

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FACES



Bertie
from Uncle Wm.
Kumai 1872.



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OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FACES :

COMPRISING

ROBINSON CRUSOE.
QUEER CHARACTERS.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.
COCK SPARROW.

WITH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

PRINTED IN COLOURS BY KRONHEIM.



CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN,
BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LONDON, E.C.;
AND 596, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

1870,

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CONTAINING

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P R E F A C E.

“ OH, such an accident,” cried Kate,
“ Has happened to my doll ;
Its darling nose is melted off,
Its eyes won’t work at all.

“ Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! what shall I do ?
Its face is almost gone ! ”
Said Maggie, looking very grave,
“ Why, put another on.”

The thing was done, and Katie’s doll
Looked quite as good as new.
I think we might do just the same
In picture books—don’t you ?

We do not always want new friends ;
We love the old ones best ;
So here are four with faces new—
Look at them, while I rest.

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

COME, gather round me, little ones,
And hearken unto me,
And you shall hear a tale about
A lad that went to sea—

About a lad that ran away,
Oh, many years ago,
And left his home and parents dear—
Young Robinson Crusoe!

Now when this lad grew up a man,
It came about one day,
That he was cast upon a rock—
An island far away.

And there to shield him from the storm,
And keep him safe and sound,
He built a house, and thatch'd it o'er,
And fenced it round and round.

Far off upon a sandy bank
His ship lay all a wreck;
And oft-times when the sea was low
He got upon the deck.

For many things he there had found
That he could bring ashore,
Upon the raft that he had made,
And carry to his store.

Two kittens and a faithful dog,
With powder, guns, and shot,
Three cheeses and a chest of tools
'Mong other things he got.

And now he bravely went to work,
Made tables, chairs, and stools,
And shelves around his little home,
On which to lay his tools.

He set a cross upon the beach,
Lest time should go astray,
And with his knife he cut a notch,
To mark each passing day.

He caught and tamed a little kid,
That trotted at his heels;
And with his dog and cats at home,
It shared his daily meals.



Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

Yet sometimes he grew very sad,
And then he sat him down
Upon the shore, and thought his God
Looked on him with a frown.

And he would gaze upon the sea,
Across the billows wild;
And wring his hands and cry aloud,
And weep like any child.

He thought upon his father's words—
His mother's prayers and tears;
How they would grieve for him, their son,
Away so many years!

Then he would fall upon his knees,
And clasp his hands in prayer,
And ask his God with many tears,
His wicked life to spare.

At times with gun upon his back,
He roamed the island round,
Where melons, grapes, and sugar-canes,
All growing wild he found.

A parrot, that some years before
He artfully had caught,
Would hop upon his thumb, and shriek
The lessons it was taught.

And so to keep it snug, he made
A cage to put it in:
He made a big umbrella too,
And all his clothes of skin.

I wot he was the strangest sight
That ever you might see;
In jacket, breeches, cap, and shoes,
A hairy man looked he.

With big umbrella o'er his head,
His sword hung at his side,
His gun and axe upon his back,
He rambled far and wide.

Now on the island herds of goats
Were running wild and free;
But when he tried to catch the things,
Away they all would flee.



Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

And so, to get them in his power,
He dug pits in the ground ;
And there one morn at break of day,
A goat and kids he found.

The goat he let away again,
For it was fierce and strong ;
The little kids he tied with strings,
And took with him along.

And then from running wild again,
His little flock to keep,
A piece of ground he fenced around,
Where they might feed and sleep.

His crops of barley and of rice,
Now rich and ripe had grown ;
For seeds he found upon the wreck,
He long ago had sown.

The corn he pounded into meal,
And made it into bread ;
The rice he baked in little cakes,
At times to eat instead.

At length he longed when days were fine,
Upon the waves to float ;
So with his tools he went to work,
And made a little boat.

He set a mast and sail before,
A rudder, too, behind ;
And with his dog and gun on board,
He sped before the wind.

One summer morning as he walked
Abroad, with gun in hand,
He stood aghast as he beheld
A footprint in the sand !

Though many years had passed away,
Since to that lonely place
He came, yet he had never caught
A sight of human face.

He thought of dreadful savages,
All naked, wild, and black ;
And paused at every step he took,
To look in terror back.





Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

He dreamt about them in the night,
And thought of them by day ;
And scarce would stir, lest they by chance
Should come across his way.

At last one day he climbed a hill,
Where oft he used to lie,
And took with him his telescope,
To see what he could spy.

And looking off towards the shore,
A sight he did behold,
That set his very hair on end,
And made his blood run cold.

A band of painted savages,
He saw to his dismay,
All dancing round a fire, on which
A human body lay.

He saw them kill a helpless man,
And one was standing by,
All in an agony of fear,
For he, too, was to die.

But ere his enemies had time
A hand on him to lay,
He turned and bounded like a roe,
Away—away—away.

Across a stream he swam with speed,
Close followed by his foes ;
But he was saved by our good friend—
The man in hairy clothes !

A young and comely man he was,
So timid and so shy,
With tawny skin and hair of jet,
And mild and beaming eye.

And oft he paused and looked around,
And knelt as if in fear ;
But Crusoe made him signs to come,
And softly he drew near.

Then Crusoe named him Friday there,
And ever called him so,
Because upon that very day
He saved him from the foe.



Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

And Friday quickly learned to work,
For ready hand had he ;
And helped, in time, to build a boat
And launch it in the sea.

His master taught him many things,
Of God he told him too,
Who made the sun and moon and stars,
And watches all we do.

A touching sight it was to see,
Poor Friday kneel to pray—
To hear him cry to God for help,
In his poor broken way.

Where'er he was, in house or field,
He ever was the same ;
Obeyed his master with a smile,
And feared his Maker's name.

One morning Friday came in haste,
In trembling and in awe,
And told his master three canoes
Upon the beach he saw.

Then Crusoe bade him bring the guns,
And prime without delay ;
And soon they beat the savages,
And drove them all away.

In one canoe upon the sands,
Half dead and strongly bound,
All ready for to kill and eat,
A poor old man they found.

When Friday saw his face he paused,
Another look to take, [wept,
Then laughed and cried, and sobbed and
As if his heart would break.

He clasped the old man round the neck,
And kissed him o'er and o'er ;
And leapt and danced with very joy,
To see that face once more.

He gave him food, he brought him drink,
He cut his bonds in twain ;
The dear old father that he loved,
Nor thought to see again.

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

Poor Friday, though his skin was black,
His heart was warm and kind.

My little ones, a lesson this,
For *all* to bear in mind.

Now eight and twenty weary years,
Had Crusoe been ashore,
Upon his island night and day,
Nor thought to leave it more.

Then oh, what joy was his to see
One morn a spreading sail
Come dancing o'er the waters blue,
Before the swelling gale.

He watched with Friday from a hill,
Though distant many a mile,
Until he saw a boat put off
And row towards the isle.

And now at last his trials o'er,
With grateful heart he trod

Once more on board an English ship,
And bowed in thanks to God.

His faithful Friday went with him ;
His Friday true and kind,
Who loved him more than all on earth,
He could not leave behind.

His big umbrella, too, he took,
His hairy cap as well ;
And parrot with its noisy tongue,
Of other days to tell.

And then with heavy heart he turned,
To bid his home adieu ;
And soon, as onward sped the ship,
It faded from his view.

And when old England's shore he saw,
Oh, he shed many tears ;
For he had been away in all
Full five and thirty years.

THE END.

QUEER CHARACTERS.

DOBBIN THE BLACKSMITH.

The village forge old Dobbin kept,
And earned his bread from day to day;
For up he rose when others slept,
And worked while others were at play.

The gossips of the town would pay
A morning visit to his shop;
And while old Dobbin worked away,
They talked as if they'd never stop.

Thus Farmer Dogberry, you see,
Lays down the law to Beadle Dio;
While Ploughman Ox appears to be
The wisest of the idle trio.

But Dobbin only blinks his eyes,
For he has honest work to do,
And thinks that talk, however wise,
Will never mend a horse's shoe.

Like Dobbin, let us learn to keep
A watchful eye and silent tongue;
And never let our conscience sleep
When idle gossips we're among.

;



TABBY THE PIPER.

As Tabby lay basking one day in the sun,
A-longing for something to eat,
He thought to himself 'twould be capital fun
To play on a pipe for his meat.

So Tabby, who was an ingenious cat,
Ran off to his home in the mews,
Where he put on a coat and a wide-awake hat,
And breeches and stockings and shoes.

And then in the road, with his pipe in his mouth,
He played such a comical air,
That he startled the folk in the north and the south,
And the east and the west of the square.

From Piggy the porter he got but a laugh,
From Ducky the housemaid a quack,
And Carlo the groom gave him nothing but chaff,
So Tabby went dinnerless back.

So people who sometimes, led on by conceit,
Attempt what they cannot well do,
A warning should take from poor Tabby's defeat,
Or they may get ridiculed too.



DOCTOR DONKEY'S ACADEMY.

DOCTOR DONKEY kept a school
For all the brute creation;
But many thought him more a fool,
Than beast of education.

'Tis true he never much professed
Of learning taught at College;
But then the patience he possessed
Went further than his knowledge.

The worthy doctor here you see,
His scholars catechising;
That they should all so quiet be
Is really most surprising.

There's pert Miss Poll, and Pussy Cat,
Fox, Elephant, and Monkey,
And Piggy, with a dunce's hat,
All listening to a donkey.

If thus a brute the beasts can tame,
By patience exercising;
There's scarce a virtue we can name
More worthy our advising.





THE ARTFUL FOX.

