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**LITTLE CLARA.**



PINE FARM.

# LITTLE CLARA.

BY

MRS. ANNA BACHE.



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## LITTLE CLARA.

SICKNESS. SELF-CONTROL. A STORY.

LITTLE CLARA HOWELL was asleep on the sofa in her mother's parlour, and her mother sat at the window, sewing.

Presently Clara opened her eyes. At first she did not remember where she was, nor what was the time of day. She rubbed her eyes and stretched herself; she looked at the clock, and the fire, and the cat that lay on the hearth-rug, and then she looked at her mother.

Clara looked at her mother for a good while before she spoke. At last she said—"Mother, is it morning?"

“No, my daughter,” said Mrs. Howell, “it is four o’clock in the afternoon.”

Then Mrs. Howell got up and came to the sofa. She put back the hair that had fallen over her little girl’s forehead, and she kissed her, and asked her if she wanted any thing.

Little Clara had been sick, and her parents thought she was going to die, but she got better, and was able to sit up part of the day. She was still very weak, and the doctor said she must lie down often. She had been sitting in her little chair beside her mother, looking at a picture book, until she felt tired; and then her mother laid her on the sofa, and covered her with a shawl, and Clara went to sleep.

When Mrs. Howell asked Clara if she wanted any thing, Clara sat up, and said—“May Jane come and play with me?”

Jane was Clara’s eldest sister. She was about eleven years old. Clara

was between six and seven, they had a brother George, who was nine years old, and a brother Philip, who was fourteen.

Mrs. Howell opened the door and called Jane. Jane came into the room very softly, for she was a kind, thoughtful little girl, and her parents had told her that it was selfish and cruel to make any useless noises when any body was sick. She loved her little sister; she was sorry to see her in pain, and sorry to see her mother grieved and anxious; she tried to think what she could do to help them, and made herself very useful. When Clara was first taken ill, Jane waited on her, sat beside her, and tried to divert her, as long as Clara was able to talk or listen. When she got worse, Jane was always at hand to run up and down stairs for any thing that was wanted; she took care to speak low, to open and shut the doors without noise,

and to walk softly. When she sat down to her lessons or needle-work, she tried to do her best without troubling her mother for directions; and when Mrs. Howell was quite worn out, and lay down on the foot of Clara's bed to rest a little, Jane staid quietly in the darkened room, ready to call her mother exactly at the minute when it was time for Clara to take her medicine, so that Mrs. Howell often kissed Jane, and said she was a help and comfort to her. Jane was glad that she could do any thing for the dear mother who did so much for her. And now that Clara was better, and wanted to play, Jane often put by the book she liked to read, or the frock she wished to make for her doll, and came willingly to amuse her little sister; and she tried to invent little quiet plays, that might divert without tiring her.

When Jane came into the parlour, she had a little covered basket in her

hand; she went up to the sofa, and asked Clara if she would like to play at having dinner. Clara said she would, and Jane asked her mother if she might take the mahogany candle-stand to set the dinner on. Mrs. Howell said she might. Then Jane lifted the stand out of the corner, and placed it before Clara, as she sat on the sofa. She spread a napkin on the stand for a table-cloth, then, she opened her basket and took out several little dishes, made of blue paper, and nicely crimped round the edges. She arranged them on the napkin, and then she asked her mother if she would let them have an apple and a biscuit to pretend meat and potatoes.

“No,” said Mrs. Howell. “I am afraid Clara might eat part of them, and the doctor says she must not eat fruit of any kind, and must not eat at all, except at regular hours.” Clara looked disappointed, but she was accustomed to obey, so she did not say

any thing. "Oh!" said Jane, good humouredly, "I have thought of something nice; stay a little while, Clara;" and she ran out of the room.

A fine large buttonwood tree grew before the house. Jane saw her brother Philip standing under it; she ran and asked him to get her some of the button-balls for her. He plucked a dozen, and gave them to her, and Jane took them into the parlour, to Clara.

"See, Clara," she said, "we can make believe with these. This one shall be roast beef, and this shall be turkey, and here is a boiled ham, and these shall be potatoes and turnips. And I will set our dessert ready on the hand-waiter, if you will lend me one, mother."

Mrs. Howell lent the waiter, and Jane proceeded to set out her dessert. "This is a floating island, and these shall be mince pies and cranberry tarts."

“You have provided a very large dinner for two persons;” said Mrs. Howell, smiling.

“Mother, you will come and dine with us? Do, Mrs. Howell, favour us with your company;” said Jane, making a low curtsy to her mother.

Clara laughed, and repeated—“Do, Mrs. Howell.”

“I am much obliged to you, young ladies, for your polite invitation, but you must excuse me at present. I shall be pleased to come some other time. I hear Mr. George Howell coming down stairs. I dare say he will be glad to join your party.”

George liked to play with his sisters; they sat down to their grand dinner, and tried to be very polite, and help each other like grown gentlemen and ladies. All went on pleasantly for a while, until Mrs. Howell was called out of the room. Clara was too weak to play long; she began to feel faint and uncomfortable. She was too



young to understand why she felt so badly, and she grew cross. She put out her hand to throw over their dishes. George took hold of her hand to prevent her; Clara tried to struggle, but she was too weak. She screwed up her face very dolefully, and began to cry. George laughed at the queer face she made; Clara grew angry, and slapped her brother on the cheek. George lifted up his hand to return the blow, but recollecting himself, he said—"No, I won't be a coward, to slap a girl, and a sick girl, too; but you are a naughty sister to me."

At this Clara cried again, and when Mrs. Howell came back, she found George looking red with anger, Clara with large tears running down her pale face, and Jane trying to quiet her.

"What is all this?" said their mother.

"George is cross to me, mother

“Clara slapped me on the cheek, mother, —” said both the children at once, and Clara cried louder than before.

“Clara, be quiet instantly;” said Mrs. Howell. Clara knew she must obey, so she stopped crying and wiped her eyes, but her little bosom heaved, and every now and then she gave a deep sob.

Mrs. Howell shook up the pillow, bade Clara lie down, and covered her up. Then she took Jane and George into another room, and asked what had been the matter. Jane told her mother exactly what had taken place.

“George,” said Mrs. Howell, “when people have been sick, they become weak; you know Clara is not able to jump and run as she used to do.— When our bodies are weak and in pain, we get angry and feel sorry, more quickly than we do when we are well and strong.”

"Can't we help that, mother, if we try?" asked Jane.

"Partly we can, and partly we cannot. We cannot always hinder the feeling, but if our minds are under control, we can help giving up to it."

"What is *under control*, mother?" said George,

"A horse is under control, when he is made to go this way or that, as his rider pleases. When I make you do anything you do not wish to do, you are under my control. When you do not do what you *would* like, or do what you do *not* like, because you feel in your thoughts that it is right to contradict your own wishes, you are under *self-control*. I control you now, but I want you to learn to control yourselves. If you have no self-control, you cannot be useful to yourself or others. You can never be good or great, without self-control."

"George Washington had self-control, mother."

“Yes. He was both good and great. But it is George Howell we are talking of, now.”

“Has Clara any self-control, mother?”

“For such a little girl, she has. Children learn self-control by being made to obey, therefore, I always require you to obey orders exactly. Clara always takes medicine readily, lets her blisters be dressed without fretting, and lies still hour after hour very patiently, because I have told her that it is proper for her to do so, and she is used to obey. While she was *very* ill, she could not pay attention to anything, and that kept her quiet. Now she is well enough to be amused, and wants to play, but her body is so weak that she soon gets tired and feels worried, and she is not old enough to understand why. I do not allow her to indulge ill-humour, but I must not allow her to be fretted. You are in

health ; you are older than she is, and ought to be wiser, and therefore kinder. *You* do not like to be laughed at, even when you are well."

"No, that I don't. I did not mean to be unkind, mother," said George, sorrowfully. "I am sorry I laughed at Clara. May I go and tell her so?"

"Yes, dear ; and I must say I do not think you entirely to blame. You showed self-control when Clara struck you, and you would not strike back again. Go to your sister, and remember, the strong should be tender to the weak, and brave boys are always kind to the girls."

George and Jane went with their mother to Clara. She was still lying on the sofa. Her eyes were open, so George knew that she was awake. He went up to her very softly, took hold of her little thin hand, and said,—  
"Dear little sissy, I am sorry I vexed you. Please to forgive brother George, and kiss him to make up."

Tears came into Clara's eyes again, but they were not such tears as she had shed before. She felt sorry and yet pleased, and loved her brother George very much. She hugged him round the neck, and put up her lips to kiss him, and then she said—"I was naughty, too, George. I was naughty to slap you, and to knock over the dishes. I won't do so any more." So the children kissed each other, and were happy.

Then Mrs. Howell sat down beside the sofa on a rocking chair, and Clara asked if she would take her on her lap. Mrs. Howell took Clara on her lap, and Clara leaned her head against her mother's bosom, and sat still. George and Jane sat down on the sofa.

After Mrs. Howell had rocked Clara for a little while, Clara looked up, and said, "Mother, will you please to tell me a story." Mrs. Howell said she would tell her about

## EDWARD AND HIS DOG.

One day, after Edward had been playing in the garden till he was tired, he came to his mother, and said, "Mamma, will you give me something to eat?" His mother gave him a bowl of milk, and a slice of bread. Edward set his bowl of milk on a little waiter, he put his bread beside the bowl, and then he asked his mother for a spoon. She gave him a spoon, and then Edward said, "Mamma, may I go and sit at the front door?" His mother said he might.

So Edward took his bread and milk and sat down on the upper step. He placed the waiter on his knees, he broke the bread into the milk, and was just beginning to eat, when he saw a poor little dog running up to the steps.

The dog was small, and very thin ;

he looked as if he had been pelted with stones; he was wet and muddy, and shivered as if he was cold. He seemed very much frightened, and ran up into the corner close to the steps. "Poor little dog," said Edward, "poor little dog—you look very thin. I dare say you are hungry." So Edward took a bit of the sopped bread between his finger and thumb, and held it to the dog, saying,—“Poor fellow! poor fellow!”

When the little dog heard a kind voice, he looked up, for even beasts know the difference between kind tones and cross ones. Edward threw the bread to him; he snapped it up in a moment, and then he looked at Edward, and wagged his tail, as if he would have said—“Please, master, give me some more.” Edward threw him another bit: the little dog swallowed it as eagerly as he had done the first, and when Edward said “poor fellow,” again, he came out of the



corner and crawled up on the step. He looked very wishfully at the bowl of bread and milk, but did not dare to touch it. "Poor dog," said Edward, "I think you want this bread and milk more than I do, for I had a good breakfast and dinner to-day, and I do not think you have had either. But stop, mamma will not like you to eat out of her clean bowl." So Edward ran and got an old earthen dish, which was used to feed the cat. He poured the bread and milk into it, and set it on the steps before the dog, saying, "Come, poor doggie, eat." The dog did not need twice telling. He ate up the bread and milk, oh! so fast, wagging his tail all the time—and when he had lapped up the last drop of milk, and licked up the last crumb of bread, he seemed quite refreshed. He let Edward pat him, and he licked Edward's hand.

Edward got up and went into the house, and the dog followed him.

Edward looked into the parlour for his mother, but she was not there. He found her sitting on the piazza behind the house, reading.

“Mamma,” said Edward, “do look at this poor little dog. I think he has no owner, and cruel boys have been pelting him. May I keep him, and feed him? You do not know how hungry he is.” His mother said he might keep the dog if no one claimed it, and if he would be careful of his dog, and not let it be troublesome.

