwarf, named Jeffery Hudson, born in 1619. When seven years old, he was only eighteen inches high; and he grew no taller than this till he was thirty years old; when he suddenly attained the height of three feet and nine inches. The Duke of Buckingham presented this dwarf to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First. At her marriage feast, he was brought upon the table in a cold pie, from which he sprang forth at a given signal, to the great amusement of the queen and her guests. He did not bear the extreme indulgence with which he was treated, so well as Be-be did. He became very petulant and tyrannical, and disposed to quarrel with every one who laughed at him. Being once provoked at the mirthfulness of a young gentleman, named Crofts, the foolish little fellow challenged him to fight. The young gentleman being much amused at the idea of Jeffery's fighting a duel, came armed with a squirt, instead of a pistol. This was merely intended for fun; but the bad-tempered dwarf became so angry, that he insisted upon a real duel. They met on horseback, to equalize their height as much as possible, and at the first pistol-shot Mr. Crofts fell dead. Poor little Jeffery was not wise

enough to know that this was much more like dogs or game-cocks, than like men endowed with reason and conscience. In the time of Cromwell's revolution, he escaped to France, to follow the fortunes of Queen Henrietta. He met with a variety of adventures. He was taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers, and at another time by a Turkish pirate. He returned to England, in Charles the Second's time, where he was imprisoned on suspicion of being employed in some political intrigue. He died in prison at the age of sixty-three.

Peter the Great, of Russia, had a passion for dwarfs. He had a very little man and a very little woman in his royal household; and when they were married, he collected all the dwarfs throughout his vast empire, to form a wedding procession. They were ninety-three in number, and were paraded through the streets of St. Petersburgh, in the smallest possible carriages, drawn by the smallest of Shetland ponies.

The most remarkable dwarf of modern times is Charles S. Stratton, called General Tom Thumb. He was born at Bridgeport,

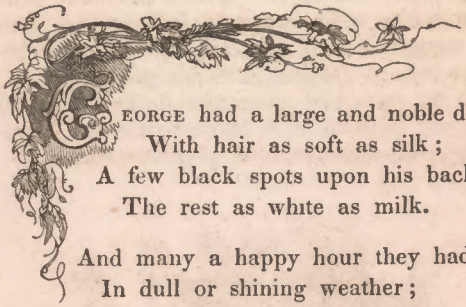
Connecticut, in 1832. He was a healthy, vigorous babe, and weighed nine pounds two ounces when he was born. At five months old, he weighed fifteen pounds; but at that time, from some unknown cause, he ceased to grow; and now, at the age of twelve years, he is a little miniature man, only two feet and one inch in height, and weighing but fifteen pounds and two ounces. His head is rather too large for his body, but his limbs are well proportioned, and he has the prettiest little feet and hands imaginable. He has been taught to perform a variety of exploits, and has been exhibited at nearly all the museums in the United States. He has a great variety of dresses, military, naval, &c. It is extremely droll to see him dressed up like Napoleon Bonaparte, and imitating his attitudes and motions, which he does to perfection.

Dwarfs, generally, have feeble voices. Tom Thumb's is weak and piping, like a very little child; but he sings a variety of small songs in a very agreeable manner. His boots and gloves are about large enough for a good-sized doll, and his little canes would answer for a small monkey. He has a little carriage, about big enough for pussy-cat to ride in; and into this a small

dog is fastened, with a very complete little harness. He has a house, too, about three feet high, into which he walks to rest himself, when he is tired of dancing a hornpipe for the amusement of spectators. He is a very lively child, and very winning in his manners. He makes a bow, and kisses his tiny hand, in the genteelest manner possible.

He has now gone to Europe, where he is very much caressed. Queen Adelaide presented him with a beautiful little gold watch, no bigger than a shilling; and Queen Victoria was so pleased with his performances, that she gave him a beautiful mother-of-pearl toy, set in gold, with flowers worked in enamel, and adorned with precious stones.

GEORGE AND HIS DOG



GEORGE had a large and noble dog,
With hair as soft as silk;
A few black spots upon his back,
The rest as white as milk.

And many a happy hour they had,
In dull or shining weather;
For, in the house, or in the fields,
They always were together.

It was rare fun to see them race,
Through fields of bright red clover,
And jump across the running brooks,
George and his good dog Rover.

The dog still looked with eager eye,
And George could plainly see,
It was as much as he could do,
To let the squirrel be.

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The faithful creature knew full well
When master wished to ride;
And he would kneel down on the grass,
While Georgy climbed his side.

They both were playing in the field,
When all at once they saw
A little squirrel on a stump,
With an acorn in his paw.

Rover sent forth a loud bow-wow,
And tried to start away;
He thought to scare the little beast
Would be a noble play.

But George cried out, "For shame! for shame!
You are so big and strong,
To worry that poor little thing
Would be both mean and wrong."

The dog still looked with eager eye,
And George could plainly see,
It was as much as he could do,
To let the squirrel be.

The timid creature would have feared
The dog so bold and strong,

But he seemed to know the little boy
Would let him do no wrong.

He peeped in George's smiling face,
And trusting to his care,
He kept his seat upon the stump,
And ate his acorn there.

He felt a spirit of pure love
Around the gentle boy,
As if good angels, hovering there,
Watched over him in joy.

And true it is, the angels oft
Good little George have led;
They're with him in his happy play,
They guard his little bed.

They keep his heart so kind and true,
They make his eye so mild;
For dearly do the angels love
A gentle little child.

THE SQUIRREL

AND HER LITTLE ONES.

BOY was once going home from school through the woods. It was very early in the spring time, and nothing green was to be seen, save some moss on the edge of a little brook, which ran along over the stones, talking to itself. As the boy went whistling along, with his satchel of books, and a small tin pail with his dinner, slung on a pole at his back, he saw by the new chips scattered about, that the woodcutters had been at work there, since morning. Looking round, he saw a large white oak tree lying on the ground. Thinking to make himself a whistle out of the green twigs, he set down his satchel and pail, and marched up to the tree. He soon discover-

ed a large knot-hole in the trunk; and, boy-like, he must needs peep into it. At first, he saw nothing but a little hairy bunch; but presently something began to move, and he saw that he had found a squirrel's nest. Here was a treasure for a school-boy! There were four little baby squirrels, their eyes not yet opened, curled up together on a nice warm bed of moss, in the old oak tree. He took them out, and put them in his tin pail, thinking to carry them home. But the boy had a very kind heart under his jacket; and the kind heart began to say to him, that when the mother of the squirrels came home, she would be in great distress to find her babies gone. So he packed them all in the hole again, and hid himself in a bush, that he might see what the old squirrel would do, when she came back and found her house knocked down.

Before long, he saw a gray squirrel running along the stone wall, with a nut in her mouth. She frisked down the wall, and over the ground, as swift as a bird; for she was in a great hurry to see her children. But when she came to the tree, she dropped her nut, and looked round in astonishment. She went smelling all about, then she mounted the stump to take a survey of the coun-

try. There she stood a moment, on her hind legs, and snuffed the air, with a look of great wonder and distress. Whether her sense of smell was so acute, that she discovered her little ones near by, or whether she remembered the familiar landscape, and the bark of the tree she had climbed so often, I know not; but she would not leave the spot. Again and again, she mounted the stump, stood erect, looked round keenly, and snuffed the air.

At last, a lucky thought seemed to strike her. She ran along the trunk of the fallen tree, and found her hole. You may depend upon it, there was great joy in the moss cradle! She staid a few minutes, long enough to give the little ones their supper, and then off she scampered on the stone wall again. The boy followed in the direction she went, and hid himself where he could watch. She came back shortly, took one of her young ones in her mouth, and set off at full speed, to the knot-hole of another tree. She came back again and again, almost as swift as the wind, and never stopped to take a moment's rest, till she had carried all four of her little ones to their new home. The boy followed her, being careful not to go near enough to frighten her; and he saw

her clamber up and place each one safely in a knot-hole. Afterward, when he went to drive the cows to and from pasture, he always went round by that tree; and when he saw the happy mother and her four little ones capering among the green leaves, or sitting upright on the boughs, eating, after their pretty fashion, he felt glad indeed that he did not rob the poor squirrel, who had been so careful of her young.

If the school-boy had known how to write poetry, he might have told his daily experience in verse like this:

"I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree;
The little squirrels with the old—
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads,
As if, in heartsome cheer,
They spoke unto those little things,
'Tis pleasant living here!"

The same boy afterward traded with another for a little squirrel, taken from its mother's nest before its eyes were open. He made a bed of moss for it, and fed it very

tenderly. It seemed healthy and happy, but never grew as large as other squirrels. He did not put it in a cage; for the kind-hearted boy thought that little animals, made to run and caper about in the green woods, could not be happy shut up. He knew it was not manly to be selfish about anything; and so he though more of the squirrel's comfort, than he did of his own grief, if it should run away. Yet if he had lost his squirrel, he would have cried most bitterly. There was no danger. There is no cord so strong as that of kindness. The pretty little creature loved him too well to leave him. She would run after him, and come at his call, like a kitten. While he was gone to school, she would run off to the woods, to a favourite tree that stood near his path homeward; and there she would frisk round with the other squirrels, or take a nap in a knot-hole. If the weather was very warm, she would, according to the comfortable fashion of squirrels, make herself a bed of twigs and green leaves across a crotch of the boughs, and sleep there. When her friend came from school, he had only to call "Bun, Bun, Bun," as he passed the tree, and down she would come, run up on his shoulder, and go home with him for her supper.

If we always treated animals with tenderness, they would live with us in this free and familiar way. Would it not be beautiful?

I wish boys would learn to cultivate the spirit of the gentle poet Cowper, who thus addresses a little frightened hare, that took refuge in his garden:

"Yes, thou mayest eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou mayest frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarmed;
For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love."

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

John Paul was born in a village of Massachusetts. His father died when he was very small, and his mother was poor. They lived far away from the road, in a little old house, half hidden with trees, lilacs, rose-bushes, and honeysuckles. All round the steps, peeped the bright little hardy flowers called Heart's Ease, Ladies' Delight, or Johnny-Jump-up. On an old post by the door, was a flower-pot containing a Perriwinkle, or Trailing Myrtle, its long green branches hanging almost to the ground, dotted with purple blossoms. At one corner of the old brown house, hung an Otaheitan geranium, in a basket, over which its light pendant foliage drooped gracefully, and moved about in the summer wind. At the other front corner of

the eaves, the barn-swallows had come to build for many a year. In the spring time their happy twittering might be heard all day long, as they went back and forth for little tufts of hair and wool.

The widow was fond of flowers, and loved dearly to see the still moonlight on the brook, and the sunshine on the distant hills. If she had been educated, she might have been a painter, or a poet. Without knowing it, she had made a sweet little picture, with her rose-bushes, her trailing myrtle, and her swinging basket of geraniums. People do not need to be rich, in order to have beautiful things. When a mind loves the beautiful things of nature, it makes all around it beautiful; and the birds, and the flowers, and the bees, all come to give their help.

The widow rejoiced in her children's love for flowers. John and Maria had small garden-beds of their own; and even little Fanny, though not three years old, would stick cowslips and dandelions in the sand, and call it her "darden." Great joy had they all, when, in the very early spring-time, they found the first Blood-Root blossom, or fragrant sprig of Wild Lilac, to bring home to their dear mother.

In rainy weather, their mother, if she was

not too busy, would sometimes make for them pretty little dogs and rabbits of yellow wax, which answered for playthings many a day. But these good little children did not play all the time. They were very industrious and helpful. Little Fanny had been lame from her infancy, and her brother and sister delighted to tend upon her. They might often be seen trudging over the hills, to the distant village store; John with baby in his arms, Maria with a big basket, and their little dog Pink running before, barking at all the geese and hens he met. Maria had a very sweet voice. When John was seated on the door-step, making hemlock brooms for his mother, and Fanny sat beside him, sticking the green sprigs into cracks, and Pink lay on the grass, with his nose up, watching for flies, she would sing to them like a bird, while she was helping mother wash the cups.

One day, when they were thus employed, a young gentleman who was rambling in the fields, heard her warbling voice, and came toward the house. He was an artist, and the beauty of the old moss-grown dwelling, embosomed in vines and roses, with the busy group about the door, at once arrested his attention. John heard somebody call Fanny

a pretty little darling, and looking up saw a tall, pale-looking stranger. After playing with the dog, and talking a little with the children, the traveller said the country was so beautiful that he had wandered farther than he intended, and with their mother's permission, he would gladly walk in and rest himself. He received a cordial welcome. The widow dusted a chair for him, John took his hat, and Maria brought berries and fresh milk to refresh him. He was very much pleased with this kind, cheerful family, and they were charmed with him. "I will be bound, sir," said the widow, "that the children always like you, wherever you go." He acknowledged that he was generally a favourite with little folks, for the simple reason that he loved them very much. Before he left, he told them he was staying at the village tavern, to take sketches of the country round about, and that he should like it extremely, if they would let him board with them a few weeks. The widow blushed, and said she was poor, and lived in too small a way to suit gentlemen. But the children cried out, "Oh do, mother, do;" and the stranger said, "Your small way of living seems to me very beautiful." So it was agreed that he might bring his portmanteau

the next day, and they would do the best they could to make him comfortable.

