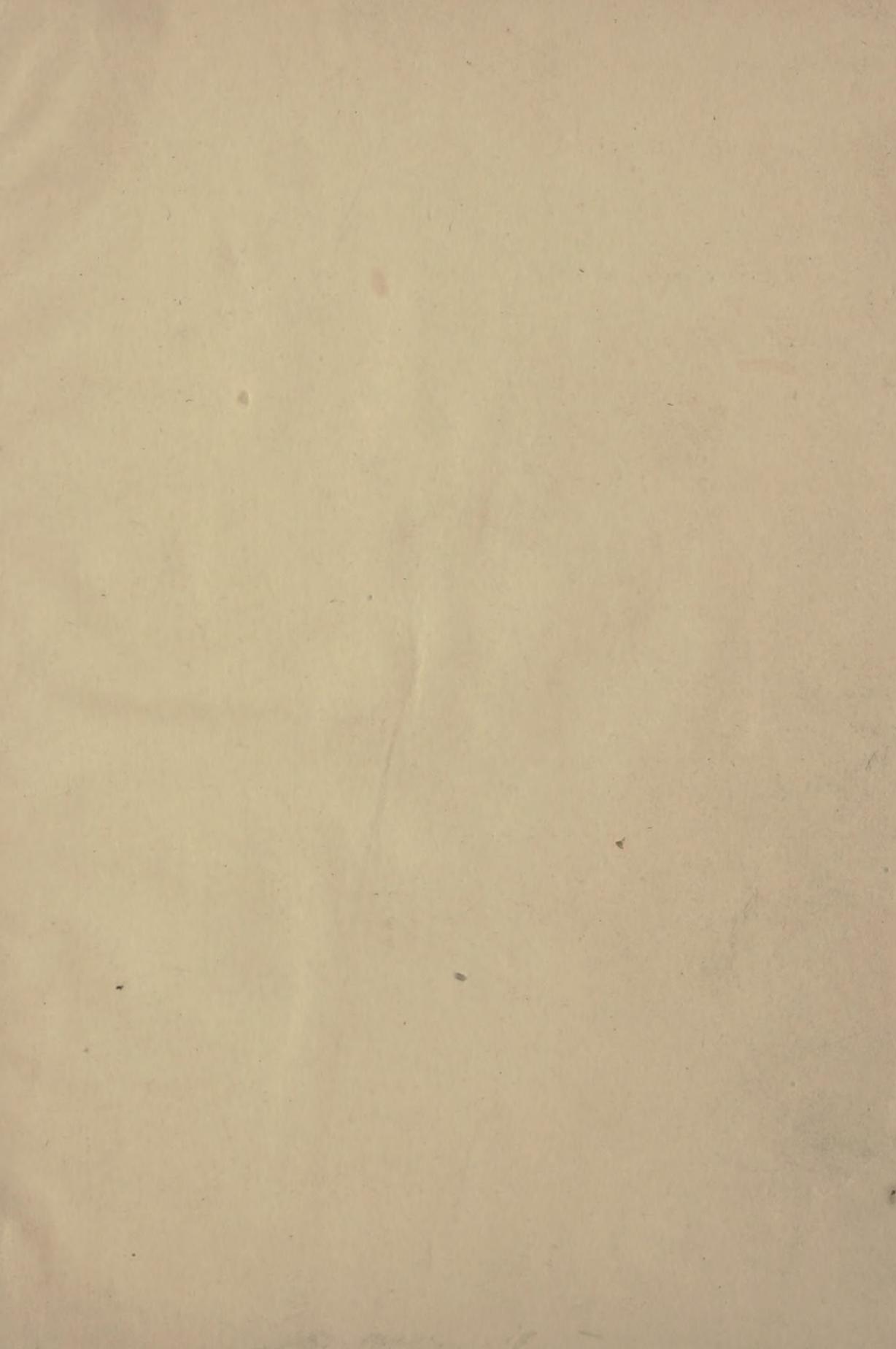


THE ROSE DALE BOOKS



EASY READING
FOR THE DEAR LITTLE ONES







ROSE LETTING PUSS IN. — Page 73.



ROSE, TOM, AND NED.

FIRST OF THE ROSE DALE BOOKS.

EASY READING

FOR THE DEAR LITTLE ONES.

BY

MRS. D. P. SANFORD,

AUTHOR OF "PUSSY TIP-TOES' FAMILY," "FRISK AND HIS FLOCK," "STORIES OF
CORA'S CHILDHOOD," "UNDER THE SKYLIGHT, AND OTHER STORIES FOR
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ROSE, TOM, AND NED.

(5)



I.

WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.

I WANT a gift for some dear pets of mine — a nice gift. What shall it be?

I think I will make a book for them; not a big book, with hard words in it, but one that they will like to read, and *can* read, by them-selves.

What shall I tell the boys and girls, in my book?

I will tell them of Rose Dale, a dear lit-tle girl; and of Tom, and Ned Dale. I will tell of their work, and of their play, what fun they had, and all that.

If I have more to tell than will fill one book, of the size my pets like best, why, I can just make more—two, three, or four books.

We can put them in a neat case or box; and we will call them *The Rose Dale Books*.

II.

THE SWEET HOME.

ROSE was six and a half years old at the time I shall tell you of; so she felt like a big girl, for Tom was but five, and Ned was not much more than three.

These three dear little ones lived with their pa-pa and mamma, in a nice place, just out of town.

Rose was born in the town. That was her home at first.

But, one day, when Rose was not more than two years old, Mr. Dale came home, and said to his wife, "My dear, I have seen such a nice place, not more than two miles out of town; it is just the place we want for a home."

Rose's mam-ma was glad. She said at once, "O, *do* buy it, and let us go and live there! We will keep a cow, and our dear Rose can have nice, fresh milk, that will do her good; and we can have a gar-den; and we will

keep hens, too, and have new-laid eggs.”

So they took the place, and went at once to live on it. It *was* a sweet home, to be sure!

Little Rose was *so* glad to be there! But I must tell you more of this.

It was in the warm days of May that the Dales moved; just as the buds were out, and the grass was green, and all was sweet.

Rose ran out in the yard, and

in the gar-den, in high glee. She did not need a nurse with her all the time, as she did in town.

On the next page you may see Rose, in the gar-den, with her sun-hat on, hap-py as a bird. She did not pick the flow-ers, if her mam-ma told her not to, for, lit-tle as she was, she knew how to mind.

See how she bends the stem, to smell of the rose.

It is a white rose. Her pa-pa used to call *her* his White Rose,



ROSE IN THE GARDEN. — Page 12.

when they lived in town, she was so pale. But now the lit-tle girl grew so fat and well, and ran out doors so much, pa-pa said she was his Wild Red Rose.

The first time that Rose went out to see the man milk the cow, Ruth took her lit-tle cup out, and told him to milk some in-to it, to see what Rose would say.

Rose took a sip, and she did not stop till all the sweet, warm milk was gone.

Then she looked up at the cow,

and said, "Ta, Ta, Moo!" That was her way to say, "Thank you, cow." She did not know, till then, where the good milk came from, that she liked so much.

The lit-tle boys, Tom and Ned, were both born here. They loved this dear home, too, as much as Rose did. They all said that it was just the best place in all the world.

III.

IN-DOORS AND OUT-OF-DOORS.

I HAVE not said much of Tom and Ned, but you will hear of them now.

“What did they have to play with?” you ask; “and what did they find to do? Why did they love their home so much?”

“Why did they love their home?” Well, first and best, their dear pa-pa and mam-ma lived

there. Is not that just why you love your home? I know it is!

Jane, too, who took some care of them, was a nice, kind girl; and Ruth, the cook, was as kind as she could be to all of them.

In-doors, these lit-tle ones had a nice play-room. It was a bit of a room, next to the one that their mam-ma sat in, to sew.

Rose and the boys liked to have the door open when they were at play, so that they could call to their mam-ma, and she could see all the fun.

Boys and girls like to have some one to see them play: do not *you*?

In this play-room Rose had her dolls, and her doll's bed, and box, and a tea-set to play tea with. She used to set out her tea things on the dolls' box, and play it was a ta-ble.

Tom had a fine rock-ing horse, that would go real fast; and a whip to make him go.

Tom had more toys, but he cared more for his horse than for

all the rest. Aunt Kate gave him the horse.

Some-times Ned thought he would like to ride on Tom's horse, and Tom would help him on. But Ned's legs were so short, his feet did not reach so that he felt safe, and he did not like to go fast.

He liked best to play he was "Mike," and take the horse to the barn when Tom had been out to ride.

Ned had a cart, and a Jack-in-

a-box, and a No-ah's ark, and a soft ball, that did no harm when he threw it.

They had nice books, too, in a small case, in this room; it was hung low on the wall, so they could all reach it.

Out of doors, O, I can-not tell you, all at once, of all the things they liked to see and to do.

There was old Dick, pa-pa's horse; and Suke, the kind, good cow, who gave them milk each day; and the hens and chicks to

feed; and Tray, the dog, to run a race with them.

Rose and Tom did not play all the day. O, no! They had some work to do.

They each had to read to mamma, and spell, and say a verse. And Rose had to sew, each day, for half an hour.

Tom could not read hard words yet; but he said, "I mean to read *all* the words soon, as Rose does."

Rose could read quite well, for a lit-tle girl; she would read such

a book as this right off. I dare say you can too, little Bright-Eyes!

Tom read one page of his First Book for his task, each day.

Wee Ned did not read: he was too small: he could not keep still to look at the words, and his mam-ma did not want him to, yet.

He had a card with the let-ters on it: big A B C, and the rest.

Some-times he would ask his mam-ma, or Rose, to tell him what they were.

One day he took the card to Puss, as she lay on the rug, and said, "Now, Miss Puss, say B."

But all Puss did was to wink at him, and then shut her eyes. She did not care a fig for A B C.

By and by, in two or three years more, Ned will learn to read, so that he may grow up a wise man.

But Puss can-not learn. She will not know how to read, if she gets to be a grave old cat.

IV.

BOYS AND GIRLS MUST BE KIND.

WERE Rose, and Tom, and Ned *kind*, in their play?

Yes, most of the time; but some-times they for-got.

One day Tom said, "Now, play I was a bear. Run, Rose! Run, Ned! Here I come. Urr! Urr!"

Tom did this, you see, to be like a bear. Rose took up her dolls and ran. She got up on a

chair, and said, "Ha! ha! old Bear, you can-not get me, or my chil-dren!"

But Ned said, "O, *don't*, Tom! don't play bear! I 'fraid!"

Tom did not mind this; he just went on: "Urr! Urr! Here I come. Look out, now; the bear may eat you all up!"

At this poor Ned be-gan to cry. O, how he did cry! And mam-ma came, in haste, to see what was the mat-ter.

"Tom," said she, when she saw

the play, "why do you vex Ned so?"

"I did not hurt him a bit, mam-ma," said Tom. "I just said, 'Urr!' and he saw who it was. He was a goose to cry!"

"Well, but he is a lit-tle boy; and if you saw he did not like your play, why did you not stop, and play some-thing else? You would not like to have some big boy vex you in that way, I know."

"No, ma," said Tom. "One day when I went down the road

to see Mike at work, a great, big, rude boy met me, and he said he would bite my ears off if I went past him. So I had to run back home."

"Then you can tell just how Ned felt when you were a bear. That boy did not mean to bite off your ears, a-ny more than you meant to bite Ned."