Then Edward said,—“May I take the old packing box in the garret to make a house for him? and may I have a bit of old carpet for him to lie on?” His mother said “yes,” and she gave him a piece of carpet.

Edward thanked her, and ran to show his dog to his brother Ben, and he asked Ben if it was not a very pretty dog, and he said that he meant to call it Watch. Ben said that Watch

was a very good name, but he could not say that he thought the dog very pretty. "However," he said, "Watch may be prettier when he is clean. Suppose we wash him." But their mother advised them not to trouble the poor, frightened, tired little dog, with washing, just then. So Edward and Ben busied themselves in turning the old box into a house for Watch. They cut a square hole in one side of the box for a door, then they turned the box upside down in one corner of the piazza, the carpet was folded up, and put in for a bed, and Watch was settled in his house.

Poor little Watch was kindly treated, and had plenty to eat. He soon grew fat and pretty. He was a happy, merry little dog, and Edward and he had many nice plays together. He loved his little master dearly, and always trotted after him to school. The teacher did not allow dogs to come into the school-room, so Watch

lay down outside of the school-room door, and in the recess, when the boys came out to play, Watch jumped and capered as merrily as they did. All the boys liked Edward's Watch.

One morning the teacher told the boys, that if they would come an hour earlier than usual in the afternoon, he would show them some beautiful drawings of castles, mountains, and wild beasts. These drawings were made by a celebrated traveller, of things he had seen in his travels. He said they must be punctual to the appointed time, for the drawings were to be sent for at three o'clock, and he could not get them again.

The boys were much obliged to their kind teacher, and they all hurried home and got their dinners as early as possible. Edward could scarcely eat, for he was very fond of pictures, but he knew he ought to learn his lesson; so when he had finished his dinner he sat down to study.

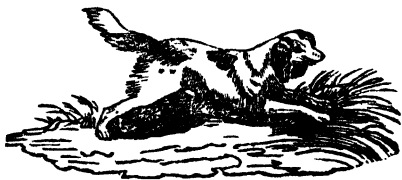
He tried hard not to think of anything but his lesson; he *gave his attention* to it, and he learned it perfectly. "Now I know my lesson well," said he, "and I shall enjoy seeing the pictures." He called Watch, took his book under his arm, and set off. It was a long walk from Edward's home to the school-house, and as he reached the door, the clock struck two. School began at three. "I am in good time," thought Edward, "and I know my lesson." Just then he found that he had dropped his book. Poor Edward! He dared not appear in school without his book, and if he went back for it, he would be too late to see the pictures. With a heavy heart he ran down stairs, and into the street to seek for his book, when who should he see running up to him, but Watch, with the book in his mouth? The careful little dog had picked it up when his master dropped it. "Oh! Watch!" said Edward, "you *are* a good dog."

He took the book, ran back again, and got into the school-room, just as the teacher was spreading out the first picture.

Edward had a great deal of pleasure in looking at the pictures, and hearing his teacher explain them. When he went home, he told his mother what had happened. His mother said—"If you had not been kind to the little dog when he was in trouble, you might have lost your book, and missed seeing the pictures. Kindness is twice blessed; once to the giver, and once to the receiver."

The children agreed that the story of Edward and his Dog was a very pretty story, and they liked little Watch very much. George said he wished that he had a little dog, but he did not think that he would call it Watch. They talked about pretty names, and ugly names; names for dogs and cats, and names for people,

until Mrs. Howell looked at the clock, and told Jane that it was time to set the table for tea.



## SUNDAY.

CONVERSATION. CLARA'S HYMN.

THE next day was Sunday. Sunday was a day of rest at Mrs. Howell's; not tiresome, lazy rest for the body; but rest from the work of the week; needful rest for the body, and peaceful, thoughtful, holy rest for the mind. On Saturday the house was set in order, and something was cooked to be eaten cold on Sunday. No unnecessary work was allowed on the Sabbath, and no one staid away from church, unless detained by works "of necessity and mercy."

The family arose at their usual early



hour, and the children dressed themselves neatly in the clean clothes which had been laid out for them on Saturday night. After prayers they had breakfast; and then, while Mrs. Howell was attending on Clara, Mr. Howell took his Bible, and sat down to read until church-time. George and Jane looked over their Sunday school lessons. Philip had attended the Sunday school ever since he had been old enough to sit still there; he now belonged to a Bible Class, which Mr. Williams, the clergyman, had formed for the elder Sunday Scholars. It met at nine o'clock.

When the bell rang for church, Jane and George went with their father, (for there was no morning Sunday school in Cedarville,) and Mrs. Howell staid at home to take care of Clara.

When church was out, Philip, Jane, and George walked home with their father. The family dined early on Sunday, that the children might be in

time for the Sunday school; so, as soon as they got home, Jane took off her bonnet and shawl, tied on a clean apron, and helped Martha to set the table.

In the afternoon, Mr. Howell staid with Clara, that her mother might go to church. The little girl slept an hour, and when she awoke, her father took her on his lap, and talked to her.

“Does my little girl feel better since she slept?”

“Yes, father, I do; that was a nice sleep?”

“Who sent that sleep to refresh and strengthen my little Clara?”

“God sent it, father. God is making me well. I thank God for making me well.”

“Yes, dear; and you ought to thank Him for many other mercies.”

“So I do, father. I thank Him because I have a nice bed, and good things to eat, and because you and mother take care of me. But, father,

Jane says, God made me sick, and that every thing God does is good. I do not like to be sick. Must I thank God for hurting me?"

"God does not hurt you willingly, my dear. Pain is sent to us sometimes for a warning, and sometimes for a *punishment*.

"I do not know what you say, father."

"I suppose you do not know what I mean. Well, you are such a little girl, I am afraid you will not understand all I say to you about these things, but if you attend, you may understand a little. One evening when you were a baby, Phillip put you on the table close to a lighted lamp. You liked the blaze, and you could not tell that it would hurt you. You put your finger into the flame; it burned you and you cried. Afterwards, you never would touch a lamp or candle. You felt the *pain* of burning when you saw a lighted lamp again,

you remembered that pain, and it was a *warning* to you not to put your fingers into a blaze. If burning your finger had not hurt you, you might have held it in the flame until it burnt off, and your hand would have been spoiled and useless. Now, do you know the use of the pain you felt?"

"It was to keep me from burning myself again, father."

"Yes, but suppose you would put your fingers into the fire, *after* you had felt that burning would hurt you; then the pain would not be a *warning* to you, since it would not keep you from burning yourself again, but it would be a *punishment* for acting so foolishly. What made you sick, Clara."

"Mother said it was laying down on the damp grass, after I had been jumping. Father, I did not know that it would make me sick."

"Then your illness has been a warn-

*ing* not to do so again. But had not your mother, before that day, told you *never* to lie down on the grass?"

Clara looked uneasy, and answered in a low voice, "Yes, father."

"Then you disobeyed her."

Clara fidgetted this way and that, and did not answer.

"Speak, Clara."

Clara answered in a still lower voice than before—"Yes, father."

"Then your illness was a *punishment* for disobedience?"

Clara was ashamed when she remembered how naughty she had been. She thought of all the pain she had felt, and the trouble she had given her kind parents. She hung down her head, and tears came into her eyes. Her father took out his handkerchief and wiped them away. "We will not talk about this any more, now, my child;" he said. "I will repeat a text for you to learn." Then her father kissed her, and repeated this text.—

*“For He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.”*—  
Lamentations, chap. iii. v. 33.

Clara repeated the text after her father, until she could say it perfectly. Then she asked him to teach her something else. He taught her a pretty little hymn, and when she had learned it, she said she was tired, and wanted to lie on the bed. She took her little picture Bible, and looked at the pictures, and tried to remember what Jane had told her about them, until her eyes began to ache. Then she closed the book and lay still, looking at her father, who sat by the bed, reading in a volume of sermons.

When Jane and George came home from church, they went to sit with Clara, and told her about the Sunday school and the lessons; and when she was tired of talking, they read the books they had taken from the Sunday School Library, until tea-time.

Clara's father brought her down

stairs in his arms, and after tea, she begged to stay on the sofa, and listen while their mother explained to her brother and sister their Scripture-lessons for the next Sunday. Philip was in the study with his father, preparing his Bible recitation. When all the lessons were properly prepared, Mr. Howell and Philip came into the parlour, and Mr. Howell questioned the children on the sermons they had heard, and made some remarks on what they told him.

Philip and Jane had excellent memories, and they could repeat a great deal. George could not remember so well, but he was very attentive at church. There had been an address to the children of the congregation that afternoon; George liked it very much, but was rather mortified when his father questioned him, to find that he could recollect nothing but the text. "Father," said he, carelessly, "indeed, I minded what Mr. Williams said; I

thought it was all good, and I would try to do as he told us."

"What was the text, George?"

"*Let brotherly love continue.*"

"And how did you apply it, my son?"

"Father?"

"I mean, how did you think you would behave to your brother and sisters, in time to come?"

"I thought I would mind what Philip says to me when I go anywhere with him. I thought I would never tease Clara any more, and would always hold Jane's silk when she wants to wind it."

"Then you have remembered to very good purpose my son." You remember well, when what you hear makes you try to do well." "*Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.*" James, chap. i. v. 22.

"Now, mother, your verses;" said



Philip. It was the custom of the family, that when they were all assembled on Sunday evenings, each person should read or repeat a piece of poetry or prose suited to the occasion. Mrs. Howell repeated Edmeston's poem of

### SABBATH EVE.

Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,  
And soft the sunbeam lingering there ;  
Those sacred hours this low earth leave,  
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

The time, how lovely and how still !  
Peace shines and smiles on all below ;  
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,  
All fair with evening's setting glow.

Season of rest ! the tranquil soul  
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love ;  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

How short the time—how soon the sun  
Sets, and dark night resumes her reign ;  
And soon the hours of rest are done,  
Then morrow brings the world again.

Yet will our journey not be long,  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;  
And well sha join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God.

Mr. Howell said he had not had time, during the previous week, to commit any thing to memory, but he had marked some interesting passages in the *Missionary Herald*, which he would read to them. He then read a portion of the journal of Mr. Ennis, while he was "making an exploring tour, among the islands extending from Java to Timor." One of the anecdotes was this :—

"While Mr. Ennis was on an island called Bali, a Brahman, who was a chief of the highest rank, asked Mr. Ennis to give him a charm, or to do something for him, so that no one could pierce his body with a spear, or *kris*. This chief had shown great good sense about other matters, and Mr. Ennis was surprised to hear him make such a silly request. He told him such

a thing could not be done; but that he would do all he could to persuade the people of Bali to be good, and if they became good, they would not want to stab with their crises. This seemed to strike the people who heard it, very strongly. They had never before thought of such a way to obtain security. Then Mr. Ennis tried to make them understand, that people who love and serve the true God, will not desire to hurt their fellow creatures; but if all loved God, all might live in peace and safety."

Then it was Philip's turn. He repeated Bishop Heber's lines;—

I praised the Earth in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay of various green.  
I praised the Sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious on a silver shield.  
And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,  
"Our beauties are but for a day."  
I praised the Sun, whose chariot roll'd  
On wheels of amber and of gold;  
I praised the Moon, whose softer eye,  
Gleams sweetly through the summer sky;

And Moon and Sun in answer said,  
"Our days of light are numbered."  
Oh, God! oh, good beyond compare!  
If thus thy meaner works are fair,  
If thus thy bounties gild the span,  
Of ruined earth, and sinful man;  
How glorious must the mansion be,  
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

Jane said she had been reading  
Heber, too, and she began—

By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
How fair the lily grows;  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Lo! such the child, whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart, by influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,  
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age,  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.

