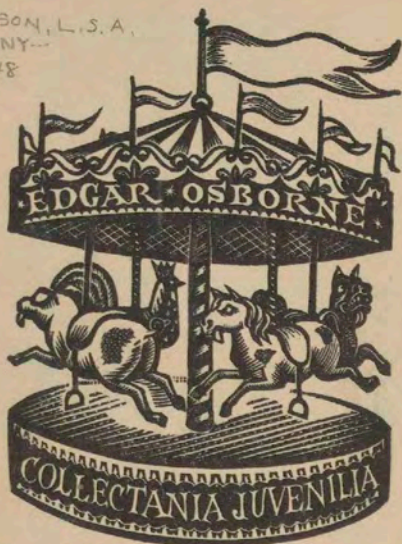


FANNY
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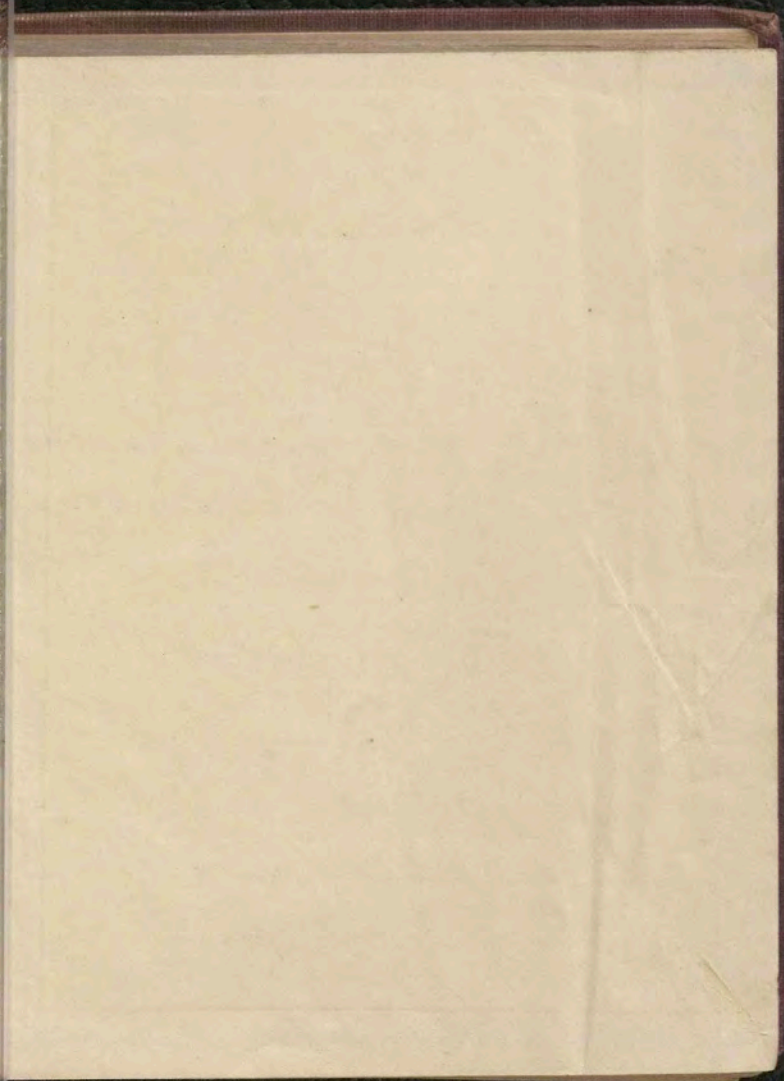
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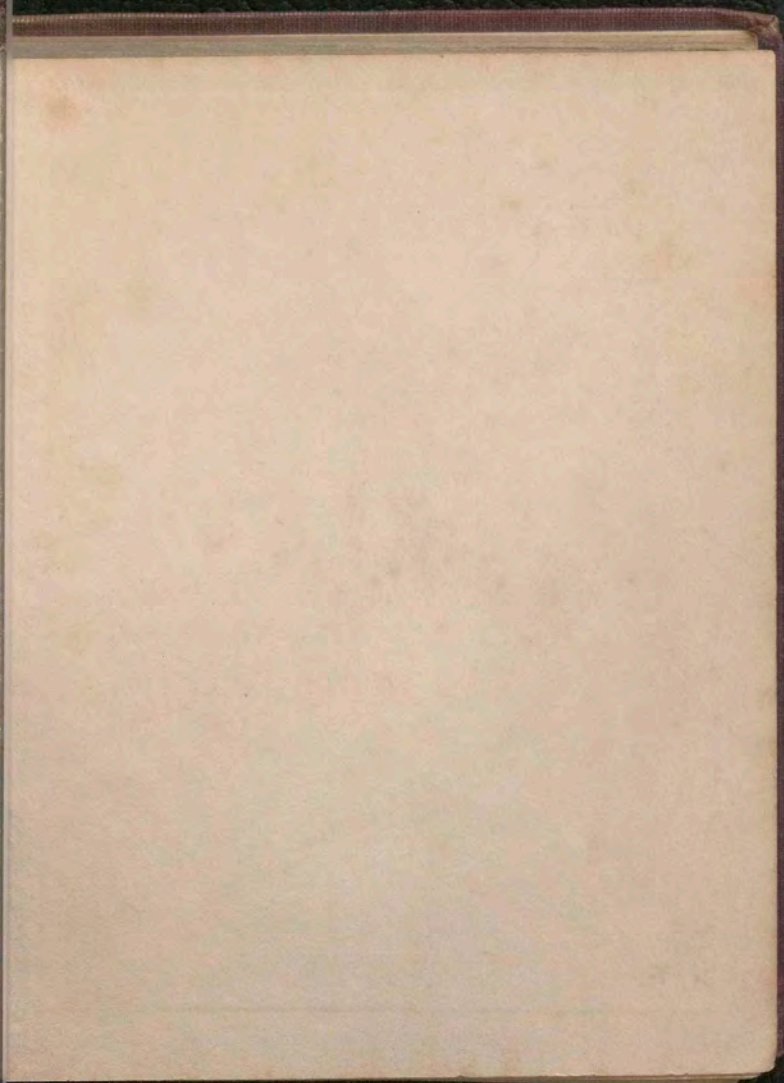
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up
c/m

Julia Mann Conmaltis
from her affectionate
Aunt Lou

22nd June 1848





THE LINNET'S NEST.

FANNY AND HER MAMMA ;

OR,

EASY READING LESSONS.

IN WHICH IT IS ATTEMPTED
TO BRING SCRIPTURAL PRINCIPLES INTO DAILY PRACTICE.

WITH

HINTS FOR NURSERY DISCIPLINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"MAMMA'S BIBLE STORIES," "BIBLE SCENES," &c.

Illustrations by John Gilbert.

LONDON :

GRANT AND GRIFFITH,
SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

1848.

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HINTS

FOR

NURSERY DISCIPLINE.

CHILDREN are our choicest treasures. They are little heirs of immortality, and if it pleases God to commit them to our charge, our first desire should be to train them for heaven. We are not only to rejoice in their happy smiles and in the gladness which their infant voices spread around our home, but we are to remember our responsibility as

parents, and the importance of instilling into their tender minds, those principles which, if they are spared to us, will form the ground-work of their happiness and usefulness in future life.

Sufficient attention is not always paid to the early training of little children, and to the necessity of good nursery discipline. Before an infant is able to lisp, or to distinguish the right hand from the left, it is capable of receiving some degree of instruction, of being taught that it is not to have what it cries for; that it is not to hurt its brothers or sisters; that it is to do as it is bid by those who have the care of it.

Implicit obedience to parental authority should be the first thing that we teach our children, for it lies at the root of everything else. Gentleness and mildness should be mingled with firmness and decision, in all that we do and say with reference to them. Our commands should be reasonable, and given with kindness, but *once* given, it should be understood that they must be obeyed. Those are mistaken who imagine that indulgence is the way to make children happy, and that restraint will only tend to damp the volatile spirits of childhood, or destroy the natural energy of character incident to the youthful mind. No family perhaps is so truly and sub-

stantially happy—no home so peaceful and delightful—as that in which the children are under mild and gentle discipline, accustomed to submit themselves to those who have the rule over them, to be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, and to live under the habitual recollection that God knows and observes their every action.

It is impossible to read our blessed Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, without being struck with the minuteness of the precepts there conveyed. Surely the spirit of the Gospel ought to be carried out into the every-day transactions of life. The Christian mother should constantly refer her children to the Word

of God as the unerring standard of instruction. Their waking thoughts should be directed to His mercies, which are daily poured down upon them in such rich abundance. His grace, support, and strength, should be sought for the coming day; and they should retire to rest in the evening with these words upon their lips and in their hearts, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety."

The importance of consistency in the mother's own character must not be forgotten. She ought not to appear one thing to her children at one time, and another thing at another time, but,

however trying their little wayward tempers may be to her, the same sweet spirit of Christian love and forbearance should actuate her at all times in her conduct towards them. The children of a judicious and affectionate mother, will almost imperceptibly follow her example, and imbibe the spirit which pervades her own mind. Her very countenance therefore, should be the index of a heart in which habitual peace and love, and joy abide, and the soft and holy influence of such feelings will flow down upon her children.

The following few short and simple rules for the mother's guidance, may be found useful. They pretend not to

originality,* but the writer having thought them beneficial in the training of her own family, is not without hope that they may be of service to other parents also, who, like herself, are earnestly desiring to "bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

I.

From your childrens' earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

* The writer feels particularly indebted to Mrs. Hoare's "Hints on Early Education," and Mrs. Child's "Mother's Book."

II.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you *mean* exactly what you *say*.

III.

Never promise them any thing, unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.

IV.

If you tell a little child to do something, shew him how to do it, and see that it is done.

V.

Always punish your children for wil-

fully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

VI.

Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

VII.

If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

VIII.

Remember that a little *present* punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of

a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

IX.

Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.

X.

On no account allow them to do at one time, what you have forbidden at another.

XI.

Teach them that the only sure and easy way to *appear* good is to *be* good.

XII.

Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

XIII.

Never allow of tale-bearing.

XIV.

If your children abuse your confidence, make them for a time at least, feel the want of it.

XV.

Avoid allusions to former faults, when real sorrow has been evinced for having committed them.

XVI.

Remember the importance of instilling good habits while your children are young. The habit of perseverance is very important.

XVII.

If your children make an intelligent question or remark, never quote it in their presence.

XVIII.

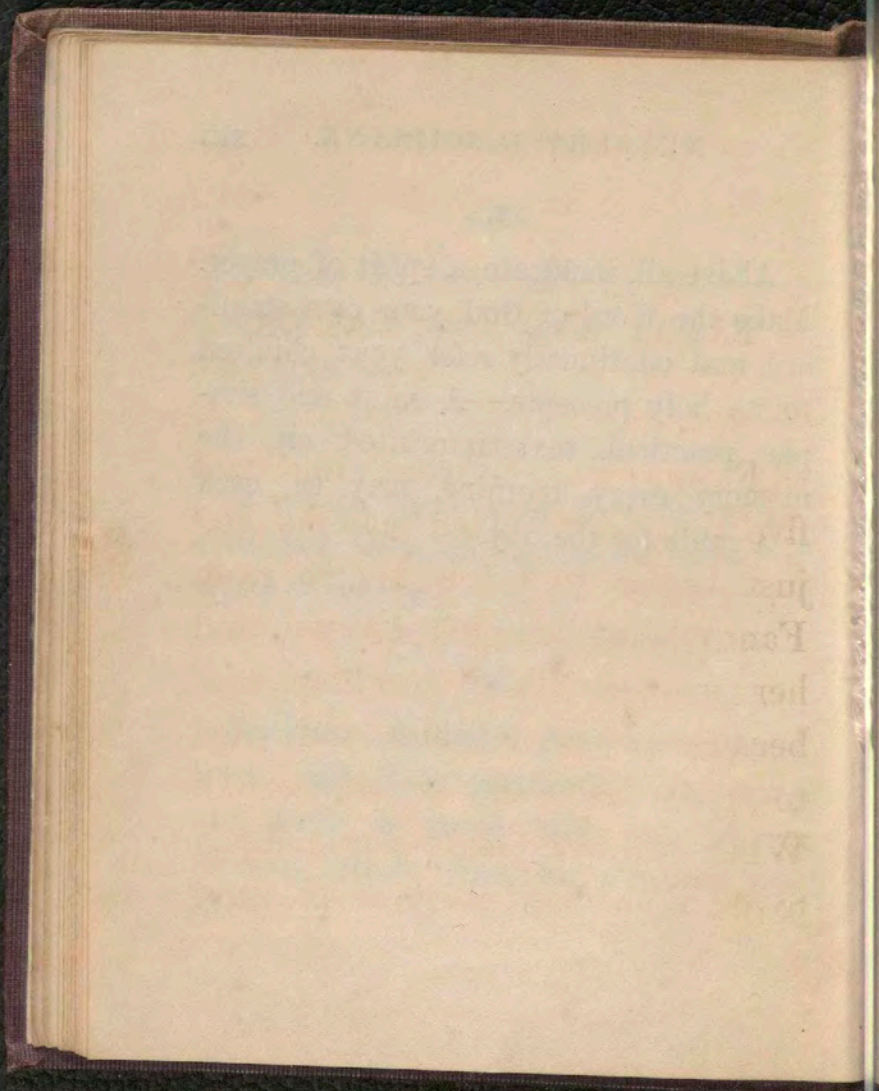
Accustom them early to observe, admire, and take delight in the beautiful works of nature.

