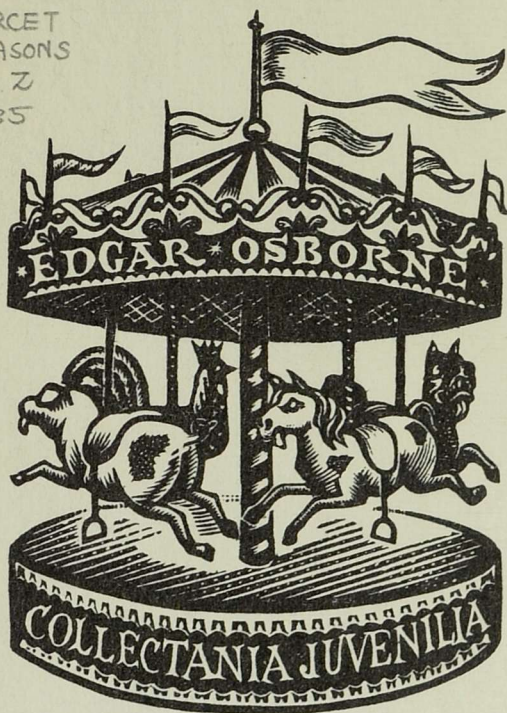


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THE SEASONS.

STORIES

FOR

VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

SPRING.

BY JANE MARCET,

AUTHOR OF

“CONVERSATIONS ON CHEMISTRY,”

&c. &c.

Second Edition.

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STORIES

FOR

VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

SPRING.

ANIMALS AND VEGETABLES.

“ I do think, Willy,” said his Mother to him one morning, “ that the trees will soon be in leaf.”

“ Oh, how glad I am ! for then it will be summer, and we shall go to Ash Grove.”

“ Not yet,” replied his Mother ; “ we cannot jump at once from

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winter to summer ; the spring comes between.” Willy enquired what the spring meant ; and his Mamma told him, that in the spring the weather was neither so cold as in winter nor so hot as in summer ; and that the green leaves come out in spring.

“ I thought,” said Willy, “ that the spring was made of water ; for I remember John said one day, that he had been to the spring to fetch a pailful of water.”

“ That is quite another thing,” said his Mother : “ a spring of water is a little stream of water which comes out of the ground ; and sometimes it rushes out so fast, that it seems to spring up,

just as you spring up, when you jump into my arms ; and that is the reason it is called a spring of water.”

“ Oh, do take me to see one, Mamma,” cried Willy.

“ I will, my dear, when we go into the country. But you see that a spring of water is quite another thing from the spring of the year, which is the time when the leaves and the flowers come out.”

“ But, Mamma, the trees look as if they were nothing but dry sticks, just as they have been all the winter. I cannot see any thing on them like leaves or flowers.”

“ I can see something,” said

his Mother, smiling, “ that tells me there will soon be leaves, and then flowers.”

“ Whereabouts, Mamma? Can your eyes see better than mine ?”

“ I believe that you can see as well as I can ; but then you are not so much used to observe, that is, to take notice of what you see ; besides, you have not seen so many springs as I have. There is but one spring in every year : can you tell me how many springs you have seen ?”

“ You know, Mamma, that I am four years and a half old ; that is, very nearly ; so I have seen four springs ; but you are a great woman, very old : how many springs have you seen ?”

“ I am so very old,” replied his Mamma, laughing, “ that I have seen twenty-four springs.”

“ Oh, what a great number !” exclaimed Willy.

“ Well,” continued his Mother, “ when I was a little child like you, I did not observe what happened in the spring, but when I grew older I did ; and I saw that every spring the trees, which had looked all the winter as if they had been dead, came out into leaf. The next spring I watched the trees to see when they would come into leaf again ; and then I observed, that, at the end of the dry branches, there were little round buds, not much bigger than a pin’s head, and

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when the weather was warm, these little buds grew larger.”

“ And are these little buds upon the trees now, Mamma ? ”

His Mamma then opened the window, and took Willy out upon the balcony, and showed him some very small buds upon a tree that was near.—“ Oh, I see them now very well, indeed,” said Willy.

“ You saw them just as well before I pointed them out to you, my dear ; but you did not observe them, because you did not know that they would turn to leaves, and, therefore, you did not care about them.”

“ But I shall care about them now, Mamma, and look at them

every day, to see when they will turn to leaves.”

“ If you observe them so well,” said his Mother, “ you will see that they will grow larger and larger every day, till at last they will burst open, and you will see all the little leaves within-side.”

“ Oh, what little tiny leaves they must be ! I should like to have some of the buds now, and open them.”

“ You like to see the inside of every thing, Willy : but remember that you would see the inside of your toy of two little men sawing, and when you opened it, you spoiled it ; and if you gather the buds now, and open them,

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they will die, and never turn to leaves.”

“ But there are so many, Mamma, that it will not signify if a few are spoiled.”

“ That is true, my dear ; and when we go out we will gather some, and we will cut them open with a knife.”

“ Poor little buds ! ” said Willy ; “ but they cannot feel : they are not alive, are they, Mamma ? ”

“ They are alive, my dear ; for they grow, and nothing will grow that is not alive. But they cannot feel.”

“ Then they are not alive, like the sparrow that squeaked so much when the cat got hold of it ; nor like the poor little

mouse that was so frightened when Ann caught it ; nor like Alpin, who growls when I pull his ears ; nor like all those sort of things ?”

“ Shall I teach you a word that means all those sort of things ?”

“ Yes,” said Willy ; “ I dare say it must be a long hard word to mean so many, many things : for there are the cows, Mamma, and the horses, and our donkey ; oh, and all the sheep in the field, I was just going to forget them ; and then the pigs,—I am sure they feel, they squeak and grunt so if you touch them : well, what are they all called ?”

“ They are all called *animals* ; but you have forgotten some of

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the best of them, Willy, some of the cleverest, and those you love best."

"What can that be?" said Willy, trying to guess. "Oh, I dare say it is the chickens, or the ducks, or perhaps the rabbits: I like them all."

"Yes, but you do not think them very clever, do you?"

His Mamma then gave him a pinch on his arm, and laughed, and said, "Do you feel, Willy?"

"Mamma, how you hurt me!" cried he, rather peevishly. Then his Mamma took him up on her knees, and gave him a kiss. "Perhaps you would rather feel that," said she; "you like to feel

what gives you pleasure, and not what gives you pain.”

Willy then, suddenly finding out what his Mamma meant, said, “ Oh, yes, I feel ; I felt the pinch, and I felt the kiss : and am I an animal, Mamma ? and are you and Papa animals ? ”

“ We are all animals,” replied she ; “ and I hope you love us more than you do chickens or ducks.”

“ That I do, but I never thought you and Papa were animals. Then Ann, and Betty, and Harry, and cousin Mary, and little Sophy are all animals, — *animals*,” repeated he, laying an emphasis on the word : “ it

is not such a long hard word as I thought it would be.”

“There is another word, both longer, and rather more difficult to pronounce, which means all things that are alive and do not feel.”

“That must be trees, and flowers, and fruits : let me see, is there any thing else? Yes, there is the grass we walk on in the garden. I am sure it grows, Mamma, because the gardener mows it so often, and it always grows up again ; and it cannot feel, or at least I hope it cannot, or how he would hurt it when he mows it !”

“No, it cannot feel ; and all

those things which grow and cannot feel are called — now listen well, Willy, for it is a long, hard name — they are called *vegetables*.”

“ *Vegetables*,” repeated Willy: “ yes, that is longer and harder than *animals*. I wish there was a shorter name, Mamma; I don’t think I shall ever be able to remember such a long one.”

“ Well, then, I will tell you one which has pretty nearly the same meaning, and it has only one syllable: it is *plants*.”

“ Oh, that is very easy,” said Willy; “ and so a tree is a plant, and a rose is a plant, and an orange is a plant.”

“ No, the rose tree, on which

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the flower grows, is a plant, but the rose itself is only part of it, and so is the orange."

"Yes," said Willy: "the orange is a bit of a plant, gathered from the whole tree."

"Well, which do you like best, plants or animals?"

"Why, I like apples and oranges very much, they are so nice; and I like flowers too, they are so pretty. I think I like plants best:" then, interrupting himself, he said, "Oh no, I don't; I like the dog, and the cat, and the chickens best, because they can run about, and play with me."

"And don't you like me and Papa best, Willy, whether we play with you or not?"

“ Oh yes,” said Willy, “ I *love* you best of all.”

“ Then,” Mamma said, “ the trees and grass, and all the vegetables, cannot play with you; they are fixed in the ground, and cannot move about.”

“ The branches of the trees move about a great deal, Mamma, when the wind blows them.”

“ Yes, they can be moved, if any thing or any one moves them; but they cannot move of themselves, nor go from one place to another.”

“ No,” said Willy; “ they cannot fly, like the birds; nor swim, like the fish in water; nor walk and run, like dogs and horses, and

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little boys and girls. Oh, poor plants ! I should not like to be a plant, stuck in the ground, and not able to run about."

" You need not pity them, Willy, for you know they cannot feel."

" Oh, I forgot that : I am very glad they cannot feel ; because, if they did, they would be so sorry not to be able to move."

His Mother then repeated to him the following lines : —

" Plants, then, were only made to grow ;
They cannot feel, or walk, you know :
But animals, as dogs and men,
Feel whips and pinches, now and then ;
And when they do not like to stay,
They turn about and run away."

Willy was much amused with these verses, which his Mamma repeated till he learnt them by heart.

TRUNDLING A HOOP.

THE next morning, Willy went out to walk with his Mamma, in the Park. As they were walking they met his friend Harry, who was trundling a hoop.—“What, have not you got a hoop?” said he to Willy: “all the boys have hoops, now that the weather is fine and the ground dry.” His Mamma promised to buy him one. In the mean time Willy was so much delighted to see how well Harry trundled his hoop, and so impatient to know if he could do it as

well himself, that he begged Harry would lend it him to try. Harry very willingly lent him the hoop. "But," said he, "if you have never trundled a hoop before, you will not find it so easy as you think it is." Willy was in such a hurry to trundle the hoop, that, instead of asking Harry which was the right way to set about it, he began knocking it about with the stick : but, every time he struck it, instead of rolling along, it fell to the ground.

"Why, what a stupid boy you are!" cried Harry; "you cannot trundle a hoop at all; it is no use lending it to you."

Willy coloured up. He felt a little ashamed, and a little angry;

for he did not think it fair of Harry to find so much fault with him, when he had just told him that it was difficult ; but he forgot to think that, having been told so, he should have asked Harry to show him how to strike the hoop, instead of knocking it about at random. His Mother then said to Harry, “ He cannot know how to trundle a hoop until he has learnt : try to teach him, and if he cannot learn, then I shall think him stupid.” Harry was very willing to teach him : but, though he had learnt how to trundle a hoop himself, he was quite at a loss how to teach Willy ; so Mamma was obliged to come to his help. She showed him that

the hoop should be held quite upright ; for that, if it leaned on one side, it would fall on that side to the ground. Willy tried again and again ; but the hoop would always lean on one side, and when he raised it on that side, it leaned on the other, and so fell to the ground. Willy was vexed : he was afraid that his Mamma would think him stupid, because he could not learn : but she called out, when it fell, “ Never mind, Willy ; try again ; don’t give it up.” So Willy tried again ; and, to his great joy, the hoop, at last, rolled on straight before him ; and as it was going down hill, it went on without being struck again. Willy,

quite delighted, ran after it as fast as he could go, without thinking that there was great danger of falling, if he ran fast down hill. At last he could not stop himself; and just when he had reached the bottom, both he and the hoop tumbled down together. He gave himself rather a hard blow; but his Mamma was soon by his side, and, picking him up, laughed, and said, "Well, Willy, which is most hurt, you or the hoop?" This amused Willy, who was very near crying; so he thought he had better laugh and joke too; and said, "I am the most hurt; for, you know,

Mamma, the hoop is not an animal, so it cannot feel."