Oh! Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
Were all alike divine ;

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

George said he had learned one of  
Miss Taylor's Infant Hymns.

I thank the goodness and the grace,  
Which on my birth have smiled ;  
And made me in these Christian days,  
A free and happy child.

I was not born, as thousands are,  
Where God was never known ;  
Nor taught to pray a useless prayer,  
To blocks of wood or stone.

I was not born, a little slave,  
To labour in the sun ;  
To wish I were but in my grave,  
And all my labour done.

I was not born without a home,  
Or, in some broken shed,

A gipsy baby, taught to roam,  
And steal for daily bread.

My God, I thank thee ! Thou hast planned  
A better lot for me :—  
And placed me in this happy land,  
Where I may hear of Thee !

When George had finished, Clara said, "Mother, may I say some verses father taught me to-day?" Her mother said she should like to hear her, so Clara sat up on the sofa, and repeated—

The Lord is very good to me,  
And very thankful I should be.  
He gives me bread, and milk, and meat,  
And all I have that's good to eat.  
When I am sick, He, if He please,  
Can make me well, and give me ease.  
My strength and pleasure from Him flow,  
To Him my life and breath I owe.  
Then let me strive to grow in grace,  
That I may live and die in peace.

When Clara had repeated these lines, her mother said it was time for

her to be put to bed. Her father carried her up stairs, and her mother undressed her, and laid her comfortably in bed. Then she kissed her, and bade God bless her, and then she wished her good-night, and went down stairs.

When Mrs. Howell got to the foot of the stairs, she remembered that she had left her handkerchief on a chair beside Clara's bed. She went back to get it. The door was a little ajar, it made no noise when pushed open, and the curtains were closed at the foot of the bed, so, though there was no light in the room, Clara did not see or hear her mother's entrance. Mrs. Howell heard her speak, and stopped to listen, thinking that Clara spoke to her, but the little girl was *speaking to God*. She was praying as she lay alone in her bed, and she said—"Oh! Father in Heaven, for Christ's sake please to forgive Clara for making herself sick, please let it be a warning to her—

please make her well, and make her  
a good girl; please make her good,  
like her dear mother."





## **A N O T H E R   S U N D A Y .**

### **THE WILLET FAMILY.   SABBATH BREAKING.**

How differently the Sabbath was spent in Mr. Willet's house.

The father and mother lay in bed later than usual, and if the children got up, they ran shouting through the house at their own pleasure, until their parents arose.

"I wish to goodness," said Susan, the hired girl, as she raked fresh coals under the coffee-pot for the

fifth time, "I wish to goodness our folks would get up in some sort of time, and let a body get breakfast over. There's Howell's Martha all drest and ready for church, and here I an't able even to get the breakfast out of the way."

"Susan! Susan!" screamed John Willet, dashing open the kitchen door,—"mother's come down; bring in the breakfast, do you hear?"

"Yes, I do hear;" said Susan, angrily. "I am not deaf. You need not bawl so." Susan took up the coffee-pot, wiped off the ashes, and carried it into the parlour.

Three of the children, unwashed, uncombed, and in the dirty clothes of Saturday, were already seated at the breakfast table. Mrs. Willet stood beside it, looking very much displeased.

"Why, Susan," she said, "is this the way to set a table? The plates turned up—knives and forks scattered about—broken slices of bread—and

butter smeared over the rims of the butter plates."

"It is not my fault, ma'am;" said Susan. "I set the table as it ought to be set, but the children get hungry waiting so long for their breakfast, and they tear every thing in pieces."

"You should not let them do so, Susan. Julia, let the sugar alone. Surely you might keep them away from the table. James, take that knife from Ellen."

"They won't mind me, ma'am—nor you either, for that matter"—muttered Susan.

Here Ellen gave a loud scream. James had drawn the knife through her fingers, and three of them were cut. The blood streamed on the table cloth, as the frightened and angry child held up her hand to her mother, and then, flying at her brother, slapped, scratched, and bit him, with all her little might. James, though he was much bigger and older than Ellen,

returned her blows, and it was with some difficulty that Mrs. Willet and Susan contrived to part the combatants, whose hands, faces, and clothes, were now besmeared with the blood which came from Ellen's wounds. At last they were quieted. Ellen's hand was bound up, and Mrs. Willet sat down to the breakfast table. When breakfast was half over, Mr. Willet came down, unshaved and half dressed. He drank his cold, tasteless coffee, grumbling all the while, because it tasted badly; and then sat down by the fire, with a newspaper and a cigar.

Mrs. Willet told John and Julia, the two elder children, to go up stairs and dress themselves. They were playing at tit-tat-to on Julia's slate, and did not stir.

"Don't you hear me?" said their mother.

John looked up and nodded insolently.

"Then why don't you go? Dear

me, I never saw such children. I'll make your father take you in hand, if you don't go this minute."

The children went on playing.

Mrs. Willet grew angry. "Mr. Willet," she said, "do speak to the children."

"Always the children!" said Mr. Willet; "can't you let them alone till they have finished their game?"

Thus encouraged in disobedience, John and Julia continued to play, until John accused Julia of cheating. Julia told him he told a story; a loud dispute began, and their father, disturbed by the noise, started up, seized them both, and put them out of the parlour. James, meantime, was splitting up a bit of wood, and Ellen was scribbling in a book with a lead pencil.

Presently a shrill voice was heard at the top of the stairs, calling—"mother! mother!"

"Well, what now?" said Mrs. Wil-

let, opening the parlour door.—“What do you want?”

“My new bonnet is not trimmed. I cannot go to church.”

“Go in your old one, can’t you?”

“No, I won’t. Maria Bennet had her new bonnet on, last Sunday.”

“Mother!” shouted John from the kitchen.

“Well?”

“There’s no blacking, and I cannot clean my shoes.”

“Wife,” said Mr. Willet, “I have just thought of it—Mason and his wife are coming up-to-day, and they will be here to dinner.”

“Dear me!” exclaimed Mrs. Willet. “Why did not you tell me before? How can I get a decent dinner for company, at this time of day, and it Sunday too?”

Mrs. Willet hurried into the kitchen. Nothing was ever prepared beforehand in her house. A piece of beef was to be boiled for dinner, but Mrs. Willet

did not think that handsome enough to set before company. She made John catch and kill a couple of chickens, and the vexed Susan was obliged to spend her whole Sunday morning in preparing and cooking more dinner than was needful; while Mrs. Willet made a pudding.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Mason were quiet, serious people, who came to Cedarville on Sunday, only because they had no church nearer the place where they lived. They would greatly have preferred a plain cold dinner, or even a repast of bread and butter, and would not have accepted Mr. Willet's invitation to dinner at all, if they had suspected how it was to cause Mrs. Willet to spend her morning.

When John had killed the chickens, he rambled into the woods, and staid there, playing with some bad boys, who were idling away their Sabbath hours in mischief and sin. Julia dressed her dolls, or looked out of the window,

until she heard that strangers were coming to dine. Then she ran to dress herself, and it was not until she had tried all the different coloured ribbons she possessed, on her head and neck, that her heated, tired mother could prevail on her to come and help set the table. James and Ellen idled, played, and fought together, as they did every day.

When Mr. Willet had read his newspaper and smoked his cigar, he strolled out. He walked to the river, and stood on the bridge for some time, watching the bubbles and bits of chip that floated down the stream. Then he walked into the village, and stood to look at the people who were going into church. Then he stepped into the tavern, and talked politics with the loungers in the bar-room. Then he sauntered home, opened all the cupboards, ate fruit and cake without being hungry, and then took up a



magazine. He lay down on a settee and looked over the magazine, until he felt sleepy; then he placed the open book on his face to shade his eyes from the light, and dozed on the settee, until Mr. Mason knocked at the door.

Mrs. Willet went to church in the afternoon, with Mrs. Mason, but poor Susan, who had been kept at home all the morning to cook the dinner, was kept at home all the afternoon, to wash the dishes, and make hot cakes for tea.

John did not come home to dinner. About tea-time he made his appearance, with a large hole torn in his jacket, one of his eyes blackened, and a deep cut in his cheek. He had torn his jacket in climbing a tree; he had quarrelled with his companions, and been severely beaten. His mother scolded him for tearing his jacket, and his father threatened to horsewhip him for playing with blackguards.

Poor boy! he had never been taught how to choose his companions. He answered the rebukes of his parents saucily, and his father sent him to bed without his supper. He had not eaten any thing since breakfast; hungry, weary, and bruised, he stood at his bed-room window, undressing himself, and saw Philip Howell walking in his father's garden. Philip had a book in his hand, which he read as he walked; sometimes he stopped reading, and looked about him at the sky, the ground, and the budding trees, as if he had pleasure in looking at them. He seemed very happy. "I think, maybe, I had better have gone to the Bible Class with Phil Howell, than been where I was;" thought poor John, as he tumbled into bed.

Julia ran across the street to a neighbour's after tea, and staid playing until her mother sent for her.— James and Ellen slept about on the parlour carpet. When it grew late,

Susan shook them awake, and they were dragged up stairs, crying and kicking.

Mr. Willet smoked his cigar on the porch, until Mrs. Willet, after yawning a great many times, said she thought they might as well go to bed.

So passed the Sabbath in this unholy family. No proper employments, no pious thoughts, no grateful feelings, no words of prayer or praise. The God who made, and preserved, and blessed them was forgotten; his temple was unvisited, and his day was profaned.

My little friends, with which of these families would you choose to spend your Sundays?

## THE RIDE TO PINE FARM.

BREAKFAST. SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.  
FOREST TREES.

ON Monday morning there was a thick mist; so thick, that Clara, as she lay in bed, and looked at the window, could not see the buttonwood branches that almost touched the panes. "Mother," said she, "look at the white smoke out of doors."

Her mother said she must not call it smoke but *mist* or *fog*.

"Will it rain?" asked Clara.

"I think not," said Mrs. Howell.

Presently the fog began to disperse.

Here and there trunks of trees and tops of chimneys could be seen, looking black and strange through the white dimness; then the fences and houses became visible; at last the sun shone out, the fog floated away, and seemed to hang in light clouds over the distant woods, leaving the young grass spangled with shining drops of water.

At breakfast, Mr. Howell said that he had business at a place called Pine Farm, about four miles off, and the day was so warm and fine for the season, he thought the ride would do Clara good. He said Jane and George might go too, if they could get through their morning lessons by ten o'clock. —The children were delighted, and thanked their father very often.

“Let us eat as fast as ever we can, and go right to our lessons;” said George.

“By no means;” said their father. “Take your usual time, I desire. If

you eat too fast, you cannot chew your food properly, and if you do not chew it enough, it will not digest easily.”

“And if it does not, will it make us sick,” asked Jane.

“I cannot say *certainly*, that eating too fast will make you sick in once, or twice, or six times doing; because you are young and healthy, and your little stomachs will bear a good deal of ill usage before they are spoiled. But the mischief is not less certain because it does not come immediately. If you make a practice of eating too fast, or too much, you will become *sickly*.”

“Oh! I do not want to be sickly; Julia Willet is sickly; she looks so pale, father, almost *green*, and she walks so slow, and seems so stupid, and is always having a pain in her stomach.”

