

MAMA'S
STORIES

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SERRAN, J. E. H.

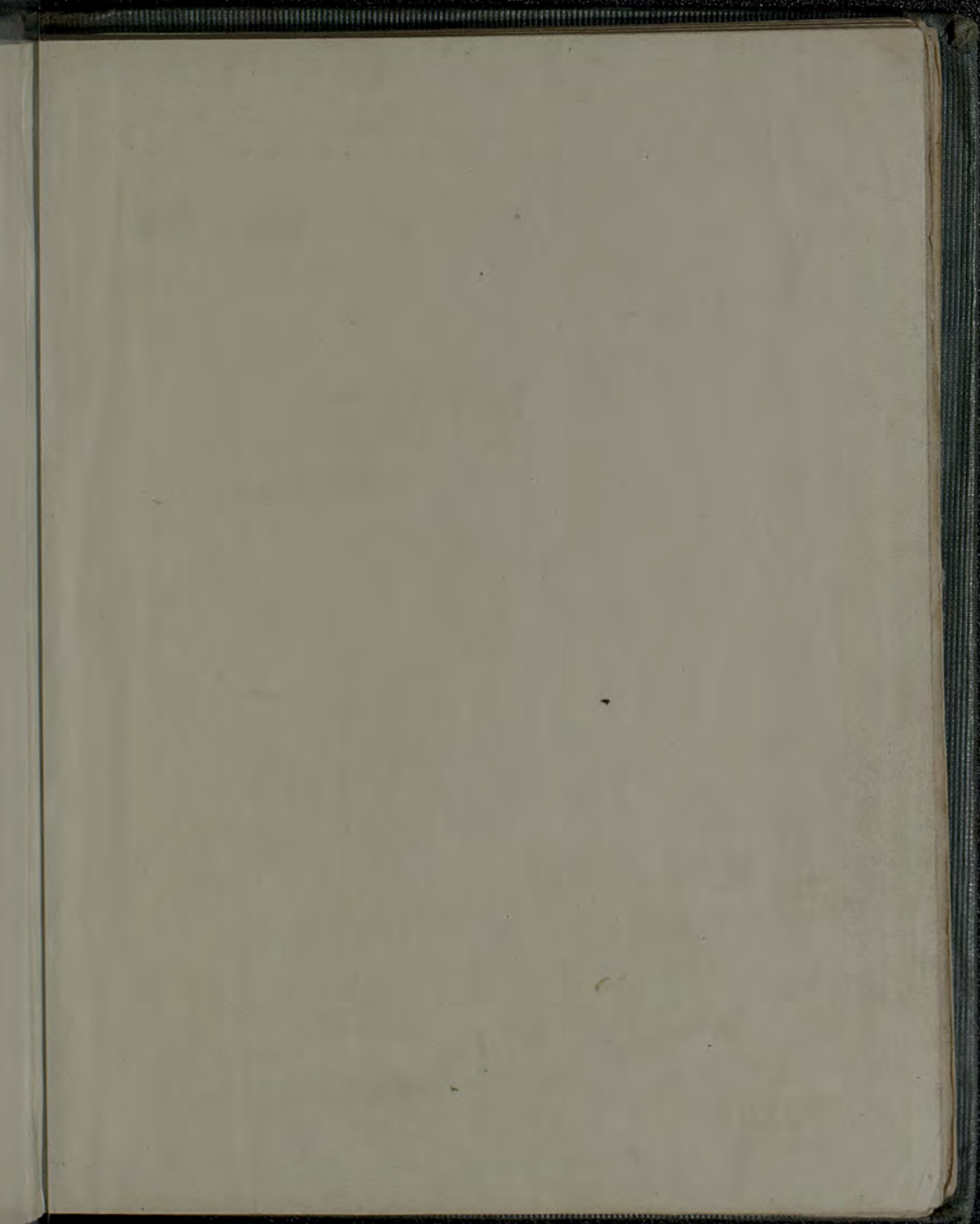
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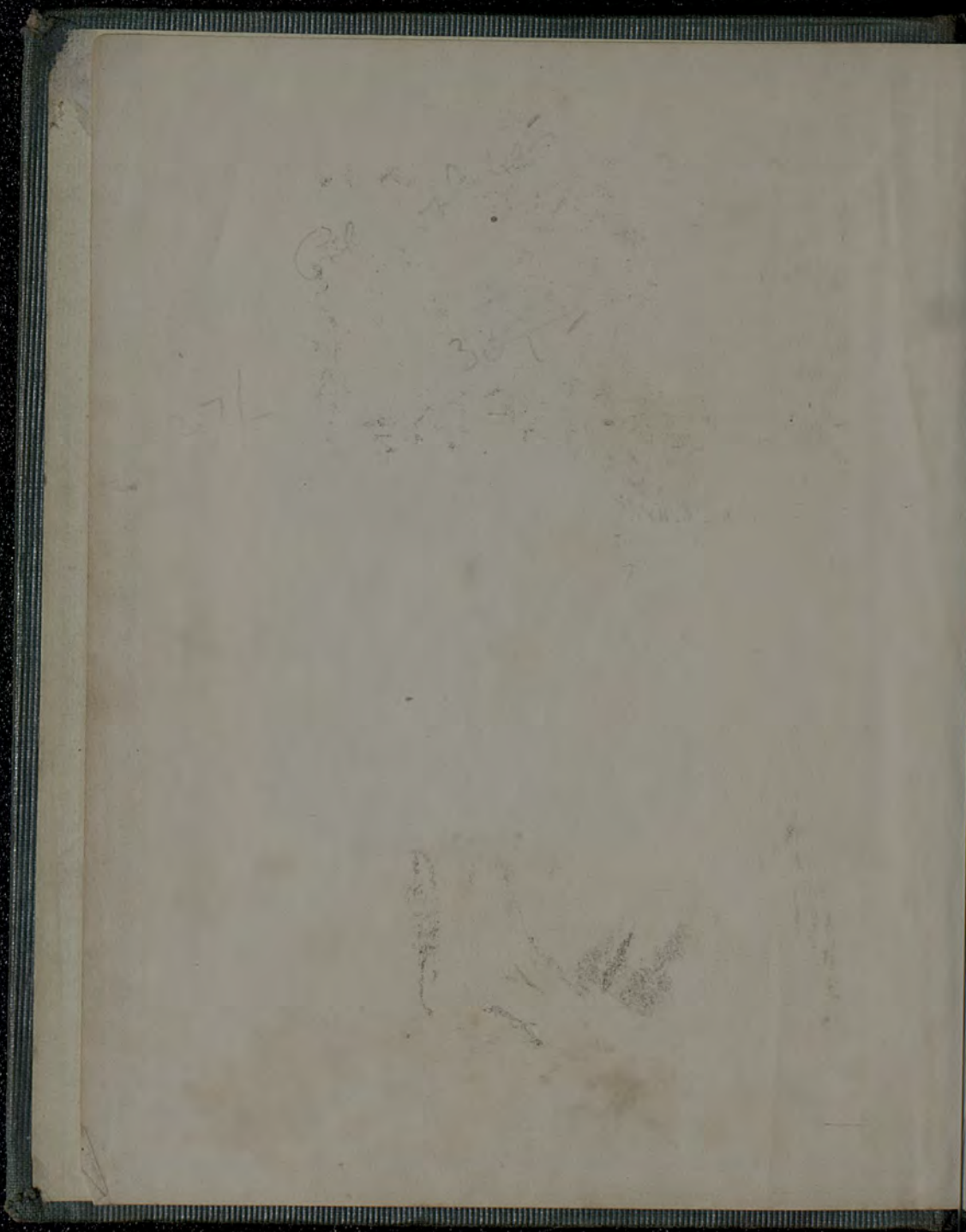
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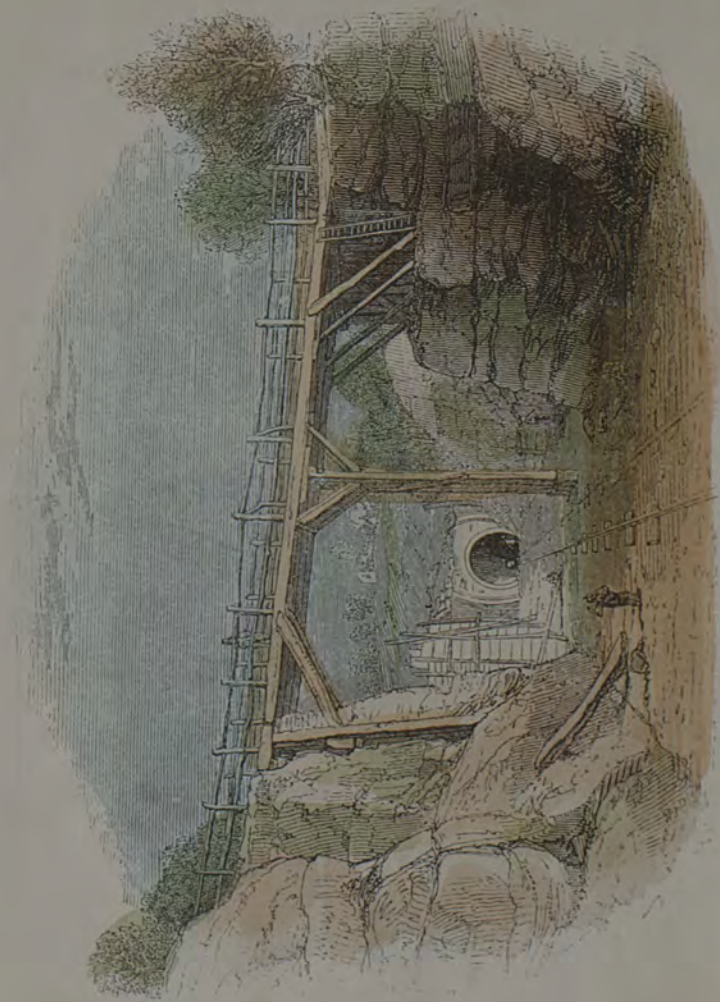
In the center of the page, there is a faint pencil drawing of a rectangular shape with a diagonal line, possibly representing a simple architectural element or a diagram.

