

# THE DAISSY CHAIN

a Picture Story Book  
FOR CHILDREN



T. NELSON AND SONS, LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.







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A PICTURE STORY BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

BY A.L.O.E., AND OTHER FAVOURITE WRITERS.



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

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1880.















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## THE BRAVE DOG.

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“GET along, you great ugly beast! what are you doing here?” exclaimed Widow Mackintosh to a large dog at her cottage door. She accompanied the words with a threatening gesture.

“O mother, don’t, don’t!” said a little boy, running forward.

“What have you to do with him, Jamie?”

“It’s Bob Wilson’s Oscar, mother, and he’s mine now. Bob gave him to me for a keepsake this morning.”

Bob was a school-fellow of Jamie’s, who, along with his family, had left that very morning as emigrants to America. How Oscar, who was really a fine animal of the Newfoundland breed, came when a pup into Bob’s possession, would be too long a story to tell.

“A pretty keepsake, indeed!” continued Jamie’s mother. “And do you mean that I am to give porridge and milk to this great hungry brute, when I can hardly get enough for yourselves by working night and day?”

A long dispute followed,—the boy wept, and the mother scolded; but she was kind-hearted in the main, and at last a sort of agreement was made, that as it was summer, and food plenty, Oscar might be sheltered for a month, until Jamie should find among the farmers, or



in the nearest village, some one who should promise to treat him well. The boy had felt much sorrow in parting from his young companion, and loved the animal for his sake.

Mrs. Mackintosh was a poor shepherd's widow, and lived with her children in a solitary cottage in a wild moorland district of Scotland. A small but deep loch, near the cottage, was not seen from the window in consequence of a rising ground. Many a charge the children got not to venture too near its steep banks in their play, or on the road to school.

Time passed. Oscar attached himself mostly to the children, and was kept by them as much as possible out of their mother's way. Jamie hoped the sentence of banishment was forgotten. But not so. One morning, while at breakfast, his mother reminded him that next day was the first of the month, and asked him where the dog was then to go?

Jamie held down his head in silence.

His mother, with angry vehemence, declared that if "the great hungry beast" was not taken away next day, she would ask the game-keeper to shoot him.

Evening came, and Mrs. Mackintosh was busy preparing supper, and wondering a little why the children were so long of coming home for it. Suddenly her little girl was seen running down the hill, evidently in much agitation. She arrived breathless, unable to speak distinctly. Her looks, even more than her broken words,—“O mother!—Johnny!—the water!” told what had happened. At the same moment a wild cry, between a scream and a whistle, was heard, and Oscar, which had been lying in the sun not far from the cottage, started up, and rushed



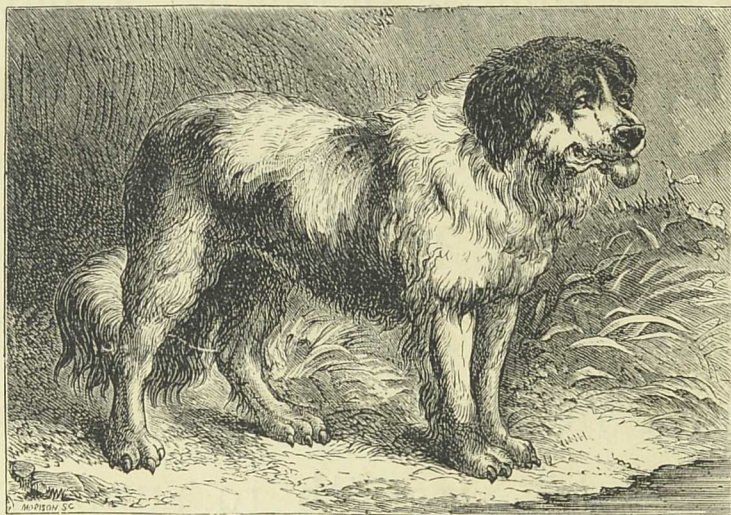
in the direction of the loch. The mother followed, but her heart seemed to die within her, and her limbs felt as if made of stone. She reached the brow of the hill, and saw her youngest boy sinking in the water, while Jamie was making efforts to reach him, which in another minute would bring himself into the same danger! Just then something black was seen bounding through the heather, and a large animal dashed into the loch, and made straight for the sinking child. Hope gave the mother new strength, and she gained the shore just as the brave Oscar swam back to it with her rescued boy.

You will not wonder that Oscar, instead of being banished or shot, was from that day as much loved and cared for by Widow Mackintosh as by Jamie himself.

This story is by no means an uncommon one. Many are the instances on record of lives saved from drowning by that noble animal, the Newfoundland dog. As the fine Swiss dogs of St. Bernard's, by their wonderful instinct, seek and rescue the travellers perishing in the snow; so those of Newfoundland, by a natural impulse, will at once endeavour to save any one in danger of being drowned. Their great strength, their love of the water, even the formation of their feet, seem suited by Providence for such a purpose. I have read of one at an English sea-port, which had saved so many lives that the Humane Society voted him a medal, as they would to a man; and he went about with it round his neck! I have read of another, which his cruel master was endeavouring to drown by pushing him out of a boat, and when the boat was upset in the struggle, and the *man* in danger, the generous animal exerted his strength to support him above the water until assistance arrived.



How wonderful are the powers and instincts which God has given to many of his creatures! And is it not a reproach to ourselves, to observe how faithfully the animals fulfil the purposes for which they were created, while *we* are so constantly sinning against the commands of our God and Saviour? My young reader, God has bestowed upon you gifts and talents higher far than those of the inferior creatures, and he will call you to account for them at last. Have you ever seriously thought of this? You may not have strength to save a companion from a watery grave, but you may do much to save him from a far worse danger—from walking on in the broad road of sin and folly, which will lead to the burning lake, “which is the second death” (Rev. xxi. 8). By walking yourself in the narrow way, as a decided and consistent follower of Jesus, you may, even in early years, have much influence for good over those around you, and thus be preparing for more active service in future life, if God spare you on earth, as a good soldier and servant of Jesus Christ. Will you not strive and pray for grace thus to live, in time to come, more earnestly than you have ever done before?





# WILLIE'S THRUSH;

OR, THE TWO PRISONERS.

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WILLIE BROWN was a kind-hearted little boy ; such a kind-hearted little boy that I am afraid few of the children who read this story are quite like him. I remember reading of Sir Charles Metcalfe, that, even in the land of mosquitoes, the Indians spoke of him “as the great chief who could not kill a fly ;” and little Willie, like the Indian Governor, had his heart filled with love for every living thing.

Many wondered how the child had learned to be so gentle : for Brown, the miller, was a stern, hard-hearted man : his wife had long been dead ; Willie's brothers and sister were rough, rude children ; and Aunt Susan, who took care of them all, though a pious woman, could not understand Willie, and had even beaten him, one day, because she could not get him to drown some little kittens in the burn.

The Browns lived in an old-fashioned house close to the brook that turned the mill-wheel, and almost hidden from all passers-by on the high road by a copse of hazel and young oaks.

The morning on which my story begins succeeded a night of great storm. Willie, with his brothers Tom and Charles and his sister



Marjory, were sent into the wood to gather the broken branches before the villagers could come to take them away; but they found the task far beyond their strength, for the fury of the storm had brought down more than one strong tree, which in its fall had carried smaller ones with it. As they scrambled among the broken trees, Marjory exclaimed, "See what I have found!"

It was a young thrush, only half fledged, and quite unable to fly.

"What will you do with it?" asked Tom.

"Throw it away, to be sure," she replied; "who would keep a common bird like this? If it had been a parrot, or even a magpie, that one could teach some tricks to, it would be worth having."

"Give it to me," said Tom; "it will be fine eating for the cat."

"Oh, no, no," cried Willie; "give it to me. I see the nest. Do, Marjory, like a dear, give it to me."

And seizing the fluttering little bird, he began to climb lightly up an oak tree. Pretty high up, in a hollow where several branches met, he had caught sight of the nest; but when he reached it, it was quite empty, and a laugh from Tom explained the reason: "I was up there before you this morning, Master Willie, and I let this youngster fall on the way down."

Willie could have cried with vexation; but, putting the little thrush carefully in his pocket, he began to descend. Unfortunately, the wind had cracked one of the branches which he had laid hold of, and, as it gave way beneath his weight, he vainly tried to grasp another; for having lost his balance, he fell with great severity to the ground.

When carried home, it was found that his spine was so seriously











injured that he would never again be able to run about, nor even to walk without crutches.

Poor Willie thought this very hard to bear. I have seen stones which glistened in the sunshine just like true diamonds, but when it faded away, all their glory vanished too, and I found them only worthless quartz; and thus Willie's good humour, which had seemed so real when he was healthy and happy, was all disappearing now, and he was fast becoming a peevish and discontented child.

"If I had been doing anything bad, Aunt Susan," he said one day, "it would not seem so strange; but when I was trying to save the little bird, God should not have punished me this way."

