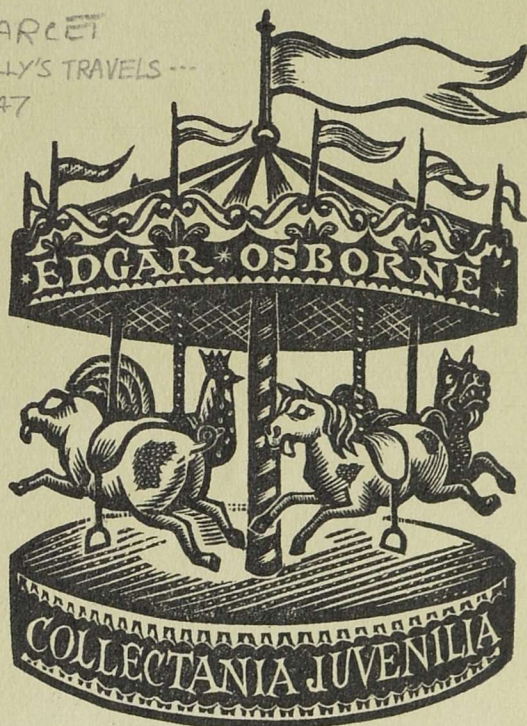


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Miss Margaret Bonnell
from the Author
WILLY'S TRAVELS

ON

THE RAILROAD.

INTENDED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARCET.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
THE RAILROAD	1
THE SPOILED CHILD	16
THE TUNNEL	34
OLD AND YOUNG.....	46
THE MARKET GIRL.....	57
THE INN	69
THE ARBORETUM.....	91
CHILDREN'S GAMBOLS.....	100
THE FACTORY.....	113
THE FARM	124
TREES.....	137
THE FACTORY VISITED	149
THE COUNTRY HOUSE	160
THE GARDENER	171
THE LITTLE COWARD.....	183
THE LITTLE COWARD (CONTINUED).....	194
THE LITTLE WASHERWOMAN	205
THE RETURN TO OLD FRIENDS	223

WILLY'S TRAVELS

ON

THE RAILROAD.

THE RAILROAD.

WILLY, when he was six years old, went with his Papa and Mamma to take a long journey. He had but a confused notion what a long journey was ; and knew nothing of the railroad by which they were to travel. When they reached the *station* from which the train of carriages set out, Willy was at first bewildered

by the novelty of the scene, and by the bustle which takes place in settling all the passengers and their luggage. He felt a little awed by the strangeness of every thing around him ; but looking about, and seeing nothing to be afraid of, he took courage, and began to observe and ask questions as usual.

“ You thought we should be too late, Mamma,” said he, “ but you see we are in very good time, for the horses are not yet put to any of the carriages.”

“ They go without horses,” replied his Mother.

“ Without horses !” repeated he ; “ how can those great coaches go on without horses ? There

must be somebody to push or to pull them, for they cannot move by themselves."

"There is *something*, not *somebody*," said his Mother, "which makes them move, and here it comes." Willy at that instant heard a great rumbling noise, and, turning round, he saw a strange-looking carriage full of fire inside, and, as it rolled on, it made a terrible whizzing noise, and a great deal of white smoke came out of it. Willy thought that it was on fire, and he drew his Mamma back, crying out, "O Mamma! it will burn us."

But she answered, "No, no, it will make us go on. Look

at the two men upon that carriage, they are not hurt by riding on it, nor shall we be hurt when our carriages are drawn by it."

"What is it, then?" asked Willy; "it looks like a live monster, more than like a carriage?"

"It is only a steam-engine," replied she, "like that which moves a steam-boat, in which you have often been, and what you take for smoke is steam rising from boiling water, just as it does from the tea urn."

"But that is real fire inside the carriage, is it not?"

"Yes," replied she, "and there is real fire in the tea urn, in the shape of a red-hot heater;

fire is wanted both in the tea urn and in the steam-engine, to make the water boil, for without boiling water we can have no steam ; and without steam we should not be able to get on so fast, either in a boat, or on the rail-road."

"And then," said Willy, " we should be like the man and the pig, we should not get home to-night."

"Very true, Willy, you can understand the story of the pig that would not go over the bridge, much better than how a steam engine can move a boat, or a train of carriages."

Just then a little bell went ting-a-ring-a-ring, and his Mamma told him it was to let

them know that the train was going to set off; so the passengers all hastened to take their places. The train at first set off rather slowly, but then it went on faster and faster, till it got to its full speed, and Willy thought that there must be horses to make it go so fast. He looked out of the window, but the train was so long he could see neither the beginning nor the end. He saw only the houses and trees and fields, looking as if they were moving.

“I know they do not,” said he; “but in the railroad, I think every thing seems to be moving. And do, Papa, look, how little the cows are in that

field. And are those sheep? they seem to be no bigger than lambs; — and I declare those houses,” said he, pointing to them, “look almost like baby houses at the toy shop.”

“Those houses are really small,” replied his father, “but not so very small as you suppose, for they are large enough for people to live in; every thing seen from the train when it is moving fast, appears smaller than it really is; but I will not try to explain the reason, because you could not understand it.”

“But, Papa,” continued Willy, “the steam engine must be stronger than horses, to be able to move the train.”

“Much stronger than one horse,” replied he; “the engine which draws this train is one perhaps of thirty-horse power, which means that it has the power or strength of thirty horses.”

“But I wonder that thirty horses should be able to draw so many carriages along, such large carriages too, much bigger than our chariot, and so many people in them.”

“They are, indeed, a great deal larger,” said his father; “for each carriage will hold eighteen persons.”

“But there is only room for six in this carriage,” observed Willy.

“True; but this is only a part

of the carriage ; it looks like a whole carriage inside, but if you saw it from the outside, you would find that there were two others joined close to it, to make a whole carriage."

"I think, then," said Willy laughing, "that the whole carriage is like a house with three rooms in it, and that we are riding in one of the rooms ; indeed it is so large that it looks almost as big as a little room."

"Just so," replied his father. "Now, can you tell me how many people there are in the whole carriage ?"

"Yes," said Willy, carrying on the joke, "if there are three rooms and six persons in each,

there must be eighteen in the whole house ; for three times six makes eighteen in the multiplication table. But I should like to know how many people there are in the whole train, and that cannot be in the multiplication table, I think.”

“No,” said his father ; “there are, I believe, ten of these carriages, and eighteen times ten makes one hundred and eighty.”

“But,” added he, “there are a great many other carriages of a different kind belonging to this train ; they are called the second and third classes, and are cheaper, so that the common people can afford to go in them. The second class is not so well fitted

up as this carriage (which is one of the first class), and is more exposed to the air; and the third class, which is the cheapest, is quite open."

"Oh, then, I should like that best," said Willy; "for I like open carriages so much, you can see the horses; — oh no, not on the railroad," added he; "but then you see everything around you, without the trouble of looking out of the windows, and then the fresh air blows so nicely about you."

"We will try them before we get to the end of our journey," said his father.

"But," asked Willy, "how can one steam engine be strong

enough to draw all these carriages ; for it is not alive ? I know that men are strong, and horses are stronger, and elephants are stronger still, but they are all alive ; I never knew anything strong that was not alive ; did you, Mamma ? ”

“ Yes,” replied she, laughing, “ I once saw a little boy blown down by the wind ; now the wind must have been strong to blow down the boy, and yet it is not alive. Then don’t you remember when you bathed in the sea last summer, how strong the waves were ? you often told me that if the bathing woman had not held you tightly, they would have thrown you down.”

“ Oh yes,” cried Willy, “ and the waves are not alive ; though they move about and froth so much, they are only sea water ; but I am sure they are strong, very strong indeed. And is there anything else strong that is not alive ? ”

“ The steam from the steam-engine, which looks so light that you took it for smoke, is strong enough to draw this long heavy train. But observe, it is not the steam which you see flying about that moves the train, but that which is kept close inside the engine and cannot get out. Then the carriage wheels rolling on this smooth iron rail move more easily.”

“I thought,” added he, “that iron rails always stood upright as they do in the railing before our house. I never saw an iron rail lying on the ground as these do, unless it was broken or thrown down.”

“Any bar of iron,” replied his father, “is called a *rail*, and may be used either upright or lying on the ground, or in any way in which it is wanted; but it is more commonly called an iron bar when it is not used as a railing. The iron bars which fasten the window shutters are not called rails.”

The train now slackened its pace, as it was near the station,

where they were to stop for passengers.

This station was a very pretty looking building in which several persons were waiting the arrival of the train ; as soon as it stopt, many passengers hurried out, and many others got in. “ I think it is like playing at puss in the corner,” said Willy.

“ Yes,” replied his mother, “ and sometimes a passenger is too late, and then he is really puss in the corner, for the train sets off without him, and he loses his place.”

THE SPOILED CHILD.

WILLY and his parents had had no one in their carriage but an old lady, who wore a very old-fashioned black bonnet; but now the door was opened, and there came in a lady with a pretty looking little girl, and immediately afterwards the ting-a-ring bell gave the signal of departure. "Here we are off again," cried Willy, "whiz, whiz, whiz : and look at the pretty curling smoke, oh no, the steam I mean, which is going all the way with us. Well, I think a railroad is very funny

after all, though it does frighten you a little sometimes." Willy now looked at the little girl, and thought she would make a nice little companion for him ; but though he tried all he could to get acquainted with her, she would not say a word. He asked her what her name was, but her Mamma was obliged to answer for her that it was Harriet ; then how old she was, still she was dumb ; and her mother said five last birthday. At last Willy thought of another way of getting the better of her shyness. A school-fellow of his had given him a very pretty ball as a keepsake just before he set out on his journey ; this ball was in his

pocket, and he took it partly out, so as to tempt the little girl to look at it, and wish to see more. She wondered what that pretty looking red and yellow round thing could be ; it could not be an orange, because it was half red, and it could not be an apple ; so then she smiled, as much as to say, Show me the whole of it. Willy, seeing she was pleased, took the ball quite out of his pocket, and asked her to catch it. She immediately held out a pretty little apron she wore to catch it, and then she threw it back again, and so they got quite well acquainted, and went on playing at ball for some time, till unfortunately Harriet, who was

a little awkward in taking aim, threw the ball so that it fell into the old lady's lap ; this made her grumble at troublesome children, and throwing the ball back to them, she declared that if it came in her way again she would throw it out of the window. The children took more care, but their spirits rose as the game went on, the ball was tossed higher and higher, with less attention, till in an unlucky moment it fell plump on the old lady's high-crowned bonnet, and as it was only made of silk, pushed it down, so that the bonnet was in an instant changed from a bonnet with a remarkably high crown, into a bonnet

which looked as if it had no crown at all. This struck the children as so funny, that they both burst out laughing ; it certainly was wrong, because it was very rude, but the laughing burst out before they had time to think of that. However, their gaiety was soon at an end, for the old lady, after having had some trouble to find the ball, which had, as it were, hidden itself in the crown of her bonnet, kept her promise, and threw it out of the window. Upon this the little girl began to cry, and screamed out to her Mamma, to stop the carriage in order to pick up the ball ; but her Mamma told her that was impossible, but

promised to buy her a ball when they came to the end of the journey ; but this was far from pacifying little Miss, she almost screamed herself hoarse, because her Mamma would not stop the carriage ; and then frowned rudely at the old lady for spoiling her game at play. Willy looked at her with astonishment ; the very pretty little girl was become ugly from her passion. Her Mamma, half scolding, half coaxing, took her on her lap and gave her a piece of barley sugar to stop her crying, but she sobbed so violently, that it almost choked her when it was first put into her mouth ; at length, quite worn out, she sunk

on her Mamma's bosom, and sobbed herself to sleep.

The mother made the best apologies she could to the old lady, but could not help observing that it was very hard to throw away the children's ball. The old lady replied, "she had given them warning, so it was their own fault." The child's mother declared that she was the best child in the world when not put in a passion, but then she really could not manage her; she hoped she would outgrow it.

"Her passions will grow stronger as she grows older," replied the lady, "if she is not corrected in time. I believe if you punished her instead of giv-

ing her barley sugar, when she is in such a rage, it would do her more good. And you, my little fellow, added she, speaking to Willy, "you did not cry, though it was your ball that I threw out of window. Come here, and I will try to make you some amends." If the truth must be told, Willy had felt the tears start to his eyes when he saw the ball fly out at the window ; it not only broke up the game, but it was his dear Harry's parting present: however, he had learnt how to command himself, and made no complaint. He crossed the carriage and went up to the old lady, though not without showing some signs of reluctance:

she said, "I treated you as you deserved by throwing away your ball, because it is proper that children should be taught how to behave in a public carriage towards strangers. But you behaved very well in not crying, or saying anything saucy about it. Now," continued she, "I have a pretty picture book in this bag, and I will lend it you to look at. The book was full of beautifully coloured prints, with a few lines in verse at the bottom of each, so easy, that Willy could both read and understand them. He amused himself with this book extremely, and thanked the lady ; indeed, he was nearly saying that it amused him

better than the ball ; but he did not, because he thought that would not be fair towards Harry.

