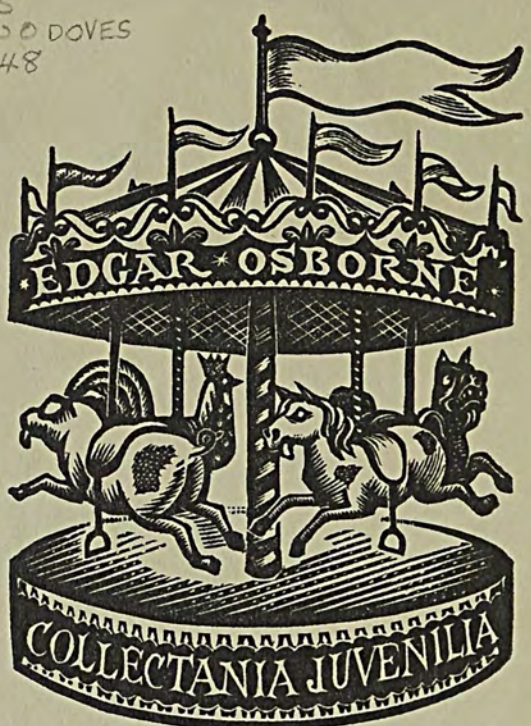

THE DOVES.

THE

TWO DOVES,

AND OTHER TALES.

A

Story Book for Holiday Hours.

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

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THE TWO DOVES.

I WILL now tell you a story about two good little children, Marian and Henry, who lived some time ago in Switzerland.

Marian was seven years old, and her little brother Henry was about five. They were the hope and delight of their Mama, who loved them with the most tender affection. These good children had always lived together, and so much pleasure did they take in each other's society,

that being together seemed their greatest happiness. Marian could not be happy an instant away from her brother;—Henry was never more pleased than when with his sister. Whether walking in the fields, or at play in their little room, at meal times or at study, they always acted together, and this was partly the reason why they agreed so well. You would see Marian's large doll beside Henry's little soldier, and Henry's wooden horse close by the doll's cradle. On the same chair would be lying together the doll's cap and the soldier's hat, a tiny parasol, and a little sword. So we may be quite sure that whatever belonged to one,

was used to amuse the other, and that the hearts of Marian and Henry lived in unison. One day, a friend of their Mama sent them a present of a pair of Doves, beautifully white, except that their necks were encircled with a black ring. Henry and Marian could not make enough of these Doves. They were so tame, that they would perch on the children's heads, or their shoulders, or their arms; they would peck food from their hands, and sometimes even take it from their mouths. "Ah, you pretty birds," said Marian, "nothing has ever pleased me so much."

"They are always together as we

are, they love one another so much," said Henry.

"We will do as they do, Henry, we will always be together."

"Always, dearest sister," and the children embraced each other, while the doves fluttered upon their shoulders, seeming to feel as happy as the children were.

The birds were taken great care of in their little house, and became more and more beautiful, their feathers were white as snow, and they strutted up and down, seeming to be quite proud of their habitation; they enjoyed their liberty very often, for Marian and Henry would open the door of their little house, and they

would come out to be petted by the children, and would seem thankful for the good fortune that had placed them in such good hands. But their love to these birds gave rise to a little jealousy between Henry and Marian, they would talk about whose turn it was to open the door, and then about the right to feed them, or give them fresh water. Marian would say, laughingly, that they loved her brother more than herself; Henry would contradict that, and say, that he was sure they liked his sister better. This little jealous feeling (as is often the case with much older people), turned out to be the cause of much unhappiness to these

little ones. They became desirous that each Dove should have a separate house for itself. They made this wish known to their good Mama, who, without opposing or approving their scheme, had two cages placed in Marian's room, and one day she went with her brother to decide which bird each should have; so they agreed that the door should be set open in the usual way, and that the bird which perched first on Marian's head or arm should belong to her, and the other to Henry. This was soon done, and Marian's dove was shut up in one cage, and Henry's dove in the other. The poor birds soon became sad and still, their beau-

tiful white feathers turned to a dull yellow, they ceased to flap their wings, and their cooing was no more heard. The best of wheat and beans and the clearest water were given to them in abundance, but all were of no use; the doves could not endure being separated from each other. Each would sit on the highest perch in its house and long for the company of the other, or sometimes they would weary themselves with trying to get through the bars—and when quite tired out, each would return to its solitary perch. Henry and Marian were very much afflicted at all this, and told their distress to their dear mother, who under the pretence

that they might give more attention to the birds, proposed that each should have one in a separate room, and remain alone with it. The first day seemed rather long to the children, but those who watched over them, and delighted in seeing them together, were desirous of giving them experience, and so they remained a second day: now this day was to both more dreary than the first, and on the third day they found it quite unbearable.

"No play," said Henry, "Oh, this is very wearisome, I would give all my playthings to be a little while with my sister."

