

MY THREE AUNTS.

COLOURED PLATES.

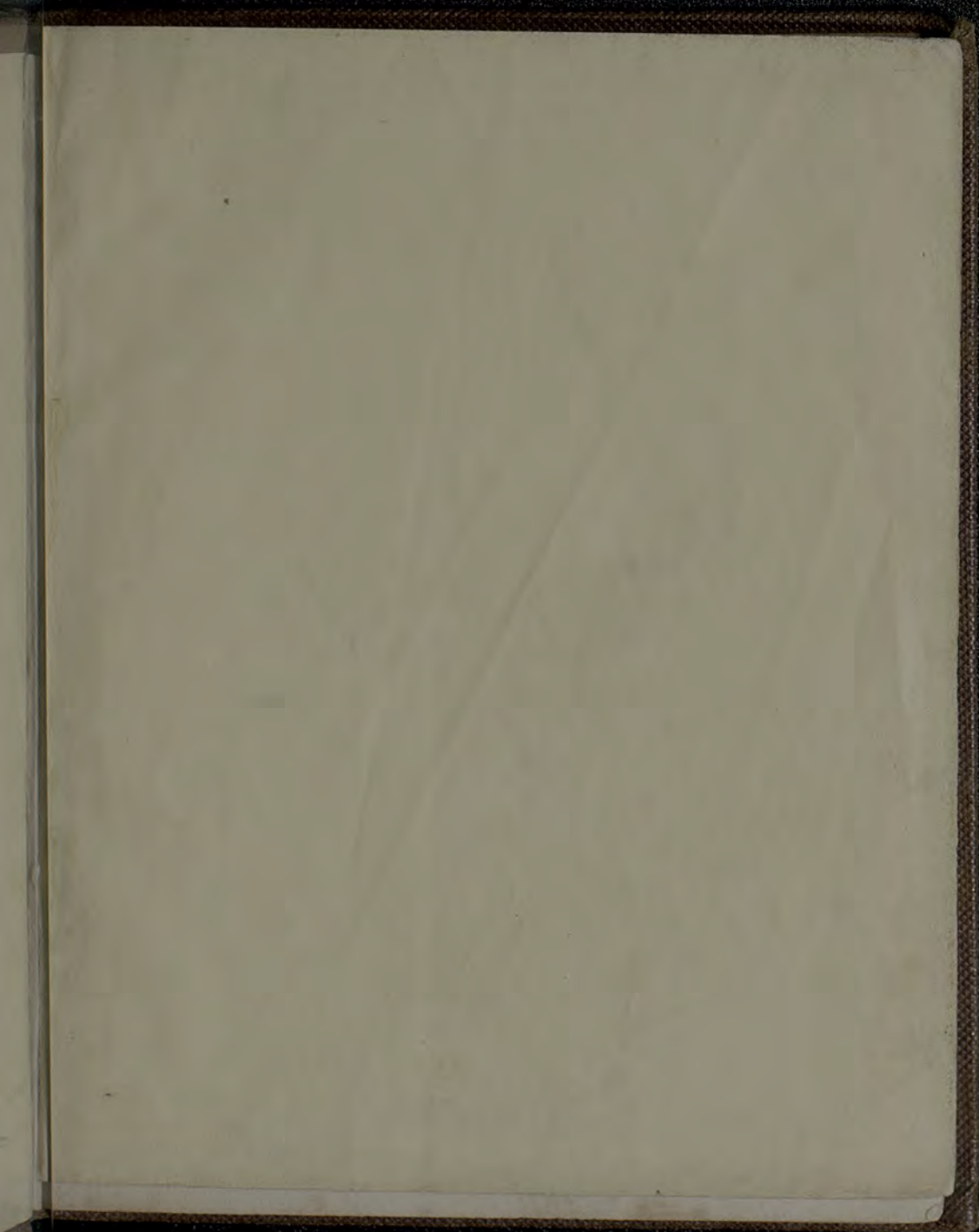
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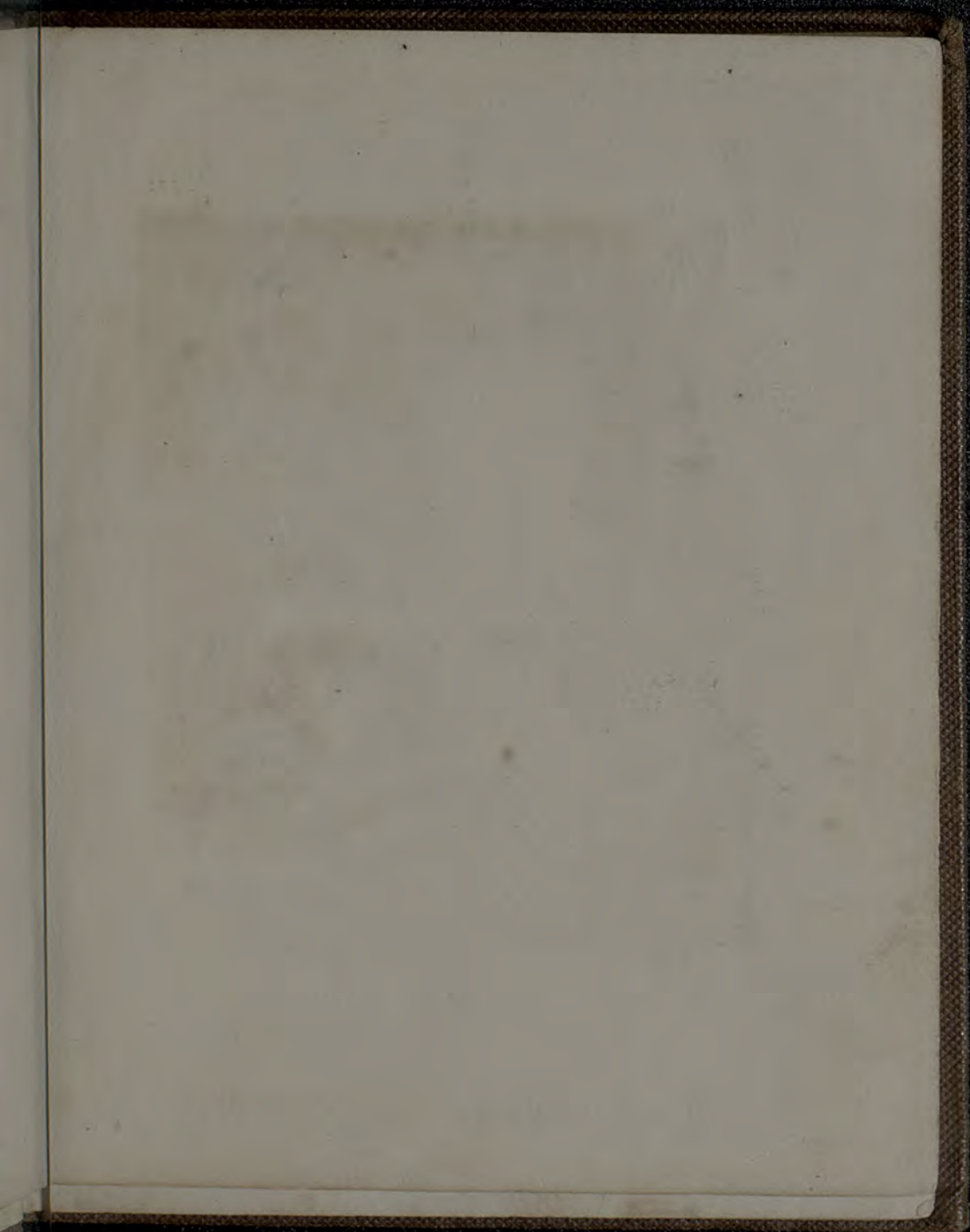


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Painted by S. Thorne.

Engraved by S. Allen.

Thomas John Wynne

From his affectionate Mother

Dec. 31 1843

MY THREE AUNTS;

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY MRS. JERRAM,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILD'S OWN STORY BOOK," ETC. ETC.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

LONDON:

DARTON AND CLARK, HOLBORN HILL.

W. P. ...

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

My dear little Children,

I write unto you, because ye *are* little children, and I feel more interest in you, and for you, than for anything else in this world: for I know that my time on earth will be short; and I would fain, ere I depart and am no more seen, leave a pleasant remembrance in your hearts, that will not pass away. To you I can speak the language of my heart, for it is even, as your own hearts. For your sakes, I strive to remember how "when I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child," and

I enter into your thoughts and feelings that, I may speak pleasant words unto you. I am for ever thinking of you, for ever wishing to do you good; and that I may leave some few lessons that will prove eternally useful unto you, is my most earnest desire, therefore my little children, "these things I write unto you, that ye sin not." God is your heavenly Father, he loves you more than your parents love you; he never forgetteth you, even for *one* moment. "His care never slumbers, his eye never sleeps, when the moon and the stars are shining, and when the night is dark and stormy, the eye of the Lord still beholdeth you;" He taketh care of you while you are sleeping sweetly upon your beds; and when the sun rises, and the sky is blue, He smileth upon you, and blesseth you. Do you ever think of His great kindness? O! it is so *very* great, I fear that we none of us value it as we ought. We oft-times feel very happy and very much pleased, and we

say to each other "I cannot tell how it is, but I feel very happy to-day." Alas! we forget that, it is the goodness of God so richly scattered around us, that makes us so happy. Let us then try, to think oftener of this great and good God, and to be more thankful unto him. Let us when walking in the fields and meadows, beholding the flowers growing in beauty and innocence together, strive like them to live, like them to grow, in beauty and in peace. When we hear the holy songs of the little birds, as they sing sweetly in the groves, let us learn from them to praise our Maker continually, for if we seek we may find,

In every leaf, in every flower,
In every warbling rill,
In every breeze, in every star,
A voice that speaketh still.

