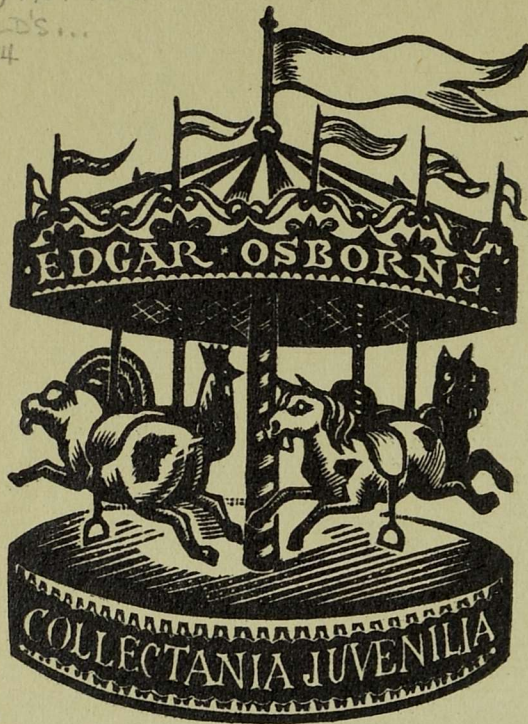


A Child's
First
Lesson-Book

(81) MOTHER
CHILD'S...
1854



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THE COOL BROOK.

A CHILD'S
FIRST LESSON BOOK.

Chiefly in Words of One Syllable.

BY A MOTHER.

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHTY-TWO ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

MDCCCLIV.

LONDON:

THOMAS HARRILD, PRINTER, SILVER STREET,
FALCON SQUARE.

PREFACE.

THE writer of this little book has had three objects in view. The size of the print, the length of the words, and the absence of stories and descriptions of too pathetic a character.

As this work is intended for the first book of children that have learned the alphabet, the size of the print is of great importance. Successful teachers have long since learned now much large letters facilitate the first efforts of a young child to spell.

Few books written expressly for a first reading book can be found, in which the author patiently continues to put words of three letters together. After a few of the first pages, the writer is glad to escape from a task so irksome, and to indulge in a little more variety of language. The child progresses rapidly in the first part of the book, but words of too great length for the state of his progress in reading soon become too much of a task for him, and he throws the book down in discouragement.

With reference to the third object, the writer has brought before the child no distressing stories—no animals that have lost an eye or an ear by the cruelty of boys—no children who have nearly lost their lives by disobedience. Are not children from three to five years old too young to have tales of this nature unnecessarily placed before them?

Teach children the value of goodness—give them

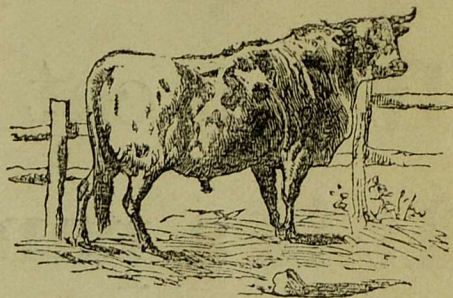
pleasant descriptions, rural and domestic, of every-day life; scenes, in which the faithful dog and the household cat bask in the sunshine of family enjoyment—and will not the effect be salutary?

Is not the law of love far more attractive to the acute and awakening sensibilities of childhood, than the terror of disobedience?

A MOTHER.

A CHILD'S
FIRST LESSON BOOK.

I go
I go up
To an ox

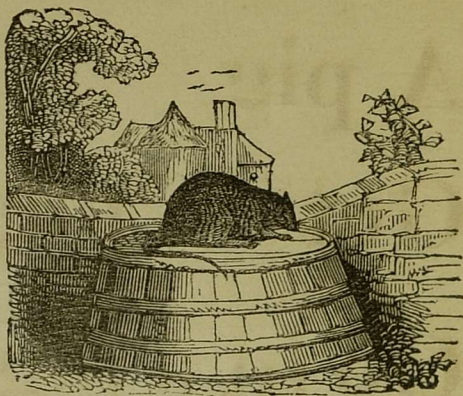


I am to go to an ox

I see

I see a rat

On a tub

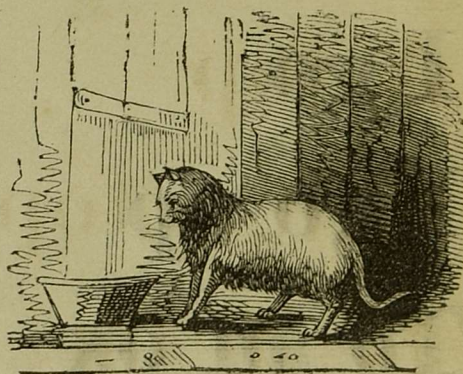


I see a rat on a tub

A cat

It is a cat

It is a pan



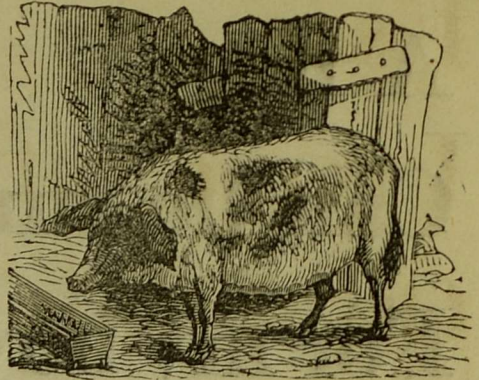
A cat may go to a pan

A pig

Get a pig

Go to a pig

I see a pig in a sty

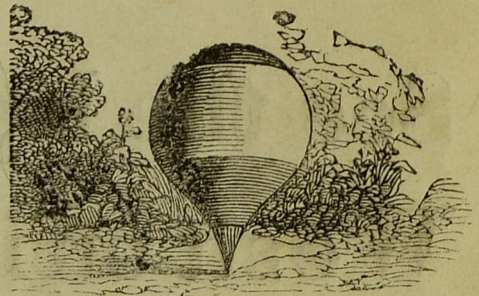


A top

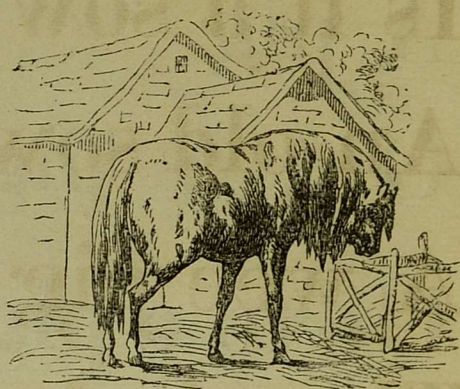
Is it a top

Is it for me

A red top for my boy

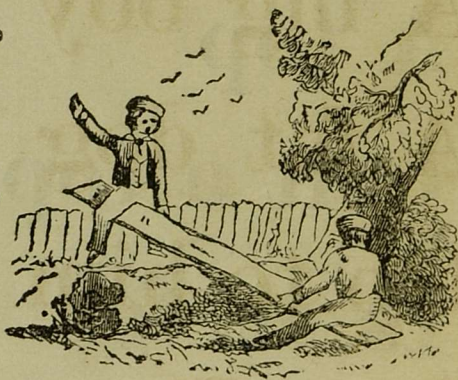


A nag
Can he run
For my boy



A boy can go on a nag

See the log
We sit on it
Let it be so

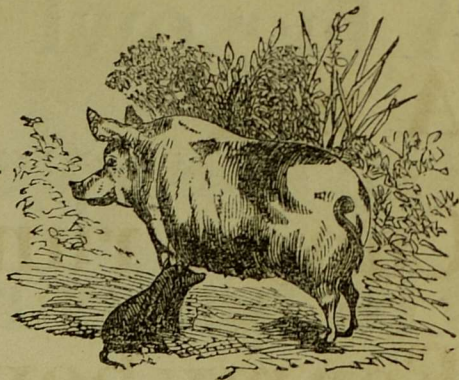


So we can not fall

Is it a sow

An old sow

A wee pig

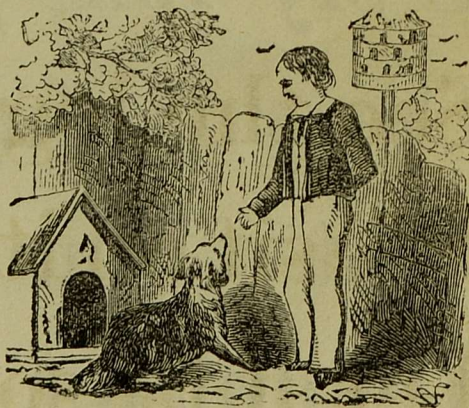


The pig is not so big

A big boy

A fat dog

Go to him

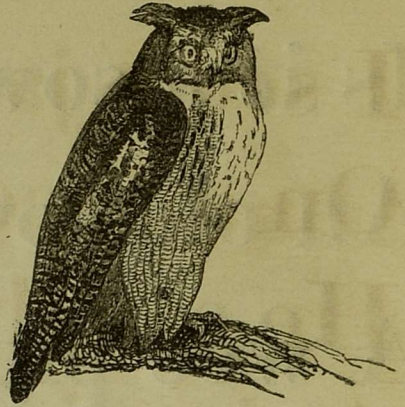


Jip, Jip, run to me

A big owl

He has eyes

He has ears



An owl has two eyes

A sly fox

Can run far

Got a hen



Do not let the sly fox
get to the hen.

I see a jay

On a tree

He can fly

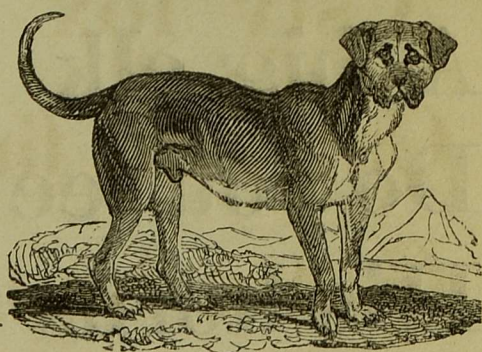


A jay is a gay bird

A big dog

He is Don

He can run

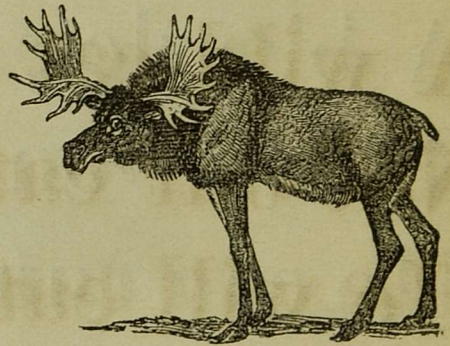


Don will bark if a
man run by him

An ape
Has a nut
He can eat
It is fun to see him



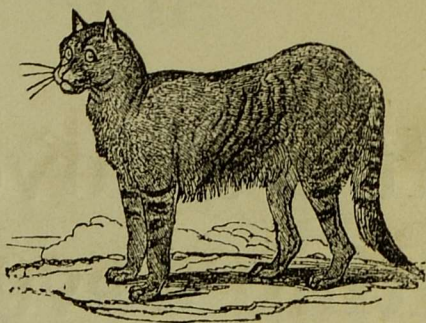
A big elk
Do you see
His horns
The horns of the elk
are of use to him



Is it a goat
With horns
Let me see
A goat can run far



A wild cat
Not our cat
He will eat birds
But wild cats do not
live in our land



A duck

In a pond



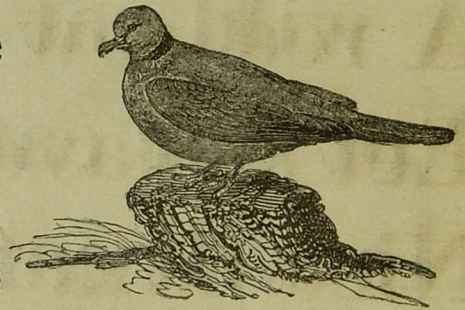
Ducks can swim well

You can not swim so

It is a dove

Ring dove

A big cage



A ring dove will live
in a big cage

My dog

He is a

Nice dog

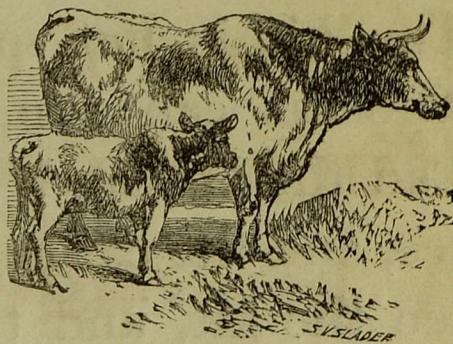


If I go out, Fan will
run by my side

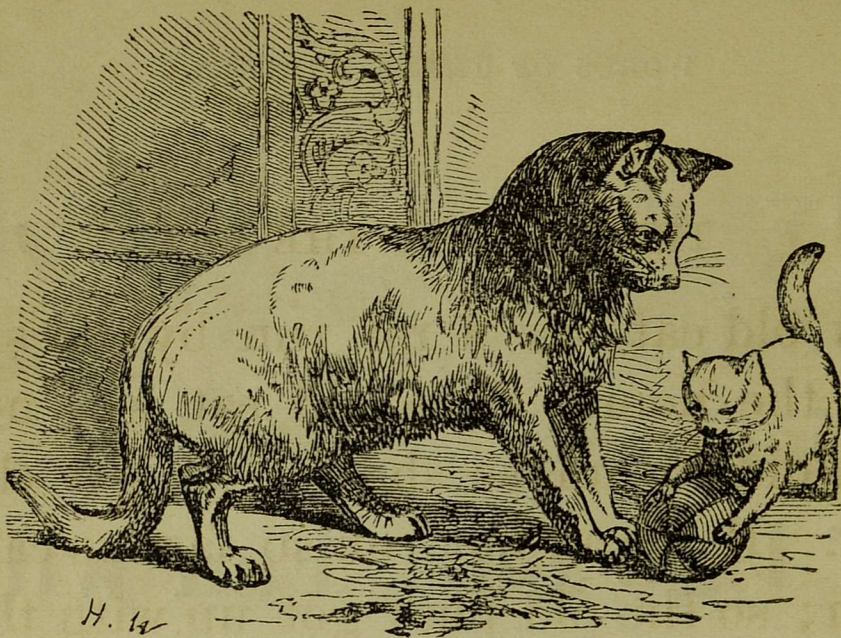
A red cow

Let us have

Nice milk



The milk of a cow is
of use to all of us



THE CAT AND KIT.

I CAN see a kit. I can see a cat.
The kit is not so big as the cat is.
The cat can run, the kit can run.
Can the kit see? Yes; the kit can
see, and the cat can see. The cat can
see the kit, and the kit can see the
cat, and the cat and the kit can see
us. Is the kit as old as the cat is?
No, the kit is not so old as the cat is.

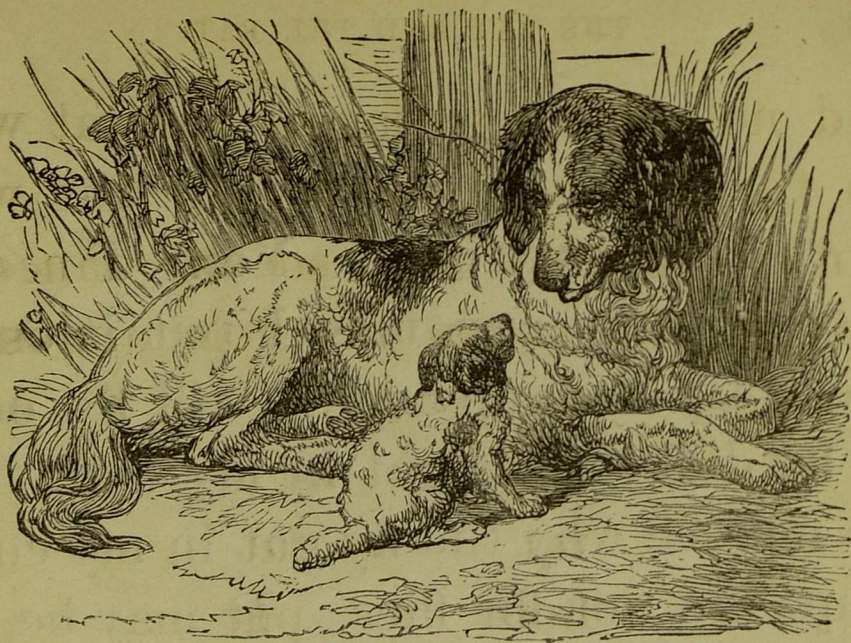
THE CAT AND THE RAT.

AN old cat saw a rat run by the sill of the door. The old cat was not too old to run, so she ran to get the rat. Rats can not run so fast as cats can; so the old puss got up with the rat, and put out her paw to get it, but the rat had got by his hole and ran in to it. The hole was as big as the rat, but it was not so big as the cat was! so as the old cat and the rat did get to the hole, the rat did pop in to it. The cat did try to pop in too; but she saw it was not so big as she was, and she sat by it and put her paw in it; but her paw

did not get in so far as the rat was in the hole. Puss saw the rat was not for her to get; so she ran off, and the rat sat in his hole and saw her go.

rat	sat
hole	put
saw	sat





DOG AND PUP.

