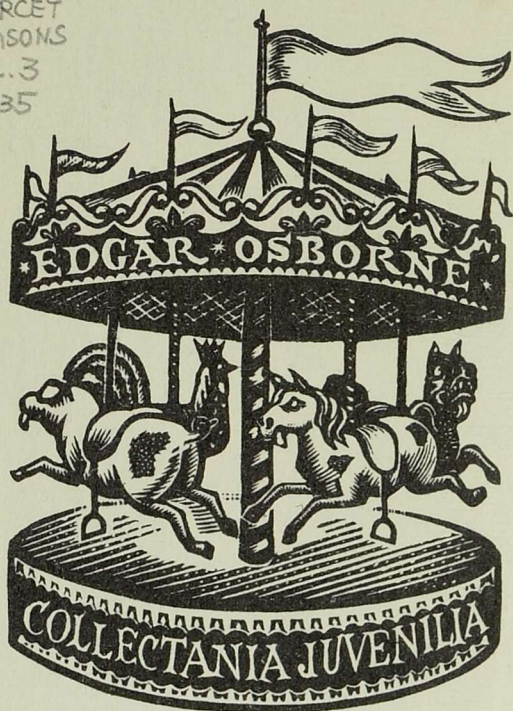




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THE SEASONS.

STORIES

FOR

VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

SUMMER.

BY JANE MARCET,

AUTHOR OF

“CONVERSATIONS ON CHEMISTRY,”
&c. &c.

Second Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,
PATERNOSTER-RROW.

1835.

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THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST
BY JOHN BURNET
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND VOLUME
LONDON
Printed by J. Sturges, at the Black-Swan in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1680.

CONTENTS

STORIES

FOR

VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

SUMMER.

ADDRESS TO MOTHERS.

As Willy was an intelligent child, his Mother thought that he could now begin to understand, what was the most important of all things for him to learn — the existence of the Deity. She therefore took the opportunity of telling him one day, when he asked her who it

was that made the little leaves and flowers, and folded them up so curiously in the buds, that the whole world, and every thing which belonged to it, was created by an all-powerful Being, whose name was God. She pronounced this word with reverence, and said that it should never be spoken without awe. She told him that every thing he saw, and every thing that he enjoyed, and that made him happy, he owed to God; for it was he who made all things; his Papa and Mamma, his little Sister, and all his friends and relations: the food which he ate, the water he drank, the flowers and fruit he gathered, all were made by this

great and good Being. Willy's attention was very strongly excited, and there was no end to the questions he asked; but as the questions of children on so important a subject, however simple and natural, often appear absurd, I shall not record them. Besides, I think it right that every Mother should be left to her own discretion, both as to the occasion, the manner, and the age, in which to give her child this instruction. I shall, therefore, only mention, that when Willy enquired how he could thank God for all he had done for him, his Mamma taught him a very short and simple prayer, which he repeated every

day, kneeling down and putting his little hands together. Willy expressed a great desire to do what would please God. His Mother told him that God was perfectly good, and loved those who were good; therefore he must try to be good. "Then," added she, "God does good to every one, and to every thing; so you must try to do good."

"But I am too little to do good."

"You cannot do much good," replied she; "but you can do some little. You must be kind and good tempered with your playfellows, and think of pleasing them and making them happy as well as yourself. When you

are good tempered and obedient, you do good to somebody," said his Mamma smiling.

"Who, Mamma?"

"To me, my dear," said she, taking him up in her arms, and kissing him, "because it makes me happy; and whenever you are naughty you do harm, and God will love you less; but if, when you have been naughty, you are sorry for it, really sorry, so that you try not to do so another time, God is kind and merciful, and will forgive you, and love you again."

From this time Willy made greater efforts to be good and kind to every one, and to command himself when he felt that

he was going to fall into a passion, and to check himself when he was fretful or peevish; for he knew that, besides its displeasing his Papa and Mamma, it would displease God, who was so good to him. Willy not only became a better child, but a happier one; for whenever he saw anything beautiful, or wonderful, or curious, he remembered that God had made it, and his little heart beat with gratitude and admiration—for he had felt those sentiments long before he knew either what they meant, or how to express them.

REMOVAL TO ASH GROVE.

PART I.

SUMMER was now come, and Willy learnt with delight that the whole family were to go into the country. Ann was very busy in the nursery packing up, and had little time to attend to Willy's prattle. So to keep him quiet she gave him a large box for him to pack his toys in. Willy was much pleased with this; he fetched all the toys that were scattered about the room, and threw them into the box one after the other, without any

order. The box was soon piled up, so that the lid would not shut before half the toys were put in.

“Oh, this box is not large enough, Ann,” said he; “you must give me another.”

“I have no other to spare,” replied she; “if your toys were well packed, I think it would hold them all.”

She then came to look at the box. “This will never do; here are the large nine-pins tumbled over the two sawyers, and the heavy box of bricks lying on your cart and horses; it is well if they are not broken.”

She then took them all out, and Willy saw with dismay that

the arms of the sawyers were broken, and the sand was all running out by a hole one of the nine-pins had made in it, so that turn the toy which way you would, the sawyers could work no more. Then, when the box of bricks was lifted out, Willy saw one of the wheels of his cart, and the head of one of the horses, broken off; besides a battledore with the leather cracked, and a shuttlecock whose feathers were sadly crushed. This was too much for him to bear; he burst into tears, and cried so loud that his Mother ran up stairs to enquire what was the matter.

“ Oh, Mamma, all my play-

things broken to pieces!" and he sobbed with grief.

His Mamma looked at the broken toys, and then at Willy, and he saw something in her looks that all at once made him remember what she had taught him. Then he stopped crying, and took his Mamma's handkerchief to wipe his eyes; but every now and then a sob burst out.

"God will not mind my sobbing, Mamma, will he? for I cannot stop."

"No, my dear," said his Mother, "he will love you for trying to be good."

"I was so sorry," said Willy, between his sobs, "when I saw

my toys all broken, I could not help crying."

"It is not nearly so wrong to cry, because you are sorry, as it is to cry because you are angry. It is naughty to cry when you are angry and in a passion, but it is only foolish to cry about these playthings. Come, I will show you how to pack them properly."

"Oh, but they are all broken and good for nothing now," said Willy, sorrowfully.

"No, no," replied she; "when we get to Ash Grove we will set the carpenter to mend them."

She then began to put them in the box again; the bricks at the bottom, because they were

the heaviest; then the ninepins, which she carefully stowed in the empty space beside the bricks; next came a light box of Tunbridge dairy articles, and a Noah's ark, and above these were placed the cart and horses: the two sawyers she put within the cart; and after she had pulled out the crushed feathers of the shuttlecock, she stuck it into an empty corner where nothing could touch it; the battledore she slipped down on one side of the box where there was just room to hold it, and she filled up the box with two or three dolls, which were very light.

Willy, who had been observ-

ing her all the time, now exclaimed,—“ Why, Mamma, I think the box is grown larger while you were packing it.”

His Mamma laughed and said,—“ Are boxes alive, Willy, that they can grow ?”

“ No,” said Willy, “ the box is not alive now ; but is it not made of wood, Mamma, like my hoop ?”

“ Yes, my dear.”

“ Then you know, Mamma, the wood the box is made with was a tree once, and grew, till they cut it down to make it into a box.”

“ The wood grew, it is true,” replied she, “ while it was alive in the tree ; but when the tree

was cut down it died, and then the wood could grow no longer.”

“ So then, Mamma, the box is made of dead wood, and that is why it cannot grow.”

“ Yes,” replied she; “ and the tree is made of living wood, and that is the reason it does grow.”

“ And why, Mamma, could you get so many more toys into the box than I did?”

“ Because I took care how I placed them, and made them fit in, so that no empty spaces were left.”

A large cart now drew up to the door; and Willy was much amused with seeing all the boxes and bundles that were to go to

Ash Grove, packed in the cart. He stood upon the balcony watching them, and observed that the servants did it very much in the same way as his Mamma had packed his box. The heavy things were all put at the bottom of the cart, and so nicely arranged side by side that they fitted in close together; the lighter things were then put at top; and Willy was very glad to see his box of toys safely stowed in one corner.

“But look, Mamma,” said he, “how little it looks now.”

“It looks little, because you compare it with the large trunks in the cart.”

“What is compare, Mamma?”

“ Look at the breakfast table, Willy, and now at my work table, which is the largest ? ”

“ Oh, the breakfast table, a great deal, Mamma. ”

“ Well, that is comparing the size of the two tables. Now, if you choose, you may compare their shape, and tell me which you like best. The breakfast table, you see, is round, and the work table square. ”

“ I like a round table best, Mamma ; you may run all round it and not hurt yourself at the corners. ”

“ No, ” said his Mother, laughing ; “ there is not much danger of that, if there are no corners. ”

“ Can you compare any thing else about the tables, Mamma ? ”

“ Yes ; any thing you observe in them . ”

“ Then , ” said he , “ the great table is high , and the little table is low . ”

“ Is it as low as your stool , Willy ? ”

“ Oh dear ! no , Mamma , it is quite high to the stool . ”

“ Yes , ” said his Mother ; “ it is high , if you compare it to the stool , and low if you compare it to the great table . And so your box of toys looked small compared to the large trunks . ”

“ Oh , but , Mamma , ” cried Willy , “ there is something else to compare in the tables ; the

little table has got four legs, and the great table but one; only think of the little table having more legs than the great one!"

"The large table has only one, it is true," said she: "but then observe how thick it is; and there branch out from it three short legs or claws."

"Yes," said Willy; "they look like three little legs growing out of one big one."

"They do not grow any more than the box," said his Mamma, laughing.

"Oh no, I know that the table is made of dead wood, as well as the box."

"Now look at the legs of the

little table," said his Mother, "how slender and small they are; they would not support the large round table, though there are four of them."

"Yes," said Willy, "but I think that the great table ought to have as many legs as the little table."

"And do you think you ought to have as many legs as that fly that is crawling up the window? Count how many it has."

"I cannot count while it is moving about so;" and Willy tried to catch it, to hold it still, but that only made the fly buzz about and fly away; however, at last it settled, and he counted

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. "What a number of legs for such a little thing, whilst I, who am such a great boy, have only two."