My little children, when I think of you, my heart becomes better and purer for I think of holy places, where the voice of sorrow entereth not.

I think of that pure City, where little children are for ever good, and for ever happy. I think of green pastures, and still waters; of flowers which never fade, of a sun that never goes down. I think of white and glittering garments, and crowns of the purest gold, which shall be given to the pure in heart. I think of beautiful angels with glittering wings; and of all the good and holy people whom I have known, and of whom I have read in sacred books. I think of little children, beautiful—O how shall I tell you *how* beautiful, how fair, how glorious, they are in my heart's thoughts. And I think of them singing praises to their Saviour: I listen to the low sweet chiming of their thousand voices, until I forget this world and all its vain joys, and long to be with my Saviour in heaven. And I think of glorious palaces, and shining temples, and of the many mansions which are in my Father's house, where Jesus is preparing places for all who love him.

And then little children I think of our dear Saviour; but O! I cannot tell you how I think of Him: I cannot describe unto you the holiness and the glory of his countenance which is the light of the holy City.

Little children, you must think of *him* yourselves, and you must pray to God to make you better children, to grant you patient and enduring spirits, that you may not quarrel, nor be unkind one to another.

In this world we have much to bear, and much to suffer; but it is all for our good; it is to lead us to our Saviour, who, while He dwelt on this earth, suffered far more, than we ever can suffer. O! how ought we not to love Him, and to strive to do all things to His glory, seeing that He laid down His life for us, that we might become the children of God. "And now little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at his coming."

NEVER TELL AN UNTRUTH.

MY little children, never tell an untruth; if you do, you will most surely be very sorry for it, whether you confess it or not; as I hope I can convince you.

When I was about seven years old, I went one afternoon to school, and I heard a little girl ask her teacher, if she might go home at three o'clock. Now there was a little girl at the school, who lived in the next house to my mother, and she and I sat beside each other at the time when the little girl asked if she might go home at three.

I do not now remember whether she, or I, put it into the other one's mind, to say that we also were to go home at three, but we both went and told the teacher that, if she pleased, we were to go home at three o'clock. She asked us if we were sure? We said we were, and she let us go.

When we went home we told our mothers, that the teacher had said we might go home, and they did not doubt the truth of what we had said.

Now, we were to have played in the garden behind the house, but we were so sad after having told the falsehood, that we could not enjoy ourselves at all; there seemed to be a dark shadow resting upon every thing on which we looked; it was the shadow of our sin, hiding from us the sunshine of a pure conscience. And yet, I believe we never told our mothers how naughty we had been, and how sad we felt. I know that *I* never told mine. Little children, sixteen years have passed since that time, and my dear mother is in her grave, and I cannot tell her how very sorry I am. Yes, sixteen long years, and yet my tears gush forth when I think of that very sad day when I told that naughty falsehood. Oh! be sure, my dear children, that you never tell an untruth, for you cannot think how very sorry it will make you

if you do. Be sure you never deceive your parents or friends, or say any thing to them in an unkind manner, for if they should die before you, you know not in how bitter a manner you will hereafter think of your conduct towards them.

THE UNKIND LITTLE BOY.

ONE day when cherries were just ripe, I saw a little boy who had been to a garden, come home with two nice red ones in his hand; and I heard him say as he held them up before his cousin, a little girl not eight years old, "Look here, Charlotte!" But instead of giving her one of them, as I fully expected he would have done, he put them both into his mouth and ate them. Now, I felt very sorry for Charlotte, as she watched her cousin eating his cherries, and so I said, "Never mind Charlotte, you can have some cherries when

you go out; I will give you a penny to buy some with."

But this did not, as I hoped it would have done, cause the little boy to see how greedy he had been; for he directly said, "Yes Charlotte, there's plenty of cherries at the gardener's, you can buy some when you go out."

This was very naughty of the little boy, for all little children ought to take a pleasure in sharing with each other what they have to enjoy, and in doing every thing they can to make each other happy.

DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN.

SARAH has got her arm bound up, what is the matter with it? It has been burnt; she *would* reach across the table for an apple, while an iron was there; which had just been taken out of the fire; and when Maria told her to go round for

the apple, or she would burn herself, she said, "I shall reach across the table, and I shall not be burned." But she touched the iron, and was very sadly burnt, which would not have been the case if she had done as she was bidden.

James has got a sore knee, and he cannot play with us, for he *would* ride upon the kitchen poker, although Maria told him to put it away, and said that she was sure he would hurt himself if he did not. But he *would* please himself, and so he rode along, until he fell down and hurt his knee. And so he is obliged to sit still and suffer all this pain, for he cannot enjoy himself until his knee is better.

THE PLUM.

"PLEASE Mary I want a plum."

"Very well James, here is a nice purple one for you."

"Nay, I will not have that, I want the yellow one."

“But, James, I dare not give you the yellow one, Mamma would say if she were here, it is too large to do you any good, and so be a good boy, and take this purple one.”

“Nay, I shall cry, if I may not have the yellow one.”

“I should think you will have more sense, James.”

“I shall not Mary, for I am going to begin now, if you do not give it to me.”

“Now do, James, be good and take the purple one, because I shall not ask you again.”

“I want the yellow one, Mary.”

“But will you not have the purple one, James?”

“Well, I think I will, Mary.”

“Now, James, how much better would it not have been if you had taken it at first, and have saved yourself and me all this trouble.”

“But Mary, I could not help it.”

“Did you try, James?”

“No, I did not.”

“I thought not, James, we could do many things which we do not, if we were to try.”

WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

WHEN I was a child about four years old, my Father went a journey into Scotland. He was away only about six weeks, but it seemed to me as many months.

Every evening when it was fine, I used to run to the end of the street in which we lived, to look if I could see him coming, but I never did.”

One night I had been in bed two or three hours, when one of my sisters came and carried me down stairs; but I was so sleepy that I did not wake until she had placed me upon the knees of some one; and, when I looked up, I saw that it was my Father.

On the table were many sea-shells, and pretty books, which my Father had brought with him;

and there was one for me, full of painted pictures, because, I was a very little child, and he thought it would please me.

Oh! that pleasant night! I think I see it now; the sea-shells—the new books—and my mother, my sister, and myself so happy, and my father at home once more.

I cannot tell you how very glad I was, nor how many years I kept my picture book as a great treasure, and I used to call it my Scotland book.

LITTLE KATE.

KATE is a little baby, she is only ten months old; but O! she is such a funny little creature, and has so many playful ways.

Sometimes when sitting upon the carpet, she lifts her hands up above her head, and shakes them so prettily, and always when she does so, I think she looks as though she were sitting in a plea-

sant field, with her lap filled with flowers, and that every now and then, she scatters them amongst her hair. Then she holds her head on one side to peep at you, and she looks just as sweet and pleasant as a summer rose.

Well, and we have a picture of Lady Jane Grey, a lovely thing, that we are all very fond of, and I have taught little Kate, to know it by the name of Jane; and when any one says to her, Kate, where is Jane? she looks directly towards the picture, and holds up her tiny finger to point to it.

A few days ago, it had been snowing, and I carried little Kate to the window to look out; and O! how surprised she was at the white ground, and the white trees; and when she saw it snowing, she held out her hands to try to catch the flakes. I dare say she thought the falling snow, looked like feathers.

Well, and I am sure although so young, she often thinks; for she sits upon my knee, and looks

into the fire for two or three minutes together; and if I call to her, she does not look at me until she has finished her thought.

What pleasant little thoughts she must have. The sweetest spring flowers—the coolest breezes—the warbling of silvery waters—and the songs of summer birds all blended together, seem to me pure and holy, as an infant's thoughts must be.

Kate is a dear little child. I cannot tell you how much I love her. I look upon her now,—she is pure and holy, she has never known sorrow nor sin, and I ask my heart, what may she not be in after years? She must tread the path of sorrow, before she can enter into the land of everlasting love, of everlasting life.

She must bear the cross of earthly suffering, before she can wear the crown of endless glory.

But O! there is a shore,
Where shadow never falls;
For everlasting sunshine,
Rests on those golden walls.

There lambs of whitest fleece,
In greenest pastures stray;
And rivers of delight,
Flow on their pleasant way.

Among that happy flock,
O! may my lamb appear,
And spend in Jesu's fold,
The everlasting year.

ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS FROZEN TO DEATH.

How fast it snows, and how very cold it is: how sorry I feel for the poor little birds this severe weather, they seem almost frozen.

This morning when Marian was out with her grandfather, they saw a poor little robin, that had been crushed to death under a cart-wheel.

Pretty creature! I should think it must have been so cold, as not to be able to get out of the way of the cart, and so it was crushed to death.

I do not know what I should have done, if I had seen it, I should have been so very sorry.