Tom hung down his head. "I *thought* he did," said he.

Mam-ma went into her room, and took a book from the stand.

Rose and Tom knew what book it was: it was the Bi-ble.

She said, "Come here, my son, and let me see if you can read this verse."

Tom came and stood by her side. He had to spell some of the words, but he made it out, with a lit-tle help; see now if you can: this was the verse.

"Be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

"My lit-tle ones want the God

of love to be with them — do they not?" said mam-ma.

"O, yes, we do," said they all.

"Then you must try to 'be of one mind;' that is, each one must try to like and to do what the oth-ers like; and you must be kind to each oth-er."

"I will not play bear a-ny more, if Ned does not want me to," said Tom.

He gave Ned a kiss, and then Ned gave him such a hug that they both fell on the floor. But

this did not hurt them a bit; it was fun.

I hope Tom kept that good verse in his mind; and I hope you will, too, my dear pets: for it will help you to be good and kind, so that God will love you.

V.

UP IN THE MORN-ING.

“COME, Rose, come! It is day now, and it is time to get up,” said Jane. “Come, Tom, jump, now, like a man!”

“Now, Ned-dy, boy, we will see who will be dress-ed first!”

“Ah! but you dress Ned, Jane; so that is not fair.”

“Yes, it is; for Ned is not so big as you, and then he has more

things to put on. I will help you, too, if you need it."

Out came Tom, and Rose, and Ned, on to the floor. Tom and Rose had each a cot, and Ned slept in a crib, in the same room; it was a nice, large room, next to their mam-ma's bed-room.

Now, how they did try, each of them, to be first!

Soon Tom call-ed out, "Here I go; I am dress-ed first!" And he ran to the door.

"Wait a bit, child," said Jane;

“I must wash your face and hands.”

“And, Tom, we must not forget to pray,” said dear Rose, soft-ly.

Tom was a good boy, and came back; and when Jane was done with him, he and Rose knelt down to pray.

Ned saw them, and he ran and knelt down too, by Tom.

Jane said the words of the pray-er, as his mam-ma did, and then he said it, too: this was Ned's pray-er:—

“O God, bless me, and make me a good boy; and keep me safe this day. Bless all my dear friends, too, this day; for Je-sus’ sake. A-men.”

“Now go down and kiss pa-pa and mam-ma,” said Jane; and off they ran.

Such a bright, warm day as that was! It would have been too bad to waste it in bed.

Rose and Tom and lit-tle Ned were soon out in the gar-den, and in the yard, at play.

Ruth came out to feed the hens and chicks. "O, Ruth, let me feed the dear, dear lit-tle chicks," said Ned.

So Ruth gave him the pan of soft, wet meal, and let him go to the coop, and call, "Chick, chick!"

Out came the lit-tle chicks, in great haste, to get the meal. But the old hen did not like the looks of a small boy with the pan; she flew round the coop, and call-ed, "Chick, chick," as loud as she could.

“Old hen,” said Ruth, “be still. You need not fear that our boy Ned will hurt your chicks.”

This old hen had five chicks. She had nine at first, but one was sick, and soon died. The other three were lost, one by one. Ruth said a rat or a cat must have killed them; but Rose was sure that her cat, dear old Tab, would not have done such a bad thing; O, no!

When the clock said Nine, mam-ma came to the door, and

said, "Come, Rose and Tom; it is time now for lessons."

"O, dear!" said Rose; "it is so nice out doors, I wish we need not have les-sons to-day!"

"It would not be a good plan to give them up; they would seem all the more hard and dull the next time. Work first, and then play, and if you do your tasks with a good will, you may soon be out at play once more."

So said mam-ma, with a smile,

and Rose and Tom drove off the cross look, and smiled, too.

“I must go say my card too,” said Ned, “kick as I can, so I can come out to play.”

He said “kick” for “quick;” he could not say that word.

Rose gave all her mind to her book, and so did Tom, and soon all the les-sons were done, and done well.

Then they had a grand time at play!

They had a long race with

Tray, and Tray beat them all. Here is Tray. Does he look as if he could play and race with a child? I think he does.

VI.

THE LORD'S DAY.

ONE day, when Rose, Tom, and Ned waked, they sat up in bed, and be-gan to throw things at each oth-er, and to talk, and laugh, and sing.

Mam-ma came in from her room, and said, "My dear boys, and Rose, do you know what day this is?"

Soon Rose said, "Why, yes,

mam-ma; it is Sun-day. I did not think!"

"Yes, it is the Lord's Day, and I want my dear ones to keep it in mind, and try to be still. Keep the day ho-ly, as God has told us to do, and then it will be sure to be a hap-py day."

"May we go with you to church to-day, mam-ma?" said Tom.

"Yes, dear, we will all go. I mean to take our wee Ned to-day. We will see if he can keep still, and be a good boy."

“O, good! I *am* glad,” said Ned; and he began to jump up and down in his crib, and clap his hands.

“We have to keep as still as mice, Ned,” said Rose; “how will you like that?”

“I can keep still,” said the little boy; “now you will see.”

“I know my little Ned will *try*,” said his mam-ma; “but it may be hard work for him at first. Here comes Jane; now spring up and dress.”

The church to which Mr. and Mrs. Dale went was in the town; there was none near their home.

So they had to ride to church; but the little ones did not mind that; it was nice for them.

If they had lived near a church, so they could walk to it, Mr. Dale would not have got out the horse on Sun-day.

They went in good time, so that they could stop at Aunt Kate's house, and rest, till the bell rang.

Aunt Kate lived quite near the church. She was glad to have them come, and go with her.

This day she was glad to see wee Ned. She said, "So my boy Ned is to go to church to-day! That is nice! I think I shall have to try I-da next, if we find that Ned can keep still."

I-da was Aunt Kate's lit-tle girl. She was not quite as old as Ned. Ned was six months old-er.

"O, Aunt Kate," said Rose, "do,

do take her to-day! It will be so nice; and let her sit with me.”

“O, no, my love; we will try Ned first, and by and by I-da shall go. I hope they will both love to go to the House of God.”

Aunt Kate lent wee Ned a nice book, with pic-tures in it, to look at in church, to help him to sit still.

When the bell be-gan to ring, they all went. The church was full, but Rose and Tom did not stare, or look a-round, or talk of what they saw.

Rose had her book, for she could read, and Tom had a book, too, but he could not keep the place, as Rose did.

Was Ned a good boy? Yes, that he was. And mam-ma gave him a kiss, when they went back, and said, "Ned shall go next time, for he sat quite still."

They went home with kind Aunt Kate, at noon; and then once more to church.

Then pa-pa got up old Dick a-gain, and took them all home.

Dick went fast, on the way home, to get soon to his barn. He liked his own barn more than the stall in town.

VII.

THE SING-ING TIME.

WHEN they got home, the horse was put up, and they had their tea.

Then Rose said, "Now it is our time to sing. May we sing now, mam-ma? and will you play for us?"

"Yes, dear, you may come into the par-lor now, and we will sing some hymns."

So Rose, and Tom, and Ned stood by their mam-ma, who was to play for them; and pa-pa came too, to help them sing.

The first hymn was,—

“Come and sing, O, let us sing.”

Do you know that hymn? *I* like it.

“Now,” said Tom, “let us sing

‘Je-sus, when he left the sky.’”

So they did: they all liked that, for each verse ends with,—

“Lit-tle ones like me.”

Then it was Ned's turn to ask. Rose and Tom knew what he would ask for: he said, "Mamma, sing, —

‘Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bi-ble tells me so.’”

That was Ned's hymn; he could sing the tune, but he did not know all the words.

When they had sung one or two more, it was near dark; Jane and Ruth came in to pray-ers, and then it was bed-time.

“Has it been a hap-py day?”

said mam-ma, when they came to kiss her "Good-night."

"Yes, O yes," said Rose. And Tom said, "Sun-day is the best of all the days."

VIII.

THE WET DAY.

ONE day, when les-sons were done, Tom and Rose ran for their hats, to go out to play. But mam-ma saw them, and she said, "You can-not go out now, my dears, for it is wet. Look out and see how the rain comes down."

"O, dear!" said Tom; "I wish it did not rain. I want to have some fun."

“Rain, rain,
Go to Spain,”

said Rose, with a laugh.

“See,” said Jane, “how fast the rain-drops fall on the glass. How they *do* come! Do you know the song for a wet day?”

“No, Jane; what is it? Will you tell us?”

So Jane said this song for them:—

“O, where do you come from,
You little drops of rain?
Pit-ter, pat-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter,
On the win-dow pane.

“You won’t let me work,
And you won’t let me play,
You won’t let me go
Out of doors at all to-day.

“The lit-tle rain-drops can-not talk,
But ‘Pit-ter, pat-ter, pat,’
Means, ‘We can play on this side,
Why can’t you play on that?’”

Rose and Tom both said that was a nice song.

“Well, then,” said Jane, “why don’t you do as the rain-drops say? They can play out-side, and you can play in-side, where it is nice and dry.”

“So we can, and so we will,” said Tom.

“Play on, you rain-drops. You need not stop for us, for we can play in the house.”

“Mam-ma,” said Rose, “may we go up in the big west room, and have a real good play?”

“Yes, if you will shut the door, and take good care that Ned does not fall down the steps.”

“Yes, we will,” said Rose; and off they ran.

The west room had a bare floor, and Mrs. Dale kept in it box-es, and bags, and such things, that were not in use.

“What shall we play now?” said Tom. “O, let us play ‘Hide and Seek.’ We can hide be-hind some box or trunk.”

“So we will. Now, Ned, you must shut your eyes, so! and you must not look till Rose calls ‘Coo.’ Then you and I will find her.”

So Ned put his two fat hands on his eyes, to keep them shut.

When Rose cried, “Coo!” they went to find her. At last, they found her in-side of an old trunk.

Then Tom hid, and when he was found, lit-tle Ned hid him-self; but he did not keep still long, he was so full of fun.

When they were tired of this game, Rose said, "Now let us play 'Puss in the Cor-ner.'

"This is the way to play it. Put Ned in one cor-ner, and you stand in a cor-ner, Tom, and I will stand here.

"When I call, Puss, Puss! then we all run, and try to get in one of the cor-ners; if I get in, and



THE MOUSE TOM SAW. — Page 57.

you are left out, then you must stand and call.”

“Well,” said Tom, “I like that.”

This play was as much fun as “Hide and Seek.”

Then they played they were mice, come out to get a bit of cake. Once Tom saw a lit-tle mouse, on the shelf in the pantry, and Tom liked to play “mice” since that time.

They put some bits of wood on the top of a box, to play it was cake. Then they all came round

to get some; and then one would cry, "Mew!" as if the cat were near by, and off they would run, fast as they could, to their holes.

By and by Tom said, "Why, I hear the bell! How soon it is tea time!"

It was soon af-ter din-ner, when they went up to play, and they had had such a good time that they did not know how late it was.

IX.

THE CHIPS AND THE CAKES.

ONE day, Tom and Ned were at play in the back yard.

They were on a pile of logs; they had it for the stage; Ned was in the stage, and Tom drove, with a big stick for a whip.

Tom had reins tied on the saw-horse; he called it a real horse.

Ruth came to the door just then, and said, "What dear, good

lit-tle boys will come and pick up a pan of chips for me? My fire has got low, just as I want to bake, and I want some nice chips so much.”