His Mamma smiled at his calling himself such a great boy ; so he added, " I mean *compared* to the fly, Mamma. But what does the fly want so many legs for ?"

" To crawl about. You, who walk upright, can do better with two ; you would not like, when you were running, to have six legs to move. So you see, Willy, that large animals can do with fewer legs than small ones."

" And so can a large table, Mamma."

“ I cannot be sure,” replied his Mother, “ whether the number of legs of a table are the right number, because tables are made by carpenters, who may be mistaken. But I am quite sure that the number of legs of animals are the number that is best for them to have, because they are made by God, who is never mistaken.”

“ But if God did not make the tables, Mamma, he made the trees, that the tables are made of, when they are cut down.”

“ Yes, my dear, and he made the men who make the tables ; so you see that every thing

comes from the goodness and power of God.”

“ But, Mamma, are flies animals? Such little tiny things.”

“ That does not prevent their being animals; they are alive, and feel, and move about.”

“ Oh, that they do,” cried Willy, “ for they will hardly ever stand still; they can move about more than I can, for they can walk and crawl like me, and besides that, they can fly.”

“ Small animals,” said his Mother, “ such as a gnat, a bee, and others of the same kind, are called *insects*; try to remember that name.”

REMOVAL TO ASH GROVE.

PART II.

JOHN now came in to say that the carriage was ready. Willy was so impatient to set out, that he was down stairs in a moment ; and forgot his hat, so that he was obliged to go up again to fetch it. They then got into the carriage ; and the coachman drove off for Ash Grove. Willy amused himself with thinking how pleased he should be to see all the pretty flowers in the garden ; and Alpin ; and, above all, Johnny Barton, who had pro-

mised to teach him how to sow seeds, and hoe, and rake, and take care of his garden. After some time he began to grow impatient, and think they would never arrive. He often asked his Mamma when they should get to Ash Grove; till she was weary of answering the same question, and desired him to ask it no more. Willy then amused himself with looking at the wheels of the carriage as they turned round. "The wheels," said he, "go on just like my hoop when I trundle it: but what makes them go round, Mamma; for nobody trundles them?"

"No," said his Mother; "but

what is it that makes the carriage go on?"

"Oh, the horses, to be sure. The horses pull the carriage, and that makes the wheels go round. I know it is very easy to make them go round; for, one day, when the coachman was washing the wheels, he let me turn one of them, and I could do it all alone."

"Because," said his Mamma, "the wheel was lifted off the ground for the coachman to be able to turn it easily, that he might wash it all round; and a wheel is much easier to turn when it is raised off the ground than when it is resting on it. But it is the most difficult to

turn when there is a heavy carriage to draw along, as there is now; neither you nor the coachman would be strong enough to do it; and therefore we get horses to do it, for they are stronger than men.”

“But, Mamma, when I turned the wheel round, the coachman said it was very easy, because he had been greasing the wheels.”

“Grease is a very slippery thing,” said his Mamma; “and by putting the grease to that part of the wheel that fastens it to the carriage, it makes the wheel slide round the axle more easily.”

“What is the axle, Mamma?”

“It is the piece of wood which

goes through the middle of the wheel, and fastens it to the carriage.”

“ Oh, yes, I know,” said Willy; “ it is what the coachman put the grease on — the wheel turns round upon it, and the axle stands still.”

“ The axle does not turn round like the wheel,” said his Mother; “ but, when the carriage goes on, the axle must go on with it: so it does not stand still, but moves straight on.”

“ To be sure,” said Willy, laughing, “ the axle cannot stay behind when the carriage goes on, or else the carriage would be all broken. But the axle stood

quite still when I turned the wheel round, Mamma."

"Certainly," replied she; "because the carriage stood still."

She then leaned out at the carriage window, to show him the axle.

"And what are those pieces of wood that stick out from the axle all round, and are fastened to the great hoop?"

"They are called the spokes of the wheel; and you see they fasten the axle and the hoop together. If they were taken away, the hoop would fall down directly, and could not roll on the carriage."

"Just as my hoop fell down,

Mamma, when I did not know how to trundle it."

The wheels turned round and round, till Willy was tired of looking at them ; but still they did not reach Ash Grove. He again became impatient ; when, fortunately for his amusement, several flies of different sorts flew into the carriage. — "Look, Mamma," said Willy, "at those little animals — no, insects I mean ; that is the name you told me."

"Yes," replied his Mother ; "but you must remember that insects are animals also."

"Oh ! there is a beautiful large blue one crawling up the window outside: it is larger than

a fly, and has such long thin wings, I can see quite through them. I can see its head and its tiny mouth, Mamma. Is it a gnat?"

"No, my dear: it is called a dragon fly."

"But it is called an insect, too, Mamma, is not it?"

"Certainly," replied she.

"Then, what a great number of names it has; for it is an animal, and an insect, and a dragon fly; one, two, three names, for such a little thing!"

"Suppose, Willy, you were to come to me and say,—'Mamma, when I was out walking, I saw an animal'—how could I guess what sort of an animal you had seen?"

“ Oh, but I should tell you whether it was an insect, or a bird, or a fish, or a great animal with four legs.”

“ You could not, if it had no other name than animal.”

“ No,” replied Willy; “ I know it must have another name besides animal.”

“ Well, then, suppose you told me that it was an insect you had seen; I should ask you what sort of insect it was.”

“ Then, Mamma, if I said a dragon fly, you would know all about it?”

“ I should know, at least, what insect you had seen.”

“ And have all insects three

names, Mamma, as well as the dragon fly ?”

“Yes: first, they are all animals; then they are all of them insects; then they have each different names to distinguish the different sorts of insects. One is a dragon fly, another is a bee, another a butterfly: but I should never have finished, were I to name them all, there are so many; indeed, I do not know the names of half of them.”

“Not you, Mamma?” exclaimed Willy, with surprise.

“No, my dear; there are a great many things I do not know.”

“And have birds three names too, Mamma?”

“Yes; but try to find them out yourself. What are the three names of the little bird you fed with crumbs of bread last winter?”

“First, it was an animal,” said he, thoughtfully; “that I am sure of: then it was a bird, because it flew——”

“Stop!” said his Mother; “are there not some animals that fly, that are not birds?”

“No, Mamma; horses, and cows, and those sort of animals, do not fly.”

“But, Willy, have you already forgotten the insects we have been talking about so long?”

“Oh dear; to be sure, insects fly—they are always flying

about: but I forget they are animals, because they are so little."

"Then," said his Mother, "if birds fly, and insects fly, how can you tell one from the other?"

"Oh, it is very easy to know a bird from an insect," said Willy; "a bird is so much larger."

"In some countries," said his Mother, "there are birds so small, and insects so large, that you could not distinguish them one from the other by their size."

"Then, how do the people there know birds from insects?"

"A bird," replied his Mother,

“has feathers, and no other sort of animal has. Well, now, tell me the third name of the bird, Willy.”

“Oh, I remember, Mamma, it was a sparrow.

“And have not great large animals, like cows and horses, three names, as well as birds and insects?”

“Yes,” replied his Mother; “but one of their names is very difficult—I am afraid you will hardly be able to remember it. They are called quadrupeds.”

“What an odd name!” exclaimed Willy: “and what does it mean?”

“It means an animal with four feet.”

“Then dogs, and cats, and rats, and mice, are quadrupeds, as well as cows and horses?”

“Certainly,” replied his Mother.

“Look, Mamma,” cried Willy; “there are a great number of quadrupeds in that field.”

“What are they?”

“Why, first, they are animals, Mamma; then they are quadrupeds; and, besides that, they are sheep.”

“Well, now you see, Willy, that four-legged animals have three names as well as birds and insects.”

As they were talking, time had passed on so quickly, that Willy was quite surprised when

they came within sight of the house. — “There it is, Mamma!” exclaimed he: “not the little tiny house that we saw from the hill; but great Ash Grove, as large as it really is.”

THE FIRST DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

WHEN they arrived at Ash Grove, Willy went into the house to see his new nursery, as he called it. He found Ann there, very busy unpacking the trunks; and when he had looked about him a little, he said—“ This is not a new nursery—it is my old nursery. I remember the closet where I kept my toys; and that is your bed, Ann; and that is my little bed. But there is another little bed—I suppose that is for Sophy; and another large one, that must be for

nurse: but I do not remember them."

"No," said Ann, "because they were not here last summer. Sister Sophy was not born, and there was no other nurse than me."

"Ah, Ann, look!—there is the balcony where we used to go and see Papa and Mamma set off on horseback; and where we used to go and see them come back again, as soon as we heard the horses' feet go trot, trot! canter, canter!"

"Well, Willy," said Ann, "you must not interrupt me now, I am so busy; but you may unpack your box of toys, and put them in your closet."

This was a nice job for Willy. He did not pull them out of the box, and throw them into the closet any how, for he remembered how his toys had been broken by not taking care of them in packing; and he had been so sorry for it, that he resolved, in unpacking, to take as much care of them as he could. He placed each of them on a shelf; one of the dolls, it is true, he seated upright so near the edge, that it fell down, and broke its nose. But that Willy did not much mind: the doll could ride in the cart as well with a broken nose as with a whole one; but the cart could not go on while one of the

wheels was off—that was much worse!

When the toys were all put in the closet, Willy went into the garden. He was very impatient to see Johnny, and all the pretty blossoms which covered the trees when last he was at Ash Grove; and he was disappointed to find that the flowers were almost all of them dead: he saw their little coloured leaves strewed upon the ground, dry and withered.—“Oh, how sorry I am!” cried Willy; “all the pretty flowers are gone.”

“But,” said Johnny, “see what they have left behind! Here is the apple tree that you tried to break a bough off: look

what a number of little apples are hanging upon it !”

Willy had not observed them, because they were green, like the leaves of the tree. — “ They are funny little bits of apples,” said he ; “ but they do not look nice.”

“ No,” replied Johnny ; “ they are not ripe yet : they will take a long time to grow large and to ripen. But, look, here is a cherry tree : the cherries will be ripe much sooner, though they are as green as the apples.”

“ And is there nothing ripe now ?” asked Willy.

