

CHILDREN'S...

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THE
CHILDREN'S



PICTURE GALLERY.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER, 158, FLEET STREET,
AND 107, DORSET STREET, SALISBURY SQUARE.



1.

INVITATION.

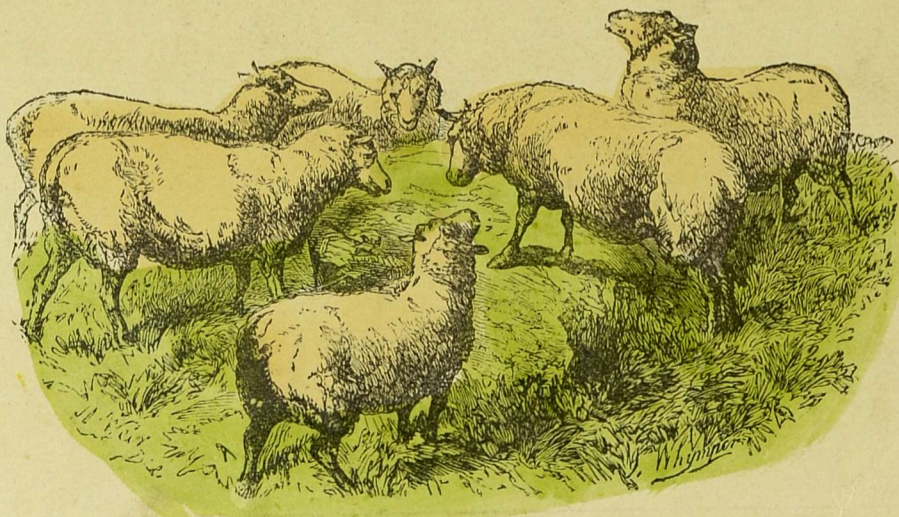
All good children come and see,
Here's your Picture Gallery,
Here are pretty English places,
Here are merry English faces;
Here is frolic, mirth, and glee,
In our Picture Gallery.

2.

Here are happy English feasts,
Here are pictured birds and beasts,
Towers, churches, castled halls,
Trees and glades, and waterfalls;
Bushy lanes and shady dells,
Where in Spring the cuckoo dwells.
All these, and yet more you'll see
In our Picture Gallery.

3.

Then the farmer you shall see,
Working in the fallow lea,
All the work shall here be given,
That he does from morn till even;
How the sheep and kine are fed,
How the corn is sown for bread.
This, and much more you shall see
In this Picture Gallery.





TO THE VISITORS IN MY PICTURE GALLERY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I need scarcely tell you that this world, which the good God created for us all to live in, is full of beauty. Our kind Father in Heaven has not only given us those things which are necessary for us, his creatures—such as food, and clothing and shelter—he has likewise clothed all this earth in beauty as with a garment. Not only do the trees bear fruits to satisfy our hunger, and cool our thirst; they likewise are covered in the merry spring-time with blossoms that delight us with their charming colours and delicious fragrance. Not only does the Great and Good Giver of all send down the heat of the sun on our fields that the seed which the farmer has sown may grow and reward the toil bestowed upon it; He also takes care to place in the hedgerows the modest violet, and the pale primrose, and the bright cowslip, which the poorest child may pluck, to rejoice the hearts of friends at home. The best gifts are given for all

alike—the bright sun shines down on all. The blue sky is as gay for the cottager as for the dweller in the palace—and this is a sign that God loves us all, and wishes us all to share in his gifts.

Now I here offer to you a Gallery of Pictures in which these beautiful things have been drawn and painted at various times by clever men.

You see here pourtrayed the various scenes in the farmer's life, the sheep and cattle he feeds, his fields as they appear in summer with the sun shining hotly down upon them, and in winter when they are covered with a mantle of snow. You will find the woods and lanes of dear old England have not been forgotten, nor have I omitted to put in a few tales, and some of those objects which I consider as among the most beautiful here on earth, I mean happy innocent faces of children.

And so hoping our Picture Gallery will please you I bid you farewell, my dears, and sign myself yours in all sincerity,

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.





WILD FLOWERS.

SPRING-TIME has come—there are primroses and violets on the hedge-banks, and daisies, and buttercups, and cowslips among the grass in the meadows. The water-lilies are peeping out from their broad green leaves, which float so calmly on the surface of the brook, and the birds are warbling merrily among the trees which overhang the bank. The village children are weaving daisy-chains to adorn their cottages, while the eldest is singing them a country song.



THE BIRD'S NEST — SPRING. — BIRKET FOSTER.

ALMOST all boys seem to have a natural desire to take a bird's nest whenever they see it; they do not think of the distress of the poor birds at their loss, or of the trouble they will have to make a new nest. No; they think only of their own pleasure, and how pretty the eggs will look strung in a line to ornament the chimneypiece. These children have gathered primroses and violets in the woods, which they will make into posies, and take into the town to sell to ladies who delight in the sweet-smelling flowers of the country.