I CAN see a pup. I can see a dog. Is the pup as big as the dog? No, the pup is not as big as the dog is. Can the pup run? Yes, it can run; but the pup can not run as well as the old dog can run. It is so fat, and it has legs not as big as the dog's legs are.

THE FLY.

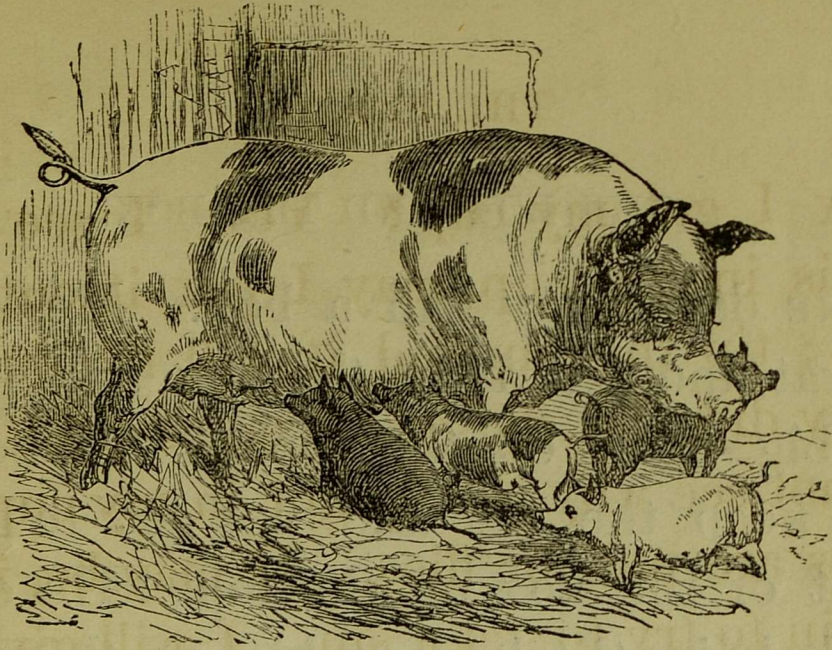
MAY I get my cup? Yes. I see a fly is in my cup, may I put it out? Yes; tip the cup and it will fly out. Why did the fly get in my cup? I do not see why the fly got in my cup. Cups are not for flies. It may be, it got in to try to get a sip. I will give it a sip by-and-bye, but not now. I am to get my sip now. Go, fly, go out in the air, and by-and-bye I will put my cup on the sill, and so the fly can get its sip. The air is full of flies. Flies are in the sun too.

flies

air

full

try



SOW AND PIGS.

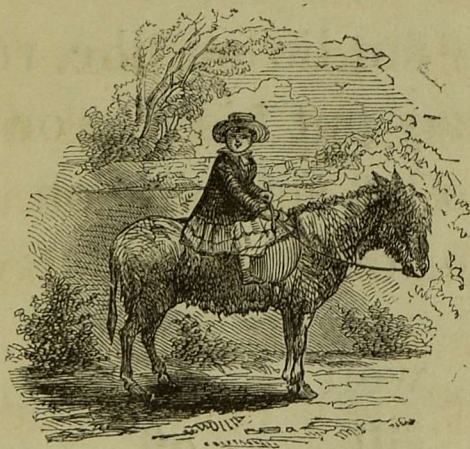
I CAN see a pig. I can see a sow. Has the pig ears? Yes, the pig has two ears. Has the old sow two ears? Yes, the old sow has two ears. Do not pull the sow by the ears, do not pull the pig's ears. If we pull the pig by the ear, the old sow will run to see if we are at her pigs.

THE BOY AND THE BOX.

ONE day a boy had a box. He got a rat and put it in the box, and put a big book on the top of the box, to keep the rat and not let it get out of the box on the top. He cut a hole in the box as big as the rat was; so he sat on the sod by the box, to see the rat try to get out of the hole in the box. The rat put his eyes and his ears out of the hole, to see if the boy or a cat was by. He did not see the boy, for he hid, so the rat did not see him, and he did not see a cat; so he put out his legs and ran, how he did run till

he got to his hole! and in to his hole he did go; and no boy nor cat did get him out of his hole, no puss saw him go to his hole.

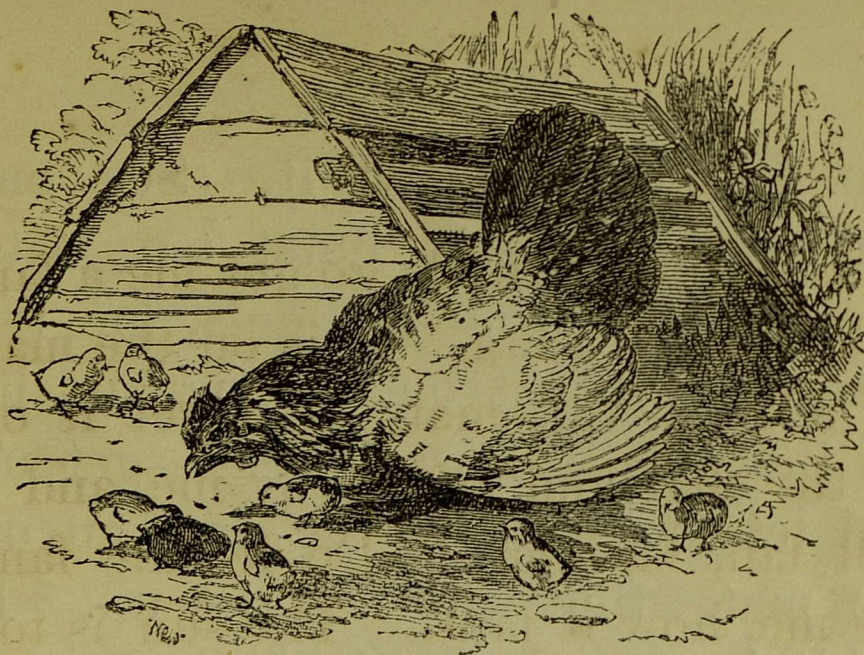
I can see a boy on an ass. He can ride well. Is it his ass? No, it is Sam's; but Sam will let him ride on it.



THE FAN.

It is so hot, Ann, do go get me a fan.
I do not see a fan. It is on the mat.
It fell on the mat. Go get it off
of the mat and put it by me, and I
will fan, fan, fan. Do let me fan;
see me, how it fans. The sun is too
hot, let us go in. Get my bag too,
and we will put the fan in the bag,
so it may not fall on the rug. If
we let the fan lie on the rug, a boy
or a dog may put his feet on it. It is
not well to let a fan lie on a rug, or
on a mat, or on a sill.

well	fell
sill	off

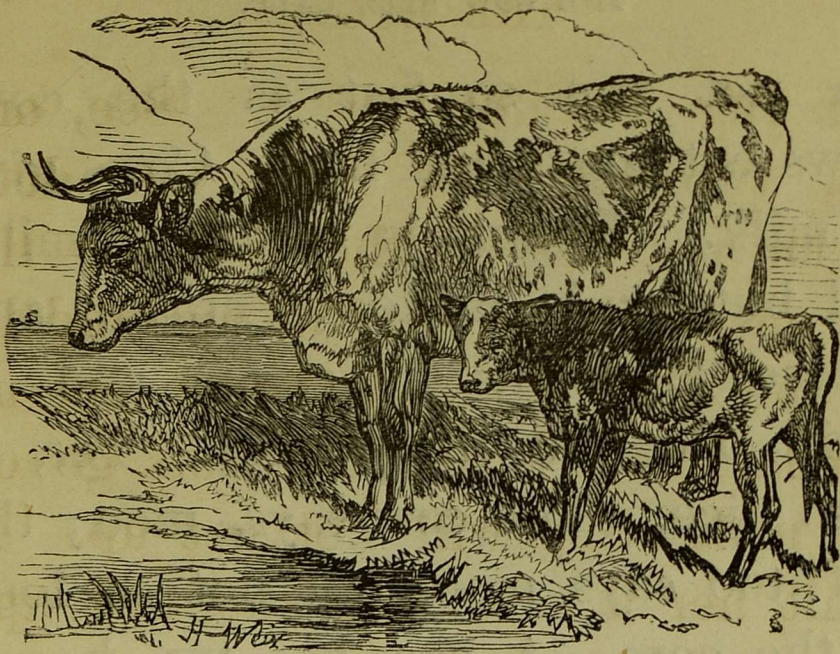


HEN AND CHICKS.

I CAN see a hen. I can see her chicks. A lot of wee chicks. See, how they eat up the corn. I can not see an egg. Hen, lay an egg for me; one for me, and one for Ann. Can you see the coop? The coop is for the hen to get in.

THE RUG.

THE rug has dots on it. See, one dot, two dots, six dots, ten dots. I can not see all the dots, for the old puss will get on the rug and lie on the dots. Puss! Puss! get up and let me see how the dots go on the mat. She will not get up. × If I hit her a rap, will she get up? Do not hit her; but get a ball and roll it on the rug. If she sees it with her eyes she will get up and run for it. Roll, roll, roll the ball! Now she sees it, up she gets! Let the ball roll far off, and let her go. Now I can see all the dots. The dots are red. Now we can see how the dots go. Put up the ball in my bag.

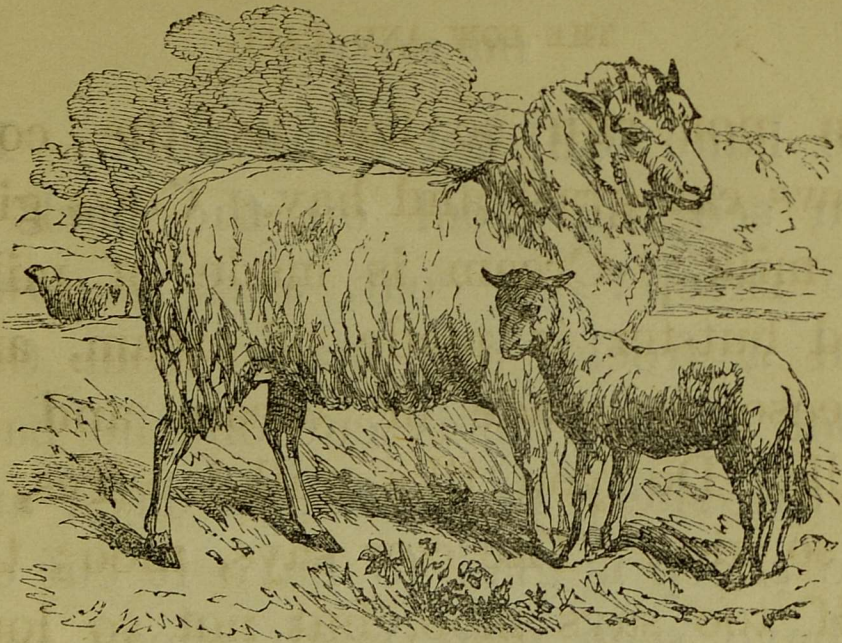


COW AND CALF.

I CAN see a cow and a calf. Is the calf so big as the cow? No, the calf is not so big as the cow. The cow has two eyes, and the calf has two eyes, but the eyes of the calf are not so big as the eyes of the cow. Can the cow run? Yes. Can the calf run? Yes; but the calf

can not run so fast as the cow. Cows eat grass and hay. Cows give us milk. Cream is made of milk, and but-ter is made of cream, and cheese is made of cream and of milk. Do you like milk? Yes, it is so nice. The cow says, moo; the calf too says moo, but not so loud as the cow. A cow has two horns, one tail, and four legs.

calf	grass
cream	but-ter
horn	tail

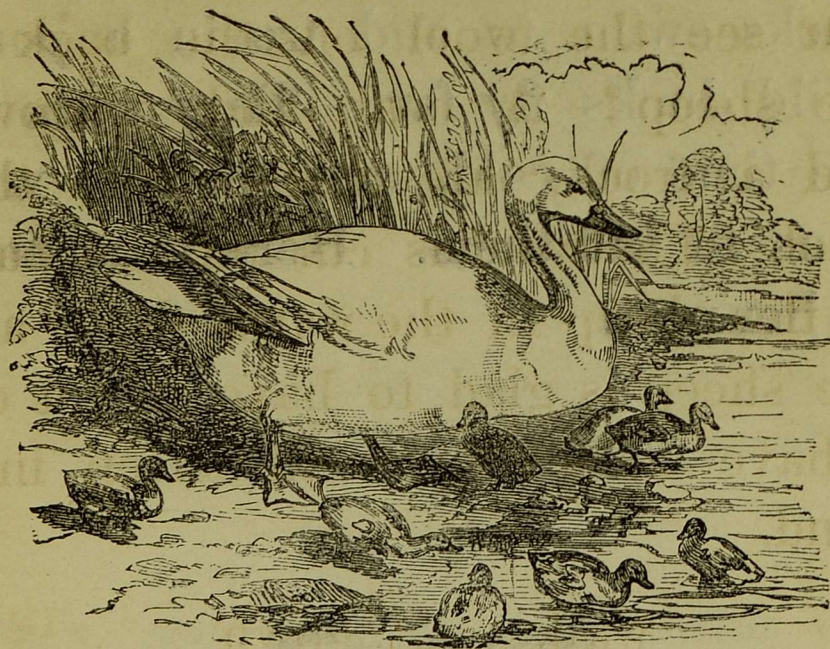


THE SHEEP.

COME, let us walk in the lane and see the lambs at play. The sun is out; it is warm, and the grass is not wet. Let us sit on the root of this old tree and rest. Now look at the lamb, see how it runs to the old sheep. The sheep says, ba-a, and the lamb says, ba-a, and now

the lamb will get some milk. Do you see the wool on the back of the sheep? A coat, and a gown, and a frock, are made from that wool. The wool is cut off the back of the sheep in the warm days, and the sheep is glad to have it cut off. I have seen men wash sheep in a pond.

walk	gown
sheep	warm
coat	wool
wash	lamb

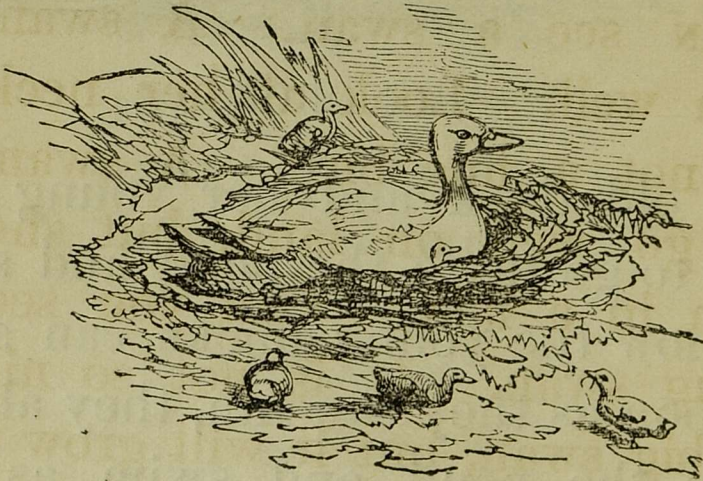


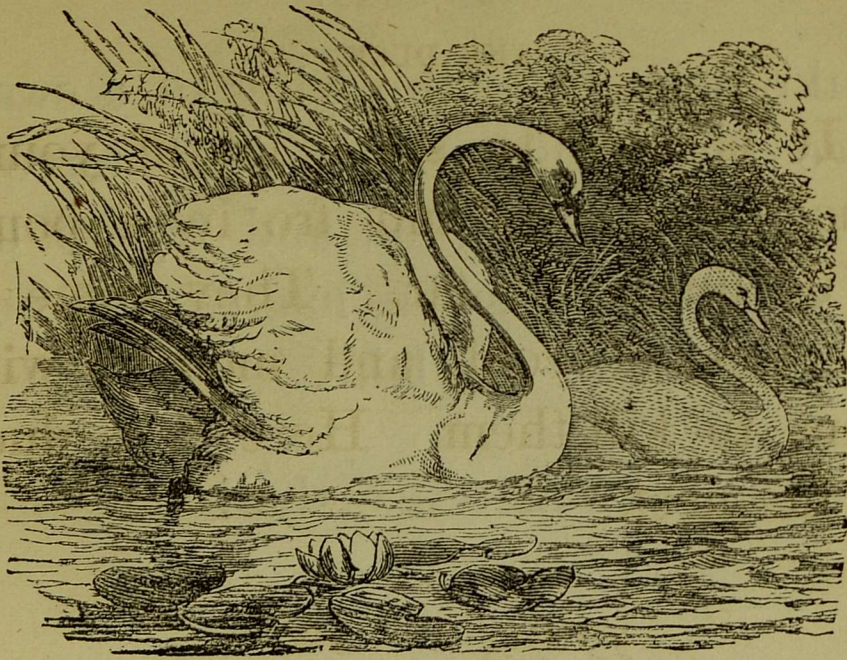
THE DUCK.

THE old duck and her young ones wish to go in to the pond and swim. See how the young ducks can swim. As soon as they can run, they all run in to the pond, and swim as well as the old ones.