"How can I," said Marian, "live

without my brother? without him there is no play, I cannot be happy away from him—without him I care for nothing; everything is tedious, I cannot bear it any longer."

The truth is, they could not be happy away from each other, so they entreated their Mama to allow them to be together again, as it was impossible for them to live separately.

"So is it," said their mother, "with your young doves. They came from the same nest, they have been nourished and fed together, they are accustomed to live with one another, and they feel it, as you yourselves do, a painful thing to be parted, and will soon die of grief."

At these words both the children started, and ran and released the prisoners. Out flew the doves, rejoicing in their liberty, and caressed each other with their beaks. They seemed by their cooing to thank those who had released them. They soon became as healthy as before, and their feathers, also, became as white as ever. Marian and Henry resolved never to separate them again, but to attend them as they did at first; and the two cages were taken away.

"My dear children," said their good mother to them, pressing them to her bosom; "you have now learned that the ties of relationship bind faster than chains; they give

the greatest joy to our hearts, they are our greatest happiness; may you long love one another and be happy: forget not, that in the palace or in the humble cottage, in the busy world, or the more retired life, the tongue speaks nothing more pleasing, and the ear hears nothing more sweet, than the endearing names—Brother and Sister; even with the oldest people, it gives joy to remember when they lisped those words.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

EDWARD was a very little boy, but not so silly or ignorant as to be afraid of the chimney-sweeps, because they had dark skins; he knew very well that they were men, like other men, and that the dirt on their clothes came from the soot in the chimneys which they had to clean; and that on Sundays, when they could rest from their labour, they washed themselves with soap and water, and looked like other people.

One winter's morning, the sun shone brightly in the sky, but the frost was so very severe that all the people who had any warm cloaks and furs put them all on; and the ice on the ponds and rivers was very thick. Edward stood at the window of his mother's warm little parlour. There was such a large fire in the grate, that the frost on the window-panes had melted quite away, and Edward could look out into the street, where the air was very different from that in the warm little room, and all the people had red noses and ears, and scampered along quickly to keep from freezing.

Edward's kind mother had given

her little boy a basin-full of warm milk, and a fresh white roll with it, for his breakfast. He had taken it to a seat at the window, where he saw, on the roof of the opposite house, a poor little chimney-sweep, who looked no larger than himself. The little fellow had bare feet, and was dressed in an old thin shirt, with such a little black cap upon his head as chimney-sweeps always wear.

There stood the poor boy, in the grim cold, almost without clothes, and on the dangerous slippery roof, where one wrong step must have thrown him off into the street, and perhaps have killed him.

It made little Edward shudder to

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

see him; he put down his bread and milk, and stood still, looking so very sad that his mother wondered what could be the matter, and asked—

"What troubles you, my dear?"

"Oh! that poor chimney-sweep boy!" said Edward, pointing across the street, with tears in his eyes; and he begged his mother to let him call the boy down from the roof, and ask him to come into their warm room.

The mother was very willing, and Edward gave the little chimney-sweep his roll and milk, made him warm himself at the fire, and his mother gave him a little present of some money besides.

Children, when you see such an unfortunate person, remember to thank your Heavenly Father for the good homes and kind parents He has given you; but while you thank Him, try, as little Edward did, to make them as happy as yourself.

THE FISHER BOY.

FRANCES and Henry went to walk with their mother, and once she led them by the sea-shore to an old farm-house, which stood very pleasantly near the water. They all stopped to eat a little luncheon, and to take some sheeps' milk, which was quite a novelty to the children.

Then they walked along close to the sea-shore, and saw the little white waves which the soft wind made all over it. The children sang

a little song, and hopped, skipped, and jumped along, before their mother, hand in hand, while she looked with a glad heart on beautiful nature all around her, and on the dear children who made her so very happy with their kind, industrious, and honest dispositions. Walking and looking about, they came to the hut of a fisherman, who had built his house close to the water, that he might the more easily attend to his business, and watch the wide nets, when they were all spread to catch the fish.

"Wait children," said the mother, "I am going to call here, and ask if we can take a fish when we come

back. Your dear old grandfather and grandmother will come to see us this evening, and I should like to have some good fish ; fine fish are found here in the sea."

With these words she stepped into the hut of the fisherman, and the children followed her. But they soon came out again to the doorway, for it was not only very disorderly inside, but there was also a smell quite disagreeable to them. So they left the door open that the fresh air might go in.

"Good day, ma'am," said the mother to a fat slovenly woman, who sat smoking a pipe, "can I buy good fish here?"

"I dont know," said the woman sulkily, "whether my boys will go a fishing to-day. I'll ask them though. Eh! Joe! Jem! shall you fish to-day?"

"No," was the short answer from the next room where the boys were.

"I am very sorry," said the mother, "I want very much to have some fish to-day."

"You hear they are not going," said the woman, "I can't make 'em go, they are too big for that."

"You must be getting rich," the mother remarked, "formerly you were glad to have a customer."