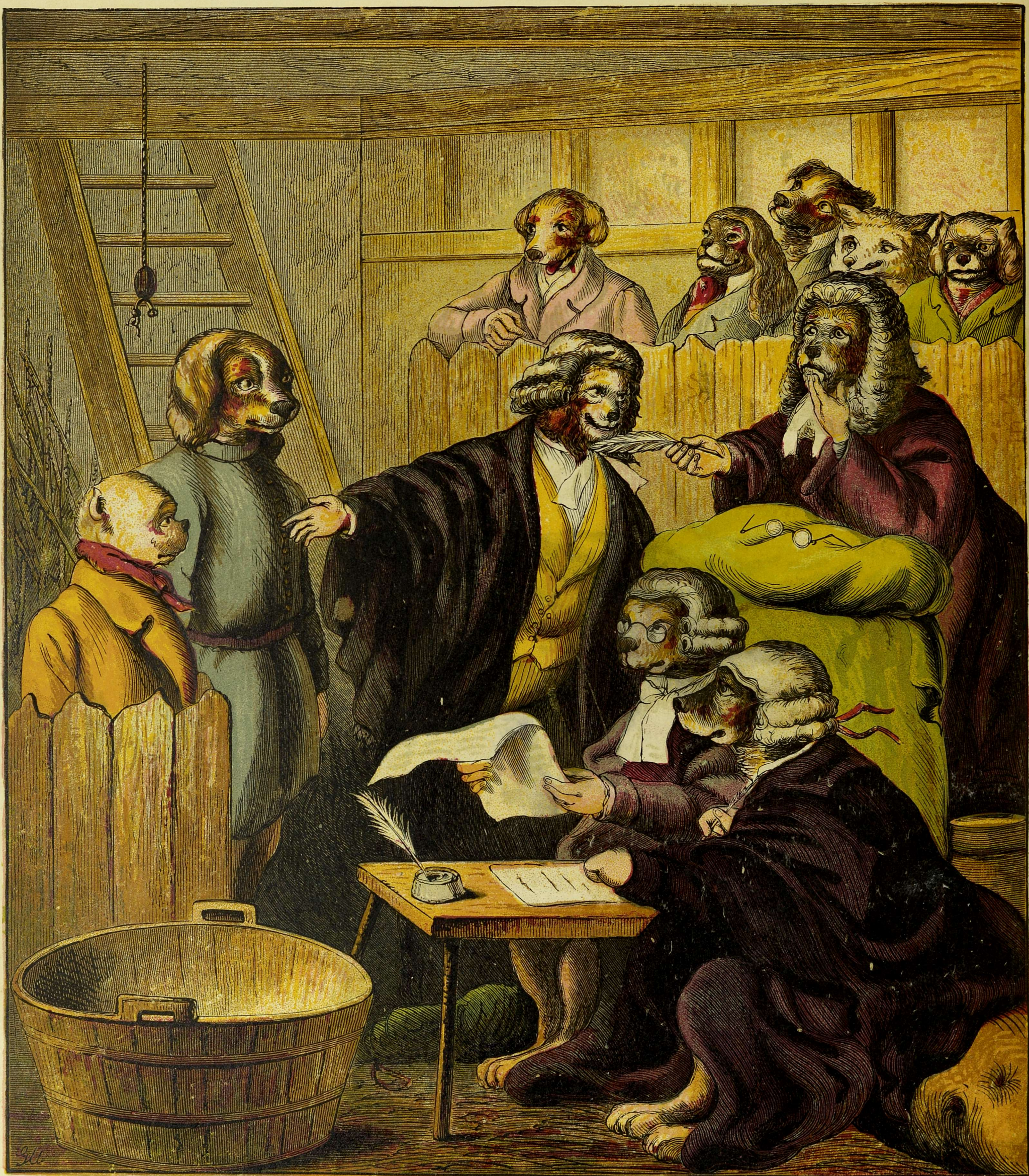
HERE'S a sly, old, cunning Fox,
Trying to appear devout;
Do you think those well-fed Cocks
Know what Reynard is about?

"Let us shut our eyes," quoth he,
"Say our grace before our meat;
Surely we should thankful be
That we've barley here to eat."

But barley's not the food he seeks,
Nor any other kind of grain;
For Reynard to the farm-yard sneaks
A better supper to obtain.

"No, no," replies the eldest bird,
"You look as if you'd like to sup;
And I remember to have heard
That Cocks are sometimes eaten up."

Thus wickedness too often tries,
To make itself a friend appear;
So mind you never shut your eyes
When danger may be lurking near.



TOWSER'S TRIAL.

THERE are some dogs that much prefer
Their neighbour's dinner to their own;
So Towser, like a selfish cur,
Robbed honest Toby of his bone.

Old Toby raised a hue and cry,
And all the village dogs gave chase;
Till Watchman Trusty's practised eye,
Discovered Towser's hiding-place.

Then to the barn, where Cæsar sat,
Arrayed in solemn wig and gown,
They took the wicked Towser, that
Before had braved the judge's frown.

The cunning counsel, Carlo, tried
To plead a melancholy tale;
But "Guilty" all the jury cried,
And so the thief was sent to jail.

As Towser lost his liberty,
Some silly persons lose their name;
And those who have not honesty,
Will taste his pain and share his shame.



THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEYS.

OLD Jacky the carpenter's very well known
To all in the village around ;
He lives in a neat little house of his own,
Where mischievous monkeys abound.

Each day after dinner he sits in his chair,
The youngsters all being away ;
And tries to get forty winks quietly there,
While they in the fields are at play.

But sometimes it happens that, ere he awakes,
These mischievous monkeys come back ;
And each some impertinent liberty takes
With the tools of old Carpenter Jack.

They play with his whiskers and tickle his chin,
While Jacky sleeps sound as a church ;
But if they awake him he'll surely begin
To give them a taste of the birch.

The young should remember to honour the old,
And never be rude in their play ;
For they will wish children to do what they're told,
When they become aged and grey.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

THE MAN AND HIS TWO WIVES.

THERE lived a man, in olden time,
Beneath a sunny, Eastern clime,
Who, with one consort not content,
The marriage yoke twice under-
went.

One of his wives was passing fair,
With light blue eye, and golden
hair;

The other, more advanced in age,
Had entered on life's second stage.