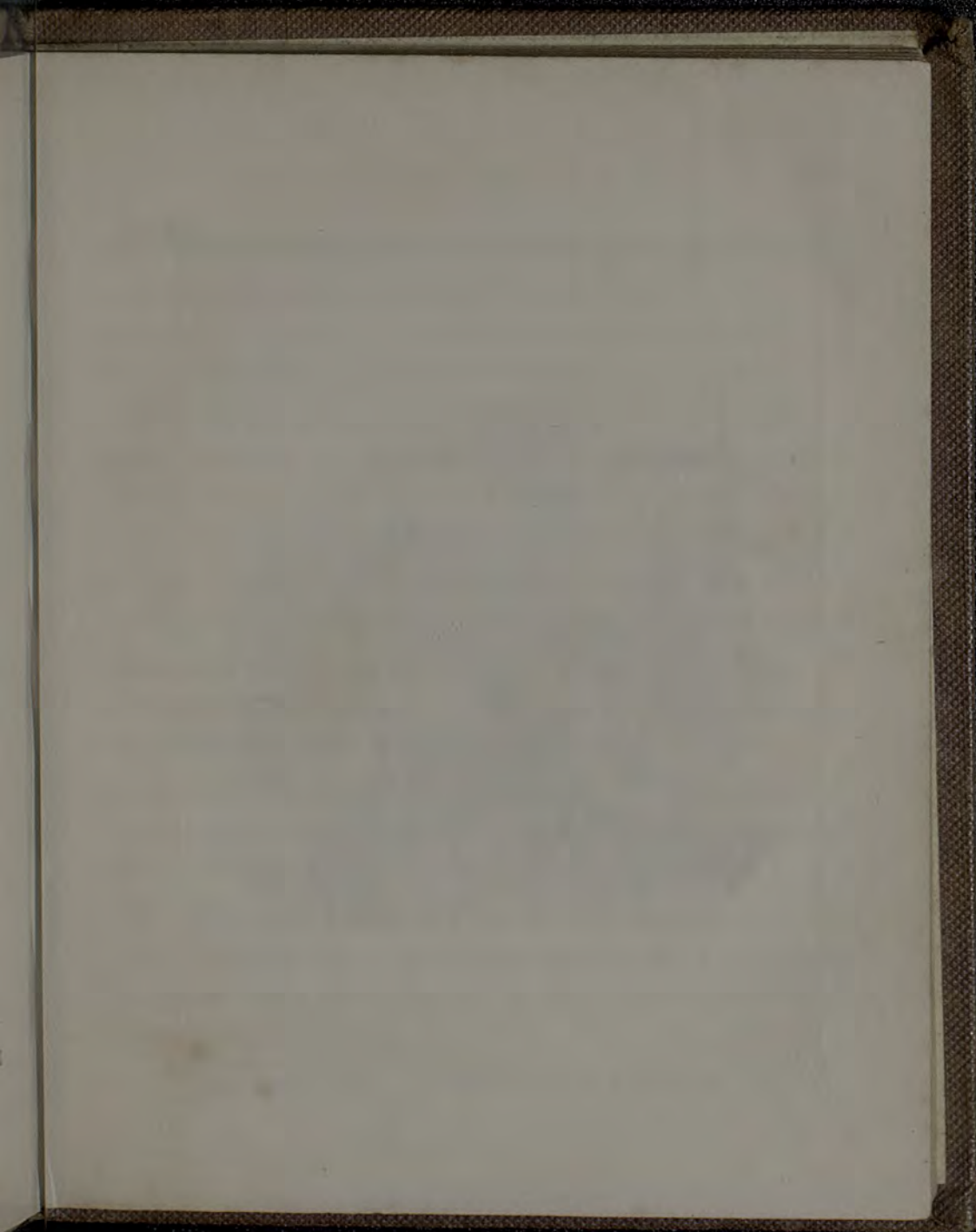
How thankful you ought to be my dear children, that you are not obliged, as some poor children are, to go out amongst the frost and snow for miles together. I will tell you a fact I heard of last winter, which made me feel extremely sad, and which I can never think of, without much pain of mind. A little girl was found frozen to death amongst the snow; and upon each cheek was a tear, also frozen; and her long silken eye-lashes were glittering with ice drops. Oh! does it not chill you to the heart to hear it? Perhaps she had been on some kind errand of love to her grandfather, or grandmother; taking a little cake which her mother baked the day before, or a pair of stockings knit by herself on purpose for her grandfather, to keep him warm through the wintry days. And she had gone, and was on her way home again; and she became cold,—so very

cold, that she was unable to proceed on her way, and so was obliged to sit down amongst the snow.

For some time she hoped that some kind-hearted person would be coming that way who would assist her on her journey; long did she listen for an approaching footstep; but nothing was heard, save the sighing of the chill blast, as it passed mournfully by her ear.

Then did the little girl think of their white-washed cottage with the jessamine by the door; she thought of her mother's morning hymn, of her father's evening prayer; and of her dear little brothers and sisters peeping out from the cottage door, wondering why their sweet sister was so long in coming.

Yes, she thought of all those things, and she began to weep, and she went to sleep with tears upon her cheeks, and they were frozen there. O! how my heart aches to think of it. But think my dearest children, O! think how delightful it





would be to that little girl after going to sleep in so much sorrow, to awake,

“To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know.”

ELIJAH.

“GRANDPAPA, how white your hair is, what makes it so white?”

“It is age, my dear child, that has whitened my locks, for you know that I am an old man.”

“Yes, Grandpapa, but should you not like to be a little child again, strong and healthy like I am? And then you know, you could climb the hills, without being tired, and run races with the fawns in the park, help me fly my kites, and play with me at marbles. I wish you were a boy, grandpapa.”

“Perhaps, you would love me better, if my

hair was not so white, and my limbs not so feeble.”
—“Nay, grandpapa, I love you *more* for having white hair, and for being an old man; because I am sorry for you, when I think, that all your bright days are gone by; and that you have no one left with you but me, to love you, and make you happy.”

“Nay, Frederick, my bright days are not *all* gone by; although I have lost all my children but thee, God has not left me quite alone; and if he were even to take thee from me, I should not *then* be alone; for that holy Spirit, who hath been my comforter, through all my trials, would still abide with me.”

But grandpapa, if I were dead, and you were to become much older, and a great deal more feeble; perhaps, your servants would be so unkind as to leave you, and then what would you do, if you had no one to prepare your food and drink?”

“That great and good God, my dear boy, who

caused Elijah to be fed by ravens, would not forsake *me*."

"What Elijah, grandpapa? Tell me about him, please."

"We read about Elijah, in the Scripture, in the first book of Kings, beginning at the seventeenth chapter."

"What does it say about him, grandpapa!"

"It says, my dear, that 'The word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.' So he went, and did according unto the word of the Lord; for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook."

"Why did the Lord command him to go there, grandpapa?"

“Because Ahab, who was then king of Israel, was so very wicked, that in order to punish him, God sent neither dew nor rain upon that land, for a great length of time; and because Elijah was a righteous man he was taken especial care of by the Almighty, and was fed night and morning by ravens. Thus you see, my dear child, that the Lord will certainly take care of all good people.”

“But, grandpapa, how long did he stay there.”

“Why my love, after a time the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land: and then the word of the Lord, came unto Elijah again, bidding him arise and go to Zarephath, which belongs to Zidon, and to dwell there; for he had commanded a widow woman there to sustain him; and when he came to the gate of the city, he beheld the widow woman gathering sticks, and he called unto her, and said, ‘Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink.’ And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her

and said, 'Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread, in thine hand.' And she said, 'As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and behold, I am gathering sticks, that I may go in and dress it, for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die.' And Elijah said unto her, 'Fear not; go, and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For, thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day, that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.' Well, my love, and after they had eaten together many days, the widow's son became very ill, so ill, that in a short time he died. Yes, he died, and he was her only child. And the mother looked upon the silent features of her child, and fondly clasped his cold hands in her own; and she thought how many a time those little hands had wiped away her

tears; how often they had been folded together in prayer; and she looked on his dark shining ringlets and thought how often in the long sunny days she had bound about them the fragrant lily, and the red rose; and now he was sleeping the slumber of death. And the widow's heart was well nigh broken. And when Elijah saw her great sorrow, he said unto her, 'Give me thy son.' And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him into his chamber, and laid him upon his own bed. And he cried unto the Lord, saying, 'O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come unto him again.' And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived. And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber, into the house, and gave him unto his mother, and said, 'See thy son liveth.' Oh! then think how great must have been her joy, for she was a widow, and he was her only child."

"Dearest Grandpapa, how kind it is of you, to

tell me such pleasant stories, they make me wish to become great and good, like those holy persons of whom I hear."

"I hope my child, thou wilt become a good and noble man, an ornament to the christian family. Come with me, my child, and I will shew thee a picture of Elijah. See, there he is, sitting at the entrance of a cave, and there beside him, is the brook Cherith; how clear and cool it looks, and there are two ravens with food in their mouths. What an ancient-looking man he is; and like me, my Frederick, he has white hair."

EMILY HOWARD.