XIX.

Cultivate domestic politeness among them. Let them practically experience that there is more real pleasure in pleasing others than in pleasing ourselves.

XX.

Above all, inculcate a spirit of prayer. Make the Word of God your own standard, and continually refer your children to its holy precepts. A short and simple practical text imprinted on the memory every morning, may be used as a guide for the day.



FANNY AND HER MAMMA.

FANNY was between four and five years old. Her mamma had just begun to teach her to read. Fanny liked learning to read, and her mamma liked teaching her, because she took pains and tried to read as well as she could. When children take pains and try to do their best, it gives pleasure

to those who are so kind as to instruct them.

After Fanny had read her little lesson to her Mamma in the morning, and had learnt to spell a few words, she used to do a little work. On the day she was four years old, her Papa gave her a very pretty work-box. It was made of rose-wood and lined with blue silk, and there were some reels of cotton in it, and a small silver thimble, and a little pair of scissors, and a little case for needles.

Fanny was very much pleased with her work-box, and she never forgot to bring it down with her when she came to work. She often said, "How kind it was of dear Papa to give me such a pretty work-box!" and then her Mamma would say, "Dear Papa loves his little girl, and he likes to please her when she tries to be a good little girl."

We all love good children, and good children are always happy children.

THE LOST NEEDLE.

ONE morning Fanny's Mamma told her she might put up her work, and be got ready to take a walk with her. Fanny had been hemming a frill to put on a night-gown, which her sister was making for a poor baby. As soon as she heard her Mamma speak, she began to fold up her work, and in doing so, she dropped her needle.

Then her Mamma told her she must look upon the carpet and find it, for that it was not safe to leave needles upon the carpet, lest they should hurt her little brother when he came to play there. Fanny looked for a long time but in vain. At length she found it sticking into the little stool upon which she had been sitting near her Mother. Her Mamma was very glad that she had found the needle, and she told her that she once knew a

little girl who had been lame for many months owing to a needle having run into her knee. Then Fanny said that she would be more careful, and that she would stick her needle safely into her work when she had done it, or put it in its right place in the case.

THE SNOW.

WHEN Fanny woke one morning and looked out of the window she saw it snowing fast. The branches of the trees hung down with the snow that had fallen on them during the night. The grass in front of the house looked like a large white sheet, and the flower-beds could not be seen, for the snow lay so thick as to

cover the mould, and the plants, and the gravel walk. The pond at the bottom of the field was frozen all over, and long spikes of ice hung from the roof of the house.

“How pretty the snow is, Mamma!” said Fanny when she came down stairs. “I like to watch it falling from the sky,” and she stood for some time watching the large white flakes as they quickly fell. At length a little robin-redbreast hopped along in

front of the window. Its feathers were puffed out, and it looked very cold. It seemed to be seeking for something to eat. Fanny asked her Mamma if she might throw a few crumbs of bread to the bird. Her Mamma said she might. Then Fanny ran to the breakfast-table and fetched a small piece of bread, which she crumbled in her hand; and she asked her Mamma to open the window that she might throw the crumbs to the poor little robin. The robin

hopped about and ate the crumbs as though it liked them very much, and Fanny was pleased, and said she would give it some more if it would come again the next morning.

FANNY AND HER GARDEN.

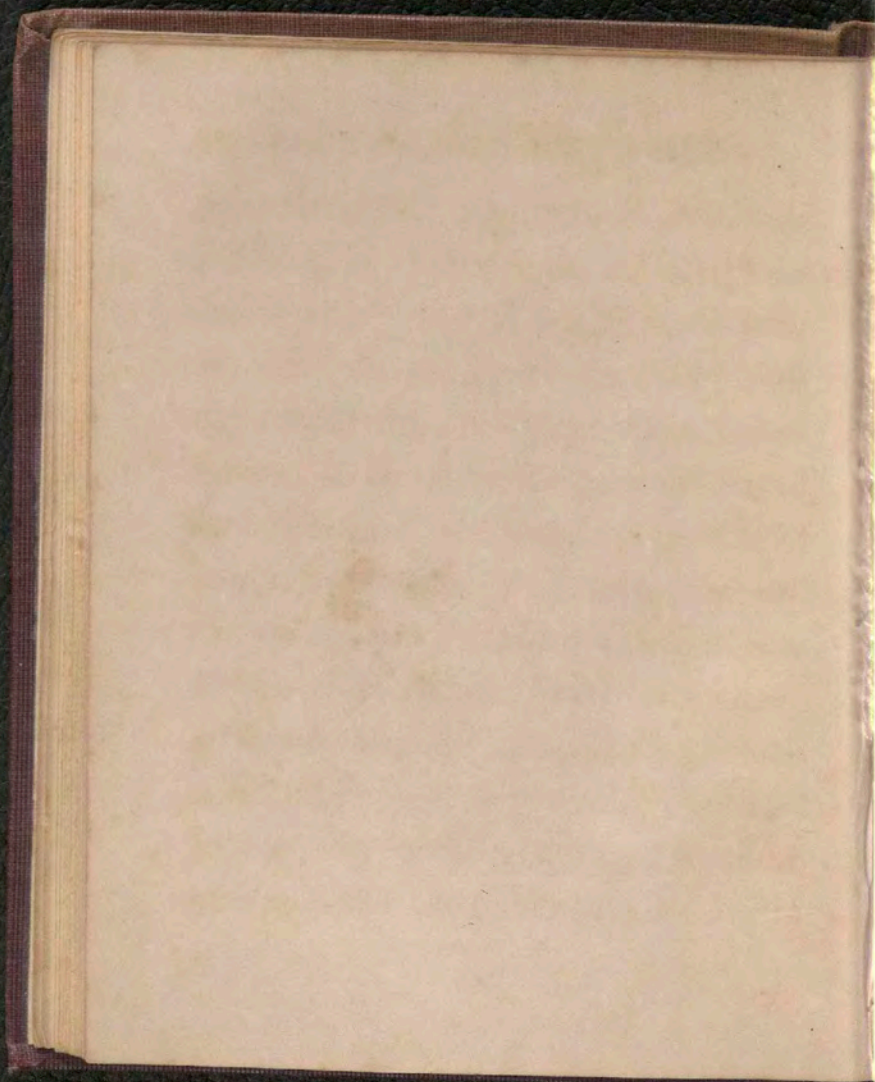
At last spring came. Children are glad when spring comes. Fanny was glad. She liked to see the young lambs frisk about in the meadows. She liked to hear the little birds sing in the woods. She liked to look for flowers on the soft mossy banks under the hedges, and to gather a pretty bunch of them to

carry home to her Mamma. She liked too, to run in the green fields and pick large handfuls of daisies. When she got home she used to thread the daisies into a necklace to put round her little brother's neck.

Fanny had a little garden of her own in one corner of her Papa's garden, in which she used to work when the weather was fine. She had a little spade, and a little rake, and a little barrow to wheel pebbles and other things



THE OLD GARDENER.



in. The old man, Edwin, who worked in her Papa's garden, would sometimes rake little Fanny's garden for her, as she did not yet know how to do it nicely herself; and she liked to stand by his side, and see him put the flower seeds into the little holes which he had made for them in the ground. But Fanny, like other little girls, was in too great a hurry. When the seeds had been planted but a few days, she would run to her garden to see whether

they were coming up. Sometimes she would take her little spade and dig up the seeds, just to see, as she said, if any little roots were peeping, or any little buds shooting from them. Her Mamma told her she must wait for rain and sunshine; for God sends rain to water the ground, and warm sunshine to make the plants and flowers grow and put forth leaves and blossoms. When Fanny grew older she became wiser, and learned to wait till the flowers

in her garden had had time to come up.

THE SNOW-DROP.

THE house in which Fanny's Papa lived, was in the middle of a large garden. There was a grove of fir-trees very near it, and a large lawn in front. A broad shady walk, called the nut-tree walk, ran along at one end of the lawn, and then a little green gate

led into a lane, and the lane led into some pretty fields. There was a pond in one of the fields. On the other side of the lawn also there was a pond, and beyond the pond a winding walk through a wood. This walk was called Primrose Walk, because so many flowers bearing that name grew on each side of it. The primrose is a very pretty flower, of a light straw colour, and it blossoms early in the spring when few other flowers are to be seen.

One day Fanny's Mamma told her that she might put on her things, and take a run with her hoop in the nut-tree walk. It was a cold day, and the little girl was well wrapped up with her warm winter coat, and her fur, and her thick boots, and her velvet bonnet.

She ran up and down the broad walk driving her hoop, till she became quite warm; and then she walked more slowly, and began to look for the primrose buds,

which were bursting forth from among the green leaves. Soon she spied a little flower just rising above the ground. It had a tiny blossom of pure white, and it hung down its head between two green leaves. Fanny was very much pleased, and she ran to tell her Mamma of the treasure she had found. Her Mamma said it was a snow-drop ! A few days after this time large bunches of snow-drops might be seen, with their little drooping bells of purest

white, just tipped with green, springing up under the trees that grew on each side of the nut-tree walk. Snow-drops tell us spring is coming, therefore we love snow-drops. Spring is a very pleasant season of the year, for then the frost and snow go away, the sun shines, the flowers open their buds, the birds sing, and all looks gay and happy.

THE GREEN-HOUSE.

FANNY's Mamma asked her one morning if she would like to go to the green-house with her. Fanny jumped with joy, for it was always a treat to visit the green-house with her dear Mamma, and it was now some months since she had been there.

As soon as they reached the green-house Fanny was very much

pleased to see some pots of crocus in full blossom, standing in rows along the window, as well as some pots of very gay pretty flowers, the names of which she did not know. They were of a bright red and yellow colour, and her Mamma told her they were called early tulips. She also told Fanny she might choose one pot of these early tulips, and have it for her own. Fanny thanked her Mamma, and said she should like the pot that had the three little

tulips in it. They were not fully blown, but Fanny said she would water them very often, and take great care of them. The tulip-pot was not very heavy, and her Mamma told her she might carry it to the house herself if she wished. Then they went in doors, and Fanny's Mamma gave her a small table for her tulip-pot to stand upon. This table was in front of one of the dining-room windows.

THE DOG FLORA AND THE TULIP-
POT.

THE next morning, after Fanny had been into her Mamma's room, and had said her prayers and hymn, and read a few verses in the Bible, she ran down stairs. How sorry she was to see her tulip-pot broken, and lying on the carpet, with the mould and roots all fallen out. She burst

into tears, and ran back, sobbing, to her Mother's room. It was some time before she could speak, to tell her Mamma what was the matter; and when her Mother had heard the true cause of Fanny's crying, she told her to dry her tears, because it was unwise to cry, and tears could be of no use. It would be far better, her Mamma said, to go and pick up the tulips. She then took her little girl by the hand, and led her down stairs. The dining-

room window had been left wide open ; and the little dog, Flora, it was thought, must have jumped in at the window, as she sometimes did, and knocked down the table on which the tulips were standing. Fanny's Mother picked up the roots, and then rang the bell, and told the servant to take up the mould, and to carry the tulip-roots to the green-house, and get a new garden-pot to put them in, in the place of the one that was broken.

Before Fanny and her Father and Mother had done their breakfast, the servant came into the room, bringing back the tulips in their new pot. They looked just as pretty as ever. The stalks were not even bent, and the red and yellow blossoms were unhurt. "You see, my dear little girl," said her Mamma, "that no great harm has taken place. It was not worth while to distress yourself so much, and to cry so sadly, because your tulip-pot was broken.

