Meeting of Elfred and Park on the sea-shore.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

Embellished with

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

ELFRED;

OR,

THE BLIND BOY AND HIS PICTURES.

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PREFACE.

All persons in such a world as this, whether old or young, are subject to their own peculiar privations and trials. The story of Elfred is intended to illustrate the spirit and temper of mind with which these evils should be borne. However severe the sorrow or suffering which we have to endure may be, or however highly valued the source of comfort and happiness, or dear the object of love that it may have pleased divine Providence to take away, our duty is to throw off the burden of sorrow, or of regret, as soon and as completely as we can, and to make ourselves happy with the innumerable sources of enjoyment which still remain.

The story of Elfred is intended to illustrate and enforce this lesson.

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ELFRED.

CHAPTER I.

TAKING RISKS.

Boys very fond of venturing. Plan of a launch on dry ground.

BOYS are almost always very fond of taking risks. They seldom think much of any kind of danger, because they have not lived long enough to experience the dreadful consequences which sometimes result from exposing one's self to danger. Once I knew a party of boys who found some timbers and rollers at a place where carpenters were framing a house. The rollers, which were made by cutting up large poles into suitable lengths, had been used by the carpenters to move the timbers about over the ground. One day, when the carpenters had gone to dinner, the boys came to the spot, and proposed to have a launch, by placing the rollers under a timber—which, as it happened, lay at a place where the ground was a little descending—and then all getting upon it to ride down the hill.

This was quite a dangerous amusement. It would have been tolerably safe, if, instead of timber, the boys had had a *board;* but the timber was too heavy and massive to be safely used in such a way. The boys, however, did not consider this, but went to work to prepare for the launching. They pried up the timber, and put the rollers under it. Then one of the boys, standing near

the forward end of the timber, held it with a handspike until all the others had got upon it. Then, when all was ready, he let go his hold, and jumped on himself. Thus the timber, with the whole load of boys upon it, rolled down the slope.

The boys jumped off the timber when it stopped, and gave three cheers. They then agreed to repeat the experiment. They accordingly went to work to pry up the timber, and put the rollers under again, so as to take another ride. They determined to use more rollers this time, too, so as to go farther down the hill. The experiment succeeded very well this time too, but the third time their sport was suddenly terminated by a very serious disaster.

The boy who took his place in front, to hold the timber back until his comrades were all mounted, had a handspike, as has already been stated, which he planted in front of the timber, so as to prevent its moving until all were ready, and then his business was to let go the handspike and jump on—an evolution which it was, of course, neccessary to perform in a very quick and dexterous manner. He succeeded both the first and second times in letting the handspike go, and in mounting the timber himself safely; but the third time—whether it was that his foot slipped, or the timber started too suddenly, or he had become bold and careless by the success of his previous trials, I do not know—but somehow or other he failed in getting upon the timber in time. He fell, and the timber rolled over upon his leg, and stopped there, holding him down. He screamed out with pain and terror, while the other boys, getting off from the timber as fast as possible, ran to the place, and began to pry the timber up with handspikes. They

The boy carried home. Manliness and boyishness.

finally succeeded in getting their comrade out, but he could not stand—his leg was broken.

Some of the boys lifted him up, and carried him out to a smooth place on the grass, while one or two of the others ran to the house where he lived to call his father. He was carried home, and the doctor was sent for to come and set the bone.

This is a true story. Boys sometimes think it is manly and meritorious to be *daring*, but they are generally mistaken in this idea. *Men* are prudent and cautious rather than daring. There are some great and extraordinary occasions which require men to take risks and to show courage; but in all the ordinary occurrences of life, sensible men are prudent, cautious, and circumspect; and a boy who wishes to be manly should imitate their example in this respect.

For example, if a manly boy and a boyish boy were walking together, and were to come to a place where there was a narrow and weak plank leading across a brook, the manly boy would stop and examine the board very carefully before he ventured upon it, for that is the way that a man would do. The boy, in doing so, therefore, would be acting like a man. The boyish boy, on the other hand, would run directly out upon the board without thinking, and break down with it, perhaps, into the water; for that would be acting like a boy. In the same manner, if a manly boy and a boyish boy were to come to a building where there was a high ladder, the manly boy would stand away from it. He would think that perhaps some of the rounds might be loose or weak, or that the foot of the ladder might not be planted firmly, or that there might be men on the roof about to throw something down.

Difference between courage and heedlessness. Brave men are cautious and prudent.

The boyish boy would not think of such things, but would run eagerly to the ladder, and begin to climb up. So in all other cases. It is manly to be prudent, circumspect, and cautious. It is boyish to be careless, reckless, and daring.

It is true that courage is a manly quality, but the braving of danger where there is no necessity for it, and where there is no useful end to be obtained, is recklessness, not courage. The very same act, indeed, may be recklessness in one case, and courage in another. For a man to stand firm and unmoved at his post under a heavy fire from the enemy, in battle, is considered courage; but to remain exposed in such a way when there is no reason for it, as, for example, where men are firing at a mark, would be regarded by all men as mere presumption and folly. For a boy to climb up by the lightning-rod to the third story of a house, to fasten a rope ladder, in order to enable a child there to come down when the house was on fire, would be manly and noble; but to climb up in such a way just to show his daring, and let other boys see what he can do, is ridiculous childishness and folly. In the same manner, for a man to go across a brook, or a gully, on a weak plank or pole, when he might just as well go over on a good bridge that was near, would be boyish; he would deserve to break down and fall in. But there might be a case in which a traveler, lost among the mountains, would show a great deal of good sense, as well as manly courage, in venturing across a wild and awful chasm in such a way.

On the opposite page we have an engraving representing such a scene. The traveler, with his two guides, have lost their way. Even guides sometimes get lost among the mountains. In at-

The traveler and his guides on the mountains. The chasm.

tempting to find their way home, they have come to a frightful chasm, and there is no way of getting across it but by means of the stem of a small tree, which the guides found lying near, and which they have contrived to place across the chasm from one brink to the other.

The traveler was at first extremely unwilling to go over on this perilous bridge. He was afraid that it would break beneath his weight, and so let him fall into the abyss below. It did break

One guide left behind. The manner in which he was saved.

with him, in fact, when he went over, but he was saved from falling by one of the guides, named Henry, who crossed it before him.

Now, in such a case as this, a man displays courage and fortitude, not boyishness and folly, in going over a weak bridge, for there was here no other mode by which the traveler and his guides could save their lives. They could find no other way to go. They had no food to eat, and they were far too remote from any inhabited valleys to make themselves heard by their cries. So they all summoned courage to make the perilous passage. One guide went over first. He crossed safely, though the stem of the tree bent and cracked under his weight. The traveler went next, and, just as he was reaching the opposite brink, and grasping the arms of the guide who had crossed before him, the bridge broke beneath him, and the fragments went down into the abyss, hundreds of feet, to the rocks below. The traveler, however, clung to the brink, and, with the help of the guide, was saved.

The other guide was left behind. The traveler, however, and Henry, went down into the valley, and procured assistance, and with it they returned to the chasm, and saved the guide who had been left there by means of a strong plank which they brought with them and placed across it.

Thus an act which, under different circumstances, might have been one of boyishness and folly, evinced, in this case, a manly resolution and courage, by means of which three lives were saved.

Men, however brave they may be, always keep out of all danger so far as they can. The most valiant general, for example, though he is accustomed, when in battle, to go to and fro freely on the field in the midst of a perfect storm of shots and shells, and to

The story of General Boom, and his fear of gunpowder.

feel, apparently, perfect indifference to the danger, will still, on other occasions, where there is no necessity for thus exposing himself, evince as much caution and circumspection as any other man.

One day, two boys named George and Thomas were standing in the road at a place near where some men were blasting rocks. A blast was nearly ready to go off. Two or three men, who came along in wagons, stopped in the road at what they considered a safe distance, waiting for the blast.

"They are afraid to go by," said George.

Pretty soon the boys saw an officer coming, dressed in uniform, and mounted on a beautiful white charger.

"There comes General Boom," said George. "He is not afraid of any thing. You'll see that he will ride directly by. He has been in battle, and he won't care if the stones fly about him as thick as hail."

To the great surprise, however, both of George and Thomas, the general stopped when he came to the place, and, far from being more disposed to run into unnecessary danger than the other men, it proved that he was even more cautious than they. He told the other men that they were not far enough off to be safe; "he was afraid," he said, "to stand so near." So he led them to a greater distance from the rock, and waited there with them till the blast was over.

"I know something about gunpowder by experience," he added; "I have learned to keep well out of the way of it, when I can."

That is the way that men of true courage act. They are not ashamed to be afraid when there is reason to be.

Turn over the leaf, and on the following page you will see a pic-

Picture of the fall from the donkey.

Account of the fall from the donkey. A new story begun.

ture of a young lady who has fallen off from the back of a donkey, which she had undertaken to mount and ride without proper protection and escort. It is very common in England, and in some other countries in Europe, for children, both boys and girls, to amuse themselves with riding upon donkeys. A donkey is much smaller than a horse, and so it is easier to be mounted and safer to ride, since, in case of a fall, the distance is not so great to the ground. It is, however, customary, in these rides, to have a boy to run along by the side of the donkey, to take care of him, and to be ready to help the rider in case of any accident. This young lady, however, disdained this sort of help. She would not wait even for the owner of the donkey to come and see that the girth of the saddle was properly secured, so as to prevent the possibility of the saddle's turning.

The consequence was, that, as she was riding rapidly along over a piece of rough ground, the donkey, in going round a sort of corner, by a tree, made so short a turn that the centrifugal force carried her over so far as to turn the saddle, which was quite loose, and finally to throw her off upon the ground.* We see her in the engraving lying where she has fallen, grasping still the bridle in her hand, and screaming with pain and terror.

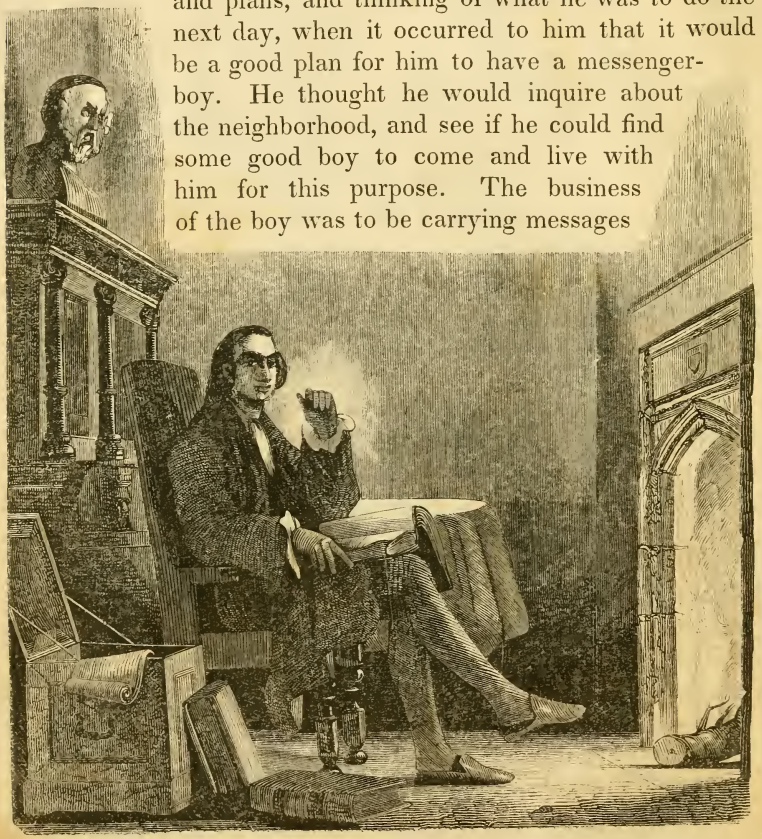
It is very unwise to incur even such dangers as these from a disposition to despise caution and prudence, as very many children do.

There was once a wealthy gentleman, that lived in a beautiful house, with fine grounds and gardens about it, which he was busily engaged in enlarging and improving. One autumn evening he

* The centrifugal force is the tendency which any thing has to fly *off* when whirled round swiftly.

Picture of the gentleman sitting in his library.

was sitting in his library, by a good fire, looking over his books and plans, and thinking of what he was to do the next day, when it occurred to him that it would be a good plan for him to have a messenger-boy. He thought he would inquire about the neighborhood, and see if he could find some good boy to come and live with him for this purpose. The business of the boy was to be carrying messages



The three candidates for office. Examination of them.

to and fro, going of errands, bringing books from the library, and other similar things.

There were three boys who applied for the place. Their names were George, James and Henry. The gentleman sent for them all to come and see him, that he might talk to them together. So they came, and stood before him in his library, all in a row. They were all fine-looking boys.

The gentleman asked them severally a great many questions, and seemed quite pleased with their answers. At last, when he had finished, he paused a moment, and said,

"Well, boys, I like you all. Either of you would do for me, I think, very well. Though there is one point more. I want a good, *safe* boy—one that will not do mischief by his carelessness and blunders. Suppose, now, I were to send you into a chamber after a book, in the evening, how near the curtains should you dare to carry the candle, and be sure you would not set them on fire? George, how near would you dare to go?"

George said he thought he should dare to go within a foot of the curtains, and not be in the least danger of setting them on fire.

"Well, James," said the gentleman, "how near would you dare to go?"

James, who wished to appear to surpass George in respect to dexterity in escaping danger, said he thought he should dare to go within *six inches*. As he said this aloud to the gentleman, he said also to himself, at the same instant, "I don't believe that Henry will dare to go nearer than that."

"Well; and now, Henry," said the gentleman, "how near would you dare to go?"

Advice to boys about running heedlessly into danger.

"I should not dare to go near the curtains at all, sir," said Henry. "I should keep entirely away from them, as far as I could."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, in a tone of great satisfaction, "you are the boy for me."

So he engaged Henry.

All boys, now, should adopt the principle which Henry acted upon in this case. Keep out of danger as much as you can. Instead of seeing how near you dare go to it, see how far you can get from it. In driving a wagon or chaise, keep as far as possible away from other carriages which you have to pass. In skating on the ice, never venture near the holes; and never ascend ladders, or climb about upon roofs, unless you have some useful purpose to accomplish by so doing.

CHAPTER II.

DANGEROUS PLAYTHINGS.

Elfred's father and mother lived a great many years ago, in a beautiful cottage under a hill, in a distant land. When he was a babe he was a very beautiful child. The cottage door was overhung with vines and flowers, and Elfred's mother used to sit there, at the close of the day, with little Elfred lying in her lap, asleep. He lay so quietly that she could go on all the time with her knitting, while her husband would read to her out of some entertaining book.

At length, when Elfred would wake, and open his bright blue eyes, and smile in his mother's face, she would rise from her seat,

and put her knitting down upon her chair, and show the beautiful babe to his father. And then both the parents would look upon him a long time with pride and pleasure.

Elfred was an only child, and his parents took great pains with his training. They first taught him to creep, then to walk, and presently they began to teach him to pronounce some words. He learned all these things very fast; and when he was, at length, about five years old, he was a very bright, and beautiful, and promising child.

Victor.	He is very badly trained.	He will not submit to his father.

Not far from the pretty cottage where Elfred lived there was a much larger house, where a boy lived whose name was Victor. Victor was several years older than Elfred. When Elfred was five years old, Victor was ten. Thus, at that time, Victor was twice as old as Elfred. He was a very self-willed and impetuous boy, and was much indulged by his father and mother. He had a great many playthings, and Elfred used very often to go to the house where he lived to play with him in the yards and gardens. Victor had a wheelbarrow, and several rakes and hoes, and also a little engine, to throw water about among the trees and flowers. He had balls too, and nine-pins, and little wagons, and other similar toys. All these things his father bought for him very willingly, for they were safe playthings.

One day Victor begged his father to buy him a gun. His father said that he could not buy him a gun, for a gun was not a safe plaything for a boy. Then Victor asked for at least a pistol. But his father refused; and Victor, after trying some time in vain to tease him into a compliance with his request, went away in a rage.

He found Elfred in the yard waiting for him. Elfred was curious to see the gun which he expected Victor would bring out.

"Have you got the gun?" said Elfred.

"No," replied Victor, "my father won't let me have so much as a pistol. I can't think what makes him so cross to-day. But I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to have a cannon. I'm going to make it myself."

So saying, Victor walked directly by little Elfred with a very proud and self-confident air, adding as he went,

"Come with me, Elly, and you'll see."

So Elfred followed Victor, who led the way into a sort of back room that was connected with some of the out-buildings of the house, and there, after rummaging a while in a box of old iron and brass, he found a bellows-nose. This he pulled out, and, showing it to Elfred with an air of triumph, he said,

"There! that will make a good cannon."

Elly looked at the bellows-nose, as Victor held it out to his view, with a countenance full of wonder and admiration.

"I am going to plug up the end of it with wood," said Victor, "to make the breech."

So Victor made a plug of very hard wood, shaping it carefully with his knife, to fit the large end of the bellows-nose exactly. He cut the plug square at both the inner and outer ends, and made it of such a length as was required. He then drove the plug into its place in the large end of the bellows-nose, and finally hammered the edge of the brass over it on the back side, so as to secure it.

"There!" said he; "now it can not be driven out."

Then he took a small three-cornered file which he found in a drawer near by, and filed a little hole in the side of the cannon, just beyond the inner end of the plug, for a touch-hole. He also hammered down the brass a little round the touch-hole, so as to form a small hollow there, to serve as a receptacle for the priming. Thus his cannon was complete.

"There!" said Victor again, surveying his work with great satisfaction; "there it is, complete!"

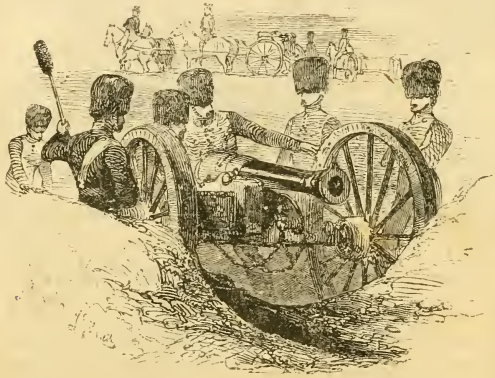
"Yes," said Elly, "that's a good cannon."

"A bellows-nose is just the thing for a cannon," rejoined Victor.

Picture of a cannon to show its true form. A redoubt.

"It is of exactly the right shape—big at the breech, and little at the muzzle."

In this engraving we have a view of a cannon as it stands upon



the field of battle, presenting its form very distinctly to view. It is large at the breech, and grows small toward the muzzle. The men are just pointing the cannon through the embrasure of a redoubt. A redoubt is a bank of earth thrown up to protect the soldiers when fighting behind it. An embrasure is an opening in this embankment, made to point the gun through.

In the background, on the hill, we see another cannon, with the horses attached to it. They are waiting to receive orders, and when they receive them, they will set off with great speed to any part of the field where they may be required.

But to return to the story.

It is not always safe to judge from appearances. Victor

The bellows-nose not fit for a cannon. Reasons why.

fell into a great error by so judging in this case. The bellows-nose is, indeed, in its external form, very similar to a cannon, but there is this very important difference, that the bellows-nose, though bigger at the breech, is thinner and weaker there, while the cannon in that part is thicker and stronger. This results from the fact that the bore of the cannon is straight and equal throughout. A ball, just large enough to enter it at the muzzle, would slide in to the breech, just filling the bore in every part as it passes. Of course, therefore, since the diameter of the gun is greater at the breech, while the bore is the same, the thickness of the metal must be greater. In fact, all the increased bigness of a gun or cannon at the breech is increased thickness of metal.

In the case of the bellows-nose the fact is quite otherwise. The bellows-nose is formed of a sheet of brass rolled up and soldered at the junction. This sheet is made actually thinner in the large part than it is near the extremity, so that, in a little cannon made of a bellows-nose, the cavity at the breech is very much larger than it is at the muzzle.

There is a reason, too, for this difference. In the case of a gun, it is the part at the breech which is exposed to the heaviest strains and concussions, because it is there that the explosion of the gunpowder takes place. Of course, the gun is made thickest and strongest at that part. But in the case of the bellows-nose, the back part, that is, the part which is inserted into the bellows—the part which corresponds to the breech of the gun—is not much exposed. It is the *extremity* of the nose which gets nearly all the knocks and concussions, and that part, accordingly, is made the thickest and strongest.

The seam produced by the soldering. Victor loads his cannon.

There is another peculiarity in the construction of the bellows-nose which makes it unsuitable to perform duty as a cannon, however much it may resemble it in form, and that is, that the line of the seam, at the junction of the two edges of the plate out of which the bellows-nose was made, is formed by soldering, and is much weaker than the rest, and so is very likely to burst open by the explosion. This arises from the fact that the solder is not so strong as the brass. There is no such seam in the case of a cannon. A cannon is formed by casting first a solid mass, of the shape which the cannon is to have, and then the chamber is bored out afterward. Thus the metal forming the cannon is one continuous and solid mass of brass or iron, without any seam or joining whatever.