"Very true, Willy; and what is a hoop? do you think it is a vegetable?"

"No, that it is not," said Willy; "for it is not a tree, nor a flower, nor a fruit. So, Mamma, it is not a plant, nor a bit of a plant either."

"Yes, it is," said his Mother. "The hoop is made of part of a tree; so you see that it is a bit of a plant. When a tree is cut down, and the outside bark peeled off, all the inside is wood. Now, if the carpenter cuts a long, smooth, thin, narrow piece of wood, like this," said she, showing the hoop,

— but Willy interrupted her, saying, “ This hoop is not long, but round ? ” — “ It was a long slip of wood first, my dear ; but then the carpenter took hold of the two ends, and bent them till they met ; he then fastened them together. Look, Willy,” said she, “ here is the place where the two ends of the slip of wood are joined to make a round hoop.”

“ How nicely they join, Mamma ! If you had not shown me the place, I should never have found it out.”

“ It is very plain to see, but you did not observe it : if you had looked for it, you would easily have found it out ; but you looked at the hoop only to

see how it trundled. Now, my dear, give it back to Harry, for we must go home."

"So soon?" asked Willy: "that is a pity! I should like to stay and play a little longer."

"Well, one turn more; and then, to-morrow, if I have time, we will go to the toy-shop to buy a hoop, and then you and Harry can trundle your hoops together."

"Oh, how I wish it was to-morrow now!" cried Willy. He then thanked Harry for lending him the hoop; and he could think of nothing else all the way home. "I wonder why a hoop is not an animal, Mamma,"

said he ; “ it runs about as well as the cat or Alpin.”

“ It does not run, Willy, because it has no legs : it rolls along if you strike it with a stick ; but it cannot move by itself, as animals do, because it is not alive.”

“ I wish it had legs,” said Willy ; “ for then it would stand still sometimes ; but now I must keep beating it all the while with the stick, or else it stops, and then tumbles down.”

“ If it had legs, you could not trundle it, Willy : the legs would strike against the ground, and prevent its rolling on.”

“ Oh, then, I should not like

it to have legs ; but it might stand still without legs, like that great stone : see, Mamma, it stands so still that I cannot move it,” said Willy, trying with both his hands to turn it over.

“ Should you like not to be able to move your hoop ? ”

“ Oh dear, no ; all the fun is to make it run.”

“ Then you must not wish it to be like that stone, which is too heavy for you to move, and which will not roll about, because it is not round. A hoop must be both light and round, for little boys to be able to trundle well ; and then it is not easy to make it stand

still ; but if you take great pains it can be done ; as I will show you when you have your new hoop.”

Willy was very impatient for the day to be over, and for the morrow to come. “ I wish, Mr. Sun,” cried he, “ you would move a little faster, and get you gone to the other countries ; but then you must make haste back again ; for I do long so for to-morrow, to go and buy a hoop.” At length the day ended, and the morrow seemed to Willy to come very quickly ; for he slept through the whole of the night. But, alas ! the sun was not to be seen : it was hidden behind thick black clouds, which covered all

the sky, and were pouring down in rain upon the ground.

Poor Willy looked almost as dismal as the weather. “Do you think it will rain all day long, Mamma?” said he, in a pitiful tone. — “I cannot tell, my dear; but if it clears up, I fear it will be too dirty for us to walk out.” This was no comfort for Willy; but he resolved he would not let his Mamma find out how much he was vexed. “What shall I do, Mamma, now we cannot go out?” She looked at him, to see if he bore his disappointment with courage; and observed that there were no tears in his eyes, though his voice was rather fretful.

“ Suppose, my dear, that you were to fetch your book and read your lesson.”

“ Read now, Mamma, instead of playing with my hoop? oh dear, how tiresome!”

“ Well,” replied his Mother, “ I only proposed it, because you asked me what you should do; I leave you the choice, whether you will read or not.” Willy went towards the drawer in which his books were kept; but he did not skip or run, as he usually did, but walked slowly. His Mamma looked after him, and was glad to find that he chose to read, though he did not do it with a very good grace. However, as he was not in a merry mood, he

did not look about him so often as he generally did, and the lesson went off tolerably well. As soon as it was over, Mamma rang the bell, and ordered the carriage.

“Where are you going in the carriage, Mamma?” enquired he eagerly.

She replied, “that she was going to pay a visit.”

“And is that all?” said he, looking again downcast.

“No,” replied she, smiling, “it is not all; so, after the visit, I mean to go — guess where?”

“Oh, to the toy-shop!” cried he, brightening up, “and you will take me with you?”

“Yes, my dear: your patience

has been tried to-day, and you have tried to bear it as well as you could, so you deserve to be rewarded." How glad Willy was that he had not cried: he was going to buy his hoop, his Mamma was pleased with him, and he jumped about for joy.

THE TOY-SHOP.

THE carriage soon came to the door: they got in, and drove to a house, to pay the visit. The lady whom his Mamma was going to see happened to be out, so they went on directly to the toy-shop. When the carriage stopped, and John opened the door, Willy was in such a hurry to get out of the carriage and into the shop, that he had very nearly fallen down the steps. He had often heard of the beauties of a toy-shop from his playmate Harry; and he had sometimes, when he was

walking out with Ann, and passing the shop, stood still wondering and admiring the different toys in the shop window ; but he had never been within a toy-shop before. He was so much surprised at the number of toys of all sorts, which he saw when he entered, that he stood quite still, and looked as if he was taking no notice of any of them : he did not even hear the shopwoman, who asked him what toy he would wish to have. His Mother, therefore, answered for him, that he came to buy a hoop. The shopwoman then took down a large parcel of hoops which hung up on a high peg : they were of different sizes ;

and Willy at length seemed to awake from his wonder, when his Mamma told him to choose one. But, instead of looking at the hoop, he cried out, "Look, Mamma, at that great rocking-horse: how pretty it is! and here is a little tiny coach with two horses; and oh! look, look, here is a doll in a little kitchen, making-believe to cook the dinner: I should like to have that better than the hoop."

"Well, my dear, you may choose; but if you take the kitchen you can only play with it in-doors, and it will not move about; it can only stand still to be played with, and you do not much like standing still."

“ Oh, but I should like to stand still to see this doll cook the dinner ! ”

“ You know that she is not alive, Willy ; so she cannot even make-believe to cook a dinner ; she only looks as if she were going to do so. ”

“ And you think I should soon be tired of it, then, Mamma ? ” asked Willy, who was used to trust to his Mamma’s opinion more than to his own, because he knew that it was more often right.

“ I do think you would, ” replied she.

“ Well, but then the rocking-horse, the great big rocking-horse ! ”

“ That I cannot buy for you, my dear, because you are not old enough to ride so large a rocking-horse alone, and you would not enjoy it much if you were obliged to be held on all the time you rode.”

“ No,” said he ; “ but then the coach and horses ; I could take them out of doors, and draw them about, and show them to Harry.”

“ But after Harry had looked at them,” replied she, “ and drawn them about a little, he would be too busy with his hoop to stay with you ; and, perhaps, he would say, ‘ I wish you had bought a hoop, Willy, and

then we could have trundled them together, and tried which could do it best ; but I cannot stay for your tiny coach and horses, they move so slowly ; so good-by, Willy,' and off he would go, rolling along his hoop, and running after it as fast as he could run."

"Oh no, Mamma," cried Willy; "I will go with him, and I will have a hoop."

His Mamma chose one, and a little stick of a proper size for a child of his age. She was then going out of the shop, but Willy hung back ; he could not bear to leave so many beautiful toys.

"Look there, Mamma," said he, "and there," pointing to dif-

ferent toys ; “ they are all prettier than my hoop.”

“ I gave you leave to choose, my dear,” said she, “ and you chose the hoop, which, I think, was the best choice you could make ; but now I cannot allow you to change your mind, it would be silly of you.” So she took hold of his hand, and they left the shop. They no sooner reached the Park, than they saw Harry trundling his hoop.

“ There he is,” cried Willy, who no longer thought of any thing but the pleasure he should have in showing Harry his new hoop, and in trundling it with him. The first thing they did was to measure their hoops

together, to see which was the larger. Willy's was rather the smaller of the two:—"But that is right," said Harry; "for you are not so old nor so tall as I am." They then set off together. Harry could keep up his hoop longest, because he had been longer used to trundle one; and therefore knew best how to do it: but Willy was very well pleased, because he did it better and better every time. They met with another little boy, named Charles, who was drawing a little coach and horses: he tried to run with them; but whenever he began to run, the tiny coach upset, and he was obliged to stop to pick it up;

whilst the other two boys ran on, and were a great way before him. At last Charles was so tired of picking up his coach, and longed so much to run with the hoops, that he asked his nurse to take care of his toy, and let him run on with Willy and Harry. The nurse consented; indeed, she was very glad that he should take a good run to warm himself, for he was quite chilled with loitering after his coach and horses. However, when he got up to Harry and Willy he had no hoop to play with; and he could only look on and see them play with their hoops, and long to have one himself. A little while after, when Charles was not

near them, Willy stopped and said, — “ Harry, what do you think ? ”

“ Well, what ? ” said Harry.

“ Why, do you know that I wanted to buy a coach and horses just like Charles’s, instead of a hoop ; now I am so glad I did not.”

“ Yes, indeed,” said Harry ; “ poor fun we should have had together, you with your drawling coach, and I with my hoop. You would always have been left behind, as Charles is : such toys are only fit for babies, or little girls to draw about the nursery. If you had bought one, you would have been as sorry as Charles is now. I dare say he

would be very glad to change his coach for a hoop."

"I should not like to change at all," said Willy; "but I should like to lend him my hoop a little while."

Just then Charles came up to them, and Willy offered him his hoop. Charles was quite pleased; and as he knew how to trundle it, he ran on with Harry. Willy, who was a little tired with running, stayed behind. He did not think, as he had done the day before, — How sorry I am that I have not a hoop! but he thought, How happy Charles is with my hoop! and he was very glad of that. Charles's nurse then came up, with the tiny coach, and

offered it to Willy ; saying,—“ As you have lent him your hoop, it is but fair you should play with his coach and horses.”

Willy hesitated : he had rather taken a dislike to a coach and horses ; but when the nurse pointed out to him the harness and the driver, and the little door that could open and shut, Willy's dislike went away, and he played with it with great pleasure, till Charles returned him his hoop. He had taken two or three runs with it along with Harry, when his Mamma called him to go home.

BUDS OF TREES.

SOME days afterwards, as Willy was walking out with his Mamma, he observed how much larger the buds on the trees were grown.

“ Only look, Mamma, at the great buds on that branch ; I do think they are as big as — as a great plum ; pray do gather some ; I want so much to see the little leaves and flowers inside.” The branch was so high that his Mamma could not reach it : she tried several times, but to no purpose. At last she thought of

pulling down the branch with an umbrella which she had in her hand. It had a hooked handle: she lifted it up as high as she could reach; and, by standing on tip-toe, she just caught hold of the branch with the hook, and bent it downwards, till it was within reach of her hands. She then gathered several of the buds, and gave one of them to Willy.