This visit added greatly to the happiness of the children, and had an important effect on their future lives. Mr. Page had read a great deal, and he told them much that they never knew before. He drew funny little faces, which greatly amused John. He cut paper figures for Fanny, and taught Maria new songs. From the twisted knotty boughs of an old oak, he fashioned a curious garden-chair, with the moss and bark on. John said the chair looked as if it were tipsy, and Maria said it was so twisted, that it seemed to be making up a face. This odd-looking chair, placed under the shade of a big tree by the side of the house, was Mr. Page's favourite seat. There he sat, finishing the landscapes that he sketched in his rambles. John, who had never seen any pictures, except in his spelling-book, used to gaze with wonder and veneration, when he saw hills, rivers, animals, and flowers, appear to start into life under his hand. His eyes brightened with joy when he obtained leave to roam in the woods with this new friend, or to accompany him in a light little boat, as he dodged about among the numerous green islands up and down the river. On such

occasions, little Fanny grew very impatient for them to come back, and Maria was careful to have their supper neatly spread, and everything looking bright, clean, and cheerful.

When the artist had been there about three weeks, he one morning surprised them with a picture of their own house, with the bushes and vines, the hanging geranium, the crooked garden-chair, and the children just starting off with dog and basket. John was absolutely beside himself with joy. He jumped up, and clapped his hands, and jumped again. "Oh, mother!" exclaimed he, "shouldn't you think our Maria was just going to speak? and was there ever anything so like as little Fanny? and as for the dog, he is best of all. I do believe if Mr. Page had put a pig in the picture, Pink would bark at it."

The artist was much gratified by these expressions of childish joy and wonder, and with the more quiet pleasure manifested by their good mother. He said it was painful to him to leave them; for he had never seen a place which he felt so strongly inclined to make his home. But business called him away, and he bade them farewell, with a hearty promise that if he lived and prosper-

ed, he would try to do something for his favourite John. The poor boy had learned so much from him, and loved him so well, that he was too sad to attend to anything for several days after his departure. Maria often observed him standing by the mantelpiece, with his eyes fixed on a plate of peaches, which his friend had painted for him. His mother noticed that he often sat in silence, as if in deep thought; and even little Fanny said that brother John did not laugh and play as he used to do.

The fact was, this good boy had long had an earnest wish to do something for the support of his mother and sisters; and now a new thought had entered his brain. He could mould little rabbits in bees wax, almost as well as his mother; and he began to wonder within himself whether he could ever paint as well as Mr. Page. When he went across the fields, he noticed more than ever how the bright sunlight struck across the hills, and left them half in shadow. When an apple or a peach was placed on the table, he observed that the light fell brightly on one point, and he guessed that was the reason why Mr. Page put a white spot on the peaches he painted. He did not tell his thoughts to his mother and sisters, for fear

they would think him a foolish boy. One day when he was going to the village to get a pair of shoes mended, his sisters, as usual, prepared to accompany him; but to their great surprise, he told them he wished to go alone. Maria did not complain, but when he had gone, she sat down and cried, and poor little lame Fanny cried with her. Their mother tried to comfort them, and told them doubtless John had some good reason; but they had been so accustomed to go everywhere with their brother, that they thought it very unkind in him to choose to go alone. Had Maria known his motives, she would not have been thus grieved. The fact was, John had collected all his money to buy a paint-box and brushes; and he wanted to keep it a profound secret, till he had tried his skill in painting.

About a mile off, their lived a wealthy gentleman, named Loring, of whom Mr. Page borrowed the boat for his excursions on the river. He had a son Thomas, with whom John had struck up an acquaintance, as he went to and fro with messages. Thomas took a great fancy to the joyful, well-mannered boy, and often loaned him books and playthings. John remembered having seen a paint-box in his room, with the cakes

of paint somewhat broken; and he thought he might possibly buy it with what money he had. He went to Mr. Loring's, and stated his wish so eagerly, that Thomas laughed heartily, and offered to give it to him. "But, do tell me," said he, "why you are so very anxious for a paint-box." John blushed and stammered, and finally ventured to tell the hopes he had dared to form. His friend, instead of laughing at him, as he expected, entered very warmly into his plans, and told him he would do all he could to help him. Thus encouraged, John returned home with a light heart. He hid his paint-box in the trunk of an old tree, and kept the secret to himself. But he felt so happy, that he jumped about, and made faces at Fanny, and kissed Maria, and made Pink bark, till he set them all a laughing at his pranks.

Next morning, the enthusiastic boy rose very early, and having finished all his work, started for school an hour and a half earlier than usual. He stopped at the tree, and took out his precious box. His first attempt was to sketch a bunch of acorns lying on the ground; and though the drawing was rude, it was done remarkably well for a boy, who had had no instruction in the art. He was so occupied with his delightful employ-

ment, that he arrived at school nearly an hour too late. The teacher had many wild boys, and was obliged to make very strict rules. When John confessed that he brought no excuse from his mother for his tardiness, he ordered him to stand in the middle of the room for an hour. John had never before met with any disgrace at school, and he was very much mortified. For a little while, he resolved not to touch his brushes again; but when he passed the tree on his way home, he could not forbear stopping to look at his acorns; and when he had looked at them, he was tempted to try whether a few oak leaves would not improve them. Again he was so much occupied with his painting, that the school hour passed unheeded; and, dreading to go too late again, he spent the whole afternoon in the woods. But John was too honest a boy to feel satisfied because he was not found out in doing wrong. He acknowledged to his mother that he was making something, in which he was so deeply interested, that he had unintentionally gone to school too late, and had been punished for it; that he did the same thing in the afternoon, and then was afraid to go at all. His mother was very sorry, for it was the first time she had ever known him stay away

from school; but she knew her son so well, that she felt sure he had not been employed about anything wrong. She told him that his honesty in confessing his fault was a great comfort to her; that she felt the fullest confidence in him, and should not inquire what he had been doing, if he wished to keep it a secret. Being thus treated like a man, made him feel like a man; and he answered very warmly, "Thank you, mother. You shall know the secret very soon, and I promise not to be late at school again."

It required some strength to keep this promise; for work and school left a very small portion of the day for his favourite employment. But he never again neglected his studies, or had occasion to ask his mother for a written excuse for absence. By rising very early, and working hard, he generally found about two hours a day to make drawings. In the course of eight or ten weeks, he improved so much, that he thought he might venture to have Pink sit for his portrait. The dog, altogether unconscious of the honour intended him, followed his young master into the woods, and seated himself on a log, with his nose turned up in the air, as he was directed to do. John resolved that, if he succeeded in making a good likeness,

he would carry it home, and surprise his mother and sisters with it. It was a long time before he succeeded in pleasing himself. The poor animal jumped down two or three times, and whined when ordered back again, to sit with his paws folded up, while the patient artist sketched and rubbed out, sketched and rubbed out, fifty times over.

John's head was so full of this business, that he found it very difficult to attend to his lessons at school. His teacher could not imagine what was the matter with the boy. One day, he gave him a simple sum in the rule of three, which he could easily have done, had his mind been on arithmetic. Two hours passed, however, and the sum was not finished. The teacher stepped that way, and looking over John's shoulder, saw in the very middle of the figures, the picture of a dog tossing up his head, as if to catch flies. The young artist was so intent upon finishing the bushy tail, that he was not aware of his master's presence, till he heard himself spoken to very severely. When called upon to give a reason for such conduct, he hung his head, and said he had forgotten his sum. The teacher did not believe it ever did any good to whip his scholars; but he was seriously offended, and told him he must quit

the school, unless he could be more attentive.

Poor John thought he had a great deal of trouble in trying to be a painter; but he was not discouraged. On his way home, he stopped at the tree, and put a finishing touch to his dog's picture. Thomas Loring was there waiting for him, according to promise. Never were two boys more delighted; one with the picture, and the other with the praises bestowed upon it. In high glee, they carried it home; and after much managing, and many sly glances between them, they succeeded in fastening it up against the wall, without being observed. Little Fanny was the first one to perceive it, and instantly called out, "Do look at Pinky! There he is, sitting on a log, to catch flies." Maria and her mother both exclaimed at once, "I declare it does look exactly like our Pink—the white spot on his neck, and all! Where *did* you get it, John?"

Thomas, with sparkling eyes, proclaimed that their brother painted it himself. A glow of surprise and delight went over the good mother's countenance; but an instant after, she said, half doubtingly, "Is he making fun of us, my son?" "Indeed I did do it, mother," he replied. She threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

The famous Benjamin West said that his mother's kiss made him a painter. John Paul might have said the same; for he never forgot the joy his mother manifested when she saw his first picture, and it helped him to persevere in overcoming many difficulties.

Thomas took the greatest possible interest in John's improvement. One day, as he was going home from school, he met him at the memorable tree, and surprised him with a present of oil-colours, canvass, and all the utensils needed by an artist. There happened to be a vacation about that time, and the boys resolved to spend much of it in the woods. But eager as John was to paint, he never neglected to pick up chips, chop wood, and bring water sufficient for his mother's use, before he set out on these pleasant excursions. Mr. Loring had heard such a good character of John, and was so much pleased with his frank countenance, and modest manners, that he was pleased to have his son spend most of his vacation with him. Never were happier holidays than the friends had. Sometimes Maria and Fanny carried their dinner to them in the woods, and sometimes John's kettle was packed in the morning, with bread and cheese, and dough-nuts, in real farmer's style. It was a pleasant sight

to see the two healthy, happy lads march off in the cool bright morning, Pink capering at their heels, and Maria, with Fanny in her arms, following to the very edge of the wood, to say good-bye.

One day, when they had been at work chopping brush all the forenoon, John resolved to spend the afternoon in sketching a landscape from where they stood. He proposed to have an early dinner, and that Thomas should amuse himself with finding nuts, or skipping stones in the little pond, while he was painting. "No danger but I will find enough to do," said the cheerful Thomas; and away he went, to drive some stakes into the ground, and find a piece of board large enough for a table. His pocket-handkerchief answered for a table-cloth, on which the provisions were spread with much taste, ornamented with green leaves and acorns. John, who was up in a tree, cutting dry branches, repeatedly called out to know what he was doing. "You'll know by and by," said Thomas, as he ran off with the keg, to fill it with fresh water at the spring. On his way back, he called out, in an exulting tone, "Come down now, John. Dinner is all ready." "It's a mighty great thing to get our dinner ready, to be sure," said John;

"you had better imitate the African prince, who, before eating, causes proclamation to be made that all the world are invited to come and eat of his yam." He hastened, however, to obey the summons. But when Thomas came into the open space, whence their rustic table was visible, he stopped in utter consternation. There stood the mischievous dog, munching the last bit of cheese, while board and table-cloth, with its pretty wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, lay prostrate on the ground! Being naturally a passionate boy, he caught up a stick and chased poor Pink, who scampered off with the cheese in his mouth. John understood at a glance how the case was; and there he stood by the overturned table, with his hands on his knees, laughing till his cheeks ached. Thomas soon came back, his face red with vexation and hard running, and throwing down his stick, exclaimed, "The plaguy dog! I wish he had been to Bantam!" But when he saw John shaking his sides, he could not forbear laughing too. "Oh, it was worth forty dinners," said John, "to see you look as you did, when you took up that stick to chase the dog! I do believe I could paint that scene, it was so funny!" Thomas thought it was a happy idea; and the young artist ventured

to undertake the task. Vacation passed by, and several weeks more, before the picture was finished; but when it was done, it was really a remarkable production for a lad of his age. There were great faults in the drawing, and the likeness was not very good; but the expression of disappointment and vexation, and the dog impudently shaking the cheese in his mouth, were enough to make any one laugh.

Thomas was going to spend his long vacation in Boston, with his father, and he insisted upon carrying the picture with him. He had not been there a week, before a letter came from Mr. Loring, urgently inviting John to come to Boston, and promising to pay the expenses of the journey. This was a great event in the life of a country lad, who had never been out of sight of his native village. The whole family were busily occupied with fitting him out. Maria, though she had much to do, found time to knit a pretty purse for Thomas, and make a neat little melon-seed basket for his sister. These were the only presents they had to send; but they loaded John's memory with kind messages, and half-happy, half-tearful, they saw him depart on this important visit.

When the young rustic first entered Mr.

Loring's elegant city mansion, he was dazzled and almost overpowered, by the rich furniture, the statues, and the paintings. But Thomas was so rejoiced to see him, and Mr. Loring put his hand on his head so affectionately, and bade him welcome in such a kind voice, that he soon felt it was only another kind of home. As for politeness, John had no occasion to learn it as an art; for the modest and the gentle are polite by nature.

A few days after his arrival, Mr. Loring proposed to the boys to accompany him to the Athenæum, where a large collection of pictures are exhibited. Our self-taught artist, who had seen no pictures, was struck dumb with wonder. Had a stranger seen him staring round, he might have thought him a stupid boy. He staid very long, and even when the dinner-hour arrived, was extremely reluctant to go. As he passed near the stairs, he saw Mr. Loring shake hands with a gentleman, who said to him, "Did you say, sir, that this spirited little sketch was done by a country boy, who had received no instruction?" "I did," he replied. "May I ask his name?" The voice sounded familiar to John's ear, and his heart began to beat. "He is an old acquaintance of yours," an-

swered Mr. Loring, smiling. "No other than John Paul, the son of our neighbour in the fields. And here he is, to answer for himself." The meeting was a joyful one. Some one had placed in Mr. Page's hands the picture of the dog and the spoiled dinner; and he was both surprised and delighted to find that it was the production of his little rural friend. John blushed, and looked happy, and said modestly, that he sometimes hoped that he might one day become an artist; but if he ever did, all the thanks would be due to the kind stranger, who first showed him how pictures were made. Mr. Page afterward pointed out to him the faults of his drawing, and impressed it upon his mind, that though remarkable for a boy, it was still very imperfect. John had good sense enough to receive this instruction with even more thankfulness than he did the praise.