Victor was not aware of these things, and so, because the cannon which he had made looked externally very much like a real cannon, he thought that all was right. He accordingly went into the house, and brought out some gunpowder, which he found in a powder-horn in an old desk, and then he proceeded to load his cannon. He put in the gunpowder, and then he forced in a plug of paper for a wadding. As it was necessary to make this wadding small enough to enter at the muzzle of the gun, and as the chamber within grew larger and larger toward the breech, the wadding, of course, would not fit after it was fairly in, but shook about loosely there. This was, at first, quite a source of perplexity to Victor; but at length he contrived to put in other loose papers, and to ram them down after they were in, so as finally to form a very good wadding. The cannon being thus loaded, he laid it down upon a log of wood, which was to serve for a gun-carriage on the occasion,

Victor's father interposes. Conflict between the father and the son.

and then primed it. Last of all, he went into the house to get a coal of fire with the kitchen tongs, in order, as he said, to "touch it off."

Just at this time, Victor's father, happening to look out of one of the windows of the house, and seeing the little cannon upon the log, and Elfred standing by the side, looking upon it with a countenance of wonder and awe, began to surmise what was going on. He accordingly hastened down to the door, and he came forth into the yard by one door just as Victor came out with his coal of fire at another.

Victor's father, instead of decidedly reproving and punishing his boy for thus attempting to play with fire-arms, not only without his consent, but contrary to his express prohibition, as he should have done, entered into an argument and expostulation with him on the subject. He endeavored to persuade him to give up his cannon as a dangerous and unsuitable plaything. But Victor would not be convinced. Finally, his father consented to the firing of the cannon once. But he directed Victor to lay a train to it, on the log, long enough to be some time in burning, and then, after he had touched it, to run behind a certain fence there was near by, and look through the cracks to see the effect. He himself and Elfred went behind the fence in the first instance.

This plan was adopted. Victor laid a train of gunpowder along the log, and put a piece of paper at the end of it, with a little gunpowder on the corner of the paper. He then lighted the farther end of the paper, and immediately retreated behind the fence. The paper burned slowly for a minute or two, till it came to the corner where the gunpowder was, and then the powder caught.

The cannon is fired, and it bursts. Victor wrong. Bow and arrows.

The flame then ran rapidly along the train of powder till it reached the cannon, when the whole blew up with a loud explosion. The cannon was thrown violently off the log, and a large volume of smoke rolled up into the air.

The boys ran eagerly to the spot, and, on taking up the cannon, they found that the plug had been blown out, and that there was a great rent in the metal along the side. This was where the seam came that has already been referred to.

"There!" said Victor's father; "you see what a dangerous thing it is. If you had been near it, a piece of the brass or the plug might have been blown into your head, and that would have killed you."

Victor, however, did not seem to be at all impressed with this consideration, but he laughed heartily at the comical appearance of the cannon, and said it was excellent fun. He begged his father to let him have a real cannon, such as he could buy at the toy-shops; but he said that he could not consent to it on any account.

"But I want something or other to shoot," said Victor, "and I must have it."

It was very wrong for Victor thus to insist on having something for a plaything which his father thought was not safe for him. There were plenty of other modes of amusement, which were not liable to any objection. In fact, Victor, as I have already said, had a great number of toys, of many different kinds, and he was very skillful in the use of them. He had balls, and hoops, and kites, and many other such things. He was a very strong and active boy, and could play with all these things extremely

Victor trundling his hoop. His sister has a hoop too.

well. Here we see him trundling his hoop, which is an amusement perfectly safe even for girls.

Victor had a great many other toys and means of amusement of this safe kind, but he could not be persuaded to content him-

What his father should have done. Bow and arrows proposed.

self with them. He was very earnest to have something that would shoot.

The proper course for his father to have taken with him, when he found how obstinately he persisted in his determination to have some sort of fire-arms to amuse himself with, was to have said to him, in the most decided manner, that he could not have any thing of the kind, and then, if he persisted in his determination, he ought to be punished. In fact, he ought to have been punished for the disobedience which he had already been guilty of, in persisting in firing a cannon when his father had forbidden him to do it. Boys ought always to be willing to submit to what the superior wisdom and experience of their parents dictate, in respect not only to their amusements, but to every thing that concerns them. All reasonable boys are perfectly willing thus to yield, and those who are not should be compelled to do it.

But Victor's father did not do his duty in this respect. He would try to coax and persuade his son when he wished to influence him, and, if this method did not succeed, he generally, in the end, allowed him to have his own way.

"Well," said his father, "if you *must have* something to shoot, you may make yourself a bow and arrows. That's what the other boys do."

Victor said that he could not make a bow that would shoot far enough, but that if his father would let him go and buy a good strong bow at the toy-shop in the town, that would do. He wanted one that he could shoot birds with.

Victor's father finally concluded to compromise the difficulty by agreeing to this. So Victor was provided with money, and, the

Victor buys some dangerous arrows. His father takes out the iron points.

next time he went into the town, he bought a strong and very elastic bow, and a dozen arrows. The arrows were all headed with sharp iron points, and were very formidable-looking weapons indeed.

The shop-keeper had not intended that Victor should buy such arrows as these. He offered him, at first, another kind, which had blunt heads, and were thus far safer and more suitable for such a boy as Victor; but Victor would not take these, and asked for others, such as were iron-pointed. He wanted the arrows, he said, to kill birds. So the shop-keeper took down another parcel, which were kept usually quite out of sight, upon a high shelf Victor chose a dozen of these arrows, and then, taking them and his bow under his arm, he went home.

When his father came to see the arrows which Victor had brought home, he said that they were very dangerous, and that Victor must not use them. Then followed a long and somewhat violent discussion between Victor and his father on the subject. It is useless, in such cases, to argue with a boy; the only proper course is for the father to decide in his own mind what is best, and then, without talking about it at all, to carry his decision at once and fully into effect. But Victor's father did not do so. He argued, and remonstrated, and coaxed, but all to no purpose. At last he said positively that Victor should not be allowed to have the iron points, at any rate. So he took a pair of strong pincers from his desk, and with them he pulled out all the iron points from the heads of the arrows. He then gave the arrows, thus blunted, into Victor's hands. Victor took them, and went out, though in very ill humor.

Victor repairs the damage. He goes a hunting with Elfred.

He found Elfred in the yard. Elfred was waiting there to see Victor shoot with his arrows. Victor, being in a very sullen mood, walked directly by Elfred. Elfred called to him.

"Victor," said he, "are you not going to shoot your arrows?"

"No," said Victor, "not till I have put some more points in them."

Elfred immediately ran after Victor to see what he was going to do.

Victor led the way into the shop-room, and there he began to select some nails out of a nail-box, with the view of making new points for his arrows with them. He selected such as had the smallest heads. He took two of these nails, and drove them into the heads of two of the arrows, by inserting the points of the nails in the old holes, and then driving them in gently with a hammer. When the nails were thus driven in, he attempted to sharpen what was originally the head of the nail, but which now became the point of the arrow, by means of the three-cornered file. He found this, however, rather hard work, and he soon became tired of it. So, after sharpening the two which he had first inserted, he concluded not to attempt to point any more of his arrows, but to use the rest as they were. He accordingly left the shop, and set out with Elfred on a walk down a lane to see what he could find to shoot.

Presently he came into a pasture where several horses were feeding.

"Elly," said Victor, pointing to the horses, "there are some wild beasts! we will go and shoot them."

So saying, Victor selected one of his blunt arrows—being, with

Hunting the bears and lions. Elly tumbles down. The horses frightened.

all his inconsiderateness, discreet enough to know that it would not do to shoot the pointed ones at the horses—and, putting it to his bow, he crept softly up near to the horses, and there, drawing his bow, he let the arrow fly. His aim had been at a young black horse that was feeding quietly among the rest on a grassy slope. The aim was so good that the arrow struck the horse on the side. The horse immediately reared and plunged, and galloped away. The other horses, seeing their comrade run so suddenly, imagined that there was some danger near, and ran too. Victor seized another blunt arrow from Elfred's hands, and followed, crying out,

"Run, Elly, run! The bears and lions are getting away from us! Run!"

At these words both Victor and Elfred began to run, but Elfred, tripping against a stone, came down, and all his arrows were scattered about over the ground.

Elfred was hurt a little, and was just beginning to cry; but Victor raised him up, exclaiming, in a tone of great pretended excitement,

"Hi—yo! man wounded and dying on the field of battle! Pull him up! Give him his ammunition! Come! pursue the enemy! Never despair!"

So saying, Victor hurried forward, and Elfred followed him as fast as he could, bringing the arrows. The horses, looking round in their flight, and finding themselves thus pursued, were more terrified than ever. They galloped on faster and faster. Two of them went bounding away along the slope of a hill, rearing and prancing as they went, with their heads high, and their tails

The frightened horses. The hunters change their plan.

streaming in the wind; while the black one—the one that had been hit—stopped suddenly on the top of a small knoll, and looked

round with a wild and excited air to see what had become of his mischievous enemies.

In fact, the horse looked so wild that Victor began to be afraid of him; he told Elfred that he believed he would not hunt the wild beasts any more, but would go and see if he could not find some birds. So he gave Elfred the two blunt arrows again, and took instead the two which had the nails inserted in them.

Now it happened that, in the back part of the pasture where the horses were feeding, there was a little pond, with trees along the margin of it. It was a very pleasant place, for the branches

Solitary place. The pond. The birds and their nest.

of the trees spread far out over the water, making it very cool and shady. There were many beautiful wild flowers, too, which grew along the banks of the pond, such as flags, ferns, and lilies. A pair of birds had chosen this place for their nest. There were several reasons which induced them to select this spot. In the first place, it was very secluded, and they thought that their eggs and their little birds would be safe here, in the nest, until the birds were grown. Then the water was convenient. They could go down to the margin of it to drink when they were thirsty, and they could skim about over the surface of it for play. So they built their nest on one of the trees that overhung the water. At the time that Victor and Elfred came to the place with their arrows, there were four eggs in the nest.

Here is a picture of the place, with the nest upon the tree.

There are four beautiful white eggs in the nest. One of the birds is playing about upon the water. The other has been sitting perched upon a branch of the tree near the nest, but was just going to fly down to join her mate, in his gambols on the water,

Victor attempts to shoot the bird, but shoots Elfred instead.

when she heard the voices of the two boys as they were coming down the pasture. She was immediately alarmed for the safety of her eggs; so, instead of descending, as she had intended, to join her mate, she flew off in the contrary direction, toward the boys, in order to see who they were, and to watch their motions.

She alighted on a tree pretty near them.

"Stop!" said Victor to Elfred. "Hush! Don't speak a word."

Elfred and Victor both had by this time come pretty near the tree; but Victor stepped back a little way, and also moved round to one side, in order to get a better view of the bird.

"Whist!" said Victor, as he brought the feather end of the arrow to the string, and adjusted it there. "Whist! Stand perfectly still, and do not speak a word."

So Elfred stood perfectly still, looking up all the time into the tree to see where the bird was. Victor drew the bow, pointing the arrow up toward the tree, and, when he had strained it as far as he could, he let fly. The arrow sped very swiftly through the air, but, instead of hitting the bird, it rebounded from the under side of a branch of the tree beneath her, whence it glanced off obliquely and downward, directly toward Elfred, and struck him just over his right eye. Elfred fell to the ground, screaming with pain and terror, while the bird, equally frightened, flew off toward its nest, wondering what all this could mean.

Victor was thunderstruck at what he had done. He threw down his bow and ran to Elfred. He lifted him up and looked at the wound. It was not a large wound, the point of the nail which had caused it having struck the place somewhat obliquely. It bled a little, but not much. Victor led Elfred down to the

Elfred is taken home. Inflammation of the wound.

water, and there he washed the wound, and wiped it with his pocket-handkerchief, endeavoring all the time to soothe and quiet Elfred by commending his courage and heroism in bearing the pain so well, and telling him that it did not bleed much, and that he thought it would soon be well. Finally, Elfred became tolerably composed. Victor himself, however, was very anxious and unhappy, and he could not now bear even the sight of his bow and arrows. He hastily gathered them all together, and hid them at the foot of the tree that the bird's nest was upon. He then set out to lead Elfred home.

When Elfred's father and mother saw the wound that had been made, they were at first very much alarmed. As, however, on a more close examination, it appeared that the eye itself was not wounded, and as Elfred did not seem to be in much pain, they hoped that the case would not become a serious one. They immediately sent for a surgeon, who said, after he examined the case, that unless inflammation should set in, he thought it would be well in a few days.

But, unfortunately, inflammation did set in. Whether it were from the fact that there was some rust that remained on the nail, out of which the point of the arrow had been formed, or that some important nerve connected with the eye was wounded, or that the surgeon did not resort to proper means to prevent inflammation, or whatever else may have been the cause, the result was very disastrous. In the course of the night, great pain and inflammation supervened. Poor Elly suffered very much indeed. The inflammation extended to both eyes, and before morning they were both swollen so much that Elly could not open either of them.

The physicians and surgeons called in. Elfred blind.

Victor was all this time in an agony of remorse and fear. His father, too, was exceedingly anxious and concerned. He sent several physicians and surgeons to consult upon the case, and did every thing in his power to remedy the mischief which had been done. All, however, was in vain; for when, about a week afterward, the pain subsided and the swelling went down, it was found that the sight of both of poor Elly's eyes was gone forever!

Elfred lived after this, and grew up to be a tall and very handsome boy, but he never again beheld the light of day. Victor's father gave a great deal of money to his parents from time to time, so that he was always neatly clothed, and he was furnished, in addition, with all the means of instruction and enjoyment which could be of any use or service to a poor blind boy. It was, however, a melancholy sight to see him groping his way about the fields by the help

The unreasonableness of wishing for dangerous playthings.

of his stick, the more so because he was so patient and gentle. He never complained either of the hardship of his lot, or of the wicked heedlessness of Victor in bringing it upon him. As to Victor himself, the terrible mischief which he had done was a grief and sorrow to him as long as he lived.

Some boys are so extremely unreasonable, that they murmur and complain bitterly against their parents for being unwilling that they should have dangerous instruments for playthings, such as darts, bows and arrows, hatchets, and guns, when the only motives which their parents have in these prohibitions is to save their children from such terrible calamities as that which befell Victor and Elfred. Children so unreasonable as this ought not to be indulged or argued with on the subject for a moment. Their parents should decide all such questions in the most absolute and authoritative manner, without yielding in the least to such an inexcusable spirit of recklessness and folly.

There is a story about putting money in your mouth, which contains a good lesson for children. This story will accordingly come next, and after that there is something more to say about Elfred.

Story of the gentleman playing with a sovereign

CHAPTER III.

NEVER PUT MONEY IN YOUR MOUTH.

THE place to put money is in your pocket or in your purse—never in your mouth. It is very dangerous to put money in your mouth.

Once there was a gentleman who was playing with his child, a little girl about six years old. He had a piece of money called a sovereign, and he was amusing the girl by making the sovereign disappear suddenly. A sovereign is a gold coin about as large as a half cent. A half sovereign is of course half as large.

The gentleman had his little girl on his lap, and he held the sovereign in his hand. The way that he was playing with it was this: he would open his mouth, and then, by a sudden motion, throw the sovereign into his mouth, drawing his breath at the same time suddenly, to assist in catching it. He performed the maneuver so dexterously that the girl could not see what became of the coin. At the same time that he threw the coin up, he would shut his hand, and then, when the girl opened it and found no sovereign within, she wondered very much where it had gone.

This was a very dangerous game. The gentleman performed the feat, however, quite safely for several times, but at last he threw the sovereign a little too far, and it went down his throat—or, rather, it went *into* his throat, but it was too large to go down. It stuck in the windpipe, and the gentleman was almost strangled.

Efforts to extract the piece of money. Ingenious plan.

The people in the house were exceedingly alarmed. Some ran for the surgeon, others took the gentleman and led him to a bed. Every now and then he fell into a most violent fit of coughing and choking, which it was most dreadful to witness.

Several surgeons and physicians came to see the poor patient, and they did every thing that they could think of to relieve him, but without success. If the coin had been in the food-passage of the throat, they might, perhaps, have reached it with some instrument, or it might, perhaps, have gone entirely down; but it was in the windpipe, the passage to the lungs, where it could not be reached. Some of the surgeons thought that they should be obliged to make an opening in the windpipe, and take it out in that way; but this would have been a very dangerous operation indeed, and very likely would have killed the man.

In the mean time, the patient lay upon his bed, pale and exhausted, and growing weaker every hour. He was quiet most of the time, but now and then a dreadful convulsive coughing came on, which it was very distressing to see. During the continuance of the paroxysm, it seemed as if the patient would be strangled.

At length, however, the coughing fit would subside, and then the man would sink down exhausted. Thus he was growing weaker and weaker every hour, and every one thought that he would die.

After some time, one of the surgeons conceived of the plan of suspending the man with his head downward, in hopes that the coin would then fall by its weight to the opening of the windpipe, and then be thrown out by the cough. This experiment was accordingly made, and it succeeded. They contrived some way to

suspend the man in such a manner that his head hung downward. This brought the coin to the entrance of the windpipe, which immediately caused the man to cough, and the piece dropped out.

The patient was so much exhausted by the convulsive coughings that he suffered, and by the excitement and terror, that he was made quite sick for several days. He, however, finally recovered.

This is a true story, and it shows that the proper place to put money is in your purse or in your pocket, but never in your mouth.

It is the same with all other small articles, such as pins, nails, marbles, or any thing else which might, by possibility, slip down the throat. Some persons, when using many pins, make their mouths a pin-case. The mouth, it is true, is a very convenient pin-case, but it is a very dangerous one. Some boys, too, when they are making a box, or nailing down a carpet, or doing any thing else which requires them to use a great many nails, make their mouths their nail-box. But nails are, if any thing, worse than pins in such a case. And then, besides the danger, it is always very disagreeable to those near you to see such things as those protruding from your lips, or, when they do not see them, to know that your mouth is full of them. It is best, therefore, always to confine the mouth to its proper functions as one of the bodily organs, and not to make a *receptacle* of it for any objects or articles whatever.

The house where Elfred lived. The duty of bearing trouble good-humoredly.

CHAPTER IV.

ELFRED A CARPENTER.

Elfred's father and mother lived in a very pretty cottage by the roadside.

The children of the village used often to stop and talk with Elfred as he sat at the window of the cottage, or on the steps before the door. They liked to stop and talk with him. The reason why they liked it was, that he always seemed so good-natured, and so contented and happy.

If those who are suffering under any affliction or trouble are always mourning about it and looking sad, people pity them very much at first, but they soon get tired of going to see them, because it is not agreeable to any body to have melancholy objects often before their minds. Perhaps people ought not to feel so, but they do, and so they are generally much more ready to visit and to help those who, when they are in trouble, keep up a good heart, and look upon the bright side as much as possible. Every one should endeavor to do this as much as they can. No matter whether our troubles are small or great, we ought to bear them good-humoredly, and try to look on the bright side, and make as light of them as we can. If a child falls down and hurts himself, he ought not to spread the pain all over the house by his loud outcries, but should restrain the expression of his sufferings, and get the smiles back upon his face just as quick as he can.

So, if a mother falls into affliction by losing a beloved child, she ought not to spread the pain all over the circle of her acquaintance by wearing melancholy looks and mourning garments a long time. She should restrain the expression of her sufferings, and get the smiles back upon her face just as quick as she can.

There is, in fact, but one rule, both for parents and children, in such cases, though many parents do not see it. A mother will sometimes go on mourning many years for some loss which she has had to bear, throwing, all the time, a dark and sombre shadow over her family, her circle of friends, and the heart of her husband; and yet, when her little boy falls down and hurts himself, or loses some toy, or picture-book, or kitten, that he loved, she thinks that he ought to conquer his grief, and dry up his tears, as soon as he possibly can. It is true that the occasion for grief is very different in these two cases, but the principle which applies to them both is the same, though the mother, in such a case, is often very slow to see that the rule which she enjoins upon her child is equally binding on her.

"Rejoice evermore," says the Scripture; that is to say, Forget your griefs and sorrows, whatever they are, as soon as you can, and make yourself happy with such pleasures as remain for you.

Elfred always practiced on that rule.

Elfred's mother was, at first, very much distressed at the great calamity which had befallen one whom she loved so well. She looked forward to future years, and pictured to herself the privations and sufferings which he would have to endure when he should grow up, and when he should at last grow old, and have

Elfred's mother is at first quite dejected. Her thoughts.

no father and mother alive to take care of him. She thought that, perhaps, in his old age, he would be destitute and helpless,

and she imagined him roving about the world a homeless wanderer, guided by a dog, and gazed upon by the children that should

Elfred's mother contrives various ways to amuse him.

chance to see him, with mingled emotions of curiosity, pity, and fear.

After a time, however, she began to imbibe, in some measure, the spirit of resignation and cheerfulness which was manifested by her boy; for when she found how cheerful and happy he himself was under the privation which he suffered, she became in some measure reconciled to it too. She soon began to take a great pleasure in aiding Elfred in his various plans, and in providing him with such means of amusement as he was able to enjoy. She kept every thing about the house arranged in perfect order, so that in going about from room to room he should never find things in his way. She caused the paths about the house, too, to be smoothed and leveled, and she had a bench made before the door for him to sit upon, and hear the people go by. This was a great source of amusement to him.

One pleasant summer morning, Elfred was sitting on this bench, amusing himself by listening to the sounds which he heard from time to time in the road, and among the trees and shrubbery around him. Go out and take a seat on your father's door-step, shut your eyes, and listen, and you can tell exactly how it seemed to Elfred; only, in order to understand it fully, you should sit so two or three hours.

The two robins. They fly away. The third robin.

First he heard a chirping on a certain tree that was near. It was the chirping of a robin. He knew by the note.

In a moment another robin came flying to the place, and immediately afterward both birds flew away together. Elfred could hear them both singing as they went away, and he perceived that, as they went, they were playing together, and tumbling over each other in the air.