THE dew of a June morning yet hung richly upon the red rose and the graceful white lily, when little Emily Howard had put on her clean white muslin peltisse, and white silk bonnet, and little black morocco shoes with silver clasps, fastening

them round her ankle ; for it was her birth-day, and she was three years old ; and she was going with her mamma, to spend the day with her grandmamma. And the carriage was at the door, and her mamma was just going down stairs, with her parasol in her hand, to screen them from the sun, as they rode along.

And so Emily was lifted into the carriage after her mamma, and off they drove. Now, they had two miles to ride, and after they had gone down a pretty little shady lane, all their way was along a pleasant high road ; on the left of which grew lime trees, and chestnut trees, and larches, and firs, and green ash trees, whose spreading branches made a cool shade for many a little plant which grew on the bank beneath. And on the right hand, was a hedge of wild roses, and sweet scented hawthorn. And O ! the many little moths they saw fluttering about the flowers, and the many birds they heard singing as they went,—was it not a lovely road ? Well, at last they got to grandmamma's, who had

been watching for them for some time; and O! how she kissed little Emily, as she lifted her out of the carriage; and how she blessed her, and hoped that she might live to be a good and happy woman. But stay, I must describe the cottage, for it was *just* such a place as a good little girl ought to go to, to spend a happy birthday.

It was a stone-built cottage, with a projecting roof, supported by four pillars. The windows were very tall, reaching from just above the ground, nearly to the roof; the centre panes were large and bright, and around them were lesser panes, richly stained: the door which was made of oak, was polished as brightly as though it had been a table in the parlour, and the three stone steps leading to the hall were as white as snow. Before the cottage was a large garden, with neat gravel walks winding about it, and therein were growing, the laburnum, with its rich golden tresses drooping almost down to the ground, and the white flowering broom, and—

“ The lilacs were the robins built,
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light.”

And there also grew the silvery lime, and the tall dark fir, the quivering aspen, and the fragrant myrtle. And many birds built their nests in the trees, and the voice of their singing, and the sweet scent of the flowers, floated upon the breeze, and made it a garden of perfume and song.

And the bee and the butterfly came to sip honey from the flowers, and the grasshopper, to dance among the green grass. And in one part of the garden, was a little shady nook, which seemed designed by nature, to be the retreat of some dear little thoughtful child, with just as much green grass, as would serve for a cushion for its feet, and just as much blue sky, peeping through the trees above, as would remind it of some pure angel-eye, looking down into the deep quiet of its heart's thoughts. O! it was a lovely spot.

Then behind the house, distant from it about five hundred yards, was a little wood, and a pleasant place it was; but the most beautiful spot, was where an old grey willow, drooped its branches over a little silvery spring of clear-flowing water, which came gushing up out of the earth, with a low soft tone, like the voice of infancy. Here little Emily Howard loved to go, whenever she paid her grandmamma a visit, and sitting upon a mossy bank, by the side of the spring, would warble forth the innocent language of her soul, as she twined the wild wood-flowers among her fair hair, or bending down her ear close to the brink of the water, would listen in silent delight to its rippling music, until her heart became filled with those holy and beautiful thoughts, which are made known, daily, to the heart of a child. Now, must it not have been, as I said before, *just* such a place, as a good little child ought to go to, to spend a happy birthday?

Well, and then Emily's grandmamma was so kind, and so cheerful; she would often take little Emily upon her knee, and tell her very sweet stories, or carry her to look at a pair of turtle doves, named Belle and Beauty, telling her to mark how they loved each other, and she would say, "that is the way in which good little children should live together."

Well, and grandmamma, also had a little kitten: O! such a beauty, its name was Playful, and I am going to tell you something about it.

One day, when Emily was out walking with her mamma, as they were passing the side of a river, they saw a little boy with a basket in his hand, and very soon he opened the basket, and having taken something out, threw it into the river; and after pausing for a minute or two, he took something else out of the basket, and threw that into the river; and then they heard a piteous cry, as of a drowning kitten; Emily's mamma then went

down to the boy, and found that he still had a pretty little kitten in the basket, which he was just going to take out to drown, as he had the others; but she gave him some pence, and told him that she would take the little kitten with her, and Emily carried it home in her arms.

But as they had a cat of their own, Emily's mamma said, that it would be better to send it to live with her grandmamma, who would be very kind to it. And so they sent it in a little basket, as a present from Emily; and her grandmamma gave it the name of Playful, because it was such a merry little thing. And whenever Emily went to the cottage, the kitten purred and sang, and rubbed its soft head on her hand, and played with the clasps on her shoes, and never scratched her, nor seemed in the least unkind; and Emily thought she had never seen such a sweet, gentle, little creature, before.

Well, on that happy birthday, when Emily was

three years old, the kitten had a little piece of blue satin ribbon tied about its neck, with a little silver bell to it, and whenever it ran about, it made a little tinkling sound; and grandmamma made a nice plum pudding for dinner, and the parlour in which they dined had been newly painted, and there was a new carpet upon the floor, and all the pictures were dressed with laurels and roses, because it was Emily's birthday.

And in the evening, just before they returned home, they went into the summer-house in the garden, where, upon the table, a neat white cloth was spread, and there were some strawberries and cream, and little white cakes for them to eat. And after their repast was over, Emily's grandmamma gave her a handsome barrel-organ, which she said was to stand in the nursery, that Emily might play it whenever she liked. And then she kissed her tenderly at parting, and said, "May every future birthday find thee a better and a happier child."

And when Emily laid her head upon her pillow that night, there was not one painful memory in her heart of the day that was past, and she never forgot that happy birthday.

Why did she not forget it? Was it the nice plum pudding, the rich strawberries and cream, and the handsome barrel-organ, which made her remember it? No. There was a memory in her heart, of the trees and flowers, of the birds and butterflies, of the pleasant garden, and of the singing waters, of her grandmamma's happy countenance, of her mamma's gentle voice; even the purring of the kitten, and the cooing of the doves, were mingled sweetly in that memory! Oh! it was a lovely picture painted on the child's heart, a picture *all* pleasantness and peace!



THE REIN-DEER.

THE Rein-Deer is a native of Lapland, Kamschatka, Siberia, Northern Russia, Sweden, and Norway, and of several other Northern Countries.

It is a singular looking animal, with long branching horns, and meek-looking eyes. The colour of the Rein-Deer is, during the summer season, of a dark brown shade, which in the winter assumes a greyish tinge, caused by the intense cold of the climate. It is a patient, enduring creature, and will cheerfully carry very heavy burdens. I believe it to be very like the Camel in its nature, mild and tractable. The Rein-Deer is used by the Laplanders, as horses are by the English; it will carry a rider upon its back, or draw sledges across long extents of snow.

Without the Rein-Deer, I should think the Laplanders could not exist, for their dress is composed

almost entirely of its skin, which is so thick that scarcely any cold can penetrate it. The Laplanders are a very dwarfish race of people, owing to the intense cold of their climate, which will not allow them to grow to our size. I think they must look very funny, in their fur coats, and fur caps, especially the little children.

Poor things, I feel very sorry for them, because they have so much winter: with them it is winter almost half the year, and then it is not like our winter, for we often see the sunshine, and even when the sun is hidden from us by clouds, it is not dark, like it is in the Northern regions. I dare say they often go out to look at the Aurora Borealis shining in the heavens like a brilliant rainbow, and the bright stars twinkling in the cold dark sky.

And then I fancy, when they are clapping their hands together in delight, that they must look almost as broad as they are long.

Poor little Lapland children, you never feel the fresh cool breezes of Spring, you never see the primrose or the violet, the cowslip or the sweet-scented hawthorn; you never hear the lark singing its morning psalm, nor the flute-like notes of the nightingale. Oh! happy English children roaming through the green fields, filling your hands with daisies and cowslips; or playing in your cottage gardens, at the golden hour of sunset; or sitting around a hearthstone, singing hymns to your Creator; think how very great are your comforts when compared with those of the poor little Laplanders; think of the thousands of blessings your heavenly Father is constantly scattering around you, "And be ye thankful unto him, and speak good of his name. For the Lord is gracious,—his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth from generation to generation."

HOW HAPPY WE ARE!

How happy we are, this fine Spring morning, all playing together in this pleasant field. The buds are just bursting into blossom, and the leaves are getting quite large. Hark! Did you not hear the cuckoo? Yes, there he is again; O! now it seems *indeed* Spring! Let us run up this side of the hill, and down the other side; Oh! how pleasant and cool the wind blows upon us as we run.

I don't know when I have felt so happy, as I feel to-day; I do not know how to express my delight. O! now I just think of those joyous verses mamma taught us last evening, let us all sing them together; you know, we are in our own field, close beside our own house, and there will be no one to listen to us but mamma, and she loves to hear us sing. Come, let us sing it with my favourite tune.

“THE cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest,
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one.”

“Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill,
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon
There’s joy in the mountains ;
There’s life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone.”

I think no little piece of poetry ever made me feel so happy as that does.

Mamma says that it was written by William

Wordsworth, and that he lives in Westmorland. How very much I should like to go and see him, for I am sure he loves little children very much, or he would not write so many sweet little stories for them. You know it was he who wrote about "Little Lucy Gray, going to light her Mother through the snow." And he also wrote, "I met a little Cottage Girl."

O! what a pretty, innocent-looking child I think she must have been. What colour do you think her hair was? You know it says,

"Her hair was thick with many a curl,
Which clustered round her head."

"I think it was a rich dark brown."