“ Oh, yes, there is,” cried Johnny ; “ the strawberries are ripe : I will run and ask Mark if we may gather some.”

So they went on to the strawberry-beds. Willy at first thought there was nothing but leaves in these beds ; but Johnny showed him that, underneath the leaves, there was a very pretty-looking fruit, which seemed to be quite ripe.

The gardener allowed them to gather some ; and gave Willy a large cabbage-leaf to put some in for his Mamma. Willy only tasted one now and then ; for he was in haste to fill the cabbage-leaf, to carry it to her.

As they were gathering strawberries, she came into the garden, and he called out—“ Come here, pray, Mamma, and see what nice strawberries I have got

for you. Mark allowed me to gather them ; for Johnny says that nobody must take any fruit without his leave.”

Johnny was now called away to help Mark to carry vegetables to the cook to dress for dinner ; and Willy and his Mamma sat down upon a pretty green bench to eat the strawberries.

“ Are they not very good, Mamma ? ” said he.

“ Yes, my dear, excellent : and I like them the better because you gathered some of them for me.”

“ What a nice cabbage-leaf this is ! ” said Willy ; “ it holds the strawberries as well as a plate.”

“ I think it holds them better,” replied his Mother ; “ for you see the edges curl up all round, and keep the strawberries in, like a basket.”

When they had finished eating the fruit, they saw Johnny carrying a basket full of cabbages, cut ready for boiling.

“ What have you got in the basket ?” said Willy : “ they look like great balls to play with ?”

“ Oh, no ; they are cabbages for dinner.”

“ How I should like to have one to roll about !” said Willy.

His Mamma allowed him to take one, and he played with it for some time ; he could only

roll it on the ground, for it was too heavy to toss up in the air. When he was tired of this, he sat down and began to examine how it was made; and, for this purpose, he did as most children do, he began to pull it to pieces.

He soon called out to his Mother, who was gathering flowers: "Oh, do come and see my ball; it is made all of great leaves, folded one over the other — one over the other," repeated he, as he pulled off the leaves: — "such a number! I could never count them. — Why, Mamma, it is just like the buds we used to cut open, a long while ago, only a great deal larger."

“That cabbage is really a bud,” said his Mother.

“Is it, indeed?” replied Willy, astonished to see a bud so prodigiously large. “I wonder whether there is a flower in the inside? and he went on tearing off the leaves to get to the middle. Finding that it would take a long time to strip off all the leaves, he asked his Mamma if she would cut it open with her penknife. “It would not be nearly large enough,” said she; “but here is Mark coming, and he will do it with his garden knife.” Mark cut the cabbage in two through the middle in an instant; and Willy and his Mamma looked for the flower, or

rather the little thing which was one day to grow into a flower ; but they could not find it out, and his Mamma told him that he must remember to go and see the flower when the bud was open and the flower blown."

"Mamma," said Willy, "what a great tree these large buds must grow upon !"

"I should not like to walk under such a tree," replied she, smiling ; "for if the wind blowed, and these heavy buds were to fall upon our heads, we should be sadly bruised."

"Do show me the tree they grow upon, Mamma, and we will not go under it, that the buds may not fall upon us."

“They grow on no tree, my dear, but each bud has a stalk and a root all to itself.” She then took Willy to the bed of cabbages, and pulled up one to show him the stalk and the roots.

Willy was quite surprised to see a large bud like the cabbage growing in the ground, without any tree or branch to hang upon. “And look, Mamma,” said he, “here are a great many large leaves growing round the cabbage, like the leaf we had to put our strawberries in.”

“These leaves,” said she, “were once closely folded round the cabbage, as the inside leaves now are; but as the cabbage

grows, the leaves spread out; and, by and by, these leaves, which are now folded over one another, will also spread out; and when they are all spread, the flower in the middle will grow and blossom."

"But," said Willy, "if Mark cuts them all for dinner, the flowers will never blow."

"We always keep some to run to seed," said Mark.

"What does that mean?" enquired Willy.

"Why, Sir, we cannot get the seed unless we keep the cabbage till the flower blows, and the seed ripens."

"The seed grows in the flower," said his Mother; "and

when the flower dies, and falls off, the seed remains and ripens.”

“That is just like the fruit, Mamma, that comes after the flower is gone away.”

“Very much like it,” said she; “some plants have no other fruit but seeds.”

“And are the seeds of cabbages good to eat?”

“No; but Mark wants them to sow in the ground, that cabbages may grow up from them another summer.”

“And why do you not send the large leaves that are spread out to cook for dinner?” said Willy to Mark.

“They are not good to eat like the inside leaves,” replied he.

“What are these great stripes that go all up the leaf, Mamma?”

“It is through them,” said she, “that the water goes, and spreads itself all over the leaf to feed it; such large leaves want a great deal of water to nourish them.”

Mamma then said that it was now time for Willy to go in to read his lesson; and though he was very sorry to leave the garden, he thought that after all the pleasure he had had there, he ought to be a very good child, and go in willingly to his lesson.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

ONE day that Willy was walking out with his Mamma, he saw a little boy climbing up a tree.

“What are you doing there, my lad?” said Willy’s Mamma.

“Going to get the bird’s nest, at the top of the tree, Ma’am: the eggs are hatched, and I want to have the young birds.”

“You will not be able to rear them,” said she, “if you get them; and it is cruel to take them from their mother.”

“Oh! the mother is flown away. I have frightened her off

the nest ;” and the boy kept climbing on towards the branch on which the nest was built.

“ Mamma,” cried Willy, pulling her by the arm, “ don’t let him take the bird’s nest.”

“ I cannot help it, my dear, if he will do it.”

Just then they saw a bird fly round the tree ; it approached the nest ; but when it saw the boy, and heard the rustling he made among the boughs, it flew away. By this time the boy reached the nest : he stretched out his hand and laid hold of it, but, in so doing, he lost his hold, and fell from branch to branch through the tree, till he came to the ground.

“It serves him right,” cried Willy, who was quite enraged against the boy for taking the nest; “I am very glad of it.”

His Mother, without saying a word, ran to the spot where the boy lay, and tried to raise him up; but he cried sadly, and said he was so much hurt that he could not stand.

Then Willy's anger began to subside; and when he saw the wry faces the boy made, and that he seemed to suffer great pain, he could not help pitying him.

His Mother was wholly taken up in trying to give him relief. She set him upright, with his back against the tree, and asked him where he lived.

“Down there, Ma'am, in that cottage yonder.”

“Well, I will run and fetch your father or mother,” said she; “and you, Willy, stay with him till I come back.”

Willy seemed half afraid to stay alone with a boy who had been so naughty; but his Mother added, “I can run faster without you, Willy, and perhaps you may be of some use to him while I am gone.” So she set off, and ran as quickly as she could towards the cottage, which was at some distance. The boy remained quite still, with his back resting against the tree, and his eyes shut. Willy thought that he was asleep, but he was

awake, and shut his eyes only because the pain he suffered made him very faint and weak. Willy saw something lying on the ground a little way off: he went on tiptoe, for fear of disturbing the boy, to see what it was. When he came up to it, what should he see but the bird's nest quite empty, and four poor little birds lying sprawling on the ground. The boy had let the nest drop in trying to catch at a bough as he fell; and when the nest came to the ground, the poor little birds, who were not yet fledged, were all tossed out of it. Willy picked them up, and put them back into the nest; two of them seemed to be quite dead,

and the other two opened their wide mouths crying out caw, caw, in such a weak and plaintive tone, that Willy could hardly keep from crying. He then observed a bird flying round the tree; and he thought that it must be the mother of the poor little birds. He took the nest to the boy, and seeing that his eyes were open, he said to him, "Look here at these poor little birds; I dare say that they feel as much pain as you do, for two of them are dead, poor things."

"Ay, we could never have reared them," said the boy; "they were too young, so it don't signify."

"Don't signify to kill them!"

cried Willy ; “ why, only think how it must hurt them ; besides, they cannot fly about, and eat and drink when they are dead.”

Willy was very glad when he saw his Mamma coming back, and a man and woman with her. “ Here they come,” cried he ; “ don't cry so ; they run so fast, I am sure they will soon be here ;” and so they were. The poor woman fell a crying too when she saw the blood running down her son's face ; she wiped it with her handkerchief, and pitied him extremely. But the father, when he beheld the bird's nest, had half a mind to be angry.

“ Ay, I see what has brought you to this,” cried he ; “ you

have been after your old tricks, climbing trees to rob the poor birds of their nests; I have often told you what it would come to one day or other." However he lifted him up in his arms, and carried him home, for he was about ten years old, and too heavy for his Mother to carry. Willy and his Mother went home with them. The doctor was then sent for; and they were very happy when he told them that the boy had not broken any of his bones.

"How glad I am!" said Willy; "for you know, Mamma, he must have lain in bed a long, long time, like Johnny; and

then it hurts so to have your leg set."

The doctor, however, declared that he was so much bruised by his fall, and one of his ankles so sprained, that it would be a long time before he would be able to run about again. Willy's Mamma took out her purse, and gave some money to the woman, who seemed to be very poor; and she thought that perhaps she would not have money enough to pay the doctor, and pay for the medicine he sent for the boy.

They then went away; and as they were walking home, Willy said, "Why does he not go to

the hospital, Mamma, like Johnny?"

"Because it is too far off," replied she; "besides, I hope he will get well much sooner than Johnny did."

"And when he is well will he come and work in our garden, like Johnny?"

"Oh dear no," replied his Mamma; "Johnny fell down the chimney from accident; he was obliged to climb up it, and it was a great pity he was obliged to do so dangerous a thing. He was a boy of a very good character, and deserved reward; while this boy went up the tree to do a cruel thing, to take the poor little birds from

their mother, merely to please himself: he cared not what the birds suffered so that he could but have them; he has been severely punished for it, it is true, but he deserved punishment and not reward."

"I am glad he is not to come," said Willy, "because I do not like him." They were now passing by the tree where the accident happened.

"There is the tree, Mamma," said Willy; "let us go and look what has become of the poor little birds." They found the nest, but the poor little birds, which were chaffinches, were all dead, and the mother flown away.