Mr. Loring was so much pleased with his modest deportment, and with his eagerness to improve, that he paid one of the best teachers, to instruct him in perspective. The art of perspective consists in drawing various objects in such a manner as to make the distances *appear* what they really are in nature, though the piece of paper is much too small actually to contain such distances.

The inside of a very large church may be represented on a sheet of letter-paper; and this effect is produced entirely by drawing the lines according to certain rules. The teacher had a good many curious specimens of perspective. When John entered his room, and looked through a small hole in a screen, as he was requested, he saw a pretty stair-case, winding, winding away, till it was lost in the distance. Through another hole, he saw a piano, one pedal of which seemed to have been slightly pressed down by the foot that rested on it. Through another, he saw the interior of a kitchen, with a cabbage cut in two lying on the table; an old basket just ready to tip off of the little shelf on which it stood; a towel hanging on a nail, &c. In another place, was to be seen a pretty little velvet ottoman, carelessly covered with cards, as if a child had been playing there. Some of the cards had fallen on the floor, and others looked as if a breath would make them fall.

"Are they not worth looking at?" asked Thomas.

"They are pretty indeed," replied John; "but the stairs and footstools in your father's house are a great deal handsomer. I don't see why these should be kept for a show."

Thomas laughed heartily, and told him there were no such things there, as winding stairs, piano, basket, or ottoman. They were all painted on the wall; but drawn so correctly, according to the rules of perspective, that they appeared exactly like real furniture. The teacher then came forward, and told them that there was one real article among the painted ones, and if either of them could tell, at one guess, which it was, he would give him a handsome penknife. They both tried, but neither of them guessed right. When John was informed that Mr. Loring had employed this gentleman to teach him the rules of perspective, he did not know how to express his gratitude; but in his own mind, he resolved to do it by making the most rapid improvement possible.

On their way home, the boys met Mr. Page, who invited them to go with him to see an engraver. John had a very imperfect idea how engravings were made, and he had a great curiosity to see it done. When they entered the room, Mr. Page pointed out to him a large plate of steel, with fine lines cut all over it. He saw that there were trees and children, but he could not clearly make out what it was, till the engraver held up a sheet of paper, and told

him it was an engraving taken from that plate, after the proper ink had been rolled over it. John gazed in astonishment; for there stood their little old house in the fields, with the trailing geranium, the crooked garden-chair, himself, and Fanny in his arms, Maria with her big basket, and Pink capering round them! Mr. Page smiled at his look of surprise, and asked him if he didn't remember the picture he painted, while he boarded at their cottage. "Indeed I do, sir," replied the enthusiastic boy; "for that picture was the first thing that made me want to be a painter." Mr. Page patted him on the head affectionately, and told him he should have one of the engravings, handsomely framed, to carry to his good mother.

After a delightful visit of six weeks, John went home, with wonders enough to talk about all winter. He was more diligent than ever to improve himself, both in his studies and his drawings; but he never neglected to perform every little service he could, for his mother and sisters. "I should have been perfectly happy in Boston," said he, "if I had not often thought how you would miss me; and that perhaps Maria would be tired lugging Fanny about; and your arms would ache bringing water from

the well, for washing." His mother kissed him, and said, "I am glad, my son, that all the praise you have had, and all the fine things you have seen, have not made you selfish, or forgetful of your daily duties."

"I would never touch pencil or brush again, if I thought they would make me grow selfish, lazy, or proud," replied the warm-hearted boy.

In the summer, Mr. Loring and his family were again in the country, and the boys had happy times together. When they returned to Boston, in the autumn, he proposed to take John with him, to attend school with his son. The mother, though sad to part with him, consented with a grateful heart. But John hesitated, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Should you not like to go?" inquired Mr. Loring. "I should indeed, sir," replied the good boy; "but my mother has need of somebody to chop wood, and draw water, and bring home stores from the village; and I am afraid it would be selfish to go."

"No, my good child," said his mother; "the best way to help me, is to improve yourself."

"And you know," said Thomas, "that you and I are going to make a nice little wagon of willow twigs, and a good strong

sled for Fanny, so that Maria will not need to carry her in her arms."

"So we will," said John; "and perhaps I can sell some of my drawings, and those little things cut in paper, which your father likes so much; and if I go, I will hire Tom White to come up every day to see that mother has wood and water, and that the snow is shoveled out of her paths. I do wish postage was not so dear; for I should like to write a letter home every day."

The good little fellow kept his word. If he had been thirty years old, he could not have been more thoughtful in taking care for his mother and sisters. He continues to improve very fast, and some people think he will make one of the best artists in the country. The strongest desire of his heart is to be able to earn enough to put his sisters to some good school. Maria and Fanny are as busy as bees, braiding straw for the same purpose. "I do not want my brother to work for us all the time," said the noble girl. "I will earn my own living, and I will help to support our dear mother, when she grows old."

"And I will help, too," said little Fanny.

"God bless you all, my good children," said the happy mother; and they were blessed.

HOW THE BIRDS MAKE THEIR NESTS.

"Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree;
Birds are on the green hills,
Birds are by the sea."

"Mark it well, within, without!
No tool had she that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; her little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished!"

ID you ever see a bird's nest, my young reader? I dare say you have, and have greatly wished that you could watch the pretty little creature, while she made it. There are a great variety of nests. Some birds make them

with much more neatness and ingenuity than others. There are the Ground-Builders, the Platform Builders, the Mining-Birds, the Mason-Birds, the Carpenter-Birds, the Basket-making-Birds, the Dome-Builders, the Cementers, the Weaver-Birds, the Tailor-Birds, and the Felt-making Birds.

Birds that build on the earth, or the floor, are called Ground-Builders. The Redbreast, the pretty little Song Sparrow, and the Yellow-winged Sparrow, build their nice little nests of dried grass, lined with horse-hair, close to the root of some protecting bush, or under the shelter of a high tuft of grass. The swamp Sparrow, and other little birds that love watery places, make their nests of wet grass, rushes, and sea-moss, often in the midst of a bunch of rank grass, surrounded by water.

The famous Eider-Duck, from which the warm eider-down is obtained, for our hoods and cloaks, builds near the sea-shore, under a Juniper bush, or a bundle of dry sea-weed. They make a rough matress of dry grass and sea-weed, over which the good mother spreads a bed for her little ones, of the finest and softest down, plucked from her own breast. She heaps it up, so as to form a thick puffed roll round the edge; and when

she is obliged to go away in search of food, she pulls the roll down, and carefully spreads it over the eggs, to keep them warm till she returns.

This down is so very light and warm that it brings a high price. One nest generally contains about half a pound, which sells for two dollars. In some parts of Greenland and Iceland, these nests are so thick, that you can scarcely walk near the sea-shore without treading on them. People steal the down, and the poor mother again plucks her breast, and patiently lines the nest anew. If again robbed, and she has no more down to give, the father-bird plucks his breast to line a cradle for his family. These birds often build in places so hard to get at, that men are let down by ropes, over steep precipices, to rob their nests of the precious down.

Birds that do not shape a hollow nest, but simply strew their materials on a flat surface, are called Platform-builders. The Ring Dove, or Wood Pigeon, merely lays a pile of twigs and leaves on the branches of an oak or fir tree. The Eagle builds his rude, strong nest of large sticks and sods of earth on the ledge of some high precipice. Storks spread twigs and straw on the roofs of houses,

the towers of old churches, and the columns of ruined temples. Almost every pillar among the ruins of Persepolis, in Persia, contains a stork's nest. In Bagdad, and other cities of Asiatic Turkey, nearly all the towers of the mosques are surmounted by a stork's nest; and the large bird, stretching up her long neck, looks like a carved pinnacle or ornament. The ancients considered the stork sacred, and in all modern countries visited by these birds, they are viewed with great tenderness. This is partly owing to their usefulness in destroying reptiles and vermin, and partly because they are so faithful and affectionate to each other. In winter, they go south, to Arabia, Egypt, and other warm countries; but the same mates return, year after year, to the same nests. In Germany and Spain, many families know their own particular storks, and the storks know them. It is considered great good luck to have them build on the house roof. In marshy districts, where they are particularly useful in destroying reptiles, the inhabitants often fasten an old cart-wheel on the top of a strong high post, and the storks are almost always sure to spread their nests upon it. The Turks hold them in peculiar veneration; and the storks understand their

attachment so well, that in cities abounding with foreigners, they will single out the Turkish houses to build upon. When the Greeks were at war with the Turks, they were unmanly enough to show their hatred by killing the storks. When remonstrated with for their cruelty, they answered, "It is a vile Turkish bird, and will never build on the house of a Greek." But if they had loved and protected the birds, I dare say they would have nestled on their houses.

Mining birds are those that scoop out nests in the ground. Bank Swallows cling with their sharp claws to the side of a sandy bank, and peck at it with their hard bills, as a miner would with a pick-axe. They bore little winding galleries two or three feet into the bank, slope them upward to keep out the rain, and at the end, place a nice little bed of hay and feathers. These birds live together in large flocks. Sometimes the face of a sand bank will be entirely covered with the round holes by which they enter their nests.

Owls, Puffins, and Penguins, burrow deep holes under ground, with many turnings and windings. They dig with their strong sharp bills, and scrape out the rubbish with their feet. In some unfrequented places, they

bore so many holes in the loose sandy soil, that it caves in, when a traveller attempts to walk over it. No doubt they are very neighbourly in such cases, and lend each other their houses, till repairs can be made.

Mason birds build with mud and clay, moistened by a kind of glutinous liquid from their own throats. Cliff Swallows go in flocks, and fasten a whole settlement of such nests under a projecting ledge of rock, or under the eaves of a house. They look like rough little jugs glued against the wall, with the open mouth outward for an entrance. Within, they are lined with dried grass. Though they have no shovels to mix their mortar, and no barrows to carry their sand, these industrious little creatures finish their houses in the course of three days.

The Window Swallow is so called because she likes to place her nest in the corners formed by the brick or stone work of windows. She makes it of mud or clay, with little bits of broken straw kneaded in, to make it tough. As she builds against an upright wall, without anything to stand on, she is obliged to cling tight with her sharp claws, and steady herself by pressing her tail against the wall. In this way, she lays a foundation, by plastering her materials

against the brick or stone. She frequently goes away, to leave her masonry a chance to dry; and when it becomes hard enough not to fall by its own weight, she adds a little more. People sometimes place scallop shells near their windows, to induce the sociable little creatures to come and build. They often nestle in them; but, for fear of a tumble, they are always careful to make a substantial ridge of masonry underneath the shell. A pair of these birds built, for two successive years, on the handles of a pair of garden shears, stuck into the boards of an outhouse. They line their little cradles with straw and feathers, or moss interwoven with wool.

The Barn Swallows, of this country, are as universal favourites as the Window Swallows are in England. They build among the rafters and beams of barns and sheds, and fly in and out when the farmer is tending his cows, without seeming the least afraid. They make a plaster of clay and bits of fine straw, and in some snug corner of the rafters they fashion a little cup-shaped nest, warmly lined with fine bits of hay, hair, and feathers.

"Often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,

Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows."

Sometimes twenty or thirty swallows will build side by side, in the same barn. They never quarrel, but seem to live together in most happy friendship. I once watched a pair of swallows, while they were making their nest, and feeding their young. It was great joy to me to hear their happy voices, as they flew in and out with straws and feathers. The father-bird was very kind and attentive to his mate. When he found a particularly large and downy feather, he would bring it to her in a great hurry, and pour forth a gush of song, as if his little heart were brimful of love and joy.

But the neatest nest is made by the Song-Thrush. In some hawthorn-hedge, holly-bush, or silver-fir, she lays a foundation of feathery green moss, which she fashions into a rounded wall, by means of grass stems and bits of straw. Round the edge, she makes a thick band, to keep all in place. When the frame is completed, she lays on the inside a thin coating of yellow plaster, which is hard, water-proof, and as smooth and polished as a tea-cup.

NEST OF THE SONG THRUSH.

In South America, a bird, called the Baker-bird, makes a nest shaped like a baker's oven, on the leafless branch of some tree, a high post, or a crucifix. It is made of mortar, which the birds carry in their bills, in small pellets, about as big as a filbert. The interior is divided into two rooms, by a partition

of the same mason-work. A bed of dried grass is spread for the eggs. These nests last more than one season, and are so convenient that swallows, parroquets, and other birds, are apt to go in and take possession, and the builder has trouble to drive them away.

You have probably seen, in museums, tall scarlet birds from Africa, called Flamingoes. These birds build, in the marshes, hillocks of mud and slime, as high as their long legs. The base is broad, and a little hollow is left at top for their eggs, which they hatch standing. They look awkwardly enough, straddling across their mud hillocks.

