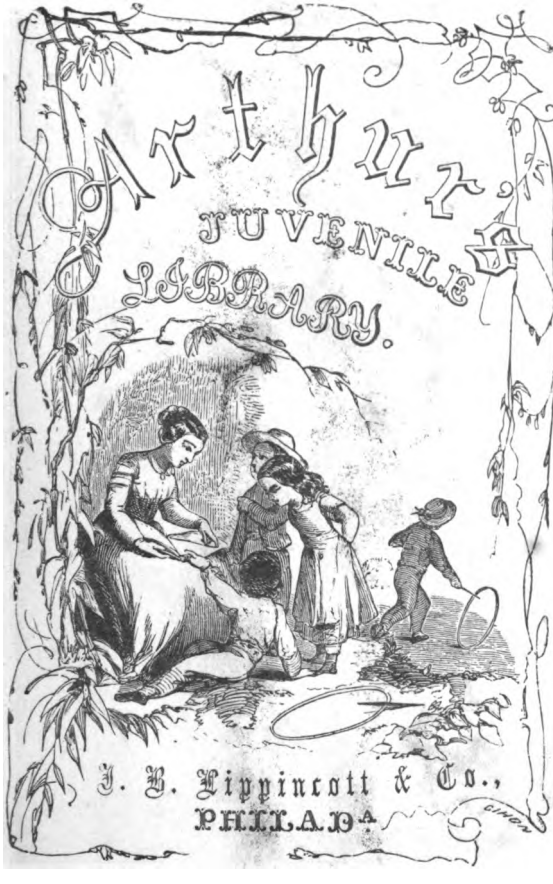
MAGGY'S BABY.



MAGGY'S BABY,

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY CROOME

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1868.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON & CO.
PHILADELPHIA.

CONTENTS.

MAGGY'S BABY.

"OH dear, dear me! I wish I knew what to do with myself!" sighed Mary Page, as she closed the book she had been trying to read, and threw herself in a lounging position on the sofa.

"Put on your things and take a walk. You need fresh air and exercise," said the young lady's mother.

"I don't care about walking," replied Mary listlessly.

"Your health requires it, my dear," urged Mrs. Page.

Seated in the room with the mother and daughter, was a quiet-looking girl, busily employed with her needle. She did not

appear to observe what passed between Mrs. Page and Mary; nor in fact did she, for her mind was as busy as her fingers—and both were usefully occupied.

Without responding to her mother's last remark, Mary, whose eyes had rested for a moment or two on the form of the young girl, as she bent over the work that lay in her lap, said, with some impatience in her voice and manner—

"For mercy's sake, Alice! do stop. It makes me nervous to look at you. Nothing but stitch, stitch, stitch, hour in and hour out. What can you be doing?"

The young person thus addressed raised her head, and fixed her mild blue eyes on her interrogator, while a wreath of the heart's warm sunshine played softly about her lips. Then, without replying, she resumed her employment.

"Oh dear!" sighed Mary, again.

"Now do exert yourself, my love," said Mrs. Page, in a persuasive tone of voice. "Dress yourself and take a walk."

"Where shall I go?"

"Walk out and take the fresh air.

"Walk for nothing? Oh dear, no! That's worse than staying in the house; particularly as an hour must be spent beforehand in dressing. Now do, Alice, stop that everlasting stitch, stitch, stitching!" said Mary, more petulantly than when she first addressed her. "You make me so nervous that I can scarcely contain myself. What *are* you doing?"

Again the young girl raised her head, and fixed her gentle eyes on Mary Page. For a few moments she looked at her calmly, yet with a mild reproof in her glance. Then gathering her work in her hands, she arose, and was about leaving the room, when the former interrupted her by saying—

"Just tell me what you are so wonderfully busy about, Alice? Here, for two days, you have been doing nothing but stitch, stitch. What a fit of industry has come over you."

Alice, whose hand was on the door,

paused to hear what Mary had to say. Then approaching her, she bent over and whispered something in her ear, to which the young lady replied—

"No—it's too much trouble. I don't feel like moving."

"But I want you. Come! I've something particular to say."

"Say it here. Ma won't listen, if it's any secret."

"Not a word of it until you are in my room," said Alice firmly.

There was a decision about her tone and manner that had its effect upon Mary, who slowly raised herself from her reclining position, saying as she did so—

"You are a provoking chit, Alice."

The two girls presently left the apartment together, and ascended to the room of Alice. As soon as they were alone, the latter said—

"Did you ever see a sweeter babe than Mrs. Martin's?"

"Isn't it a darling?" instantly replied

Mary, a light glancing over her face, and sparkling in her eyes. The true heart in her felt instantly the ingenuous appeal of the cousin—for that was the relationship borne by the young girls to each other.

"Indeed it is," quietly returned Alice.

"Do you know," said Mary, with animation, "that I begged Mrs. Martin to lend me the dear little thing for an hour or two? I declare! if she'd only said yes, if I wouldn't have brought it home in my arms."

Alice smiled at her cousin's suddenly awakened enthusiasm.

"I know where there is just as sweet a baby as Mrs. Martin's; and what is more, its mother will let you bring it home, if you feel at all inclined to do so."

"Do you!" And Mary struck her hands together in expression of her delight. "And pray, where is it?"

"Not half a square from here."

"Whose baby is it?"

"Do you remember Maggy Green, who

used to sew for your mother, two or three years ago?"

"Yes."

"And how she got married and went to live in New Jersey?"

"Yes."

"Well, Maggy's husband died three or four months ago, and she has come back to the city."

"And is living near us?"

"Yes. She is at the house of a friend, who has kindly given her a home until she is able to get one for herself."

"And Maggy has the dear little baby of which you were speaking?"

"Yes."

"Is it sweet and clean?" asked Mary, a slight shade passing over her animated face. "So many of these poor babies are neglected by their mothers, and kept in such a condition that one can't bear to look at, much less touch them. A dirty baby! Oh, dear! Save me from such an infliction."

"It will be our fault if Maggy's baby

isn't always as nice as a new pin," said Alice. "Now let me show you what I have been doing."

And Alice opened a drawer, and lifted therefrom two neatly made baby-frocks, one with a pink and the other with a blue sprig. There was also a white flannel petticoat, a snowy linen shirt, and a pair of white worsted socks, with blue edges and ties.

"What beauties!" exclaimed Mary. "And are these for Maggy's baby?"

"Yes."

"And did you make them?"

"Yes; I have just finished a white apron, the 'stitch, stitching' of which annoyed you so much just now."

"Well, you are a queer one, Alice! And you've been working these two or three days for Maggy's baby? Why didn't you ask me to help you?"

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"Oh, I've heard you say, dozens of times, that you had no taste for things useful."

"I say a great many things when I'm tired of myself and everybody around me. But when are you going to see Maggy and her baby?"

"This morning."

"I'll go with you," said Mary with animation. Already a beautiful glow had come to her cheeks that were before pale; her eyes were full of life, and every movement evinced the rapid flow of animal spirits.

"I shall be most happy to have your company," replied Alice.

"I'll get myself ready in a twinkling." And Mary glanced from the room. In a much shorter time than it usually took Mary to dress herself, she was ready to accompany her cousin, and, chatting together with much animation, they left the house.

We will not accompany the young ladies to the humble abode of Maggy Green, where they betook themselves, and where half an hour was spent in washing and dressing the baby. A lovely babe it was, with

eyes as blue as the bending heavens, and cheeks as fair and beautiful as a newly-opening flower.

Daily, from that time, there was, in the house of Mrs. Page, an object of deep interest for Mary—an object that drew upon her active love; for Maggy was taken back into the family, and her baby became the especial care of Alice and her cousin. Not half so frequently did the latter now complain of being a burden to herself; for there was always something or other that love inspired her to do for the sweet little stranger —Maggy's baby; and thus she learned that only in coming out of ourselves, and living for others, is it possible to find true enjoyment in life.

CHARLEY'S CRUTCH.

"THE Children's Home" is the name by which an institution in Philadelphia, founded in the true spirit of charity, is known. Some years ago, a few benevolent ladies, moved with compassion for the sufferings of very young children neglected and abused by intemperate and vicious parents, rented a house in South street, a few doors below Ninth, employed a matron, and placed in her care a few little ones, resigned into their hands by mothers who could not or would not provide for them. Among the first inmates of this "Home" were babes but a few months old, some of whom, when received, were in a condition the

bare thought of which makes the heart ache.

From this small beginning, the institution grew to importance, and soon there were in "The Children's Home" between sixty and seventy inmates, from the babe of a few months old to the boy and girl of eleven and twelve. All are supported and educated through the unostentatious but true benevolence of a few kind and generous-hearted ladies.

Visitors to the "Home" sometimes, from a kind impulse, will give the children pennies. To prevent dissatisfaction and little jealousies, the matron has made it a rule that all money so received by the children shall be placed in a box. This box is opened, generally, about New-year's day, and the amount expended for fruit and cakes, in which all the children share alike.

Among the children was a lame boy, about eight years of age, named Charley, who has to use a crutch. Now, as fully two years had passed since Charley's crutch

was made, and he had been growing all that time, it was but a natural consequence that said crutch should have become too short; or, rather, that Charley should have grown too tall for his crutch. So the little fellow, in using his crutch, had to bend over more and more every day, to his no small inconvenience. The matron noticed the growing defect, but did not know where to get a new crutch for Charley. Some of the lady patronesses, in their regular visits, also observed the child, and spoke of the want of a new crutch. But, some how or other, the new crutch did not come, and Charley continued to hop about, but more and more defectively, as the time wore on.

New-year's day came round again, and the box containing the aforementioned pennies was formally opened by the matron in the presence of all the children.

"Now," said she, after the money was counted over, "what shall be bought with these pennies? There is one apiece all round. What will you have, Johnny?"

speaking to a little fellow whose eyes were fixed on her own.

"I'll have a cake," said Johnny.

"Very well; Johnny will have a cake. What will you have, Mary?"

"An apple," replied Mary.

And so the questions went round—one deciding on a cake, one on an apple, and another choosing for his or her New-year's treat a pie or candy. At last the question was put to a little fellow, whose large bright eyes sparkled as he half arose in his eagerness, and said—

"I'll give my penny to buy Charley a new crutch."

The matron stood for some moments silent. She was touched by the unexpected answer.

"You're a good boy," said she in a changed voice, "to think of Charley—poor little fellow! He does want a new crutch very badly. Now, children," she added, speaking in a cheerful, elevated, encouraging tone, "what say you all to buying Char-

ley a new crutch? Which of you will give your pennies for this purpose? You shall do just as you please Now, let all who are for buying Charley a crutch with these pennies, hold up their right hands."

Instantly the hands of the children flew into the air; some even, in the heartiness of their assent, holding up both hands.

"You are good children," said the matron, much affected by the incident. "Charley will now have a new crutch, and your pleasure, in seeing him use it day after day, will be far greater than if this money had been expended in candies, cakes, and apples."

The sequel to this pleasant story it will not be hard for the reader to imagine. But we will not leave all to the imagination. One of the ladies interested in the Children's Home coming in soon after the occurrence just related, was informed of what had taken place.