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Miss M. Simpson

The gift of
her friend
Carey W. Chafferson



Frontispiece. See page 68.

Frontispiece. See page 1.

MAMMA'S STORIES.

BY

MRS. JERRAM,

AUTHOR OF THE "CHILD'S OWN STORY BOOK."

LONDON:

DARTON AND CLARK, HOLBORN HILL.

CITY STEAM PRESS, LONG LANE,

D. A. DOUDNEY.

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MAMMA'S STORIES.

THE WAX DOLL.

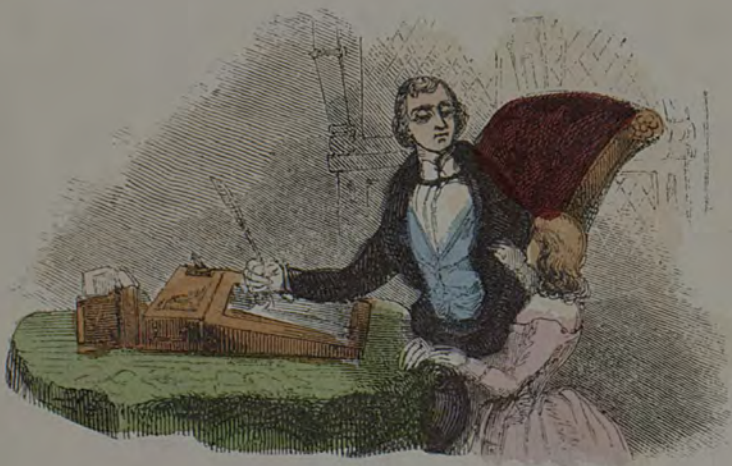
MARIAN WILMER was just ten years old. She was as good-tempered and pleasant looking as any little girl I know; but, alas, for poor Marian! she had been left motherless when quite an infant. Bereaved of that tender care and love which a mother alone can bestow, she had from her earliest childhood been left much to herself, to play or work just as she pleased. Caressed and indulged by her father, she had arrived at the age of ten years, unrestrained, unadvised, and untaught in many

of those useful and pleasant acquirements which many children at that age possess.

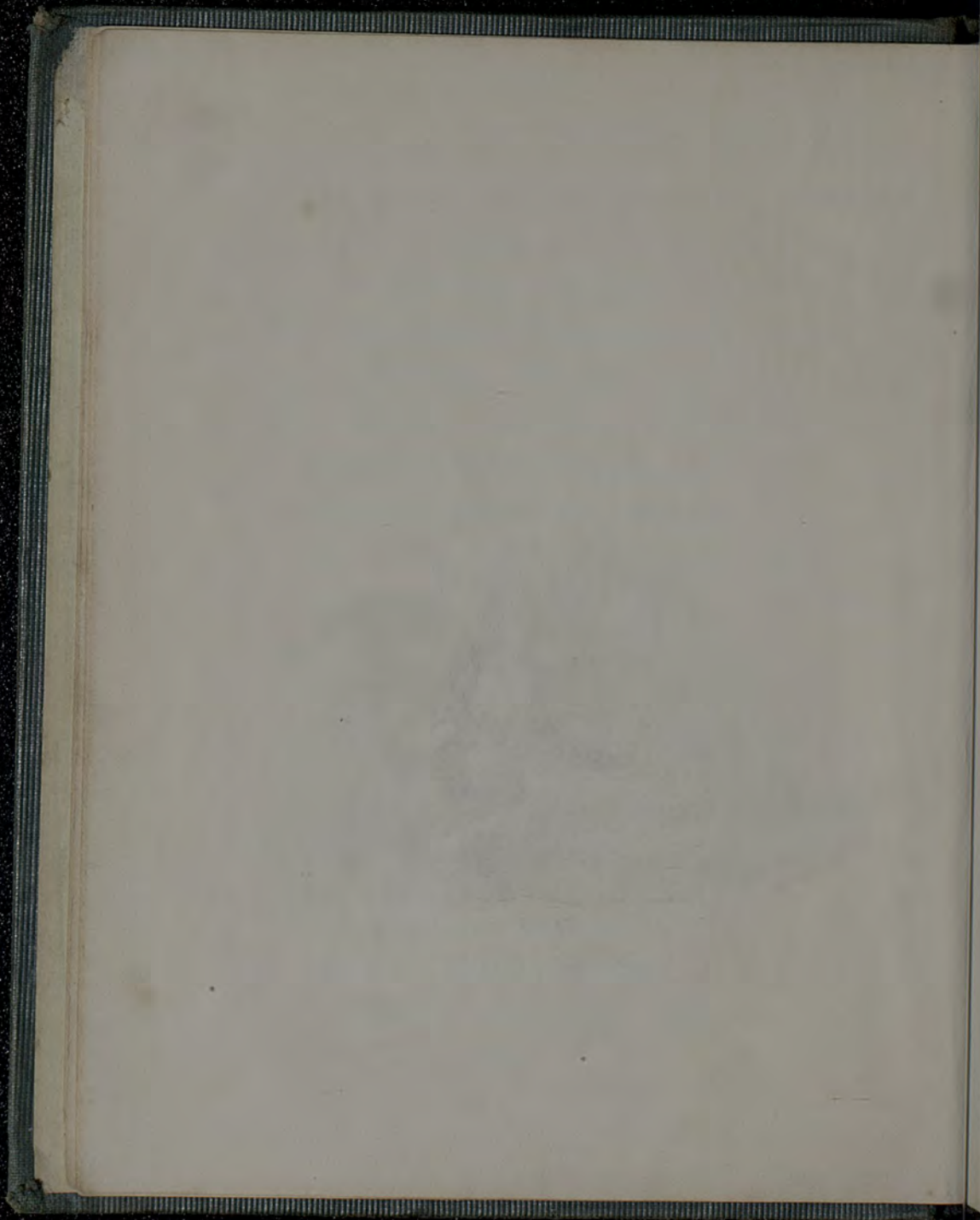
But the time had now arrived when a great change was about to take place in the history of Marian Wilmer. It was a bright morning in May, the sky was blue, and dappled over with little snow-white clouds, and Marian sat in her father's parlour dressing her doll. She lived in a town, and had no garden or field in which she could amuse herself. Her father entered with an open letter in his hand, and sitting down by her side, and looking unusually pleasant, he said, "I have sometimes spoken to you, Marian, of Mrs. Grenville and her amiable family."

"Yes, father," replied Marian, "you have."

"Well, my dear," resumed her father, "that lady has kindly informed me, in this letter, that she wishes you to go and spend a few months at her home."



See page 4.



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“ Oh, father,” said Marian, clapping her hands joyfully, “ that will be pleasant; and when do you think I shall go ? ”

“ I expect to be travelling that way myself in about a week hence,” replied Mr. Wilmer ; “ when I intend to take you, and leave you there until my return.”

Marian was now left alone to think further of the pleasant news she had heard. “ Let me see,” said she ; “ there is Margaret Grenville, who is four years older than I am, whom father has told me I should love, for every one loves her. Then there is Edward, just my own age ; and then little Alice, I do not know her age, but I think she is a very little girl. Well, but I wonder what frocks I shall take to wear at Mrs. Grenville’s, and which bonnet. I hope I shall not take any of my old ones. Oh, no, I should think I shall have some pretty new ones, made of silk, I dare say ;

and shall I take them in a box, or how? I do not think a box would hold all that I want. Oh dear! how impatient I feel."

In this manner Marian continued thinking and talking to herself the whole of this day, about the pleasant journey she expected to have, and what she would do when at Mrs. Grenville's.

It seemed a long week to Marian, though she was busily engaged in getting her new frocks made, and the pretty pink satin bonnet, which she felt sure that every one would admire; she had never felt in such a bustle before, nor thought herself of half so much consequence. At length, however, the necessary arrangements were all made; the boxes were packed, locked, and all things ready: and it was the night before the journey. Oh, what a long restless night was that to Marian! Such dreaming of being too late for the coach;

then of being close beside the coach, and seeing it quite filled with passengers, and no space left for her ; then waking, and looking if it were day-light, and wondering if it were time to get up. At length she fell into a long and quiet sleep, and when she awoke the sunbeams were shining upon her pillow, and the long wished-for morning was *indeed* come. Marian was soon dressed and in the breakfast-room ; and very soon after this, she and her father were on their way to the coach office ; but they were not too late for the coach ; neither was it filled with passengers : there was ample room for Marian, her father, and the boxes too.

Now they were seated, Marian's heart beat impatiently to be gone ; now the coach gave a jerk forward, now another, and they were really on the way to Mrs. Grenville's pleasant home in the country. It seemed a long ride

for Marian, although she had much to look at as they passed through the towns and villages in their way; but after several hours, it came to an end; and presently, after a short walk, they were seated in Mrs. Grenville's sitting-room, and really speaking with that lady; and though she was not exactly like what Marian had fancied her, she was quite as pleasant and kind.

Then there was Margaret—good happy Margaret—sitting beside Marian at tea, with the sweetest countenance and the brightest smile you can imagine, handing about cake and tea, and hoping it was agreeable; and Edward and little Alice, so quiet and well behaved, it was really quite delightful.