"Hush, hush, child!" said stern Aunt Susan; "there is plenty of badness in you to be punished for; and I've often told you not to be so ready climbing trees, but to mind the work you had to do."

"I will never climb another," cried poor little Willie, bursting into a passion of weeping. Aunt Susan could not hide a few tears too; but she tried to amuse him by bringing the thrush, which Marjory had taken from his pocket unhurt, and kept for him in a cage.

It was well for Willie that soon after this Aunt Susan's sister Ruth came to the mill; for she was of a much gentler nature, and never tired of trying to amuse and soothe the suffering little boy. He soon told her all his troubles. "If Tom had fallen when he harried the nest, it would have been all right; but I was doing good, and it seems so strange to be punished for it, Aunt Ruth!"

"My dear child," she answered, "we know that sin is the cause of all trouble and sorrow; but we are never punished for doing good, and you may be quite sure that God was pleased that you



helped the thrush ; and you see the little creature's life was spared when you fell, I dare say just that it might be a reward and pleasure to you."

"But, Aunt Ruth," he asked, "why did I fall and get lamed for life?"

Children can ask many questions that older people cannot answer ; and this question of Willie's puzzled Aunt Ruth. At last she said,—

"Why do you not open the door of this cage and let the little thrush away?"

"Oh, aunt," said Willie, "how can you be so foolish? It would be very cruel ; for the poor little thrush has no home now, and if I let him out he would soon die, he is so young, and the other birds would very likely peck at him."

"Well, dear," said Aunt Ruth, "I see it is not cruel of you to keep the bird in its cage ; and it seems to me that you yourself are very like a little bird, whom God, for some kind reason, has put into a cage ; and you must not allow yourself to think that it is cruel of him, just because you do not know why he does it. Your thrush knew nothing about you, and did not love you, till you found him and nursed him in this cage ; and I think, now that you are a little prisoner too, Jesus will teach you to know and to love himself in a way you never did before."

"But," said Willie, "when my thrush is big enough, I will open the door and let him away."

"And you, dear child," said Aunt Ruth, "will not be always caged either. Do you know, Willie, I do think you will not be lame all your life ; but even if you should, if this trial teaches you to love and trust



in Jesus, we know that when you die he will give you angel-wings,—you will run and not be weary, and walk and not faint.”

Many such conversations Willie and his aunt had; and before she went home she had the comfort of seeing him no longer murmuring and discontented, but a little child who had patiently taken up the heavy cross that was laid upon him.

When he was first able to move upon crutches to the door, he asked Marjory to bring the bird's cage beside him; and, opening the door, he said, “Go away, sweet little thrush, and be happy in the woods.”

The thrush hopped to the open door, and down upon the gravel-walk, but seemed in no hurry to leave his kind preserver. At last he spread his wings, and flew to the branch of a tree where Willie could still see him, and poured forth a song of thanks; such a sweet, sweet song, that Willie thought he had never heard anything so beautiful before.

At night, when he looked at the empty cage, he felt very sad; but he read, in the Bible that Aunt Ruth had given him, these beautiful verses: “Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

He read them to Marjory, and said, “I like to think that God will take care of my little bird as well as of me.”

Next morning very early the thrush came hopping in at the open window; and day after day he was to be seen there, or perched upon the tree, singing until Willie thought his little throat must be tired.



When winter came, as it soon did, Willie fed him every morning; and one day, when the snow lay thick on the ground, he put the cage again on the window-sill, and the thrush seemed glad to come back to his old quarters. Every bright day he would fly away for some hours, and then come back, pecking on the window as if he would say, "Please, let me in."

Then, when spring returned, he bade good-bye to the cage again; and as Willie sat at the door, he could watch him and another thrush gathering grass, and moss, and wool, and little bits of stick, with which they began to build themselves a nest. It was quite finished by the end of March; and poor Willie often wished he could have a look at it. The nest was not very high up in an apple-tree; and one day he asked his sister Marjory to go up the tree gently and see if there were any eggs. She told him there were four pinkish ones, all covered with spots.

Willie had a reason for wishing to know about the eggs. His father had then almost fixed to go with some friends to Victoria; and Willie, who now read a great deal, knew that there were very few singing-birds there, and he thought it would be nice to take his dear thrush and the little ones with him.

Brown, the miller, I have said, was a hard-hearted man, and he was often very cross to poor Willie; and one night, when the child was supposed to be asleep, his father began talking with Aunt Susan over their intended emigration; and he heard him say, "Willie must be left behind: a lame child like him would be a dead loss in a colony, and the Government won't give a penny to help his passage-money."



“Brother, brother!” said Aunt Susan, “what do you mean? Leave the best of your children behind!”

“I tell you, sister,” said the miller, “it’s no use taking him.”

“Then go without me,” cried Aunt Susan; “for no blessing will go with you.”

Brown knew that Aunt Susan never said what she did not mean, and to go without her clear head and active hands would never do; so he yielded the point, and agreed that the boy should go with them. But his cruel words had sunk deep into Willie’s heart.

“I cannot bear to part with my little bird,” he thought, “and yet my father is quite willing to part with me!” and many bitter tears he shed that night.

A day or two before they were to leave England, he asked Marjory again to climb up the apple-tree, and this time to bring down the nest with her. The eggs were hatched, and four very helpless little thrushes sat in the nest. Willie had seen the parent-birds wheeling about above the tree in great agitation while Marjory was removing it. He placed the nest inside the cage, leaving it outside the window, with its door open; and soon his own thrush lighted on the top, and after a while the mother-bird came also, and she flew right into the cage beside the young ones. All next day they flew backwards and forwards with food to their family; so that when it was time to leave, Willie had no difficulty in shutting them into the cage along with the nest.

When they reached their new home in Australia, he was afraid to open the door of their little prison, for the trees were so large that he feared they would soon be lost among the dark branches. But it was not so; the thrushes lived and prospered, and became quite a flourish-



ing little colony. It was very different with the poor Browns themselves. The miller had made a sad mistake in leaving his old business to turn settler and farmer. The run which he had bought was a large one, far up the country, where there was no market for his cattle and wool, and his herds were constantly straying or being stolen. Tom and Charles were little comfort to him; for though neither was above sixteen years of age, they were fast taking to the bad habits of many of the older settlers, and at last set off together to the gold-diggings without the consent of their father. It was then that the poor lame boy, whom he would so willingly have left behind, was found, as Aunt Susan had predicted, to be the best of his children. Instead of resenting his father's harshness and neglect, Willie tried now to help and comfort him.

"Father," he said gently to him the night after his brothers had gone away, "Aunt Ruth told me I was God's little prisoner, and like a bird whom he had shut up in a cage; and I think one reason must have been, to prevent me turning wild, like Tom and Charles, that I might be a help to you,—only a little help I mean, father, just as my thrush was a little help to me when I was so ill."

His father sighed; but, turning to his despised little helper, was surprised to find that he had been thinking over everything, and planning quite a different mode of life for them all. It was this: That his father should give up the greater part of the farm, and turn the rest into a dairy-farm. The newly-discovered diggings brought a great deal of traffic that way; and Willie thought if really good milk and cream could be bought, it would be as welcome to many as the bad spirits that were sold by one of their neighbours.



Aunt Susan approved of the plan. She and Marjory could manage the cows, and Willie could sell their produce, while his father superintended the whole. So in a short time the ill-managed farm was changed into a well-kept, productive dairy. But all their efforts could not make up for the losses of the past two years, and the money squandered by Tom and Charles; and there seemed no way of meeting a claim of fifty pounds that would soon become due.

One morning Willie found a newspaper left on the counter by one of his customers; and as his eye ran over the columns, it rested on a reward of fifty pounds promised by the magistracy of Melbourne to any one who could succeed in successfully naturalizing the thrush, blackbird, or any such little songster.

“Aunt Susan! Aunt Susan!” he cried, “I’ve done it!”

“Done what, boy?” said Aunt Susan; and he stuffed the paper into her hands, almost too happy to speak.

Next day Aunt Susan left for Melbourne, taking with her two nests of young thrushes just ready for flight; and in the course of a week she returned with the promised reward! From that time peace and prosperity reigned in their little household. The heart of the miller, which had been so long steeled against his suffering boy, now found him to be its greatest earthly comfort; and Willie’s joy was complete.