How much better it is when a little accident happens, to make the best of it, and not to fret and grieve about what cannot be helped, but to be cheerful and happy, and try to mend what is broken, or to go and ask some kind friend to do so for us."

Fanny said, "I think it is, dear Mamma; and I will try not to cry next time."

THE LINNET'S NEST.

As Fanny was walking with her Mamma one morning in the fir-grove near her Papa's house, she saw a bird, with a little bit of moss in its beak, fly into the hedge, and she asked her Mamma what she thought the bird was going to do with that bit of moss. Her Mamma said that the bird was called a linnet, and that it was, most likely, building a nest

for itself and its young ones, to live in. Fanny then asked her Mamma if she might run and peep into the bush into which the bird had flown, and her Mamma said she might. How great was her delight when she beheld a pretty little nest nearly made, so near the ground that she could see it quite well. It was lined with soft wool and hair, and the outside was made of twigs and moss, but there was nothing in it, for it was not yet done.

A few days after this time, Fanny and her Mother again walked the same way, and when they got near the spot, Fanny ran to look for the linnet's nest. The noise of her footsteps made the old bird fly off the nest, and then, to Fanny's great joy, she spied four pretty spotted eggs in it. Her Mamma called to her to come away, that the poor bird might return to its nest, and she asked Fanny what she thought they should find in it next time

they came. Fanny said she did not know.

The next week the little girl and her Mamma again walked through the fir-grove, and Fanny did not forget to run to the bush where she had seen the nest with its spotted eggs.

There, instead of the eggs, she saw four little birds ! They were only half-fledged, that is, their feathers had only just begun to grow, and they were holding their little mouths wide open and crying caw,

caw, caw ! Just at this moment one of the old birds came, bringing a small worm in its beak, which it put into the mouth of one of the young birds, and then flew away.

Fanny knew not how to express her pleasure at the pretty sight. She longed to take one of the little birds in her hands, but her Mamma told her she had better not, as it might both frighten and hurt it ; and Fanny said that when she got home, she would tell her Papa of all she had seen.

THE MORNING WALK.

“MAY I go with you to the dairy this morning, Mamma?” said little Fanny. “Yes,” said her Mamma, “if you are a good little girl, and do your work neatly, and read nicely, you may.”

Fanny was glad when she heard this, and she took pains, and did all that her Mother wished her to do.

When the clock struck twelve, Fanny ran up to nurse, who put on her bonnet and spencer, so that she was quite ready, and waiting in the hall when her Mamma came. She skipped about for joy as they walked across the fields, towards the farm-yard where the dairy was, for she was a happy little girl, and it always gave her great pleasure to walk with her dear Mamma. She had been taught from the time that she was quite an infant to do what

she was told to do. If her Mamma said, "Do not run on the grass, Fanny," she ran off in a moment. If her Mamma said, "Do not talk to me just now, my love, for I am busy," she waited till her Mother was ready to attend to her. If her Mamma said to her, "Do not touch the table, Fanny," she left off touching it, without being told again and again to do so, as is the case with some little girls.

When Fanny went into her

Mamma's room in the morning to say her prayers, her Mamma always gave her some text to think of during the day, and she used to explain to her the meaning of the text. One text that Fanny had often to repeat was this, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right."

Her Mamma used then to tell her, that the Bible is God's Holy Word, in which he tells us all we ought to do, and all we ought not to do, and that the only way

to be truly happy, is to follow the commands laid down for us in God's own Book. In this manner Fanny's mind became stored with Scripture precepts; and if in the course of the day she forgot the subject of the morning, her Mamma used to look at her and smile, and say, "Think of your text, Fanny."

Thus the little girl got the habit of minding what was said to her, and often did her dear Mamma pray to God that He would send his Holy Spirit into

the heart of her dear child, that she might in all things seek to do His Holy Will, and make that will the rule of her life.

THE DAIRY.

WHEN Fanny and her Mamma reached the dairy, Fanny looked round with surprise to see the number of large shallow dishes, filled with milk, that were placed on shelves round the room. Her Mamma told her they were stand-

ing for cream, and that, by and by, Susan, the dairy-maid, would skim off the cream in order to make butter.

“And what is Susan doing now, Mamma?” asked Fanny, going towards the corner of the dairy, where Susan was turning the handle of a large thing, that looked like a barrel.

“That is a churn, my dear,” said her Mamma. “There is a great deal of cream inside, which, being shook about by the turning

of the churn, is changed into butter. Wait a little, and you shall see."

Fanny waited, and while she waited she looked round and said, "How clean all the things look in this nice dairy, Mamma."

At last Susan said she thought the butter was ready, and she lifted the lid off the churn, and took out a great many lumps. "The liquid that is left in the churn," said Fanny's Mother, "is called butter-milk, and it will be given

to the pigs, who are very fond of it."

There were some wooden moulds lying on the dresser, and Susan rolled up some little pats of butter, and shaped them in these moulds.

"Oh, how pretty, how very pretty!" said Fanny, as she saw a nice little swan formed of the butter. "How much I should like to carry it home to show my Papa."

Her Mother said she might, if

Susan would be so good as to put it into a basket. Then Susan picked a fresh vine-leaf off the vine that grew outside the dairy-window, and placed the swan upon it, and put it into a little basket, and Fanny had the delight of taking it back with her to her Mother's house.

When tea-time came the happy little girl begged her Papa to take some of the butter which she had seen Susan make.

THE COWSLIP-BALL.

FANNY was taught that it is better to please others than to please ourselves. Her little brother, Edward, was younger than herself, and she liked to amuse and please him. If Edward was not well, Fanny spoke gently to him, and tried to sooth and comfort him. One morning she went into the field near the garden, in which there were a great many

cowslips. Fanny had a basket in her hand, and she ran about the field picking the pretty yellow cowslips. Her Mamma sat on a bank, watching her. At length Fanny's basket was quite full, and she ran back to her Mamma, and asked her what she should do with them, and her Mamma said that if she would carry them home she would make a cowslip-ball for her.

“A ball, Mamma!” said little Fanny, “can you make a ball of cowslips?”

Her mother smiled and said, "You shall see." Fanny was asking about the ball all the way home, and as soon as her things were taken off, she ran down to her Mamma to beg her to fulfil her promise. Her Mamma then told Fanny to pick the bunches of cowslips off the long stalks, while she looked for a bit of string. She then tied the string between two chairs, and hung the cowslip heads in a thick row across the string, with the pips or yellow

blossoms downwards. Her Mamma then drew them all up into one, and tied the string quite tight, thus forming a nice round ball. It smelt very sweet and looked very pretty, and Fanny kissed and thanked her Mamma.

At this moment little Edward came into the room. He was not quite well, and he had not been out all day. As soon as he saw the ball he held out his little hand and asked to have it.

Fanny said, "Mamma has just



THE COWSLIP-BALL.

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made it for me, and I cannot give it to Edward."

The little fellow asked again, saying, "Me not go walk to-day, Fanny." Fanny looked at the ball, and then at her little brother. She caught her Mamma's eye. The text she had learnt in the morning came into her thoughts. It was this, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

"You shall have my cowslip-ball, dear Edward," said the kind

little girl, putting it into his hand and kissing him.

How happy Fanny felt during the rest of the day. She had given pleasure to her little brother, and it was this that made her feel so happy.

THE BLIND GIRL.

As Fanny was one day walking in the wood with her Mamma, they met a poor woman leading a little girl by the hand. The little girl looked about seven years old, and she held her mother's hand quite fast. Fanny had a nice nosegay of flowers, which she had just been picking, and while her Mamma was talking

to the poor woman, she asked the little girl if she did not like flowers. The little girl said she liked to smell them, but that she could not see them, for she was blind. "Poor little girl!" said Fanny. "Cannot you see these pretty blue-bells and cowslips, or the trees, and the flowers, and the blue sky, and the bright shining sun? How sorry I am for you!" And then Fanny looked up at her Mamma, as though she wished to ask her something. When the

poor woman had done speaking to Fanny's Mamma, her Mamma spoke very kindly to the little girl, and told her to come to her house in a few days, for that she was going to town, and that she would make a little seat for her in one corner of the chaise, and take her to London with her, that the doctor might look at her eyes, and see whether anything could be done to restore her sight.

Little Fanny could scarcely talk of anything else during the

rest of the walk than of the little blind girl. She longed for Monday to come, that she might see her again, and she wished very much to know what the doctor would say about her. "Oh, Mamma," said she, "how sad it must be to be blind! If I were blind I should not be able to run about in the fields and woods, and pick the pretty flowers, and look at the little lambs at play. I should not be able to watch the seeds growing in my little garden.

I should not be able to read or work, and I should not be able to see you and my dear Papa, and my little brother Edward. Oh, how very sad it would be! I should always have to be led about like that poor little child! Oh, Mamma, how very sad!"

Fanny's Mamma then said to her, "How very thankful we should be to God, who gives us all our blessings. Sight is a blessing which we are too apt not to think about unless we lose it. Health is a blessing

for which we ought to be thankful. When we rise in the morning we should thank God for having taken care of us during the night. When we go to bed we should again thank Him, for watching over us during the day, and for 'giving us all things richly to enjoy.'"

THE BLIND GIRL

(Continued).

MONDAY came. Fanny did not forget the little blind girl. She asked her Mother what time she thought she would come. About ten o'clock, was the reply. Fanny placed herself at the window, that she might watch for poor little Mary, for this was the blind girl's name. At length the poor woman came in at the gate, leading her

little daughter by the hand. She was drest in a straw bonnet and blue frock and tippet, and looked very neat and clean. She smiled when Fanny spoke to her, and asked her whether she would like to go to London, and she said she should be very glad, if the doctor could do anything to make her eyes better.

At length the chaise came to the door, and Fanny's Mamma set off, taking little Mary with her. It was only a few miles to London;

and as they were going by the railway when they left the chaise, it would not take them a very long time to get there. They hoped to return by three o'clock.

After her Mamma had set off, little Fanny did the work that she had been told to do, and read her lessons to her nurse, and then went to play in the garden. In the afternoon she ran every now and then to the garden-gate to listen for the sound of wheels, and to watch for her dear Mamma's coming home.

Once she thought she heard the sound of the chaise, but no!—it was only a cart going slowly along the lane. Then again she ran to the gate, but nothing was in sight. At last, to her great joy, the chaise really turned the corner, and soon stood before the gate. Her Mamma got out, and the servant lifted little Mary down. Fanny did not ask her Mamma what the doctor had said, but she looked up in her face with such an eager look, that her Mother knew quite well what

she wanted to hear, and when they went in doors she said, "The doctor fears he cannot cure little Mary, but he thinks we had better send her to the Blind-school near London, where she will be well taken care of; and where she will be taught to work and to do useful things."—"Will her Mother like her to go there?" asked Fanny.—"Yes:" said her Mamma. "She told me, when we met her in the wood last week, that she should be very glad for her poor

little girl to go to the Blind-school, because she knew she would be well taken care of there ; and because she could not afford to pay any one to take care of her when she was away, or to teach her at home. There are a great many children, said Fanny's Mamma, at the Blind-school, and perhaps I may sometime take you with me to pay a visit to poor little Mary."

THE BLIND-SCHOOL.

“WHEN is little Mary to go to the Blind-school, Mamma?” asked Fanny one morning. Her Mother said, she hoped in the course of a month or six weeks. “A month! Oh, Mamma, what a very long time!” said Fanny.—“A month does appear a very long time, to little children, I know,” said Fanny’s Mother, “but it will soon be

gone. Have you not learnt that pretty hymn which says,

‘How long sometimes a day appears,
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow as if the years
Would never pass away.’

“And yet how quickly they pass!
Think of your last birth-day. What
a short time it seems since that
happy, joyful day; and yet your
fifth birth-day is almost here.
Think of Christmas, when you
used to bowl your hoop so fast
down the broad nut-tree walk, five

months ago ; and yet it seems but a very short time to look back upon. Time passes swiftly away, and we should try every year to become wiser and better.”—“ Do you think, Mamma, I am a wiser or a better little girl than I was last year ?” said Fanny.—“ I hope so, my dear. I think you have tried to correct yourself of one or two little faults, that I used to tell you of. You speak more gently to little Edward than you did, and you do not talk so much when

your Papa or Mamma are speaking to any one, as you used to do. I have watched my dear little girl, and I have been much pleased to see how she has tried to mind what I said to her." Fanny felt happy to hear her Mamma speak thus, and she ran away skipping and dancing, merry little girl as she was.