“Just so will you walk, and feel, and look, my dears, if you eat too much, or too fast, or take improper

food. So eat your breakfasts quietly, and try to be ready at ten o'clock."

Jane and George did as their father advised, but they smiled at one another over the table, and looked, and nodded, as if they meant to say—"What a nice ride we shall have!" When breakfast was over, they hastened to get their books; the lessons were well learned, and they were ready and waiting, when the dearborn drove to the door.

Mrs. Howell sat on the back seat, with Clara, well wrapped up, in her lap. Jane sat beside her mother; George climbed like a squirrel to the place beside his father; Mr. Howell took the reins, and away they went.

It was a very pleasant ride, indeed. It was early spring time; the sky was clear, and a soft wind blew from the west, bearing the sweet smell of the pine woods. The trees were beginning to unfold their leaves, and the children tried to remember how many kinds of trees they saw, and how many

shades of green they could count on the leaves. They saw tall Poplars, with their dark green leaves; Sycamores, of a paler green, stretching out their boughs like arms; feathery Pines, which look cheerful in their evergreen dress while snow is on the ground, but dark and dull when spring buds are opening. They saw stout Oaks, and delicate Locusts, and weeping Willows, that droop so gracefully; and Mrs. Howell bade them observe, that in most trees the under side of the leaves differs in colour and smoothness from the upper side. In the Willow, for instance, the under side of the leaf (the *wrong* side, as Clara called it,) is downy, and of a bluish grey colour. She told them that before rain, the under sides of the leaves turn uppermost.

She told them of the Cedars on Mount Lebanon, — whose branches spread horizontally during the warm



weather, but erect themselves, and lie close to the trunk in winter.

“Why do they do that, mother?”

“God has so ordered it, my dear; that the branches may not be broken by the weight of the snow, which would accumulate on them if they lay out flat.”

“What is *accumulate*, mother?” asked George.

His mother said it meant to *gather in heaps*. She told them of the Holly, whose leaves are set with sharp prickles, and that it has been observed that the leaves on the *upper* branches of the Holly have no prickles, because these branches, being out of the reach of cattle, need no defence.

“Mother,” said Jane, “I remember a pretty text. ‘*If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, oh! ye of little faith?*’” Matthew chap. vi. ver. 30.

Mrs. Howell also promised to show them a beautiful poem written by Dr. Southey, about the thornless Holly; and she repeated for them Cowper's description of Forest Trees.

“No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
 Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,  
 And of a wannish gray; the Willow such,  
 And Poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,  
 And Ash, far stretching his umbrageous arm;  
 Of deeper green the Elm; and deeper still,  
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving Oak.  
 Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,  
 The Maple and the Beech, of oily nuts  
 Prolific; and the Lime, at dewy eve,  
 Diffusing odours.”

The hilly sides of the road were covered with the delicate blue flowers, which are commonly called *Innocence*. The meadows were green with the young dewy grass; they saw some yellow butterflies, and many little lambs were baaing and running after their mothers. Clara wished very much to have one of the pretty creatures to take

home; but her mother told her that one pet lamb in a house is enough. "I know, I know!" said Clara, and she laughed. "I am your pet lamb, mother,—shall I baa when I want you?" The children were diverted at this, and they began to baa, until Mr. Howell told them that they would frighten the horses if they made so much noise. —They then sat still for a while, and listened to the rustling of the wind in the tree tops; to the birds, whose chirpings sounded at intervals from the woods; and they heard every now and then a shrill, sweet piping which their father told them was the note of the meadow-lark.

When they reached Pine Farm, Mrs. Fells was very glad to see them. She would take off their bonnets and shawls, and invited them to stay to dinner. Mr. Howell said she must excuse them, for he was obliged to return home as soon as possible. Mr. Fells came in from the field where he

was at work, and while he was talking to Mr. Howell, Mrs. Fells brought in a pitcher of new milk, and a plate of nice seed-cake, to refresh them after their ride. She beat up a new-laid egg with a little milk and sugar, grated nutmeg into it, and gave it to Clara to drink, telling her it would do her good. Clara thought it was very nice medicine.—Her mother was afraid to let her eat seed-cake, so Mrs. Fells gave her a cracker.

When they had rested a little while, and Mr. Howell and Mr. Fells had settled their business, they got into the dearborn again, and set off towards home.



## GOING HOME.

### CROSSING THE CREEK. GRANDMA'S STORY.

THEY had a little creek to cross on the road, and when they came near to it, they saw a little girl standing on the end of a log which was thrown over the water, at one side of the road, and served the purpose of a bridge.— This little girl did not seem older than Clara; she was barefooted, and her clothes were coarse, but she looked neat and clean. She had a covered tin kettle in one hand, and a basket in the other; she was standing still, and

looking at the water, which, by reason of heavy rains, had risen so high as partly to cover the log. When the dearborn drove up, she pushed back her sunbonnet, and looked round.

“What is the matter?” said Mr. Howell, stopping his horses. “Cannot you get over the log?”

“I am afraid,” said the little girl.—“The water comes so high, I am afraid of tumbling in.”

“Where are you going?”

“Mother sent me to Jacob Kline’s—that house over there on the hill—to get some eggs and some milk. Mother did not know how high the creek was. I am afraid to go on the log.”

“If you were safe over, how would you get back?”

“Oh! Hannah Kline is to come back with me. She would help me over.”

“Would you like to ride over?”

The little girl pushed back her sun-

bonnet again, looked up at Mr. Howell, and said, half laughing—

“Yes, sir; that I should.”

“Well—we will take you to Jacob Kline’s, then. Hand up your basket and kettle. So—now give me hold of your hand—now you are up.”

Mr. Howell lifted the little girl over to Mrs. Howell; then he put the horses in motion again, and they crossed the creek. Mrs. Fell had put some sweet biscuits into Clara’s little basket, and Clara whispered to her mother—“Mother, may I give the little girl some of my cakes?” Her mother said “yes;” so Clara took out two biscuits and offered them to the little girl.—She looked pleased, and said “thank you,” to Clara, and ate the biscuits as if she thought them very good.

When they came to the house on the hill, Mr. Howell got out, and lifted out the little passenger, with her basket and kettle. She bobbed him a curtsey, and said, “thank you, sir;” and

ran into the house. Mr. Howell stopped for a moment to tighten a strap in the harness, and they heard the little girl call out, as soon as she opened the door—"Oh! Hannah, what do you think?—I have had a ride in a gentleman's dearborn, and a little girl gave me nice cakes."

Mrs. Howell said that crossing a creek, often reminded her of a story she had heard an old German woman tell her mother.

"To grandma? our grandma?" said Clara. "Oh! mother, will you tell us that story?"

"A long, long time ago," said Mrs. Howell, "when the greater part of the State of Pennsylvania was *wild land*, that is to say, land which has never been cultivated by man, a few families had settled in the northern part of the



state, and built a little village. The parents of the German woman had been rich in their own country, but having lost a great part of their money, they thought it best to leave Germany, and settle in America. Do you know, George, what it is called, when people leave their own country, and settle in another?"

"Yes, ma'am, father told me. It is called *Emigration*."

"Yes," said Jane—"the people are *Emigrants* out of their own country, and *Immigrants* into the country they go to."

"Very correct. Well, these Germans *Emigrated* from Germany to the United States. The old lady was very fond of tea, and when she set out for the back woods of Pennsylvania, she carried with her a kettle, teapot, cups and saucers, and a canister of fine tea. The cups used in those days were little, little things; hardly bigger than a doll's tea cups now. The villagers

received the Germans very kindly, and they were soon snugly settled in their log cabin. After a while, old Mrs. Muller invited the neighbours to tea. They all came; the tea-table was very nicely set, and the tea was poured out, and passed round. The visitors looked at Mrs. Muller, and stirred and sipped the tea as they saw her do.—When the cups were empty, Mrs. Muller put out her hand to take the cup of the lady who sat next her, that she might fill it again; but the visitor said, very gravely—“No more, ma’am, I thank you. I have the creek to cross going home.”

“*The creek to cross?*” repeated Jane. “What had that to do with the tea? What did she mean, mother?”

“She had never seen tea, before.—She thought it was an intoxicating liquor, and that if she drank much of it, her head would grow giddy, and she might fall into the creek when she was going across.”

The children laughed long and loud at this little story, and could scarcely understand how people could be so ignorant about *tea*. Mrs. Howell told them they could have very little idea of the difficulties and dangers, the hunger, the cold, the toils, and the griefs, endured by the early settlers in North America.

The return home was as pleasant as the ride out, and Clara's father told her that her pale cheeks had caught a little red. By-and-bye, Cedarville was in sight. They could see the clump of brush willows before old Hannah Green's cake-shop, at the fork of the road; then the long, shady, pleasant, village street, stretched before them. They passed the blacksmith's shop and the wheelwright's, and the Eagle Hotel, and the Church, and the Academy. At last they drove up to their own door, and Philip ran down the steps, to help his mother and sisters out of the dearborn.

## THE BIRD'S NEST.

RIGHTS OF ANIMALS. ORNITHOLOGY.

THE LINNET.

JANE came into the back parlour, and found Clara and George kneeling upon a chair, and leaning very far out of the window.

“You will fall out of the window, Clara, if you do not take care.”

Clara drew in her head, and turning round with a face of eager delight, she said in a whisper—“Oh! Jane, Jane,

you do not know what we have found in the jessamine bush. Come softly, and look."

Jane knelt on the chair, and looked into the bush of purple jessamine, which grew under the window. At first she could see nothing but stems and leaves, for she did not know exactly where to look; but at last her eyes fixed on a nest, a dear little bird's nest, not much bigger round than a dollar. In it lay three beautiful, little, pale blue eggs.

"Is n't it nice, Jane? Are they not darling little eggs? I wish you would reach me one up to touch."

"Oh! no," said Jane, "we must not touch them. I believe the old birds do not like to have their eggs touched. It would be a pity to drive them away from their snug little home, and pretty eggs."

"Oh! I would not drive them away for any thing, sister. I love them very

much. Cannot I do something for them?"

"The best thing we can do, is to let them alone. We may peep into the bush now and then, and we may throw crumbs on the ground close to it."

"Do you think the eggs will turn into little birds? Oh! I wish they would make haste. There will be three birds, Jane; one for you, and one for George, and one for me."

"The little birds will not belong to us, Clara."

"Why, who will they belong to?"

"They will belong to their father and mother."

"Don't the father and mother belong to us? They have built their nest in our bush."

"Do Luke Johnson and his wife belong to us? They have built a house on father's lot."

"No, to be sure;" said George, "they are free-born American citizens. I heard Luke say that, myself."

“Are birds free-born American citizens, too?” asked Clara.

“They are free-born, to be sure” said Jane, “but I do not know about their being American citizens.”

“Once, I heard father call birds, *denizens of air* ;” said George.

“*Denizen* means *citizen*, I believe ;” said Jane.

“If they are citizens of the air, they are not citizens of the United States, are they?” asked George.

To what conclusion the children would have brought the question, can never be known ; for Mr. Howell just then came into the room, and they all began to tell him of the newly discovered treasure.

“Gently, gently, my dears ;” said their father, “one at a time, if you please.”

When Mr. Howell had seen the nest, and duly admired the eggs, Clara inquired if they might not have the little birds, when they were hatched.

“ You may call them yours, if you please ;” said her father, “ you may give them names, and watch their growth, and see how the old birds nurse them, and you may scatter crumbs on the ground, near the bush, but you must not touch them, nor trouble them in any way.”