The husband, too, had now begun
Into the vale of years to run—
His hair no longer dark remained,
But black with white alternate
reigned.

The young wife from her husband's
pate

All the white hairs would extricate;
The elder, in more sombre mood,
Would all the darker locks exclude.

So each, according to her pride,
Alternately her care supplied,
Her husband's locks to comb and
tend,

Seeking her own peculiar end.

Unconscious of his wives' intent,
The poor man sat in calm content,
As from his head, from day to day,
Hairs disappeared, both black and
grey;

Until at last, no longer blind,
The unhappy man awoke, to find
That, 'twixt the hands of this fond pair,
He had not left a single hair!



THE MAN AND THE LION.

As a Man and a Lion were traveling together on a long journey, they began to dispute with one another as to which was the braver and stronger of the two. Just at the time they happened to pass by the statue of a man strangling a lion. "See there!" said the Man, "what further proof can you need of my superior power?" "If this," said the Lion, "is all that you have to show for your cause, let us be the sculptors, and we will soon show you a lion strangling a man."

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

A CERTAIN Man had a Goose which laid him a golden egg every day. The Man's avarice was so stirred by the sight of this rich income, that, fearing it was too good to last long, he determined to secure his valuable property once and for ever, without waiting to receive it from day to day. So he decided to kill the Goose on the spot, and make sure of his treasure; but on cutting her open, he found that he had not only gained nothing, but lost all.

THE LION IN LOVE.

A LION once met a Forester's daughter, and fell so deeply in love with her that he determined to ask her father for her hand in marriage. The wily Forester, fearing to arouse the beast's anger by a refusal, consented on these conditions: that he would allow him to draw out all his teeth, and cut off all his claws. The Lion, in the blindness of his passion, agreed to this; but he had no sooner lost his teeth and claws, than the Forester slew him with his club.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A CERTAIN man had a son who was extremely beautiful, and a daughter who was somewhat plain. As they were playing near a looking-glass, the Boy, seeing his face, remarked how handsome he was. The Girl, taking offence at this self-glorification, ran to her father, and complained of her brother's vanity. But their father told them both to look in the glass every day—the Boy to preserve his face from the effects of vice, and the Girl to make up for her defects by virtue.



THE MAN AND HIS WOODEN GOD.

A CERTAIN Man had a Wooden God, to which he prayed day by day for wealth and riches; but finding that his supplications were vain, he suddenly seized the image by the legs and broke it to fragments, when a great hoard of gold and silver flew about the room. At this he exclaimed to the idol, "Oh, thou perverse deity! who, when I worshipped thee, wouldst take no heed of my prayers, but now that thou art destroyed, pourest forth more good things than I could desire."

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

A WOODMAN let his axe fall into a river, when Mercury appeared to him, and brought up a golden hatchet. But the man said *that* was not his; and the same with a silver one. Mercury then brought up the lost hatchet, which the man took with joy; and the god gave him the gold and the silver ones too. Another man, hearing of this, threw his axe into the stream; and, when Mercury brought up a golden one, he said it was his. But the god would not give him even his own.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A FATHER, who had failed to reconcile his quarrelsome family by words, thought that he might succeed by an illustration. So he called his sons together, and directed them to lay before him a bundle of sticks. "Now try to break the faggot," said he. But they all failed. Then he gave them the sticks to break one by one, and when they did this easily, he said, "So will you, my sons, while united, be invincible; but separate, and you will as certainly be undone."

THE ASS AND THE LAP-DOG.

AN Ass and a Lap-Dog belonged to the same master; but the one lived in the stable, and the other in the house. Jealous of the Dog's life, the Ass thought to out-do his rival in fondness to his master. So, rushing one day into the hall, he began to dance and caper about, and finally tried to caress his master and sit upon his knee. The servants seeing this, came in with sticks and cudgels, with which they thrashed the stupid beast so unmercifully, that he never got up again.





THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOUR.

A RUMOUR was spread abroad that a neighbouring Mountain was in labour, inasmuch as it had been heard to send forth prodigious groans and mutterings. Great curiosity was felt among the people as to what the wonderful birth would be—perhaps a giant, or some extraordinary monster of the earth. Crowds flocked from far and near, filled with impatience to witness the result, when, after a long and anxious watching, to the dismay of all, behold, out crept a mouse!

THE TREES AND THE AXE.