"*I* don't, I think it was a deep yellow, like gold."

"*I* don't, I think it was flaxen, and very soft and bright."

Well, and he also wrote the "Pet Lamb," and a great many more sweet little pieces, which I have read; so I am sure that he loves children, and I think he has very pleasant looking eyes, and that he would smile kindly upon us. I wonder if he has children; if he has, I am sure they must be happy, having so kind a father.

What shall we do now? Why we will gather a little bunch of violets, and take them to mamma, to put in the glass in the parlour window, because she is fond of violets, and then we will go and weed our gardens; and do not let us forget to cut off that slip of sweet-brier, which we promised to give to poor old Mary Allen; if we do not take it to her to-day she will think that we have forgotten her because she is an old woman; and I would not on any account cause her to think so, for I am sure that old people deserve to be remembered in all kindness by us, seeing how much they have suffered; so let us go now while

we are thinking of it, and take it to her, for if we do not, we may forget, and then we shall have to be very sorry.

MOONLIGHT SONG.

COME out in the moonlight, come out with me ;
And let us dance under the linden-tree,
 And the cricket shall be our piper ;
And Zephyr shall fan us with his wing,
And we to the nightingale-flute will sing,
 As we all dance under the linden-tree,
 As we all dance under the linden-tree.

Oh! we envy not the king nor the queen,
For we have a throne of the softest green,
 And crowns of the evening primrose ;
And our hands with strawberries rich we fill,
And our wine we drink from a clear bright rill,
 Which bubbles beneath the linden-tree,
 Which bubbles beneath the linden-tree.

Then away—away o'er the fairy ring,
Like young gazelles let us lightly spring,
 For the glow-worm hath lit her taper,

And the moon hath put on her golden veil,
And the night blowing-stock throws its scent on the gale,
And we must away from the linden-tree,
And we must away from the linden tree!

TO A LITTLE GIRL, AFTER A DREAM.

THOU laidst thy head on its pillow soft,
And in sleep thine eye didst see,
A fair and beautiful little child,
Who came to play with thee.

He told thee tales that were pleasant to hear,
And his voice was soft and sweet,
But there was a glance in his dazzling eye,
Thou didst not like to meet.

And he fain would have thee go with him,
Away from thy peaceful home;
But thou wished'st that he was away from thee,
In the land from whence he had come.

Then a little voice in thine heart spoke up,
And heaven was in its sound,
And it said "Wilt thou leave thy father's house,
Where nought but love thou hast found?"

Thy father's eye is gentle and kind,
Thy mother's voice is sweet,
And they love thee more than the green turf loves
The flowers that spring at thy feet.

And thy little brothers whose innocent hearts,
Are filled with childish mirth,
Would wonder and weep if thou should'st go,
Away from thy father's hearth.

Then bend thy knees, and lift up thy voice,
To thy Father who dwelleth above,
And ask him to guard from the tempter's power,
And he'll hear in the land of love.

And he'll guide thy feet in a pleasant way,
And guard thee from danger and sin ;
But still thou must watch, and still thou must pray,
That temptation enter not in.

Oh ! Mary, my love, that little voice,
Though silent sometimes it be,
Yet list for its sound in danger and doubt,
And sweetly 'twill speak to thee.

'Tis the voice of conscience, and ever while life
Remains it will be thy guest,
And if thou would'st follow its holy commands,
It would lead to the land of the blest.

Thou art young, my love, thy days have been few,
But thou art not too young to die,
And I trust there's a mansion, prepared for thee,
Beyond the blue plains of the sky.

There all holy children for evermore
In the valley of blessedness dwell,
And the flowers are more fair, and the rivers more bright,
Than a mortal tongue can tell.

THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD THE FOURTH.

THE clear soft light of an Autumn moon, came down in its divinest lustre, and rested upon the tall narrow windows of a small chamber in the Tower of London. Beneath those tall windows was a little bed, whereon two lovely children were sleeping; the elder of whom, looked about thirteen years old, and the younger one about nine years.

The rich auburn tresses of the elder one parted

gracefully over a broad white forehead, and his long silken eye-lashes, lay brightly upon his rose-tinted cheek; and there was a happy smile upon his lips, which told that he had gone to sleep at peace with himself, and all the world.

The younger one was fairer, more finely formed, there was something more holy and heaven-like in his face, a pensive and almost mournful expression which too plainly told that the beings whom *most* he loved dwelt not around him. One white arm was passed fondly over his brother's neck, and his beauteous head, rested upon his brother's bosom. And the moonbeams came down upon the pillow of the sleeping children; and the stars were in the sky.

'Twas midnight; and the door was softly opened, and there entered two men: but, O! I cannot describe the dark unfeeling character of their faces, they seemed like evil spirits, in the presence of two pure angels. And why did those dark men

enter, at that solemn hour, the chamber of those two fair children! Ah! my little children they cruelly took away their lives,—they smothered them. O! hard hearted, unfeeling men; and did ye think that no one beheld ye? Did not the moon and the holy stars behold? Did not glorious angels behold? Yea, and did not the great God behold? Yes, and he took the spirits of those two dear children into His own heavenly kingdom, which knoweth no end. But is this quite true? you ask. Yes, it is quite true, and if you read in the History of England, the reigns of Edward the Fourth, of Edward the Fifth, and of Richard the Third, you will find, that the children of whom I have spoken, were the sons of Edward the Fourth, the elder one, Edward, Prince of Wales, and the younger one, Richard, Duke of York; and they were murdered by the Duke of Gloucester, their uncle, that he might become king.

By him, they were taken away from their mo-

ther, who with many tears and much sorrow had parted from them, especially her beautiful, her darling Richard. And they went to bed that night keeping silence in that narrow chamber, lest any one should hear and be angry with them; until safely clasped in each other's arms, in gentle whispers they told to each other the secret thoughts of their hearts; they spoke of their mother, and their sisters, and of the happy days they had once known. Then think of the tender-hearted Richard bursting into tears, and saying, "O! for one moment just to lay my head upon my mother's bosom, and to feel her sweet kiss upon my lips." Then think of his brother kissing away his tears, and speaking words of comfort to his sorrowful heart. Then think of them going to sleep closely locked in each other's arms, one resting upon the bosom of the other; think of the clear soft moonlight resting upon their pillow, and then think of those wicked men sent by one *more* wicked than them-

selves, coming in the solemn stillness of midnight to take away their lives. And then think of a bright company of angels carrying their pure spirits away beyond the moon, and the bright stars, to dwell in the kingdom of God for ever. O! happy little Princes, unto you are given crowns of endless life, and robes of unfading lustre: ye need not now the diamond, or the ruby, the gold, or the splendour of this world; for yours is the kingdom of heaven!





THE WOLF.

THE moon is in the sky, the beautiful, the glorious moon; she gathers the little clouds about her, and tinges them with silver; she rideth among the stars like a vessel of heaven laden with light; she maketh all the sky rejoice in the beauty of her countenance. The flowers have folded their delicate leaves, the birds have ceased to warble in the groves; the babe is sleeping on its mother's bosom, the children have given over their play, and are resting quietly upon their beds; the aged silver-haired man no longer places his chair in the sunshine, in his cottage garden; he too is resting in the quietness of slumber. O, how still, how holy is the night! surely there is neither darkness nor pain in any part of the world.

But turn to yonder battle-field, and behold the wolf feeding upon the bodies of the dying and

the dead; the moonlight is there also, shining upon the face of many a slumberer, and gleaming brightly upon the fallen helmet and the broken sword. But the beautiful stillness of the night is oft-times broken by the howling of the savage wolf. We will turn from the sadness of the battle-plain, and try to give you some account of the wolf. The colour of the wolf differs according to the climate in which he lives; the common wolves, which live in France and Germany, are of a brown colour; and besides these, there are others of a yellow colour, and in the northern climates some are black, and others quite white. The wolf is at this period, quite unknown in England; but about the year nine hundred and fifty-nine, these animals so infested England, that Edgar, who was then king, "changed the tribute which the Welsh used to pay in money, into so many wolves' heads, to be paid every year," and, since that time, there have been no wolves in England.

It is not often that a wolf can be tamed, but I have read of a gentleman who procured one when it was very young, and brought it up in the same manner as a puppy. When he was fully grown, the gentleman had occasion to leave the part of the country, in which he had been living, and he then sent the wholf to the owners of the menagerie, at Paris. For many weeks the poor creature was so unhappy, that he would scarcely taste a morsel of food; but after a while, he became fond of those who were kind to him, and seemed to have quite forgotten his former master. After an absence of eighteen months, the gentleman returned, and the wolf heard his voice when he was speaking in the midst of a great crowd of people, in the garden, and became so restless, that he was set at liberty; when he directly found his master, and evinced the greatest joy at the meeting. Again the gentleman went away, and again the poor wolf pined as he had done before,

only that his grief seemed more violent. After three years' absence, his master again returned. It was night, and the wolf's den was closed; but the moment the gentleman spoke, the faithful creature began to cry in a most piteous manner, until the keeper opened the door of his cage; he then rushed towards his old master, licked his hands and face, leapt upon his shoulders, and seemed as though he would go wild with joy. Oh! how hard it seems that he could not remain with one whom he loved so well. Poor creature, he never recovered that last separation, for from the time his master left him, he became quite gloomy, and almost savage, in which state he remained until his death.