“How sticky it feels,” said he; “I think it is dirty.”

“No,” replied his Mother, “this sticky stuff comes from the inside of the bud, and covers the outside all over, to prevent the rain from touching the bud; for the rain would hurt it.”

“ Now let us see what there is inside, Mamma,” said Willy.

His Mamma told him they would be able to examine the inside of the bud much better at home. However, as they had several, she gave one of them to Willy. In pulling the bud open with his fingers, he broke it in pieces ; part fell on the ground and was lost, and Willy could make out nothing clearly.

“ I do not know what there is in it,” said he, “ but I can see no leaves or flowers ;” and he looked quite disappointed.

In their way home they gathered a number of other buds : some from high trees, and some from low ones ; they were

of all sorts of shapes and sizes, but none of them were so large as the buds of the horse-chestnut tree.

When they reached home, his Mamma took all these buds out of the paper in which she had wrapped them, and laid them on a table; and having chosen one of the largest of the buds of the horse-chestnut tree, she cut it into two halves with a penknife, which being sharp, cut it very smoothly.

“Look, Mamma,” said Willy, “there are no leaves, nor flowers!”

“There is something,” replied she, “that would have grown into leaves and flowers, if the

bud had remained on the tree.” She then picked out the inside of the bud with the point of the knife, and showed Willy some little things shaped like leaves, but they were not green.

“How curious!” said he; “and what is this white stuff sticking about the little leaves? it looks like bits of cotton, such as you put in my ear when I had the ear ache, to keep it warm. Oh, this is to keep the little buds warm, though it is not cotton.”

As she picked out the leaves she made Willy observe how nicely they were folded over each other, and how closely they stuck together.

“ If they were not so well squeezed together,” said Willy, “ they could never all be packed up in this bud, though it is a large one. And what is the cover made of, Mamma ? It is made of little leaves also. But they are hard, and do not look at all like the little leaves inside.”

“ No, because the cold weather spoilt them ; so, instead of growing into leaves, they became brown and hard : but you see they do very well to cover up the others, and keep them warm.”

“ Oh yes, Mamma, just like my brown great coat ; but now, pray show me the flower.”

“Here it is,” said she, taking something out of the middle of the bud; “you can just see the shape. This would have grown into a pretty bunch of white and pink flowers. When the buds on the tree burst open, and you see the leaves and the flower growing, do you think you will know their shape again?”

“Oh yes, Mamma; only they will be a great deal bigger.”

“The buds will grow larger and larger every day,” said his Mamma, “till at last the covering will be too small to hold them: then it will burst open; and the little leaves will be green, and spread themselves out, and after that the flower

will blow, and look beautiful. But a great many days must pass first ; for they must have rain to water them, and sunshine to warm them and make them grow."

"How can they have rain and sunshine? for you know, Mamma, that, when it rains, the black clouds hide the sun behind them."

"They will not have rain and sunshine together," replied his Mother, "but the one after the other. One day the sun may shine and the weather be fine, and another day the rain may fall, and both days will do them good, and make them grow."

"And sometimes," said Willy,

“ the sun shines after it has rained on the same day ; but,” added he, after a pause, “ did not you say, Mamma, that the rain would hurt the buds if it touched them, and that the sticky outside was to prevent the wet from getting at them ? ”

“ Very true,” replied she : “ the rain would injure them, if it got to them on the outside ; but it gets to them another way, to make them grow.”

“ How can that be ? ” cried Willy ; “ it cannot get to the inside of the bud, without going through the outside.”

“ Yes it can ; but it would be too long for me to explain that

to you now; for it is near dinner-time, and I must go and dress."

Just then the great dinner-bell went ting a ring a ring a ring. —"Now," said Mamma, "take all the buds up to Ann, and try if she and you together can open some of the smaller buds, and find out the little leaves and flowers within. It is not very easy; for the smaller the bud is, the less will be the leaves and flower within; so you must open wide your eyes, Willy, and observe as well as you can."

Mamma then went up stairs, and Willy had some trouble to collect together all the buds to take into the nursery. Ann did

not understand opening and explaining the buds as well as his Mamma ; and the buds being smaller, made it more difficult : so Willy was soon tired, and finished by amusing himself with picking the buds to pieces, without observing their inside.—“ We can get some more when we go out to-morrow, Ann,” said he ; “ and they will be grown bigger.”

WATERING PLANTS.

THE following morning Mamma called Willy to come and help her to water her plants. She had a large stand of flower-pots in the drawing-room ; and as soon as Willy came in, she told him to fetch his little watering-pot ; and then said,—“ I will show you how the water gets inside the buds to make them grow, without going through the outside.”

“ That is very funny, Mamma,” cried he ; “ how can it be ? ”

“ You shall see presently.”

Willy, who was very fond of watering plants, ran to fetch his watering-pot. His Mother then showed him a small pot of geraniums, and bade him begin by watering that. Willy lifted up his watering-pot as high as his little arm could reach; and as the geranium stood on the lowest step of the stand, he was able to pour the water over it. "This is make-believe rain, Mamma."

"It is make-believe rain, but it is real water, and will make the plant grow just as well as rain does. Now, Willy, the water you have poured over the leaves does very well to wash them, and clean away the dust that Betty makes when she

sweeps the drawing-room ; but that does not make them grow. When you are washed, Willy, the water does not make you grow.”

“ Oh no, Mamma, it is eating pudding and meat that makes me grow ; but trees and flowers have no mouths to eat and drink with—have they, Mamma ? ”

“ No, my dear, it is animals only that have mouths ; but plants have something that are a little like mouths.” She then pulled up the geranium plant from the pot in which it was planted ; and having shaken the mould from the roots, she showed Willy the little fibres hanging from them. “ Now,” said she,

“ at the end of each of these little roots, which look like strings, there is a small hole ; and that hole is something like a mouth, because it sucks up water.”

“ I cannot see any little holes, Mamma.”

“ No, nor I neither,” replied his Mother ; “ they are much too small for us to see.”

“ And are they not too small for the water to get in ? ”

“ No ; the water gets in in very small drops ; do you not remember the tiny drops we caught in the tea-spoon from the steam that came out at the top of the urn ? ”

“ Oh yes, Mamma ; and where do the tiny drops of water go to

when they get into these little holes ?”

“ The water goes up the inside of these brown, dirty-looking roots, which stuck in the mould in the pot ; and then it goes up into the stalk of the geranium, and then into these branches, and then into the leaves and flowers ; and it makes them all grow larger and larger.”

“ And don't the geranium eat besides, to make it grow ? ”

“ No : animals eat and drink ; but plants only drink.”

“ What ! that great tree that you gathered the buds from, did it grow so big only by drinking water ? ”

“ Indeed it did ; and after it

had rained this morning, the end of the roots of that tree sucked up some of the rain, and it went up all through the roots, and then got into the stem, and then into the branches, till, at last, it came into the little buds that were on the branches, and made them grow."

"But, Mamma, how could the roots that are under the ground get to the rain, to suck it up?"

"The rain gets to the roots," said his Mother; "it falls upon the ground, and then trickles down through all the little holes there are in the ground, till it gets to the little mouths at the end of the roots, and they drink up as much of it as they can."

“ But I do not see any holes in the ground, Mamma, for the rain to trickle through.”

“ Look at this flower-pot, Willy ; we have just been watering it ; what is become of all the water you poured into it from the watering-pot ? ”

“ It is gone down into the ground—I mean the ground in the pot, Mamma ; for, see, it is running out of the hole at the bottom, into the pan.”

“ It could not run out at that hole, if it had not run through all the ground in the pot,” said his Mother.

“ And it could not get to the roots of the geranium, Mamma, because you had pulled it up to

show me the roots ; so it was obliged to run out at the hole, as there was no plant to drink it up."

" If I had not pulled up the geranium, its roots would have sucked up some of the water, but not all ; for their mouths are so very small, they can drink but a very little at a time."

His Mamma then bade him water another plant, whose leaves looked drooping. " That plant is very dry," said she ; " and if you do not give it some water it will die."

" I will pour the water over the leaves, Mamma, because they want it so much."

" The leaves have no mouths that can drink water ; you had

better pour it into the earth in the pot, that it may get to the roots."

Willy did so ; and no sooner had he left off pouring water, than the water disappeared, and he could see it no more. " It is all gone down, I know where," said Willy, archly ; " but take care of yourself, water, for there is a plant in that pot, and its roots will drink you up, if you go near them. I do think, Mamma, if the water was an animal, and could feel, it would be sadly afraid of all those little mouths that drink it up." Willy then observed that the roots had not sucked up all the water ; for that some of it was running from

the bottom of the pot into the pan. "And the poor leaves hang down, Mamma, just as they did before ; I am afraid the little mouths have not drunk enough to give them some."

"I dare say they have," said his Mother, "but the water has a long way to go from the ends of the roots into the stem, and then into the branches to reach the leaves ; and it is all the way up, up, up ; and you know, Willy, you cannot go so fast up hill as you can down ; so you must wait patiently, and by and by we shall see whether the leaves will not look quite fresh and green." His Mother then sent him to Ann in the nursery ; and some hours

afterwards she called him down to look at the plants whose leaves had before hung down and seemed withered.

“ Oh, how nice and fresh the leaves look now, Mamma ; I am sure some of the water has got into them, and that has made them stand up again, and stretch themselves out. They look quite well now, Mamma. How I shall water my trees and flowers in my own little garden at Ash Grove when we go into the country !—the little garden you promised me, Mamma ; don’t you remember ? ”

“ Yes, my dear ; but if you like it, I can give you a little garden of flower-pots here, for you to keep

in the nursery.” She then chose three little plants ; one was a geranium, another a myrtle, and the third a rose tree. Willy was quite delighted ; he carried them up into the nursery one after the other, and placed them on a little stand which his Mamma gave him to hold them.

“ Look, Ann,” said he, “ at my fine pots ; Mamma has given them all to me.”

“ They are very pretty, indeed,” said Ann ; “ and that geranium will soon be in flower. See, here are some buds. Now you must mind and take care of them.”

“ Oh, that I shall,” replied he ; “ I shall be watering them all

day long, to make them grow. Do you know how the water makes them grow, Ann? Mamma has just shown me."

"No, indeed," said Ann, "I do not know."

"Well, then, I will show you the roots that suck up the water." So he laid hold of the geranium, and tried to pull it up, in order to show Ann the roots. It was very lucky that he was not strong enough; for if he had pulled it up, he would have injured the plant so much, that most likely it would have died.

"But Mamma did so to show me the roots," said Willy.

"Yes," replied Ann, "and she gathered the buds to show you

the little leaves inside of them : but those buds died, because they were gathered ; and the geranium, I dare say, which she pulled up by the roots, died also. Now, I suppose you would not like your geranium to die, so you had better not show me the roots, but tell me about it instead.”

This would not satisfy Willy, who ran to ask his Mamma for the geranium she had pulled up, in order that he might show the roots to Ann. He found this geranium with the leaves already hanging down, and looking as if it was going to die ; so he took it into the nursery ; and we shall now leave him to explain the whole matter to Ann.

THE MOUSE.

ONE day, as Willy was amusing himself very quietly in the nursery, which did not often happen, for he liked running about much better than sitting still, he heard a noise as if something was scratching against the wall.