“ Why may not we have them to do as we please with, father ?”

“ God made the birds, as much as he made you. They are God’s creatures. Every creature to which God has given life, has a right ‘ to live and to enjoy that life,’ after its own nature ; provided always that its life be not inconvenient or injurious to man. God made man to have dominion over the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air ; to *use*, but not to *abuse* them. If you like to look at the little birds, to feed them, to love them, and to see them enjoy their little lives in peace and freedom, you make a right *use* of them ; *they* give *you* pleasure, and *you*



do not give *them* pain. But if you take away the eggs from the old birds, or take the young ones after they are hatched, and shut them up in a cage, or hurt them in any way, or kill them, you *abuse* them, and you abuse the power God has given you."

"Does God care so much about such little things as birds?" said Clara.

"Jane, you know where to find an answer to Clara's question, do not you?"

"Yes, sir; in the new Testament. *'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.'*" Matthew. x. 29.

Somebody tapped at the opposite window. Jane pushed up the sash, and Philip appeared on the outside, holding something very carefully in his hand.

"Look here, girls; look here, George."

The children looked, and saw the

head of a very little bird peeping out of Philip's hand; and they saw a larger bird, flying backwards and forwards at a little distance, making a screaming noise, and seeming greatly distressed.

"This little thing fell out of its nest in yonder apple tree," said Philip; "and see how frightened the poor mother is, because I have taken it up."

"Oh! Philip," exclaimed George, looking very indignant, "you are not going to keep that bird from its mother, are you?"

"Why, George;" said Philip, good humouredly, "what makes you think I would do such a cruel thing? I only brought it, that you and the girls might see the pretty creature, before I put it back into its nest."

Philip went to the apple tree, and replaced the nestling, and the poor frightened mother flew to it immediately. The children looked on with great sympathy.

“I declare,” said Clara, “that bird seemed as sorry as mother would be, if any body took us away. Father, I will not trouble the little nest, but I may watch the birds, and love them, mayn’t I?”

“Surely, my dear;” said her father.

The nest became a thing of great importance to the children. They took great care not to shake the bush, or trouble the birds; but they looked at the nest so often, that the old birds became quite accustomed to the rosy, smiling faces, which appeared above their habitation many times every day; and the mother bird would sit still on her eggs, and look fearlessly up at them, with her bright, round eyes.

While the minds of the children were interested about birds, Mr. Howell took the opportunity to teach them something about this class of living things. He told them that the science which tells of the different kinds of birds, their natures and habits, is that

branch of Natural History which is called Ornithology. He gave them a little book of Ornithology, with coloured plates. They read this little book with great pleasure, and their father told them, at different times, many interesting anecdotes about birds. He told them of the great Condor of South America, which, when its wings are spread out, measures twelve feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. He told of Eagles, which build their nests in high cliffs, and carry away lambs, kids, and even little children sometimes, to feed their young.

Clara said she was glad that no Eagles lived near Cedarville.

He told them of birds which can be taught to speak; Parrots, Starlings, Magpies, Ravens, &c., and he said he had seen a parrot that had learned to dance. When a waltz tune was whistled, the Parrot spread out its wings, leaned its head on one side, and

turned round and round, in excellent time to the music.

Some birds, he said, such as Ravens, Magpies, and Jackdaws, will steal things, and hide what they steal. And he also told them a story about a bird, (a Linnet, I believe it was) which had built its nest near a place where men were blasting rocks;—that is, they bore holes in the stone, fill the holes with gunpowder, and set fire to the gunpowder. The explosion of the gunpowder tears the rock to pieces. This Linnet had had her nest blown up once; she chose, however, to build another nest, in a bush close by the rocks; but it was observed that whenever the bell rang, to warn the workmen to retire to a certain distance from the bored rock, until the powder should be fired, the Linnet flew off, and kept at a safe distance until the explosion was over, when she returned to her nest. The workmen, noticing this, sometimes rang the bell when

they were *not* going to fire the gunpowder, that they might see the Linnet fly away from danger. Mrs. Linnet however, soon grew too cunning for them; after they had cheated her several times, she would not leave her nest at the sound of the bell, unless she saw the workmen going also.



## LEARNING TO SEW.

LAURA THOMPSON. PERSEVERANCE.

CLARA'S PATCHWORK.

CLARA got well very fast, and her mother thought she was able to resume her lessons, which had been interrupted during her illness. Clara could spell and read very well, for a little girl, not seven years old. She knew two lines of the Multiplication Table by rote; and she could make figures very neatly on her slate, and she could do little sums in Addition. She knew a little geography; she could tell where the Cardinal Points are on the map, and

what other points lie between them. She knew what was meant by *coast*, *interior of a country*, *boundary line*, *source of a river*, *mouth of a river*, *course of a river*, *course or direction of one place from another*. She had an Atlas, or book of maps; and she had a dissected map of the United States, which she could put together very quickly, for she knew all the boundaries, and in what direction the different States and Territories lay from each other. She could also hem, and backstitch, and do over-seam very neatly, when the work was fitted and basted for her.

Now Clara liked all her tasks except her sewing. She always felt ready to cry when it was time for her to get her work-basket. She was continually mislaying her work, and her working materials; losing her thimble, breaking her needle, and tangling her cotton.

One afternoon she was sitting with



her mother and Jane. They were all sewing. Clara was very restless; at last her mother said,

“Clara, what are you getting up for?”

“My scissors, mother.”

“What did you get up the last time for?”

“My cotton, ma’am.”

“What for, the time before that?”

“My emery bag, ma’am.”

“Three times within fifteen minutes. Allowing two minutes for each interruption, you waste six minutes out of every quarter of an hour. Twenty-four minutes of each hour. Almost half of each hour. That is a great deal of time to waste, Clara.”

“Mother, I must get my things when I want them.”

“You have no need to want them. You ought to have your thimble, cotton, scissors, pincushion, needlebook in short, every thing you may want for the piece of work you are busy with,

arranged neatly in your work-basket, and your work-basket should be placed within your reach, so that you can get what you want, without leaving your seat. You do not like to sew, Clara?"

"No, ma'am, *I do not.*"

"It is strange, then, that you keep yourself at your sewing longer than is necessary,"

"Why, mother, I do n't."

"Yes, daughter, you do. You know I measure your work, and tell you, that when you have done so much, you may stop. How many minutes are there in half an hour, Clara?"

"Thirty minutes, ma'am."

"If I give you a handkerchief to hem that might be finished in half an hour, and you spend twelve minutes of that time in collecting your materials, you have to sit at your sewing twelve minutes longer than half an hour."

Clara looked grave. She had never thought of that before.

“ You lose the pleasure of play, and the pleasure of work, too.”

“ How, mother ?”

“ You want to go and play—but you cannot go until your work is done : so you lose the pleasure of playing, for as much time as you waste over your sewing. You sit at your work, feeling impatient and cross—and so you lose the pleasure of work. And besides punishing yourself in this manner at the present time,” continued her mother, “ you acquire a bad habit, which will be a plague to you all your life, if you do not correct it; and you throw away precious time, which was given us to *use*, not to *waste*.”

“ But why must I use time in sewing, mother ? I do hate it so.”

“ You hate it, because you are awkward at it, and you are awkward, because you do not take pains to learn to sew well. When you sew skilfully, you will like it as well as Jane and I do.”

"But why must I learn to sew at all? Philip and George never sew. Father never sews."

"If everybody ploughed the ground, Clara, who would build houses for us to live in?"

"There would be nobody to build them."

"If everybody built houses, who would make our shoes?"

"Nobody, mother."

"If everybody sewed, and did nothing but sew, who would make shoes, build houses or plough ground, to raise corn for bread?"

"Nobody, mother."

"Then, don't you see, Clara, since we want many different things to keep us comfortable, if everybody did the same kind of work, we should have to go without a great many useful things."

"Ye-es;" said Clara, slowly.

"While I make and mend your fa-

ther's clothes, your father does work, that gets money to buy clothes for us all. While you hemmed Philip's pocket handkerchief, he dug your garden. If Philip had been forced to hem his own handkerchief, he would not have had time to dig your garden. You are not strong enough to dig it for yourself. If you want Philip to help you, is it not just that you should help him?"

"Yes;" said Clara again.

"Everybody has some duty to perform, or in other words, some *work to do*. The more things we know how to do, the happier and more useful we are; but everybody need not do the same thing. It is customary that men, who are stronger than women, should build houses, plough fields, drive waggons, and so on, to earn money for their mothers, sisters, wives and children; and in return, the women must learn to cook, bake bread, and sew

clothes, for their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons."

"But, mother," said Jane, "it is rather tiresome sometimes—just to sit and stick this little bit of steel, in and out of a piece of muslin."

"You are doing something more than just that, when you are learning to sew. You are learning to help your father and mother, to help yourself, to be useful to your fellow creatures, and to please God, by doing your appointed duty."

Clara's father had been writing at the other side of the parlour, while Jane and Clara had been talking to their mother. Now he laid down his pen, and said—

"Come here, Clara."

Clara went and stood beside her father. He took her on his knee, and said—

"Listen to me, and I will tell you a *true* story. I once knew a young lady named Laura Thompson. When she

was a little girl, she disliked to sew as much as you do. She thought, because her father was rich, that she need not learn to sew ; she thought she could always pay somebody to sew for her. But her wise mother told her, that no lady was well educated, who could not sew quickly and neatly ; and that perhaps she might not always have money to pay people for doing her sewing. So, in spite of Laura's pouting and crying, she made her learn how to do all kinds of needlework.

When Laura grew up, her parents, who had been very rich, became poor ; her father died, and she and her sister had to work for their daily bread. They taught school, but at first their school was not very large, and they had themselves and their mother to maintain ; for their mother was lame, and could not do much to help them. Laura's sister fell sick. She was very ill indeed. She wanted some tamarinds, and the doctor said they would

do her good; but tamarinds were scarce, and very dear. They had no money, and they were afraid to run in debt. Laura did not know what to do. She went to her bureau to look over her clothes, and see if there was any thing she could sell, for money enough to buy some tamarinds for her sister. She took every thing out of the drawer, but there was nothing fit for her purpose. She was putting back the things, when she saw a little paper parcel in one corner. She took it up and opened it. The paper contained a beautiful muslin flounce for a frock. She had worked it before her father died, and in the troubles they had afterwards, she had forgotten all about it. Laura put on her bonnet, and took the flounce to a store where they bought fine needlework. She sold it for money enough to buy, not only tamarinds for her sister, but several other little comforts. The poor sick girl ate freely of the tama-



rids, she got well, and the doctor said those tamarinds had probably saved her life. When Laura heard the doctor say this, she burst into tears, and said—‘ Oh ! mother, how glad I am that you made me learn to sew.’ ”

“ Oh ! father,” said Clara, clasping her father round the neck, “ I *will* learn to sew ; and if ever you are sick and have no money, I will buy something for you.”

From this time, however Clara disliked her sewing lesson, she never said any thing against it. She tried to learn, and though she was often discouraged, and sometimes ready to give up, yet she resolved to persevere. It is not *one* good resolution that will carry children, or grown people either, through a disagreeable duty that comes often. Clara had to make a new resolution almost every day ; and sometimes she could not help wishing in her little heart, that sewing would not be so tiresome, or that it was not

her duty to sew. But her mother was pleased with Clara's efforts to improve, and encouraged her to go on; and after a while, Clara began to take pleasure in conquering her own unwillingness. She began to understand that it was pleasant to be able to manage her own feelings; and she began to think, that since there are many things people *must* learn to do, whether they like them or not, it is wisest to learn to do them so as to take pleasure in them.