The month soon passed. Mary was sent to the Blind-school. When she had been there a few weeks, Fanny's Mamma took her

to London with her, and they went to visit little Mary. The Blind-school is a very fine building. The rooms are large and airy. There are a great number of poor blind women and children living there. It is true they cannot see ; but they are taught to read and to knit, and to net, and to make window-blinds and baskets, and a great many other useful things, and they are taken great care of, and have plenty of good food to eat, and clothes to keep them

warm. Little Mary looked very happy when Fanny took hold of her hand, and told her she was the same little girl who had met her in the wood at B— some time ago, and whose Mamma had been so kind to her; and she gave Fanny a pretty little basket, which she had been taught to make. Fanny was greatly pleased with all she saw, though she could not help being sorry for the poor blind people. In one room that she went into with her Mamma, some

poor women were sitting round a table, learning to read with their fingers. Their lessons were marked or pricked for them on paper, and they learnt the letters and words by feeling them. Others were busy making baskets, fishing-nets, and other things.

“Dear Mamma,” said little Fanny, as they drove home, “I am glad there is such a place as the Blind-school for poor blind people.”

“Be thankful too, my dear little

girl," said her Mother, "for the sight you have, and try always to make the best use of it you can."

THE USEFUL LITTLE GIRL.

"MAMMA, I heard you telling my sister this morning, when she had written all the notes Papa asked her to write, how nice it was to be useful," said little Fanny one morning. "I am such a little girl I am afraid I cannot be of

much use to any one. I wish I could make clothes for poor people, or write notes for dear Papa, as my sister does."

"I am glad my little Fanny wishes to be useful," said her Mamma, reaching a skein of silk from her work-box. "Put out your hands, my dear, and hold this skein of silk while I wind it. That is something a little girl *can* do." Fanny smiled as her Mamma wound the silk. "But, dear Mamma, your skein of silk will soon be wound,

and what shall I do next?"—"If you will go up stairs, and ask nurse, she will give you a bundle of silk out of one of the drawers in my wardrobe, and I will tell you what you shall do." Fanny ran up stairs in a moment, and was soon back again with the roll of silk in her hand.

"When you take your walk towards the park, have you not sometimes met a poor old woman with a basket on her arm, in which she has something to sell?" said

Fanny's Mamma—"little dolls, or pen-wipers, or bags, or kettle holders? Some kind young ladies make these things, and give them to Dame K—, and then, with the money she gets for them, she buys tea, and meat and bread, for herself. I thought my little Fanny would like to make a work-bag to put in the poor old woman's basket."—"That I shall, indeed, Mamma, and may I take it to her?" said Fanny, her eyes sparkling with joy, as her Mother

undid the bundle, and asked her to choose which piece of silk she liked best. "What a pretty bag this blue striped silk would make!" said she, "or this spotted green! Oh, Mamma! I will choose this. This will make such a pretty work-bag to put in the old woman's basket." The bag was soon cut out, and Fanny worked as fast, and as neatly as she could, until her Mother told her it was time to go out.

In the course of a week the

bag was made. Some nice green ribbon formed the strings. Fanny's Mamma bought a thimble and a pair of scissors to put into the bag, as well as a reel of cotton and some pins and needles. When it was all complete, Fanny went with her Mamma to take a walk along the road where they used so often to meet the poor old woman, or to see her sitting under a large tree by the way-side. But no! she was not there. The tears came into Fanny's eyes as they went back from

their walk without having met with the object of their search.

The next day they took the same walk again. "Oh, there she is! there she is!" cried little Fanny. "There is the poor old woman sitting under the tree, with her basket on her arm! How glad I am!" And then she ran forwards from her Mamma, and gave her the little bag which she had made, saying, "I cannot do much to help you, Dame K—, because I am a little girl, but

Mamma has given me leave to make this bag to put in your basket, and I hope you will be able to sell it for something."

The old woman was very much pleased with the little girl's kindness, and thanked her a great many times, and Fanny felt very happy to think she had done something useful.

THE OLD MAN AND THE BIBLE.

AN old man lived near the house in which Fanny lived. The garden of old Paul's cottage was near her Papa's garden. He had grey hairs, and he walked with a stick, for he was no longer able to go out and work in the fields, as he used to do. Often would he lean over the wicket-

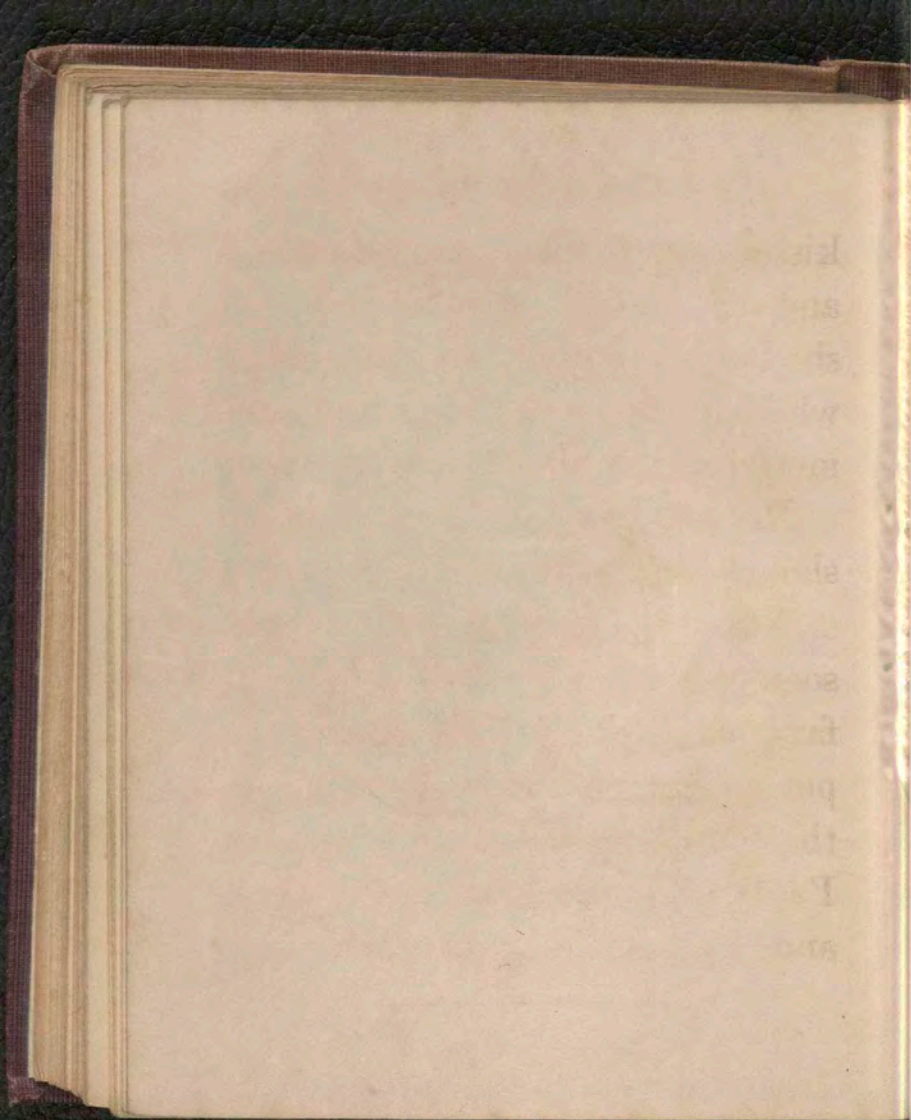
gate that led up the narrow path to his cottage, and watch little Fanny, as she skipped and danced about on the green lawn. Sometimes she went and spoke to him, and sometimes her Mamma gave her a tract to carry to the poor old man. One day he said to her, "My eyes are getting dim, little Miss; I cannot see so well as I used to do when I was young. But I thank God I can still see to read a little in my large Bible. I love my blessed

Bible, and I like to read it, and to hear it read."

"How much I should like to read a chapter of the Bible to you, sometimes, Master Paul, if Mamma would allow me," said little Fanny, and she ran down to the other side of the garden, to ask her Mamma's leave. Her Mamma came back with her, and, after a little talk with old Paul, she told Fanny that she should come once or twice a-week, and read a chapter in the Bible to him. Fanny



THE OLD MAN AND THE BIBLE



kissed and thanked her Mamma ; and she asked Master Paul, as she always used to call him, whether she should begin the next morning.

Paul thanked her, and said he should like it very much.

Next morning came, and as soon as Fanny had had her breakfast, with her Mamma's leave, she put on her bonnet, and ran across the lawn to old Paul's cottage. Paul had once been a shepherd, and used to take care of sheep,

but being now too old and infirm for the employ, Fanny's Papa had given him this nice little cottage to live in, and he used to be very kind to him, for he knew him to be a good and pious old man.

It was a pretty sight to see the little girl with the large Bible open on the little table before her, reading God's blessed book to the poor old man. Sometimes she would leave off, saying, "Do I read loud enough, Master Paul?"

Can you hear me well?" And when she had done he would smile and thank her, and talk to her about Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who loves little children and calls them the lambs of His flock.

THE GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

WHEN Fanny went to her garden one morning, a few months after she had begun to visit old Paul's cottage and to read to him, she found the border all neatly raked, and a very pretty row of double daisies, in full blossom, growing on each side of the little path. "Oh, how pretty! how very pretty!" said the little

girl. "Who can have put these nice rows of double daisies round my bed? And this nice garden-seat! — who can have put this pretty green seat for me at the end of my walk?"

Fanny's Mamma was standing a little way off, to watch her surprise.

"Mamma, Mamma!" cried the happy little girl, "do come and see my garden. It looks so lovely! Who can have made this nice seat for me? who can have raked

my bed so neatly? who can have planted these nice rows of daisies?"

Her Mother smiled. "Cannot you guess?" said she.

"The daisies are just like the daisies in old Paul's garden," said Fanny. "Perhaps old Paul has done it all. Good, kind old man! I am sure it must be Master Paul who has made my garden look so pretty. May I go and thank him, Mamma?"

Fanny, without staying for an answer, ran across the grass, and

found the old man seated near his cottage-door, under the shade of a large lilac tree. "Oh, Master Paul," said she, "did *you* put that nice seat in my garden? Did *you* plant those pretty daisies?"

"Dear little Miss Fanny," said the good old man, "I am glad you are pleased. You have been very kind in coming to read the Bible to me, and I only wished to please you, and show you how grateful I felt to you."

"What did Paul mean by say-

ing he felt grateful to me, Mamma?" said Fanny.

"When any one is kind to us, and we wish to be kind to them in return, we call it being grateful, my dear," said Fanny's Mother. "Paul thinks it kind of you to read to him, now he cannot well see to read to himself, and he wishes to prove to you that he does so, by being kind to you in return. We should always be grateful to those who are kind to us."

"How grateful, then, I ought

to be to you, my own dear Mamma," said little Fanny, "for you are so kind, so very kind to me!"

"How grateful we should be to God, our heavenly Father," said Fanny's Mother. "He is always kind to us. He gives us all the blessings we enjoy. He takes care of us, and watches over us day by day, and is always doing us good. Let us show that we are grateful to Him, by trying always to do those things which we know will please Him."

THE FARM-YARD.

