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Mrs. GILMAN'S
GIFT BOOK.



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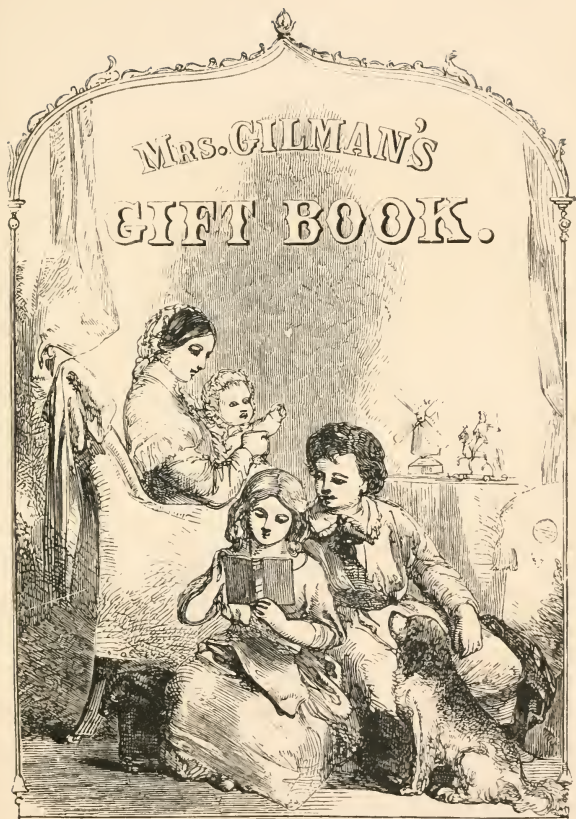
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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The Waggon Boy.



Published by C S FRANCIS & Co, New York.

A
GIFT BOOK
OF
STORIES AND POEMS
FOR
CHILDREN.

BY
(Howard)
CAROLINE GILMAN. *1872-18*

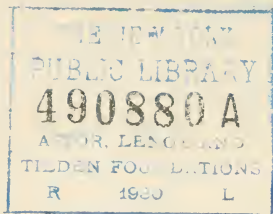


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LT



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Part I.

The Little Wreath,



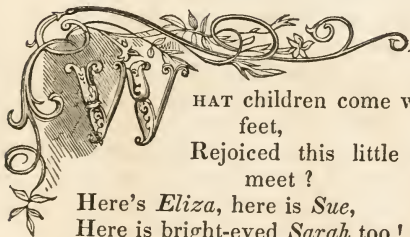
THE LITTLE WREATH.



That's the way my child should talk—
Go, bring your book to me,
And when you've done, we'll take a walk,
On the beach beside the sea.

Page 26.

A WELCOME TO YOUNG READERS




HAT children come with busy
feet,
Rejoiced this little book to
meet ?

Here's *Eliza*, here is *Sue*,
Here is bright-eyed *Sarah* too !
Here are *Mary* and *Maria*,
Here are *Peter* and *Sophia*,
Here are *Thomas* and *Amelia*,
Here is *Charles* and here *Cornelia*,
Isaac, with his laughing eye,
And pleasant *Julius* standing by.
Here is *David*, here is *Arthur*,
Here are *Rosamond* and *Martha*,
Here are *Benjamin* and *James*,
'Tis hard to think of all their names.
Here are *Joe* and *Henrietta*,
Here are *George* and *Violetta*,


Here are *Catharine* and *Theresa*,
Christiana and *Louisa*,
Esther, and young *Margaret*,
Emmeline and *Harriet*.
Frederic and *Adeline*,
Justina sweet, and *Valentine*.
Here are *Nathan* and *Eugene*,
While *Archibald* comes in between.
Here are *Jane* and *Theodore*,
Rosaline and *Elenor*,
Here are *Lucy* and *Pamelia*,
With *Alonzo* and *Cecelia*,
Here is *Henry* close to *Sam*,
You can't think how confused I am
Here come *Virginia* and *Stephen*,
And *Mary Ann* to make it even.
Here is *Charlotte*, here is *Ellen*,
Here is *Francis*, here is *Helen* ;
Here's *Rebecca* next to *Ruth*,
The children puzzle me in truth !
Here is *Clara* with *Susannah*,
And *Alexander* following *Hannah*,
Here's *Nathaniel* come to meet me,
And *Valeria* runs to greet me,
Now *Amanda* trips before,
Daniel, and *Emma*, and some more ;
Robert and *Ephraim* skipping too,
And *Richard*, with his "How d'ye do."
Octavus hastens full of fun,—
Here *Caroline* and *Julia* run.

See *William* and young *Lydia* meet,
And *Abby* close on *Frances*' feet.
See *Laura*, *Moses*, *Isabel*,
Edward and *John*, I know them well,
Eugenia, *Alwyn*, *Maurice* too,
And *Alfred* all of them in view.
Augustus and *Elizabeth*,—
But stop and let me catch my breath ;
Here are *Louis* and *Floranthe*,
Here are *Agnes* and *Ianthe*,
Here is blushing *Adelaide*,
And *Clarissa*, the pretty maid.
Joanna too, and *Timothy*,
'Tis fortunate they all agree.
But listen, listen, what a noise !
Here run another troop of boys ;
Andrew and *Edmond* shouting loud,
And *Christopher* to swell the crowd,
Edwin and *Gilbert* following on,
With *Gregory* and *Jonathan*.
Humphrey, *Lawrence*, *Jacob* too,
And after *Louis* master *Hugh*,
Owen, and *Patrick* ;—are these all ?
Oh no ; here *Walter* comes with *Paul*,
And hand in hand with little *Annie*,
My darling neighbour, black-eyed *Fanny*.
Now girls and boys, go read your book,
And on the pretty pictures look ;
I hope you'll take as much delight in
Reading, as I have in writing.

INVITATION TO A BIRD.

ITTLE bird come
Quick to my home,
I'll give you to eat,
Every thing sweet ;
Sugar and cake,
I'll save for your sake ;
Melon and plum,
You shall have some ;
A peach and a pear,
And every thing rare ;
Some straw for your nest,
And what you like best ;
A nice little house,
As snug as a mouse.
Come away from the tree,
And live here with me ;
I will give you a brush,
To smooth down each feather,
And brother shall hush,
While we sing together.
Come away from the tree,
And live here with me,

THE LITTLE BIRD'S ANSWER.

 thank you, my dear,
But I'd rather live here :
The skies they are fair
And I love the fresh air.
The trees they are green,
And I sit like a queen,
On a branch as it goes,
While the pleasant wind blows.
I have more on my table
To eat than I'm able,
For the very large field
My dessert does yield :
But come from your book,
With a good humour'd look,
When with care you have read,
And your lesson is said ;
Sit under the tree,
With your sewing by me,
And this afternoon,
I'll sing you a tune.



THE BIRTH-DAY.



TRY me, father, try me,
 And mark me on the wall;
 Let little Sis stand by me
 And see if I'm not tall.
 Hear me, mother, hear me,
 How very well I read;
 Ah, now, you need not fear me,
 I know I can indeed.
 Come, meet me, brother, meet me,
 And let us run a race;
 Last year you used to beat me,
 In every little chase.
 Oh nurse, you need not *mind* me,
 I'm not so very small,
 That you must walk behind me,
 To catch me if I fall.
 Why, what can make me grow so,
 And talk in such a way?
 I'm a man, and you must know so,
 For I'm *five years old to-day*.


LITTLE JOHNNY.

JOHNNY was five years old. He was a roguish little boy. He loved to pull the work out of his mamma's hand. Once he threw her thread in the fire. When his mamma scolded him, he laughed in her face. One day Johnny's mamma went to pour out coffee, and the milk looked of a dirty colour. She stirred it with a spoon, and found six nuts, which Johnny had put in it. Johnny's mamma was not well, and it grieved her that her little boy should behave so. Then his father walked up to Johnny, and looked very sternly at him, and said, "Master John, this will not do;" and he took a piece of ribband, and tied Johnny's hands, and made him sit on the sideboard five minutes. His brothers and sisters did not know whether to laugh or to cry—Johnny looked so funny and so ashamed.



JAMES SPEAKS IMPROPERLY.

JAMES.

 is older than you, Matilda, I is five years, and you is four.

MATILDA.

You must not say I *is*, you must say I *am*. I never say I *is* a good girl. My school-mistress says, you *are* a good girl, Miss Matilda.

JAMES.

Give me them potatoes for my pop-gun.

MATILDA.

Cousin James, you must say, "I will thank you for those potatoes."

JAMES.

Go 'long away, you Dick!

MATILDA.

You must say, "Be kind enough to move, Dick."

Do not be rude, cousin James.

KITTY IN THE DOLL'S BED.

MAMMA, I went up to my baby house and just guess what I found there. Just guess, mamma. You cannot, it is so funny. You see, mamma, I thought some one had rumped the sheets on my doll's bed, and so I stooped down to smooth them, and just guess what was there, just try to guess.

Why, I guess, my darling, it was a mouse.


No, mamma, no. It was our little Kitty; she had crawled under the spread, and was fast asleep in my dolly's bed. Was it not funny, mamma?

Anna smooth'd the dolly's bed,
And as she took a peep,
She found her little kitty there,
Lying fast asleep.

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GRAND-PAPA'S STORY.

OME, and sit on my knee, Frederick, and grand-papa will tell you a true story.

One bright summer day, I was in a garden in a city, with a friend, and we rested beneath a fig tree. The broad leaves were fresh and green. We looked up at the ripe purple figs, and what do you think came down through the branches of the fig tree over our heads?

“Oh, a bird, father, a bird,” said little Frederick, clapping his hands.

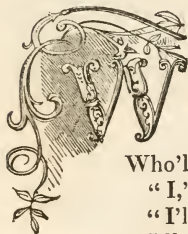
No, not a bird. It was a fish—a trout, Frederick.

“A fish, grandpapa, a trout come through the branches of a tree in a city! You must be in fun.”

No, I tell you the truth. My friend and I were surprised enough, to see a fish falling from a fig-tree, but we ran from under the tree, and saw a bird called a fish-hawk, flying, and an eagle after him. The hawk had dropt the fish just over the fig tree. The eagle wanted the fish, but they both lost it. So much for quarrelling.

THE BEETLE.

A VERY cruel amusement among some children, is, to catch a kind of beetle sometimes called Fig-eater, tie it by the leg with a thread, and then let it fly to the length of it.



HO'LL catch the Beetle?
 "I," says Peter Spring,
 "I'll seize it by the wing,
 "I'll catch the Beetle!"

Who'll get a piece of thread?
 "I," says Dicky Bluff,
 "I'll do it quick enough,
 "I'll tie it round his leg."

Who'll run and hold the string?
 "We'll *all* take turns to run,
 'And have some royal fun,
 "We'll *all* hold the string."

Who loves to hear him buzz?
 "We do," says Lu' and Dick,
 "We like this funny trick,
 "We love to hear him buzz!"

But who is coming along?
A Giant large and strong,
Ah, Peter, Dick and Lu'.
He's looking right at you!

Now towards you all he springs;
And ties your legs with strings;
He ties them one by one,
And tells you all to run—

He cries, "Run, run, Dick, Lucy and Peter,
"And, remember, just so you serv'd the Fig-
eater!"



SUMMER.



Now the pleasant Spring is past,
Here is SUMMER's scorching
blast ;
The linnet and the magpie sigh,
The verdant trees and flowerets
die.

Ah ! 'tis a long and dreary year
To wait, before sweet Spring is here ;
Oh, then, the birds will softly sing,
Sweet Spring is here again, dear Spring!



HUMMING-BIRDS.

Let us talk about Humming-Birds. Little children in Europe, across the great ocean, do not see Humming-Birds. They live in America, where my young readers were born.

They are as big as large butterflies and as bright as butterflies. Pretty things. How they love to dip their long sharp tongues in a flower! How neat they are! They do not ruffle a leaf! If you could look at them near, you would see their little black eyes.

They make their nests on small twigs of trees. The female builds, and the male flies about and gets the down of mullen, or cotton, or moss, or other soft things to line them.

The nests are an inch wide and an inch deep. They lay two little white eggs.

If you go near their nest they will dart at you, and hum with their wings and try to frighten you, and chirp like a cricket.

Humming birds get angry like little boys

and girls. When a flower has no honey in it, they sometimes tear it to pieces quite in a rage.

Fie, little birds! You sit there on that dried twig, and clean your soft plumes, your eyes shining like a bead; and then you fly with such a light grace to a flower, and if there is no honey in it, you get in a passion! Oh, fie little birds, be patient, and go to the next flower.

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THE LITTLE GIRL THAT BITES HER
NAILS.

WHAT are you eating, little Miss;
Nuts?

No, ma'am.

Cake?

No, ma'am.

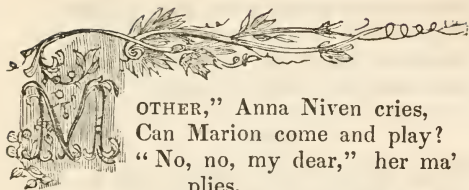
Sugar Plums?

No, ma'am.

Let me see your hands. Oh, for shame, you are eating your nails! Bring some bread for the little girl. Nails were not made to be eaten. Next week we will see if the little girl has pretty nails on her nice little fingers.



ANNA NIVEN.



OTHER," Anna Niven cries,
Can Marion come and play?
"No, no, my dear," her ma' re-
plies,
She must her lessons say."

ANNA.

Then do let Fanny come and string
Some corals for my doll,
While I sit in the airy swing,
And play with pretty poll.

MOTHER.

Anna, my child, why thus persist?
You must have heard me say,
That she has promised to assist
To make your frock to-day.

ANNA.

But Susan nothing has to do,
Except to sweep the stairs;
Mamma, do let her come, will you,
And help me gather pears?

MOTHER.

Susan must watch your little brother
Their nurse is sick to-day,
And sure am I, my dear, no other
Can leave her work to play.

ANNA.

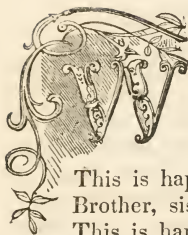
Then, mother dear, suppose that I,
Do go and bring my book,
And little bench, and sit and read
And on the pictures look.

MOTHER.

That's the way my child should talk—
Go, bring your book to me,
And when you've read we'll take a walk,
On the beach beside the sea.



NEW YEAR'S DAY.



WAKE and see the morning
ray—

This is happy new year's
day!

View your toys and presents
gay,

This is happy new year's day!

Brother, sister, come and play,

This is happy new year's day!

Father, mother, hear me say,

A happy, happy, new year's day!

Waiting maids and nurses grey,

To you a happy new year's day!

Friends at home, and friends away,


May you enjoy your new year's day!

And while I laugh, and skip, and play,

I'll thank God for the new year's day.



THE YOUNG RATS.

o you know how to spell cat?

C-a-t.

Very well. I have a large cat. One day I looked into my flour barrel. What do you think I saw? I saw six young rats. I was sorry for the little things, they were so scared. But rats must be killed, or they will eat up all our dinners.

So I called puss! puss! puss! and pussy came to see what was the matter.

A little girl wished to put her in the barrel, but cats will not be forced to catch mice, and she ran away.

Then all the children went aside with me, and we did not talk, but peeped at puss; so puss came along very softly to the barrel, and smelled all around it, and at last she gave a spring into the barrel, and then out of the barrel, with a rat in her mouth, and so she did until all were dead.

Cats do not often eat rats, they kill them and leave them. They eat mice.

Then all the children went into the parlour with me, and we sat down and talked about the rats, and as it pleased them, I hope it will please you too.



JOHN'S PARROT.

JOHN had a parrot. It was a pretty parrot. It could whistle and laugh, and say, "bad boy."

One day James Jones was sent to school; he stopped to play marbles in the street.

Poll was sitting on the fence. She saw James, and called out, "Bad boy!"

James thought that Poll spoke to him. He caught up his marbles, and ran off to school, and said his lesson. James made his bow, and went home. As he was walking along he saw the parrot.

"Now," said he, "I wonder if Poll will say, 'bad boy.'" Poll did not say bad boy, but said, "ha! ha! ha!"

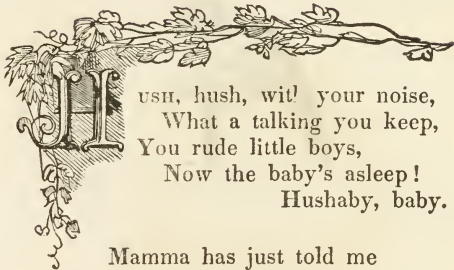
"Poll is glad," said little James, "that I do not stop to play truant. He laughs."

Then John sent for James to see his parrot, and he held a stick to her, and she bit it, and he stroked her green feathers, and when she said "bad boy," James knew it was not he.

So James never stopped again to play in the street, and when naughty children asked him, he said, "No."



THE SLEEPING BABY.



HUSH, hush, wit' your noise,
What a talking you keep,
You rude little boys,
Now the baby's asleep!
Hushaby, baby.

Mamma has just told me
To stay quiet here,
And, oh, she will scold me,
If wakes baby dear.
Hushaby, baby.

How soft its white arm,
As it lies on its breast!
Little baby, no harm
Shall come here while you rest.
Hushaby, baby.

My task has been given,
And I will be true,
And sister and Heaven
Will watch over you.
Hushaby, baby.



FATHER TAKES ME UP.



LOVE my mother's gentle kiss,
I love to join my brother's play,
I love to walk with little sis,
And view the shops and pictures
gay.

I love my toys and books to see,
I love god-mother's silver cup,
But the best thing of things to me,
Is when my *my father takes me up*.

Father, when I'm as tall as you,
And you are small like little sis,
I'll lay you on my shoulder too,
And let you feel how nice it is.

THE BLUE JAY.

ANNA looked out of the window, and saw a large tree. It was full of green leaves. Men cannot make such pretty leaves. God makes them; he makes the sky that looks over them, the sun that warms them, and the little birds that sit in the branches of the tree.

Look at that bird! It is a Blue Jay. What is he doing here? He should be in the forests.

Do not be troubled for the Blue Jay. He has come here for bugs and caterpillars to this large tree. He will sing, if you do not frighten him, but if you go too near, he will fly away screaming.

What pretty blue and purple feathers on his head; and now he raises them up, and now he puts them down. See, something like a half-moon on his breast, black and glossy.

Look! he has flown to the potato patch, and now he moves his long, light, blue tail, tipped with black.

He does not love Owls. When he sees an Owl, he will call all his friends with a loud scream, and they will gather round him. The Owl will look at them with his big eyes, and then fly away.



JAMES AND FIDO,

By a Child of Ten Years.

JAMES was a little boy. He had a dog that he called Fido.

One day, his mother asked him if he would not like to take a walk with her? He said, "Yes, ma'am."

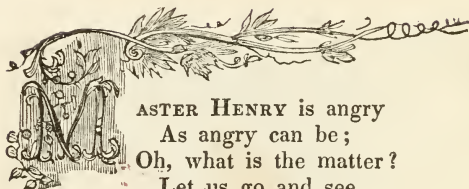
His mother dressed him, and he called Fido; but his mother said, he must not carry Fido, because he would trouble her.

James did not say, Fido shall go; but said, "You may do as you please, ma'am."

So they left Fido, and they went to walk, and his mother said he had been a good boy, and that she would give him a book, and told him that he must try to teach Fido to read.

He said he would; and then they went home, and he called Fido, and Fido came, and he said, "Fido, say A. B. C." and Fido barked three times; and his mother said that he must go to bed, and teach Fido the next day.

HENRY IN A PASSION.



His lips they stick out
 Like the nose of a pump,
 And he's giving his brother
 A very hard thump.

He is trotting his small foot
 As fast as a mill;
 Master Henry, dear Henry,
 I beg you'd be still.

What! throw down the chairs,
 And kick over the books?
 Oh Henry, dear Henry,
 Don't give me such looks!

You tell me you *will*,
And then give me a slap!
Oh fie, master Henry,
Get out of my lap.

I know some *young readers*
Will not treat me so;
Will you, masters and misses?
“Oh no, indeed, no.”



LITTLE SARAH.

SARAH has a neat baby-house. She has a New-York doll, and cups and saucers, and she has a jointed baby with funny little eyes, that look as if they were laughing. Sarah does not pull her play-things about. She folds up her doll's clothes, and says,

“Miss Dolly, I do not allow you to throw your frock on the floor.”

Sarah has a little kitten, and every morning she feeds her with a saucer of milk, and the kitten knows Sarah, and plays with her every day.

One day, Sarah set out her tea-cups for a small party. It rained, and the young misses could not come. But Sarah did not fret. She said, “Never mind, Kitty shall be my party.”

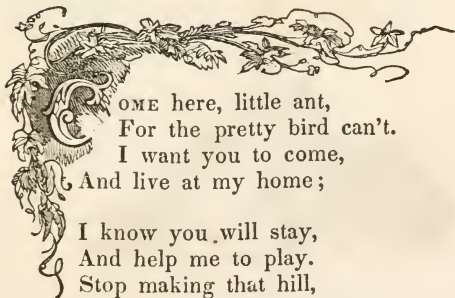
Then she put Kitty in a chair, and called her Mrs. Foster, and said,

“Will you take a cup of tea, Mrs. Foster?” and the Kitty sat up in the chair, and said “Mew.”



TO THE ANT.

Two little girls carried a piece of sugar for some months,
every day, from the breakfast table, to a family of
ants, and one of them said thus :



COME here, little ant,
For the pretty bird can't.
I want you to come,
And live at my home ;

I know you will stay,
And help me to play.
Stop making that hill,
Little ant, and be still.

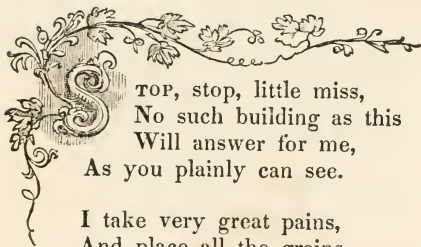
Come, creep to my feet,
Here is sugar to eat.
Say, are you not weary,
My poor little deary,

With bearing that load,
Across the wide road?
Leave your hill now, to me,
And then you shall see,

That by filling my hand,
I can pile up the sand,
And save you the pains
Of bringing these grains.



THE ANT'S ANSWER.



TOP, stop, little miss,
No such building as this
Will answer for me,
As you plainly can see.

I take very great pains,
And place all the grains
As if with a tool,
By a carpenter's rule.

You have thrown the coarse sand
All out of your hand,
And so fill'd up my door,
That I can't find it more.

My King and my Queen
Are chok'd up within ;
My little ones too,
Oh what shall I do ?

You have smother'd them all,
With the sand you let fall.
I must borrow or beg,
Or look for an egg,*

To keep under my eye,
For help by and by,
A new house I must raise,
In a very few days,

Nor stand here and pine,
Because you've spoilt mine.
For when winter days come,
I shall mourn for my home;

So stand out of my way,
I have no time to play.

* When an ant's nest is disturbed, there may be seen processions of ants bearing little white eggs, for more than a day. Ants are divided into workers, sentinels, &c., like bees, and they have their King and Queen also.



POOR WILLY.

Poor Willy in play,
I am sorry to say,
His head did hit;
To his mother he ran,
Like a little man,
Not minding it.

Then she rubb'd it well,
And a story did tell,
And kiss'd him too;
Then back did he run,
To his little fun,
And so must you.

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EYES AND EARS.

WHAT are eyes made for?
To see with.

What are ears made for?

To hear with.

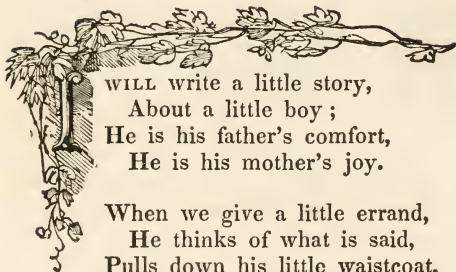
Can men make eyes?

They can only make glass eyes, and this sort of eyes do not look as if they said, I love you.

I will love God for giving me eyes, that I can see my dear father with.



WHO IS THIS BOY ?



WILL write a little story,
About a little boy ;
He is his father's comfort,
He is his mother's joy.

When we give a little errand,
He thinks of what is said,
Pulls down his little waistcoat,
And holds up his little head.

He holds his little fork
By the handle, as he should,
And never spills his coffee,
Nor drops about his food.

His face is very pleasant,
What he says is always true ;
Now tell me, *youngest reader*,
If this little boy is *you*.

NANCY RAY.



My bird is dead,
Said Nancy Ray,
My bird is dead,
I cannot play.

He sang so sweetly
Every day—
He sings no more,
I cannot play.

Go put his cage
Far, far away,
I do not love
His cage to-day

She wiped her eyes,
Poor Nancy Ray,
And sat and sighed,
But could not play.

MAKING A SHIRT.

ARE any of my little friends learning to make a shirt? Can they hem, and sew over a seam, and stitch, and gather, and make a button-hole? Can they stroke the gathers, and make them stand as even as a line of soldiers?

I love to see little children sew. Take care of your needle, and do not throw it down, or it may run into some one's foot.

Once there was a little girl, who dropt her needle on the floor. Her brother was a baby creeping about, and the needle ran into his little white foot, and hurt the baby very much.



THE GRAVE YARD.

LAST week, I went to Yonge's Island, and there I saw a sweet little girl. She went with me to the family burial ground. It had a neat, white paling around it, and a large cedar tree in the centre.

As we went along, Eliza picked up yellow flowers from the field, and chatted away like a little bird.

Eliza opened the gate of the burial place, and I said, "Do you often come here?"

"Oh yes," said she, looking up in my face; "there are no snakes here."

Eliza stood very still while I read the writing on her Uncle's grave stone, but when I turned away, she said,

"Shall I give you one of these lilies?"

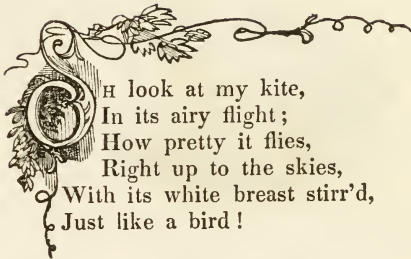
They were two beautiful white lilies that bloomed beneath the cedar.

I said, "No, Eliza: it makes the grave yard look cheerful."

And I thought to myself, Sweet child,
how much you resemble this fair lily,
as you raise your bright eyes beneath the
cedar tree.



THE KITE.



O H look at my kite,
In its airy flight;
How pretty it flies,
Right up to the skies,
With its white breast stirr'd,
Just like a bird!

Pretty kite, pretty kite,
In your airy flight,
What do you spy,
In the bright blue sky?

I wish I was you,
To be there too,
Oh, then, how soon
I would peep at the moon,

And see the man there,
Who gives me a stare,
When I look up at night,
At his beautiful light!



ANNA AND HER DOG.

By a Little Girl.

THERE was once a little girl named Anna, and she had a dog of which she was very fond.


One day, she went to dine with a friend. As she was coming home over a bridge, a boy threw her dog into the water.

Anna cried very much, but the little boy said, that he only wished to wash Rover.

Very soon, Anna saw the dog swim safely to the shore, and she came home and told the story of her dog to her friends.



HENS AND DUCKS.

NCE there was a hen. She had six eggs put under her, and there came out of the eggs five little chickens, and one duck.

The old hen said, cluck, cluck, and then the little ones ran to her, and she had a nice crumb for them to eat.

By and by the little duck began to be dry, and wanted water, but the chickens did not much care for water; a few drops were all they thought of drinking. So the little duck went waddling all about the yard with its flat feet, looking for water. Quack, quack, said the little duck.

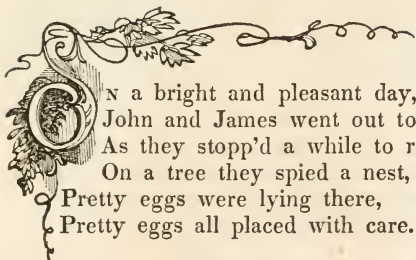
At length the little duck found a small puddle of water, and it went to the edge. It put one foot in, and then the other, and away it sailed off like a little boat.

Then the hen began to be scared, for God did not make hens to swim, and she stuck out her feathers, and trailed down her wings, and cried, cluck, cluck; but the

duck would not come back, for it felt that God had given it flat feet to swim with, and it dipped its head in the water, and threw the water over its wings; and when it had swum long enough, it came out to the hen and chickens; and they were all glad, and rejoiced over it.