“What is that?” said he to Ann, going close up to her, and seeming rather frightened. Ann looked round, and so did Willy; when they saw a little mouse peeping out of a small hole in one corner of the room. “Oh, what a pretty thing it is!” cried

Willy ; but the instant he spoke the mouse disappeared.

“ The sound of your voice frightened him,” said Ann ; “ and he is gone back into the hole.”

“ Oh, what foolish things mice and birds are,” said Willy : “ they always fancy you are going to hurt them. Do you think it will not come back again ? ”

“ We must wait and see,” said Ann.

But they waited in vain ; and though Willy was quite quiet, and kept his eyes fixed upon the hole, no mouse was to be seen. At last Ann said that she would go and fetch a piece of cheese,

and lay it close to the hole ; and that if the mouse smelt the cheese, he would come back to eat it. So she fetched some cheese, and placed it by the hole ; and in a short time the mouse popped out his tiny head, and hearing no noise, he ventured a little farther, and at last came quite out of the hole, and began nibbling the cheese.

“ How he likes cheese ! ” whispered Willy : “ I wish I could catch him and play with him a little while.”

Ann then took up a broom, very gently ; and before the mouse could see her, went and stopped up the hole with it. As soon as the mouse heard the

noise, he left the cheese to run back and hide himself in his hole; and when he found the hole was stopped up he was sadly frightened. He ran round and round the room, to find some place to save himself in; but no other hole could he see.

“Poor little mouse,” said Willy, “you need not be so frightened; I shall not hurt you; I only want to play with you for a little while; and then I will let you go back to your hole. Does he live in that hole, Ann?”

“He lives inside the wall,” replied Ann, “with a great many other mice; and he has just made that hole to come out at.”

“How can such a little tiny thing as that make a hole in the wood?”

“He does it with his teeth,” said Ann: “mice can gnaw through almost any thing.”

“Do try to catch it, Ann; I cannot.”

Ann tried, but could not for a long while either: at last she threw her apron over it, and caught it up in the apron. Then Willy came to look at it; and the poor little animal panted for breath, it was so much frightened and so tired of running.

“I will fetch it the cheese,” said Willy; and he ran for the piece of cheese which the mouse

had been nibbling; but the mouse would not touch it.

“Poor little thing!” exclaimed Willy; “perhaps he has got a papa and mamma at his home in the wall, and he wants to get back to them.” And he stroked the mouse, and said, “We will soon let you go.”

Willy and Ann had made such a noise running about the room after the mouse, that Betty the housemaid came to ask whether any thing was the matter.

“Only this little mouse,” said Willy, “that we have caught.”

“A mouse!” exclaimed Betty: “Oh, mercy on me!” and she began to scream.

“Why, what is the matter with Betty?” said Willy to Ann.

“She is afraid of a mouse,” replied Ann, laughing.

“Oh, she is only making fun: how can a great woman like her be afraid of such a bit of a thing as this poor little mouse?”

“It’s no fun at all,” cried Betty: “I can’t bear a mouse: I never could.”

“And why do not you like a poor little mouse?”

“Poor little mouse!” cried Betty. “I tell you it is a horrid ugly thing; and I wonder Ann will allow you to go near it. It would bite you, I am sure, if

Ann did not hold it so close in her apron."

"If it did," said Ann, "it would not hurt you much, its teeth are so small; but perhaps it might try to nibble your finger a little, to try to get away; so I do not advise you to put it near its mouth."

"I shall fetch the cat," cried Betty, "and she will soon make an end of it."

She was going out of the room, when Willy, who recollected how nearly the sparrow had been eaten up by a cat, flew at Betty, and called out, "You shan't, you shan't, Betty; naughty Betty, I won't have the poor mouse killed."

“Here is a pretty to do, indeed,” cried Betty; “my gown all torn with your tantrums, sir: I shall tell your Mamma of this.”

Mamma, who heard all the noise and bustle in the nursery, ran up stairs to know what it was; and when she came in, and saw Willy red and crying with passion, and Betty’s gown torn, she asked what had happened. Ann told her the whole story. Then Mamma said, “It was certainly wrong of you, Willy, to fall into a passion and tear Betty’s gown.”

“But she was going to fetch the cat to kill the mouse,” sobbed Willy.

“ That is some excuse for you ; but why did you not desire Betty, civilly, not to bring the cat ? I really am quite ashamed of you. And as for you, Betty, if you are so afraid of a poor little mouse, you had better go away.”

Betty went away ashamed, when she saw by her mistress's looks that she thought her very silly to be afraid of a mouse. “ Let me look at this poor little creature that has made such a bustle,” said Mamma ; and Ann opened her apron to show it. The mouse, finding itself free, sprung away, fell upon the floor, but without being hurt ; and ran round the room till it found the

hole, through which it escaped, and was seen no more.

“ Now,” said Mamma, “ the best thing we can do is to fasten up the hole, that the poor mouse may not come out again ; for if he does, there is great danger of his falling into the claws of pussy. Come, Willy,” said she, smiling, “ dry your tears : I forgive you, because you had not time to think, and that you were in a passion not for yourself, but on account of the poor mouse ; but I hope you will have more command over yourself another time. Then you must make some amends to Betty for tearing her gown.”

“ But was it not very foolish

of Betty to be afraid of a mouse ?” said Willy.

“ I dare say, that when she was a little child, not older than you, Willy, somebody frightened her about a mouse, and told her it would bite her ; and so she has thought ever since that a mouse would hurt her, and that the cat ought to kill it. Ann, you see, is not afraid of a mouse : she never listened to such silly stories.”

“ Indeed but I did, Ma’am,” said Ann, “ when I was a little girl ; but I have learnt to know better since.”

“ That shows your good sense, Ann,” said Mamma ; “ for it is very difficult, if you have been

frightened when a child, to get the better of it afterwards. I have known many grown up ladies afraid of a spider, a black beetle, and an earwig, merely from some foolish stories they had heard about them when children."

"What are all those things, Mamma?" asked Willy: "will you show them to me? I am sure I should not be afraid of them."

"Some day or other I will," replied his Mother. "Now let us go and find a carpenter to mend the hole the mouse has made."

The carpenter soon came, with his tools and a piece of wood;

and Willy watched him all the while he was at work.

“ Poor little mouse,” said Willy, “ you cannot come out any more.”

“ He had better stay at home with his mother,” said Mamma ; “ for he cannot come out without danger of meeting the cat.”

“ Then it is not foolish of the mouse to be afraid of pussy, Mamma ?”

“ Not at all, my dear : it is foolish to be afraid when there is no danger, as Betty was ; but it is not foolish to be afraid when there is danger. Being afraid makes you take care ; and it is wise, not foolish, to take care.”

“ But some people,” said Ann, “ are so much frightened when there is danger, that they do not know what they are about. I know a maid-servant who set her cap on fire ; and she was so much frightened, that, instead of taking it off her head to put out the flame, she ran screaming about ; and the fire caught her hair, and her face, and she was sadly burnt.”

“ That was foolish indeed,” said Mamma : “ fear should have made her think what she should do to put out the flame ; running about in that manner only made it burn more : but she suffered sadly for her folly, poor woman.”

The carpenter now began hammering nails into the piece of wood which fastened up the hole, and made such a noise that Willy could no longer hear what was said. "Poor moussy," said he to himself, "you can never come out again ; no, never !"

TREES COMING INTO LEAF.

“ Oh, Mamma,” cried Willy one morning, running into his Mother’s room, “ make haste to get up, and you will see something out of the window so funny, and you will be so glad ; now do guess what it is.”

“ Perhaps it is the sun,” said she ; “ I should be very glad to see that, after the rainy day we had yesterday.”

“ Oh dear no,” cried Willy ; “ the sun shines every day ; I should never run in such a hurry to tell you the sun shone.”

“ Not quite every day, Willy ; I am sure I saw no sun shine yesterday.”

“ Ay, but the sun shone behind the clouds, you know, Mamma, or else it would not have been daylight. Now guess again.”

“ Well,” said his Mother, “ if it is something so very curious, perhaps I should see the moon shining instead of the sun.”

“ Oh no, Mamma, now you are making fun ; I am sure you know it is not the moon : do pray guess in earnest.”

“ Why, I thought you liked fun better than earnest, Willy.”

“ So I do sometimes,” replied Willy, “ but not now, because I

want you to guess really, before you are up, and can look out of the window."

Willy had climbed up on the bed, and looking at an opening in the window shutter, he put his little hands over his Mother's eyes, and said, "Now guess, before you peep between the window shutters."

"Well," said his Mother, "if I am to guess in right real earnest, I must think about it first." She then thought a little while, Willy keeping his hands over her eyes, and saying every now and then, "Now mind you don't peep, Mamma."

At length his Mamma said in a very solemn voice, "I guess

there are some leaves come out on the trees."

"Well, now, how could you guess that? are you sure, Mamma, you did not peep through my fingers?"

"Indeed I did not," replied she; "that would not have been fair play."

"Then what made you guess it, Mamma?"

"Thinking," replied she. "First, I thought you would be so pleased to see the first young leaves burst from the buds; then I remembered that yesterday was a very rainy day, and that a great deal of the water would get in at the roots, and go up the tree during the night,

and swell out the buds, so that their covering would very likely burst open ; and it seems that I have guessed right."

" Yes, indeed you have ; now make haste to get up, and come and see."

While his Mamma was dressing, Willy said, " Yesterday Harry asked me to guess what he had in his hand ; and I guessed without thinking, and said an apple."

" That was without thought indeed," said his Mother ; " for an apple is too large for Harry to hold in his hand without your seeing it : and what was it, after all ? "

" It was a marble ; and if I

had thought as you did, Mamma, I dare say that I should have guessed right ; for I saw him put his hand into his pocket first, and I know he carries marbles in his pocket.

Atlength Mamma was dressed, and opened the window shutter, and saw that a number of the horse-chestnut buds had burst open, and the little leaves were come out.

“ But look, Mamma, those little leaves hang down like the geranium leaves that wanted water. Don't they want watering?”

“ I think they had plenty of water yesterday, Willy, when it rained so hard. The leaves droop, because, when they first

shoot, the stalk is not strong enough to hold up the leaves, and the leaves are not strong enough to spread themselves out."

"The leaves shoot, Mamma ; what does that mean ? I thought only animals can shoot, animals like men and great boys ; and others animals, like birds, can be shot at."

"No, Willy," said his Mother smiling, "I did not mean shooting with a gun. The leaves are said to shoot, when they first burst the bud and come out of it. And the young buds, and branches, and leaves, that first grow in the spring, are called shoots." His Mother then ga-

thered a small branch with several buds on it, and a few leaves. "Look," said she, "this branch has shot out, that is, grown, this spring. I know it because it is green, and the older branches are brown.

After breakfast they went out to walk in the Park, to see if there were many other trees coming into leaf. They saw several, but they were all of the same kind—horse-chestnuts,—and some of these were much more in leaf than the others.

"I think," said Willy, "that none of them have so many leaves come out as the tree close to our house, Mamma."

"Yes," replied she, "and

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it is because that tree stands in a very warm spot, the sun shines on it all day, and the house shelters it from the cold wind."

"Does the wind do any harm to the trees, Mamma?"

"A very cold wind does in the spring; for the young leaves, after they have been all the winter so snugly wrapped up within the bud, do not like to feel a cold wind when first they come out."