THE WATERING-PLACE.—ROSA BONHEUR.

This is a very pleasing picture, so quiet and natural that every one thinks he has seen the reality. The cow runs under the cool shade of the trees and quenches her thirst in the river, while the calf, obstinate as calves always are, will persist in going where the boy does not wish it.



SHOEING.—B. HERRING.

THIS is the interior of a blacksmith's shop, and three horses have just been brought to have new shoes put on. The one in front is a splendid animal, almost too good for a cart-horse, but he looks a little vicious; and we may suppose that the farthest, from the pack on his back, belongs to some traveller on his journey: perhaps he has lost a shoe on the road.



A HAPPY OLD MAN.—R. JORDAN.

THIS grey-headed old man, who can still read his Bible by the help of his glasses, and who looks as hearty as most men when they are forty, is as happy as the day is long. He has his dear little grand-daughter to take care of him, and she loves him with all her heart. She is singing him a sweet little song which he taught her, and which he remembers to have heard years ago.



THE RETURN.—J. FAHEY.

A FATHER and mother have just returned home to their children. They have been to market at the town near by, and the little baby has ridden in its mother's arms. See, aunty is taking him down very carefully, and nurse is bringing out the eldest boy to welcome his parents home, and to have a little play with his faithful dog Ponto.



ROADSIDE TRAVELLERS.—F. TAYLER.

THE soldier is on furlough, that is, he has obtained leave of absence from his regiment, and, with his wife and children and their dog, is going on a visit to his old father, who lives many miles away. They have stopped at a spring by the roadside to rest and refresh themselves, and very thankful is the boy for the draught of clear cold water which his sister is giving him. Those two walk with bare feet, and carry their shoes, so that they may not be worn out before they get to their grandfather's.



CHILDHOOD AND OLD AGE.—JOHN PHILLIP, A.R.A.

THE little one who cannot yet run alone is scarcely more helpless than the old man who totters along on his crutch and stick. Yet every age has its joys. The mother and the two older sisters are delighted to see the first efforts of the infant, and the old grandfather looks complacently on, and thinks perhaps of the time, long ago, when he taught his first little son to run alone. And see! the old cat, basking in the sunshine, watches the gambols of her kitten, who is playing with the child's toy.



CHRISTMAS EVE.—T. F. MARSHALL.

An old country-house is the best place in the world to pass a Christmas in. It is then that the old folks like best to gather their children and their grandchildren around them, and invite their friends and neighbours to the feast, and make them all merry. Then is the time for the best pies and the best ale, the time of presents for the children, of dances under the mistletoe for the young men and maidens, and of calm enjoyment for the old. May it ever be a time of "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men!"



SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—E. DUNCAN.

ON Christmas Eve it is still the custom in some places for the villagers and their children to go round to the best houses and sing a few of the old carols. They are often accompanied by a band of musicians, and on a clear, still winter's night the sound of this rural minstrelsy is as beautiful in its way as an anthem in a great cathedral. At Christmas-time, above all other seasons, we should have kind hearts, and give to the poor all we can afford to spare.