The Carpenter-birds cut places for themselves in the trunks of trees. The strongest and most active of them are the Woodpeckers, of which there are several species. They have short bills, very sharp and hard. When they find a suitable tree, the father-bird begins to cut a hole, as round and smooth as if made by a carpenter's tool. While he rests, the mother does her share. They carefully carry away all the chips they make; probably to avoid drawing attention to the nest. The entrance is just big enough for the bird to pass through. It slopes downward, and terminates in a sizeable little room,

as neat as if finished by a cabinet-maker. Some species make it eighteen or twenty inches deep, others three or four feet. But notwithstanding the pains they take to place their little ones in safety, an ugly snake sometimes gets in and eats them up; and if a naughty boy pokes in a stick, to disturb the poor little woodpeckers, he sometimes starts out a great black snake.

The House-Wren is a great pester to the Woodpecker. Though a very small bird, she is very noisy, pert, and mischievous. If she finds a nice little nest of the Blue Bird, in the hole of an apple-tree, or among the box in the garden, she watches till blue bird is absent, and then pulls her nest to pieces, as fast as her little bill can work. When a woodpecker begins his house, she watches till she thinks he has made a hole deep enough to suit her purpose, and then, while he has gone to carry off his chips, the impudent thing walks in and takes possession. I once saw a very amusing contest between these birds. The wren stole a nicely chisseled hole, and began to make her nest. While she was gone for food, the woodpecker came back, and pitched all her twigs and feathers out of doors. The wren kept up a shrill scolding about it, and as soon as the wood-

pecker left her hole, she carried back all the straw and feathers. But the moment she left her stolen tenement, the woodpecker tossed them all out again. Birds of various kinds and sizes gathered round, to witness the quarrel, and made as loud a chattering about it, as if they had called an extra session of Congress to settle the dispute. At last, the woodpecker went off to cut a hole in another tree. If the wren had known where he went, I dare say she would have followed him, and turned him out of his own house again.

The purple Martins, for whom we build such pretty little martin-boxes on our barns and outhouses, are likewise much plagued by the bustling, scolding little wren. She quarrels with the martins, breaks up their nests, while they are away from home, and takes possession herself. A gentleman who watched one of these fights, says the martins, at last, went into the box when the wren was absent, and built up the opening with clay and straw, so that she could not get in. The wren, after sputtering and tearing round for two days, finally went off, and left the martins in peace.

The House Wren seems to be in America a bird of the same character as the House-

Sparrow in Europe; of whom Mary Howitt writes:

"At home, he plagues the martins with his noise—
They build, he takes possession and enjoys;
Or if he wants it not, he takes it still,
Just because teasing others is his will.
From hour to hour, from tedious day to day,
He sits to drive the rightful one away."

The Basket-making birds weave sticks and twigs together like a little basket, and line it with a nice soft matting of fine fibrous roots. The Blue Jay, the Bulfinch, the Mocking Bird, the Solitary Thrush, and several other small birds, build in this way. But none of them makes a neater nest than the Blue Linnet, or Indigo Bird. She swings her pretty little cradle between two stalks of corn, or strong high grass, around which she fastens strips of flax, woven into a basket-work frame, and lined with fine dry grass.

The Reed Bunting builds among reeds in a similar way.

Crows make a clumsy basket-nest, of twigs and black-thorn branches, with the thorns sticking out all round. Within is a soft bed of wool, or rabbit's fur.

Rooks make a frame-work similar to their cousins, the crows, and line it with a basket-work of fine fibrous roots. These birds live

NEST OF THE REED BUNTING.

together in flocks. In England, whole groves of trees may be seen loaded with their nests. They are likewise fond of building among the spires and battlements of old Gothic buildings. Sometimes a young couple will

pilfer from an old nest, to save themselves the trouble of flying far for sticks and twigs. As soon as the rooks find this out, they gather together, and show their displeasure by pulling the stolen nest to pieces. Their dislike of such thievish neighbours is so strong, that when they try to rebuild their nest, one is obliged to stay and guard it all the time, while the other goes for materials. But when the mother begins to lay her eggs, the neighbours cease to molest them, and leave them to bring up their brood in peace.

Of all the basket-makers, the Sociable Grosbeak of Africa seems the most remarkable. These birds cover the boughs of an entire tree with a roof made of Boshman's grass, so firmly basketed together that not a drop of water can get through. It slopes, like an umbrella, to carry the rain off. All round the eaves of this canopy are a multitude of little nests, so close together, that the same opening sometimes answers for two or three families.

Birds which make their nests with an opening at the side, instead of the top, are called Dome-Builders. In hot countries they are more apt to build so; probably for the sake of a roof to shield them from the sun. The European wren builds a beautiful little

nest in this way, of green moss lined with hair. It looks like a common bird's nest standing up on end.

The Hay Bird builds a loose nest, in similar fashion.

HAY-BIRD'S NEST.

The American Marsh Wren makes a very strong and ingenious nest. It is formed of wet rushes mixed with mud, well intertwisted, and moulded into the form of a cocoa nut. A small hole is left in the side, and the upper edge projects over the lower, like a penthouse to keep off the rain. The inside is

lined with fine soft grass and feathers. It is generally suspended among strong reeds, above the reach of the tide. It is tied so fast that the winds cannot blow it down, and when hardened by the sun, it will stand all kinds of weather.

The Magpie makes a loose irregular fabric of thorny branches, and builds a dome over her nest with the same material. The opening is small, and the thorns sticking outward form a prickly fence all round. Inside is a bowl of well-wrought clay, as much as a foot deep, lined with dry grass and fibrous roots. Even the fox, with all his cunning, would find it difficult to get at her treasure. Magpies are great thieves, and take a particular fancy to shining things, such as buttons, spoons, and rings, which they carry off and hide in their deep nests.

There is a British bird called Jack-in-the-Bottle, or Bottle-Tit, because he builds a long, bottle-shaped nest, with the mouth tipped downward, so that the large round end forms a nice overarching dome for his little ones. It is made of white and gray lichens, lined with moss, wool, and cobwebs, closely felted together, and covered with an abundance of feathers.

Some birds are called Cementers, because

they form their nest of a kind of cement. The most remarkable of these is a small gray bird in China, called the Esculent Swallow. They build in deep caves near the sea-shore, and their nests are firmly glued against the rock. They are of a substance like isinglass, supposed to be manufactured by the birds from a glutinous kind of fish-spawn, that floats on the surface of the sea. They are called Edible Nests, because epicures like to eat them in soup or broth. Before they have been used by the birds, they are very white and clean, and in that state often sell for more than their weight in silver.

Of the Weaver-Birds the best workman is the Baltimore Oriole, likewise called the Golden Robin, and Fiery Hanging Bird, on account of the flaming brilliancy of her feathers. Of flax, hemp, or tow, she weaves a strong cloth-like nest, hangs it from a forked twig, and sews it firmly with long horse-hair. They will carry off skeins of thread, and strings from the grafts of trees, to weave into these curious nests. Near the top, there is a hole for entrance. The inside is lined with soft substances, and finished with a neat layer of hair. One of these ingenious birds, having found an old epaulette, pulled it to pieces, and wove a nest of silver wire.

"The shining wire she pecked and twirled,
Then bore it to her bough,
Where on a flowery twig 'twas curled—
The bird can show you how."

This glittering nest was shown as a great curiosity; but I don't believe the young birds found it any more comfortable, or liked it any better, than one made of tow.

The Hindoos are much attached to a docile little bird called the Bengal Sparrow. She weaves grass into a bottle-shaped nest, hung on the highest tree she can find; usually a Palm, or an Indian Fig-tree. The entrance is at the bottom, as a security against snakes, and other creatures of prey. It is fastened very securely to the twig, but swings about in the wind. The interior consists of two or three chambers, against the walls of which they fasten, in moist clay, the brilliant fire-flies of India. The Hindoos believe they do it to light their rooms. Whether this conjecture be true or not, it is a well established fact that they do fasten these luminous insects inside their nests; and if taken away, they immediately procure others. These knowing little birds can be taught to fetch and carry notes from one house to another; and if a ring be dropped over a well, they will, at a given signal, dive with

astonishing swiftness, and catch it before it touches the water.

Felt-Making Birds manufacture their nests of moss, leaves, and wool, closely felted together, into a substance like that made by hatters. The English Chaffinch and Goldfinch build such nests in the fork of a tree,

NEST OF THE GOLDFINCH.

with a neat lining of smoothly woven hair. Canary Birds make a felted nest, in the crotch

of an Orange tree, and line it with the hair of deer or rabbits, if they can find it.

Tailor-Birds are those that sew their nests together. The Orchard Starling of the United States, makes a nest of long tough grass, sewed through and through in a thousand directions, as if done with a needle and thread. It is lined with button-wood down, and almost always suspended from the twig of an apple-tree.

The Tailor-Bird of the East Indies, by the help of her long pointed bill, and the fine flexible fibres of plants, sews two large leaves firmly together, and makes inside a nice little bed of cotton-down and feathers.

The dear little Humming-Bird makes a jewel of a nest, about an inch in diameter. The outside is of the bluish-gray lichen, so common on old trees and fences. Inside is the down of mullein, fern, and other plants, closely felted together, and laid as smoothly as a carpet. It contains two pure white eggs, not much bigger than large peas. This cunning little nest looks like a knot of moss on the branch of a tree.

In Africa, there is a small bird, called the Cape-Tit, which felts together a species of cotton-down into a fabric as thick as a stocking. It is shaped like a bottle, and near the

top is a snug little pocket on the outside, for the father-bird to sleep in. If both the birds go away at once, they beat the opening of the nest with their wings, till they felt it together, and thus close the entrance completely. This is their way of shutting the nursery door and taking the key.

Can any boy read how much pains these pretty creatures take to make a safe and comfortable home for their little ones, and not resolve that he will never do harm to a bird's nest? I hope not. I would almost as soon steal a baby in its cradle, and leave the poor mother to grieve, as I would rob a bird of her nest, or her eggs. They have little hearts, that ache as ours do, when anybody kills those they love. Sometimes they even die of grief. The poor little things!

A very good man, named John Woolman, tells this story of himself: "Once, in my childhood, as I went to a neighbour's house, I saw, on the way, a robin sitting on her nest. As I came near, she went off; but having young ones, she flew about, and with many cries expressed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, till one struck her, and she fell down dead. At first, I was pleased with this exploit; but after a few minutes, I was seized with horror, because

I had, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was careful of her young. When I beheld her lying dead, I began to think how those young ones, for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of a mother to feed them. After some painful reflection, I climbed the tree, and killed all the young birds; thinking it better to do this, than to leave them to pine away, and die miserably. Thus did I fulfil the Scripture proverb, 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' Then I went on my errand; but for hours I could think of little else but the cruelty I had committed; and I was much troubled."

I wish all my young readers may have as kind a heart, and as tender a conscience, as this good boy, who lived to be a man, and was a great blessing to the poor and the distressed.

THE PRESENT.

A LITTTE DRAMA.

CHARLOTTE. (*Coming slowly out of the breakfast-room.*) Father has not come down yet. I do wish he would. George, what do you suppose he meant when he said last night that he should make us a charming present this morning?

George. I think he has bought me a cap and feather. I asked him for one. You know they made me captain of the boy's company last week.

Charlotte. (*Laughing.*) My heart, George, don't try to walk so tall! If you want to be a mighty magnificent little man, as father calls you, do step upon the cricket, and take this pen for a sword, Captain George. Come, don't be in a pet, now. You know I think it is a very grand thing to have a captain for a brother. But I am sure father did not mean a cap and feather; for he said the pre-

sent was for *us*. He did not say it was for *you*. Besides, he told me I must be more like a woman, after I received this present; and that I must try hard to keep my good resolutions. And I do mean to be good. I don't mean to tell the least mite of an untruth all this year. Father says I am almost a woman now. There's the door-bell ringing. I'll speak to John. (*She opens the door just as John is passing.*) John, there is somebody ringing. If it is any little girl to see me, tell her I am very much engaged. Don't say I have gone out. I don't wish you to tell any lies for me. Now, George, please tell me what you are laughing at?

George. My heart, Charlotte, don't try to talk so very tall! If you want to be a mighty magnificent little woman, as father says, just step upon this cricket.

Charlotte. (*Pouting a little.*) I say it isn't fair of you to plague me so, George.

George. Come, don't be in a pet, now. You know I think it is a very great thing to have such a lady for a sister. But here comes father. Now for the present! (*They jump, and catch hold of the skirts of his coat.*)

Both. What is it, father? What is it?

Father. What do you guess it is?

George. A cap and feather.

Charlotte. A big French doll.

Father. Charlotte has made the best guess. It is more like a doll, than it is like a cap and feather.

George. Is it anything alive?

Father. Yes, it is something alive.

George. Is it a bird?

Charlotte. Is it a lamb?

Father. It is something like a lamb.

Both. Do show it to us, dear father.

(*He goes out, and soon after returns with a baby in his arms.*)

Father. Here is a little sister for you.

Charlotte. I declare, it is a baby sister.

George. Why, so it is!

Father. Is this as pretty a present as you expected?

George. Why, I thought it would be a cap and feather.