"But you forget, Mamma, they cannot feel."

"True, my dear; I only meant to say, that the cold wind was bad for them. When the leaves are grown large and strong, the wind does them no harm; on the

contrary, it is good for their branches to be moved about ; it makes the water which is going up all the way from the roots move quicker, and get to the leaves and flowers. Are you not very glad the poor trees should be moved sometimes, for you know they cannot move by themselves ? ”

“ But, Mamma,” said Willy, “ I remember the great trees at Ash Grove moved their branches all by themselves, and it made such a wind you can’t think : I saw it from the nursery window, for Ann would not let me go out, because she said that some of the branches might fall upon me and hurt me — so you see, Mamma,

those trees moved by themselves."

"Oh you little goose!" said his Mamma; "it was the wind that moved the trees, and not the trees that made the wind."

"But," said Willy earnestly, "I saw the trees move, and I did not see the wind."

"That does not signify; trees are vegetables which cannot move of themselves, and it is the wind which blows them about: sometimes it blows them so hard as to break their branches; and if a broken branch fell upon you, it might hurt you; that was what Ann was afraid of when she would not let you go out. Sometimes the wind blows with such vio-

lence, that it pushes the tree down. Then the roots are all torn up out of the ground, just as I pulled the geranium up by the roots."

"What great roots a large tree must have, Mamma!"

"Yes," replied she; "a tree is very seldom blown down; for those great roots fasten it so firm and tight in the ground that the wind cannot easily blow it down."

"What a funny thing the wind is, Mamma! it blows so hard, and it is stronger than a man, sometimes, when it can blow down a tree; for a man cannot pull down a tree by himself. Don't you remember what

a great many men there were to pull down the tree in the garden? They all pulled together by a rope that was tied to the tree, and it was a long while before they could pull it down."

"Yes," said his Mother; "and besides, the gardener had dug all round the tree, that the roots might come up easier."

"Do, Mamma," said Willy, "tell me what the wind is made of."

"Oh dear!" cried his Mother, "I hardly know myself; that is far too difficult for little boys to understand."

"Well, then, but where does it come from?"

"That is not much easier to

explain, and I am tired now ; but we will talk about the wind some other time."

Willy then went into the nursery, where, to his great sorrow, he found his three plants drooping, and looking as if they were going to die. " Oh dear Ann," cried he, " make haste and give me some water ; I am sure they want something to drink."

" Indeed, you give them a great deal too much water," said Ann ; " you are every day emptying the water-jug to fill your watering-pot ; you will kill them if you go on so, Willy."

" But, Ann, when Mamma's

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flower-pots hang down, and look dry, she gives them some water, and then, a little while after, they spread out their leaves and are quite well again."

"When you are hungry," replied Ann, "and faint and weary for want of your dinner, if you eat some meat and potatoes it makes you strong and well again."

"Yes," said Willy; "and water is meat and potatoes to the plants, Ann, for you know they cannot eat—I mean drink—anything else."

"Well," said Ann, "if after you had dined a little while, I was to bring some more meat and potatoes, and put them into

your mouth and make you eat them, would you like it?"

"No, because I should not be hungry so soon after dinner."

"And if, though you were not hungry, I was to go on for several days, forcing you to eat more than you wanted, at last it would make you quite ill; and we should be obliged to send for the doctor to cure you. Now, this is what you are doing with your plants. They cannot tell you, 'I am not dry now, I do not want so much water as you give me;' and so they are ill."

"And will you send for the doctor, Ann?"

"The gardener is the best doctor for plants," said Ann; "but

he is at Ash Grove. However I dare say that if you leave off watering your pots for some time, and open the window that the sun and air may get to them to dry them, they will recover."

Willy ran to consult his Mamma, and she was quite of Ann's opinion ; so the plants were put out on the balcony, and after some little time they got well. Willy was, after this, very careful to give his plants no more water than was good for them. And he seldom ventured to water them, without first asking Ann whether she thought they wanted it or not.

THE WIND AND THE WEATHER-
COCK.

“MAMMA,” cried Willy, on coming into his Mother’s room, “what a great wind there is to-day! I do think it will blow down some of the trees. I should like to see them torn up by the roots.”

“Oh, the poor trees!” exclaimed his Mother.

“You know they cannot feel, Mamma,” replied he.

“No : but look what a beautiful thing a large tree is, now that the leaves are out ! and if it was blown down, you know all the

leaves, and the tree itself, would die ; would not that be a pity ? ”

“ Well, but let us go out and see. ”

“ Not to-day, my dear ; this strong East wind would blow us away. ”

“ What does East wind mean, Mamma ? ”

“ It means that the wind blows from the East ; you know whereabouts the East is ? ”

“ There, ” said Willy, pointing to a hill, “ that is the East, because the sun rises just at the top of that hill. ”

“ Look at that weathercock on the stables, Willy ; do you not see four great letters round it ? tell me what they are. ”

“ Oh, I can read them very well, they are so large.—First, there is a great E; it points to the hill where the sun rises.”

“ It is to tell you that is the East,” said his Mother.

“ But I know it already, Mamma.”

“ It is not only to tell *you*, but every body who looks at it; and some people may not know which is the East. Suppose you were at Ash Grove, Willy, and could not see that hill; you would not know which was the East, unless you could see a weather-cock.”

“ Oh yes, I could, Mamma. I should get up very, very early in the morning, and see the sun

rise, and then I should know which side was the East."

"A very good way," replied she; "but a weathercock is still better; for you may see which is the East all day long without rising so very early. Then the weathercock shows you also which is the West; can you find out that, Willy?"

"Oh yes; West begins with a W. I see the great W pointing to the place where the sun sets. And what do the two other letters mean? N means North, and on that side the sun never goes. S means South, and on that side you will see the sun in the middle of the day."

"Is it the middle of the day

now, Mamma? for the great S points to the sun, I think."

"Not quite," said his Mother; "twelve o'clock is reckoned the middle of the day, and it is now only ten. But the weathercock shows you something else besides East, West, North, and South; do you see that little thing in the shape of a cock, which points now to the East?"

"What, that thing at the top, Mamma, which moves about so much: look, now it moves on this side,—now it is gone round to the other; how funnily it does jump about!"

"This cock points to the place from which the wind comes."

"Then, Mamma, if I got a

ladder, and turned the cock round to the W, it would point to the West, and then the wind would blow from the West. I should like to do that, Mamma; because when this East wind was over, you said that you would take me out."

His Mother began to laugh; — "Why, Willy," said she, "do you think it is the weathercock that makes the wind blow, or the wind that makes the weathercock blow about?" Willy looked puzzled. The truth is, he fancied that the weathercock some how or other made the wind blow; but when he saw his Mamma smile, and he thought more about it, it

seemed to him that such a little thing as a weathercock could not move the wind.

“Come,” said his Mother, “let us try to make a weathercock, and then you will understand it better.” She then took a card, and began by cutting it square, so that the four sides should be of the same length; then she cut it into the shape of a cross, and at the four points of the cross she left a square piece of card; and then she took a pen and ink, and on these four points she wrote in large letters, E, W, N, S. “Now, Willy,” said she, “what shall we do for a stick to fasten our weathercock upon?”

Willy offered the stick of his

drum, but his Mamma said that it was a great deal too thick. They looked about some time to find a stick that would be thin enough : at last his Mamma found a piece of wire, which was strong and straight, and she fastened her card weathercock on it. She pushed the wire through the middle of the cross, and then tied it on so that it could not move.

“ Mamma, if you tie it so tight it will not blow about to show which way the wind comes.”

“ It must not blow about, my dear ; look at the weathercock yonder ; the letters do not move ; it is only the cock which moves.”

“ Oh, the cock,” cried Willy ;
“ I had quite forgotten the cock.
If it had been a real live cock,
Mamma, it would have cried
‘ Cock-a-doodle-doo ! ’ and then
I should not have forgotten it ;
but it looks very little like a
cock, does not it ? ”

“ Very little indeed,” replied
she ; “ but as it is not made to
crow, but to point out which way
the wind blows, it is much better
it should be a make-believe cock,
that is, a weathercock, than a real
one. It is called weathercock,
because it shows you when the
weather is stormy and windy.”

“ But it cannot show you that
the sun shines, or that it rains,”
said Willy.

“No,” replied his Mother, “it shows you only which way the wind blows.”

“Then,” said Willy, “I think it ought to be called a wind-cock, not a weathercock. But, Mamma, you must make the cock.”

His Mamma took a pair of scissars and a small piece of card, and cut it into the shape of a cock; and she stuck it on the top of the wire.

“Now you must not tie that fast, Mamma; it must move about with the wind; but if you don’t tie it, will it not fall off?”

“No,” replied she; “the hole through which the wire passes is so small that the cock will

keep on, and yet be able to move round."

When it was finished his Mamma held it up, and Willy was so much pleased that he jumped about for joy.

"Oh, what a pretty weathercock! and can you make wind, Mamma, to blow it about?" *

"Suppose you try to blow it with your mouth, as you blow your milk when it is too hot?"

Willy began blowing as hard as he could, and was delighted to see the cock move; first he blew on one side of the weathercock, then on the other.

* The mother of the child should take the trouble of making a weathercock according to these directions.

“The cock always turns its head towards my mouth, Mamma, which ever side I blow from.”

His Mamma then showed him that the body and tail of the cock were much larger than the head and neck ; so that, when he blew against the cock, much more of the wind from his mouth went against the body and head, and pushed it round.

“ But it does not go quite round, Mamma ; when it has got to the other side it stops.”

“ Yes,” replied she ; “ it cannot go further without coming round to meet the wind you blow, and it cannot move against the wind. Now,” said she, “ Willy,

which wind will you be? East, West, North, or South?"

"I will be the East wind, just as the real wind blows now."

His Mamma held the weathercock up to him, with the letter E next to his mouth. Willy blew as hard as ever he could, to imitate the strong East wind; and his breath went against the body of the cock, and pushed it half round, and the head was turned towards Willy's mouth. Afterwards Willy made believe to be the West wind, and then the North and the South wind; till at last he was quite tired of blowing so hard. "Oh dear! how I am out of breath!" said he, gasping for

breath. "Pray, Mamma, open the window, and let the real wind blow it."

"The wind is so strong, that, perhaps, it might blow your weathercock out of your hand quite away ; so you had better take it into the nursery, and see whether Ann cannot help you to blow."

Willy ran off to Ann ; he was always desirous of showing her any thing he had new, or of telling her any thing he had learnt. He now held up the weathercock in great glee, and then told her how he was the winds—all the four winds that blow from the North, and the South, and the East, and the West.

“ But now, Ann, I am so tired of blowing, that you must help me ; do, pray, leave off working and blow.”

“ I think,” said Ann, “ there is something in this room that will blow better than you or I, Willy, and that will never be tired. Cannot you guess ?” said Ann ; “ think a little ;” and she turned her eyes slyly to the corner of the chimney.

“ Oh yes, I can guess,” said Willy ; “ it is the bellows ; to be sure, the bellows can blow the weathercock, it blows the fire so well : ” so he ran to fetch the bellows, and Ann held them and blowed, while Willy held the weathercock opposite to the mouth of the bellows, and the

bellows blew much better than either Willy, or even Ann; but, after Ann had blown all the four winds, she said she must leave off and return to her work, for she had no more time to spare.

Then Willy put his weathercock by, in a closet in which he kept his toys; and said he should play with it again another day.

THE AIR AND THE BELLOWS.