“How sorry she must be, Mamma! I wonder where she is gone.” Just then they heard the cry of a bird, not as if it was singing, but as if it was wailing or grieving. Willy listened attentively.

“I dare say that it is the mother; don't you think so, Mamma?”

“I cannot tell, my dear, but it is very likely: she may not like to leave the spot, poor bird! and is perched upon some bush or tree, moaning for the loss of her young.” She then shook the little chaffinches out of the nest under some bushes, and gave it Willy to look at.

He asked, "Whether birds made their own nests?"

"Yes," replied she: "they have no builders or carpenters to work for them."

"But somebody must teach them how to build their nests. Look, Mamma, how nicely it is made: all the little bits of hay and straw laid so close, and stick so well together; and then it is quite round without any ins and outs; I am sure I could not have made it so well."

"No, because you are not a bird. Birds know how to build nests without being taught. As soon as they want a nest, they fly about for something to build it with; and they pick up little

bits of straw, and hay, and small twigs, and then put them together to make a nest, as you see this is made. Then they go in search of something soft to put inside the nest, that the young birds may lie soft and warm in it."

"What can they find soft and warm out of doors?" said Willy.

"They pick up bits of wool that have fallen from the sheep, and small downy feathers, to line their nests with; and I have heard that if they cannot find any, some birds will pick the small feathers from their own breasts, that their young may have a warm bed."

“What good mothers they are!” exclaimed Willy; “well, go on, Mamma.”

“When the nest is finished, the good mother bird lays her eggs in it, and sits upon them to keep them warm all day and all night, excepting when she flies off for a few minutes to seek for food.”

“How tired she must be sitting still so long!”

“If she left the eggs long enough for them to grow cold,” said his Mother, “they would never become birds.”

“And are the eggs like those we take from the hen-house, Mamma?”

“Yes, my dear, only hens

being much larger than chaffinches, their eggs are larger also."

"And how do the eggs turn into birds?"

"The little birds grow inside the egg-shell."

"But how can they get any thing to eat there, Mamma, to make them grow? for you know the egg is shut up all round; and when you eat an egg at breakfast, you are obliged to break the shell to get at the inside."

"Yes," replied she; "and it is the yellow yolk which you are so fond of, that feeds the young bird, and makes it grow."

“ But I never saw a bird in an egg, Mamma.”

“ No, because we eat the egg before the bird begins to grow. At first there is only a little speck, not bigger than a pin's head, which is not at all like a bird; but if the egg is left in the hen-house for the hen to sit upon, this little speck will grow, and in time become a little bird; and it will get bigger and bigger every day, till at last, when it has eaten all the yolk of the egg, it will be too large for the egg-shell to hold it.”

“ Oh, poor little bird! what will it do then, squeezed up in prison, and nothing to eat?”

“ When it begins to feel un-

comfortable, the hen breaks the egg-shell and it comes out.”

“ And do not the little birds feel very cold when they come out of the shell, that the mother has been sitting on to keep them warm ?”

“ No, because the mother bird still continues to sit upon them, and she spreads out her wings, covered with feathers, over them all to keep them warm, and they lie there quite snug and comfortable.”

“ But does not the great bird hurt the little ones by sitting on them ?”

“ Oh no, she is very careful not to press upon any of them.”

“ And what do they get to eat, Mamma?”

“ The mother flies about to seek for food for them, and bring it back in her beak. They eat seeds ; and when they get a grain of corn it is quite a treat to them.”

“ Like me, Mamma, when I have some plum-cake.”

“ Then sometimes their mother brings them a little insect to eat—they are very fond of that too.”

Willy then enquired how soon the birds began to fly after they were hatched ; and his Mother told him as soon as their feathers were grown.

“ I think they must long for

their feathers to be grown that they may fly," said Willy; "they must be so tired of staying such a long while in the nest; and when they see their mother flying about, I am sure they must wish to go with her."

"I believe," replied his Mamma, "that they stay very patiently in the nest till they are able to fly. The mother then helps them, or perhaps pushes them, to the edge of the nest; and when they feel themselves falling from it they stretch out their wings and flutter them about till they begin to know how to fly."

"I dare say they are afraid

sometimes; don't you think so, Mamma?"

"Yes; very likely they may all be frightened when they first try to fly; but they soon find out that, by flapping their wings against the air, it will support them, and that they are in no danger of falling, and then they fly boldly."

"Is the air strong enough to hold them up?"

"Not unless they strike their wings against it; for if they were not to move them when they are up in the air, they would fall to the ground."

"And how does the flapping their wings make the air hold them up, Mamma?"

“That is too difficult for me to explain to you : but we have now reached home ; and before we go in, we will look into the hen-house to see whether there are any chickens lately hatched.” They found a hen sitting over six young chickens, which had just come out of their shells. The pieces of the broken shells were lying scattered about. The hen seemed very cross and angry, and would hardly let Willy and his Mamma look at her chickens for fear they should hurt them. The little chickens were a great deal bigger than the chaffinches. They grew more and more every day ; and were soon put out on

the grass, under a hen-coop, and Willy often went to feed them with crums of bread: the little things ran out of the coop to pick up the crums; and the poor hen, who could not get out, was sadly frightened lest any harm should happen to them, and called them back, crying, Cluck, cluck, cluck! When the little ones heard her, they ran back into the coop, with the crums in their mouths, and nestled under her wings.

A F N K

WILLY'S GARDEN.

WILLY'S Mother had promised to give him a little garden for himself; and she chose a piece of ground near the house, that he might go and work in it alone. Mark dug it up, and laid it out in beds for him; for Willy would not have been able to do such hard work himself; then Johnny showed him how to sow seeds of different sorts. There were peas, and beans, and flowers of various kinds, sown in these beds. This amused Willy extremely; but when all the

seeds were put into the ground, covered up, and nothing more was to be seen, he began to get impatient for his garden to look pretty, and enquired of Johnny how soon the seeds would grow into plants, and the flowers blow.

“ Oh,” said Johnny, “ that will take a long time ; but I will transplant some young stocks and wallflowers into your garden, and in a week or two they will come into blossom.”

This was done ; but Willy was not yet satisfied ; he wanted his garden to look pretty at once. Having waited many days without seeing any thing appear above ground, he determined to

set to work himself to beautify his garden. He gathered some roses, and several other flowers, all in full blossom, which he stuck in the ground, and then ran and called his Mamma to come and see how beautiful his garden looked.

“Mark and Johnny have worked at it a long while, and yet they have done nothing that you can see. All those pretty flowers *I* planted,” said he, laying a stress upon the word *I*.

His Mamma smiled, and replied — “It is very pretty now, but it will not last.”

“Oh yes, I shall water the flowers every day, and that will keep them alive.”

“ But, Willy, they have no roots to suck up the water.”

“ Oh dear, I quite forgot that ! Well, then, Mamma, I will get some flowers with roots.”

He took his little spade, and contrived to dig up some pinks, which he put, roots and all, into his wheelbarrow, and wheeled them to his garden. He then planted them as well as he could, and gave them plenty of water. The next day, however, to his great disappointment, not only were the flowers he had stuck in the ground quite dead, but the pretty pinks hung down their heads, and looked as if they were going to die also. This Willy could not understand ; for

the pinks had roots to suck up water, and he had given them a great deal ; therefore he thought that they ought to have been quite fresh and strong. He ran to ask Mark why they looked so sickly. Mark was too busy transplanting young lettuces, to attend to him. He held a short pointed stick in his hand, with which he made a hole in the ground ; he then put the little roots of the lettuce in the ground, and covering them over, pressed the earth close round them with his fingers, that the lettuce might not fall. Then he planted another and another, all in a row ; and Willy wondered he could make the row so straight and even.

“Do you not see,” said Mark, “that there is a line that goes all along the row?”

Willy then observed a string stretched tight, which served to show Mark how to plant his lettuces straight.

“And are lettuces planted, and not sown?” asked Willy.

“Oh no,” replied Mark; “every thing in the garden is sown, for all plants come from a seed at first. These little lettuces I am transplanting were sown in the spring; and when they grew up as big as they are now, they were too close together to grow well any longer; so I took them up out of the ground, and now I am putting them in again further

off from each other, that they may have more room to grow."

"But I think they will die," said Willy; "their leaves hang down just like my pinks."

"They will look quite fresh again when they have had some water."

"Oh no, Mark," said Willy, thinking himself very wise from what he had seen happen to his pinks; "I watered my pinks, but it did them no good."

"Because," replied Mark, "the pinks were too old to be transplanted; you must never transplant plants in blossom."

The next day Willy went to see the lettuces, and found that what Mark had said was true;

they looked quite fresh, and as if their new bed agreed with them very well.

“They will grow famously now,” said Mark.

“How big?” enquired Willy.

“As large as those you see in the next bed;” and he took him to a bed of full grown lettuces.

“They would grow larger still,” said Mark; “but then they would not be so tender and good to eat; so when they are as big as these, I gather them for salad.”

He then took out his knife, and cut six lettuces; and, having stripped off the outer leaves, he gave them to Johnny to take to the cook.

“ You throw away the outside leaves, just as you did the outside leaves of the cabbage.”

“ Yes,” replied Mark ; “ outside leaves are coarse and hard, and seldom good to eat.”

When Johnny returned, he took Willy to show him the peas which had been sown in the spring. They were now grown up, and stood in rows trained up against branches of dry sticks, which were stuck in the ground, because the stalks of the peas were not strong enough to stand by themselves. Willy walked between these rows of peas, and saw that they were much higher than his head. He was astonished that such little things as the dry

peas which he had seen Johnny sow should have grown into such tall plants. There were a few pretty white blossoms left upon these plants, but most of them had fallen off, and there remained on the stalk a green shell or pod. Willy gathered one of the largest, split it open, and in the inside there was a row of small green peas.

“ Look,” said Johnny, “ they are each fastened to the inside of the pod by a little stalk, to prevent their rolling about, and knocking against one another. So you see that you could not rattle them, as you said you would.”

“ I think,” said Mamma, who had just joined them, “ these

short stalks are of some other use besides preventing the peas from rolling about in the shell. You remember, Willy, that the water which feeds the plant is sucked up by the roots, and then rises through the stalks, and goes into the branches, and leaves, and flowers, and fruit; for they all want water to make them grow."

