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RAVEN & DOVE AND HOLIDAY QUEEN

Mrs CAMERON

HOULSTON & WRIGHT LONDON

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See page 9.

THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE

AND

THE HOLIDAY QUEEN

BY MRS. CAMERON,

AUTHOR OF "MARGARET WHYTE," "THE TWO LAMBS," ETC.

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THE

RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

THERE was once a little brother and sister, who slept in a nursery with their kind nurse Anne. The name of the little girl was Eliza, and the name of her brother was Henry; and they had each a little crib on the side of their nurse's bed.

One morning, the sun shone very bright into Eliza's crib; and when she awoke, she jumped up in her crib, and she called out, "See, Henry, how the sun shines! and the little birds are singing in the trees! Come, let us get up, that we may go to play in the garden."

Then Henry made haste to get up, and their nurse washed them, and dressed them.

Now, when Henry was dressed, he did not stay to thank Anne for dressing him; and he

forgot, too, that he had not said his prayers: and he was running away as fast as he could run.

Then Eliza called him back, and she said to him, "Henry, you have forgotten to say your prayers; you know we can't be good for one minute, if we do not ask God to make us good for Jesus Christ's sake."

Henry came back when Eliza called him, and they knelt down together, and joined their little hands, and they said, "Pray, God, take care of us to-day, and send thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, to make us good children for the sake of Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross for us."

Now this little brother and sister prayed to God with their hearts, and while they said the words, they wished to be good children, and felt that they could not be good without God's help: and God heard their prayer, and gave them his Holy Spirit; and when they did a naughty thing that day, they felt very sorry, and tried to be good again.

So, when they had finished their prayer, they took each other by the hand, and they

Henry and Eliza at their Prayers.

skipped away into the garden; and there they played till breakfast-time.

They did not gather the flowers in their papa's garden, because their papa did not allow it; but they had each a little garden of their own, and Eliza gathered some of her flowers for Henry, and Henry gathered some of his flowers for Eliza: and they did not quarrel, and dispute, and say, "This is my flower, and you must not have it," as I have sometimes heard naughty children say. Then these little children were called in to breakfast: and while they were at breakfast they did not make a noise when their papa and mamma told them to be quiet, but they did what they were bid to do; and after breakfast they learned their lessons like good children.

Now it happened, that morning, that these little children's papa was obliged to go out upon some business; and he did not come home till near tea-time. Eliza and Henry were standing at the nursery-window, when they saw their papa come home. "O! there is papa!" said Eliza: "let us go to meet him."

Then they ran down stairs, calling out, "Papa, papa," and jumping about him like

two little kittens. "O! papa," said Henry, "what is that you have got in your hand? it is like a box; what is there in it?"

"And it is covered with green cloth," said Eliza: "may I just peep under the cloth, and see what it is?"

"Stop! stop!" said their papa; "I must ask your mamma, whether you have been good children."

Then both the little children looked very earnestly at their mamma, who had just stepped into the hall, to meet their papa.

Their mamma looked pleased, and smiled, and said, that she believed she had a good account to give of them.

"Well, well," said their papa, "we must not be in such a hurry;" (for the little ones were encouraged, by the good account their mamma had given of them, to take hold of the box;) "I must have some tea, and rest myself a little while. Do you go up stairs, now; and when I send for you, we will see about this box, as you call it."

Now this little brother and sister, as I

Henry and Eliza welcoming their Papa, on his Return Home.

have said before, had behaved well all that day; and they did not say, as naughty children sometimes say, "Pray, papa, do shew it us now;" or, "We do not like to wait:" but they did what their papa bid them immediately, and went up stairs; but they walked rather slowly, and turned back to look at the box sometimes.

Now as they sat down in the nursery, on a little bench, they talked a great deal about this box, and they wondered what could be in it; and Henry ran several times to ask John, if the tea-things were gone out of the parlour. At last, the bell rang for them to go down; and they were in such a hurry to go, that Anne was obliged to call them back, to have their hair brushed, and their faces washed.

At last, they got down stairs, and into the parlour, where their papa and mamma had been drinking tea. And there upon the table stood what they took for a box; and it was covered with a green cloth.