"Bless us! getting rich! often we are without even a bit of dry bread,

and we can only afford to buy meat once in a great while!"

"And yet the sea is full of fish, and if you wished, you might easily live in a very comfortable way."

"Oh yes! very easily, if one loved labour," answered the woman.

The mother then took the children by the hand, and left the hut. Presently they met a poor but cleanly dressed little boy, who carried in a net some very good fish, which he had just caught, and asked the mother to buy. The bargain was soon made; she gave him the money, and asked him to carry the fish to her house.

"Thank God!" said the good

boy as he took the money, "mother and sisters will not go to bed hungry to-night!" and he bounded away with a bright happy face.

Does not the little boy please you much better than the sluttish woman with her lazy sons?

THE DAIRY-HOUSE.

THE next time that Henry and Frances took a walk, their mother went with them. All three were very merry, especially the mother, for her parents were making her a visit, and she wished to provide something very nice for their supper. Their coming was always a festival.

They walked along the sea-shore for a mile or two, and came at length to the Dairy-House, which it was

their mother's intention to visit. The house looked almost like a bird's nest under the trees, and nothing could be neater or more inviting. The windows shone like crystal, the front door was as green as emerald, and the walls inside were clean and white as the new-fallen snow.

Above, on the newly thatched roof, Sir Longlegs, the clapping stork had established himself with his family; and on the broad meadow close by, many cows and sheep were feeding together on the rich high grass; while before the door, under the linden trees, stood a table with benches, scoured so white that they

looked as if they had been just painted.

"It makes me feel happy to be here," said the mother, "where all is so neat and orderly, we can enjoy ourselves without fear;" and so saying, she stepped into the house with the children. A beautiful cheerful little girl came to meet them, and asked what they would have.

"Some new milk, if you please," answered the mother, "and some bread and butter also, if you can spare them to us."

"Most willingly," was the friendly reply; and in a few minutes the girl returned. She covered the table with a snow-white cloth, placed upon

it the bowls of milk, each with a silver spoon in it, and the bread and butter. All was so nice, so beautifully clean, it was a pleasure to look at it.

While the children took their milk, their mother told them that the people who owned the Dairy-House had once been very poor, and lived in a miserable old cottage, which, with a few cows, was their whole property.

Several of the families who lived near by bought milk and butter of them, and found it so very clean and nice, that they spoke of it to others, who afterwards bought of them also, till at length these neat people had

so many customers, and received so much money, that they could buy this pleasant Dairy-House, with its rich meadow.

But it was now time for the children to go home, and bidding the dairy-maid "good bye," they thanked her for their pleasant supper, and went back by the sea-shore just at sunset, to meet their grandfather and grandmother.

CURIOSITY PUNISHED.

A BAD guest had found his way into Mr. Richards' poultry yard, a guest who would probably carry something away with him. To such a visitor we commonly say "walk out at the door," and so would Mr. Richards have done long ago, only sly Reynard did honour to his title, and had established himself so comfortably and quietly at the hen-house, that no one would have known he was there if,

first, a poor hen, then a pigeon, then a chicken or two, and at last a fine fat goose had not, one by one, disappeared; for the robber had such a sly way of slipping out of sight, that no one ever saw him.

Mr. Richards did not like it much, and one day he complained about it to his neighbour.

"Oh! I can help you, sir; I have one of the very best of fox-traps, and you shall have the use of it; and I'll warrant you will soon have the pleasure of making Mr. Reynard's acquaintance; only you must warn the children not to meddle with it, for such a trap is a very dangerous thing for young folks to play with.

Mr. Richards thanked him, took the trap home, and showed it to the children, telling them never to touch it, lest they should be hurt. Then he tied a dead hen upon the trap, and when evening came, he took it to the poultry yard, after all the fowls had gone to roost.

Among all Mr. Richards' children, none had so much curiosity as Maurice. He had to bear a good deal of joking about it from his sisters, who said that his ears stood out in an inquisitive manner on his head, as if they were trying to listen; but this time he had to suffer rather severely for his curiosity.

The trap had been set about half

an hour, and it became quite dark out of doors, when Maurice began to wonder whether the fox was already caught. He knew that the poultry yard was not yet fastened, so he slipped out of the room, and groped his way through the garden towards it. It was so dark that he could scarcely find his way. He could see or hear nothing of the fox, and was groping his way back, when suddenly something went "Klapp! Klapp!" and Maurice shrieked so loud that everybody in the house heard, and ran with lamps and lanterns to the hen-house, expecting to find Mr. Reynard in the trap, but they found not the robber fox, but

an inquisitive little boy's foot in a blue stocking and boot, while Maurice screamed as if all his teeth were being pulled out.

In the dark he had stepped right into the trap, which sprang, and his foot was caught, and held fast between two iron hoops with sharp teeth, which pinched so hard that they almost took the flesh off.