"Let the children have their treat," said she. "I will get Charley a crutch. An

act so unselfish as this must not go unrewarded."

A neat walnut crutch of the proper length soon took the place of Charley's short, roughly made pine one, and it filled, for the time, the measure of the child's happiness. The pennies which had been collecting in the box, served their first purpose, and produced the long looked-for feast of good things, which were now enjoyed with a double zest by the children.

There is a germ of good in the heart of that humble child, (his name even has not reached us,) who, forgetting himself, thought only of his little friend and companion. The instincts of a noble nature are stirring in his young bosom. Humble, unknown, forsaken as he has been, and kept from want and suffering by the hand of charity, there is that in him which gives promise of a man of whom in after years it shall be said—"The world is better for his having lived."

HARRY AND HIS DOG;

OR, THE EVILS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

"COME, Nero," said Harry Long, as he passed out of the house with his satchel in his hand. "Come, old fellow."

Nero sprang instantly to his feet, and dashing past the boy, ran a few rods from the house, and then pausing, turned, and, with a look half human in its pleasure and intelligence, waited for Harry to come up with him.

Now, Henry's mother had more than once told him that he must not take Nero away when he went to school. But it was so pleasant to have the dog's company along the road to the school-house, that

HARRY AND HIS DOG.

the lad every now and then disobeyed this injunction, trusting that he would escape punishment.

Nero was quite as willing to go with his young master as the latter was to have him in company; and bounded away, as has been seen, at the first word of encouragement. But the two friends had not proceeded far, before the mother of Henry saw them from her window, and instantly came out and called after Nero. She was offended at the disobedience of her son, and uttered some threatening words to both him and the dog.

Nero did not, at first, show much inclination to obey the authoritative voice of Mrs. Long; and if Harry had only spoken a single word, would have gone with him in spite of all opposition. But that word Harry dared not speak, and so the dog stood still, looking back first toward Mrs. Long, and then wishfully after his young master. Finally, Nero returned slowly to the house, and Harry went on as slowly,

and equally as much disappointed, to school.

When Harry returned home, a few hours afterward, his mother received him kindly, yet with a serious countenance. His first thought was of his disobedience in trying to get Nero to follow him to school; and, as he expected, she began at once to speak on that subject.

"Harry," said she, "I hardly think you can have forgotten what I said to you last week about taking Nero away from home."

Henry hung down his head, and did not attempt to offer an excuse for his conduct.

"I am extremely sorry," continued Mrs. Long, "that my son should have acted so disobediently. Sorry for his sake; for disobedience brings evil into the heart, and this creates unhappiness. And I am also sorry for another cause: to disobey is to do wrong; and wrong-doing, in almost every case, injures others."

Harry looked into his mother's face with a glance of inquiry.

"Yes, my son," she added, "wrong-doing, in almost every case, injures others."

"It couldn't have hurt any body if I had taken Nero to school with me. How could it, mother?" said the boy.

Mrs. Long gazed for a few moments into the face of Harry, and then, reaching her hand toward him, said—

"Come."

There was something so serious, not to say solemn, in the face of Mrs. Long, that the lad began to feel a little strangely.

"Where, mother?" he asked.

But she did not answer, and he moved along silently by her side.

From the sitting-room down-stairs, where the mother had met her boy, they passed along the passage, and up-stairs into a chamber, where, to his surprise, Harry saw his little sister, Phœbe, a sweet child in her second year, lying asleep, and looking so pale and deathly, that the sight caused a shudder to pass through his body.

"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, turning

quickly and grasping the garment of his parent. "Dear mother! what is the matter with Phœbe?"

"Let us sit down here by the window," said Mrs. Long in a calm voice, "and I will tell you all about what has happened."

"Is she dead, mother?" eagerly asked the boy, while tears came into his eyes.

"No, my child, she is not dead, thanks to our heavenly Father! But I cannot tell how it would now be, if you had taken Nero off to school with you this morning."

"Why, mother? What did Nero do?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. After I called the dog back, he came and laid himself down on the mat before the door, and placing his head between his forepaws, shut his eyes, and seemed to be sleeping. He remained lying thus for nearly an hour, when, all at once, I saw him start up, listen, and look about him. Presently he ran off and went all around the house. He seemed uneasy about something. First he looked in one direction, and then in

another; snuffed the air; put his nose to the ground and ran a little way from the house, and then came back again.

"'What is the matter, Nero?' said I.

"He came and fixed his eyes upon my face with a look that to me seemed anxious, stood for a few moments, and then went to his mat again. But he did not lie there more than an instant before he arose and started off up-stairs. In a little while he came down and seemed more uneasy than ever. I began now to feel strangely.

"'Where is Phœbe?' I now called out to Margaret, who was in the kitchen.

"'I am sure I don't know,' replied Margaret. 'I thought she was with you.'

"At this moment, with a short bark, Nero sprang toward the spring. I saw this, and, fearing that Phœbe might have wandered off in that direction, followed quickly. But, ere I had gone halfway, I beheld the noble dog returning with your little sister in his mouth, and the water

dripping from her hair and clothes. She appeared to be quite dead when I took her into my arms; and did not show any signs of life for nearly half an hour afterward. Then she began slowly to recover. Oh, my son! think what might have been the consequence, if our faithful Nero had not been at home."

Harry covered his face with his hands, and burying them in his mother's lap, sobbed bitterly.

"And will Phœbe get well, mother?" he asked, looking up with tearful eyes, after he had grown calmer.

"Yes, my son," replied Mrs. Long. "She is out of all danger, now. God has permitted her still to remain with us."

"Oh! if she had been drowned," said Harry, the tears flowing afresh.

"But for Nero, this painful event might have taken place."

"Suppose that he had gone to school with me?" The boy saddened as he spoke.

"Sad, sad might have been the conse-

quences of your disobedience, my son. You now understand what I meant by our wrong acts affecting others as well as ourselves. In right-doing, Henry, there is always safety. Never forget this. May the lesson you have now received go with you through the remainder of your life."

Just then Phœbe awoke and rose up in bed. Harry ran to her, and putting his arm about her neck, kissed her tenderly.

Nero came in soon after, and shared the joy and caresses of his young friend, with whom, not many hours before, he had joined in willing disobedience. But Nero was not to blame in this, for he followed the instinct of his nature. Harry was alone to blame; for he had reason and reflection, and knew that the act he meditated was wrong, because it was an act of disobedience.

THE BEGGARS.

ANNA and Willy were walking with their mother, one clear, cold day, early in the new year. The shop-windows were still full of elegant and attractive holiday goods, and the children lingered, at various points along the street, to enjoy the display.

Anna had a sixpence, the last that remained of her Christmas and New-year's gifts, and she had promised herself some pleasure in spending it. She was a tender-hearted child. Suffering in others always awakened her sympathy, and made her desire its relief. Let me give an incident to illustrate her character.

Anna had been saving her money for some time previous to the holidays, and in her little purse was over half a dollar. A few days before Christmas, a lady friend called upon her mother, who had engaged to go with her to a place called the "Children's Home," where were gathered together some thirty or forty little children, from the babe of a few weeks old to the boy and girl of nine or ten—little children whose parents were either dead, or too idle and vicious rightly to care for them. Here, they had warm rooms, comfortable food and clothing, kind nurses, and careful teachers. This "Home" was provided by the true kindness of a few excellent ladies, who not only supported it with their money, but visited it regularly to see that their benevolent purposes were fully carried out.

Anna went with her mother to this Children's Home. How quickly was her heart touched by what she saw! There was a poor little motherless babe, not so old as her little sister Helen. It had large dark

eyes, curly hair, and rosy cheeks, just like Helen's. When Anna bent down to kiss it, the tears blinded her, to think that the babe had no kind mother to love and care for it.

"Mother," whispered Anna, as they were about going away.

"Well, dear? What is it?" asked her mother.

"Can't I give my half-dollar to the Children's Home?"

"The half-dollar you saved for Christmas?"

"Yes, mother. I've got it in my pocket; and if you'll let me, I'll give it to the Children's Home."

"Do so, if you like, my dear," replied Anna's mother, greatly pleased at such an evidence of good feeling and self-denial on the part of Anna, who had, she knew, entertained other purposes in regard to her money.

So Anna gave her half-dollar to the poor, motherless children; and she felt happier

for what she had done, than if she had spent it in buying things to gratify herself.

Such was Anna, the little girl who was now walking with her mother and brother.

"Oh, look!" she cried, stopping suddenly, and catching hold of her mother's hand. "There is a poor woman and three little children. It's so cold, and they've got no home. Can't I give them my sixpence?"

"Just look at that unfeeling lady," said Willy, speaking with some indignation, and pointing across the street, where a lady, warmly clad, with her hands protected by a muff, was passing the beggars without offering them a single penny.

"That is Mrs. L——," replied the mother; "and I know her, my son, to be any thing but an unfeeling woman."

"Why don't she offer the beggar a penny, then. I only wish I had some money. I'd give it to her very quick. Run over, sis, and give her your sixpence."

Now, Willy had spent every cent given to him during the holidays, in buying things

for his own use. He did not indulge at all in the luxury of benevolence.

"Mrs. L——," replied the mother, "may not think it true charity to encourage women to sit, with their poor little children, in the cold all day, begging for pennies, instead of trying to support them by useful work."

"Ah, but mother," spoke up Will quickly, "suppose they can't get work to do?"

"Then, don't you think it would be better for them to go with their children to the Almshouse, where they would have warm rooms to stay in, good food to eat, and comfortable clothes to wear,—and where they would be required to do something useful? Idleness and beggary are next-door neighbours to vice."

"Can't I give her my sixpence?" urged Anna, whose heart was too full of sorrow for the little children all exposed to the cold, to feel the force of what her mother said.

"Certainly, dear, if you wish to do so. The money is your own," was replied.

So Anna ran across the street, and placed her sixpence in the woman's hand. When she returned, she looked thoughtful. But little was said by her on her way home. That evening, as she sat alone with her mother—Willy and the other children were playing in the nursery—she said—

"I don't think that beggar-woman was a good woman, mother."

"Why not, dear?" was the natural inquiry.

"I can't tell," said Anna. "But when she looked into my face, I felt afraid. Oh! I'm so glad she is not my mother. I'm sure she is not good to her children. Poor little things! I wish they were in the Children's Home. They would be so much better off."

"There is no doubt of that, my child."

"And the baby, mother. Oh! it had such a strange look. Its cheeks were red and shining, and its eyes were half closed. It did not look as if it was asleep; and yet

it wasn't awake. What could have ailed it, mother?"

"Beggar-women," replied the mother, "often give their babes large doses of laudanum, or preparations from this deleterious drug, to keep them quiet, while they sit idle in the street."

"Does it hurt them, mother?"

"It makes them stupid and insensible for a few hours; and also destroys their health —if it does not cause their death, it lays the foundation for wretchedness in the future."

"Had the babe I speak of taken laudanum?"

"I should think so from what you say," replied the mother.

"Oh dear! isn't it dreadful, mother? Why don't they take the poor little children away from such bad women, and put them into the Children's Home. It would be so much better."