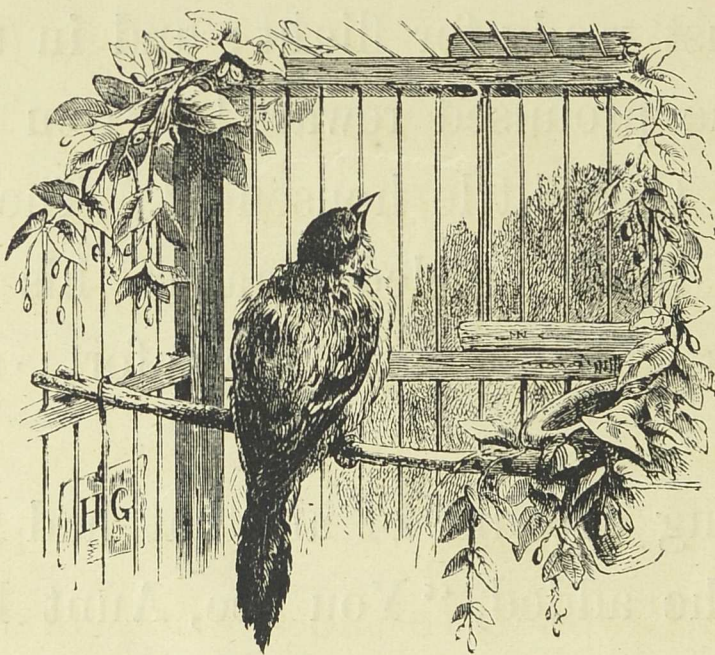
After writing a long account of all that had befallen them to his beloved Aunt Ruth, he added, “You see, Aunt Ruth, I was rewarded for saving the poor thrush; and, now that my father loves me, I do not wish for anything more. You were wrong in thinking that I would get well again, for I am as lame as ever, and will always be



so ; but it is better to be lame and happy than like my poor, poor brothers. And I often think of the angel-wings you told me might yet be mine. And, oh Aunt Ruth, when I remember how my dear old thrush sung his thanks to me that day when I opened the door of his cage, I think that, when I get to heaven, I will never tire of singing praise to Him who redeems us from all evil, and sets the prisoners free."

" Oh, stay not thou at gentle words,  
Let deeds with language dwell ;  
The one who pities starving birds,  
Should scatter crumbs as well.


" The Mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand ;  
For those who talk, yet fail to *do*,  
But ' build upon the sand. ' "





## A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

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AINFULLY toiled the camels over the burning sands of Arabia. Weary and thirsty were they, for they had not for days had herbage to crop, or water to drink, as they trod, mile after mile, the barren waste, where the sands glowed red like a fiery sea. And weary were the riders, exhausted with toil and heat, for they dared not stop to rest. The water which they carried with them was almost spent; some of the skins which had held it flapped empty against the sides of the camels, and too well the travellers knew that if they loitered on their way all must perish of thirst.

Amongst the travellers in that caravan was a Persian, Sadi by name; a tall, strong man, with black beard and fierce dark eye. He urged his tired camel to the side of that of the foremost Arab, the leader and guide of the rest, and after pointing fiercely towards one of the travellers a little behind him, thus he spake:—

“Dost thou know that yon Syrian Yusef is a dog of a Christian, a *kaffir*?” (Kaffir is a name of contempt given by Moslems, the followers of the False Prophet, to those who worship our Lord.)

“I know that the *hakeem* [doctor] never calls on the name of the Prophet,” was the stern reply.

“Dost thou know,” continued Sadi, “that Yusef rides the best



camel in the caravan, and has the fullest water-skin, and has shawls and merchandise with him ? ”

The leader cast a covetous glance towards the poor Syrian traveller, who was generally called the *hakeem* because of the medicines which he gave, and the many cures which he wrought.

“ He has no friends here,” said the wicked Sadi ; “ if he were cast from his camel and left here to die, there would be none to inquire after his fate, for who cares what becomes of a dog of a *kaffir* ! ”

I will not further repeat the cruel counsels of this bad man, but I will give the reason for the deadly hatred which he bore towards the poor *hakeem*. Yusef had defended the cause of a widow whom Sadi had tried to defraud ; and Sadi’s dishonesty being found out, he had been punished with stripes, which he had but too well deserved. Therefore did he seek to ruin the man who had brought just punishment on him,—therefore he resolved to destroy Yusef, by inducing his Arab comrades to leave him to die in the desert.

Sadi had, alas ! little difficulty in persuading the Arabs that it was no great sin to rob and desert a Christian. Just as the fiery sun was sinking over the sands, Yusef, who was suspecting treachery, but knew not how to escape from it, was rudely dragged off his camel, stripped of the best part of his clothes, and, in spite of his earnest entreaties, left to die on the terrible waste. It would have been less cruel to have slain him at once.

“ Oh ! leave me at least water—water ! ” exclaimed the poor victim of malice and hatred.

“ We’ll leave you nothing but your own worthless drugs, *hakeem* ! —take that ! ” cried Sadi, as he flung at Yusef’s head a tin case



containing a few of his medicines. Then bending down from Yusef's camel, which he himself had mounted, Sadi hissed out between his clinched teeth: "Thou hast wronged me—I have repaid thee, Christian! this is a Moslem's revenge!"

They had gone,—the last camel had disappeared from the view of Yusef; darkness was falling around, and he remained to suffer alone, to die alone, amidst those scorching sands! The Syrian's first feeling was that of despair, as he stood gazing in the direction of the caravan which he could no longer see. Then Yusef lifted up his eyes to the sky above him: in its now darkened expanse shone the calm evening star, like a drop of pure light.

Even as that star shone on the soul of Yusef the promise of the Lord, *I will never leave thee, nor forsake.* Man might desert him, his sun might go down, his water might fail, but God would never forsake; His mercies would never be exhausted; He could save from death even here,—or should such not be His will, He would bring His servant through death to life and joy everlasting.

Yusef, in thinking over his situation, felt thankful that he had not been deprived of his camel in an earlier part of his journey, when he was in the midst of the desert. He hoped that he was not very far from its border, and resolved, guided by the stars, to walk as far as his strength would permit, in the faint hope of reaching a well, and the habitations of men. It was a great relief to him that the burning glare of day was over: had the sun been still blazing over his head, he must soon have sunk and fainted by the way. Yusef picked up the small case of medicines which Sadi in mockery had flung at him; he doubted whether to burden himself with it, yet was unwilling to leave it behind.



“I am not likely to live to make use of this, and yet—who knows?” said Yusef to himself, as, with his case in his hand, he painfully struggled on over the wide expanse of dreary desert. “I will make what efforts I can to preserve the life which God has given. But if,” mused the Syrian, “it be His will that I should lay my bones on these barren sands, am I prepared and ready to die? I doubt that I can survive heat and deadly thirst through another day; if my hours indeed are numbered, am I fit to appear before God?”

A solemn question this, which we all should put to ourselves. What is the needful preparation for death, whether it come to young or old, in the peaceful home in England or on Arabia's glowing sands? It is simply, FAITH towards the Saviour, CHARITY towards all mankind. Yusef, as he searched his heart on that solemn night, felt that he had the first.

“I have *faith*,” he said to himself, as he gazed on the starry sky overhead; “I do believe from my heart that the Saviour died for my sins, and that He has forgiven and blotted them out for ever. I do believe in His boundless grace, in His everlasting mercy! But is mine *faith that worketh by love*; am I in charity with all men; do I—can I forgive even Sadi freely as I have been forgiven?”

Then came a terrible struggle within the heart of Yusef. Sadi's cruel face rose up in his memory, the flashing eyes, the sneering lip; Yusef thought of his cruelty and treachery, and felt fierce anger towards his enemy blazing up within. The Syrian could hardly refrain from calling on God to avenge his deadly wrongs. Long lasted Yusef's inward conflict with the spirit of hatred and revenge. Yusef had often repeated the Lord's Prayer, *Forgive us our trespasses, AS we forgive*



*them that trespass against us*: he knew that God will not pardon those who refuse to pardon; but could the Syrian forgive the man whose cruelty had doomed him to perish of thirst?

Yusef knelt down on the sand and prayed: he earnestly asked for a spirit of forgiveness; and before he rose from his knees that spirit seemed to be granted, for he was able to pray for Sadi. Yusef's anger calmed down, and with it all thirst for revenge; he could ask God that he might at last meet his cruel enemy in heaven.

Struggling against extreme exhaustion, his limbs almost sinking under his weight, Yusef again pressed on his way, till a glowing red line in the east showed where the blazing sun would soon rise. What were his eager hope and joy on seeing that red line broken by some dark pointed objects that appeared to rise out of the sand! New strength seemed given to the weary man, for now his ear caught the welcome sound of the bark of a dog, and then the bleating of sheep.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Yusef, "I am near the abodes of men!"

Exerting all his power, the Syrian made one great effort to reach the black tents which he now saw distinctly in broad daylight, and which he knew must belong to some tribe of wandering Bedouin Arabs: he tottered on for a hundred yards, and then sank exhausted on the sand.

But the Bedouins had seen the poor solitary stranger, and as hospitality is one of their leading virtues, some of these wild sons of the desert now hastened towards Yusef. They raised him; they held to his parched lips a most delicious draught of rich camel's milk. The Syrian felt as if he were drinking in new life, and was so much revived



by what he had taken, that he was able to accompany his preservers to the black goat's-hair tent of their Sheik or chief, an elderly man of noble aspect, who welcomed the stranger kindly.