Charlotte. And I thought perhaps it would be a great doll. But I think I shall love this little sister better than a doll. What a pretty little mouth she has; and what cunning little fingers. By and bye, she will know me; won't she, father? (*She kisses the babe.*)

George. Let me kiss her, too. I like her, though she is not a cap and feather. By and bye, she will trot round after me,

and call me Dordy. And I'll pull the ribbon off her hair, and make her squeal.

Charlotte. No you mustn't. Shall he, father? She is my sweet little sister, and I won't let you vex her.

George. Oh, Charlotte, she will soon be big enough to jump on the cricket, and be a mighty magnificent little woman; and when the bell rings, she will say, John, if any little girls call to see me, say that I am very much engaged; I don't wish you to tell any lies for me. (*He runs out, looking back and laughing.*)

Charlotte. (*Running to the front door, calls after him.*) Oho, Captain George, I suppose you feel very tall, with your company! Where's your cap and feather?

George. Where's your doll?

Charlotte. My doll is alive. She is a sweet little sister.

THE INDOLENT FAIRY.

NCE there was a little fairy, remarkable for her impatience and indolence. They are generally a busy little race; but, as there are drones in a bee-hive, so there have been, as it is said, lazy fairies. I will name this one Papillon, which is the French word for butterfly; for she dearly loved to be dressed in gaudy colours, to sleep in the rich chambers of the Foxglove, and flutter over the fragrant Mignonette. In truth, she was a luxurious little fairy as ever the sun shone upon. So much did she love her ease, that she would not even gather a dew-drop to bathe her face, or seek a fresh petal of the rose for a napkin.

The queen of the fairies observed the faults of Papillon, and resolved to help her correct them. She summoned her one day,

and ordered her to go to a cavern in Ceylon, and there remain until she had fashioned a purer and more brilliant diamond, than had ever rested on the brow of mortal or fairy. Papillon bowed in silence, and withdrew; but when she was out of the presence of the queen, she burst into a passionate flood of tears. "I shall have to watch that diamond months and months, and years and years," said she; "and every day I must turn it over with my wand, that the crystals may all form even. O, it is an endless labour to make a diamond. O dear, I am a most wretched fairy."

Thus she sat, and sobbed and murmured, for many minutes. Then she jumped up, and stamped her feet on the ground so furiously that the little blue-eyed grass trembled. "I won't bear it," she exclaimed; "I will run away to the fairies of the air. I am sure they will glory in my beauty, and willingly be slaves to my pleasure. As for making a diamond, it is an impossible thing for such a little fairy as I am." As she looked up, she caught a glance of her image reflected in a brook. She saw that the splendid green of her wings was changed, and that the silver spots were all dim; for if the fairies indulge any evil passions, their wings

always droop, and their beauty fades. At this sight, Papillon again wept aloud, with vexation and shame. "I suppose the tyrant thinks I won't go away in this plight," said she; "but I will go, just to let her see that I don't care for her." As she spoke, the silver spots disappeared entirely, and her wings became a deeper and dirtier brown. She waved her wand impatiently, and called,

"Humming-bird, humming-bird, come nigh, come nigh,
And carry me off to the far blue sky!"

In an instant, the bird was at her feet; and she sprang upon his back, and they flew away to the golden clouds of the west, where the queen of the air fairies held her court. At her approach, the queen and all her train vanished; for they saw by her garments that wicked feelings had been busy at her heart, and that she was in disgrace at home.

Everything around her was beautiful. The clouds hung like transparent curtains of opal, and the floor was paved with fragments of rainbow. Thousands of gorgeous birds fluttered in the sunlight, and a multitude of voices filled the air with sweet sounds. Papillon, fatigued with the journey, and lulled by the music, fell into a gentle slumber. As she slept, she dreamed that a

tiny bird, smaller even than the humming-bird, was building a nest beside her. Straw after straw, and shred after shred, the patient little creature brought, and fitted into its place; and then away she flew, far over the hills and fields, to bring a fresh supply. "She is a foolish little thing," muttered Papillon. "How much labour she takes upon herself; and I don't believe she will ever get it done, after all." But the bird worked away diligently, and never stopped to think how long it would take her; and very soon she finished a warm soft nest, fit for a fairy to sleep in.

Papillon peeped into it, and exclaimed, "O, what a pretty thing!" Immediately she heard the tinkling of a guitar, and a clear voice singing,

"Little by little, the bird built her nest."

She started up, and the queen of the air fairies stood before her, in a robe of azure gossamer, embroidered with the feathers of the butterfly. "Foolish Fairy," she said, "return to your own queen. We allow no idlers among us. Time and patience can accomplish all things. Go and make your diamond, and then you shall be welcome here." Papillon wanted to urge how very

long it took to make a diamond; but the queen flew away, touching her guitar, and singing,

"Little by little, the bird built her nest."

Papillon leaned her head upon her wand a few minutes. She began to be ashamed of being an indolent fairy; and she felt half disposed to set about her appointed task cheerfully. She called the humming-bird and returned to earth. She alighted on the banks of "Bonnie Doon," close by the verdant little mound, where her offended queen resided. Near her, the bees were at work in a crystal hive. Weary and sad at heart, she watched them as they dipped into the flowers, to gather their little load of pollen. "I wish I loved to be industrious, as they do," thought she; "but as for that diamond, it is in vain to think of it. I should never get it done."

Then a delightful strain of music came from within the mound, and she heard a chorus of voices singing,

"Grain by grain, the bee builds her cell."

Papillon could have wept when she heard those familiar voices; for she longed to be at home, dancing on the green sward with her sister fairies. "I will make the diamond,"

murmured she: "I shall get it done some time or other; and I can fly home every night to join in the dance, and sleep among the flowers."

Immediately a joyful strain of music rose on the air, and she heard well-remembered voices singing,

"Welcome sister, welcome home!
Soon the appointed task is done."

Alas, bad habits are not easily cured. Papillon began to think how hard she should have to work, and how many times she must turn the crystals, and how far she must fly to join her companions in the dance. "I never can do it," said she. "I will go to the queen of the ocean fairies, and see if her service is not easier."

Mournful notes came from within the mound, as Papillon turned toward the sea shore; but she kept on her wayward course. When she came to the beach, she waved her wand thrice, saying,

"Argonaut! Argonaut! come to me,
And carry me through the cold green sea."

The delicate little pearly boat of the argonaut, or paper-nautilus, floated along the ocean, and a moment after, a wave landed it at her feet. And down, down they went into

a coral grove, among the lone islands of the Pacific. Magnificent was the palace of the ocean queen! Coral pillars were twisted into a thousand beautiful forms; pearls hung in deep festoons among the arches; the fan-coral and the sea-moss were formed into cool deep bowers; and the hard sandy floor was tesselated with many-coloured shells.

But as it had been in the air, so was it in the ocean. The palace was deserted at the approach of the stranger. "O, how beautiful is all this!" exclaimed Papillon. "How much more beautiful than our queen's flowery arbour. The giants must have made these pillars." As she spoke, her eyes were nearly blinded by a swarm of almost invisible insects; and she saw them rest on a half-finished coral pillar, at a little distance. While she looked and wondered, there was a sound as of many Tritons blowing their horns, and she heard the chorus,

"Mite by mite, the insect builds our coral bower."

The sounds came nearer and nearer, and a hundred fairies, floating on beautiful shells, drew nigh. At their head was the queen, clothed in a full robe of wave-coloured silk, spun by Pinna, the Ocean Silk-worm. It was as thin as the spider's web, and the

border was gracefully wrought with the smallest of seed pearls. "Foolish Papillon, learn to be industrious," she said. "We allow no idlers about our court. Look at the pillars of my palace. They were made by creatures smaller than yourself. Labour and patience did it all."

She waved her wand, and the hundred shells floated away; and ever and anon the fairies sang in full chorus,

"Mite by mite, the insect builds our coral bower."

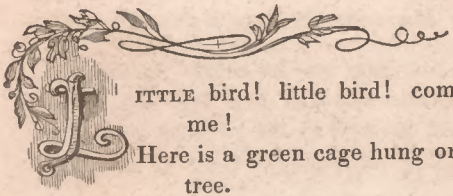
"Well," said Papillon, sighing, "all creatures are busy, on the earth, in the air, and in the water. All things seem to be happy at their work; perhaps I can learn to be so. I will make the diamond; and it shall be as brilliant and pure as a sunbeam in a water-drop."

Papillon sought the deep caverns of Ceylon. Day by day, she worked as busily as the coral insect. She grew cheerful and happy; her green wings resumed their lustre, and the silver spots became so bright, that they seemed like sparks of fire. Never had she been so beautiful, never half so much beloved.

After several years had passed away, Papillon knelt at the feet of the queen and

offered her diamond. It was brilliant beyond anything the earth had ever produced. It gave light like a star, and the whole palace shone with its rays. To this day, the fairies call it Papillon's diamond.

LITTLE BIRD! LITTLE BIRD!



LITTLE bird! little bird! come to me!
Here is a green cage hung on the tree.
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring to you,
And fresh ripe cherries, all wet with dew.

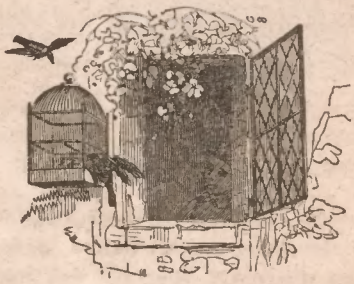
Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care;
But I dearly love the free broad air;
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree
Is better than golden cage for me.

Little bird! little bird! where wilt thou go,
When the fields are all buried in snow?
The ice will cover your old oak tree;
You had better come and stay with me.

Nay, little maiden, away I'll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky.
When Spring returns with pattering rain,
You will hear my merry song again.

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

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



THE DEAF AND DUMB.

In old times, those who were so unfortunate as not to be able to speak or hear, had no means of instruction. They grew up and died, without being able to write their thoughts, or to read pleasant books. But of late years, the power of teaching them by signs has been carried to such perfection, that they can read and write perfectly well. Institutions for their instruction are now established in nearly all Christian countries. The best in this country is at Hartford, Connecticut. It is a most beautiful sight to see these unfortunate children striving so eagerly to receive ideas through their imperfect senses, and to express them by means of a language they have never heard spoken.

The pupils in the Deaf and Dumb School

at Exeter, England, lately wrote and printed a little book, which they dedicated to their teacher. One little boy, named John Wilton, writes to her thus, "Dearest Madam, I and my dear school-fellows desire to put your great name in this little book to give to you. We all love you; because you thought about us in our young life, and built this house for us, with your many friends. We look at this beautiful place, and we think of you, and we think of our ignorance, and loneliness, and unhappiness, before we came here; and we say we truly love you, and your name is in our hearts and in our minds, and your face is confirmed to us. You knew me in my little years, and I was at your house for teaching; but some of my school-fellows did not see you before, but they sign to me that they are grateful, as I am, to you. We pray much for you. Do you like us to pray for you?"

The volume is composed of short religious pieces, written by several deaf and dumb boys; but the most beautiful spirit among them all is named Hugh Coyle. He writes: "O, my God, thou knowest I have no hatred to men. I would not have revenge to any. But, O, my Father, when any one teases me, my heart is hot with passion, and my face

is red, and my eyes are bright to anger. But I will not beat him. I will not slander about him. I will not keep malice against him; because I suffer for my Jesus Christ. I try to suppress evil passions like him. I endeavour to bear tribulation with noble mind. But, O my Father, I tell thee it is hard to know well about this, because I am ignorant. O my God, I am humble in thy sight, because I know I am imperfect in my all. I feel sin is dull to me. It has no pretty thoughts, and no peace. I have looked at the new bird in the cage, and it was uneasy, and it disliked the prison. It would fly away in the pure air to the high tree. Sin is like a cage to me, because it makes my mind unhappy and heavy. I every day pray thee to pardon me, because every day I do sin in thy sight, O my Father. I believe that prayer prevails with thee, and I am at rest in my heart. I know I often ask what is not proper for me; but thou refusest to give me, because thou art merciful and wise. I ask much money of thee, because I think to be charitable to poor men; but thou givest me no great money; for thou knowest it would make me proud, and vain, and indolent. Thou givest me all things better than money. Thou givest me patience.

Thou givest me thirst for knowledge. Thou givest me cheerfulness in my religion. Thou givest me trust in my Jesus Christ. Thou givest me charity in heart that makes me pray to thee for others; and I am happy with all thy doings to me. My heart sings to thee. I choose pretty words in mind for thee. I have great names for thee in my heart. I love to hold converse with thee; and I sometimes weep to thee, O my Father.

"My father-man is gone from me, O God; and I am my own one Hugh Coyle in the world. I am poor in my clothes, and I am like a little tree in the far wide field. But I see thou givest trees new dresses; and I see thou makest men kind to thy little birds and pretty animals; and I know thou wilt make men friends to me, and kind to me; because thou art happy to love me, and see me pray, O my Father."

LOUISA PRESTON.