"And, now, papa, dear papa," cried both the little ones, "will you shew us what is in that box?"

"It is not a box," said their papa.

"What is it, then?" cried Eliza. "Do, pray tell us, papa."

"Well, you shall feel what it is. Come, Henry, and touch it."

Then Henry took hold of it, and he cried out, "It is a cage! a cage! and I dare say, there is a bird in it."

"O! papa, papa, do let me feel;" said Eliza.

"It is a cage," said their papa; "and there is a bird in it: and you shall put down your ear to it, Eliza, and tell me if you can guess what bird it is."

Then Eliza put her ear close to the cage; and she thought she heard something say, very softly, *Coo, coo, coo.* "Dear, dear papa, it is a dove! I am sure it is a dove!"

"Well, you shall see," said her papa; and he took off the green cloth, and uncovered the cage, and there was in it a dove, almost as white as snow, and it had silken wings, and a golden ring round its pretty head, and said, *Coo, coo, coo.*

Then Eliza and Henry clapped their hands, and said, "Joy! joy! joy! O! dear, kind papa, is this dove, this sweet white dove to be ours?"

"Yes," said their papa; "I give it you, because I hear that you have been good little children, and that you have been kind and good-natured to each other, and obedient to your mamma: and while you are good, this pretty dove will stay with you; but if you should ever become quarrelsome, and selfish, and disobedient, this little dove will go away, (for doves are tender gentle little creatures, and do not love naughty people,) and instead of this dove, there will come a black raven, with a hoarse and ugly voice, for fierce and ugly creatures are the best companions for naughty children."

Now it will take up too much time to repeat every thing which these children said that evening, and to tell you how they jumped on their papa's lap, and how they kissed him, and thanked him, and how good they promised to be, and how they talked to their dove.

Their papa gave them leave to carry their

dove to a closet, where they kept their play-things; and here they fed their dove every day, and they spent the greatest part of their play-time in talking to it, and playing with it.

When some days were passed away, I cannot tell how many, since the pretty white dove had been given to Eliza and Henry, there came a lady to drink tea with their mamma; and it happened, that Eliza and Henry were left alone for a few minutes in the room with this lady.

Then Henry went and stood opposite to the lady, looking very earnestly at her. At last he said, "We have got a white dove, Ma'am."

"And it has got a gold ring round its neck," added Eliza, who was standing behind her brother, "and soft silken wings."

"And this pretty dove was given to us," said Henry, "because we had been good."

Now this lady was not much used to children, and she did not know what silly little creatures they are, and how easily their little

heads are turned by things which wiser people do not mind. So she took Henry on her lap; and pushing aside Eliza's curling hair, which fell over her forehead, "I dare say," she said, "such pretty little creatures as you are, are always good."

Eliza and Henry were very much pleased with what the lady said, and they began to talk very fast to her, till their mamma came into the parlour.

Their mamma did not know what the lady had said to them, but she saw that they were getting troublesome; so she rang the bell, and told Anne to take them into the nursery.

Now, that night, when Anne was putting the little children to bed, Henry told her, that the lady in the parlour had nursed him, and called him a good boy.

"Yes," said Eliza, "and she told me I was a very pretty little girl."

"So, Anne," said Henry, "there is no danger now of the dove being taken away from us."

"Take care, Master Henry," said Anne: "it is one thing to be good, and another thing to think ourselves good.—Do you remember the verse your mamma told me to teach Miss Eliza the day she had the pink sash given her, and she would not tie old blind Sarah's shoe? *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.*"

Eliza was so busy in brushing her curling hair, before her doll's looking-glass, which she held in her hand, that she did not attend to what her nurse said: and Henry was stamping his shoes on the ground all the time.

So these little children lay down in their beds without thinking of God, without considering what naughty things they had done that day, or seeking to have their naughty hearts washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

The next morning, when they awoke, the first thing they thought of was, what the lady had said to them the day before. And when they were dressed, and knelt down to say their prayers, Eliza was thinking of her curling hair, and Henry was thinking what a good boy he was; and neither of them

felt that they were naughty, sinful little children, who cannot be good without the help of God.