Yusef had not been long in that tent before he found that he had not only been guided to a place of safety, but to the very place where his presence was needed. The sound of low moans made him turn his eyes towards a dark corner of the tent. There lay the only son of the Sheik, dangerously ill, and, as the Bedouins believed, dying. Already all their rough simple remedies had been tried on the youth, but tried in vain. With stern grief the Sheik listened to the moans of pain that burst from the suffering lad, and wrung the heart of the father.

The Syrian asked for leave to examine the youth, and was soon at his side. Yusef very soon perceived that the Bedouin's case was not hopeless—that God's blessing on the *hakeem's* skill might in a few days effect a wonderful change. He offered to try what his art and medicines could do. The Sheik caught at the last hope held out to him of preserving the life of his son. The Bedouins gathered round, and watched with keen interest the measures which were at once taken by the stranger *hakeem* to effect the cure of the lad.

Yusef's success was beyond his hopes. The medicine which he gave afforded speedy relief from pain, and within an hour the young Bedouin had sunk into a deep refreshing sleep. His slumber lasted long, and he awoke quite free from fever, though of course some days elapsed before his strength was fully restored.

Great was the gratitude of Azim, the Sheik, for the cure of his only son; and great was the admiration of the simple Bedouins for the skill of the wondrous *hakeem*. Yusef soon had plenty of patients. The



sons of the desert now looked upon the poor deserted stranger as one sent to them by Heaven; and Yusef himself felt that his own plans had been defeated, his own course changed, by wisdom and love. He had intended, as a medical missionary, to fix his abode in some Arabian town: he had been directed instead to the tents of the Bedouin Arabs. The wild tribe soon learned to reverence and love him, and listen to his words. Azim supplied him with a tent, a horse, a rich striped mantle, and all that the Syrian's wants required. Yusef found that he could be happy as well as useful in his wild desert-home.

One day, after months had elapsed, Yusef rode forth with Azim and two of his Bedouins to visit a distant encampment of part of the tribe. They carried with them spear and gun, water, and a small supply of provisions. The party had not proceeded far when Azim pointed to a train of camels that were disappearing in the distance.

"Yonder go the pilgrims to Mecca," he said: "long and weary is the journey before them; the path which they take will be marked by the bones of camels that fall and perish by the way."

"Methinks by yon sand-mound," observed Yusef, "I see an object that looks at this distance like a pilgrim stretched on the waste."

"Some traveller may have fallen sick," said the Sheik, "and be left on the sand to die."

The words made Yusef at once set spurs to his horse: having himself so narrowly escaped a dreadful death in the desert, he naturally felt strong pity for any one in danger of meeting so terrible a fate. Azim galloped after Yusef, and, having the fleeter horse, outstripped him, as they approached the spot on which lay stretched the form of a man, apparently dead.



As soon as Azim reached the pilgrim he sprang from his horse, laid his gun down on the sand, and taking a skin bottle of water which hung at his saddle-bow, proceeded to pour some down the throat of the man, who gave signs of returning life. Yusef almost instantly joined him; but what were the feelings of the Syrian, when in the pale wasted features of the sufferer before him he recognized those of Sadi, his deadly, merciless foe!

“Let me hold the skin bottle, Sheik!” exclaimed Yusef; “let the draught of cold water be from my hand.” The Syrian remembered the command, *If thine enemy thirst, give him drink.*

Sadi was too ill to be conscious of anything passing around him; but he drank with feverish eagerness, as if his thirst could never be slaked.

“How shall we bear him hence?” said the Sheik; “my journey cannot be delayed.”

“Go on thy journey, O Sheik,” replied Yusef; “I will return to the tents with this man, if thou but help me to place him on my horse. He shall share my tent and my cup—he shall be to me as a brother.”

“Dost thou know him?” inquired the Sheik.

“Ay, well I know him,” the Syrian replied.

Sadi was gently placed on the horse, for it would have been death to him to have long remained unsheltered on the sand. Yusef walked beside the horse, with difficulty supporting the drooping form of Sadi, which would otherwise soon have fallen to the ground. The journey on foot was very exhausting to Yusef, who could scarcely sustain the weight of the helpless Sadi. Thankful was the Syrian *hakeem* when they reached the Bedouin tents.



Then Sadi was placed on the mat which had served Yusef for a bed. Yusef himself passed the night without rest, watching at the sufferer's side. Most carefully did the *hakeem* nurse his enemy through a raging fever. Yusef spared no effort of skill, shrank from no painful exertion, to save the life of the man who had nearly destroyed his own!

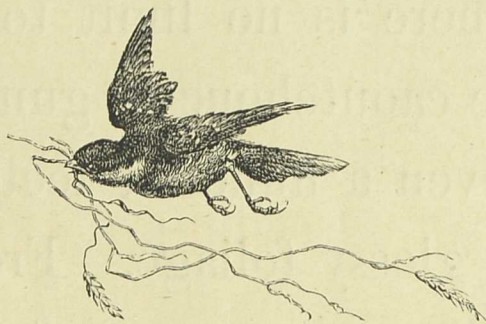
On the third day the fever abated: on the evening of that day Sadi suddenly opened his eyes, and, for the first time since his illness, recognized Yusef, who had, as he believed, perished months before in the desert.

"Has the dead come to life!" exclaimed the trembling Sadi, fixing upon Yusef a wild and terrified gaze; "has the injured returned for vengeance!"

"Nay, my brother," replied Yusef soothingly; "let us not recall the past, or recall it but to bless Him who has preserved us both from death."

Tears dimmed the dark eyes of Sadi; he grasped the kind hand which Yusef held out. "I have deeply wronged thee," he faltered forth; "how can I receive all this kindness at thy hand?"

A gentle smile passed over the lips of Yusef; he remembered the cruel words once uttered by Sadi, and made reply: "If thou hast wronged me, thus I repay thee — Moslem, this is *a Christian's revenge!*"





## ESCAPE FROM A JAGUAR.

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FEW things seem pleasanter (in description at least) than a voyage at a good season on a Brazilian river. The wild freedom of life in the canoe would of itself be an attraction to many. The river-boats are made so light, that they float gently along the stream. A thatched hut is erected on board, which serves for a house; and sometimes, for a change, the boat is moored to the shore, and the hammocks of the voyagers are suspended for the night from the branches of a shady tree. For hundreds of miles the river flows on through dark thick forests, shady even at noonday, rich in beauty and ever-changing variety—eye and ear are alike charmed by the luxuriant foliage of the trees, the graceful creepers hanging from bough to bough, and the full song of the many-coloured birds, flitting like bright flowers among the dark green leaves.

On the banks of the Brazilian rivers may be seen groves of palm-trees, and forests of dark laurels. Among these are many trees peculiar to the place. There is no limit to its vegetable wealth. In these forests is found the caoutchouc or gum-elastic tree. It grows to the height of eighty or even a hundred feet, with a tall erect stem, a spreading top, and thick glossy foliage. From the stem, when cut, a substance flows having the appearance of rich yellow cream. This



when collected, dried, and blackened in smoke, is our india-rubber. The natives of Brazil make it into shoes, bottles, toys, &c. Another tree yields a white fluid resembling milk, much prized by the natives as a beverage. In these forests are also found the trees which produce vanilla, cacao, cinnamon, &c.

Not less numerous are the animals that inhabit the woods. Flamingoes, spoonbills, herons, and waterhens, live on the banks of the rivers. Monkeys of all kinds chatter and whistle in the trees, and flocks of parrots scream as their enemies the hawks pursue them. Fish and game abound. The natives eat many things that seem strange food to us. Their favourite delicacy is the flesh of the lizard. They eat also the flesh of the manatee or sea-cow, which is like coarse beef. Instead of butter they use an oil made from turtles' eggs, and called turtle-egg butter; and they think a roasted monkey an excellent dish.

Beautiful as is the scenery on the banks of the Brazilian rivers, torrents and dangers beset the traveller, and spoil his pleasure in some degree. The mosquitoes and others of their tribe are a continual plague.

Still worse than the mosquitoes, the traveller has also to guard against the attacks of wild and venomous animals. One of the most common of the wild beasts of South America is the jaguar or panther.

The jaguar is an animal of the feline kind; that is to say, it is one of the family of cats. It partakes of the qualities and habits of the tiger. It is a native of the hotter parts of South America; and, from its being the most formidable quadruped there, it is sometimes called the tiger, or panther, of the New World. Its colour is a pale brownish yellow, spotted with black. It preys not only on the larger domestic



quadrupeds, but also on birds, fish, tortoises, turtles' eggs, &c. The jaguar is an excellent climber, and is equally expert at swimming, so that it is not easy to escape from him. He has been known to climb a tree forty or fifty feet in height in pursuit of monkeys, leaving the mark of his sharp claws on its smooth bark; and he has been also known to swim across a broad and deep river. He catches fish cleverly in the shallows; and when he surprises the turtles asleep on the sand, he turns them neatly on their backs, so that they cannot rise, and then devours them at his leisure.

The picture gives a good sketch of Brazilian life. It is a scene from the travels of the celebrated Catlin, whose whole life has been spent in exploring woods and wilds, and becoming acquainted with savage life in all its features.