THE SKYLARK.

Do you remember, little children, that in the Child's Own Story Book, I told you my sister Re-

becca had a skylark which she called her little poet, because he sang so sweetly?

Yes, you remember it, and I told you that he was once very ill, and how pleased we were when he got well again. Well, he sang all through that summer, but not as he used to sing; his song was more mournful than we had ever heard it, and we all said we thought it was the last summer that he would sing. Well, the winter came, and his song ceased, and he seemed to grow more gloomy; and the poor fellow became blind of one eye. He was very aged for a skylark, for he was seven years old. Sometimes we used to let him come out of his cage to run about the floor, and O, how pleased he used to be, and although he was so old, he seemed to spend a happy winter. At last, the snow, and the frost went away, and gentle spring came again with its violets and primroses, its cool breezes, and warm sunshine; and our pretty skylark began to sing once more. But Oh! his song

was sad; so very sad, that it would have made you almost weep to hear it; there he used to sit upon his grassy sod looking upward and singing his mournful song. One morning the servant girl took the drawer out of his cage, to put in some fresh hemp-seeds and bread; and while she was gone to fetch it, he came out on the floor; and oh! how shall I tell you, the cat ran and seized him in her mouth: my sister seeing her with something in her mouth, went to look what it was and found it was her darling bird. She took him away from the cat, and he was not dead, but O, how frightened he was, and how his heart beat, and his wings drooped by his sides. She kept him in her hand for some time, until he seemed better.

At last, she put him into the cage again, and pretty creature, he tried, as well as he was able, to get into the corner where his sod was; then Rebecca took him, and put him upon it, and he

seemed easier. She took him out many times, and spoke to him, and he seemed pleased to hear her, for he knew her so well, and had always chirped so gladly whenever she came near his cage.

At last, when he had been alone for some time, she went to look at him again, and there he sat upon his sod with his eyes open, as though he were looking upward, she spoke to him, but he did not move, she took him into her hand, but he was dead. Then Rebecca sent Charlotte to tell me about it, for I was from home at the time; and I wept, and Charlotte wept, and Rebecca wept, and we were not ashamed to weep for a bird, for we had loved him for seven years; and many thoughts rushed into our hearts of days that were gone. We thought of our dear mother, of how often she had fed him, and listened with delight to his songs, and *she* was in heaven, and *he* was dead: and why should we be ashamed to weep at the death of anything we have loved?

Well, we had him stuffed, for we could not find

in our hearts to bury him, and my brother Henry made a beautiful stand for him to be placed upon, and covered it with gilding, and he placed around him trembling grass, heath-flowers, little pieces of fern, and moss; and then we had a glass-shade placed over him, that the dust might not spoil his feathers. And there he stands amongst the moss, and the grass, with his bill open as though he were singing, and the feathers raised upon his head, just as they used to be, and whenever we look at him, we think of the beauty and the joy of other days. I have written a piece of poetry about him, which if you like you may commit to memory.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE SKYLARK.

"Lute of the Sky farewell."

HUSH! for the voice hath died,
Be still! for the song is o'er,
The strain which breathed of a far-off land,
Will gladden our hearts no more.

Oh! bird of the brilliant eye,
When first we heard thee sing,
The earth awoke her thousand flowers,
To meet the smile of spring.

And Hope, and Joy, and Love,
Were walking hand in hand,
Pouring their holy melodies,
Through all the pleasant land.

But ah! how many a change,
Since then our hearts have known,
The flowers have wither'd round our path,
The friends we loved are gone.

Yet still beloved bird,
Thy song was of the sky,
And oft we said, it seemed as though
Thy music *could* not die.

Thou wert a very memory,
Of by-gone blessed hours,
Of gleaming skies, and pleasant fields,
And spring's delicious flowers.

But what, ah, my sad soul!
Can this frail earth bestow,
Round which thy tenderest feelings cling,
That is not sure to go?

And thou art gone my beauty,
Thy lute-like life is o'er,
And the holy gush of thy heaven-taught strain,
Shall greet mine ear no more.

Oh! thou wert loved indeed,
And in my heart shall be,
A little fount of hallow'd tears,
To weep alone for thee!

MY THREE AUNTS.

I BELIEVE I once promised, my dear Lucy, that I would some time give you an account of my early days; and as this afternoon is warm and sunny, we will take our sewing, and sit under the chestnut trees: and I will tell you about my three aunts. I have a dim remembrance of a very nice-looking old woman, wearing a white apron, and a brown silk kerchief pinned over the body of her gown, and I know that she used to wash and dress me in the morning, and put me to bed in the

evening ; that she used to carry me into the garden, and that she sometimes gave me a red daisy, but that she never would let me touch the flowers myself ; and twice every day she took me into a neat chamber, where everything looked very clean and white : yes, and I also remember why she took me there ; it was to see my poor mamma, who had been ill ever since I could remember. But I was never allowed to stay there above five minutes at a time, because I wanted to sing, and to play with a little silver bell, which stood on a chair, by the bed-side. I cannot now recall the features of my mamma, I only know that she had soft blue eyes, and that they always, when I saw her, seemed full of tears. One day, the nurse did not, as usual, take me into my mamma's chamber, and when she was taking me to bed, at night, I began to cry, and said I wanted to see my mamma. She told me that I should see her in the morning, and bidding me be a good child, and go to sleep, she

left the room. I do not know how long I lay awake, but I cried until I went to sleep.

In the morning, as soon as I was dressed, I asked nurse to take me to mamma; but she said that she was asleep, and must not be disturbed. Several times in the day I asked if mamma was awake, but nurse only said "No;" and bade me not teaze her. Four days passed in this manner, and I cried myself to sleep every night, and wondered why mamma did not hear me, and tell nurse to take me to her. On the fifth morning, when nurse was washing me, I saw a black silk frock lying upon the table, with frills of white muslin round the sleeves, and round the top of the body; and I said "Nurse, is that my frock?" She said, "Yes," and when she had put it on me, she took me into the parlour, where a very kind-looking gentleman was sitting, who took me upon his knee and kissed me, and called me his little Gertude. He asked me if I had seen my mamma lately? I said "No,

nurse said that she was asleep, and must not be disturbed." He then asked me if I did not know that my mamma had been very ill? I replied that I did. Then he asked me if I should not be pleased, if he were to tell me that mamma was gone away to a very beautiful and happy country, where she would never be ill any more? I said that I should, if she would soon come back.

Then he told me that she would return no more, but that if I was a good child, I should one day go to her. I asked him if it would be long before I went? He said he did not know, but I must never doubt his promise, that if I were good I should one day go. He then took me out into the fields, and gathered many flowers for me, and we went a long way, and sometimes I walked, and sometimes he carried me, but all the time I know that I was very happy. When we returned, there was a carriage standing at the door, into which nurse was putting several boxes, containing my

clothes. Then, the kind-looking gentleman told me that I was going to ride a long way with him in that carriage, and that I was going to see my aunt and cousins, and I was glad, because I thought he would remain with me, and I could have been happy any where with him, he was so kind, and so very mild.

I then asked nurse if I might have the little silver bell that used to stand upon the chair, at mamma's bed-side, and the little book with the silver clasp which used to lie on her pillow.

And she told me that she had put them into one of my boxes, along with some other things which had belonged to my mamma. Nurse then kissed me, and we went away. As we went along, the kind gentleman told me that when I could read quite well, I should often read the little book which used to lie on my mamma's pillow, for I should there hear of that happy country to which she was gone; and then he told me beautiful things,

such as I had never heard, and I crept nearer and nearer to him, until my head rested upon his bosom, and I listened to his sweet voice until I fell asleep. When I awoke, I was still upon the gentleman's knee, but instead of being in the carriage we were sitting in a large parlour, and close beside me, sat a lady with a little child upon her knee; O, what a lovely little child it was, it looked about two years old. The lady kissed me, and told me that she was my aunt, and that I was to live with her for a while, and she hoped I should be a good girl, and not quarrel with the children. Then I wished I was back in my own happy home, for there was something so stern and unkind in my aunt's looks, that I felt sure I should never be happy there.

After a while, I heard a sound of laughter in the garden, and looking out of the window, I saw a little boy and girl coming towards the house, each with a basket of cherries in their hands. When they entered the parlour, the gentleman

who had brought me shook hands with them both, and told them that I was their cousin Gertrude, and he hoped they would be very kind to me. They neither of them spoke, but looked at me in a very rude manner, and then began to eat their cherries, without asking any one to taste of them. Not that *I* wished to have any, for I wished for nothing but to stay with my sweet-looking friend. After supper, a servant took me up to a little chamber, which she said was to be my own, and when she had helped me to undress, she went away and shut the door. And then I began to weep, and wished it was time for me to go to my mamma. I awoke early in the morning, and wished very much to get up, but I could not tie my clothes, for I was only four years old. I waited about an hour, and then I heard the servants at work down stairs, and so I went to the door, and called to know if I might be dressed. Then the servant came, who had put me to bed the night before,

and she spoke very crossly, and said how tiresome it was of me, to want to get up so soon; and that I must lie later another morning, or else dress myself. And after that day, I had to spend the long bright summer hours in bed till eight o'clock, until I learned to dress myself. In three days after our arrival, my sweet friend told me he must leave me, for he was going a long voyage over the sea, and that he should not return for a long time, but he said that as soon as he did come back he would visit me. I cried very much, and he tried to comfort me, but his kind words only made me weep the more; and so he went, and I was left with those who loved me not.