"Oh, yes, Mamma, I remember all that."

"Well, my dear, the water gets into these pea-shells through the stalks; if the peas were loose in the pod, no water could get inside of them to make them grow."

Willy then went to work in

his own garden ; and not having any more seeds to sow, or flowers to transplant, he thought he should like to make a little gravel walk. He therefore picked up all the loose pebbles he could find in the gravel walks, and carried them to his garden: he found he should be a long time making his gravel walk, if he brought the stones in his hands, or even if he carried them in his pinafore ; so he fetched his wheelbarrow, and when he had filled it with gravel, he found it so heavy that he had some difficulty to wheel it to his garden. He then began laying the stones one beside the other, in a line, as straight as he could. In doing

this, he trod over the beds where the seeds were sown, and many of them, which were just coming up, were crushed. When he saw them all bruised, he said, —“ Oh, these are nothing but weeds ; I must pull them up and throw them away, as Johnny does.” So he pulled them up, and was throwing them away, when his Mamma came up to him, and said, —

“ Why, Willy, what are you doing ?”

“ I am making a gravel walk in my garden, Mamma ; and pulling up the weeds that would spoil it.”

“ Oh, Willy,” said she, “ I am afraid you are too young to un-

derstand gardening yet. These are not weeds, but the seeds which you sowed with Johnny, and which are just beginning to grow."

Willy looked a little ashamed; but he thought so much of his gravel walk, that he cared but little for his seeds. So he said, —“ Oh, Mamma, it does not signify much; they take such a long time to grow, I was tired of waiting. But look at the pretty gravel walk I am making; only I shall never get stones enough. I wish the gravel walk would grow, Mamma, and then it would get large enough without giving me so

much trouble. Does gravel grow, Mamma?"

"No, my dear: gravel is not an animal, nor a vegetable; and nothing else grows."

"Is it made of dead vegetables, like tables and boxes, Mamma?"

"No, my dear; it is not made by men, but it is found in the ground. Don't you remember seeing a man dig gravel out of the ground, one day, when we were walking on the common?"

"Oh yes; he took it out of a great deep hole, as big as a house."

"Well; gravel is a sort of earth."

Willy was quite surprised:

he had thought that every thing was animal or vegetable, or made from dead animals and vegetables. But his Mamma said, No—that all kinds of earth and stones were very different from animals or vegetables; for they were not alive, and never had been alive; therefore they could not take any food, nor grow.

“They do not look as if they could,” said Willy; “for they have no mouths, like animals, to eat with; nor roots, like plants, to suck up water. Then they have no arms nor legs, Mamma; nor leaves or flowers. Oh, no; they are not half so nice as animals and vegetables. My gra-

vel walk looks pretty, though, Mamma. But as for the earth, why, it is nothing but dirt: you know, Ann says I am always dirtying myself with the mould in my garden."

"It is a sort of dirt that is very useful to us, Willy: I do not know what we should do without it; for Mark could grow no vegetables in the kitchen-garden without earth to sow them in."

"And we should have no trees, Mamma, if there was no ground to plant them in."

"No; not even grass," said she.

"Then earth is very useful, Mamma, though it is so dirty."

“ Shall I tell you what all those things are called that are not alive, such as earth and stones of all kinds? ”

“ Oh, do, Mamma. ”

“ They are called *minerals*. ”

“ I don't like minerals half so well as animals and plants, Mamma: they are not pretty; and look as if they had no shape. ”

“ I think they have all sorts of shapes, Willy: look at the pebbles you are making your gravel walk with—there are not two of them alike. ”

“ No, ” said Willy; “ some are large, and some are small. ”

“ And some are round, and others oblong, ” said his Mother;

“ and some are broken and pointed.”

“ Well, Mamma, but gravel is a prettier mineral than dirty ground.”

“ There is a mineral that you know well, Willy, which is much more dirty than earth, and that neither Ann nor I like you to meddle with.”

“ What is that, Mamma ?”

“ It is coal, which is dug out of the ground like gravel.”

“ Why, what dirty, ugly things minerals are !”

“ Not all,” replied she. “ There are some minerals that are very beautiful ; but they are buried deep in the earth, and you must dig very low down to find them.”

They could talk no longer about minerals, for Ann now called Willy in to dinner.

When he sat down to table, instead of potatoes to eat with his meat, what should he see but a dish of nice green peas.—“Oh, there are some of Johnny's peas!—let me taste them, Ann.”

She put a large spoonful on his plate; and he thought he had never eaten any thing so good before. His Mamma came in, and he asked her to eat some. Then he said,—“Mamma, may I thank God for making such nice peas for me?”

“Yes, my dear: whenever you enjoy any thing, it is right

to thank God for it. But, as God knows your thoughts, you may think it, which is as well as saying it. But I would rather that you should thank God for the good peas that he has made for other people as well as for yourself. I do not like children to be too fond of thinking of themselves. God Almighty makes vegetables grow for all ; he loves every one ; and you should learn to do the same, and be glad that other people can eat peas as well as yourself."

"Then, Mamma," said Willy, "I will thank God for me, and for all the other people too."

HAYMAKING.

WILLY used to get up very early in the morning at Ash Grove: yet not so early as the sun; for, in summer, the sun rises before any one is awake, excepting some of the farming men, who are getting ready to go and work in the fields as soon as it begins to be light. But of all animals, the one that is awake, strutting about earliest, is the cock. Willy heard him crow before he saw that it was light: and, when first he went to Ash Grove, he was awakened by his

calling out, "Cock-a-doodle-do!" This sound delighted him, and he wanted to get up; but Ann told him that it was too early, and that he must go to sleep again. He then heard the hens cackle; they seemed to answer the cock's crowing; and Willy wondered whether they were talking together, and understood each other. Then he heard the hens call out,—“Cluck, cluck, cluck!”—and he knew that they were calling their little chickens.—“Then the little chickens must understand what their mothers mean,” thought he. He wished to ask Ann; but he heard, by her manner of breathing, that she was gone

to sleep again. So, after some little time, he fell asleep too; and, when he awoke, he was surprised to see Ann up and dressed. He was soon dressed himself; and they went into the cow-house to fetch some warm milk for his breakfast.

There they found the dairy-maid seated on a little low stool, milking one of the cows. Willy watched to see the milk stream down from the cow into a nice clean milk-pail; and, when he held out his little mug, the dairy-maid milked it full for him. There were six cows in the cow-house: Willy liked them all, they smelt so sweet, and looked

so soft, and moved so prettily. But there was one of them he liked better than any of the others. She was quite white, excepting a black spot on her forehead, another on her tail, and one of her feet was black. This cow was very gentle; she never kicked; and was so good-natured, that she would let Willy ride upon her back. Her name was Nanny. Willy liked to have Nanny's milk for breakfast very much; but he could not have any of it now, because Nanny had a young calf, that sucked all its mother's milk.

“If I milked Nanny,” said the dairy-maid, “what would become of the poor calf?”

“It could eat grass, like the cows,” said Willy.

“No,” replied she; “it is but a baby-calf, and cannot eat yet.”

As Ann and Willy were returning to the house, they saw a great many men cutting down the grass in the fields.

“Oh!” cried Ann, “I am glad we are going to make hay.”

“Hay for the horses?” asked Willy.

“Yes,” replied she: “all the long grass, that you were not allowed to walk on, is going to be cut down and dried; and then it will be made into hay.”

“I am very glad of that,” said Willy; “because then I may run about the grass any

where." After a moment's thought, he added,—“And I am glad for the horses too, Ann, because they like hay. But the coachman says they like corn better still. When will they make corn, Ann?”

“Oh, the corn will not be cut for a long while: we have the hay-harvest in summer, and the corn-harvest in autumn, when summer is over.”

Willy staid some time watching the mowers cutting down the grass. They stood in a row; and were so near to each other, that he thought the men would cut each other's legs with their scythes. But Ann told him there was no danger; for they

knew exactly how far the scythe would reach when it moved round in cutting down the grass.

“Then let us go nearer,” said Willy.

“No,” replied she; “for we are not mowers, and we do not know how far the scythe will reach: so we had better keep at some distance, to be sure of being safe.”

The men went on mowing till they got to the end of the field; and then they turned about, and began again on the grass which they had not yet cut.

After breakfast, Willy went out to see the mowers with his Mamma. She held something wrapped up in her shawl, so

that Willy could not see it. He was very curious to know what it was ; but his Mamma laughed, and told him he must have patience, and he should know by and by. Willy was obliged to restrain his curiosity, for he knew that his Mother would not be teased into doing or saying any thing after she had once said no.

When they came to the field where the mowers were at work, they saw a number of men and women, with large wooden forks, turning over the grass that had been cut down, and spreading it about.

“ What are they doing that for, Mamma ? ” said Willy : “ will they not spoil the grass, tumbling

it about so? — it will not be nice for the horses to eat.”

“It is on purpose to make it good for the horses to eat,” replied she, “that they toss it about.”

“Why, when Mark mows the grass, Mamma, he sweeps it all up very tidy, and then carries it away, without tumbling it about and making such a litter.”

Mamma smiled, and said, — “And what does Mark do with the grass he has carried away?”

“Oh, I don’t know: I believe he throws it away; he says the grass is too short to be good for any thing.”

“But this grass,” said his Mother, “is long enough to be

good for something: and it is tossed and tumbled about in this manner that it may dry quickly. Look at that man who has taken up a large bundle on his fork, and is tossing it about; while he is doing so, the air gets between the grass, and under it, and over it, and all about it, and dries it quickly."

"But, if it was laid before the fire," said Willy, "it would dry better still; for, when any thing is wet, Ann hangs it before the fire to dry."

"Did you never see Ann, after she has been washing, hang out the things to dry in the air?"

"Oh, yes," said Willy; "I

forgot that : but, when it rains, she cannot dry them in the air, for the rain would wet them ; so then she hangs them before the fire. To be sure," added he, " there is not room for all of them before the fire ; but they will dry in the laundry, hung up any where."

" And do you think there would be room for all this grass to be dried before a fire ?" said his Mother.

" Oh, no," said Willy, laughing ; " not all the fires in the house. I mean, if all the fires were lighted ; for you know, Mamma, there are no fires any where now but in the kitchen."