THE next day Willy told his Mamma how clever Ann had been, to find out a way of blowing the weathercock, which did not tire any one. “But, Mamma,” said he, “what a great deal of wind there must be in the bellows, for if you blow ever so much, there is always some wind left in the bellows; and yet it is not very big. I wonder it can hold so much !”

His Mamma took up a bellows and showed him a large hole in the middle of the back ;

she then began to open the bellows to blow, and she told Willy to put his hand close to the hole, to feel if any wind came out of it.

“No, Mamma,” said he, “there is something like a little door inside the hole, which stops the wind from coming out. But it feels to my hand as if the wind was getting in at that hole ; and it looks as if it pushed the little door back, that it might get in.”

“It is just so,” said his Mamma ; “look now how big the bellows is, while I hold the two handles apart, and let the wind get in.”

“Oh yes,” said Willy, “it is quite full of wind ; now blow,

Mamma, and I know where the wind will get out."

His Mother then closed the bellows, by bringing the two handles together, and Willy held his hand at the mouth, and felt the wind come out there.

He stood still a little while to think, and then said, — " So, all the wind is not in the bellows at once ; but every time you blow, first it gets in at the great hole in the middle, and then it gets out at the little hole in the spout. But when you squeeze the handles of the bellows together to make the wind come out, why does it not come out of the great hole as well as at the little one ? "

“ Because the door at the great hole shuts, and will not let the air come out.”

“ But it opens to let it come in ; why should it not open to let it go out ? ”

His Mamma then made him feel the little door, and showed him that it could open only inwards and not outwards ; so that when the air got in it could not get out again that way, just like the door of the room, which opens inwards, but not outwards.

Willy ran to the door, and after having opened it inward, he tried to open it outwards, but he could not. “ Yes it opens only one way, Mamma,” said he, “ like the bellows.”

“ Well, then, Willy since the air cannot get out of the bellows by the great hole, it is obliged to go out by the little one.”

“ But why does it not stay inside the bellows, Mamma ? ”

“ Because when I bring the two handles together, I shut the bellows, and there is not so much room inside as when it is open ; so the air is forced to come out.”

“ What is the air, Mamma, you are talking about ? Is it the same as the wind ? ”

“ It is the same thing, my dear, only when it blows about, it is called wind, and when it is still and quiet it is called air.”

“ Then wind is air moving about,” said Willy. “ And when

I blew the weathercock with my mouth, did air come out of my mouth, as it does out of the bellows? ”

“ Yes, my dear.”

“ And how did it get into my mouth, Mamma? ”

“ It gets in when your mouth is open.”

Then Willy began blowing with all his might ; and pointing to his puffed up cheeks, he said, “ Do they not look as full of wind as the bellows? I think, Mamma my mouth is like a bellows.”

“ Except,” said she, “ that the air goes in and comes out by the same opening.”

“ And a great hole it is, Mamma,” said Willy, opening his

mouth as wide as he could ;
“ there is room for the air to
go in and to come out too.”

“ It does not go in and come
out at the same time,” said his
Mother.

She then made Willy observe
how he breathed, and he said,
“ I feel the air going into my
mouth, and it gets down here,
Mamma,” said he, putting his
hand upon his stomach, “ and
swells me out like the bellows.”

“ But while you were speak-
ing,” said she, “ the air came out
again. You do not feel swelled
out with air now, do you ? ”

“ No, Mamma ; then it got out
very slyly, without my knowing
it.”

“ Breathe again,” said she, “ very slowly and rather hard.”

Willy opened his mouth as wide as he could, and sucked the air down his throat ; and when he could hold the breath in no longer, he observed how it came back again out of his mouth, and he held his hand to his mouth to feel the air coming out.

“ You do right to feel it,” said his Mother, “ for you cannot see it.”

“ Why cannot we see air and wind, Mamma ? I can see every thing else ; and I am sure air must be a thing, I feel it so well ; and it is so strong when it moves about and makes a great wind, that sometimes it blows down

large trees ; and yet I cannot see it : it is very odd that I cannot see such a strong thing."

" And such a great thing too," said his Mother ; " for wherever you go there is air."

" Is there ? " said Willy. " When I go out and feel it move, I know there is wind ; but when the air is still, I cannot tell whether there is any air in the room or not : how can I, Mamma ? for I cannot see it."

" You can tell, because you breathe it ; if there was no air in the room, when you opened your mouth to breathe, no air would go into your mouth and down your throat into your body, and you could not breathe."

“Then I should do without breathing.”

“Oh no, you could not ; you could not live without breathing.”

“But, Mamma, I never breathed till you bid me, that I know of. Oh yes,” continued he, “I remember that when I run very fast, I must stop to breathe ; but when I am at play without running, I never stop to breathe.”

“No, but you breathe without stopping. Try to keep your mouth shut, so that the air can neither get in nor out of it.”

Willy did so ; but in a few instants he breathed again with a long sigh, saying, “Oh, Mamma, I could hold my mouth

shut no longer ; I felt as if I was choking."

" Well, then, you see, Willy, it is much more easy to breathe than not to breathe."

" Only, Mamma, I did not know that I breathed ; it is very funny to breathe without knowing it."

" You did not *observe* that you breathed. I have often told you that you must observe ; that is, take notice, when you wish to know any thing."

" Well, now I will observe how I breathe," said Willy ; and he stood still watching his breath for about a minute, and then said, " But do I always breathe, Mamma ? "

“ Yes,” replied she, “ always ; after running you breathe harder, because you cannot breathe much whilst you are running, so you make up for it by breathing more as soon as you stop.”

“ Well, I will try,” said he ; and off he set galloping to the end of a long passage, and back again, as fast as he could go. When he returned he was quite out of breath, and could not speak for gasping.

“ Now observe, Willy,” said his Mother, “ how quick and hard you breathe to make up for the little breath you could take whilst running.”

“ Oh, but I forgot to observe

whether I stopped breathing whilst I was running." And off he went again to the end of the passage. His Mother was glad to see him run, for she thought it was not good for little children to remain still long together, talking and thinking, without moving about. As soon as he returned, and had taken breath, "I have observed, Mamma," said he, "as well as I could,—but while I ran so fast I could not observe much,—but I am sure I cannot breathe a great deal, for it seemed as if I did not breathe at all till I got to the end of the passage. And do you breathe, Mamma? and does Papa, and every body breathe?"

"Yes, every body."

Willy then looked in his Mamma's face while she was working, and said, " Ah, Mamma, I see you breathe : I don't mean that I see the air that goes in and comes out of your mouth, for you know I cannot see that ; but I see your neck move up and down, as if you were swallowing air down your throat into your body, and letting it come out again. But, Mamma," said Willy, " we cannot breathe when we are asleep."

" Yes, we do ; we breathe without observing it. Look at Carlo there asleep upon the rug ; does not he breathe ? "

" Oh, yes, he does indeed ; I see his body move every time

the air goes in and out. I did not know dogs breathed."

"Yes," replied she, "all animals breathe."

"What, horses, and cows, and dogs, and cats, and ducks, and hens, and ——"

"Oh, Willy," said his Mother, interrupting him, "you will never have finished if you name all the animals that breathe."

"You know, Mamma, that I don't know the names of all the animals that are alive; you say that there are a great many I never saw."

"True, but I think I should be tired of hearing you repeat the names of all those you have seen."

“ Well, then, Mamma, shall I tell you the name of some things that cannot breathe ? ”

“ Oh dear no, Willy, that would be longer still ; there are so many things. Trees cannot breathe, and tables, and, chairs, and houses cannot breathe.”

“ Oh, now, Mamma, you know I did not mean such things as those ; I meant animals that cannot breathe.”

“ But you said *things*,” said his Mother, smiling ; “ and you know that there are a great number of things which are not animals.”

“ Well, Mamma, I will tell you what I meant, — it was fishes ; and fishes must be animals, be-

cause they are alive when they are in the water : and I am sure they move about fast enough, for you know how they swim away when Papa wants to catch them with his fishing-rod."

" But fishes breathe, Willy."

" How can they breathe under the water, Mamma? for don't you remember when Dicky fell into the water under the ice, he said he was choked because he could not breathe? "

" That is true," replied she ;
" when Dicky opened his mouth to breathe, water got in instead of air, and he could not breathe. But when fishes want to breathe, they can swim up to the top of the water, pop their little heads

out into the air, and breathe. Besides," continued his Mother, "fishes can breathe under the water; they want very little air; and there is enough air in the water for them, though there was not for Dicky."

"Well," said Willy "I wish I could but see the air we breathe."

"It is only losing time, Willy, to wish what cannot be done. It is impossible to see it; but when it moves and makes a wind, you can feel it, and you can hear it too; will not that satisfy you?"

"Oh," said Willy, "I forgot you could hear it; but it makes a great noise sometimes. Ann said last night, 'How the wind does roar!'"

“That, I suppose,” said his Mother, “was because she thought the noise the wind made was like the roaring of a wild beast. When the wind pushes through the trees, we say sometimes that it whistles, because it makes a noise like whistling.”

“And once,” said Willy, “I remember, when it came through a crack in the window, I thought it was somebody singing very softly out of doors ; but Ann said it was only the wind getting into the room through the crack : then I might have said the wind sings.”

“But, Willy,” said his Mamma, “we have been talking a very long time to-day, and if

you are not tired of asking questions, I am tired of answering them. So go to Ann, and ask her to take you into the Park for a good run."

"Good-by, Mamma!" said Willy; and off he went with a hop, skip, and a jump.

A VISIT TO ASH GROVE.

ONE fine morning Willy heard his Mamma order the carriage to come to the door directly after breakfast. "I mean to take you with me;—guess where I am going, Willy," said she.

Willy was very glad to hear that; but, though he tried several times, he could not guess where they were to go. Then his Mother told him she was going to spend the morning at Ash Grove; for now that almost all the trees were in leaf, and many of them in blossom, she wanted to see

the garden. "Oh, then we shall see Johnny Barton," cried Willy, "working in the garden; how glad I shall be!"

He ran to get ready, and to tell Ann of his expected pleasure; and then he looked out at the window, thinking that every carriage that passed must be Mamma's. "How tiresome the coachman is, to be so long in putting the horses to the carriage!" said he, peevishly; "why does he not come?"

"I suppose, because the carriage is not ready yet."

"But, Mamma, you don't seem to be in a hurry to go; don't you like very much to go to Ash Grove?"

“ Indeed I do,” replied she, “ and I wish the coachman would come ; but it takes some time for him to get the carriage ready. Then I know, that if I were to fret, and put myself out of temper, I should not feel happy ; and I want to be happy at Ash Grove.”

“ But you would not be out of temper when you got to Ash Grove ? ”

“ Perhaps not ; but then I should be sorry for having been out of temper ; because it is wrong for grown up people to be out of temper as well as for children. If I were to be angry with the coachman, and scold him for not coming sooner, I

should be vexed with myself afterwards, and be thinking of that, all the way I was going to Ash Grove, instead of enjoying the drive. Besides," said she, "perhaps the coachman is not to blame; and that something prevents his coming." So it happened. One of the horses had lost a shoe, and was obliged to be taken to the farrier's, to have it nailed on before he could be put to the carriage. This detained them a full hour: Willy found it a long trial of patience, but he determined to imitate his Mamma, and not be cross or angry.