And so they began that day without seeking for God's help, and their little hearts filled with high thoughts of themselves; and if the seeds of grace are not sown in the morning, we cannot expect the fruits of goodness at mid-day.

Now, hand in hand, they ran down stairs, as usual, into the garden; but here they soon began to shew to each other the naughtiness and selfishness of their hearts Henry wanted to run races, Eliza wanted to weed her garden; Eliza gathered a flower, and Henry took it from her; Eliza picked up a stone, and Henry threw it out of her hand. At last, Eliza began to cry, and sat down upon the step at the door, and Henry stood laughing opposite to her.

"What is the matter, my dear little girl?" said her mamma, as she passed through the hall, into the breakfast-room: "Why are you crying, Eliza?"

"Henry is teasing me," said Eliza

"No," said Henry, "I am not teasing her; but she is very cross, and, whatever I do to her, she cries, and calls me a naughty boy."

"O! fy! fy!" said their mamma, as she laid her hand on the mouth of each: "Let me hear no more of this. Remember what the pretty hymn says:

> 'Birds in their little nests agree;
> And 'tis a shameful sight,
> When children of one family
> Fall out, and chide, and fight.'"

Then she took them each by the hand, and led them into the breakfast-room; and she said, smilingly, to them, "Do not let your papa see any thing of this, or, I am sure, you will lose your dove."

Henry and Eliza did not say much while they were at breakfast: but Henry contradicted Eliza, and Eliza spoke fretfully to Henry.

Their papa did not speak to them about their ill behaviour, but sometimes looked very gravely at them.

After breakfast, Henry and Eliza were called to their lesson: but Henry was idle, and Eliza was careless; and they were two hours spelling and reading as many words as they often learned in half an hour.

At last their lessons were finished, and their mamma gave them leave to play in the garden; but, before they went, she bid them take care how they behaved. For, she said, though she could not read their hearts, yet, she was afraid that they were giving way to naughty tempers.

Eliza and Henry ran to their play without attending to the advice their mamma gave them. If they had minded what she said, and had spent a few minutes in asking for God's grace to get the better of their naughtiness, they would have been saved a great deal of trouble.

They had scarcely been playing half an hour, when their mamma, who was sitting reading at the parlour-window, heard the voices of her little ones speaking to each other very loudly, as if in passion: she immediately got up, and went into the garden, to see what was going on; and there, I am sorry to say, she found Eliza

screaming, and Henry beating her with a little stick. "What is the matter, Eliza? What are you doing, Henry?" cried their mamma.

"Henry is beating me," answered Eliza, sobbing.

"And Eliza has thrown my ball of string away," said Henry, quite in a passion.

"I threw it away," said Eliza, "because he tied me with it to a tree, and hurt me.'

"No, mamma," said Henry, "I did not tie her tight, she could have got away; but I tied her, because she would throw down my brick house that I was building."

Then they both began to speak, so loud, and so fast, that it was scarcely possible to make out what they said. But their mamma looked very grave indeed, and she said, "I will not hear either of you speak any more. I am sure that you have both of you been very naughty children, and that, instead of trying to be kind, you have been teasing each other, and giving way to naughty,

Henry tying Eliza to a Tree.

wicked tempers. I was afraid how it would be, when you went to play this morning: I saw that you had no wish to be good children, and to do what was right."

Then she bid them go before her into the parlour; and she made them sit down, on two chairs, at each end of the room, and would not allow them to speak to any body.

Very soon afterwards, their papa came into the room where they were sitting, and he looked first at one of the little children, and then at the other. So their mamma was obliged to tell him that they had been very naughty, and had been quarrelling all the morning with each other. Then their papa looked very much shocked, and he walked up and down the room, but did not speak; and, at last, he went out of the room.

When these little children had sat still some time, their mamma said to them, "My dear children, will you be good, and not quarrel any more?"

Eliza and Henry were tired of sitting still, and they did not feel in a passion; so

they thought that they were good, though they were not really sorry, in their hearts, that they had been naughty, and that they had made God angry with them. And they said, "Yes, mamma, we are good now."