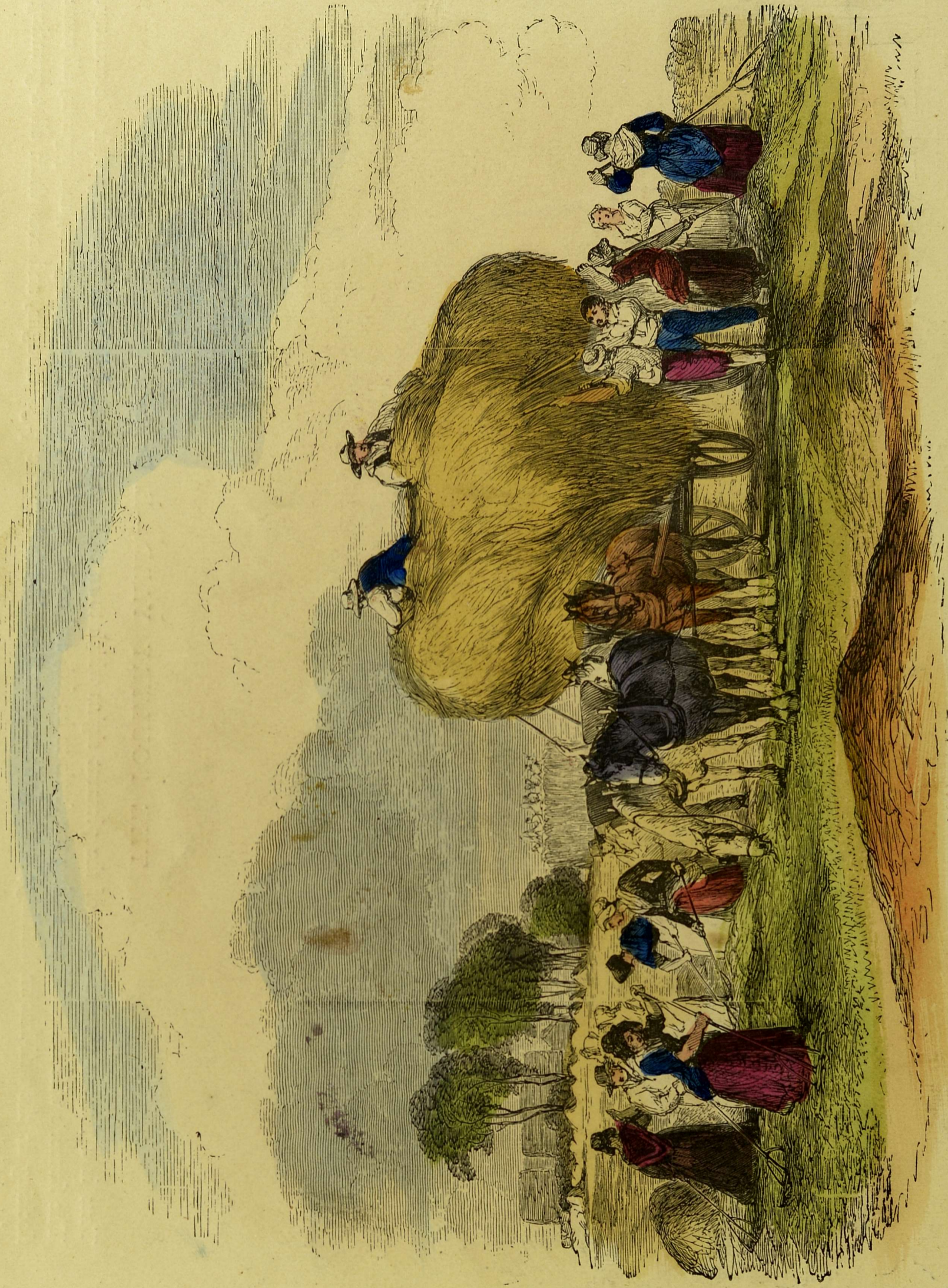
HUDIBRAS IN THE STOCKS.—JOHN GILBERT.

SOME day, perhaps, you will read a long poem called "Hudibras," and you will find that he and his man, Ralpho, were put into the stocks. You can see by the picture what sort of punishment that was. The prisoners sat with one leg through a hole in a board, which could only be opened by the constable; and there they were exposed to the laughter of all the passers-by. This mode of punishment is not used now-a-days, but in some of the old villages you may still find the stocks.



THE ORDER OF RELEASE.—J. MILLAIS.

THE wounded Highlander has been for many days a prisoner. His brave wife has walked for miles with bare feet, and with her baby in her arms, to pray that he may be set free. She has obtained an order for the release of her husband; and see how proudly she is showing it to the gaoler, who can scarcely believe his eyes! And see their good dog, how lovingly he licks the hands of his master and mistress, as if he enjoyed their happiness!



HAYMAKING.—E. DUNCAN.

It is summer—the grass had grown so long that little boys could scarcely walk in it. But the mowers have come and cut it down, and spread it out in the sun to dry, and women have raked it up into heaps; and now the men have begun to make stacks in a corner of the meadow. Children generally help in haymaking, and often have great fun, rolling upon the haycocks, and covering one another up with the sweet-smelling hay.



THE FOWLRY YARD.—E. DUNCAN.

THIS is a famous picture—one of the pleasant sights which town children so much delight in when they visit the country. The farmer's wife and child are calling the fowls to be fed, and cocks and hens, ducks, turkeys, geese, and pigeons, all come flocking at the well-known bidding; while Jack empties the swill-tub into the pigs' troughs, and sets them all a-grunting with delight.



THE EMIGRANTS.—J. GILBERT.

The ship is bound for Australia. She has just left Plymouth, and the shores of old England are still visible to those on board. They are mostly emigrants, who are taking their wives and families, and all that they have, to a new world, where most of them intend to pass the rest of their lives. They are now, with moist eyes and heavy hearts, bidding a last farewell to old friends and the old country; and, come what will, they will never forget the day. Every man has a right to be proud of his native country, and above all others, an Englishman.



WHALE - FISHING.—E. DUNCAN.

THIS is a very exciting and profitable employment to fishermen, but at the same time very dangerous. When a whale comes in sight the men generally go out from their ship in boats to attack it, and one standing in the bow strikes it with a weapon called a harpoon. The huge creature often upsets a boat, and the sailors have to swim for their lives. This in the picture is a spermaceti whale, which is found in the Arctic seas.



THE INVENTION OF THE STOCKING-LOOM — A. ELMORE.