THE BIRD'S NEST.



ON a bright and pleasant day,
John and James went out to play:
As they stopp'd a while to rest,
On a tree they spied a nest,
Pretty eggs were lying there,
Pretty eggs all placed with care.

“Come,” says Johnny, with a laugh,
“You and I will each take half.
And the rest we’ll give to Ann.”
So towards the tree they ran.

Just then, upon a branch they heard
The fluttering of the mother-bird,
And a note that seem'd to say,
“Will you take my eggs away,
f

When I've made my nest with care,
And put them all so nicely there?
Oh! do not, pray, my nest destroy,
Have pity on me, little boy.

When you in the cradle lay,
No one took you far away,
Safe you were, and smil'd and smil'd,
A little bright and happy child.

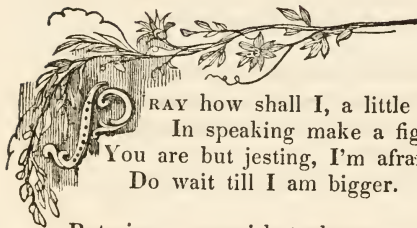
And your mother lov'd you so,
Better than you e'er can know.
Then do not take my nest away,
Little boy, I beg and pray."

John and James said not a word,
And their little hearts were stirr'd;
They wip'd their eyes and went to play,
And felt quite happy all that day.



THE LITTLE COLT.

For a Little Boy to Recite.



PRAY how shall I, a little lad,
 In speaking make a figure?
 You are but jesting, I'm afraid,
 Do wait till I am bigger.

But since you wish to hear my part,
 And urge me to begin it,
 I'll strive for praise with all my art,
 Though small my chance to win it.

I'll tell a tale how farmer John
 A little roan colt bred, sir,
 And every night and every morn,
 He watered and he fed, sir.

Said neighbour Jo, to farmer John,
 You surely are a dolt, sir,
 To spend such daily care upon
 A little useless colt, sir.

The farmer answered wondering Jo,
“I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But may do when he’s grown up.”

The moral you may plainly see,
To keep the tale from spoiling;
The little colt you think is me,—
I know it by your smiling.

I now entreat you to excuse
My lisp and my stammers,
And, since you’ve learnt my Parents’
views,
I’ll humbly make my manners.



HYMN FOR A CHILD.



THE glorious God who reigns on high,
Who formed the earth and built the
sky,

Stoops from his throne in Heaven to hear
A little infant's prattling prayer.

Father of all! My Father too!
Oh make me good, and just, and true,
Make me delight to learn thy word,
And love to pray and praise thee, Lord,

Oh may thy gracious presence bless
And guard my childhood's helplessness;
Be with me, as I grow in years,
And guide me through this vale of tears.



THE PONY.

BRING the Pony, Jim, for the little boy to ride. Pretty Pony, how he shines, and how his long tail hangs to the ground! Now, Jim, fix the saddle strong, that the little boy may be quite safe.

Put the little boy on the Pony, give him the reins, and a little switch. What a brave boy! Now, Jim, walk by the side of the little boy, that he may not fall. Sit up straight, little boy, and do not whip the Pony, until you are bigger.

 GOOD NIGHT.


OOD night, mamma; good night,
 papa;
 I'm going now to sleep;
 Your little boy will say his prayers,
 And God his soul will keep.

S U S A N .

By a Little Girl Eight Years old.

SUSAN is not a good girl. She cried for some gravy at dinner, and her mother told the maid-servant, to carry her up stairs, and shut her up in her room, until evening; but she screamed and knocked him. Her mother told her not to scream, yet she would, and Susan had to go to bed without kissing her father and mother.



E M I L Y .

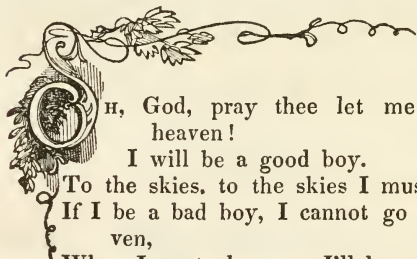
By a Little Girl:

EMILY, where is your bonnet? Go and get it, and come to walk. See the pretty birds hopping about from tree to tree. See the green fields, how prettily they look.

But, Emily, who made all these pretty things? It is our God who made them. We must love God because he gave these pretty things.

A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHTS.

A little boy, five years of age, said the following words. He had never seen the ocean, and had never lost a friend. His mother was astonished at his language, and wrote exactly as he spoke.



O, God, pray thee let me go to heaven!
 I will be a good boy.
 To the skies. to the skies I must go;
 If I be a bad boy, I cannot go to heaven,
 When I go to heaven, I'll be an angel,
 And with the wings I'll fly where I please.
 Oh, God, I wish I would be a good boy!

What do you see coming?
 A boat—a boat—a boat, my friend!
 Coming up? No—going down.
 But, ah, I was mistaken!

Now it does not come to land,
And now I have no joy.

When I came from o'er the sea
I was so very glad,

But now I am so very sorry,

Because my friend is dead:

When did I come from the sandy sea?

In summer, when the flowers were spring-
ing up.



LITTLE VIRGINIA.

PAPA, will you take Virginia in your lap?

Yes, my darling. But let me look at your hands; are they clean? and those little lips, too. Oh, you must ask Dolly to wash your face. Now I can kiss you. Sit still, and tell me whom you love.

Why, papa, I love you, and mamma, and pussy.

Virginia, what if mamma, and pussy, and I, should fall into a tub of water? Which would you take out first?

Why, papa, I would take out pussy, and you and mamma should take out yourselves.





WHO MADE THE FLOWER ?



LITTLE child, who loves to see
 The bright sun shining clear,
 Is often asking, "Where is He
 Who placed the bright sun here?"

She sees the moonlight's silver gleam,
 And stars with twinkling ray,
 And says, "Who made that gentle beam,
 Almost more fair than day?"

She gathers for her mother dear
 A blossom rich and fair,

And asks, "Who placed these colours
here,
And mixed them with such care?"

'Tis God, my child, who will impart
More glorious objects still,
A temper mild, a feeling heart,
And strength to do His will.



TOO MANY CHAIRS.

WHAT is the matter? What is Robert hiding his face for?

Ah! the little rogue! I know. He wished to have *three* chairs, and leave none for little Anna.

Why, master Robert, you must think you are very big, to want three chairs! The President himself only sits in one chair, and what can you do with three?

Try now. See how droll you look with three chairs! Sit in one, and put your legs in the two others.

Ha! ha! ha! It makes me laugh to see Robert in three chairs!

When I come to visit Robert, he shall sit in one chair, and give one to Anna, and the other he must let me sit in, and I hope he never will say, "I shall," and "I won't," to his mamma.

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THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

WHO is the little girl I see, that comes down to breakfast every morning with smiling, bright eyes?

Let me kiss her, because she behaves well.

Turn round, my dear.

Ah, how neatly your frock is tied. You stood very still; and your hair feels as smooth as pussy's fur.

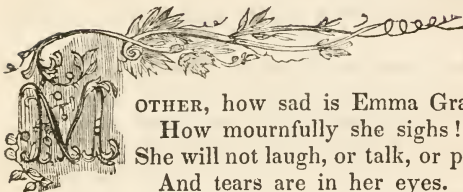
Puss washes her face every day, and when she has little kittens, they stand still to have their faces washed.

My little friends must behave better than kittens, because they are learning to read, and their mammas talk to them, and tell them about God and Jesus Christ.

Jesus loved little children, and if they are good they will see him in heaven.



ASKING ABOUT SORROW.



OTHER, how sad is Emma Gray,
 How mournfully she sighs!
 She will not laugh, or talk, or play,
 And tears are in her eyes.

“I know that God is very great,
 And it is strange to me,
 That on his royal throne of state,
 He should not Emma see.

“And mother, if our God *is* good,
 How can he let her cry?
 I wish all this I understood—
 Say, will you tell me why?”

Daughter, come let us take a walk,
 Where yesterday we went;
 And have a little quiet talk,
 To soothe your discontent.

How bright, my love, the garden glows,
How balmy is the air,
And look upon your favourite rose,
The blossoms cluster fair!

Do you remember how each leaf
Seem'd withering yesternoon,
And you were full of childish grief
That it must die so soon!


And when at night the wind and rain
Come bursting from the sky,
You for your flow'ret mourned again,
And thought that it must die?

Perhaps our tears are sent like showers,
But to refresh the heart,
And sighs like winds in summer hours,
Will make new virtues start.

“Oh, yes, mamma! I see it now—
You think that Emma's tears
Will make her *good*, and clear her brow
For many sunny years.”



THE MENAGERIE.

H, papa, papa," said little Walter, "look in this cage. Here is a most horrid looking animal! only see its teeth! What is its name?"

"It is a Hyena, my son, the most savage and fierce of wild beasts. Indeed it has been said that it cannot be tamed."

"That is a mistake," said the keeper. "I have been more than ten years taking care of wild beasts, and they all seem to know when they are well treated. Even the White Bear from the Polar Seas has become fond of me, because I have been kind to him."

Walter stood still, and thought a little while, and then said, "Papa, may be, if I am kind to cousin Sally, she won't pull my hair, and slap me any more."



TAKING A WALK.

MAMMA, will you take Julia to walk?
Will Julia behave well?
Yes, mamma.

Nanny, go bring Miss Julia's bonnet, and we will take a walk.

Mamma, will you buy me a doll, and some sugar candy, and a pair of shoes?

Hush; Julia must not ask for so many things. Now we are in the busy street. Be careful, my little girl, when we cross over.

Oh! mamma, how prettily the ladies look, and how many carriages there are. Stop, mamma, see all these prints, and all these picture-books! Let us go into this shop.

Julia must not touch any thing. Here is "Old Mother Hubbard" for you.

Oh, how funny, mamma! Have you bought it for me? Thank you, mamma. I will show it to brother.

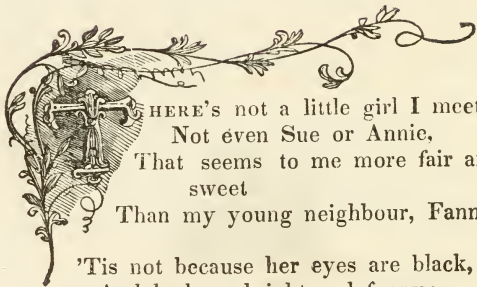
Julia must not quarrel about the book,

when she goes home. What shall I buy for George? Here is "Mother Goose," with pretty pictures. George will be so pleased, and will thank his mamma, and kiss her.

Julia has been a good girl. Let us go home.



FANNY.



HERE'S not a little girl I meet,
 Not éven Sue or Annie,
 That seems to me more fair and
 sweet
 Than my young neighbour, Fanny.

'Tis not because her eyes are black,
 And look so bright and funny ;
 'Tis not because her breath is pure,
 As new mown hay or honey.

'Tis not because at dancing school
 Her step is light and airy,
 Or that she skips about the house
 Just like a little fairy.

'Tis not because in Carpenter
 She learns a "monstrous" column,

Nor that she sits in company
 Sometimes quite still and solemn.

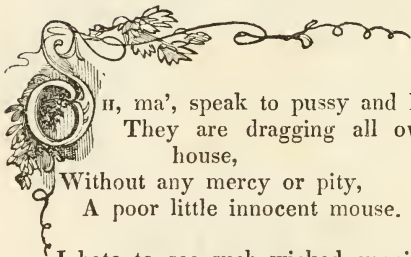
Nor is it that her little hands
 She waves about so gaily,
When telling every artless thought
 That fills her bosom daily.

It is because *good-nature* comes
 To light each limb and feature,
That Fanny always seems to me
 A charming little creature.



THE LITTLE BOY PLEADS FOR
MOUSE.

LITTLE BOY.



O, ma', speak to pussy and kitty,
They are dragging all over the
house,
Without any mercy or pity,
A poor little innocent mouse.
I hate to see such wicked cunning,
For pussy allows it to go,
And just as the mouse thinks of running
She catches and teases it so.

MOTHER.

My son, our old puss cannot reason,
And therefore she is not a sinner;
Perhaps this is not hungry season,
And this teasing is cooking her dinner.

But when *children*, my darling, are cruel,
And injure the brutes heaven made,
They sully the beautiful jewel,
That with a kind heart is inlaid.



AMELIA.

I WISH to have a talk with Amelia, and ask her where her thimble is. And, Amelia, where is the pretty needle-book that was bought at the fair? And where is the nice little box and basket for your sewing work?

Why, Amelia, look at your thimble on the floor; and see, the puppy is playing with your needle-book; and all your baby-clothes are lying about; and there is your jointed doll with her nose broken, and no little Amelia goes to take care of her.

Who will give Amelia a Christmas gift, if she is so careless? Go, my sweet child, pick up your thimble, and take the needle-book from Fido. Fido cannot sew, but Amelia can sew, and take little stitches, and by and by she will make a shirt for Papa.



EDWARD IN CHURCH.

DOES Edward behave well at church ?
I know a little boy who puts nuts in his pocket, and eats them in church. Is that proper ?

I know a little boy who knocks his heels against the bench, and makes a noise. Is that right ?

Johnny keeps getting up on his seat, and Henry beats a drum on the top of the pew.

I know another Henry who sits still, and reads his catechism ; and another Johnny, who tries to hear what his dear minister says. And I know another sweet little boy, who repeats the text every Sunday.

How does the little boy who is reading this behave at church ? If he behaves well, I wish I could see him. If he is naughty, I do not wish to see him until he is good.

h



"JESUS WEPT."



AMMA, you say I must not cry—
 Why do you tell me so?
 If Jesus wept, why may not I?
 He could not sin, you know."

"He wept, my dear, for human sin—
 Not at a trifling wound,
 You almost cry to lose a pin—
 Or at the thunder's sound.

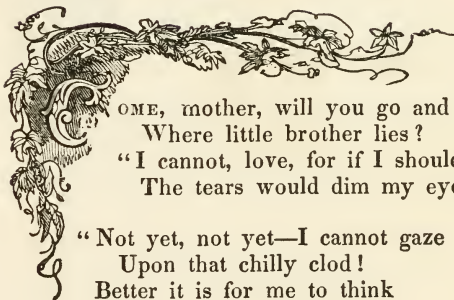
"You oft have wept for foolish things,
 And have from anger cried,
 He mourned a sister's sufferings,
 And wept when Laz'rus died.

"He wept the tears the Scriptures bless—
 Tears for another's woe ;
 Such sorrow I would ne'er repress,
 Nor chide its overflow.

“Be good—and banish idle fears,
Nor even fear to die,
For God himself will wipe such tears
From every human eye.”



THE INFANT'S GRAVE.



COME, mother, will you go and see
Where little brother lies?

“I cannot, love, for if I should,
The tears would dim my eyes.

“Not yet, not yet—I cannot gaze
Upon that chilly clod!
Better it is for me to think
That he is with his God.

“A few short months, and grass will grow
Over his little grave,
And then perhaps the church-yard flower
Will spring and gently wave.

“Then will we go, and I will see
Where my sweet baby lies;
For God will soothe my breaking heart,
And dry my weeping eyes.”



LITTLE ROBERT.

MAMMA, may I go into the yard and play horse? Papa has lent me his cane, and here is a nice willow switch.

No, Robert; you have a sore throat, and you must stay in the house.

But, mamma, my top is broken, and my wheelbarrow is dirty, and my books are old.

Poor Robert! What can you do? Do not fret, and you will soon think of something.

Oh, yes, mamma, now I have thought of something funny! My horse, (papa's cane, you know,) shall be very quiet, like your carriage horses, and I will play that you are my stable, and sister Mary shall be the country.

Come up, sir. Wo, sir. Wo.

Mamma, you must not talk, because you are the stable, you know. Sister Mary will make a nice country, because she is so quiet.


Softly, Dick, come on, sir.

Now, we are riding up the avenue.

How d'ye, Molly? How d'ye, Cyrus? Thank you for the ground-nuts and sweet potatoes. Happy New Year to you!



MARGARET'S BIRD.

 **W**HAT is the matter with Margaret? She is crying as if her heart would break.

What is that in her hand? A pretty bird. Why does she not put it in a cage? It will fly away. Oh, I see, it is dead: the cat killed it! It cannot move—its bright eyes are shut, and that is what makes her cry.

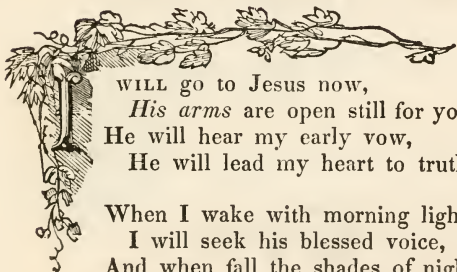
Her mother says she must let William bury it, but she does not like to let him put it in the dark ground. But the bird is dead—it does not feel now, and it will not know where he puts it.

Will Margaret have to die, too?

Yes—and her bright eyes will be shut, and her tongue and hands be very still. But if she is good, when her body is put in the ground, her soul, that thinks, and feels, and loves, will go to God, and be happy with the holy angels, for ever.

Will not Margaret try to be a good girl?

“AND JESUS TOOK LITTLE CHILDREN
IN HIS ARMS.”



I WILL go to Jesus now,
His arms are open still for youth,
He will hear my early vow,
He will lead my heart to truth.

When I wake with morning light,
I will seek his blessed voice,
And when fall the shades of night,
He shall be my happy choice.

He will teach me how to pray,
He will teach me what to do ;
How to pass a holy day,
How to keep my God in view.

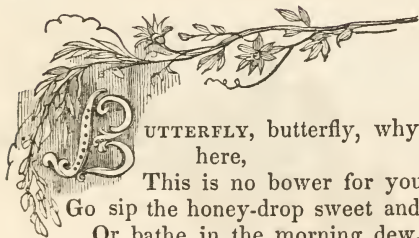
When my heart is faint and weak,
And some foolish fear alarms,
I my Saviour's word will seek,
He will hold me in *his arms*.

When a sinful thought comes by,
Or angry passions move my breast,
I will bid the tempter fly ;
In His arms again I'll rest.

Then happy will the moment prove,
When God shall call me up to Heaven,
When Jesus folds me in his love,
And faults repented are forgiven.



TO A BUTTERFLY AT CHURCH.



BUTTERFLY, butterfly, why come
 here,
 This is no bower for you!
 Go sip the honey-drop sweet and clear,
 Or bathe in the morning dew.

This is the place to think of Heaven
 This is the place to pray;
 You have no sins to be forgiven,—
 Butterfly, go away.


I see God has touch'd you with beautiful dyes,
 And your motion is graceful and light,
 But the *heart* is the thing open now to His
 eyes;
 The *heart* must be pure in his sight.

He has made us to love what is airy and gay,
And I will not despise your bright wings ;
But I must not be thinking about you to-day,—
It was given for holier things.



THE DEAD BIRD.


Written by a Little Girl Nine Years old.

s my sister was walking through the burying ground on Sunday, she saw a poor little dead bird. It was black on its back, but it had a little yellow on its breast.

She carried it home. I went to church in the afternoon with her, and asked my sister where she found it, and she told me.

I wished it could have been in the woods, playing with the other birds. I wonder if it would have been happier there?

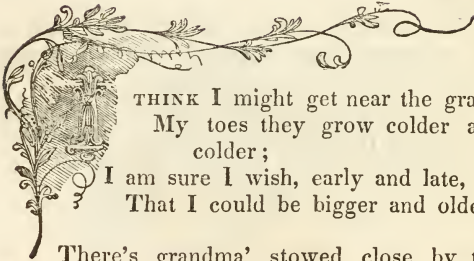
 THE MEDAL.

ho has the medal this week? How many weeks has she had it? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, or eight?

What a good little girl that must be who keeps the medal so long! But if she loses it, will she cry? I hope not.

Let all the little girls take their turn, and then all their mammas will be glad.

THE BOY IS COLD.



THINK I might get near the grate,
 My toes they grow colder and
 colder ;

I am sure I wish, early and late,
 That I could be bigger and older.

There's grandma' stowed close by the
 fire,

And she's managed to squeeze in my bro-
 ther ;

Aunt Polly has got her desire,

And sits like a toast next to mother.

My teeth they all shake in my head,

And my hands are like skim'd milk so blue ;

And my feet feel as if they were dead,

And I'm sure I can't tell what to do.

I have tried once or twice to go near,
And they cry out "Oh don't be a baby,
Run about and you'll warm yourself, dear ;"
They think I've no feeling then, may be.

I just wish that from now till to-morrow
They and I could change fingers and toes,
And then they'd find out to their sorrow,
How a fellow must feel when he's *froze*.



PUNCTUATION.



COMMA—COUNT ONE.

,

WHAT is that little dot with a tail to it? and what is it for? I see it in all my books.

It is put there to make you read slowly, Louisa. Its name is a comma, and when you see a comma in your book, you must stop long enough to count one. Louisa will never read well, unless she looks at the commas. Big men and women look at the commas, and stop long enough to count one.

How many commas are there in this piece? Count them. Now bring your slate and pencil, and make commas until you are weary.



PERIOD—FULL STOP.



I HAVE counted the commas, ma'am, and Alfred has come to see me, and we wish you to tell us what the little round dot is, without a tail.

Sit down, Alfred. Sit down, Louisa, and open a book. Look at this (.). It is a period. If you do not stop and breathe when you see periods, your reading will never please your father. You must stop long enough to count four, or six. All the lawyers and ministers have to stop and breathe when they see a period. They dare not pass it by without doing so. What does a period look like, Alfred?

Like a black pin's head broken off, ma'am.


How many periods are there in this piece? Now take your slates and see which can make the neatest period. Good bye.



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SEMICOLON—COUNT TWO. COLON—
COUNT THREE.

;

OME here, Thomas, and read these names. Colon : semicolon. What does a colon (:) look like ?

A colon (:) looks like two periods.

You must *stop* long enough at a colon to count three. It is not often used.

What does a semicolon (;) look like ?

It looks like a comma with a hat on.

Very well, Thomas. Mind that you pay great respect to your semicolons. Semi means half.

Here is some poetry for you.

Whene'er I meet a comma (,) I'll think of
saying *one*,
And *two* at semicolons (;) will be very pleasant
fun,
The colon (:) till I've counted *three*, my little
mind will fix—
At periods (.) I'll make a pause, and think of
four or *six*.

THIS IS A NOTE OF INTERROGATION—COUNT
FOUR OR SIX.



WHAT a long word! Spell it, John.
In-ter-ro-ga-tion.

We use the note of interrogation when we write a question. How are you, John? Do you love to play ball?

There are two notes of interrogation. I will make six. ? ? ? ? ? ? What do they look like, John?

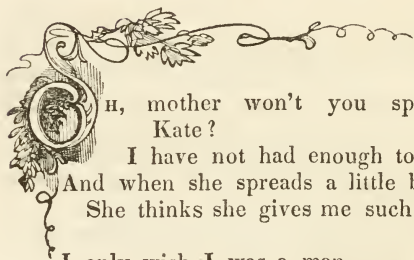
They look like soldiers marching backwards, ma'am.

That is a nice boy. Now tell me how long you mean to stop at a note of interrogation.

I will stop long enough to count four.

Good bye, Johnny. Go, make some on your slate.



THE BOY'S COMPLAINT ABOUT
BUTTER.

H, mother won't you speak to
Kate?

I have not had enough to eat:
And when she spreads a little bread,
She thinks she gives me such a treat.

I only wish I was a man,
To have my butter an inch thick,
And not be talking all the time,
How this and that will make me sick.

Poor little boys are sadly used,
They cannot have the thing they wish;
While grown up people help themselves
To what they like from every dish.

As soon as I become a man,
I'll have a pie as tall as you,

With door and windows like a house,
And lin'd with plums all through and through.

And I'll go in whene'er I choose,
And sit as snug as Jacky Horner;
And even Katey, though she's cross,
Shall sometimes come and eat a corner.

My windows all with jelly made,
Like Boston glass shall glisten bright,
And sugar candy for the frames,
At every turn shall meet my sight.

My floors shall be of ginger-bread,
Because that's pretty hard, you know,
Sanded all o'er with sugar plums,
Rolling about where'er I go.

And mother, Kate, my cellaret
Shall be all butter, shap'd with ice,
And then we'll see if I must fret
Because I want a little slice.

And mother—Oh she's gone away!
And Katey—What—you've left me too?
I won't stand talking to the walls,
But go and find some work to do.

THE SENTINEL.

SEE the sentinel! When others sleep, he watches, that no one may disturb them.

When the night is dark, and the winds are abroad, he walks alone. When all the city sleeps, the sentinel wakes and walks alone.

Perhaps he thinks of his children and his home; their eyes are closed in quiet rest, but he walks alone.

The moon shines brightly on him, the stars are his company.

Who guards the sentinel? God guards him.



LITTLE ANNA.

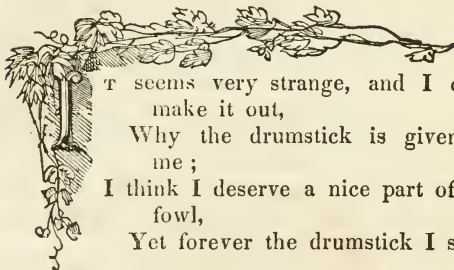
LITTLE ANNA was afraid of the stars. She did not like to have their far-off eyes look down upon her all the night; and when twilight came, Anna loved to have the shutters closed on the pretty stars. We told her it was foolish to be afraid of the stars, that God made.

One night, Anna went to bed, and the shutter was open, and she saw a bright star peeping down upon her.

“I can look at the star now,” said she, “I am not afraid,” and she fell asleep under its soft beam.

* *
* * *
* *

REMONSTRANCE ABOUT THE DRUM- STICK.



It seems very strange, and I can't
make it out,
Why the drumstick is given to
me ;
I think I deserve a nice part of the
fowl,
Yet forever the drumstick I see.

I pass the white meat to Miss Anderson's
plate,
And old Mr. Rich takes the thighs ;
The side-bones go off at a terrible rate,
And the pinion to sister Ann flies.

If I were to count all the drumsticks I've had
Since the pap spoon was taken away,
And I've sitten at table with women and men,
You would hardly believe what I say.

'Tis said that a part helps a part, and I'm
sure,

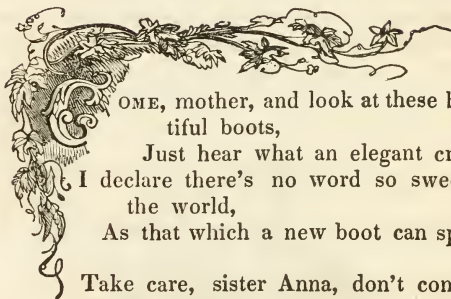
If that is the state of the case,
I think I can enter before very long
With "Bonnets of Blue" for a race.

I'm sure I'm not greedy, but really, papa,
If you give me the drumstick again,
Your son, in the place of a leg like your own,
Will exhibit the shank of a crane.

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THE NEW BOOTS.



COME, mother, and look at these beautiful boots,

Just hear what an elegant creak!

I declare there's no word so sweet in the world,

As that which a new boot can speak.

Take care, sister Anna, don't come in my way,

Run further, you troublesome chit,—

You would look at my boots? Oh very well, dear,

Come and see how completely they fit.

Why, really the child has a share of good taste

Just see her admiring gaze!

Come, come, sister Nanny, and sit in my lap.

Little children have such pretty ways.

Pray mamma, don't look anxiously down at
my toes,

I assure you they don't hurt at all;
They only *look* tight, as is often the case,
I would not have bought them too small.

Young Loring and I chose our boots at one
store,—

His foot is the size of my own;
But really, mamma, he bought his so large,
That he looks like a clown overgrown.

Hark! Toney is coming,—now don't say a
word,

Just see how his white eyes will shine.
Hear, Toney, my boy, what an elegant creak
Proceeds from these new boots of mine!

Did you ever behold a fit more complete?

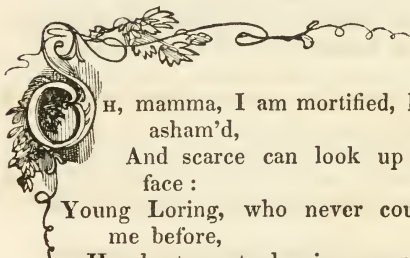
Why turn your big eyes to the wall?

“He new, and he bright, Massa Johnny, for
true,

And *pride neber feel pain at all.*”



THE TIGHT BOOTS.