"Ah, you little dickeys," said Elfred, "what did you go away for?"

Next Elfred heard a whistling like that of a boy coming along the road.

"There comes another robin," said Elfred.

It was a boy named Robin, who used often to pass by the house, and who frequently stopped to talk with Elfred.

"Robin," said Elfred, as soon as he perceived that Robin was near enough to hear, "come here a minute."

So Robin came up to the step of the door, and stood looking at Elfred. Elfred listened to the sound of Robin's feet as he approached, but he did not look toward him. His eyes wandered about without looking at any thing.

"Robin," said he, "I am going to have four chickens."

"Are you?" said Robin.

"Yes," said Elfred. "Three of them are hens and one is a rooster; and I am going to build a coop for them myself."

"That's a good plan," said Robin.

"That is," continued Elfred, "I am going to build a coop for the little chickens that I shall have when my chickens grow up and hatch some eggs. I've got a hen-house now for the hens and the rooster."

Elfred shows Robin the hen-house. The nests for the hens.

"Have you?" said Robin.

"Yes," replied Elfred, "and I'll go and show it to you now, if you will go and show me the way."

Under such an arrangement as this, it is somewhat difficult to say which of the boys was guiding the other. Robin led Elfred along a path which conducted them behind the house, and thence they went together into a small room which was made in the corner of the cow-house. Robin showed Elfred the way, and Elfred explained to Robin what was there.

"Here is the door," said Robin. "Lift up your foot high, for it is quite a high step."

So Elfred stepped in, and Robin followed.

"Look down in that corner," said Elfred, pointing; "do you see a square hole there?"

"Yes," said Robin.

"And a shutter outside, to shut it up?"

"Yes," said Robin.

"That's where the hens are to go in and out," said Elfred; "and at night, when they have all gone in, I shall come and shut the shutter."

"And do you see the perch up there?" added Elfred, pointing up.

"No," said Robin, "there is not any perch."

"Then my father has not put it up yet," rejoined Elfred. "He said that he should put it up before he went away to his work this morning, if he had time; if not, to-night. He will put it up when he comes home. That will do just as well."

"Do you see that shelf out there?" continued Elfred, pointing toward a corner of the hen-house.

Elfred undertakes to make a hen-coop. His brad-awl.

"Yes," said Robin.

"Show it to me," said Elfred, putting out his hand.

So Robin guided Elfred to the place, and let him feel the shelf. There was a narrow board nailed along the front of the shelf, and some fine hay in behind, making a very good place for nests.

"This is where they are to lay," said Elfred, "and I am coming out here every night to get the eggs. It is a straight path here, right from the door."

After looking about for some time at the excellent accommodations which were thus provided for Elfred's hens, Robin went away.

A few days afterward, Robin came again to see Elfred, and he found him working in a shop, making a hen-coop. His chickens had come, or rather his hens, for the birds were almost fully grown, and he was anxious to have the coop ready. He had a quantity of laths by his side, which his father had provided for him. These he was sawing off of the proper length, and nailing one by one over the front of the large box. Of course, he had to work altogether by the sense of feeling, but then he worked very well.

"Let me nail them on for you," said Robin.

"No," said Elfred, "I can nail them very well. I *like* to nail them."

Elfred had a small awl called a brad-awl, and with this he made a hole in the end of each lath, to receive the nail, before he attempted to drive it. This is an excellent way. I advise you always to do the same. The hole made by the brad-awl not only holds the nail for you while you are driving it, but guides it, and

makes it go straight. It also tends very much to prevent the wood from splitting.*

After observing Elfred's operations for some little time, Robin asked where the hens were.

"They are out behind the granary," said Elfred. "I'll show them to you."

So saying, Elfred groped his way to a sort of box, which was at the end of the bench where he was working, and there took out a small measure of corn. With this he went to the door, and began to call his chickens. When they heard his voice, they came running to him very fast, and he fed them with corn.

"Is not it a pretty rooster?" said Elfred.

"Yes," said Robin, "very pretty indeed."

"Do you see the white hen?" said Elfred.

"Yes," said Robin; "and one is nearly black."

Elfred now sat down on the step of the shop door, and began to scatter a little corn close to the step, and to call his hens to come nearer and nearer. He said he was going to make them so tame that they would let him take them up in his hands.

In fact, Elfred seemed so much pleased with his hens and his hen-house, and with the work of making his hen-coop, and was so contented and happy, that all the children of the neighborhood liked very much to come and see him.

* In making a hole in wood with a brad-awl, it is necessary to hold the awl in such a position that the edge of it shall *cut across* the fibres of the wood, not enter wedge-like between them. Hence you must always observe which way the grain of the wood runs before commencing to make your hole. If you do not understand this, ask your father or some grown person to explain it to you.

Josephine. Her plan of carrying a picture to Elfred.

CHAPTER V.

JOSIE.

Near Elfred's house there lived a little girl named Josephine. Josephine often came to see Elfred. She liked to come and see him very much. When she got a new plaything, her first thought was always to come and show it to Elfred.

Elfred liked very much to see these things. He called it seeing them, though, of course, all that he could do was to take them in his hands and feel of them. Thus he could tell what the shape of them was by feeling; and, as Josie always told him what the color was of the various objects, or of the parts of them, if they were colored differently in different parts, he seemed at last to know them as perfectly as if he had really seen them.

One day, Josephine's uncle came to the house, and before he went away he gave Josie a picture. It was a picture of a large and handsome house, with pleasant grounds around it, and a water-fall.

"I mean to carry this picture and show it to Elfred," said Josie.

"And who is Elfred?" asked her uncle.

"He is a blind boy," said Josie, "who lives a little way from here."

"And so you are going to show your picture to a blind boy!" said Josephine's uncle. As he said this, he laughed loud and long.

"You need not laugh, uncle," said Josie, "for he will be very glad to see it. I am *sure* he will."

Her plan is ridiculed. She does not give it up. Her mother's opinion.

Little Josie looked very serious, and spoke in a very positive manner in saying this.

Josie's mother was all this time sitting at the window, sewing, and she accordingly heard this conversation.

That afternoon, Josie took a walk with her mother in the fields near her house, to gather some flowers. As they were returning from their walk, each carrying the bouquet of flowers which she had gathered in her hand, Josie introduced the subject of showing the picture again to Elfred.

"Don't you think, mother," said she, "that Elfred would like to have me show him that picture?"

"Perhaps so," said her mother, speaking in a very mild and gentle tone. "He would certainly feel gratified by your kindness; but do you not think that it would be better, after all, to take something else to him rather than a picture? A plaything, now, he can *feel*, and so he can form a very good idea of it. Even a bouquet of flowers like this," she added, holding up her bouquet to Josie, as represented in the above engraving, "he could examine with his fingers, and get some idea of the form of the flowers, though he could not see the beauty of the colors. But

Josie is not convinced. In one thing children are good judges.

a picture would be to him nothing but a sheet of paper. He can not see any of the figures upon it, or any thing else."

"Mother," said Josie, speaking in a very serious and earnest tone, "that is a very pretty picture indeed, and I am sure that Elfred would like to have me show it to him. I will not carry it there if you are not willing, but if you are willing I should like to take it there very much."

"Oh, I am willing," said her mother. "I have not the least objection in the world, if you think it will give Elfred any pleasure to have you do it."

"I know it will give him pleasure," replied Josie; "and I am sure he can see it, at least as well as he can see the birds on the trees, and he always likes to have me show him the birds. Whenever I see one on a tree, I point up to it and say, 'Elfred, there is a bird.' Then he asks me where it is, and I tell him that it is on the lower branch, or on the upper branch, just as it happens. Then sometimes I take hold of his finger, and point to the exact place."

"Well," said Josie's mother, "do just as you think best about it."

There are very few things in which children are wiser than their parents, but there are some; and one of them is in judging what other children will like. I would generally confide much more readily in the opinion of a child on such a point, than on that of any grown person living. In this case, Josie's judgment, in respect to the question whether Elfred would like to see the picture or not, was much better than her mother's. She, however, evinced a very amiable and excellent spirit in being so willing to give up the plan, unless her mother was ready to give her assent to it.

That afternoon, Josie put on her bonnet, and taking her picture in her hand, she walked along the road toward the house where Elfred lived.

On the way she met a girl named Jane Sophia. Jane Sophia was about thirteen years old. She was a very kind-hearted girl, and she knew Elfred very well. When Jane Sophia met Josie coming along the road, she stopped her, and asked her what she had got, and where she was going.

"I have got a picture," said Josie, "and I am going to show it to Elfred."

Jane Sophia took the picture, and looked at it for some time.

"It is a very pretty picture," said she, "but I think I would not carry it to Elfred."

"Why not?" asked Josie.

"Because," said Jane Sophia, "he can not see it, and to have you attempt to show it to him will only make him feel his blindness and his helplessness the more, and so will give him pain rather than pleasure."

"No," said Josie, "I am *sure* he will like to see it."

"Very well," said Jane Sophia, "perhaps he will. Next time you see me you must tell me what he says."

So Josie went on. Not long after this, she saw a boy coming along the road toward her. He was rather a rude boy. Josie knew him very well. His name was Rundle.

"Josie," said Rundle, as soon as he came near to Josie, "what have you got there?"

"A picture," said Josie.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Rundle.

"I am going to show it to Elfred," said Josie.

"Why, Elfred is blind," replied Rundle. "He can not see it." As he said this, Rundle threw his head back, and laughed loud and long, and in a very boisterous manner. He then gave Josie back the picture, and walked along the road, saying,

"Oh, Josie! what a little fool you are! You are a bigger little fool than I thought you could be!"

Josie thought that it was obviously not proper for her to make any reply to such rude language, so she walked on.

Presently she saw a young girl of about her own age, named Ellen, coming along the street. Ellen was eating an apple.

"What a nice apple!" said Josie. "Where did you get it, Ellen?"

"My aunt gave it to me," replied Ellen. "And what is it that you have got in your hand?"

"A picture," replied Josie. "I am going to show it to Elfred to amuse him."

Ellen looked at the picture, and liked it very much; and she told Josie that it was of no use to show it to Elfred, as he would not be able to see it.

"Give it to me," said she, "and I will give you this apple for it."

So saying, she took a very large and rosy apple out of her pocket, and offered it to Josie in exchange for the picture. Her aunt had given her two apples.

"No," said Josie, shaking her head, "I would rather show it to Elfred."

"Why, he can't see it," said Ellen.

"But I want to show it to him, if he can't," rejoined Josie.

"Well," replied Ellen, "go along, then, and show it to him, if you will."

So Josie went on. When she came to the house where Elfred lived, she found him sitting on the step of the door, listening to hear the people go by.

"Elfred!" said Josie, "it's me."

"Ah! Josie," said Elfred, "I am very glad you have come."

"I've got a picture to show you," said Josie.

"A picture!" said Elfred. "Have you? what is it about?"

So Josie kneeled down on the step of the door by the side of Elfred, and began to show him the picture. She took hold of his hand, and guided his finger to the different objects, as she successively enumerated them.

Here is the picture itself, on the opposite page.

"It is a picture of a large house, with beautiful grounds around it," said Josie.

"Where is the house?" said Elfred.

"Here," said Josie, guiding Elfred's finger to the house. "It is a very large house indeed. There are four chimneys and a great many windows."

So saying, Josie guided Elfred's finger to the chimneys, and also to the rows of windows.

"There is a very pleasant yard this side of the house," continued she, "with a smooth place to walk. You could walk there very well, it is so smooth and level. Only you would have to take care and not run against the well."

"Where is the well?" asked Elfred.

The picture which Josie carried to Elfred.

Josie describes the picture. Elfred is very much pleased with it.

"Here," said Josie, guiding his finger to the place. "At least I suppose it is a well, though I can not see any bucket."

"There is somebody walking in the yard now," added Josie.

"Where?" asked Elfred.

"Here," said Josie, guiding Elfred's finger to the place. "It is a lady and a little girl. They like to walk there very much, I know, it is so cool and shady. There are beautiful trees all about."

"What a pretty picture it is!" said Elfred; "I am very glad you came to show it to me."

"There is one thing more," said Josie. "There are two ladies sitting on the grass, under the trees. One of them has got some long grass on her lap, and the other has a book in her hand. They are talking together. There they are. They are sitting on the grass under a tree."

"What a pretty picture it is!" said Elfred. "I like it very much. Be sure you come and show me the next picture you get."

"Yes," said Josie, "I certainly will."

After this, the children that lived in Elfred's neighborhood, finding how much he liked such things, used to send him pictures from time to time to keep for his own. Several persons also sent him presents of picture-books, with stories in them.

Then, when the children came to see Elfred, they used to look at his pictures, and talk about them, or read the stories in the story-books. Elfred liked very much to hear them talk about the pictures, or read the stories.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO LITTLE GLEANERS.

One day Josie went to see Elfred. It was in the winter. The ground was white with snow.

Josie walked along a path by the side of the road. The morning had been cold, and the snow was hard and dry, so that it was very good walking. The sun had, however, now come out, and the surface of the snow was every where brilliant with sparkling reflections.

"How I wish that Elfred could see the diamonds in the snow!" said Josie.

Presently she saw two snow-birds playing together in the road. She stopped to look at them a minute or two, and wished that Elfred could see them too. Then she went on toward Elfred's house.

Elfred was sitting by the kitchen fire in his father's cottage. He was making a basket.

"Josie," said Elfred, "I have got a new picture."

"Who gave it to you?" said Josie.

"Jane Sophia," replied Elfred. "Go and get my portfolio out of the drawer, and you will see it there. It is the first you come to. Bring it here, and tell me about it."

So Josie went and got the picture, and then came and sat down by the side of Elfred, and began to look at it. Turn over the leaf, and you will see the picture.

Talk about the picture of the gleaners. The children at the gate.

"I see two children opening a gate," said Josie.

"Yes," said Elfred, "they are opening the gate for the farmer to go through."

"Is that a farmer?" asked Josie.

"Yes," said Elfred, "he is coming out into his field to see how his reapers get along with their work. Do you see the reapers?"

"Yes," said Josie, "there are three of them back in the field, and two nearer. There is a young man and a girl, and they are taking up a bundle of straw."

"No," said Elfred, "it is not a bundle of straw, it is a sheaf of wheat. They are going to stand it up with the rest, to let it dry and ripen. Do you see a basket down upon the grass?"

The way to glean. Josie and Elfred form a plan.

"Yes," said Josie, "there it is," touching it at the same time with her finger.

"And a little keg?" said Elfred.

"Yes," said Josie.

"They have their luncheon in those things, I suppose," said Elfred.

"One of the children," continued Josie, "that are opening the gate, has got some wheat in his hands."

"Yes," said Elfred. "The children are gleaners. They go over the field after the reapers have taken off the wheat, and pick up all that is left. This is called gleaning. When they take it home, they shell out all the wheat, and have it ground, and make bread of it."

"I should like to go and glean some day," said Josie.

"Yes," said Elfred, "that would be a good plan. I could go with you, and sit down on a stone in the middle of the field, and you could bring all the wheat you could glean to me, and I would shell it out, and then we could bring home the grain in a bag."

"Yes," said Josie, "let us do it."

"Only we can't do it now," said Elfred, "because it is winter. We must wait. When the spring comes, the wheat will begin to grow. When the summer comes, the wheat will ripen, and when the autumn comes, the reapers will reap it, and then we can go and glean."

The family of Laplanders and their hut.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAPLANDERS.

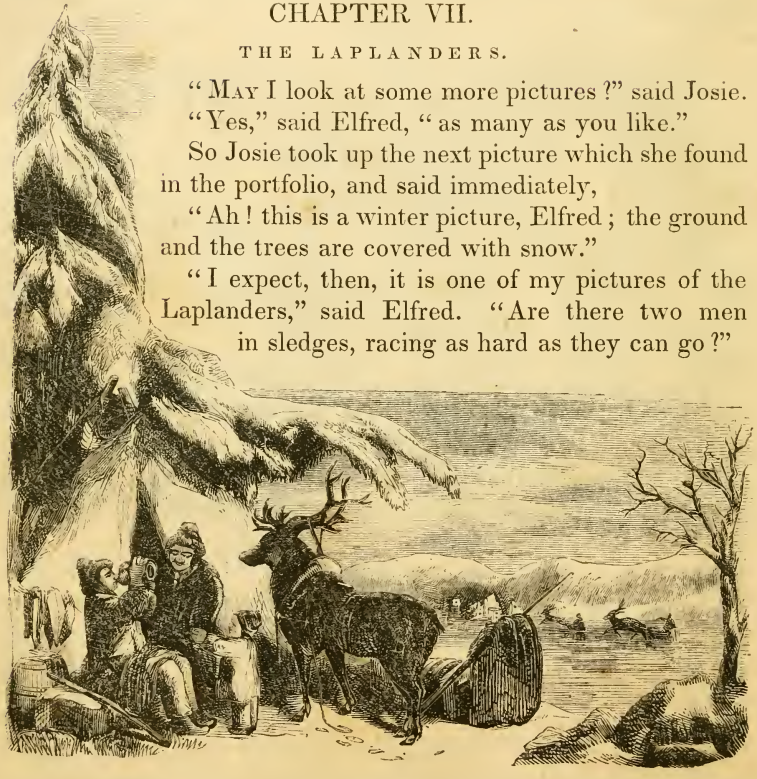
"May I look at some more pictures?" said Josie.

"Yes," said Elfred, "as many as you like."

So Josie took up the next picture which she found in the portfolio, and said immediately,

"Ah! this is a winter picture, Elfred; the ground and the trees are covered with snow."

"I expect, then, it is one of my pictures of the Laplanders," said Elfred. "Are there two men in sledges, racing as hard as they can go?"



"No," said Josie; "they are sitting still on a stone, and one of them is drinking something out of a mug."

The reindeer.	The sledge.	The hut.	The smoke coming out.

"Ah, yes," said Elfred, "that's the encampment picture. The men that are racing are in the next picture. But there are two men racing on this picture too, or at least riding very fast. They are away off on the ice."

"Ah, yes," said Josie, "I see them."

"They are riding in sledges," added Elfred, "and the sledges are drawn by the reindeer. Do you see what large, branching horns they have got?"

"Yes," said Josie; "and strings fastened to them."

"The strings are the reins," said Elfred. "The Laplanders guide the reindeer in that way when they are driving."

"What is this behind the reindeer?" asked Josie.

"That is the sledge," replied Elfred. "You can see the forward end of the runners of it, under the reindeer."

"Ah, yes, I see them," said Josie. "But how did you know so much about this picture?"

"Jane Sophia explained it all to me," said Elfred, "when she gave it to me. Do you see the hut?"

"No," said Josie, looking carefully all over the picture, "I don't see any hut."

"It is right behind the Laplanders that are sitting down," said Elfred. "It is made of skins, put over poles."

"Ah, yes," said Josie, "I see it."

"You can see the ends of the poles," said Elfred, "at the top of the hut, and the smoke coming out through the opening."

"Have they got a fire in the hut?" asked Josie.

"Yes," said Elfred; "that hut is where they live. It is a family—a man, a woman, and a child."

Josie and Elfred talk about the picture of the Laplanders.

"Yes," said Josie, "I see the child. He is asking his father to give him a drink out of the mug. And I see some fishes hanging against the side of the hut. There are three of them. They are strung on a stick. Do you suppose they caught those fishes in the lake, Elfred?"

"I think it very probable," said Elfred.

"If they did," said Josie, "they must have cut a hole in the ice, for I can see that the lake is frozen over every where. And it must be frozen very hard, or it would not bear the men who are riding on it."

Josie surveyed the picture a moment or two longer, and then she said,

"Now I've seen all, I believe, that there is in this picture."

"No," said Elfred, "there is one thing more."

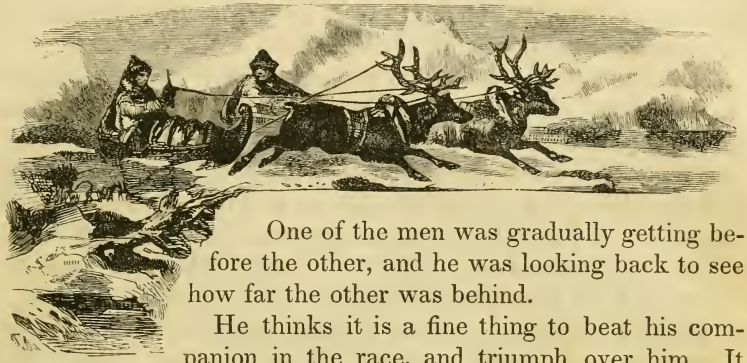
"What is it?" asked Josie.

"It is a town over on the farther side of the lake," replied Elfred.

"Yes," said Josie, "I see it. The men who are driving the sledges are going toward it. It is a very pretty town. The houses are white.

"Altogether," added Josie, "it is a very pretty picture. And what a pretty tree it is which hangs over the hut, with the long, thick branches all covered with snow!"

The next picture which Josie saw was that of the two men racing in their sledges. They were riding along very swiftly through the snow. The reindeer were running as fast as they could run.



One of the men was gradually getting before the other, and he was looking back to see how far the other was behind.

He thinks it is a fine thing to beat his companion in the race, and triumph over him. It would, however, be a much more noble thing if he would check his reindeer a little, so as to allow the other to keep up with him, and then they would go on happily together.

It is much more generous and noble to help our companions and friends along with us wherever we are going, than try to keep them back, so that we may get before them.