The mother of the sleeping child, seeing Willy so much pleased, observed, it was a pity that the lady had not thought of this book of pictures before ; for it was the very thing that would have amused and pacified her little girl.

“I should not have shown the book,” said the old lady, “had the little girl been awake. I like to amuse children when they are good, but it is right they should be punished when they are naughty. I have had a great many children,” continued she, “and a great many

grandchildren, and I never once rewarded them for crying, and when they found crying was of no use, they left it off. A child would much rather laugh than cry, when he can get nothing by crying. But when a child knows that it will get either the thing it cries for, or something else to pacify it, like the piece of barley sugar, it will cry if it has any sense.

Willy thought the old lady was rather severe; he did not recollect his own Mamma having ever punished him for crying; but then he could not recollect having cried for any thing: when he cried, it was from a fall; and then his Mamma laughed at him,

if it was a fall which only frightened him ; or, if he was hurt, she applied something to ease the pain, and then bade him bear it like a man, and not like a baby. Willy thought he should like to know the grandchildren of the old lady, they must all be so good ; but he wondered whether they were fond of their grand-mamma, and he ventured to ask her how many she had. “ Why, I can hardly tell you,” replied she, “ I have so many ; and my memory is very bad, now I am so old, that I cannot well reckon them up. But look at this pretty bag,” said she, “ it was worked by three of my granddaughters.” This was the bag from which

the picture-book had been taken; it was very pretty, there were three broad white velvet stripes on each side of it, and these were separated by stripes of green velvet; the green stripes were plain, but on the white ones beautiful flowers were embroidered; there were roses, and jessamine, and jonquils, and violets, and I know not how many other pretty blossoms, with their bright green leaves, and they looked so fresh and so gay that they almost seemed to be alive and growing.

“ Well, now,” said the old lady, “ each of my three granddaughters worked one of these stripes, and their Mamma had the

bag made up, with a nice handle, as you see, and a pretty lock and key, and then they sent it to me on my birthday. You may suppose how much I was pleased, and what a nice letter I wrote to thank them for the present; and now I am going to see them in the country, so I thought this was the time to use my travelling bag, for it is meant for a travelling bag, to keep all I want on the road safe and snug; so I put my purse and my spectacles, and my pocket-book and handkerchief, and two or three books I was reading, into it, and yet the bag was not half full; then I thought of a nice way of filling it. I took it to the bazaar, and

there I bought a number of toys, and all sorts of things I knew the children would like, which filled it to the brim."

Willy stared and thought the cross old lady was becoming quite good-natured, and he longed much to see all the things in the bag.

The lady guessed his wishes, and said, "As you seem to be a careful child, I will trust the bag to your hands; take it to yonder corner of the carriage, where there is an empty seat, and you may look over the things."

This was a treat, indeed; and I never should have finished, if I told you all the bag contained. The first thing that Willy saw

was a dissecting puzzle, but he was too impatient to look at the other things to stop to put it together ; besides, he was afraid he might drop some of the pieces, and that the old lady might grow cross again. The next was a box of paints. The different colours were so beautifully arranged that they looked very pretty, though they were only colours to paint with. Then there was a little palette to spread them on, and a number of brushes, of different sorts and sizes, to paint with. Next came a work-box, which did not please Willy so much as the painting-box, because he knew nothing about needle-work ; and if the truth must be

told, he did not know much more about painting; but, as he sometimes daubed over with colours a drawing his Mamma made for him, he fancied he understood something about painting.

Then there was a large doll carefully wrapped up in silver paper, so nicely dressed and so pretty, that he thought he should like to play with it, as well as a little girl could do; but he was afraid of crumpling its dress, so he only turned it round, and looked at it all over. Then there was a portfolio for writing, fitted up with pens, ink, and paper, sealing wax, and in short every thing that could be

wanted for writing. This, he guessed, was for a little boy, for though a little girl can write as well as a little boy, she does not write so much, having needle-work and other things to do, that do not belong to little boys.

When Willy had finished the examination of the bag, and put all the things back in their places, he returned it to the lady, and thanked her.

THE TUNNEL.

WILLY was lying at his ease and resting himself after having done so much business, when he suddenly heard a loud and harsh sound which frightened him; he crept close to his Mamma, saying he had never heard such a horrid screeching noise in his life.

“It is only a signal for something,” said she, “but for what, I cannot tell.”

“I dare say it comes from that terrible fire carriage,” said Willy.

“It does,” replied his father, “a little steam is let out through a very small hole, and the difficulty the steam has to force its way through the hole makes this disagreeable whistle.”

“You complain of my little whistle sometimes, Mamma,” said Willy, “but I am sure it does not make half so disagreeable a noise as this.”

Very soon after, to the great astonishment of Willy, it became suddenly dark, so dark that he could hardly see his Papa or his Mamma, though the sun had shone brightly a minute before. He laid hold of his mother's hand, and asked what was the matter.

“Nothing, my dear,” said she, “we are only going through a tunnel.”

“A tunnel? what’s that?”

“It is a long hole made in the ground through a hill, that the train may go straight through the hill instead of going over it, for it is not easy for trains to go up and down hill.”

“Then it must be a very long hole indeed! When shall we get through it, and see day-light again?”

“In a minute or two,” replied she; “and this, no doubt, was the reason the whistle gave a signal, to warn any one, who might chance to be in the tunnel to get out of the way before the

train went in. And this noise, disagreeable as it is, makes an excellent signal, it is heard at so great a distance; and it is so unlike all other sounds that it can never be mistaken."

"And how can they make such a long hole, and so large too! big enough for the train to pass through?"

"They begin," said his father, "by digging into the hill at both ends, the end at which we came in, and the end at which we shall soon go out, and they carry away the earth in wheelbarrows as they go on."

"What a quantity of ground there must be to wheel away!"

said Willy; "and are we very low under ground now?"

"We have not gone down," replied his father; "but then the hill is high above our heads, much higher than a house."

"Oh dear!" cried Willy, "if the hill were to fall upon us, would it not crush us to death?"

"Certainly it would, but there is no danger of that. Were you ever afraid that the ceiling of a room would fall down, and kill you?"

"Oh no," said Willy, laughing, "I never thought of such a thing."

"Because it never happens," said his father; "nor does it

happen to a hill to fall down into a tunnel. Builders, who understand how to build houses, and engineers, who know how to make tunnels, take care to construct them in such a manner that they shall not fall."

"I think, Mamma," said Willy, "that we are getting near the end of the tunnel, for I see a little light."

"That glimmering of light," said his father, "comes from a hole which has been made from the top of the hill, and is called a *shaft*. When a tunnel is very long, it is so difficult to get rid of the earth that it is found easier to take it away from the middle

part of the tunnel, by pulling it up through a shaft, or well."

"Then," said Willy, "they dig a shaft just as they dig a well, I suppose, only they bring up baskets full of earth instead of water. I remember seeing the well dug in our garden."

"Then you must have observed, that when they first began to dig the well they brought up earth; it was not till they had dug down to a spring of water that they brought up water."

"These shafts have also the advantage of letting light and air into the tunnel."

"It is but very little," replied Willy, "for I could hardly have

seen you and Mamma, if it had not been for the little lamp at the top of the carriage."

"Now, Willy," said his mother, "I think you will soon see us by daylight, for we are coming to the end of the tunnel. Mind that you look at the sides of the tunnel before we leave it."

The daylight increased every instant, and Willy saw that the sides of the tunnel as well as the arch overhead were built of bricks.

"Just like the brick walls of a house," said he; "if I had known that, I should not have been afraid of the hill falling upon us and crushing us. I thought the tunnel was only a hole made through the ground."

“In some places,” said his father, “that is really the case ; but then it is where the ground is made of hard rock, so that it is as strong and even stronger than a brick wall.”

“It is like building a house of stone, like our country house, instead of bricks, like our house in London.”

“Yes,” replied his father, “only the stone walls of a tunnel are not built, they are there all ready made ; you have only to cut a road through them.”

“How hard it must be to dig through the solid rock ! they cannot do it with a spade, can they?”

“No ; sometimes they work with a pickaxe, and sometimes

they blow up pieces of the rock with gunpowder ; but that you are too young to understand."

Just then the train came out of the tunnel, and Willy was quite delighted to see daylight once more. He now began to feel very hungry, and inquired of his Mamma when he should dine ?

" We shall very soon arrive at a station," replied she, " where the train will stop for ten minutes, and as I do not think you can eat your dinner in so short a time, I believe that you must dine with us when we reach Derby ; you may eat a luncheon at the station, and then you will be able to wait for a late dinner."

To dine in the dining-room with Papa and Mamma was a treat Willy had never yet known, and he could not help jumping about for joy ; then recollecting the old lady, he stopped suddenly, fearful of disturbing her ; but she observed his forbearance, and said, “Jump on, my lad, in your own corner ; I like to see children happy when they are good.” But if Willy had not disturbed the old lady, he had awakened the young one, and she awoke in very bad humour ; her eyes were so swelled with crying, that Willy scarcely knew her again, and thought she looked ugly rather than pretty. She too was hungry, and said the car-

riage must turn about and go home to have dinner; her mother promised she should have her dinner very soon, the first time they stopped; so then Harriet made up her mind to grumble and whine until that time arrived. Willy looked at her, and thought what a sad thing it was to be a spoiled child.

OLD AND YOUNG.

THE train now arrived at the Wolverton station, where most of the passengers alighted to take some refreshment. There was a large room, and tables covered with good things for travellers to eat. Willy would have filled his pockets with sweet cakes and fruit ; but his mother knew that would not be good for him, so she allowed him to take a large bun, and then gave him some sandwiches. He had hardly finished eating them, when the little bell was heard ting-a-ring-a-ring ; and every body understood what it meant.

“It seems to say,” cried Willy, “come away, ladies, come away, gentlemen, from all those nice things, or you will lose your places; we are going to set off.”

A great bustle there was, to be sure, with the crowd of people who were pushing their way out of the room door, and then hurrying to their carriages.

When Willy and his Papa got into their carriage, they found neither the old lady nor the spoiled child and her mother, but some gentlemen had taken their places. And in another minute the train began to move.

“Oh dear!” cried Willy, “they will be left behind; what will they do?”

“ They have no doubt come to the end of their journey, and are gone to the town, in which they live, in one of those little carriages called flies.”

“ Flies, Papa,” repeated Willy, “ why are they called flies ? for they are not a bit like one.”

“ The carriage is not like the shape of a fly,” said his father ; “ but it is like one by the quickness of its motion. Flying is quicker than trotting or galloping, and these carriages are called flies because they go so fast. They were all glad to have got rid of the spoiled child. Their new fellow travellers talked among themselves, and Willy and his parents did so too. Willy felt

very grateful to the old lady for all she had shown him ; “ yet still, Mamma,” said he, “ it was rather hard, I think, to throw my ball out of the window ; for we did not hit her bonnet on purpose. And then, as for laughing, to be sure that was very wrong ; but it was so funny, how could we help it ? ”

“ Do you think, if the same thing were to happen again, you would laugh ? ”

“ Oh no, certainly, I should be more careful now that I know I should lose my ball.”

“ The old lady gave you warning ; and you see that the lesson has not been lost.”

“But I am sure *you* would not have done so, Mamma, if you had been the old lady.”

“We ought, my dear, to make some allowance for the infirmities of old people, which often make them peevish and irritable.”

“What are infirmities, Mamma?” asked Willy.

“Old people can neither see nor hear so well as young ones, because their eyes and their ears become worn out.”

“Yes,” said Willy, “the old lady was obliged to put on her spectacles when she read in her book; and she made me repeat what I said often, because she

could not hear me till I spoke louder."

"That," continued his mother, "is owing to her eyes and her ears being a good deal worn out; and that is the case, I dare say, also, with her limbs; her legs begin to feel that her body is a great weight to carry about; and she cannot run, nor even walk so quickly as you can. Then often old people cannot sleep at night, which makes them tired in the day time; all these complaints, though not exactly illnesses, are called infirmities, and are very wearisome to bear; it is therefore the duty of the young to do all in their power to make

the old as comfortable as they can, and to put up with a little fretfulness and ill temper on their part, without being angry."

"Oh, poor lady!" exclaimed Willy; "well, when I meet with a cross old man or woman, I will think of those infirmities you have been telling me of. I am sure if I had known about them, I should never have laughed at the old lady when she looked so funny with the ball stuck in her bonnet."

"That's right, my dear," said his mother; "and on the other hand, I think the old lady might have had a little more indulgence for the weakness of children—for children," continued

she, "have their infirmities as well as old people."

"Why what, Mamma?" cried Willy, with surprise; "I am sure I can run and walk, ay, and skip and jump as well as any body, and see and hear too."

"The infirmities of childhood are not in general of the same nature as those of old age; and yet there is often a great resemblance between the two. A child is feeble, because it has not grown up to its strength; an old person is feeble, because she has lost strength. Little Sophy is often obliged to be carried in her nurse's arms, because she is tired of walking; Grandmamma can only walk a little way either,

and wants a stick to support her. Sophy suffers from tooth-ache, because she is cutting her teeth, which means that her teeth are growing; Grandmamma has the tooth-ache, because her teeth are grown old and decayed. Sophy is fed with pap and soft food, because she has no teeth to chew with; and Grandmamma is obliged to mince her meat, because the few teeth she has are too much worn out to be able to chew meat."