“ There was no kindness in their words :
No sweetness in their looks.”

If ever my aunt took the least notice of me, my two elder cousins became jealous, and would often tell falsehoods about me to their mamma, and try

to make her dislike me. O! how very unhappy they made me. One day, they had been very unkind to me, and I went weeping to my chamber; when I had become more composed I went to one of my boxes, and took out several things which had belonged to my poor mamma, that I might think of her and be comforted; and amongst them was the little silver bell, which I had always so much admired. While I was looking at it my cousin George burst into the room, and snatching it out of my hand ran down stairs, tinkling it all the way. I ran after him and tried for a long while to persuade him to give it me again. But he only laughed and said "You will have it no more, Gertrude." I then went to my aunt, and begged that she would get it for me, and after I had asked her many times, she called George to her, and when she had looked at it she said "O, let him have it, and don't be so ill-natured."

I am not ill-natured, I said, bursting into tears,

“but it was my mamma’s, and I would not part with it for all the world.” But my aunt would not take it from him, and the next day he tied it about the dog’s neck, and then called me to look at it. From that time, I kept all my things locked up, and dared not to look at them myself, lest my cousins should see me. When I had been living there about a year and a half, there was a large packet came for me, and when I opened it I found, that it was sent by the kind gentleman, who had brought me to my aunt’s.

There was a very sweet letter from him to me, and also a quantity of beautiful shells: but I was not allowed to keep one of them, for George and Maria wanted them all. O! what naughty children they were; whatever I took any delight in it was their pleasure to destroy; they crossed me by every means in their power, until I became quite a gloomy child.

In this manner I lived until I was seven years

old, when one morning, my aunt told me that I was going to leave them to live with another aunt; and I was rejoiced to hear it, for I thought any place would be happier than that.

On the following day I departed, without receiving one kind look, or one kind word from any one, but my little cousin Alice, who was a better child than either her sister or brother. She wanted to go with me, and said that I must make haste back; and just before I went away, she brought me my little bell, which she had taken out of George's toy-cupboard; and though it had been much ill-used, I was greatly pleased to have it again, because it had been my poor mamma's. I thought it so very kind of her to bring me the bell, that I took a string of pearls from my neck, and clasped them around her neck, and told her to wear them for my sake.

During the journey, I kept wondering what kind of a person my aunt would be, and what

kind of a house she would live in. When we had gone about twenty miles, the carriage stopped before a tall narrow house, standing in a narrow dull-looking street. I then got out of the carriage, being told by the servant that that was my aunt's house, and after standing in the hall about five minutes, the servant bade me go into the parlour, where she said I should find my aunt.

When I entered, my aunt was sitting at a table writing a letter; she just raised her head, and without offering either to kiss me, or to shake hands with me, she said "Well, Gertrude, I suppose you are come to live with me for a while, and I hope you will be a better girl than you have been at your aunt Wilmot's. I suppose you have been very quarrelsome with the children, and have made them very uncomfortable." I did not speak, I did not even raise my eyes, but tears fast chased each other down my cheeks, and fell upon the floor. "Come, come," she said, "I shall

have no crying, I hope you are sorry for your faults, but wipe away your tears; I shall not have any naughty tempers, while you remain with me." Alas! she did not know the extreme tenderness of a child's heart; or she would not have spoken to me in that manner.

I took off my bonnet, and strove to hide my grief, but O! how I longed for some gentle bosom on which I might lay my head and weep until my heart grew lighter, for it felt exceedingly heavy.

I looked round the room, which was long, high, and narrow; the mantel-piece also was high, and it was ornamented by three old-fashioned china vases, and two little white china cats; the book-case was tall and narrow, and so were the tables and chairs; and the windows were so very high, that I could not have reached to look out of them, even if I had stood upon a chair: there were no pictures upon the walls, but several framed pieces

of rug-work, which I supposed to have been done by my aunt. I sat still upon my chair, feeling as though I could scarcely breathe, for I dared not move, lest my aunt should be angry with me.

When my aunt had finished writing, she called me to her, and asked me if I could read? "Not quite well," I replied. She then asked me if I could sew, or mark, or if I could knit? I said that I could sew a little, but that I could neither mark nor knit. She then said that she must teach me, for she could not bear to have an idle child about her. I said that I should be glad to be employed, but that my aunt Wilmot had not taught me anything.

After dinner my aunt went out, and she told me that while she was away, I might go up stairs, and look at my bed-room, which was the first room after I had gone up two flights of stairs. My bed-room was small, and had but one window, which looked out into the dirty street; my bed-

stead was very low, being only about half a yard above the floor, and the bed was covered with a neat patch-work quilt. There was one chair in the room, and one table, but there was not a book, nor a picture of any kind. I stood still in the midst of the chamber for some time, and then I burst into tears, for I felt as though I was a child unknown and unloved by all the world, and yet my heart was full of love, but no one would permit me to love them, and I was grieved and sorrowful. This was Saturday afternoon, and the next day being Sunday, my aunt bade me get ready to go with her to church. So I put on my best clothes, and my aunt took her prayer-book in her hand, and we went off together.

Now, I had often seen a church, and had heard the pealing of the bells, but I had never been into one, nor to any place of worship; and all the way we went my heart beat, and strange feelings came over me, I knew not why.

As we entered the church, the full rich tones of a beautiful organ burst upon my ear and I was astonished, for they were the divinest sounds I had ever heard.

We sat down in my aunt's pew, and the minister came and read the prayers, and then the people sang, yes, they all sang together, and I listened, until my heart grew softer and softer; and then I burst into tears and covered my face with my handkerchief. My aunt looked very angry at me, but said nothing. During the service I listened to all the minister said, and my mind was deeply impressed, for I had never heard such holy words as he spoke. In one part of his discourse, he was speaking of Jesus Christ, taking little children in his arms and blessing them; and he said several times, "Jesus loves little children." Again my tears gushed out, for though I had never heard of Jesus before, I thought that he must be some beautiful and holy being, better than any one I

had ever known. And I said in my heart, "O! happy little children, whom Jesus loves, would that I were one of them, for I have no one to love me."

That day after we had dined, my aunt called me to her, and said, "Gertrude, you were a very naughty girl at church this morning, I was quite ashamed to see such a great girl as you, crying to go home." O! then what a choking swell came up from my heart, when I found how my aunt had mistaken my feelings, and sobbingly I said, "O! I was not crying to come home, I cannot tell you why I wept, but I wish I were with that kind Jesus, who loves little children, for I am sure *He* would not be angry with me, and I don't know where to find Him." My aunt looked sorry, after I had said this, and then she told me to wipe away my tears, and she would read to me a little.

She then read to me several chapters about our Saviour, and I was comforted. And when she

had done reading, I asked her if there was another book in the world like the one she had been reading. And she said, that there were many of them, and that I should have one for myself.

O! then how I longed to go and throw my arms about my aunt's neck, and tell her how grateful I was to her, but I dared not go, lest she should be angry.

The next day, I began to learn to sew, and to mark, and though my aunt did not often speak to me, the day passed away more pleasantly than I thought it would have done; for although I had no one to talk to me, I had no naughty children to provoke me. All our days seemed alike; excepting the Sabbath, which was always a happy day; we went to church twice every Sunday, and I never could help weeping, when the people sang, but my aunt scolded me for it no more. On week days I was always employed in sewing, knitting, reading, or something useful, and I had no one

to quarrel with me; my aunt was not often cross, but still there was something my heart yearned after. What was it I wanted? It was the sympathy of a kind and gentle heart, for it is neither food, nor clothing, that make the happiness of a child; it is the loving-kindness, it receives from its fellow-creatures, and according to the measure of that, so great shall be its happiness. I had now been living with my aunt about three years, during which time I had much improved in my learning, and had become fonder of my aunt, than I had thought I ever could be.

Well, one morning, in the Spring, when I got up, the sun was shining as brightly as it could shine, through the smoky atmosphere of a large town. And I said, as I looked out of my little casement, "And this is a Spring morning!" then I thought of Spring in the country, and oh! how I wished I might have a walk, just to see if there were any violets blown, and if there were any

little lambs in the fields. I felt happier that morning than I had ever felt, since I went to my aunt's, for there seemed to be a new sweet Spring dawning in my heart; yes, there was sunshine and music there, and I sang as I sat at my work.

At about twelve o'clock, I heard a knocking at the door, and then in a minute after, I heard a kind voice speaking in the hall; I listened to its sweet sound, and I thought surely I must have heard it before, and a strange thrilling feeling passed through my heart, such as I had never known for years.

The parlour-door opened, and a gentleman entered, who smiling brightly upon me, said, "Gertrude, my love, I am glad to see you." Love! I started at the word, for I had not heard it addressed to me for six long years. I looked at him for a moment, and then I knew that he was the kind gentleman who had taken me to my aunt

Wilmot's. My work fell from my hands; I sprang into his arms, for I feared not that he would be angry with me; his looks were all full of love. I laughed and cried by turns, I knew not how to exist, my heart was so very, very happy.