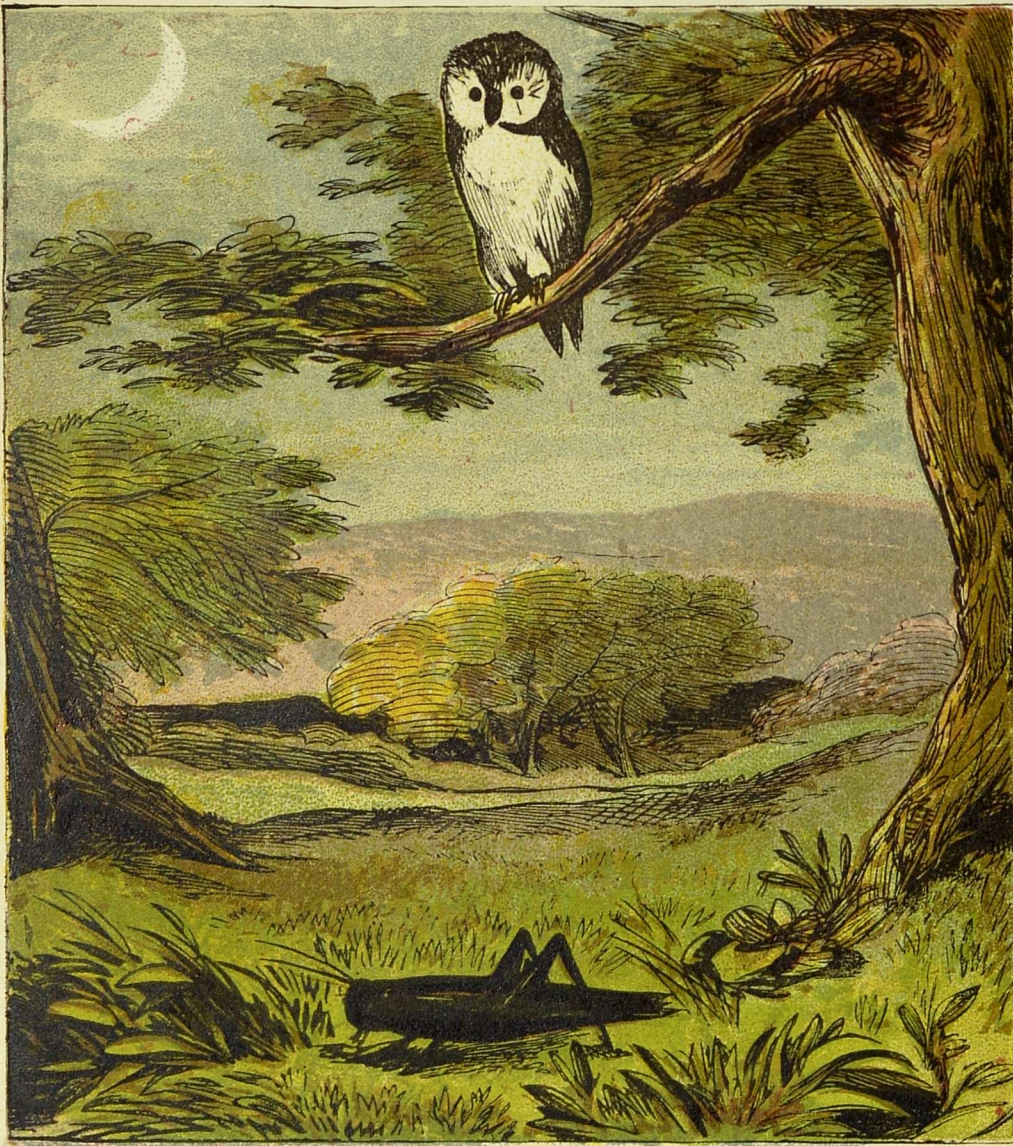
A WOODMAN went into a forest to ask the different trees to give him a handle for his axe. After some consultation, it was decided by the more powerful trees that the homely ash would be the most suitable for the purpose. Having obtained his request, the Woodman proceeded to fell all the finest trees in the forest. Thus they found to their cost the evil of sacrificing even one of the poorest of their brethren to the wily demands of the most plausible foe.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

AN Ass, having found a Lion's skin, clothed himself with it, and went forth to roam through the forest in royal attire. All the animals that encountered him fled in consternation, mistaking him for their real monarch. At length he met a Fox; but Reynard, whose superior cunning detected the fraud, addressed him thus: "You are, indeed, a merry Ass to wander abroad in this borrowed majesty; and I, too, might have been deluded, had I not heard your silly bray!"

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

A Town Mouse was on a visit to his Country Cousin, and while at their frugal meal, he asked him, "How can you waste your time in this lonely place? Come with me, and I will show you how to *live*." So the Country Mouse went to town. But while they were feasting luxuriously at midnight, the doors were burst open by servants and barking dogs, so that the Mice could hardly escape. "If this is *life*," said the Country Mouse, "give me my barley at the bottom of my old oak."



THE FOX AND THE APE.

THE beasts being in council to elect a king, the Ape, from his talents and entertaining manners, recommended himself to them as a fitting monarch. But the Fox determined to prove to his fellow-beasts what a miserable choice they had made. So, seeing a trap nicely baited with flesh, he conveyed the news of it to his royal master. The Ape innocently put his feet into it and was caught, and the Fox exclaimed, "What! a king, and not know a trap!"

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

A WAGONER was driving his cart down a narrow, muddy lane, when the wheels stuck so fast in the mire that the horses could not stir them backwards or forwards; so, without making any effort of his own, he went down on his knees and prayed loud to Hercules for aid. But Hercules, looking down from a cloud, told the idle fellow to flog his horses lustily, and put his shoulder to the wheel, reminding him at the same time that Heaven only helps those who help themselves

THE OWL AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

AN Owl sat blinking in a tree, but a Grasshopper, who was singing all day below, gave her no rest, and often abused her. The Owl, failing to persuade him to silence, determined to try a stratagem, and said, "How sweetly you sing! it is quite a pleasure to be kept awake all day by so cheerful a voice. I pray you, come and taste some nectar, as you must be thirsty." The Grasshopper, flattered by this civility, went briskly to drink, when the Owl made a meal of him.