Then Tom said, in a cross tone, “O, Ruth, you are sure to come and want some-thing, just as we are in a real nice play. I wish you would not spoil all our fun.”

Ned was sure to act just as Tom did; so he said, “Go ’way, bad Ruth! you spoil our play!”

“So no one will pick up some

chips for me!" Then I must do it my own self," said Ruth.

"*Some* time I will, Ruth," said Tom; "I don't feel like it now."

"Ah! but I must have the chips *now*, you see," said Ruth. And she got her pan full, and went in.

In a short time the lit-tle boys were tired of that play, and they be-gan to want some-thing to eat. So they ran in-to the house.

Ruth was just go-ing to bake. Tom and Ned came and stood

by, to see her roll and cut out her nice cakes.

“O, Ruth,” said Tom, “*do* make some wee, wee bits of cakes, such as you made last week for us. Then Rose can get her tea-set out, and we can play tea with them. It is such fun!”

“O, yes,” said Ned, “*do* make fun-ny lit-tle cakes, Ruth; *do*.”

“But you said I was ‘Bad Ruth’ just now; and how can I make cakes for boys that will not pick up chips, to help me?”

Tom and Ned hung down their heads. How they did wish they had been kind, and done as Ruth asked them to.

At last Tom said, "Shall I get some chips now?"

"Why, if you like, you may; but my fire burns well now, with the chips I had to get my-self."

"Won't you make us some cakes, Ruth — not a bit?" said Ned, in a sor-ry tone.

"Well, I like to for-give folks that are bad to me; so I think I

will make the lit-tle cakes; and may-be, next time I want some help, my boys will be kind to me.”

“O, yes, we will, you dear, good Ruth,” said Tom. “And we will get a big box full of chips now for you. Come, Ned.”

X.

MIKE AND HIS WIFE.

MIKE was the name of the man who did all kinds of work on the place for Mr. Dale.

Mr. Dale had a store in the town, and he went in to see to his store each morn-ing, and got back to his home just in time for tea. Some-times he drove to town with old Dick, but some-times he went by the cars, which

came quite near his house, — less than half a mile.

As Mr. Dale was at his store in town all day, he could not tend the garden, nor hoe the corn in the lot, nor feed the pig, nor milk the cow, nor care for the horse; so Mike did all these things.

Mike was a good man, and did all his work well.

He lived with his wife in a small brown house, just at the end of the garden.

Mike's wife kept her bit of a house as neat as a pink. Rose and Tom and Ned, too, liked to go and see Mike and his wife, and they were glad to have them come.

Their mam-ma of-ten let them go to Mike's house, for she knew they would get no harm there.

The name of Mike's wife was Mrs. Ry-an, but the lit-tle ones called her "O-ney." Rose gave her that name when she was a bit of a girl. "O-ney" lived with

them then; but soon Mike asked her to be his wife, and live with him in the brown house, and so she did.

XI.

THE LOST CAT.

“WHERE can our Puss be?” said Tom; “I don’t find her, and I have looked all o-ver the house.”

“And I had a hunt for her to-day, and last night,” said Rose, with a grave face, for she began to fear that Puss was lost.

“Let us ask Ruth and Jane if they have seen her.”

“Ruth, have you seen Tab to-

day? We can-not find her at all.”

“She came for her milk as soon as I came down this morn-ing,” said Ruth; “and she came last night; I do not think she is lost.”

“Is it the cat you want, dears?” said Mike, who was at the door, with some wood. “Sure an’ she is all safe.”

“O, Mike, can you find her for us?” said Rose.

“I *can*, but sure she will not like it much if I show you her place.”

“But, Mike, she is my own cat, and she *ought* to mind me, and come when I want her,” said Rose.

“Well, now, if you would just let her be for two days, and not try to hunt her up, or keep her here if she wants to be off, then I will show you what will make you all jump for joy.”

“Two more long days,” said Tom, “with no Puss!”

“What will you show us, Mike? Do tell me.”

“O, I must not tell,” said Mike,

with a look at Ruth; "sure an' it would make the time seem too long."

"Well," said Rose, with a sigh, "we will *try* to wait; but can we play with her if she does come home?"

"O, yes; but don't keep her if she wants to go out of the door."

They did not see Puss that day; Ruth had put some bits, and a pan of milk for her, in the shed, and she came and got them when no one was by.

But the next day, when Rose came down stairs, she heard her "mew" out-side the door.

Rose ran to o-pen the door.

In the front of this book you may see Rose as she let Puss in.

"Here you are, dear old Tab!" said she. "Now tell me, your own self, where you have been; for Mike will not tell."

But Puss had no word to say. Tom and Ned came down then, and Rose call-ed them to see Puss.

She took her milk, and ate some meat; and then she let them play with her till the bell rang for them to go in.

When they left the table, and came out, she was off.

“O, dear,” said Tom, “how odd it is that Mike will not tell us! It seems as if I could not wait.”

“Try to think of some-thing else,” said Ruth. “Like as not you would not want to play with Puss, if she were here. Do not think of her at all, till Mike tells you you may see her.”

XII.

WHAT MIKE HAD TO SHOW.

ROSE and Tom did try not to think of Puss, and as for Ned, he was such a mite of a boy, he soon for-got what Mike said.

When the two days were past, Mike came to the door for the little ones.

They were not quite done with their books when he came.

“O, mam-ma, let us go with

Mike now, and see our Puss ; for he will be off at work by and by, and can-not show her to us.”

So mam-ma let them go. Mike took Ned in his arms, and led the way to the barn.

Then he took them, one by one, up to the loft, where the hay was, and led them to a snug spot, where they saw old Tab, in a bed of hay.

And, by her side, were three dear lit-tle kits.

“O, O, O!” cried Rose, and

Tom, and Ned; and they did jump for joy, as Mike said they would.

One kit-ten was all white, one was white, with dark spots, and one was a dark gray.

The chil-dren each took up one. Old Puss said, "Mew! mew!" quite in fear at first; but she saw they did not mean to hurt her kits, so she kept still, but she kept her eye on them.

"So you came off to take care of your kits!" said Rose to her old Tab; "that was a dear, good

Puss. But why did you not tell us that day, Mike?"

"Sure, the kits were too small and weak for you to take up in your hands. I thought you might hurt them; and if you did, maybe old Puss would have had them off in some new place, where we could not get at them."

"How could she take them off?" said Tom; "she has no arms."

"Stay a bit; put that one down, off here, and keep you still, and see what she will do."

Tom did so. Soon the kit-ten be-gan to cry, and cry, and creep a-bout. Then old Tab ran and took the kit up in her mouth, by the back of its neck, and ran with it to her bed.

“O, bad Puss!” cried Ned, “to bite the dear lit-tle kit-ty.”

“Sure she did not hurt it at all,” said Mike; “that is her way to lift them. The kit was glad to feel her hold of it.”

“May we take them to the house, and show them to mam-ma?” said Rose.

“O, no! do not try to move them to-day; let them be here a day or two more, and then I will coax them down from the loft, and we will give Puss a soft bed for them in the barn, be-low, or in the shed, or wash-room.”

“Can we come up here and see them?” asked Tom.

“I will lift you up here a-gain, when I come back from my work,” said Mike; “but sure you will not try to get up here by your-self?”

“No, pa-pa will not let us,” said Tom; “I wish he would.”

“O, may be pa-pa will be home in time to come out with us, and see them to-night,” said Rose.

“That’s so! we will tell him of the dear kits, as soon as he gets home.”

“But poor mam-ma will have to wait; she can-not get up the lad-der.”

“Ah!” said Mike, “sure your mam-ma, bless her! knows how to wait, as you, bits of things, do *not*, yet.”

XIII.

THE THREE KIT-TENS.

ROSE and Tom and Ned told each one in the house all a-bout “the dear, sweet lit-tle kit-tens,” as they called them.

Rose told her dolls, too; and Tom told Tray.

He took Tray by his ears, so that he could look right in his eyes, and said, —

“Now, dear old Tray, I want to

tell you! We have got three dear lit-tle kits, and by and by we shall have them here to play with. But you must not bark at them, nor hurt them; no, nor scare them, *will* you? Say you will be kind to the kits, like a good old dog."

"Bow, wow, wow!" said Tray. This might mean that he would, or that he would *not*, or that he did not like to have his ears held. I think it was the last. Tom felt sure he would be a good dog, and not hurt the kits.

In a few days, Mike brought down the kit-tens; they were put in a box, with a soft old mat in it, in the wood-shed.

Mam-ma said Rose and Tom and Ned might each own one of the kits.

Rose was to choose first, for she was the old-est. But she said, "We will let Ned choose first."

Ned said, "O, I want the dear lit-tle white kit-ty for my kit-ty."

So did Rose, and so did Tom, like that best. But they both said it should be lit-tle Ned's.

Of the oth-ers, Tom liked the gray one best, and Rose liked the one with spots. So it was all fixed, in a nice way.

Now, if they had all said, "I want the white kit-ty! I choose the white one for mine!" what a sad time there would have been o-ver the kits!

XIV.

THE BIG DOLL.

ROSE had three dolls. Two of them were just a-bout the size that I think a lit-tle girl likes best to play with; that is, a-bout a foot and a half long. One of these was a love of a doll; it was of wax, with hair in curls, and blue eyes, and pink cheeks. It would cry, too, if you gave it a good pinch; but Rose did not like to make her child cry.

The name that Rose gave this doll was "Lu-lu." It was sent to her when she was but two years old, but her mam-ma did not let her have it to play with, till she knew how to take good care of it.

Rose oft-en said, "Mam-ma, I am glad you kept Lu-lu in a nice box, and did not let me have her when I was a *lit-tle* girl."

The oth-er doll, that was of a good size, had a head that would not break. It was not so pret-ty as the wax doll, but Rose took

good care of her, and played with her, too. She said, "Poor Fan would feel bad-ly if she saw I liked Lu-lu the best."

Then Rose had a big doll; her name was May. This doll was a great care to Rose. It was sent to her by a la-dy, who lived in a town far a-way. It was a fine doll, with nice clothes, but it was too big for the doll's bed, and too big for the cart, and for the doll's chair.

Rose gave her a long talk, one

day. She said, "May, I do wish you would try not to vex me so. You will put your feet right in the way, and you will not stand, or walk, or act as such a big girl should. You act as if you had come from the back-woods. What am I to do with you?"

Mam-ma was in the next room, where she could hear this.

She had a laugh to her-self; then she said, "Rose, dear, do you not ask too much of poor May?"

Rose came out with the doll in

her arms. "What can I do with



her, mam-ma?" I can-not make her mind, like Lu-lu and Fan."

“You can play she was most grown up, and that she had a weak spine, and had to lie down much of the time. You can let her have a book to read, and take her food to her so-fa.”

“That will be nice! so I can; now I shall like to play with May.”

In the pic-ture, you see Rose talk-ing to poor May.

XV.

PUSS AS A HORSE.

ONE day, Tom had been at play with Ned. Ned was the horse, and Tom drove him, with reins, and a whip.

By and by Ned said, "Now *you* be horse, and let me be *div-er*."

Tom did not like this part of the play so well; he knew he ought to take his turn as the horse; so he let Ned drive him

two or three times a-round the yard; then he said, "O, Ned, I am tired; I don't want to play horse now; I want to look at my new book."

"But *I* want to play horse some more; *do* play with me, dear Tom."