H, mamma, I am mortified, hurt and
asham'd,
And scarce can look in your
face :

Young Loring, who never could beat
me before,

Has beat me to-day in a race.

You laugh ! I would thank you ma' never to
laugh

As you do when I speak in this style ;

I think I would sometimes prefer to be
whipped,

Than to see that half-comical smile.

Well, mamma, we were walking just out of
the town,

When Loring proposed we should run ;

You know what a fellow I am for a race,
And I thought to have excellent fun.

So we started together, the boys looking on,
My boots felt as tight as a vice;
I hobbled and stumbled, just ready to fall,
While Loring was off in a trice.

The boys shouted, "New boots, run, new
boots, hurra!"
Their ridicule went to my soul;
I hopped like a turkey, and was not half way,
When Loring was safe at the goal.

My toes were all cramp'd, and my ankles
were sore,
And I made such a shocking grimace,
That Loring, though he's such a gentleman,
ma',
Could not help laughing out in my face.

And big Billy Blackford took out his hair
comb,
And said, as he sat on the grass,
"Though your boots spoil your racing, they'll
serve a good turn,
And answer right well for a glass."

Pray hand me my old boots, dear ma', if you please ;


And Toney, do *stretch* these a bit.

No grinning, you rogue, they are scarcely too small ;

Just *stretch* them—I know they will fit.



OBSTINACY.

 WILL tell you now about some obstinate children.

Ellen would run up and down stairs by herself, when her mamma told her she must not; and one day she fell down, and hurt her foot, so that she could not walk for a week.

Henry cried, and would sit up late, when his mother had a party, and he would eat a great deal of supper; so the next morning he was very sick, and had to take physic.

Sarah's mamma told her never to put her hand on the teapot; but she would, and it upset, and scalded her badly.

Thomas had a bad cold, and his mother said he must take some physic; but he would not, and cried and screamed, until he had a fever, and the doctor had to bleed him, and he almost died.

I hope no little girl or boy who reads this is obstinate.

THE BABY SISTER.

W E have a new born sister. How small she is, what a mite of a hand. Feel her soft head.

She does not open her eyes to smile on me. Will she know me, mamma? May I rock her cradle, and sing to her? Will she love me?

Take care, nurse, do not hurt my little sister.

Here, baby, are some nice sugar plums.

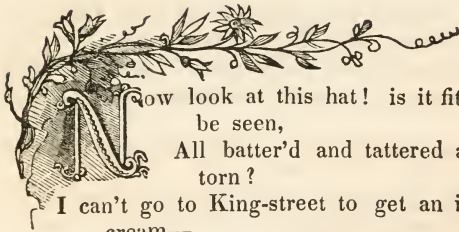
No, no, do not give her sugar plums. They will choke her. Wait until the baby learns how to eat.

What shall we call our dear little baby?

THE DEAD SISTER.

A LITTLE girl said to her parents, "When I am angry, I think of my little dead sister, and am not angry any more."

THE BOY IN TROUBLE ABOUT
HIS OLD HAT.



Now look at this hat! is it fit to
be seen,
All batter'd and tattered and
torn?

I can't go to King-street to get an ice-
cream—

I declare it is not to be borne.

Nay, mother, you need not be shaking your
head,

And looking as much as to say,
That you think I am careless, and all about
that,

In your solemn, but good-natur'd way.

I am sure that American hats are not strong,
Or they would never wear out so fast,—

And here I must worry till Christmas, you
say—

I don't think this old thing will last.

To be sure I have kick'd it about for a ball,
And stuff'd it with ginger cake too;
And once I let it drop into Bennett's mill
pond
While paddling in William's canoe.

And once, I remember, I felt very dry,
And just fill'd it up at the pump;
And once I was hunting with Dinah for eggs.
And gave it a terrible thump.

I confess the two kittens did make it their
bed,
But then they were white as the snow,
And puss laid them carefully into the hat,
So I could not refuse her, you know.

This dent on the top was an accident, ma,'
And that cut on the edge was another;
And this stain with the physic you gave me
one day,
And that hole, I got playing with brother.

Master Robert call'd yesterday, dress'd quite in
style,
And ask'd me to go out to ride,

But I had to say, no, for a terrible sight
My old hat would have been by his side.

And Miss Emma came also, that sweet little
girl,

And I wanted to see her home so,
With her little straw bonnet all trimm'd up
with blue,

But how shabby I look'd for a beau.

Oh, dear! I must wait as I have done before,
Since dollars appear very few,
But I tell you when once I get rid of *this* hat,
I mean to take care of the new.



JACKET AND TROUSERS.

LITTLE LUCIUS has put on jacket and trousers.

What a smart little fellow! Is his face clean, and his flaxen hair combed?

Oh, yes. If his face and hands were dirty, he would not look prettily.

See how he marches about the room, and how his blue eyes shine!

Do his eyes ever look red with crying? I hope not.

When will Lucius take a walk in the city Square with his new jacket?

Do not fall in the dirt, little fellow. If you do fall, do not cry. Jump up and say, hurra, boys! That is a brave child.

Where is the apron to keep your jacket clean?

Lucius must not eat dinner without an apron, or he will spoil his new clothes.

Who gave him his nice clothes? His papa.

Who gave his papa every thing to make his little boy happy? God.

Must Lucius thank God? Yes, every morning, for God is his friend.

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PHYSIC.

LLIZA was ill. Her head ached. Her mamma gave her physic.

She did not say, Wait, mamma; I do not wish to take it; or, Mamma, if you will give me four-pence, I will take it. But she drank it off quickly, because she knew that she ought to do so.

I heard once of a little boy who would not take his physic unless his papa gave him a dollar. I do not love to think of that little boy.

Once a little boy would not take his physic, and a lady called to see his mamma, and she was standing over him with a switch.

Augustus is a droll child. His mother told him one day, that he must take some oil to make him well.

“Well, mother,” said he, “I will take it, if you will let me make a shocking face at you.”

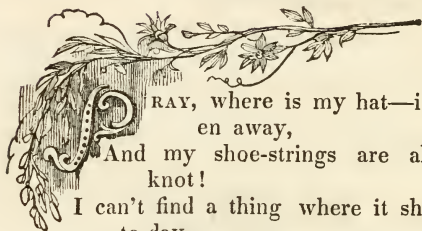
His mother said, “Augustus, you may

make as ugly a face at me as you choose."

So Augustus took down the oil, like a brave fellow; and when he had sucked a piece of orange, he looked at his mother, and made the funniest face he could, and she kissed him twice over.



NOT READY FOR SCHOOL.



PRAY, where is my hat—it is taken away,
 And my shoe-strings are all in a knot!
 I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
 Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and my pencil no where can be found,
 Though I placed them as safe as can be;
 While my books and my maps are all scattered around,
 And hop about just like a flea.

Do, Rachel, just look for my Atlas up stairs,
 My Æsop is somewhere there too
 And sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,
 And mother, just fasten my shoe.

And sister, beg father to write an excuse,
But stop, he will only say "No ;"
And go on with a smile, and keep reading the
news,
While every thing bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy, and ready to fall,
This old pop-gun is breaking my map ;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or
ball,
There's no playing for such a poor chap.

The town clock will strike in a minute, I fear,
Then away to the foot I must sink ;
There—look at my Carpenter tumbled down
here,
And my Worcester covered with ink.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine ;
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Harry protest they won't
wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks ;
I suppose they will say *I was dressing too
late ;*
To-morrow, *I'll be up at six.*

THE BOY WHO WISHED IT WOULD RAIN MONEY.

A FAIRY TALE.

X WISH it would rain money, said Harry Merdon, to his father.

Why so? said Mr. Merdon. You have clothes, and food, and a nice house to live in, what more do you wish for?

Oh, a thousand things, answered Harry. A rocking-horse, and a gold watch, and a library, and plenty of sugar-things, and—

Stop, said his father, that is enough for the present! You are as restless as a great king the books tell about, who made himself master of all the countries about him, and then wept because he had no more to conquer. Silly boy! You have all your proper wants gratified, and yet you are dissatisfied; and as Mr. Merdon said this, he went into his office, and Harry walked on.

I don't care, said Harry, about the old

king Alexander, I believe they call him. I wish it would rain money.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and Harry having permission to walk, strolled out of the city. He was not contented with seeing the pretty, fresh looking grass spread out like a carpet, nor the setting sun sailing like a balloon down the sky, nor with the fresh breeze as if unseen hands were fanning him, nor with the river lying like a glass, showing the beautiful clouds over again; no, no, master Harry cared for none of these things that God has given to his children so kindly, but he went on saying, Oh, dear! if it would only rain money!

While he was walking along, thinking about it, he saw a dark cloud rising from the north. It moved so fast he could not help watching it. At length it stopped over his head, and came down slowly, and while he looked with his face upward, he felt something fall on his forehead, and saw it drop on the earth. He stopped to see what it was. He could hardly believe it to be true when he found it was a sixpence, as bright and new as if it had just been made in the mint. He clapped his hands, and skipped for joy.

I will go straight home and show it to father and mother, said he, and then buy

something nice, and divide with the children.

So he set off to go home. As he passed the market, he saw the old woman sitting there with molasses candy, and fresh cakes.

I should like one of those cakes, said Harry to himself; but he walked on, thinking he would tell his parents first, how he came by the money; but at the corner of the street he saw another black woman selling cakes.

He stopped. I can buy a cake and carry a part of it home, thought he, and then tell the family about it.

So he bought it, and began to eat his share, and it was very nice and sweet, and alas, before he reached home he ate all the cake!

I am ashamed to tell them about it, thought Harry, because I have been so selfish. Perhaps if I walk out to-morrow, I shall see some more money drop out of the cloud, and then I am sure I shall carry it home and divide it.

Harry went home, but his thoughts were so full of his cloud-money, that he was careless and disobedient, missed his lesson at school the next day, and was very unhappy.

As Harry was preparing to take his walk

the next afternoon, it began to rain so violently, that he could not go. The foolish boy became angry, and almost cried for vexation. His sister asked him to play chess with her, and he began, but lost his patience, and of course lost the game, and when she said 'check-mate,' he rudely told her that she cheated.

What is the matter with you, Harry? said Sue. I never saw you so cross before.

Harry would not answer, but piled up the chess-men and then knocked them down.

Sue did not know that he had a 'secret fault,' or she could have told what made him unhappy. We are never very unhappy when we can tell our troubles to some kind friend, but Harry was ashamed to tell his, even to his dear sister.

The clouds passed away, and the sun shone in time for Harry to walk out.

Where are you going? said Sue. Harry would not answer, but hurried away. Again he visited the same spot, and again he forgot the brightness and beauty of the grass and the trees after the shower. He looked only at the north where his money-cloud had arisen before.

At length it came and rose slowly, and then faster and faster on the blue sky, and hovered over him.

I hope it will not drop a foolish sixpence this time, thought Harry. I should like a twelve and a half cent piece.

As he spoke, the cloud came slowly down, and the very thing he asked for dropped out of it—a bright new shilling.

Harry did not jump and dance, and give thanks as before; he looked very serious, and thought what he should do with the money.

Of course, said he to himself, I must carry it home.

On the green he saw some boys playing marbles. They were bigger than he was, and he did not know them, but he just stopped to see the play. He was very much astonished when he found they played for money, and when one of the boys took a quarter of a dollar from another, he knew it was wrong. Alas, poor Harry, if you had only then walked away and told your kind parents all that had happened to you, you would have saved them many tears, but no, Harry stood *looking at the game*. At length one of the big boys saw the shilling shining in his hand, and he began to talk with Harry, and urged him to play. At first Harry said no, that it was wicked gambling, and that his parents would be angry. The bad boys laughed, and told

him that his parents would not know any thing about it, and they coaxed, and urged, and he said *he would play*.

He did play, and the big boys won his shilling, then laughed at him, and went away.

By this time, it was dark, and a sad walk had Harry, and he wept as he went along; but Harry's tears were not half so sad as those of a parent who has a bad son.

Even now all might have been well had he gone home and told his father and mother, and begged their pardon, and prayed to God to be made better; they would have put their arms about his neck, and said, My son, we forgive you, and he would have laid his head down on his pillow and slept in peace; but how can I say it? he told them a *lie*, and said he had been to see a friend.

They kissed him and bade him good night, but the kiss did not comfort him. He sobbed upon his pillow alone, and said, I am wicked! I am wicked! and he fell asleep, dreaming that a dark cloud was bearing him away from his dear home.

I pity the child who dares not go to his mother when he rises from his bed, and offer her a kiss. It is a sweet half hour when coming down from the bed-rooms

with glossy hair and sparkling eyes a circle of children gather round their parents wishing them a kind good morning, telling all their thoughts, and looking as bright as the sunshine.

But where is Harry Merdon? Why is not his merry voice heard among his brothers and sisters? He sits in one corner of the room sad and lonely, and when they speak to him he answers angrily. He will not play battle-door with Henry, nor look over the new book of prints with Jane, and when his little sister Julia, of whom he has always been so fond, comes near him, he pushes her roughly away. So will children always do when they have been artful and done those things which they ought not to have done, and they will never be happy until they feel sorry and say so, and have been forgiven.

In the afternoon Harry was permitted to walk abroad. He went with an eager step. I will not ask for those small pieces of money again, said he to himself. Nothing less than dollars shall satisfy me. Those good-for-nothing sixpences are not worth talking about, I will buy a pony to begin with. Jack Stedman's father wants to sell his, but his saddle is not good enough for a person who can get money as I can for

wishing. I will have another suit of clothes, too, and see if I cannot cut a little figure at the races next winter.

Harry went on talking to himself until his spirits were quite raised, and he forgot that he had told a lie. At length he came to the spot where the cloud money always dropped.

Now, he exclaimed, I hope it will rain dollars; and no sooner had he wished, then down came the dollars. One hit him on the eye and hurt him so that he could not see; another came tumbling down on his nose and set it a bleeding; as he was going to pick up some from the ground there came such a shower of them on his knuckles that they almost put his fingers out of joint, and he could not handle them at all. His head began to ache with the thumps; and at last he roared out with pain. He was a sight to behold; the blood was streaming from his nose, his eyes were blood-shot, and his hands were held up over his head to keep the dollars from killing him. He could stand it no longer, but kicking up his heels he ran as fast as his feet could carry him.

The people who saw him thought he was crazy, and some boys who were playing called out 'stop thief' as he went racing by, for nobody could believe he was a gentle-

man's son. The cry was raised among the people in the street, who followed him screaming 'stop thief.'

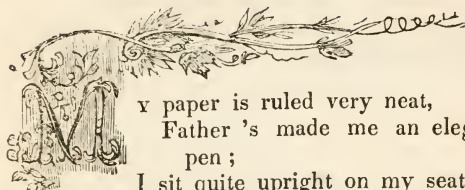
Poor Harry was terribly frightened, and glad he was when he came to his own house. He rushed in at the door, and fell down with fear and fatigue. His mother went to him and laid him on a bed, and bathed his face, and was surprised at his strange situation; then Harry confessed all and wept tears of real sorrow, and his mother forgave and comforted him, and told him that God knows best what is good for us, and that we ought not to seek for those things which he refuses, and she said,

Be cheerful Harry, and contented, and you will not wish for those things that will injure you.

Then Harry became a wise boy, and never concealed anything from his parents again.



ATTEMPT TO WRITE POETRY.



My paper is ruled very neat,
 Father's made me an elegant
 pen ;
 I sit quite upright on my seat,
 And have every thing ready ; what then ?

I have scratched my head several times,
 And nothing comes out of it yet ;
 For my life I can't make out the rhymes ;
 Not a word can I think of but—*fret*.

Dear mother, do help me a bit,
 I'm puzzled—no matter—here goes—
 But how the right measure to hit,—
 I have a good subject—I know-s.

There once was a widow in trouble,
 She was aged, and old, and advanced ;


Not a word can I think of but *bubble*,
And it won't do to say that she danced.

A widow she was of great feeling,
Of great feeling this widow was she ;
'Twill be shocking to speak of her squealing,
And how can I lug in a flea?

This widow to woe was a votary,
Oh, mother! you laugh at her woes,
And say I had better quit poetry,
Until I know how to write prose.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WILL NOT
BE DRESSED.

HAT little girl is this who will not get up in the morning, and dress when her mother bids her?

Is it Anna? No.

Is it Susan? No.

Is it Catherine? No.

Anna, and Susan, and Catherine, have all risen, and their mother has washed their faces, and combed their hair; and they have said their prayers, and thanked God for such a quiet night.

Who can the little girl be?

I do not wish to tell you, because to-morrow she means to be dressed very early, and be a sweet child.

Tell me the colour of the little girl's eyes, who will not get up when her mother bids her.

Are they blue? Are they gray? Are they black?


No, I cannot tell you the colour of the little girl's eyes. I am ashamed.

Does she look cross, or does she smile?

She means to smile; and when her mother dresses her, she means to say, "Thank you, mother, for making your little daughter neat and clean."



LITTLE WILLIAM.

 WILLIAM feels something that goes pitpat, pitpat. What is it? It is his heart.

When he is frightened, it moves very fast. When William is naughty, it moves fast too, and seems to say, "Wicked child."

One day William took an apple when his mother bade him not to do it, and his heart beat so quickly that he ran to his mother, and said, "Mother, take back the apple, it makes William bad."

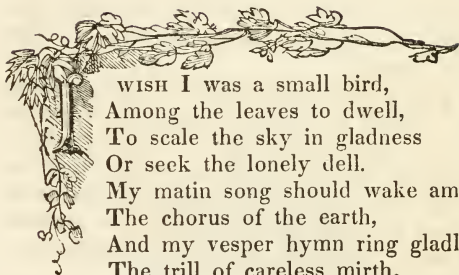
William's mother put the apple on the mantel-piece, and let it stay there three days, and said, "My little boy must learn to look at the apple, and not touch it."

So William would see the apple every day, and he said to his mother, "My heart does not beat now too fast—feel mother."

Then William's mother put her hand on William's heart, and it was as quiet as a little dove's.

WISHES.

ANNA.



wish I was a small bird,
Among the leaves to dwell,
To scale the sky in gladness
Or seek the lonely dell.
My matin song should wake amid
The chorus of the earth,
And my vesper hymn ring gladly
The trill of careless mirth.

ELLEN.

I wish I was a floweret
To blossom in the grove,
I'd spread my opening leaflets
Among the plants I love.
No hand would roughly cull me
As I looked up to the sky,
I silently should ope to life,
And quietly should die.

MARY.


I wish I was a gold-fish
To seek the sunny wave,
To part the gentle ripple,
And amid its coolness lave.
I would glide alone delighted
Amid the coral way,
And when night came on in softness
Beneath the star-beam play.

MOTHER.

Hush, hush, romantic prattlers,
You know not what you say,
When *soul*, the crown of mortals,
You would lightly throw away.
What is the songster's warble,
Or the floweret's blush refin'd
To the noble thought of *Deity*
Within your opening mind?



WILLIAM AND JAMES.

 WILLIAM and JAMES are two little boys, whom I know well. They are generally good boys, and all their little schoolfellows and playmates love them very much, for they have been taught by their parents, that God will not love little children who are unkind to each other, and when they remember what their parents say to them, and try to be good-natured to every body, they are sweet children, and their little faces are all dimpled with smiles, and they are very happy. But one day they forgot these good instructions, and allowed their evil tempers to get the better of them, and when they felt their passions rising, they did not pray to God to help them to be good, but they got angry with each other, and made their dear parents angry, and what is worse than all, God was angry with them too. They were playing in the yard, and William had a long piece of twine which he had fixed over a nail at the top of the fence ;

at one end of the twine they had tied a little old chair, which they called a "pretty painted barrel," and they were drawing it up, as they had seen barrels of flour conveyed to an upper story. They would take it by turns to pull, and would try to sing as the sailors do, when raising heavy weights. This play was not quite a safe one, for if the string had slipped from the nail, the chair might have fallen upon them, and hurt them very much. They soon found that the twine cut their little hands, and William said, "If I had a good piece of stick to tie to the twine, I could pull it a great deal better." Then they both remembered where they had left a fine round stick, and away they ran to get it. They reached the place nearly at the same time, but William, who was older than James, caught the stick, and held it up triumphantly. Little James said it was his turn to pull, and he would have it, but William would not give it up; so they struggled for some time together till both began to scream loudly from passion. Their mother hearing the noise ran out to them, but how did her heart bleed to see her dear little boys pulling and scratching each other, their sweet faces swollen and inflamed with anger. She took the stick from them, and led each of them into the

house, and tried to reason with them upon the sinfulness of their conduct, but they were so angry that they could not listen to her. So she placed them each in a chair, and would not talk to them till they were more cool and composed. She sat down in the room with them, and a silent tear trickled down her cheek. Soon their father came home, and they could not run to kiss him as usual, and he looked very sad to see them seated up in chairs, like bad boys. Their mother told him how naughty William and James had been, and he called his boys to him, and talked to them very kindly, but he looked quite grave, as if he could hardly keep from crying. He told them how they had offended God, and grieved the hearts of their parents, and he said, "Your father and mother cannot kiss you when you go to bed, unless you are very sorry for your bad behaviour, and you must ask the forgiveness of God, or he will continue to be angry with you, and how can my dear boys go to sleep, if God is angry with them?"

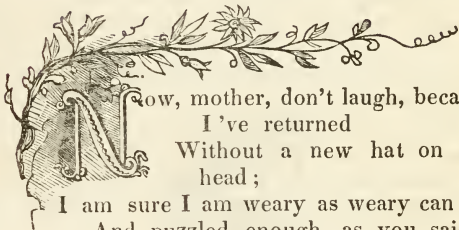
Then their little hearts began to melt, and they told their father that they were very sorry for what they had done, and would try to be good children, and they kissed their father and mother, and kissed each other

sweetly, and went to play again, feeling quite happy. And at night, when they knelt at their mother's knee, they prayed to God to forgive them, and to help them to subdue their evil passions. Then they kissed their parents, and went to bed. They slept sweetly and soundly, and God took care of them, and loved them because they were good children.

n



THE BOY IS IN TOO GREAT A HURRY
TO BUY A HAT.



Now, mother, don't laugh, because
I've returned
Without a new hat on my
head;
I am sure I am weary as weary can be,
And puzzled enough, as you said.

In the first place, I went to those big-looking
stores,
Where the hats all so splendidly shine;
But the caps looked so stylish I could not
decide,
If a hat or a cap should be mine.

An elegant blue cap delighted me first,
Which I felt quite determined to buy;
But just as I found that it fitted my head,
A brown one attracted my eye.

I put on the brown, and it set like a T,
So I took out the money to pay ;
When Johnny came in, I said, "Don't be in
haste,
You have not been to Smith's store to-day."

I looked at the pretty brown cap as he spoke.
John urged, though I wanted to linger ;
"Why the fashion at Smith's is as handsome
again,"
And he snapt at my brown with his finger.

So, mother, I thought I would look at his
choice,
For 'tis right to look out for the best ;
And an elegant sight I confess was displayed,
There were black, brown, and blue, and the
rest.

I first tried on one, and then tried another,
One was large, and the other too small ;
The clock then struck three, and I had to
come home
Without bringing any at all.

I know I was stubborn, and said I would go,
But I've tried it enough to my sorrow ;
So I hope you'll forgive me, this time, mother
dear,
And I'll take what you choose me to-morrow.

THE NEAT LITTLE GIRL

ELIZA is very remarkable for neatness, and for the order in which she keeps her room and her clothes. She has had a very pretty chamber all to herself, since she was six years old. She is not afraid to sleep alone, and in the dark, because, she says, God will take care of her through the night, if she prays to him for protection; she, therefore, always says her prayers.

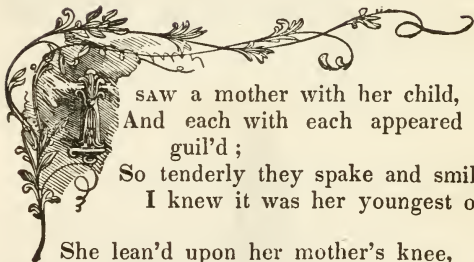
At eight o'clock she goes to bed *by herself*; she folds up all her clothes very neatly, and puts them on a chair near the bed, with her shoes and stockings always laid on the top. She puts all her chairs in place, places her books and play-things carefully in the closet; undresses her doll, and folds up her doll's clothes and puts her in bed. After saying her prayers, she lays her bible and prayer book on the table where she keeps it. All this she does by herself, and when she is ready to get into bed she calls the maid to come and take her lamp.

On Saturday night she takes her clean clothes out of her drawers, and puts them in order to dress herself on Sunday morning. When her clothes are brought in from the wash, she puts them all in their places, and can go in the dark and get any thing she may happen to want.

This little girl is very good-tempered, and has to be punished very seldom. When she comes home from school, she always puts away her books, and her bonnet and shawl; and she never has the trouble of hunting for them, as many little girls do. She is now nine years old.



THE YOUNGEST ONE.



SAW a mother with her child,
And each with each appeared be-
guil'd ;
So tenderly they spake and smil'd,
I knew it was her youngest one.

She lean'd upon her mother's knee,
With look half tender and half free,
And oh, by that sweet liberty,
I knew it was her youngest one.

A whisper came with love o'erfraught,
Soon was returned the whispered thought,
As though in this wide world were nought
But she, and her dear youngest one.

“Mother,” she said, “you must not go,
And leave your little girl, you know,
Because no other loves you so,
Like me, your darling youngest one.”

I heard a promise and a kiss,
I saw a smile of trusting bliss,
Oh, nought can sever, after this,
The mother and her youngest one.



THE LITTLE LAMBS.

My little niece came to see me one day, and we walked out to a green lot to see some lambs.

When we got there, the little lambs were all lying down on the grass by their mothers. They were soon up, and skipping about.

We all know what pretty little things lambs are, and how playful too. My little niece was delighted at seeing them play, and said, "Uncle, look how they love their mothers! Don't you see them talking to their mothers? Look, uncle, look at the little white one, and see how its hair is curled up. I will go home and tell my mother to curl mine just like that little lamb's. She will do it too, for she knows I love her; then I will say, Mother, I'll be your little lamb. Good-bye, uncle; you must come to see me when I get to be a little lamb."

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

LOOK, mother," cried little Tommy, as he ran in almost out of breath, "I have killed a bird with my blow-gun. It was so very busy in singing on one of the trees in the yard, that I crept close to it without being seen. The arrow went into its body, and it flew a great way before I could catch it. Is it not a pretty bird, mother?"

"Yes, it is a very pretty bird, and besides, it is a very harmless little bird, and could it talk as well as you, perhaps it would have asked you how you could take pleasure in killing it, while it was so happy itself, and giving happiness to others, by its sweet voice."

"Mother, is it wicked to kill birds?"

"It is, my son, wicked to kill any thing when we cannot be benefited by it. This little bird lived upon seeds and insects, and cheered us with its song; and in the cold winter, when its food is scarce, when there are no insects crawling, you would find it

about the yard, picking up little seeds, and even coming close to the door for crumbs, to satisfy its hunger. But the little bird will do so no more; it will fly about and sing no more. This has been a sad day to it, if it has young ones; it will see them no more."

"Mother, I am sorry that I have killed the poor little bird—I was happy when I killed it, but I am not happy now. I wish the poor bird was alive again. I will kill no more birds, mother, for fun."



MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?



MOTHER, how still the baby lies—
 I cannot hear his breath;
 I cannot see his laughing eyes—
 They tell me this is death.

“My little work I thought to bring,
 And sit down by his bed,
 And pleasantly I tried to sing,—
 They hushed me—he is dead.

“They say that he again will rise,
 More beautiful than now,—
 That God will bless him in the skies—
 Oh, mother, tell me how!”

“Daughter, do you remember, dear,
 The cold dark thing you brought,
 And laid upon the casement here,—
 A wither'd worm you thought?

“I told you that Almighty power
 Could break that wither'd shell,

And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

“Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies;—
Now raise your wandering thoughts above,
To where yon insect flies!”


“Oh, yes, mamma, how very gay
Its wings of starry gold—
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

“Oh, mother, now I know full well—
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from its broken cell,
On golden wings to range;

“How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things.”



CAROLINE AND THE CAKE.

AROLINE bought some cake. She was very hungry and it was very nice. She bit a piece of it in the street, and found it fresh and sweet. Then she saw a chimney-sweep coming along. He looked very hungry, and she was going home to a good dinner. He, poor boy, was crying "ho yo." He saw the cake but did not ask for any.