THE WOMAN AND THE WINE-CASK.

AN Old Woman, who was wandering about in search of food, found a Wine-Cask lying by the road-side. The Cask was quite empty, as all the choice sherry sack with which it had been filled had just been drawn off. But the Old Woman put her nose to the hole, and after snuffing heartily for some time, exclaimed, "Sweet creature! how delicious must you have been when you were full of sack, since your very lees and dregs send forth so refreshing a savour."



THE BLACKAMOOR.

A RICH man once bought a Blackamoor, and was foolish enough to suppose that the colour of his skin arose from the neglect of his former master. So he placed the unfortunate slave in a large tub, and, with his servants, proceeded to wash and scrub him with brush, soap, and mop. But all their efforts were in vain, for the poor man's skin did not change a shade of its colour, and the only result was, that after many washings the wretched Blackamoor died of the cold.

THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.

A TRUMPETER, who had been taken prisoner in war, begged earnestly of his enemies for quarter. "Spare me! I pray," said he; "for I have taken no man's life in the battle, nor have I any other arms than this poor trumpet." "Nay," replied his captors, "that is the very fault we find with thee, and therefore shalt thou die; for though thou couldst take no part in the fray thyself, yet to have stirred up strife with thy wicked blast is the greatest crime of all."

THE HERDSMAN AND THE LOST BULL.

A HERDSMAN, who had lost a beautiful and favourite Bull, went searching for it in all directions, through wood and glade. Being unable to find it, he vowed to all the nymphs and deities of the forest that he would offer to them a lamb as a reward for its discovery. Just then he saw a huge lion standing over the carcase of his Bull, which the unhappy wight would now fain offer to the gods as well, to escape himself from the clutches of the noble captor.

THE DOG INVITED TO SUPPER.

A MAN who had prepared a great feast invited a Friend to supper, and his Dog asked the Friend's Dog to join them. The latter accepted the invitation with glee, and promised himself a splendid repast. But while wagging his tail, he happened to catch the eye of the cook, who forthwith threw him out of the window. As he went yelping down the street, he told his friends that he had drunk so much that he could hardly remember which way he got out of the house.

COCK SPARROW.

HOW COCK SPARROW KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS.

ISAAC HARLEY was a shepherd. He lived in a pretty little cottage on his master's farm, and he had a wife and one little daughter, named Kitty, and a large dog named Bob. Isaac's house was not a very large one, but, if it wasn't very big, it was very comfortable; and outside, it was so covered with green ivy, and sweet-smelling woodbine, and roses, that it looked in the summer-time more like a bower than a house, for the ivy trailed right up the great chimney, and so on to the roof of the house, where it spread itself in all directions, so that little Kitty, when she looked out of her bedroom window, had a garland of ivy all around her pretty little face.

Mrs. Harley was a good, kind woman, and very clever. She could wash, and brew, and bake, all in a superior manner, and she could make such lovely cheesecakes, that they were talked about five miles off and more. Many a farmer's wife sent for Mrs. Harley, if she was going to have a feast, and the fame of Mrs. Harley's pastry grew greater and greater every day. But she could do more things than these; she could spin, and she could sew, and she could make lace. This last accomplishment was the triumph of triumphs in Mrs. Harley's eyes. All other things that she could do, she thought of as mere nothings by the side of this great power. Her husband boasted of her cheesecakes, Mrs. Harley only boasted of her lace.

If you had ever seen Isaac, you might be sure you would have loved him. He was such a good fellow. He had lived a country life all his days, and he knew all the secrets the country hides from those who don't wholly belong to it. He knew where the owl's nest was, and whereabouts in the wood you might find a squirrel. He knew the fish parishes in the river, and could point out all the big holes where the pirate pikes lay in waiting for their prey. He knew all about the weather—not as to whether it had or had not been raining, which you and I know well enough, but whether it was likely to rain, or to be fine, to be hot or cold, or betwixt and between. He could run and ride, jump and swim; in fact, all that it became a man to do in the country, that he could do, and could do it famously.

And little Kitty? Well, there is no use in attempting to deny it, little Kitty was a duck. No other word can at all describe her. She had blue eyes, and



How Cock Sparrow kept his Christmas.

golden hair, and rosy cheeks, and such a tiny little neck, that her head looked like a bud set on a slender stalk. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Harley loved Kitty very much, and Kitty loved them too, and so they all loved one another, which was as it should be, and very delightful. Now I must tell you that their house had a garden. One part of it, nearest the house, was full of flowers; crocuses and snowdrops in the spring-time, then tulips and pansies, roses when the days were at their longest, lilies as the autumn drew near, and Michaelmas daisies, in their half-mourning clothes, when the nights were getting long, and dark, and cold again. In the other part of the garden were herbs and vegetables, and in the furthest corner of all was a sumptuous mansion. This sumptuous mansion was four feet high, and was built of wood and thatch. In front of it was a commodious yard, at least six feet square. In one corner of the yard was a lovely trough, and in these highly desirable premises lived Madam Pig and her graceful family. Now you know all about the Harleys, who they were and how they lived, I must tell you something about Cock Sparrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow had built themselves a sweet little nest, in a snug corner of the ivy-covered thatch of Isaac Harley's house. In the nest there were five little eggs, and Mrs. Sparrow sat warming them day by day. Very early one morning, Mrs. Sparrow said to her husband, "Dick," said she, "I do believe our darling little chicks are breaking their shells." And so, indeed, they were; and presently, instead of five little eggs, there was one little egg and four funny little sparrows, with squabby little bodies all naked, and soft yellow little beaks and shrill little tongues, and very fierce appetites. "Peet, peet," said all the sparrows at once, and away flew the father to fetch them a meal; then, when he came with it, away flew their mother to fetch them another, until they left off saying "peet, peet," and nestled themselves down warmly under their mother's wings. Another day came, and still there were four little sparrows and one little egg. And another day and another, and still this egg did not get hatched; so that the poor dear mother began to grow sorrowful about it, and the poor dear father began to hint that it was perhaps just as well as it was, and that four were easier to feed than five would be. But while they were in all this doubt and perplexity, the egg settled the matter itself, by cracking right in two one afternoon, and letting out little sparrow number five. "Peet, peet," he cried, and away flew his parents to get him his dinner. Now just because he had given by far the most trouble, his mother was far fonder of him than of his little brothers and sisters; not that she did not love them all very much indeed, but then she loved this last little one the most.