"See here," said Tom; "you take old Tab for your horse; put the reins round her."

This was not just the right thing to do, for Puss did not like to be kept from her kit-tens; but the lit-tle boys did not think of that.

Ned liked the plan; he tied the reins round Puss, and drove her all a-bout; and if Puss did not like it, she bore it well, and was as good a horse as a cat could be.

Ned ran to show Ruth his fine team, but Ruth was out.

The fire was down, for it was past tea-time; and the doors of the cook-stove were not shut.

“O, ho!” said lit-tle Ned, as he got down to peep in-to the ov-en; “what a nice barn this is for my horse!

“There, poor old nag! I will not drive you now; you may go in-to this barn, and rest.”

So Ned put Puss in the oven, and shut the doors tight; then he went to tell Tom.

He did not find Tom just then, and soon he was called to go to bed; and he forgot all about poor Puss, shut up in her barn.

Puss, I dare say, cried as loud as she could, and tried to get the door open, but no one was near, to hear her.

By and by, the three lit-tle kit-tens be-gan to want their old moth-er. They ran a-bout the shed, and cried, "Mew, mew." There was a pan of milk set for Puss, and they each got their paws in it, and each put her nose in it, but they did not know how to lap it up; they were too small.

So at last they crept in a lit-tle heap on the floor, and cried them-selves to sleep.

XVI.

WHAT RUTH SAID IN THE MORN-
ING.

THE next day, when the boys were come down stairs, they ran out to see Ruth, as they liked so much to do.

“O, Ruth,” said Tom, “let me do that for you. Chop, chop! it must be fun.”

“What you go-ing to do, Ruth? make a nice hash?”

“See here!” said Ruth; “I want to talk to you, young sirs; who shut poor Puss up in the stove ov-en last night?”

“O, I did,” said Ned; “she was my horse, and that was the barn. Is she in there now? I’ll let her come out.”

“Stop, child; you will burn your hands. No, sir; my rolls are in there now; but we were in a fair way to have a roast cat for you to eat.”

Rose had come in, and she said,

“O, our poor kits! Were they a-lone all night?”

“Yes, poor things, that they were. When I came down this morn-ing, I went out in-to the shed for wood, and I heard them cry, and cry. I saw Puss was not with them, and says I, ‘Why, where can she be?’ Then I came in to make the fire, and I heard old Puss cry, close by me. I went to the pan-try door, and all the doors, but no Puss did I see. I did not know what to make of it.

“As the fire be-gan to burn, and the ov-en to get hot, you may be sure she cried more and more. At last I took hold of the ov-en door, to see if it grew hot for my rolls, and out she came, and held up first one paw, then the oth-er, as if to tell me it was hot in there!”

Poor lit-tle Ned’s face grew quite sad, and at last he be-gan to cry hard.

“I did not mean to bake poor Puss,” he said, with a great sob.

“Well, bless your lit-tle heart,

I know you did not," said Ruth, "and she is not baked; she is with the kits. Come and see her."

Ruth took him out in the woodshed in her arms, and let him see Puss with her kits.

"There," said she, "you need not cry, for she is all right now; but do not shut her in the oven a-gain, mind! for some one might come and make a fire, and burn her all up."

"No," said Ned, as he wiped his eyes with his bib; "I won't put her in that barn a-ny more; no."

XVII.

THE DAY THAT MAM-MA WENT
TO TOWN.

ONE day, Mrs. Dale had to go to town, to be gone all day.

She was to go with Mr. Dale, in the cars, in the morn-ing, and as she had to go a-bout a good deal, to the shops, she did not think best to take the lit-tle ones with her.

So she left them in Jane's care.

Mike was to get up the horse, at some time in the day, and take them all a nice drive, for an hour; and the rest of the time, their mam-ma told them, they must be good, and do just as Jane told them.

At first, Rose, and Tom, and Ned felt as if it would be fine fun to have no les-sons, and to have all day for play.

They put on their hats, and went out to see the hens and chicks; then they had a nice play

with their kit-tens; they each had a spool tied to a cord, and ran down the gar-den walk, and the kit-tens would all chase the spools. The kit-tens were grown now, so they could run and play, and, as Rose said, "they were just as pret-ty as they could be."

Rose had named her kit-ty "Spot," and Tom called his "Net," and they named the white one "Snow;" but Ned said, "No, she is Kit-ty." He did not want a bet-ter name for her.

By and by it grew so hot in the sun, that Jane said they must play in the shade of the trees, or else come in-to the house.

They played under the trees for a time, and Rose got her dolls out there, and would have liked to stay, but Tom said, "I don't want to play with dolls; come, Rose, let us go in, and find something to do."

Rose had a good mind to say "No," for she had just been in to get her dolls; but then she said to

her-self, "I must be sure to be kind, now mam-ma is not here."

So she took up Lu-lu and Fan, and went in. She did not take May out, for May did not seem to feel well that day.

Tom and Ned tried all their toys, and Rose took down the books she liked best, but it seemed a long time to din-ner.

Ruth got them a nice din-ner, just what they all liked.

When they were done din-ner, Rose said, "*Now*, what time is it, Jane?"

“It is just one,” said Jane.

“O, dear! Mike said he could not go with us till three; that is two hours. What shall we do now?”

“Why do you not play school?” said Jane.

“How shall we play it?” asked Rose.

“Why, play that you kept the school, and Tom, and Ned, and all your dolls, can come to it.”

“They must all sit up on seats, and you must hear them read.

Then they can play do sums, and you can make your dolls sew."

"That will be a nice play," said Tom; and off they all ran to the play-room.

Ned said his A B C in school, and Tom read, and the dolls did their work.

"Now," said Tom, "play I was teach-er, and you read to me."

Rose did not just like that, but at last she said, "Well, I will."

So she got a book that had a nice sto-ry in it, that she could

read well, and Tom, the teacher, liked to hear it so much that she read on to the end of it.

Then Jane came to the door, and said, "Mike has gone to the barn for Dick; so come now and let me dress you."

"Why, it is not three yet, is it?"

"It is not far from it," said Jane; "have you had a good play?"

"Yes," said Tom; "I like to play school, first rate."

XVIII.

THE DRIVE WITH MIKE.

THE sun was still hot, but Mike chose a road that led in-to the woods, so it was nice and cool, rid-ing.

Rose and Ned sat on the seat with Mike, and Tom sat on a stool in front, for to-day they had the bug-gy, with but one seat. On Sun-day, when they all went to church, they had a light wag-on, with two seats.

The chil-dren were in high glee, and they were all on the look-out, to see what was to be seen.

First, Tom spied a bird close by; then Rose saw some sweet wild flow-ers, and Mike got out to pick some for her.

Then, when they had gone a lit-tle way, Ned said, "What are those lit-tle black things on that bush, Mike?"

"Black-ber-ries," said Mike, "and ripe, too. Well done! You have bright eyes, Ned, my boy.

I did not think it was time for them to be ripe.”

“O, Mike, get us some; will you?”

“You can all get out, and we will tie Dick, and pick all we see.”

“Good, good!” said Tom; “how nice!”

So Mike took them out, and then he got a big leaf, and made a sort of cup for each of them, to hold the ber-ries. Then they had a hunt for them, up and down, and they found quite a lot of

nice, ripe ones. How sweet they were!

When they had got all that were to be seen, they got in-to the bug-gy, and went on.

“I know a place,” said Mike, “where there are lots of black-ber-ries; they must soon be ripe now; may-be your mam-ma will let us go some day and pick them. If she will let Jane go with us, and O-ney will go, we can get *heaps*.”

“Won’t that be just jol-ly?”

said Tom; "what fun we will have, if we can go!"

As they drove on, Ned said, "O, I want a *dink*, so bad!"

"So do I." "And I," said the others.

"Wait a bit, then," said Mike, "and we will get some."

Soon they came to a spring, a little off from the road; the cool, pure water ran down into a tub, by the side of the road.

Mike led Dick up to the tub, for he felt the want of a drink

too, that hot day. Then he gave the reins to Tom to hold, and he took a tin cup that he had with him up to the spring, and got it full of nice, cold wa-ter, for the chil-dren.

He had to fill the cup three times.

“How did you come to have a cup with you, Mike?” said Rose.

“Ah!” said he, “lit-tle folks are sure to want a drink, if they think it can't be had.”

“But we *did* want it, for true, this time.”

“So you did, bless your heart; and you got it, you see.”

XIX.

THE GIRL AND THE GOAT.

THEY did not drive back by the same road; the sun was not so hot now.

“Sure I think we have been out a good bit more than an hour,” said Mike; “but you see I think your mam-ma will say it was the best thing I could do to keep you all in the woods a time.”

By and by they came to a

house, in front of which a little girl sat on a log, and by her was a large goat, which she fed from a plate.

“O, see, O, see,” cried Ned; “there is a dog with two horns, like Suke’s horns!”

“A dog with horns!” said Tom; “O, ho!”

But Tom could not say what it was, for he had never seen a goat.

Mike told them what it was, and he drew up, that they might look at it.

“Is that your goat, lit-tle girl?”
said Rose.



“Yes,” said the child; “Nim is my own goat. I had him when he was a wee bit of a kid, and now you see how large he is.”

“Does he like you?”

“O, yes, he will go all a-bout with me, and come when I call.”

“What is *your* name?”

“My name is Ma-ry Ball. What is yours?”

Rose told her, and told her where she lived.

“Now we must go on,” said Mike; say, ‘Good by’ to Ma-ry and her goat.”

As they drove on, Rose said, “Why, that is just like Ma-ry and her lamb, on-ly this is a goat.”

“*What* Ma-ry?” said Tom.

“Why, you know!

‘Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And ev-ery where that Ma-ry went,
The lamb was sure to go.’”

“Why, you can say it *this* way,” said Mike:—

“Ma-ry had a lit-tle goat;
It had two horns, you know;
And ev-ery where that she did tote,
That goat was sure to go.”

This made the chil-dren laugh. But then Rose said, “That is not so nice, Mike — is it? ‘Tote’ is

not a nice word to put in the verse.”

“Well, do *you* fix it, then; sure you can make a verse bet-ter than old Mike.”

“You are not ‘old Mike,’ cried Ned, as he gave Mike’s arm a hug; “you are kind, *good* Mike.”

Rose had been think-ing so hard a-bout the verse, that she did not seem to hear this; now she said, —

“Why, we can let the last two lines be as they were, Mike. Then it would be, —

‘Ma-ry had a lit-tle goat ;
It had two horns, you know ;
And ev-ery where that Ma-ry went,
The goat was sure to go.’”

“That’s it, to be sure,” cried Mike ; “now hear me till I learn it, so I can say it to O-ney.”

Rose gave him a look, to see if he was in fun, but he did not *seem* to be.

When they got home, it was past five, and near time for the train ; so Mike put them down at the gate, and drove off to meet their pa-pa and mam-ma.

XX.

THE GIFTS FROM TOWN.

WHEN they were come, Rose, and Tom, and lit-tle Ned had so much to tell of their play, all day, and of their nice drive, and all, that their mam-ma had hard work to get her things put up, so she could come to tea.

So pa-pa called, "Here, you chicks; do you not want to see what mam-ma has got for you?"

At this they all ran, you may be sure.

There was a par-cel in the hall, that had a look as if it came from a toy-shop.

You know how such a par-cel looks, I dare say. It *will* have odd points and sides, that look as if there was some-thing in it that did not want to be kept tied up, but was just in haste for some little boy or girl to cut the string.