" Besides," said his Mother,

“suppose a great quantity was laid before the kitchen fire; if a spark were to fly out upon the grass when it was nearly dry, it would set it all on fire: only think what a blaze there would be! —it would burn every thing that was near it, and so go on till it had burnt all the house!”

“Well, then, Mamma,” said Willy, half frightened and half laughing, “the grass must not come into the house to dry.”

“But,” said his Mother, “there is a very good fire out of doors, which helps to dry.”

“Where?” said Willy, looking about; “I cannot see any.”

“Look up!” said she, and pointed to the sun.

“ Is the sun a fire, Mamma ? ”

“ Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell ; but, as it feels so hot to us, I should think it was. All I know is, that it dries the grass better than any kitchen fire could do ; and it dries not only a small quantity, such as we could lay before the kitchen fire, but all the grass that is cut down in this field, and in every other field besides.”

“ In every field in all the world, Mamma ? What ! where the negroes live, and the copper-coloured people too ! ”

“ Yes, my dear : the sun dries the grass wherever it shines ; and that, you know, is all over the world.”

“What a good sun you are!” cried Willy, “to dry so much grass.”

“You know, Willy, who it was that made the sun to do so much good?”

“Yes,” said Willy; “it was God Almighty. But, Mamma, why does not the sun dry the grass that is not cut down?”

“Because,” replied she, “when the grass is alive and growing, as soon as it begins to be dry, it sucks up water from the ground. Do not you remember all the little mouths that a plant has at the end of its roots?”

“Oh yes; and they drink water just as I do when I am thirsty.”

“The water they drink,” said she, “keeps the grass moist. Yet sometimes, when the sun shines very hot in summer, it dries the grass faster than the little mouths can find water to drink; and then the grass turns yellow, and becomes dry like hay.”

“The poor hay,” said Willy, “cannot suck up water, because the mowers have cut it down, and it has no more mouths.”

“I am very glad of that,” replied his Mother; “for we should not be able to make the grass into hay if it could suck up water.”

Willy longed very much to make hay with the haymakers.

The men lent him a fork ; but it was too large and heavy for him to lift. The women lent him a rake ; but he could not use that either, it was so large. So he took up the grass with his hands, to throw it about : but he could do very little that way. At length he exclaimed,—“ Oh ! I wish I had a little fork and a little rake just big enough for me ! ”

His Mother then unfolded her shawl, and what should he see within it but a nice little rake and fork just fit for him. His joy was very great ; he jumped up to kiss his Mamma, who had been so kind as to get it for him ; and then ran off and made

hay with the haymakers till he was quite tired.

His Mamma then called him in. — “ We have a beautiful day for haymaking,” said she, “ the sun shines so bright.”

“ And the haymakers say, Mamma, that there is a great deal of wind ; and that the wind dries the hay as well as the sun.”

“ To be sure,” said his Mother ; “ when the air moves about, it gets between the grass better, and dries it quicker, than if it was still.”

“ How nice the hay smells, Mamma !”

“ Yes,” replied she ; “ the grass has scarcely any smell ;

but after it is cut down and dried, it smells delightfully.”

“ But is it not dead after it is cut down ? ”

“ Certainly ; when the stalk is cut away from the roots, the grass can get no more water to feed it, so it dies.”

“ But I thought that dead things smell nasty,” said Willy.

“ Dead animals always smell disagreeably,” said his Mother, “ and dead vegetables sometimes ; but they sometimes have a very pleasant smell after they die. Do you remember the china jar full of dried rose-leaves that we had in the winter ? ”

“ Oh yes,” said Willy ; “ how good they smelt ! and they could

not be alive there without any stalks, or any roots, or any water for the roots to suck up. Then, Mamma, I remember some dry dead lavender that Ann put in the drawers to make them smell sweet: to be sure that had stalks, but no roots, so it could not be alive."

"And do you remember," said his Mother, "the beautiful hyacinths we had in the spring?"

"Yes; and they smelt so sweet: but when they began to die, you told John to take them away, because they looked ugly, and smelt bad."

"Yes; and when we have a nosegay in the china vase, and it begins to wither, I send it away,

because it smells disagreeably. So you see that some plants have a good smell when dead, and others a bad one. But dead animals have always a bad smell."

THE HAYMAKING FÊTE.

THE next day Willy was very glad to hear that his cousins Emily and Maria were coming to see him, and their brother George. They were all three much older than Willy ; but they were so good-natured that he liked to play with them almost better than with children of his own age.

“ Then,” said his Mamma, “ your uncle and aunt are coming, with little Mary ; and Harry and his sister Adela will come too.”

“ Oh, how many we shall be ! ” cried Willy, jumping about with joy. “ How we shall tumble about in the hay. I hope, Mamma, they will bring little forks and rakes to make hay. They will like that best of all. ”

Willy and his Mamma then went out to see how the hay-makers were getting on.

“ It is such fine weather, Ma'am, ” said the bailiff, “ that I dare say we shall carry some of the hay before night. There is plenty of sun and air to dry it. ”

“ Are they going to carry it into the stables for the horses ? ” asked Willy.

“ No, my dear ; there would

not be room in the stables for all that hay. They will carry it to the farm-yard, where the hay-ricks are, and there they will make it into a rick, as you will see by and by."

"Then how will the horses get it to eat?"

"The men will fetch it from the rick to the stables."

Willy worked but a little while with the haymakers; his Mamma soon called him into the house, that he might not tire himself in the morning; for she said that he would have a great deal to do in the afternoon, making hay with all his young friends. Willy did not at all like to go in; however, he obeyed without

complaining. When he went into the drawing-room, he found his Mamma very busy tying up flowers.

“ Oh, what a quantity of flowers you have got, Mamma! what are they all for?”

“ To amuse the children who are coming. Try if you can help me; I am making them into garlands.”

Willy tried to tie up flowers in garlands, but it was too difficult for him. His Mother said he would help her better, if he cut the stalks of the flowers shorter. She said they should be as long as her finger. She gave Willy a pair of small scissors, and measuring the stalk of one

of the flowers the length of her finger, bade him cut it off.

“Now,” said she, “it will take too much time to measure them all, so you must guess the length you are to cut them.”

Willy guessed sometimes a little too long, and at other times a little too short; but that did not much signify; his Mamma tied them together, and Willy thought he never saw any thing look so beautiful.

“How nicely I help you, Mamma,” cried he; “you did not get on half so fast, when you did it all alone.”

“Oh, no; I was obliged to put down the garland and take up the scissors to cut the flowers;

and then to lay down the scissors to tie up the flowers; and doing that so often lost a great deal of time. But now that you cut the flowers, and hand them to me, I go on tying them up without interruption. Pray give me some pinks; you have given me roses three times following.”

Willy handed a pink; he next chose a honeysuckle; then some larkspur; and after that stock and jessamine: in short, I do not know how many different sorts of flowers there were. „

Whilst they were at work, the gardener came in to enquire what fruit should be gathered for the company that was coming.

“ All the strawberries that are

ripe," said his mistress: "children are fond of strawberries, and it is a very wholesome fruit."

"Then there are some cherries ripe," said Mark.

"Oh, cherries! cherries!" cried Willy; "they will like cherries more than strawberries."

"I do not think cherries so good as strawberries; do you, Willy?"

"I like them best now," replied he, "because they are new things. I have had a great many strawberries, and hardly any cherries yet."

So the cherries were ordered to be gathered also.

Some hours afterwards the carriages began to arrive. Willy

was standing on the balcony jumping for joy ; but as soon as he saw his uncle and aunt, with little Mary, in the phaëton, he ran down stairs to kiss them: he was going to take Mary to the hay-field directly, when he heard another carriage driving up to the house.

“ Oh, I must go and see who is in that carriage!” cried Willy, leaving poor little Mary to take care of herself. Mary toddled after him as well as she could ; and luckily her Mamma was in the hall, or she might have fallen down the steps at the door of the house.

Well ; who do you think was in this carriage ? It was Emily

and Maria, with George, and their Papa and Mamma. Then there was such kissing among the children, and, How d'ye do? How d'ye do? and asking whether the hay was making.

“Oh, yes,” said Willy; “and have you brought rakes and forks?”

George ran and fetched a parcel of them out of the carriage, and then they all set off running into the hay-field as fast as they could go. They found the hay-makers busy making the hay up into large heaps, called cocks. George was such a great boy, that he went to work with one of the haymakers' forks, and carried bundles of hay upon it, which he

put together to make a cock. Emily and Maria raked up the hay all round the cock, as they saw the women do. Willy sometimes carried hay to the cock with his little fork, like George, and sometimes he raked the scattered hay, like Emily and Maria; he tried to imitate them all. Little Mary, who was not much more than a year old, could not understand what they were about, and pulled the hay out of the cock to scatter it on the ground.

“ Oh, look what Mary is about,” cried Willy; “ she is undoing all the work we have done. Fie, fie, Mary ! ”

“ Fie, Willy, to scold her ! ”

said George. "She does not mean to do any harm; she can undo very little, and we can soon put it up again."

Poor little Mary held up her mouth to Willy, who ran up to kiss her, and told her she might pull it about as much as she pleased.

When they had been hay-making some time, they saw Willy's Papa bringing Harry and his sister Adela across the field; they all ran to meet them, and then took them to the haycock they had been making, of which Willy was very proud.

"Look, Papa," said he, "what a large haycock we have made; and I helped a great deal."

“ I wonder which made the greatest part of it,” said Papa, laughing ; “ you, Willy, or George ? I suppose he did very little, for he does not boast of it at all.”

Willy felt ashamed of having boasted of the work, as he well knew his three cousins had done the greatest part.

“ And you, little Mary,” cried Papa, taking her up in his arms, “ I am sure you helped a great deal too.”

“ Oh, no, Papa, she pulled the cock to pieces, and disturbed us ; but she did not do it on purpose to disturb us, so we let her amuse herself.”

The children were now called

in to dinner: but they were so impatient to go on with their work, that they would hardly allow themselves time to eat it.

When they returned to the field, they found, to their surprise, that the whole of the hay was put into cocks, so that there was nothing more for them to do.