So the days went on, and, as the sweet summer came, they seemed all to be strong enough to fly. "You had best wait," said the mother. "You had best



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wait a bit, my dears, until your wing feathers are a little more grown ; I am so afraid you should tumble." And the father said, " Nonsense about waiting ; they don't know what they can do until they try, and I am quite sure they are big enough to get their living." But the mother said, " My dear, I would rather they should wait : " and so for three days longer they waited. On the fourth day, however, they all ventured out on the thatch, and their father and mother showed them how to flutter their wings and spread out their tails ; and so, one after the other, they all got safely into the great apple-tree, which you must know stood by the side of the cottage. Then they all hopped along its branches until they got down to the lowest, which was not very far from the ground. " And now," said Mr. Sparrow, " let us fly to the garden palings," and away he went ; but no, the little ones were quite too frightened, and not one of them stirred. So then the mother flew across, to show them how, and then both coming back flew across again, together, and sat on the palings calling to their little ones. So at last the biggest of the five flapped out his wings, and away he went, and got to the palings safely enough, and so away the other four started after him. Three of them were, as you know, large and strong, and they flew away famously ; but the other, the poor little fellow who was hatched last, felt his wings trembling beneath him, and though he tried his best he was not strong enough to fly so far, and down he came, fluttering and tumbling, right upon the garden walk. " Oh, dear ; oh, dear," his mother cried ; " he is killed ; " and away she flew to see, and away flew the father also, and all the other four little brothers and sisters fell backwards off the top rail of the palings, overcome with emotion. But they were quite too strong for such a little fall to hurt them. But not so their little brother.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow got to him they found him fluttering on the ground, and though he was not dead, yet he was very much hurt, and his wing seemed broken. What to do they didn't know ; they couldn't carry him, nor get him back to the nest ; and his poor little wing hung down to the ground, and they were all very sorrowful. Just at that moment the door opened, and out came little Kitty and Bob the dog. The two old sparrows flew round the little one, and the mother opened her wings, and spread them out along the path, and chattered and twittered, all in the hope of frightening away the fierce monster of a dog, and protecting her darling. But Bob cared nothing for Mrs. Sparrow, and walked slowly towards her, whereupon she and her husband flew up into a bush, and chattered and twittered so amazingly, that Kitty came along the path to see what was the matter.

Soon she saw the little fellow on the ground, and lifting him up, she ran to her mother, calling, " Look, mother ! look, mother ! I've caught a little sparrow."





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Now Isaac was sitting in his cottage, and he got up to see. "Why, poor thing," he said, "it's but just fledged, and I think it's broke its wing trying to fly." So he took it in his great big hand, and the poor little sparrow was very much frightened at first, but Isaac handled it so gently and tenderly that it soon began to think he did not mean to hurt it.

So they thought it was best to get a little basket, too deep for the little fellow easily to get out of; and they put a little bit of hay in it to make it warm and soft, and a tiny little saucer full of bread soaked in milk; and then they put the basket, with little Cock Sparrow in it, on the window-sill. Presently the two old birds left off twittering and chattering in the tree, and came near to the house, in the hope of seeing what had become of their poor little fellow. So they came nearer and nearer, and at last they ventured on to a rose-tree overhanging the window, and by degrees they dared to perch on the outside sill of the window within which the basket was. Now Isaac, and Mrs. Harley, and Kitty, were standing in the room watching them, and Isaac said, when he saw the old bird on the window-sill, that he thought if they hung the little basket on the tree outside, the old ones would perhaps come and feed the little one, and take care of him. So they hung it up on a low branch of the tree, and sure enough, as soon as the little sparrow began to chirp and cry, its mother flew up into the tree, and perched on the basket-side, and fluttered her wings in delight and called to the father, who came too, and so they flew off, and soon came back with the little sparrow's dinner; and, considering all things, were very happy indeed. Then they found their four other darlings, and took them back to their nest, and then they flew back again to the little one in the basket. So, as night came on, they didn't know what to do. They could hear the little ones in the nest calling to them, and yet how could they go to them, and leave the poor little fellow in the basket? But while they were thinking what to do, out of the house came Isaac and Kitty, and reaching down the basket, carried it into the house. At this the two old birds felt very unhappy, as they couldn't know what Isaac would do with him, and they flew back to their nest, and cried themselves to sleep.