"In that I agree with you entirely, Anna. But what is everybody's business, as they

say, seems to be anybody's business. Our city officers, who are chosen by the people to attend to the public good, are not always as faithful in little things as they should be."

"I only wish that I was mayor for a little while," said Anna. "I'd take up every woman I found begging in the streets with a baby in her arms—that I would! And if they had been giving them laudanum, or any of that kind of stuff, I'd take their babies away from them, and put them in the Children's Home."

"That would certainly be wiser than to encourage them in idleness and the ill-treatment of their tender offspring, by giving them pennies and sixpences."

"But there are some beggars who are deserving?"

"I would hardly like to say no, my child," replied the mother thoughtfully. "And yet, I very much doubt if, in this country, any but the idle or vicious become beggars. To give to such, you can easily see, would

be no charity; for that would only encourage them in their evil ways."

"I'm sorry I gave that woman my sixpence," said Anna, after looking serious for some time.

"Don't say that, my dear," returned her mother smiling—"your act was an unselfish one; you wished to help the needy. There was a good impulse in your heart. Ever cherish such impulses. They come to you from God, who clothes the naked and feeds the hungry. But we should be wise, Anna, as well as good."

"Wise! O yes; I understand you, mother. We should know whether our alms will really do good, before we make them."

"Yes, love. That is what I mean. If we give to the idle and vicious, we do them really more harm than good—for we furnish them with the means of continuing in idleness and vice."

"I can understand that, mother, very well. I wonder I never thought of it myself."

"Many grown people, Anna, are no wiser in this respect than you have been. There are others, again, who make the vice of beggary a plea for not giving at all—who push aside every applicant for aid, without even an inquiry into his circumstances. This, you see, is falling into error on the other side. The true spirit is a willingness to help those in need to the best of our ability. When this is felt, there will be no lack of opportunity.

"Nor, in giving, need we ever be in much doubt. You were in none when you gave your half-dollar to help the Children's Home."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE following true story, written by a highly valued friend and relative, is so beautifully told, and conveys so sweet a lesson of childlike trust and confidence, that we cannot resist the strong inclination we feel to give it a place in the present volume. Our young friends will thank us for so doing.

THE CHILD'S FAITH.

It was a cold evening, and there was but little fire in Mrs. Hoffman's stove; so little Frantz sat close by it; and though his thoughts were far away, yet a slight feeling

of discomfort from the chilliness mingled with his fancies.

His mother's wheel kept on—as it always did in the winter's long evenings—with a low humming sound, that had till now been very cheerful and pleasant to little Frantz; but, somehow, he forgot to notice it this night. Poor Frantz!—he scarcely looked like himself, for his head was bent down, and his eyes seemed to be looking straight through the floor, so fixed and intent did his gaze seem.

Often and often did the mother's eye turn to her little boy, for never before had the joy-speaking eye of Frantz been so long bent to the earth; but still the mother said no word, till at last a deep sigh came from the parted lips of Frantz; then his mother laid her hand softly upon his; yet even that gentle touch startled Frantz, so lost was he in thought; and when he quickly lifted his face, and saw the questioning look of his mother, his pent-up thoughts burst out at once.

'Oh, mother! In a week it will be Christmas-day. *Can I not* have a Christmas-tree?"

The mother's face looked sad, but only for a moment; she knew that the earnest wish of little Frantz was not likely to be realized; but she knew, too, that it was best for her boy to learn to bear cheerfully any crossing of his desires which must be; and she spoke more soothingly and gently than usual, as she said—

"And what makes my little Frantz set his heart on that now? He has never had a Christmas-tree before!"

"Oh, that is it," exclaimed Frantz; "I *never* had one. Ever since I was a baby, mother, I have heard of the good Christ-child, who brings beautiful gifts to others. Why does he not bring them to me? Am I worse than all the rest, mother?"

"No—no, Frantz;" so spoke the mother hastily—for in her heart arose a picture of the gentleness, the self-denying fortitude of her little boy, in the midst of trouble; his patience in sickness, his industry in

health, his anxious care to help her in all that his little hands could do. "No—no! my Frantz—it is not that."

"Well, mother, but is there *any* reason? Oh! you do not know how I have dreamed and dreamed of a beautiful tree that I should have this Christmas: it was full of golden fruit and lighted tapers, and under it were laid gifts for you, dear mother: a new Bible, with large print; and a purse of money, so that you might not have to work so hard, dear mother; and warm clothes that would never let you get cold. And oh! as I came along the street to-day, and saw the windows shining with their loads of beautiful toys, and gifts of all sorts, and saw the boys and girls running and shouting, and telling how they would not care for any thing else, when the Christmas-day was once come, and they would have their loaded tree—then, mother, all the dreams I have had, since I can first remember, came back; all you have told me of the good Christ-child and of his love for

children; and I half felt, mother, as if I was left out, and not loved among the rest."

"Dear Frantz," said the mother, "it was a sad, sad thought. Do not let it come into your heart again. Oh! the Christ-child is always good—altogether loving, even when his love is shown in such ways that we do not clearly see it at once. Come closer to me, Frantz."

Frantz saw in her mother's face a look of such deep tenderness, that his soul grew full. He took his own little seat, and sat close beside her, and leaned his head against her knee, and the mother said gently—

"The Christ-child has given you beautiful gifts, my Frantz; he has given you life, and a warm, earnest heart; he has given you a mother, who loves you so dearly; a home to shelter you; he gives us the light of day, and all the glorious things its reveals, and the stiller beauty of the night; and he gives us, more than all, a hope of heaven, and a knowledge of the

path to it. Are not these great gifts, Frantz?"

Frantz lifted his face; he did not speak, but his eyes were full of tears, and his mother knew that his heart said—

"Yes."

So she went on:—

"These are the gifts we most need to make us happy; others *may* be good for us, but the Christ-child knows better than we do what we need. If it were good for us, he would give us all we wish for; but then we might not make a good use of his gifts, or we might grow proud of them, or be so wrapped up in the gifts as to forget the giver. Ah! my Frantz, let us only ask for what is best for us to have, and he will give it; he loves to give, and only refuses what will hurt us."

Again little Frantz had bent his head on his hand, but now it was not sadness, only thought, that was in his face; and he asked—"How can we know what is best—what to ask for?"

"If it is *not* given, think that it is best withheld, and be patient; if it *is* given, be thankful, and use the gift aright. See, Frantz!"

And the mother arose, and took from a closet a small sum of money.

"This," she continued, "is all I have; if any of this is spent for toys or play, I shall not have any to buy shoes for you or for me, and by this I know the Christ-child deems it best for me to be content with what is most necessary, and to give up the pleasure of buying you beautiful golden fruit and coloured tapers."

"Could I not do without shoes?" asked Frantz. "I would go so many errands for the old cobbler, that he would mend my old ones; and oh! if that would make it right"——

"And *I*—should I do without shoes?" asked the mother.

Frantz looked down at the worn-out shoes she had on, and again his heart was full.

"Oh no, mother; you *must* have shoes. But oh! how happy the boys must be whose mothers have shoes, and can give them Christmas-trees too!"

Long did Frantz lie awake that night and ponder over all his mother had said, and at last a thought sprang into his mind. It was not wrong to *ask* the Christ-child for what we wish, if we will only patiently bear the withholding. He would ask for the tree. But how? His mother had told him the Christ-child was ready to answer, and always near. Frantz would write his heart's wish in a letter, and direct it "To the Christ-child."

And early in the fair morning, Frantz wrote the letter, and when he met his mother, his face was once more the gay, bright face of old; for in his pocket was the paper which seemed to him a warrant of coming joy, and in his heart was a feeling very like certainty that his wish would be granted; yet he did not speak of it. It was his first, his glad, darling secret, and it

should be a great surprise to his mother. So he only looked joyful and kissed her; and she laid her hand on his head, and said how glad she was to see her boy so patient and cheerful once more.

Frantz did many little acts of kindness and industry that day, for in his heart was a fountain of hope and love; and he wished to help every one. But, lively as he was, he did not forget to drop his precious letter in the post-office.

When the post-master came to look over the letters, of course he was much surprised at this one of Frantz, with so strange a direction; but in a moment he saw that it was in a child's hand, and he opened the letter. It ran thus:—

"GOOD CHRIST-CHILD,

"I am a poor little boy, but I have a good mother, who has taught me many things about you; and she has said that you are kind and good, and love little children, and delight to give them gifts, so that

they are not hurtful ones. Now, my mother is kind too, and would like to give me all I want, but she is poor, and when I asked her for a Christmas-tree, she could not give me one, because she had only money enough to buy shoes for us; so I ask you, who are kind and rich, to give me one. I hope I am not a bad boy—I am sure my mother does not think I am; and if it is best for me not to have the tree, I will try to be patient, and bear it as a good boy should; but I don't see what hurt a large Bible, or warm clothes, *could* do to my mother; so, if I may not have the tree, oh! please give her those, and I shall be so happy.

"FRANTZ HOFFMAN."

Pleased with the simple, childish innocence of the letter, the post-master put it in his pocket. When he went home, he found a rich lady there, who had come to take tea with his wife; and at the table, when all were assembled, he drew forth the

letter of little Frantz, and read it aloud, telling how it had come into his hands, and saying how the poor little fellow would wonder at never getting his tree, nor ever hearing of his letter again.

"But he *may* hear of it again," said the rich lady, who had listened carefully to every word. "There is so much goodness of heart in the poor boy's love for his mother, that it well deserves to be rewarded. He *may* hear of it again."

So the lady remembered the name of the boy; indeed, she asked the man to give her the letter, which he did, and by its aid she sought and found out where Frantz lived. From some of the neighbours she heard how poor they were, and how little Frantz helped his mother all day cheerfully, and was the best boy in all the neighbourhood; and that Mrs. Hoffman had not now even the money to buy shoes, for that her landlord had raised her rent, and she had to give the little sum laid aside to him. And the lady thought to herself that it would not

be likely to spoil so good a boy by a beautiful tree; so she had one brought to her house—large and full of leaves it was; and she bought all kinds of beautiful and useful things to hang on it, and little rose-coloured tapers, to be placed among the branches; and on the table, under the tree, were laid two pairs of shoes, one pair for the mother and one pair for Frantz, and a pair of thick blankets, and a large shawl, and a purse of money, (for the lady knew that poor Mrs. Hoffman must have many wants of which she could not know, and she wanted her to supply them by means of the purse;) and, best of all, there was a large Bible.

If Frantz's dream had suddenly turned into reality, it could not have been more beautiful.

So day after day went on, and though Frantz knew not the fate of his letter, he never doubted that all would go well. It was pleasant to see the sunshiny face with which he greeted every morning, as "one

day nearer Christmas." And when at last Christmas morning came, bright and clear, there was a leaping, bounding heart in his bosom, and a light in his blue eyes that made his mother smile, though she scarcely knew where their next meal was to come from. The wheel kept on its whirring, and Frantz sat with his eyes fixed on the blue sky, as if he almost thought his expected tree would drop down from it. Suddenly a low knock was heard at the door, and a voice asked—

"Is little Frantz Hoffman here?"

Frantz almost flew to the door.