At first they looked a little disappointed at having lost their amusement. But George said, "Let us make a bird's nest, and we will all be the little birds." Then he began with his fork taking the hay out of the middle of the cock, to make a large hollow in it, and afterwards heaping up the hay all round, to make it look like a nest. Emily and Maria helped with

their rakes. Willy did not well understand what they were about, but he tried to imitate them.

When the nest was finished, "Now," said George, "as we cannot fly, we must leap over the ridge, and jump in." And he went back a little way, then set off running, and as soon as he came to the nest he gave a great spring, and jumped over the ridge into the hollow. Harry followed next; but he was much younger, and not so strong, so that he could not leap clear over the ridge of hay, but fell upon it; however, he was not hurt at all, for the hay was quite soft. George laid hold of him, and rolled him down into the hol-

low. Willy's turn came next. As he saw that Harry was not strong enough for such a leap, he might easily have thought that he, who was a year younger, could not do it. But he thought of nothing but jumping over into the hollow like George. So he went back a few steps to run, and when he got to the hay, jumped up, and came down again just where he sprang up, which made all the children laugh. Willy tried to laugh too ; but he felt vexed, and ashamed that he should think himself able to do so much more than he really could. However, Maria and Emily helped him to scramble over

the hay, and they got into the nest with him. Little Mary was lifted up in her nurse's arms to see them all seated round inside the nest; and she held out her little hands, and begged so hard, by her looks and gestures, to be taken in, that Maria and George took her into the nest; and there she tumbled about as much as she chose, for she could not hurt herself on the soft hay. Whilst they were amusing themselves in this nest, they heard a noise,—Moo, moo, moo.

“Is that a cow?” said Harry. They all jumped up to look over the ridge of hay; and what should they see but Nanny, the

white cow, covered with garlands of flowers: she was led on by a long wreath of flowers, which Johnny held in his hand; and Johnny was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and a new hat.

“ Oh! all Mamma’s pretty garlands,” cried Willy; and I helped to make them, and I did not know what they were for.”

“ How beautiful! How pretty! How funny!” cried the several children; and off they all were in an instant, running to meet the cow. The dairy-maid followed the cow, holding in her hands a large bowl, with some wine and sugar in it. Johnny led the cow under a great tree. The dairy-maid then

told the children she was going to milk them a syllabub. They did not know what that was, but they were sure it must be something very good. The dairymaid sat down on her low stool, and began milking into the bowl, while the children surrounded the cow, patting it, and caressing it, and admiring its beautiful garlands; they were twisted round its horns, down its back, and over its tail. George fetched a little hay to feed the cow; then all the other children would do the same; and poor Nanny did not know which way to turn her head, so much hay was held up to her mouth.

“ But what will the calf do, if

you take away its milk?" said Willy.

"Oh, I have put it to another cow for its supper to-night," replied the dairy-maid. As she was milking, the milk mixed with the wine and sugar that was in the bowl, and it frothed up, as if it had been boiling. It looked so nice that the children longed to taste it. Presently all the company came from the house into the field to see Nanny and her garlands; and John and another servant followed with trays full of glasses, and baskets of cakes, and the strawberries Mark gathered, and cherries too. Oh, how delighted were the chil-

dren ! they ran to bring their Papas and Mammias to see the beautiful cow, and show them the garlands. Johnny, too, looked quite pleased and happy in his new clothes ; and the more so, as he knew his master had given them to him because he had been a good boy, and worked well : but he did not boast of it. When his master came up, he said,—“ There is a lad who has a new suit of clothes, because he deserves it.” Johnny coloured, and took off his new hat, and scraped his foot to make a bow.

Papa whispered to Willy,—“ I praise him, because he does not praise himself.”

Then Willy thought, — “ I wonder why Papa whispers that to me. Oh, I suppose it is because I praised myself about making the haycock ; I will not do so another time.”

The syllabub was now put into glasses with a ladle, and handed round to all the ladies and gentlemen. Each of the children had a glass of it, and they thought it very nice. They then took their Papas and Mammias to show them their bird's nest, and they all got in.

“ Now,” said Willy's Mamma, “ I will be the mother bird, and bring you something to eat.” So she took the basket of strawberries and cherries, and stretch-

ing out her arms, lifted it into the middle of the nest: the strawberries and cherries were both so good, that the children could not tell which they liked best. When they had eaten them, they ran about playing all over the field. They danced round a haycock, holding each other by the hand, while Mamma sang to them. Then the children tried to pull George down, and cover him with hay, but they were not strong enough; however, he very good-naturedly let himself be thrown down and covered all over, so that he was quite hidden; and they got upon the haycock that covered him, and rolled over, and played

a thousand pranks, scattering the hay all about. A haymaker now came up to them, and began scolding them for littering the hay about.

“Are not you ashamed, young ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “to undo all the work we have done?”

“Oh, what a cross haymaker!” said Emily and Maria.

“I don’t like that naughty man,” cried Adela, who was half afraid of him.

“Don’t mind him!” said Harry and Willy.

But the man went on, and turning to Willy, said, — “And you, Master Willy, are you not ashamed to litter the hay in this manner? Oh fie!”

No sooner had the haymaker said Oh fie! than Willy remembered that he had scolded little Mary in the morning for littering the hay, and said Oh fie! to her. Then he was very sorry; for he could not bear to be like the scolding haymaker, whom some of the children called cross, and others naughty, and whom they all disliked. While he was thinking of this, and looking very grave, another haymaker came up, and said to his cross companion,—“ Let them have their play, dear little creatures; I will make up the cock when they have done.”

“ Oh, what a good-natured man !” cried Emily and Maria.

“ I like him,” said Adela ;
“ and I don’t like the other at
all.”

“ We all like him,” cried
Harry and George ; “ thank you,
Master.”

Willy could not say a word.
He saw they all disliked the
scolding haymaker : and he was
afraid they would dislike him
too, because he had scolded
little Mary ; and they all liked
the good-natured haymaker. I
wish I had been like the good
haymaker, thought he to him-
self ; George was like him when
he told me not to scold her.

George observed how grave
Willy looked, and guessed what
he was thinking of ; so he went

to him and said,—“Remember, Willy, you went up to Mary afterwards, and kissed her.”

“So I did,” said Willy, who was pleased to think he had been kind to her afterwards.

A large wagon then came into the field, and the hay-makers began filling it with hay. The children all ran to help, and lifted the hay on their little forks as high as they could reach, and the man who was in the cart, stooped down to take it up on his great fork. The wagon was soon filled, and the children wanted to ride in it on the top of the hay; but this they were not allowed to do, for

fear they should fall and hurt themselves.

The sun was now very near the hill behind which it set, and the clouds looked as if they were painted with colours.

“Just like the colours in Mamma’s paint-box,” cried Willy.

“Oh, no: much brighter,” said Maria; “the yellow looks like shining gold, and the red like flames of fire.”

“Oh yes; it is a great deal prettier than the colours in a paint box,” cried all the children.

The sound of carriage wheels was then heard, and John came to tell them they were to return

home. This was the only unpleasant thing the children had heard throughout this happy day. To make amends, they were allowed to ride to the house on Nanny's back, two at a time; and in this way they came back shouting and laughing. They then bid each other good b'ye, got into the carriages, and went home.

Willy went to bed; and though he was sadly tired with all the fun he had had, he could not help talking to Ann while he was undressing, and telling her about the cross and the good-natured haymaker. He then knelt down to repeat his little prayer; and before he rose, he

said, — “ Pray, God, forgive me for scolding Mary, and make me good-natured, like the good-natured haymaker.”

POOR SUSAN.

ONE morning Willy went into the drawing-room, and saw his Mamma talking to a little girl about eight years old, who was crying. Willy stared with surprise; he did not know whether the child was naughty, or what was the matter. His Grand-mamma, who was there also, took him aside, and told him that Susan was not naughty, but that she was ill, and that was the reason she cried. Willy looked at her very earnestly, and then ran away. His Grand-

mamma wondered that he should go without trying to say or to do any thing to comfort poor Susan. However, he soon returned, carrying in one hand an apricot, and in the other a piece of cake. He went straight up to Susan, and put them both into her hands, without saying a word. The poor girl was pleased at Willy's kindness, and began to dry her eyes, and tried to smile. Mamma was busy, in the mean time, wrapping up something in a small piece of writing paper, which she gave to Susan.

“Take this, my dear,” said she; “I hope it may do you good; and I will go and see you

to-morrow, to know if you are better."

"May I go with you, Mamma?" whispered Willy to his Mother, pulling her by the sleeve.

"Yes, you shall," replied she, "as you are sorry for Susan now she is ill; you will be glad to see her better."

"Oh, yes, very glad," said Willy.

The next morning he went with his Mamma to the cottage where poor Susan lived with her mother, whose name was Carter. It was a very neat cottage, standing in a green lane; and roses and honeysuckles grew up against the walls, and

peeped in at the casement window, so that you could see them from the inside of the house as well as from the outside. Willy and his Mamma went into the house and found poor Susan still very ill.

“The medicine I gave her did her no good, I fear,” said Willy’s Mamma.

“I cannot get her to take it, Ma’am,” replied Dame Carter; “she is afraid it has a bad taste.”

“I told you it had not a very bad taste, Susan.”

“But you said, Ma’am, it would make me sick before it could make me well.”

“You are sick and ill now,”

replied she ; “ would it not be better to be sick first and well afterwards ? Come, do not be foolish, fetch me the powder, and show Willy how well you can take it.”

The powder was then mixed up in a teacup, with a little water, and poor Susan was afraid and ashamed to refuse taking it. So she put the cup to her lips, and made a very wry face, while the tears trickled down her cheeks ; but when she began to drink it she found that it was not so bad as she had expected. So she swallowed it without difficulty.

“ What was it first made

Susan ill ?” asked Willy’s Mamma.

“Why, Ma’am,” replied Dame Carter ; “ I think it all comes of eating unripe fruit. She was very fond of green gooseberries, and when I told her they would make her ill, she said she never felt ill after she had eaten any ; so she could not be persuaded they would hurt her in the end ; but I lay all her illness to that, Ma’am.”

“ It is most likely,” said Willy’s Mamma ; “ another time she will understand that her mother knows best.”