It is nice to see a lot of young ducks swim to and fro in a pond. Wild ducks fly far. They come in the time of cold, and men go with guns to kill them. Here is a duck on her nest:

young swim





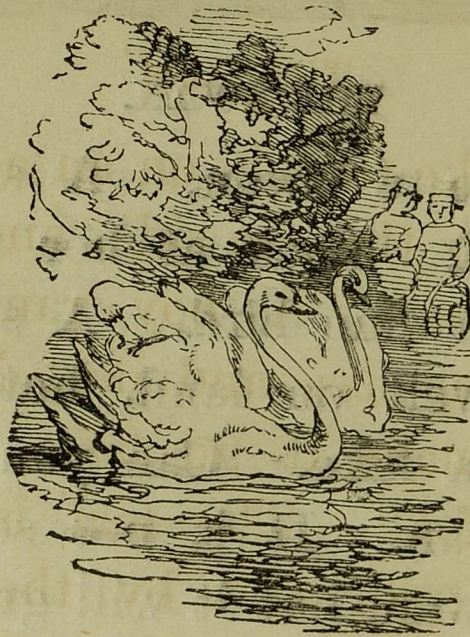
THE SWAN.

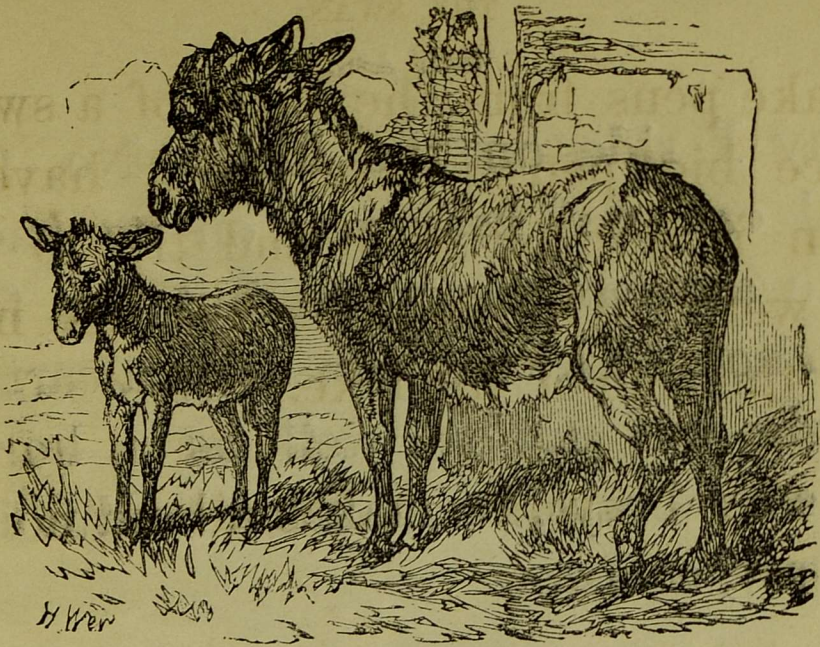
I CAN see a swan. A swan can swim well. Look at her neck; is she not a fine bird. A swan can not go well on land, but she can swim in a lake. Can you see the young swan. It is not so nice as the big swan, but it will grow up to be a fine big swan by and bye. We

make pens from the wing of a swan,
nice big pens. You shall have a
pen if you be good and try to use
it well. The swan makes her nest
by the side of the lake.

swan

shall



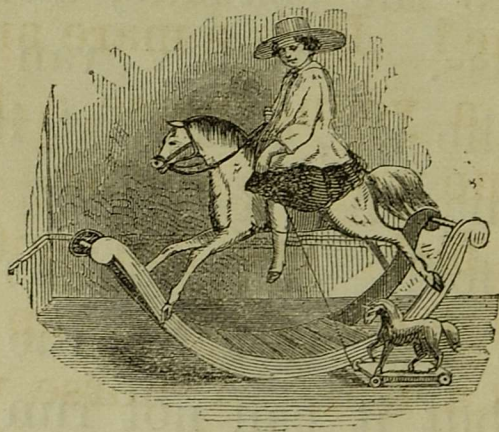


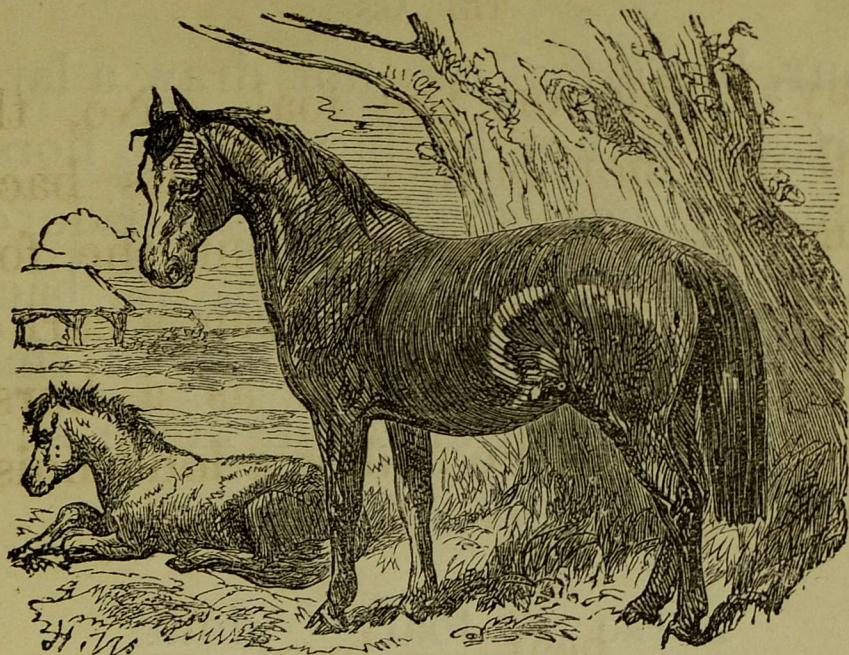
THE ASS.

Do you like to ride on an ass. Yes, we went to the sea side, and I rode on an ass. A boy ran by the side of the ass, and beat it with a stick to make it go fast. Do you see the foal. The foal is a young ass. It can trot by the side of the ass, but it can not run so fast.

May I ride on the foal. No, the foal can not bear you on its back. The ass can bear you but the foal can not. The ass can drag a cart or a gig, but not so well as a horse. The ass brays, he makes a loud noise, Ee-aw, ee-aw.

beat bray





THE HORSE.

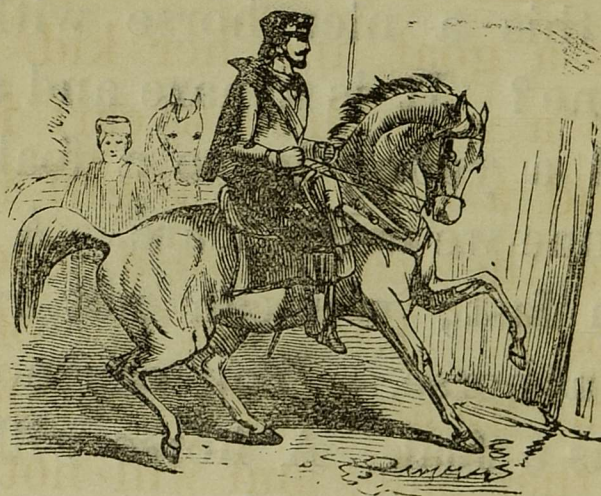
Is not this a nice horse with her young one? It is a mare and a foal. We call a young horse a foal, and the old one we call a mare. A horse can run fast; you can not run so fast as a horse. You can not run so fast as a foal. A horse will draw a large cart full of hay, or corn, or

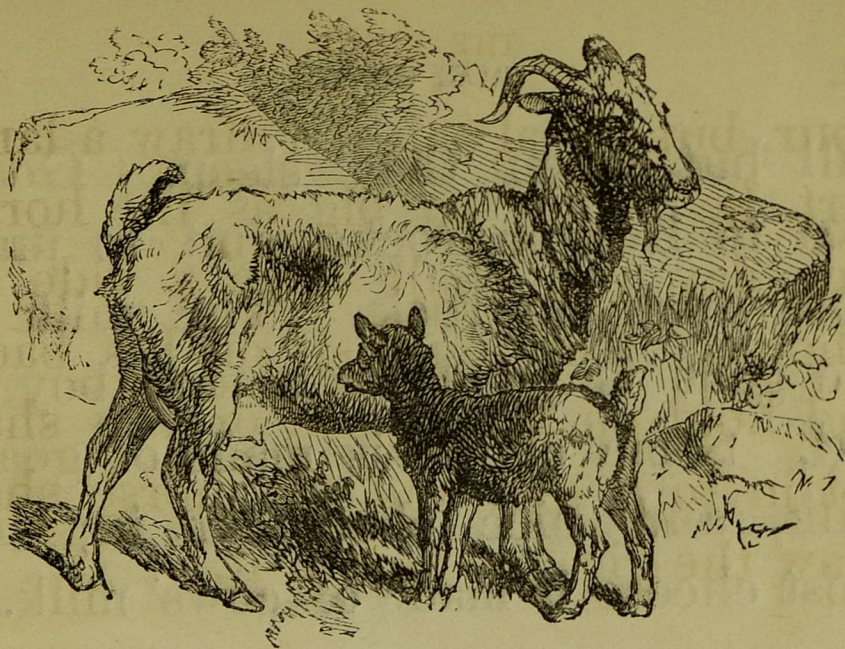
flour, but a foal can not draw a large cart, he is not so big as the horse. One day you shall have a ride on a horse. You must sit on his back, and hold on quite fast, or you shall get in to a gig, and the horse shall draw the gig and you in it.

horse

foal

flour





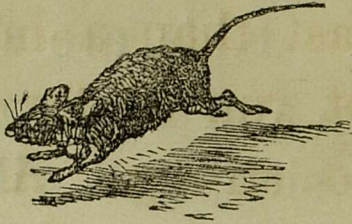
THE GOAT.

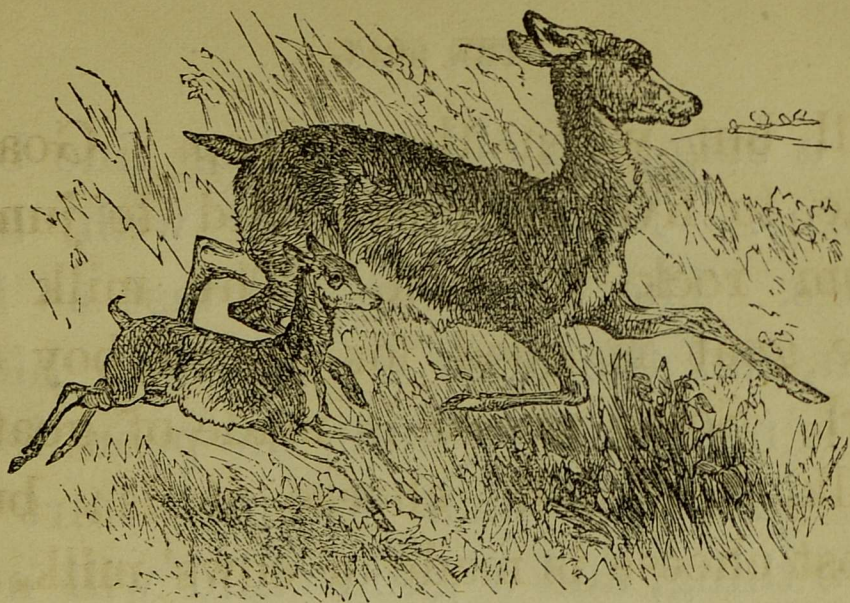
LET us take a walk in the park. There is a goat and her kid. You may see a goat draw a cart in the park, and a boy and a girl in the cart. So they can have a nice ride in the park. Kids are full of fun ; they jump up and frisk on this side and on that side, and will not keep

still but when they sleep. Goats like to live on rocks, and to jump from rock to rock. The milk of the goat is good for a sick boy or girl. Some cheese is made of goats' milk, and nice cheese it is; but most cheese is made of cows' milk.

Look, here is a mouse, see how he can jump. Run, mouse, run, or the cat will have you.

cheese draw sleep



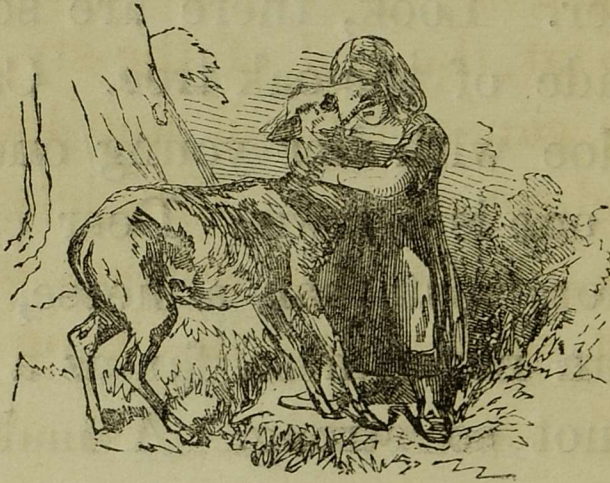


THE STAG.

LET us walk in the park and see the deer. Look, there are some in the shade of the oak tree. Can you see a doe with her young one? the young one is a fawn. Deer can run fast, more fast than a horse, but a deer can not run so far as a horse, he is not so strong. A male deer

is a stag; an old stag has fine big horns. Men hunt deer with big dogs. The deer runs as fast as he can, and the dogs try to catch him. It is not kind to hunt the poor deer so. A good man will not hurt a live thing, and a good child will not hurt a fly.

strong thing fawn

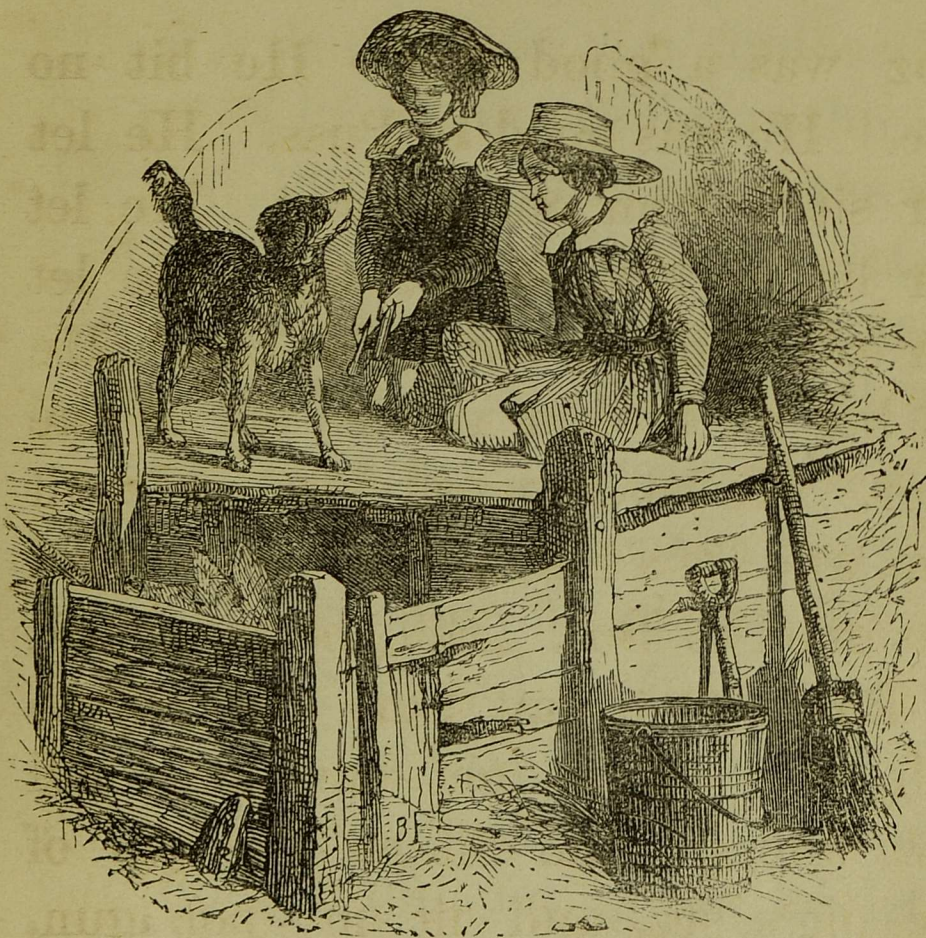


THE OLD PIG.

I PUT a pan full of sop for the old pig to day. I put the pan in his sty. Now, as I saw the pan, no sop was in it. The pig ate it all. I will go and put the pan full, as I did to day, and see if he will get it all. Call, pig, pig, pig, he is not in the sty ; yes, he lies on the hay, he sees the pan and gets up. I will set the tin pan up at the end of the sty, so the old pig can not tip it and let all of the good sop go out. If he lets the tin pan tip and his sop go out, his hay will get so wet he will lie on a wet bed.

ABOUT BOZ.