"I am Frantz!" he said.

And the little maiden who had asked for him, told him to come with her, and his mother must come too.

Soon, very soon, was the little party ready, and the maiden led them along gayly to a handsome house, whose door she pushed open, and they entered in.

How lightly trod Frantz along the wide passage, for his heart whispered aloud to

him! At the end stood a door just ajar, and as the girl pushed it open, a blaze of light streamed out. Frantz caught his mother's hand and drew her forward, exclaiming—

"It is my tree—my tree! I knew so well it would be ready!"

And sure enough, there stood the shining tree, all bright with lighted tapers, and laden with sparkling fruit, and on high was an image of the beautiful Christ-child, holding out his hand and smiling so lovingly, and below was written—

"FOR FRANTZ,
BECAUSE HE LOVED HIS MOTHER"

THE TONGUE-BRIDLE.

"WHAT is the trouble now?" asked Mrs. Ellis, coming into the room where her daughter Maria sat weeping bitterly.

"That will tell you," replied Maria, drying her tears and handing her mother an open letter. Mrs. Ellis read as follows:—

"MISS:—I have just learned from Harriet Wilson that you made rather free with my name yesterday. Now I would just like to know whether you did or did not say, that you thought me over and above conceited; and if so, what you meant by it? I am not used to be talked about in that way.

"ANN HARRIS."

"And did you say so to Harriet Wilson?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Yes, I did; and now how to get out of it, I am sure I cannot tell. I never dreamed that Harriet was such a tattler, or I would have been close enough with her."

"You cannot deny it, of course?"

"No, not up and down; but then, ma, it will never do in the world to come right out and acknowledge it pointblank. I'd make Ann Harris an enemy all my life."

"How very unguarded you are, Maria! This is the third or fourth time you have brought yourself into difficulty by a free way of talking to every one."

"I know I am imprudent, ma, sometimes; but then I never can believe that girls with whom I am intimate will act so meanly as to become tattlers and mischief-makers, until it is too late for caution to be of any avail. But I'm done with Harriet Wilson. I've broken off my intimacy with several girls already, for repeating what I

said in confidence, and I'll do the same with her."

"It would be much better, Maria," said her mother, "if you would put a bridle on your tongue. This would save both yourself and others many unkind thoughts and painful feelings."

"I know it would, ma; but then I can't always be watching myself. It's impossible; I try often, but it's of no use."

"If you persevere in trying, you will in time gain such a control over yourself as to keep you out of these unpleasant difficulties."

"That may be; but what shall I do now? Ann has pinned me right down; and there is no way of getting off, unless I say that Harriet must have misunderstood me."

"Which would be prevarication, Maria, if not something more."

"True; for I remember well enough that I said exactly what she reported."

"And you seriously think, Maria, that Ann is conceited?"

'Yes, ma, I do, or I would not have said so."

"I think as you do, Maria; but then, there is to me nothing offensive in the good opinion she seems to entertain of herself."

"I agree with you there; and had I not been somewhat ill-natured at the time, I never should have alluded to it."

"I suspected as much," Mrs. Ellis replied. "And under the circumstances, I am of opinion that the best way is for you frankly to own that you did say what has been reported, and why you said it. Such an honest confession will do you both good."

"I don't know, ma."

"Why do you doubt?"

"I don't believe that such an explanation would soften her angry feelings at all."

"I am inclined to think that you feel a reluctance, on your own account, to pursue this course," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Well, perhaps I do," returned Maria, after a pause.

"You are evidently in the wrong, Maria, and a consciousness of this clouds your perception of the true way to act. Now, if you will let me write your reply to Ann's note, I think all can be brought around again."

"You are certainly at liberty to do so, ma; but still, I should like to reserve the power of sending or withholding it, as it seems best to me. Is this asking too much?"

"Oh no! I would rather not send a reply, unless you could see clearly that it was a right one."

"Then write me an answer, ma."

In the course of the day, Mrs. Ellis prepared the following draft of a reply to Ann's letter of complaint, and submitted it to Maria:—

"To Miss Ann Harris:

"DEAR ANN:—I received your note complaining that I had, according to report, said unkind things of you. I cannot deny

IN TROUBLE.

that, in a moment of ill-humour, I was tempted to say that I thought you somewhat conceited; and, to be frank with you, your manners at times indicate this fault, or peculiarity of character. But it is not half so bad a fault as the one I indulged in when I alluded to it. Now, as I have confessed that I have a trait in my disposition much worse than the one I alluded to in yours, I must hope that you will forgive me. Ever yours,

"MARIA ELLIS."

"What do you think of that?" said Mrs. Ellis, after she had finished reading the proposed reply.

"It's not exactly such a letter as I should have written, but I believe it's a much better one; so I will send it."

"I don't think it can do any harm, and it tells the whole truth, does it not?"

"Yes it does, and in pretty plain terms, too," said Maria, smiling.

The letter was accordingly sent, and in

the course of a couple of hours a reply was received from Ann Harris. It read thus:—

"DEAR MARIA:—Your answer to my note has been received, and it has completely dispelled my unkind feelings. Let us forget the unpleasant incident, and be the same to each other that we have so long been. Neither of us is perfect; therefore we must learn to bear and forbear. When I see Harriet Wilson again, I will talk to her about her fondness for retailing bad news. Yours truly,

"ANN HARRIS."

"You have helped me to get back a friend that I always loved, dear mother!" said Maria, a good deal moved, as she finished reading the note. "I shall try hereafter to be more guarded than I have been. I must bridle my tongue, as you say, mother, unless I am pretty certain about the company I am in."

"The best tongue-bridle, Maria," Mrs.

Ellis replied, "is that which charitable feelings and charitable thoughts give. If your restraints are merely external; you will ever and anon be giving the rein to your unruly member, and then troubles will be the consequence."

Maria hardly understood her mother, and did not reply, and there the conversation ceased. On the next morning, Cora Lee, another friend, called in, and after some chat, said—

"I hear that you have had a little falling out with Ann Harris—is it true?"

"There has been a little difference, but it is all settled now," replied Maria. "That tattling busybody, Harriet Wilson, went and repeated to her that I said she was conceited. But she has been well rewarded for her pains; for in a note that I received from Ann, she expressed herself pretty plainly about her; saying that she had a fondness for retailing ill-news, and that she should talk to her about it."

"She is served perfectly right," the friend

remarked; then musing, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "but I must be walking; I have several calls to make this morning."

As soon as Cora Lee parted with Maria, she turned away to see Harriet Wilson, who was one of her particular friends.

"So Harriet," said she, "Maria and Ann Harris have made up their difference, and, from what I can learn from Maria, Ann is pretty hard on you. She is going to take you to task for your fondness for retailing ill news. As for Maria, she don't spare you, but calls you a tattling busybody."

Of course, Harriet was greatly incensed, and as soon as her friend was gone, put on her bonnet, and posted off to see Ann Harris. She found that young lady in, and commenced on her something after this wise—

"I understand, miss, that you say I am a retailer of ill news, and that you mean to take me to task about it."

Ann was a good deal surprised, and felt

pained and confused at this sudden allegation. But before she could collect herself sufficiently to reply, Harriet said—

"I should like to know if what I have heard be true?"

"It is true that I said," Ann now replied calmly, "I would talk to you about your fondness for retailing ill news."

"You had no right to make such a charge against me," returned Harriet, in an angry tone, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling. "It is a false"——

"If you were not angry, I might, perhaps, convince you that I had some ground for what I said," replied Ann, still in a collected voice. "All of us have our faults; I have mine, and you have yours; and each of us is too apt to see those of others and to be blind to our own. If, instead of repeating to me the remarks made by Maria Ellis, you had reflected a moment as to what possible good could grow out of it, and then resolved not to speak of it, all this trouble would have been avoided."

"And do you pretend to tell me to my face, that I am fond of retailing ill news?" Harriet asked, her anger greatly increased.

"I try, whenever I speak of another, to confine myself to what I think the truth," replied Ann, still in a calm voice, "and this I never retract."

"Give me patience!" Harriet ejaculated, her face growing pale with passion.

"You are wrong, Harriet," said Ann, "thus to be so much exasperated at a mere trifle. Reflect, whether almost every day you do not, in speaking of your friends, allude to their faults in a way that you could not bear to be spoken of yourself. This is too common a practice; and be assured that you do not always escape in this general habit of censoriousness. You are not faultless, and it is not in the nature of things that you should be."

Harriet could not collect her thoughts for a reply, and Ann, after a pause, went on—

"If, when Maria Ellis, under the influ-

ence of a momentary ill-nature, as she frankly confesses herself to have been, spoke of me as she thought in calmer moments, you had restrained your propensity to repeat such things, no harm could have resulted from her thoughtless, and I might almost say, innocent allegation. But when you came to me, and told me that she had called me conceited, it aroused my feelings and caused me to ask for an explanation. With the frankness of a generous spirit, she at once confessed her fault, and all would have been well again, if she had not thoughtlessly repeated what I said in my note to her about you."

But Harriet Wilson, though conscious that she had acted wrong, was so much incensed, as well as mortified, that others should think her wrong, that she neither could nor would confess her fault, but braved it out with anger and defiance. As soon as she had gone away, Ann sat down, and penned a note to Maria Ellis—

"DEAR MARIA:—It seems that our little difficulty is not yet ended. I have just received a visit from Harriet Wilson, who has treated me in a very strange manner about what I said in my last note to you in reference to her fondness for repeating ill news. I am sorry that you communicated that to any one, as it has not only prevented my making an effort to show Harriet her fault, but has called down upon me her indignant censure. Yours, &c.

"ANN HARRIS."

"What is the matter now?" asked Mrs. Ellis, who saw, by the sudden change in her daughter's countenance, that the note she had received was by no means an agreeable one. "No more doings of the unruly member, I hope?"

Maria's face crimsoned deeply as she handed her mother the note. After Mrs. Ellis had read it, she said, somewhat kindly, for she really felt for Maria in her unpleasant position—

"You have not put on the right tongue-bridle yet, I see."

"I suppose not. But indeed, ma, I try to be guarded how and to whom I speak. I never should have dreamed that Cora Lee would have gone right off to Harriet Wilson and told her what I said."

"But the best way is not to speak unkindly of any one."

"How could I have helped it, mother, in this case?"

"By simply questioning yourself as to your real motive for making the communication. It was not to do Harriet Wilson good, was it?"

"Well, I can't say, mother, that it was."

"Your real motive was to make Cora Lee think meanly of her, was it not?"

"Why, ma! do you think I"—— Maria paused and looked upon the floor, while her face crimsoned.

"Probe yourself thoroughly, my child. It is of the first importance for you to know distinctly your true character. If you have

taken pleasure in the idea of injuring another because she has wronged or offended you, you have indulged in an evil affection; and unless that evil affection had lain concealed in your mind, it never could have been aroused into activity."

Maria looked thoughtful and concerned, and her mother continued—

"Surely, my child, it is not by indulging this evil that it is to be weakened, much less by concealing it, even from yourself, after its indulgence. It is better to look it in the face, confess that it is wrong, and then try and shun it."