CHAPTER VIII.

GETTING EGGS.

Elfred's pictures served him a double purpose. In the first place, they were the means of bringing him company; for the children liked so much to see them, that they used to come oftener to his house on account of them than they would otherwise have done. Elfred was always glad to have them come, for their con-

Elfred's disposition. Advantage of being patient and good-natured.

versation entertained him. It was, in fact, a great pleasure to him even to hear the sound of their voices in the yard.

If he had been mournful and melancholy in his disposition, and had spent his time in brooding over his misfortune, and, instead of amusing himself with such pleasures as were within his reach, had been always complaining and lamenting because he was blind, and so, when the children brought the pictures to him, had told them that they would not do him any good, because he could not see them, it would have made the children feel gloomy and sad to come to the house, and so they would have kept away.

Another advantage of these pictures was, that in hearing the children talk about them, and read the stories about them, Elfred formed so vivid a conception of what they represented, that it was almost as if he could see them. He pictured to his own mind every thing that the children described, and he did it so distinctly, that he almost fancied the scenes were visibly before him.

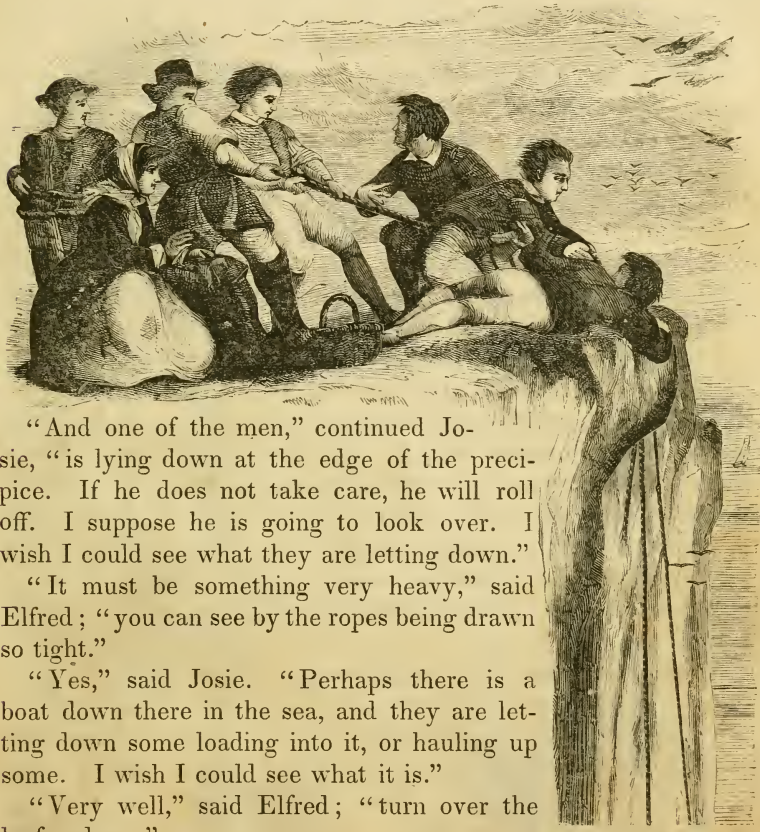
One of the pictures which he liked the best was in two parts. The first part represented some men on the top of a precipice letting something down by a rope.

"What is that they are letting down?" said Josie, the first time she saw this picture.

"Oh, you will find out by-and-by," said Elfred.

"How hard they are holding on," said Josie. "One, two, three, four—four men holding on, and one behind has got the rope wound round a post. There is a woman kneeling down, and clasping her hands. She looks afraid. There is a basket on the rocks before her. I wonder what is in it?"

The men on the rocks letting something down.



"And one of the men," continued Josie, "is lying down at the edge of the precipice. If he does not take care, he will roll off. I suppose he is going to look over. I wish I could see what they are letting down."

"It must be something very heavy," said Elfred; "you can see by the ropes being drawn so tight."

"Yes," said Josie. "Perhaps there is a boat down there in the sea, and they are letting down some loading into it, or hauling up some. I wish I could see what it is."

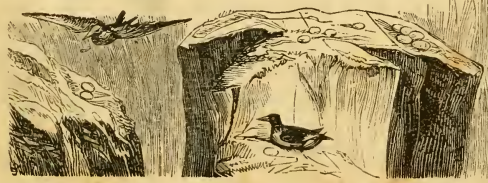
"Very well," said Elfred; "turn over the leaf and see."

So Josie turned over the leaf, and saw that it was a man that

they were letting down. Here you see him hanging by the ropes. The man is gathering eggs. The eggs are laid by the sea-birds on the shelves of the rocks, where there is no way to get at them except by letting men down in this way with ropes from above; for the cliffs overhang the sea, and thundering surges are dashing continually against the rocks below.

Some of the eggs are so far in among the crevices of the rocks that the man can not reach them with his hands, so he has a stick, with a crook on the end of it, and with this he draws the eggs toward him till he gets them within his reach. He finds it necessary to take care not to pull them too far, lest they should roll down over the edge of the rocks. If they should do so, they would be lost forever, for they would fall down hundreds of feet into the boiling sea.

The birds do not like to have their



eggs taken away from their nests, and they fly about the man as he hangs in the air, screaming in his ears, and endeavoring to drive him away.

These birds are ducks. There is one of them sitting on her nest, where the man can not see her. *Her* eggs are safe.

Below, at the foot of the precipice, we see the surge boiling against the broken rocks. It would be a dreadful thing for the man to fall among them. He would be dashed to pieces, and immediately killed.

In the first picture we behold a sail-boat in the distance, slowly gliding over the surface of the sea.

Elfred liked these two pictures very much indeed, partly because the children were always very much interested in seeing them, and partly because he was accustomed to go on an egg-hunting expedition himself every night in his hen-house.

It is true that going out into a quiet hen-house, across a level yard, after the eggs which his hens had laid there, was a very different thing from being let down with ropes from the brink of a precipice, over a raging sea ; but then Elfred was blind, and the egg-hunters of the pictures could see. And yet, after all, one would think that this could hardly be of any advantage to them ; for it seems to me that a great many people, if they were to be let down in this way over such tremendous precipices as these, would wish to shut their eyes, and keep them shut all the time as tight as possible.

Elfred's walks. The path by the lake. A fine view.

CHAPTER IX.

PARK.

One day Elfred, when out on an excursion at a short distance from home, met with a very singular adventure.

He often went away from home on short excursions alone, for there were many paths in the neighborhood of the house where he lived that it was quite safe for him to walk in. He could find his way along these paths very easily by means of a little cane which he carried in his hand. He would move this cane back and forth before him as he walked along, so as to feel his way, and also to ascertain if by chance there were any obstruction in the path.

One of the paths which Elfred used to walk in led to the shore of a lake, where there were some rocks on a cliff overhanging the water, with a smooth and pleasant beach below. The rocks above were overshadowed by trees, and one of them was of a very convenient form for a seat. The place was very cool and pleasant, and it commanded a fine view of the waters of the lake, and of the surrounding shores. Elfred used to climb up there to enjoy this view; for, though he could not see the lake or the shores, still he knew exactly where every object was, and he could imagine that he saw them. Besides, it amused him to listen to the sounds —such as the singing of the birds that were perched on the trees over his head, or the rippling of the water on the beach below. Sometimes, too, there would be a boat moving on the pond at a

greater or less distance from the shore, and Elfred could hear the dashing of the oars more or less distinctly as it passed by. If the boat belonged to boys who were out a fishing, they would often row up to the place where Elfred was sitting, and invite him to come down to the beach and get on board with them, for there was a very pleasant path leading down from the cliff to the shore, and Elfred could go up and down very easily. The boys, when they took Elfred on board on such occasions, would go out upon the pond, and let him fish with them. He could fish very well if there was only somebody near him to bait his hook; and if not, he could bait his hook himself tolerably well.

The rocks where Elfred sat on these occasions would have seemed to most persons rather a dangerous place for the blind boy to climb up upon. It would, in fact, have been somewhat dangerous for Elfred to have attempted to climb up upon them, for the first time, alone; but he had been familiar with them from his infancy, and had climbed about them a great many times—often in company with other boys, who showed him the way, and helped him up; so that he was as well acquainted with them as he was with the steps of his father's door.

One day, when Elfred was sitting on these rocks, he heard the noise of oars out upon the lake. He immediately began to listen very attentively to the sound.

"Ah!" said he, "there's a boat coming along."

Then he was silent, and listened again.

"Yes," said he, "it is certainly a boat; and I believe it is coming this way. I hope they are coming to take me on board. I wonder who it is that is in it."

The deaf and dumb boy. Park. Elfred listening.

Now it happened, singularly enough, that the person who was coming in the boat that Elfred heard was a deaf and dumb boy. His name was Park. He had come a short time before with his parents to live in that part of the country, and Elfred had never heard of him. Neither had he ever heard of Elfred. The cottage where Park lived was on the opposite side of the lake from Elfred's house, so that the distance was a mile or two by the road, though it was much less across the water. Park's father had a boat, and as Park could see, though he could not hear or speak, he could manage the boat very well.

On the morning that we are speaking of, he had come out a fishing.

After fishing for some time, and rowing back and forth in various places wherever he took a fancy to go, Park happened to get a view of Elfred sitting on the rocks. He did not know who it was, but supposed, of course, that it was some boy who lived in the neighborhood, and had come out there to play; and he immediately conceived the idea of going and inviting him to come on board the boat. So he rowed along toward the shore in the direction of the cliff, and it was the sound of his oars that Elfred heard.

"It must be some of the boys," said Elfred, "I am sure. They are coming for me, to take me a fishing with them."

So he waited and listened, expecting every moment to hear the voices of the boys calling out to him.

"As soon as I hear their voices," said he to himself, "I can tell who they are."

The voices were not heard, however, and yet the boat came on

nearer and nearer. At length it seemed to have come quite near to the shore, under the cliffs where Elfred was sitting, and then the sound of the oars ceased. Elfred could plainly hear that the oarsman was taking his oars in.

"Halloo the boat!" said Elfred, calling out aloud.

There was no answer.

"Halloo the boat!" said Elfred, repeating his call in a louder voice.

Still no answer.

"I say," said Elfred, calling louder yet, "who is that on board that boat?"

He listened for a reply, but all was perfectly still.

The fact was that Park, being deaf and dumb, could not hear a word that Elfred said. He could only see him sitting on the rocks, and, as he did not imagine that he was blind, he was engaged all the time that Elfred was calling him by words in attempting to call Elfred by gestures, that sort of language being the only one that he could employ.

As soon as he had found that he was near enough to the cliffs, and had stopped the boat and taken in his oars, he stood up in the bottom of the boat, looked up toward Elfred, and beckoned to him to come down; and he went on beckoning all the time that Elfred was calling to him, wondering all the time why Elfred did not come.

Thus there was a very animated dialogue going on between the two boys, neither being, in the least degree, conscious of what the other was doing, and each surprised that the other took no notice of what he was trying to say to him.

Incomprehensible signs. What can be the matter with him?

Elfred called out "Halloo the boat!"

Park beckoned for Elfred to come down.

"Who are you down there in that boat, and why don't you answer?" screamed Elfred.

Park pointed out over the water, and then made believe pull up a fishing-line, to denote to Elfred that he wished to have him come down and go a fishing with him.

"Who are you?" vociferated Elfred again, louder than before.

Park beckoned again, more earnestly than before.

All this time, Elfred, on listening very attentively, could perceive nothing but a dead silence, and he wondered why the boy in the boat did not reply.

All this time, too, Park saw that Elfred sat motionless, and he wondered why he did not come down.

"What can be the matter with him?" said Elfred.

"What can be the matter with him?" thought Park.

"I'll go down to the beach and see," said Elfred.

"I'll go up on the rocks and see," thought Park.

So Elfred climbed down from the rocks, and began descending the path toward the shore, while Park, taking his oars again, began to row his boat to the land.

Elfred reached the upper margin of the beach just as the boat touched the sand at the lower edge of it. Park saw now, at once, by the manner in which Elfred felt his way along the path with his cane, that he was blind.

CHAPTER X.

DIFFICULT TALKING.

MAN has five senses—seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling. As Park could not hear, and Elfred could not see, those two senses were, of course, out of the question as between the two boys, so far as the use of them as a means of intercommunication was concerned. There remained, therefore, the other three, feeling, tasting, and smelling. As it would obviously be impossible to communicate ideas on any general subjects by means of the senses of tasting and smelling, it is clear that the only available medium that was left to the boys was the sense of feeling.

"I must make him *feel* what I wish him to understand," thought Park; "and the first thing is to let him know that I am deaf and dumb."

So Park stepped out of the boat, and, going up to Elfred, took him by the hand. Elfred wondered what all these strange maneuvers could mean, and what Park was going to do. He, however, perceived at once that the stranger, whoever he might be, was friendly to him, and so he made no resistance, and did not attempt to get away, but stood still and allowed Park to do what he pleased.

Park accordingly took Elfred's hand, and brought the finger of it up to his ear, and then shook his head, intending to denote by that that he could not hear.*

* See Frontispiece.

He immediately reflected, however, that Elfred could not see the shaking of his head, and that, consequently, he must make him feel it. So he touched Elfred's finger again to his ear, and then putting Elfred's hand against the side of his head, he shook it again. He repeated this sign several times, bringing up Elfred's finger to his ear, and then his hand to the side of his head, and shaking it.

Very soon Elfred began to understand.

"Do you mean by that," said he, "that you can not hear?"

Park took no notice of this question, as of course he did not hear it, but went on with his gesticulations.

"I will put his hand to my lips," thought he, "and then shake my head again, to show him that I can not speak."

Park accordingly did this, and Elfred understood it. "It must be that you are deaf and dumb," said he. "But I did not know that there was any deaf and dumb boy living any where near this lake."

Elfred said these things aloud, forgetting for the moment that Park could not hear them. Park, of course, said nothing aloud. He did not even speak the words in his mind. He only *thought*.

"Now," thought he, "how shall I make him understand that I wish him to go a fishing with me? I'll go and get the fishing-line, and let him feel of that."

So Park, leaving Elfred for a moment on the sand, went to the boat. Elfred thought that he was going away. He concluded, however, to remain where he was, and *hear* him go away, and then go up on the cliffs again. He expected to hear him take up the oars, and push the boat off, and then to hear the dashing of the oars in the water, as it moved out into the offing.

Instead of this, he heard that Park got into the boat, and walked along to the stern of it, and that immediately afterward he came back, and got out again.

To understand distinctly how this seemed to him, you must shut your eyes, and imagine that you are on the shore of a lake listening to such sounds.

To understand exactly how it seemed to Park, you must stop your ears, and imagine that you are bringing a fishing-pole out of a boat to a boy on the shore who can not *see* you, while it is equally impossible for you to *hear* him.

Park brought the fishing-line to Elfred, and let him feel it. He then took both of Elfred's hands and placed them upon his cane in such a manner as to make a fishing-pole of it, and then made believe pull up a fish. He then took one of Elfred's hands, and pointed with it out over the lake, and finally took hold of his arm gently, as if he were going to lead him to the boat.

"If you mean that you wish to have me go a fishing with you," said Elfred, "I'll go."

Park did not hear these words, but as the utterance of them was accompanied, on the part of Elfred, by a readiness to move along where Park was leading him, Park understood that he consented to go a fishing. So he showed him the way to the boat, and they both got in. Park placed Elfred on a good seat by the stern, and then taking the oars in his hands, he pushed off, and began to row away from the shore.

Circumstances are certainly not peculiarly favorable for social intercourse and enjoyment when the party consists of a blind boy and a dumb boy, and they are alone in a boat in the middle of a

Elfred and Park in the boat. Elfred learns to paddle.

solitary lake. Yet still Park and Elfred had a very good time. Elfred was pleased that Park had invited him to go, and Park was pleased at having Elfred under his charge.

Elfred too, blind as he was, was not wholly incompetent as a fisherman. In fact, in this case he caught the first fish. Park baited the hook for him, and put the line in his hands. Elfred immediately let it down into the water, and before Park got *his* line out, Elfred had a bite. He pulled his line in, and found that he had a fine trout on the end of it.

At the commencement of the excursion, Park propelled the boat himself by paddling at the stern. Elfred could have paddled very well, but he could not see where to go. In coming back, however, they devised a way for surmounting this difficulty. Elfred took the paddle at the stern, while Park, sitting at the bows, indicated to him which way to go, by rapping with Elfred's cane on the larboard or starboard side of the boat, whichever way he wished it to incline. By this means Elfred was enabled to paddle the boat very well. He took it straight to the land, being guided and governed in his work all the way by the rappings of the cane.

The boys remained on the water more than two hours, and caught a fine basket full of fishes. During all this time neither of them spoke a word. For Park to speak would have been, of course, utterly impossible, and for Elfred it would have been utterly useless.

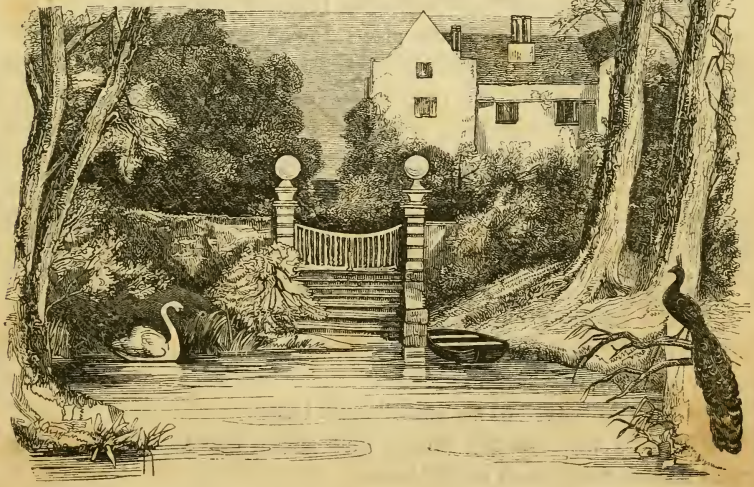
The swan. Elfred's picture. Jane Sophia's story.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SWAN.

One afternoon, when Jane Sophia went to see Elfred, she amused herself and him by pasting some of his pictures in a book of white paper, and then writing a story about each picture on the paper beneath it. Here is one of the stories which she wrote about a picture of a swan.

There are two large birds to be seen in this



The swan and the peacock compared. Lucy and James.

picture. On the right is a peacock. The peacock stands perched upon the branch of a tree. On the left is a swan, under the bank. The swan is floating on the water. His wings lie smoothly by his sides, and his neck is long and beautifully arched.

The swan has a long neck. The peacock has a long tail. The neck of the swan is beautiful in its form. The tail of the peacock is beautiful in its colors. There is a beauty of form and a beauty of color; the swan is distinguished for one, and the peacock for the other.

This pond is at the foot of a garden. The garden has a great many fruits and flowers in it, and a walk coming down from the house. The gate is at the foot of the walk, and there are stone steps outside the gate leading down to the water. There is a boat floating in the water near the steps, to sail in upon the pond. It is secured by a chain, which is hooked into an iron ring, fastened into the stones. Neither the ring, however, or the chain are visible.

One day some children, who had been playing in the garden, came to the gate, and looked down to the pond. Their names were Lucy and James.

"I wonder," said James, "if we may go and sail in that boat?"

"No," said Lucy, "I should think not."

"Yes," said James; "I am not afraid."

"First let me go and ask Aunt Anne," said Lucy.

"Oh no," said James; "the boat is so large, I am sure there is not any danger."

"But it is better to be sure," said Lucy.

So Lucy went to the house, and asked her aunt Anne if she and James might sail in the boat.

"Yes," said her aunt Anne.

"But is there not any danger," said Lucy, "that the boat will upset?"

"No," said her aunt; "but there is some danger that you may fall out of it."

"Well," said Lucy, "then we must not get into it."

"Yes," said her aunt; "for, if you do fall out of it, it will do no harm."

"Why, we shall be drowned," said Lucy.

"No," said her aunt; "the water is very shallow. It would only wet you up to the knees."

"Well, that would be too much," said Lucy. "I am sure I do not wish to fall in the water, and get wet even up to my knees."

"But there is no probability that you will fall in," said her aunt. "The boat is large and steady, and you can push it about all over the pond, and if you are careful, I presume you will not fall in. And if, by any chance, you should fall, you would only get wet a little, and that would do no great harm."

So Lucy went down the garden again, and descended the steps to the margin of the water. James had already unfastened the boat, and drawn it up to the landing. Lucy stepped in, while James held the boat still. Next James got in, and then, with a pole, he pushed the boat away over the water. For half an hour the boat and the swan sailed together about the pond.

The children could see the bottom of the pond very distinctly wherever they went. The water was very shoal, and the bottom was formed of yellow sand.

"Aunt Anne said that the water was not deep," said Lucy, "but I mean to be very careful not to fall in."

"I do not mean to be careful," said James. "I should like to fall in."

"Oh no," said Lucy; "you would get wet up to your knees."

"Well," said James, "I should like to get wet up to my knees."

"Oh, but you would not only get wet yourself, but your trowsers, and your stockings, and your shoes would get wet, and that would make a great deal of trouble."

Just then the swan, which had been swimming about all this time, went out of the water, and walked up the bank, near the two great trees on the right of the picture. The water immediately rolled off from his breast and his sides, and he was as dry as if he had been basking on the sunny bank all the day.

"I wish I had a dress of feathers," said James, "and then I could wade in the water and come out dry."