After they had had tea, Margaret said, "Mother, if you have no objection, I should like to have Marian sleep with me;" and as Mrs. Grenville was quite willing, Margaret

took Marian up into her bedroom, and had the boxes carried there also. Then Margaret showed Marian her nice clean white bed, and her chest of drawers where she kept her clothes; and, opening one of the drawers to take out a clean white gown and cap, Marian observed how neatly every thing was arranged therein, and enquired whether Margaret laid by her clothes herself. Margaret said she did; that she had done so ever since she was six years old; and Marian said that *she* never could fold her clothes neatly: they were always sure to be creased when she unwrapped them, if she thought she had laid them ever so nicely.

But Margaret said she could very soon teach her how to fold clothes smoothly, and that she would lend her a part of her drawers to keep her frocks in while she remained with them. Then Marian unlocked her boxes, took

out her new frocks, and the pink satin bonnet, hoping that Margaret would think them extremely pretty; but whatever Margaret thought she said nothing about them, but began showing Marian the best way to fold her clothes neatly. Then she arranged some of them within a drawer, requesting Marian to do the same, which she did in her very best manner, and, after several attempts, managed to place them in something like order.

“They will do very well this time,” said Margaret; “but you will soon improve and fold them quite as well as I do.” This was encouraging to Marian; there was no fault found with her first attempt, no laughing at her awkwardness, as she had fully expected, from Margaret; but an assurance that she would soon improve.

Marian’s affections were now entirely won by Margaret; she felt that she had gained a

friend, and she was happy. The next morning, Marian was awoke from slumber by a gentle kiss from Margaret, who kindly inquired how she had slept, and whether she would like to arise.

“Is it breakfast-time?” asked Marian.

“No,” replied Margaret; “we shall not breakfast in less than an hour and a half: we always, when the weather permits, take a walk with mother before breakfast; and we wish you to go with us.”

“Oh, dear! I *shall* be hungry before that time,” said Marian. “I wonder how you *can* walk before breakfast; I do not think I shall go.”

“Oh! do try it this one morning,” said Margaret; “and I am sure you will not be sorry, dear Marian.”

Marian felt ashamed to repose; and so, slowly rising from her bed, she began to dress.

Margaret kindly assisted her, and they were soon ready for the walk.

Little Alice and Edward were waiting at the door, and Mrs. Grenville came out of the sitting-room just as the children went down stairs. Margaret then took a little basket from her mother's hand, and they went out, through a back garden, into a pleasant lane, where the hawthorn was in blossom, and gave forth a delicious perfume; and having gone about half a mile along this pleasant lane, they turned into a field—Edward and Alice walking on before, and carefully keeping the foot-path, lest they should take cold in the dewy grass. It was a lovely morning; everything looked bright and happy, and Marian could not help feeling happy, too, when Margaret asked her if she heard the wren's sweet note, and if she had observed a skylark rise up at their feet. But Marian had never been accustomed to

think of such things, and did not know the notes of birds, or of what kind they were.

“Hark! there it is again,” said Margaret; “you will soon know that joyous little song, I am sure, Marian.”

“And now we are come to the old ruined cottage,” said Edward; “and I want to show Marian the robin’s nest. Look,” said he; “it is in this hole in the wall, where the ivy leaves hang over as if to screen it from danger: but I do not think any one would hurt a robin;” and, as Edward spoke, he gently parted the ivy leaves, and out flew the startled robin, that had been sitting upon the eggs. “And now,” said Edward, “Marian may just peep in;” and Marian, standing on tiptoe, saw five pretty little grey eggs, streaked with red. “They will soon be hatched now,” said Edward. “We have watched that nest, Marian, ever since the robins began to build it. I hope it may remain undisturbed.”

They then crossed over a stile, and went into another field, where a man was milking a cow. When they came up to him, he pleasantly bade them a good morning; then measured a quart of nice warm new milk, which Edward took from his hand. Then they all sat down on a seat under a large walnut tree, and Margaret opened her basket, and took out some nice hard biscuits, and a cup to drink the milk from.

This was quite a pleasant surprise for Marian, who was beginning to feel hungry; and she thought at the time, and afterwards said, that she had never enjoyed anything so much in her life before; and never again did she refuse to get up for an early walk, nor wish to lie in bed until breakfast was ready in the parlour. But it was not to partake of the biscuits and nice new milk, that Marian loved to rise early; for she found so much freshness, and

beauty, and peace, in the early mornings, that her heart could not feel otherwise than joyous and thankful towards the great Giver of all goodness and beauty.

Marian had now been several weeks at Mrs. Grenville's, when, one evening, after returning from a walk, Margaret observed to her, that, while they had been walking, she had noticed a small hole in one of her stockings; and asked her if she had not better put on a clean pair on the morrow, and darn up the hole before it became larger?

"I do not know how to darn," said Marian; "I have never been used to mending my own clothes."

Margaret said, that, if she would like to learn, she should have great pleasure in teaching her.

Marian said that she should certainly feel obliged, if Margaret would be so kind. Mar-

garet immediately opened her work-box, took out her thimble, scissors, needle, and cotton, and, bringing an old stocking, turned it upon the inside, found a little hole, fixed it tightly over her hand, and neatly laid her threads all one way, until the hole was covered. Then she began to lay the stitches across, one under and another over, alternately, until the hole was filled up. Then she encouraged Marian to try what she could do; and, although Marian was at first awkward and afraid, she really managed better than she had thought she should do.

And thus Margaret continued to instruct Marian in many things; and very glad was Marian when she had learned to cut out a small shirt, to work the button-holes, and to back-stitch the wristbands and collar, and set them on, and put it all together herself.

One day, when Mrs. Grenville, Margaret,

and Marian, were sitting at work together, Mrs. Grenville said, "Do you know, Margaret, that, in two more days, it will be little Alice's birthday?"

Margaret replied, that she really had forgotten that it was so near, and said how glad she was now she thought of it; for birthdays were always happy days to them.

"And," continued Mrs. Grenville, "I have invited a few of your little friends to spend the afternoon with you; and, if the day should be fine, I intend that you shall take tea in the garden; but do not let Edward or Alice hear of this until the birthday." This was joyful news to Margaret and Marian, and occupied most of their thoughts that evening and the whole of the following day. It was in the afternoon of that day, that Mrs. Grenville entered the room where Margaret and Marian were at their lessons, carrying a box, which

she placed upon a table. "Now," she said, "if you have finished your tasks, I am come to show you something you will like to see. I have just received a letter," she continued, addressing Margaret, "from your grandmother, with a present for Alice on her birthday; and I thought I would show it to you and Marian; but I do not wish Edward to know, lest he should tell Alice before to-morrow." So saying, she opened the box, and there lay a beautiful wax doll as large as a baby, with pretty blue eyes, and real brown hair, and real eyelashes, and waxen arms and hands; and the pretty little fingers were just bent, as though it were going to hold something; and it was dressed in a white frock, trimmed with elegant lace, and it had on a pink sash and pink shoes. Margaret said that she really had never seen anything half so beautiful; and Marian fairly danced round it, and wanted to

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have it in her arms for one minute only; but Mrs. Grenville would not allow it to be touched for fear of accident. She then carried it away to her own bed-room, where she thought it would be quite safe.

Marian could do nothing but think about the doll, and wish that she might have it in her arms just for five minutes—it was so extremely pretty! After a while, Marian, observing that Margaret and her mother were walking in the garden, stole softly up stairs, intending to have just one peep at the waxen baby. Mrs. Grenville's bed-room door was not quite closed, and, with a beating heart, fearful that she was doing wrong, Marian opened it a little more, and looked in to see if any one was there; but there was no one within, and she entered. The box was upon the table, and, on tiptoe, she stepped up to it, and took off the cover; then glided stealthily

to the window, to make sure that Mrs. Grenville and Margaret were still in the garden. They were still there; and again Marian stepped lightly back to the box, where lay the doll, looking quite as beautiful as before, and Marian touched its cheek, and then its hand—“And oh! that pretty bend of the little finger,” she said; “it looks as though I could open it.” What did she hear? A little crash? What had she done? Why was her cheek flushed? and why did the tears start to her eyes? Alas for poor Marian! the delicate little finger was broken. “What must I do?” she said. “Oh! what must I do now? Shall I say that I have done it? or shall I say that I know nothing about it? Why did I come here?” she said, covering the box again; and running to her chamber, she locked the door, and wept bitterly.

She remained in her bed-room until she

heard the bell ring for tea; and as she went down stairs she was met by Margaret, who asked where she had been so long, and said, "Mother and I have been making arrangements for to-morrow, with which I must acquaint you after tea." There was so much to be thought and talked of over tea, that poor Marian's downcast looks were scarcely noticed; and in the evening, when Margaret proposed a walk to her, she said, that her head ached so sadly, she would rather be excused; but as Mrs. Grenville was too busy to accompany them, Margaret said, she could not excuse her, as she wished to tell her about their plans, and the ramble would, she felt sure, relieve her head-ache. And so Marian went, but was so unhappy that she could not converse with Margaret, nor enter at all into her joyous thoughts. "Alice will be five years old to-morrow," said Margaret, "and I cannot help

thinking of the happy day she is likely to spend, dear little creature ; and how pleased she will be with that beautiful wax doll."

Poor Marian trembled, and begged Margaret would rest a few minutes upon the stile, before they crossed over into the next field. Margaret was truly sorry to see Marian appear so unwell, and said, they would return home and go early to bed, that Marian might be as she hoped, quite refreshed by the morning. Marian just glanced at Mrs. Grenville as she kissed her when bidding her good night, and she thought she looked enquiringly at her, as though she would ask if she had broken the doll's finger ; but no mention was made of it.

When Margaret after closing the bed-room door, knelt down as usual to prayer, Marian felt unworthy to kneel by her side, for she knew that she ought to have confessed her fault, and the words—

“Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be—”

at that moment coming impressively to mind, she burst into tears, and continued weeping until Margaret arose, and fondly encircling her in her arms, said, “My dear Marian, you are not only unwell, but unhappy; will you not tell me, whom you call your best friend, the cause of this grief?”