"I think, mother, I now begin to see what you mean by a tongue-bridle," said Maria, looking up seriously into the face of her kind adviser.

"Well, my child?"

"It is, that we should shun the cause of evil speaking."

"That is it, Maria. If we condemn the feeling that prompts us to speak unkindly of others, and try to conquer it, we shall

be in little danger of indulging the bad habit. But if we only curb the busy little member, at the same time that we desire to speak censoriously, we shall be sure, sooner or later, to be betrayed into a word that had better not have been uttered. Kind feelings for, and a desire to do good to others, is the best tongue-bridle."

"I see it plainly enough, now, dear mother, and I am resolved to try and put the true bridle upon my tongue."

And Maria did try to some purpose. The little difficulty she was in was amicably settled; for she had all the parties together, confessed her fault, and urged a general reconciliation. If, at any time afterward, she felt the desire to indulge in unkind words; she turned her thoughts inward to the unkind feelings that prompted them, and she was soon so much engaged in trying to conquer those feelings, that the desire to speak from them passed away. She had found the true TONGUE-BRIDLE.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

GEORGE WILLIAMS and Edward Jones, two boys living near together, obtained their parents' consent, one Saturday, to go to the mill-pond and skate. There had been some pretty cold weather, and as the ice had formed rapidly, Mr. Jones and Mr. Williams supposed that the surface of the mill-pond was as hard as the floor, and that therefore their boys would be entirely free from danger.

Away ran the two boys, with their skates hung around their necks, and their thoughts intent upon the pleasure they were to have on the mill-pond. On reaching the top of a hill which overlooked the

pond, they saw Henry Lee, a school companion, gliding along over the smooth surface of the ice as swiftly as a bird on the wing. Eager to join him, they ran shouting down the hill, and were soon occupied in strapping on their skates. But ere this was completed, the two lads were alarmed by a cry of terror from Henry; and on looking up, they saw that he had broken through the ice, and was struggling in the water.

At this, Edward Jones became so frightened, that he threw off his skates and started back, screaming, toward home; but George Williams, with more presence of mind and courage, seized a long pole that lay upon the shore, and went as quickly as possible to the assistance of the drowning boy. Henry had fallen into what is called an "air-hole," where the ice is very thin; and as at every attempt he made to extricate himself, the ice broke with the weight of his body, he was in great danger of losing his life unless speedy

assistance came. If he remained still and held on to the edges of the ice, he could keep himself up; but then the water was so cold that in a little while he would get benumbed and lose all power to sustain himself. Before, therefore, the frightened Edward Jones could alarm his friends and bring assistance, he would in all probability, have been lost under the ice.

As we have said, George Williams, who was much more courageous than Edward, caught up a pole, and ran as speedily as possible to the place where Henry was struggling in the water.

"Don't be frightened, Henry," he called; "don't be frightened—I'm coming, and will get you out."

At this Henry ceased his violent efforts to extricate himself, and remained quiet until George came up as near as it was prudent to come, and laid his pole across the broken place, so that each end of it rested upon solid ice.

"Now, hold on to that," said he coolly.

You may be certain the poor lad in the water did not wait to be asked twice to do as he was told. With both hands he grasped the stick. Then George lay down at full length, and keeping one hand for support on the pole, crept up so close to the broken place in the ice, that he could grasp one of Henry's hands.

"Easy—easy," said he in a calm, encouraging voice, as the boy in the water caught his arm eagerly, and was in danger of dragging him in also. This gave Henry more confidence, and restored, in some measure, his presence of mind. After this it took but a moment for George Williams to pull Henry out, and get him beyond all danger.

The two boys were more than halfway home, when they met a number of men, whom Edward Jones had alarmed by his cries for help, running at full speed to rescue the drowning lad. The praise they bestowed upon George for his courageous conduct was very pleasant to him, but not

half so pleasant as the reflection that he had saved the life of his young playmate.

On the evening after this occurrence, Mr. Jones, the father of Edward, took his son into his room, and when they were alone, said to him—

"How comes it, my boy, that you did not, like George Williams, go immediately to the aid of Henry Lee, when you saw him break through the ice?"

"I was so frightened," replied the boy, "that I didn't know what I was doing."

"And this fright would have cost Henry his life, if there had not been another boy near to save him."

Edward looked very serious, and his eyes were cast upon the floor.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I couldn't help it."

"Don't say that, my son," replied Mr. Jones. "This timidity—or I might say, cowardice—is a weakness that all may, in a great measure, overcome; and it is the duty of every one to overcome it, for all

should be brave, and ready to risk even life to save others. It is not often that persons who so risk their lives receive any injury, for God protects those who seek to protect others. Let me tell you something that happened when I was a boy. Two children were playing near a spring. One of them was only four years old; the other was seven. The larger boy's name was Frank. While Frank was building a house with sticks that he had gathered under the trees, he heard a splash, and turning around, saw that his little brother had plunged headforemost into the spring, and was struggling in the water. The spring being deep and narrow—it was walled up at the sides—there was no chance for the child to extricate himself.

"When Frank saw this, he was terribly alarmed, and his heart beat so loud that it seemed to him that any one standing near might have heard it. What did he do? Run away for help? No, he was a very little boy, but he was thoughtful and brave,

little as he was. Instead of darting off for home as fast as his feet would carry him, to get some one to come and save his brother from drowning, he laid hold of him by the legs, a portion of which were above the water, and applying all his strength, succeeded in dragging the already half-drowned child from the spring. Thus, by his presence of mind and bravery, he saved the life of his brother.

"These two children lived near a mill, and were permitted by their parents to play in the mill or about the water, just as they pleased. They didn't think any more of danger than we do when we send you to school over the long bridge that crosses the river. Well, one day they were playing by the side of the deep wooden trough, or sluice, that receives the water from the mill-race, before it is poured upon the great wheels. This is furnished with heavy gates at both ends, by which the water is let on and shut off at pleasure. In this trough the water glides along more rapidly

than in the mill-race, and it is drawn under the gate at the lower end, with a very strong, whirling motion, and thence passes to the water-wheels.

"By the side of this deep trough, the two children of whom I spoke were playing, when the little one, who had before fallen into the spring, slipped off, and went plunging down into the water. Frank saw him fall. In an instant the child, who was buoyed up by his clothes, went sweeping down toward the open gate, through which the water was rushing. The delay of half a minute would be fatal. Had Frank become so much frightened as to be unable to act promptly, had he hesitated a moment what to do, his brother would have been lost. But the brave boy sprang at once to his rescue, and leaning down, he caught the child by the clothes, and held on to him eagerly. The water was so far down, and Frank had to stoop so low, that he had not strength to pull his brother out; but he held on to him, and screamed loudly

for help. But the noise of the mill was so great that the millers could not hear his voice. Still he held on, and cried out for aid. Nearly five minutes passed before any one came to his assistance; and then a man, who was going by, saw him, and ran down along the mill-race, and rescued the drowning child. Thus it was that the courage and presence of mind of Frank saved the life of his brother a second time. Now, suppose he had been too frightened to think or act in a proper manner, as you were to-day; his brother would, in all probability, have been drawn in under the gate, and been killed on the wheel."

Edward shuddered at the thought.

"That brave lad," continued Mr. Jones, "was your Uncle Frank; and the brother whose life he saved is now your father."

"You, father! you!" exclaimed Edward in surprise.

"Yes, my son; I fell into the spring, and your uncle saved me from drowning by his promptness to act; and I fell into the mill-

race, and was rescued through his courage and presence of mind."

Edward's thoughts went back to the mill-pond, and he saw, in imagination, Henry Lee struggling in the hole in the ice; and saw how easy it would have been for him to have gone to his assistance, and rescued him from his perilous situation, instead of running away, frightened out of his wits, screaming for others afar off to do what was needed to be done at the moment. He felt, painfully too, that his playfellow would have been drowned, had not George Williams, with true bravery, gone instantly to his aid. It was a moment of self-reproach and mortification.

"Many years ago," continued Edward's father, "I remember reading a story of a boy's presence of mind and courage, that I shall never forget. The lad of whom I speak was walking along the road with his mother and a little sister, when, all at once, was heard the startling cry of 'Mad dog!' On looking in the direction from which

this alarming cry came, a dog was seen running toward them, pursued by a crowd of men and boys. A high fence on each side of the road made escape impossible. So frightened did the mother become, that she was fixed to the spot, and her daughter clung to her, screaming in terror. But the boy stepped boldly before his mother and sister, and, as the dog approached, began hurriedly wrapping around his hand and arm a silk handkerchief which he had drawn from his pocket. In a shorter period of time than it has taken me to relate to you the fact, the dog was down upon them. The brave boy, however, did not shrink back an inch. As he stood in front of his mother and sister, the mad animal, on coming up, made a spring at him, when the boy, with wonderful coolness, thrust the hand around which he had wound his handkerchief, boldly into his mouth, and grasped his tongue. While he kept hold of the dog's tongue, the animal could not bite him; and the handkerchief had protected

his hand from being scratched by his teeth, as he thrust it into his open mouth.

Ere the dog could recover himself and struggle loose from the boy, the men in pursuit were upon him, with clubs and stones, and in a few minutes he was lying dead, almost at the feet of the heroic boy, who, while he had saved the lives, perhaps, of his mother and sister, remained himself unharmed.

"Few boys, not one perhaps in a hundred," continued Mr. Jones, "would have had his presence of mind and courage, under similar circumstances; and I doubt very much, if one man in ten could be found to show so brave a spirit. Yet, how much better and safer was it for the boy to act as he did—safer for himself, and safer for those he loved. The fact is, my son, but little of danger presents itself as we pass through life, which may not be escaped if we look it boldly in the face, and see what it is like. Unless we understand exactly what the danger is, and in what

manner it is approaching, how shall we escape it?"

The stories of bravery and self-possession which Mr. Jones related made a very marked impression upon the mind of Edward. He saw, by contrast, his own conduct in a most unfavourable light, and he shuddered when he thought of what the consequence to Henry Lee would have been, had not his companion possessed a cooler and more courageous spirit than himself.

It was not more than a week after the affair at the mill-pond, that Edward started out with a little brother, not over four years of age, whom he was drawing on a sled, for the purpose of riding down a hill on the smooth snow, a short distance from the house. On the way to this hill, Edward had to pass through a field belonging to a neighbour. When nearly across, he heard the noise of some animal, and looking around, saw a mad bull approaching from the other side of the field. With the first impulse of fear, he dropped the rope with

which he was pulling the sled on which sat his little brother, and sprang away, in order to reach the fence before the infuriated animal came up. He had only gone a few steps, however, before he thought of the innocent child on the sled, who would surely be gored to death by the bull, if left where he was. This thought made him stop and turn round. The bull was now running toward them, muttering and bellowing dreadfully. If he went back for his brother, escape was almost impossible; but how could he leave the dear child to a terrible death without making an effort to save him? These were the hurried thoughts that rushed through his mind. Then he remembered the mill-pond, the boy and the mad dog, the child in the spring and his brave brother, and what his father had said about being courageous. It took scarcely an instant of time for all this to be presented to the frightened boy. By a strong effort he composed himself, and then ran back to where his brother was still

upon the sled. The bull was now very near; but Edward, though he had taken the child in his arms, was able to run so fast as to reach the fence and climb over it before the mad creature could reach them. In less than a quarter of a minute after he was beyond the reach of danger, the bull came dashing up to the fence, foaming and bellowing with rage.