Boz was a good dog. He bit no one. He was good to Puss. He let her sit by him on the mat. He let her lie by him on the rug. He let her eat with him out of his cup. He let her sit by him on the sill of the door. He let Ann pat him, and pull him, and tie a ball on his ears. Sam was good to Boz. Bill too was good to Boz. One day, Sam did say to Bill, now let us get our hats, call Boz, and go and sit on the top of the pig's sty, and fit my pop gun, so it will go, pop, pop, pop. As Bill and Sam got up to get the hats off

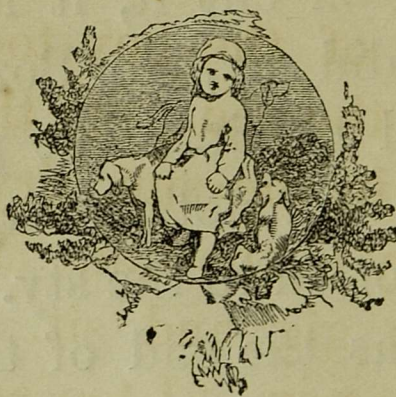


BOZ ON THE STY.

of the peg, up got the dog. His eye had been on the boys, as if to say, I will go with you, and as the boys ran, he too ran as far as the sty. Up got the boys on top of the sty, and up got Boz. The boys sat on the top of the sty. Boz too sat on the top of the sty. Sam did say, Now if I let my pop gun fall in to the pig's sty, will Boz go and get it? Boz did not say, but he did eye the gun. As Sam cut it, it fell by the pig. Sam did say, Go, Boz, yes, Boz may go and get it. The pig saw it fall, but he did not eat it, he let it lie. Boz got in to the sty. The pig ran as far as the end of the sty, so as to get out of the way of Boz.

But Boz did not get in the sty for the pig, he got in the sty for the pop gun. He bit it in his lips, got out of the sty, and up on the top of the sty, and put the gun in Sam's lap. Sam did pat his ears, and say, Good dog! how good he is to us! We will be as good to him.

sty pop gun



THE WET SOD.

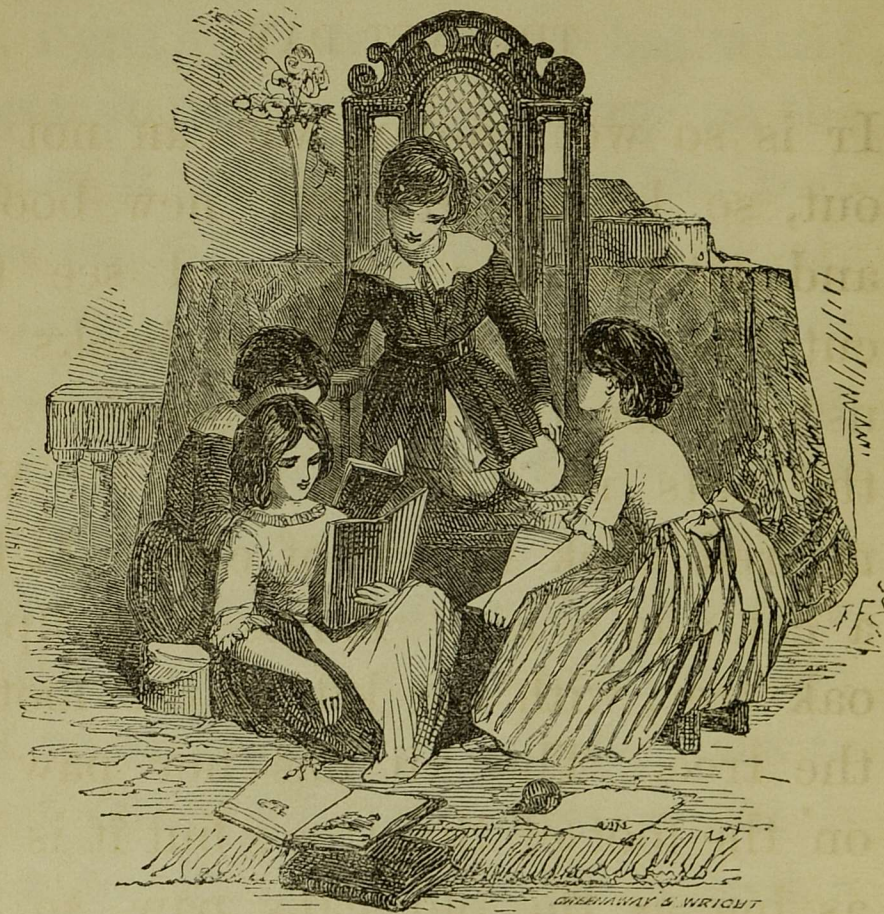
Do not sit on the wet sod, puss can sit on the wet sod. Boz too may sit on it. Puss has fur on her, and Boz has fur on him. The ants go on the wet sod, and the ox and the cow lie on it. But it will not do for you to sit or lie on it. Do not go in the mud. The mud will wet you. Go and sit on the box, for the box is dry. No, the dew is on the lid of the box too, and it is as wet as the sod. Is the new gig, I can see in the sun, dry? Yes, it has got dry in the sun. We can get up in the gig and sit. I am up. Pull me up now. I too am up.

THE PIN.

CAN I get a pin to pin my hat with? To pin it how? To pin it up on the peg, so it may not be on the bed. It is on the bed now, and our sly cat may get up on the bed and put her kits in it. May I not get a pin and fix it up on the peg? No, a box is to put a hat in. See the red box on the bed, get it off of the bed, now put the hat in it. See puss, see her look at it, see her put up her paw to get it out. Oh fie! puss, a hat is not a toy fit for a cat; get a ball, a ball is fit for puss.

pin

peg



THE WET DAY.

THE WET DAY.

IT is so wet to-day, we can not go out, so let us get our new books, and sit on the rug, and see the cuts. Are all the new books by us? I see the two red books. Are the cuts in the red books? Yes, my red book is full of cuts. It has a cat and a kit. It has a cat up an oak tree, with her kit at the foot of the tree. The kit has her paw up on the foot of the tree; but it is not as big as the old cat's paw, so she can not get up. It looks so in the cut. And my red book has a cut of an ape, and a hog, and a jay, and a

tom-tit. The tom-tit has put out his bill to get a fly. May I cut the jay and the tom-tit out of my book? Oh no, books are not to be cut. It will not do for a boy to cut his books, or to say, he will cut his books. Now put up the red book, and put all up.



LET US CUT OUT.

It is as wet as it was the day we did not go out, and had to look in our books. Let us do as well as we can. Let us cut out to-day. I will cut out a man and a boy—a boy who has an eel. My boy has a tin cup—the cup has a lid. And I will cut out a bat. I will lay all I cut on the top of the box. My man has but one arm; men do not have one arm; a man has two arms. Well, I will now cut out a man with two arms. Can I cut eyes in my man? Yes, two big eyes. See my man has two arms and two eyes. Has

he lips? No, but I will cut him two lips, and two feet. One foot is as big as his eye. It is good fun to see a man with his eyes as big as his feet. I see no ears, his eyes are so big. I see no room for ears. Now let me see how he looks. I will lay him on the box, and look at him from top to toe. Two eyes, as big as his feet. It will not do. And no ears—no ears will not do for a man. Two feet, one big one, one not so big. It will not do. Let me try for a good man, with two eyes not so big, two ears, two legs, with feet not as big as his eyes. Let me try.

eel

room

THE BUD.

It is not wet to-day; I see the sun. Let us go out and run, and see if we can get a bud. Let us go and look for a red bud. I do not see red buds. Oh yes, I see two red buds. As we see but two, let us get the hips and haws. Well, we will. Let us fill our tin box with hips and haws. We two will get hips and you two can get haws. So Sam and Bill got the hips, and put in a tin box, and Mary and Ann got haws and put into a bag. As they ran by the hill, Boz ran to meet Sam and Bill. As Mary and Ann saw him, Ann

did say to Mary, Do not let Boz see the bag, he had it on his ear, and he may put his paw on it now, to get us to tie it on his ears. But Boz saw the bag, and ran up to Mary, and got it with his lips, and all the haws fell out. Mary did not let Boz vex her; but she did pat him, and say, Oh fie! Boz, not to see the bag was full of haws! Boz was so full of glee to see Sam and Bill, and Mary and Ann, he did not look at the haws he did tip out, but got up on Bill and Sam with his feet, and put his lips up to Bill, and bit off his hat, and ran off full of joy and fun.

THE KIT AND THE TREE.

ONE day a kit put her paws on a tree, and ran up to the top of the tree. It was a big tree. She did not see how to get down. She sat on the top of the tree. As Bill and Sam did pass by the tree, Bill saw her go up the tree, and he did say to Sam, Is she not full of fun ? But lo ! her fun was not all joy to her. Yes, I see her, Sam did say ; but now she mews, she can not mew for joy now. Poor kit, she mews, mews, mews. I will call her, Puss, puss, puss, kit, kit, kit. But all kit did say, was, Mew ! mew ! mew ! so sad a mew, Bill was sad to see her

up at the tip top of the tree. Can I get her, if I go up the tree with a bag to put her in? Bill did say; I will run to the gig, and look in the box for a bag. I am a big boy, I can go up to the top of the tree, and put the kit in the bag, and so get her down.

So he ran to the gig. In the box of the gig was a bag. Bill took the bag, ran to the foot of the tree, kit saw him, and did call, Mew! mew! mew! She did not say, I do not see how to get off of the top of the tree; but she did cry, Mew! mew! mew! Bill did call to her, Kit, kit, do not be so sad, I am at the foot of the tree, with a bag, too. Be

full of joy, kit, up I go, up I go, one foot up, two feet up, see me. Yes, kit saw him, and she did purr. Bill took her, and put her in the bag, put the bag on his arm, and so got off of the tree. Sam took the bag, let kit get out, and off she ran, so full of joy, she did not mew in so sad a way. Bill put the bag in the box of the gig.

mew

look

tip

down

THE OLD MAN.

BILL did say to Sam, I see an old man with a hat on by the oak tree. He sits in the sun. The sun can not be too hot for him. Let us go and see him, and ask him if he sees the nuts up on the nut tree. No, though he has eyes, he is too old to see so far. Can he go up the tree? No, he is too old. Sam did say to Bill, let us go up the tree and get the poor old man ten nuts. Let us get his hat, and put the ten nuts in his hat. Bill did say, Oh yes, let us do it. So Sam and Bill did run to the old



THE OLD MAN.

man, and ask for his hat to put the nuts in. The old man put off his hat, and Bill put it on the top of his own hat, and ran to the foot of the tree. Bill got up in to the tree, and Sam sat at the foot of the tree, and put the old man's hat up as far as his arms did go, to get the nuts as Bill let the nuts fall. If the nuts fell on the sod, Sam got the nuts to put into the old man's hat. Pop, pop, fell the nuts, one nut, two nuts, six nuts, ten nuts, the old man's hat was full. So Bill got off of the tree, and the two boys took the hat full of nuts to the old man, and put it by him as he sat in the sun. As he saw the hat full,

Good boys, he did say to Sam and Bill, "to go up the tree for me, a poor old man, who can not go now. The days I was a boy as you are, I got up trees as you can now; but my days to go up trees and get nuts are gone by. You see, I sit in the sun. I am so old, the sun is good to me. If you will go with me to my cot, on the way to the mill, I will get for you a man I cut out of wood. As I sit I can cut men and boys out of wood. I can cut dogs, and hens, and cows.

cot

wood

gone



THE COT.

THE COT.

THE two boys set off on a run for the old man's cot. But he did call, Boys, boys, do not go so; I can not run as you do. So the boys ran to the old man. Bill put his arm in the old man's arm, and Sam put his arm in Bill's arm. So the old man and Sam and Bill took the way to the cot. The cot was on the way to the mill, a bit of a cot, with an elm tree and an ash tree by it; the cot was not so big as the trees. On the roof of the cot was moss, for it was an old, old cot. The

old man was not so old as his cot, and the cot was not so old as the trees. The old man had but one son, to be with him and do for him. The son got food and wood for the old man. He fed the old man's cow, and hens, and pigs. The old man sat by, to see the cow and hens and pigs eat the food. The son got up in the hay-loft to get the eggs, for the old man was too old to do so.

As all got to the cot, the old man did say to Sam and Bill, Now, boys, let me be as good to you as you are to me. Sit by me, and I will tell you. See the red box, get it for me. Sam got the

box. I put two men I cut out of wood in the box. The men are wood toys, hats are on the men. The box is for you. It has a lid. And the two men are for you. One of the men is for Sam, and one of the men is for Bill. Old as I am, I can cut toys, and it is joy to me for you to get the toys, and it is joy to me to meet with good boys as you are.

Sam and Bill had joy too.

roof

meet

moss

loft

wood

good

THE HOT DAY.

ONE hot day Mary did say to her mamma, It is so hot to-day, do let me call Ann, and go up the hill and get the cool air. Her mamma did tell her to go. Mary put on her hat, and Ann put her fan in her bag. Boz sat on the mat; and Ann saw him look at her hat, and the bag and the fan, as if to say, I will go too. Ann did say to Mary, If we let him go with us, he will be full of joy. Mary did say to Ann, Oh yes, poor Boz! we will let him go. So Mary and Ann and Boz ran up the hill. On the top of the



THE HOT DAY.

hill was a log. Mary and Ann sat on the log, and Boz sat on the moss. Ann did say to Mary, Look at the sea, and see the bay, and see the gulls, how the gulls fly in and out of the bay. I see one gull, oh, I see two gulls, I see six, now I can see ten gulls, all in a row. Ann put the bag and the fan on the moss; and Boz put one paw on the bag, and one paw on the fan. Oh fie, Boz, Ann did say, bags and fans are not for dogs to put paws on. But Boz did look up in Ann's eyes, as if to say, Do I not put my paws on, so no one can get the fan and the bag? As the sun set, Ann did say to Mary, Now the sun has set,

we will go, mamma will be sad, if she can not see us, now the sun has set. So Ann put the fan in the bag, and did tie the bag on the dog's big ear, and all ran, and ran, and got the cool air. Mamma was at the door to pat Boz, and say, Good dog, to let Mary and Ann tie the bag on his ear, and you are good to let me see you, now it is sun-set. Now you can eat, and Boz too; get his cup, Ann. Ann got his cup. Boz eat and eat, and put out his paws to lie on the mat.

THE COW.

Is it our old red cow I see? Has she a bell on her, a cow bell? Yes, she has a big bell on her. It is our own old red cow. I feed her all day, in the week. She is on her way, and she lows for me. She looks to see if I go to get her hay, poor cow! shall I get the hay for her? It is in the hay-loft. She will low for me till she sees me with the hay. Old cow! see my big arm full of hay. She can eat hay all day. If I get her two arms full, she will eat it all up. See her eat, eat, eat. She eats as she lies. If she sees me

far off, and I say, Co, co, co, co, she will run to me to see if I can get her hay. Is she a good cow, or will she toss you? She is a good cow, she will not toss any one. I saw her look at a boy who had a red cap on, as she was by the mill; but she did not toss him. I saw her look at him with her big eyes, but she let him go by her. If she did look at him to see if he was I, with my arms full of hay for her, she saw he was not I, and so she let him pass by her.

week

toss

for off and I say to her, oh, she
will run to me to see if I can get
her bag. I see a good coat, or
with the bag, and I say to her, oh, good
bag, she will not run away from me.
I saw her look at a bag, and I said
red top on the bag, and she said, I saw
but she did not say, I saw. I saw
her look at the bag, and she said, I saw
but she did not say, I saw. I saw
she did look at the bag, and she said, I saw
was it with the bag, and she said, I saw
for her, and she said, I saw. I saw
as she did not say, I saw. I saw



THE HAY-LOFT.

THE LOFT.

LET us go to the loft and see if the hen has put an egg in the hay. Did she go in the loft? Yes, I saw her go up to the loft, and get into the hay, and put her two feet far into the hay, and pull, pull, pull the hay, as if to put an egg in the hay. Let us go and look. Do not pull the hay so as to let the egg fall. Do not let her see us pull the hay; for if she sees us get at her one egg, she will run off and not put two eggs in the hay. Ha! ha! I see an egg! hi! ho! but do not get the one egg. Let

it be to-day, and if she sees it as she put it, she will put two eggs in the hay ; and by-and-bye we will peep in, and if we see two eggs, one will do for us, and one we will let be in the hay-loft for her ; so we will get one day by day, and the old hen will not miss the one we get, if she can see one in the hay, but she must not see us go in and out too soon, or she will run off to the old man's cot, or to the dell. If all our hens put eggs in the hay, we will get lots of eggs. We will feed the hens well, for hens do not lay eggs if no one feeds them.



THE TWO EGGS.

THE TWO EGGS.

IT was of no use to go and look for two eggs the day our hen put one egg in the hay-loft; but it will be of use for us to go to-day, and see if she has now got two eggs for us. I see the hen, I saw her go out of the loft, and fly up on the wall. See her bill, how it did go, cut, cut, cut, cut, dar, cut, as if to say, See my egg, see my egg. Now she is up on the wall she can not see us go to the loft. Let us peep in and see if she has two eggs. Yes, I see two eggs.