Clara went on trying, and in time became so skilful at her needle, that she began to think sewing quite a pleasant employment.

One day Mrs. Howell had occasion to go out shopping. When she came home, she called Clara to her, and gave her a roll of something, tied up in brown paper, telling her to open it. Clara went for her scissors to cut the string; but Jane reminded her of "Waste not, Want not"—and told

her it might be useful to them. So Clara took a large pin, and picked the knot loose, and after some little trouble, untied the string, and opened the parcel.

It contained a great many pieces of bright coloured chintz and gingham, of different patterns.

“Oh! what pretty calicoes;” said Jane. “What nice patchwork they would make.

“Are they for me, mother?” asked Clara, eagerly.

“Yes, dear. You have taken pains to learn to sew well, and I am glad to give you some needlework you will like to do. I heard you telling Jane, yesterday, that you should like to make a patchwork quilt for your bed. I bought these at Mr. Chubb’s store for you. Jane may show you how to measure and cut out your patches. I will give you a box to keep them in, and if you persevere in working at your quilt, until it is finished, and do

it neatly, I will give you lining and wadding, and you shall have it quilted."

"Oh! mother," said Jane, "may I help Clara sew patches?"

"You may; provided you do not neglect your own business."

Clara and Jane spent all the rest of their play-time in cutting and sorting their patches. After tea, they went to it again, and had several blocks nicely sewed and pressed, before they went to bed.



## THE MORALS OF PLAY.

A VISIT. RUDENESS. THE TORN FROCK.

ONE day, a little girl came to ask Jane and Clara to spend the afternoon with her, at her mother's house. This little girl's name was Mary Grange. Jane and Clara were not very well acquainted with Mary Grange. Jane had only been to Mrs. Grange's once or twice with her mother, and Clara had never been there at all. But Mary was a lively little girl, and had two little sisters and a brother; and they knew that she had a large play-room, and plenty of books and toys.

So the children were very glad when they got leave to go, and set off in high spirits, expecting to have a very pleasant visit.

Their mother told them to come home before sunset, and they were very careful never to stay out longer than they had permission to stay. So when they came, they found their mother sitting by the parlour window, reading. They went to kiss her, as they liked to do when they had been away from her for a little while. Mrs. Howell thought they looked more serious than children generally do, when they come home from a pleasant visit.

"Well, my dears," said she, "you are very punctual; that is right. I hope you had a pleasant time."

"Not very, mother;" said Jane. "Please to look here, ma'am." Jane turned round, and her mother saw that the skirt of her frock had been torn from the body behind, and then sewed

on again, very unskilfully, with a coarse homespun thread.

“It was not all her fault, mother;” said little Clara.

“How did it happen, Jane?” asked her mother.

“Why, ma’am, I suppose I had better tell you all about the afternoon; for it was all pretty much like that.”

“Like what? like tearing out the gathers of your skirt.”

“Yes, ma’am. Well, we had a nice walk, only Mary Grange would go on the sunny side of the way, because she had a parasol, and she wanted to have it up, she said, and we did not take our parasols. However, the sun was not very hot, and we thought it would be most polite to do as she wanted to, so we got there very well. And Mrs. Grange was glad to see us, and asked after you, mother—and then we went into the play-room. They have got beautiful playthings, mother, and plenty of books, but everything was in a

litter. I wanted to look at the books, but Mary said they were all stupid, and we had better play with the *Flying Circles*. Emma and Sophy were playing with Clara; they had the dolls. Well—pretty soon Mary got tired of the *Flying Circles*. Then she proposed swinging, for they have a swing in their play-room, so she called to her brother Samuel to come and swing us. So he came, and Mary got into the swing”——

“*First*, mother—only think of that, and we were company, you know”——interrupted Clara.

“Then Emma and Sophy came running, and said they wanted to get into the swing, and Mary said they shouldn't, and they called her names, and they all took hold of the swing and began to pull it about, and the wooden seat jerked up, and hit Emma on the forehead, and she screamed, and said she was killed. Then Samuel said he would not stay there to hear



the girls scream—so he went away, and after a while, Emma got quiet, and we began to play ring-a-round-a-rosy; and we went round very fast, too fast, I suppose, and Sophy fell down, and we fell over her. And then she got angry, and said she would tell her mother that we pushed her down on purpose. But we coaxed her, and she grew pleasant again. And then I tried to look at the books again, but every one I took, Mary would say—‘That an’t worth looking at—don’t keep reading in that so long’—and it worried me, mother, and I felt cross too, I am afraid, and I said I liked to be let alone when I was reading. Then Mary and Emma laughed at me, and said they guessed I wanted to be a learned lady; and—and then——” Jane hesitated.

“Well—what then?” said her mother.

“Why, mother—I said it was better to be a learned lady than an ignorant

one. Mother, I know it was rude but I was vexed to be teased so. Then Mary said—‘It seems, learned ladies don’t think it worth while to be *civil ladies*, too—’ and Emma and Sophy laughed. I had a good mind to come home, and I said so. Then they coaxed us, and we all got good humoured again, and we began romping, and pulling one another, and I began to feel as wild as the rest, and I suppose we pulled too hard—for I tore out Emma’s sleeve, and Mary tore out my skirt. And then we were frightened, and began to sew up the tears. And while we were sewing, Samuel opened the door a little way, and threw water on us. Then Sophy was going to tell her mother, and Sam shut the door, and would not let us out, till he heard his father coming up stairs; and then he ran away, and it was almost sunset, so we came home.”

“It appears to me,” said Mrs. How-

ell, when Jane stopped speaking, "that none of you understood the *Morals of Play*.

"The *Morals of Play*! what are they, mother?"

"The rules for playing pleasantly. There are rules for doing every thing. Rules for play, and rules for work; rules for health, and rules for sickness; rules for enjoying, and rules for suffering."

"Tell us the rules for play, mother, if you please."

"I have not time, now; but I will write them down for you. You can read them to Clara."

So the next day, Mrs. Howell gave them a sheet of paper, on which was written, in a large, plain hand, that Jane could easily read—

#### THE MORALS OF PLAY.

Rule 1st. *Be courteous.* Do not speak roughly to your playmates. Do

not laugh at them, or mock them, or answer them carelessly. If they fall down, or hurt themselves, or do any thing awkward, never ridicule them.

Rule 2nd. *Be obliging.* Try to find out what your playmates wish to do, and to do it, unless it be wrong. Play at what they like best, even though you do *not* like it best. If they want any toy you are using, give it up readily, and good humouredly.

Rule 3rd. *Be gentle.* Do not speak too loud, do not pull your playmates roughly, by the hair, or clothes. Do not slap or pinch, in fun. If they speak roughly to you, answer politely.

Rule 4th. *Be just.* If you are asked to judge between two, try to find out exactly what is right; do not give judgment by favour. That is, do not say a girl is in the right, because you like her; or that she is in the wrong, because you do not like her. If you have to divide anything, do it

exactly, giving to each one a just share.

Rule 5th. *Be discreet.* Discreet people know when to speak, and when to be silent. Never repeat any thing you hear, that is likely to cause anger, or make disputes.

Clara and Jane liked those rules very much. After they had read them very often, Jane pasted the paper up in their baby-house, where they could always see it, and they agreed to get these rules by heart and try to practise them. And I believe they kept their resolution, for Jane and Clara Howell were generally spoken of as very pleasant, well-behaved little girls.

But their mother told them, that in order to keep those rules perfectly, they must always bear in mind the

GREAT RULE OF CHRISTIAN KIND-  
NESS—

“ DO UNTO OTHERS AS YE WOULD  
THAT OTHERS SHOULD DO  
UNTO YOU.”



## HOUSEKEEPING.

HELPING MOTHER. CLARA'S CAKE.

“JANE, I am going to make some queencakes. You may come and help me, if you like.”

“Oh! mother, may I come too?”—said Clara, jumping up, and overturning her little chair in her hurry.

“No; stay where you are.”

Jane followed her mother into the kitchen. Clara picked up her rocking chair, sat down in it, and began to rock, looking very sullen, indeed.

Presently Martha came into the room, to get something out of the cup-

board. Martha was an elderly woman, who had lived a long time with Mrs. Howell. She was sensible, good-natured, and faithful. Mr. and Mrs. Howell respected Martha because she did her duty faithfully; and they loved Martha, because she was kind and obliging. And Martha loved them and their children, and liked to live with them, because Mrs. Howell tried to make her comfortable. She helped Martha when she was very busy; she nursed her when she was sick. She made the children show proper respect to her, and never allowed them to give her any needless trouble. And indeed all the children would have been very sorry to vex Martha, who loved them, and was kind to them. She indulged them in every thing that was proper, and helped them in all their little difficulties, and she always gave them good advice.

So when Martha saw Clara looking



so cross, she asked her what was the matter.

“Mother lets Jane be with her when she makes queencakes, and she won’t let me come. I think I ought to go as well as Jane. Now, ought not I, Martha?”

“Your mother knows best, and she says not. Good little girls do not find fault with their mothers. But I think I know why your mother does not let you come to see her make the queencakes.”

“Why?” said Clara.

“Because you plague her. You keeping asking—‘mother, this;’ and ‘mother, that;’—all the time, while she is weighing and measuring her things, and that troubles her. Then, if she lets you do anything for her, you do it in such a headlong way, that you hinder more than you help her.—And sometimes you meddle with things you ought not to touch. I saw you put your finger into the bowl of scum,

the day your mother was making jelly.”

Clara stuck out her mouth, and looked crosser than before.

“Now,” continued Martha, “when your sister goes into the kitchen, she never troubles any body. She keeps out of the way; she never touches any thing without leave, and she never asks questions at the wrong time. If she is let help, she does it carefully, and she takes pains to learn while she is looking on. Why, I do think she could almost make queencakes by herself.”

“So could I, I dare say;” replied Clara.

“Not yet awhile;”—said Martha. “You are not quite tall enough yet. But I think, that if you would not do the naughty things I spoke of, your mother would like to have you with her. And how pleasant it would be to have another little daughter to help her.”

Martha went away, and Clara sat

and rocked herself. She knew that what Martha had said about her troublesome tricks was true. She said over to herself—"How pleasant it would be to have another little daughter to help her." Her angry feelings seemed to go away. She felt sorry that she had ever been so troublesome. She wanted to go to her mother and tell her so; but she did not dare go, after her mother had told her not to leave the parlour. So she sat still, wishing that somebody would come in.

Presently George came in. "Oh! George," said Clara, "will you go and ask mother if I may come to her, just for a minute. I want to speak to her."

George carried the message, and Mrs. Howell said that Clara might come.

So Clara went into the kitchen. Her mother was standing before a long table. She had a sieve in her hand,

and was sifting flour through it. Clara went softly up to the table, and stood still until her mother spoke to her, and said,

“What do you want, Clara?”

“Mother,” said the little girl, “if you would please to try me just a little while, I will not be troublesome. I will sit still and look at you.”

“Very well,” said her mother.—  
“You may try. I like to have you with me, when you are not troublesome.”

So Clara sat still and watched her mother. When Mrs. Howell had done sifting her flour, she took a pair of scales, and weighed some of it, which she set aside on a plate. Clara wanted to ask her mother about the scales, but she remembered that she was not to ask questions while her mother was weighing or measuring.