"Well and bravely done, my noble boy!" exclaimed Edward's father, who, seeing his children's danger, had been running toward them unperceived. Just as Edward landed, with his brother still clasped in his arms, safely on the right side of the fence, he came up.

Edward turned quickly toward his father, who saw that his face was very pale, and that his lips were quivering.

"It was a narrow escape, my son," said Mr. Jones, "a very narrow escape. But heaven is always on the side of those who seek to save others that are in danger. If you had hesitated a moment about acting

courageously, our dear little Willy would now have been bleeding, it may be, upon the horns of that mad animal. How thankful I feel that you had the bravery to do as you have done."

"And I am thankful, too, father," said the boy, in a trembling voice. "Oh! if in my cowardice I had permitted Willy to be killed, I should never have been happy again in all my life."

After such a trial and triumph, Edward was able in the future to act with becoming presence of mind, in all cases of danger and peril that happened to occur.

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

CHARLES MURRAY left home, with his books in his satchel, for school. Before starting, he kissed his little sister, and patted Juno on the head, and as he went singing away, he felt as happy as any little boy could wish to feel. Charles was a good-tempered lad, but he had the fault common to a great many boys, that of being tempted and enticed by others to do things which he knew to be contrary to the wishes of his parents. Such acts never made him feel any happier; for the fear that his disobedience would be found out, added to his consciousness of having done wrong, were far from being pleasant companions.

On the present occasion, as he walked briskly in the direction of the school, he repeated over his lessons in his mind, and was intent upon having them so perfect as to be able to repeat every word. He had gone nearly half the distance, and was still thinking over his lessons, when he stopped suddenly as a voice called out,

"Halloo, Charley!"

Turning in the direction from which the voice came, he saw Archy Benton, with his school-basket in his hand; but he was going from, instead of in the direction of the school.

"Where are you going, Archy?" asked Charles, calling out to him.

"Into the woods for chestnuts."

"A'n't you going to school to-day?"

"No, indeed. There was a sharp frost last night, and Uncle John says the wind will rattle down the chestnuts like hail."

"Did your father say you might go?"

"No, indeed. I asked him, but he said I couldn't go until Saturday. But the hogs

are in the woods, and will eat the chestnuts all up before Saturday: so I am going to-day. Come, go along, won't you? It is such a fine day, and the ground will be covered with nuts. We can get home at the usual time, and no one will suspect that we were not at school."

"I should like to go, very well," said Charley; "but I know that father will be greatly displeased, if he finds it out; and I am afraid he would get to know it, in some way."

"How could he get to know it? Isn't he at his store all the time?"

"But he might think to ask me if I was at school. And I never will tell a lie."

"You could say yes, and not tell a lie, either," returned Archy. "You were at school yesterday."

"No, I couldn't. A lie, father says, is in the intent to deceive. He would, of course, mean to ask whether I was at school to-day, and if I said yes, I would tell a lie."

"It isn't so clear to me that you would.

At any rate, I don't see such great harm in a little fib. It doesn't hurt anybody."

"Father says a falsehood hurts a boy a great deal more than he thinks for. And one day he showed me in the Bible where liars were classed with murderers and other wicked spirits in hell. I can't tell a lie, Archy."

"There won't be any need of your doing so," urged Archy; "for I am sure he will never think to ask you about it. Why should he?"

"I don't know. But whenever I have been doing any thing wrong, he is sure to begin to question me, and lead me on until I betray the secret of my fault."

"Never mind. Come and go with me. It is a fine day. We sha'n't have another like it. It will rain on Saturday, I'll bet any thing. So come along, now, and let us have a day in the woods, while we can."

Charles was very strongly tempted. When he thought of the confinement of

school, and then of the freedom of a day in the woods, he felt much inclined to go with Archy.

"Come along," said Archy, as Charles stood balancing the matter in his mind. And he took hold of his arm, and drew him in a direction opposite from the school. "Come! you are just the boy I want. I was thinking about you the moment before I saw you."

The temptation to Charles was very strong. "I don't believe I will be found out," he said to himself. "And it is such a pleasant day to go into the woods."

Still he held back, and thought of his father's displeasure if he should discover that he had played the truant. The word "truant," that he repeated mentally, decided the matter in his mind, and he exclaimed, in a loud and decided voice, as he dragged himself away from the hand of Archy, that had still retained its hold on his arm, "I've never played truant yet, and I don't think I ever will. Father says

he never played truant when he was a boy; and I'd like to say the same thing when I get to be a man."

"Nonsense, Charley! come, go with me," urged Archy.

But Charles Murray's mind was made up not to play the truant. So he started off for school, saying, as he did so—

"No, I can't go, Archy, and if I were you, I would wait until Saturday. You will enjoy it so much better when you have your father's consent. It always takes away more than half the pleasure of any enjoyment to think that it is obtained at the cost of disobedience. Come! go to school with me now, and I will go into the woods with you on Saturday."

"No, I can't wait until Saturday. I'm sure it will rain; and if it don't, the hogs will eat up every nut that has fallen, long before that time."

"There will be plenty left on the trees, if they do. It's as fine sport to knock them down as to pick them up."

But Archy's purpose was settled, and nothing that Charles Murray could say had any influence with him. So the boys parted, the one for his school, and the other for his stolen holiday in the woods.

The moment Charles was alone again, he felt no longer any desire to go with Archy. He had successfully resisted the temptation, and the allurement was gone. But even for listening to temptation he had some small punishment, for he was late to school by nearly ten minutes, and had not his lessons as perfect as usual, for which the teacher felt called upon to reprimand him. But this was soon forgotten; and he was so good a boy through the whole day, and studied all his lessons so diligently, that when evening came, the teacher, who had not forgotten the reprimand, said to him—

"You have been the best boy in the school to-day, Charles. To-morrow morning try and come in time, and be sure that your lessons are well committed to memory."

CHARLES AND HIS MOTHER.

Page 99.

Charles felt very light and cheerful as he went running, skipping, and singing homeward. His day had been well spent, and happiness was his reward. When he came in sight of home, there was no dread of meeting his father and mother, such as he would have felt if he had played the truant. Every thing looked bright and pleasant; and when Juno came bounding out to meet him, he couldn't help hugging the favourite dog in the joy he felt at seeing her.

When Charles met his mother, she looked at him with a more earnest and affectionate gaze than usual. And then the boy noticed that her countenance became serious.

"A'n't you well, mother?" asked Charles.

"Yes, my dear, I am very well," she replied. "But I saw something an hour ago that has made me feel very sad. Archy Benton was brought home from the woods this afternoon, where he had gone for chestnuts, instead of going to school, as he should

have done, dreadfully hurt. He had fallen from a tree. Both of his arms are broken, and the doctor fears that he has received some internal injury that may cause his death."

Charles turned pale when his mother said this.

"Boys rarely get hurt, except when they are acting disobediently, or doing some harm to others," remarked Mrs. Murray. "If Archy had gone to school, this dreadful accident would not have happened. His father told him that he might go for chestnuts on Saturday; and if he had waited until then, I am sure he might have gone into the woods and received no harm, for all who do right are protected from evil."

"He tried to persuade me to go with him," said Charles. "And I was strongly tempted to do so. But I resisted the temptation, and have felt glad about it ever since."

Mrs. Murray took her son's hand, and pressing it hard, said, with much feeling—

"How rejoiced I am that you were able

to resist his persuasions to do wrong. Even if you had not been hurt yourself, the injury received by Archy would have discovered to us that you were with him, and then how unhappy your father and I would have been, I cannot tell. And you would have been unhappy, too. Ah! my son, there is only one true course for all of us, and that is to do right. Every deviation from this path brings trouble. An act of a moment may make us wretched for days, weeks, months, or perhaps years. It will be a long, long time before Archy is free from pain of body or mind—it may be, that he will never recover. Think how miserable his parents must feel; and all because of this single act of disobedience."

We cannot say how often Charles said to himself that evening and the next day, when he thought of Archy—

"Oh, how glad I am that I did not go with him!"

When Saturday came, the father and mother of Charles Murray gave him per-

mission to go into the woods for chestnuts. Two or three other boys, who were his school companions, likewise received liberty to go; and they joined Charles, and altogether made a pleasant party. It did not rain, nor had the hogs eaten up all the nuts, for the lads found plenty under the tall old trees, and in a few hours filled their baskets. Charles said, when he came home, that he had never enjoyed himself better, and was so glad that he had not been tempted to go with Archy Benton.

It was a lesson he never afterward forgot. If he was tempted to do what he knew to be wrong, he thought of Archy's day in the woods, and the tempter instantly left him. The boy who had been so badly hurt did not die, as the doctor feared; but he suffered great pain, and was ill for a long time.

THE TWO WAYS.

JAMES LEWIS was fifteen years old. Like many lads of his age, he felt, at times, that the parental hand, which sought to guide him aright, drew upon the reins too often. He wished to do many things that his father disapproved, and often became impatient when checked by one wiser and more experienced than himself.

In this respect, James was like most young persons, who think their parents or guardians over-particular about them, and more inclined to abridge their pleasures than to widen the sphere of their enjoyments.

"I think father is very unkind," we

have heard a boy say, when the act of his parent was dictated by the tenderest regard for his welfare.

"Mother never likes to see me enjoy myself," says a little girl, when some restriction is laid upon her. And yet that very restriction is meant to save her from years of misery in after-life.

Children are not apt to think that their parents are older and more experienced than themselves, and, in consequence, know better than they, what is for their good. Nor do they comprehend the loving and thoughtful care, deepening often into anxious solicitude, with which they are ever regarded. We do not greatly wonder at this, because the minds of children are not perfected, and their store of experience is small. Still, they are able to understand what their parents teach them, and to act more wisely than if they followed only their own inclinations. And it is to help them to act more wisely, and thus to secure happiness in the future, that their pa-

rents and friends so often present good precepts to their minds, correct in them what they see to be wrong, and seek so constantly to turn their feet into ways of safety.

But we were going to relate something about a lad named James Lewis, who was fifteen years old. A boy who has gained that age generally has his mind pretty well stored from books, and is able to think on a good many subjects. And he is, moreover, very apt to have a pretty good opinion of himself and to believe that he knows, even better than his father, what is best for him.

James was just such a lad as we have here pictured; and his father often felt troubled about him when he saw how perseveringly he sought to have his own way, even though it was not approved by his parents.