His father helped the curious little fellow out of his trouble, and sent for a surgeon, who bound up the wound, and said Maurice could not feel thankful enough that the bone was not broken. But it was six weeks before he could run about again, it took so long for his foot to

get well; and in that time he had learned a pretty hard, though a very useful lesson.

After a few days the real fox was caught; they did not send for a surgeon to him, but shot the robber; and of his fur they made a nice muff for little Emmeline, which kept her little hands warm all winter.

CRUEL JOHN.

"OLD clothes, clothes to sell," cried an old Jew through the streets. He was bent with years, his hair and beard were nearly as white as snow, and he carried on his back a bag, in which were all kinds of second-hand clothing, which he bought from house to house, and sold again for a little higher price. Upon this small trade the old man contrived to support himself. That he laid up no savings was evident

from his wasted form and thread-bare clothes; and oh, how sad it must have been for him, in his old age, to carry that bundle through the streets in all weathers, crying "clothes, any old clothes to sell."

One day in winter there came a dreadful storm of rain. In the street was a deep gutter, that was now running like a little river.

The poor old Jew could scarcely keep upon his feet, and was in danger, every minute, of slipping, and falling to the ground.

"Let us have some fun with this old man, and see if we can make him come to us through the gutter," said John to his companions, who,

with some other boys, was standing at a window, looking out.

"Oh, don't," said the kind-hearted Edward, "he can scarcely stand now."

"Pooh! he is only a Jew!" said the cruel John, and opening the window, he called out, here, old man, come here!"

The old man supposed that they had something in the house to give him, so he waded through the gutter, and asked, while his voice trembled with cold and anxiety, "what do you want, gentlemen?

"Nothing, you Jew!" said John, with a loud scornful laugh, "we only wanted to see if you could come

through the gutter." And then he shut the window.

The old man said nothing, but his pale lips quivered with disappointment and grief.

"Would you like to have John for your brother or friend?"

EDWARD.

COULD you not rather have a brother like Edward? for when he saw the look that came over the old Jew's face, it touched his very heart, for it seemed as if he had taken part in John's shameful conduct.

Edward rushed from the window-seat, ran out of the room, down stairs, opened the door, and was soon at the side of the old Jew, who, not caring to go through the deep

gutter again, still stood, with difficulty, on the slippery footpath.

When the old man saw the boy come out of the house where he had been so badly treated, his limbs trembled with fear lest some new insult might be intended. "Perhaps," thought he, "this boy will throw me down."

"Good Sir," said Edward, with a kind gentle voice, for he saw how the old man trembled, "Good Sir, fear nothing from me, it was not I who insulted you. The walking is so slippery here, shall I help you along to a better place?" And he took the Jew's arm, and helped him carefully.

The old man was so moved by this little act of kindness, that for a few minutes he could not speak. Soon the tears began to run down his cheeks, while he said with a faltering voice, "may God bless you, my dear boy, may God bless you!"

Edward's tears came too, as he guided the old man through the streets till they reached the market, where he could walk with more safety. Then dropping his arm, he said, "here the walking is better, Sir, I wish you good morning," and sprang away without waiting for the old man's thanks. He returned to the house quickly, and taking his school-books, sat down to his studies.

"You behave yourself prettily, Edward, towards begging Jews!" said John, scornfully. "You are a fine boy, truly!"

Edward said nothing, but quietly carried his books to another room, where he could study without being disturbed.

A RIDDLE.

FERDINAND was very fond of puzzling his sisters now and then with a riddle. One day he ran into the room in great glee, and cried out, "whoever can guess what I am thinking of, shall have for a prize this beautiful round ball, which mother has made out of bright-coloured worsted.

I am a scarlet crown
  On a birdie's head,
And there I shine
  Like the sun-set red.

With my tiny teeth,
So sharp and good,
I smooth the tall forest
And tangled wood."

"I don't understand the last part," said Gertrude, who had listened with all her might, and wanted very much to have the ball.

"Oh, I know!" said Ferdinand, "you don't understand that word *smooth.* I put that in because I could not think of any other word that would not spoil the measure of the verse. I might have said *level* or *even;* can't you think now what I meant by *smooth?*"

Oh, yes! I understand that," said Gertrude, "when Mary irons

the clothes which have been washed, she makes them *smooth.*"

"And the gardener, when he makes the garden flower-beds, makes them *smooth,*" said Maria.

"Or the mason, when he spreads out the mortar with his trowel," said Alfred.

"Quite right! you know what I meant by *smooth.* Come, guess the riddle now," said Ferdinand.

"Let us hear it once more," said they. He repeated it, and their little wits were still puzzled, but Gertrude's most of all. She kept her eyes on the pretty ball in Ferdinand's hand; but the riddle was too hard.

Just then Frank, their little neighbour, came in, and they shared the riddle with him. After thinking a minute, the merry boy cried out "cluck! cluck! cluck-a-dah-cut!" and Ferdinand laughed. The other children only wondered the more. "Cluck! cluck! cluck-a-dah-cut!" the answer to the riddle! How strange! How could it be?