Now get one egg, and let one be in the hay.

Now let us go to mamma, and let her see the egg. She puts all the eggs she gets in a tin box. She puts all the new eggs we get her in the tin box, and all the old eggs she has put in a wood box. She has the new eggs put in the box with the big end up, so the eggs may keep.

Let us look in the big box and see if it is full. The wood box is the big one. Yes, she has a box full of old eggs. Now we will peep in to the tin box and see if it is full. No, it is not full. See, I put the new egg in the tin box. We

will go day by day, and get the new eggs out of the hay-loft, and so we will fill, up to the top, the tin box full of good new eggs.



THE CAT AND KITS.

THE cat is on my bed. Go, put her off. I can not let the cats get on our beds. A bed is not fit for cats or kits. Oh, see! Oh, see! The cat is on the bed with six kits. Are the kits too up on it? Yes, all her six kits. How can we do? Put her off. Will she not be sad, and mew? If I put the kits off and not the cat, the old cat will mew, if I put the old cat off and not the kits, the cat will mew. We will get a box, go to the loft, and fill the box full of hay. Do not fill

the box too full. If it is too full, the cat and kits can not lie in it. The bits of kits may fall out. How did the old puss put the kits up on the bed? She bit the neck of one of the kits, and got up with it, she bit all of the kits by the neck, one by one, till she had put all the six kits on the bed. And now they are all up on the bed, see how full of joy she is! The bed feels so nice to her. Purr, purr, how she purrs! The kits are as full of fun as the old cat is full of joy; see, one kit puts its paws on the ears of the cat, see, it bit the cat's ear. It bit so, old puss did mew. As the old cat bit the kits, one by

one, to get up on the bed, did the kits mew? Oh no; it is the way for old cats to do with the bits of kits. Ann has the box now, with the new-cut hay. See the box, puss! It is a fit bed for thee and thy kits; my bed is not for thy use, nor for the use of thy six kits. Now we will put you in, one by one, and not let you fall. I can not get the kits up as the puss gets the kits up. Do not mew, the box and the new-cut hay is a bed so fit for you; do lie on it, and be good kits; now, puss, in with thee, and lie by thy kits, so the kits may not mew for thee.

KIT IN THE MUD.

ARE all the kits in the box to-day? Let me see; one, two; no, one of the six kits is not in the box; the kits are so big now. Out one gets, out two get; off one runs, off two run. Puss did not put the kits out, for she is sad to see the kits get out of the box and run so far. Kit saw the old cat go, so she ran to go with her. Did puss go out of the door? Yes; and if kit ran out of the door, we will go to look for her. If Ann will go by the pig's sty, I will go look in the hay. As she is but a

bit of a kit, if she is in the hay, we may not see her. If Boz is on the hay, and puts his foot on her, she will mew. Boz is good to the kits as well as to the old cat, but he may not see her if she is by his foot. She is not by the door, nor do I see her in the new-cut hay; call her, kit! kit! kit! I do not see her, though I see old puss up on the wall. Puss, do mew and call thy kit to thee! She may run too far. She may get in the well. Let us look for her in the well. The well is so deep, if the kit is in it, we may not get her out. Puss, do heed us! old puss sits and pays no heed to us. Hey

day! I see the kit in the mud, all in the mud, bad, bad is mud for her; her feet are all in the mud. Let us get her, and go to the rill and try to get the mud off her feet. With a rag, I may rub the mud off of her feet. Will she mew if I put her in? Yes, but we will put her in. Poor kit, do not mew so! We will do thee good. Now dip her paws in the rill. Put up one paw, put out two paws. Now the mud is off. Now run to old puss, and tell her all we did to thee. We did to thee as the puss can not do.

mud
well

heed
deep

THE RILL.

IT is so hot, and I am so dry, let us get our hats and go to the rill. We will get two cups to dip in to the rill. If we let Boz go he will be full of glee; and if we do not let him go with us, he will sit on the sill and look for us, and cry till he sees us. Poor Boz; we will let thee go. Mary and Ann and Boz ran to the rill with two cups. Ann did say, See the cow is in the rill; her feet and legs are in the rill. Her feet are so hot, she puts her feet and legs in the rill to cool.



THE RILL.

Will she run out of the rill, if she sees us? No, she sees we do not try to get her out; she sees we are good to her. I see room for her, and room for us, and room for our cups too. She sees Boz is good to her, and he will not run at her. A dog bit her legs, but it was not Boz. Now let us put our cups in. I am not dry now; how good and cool the rill is! Dip! dip! I will dip up a cup full for Boz. Will Boz get a sip? Yes; how dry he was. He looks at us as if to say, it is so good to me! The cow's lips are so big, the cup will not do for her. She can put her lips in to the rill and get all she has need

of. And she is so big, she has need of ten cups full ; yes, and to the ten cups full, we may add ten, and ten, and ten. The old cow has need of a tub full.

Do not get into the mud. She puts her feet in the mud, for she can not get at the rill, if she has not her feet in it. We can be on the logs, and not put ours in the mud. Her feet are too big for the logs. Let us go, and let old moo cow be in the rill all day, till the sun is not hot. We will see her by-and-bye go to the new-cut hay, and eat, eat, and lie and eat. She can lie and eat all day, if the sun is not too hot for her. If it is too

hot, she will go and get in the rill.
She can not tell us how she feels ;
but we can see if she is hot, she
runs to the rill, and if she is cool,
she lies by the hay, or by the wall.

rill
mud
feel



THE MOSS.

Do see the moss ! The moss has hoods.
Try to see the hoods ! Are the
hoods big ? No ; I see the moss is
full of red hoods, bits of hoods.
Let us get the moss and see if it
will do for beds to lie on. As I
put my foot on it, it feels as a bed
feels ; see how I put my moss up !
up ! up ! Now it is a good bed.
Let us lie and look up to the sky.
I can see the moon ; not all of the
moon. And I can see the sun,
too. The rays of the sun get in
my eyes, and are too hot for me.
The sky looks far, far off. Is the

moon as far off as the sun? No. The moon looks as far off as the sun. But it is not so. The moon has no rays to get in my eyes. But I can not fix my eyes on the sun. Its rays are so hot. Now let us go; the sun will dry our moss beds; and if the hoods on top of the moss dry red, our beds will be with rows of red dots; and by-and-bye we will get Boz, and lie on the red moss beds till the sun sets. Boz will see how good a bed it is, and he will run to get up on it. I will put bits of moss in my bag to put on the lid of my box. The box will look red and gay. I will put it on the lid, and

on the ends of the box; will it
not be gay? Do not get in the
bog as we go. It will wet our feet.

moss

hoods

rays

moon



THE DELL.

ANN did say to Mary, let us go to the dell. If the dew is not on the buds in the dell, we can get red buds and put in our hats. If the buds are so wet, we can not fix the buds in our hats. We will sit on the log till the rays of the sun can dry up the dew. So Ann and Mary ran to the dell, and saw the dell and all the buds in the dell so wet. Mary sat on the log, and did look at the ants on the moss, and Ann ran in and out the dell, till the dell was dry. Mary had her bag on her arm to put her buds in, and Ann took a cup to put her buds in.

So in she and Mary ran; Boz ran in too. Boz saw Mary and Ann get buds; he put up his paw to try to get one, but his paw did not get the bud off; so he put up his lip and bit one off,—but it fell on the sod, for he had no bag or cup to put it in; and he had no wit to see how to do with it as he bit it off, though he had eyes to see how Ann and Mary did. Ann did pat and say to him, I will put the bud he let fall on the sod in my cup, with a bag full of moss and buds, and a cup full too. Mary and Ann, with Boz, ran out of the dell as the sun set by the hills. Boz led the way. As Ann and

Mary got to the sill of the door, a hen sat on the sill; a pet hen. She was Ann's pet hen. Boz was so full of fun, he ran at the hen. The hen did fly, and run, and run, and fly, to get far off out of the way of Boz. Boz ran too, to get at the hen; but Ann did call, Oh, fie, Boz! Boz! Boz! Boz! He ran to Ann with a shy look. Ann did say, Well may Boz look shy, bad dog, to run at my pet hen. Let us put him in the hay-loft, he was so bad. Go in, Boz, and be in the loft till you can be good to the hens.

shy

pet

THE LOG.

By the old oak tree was a log of an elm tree. The elm tree was cut into logs by a man. The log of an elm tree lay on two logs of oak. Sam did say to Bill one day, Let us go and get on the log by the old oak tree. I will get on one end of it, and Bill can get on one end of it; so we will sit. I will let my end go up, and Bill can let his end lie on the oak log. The boys did so, and as the end Sam was on did go up, he did say, Now I go up! up! up! and as the end Bill sat on did go up, he did

say, Now I go up! up! up! Boz saw how the boys did, but it was not good fun to him, for he had to sit by and look; he had not wit to do as the boys did. See Boz, Sam did say, he can not keep from a cry; he is so sad to see us do as he can not do. Let us try to put him on the log too. But Boz was too big, and it did not seem good to him to be on the log in the way the boys got on. As he was not a boy, it was not fit for him to do as boys did. The boys did not keep Boz on the log. He ran off for Mary and Ann.

elm

ash

NOT WELL.

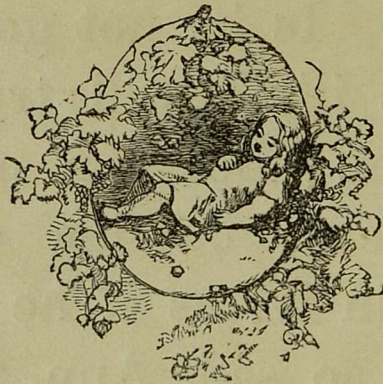
ANN did say, I am not well to-day. I can not go to the mill, nor to the dell; nor to the hill; nor to the tree; but I am not sad. I can lie on my bed, and see puss and her kits in the box. I can look in my books, and see all the cuts. If I cannot go to the hill, I can lie on my bed and look out upon the hill. I can lie and look at the sea. I can see the gulls. I can see the trees. I can see the cows, and the hens; and I see my good dog Boz lies on the rug by my bed, and looks up to me as if to



ANN NOT WELL.

say, "I will be by thee, Ann." Is it not good in him not to run far off, but to lie by my bed. He sees I am ill, and can not go. Well Boz! By-and-bye, if I am well, Boz shall go out with me. I do not see how Boz, who runs in and out all day, can lie so still on the rug, and look at me. Is he not good to me? If Boz gets ill, I will try to be as good to him. Boz can not tell me how he feels; but his eye has a good look in it; as if he did say to me, "I am so sad, Ann, to see thee ill, I can not go out to-day. I will lie till I see thee get up." Boz can not look at books as I can. The cuts in the books do not seem to

him as they do to me; but all he seems to ask of us is to let him lie on the rug. We will let him do so.





SIT AND SEW.

SIT AND SEW.

SEE the fog! We will not run out in the fog to-day, so let us sit and sew. Ann has no bag now, for she let it fall in to the rill; and it got so wet, it is not fit for her use. I will sit and sew her a bag, so she will not feel her loss. Get me a pin to pin it. I will not sew the top till I sew it up; till I sew all the ends up. I will hem the top. The bag Ann let fall in to the rill will do for a rag-bag, a bag to put rags in. I will put it up on the peg; and all the rags I cut off of the bag I now fix for Ann, I will put in it.

Ann will see the new bag, and not the old wet one ! and she will say, I do not see my bag ! my bag was a wet one. It had been in the rill, and the dye was out of it. It had a bad look. The dots of dye on it did not look well. It may be Mary did spy my poor bag, all in dots, and sewed me a new one. If she did, I shall be full of joy. I will ask her. If she asks me, I can say, yes ; and I shall be full of joy as well as she. If she sees it, and I am not by to tell her I did it, no one else can tell her, for no one has seen me sew it. No one was by, as I sat by the door to see how to do it, Now let me hem it. It is fit

for her use now. It will be joy to me to see her with a new bag, with no dots of dye on it, and not with the old wet one she had let fall in the rill. Her bag did not fall in the rill by the old red cow's foot; it fell and did lie on the top of the rill; so we got it out. If the cow's foot had been on it, how had we got it out of the mud? I see Ann by the door; now I will go out, so she will not see it was I who put the bag on the bed, and no one has seen me do it. My box is put up. All the pins too. I do not see rags or bits on the rug. All are put by.

BOZ IN THE BOG.

ONE day Bill ran in the door to say, Oh, sad to tell, Boz is in the bog! As I was by the mill, I saw him; but as I am not big, I can not get him out. I ran in to the mill, to ask the man at the mill to get him out, but he was not in the mill. The boy was in the mill, but he is not so big as I. How can we get poor Boz out? His legs are so deep in the bog! It may be the man is in the mill now. I will run and see. As Bill ran off, Ann did say, I will get my gums* and put on my feet, and run too.

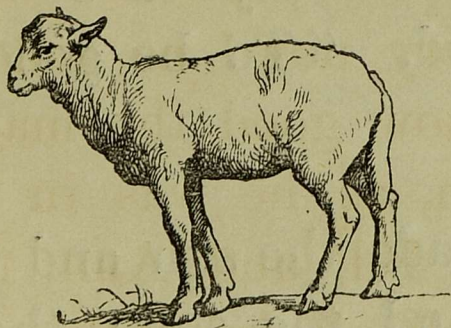
* India-rubber shoes.

Even if I can not pull Boz out, I will go to see if the man can do it. Even if the bog is full of mud, if my gums are on my feet, I can go to Boz, as he came to me the day I was ill. So Ann ran to the bog and saw the man of the mill by Boz, with his feet deep in the mud. Poor Boz did look up to the man, and Bill, and Ann, with wet eye-lids, and cry! cry! cry! as if to say, I am in woe, and sad is it for me now, with no one to get me out. The man got a bit of wood and put by Boz. Now, Boz, he did say, put up one foot; now up with two feet. Boz had wit to see the way to get out of the bog

was to put his poor feet, all in mud, on the bit of wood. So he did as the man did say; he got one foot on the wood, and two feet, and so all his feet; and so he was all out. Joy! joy! Ann did say, Boz is out! Boz is out of the bog! but oh sad! are not his feet bad! and his paws so full of mud! Let us put him in the rill. He can not go with us as he is. But how full of joy he is! How he hops up to the man, and puts his lips up to him! no cry now! no wet eye-lids! He sees how good the man was to go to him, as he was in so sad a way; and Bill and Ann, too! He can not tell all he feels. Now let

him get a dip. Has he wit to see why we put him in the rill? Yes, see, he lets the man put him in. Now dry him with the rag. Boz is dry now; let us go, and keep out of the bog now, Boz. It is not fit for dogs, or hogs, or cows, or boys, or men.

gums



THE GOOD GOD MADE ALL THINGS.

God made the sun,
God made the sky,
God made the sea,
God made the moon,
God made the stars,
God made man.
God made us all,

God is good; he is good to us,
and we must try to be good, and
to do good. "To be good is to be
happy."

God made the sun and the moon,
the sky and the stars, the sea and

man, and all things else, in six days. At the end of the six days, he had a day of rest. God tells us in the Bible we must do all our work in six days of the week, so as to have a day of rest. All God tells us is good; and we must try to do as he tells us.

If we rest on one day of the week, we can do more work on the six days.

made
stars
work

happy
Bi-ble
week

SUNSET.

No mist on the hill-top,
No dew on the lea,
Go look at the sun-set,
With Anna and me.

With Boz to run by us,
How happy are we!
In joy we will hie us,
The sun-set to see.

We can loll on our moss-beds,
Or sit by the rill,
We can see the gay sunset,
A-top of the hill.

THESE

Not mist on the hill-top

No dew on the leaf

No look at the sunset

With Anna and me

With Bob to join us

How happy are we

In joy we old the sea

The sun set in a

It goes fall on our moss-bed

Or sit by the will

We can see the gay sunset

A top of the hill



ANN, AND MARY, AND BOZ.

ABOUT BOZ.

Boz is now a large dog. His ears and back and feet and tail are all black. He has a round white spot on his head, and the ends of his paws are white. But he runs in the wet and mud, and makes them look black. His ears hang down to his neck, and they are so soft, Ann and Mary like to feel of them.

When Ann and Mary come from school, he runs to them, jumps up on them, wags his tail, licks their hands, and does all he can to tell them how glad he is to see them.

When Boz was a pup, Billy and

Sammy made a dog-house for him to sleep in, and to lie in when he did not like the rain. The house stood in the door-yard. When the moon shone bright, and the wind blew the trees, so that the leaves made a noise, Boz would lie in his house and bark,—bark ! bark ! bark !---boo ! boo ! boo !

He would bark more when the wind blew hard, than he did when it was calm. As the wind made the trees move to and fro, and he had a peep at the round full moon, it seemed as though he said, “What is that great light up in the sky for?”

One night, he barked a whole hour, till Sammy said, “I must go out and pat that dog, and see if I can-not stop

him." Sammy put on his hat, went close up to him, and asked, "What is all this fuss for, Boz?" Boz looked at Sammy, wagged his tail, but still kept up his loud bow! wow! bow! wow! with his eyes turned up to the moon, and his ears held up, as though he thought the wind spoke to him.