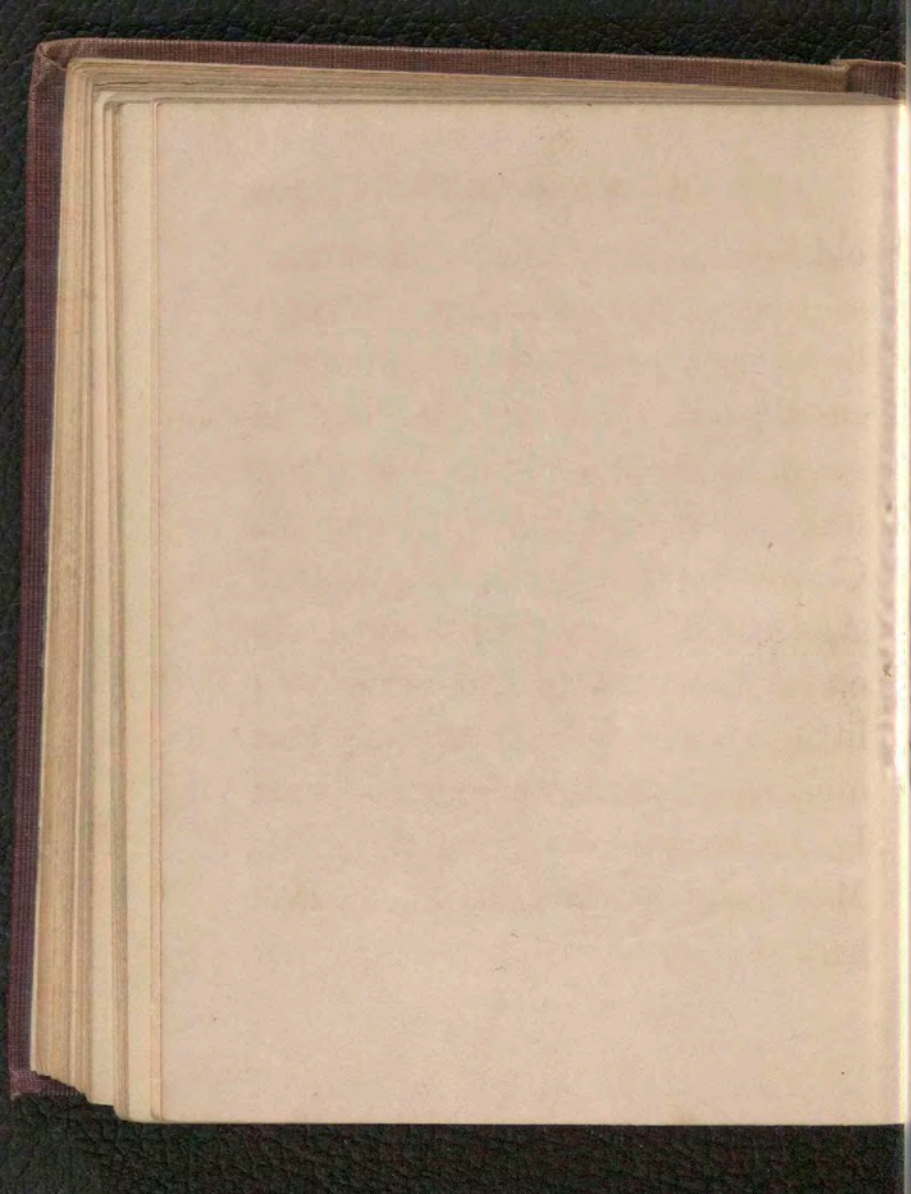
THERE was a farm-yard near the house in which Fanny lived. Ducks and geese, hens and chickens, a fine peacock, some pea-hens and turkeys, lived in this yard. Fanny was fond of going there sometimes, for children always like to see living creatures. Often would she carry a small basket of corn on her arm, and throw

a handful of it to the fowls as they flocked towards the gate to welcome her approach. A speckled hen had been sitting, for two or three weeks, upon some eggs in a nest in one corner of the hen-house, and it was thought that before many days had past, some little chickens would be hatched. Monday came. There were no signs of chickens. Tuesday came—Fanny looked in vain. At length, on Thursday morning, how great was the little girl's de-

light when she went into the farm-yard with her Mamma, to see the old hen in a large coop, with her wings outspread, and seven or eight pretty little chickens peeping from beneath them. Sometimes they ran out, and sipped the water from the saucer placed for their use; then they picked up the grits thrown to them, while, at the slightest alarm, they flew for shelter to their mother's wing. Day after day did Fanny watch these chickens. "What care the



THE FARM-YARD.



old hen takes of them, Mamma," said she, one morning. "That little brown spotted one is always running so far away; it does not seem to mind what danger it gets into; and then the old hen goes Cluck, cluck, cluck, to call it back. And the little sickly yellow chicken! How kind she is to the poor little thing! Did you not see how she pecked the bit of bread I threw in, and gave it to it, Mamma? I love the good, kind hen for taking such care of her

little ones. It is just as you take care of your little children."

"Can you tell me any verse in the Bible that refers to the fowls, and God's care over them, Fanny?" asked her Mamma.

"Yes, Mamma," said the little girl, "I think you mean this, 'Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?'"

“Yes: that is the text I meant, my dear,” said her Mother. “God does indeed watch over the little birds, and provide for all their wants. The hips and haws that grow in the hedges, and the berries on the trees, are food for them when winter sets in, and all ready for them without their care or foresight. If God then takes care of the fowls, how much more does He take care of us, His people, watching over us from day to day, guarding us from danger, giving us our

daily bread, and everything we need. Just as the 'hen gathers the chickens under her wings,' so God, our heavenly Father, protects and cares for us, and we ought to love Him for all his goodness."

"I hope I do love Him, Mamma," said Fanny, "and as I grow older I hope I shall love Him more."

THE CORN-FIELD.

AUTUMN came. The bright sunny days of autumn. The corn was ripe, and looked like yellow gold as it waved in the breeze. Groups of reapers, with their sickles, might be seen in many a field, cutting down the ripe golden corn, binding it in sheaves, or placing it on the waggon, as it moved slowly along between the furrows.

Here and there, the reapers had left the field ; the corn was safely housed ; no sheaves were left standing ; but numbers of poor women and children might be seen picking up the ears that had been dropped on the ground, whilst the reapers were filling the waggons. This is called gleaning. Fanny liked to walk in the corn-fields, and to watch the gleaners. One day, her Mamma, being tired, sat down on a bank near the hedge, and told her little girl she might run across

the field, and pick up as many ears of corn as she could find. Fanny was very happy while she was doing this. There was a pale and sickly little boy standing by the side of his elder sister. She stopped and looked at him. "Why does not that little boy help?" said she to the girl. "He has been ill, Miss, and it tires him to stoop."—"Oh, then, he shall have my bundle," said the kind little Fanny, placing it in the boy's arms. The little fellow did not

speaking, but Fanny saw by his smile how much he was pleased, and away she ran to collect another handful. This was also given to the little boy. Again and again she ran and picked up corn, until both his arms had as much as he could hold. Fanny now saw her Mother coming towards her, and ran to meet her.

“Have you not been gleanings, my dear?” said her Mamma.

“Yes, Mamma,” said Fanny, “but I have given all the corn I

could find to this poor boy, who is too weak to pick up any himself."

"I am very glad to see you kind to the poor little boy," said Fanny's Mother. "This is the Bible rule, to do to others as we would that they should do to us; and I dare say you will feel quite as happy in thinking of the poor boy with his lap full of corn, as though you had it yourself."

"Oh yes, Mamma, and a great deal more so," said Fanny. "It is so pleasant, Mamma, to help other

people. I hope you will bring me into this corn-field the next time we come this way, and I will try to help some other poor child."

As they walked home, Fanny said she was thinking of the story of Ruth, which she had read in her Bible Stories, all the time that she was gleaning in the corn-field, and how happy *she* felt while she was picking up corn for her poor mother.

"I believe there are few things which make people feel more truly

happy than the pleasure of doing good to others," said Fanny's Mamma. "You see by your own feelings at this moment, my dear, what that pleasure is. The little boy's grateful smile when he took the corn, made my Fanny feel happy. Children cannot do much to help others, but if they only do what they *can*, He who has said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' will accept the desire to please Him, and will say to them, 'Inasmuch as ye have

done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' ”

SEA-SIDE RAMBLES.

ON a bright and sunny morning toward the end of August, little Fanny set off with her Papa and Mamma to the sea-side.

“How lovely the sea looks, Mamma,” said Fanny, when she first saw the blue line which fore-

told their approach. Soon they were near enough to perceive the ships in the distance, looking like specks on the bosom of the deep ; and soon, very soon, the wide beach was in sight, and the waves were seen dashing their white surf on the pebbly shore.

Almost every morning, Fanny and her brothers and sisters used to ramble down to the sea-side to seek for shells and sea-weed. Fanny's Mamma made some little trays for her to arrange her

shells in, and she told her the names of the shells, and Fanny used to feel very happy when, after her long walk in the morning, she sat at the table by her Mamma's side sorting the treasures she had found. Her Mamma used often to talk to her of God's greatness, power, and wisdom as shown in the wonders of nature; for she wished little Fanny, while in the midst of His gifts, to have her mind lifted up to the Giver of them.

“How very pretty these little striped shells are, Mamma!” said she one morning; “we found such a number of them on the sand.”

“They are called *cowries*,” said her Mother. “In some countries the poor people use cowries in the place of money.”

“And what are these shells called Mamma, that stick so close, so very close to the rocks?”

“They are called *limpets*.” And then Fanny’s Mother told

her of a poor Negro, whom a good Clergyman sometimes met near the sea-shore, and to whom he used to talk about his soul. The poor Negro said, that just as the limpets stuck fast to the rocks, so sin stuck fast to his heart. "And so," said her Mother, "it is with us. Sin is mixed with all we do. We cannot serve God as we ought to serve Him, or love Him as we ought to love Him, for 'when we would do good, evil is pre-

sent with us.' But we must pray to Him for his Holy Spirit to dwell in our hearts. We must watch against all that we know to be wrong. We must love Jesus Christ, and pray that He will help us to cling to Him, just as the limpets cling to the rocks. This is what the good Clergyman said to the poor Negro, and what I would also say to my little Fanny."

FANNY'S FAULT.

FANNY, like other little girls, had faults, but she tried to correct herself of them; and sometimes, though not always, with success. There was one fault of Fanny's, which is a very common one among children—liking to be first in everything. Her Mamma often talked to her about this fault, and told her that the

Bible rule is, to think more of pleasing others than of pleasing ourselves. It is true, Fanny often thought of this rule when she had any pleasure of her own to give up, or any little act of kindness to show, but sometimes, when she was playing with other children, she quite forgot it. She liked them to play in her own way, and to do just what she asked them to do. She liked, in short, to take the lead herself. Fanny's uncle, and aunt,

and cousins, were living near them at the sea-side. One day her cousins and some other children came to tea with her, and for a long time they played very nicely in the garden. At length it was proposed that some of the children should stay in the grotto at one end of the garden, and that others should remain in the arbour at the other end, and that they should visit each other. There was to be a feast at the grotto, and, as most of the children were

older than Fanny, it was agreed that they should prepare the feast, and that Fanny should remain in the arbour with the little ones, and visit the party at the grotto. Poor Fanny did not like this plan. She seemed to forget that she was one of the younger children, and that she ought therefore to give way to those who were older. At length she went so far as to say, that if she might not stay at the grotto and help to get ready the feast, she

would not play at all. Mary, the eldest of her cousins, knew that her aunt's plan was always to treat her kindly, but never to give way to her, when she showed these wayward tempers. She therefore went calmly on, without taking much notice of Fanny, who let the little party set off to the grotto, making Ellen, whose birthday it was, queen of the day, with a crown of roses on her head and a group of merry children walking

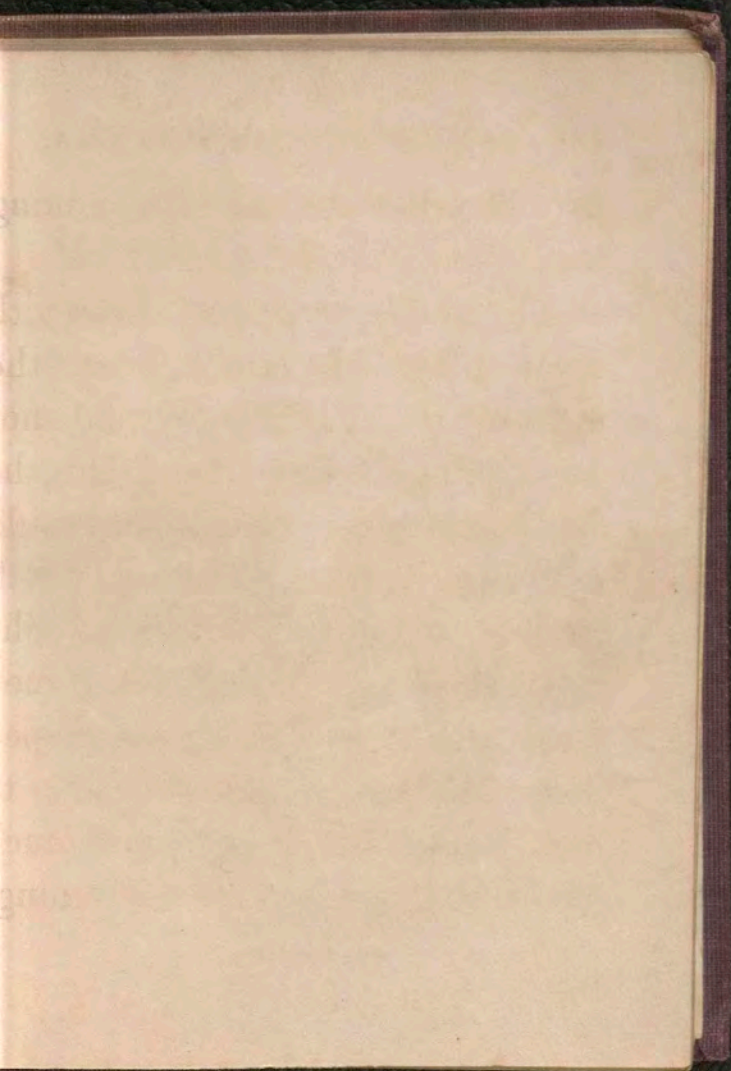
before her, two and two, bearing flags in their hands.