Once while he was voyaging on a river in Brazil, with a few companions, they were resting on the shore for their mid-day meal. A feast it was to be; for they had killed a wild hog, and determined to have a good banquet. They were roasting it whole, savage fashion, at a fire kindled on the shore. But near them there were natives of the woods, who liked wild hog quite as well as they did, and perhaps thought that these strangers had no right to the game in the wild hunting-grounds so long all their own.

However that may be, the panther, the only native lord of the soil, and proprietor of the game, came to see who had been poaching on his manor, attracted by the pleasant odour of the roasting hog. Before he reached the place where the cooking was going on, he found one of the poachers, weary with hunting, asleep on the grass. Not being very hungry, and perhaps surprised at the unusual form of man, my lord











panther began to examine the intruder on his territories; and he gently lifted the legs of the sleeping man with his paws, playing with them as his cousin the cat, in her sly and gentle mood, might play with a captive mouse before putting it to death. So this play of the panther would doubtless have ended in the death of the sleeping man, if his danger had not been perceived by his companions. Immediately on seeing it, Catlin hurried from the fire, where their dinner was cooking, to the boat, where he had left his rifle. The head of the panther was behind the body of the sleeping man. Catlin whistled gently; the panther looked up, and received a ball between the eyes, which stretched him lifeless by the side of his intended prey. Imagine the surprise of the sleeper, when, awakened by the shot, he saw how narrowly he had escaped from the jaws of the panther!





## BABY BROTHER IN HIS COT.



ABY brother, baby brother,  
You must shut these little eyes;  
You must sleep, my baby brother,  
You must hush these baby cries.

Baby brother, baby brother,  
Once the Lord of life and love  
Came on earth a little baby,  
From his throne in heaven above.

Baby brother, baby brother,  
Jesus came, and lived, and died;  
Lived to teach us to be holy,  
And for us was crucified.

Baby brother, baby brother,  
Oh, how thankful we should feel,  
That the blest and holy Saviour  
Loves us little children still.



“When the rabbits wish to sleep, they go into their boxes. The wild rabbits go into holes, which they make in the ground. There they do not fear either dogs or cats, or even men, who would like to catch them and eat them; for none of these enemies can get into their holes.

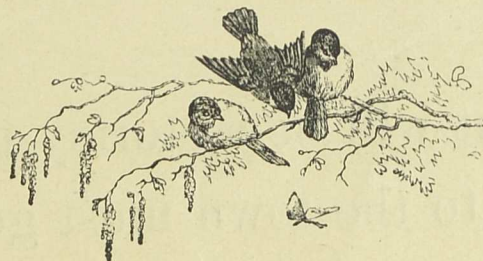
“When they are in their holes under the ground we cannot see them; but God sees them.

“He sees the little bird in its nest among the green leaves. He sees the fishes in the water, far down in the deep sea. He sees the wild wolf in the woods, and the lion in his den, as well as the quiet rabbit in his little hole.

“God sees also little children, wherever they are; and when little children think they are alone, and do anything wrong, which their papa and mamma cannot see, yet God is there, and he sees whatever they do.

“God always sees Lily and little Francis. These children should remember that the great God is always near them; and they should try to be good, because the good God sees them.

“He has given them all the good things they have; and they should love him and try to please him.”





## LUCY GRAY.

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FT I had heard of Lucy Gray ;  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see, at break of day,  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go ;  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.”—



“ That, father, will I gladly do !  
’Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon ! ”

At this the father raised his hook,  
And snapped a fagot-band ;  
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
She wandered up and down ;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb,  
But never reached the town !

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide ;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood,  
That overlooked the moor !



And thence they saw the bridge of wood  
A furlong from their door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,  
“ In Heaven we all shall meet ! ”—  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet !

Then, downward from the steep hill's edge,  
They tracked the foot-marks small ;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed—  
The marks were still the same ;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
Those foot-marks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank—  
And further there were none !—

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.



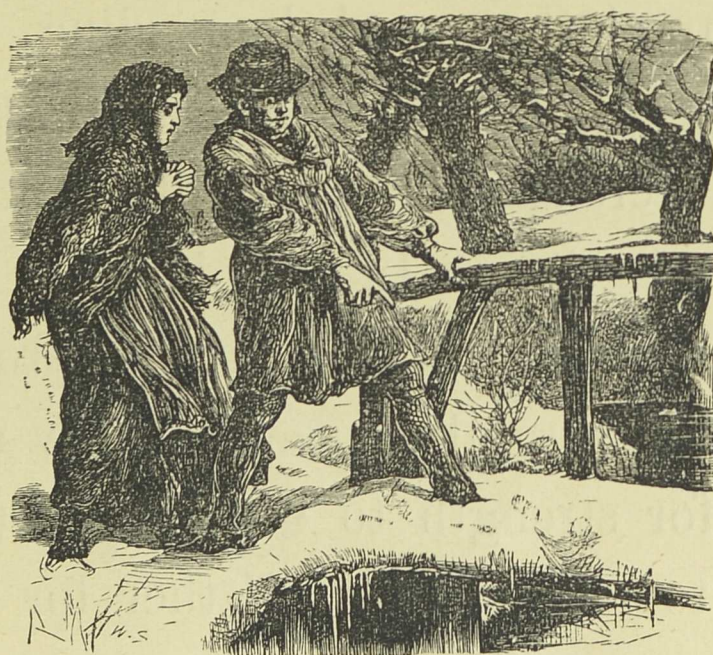








O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song,  
That whistles in the wind.





## THE DEAD CHICKENS.

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FANNY BURTON was a little girl who had the bad habit of always putting off to another time the things that she ought to have done at once. She says of herself: "I had always from earliest childhood disliked to do things in the right time. If my clothes needed mending, the last moment was selected for the work. Had I a lesson to learn, the few moments just before I had to say it were spent in hurriedly looking over what should have occupied an hour's time. In vain had my parents expostulated with me and punished me; in vain had I promised better things. Entreaties and promises were alike useless. My mother often told me I must look to God for strength to do right; but I rested content in making the petition to my heavenly Father for assistance, while my heart was far from the words I uttered.

"At last I was known to many of my friends as 'Careless Fanny;' and my brother took especial delight in ironically calling me 'Punctual Fanny.'

"One evening in spring, as my father returned home from his daily labour, he called my brother and myself to him, and inquired how we liked the idea of hatching and bringing up chickens. I was delighted, as usual, when any new project was on foot, and begged of him to



allow me the entire charge of the imaginary brood. My brother said: ‘*You!* I’d like to see *you* have the care of chickens, or any other living thing. They’d never get anything to eat, that’s certain.’

“ ‘Perhaps we’d better try Fanny once more, before giving her up entirely, William,’ said my father.

“I looked triumphantly at my brother, and strongly urged the propriety of giving me at least one more fair trial, and closed by saying: ‘If I don’t take care of these chickens, father, I’ll never ask you to let me try again.’”

Fanny’s request was granted. The hen was set, and in three weeks after eight pretty chickens were hatched. Fanny’s delight knew no bounds, and for a time she took the greatest care of them. She triumphed in her success, and grew confident that she had quite conquered her bad habit.

“The chickens soon grew large enough to be let out of the coop, and every morning they might be seen walking through the long grass, or sunning themselves in a sand-heap. During the day they nearly supported themselves by picking up crumbs and worms; but at night it was necessary they should be housed, lest a weasel or some other animal should catch them.

“ ‘Fanny,’ said my mother one evening to me, as I was busily engaged with an interesting story,—‘Fanny, isn’t it almost time to put up your chickens?’

“ ‘Oh, do wait a little longer, mother; I’m reading such a beautiful book,’ was my reply, instead of immediately hastening to do my duty as I should have done. Several times my mother reminded me of my little charge, and each time I replied, ‘Wait just a minute.’ But *my*



minute, and many other minutes, slipped away, until the deepening twilight forced me to close my book. Still thinking of the story, I went to bed without bestowing a single thought upon my little brood; of which, to tell the truth, I was beginning to grow weary.

“Judge of my surprise and mortification, when, upon rising the next morning and looking from my window, I discovered directly beneath it, perched upon large sticks, two dead chickens. Underneath each was a placard, upon which was printed in large, showy letters: ‘The two favourites died early this morning. For the cause of their death, refer to Punctual Fanny.’