ABOUT the year 1589 a gentleman, named William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was expelled from the University for marrying contrary to the University Statutes. Having no fortune, his wife was obliged to contribute to their joint support by knitting, and Lee, while watching the motion of her fingers, conceived the idea of imitating those movements by a machine. This he quickly carried into practice. Such was the first invention of the Stocking-Loom.



OYSTER-DREDGING.—E. DUNCAN.

OYSTERS are found in vast numbers together at the bottom of the sea, in what are called beds, which are often not many miles from land. You may sometimes see a fleet of more than a hundred fishing-boats all sailing together over the oyster-grounds; and a very pleasing scene it is when the sun glances on their white and ruddy-brown sails, and the wind carries them gracefully along, like sea-birds skimming the surface.



THE HAPPY FAMILY.—T. EARL.

LET us see if we know the names of all this happy family. There are a terrier-dog, a monkey, a lop-eared rabbit, a guinea-pig, a white cat, a weasel, two rats, two wild rabbits, an owl, a jackdaw, a hawk and a Jacobin pigeon. Do not you wonder why the dog does not attack the rats, and the weasel the rabbits, and the cat the pigeon? It is because they have been taught better manners, and made to obey their master, who, I am afraid, has to take the cane to them pretty often.



A FAMILY GROUP.—H. B. WILLIS.

In Wales it is very common to see goats skipping about the mountains, just as you see sheep on English hills, only goats do not keep in flocks together, but wander about just where they like. Nothing can be more amusing than watching the young kids at play; they jump from rock to rock without any fear, while the old nannies run, bleating, after them, and try to make them come back.



THE VINTAGE IN MEDOC.—G. THOMAS.

MEDOC is in France. This picture shows us how the vines are trained there upon low poles, and how, in the vintage time, the country folks gather the ripe grapes with which they make the delicious wines they send us. Oxen, you see, are used to draw the carts in which the tubs are carried away when they are filled.



THE BLIND PIPER.—F. TAYLER.

In Scotland the people are very fond of the music of the bagpipes, and many an old man gets a living by playing at balls and weddings, or by wandering about the country from town to town. The poor fellow in the picture is blind, and his daughter is carrying his pipes for him, and leading him across the little bridge, and his dog carries a bonnet (as the Scotch call their broad cap) ready to receive a penny from any passer-by. There are pipers to all the Highland regiments.



GIPSIES. — E. GOODALL.

On the night before the great Derby race at Epsom you may generally see several parties of gipsies on the borders of the race-course, or in the lanes near by. One family has just pitched a hut for the night. The old grandfather is stirring the broth, the granny is playing with a jackdaw, while the rest are lying idle about, waiting for their supper; and after that is done, they will all retire into their hut, and perhaps dream about what is to happen on the morrow.



SEE-SAW.—T. WEBSTER, R.A.

Up and down, up and down—that's the way of the world. Young Master Johnny seems rather terrified that he has got up so high, and Bill, the wheelwright's boy, seems pleased to see his fright. You see the rascal has got quite to the end of the plank, so that little Johnny cannot weigh him up, and he thinks—poor little chap!—that he will certainly be tipped over. Look! there are some other boys scampering over the green—they want to have a see-saw, too.



THE MERRY-MAKING.—W. P. FRITH, R.A.

It was when the farmer's daughter was married: the neighbours all round came to the wedding, and a famous day they had. To the music of the fiddle and the clarionet they danced Sir Roger de Coverley all the afternoon, and the merry girls made even the old men join in the fun. Some of the lads played at skittles, some of the lasses had their fortunes told, some whispered together under the oak-tree; and all enjoyed themselves and were as happy as they well could be.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.—G. DODGSON.

It is Christmas Day—the ground is covered with snow, and the old country church and its ivy-covered tower look more beautiful than ever, with their snow-topped pinnacles. The bell is still tolling for morning service, and the good clergyman is stopping to speak with his parishioners, who, rich and poor, are all wishing him a “Merry Christmas and happy New Year.” What more pleasing sight than this can we wish for?



THE HORSE-FAIR.— ROSA BONHEUR.

This is part of a celebrated large picture by a French lady, which was exhibited in London a few years ago, and which every one very much admired. The great horse in the foreground looks as if he were trotting out of the picture, and people used to laugh and say it was dangerous to go near him for fear he should run over you.



THE LION'S DEN.—J. WOLF.

In many parts of Africa and Asia lions roam about the wide plains and forests, sometimes one or two together, and sometimes in companies of ten to twenty. They live in the caves of rocks, or amid the thick bushes which grow in those countries, and feed on any of the smaller animals which they can catch. They will not often attack a man unless provoked by anger or extreme hunger.



THE STRAW-YARD.—E. DUNCAN.