Then their mamma made them kiss each other, and told them that they might go to play. So Eliza opened the door, and they ran into the hall; and they quite forgot that they had been naughty: and Henry said, "I will get a stick and ride upon it."

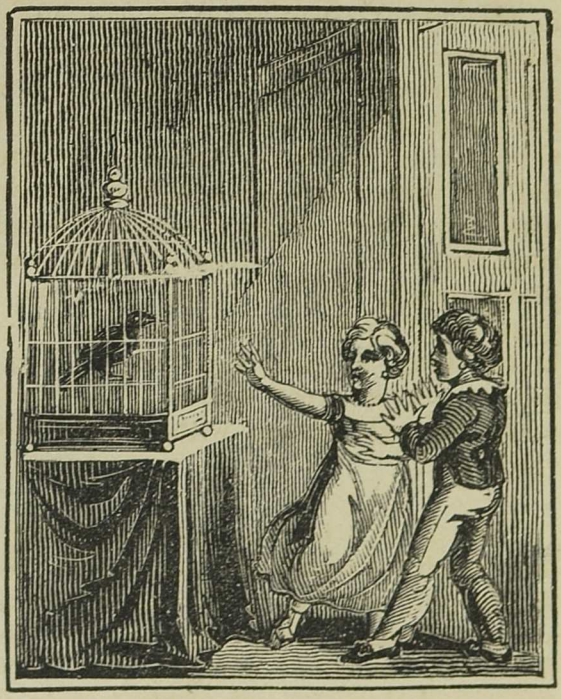
And Eliza answered, "No, I do not like that play; I will go and look at the dove."

"I won't look at the dove," said Henry; "I will ride upon papa's stick in the hall."

Then Eliza cried, and said, "You are a naughty boy: I will go and look at the dove without you."

So she went up stairs, step by step, fretting because Henry would not come with her, and wiping her eyes with her pinafore: and Henry rode upon his papa's stick, and made a great noise in the hall.

When Eliza had got up stairs, she opened



Henry and Eliza discovering the Raven.

the door of the closet, where the dove was kept, very slowly; for she felt naughty, and children, when they are naughty, are often very dull, and do not jump and run nimbly about. Then she peeped in with her little face, to look for the dove. But, O! how did she start, and how frightened did she feel, when she saw that her pretty white dove with silken wings, and a golden ring round his neck, that used to bow his pretty head, and say, *Coo, coo, coo,* was gone; and in his stead there was an ugly black thing, a great deal larger than the dove, with a great black beak, and he made an ugly noise, with a very hoarse voice.

Then Eliza's face coloured quite up, and her eyes filled with tears, and she forgot her ill humour, and ran down stairs as fast as she could run, calling out, "Henry, Henry, the dove! the dove! our dear pretty dove is gone, and there is such a black ugly thing come instead of it! Come, Henry, make haste; come and see."

Then Henry threw down his papa's stick, and ran up stairs, to look at this ugly thing. When Henry saw that the dove was gone, he fell into a great passion, and cried out, "I

will go and ask all the servants where the dove is, and then I will kill this ugly bird."

So Henry and Eliza ran into the nursery, and into the kitchen, and enquired of all the servants about the dove; but nobody could tell them any thing about it; and they looked for their papa and mamma, but they were gone a-walking: so they returned back to their closet. Then Eliza sat down upon a little box, crying, and she did not speak for a great while; and Henry stood opposite the cage, calling the bird an ugly creature.

At last, Eliza jumped up, and said, "Henry, I have found out all about it."

"What have you found out?" asked Henry.

"Do not call the bird names any more," said Eliza; "it is all our fault, that that dear, pretty dove is gone. You know that the day papa gave it to us, he said, 'If you are naughty children, that pretty white dove will go, and there will come a black, fierce bird in its stead.' Now, Henry, you know that we did not say our prayers this morning with our hearts; I mean we did not really

want God to make us good, while we said the words; we thought that we could be good of ourselves: so we have been naughty children all day, and we have quarrelled with each other, and papa has taken the pretty dove away."

Then Henry said, "Let us run and look for papa, and tell him that we are good now, and beg him to give us the dove."