"Well," said Willy, "I never should have thought Sophy and Grandmamma had been so much alike! I am sure they do not look alike at all, Mamma."

“No ; in looks, youth has all the advantage.”

They now passed a luggage train which was stopping at one of the stations, and Willy was very much amused with seeing the number of cattle, and sheep, and pigs that were closely lodged in the waggon. “I think those poor creatures are too crowded to be comfortable,” observed he ; “I dare say they would like better travelling on foot, as the flocks of sheep often do.”

“I doubt it,” said his Mother, “for all along the road the dogs and men are worrying them to keep them together, and then they are sadly tired before the

day is over: don't you think you would be tired?"

"Oh, that I am sure I should, but then I have only two legs to walk on, and they have four; so it must be much easier for them. I wish old people had four legs," continued he, "then they would not feel the weight of their bodies so great: I know a poor old man who makes himself two legs of wood besides his own live legs, and that is old Carter, who walks on crutches; and then Grand-mamma has three legs, when she walks with a stick."

THE THIRD CLASS CARRIAGES, OR
THE MARKET GIRL.

WILLY's Papa told him that as he had been so long travelling in the coach which was a close carriage, he would take him to another part of the train where the carriages were open, as he had promised to do.

Willy was much pleased at this, and when the train stopped at a station, they got out, and walked to another part of it.

He saw nothing like the open carriages he had been used

to ; there was neither phaeton, nor gig, nor caleche ; there were, it is true, a number of immensely large carts full of people carrying baskets, and they sat down on plain wooden seats in long rows. Willy with his Papa and Mamma sat next to a rosy-cheeked young woman, who had a large basket of live fowls, and a smaller one of eggs and butter.

“ I am sure you could not carry those heavy baskets ? ” said Willy.

“ No, that I could not indeed,” replied the young woman ; “ I am obliged to get some one to help me to take them from the station to market, or else pay the omnibus for

doing so. But before we had a railroad, I did not go so far as Derby ; I sold my things at Kegworth, and I could get no price for fowls there ; so I only took butter and eggs to market."

Willy had already made an acquaintance with the fowls in the basket, the young woman having placed it under his feet as a footstool, for his little legs were too short to reach the ground. Now Willy having a piece of the bun in his hand, the remains of the luncheon, which he was only nibbling because he was no longer hungry, some of the crumbs fell into the basket and were greedily picked up by the chickens ; and finding it

very good, they tried to put their beaks between the twigs of the wicker to catch some more. Willy, seeing this, every now and then fed them; but there was one old hen who, being stronger than the chickens, pushed them away, in order to get all the crumbs for herself. "No, no," said Willy, "get away, and let the chickens have their share." However, the hen at last contrived to thrust her head through the bars of the basket, but there she was caught, for she could not get it back again. This made Willy laugh. "It serves you right," said he, "I am sure you cannot swallow anything now you are caught in

a trap ;” but when he saw that the hen was really choking in struggling to get her head free, he was sorry for her, and the young woman opened the basket, and got the head of the hen back again, but she was a good deal hurt, and lay at the bottom of the basket very sulky.

“She is well punished for her greediness,” said the girl, “but she will have time to come round again before I get to market, or else I should not be able to sell her; folks would fancy there was something the matter with her, and I want to get a good price for my fowls, that I may have something more than my mother reckons on : and then

I shall be able to spend that in tea and sugar ; for tea, she says, comforts her more than any thing."

"Is anything the matter with your mother," asked Willy, "that she wants to be comforted?"

"Oh dear, she is blind," said the girl, "and I am sure that's uncomfortable enough. Stone blind! and yet she is not an old woman neither, but she has got what the doctors call a cataract, and they say it can be cured, but that the time is not yet come to cure it; but when it does, we are to take her to Derby to the hospital, and there the doctors will do something to her eyes. Oh, I don't like to think of it,"

said she, shuddering, "but then they say she will see again, just as she did years ago."

"You need not be afraid of the operation for your mother," said Willy's mother; "I assure you it is not painful."

"Why, sure you have not had it done to your eyes, Ma'am?"

"No; but I know from those who have: it is called *couching*, and if the eyes are carefully bound up afterwards till they get strong, she may see as well as ever."

"But," said Willy, "I suppose you will stay with her at the hospital to take care of her."

"No; I shall not be able," replied the market girl, "I must

stay at home to take care of the house, and of my younger brother and sister, Johnny and Betsey, who go to school."

"Then," asked Willy, "does no body stay with your poor blind mother when you go to market?"

"It's lucky enough that one of the market days is of a Saturday, when there is a holiday at school, and on Thursdays, that's to-day, the little girl stays at home on purpose to attend to mother. Then, as for the hospital, she will want for no care there, for we have a grandmother living at Derby, and though she is old, she makes as good a nurse as any one; and she will be sure to take care

of her own daughter. Besides, there are plenty of doctors and nurses at the hospital," said she. "Oh, Derby's a famous place for poor folks; I suppose you know all about the fine gardens Mr. Joseph Strutt has made for the people to walk about and amuse themselves in?"

"No, indeed," replied Willy's mother; "we do not know Mr. Joseph Strutt."

"Not know him!" cried the girl, lifting up her hands with astonishment, "I thought everybody knew Mr. Joseph Strutt. Well, you are going to Derby, where he lives; so pray go and see him and his house full of curiosities."

“ But as we are not acquainted with him, we cannot take the liberty of going to his house, or walking in his gardens.”

“ Oh, but you may,” said the girl, “ house and gardens are open to everybody, gentle or simple ; but the gardens, I assure you,” added she, with a look of self-satisfaction, “ were made for the poor more than for the rich ; you rich people have gardens of your own, but you may come and see the Arboretum, that is its name, and welcome, and then I am sure you will say that none of the gardens of the rich can compare with this. And if you chance to meet Mr. Joseph Strutt there, it will do your

heart good even to look at him ; he is so gentle and so kind, and from his looks you might think that instead of doing good to all the people about him, they were doing good to him."

" Oh, do let us go and see him," said Willy, " and all his curiosities and the gardens too." His father said they would try to get introduced to him, for he liked to see good people, extremely. When they reached Derby, they took leave of the market girl. Willy helped her to lift the basket of chickens, and he bid them good by, too ; and he was very sorry to think he should see her no more. " I should have liked to have seen

her little brother and sister, too," said he.

"I am afraid you have not much chance of that," said his mother; "but who can tell?"

THE INN.

IN the mean time they went to an inn at Derby. Willy had never been at an inn, and knew not what it meant. He supposed it was the house of one of his father's friends, to whom they were to pay a visit. The landlady was extremely civil, and asked them what they would like to have for dinner. She said she had a nice young chicken and some green peas, and a gooseberry tart, with a custard, which she thought would please little master. Willy replied,

“Oh, yes, that it will, thank you, Ma’am ;” and when she went away, he asked why she did not sit down and stay with Mamma ?

“She is not a friend of mine,” replied his mother, “I never saw her before.”

“Then why do you come to her house, if you don’t know her, Mamma ? You said you could not go to Mr. Strutt’s, because you did not know him.”

His mother then explained to him, that this landlady kept a large house called an inn, or hotel, on purpose to receive travellers, and then made a bill, and that they paid her for all they ate or drank, and for the

use of the room they sat in, and the bed rooms they slept in. "This house," said she, "cost her a great deal of money, and she has besides to pay for all we eat and drink."

"Oh yes," said Willy, "the nice dinner we are going to have must cost her a great deal of money, and she would not have enough if we did not pay her."

"So you see, Willy, she takes money out of her pocket to spend for us, and we put money into her pocket to pay her back again."

Willy was thoughtful for a minute or two, and then asked his Mamma whether she paid

the landlady just as much money as she spent for her?

“Her bill comes to a little more,” said his mother, “for if I paid her only just what she spent for us, she would gain nothing by us.”

“But she would not lose either,” said Willy; “if she spent a sovereign for us, and you paid her a sovereign, she would neither gain nor lose.”

“I am glad to find you understand accounts so well,” said his mother. “But you must know that this landlady keeps an inn on purpose to gain money; she wants money to pay for all she and her children eat and drink,

and for their clothing and their schooling, and I know not how many things besides ; now all that I pay her more than she spends for me she puts in her pocket, and keeps to spend for her own family.”

“ And does everybody who comes to the inn,” asked Willy, “ pay her a little more ? ”

“ Yes, certainly.”

“ Then all the little mores must make a great deal,” observed Willy. “ Oh, how nicely that is contrived ! We get good dinners and beds, and all we want, when we go to the inn, and the landlady gets the money she wants to spend for her family ;

so everybody gets something good."

He then ran about, examining all the furniture, which was new to him : he admired the flowers on the carpet, and was amused with the spring blinds, and the round dumb waiters, laughing heartily when he was told that they were called dumb waiters because they could not speak ; and when dinner came he got one placed beside him, and then whispering to his Mamma, begged she would send away the live speaking waiter, and make use of the dumb one. So the knives and forks and plates were placed

on the dumb waiter, and then Willy, who had heard his father and mother ask the waiter for a knife or a plate, said in joke, "Come, waiter, bring me a plate," and then added, "The waiter is deaf as well as dumb, and besides that, he cannot move."

"Oh yes, he can," said his Mamma; "at least, if he cannot walk, he can run, for the dumb waiter runs on castors;" and she pushed it towards Willy.

"Oh, but I mean it cannot move of itself, like an animal; then it cannot feel, but I am sure it can make other people feel, for when you pushed it, it gave me a good blow upon the shoulder."

Willy was to sleep in a little bed in his Mamma's room : that was a great pleasure, and the new bed was another treat. Then everything was new to him in the room, and it was a long time before he could go to sleep, so much was he taken up with the hangings of the bed, which, instead of being plaited full like the flounce of a gown, were drawn up in festoons and bordered by a fringe ; then it was red damask, not white, like his own little bed at home ; and the paper, instead of having green and white stripes like that of his nursery, was covered all over with flowers, which seemed to him much prettier, and there

was an odd sort of wash-hand-stand which stood like a naughty boy in the corner ; but one after another all these things seemed to fade away, he saw nothing distinctly, and at last he fell asleep.

The next morning, while they were at breakfast, the landlady came again, and said she hoped they liked their breakfast, that the eggs were quite fresh, for her little daughter had brought them in from the hen-house that morning.

Willy could not help looking at the landlady's pockets, to see if they were big enough to hold all the money that was paid her, but he saw nothing but a bunch

of keys hanging by her side; then he thought so much money would be too heavy for her to carry about, 'so I dare say she keeps it in a lock-up drawer, as Mamma does, and that the keys on that bunch lock up the drawer;' however, he said nothing. Then, he thought, this little girl she talks about is one of those she buys clothes and food for with the money that is paid her. 'I wish I could see her.' After breakfast his Mamma told him he might go and play in the garden of the inn, if he would not meddle with any thing. It was a pretty garden, with a great deal of ripe fruit and many gay flowers in it; but what pleased

him most was the sight of a little girl gathering gooseberries in a small basket ; he asked her whether she was the little girl who had brought in the eggs that morning, and when she said that she was, they soon got acquainted. Willy asked her whether she would let him help her. “That I will,” said Anna (for that was her name), “if you will not eat any of the fruit ; can you be trusted ?”

“To be sure,” answered Willy, a little offended that he should not be thought trustworthy ; “why I am very nearly as old as you are, and have as good a right to be trusted.”

“ Ay, that you may be,” said Anna, “ but I have known boys a great deal older than you are come and steal apples in our orchard, and only call it fun. But stealing can’t be fun any way, I’m sure. Now, Mamma knows me and trusts me ; but I don’t know you, so I don’t know whether I ought to trust you ; however, if you promise not to eat any of the fruit you gather, I will.”

This was agreed upon, and Willy gathered the gooseberries so fast that the basket was soon full ; but when Anna came to examine them, she found a great many of them were not

ripe. "Look here," said she, "here is one, and another, and another, quite green!"

"Why they are all green," cried Willy, "they are not red, but green gooseberries."

"Yes, but when green gooseberries are ripe they are soft, and look rather yellowish, like these," said she, showing him some ripe ones: "well, I am afraid I shall be scolded!"

Willy felt very sorry, and said, "But I will tell your Mamma that it was I who gathered them, and then she will scold me, and not you."

"Yes," said Anna, "she will scold me for letting you gather fruit when you did not know

which were ripe and which unripe."

The two children looked rather dismal, till at length a bright thought struck Anna. "I remember," said she, "Mamma told me to gather some unripe green gooseberries, if I could find any, to make some gooseberry fool; now perhaps we may just find enough in the basket if we pick them out;" so they emptied the gooseberries into a large leaf, and picked out all those which were unripe; and Willy learnt to distinguish a ripe from an unripe gooseberry, and he said, "I shall never forget it; I was so much vexed for fear of getting you scolded."

“But take care,” said Anna, “if you pinch them so hard to feel if they are ripe, you will hurt the gooseberries.”

“Hurt them,” said Willy, smiling, “why they cannot feel.”