Just as the happy party turned the end of the walk, their aunt met them. "Where is my little Fanny?" said she. "I do not see her among you."

"We are sorry she did not like to play with us, Aunt," said Mary, "because we wished her to remain among the little ones at the arbour, instead of getting ready the feast at the grotto, and she is gone away

by herself, instead of joining us."

The children went on with their play, but throughout the rest of the day Fanny did not seem happy. She knew that she had done wrong, and she could not regain her peace of mind, or join in her cousins' glee. She felt glad when bedtime came; but, although she almost hoped her Mamma would speak to her, she did not say much upon the subject that evening,





THE SAND-BOYS.

thinking it better to wait till the next day, or till Fanny herself spoke of it.

THE DONKEY BOYS.

As Fanny was walking with her Mamma near the sea-side the next morning, they met a boy and two donkeys. The donkeys had each a large sack of sand on their back. The boy had been digging up the sand on the sea-shore, and now he was taking

it to the next town to sell it. Fanny's Mamma stopped, and talked to the poor boy, and asked him whether he had ever been at school. He said that he had, and that he had learnt to read his Bible. Fanny's Mother then gave him a little tract to read, and they walked on.

Soon they passed two more donkey boys, but these boys were speaking rudely to each other, and they looked as though they had been fighting.

Fanny said to her Mother, "I do not think those boys can have learnt to read their Bibles, Mamma, or they would not quarrel so."

"I fear they have not, my dear," said her Mother. "Perhaps they had no kind friend to teach them, or parents to send them to school. We should be sorry for them, and pity them, and hope that the time will come when they will know better than to be so unkind to each other"

Fanny and her Mother then walked on in silence. Soon little Fanny said, "Next time I come this way may I bring a Bible for those poor boys, Mamma?"

"I fear," said her Mother, "they would not make a proper use of it, but I will enquire their names, and see if anything can be done for them. But now, my dear little girl, while you are thinking of these poor boys, and of their unkind conduct to

each other, does it not remind you of your own conduct to your cousins yesterday. You have a dear kind Papa and Mamma, who have taught you to read the Bible. You have learnt many texts which tell us that we must be meek and humble, and willing to take the lowest place. The Bible tells us not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. The Bible tells us that we must love one another, for 'God is love; and

he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.' Should you not have felt much more happy, do you think, if you had done as your cousins wished, and instead of trying to take the highest place, had been willing to take the lowest?"

"Oh, Mamma," said Fanny, bursting into tears, "indeed I should. I am very sorry I gave way to such naughty tempers. I hope it will never happen again. I am much worse than the don-

key boys. I quite forgot, at the time, all that you, dear Mamma, have so often said to me about the pleasure of giving way to others."

"You have often known that pleasure, my love," said her Mother kindly, "and I am sorry you lost it last evening. To be really happy, we must be humble. Our blessed Lord said, 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.' We must pray for grace to follow the holy

pattern which He set us; and to be made gentle, meek, and lowly, like our Saviour.

THE WET DAY.

A FEW days after Fanny and her Mother had taken the walk we have just spoken of, it was planned that the whole party should visit the ruins of an old castle a few miles off. Three or four donkeys were hired for the day, and the children were to

ride and walk by turns, and then to have dinner in a wood near the old ruins. Such little plans are always pleasant to children, and great was the pleasure with which Fanny and her cousins were looking forwards to the day.

“You must not be too eager about it, my dear,” said Fanny’s Mother, as she bid her little girl good night. “There were some thick clouds in the west as the sun was setting, and I almost fear we shall have a wet day to-mor-

row. If it should so happen, I hope my dear little girl will try to show how she can bear a disappointment."

Before six o'clock the next morning Fanny was out of bed, and peeping through the window-curtains. The wind blew, and the rain was beating against the windows.

"How sorry I am!" said she, "but perhaps it will all clear away by breakfast-time, and we shall have a fine day after all."

She went back to bed, and lay still, as her Mamma always liked her to do in the morning, till it was time to get up. "Do you think it will be wet all day?" said she to her nurse, when she came to dress her. "It is quite stormy this morning, Miss Fanny," said Mary, "and the sky is so dark and cloudy that I do not think there is much chance of its being fine enough for you to go. Besides, the grass will be so wet after all the rain we have had, that I am

sure you could not dine in the wood." Fanny felt very sorry, and the tears came into her eyes as she bid her Mamma good morning, and looked towards the window. "Brighter days will come," said her Mother, smiling, "and I believe that even this wet day may be useful to my little Fanny, if it teaches her to bear disappointment well. It is God who sends both rain and sunshine, both wet days and fine days; and if we murmur or complain because the

weather is not what we wish, does it not seem like murmuring against God? We should be thankful for all that He sends, because we know that He will send what is best for us. Try, therefore, my dear little girl, to be cheerful and happy at home."

Fanny stood at the window for some time, watching the passing clouds. One shower came after another. There seemed no prospect of the weather clearing up. The donkeys, which had been

brought to the gate during a little gleam of sunshine, were sent back. The hour for lessons came. Now was the time for Fanny's trial. Should she come cheerful and happy to her lessons, or should she still stand and watch the weather, and think of the old ruins, and the dinner in the wood? Her mother did not speak to her again, but soon she had the pleasure of seeing her dear little girl sit down to the table with her book in her hand, learning her lesson as usual.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

“WELL, my dear Fanny,” said her Mamma in the evening, “we have not been to see the old ruins, but we have had a very happy day, I think.”

“Yes, Mamma, a very happy day,” said the little girl, putting her arms round her Mamma’s neck. “It is quite true, as you often tell me, dear Mamma, that

to give up a little pleasure of our own does make us feel happy. I felt very sorry in the morning, that we could not go on the donkeys, but then I thought of the day that my cousins were here, and how much happier I should have been if I had not given way to those naughty tempers, and I did try to pray in my heart to God that he would help me not to give way to them again, and I hope, Mamma, God heard my prayer."

“I do not doubt it, my dear,” said her Mother, “and this is what we ought always to do when any little trial of our temper comes. We should lift up our heart in prayer to our Father in heaven for grace and strength; and He has promised to ‘supply all our need.’ I know it was a great disappointment to you to-day not to take our little jaunt; but you do not know how happy it made me feel to watch your conduct, to see you trying to control your tem-

per, and taking pains with your lessons, instead of spending the morning in an idle or sullen humour. You would not have felt half so happy had you done so."

"No, Mamma, that I am sure I should not," said little Fanny. "I was so pleased to see you smile, Mamma, and to hear you call me your good little girl, that, do you know, I quite forgot to be sorry any longer, after I had really begun my lessons. And

then, after school, I was so busy putting the shells in my little trays, while you were writing the names for them, and seeing Mary make my sea-weed basket, that the day has seemed a very short one, though we have not been once out of doors."

"The grand secret of happiness, even for grown-up people, as well as for little children," said Fanny's Mother, "is full employ. I have sometimes known little boys and girls of your age go

from room to room, saying, 'I wish I had something to do,' and making themselves a trouble to all around them just for want of it; and I have been sorry for those poor children, and wished that they had some kind friend who would put them in the way of employing themselves better. Children get tired even of play, and their lessons do not fill all their time; therefore it is a very nice plan for them to have some little useful amusement for spare

hours. When all your shells are put in the right trays to-morrow, you can finish pasting the pictures in little Edward's picture-book, and perhaps your sister will allow you to use a little of her paint to paint them ; and when the picture-book is done, you have the blue paper to plait for your little box, and then the new wax doll to dress. But do only one thing at a time. It is better always to finish one thing before we begin another."

“What a dear, kind Mamma you are, to teach me to do so many things,” said little Fanny, “I am sure I ought to be a good girl, and to try more and more to please you, my own dear Mamma.”

THE WINDMILL.

THERE was a windmill on a hill not very far from the house in which Fanny and her parents lived, while they were at the sea-side. She one day asked her Mamma the use of this mill.

“ You have been in the corn-fields, my dear,” said her Mother, “ and have seen the long yellow stalks of corn waving in the wind.”

“Oh, yes, Mamma ; and how happy I felt picking up the corn for that poor sick boy ! I know that corn is ground into flour at a mill, but I did not know before that it was a windmill like that.”

“You have many things yet to learn, my dear little girl,” said Fanny’s Mother. “When the corn is ripe in the autumn, the reapers go with their sickles and cut it all down, and tie the corn in bundles, which are called

sheaves. The sheaves stand in the fields till they are quite dry, when they are taken home in large waggons, and put into barns, or made up into large stacks."

"And what is done next, Mamma?"

"When the corn is wanted for use, it has first to be thrashed, or beaten with a long piece of wood, called a flail. This is to divide the grains of corn from the chaff or straw. It is then taken to the mill to be ground. There

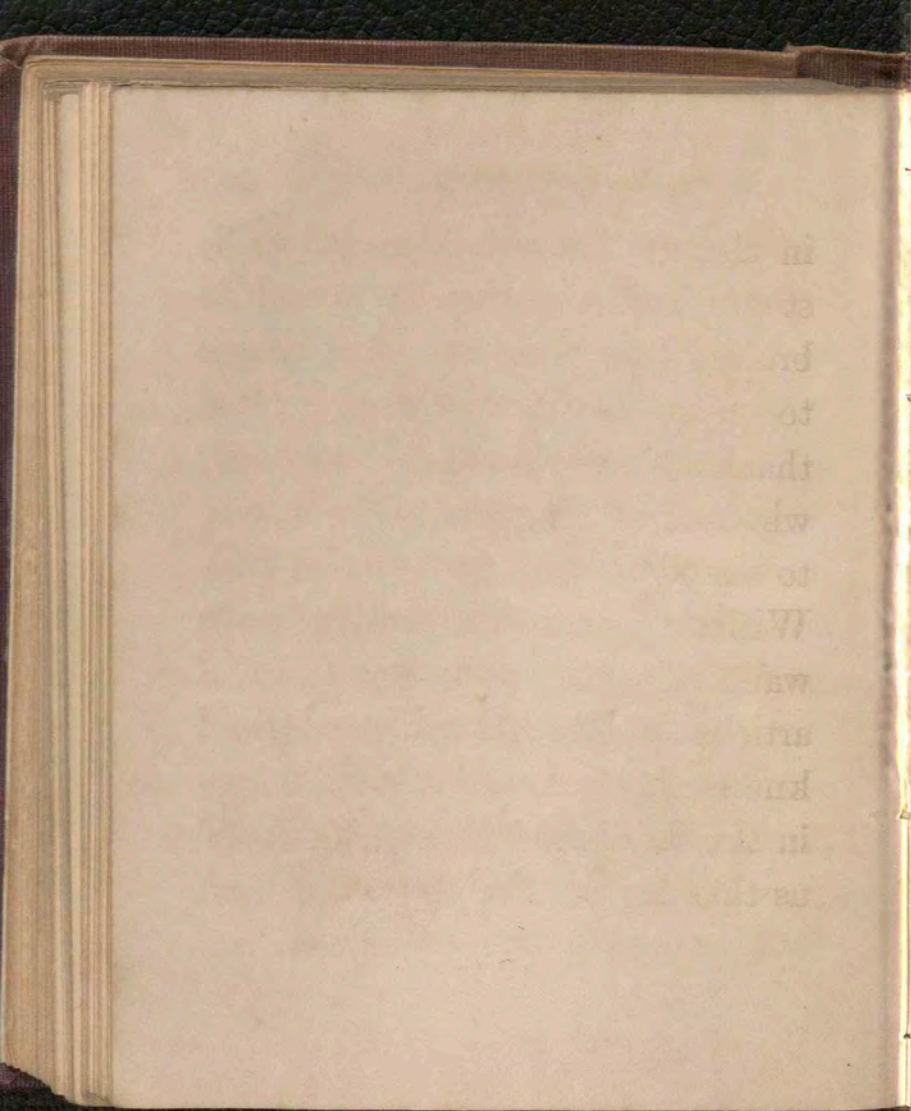
are both water-mills and wind-mills. The wheels of water-mills are turned by a stream of water ; the wheels of wind-mills are turned by wind. If you observe, you will see that the sails of the mill on yonder hill only go round when the wind blows."