"No, not yet," said Eliza: "we will kneel down, and tell Jesus Christ that we have been very naughty, and ask him to make us good."

Then Eliza took Henry's hand, and they knelt down together, and Eliza said, "O! Lord Jesus Christ, we have been naughty children, pray wash us clean from our sins in thy blood, and give us clean white hearts, that we may love one another."

Then they got up, and put their little arms round each other's necks, and kissed each other.

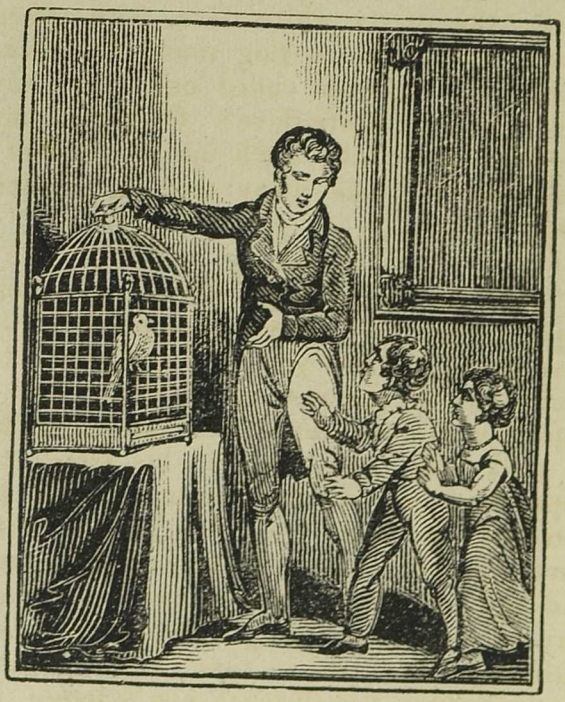
"And now, Henry," said Eliza, "we will go and look for papa, and tell him that we hope we shall be good, and shall not quarrel any more."

So they took each other by the hand, and ran to look for their papa: at last, they found him walking with their mamma in the garden.

"O! papa! papa!" said Eliza, "we have been very naughty children, and we have made God angry with us, and we have made you angry with us. But we have been praying to God to forgive us, and to teach us to love one another; and pray, papa, forgive us, too, and when we are good, give us back the pretty white dove."

Their papa took his little ones in his arms, and kissed them, and said, "I am very glad, my dear little children, that you are sorry for your faults, and that you have prayed to God to forgive you; and I hope that I shall not see you quarrel any more. I cannot promise to give you back the little dove to-day; but, if you will come with me, I will let you see where it is."

Then they each of them took their papa by the hand, and jumped along by his side till they came into the house. And he brought them into his study, and he took out of his pocket a key, and he unlocked the door of a closet: and here, upon a



Henry and Eliza's Papa shewing them the White Dove.

table, stood the cage of the little white dove; the pretty white dove, with silken wings, and a golden ring round his neck. Then the little ones called out, "O! my dove! my dear white dove! O! papa, may we have it, to take back into our closet? and will you take away that ugly black raven?"

"To-morrow, my dear children," said their papa, "I will let you have your pretty white dove again, if I see you kind and gentle to each other all the rest of the day. And I hope that you will remember," added he, as he took Eliza and Henry in his arms, "I hope that you will remember, as long as you live, the history of this pretty white dove: how you lost it by forgetting to love and pray to your Saviour, and by giving way to a naughty and quarrelsome temper with each other. Some time or other, when you are older, I shall teach you a hymn, in which there is this pleasant verse:

'Return, O holy dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.'

The dove in that verse does not mean such a dove as we see in this cage, but it means

the holy Spirit of God, the Spirit which comforts and refreshes all his children: and, as you lost your dove by giving way to naughty tempers, so will that holy Spirit forsake and leave all those persons who forget their God, and give way to a selfish and quarrelsome temper. But he will dwell with all those children who love God and love one another, and give them joy far greater than the joy you will feel to-morrow morning, when you find your little white dove in your closet, with his silken wings and ring of gold round his neck."

L.

THE

Holiday Queen.