“Well,” said Anna, “I mean spoil them;” and just as she said so Willy showed her a beautiful large gooseberry, which he held between the tips of his fingers, saying, “I am sure I need not pinch this to know whether it is ripe, it is so large and yellow, and looks as if you could see through it.”

“But take care,” said Anna, “you do not let it fall by holding it so slightly, for it is so ripe that if it fell on the ground I

dare say it would burst, the skin is so thin."

So Willy grasped it tighter between his fingers to prevent it from falling, but he did not consider that if he squeezed it tight the skin might break ; and so it happened ; his finger and thumb met together in the middle of the gooseberry all wet and sticky !

"Well, now you may as well eat it," said Anna, "for no use can be made of it." But Willy was so much vexed, that he had no wish to eat the gooseberry ; he felt angry with himself for being so awkward, and fearful that he should get Anna into trouble. However, he just

sucked his fingers to get rid of the wet, and he could not help thinking what a pity so fine a gooseberry should be lost, the juice tasted so very nice.

Anna, who saw how really sorry he was, now tried to console him, and laughed at the loss of one gooseberry; she then covered the basket over nicely with leaves, and took out another, and, wishing to put Willy into good spirits again, said, "This is to be filled with cherries, and now you may help me better still, for you can easily climb up this low tree and gather the cherries which I cannot reach from the ground." Willy knew how to climb, and Anna

held her apron spread out, and stood right under Willy that he might throw the bunches of cherries into it. The cherries being all ripe, Willy had not the trouble of examining them ; and, delighted with scrambling from one branch of the tree to another, he was soon as merry as ever. Willy had not even wished to eat a gooseberry ; he was so anxious to prove to Anna that he could be trusted, that he thought of nothing else ; but now these cherries looked so plump and so red, that he longed to taste them, and he was beginning to forget the affront he had received from Anna ; but he did not give way to the temptation,

for he had learnt to command himself; but he hung two of the cherries over each of his ears, calling them ear-rings, and threw down some very fine ones for Anna to put on her ears, saying, "That is not eating the cherries, you know," and they laughed heartily at each other's fine ear-rings. Who should come into the garden just then but their two Mammias, and the landlady gave them leave to eat some of the cherries they had gathered. Oh, how glad they were, the cherries were so sweet and nice, and they had longed for them so much!

They then all went to the strawberry bed, and Willy was

obliged to take care that what he gathered was ripe, for the strawberries which looked quite red on one side were often white on the other. “I wonder both sides don’t ripen at the same time,” said he.

“Why, it is the sun ripens them,” answered Anna, “and there is only one sun to shine on one side of the strawberries.”

“Yes,” said Willy; “but though there is only one sun, it moves about, and shines on one side of the strawberries in the morning, and on the other side in the afternoon, so they might be both ripe together.”

“So they will, in time,” said Anna; “but the sun cannot get

at them under these leaves, either morning or afternoon."

"I think," said Willy, jokingly, "that these strawberries are cunning little things, and hide themselves as much as they can under the leaves for fear of being gathered; for if I lift up a leaf, I always find a strawberry underneath."

"Let them stay there till both sides are ripe," said Anna, "and that they will be in a few days if you leave them alone, for they don't want much sun. Strawberries want more water than heat."

"What a deal you know about fruit and gardens," said Willy.

“That is because I live in the country, and am used to gardening.”

“Well,” observed Willy, “it is like resting to pick strawberries after gathering cherries. I declare my neck quite ached with looking up to the cherries, and now I have nothing but looking down for the strawberries.”

THE ARBORETUM.

WILLY was now called away to accompany his parents to Mr. Joseph Strutt's. He received them with kindness, and Willy thought him very good-natured, for he took him over all the rooms and showed all his curiosities. There were birds stuffed, and shells and paintings; in a word, so many things, and they filled so many rooms, that Mr. J. Strutt had scarcely any room left for himself. They then begged that he would show his celebrated garden.

“It is not my garden,” said

he, "I have given it away to the good people of this town, but I will go and show it you with pleasure ; but let us go in the evening, the weather will be cooler, and you will see a greater number of people walking."

This was agreed upon, and in the evening Mr. J. Strutt called upon them at the inn, and accompanied them to the Arboretum. When they came to the gate, Willy thought it looked more like a park than a garden gate. There were a number of people walking about, and when they met Mr. J. Strutt, you could tell by their countenances that they knew him, they looked so much pleased, and so respectful,

but they did not bow or courtesy to him, because they knew that he did not like to be publicly noticed. He had told them, once for all, ‘ If you make a fuss about me I shall think myself troublesome, and shall not walk in your garden so often as if you let me alone, and take no more notice of me than of any other person.’ As they were walking about, Willy observed a family passing by, one of whom was a blind woman ; this put him in mind of the market girl’s mother ; then there was a little boy and girl with her, who might be about the age of her youngest children, and an old woman, who might be their grandmother.

But there was no market girl with them, and Willy thought it could not be them, they lived so far off. Some time afterwards they passed by again, and then a young woman had joined them, but she was so much better dressed that Willy thought it could not be her. However, he peeped under her close straw bonnet, and found that it really was his old friend, and he cried out, "Oh ! Mamma, there they are, all of them ;" then, taking hold of the market girl by the hand, he said, " Don't you know me ? "

" Oh ! how do you do ? I am very glad to see you," said she ; " I thought I should meet you

here." Then, seeing Mr. Strutt, she added, "How lucky you are! there is Mr. Joseph Strutt himself giving his arm to your Mamma. So, then, you have made his acquaintance.

"But," added she, "I must make you acquainted with my little brother and sister too. "Did not I tell you," said she, addressing them, "that I met with a nice little boy on the railroad yesterday; well, this is he."

The children were at first very shy, and only answered yes. Then Willy and his parents made acquaintance with the poor blind woman and her

old mother, whom the children called Granny.

Willy's Mamma talked a good deal to these two women, and told Mr. J. Strutt all about them.

"Is Mr. Joseph Strutt here?" asked the blind woman. "Oh, if I could but see him! Betsy," whispered she to her little daughter, "lead me towards him, that I may hear him speak." Mr. J. Strutt, who was nearer to her than she thought, took her by the hand, saying, "With God's blessing you shall see me one of these days, when your eyes are cured; and I shall go and see you when you come

to our hospital, and I shall take care that you are comfortable."

Willy then went to play on the grass with the two children, and when they were tired they sat down on a soft smooth bank under the shade of some spreading trees, which was very pleasant, for they had made themselves hot with running to catch each other. Then Willy asked them how they came to be here, when they lived so far off?

"Oh! it's by the railroad," said Johnny: "you must know that every Sunday that Father can make a holiday, he takes us all to see Granny, who lives at Derby. Did not Martha tell you yesterday that we were to

come to-day? for though it is not Sunday, we are come, because Father had some business to do at Derby."

"She did not tell me," said Willy, "for I thought I never should see you in all my life, and I wanted sadly to see you, because your sister Martha told me so much about you."

"That's very good of you," said Johnny. "Well, what was I telling you? Oh, it was about coming to see Granny. You must know that every time we come she makes a large cake for us to take home. And one day it happened that I went to market to help Martha, because she had so many baskets to carry;

and then, instead of going home with her, I staid to sleep with Granny, and I saw her make the cake. You cannot think how funny it was ; she slapped it over and over again ; she said, the more it was beaten, the better it would be ; and very nice it was after it had been baked in the oven."

" Oh ! it was so nice," cried little Betsey ; " I remember it, Johnny, as well as you."

CHILDREN'S GAMBOLS.

THE children soon left off talking, to go and play. Betsey showed them a spot where daisies were growing very thick in the grass, and they all went to gather some to make daisy chains. Betsey was the cleverest in making these garlands, for little girls who go to a sewing school, and learn to sew, and hem, and stitch, and thread needles, can split the stalk of a daisy and fasten the end into it much better than a boy can, who is

used only to cut sticks, and play at ball and marbles; but the boys could gather daisies quite as well and as quickly as Betsey. So, in order to get on with their chains as fast as they could, it was settled that the boys should gather the flowers, whilst Betsey sat still and made them into chains. Then, when the chains were all finished, the two boys climbed up the trees and hung them in festoons from bough to bough, and Betsey, who had been so long sitting still, jumped about for joy seeing them look so beautiful. They then fetched their parents to show them how prettily they had ornamented the trees, and Martha

explained it all to her blind mother, who could not see the beautiful wreaths of daisies ; and having been praised for their work, the children began to consider what they should do next.

“ I wish I had my hoop,” said Betsey ; “ and I wish I had my top,” said Johnny ; “ and I wish I had my ball,” cried Willy, “ my poor pretty ball ! ”

“ Why, what has happened to it ? ” inquired the children.

Willy then told the whole story of his ball, and ended by saying, “ how nicely we should have played with it together ! ”

Whilst they were standing under their garlands of daisies,

consulting together what game they should next play at, a large new ball fell down amongst them. It seemed to come from the skies. They all stared with astonishment ; then Willy picked it up, and, as he stooped down, he saw a man's legs behind a bush, and he knew by the chequered trowsers on them that the man was his Papa. Papa wanted to hide himself to make the children wonder where the ball came from, but Willy ran after him and caught him, and then jumped up and kissed him to thank him for the present.

“ Why, how did you find me out ? ” asked his father.

“ Oh ! because the bush was not so thick of leaves at the bottom as at top ; so in stooping down I had a peep of you through the branches.”

“ Well,” cried Betsey, “ I really thought the ball fell from the skies.”

“ How could you be such a goose ? ” cried Willy. “ Balls never fall from the sky, unless they are thrown up first, and then to be sure they must come down again. But now, let us play with it.”

So they tossed the ball from Johnny to Betsey, and from Betsey to Willy, and from Willy to Johnny again. After the

ball had gone round for some time, Betsey said, "I wish there were a few more of us to catch the ball, for then we should have much better fun."

"You must divide yourself into five," said Willy, "and then we should have four more to catch the ball."

"What nonsense you are talking," cried Betsey.

"Don't you know the funny verses about your name?" asked Willy.

"No, indeed; do tell me them."

Willy then, with as grave a face as he could put on, repeated the following lines : —

‘ Elizabeth, Elsebeth, Bet, Betsey, and Bess,
All went together to seek a bird’s nest :
When they found it, there were five eggs in ;
They each took one, and left four in.’ ”

“ Do you call those pretty verses ? ” said Betsey : “ why, they are quite nonsensical.”

“ But they are true,” said Willy, “ only you don’t see the fun of them. It’s like a riddle ; you told me you were sometimes called Elizabeth, and at other times Betsey, and are you never called Bet and Bess ? ”

“ Yes, sometimes,” said she ; “ but not Elsebeth. I never even heard that name.”

“ But it is your name though,” replied Willy, “ for all that.”

“ Well then, suppose that you went one day to rob a bird’s nest ? ”

“ But, indeed, I would do no such thing,” retorted Betsey, quite offended.

“ Don’t be angry,” cried he ; “ I only said *suppose*.”

“ But I wonder you should *suppose* I could steal any thing,” cried the indignant Betsey.

“ I only said so to make you understand the fun.”

“ Pho, pho, nonsense,” cried Johnny, “ it’s only make-believe. Well, let me be Betsey, and then you may suppose what you please.”

But Betsey did not seem to

like to give up her name to Johnny ; the truth is, that when she found that her eldest brother did not think there was any harm in *supposing*, she allowed Willy to suppose in her own name.

“ Well then,” continued Willy, “ remember that you went alone to the nest and took out an egg.”

“ Oh yes,” said Betsey, “ *I by myself, I.*”

“ Then,” said Willy, “ who was it took out the egg ? ”

“ Why, I, Betsey, to be sure.”

“ And did not Elizabeth take out one also ? ”

“ Yes, because that's me too.”

“ And did not Elsebeth, Betsey, and Bess also take out eggs ? ”

“ Yes, but that's all me.”

“ Well then,” continued Willy, “ were not five eggs taken out of the nest, and four left in ? ”

Betsey laughed ; she understood the joke pretty well, though she could not explain it. But Johnny said, there was only one person who went to the nest, but she had five names, so when she had taken out one egg there were four left in.

The three children then went to take a stroll on the gravel walks, and see if they could not meet any friends, but they saw nobody they knew, be-

cause, as they did not live at Derby, they did not know many people there.

“If it had been Sunday we should have seen many,” said Betsey, “but the people on working days are tired after working at the factory, or have other things to do at home. Oh ! if you had been here last Easter Monday, what would you have said ? Why, there were hundreds and thousands ! Were there not, Johnny ? ”

“Yes,” replied Johnny, “for as it was holiday time, there came trains from Nottingham and Leicester and other factory towns, ever so far off. You may think what a treat it is to the

children, who often come with their parents; and the trains make them pay very little when there is so many of them, and so both old and young are so glad and so happy. First, you know, they have a long ride in the train, and then such fine gardens to amuse themselves in, and large rooms where they may eat the dinner they bring with them, or drink tea, just as they choose; they have hot water and tea-things for nothing; and if they don't bring tea with them, they may get it there, and bread and butter too, for three-pence. But they cannot buy any beer or spirits; that is not allowed, for fear they should

get tipsy, for that would be doing wrong.