It was so nice how could Caroline give it up? But the poor boy looked so hungry! Poor sweep! he was black and dirty, but a cold-hearted girl is a blacker and dirtier thing. She gave the cake to the boy. He took it quickly, and it made her glad and sorry; glad to see his face so joyful, and sorry for his hunger.

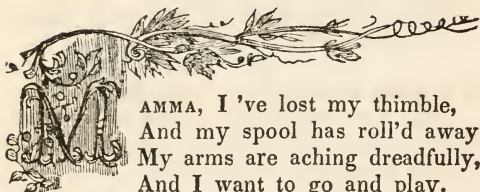
When will people get something else to clean their chimneys with, and not spoil the eyes of poor little boys?

HOW CAROLINE BEHAVED WHEN
SHE WAS ILL.

CAROLINE was very ill, and thought that God was going to take her to Heaven. She was sad to see so many tears around her bed.

“Why should you grieve,” she said, “if you think God is going to make me happy, and let my spirit go from this poor body as the bird bursts the egg, and flies upward? If I die you must not wear black clothes. You would not dress in mourning if a friend was going a pleasant journey, among green fields and pretty flowers. You must not dress in black for me, but sing hymns of praise, for I am going a better journey than any body can in this world, and if you are good you shall come after me.”

A LITTLE GIRL IS SHUT UP FOR
TALKING PERTLY.



I've spent the livelong morning,
Picking out this endless seam,
So many pieces in a shirt,
Is quite a foolish scheme.

If *I* could set the fashion,
I know what I would do ;
I'd not be troubling people,
And make them sit and sew.

I'd put some homespun on their necks,
And sew it all around ;
And make them look like cotton bags,
Placed endwise on the ground.

I hate to make these button holes,
I do not love to stitch ;
My threads keep breaking all the time,
With just a little twitch.

There 's Johnny playing marbles,
And Susan skipping rope,
They have finished all their easy tasks,
While I must sit and mope.


I think, mamma, 't is very hard,
That you should keep me here,
When the blue sky looks so temptingly,
And the sun is shining clear.

Mamma ! She's gone and left me,
And closely shut the door ;
Mamma ! mamma ! come back again,
I will not grumble more.

Oh, dear ! how foolish I have been—
From dinner I must stay ;
Mamma, mamma, come back again,
Forgive your child, I pray.

Alas, she 's reached the balcony,
And means not to return ;
Oh, what a look she cast on me,
So sad and yet so stern.

CALL TO SABBATH SCHOOL.




WAKE, sister, wake, 'tis a holy
day,
We must not linger here ;
The birds are up, and have soared away,
And are singing their anthems clear.

Young flowers have open'd their lovely eyes,
And their rich perfume have given ;
And they fix their looks on the distant skies,
As if they knew something of Heaven.

We will go to the house of praise and prayer,
The altar of youthful love ;
And Jesus in spirit will meet us there,
And bear our off'ring above.

Then wake, sister, wake, 'tis a happy day ;
Perchance from his blessed throng,
Some youthful seraph has winged his way,
To join in our Sabbath song.

MISS LUCY DASH.

 HIS little girl talks very loud.
She seizes a chair and does not offer
it to others.

She spends but a few minutes over her hardest lesson, and then is surprised to find herself at the foot of her class.

On returning from school she throws her bonnet on one chair, her gloves on another, and her books on the floor.

On entering church, she rushes into the pew before the rest of the family.

Having scrawled a note, she sends it off without reading it, and then wonders that her friend returns her the wrong book.

She frightens coachmen by crossing the street just in front of their horses.

She squeezes herself between people and the light or the fire.

She begins to hum a tune while you are speaking to her.

She insists upon having the last word when reproved.

She finishes a bar in music before her teacher has done counting it.

She leaves table at meals without permission.

She sews very fast, but her work has to be ripped out.

She spoils a pretty mouth by cramming it with food.



LUCY DASH IN SCHOOL.

WHEN called up to recite she turns around to her companions and makes a wry face.

She keeps knocking young ladies with her elbows in recitation, to make them prompt her.

Her badge is an ink spot.

When her teacher asks a question in grammar, she says "The um—er, the ar—er," and then is seized with a fit of coughing.

She peeps at the school-girls' composition and then writes her own.

She has her difficult sums worked out by a friend.

If you were to look in her desk you might see a well-thumbed novel, or some forbidden fruit.



MASTER DICKY BLUFF.

HE never takes off his hat in the house without being told.

When you are speaking he either interrupts you, or turns on his heel and walks off.

He has been learned to use an oath.

He fancies that he looks very manly when he stands outside the church door at prayers.

He takes the best place at table, and sits down before any one else.

He helps himself plentifully from the rarest dish.

He takes the wall from ladies and gentlemen when he meets them in the street.

When on horseback he goes full gallop.

He was once seen with a cigar in his mouth.

He thinks it manly to talk loud at public places.

Who seizes on the eatables at a party before any one can be helped? Dicky Bluff.

Who follows the waiter and empties it?
Dicky Bluff.

Who thinks it very manly to kick and shuffle in dancing? Dicky Bluff.

Who likes to make a noise in the street?
Dicky Bluff.

Who amuses himself with writing on fences? Dicky Bluff.

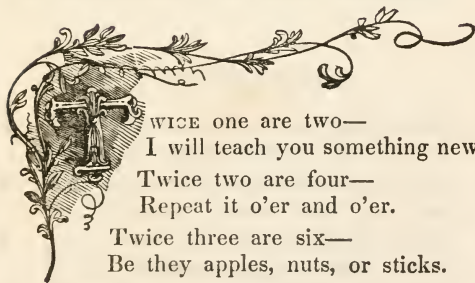
Who breaks windows and pulls down lamps and signs for fun? Dicky Bluff.



THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE IN RHYME.

PART FIRST.

COME AND LEARN.



Twice one are two—	2
I will teach you something new.	
Twice two are four—	4
Repeat it o'er and o'er.	
Twice three are six—	6
Be they apples, nuts, or sticks.	
Twice four are eight—	8
I teach without a slate.	
Twice five are ten—	10
Nor shall I use a pen.	

Twice six are twelve— It will do you good to delve.	12
Twice seven are fourteen— But we'll have a little sporting.	14
Twice eight are sixteen— Your mind let <i>that</i> be fix'd in.	16
Twice nine are eighteen— Don't be tired of waiting.	18
Twice ten are twenty— You soon shall learn a plenty.	20
Twice eleven are twenty-two— Patient steps will lead you through.	22
Twice twelve are twenty-four— To-morrow come and learn some more.	24

HOW TO BEHAVE.

Three times one are three— At home be gay and free,	3
Three times two are six— But keep from teasing tricks.	6
Three times three are nine— Don't make the kitten whine.	9
Three times four are twelve, I know— In reading, be distinct and slow.	12
Three times five are fifteen— Let not your mind be shifting.	15

Three times six are eighteen— Keep not people waiting.	18
Three times seven are twenty-one— Rude and wicked children shun.	21
Three times eight are twenty-four— Be not fretful any more.	24
Three times nine are twenty-seven— Keep your writing fair and even.	27
Three times ten are thirty— Let not your hands be dirty.	30
Three times eleven are thirty-three— Let your manners gentle be.	33
Three times twelve are thirty-six— How rude the child that contradicts.	36

LITTLE JANE.

Four times one are four— Little Jane was poor ;	4
Four times two are eight— And on others had to wait.	8
Four times three are twelve— In the garden she would delve ;	12
Four times four are sixteen— And was handy in the kitchen ;	16
Four times five are twenty— And not always had a plenty.	20

Four times six are twenty-four— Of learning she had little store.	24
Four times seven are twenty-eight— But bore quite patiently her fate.	28
Four times eight are thirty-two— And glad was she for work to do ;	32
Four times nine are thirty-six— And made us laugh with merry tricks ;	36
Four times ten are forty— And was gentle to the haughty.	40
Four times eleven are forty-four— At length she prospered more and more ;	44
Four times twelve are forty-eight— And is now a good man's happy mate.	48

TAKING CARE OF FLOWERS.

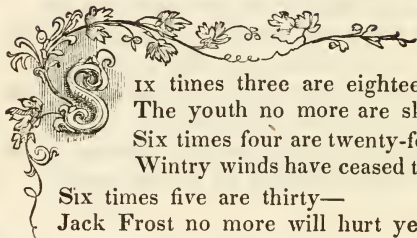
Five times one are five— Are our flowers all alive ?	5
Five times two are ten— They will soon be bright again.	10
Five times three are fifteen— The earth requires shifting.	15
Five times four are twenty— Give them water plenty.	20
Five times five are twenty-five— Look, how the lovely roses thrive.	25

Five times six are thirty— Take care the thorns will hurt ye.	30
Five times seven are thirty-five— Fresh and fair they all revive.	35
Five times eight are forty— Dear children I exhort ye.	40
Five times nine are forty-five— For brighter flowers than these to strive.	45
Five times ten are fifty, know— On virtue's living tree they grow.	50
Five times eleven are fifty-five— And the coldest storm survive.	55
Five times twelve are sixty, dear— And bloom through an eternal year.	60



SECOND PART.

SPRING.



ix times three are eighteen— 18
 The youth no more are skating.
 Six times four are twenty-four— 24
 Wintry winds have ceased to roar.

Six times five are thirty— 30
 Jack Frost no more will hurt ye

Six times six are thirty-six— 36
 See the hen protect her chicks.

Six times seven are forty-two— 42
 How clear the robin's whistle, too.

Six times eight are forty-eight— 48
 See nature's carpet spread in state.

Six times nine are fifty-four— 54
 View the rain-bow arching o'er.

Six times ten are sixty—oh! 60
 How the western clouds do glow.

Six times eleven are sixty-six— 66
 Your thoughts on the Creator fix,

Six times twelve are seventy-two— 72
 Who clothes this happy world anew.

SUMMER.

Seven times three are twenty-one—
 How fierce and high the noontide sun. 23

Seven times four are twenty-eight— 28
 The labourer toils till evening late.

Seven times five are thirty-five— 35
 The fields, the groves, are all alive.

Seven times six are forty-two— 42
 The panting herds the shade pursue.

Seven times seven are forty-nine— 49
 The angler throws his trembling line.

Seven times eight are fifty-six— 56
 The squirrel chirps and plays his tricks.

Seven times nine are sixty-three— 63
 How cool the stream beneath the tree.

Seventy, are seven times ten— 70
 But look, how changed the scene again!

Seven times eleven are seventy-seven— 77
 Dark clouds obscure the blue of heaven.

Seven times twelve are eighty-four— 84
 Deep thunders roll from shore to shore.

AUTUMN.

Eight times three are twenty-four— Summer's brilliant reign is o'er.	24
Eight times four are thirty-two— Sportsmen now their game pursue.	32
Eight times five are forty, dear— In beauty fades the passing year.	40
Eight times six are forty-eight— The trees their doom with smiles await ;	48
Eight times seven are fifty-six— Their hues like dying dolphins mix.	56
Eight times eight are sixty-four— Golden harvest crowns our store.	64
Eight times nine are seventy-two— The gleaners search the corn fields through.	72
Eight times ten are eighty, sure— Let us not forget the poor ;	80
Eight times eleven are eighty-eight— For all should share our happier fate,	88
Eight times twelve are ninety-six— Whom woe or poverty afflicts.	96

WINTER.

Nine times three are twenty-seven— Now softly falls the snow from Heaven.	27
Nine times four are thirty-six— The youth in active gambols mix.	36

Nine times five are forty-five— With skates or gliding sleighs they drive.	45
Nine times six are fifty-four— The merry bells approach the door.	54
Nine times seven are sixty-three— Come in, our hearth will cheerful be.	63
Nine times eight are seventy-two— We'll talk, and write, and read, and sew.	72
Nine times nine are eighty-one— And when our evening task is done,	81
Nine times ten are ninety, child— Thank God, who on our home has smiled;	90
Nine times eleven are ninety-nine— Then on our pillow soft recline.	99
Nine times twelve are hundred and eight— Pity the traveller wandering late.	108

Ten times one are ten—	10
Ten times two are twenty.	20
Ten times three are thirty—	30
Ten times four are forty.	40
Ten times five are fifty—	50
Ten times six are sixty.	60
Ten times seven are seventy—	70
Ten times eight are eighty.	80
Ten times nine are ninety—	90
Ten times ten are one hundred.	100

174 MULTIPLICATION TABLE IN RHYME.

Ten times eleven are one hundred and ten—110
 Ten times twelve are one hundred and twenty. 120

Eleven times one are eleven—	11
Eleven times two are twenty-two.	22
Eleven times three are thirty-three—	33
Eleven times four are forty-four.	44
Eleven times five are fifty-five—	55
Eleven times six are sixty-six.	66
Eleven times seven are seventy-seven—	77
Eleven times eight are eighty-eight.	88
Eleven times nine are ninety-nine—	99
Eleven times ten are one hundred and ten.	110
Eleven times eleven are one hundred and twenty-one—	121
Eleven times twelve are one hundred and thirty-two.	132

GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR A YOUNG PERSON.

Twelve times two are twenty-four—	24
My useful task is nearly o'er.	
Twelve times three are thirty-six—	36
Let me my thoughts a moment fix,	
Twelve times four are forty-eight—	48
And on my duties meditate.	

Twelve times five must sixty be— Oh! may I live from error free!	60
Twelve times six are seventy-two— Let me all knowledge thus pursue,	72
Twelve times seven are eighty-four— As I have conned these lessons o'er,	84
Twelve times eight are ninety-six— Where toil and pleasure intermix.	96
Twelve times nine are one hundred and eight—	108
Thus pressing onward fair and straight, Twelve times ten are one hundred and twenty—	120
That I, dear teacher, may content ye, Twelve times eleven are one hundred and thirty-two—	132
And keep some noble aim in view, Twelve times twelve are one hundred and forty-four—	144
Nor rest till time and numbers are no more.	



MORNING HYMN.



THIS is earth's waking hour,
 And beautiful to see;
 The sun beams out with glorious
 power,
 And kindling majesty.

Oh, what have I to do
 With slothful visions now?
 Let me my early prayers renew
 With bright and happy brow.

For God has blessed my night,
 And nerved my youthful frame,
 And I will seek him with delight
 Through Jesus' blessed name.





Part II.

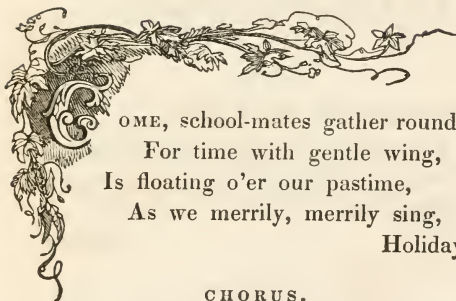
Stories and Poems,



HOLIDAY SONG.

"Away with melancholy."

DUET.



COME, school-mates gather round me,
For time with gentle wing,
Is floating o'er our pastime,
As we merrily, merrily sing,
Holiday!

CHORUS.

Then join the happy chorus,
And let our motto be,
To work with all our hearts at school,
And frolic when we're free!
Holiday!

DUET.

Releas'd awhile from duty,
Our minds are resting now,

Though boasting still the fruitage
 We've cull'd from learning's bough.
 Holiday!

CHORUS.

Then join the happy chorus,
 And let our motto be,
 To work with all our hearts at school,
 And frolic when we're free!
 Holiday!

DUET.

We gladly take the flowers
 That Leisure's hands have brought,
 Though we shunn'd her idle bowers,
 When study claim'd our thought.
 Holiday!

CHORUS.

Then join the happy chorus,
 And let our motto be,
 To work with all our hearts at school,
 And frolic when we're free!
 Holiday!

DUET.

What youth shall wear the laurel,
 When our joyful song is done?

He who with patient labour
His tutor's smile has won.

Holiday!

CHORUS

Then join the happy chorus,
And let our motto be,
To work with all our hearts at school,
And frolic when we're free!

Holiday!

DUET.

What maid shall wear the red rose
Amid this smiling ring?
She who with modest sweetness
Her teacher's praise can bring.

Holiday!

CHORUS.

Then join the happy chorus,
And let our motto be,
To work with all our hearts at school,
And frolic when we're free?

Holiday!

ST. NICHOLAS:

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.



ONE Christmas eve, John Eggleston hung his stockings carefully by the chimney corner, and after saying his prayers, fell asleep.

John dreamed that he was in bed, peeping at his stocking over the bed clothes, when he saw a very pleasant-looking old gentleman come down the chimney on a nice little pony, precisely like one named Lightfoot, that his uncle Ben had promised to give him. It was funny, indeed, to see the pony slide down feet foremost, and John laughed out in his sleep; but he laughed still louder when he examined old Nicholas, the rider.

His hair was made of squibs, and as he came nearer and nearer to the lamp that stood on the hearth, pop went off one of the crackers and then another. St. Nick was not a bit frightened,—he only rubbed his ears with his coat sleeve, patted the pony to keep him quiet, and laughed till he show-

ed the concave of his great mouth full of sugar plums.

John was excessively amused, and shouted so loud that his mother thought he had the nightmare. He watched the old gentleman closely, and then looked at his stocking. It hung very conveniently.

“He can’t put the pony in it,” said he to himself, “and that is a pity.”

The old gentleman’s pockets stuck out prodigiously, and he panted and puffed as if he had been cudgeling an alligator.

“Well,” said he, wiping the perspiration off his face, although it was cold December, “if this is not hard work. Sixty-five youngsters have I called on the last hour. Hark! the clock sounds down the chimney, one, two; I shall have a tough job to pop down all the chimneys in the town before daylight. I wonder what this chap would like for a Christmas present,” continued he, eyeing the stocking; then putting his arms a-kimbo, he began to consider.

John’s heart beat.

“Good Mr. Nicholas,” said he to himself, “if you could only give me that pony.”

But he kept quite still, for he saw the old man thrust his hands into his tremendous pockets.

“Let me see,” says old Nicholas; “here

is a jack-knife that I was to have given to Tom Butler, if he had not quarrelled with his sisters. *Hocus pocus!*" At this the stocking opened, and in went the jack-knife.

It was the very thing John wanted.

Then the old man pulled from his pockets twine, tops, marbles, dissected maps, books, sugar-plums, and divers other notions, all the while talking to himself.

"This lignum-vitæ top," said he, "is for Tim Barnwell, a clever chap, who never tells lies. This line and fish-hook Master Troup must have, for his kind care of his father when he had the gout. This annual was for William Wiley, but the lad kicked his brother, and called him a wicked name, so we will lay it by for Tom Trout."

John thought he could stay forever to see the old gentleman take out his knick-knacks, and tell whom they were for; but he began to be a little frightened for his own stocking, when he recollected that he had been remiss in his Latin the last quarter.

"I hope the old gentleman don't understand the classics," said John to himself; but he stopped short, for this queer visitor held the stocking up to his nose, saying,

"I think this lad loves gunpowder, by the smell."

He then took hold of his hair, and pulling out squibs by the dozen from his head, tied them up in parcels and threw them into the stocking. As fast as he pulled them off, new squibs appeared, and hung down over his ears and forehead.

“This accounts for the noise we hear on Christmas,” thought John. “I never knew before how squibs were made;” and he had to hold his sides for laughing, the old gentleman looked so droll.

As St. Nick was stooping over the light to put a new supply into the stocking, a great number exploded, and the little pony giving a start disappeared up the chimey.

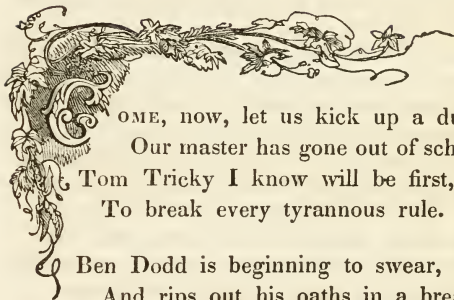
John awoke; it was just day-break. He sprang out of bed, roused all the family with his “Merry Christmas,” ran to the stable, and what should he see but uncle Ben’s pony, with a bridle on his neck, on which was pinned a peace of paper written—

*“A merry Christmas, with the pony
Lightfoot, for my nephew John.”*



WILL BANTER AND JOHN HOWARD.

WILL.



COME, now, let us kick up a dust,
Our master has gone out of school;
Tom Tricky I know will be first,
To break every tyrannous rule.

Ben Dodd is beginning to swear,
And rips out his oaths in a breath,
But little for God does he care,
Though his friends are half worried
to death.

John Howard, come out of that corner,
And join in our frolic, I say,
How can you be acting Jack Horner,
And fumbling your Virgil all day?

JOHN.

Excuse me, friend Will, and be quiet,
We have quite time enough for our fun,
Without getting into a riot,
And leaving our studies undone.

Not manly to me is an oath,
A jest that is gross I despise,
And when I am tempted by both,
Superior to both will I rise.


I will *not* join the reckless and rude,
Independent and firm I remain;
I have often your laughter withstood,
And I've courage to bear it again.





CINDERCLAWS.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS DREAM.


 USAN EGGLESTON's fair cheek rested on her pillow, a few curls strayed from her nightcap, and her breathing was like the motion of a lily leaf on the smooth waters, when her mother went on tiptoe into her room, opened her stocking and placed something within it; then casting a look of satisfied fondness on the little sleeper, she touched her cheek with the lightest of kisses, and departed with a mother's prayer of love.

Susan dreamed that something descended slowly down the chimney, covered with a sooty blanket, from which proceeded a female voice, singing sweetly. When it had

reached the hearth, she observed four hooks let down by cords to the four corners of the blanket, which carefully drew it up chimney again, without scattering a cinder.

Under this singular canopy sat a small airy figure, in a glass barouche drawn by eight peacocks, surrounded by numerous little attendants.

“It would be very strange,” thought Susan, “if this pretty creature should be Cinderclaws.”

The little lady in the barouche was holding with some difficulty a large wax doll, and as she fondly caressed it, her soft voice sang—

“Hush thee, my darling,
Thy journey was drear,
But I bring you to Susan,
And why should you fear?”

There was a short consultation among the attendants, when a little footman in scarlet livery, let down the steps like a flash, and taking the lead of twenty others, bore with some difficulty and much wiping of brows, the doll to the stocking. Finding it impossible to get her in, they laid her on the toilet-table, and returned to the barouche with a flourish of little trumpets.

Another consultation followed, and the

little people, darting about like fire-flies, began to display the contents of the brouche. Swan, fish, turkey and cat pin-cushions, thread-cases of all forms and colours, implements of industry, from the silver-eyed needle to the gold inlaid work-box, were successively unfolded, and, among other things, Susan distinguished a nice box of French sugar-plums. As the breath of Cinderclaws passed over them, every thing looked fresher and fairer.

Another whispering took place, and Susan heard the words,

“A dessert for Susan’s dinner-party.”

Quick as thought was arranged a small polished table, with plates for twelve. A taper, coloured with rain-bow hues, suddenly shot up in the centre, by the side of an iced pyramid, on which was a waving flag, with the inscription—

“*A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.*”

Fruits of every description, from the bead-like currant of the North, to the beautiful pomegranate of the South, were deposited in glass and silver dishes on the festive board.

“What are you placing there?” said Cinderclaws suddenly, as the waiters were busily arranging little decanters at the cor-

ners, and a tiny little cordial stand at the head of the table.

“A little French cordial,” answered one, consequentially.

A frown rose to the little brow of the fairy, like a thundercloud on the blue sky. She rose suddenly, and stamping her small foot until the barouche rang again, exclaimed,

“How dare you do this? If men turn brutes with stimulants, leave at least temperance to the young. Bring here the poison,” she continued, her small voice shouting in worthy indignation, “bring it here, and away!”

With both hands she grasped the bottles, and dashing them successively on the hearth, shattered them to pieces, while the blushing liquid flowed around.

The awe-struck attendants looked down in shame. A low whistle sounded; the blanket slowly descended, enveloping the barouche; the peacocks spread their wings, and Susan heard departing voices chanting, as the fairy ascended,—

“Wake! wake! bonny birds,
'Tis the dawning of day;
We must flee from the city,—
Mount, mount, and away!”

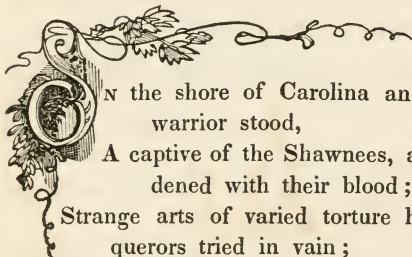
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“Papa, said Susan, as she caressed a beautiful doll he had given her before breakfast, “I dreamed last night that Cinderclaws belonged to the Temperance Society.”

“I hope it is true,” said her father.



FLIGHT OF THE MUSKOGEE INDIAN.



ON the shore of Carolina an Indian
warrior stood,
A captive of the Shawnees, and red-
dened with their blood ;
Strange arts of varied torture his con-
querors tried in vain ;
Like a rock that stands the billows, he
dashed them off again.

He shouted, and the echo shrill returned the
lengthened shriek,
“ I have rent you as the eagle rends the dove
within his beak ;
And ye give me women’s tortures ; see, I
lightly cast them by,
As the Spirit of the storm-cloud throws the
vapour from the sky.”

“Ye are women!” the wild echo came wild-
er on the air—

“I will show a worthy trial for a Muskogee
to bear;

Let me grasp a heated gun in this raw and
bloody hand,

And ye shall not see an eyelash move to
shame my father-land.”

They gave the glowing steel. He took it
with a smile,

And held it as a plaything;—they stood in
awe the while;

Then, springing like an antelope, he bran-
dished it around,

And toward the beetling eminence* upstarted
with a bound.

One leap, and he is over! fierce, dashing
through the stream,

And his massy form lies floating 'neath the
clear and sunny beam;

A hundred arrows sped at once, but missed
that warrior bold,

And his mangled arms, ere set of sun, his
little ones enfold.

* A bluff near Augusta, ninety feet high.

• A SULLIVAN'S ISLAND STORY.

FATHER says he will take us all to the Island this afternoon," said Edward Marion, with a shout that reached his sisters in the third story of their residence.

None but those who have passed a languid August morning in Charleston, S. C., can tell what an effort it costs to prepare a large family for the four o'clock steamer. But Mrs. Marion was a good manager, and they were all in the carriage in season, with the loss only of Sophia's mit, and Charlotte's basket for shells. John, who was thinker-general for all the group, foreseeing this difficulty, had provided a basket large enough for both, which was in the hands of a bright-looking little coloured boy, who being just from the country, wished to see "dem big boat what trow up fire."

When on board the steamer, Charlotte drew near her father and whispered, "You promised you would tell us something about

the revolutionary war when we should go to the Island."

"Yes, my dear," said her father, "and I will gladly keep my word. You must first imagine all those large buildings on the wharves removed, and fortifications placed along from South Bay to Cooper River."

"Did they pull down the stores, father?" said Sophia.

"Yes, my daughter," answered Mr. Marion. "It is necessary to place fortifications between the buildings of a city and the enemy. You know the Charlestonians, in 1776, expected the British frigates would come up to town. But stay—who is this old gentleman coming on board? Is it possible! Captain Cowpens! I am most happy to see you;" and Mr. Marion shook hands cordially with the old gentleman, whose bronzed face and suit of blue homespun indicated an up-country farmer.

"Thank you, Mr. Marion," said the Captain. "You see my eyes are not so bad, but that I can recognize an old friend. I thought to have ended my days at the High Hills, but your steamboats and your railroads have tempted me to come and take a look at what is going on hereabouts. Ah, if General Lee could have had a steamer, when he went from town to take a peep at

Moultrie, in the fight of '76, he would have been a happy fellow."

"My dear children," said Mr. Marion, introducing them, "Captain Cowpens is the very man to gratify you with anecdotes of the Revolution. He has had real fighting, while I have only

'Shouldered my *cane*, and told how fields were won.'

"We should be delighted if he would tell us all about the war," they exclaimed.

The old Captain said, "Happy to gratify the young people. Enquiring minds, hey? Well, you must know there were lying off the Island several British vessels, full of Red Coats; reg'lars—knowing ones. Let me see," said he, counting on his fingers, "there was the Bristol, fifty guns; the Experiment, fifty guns; the Active, twenty-eight guns; the Solebay, twenty-eight guns; the Syren, twenty-eight guns; the Acteon, twenty-eight guns; the Sphinx, twenty-eight guns; the Friendship, twenty-six guns; the Ranger's sloop, and Thunder Bomb, each eight guns. But what did we care for them? General Moultrie was not a man to start at"—Here the steam was raised with its usual noise, the Captain, quite frightened, exclaimed,—“Heigh! what's

that? Whizz, bizz, sizz! smoke and thunder, what's the matter?"