Oh! the pleasant things he told me, and the kind words he spoke, fell upon my heart like fresh rain upon thirsty flowers; and joyous feelings came rushing through my soul like sudden bursts of glorious light; and I felt as though I was carried backward and backward through the vale of years, to the green plains and the fragrant flowers* of infancy. And my long imprisoned affections burst their chains, and hiding my face in his bosom, I shed tears of such pure joy, as I think no little child beside ever wept.

At last he said, "Gertrude, my love, you are going with me, and I will take you to see another aunt, whom I have brought from a distant country; and you must now call me uncle, my Gertrude!"

I could not tell him how rejoiced I felt, I only smiled and said, "When shall we go?"—"To-morrow morning," he replied. On the following day we went away, and I really could not help feeling sorry to leave my aunt, although I was going to be so happy.

When we had been riding about six hours, we came to a beautiful mansion, standing in a quiet garden, and smooth gravel walks wound about it, in which there did not seem one pebble out of its place.

Here my uncle alighted, and assisted me out of the carriage, and as he opened the neat white gate which led into the garden, he said, "This is to be your home, Gertrude." We entered the house; all was clean and still: but it was not like the stillness of my aunt Osborne's house, for this was the stillness of peace.

My aunt did not wait in the parlour, for us to go in to speak to her, but she ran out to meet us, and smiling sweetly upon me, she kissed me and

said, "My Gertrude, how happy I am to see you." Then we went into a light and cheerful-looking parlour, the windows of which were broad and low, with flowers peeping in from beneath; and all the chairs and tables were nicely made, and the walls were covered with pleasant pictures. Oh! the peace and the joy of that day, how beautiful it was.

That night I went to rest in a lovely chamber, where as it used to be in my own dear mamma's chamber, every thing looked clean and white.

It was a moonlight night, and as I said before, it was in the Spring of the year; and I stood for several minutes at the window before I undressed, and as I looked on the beautiful bright scene which lay before me, I felt that the beauty and the goodness of my life was also in its Spring. I turned from the window, and exactly opposite to it was a rich painting, but I could not see plainly what it was, for I had put out my candle, that I might enjoy the calm softness of the moonlight.

As soon as I awoke in the morning, I arose and

looked at the picture. It was the portrait of a lovely little girl, a child perhaps of twelve years old, she was kneeling in a grassy place, beside a water-brook; her hands were clasped together, and her head was bowed upon her bosom, and her face which was tinted like a pale rose, was partly shaded by long bright hair; her eyelids seemed heavy with tears, and a tear was upon her cheek, and her sweet blue eyes rested mournfully upon a dove, which lay dead at her feet.

This picture I could have gazed upon for ever, it was so pure, and as soon as I was alone with my aunt, I asked her to tell me whether so lovely a being ever dwelt in this world. A tear started into her eye at the question, but she smiled sweetly through her tears, and said, "That lovely being, my Gertrude, was once my sister, and your dear mamma, who is now happy for ever, in the kingdom of God." Oh! then how I loved that sweet picture, and I kissed it every morning when I arose, and every night when I went to rest.

It were vain for me to try to describe the happiness of the days I spent in the society of my dear uncle and aunt; it was so perfect, that it will not bear description. Why were they so happy? Because they dwelt in love with each other and with all people; they belonged to the happy family of God, and therefore they were happy.

When I had lived with my aunt and uncle about two years, my aunt became the mother of a sweet little girl. Until she was born, I did not think anything could have added to my happiness, but with that babe came new joys, and new hopes; and I asked my aunt, if I might be her teacher, and have her under my care: and I taught her to walk and to say many little words; I taught her to love birds, and flowers, and animals, and insects, and all the beautiful and good things, which God hath made. And often would she come, and throw her white arms round my neck, and laying her rosy cheek on my own, would say, "Dear Ger-

trude, how I love you, because you teach me to love all things."

And now my sweet cousin has two little brothers and a sister, younger than herself, and they dwell together as a Christian family should dwell, in perfect love.

"Now, can you tell me," dearest Lucy, "who that kind aunt and uncle were, with whom I went to live, and who made me so happy?"

"Ah!" dearest Gertrude, "it was my papa and mamma, and I am that little girl whom you taught to love every thing, and I do love all the beautiful, and the good, which God hath made, but most of all, I love my papa and mamma, and you, dearest Gertrude; and my brothers, Alfred and Charles, and my sweet little sister Jane, and I shall continue to love you all, until I die, and then mamma says, that when we go to live in heaven, we shall love each other more perfectly, because we shall be more holy."



MARGARET MORRISON.

IT was one of those lovely summer evenings, when the sun had gone down in splendour, and left the heavens as it were, one flood of azure and gold; when so fixed, and eternal seems the beauty of the bright expanse, that we almost believe the curtain of darkness will no more descend, to dim the glory of that sweet light. Yes, it was one of those lovely evenings, when Margaret Morrison took her little basin of bread and milk, from off the white deal-table, on which it had been standing, and seated herself on her three-legged stool, within the door of her father's cottage.

Margaret's mother had been dead about six months, and she yet wore the dark mournful-looking garments, which too sadly reminded her of the heavy loss she had sustained.

Margaret had one little brother, a gentle child of four years old; and to him she had to perform the part of parent and sister too; for by their father, those two dear children were almost entirely neglected, and though Margaret was only twelve years old, she kept the house neat and clean and sewed for her father, herself, and brother; and taught the latter daily in the same sweet and pious manner, which her mother used always to practice. On the evening above mentioned, little Henry was just gone to bed, and Margaret sat down within the door to eat her supper.

When she had finished it, she washed the basin, and put it by within the cupboard, and then she swept the hearth-stone, and sanded the floor afresh, for though her father never seemed to notice, whether the house was cleanly or untidy, she always was careful to keep every thing very nice, that nothing that she could prevent might ruffle his temper. Then she took a clean stone-jug, and

went down to the brook for a little water, after which she gathered from the garden a few evening primroses, and blue larkspurs, and arranged them tastefully within a little blue China vase, which had belonged to her mother. And Margaret wept upon the flowers as she placed them within the vase, and thought how often she had seen the hand of her beloved parent, engaged in the very same employment, and her tears rested upon the flowers, even as dew.

Then Margaret took down her Bible from the neat little book-shelf, and went out into the garden to read a chapter, that she might be comforted. The humming of bees had ceased, and the glittering butterfly was no longer seen floating along on the air; but there were pleasant sounds, as of happy children at play, and a soft sweet chiming of bells, borne through the distance, to the ear of Margaret Morrison, and a memory of bye-gone blessedness came over her heart, of the days when

her mother's voice made melody in their cottage, and she too was as happy as those playful children. And Margaret opened her Bible, and read that beautiful chapter, the fourteenth of Saint John, beginning, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." And when she had read it through, she returned to the house.

The evening though cool, was not chilly, and Margaret stood at the door, watching the moon and the holy stars, until the clock of the village church chimed ten.

Then Margaret turned into the house, and stepping softly to the side of her little brother's bed, she parted the dark shining tresses from his white forehead, and kissed him fondly. His little hands were folded on his bosom, and his rosy lips yet seemed breathing a prayer.

And Margaret turned away from the bed, and going out at the door, she locked it after her; and bent her steps towards the church-yard; for always

when the evenings were long and light, she went to visit her mother's grave. She entered, the little white gateway, and passed on to a lowly grass-grown grave; no sculptured marble was raised, to tell where rested the remains of Mary Morrison: the grave was unmarked by any thing, save a tuft of double daisies, which Margaret had planted at the head. The church-yard is ever a sacred and quiet place; but on that night it seemed *more* sacred, *more* quiet than it had ever seemed before: the moonlight shone upon the tall windows of the old church, and among the dark green ivy, which thickly covered the walls, and its placid beams also lay upon that quiet grave, and shone full upon the figure of Margaret Morrison, as she knelt by its side, and watered it with her tears. At length she arose, and returned home, when she found her little brother still fast asleep; in a few minutes after, she heard the coming footsteps of her father, but the sound brought no pleasant feeling to her heart;

for she feared that he would as usual be angry with her.

But, when she arose to take his hat, and place his chair for him, he received her with a smile, and said, "Margaret reach down the Bible." Margaret was startled, and trembled, she knew not why, when she heard her father read aloud, "Though my sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And then he covered his face with his hands, and wept freely as a little child. At length he raised his head, and said, "Margaret, I saw you kneeling by your mother's grave, and after you had gone away, I saw your tears gleaming upon it like dew-drops; and my heart became softened, and I resolved to be wicked no more." Oh! happy Margaret Morrison, the tears that she wept that night upon her pillow, were such as angels weep, for they were tears of joy, that her father had been turned from the error of his way.

Now, look upon that white-washed cottage with the clematis, and the woodbine by the door, and the white rose by the window; look at that dark-eyed boy climbing on the knees of his father, and that fair-haired girl spreading the neat white cloth upon the little deal-table, look at the white hearth-stone, and the neatly sanded floor; and tell me whose cottage it is? The moon-light again streams through the casement, the evening primrose again sheds its perfume through the cottage; the sound of village bells comes again chiming through the distance; but there is no sorrow in the heart of Margaret Morrison, for the place that was vacant by the fire-side, is now filled up; and the voice of joy echoes through the lowly cottage.

FINIS.