It is Winter—the grass in the meadows no longer gives nourishment to the cattle, and the farmers' men drive them home to the farmyard, and there they have plenty of hay to eat and straw to lie upon. The pigs, too, enjoy themselves in their own way, rolling in the dirtiest places; and the fowls peck about among the straw for any chance food they can find. There is but little to do upon the farm in winter-time, and even the horses get a little rest from their work.

W. LINTON SC.



UNSTACKING.—E. DUNCAN.

THEY are taking down the wheat from the stacks, and are carrying it into the barn to be threshed. This is a rare time for the fowls, who come in for all the grain that is shaken out of the ears. The boys, too, have great fun in catching the rats, which frequently get into the stacks and eat up the corn, and their dogs are full of excitement in the chase.



DR. WATTS VISITING A NEIGHBOUR'S FAMILY.—RANKLEY.

DR. WATTS was born at Southampton nearly two hundred years ago, and afterwards became a very celebrated man as an Independent minister. He was very fond of young people, for whom he wrote the Divine Songs and Hymns, which every child knows.



BENJAMIN WEST'S FIRST EFFORT.—E. M. WARD, R.A.

BENJAMIN WEST was born at Springfield, America, in 1738. When only nine years old he was discovered making a drawing of his little brother lying in his cradle, and soon became a celebrated portrait-painter. He visited England, became a favourite of George III., and was made President of the Royal Academy. He died in 1820, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.



THE LOVE-LETTER.—F. GOODALL.

THE postman has just brought a letter for the farmer's daughter, and, like a good fellow as he is, is giving his horse a rest after his long journey from the town. The mother is anxiously watching the girl's face as she reads her sweetheart's kind words, and the little sister wonders what makes Jenny look so happy. It is because Willie says he is coming to see her next Sunday, and has asked her to meet him at the stile at the end of the meadow, that they may go to church together.



THE RETURN HOME.—CARL HAAG.

THE country round the city of Rome is very flat, and is called the Campagna. All kinds of cattle feed there, and goats are kept by many of the poorer families. It is near sunset, and this good mother is driving home her only pair, while she is still at work with her distaff. And see, she carries the baby in the cradle on her head; and her eldest boy, dressed as a goatherd, is playing on the pipe.



FLOWERS FOR SALE.—BIRKET FOSTER.

As soon as the warm days of Spring have caused the early flowers to come out from their hiding-places, there are sure to be plenty of them seen in the streets of London. Let us see what this good man has to offer. There are primroses, calceolarias, geraniums, roses, a narcissus, an arum, and some pansies and wallflowers. Surely out of all these the young ladies can choose some that they like?



CHRISTMAS MORNING.—BIRKET FOSTER.

How busily these children are employed, decorating their room for Christmas time! The boys have been cutting down branches of laurel and holly and mistletoe, and now the girls are arranging them in the most tasteful way they can. Old Granny sits by the fire with her knitting-pins in her hand, and thinks of the days long, long past, when she gathered holly and mistletoe.



BOY ASLEEP.—W. HUNT.

THIS poor little fellow was up at five o'clock in the morning, and away into the fields to scare the crows away from the young wheat. He took his breakfast with him, but he had to go home to fetch his father's dinner and his own, and then they got under the hedge by the chalk-pit. It is evening now, and he is so tired, that you see he has fallen asleep in the outhouse.



THE PET LAMB.—JACOB BECKER.

THIS is a little German girl—she has been into the meadows to gather wild flowers, which you see are very like our wild flowers, and her pet lamb has run by her side and frisked about in the long grass.



HOME REVISITED.—A. RANKLEY.

THE young midshipman, the eldest son of parents who love him and whom he loves, has returned from his first voyage after three years' absence. The stage-coach has brought him once more to the home of his childhood; and we can easily imagine what happiness fills the hearts of his dear mother and his sisters, though the little one hardly seems to recognise in the tall youth before her the boy who used to romp with her in the garden.



WHITE - BAIT FISHING.—E. DUNCAN.

Do you know what white-bait are? They are tiny little silver-coloured fish, which are caught in the Thames, and elsewhere, at certain seasons of the year. A short time since they were plentiful near Greenwich, where Londoners are fond of going, to eat them with lemon juice and brown bread and butter. Now-a-days, I believe, the fish never come so far up the river, but they are constantly seen at the dinner-tables at the hotels at Greenwich and Blackwall.



THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

THE Champs Élysées (the Elysian Fields) are the playground of half the children of Paris. Here, attended by their *bonnes*, as they call their nurses, they spend many happy hours in the bright summer-time amid the beautiful avenues of trees. Goat-chaises are always to be seen there; and you can imagine what fun it is for the children to drive their own carriage-and-four, and to be, in their little way, as grand as their papas and mammas. French children play together much more sociably than English children.



A PICNIC IN THE OLDEN TIME.—F. TAYLER.