Mrs. Howell then weighed some sugar, and after that some butter.—

She put the sugar on another plate, and put the butter into an earthen pan.

Then she poured cold water over the butter, and then she began to look among the things on the table, as if she wanted something she could not find. Clara thought that would be a good time to speak—so she said,

“Mother,—what are you looking for?”

Her mother answered, “I am looking for a nutmeg which I laid on the table, but it is not there.”

Clara slipped quickly down from her chair, and crept under the long table, before which her mother stood. She looked carefully about, and presently she saw the nutmeg lying close to the leg of the table. She took it up, came gently from under the table, and held up the nutmeg to her mother.

“Thank you, my dear;” said her mother. “I am much obliged to you for finding my nutmeg.”

Clara was pleased that she had been useful to her mother, and she smiled, and sat down.

Presently her mother said—

“Do you think you could grate this nutmeg, Clara?”

“Oh! yes, mother,” said Clara, greatly pleased, “I think I could.”

“Then you may try. Go first and wash your hands.”

Clara ran and washed her hands, and then came back to grate the nutmeg. Mrs. Howell gave her a grater, and a little plate, and showed her how to hold the nutmeg. Clara held the nutmeg and the grater exactly as she was told to do, and grated very carefully. She scraped her fingers once or twice, but she did not mind that, and when the nutmeg was grated all but a very small bit, she set the plate on the table without speaking.

Her mother smiled, and said—  
“Thank you, Clara; you are very useful to me.”

Clara thought it was much pleasanter to behave well, and be thanked for being useful, than to worry her mo-

ther, and be sent away in disgrace. She said,—

“Can I do anything else for you, mother?”

“Why,” said her mother, “you are so steady this morning, that I think I can trust you to butter the little cake-tins for me.”

Then Mrs. Howell gave Clara some washed butter on a plate, and showed her how to rub the insides of the little tins with butter. Clara took pains to butter the tins very nicely, and when they were all buttered, her mother directed her to set them in rows on a thin flat plate of iron, and she told her that such iron is called sheet iron.

Then she gave Clara a tin pan, about as large round as a tea-saucer, and told her to butter that; and then she began to wash the butter for her queencakes.

Clara asked her mother why she washed the butter. Mrs. Howell told her that it was to get the salt out.

“But won't you wash away the butter, as well as the salt?” asked Clara,

“No;” said Mrs. Howell. “Salt dissolves in water, When I beat the water through the butter, the salt in the butter dissolves, and *mixes*, or *combines* with the water, and leaves the butter, so that it is poured off with the water. Butter is a kind of oil, and you know that oil will not combine with water.

“Butter will melt in *hot* water, won't it?” said Jane.

“Yes, but it will not *combine*, or *unite* itself with the water. While it is liquid, it will float on the surface of the water, like oil; when it grows cold, it will become solid again, and may be taken off the water.”

“Will it be just the same as it was before it was melted?” — inquired Clara.

“Not exactly. It will be solid, but it will not look, nor taste, exactly as it did before it was liquified.”



“ Lic—what ?” said Clara.

“ *Liquified* ; made *liquid* or *melted* ;” replied her mother.

“ Why won’t it be just as it was before ?”

“ I don’t know ;” said Mrs. Howell.

“ Why, mother ! I thought you knew every thing ;” said Clara.

“ And I thought you could explain every thing ;” said Jane, laughing.

“ I am much obliged to you, for your high opinion of me, my dears ;” said Mrs. Howell, laughing with her children ; “ but when you are as old as I am, you will know that the more you learn, the more there is to learn.”

“ That is rather discouraging, mother ;” observed Jane.

“ Discouraging ! Why, my dear, what can be pleasanter than to think you may always go on growing wiser and better, as long as you live. I should be very sorry if I thought I must stop short in improving myself, and never know any more than I do

now. I learned something new yesterday."

"Who from, mother?"

"Mrs. Roberts."

"Why, mother! Mrs. Roberts can hardly read a chapter in her big old Bible. What could *she* teach *you*?"

"I have learned many useful things from people who could not read at all. All learning is not contained in books, though more *really* useful books are written now, than ever there were before. *Observe and ask, and you will learn*, is my rule."

"But what did Mrs. Roberts teach you, mother?"

"How to preserve citron. I have several books with receipts for preserving citron, and I have tried them all; but none of these methods make my citron so nice as Mrs. Roberts's, who never read a Cookery book in her life."

"But, mother," said Jane, "it is good to have receipts, is it not?"

“To be sure. Nothing is certain to be well made, that is not made by rule. Mrs. Roberts has a rule for preserving her citron, and after she taught me, I wrote it down. Now, if I forget the proper method, I can turn to my book, and there I find it. And if other people want to learn how to preserve citron, I can lend my book to them.”

“Mrs. Kingsbury says you are such a good housekeeper, mother. Did you always know as much about it as you do now?”

“No, my dear. When I was married, I knew very little about house-keeping, and I did not like it at first, but I soon learned, and learned to like it too.”

“What made you learn to like it, mother?” said Clara.

“Because I loved your father, and I love you, my darlings, and I like to make you comfortable. No woman can make her home comfortable who

is not a good housekeeper. Now stand out of my way, Clara, and let me pour the water off my butter."

While this conversation was going on, Mrs. Howell had been washing her butter, and Jane had been beating eggs in an earthen pan. The butter was now washed and drained, and the eggs were beaten, until the yolks and whites were perfectly mixed, and looked quite smooth and yellow. Clara now set herself to watch how her mother made the queencakes.

"Mother," said she, "*I* am going to *observe and ask*, that I may learn."

"Very right," answered her mother, "If you observe carefully, and ask wisely."

Clara saw, that after her mother had drained the water from the butter, she beat the butter in the pan, until it was smooth and soft, and looked almost like very rich cream. Then she poured the beaten eggs into the pan,

and stirred them into the butter. Then she took the sugar and flour she had previously sifted and weighed, and began to sprinkle them into the butter and eggs, a little at a time. First, she took a handful of sugar, then a handful of flour, and so on alternately, until all the sugar and flour, were mixed with the eggs and butter.

“Mother,” said Clara, “why don’t you put in all the sugar at once, and then all the flour, instead of putting in a little of one, and a little of the other?”

“Because,” answered her mother, “my cakes would not be so light, if I were to put in all the sugar at first.”

Then Mrs. Howell sprinkled in the nutmeg Clara had grated; then she put in a tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon, then she took a little bottle half full of a clear yellow liquid, and dropped a few drops of the liquid into the batter. Clara looked at a printed

paper that was pasted on the bottle, and saw that it was marked "*Essence of Lemon.*"

"Mrs. Howell stirred all these things together, until they were thoroughly mixed, or *incorporated*, and then she took a knife with a broad blade, and began to put the batter into the little tin pans which Clara had buttered.

Clara saw that her mother filled the tins only about half full, and she asked why they were not filled up to the top.

Mrs. Howell told her, that the heat of the oven would cause the batter to *expand*, that is, to grow larger; and that if the tins were filled full at first, when the batter began to expand, it would run over the sides of the tins, and be wasted and burned in the oven.

Then Mrs. Howell looked to see that her oven was of a proper heat and she took up the sheet of iron on which the little tins were arranged, and put it into

the oven. She half filled the round pan Clara had buttered last, and put that in also. Then she looked at the Yankee clock, which stood on a bracket against the kitchen wall, that she might know exactly at what time to take her cakes out of the oven.

When the oven door was shut, Clara thought that nothing more was to be seen or done, until the cakes were baked; so she went up stairs, and studied her spelling lesson.

In about half an hour her mother called her. Clara ran to see what was wanted. The cakes were all baked, and standing on the table. They looked very brown, and smelled very nice. The cake that was baked in the round pan, had been taken out and set on a plate. Mrs. Howell gave the plate and the cake into Clara's hands.

"There," said she, "that is for a little girl who helped her mother nicely. Do you know such a little girl? She can grate nutmeg and butter tins?"

“Oh! thank you, ma’am; thank you;” said Clara, and she kissed her mother, and ran to shew her cake to Jane, and George and Philip. When she had done admiring it, she cut it into seven pieces. She gave one to her father, one to her mother, one to Philip, one to Jane, one to George, and one to Martha, and kept one for herself.

That evening at tea-time, the queencakes were placed on the table. Mr. Howell liked queencakes, and while he was eating one, Jane asked him if it was good.

“Yes,” said her father, “very good.”

“Clara helped to make them, father;” said Jane. “She grated the nutmeg, and buttered the tins.”

“Did she?” said her father. “I am glad to find that my little daughter is learning to make herself useful.” He patted Clara on the head, and Clara smiled and felt very happy.



## CONVERSATION.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS. STORY OF MRS.  
MASON.

**THE** next day, when Mrs. Howell and her daughters were sitting in the parlour, sewing, Jane's thoughts went back to what had been said about housekeeping, while her mother was making the queencakes.

"Mother," said she, "you say that no woman can have a comfortable home, unless she is a good housekeeper."

"Yes, I do say so;" replied her mother.

“But, mother, if a lady is rich, why may not she pay a housekeeper to take care of her house?”

“She may, and it is a great convenience for those who can afford it, as it leaves them more leisure to improve their minds, to enjoy the company of their friends, and to seek out, and relieve the suffering poor.”

“Then, if a lady is rich enough to pay a housekeeper, why need she know any thing about housekeeping? She does not have to do things about her house.”

“It is well to know how things ought to be done, even though we need not do them. A lady’s housekeeper may get sick, or may go away. If the lady knows how things ought to be done, she can direct her servants properly, when she happens to be left without a housekeeper. Housekeepers may be wasteful or dishonest. If a lady knows how much meat, butter, tea, coffee, sugar, flour, and so forth,

ought to be used, according to the number of people in her family, she will know whether her housekeeper be honest and careful or not. I once heard of a lady who was so ignorant of housekeeping and cookery, that one day, when her cook came to her for orders about the dinner, she said—"I suppose a quarter of veal will be enough to cook at once, as there is nobody but Mr. D— and myself."

"Oh! mother," said Jane, laughing, "why *I* know better than that."

"You would not have known better, if you had been brought up as that lady was. She had never been taught the *accomplishments of the kitchen*."

"*Accomplishments*," replied Jane. "I thought accomplishments meant music and dancing, drawing, and speaking French."

"Those are the *accomplishments of the parlour*," said her mother, "the *accomplishments of the kitchen*, are very different things.

“So it seems;” said Jane. “Well, mother, I will try to learn both sets of accomplishments.”

“I hope you will;” replied her mother.

“And so will I;” said little Clara. “But I should like to be very rich, *very* rich, indeed, and then I could have *two* housekeepers.”

“What would you do with *two* housekeepers?” asked Jane.

“Why, if one was sick, you know, the other could keep house for me till she got well;” replied Clara.

“Rich people may become poor;” said Mrs. Howell. “Do you remember Mary Mason?”

“The poor woman who brought fish in a basket to sell?—Yes, ma’am.”

“She was very rich once. She had an elegant house, plenty of servants, a carriage, fine clothes, and a great many jewels. Her father was a very wealthy man, and when his

daughter was married, he gave her a large fortune."

"What made her so poor, then?" said Clara.