“Then in the Easter holidays there comes a fiddler, and the people all dance, that is, all those who like it, and know how. There is a large flat piece of grass like a bowling green, on purpose for them to dance on.”

THE FACTORY.

“PRAY,” said Willy, going on with the conversation, “tell me something about the factories, where you say so many of these people work.”

Johnny replied, “that as he worked in a farm, and not in a factory, he did not understand much about it; but,” said he, “I once went to see the mills at Milford, a few miles from Derby, for I have an uncle who works there, and one day he took me all over them, and showed me every thing.”

“Are mills and a factory the same thing?” asked Willy.

“I know no difference,” replied Johnny.

“And what did you see there?”

“All sorts of things. There were great wheels and little wheels, and spindles which turned round like wheels, and large rollers that turned round too, and many other things; and uncle told me it was all called machinery.”

“But what do they do with all this machinery?”

“They spin cotton wool; but do you know what cotton-wool is?”

“Yes,” replied Willy, “it is

what mamma puts to my ear to keep it warm when I have the ear-ache ; but that is not at all like thread. I am sure you could never thread a needle with it."

"No, not before it is spun ; but then it makes all the nice cotton-thread that is wound on little bobbins to sew with."

"Then, I dare say," said Willy, "that the wheels and spindles at the factory are like grandmamma's spinning-wheel ; she turns the wheel with her foot, and the wheel turns the spindle, and she twists the flax with her fingers ; for she does not spin cotton, but flax."

"That is much the same," observed Betsey, "only flax makes

stronger thread ; we all know the difference at school well enough. When we sew with cotton it often breaks, but thread made of flax very seldom does."

"Then, if I was a girl, I would always sew with flax," said Willy.

"When you are at school you must sew with what the school-mistress gives you, and that is almost always cotton, because it is cheaper."

"Now," continued Johnny, "you know that your grandmother's spinning-wheel twists only one thread ; but at the factory there are hundreds and thousands of threads all twisting at once."

“What a number of people there must be to twist so many threads !”

“Oh no,” said Johnny, “it is the spindles that twist the threads.”

“But, then, who turns the spindles? I suppose men must do that?”

“No such thing; all the spindles are all turned by one single thing.” Willy stared with surprise; but Johnny went on: “Yes, not only all the spindles, but everything that turns in the factory, is made to turn by one great wheel, which is as big as a house.”

“But what is it turns this great wheel? it cannot be a man

nor a horse, for they would not be strong enough. Oh ! I dare say it is a steam-engine, for that is the strongest thing I ever heard of."

"Well, it is true," returned Johnny, "that the great wheel is turned by a steam-engine in most factories, but in that I saw it was something else, which cost less, and did as well."

"What can that be?" said Willy.

"Why, it is a stream of water, which is higher than the great wheel, and so it falls down upon it, and pushes it round."

"That is just like the wheel at the miller's, which grinds corn," said Willy ; "it is called a water

wheel, because the water turns it ; but," added he, laughing, "when the great wheel of a factory is turned by a steam-engine, it is turned by water too."

"How do you make that out ?"

"Why, steam is made of hot water, and the stream of cold water ; so it's only the difference between hot and cold."

"I never thought of that," said Johnny, "but it's true enough ; the power that moves the wheel is in the water, whether it be hot or cold."

"Well, I think between grand-mamma's spinning-wheel and the corn-mill you will under-

stand something of a factory at last."

"Indeed," said Willy, "I think a spinning-wheel must be very like a factory in little, for it does just the same thing, only grand-mamma's foot, which turns the wheel, is not a bit like a steam-engine or a stream of water."

Betsey could not help laughing at such a ridiculous comparison. Then Johnny said, "Well, if it is not like, it does the same thing; her foot is the power that turns the wheel; it don't signify what the power is, so that it be strong enough to do the work."

"But then," observed Willy,

“if the great wheel and the spindles do all the work, what is there left for the men and women and children to do?”

“Oh, there’s plenty of work for everybody,” returned Johnny, “a deal more than I can explain to you. When the threads that are spinning break, they stop the twisting and fasten them together, and even the children can do that.”

“To be sure, if it’s only tying the broken thread together in a knot, that is easy enough.”

“But it’s not tying a knot,” said Betsey. “When your grandmother breaks the thread she is spinning, does she tie it together in a knot?”

“No,” replied Willy, “she twists the two ends together so cleverly that the thread looks as if it had never been broken. I have often tried to mend the thread so, but I never could.”

“The children of the factory can, though,” said Betsey, “they do it all day long; and when once they have learnt it, it is easier to them than tying a knot. But you can’t teach the spindles to do it, so you see they could not get on without the children.”

The boys, who were always ready for a joke, fell a-laughing at Betsey’s idea of teaching the spindles any thing.

“I will tell you what you

should do," said Johnny; "ask your Papa, who seems to be so good-natured, to take you to see one of the factories to-morrow. There are plenty of them here as well as at Milford, and they say that all the great folks who come to Derby go to see one or other of them."

"Then I hope he will," replied Willy, "but I should like best to see the mills at Milford you have been telling me about, where your uncle works."

THE FARM.

“Now you have told me all about the factories,” said Willy, “I wish you would tell me something about your farm.”

“Oh! that is quite another sort of thing,” replied Johnny; “it’s all out-of-doors work at a farm.”

“And what sort of work do you do?”

“I cannot do much, because I am only ten years old, and am not strong enough, for the work is much harder there than here.”

“Not always,” observed Betsey. “I am sure hay-making is more like play than work, it’s such good fun to rake up the hay, and then to have a roll on the haycock, and sometimes we get a drive in the cart when the hay is carrying.”

“Yes,” said Johnny; “but reaping, and ploughing, and digging are not so easy. However, hard or easy, I have not much time for work, for I go to school.”

“And so do I,” interrupted Betsey.

“Then,” continued Johnny, “when we are at home we must help to take care of poor blind mother; but I help a little in

the stables too, for I like to be looking after the horses and cows, and when I am older, father says I shall go to plough."

"And I help too," cried Betsey. "I don't run after the cows as Johnny does, but when he has brought them in I help Martha to milk them; that is, I carry her milking stool, and bring in a jug of milk for breakfast. Then I help her as much as I can to set all to rights in the dairy; but what I like best of all is, to take the new-laid eggs so nice and warm from under the hen that is sitting."

"Ah, ah!" cried Willy, laughing, "you see after all that you

are fond of robbing a bird's nest."

"Nay," said Betsey, "that is not a bird's nest; it is not made by the hens, at least, for it is Martha who makes it, and then the hens were hatched from our eggs; so you see that hens, and eggs, and nests, and all, belong to us; and pray how can you rob what belongs to you?"

"But then," replied Willy, "is it not very hard upon the poor hen, to take away her eggs just when she is sitting upon them to hatch them?"

"No," replied Betsey, "for we never take away all her eggs, we leave her one, and that quite satisfies her; and when Martha

wants to raise a brood of chickens she leaves her all the eggs she lays, and puts others under her besides ; so you see we feed the hens and make them nice warm nests ; and they lay eggs for us ; so it's tit for tat."

Betsey had the best of the argument, and Willy gave up the point.

"I should like," said he, "to work in a farm much better than in a factory, where you are staying all day in a room fastening broken threads."

"So do I," replied Johnny, "it is much pleasanter to be running about out of doors after cattle, than to be shut up in the factory,—except perhaps in winter,

when you often get wet through. That is why my uncle went to the factory ; he got an ague by working out of doors in the rain, and was so bad he lost all his strength, and could hardly lift a spade. So, when he was better, he said he would go to the factory, where they do not work so hard, and are always under cover. When folks are not strong, a factory suits them best. Then every body could not find work at a farm, so some must go to the factory, whether they like it or not."

" But what sort of work is done in a farm ? " inquired Willy.

" We grow corn to make

bread, and breed cattle for meat."

"Then you make bread and meat for poor people's dinners," said Willy. "I am sure that is very good of you."

"Oh! but father don't give it away," said Johnny, "he could not afford that; he helps the poor people as much as he can, and pays them wages for their work; but his corn he sells to the baker, who makes it into bread; and his cattle to the butcher, who makes it into meat; and they sell it both to rich and poor, they care not which, so that they do but get paid for it."

"But the poor have no money to pay with," observed Willy.

“Then they must work to earn money ; and that they may do either in a farm or a factory. Why, in a factory, as I told you, even little children get paid for their work.”

“But what does your father do with all the money he gets for the corn and cattle he sells to the baker and the butcher ? for he don’t want to buy meat, nor bread, no, nor fowls, nor eggs, nor milk ; for he gets all those things from his farm.”

“Yes, we get plenty to eat and to drink too from the farm,” answered Johnny, “for we make cider from our apples, and we brew beer from our barley. But we want a great many other

things besides food. We must have clothes to keep us warm ; and the factory people provide us with clothes as we provide them with food."

" But," said Willy, " they do not make clothes at the factory, they only make thread."

" Ay," replied Johnny, " but there are a great many other factories where they make things for clothes, such as silk, and linen, and cotton, and woollen cloth."

" Then," added Willy, " the thread they make at Milford serves the tailors and mantua makers, who make up the clothes, to sew them with. Well, how nicely that is contrived ! people

all help one another; it is tit for tat, like Betsey and her hens."

The children now returned to their parents, whom they found sitting on a bench.

Willy then made his request, and was much pleased to hear his mother say that they intended seeing the factory the next day; "but," added she, "we did not mean to take you with us; we thought you were too young to understand it, and that you would like better to stay with your friend Anna, and help her to gather fruit."

Willy thought that gathering fruit with Anna was a very nice thing too, but Johnny had raised

his curiosity to see the factory so much, that he answered, "Oh no, pray let me go with you, for though I don't understand a factory much now, I dare say I shall when I see it; Johnny and Betsey have told me all about it; I shall know the great wheel, and the spindles, and what the children are doing when they fasten the broken threads together."

His parents, finding he had learnt so much already, promised he should go with them.

"And pray, Papa, let us go to the factory at Milford, where Johnny's uncle works;" and he was much pleased when he heard that was the factory they

intended seeing, as it belonged to Mr. Joseph Strutt.

It was now time for them to return to the inn ; so they took leave of the blind woman and her family.

“ I am afraid you will soon forget me,” said Willy sorrowfully ; “ I wish I had something to give you for a keepsake to make you remember me ;” and he felt in his pockets, and found a teetotum and a few marbles, besides the ball, which he did not like to part with, his Papa having just given it to him ; so he gave the teetotum to Betsey and the marbles to Johnny, and they promised to keep them for his sake. Willy was very sorry

to part with his young friends, and the old ones too, for he liked them all: Granny, because she took such good care of her blind daughter, and looked so cheerful and good tempered; and the blind woman, because he pitied her; and Martha, because she was his first friend; and Johnny and Betsey, because they had all been so happy together; — so, for one reason or other, he liked them all.

TREES.

WHEN Willy and his parents returned to the inn, they could talk of nothing but Mr. Joseph Strutt, and the beautiful gardens.

“ I declare,” said Willy’s mother, “ I never felt so proud in my life as when he gave me his arm to walk about the gardens ; I fancied every body who passed us and smiled, seemed to think how happy I must be ; and then he showed me all the curious trees which came from foreign countries ; for, said he, I wish these gardens not only to amuse the people,

but to teach them something ; therefore I have planted trees and shrubs of various sorts, that those who wish to study the properties of plants may learn them, and turn their knowledge to some purpose ; thus I have tried to make these gardens useful as well as pleasant."

"But, Mamma," said Willy, "are trees of any other use but to look pretty and shade us from the sun ?" This was the last use Willy had made of them, and he did not just then think of any other.

"Willy !" exclaimed his mamma, "was the cherry-tree you climbed this morning of no other use ?"

“ Oh, to be sure ! ripe cherries grow upon it, and they are so good to eat ; and then there are apples on apple-trees, and pears on pear-trees, and fruit of some kind or other on all the trees ; but no,” continued he, “ after a little thinking, there is no fruit on the oak tree, nor on the elm, nor on a great many other trees.”

“ Yes, there is,” replied his mamma, “ but the fruit is not good for us to eat ; the oak bears acorns, which the pigs are fond of.”

“ And I like them to play with, but not to eat ; and I like horse-chestnuts to play with, but I like the good chestnuts to eat.”

“Well,” observed his mother, “the oak and the elm, and the pine and the beech, and all those trees which do not bear fruit fit for us to eat, are of use to us for other purposes.”

“Oh yes, their fruit is fit to play with.”

“Something better than that, Willy ; cannot you find out ?”

Willy thought and thought again, but he would not guess, as some children do, hap-hazard, without any reason ; so his mamma helped him a little by bidding him go and stamp upon the floor, in a part of the room where the boards were uncovered.

Willy, who was never fond of standing still, and preferred run-

ning or stamping to walking, set off with a hop, skip, and a jump, to the further end of the room, where the floor was uncovered, and began stamping on the boards with all his might; at length he suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Ah, the boards! the boards are made of wood, and wood is made of the trunk of a tree; so that is the use of trees which do not bear good fruit."