In our great-grandfathers' days the world was not such a busy place as it is now. Folks had more time to spend in pleasure, and, from all accounts, they were a merrier, if not a happier, race than we are. In the picture before us we see a party of cavaliers and their ladies, of the reign of Charles II., who have met perhaps in Windsor Forest, and are all bent upon enjoying themselves. Do not you think the dresses of the gentlemen much handsomer than those that are worn now-a-days?



HERRING-BOATS ON LOWESTOFT BEACH.—E. DUNCAN.

ALL along the Eastern coasts of England and Scotland there are thousands of men employed every year in the herring fisheries. There are hundreds of large boats built expressly for this trade, and nowhere are they seen in greater numbers than at Yarmouth and Lowestoft. When the fishing-boats come in, there is always an exciting scene on the beach. The dealers in fish bring down their vans, and, as soon as they can buy what they want, they rattle away to the nearest railway station, and in a few hours the fish are in the London market.



THE LAUNCH.—G. SMITH.

I ONLY hope this youth will not be upset in the brook and get a ducking; his boat seems rather a dangerous one, and if he does not balance himself well he will certainly be over. Well, the water is not deep, and he has only to run home, change his clothes, and be scolded by his mother. That lad sitting on the bank is the post-boy, who should be delivering his letters. It must be Saturday afternoon, else surely there would not be so many boys and girls out on the Common!



A ROADSIDE INN A CENTURY AGO.—T. F. MARSHALL.

A CENTURY ago—long, long before railroads were invented—when our forefathers were four days in travelling from York to London, the arrival of the stage-coach at a roadside inn was a sight worth looking at. In this picture the artist shows us the farmer's daughter bidding farewell to her mother—a lady and gentleman entering the inn to take, perhaps, some dinner—the coachman talking to one of the passengers—and the guard telling the latest news to the village gossips. People were not in such a hurry in those times as now-a-days.



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—JOHN GILBERT.

This great battle was fought on the 18th of June, 1815, between the French, who were led by Napoleon Bonaparte on one side, against the English under the Duke of Wellington, and the Prussians under Marshal Blücher, on the other. There were at least 60,000 men in each army. The fight began early in the morning, and lasted till six in the evening, when the French gave way.



LOUIS XIV. AND HIS MOTHER.—JOHN GILBERT.

IN the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. of France there were serious disturbances in Paris, which are known as the Fronde Riots. They were caused by the conduct of the Prime Minister, Cardinal Mazarin, who was obliged to seek safety in flight. A report was spread that he had taken the King with him, and, in order to contradict this, the Queen-Mother, Anne of Austria, admitted some of the citizens into the palace; and taking them into the royal chamber, she drew aside the curtains, and showed them the young king asleep in his bed.



CHARLES I. AND HIS FAMILY.—F. GOODALL.

DURING his eventful life, Charles I. lived for some time at Hampton Court Palace. The picture which the artist has given us shows the king, the queen—Henrietta Maria—and the young princes and princesses, passing a quiet summer's evening in their barge upon the Thames. The queen and one of the children are feeding the swans which sail along so gracefully by the side of the boat; and the king, sad and melancholy, is thinking more of his misfortunes than the happy scene around him.



ALFRED IN THE SWINEHERD'S COTTAGE.—H. WARREN.

THERE is an old story in one of the ancient chronicles, that King Alfred, after he had been defeated in battle, took refuge in a peasant's hut; it is said that the good dame, wanting to go out, set him to watch some cakes that were being baked before the fire; Alfred, thinking more of his kingdom and of the bow he was making than the cakes, suffered them to burn, and the dame on her return gave him such a scolding as a king rarely gets.



MANY, many years ago, when the Danes invaded England in great numbers, the good King Alfred was obliged to hide from his enemies. It is said, that in order to find out their strength, he one day disguised himself as a harper, went into the Danish camp, and played before their king; and that, availing himself of the knowledge he thus obtained, he soon after gave them battle, and conquered them.



THE RIVALS.—SANT.

How very attentive these young gentlemen seem to be to the sweet young lady in the sledge! See! the youth with the skates on is offering her a little bouquet of winter flowers, which she is smilingly accepting. This makes the other youth jealous, for he gave her his flowers half-an-hour ago, and then he also got a smile from the little beauty.



GATHERING HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.—BIRKET FOSTER.

It wants only two days to Christmas. The ground is covered with snow, and the wind blows so cold that one's fingers are almost frozen. But the boys do not mind that: they want some holly and mistletoe; and as it is holiday time, they are off into the fields in search of the branches with the largest cluster of berries. They will each get a few pence for their day's work, which will make them as happy as princes.



AT THE GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND.

BIRKET FOSTER.

It is a bright autumn morning. The village children are roaming about the lanes, gathering all the ripe blackberries which they can find. They will eat as many as they can, and will carry the rest home to their mothers who will make them into puddings for their dinner, or into jam to be made into tarts.