But they need not have been so very sorrowful, for the very first thing in the morning Isaac brought out the basket again, and hung it up as before; and again the old birds came and fed their little one. So when on this night Kitty carried the basket in once more, the old birds were not at all frightened, and flew away to their nest quite merrily. Thus they went on for several days, and each day little Cock Sparrow grew stronger and stronger, and at last he was quite well and brave, and he could perch on the edge of the basket; and at last, one day, he followed his mother's example, and flew after her towards the old nest. But



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though he flew away, he had grown quite tame, and so fond of little Kitty, that he would take food out of her hand, and sit upon her shoulder ; and he had grown quite fond of Bob also, and Bob had grown fond of him ; and Kitty had coaxed them both, until little Sparrow had learned to sit upon Bob's head, and was as tame with Bob as he was with Kitty.

As for his four little brothers and sisters, they had grown so strong and big, that they had all gone out into the wide world to make their fortunes, and only this little Cock Sparrow stayed with his father and mother at home. Well, the summer was ended, and the dark nights kept growing longer, and the days kept getting shorter and colder, until at last, a little before Christmas, there came a great frost and a deep snow. It was so cold that all the poor birds didn't know what to do, and the snow was so thick on the ground that they didn't know where to find anything to eat ; but every morning Kitty used to bring out plentiful crumbs of bread for her Sparrow, and little Sparrow used to fly down to eat them, and carry back some of them to his father and mother ; and so, though the frost was so bitter and so keen, they were all very comfortable in the nest in the ivy, and, indeed, grew quite fat on Kitty's crumbs.

Now Kitty had a grandmother, who lived in a very tiny little cottage, two or three fields off her father's house, and there was a path leading from the one cottage to the other, and Kitty used always to be running backwards and forwards to see how grandmother was, as the old lady was rather feeble, and a little short in her breath. And it had been settled that on Christmas-day Kitty should go to her grandmother's to dinner, and that her father and mother should come to fetch her in the evening ; so Christmas-day having come, little Kitty set off on her walk, wrapped up warmly in her pretty red cloak, and with a basket in her hand, full of mince pies, for the poor dear old grandmother. Away she went ; she would soon be there, they thought, she was so used to the road, and although the snow was deep, she was well used to that also. Although it was Christmas-day, Isaac had to go to look after his sheep, and had of course taken Bob with him ; so Mrs. Harley set to work to boil the pudding and roast the meat for their Christmas dinner, and to bake a large and lovely cake for Kitty's tea. She was so very busy, that though she heard a tapping at the window she took no notice of it for some time ; but at last she looked up, and there was little Sparrow, sitting on the window-sill, flapping his wings, and tapping at the window with his beak. " Poor little bird !" thought Mrs. Harley ; " Kitty's forgotten to give him his crumbs," and out she went to see ; but no, he had not been forgotten, the crumbs had been put on the ground as usual, and, strange to say, many of them remained uneaten. " Perhaps he is cold," thought Mrs. Harley and she left the door open to see if he would come into the kitchen ; but no, he



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stayed outside, and kept first tapping at the window, and then, when Mrs. Harley went towards it, off he flew down towards the garden gate, and then presently came back again. But she could make nothing of it; so directly her husband came home, she told him what the bird had been doing, and while she was talking, back little Sparrow came again, and began to tap at the window as before. So Isaac went out, and again the bird flew towards the garden gate, and when Isaac stopped the bird stopped too, and fluttered his little wings, and flew a little way, and stopped again fluttering, until at last Isaac said, "Something must be the matter, I'll go and see," and he whistled to Bob, and away they went. Little Sparrow saw them coming, and flew this time right down to the garden gate, and perched at the top, and as they came near it flew a little way into the field, and so by degrees tempted them along, always flying before them till he got to the second stile, where, as Isaac knew, there was a very deep ditch. All of a sudden a thought struck Isaac; he called to the dog, "Hie, Bob! good dog! hie on!" and away went Bob, at full speed, up to the second stile. He looked down into the ditch, and then, with a loud bark, tore back again to Isaac; and he, well guessing what was the matter, ran as fast as he could to the stile. There, peeping out from a great drift of snow, was little Kitty's red cloak, and deep down in the snow was poor Kitty herself. Isaac jumped down into the ditch, and lifted out his poor little girl, all blue and cold, and ran back with her to the cottage. There they put her to bed, and chafed her little limbs with their hands, until the warmth came back to her body, and presently she opened her clear blue eyes. Now how glad they were, I leave you to guess. So she told them by and by how she had slipped off the plank, and had fallen into the snow, and how she had hurt her ankle so in falling, that she could not get up again, but that at each trial she made the snow had slipped more over her; and so, how she had called on them all till she could call no more; and the last thing she could remember was that the little Sparrow had come and perched upon her as she lay in the snow, and had then flown away again. Then she grew colder and colder, and remembered no more until she awoke in her own little bed.

So poor little Kitty was saved, and they were all so happy together that I couldn't tell you one-half of their happiness if I tried all day; and you may be sure little Sparrow was happy too, and that he thought, as he tucked his little head under his wing, how glad he was that he had heard poor Kitty calling as she lay in the drifted snow. And this is the tale of

HOW COCK SPARROW KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS.