“ Indeed, Ma’am,” said Mrs. Carter, willing to excuse her

daughter; "she meant no harm, and is a good child."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Willy's Mother; "for I have brought her a present."

She then opened a bag she carried with her, and took out of it two shifts and a pair of stockings for the little girl, and an apron for her mother. They both looked very much pleased, and thanked her, and curtsied, and smiled, and Willy wished he had himself brought something for Susan. "I might have brought her some strawberries, or one of my toys to play with, now the carpenter has mended all the broken ones; how sorry

I am I did not think of it when we set out."

On their way home Willy asked his Mamma why Susan and her mother were so much pleased to have the shifts ?

"When I have a new frock, Mamma, I am very glad ; but I do not care for new shirts, because they look just like the old ones, and nobody can see them under my frock."

"You care only about your clothes being pretty and admired, Willy ; but poor Susan and her mother care about theirs being useful, much more than about their looking pretty."

"What use are clothes of?" said Willy.

“To cover you, and keep you warm. This woman and her little girl are very poor; they have not money enough to buy plenty of clothes to keep them warm, and were very glad when I gave them some.”

“But they do not want to be kept warm in summer, Mamma, when it is so hot.”

“It is too cold even then to go without any clothes,” said his Mother: “when winter comes, I shall give them some that are warmer.”

The next day they were to walk again to Dame Carter's cottage. Willy made his Mamma wait some time, and at last came down so heavily laden,

that he could hardly move. He had great difficulty in holding up the skirts of his frock, which he had stuffed as full as it could hold, all for poor sick Susan! There were his sawyers, and a paper full of strawberries, and a slice of cake, and a pair of old shoes, which Ann had sent to Dame Carter; for Willy had told her such a pitiful story of the poor woman having no money to buy clothes, that Ann also would send her something. Then Willy thought that as Mrs. Carter had not money enough to buy clothes, perhaps she would not have money enough to buy dinners; so he begged Ann to fetch some cold

meat, and bread, and potatoes, from the kitchen.

“ Oh, as for potatoes,” said Ann, “ they have enough of them, I dare say, in their little garden ; besides, if they have not, they can easily buy some, for they do not cost much money ; besides, potatoes would be too heavy for you to carry.” So she got some meat and bread from the cook, and folded it up in a sheet of paper, and gave it to Willy.

When his Mamma saw him come into the room, almost borne down with the weight of all these things, she could not help laughing, and asked him what he meant to do with them.

He told her he was going to carry them to poor Susan.

“ Let me see what they are,” said she: she then looked at them, and told Willy, that she thought Susan, who was a little girl, would like a doll much better than the sawyers, for she could amuse herself with making clothes for the doll. When she saw the slice of cake, she made a long face.

But Willy said, — “ I am sure, Mamma, Susan will like this better than the powders you gave her.”

“ That is true,” replied his Mamma; “ but the powders were to make her well; while this cake, I fear, would make

her ill again. Let us now give Susan what will do her good — then, when she is well, we may give her what she will like to eat.”

“And will not strawberries do her good, Mamma?” asked Willy, unfolding his paper of strawberries. But when it was opened, poor Willy was surprised to see them all crushed.

“You have not learned to pack up yet, Willy,” said his Mother, smiling; “I think that a few ripe strawberries would do Susan no harm, but these are quite spoilt. She then got a small pottle of fresh strawberries, and showed Willy how nicely they lay in such a bas-

ket. Willy enquired whether poor Susan might eat the meat and bread he had got for her.

“ I do not think she will be well enough to eat meat to-day, my dear ; but then it will keep till to-morrow ; besides, her mother can eat some of it.”

“ But she must not eat it all,” said Willy earnestly ; “ she must save some for poor Susan when she is well. Will you tell her so, Mamma ?”

“ No, my dear, something else will tell her.”

“ What else can tell her so ?” asked Willy with surprise.

“ You know how mothers love their children, Willy,” said she “ do not you ?”

“ Oh yes, Mamma; you love me dearly, and aunt Louisa loves little Mary, and Emily and Maria’s mamma love them, and all papas and mammas love their children, I believe.”

“ Well, then, I dare say that Mrs. Carter loves her little girl, and will save her some of the bread and meat, without being told to do so.”

“ But you said something would tell her, Mamma?”

“ I did not mean that anybody would tell her, but that the love she felt for her child would make her to do so, which is much the same thing.”

The whole of Willy’s bundle had now been examined. The

slice of cake was put aside, not to be taken.

“If you are hungry, Willy,” said his Mamma, “you may eat it; for as you are well, it will not hurt you.”

Willy was very fond of cake, but he looked at it wistfully before he began biting it; and when he had tasted it and found how nice it was, he said, — “What a pity that poor Susan cannot eat it! Shall I take her a few crumbs, Mamma? they would not hurt her.”

“Perhaps not,” replied she; “but I think she would have very little pleasure in eating a few crumbs; and it would only make her long for more.”

Willy was then sent into the nursery to change the toy of the sawyers for a doll. He had three dolls, and was at a loss which to choose; one had a broken nose, another had but one leg, and a third had a frock very much torn.

“I advise you to choose the doll with the torn frock,” said Ann; “for the little girl can mend it, or make a new one; but she cannot make a new leg, or a new nose.”

When he returned to his Mamma, he found she had put all the things into a basket.

“Now,” said she, “Willy, you and I must carry this basket between us.” They each took

hold of the handle, but Mamma was so much taller than Willy, that they could not hold it well together.

“ You must carry it first, Mamma,” said Willy; “ and I afterwards.”

“ The basket is so heavy that I do not think you could carry it alone; we must think of some other contrivance.” She then got a walking stick, and put it through the handle of the basket, so that the basket hung upon it. Mamma held one end of the stick in her hand, and told Willy to take hold of the other end, and rest it upon his shoulder. Willy did so.

“ You must hold it there with your hand,” said she, “ to prevent it from slipping off.”

Willy’s shoulder was about as high as Mamma’s hand.

“ So you see, Willy,” said she, “ the two ends of the stick are upon a level.”

“ What does that mean, Mamma?”

“ That they are both of the same height above the ground.”

“ Oh yes,” said Willy; “ the stick does not bend down at one end, but is quite straight.”

They walked some time in this manner, the basket swinging on the middle of the stick. Willy soon began to be tired of the weight.

“Change the stick to the other shoulder,” said his Mamma; “that is not tired.”

But when they had gone a little further, the other shoulder was tired also.

“What shall we do now, Mamma?” cried Willy; “I have no more shoulders.”

“Then we must contrive something else to relieve you,” said she; and she pulled the basket along the stick, till it was very near her, and very far from Willy.

“Why, the weight seems to be almost all gone away now, Mamma,” exclaimed Willy with surprise; “where is it gone to?”

“It is come to me,” said she; “I feel the basket heavier because it is nearer me; and you feel it lighter because it is further from you.”

“But how can that make it heavier and lighter?” said Willy.

“Oh, that is more than I can tell you now,” replied his Mother; “you must be much older before you could understand it.”

“How tiresome it is,” exclaimed Willy, “not to be older! Well then, Mamma, if you will not explain it to me, let me feel the basket heavy again, as it was before.”

His Mother pushed the basket back to the middle of the stick.

“ Now,” said she, “ you feel the basket as heavy as I do ; we divide the weight equally between us.”

“ Yes,” replied Willy ; “ in two equal shares, as I divide an apple with Harry.”

“ Well, Willy, should you like to have the largest share of the weight ?” and she pushed the basket further on, till it was much nearer to him than to herself.

“ Oh dear, Mamma !” exclaimed Willy ; “ I cannot hold it long so, it is so very, very heavy.”

Mamma soon drew the basket back from Willy to herself ; he

then cried out, —“ Oh, poor Mamma, you will be sadly tired to carry all that weight.”

“ No,” said she; I am so much stronger than you, that I can bear it without fatigue.”

They soon arrived at the cottage, and Willy was very much pleased to see Susan leaning out at the window, gathering roses and honeysuckles.

“ Oh, she is quite well now, Ma'am,” said Dame Carter; “ thanks to your good medicine. It made her very sick at first, to be sure, but as soon as that was over, she said she felt as if she was quite well again, only rather weak. I would not

let her go out to-day, Ma'am, for fear of her taking cold; so she is stretching herself out of the window to gather all the flowers she can reach, to make a nose-gay for young Master."

The little girl then handed Willy the flowers; and Willy in return unpacked his basket, and gave her the strawberries and the doll. He asked her if she could mend the frock.

She said, she knew how to work, and she thought she could; and she thanked Willy, and seemed to like the doll very much. The bread and meat was then unfolded.

"I shall give you none of this

to-day, Susan," said her mother; "it would not be good for you."

"We meant this for yourself," said Mamma.

Willy looked rather alarmed lest Dame Carter should eat it all herself; but instead of that she answered,—“I shall put it by, Ma'am, till Susan can eat it with me; I could not relish it without giving her a bit.” Then she laid it on a shelf in a cupboard, and said that she hoped to-morrow, or next day, Susan would be able to eat it with her.

Willy was very glad, and pulled his Mamma's gown, and

whispered to her,—“ She loves her little girl, as all mammas do.”

Susan then emptied the pottle of strawberries into a plate, and said,—“ You may eat this with me to-day, Mother; the Lady says they will not hurt me, and I am sure there is enough for both of us.”

Willy's Mamma then whispered to him, and said,—“ And Susan, too, loves her mother, as all children do.”

Mrs. Carter desired Willy to thank Ann for the old shoes she sent her; and then Willy and his Mamma bid Mrs. Carter and Susan good by, and returned home.

“What a nice little girl Susan is!” said Willy.

“Yes,” replied his Mamma; “but she was rather silly not to take the medicine the first day; she would have been well a whole day sooner, if she had taken it as I desired her.

“Poor Susan!” said Willy; “she will remember that, if she is ill another time; and she will remember not to eat green gooseberries again, I dare say, and then you know she will not be ill any more.”

“Not any more from eating green gooseberries,” replied his Mother.

They reached home just as

the first dinner bell rang, and Mamma ran up stairs to dress for dinner.

END OF VOL. III.

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