"Yes," said Lucy, "so you could."

"How curious it is," said James, "that the feathers are not made wet by being plunged in the water."

"Yes," said Lucy; "I wonder what the reason is."

"I suppose," said James, "it must be something in the way the feathers are made. If we should examine a feather in a microscope, perhaps we could see."

The children sailed about upon the pond until they were tired, and then they pushed the boat up to the steps again, and got out. They fastened the boat, and went up through the gate into the garden. They met their aunt Anne on the walk, coming down to find them.

They asked their aunt several questions as they were walking together back toward the house.

"Why is it that the feathers of the swan do not get wet," said Lucy, "when he swims in the water?"

"I do not know," said her aunt; "it is very wonderful."

"Why is it that the swan has such a long and slender neck?" said Lucy.

"So that he can reach down to the bottom of the pond to get his food," replied her aunt.

"And why does the peacock have such a short neck?" asked Lucy.

"Because he gets his food on the land, and never requires to reach down to the bottom of the water."

"Why does the peacock have such a long and spreading tail, and with all these beautiful eyes in it?" asked Lucy.

"I am sure I don't know," said her aunt Anne.

"It must be for some reason or other," said Lucy.

"Yes," replied her aunt. "I think there must be some useful end answered by the beautiful plumage of birds, but I do not know what it is."

At this point in the conversation between Lucy and her aunt Anne, Jane Sophia got to the bottom of the page, and so she ended the story here.

Josephine has a conversation with her father and mother and uncle.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTERPRETER.

One evening, when Josephine was sitting at the supper-table with her father and mother and her uncle, she told them that she had been to see Elfred that day.

"Ah!" said her father. "Well, that's right. I am glad to have you go and see him sometimes. I suppose he likes company."

"Yes," said Josephine, "and he likes the pictures which I carry him. I was very sure that he would like them."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Josie's uncle. "I am very glad that in that case you were right, and I was mistaken. You were wiser than I."

"Besides," added Josephine, "to-day I read him a story."

"*You* read him a story!" said her mother. "I did not think that you could read well enough to read any body a story."

"Yes," rejoined Josephine, "I did read him a story, and he said that he understood it very well.

"He said, too," continued Josephine, "that he liked my reading very much, because I read slow. You see I can not read fast, and so I have to read slow; but then Elfred likes it."

It was true that Josephine read very slowly, but then she pronounced all the words in a very distinct and audible manner. She paid close attention to the sense, too, when she was reading, and a person who does so always makes the sense more apparent to the

Joseph's style of reading. Josephine feels pleased.

hearer than one who runs over the sentences in a rapid and careless manner, and without thinking of the meaning.

In fact, there was a boy named Joseph who used sometimes to go to visit Elfred, and one day he undertook to read a story to him. But he was rather a self-conceited boy, and was quite vain of his powers as a reader. He seemed to think, as such boys almost always do, that the excellence of reading consists mainly in the rapidity with which the performer gets over the ground. So he was accustomed to run on, skipping some words and mispronouncing others, so as to make sense and nonsense of his author indiscriminately. He hurried over his reading in this way in order to make a display of his powers, and to let Elfred see how fast he could read. Now, inasmuch as what Elfred wished for was the pleasure of understanding the story, and not that of wondering at the reader's dexterity, he of course did not like such work as this. But when Josephine came, and read plainly and distinctly, and in such a manner as to express the sense, Elfred liked it very much indeed.

Josephine herself was greatly pleased to find that she had made so much progress in the art of reading as to be able to turn her skill to practical account. This was, in fact, the first time that she had ever attempted to read really and truly for the benefit of the hearer, and not for her own improvement.

Josephine's mother was very much pleased too. She thought it would be quite useful for Josephine to read to Elfred in this way, especially if she would read the stories that Jane Sophia wrote in Elfred's book, because that would teach her to read writing. She proposed this plan to Jane Sophia, and Jane Sophia said that she

should like it very much. She would write the stories, she said, in a very plain and legible hand.*

This plan was adopted; and after the children had begun to carry it into effect, it happened that Park was brought into it. Park had been taught to read, though of course he could not pronounce any of the words that he read. He read *with his eyes* altogether. There were a great many words, however, in ordinary books, that Park could not understand. Whenever, in his reading, he came to such a word, if he had any friend near him who could talk by signs, he would point out the word, and his friend would explain it by signs.

Thus there was a sort of copartnership formed of four persons. Whenever Elfred got a new picture, Jane Sophia would take it home and write an explanation of it, or a story about it. Then she would paste the picture into Elfred's book, and transcribe her story in a very plain, neat, and careful hand under it. Then, once a week, Josephine and Park would go to Elfred's house, and have a meeting to read the story. They would get the book out upon a table, and Josephine and Park would sit where they could see. Sometimes, if the weather was pleasant, they would sit down together upon the step of the door. It was always necessary that Park should sit where he could see, as he depended wholly on looking over for all his understanding of the story. Of course, he could not *hear* any thing that Josephine said. As to Elfred, it made no difference where he sat, as he could not see. It was only

* *Legible*, easy to be read. *Illegible*, difficult or impossible to be read. It is very important that every one, in learning to write, should take pains to form such a hand as shall be legible.

The reading party. Explanation of difficult words.

necessary that he should be near enough to hear. Accordingly, Elfred would sit, while Josephine was reading, wherever it happened to be most convenient, but Park and Josephine always sat side by side.

Thus, when it was summer, and they were reading in the yard, Josephine and Park would establish themselves, perhaps, on a step of the door, or on a small bench that stood under a woodbine that grew against the wall, and Elfred would sit in a small chair near by, and amuse himself by knitting while he was listening to the reading; or he would lie upon the grass in the corner of the yard, under a pear-tree that grew there.

Josephine would always keep the place with her finger while she read, so that Park could follow her precisely, and always be looking at the words which Josephine was reading to Elfred at the time she was reading them. If they came to any word which Josephine thought it probable that Park did not understand, she would stop and point at the word, and look inquiringly at Park to know whether he understood it or not. If he did not understand it, then Josephine or Elfred would explain it to him by signs. Sometimes Josephine would explain it, and sometimes Elfred.

For example, at one time they were reading a story about a gentleman and his boy taking a walk, and coming to a yard where there was a very fierce dog chained up near the door of his kennel. It was said in the story that the dog was very fierce, and that, when he saw the gentleman and his son coming, he sprang out to seize them, barking furiously, and he would have actually seized them if he had not been prevented by his chain, which was drawn very *tense* by his exertions.

A picture. Description of it. Manner of reading.

Here you see the picture of this dog. His chain is drawn very tense. The dog is at the uttermost limit of it. He is barking furiously. The gentleman and the boy are in the background, to the right. They keep at a good distance from the dog. The gentleman has a cane in his hand, but still he thinks it is not prudent for him to go near the dog.

Behind the man and boy is a barn, with the great doors partly open. To the left of it is a house, but the lower part of the house is concealed by a fence which intervenes.* There is a lattice window above.

The kennel is behind the dog. We can see the door where the dog goes in and out. There is a round dish on the ground before him. The people feed him out of this dish.

When Josephine was reading this story, Elfred was sitting on one side of her, and Park on the other; for, whenever there were pictures to be explained, Elfred wished to sit near, so that Josephine could guide his finger to the various parts of the picture while she was reading the description of it. In such cases, Josephine was obliged to instruct one of her pupils at a time. She would

* *Intervenes*, comes between. An intervention of one person in respect to two others is his coming between them, to reconcile them, for example, if they are at enmity. Good boys often intervene to prevent quarrels among their companions.

first take Park's hand in hers, and, pointing with his finger along the lines, she would read the story, Elfred listening, but not seeing. Then, having finished the reading, she would take Elfred's hand, and, pointing to the various parts of the picture with *his* finger, she would explain it all to him, Park looking, but not hearing. In case there were any words which Park did not understand, Elfred would explain them to Josephine, and Josephine to Park. Thus Josephine acted as an interpreter.

For instance, when Josephine, in reading about the picture of the dog, came to the word *tense*, she stopped, for as she did not understand the word herself, she supposed that Park perhaps did not. So she pointed to the word, and looked to Park with an inquiring expression of countenance, which was meant to ask him whether he understood it or not.

Park shook his head.

"I am asking him," said she to Elfred, "whether he understands *tense*, and he says he does not."

It was necessary to *say* this to Elfred, for he could not see Josephine point to the word and look at Park, nor could he see Park shake his head in reply.

"I don't think I understand it myself," continued Josephine. "There is some kind of a tense in grammar, but I don't think this can be such a one as that."

"No," said Elfred, "it means tight—strained tight. Any thing that is drawn tight is said to be tense."

Park was looking at Josephine and Elfred while they were talking thus, but of course he could not tell what they were saying. He waited patiently, supposing that they were talking about

Elfred explains to Park the meaning of the word tense.

the word, and that they would make some signs to him to explain it to him as soon as they had finished what they were saying.

"Yes," said Josephine, "I understand it now. I can see in the picture that the chain is drawn very tight indeed. If I were where the boy is, I should think it would break. But how can I explain it to Park?"

"I'll show him," said Elfred.

So Elfred drew a piece of twine out of his pocket, and then, taking the two ends of it in his two hands, he held it up so that Park could see.

"Is Park looking?" said Elfred.

"Yes," said Josephine.

Elfred then held his hands at such a distance from each other as to allow the string to hang down loosely between them.

"There!" said Elfred; "now tell him that that is *not* tense."

So Josephine pointed to the word tense in the book, and then at the loose string, and shook her head, to indicate that the word did *not* denote such a condition of the string as he saw before him.

"Have you told him?" asked Elfred.

"Yes," said Josephine.

Elfred then moved his hands to a greater distance apart, so as to draw the string tight between them.

"Is he looking?" asked Elfred.

"Yes," said Josie.

"Then tell him," rejoined Elfred, "that now the string *is* tense."

So Josephine pointed to the tight string between Elfred's hands,

Josephine refers back for another illustration.

and then to the word tense in the book, and nodded her head to denote that that was the condition of the string which the word tense signified.

Park understood perfectly at once, and nodded his head in turn very earnestly, and with his countenance full of intelligence and pleasure. Josephine then pointed to the chain in the picture, and to the word tense immediately afterward, and looked to Park with a smile. Park smiled in his turn, and nodded more, showing that he was perfectly satisfied with the explanation.

Then Josephine turned back in the book until she found the picture of the man who was let down over the precipice to gather eggs from the rocks in the Orkney Islands, and showed Park the ropes by which the man was suspended. After showing them to him, she pointed to the word *tense* again, to indicate to him that those ropes were tense. Park smiled and nodded, and then pointed to that part of the rope which was seen passing through the hands of the men who stand on a cliff, and nodded again, to show that he understood the meaning of the word perfectly.

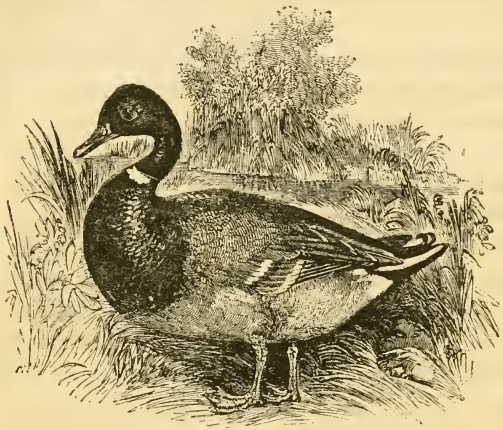
Thus, although he did not know, and never could know, how the word would sound when spoken, he understood perfectly well what condition of a string or chain it denoted.

It was by various ingenious contrivances of this kind that Elfred and Josephine communictated to Park a knowledge of such words as they came to in their reading that he did not understand. Josephine learned the meaning of the words herself at the same time.

Sometimes Josephine would explain the meaning of words by actions which she would perform herself, and these actions were often such as to make considerable amusement for all the party.

The duck. Three modes of locomotion. Locomotion defined.

For example, there was a picture of a duck, and the explanation which Jane Sophia wrote under it contained an account of the habits and mode of life of the duck. He has three modes of locomotion, said she, in the story. He can swim on the water, fly through the air, and walk on the land. His swimming is excellent, his flying is very good, but his walking is bad. It is waddling rather than walking.



Park pointed first to the word locomotion.

"He wishes to know what locomotion means," said Josephine. "What does it mean?"

"It means any way of getting along," said Elfred; "walking, running, swimming, flying, or any other way of getting from one place to another."

"Then I had better write it down," said Josephine.

So she took a slate, which was always kept at hand for such purposes, and wrote upon it all the words expressive of locomotion that she or Elfred could think of. She wrote walking, running, creeping, flying, swimming, and several others. Then she made

Waddling.	Josephine's manner of defining it.	Park satisfied.

a great bracket, and wrote *locomotion* opposite, in order to show to Park that all those actions were locomotion. Park seemed to understand.*

Park then pointed to the word *waddling*.

"*Waddling*," said Josephine, reading the word aloud to Elfred—"he wishes to know what waddling means. I can show him that myself."

So she got down from her chair, and began to walk across the floor to and fro, in an awkward, waddling gait, imitating as closely as possible the movement of a duck. She made such a grotesque exhibition in doing this, that Park was very much amused, and laughed aloud.

"What are you doing?" said Elfred.

"I am waddling," said Josephine.

So Josephine waddled across the floor again, and now Elfred laughed himself. He laughed partly from sympathy with Park, and partly from the conception which he formed in his own imagination of Josie's waddling.

Josephine came back to the table and pointed to the duck, and then waddled a little more. This conveyed very clearly to the mind of Park the idea that the word in question denoted the peculiar gait which characterizes the locomotion of the duck when waddling on land.

* The word *locomotive* means, on the same principle, that which has power to move from place to place. A steam-engine in a cotton mill remains stationary. It moves the machinery, but it can not move itself away from the place where it is fixed. But an engine on a rail-road has power to move itself from one place to another. Hence it is called a locomotive engine, or sometimes simply, for shortness, a locomotive.

Both Elfred and Park enjoyed these readings very much indeed, and Josephine's mother thought they were a great means of improvement for her as well as a benefit to them. Perhaps the person who derived the greatest advantage from the plan was Jane Sophia, as she wrote most of the stories. The advantage of writing such stories, or explanations of pictures, as a literary exercise, is very great indeed.

And yet, when such an exercise is assigned to children by their parents or teachers as a means of intellectual culture, they generally make innumerable objections and difficulties, and evince a great reluctance to attempting it.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAME ANNSLEY.

This is a story which Josephine read one day out of Elfred's book.

"There were once two children who lived in the same farm-house together, and who were very similar to each other in age and appearance, though they were quite dissimilar in manners and character. They were both originally named Mary, but when they came to live together in one house, it was found necessary to devise some way of making a difference in their names, so that each might know, when she was called, that she herself was meant, and not the other. The people accordingly devised the plan of calling one of the children Mariella, and the other Marianna. They designated them in this way, however, only when they

wished to make a distinction between them. When there was no occasion for this—as, for example, when only one of them was in the room to hear—they called her Mary, whichever of the two it might be.

"These girls were not sisters. This, in fact, would naturally be inferred from their having the same name, as two sisters would not probably be both named Mary. They were cousins. Mariella was an orphan. Her father and mother had both died, and at their death she came to live with her aunt, Marianna's mother. Marianna had a brother whose name was George; so that there were three children of nearly the same age living in the same family, namely, the two Maries and George.

"The name of the mother and aunt of these children was Dame Annsley.

"The two Maries, as has already been said, were quite dissimilar in manners and character. The reason of this difference was, that Marianna was her mother's favorite, and so she became a spoiled child, while Mariella, being only a niece, was not so fondly indulged. George too, being a boy, was treated more reasonably. Mothers are often more proud of their boys than of their girls, but they are generally more indulgent to their girls than to their boys.

"If George or Mariella wished for any thing, or asked for any thing which it was best for them not to have, the Dame could deny them, and she had firmness enough to persevere in denying them.

"On the other hand, if Marianna wished for any thing, or asked for any thing, the Dame could not bear to deny her at all; or if

she did deny her at first, it was done very faintly, and Marianna could always, by perseverance, carry her point in the end.

"The consequence was, that George and Mariella learned to submit to restrictions and disappointments when duty required, but it was very hard for Marianna to submit to any necessity at all. Thus Marianna became insubmissive, exacting, and stubborn, while Mariella and George were amiable, gentle, and kind.

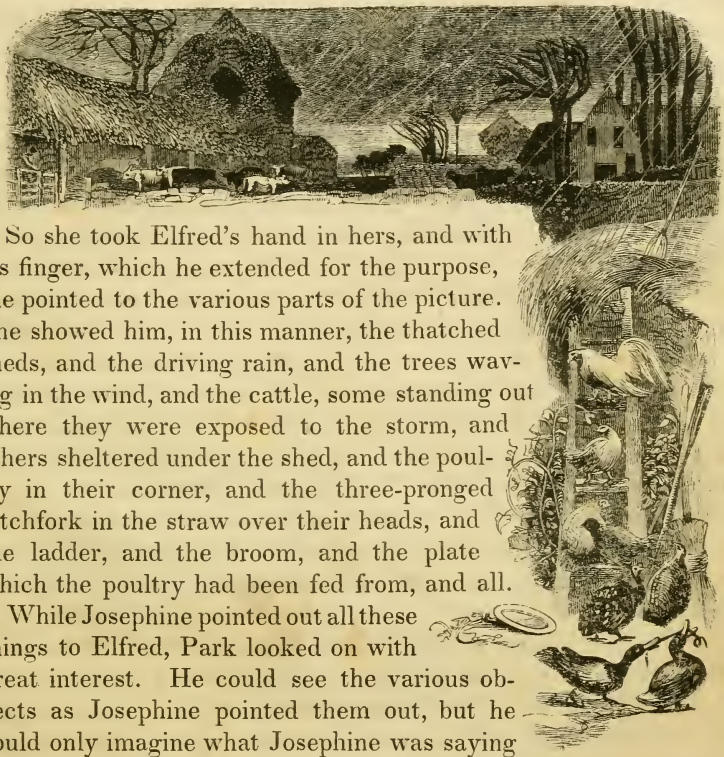
"It is sad to think that a mother should thus injure the disposition and character of her child, and jeopardize so seriously her prospects of future happiness by the very excess of her love. But so it is in ten thousand cases. The affection of the mother is so strong for the child, that she can not bear to subject her to any restriction or privation whatever. The child is then often ungenerous and ungrateful enough to take advantage of this weakness, and she gains sometimes in the end such an ascendency over her mother, and exercises it so recklessly, as actually to rule and reign over her with the spirit of a tyrant. It is mournful and melancholy in the extreme to see such weakness in a mother, and such unnatural ingratitude and cruelty in a child.

"One afternoon, in the fall of the year, there was a great storm. The trees waved, the wind roared, the rain fell. The cattle gathered together under the thatched sheds, and the poultry sought shelter in a corner, where some nestled under the straw, others perched upon the rounds of a ladder, and others quarreled for the food which they scratched up from the ground."

"Is there a picture of it?" said Elfred, when Josephine had read thus far in the story.

"Yes," said Josephine; "I will show you."

The picture, and Josephine's explanation of it to Elfred and Park.



So she took Elfred's hand in hers, and with his finger, which he extended for the purpose, she pointed to the various parts of the picture. She showed him, in this manner, the thatched sheds, and the driving rain, and the trees waving in the wind, and the cattle, some standing out where they were exposed to the storm, and others sheltered under the shed, and the poultry in their corner, and the three-pronged pitchfork in the straw over their heads, and the ladder, and the broom, and the plate which the poultry had been fed from, and all.

While Josephine pointed out all these things to Elfred, Park looked on with great interest. He could see the various objects as Josephine pointed them out, but he could only imagine what Josephine was saying in describing them. Elfred, on the other hand, could hear the words which Josephine spoke, but he could only imagine how the various objects would appear to the eye. Then Josephine resumed her reading.

"The scene was very dark and gloomy, and it would have been very dark and gloomy indeed had it not been for some lines of light in the west, where the sky seemed brighter."

"Then it is going to clear up," said Elfred. "It always clears up when it looks bright in the west."

"Yes," said Josephine; "it did clear up, as you will see by the rest of the story." Then she read on.

"About half past six o'clock in the afternoon it cleared up, and then Marianna wished to go out to play.

"Her uncle came in about this time to pay the family a visit. She asked him if it was pleasant out of doors. He said that the sun was shining very pleasantly indeed. The rain had ceased, the clouds had disappeared, the air was calm, and millions of drops hung glittering under the branches of the trees.

"The children all wished very much to go out and see.

"Dame Annsley said that they must not go. It was too wet.

"'Do you think we should take cold, Aunt Annsley?' said Mariella.

"'No,' said Dame Annsley, 'I don't think you would take cold, but you would get your shoes and your dresses wet and muddy, and that would make me a great deal of trouble. No, I can not let you go out, on any account. You must take your books and your slates, and amuse yourselves as well as you can in the house. To-morrow morning it will be dry, and then you can go out.'

"So Mariella and George at once gave up the point, and went away to play.

The game of Choosing Pictures. Description of it.