Charlotte, whispering to John, said, "Captain Cowpens does not stand fire so well as he did in '76."

Captain Cowpens was too experienced a veteran to be long agitated by noise and smoke. He gazed composedly on the dense column, that rose like a living thing on the air, and floated off in gentle circles on the distant sky, and then, nodding his head, as much as to say, "this beats every thing," sat down, with both hands resting on his hickory cane.

After meditating a moment, he took a long pinch of snuff. The children wondered that any man could make a good-looking nose such a receptacle.

"He was in the old war," said Edward, "and we must forgive him every thing."

"I suppose, boys," said Captain Cowpens, after he had diffused, rather than removed, the snuff on his face, and scattered it so freely, that black Billy, who stood behind him, began to sneeze: "I suppose we must talk about '76. Do the young folks know any thing about General Lee?"

"Yes, sir," said Edward, promptly. "He was born in North Wales, in Great Britian, and became an officer at the age

of eleven. He came to New-York in 1773, to fight for the Americans. He was made commander of the Southern forces, and inspired the people with great confidence."

Captain Cowpens clapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Very well, my boy; I like to see a lad with his wits about him. To be sure his presence did put us in great spirits. Colonel Moultrie said it was equal to a reinforcement of a thousand men. He was here, there, and every where; and though he was mighty quick tempered, we soon got used to that. I remember him well. He was a tall man, and his face was not agreeable. When he chose, he could be gentlemanly; but he was often coarse, and in his later years, was very slovenly in his dress. He said sharp things, and made enemies, though those who are judges of such things called him a bright scholar. He was a great lover of dogs, and often annoyed the ladies with them. He had a poor opinion of Sullivan's Island—said there was no way to retreat, and called it a"—

"Oh! I remember," said Sophia; "he called it 'a Slaughter Pen.'"

"So he did, miss," continued the Captain. "He would have given up the post if"—

“What does giving up the post mean?” asked Sophia. “What do they do with posts in war?”

“You little simpleton,” said Captain Cowpens, “do you not know what a post is?”

“Certainly, sir,” said Sophia, pertly, “I do. It is a long stick that you drive into the ground.”

“You little goose,” said the Captain. “You know, Miss Charlotte, don't you?”

“Yes, sir,” said Charlotte; “a military station, where soldiers stay.”

“Yes; that is it, my dear,” said the Captain. “A post to drive in the ground—eh?” chucking Sophia under the chin, who looked rather offended. “Let me see—we were talking about General Lee. Rutledge, President of the General Assembly of South Carolina, would not let him give up the Island. Then General Lee ordered a bridge to be made of empty hogsheads, after the manner of buoys, over to Haddrel's Point, where there was a good stand of men. After the hogsheads were steadied, the workmen put planks across them, the whole way. Colonel Clark set out from Haddrel's with 200 men, and before they were half on, the hogsheads began to sink lower and lower, and back they

huddled, as fast as if the enemy had been at their heels.

“Colonel Moultrie was as easy as possible,—joked about the bridge, and considered himself able to defend his *post*: eh, Miss Sophy? General Lee was very uneasy about the Island, and doubted Colonel Moultrie’s prudence. Even during the action on the 28th, when the British were firing like vengeance, he came down from town, and pointed two or three guns himself. But from that moment he seemed to feel confidence, and said, ‘Colonel, I see you are doing very well here; you have no occasion for me; I will go up to town again.’ He left us, then, in the midst of a heavy fire. When he was observed to be coming, Colonel Moultrie and several other officers were smoking their pipes, as they were giving orders, but when General Lee came into the post, they thought best to lay them down. After the 28th, Colonel Moultrie said that he and Lee were bosom friends.”

“Father,” said John, “Edward told us that General Lee was made an officer at eleven years of age. How can that be?”

“Persons of wealth and influence,” replied his father, “secure commissions and titles for their children, that they may en-

ter service as soon as their education is completed."

"Can you tell us any thing more of General Lee?" said Charlotte to her father.

"My children," replied Mr. Marion, "General Lee gained great fame by his wisdom and bravery in conducting the Southern Campaign; but he has not left behind him a reputation to be envied. How much superior is true goodness to bravery, though a good man will generally be brave. General Lee was disgraced in the United States army for disobedience of orders, misbehaviour before the enemy, and disrespect to General Washington. He retired to an estate in Virginia, lived secluded in a small hovel, and died in obscurity. The part he took in securing our independence claims a sigh at the thought of his lonely and distant grave. His last words were, 'Stand by me, my brave Grenadiers!' How much more affecting, at that solemn moment, would have been an appeal to his God, and an expression of trust in his Redeemer."

There was silence in the little group, as they reflected on Mr. Marion's words, which was broken by John's exclaiming, "Castle Pinckney, father! how soon we are abreast of it!"

"Heigh! what is this?" said Captain

Cowpens. "That tight piece of brick and mortar was not here in '76. Ah! friend Marion, these changes make us feel old."

Mr. Marion looked a little nervous at the word *us*, and rubbed his hair, as if, like a blind man, he could feel colours.

Captain Cowpens could not take his eyes from Castle Pinckney; and a beautiful object it is, sitting like an ocean bird amid the noisy solitude of dashing waters.

"I should love to live there," said Charlotte, whispering to her mother, "and hear the music of the winds and waves."

"I remember," said the Captain, after musing a little while, "they used to say that there lived on that spot, before the year 1752, an old man and his daughter, who kept a tea-house, where parties of pleasure resorted from Charleston to spend the evening and drink tea; that the house was washed away by the gale of 1752, and the old man certainly, and probably his daughter, was drowned."

"Its history, since that period," said Mr. Marion, "is soon told. It remained unoccupied from 1752 to 1780, when Charleston was besieged by the British forces, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, and they erected a battery under the supervision of Colonel Moncrieff, Engineer, and called

it Mud Fort. This fort, of course, was held by the British, as long as they held Charleston. After the revolutionary war, in 1798, and during the administration of Mr. Adams, in anticipation of a war in France, our government erected a fort or castle, and denominated it Castle Pinckney, in compliment to Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, ambassador to France, who just about that time returned home. Charles Pinckney was at the same time Governor of South Carolina, but the compliment was paid to the ambassador. This fort had not been built upon a stable foundation, for it was some time afterwards washed away. The present fort or castle was built, in the year 1811, by Mr. John Gordon, a resident of Charleston, and was erected in anticipation of a war with Great Britain, which was declared the year after."

While he spoke, the good steamer darted on her way, and in a few moments the boys thought of nothing else but their fishing-tackle, and the girls their prospect of picking up shells.

It was a languid afternoon in June, on which the Marions and Captain Cowpens visited the Island. Edward's thermometer, a prize from his teacher, stood at 87 in the

entry, although the piazza was shaded by a spreading fig-tree.

All who had energy to move in the city were enjoying their summer recreations. Nurses were loitering and children playing in the city square; throngs crowding to the battery; elderly ladies taking a quiet drive beyond the lines; younger ones partaking ice-creams, sitting tête-à-tête in the arbours, or sipping the grateful refreshments with unbonneted heads in their carriages; school-boys were rushing from five o'clock labours to their ponies, and our fair Di Vernons arranging their round straw-hats or waving plumes for their equestrian exercises.

The steamboat afforded its customary motley groups. Reclining invalids, with their eyes shooting a sudden brilliancy, as the sea-breeze swept over their languid brows; the sickly infant seizing the first relished morsel; the happy and healthy, who come to add another tinge to a bright cheek, or preserve one already glowing; the mechanic, generously recreating his industrious family; the professional man, escaping from the stifling court-room, the chamber of disease, or the secluded study, to feel the Atlantic breeze untainted with human breathing, and gaze on the clear sky and unfettered sea; all were there. It is not

for us to enter on this innocent catalogue those whose motives are gross and impure; the sensualist and the gambler, who dare to sojourn where God's mercies pass by in purifying love, and whose stagnant souls are untouched with sensibility by the wave or the breeze.

Captain Cowpens glanced from Fort Johnson to Haddrell's Point, then to Sullivan's Island, and there his eyes rested with an American gaze of delight on the beautiful flag waving from the citadel.

When he landed at the Cove, he said nothing, but with an energetic stamp, thrust his cane into the sand, as if to assure himself that he stood again on that sacred spot.

The girls were disappointed in gathering shells as they strolled on the beach. For several years they have been becoming more and more infrequent, though occasionally an eye sharpened by conchological skill, may detect a valuable one in the hollows on the beach, at the back or eastern part of the Island.

Charlotte picked up a buccinum, with the living animal in it; but when she recollected its slight value, and the torture it would endure, she laid it down on the beach again, and with a generous pleasure watched its uncouth motions on the smooth sand, until

a friendly wave, with dancing steps, came and bore it into the sea.

Captain Cowpens was overcome by the emotions that crowded on his mind. He was trying to realize that the spot he now saw was the "wilderness he remembered covered with live oak, myrtle and palmetto trees."

Mr. Marion took him gently by the arm, led him within the fort, and introduced him to the commanding officer. There, in the commodious and not inelegant dwelling, the old gentleman sat down, and as he wiped his forehead, Sophia perceived that he passed his handkerchief across his eyes to conceal a gathering tear.

The children were gratified with the military display at the fort, and after satiating their curiosity, returned to the beach. Mrs. Marion once shook her head at John, as he stood behind a sentinel, imitating his stiff attitude, and shouldering her parasol like a gun.

The boys and girls shouted in the fulness of freedom as they regained the beach. Black Billy put his feet carefully into the water, at the suggestion of the children, then a little further, and a little further, until finding it quite safe, and feeling the ground firm beneath his feet, he rolled up

his pantaloons, and dashed in, singing and dancing like a Merry Andrew.

How happy were they all! True, there were no hills rising up to meet the blue sky, no sloping fields winding gracefully to the shore, no rocks stationed like guardians around our coasts, but oh! how much there was that was beautiful and glorious!

Generous and warm-hearted youths, as you tread these level sands, do you experience a blank for memory or a pause for hope? Gentle and light-hearted girls, are there not pleasures enough in the stirring air and rushing wave? Go, then, in your innocent joy—gather rough shells and throw them in the dark waters, greet your conscious dog as he comes dripping with his prize from the surge, write sweet names on the sand; run and shout with careless laughter against the breeze, or muse on those thoughts which come even to children from the bounding sea!

Some planks that had been washed up by the waves, formed a pleasant seat for our little party, after they were joined on the beach by Captain Cowpens and their parents.

“This is a nice time,” said John, “for you to tell us some anecdotes, Captain Cow-

pens. I do not mean dates and such things, those are bad enough in school."

"If I could hobble about the Island," said the Captain, "I should like to see the spot where they tell me Captain Tufts used to live."

"Who was he?" asked Sophia.

"A faithful old Massachusetts seaman," replied the Captain, "who, previous to the battle of Fort Moultrie, was sent in command of a gun-boat, to attend to the sinking of some vessels in Hog Island channel, to prevent the British from using that pass to attack Charleston.

"The first night that Tufts took his station for this service, the British sent one of their fleet, which anchored within gun-shot, and kept up a smart fire on him. No particular damage was done, except on an old hog, being the only *soul* wounded on board. This was the commencement of hostilities with the British.

"On many occasions after, Tufts was serviceable throughout the war. We borrowed 200 pounds of powder during the action of the 28th, from his schooner lying behind the fort."

"At the end of the war," said Mr. Marion, "he was rewarded by our State's allowing him the entire sovereignty of Sulli-

van's Island, where, except the small garrison at the fort, he was for some time the only resident. He made some money from his large flock of goats, selling them to captains of vessels. He was called *Governor Tufts*, a title of which the old gentleman was very proud. I have often, when a boy, seen Governor Tufts in his hut, looking like Robinson Crusoe. By carrying with you some wine and sugar, you might be sure of procuring from his Excellency a fresh syllabub."

"Father," said Charlotte, "was he buried here? I should like to find his grave."

"I have heard," said Edward, "that he lies among the Myrtles.* Why, in the present fashion for monuments, cannot the youth of South Carolina erect one to this old man? General Moultrie was elevated in society, and the name of the fort and island are his monuments; but poor Captain Tufts, who bruted the first blow of the enemy, the wild winds must blow over his solitary remains, and no patriotic voice question where they lie!"

"Right, boy, right," said Captain Cowpens, grasping his hands. "You deserve to be a general."

* A wild unoccupied piece of ground, where the dead are deposited on the Island.

“I think it was about here I stood,” said the old officer, in the course of their afternoon drive, “when the British frigate *Ac-teon*, which had run aground on the 28th, during her attempt to take the right flank of the fort, was burnt and forsaken by her crew.”

Captain Cowpers put himself in an oratorical position, and nearly knocked off Mrs. Marion's bonnet with his cane, while he recited,—

“Acteon thus, as ancient fables tell,
By his own hounds pursued, expired and fell.”

“While she was in flames,” continued he, more quietly, “Captain Jacob Milligan boarded her, and coolly fired off three of her guns at Sir Peter Parker's vessel; then brought off the ship's bell, and a few other articles, and had scarcely left her, when she blew up. Colonel Moultrie said, as a grand pillar of smoke issued from the explosion, and expanded itself at the top, that ‘it formed the figure of a palmetto tree.’ Any how, it was a grand sight—not only then, but when the smoke burst in a great blaze, which burnt down to the water's edge.

“In the defence of Sullivan's Island there was but one instance of cowardice, though

there were but 350 troops, all newly raised, and not one of them regularly educated for service, except Colonel Motte. The case was that of a soldier, whose nerves would not allow him to stand on the platform during the severe cannonading and bombardment of the fort. By the articles of war, this poor fellow should have been shot, but the officers were rendered too good-natured by their success to resort to that extremity, and changed, perhaps, to a severer punishment. They gave him up to his comrades to do whatever they pleased with him. The soldiers dressed him up in women's clothes, and after worrying him nearly to death, drummed him out of the fort."

"I am glad of it," said John.

"One would think," said Mrs. Marion, with a smile, "that the costume worn by Mrs. Motte, Mrs. Heyward, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Brewton, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. Pinckney, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Shubrick, Mrs. Izard, &c., would not be *very* disgraceful."

Captain Cowpens received this rebuke with a respectful bow to the lady, and continued: "Poor M'Donald, one of our sergeants, was mortally wounded. Did he flinch even then? No! he died exhorting his comrades to continue steady in the cause of their country."

“Your dog Cæsar, John,” said the Captain, after alighting from the carriage, “reminds me of one which amused some of us even in the fight, by running after the cannon balls on the beach, as they rebounded from the brick work of the lower part of the fort.”

Sophia patted Cæsar, saying, “He wags his tail as if he understood you, sir.”

“The most trying moment to our friends in town, during the battle,” continued the Captain, “was that in which our flag was shot away. They gave up all as lost; but Sergeant Jasper, in the hottest of the British fire, jumped on the beach, took up the flag, secured it to the stump of the sponge-staff, gave three cheers while on the ramparts; and amidst a shower of balls returned to his duty on the platform.”

“My children,” said Mrs. Marion, “while you admire this act of heroism, let me tell you of an instance of Jasper’s *good sense*, a quality more desirable in our peaceful times. Governor Rutledge presented him a sword, and offered him a commission. The first he gratefully accepted, but declined the last, saying, ‘Were I made an officer, my comrades would be blushing for my ignorance.’”

“Mamma,” said Charlotte, “are you not

glad that Sullivan's Island is called Moultrieville?"

"Yes," replied her mother; "but I should have preferred Moultrie's Isle."

Captain Cowpens was so much invigorated by the air, and interested by the sight of the Islands, that he decided to remain for the season. A convenient house on the front beach was selected for his accommodation, and Mr. Marion promised to visit him frequently.

The children passed every Saturday with their old friend, who entered into their amusements, and was as eager as themselves for the holiday. His fishing-boat was always cleaned with extra care, and the boys' guns placed behind the door ready for their ramble to the curlew-ground.—Charlotte invariably protested against their firing a single gun. She wondered they could have the heart to disturb the flight of the birds, as she watched their airy processions against the sky, now mingling as if for consultation, now extending in a pencilled line, lengthening and lengthening until lost in the viewless air.

As the season advanced, the visits of the Marions were limited to the day-time, as a change of night-air is considered danger-

ous in southern climates in the autumnal months.

One September morning, Mrs. Marion and the children prepared for their Saturday excursion, their father being prevented by business from accompanying them. The steamboat had stopped running, and with gay spirits they stepped on board a packet, delighted with the change.

They found their old friend well and happy. He had been ornamenting the fishing-boat—even her oars were painted a bright green, and she danced on the waves as if expecting her lively crew.

Nor had the young people been unmindful of him. Charlotte and Sophia affectionately threw around his neck a watch-guard, the result of their joint industry, on which was wrought, in glittering letters, "28th June, 1776." Edward had superintended the repairing of his spectacles, and John came drumming his fingers on a tortoise-shell box, containing a present of best rap-pee.

They all entered the fishing-boat. Nature was as bright as their feelings. A few large pillowy clouds rested beneath the heavens, softening, but not obscuring the autumnal sun. The city, with its spires, rose in the distance. The light-house, beauti-

ful emblem of hope and safety, towered on one side, and on the other, the main, with its level verdure, seemed like a fringe of green on the azure horizon. Pleasure-boats were darting from the cove, the rocking skiff of the fisherman lay easily on the waves, and the majestic merchantman passed through the channel with its freighted store.

Some there were, on that day, who, with a prescient fear, looked round and fancied signs of evil, and the accustomed ear could detect the roar of a distant swell upon the ocean. It blew freshly; but who, after the panting fervours of the heated south wind, would not welcome that cooling breeze?

The wind gradually, but not alarmingly, increased. The Marions ate their late dinner with true Island *gout*, and not one want was felt or expressed, but that one, so full of love in the domestic scene, "Oh! if father were only here!"

As they sat at table, passing innocent jokes on their fishing skill, a sudden gust shook the slight tenement, and a drizzling rain began to fall. They instantly prepared to return to town, but every moment the wind rose, and the sky became darker. They hurried, chilled and alarmed, to the cove. There was evident anxiety among

the mariners; a gale was apprehended, and they declined the responsibility of female passengers in their slight packets.

The disappointed party returned to the house in silence, for now the rain began to pour in torrents, and the building rocked like an infant's cradle.

At the approach of night Sophia was dreadfully alarmed, and as each gust came with its roaring accompaniments of angry waves, she screamed with terror. Mrs. Marion tried to soothe and reason with her. It was in vain. Now her cheek was pale as death, and her eyes seemed starting from their sockets; and now the blood rushed to her forehead, and she covered her eyes with her hands, to shut out the scene before her.

"Sophia," said her mother, sternly, "I will not suffer this violent emotion. Conquer your feelings immediately, or you must leave me. Your unchristian violence is worse than the storm. God is with us. Let us be prepared for his will, while deliberating on the best means of safety."

Sophia, with a strong effort, conquered her feelings, and only once, but with what different emotions, cried out, "If father were but here!"

How rapidly night came on! They had hoped the storm would lull at twilight, but

it rose and rose, and at length the waves, like some living monster, lifted the piazza beneath them. Moving masses of ruins were seen floating on the white foam, while their voices could scarcely be heard amid the din and roar of the elements. An able and faithful servant was summoned to accompany them to the fort. He took Sophia in his arms, who lay there like a blighted flower. Charlotte and John held to the skirts of his coat; Captain Cowpens, Mrs. Marion and Edward, with the remaining servants, following closely behind. The darkness was intense, and their way lay through rising waves.

For a short time, a shout, a word of encouragement, even a jest to attempt to conceal their alarm, and to assure themselves of each other's presence, were heard; but this was soon hushed. At this crisis, there was an awful pause in the elements; it seemed that nature was preparing a nervous heave, and clinging to each other, they thought to die together. It came—the gale rushed thundering on, roaring and raging over bursting waves.

That loving band were parted; only Sophia and John reached the fort in safety.

Bitter was that night—sad the morning. Oh, thou bright and glorious sun, how

could'st thou return smilingly on such a scene of desolation?

Mrs. Marion and Edward had regained each other, after that fearful shock, and succeeding in reaching the piazza of a building, which, though but a wreck, withstood the waves. Charlotte was protected by a fisherman. His boat, that had been washed far up on the sands, he turned and made their shelter, though a rough one, for the delicate and bewildered girl.

Their venerable friend, however, was nowhere to be found. Alas, amid the sad discoveries of that day, with tearful eyes, they recognized his well-known form. Grasping his hickory cane, his gray hairs wet with surf, and his eye fixed in death, lay the veteran on the beach.

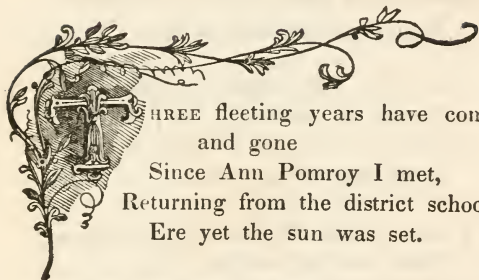
As the soldiers raised him to bear him to the fort, the gold beads of the watch-guard sparkled in the sun, and the date of "1776" came to the eyes of the girls, through their blinding tears.

A mournful and respectful train was that which, with its military escort, wound its way by the curlew-ground to the myrtles, where the Island dead repose. The muffled drum, mingling with the sounds of air and sea, and the minute guns, with sad precision, told the tread of death. Fit was the

burial. Let the worldling be laid amid the city's hum; let the babe and the maiden rest beneath the green tree, and flowers blossom over their graves; but the hero of the South, where can he find a better monument than those sands, or a holier dirge than that which comes sweeping over the ocean, bringing echoes of his fame?



THE VERMONT CHILDREN.



THREE fleeting years have come
and gone
Since Ann Pomroy I met,
Returning from the district school,
Ere yet the sun was set.

With her, her brother Francis stray'd,
And, both in merry tone,
Were saying all the rambling things
Youth loves when tasks are done.

The mountain tinge was on their cheeks;
From far Vermont they came,
For wandering habits led their sire
A Southern home to claim.

Fresh with the airy spring of youth
They tripp'd the woods along;
Now darting off to cull a flower,
Now bursting into song.

Oh, Ann Pomroy, thy sparkling eye
Methinks I often see,
When some young face in loveliness,
Beams up in smiles to me.

And when light rounds of boyish mirth
Laugh out uncheck'd by fear,
It seems to me that Francis' voice
Is floating on my ear.

I said the hue of health they bore,—
Hers was the nect'rine fair,
And his the deep pomegranate tinge,
That boys of beauty wear.

They walk'd at early morn and eve,
And as I yearly paid
My visit to the Planter's Hall,
I saw the youth and maid.

At first, by simple accident,
I came upon their walk;

But soon I loved to pause and seek
The privilege of talk—

Until my steps were daily turn'd,
But how I scarce can say,
When Ann and Francis came from home,
To meet them on the way.

They told me of New England hills,
Of orchards in the sun,
Of sleigh-rides with the merry bells,
Of skating's stirring fun ;

And sometimes of a grave they spake,
And then would sadder grow,
In which a gentle mother slept
Beneath the wintry snow.

* * * * *

When April's changing face was seen,
Again from town I flew,
To where the sleep of nature wakes
To sights and odours new.

All things were fair,—the plants of earth
Look'd upward to the sky,
And the blue heaven o'er-arched them still
With clear and glittering eye.

I sought the walk I used to seek,
And took the little store
Of toys, that from the city's mart,
For Ann and Frank I bore.

A rustling in the leaves I heard,
But Francis *only* came ;
His eye was dim, his cheek was pale,
And agues shook his frame.

He saw me, to my open arms
With sudden gladness sprang ;
Then raised a thrilling cry of grief,
With which the forest rang.

Few words he spake, but led me on
To where a grave-like mound,
With young spring plants and evergreens,
In rural taste were crown'd.

And there he stood, while gushing tears
Like summer rain-drops came,
And heavings, as a troubled sea,
Went o'er his blighted frame.

I did not ask him *who* was there ;
I felt that Ann was gone ;

Around his drooping neck I hung,
And stood like him forlorn.

“I soon shall die,” the mourner said ;
“Here will they make my grave,
And over me the Cedar trees
And moaning Pines will wave.

“None then will come to tend the flowers
That blossom o’er her bed ;
None sing for her the twilight dirge,
When I am with the dead.

“I can not join the school-boy sports ;
My head and heart are sad ;
When Ann is in her silent grave,
Oh, how can I be glad ?

“And when I say my studied tasks,
Or gain the once-loved prize,
I weep, and softly pray to Heaven
To lay me where she lies.”

I kiss’d his pale and suffering brow,
By early sorrows riven ;
I talk’d to him of her he lov’d,
And rais’d his thoughts to Heaven.

And when the call of duty came,
To take me from his side,
He told me, with a sickly smile,
“ ’Twas best that Ann had died.”

* * * * *

Another annual season roll'd
Its cares and joys along—
Again I sought the country's charms,
Deep woods and caroll'd song.

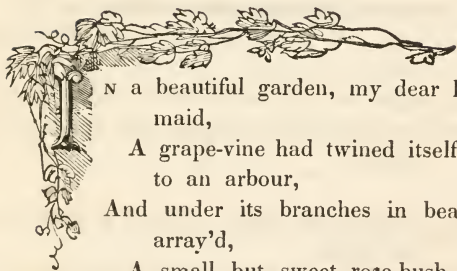
And there I found two silent graves
Amid the vernal bloom—
I ne'er shall see those forms again,
Till Heaven unseals the tomb.

Oh, Southern summer, false and fair,
Why, on thy loaded wing,
Blent with rich flowers and fruitage rare,
The seeds of sorrow bring?



A FABLE.

FOR A YOUNG FRIEND.



IN a beautiful garden, my dear little
maid,

A grape-vine had twined itself in-
to an arbour,

And under its branches in beauty
array'd,

A small but sweet rose-bush de-
lighted to harbour.

The blush on its bosom was brilliant and light,

As that which on modesty's cheek oft re-
poses,

And it beam'd with a freshness as fair to the
sight,

As youth in its innocent beauty discloses.

Those thought, who had seen it, its grace
and its bloom,

Resembled the charms of a sweet little child ;
And while giving delight by its grateful per-
fume,

Compar'd it to her who was pleasant and
mild.

One beautiful morning while nature was gay,
And the sun in his elegant splendour was
seen,

The grape-vine appeared in her fairest array
Of dew-drops, that hung on her mantle of
green.

She rais'd up her head and look'd down to
the shade

Where the sweet little rose-bush was bloom-
ing below,

And then in rough accents contemptuously
said,

With words that were chilling as pride could
bestow :

“ You have dress'd yourself out in a beauti-
ful style,

To attract all the gazers that come to your
view ;
And perhaps you expect by your graces the
while,
To become for a time even my rival too.

“ You poor short-liv'd creature, and do you
not know,
That I am the shade which prevents you
from dying ?
That exposed to the sun you no longer could
grow,
And around your fine head all your leaves
would be flying ?

“ Put off your pretensions, you look like a
fright,
And don't try to blush and to smile as you
do—
You think by this folly to give some delight,
But when *I* am present pray who would
see *you* ?”

The rose really blush'd the deep scarlet of
pride,

To see one so much older so cross and ill
bred,
And she hid her sweet face on a shrub by
her side,
Which press'd to support her soft innocent
head.

But sudden the skies darken'd into deep gloom,
While the lightning's red gleam was tremen-
dous and wild ;
The high grape-vine trembled in fear of her
doom—
But the innocent rose-bush look'd upward
and smil'd.

And now the wild winds whistled hoarsely
around,
And deep peals of thunder came bursting be-
tween ;
The rude tempest fell'd the fair vine to the
ground,
And the arbour laid low, with its ringlets
of green.

The loud storm had ceas'd, and the sun's bril-
liant ray,

Shone gaily on nature and open'd each
sweet,
When Mary, young, innocent, modest and
gay,
Stole into her garden, her fav'rite retreat.

She paus'd as she saw the high vine laid so
low,
And the lesson she learn'd found its way to
her heart,
And she pray'd, that her God would his fa-
vour bestow,
And bid from her mind evil passions depart.