THOSE persons who have read the story of *The Raven and the Dove*, may remember that there was once such a little girl as Eliza, and such a little boy as Henry. Now it happened, that the uncle and aunt of these little children came once to see their papa and mamma: and they each brought with them several of their children. Their uncle brought with him Marten and Thomas;

and their aunt brought Mary, and Lucy, and Emily.

Now as these little children had not all met before together for a long time, their papas and mammas gave them leave to have a holiday the day after their meeting.

It was a pleasant day, in the beginning of July; so the little children were allowed to play in the garden. And Eliza's mamma was so kind as to give the young ones a basket of flowers, and fruit, and some cakes. And these she put into the hands of Mary, saying to her, "As you, Mary, are several years older than your cousins and brothers and sisters, you shall have the disposal of

these things. You shall be the Queen of the day; and you must not allow any body who is naughty to have a share of these cakes, or fruit, or flowers."

Then Mary took the basket from her aunt, smiling and courtseying; and then skipping away into the garden, with all her young companions, she said, "I am to be your Queen, and you are to be my subjects. Well, then, the first thing I do must be, to find a palace where I may place my throne."

"The arbour at the bottom of the garden will do for your palace," answered Marten, "for there will be a charming green canopy over your head."

"And Emily and I," said Lucy, "will make you a crown of some of these roses."

Mary was soon seated on her throne, with her crown on her head; and her subjects all placed before her. "And now," she said, "Marten, (for you must be my chief minister,) bring me the basket. Do you see what nice things there are in it? But I shall allow none of my subjects to have any of these things who do not spend some part of this morning in doing something useful. I shall give each of you a task; and if you perform that well, you shall be rewarded."

Now the little children were all very much pleased with what

Queen Mary appointing her Subjects their Tasks.

Mary said, except Henry, who was a silly little boy, and expected to have had some cakes given him to eat immediately.

Then many little voices called out at once, "What shall I do?" and, "What shall I do?"

So Mary was obliged to wave her hand, and insist on silence. Then she said, "I shall begin with the youngest first. Henry, I command you to help poor old Robert, who is weeding my aunt's bed of tulips. You see it tires him very much to stoop, for he has got the rheumatism; and we heard him say, that he must get that bed finished to-day. You shall fill one basket full of weeds for him."

Henry did not go very willingly towards Old Robert, but Mary took no notice of his conduct, and went on to Eliza.

"Eliza," she said, "you shall fetch your thimble, and your needle, and thread; and Emily shall fetch hers. And you shall sit at the door of my palace, and you shall finish the little shirt which mamma cut out for the baby which was sick, and was brought yesterday to my uncle, to be baptized."

"Well, cousin, and what are we to do?" asked Thomas and Marten.

"You must wait patiently, Marten, for your turn will come last," answered Mary: "and for

Thomas reading to Old Robert.

you, Thomas, while Henry is weeding for Old Robert, and he is resting himself, you shall, if my uncle will give you leave, read to him that pretty book which some body gave him, and which, he told us, he had not eyes to read, even with his spectacles on.

"And now, Lucy," continued Mary, "it is your turn. There is a little sick child in the cottage at the bottom of the garden. Sally is going to take it some soup. You shall ask my aunt's leave to go with her, and read to her a chapter in the Bible."

"And now," said Marten, "my turn *is* come: what am I to do?"

"You, Marten," answered Ma-

ry, "shall fetch your grammar; and you shall learn that lesson in it which you ought to have learned yesterday, and which we begged your papa to excuse you from learning to-day, that you might have a holiday; and then he will see that you know how to be grateful for his kindness."

Now when Mary had finished speaking, all the young ones were in motion in different parts of the garden.

"Remember," cried Mary, as they ran away, "that you are to be back and your work done by twelve o'clock; and I shall be ready to reward my diligent servants."

Now when they were all gone,

Mary began very busily to ornament her palace. She made nosegays of the prettiest flowers, which were to be given as rewards to the industrious: and these were fixed among the boughs of the trees, in different parts of the arbour. She also ran into the house, and begged her aunt to let her have the little round table which stood in the nursery. And this she put in her arbour, and collected many leaves of the Virginian raspberry, which she placed in order for dishes and plates; and her currants, and strawberries, and gooseberries, and cakes were arranged upon the table. "This will do very well, I think," said

she to herself, as she stepped back, looking at her dinner-table; "and those who have behaved well shall sit on each side of me, and the idle ones shall stand and wait upon us, for idle people have no business to eat."