"And of those which do, sometimes," replied his mother: "the wood of the cherry-tree is one of the lightest; so if you want to have some light chairs that children can move about, you must have them made of the

planks of the cherry-tree. The oak and the elm, and all those large trees whose fruit is not good to eat, are called forest trees, because they commonly grow in woods or forests; but fruit trees we plant nearer home, in our orchards and gardens, that we may easily gather the fruit."

"Oh yes," cried Willy, "as Anna and I did."

"Well," continued his mother, "trees and plants of all kinds have many more uses than you can understand at your age, or than I can tell you, old as I am. But there is one thing you must remember, which is, that all plants were first created by God Almighty, and that all

that He makes is useful and good."

"But, Mamma," said Willy, thoughtfully, "I remember your telling me once never to touch the berries which grew on the laurel bush on the lawn, because they were poisonous; and nurse says there are a great many other plants that are poisonous. Why did God make them, Mamma, for, you know, poisons kill people?"

"God made poisons to cure people," replied she: "do you remember last week when you suffered so much from the ear-ache?"

"Oh, that I do, the pain was so bad. I think I shall never forget it. I could not sleep all

night; and as soon as it was light, nurse went to fetch you, and you laid my aching ear on your shoulder, and then you poured three drops of something which looked like water into my drink, and it took the pain away, and I fell asleep. Was it those three drops that cured the pain?"

"Yes, and it was those drops too which sent you to sleep."

"Oh, if I had known that, I do think I should have drunk up the whole of the bottle; it was but a little one, you know."

"Well, my dear, the drops I poured into your drink were poison; if I had given you six drops instead of three, they

would have made you ill, and if you had swallowed all that was in the bottle, it would have killed you. So you see that poisons may kill as well as cure. God created plants which are poisonous to cure us when we are ill ; they are then wholesome and good for us."

"Then God is very good to have made these plants, though they are poisonous?"

"Yes, my dear. Whatever God creates is for some good purpose, though we cannot always understand it.

"There are a great many poisons of different sorts ; most of them take away pain and send you to sleep, others cure par-

ticular diseases. Your grand-mamma scarcely ever sleeps without taking morphine."

"Yes, I know that," said Willy, "but I did not think, that morphine was a poison. I suppose that is why she keeps it locked up."

"Yes, for fear that the children should hurt themselves with it. But, now, Willy, it is time for you to go to bed; and after all you have seen and done to-day, you must be tired, and will go to sleep without taking any poison."

Willy kissed his papa and mamma, and was just going out of the room, when the waiter brought in a parcel directed to Master Willy.

“That’s me,” exclaimed Willy:
“what can it be?”

“Let us open the parcel,”
said his mother, “and then we
shall find out what it is.”

They untied the string, and
unfolded the paper which covered
the parcel, and what should there
be within but a large piece of
plumcake!

“Oh! I know what it is,”
said Willy, “though I never saw
it before; it is a piece of the
cake Granny slapped so hard,
and they have sent it me, because
I gave them the teetotum and
the marbles.”

This proved true; but until
Willy explained it, his papa and

mamma could not understand what he meant.

Willy begged they would taste the cake, and having eaten a little bit himself, he went to bed and soon fell asleep.

THE FACTORY VISITED.

THE next day they went to see the factory, or cotton mills, at Milford. As there was no railroad from Derby to Milford, they were driven with horses, and Willy was very glad to see his old friends, the horses, once more. It is true, that they did not go so fast as the train, and that he was impatient to arrive, and was continually popping his head out of the window in hopes of seeing the factory. His father told him that he must look out for the smoke from the chimney of the great steam en-

gine which put all the machinery in motion ; but Willy answered, " It is a water-wheel, Papa, not a steam engine, that makes every thing turn at these mills. Johnny told me so." Willy felt a sort of pride that he knew something his papa did not ; but when he thought about it, he said to himself, it would be very foolish to be proud of that, ' for it was only by chance I heard it.' At last they reached Milford, and the carriage drove into a large court-yard surrounded by buildings in which the work was carried on. Willy was at first a good deal bewildered at the sight of the machinery, and the noise it made in working. In one

room he saw large bales of cotton wool which had been brought from foreign countries, and which men were unpacking. Willy observed that it looked untidy and dirty, not like the nice cotton wool mamma had at home.

“ You will see the difference after it is carded,” said one of the men. “ We begin by carding or pulling it to pieces, and then we squeeze it between two great rollers, and you shall see how clean it comes out.” And he took them into another room, where the wool came out from between two rollers, and it looked so white and soft that Willy said, it put him in mind of wreaths of snow. He asked

this man if he knew a little boy called Johnny, whose mother was blind.

“Yes,” replied he, “I am his uncle. Have you seen him lately? I have not heard of him for a long time.”

Willy was much pleased to have found out Johnny’s uncle, and to be able to tell him that Johnny was well, and to give him news of all the family.

They then went into another work-room, where they saw the cotton twisting into threads, and the children busy joining these threads when they broke. This pleased him much, for after all he had heard from Johnny, they seemed like old acquaintances ;

but he asked what those children were doing who went about wiping every thing.

“All this twisting and twirling of the cotton wool,” said his father, “makes a great deal of dust, which would injure the machinery, and prevent it from working, if it collected on it ; so these children are employed to wipe it away, and keep every thing clean.”

They then went into another room where the cotton thread, which had been wound off from the spindles after it had been sufficiently spun, was being made up into skeins, and this was done by women and children. At last they were taken to

see the great water-wheel which put all the machinery into motion, and Willy declared that it was as big again as the wheel at the corn mill, and he thought it must be as strong as a hundred horses to be able to make so many things move.

“Every thing seems alive in the factory,” said he; “nothing stands still except the people, who are really alive, and they move only when they have threads to tie, or other work to do, whilst the machinery is at work all day long; it works a great deal harder, and does a great deal more, than all the live people.”

“Very true,” observed his

papa, "but the machinery would work to no purpose if these living people did not set things to rights when they went wrong."

"Yes," said Willy, "if there was nobody to join the threads when they broke, the wheel might go round and round for ever; there would be no thread to twist."

He then asked if all the people who worked in the factory were paid for it.

"Certainly," replied his papa, "they are paid by the person to whom the factory belongs."

"He must have a great deal of money to pay so many people; where does he get it all?"

“By selling the thread after it is spun,” said his mamma.

“There must be a great deal of cotton thread to sell, indeed,” said Willy; “but do you think he will get money enough for it, to pay all these people?”

“Yes, and a great deal more; for he must get money enough to pay for the cotton, which comes from countries a great way off, and for all the machinery. And then he must get something over, for he would not take so much trouble, if he did not make some profits to put into his pocket.”

“What are *profits*?” inquired Willy.

“I will tell you what profits

are," said his mother ; " it is the *little over* which the landlady makes at the inn."

" But a manufacture is not at all like an inn," observed Willy.

" Not much," replied she ; " but the manufacturer buys the cotton, and when he has spun it into thread he sells it again, and he sells it for more than it cost him, and what he gets over is profit."

" Oh yes, now I understand it," said Willy, " and with what he gets over he buys clothes and dinners for his children, and sends them to school, as the landlady did."

" Yes," said his father, " he may spend his profits in what-

ever manner he chooses. And it has pleased the good Mr. Joseph Strutt, to whom this factory belongs, to spend a great deal of his profits in making that fine garden for the people."

"Oh how good he is!" cried Willy. "But, Papa, does everybody who sells things sell them for a little more than the things cost him?"

"Yes," said his father. "But we have had enough of buying and selling now, and I should think more than enough to puzzle your little head."

"I was puzzled," said Willy, "till I thought of the landlady at the inn and her pockets full of money, made by people paying

a little over, and then I understood it.”

The next day they continued their journey by railway, and arrived safely at grandmamma's country-house, where they were to spend a month.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

WILLY was highly delighted with every thing he saw at his grandmamma's house; it was quite unlike his papa's house in town; the rooms were smaller, and the curtains, and tables, and chairs were not so fine; but then there were cows with their calves in the cow-house, and horses with their young colts in the stables, and sheep in the meadows with their lambs skipping about them, and hens with their chickens in the poultry yard, and ducks and geese swimming in the pond; and they all looked as if they

were so happy and so hungry ; for, excepting the birds, which were swimming in the water, they were all busy eating. “ As for the cows and sheep,” said Willy, “ they may eat all day long, and I believe they do ; for only look at that cow, Grandmamma, lying down to rest ; she is still chewing the grass she has been eating.”

“ That cows always do,” replied his grandmother ; “ when they eat grass they do not chew it, but put it into a sort of bag, or pouch, they have inside them, and when the bag is full they lie down, and whilst they are resting they bring the grass out of this pouch back into their

mouths, chew it at their leisure, and then swallow it, just as we do our food."

Grandmamma then took Willy to a little garden, which had been made on purpose for him. "The gardener," said she, "has got it into very good order for you, and you are to keep it so. Look at these rows of peas, they are now in blossom — next week these blossoms will fall."

"Oh! I shall be very sorry for that," said Willy; "they look so pretty, and they smell so sweet," added he, putting his nose close to one of the flowers, "it is a pity they do not last longer."

"But when they are gone

something better, though not so pretty, will come in their place ; instead of flowers, there will be peas in a pod."

"I know what pea-pods are," said Willy, "very well ; for though we have no garden in London, the cook buys peas, and sometimes Mamma lets me shell them. I like shelling peas very much, the pod cracks and opens so nicely, and the pretty little round peas lie so straight in a row. But how can these flowers turn into pods ? they are not the least like pods."

"Perhaps we may find a pod already formed," said his grandmother, "and then you will see." So she took Willy by the hand,

and they looked carefully all over the row of peas a long time without success; at last they found upon one stalk the remains of a flower, the greater part of which had already fallen to the ground. Grandmamma picked off what remained, and then showed Willy a very small pod; but she would not open it, "because," she said, "the peas would be too small to eat, she thought not larger than pins' heads; next week," added she "they will be fit to gather, and then you will give mamma and me a dish of peas from your garden." Willy was highly pleased at this idea, and declared he would shell them himself;

he only regretted that next week would be so long coming.

“Well,” said his grandmamma, “let us see if there is nothing ripe for you to gather now. Here are some lettuces, rather small yet, it is true, but I think, if you choose two or three of the largest, they will make a salad.”

“Oh, Grandmamma,” said Willy, “they must be large enough, for they are twenty times bigger than a pea.”

“That don’t signify ; peas and lettuces cannot be compared together, they are so different.” She then took out her garden-knife, and showed Willy how to cut a lettuce, and having cut one

herself, she let Willy cut two ; the first he cut rather awkwardly, but with the second he succeeded tolerably well. "Now," said he, "I must take them in to the cook, to be boiled."

"No, you are thinking again of your peas ; lettuces are eaten without any boiling ; you have only to wash them well, and pour some oil and vinegar over them, with a little salt, and they will make a nice salad."

Willy then gathered a nosegay for his mamma : he chose first a full-blown rose ; "then," said he, "there must be some buds too ; little buds are like the little children of the rose, and mamma is very fond of little children ;"

then he gathered some jessamine and several other flowers, and was very proud that this beautiful nosegay should come from his own garden, and he felt that he loved his grandmamma better than ever for having given it to him. The only fear he had was that he should not know how to keep it in order; "I have seen a gardener dig and hoe," said he, "but their spades and hoes are so large and so heavy, that when I tried to use them, I could scarcely lift them." Grandmamma then called to the gardener, who was at work in another part of the garden, and he came up, holding his spade in his hand. Willy tried to handle

it, but he could scarcely lift it from the ground. He looked very sorrowful, but grandmamma smiled, and said, "Little children must have little tools to work with." She then took him to a tool-house, where, amongst a number of large tools, she found a complete set of small ones, fit for a boy of Willy's age to use. Oh ! if you had but seen how he jumped about for joy, and then sprang up to kiss his grandmamma for her charming present !

"These tools will be of no use," said she, "unless you know how to work with them ; but if you are a good child, and mind what the gardener tells you, you

will learn to be a little gardener yourself."

"That I will," said Willy; "I shall be a little gardener, just big enough for my little garden."

They then returned to the house, and grandmamma took out her spinning-wheel and began to spin. This delighted Willy, who immediately told her all he had seen at the factory, and how much her wheel was like the machinery there; and then he laughed, and said, "that her foot had been compared to a steam-engine."

"Not quite so powerful," replied she; "but it is strong enough to set every thing going

in my little factory; and a factory it is, as well as the great ones, for it makes thread as good as they do, though not so much, I must allow."

THE GARDENER.

THE gardener, who had promised to teach Willy gardening, said he was just then very busy about his celery, but that if he would come to him in the evening he would be at leisure ; “ or if,” added he, “ you like to come and see me at work now, you may learn something.” Willy willingly agreed to do this ; so he tied up his tools, and carried them over his shoulder. The gardener said, “ if he meant to see him work, he must not meddle with his tools, as it would interrupt him,

and he should not be able to get on with his work." Willy promised he would not use his new tools, but he could not bear to part with them.