Pa-pa cut the string with his pen-knife. First there was a dear

lit-tle work-box for Rose, with a glass in the top, and a tray that had a place for all the things she had to sew with, just the shape that they would fit in. There were some tools *in* the box, too.

Rose gave a jump for joy, and said, "O, how I shall *like* to sew, now I have this nice box!"

Then there was a white wood box, that Tom knew had some toy in it.

It was a farm-yard: that is the name of the toy.

There were bits of fence to set up, to form the yard; and all that you would look to find in a real farm-yard, to put in-side: cows, and sheep, and fowls, and men, and maids.

This was for Tom. Ned seemed to think he would like that to play with; and Tom said, "You *shall* play with it, with me, Ned, dear; and Rose, too."

But pa-pa said, "Here is something more. I will dare to say this is for our Ned."

It was a nice horse and cart of wood, made so that Ned could take the horse out, and hitch him up a-gain, him-self.

Ned thought this was the best of all, and he said, "I will let you play with my new horse and cart, Tom; 'cause you are good."

"What made mam-ma get us such nice things?" said Rose.

"I think it was Love that made her think of it," said pa-pa. "Maybe, too, she felt quite sure that some lit-tle folks of hers would try to be good while she was gone."

“How bad we should feel, if we had *not* tried to be good, Tom!” said Rose.

“That’s so. I mean to give mam-ma a good kiss for this.”

“And I, too.” “And I.”

XXI.

THE LAME MAN.

FROM the gate, a wide, smooth walk led up to the front door of Mr. Dale's house, and from this, on each side, there was a walk, a-long by the side of the house, that led back to the gar-den.

The chil-dren liked to run up and down, from the gate to the house. It was a nice place to roll a hoop, or to have a race with Tray.

One day they were all out in front of the house; Rose had her dolls in the porch, poor May and all; for she said, "May must need to be in the air."

Ned drew his new horse and cart up and down the walk, and Tom had got up on one of the gate posts, that he might see up and down the road. He liked to watch the teams go by.

Soon he got down from the post in haste, and ran up the walk to Rose.

“O, Rose, come to the gate, quick as you can! O, such fun!”

“Why, what is it? What did you see?” asked Rose, as she put Lu-lu down, to run with Tom.

“O, I saw a man down the road, and he walks *so!*” and Tom drew up one foot, and made a queer step, a kind of hop, with the oth-er.

“I can-not do it as *he* does,” said he; “he leans on a sort of cane, and he goes *so* slow! But come, he must be most here now.”

So they ran down to the gate, and they both stood to see the man go past. It was fun to them to see him limp a-long.

But how did the poor man feel when he saw them make fun of him? For he could not but hear what they said, and see them laugh and point at him.

Rose and Tom did not think that the poor man could hear them; in fact, they did not think at all how he must feel; but on-ly how fun-ny he did look.

XXII.

MAM-MA'S STO-RY.

MRS. DALE was by the win-dow of her room up stairs, so that she saw all this. It made her feel sad to see her lit-tle ones so un-kind to a poor lame man.

She went down, and took a seat in the porch, and called them.

Rose and Tom were glad to see her there, and ran to her; and Ned came too.

“Shall I tell you a sto-ry?” said mam-ma, — “a Bi-ble sto-ry?”

“O, yes, if you please, mam-ma.”

“Once there was a poor, lame man, so weak and lame that he could not walk at all.

“He nev-er *did* walk; when he was a lit-tle child he was lame, and could not run, and skip, and jump, as you can.

“Think how you would feel, dear Tom, if you could not move your-self a-bout at all; or if e-ven one leg was stiff and lame, so that you could not use it.”

“It must feel bad, mam-ma, I think,” said Tom, with a grave face, for now he began to think how the lame man that went by the gate must have felt.

“This poor lame man was laid, day by day, at the gate of the House of God.

“Some, who cared for him, had to help him there, and help him home a-gain at night, for he could not take a step by him-self.”

“What did he want to get to the gate of God’s House for?” said Rose.

“To ask help of those who went in at the gate. They went in to pray to God in His House, and it may be, the lame man thought it was a good time to ask them to help the poor, as they went in to ask God to help and bless them.”

“Is that why they pass round a plate when we are in church?” said Rose.

“Yes; we ought to be glad to give, to help the Lord’s poor, when we go to ask God for all that we need.”

“ Well, as men went by him, go-ing in at the gate, the lame man held up his hand, to ask them to give him some-thing.

“ Most of those who cared for the poor *did* stop to give him a coin to buy food with, for they knew well that he was in great need of help. I dare say some made fun of him as he lay there; it may be some boys and girls did; but I hope not.”

Here Rose gave a quick look at her mam-ma, and then at

Tom, and her eyes were full of tears.

“One day,” said mam-ma, “two men came in at the gate. They were good men. They were two of those men who were with our dear Lord Je-sus, when he was on earth, and whom He sent out to tell all men of Him, and to teach them His good Word.

“How glad they were to do this. They did so love their Lord, that they loved all men for his sake, and they loved to do good to all.

“When these good men came by the poor lame man, he held up his hand, as was his way to do, in hope of a gift from them.

“Did they pass him by? O, no. They cared for all who were poor, and sick, and sad. They stood still. And one of them said, ‘Look on us.’

“Then the lame man did look up at them; and Pe-ter — for it was he — said, ‘Sil-ver and gold have I none; but such as I have, give I thee. In the name of Je-sus Christ, rise up and walk.’

“He took the lame man by the hand, to lift him up, and at once he felt that his poor, lame feet and legs were well and strong.

“O, how glad he was! How he did leap, and jump, and walk a-bout! It was such joy to him to use his feet!

“Then he went in with the good men, Pe-ter and John, to the House of God, to thank the Lord who had made him well.

“For he knew that the good men did not make him well by

their own pow-er, but by call-ing on the name of Je-sus, their Lord.

“But you may be sure he did thank them too, and love them, for their kind deed.”

XXIII.

THE LAME MAN ONCE MORE.

ROSE and Tom were quite still when the sto-ry was done. At last their mam-ma said, —

“My Rose loves the Lord Je-sus; and Tom, too; do you not?”

“Yes, mam-ma; we try to.”

“Then, if you do love Him, you must not vex, or make fun of one who is lame, or poor, or sad. Je-sus did not do so; He made the

lame to walk, and the blind to see, and healed all that were sick.

“You can-not make a lame man well, to be sure; but you can be kind to all such, and try to do good to them, and cheer and help them, for Je-sus’ sake.”

“O, mam-ma,” said Tom, “I wish that lame man would come by here again, so I could tell him I am sor-ry.”

“Why, may be he will,” said Rose. “If he does, mam-ma, may we ask him to come in and rest?”

“Yes, you may, my child; and you will not laugh at a-ny such poor man a-gain, I know.”

“No, in-deed, mam-ma; we will not.”

Tom ran down to the gate-post, to look out for the lame man.

Rose saw him give a long look down the road; then she saw him jump off from the post, and run out a lit-tle way, and look; then he came fly-ing back, up to the house.

“O, mam-ma! O, Rose! I saw him! He has sat down by the

side of the road, to rest, just be-low Mike's house."

"Mam-ma, may we run and speak to him?" cried Rose.

"Yes; and you may ask him if he would like some-thing to eat or drink."

Rose and Tom ran as fast as they could, for fear the man would get up and go on.

When they came up, the man gave a look round, and when he saw who it was, he turned his head the oth-er way; he thought

they had come to laugh at him a-gain.

Rose and Tom did not know what to do then; but at last, Rose went close to him, and put her hand on his.

“Please, sir,” she said, “Tom and I want to speak to you.”

The man looked at her then, and at Tom, too.

“We did not mean to make fun of you when you went by our house, and we are sor-ry we laughed,” said Rose, just a-bout to cry.

“Bless you, dear-y, do not mind!” said the lame man. “I had nigh for-got a-bout it!”

“Well, won’t you come back to our house and rest?” said Rose.

“Yes, do,” said Tom; “and have some-thing to eat.”

“I thank you all the same, dears, but I don’t think I could go back; I have a good bit yet to go, and I can get on but slow-ly.”

“Does it hurt you much to walk?”

“Ay, dear, I do get tired, but the good Lord helps me on.”

“O, do you love Je-sus?” asked Rose.

“That I do, dear-y, as I hope.”

“Mam-ma just told us,” said Tom, as he came and stood by the poor man, “a-bout a lame man whom Je-sus made well, so he could walk, and jump on his feet. I wish he would make you well, too!”

“He will, dear lad, in his own good time!” said the man.

Rose and Tom stood quite still, when the lame man said this, and

looked in his face with-out a word.

But soon Rose said, "If you have walked a good way, do you not want some-thing to eat?" May be mam-ma will let us bring some-thing here to you, if you will wait."

"Bless your kind lit-tle heart," said the man, "I *should* be glad of a bit, for I have been a long time on the road."

A-way ran Rose and Tom, as fast as they could go, to the house, to their mam-ma.

“O, mam-ma, may we take our lame man some sup-per?” cried Tom.

“O, mam-ma,” said Rose, “just think; he is a *good* man, and he says Je-sus will make him well some-time.”

Mrs. Dale went to the pan-try to get some food; she cut some cold meat, and bread, and some good plain cake, and put them in a small bas-ket, so that Tom could car-ry it. Then she gave Rose some milk, in a can, and a mug for

the man to drink out of, and told them to go slow-ly with the things.

The poor man was glad in-deed of the food and milk.

Rose and Tom sat by him till he had done his sup-per; then he said, "Thank your kind mam-ma for me, my dears; and may God bless you both; you have done me much good; I shall get on well now, I am sure."

The man got up to go. Just then Mike came up in the bug-gy; he was on the way to the train, to meet Mr. Dale.

“O, Mike!” cried Tom; “do stop. Can you take this lame man part of the way he has to go?”

Mike looked at him, and liked his look; so he said, “Sure I can, as far as to the turn of the road, if he can get up here.”

Mike gave him a hand, and he did get up, and seemed so glad of the ride!

Rose and Tom then went home with the mug and the can and basket, and they talked all the way of the lame man.

XXIV.

VIS-IT FROM AUNT KATE.

THE next week was a glad time for all the lit-tle ones. Aunt Kate came out to "Brook-side," for that was the name of Mr. Dale's place, to stay all the week.

She had I-da with her, of course, and I-da was such a dear lit-tle pet! Then I-da's pa-pa came too, each night, with Mr. Dale, from town. Rose, and Tom,

and Ned called him "Un-cle Will," and they all said he "was such a fun-ny man!" He was sure to make some fun for *them*, when he came.

One day Tom came in and said, "Mam-ma, Mike says the black-ber-ries are full ripe now, and it will soon be too late for them; when can we go to pick some?"

Aunt Kate said, "How far do you have to go? I like to pick black-ber-ries, too!"

"O, O, will you go, Aunt Kate?"

Then mam-ma will, if you will, I know!"

Mam-ma said, "Well, if we can get a two-horse wag-on, may be we will all go. We will see when pa-pa comes home."

The young ones found it hard to wait till they saw their pa-pa and Un-cle Will at the gate. They ran to meet them, and all spoke at once — lit-tle I-da, and Ned, and all.

Un-cle Will put his hands up to his ears, and pa-pa said, "Wait till

we get in, you mad-caps, and let me hear what mam-ma has to say.”