"True, Mamma. It was blowing this morning, and round and round the sails were going so fast. But how does this turn the corn into flour?"

"There are two heavy stones



THE WINDMILL.



in the mill, my dear, called mill-stones, and the corn is turned or bruised into flour by being made to pass between them. How thankful we should be to God, who makes the corn to grow, and to supply us with such useful food. Without bread we should be in want of one of the most useful articles of life. Our blessed Lord knew this when he taught us, in the Lord's prayer, to say 'Give us this day our daily bread.' "

THE SEA AND THE TIDE.

“How very large the sea is, Mamma,” said little Fanny, one day, as she was walking with her Mother along the beach. “We cannot see the end of it. It is always moving, too. Just stop one minute and watch, Mamma. There is such a large wave coming. There, now it is gone! Now the next wave is coming, curling

and foaming,—there, now that is gone, too!

“It is called high-water now,” said Fanny’s Mamma. “Twice every day the waves come up high on the shore, and then it is called high-water; and twice every day they roll back a long way, and then it is called low-water. This is one of the wise plans by which God keeps the water of the sea pure. How wonderful it is to think of God’s greatness and goodness in making this beautiful

world, the seas and the mountains, the trees and the rivers, and everything else. The water of the sea is very salt. You may taste it, if you like. Look about for an empty limpet-shell, and I will get a little sea-water for you."

Fanny ran away from her Mamma, and searched among the rocks, and upon the sand for a limpet-shell. Soon she found a very large one, and came running back with it in her hand. Her Mother then waited for a wave to come

in, and as it *receded* or went back, she stooped and caught a little sea-water in the empty limpet-shell, which Fanny called her little wine-glass. As soon as Fanny had tasted the water, she said, "Oh, Mamma, I do not call it very nice. I do not like it very much. It is not at all like the nice fresh spring-water we have at dinner. It is so bitter and so salt."

"The saltness of the sea is a very good thing," said her Mother;

“for if it were not salt, so large a body of water would become bad in hot countries, and where there is not much wind to blow upon it.”

“I shall be sorry to leave this beautiful sea,” said little Fanny; “and yet, do you know, Mamma, I shall be rather glad to go home, and to see my little garden again, and Primrose-walk, and old Master Paul, and the chickens, and the farm-yard, and all the rest of the things.”

“How thankful we should be for the many blessings we enjoy!” said Fanny’s Mother.

“God’s mercies are indeed ‘new every morning.’ He has watched over us, and kept us in health and safety, during the time we have spent at the sea-side, and now, we trust, He will be with us on our journey, and take us back to our own home in peace.”

THE SEASONS.

“THERE are four Seasons in the year, Fanny,” said her Mother, one day. “Can you tell me what they are called?”

“Yes, Mamma; for you have often told me. Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Spring comes first. I like Spring, Mamma; I used to watch the snow-drops peeping above the mould,

and gather daisies and cowslips in the Spring, and I used to like to look at the little buds on the currant-trees, and to see the birds building their nests. My pretty red and yellow tulips, too, came in the Spring. What is it, Mamma, that makes the flowers open, and the trees put out their leaves in the Spring? Is it because the weather gets warmer then?"

"That is partly the reason, my dear little girl," said Fanny's Mother. "If the warm weather

comes early in the year, the young leaves open rather sooner, and if it comes late they do not open quite so soon; and yet they would not wait very long, for Spring is their time of coming; nor, if the weather was ever so warm, would they come much sooner. God has made the trees something like a clock. The clock strikes at a certain time, and tells us the hours of the day, so do the leaves and blossoms of trees open at a certain time, and tell us the season of the year."

“I suppose, Mamma,” said Fanny, “one great reason why we like Spring flowers so much, is that they come after the long Winter, when there has been nothing but frost and snow on the ground, for so many months. How happy the little birds must be, building their nests in the Spring! I used to like to watch them, picking up little bits of straw and moss, and wool, and hair, and sticks, and to hear the Cuckoo saying, ‘Cuckoo, cuckoo,’ in the wood.

Do you think we shall hear the Cuckoo again next spring, Mamma ?”

“ Yes, if we live till next Spring, I think we shall most likely hear it again,” said Fanny’s Mother, “ for the Cuckoo, and the Swallow too, mostly return in April, when the weather is getting warm.”

“ Where do they return from, dear Mamma ?”

“ They live in warm countries, like Spain, or the south of France,

my dear, during the Winter, and in Spring they come to England. The Cuckoo stays here about two months, and then it flies farther north, and remains there during the Summer. The Swallow stays in England all the Summer, and when Winter comes, it flies away to seek a warmer home. Only a few days ago, your Papa and I were watching the Swallows, as they sat on the roof of a house in the village, and seemed to be getting ready for their flight."

“But, dear Mamma, how can they find their way over the wide sea? If I were to go, even in a little boat, I am sure I should not know the road to take.”

“It is God, my love, who teaches the little bird both to build its nest, and to find its way across the vast ocean, to warmer climes. The feeling which God gives to birds and animals is called instinct. They cannot think, and talk, and reason, as we can, but instinct answers the purpose, and

guides and directs them in all they do.”

THE ROSE-TREE.

A FEW days after Fanny had reached home again, she went with her Mamma to visit the greenhouse. Her Mamma was speaking to old Edwin, about some bulbous roots which she wished to have planted. Edwin said he would reach them down from the

shelf, on which they were lying ; but, just as he was going to do this, Fanny's Mamma was called away. She said, " Stay here, my dear little girl, and I will return to you. Do not touch anything. When I come back, Edwin can look for the tulip-roots."

Fanny ran about and played on the broad walk before the greenhouse for some time, but her Mamma did not return. Being tired of waiting, she went inside and looked at the plants, some

of which were still in bloom, although it was so late in the year. She smelt first one blossom and then another, and looked up with a wishful eye towards the garden-pot, in which she thought her tulip-roots were lying. Edwin was gone away, and this pot was on a high shelf. The shelves of the greenhouse were like steps one above the other, and Fanny could not help thinking she could easily reach it, if she stepped up the shelves one at a time. "I should

so like to see what my tulip-roots are like," said she, and as she spoke, she put one foot on the lowest shelf of the range. She looked round; no one was in sight. She stepped on to the next shelf; but her frock went against a garden-pot, and knocked it down. Fanny looked round again. The garden-pot was lying in pieces on the floor; the mould had fallen out; two or three buds were broken off the rose-tree that grew in it.

She got down from the bench, hid her face in her hands, and began to cry. Soon, however, she dried up her tears. "How sorry I am that I tried to do what my dear Mamma told me not to do ; but I will go at once and tell her all," said she. And as she said this, Fanny ran down the walk to meet her Mamma, who was just coming back.

"You look as though you had been crying, my dear," said her Mother, in a kind voice.

“ Oh ! Mamma, I am so sorry, so very sorry,” said she. “ After you were gone, I got up on one of the benches, just to see if I could peep at the tulip-roots, and my frock caught against a little rose-tree, and knocked down the pot and broke it. I know you always like me to tell the truth if anything happens, and I therefore came to tell you.”

Fanny's Mother said, “ You were quite right, my dear little girl, in coming to tell me. I

would rather that all the garden-pots in the greenhouse were broken, than that my dear little girl should tell an untruth, or try to hide anything from me. It is quite true that I might never have known of the accident if you had not told me, but God's eye is always watching over us, and 'spying out all our ways.' He saw my dear little Fanny when she was getting up on the shelves, and I am sorry to say she broke one of God's

commands by doing so." Fanny sobbed. "God's own command," said her Mother, "is, 'Children, obey your parents.' How much happier you would have felt, had you kept this simple, plain rule in mind, while I was gone. I should then have been able to trust you another time; your conscience would have been at ease, and you would have felt glad and happy. By your *conscience*, I mean that inward feeling which God has placed in every one's

heart, to tell them whether they do right, or whether they do wrong. The moment you had knocked down the rose-tree, your conscience told you you were doing something you ought not to do. Is not this true?"

"Yes, dear Mamma. I thought directly that you had bid me not touch anything, and I felt very, very unhappy."

"The best thing you could do, when the accident happened, was certainly to come directly and

own your fault," said Fanny's Mother, "for the surest way to regain peace of mind when we have done wrong, is to acknowledge it; and to pray to God to forgive us, and to enable us, by His grace, to resist temptation when it again comes in our way. It is a good plan to remember that 'the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' Have you not learnt a little hymn, called 'Thou God seest me?' Repeat it."

Fanny then repeated the following hymn to her Mamma.

“ Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One who sees my way?
Yes, God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

“ When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No : for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

“ If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone :
On every side there would be God.

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“He smiles in heaven : He frowns to hell :
He fills the air, the earth, the sea :
I *must* within His presence dwell ;
I *cannot* from His anger flee.

“Yet I may flee,—He shews me where ;
To JESUS CHRIST He bids me fly ;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There 's only mercy in His eye.”

“We will now go in doors,”
said Fanny's Mother, “and I hope
what has happened this morning
will lead us to watch and pray,
that we may not enter into temp-
tation.”

FANNY'S FORBEARANCE.

“MAMMA, when Mary told you about the little girl, whom she met in the lane with a broken jug, and called her a careless little girl, you said there was a text in the Bible which tells us not to speak of the faults of others. I have been trying to find it, but I cannot,” said Fanny, as she was

reading to her Mother one morning.

“ There are many texts in the Bible, my dear, which appear to bear the same meaning. People are very apt to think and to speak of the faults of others, and to forget how many faults they have of their own. The text in the Bible which I should like my dear Fanny to learn, as well as Mary, is this, ‘ Speak not evil one of another.’ When any of our brothers or sisters do something

wrong, instead of running to tell Mamma of it, and seeming to take pleasure in their disgrace, is it not much more kind, do you think, to try to hide or make light of their faults?"

Fanny blushed. She knew what her Mamma was thinking of. That very morning, little Edward had taken two or three lumps from the sugar-bason as it stood on the breakfast-table, and Fanny had run up-stairs to tell her Mamma of him.

“ Mary need not have told me that the girl was careless for breaking the jug, and you need not have told me that little Edward had taken the sugar, as you were neither of you asked to do so,” said her Mother. “ We should be sorry for those who do wrong, and try to teach them better, but we should not take pleasure in talking about it, or in running to tell tales of them. Edward is a little boy. When he is older he will be wiser, and will not, I hope,

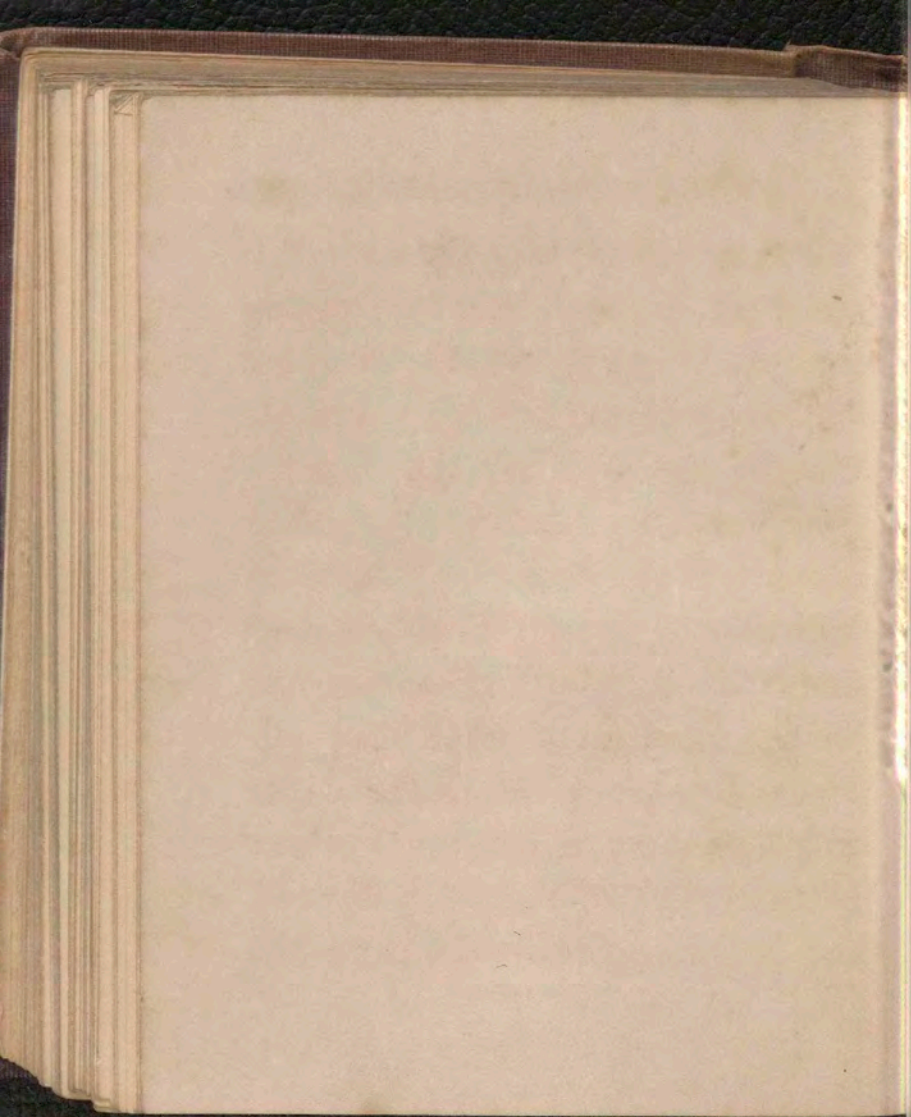
touch what does not belong to him. But now, my dear, it is time to get your map and begin your lessons."