Sammy put his hand on his head, stroked his back, and tried to soothe him, and make him still, but it was all in vain—bark, he would.

"Well," Sammy said, "he barks as though he thought the wind, and the moon, and the trees spoke to him, and he barks as if he meant to speak to them, I cannot have my ears stunned by him, I will take my leave

of such a bow-wow. Give me a paw, Boz."

He would some times put up his paw, when a hand was held out to take it, but he chose not, this time. "What, no paw, Boz! Well! well! his throat must ache! Tears, hey? I see two tears, one in each eye! He strains so hard he has made the tears come in his eyes. I have heard that folks can laugh till they cry, but I did not know that dogs would bark till they cry."

"I will have a shake though, to pay me for this call." Sammy had to lift up his paw, for Boz did not see fit to move it. He had no eye, nor ear, nor paw for Sammy; all he seemed to

want, was to be left to his friends, the moon, and the wind, and the trees.

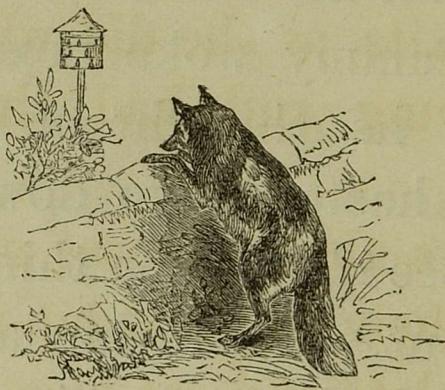
Sammy went back to the house, hung up his hat, and thought he would go to bed. But of what use would it be to go to bed, if Boz made such a noise all the night?

But he was so tired, he threw himself down, and in a short time he was fast asleep.

A boy who is tired soon drops asleep, for all the bark of a dog.

When Sammy woke next day, the first thing he thought of was Boz. He made haste to go down in the yard and see if the poor thing was ill, or worn out. There he lay on the grass, stretched out at his ease, with

a big bone in his paws, and still as a mouse. He did not seem like the same dog. He let his bone fall on the ground, held up his paw to Sammy, and went with him all round the yard. He did not chase the hens, nor bark at the cat; he was so still no one heard his voice all day, and he slept almost all the time. Sammy said, "I have no doubt his throat is sore, or at least, that it feels strained."



THE KITS.

THE six kits that the old cat put upon the bed have grown large, as well as Boz. The box that was filled with hay for them to lie in, will not now hold them and the puss too: when they all try to get in the box at once, the tails and paws of some of the kits hang down the sides of it.

Old puss does not take as much care of the kits, as she did when they were so young and had their eyes shut.

She knows they can see now, and can run to their cup and lap milk, or go to their plate and eat meat.

She sits in the box with her eyes half closed, and looks at them while they run and jump round, and purrs, and purrs, and purrs; as if she thinks no kits are so nice as hers.

As Ann and Mary sat and looked at them, Ann said, "Six kits and a cat are more than we want. They can not, now they have grown so large, all sleep in that box. Last night, two of them slept on the mat at the door: some one may tread on them, some one may come out of the door when it is dark, and hurt their heads or paws. Let us give one to the man at the mill who was so kind as to pull Boz out of the bog; and then we can give one to the old man who lives in



MARY PLAYING WITH THE KITS.

the cot, and has no one to be with him but his son."

"One!" Mary said; "why not give the old man who lives in the cot, two kits? He could sit and see them play. It would make him laugh to see them set up their backs, spread out the fur on their tails, and jump half a yard high."

"Yes, Mary. I think it is a good plan to give the old man two kits, for one will be so sad in that still house, it will mew all day long for the rest of the kits."

"Our mother is gone out now, but when she comes home, we will ask her."

THE CAT AND THE KITS.

As soon as their mother came home, they went to her and asked if they should go to the old man's cot, and see if he would have the two kits. She said, "Yes, put them in a bag, and take care not to hurt them." They took a bag, put Black-Paw in first and then White-Paw in next, and went to the cot. The old man sat at his door and said to them, as he looked at the bag, "What have you in that bag? Eggs?" "No." "Shells?" "No." "Pears?" "No." "Nuts?" "No." "Ah! I see the bag moves, there is something in that

bag that has life." "What can it be?" "Hens?" "No." "Chicks?" "No." "Pigs?" "No." "Pups?" "No." "Ducks?" "No." "I cannot guess, you must let me peep in and see."

Ann put the bag down with great care, and as soon as she let go the top, out sprang Black-Paw and White-Paw, glad to run on the floor once more. They were too tame to run out of doors, though they knew they were in a strange place. They went round the room, and smelt of the chairs, and the mat, and the broom, and the pail, and the old man's coat. All things were new to them. The old man said, "What fine plump kits!

How I should like to have them ! I had looked at my pigs till I am tired."

They told him, the kits were for him and his son.

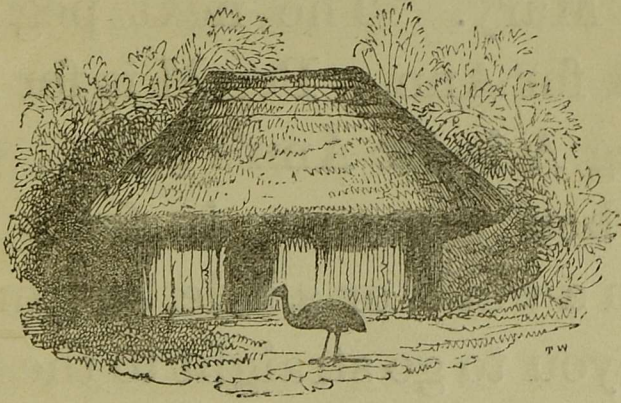
"Thank you !" said he ; "we will be kind to them, but where can they sleep ? If I was not lame, I could go into the barn and find a box.

Ann and Mary were not lame, and ran to the barn, found a clean box, put some sweet new hay in it, and put it in the wood-house, out of the way of the rain. The old man told them where to look for a cup, and some milk. They found them both, filled the cup up to the brim, and placed it close to the kit's box. The



THE KITTENS AT THE OLD MAN'S COT.

kits soon smelt the good sweet milk, went to the cup, and lapped it with their tongues. Then Ann and Mary walked home.



THE PEGS.

“ANN and Mary,” said their mother, “come to the back of the hall, and see these two large pegs. They are for you to hang your hats on. On the knot part of this peg, there is a large M for Mary. The next peg has a large A for Ann. Peg M is for Mary’s hat, peg A is for Ann’s hat.

“When you come in from school, or from a walk, or a ride, or from play, I wish you to go straight to these pegs, each one to her own, Ann to hang her hat on peg A, and Mary to hang hers on peg M. When Ann goes to take her hat, she must not get Mary’s.

And when Mary goes for hers, she must not touch Ann's. If, when Ann goes to the pegs, her hat is not there, and Mary's hat hangs on peg M, she must not touch that, but go and look for her own, and Mary must do the same."

"What need is there, mother, for us to take so much pains? Our hats are the same, both are made of straw, both have green strings, and both were bought at the same shop, at the same time."

"You will soon find, my child, it is best to use one's own. It is best for each one to have her own shawl, her own gloves, and her own place in which to keep them."

For some time, Ann and Mary took care to do as their mother told them. But, one day, as Ann ran in the yard with Boz, she was so warm, she took off her hat and threw it on a bench, and left it there. As she came near the house, the tea-bell rang. She went in to tea. Bed-time soon came, she went up to bed, did not think of her hat ; so it was left out all night.

Next day, Mary was too ill to go to school, and when Ann went to her peg, her hat was not there. It was school-time ; she felt in haste, and she could not, just then, think where she had left it. She said to herself : “ Mary is too sick to go out to-day, she will not need her hat ; I may as

well take it this one time, just this one, and as soon as I come from school, I will run and find mine." So she put Mary's hat on, and went to school.

She had not been gone long, when her father came in, looked at Mary as she lay on the couch, and said, "I think a ride on the sea-shore will do this child good; much more good than for her to lie on that couch all day. Come, child, get your hat, and we will go. When we are on the shore, I will pick up some shells, and when Ann comes from school, you can make a nice shell-box."

Right glad was Mary to take a ride to the beach. She went to peg M;

no hat was there. She told her father she could not find her hat. Her father asked if she could not find it if she looked for it. She told him, "she did not know where to look, as she had no place for it but that."

"Call mother," he said; hear what she says."

Her mother came, and told them that those school-hats were all the girls had; their best hats were to come home to-night, and their sun-hats were not quite done; so that just at this time they had none but the straw hats with green strings.

Mary was sure, when she came in last, she hung hers on the peg. Her father was loath to leave her, but he

saw no way but for her to stay at home.

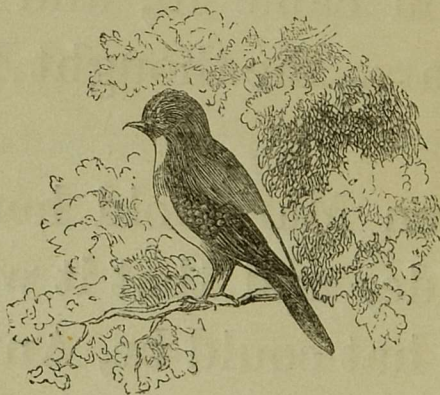
Her father and mother rode off and left her; and as she thought of the fine sea-breeze, and the waves with their white caps, and the boats that came on shore with fish, and more than all, of the shells her father said he would pick up for her, she could not keep back a few hot tears that would roll down her cheeks.

Ann soon came in, and when she saw her tears, she thought Mary must be worse.

But when Mary told her how she lost her ride, and that it was strange where her hat could be, Ann said,

“It was all my fault, it was all my

fault, and sad it makes me feel. Had I done as our mother told us we must do, this would not have been. When I took that hat from peg M, I did not once think of a ride. I will go in the yard and try to find my own, so as not to touch what I have no right to the next time." She went all round the yard, but no hat could be found. She looked on the bench, but it was gone !





BOZ BRINGS IN ANN'S HAT.

HAT FOUND.

JUST as their father and mother drove up to the door, from their ride, in came Boz with a jump and a leap, Ann's hat in his mouth. It was all wet, a great stain of green, from the green strings, was on one side of it, and mud and sand were on the crown.

Boz seemed in great glee, and he looked as if he thought he had done a kind deed. He gave a bound, and laid the hat down at their feet.

“My lost hat! my lost hat! But it looks as if the wind had blown it from hill to hill, and then Boz had drawn it through the pond, and mud,

and last of all, through the sand. Do see, he looks at me for my thanks."

Mary said, "I did not sleep at all, last night, and I heard the wind blow hard. It must have blown this hat a great way. No doubt Boz knew whose it was when he saw it, so we must not scold him, though it looks as if he had done more harm than good."

"Well, well," said their father, "no great loss, if that is the hat which no one could find. It looks as if it had been out in a gale."

Next day he said, "Mary must not lose her ride. If she has a hat, I will take her to the shore to-day."

"Yes, father, there it hangs on my peg, M."

“Ann must go too,” he said.

But Ann did not move; she knew her hat was wet.

“What is it, is Ann’s hat lost to-day? Is it this dog that runs off with the hats? I will shut him up, if he does.”

“Oh no, father, he brings them home to us when they are lost. But my hat is so wet that I can not wear it.”

He looked at her mother, and asked,

“Has Ann but one hat?”

“She has two hats now,” her mother said; “her new one came home last night; but if she should wear that on the shore, where there

is so much spray, it would be spoiled. And the one Boz brought in, is so wet and stained, she could not wear it to-day, and she had to stay from school. If she feels the want of a hat this time, it will teach her to take more care of it for the time to come, and, in the end, save her more pain, than she will feel if you go now to the shore and leave her at home."

"That is just ! that is right !" said her father; "but I am sorry for her not to go. I like best to have them both."

As they drove from the door, Ann felt worse than Mary did, when she was left. For she knew it was all her own fault, and that she had

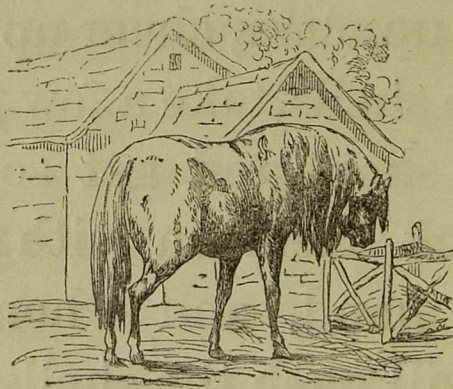
been the cause of pain to Mary too.

Do you think she shed tears, as well as Mary? She shed a few, and they did not dry as soon as Mary's did; but at last she cheered up with the thought, she would be caught so no more. Good, kind Mary said to her as she left,

“Cheer up, Ann, cheer up; find the box for the shells, take a few pence and go to the shop, and get some white lead to stick them on with; have all things at hand, and when I come back, we will wash the shells all clean, and we will make our box to-night.”

Her mother told her to wear her new hat to the shop.

She picked up the poor hat, hung it on peg A, though she felt as if she did not like to own it; took a few pence, bought the white lead, and then sat down to look out for the white horse her father drove.



THE OLD CAT.

THE old cat that had six kits knows a great deal. Though she does not know as much as Boz, yet there is one thing in which she shows more sense and skill than we should think a cat could have.

What do you think she can do more than Boz?

She can open a door. We have had cats and kits of all sorts; she is the only one that could open a door.

When the kits want to go out, they mew, mew at the door, till some one lets them out. When Boz wants to

go out, he barks, or whines, and I have seen him scratch, scratch the door with his paw till some one came to open the door. Not so our sage cat. The door that leads into the yard has a latch. When she wants to go in the yard, how do you think she can lift up that latch? It must be a yard or three feet from the floor; Puss cannot move a bench or a chair up to the door, so as to reach the latch. I will tell you. There is a piece of the latch we put our thumbs on when we want to lift up the latch. Puss springs up from the floor, puts her paw on this thumb-piece, her weight makes the latch come up, the door opens, and out she walks.

Thanks to no one, she helps herself, and does not make those who are at work, stop to wait upon her. But she cannot shut the door. She leaves that part for some one else to do.

But if Ann or Mary should fall into the water, which could pull her out, Boz or Puss?

Boz is the one that could, and would swim in after her, catch hold of her clothes, and bring her on shore.

As for Puss, if she saw her in the water, she would not know what it meant, and if Ann or Mary should be drowned, Puss would not care, nor would she miss her.

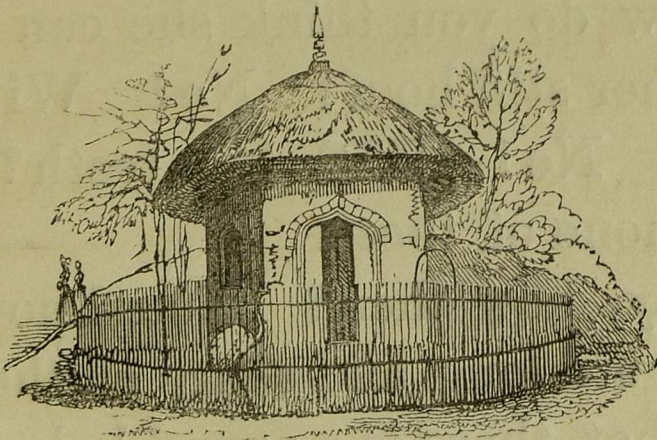
Though cats have some love for those who are kind to them, and feed

them well, yet they love their old haunts more. A cat likes the barn she finds mice in, the fire-place that warms her, the spot on the rug where the sun shines, the room in which the old clock goes tick, tick, while she lies with her eyes half shut and looks up at it.

If all the folks in the house should leave, Puss would not care or seek them. If her barn, and chair, and rug, and fire were left, she would not mew for one of them.

But what would Boz do? He would not stay one day in the house if those he loves were gone. He would go till he found them, and he would raise a great cry if he did not

find them. He does not care a straw where he lives or where he sleeps, if the folks he loves are with him. He would leave the warm fire, and go and lie on the cold ground, to be with the friends he loves. Which do we think most of, Boz or Puss?



THE RED COW.

WHEN Ann was two years old, her father bought a red cow. The cow was two years old when he bought her; so that she is just Ann's age. This cow can open a door as well as the cat, though not the same door.

How do you think she can do it, with her stiff hoof? No! With her nose? No! With her teeth? No, with none of these.

Pray, how then? You know her horns are long and sharp at the end, and that there is a round hole in the barn-door by the latch. She puts the tip end of her horn into that hole,



THE OLD RED COW.

and turns it round, till it raises up the latch. As soon as the latch is raised up, the door opens.

When she has been out in the woods or the field all day, and comes home at night, she is in such haste to go into the barn, she does not wait for the man who milks her to come and let her in, but puts her horn into the hole, lifts up the latch, and in she walks. Is she not a wise cow?

One day, some one had put a small wedge in, on the top of the latch, so that no one could open the door on the outside. The old red cow came home, went to the barn, put in her horn, tried to raise the latch, but it did not move. She gave her horn a

twist, she turned it up, and she turned it down, but all did not serve, the door did not open. What do you think she did then? She put up her head, and made a great noise, Moo, oo, oo! Moo, oo, oo!