"They got some books in order to look at the pictures, and they soon began to play a game which they called *Choosing Pictures*. They played this game with a certain book which they had that contained pages of pictures here and there—a great many pictures on a page. The pages were divided into squares, and in each square was a small picture. The children would hold the book in George's lap, and open it at a page of pictures. Then Mariella, after looking all over the page, would choose one of the pictures for hers—the one which she thought was the prettiest. Then George would choose one from among those that were left. Then Mariella would choose again, and so they would go on alternately, until all the pictures on that page had been taken. The choosing of the picture in this way was, in fact, a mere form, as, of course, they could not take those which they chose out of the book; but the act of looking over them to make a selection led them to examine the engravings closely, and so was the means of enabling them to derive more pleasure from them; for the pleasure which we take in looking at pictures of any kind depends very much on the closeness and attention with which we examine them.

"Thus George and Mariella acquiesced in the Dame's decision.

"Marianna, too, seemed to give up, but she secretly meant to come back again soon, and tease her mother to let her go.

"So she took her slate and book, and sat down on the floor, and amused herself a few minutes drawing pictures. She got tired of this, and then, leaving her book and slate upon the floor, she took her skipping-rope and skipped a little while. Then she threw down her skipping-rope upon the table, and came to her mother, and began to tease her again to let her go out."

Description of the room, and the various objects in it.

On the opposite page is a picture of Marianna teasing her mother to let her go out. First, I will describe the room and the things that are in it.

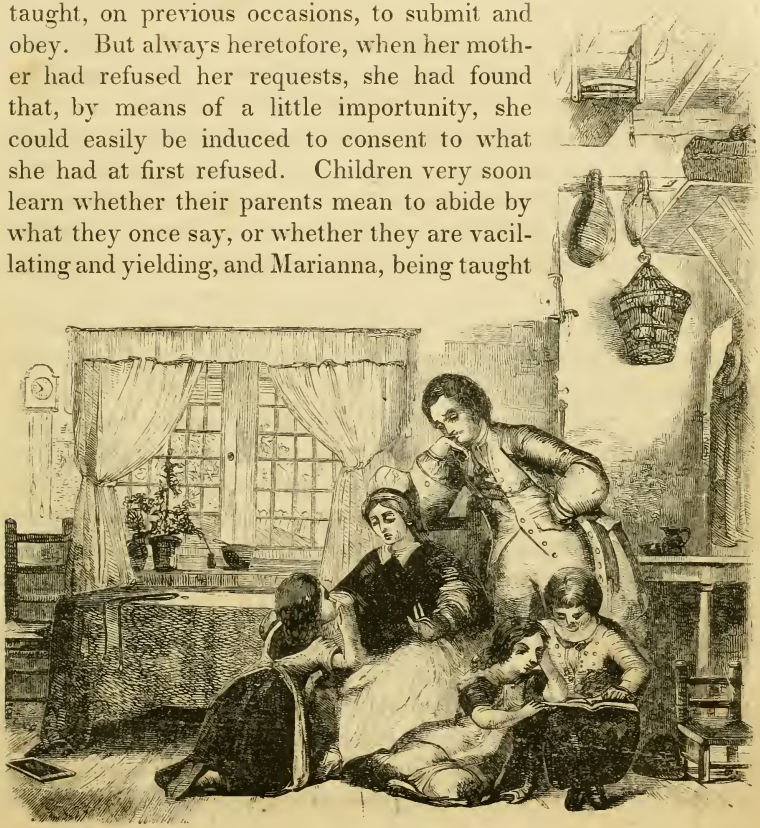
The room is a very pleasant one. There is a large window in the background, with curtains, which are drawn up on each side. We can see through the window to the trees and the sky beyond. The sky looks bright and clear. On the window-sill is a bowl with a spoon in it, and an inkstand with a pen in it, and two flower-pots with flowers in them. To the left of the window is a clock. It has no case. It is fastened against the wall. We can see the weights hanging down. By this clock the time is seven minutes of seven.

In front of the window is a table covered with a cloth. Marianna's jumping-rope is lying on the table, and also a ring which she took off from her finger. By the side of the table is a chair. The Dame is sitting in another chair; there is also a third chair, a small one, near where George is sitting, and near also to the fire. The fire is not seen in the engraving. It is too far in the foreground. We can see the hearth-brush, however, hanging by the chimney-corner.

There is a table, too, by the side of the fire, and above the table are various objects hanging against the wall. There is a cage with a bird in it suspended from the under side of a shelf. The shelf is supported by braces. Higher up is a hanging-shelf, supported by a frame, and a string near it fastened to the beam. The end of the string is hanging down. Such hanging shelves as this are very convenient in a farmer's cottage. The mice can not get upon them. So they make safe places to put bread or pies upon.

Picture of Marianna teasing her mother.

Marianna would have yielded very readily and cheerfully to her mother's decision, if she had been properly taught, on previous occasions, to submit and obey. But always heretofore, when her mother had refused her requests, she had found that, by means of a little importunity, she could easily be induced to consent to what she had at first refused. Children very soon learn whether their parents mean to abide by what they once say, or whether they are vacillating and yielding, and Marianna, being taught



Conclusion of the story. Mothers often reason falsely.

by former experience that her mother's refusal is not probably final, is now encouraged to persevere in her teasing.

The remainder of the story was as follows:

"After Marianna had teased some time, her mother consented to let her go out.

"Marianna took a great deal of pains not to get muddy and wet, and she did not take cold, so she returned from her walk with very little outward damage; but her disposition and temper of mind, in respect to submission to duty, and, consequently, her prospects of happiness for future life, were very seriously injured."

It is a great misfortune to a child to have a mother who will ever allow herself to be teased into consenting to that which her judgment condemns.

There is another reason which sometimes operates to prevent mothers from properly controlling and governing their children, besides their instinctive fondness for them, and that is, their unwillingness to alienate their affections. "I wish my child to love me," says a mother to herself; "and if I disappoint him in his hopes, and thwart him in his wishes and desires, he will soon consider me as an obstacle to his happiness, and so he will, in the end, learn to hate me." But this is a great mistake. All persons who are under government of any kind, whether parental, political, or military, are best pleased and satisfied when it is administered in such a manner as to command their respect. A king or a general who exercises his command in a firm and decided manner, and exacts submission to it, is always far more likely to be loved by his

The authority of great generals. An indulgent parent makes an undutiful child.

subjects or his soldiers than one who is weak, irresolute, changeable, and unreasonably yielding. No commanders were ever more popular with their troops than Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, and none were ever more decided in insisting upon the most implicit obedience from all who were under their authority.

It is so with parents and children. The children that love their parents most are those who are trained best to obey; and in all cases when one of the parents requires the child to obey, and the other does not, the former is always the most beloved.

On the other hand, the mother who yields to her children's caprices and unreasonable desires, who never requires submission of them, but allows them to incline her this way and that by their importunities, or their sullenness, or their tears, to the sacrifice of their best and highest good, will soon be despised by them, and, of course, will forfeit their love. It is impossible for us to love any one whom we despise.

Accordingly, when we hear of a child who is ungrateful and undutiful to his father and his mother, and who treats them, when he grows up, with harshness and cruelty, we almost always find, on inquiry, that he was treated with fond and foolish indulgence when he was young. The mistaken kindness which his mother showed him, in the vain hope of winning his affection by it, and binding his heart to hers by the strongest bonds of gratitude and love, proved, in the end, the means of making her the object of his contemptuous neglect, and perhaps even of actual cruelty.

Whenever, therefore, your parents evince a disposition to act firmly and decidedly in their government of you, yield submissively to their authority, and make their task as easy as you can.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHNNY AND THE APPLES.

This is another story from Elfred's book.

"Once there was a little boy named Johnny. He was a very good-natured little fellow, and a great favorite in the school that he went to, which was a very small school, kept in a country town in England.

"Now it happened that near the place where the school was kept which Johnny used to go to, a farmer lived, who had a very excellent garden, with many fruit-trees in it, trained against a wall. Fruit ripens better in England when it is trained against a wall, for the wall reflects upon it the beams of the sun. Besides the wall-fruit, this farmer had many fruit-trees standing detached in different parts of his garden. Among others, there was an apple-tree that stood not far from the hedge which divided the garden from the play-ground of the school.

"It happened that one day, when little Johnny was coming to school, he contrived to look through a thin place in the hedge, where it fronted upon the play-ground, and there he saw a fine large apple lying upon the ground under the tree. This apple had become ripe, and had fallen off the tree. It was very large and rosy, and it looked very tempting. Johnny got a stick, and laying his satchel—which contained books that he had brought with him to the school—down upon the grass, he put the end of the stick

Joseph and Hodge come by. Their reasoning on the case.

through the hedge, and attempted to get the apple. But he could not reach it.

"Just at this time, two other boys belonging to the school came by. The name of one of them was Joseph. Joseph wore a sort of frock, like a cartman's frock, and he had a bag, which contained his luncheon, swung over his shoulder by a strap.

"'Johnny,' said Joseph, as he came up, 'what are you trying to do?'

"'I want to get that apple,' said Johnny, still working with his stick through the hedge.

"Joseph came up to the place, and looked through the hedge. He saw the apple lying upon the ground.

"'Let us get it for him, Hodge,' said he.

"The name of the boy that came with him was Hodge.

"'Let us get the apple for him,' he repeated; 'Farmer Roland will not care.'

"The name of the farmer who owned the garden was Roland.

"'Well,' said Hodge, 'I will see if I can't find a longer stick.'

"So the boys looked about for some time to find a longer stick, but they could not find any. At last Joseph said that he believed he could creep through the hedge at a place which he found where it was quite thin.

"He had a vague and ill-defined feeling that this was wrong, but he did not stop to consider very distinctly what he was doing. In fact, he was in a peculiar state of mind that people very often get into, in which they are perhaps more than in any other case liable to do wrong; that is, he had a good motive and end in view, and so he did not pay sufficient regard to the means by

which he was about to attempt to attain the end. The motive which influenced him was kindness to Johnny. The end he had in view was to give Johnny pleasure by obtaining the apple for him. In his interest in accomplishing this, the dishonesty and the wrongfulness of breaking into an inclosure, and taking apples that belonged to another person, did not come much into his mind.

"He succeeded without any great difficulty in getting through the hedge. Hodge assisted him by holding back some of the branches of the thorn-bushes of which the hedge was made. Joseph took up the apple which was lying upon the ground, and then was about to retreat, when he happened to spy a branch hanging down near him, loaded with apples that were larger and finer even than the one which had lain upon the ground. He could not resist the temptation of taking some of these too. He hastily gathered three of them, which made four in all, and then, putting all four in his pockets, he came back to the hedge. Just at this instant a furious dog, which was kept in the garden to watch, came rushing down the alley, barking violently. Joseph, however, pressed eagerly on, and contrived to scramble through the hedge before the dog could seize him. Of course, he was very much rejoiced at his narrow escape. He put three of the apples which he had succeeded in getting into Johnny's satchel, and the other he gave to Johnny to hold in his hands. Johnny, being thus put in possession of the booty, went off toward the door of the school-room; while Joseph, with Hodge's assistance, was brushing and smoothing down his clothes, and preparing to follow him.

Some account of the teacher. His singular punishments.

"Now it happened that the teacher of the school had heard the barking of the dog, and he supposed that the meaning of it was, that some one of the boys of the school had been making encroachment on the farmer's garden. He had several times had trouble on this point before. So he began to watch the door to see who should next come in, expecting, of course, that he must be the one that the dog had been barking at. The teacher was a very stern and rough man. He was rough in his appearance and dress, and very severe in his demeanor. He was not, however, unjust. He was a good teacher, though very strict, and he was kind to all the good boys who attended faithfully to their work. Nor did he punish those who did wrong too severely. Sometimes he would require a boy who would not attend to his duties to stand up alone for half an hour in a corner, and sometimes he would make him wear a high, conical paper cap, which was called the fool's cap.* But, though he never punished the boys unjustly, and seldom severely, he would often talk to them, when they did wrong, in so rough and stern a manner as to frighten them excessively.

"His punishments, though not very severe, were often very disagreeable. If a boy whispered to the other boys when he ought to be studying his lessons, he would make him sit for some time

* *Conical* means shaped like a cone. A cone is round at the bottom, and then, growing smaller and smaller above, runs at length to a point at the top. A coffee-pot cover is conical, a sugar-loaf is conical, the point of a pin is conical, the stem of a tree with all the branches stripped off to the top would be conical. Do not forget the meaning of conical.

There is another word very much like this in sound, which has a very different meaning. It is the word *comical*. Comical means *droll* or *funny*. A boy wearing a conical paper cap makes a very comical appearance.

with a cork in his mouth, under pretense that, as the boy could not keep his mouth shut, it was necessary to have it corked up like a bottle. For a boy to sit in this way half an hour, perhaps, with the end of the cork protruding from his mouth, was very vexatious and mortifying. The boy who is seen in the picture in the next page, at the back side of the room, with the fool's cap on, was punished in that way for sitting idle instead of attending to his duties. The teacher said that idleness in a school-boy tended to make him a dunce, and so he would put on the fool's cap, as the most appropriate decoration that he could find. 'By having a fool's cap on,' he said to the boy, 'the outside of your head will correspond well with the inside.'

"It is not a good plan, I think, to punish children by such methods as this. The feeling of shame is one of the most delicate and sensitive of the susceptibilities of the human heart, and it should be touched very gently. It should be cherished and preserved, not trampled upon and destroyed. This teacher was, however, in the main just, though he was sometimes rough and severe.

"When the teacher heard the great wooden latch of the door lifting up, he looked to see who would come in; and when he saw Johnny come, with one apple in his hand, and the shapes of the others plainly visible in the satchel, he immediately supposed that Johnny had been getting the fruit in some way or other from the garden. So he came up to him with a very stern countenance, and with his rod in his hand, saying,

"'Johnny! Johnny! you young buccaneer, where did those apples come from? *I* know those apples very well. They came from Farmer Roland's garden.'

Picture of Johnny coming in.

JOHNNY AT THE DOOR.

"Johnny was very much terrified. He dropped his bag from his hand. One of the apples rolled out of the bag upon the floor. He, however, still clung unconsciously to the one which he held in his hand.

"Just at this instant the door opened again, and Joseph and Hodge came in, Joseph being foremost. The teacher paid no attention to them, but was proceeding to threaten poor Johnny, who did not know enough to say any thing in self-defense. But Joseph was too magnanimous to allow the affair to pass so. He might have gone to his seat, and thus escaped all responsibility of what had been done. But he would not do this. So he said,

"'Johnny did not get the apples, sir; I got them for him.'

"'You, you young vagabond!' said the teacher; 'you! And how did you get them, pray?'

"'I crept through the hedge, sir,' said Joseph.

"'I helped him, sir,' said Hodge.

"Hodge, though he did not go through the hedge himself, nor touch the apples at all, was still what is called in law an *aider* and *abettor* in the transaction, and, of course, was nearly as guilty as the principal in it, though not quite so guilty. He was conscious of this, and he did not consider it honorable, therefore, to allow Joseph to take the whole of the blame. So he said of his own accord that he had helped.

"'You helped, did you?' said the teacher; 'you young burglars! And what punishment do you think you deserve for this?'*

"The teacher then, after a moment's pause, told all three of the

* Burglary is the crime of breaking into a house in order to steal, or with any other evil intention. He who does this is called a *burglar*.

The teacher and Joseph discourse about the case.

boys to take their seats, saying that he would attend to the case at the close of the school.

"Accordingly, when the school was closed, and the other boys were dismissed, the teacher called Joseph and Hodge to his desk. The boys felt a good deal of fear, but they were not sorry that they had honestly confessed their fault.

"'And now, Joseph, what punishment do you think you deserve for breaking into Farmer Roland's garden? Don't you think you merit a merciless whipping?'

"Joseph did *not* think that he merited a merciless whipping, but he did not like to answer directly in the negative; so, after reflecting a moment, he said,

"'That kind of punishment would not make any amends to Farmer Roland, whose apples we stole.'

"'Surely not,' said the teacher. 'And what kind of punishment could there be that would make him amends? You can carry back the apples, that is all.'

"'Yes,' said Joseph; 'and we might work for him in his garden long enough to pay for the value of the apples, perhaps about four times—or ten times.'

"'That's a thought,' replied the teacher. 'But then I don't believe he would trust such rogues as you in his garden, with all that fruit growing.'

"'Then we could work in his *fields*,' said Joseph. 'We could dig for him, or hoe.'

"'Well,' said the teacher, 'you are a sensible boy. We will see what Farmer Roland says to that plan. Take the apples and carry them round to him, and see if he will set you at work.'

The punishment. All parties are well satisfied.

"So Joseph and Hodge took the apples, and went round to the farmer's house. They found the farmer out in the yard by a well, watering his horses. They told him their story. The farmer heard them with much surprise. He took the apples, saying that they were from a particular tree, which he valued very much, and that he had sold all the apples which should grow on that tree that season to a gentleman that lived in the neighborhood, so that they did not really belong to him.

"He said that he was perfectly willing to trust the boys in his garden, since they were honest enough to confess their fault, and to bring the apples back; and that they might come the first afternoon when there was no school.

"So the boys went to the farmer's the first holiday afternoon, and worked industriously there three hours. Their work consisted of hoeing over all the paths, and then raking up the weeds and rubbish, and wheeling the whole away in a wheelbarrow. They worked so carefully and so well, that when the farmer came home he said that they had done good to the amount of more than ten times the value of the apples. So the boys went away, and all were satisfied.

"In fact, they said to one another that the work they did in the garden was no punishment to them at all. It was good play. And afterward they used often to go to the farmer's garden on Saturday afternoons, to work there for pleasure."

Construction of the push-cart. The two ways of using it.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PUSH-CART.

Somebody gave Elfred a small cart or wagon, such as boys use to play with, and he contrived to attach it to a frame behind, with a round bar extending across from side to side, in such a position that he could stand behind and take hold of this bar, and push his cart along the road by means of it.

There was a pole or tongue, too, in front of the cart. Elfred could take hold of the pole if he chose, and so draw his cart along the road by means of that.

When he was alone, he used always to *draw* his cart, feeling his way along the path with a cane. In this manner he would sometimes bring wood in from the shed to the house. He would load his cart with wood at the shed, and then draw it along the path to the kitchen door. The path was straight, and he knew the way very well.

When, however, he had company, or any person to help him, he would always *push* his cart by taking hold of the handle or bar behind. His company would take hold of the pole to *draw*, while he would push behind. When Josephine was his company, he would often make excursions along the road with his cart, Josephine riding in it, and steering it by lines fastened to the pole, while Elfred pushed it behind.

The lines by which Josephine steered the cart were attached

Elfred's plan for clearing the road. The bag of corn.

to the cross piece at the end of the pole. The pole was set into the axle-tree of the forward wheels, and thus, by moving the pole toward one side or the other, the wheels were turned to the right or to the left. Thus Josephine could guide the cart by means of the lines. She called these lines her reins.

Elfred liked to propel his cart by pushing much better than by pulling, if he only had Josephine or some one else to steer it, and he used it more in this way than in the other; so he was accustomed to call it his push-cart.

In fact, pushing his push-cart was the safest of all possible ways by which Elfred could go over the road; for the cart, keeping always immediately before him, cleared the way, as it were, so that there was no danger of his running against any thing when he was pushing it along; for in case there chanced to be any thing lying in the road or path where Elfred was going, the cart would strike against it first, and this, as Elfred always went along quite carefully, did no harm.

In fact, on one occasion Elfred performed quite a useful service with his push-cart. It was at a time when he was going with it along the road in front of his father's house. The road was very smooth, for Elfred had picked up all the stones from it. His practice had been, whenever the wheels of his cart struck against a stick or a stone, to stop and pick it up, and put it into his cart, and so take it away. Thus, in process of time, the road, for a considerable distance each side of the house, had become cleared of all obstructions.

One day, when Elfred was running up and down in this road, driving his push-cart before him, he found himself suddenly stop-

ped by an impediment, which proved, on examination, to be a bag of corn that had been accidentally dropped there by a wagoner. Elfred put the bag of corn into his cart, and carried it home, and kept it there until the wagoner called for it.

CHAPTER XVI.

ADONIJAH.

Sometimes when Park came to see Elfred, the two boys would go out together to propel the push-cart. Park, who could see where he was going, would take hold of the pole and draw, while Elfred would push behind. Josephine in such cases, if she was there at the time, would ride. As the cart was strong, and both Elfred and Park were swift of foot, they could go along in this way with great speed where the road was smooth. Park could, of course, see where he was going, so as to avoid all rough and stony places; and Elfred, having the cart before him, and feeling confidence in Park's choosing the way well, had no fear, but pushed as vigorously and ran as swiftly as he would have done if he could see. Josephine, of course, in such cases, being seated in the cart all the time, would have an excellent ride.

One day, when the party were amusing themselves in this way in front of the house where Elfred lived, Josephine proposed that they should go and give Adonijah a ride.

"Who is Adonijah?" asked Elfred.

"He is a lame boy," said Josephine, "who lives a little way from here. I lend him books to read sometimes."

"Well," said Elfred, "let us go. Tell Park about it."

So Josephine pulled the reins for Park to stop. Park stopped accordingly, and looked around to see what was the matter.

Josephine reached her hands up toward him. This was the signal which she was accustomed to make for him to take her out of the cart. So Park lifted her out, and as soon as she was put upon the ground, she made a sign to Park to denote that they were going away to some distance, and then she stooped over and began to hobble along the ground in imitation of the gait of a lame boy. She walked as nearly as possible as she imagined that Adonijah would walk if he were to attempt it; but, in point of fact, poor Adonijah could not walk at all.