At length they set out; and as they drove along, Willy was delighted to see the grass

banks on each side of the road covered with flowers. "Oh, Mamma, look what a number of flowers, how pretty they are! do let us stop the coachman, and get out and gather some; and there....there are some beautiful blue flowers."

"You must wait till we get to Ash Grove," replied his Mother. "I dare say you will find plenty there: those flowers are called blue bells, because each little flower is shaped like a little bell."

"Only look at that field up there, Mamma. I declare it is quite full of yellow flowers: what are they called?"

"Cowslips, my dear."

"Well, I shall make a grand

nosegay when I get to Ash Grove."

The house stood on a rising ground, and Willy perceived it at some distance. " Oh, there it is, Mamma ; I remember it ; and there is the avenue of great trees ;"—and what should Willy see come leaping down the avenue but the great dog, Alpin. At first he began to bark at the carriage and horses. " What have you forgotten us, Alpin ? " said Willy. But Alpin soon remembered them, and frisked about the carriage, and leaped up to the window to try to lick Willy's hand : but it was all in vain ; the coachman kept driving on, and Willy could only look

at Alpin, and call him by his name, till they reached the house. The carriage then stopped, John opened the door, and out jumped Willy. Alpin nearly threw him down with his caresses ; and Willy in return gave him such a close hug with his two little arms round his throat, that the poor dog could hardly breathe, and began to growl.

“ Willy,” said his Mother, “ do you forget that a dog breathes, and if you squeeze his throat so tight, the air cannot get in or out, and you will choke him. If he could speak he would tell you so.”

“ Poor Alpin cannot talk, though he can breathe ; so he can

only tell me that I hurt him, by growling."

"But if you do not listen to his growling, he has another way of letting you know that you hurt him, and that he will not let you hurt him."

"What is that, Mamma?"

"He would snap at you, and bite you."

"Oh, no," said Willy, "Alpin would never be so naughty as to bite me."

"It would not be naughty if you continued to hurt him after he had told you so by growling, for he has no other means of making you leave off."

"Poor Alpin," said Willy, patting him, "I am sure I did

not mean to hurt you.” Willy was in such a hurry to go into the garden, that he ran off when his Mamma went into the house ; and Alpin galloped after him : he soon found his way to the green gate and hallooed out for Mark. Mark, the gardener, was not there ; but up came Johnny Barton to open the gate for him. They were both overjoyed to see each other. How d’ ye do, and how d’ ye do, passed from one to another, and they shook hands. “ And what are you doing in the garden now ? ” said Willy.

“ Come and see,” replied Johnny : “ but Alpin must not

come in ; he would run over the beds, and spoil them."

"What, have you got beds in the garden ?" exclaimed Willy, with surprise.

"Oh, no," said Johnny, laughing, "not such beds as you sleep on ; but we have beds for the flowers and the garden stuff, and all the things that grow."

"But plants don't go to sleep, Johnny ; for though they are alive, they cannot run about and tire themselves : besides, they have no eyes to shut ; so how can they go to sleep ?"

Johnny kept laughing all the while. "Ay, I see you are no gardener yet," said he ; "but you need not mind that : I did

not know much more than you, when first I came here ; but Mark has taught me a great many things now."

" Well, do tell me," said Willy, " what sort of beds flowers and garden stuff have ; and what they want beds for, if they cannot sleep."

Johnny then took him to a bed of smooth mould, which Mark had prepared for sowing peas. " Is that all ?" said Willy ; " why, it is only a piece of ground."

" But a bed made of ground, nicely dug, and smoothly raked, is all that plants want," said Johnny.

Johnny had a small bag full of dry peas, and he took them

one by one, and put them into the ground.

“What are you doing that for?” asked Willy.

“I am sowing peas ; and when they grow up, you shall have some for your dinner. These peas will shoot out roots, and stalks, and leaves.”

“What, under the ground?” said Willy.

“Yes; and the roots will grow down in the ground, but the stalk will grow up out of the ground, very high.”

“Higher than I can reach?” said Willy.

“Yes, or I either,” replied Johnny.

“I wish I could peep under

the ground, and see them grow," said Willy ; and he began scratching away some of the earth that covered the peas.

" You must not do that," said Johnny ; " the peas will not grow if you do not leave them quiet. But come here, and I will show you some that were put into the ground last week, and are now beginning to grow." He then took Willy to another bed, and showed him some tiny green things, just coming up out of the ground. " We will take up one out of the ground ; Mark won't be angry, as it is to show you." So he pulled one up, and Willy saw there was a pea at the bottom ; and the pea

had burst open, and out of the opening, little roots grew down into the ground ; and a little stalk grew up out of the ground ; and on the top of the stalk there were two very small leaves.

“ And will this tiny stalk grow up higher than you or I can reach, Johnny ? ”

“ Oh yes, you will see when summer comes ; there will grow a great many large leaves on the tall stalk, and then pretty flowers.”

“ Oh, then I shall gather some,” said Willy.

“ No, you must not ; for if you gather the flowers, there will be no peas. You must let the flowers stay on the stalk till they

wither, and die, and fall off; then you will begin to see a little tiny green shell; Mark calls it a pod: don't you know what a pea-pod is?"

"No," said Willy.

"Well, it is something like a little long box; and all the peas are inside. You will see next summer."

"Oh, then I shall rattle them about!" said Willy: "don't you like to rattle things in a box, Johnny?"

"But you cannot rattle peas in a pod, because the pod is not hard like a box, but soft, more like a leaf; and the peas are soft too: and besides, they are all fastened to the pod."

“ Well, then, let us go and gather some flowers.”

“ I must finish the job the gardener has set me,” cried Johnny, “ and then I will go with you.”

Willy saw a tree at a little distance, covered with beautiful flowers ; they were white, with a little pink in the middle : some of the boughs hung down so low as to be within his reach : he tried to gather one, but the branch was tough, and he could not break it off ; he tugged and tugged, but in vain. While he was doing this, his Mamma came up to him, with Mark, the gardener, who cried out, “ Oh, Master Willy, what are you

doing? spoiling one of my young apple trees?"

"Apple tree!" repeated Willy;
"I am sure there are no apples on that tree."

"No, nor ever will be," retorted Mark, "if you destroy all the blossoms."

"But, Mamma, I wanted to bring you some of those pretty flowers."

"They are very beautiful," replied she; "but when you tried to gather them you did not know that those flowers, or blossoms, would turn into apples in time, if you allowed them to grow."

"How can a flower turn into an apple, Mamma?"

“ It is not the whole of the flower, but only a part of it, that grows into an apple. These pretty pink and white leaves wither, and fall off; and then you will see upon the stalk a very small green apple.”

“ Just like the peas that Johnny has been telling me about ? ”

“ Very like it,” said his Mother ; “ and when the apples first begin to grow, they are not larger than a pea.”

“ But are there no little tiny green apples on the tree now, Mamma ? ”

“ I cannot see any,” replied she ; “ all the flowers look fresh and beautiful ; and they must

die, and fall off, before you can see the apples.”

“ There are some apricots set,” said Mark, “ if you will walk this way, Ma’am.”

They followed Mark, who showed them a tree whose branches were nailed against the wall : there were many blossoms on it ; and many that had fallen off, and were strewed on the ground : and where they had fallen off, Willy saw a small green round fruit. “ Oh, these are the tiny apples, Mamma,” cried he.

“ These are not apples,” said his Mother, “ but apricots ; a very nice fruit, which you shall eat when it is ripe.”

“And when will that be?”

“Not before the summer; you must allow them time to grow and ripen, and be sweet and nice, which they are not now:” and she gathered one, and bade Willy taste it.

“It is bitter, and very bad,” said he.

“You will see how different it will be when it is ripe.”

His Mamma then stooped down to gather some violets: they were so covered over with their leaves, that Willy did not see the flowers till she pointed them out to him, and asked him to help her to gather some.

“I will get you some much prettier flowers from the grass,”

said Willy : “ look what a number of daisies, and yellow flowers, and blue flowers.”

“ I like violets best,” replied his Mother, “ though they are not the prettiest, because they smell so sweet. But you may run and gather those you like best.”

Willy asked leave for Johnny to go with him. The two boys ran off together into the field. Willy picked up every flower that he could find : but Johnny gathered nothing but cowslips ; and when he had got a great number, he began to tie them up ; and he made a ball of them, the stalks of the flowers being altogether inside the ball, and the outside was all beautiful

yellow flowers, so that it looked like a yellow ball. Willy tossed it up, and caught it again ; then he smelt it, and said, “ Oh, I must take it to Mamma ; she likes flowers that smell sweet.” He showed her his beautiful ball, and told her how cleverly Johnny had made it.

“ I am sure,” said he, “ Johnny likes better working in the garden than sweeping chimneys — don’t you, Johnny ? ”

“ That I do,” replied the boy.

“ And a very good obedient boy he is,” said the gardener, “ and helps me very well ; only when I set him to weed, he sometimes pulls up the wrong things, for he does not yet well know

the difference between a weed and a flower; but he will learn it in time." Just then the carriage drew up. Willy was very sorry to leave Ash Grove: he took his whole lap full of flowers, and his cowslip ball, into the carriage, bade Johnny and Mark good-by, and amused himself all the way home with thinking of the pleasure he should have in showing Ann all he had brought home, and telling her all he had seen at Ash Grove.

LENGTH OF DAYS.

WILLY was much surprised that Ann called him to go to bed one evening before it was dark.

“Why do you want me to go to bed so early, Ann? indeed, I shall not go till half past seven o’clock.”

“It has just struck the half hour,” replied she.

“Oh no, Ann, you must be mistaken; you know it is always dark when I go to bed.”

“Not in the summer time,” said Ann; “and we are very near summer now.”

“But it was dark last night when I went to bed, for you lighted a candle to see to undress me.”

“The days get longer and longer every day,” replied Ann, “and I shall light no more candles to put you to bed.”

“I think now the days are longer, I ought to stay up longer; it is a pity to go to bed by daylight.”

“Well, you must ask your Mamma.”

Mamma consented, that as summer was coming, Willy should sit up till eight o'clock; so Ann was sent away for another half hour.

“Will the days always grow

longer and longer now, Mamma ? ”

“ Not always ; but till the middle of the summer ; and then they will begin to shorten again, and become shorter and shorter till the middle of the winter. Do you not remember how short the days were last winter, when there was frost and snow ? Papa and I dined by candle-light, for the sun was set before our dinner time.”

“ Does not the sun always set at the same time ? ”

“ No ; in winter it sets very early, and then the days are very short.”

“ Oh yes,” said Willy ; “ I know that it is the sun that

makes the daylight; and that it is dark night when he goes to make daylight in other countries."

"Now that we are in the spring," continued his mother, "the sun sets later than it did in the winter, so that the days are longer; in the summer it sets later still, and then the days are the longest of all the days in the year."

"Then the sun is like me, Mamma," said Willy, laughing.

"Why, my dear?"

"Because he goes to bed earliest in winter, and later in spring, and latest of all in summer. You know, Mamma, that you send me to bed at seven o'clock

in winter, and at half past seven in the spring ; and now that summer is coming, you let me stay up till eight o'clock."

" Well, Willy, I am very glad you are like the sun, for then I hope your face will always look bright and cheerful like his."

" Oh, but you know, Mamma, that the sun looks dismal sometimes, when the clouds are passing over his face."