When they reached the celery bed, Willy thought the celery looked very nice and clean, and that the gardener was going to gather it, for he remembered having eaten some in salad ; and he asked the gardener if he would give him "one stick of celery to put into his salad of lettuces ?" but the gardener said, the celery was not fit for gathering yet ; and, to Willy's great surprise, he found that the gardener was busy covering all these plants with earth, and

patting it over them with his spade, just as if they were dirty rubbish, fit for nothing but to be buried in the ground. He could not help crying out, "Oh dear! how can you cover that nice celery with dirt? you will quite spoil it."

"Not a bit," replied the gardener; "it will grow much finer and whiter under the ground than above it. If I let it grow up like other plants, it would be green like them, and so bitter that you could not eat it; but when it is covered up from the light it grows white and crisp, and good to eat."

"Well," said Willy, "I never should have thought that all that

dirty earth could have done it any good."

"Your nurse will call this earth dirt if it gets upon your clothes and soils them ; but I can tell you, that earth is one of the best things we have. What would become of this garden if there were not earth for the trees and plants of all sorts to grow in ? Why, you would have neither flowers nor fruit, and I'm sure that would not please you !"

"No indeed," said Willy, "but you do not cover all the other plants with earth, as you do the celery ?"

"No, because we do not want them to grow white ; they do much better with green leaves

and coloured blossoms and fruit; so we only cover their roots with earth: that is what all plants want. Ah! you little know all the good that happens under this dirty ground, which you despise so much. Have you never sown any seeds?"

"Oh yes, very often."

"Well, then, you know, seeds are little brown things, much of the colour of dirt, and perhaps you may think no better of them than you do of earth; but do you know what they grow into when they are sown?"

"Yes; they turn into flowers, and leaves, and all sorts of pretty things. But I cannot think how all this happens in

that dark dirty place underground. I wish I could make a hole down deep enough in the earth to see how the seed is changing into the pretty plant."

"But if you did," replied the gardener, "you could not see what passed there, it is so dark. We none of us know how it is done; but we know who it is that does it. It is the good God, who does so many wonderful things; and we must never forget to thank him for it. However, I know a little more about it than you do, for I have done nothing but work in the garden these fifty years and more. I have sown so many seeds, and watered so many flowers, and

gathered so much fruit, that it would be strange if I did not know something about it."

"But you cannot see in the dark any better than I can," said Willy: "so how can you know what happens to the seed underground?"

"It is not by looking at the seed underground, but by taking it up when it is beginning to grow, that I see how it grows. Come along with me," said he, taking Willy by the hand, and carrying his hoe with the other; and he led him to another part of the garden, where there was a bed of fresh earth raked over, quite smooth and neat.

"Are you going to sow some

seeds in this bed ?” asked Willy, “ for there is nothing growing in it ?”

“ I sowed the seeds some days ago, and by this time I am sure they are all growing ; that is, beginning to change into plants ; but they have not had time to grow up above ground yet :” then he took his hoe, and turned up a little bit of the earth, and there he found three or four seeds of kidney beans beginning to sprout out and grow. He took up one, and showing it to Willy, said, “ Look here, what has happened to this seed !”

“ I don’t know,” replied Willy, “ but I think it must have been broken in falling, when it was

sown, for you see it is split quite open, and spoiled ; so this poor seed will never grow."

"It is not spoiled at all," said the gardener ; "for it must be split open to be changed into a plant. The skin of the seed cracks, and through the crack the little stem or stalk of the plant grows up."

"But there is nothing growing out of this split seed."

"No, there has not been time for the stem to grow long enough to get through the crack. But let us go to the other end of the row, where the seeds were sown a day or two earlier." They did so, and upon turning up the earth they found several seeds in

which a little stem was growing out of the split seed. This delighted Willy, who also picked up a seed which seemed to have two stems, but the gardener told him one of them was the root of the plant, and would grow down into the ground instead of upright into the air. Then looking carefully along the bed, they saw several tiny stems, scarcely bigger than threads, peeping above ground.

“I should like to know all about these seeds and flowers,” said Willy, “it is so very curious.”

“I cannot teach you more than I have learnt myself by working in my garden ; but there are many people who know more

about it from reading in books, and I dare say when you grow up your papa will teach you more about it."

The good old gardener then took Willy back to the house; and every evening Willy went with him to learn how to work in his little garden. The following week the peas were large enough to gather, and Willy shelled them himself; and, I believe, he watched them whilst they were boiling on the fire; and if he had been strong enough I do think he would have carried them himself and placed them on the dinner table; however, he had the satisfaction of seeing

them, and hearing them praised by his parents, and he thought he had never tasted any thing so good in all his life.

THE LITTLE COWARD.

WHEN Willy had been some time at his grandmother's, and made acquaintance with every thing about the farm, and had been taught by the old gardener to take care of his little garden, his grandmother told him that she expected some friends from London. She said they would bring with them a little boy about his own age, who, she hoped, would make a pleasant companion for him ; " I do not know him," added she, " but as he has always lived in London, I dare say

every thing in the country will be new to him and amuse him.” The thoughts of a play-fellow pleased Willy much, and he was watching the greater part of the day for the arrival of the carriage: at last he heard the trotting of the horses, and the rolling of the wheels, and presently a carriage stopped at the door, and the bell rung. The party soon alighted, and appeared in the drawing-room; but the little boy, whose name was Tommy, attracted all Willy’s attention. There was some shyness between them at first, but they soon got over it, and made acquaintance; and then Willy took Tommy away to show him his garden.

There they feasted on gooseberries and currants ; but unfortunately Tommy, in thrusting his hand into a gooseberry-bush, got a thorn into one of his fingers, which hurt him sadly.

“ Oh ! you must come in and have it taken out,” said Willy, “ and then the pain will be over.”

But Tommy did not like to do this, for he fancied that taking it out would give him still more pain ; however he was ashamed to say so, and went into the house and told his mamma what had happened.

“ You see, Mamma,” said he, “ that I was not afraid of thrusting my hand into the goose-

berry-bush." Poor Tommy knew he was a coward, and therefore he was very glad when he had any thing which he thought courageous to boast of.

"I think it would have been better if you had been afraid," replied his mother. "There is always danger of being pricked, at least by thorns, when you put your hand into a gooseberry-bush, and you should never run into danger when there is no reason for it."

"Well, now let us look at this finger," and she brought her needle for the purpose of taking out the thorn. At sight of the needle poor Tommy's courage was all gone, and in-

stead of holding out his hand he ran off to the farthest corner of the room, and it was not without some difficulty that she got him to consent to have the thorn taken out. When this was done, and he found the pain entirely gone, he thought he had been very foolish to make such a fuss about it, for the pain of taking out the thorn had been very short, and now it was all over, and he should have felt quite happy if he had not been ashamed of his cowardice.

At night he slept in the same room as Willy, and in the morning he was awakened by the crowing of the cocks, and he wanted Willy to get up that he

might go and see them in the poultry-yard. Willy said it was too early, and that he must turn about and go to sleep again ; but Tommy remained awake listening with delight to the noise of cock-a-doodle-do, cock-a-doodle-doo. By and by he heard another noise, and he could not conceive what it was ; it sounded like beating somebody, and he was sadly frightened, thinking perhaps they might come and beat him. But he was ashamed to awake Willy, who had fallen asleep again, lest he should again laugh at him for his cowardice. So he lay awake, trembling with fear, till Willy awoke. He then ask-

ed him what the noise was, and Willy burst out laughing when he saw how frightened Tommy was.

“But are they not beating somebody very hard?” cried Tommy.

“No,” replied Willy; “they are beating some thing, not some person.”

“Well! but they must hurt it very much: I wonder you can laugh so.”

“Dress yourself quickly, and come and see what it is, and then you will laugh too.”

As soon as they were dressed, Willy took him to the barn, and there they saw four men threshing corn.

Tommy tried to laugh, but he did not do it heartily, for he could not help thinking that those broken sticks tied together might by chance give him a blow, instead of the corn. Willy told him those sticks always struck at the same distance, so it was very easy for them to know how near they might go to the threshers without danger, and he walked boldly on, whilst Tommy followed him timidly, always keeping at a greater distance than Willy; and he was very glad when Willy proposed that they should go and see the cocks and hens, for he was not at all afraid of them. Then there were ducks, too,

swimming about in a pretty little round pond, with their little ducklings swimming after them.

“I wonder the little chickens do not go into the water too,” said Tommy. Willy told him they could not swim, so that if they went into the water they would be drowned; and the dairy-maid, who was there feeding the poultry, took up a little duckling, and showed Tommy how its feet were made. “They look like long fingers,” said Tommy, “only they are joined together by a thick skin.” Then she took up a chicken, and showed him it had no skin between its toes. “It is this skin,” said she, “which makes the ducks swim: look how

the great duck paddles in the water with his two legs, just as a man paddles in a boat with his paddles or oars." She then gave the boys some food to throw to the poultry, upon which they all gathered round Willy and Tommy, ducks, chickens, turkeys, and all; and even the pigeons flew down from the pigeon-house to partake of the feast. Tommy thought this extremely diverting, though he could not help sometimes shrinking back a little when a great turkey, or a cock with his red comb, came very near him. Many of the birds quarrelled with each other for the crumbs, and at last the turkey-cock grew so enraged, that

he stretched out his great black tail like a fan, his throat swelled and became purple, his eyes and comb became red and fiery, and he screamed out gobbledy, gobbledy, gobbledy; upon which Tommy let fall the dish in which he held the crumbs, and scampered away as fast as his legs could carry him. Willy halloed after him to stop him, but nothing could persuade him to come near the squalling turkey-cock. "Well," said Willy, "I think it is of no use your coming into the country, if you are afraid of every thing that is amusing."

THE COWARD, CONTINUED.

THE two boys were going in to breakfast when they met the old nurse, who told them to come along with her, and they should have their breakfast out of doors. When they got there, they found the dairy-maid, who had finished feeding the poultry, and was now milking the cows.

“ Well, Master Tommy,” said she, “ have you got over your fright of the turkey-cock ? I think,” added she, “ that you are apt to be afraid when there is no

danger, and not when there is ; for you are standing now close by the hind legs of my cow, and if she gave you a kick, she would hurt you much more than any turkey-cock could ever do." Tommy jumped away in an instant, and placed himself close beside the dairy-maid, as if for protection. She then went on milking and filled two jugs, the milk frothing up above the brim ; and nurse said, the boys had better drink it there, while it was warm from the cow, than take it home across the farmyard to the nursery ; and she gave them each a thick slice of bread and butter to eat with the milk. They sat down on two low milk-

ing stools, and ate their breakfasts with great appetite; but just as Tommy held the jug up to his mouth, while his nose dipped into the froth, a donkey who was in one of the stalls began to bray. He had never heard an ass bray in his life, and certainly it is as ugly and disagreeable a noise as can be made by any animal, so it is no wonder that he was frightened. Down fell the jug on the ground, the milk was all spilt, but luckily the mug was not broken. Tommy was going to run away, but the nurse, and the dairy-maid, and Willy, all laughed so much at him, that he stood still, as pale as a sheet, and trembling with fear. "Why, what

is it? and where is it? or who is it? Won't it hurt us?"

"You goose," said Willy, "it is nothing but the donkey, the nice little donkey that you are to ride upon after breakfast."

"Oh no, no," cried Tommy, "I will not ride upon it, indeed I will not."

Nurse then took the boys in doors. They each learnt their lessons very well, and then two donkeys were brought to the door for them to ride; but Tommy would not go near them. Willy was much vexed at this, and tried all he could to persuade him to mount one of the donkeys. "See how quiet and

gentle they look," said he, "and then the boy who goes with us can lead yours, if you like it." But Tommy could not be persuaded, saying, that if it began braying again he should be so much frightened that he was sure he should fall off. "Then you must go alone, Willy," said his grandmamma; so Willy jumped up, and trotted away. "See what a pleasure you lose," said his mother to Tommy, "from being such a coward."

His mother's observation was very true; he was obliged to take a walk all alone; and as he did not like to go into the lanes, or high roads, for fear of meeting

with something that would frighten him, he rambled about the fields, where he unfortunately met with a drove of cows. Some of them were a little skittish, and one of them was running up towards Tommy, who in his fright, in order to avoid her, scrambled up a small tree which stood close by. The drover called to him to come down, telling him the cows would do him no harm, but he said he would rather stay where he was till they were gone by. The drover only laughed at him; but while the cows were passing underneath the tree, the branch on which Tommy sat, so safely as he supposed, gave way, and Tommy, and branch and all,

came tumbling down amidst the drove of cows. The cows were now frightened in their turn, and went kicking and scampering about. The hoof of one of them struck poor Tommy, as he lay on the ground, and hurt him sadly. The drover took him up in his arms, and carried him home to the house, where he was put to bed, and the doctor sent for. His poor mother was sadly grieved at this accident, and the more so when she found that it was merely owing to her son's cowardice. Tommy suffered a great deal of pain from being bruised by the cattle, and having sprained his ankle in the fall, was obliged to keep his bed

for some days. He had then a great deal of time to think, and he often thought hōw unlucky he was to meet with so many accidents; but as he was thinking, it came into his mind that there was more folly than ill-luck, and when he began to count over his misfortunes, he found that, excepting the thorn in his finger, they all arose from his cowardice. Oh, how he longed to get rid of his cowardice! But still he felt that he had not the courage to do so.