Louisa Preston was the daughter of a poor widow, who lived in Boston. Her father was an Englishman. He came to America because he could not earn a living in his native land. In this country he found employment and good wages, but he always continued poor because he had a large family of children to support, and his wife had very slender health. When his daughter Louisa was about ten years old, he died, and his widow was obliged to take in washing to support the family. At this trying period, Louisa, young as she was, was a great help and consolation to her mother. She brought water, hung out the clothes, washed the hearth, and tended her baby sister, till it seemed as if her arms would break. Besides all this,

she attended school constantly, and was pronounced the first scholar there. I have heard her mother say that after Louisa had been working hard for her, until eleven o'clock at night, she had often found her at the first grey peep of day, with her head out of the window studying her lessons by the earliest light. Yet though Louisa worked early and late, neither her looks nor her health were injured. She was not beautiful, but she had an honest, cheerful face, and her blue eyes looked so friendly, that everybody thought her countenance very agreeable. Though a girl of great energy and bravery, her manners were so mild and affectionate, that the very kitten, if she hurt her paw, went to Louisa, as if she knew by instinct who had the kindest and best heart in the world. As for her little sister, she loved her so much, that whenever she was ill or grieved, her cry always was "Loolly! Loolly!" and it was seldom her mother could get her to sleep, till Louisa came home to rock her, and tell her stories. It was enough to do one's heart good to see chubby little Mary tottle to the door, the moment she heard her sister's well-known footstep; and to see her jump up and down so prettily, and throw her arms round Louisa's neck with excess of joy.

Poor Louisa had few comforts at home, and some vexations at school; and it seemed as if her heart were more wrapped up in the dear little one, because she had few other things to love. She often pleased herself with thinking how much she and her brother John, who was about two years younger than herself, would do for Mary and their mother, as soon as they were old enough to support themselves. This excellent girl, hoped, and intended, to fit herself for teaching one of the primary schools; and so anxious was she to help her mother, that she sometimes cried to think that she was no older. Sometimes, too, she was almost discouraged from trying to learn; for it took so much of her time to assist her mother in washing, to mend her brother's clothes, and to tend the baby, that it seemed to be almost impossible for her to get her lessons. But to the industrious and persevering, nothing is impossible. Louisa Preston, with all her discouragements, was the best scholar in school. She was generally beloved by her companions, for her pleasant temper and obliging disposition; but some did not quite like it that she should always keep above them in the class; and as they could find nothing to blame in her deportment, they

sometimes vented their evil feelings by laughing at her dress.

"Well, Miss Creak-shoes, I hope you are easy, now you've got up to the head again," said Hannah White.

"I should be ashamed to stand at the head, if I had such a coarse, short gown as yours," said Harriet May.

"It is the best my mother can afford," answered Louisa, meekly.

"Then I'd stay at home and help her wash," said Hannah White.

Some of the girls laughed, as if they thought there was disgrace in having a poor, industrious mother. Louisa blushed painfully, and their laugh went through her heart like a dagger. For a moment, she felt ashamed of being a washerwoman's daughter. She turned round suddenly, and came very near saying some angry things to Hannah White. But the good girl had learned to govern her temper. The flush on her cheeks died away, and the tears came to her eyes; but she spoke not a word. When children do unkind things, it is more from thoughtlessness than cruelty of heart. Louisa's tearful eyes at once made all the little girls feel sorry.

"I am sure I did not mean any harm by

laughing," said one. "I should be ashamed if I were you, Hannah White," said another; "for you know there never was a better girl than Louisa."

"We did not mean to hurt your feelings," said a third. "We did not think what we were doing, when we laughed. We could not love you better, if you wore a silk gown."

Louisa was comforted by these expressions; but she was mortified and grieved, and she did not return home as light-hearted as usual.

When she entered their little dark room, she found her mother at the wash-tub, looking very pale and tired. "Here is Loolly, dear," said she to little Mary, who was so busy scrubbing doll-rags in a little wooden bowl, that she did not notice her sister's entrance. "Oh, Loolly! Loolly!" shouted the little one; and her voice sounded merry as a Christmas bell. Her mother smiled, and looked affectionately on her oldest daughter, as she said, "Oh, Louisa, how could we get along without you? You are the best child that ever lived; and God will bless you for your kindness to your poor mother."

Louisa's heart was too full to bear this. She threw her arms round her mother's

neck, and burst into tears. "What is the matter?" asked her mother. "Nothing," she replied; "at least, nothing that I can tell." When urged to keep none of her troubles secret from her mother, she answered, "I would tell you, certainly I would, if it were right; but the girls at school said something to me that hurt my feelings very much; and it is not proper for me to tell you what it was."

Her mother did not urge her. She knew Louisa was a girl to be trusted, and she suspected that some allusion had been made to her poor dress, which she, with genuine delicacy, had forborne to mention.

Louisa persuaded her mother to sit down and dry her feet, while she hung out the clothes, washed the room, put John and Mary to bed, and made a cup of hot tea. While she was busily engaged in performing these kind offices, her mother often looked upon her with an expression of love, which seemed to say she had nothing else in the wide world to lean upon, but her. Louisa understood the language of her face, and it filled her with self-reproach. She asked her own heart, "How could I, for one moment, feel ashamed of that good mother, who has always loved me; who took care

of me when I was a babe; who has toiled many a time when she was ill herself, in order to make me comfortable? I am proud of my mother for her goodness, her industry, and her self-denial. How could I have such wrong feelings, on account of anything those thoughtless girls could say?"

Most girls of her age would not have been so much troubled because they had been for a few moments ashamed that their mothers were poor hard-working women; but Louisa had a very tender conscience, and she knew that such pride was not pleasing in the eyes of her Heavenly Father. Before she went to bed that night, she prayed earnestly that such feelings might never again come into her heart; and the sleep of the good child was sweet and refreshing.

In the morning, her mother said, "Louisa, dear, I do not like to keep you a moment from school; but Mrs. White's bundle of clothes is too heavy for John, and I have nobody but you to carry it."

Louisa's face crimsoned for a moment. It was only the day before that Hannah White had ridiculed her for being a washerwoman's daughter. She could not bear to carry the clothes home, when she was likely to meet her on the way to school; but she remem-

bered how wretched such thoughts had made her the day before; and she answered, with one of her sweetest smiles, "I can go just as well as not, mother. I shall get to school in good season, if I walk quick."

Her mother thanked her; and with a large bundle in one hand, and book and atlas in the other, she left home with an approving conscience, and a light heart. She met several of her companions on the way, and she thought some of them looked as if they pitied her; but she did not let that trouble her. When she reached school, she found that her class had just risen to recite. Her heart beat violently, for she was anxious not to make any mistake, and she had not had time to review her lesson. She could not answer the second question that was asked her; she lost her place at the head, and when recitation was finished, Hannah White remained above her.

Hannah looked triumphant, and poor Louisa found bad feelings again rising up in her heart. She tried to crowd them back; but, overcome with many temptations and troubles, she burst into tears. The instructer supposed all her grief was occasioned by losing her place in the class. He felt exceedingly sorry for her, because he knew

there must be some very good reason why she had neglected her lesson. He did not say anything, however, for he disliked to call upon her the attention of the whole school. But, by way of exciting her hopes, he mentioned that a committee of gentlemen would visit them in a few days, and that one of them had proposed to give a handsome copy of Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales, and one year's education at the best school in the city, to the young lady who should, at the end of eight weeks, evince the most thorough knowledge of ancient and modern geography. All Louisa's class felt sure that she would get the prize; and next to being successful themselves, they wished her to be. Hannah White and Harriet May were the two next best scholars in school, and they resolved in their own minds that they would be victorious, if studying would make them so. Not that they cared about the year's schooling; for their parents were pretty rich; but it was an honour, which they thought worth trying for. Louisa knew they were the only competitors she had to fear; and she was conscious it would cost her an effort not to be jealous of them. Hannah White was not a bad-hearted girl, but she had pert, unpleasant manners. During

recess that day, she said many sneering things, which made Louisa feel unhappy, in spite of herself. More than one little girl said, "If I were Louisa Preston, I'd never speak to Hannah White again."

The young lady who had told Harriet May and Hannah White that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, for laughing at Louisa's coarse gown, was named Emily Minot. She now came up to Louisa very kindly, and putting her arm within hers, offered her half the orange she was eating. She was a kind girl, but wild and thoughtless, and very fond of fun. When they again went into school, she amused herself by cutting figures in paper, and holding them up for the entertainment of her companions. One of these figures was so very ridiculous, that all who saw it burst into an unconstrained laugh. The instructer looked up surprised; but every face was sobered, and intent upon a book. A few minutes elapsed, and a tittering laugh was again heard throughout the school-room. The teacher was displeased with such conduct, and insisted upon knowing the cause. No one was willing to tell. Emily Minot, fearing that search would be made, hastily pushed the papers out of the way, and sat as de-

mure as a kitten. Some of the papers fell on the floor, and others were found in Hannah White's desk; and as she was very apt to be roguish, the teacher concluded that she was the culprit. He requested her to leave her seat and stand beside his desk, till he could decide what course to pursue with a young lady, who spent her time in disturbing school. She again and again declared that she had not cut the papers, or shown them; but the teacher knew she did not always tell the exact truth, and he did not quite trust her. As she was not a favourite in school, and Emily Minot was, no one liked to step forward and vindicate her. Trembling and blushing, with her eyes full of tears, Hannah prepared to obey the orders she had received; but Louisa Preston rose, and in a modest but firm tone, said, "Hannah is not to blame, sir; she only laughed, and we all did that." "Who then has done the mischief?" Louisa was silent, and hung down her head. Emily Minot had been so kind to her, and had always been so ready to take her part when the other girls vexed her, that she could not bear to bring her into trouble, though she knew very well that she deserved it. The teacher began to grow impatient at having

the school interrupted by such delay. "Very well, Louisa," said he, "if you know who the culprit is, and will not tell, you must take her place yourself." The poor girl was much frightened. She was very bashful, and the idea of having the eyes of all the scholars fixed upon her was extremely painful. She glanced timidly round the room, but no one dared to look up at her. She remembered how Emily Minot had taken her arm, and given her half an orange that morning; and with a beating heart she left her seat and stood beside the instructer's desk. There was silence throughout the school. Emily Minot was grieved and ashamed. She trembled violently; and when the teacher placed the ridiculous paper figures in Louisa's hand, and told her to hold them up as high as she could reach, until he gave her leave to lower her arm, Emily burst into tears, and said, "It was I who did it."

The instructer was rejoiced to find so much good and generous feeling among his pupils. After expressing his extreme unwillingness ever to resort to punishment of any kind, he urged upon them the necessity of preserving good order in school, and declared his readiness to forgive the offender. The adventures of that day were long re-

membered by all the scholars, and helped to make them wiser and better girls. Hannah White's good feelings were touched by Louisa's disinterested vindication. She was conscious that she had not deserved it at her hands. From that period, her character and manners began to change. She was always kind and polite to her playmates, and particularly so to Louisa. Thus may evil always be overcome with good.

A day or two after this affair, she whispered to Louisa, as they left school together, "My mother told me to ask you to spend next Saturday at our house. She says it will particularly oblige her, and you must not fail to come." Louisa was very much surprised, and so was her mother, when she heard of the invitation; but they both thought it would be proper and polite to go.

Mrs. White received her young visiter very affectionately. She told her that what she heard of her character and conduct, both at home and at school, made her very desirous to assist her. She gave her a good supply of neat clothing, and interested several ladies in behalf of her good mother. Mrs. Preston no longer suffered from extreme poverty. She was constantly employed by ladies, who did not think it right to pay poor

women poor prices for their work. She was grateful to her Heavenly Father for having sent her such a daughter; and often, and often, when they had knelt and prayed together, before retiring for the night, she would put her hands affectionately on Louisa's forehead, and say, "I always thought you would bring blessings to us all. You were always such a good girl." At such moments, Louisa rejoiced that she was a washerwoman's daughter; it gave her the means of being so helpful, and of living for others rather than herself.

This was a sunny time in the good girl's life. She was useful and beloved at home, and at school she went on improving and gaining friends every day. Her progress in geography surprised even her teacher, though he expected much from her intelligence and industry. There seemed to be no doubt that she would win the prize.

Little Mary knew nothing about this good luck. She had always loved her sister as well as ever she could, and she could not love her better now. One day, when Louisa, as usual, kissed her and bade her good-bye, before she went to school, the little pet took hold of her gown, and said, in her most coaxing tones, "Loolly stay wi' Mary! Loolly stay wi' Mary!"

"I can't stay," replied Louisa: "I must go to school now; but by and bye Loolly will come back to see dear little Mary." The child sighed, and still keeping hold of her gown, said, in her artless, prattling way, "Mary love Loolly. Don't Loolly go." Louisa's heart was so much touched by these simple signs of love from her little favourite, that she found it very hard to leave her. But it was quite school time, and after putting the hair nicely out of her eyes, and kissing her pretty white forehead, she ran away. She stopped a moment in the road, to look back and shake her satchel playfully at her, as she stood peeping out of the door.

With a light and happy heart, she went into school. Among all the rich and indulged little ladies in town, not one could be found that day so happy as Louisa Preston. She had been in school two hours, when a boy came running in out of breath, exclaiming, "Mary is burned to death!" Louisa became as pale as chalk, and her limbs trembled so, that she could hardly move. At first, it seemed as if she would faint away; but she summoned her strength instantly, and flew out like an arrow. She hardly knew she had left the school-room, till she found herself at her mother's bed-side.