"That is very true indeed, my dear girl," said somebody behind Mary.

It was Mary's aunt, who, with her mamma, and her cousin Marten's papa, were walking along the grass walk which led to the arbour.

Mary quite started when she turned round and saw them. Then her mamma very kindly asked her what they were play-

The Children running towards the Arbour at twelve o'Clock.

ing at. And when she had told them, her uncle smiled very pleasantly, and looking at his watch, he said, "It is almost twelve, and if you will give us leave, Queen Mary, we will stay a little while with you, and see you dispose of your prizes."

Then Mary courtseyed, and said, she should be very much pleased, if they would be so kind as to stay. So they sat down at the upper end of the arbour, leaving room for the Queen to sit between them.

And now the clock struck twelve, and Mary made haste to get upon her throne; and in a few minutes were heard the voices of many little ones coming very

fast towards the arbour: "I have finished my task;" "I have learned my lesson;" "I have done my work;" "I have read my chapter;" sounded from the young party, as they crowded into the arbour, jumping and smiling.

When they saw their papa, and mamma, and aunt, they stood still a few minutes; but Eliza's mamma smiled, and bid them go on with their play, as if there was nobody by. "You know," said she, "when little children are good, and play without quarrelling, their papas and mammas love to see them play."

Then Queen Mary called her subjects to her one by one, and enquired into what they had been

doing. First she said, "Come, Lucy and Emily, stand on my right hand; and you, Marten and Eliza, stand on my left hand. But where are Henry and Thomas? We cannot begin our feast without them. Do you, Marten, go and look for them; and bring them to me, whether they have done their work or not."

Marten set off immediately, calling out, "Thomas, Henry, why do you not come back?"

In a few minutes, Marten returned. Thomas followed him; he was very hot indeed, and quite out of breath. And Henry walked behind them, at a distance.

"Thomas," said the Queen, "how is this, that you have dis-

obeyed my orders? Why was not your task finished by twelve o'clock?"

Thomas made no answer.

"Have you done your task?" continued she. "Have you read the little book to the old man?"

"I have," answered Thomas.

"And why did you not come sooner?"

Thomas made no answer.

"Your behaviour is very strange," said the Queen; "I must enquire further into this. Henry, come here."

Henry came slowly forward.

"Why were you not here at the time fixed?"

Henry did not speak.

"Have not you done your task?"

Henry hung down his head.

"How is this?" said the Queen. "Marten, can you explain this affair?"

"No, indeed, I cannot," answered Marten: "for when you sent me to fetch Thomas and Henry, I met them both coming: so I turned back, and did not stay to ask them any questions."

"Well, then, Marten," said the Queen, "I command you to go and look for Old Robert; and enquire very particularly of him, whether my orders have been obeyed?"

Marten set off the second time, and he presently returned, but

slowly, and Old Robert with him.

"Well, Marten," said Mary, "what have you got to say?"

"Cousin," answered Marten, "I do not like to tell you, and so Old Robert is come."

Every body looked grave, and turned towards Old Robert.

"Well, Robert," repeated the Queen, "have you any thing to tell me about my cousins? Did Thomas read the little book to you I desired he would?"

Then Robert bowed low, and said, "Why, young Lady, I can say nothing against that. Master Thomas has been reading to me the value of half an hour; and very good reading it was, and a

mighty fine reader he is for his years."

"And can you tell me, Robert, if he had finished reading to you before it struck twelve?" said Mary.

"Ay, that he had, Miss," answered Old Robert, "and filled half a basket of weeds for Master Henry too."

"For Henry!" repeated Mary. "Has not Henry been weeding your bed of tulips for you?"

"He never came nigh me, Miss," replied Robert, "till just as Master Thomas finished reading; but I think I saw him sitting under the great apple tree a long time; and, to my thinking, he was crying."