She pray'd, as the rose, to be modest and
meek,
Nor boast, like the grape-vine, of beauty
and grace :
For pride spoils the bloom of a beautiful cheek,
And a heart that is pur is more fair than
a face.



THE NEW SCHOLAR.



THE first Monday of January, 1820, Master Richard Home-spun, under the direction of his mamma, made the usual preparations for entering an academy in a Southern city of our Union. Richard was fourteen years old, and well grown; a fact particularly perceptible, as his tight sleeves only came to his wrist, and left his purple hands fully exposed to anatomical observation. Nature had been singularly bountiful to Richard in a thick bushy head; but, like most over-grown populations, "each particular hair," could not have its due attention, and the whole mass stuck up in turbulent strength.

Richard's mamma had given him various directions on his journey, with regard to his deportment.

"Dicky, my dear," said she, "you must be careful when you go into school to hold

up your head, and make your manners, or the boys will laugh at you."

Richard was a good son, and promised to bow, little thinking of the tremendous difference there is between the dodge of a country boy, and the sweeping curve of a city obeisance.

"And mind, Dicky dear," said his mamma, "keep your new hat safe, and don't get any dog-ears in your books, and when you open them do it softly, and don't break the covers; read so, my dear;" and Mrs. Homespun inserted her nose between the blue covers of a Spelling Book.

Richard was a smart boy, and had been one of the best students and kite-players at a country school, but he felt in great trepidation at the idea of encountering so many strangers, beside having had hints of pumping and other school tricks. His mother kept him so long on Monday, arranging his collar, picking the threads off his jacket, and smoothing his new hat, that the exercises of the school had commenced before he entered.

As soon as a new face, accompanied by the insignia of a satchel, appeared at the door, the school hum ceased, and every eye was fixed upon him. He took off his hat, and holding it straight before him, gave an

agitated jerk with his head, and scraped his foot with a fling up backwards.

A smile, to say the least, spread over the young assembly. The principal, who saw the gathering commotion, advanced to his country catechumen, and seated him where he would not be exposed to the observation of the scholars.

There are few scenes where a good heart and regulated understanding are more conspicuous, than in the ranks of a school on the introduction of a new pupil. Whatever may be his appearance, a perfectly well-bred boy will welcome a school-mate to his new duties with politeness. Who does not remember the moment when he first entered the dreaded school-room; how anxiously he cast a glance around to see if there were any who meant to respect and love him in that strange circle?

The principal of the seminary to which Richard was introduced, was generous and kind. He saw by the boy's bright eyes that he was intelligent, though awkward. After the exercises of the morning were over, he called on the class in which Richard had entered to remain.

"Young gentlemen," said he, "allow me to introduce you to a new school-mate. He is a stranger, and will depend on you in

some measure for happiness, now that he is away from his home. I hope that by your kindness you will make him feel that he is among friends."

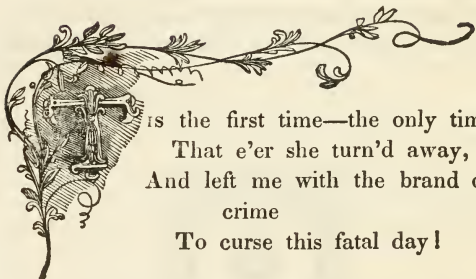
The boys looked a little disconcerted, for they had been planning a hoax; but better feelings prevailed. He was received, not as a butt, but as an equal, and they learned that kindness was better than fun.

Some of these very boys are now voting for Mr. Homespun as member to Congress.



THE MOTHER'S ANGER;

OR, THE DISSIPATED BOY.



is the first time—the only time
That e'er she turn'd away,
And left me with the brand of
crime
To curse this fatal day!

For sixteen years her evening kiss,
Has dwelt upon my brow,
Or lip, or cheek, in gentle bliss,—
Alas! where is it now?

Would that I were again the child,
Who lay upon her breast,
And looked into her eyes and smiled,
Caressing and carest!

Would that I now could bend my head
Upon her knee in prayer,
And hear the holy words she said
When once I nestled there!

Oh, had I dashed the cup away
That lured me to my shame!
I cannot weep—I cannot pray—
My heart—my thoughts are flame!

Mother, dear mother, turn once more
And bless thy sorrowing son!
Look on me as thou didst before
Ere sin's dark work was done.

Oh heaven! she comes—I feel her breath
Cool, on my feverish eyes!
She speaks—the burning torch of death
At her soft accent flies!

Oh, mother, on my knees I swear
To spurn the *tempting bowl*,
Nor risk again where revellers are,
Thy love—my God—my soul!

THE YOUNG MATHEMATICIAN.



AURA SINCLAIR was an intelligent girl, studiously devoted to all her lessons except arithmetic.

“Oh, mother,” she would exclaim, “this is arithmetic day. How I hate it.”

“My daughter, do not make use of such expressions,” said her mother. Nothing is wanting but attention and perseverance, to make that study as agreeable as any other. If you pass over a rule carelessly and say you understand it, from want of energy to learn it, you will continue ignorant of important principles. I speak with feeling on this subject, for when I went to school a fine arithmetician shared the same desk with me, and whenever I was perplexed by a difficult sum, instead of applying to my teacher for an explanation, I asked Amelia to do it for me. The consequence is, that even now I am obliged to refer to others in

the most trifling calculations. I expect much assistance from your perseverance, dear Laura," continued she, affectionately taking her hand.

Laura's eyes looked a good resolution, and she commenced the next day putting it in practice. Instead of being angry because she could not understand her figures, she tried to clear her brow to understand them better, and her tutor was surprised to find her mind rapidly opening to comprehend the most difficult rules. She now felt the pleasure of self-conquest, beside the enjoyment of her mother's approbation, and for many years steadily gave herself up to the several branches of mathematics.

Laura was the eldest of three children, who had been born to the luxuries of wealth. Mr. Sinclair was a merchant of great respectability, but in the height of his supposed riches, one of those failures took place, which often occur in commercial transactions, and his affairs became suddenly involved. A nervous temperament and a delicate constitution, were soon sadly wrought on by this misfortune. Mr. Sinclair's mind, perplexed and harassed, seemed sinking under the weight of anxiety. Laura was at this period sixteen years of age; her mind was clear and vig-

orous and seemed ready, like a young fawn, for its first bound.

One cold autumnal evening, the children with their wild gambols were playing around the room, while Mr. Sinclair sat leaning his head upon his hand over a table covered with papers. Mrs. Sinclair was busily employed in sewing, and Laura, with her fingers between the pages of a book, sat gazing at her father.

"Those children distract me," said Mr. Sinclair, in a sharp accent.

"Hush Robert, come here Margaret," said Mrs. Sinclair gently; and she took one on her lap, and the other by her knee, and whispering to them a little story, calmed them to sleepyness, and then put them to bed.

When Mrs. Sinclair had left the room, Laura laid down her book and stood by her father.

"Don't disturb me, child;" said he, roughly: "my head aches." Then recollecting himself, he took her hand and continued, "Do not feel hurt, my dear; my mind is perplexed by these complicated accounts."

"Father," said Laura with a smile, "I think I can help you if you will let me try."

"You! my love," exclaimed her father,

“why these papers would puzzle a wiser head than yours.”

“I do not wish to boast, father,” said Laura, modestly, but my teacher said to day.—” Laura hesitated.

“Well, what did he say?” asked Mr. Sinclair, encouragingly.

“He said,” answered Laura, blushing deeply, “that I was a quicker accountant than most men of business; and I do believe father,” continued she, earnestly, “that if you were to explain your papers to me, I could help you.”

Mr. Sinclair smiled incredulously, but unwilling to check his daughter's wish for usefulness, he made some remarks and opened his ledger. Insensibly he found himself entering with her into the labyrinth of numbers. Mrs. Sinclair came in on tip-toe, and seated herself softly at the table to sew. The accounts became more and more complicated, but Mr. Sinclair seemed to gain energy under the clear quick eye of his child; her unexpected sympathy inspired him with new powers. Hour after hour passed away, and his spirits rose at every chime of the clock.

“Wife,” said he suddenly, “if this girl gives me aid like this, I shall be in a new world to-morrow.”

“My beloved child,” said Mrs. Sinclair, pressing Laura’s fresh cheek to her own.

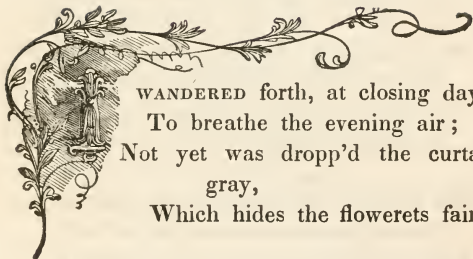
Twelve o’clock struck before Laura left her father, when she commended herself to God and slept profoundly. The next morning, after seeking His blessing, she repaired to Mr. Sinclair, and sat by him day after day, until his books were faithfully balanced.

“Father,” said she, “you have tried me, and find me worth something; let me keep your books until you can afford a responsible clerk, and give me a little salary to buy shells for my cabinet.

Mr. Sinclair accepted the proposition. Laura’s cabinet increased in beauty, and the finished female hand-writing in his books and papers, was a subject of interest and curiosity to his mercantile friends



LUCY LEE.



WANDERED forth, at closing day,
To breathe the evening air ;
Not yet was dropp'd the curtain
gray,
Which hides the flowerets fair.

They blush'd in beauty 'neath my tread,
And all their rich perfume
Around in generous fragrance shed,
Unwitting of their doom.

I could not choose but bid my eye,
In simple gladness, rest
Upon the gorgeous drapery,
That lin'd the lovely west.

And fain was I to hear the note
The blackbird gaily sung,
As on the air it seem'd to float,
And o'er my heart-strings rung.

I reach'd the brook and mossy stone,
Where lingering still for me,
Was wont to sit, till twilight lone,
My little Lucy Lee.

Her knitting in her merry way,
Would Lucy hold on high,
And all the progress of the day,
Upon the fingers try.

She was not there—not richly now
To me the sunset beam'd;
The blackbird carol'd on the bough,
But not for me it seem'd.

More bright than these was Lucy's look,
When yesterday it shone,
More sweet her voice, when o'er the brook,
She sent its joyous tone.

I hasten'd onward to the cot,
Where Lucy's mother dwelt,—

Why seem'd it such a lonely spot!
I never thus had felt.

The woodbine now as gracefully,
Around the porch was hung,
The little gate with motion free
As hospitably swung.

I paused a moment—and a groan
Fell deeply on my ear;
I enter'd, it was Lucy's moan,
She knew not I was near.

She knelt beside her mother's bed,
Her head was resting there;
The mother's struggling breath had fled,
Her daughter knelt in prayer.

And tears came gushing on her cheek,
And sobs convuls'd her frame,
I heard the little sufferer speak,
It was her mother's name.

Come to my arms, poor child, I cried,
Come hither, Lucy Lee,
God has been lavish to my pride,
I'll share his gifts with thee.

She lean'd her pale cheek on my breast
I press'd her to my heart,
And from that sacred place of rest,
No more shall she depart.



THE WAGON BOY.



ONE clear wintry Saturday, Richard Edwards accompanied his father on a hunting excursion. They were unsuccessful, but comforted themselves with the jokes which good-natured sportsmen make on each other when they return from the chase empty handed. They were a mile from any habitation, and had taken a short cut through the woods, when Richard called—

“Stop, father; I hear sounds of distress.”

Mr. Edwards reined in his horse and listened.

“I perceive nothing,” said he, “but the forest birds that gather at night-fall. But hark! so, Fido, down boy,” continued he to a hound which was leaping up at his side.

A wild but childlike sob of agony burst distinctly on their ears.

“We must look into this, Richard,” said

his father, and starting in the direction of the sound, he was followed by his son.

As they rode over the uncleared space, they heard at intervals the same cry, and they were soon near enough to perceive the object of their search. In one of the *turn-outs* made through the woods by wagoners, they perceived a country team, and near it, extended on the sand, lay a man with the cold stern countenance of death, while a youth of fifteen, kneeling on one side with his head resting on the silent breast, sobbed as if his heart would break, and a dog looked wistfully, as if he knew the helplessness of his master and the anguish of the boy.

At the sound of footsteps, the youth sprang up.—

“Sir,” he cried, “can you save my father? Save him, save him!”

Mr. Edwards alighted from his horse and approached the body. It had all the marks of death—the cold and shrunk countenance, the appalling repose of mortality bereft of soul. The eyes of the youth brightened with eager hope as Mr. Edwards felt the pulse and breast of the deceased. There was no answering sympathy in his look; he shook his head mournfully, and said, “My poor fellow!”

The wagon boy threw himself on the

body of his father, and gave that cry of deep and wailing sorrow, that God allows to the crowded heart, to keep it from breaking. The cold wind swept by with a wintry gust, and seemed faintly to echo his subsiding moan. Richard took his hand.

"We will try to comfort you, my poor lad," said he. "Father, shall he go home with us?"

"What, leave *him*?" said the wagon boy, clinging to his father, while a deep shuddering shook his frame.

"No," said Mr. Edwards, gently, "you shall not leave him; but would it not relieve your mind to see him laid in a decent grave?"

Mr. Edwards had touched a string that finds an answering cord in every heart. The wagon boy silently rose, passed his arm across his eyes, from which the large tears still rolled, and assisted by Mr. Edwards, placed the body on the wagon. The sad procession moved along, and reached the ferry-boat in time to pass to town.

Mr. Edwards was rich and generous. He clothed the wagon boy in appropriate garments the following day, and walked with Richard as mourner to the grave. The faithful dog mutely followed, and when the wagon boy returned from the mournful

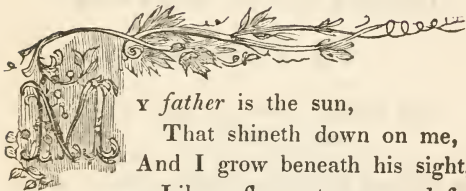
ceremony, he laid himself down by the side of the poor brute, and throwing his arms around the animal, hid his swollen eyes upon his neck, as if he only could understand his feelings.

For many days they tried to comfort him in vain, for religious emotions were new to him; but when Mr. Edwards explained to him the resurrection and the life, and Richard read to him those sublime and touching portions of Scripture which tell us that afflictions are not of the dust, and that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, the wagon boy was comforted. He returned to his home sad but resigned; and Richard too was taught a reliance on Providence, that was often renewed when he rode by the spot where the cry of the wagon boy first pierced his ear.



THE FLOWER,

THE SUN, THE AIR, AND THE DEW.



My father is the sun,
That shineth down on me,
And I grow beneath his sight,
Like a floweret pure and free.

My mother is the air,
That softly fans my leaf,
And dries the pearly drop,
That falls in youthful grief.

My sisters are the dew,
And, resting on my breast,
Cheer me when I awake,
Refresh me when I rest.

But one is greater still,
 Than sun, or air, or dew;
 The God who gives them all,
 And made the floweret too.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

LA FLEUR,

LE SOLEIL, L'AIR, ET LA ROSEE.

Mon Père est le soleil, qui parcourant les cieux,
 Rèpand à flots sur moi sa feconde lumiere,
 Je m'anime au foyer de ces celestes feux,
 Il fait croître au vallon Fleurette heureuse et
 chère.

Ma Mère c'est le souffle embeaumé du Zéphir,
 Qui berce mollement ma tige printanière.
 Si l'orage un instant me contraint a souffrir,
 Il en sèche aussitôt la trace passagère.

Mes Sœurs, ce sont les pleurs qu'au matin
d'un beaujour,

Sur mon jeune calice a déposés l'Aurore ;
J'en reçois au réveil un doux baiser d'amour,
Et la nuit leur fraîcheur me réjouit encore.

Mais il est un seul Etre à l'immense pouvoir,
Plus grand que le Soleil, et Zéphir, et l'Aurore,
C'est *Dieu* qui crea *Tout*, et que matin et soir,
Fleurette remercie de l'avoir fait éclore.

JH. HY. G--.



S U S A N ;

OR, THE DISSAPPOINTMENT.



CHILDHOOD is said to be the happiest age, but if the crying of babies, the bumped heads of older children, the cut fingers and gun-powder wounds of boys, and the affronts at girls' tea-parties, were put in the scale against the troubles of riper age, they would almost weigh them down.

Susan suffered a child's trials, but she bore them better than many women. A boy-doll had been presented to her; he was a nice little fellow, with red cheeks and cropt hair, and to complete him had a perfect hat like a man's; there was not a prettier boy in America.

Susan asked several persons to dress him; some were too busy, some did not know how, and some were unwilling. She waited patiently, hoping all the while that somebody would take pity on her destitute baby

without her teasing about it. She fondled him, and kissed him, and taught the poor fellow the only accomplishment she could with nothing but a hat,—she taught him how to make a bow.

At length her gentleman was invited to a doll wedding as groom's man. Susan dressed her three lady dolls with great care, but alas,

“Where none are beaux 'tis vain to be a belle,”

so thought Susan, as she took up the undressed boy and sighed.

“Mamma, if you please, I will go up to cousin Emily's. I am sure she will dress the poor fellow.”

Permission was granted, and for a cold muddy walk of a mile, she started with her doll.

She was soon seated by Emily's side, and I can fancy them now, the blue eyes of one beaming kindly, and the black eyes of the other glowing brightly as they talked about the clothes.

I love to see young ladies walk with a healthy glow and happy step, or dance with an airy motion, or sit singing sweet songs; but there is no time when an amiable girl appears more lovely to me, than when laying by her own favourite pursuits, she tries to

make a little child happy, and I am sure thus graceful and fair looked Emily with the doll's finery strewed around her.

The work advanced. A shirt was made with its manly looking collar, and its plaited bosom white as snow; then the pantaloons, like a Parisian beau's; then a vest of rich satin; then a plaid neck-kerchief, whose tie was to win all hearts.

Susan sat eyeing the progress of the work, sometimes with silent joy, sometimes prattling of the expected wedding, and when it was finished she took the doll in her arms, and a kiss to cousin Emily told the rest.

Susan with her gentleman prepared to return home full of delight. She could not help, even in the street, admiring his beauty. She had not advanced far when his hat fell off, and in attempting to fix it firmly on his head, she *broke* his neck, and his *head fell off too!*

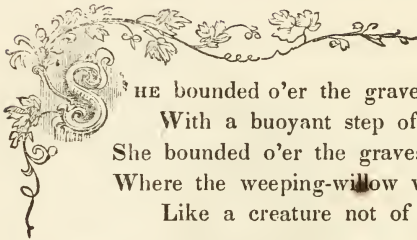
No man, woman or child, ever breaks a thing without picking up the pieces, though perfectly hopeless, and putting them together. As Susan saw her doll's head, when she fitted it, stand as if he had a stiff neck, and then when she let it go, fall helplessly, the tears came into her eyes, but the dear girl did not allow herself to mourn violently, and coming home she told

the sad tale, comforted herself with her three dolls, and smiled again.

Oh ye, whose hopes drop off like the head of Susan's doll go and imitate her gentle submission in misfortune.



ANNIE PLAYING IN THE GRAVE-YARD.



HE bounded o'er the graves
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves
Where the weeping-willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead,
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.


She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose,
She stopped and culled a leaf,
Pure monument of grief,
That in our church-yard grows.

She culled it with a smile,
'Twas near her sister's mound;
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart
Nor turn its gush to tears;
I did not chill her heart;—
Oh, bitter drops will start
Full soon in coming years.



THE FLIGHT OF THE BUTTERFLIES.

 WAS never disturbed in my calm retreat upon a green leaf, until one evening a little boy carried me away. I thought at first he intended to destroy me, but I soon perceived that he did not. The only thing I could boast of was a handsome coat, for people say that we worms are not always mild tempered. The boy mounted a curious looking animal. I felt every moment as if I should fall, but luckily for myself I did not. As soon as he got home he showed me to his sister, who had collected several of my species. I was carried into a small room with a window in it, and placed in a box half filled with leaves; they then left me. I did not try to escape, as I thought I should be well taken care of. The next morning I had fresh leaves given me, and heard my little master and mistress talking about me. There were a great

many other worms, but of much inferior rank to myself, and I soon found I was in the hands of young naturalists, of whom I had often heard my elder brothers speak.

I felt that I was near my chrysalis state, and that I must suspend myself in the air by silken threads. My master came to see me, and brought with him another young person; they appeared delighted to observe that I had suspended myself, and said they wished to see me change my skin, but being wearied with waiting, left me. They soon returned, and were surprised to find me a chrysalis, and I heard their exclamations, as my new colours appeared. My mistress pinched me gently to be convinced that I was alive, but I was wise enough not to stir, and suppressed my feelings. One August morning I burst the case that enveloped me, and appeared in all the gay colours of the butterfly. I must confess that I viewed myself with great complacency. I was at liberty to soar round the small room for an hour, and at the end of that time saw my mistress come up stairs with some coarse gauze under her arm. She put me between two shelves, and nailed the gauze over them, so that I could not escape. She then brought in another butterfly, who, though not as handsome as

myself, I condescended to welcome with courteous dignity.

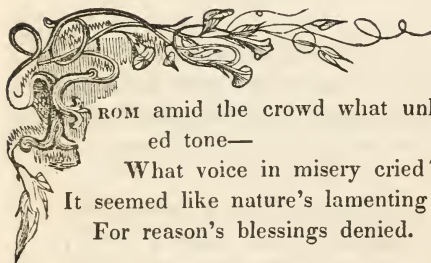
While we were discoursing on the fleeting nature of butterfly life, we saw a butterfly elopement. My mistress, after confining us, had raised the window-sash to purify the air, and gone below. Suddenly we heard a sound, which only ourselves could have detected, on either side of the room; it came to us, however, like the crack of a pistol. Peeping through the gauze, we saw a butterfly rise up, one on our right, and another on our left, and leave their dark shell behind. At first they fluttered, then ascended feebly, then gaining strength as the breeze blew on them, mounted to the middle of the apartment. Here they seemed to hold a momentary consultation, and then darting through the window together, disappeared.

But my strength is failing. I faint—I die.



THE DUMB LUNATIC.

Mark ix. 17.



FROM amid the crowd what unhallow-
ed tone—

What voice in misery cried?
It seemed like nature's lamenting moan,
For reason's blessings denied.

Oh, behold that face with its pallid hue,
Like snow-flakes at twilight's chime;
And that eye so burning, yet rayless too,
Like the moon in her waning time.

And the youthful form that with early pain,
Has withered in boyhood's glow:
And the tongue with motion so quick and vain,
And the restless look of wo.

y

In anguish beside him his father stands
In a statelier mood of grief;
He is grasping closely those thin white hands,
And eagerly asks relief.

The Disciples of Jesus cannot bless;
He turns in anguish away,
And a smile of dark, unbelieving distress
Seems o'er his closed lips to stray.


But, behold! the Saviour of men appears!
A thrill to his chilled heart flies;
His faith contends with decaying fears,
And the warm drops fill his eyes.

A few soothing words to a father's wo,
Are breathed by that voice of power;
Sweet as the flush of a fountain's flow,
In the blaze of a noontide hour.

A higher address of *command* is heard!
Oh, what has that accent done?
It has banished "the sickness of hope deferred,"
Has restored the maniac son.

TINYTELLA:

A FAIRY TALE.

ALICE SOMERS was an interesting girl, beloved by watchful and affectionate parents. She was perfectly obedient and very useful. No one was more just than Alice in distributing from the store-room, or more adroit in the mysteries of the pantry. The servants knew they could gain nothing by coaxing, though their young mistress was ready to aid and advise them of her own free will. Already, with ingenuity beyond her years, she could cut clothes for her dolls, and her needle was a welcome sight among her young acquaintance. She had but one fault; that, alas! was a great one. She could not look cheerful unless she had her own way. It is true she performed her duties faithfully; but her bright eyes were often clouded, and not a smile hovered on her lips.

One day, when Alice was gaily talking over a plate of nuts, her mother requested her assistance in sewing. She of course complied, but a frown gathered on her brow. She took her work in one corner of the room, and commenced sewing as if life depended on every stitch. Mrs. Somers began to converse, Alice was silent; she related a laughable anecdote, not a smile illuminated her daughter's countenance: she asked her questions, monosyllables were the only reply. Tired of this uncivil intercourse, Mrs. Somers withdrew to another apartment. Alice sewed on with a face elongated beyond all prettiness; in other words, she was *sulky*.

Sitting in this uncomfortable state of mind, she felt gradually a singular sensation on her chin, and on passing her hand over it, it appeared longer than usual. She resumed her work, trying to look unhappy, but her chin attracted her attention, for it was certainly lengthening. She dropped her work, and felt it with both hands—it pushed itself between them; she tried to rise—it was impossible; she attempted to call her mother—her voice seemed chained; her chin increased every moment, until at length she *saw* it. What a moment of horror, a hor-

ror increased by the idea that this was a punishment for ill-nature! In dreadful alarm and perplexity she gazed wildly around.

Suddenly she heard a soft fluttering, with delicate tinklings like musical wings, and, gliding on a sunbeam, appeared a minute female figure, which floated before her. Her form was chaste and symmetrical as the column of a sea-shell, her drapery was woven from humming-birds' plumage, and dazzled the eyes of Alice, until they rested on her tiny face, fair as a clematis's blossom peeping from its robe of green. At every motion of her wings, a thousand little bells, musically tuned, rang out a sweet melody, while her feet, white and noiseless as the falling petal of a bay-flower, kept time in graceful transitions to their soft harmony.

The music ceased, and a voice still sweeter, though piercing as the cicada at summer's noon, addressed poor Alice.

"I am Tinytella," it said, "the friend of youth. I know your misfortune, and its cause. There is but one cure,—the feeling and smile of *good-humour*."

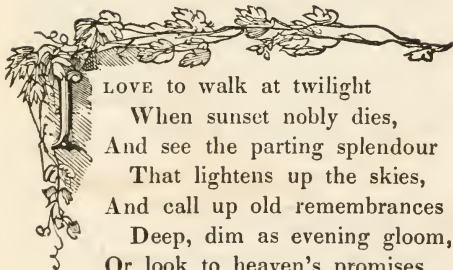
Her bright blue eyes looked full in Alice's face, her little mouth dimpling like the

water in a rose vase when it receives flowers. Alice *smiled*. Instantly the frightful deformity disappeared, and she heard the bells of Tinytella tinkling on the distant air.



CHOICE OF HOURS.

FATHER.



LOVE to walk at twilight
When sunset nobly dies,
And see the parting splendour
That lightens up the skies,
And call up old remembrances
Deep, dim as evening gloom,
Or look to heaven's promises
Like star-light on a tomb.

LAURA.

I love the hour of darkness
When I give myself to sleep,
And I think that holy angels
Their watch around me keep.

My dreams are light and happy
As I innocently lie,
For my mother's kiss is on my cheek,
And my father's step is nigh.

MARY.

I love the social afternoon,
When lessons all are said,
Geography is laid aside
And grammar put to bed ;
Then a walk upon the Battery
With a friend is very sweet,
And some money for an ice-cream
To give that friend a treat.

MOTHER.

I love the Sabbath evening
When my lov'd ones sit around,
And tell of all their feelings
By hope and fancy crowned ;
And though some plants are missing
In that sweetly thoughtful hour,
I will not call them back again
To earth's decaying bower.

KEEPING THE SABBATH HOLY.

MARIA AND HER MOTHER.

MARIA.



AMMA, why do you make me keep so quiet on Sundays? I can neither have my amusements at home, nor go any where to play with my acquaintances. Papa requires me to read the chapter that the minister preaches from morning and afternoon, and as if that were not enough, I have to go to Sunday School.

I cannot see why I should be confined in this way, and why I am not permitted to be as happy as some children I know, who are not bothered about reading chapters, reciting hymns, going to Sunday school, and such things.

MOTHER.

I am sorry, my daughter, that you think us unreasonable, but I wish you to listen

attentively to my answer to your complaints.

The first and strongest reason why you should keep the Sabbath day holy, and different from other days, is, *because God has required it*. Suppose a great king, living many miles off, were to send you every week a beautiful present of toys, which should delight and amuse you, and at the same time say to you, "You may play with these toys every day in the week but *one* ; and the reason is this, if you are *every* day occupied with them, you will either become weary and not enjoy them, or if you are interested all the time in them, you will think so much of your toys as to forget me, the giver."

Do you think that princely friend would ask too much, when he requested you to lay aside the toys for one day in seven? God gives *you* every thing which you enjoy. He is your *unseen* friend. Will you not devote one day to Him?