As she was a still cow, when the man who took care of her heard what a noise she made, he said, "Hark, what ails our old cow? Cannot she get into the barn? I must go and see."

He found her by the door, with her head raised up, and she said, Moo, oo, oo! as if to call him to come and help her.

"Why don't the dunce open that door," said he, "as I have seen her do times not a few?"

He found it was fast, and went round in to a back door, took out the wedge, set the door wide open, and let her in.

Great seemed her joy to go into her own barn once more. The man took his pail, sat down on the low stool by her, and said, "So, mooly cow! so, mooly cow!" She was a good cow, not cross, did not kick the pail and spill the milk, but let him squeeze, squeeze, till all the milk was out of her udder.

KIT LOST.

ONE day, when Ann and Mary called the four kits that were left to lap some milk, White Spot could not be found. Ann sought for her in the barn, went up into the hay-mow, peeped into the box of oats, and looked in the crib where the corn was. No kit was there. Mary looked in the tub the horse drank out of, and in the trough the hogs and pigs eat their swill out of, for fear she might be drowned.

Then they called, "Kit, kit, kit." Puss came at the call, and the rest of the kits came, but no White Spot came.

"I fear," said Ann, "the poor thing is in the bog Boz fell into, and that

her feet stick fast. She may hear us call, and yet cannot come. Let us run to the bog and see; she is so small, we can pull her out. We can take a piece of board, as the man at the mill did, and stand on it, so as not to get in ourselves. Come, let us go, it is not far."

Mary said, "First let us go to the house, and look in each room. If we can find her in none of the rooms, we will try the bog. Kits do not like to wet their paws; they do not like mud, they will walk round quite out of their way, to get clear of mud. She cannot be such a dunce as to try to walk in the bog."

They went to the house, and into

each room. The sun shone warm and bright in their mother's room, and they knew all cats are fond of sunshine, so they sought for her there; but White Spot could not be found. In vain they called, in vain they looked.

“Mary,” said Ann, “I have just thought of one room we have not been in, a queer room, too, for cats to be in, the milk-room, but may be she has found some charm in that room which keeps her there.”

Both ran to the milk-room, and as they stood in the door-way, they caught sight of a round thing coiled up on a loaf of cake their mother had put on the shelf to cool.

“Charm! to be sure,” said Mary, “and a sweet charm, too! If the queer thing is not fast asleep on our mother’s cream cake!”

She was so fast asleep she did not hear them come into the milk-room, nor did she hear their loud laugh as they stood and looked at her while she slept on top of her sweet, and soft, and warm bed. She had tucked herself up so snug and round, she was as round as the cake she lay on.

“The same kit that was in the mud,” Ann said, “when she was such a bit of a kit, and too fond of new things. I fear, if she comes into the milk-room, and lies on the warm

cakes, some one will beat her. Let us take her off this time, say 'scat' to her, but not hurt her. We will let her know she has not done as she ought, and then, if our mother likes it, we will give her to the man at the mill. He does not bake cake in the mill."

Ann gave her a pat on her ear. She woke, purred, rose up, smelt of her bed, and seemed loath to leave it.

They let her get wide awake, and then said, "Scat, Puss! scat!" She stared at them at first, as if to ask why they made such a noise, but she soon saw they did not like that she should be there. She jumped on to the floor, looked shy, and ran to the door. Ann

and Mary ran too, and drove her out into the yard, with "Scat! scat! scat!"

They hoped to teach her she had done wrong, and yet they did not wish to hurt her. They felt sure the old cat would not do so, and that this young one could soon be taught that food for folks is not meant for a bed for cats.

When they told their mother, she said she wished they would take White Spot to the mill, for she would be apt now to go into the milk-room in search of a bed, she had so sweet and warm a nap on the cake. No one would like to eat food upon which a kit had slept.

KIT AND THE MILL.

“GET the bag, Mary,” and I will catch White Spot,” said Ann.

Kits do not like to be tied up in bags. She kicked, and mewed, and made a great stir in the bag, and put up her paws and tried to make a place so that she could see.

Ann held fast on the top of the bag till she was tired, then Mary took hold, but Kit mewed so, they let her have a hole to peep out of. She was so glad of the hole, they took her out of the bag on their laps, played with her till she purred, then drew the string of the bag on the ground; she



WHITE SPOT OUT OF THE BAG.

ran to catch hold of it, and in that way they went on till they came to the mill.

When the man saw them and the kit, he said,

“Now, if I had a kit like that, this mill would not be as full of rats and mice as it is. They gnaw such holes in my bags, that the corn and meal run out, and there is a great waste here.”

They told him they came to bring her to live in the mill, but just then a breeze of wind made the sails of the mill go round, whurr, whurr, whurr. White Spot sprang from Ann's arms, and ran up stairs in a great fright; but, sad to tell! the noise was worse

up there, and she ran round, round, till she jumped into a box of meal, and hid her head close up by the side of the box. The meal made her sneeze, and she looked so wild and sad, Ann and Mary felt a great deal for her.

“Do not mind her fear,” the man said, “she will soon see that this noise does not hurt her.” But Ann took her out of the meal-box, and asked if they might not put her in the house that was close by, in which the man lived, and let her stay there till she was used to the sound of the mill-sails. He told them they might.

As they took her to the house, she shook her head and ears, as well as

her paws, to get rid of the meal; but when they put her on the floor, she looked pleased with her new home.

When they went back to the mill for the bag, they found it had something in it. They peeped in to see what might be there, when lo! they saw four large ears of dark red corn.

“Who put these in our bag?” said Mary.

“I,” said the miller, “I put them in to pay for Kit. Do you wish to have them?”

“Yes, and thanks for them, too.”

“Did we not sell White Spot well?” Mary asked. “Here is an ear for all four of us. The boys like red corn much. She may be worth more

than four ears of red corn to the man at the mill bye and bye, when she grows up to be a cat, but as she is now, fond of play, as well as of warm cakes for a bed, I think he has put full pay for her in this bag. I do not see that the old puss feels the loss of the two kits we took to the cot, and it is a chance if she finds out that White Spot is gone."

As they drew near their home, they sang out, "Kit is sold! Kit is sold! the pay is in the bag."

"For how much?" asked their mother.

"Four ears of corn, four ears of dark red corn!!"

JANE, THE WATER CRESS GIRL.

ONE day, as Ann and Mary came from school, they met little Jane, who lives in a small house that stood in a lane, not far from their own house.

She had a tin pail full of green leaves. They asked her why she filled her pail with green leaves.

“They are greens,” said she.

“Greens! what are greens?”

“Why, the green leaves of such plants as are good to eat.”

“Good for sheep and lambs and cows to eat?”

“No, good for folks.”

“Do they bite and eat them as the cows do?”

Jane laughed, and said, “Oh no; boil them and eat them with meat.”

Then they asked Jane if those leaves were for her mother to boil. She told them they were not, but that she was to sell them.

“Sell them! for what?”

“For all I can get; three pence, if I can get it. If my leaves are fresh, and my pail is full, some days I get three pence, if my pail is not full, I get only two pence.”

“And what are the three pence and the two pence for?”

“To put in the tea-pot.”



ANN AND MARY TALKING TO JANE.

“To put in the tea-pot! To make tea of them?”

This made them all laugh for a long time, till Ann asked Jane if she did not mean to tell them why the pence were to be put in the tea-pot. Jane said,

“My mother puts all the money we can earn, in an old tea-pot that stands on the shelf, so that we can all reach it. It is not the same tea-pot she has when she drinks tea. It is an old one that has no spout. We call it our bank, our tea-pot bank. All we can earn, all my father or any of us can earn, we put in the tea-pot.”

“And does it get full?”

“ Oh no, I wish it did. We have to buy things with what is in it.”

“ What do you have to buy ?”

“ We buy flour, and meat, and tea, and, and, I can’t think, we buy food, and then we buy clothes, hats, shoes, and frocks.

When my shoes are worn out, my mother sends me to bring the tea-pot to her. She turns all the money into her lap, and counts it to see how much there is in it. If we can pay all we owe, and spare the sum that will buy a pair of shoes, I go to the shop and get them.”

“ And if you can not ?”

“ Then I wait a while, and wear my

old shoes till I can sell more greens, and earn more pennies."

"Do the boys earn their own shoes, too?"

"Yes, they earn more than I can; they pull up weeds, split and saw wood, dig and hoe the ground, and plant.

"I sell sweet herbs too."

"What are sweet herbs?"

"Sage and thyme, and such like. My mother has a bed of them. When they are dry she ties them up in bunches, and I sell them. But it will not do for me to sit and talk so long, my greens will all dry up, and then no one will buy them. When I ask any one to buy them, the first thing they

say is 'Are they fresh, are they fresh, Jane?'

"See my shoes, they are almost worn out, the toes have holes in them. My mother told me to-day ten three-penny pieces would buy me a new pair. I must fill this pail full of greens ten times, and sell them, and get the money, and then I can have a pair."

"Get the money! Can not the money be had as soon as the greens are sold?"

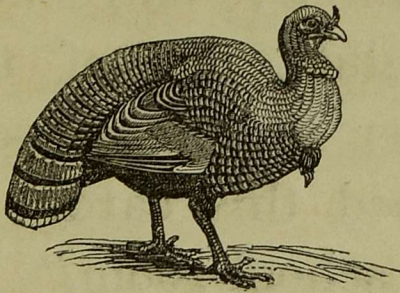
"No; sometimes I wait, and wait for folks to pay me days and days, and they do not pay me at last."

"Why, that is hard."

"Yes, they that eat the greens do

not know how hard it is to pick them, nor how much I want the money. But I must go."

Then Jane took up her pail and went down the lane to sell her greens.



THE WHITE ROSE.

ONE day, as Ann and Mary went with their mother through the lane, near their house, Ann picked up a card the size of her book of maps. On the card, in large print, were the words, "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

"Did I read those same words to-day in the Bible?" she asked.

"Yes, child; one of the school-girls, on her way from school, may have dropped this card. There are such in the school-room."

While Ann held the card in her hand, they came to a small house, with a neat yard round it. There

were roses, and pinks, and flowers in it, all in bloom ; red roses and white roses, red pinks and white pinks, light blue-bells and dark blue-bells. The fence was so white it made the red roses look more red, and the blue-bells look more blue.

“Oh mother ! mother ! see the flowers ! this is Jane’s house, he house little Jane lives in, she that sells greens,” said Ann. “Pray stop, and let us look for awhile, and smell too. Are they not sweet ? the pinks smell like spice.”

On one of the bushes was a large, half-blown white rose. The branch on which this rose hung, bent so far down on the out-side of the fence, as

Ann and Mary stood on a stone, they could smell of it.

“What a fine rose!” said Ann; “should I not like to have it! We have none as large as that at home. If Jane was here, I know she would give it to me. May I, mother? just this *one* rose, she can not miss it, look at the buds, the bush will be full soon. May I pick it?”

“What says that card, Ann?”

“I know, mother, I know all that; but Sammy told me, he heard a man say that all the fruit and flowers that grew out-side of a fence, any one might pick.”

Her mother shook her head and said,



ANN AND MARY WALKING WITH THEIR MOTHER.

“I think we have no right to pick this rose.”

Just at that time, Jane came out of the house, saw Ann and Mary, ran up to them, and said,

“I am glad you came by here now, you can see me tie up my bunch of flowers for my aunt, my aunt who is so kind to us, brings us books, and maps, and slates, that we may learn to read and write. She has been to see us, and to-day she goes home in the cart. All we have to give her are these flowers, and she is so fond of flowers we save all we have for her; see this large rose, I will put this in the tip-top of the bunch. The boys thought some one in the lane

might pick this rose, it hung so far out-side of the fence, but my aunt said no one would steal from the little green-girl.

“Do come in the gate, you can hold the flowers as I pick them. I must get long stems, and then I can wrap a wet leaf round them, to keep them fresh till my aunt is at her home.”

“Go in,” their mother said, “I will stop for you at the shop were Ann’s hat was sent to be cleaned.”

As she came out of the shop, she met them, quite out of breath, they ran so fast.

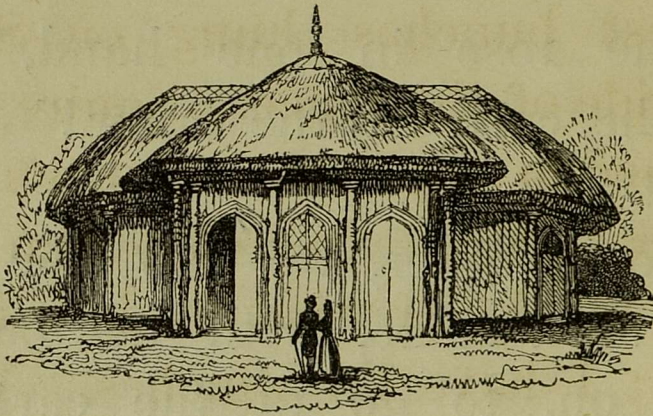
“What is the haste, girls? Why do you run so?”

“We ran, mother, for we were in such haste to say how glad we were I did not pick that rose; how should I have felt, if Jane had come out to make up her bunch of flowers for her aunt, and found me with it in my hand!”

“The rose in one hand, Ann, and the card in the other!” Ann smiled.

“Yes, mother, we saw the good kind aunt come, with her hat and shawl on, to go in the cart, and Jane hand her the flowers. She took them, looked at Jane, and said, ‘Are these not fine? And those little hands took care of the plants on which they grew, what a large

white rose!' I was more glad not to have the rose than she was to have it!!!"



THE GRAPE VINE.

ANN's father gave her a small grape vine. It had six bunches of grapes on it. The branch which had two of the best bunches hung on Squire Joy's side of the fence. Squire Joy's boys used to play in their father's yard, near that fence. One day, Ann said, "I do not know what to do with my grapes; I have six bunches. When they are ripe, I want to give the best ones to my father and mother, then I shall have a bunch for each of the boys, and one for Mary, and one for myself. But I have a great fear Squire

Joy's boys will take the two bunches that are for my father and mother, for I heard one of them say, as he stood near the fence, 'All that hang this side are ours.' He must have meant my grapes. What can I do, Mary?"

Mary asked, "Can you not hang that card, 'Thou shalt not steal,' just by the grapes, so that those boys could read it?"

"Of what use would the card be," Ann asked, "if those boys thought to take them was not to steal?" They went to their mother, and asked her what they should do. She said, "Perhaps you can take hold of the branch and pull it to this side of the fence." They had tried to do that,

but it was so stiff it almost broke off. Their mother then said,

“I have long since made up my mind, that he who plants a tree ought to eat of its fruit; that all the fruit and all else that grows on tree, or shrub, or bush, let the branch on which it grows hang as it may, up or down, on this side or on that, is his who owns the tree, or bush, or shrub.”

“Squire Joy might not think the same,” Ann said, “though he had piles on piles of law books, and he ought to know what was right, and to teach his boys. He could talk a long time of what was law.”

“Yes, child, but none of us need go to Squire Joy’s law books to know

what is right in such a case as this. There is a Book to which all of us can go, if in doubt as to what the words 'to steal' mean. There is a law in that Book which will throw light upon the words, 'Thou shalt not steal,' so that Squire Joy's boys, and all boys, and all girls, may know what they mean.

"Does Ann know of what Book I speak?"

"Is it the Bible?"

"Yes."

"And what does the word Bible mean?"

"I do not know."

"It means the Book, the Book of Books, the best of books."

“And what is the law, mother?”

“Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

“Well, mother, if those boys know this law, and mind it, they will not touch my grapes.” Ann took great care of her grape vine, dug round its roots, and gave it water when it was dry. In the autumn the grapes turned black, and she went each day to see if they were safe. One day her father told her it would do to pick them. Mary held the plate; she took off the four bunches that hung this side, then put her hand round to get the two that were on Squire Joy’s side, and lo! they were

gone. She looked at Mary and said, "Am I not glad I did not pick Jane's rose!!"

Next day, they heard one of Squire Joy's boys say, "Bill, you took Ann's grapes, for you said they were yours. Now I will tell you something, your best peaches are on a branch that hangs on their side of the fence, ten of your red-cheeks, will you let her have them?"

"No, I want them myself. She shan't have them, I'll pick them first."

"What, when they are not ripe."

"Yes."

"Now, do not do that, Bill, she will not touch them, I know. She told me of a rose she was so glad she



ANN PICKING THE GRAPES.

did not take. She asks her mother when she fears a thing is not quite right, and her mother is so, so strict, I mean, does not like to take what she thinks is not hers."

At the end of the month the red-cheeks were ripe.

"Do you wish to pick those peaches, girls?" said their mother. Both shook their heads.

"We would not like to make them feel as we did, when we went to pick our grapes."

"Get a dish then, they cannot reach them, we will take them off and send them in to those boys. We will pick them with care. Bill knows there are just ten."