This action of Josephine, in mimicking the walk of a lame boy, illustrates a very important principle in morals, which is, that the character of an act depends almost altogether upon the motive and design with which it is performed; the same thing being in some cases right, and in other cases wrong, according to the intention of mind which a person has in performing it. To mimic the walk of a lame boy for the purpose of making fun of him, is cruel and wicked in the extreme; but to do precisely the same thing for the purpose of leading a deaf and dumb boy to go and help to do him a favor, is very right and proper. The one is a very selfish and heartless act, the other is a very kind and benevolent one.

Park did not understand very well what Josephine meant by her pantomime, and, as he looked somewhat puzzled, Josephine said to Elfred,

"He does not understand me very well."

"Write it on the ground for him with a stick," said Elfred.

Josephine's writing. Donny's chair. Donny in the cart.

"Yes," said Josephine, "I can do that."

So Josephine took a little stick, and wrote on the ground, at a sandy place by the side of the road, these words:

"Lame boy—give him a ride."

Park read the words as Josephine wrote them, and, when she got to the end of the inscription, he began nodding his head very vehemently, and smiling, showing that he understood what they were going to do. So he put Josephine back into the cart again, and then Josephine turned him in the right direction by means of the reins, and the whole party went off very rapidly toward the place where Adonijah lived.

When they reached the house, they found Donny, as Josephine called him, sitting in a chair on wheels at the door. There were two turning handles at the sides of the chair. By turning these handles, Donny could roll the wheels, and so move himself about the floor. He was very much pleased to see the wagon coming, and still more so when he heard that the boys who were propelling it had come to give him a ride.

"Do you see him, Josie?" said Elfred, as soon as Park stopped before the gate.

"Yes," said Josephine; "he is in his chair."

"Donny," said Elfred, calling out so that Donny could hear him, "we have come to give you a ride. Park will bring you out."

So Josephine got out of the push-cart, and, making a signal to Park—who by this time began to understand the affair more fully—she went into the yard, and then Park, in obedience to her signs, took Donny up in his arms, brought him to the gate, and put him into the cart.

The whole party immediately set off along the road in a very merry manner. Park pulled by means of the pole, or tongue, in

front, while Elfred pushed behind. Josie ran along by the side of the cart, as happy as a queen.

Individually, the members of this party were rather helpless and forlorn. One was deaf and dumb, another was a cripple, and

the third was blind. But then they had senses and faculties enough among them. In fact, among the three, each faculty had two representatives. Thus there were two that could see, Park and Donny; and there were two that could hear, Donny and Elfred; and two that could walk, Elfred and Park. In the same manner, each person possessed two of the three important faculties, and was deprived of the third. Elfred could walk and hear, but he could not see; Donny could hear and see, but he could not walk; and Park could walk and see, but he could not hear. Thus the party had senses and faculties enough among them, though individually they were rather insufficiently supplied. So they got along without any difficulty or trouble. The cart went very rapidly along the road, and all the party had an excellent good time.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIDE AND GO SEEK.

In one of the small picture-books which Elfred had, there was a picture representing a martin-house on a pole, with a great many martins flying about. When the boys came to this picture, at one time while they were looking over the book with Josephine, Josephine asked Elfred why he did not make a martin-house.

"Then you could hear the martins singing about in the morning," said she, "and that would amuse you."

"Well," said he, "I would, if Park would help me. Ask him if he will."

So Josephine pointed to the picture of the martin-house in the

book, and then she pointed out into the yard, and then to himself and to Elfred, and finally she made gestures to denote sawing and planing, pointing, at the same time, to the shop.

Park understood very well by this that Josephine wished to ask whether he would be willing to join with Elfred in making a martin-house to be put up in Elfred's yard. He immediately began to nod his head very vehemently, and look very much pleased.

So it was agreed that they should make a martin-house, and a few days afterward Park came, and they commenced the work.

In carrying their plan into effect, the boys met with rather an untoward accident at the beginning, though afterward they went on very prosperously. The accident was this :

Park had a small whistle, which he carried in his pocket, and which he was accustomed to use for making signals in his intercourse with Elfred. For example, when he was coming along the road toward Elfred's house, he would blow this whistle as soon as he got within hearing, in order to let Elfred know that he was coming. It is true, he could not hear the whistle himself, but then he knew that Elfred could hear it, and so he took particular pleasure in blowing it. Elfred would perhaps be sitting at the door of the house, or he would be at work in the shop, or walking about the yard ; but, wherever he was when he heard this whistle, he knew at once that it was a signal that Park was coming, and so he would leave his work, and grope his way out to the gate to meet his friend when he came in.

In the same manner, when the two boys were fishing on the shore of the pond, or playing in the yards, or rambling about in

The signals. Elfred hides. His hiding-place.

any other place, Park would blow the whistle now and then to let Elfred know where he was. He would always look at Elfred, also, when he made the signal, in order to ascertain whether Elfred wished for any thing. If he did, he would make a sign for it. For example, sometimes he would beckon for Park to come to him, or he would make some other sign. In a word, the whistle was the means which Park employed, in general, for calling Elfred's attention when he was not near enough to touch him.

Now, on the day which had been appointed to begin the martin-house, Park was coming along the road pretty early in the morning, and, as soon as he got within hearing, he blew his whistle, as usual. Elfred was already in the shop. Instead, however, of going out to the gate to meet Park, as he usually did, he concluded to hide, in order to make a little fun.

"I'll go and hide in this closet," said he, "and see if Park can find me. I don't believe he can, with all his seeing."

So Elfred went into the closet, and shut the door.

This closet was in the corner of the shop, and was used as a place to keep garden-seeds and such things in. There was a box on the floor of it. Elfred sat down on this box. There was no necessity of trying to keep very still, for Park could not hear any noise that he should make, whatever it might be. So Elfred sat on the box quite at his ease, waiting to see if Park would be able to find him.

Now the fastening of this closet door was a hasp on the outside, and, unless the door was fastened, it would not keep shut—that is, it would not keep entirely shut, but would swing open a little way. It would not, however, swing open far enough to enable a person

The closet door. Park commences work. Elfred locked in.

coming in at the door to see any one in the closet. When Elfred went in and had taken his seat on the box, he pulled the door to closely, but as soon as he let go of it, it swung open a little way. Elfred, of course, did not see this, and so did not know but that the door was shut close. The door did not open far enough to let Park see into the closet when he should come in, and thus it did not expose Elfred to any particular danger of discovery. It led, however, to another result, which for a little time was quite serious for poor Elfred.

Park, when he came into the yard, looked about for Elfred, but not seeing him any where, he went into the shop, expecting to find him there. Not finding him, however, he inferred that he must be in the house, and supposed that he would come out soon. So he concluded that he would wait for him, and that, in the mean time, he would commence the preparations for making the martin-box. He accordingly went first to the corner near the closet door, to get some boards that were standing there, and, seeing the door open, he shut it and hasped it.

Elfred immediately began to knock on the door, and call out, saying that he was in the closet, and asking Park to open the door again and let him out. Park, however—who, of course, did not hear any of this noise—paid no regard to the calls, but went quietly on, getting materials together for the martin-house, while Elfred continued thumping on the closet door, and hallooing, and making in every way all the noise he could. All this uproar, however, was of no avail, and Elfred began to think that he might be kept in the closet all day.

After about fifteen minutes, Park began to be tired of waiting

Park's inquiries. Elfred's mother alarmed. Elfred found.

for Elfred to come in, and so he concluded to go and see if he could find him. He accordingly went into the house, and asked the people where Elfred was. The way that he asked this question was by touching his eye with his finger, which was the sign for Elfred, and then looking around as if he was searching for him, and finally looking to Elfred's mother with an inquiring look. By these means he easily made her understand that he wished to know where Elfred was. In reply, Elfred's mother pointed out toward the shop. Park shook his head, meaning that he was not there. Elfred's mother nodded her head two or three times very decidedly, meaning that he certainly was there. Whereupon Park shook his head very earnestly, and looked very serious, to express the idea that he certainly was not there.

Elfred's mother was then alarmed. She was afraid that Elfred had wandered away, and had got into some difficulty. So she went out with Park to see if she could find him. By the time she had got half across the yard, she began to hear him in the closet, pounding on the door, and calling on somebody to come and let him out.

Park was extremely astonished when he found out where Elfred was. As for Elfred, he laughed when his mother let him out, but he concluded that he would not play hide and go seek with a deaf and dumb boy any more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOUR WIGWAMS.

On the opposite page is a picture of some Indian wigwams, which are built, as is very obvious, very much like the Laplanders' huts shown in another part of Elfred's pictures. There are four of these wigwams. Two of them are seen very plainly, and the other two are partly concealed by being behind.

These Indians are encamped in a very pleasant place, on the bank of a river, and, as it is a bright summer's day, they have come out from their wigwams, and are sitting around their fire in the open air. They have a kettle hanging over their fire, in which they are cooking their dinner. Observe the manner in which the kettle is suspended, so that, if at any time you should undertake to make a fire in the fields or woods, and wish to hang any thing over it, you will know how it may most easily be done.

A usual way of accomplishing this object is to get two crotched stakes, and drive them down into the ground, and then lay a pole across on the top. The crotch in the tops of the stakes will then support the pole. That is not the way, however, that the kettle is suspended in this picture. In fact, it often happens that that method can not be adopted, for you can not always find crotched stakes of a suitable form. In such a case, two straight sticks may be driven into the ground in such a manner as that the upper ends of them shall form an artificial crotch, which will be nearly, though not quite, as good as a natural one. Such are used in the picture.

Picture of the Indians cooking their dinners.

One of the Indian women has a baby. She has wrapped her

baby up in a blanket, and slung it over her back. That is the way that Indians generally carry their babies.

There are two other older children seen in this picture. They are playing with a dog. They keep at a good distance from the bank of the river, as they ought to do, for the bank is very steep, and if they were to go near it, there would be great danger that they would fall into the water.

There are two boats near the bank. They are of the kind called canoes. They are fastened with a rope to a stake which the Indians have driven into the ground.

There is a thick wood beyond the wigwams, where the Indians go to hunt wild animals for food. Sometimes they can not find any game, and then they suffer a great deal from hunger. They also suffer much in winter from cold and rain, for the coverings of their tents are not tight. The rain comes in from above, and the wind and the cold enter pretty freely through the openings below.

When they can no longer find any more wild animals in these woods, the Indians will take down these wigwams, and roll up the coverings, and put them into their canoes, and so sail away, up or down the river, to some new place.

Boys can make wigwams like these pretty easily, if they can only obtain some old carpets or mats to cover them with. The first thing is to get poles of suitable length, and then, marking out a circle on the ground of the right size for the floor of the wigwam, you make holes in the ground, around the circumference of the circle, with an iron bar, or crow-bar, as it is commonly called. You must leave a wide space between two of the holes on one side, where you wish the door to come.

Making the holes. Tying the poles together. Precaution against fire.

The holes must, of course, be made in an oblique direction, so that the poles, when the ends are inserted into them, shall converge together, and meet in a point at the top of the wigwam.

When the poles are set in the holes thus made for them, it is well to tie them together where they meet at the top. This will strengthen them much. When this is done the work is complete.

But perhaps you will wonder how you are to get up to the tops of the poles, so as to tie them together, as directed above. That is a difficulty, but there are two methods of surmounting it. One is, to take the precaution, when you are setting your poles, to place two or three of the strongest ones near together, and then choose out from your company a small, but strong and capable boy, and let him climb up outside. Some of you can stand underneath, on the inside, and support the poles while he is climbing up. When he gets to the top, you must pass him up a strong cord, and let him tie the poles together where they cross.

Another way is to put a bench or a box, or something else that is suitable to stand upon, on the ground inside of the wigwam, and then let the tallest and strongest boy of the party stand on that and do the tying.

The carpets, or mats, or whatever else it may be that you use for covering, must be tied to the poles when they are laid on, by means of twine passed through them here and there, and wound about the poles. There should be an opening left at the top for the smoke to go out, in case you should have a fire.

Of course, if your roof is made of matting, you must take care not to let it get on fire. If it should be made of old carpets of woolen, there is no danger.

Picture of the wigwams built by the natives of Australia.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TWO WIGWAMS.

HERE is a picture showing two wigwams, or huts, such as are

made by the natives of Australia. They are made much like those seen in the last engraving, only they are entirely open on one side,

and the fire is without, in the open air. Such wigwams as these are suitable for warm climates or for summer weather.

The frames are made of stakes or poles set up in the ground, and they are covered with sheets formed of the bark of trees. A great portion of the rain that falls runs down the slope of the bark to the ground, but some of it comes through the crevices, and often makes it wet and uncomfortable within.

In one of the wigwams there are two women, seated upon some sort of mat which they have spread upon the ground. One of them is smoking a pipe. There is a mug upon the ground by her side. The Indians must have bought this mug, I think, of some civilized traders near them. There is also a kettle on the ground outside. Indians buy such things as these from civilized traders, and pay for them by furs and skins, which they get by trapping wild animals. There are no men about these wigwams. They have all gone away a hunting.

There is one woman besides the two that are sitting in the wigwam. She has a baby slung upon her back. Her hair hangs down neglected, and she looks forlorn and wretched.

The Indians, though they enjoy a great deal of freedom in their wild and roving modes of life, and are saved many of our anxieties and cares, are still obliged to endure a great deal of misery.

These wigwams, like the others, are situated on the margin of a wood. Some of the trees in this wood have a long and feathery foliage that is very beautiful.

CHAPTER XX.

MAKING THE MARTIN-HOUSE.

It may seem very strange that a blind boy and a deaf and dumb boy could do any thing at all in working together on a job of carpentry. It certainly was a difficult work, but sagacity, patience, and good nature will triumph over difficulties which might at first seem insurmountable; and those children who are always ready to fret and complain because they can not have all the facilities and accommodations which they require at their play, should learn a lesson of contentment and good humor from the manner in which these boys bore up under their misfortunes. It is for this end, in fact, that this story is written.

There was a tacit understanding between Elfred and Park, in all such cases as this, that Park was to be master-workman, because he could see, and of course he could plan and arrange work more easily than Elfred. Accordingly, on this occasion Park took the book which contained the picture of the martin-house, and placing it up before him on the bench, where he could refer to it easily, in order to see how the martin-house was made, he began to plan the work. He observed how long and wide the house appeared to be in the picture, and he determined to make the real one of the same dimensions. He then selected a suitable board, and measured off a distance upon it corresponding to the length of the martin-house. He laid this board across the saw-horses in a proper position to be sawed, and then led Elfred to the place,

Elfred a carpenter. Slow work. Elfred's care.

and set him at work to saw off the board. In setting Elfred at work, Park put the saw into his hands, and made him feel the little notch which he had made in the edge of the board, as a mark to show where it was to be sawed off. He also guided Elfred's hand to another place farther along the board, and held up two of his fingers, and let Elfred feel them, first touching one and then the other. He meant thus to indicate to Elfred that he was to saw off two lengths of the board. Elfred understood him very well, and immediately went to work at his sawing.

One might suppose that a blind boy could not do much at sawing, and it was, in fact, rather slow work for Elfred, for he was obliged to stop very frequently to feel the sides of the board and the line of the cut, in order to ascertain whether he was going square across. By proceeding very carefully in this way, he finally succeeded in sawing off the board quite well. The sawing was much straighter, in fact, than a great deal that I have seen done by boys who could see out of both eyes. A boy who can see, however, has never any excuse for sawing crooked, for he can always, before he begins, lay down a square or a straight-edge, and so draw a line, and guide himself by that; though, in fact, most boys, in order to save themselves this trouble, choose to guess their way across the board, and so find, when they have done, that they have sawed it wonderfully crooked. Then the box, or whatever else it is that they are going to make, will not come well together.

When Elfred had finished sawing one length off, he laid the piece upon the end of the board which was left, in order to mark off another length. When he had thus marked off his work, he began to saw again, and thus, proceeding with great care, he soon

had the second length cut off. These two pieces were for the front and back of the martin-house.

While Elfred had been doing this, Park had been making calculations about the ends, and marking off suitable lengths for them on another board, and also a piece for the bottom, and two others for the top. The reason why there were to be two pieces for the top was because there was to be a roof on the top, and so it required two boards, one for each of the slopes. It required some calculation, too, to mark out the end pieces of the proper form, so that the roof-boards would fit to them. All these calculations and markings were left to Park, because he could see, while Elfred went on doing the work which was required, acting always under Park's direction.

While Elfred was resting a moment from the labor of sawing, the question occurred to him how many divisions it would be best to make in the martin-house, because there must be that number of openings cut in the board which was to form the front of it for doors. He thought that he would ask Park.

So he groped his way to the bench where Park was at work making his measurements and calculations, and, taking Park by the arm, he led him to the door of the shop, and made him feel it. He then brought him back to the bench, and with his finger marked out the form of a little opening for a door in one of the boards that he had sawed off. He then held up one of his hands, and opened out his fingers, one after another, in the way commonly practiced by the deaf and dumb, as a mode of asking *how many*. He turned his face at the same time toward Park with an inquiring look. Park understood very easily from this that Elfred wish-

Park's answer.	Robin.	Elfred's actions.

ed to know how many doors it would be best to make in the martin-house.

Elfred could not see, himself, the signs that he made, but he knew that Park could see them, just as Park could not hear the whistle when he blew it, but knew that Elfred could hear it.

Park held up his right hand with *three* fingers extended, and then with his left he took hold of Elfred's hand, and guided it so as to make him feel the three fingers. Elfred nodded his head when he had felt them, and seemed satisfied.

At this moment Park perceived that Elfred suddenly stopped, and assumed the attitude of listening, and a moment afterward he began to grope his way toward the door.

"He hears something," thought Park. "I wonder what it is."

Elfred walked fast along the path which led through the yard, feeling his way with his cane. He had heard Robin coming, and he was going out to meet him. Robin, and, in fact, nearly all the other boys who used to come and see Elfred, had a particular call which they made when they got near the house to announce their coming, and so Elfred, especially if he was in the yard or in the shop, hearing the sound, was satisfied that he had a visitor near; and as each visitor had a different call, he knew, usually, who it was that was coming. So, when he suddenly started to go out of the shop, he said to himself, "There comes Robin." Park, of course, did not hear these words, but he knew by Elfred's actions that he heard somebody; and when he saw Elfred coming back, led across the yard by Robin, he was very glad. "Now," thought he, "we shall have an interpreter."

When Robin came into the shop, Elfred explained to him all

about the plan of the martin-house. Park looked on all the time with a countenance beaming with animation and pleasure, though, of course, he could not understand what was said. He knew by the actions of the two boys, all of which, of course, he could see, pretty much what they were saying.

"We are making a martin-house," said Elfred.

"I am very glad of that," said Robin; "martins sing so prettily in the spring mornings."

"We have sawed out the bottom piece and the two sides," added Elfred. "You can see them somewhere about here."

"Yes," said Robin, "I see them. Here they are, lying on the bench."

Robin then told Park that Elfred had explained to him that those boards were to make a martin-box with. The method of telling him was this: he placed the bottom board square on the shelf, and put the two side pieces up to the edges of it in a proper position to form a box, and looked to Park, and smiled, moving his hand to and fro through the air, around the box, at the same time, to imitate the flight of birds. Park nodded his head, and smiled, to denote that he understood what Robin meant to say, and he took up the book, which had been lying on the bench all this time, and showed Robin the picture there, which had been serving them for a model.

Robin took the book, and went a little aside to a place where there was a bench, and began looking at the pictures, talking about them, from time to time, with Elfred and Park. With Elfred he talked, of course, by words, remaining on his seat; but when he wished to say any thing to Park, he would carry the book to him,

The picture of a man going up a ladder. Climbing animals.

and show him the pictures, and so express any idea that he wished to communicate by means of signs.

"Here is a picture," said Robin, "of a man going up a tall ladder. He is carrying up a hod full of bricks on his shoulder."

"Yes," said Elfred; "they are building a house in that picture. Do you see the dog at the foot of the ladder?"

"Yes," said Robin; "he is looking up to the man."

"He belongs to the man," said Elfred, "and he is waiting for him to come down again. I suppose he wishes that he could climb up the ladder himself."

"Do you suppose that a dog could be taught to climb up a ladder?" asked Robin.

"No," answered Elfred, "I think not easily. A cat could be taught very easily. It comes natural for a cat to climb."

"And why does it not come just as natural for a dog?" asked Robin; "he has got claws."

"I don't know," replied Elfred. "Perhaps he has no occasion for climbing when he is living wild in the woods. Cats are always climbing. They climb up upon trees, and get on the top of roofs, but dogs never do; they always keep on the ground."

"The man's coat is hanging on a post near by," continued Robin, looking at the picture again.

"Yes," said Elfred; "and at the foot of the post there is a pail. The man's dinner is in that pail. That book is all about building. Turn over four leaves, and you'll see a funnier kind of building than that."

So Robin turned over the leaves, and he came at length to this picture.

A picture. Mice building their nest. Ingenious work.

It was a picture of two mice building a nest. Here it is. The nest is built of dried grass. It is perfectly round, and very pretty. It is supported very ingeniously, at a distance from the ground, on the stems of grain. No one stem would be strong enough to support it, and the mice have accordingly worked in a great many into the substance of the fabric of which their nest is composed. One of the mice is upon the nest, busily at work. The other is coming up by one of the stems from below, bringing up some more sprigs of dry grass or straw to finish the structure.

"It is very ingenious work," said Robin, "for mice."

"Yes," said Elfred, "I think it is."

"They are more ingenious even than you are," continued Robin. "I thought that you were very ingenious to be able to build a martin-house when you can not see, but it is more ingenious in them, for they not only can not speak, but they have no hands and no tools."