Oh, what a sight was there! It was enough to break her heart to look upon it. Mary was not dead, but she was burned so badly, that Louisa could hardly distinguish anything in the shape of a face, where she had that morning kissed the prettiest features and the fairest skin, that ever belonged to a little child. Her tongue, which had uttered such sweet sounds that morning, was now useless. She could not speak. The doctor said she would never speak more; and Louisa knew that she should never again see the loving expression of her beautiful eyes. It was very hard to bear. The heart of the affectionate sister ached so, that she could not weep. Sometimes, indeed, the tears would come, when the little sufferer tried to nestle close up to her cheek, or made a moaning noise, if the supporting arm was withdrawn from her head. Mary lingered three weeks, in great pain. During all that time, she was not willing that her beloved sister should leave her even for a moment. It was not until she had repeated half a dozen times over, "Loolly will come back again," that she could get away from the bed-side. The poor little creature could not answer; she could not even smile. But her sister knew very well, by the patient manner in which

she withdrew her hand, that she was willing she should go; and when she returned, the eagerness with which the little hand moved toward her, spoke whole volumes of love.

At last, Louisa's long and painful service ended. Little Mary died. Her body was buried in the ground, and angels came to carry her gentle little soul home to her Heavenly Father.

Louisa did not weep bitterly. She had seen her little darling suffer so much, that she did not wish her to linger any longer in such dreadful pain. Sometimes, indeed, when she remembered how Mary had tried to coax her to stay at home from school, she would think to herself, "Ah, if I had only been at home, while mother was hanging out the clothes, the poor little thing would not have played with the fire." But she did not say this; for she knew no one was to blame, and that it would only make her mother's heart ache. It was a comfort to hear the bereaved parent say, "Louisa, what should I have done through this dreadful trial, if it had not been for you, and the friends you have raised up for me?" Then she still had her brother John to love. He had left his boyish noisy sports, during little Mary's illness, and seemed to pity his good mother

and sister with all his soul. Sorrow softens the heart, and makes it pitiful. After John saw the body of his merry little sister laid down and covered up in the ground, he became more gentle, affectionate, and thoughtful.

When Louisa recovered from her extreme fatigue, she began to think about school. Her mother was too much worn out to be left alone; and for another fortnight, the diligent girl could scarcely find an hour a day to study the maps she was so eager to learn. At last, with a long-drawn sigh, she gave up all hopes of getting the prize. She did not let her mother know that it made her unhappy; for she knew that when she made a sacrifice for another, it was very unkind and selfish to complain of it. But it is pleasant to have some one to whom we can speak of what troubles us. John was very young, and had heretofore been a remarkably heedless boy; but he was more sober and attentive now, and she knew that he would feel interested for her. Sometimes, when their mother was asleep, she would talk with him about the prize. "I do not care so much about losing the books," said she; "though I dearly love to read. But I did hope I could go to a private school for one year. I think I could be

fitted for a teacher myself, if I could only do that." John sympathised in all her wishes and plans. It made him feel like a man, to have his elder sister confide in him. In his homely way, he would answer, "Now, Louisa, I'd give all my old shoes, if you could get that prize. Why won't you go to school, and let me stay at home and take care of mother?" "I should not like to have her know how much I want to go," replied Louisa; "besides you know you couldn't do the mending mother has taken in." "I can carry it home, and tell the folks that we can't do it," said John. "But mother needs the money, and cannot get it, without I earn it for her," rejoined his thoughtful sister. "Mrs. White will give us some money, if you go and tell her that mother is sick." "No, no, John, I will never beg, so long as I can work," said Louisa: "other people ought not to help us, without we try to help ourselves." "I have heard mother say a hundred times," replied her brother, "that all the friends raised up for her lately were owing to your being so industrious and good. I suppose that is the way to make friends, and keep them, too; and I mean to try to be industrious and good." Louisa kissed him, and told him she would try to earn

money enough to put him to a good school, and that she hoped to live to see him a great support and blessing to their good mother, when she was too old and infirm to support herself. Such conversation sobered the boy, and made him, like Louisa, older in character than he was in years.

At the end of two weeks, Mrs. Preston was so much better, that she could get through her work very comfortably with John's assistance. Louisa, who had studied every minute she could get, had still some faint hopes of receiving the prize. When she again took her accustomed seat at school, Hannah White and Harriet May were a little uneasy. They had supposed she would not be able to come again, before the prize was given, and they had not studied quite so hard as they otherwise would have done. However, they gave her a cordial welcome, and all the scholars said they were glad to see her back again. Her example had taught them to be ambitious of excellence, yet be at the same time amiable and disinterested. A generous heart never dislikes a friend or companion because she excels. It is only bad and mean dispositions that cannot love a rival.

The three girls felt willing that it should

be a fair trial of scholarship and industry. They talked together about it, and though each said she hoped to gain the prize herself, they all promised to feel pleasantly toward whoever gained it. To have rivals in her class at school is sometimes a great trial to a little girl's disposition and temper; but the only way to be really good is to resist and overcome all temptation to be selfish.

It was soon evident that Louisa had well employed what little time she had been able to command during her mother's illness. The instructer thought that her chance was at least equal to that of any of her classmates. At last the important day arrived. The committee and several visiters came to examine the school. They were well pleased with the young ladies in general; but Louisa's neat appearance, her modest, winning ways, and the facility with which she answered the most difficult questions addressed to her, soon made the committee think that it would be a very pleasant thing to give her the prize. The trial between the three best scholars was, however, very equal. Toward the close of the examination, Harriet May missed two questions, and was thus thrown out of the list. The scholars now watched Hannah White and Louisa

Preston with great eagerness. At last, Louisa found herself unable to answer a question, and it was passed to her rival, who gave a very prompt and correct reply. Louisa's hopes had been very highly excited, and now she was so disappointed that her heart seemed to stop its movement all at once, like a watch when its spring is broken. But this good girl had made such use of afflictions and temptations, as our Heavenly Father intends we should. They had made her more humble and more wise. In a moment the painful feeling went away, and she looked up and smiled sweetly in Hannah's face, as if she sincerely wished her joy.

Hannah White bore her victory very meekly. When the volumes were bestowed upon her, with high praises of her scholarship, she blushed, and said, "I am sure I should not have gained the prize, if Louisa Preston had not been obliged to stay at home five weeks, to nurse her sick mother and sister." The tears came into Louisa's eyes, as she thanked her generous rival with a beaming glance of gratitude and love.

The committee were highly pleased.—"Young ladies," said one of them, "this expression of mutual good feeling is far more honourable to you, than any literary prize

you can ever gain. Your whole conduct meets with our entire approbation; and since your recitations have been so nearly equal, we shall give you both equal prizes."

Hannah White was never so happy in her life, as she was that day. She found there was nothing half so pleasant as being good; no victory half so delightful as the victory over one's own selfishness.

"It was very kind of you to speak so of me," said Louisa, putting her arm round her friend's neck, and kissing her affectionately, as they were about to leave school together.

"If I am better than I used to be, it is you who have taught me," replied Hannah.

The friendship thus begun, continued through life. The girls afterward went to the same school, and both obtained a handsome medal the day they left it.

When Louisa was sixteen she began to teach school; and she gained the affections of her pupils as rapidly as she had formerly gained that of her playmates. Mrs. White's family assisted her in every way they could. By their friendly influence, united to her own exertions, she was enabled to give her brother John an excellent education. When Louisa playfully reminded him that she had told him, when he was a little boy, that he

would be a support and comfort to their aged mother, he answered, with an affectionate smile, "You, my good sister, have made a man of me."

There is no Louisa Preston now. When she was twenty-two years old, she married Hannah White's brother. Her husband used to say, "No doubt Louisa was a great blessing to her mother and brother; but she is a greater blessing to me."

Louisa has a little daughter, whom she named for her darling sister Mary. She is a pretty, fat little cherub, just beginning to talk a little. She looks up in her mother's face very sweetly, and lisps out, "Ma-my love mamma." Sometimes her mother catches her up, and half smothers her with kisses, as she says, "I do wish the dear little lamb would learn to say, 'Mary loves Loolly.'"

LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

"The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea."

JOHN. Aunt Maria, did you say that co ral was an animal?

Aunt Maria. It is supposed to be a col lection of the shells of small marine animals joined together by a stony cement.

John. What kind of animal can it be that lives in such a manner?

Aunt Maria. A very singular class call ed Zoophytes, from two Greek words, which signify a plant-animal. They are so called, because they seem in some respects to be like vegetables, and in others like animals. There are several varieties of them. The sponges, the corallines, the star-fish, and the sea-anemone, belong to this singular class.

The Sea-Anemone is so called from its singular resemblance to a flower, both in its shape, and the bright variety of its colours. This animal-flower is usually fastened at one extremity to rocks, or stones in the sand. At the other extremity, the claws are arranged in circles, which give it the appearance of a blossom. They open and shut these claws, to obtain food. They are very greedy, and will swallow a muscle or a crab as large as a hen's egg. That class of zoophytes which are stony, like coral, are called lithophytes, from two Greek words meaning stone-plant. The lithophytes cannot build above the level of the sea; nor do they ever build so high as to be left uncovered with water, when the tide is lowest.

John. But I have read in books of voyages about coral reefs being seen above the ocean.

Aunt Maria. They are frequently seen; because the hot sun of the tropics often cracks the coral, and causes large branches to break off; and these branches float on the tide, and are often lodged on the top of the reefs, and become entangled there. Then the wind wafts the sand into the crevices, and floating sea-weed lodges there and decays. After a while, the birds drop seeds, which take root

and grow, and blossom, and go to seed, and die. Thus a soil is slowly formed, and grasses and shrubs grow, and the birds come and lay eggs there, and insects float thither on pieces of wood, which have drifted thousands of miles, and the coral reef becomes an island; then the islands get joined together by coral reefs growing up between them, and thus become continents. It is believed that a new continent is now being formed, extending from New-Zealand to the Sandwich Islands. If another continent is thus added to the world, we may thank the zoophytes and the birds, for having done their masonry and gardening so well.

John. It is wonderful to think of such a little creature's building continents! How do we know that North and South America is not a huge bridge, built on coral piers? Perhaps the industrious zoophytes, as you call them, had been at work on them for a thousand years, before Christopher Columbus thought of sailing in search of the new world.

Aunt Maria. Very likely it was so. Divine wisdom is constantly carrying on immense works by the most insignificant agents. We short-sighted mortals know nothing of the magnificent design, until we see it com-

ing into its final form. In the Pacific Ocean and the South Seas, one can observe the gradual formation of islands and continents. The growth of coral in those seas is prodigious; and what is singular, it is almost always in a circular, or half-circular shape.

John. I remember reading in a book that in old times people thought mushrooms grew in rings, because fairies had danced there in a circle, and mushrooms sprung up all round their path.

Aunt Maria. You know the Irish tell many stories of a kind of sea-fairies, which they call merrows. It is just as likely that coral grows up where they dance in circles in the water. At any event, there is beauty enough to be the work of fairies. In some of these crescent-shaped islands, you see a rim of coral running out into the deep, unfathomable sea, covered with tufts of Palm, Cocoa, and Bread-Fruit trees. The tropical seas, near the shore, are of the clearest and most brilliant green. When the sun shines on it, the graceful branches of white coral may be seen deep down through the emerald waters, interspersed with sponges, sea-moss, coralline fans, leaves, and plumes, with colours as various and brilliant as a tulip-bed. They wave about in the water, like flowers

blown by the wind, and great herds of fish may be seen down in the green depths, browsing on the corallines, like cattle in a pasture.

John. That must be a beautiful sight! How I should like to go down there. But what makes those coral leaves, and long branches, like feathers?

Aunt Maria. They are supposed to be marine plants, on which the insects have built, till all the veins are completely covered with the stony substance they deposit.

John. A sailor once showed me a piece of wood all covered with little hard shells. He said the entire bottom of a vessel was sometimes covered with them.

Aunt Maria. That is a small creature, that lives in what is called the sea-acorn, or the acorn-shell. The sailors call them barnacles. They fasten themselves to rocks, stones, and even to marine animals. On the beach, you will often find pebbles so covered with them, that they look like stone-honeycomb. These parasites fasten on vessels in such numbers, that they are sometimes obliged to turn ships bottom upward and scrape them off.

John. What do you call them parasites for?

Aunt Maria. When a person flatters a rich man, or a powerful man, and keeps about him all the time, in hopes of getting something, and will not go away, though he knows his company is disagreeable, he is called a parasite. There are some plants which fasten their roots into the stems of other plants, and take away their strength. The misletoe thus fastens on trees, and dodder fastens on flax. Such plants are called parasites. There are a variety of shell fish that fasten themselves to rocks, and to other fish. All such are called parasites. Some of them have shells in two parts, like oysters or clams. They lie with their shells open, waiting for something to swim along for them to eat; but if they see any danger coming, they shut up very quick.

John. That must be a very safe and easy way of getting a living.

Aunt Maria. Not so safe as you think. They have a destructive enemy, called the Trochus; a kind of sea-snail, with a conical shell, and a trunk toothed like a saw. This instrument bores, like an augur, through the hardest and thickest shell. When the trochus once fastens, he cannot be shaken off. It is of no use to open and shut the shell,

ever so violently. There he stays till he bores through, and eats the fish inside.

John. Is that the reason why there are so many shells of clams, oysters, and cockles, on the beach, with round holes in them, as if they had been bored with an awl?

Aunt Maria. Yes. When the animal is sucked out, the empty shell is washed on shore.

John. If I were a cockle I would be cunning. I would creep into one of these empty shells, and then if a trochus came along and saw the hole, he would think there was nobody at home.