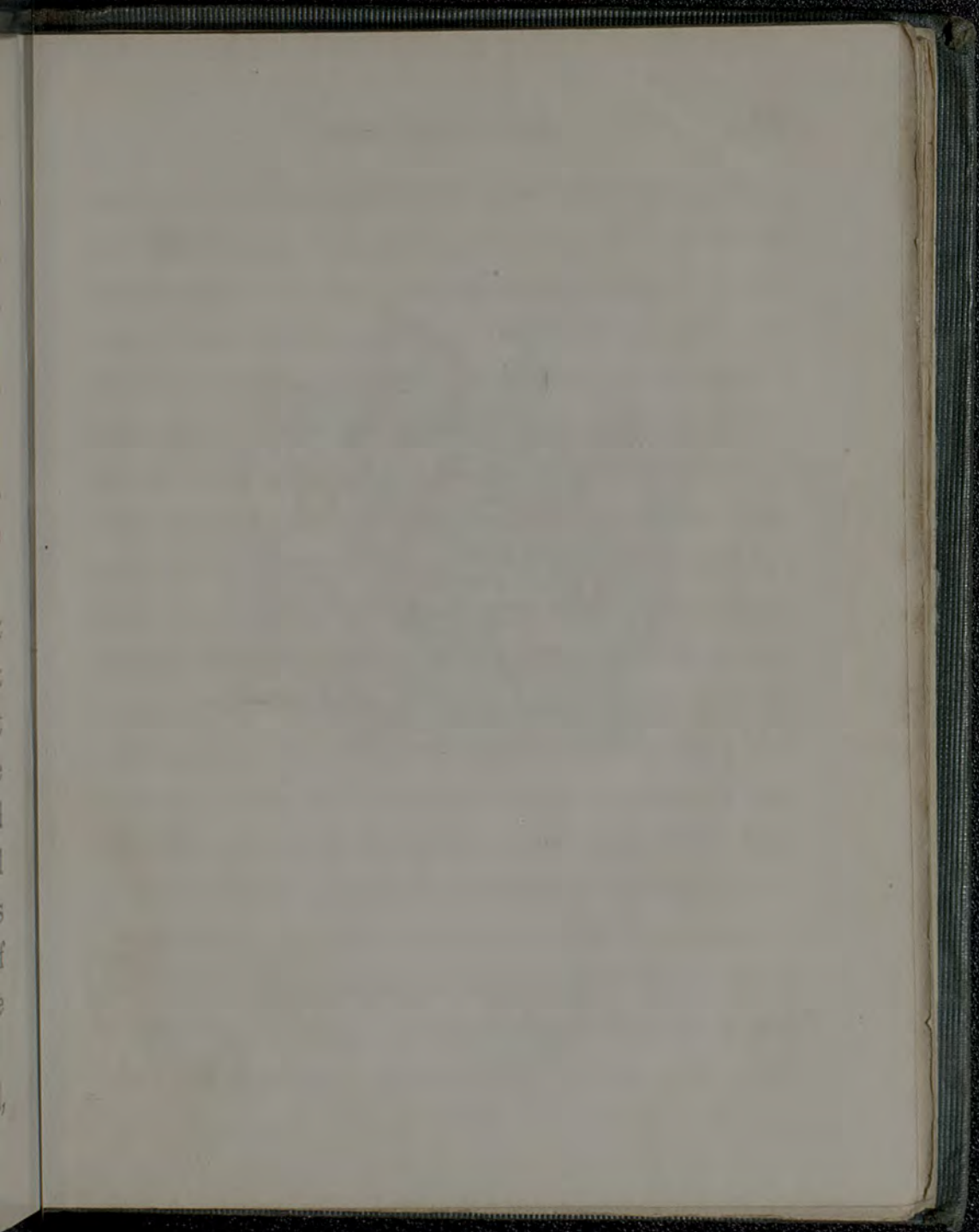
“I will, dearest Margaret,” she replied; “I will. I have been exceedingly naughty, I have broken little Alice’s beautiful doll.”

Margaret started, in surprise, and said, “Surely not, Marian;” but poor Marian told just how it happened, and begged that Margaret would forgive her; and requested her to inform Mrs. Grenville, and ask her to forgive her too.

Margaret replied, "It is not against me, dear Marian, that you have offended, and I do not know what mother will say; for you know that she would not permit us to touch the doll even when in her care; but you must acquaint her yourself with the misfortune: she will receive it better than she would do through me; I feel assured, dear Marian, that that will be the right way.

Marian, after much persuasion on the part of Margaret, resolved to acknowledge her fault on the very first opportunity that should present itself, on the morrow; and when she had made this resolution, she knelt down, and prayed that she might be forgiven, and strengthened to confess her disobedience to Mrs. Grenville's commands. Then after another shower of tears, poor Marian fell asleep, and for a time forgot her sorrows.

At length the morning came, as beautiful,





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and bright, and sunny, as any little girl of five years old could wish her birthday to be; birds warbling, flowers sending forth rich odours, busy bees, and radiant butterflies, sipping delicious honey, were occasions for happy thoughts, and joyous feeling, such as none but good little children know. Then there was the summer-house festooned with white lilies, red roses, and laurel leaves; and nice cakes, and tarts, and syllabubs being made, and strawberries and currants gathered, and many other pleasant things being done, because it was Alice's birth day; and there was Alice herself, dressed in a neat white muslin frock, for Mrs. Grenville always said, that silks were quite unfit for children, that they had no enjoyment in wearing them, but were in constant fear and danger of spoiling them; there Alice was then, I say, in her simple white frock, seeming in her innocent joy, like the very

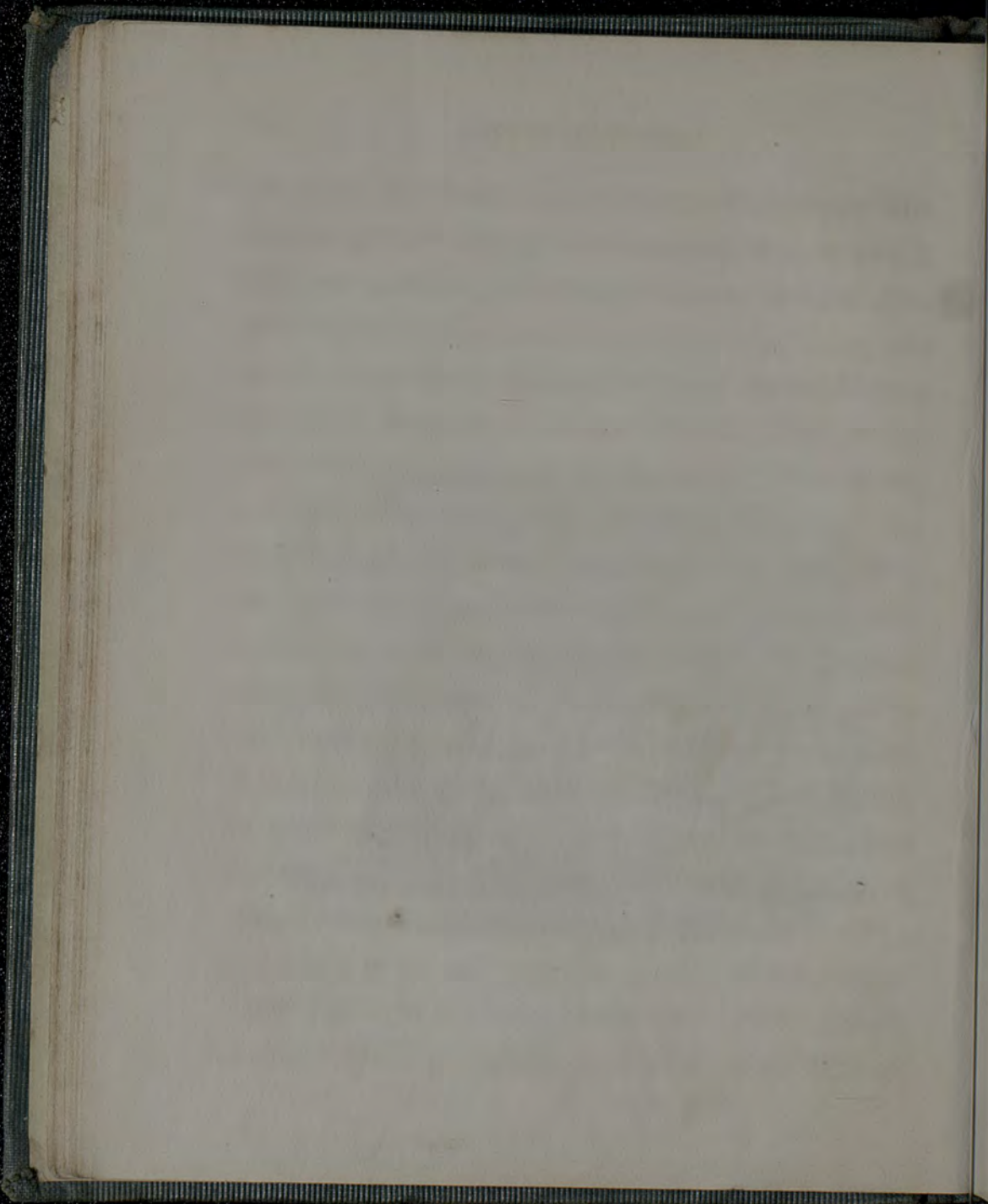
queen of summer. But poor Marian could take no part in the general gladness; sorrow was heavy at her heart, and she had yet to confess her fault.