"Well," said Mary, in haste to come to the end of the story, "and how came Thomas to weed for Henry? Did Henry ask him to do it?"

"Well, I can't say," said Robert, "that I took much notice of their play; but Master Henry came and stood near us while Master Thomas was reading; and, to the best of my knowledge, says Master Thomas, when he had finished reading, 'Cousin, have you done your weeding for Old Robert?' And then Master Thomas comes to me, and says, 'Robert, please to let us weed a little for you. Henry must fill your weeding-basket, or he will have no cake, and no play, and

no holiday with us." And so I gave them leave, and very hard Master Thomas worked. He said he must get the basket filled by twelve o'clock; and he was not much after his time."

"And did not Henry weed?" asked Mary.

"I did not take particular notice," replied Robert; "but I can't say that I saw him do much, though it may be he pulled up a weed or two by chance."

Then every eye was fixed on Thomas and Henry.

"Thank you, Robert," said Mary; "we will not hinder you now any more."

Old Robert made his bow, and walked away. And then they

were all silent for a few minutes, and Mary seemed at a loss what to say, and she looked at her mamma and her aunt. So Henry's mamma said to Mary, "I shall say nothing to Henry now. You are Queen to-day; you must punish him as you think he deserves."

"Indeed," said Mary, when she had bowed to her aunt, "I am very sorry to punish you, Henry, but as my aunt bids me do what I think right, I cannot allow you to sit down to our feast. You must stand and wait at the door of the palace till we have finished; and whether we receive you into favour again must depend upon

Henry crying at the Entrance of the Arbour.

your behaviour under your punishment."

Mary thought it right to punish Henry, but she felt very sorry to do so; and when she sat down to the table, and had helped her company, she was going to give some of her own fruit and cake to little Henry, who stood crying at the entrance of the arbour, but his mamma made a sign to her not to do it.

As soon as the feast was over, and the little ones were rising, Marten's papa, who still remained in the arbour, with Mary's and Henry's mamma, and had condescended to taste a cake and some fruit which Mary had offered

him, desired them all to sit down, and he took out of his pocket a little book, the title of which was, *The History of Emily and her Brothers;* and in it was an account of an idle little boy. And he was so kind as to read this story to the children. They were all very much pleased with it indeed, and thanked him very much for reading it.

When Thomas's papa had finished reading, he called him to him, and said to him, as he laid his hand upon his head, "You have made a good use of your time, my boy, by doing the work you were ordered to do, and by assisting others as far as you

Henry upon his Uncle's Knee.

could; therefore, I will make you a present of this pretty little book."

Thomas thanked his papa, and looked very much pleased. Then Henry, who still continued crying, was called by his uncle, who, taking him on his knee, (for Henry was but a little fellow,) and looking round on all the young ones, said, "I hope you, my dear boy, and all of you too, my little ones, will learn a lesson from this day's feast. You know that all the men and women, and little boys and girls, who come into this world, have a work appointed for them, which they are commanded to do before they appear

in the presence of God; it is the work of cleansing their naughty hearts from sin, and adorning them with wisdom and holiness; it is the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope: and, as we cannot do these things of ourselves, Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross to purchase it for us, will give the help of his holy Spirit to all those who ask him for it. Now if we neglect to do this work, and the hour of death comes and finds it undone, how shall we appear before the throne of God? Were not you ashamed, my little Henry, even in your play, to appear before your cousin, when you knew that

you had not done what you ought to have done? But Oh! what is the anger of a child, or even of your father, when compared with that of Almighty God, who could, in an instant, banish you from his presence into the fire which never shall be quenched!"

He stopped for a few minutes, and then, seeing they all looked very grave, he went on: "I do not mean to make you unhappy, my dear little children, by saying these things to you; but I wish to teach you how to learn some lesson of wisdom from every thing which happens to you, even from your seasons of play. And thus, I hope, you will not only be the merrier, but

the wiser too, for your pleasant game of play to-day."

Little Henry put his arms round his uncle's neck, and kissed him; and Mary, with his mamma's leave, slipped into his hand a cake.

Then all the little party, having thanked their uncle for his advice, skipped away again to play with their *Holiday Queen.*

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