The second reason why your parents try to fill your mind with serious, but not sad, occupations on the Sabbath, is, that you may gain *religious habits*. You will know how to worship God. And suppose you die in youth ; how happy will you be that you have not been a stranger to Him. You may live, though, my dear child, to be older

than your parents now are, and I cannot describe to you what serenity and peace an acquaintance with God gives.

My own mother suffered many months from a disease that confined her to her bed. In the depth of the night I have often heard a sweet strain of music rising from her lonely chamber. When I went to inquire into her wants, I perceived that she was singing the hymns she had learned in childhood, and she said they comforted her heart. I have listened to many songs which the world call great, but never heard any so sweet and touching as those midnight hymns. And well do I remember, how your sister Louisa sat by her grandmother's bedside. Leaving her plays and toys to soothe the sufferer, she sang in lispings words, learnt in her Sabbath lessons,

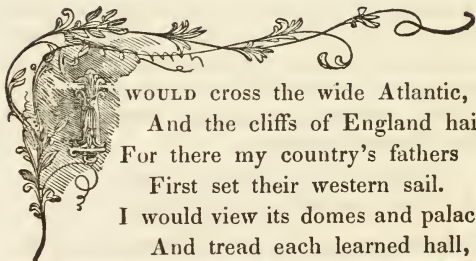
“Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard your bed;” &c.

While she sang, the invalid would stop her low moaning, while her thin fingers kept time on the coverlid, and thus fall asleep.

Endeavour, then, my dear child, cheerfully to attend to your Sabbath exercises, for you too may comfort a dying friend, or soothe your own bed of pain.

CHOICE OF COUNTRIES.

FATHER.



WOULD cross the wide Atlantic,
And the cliffs of England hail,
For there my country's fathers
First set their western sail.
I would view its domes and palaces,
And tread each learned hall,
And on the soil where Newton trod
My foot should proudly fall.
I would gaze upon its landscapes,
The dell and sunny glade,
And tread with awe the cloister'd aisle
Where Addison is laid.

LOUISA.

I would seek the Indian Ocean,
Where the sea-shell loves to grow,
Where the tints upon its bosom
In gorgeous beauty glow.
I would chase the parting billow
For treasures new and rare,
And with wreaths of blushing coral
Entwine my waving hair.

CAROLINE.

I would be a ship's commander,
And find the northern pole,
While o'er untravelled oceans
My vent'rous bark should roll.
Or I'd seek untrodden islands,
Amid Antarctic seas,
And the standard of my country
Plant first before the breeze.

ELIZA.

Oh, give to me my birth-place,
My dear, my native home!
From its fair and sheltering borders
I ask not e'er to roam.

My schoolmates here are playing,
My parents dear I see;
Oh, give to me my birth-place,
It is fair enough for me!

ANNA.

I do not know where England is,
Nor any other place,
But I love to frolic with my puss,
And see her wash her face.
I'll keep close by my baby-house,
And be very good all day,
If one I love will dress my dolls
And let me have my way.

MOTHER.

The whole broad earth is beautiful,
To minds attuned aright,
And wheresoe'er my feet have turn'd,
A smile has met my sight.
The city, with its bustling walk,
Its splendour, wealth, and power,—
A ramble by the river side,—
A passing summer flower;
The meadow green, the ocean's swell,
The forest waving free,

Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to me.

And oh, where'er my lot is cast,

Where'er my footsteps roam,

If those I love are near to me,

I feel that spot my home.



THE OLD FROCK.



RS. ALGER and her daughter were sitting together one morning in the holidays, sewing.

Jane sighed. "Why do you sigh?" asked her mother.

"Because, mamma," said she, with a slight blush, "I cannot go to Miss Warrington's party."

"Why not, dear?" said Mrs. Alger.

"Because, mamma," said Jane, "I have worn my party dress so many times, that I am ashamed of it."

"Is it soiled, Jane?" asked her mother.

"No, mamma," said Jane.

"Is it injured in any way?" continued Mrs. Alger.

"No, mamma," said Jane.

"Why do you object to wearing it then?" inquired her mother.

Jane blushed very deeply, and tears came into her eyes as she answered, "Oh, mam-

ma, when I went to Mrs. Anderson's, the other evening, Miranda Warren whispered loud enough for me to hear, to a young lady who stood near her, 'there comes Miss *One-frock!*'" and here Jane let her work fall from her hand, and laying her head on the table, sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Alger paused until the violence of Jane's feelings had subsided.

"Is Miss Warren a very superior girl?" said she, calmly.

"Not that I know of, mamma; but she has every thing elegant to wear. Her frocks are of the nicest materials, and she seldom wears the same to two parties in succession; but I should not mind that, mamma; she might wear the dress of a princess, and I would not envy her, but I cannot bear to know that she ridicules me; I can not, can not bear it," said Jane.

"I am sorry, my dear child," replied her mother, "that I am unable to consult your taste and feelings, and give you a new frock, because you generally try to please me, and I would willingly gratify you; but I cannot afford it. You must dress according to my means."

"I think, then, mamma," said Jane, "I had best give up society."

"I am indifferent about your attending

parties, Jane, and you may consult your own feelings; but I should regret to have you give them up on account of *dress*. Now tell me honestly, do you think Miss Warren happier than other girls?"

"Perhaps not," said Jane. "I cannot think it happiness to put everything in a ridiculous point of view. Most of her conversation is ridicule. She seems to see what is *wrong* and not what is *right*. Rosalie Withers, her cousin, is so different. She is just as rich, and dresses quite as tastefully, but she looks as pleasant upon a plain dress on others, as she would upon the richest jewels."

"Why not cultivate Rosalie's society then," said her mother, "and avoid Miranda's?"

"Oh, mamma," said Jane, "because Miranda is so amusing. She has such a droll way of mimicking people, and talking about them, that one can not help laughing, even when one does not approve of it."

"You confess, then, my daughter, that *you* have listened and laughed, when Miranda has ridiculed others?"

Jane looked down.

"Do you perceive much difference between a person who ridicules another, and one who enjoys the joke?"

“I confess,” said Jane, “I have been amused by Miranda’s wit very often.”

“You deserve, then,” said her mother, with some severity, “to be ridiculed by her. But I do not wish to continue this subject. It is entirely out of my power to make frequent changes in your dress. If you wish to go into society with a modest, social spirit, simple in your costume, and amiable in your manners, society will not hurt you; but if your object is display, I would rather see you clothed in homespun by the chimney corner.”



What comfort would your waving plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears,
And her orphan's cry of wo?

WILLIAM.

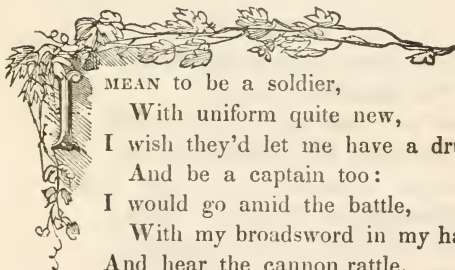
I mean to be a President,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week,
For all the gay and great:
I'll be a king, except a crown,
For that they wont allow,
And I'll find out what the Tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart,
And rob him of his rest;
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust,
For he knows how little they are worth—
How faithless is their trust.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATIONS.

JOHN.



MEAN to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new,
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too:
I would go amid the battle,
With my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit behind a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill;
And I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear, an humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see,
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind from me:
But ah! remember, pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine's shade;
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours,
Music, and sport, and joy shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers;

No heart shall ache with sadness
 Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
 Re-echo to my call.

M O T H E R .

Oh! children! sad it makes my soul
 To hear your playful strain;
I cannot bear to chill your youth
 With images of pain.
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
 And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
 And gently bend in showers.



THE MASKS.



UCILLA ARMORY, in her sixteenth year, was a lovely looking creature, flushed with youth and beauty, just between the woman and the child. All hearts were taken by her at a glance, she was so frank, witty, and sparkling. She led the enjoyments of the young, and enlivened the gravity of the old, — was the prime leader of games, and could guess conundrums like a sybil; was apt at every thing, — sang the last new songs, chattered phrases at French stores, was admired, sought, and yet, alas! dreaded, for Lucilla was a *liar!* I know it is a hard word to digest, but call it by what name you will, whether white lying or black lying, — disguise it in the '*not at home*' of the busy housewife or lounging novel reader, cover it up with all the shades that Mrs. Opie can

devise, still, like her, we feel that lying is lying.

Lucilla's mother had imbibed loose notions on this subject. If her daughter's wit set a circle in a roar of laughter, or her prettiness fascinated them, it was enough for her.—Sometimes the idea of her want of veracity startled her, but she comforted herself by saying, "Oh, Lucilla is so young! what can be expected of a girl of fifteen!"

Lucilla was always in extremes. It was either the coldest or the warmest day she ever felt in her whole life; a party was delightful or it was horrible; a young gentleman was either exquisitely charming or a stupid thing; a young lady was a beauty or a fright.

This spirit of exaggeration, as it is apt to do with females, extended to numbers. Every thing increased on her lips like Falstaff's sixteen men in buckram; tens were hundreds, and hundreds thousands.

Helen Mortimer called on her one day.

"Why were you not at the Bancrofts' party last night?" said Lucilla.

"I was not invited," replied Helen.

"Oh, what a pity," said Lucilla, "we had a divine evening. I danced every time, and was invited six sets beforehand."

"Indeed!" said Helen, "I understood there

was but one set danced on account of the heat of the evening."

"Good Heavens! Helen," said Lucilla, "there were at least half a dozen. I wish you had been there to have seen Miss Trip-toe from New-York. You know how vulgar it is to take steps; well, this belle cut such capers and leaped so high, that I bowed and nodded to Miss Dwindle under her petticoats while she was up in the air."

Helen cried out, "Oh, Lucilla!"

"It is a fact," said Lucilla, "you may ask any of the girls. Oh, by the way, have you seen Mary Donald's comb? It beats the South American ladies out and out. I declare to gracious, it is as high as grandmother's mahogany backed chair, that was made before the old war. Don't shake your head, Helen. It was so high, (measuring from the floor with her hand.) They say Mary Donald's mother calls her children together and flogs them every morning before breakfast, to keep them in order."

Helen coloured deeply, "Mrs. Donald is a relation of ours, Lucilla," said she, "and we think her a most estimable woman. It is true that she assembles her family every morning, but it is to give them an opportunity of attending religious worship."

"Good powers!" exclaimed Lucilla, who

would have thought that you were related !
It must have been Mrs. _____”

“Stop,” said Helen, “I will not listen to any more calumny. You know that you are slandering, and that such remarks often fix a stain on any individual which only time can wipe away.”

Lucilla trotted her foot in some excitement, and took her turn to blush. As Helen rose to go, she asked if she had seen her bell-ropes.

“No, they are beautiful indeed,” said Helen ; “how ingeniously you have shaded them.”

“I am glad you like them,” said Lucilla, “see how my finger is marked with the needle.”

At that moment her mother entered.

“What, Miss Helen,” said she, “admiring my worsted work ? I tried to persuade this lazy child to help me, but she would not.”

Helen immediately took her leave.

Lucilla was passing her last quarter at a school, and her fine mind was rapidly opening under all the advantages of education. By some unwarrantable calumny, she had caused the disgrace of a schoolmate and the indignation of her class was so great she was glad to return home. Towards twi-

light, her parents were absent, and as it was a sultry evening, she seated herself in the piazza.

Absorbed in a kind of reverie, she was startled by the tread of many feet, and lifting her eyes, she saw a procession of figures slowly enter the porch, and arrange themselves against the balustrade, with their faces towards her. A strange and horrible variety appeared in their countenances. Some looked dark and sullen, others distorted and malicious; some turned half aside with a glance of triumph, and others leered with gestures of disgusting familiarity. The line extended to the extremity of the building, gradually softening from ferocity to beauty, and, as her eyes recoiling from the nearer bent to the most distant objects, distinguished a majestic form holding a torch, whose clear beautiful eyes seemed to penetrate her thoughts.

A restless silence pervaded her followers, while the figure with the torch, approaching Lucilla with a firm and measured tread, addressed her thus,—

“I am Truth. Alas, that I should be a stranger to one so young and fair. These are my attendants, and though forbidding in aspect they perform my will. All the shades of falsehood are represented on these

faces, from the first exaggerated word to the crime of slander. They will follow you unseen; for slight offences the least deformed will become visible, but should you injure any one, expect to see their avenging eyes peering into yours in the domestic circle and the sparkling ball-room."

As she said these words, some of the vilest faces turned eagerly towards her as if already claiming her as their own.

"Before we part," said Truth, "let me warn you that your very exclamations are deceitful. Whom do you address when you say 'My Heavens! Great goodness! Good gracious?' Do you invoke the Deity? You shudder, and say no. Beware then, how you take his name in vain, for such language belongs only to him."

"Lucilla," continued she, "these are masks, which terrify you. When you conform to Truth you will know her followers and see them as you do me."

Lucilla looked eargerly at her. Resplendent indeed was Truth. Her torch, whose clear and steady beam was coloured with variegated rays, threw a glory over her form, and seemed to light the way through her serene eyes to her very soul. A veil was thrown over her graceful limbs, revealing with modesty their fine proportions. Not

an ornament was on her person, but there she stood glorious in simple beauty.

“ Authority, with grace
Of awfulness, was in her face.”

Intently gazing on Lucilla, she remained awhile silent, then turning to the fantastic procession she said,—

“ Ye know my signals. Calumnia, I wave my torch trice and again for thee; Deceptia, thrice for thee; Exaggeratia, twice for thee: Flatterania, one flash for thee; disappear.”

A momentary rush was heard, and Lucilla sat alone.

Lucilla retired to rest that night with a disturbed conscience; there was a dread at her heart that made her cling to her young sister, who slept with her, for companionship.

“ I will be very careful of my words and conduct,” thought she, but she did not pray, nor look to the “ Rock of ages ” for aid.

She slept, and forgot her resolutions; forgot the God who never sleeps. The sun rose bright and lovely, but no beam of thankfulness dwelt in her heart: her form moved in strength and beauty, but no gratitude breathed from her lips. Sleep was to her like night on a flower; it tinged her

cheek, enlivened her eye, but nothing more. Oh how dreadful is the sleep of the soul! The bird may spring aloft with its matin song, thoughtless of its powers; the leaf may lay open to the sun unconscious who colours it with emerald beauty; the stream may glide in soft meanderings, ignorant of Him who bids it rise in the mountains and rush to the sea; but shall they whose young *minds* are fresh from the Creator, whose first leaf of sin is almost unwritten, whose souls are capable of celestial sympathy,—shall *they* rise from sleep untouched by the thought of a protecting Deity?

Lucilla repaired as usual to the academy, and by her application gained the praise of her teachers. When the young ladies retired at the customary hour of recess, she was attracted by a bead bag which one of her school-mates was embroidering. It was a libel on taste: the sheep were as tall as the men, a water-fall stood as still as if the earth's attraction was suspended, and a shepherdess held something which might have been called a stick as well as a crook.

“My dear Sarah,” said Lucilla, “what a pretty idea! where did you get that pattern? Do draw it for me. I declare I shall not rest until—”

Before she could conclude her sentence

a flash of light startled her, and on recovering from the glare she saw the face of Flatterania over Sarah's shoulder. Her head was fantastically ornamented with feathers. She held a fan, with a simper, to her lips, and nodded and beckoned to Lucilla with an air of familiarity.

Lucilla felt faint at this recognition, and suddenly returning to her desk pursued her studies in silence.

Lucilla was entertaining her friends one afternoon with an account of her father's sumptuous style of living.

"We always have three courses, and invariably ice-cream," said she, and busily talking, perceived not two flashes of light that played through the apartment. "What allowance of spending money do you have, Arabella?" continued she to one of the girls.

"Twelve and a half cents a week," was the answer.

"Mercy! how little," said Lucilla; "my father gives me a dollar."

Two soft flashes of light crossed her eyes and revealed a figure which she knew to be Exaggeratia. She held in her hand a magnifying glass, and as she glided with rapid steps past Lucilla, the frightened girl saw her own features enlarged to an immense

size. She was hushed in a moment, and the figure disappeared.

A few days passed without a visit from her visionary rebukers, until one evening Lucilla was desirous of wearing a ribbon-belt to a party, to which her mother had objected. She dressed herself according to her mother's wishes, but after bidding her good-bye, ran up stairs softly to her drawer, and taking the forbidden belt, hastily fastened it around her waist. Three flashes of light illuminated the room, and a female figure appeared, in whose countenance two faces seemed joined together.

The two mouths spoke together, "Deceptia, Miss, at your service. Have you any commands?"

Lucilla threw down the belt in terror, and wore the sash directed by her mother.

Several articles had from time to time been missed from Mr. Armory's premises, and suspicion fell on the house servant, Amos, who was familiar with the establishment.

The apprehensions of the family were again excited by the loss of some silver spoons. Lucilla's lively imagination fixed at once on Amos as the thief, and from talking about it unhesitatingly, she began to believe that it was actually the case.

Her assertions were so positive, that Amos was regarded with distrust and aversion. Her father questioned her on the subject, and said seriously,

“Lucilla, have you reason to believe that Amos is a thief?”

‘Certainly, sir. Do you not remember the umbrella, the walking-stick?’ and she went on enumerating other abstracted articles.

“But that is not to the point, my dear,” said he; “have you ever *seen* Amos take what does not belong to him?”

Oh, why did not Calumnia appear at this fatal moment?

Lucilla hesitated, but her foolish and wicked love of excitement was too strong, and she replied,

“Yes, father, very often; but I did not like to tell you about it.”

Amos was instantly summoned and committed to the work-house.

Lucilla had not calculated on this, for her feelings were tender, and she could not bear to have any one suffer.

She burst into tears, and pleaded for the release of Amos with all the eloquence in her power. She even suggested the idea of his innocence; but Mr. Armory, knowing her habit of prevarication, thought she

spoke only from impulse, and would not heed her.

The grandmother of Amos had been a nurse in the family of Mr. Armory for many years, until her intellect became disordered in her old age; but though her usefulness was gone, the strong ties of child's nurse united her to the family.

Hagar was nearly seventy years old; tall, erect, with eyes full of that strange light that beams out from a disordered intellect, like phosphorescence from animal decay. Sometimes she closed the shutters of her apartment and addressed "the spirits" through small crevices where the light entered. Sometimes she sat for hours on a bench in the sun, with her hands clasped, reeling to and fro, singing psalms. But Hagar's delight was her church. A nice wrapper, a white handkerchief crossed over her bosom, and an apron pinned on without injuring one of its starched folds, with a check turban carefully tied over her gray hairs, formed her Sunday toilet. Slighting the seats in the gallery, her favourite one was in the porch of the broad aisle, where, sitting a little forward on a bench in the rear of the first pew, she could see the preacher. When a hymn was commenced, she rose, clasped her hands, and inclined her body

forward; at the end of every verse she courtesied, bending lower and lower, until the close. Sometimes, particularly at the dismissal hymn, she advanced with a measured step up the aisle, gently waving her clasped hands, and courtesying, until led back by an observing friend.

Lucilla was a favourite of Hagar's, and possessed more control over her than any other person. For some time after being informed of her grandson's disgrace, her passions were unusually roused, and Lucilla was sent for to soothe her. The wretched girl herself needed consolation, for conscience began to be busy. She went, however, to Hagar's room one day, and found her in the attitude of listening.

"Hush!" said she, "don't you hear my boy?"

Lucilla wept bitterly.

"Are you so sorry," said Hagar, "for a thief? Amos an't sorry for the old woman's gray hairs;" and, pushing aside her cap, she showed the crisp white curls that edged her forehead.

At this moment Amos entered, after his punishment. He threw himself on a bench, with his head on his knees, and groaned bitterly.

“Thief! thief!” screamed the old woman.

“I swear to heaven I’m not a thief, grandma,” said the poor fellow.

A servant suddenly rushed in and informed them that the real culprit had been discovered, and that Amos was innocent.

A wild scream of joy burst from Hagar at this intelligence, and aiming to spring towards her grandson with extended arms, she fell. The chords of life were broken, —old Hagar was dead.

Four vivid flashes of light illuminated her stiffened form, and Calumnia, with a shout of triumph, stood beside her. In her shrivelled right hand she held a poisoned arrow, and in the other a bleeding heart.

Wild with terror, Lucilla flew from the scene, and weeping in her father’s arms, confessed the crime of slander.

* * * * *

Months elapsed, and Lucilla’s character had changed from idle trifling to thoughtful truth. She was sitting one evening in the piazza, reflecting on the past and seeking aid for the future, when the masked figures of her former vision appeared before her.

“Lucilla,” said Truth, with a gentle tone, “I need not now tell you who I am. You know me. Has my lesson been too

severe? You will not think so if you are wholly mine."

She approached nearer to the now really lovely girl—lovely with the beauty of soul—and gazed into her eyes. Lucilla shrank not; Truth laid her cool firm hand against Lucilla's heart. It fluttered not.

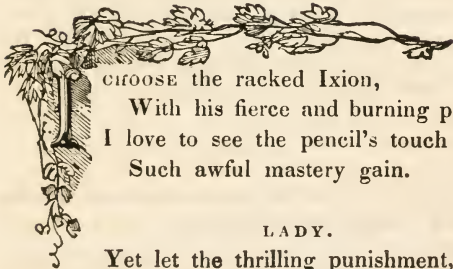
"You are mine," said Truth; and saying thus, she breathed a breath as odorous as infancy's, upon an adamantine seal, and touched it to Lucilla's coral lips, then passed her hand with a slow and gentle pressure on Lucilla's eyes. They opened on the visionary train whose falling masks were revealing sweet unclouded faces, reflected in polished mirrors. There was no deformity now; with chaste and gentle motion they glided on, and the smiling welcome they gave her shone from mirror to mirror, until the beautiful vision passed away.

It was gone, and the stars of evening looked pleasantly down on Lucilla's placid soul.



CHOICE OF PAINTINGS.

WILLIAM.



CHOOSE the racked Ixion,
With his fierce and burning pain;
I love to see the pencil's touch
Such awful mastery gain.

LADY.

Yet let the thrilling punishment,
Its moral truth inspire,
And keep your spirit pure, my son,
Untouched by base desire.

LITTLE ELIZA.

I'll take the watermelon,
With seeds so black and nice,

And give my little playmates,
All round, a famous slice.
But oh! 'tis but a *picture*,
And on a summer's day,
If they would not let me eat it,
I would wish it far away.

HENRY.

Give me the brave Napoleon,
With his war steed thundering by,
Where the snowy Alps majestic,
Look upward to the sky.

LADY.

Oh! boy, that conqueror leaped o'er *hearts*,
With reckless cravings too,
While his own was cold and tempest stirred,
As the mountain scene you view.

LITTLE JOHN.

I choose the views of Lilliput,
Where the tiny people play,
Looking with great astonishment,
At birds more large than they;

While two of them with all their might,
Attempt an egg to roll;
And some are diving, quite alarmed,
Within a little bowl.

GEORGE.

Oh! give me Ariadne,
With her soft and dewy eye,
Her lip of glowing coral,
And her forehead fair and high.
I feel th' Ægean breezes,
As they fan her braided hair,
And cool her chastened beauties,
Nor leave a dark tinge there.

MARIA.

I love the finished manliness,
That dwells on Bacchus' brow—
Where Earth and Inspiration,
Seem boldly mingling now.
The sunny hue of India
Glowing burning on his cheek,
And lights those lips so eloquent,
That ask not words to speak.


L A D Y .

Yes! o'er the form that Guido limn'd
Our eyes enraptured stray,
And thrill with sudden joyousness,
As if 'twere new to-day.
Fine chain of soul-formed sympathy,
Electrical and strong,
Which, touch'd with by-gone intellect,
Through time is borne along!

I bless you, bright creations
Of Painting's magic art,
Where classic dreams of poesy
In local beauty start!
Ye raise our cramped and earth-bound souls
To His creative power,
Whose sacred touch, omnipotent,
Gives genius its high power.



THE STRANGER AT NEW-ORLEANS.



HE bustle of business had ceased in our great southern metropolis, when a youth from Maryland entered his apartment in a hotel, and with an air of abstraction seated himself at a table.—When English travellers say that “all Americans stoop in the shoulders,” and that they “do not know how to smile,” we cannot understand them, and we hardly know whether to smile or frown at their insinuations. Henry Winthrop was a true American, and yet he stood with military erectness, and his smile was sweet to all, but most sweet to those whom he loved. The inclination of his arm, as it now rested on the table with his hand thrust through his glossy hair, was truly graceful. He took from his pocket a travelling chart, and as

he unfolded it, said, (for he often spoke when quite alone, as if with friends,) "And here am I at the mouth of the Prince of Rivers. Two months since I was listening to the roar of Niagara, and hushing up my soul before its rushing glory. Since then I have bowed before many a lovely shrine of Nature, in our fair States, and here I am. I wish I had some one to call me Henry!" How common is this feeling to young hearts, when surrounded by the formalities of life. Winthrop was accustomed to be called Henry by the blessed voice of a mother, and his sister's last words, as she kissed him fondly, were "dear Henry."

"Wonderful stream," exclaimed he, as he traced the course he was about to traverse, "what is to be thy destiny? Shall a free and intelligent race increase on thy borders? Shall the rude boatmen who now pass a rough existence on thy current, carry, at some future time, from thy northern quarries, materials for the sculptor, while music, enriched by the soul's harmony, comes breathing over thy streams? Shall thy tides flow on freighted, through countless years, with stores from the various climates nurtured by thy floods?—What a course has this beverage run!" and he sipped some water from a glass at his side.

“It has washed the granite of the Rocky Mountains, the sand-stones and lime-stones of the Southern shores of the great Lakes, and mingling with the various clays of the lower rivers, has been arrested here before it reaches the Gulf of Mexico !”

Meditating still on this vast theme, Winthrop fell asleep, while grasping the glass. His head gradually drooped on the arm that rested on the table, his long lashes, that in day-light gave a dark tinge to his eyes, lay on a cheek bronzed by a traveller's chances; yet there was an innocent repose about his youthful person, that men seldom wear.

A few wandering thoughts of home flitted over his dreaming mind, but his imagination soon followed the train of his last thoughts. He dreamed that as he was about to take a draught of the water of Mississippi, he heard a hissing sound, and saw a violent commotion among the drops. Eagerly watching this singular phenomenon, he perceived a drop ascend to the rim of the glass. It dilated, assumed a form, and the Spirit of the Missouri stood before him, with all the grotesque display of Indian costume.

“The wild red feathers on his brow were blent,”

and the most fantastic but graceful selec-

tions were made, from the not inelegant attire of the native tribes. His eye was stern and menacing as he gazed on another Spirit now emerging from the liquid element. It was the Spirit of the Mississippi. A singular contrast appeared in his bearing. He looked prematurely old. A few of the distinctive marks of his Indian origin remained, mingled with the superciliousness of wealth, the affectation of fashion, and the vulgarity of degrading intercourse. Still there was the bronzed skin, the shining hair in braids, and the abrupt manner of the Indian. He wore an English coat and hat, quite too small for his majestic proportions; but the coat was fringed with the teeth of wild animals, and the hat was surmounted by a showy plume. In one hand he held a bottle of whiskey, in the other a calumet, with a New-York rattan slipped between two fingers. A knife was stuck in his belt, and ear-rings depended from his ears. An attendant, for he had learned the luxury of being served, carried writing materials, to show his advance in the arts, and a few volumes, the leaves of which were turned down at remarks on Steam Boats, of which he was justly proud.

The walls of the apartment in which Winthrop sat, seemed to recede and en-

large, as a motley group, rising from the bubbling drops expanded to characteristic forms, and arranged themselves in parallel lines beside their leaders. There was a deep pause for a few moments, when the Spirit of Missouri, with a tone of sullen dignity addressed them; and as he moved in the energy of discourse, his metal ornaments jingled with a kind of harmony.

“My children all! I take you by the hand. I have come here to hear and judge my Son of the Mississippi. You call him Father. My Sons, who is the Father of Streams, the mixed face, who rolls over clay, or the Red Spirit dashing from the Rocky Hills?”

There was a strong rustling among the Powers of the Streams at this appeal. The eastern Spirits touched their rifles and dirks, and the western their tomahawks and knives; but the Spirit of the Mississippi, waving his arms with the complacency of possession, commanded silence.

“Son,” said he, “you have spoken well. I forgive the boisterous step with which you enter my domain, for the sake of your fine spirit.”*

* The Mississippi is a tranquil stream above the Missouri, but their meeting produces a turbid state of the waters for many miles.