Aunt Maria. What if he should happen to catch you walking?

John. A shell-fish walk? That makes me laugh.

Aunt Maria. But they do walk; and by many ingenious contrivances, they manage to do very well without feet. When scallop-shells are left on the beach by the retiring tide, the animal that inhabits them throws the valves of his shell wide open, and closing them with a sudden jerk, throws himself forward five or six inches. By repeating this process, he at last gets back to the sea. Some oysters thrust one end of their shell in the sand, till they stand nearly upright, and wait for the

coming tide to pitch them over. The sea-urchin has a shell full of small holes, through each of which he pushes a horn, something like a snail's. On these he rolls over, like the wheel of a coach, until he reaches the end of his journey. From his appearance, when these horns are thrust out, he is often called the sea-hedge-hog, or porcupine. The river-muscle digs a hole in the sand with his feet, and by a violent motion brings his shell into it upright; then he pushes the sand away till he brings himself flat again. Then he digs another hole, and thus slowly creeps on.

John. The clumsy, awkward things!

Aunt Maria. They are not all awkward. The Ostrea Imbricata, or the Imbricated Oyster, has the faculty of leaping, like a flying squirrel. When darting through the billows, their gay and sparkling colours look very beautiful. They are sometimes called butterflies of the ocean. When the sea is calm, whole fleets of them may be seen with shells raised up to catch the breeze; but if a gust of wind rises, they dive instantly.

Then there is the beautiful, fragile shell, called the Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus. The animal which inhabits this graceful little fairy-boat, can come up to the surface of the sea, whenever he chooses to make his vessel

lighter, by throwing out water. He has a fine thin membrane, which he raises for a sail. He throws out two long arms for oars, and steers with his other arms. It is the delight of sailors to see these little fleets scudding before the wind. They receive the name of Argonauts from the crew of the old Greek ship Argo, the most ancient sailors on record. Some suppose that the first idea of making vessels with sails and oars was suggested by these little pearly boats. These shells are not very common. It is almost impossible to catch them while sailing; for at the slightest approach of danger, the cunning Argonaut takes in his sail, and draws in water enough to sink him instantly. When taken, they are usually fished up on rocky shores; but the shells are so very brittle, that it is extremely difficult to bring them home safely. There is one species called Argonauta Vitreus, or Glass Argonaut, because it is as transparent as glass. These are extremely rare, and valued very highly.

There is another beautiful shell called the Nautilus, which is shaped somewhat like the Argonaut, but it is less graceful, and thicker and stronger. The animal that lives in it, can sail in it like a boat, but he generally floats on the water, with his shell on his back.

The winding part of his little pearly palace is divided into various chambers, sometimes thirty or forty, one above another, separated by floors of pearl. The Asiatics make drinking cups of this shell, and greatly admire it for its beauty and singular construction.

John. Are pearls made of this shell?

Aunt Maria. No. Pearls are obtained from two or three species of oyster. The most famous of these is the Mytilus Margaritiferus, or Pearl-bearing Muscle. They abound on the coast of Ceylon and the Persian Gulf. Some of the shells contain ten or twelve pearls, others not any. They vary much in size, form, and colour. Some are large as a walnut: but these are rare. The smallest are called seed-pearls. Some are yellow, some silvery white, some lead colour, and some black. Some are round, some pear-shaped, and some onion-shaped. They lie in the shells, and are washed out. It is generally supposd that nature provides the pearl-oyster with this substance to mend or enlarge his shell, as he has need. There is a hard substance inside the crab, which he dissolves in order to make a new shell when he leaves his old one.

John. What does he leave his shell for?

Aunt Maria. Because he outgrows it, as you do your last year's clothes. Crabs and lobsters cast their shells, as snakes do their skins. For a little while, they have no other covering than a very thin membrane, like the skin between an egg and its shell. They hide away under rocks until the new shell has grown.

John. I should not like to do so, while I was waiting for a new suit of clothes. But how do they get the oysters that have pearls in them?

Aunt Maria. Divers go down into the sea, with ropes fastened about the waist, and heavy stones tied to them. It is a very difficult and dangerous trade. The divers are often devoured by sharks, and their health always suffers by this business. The oysters lie eight or ten fathoms deep, and fasten themselves so strongly to the rocks, that it requires great force to tear them away. The pressure of the water at that depth is dreadful. It forces the blood from nose, eyes and ears, and occasions sounds in the head like the report of a gun. Divers go down with nostrils and ears stuffed with cotton, to prevent the water from getting in; and to the arm is fastened a sponge dipped in oil, which they now and then hold before the mouth,

in order to breathe without swallowing water. Since the invention of the diving-bell, the dangers and difficulties of the pearl fishery are lessened, but it is still a very disagreeable employment.

John. Men must care a great deal for pearls, to take so much trouble for them.

Aunt Maria. Those who dive are poor men, willing to run much risk to earn money. Rich people value pearls for their beauty, and are willing to pay large sums of money for them; but I think they would go without those beautiful jewels, if they had to dive for them themselves. Roman history tells of a pearl which Cleopatra dissolved and drank to the health of Anthony. According to Pliny, that pearl was valued at about $375,000 of our present money. I suppose the Egyptian queen, in her pride and vanity, never thought how much the poor diver suffered to obtain her precious jewel. A pearl valued at 80,000 ducats was given to Phillip II., king of Spain. It was oval, and as large as a pigeon's egg. The value of pearls has been lessened in modern times, by the manufacture of artificial pearls of great beauty.

John. What is mother-of-pearl, of which they make such handsome buttons and boxes?

Aunt Maria. It is the inner part of the shell of the Pearl Muscle. Beautiful little articles are likewise made of the Haliotis, or Sea-Ear. This shell is lustrous as a pearl, and is splendidly variegated with all the colours of the rainbow. When polished, it is as rich as a peacock's tail. Large pearls are sometimes found in the Chama Gigas, or Giant Clam, the largest of all shells. Linnæus describes one which weighed 498 English pounds. He says the violent closing of its valves has been known to snap a cable in two; and the animal it contained has supplied one hundred and twenty men with a day's food. One of these huge shells was presented by the Venetians to Francis I., king of France. It is still used as a baptismal font, in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris. It is common to place a shell of this kind on the table, at the anniversary feast of the Pilgrims, in Plymouth.

John. These shell-fish seem to be the most helpless of animals.

Aunt Maria. They have not been left unprotected; though we know little of their means of protection, owing to the impossibility of observing them in their native element. Most of them have little doors, which they shut on the approach of danger, or

when troubled with a boisterous sea. Many of the snail species seal up their shells at the approach of winter, and do not open them till spring returns. The Chiton or Coat of Mail, has a shell formed of scales, lying one over another, like shingles on a house, or pieces of ancient armour. It looks like a rough pebble creeping about among the rocks, and wreaths of sea-weed; but on the slightest approach of danger, it rolls itself up into a tight little ball, as the porcupine does. The Pholas, or Pierce-Stone, is armed with an instrument by which it can cut into wood, coral, or rock, and hide itself securely. Many of them are found in chalk, which must be a pleasanter home for them than rocks and stones. There is so much phosphorus about the Pholas, that one of them in a bowl of milk will render it so brightly luminous, that all the objects round can be seen by its light. Many marine animals are furnished with a little bag of glutinous matter, with which they spin threads, like the spider or silk-worm. By these threads they fasten themselves to the rocks. Sometimes these lines are not more than two inches long; and sometimes they are strong floating threads, which can be drawn in, or let out, at pleasure. This enables them to come up and

sport on the surface of the waves, and go down whenever they choose. More than one hundred and fifty of these cables are sometimes employed to moor a single muscle. The Solen, or Razor Sheath can dig pits in the soft sand, and hide himself at a great depth. The common oyster has the power of throwing water from his shell with sufficient force to keep off any ordinary enemy.

John. But a whole engine company would be of no use against the Trochus. A mean fellow, to be going about boring a hole into other people's houses!

Aunt Maria. Another mean fellow is the Caracol Soldata, rightly named the Soldier-Snail. He is among fishes what the cuckoo is among birds. The cuckoo builds no nest for herself, but lays her eggs in other birds' nests, and when the young cuckoo is hatched, he turns out all the rightful family. The Soldier-Snail has no shell of his own, but takes possession of the best one he can find. When he outgrows his house, he goes in search of another, and fights with any defenceless shell-fish, who has a home more convenient than his own. But the Pinna, or Sea-King, has a little friend, that manages to get his living as cunningly as any one I know of. The Pinnæ fasten themselves to

rocks by means of thick tufts of thread, which are often broken off for sale. In Sicily, the women wash it, soak it in lemon-juice, dry it, card, spin, and weave it into gloves and caps of a beautiful golden brown colour. For this reason, these shell-fish are often called Ocean Silk-worms. They are blind, and constantly annoyed by the Cuttle-Fish. But a small, quick-sighted crab is said to lodge in the shell with them, and give notice when danger approaches. When he sees provisions floating near, he gives his friend Pinna a nip, and he opens the valves of his shell, and draws in the food, which answers for himself and his little steward.

John. There is some sagacity among shell-fishes, though they do seem so stupid. But do you believe the little crab boards with the Pinna, and gets his living by keeping a sharp look-out for him?

Aunt Maria. It is generally believed, and has been so from ancient times. The Greek Aristotle and the Roman Pliny both speak of it as a fact in natural history. I have read another anecdote of shell fishes, which seems to me almost too much to believe. Lobsters are very fond of oysters, and always feed upon them when they can get a chance. It is said that a large oyster

was one day lying on the beach, with his shell thrown open, to enjoy the coming tide. A lobster near by darted upon him; but the oyster made haste to shut up before the enemy could get in. Three times the lobster tried it; and three times the oyster was too quick for him. At last, he took a pebble in his claws, and threw it in, while the shell was open. This prevented the oyster from shutting his doors, and the lobster ate him.

John. That is a good story; but I should have to see it, before I could believe that a lobster has so much cunning. I pity the poor little fish; they seem to have so many enemies. If I must be a fish, I should rather be a prodigious great whale.

Aunt Maria. Monarch as he is among the fishes, his situation is by no means to be envied. He is not only pursued and killed by man, but he has formidable enemies among his own species. The sword-fish and the thrasher unite to torment him. The sword-fish is armed with a long sharp horn, edged like a saw. He runs under the whale and pierces him with this horn; and when the huge creature in agony rushes to the top of the water, the thrasher is there to strike at him, till he drives him down again. He lashes the waves in his fury, but his enemies

are so much lighter than he is, that they easily keep out of the way of his enormous tail. Every time the distressed animal beats the waves, it sounds like the report of a cannon.

John. What immense creatures they must be!

Aunt Maria. The great Greenland whale is usually from fifty to seventy feet long, weighs as much as two hundred fat oxen, and yields from twelve to twenty tons of lamp oil. The mouth of a whale is large enough to contain a ship's jolly-boat full of men. The whale-bone, of which so much use is made, consists of layers of horn in the upper jaw of the whale. One of these plates is sometimes twelve feet long and a foot thick. When the whale wants a dinner, he swims rapidly below the surface of the water, with his jaws wide open. A vast stream of water consequently enters his capacious mouth, bearing along a large quantity of small fish and marine insects. The water escapes again at the sides of his mouth, but the fish get entangled in the whale-bone, as in a net.

John. I often see pictures of whales with great arches of water streaming from their heads. What do they do that for?

Aunt Maria. Unlike other fishes, they

have lungs, like human beings, and are therefore obliged to come up to the surface of the water to breathe. The nostrils, or blow-holes, through which they draw in the air, are on the top of the head. In breathing they make a very loud noise, and throw up water, which at a little distance looks like columns of smoke. Sometimes the whale throws himself into a perpendicular posture, and rearing his tail on high, beats the water with such tremendous violence, that the sea is thrown into foam for miles round, and the air filled with vapours. When he cracks his mighty tail, like a whip, the noise is heard for miles.

THE NAUTILUS

THE SISTER'S HYMN.

ABOUT A VERY LITTLE BROTHER, WHO WENT AWAY FROM THIS WORLD TO LIVE WITH THE ANGELS.

"They laid him in a chamber, whose windows opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

Pilgrim's Progress.

BROTHER James was a charming boy,
Loving and full of glee—
It always filled our hearts with joy
His happy face to see.

He was so funny, yet so mild,
In all his infant plays—
I never saw a little child
That had such winning ways.

I used to say, "The little birds
Do in their nests *agree*;"
And that he understood the words
Was plain as it could be.

For sometimes, if he chanced to fret,
He 'd nestle close to me,
And sorry for his little pet,
Would kiss, and lisp "*gee, gee.*"

Oh, how he loved to run about,
And gather the spring posies!
He would have raised a merry shout,
To see the great red roses!

But his dear little soul was gone,
Ere the buds began to blow:
I wish he could have seen just one—
It would have pleased him so.

But father says he's gone away
To a world of brighter flowers,
Where little angels with him play
Through all the pleasant hours.

Sweetly his little laughing voice
Floats on the balmy air,

And many heavenly babes rejoice
To see my brother there.

They bring him little lambs and doves,
And joy shines in his face;
For all the things our darling loves
Are in that blessed place.

And when he falls asleep at even,
His dreams are bright and fair;
His spirit feels at home in Heaven,
And thinks we're with him there.

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