After breakfast Mrs. Grenville took Margaret and Marian apart, and said, "My dear children, I am sorry to find, upon looking at the doll this morning, that one of its fingers is broken, and as I feel certain it was not done when I showed it to you yesterday, I fear that some one must have gone into my bed-room unknown to me; do you, either of you, know any thing about it?" Margaret looked at Marian, but she was pale and silent. "Are you not well this morning, Marian?" asked Mrs. Grenville, "or are you unhappy?"

Marian burst into tears, and hiding her face with her hands, sobbed out, "Oh! dear Mrs. Grenville, it was I who broke the doll's finger. I could not help it, Oh! do forgive me, and I



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will never offend against you as long as I live, if you will forgive me this time." Mrs. Grenville was very much surprised and sorry; but she said, although she thought Marian had acted improperly, yet as she appeared truly sorry for her fault, and as she hoped it would prove a useful lesson to her, she would forgive her.

Marian felt much relieved by Mrs. Grenville's kind forbearance, but still she was not happy, for little Alice's forgiveness had yet to be obtained; and all the morning she was expecting to hear that Mrs. Grenville had told Alice, and that she would be displeased with her; but Alice was happy and merry, and even more now than usual.

In the afternoon, when all the little friends were assembled together in the large drawing-room, Mrs. Grenville brought in the wax doll, and showed it to them. There was a

general burst of surprise and pleasure; nothing half so pretty had ever been seen before; as for little Alice, she was almost wild with glee, because it was her own, her beautiful wax doll, and had been sent all the way from London by her kind Grandmamma, on purpose for her birthday present.

“But, oh! dear mother,” said Alice, after having examined the doll, “it has had one of its fingers broken.”

“Yes, my love,” replied her mother, “it has met with an accident, which I hope I shall be able to repair another day.”

Mrs. Grenville did not look at Marian, neither did she say that she had done the mischief; and no one thought that she had done it. But Mrs. Grenville’s kindness in not exposing her to the censure of the company only made Marian feel more sorrowful, because she felt unworthy of such kindness.

Alice's birthday was a happy one to all present excepting Marian; the sky was serene and cloudless, and the air was filled with the songs of birds and the voices of happy children; the tea was so pleasant in the garden; the summerhouse, where they took strawberries and cream, so nicely adorned with flowers; and everything so according with their feelings, that they each, at parting, declared that they had never passed a happier day.

"But I wonder, mother," said little Alice, when she was looking at the doll for the last time that night, "I do wonder how its finger was broken."

The time for Marian fully to relieve her heart was now come; with one strong effort she arose, and begging that Alice would forgive her, said it was she who had been the offender.

"Oh! now Marian," said Alice, "I wonder

how you could be so"—she was about to say "naughty:" but raising her eyes, and seeing Marian in tears, she checked herself, and added, "Oh! well, but mother said she thought she could repair it; never mind, Marian, I will not call you naughty, because you are so sorry."

"Now," said Marian, as she kissed dear Alice's cheek, "I am happier than I have ever been since I broke the doll's finger; I could not be happy until you knew, and had forgiven me."

Mrs. Grenville then gathered the children around her, and thus addressed them:—"And thus it is, my dear children, whenever we commit sin, there must be full confession made before the heart can find relief; we must not only acknowledge our faults to those whom we have injured, or against whom we have offended; but we must also obtain par-

don from our Heavenly Father ; otherwise our repentance is not complete. I feel convinced by Marian's full confession of her fault this day, that she will henceforth endeavour to cultivate an upright and honest mind, and never strive to hide her faults, nor deceive those whom she may unintentionally injure ; be assured, dear girl, she said, addressing Marian, that our Heavenly Father is ever ready to forgive all those who truly repent, and confess their sins unto him ; and he will never forsake those who trust in him, but will mercifully guide them through the troubled paths of this life, and when they die will receive their immortal spirits into his glorious kingdom, where all are as the angels of God for ever." When Mrs. Grenville ceased speaking, the children kissed her affectionately, and then sang together the evening hymn, beginning,

" Glory to thee, my God, this night."

At the conclusion, when Margaret bade her mother good night, she said, "What is our text for this night's meditation, dear mother?" It shall be," replied Mrs. Grenville, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

And as the children lay down to rest with grateful hearts to the great Source of every blessing, the latest prayer that lingered upon every lip was, "Lord, cleanse thou me from secret faults!"



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THE MUSEUM.

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“COME and sit down by me, dear Kate, and I will tell you about something I saw at the Museum in Oxford.

“There were a great many curiosities and beautiful things there, but I shall only mention those which I think will be most interesting to you. There was a giraffe or camelopard—oh! so large; it was the tallest animal I ever saw. I think it was fourteen feet in height. It has a meek-looking face, something like a deer and something like a camel, and an extremely long neck; the skin is of a yel-



low brown, spotted with white; the fore legs are longer than the hinder ones, and the hoof is like that of an ox. The giraffe is a native of South Africa, and feeds upon the leaves and branches of fragrant trees chiefly upon the leaves of a sort of mimosa, called by the natives of Africa, "Ronaass." Although so tall, the giraffe can stoop to eat from the ground, and to drink water; when it wants to lie down to rest, it kneels first with its fore legs then gradually bends its hinder ones and throws itself over on to its side."

"Was the giraffe alive, mother?"

"No, dear Kate, there was nothing living in the Museum; the animals and birds were stuffed, and made to look very nice and pretty. Then there were all kinds of curious things; strings of beautiful beads, gold chains, ivory chains, and antique ornaments, worn by the rich and great in ages past away. There was



a small horn, rather smaller than a ram's horn, which had grown on the hind part of a woman's head, and the portrait of the woman, having a horn growing upon the head. And there was a lantern, seven hundred years old; it was made of bronze, and ornamented by large crystals, about the size of a pigeon's egg; it was not glazed, as we see many lanterns now; it had a dome-like top pierced full of small holes, about the size of a pea, and holes round the sides also. But I must tell you what dome-like means; a dome is like half a globe, arched, as you have seen the pictures of St. Paul's Cathedral; and perhaps you do not know what are crystals. Crystal is a clear stone, like glass, and those crystals upon the old lantern were nicely carved, so that if a light were to shine upon them, they would glitter like diamonds; and there were I believe as many as twenty of those clear sparkling



stones on the lanterns of the twelfth century. And there were a pair of leather boots, which had been worn by William Henry, Duke of Gloucester; they were made to be worn as high as the knee, and had a piece of leather turned down at the top, and cut at the edges in small leaves and flowers. William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, was a very clever scholar, and his sweet and gentle disposition endeared him unto all; but although he was rich, and possessed of every indulgence this earth can afford, his existence though bright was brief. Death takes away the best and loveliest; and that dear child, the beloved and admired of all, died of fever, after an illness of several days, on the 29th day of July, in the year 1700, aged eleven years; but we may hope, my dear girl, that his princely robes, and crown of gems and gold, were exchanged for the snow-white raiment of immortality, and the crown of eternal life.



“There were many beautiful shells in the Museum, richly coloured butterflies, moths, and other insects, and birds of almost every kind. I noticed a pelican with a large pouch or bag hanging down below its bill; it is in this bag that they carry food for their young ones. And there was the scarlet ibis, the great white albatross, the Argus pheasant, and many lovely birds of paradise; and there were thirty-two kinds of parrots, from the largest to the smallest, which is about the size of a linnet, and is generally called the love bird. Its feathers are of a beautiful green colour; but what I think you would have admired most, Kate, were the beautiful little humming-birds, the largest of which, was about the size of a golden-crested wren, and the smallest not much larger than an humble bee; and there were three little nests, made by humming-birds. They appeared to be formed



chiefly of cotton down; for you know, Kate, in the West Indies where they live, the cotton tree grows abundantly. Well, these small nests were about the size of half a common-sized egg-shell, and there was a little white egg in one of them, rather larger than a pea; but the colours of the birds' feathers, Kate, were so brilliant and shining, I fear I cannot describe them to you. There was one little bird, with the wings and back of a pale gold colour, the bosom white, and under the throat a small tuft of purple feathers, shining like amethyst; amethyst is a transparent stone, of a rich purple colour. Well, and there was another splendid little bird, with the wings, head, and back of a deep rich brown, shaded with crimson, breast rose colour, and under the throat a speck so bright and golden as to be almost dazzling to the eye. The humming-bird certainly has the richest and most shining plumage



I ever saw. And now, Kate, I am going to tell you what I most admired of all the beautiful and curious things I saw in the Museum. It was a small picture made with humming-birds' feathers; it was a representation of Jesus Christ bearing his cross, when he was about to be crucified; and the Saviour had on a purple robe, and a crown of platted thorns upon his head; and was bending beneath the weight of the heavy cross upon which he was to be cruelly nailed. This is the passage of scripture descriptive of the scene, after Pilate had delivered him to the Jews:—'And he bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in Hebrew, Golgotha.'