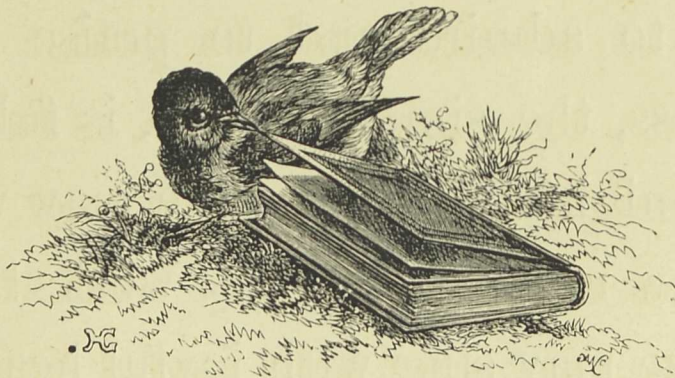
“The thought of the chickens I had neglected to house produced on my mind no very pleasing sensation. Already I beheld two of them dead before me. The rest might have shared the same untimely fate. Where now was my imaginary triumph? Alas! it had vanished, and I was indeed miserable. Throwing myself upon my bed, I wept bitterly. How *could* I meet my parents’ reproofs, and the jeers of my brother Willie? I felt sure they would never trust my word again. Rising, however, I summoned courage to venture downstairs, where the family were assembled at breakfast. My father did not smile as he bade me good morning; but Willie wickedly inquired of mother if she did not hear a noise in the night, like the chirping of chickens in distress.

“I finished my meal in silence; after its conclusion father called me to him, and talked upon the wickedness and danger of delaying to perform duties at the proper time. ‘Go to your room, my child,’ at length he said, ‘and on your knees before God confess your fault, and implore his assistance, for he alone can aid you in curing yourself of a habit which seems to be so fully confirmed!’”



Clara prayed to God for strength, and for love; and her prayer was heard.

After this, when her little companions came to visit Clara on her sick-bed, they found her glad to listen to their stories of their amusements in the woods. Clara was ever ready to share in all their pleasures and all their joys; they found her ever ready to listen with a smile on her pale face, for she had learned to be unselfish, and to “rejoice with them that do rejoice.”





## PALM TREES.

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WHEN the trees and herbs were made, they were all pronounced by God, the Creator, to be good. And so they continue to this day. "The tree yielding fruit," was made perfect in the beginning; and so it is now,—good in itself, each one after its kind,—and good for man, the chief being in this world, for whose use all things were intended. We may examine any one of God's works, in any part of the Earth, and we shall find reason to admire and to praise its excellence. The commonest tuft of grass, the simplest herb, is full of beauty, and tells of the power of its Almighty Creator. We may well say, in the words of David, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all." Or, we may sing with joyful hearts the ancient hymn, "O all ye green things of the earth, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him together." But there are some things in the vegetable kingdom which appear to be more particularly marked out as objects worthy of our attention and admiration, and as setting forth in a striking manner the wisdom and skill of Him who made them.

Among the various trees which adorn the surface of this Earth, one kind has been usually esteemed the most noble in appearance, and











very valuable for its uses to the natives of the countries where it grows. The Palm-trees were said by the famous Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, to be “the princes of the vegetable kingdom.”

Although the stem of palms is not useful as wood, it affords a very large portion of useful material for the service of man, both in his uncivilized, rude state, and in the civilized life he leads in cities.

In his simple manner of living in the woods of South America, or elsewhere in the regions of palms, there is no necessity for a substantial house for a dwelling-place. The Indian who wishes for a home for his wife and children, need not wait long, or go far to seek a lodging. He chooses a favourable spot,—near the woods for hunting, and near a stream for fishing. He soon clears a piece of ground; and then he cuts down a few small palms—they suit his purpose better than the hard-wooded trees with their branching stems. Of these slender yet tough palms he forms a wall, setting them upright in the ground, and interlacing fibres of the older palms between them. He makes the frame-work of the roof of the same materials; then, having selected a large-leaved kind, he takes two or three leaves, which suffice to thatch it neatly, and protect him and his family from the scorching heat of the sun. The dwelling is soon finished and ready.

His wife begins to furnish it. She gathers fibres from the palms, and weaves a mat to spread on the floor. She makes a strong basket to hold anything she may have to keep in their humble abode, or to bring home the produce of the fishing and hunting. Out of the large tough sheaths which enclose the leaf-stalks, she readily forms a neat light cradle, which can be hung up in a safe place, so as to keep the little child secure from danger by wild animals, or any other hurtful

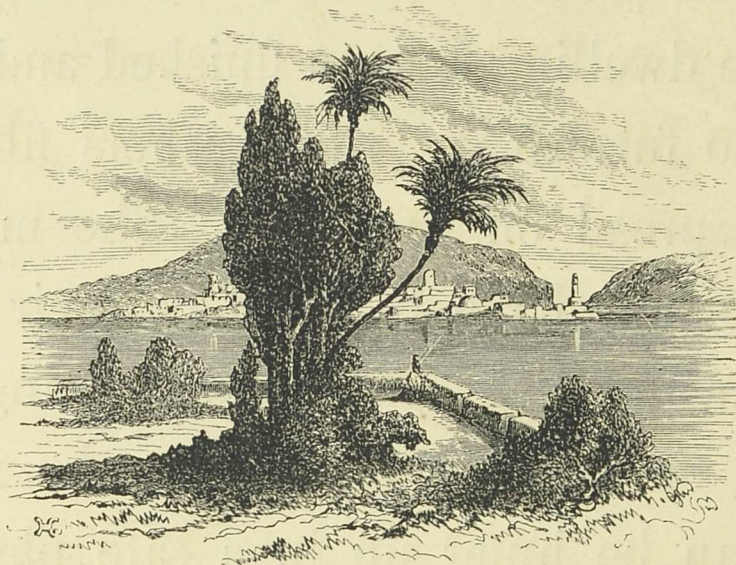


thing. She selects a bit of the firmest black fibre, and uses it as a needle with which to sew together garments made of the softer fibres.

We thus see that two of the chief products of all trees are supplied by palms—materials for dwellings, and for clothing.

The third and most important use of all, is for food. This, also, is afforded by palms abundantly. In the different kinds, we find various articles of nourishment. Some can only be partaken of in their native country, others can be preserved and brought here for our use. You may be surprised to hear how many things are obtained from palms and their fruits,—wine, oil, sugar, salt, sago, and also the juicy pulp of the fruit in its fresh state.

Palm-wine is pressed from the thick large leaf that wraps the mass of countless flower-buds. The best trees yield as much as a hundred pints in twenty-four hours. It seems to be produced in an inaccessible place, at the top of the column-like stem; but Indian boys are very active, and climb up with much ease, cut the bud, and leaving a vessel to catch the precious juice, return again to fetch it.





## THE CUCKOO.

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SAY you could not !”

“ I say I did ! ”

“ You talk nonsense ! ”

“ You don’t know what you are saying ! ”

“ I should like to punch your head ! ”

“ I should like to box your ears ! ”

Such were the angry words, each sentence uttered in a louder, more passionate tone, which brought Mrs. Layton in haste from her sitting-room to the play-room in which she had left her son Dick and his cousin Dan. The latter had arrived the day before from Manchester, where his parents lived, on a visit to his aunt’s country home. If the voices of the boys sounded angry, so likewise looked their faces, as Mrs. Layton saw them on opening the door. The children were both about eight years of age, but Dick was much taller and thinner than his cousin. Dan was short and stoutly built, with a shock of black hair over a sallow face, the expression of which was dogged and obstinate. Dick’s face was flushed with passion up to the roots of his red curly hair. The boys had their right fists clenched, they were fiercely confronting each other, and had not Mrs. Layton come in, the dispute would certainly have ended in blows.



“Boys! boys! are you not ashamed of yourselves? what is the matter?” exclaimed the lady.

Dick, towards whom his mother had turned as she asked the latter question, answered it by another.

“Mother, does the cuckoo sing in August?”

“No,” replied Mrs. Layton.

Dick glanced at his cousin in triumph.

“I heard him to-day, on the 3rd of August,” muttered Dan in an obstinate tone.

“Mother, does the cuckoo ever fly near enough to a village to be heard from a street?” asked Dick again.

“I think never,” answered the lady.

“He does though; I heard him when I was passing the baker’s shop,” said Dan in the same dogged way.

“I don’t believe it!” cried Dick.

“I believe my own ears,” muttered Dan.

“It is not likely that you, who have lived all your life amongst the smoky chimneys of Manchester, should know anything about birds,” persisted Dick. “I dare say that you could not tell a cuckoo’s note from the crowing of a cock, or the cawing of a crow.”

“I have read all about birds, and specially about cuckoos,” said Dan, indignant at his cousin’s remark. “I have read how cuckoos lay eggs in other birds’ nests, and how—”

Dick was rude enough to interrupt his cousin in the middle of a sentence. “You have read about cuckoos,” he said, with a laugh; “and so you have read that ‘A was an apple-pie;’ but that’s not the same thing as eating it. I’ve not read much about birds or anything



else, but I've heard the cuckoo hundreds and thousands of times, and I never once heard him in August."

"Then I've heard what you have not, for I heard him to-day," persisted Dan, sticking his thumbs in his pockets.

"This is all very absurd, very foolish," observed Mrs. Layton. "Is the song of a bird worth quarrelling about? What does it matter to you, Dick, whether Dan heard the cuckoo or not?"