Fanny ran for the box in which her dissected map of England was kept, and began to put it out upon the table. She had done this three or four times before, with her Mamma's help, but this day she was to try and do it alone. She knew most of the northern counties, and had placed them right, but when she came to the

midland counties, she was more puzzled, and it took her a long time to find the proper niches or places for them. At length, however, after having spent nearly an hour about it, the whole was complete, and Fanny was just thinking how pleased her Mamma would be to see the map, when little Edward came into the room. He had on his walking dress, and carried a little stick in his hand. "Are you not ready, Fanny, to go with us?" said he.



FANNY'S FORBEARANCE.



“Not quite,” said Fanny. “I am waiting for Mamma to see my map of England put together, and as soon as she has seen it, I will run up and get ready.” Fanny went to the window to see if her Mamma, who had been to visit a poor woman in the village, was coming back. Little Edward in the meantime jumped up on a chair, and, with his little stick, swept all the pieces on the floor.

“Oh, Edward, Edward,” said his sister, coming hastily back,

“you have spoilt, quite spoilt my map, and I had been taking such pains to do it right that dear Mamma might see it. You should not have touched it.”

The little boy looked up archly, as though he were not very sorry for the mischief he had done, and just as Fanny had picked up all the pieces, and was about to arrange them again, Mary called him out of the room to take his walk. Soon Fanny's Mamma came in, but seeing the little girl had not

completed her task, she left her, and joined her little boy in his walk, telling Fanny she had hoped to find the map done. Might not Fanny now have told of Edward—for it was indeed through Edward's fault that she lost her walk, and lost the pleasure she had hoped for from her Mamma's praise, but she thought of what had passed in the morning, and put into practice the text she had learnt, "Speak not evil one of another."

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

“WE were talking one day about the four seasons, Mamma, and I was telling you how much I liked spring; but I liked summer, too, when the hay was about, and we were so happy in the fields with our little forks and rakes, and eating cherries under the hedge,” said Fanny, as she was

walking by her Mother's side one fine frosty morning.

“And did you not like autumn also, my dear, when the cornfields looked so beautiful, and we used to watch the reapers cutting down the ripe corn, and tying it up in sheaves, or loading the waggons with it, and when you used to help the poor gleaners with such delight?”

“Oh, yes! I liked autumn very much, Mamma, and now winter is come, and the frost and snow are upon the ground.”

“And what do you say about winter? Do you not like to see the trees and shrubs bending under their white mantle of snow, and to bowl your hoop along the hard frozen ground?”

“Oh yes, Mamma, I like winter. I like to see the boys skate on the pond or slide on the ice; and then the winter evenings too are so nice, when we sit round the large blazing fire, and you are reading to us while we work. How kind it is of God to make

so many seasons in the year, Mamma, and to let us find something to enjoy in each as it comes."

"How kind it is of God, our heavenly Father, to bestow upon us so many blessings," said Fanny's Mother. "Did you ever learn that sweet psalm which begins, 'Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God?'"

"No, Mamma; but I should like to do so."

"When you can say the chapter you are now learning, you

may take this psalm then, my dear.

We are very apt to live in the midst of our blessings without thinking enough of the source from whence they come. Who gave my little Fanny her happy home? who gave her a kind Papa and Mamma to watch over her, and dear brothers and sisters? It was God, the Author of all our mercies; and do we love Him and thank Him as we ought?"

“No, Mamma. I am sure we do not,” said Fanny. “Sometimes I wish very much I could love Him more, for I never feel so happy as when I have been thinking much about Him, and trying to do what I know will please Him, and when you have been talking to me about all His goodness, Mamma. How kind it was of Jesus to say, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,’ even though the disciples wished to send them away!”

“Yes;” said Fanny’s Mother.
“Our blessed Lord invites little children, as young as you are, to come to Him. He will hear your prayers, though you are only a little child. Instead of sending you away, He will give you all you ask, if He knows it to be good for you, as well as grace to love Him more and praise Him better. There is one simple rule by which we may try ourselves, whether we are walking in God’s holy ways and seeking to please Him.”

“Will you tell me, dear Mamma, what that is?” said Fanny.

“Jesus said, ‘If ye love me, keep my commandments.’ May my little Fanny always bear this text in mind, and may our blessed Saviour draw her young heart nearer to Himself, and make her His own child for ever!

“Will you now repeat your favourite hymn to me?”

Fanny smiled as her Mamma spoke, and looked towards the piano.

“I know what you mean,” said her Mother, kindly. “You would like to hear me play and sing it to you, instead of your saying it to me. Come, my dear little girl, we will sing it together.”

“I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He call'd little children like lambs to
His fold,

I should like to have been with him then.

“I wish that His hand had been placed on my
head,

That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look
when He said,

‘Let the little ones come unto me.’

THE GOODNESS OF GOD. 199

“Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

“In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare

For those who are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

ALFRED'S PICTURE-BOOK.

“I CANNOT tell how it is, Mamma,” said little Fanny, one morning, “that sometimes, even when I wish to be good, I seem as though I could not help being naughty. Do you know when I was sorting my shells this morning, and little Alfred kept on asking me to shew him the pictures in the new book Papa had

given him, I wished to please him, and I did tell him about the pictures, and yet all the time I was thinking to myself what a troublesome little boy he was, and wishing he was up in the nursery."

"The wisest and the best men who have ever lived, have had much the same feelings, my dear Fanny," said her Mother. "They have felt that when they 'would do good, evil is present with them.' Ever since the time that Adam

and Eve first sinned against God, by breaking his commands in the Garden of Eden, and eating the fruit that He told them not to eat, sin has been in the world. Not a single grown-up person, or even a little child, has ever lived, who has not had sin in his heart. It is only too true that by nature we love what is wrong more than what is right."

"I know, Mamma, that little children do," said Fanny; "but I did not know that grown-up

people, like you, or Papa, ever did anything wrong."

"God has promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask it," said Fanny's Mother; "and whenever you feel a naughty or unkind temper rising within, my dear, you should put up a little prayer to God, and ask Him for grace to overcome it, and to make your heart pure and holy by His Spirit."

"That is what I often do pray for, Mamma," said little Fanny.

“But even when I am saying my prayers, I am sometimes thinking of other things, my play, or my toys, or my new doll; and at church, too, on Sunday, though I like to go there, because it is God’s house, yet I cannot always be thinking of good things.”

“God knows if we only wish to do so,” said Fanny’s Mother; “and He is a kind and tender Father, and will not expect from His children more than they are able to give Him. If we only

desire to please Him, He will accept the desire. He knew all the feelings that were passing in my little Fanny's heart this morning, when Alfred was so troublesome, and I have no doubt your trying to give up your own will to please your little brother, was pleasing in God's sight."

"Oh, Mamma, you make me feel so happy," said little Fanny, putting her arms round her Mamma's neck. "I do hope I shall try more and more to give way

to little Edward and Alfred too, and to leave off being a selfish girl, and thinking only of pleasing myself. The next time Alfred asks me to tell him about his pictures, I hope I shall not even *think* him a troublesome little boy, but do all I can to amuse him, dear little fellow! I will shew them to him this very evening, if he likes."

Fanny did not forget her promise. When the children came down from the nursery after din-

ner, she put by her new wax doll, and said, "Bring me your picture-book, Alfred, and let me shew it to you. I will play with my wax doll another time," and as Fanny spoke she sat down by her little brother, and amused him, by telling him pretty stories about the prints in his new picture-book, until Nurse was ready to take him up stairs again.

THE GLOW-WORM.

“WE must walk fast, for it is getting cold and late,” said Fanny’s Mother, as they turned down a long lane one winter’s afternoon. There were high banks on each side of this lane, and in the summer the children used to find glow-worms there. Fanny had once found one of these curious little insects. It was shining in the

dark, just like a little lamp upon the soft moss. She had taken it home in her hand and read by the light it gave. The walk with her Mother in this favorite lane reminded her of the glow-worm.

“What a beautiful little light my glow-worm gave! did it not, Mamma?” said she. “I hope when the summer comes I shall find another.”

“In some countries,” said Fanny’s Mother, “there are fire-flies, whose tails shine like glow-worms

in the dark. There is a bird in India that lights up its nest with fire-flies. It sticks little bits of clay over its nest, and then catches the fire-flies and puts them, like so many little lamps, about its nest. We have one of these nests at home, and I will shew it to you."

"Thank you, dear Mamma," said Fanny. "I should like to see it very much, though I do not think it is very kind of the bird to catch the poor fire-flies and

stick them there, just to please itself."

"Let us learn a lesson from the bird, then," said her Mother, "and take care never to do anything that may give pain to our fellow-creatures; but as the light of the little glow-worm sheds brightness around it, so may the light of God's Holy Spirit dwelling in our hearts, give light and joy to others. Do you understand what I mean, dear Fanny?"

"Yes, Mamma; I believe I

do," said the little girl; "and what a happy world it would be, Mamma, if everybody were kind!"

"It would, indeed, my dear; and the more we seek to follow the example of our blessed Saviour, the happier we shall be. He 'went about doing good,' and was always full of kindness and of love. I once heard of a little girl whose Papa asked her how it was that every one loved her. She said, 'Indeed Papa, I cannot tell, unless it be because I love everybody.'

Now this dear little girl must, I think, have loved her Saviour, for His own words are, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' Her little heart was full of love to every one, and she was, doubtless, one whom Jesus loved. May your little heart, my Fanny, be full of love also. What a sweet thought it is, that Jesus loves little children; that He took little children in His arms and blessed them; that He calls little

children His lambs ; that He died
upon the cross to save little chil-
dren ; and that

“There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above !”

Just as Fanny's Mamma spoke,
they passed old Paul's cottage.
His little wood fire was blazing
so brightly on the hearth, that
the light shone through the win-
dow, and all looked cheerful
within.

“May we just speak to Master Paul?” said Fanny.

“Yes,” said her Mother; “but we must not stop long, because it is getting late.”

“Well, Master Paul, how are you to-day?” said the little girl, as her Mother lifted up the latch of his cottage door. “Do you know, we have been walking in the lane where I found the glow-worms last summer? Do you not remember my shewing you one whose little lamp shone so brightly

that I could read by the light it gave?"

"Yes, Miss Fanny, I do remember it," said the good old man. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

"I see you are making God's blessed Word your study, Paul," said Fanny's Mother, looking at the large Bible that lay open on the table. "I do not think my little girl has been to read a chapter to you very lately."

“No, Ma’am; but I should like to hear her again, whenever she can come. I have just been reading the hundred and nineteenth psalm, and when Miss Fanny spoke just now of the glow-worm, and of the light it gave, I could not help thinking of what King David said when he wrote this psalm, ‘Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.’ Yes; dear little Miss, God’s blessed book is the lamp which He has given us to light us through this

world, till we reach a better country, and that country is heaven."

"How ought we to prize and value such a 'lamp!'" said Fanny's Mamma. "The Holy Scriptures are indeed 'able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'"

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