Af-ter a talk with Mike, it was all fixed. They were all to start in good time, the next day, if it should be clear, and spend the morn-ing in pick-ing black-ber-ries. Then pa-pa and Un-cle Will were to come home on the noon train, and join them, and they were to have a pic-nic lunch in the wood near by, and then drive home by way of the Lake.

Rose and Tom were too full of

glee to keep still at all; and little I-da and Ned had a long talk, in their own way, a-bout the nice time they would have.

They all went out more than once, to take a look at the sky, and make sure that no dark clouds were to be seen.

The last thing be-fore Rose went to bed, she knelt down at the par-lor win-dow, to look up once more at the sky.

“The stars are all out, mam-ma,” she called to her moth-er; “they



shine so bright, I am *sure* it will not rain!"

"Do not think so much of that, my love," said her mam-ma, "for if it should rain, we could go the next day, I dare say."

“But it would be so hard to wait!”

“You must try not to feel so, dear child; the rain, if it comes, will be all for the best; God sends the rain.”

“Well, I may just *hope* it will be clear, may I not, mam-ma?” said Rose, with a smile; and she came to give mam-ma and Aunt Kate a good-night kiss.

XXV.

THE PIC-NIC.

THE next day was clear and bright as one could wish. The sun shone on Rose's face and woke her, and she called out, "O, Tom, it will be a nice day! We can go!"

Tom was wide a-wake, and so was Ned, in no time; and there was such a noise that Jane soon heard, and came up to help them dress.

“What makes you give me these old things?” said Tom; “don’t you know we are to go to a *nick-pick*?”

“I don’t know much a-bout a ‘nick-pick,’” said Jane, “but if you go to a black-ber-ry pick, you want to wear what will not be torn all to bits with the bush-es. Your mam-ma told me to give you this sack and pants to put on.”

“Well, I don’t care what I wear — do *you*, Rose? — so we get off.”

The wag-on was at the gate by

eight o'clock, and soon they all got in; Jane went with them, and O-ney, to help pick; but Ruth staid to keep the house.

They had all sorts of pails in the wag-on, and a big bas-ket, with lunch in it; it was sure to be a nice lunch, for Ruth had had a great bake, the day be-fore.

“I hope we shall find a good *lot* of ber-ries; don't you, mam-ma?”

“Yes, I do; Aunt Kate and I would like to make some nice jam.”

When they came to the spot,

they saw at once that there was work to be done.

They all got out, and Mike tied up the team in the shade of some trees; then each took a pail, and began to pick.

I-da had a lit-tle bas-ket, and Ned a bit of a pail, but the berries they picked did not get in-to these, for they went in-to the dear lit-tle mouths.

Rose and Tom seemed to think it was fine fun. Rose would call out, "O, Tom, come here! See

how thick they are here!" And Tom would call back, "This is the best place of all; I can pick fast as my hands can go!"

By and by I-da came to her mam-ma and said, "I *do* like back-bed-dies, mam-ma."

"I should think so, by the look of your mouth and hands, my pet," said her mam-ma. "Now you and Ned must rest a lit-tle, or you will be tired. See, you sit down by this stone, and we will put some cake on a leaf, for a

plate, and some berries on another, and you can play have a feast. But you must sit still a long time, and talk at your feast.”

This was a nice plan; and Rose and Tom saw the fun, and they were glad to come to the feast too.

When they had all picked till they were tired, it was near time for lunch. They put all in the big pails, and they had six quarts in one pail, and five in another, and four in another; now can you tell how many quarts that made in all?

Mike and O-ney had a pail full too ; they meant to put them with the rest, but Mrs. Dale said, " O, no ! they must take some to make jam, too ! "

Soon pa-pa and Un-cle Will drove up, in the bug-gy, with old Dick.

Then they laid a cloth on the grass, in the shade, and put out the lunch. There were cold fowl, and ham, and rolls, and cake ; pies, too, and a jug of milk.

Food is sure to taste good when

we have been hard at work; so you may know they all said this was a nice lunch.

Then came the time to pack up, for the drive by the Lake.

Mike took O-ney, and Jane, and some of the pails, home in the bug-gy, and pa-pa drove the two-horse wag-on to the Lake.

There was a boat on the Lake, and pa-pa and Un-cle Will took the lit-tle folks all out in it, a lit-tle way; while mam-ma and Aunt Kate sat on the shore to rest.

Then they drove home by a nice road, with trees on each side, and now and then a fine view to be seen.

When they got home, all said they had had a ver-y nice time in-deed.

XXVI.

LIT-TLE I-DA.

THE chil-dren at Brook-side all seemed to think the best part of a vis-it from Aunt Kate was the good time they had with lit-tle I-da. Not but what they loved Aunt Kate dear-ly, and were glad to see her; but I-da was such a dear pet, and had such fun-ny ways.

She was small of her age. Ned

seemed like a big boy by her side, for all he was but just six months old-er.

Then her way of talk-ing was so fun-ny. It made the chil-dren laugh all the time.

I-da liked the vis-it too, you may be sure.

She was as hap-py as the day was long. She liked best to take hold of Ned's hand and go with him to see the hens and chicks, or to look at Mike in the gar-den, at work, and Mike was sure to

stop when he saw the two lit-tle tots come, and find some nice fruit for them. There was not much fruit yet on Mr. Dale's place, but Mike took good care of the trees and vines, so there was hope of more the next year.

One day when the lit-tle ones were down by the gate, I-da cried out, "O, see! O, see de cows take de woods to ride!"

Tom and Ned looked out, and saw a load of wood drawn by an ox team.

“O, ho!” cried Tom; “those are not cows, I-da; those are oxen; don’t you know, old Suke does not pull a cart!”

“No! nice Suke give me mik!” said the lit-tle girl. She liked the new milk, warm from the cow, as much as Rose did when she was of her age; in fact, Rose liked it still.

I-da thought all that Ned did was just right.

Once, when the lit-tle ones were all out in the yard, af-ter tea, as it

grew late, Jane came to call them in, to put them to bed.

Ned's mam-ma and I-da's mam-ma were both gone out, to take a walk and make a call.

Ned was at play, and did not feel like go-ing to bed; and, sad to say, he for-got that he must be a good boy, and do as he was told, if he did *not* feel like it.

So he looked up at Jane, and said, "No, go a-way, Jane; I shan't come yet."

Lit-tle I-da sat still, and looked at him, and then at Jane.

Soon she said to Jane, "Ned *san't*! and *I* *san't*, too!"

"There, Ned, you hear that! do you want to teach dear lit-tle I-da such ways?"

Ned's lit-tle face grew red, and the tears came in his eyes. Soon he got up from the grass, and said, "Let's we go, I-da, and then we will get up in the morn-ing."

Then Jane took one of them on each arm, for she was strong, and gave them each a kiss.

As they went up stairs, Jane sang to them, —

“Lit-tle Ned
Will go to bed,
And on the pil-low lay his head.
I-da bright
Will sleep all night,
And wake up with the morn-ing light.”

This made them laugh, and they went to bed, as hap-py as could be.

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XXVII.

WHICH KIT-TY?

WHAT I-da liked best to play with was a kit-ty. She had no kit-ty at home, and when she saw Ned's kit-ty, and Spot, and Net, she was so full of joy! She ran to take first one, then the oth-er, and kiss and hug them.

When she saw one kit run af-ter a spool on a cord, and one kit run round and round af-ter her tail,

and one kit jump on the old cat's back, how she did clap her hands, and laugh, and shout!

I-da did not get tired of playing with the kit-tens. She would sit and hold one of them as long as it would stay in her lap.

She liked to play with the dolls with Rose, but she liked a kit-ty best to play with.

“Mam-ma,” said Rose, “how I-da will miss our kits, when she goes home! Won't she?”

“Yes, dear; and she will miss

you all, too. Aunt Kate just said she did not know what she would do with her at first, she would be so lone-ly."

"I wish we had one more kit-ty that we could give I-da," said Rose.

Her mam-ma did not speak; she thought she would wait and see what Rose said next.

Rose did not say a-ny more for some time, but at last she gave a sigh, and asked, —

"Do you think we ought to give

I-da one kit-ty, to take home, mam-ma? ”

“Well, I do think three hap-py lit-tle ones, who have each oth-er to play with, might spare *one kit-ty* to I-da.”

“I mean to go and talk to Tom,” said Rose.

Soon Tom ran in. “O, mam-ma, must we let one kit-ty go? ”

“I did not say you must, dear child. I said I thought it would be a good plan. It would make lit-tle I-da hap-py, and it would be a kind thing to do.

“You must think of this, too; the kits will soon grow large, and we shall not want to keep four big cats a-bout the house.”

“Let old puss go, then, mam-ma, and keep the kits.”

“O, no, no!” said Rose. And mam-ma said, “We all love old puss; and then she keeps off the rats and mice, and so is of use to us.”

“Which kit-ty do you think we ought to give to I-da, mam-ma?”

“That is for you to say, your-

selves. But if you give up one, you ought to own the others all a-like, I think. Which does I-da like best?"

"I know," said Rose; "she likes Spot best, my dear Spot."

Tom looked at Rose, and he saw tears in her eyes; then he said, "You need not give up Spot, sis; I will give Net to I-da; that will do as well."

"No," said Rose; "she will not play with Net now, for she bit her one day when she was at play

with her. I dare say she hurt poor Net, for she does not bite *us*."

Ned had come in, and now stood by his mam-ma, to hear what was said.

"Shall we give one kit-ty to I-da, to take home, Ned?" asked mam-ma.

"Yes, we will," said the lit-tle boy; "I loves I-da, and I will give her *mine* kit-ty."

"Let us take I-da to choose one," said Rose; "and, Ned, if she likes yours best, you can give it to

her, and you shall own half of my kit-ty. And if she wants my kit-ty, you will let me own half of yours — won't you?"

"Yes," said Ned; "you shall have two paws of her, and I'll have two paws."

"And you shall own half of Net, too!" said Tom.

They ran off to find little I-da: her mam-ma had her in her room, to dress her. When the chil-dren told her she was to have one kit-ty to take home, she

was as much pleased as they could wish.

“Come, now, pet, and choose the one you want,” said Rose.

I-da took a good long look at each kit-ty; at last she said, “Dey is all nice, but I like dis one!” and she took Spot in her lit-tle arms.

Rose looked at Tom with a smile, and said, “Well, you shall have Spot for your kit-ty, dear I-da. Now give me one good kiss for her.”

I-da gave her a kiss, and a hug,

too. And Aunt Kate said she was a dear, good child, and so were they all, to give up one of their pets.

XXVIII.

HOOP-ING COUGH.

ONE day, not long af-ter Aunt Kate's vis-it, Mrs. Dale looked out to see what her lit-tle folks were do-ing, in the yard, and saw them all down at the gate. Out-side the gate were two lit-tle chil-dren, by the name of Ray, — Fred and Nell Ray, — who lived some way up the road, so that it was quite a walk from their house.

Mrs. Dale went to look out a-gain, af-ter a time, and saw them still there. They were talk-ing and play-ing through the rails, but they seemed all to take great care not to o-pen the gate.

Mrs. Dale went down then, and said, "Rose, my dear, why do you not ask Nell and Fred to come in and play with you, in the yard, or in your play-room?"

"Come, lit-tle ones, come in and rest; you have had a long walk."