"My son," said Mr. Lewis, one day, after having vainly endeavoured to make James understand that something he wished to

do was wrong, "there are two ways in life —one leading to happiness, and the other to misery. At first they run almost side by side, and we may easily step from one to the other; but soon they diverge widely, and never come within sight of each other again. The path that leads to destruction, my son, looks more inviting to the young and inexperienced than the one that leads to happiness. The flowers that grow along its margin have brighter hues and a more attractive perfume, while in the distance a hundred bright prospects are given to the eyes. The young are naturally inclined to walk in this path. But God has given them parents and friends, to point them to the better way, and lead them therein. They stand as angels of mercy, sent from heaven to guide them to the way of life. James, try and let this thought sink into your mind. And now I leave you free, in this instance, to act as your own mind may direct. I have pointed out the danger that is before you. I have

told you that the way in which you desire to walk is not the right way. That which we feel inclined to do, is not always best for us, because our hearts are evil, and inclined to lead us into evil. Left free, as I now leave you, let me earnestly entreat you to choose the path of safety. It may not be so inviting at first; you may not be able to enter it except through self-denial; but you will not walk in it long before discovering that the flowers which spring up here and there have a sweet and soothing perfume, and that your feet are not weary, although the way looked rough when viewed from the point where it diverged from the path I have so earnestly warned you not to take."

We are sorry to say that the words of Mr. Lewis did not sink so deeply into the heart of James as they should have done. It is true that he thought about them, and, to a certain extent, comprehended their meaning. But his inclination was stronger than his reason. As his father had not laid

a command on him, he, after a struggle in his own mind between a sense of right and a desire to participate in a pleasure whose charms his imagination had heightened, suffered himself to enter the way in which there was no safety, and, before he dreamed of danger, he was led aside into the commission of an act that violated both human and divine laws.

When James returned home, he felt afraid to meet his father. Oh, how unhappy he was! Never in his life had he been so wretched. He had gathered the first fruit that hung temptingly from the branches that bent over the way he had chosen to walk in, but it had proved as bitter as wormwood. All that his father had said when warning him not to choose the path of error, came vividly to his mind, and almost with tears did he repent of his folly. Alone in his room, bowed down with shame and self-condemnation, James Lewis sat, after the shades of evening had fallen. Gradually, as the twilight deepened, and

as his eyes ceased to reflect the objects around him, the mind of the lad became filled with confused and rapidly varying images.

Suddenly there was a great change. He found himself standing on a beautiful plain. From this departed two roads, toward which he was walking. His mind was tranquil and happy. One of these roads looked exceedingly inviting. Bright flowers sprang thickly beside it, and trees, among the branches of which sported birds of gayest plumage, grew all along its borders. The other road presented nothing attractive. The margin was nearly barren, and it began at once to ascend a steep and somewhat rugged hill. As James drew near the point where these two ways diverged, he met an old man, with a mild countenance, and eyes lit up by wisdom.

"You see before you," said the old man to him, "the Way of Life and the Road to Destruction. Choose, now, which you will walk in. The Road to Destruction looks

far more inviting at the entrance than the Way of Life; but the flowers you see have no perfume, the fruits that hang temptingly from the trees are bitter to the taste, and the road which looks so smooth and pleasant is, in reality, rough and stony.

"The farther you go in this road, the less attractive it becomes; but, with every step of progress in the Way of Life, the more beautiful will all appear. The one leads to death, the other to life. Choose, now, the way in which you will walk."

The boy paused only for a few moments. He looked first at the unattractive way, and then at the path so full of beauty.

"The old man erred," said he in his heart. "This is the Road to Happiness and to Life, and the other is the way to Destruction."

And then he entered, with hurrying feet, the Road to Destruction. Earnestly the old man called after him, and tenderly did he warn him; but the boy heeded him not.

In his eagerness to reach a spot at a short distance from the point where the two roads separated, and at which there was a beautiful arbour, with a fountain throwing bright waters into the sunny air, his foot struck against a stone that was not perceived, and he fell to the earth with a stunning jar. He was in so much pain from the fall, when he reached the green arbour, that he could not enjoy its pleasant shade, nor take delight in the beautiful fountain. With a groan he threw himself upon the green sward; where he had lain only a few minutes, when he sprang to his feet in sudden terror, for close to him had crept a poisonous serpent, that was just about striking him with its deadly fang.

With less ardour the boy moved on in the way he had chosen. Soon a number of flowers, glowing in all the hues of the rainbow, arrested his eyes; and he stepped aside to gather them. But their odour was so offensive that he threw them to the earth quickly. Another flower tempted

him by its beauty; but, in plucking it, he tore his hands with thorns.

Pausing now, he looked back, and the wish arose in his mind that he had taken the other road. He would have retraced his steps, but he remembered the serpent at the fountain, and feared to go by that dangerous place again. So he moved on once more. Far in advance there opened before him a beautiful prospect, and he pressed on to enjoy the scene. But, all was an illusion—like a mirage in the desert. When he gained the spot, the attraction had disappeared. And now the road began to ascend, and to wind along the skirt of a forest. His heart grew faint as he entered deeper and deeper into this gloomy district, and yet saw no open space ahead.

As he walked fearfully along, a roar shook the earth; then a beast of prey rushed past him, and struck his fangs deep into the vitals of some weaker animal. Terror gave wings to his feet, and he ran deeper

and deeper into the forest. Night at length began to come. It was with difficulty that he could see his way or keep in the path, which had become so rough that he stumbled at almost every step. His feet were bruised and cut, and he walked onward in pain.

"Oh that I had taken the other road!" he said, pausing in the midst of the dark forest, and looking back. But the cry of a wild beast arose in the direction from which he had come. He moved again, when, suddenly, a meteor shot across the sky. By the light which it gave, he saw himself on the very edge of a fearful gulf, down which he gazed in horror. Another step and he would have been lost. The shock startled him from his dream.

All was dark in the chamber where James Lewis sat, and it was some moments before he could realize the fact that he was safe in his father's house, with the two ways in life yet before him, and he in freedom to choose the one in which he would walk.

Dear children! if you wish to enter the right way—the Way of Life, leading to felicity—you must do so through obedience. You cannot, yourselves, know this way. It must be pointed out to you. If left to yourselves, you would be almost certain to take the Road to Destruction. The way of obedience is the way of safety. This way does not look inviting at first, but, when you have once entered it, you will find that it grows more pleasant, attractive, and beautiful, at every step. Unlike the other way, no serpents lurk amid the waving grass; no thorns are among its flowers; it leads through no dark forest abounding in ravenous beasts. And, unlike the way which terminates in the gulf of Destruction, it ends in the garden of God.

HARRY'S DREAM.

"SUCH a dream as I had, mother!" said Henry Jones, as he took his seat at the breakfast-table; and he laughed as he spoke.

"What was it about?" asked the boy's mother.

"Oh! It was such a funny dream. I thought old Peter lent me his violin; and I went out alone with it into the woods, and then sat down upon a rock and began to play. As I drew the bow across the strings, such music filled the air as I never heard before. The very leaves on the trees, and the wind that played among them, grew still to listen. But, more wonderful than this: while I was playing, three of the dearest rabbits you ever saw came leaping

along, and they stood and looked at me, with their ears bent back, and their heads turning first on one side and then on the other, to listen. In a little while they all got upon the stump of a tree that had been cut down, and there sat upon their hind-feet, while, with their forefeet they kept time to the music. Just then I heard a noise, and glancing round, I saw an old owl, with his solemn face, looking out from a hollow tree."

"An owl!" said Fanny, as she laughed aloud. Fanny was the sister of Henry Jones.

"Yes; a great owl. And he looked so serious! But I played on as hard as I could play, and the music seemed to go away off through the woods, it was so loud. Presently I heard such a rattling among the bushes and such a rushing in the air all around me. A beautiful deer with branching horns came bounding along; and when he came near me, he stopped and looked at me with his large dark eyes. His face was gentle as the face of a lamb. I kept

drawing my bow as hard as I could, and the deer stooped down, and lay on the grass and listened. Then all the birds and beasts that were in the great wood came gathering around me, and while I played for them, they hearkened to the music as if they had been human, instead of dumb creatures. The robin was there, and the red-bird; the wren, the sparrow, the little yellow-bird, the dove, and the beautiful humming-bird. A great eagle came rushing through the air; and a hawk stooped down among the birds, but he was so pleased with the music that he did not seek to do any harm, nor were the little birds afraid of him."

"What a strange dream!" said Fanny. "How long did they stay?"

"Oh! a great while. I played for them all for a long time, and never felt so happy in my life."

"Did they come near?" asked Fanny.

"Yes. The deer laid his head upon my knee, and a sweet little humming-bird

with blue and golden wings and breast like a rainbow, came close up to me, and almost lit upon my shoulder. A bluebird settled down upon the deer's back, and robin red-breast and the sparrow came so close that I could have caught them in my hand."

"Robin red-breast and the sparrow!" cried Fanny, clapping her hands. "Why, it was the sparrow, who, a long time ago, shot cock robin with his bow and arrow."

"Yes; but that was all forgotten, and they were the best of friends."

"Oh, I wish I had been there!"

"But it was only a dream, you know, Fanny," said Henry.

"True enough. I was forgetting that. And they stayed a long while?"

"Yes. But at last I heard a great roar in the wood. Then the birds started up, fluttering their wings, and were soon glancing away over the tree-tops and through the forest. The deer sprang frightened to his feet, and, after looking timidly, first on this side and then on that, bounded off

like an arrow. I now saw a great red lion dashing along and roaring, while his long tail swept angrily around. This so frightened me, that I awoke."

"What a strange dream!" said Fanny.

"What could it mean, mother?" asked Henry, on closing the relation. "I never had such a strange dream before."

"Dreams, my son," said Henry's mother, "are of two kinds; fantastic, or such as have in them no signification whatever; and correspondential, or such as present, in apparent visible form, such objects as correspond in nature to qualities and attributes of the mind. Dreams of this kind often come as means of instruction, warning, or admonition, and are sent or permitted to come by the Great Father of us all, who is ever overruling all occurrences, even the most minute, for our spiritual good."

"But what signification could there be in my curious dream?" asked Harry.

"That, my son, is more than I am able

to point out; still, my mind sees dimly a remote significance. Do you remember by what name the Lord, when on earth, called Herod."

"That fox?"

"Yes. But what did he mean by this?"

"He meant that Herod was cunning, like a fox."

"Yes; or, in other words, that the quality of Herod's mind, which the fox visibly embodies in nature, ruled his actions. Herod had other qualities beside that of cunning, as all other men have; but he was a fox, because he suffered this particular quality to govern him. You have heard a child called a lamb?"

"Yes."

"Because a lamb is the visible representation of innocence in the world of nature. A cruel man is called a tiger, for a like reason; the tiger being a natural form of cruelty. And so it is of every beast and bird and flower; in fact, of every visible object below man. They are all images of

things in man. In your dream, then, you saw around you only what was in yourself, —images of your affections."

Harry looked wonderingly into his mother's face. He but half comprehended her meaning.

"Why did they all come around me when I played," he inquired.

"It is easy to ask questions, my boy," said the mother, smiling, "but it is not always so easy to answer them. Let us, however, remember, that in music one essential thing is harmony, and that what is harmonious is in order. Think, at the same time, of all these animals that were so docile at the sound of your music, as affections of your mind, all subdued and in perfect subjection to the power of true harmony, or that which comes from a life passed in the order for which God designed it. In other words, if you live an orderly and good life, according to the commandments of God, all the affections of your mind will be in subjection. Good affections will be in their

true activity, while evil affections will yield a powerless obedience, subdued under the influence of what is harmonious and heavenly."