"Oh, I know," cried Gertrude, "the crown is the comb which the hen carries on her head, and the other comb is the hair-comb; and the 'forest and tangled wood' is men's hair."

"Very well, little sister," said Ferdinand; "but the ball must be given

to little Frank, for it was him that guessed the riddle first."

"And I will give it Gertrude, for she ought not to lose such a pretty prize," interrupted Frank; "there dearie, it is yours."

All praised Frank's quick thoughts, and still more his generosity in giving up the beautiful ball to his little friend.

Frank was very much pleased too, and he thought to himself, "giving is better than taking or keeping."

THE CLUCKING HEN WITH HER CHICKENS.

AUGUSTUS and Rosalie had the care of the well filled poultry yard, and in the morning, when they got up, their first work was to open the coops, in which there were hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys, and call "cluck! cluck! cluck!" to gather them all round the basket, and then feed them well out of their little hands.

It was real pleasure to see the yard all covered with them, gobbling

and clucking, and crowing, and busily picking up the corn that was thrown about; and when Augustus did not throw it fast enough, flying up at his basket to pick it up out of that.

Rosalie's favourite was a great black hen, which had the prettiest red comb on her head that ever was seen; and about its neck a collar of golden feathers, that made it look very beautiful. Everybody admired it; and, besides, it laid a great many eggs, distinguished for their size. But Rosalie loved this hen dearly, because it was so tame, that when she called it, it would fly to her shoulder, and pick the corn out of her hand.

But this black hen had something new to interest her, for she had carefully brooded over a great many eggs, till now she marched about the yard with a whole army of little chickens, and nothing prettier could be seen. Rosalie, who loved her black pet now better than ever, called her with "cluck! cluck! cluck!" to give her some crumbs of bread which she had begged from her mother, but the only hen that refused to come at her call, was just this black hen. Instead of coming, she called her little chickens far away from the place where Rosalie stood.

"Oh! the ungrateful thing!" said Rosalie; it used to be so tame and

now it will not notice me. She stooped down to catch one of the chickens, but could not succeed very well, for the hen flew at her with a loud cry, and not only struck her with her wings, but pecked her with her strong sharp beak, so that Rosalie screamed, and ran to complain to her mother of the ingratitude of her hen.

"She did nothing but what I would do if I thought any one was going to hurt you or your brother," said Rosalie's mother. "God has given animals the tenderest love for their young, so that they defend them even if they put their own lives in danger. So you must not blame your hen, but

rather admire God's wisdom in giving her such love; for what would children, and all young helpless creatures do, if their parents loved them less?"

Rosalie understood this, and was not angry again with her black hen, because she loved her own children so well.

PHILIP AND ARTHUR.

"OH, Philip is too stupid, father!" cried little Arthur, who had just been talking with Philip. "Only think! he is twelve years old now, and cannot read or write. I do not believe he can count."

"Very likely he cannot," answered the father. "His parents are poor people, and he has not been able to go to school at all; for as soon as he grew large enough to take care of

himself a little, he was sent, first to watch the pigs, then the sheep, and at last must take care of the cows, so as to earn something to help his father and mother. Now he is groom in the stable, and earns not only his food and his clothes, but some money besides, which he sends very regularly to his parents in the country, I have heard. Ignorant in many things, Philip may very possibly be; and I dare say he may never become a great scholar, but stupid he certainly is not, my son. Those only are stupid who do not learn anything well, but Philip understands his business very well indeed. I like him much."

Arthur did not dispute this, but he still thought that Philip was stupid, to be twelve years old without knowing how to read and write, when he, only nine, had learned long ago.

The next day Philip brought out the grain, and spread it smoothly on the barn floor. Then he took the flail, and began to thresh it, and he did not strike himself once about the ears with the swinging flail, for he well knew how to handle it. Arthur thought this was easy enough; and catching up the flail, he tried to thresh too; but the first thing he did was to give himself a hard thump on the head.

Another time Arthur saw Philip following the plough in the field. That, he thought, was easily done; he could do that, he knew; Philip must let him take his place and try. But soon the boy who rode the horse called out "no, no, my little man, that will not do! Give it up to Philip, he understands it better!" and Arthur walked away ashamed.

One other time, Philip was sifting some meal through a great sieve. Arthur thought he must do it also; but he took hold of the sieve so awkwardly, that he shook the fine meal over with the bran, and Philip said, laughing, "my little man, you don't understand that either."

Then Arthur found that Philip was not so stupid as he fancied, for he knew how to do a great many things which Arthur knew nothing about.

THE ANT-HOUSES.

ROBERT gave his cousin Richard, for a birth-day present, a nightingale, in a beautiful green cage, and told him to feed it with meal-worms and ants' eggs. The miller or the baker would supply him with the meal-worms, but the ants' eggs he would be pretty sure to find in his father's garden. He would only have to put a flower-pot, or a little wooden tub, in some dry sunny place, and the ants would find

their way under the edge and lay their eggs there, for they are always careful to put them where the rain cannot come.