"I can't stand hearing nonsense," said Dick, "most of all when a fellow sticks to it through thick and thin. No one ever heard of a cuckoo singing in August. Don't we all know the rhyme about him—

' In July  
He away doth fly.'"

"But he may fly back again in August," said Dan; "he must, for I heard him to-day in the street."

"You didn't," cried Dick.

"I did," muttered Dan.

Each boy looked ready to strike at the other.

"Silly, quarrelsome children," said Mrs. Layton; "I hope that, as you grow older, you will grow wiser, and understand that roughness and rudeness can never possibly have the effect of convincing. But this question about the cuckoo may, I dare say, be easily settled. If the bird really sang close to a street he must have been heard by others besides little Dan. I am just going out—I have my bonnet on, the baker's shop is not five minutes' walk from my gate—let us go together, my boys, and ask Mrs. Boyd, the baker's wife, whether she heard the cuckoo to-day."



“If she says that she did, I’ll say that she was dreaming,” cried Dick.

“If she says that she didn’t, I’ll say she was deaf,” growled Dan.

Mrs. Layton felt a little grieved as she walked between the two boys towards the village. It is indeed sad to think how easily quarrels spring up, like a crop of thistles from the little downy seeds which the breath of a child can scatter. Alas, misery and bloodshed have arisen from quarrels about trifles in themselves as small as Dan and Dick’s dispute about the song of a bird! Pride, obstinacy, and self-conceit will always find some excuse for disturbing peace and destroying order, whether it be in families, or amongst the nations of Europe.

Very few words were spoken during the walk: this was perhaps not to be regretted, as Dick was cross and Dan was sullen, and too many idle words had passed between them already. The party soon reached the shop of the village baker, where Mrs. Boyd was busily engaged arranging piles of fresh buns upon the counter.

“Good-afternoon, Mrs. Boyd,” said Mrs. Layton in her courteous manner, as she entered the shop, followed by Dick and his cousin. “We have come—;” here the lady paused, with a smile on her lips, for the question which she was about to ask seemed to herself a little absurd. There was, however, no need for her to ask it at all, for at that moment a clear, distinct sound of “Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!” came from the little back-parlour behind the shop.

“What’s that?”—“That’s it!” exclaimed Dick and Dan in a breath.

“Certainly that sound came from no living bird,” observed Mrs. Layton, smiling; “doubtless, as I suspected, Mrs. Boyd has a cuckoo-clock.”

“Yes, ma’am; it came from London this morning, a birthday



present from my brother, ma'am," said Mrs. Boyd, pleased that her clock should attract attention; and she pointed towards the back-parlour, where the pretty gift might plainly be seen, a gaily-coloured figure of a tiny cuckoo under the face of a clock, whose hour-hand was pointing to three.

Both the cousins burst out laughing.

"So we were both right," cried Dick.

"So we were both wrong!" exclaimed Dan.

"Wrong indeed, as is usually the case with those who quarrel about trifles," observed Mrs. Layton.

"It's well that I did not punch your head," said Dick to his cousin.

"And that I did not box your ears," added Dan.

"And it will be well," remarked Mrs. Layton, "if in future, when you are inclined to lose your tempers and forget your good manners, because another cannot see things just in the same light as you may happen to do—it will be well if you then remember the little incident of to-day, and blush to think how nearly you were coming to blows about the note of a cuckoo!"





## THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.



LOUD he sang the Psalms of David ;  
He, a negro and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,  
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
In a voice so sweet and clear  
That I could not choose but hear,—

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,  
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
When, upon the Red Sea coast,  
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.



## ONLY A LITTLE.

BY A. L. O. E.



It was a bright, clear day in September, and the sea sparkled in the sunshine as if strewed with glittering stars. What could be more delightful to children lately come from dusty London, than to wander on such a day on the shore, drinking in the fresh, pure air, basking in the sunshine, and watching the little waves as they stole gently up over the brown sand, and the rocks green with beautiful sea-weed?

At least so thought Owen and his two little sisters on the day after their arrival at a pleasant place on the sea-coast.

This was their first visit to the sea-side, and much they enjoyed it. Their mother permitted them to stroll down by themselves to the beach, as she had many arrangements to make for their comfort in the lodging which she had taken. Mabel was provided with a basket, and little Alice was as eager as herself to fill it with shells, and all the "beauty t'ings" which they could find on the rocks or the sands.

"I say, Mabel," observed Owen, "if I go a little further across that shallow strip of water, I can fish up with my net that rare bit of red sea-weed."



"But you will get your feet so wet, oh, so wet," said the prudent Mabel. "Only look at your new shoes already! Mamma will be vexed if she sees them quite spoiled."

"I don't know the use of shoes, or of socks either," cried Owen, "when one has such soft sand to tread on, and water to paddle about in. I'll have mine off in a minute!" And Owen had soon pulled off his shoes and his socks, and tucked up the ends of his trousers, so that, more at his ease, he could search about for sea-weed or shells.

Mabel was not sure whether mamma would approve of her boy going bare-legged, but Owen had no doubts on the subject. When from his little net he landed the lovely sea-weed in Mabel's basket, all the children were so much delighted that they thought of nothing but the pleasure of finding such a beautiful prize.

"It is red as coral," cried Mabel, "and has as many branches as a tree!"

"Won't we dry it and put it into mamma's pretty album?" said Alice. "Look at de 'ittle, 'ittle shells that are sticking to it;" and the child clapped her hands with delight.

No wonder that the children, thus happily engaged, forgot how fast time was flying. Mabel, a quiet, steady little girl, stepped very carefully from rock to rock, keeping her feet out of the water which lay in little pools in the sand. She also tried to prevent Alice from wetting her little shoes. But Owen's delight was to get as far out into the sea as the jutting-out line of low rocks would let him; and in her eagerness to follow her brother, Alice slipped down more than once, and the water over her ankles.

"I think that we must have been out a long time," Mabel at last



observed; "and Alice ought to change her wet shoes. Mamma will be wondering what has become of us. We had better not stop any longer."

"Only a little," cried Owen, who had fixed his heart on reaching one particular rock, which was half covered with mussels.

"Only a 'ittle," echoed Alice, who was full of her play, and who, but for Mabel, would have liked to kick off her own little shoes, and wade into the water, like Owen.

After about five minutes had passed Mabel spoke again to her brother. "Mamma may be anxious," said she.

"Only a little," laughed Owen. "She'll forget her anxiety soon when she sees what a store of mussels I've found."

"We really ought to go back," said Mabel, after another pause. "If you will not come, Owen, I must take Alice home by myself."

"Wait, only wait a little," cried her brother. But Mabel knew that it would be wrong to wait longer, so, taking the unwilling Alice by the hand, the girl turned round to go back to the beach.

"Oh, look at de shoes and socks all a-swimmin'!" exclaimed Alice, as soon as her face was turned in the direction of the spot from which the children had been wandering, as they made their way along the causeway of rocks and sand.

"Owen, Owen! look—look!" cried Mabel, and the sound of her frightened voice made her brother turn hastily round.

Then, indeed, the boy saw the cause of, and shared his sister's alarm. The rock on which he had thrown his shoes and socks had been perfectly dry when he had cast them upon it, and surrounded by sand which had then been also quite dry. But while Owen had been



amusing himself in picking up sea-weed and shells, the tide had been gradually creeping up, little by little. The rising water had stolen round now this stone, now that stone, nearer to the shore, till a wave had lapped the rock on which lay the shoes and the socks. It had sucked them off, and set them floating like weeds, quite beyond reach of their late owner, who stood helplessly gazing after them, half-way up to the knees in salt water.

“Oh dear, dear! how shall we ever get back?” exclaimed Mabel; for all between the children and the beach was quite covered now by the waves, except the low line of rocks; and even these seemed to be gradually growing smaller, and more detached one from another.

Alice burst out into a loud cry of terror; “We’ll be drowned—drowned!” shrieked she.

“We must rush back as fast as we can,” exclaimed Owen, who saw that his foolish delay had been bringing himself and his sisters into serious danger.

But Alice was so much terrified, that she seemed unable to move from the bit of rock on which she was perched, and which stood higher than the rest above the surface of the sea. The child dreaded to leave her place of refuge, and plunge into the shallow water which divided her from the shore.

“Let’s be off at once!” cried Mabel.

“Oh, no, no!” screamed Alice, clinging fast to her sister; and she added in a tone of entreaty, “wait a ’ittle, only a ’ittle!” while the tears flowed fast down her cheeks.

“No more foolish delay!” cried Owen; and snatching up the child



in his arms, and calling to Mabel to follow, the boy went wading and splashing towards shore as fast as he could make his way through the water.

This water was not, indeed, very deep, but deep enough to cover many a sharp, slippery bit of rock on which Owen trod in his haste. Once he stumbled, and in his fall plunged the shrieking Alice into the waves, while he himself was drenched to the skin. This, however, was as nothing compared to the pain of treading barefooted amongst rocks. Owen could no longer choose soft sandy bits on which to set his feet; they were soon both bruised and bleeding. Had the poor boy been less anxious to gain the shore, he must have stopped in his course, so great was the pain which he suffered.