" Then I am afraid you are like him sometimes ; for when you look cross and dull, it is like a cloud passing over your face. And when you cry, Willy, what is that like ? "

" Oh ! " said Willy, laughing, " that is the cloud falling down

like the rain — exactly like rain, for drops of tears are made of water, just like drops of rain ; are they not, Mamma ? ” and Willy began jumping about as he usually did when he was pleased with something new.

“ Well, Willy,” said his Mother, “ I never saw you so merry before, talking about crying. But now observe that summer is coming, and then we have fine weather, and very little rain ; so mind that you are to be like the sun in summer. You know what I mean,” said she, smiling archly.

“ Oh yes, Mamma, very little crying,—that is what you mean. Well, now I shall try to watch and see if the days get longer

and longer ; for, till you told me, I thought they were always the same length.”

“ Why, Willy, how could you do that, when you know that we dined by candle-light in the winter, because the sun was set, and that Ann was often obliged to light a candle in the morning to see to dress herself, because the sun was not risen ? ”

“ Oh yes ; and I remember I said to her ‘ How foolish you are, Ann, not to open the window shutter instead of lighting a candle ! ’ And then she opened the window shutter, and showed me that it was all dark out of doors, and that the sun was not risen to make it daylight.

The sun is very lazy in winter, then, Mamma; for he goes to bed early and gets up late. What does he do all that long night?"

"You know that he does not sleep, Willy, and that it is only joking to say he goes to bed. Don't you remember where he goes to?"

"Oh yes; he goes to other countries to make it daylight there; and does he stay in the other countries all that long night?"

"Yes; but it is not long night in the countries where he stays."

"Oh, no, no," said Willy; "it is daylight all the time the

sun stays with them ; so it is a long day with them, not a long night."

" Yes," replied his Mother ;
" in winter, when the sun stays away from us a great while, we have very long nights, and the country it is gone to has very long days."

" That is not fair, Mr. Sun," said Willy ; " you ought to stay with us as long as you do with the other people in their country."

" In spring he does stay with us as long as he does with them ; for in the middle of spring the days are just as long as the nights."

" And how long are they, Mamma ?" said Willy.

“ Twelve hours each,” replied his Mother.

“ Well, but, Mamma, the sun is not fair to us in winter ; because, then, he stays much longer with the black negroes than he does with us.”

“ And do you think the sun acts fairly in summer, when he stays much longer with us than he does with them ? ”

“ No, to be sure.” cried Willy ; “ that is not fair. . . . Yes, it is,” continued he ; “ because the black people have long days in winter, when we have short days ; so that makes up for it.”

“ And do you think that they

call it winter when they have such long days ? ”

“ Oh no ; when the days are long, you say that it is summer.”

“ You see, then, my dear, that it is summer in their country when it is winter with us.”

“ How droll ! ” said Willy ; “ then it must be winter in their countries when it is summer here ? ”

“ Certainly,” replied she ; “ the sun cannot make the days long in both parts of the world at once ; so we take it by turns. It is summer with us one part of the year, and with the black people the other half.”

“ Then you do it all very

fairly, Mr. Sun ; and I beg your pardon for saying you did not. —Mamma, you said the world ; what is the world ? ”

“ The world,” replied she, “ is all the fields, and towns, and country, that you can see ; and all the fields, and towns, and country, that you cannot see, put together.”

“ What, London and Ash Grove, and where Harry lives in summer, and Cousin Mary, and the country where the negroes live besides ? ”

“ Yes, where any body lives ; and there are a great many countries where people live that you do not know.”

“ But there are more places

where white people live, than negroes, Mamma ; are there not ? ”

“ Yes, my dear ; and there are many countries where the people are neither white like us, nor black like negroes ; but something between black and white, a sort of copper-colour, like the coal-skuttle.”

“ How odd,” said Willy, “ the men and women must look that are like coal-skuttles ! ”

“ Very odd, indeed, if they looked like coal-skuttles ; but they are only of the copper-colour of the coal-skuttle.”

“ And are the little boys copper-colour, too, Mamma ? ”

“ To be sure,” replied she,

“ the children are of the same colour as their fathers and mothers.”

“ Copper-colour ! ” exclaimed Willy ; “ that is very funny ; I should like to see them. Can we go to their country ? ”

“ No, my dear, it is too far off.”

“ As far off as where the negroes live ? ”

“ Yes, and further too.”

“ But it is in the world, Mamma ? ”

“ To be sure, every place is in the world.”

“ Oh, dear ! what a great large place the world must be ! ” cried Willy ; who found it difficult to think of any thing so

immense. “ I have heard Ann, and Harry too, talk about the world ; but I never heard what it meant before.” Then, after reflecting for some time, he added : “ How can such a little sun make daylight over such a large place as the world ? ”

“ It does not make daylight all over the world at once, you know, Willy.”

“ No,” replied he ; “ half at a time ; daylight in one half, and dark night in the other.” As Willy was speaking, he looked out at the window to see the sun ; it was just setting : “ There it is going, going, going ; look, Mamma, there is only a little

tiny bit left ; and now it is all gone. Where is it gone now, Mamma ? Does it go to shine upon the negroes, or the copper-coloured people first ? ”

“ It first makes it daylight with the copper-coloured people ; and it will shine on the negroes afterwards, and then return to us.” Darkness was now coming on ; and Mamma told Willy, that, as he was to imitate the sun, he should go to bed.

Willy gave his Mamma a kiss ; and then ran into the nursery, and said to Ann, “ I am going to bed now, Ann, because the sun is gone to bed ; and if you will make haste to

undress me, I shall be in bed before candle-light.”*

* It may be objected, that it is leading a child into error to teach him that the sun moves : it is one into which he will infallibly fall if he is not taught the truth ; and as that truth is far above his comprehension, the Author thought it better to adopt the error, with the view of making it subservient to the teaching some truths more adapted to his understanding.

FAR AND NEAR.

THE next morning Willy looked at the sun with great pleasure. He almost fancied that it was an old friend come back after a long journey ; and he only wished that the sun could speak, to tell him whether he had seen the idle little negro boys who had no school to go to ; and what the copper-coloured people were like. He looked up at the sun, but it shone so bright that he was dazzled with the light, and obliged to put his hands before

his eyes. Presently a thin cloud passed over the sun.

“Now you may look at it,” said his Mother; “how large do you think it is?”

“Why, I don’t know,” said Willy, and he hesitated;—“I think it is about as big as a little plate.”

“It is a great deal larger,” said his Mother.

“Larger than a great plate, Mamma?”

“Oh yes; larger than the round table; larger than the house. You would not believe me, Willy, if I told you how very, very large the sun was.”

“Yes I should, Mamma, if

“Come with me, Willy,” added she, “and we will look at some things a great way off, and observe whether they do not appear smaller than they really are.”

Willy was soon ready ; for it was the month of May, and the weather was so warm and fine, that he had nothing to put on but his straw hat. He did not call Ann to fetch it ; for he was now five years old, and his Mamma told him he must begin to do things for himself as much as he could, and not want a nurse to help him for every thing, as he did when he was a baby. When they had driven

into the country, they went up a hill, and got out to walk ; for his Mamma observed, that they could see a great deal farther from this hill than they did before, because they were higher up.

“ Look at that small white house, with little trees on each side, a great way off,” said his Mother ; “ how large do you think it is ? ”

“ It looks like a doll’s house, Mamma ; but I believe it is a real house, for I see all the trees and houses about there look little ; but,” added he, “ it must be a very tiny house, I think.”

“ It is Ash Grove,” said his Mother, smiling.

“ No, indeed, Mamma ! are

you in earnest? why, Ash Grove is a great big house, you know."

"Pray, Willy, what does great mean? do you know?"

"Oh, yes; it is big."

"And what does big mean?" continued she.

"It means great."

"Then," said his Mother, "if great means big, and big means great, they both mean the same thing, do they not?"

"Yes," answered Willy.

"Then," continued she, "there is no use in saying a great big house: one of the two words will do as well; and now that you are five years old, you must try not to talk nonsense."

Willy said he would; but he

thought that great big was bigger than great by itself, or big by itself. "Well, but is that house, that very little house, really great Ash Grove?"

"It is, indeed, and it looks so small only because it is very far off."

They then walked all the way down the hill, to a village on the other side, and the carriage followed them: when they got to the bottom, Willy turned round to look at the hill, and observe how high it was; his Mother pointed out to him a person coming down the hill, and asked him what it was."

"A little boy, Mamma."

"He will come nearer to us

soon," said she, "and then we shall see whether he is a little boy or not."

"Oh, but I can see his hat and his coat, and his legs; I am sure he is a little boy."

His Mother said no more; but she smiled, as much as to say, you may be mistaken. They just then passed a tinman's shop in the village.

"Look, Mamma," said Willy, "at that great big — no, I mean that very big weathercock, standing outside the shop."

"If it was on the top of a house you would not think it so very large, because it would be far off. Look at the weathercock on the church steeple."

“ Oh, Mamma, that is quite a little one.”

His Mamma asked the tinman, who was standing at his shop door, which was the larger of the two.

“ Oh, that on the church-steeple,” said he, “ by a great deal. This one in my shop is made for the top of a summer-house ; it is quite a small one.”

“ I am sure it looks like quite a large one,” said Willy.

“ Things look different from what they really are, Master, sometimes.”

“ But,” said Willy, “ there is no cock to this weathercock, nor to that upon the church, neither.”

“No, Sir,” replied the man, “cocks are gone out of fashion ; we cut the tin into other shapes now, that look prettier ; and they point out which way the wind blows as well as the cock, and better.”

“But, then, do you call them weathercocks ?” said Willy.

“Yes, all the same ; or vanes, that is the best name for them.”

Willy now pulled his Mamma by the gown, and said : “Look at the little boy that was walking down the hill ; now he is come near, he is turned into a great man.”

“Do you think that he is grown from a boy into a man,

whilst he was walking down the hill ?” said she, laughing.

“ No, Mamma ; but it is very odd that he should look so little when he was far off.”

“ Not at all odd, Willy ; for you see that every thing else does so too. The weathercock looks little at the top of the church ; Ash Grove looks little ; the trees look like little shrubs ; and every thing looks little at a distance.”

“ Oh ! and the sun, Mamma, we forgot the sun ; is that farther off than Ash Grove ?”

“ A great deal farther off.”

“ To be sure,” said Willy, thoughtfully, “ it must be ; for you say that it is larger than

the great world ; — mind, I only said great, Mamma,” continued Willy (interrupting himself) ; “ so it must be a very, very long way off, to look so small.”

“ It is,” said his Mamma, “ so very distant that I shall not attempt to explain it to you ; for you could not understand it.”

“ Well, but then, Mamma, tell me what makes the sun, and the man, and Ash Grove, look so little when they are far off.”

“ And every thing else, you may say, my dear, for they all look small at a distance ; and the farther they are off, the smaller they look. If you make use of your eyes to observe as

well as to see, you will know it well."

"But, why, Mamma? Why?" cried Willy, rather impatiently.

"Oh, Willy! you must have patience before I can explain it to you: it is so difficult that I do not think you could understand it before you were—let me see,—twelve years old, I believe," said she, laughing: "Do you think your patience will last out so long?"

Willy could not laugh, he was disappointed that his Mamma would not tell him how it was now; but he did not tease her about it; for he knew that she never would be persuaded to tell him what she thought was

too difficult for him to understand. But twelve years old : why, that was too bad ! he should forget it all before then. He did not wait till he was twelve years old to forget it ; for the next day he was busy about something else, and thought no more of distant things looking smaller than they really are.

END OF VOL. II.

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