Richard bought some meal-worms, but they cost almost all his pocket-money; and he must set about finding the ants' eggs, which would cost him nothing. So he did as Robert had told him, and, to his great delight, he found when he took up the flower-pot, on the next day, that a whole colony of ants had crept under it; for the earth was thrown up into little heaps, and looked fine, as if it had been sifted. Some little ants were trotting about quickly, as if they were trying to find out what

had happened, to make it so suddenly light.

Richard took a stick, and stirred the earth a little, and found a great many little long white eggs lying about. He stretched out his hand to put the eggs into a little cup which he had brought with him, when to his great amazement, the little ants caught up the eggs in their mouths, and ran away with them.

When Richard saw the kind motherly care of the ants, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, "No, I cannot be so cruel as to trouble all these little creatures, just to make one happy; and my little nightingale would like much better to sing in

the cool green trees, than in his close prison of a cage; I will go and let him fly where he pleases."

He did so, and oh! how soon the nightingale darted off to the grove near by, where his song was heard for many a long summer's evening after; and how joyful too, Richard's heart felt.

PLEASURE OF GIVING UP.

EMILY and her brother Alfred quarrelled with each other sometimes, because both would have their own way, and neither would give up; and so they had many unhappy days, for nobody can be happy who does not live in peace.

Their mother had often spoken to them about their quarrels, and told them that "the wisest always gave up."

Now it happened once that Alfred wanted to play at ball, but Emily wanted to dress her dear Fanny, her pretty doll, which was almost as large as herself. She said Fanny had been invited to a party, and must have on her best clothes.

But Alfred thought he could not possibly give up playing at ball, so he said, "Oh! Fanny need not go out to day, she may stay at home and sleep in her cradle."

"You think so," said Emily, "but I think Fanny is not invited out every day, and she ought not to stay at home. So you must help me to dress her."

"I won't," said Alfred, fretfully.

"And I won't"—play ball, Emily was going to say, but she remembered what her mother had said, and she put Fanny down, half-dressed, into the cradle, and said pleasantly, "He is wisest who gives up; come, Alfred, I will play ball with you, because you wish me to play."

"That's a dear Emily," said Alfred, happy, and half-ashamed, too. And they played at ball, and did not quarrel all that day.

The next morning Emily wanted to plant flowers in her little garden, for it had rained the night before, and she knew it was the best time to plant flowers; but Alfred wanted to make his little dog, Carlo, swim in

the pond, and to have Emily look on and see him; for when he had to see his dog play alone, it was not half so pleasant as when Emily stood by to laugh at his frolics.

"No," said Emily, "you must let Carlo swim alone to-day, for if I don't plant these pretty flowers which the gardener has given me, they will all dry up and wither."

"And I will help you, dear sister," said Alfred. "Carlo can swim to-morrow afternoon after our lessons. You played with me yesterday, although you wanted to dress Fanny for company, for I won't be so selfish as to wish you to give up to me always." So he helped Emily, as if

that were the thing he most wanted to do; and Carlo did not swim that morning.

Now the children had learned the pleasure of giving up to each other, and of course, there were no more quarrels between them.

THE LEAF.

JANE had a habit of breaking off leaves and flowers, as she went through the garden, and tearing them to pieces, and scattering the bits all along the pathway. Her mother spoke to her of this, telling her it was a bad habit; "But," said Jane, "what is the use of such a little mean thing as a leaf? It might as well be destroyed as not."

"Do you call a leaf mean?" asked her mother. "Why, my little girl,

no man, if he study never so hard, and is never so skilful, can make anything half so beautiful or perfect as a leaf."

Jane looked as if she did not understand; but a few days after, her mother took her to a friend's house, where there was an excellent little contrivance for making things look larger than they really are, called a microscope. This friend told Jane to bring a leaf, which he put under the microscope.

How astonished Jane was, at the wonderful things she saw. What a beautiful net-work of veins through which the life-blood that nourished the leaf-seemed to run! What fine

holes, through which it threw off part of the sap; the friend called these pores. The leaf was all covered, too, with little bristles, and still finer hairs, as if for protection and clothing. Jane never again called a leaf, a "mean thing."

THE GRASSHOPPERS.

GRASSHOPPERS are very pretty little creatures, and children like dearly to watch them. First, they are as green as the leaves, and afterwards they grow larger and browner. They make a chirping sound, by moving their feet against their sides, which is very pleasant to hear. Children call it singing, but that is not quite the right name, because singing is done with the mouth. Men and birds sing, bees, flies, gnats,

and other insects hum or buzz; this noise is made by the rapid motion of their wings; crickets, locusts, and grasshoppers make a shrill, trembling noise, called chirping.