“Well, in the picture there were a great number of men, and soldiers, and horses, and a few women; and trees also, and mountains, and valleys, all made with little shining fea-

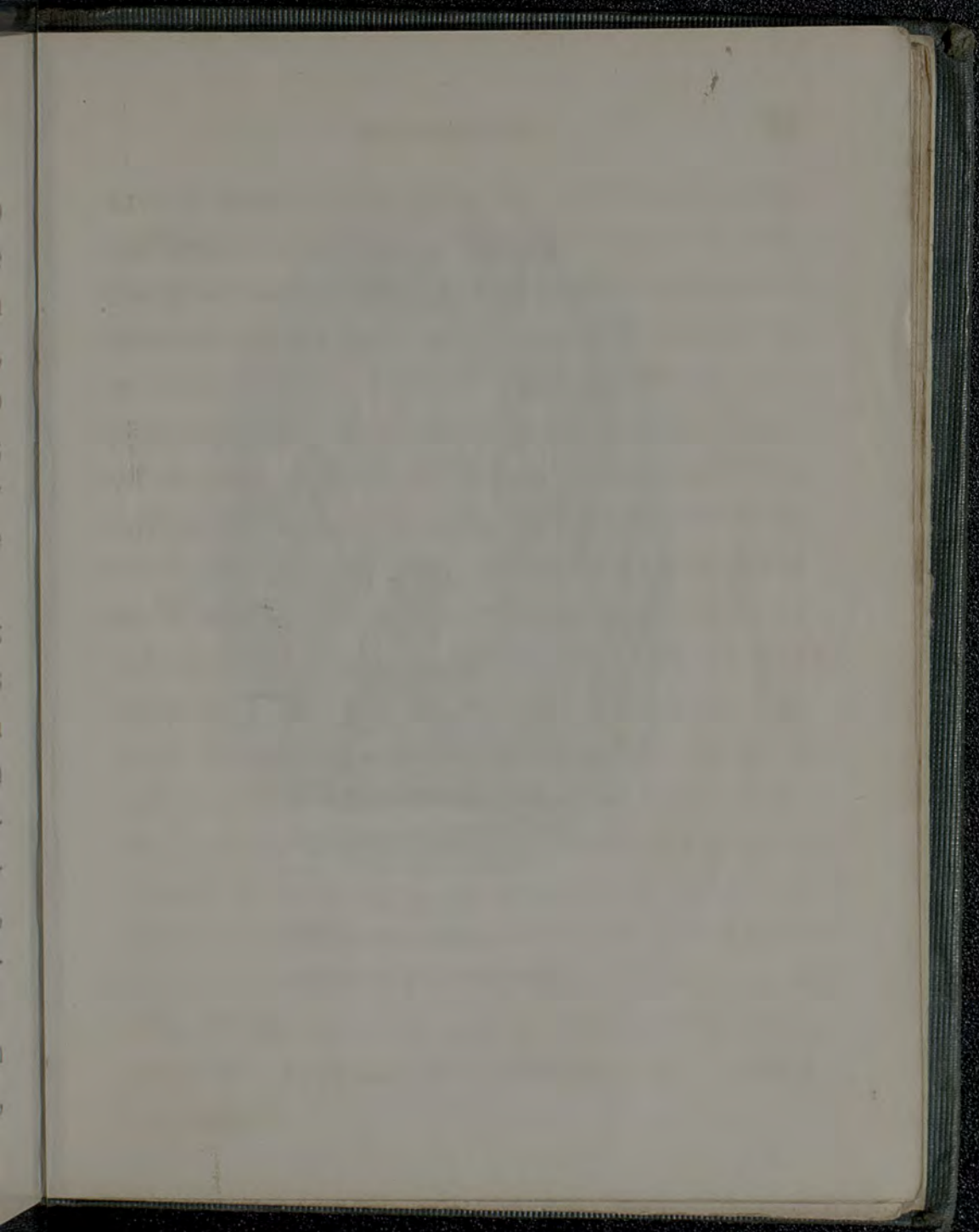


thers, so nicely and beautifully arranged as to appear like a rich painting, or rather more like fine silk needle-work. This picture was given by Mary of Modena, wife of James the Second, to Mrs. Dawson, who left it at her death to Dr. Harrison, of All Souls College, Oxford; and, after his death, it was purchased by N. Cryenes, Esq., who presented it to the Museum, 1745.

“The humming-bird is a native of the West Indies, and flutters about in those countries as butterflies do on bright summer days in an English garden; like them it sips honey from the flowers, and spends its little innocent existence in joy and gladness. It is a very delicate bird, and cannot be kept in confinement, as it chiefly subsists upon honey from the blossoms and the sweet fresh air of heaven.

“I will tell you about a little girl who lived in India. She was a sweet happy little child,









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and loved everything that was good and beautiful; and she used to sit in the shade of the graceful acacia, watching the little humming-birds flitting from flower to flower, and long to have one in her hand, just to stroke its glossy plumage, and then let it fly again. But, as her mamma had told her they would die in confinement, she was contented to sit and watch them, and talk to them; and this was the little song she used to sing:—

‘Lovely little birdie,  
Wouldst thou dwell with me,  
Thou shouldst have a golden cage  
In my sweet acacia tree.

Through the sunny hours  
Of the long bright day,  
I would gather flowers,  
And make thy home so gay.

No! sweet little birdie,  
Thou must not dwell with me;

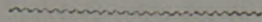


For thy little nest is better  
Than a golden cage would be.

Thy shining wings would droop ;  
And I know that thou wouldst pine  
For the sunny gleams that gladden  
That pretty nest of thine.

Then go, my shining birdie—  
With me thou'dst droop and die  
For the honey of the blossom,  
The sunshine of the sky.'

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## WILLIE AND HIS ROBIN.

WILLIE is a kind and gentle-hearted little boy ; he is very fond of animals and birds, and of all God's best and gentlest creatures. He does not like to have anything hurt or killed ; it makes him cry and tremble, and feel very sad. He knows that it is a pleasant thing to be alive, and he would have everything live and enjoy its existence.

Last winter, there were many robins came about our door, chirping and hopping in the snow, begging for a crumb of bread ; but they were all one to Willie. Every one that came



was his very own robin, he was quite certain ; for he knew it by its bright black eye and pretty red breast, and he wanted crumbs for all that came. Well, he had a small Æolian harp, which he played with his mouth ; and because it pleased him, he thought his robin would like to hear it, too, and he would stand at the door and play for him while he ate his crumbs ; and thus he would talk to his merry sister Kate :—

“ Oh ! there’s my pretty robin, Kate,  
And he shall have some bread ;  
Now, look you at his bright black eye,  
And pretty bosom red.

And I will play my music, Kate,  
For he will like to hear ;  
Now, hush ! you must not dance or sing,  
Nor go so very near.

He is not frightened yet, Kate—  
I see him in the snow :



For while he hears my music play,  
He does not wish to go.

Oh! there's a little star, Kate—  
I see it in the snow;  
But where is pretty robin gone?  
Dear mother, tell us where."

"He's gone to find some shelter snug,  
To shield him from the snow,  
For if he had not where to sleep,  
He would be starved, you know.

And then he'll come to Willie's door,  
As soon as it is day,  
To ask him for a crumb of bread,  
And hear his music play."



## THE DORMOUSE.

“MOTHER, I wish you would tell me about something you saw, when you were away from us so long; when Willie and I used to talk about you, and wish you were with us again. That seemed a long time, mother, and I am so glad that you are here; you can tell us now such pleasant things.”

“Well, Kate, I will tell you about a little dormouse. I went one evening to a lady’s house, and there, upon a table, I observed a box, with wires across the top of it; and going to examine it, I found it to be the habita-



tion of a little dormouse. The box was divided into two apartments—one for its food, and the other for its nest. The dormouse was asleep when I first saw it, curled round in its nest of hay; but presently it awoke, and came out for something to eat; and first it tasted a gooseberry, then a little biscuit, then a grain of wheat; and then it began jumping and turning over and over, and over again, so quickly that you could scarcely see what he was like.”

“Oh, mother! how I should have laughed to see him! Was he like a field-mouse or a shrew-mouse? or what was he like, mother?”

“The dormouse is unlike any mouse you ever saw, Kate. Its body is about the length of a field-mouse, but much thicker. The fur upon the head, back, and tail, is of a golden brown, and the belly is white. The tail is flat,



about two inches in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth. It has beautiful large black eyes, and is as pretty a little animal as any I have seen. It will eat fruit, nuts, biscuit, corn, lettuce leaves, and sow-thistle, and is fond of bread soaked in milk; but much liquid is injurious to it. When eating, it sits upon its hind feet, takes its food between its two fore feet, and erects its tail over its back like a squirrel. It sleeps all the day, and awakes in the evening. When the twilight star is shining, the little dormouse begins his merry play; nibbling, and frisking, and turning his little round, until the dark shades of night begin to disappear, and the lovely light of morning is filling the skies with beauty. Then the dormouse hides again in his nest, and sleeps until morning.

“And now, Kate, I think I shall tell you something that will surprise you. In the



month of October, when the days grow short, and the weather is becoming cold ; when the flowers are almost all gone, and the leaves are fallen off from the trees, and the pretty swallows we love so to watch in the summer are gone to a warmer climate, and black-eyed robin is the only little bird whose song continues to cheer us—the little dormouse goes into his nest, curls himself round like a ball, with his pretty tail over his head, and falls asleep ; and sleeps so long that you would quite believe he was dead ; for, if you were to take him into your hand, he would feel just like a little ball of ice. But in the month of March, when the days are growing longer and warmer ; when the snowdrop, the crocus, the primrose, the violet, and a few other spring flowers are come again ; when the frost and the snow are gone, and the little birds which have sat shivering upon the leafless branches, through many a



dreary day, are beginning to chirp and hop about more cheerily, and feel that brighter hours are coming; when the little lambs begin to frisk and leap in the fields, and you, dear Kate, and your little brothers, and many other happy children, rejoice in the return of light and beauty; then the pretty Dormouse unfurls its tail, stretches its legs, opens its bright black eyes, and comes out to seek its food."

"Oh! mother, what has kept it alive without food so long? Ah! now I know, mother, God has kept it. You say that he can do all things; surely it must be He—is it not, dear mother?"

"Yes, my child, He keeps the little dormouse in his nest of moss and hay just in the same manner as *he* keeps and watches over us while we sleep; and, although the dormouse has a long sleep, still the power of our heavenly Father sustains him, and it is the same Infinite Power that awakes him in the



spring, and fills his small body with life and joy. I have heard of a lady who had a tame dormouse, which she did not keep in confinement, but left it at liberty; and the little creature never left her, but would stay constantly in some part of her dress—sometimes in the sleeves of her gown—sometimes creeping into her bosom, and sleeping there throughout the day, and at night it would play about, and eat whilst the lady slept. I have heard, too, of another lady who kept a dormouse attached to a light chair; but, poor little thing, it proved a dangerous chair; for one day the lady found her pretty dormouse with the chair so tight about its neck, that it was quite dead.