She took hold of the gate to

o-pen it; but lit-tle Nell cried out, "O, no, Mrs. Dale; mam-ma told us we must not go in-to your house, 'cause we have got the hoop-y cough."

Mrs. Dale could not but laugh, but she felt more like a good cry.

"So you kept the gate shut, for fear the hoop-ing cough would get in to Rose, and Tom, and Ned!" said she. "My dear lit-tle girl, you might as well come in; all the harm is done that will be done, by this time, for you have been talk-ing with them a long time."

“Why, we did not come in one step!” said lit-tle Fred; “did we *talk* the hoop-y cough in-to your yard?”

“Yes, my dear; the poor gate could not do much good, when the lit-tle heads met a-bove it.

“But do not cry, my boy; you and Nell did not mean any harm, and we can-not help it now.”

“He feels the cough com-ing on,” said Nell; “that is what ails him.”

She was right; poor lit-tle Fred

be-gan to cough, and he had a hard time with it; the fit held on a long while, and it made his nose bleed a good deal.

“Poor child!” said Mrs. Dale, “he is all tired out. You must come in, Nell, and I will lay him on the lounge to rest, and wash off the blood from his face.”

Jane had come out to see if she could help, and Mrs. Dale had her lift lit-tle Fred in her arms, and take him in. He felt so tired, that he did not mind what they did.

“Rose,” said her mam-ma, “you coax Ned in-to the gar-den with you. He was not as near them as you and Tom were; may be we can keep him from it.”

“What makes you smile, Jane?”

“Why, ma’am, I was think-ing, if Rose and Tom had the cough, Ned would have a good chance to take it from them.”

“That is true; but I might send him a-way from them, you know.”

“Yes, ma’am; but it may be all for the best for them to take it

now. They say it is not apt to go so hard with young ones, as when they are old-er."

"I dare say that is so, Jane. The fact is, it gave me such a start to hear they had the cough, and to see that poor child, that I could not think."

When lit-tle Fred had a rest, and had his face washed, and had some nice, cool drink, he felt quite bright. Mrs. Dale gave him and Nell some books to look at, and some of Rose and Tom's toys.

She still did not think it wise to let her chil-dren play with them, in the room.

But Nell's face was grave and sad. Soon she put down the book she held, and went up to Fred; Mrs. Dale was in the next room; they were in the play-room, and the door was half o-pen, so that she could see them; but Nell thought she was gone.

“O, Fred-dy,” said Nell, “I wish we had just come a *lit-tle* walk, as mam-ma said! I wish we had

not come to talk the hoop-y cough to Rose and Tom!"

"Did we make them have it too?" said Fred; "I don't want them to, it's so bad!"

"I wish we could take it all home with us," said poor little Nell; "what shall we do, Fred? let's go home, and tell mam-ma."

"Well," said Fred, "I want to go home."

Just then, Mrs. Dale saw, from the win-dow, a girl go-ing past, in the road; she was walk-ing fast,

and gave a look on each side, as she went, as if she had lost something.

“Nell, dear,” said Mrs. Dale, “look out and see if you can tell who that is in the road.”

“Why, yes,” cried Nell, “that is our Ann; mam-ma must have sent her for us.”

So Mrs. Dale sent to tell the girl that Nell and Fred were there.

She told her to tell their mam-ma how it was that they came in, and that they were not so much to blame as it seemed.

“O, dear, ma’am!” said Ann; “sure, I am vexed that they came here! Their mam-ma told them they might walk a bit down the road, and they to come so far!”

“Yes, that was what did all the harm. Fred and Nell for-got what their mam-ma said when she let them go out, and you see what a sad time came of it. Lit-tle girls and boys must do just as mam-ma says.”

XXIX.

SUN-DAY AT HOME.

WHEN I-da went home, and took Spot with her, the children said, "We shall see I-da on Sunday, and Spot, too!"

But the first Sun-day after Aunt Kate went back, it came on to rain so hard, that it would not do to try to drive in to town.

Rose, and Tom, and Ned said they did wish the rain would come

some oth-er day, and not on Sun-day.

But their mam-ma told them they must try to have a hap-py Sun-day at home.

So she read to them a nice sto-ry from the Bi-ble, a-bout the good man who was put in the den of li-ons, and the li-ons did not hurt him, for God kept him from all harm. Do you know the name of that good man?

Then they sang some hymns, and they each got a verse from

the Bi-ble by heart, to say to their pa-pa.

This was the verse that Rose learned :—

“ My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they fol-low me.”

Rose knew well that it was Je-sus who said this.

This was Tom’s verse :—

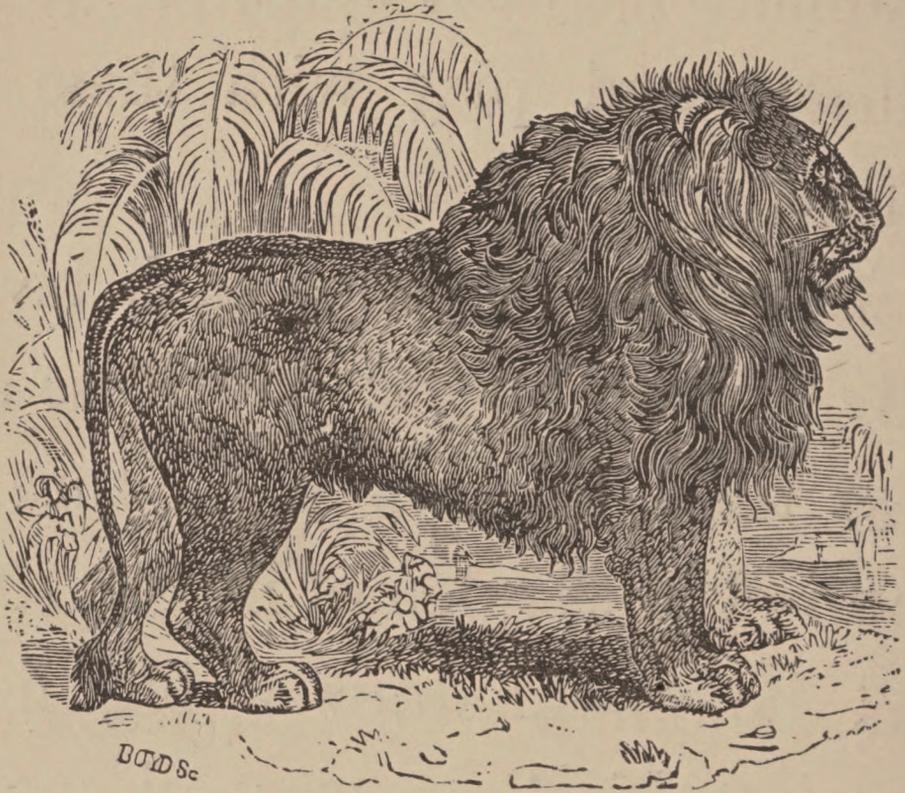
“ They that seek the Lord shall not want a-ny good thing.”

And lit-tle Ned got this verse to say :—

“ God is love.”

Then they went down to see the kit-tens, and play with them till din-ner.

Af-ter din-ner, they each had a slate to draw up-on; and Rose and Tom tried to draw a pic-ture of Dan-i-el in the den of li-ons. Ned said he would draw a big li-on, too; but *his* li-on was all mouth and teeth. Mam-ma gave Rose and Tom a pic-ture to draw by, and they tried to make theirs like it. Did you ev-er see a re-al li-on ? ”



When they were all tired of draw-ing, and look-ing at pic-tures, their mam-ma read to them a lit-tle book, which they all liked to hear. The name of the book was

“Emma; or, the Child that Je-sus called.”

Rose was very fond of that book. She could read it now herself, but she liked best to hear her mam-ma read it.

So, for all they had to stay at home, the chil-dren had a hap-py Sun-day.

We may be sure of a hap-py Sun-day, if we will try to keep it ho-ly; for God will bless His own day.

XXX.

PA-PA SICK.

THE next Sun-day was a clear, fine day, but Rose, and Tom, and Ned did not get in-to town, to go to church, for their pa-pa was sick.

He had come home sick two or three days be-fore, and had been sick in bed most of the time since.

The lit-tle ones were ver-y sor-ry for their pa-pa, and they took great care not to make a noise

near his room, for fear they might make his head ache worse.

They were glad to be sent up or down stairs, to get an-y thing their pa-pa might want.

In fact, pa-pa said he had such good care, he must soon be well.

Rose liked to sit by her pa-pa, with a fan, to keep off the flies.

Once Ned saw her do this, and he said, "Let me keep flies off now."

So Rose gave him the fan, and put him up on the edge of the bed.

He could not make the fan move ver-y well; he hit his pa-pa's nose with it. So he put it down, and kept the flies off with his hand. If he saw one come, he would call out, "Shoo, fly! don't bod-der pa-pa!"

Once mam-ma let Rose take up the tray, with some tea, to her pa-pa. She held it with great care, but just as she got to the foot of the stairs, Net, Tom's kit-ty, came and made a jump on her, to get her braids, and came near mak-ing her drop the tray.

Jane had put her hair in braids that day, to see how it would look, and kit seemed to think it was just for her to play with.



But Rose held fast to the tray, and all the harm kit-ty did was to shake a few drops o-ver, from the cup.

As I said, Mr. Dale was not a-ble to go to church on Sun-day, and as mam-ma had to take care

of him, none of them could go. So they had an-oth-er Sun-day at home.

Mam-ma had to be in the sick-room most of the time, so she could not read to them so much.

But Rose read to Tom and Ned, and kept them still some time.

Then, as it was a fine day, they could walk in the yard and garden; and they played go to church, under the trees in the yard, and sang some hymns, and read some ver-ses.

XXXI.

THE CHIL-DREN'S TRI-AL.

PA-PA was soon well once more, and could go a-gain to town.

The first day that he went, when he came home, he said to the little ones, —

“ I saw Aunt Kate to-day, and she says it seems an age since she saw you tots. She says she wants mam-ma to bring you all in to spend the day, as soon as she can.

Do you think she can coax you to go?"

"O, I wish she would just try," cried Rose. "Mam-ma, do you think you can take us soon?"

"I think I mean to do so quite soon," said mam-ma.

"O, good! What day shall we go?" said Tom.

"I can-not tell now what day, but I want to go the last of this week, or the first of next week."

The chil-dren were full of joy

at this news, as you may think ; for they thought it nice fun to spend a day in town at Aunt Kate's.

But the next day, as Rose was read-ing her les-son to her mam-ma, she gave a lit-tle cough. Mam-ma looked at her, but did not speak ; but soon she heard the same sound a-gain, and then a-gain.

Her mam-ma did not tell her then that she thought the hoop-ing cough had come, for she thought it might be a cold ; but

she told Jane to watch the children when they were with her.

The next day, Jane came to Mrs. Dale, and said, "I think they have the cough, ma'am, for sure; Tom has been cough-ing two or three times this morn-ing."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dale, "I heard one of them in the night, but I could not make out which it was."

"Poor lit-tle things!" said Jane; "they have so set their hearts on that trip to town, and you will not

dare take them, will you, ma'am, for fear of lit-tle I-da?"

Rose had come in, just in time to hear this.

"Why, Jane," said she, "what do you mean?" Why can't we go to town? What is the mat-ter with I-da?"