In the city where Henry lived, poor, little, ragged boys often went about the streets, each carrying on the end of a long stick, little houses made of bright coloured paper, with glass windows, and calling out in a loud, clear voice, "Grasshoppers! Grasshoppers! A penny a house!"

These little boys had been in the country, where there are a great many Grasshoppers by the sides of the roads, and in the fields, and had caught the little creatures among

the grass, on purpose to shut them up in these bright paper houses and sell them. In this way the poor little fellows made a good many pence.

Once, Henry's mother gave him some money to buy just such a plaything as he liked best. But he could not decide what he wanted most, and so nothing was bought. The money remained in his purse, because he wanted a large, handsome whip, or a hoop, or a little toy-musket; one just as much as the other.

He was in a sad puzzle what to do, with his little treasure, when one day a poor little boy under the window cried, in a clear, sweet voice,

"Who'll buy my Grasshoppers; Grasshoppers!"

"Mother, may I," asked Henry, as he looked earnestly round to his mother.

"Do as you like, dear," was the answer.

Henry sprang quickly out of the room, and called to the Grasshopper boy, "Here, here, Grasshoppers!" The boy came, and Henry bought four Grasshoppers in their houses. His hands shook with delight, as he carried his treasure to his mother's room.

"What will you feed your dear little creatures with, that they may not die?" asked his mother, as she

looked through the little glass windows, and half opened the paper door, which was made so as to be opened or shut by a piece of string. "You had better give them some scrapings of carrot, and a bit of pear, for dinner," said she, "for that is what they like."

Henry did this, and waited with impatience for them to give him some grateful little song in return for all his trouble, and because he heard nothing, he said, "the obstinate green people must have gone to sleep in their palaces."

The next day there was no chirping, and on the third day it was no better, so that Henry began to feel

disappointed, and very sad; when, hark! something chirped beautifully by the window. Where? not on the floor; not on the wall; no, out on the tree which stood close by the open window.

"One of your prisoners has taken his liberty. Only look here Henry," said his mother.

Henry looked, and the Grasshopper's house was indeed empty. The little prisoner had luckily worked his way out, and was singing his happiest song in the green linden tree.

"What makes him sing there, when the others do not sing at all?" asked Henry.

"He sings because he has found his freedom; and the others are silent for grief at their imprisonment."

"So, are they sad?" asked Henry, as he looked at the little prisoners thoughtfully, for a minute.

"Certainly they are," answered Henry's mother. "Every creature loves its freedom, and is sad when deprived of it."

Then Henry took the three other Grasshoppers' houses, pulled their little doors wide open, and said, "There, take your freedom, poor little things; for I can't bear to see or to make any creature unhappy."

The mother kissed her good little Henry. The Grasshoppers jumped

one after another across the floor, and out of the window, on to the great linden tree, where they sang, or chirped, so charmingly, that Henry felt glad with all his heart.

THE BLACKBERRYING.

DO you know the Blackberry, children? the pretty black fruit, shaped almost like a tiny bunch of grapes.

Martin knew what Blackberries were, very well; and he liked them too. His parents were not rich, and had not much money to spare for fruit; so he was very happy when he had an opportunity to go into the fields, and gather berries. Martin was, on the whole, a very good boy.

He was sometimes rather wild and forgetful, and this made sad things happen to him once in a while.

One morning, when there was to be no school, Martin sat at the door, eating his breakfast. He had on his best clothes—clean blue cloth jacket and trousers, which his parents had bought, by carefully saving their money, and going without a good many pleasures themselves.

"Will you go into the fields with me, and pick Blackberries?" said his little neighbour, Maria. "Brother Stephen and I have asked father and mother to let us go, come with us, will you?"

Martin rushed into the house, and

asked his mother, who gave him leave to go, "but take off your best clothes," said she, "and put on your old ones; for Blackberry bushes have a great many thorns, and you may easily tear them."

Martin, in his hurry, scarcely heard what his mother said; but snatched a basket from its peg, and scampered right out of the house. He was in such great haste, because he was afraid Maria and Stephen might go without him.

The three children went out of town, about half-a-mile, when they came to a place where there used to be a wood, but it had lately been cut down, and there were a great many

stumps, over which the Blackberry bushes had climbed. They were loaded with the ripe, rich fruit.

"Do you see? we have brought you to the right place," boasted little Maria, and she began to fill her basket with the most beautiful fruit.

"Oh! this is splendid," cried Martin; "if I had only brought a great basket, mother might have made some pies with Blackberries in them, and they are the best things!"

The children picked berries, and were happy enough. Each one found a better and better place, calling the others to enjoy it with him. Martin's basket was filled to the brim

already, and he had put a good many into his mouth besides.

As he was just going to leave off picking, because his basket was full, and would hold no more, he saw a great branch, hanging full of the best blackberries; only it was rather high up out of his reach. He did not stop to think, but bent one branch over another, and tried to climb up to that one on which the berries hung, when he heard a noise—rish, rash! Martin looked round, to see what the noise was, and then he saw his nice new trousers with two holes torn in them by the brambles; large enough to put his hand through.