THE CUCKOO.—BIRKET FOSTER.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!	What time the daisy decks the green,	The schoolboy wandering through the wood,	Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,	Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee
Thou messenger of Spring!	Thy certain voice we hear;	To pull the primrose gay,	Thy sky is ever clear;	We'd make, with joyful wings,
Now Heav'n repairs thy rural seat,	Hast thou a star to guide thy path,	Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,	Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,	Our annual visit o'er the globe,
And woods thy welcome sing.	Or mark the rolling year?	And imitates thy lay.	No winter in thy year.	Companions of the Spring!

EDWARD EVANS, SC.



A STAG-HUNT IN FRANCE.—G. THOMAS.

A STAG-HUNT in France is a very grand affair—at all events, as far as dresses and weapons are concerned; though it is doubtful if they have such good horses or dogs as we have. Look at the huntsmen's horns and their gold-embroidered hats and coats. No doubt they think themselves very fine fellows.



NOAH'S SACRIFICE.—D. MACLISE.

In the eighth chapter of Genesis you will read that when Noah, with all his family, came forth from the ark, he immediately built an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt offerings thereon.



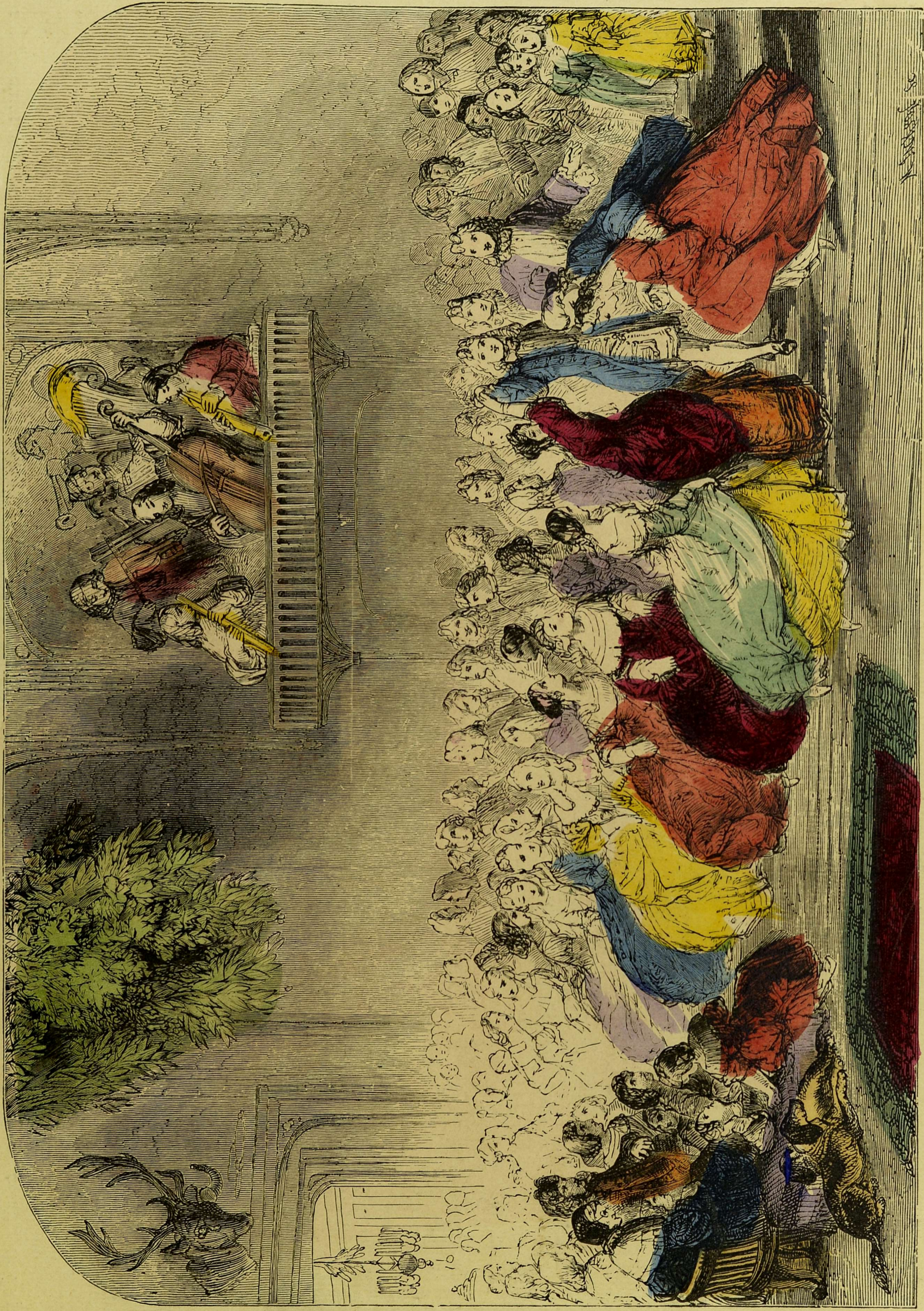
A SPANISH FAMILY.—JOHN GILBERT.