“But let us hope that the little dormouse I saw will meet with a happier lot. He has lived, and ate, and slept, and turned his merry little round for three years, and seems quite happy. He does not think of the shady woods



and the pleasant air, the green grass and the hollow trees, where squirrels and dormice make their snug nests, and lead merry and innocent lives. Neither does he think of the white owl, with its great round face and shining eyes, looking down into his bed, and pouncing upon him to carry away to her young ones. No; he is happy in his little house, where merry faces and pleasant eyes often look in upon him, and kind voices caress and gentle hands feed him with nice fruit, wheat, and sweet biscuits. And all that he can do in return for such kindness, is to turn his little merry round, and acknowledge his gratitude by his gentle playfulness. Such, dear Kate, is the history of the little dormouse."

"Oh, mother! I wish it had been a larger one; I did so like to hear it. Will you please tell us something else?"



“Not now, dear Kate; but perhaps, at some future time, I may tell you something about a squirrel.”

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## LITTLE TRIALS.

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“MOTHER,” said Harriet Stanley, as they were one morning taking breakfast, “if you have no sewing that you particularly wish me to do to-day, I intend to make a doll’s frock.”

“Very well, Harriet,” replied her mother; “I am quite willing that you shall make a doll’s frock, providing that you will endeavour to command your temper, and not be so impatient and peevish as you sometimes are when doing work you are anxious to accomplish.”

“Oh no, dear mother,” said Harriet, “I shall not be impatient to-day, I believe, for I



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have got a very nice piece of green silk for my doll's frock; and I intend to trim it with black lace, and make it look very pretty."

When Harriet had finished her reading lesson and written a tidy copy in her book, she sat down in a great bustle to make the doll's frock. She had not been at work more than ten minutes, when in came her little sister Charlotte, with a great gash in her finger, begging that Harriet would bind over it a little piece of linen.

"So you think that I am going to dirty my hands with your cut finger, Charlotte?" was Harriet's unkind reply. "Go away, and ask some one else. Do you see," she said, in a louder tone, and shaking the poor child by the shoulder, "how you are holding your bleeding finger against my work? Go away, I tell you."

Poor little Charlotte ran away in search of

her mother, who she knew would feel more compassion for her; and after the door was closed, Harriet said to herself, "Oh dear, I have been very impatient with poor Charlotte; I wish now that I had bound up her finger, it would not have taken many minutes, but it was so tiresome to have her come just as I had begun to run up my first seam."

In about a quarter of an hour afterwards in came Charlotte and her brother Henry; "Please, Harriet," said Henry, "mother would be glad if you would give Charlotte and me each a little piece of bread and jam."

"Oh! indeed," said Harriet, "and so I am to lay by my work to cut bread and jam for you children, am I? No, that I will not; you may go and ask Betty to give it you."

"But mother said that Betty was busy a-scouring the stairs, and must not be taken away from her work."

“ Well, then,” said Harriet, “ you may wait till I have fastened off, and threaded my needle, and fastened on again ; I shall not go until then.”

Well, the children waited very patiently until Harriet had fastened off, threaded her needle, fastened on again, and done five stitches ; when Henry ventured to ask if she had fastened on ?

“ Why, yes, I have,” said Harriet, rising hastily, and throwing her work upon one chair, her thimble and scissors on to another, while her cotton ball rolled half way across the floor. “ How tiresome it is to be teased with cut fingers, and bread and jam. I’ll take care I do not give you much jam on your bread, however,” said she, rudely pushing the children along before her.

When Henry and Charlotte were gone and Harriet returned to her work, she could not

help thinking how wrongly she had behaved towards her brother and sister. "I wish I had not been so cross with them," she said; "poor children, I am sure they are always good and patient. If mother knew how unkind I had been I know she would come and take my work away from me, and I have not half done the skirt yet." Harriet had now done a good hour's work without interruption, when she heard Henry calling, "Harriet, Harriet! come here, make haste. Oh! Harriet, why do you not come?"

But Harriet was cutting out a sleeve, and did not wish to go just then, until hearing Henry say, "How angry Harriet will be now that her garden is spoiled!" She cut the sleeve quite wrong, and running out of doors cried out, "Dear me, what is the matter?"

"Oh! said Henry," you would not come in time, Harriet, and little Rover has bitten all your beautiful carnations into pieces."

“ Why, you naughty children, to let him do so much mischief,” said Harriet; “ why did you not beat him well ? ”

“ We could not,” said Henry, “ he was quite in the middle of the flower bed and I could not reach him, and while I was gone away to find a little stick, he did all this mischief.”

Harriet was very angry to find all her handsomest carnations bit off, and little Rover at that unhappy moment coming bounding along towards her, she seized him by the back of the neck, and shook and beat him in such a manner that the poor little creature cried out dreadfully and Mrs. Stanley came out of the house to see what was being done. Upon inquiring she told Harriet, that it was her own fault; that she ought to have gone out when her brother first called, and have learnt the cause of his wishing her to go immediately. She then told Harriet, she should not per-

mit her to work any more at the doll's frock that day, for she knew she had been very impatient all the morning; and so Harriet passed the remainder of the day in disgrace and sorrow.

The next morning Harriet did not venture to ask her mother if she might resume her work, but Mrs. Stanley, observing that her daughter appeared unusually humble and obliging, told her that if she were diligent over her lessons she would allow her to go on making the doll's frock. Harriet was glad of that, and was soon busily employed upon the frock; but she had not worked more than half an hour when in came Henry with his lesson books, saying, "Please, Harriet, mother would be glad if you would attend to my lessons this morning, as she is engaged with a lady who she expects will detain her some time."

Harriet was just making a nice little rosette for the frock body, and thinking how pretty it would look when finished, and it was rather provoking to leave it just then, but she laid it aside and attended to her brother's lessons, and as he made good speed with them, she was not detained long. Henry had not long left the room, when Charlotte brought in a pocket-handkerchief, requesting Harriet to turn down a hem for her. "Well, really," said Harriet, "I," but checking herself, she took the handkerchief, turned down the hem, while Charlotte threaded her needle, and then Harriet fastened on for her sister, for Charlotte was a very little girl, and but just learning to sew, and could not fasten on very cleverly. Then she sat down beside Harriet, and promised to be careful and diligent over her work; but very soon she had got a knot in her cotton, and could not take it out herself; then

Harriet breathing a long sigh, and whispering, "Dear, dear!" to herself, took out the knot, and told Charlotte to be more careful; but poor little Charlotte, in her haste to get on with her work, gave her hand a sudden twitch, broke off her cotton, and could not begin again. It was really trying to have to lay down so often that pretty little sleeve and the black lace trimming, and so Harriet thought; but she endeavoured to keep silence, for she really wished to become a better girl. While Harriet was fastening on again for Charlotte, Mrs. Stanley and the lady who had called upon her, came into the room, and the lady, after speaking to the children, said to their mother, "Harriet is becoming quite useful to you now; I am glad to see that she takes pleasure in teaching her little sister to sew. I have known some little girls quite ill-natured and peevish when employed in doll work,

or anything they are particularly anxious to accomplish, but Harriet seems quite obliging and good tempered."

Harriet felt quite unworthy of such praise, remembering how naughty she had been the day before; but she resolved for the future to merit it more than she ever had done.

In the evening Mrs. Stanley called Harriet into the sitting room, where she was quite alone, and said, "I have been very much pleased by your conduct to-day, Harriet; I have not had to reprove you for one selfish action. You have had several little trials, I know, but you have guarded your temper well. Have you not felt much happier to-day than you did yesterday?"

"Yes, indeed, mother," said Harriet, "I was very naughty and unhappy yesterday, but I have really striven to-day to make myself useful and obliging; and I will, dear mother,

I will endeavour every day to be a better child than I have been."

"I am very happy to hear it, Harriet," said her mother; "for it always grieves me to see you give way to naughty tempers, and it makes your brother and sister unhappy, and yourself too. That lady who was here this morning was quite pleased by your kindness and attention to your little sister; and she has this evening sent you a handsome velvet bag filled with pieces of silks and velvets, to make doll's clothes, bags, or anything you please."

Harriet was very glad to have them, and gave little Charlotte a part, and promised to dress her new doll with some of them. And Charlotte kissed her, and said how good she was; and Harriet really felt very happy, and owned how much better it is to endeavour to overcome little trials, than to give way to peevishness and impatience.

“My dear girl,” said Mrs. Stanley, when Harriet went in to wish her mother good night, “do not forget the good resolution you have made; for it is upon little every-day circumstances, that our own happiness and the comfort and happiness of those around us depend. We are not to wait for the occurrence of some great event to exercise our patience, forbearance, and charity towards each other. It is in the performance of daily and hourly duties that our self-denial and patience should be brought into action. Those who learn to overcome self-indulgence in their every-day trials, shall most assuredly be enabled, when greater trials occur, to bear them with humility and submission; knowing that they are sent to us in infinite wisdom, to prepare us for a holier and an eternal state of existence.

“Our heavenly Father alone knoweth what is best for us; he afflicts us in mercy, that we

may not love this world too much, but give our hearts entirely unto him; and if we are faithful and obedient unto him, and endeavour daily and hourly to perform our duty, and to live in peace and charity with all men, he will assuredly take us, when all the scenes of life are past, to his heaven of joy and love, where there are no trials nor sorrows, nor sickness, nor parting hours, and where death cometh not even into the blossoms."

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

ORIGINAL.

O MOTHER! how I wish that we
Had lived when Jesus dwelt below,
Because I think he would have said,
That we might to his bosom go.

O mother! will he come again
To bless such little ones as I?
Oh, does he love us now he's gone
To be with angels in the sky?