"No," said Elfred, "they have not."

"Nor any materials to work with except old grass and hay," added Robin.

"No," said Elfred.

"But, Robin," said Elfred, "I don't see what we are going to do for a pole to put up our martin-house upon, when we have got it done. I wish you would ask Park."

"How shall I ask him?" said Robin.

"Show him the pole in the picture," replied Elfred, "and then make the sign for *where*, and he will understand."

So Robin took the book to Park, and pointed to the pole that supported the martin-house in it, and then made the sign for *where*. He made this sign by looking about him as if he were searching for something, and then spreading out his hands with the palms up, and looking inquiringly at Park, as if he could not find what he wanted.

Park understood this gesticulation at once, and he touched his forehead, and then nodded his head. Then he touched the pole in the picture, and pointed to the parts of the box on the bench, and then touched his forehead, and nodded his head again.

"He says that he has got a plan for a pole in his mind," said Robin, speaking to Elfred.

"Well," said Elfred, "then it is all right, and so we will go on with our work."

So Elfred and Park went on with their work, and in due time the martin-house was finished. Park's plan for putting up the martin-house was to mount it on the roof of the shop by means of a short support made of a piece of plank, and nailed on with stout nails.

These plans were all carried into effect. The martin-house was finished in due time, and mounted on its support, and a few days after it was finished, a family of martins took possession of it.

The martins lived in this house a long time, and they were always a source of great entertainment and pleasure, both for Park and Elfred, when the boys were at work or at play in the yard. It is true that the two boys enjoyed the company of the birds in totally different ways. Park could only see them, while Elfred could only hear them. Park was consequently entertained by watching with his eyes their endless frolics and circumvolutions in the air around their dwelling, and Elfred by listening with his ears to their joyous songs. All was bright, but silent, for the one, and dark, but musical, for the other. Thus both drew pleasure from the same fountain, though it was pleasure of two totally different kinds. The boys used often to sit together on the step of the door for half an hour at a time, the one watching the forms, and the other listening to the music of the birds, neither able to express his pleasure, or to understand in the least what the other was enjoying.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SERPENT.

To be able to express your thoughts in writing in a clear and lucid manner, is a very great and very valuable attainment, and the exercises in composition which are often required of young persons in schools or at home, are intended to teach them this art. Pictures form very good subjects for articles of composition. Any picture whatever will answer for a subject.

I say that any picture will answer, for there is no one whatever

which, when seen, will not suggest some ideas or other to the mind; and the expressing of those ideas, whatever they may be, will be a useful exercise for the pupil.

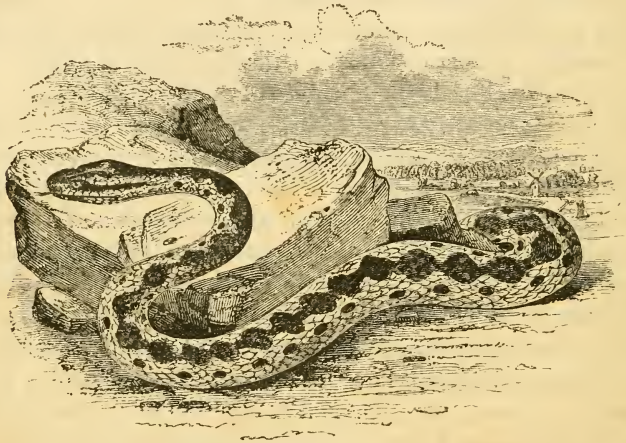
Young persons often seem to imagine, when they have a subject given them for writing composition, that they must think of something to say which must be novel and striking—something which no one else has ever thought of before. But this is a great mistake. The object of such an exercise is not to learn to *produce* thoughts, but to *express* them. What the ideas shall be which come into any person's mind is a question which depends upon the native constitution of the mind itself, and upon the images and recollections which have been treasured up in it in previous years.

Whatever these ideas may be, you practice writing composition for the purpose of learning to *express* them, and you can sometimes gain as much advantage in studying the expression of a simple and familiar idea, as of a new and far-fetched one. You will understand this subject better, however, by reading what follows.

One day, when Robin was looking over Elfred's picture-book, where Jane Sophia had written explanations of the pictures for Josephine to read, he told Jane Sophia, who happened to be there at the time, that he wondered how she was able to think of so much to write about the pictures.

"There is no difficulty," said she. "I have no doubt that when you see a picture, you always *think* of enough which you might say, but you don't notice what you think. There are ideas enough in your mind, but you are not accustomed enough to look in upon your mind to observe them. Here, now," continued Jane Sophia, "is a picture that I have not written about yet—that of a serpent."

So saying, Jane Sophia took out from between the leaves of the book a picture of a serpent. Here it is.



"Yes," said Robin, "it is a very bright and pretty picture, but I could not think of any thing to write about it. It is a picture of a serpent, and that is all."

"Now the fact is," rejoined Jane Sophia, "that the picture, as I have no doubt, awakens a great many different ideas in your mind, but you do not perceive that it does so. You don't know what the ideas are which it awakens."

"That is very strange," said Robin, "that I can have ideas in my mind, and not know that they are there."

"It *is* very strange," replied Jane Sophia, "and yet it is true. I presume that I can enumerate five or six distinct ideas which

were awakened in your mind in looking at that picture, and yet you think that the only idea that is awakened is that the picture represents a serpent."

"Well," said Robin, "what are the six ideas?"

"I will state six things," said Jane Sophia, "and you may say, as I state them, whether you did not get the idea of each one from the picture when you looked at it."

"Very well," said Robin.

Before beginning to make her statements, Jane Sophia put the picture between the leaves of the book again, so that in answering her questions Robin should depend solely upon his recollection of the ideas which it awakened in his mind at first seeing it.

"The snake lies upon the ground, by the side of a rock," said Jane Sophia. "Did you have that idea?"

"Yes," said Robin, "I noticed that."

"His head is raised," said Jane Sophia.

"Yes," answered Robin.

"His tongue is out."

"Yes," answered Robin.

"The rock is flat."

"Yes," answered Robin.

"The serpent is spotted."

"Yes," said Robin.

"And his tail is concealed."

"No," said Robin, "I did not think of that. Let me see the picture again."

"Wait a moment," replied Jane Sophia, "till I name another idea for the sixth. I should not like to have such a serpent bite me."

"Yes," said Robin, "I thought of that."

"Then there are six ideas. I presume I might name twenty more."

"Oh, Jane Sophia!" exclaimed Robin; "not twenty."

"Well, at any rate, there are six that were all distinctly in your mind, and yet you did not know that they were there; at least, you seemed not to know. You said that the only thought you had was that the picture represented a serpent. Now, if you were to take a pen and express those six ideas only, it would be an excellent exercise in composition for you."

"I mean to try," said Robin.

"That's right," replied Jane Sophia; "only, instead of expressing *those* ideas, look into your mind, and see if you can not find some other ideas there which the picture awakened. You may rely upon it that there are plenty there. And if there are not, if you look at it again, plenty more ideas will be brought into your mind by it."

"I will," said Robin.

"Then I will lend you the picture to take home," said Jane Sophia. "You may write your composition, and then send the picture to me. I will then write mine. Then we will come here, and read them to each other."

This plan was carried into effect, and the two compositions produced will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TWO COMPOSITIONS.

The composition which Robin wrote on the picture of the serpent was this :

THE SERPENT.

He is spotted. He has a row of large spots along his back, and a row of smaller ones along his side. I suppose there is another row of small spots on the other side, but we can not see them. Yes, I can see two or three of them near his tail.

His tail is concealed behind the rock. It looks as if it were coming up out of the ground. I suppose that his hole is there, and that he has just come out of it.

His body is very gracefully curved.

His eye is bright, and he is darting out his tongue as if he were angry. Perhaps he sees his enemy coming.

In the background of the picture is a wind-mill standing on the banks of a stream, near a grove of trees. A little nearer is a sail-boat sailing slowly along the water.

That is all that I observe.

When Jane Sophia read this composition, she said that she liked it very much indeed. She read it to Elfred, and he said that he liked it too, and he wished to have Robin copy it in his book, underneath the picture of the serpent. Robin was quite gratified

that they seemed pleased with his composition, and was very glad that he had written it.

He then wished to hear Jane Sophia's composition, and she accordingly read it as follows :

THE SERPENT.

In almost every situation in nature where a living thing can exist and gather food, we find some animal fitted expressly, in his habits, to the place he occupies. For high rocks, there are goats that can climb ; for great, grassy plains, there are horses that can run ; for shallow ponds of water, there are cranes and herons that can wade ; for banks of earth, there are foxes and rabbits that can burrow ; and for the chinks and crevices of rocks, there are serpents that can creep and glide.

A serpent is thus an animal formed for moving in spaces so narrow and low that limbs of any kind could not be used there. He accordingly has no limbs, but he glides along by means of a mechanism of rings, very simple and beautiful in its results, but too complicated and wonderful in its structure for me to understand. His body is covered with scales, so as to protect it from the sharp edges of the rocks along which he glides. It is long, and slender, and gently tapering, so that, wherever his head can enter, his whole length can pass through. Thus his form, his mode of locomotion, and his covering, are exactly adapted to the nature of the habitation in which he is designed to live.

His back is beautifully variegated in its colors. Whether these configurations serve any useful purpose or not, I do not know.

Remarks about the two compositions. Elfred inquisitive.

It will be observed that the ideas expressed in Jane Sophia's composition were more elevated and mature than those of Robin's. That was because Jane Sophia was older than Robin, and her thoughts, therefore, were more extended and profound. But Robin expressed his thoughts as well, perhaps, as Jane Sophia expressed hers, though they were more elementary and simple in their character.

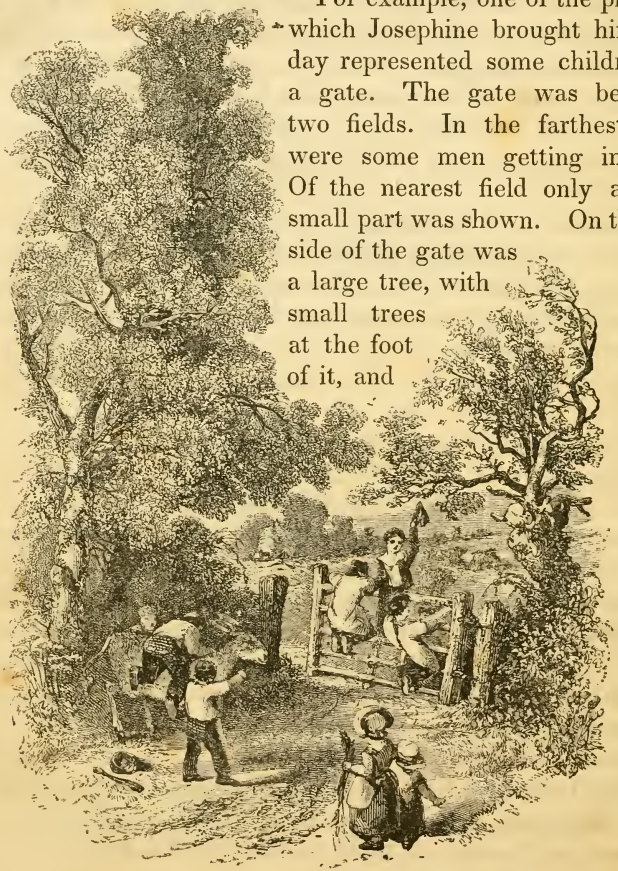
It is never best for children, in writing compositions, to reach forward after ideas more lofty or more profound than those which belong to their years. Consider your subject with attention, and then attempt only to express such ideas as easily and naturally arise to your minds.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BOYS ON THE GATE.

There is nothing strange in the fact that Josephine could explain pictures to Elfred, but some of the readers of this story may be surprised to learn that he could often explain them to her. This was, however, really so. Whenever he obtained any new picture, he would always ask a great many questions about it, and reason about what the children told him was in it in such a manner as to lead them to see a great deal more in the picture than they would otherwise have done.

Thus, though he was blind, and could not see the pictures, he often succeeded in acquiring a more perfect knowledge of them than many children that could see them with both eyes.



For example, one of the pictures which Josephine brought him one day represented some children on a gate. The gate was between two fields. In the farthest field were some men getting in hay. Of the nearest field only a very small part was shown. On the left side of the gate was a large tree, with small trees at the foot of it, and

Conversation about the picture between Elfred and Josephine.

under these trees were two boys climbing up upon a donkey. Nearer in the foreground were two girls, apart from the rest of the children, who seemed to be standing still. One of them was holding some straw in her hand, but Josephine could not tell what she was going to do with it.

When Josephine brought this picture, Elfred was sitting by the kitchen fire, for it was a cold day.

"Elfred," said Josephine, "I have brought you a picture, and I want you to explain it to me, for I don't understand it very well. I understand it pretty well, but I don't understand it very well."

"Well," said Elfred, "sit down by me, and tell me what you see on the picture."

"In the first place," said Josephine, "there are some boys swinging on a gate."

"How many?" asked Elfred.

"Three," replied Josephine.

"Are they all swinging on the gate?" asked Elfred.

"No," said Josephine; "one is swinging his cap. The other two are pushing the gate as hard as they can."

"How are they dressed?" asked Elfred.

"Two of them have got frocks on, and the other has a black jacket and a white vest."

"Ah! then he is a gentleman's son," said Elfred, "and the other two are farmers' boys."

"Yes," said Josephine, "it must be so, I see, though I did not notice it before. His white collar is turned over upon his shoulders. He is a very pretty boy indeed."

"Can you see his face very plainly?" said Elfred.

"Yes," replied Josephine, "he is higher up than the rest, and his face is turned this way. He is up on the top of the gate. The other two boys are lower down."

"Yes," said Elfred, "now I understand it. The artist who made the picture has put the rich man's son high up, and turned his face this way, and made him very pretty, and dressed him handsomely, and below he has put two poor men's sons to work hard for him, swinging him on the gate."

Elfred was right in his interpretation of this picture, and the group is an apt emblem of the social condition of man. The wealthy and the powerful have generally contrived, in all countries and in all ages, to get to the top of the gate, and to sit there at their ease, while they keep the poor below, working hard to swing the gate for them. This state of things is, however, now gradually changing, and every just man ought to desire to hasten the time when the arrangements of society shall be such that the classes which are most industrious in performing the useful work of life shall themselves enjoy the pleasures they procure.

After Elfred had thus explained the group on the gate, Josephine saw a meaning and an expression in it which she had not observed before, and now she wished to look at it more attentively than ever.

"How is the gate made?" asked Elfred.

"It is made of round bars," replied Josephine, "with round posts at each end, and great hinges. There are two braces in the middle."

"They are to stiffen the bars, I suppose," said Elfred. "Does the gate swing pretty well?"

"No," replied Josephine; "it seems to me that it drags upon the ground."

"Three boys are too many," said Elfred. "They will break the gate down altogether if they do not take care."

"Besides the gate and the boys swinging on it," said Josephine, "there are two boys trying to get on a donkey in another part of the picture."

"Where are they?" asked Elfred.

So Josephine took Elfred's finger, and guided it to the part of the picture where the two boys and the donkey were standing.

"Here is the donkey's head," said she, "and here are his ears. Here is the boy climbing up, and over there we can just see the head of the other boy; he is standing behind the donkey."

"How does the donkey look?" asked Elfred.

"Why, we can't see a great deal of him," replied Josephine.

"Does he look quiet and patient?" said Elfred.

"No," said Josephine; "his ears are turned back, as if he felt cross; and now I see by his hind legs that he is just going to kick. I did not think it before, but I see now he feels very cross indeed."

"Is there any bridle on the donkey?" asked Elfred.

"No," replied Josephine.

"Then the boys have caught the donkey in the field, and are going to ride him without leave."

"What else do you see in the picture?" asked Elfred.

"There are two little girls right here," replied Josephine, guiding Elfred's finger to the place.

"Yes," they are in the foreground," said Elfred. "What are they doing?"

"They are not doing any thing," replied Josephine; "they are standing still."

"Well, there must be some meaning or idea in the group," said Elfred. "What is it? what is their attitude? what do they seem to be thinking of?"

"Why, the biggest girl," replied Josephine, "is looking to see the boys swing on the gate. But she keeps away from them. She does not like to go very near. She has some straws in her hands."

"She has been gleaning, I suppose," said Elfred.

"Yes," replied Josephine, "that must be it; and the little girl with her—or the little boy," she added, looking more closely—"I think it must be a little boy—has been gleaning too. He is looking down upon the ground as if he saw another straw there, and was going to pick it up."

It was by such conversations as these that Elfred explained to the children the pictures which they brought him, and enabled them to see a meaning and an expression in the various groups of figures which they contained that they would not have discovered without.

Children who have the use of their eyes might acquire the power of understanding the pictures they see as fully as Elfred understood his, if they would exercise their faculties upon them in the same way. The necessary instructions to enable them to do this will be given to them in a future volume of this series, which is to be called The Studio.

The band of music on horseback. The trumpet. The drums.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRUMPETS AND GUNS.

One day Robin carried Elfred a picture which represented a band of music on horseback, in battle, galloping across the field. The instruments of music consisted of trumpets and drums. This is the picture.

In the foreground is a trumpeter, on a fiery, prancing horse. Behind him comes the drummer. He is mounted on a horse. He has two drums. They are fastened before him, on his saddle, one on each side. He has his drum-sticks in his hands.

Robin attempts to give Park some idea of sound.

The musicians are all gayly dressed, and the horses are splendidly caparisoned.

Elfred liked this picture very much, and he was particularly pleased with the trumpeting and drumming sounds which Robin made, when explaining it to him, in imitation of those which might be supposed to come from the instruments represented.

Park, too, was very much pleased with looking at the picture, but of course he could not hear the sounds which Robin and Elfred made, as the accompaniment to it, nor could he obtain any idea of them.

Afterward Robin brought a picture of a boy firing a cannon, in hopes that would enable him, in some way or other, to explain to Park what sound was. He did not see exactly how it was to be done, but still, as the report of a cannon is so martial and distinct a sound, he had some vague idea that Park might be made to understand it.

"He certainly can understand the sound of a cannon, if he can understand any sound at all," said Robin to himself.

This was unquestionably true.

So Robin showed Park the cannon, and the boy touching it off, and the flash, and the smoke; and then he started suddenly, and put his hands upon his ears, and struck his ears with his hand, to denote the concussion produced by the impulse of the sound.

But all was of no avail. Park could obtain no perception at all of the nature of sound. It was something startling and violent, he plainly perceived, something that affected the ears, and produced a shock of a certain kind; but he was as far from gaining any idea of the actual sensation as ever.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

THERE are three lessons which I hope the reader of this book will learn from the story of Elfred.

1. Beware of dangerous playthings and of dangerous plays. Boys, when they are very young, feel sometimes a great desire to have hatchets, axes, bows and arrows, cannons, and guns to play with. Sometimes it would seem that they like these things partly for the very reason that they are dangerous. They do not consider the dreadful consequences which sometimes follow from accidents occasioned by them.

A boy sometimes thinks that there is no danger from using these things, because he has known many instances in which they have been used without any accident following.

"Mother," said Thomas, "please let me have a hatchet to play with."

"No," said his mother; "you will cut yourself if you have a hatchet."

"Oh no, mother," replied Thomas; "George has got a hatchet, and he never cuts himself, and he is a year younger than I am."

This reason seemed to him very satisfactory. But a boy may use a hatchet a long time without meeting with any accident, and then suddenly an accident may occur which may make him

a cripple for life. The question is not whether any one boy who has used a hatchet for a certain time has cut himself, but whether, among all boys who use hatchets, any accidents, and if any, how many, occur.

If one boy in a hundred cuts himself, then there is one chance in a hundred that you will, and that is too great a risk to run, when the consequences which may follow are so serious in their character, and so lasting in their duration.

Submit good-humoredly, therefore, to all the restrictions which your parents think it best to impose upon you, in respect to the use of what they consider dangerous playthings or dangerous plays.

2. Learn from the story of Elfred that your happiness in life depends more upon your temper and disposition of mind than upon your outward condition. There may be discontent and wretchedness in the midst of the greatest abundance, and, on the other hand, a life of hardship and privation may be one of continued satisfaction and happiness. On the adjoining page is a picture of a child who is possessed of a profusion of playthings and toys. She has three dolls, two balls, a large baby-house, with a door and windows, a bureau, a table, a desk, two chairs, and boxes filled with a great many other curious things. Yet you see by her looks how far she is from being happy. On the other hand, Elfred and Park, though the one lived in silence and the other in darkness, perpetual and profound, were always contented, and were never at a loss for the means of occupation and amusement. Learn from this that your happiness in life will de-

An unhappy child. Too many playthings.

pend, not upon the abundance of the means of enjoyment which come within your reach, but upon the manner in which you use

them. With a contented and happy heart, and a disposition to make the best of your lot, whatever it may be, you will find yourself almost always happy. On the other hand, a spirit of repining and discontent will make any one miserable, though possessed of every thing that the heart can desire.

3. Do all you can to befriend and assist the unfortunate, wherever you meet them. If there are any persons near where you live that are lame, or deaf, or blind, do all you can to cheer their loneliness, and to interest and occupy their minds. Lend them your books, show them your pictures and toys, and go often to visit them. And always, when you go, carry with you cheerful smiles and a happy face, and act, in every way, in such a manner as to help them to forget their privations and sorrows.

THE END.


Sun Book