THERE is no country in the world so rich in fruit as Spain. Oranges and grapes, melons, pears, and plums, grow there in the greatest perfection and almost wild. We may suppose that these good folks are about to pay a visit to their friends, and are taking with them a pannier full of good things as a present.



A FRUIT PIECE.—G. LANCE.

If you were to have your choice, which would you have,—part of the melon, or the pine-apple, or an apricot, or a plum, or some of the grapes or nuts, or an apple, or a tomato? or would you like best to have the bird's nest?



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—W. HARVEY.

Who has not danced Sir Roger de Coverley? It has long been one of the most favourite of all country dances. Our great-grandfathers tripped it a hundred years ago, and I dare say our children will for a hundred years to come. There is not a more lively tune in the world; and if it be rather a rompish dance, why!—the young folks like it all the better.



CHRIST IN THE CORNFIELD.—H. WARREN.

ONE Sabbath-day, as Jesus was passing through a cornfield, his disciples who were with him began to pluck the ears of corn. Some of the Pharisees seeing this, asked Him why they did that which was not lawful on the Sabbath-day? To which Jesus replied, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."



CINDERELLA.—G. CRUIKSHANK.

EVERY little boy and girl knows the history of the cinder-girl who had a fairy godmother. Don't you remember that the good old dear changed the pumpkin into a carriage, the six mice into horses, the rat into a coachman, and the lizards into footmen? And don't you remember, too, that Cinderella's cotton frock was turned into the most elegant of dresses, and that she had a pair of exquisite glass slippers, and that she lost one of them at the prince's ball; and that the prince found out who Cinderella was, and married her?



THE STAG-HUNT.—F. TAYLER.

Our great-grandfathers who lived in the reign of George II. were more fond of field-sports than country gentlemen now-a-days; and we must say that, with their three-cornered hats and gold-embroidered scarlet coats and belts, their costume was more lively and more picturesque than that of the present time; though even now it is a splendid sight to see the huntsmen meet Windsor to have a run with the Queen's stag-hounds.



SHEEP-FEEDING—WINTER.—BIRKET FOSTER.

Oh, how cold it looks! Cannot you fancy that you can see that poor old horse shivering as the snow falls on his unprotected back? And look at the sheep!—for all their woollen coats, they also are pinched with the cold, and will be glad enough when the time comes for them to go home to the farmyard and get under cover. It is very beautiful to see the fields and trees, and stacks and houses, all covered with snow; but I like better to see the bright green tints of early spring and the yellow primroses in the hedge-banks.



THE HARVEST—AUTUMN.—BIRKET FOSTER.

It is the merry harvest-time. In the country every one is as busy as he can be. The men begin their labour as soon as the lark begins to sing, and work throughout the heat of the day until the sun sets. But they stop every now and then to refresh themselves, as well they may. I will tell you what they call their meals in Suffolk. In the early morning they have dew-bit and breakfast; in the forenoon, ducket and dinner; in the after part of the day, afternoon luncheon, beever and supper.



LION CUBS.—J. WOLF.

Nor long ago you might have seen, at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, a puppy-dog in the same cage with two lion cubs. They lived together quite peaceably, and often romped about the cage after one another's tails. Young lions are very playful, and when they are first born mew just like kittens; but they soon grow strong and fierce, and they are not easily tamed.



SIMPSON

MARES AND FOALS.—H. WEIR.

ALMOST all young animals are pleasing. Every one has seen and laughed at a kitten at play; a lamb jumps and frisks about its mother as though it were so full of joy that it could not keep still; a young donkey on a common is much more lively than its patient old mother; and foals in a meadow always attract us by their innocent ways. A good foal is valuable, and is more carefully tended than a young ass or lamb, and has plenty of food to eat and dry straw to lie upon.



MY PRETTY BIRD.—H. WARREN.



A WINTER'S MORNING.—E. DUNCAN.

WHAT a cold, dreary morning! The snow covers the tops of everything, and the clouds are so heavy that the sun's rays can hardly struggle through them. The shepherd is driving his flock to the pasture, but they will find little to eat there, unless he gives them a good feed of turnips or oil-cake. They will be glad enough to get home to the farm-yard again at nightfall.



THE BROOK — SUMMER. — BIRKET FOSTER.

On a bright summer's day, when the sun shines hot upon the open fields, is it not delightful to wander by a little river's bank, and in the shade of the trees to feel the gentle breeze blow coolly on your face? How quietly the cattle stand, knee-deep in water, lashing the flies away with their long tails, or cropping the ends of the overhanging boughs; and how calmly the sheep lie in the shadow of the elm-trees! All Nature seems at rest, the birds are all silent, the only sounds are of the flies buzzing around the cattle, and the rippling of the brook over the smooth-worn pebbles.