As for poor Mabel, who carried the basket and net, she followed her brother as closely as she could; but she was terribly frightened, and felt as if the waves were giving her chase as she fled before them, for the little girl could not tell how high the tide was likely to rise. See her struggling on, panting and gasping! There—she is down! What a splash! how her eyes and mouth must be full of salt water! She is up again, but dripping and drenched, her hat hanging back by the strings, and the drops streaming from her hair. As for her basket full of treasures, a wave has carried it away! Another false step—another fall! The net has dropped from the poor girl's hand, and is floating off on a billow! Owen will never use that net again to fish up curious things from the sea.

The three children, however, have reached the dry land, and stand panting upon the smooth beach. They are thankful to have gained it in safety; but dripping and drowned do they look, their wet dresses



clinging to their forms, their hair hanging in wet strands round their pale faces.

Their mother had become uneasy at the long absence of her children, and just as they reached the sands she came hurrying down towards them. There was no need for Owen and his sisters to tell their story; their mother saw at a glance what had happened. As her children looked in so piteous a state, the lady thought it better not to add to their distress by a word of reproach. She hurried them off to her lodging, where she instantly made them take off their wet clothes and go to their beds, in which they spent the rest of that bright September day. The girls escaped with slight colds; but poor Owen's bleeding feet needed to be carefully washed in warm water to clear out the sand from his hurts. It was some days before he could bear to put on boots, and he thus lost many a pleasant ramble with his sisters beside the sea.


Never did Owen forget his painful adventure. Often, when tempted to delay for "only a little" what ought to be done at once, the boy would smile and shake his head as he said, "*Only a little* once nearly drowned my sisters and me."

And let us all remember that to wander from the straight path of duty *only a little* must always be fraught with danger. Unless we retrace our steps, *only a little* wandering will surely bring us into the deepening waters of temptation, amongst the rocks and shoals of sin. If through mercy we are at last enabled to turn and escape, it will yet be with a bruised spirit and an aching heart, and the remembrance of precious hours lost for ever, that all our regret for the past can never bring back to us again



## TWO KINDS OF EYES.

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AMMA, Charles is very naughty," said little Emily Herbert to her mother. "He ordered me to find his whip for him; and when I could not, he called me a stupid little thing, and said that I have no eyes. I told him that he had no right to make me look for everything he loses, and that I wished he were away to school; and he said I was saucy, and pushed me roughly away, and I fell against the corner of the chair, and it has hurt me very much. I wish you would punish him, mamma; I shall be so glad if he is punished!"

"Emily, this is not right," said Mrs. Herbert; "Charles is wrong to be unkind to you, but you are wrong too, my little girl, in speaking so unkindly of him. If he is naughty, you should be sorry for it; you should not rejoice in the hope that he will be punished."

"I am not wrong, mamma, to dislike him. It is right to dislike naughty boys, and he is wicked, and I hate him!"

And the little girl's cheek glowed with anger as she spoke.

"Silence, Emily," said Mrs. Herbert gravely; "I cannot allow such words as these. Come here and sit on this little stool by my side, and do not think any more about Charles at present. I am going to talk to you about your eyes."



“About my eyes, mamma!” said the little girl in surprise, her temper changing suddenly as a new turn was given to her thoughts.

“Yes,” said her mother. “Do you know that, instead of thinking like Charles that you have *no* eyes, I think that you have two kinds of eyes, though you do not always use them as you ought to do.”

“O mamma, now you are joking,” said Emily; “I have two eyes, but not two kinds of eyes.”

“I am quite in earnest,” said Mrs. Herbert; “you can tell me the two parts of which you are made?”

“Oh yes, mamma: my body which I see, and my soul which I cannot see, but which is *me*, the *me* that thinks and feels.”

“Well then, Emily, you have the eyes of your body, which are looking so earnestly at me just now; and the eyes of your mind, what are they doing?”

“Oh, I know, they are trying to understand you, mamma, trying to see what you mean.”

“Here then, Emily, are two kinds of eyes: the eyes of your body that you see with, and the eyes of your mind that you understand with. Now you have got very sharp bodily eyes, and you see me very well, just now, by the light of this lamp; but if I were to put out the lamp, would you see anything?”

“Oh no, mamma, it would be all dark; I would not see anything.”

“And do you know, my little girl, that there is a darkness which hinders the eyes of the mind from seeing. This darkness is sin. When sin is ruling in our hearts, we cannot understand anything rightly. By nature, our hearts are full of sin, and we often think wrong things are right, and we do not understand anything as we ought. But God has



given us a lamp to give us light in this darkness, to show us what is wrong and what is right. Can you tell me what this lamp is?"

"Oh yes, mamma," said Emily, "I learned the verse about it yesterday,—‘Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.’"

"Quite right," said her mother; "but Satan and our own evil hearts often prevent us from using this lamp as we ought to do. The lamp is shining, but our eyes are closed, and we must pray to God to open them." Then Mrs. Herbert made Emily read these verses: 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4; Eph. iv. 18; Ps. xix. 8. After Emily had read the verses, and her mother had explained them, Mrs. Herbert continued: "I know a little girl who ought to know quite well that it is wrong to say she hates her brother, and that she wishes evil to him; yet her eyes were so blinded by passion, a few minutes ago, that she could not see that she was wrong."

"O mamma," said Emily, blushing deeply; "but I am not in a passion now."

"Then let us take this lamp of the Word, Emily, and see what light it will give on your conduct. Read Matt. v. 22; then read in 1 John ii. 9–11; iii. 14, 15; then Rom. xii. 19–21."

After Emily had read these verses, she said: "I have been very wrong, mamma; I am very sorry; will you forgive me?"

"My dear Emily," said Mrs. Herbert, "you have sinned against God; you must ask Him to forgive you, and then go and make friends with your brother. I think I see a little corner of the whip peeping from under the sofa, go and look if it is."

"Oh yes, mamma, here is the very whip we quarrelled about."

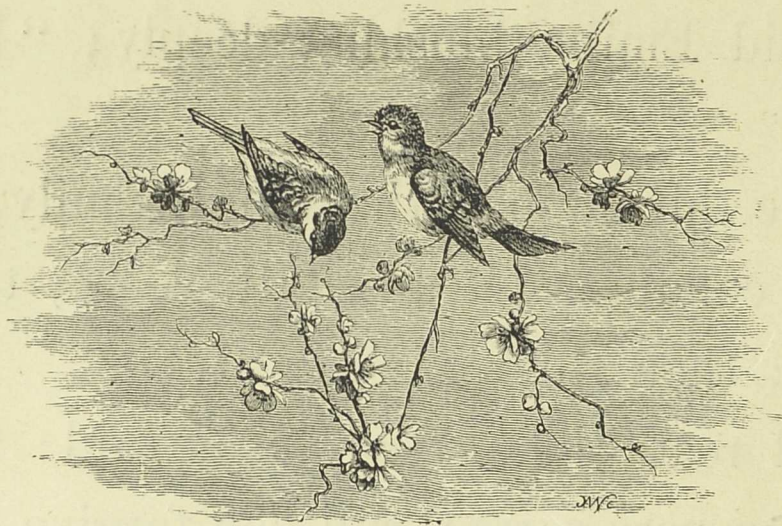
"Well, then, dear Emily, remember the last verse you read: ‘Be



not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' Go and find Charles, give him his whip, and tell him kindly that you are sorry that you were peevish and disobliging, and I am sure he will feel sorry that he spoke rudely to you and hurt you."

Emily did as her mother desired her.

Perhaps, at some future time, our young readers shall know what Mrs. Herbert said to Charles about his unkindness to his sister; and also the use that Emily often afterwards made of the lamp of the Word.





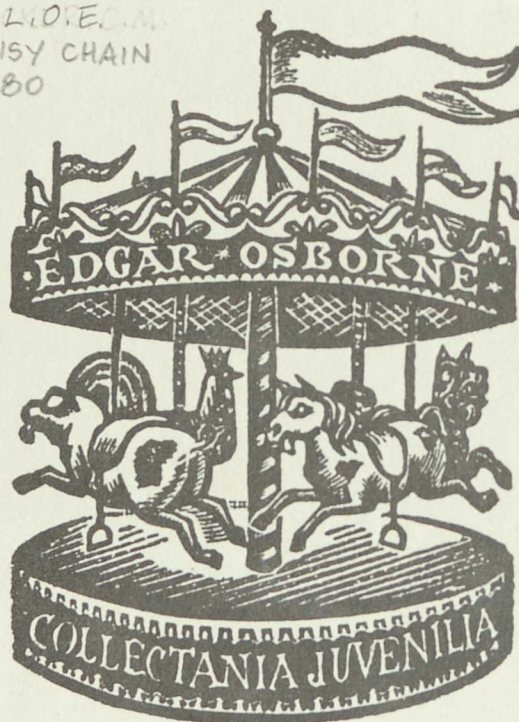








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