When Bill saw the dish, and the ten red-cheeks, he said,

“Now this makes me feel as if I did wrong when I took Ann’s grapes, law or not law. I feel as if she has done right; and if she has done right, I did wrong, though I did not think I did wrong when I took them; but I will take no more of her fruit, nor will I take the fruit of any one else. I will send her back half of these red-cheeks. I do not like to *feel* as if I had done wrong.”

So five of the red-cheeks came back to Ann.

“See,” said her mother, “good brings good, you might have kept up a war all the time with those

boys. Ann's one good act has made Bill Joy *feel* that there is a sense of what is right in his own breast that is worth more to him than all the grapes in the world."



THE CHICKS.

ONE day Ann and Mary thought they would go and hunt for eggs. They went into the barn and found a large heap of hay on the floor. The hay had been just cut, and as it was not quite dry, the men had not put it up on the mow. It smelt so sweet, and seemed so clean, they sat down on it a long time, till Ann said to Mary, "Did we not come here to look for eggs?" They jumped up and tried to find some in the holes in the hay, trod upon it with great care, lest they should put their feet

upon a nest, and not see it, and crush the eggs. While they sought for eggs, Ann thought she heard a low chirp. But she could not see who or what could make the noise. The horse was not there, and the cow had not yet come from the field. There were no birds in the barn, Boz was not at home, and there was no cat nor kit to be seen.

“I thought I heard a noise, Mary.”

“So did I, but it was not much of a noise. It was like a bird, and a little bird, too.”

“I am sure there is something near us that has life and makes a noise,” said Ann. “I will find it, if I cannot find eggs. I will find what

it is that says 'Chirp, chirp,' in such a low way."

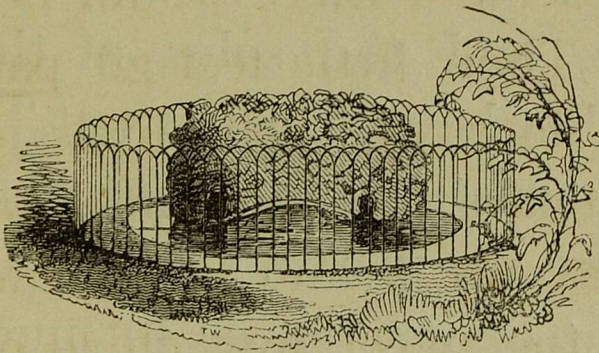
She went up to the side of a box that held oats for the horse, and there were ten little chicks, some all out of the shell, some half out, and some with a head and bill just so they could be seen. She shook her head at Mary for her not to make a noise, lest the old hen should think they had come to get her chicks, and fly at them. Mary came on tip-toe to get a peep at the brood, and they were so still, the old hen did not seem to see them. They did not like to stay too long, for fear the hen might catch sight of them, and not like to have them so near the nest.

So they ran in to the house and told their mother what they had seen. She asked them if it was a black hen. They said it was. She said she had missed the black hen for some time, and thought she must have a nest full of eggs some where, and that now we should soon see her march out of the barn with her ten chicks by her side, and how she will cluck, cluck, cluck; scratch the ground for seeds and crumbs, and then cluck, cluck, cluck for her chicks to come and eat. And when the chicks are cold, or tired, she will stoop down, spread out her wings far and wide, and make a little house for them, with a soft roof, lined with down,

cluck, cluck, cluck, she will call them to come and rest, and be made warm; first one will run, then two, then three, then four, then five, then six, for they all know her voice, and they all know what the call means. And you would not think, to look at the size of her wings, that she could make a house that would take in ten chicks, but it sounds as though she told them to get close up to her, to lie close, and there would be room for all. Their little feet go pat, pat, on the floor of their little downy roofed house, till each one gets in, snug, and warm, and right, and then we hear the sweet, low chirp of love

and joy from their little bills till all are fast asleep.

Though sometimes we see just a head of one chick that does not feel as much like sleep as the rest, peeping out from its mother's wings. Should you not think those wings stretched out so far, would ache by the time the day dawns? No; it was meant they should not ache.



THE NEW SHOES.

“WHY is it, mother, I do not feel as glad to have a pair of new shoes as Jane does?” said Ann, one day.

“Can Jane have a pair of new shoes as soon as her old ones are worn out?”

“I think not, for I have seen large holes in the toes of shoes she has had on, and the soles of them so worn, that her feet were wet.”

“We must feel the want of a thing to know its worth. Jane has felt the want of new shoes so much, she has learned how to prize them. You

say too, she buys them with three-penny pieces, and such small sums as she can earn."

"Yes, mother, her last pair she bought with what she calls her green money, money she takes for the greens she sells."

"How does she show that she thinks a great deal of her new shoes? By the care she takes of them not to wet or burn them?"

"No, not so. But to-day, when we came from school, she sat on a stone in the lane with her feet far out, and she looked right down on her shoes. She did not take her eyes from them till I came close to her, and then she said, 'See my new

shoes. I paid ten three-penny pieces for them. My mother told me to put all I could earn in a cup, and when I had the sum that would buy them, I might go to the shop and choose a pair. Last night, I took down my cup, and found I had but nine three-penny pieces, to-day I sold a pail full of greens for three pence, and went to the shop and bought these. See how they shine, and look so black. I left my old ones to have a patch put on them."

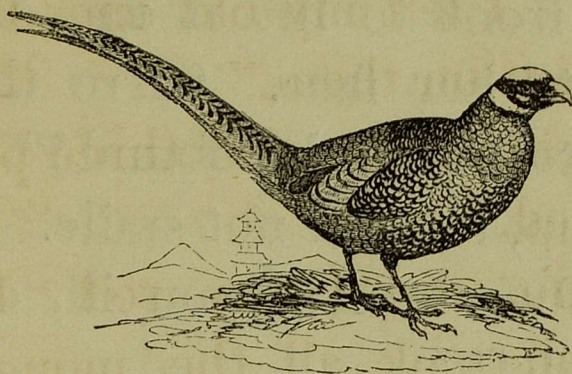
"Bought those for three pence?" Ann asked.

"Oh no, did I say so? I went home and took all the money that was in the cup, and that, with the

threepence I earned to-day, bought my shoes."

"She told us greens were almost gone, she did not know what to do next to earn a little money. Can not we think of something for her?"

"We will try, Ann, small as she is, it seems she can earn three pence a day. Where there is a will, there is a way."



PAY THE POOR.

THE next time Ann and Mary saw Jane, she sat on the same stone, with her eyes on the ground. She did not look at her shoes, they were not as black as they were at first, for she had worn them for some days.

“Jane,” Ann said, “look up, Jane;” and she took hold of her hat in front to lift it up, so as to peep into her face. “Are there no more greens to be found?” Jane looked up, but did not smile. “Why so sad, Jane? Are you ill, or what is the grief?”

“No, Ann, I am not sad for these

things, but my father and mother, and all have gone, and left me at home, and I have no one to speak to but the cat." This made Ann and Mary laugh, and at last Jane laughed too.

"Do tell us all the tale, Jane," said Ann.

"Pray do," said Mary.

"You must know my aunt sent for us all to come in the cars, and see her. The day was fixed, and we were all to go. As my father had been ill for a long time, we thought the visit might do him good, and all of us felt so glad to go. My mother said I must have a new frock to wear when we went, mine was too old, and

that I might have all I could earn, from that time to buy one. You know the rich old lady who lives in the white house, near the mill, just by the bridge?"

"Yes."

"Well, I took greens to her ten times, so she owed me, you know, ten times three pence. Some days, when I went to her house to leave my greens, I thought it strange she did not pay me; and one day, I stood still and did not go, she held her purse in her hand, and I saw heaps of change in it, for she took some out and gave a boy, and sent him to buy two brooms. She said to me, "You may go, child;" and as I went

out of the door I heard her say, 'If I pay her, she will buy cakes and trash; I will call and pay her mother.'

"When I told my mother, she said, 'If she does not call soon, I must go or send to her, and let her know how much we want what is due, to buy Jane a frock.'

"She did not call, and when I took my tenth pail full, I gave her a note from my father. He asked her in the note if she would please pay me, as I wished to buy a new frock to wear when we all went to see my aunt. She read it, and said, 'Oh yes, you shall have it.' She took out her purse, but there was no money in it but gold."

“When do you want to go?” she asked.

“In a week.”

“Can you get your frock, and have it made in a week?”

“Oh yes, ma’am.”

“Well, I will call at your house when this gold is changed.”

“I went home, and thought she would come next day. But she did not, nor the next, nor the next, till at last, my mother said, though she could not well spare the time, she must go to the old lady and see why she had not come to pay us. My mother could make the frock in a day, if I did all the work in the house I could, and she sat up late.

She put on her hat and went. It is a mile from our house. When she came to the old lady's gate, she found the house all shut, and no one near it but the man who takes care of the barn. He told her the old lady had gone to town to see her son, who was ill. He could not tell when she would come back."

"Well, what could you do? or what did you do? Sit down and cry?"

"I did not cry much, I did not let my mother see me cry at all. My mother looked vexed, but she did not say anything. She told me I might go as soon as I could get what was due, and she could make the frock.

I like to go to my aunt's house at all times, but, but, I like best to go with all the rest."

"Perhaps she will come back to-day, and think of it all at once, and send the pay," said Mary.

"I hope she will, for I have no frock that is fit to wear to go to church."



PAY CAME TOO LATE.

Just then a coach drove down the lane, and stopped at the house in which Jane lived.

“Who can that be?” said Jane; “whose coach is that at our gate? I must go and see; for perhaps there is no one there.”

No one came out of the coach, but as Jane went to the side of it, and looked in, she saw the old lady who bought her greens. As soon as she caught sight of Jane, she called,

“Jane, come here, Jane! I meant to have come and paid you that day

you came with the note to my house, but some of my friends came to see me, and I could not leave home. And the next day I was sent for to my sick son. But I have come now to pay you, and make it all up. Here is what I owe you, and here is a three-penny piece more than is due. When you buy your frock, this three-penny piece will pay for half a yard more to mend it. Is your mother gone to see your aunt?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And not you?"

"No, ma'am; I had no frock."

"And your father, and all the rest, are they gone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

“The piece of money fell out of the old lady’s hand. It was some time before Jane could find it. When she found it at last, close to the wheel of the coach, she looked up with a smile on her bright face, and said,

“Thank you, ma’am.”

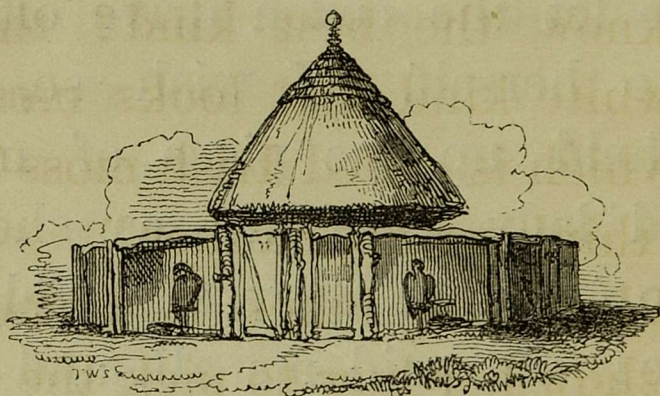
“I wish I had left your money with my man, and then you could have gone with the rest.”

Jane let the coach drive off, and said to herself, “I wish so, too.” Jane held up the piece of money the old lady gave her, as she ran back to Ann and Mary, and said,

“See! she paid me all, and gave me this.”

Ann asked her which was best, to be left and get a three-penny piece, or to go to her aunt's? She replied,

“I am glad of the money, but there are some things I like more than a three-penny piece. You know I could work hard all day, and earn as much as this, but when will my aunt send for all of us, as she did this time?”



THE SEA MOSS.

“I HAVE tried for some weeks past,” said Ann’s mother to her, “to think of something for Jane to do, by which she could earn a little money.

“Could you take her to the shore, and show her the kind of sea-moss or sea-weed that is now used to put in milk to make blanc-mange? Do you know the best kind? the fine and white kind that looks most like that which is called Irish moss?”

“I think we do, mother.”

“When she takes it home, you must show her how to pick the stones out of it, wash it clean, and spread

it on a nice board to dry, as you have seen me, then, you must help her make some neat paper bags to put it in, and let her go and try to sell it. If she can get one pound the first time, weigh it, and put it into four bags, the same weight in each bag, and sell each bag for four pence, she will do well. Can you show her how to do all this?"

"We will try."

"If you do not feel quite sure you are right in all you do, you can come and ask me."

Some weeks passed, when Mary came in from school, one day, with,

"Am I not glad! Jane has sold all her bags, and now she says she

knows how to glean the sea-moss herself, and pick and dry it and all, she does not need us to go with her, though she will be glad to see us on the beach when she goes there."

"Her bags?" said Ann, "I thought she made bags for the moss."

"Yes, Ann, I meant bags of moss."

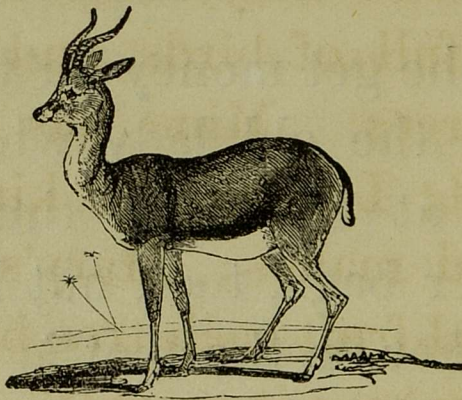
"Did she get money for them?"

"Yes; the old lady who did not pay her at the right time, bought two of her bags, took out her purse, and paid her on the spot."

"The old lady that gave her the three-penny piece?"

"Yes, she said she used a great

deal of the moss, and that when Jane had more to sell, she was to bring some to her."



THE BOOKS.

“ARE those the books your aunt brought you?” asked Ann’s mother.

“Yes; mine is the Book of Birds, and Mary’s is the Book of Trees.”

“Are they those your aunt gave you the last time she was here?”

“Yes, and they are full of plates. Mine is full of birds, and Mary’s is full of trees. Mine has a nest to each bird; I mean, the kind of nest each bird makes; Mary’s has the flower and fruit each tree bears.”

“And where it grows?”

“Yes, and what is made of its wood. My birds are red, and green,

and blue, just as the birds are in the woods, and the book tells us what sound some of them make. We have found out two or three birds we have seen in the woods, since our aunt gave us those books."

"And the trees? have you learned trees, too?"

"No, we have not looked at trees. We do not think so much of trees as we do of birds. They cannot sing, and make nests, and hatch little birds."

"You like birds best now, but as you grow old, you will like trees more and more."

"And not like birds?"

“You will like birds, too, but trees are of so much use to man.”

“Yes, mother, and this book says they are good for the health of man. They make the air pure. May I read aloud a piece here, to the Old Oak Tree?”

“Yes, I like much to hear it. Is it long?”

“No, it seems as if the words of it were said to the tree.”

“Let me get my work first. Is it said to the tree?”

“Yes, mother. It may be I do not know what it all means, but I can ask and find out.”

“Yes, my child, that is the right way to learn.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

How old art thou, old oak tree? If I could saw thy great trunk in two, and count the rings that are on it, I could find out. But I would not like to cut thee down, for the birds would miss thy branches, and the sheep and the cows would feel the want of thy shade.

I would not like to cut thee down now, old tree, for thou must have stood here scores of years. Cold and keen blasts have blown thee, hail and rain have wet thee, heaps of snow have hung on thee, the sun's hot rays have scorched thee and yet, who, in the length of time



THE OLD OAK TREE.

thou hast stood here, has heard one moan from thee?

When the soft breath of spring blows on thee, thou puttest on a new, bright green cloak, and when the cold and the frost come upon thee, thou lettest it fall to the ground. But HE who made thee, and gave thee power to bear the heat, and breast the storm, gave thee a good store of cloaks within thyself, so that each year thou canst put on a new one.

And when thy new green cloak is first seen, whence come all those songs of joy that are heard in thy boughs? They come from the red birds, and the blue birds, and the

black birds, who try to tell thee how glad they are to see thee in thy green garb. They lift up a piece of it, and tuck a small nest in thy twigs, and feel that in its folds they can find a sweet home for their white eggs.

And when, in due time, the white eggs are no more seen, but the young birds come forth from those nests, what sounds of love, and what notes of praise are heard amid thy sprays! We do not think all those notes of praise are of thee. We think that some of them are sent forth to Him who made thee.

Who can think strange that thou shouldst love to live so well and cling to earth so long?

We cannot say of thee that thou art owned by none. Fathers have left thee as a rich gift to their sons ; men have bought and sold thee as a thing for which gold was to be paid.

I have been to far-off lands. I have have seen trees whose fruit yields bread, I have seen trees that pour forth a white milk that is of great use to man, I have seen trees that hang full of large golden fruit, and yet, my old friend, I do not think the less of thee, for the ship that bore me to those lands was made of such as thou.

Fare thee well, may'st thou add ring to ring upon thy old trunk, years and years yet to come !

“What trees yield bread, mother?”

“The bread-fruit tree, they call it.”

“What is the white milk?”

“The tree out of which your shoes, you call gums, are made.”

“And what is the golden fruit?”

“The orange, child, of which there are many kinds.”

THE END.

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