One day as he was lying in bed with his eyes shut, his mamma, who was sitting in the room at work with his grand-

mamma, thinking that Tommy was asleep, said,—

“What would I give, if my poor child could get rid of that sad fault. It makes his life unhappy, and mine too, I am sure; for I am always afraid of some accident happening to him, and then it grieves me to the heart that he should be so weak and foolish.”

Grandmamma tried to comfort her, and said that she hoped, as he grew older, he would get more courage.

Tommy peeped through his eye-lashes, and saw his mother's eyes full of tears. This made him feel very unhappy. He had always thought that nobody suf-

ferred from his cowardice but himself; and he could not bear the idea of making his mother unhappy. When she heard him move in the bed, she said, "Now I must go and give him his medicine, and even that is a painful task for me. I am obliged both to scold and coax in order to make him take it." What was her surprise when, on offering him the dose, he swallowed it at one draught, without even making a wry face, and then flung his arms round his mother's neck, saying, "Dear Mamma, does that make you happy?"

"Yes, my love, indeed it does," said she; "but how is it

that you have all at once become so courageous ?”

“ It is from hearing what you said just now to grandmamma,” replied he. “ I am so very sorry to have made you unhappy, that I do not think that I shall ever be a coward again. I can’t be sure, but I hope so. I will try all I can.”

And Tommy kept his word. I do not mean to say that he never shrunk back, or that he did not suffer a great deal from fright ; but the idea of his mother’s unhappiness always kept up his courage, and after some time he got completely rid of this fault.

THE LITTLE WASHERWOMAN.

THE time now came for Willy to return with his parents to London. He was very sorry to leave his dear Grandmamma, his nice little garden, and the good old gardener. He was very sorry, too, to part with Tommy, who since he began to get rid of his cowardice was a very pleasant companion ; but there was no choice, so he tried to make the best of it. The rail-road soon diverted his thoughts, and he began moving about from place to place, rather

to the disturbance of the passengers. His mother desired him to sit still; but then he began to yawn. A lady in the carriage called him to her, and placing him on her knees, said, "Now, I dare say you love stories, don't you?"

"Oh yes, very much," cried Willy, whose yawning suddenly ceased. "Well, then, as I see you are an obedient child, I will tell you one. But my stories are about little girls; for I lived as governess with little girls when I was younger than I am now, and I used to tell them stories about girls."

"Oh, that don't signify," said Willy; "I like all stories, whe-

ther they are about girls or boys, or any thing else, and I shall be very glad if you will be so kind as to tell me one." Then the lady began in the following manner:—

"There was once a washer-woman whose name was Mrs. Brown. She had a daughter called Lucy, who was a quick clever child, and who, though only ten years old, was already of some use to her mother, in helping her to wash and iron. As the common irons were too heavy for her, her mother bought her a small one. Lucy was very proud of it, and with it she used to iron children's pocket-handkerchiefs and night-

caps, and other things which were small, and easily ironed. She also went with her mother to gentlemen's houses to fetch the linen to be washed.

“ One day, while they were at a gentleman's house, counting out the linen they were to take away, two little girls ran into the room. The elder, who was eight years old, was called Anne, and the name of the younger, who was only six, was Susan.”

“ Why that is just like Sophy and Cary,” said Willy, “ but go on.”

The lady then continued.

“ ‘ Oh, Mrs. Brown ! ’ said Anne, ‘ I am so glad you and Lucy are come, for we want

our doll's clothes to be washed. Cannot you wash them for us ?'

" ' To be sure I can, Miss,' answered Mrs. Brown ; ' but I thought you always washed them yourselves.'

" ' Yes, we do in general,' said Susan, ' but we are going to have a little party of friends, so we want the doll to be very nicely dressed, and I am sure you would wash her clothes much better than we could.'

" ' But, perhaps,' added she, ' Lucy can wash them ; for I know you have taught her to wash ; and then she has a nice little iron of her own, which I think would iron dolls' clothes

better than a large one. Do you think you could, Lucy ?’

“ Lucy coloured up with pleasure that the young ladies should trust their doll’s clothes to her, and timidly answered ‘ Yes.’ Anne then asked on what day Mrs. Brown brought the linen home, and when she heard it was not till Saturday, she exclaimed, ‘ Oh dear ! that will never do, for our little party is to-morrow evening.’ ”

“ ‘ I can wash them out to-day,’ said Lucy, ‘ iron them to-morrow morning, and bring them home in good time.’ ”

“ ‘ That will do very well,’ said Susan, ‘ and I will tell you what, if they are nicely done, I will

give you one of the cakes that we are to have to treat our friends with. Then you must take particular care of this frock. Only look how pretty it is,' said she, holding up the doll's frock; 'it is covered all over with little worked sprigs, and the muslin is so clear, that you can see quite through it, and the doll has a beautiful pink slip to wear underneath it. But we do not send that to be washed, because it is made of satin, and satin does not wash. This white petticoat,' said she, 'is only an under one, and then, here is her shift, for Miss Dolly must be clean from top to toe, that the company may admire her.'

“Anne also desired that great care should be taken of the frock ; ‘for,’ said she, “it is so thin, that, if you were to rub it hard, you would be sure to tear it.’

“Lucy promised to mind all they said, and the bundles of linen being now tied up, Mrs. Brown and her daughter carried them away.”

“Well !” said Willy, “I dare say something will happen to the poor doll’s clothes.”

“We shall see,” replied the lady, and continued her story.

“When Lucy got home she began immediately to wash out the doll’s clothes, and then she hung them out in the garden to

dry. She took care not to spread them on a gooseberry bush, or on any plant that had thorns, which might tear them, but hung them over a little line, and when they were dry, she took them in, sprinkled them, and folded them up."

The train now stopped at a station, and there was so much bustle made by the passengers, some of whom were getting out of the carriages and others getting in, some taking leave of their friends and others meeting friends, that the lady could not go on with her story; but when every one was settled, Willy looked very wistfully at her, and said, "Now we are all

so nice and quiet, won't you go on with the story." And the lady went on as follows.

"The next morning Lucy was very impatient to iron the doll's clothes. Her mother bade her take care not to make her iron too hot lest she should scorch them, and told her every time she heated it in the fire to try it on something else before she began ironing. This Lucy did very carefully ; but as the iron never scorched the linen on which she tried it, she thought she might go on without further trials. She succeeded very well. The shift and the petticoat were nicely ironed and folded up, and she had half-finished ironing the

frock, when her mother called her to help her to lift a heavy basket full of clothes, and as her iron was nearly cool she put it to the fire while she went to help her mother. As soon as she returned, she began ironing again, when, lo and behold ! there was a great scorch all up the frock from top to bottom. Poor Lucy knew not what to do : she thought of the young ladies, of their party of friends, and of the nice cake they would have given her if she had done her task well. She was ashamed to go and ask her mother what she should do, because she had neglected to follow her advice. After looking at the long yellow

stain in dismay for some time, she at last thought she might perhaps wash it out, and dry it and iron it in time to set all right. So she put it into her own little washing-tub and began rubbing it, in hopes of getting out the stain. But it still remained ; so she rubbed harder and harder, till at last she tore a great hole in the muslin. Then she thought all was lost, and in despair she burst into tears. Her mother came to know what was the matter, and began scolding her for being so careless ; but when she found how much grieved Lucy was, she tried to make the best of it. She finished getting up the frock her-

self, and then laying all the doll's clothes nicely in a little basket, she bade Lucy carry them home and confess the truth. Poor Lucy was sadly frightened at the idea of carrying home the frock in this condition, thinking she should be scolded, and that the young ladies would never let her wash their things any more. As for the piece of cake, she gave that up for lost ; and as she had eaten cake only two or three times in her life, and thought it very nice, she was very sorry to lose it, but not so sorry as she would have been at any other time, for she was too unhappy to care about eating. Well : she walked

towards the young ladies' house with her little basket hanging on her arm, but she went on at a very slow pace; and when she came near the house she sat down on a bank by the road-side to try to gather courage to tell the sad story. She looked anxiously towards the house, when she saw the two little girls popping their heads out at a window which looked down the road. 'Oh!' cried she, 'they are watching for me, but if they see me stopping here they will only think the worse of me for loitering whilst they are so impatient. Then,' added she, 'the sooner it is over the better.' So she got up and walked quickly

towards the house. When she arrived she could not say a word, but the impatient little girls snatched the basket and began unfolding the parcel. What was their horror when they saw the beautiful sprigged muslin frock quite spoilt ! Susan, who was a quick-tempered child, was very angry, and scolded poor Lucy heartily.

“ ‘What a shame !’ said she, ‘to tear our best doll’s frock all to pieces. You shall have no cake, no, that you shall not ;’ and, bursting into tears, she ran away to tell her mamma. Anne was much more moderate. She was older than her sister, and of a more gentle

disposition ; and when she saw the tears running down poor Lucy's cheeks, instead of scolding her, she inquired how it had happened ; and finding that it was merely from a little heedlessness, she begged Lucy to dry up her tears, as she was sure she would be more careful another time. Susan then returned into the room with her mamma, and Lucy again was frightened, expecting a severe scolding from the lady. But instead of that, she spoke to her calmly and good-naturedly ; and Susan, who had been reprimanded by her mother for her violence, stood silent and abashed. Lucy, quite comforted at being so well treat-

ed, dropped a courtesy and was going away, when Susan bid her stay a minute longer, and ran and fetched her the cake. But Lucy did not dare take it. ‘No, Miss!’ she said, ‘I do not deserve it.’ ‘But,’ said the lady, ‘if you do not deserve it on account of the washing, Susan owes you some amends for behaving so ill to you when she was in a passion.’ Lucy blushed and smiled and took the cake, and went away quite happy; and Anne and Susan’s kind mamma soon made them happy too; for she gave them a piece of new muslin, which matched the doll’s frock exactly. Nurse had just time to take out the

spoilt part and sew in a new breadth ; and before their little friends arrived, dolly was in full dress, and very much admired by them all."

THE RETURN TO OLD FRIENDS.

“WELL, that is a pretty story,” said Willy; “and do you know a great many others?”

“Yes,” said the lady; “but I should be out of breath if I told you stories all the way; besides, I want to talk to other people as well as to you.”

Willy thought that was but fair; and, after thanking the lady for her kindness, he returned to seat himself by his mamma, who told him they would soon reach Derby. This pleased him highly. “Then,”

said he, "I shall see my old friend Anna, the landlady's daughter at the inn. Oh! but we shall not see the blind woman and her children."

"Possibly we may," replied his mother, "for to-morrow is Sunday, and that is the day they are most likely to go to see their old mother."

Soon after they reached Derby, Willy renewed acquaintance with Anna and the landlady; and in the evening they went to walk in the Arboretum, and there they met all the family, except the blind woman herself.

"Where is she?" asked Willy's mother. "I hope not ill?"

“ Oh dear, no, Ma’am,” cried Martha, her eyes sparkling with joy at the good news she had to tell ; “ well, quite well ; and she can see us all now, she is no longer blind.”

“ Oh, how glad I am,” said Willy. “ Where is she ? How happy she must be, and how I should like to see her now she can see ! ”

“ She is at the hospital,” said Martha. “ She was couched only about ten days ago, and is not allowed yet to go abroad in the daylight ; but if you had but seen her kiss us all round when her eyes first saw, and then kneel down and thank God for restoring her sight, and preserv-

ing all her children so that she had the blessing of seeing them again. Well, I really thought we should have cried our eyes out, we were all so happy ! ”

“ Cry for being happy ! ” said Willy ; “ why I thought people laughed when they were happy. ”

“ So they do, ” said Martha ; “ but when they are very, very glad, they cannot laugh, and then they sometimes cry for joy. ”

Willy told Betsey and Johnny all about grandmamma’s farm and his own little garden ; and they, in return, told him all about their mother going to the hospital, and how the surgeons had done something to her eyes

which made her see ; and what a treat their grandmother was going to give them when mother was well enough to leave the hospital. “ It is to be a grand drinking tea in the gardens,” said she, “ and I don’t know how many nice things there will be. She is, I believe, making some of the pies and cakes already.”

When they returned to the inn, there was still daylight enough for Willy to go over the landlady’s garden with his friend Anna, and she showed him the apricot and peach trees, which were now full of ripe fruit, whilst, at their first visit, Willy had scarcely noticed them, seeing

nothing but small green balls growing on their branches.

“I will tell you a secret,” said Anna, “if you will keep it. Mamma bade me gather some of these apricots and peaches, and put them in a nice little basket, almost quite new, and cover the fruit over with fresh green leaves, as she means to give it to your mamma when she goes away, to eat while she is on the railroad.”

The next morning the landlady came with her bill to be paid, and Willy was very glad when he saw his mamma take two sovereigns out of her purse, and a great many shillings, for he thought, “I hope she will

have a good deal instead of a *little over*." Then Anna came with the nice basket of fruit and offered it ; and Willy's mamma was much pleased, and thanked her, and gave her a pretty silver pencil-case in return, which delighted Anna.

In a few hours more Willy's travels were ended by his arrival in London ; we shall therefore take leave of him, after his pleasant journey and his happy return.

THE END.

LONDON:
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