"She and her husband, were ill-taught young people, who thought of nothing but amusing themselves. Careless, extravagant people, most always have wasteful, dishonest servants.—Mrs. Mason was so ignorant of house-keeping, that she could not tell whether her servants did their duty or not.—There was waste in the parlour, and waste in the kitchen. Mr. and Mrs. Mason went on spending their money, until they had none left to spend; then they ran in debt. After a while, their creditors came and took away all their fine furniture, their carriage, clothes, and jewels."

"What are *creditors*, mother?" asked Clara.

"When people buy things, and do not pay for them when they buy them,

but promise to pay for them at some future time, that is called *buying on credit*. The person who sells the things is the *Creditor*, and the person who buys, is the *Debtor*.

“Yes, ma'am; and what happened then?”

“Then they were turned out of their fine house, and obliged to live in a little mean place, up a narrow alley. Mr. Mason was a bad man; when all his wife's money was gone, he treated her ill. Mrs. Mason had been idle and careless at school, and she continued to be idle and careless when she became mistress of a family. She knew so little of *parlour accomplishments*, that she could not teach school, nor go out as a governess; and she knew nothing of *kitchen accomplishments*. She could not roast a piece of beef, nor make a pie, nor sweep a room properly; so she could not even get a place at service. She tried to do plain sewing, but she sewed so badly, that

nobody would employ her a second time."

"Why did not she try to learn to do better?" asked Jane.

"Bad habits are hard to conquer, *my* dear; and Mrs. Mason had not strength of mind enough to set about improving herself. Things that are easy to learn when people are young, become very difficult after they have grown up, though it is never too late to *try*. But poor Mrs. Mason did not *try*. Her friends assisted her for a while; but people soon get tired of helping those who will not help themselves, and Mrs. Mason was glad, at last, to earn a bit of bread by carrying fish about the streets to sell."

"Oh! how dreadful!" said Jane.

"Mother!" said Clara, drawing a deep breath—"I hope I shall not grow up as ignorant as Mrs. Mason."

"I hope not, indeed;" said her mother.

Just then Philip opened the parlour

door, and said—"Mother, I am going to John Whitaker's, to do an errand for father. Will you let Jane walk with me?"

"Oh! Philip, won't you take me too?" said Clara running up to him.

Philip hesitated, for little Clara was sometimes rather troublesome to the elder children, when they wanted to have a quiet walk; but he was very good-natured, and loved his sisters dearly. He did not like to refuse the eager little girl, so he pinched her cheek, and said—

"Well, Moppet, I suppose you must go, if mother will give you leave. Mother, may she?"

Mrs. Howell consented. The girls ran for their bonnets, and the three set off very pleasantly. Clara walked between her brother and sister, and they each held one of her hands.



## CONCLUSION.

OBLIGINGNESS. A POEM. PLEASURES  
AND DUTIES.

“GEORGE, if you are not *particularly* busy with that board and gimlet, I should like you to hold this silk, while I wind it.”

“I am not *particularly* busy, mother,” said George, jumping up, “and if I were, I would leave off to come and hold your silk.”

“Thank you, my dear. He gives much, who gives willingly.”

Mrs. Howell put the silk on George’s hands, found the right end, and began to wind off.

“Mother, will you tell us something, while you are winding your silk?”

“I will, with pleasure. What shall it be about?”

“Oh! mother,” said Jane, “I heard you repeating something to father, yesterday. I did not understand it all, for it was a strange kind of English, but I liked it. It was about a little girl whose mother was away.”

“I know what you mean;” said her mother. “It is a poem in the *Scottish* dialect; a little girl is telling her mother how much they missed her, when she was away from home.”

“Oh! mother, do repeat it;”—said Clara.

“If I repeat it as I read it, you will not understand it. I will try to make it English enough for you.”

“Oh! we have missed you sore, mother,  
The while you have been gone;  
And sadly by the fire-side,  
My father sat alone.

And, oh! how lonesome and how long  
The weary hours have been,  
Since you read me from the picture book,  
The fairy tales at e'en.

Oh! we have missed you sore mother,  
While you have been away;  
The pretty doves you loved to tend,  
Sat moping by the wall.  
The merry, merry Minster bells,  
More sadly seemed to ring;  
And the bulfinch with his mournful voice  
Almost forgot to sing.

Oh! mother, we have missed you sore,  
More sadly than you ken;  
When the darksome winter night came on,  
I sought for you in vain.  
I looked upon my father's face,  
But tears were in his eye;  
And, mother, when we knelt and prayed,  
Our hearts were full of thee.

But, Oh! I missed you most, mother,  
When alone I went to bed,  
When the fond good-night was over,  
And the evening prayer was said.  
I do not know what made me cry,  
But many a night I wept,  
And I thought how you were used to come,  
And kiss me, ere I slept.

Then tell me, tell me, mother dear,  
You'll go no more away ;  
But stay with us and father,  
And the pretty doves, and all.  
And I'll promise ne'er again to cry,  
And ne'er, oh ! ne'er do wrong ;  
And again we'll all be happy,  
As the summer days are long.\*

The children understood and felt what is expressed in these sweet verses. When Mrs. Howell paused, tears were swimming in Jane's eyes ; George, who did not think it manly to cry, bit his lips and looked this way and that ; and Clara, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, hugged her close, exclaiming—

“ Mother, that is just how we felt, last winter, when Aunt Lydia was sick, and you went to stay with her.”

Mrs. Howell returned the caresses of her little daughter, and having

\* The lines I have thus altered into English for the accomodation of my young readers, appeared in a London Annual about six years since. I do not know by whom they were written.

finished winding her silk, thanked George for his assistance.

“Please tells us something more, mother;” said Jane, as George sat down again to his board and gimlet.

“Not now, dear;” answered her mother. “You have been sewing for nearly two hours. I want you to take some exercise before sunset. Get your jumping ropes, or run about the garden.”

“Or may we go to the orchard, and get Philip to swing us?”

“You may choose your own pleasure;” said her mother, who was busied in folding up her work.

The girls went to the closet where their jumping ropes were kept, took them out, and went down the garden.

“*We may choose our own pleasure;*” repeated Clara, hopping and skipping beside her more serious sister, who moved quietly along the gravel walk. How nice that sounds! *We may choose our own pleasure. It*

is nice to have a good many pleasures to choose from, isn't it, Jane.

"Yes, indeed;" answered Jane, "we ought to be very thankful."

"How many pleasures we do have, to be sure!" continued the happy little girl. "Let us see, Jane. There is the swing, and our balls, and our jumping ropes, and our battledores, and our Flying Circles, and our gardens, and our dolls, and our paint-boxes, and our picture books——"

"And our work, and our lessons;" continued Jane, as her sister stopped to take breath.

"Why, they are not *pleasures*," said Clara, "they are *duties*, Jane."

"I know that," replied Jane, "but they are pleasures too."

"*I* don't think so," said Clara, "they tire me, often."

"Do you never get tired of playing?" inquired her sister.

"Why—no—not *often*. I never play long enough to get right tired."

“Well, that’s the reason. It is very tiresome to play all the time.”

“Did you ever try?” asked Clara.

“Yes, and that is why I know.—When I was no bigger than you, I cried about something mother told me to do ; and father would not let me do any work or lessons, for three days. I never was so tired at night, as I was then.”

“Well—I should like to try ;” said Clara, “for it don’t seem to me that I should *ever* be tired of playing. It don’t seem true, Jane. Who says so besides you?”

“Mother says so,” replied her sister. “Mother says, those who do not perform their duties, lose half their pleasures ; and I think so too.”

“Well,” said Clara, “if mother says so, it must be true—but it seems very queer. Stop, Jane—perhaps it may be true for some people, but not for other people—true for mother and you, but not for George and I. I

have a great mind to ask mother to let me try it for awhile."

"Do ;" said Jane, laughing, "and she will tell you to read the story—  
*'Of the Children who wanted to govern themselves.'*"

"Oh ! Jane,"—exclaimed Clara,—  
"when we were counting our pleasures, we forgot to count the beautiful stories and verses we hear, and"—

"There is Philip just getting over the fence," interrupted Jane. "Let us run or he will be gone. Philip ! Philip !"

The girls ran down the orchard, calling "Philip !" as loud as they could. Philip turned round when he heard himself called, and walked to meet his sisters. When he heard what they wanted, he said he was going to the meadow to see his colt, but he would give them twenty swings apiece, first.

When the forty swings were over,



the sun was nearly set. Philip went to the meadow, and his sisters walked back to the house.

Some further account of the pleasures provided by these kind parents for their happy children, may be given hereafter.



## THE MAY-DAY. WREATH.

ELVIRA ALLEN, a girl of extreme beauty, was receiving her education, at a boarding-school, where every possible attention was paid to her moral and religious as well as intellectual habits. But though intelligent and industrious, nothing could conquer her devotion to her own personal attractions. The good sense of her teachers had assisted in part to correct this fault of her character, but like all efforts that are not founded on religious principle, it sprang up at the spell of temptation.

A May-day celebration was to take place, and the school-girls were all in a glow of expectation. The day arrived,

and a queen was to be chosen. Who should it be?

“It must be Ellen,” said one. “How amiable and generous she is! Do you remember her assisting that old negro woman we met on the road yesterday, and giving her all her cake, while we ate ours?”

“Ah, but Jane must be queen,” said Susan Harrison. “She is so lively that she will amuse us every moment while she is on her throne; and then she looks so grave all the time, and prims up her mouth while we are aching with laughter. Oh, I should love such a funny queen.”

“I know she is very droll,” said another, “but she is not a perfect scholar. Elizabeth Glen never missed a lesson. She ought to be queen.”

“Oh; Elizabeth is too grave,” said one. “I like Lucy Manson. She is very religious, but always cheerful, and trying to make others happy.”

The argument ran quite high as each

contended for her favourite, until Alice Matthews clapped her hands and exclaimed,—

“I know who will be a splendid queen,—Elvira Allen. How superbly she will look, sitting on her grassy throne with a wreath on her white forehead.”

The children, like other mortals, were fascinated by appearance, and Elvira was proclaimed queen by acclamation. She retired to her toilet, and the girls, after a little consultation, flocked to their teacher.

“Have the goodness,” they exclaimed, “to loan us the wreath you were showing Mrs. Lewis the other day. We wish Elvira to wear it for her crown.

The consent was readily given. They rushed to Mrs. Warren’s dressing room, but the flowers were not there. Looking with disappointment at each other, they returned to their teacher with ex-

clamations of regret. The girls, preceded by Mrs. Warren, hastened to Elvira's room, to inform her of their intention and its failure, and consult on a substitute for the May-day crown.

They entered abruptly, and found Elvira resplendent in conscious beauty; her eyes had the colour of Heaven, and its brightness; her form was graceful as the fringe tree, and her dress, arranged with a view to contrast and effect, was rich as a catalpa blossom. And what was that mantling glow upon her cheeks, deep as the last look the sun casts upon an evening sky? Envy her not, ye lovers of personal beauty. That glow was *guilt*: for twined among the ringlets of her glossy hair, was the wreath sought for by her young companions.

The withering truth fell at the same moment on every mind. At length, Mrs. Warren, advancing to the culprit beauty, said, in a cold, stern voice,—

“This wreath, Miss Allen, was to

have been yours. Your playmates, proud of your personal attractions, thought that innocent blossoms would grace your lovely face. My heart is sick, Elvira; sick and sorrowful." A large tear slowly rolled over her cheek, as she spoke, and the girls sobbed aloud.

"Keep the wreath, unhappy child," she continued, as Elvira tore it from her hair, "it may be a warning to you."

The May-day was passed in sadness and tears.



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