Then deliberately opening a book, to display his superior learning, he spelt out the following remarks, without comment, aided by his cultivated Secretary Ohio.

“Rocks and mountains are fine things undoubtedly, but they could add nothing of sublimity to the Mississippi. Pelion might be piled on Ossa, Alps on Andes, and still, to the heart and perception of the spectator, the Mississippi would be *alone*. It can brook no rival, and it finds none. No river in the world drains so large a portion of the earth’s surface. It is the traveller of five thousand miles, more than two-thirds of the diameter of the globe. The imagination asks, whence come its waters, and whither tend they? They came from the regions of a vast continent, where the foot of civilized man has never yet been planted. They flow into an ocean yet vaster, the whole body of which acknowledges their influence. Through what varieties of climate have they to pass! On what scenes of lonely and sublime magnificence have they gazed!

“The prevailing character of the Mississippi is that of solemn gloom. I have trodden the passes of Alps and Appenine, yet never felt how awful a thing is nature, till

I was borne on its waters through regions desolate and uninhabitable.”

As he closed the book, Mr. Secretary Ohio stood forth. He took a pinch of snuff, having been laughed out of chewing by Trollope, Hall, Hamilton & Co., and with a bow of graceful recognition to the Stream Spirits, begged the liberty of saying a few words in defence of his Great Father, Mississippi. He commenced, and like many other orators, forgot his subject in himself.

“Gentlemen,” he said, in a modulated tone, being replete with studied grace, “gentlemen, we will only glance a moment at *my* course, to show the claims which my superior refinement urges over the wild beauties, (I grant ye they are beauties,) of our brother Missouri. My cradle is the region of taste and refinement. Think of my facilities of education, gentlemen, think of my Libraries and Colleges, while brother Missouri, in the language of a late traveller, ‘has nothing worthy the name of Library.’ ‘Not only is there an entire absence of learning on his borders, in the higher sense of the term, but an absolute want of the material from which alone learning can be extracted;’ and for refinement, I doubt if he has a ‘bell or a chambermaid.’”

The speaker was here interrupted by the

Spirit of the Arkansa, who, with native grace and vehemence, poured forth his claims.

“Where are the bisons,” cried he, “herding for miles on your borders? Where are your rich grapes, large, and blue, and clear as the eyes of a fawn; where is the beautiful flower,* with its white blossoms, and broad leaves, sleeping so quietly on your waters, that a bird may tread from shore to shore without dipping his talons in the stream!”

The eye of the Missouri Spirit brightened—he grasped his war-club, and cried abruptly,

“My children all! Once more I take you by the hand. To see and to judge have I come. Judge ye. Some pale faces still call Mississippi ‘Father.’ I call him not Father. When the Great Spirit brooded over the Rocky Mountains, and woke up my torrents, he said, ‘Call no one Father.’ The eagle screamed from the cliff, ‘Call none but the Great Spirit Father;’ and the echo, dying off to the Pacific and Atlantic waves, repeated, ‘Father, Father.’

“My streams rushed down—the bison, the elk, and the deer, ranged my wide

* *Nympha Nelumbo.*

forests. Nothing staid my course. The Great Spirit gave me game and fish. Many streams came to meet me. They bowed down their waters, and rushed to my bosom. They called me 'Father.' They were dressed with flowers, and birds sang songs on their borders. The Mississippi came in smiles—he offered me allegiance. I rolled on in my power, delighted with his strength. He came with smiles—he deceived me. I raised the war-song on his waters. We are struggling still. He has borne away my name. He is not of us. His blood is white, and he carries to the Great Gulf my strong waves. My sons, who is the Father of streams—the mixed face who rolls over clay, or the red Spirit, dashing from the rocky hills? Who shall be the Father of streams?"

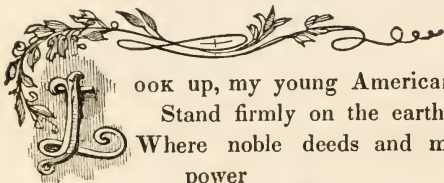
Suddenly the rival Spirits raised the war-cry. "Even the sluggish Illinois" was roused, and joined in the wild uproar. At this critical moment the roof of the building was uplifted, and the Spirit of the Gulf, huge in dimensions, shadowed by a mist-cloud, hovered above. He held a massy Urn, and the blue waters rushing from its vast aperture, fell on the group, dissolving them to their natural element. As the Gulf Spirit moved, a shower from the Urn fell

on Winthrop. He started, awoke, and found the tumbler of water spilt on his new kerseymere pantaloons, and the candle dying in its socket.

He rubbed his eyes in some consternation, crept sleepily to bed, and awoke not until a brilliant sun shone through his curtains, and all was life and motion in the fair city.



THE AMERICAN BOY.



Look up, my young American,
Stand firmly on the earth,
Where noble deeds and mental
power
Yield titles over birth.

A hallowed land thou claim'st, my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories,
And wide,—aye, wide as thought.

On the high Alleghany's range,
Awake thy joyous song ;
Then o'er our green savannahs stray,
And gentler notes prolong :

Awake it 'mid the rushing peal
Of old Niagara's voice,
Or by our ocean-rivers stand,
And in their strength rejoice.

What, though we boast no ancient towers,
Where ivied streamers twine?
The laurel lives upon our soil,
The laurel, boy, is thine.

What, though no "*minster lifts its cross*"
Tinged by the sunset fire?
Freely religion's voices swell
Round every village spire.

And who shall gaze on yon *blue sea*,
If thou must turn away,
When young Columbia's stripes and stars
Are floating in the day?

Who thunders louder when the strife
Of gathering war is stirr'd?
Who ranges farther when the call
Of commerce' voice is heard?

What, though on Cressy's distant field
Thy gaze may not be cast,

While through long centuries of blood
Rise spectres of the *past*?

The *future* wakes thy dreamings high,
And thou a note may'st claim
Aspiring, which, in after times,
Shall swell the trump of fame.

Yet scenes *are* here for patriot thought;
Here sleep the good and brave;
Here kneel, my boy, and altars raise
Above the martyr's grave.

On Moultrie's isle, on Bunker's height,
On Monmouth's bloody line,
On Eutaw's field, on Yorktown's bank,
Erect thy loyal shrine.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's
shields,
And English battles won,
Look up, my boy, and breathe one word,
The name of WASHINGTON.



THE FRENCH TRAVELLER.



LOUISA and Cecilia Rutledge once loitered through the avenue of their father's plantation. The morning was such an one as April only knows at the South, where vegetation is almost seen to grow under one's eye. Rich white clouds, kindly gathering over the softened but not hidden sun, allowed them to gaze on the varied hues which the spring, struggling with winter, was throwing through sunshine and cloud, dew, shower, and breeze, over shrub and tree. So picturesque was nature, that the fair girls who gazed on it were only lovelier from the souls that looked through their eyes.

Yet beautiful they were, when in the energy of some sudden thought they stopped under the oaks, which, far as the eye could

reach, formed an arch of almost architectural fitness above them, whose regularity was disturbed only by the gray moss floating in garlands on the breeze; and to an eye of love,—a mother's eye,—that watched their receding forms, as in the security of solitude they gave way to frolicksome spirits, yet unsubdued by climate or circumstances, they were indeed more fascinating than inanimate nature.

The mansion from which they were wandering was a fit residence for such fair inmates. The hand of *taste* was in every department. Wealth may heap up its luxuries, and the eye be sated and unallured, but let such an hand arrange but a flower, and it speaks a language wealth can never learn.

A branch from a rosebush was trained at each window, whose blossoms, without excluding the breeze, looked within on lips and cheeks bright as their petals. Small vases of flowers were scattered around, several fine old pictures covered the walls, and the boast of modern art was not wanting. A guitar, that delicious country friend, stood ready to beguile a weary or hasten a happy hour, while its hostess, the presiding genius of the scene, moved and looked like one whose aim was first a pure intercourse with

Heaven, and then a study of the happiness of others.

One window of the sitting room was devoted to birds; not to caged birds, whose notes, however gay they may seem, carry to the ear of the sentimentalist those of Sterne's starling, "I can't get out." There was no imprisonment here; a little ledge projected from this window, where Cecilia spread rough rice every morning to attract the feathered visitors. There the beautiful red-bird came fearlessly, and others cautiously, and poised themselves on the stem of a shrub that entered within the casement, and hulled the yellow rice-grains with dexterous art, or listened with inclined head and peering eyes to the soft tones of the guitar.

The sisters, Louisa and Cecilia, paused in their rambling talk beneath a tree in the avenue, attracted by the notes of a mocking-bird, which seemed pouring out its little soul in melody, and after listening awhile resumed their conversation.

"I always told you, Louisa," said her sister, "that it would be of no use to spoil your sweet eyes with writing French, and your pure English in speaking it. With whom can you converse in French, after having twisted your mouth and ideas with

the idioms for so many years? The only French beau you are likely to see, is old Cato, and his St. Domingo *patois* has not all the purity of l'Académie Française, and if you talk to the trees they will only make you a Parisian bow."

"I feel no regret," answered Louisa, "for the time I have bestowed on French, for I have conquered myself. I used to shrink, you well know, from the effort of conversation, and I have often felt my cheeks burn at the apprehension of a mistake; but I never learned any thing that has not been of use to me."

"Oh, you are always reasoning," said Cecilia; "you began when very young to get the start of me in the race of mind, though thanks to brother Edward's teaching and these, (putting forth her pretty feet,) I can beat you in the avenue."

So saying, she pointed to a distant tree as a goal, and off they flew like the nymphs of Diana. Cecilia had, as usual the advantage, when with glowing cheeks and fluttering hair her sister reached the appointed bound.

"I have run so fast I am weary," said Louisa; "ah, here is Edward with the barouche." Edward was hailed, and she took her seat beside him, leaving Cecilia to

enjoy a botanical ramble. Allured by her fascinating study, she wandered some distance on the main road, and was about returning, when she heard a violent crash among the bushes, and saw a pair of horses approaching at full gallop, drawing the shattered remains of a travelling carriage, to which the driver still clung. It immediately occurred to her, that there must be sufferers by the accident, perhaps in that vicinity, and she resumed her walk in the direction from which the carriage came, until her attention was arrested by groans. A few steps brought her to a female lying in the road, whose dress indicated her to be a foreigner. Through the agonized expression of her face, Cecilia immediately discerned the cast of refinement which distinguishes the educated and the intellectual. In her efforts to rise, her travelling turban had fallen from her head, and her long dark hair was loosened from the comb that confined it. By the difficulty of her movements, Cecilia soon comprehended that one of her limbs was fractured, and she hastened to assist her; but with an impatient motion the lady pointed to the forest, and in the French dialect seemed entreating aid for another.

All that Cecilia could comprehend was,

that some one was missing. She entered the woods, while the lady gazed after her with prayerful eyes. Cecilia could find no one, and returned to the sufferer. The unfortunate woman burst into tears, attempted to rise, then poured forth pleadings of most impassioned and eloquent sorrow, clasping Cecilia's hand in hers, and vainly attempting to make her comprehend the cause of her agony.

What would Cecilia have given at this moment for the knowledge of the language she had despised? With tearful eyes she attempted to tell the stranger that she was going for assistance. A thousand emotions distracted her;—to leave the unhappy lady seemed the only alternative, and she turned toward the avenue.

The agony of the traveller amounted to phrenzy at seeing this, and uttering every expression of entreaty of which the French language is susceptible, she still pointed to the opposite woods. Cecilia almost flew towards the house, not daring to look back, and at every turn of the avenue, the wild entreaties of the traveller burst on her ear, and rent her heart. On reaching the house she found the barouche at the door, and as well as her agitation would permit, related the accident. Her brother and sister sprang

into the carriage with her, and Edward drove at full speed.

“Oh Louisa,” said Cecilia, the tears streaming from her eyes, “had I understood her language I might have saved this unfortunate lady; now perhaps we may be too late.”

When they reached the sufferer, she had fainted, and her face, on which the lines of distress were still visible, was pale as marble. Edward took her gently in his arms, and lifted her to the barouche. She was roused by her pain, and struggled to disengage herself.

“Do not take me away,” she cried in French, “Eugene is in the forest; I will die with him.”

Louisa took her hand, and in a low voice said to her in the same language;—

“Dear Madam, what distresses you? We are friends.”

A smile of hope illuminated the face of the stranger at these familiar accents.

“Thank God,” she exclaimed, pressing Louisa’s hand to her heart, “you will find my child. Our horses were terrified by a deer crossing the road,—the carriage was upset, and Eugene and I thrown at some distance from each other. I was so much injured as to be incapable of raising myself

I called to him, he turned, smiling roguishly, but went farther. I saw his little feet tottering through the bushes, until he disappeared."

Louisa translated her words to Cecilia, who darted, quick as thought, to the wood, while the lady was conveyed home, soothed by Louisa's gentle and familiar language.

Cecilia entered the forest with a beating heart, and was nearly discouraged, when after searching fruitlessly for some time, she saw white garments by the road side. She approached, but almost startled at the sweet apparition. A beautiful child slept there; one hand was thrown up amid his clustering hair, and the other was gently moved by the motion of his beating breast, while near him a coiled snake seemed preparing for a spring.

Though almost breathless with terror, Cecilia preserved her self-command. She seized a dry branch, and thrashing the neighbouring bushes, alarmed the reptile, which rapidly glided away. The noise awoke the child; he raised his head and brushing the curls from his dark eyes called,

"Maman, chere maman!"

Cecilia softly advanced towards him. He moved his little lip in grief at the countenance of the stranger.

“Do not be afraid of me,” said Cecilia, “I will carry you to your mamma.”

The child gazed at her with increasing alarm, and hiding his face, began to weep bitterly. Cecilia perplexed and agitated wept too, as the boy pushed her from him.

Louisa having committed the stranger to her mother's care, returned with Edward in the barouche, to assist in the discovery of the child. Her sister called them as she heard the approaching wheels, and they were soon at her side. The boy still hiding his face against a tree, refused to move. Louisa whispered to him,—the child sprang to her arms with a laugh of joy.

During the slow recovery of the invalid, while Cecilia sat in silence ready to perform the kind offices which require no words, the stranger rewarded her with a languid smile; but when Louisa, though even sometimes inaccurately, spoke to her in her native tongue, her eyes were lit up with joy and sympathy.

“What book is that you are studying so intently?” said Louisa one day to her sister.

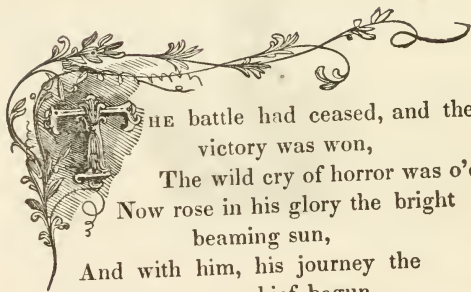
“A new phrase book,” replied Cecilia, blushing, “I am determined to get one of those real smiles that *Madame* bestows on you;” and turning to Eugene she said,

“*Baissez moi, mon petit.*” The French boy did not wait a second bidding, he caught her round the neck and imprinted a hearty kiss on the lips of the smiling American.



JEPHTHAH'S RASH VOW.

Judges xi.



THE battle had ceased, and the
victory was won,
The wild cry of horror was o'er;
Now rose in his glory the bright
beaming sun,
And with him, his journey the
war-chief begun,
With a soul breathing vengeance no more.

The foes of his country lay strewed on the
plain,—

A tear stole its course to his eye,

But the warrior disdained every semblance of
pain,

He thought of his child, of his country again,
And suppressed, while 'twas forming, a sigh.

“ Oh ! Father of Light ! ” said the conquering
chief,

“ The vow which I made, I renew ;
'Twas thy powerful arm gave the welcome
relief,

When I called on thy name in the fulness of
grief,

And my hopes were but cheerless and few.

“ An offering of love will I pay at thy fane,
An offering thou can'st not despise ;
The first being I meet, when I welcome again,
The land of my fathers, I left not in vain,
With the flames on thy altar shall rise.”

Now hushed were his words,—through the far-
spreading bands,

Nought was heard but the foot-fall around,
'Till his feet in glad tread press his own native
lands,

And to heaven are uplifted his conquering hands ;
Not a voice breaks the silence profound.

Oh, listen! at distance, what harmonies sound,
And at distance, what maiden appears?
See, forward she comes with a light springing
bound,
And casts her mild eye in fond ecstasy round,
For a parent is seen through her tears!

Her harp's wildest chord gives a strain of de-
light;
A moment—she springs to his arms!
“My daughter, oh! God!”—Not the horrors
of fight,
While legion on legion against him unite,
Could bring to his soul such alarms.

In horror he starts, as a fiend had appeared,
His eyes in mute agony close;
His sword o'er his age-frosted forehead is reared,
Which with scars from his many fought battles
is seared,—
Nor country nor daughter he knows.

But sudden conviction in quick flashes told,
That *that* daughter was destined to die;
No longer could nature the hard struggle hold,
His grief issued forth unrestrained, uncontrolled,
And glazed was his time-sunken eye.

His daughter is kneeling, and clasping that form,
 She ne'er touched but with transport before ;
 His daughter is watching the thundering storm,
 Whose quick flashing lightnings so madly de-
 form
 A face, beaming sunshine no more.

But how did that daughter, so gentle and fair,
 Hear the sentence that doomed her to die ?
 For a moment was heard a shrill cry of despair—
 For a moment her eye gave a heart-moving glare—
 For a moment her bosom heaved high.

It was but a moment—the frenzy was past,
 She trustingly rushed to his arms,
 And there, as a flower when chilled by the blast,
 Reclines on an oak while its fury may last,
 On his bosom she hushed her alarms.

Not an eye saw the scene but was moistened in
 woe,
 Not a voice could a sentence command ;
 Down the soldier's rough cheek tears of agony
 flow,
 The sobs of the maidens rose mournful and low,
 Sad pity wept over the band.

But fled was the hope in the fair maiden's breast,
From her father's fond bosom she rose ;
Stern virtue appeared in her manner confest,
She looked like a saint from the realms of the
 blest,
Not a mortal encircled with woes.

She turned from the group, and can I declare
The hope and the fortitude given,
As she sunk on her knees with a soul-breathing
 prayer,
That her father might flourish, of angels the care,
'Till with glory he blossomed in heaven ?

“ Oh, comfort him, heaven, when low in the
 dust,
My limbs are inactively laid !
Oh, comfort him, heaven, and let him then
 trust,
That free and immortal the souls of the just,
Are in beauty and glory arrayed !”

The maiden arose, oh ! I cannot portray
The devotion that glowed in her eye ;

Religion's sweet self in its light seemed to play,
With the mildness of night, with the glory of
day—

But 'twas pity that prompted her sigh.

“ My father ! ”—the chief raised his agonized
head,

With a gesture of settled despair—

“ My father ! ”—the words she would utter had
fled,

But the sobs that she heaved, and the tears that
she shed,

Told more than those words could declare.

That weakness past o'er, and the maiden could
say,

“ My father for thee I can die.”

The bands slowly moved on their sorrowful way,

But never again from that heart-breaking day,

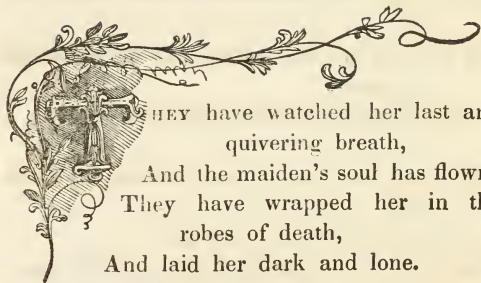
Was a smile known to force its enlivening ray

On the old chieftain's grief-stricken eye.



JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

Luke viii.



THEY have watched her last and
quivering breath,
And the maiden's soul has flown;
They have wrapped her in the
robes of death,
And laid her dark and lone.

But the mother lingers still behind,
And weeps for that fallen flower.
Nay, start not—'twas the passing wind,—
Those limbs have lost their power.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
Over which the faint light plays;

'Tis only the curtain's crimson glow
Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye,
And feel the slow pulse decay ?
And did not thy lips receive the sigh
That bore her soul away ?

She lies on her couch all pale and hushed,
And heeds not thy gentle tread ;
But is still as the spring-flower by traveller
crush'd,
Which dies on its snowy bed.

Her mother has passed from that lonely room,
And the maid is still and pale ;
Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,
Which soon her form shall veil.

Her mother retires with folded arms,
No tear attempts to flow ;
Her heart is shut to joys or harms,
And her head is bent in woe.

But listen ! what name salutes her ear ?
It comes to a heart of stone.

“Jesus,” she cries, “has no power here,
“My daughter’s soul has flown!”

He leads the way to that cold white couch,
And bends o’er that senseless form;
She breathes! she breathes! at his hallowed
touch
The maiden’s hand is warm.

And the fresh blood stirs with its roseate hue,
And life spreads quick through her frame;
Her head is raised, and her step is true,
And she murmurs her mother’s name.



THE MAY-DAY WREATH.

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

A May-day celebration was to take place, and the school-girls were all in a glow of expectation. The day arrived, and a queen was to be chosen. Who should it be?

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

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

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

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

The argument ran quite high as each contended for her favourite, until Alice Matthews clapped her hands and exclaimed,—

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

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

“Have the goodness,” they exclaimed, “to loan us the wreath you were showing

Mrs. Lewis the other day. We wish Elvira to wear it for her crown.”

The consent was readily given. They rushed to Mrs. Warren's dressing room, but the flowers were not there. Looking with disappointment at each other, they returned to their teacher with exclamations of regret. The girls, preceded by Mrs. Warren, hastened to Elvira's room, to inform her of their intention and its failure, and consult on a substitute for the May-day crown.

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

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

“This wreath, Miss Allen, was to have been yours. Your playmates, proud of

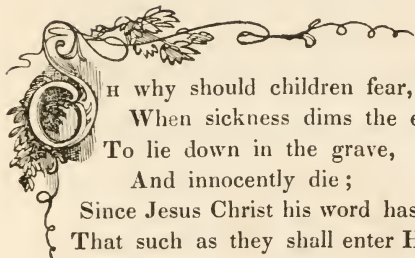
your personal attractions, thought that innocent blossoms would grace your lovely face. My heart is sick, Elvira; sick and sorrowful." A large tear slowly rolled over her cheek as she spoke, and the girls sobbed aloud.

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

The May-day was passed in sadness and tears.



“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF
HEAVEN.”



Why should children fear,
When sickness dims the eye,
To lie down in the grave,
And innocently die ;

Since Jesus Christ his word has given,
That such as they shall enter Heaven ?

Then weep not, parents dear,
Because we go above,
We leave you here below,
To seek a tenderer love ;
For Jesus Christ his word has given,
That such as *we* shall enter Heaven.

Sigh not o'er our pale brows,
Where death has set his seal ;
Nor shrink at those chill hands,
That have not power to feel,

For Jesus Christ his word has given,
That such as *we* shall enter Heaven.

Muse often on our graves,
But not in stern despair ;
Celestial thoughts will spring
And teach kind lessons there ;
And ask, if Christ his word has given
That parted friends shall enter Heaven.

Let our young playmates come,
And view the grassy mound,
And plant their early flowers
As if 'twere happy group ;
For Jesus Christ his word has given,
That such as they shall enter Heaven.

Let old men wander here,
And with a natural sigh,
Think why we've reached our home
When they are lingering by ;
And ask if Christ his word has given,
That their grey hairs shall enter Heaven.

And let the worldly come,
Pause on their busy way,

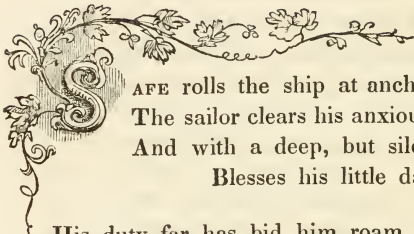
And while a transient tear,
Rolls o'er our lifeless clay,
Ask their own hearts, if Christ has given
His word, that they shall enter Heaven.

Let sinners come alone,
And bow down o'er our dust,
And crush each wicked thought,
And seek a better trust ;
For Christ to them no hope has given
Except repentant, to his Heaven.

We pray that all may come
This solemn truth to see,
If dust to dust, then soul to soul
Must be the great decree.
Where can so bless'd a spot be given
To learn of God, and think of Heaven ?



THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.



SAFE rolls the ship at anchor now,
The sailor clears his anxious brow,
And with a deep, but silent vow
 Blesses his little daughter.

His duty far has bid him roam,
Amid the dash of ocean foam,
But welcome now the sailor's home,
 And she, his little daughter!

Her velvet arm is o'er him thrown,
Her words breathe forth a gladsome tone,
He feels that she is all his own,
 The seaman's little daughter.

“Father you shall not quit your child,
And go upon the seas so wild,
For scarcely has my mother smiled
 Upon her little daughter.

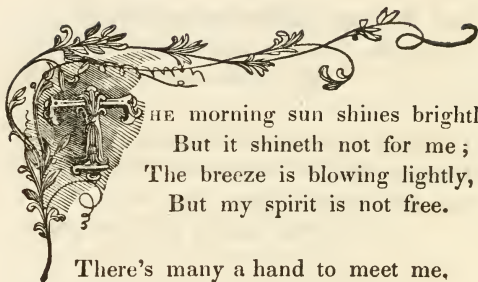
We care not for the coral gay,
Nor costly shells when you're away ;
Dear father with my mother stay,
 And love your little daughter.

We hear the fierce wind rushing by,
And then my mother heaves a sigh,
And when it storms we sit and cry—
 My mother and your daughter?

Her head upon his shoulder lay,
He smoothed her silken ringlet's play,—
She fell asleep in that sweet way,
 The sailor's little daughter.



HOMESICKNESS.



THE morning sun shines brightly,
But it shineth not for me ;
The breeze is blowing lightly,
But my spirit is not free.

There's many a hand to meet me,
But mine is sadly given ;
I thank the friends who greet me,
But my heart is chilled and riven.

My former home was lowly,
And this is rich and rare,
But to me 'tis melancholy,
And that was bright and fair.

I know here is much smiling,
And graceful, easy mirth,

And ways of kind beguiling,
And words of gentle birth ;

And I try to check my sadness,
And look as bright as they,
And call a fitful gladness
To wile the long, long day.

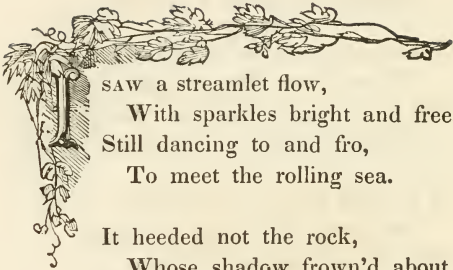
I sometimes think 'twould cheer me
To taste one little draught
Of the streamlet that ran near me,
Which in infancy I quaffed.

If I could but see my mother,
And press her cheek to mine,
Or take my darling brother,
His flaxen hair to twine.

If e'en my loving dog were here
To eat from out my hand,
I think I should not shed a tear
Amid this stranger band.



YOUTH.



SAW a streamlet flow,
With sparkles bright and free,
Still dancing to and fro,
To meet the rolling sea.

It heeded not the rock,
Whose shadow frown'd about ;
It heeded not the shock,
Of gnarl'd roots spreading out.

And when a careless hand,
Disturb'd its sparkling breast,
And loos'd its wavy band,
It dimpled into rest.

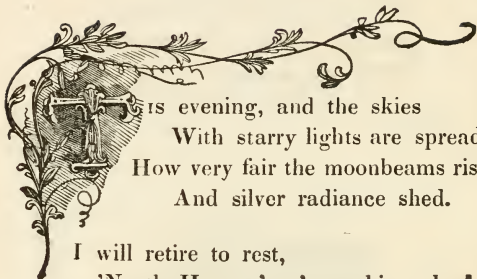
On, on the streamlet went,
Beneath the burning noon ;

On, onward in content,
Beneath the midnight moon.

And thus in gay delight,
Does youth in beauty play,
Through visions of the night,
And pastimes of the day.



EVENING HYMN.



As evening, and the skies
With starry lights are spread ;
How very fair the moonbeams rise,
And silver radiance shed.

I will retire to rest,
'Neath Heaven's o'er-arching sky,
And feel my nightly visions blest,
For God is watching by.

And if the wing of death
Should sweep o'er my repose,
Resign'd, I'll yield to Him my breath,
And rise as Jesus rose.



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