And when we're in the silent grave,
And many years have passed away,
Will he not come with angels bright
To wake us to eternal day?

And will he take us into heaven,
And will there be many flowers?
Oh! then how pleasant it will be,
If heaven's a lovelier land than ours!

Oh! where the sky is always bright,
My mother dear, how sweet to be!
No more to think a naughty thought,
No more to die, or part from thee!

RAILWAYS.

RAILWAYS are now very common, but twenty years ago there were no such things known. Then people travelled by coach from place to place, and were much longer on the road than they would be now. The number of coaches is very small at present compared with what it once was, and steam instead of horses is used to draw the carriages. A long train of carriages may be drawn onwards by means of one steam-engine, and they travel at the rate

of from twenty to forty miles in an hour. The wheels and the carriages run along upon iron rails, which are laid firmly in the ground, and are so contrived that it would not be easy for the wheels at any time to slip off. The railway line is made as level as possible; it is often needful in passing through a long extent of country to raise the ground in some places, and cut through it in others. It is quite dark in the tunnels, but the trains are never long passing through them. Horses, coaches, dogs, coals, boxes, goods of all kinds, as well as people, are now conveyed by railways. The railways which go out of London at present, are the Great Western, which goes to Bristol, the station being at Paddington; the Southampton to Gosport, which begins at Nine Elms, beyond Vauxhall Bridge; the Birmingham, the station of which is at Euston Square; the Blackwall, which goes from Fenchurch

Street; the Eastern Counties, and the Northern and Eastern, from Shoreditch; the Greenwich and the Croydon, from London Bridge. The Croydon now joins the Brighton and Dover Railways. There are many other railways now being laid down all over England; so that we shall be able to visit our friends in any part of the island and dine with them, and return in the evening to supper, if not to tea.

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THE ADELAIDE GALLERY.

ONE of the most attractive places which children can visit is the Adelaide Gallery, for there is so much to be seen that will both instruct and amuse. There is a large and powerful microscope, which generally affords a great deal of pleasure by revealing many wonders which, although always around us, are often quite unknown, because our eyes are not able to detect them without assistance. The wing of a fly is magnified to many feet in length.

Also the eye of the same insect, which is formed in a very different manner to ours, having many different sides; so that it is not needful for the fly to have the power of moving it, for it can see all around at once. The flea may be seen magnified to far more than the size of an elephant. Also the little creatures like ants that may be found in some parts, and the animalcula which inhabit stagnant waters, and are not visible to the naked eye, may be seen here as large as cats and dogs, but far less agreeable in their appearance. In another part of the Gallery frames for weaving, a machine for coining money, and another for printing, are shown at work. There are also models of ships and boats of all kinds, some of which may be seen sailing on a large basin of water. Basket making, too, is carried on here, and those who like may have their portraits taken by that wonderful

method, which has been only lately invented, of fixing the reflection of every object on paper by means of light. There is the great steam-gun, which discharges a vast number of balls in a very short space of time, and makes so loud a noise that if you did not know what was going to happen, you would be frightened to hear it. There is a self-acting piano—that is, one which plays by itself, without any one's touching the keys. At night a band plays in the Gallery, and there are now frequent concerts, besides dancing. During the day, lectures on different subjects are given from time to time.

METALS.

GOLD and silver are dug out of the earth, and are called metals. There are many other metals besides gold and silver. Tin, copper, lead, iron, and zinc, are also called metals. Brass is not found in the earth, but is called a compound metal, being composed of copper and the ore of zinc. Metals are not found in the state in which we see them. When first dug out of the earth they are called ores, and require much labour and trouble before they are fit for use. They are melted in a very fierce fire called a furnace, in order that the

worthless portions of the ore, which are called dross, may be purged away, and the zinc metal remains. Gold is the most precious of metals, and is coined into money—sovereigns and half-sovereigns, as they are named in England. In other countries the gold coins receive other names, and differ in value from ours. A sovereign is worth twenty shillings. Shillings are made of silver, so are sixpences, crowns, half-crowns, and fourpenny pieces. A crown is worth five shillings. A shilling is worth twelve pence. Pence are made of copper, as well as half-pence and farthings, four of which make a penny. Money is of use in the purchase of food, clothing, and all the other comforts of our life. All labour is paid for by money. Money is of no use except while it passes from hand to hand, and supplies the wants of those who spend it. But some people hoard it in bags,

and have no joy like that of counting out their treasure and feeling sure that it is always in their own hands.

Iron, when heated to a very great degree, may be made into steel, and is then easily polished very highly, and is of use in making knives, scissors, and an endless variety of articles, both for use and ornament. In the county of Cumberland there is a kind of lead found, which is made into pencils. It is called blacklead. Those parts of the earth which have been opened for the purpose of digging out the different metals are called mines. Gold and silver are not found in England.

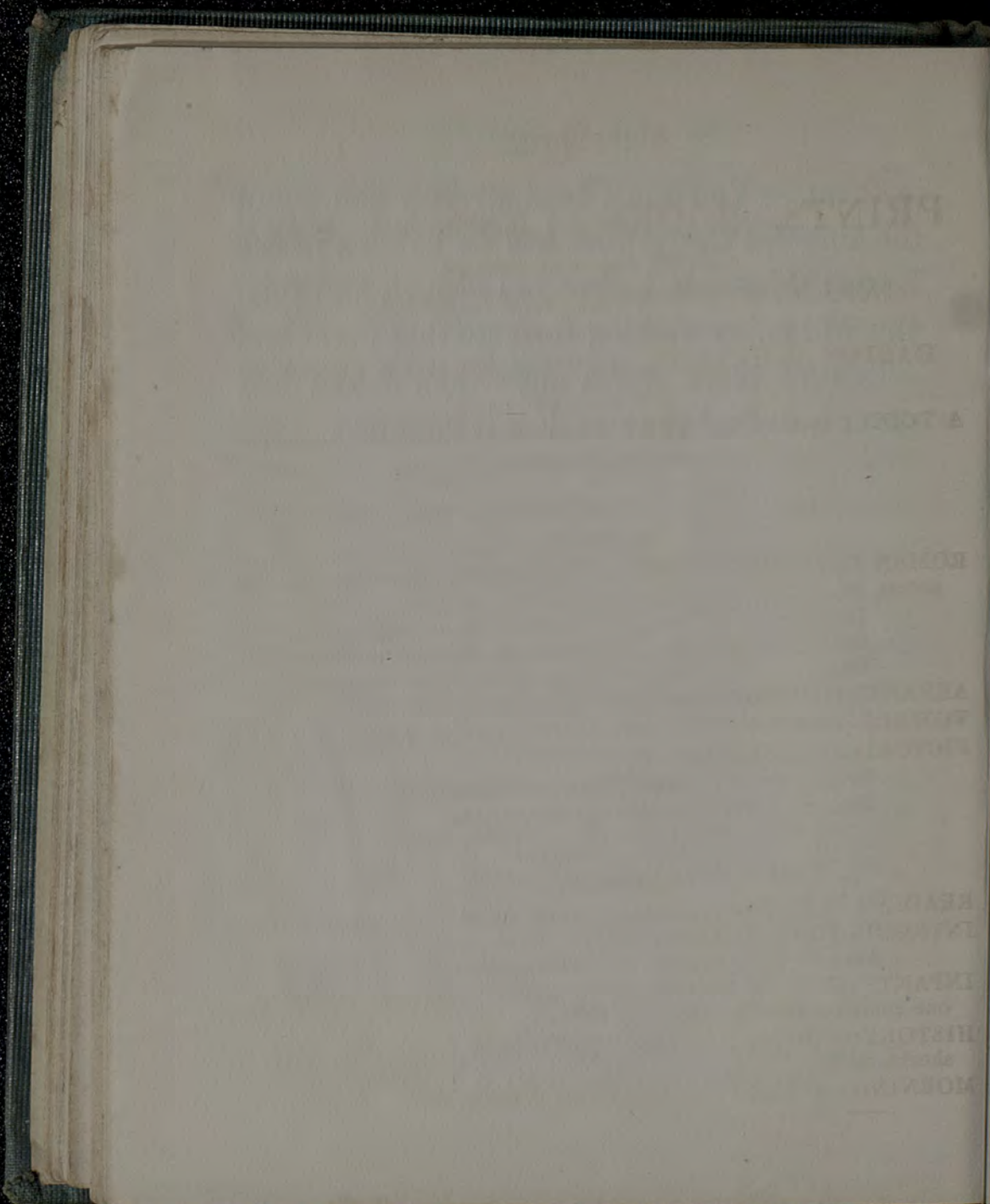
THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SOME of the rooms are filled with shells, and others with curious metals and stones that are found in the earth. You would not like these rooms so much as those where the animals are to be seen. In one room many treasures from Egypt are deposited. The people of Egypt, before burying any of their friends who died, used to embalm them, as it was called, and wrap up the bodies with sweet spices in long cloths. They wound these cloths very tightly round the bodies, which were then put into cases made

of the same shape as the body, and painted so as to look very much like it. These were not put into the ground, but kept in great stone tombs. The bodies that were so wound up are called mummies, and many mummies made thousands of years ago, have been found in Egypt, and brought to England. There are also mummies of cats, and bulls' heads, and hawks; for all their creatures were loved very much by the ancient Egyptians, who took the same care of them after they were dead, that they did of their own friends and relations.

Another part of the British Museum, which is called the library, is full of books—all sorts of books, great books, and little books, dull dry books, and pleasant story books, and curious old books, full of beautiful bright-coloured pictures. Many people sit in these rooms and read, but little children do not go

in them. You must read all you can about the different things that are to be seen in the British Museum before you visit it, and then you will enjoy walking through that great and delightful place much more than if you had never heard of the wonders it contains.



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