Now his pleasure was all over, he began to cry, "Oh! if I had only minded mother! what will she say?"

Martin suffered a good deal from this act of carelessness and inattention to his mother's directions; and for a long time afterwards he had to wear patched clothes on Sundays.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

THE BLIND MAN'S FRIEND.

IN a great city, in one of the principal streets, there sat, from early morning till night, a blind old man, and with him the only friend that he had, a little dog; but you would not soon have found another friend so true and wise, as that little dog was.

As soon as a rich man, or a well-dressed woman, (the little dog knew very well how to distinguish them,) came over the bridge at the end of

the street, the dog jumped up and pulled his master gently by the coat, to draw his attention to the person. Then the blind man held out his hat, and said some words to ask for a gift, and the person who was passing by, often gave him some money. But if a man or woman poorly dressed, came over the bridge, the little dog did not move, for he knew from experience that such people did not give anything.

If rude boys came near to the old man, to make sport of him, or take away his money, then the little friend defended his master, and growled, and barked, and bit, so that the boys in the streets knew what to expect,

after they had tried it a few times; and learned not to trouble again the little Nero—for that was his name.

When dinner-time came, the blind man would take out a little piece of money, from his pocket, and putting it into Nero's mouth, say to him, "Nero, bring the dinner;" and Nero would run off as fast as he could. Before long, he would come back, bringing the dinner in a little basket; and no matter how nicely it smelt, he never touched it, but waited till his master gave him a piece.

Often the people would stop to admire the blind man's good little friend, and everybody would have been glad to have such an one himself.

When the evening came, and the blind man must go home, then Nero let him put a cord round his neck, and led him home as safely as if he had been a man; and if a cart or a carriage came along, he would bark, to warn his master of his danger.

At last, the blind man died; and Nero was so unhappy that he refused to eat or drink anything; and in a little while he, too, laid down and died.

Was he not a true friend, though he was only a dog?

ANOTHER RIDDLE.

ONE Winter evening, when it was very cold out of doors, so that people had to wrap themselves up in furs and great coats, to keep from freezing, some children sat with their mother at a round table near the fire.

They were talking of riddles, and begged their mother to make one for them. She thought a minute; then she said:—

Two little windows, without glass,
Through which there may be seen
The wide, wide sky, the hills and trees,
River and meadow green.

The largest and the smallest things,
Through these black windows peep;
And the snows and stars of winter bright,
Shine through their arches deep.

The children guessed and guessed, Frank and Maria mentioned a number of things which they thought their mother might mean by the little black windows, but they could not guess right. Lydia had not yet said anything, but still kept thinking. At length a pleasant smile came upon her face, and pointing to her eyes, she said, "These, mother, are the windows without glass."

"Quite right," said her mother.

"But mother," said Frank, "Lydia has light blue eyes, and you said the windows were black."

"And so they are," answered his mother, "If you look in your sister's eye, you will see a round perfectly black spot, and it is through that she sees."

Frank looked, and was then quite satisfied with the riddle.

THE PEN-KNIFE.

MASTER William had always a strange desire to do just the very thing he was told not to do, and this was the reason why he met with so many accidents.

One of the things that he most wanted to do, was to meddle with his father's Pen-knife, which lay upon his writing-table, and William thought he should never want anything better to do all his life, if he

THE PENKNIFE.

could only make pens; it seemed to be such pretty work. But he knew nothing about it, and his father had often told him never to touch this knife, for it was very sharp.

Once, when his father was away on a journey, William had plenty of time and opportunity to try his skill in pen-making. There lay the Pen-knife, as usual, on his father's writing-table, and close by, a great bunch of quills, besides some pens which his father had made. William seated himself, proud as he could be, on his father's stool; and looked so ridiculous that you could not have helped laughing at him. He put on the

great spectacles, so large that his eyes could only look through one glass at a time, pulled out a quill from the bundle, and began scraping and cutting it. But I can assure you he did not make a very good pen, for the silly boy did not know that a quill must be split to make a pen that will write, and so, instead of a pen, he made a tooth-pick, with a long sharp point.

After he had made enough of them, he wanted very much to try one, so he dipped it into the ink, and tried to write with it, but he could not make a single letter, for his toothpick only spattered and scratched.

"I must cut it a little shorter," said he; and taking up the Pen-knife, he began to cut; but, oh dear! instead of black ink, he saw red blood upon the pen; and instead of coming out of the inkstand, it came out of William's thumb, which he cut nearly off. He ran crying to his mother, after having spoiled a great many of his father's quills, blotted his paper, and hurt his own thumb very badly.

His mother told him, that all this trouble was the consequence of his disobedience; that the pain which he would now have to suffer, perhaps for a long time, he had brought

upon himself, by not regarding his father's commands; and that she hoped this sad experience would prove to be a valuable lesson to him.

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