"Noth-ing the mat-ter with I-da, my love; but the truth is, we think you have got the hoop-ing cough, at last, and Tom, too. Now you know, dear, how Fred and Nell gave it to you; in the same way,

if I were to take you now to Aunt Kate's, you would give it to dear lit-tle I-da."

Rose did not speak; she looked at her mam-ma, and then burst in-to tears, and cried quite hard.

Tom heard Rose cry, and he ran in, and stood to look at her. Then he said, "Why, mam-ma, what *is* the matter with Rose?"

"I wish, I wish," said Rose, with a sob, "that Nell and Fred had not come here with their old bad cough."

Just then Tom gave a cough, and that made him think what Rose could mean.

“Why,” said he, “have *we* got hoop-ing cough now, mam-ma? Why, Ro-sie, nev-er mind! it don’t hurt a bit; and we can have some can-dy, as Fred did, to make us well!”

“But, Tom, just think! we can’t go to town at all, for fear we will give it to I-da!”

“O! Now that is too bad!” cried poor Tom, with a stamp of

his foot; and he looked as if he would like to have a good cry, too.

“There, there!” said mam-ma; “cheer up, now, my dear chil-dren; do not take these sad looks and wet eyes down to pa-pa. Cheer up, and by and by we will talk a-bout this; it may not be as bad as it seems.”

Mam-ma spoke in a kind tone, that made Rose lift up her head, and dry her eyes.

“That is my good girl,” said her mam-ma. “Now come, let us go

down to pray-ers; pa-pa must be wait-ing for us; where is our Ned?"

"He has gone down to pa-pa; he said he would be first, and so he was, for I had to stop to see what was the mat-ter with Rose."

XXXII.

THE TALK WITH MAM-MA.

PA-PA took pains at the ta-ble to say all the fun-ny things he could think of, to make Rose and Tom laugh and feel hap-py a-gain.

Then, when he had gone, Mike called them all to go and help him in the gar-den ; he gave them each some-thing to do, e-ven fill-ing lit-tle Ned's cart with weeds, for him to draw a-way.

So they had no chance to feel bad-ly, till they came in to their books.

Then Rose gave a sigh, and said, "How long do you think it will be, mam-ma, before we can go to see Aunt Kate?"

"I can-not tell, dear; it may be six or eight weeks; it may not be quite so long; I do not know how bad the cough will be, with you."

"Have we got to cough as hard as Fred did? I should not like that."

“I hope not; it may be light, so that you will not mind it much.”

“Well, I do wish it had not come till we had been to Aunt Kate’s; I don’t see why it must. Can’t we go to church, mam-ma?”

“I fear not, dear child; I do not think it would be right, if we are sure you have the cough.”

Rose and Tom looked at each other, and each wore a ver-y sober face in-deed.

“Rose,” said mam-ma, “this is a hard tri-al for you and Tom;

do you know what I mean by a tri-al? ”

“ It is some-thing that makes us feel bad — isn't it? ” said Rose.

“ Yes, but it is some-thing, too, that God sends us for our good.

“ God gives all his dear chil-dren tri-als of some sort to bear, so that they may learn to love him best of all, and to give up to His holy will.

“ Do you know what I mean, my love? ”

“ But, mam-ma, ” said Tom, “ God

did not send us this bad cough; it was Nell and Fred who came and gave it to us.”

“But God let them come, my boy; He could have kept you from it, if He saw fit; and that is why I say God gives you this trial, — I mean, this hard thing to bear.

“Now, my dar-lings, you know God loves you more than I can, and He would not let this come to you, if it were not for your good.

“So you must try and bear it well, and not cry, or fret, or feel

vexed, if you can-not go where you want to, nor e-ven if the cough should make you sick, and give you much pain.

“That is the way for you now to show that you love God, and that you feel sure He loves you, and will do what is for your good.”

The lit-tle ones did not say much, but they seemed to think of what mam-ma had said, and I think they did try to bear their tri-al well.

XXXIII.

THE NEW COCK AND HENS.

A-BOUT this time some friend gave Mr. Dale some fowls of a rare breed, that he had wished to have: they were a cock and two hens.

The cock was a fine, large bird; it was fun to see him strut a-bout the yard, as if he were the lord of all in those parts.

He had no fear of a-ny one, but the lit-tle ones were half a-fraid of him, he was so bold.

One day Ruth gave Tom a turn-o-ver, that she had made for him; and he had on his bib, and sat out on a bench, near the wood-shed door, to eat it.

Up came the new cock, as pert as could be, close to Tom, as if to say, "Give me some of that."

Tom put up his arm, and began to cry; he thought the cock had come to peck at him.

Ruth saw it, and she came to the door and said, "Give him a bit,



Tom ; that is what he wants ; he will not hurt you.”

So Tom broke off a bit, and threw at him ; but he got up, and went in-side the shed to eat the rest.

“That bold fel-low makes me think of lit-tle Sue Lee and her black-ber-ries,” said Ruth.

“What was it? What did she do?” asked Tom.

“When I lived with Mrs. Lee,” said Ruth, “they had a fine, large, white roos-ter, whose name was Tim, or Tim-o-thy.

“Lit-tle Sue was just three years old, and Tim was near as tall as she, if not quite.

One day Sue’s pa-pa brought in a good hand-ful of black-ber-ries, — the first we had seen.

“He put them on a lit-tle plate, and gave them to Sue. She thought they were ver-y nice, and went and stood on the door-step with her plate, to eat them.

“Tim saw her, and as he was such a pet, he seemed to think she had come out to feed him; so up he came, and picked up the berries, one by one, till he ate them all.

“Poor lit-tle Sue stood still till he was done, and did not say a word; then she ran in, cry-ing,

‘Tim-i-ty stole all my back-ber-ries!’

“We could not but laugh to think she did not dare drive him off. But her pa-pa told her Tim was a real thief, and he would look out and try to find some more ripe ber-ries for his lit-tle girl.”

“Did he?” asked Tom.

“O, yes, there were lots of them soon.”

“What a nice lot we got when Aunt Kate was here — didn’t we?”

“O, dear! now this old cough has come, I s’pose we can’t go to ride at all!”

“Why not?” said Ruth; “you won’t give your cough to the woods — will you?”

“They say a change of air is the best thing for hoop-ing cough; I dare say, now, your mam-ma will try to let you have more rides than ev-er.”

“That is good,” said Tom; “I like you, Ruth.”

Tom did not know what made

him say that; but *I* know; it was be-cause Ruth tried to say some-thing to make him hap-py, when he was with her.

XXXIV.

THE LIT-TLE NURSE.

RUTH was right a-bout the drives. Mr. and Mrs. Dale knew it was well to let the chil-dren have the air a good deal; so Mike drove them out each clear day, and twice their pa-pa came home in time to take them to the Lake for a nice row in the boat.

Rose's cough was light; it did not seem to make her sick; but

lit-tle Ned, who had be-gun to cough too, had it quite hard, and so did Tom.

Their mam-ma and pa-pa, and all, did all they could to cheer up the sick chil-dren, and make them hap-py.

Mam-ma did not leave them to go to town to spend the day: she said she should wait till they could go too.

The first Sun-day af-ter the cough be-gan, she staid at home with them, and their pa-pa went a-lone to church.

The next Sun-day, Rose heard her pa-pa ask her mam-ma if she would go that day.

“I do not know what to do a-bout it,” she said; “it is four weeks since I have been to church, and I want to go ver-y much; but I do not like to leave the chil-dren, and it is Jane’s turn to be gone, too; I don’t know how they would get on with Ruth all day.”

Rose ran in and said, “Now, dear mam-ma, you can go as well as not; I am not sick a bit, and I

can help take care of Tom and Ned, and Ruth is real kind to us.”

“Well, love, I will see a-bout it; you are a dear, good girl to wish me to go; I will see if the lit-tle boys think they can spare me.”

But Rose took care to get the first word with the lit-tle boys, and she did not find it hard to coax them to say they did not want mam-ma to stay at home with them.

So Mrs. Dale went to church, and had a good day of rest.

And Ruth and Rose did their best to take care of the lit-tle boys, so they should not miss her. Ruth told them nice tales, and Rose read to them; and when Ned had a hard fit of cough-ing, Ruth sat down to rock him in her arms.

But they were all glad to see pa-pa and mam-ma come back.

Rose felt paid for try-ing so hard to take care of the sick ones, when her mam-ma gave her a

good kiss, and said she was a dear lit-tle help-er.

Aunt Kate sent them a box of nice grapes, which was a fine treat for them.

XXXV.

DARK DAYS.

THE next week Ned did not cough so hard, but poor Tom grew worse and worse.

In a few days more he seemed ver-y sick in-deed ; so sick that he lay in the bed all the time, and when the cough was not on, he lay with his eyes shut, pale and weak.

Two doc-tors came from the town to see him ; and one of them

had to come twice a day for some days.

One day Rose heard Jane say to Ruth, "Poor, dear lamb, he will not last long at this rate; if he does not get bet-ter soon, he will be worn out."

Then Rose be-gan to see that her mam-ma looked worn with care, and that her pa-pa, too, was sad; and she knew they were a-fraid that Tom might die.

Rose could not bear to think of this at all. When she heard a-ny

word said of how bad poor little Tom was, she would rush out of the room, and throw her-self on her own lit-tle bed, and cry.

One day her mam-ma saw her do so, and she went af-ter her, and sat down and took her in her arms.

“Rose, my love, do you cry because dear Tom is so sick?”

“O, mam-ma,” sobbed poor Rose, “Jane said that day that it would be all for the best for us to have hoop-ing cough now; but it

was not, a-ny such thing! for it will kill my *own* Tom."

Her mam-ma could not speak at first, for you may know her heart was sad.

But soon she said, "My child, we will hope Tom may yet get well; we will pray God to make him well, if it be His will. But if not, dear Rose, our good God knows what is best for our Tom; *He* will keep him, e-ven if He takes him from us."

"But, mam-ma, it is right to

pray to God to let Tom live — isn't it? I could not do without Tom, mam-ma."

"Yes, dear, it is right to ask this, if we try to feel all the time that God knows best, and to say, Thy will be done."

"Why, that is in the Lord's Prayer, mam-ma."

"Yes, that is in the Lord's Prayer, dear child; you may learn now what it means. Now I must go to dear Tom, and my Rose will

pray for Tom, and for pa-pa and mam-ma too.”

Rose did pray with all her heart, and she felt bet-ter af-ter this, for she felt that God would take care of Tom.

Tom did not die ; in a few days he be-gan to gain, to cough less, and to take some food ; and soon he be-gan to sit up.

O, how glad Rose was ! And lit-tle Ned, too, was full of glee when he could talk to Tom once more.

One day, when Tom was much better, Mrs. Ray came to see them all, and brought Nell and Fred with her.

Mrs. Ray said to Mrs. Dale, "O, you do not know how badly my children felt when they knew your little boy was so ill. They could talk of nothing else; they seemed to think they had killed him."

In the mean-time, the five little ones had a talk by themselves.

Rose had felt as if she did not want to see Fred and Nell a-gain.

But when she saw how sor-ry they had been, and how glad they were that Tom was most well, she could not keep her un-kind thoughts.

So they were soon all mer-ry and hap-py, at play. And I hope these five dear lit-tle ones did not for-get that it was the good God who had kept them from death, and made them well, and full of joy a-gain.

Here I must end this book; but I will make an-oth-er book, to tell you more of lit-tle Rose, and Tom, and Ned.







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