The boy did not fully comprehend this; but it made him thoughtful.

"Have I tigers and wolves in me?" he asked some hours afterward.

"You have evil affections, to which these correspond, my son," replied his mother. "But they are young and feeble yet, and you must not give them food to nourish and strengthen them, which you do when you indulge a feeling of cruelty, or seek, from anger, to harm another. That there are human wolves and tigers in the world, more cruel even than the wild beasts of the forest, the dreadful crimes that are almost daily committed too fully prove. Be watchful, then, my son, that you do not give these evil beasts of the heart power over the innocent lambs and doves that likewise have a place in your bosom."

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

A LITTLE boy, named William, once had a sixpence given to him. He was a kind-hearted boy. "What shall I do with my sixpence?" said he. "How shall I spend it? Oh! I will buy myself a top and cord!" And away he started for the store where toys were kept for sale.

As he went along, he saw a man with soiled and ragged clothes, sitting on the door-step of a house. The man seemed so wretched, that the lad paused to look at him. The man said nothing, and the boy soon went on again; but he walked slower, and every now and then stopped and looked back at the miserable creature. When

he got to the shop-door, he paused, and instead of going in, turned and looked again at the poor man, who was still in sight.

"He must be hungry," said the lad to himself thoughtfully. "I can do without a top very well."

Back he ran, and without reflecting further, handed the man his sixpence, saying as he did so—

"Here, poor man, is a sixpence. You must be hungry. Go and get something to eat."

The man took the money, and thanked the boy for his generous conduct.

William felt happy. He had denied himself an anticipated pleasure in order to relieve the necessities of another, and the thought gave him more delight than he could possibly have received from the possession of the top he had intended buying.

On coming back home, William told his mother of what he had done, and ended by saying—

"Was it not right, mother?"

WILLIAM AND THE BEGGAR.

Page 126.

"You were right, certainly, my son, to deny yourself a pleasure, in order to relieve the distress of another, and I am glad to find in you so unselfish a spirit. Still, it is possible that you have not done so well as you would if you had bought a top, and amused your little sick brother by spinning it for him."

"But, mother," said William, "the man looked so poor; and I am sure he was hungry."

"Yet, it is very possible that he alone was to blame for this."

"How could he help it, mother?"

"If it is the man I saw going past the window half an hour ago, I am very sure he could help it. How was he dressed?"

"He had on a ragged brown coat; and his hat was torn, and one side bent in."

"The same man. He is idle and drunken. All the money he gets he spends in liquor, and then goes home intoxicated to ill-treat his wife and half-starved, half-clothed children. With the sixpence you gave him,

he will buy liquor. Drinking this will deprive him of his reason, and then infernal spirits will flow into his mind, and prompt him to abuse the helpless, dependent ones in his wretched home. It does such a man no good, my son, to bestow alms upon him; but, instead, does him harm, and gives him power to harm others."

"O mother! I am so sorry," replied William, the tears gathering in his eyes. "I never thought of that. Will you forgive me for having done so wrong?"

"I do not blame you, my dear boy," said his mother. "As far as you are concerned, the act was good, for it sprang from a wish to do good to a suffering fellow-creature. You thought the object of your benevolence one who stood in need of food, without possessing the ability to obtain it; and you denied yourself in order to relieve his wants. That was right, and I hope you will ever be as ready to act in a similar spirit."

"But it wouldn't be right for me to give money to a drunken man again?"

"Oh no! Not if you knew that he was such. In dispensing to the needy of the good gifts that Providence has freely bestowed upon us, it is our duty to see, as far as lies in our power, that the idle and vicious are not encouraged in their evil ways, by having wants supplied by our hands that it is their duty to supply with their own. I will tell you how you might have spent your sixpence, and done good with it."

"How, mother?"

"You know the poor woman living around in the court, who used to come and wash for us?"

"Mrs. Baker?"

"Yes. She is sick. You know that."

"Yes, ma'am."

"She has a fever. If you had bought her a nice orange, and taken it to her, it would have tasted very pleasant to her, and would have cooled her hot lips. Don't you remember how good the orange tasted which father brought you home, when you had that raging fever?"

"O mother! I wish I had thought of that," said William, looking grieved. "If I only had another sixpence!"

"You shall have one, my generous-minded boy!" replied his mother, taking a sixpence from her purse, and handing it to William.

The lad fairly flew away. In about twenty minutes he came back. But his face was not happy.

"Did you get the orange, my son?" asked his mother.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "And Mrs. Baker was so glad to get it. She said it tasted better than any thing she had placed to her lips for a long time. But, O mother! what do you think? The man to whom I gave the sixpence came staggering out of the drinking-house, at the corner, and fell so drunk upon the pavement, that he could not get up! It was my sixpence that did this!"

And the little boy put his hands over his face, and burst into tears.

"Do not be grieved, my son," said William's mother, speaking in a kind and soothing voice. "You did not do wrong, for you acted from a desire to benefit the unhappy man. In the Lord's providence, you were permitted to give this man your sixpence; and let us hope that the Lord will make the act, in some way, promote his good, even though, to all human appearance, it seems to have done him harm."

Thus the mother sought to satisfy her grieving boy. We should all profit by the lesson he was taught. God has given us minds and the ability to reflect. Let us use our reason, and wisely discriminate between true benevolence and mere impulse.

THE LAMB.

EMMA LEE was on her way to school, one day, when she found a new-born lamb lying in the soft green grass. She looked all around, but its dam was nowhere to be seen; so she lifted it tenderly in her arms, and carried it back to her home. As she walked along, the lamb laid its head against her bosom, and looked up at her with its mild eyes, and meek, innocent face. Already she loved it; when she got home she said—

"O mother! Dear mother! Look here! I have found the sweetest little lamb. It was all alone in the field. And I have brought it home. Sha'n't it be mine, mo-

ther? I will give it some of my bread and milk, and oh! I will love it so much."

But Emma's mother said that the lamb, no doubt, belonged to farmer Wilkins, and that it wouldn't be right for her to keep it.

Then Emma looked sad.

"It would be wrong, my love," said Mrs. Lee, seeing how sorrowful Emma looked, "for you to keep what belongs to farmer Wilkins. Suppose you had a lamb, and it were to get lost—would you think it right for the person who found it to keep it as his own?"

Emma Lee, though a very little girl, was quick to understand a good reason, when it was given. She saw, in a moment, that she had no right to keep the lamb. So she said, though in not a very animated way, for she could not help being grieved at the thought of parting with the innocent creature—

"Hadn't I better carry it over to farmer Wilkins?"

"Yes, dear. It may be his; but, if not, he can tell you to whom it belongs."

So Emma took the lamb in her arms again, and carried it over to farmer Wilkins.

"I found this dear little lamb all alone in the fields, as I went to school," said Emma, when she saw the farmer. "Mother says it must be yours; and so I have brought it over."

"Yes, it is my lamb," said farmer Wilkins, as he took the little animal from her arms; "and you are a good girl for bringing it home to me. If the dogs had found it, they would have torn it all to pieces. Here, Kitty," and he spoke to a maid who was standing near, "go into the garden and pick a basket of strawberries for Emma Lee. She found this new-born lamb in the field this morning, and has come all the way here to bring it home."

As the farmer said this, he put the lamb upon the ground, but, as Emma thought, not very gently. This awakened all her

sympathies for the little creature, and stooping down, she put her arm around its neck and kissed it.

"Dear, sweet lamb!" she murmured. Then looking into the farmer's face, she said, in an earnest voice—

"You won't hurt the poor lamb?"

"O no, child, I won't hurt it," replied the farmer, whose feelings were slightly moved by this exhibition of tenderness. "But come into the garden, with Kitty, and get some strawberries."

"Thank you!" replied Emma, looking up; "but I don't care about any strawberries to-day." The farmer saw that there were tears in the eyes of the little girl; and he began to understand her real feelings about the lamb.

"Do you love the lamb?" he asked.

Emma did not answer in words, but the way in which she drew the creature's head tightly against her bosom, told the farmer how much of tenderness was in her heart.

"If that lamb were yours," said farmer Wilkins, "what would you do with it?"

Emma's whole face brightened instantly, and her tongue was unloosed.

"O!" replied she, "I would feed it on new milk from our cow, every day; and I would make it a nice soft bed to sleep on, where no cold nor rain would touch it. And I would love it so much!"

"Take it, then, my good little girl," said the farmer. "I have a great many lambs in my flocks, and shall not miss this one. Take it; it is yours."

How overjoyed was Emma at these unexpected words!

"O! I am so glad!" fell warmly from her lips. Then lifting the lamb once more in her arms, she ran home with it as fast as she could go. Under her kind care, the lamb was so tenderly nursed that it scarcely missed the mother from which it had been taken; and it soon learned to know Emma's voice, and would follow her about, and sport with her as playfully as a kitten.

Every day when she went to school, her mother had to shut the lamb up in the house, to keep it from following her; but when she returned, it would see her a good way off, and run skipping along to meet her. Emma would put her arms around its neck, as soon as it came up, kiss it, and say—

"Dear little lamb! How I love you!"

And though the lamb could not tell, in words, how much it loved its dear young friend, yet Emma could read its love in its eyes, and understand all it would have said had it been gifted with speech.

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

"O GRANDMA!" said little George, opening the curtain and looking out of the window—"the ground is all covered with snow!"

"Yes, my dear, it has snowed during the night, and covered the earth to the depth of several inches."

"O, look at the pretty snow-birds! See how close they come to the door. But are they not very cold, grandma, their feet are so red?"

"No George. The little snow-birds are not afraid of the cold. They are all covered with soft and warm feathers."

"But a'n't their feet cold? When my feet were once almost frozen, they were red, just like the snow-bird's feet."

"Their feet are always red, as well in summer as in winter."

"Where do the snow-birds go in the summer-time, grandma? I never see them after the winter is gone."

"They love the snow and the cold, and so they go away off to the north in the summer-time, where they lay their eggs and hatch out their young ones."

"Then, if they love the cold so well, why don't they stay there? It's always cold at the north, you have told me."

"They come here for food. In our mild climate grow very many plants, the seeds of which are good food for them."

"But it snows here too, grandma, and covers up all the ground."

"But not often so deep as to cover up in the woods and corners of the fields the tops of weeds and bushes, from which they may still pick the seeds. See there! Don't you

see that little bird picking out the seeds from a stock which still lifts itself above the snow?"

"O yes! Dear little bird! See! Now it has come close up to the door, and is picking up the crumbs from the step."

"After a deep snow, they always come about the houses and barns, and haystacks, to pick up crumbs and seeds."

"Where are they when it don't snow, or when all the snow is melted?"

"In the woods and fields, getting their food from weeds and shrubs."

"They all turn to sparrows in the summer-time, don't they?"

"No, dear. Didn't I tell you that they all left us and went away to the north, where the climate is colder?"

"O yes. But then I heard Mr. Murray say, that the little chirping sparrows that live about the houses in summer-time were snow-birds with new feathers on."

"Other people besides Mr. Murray have thought so. But a sparrow is a sparrow,

and a snow-bird a snow-bird. But come, it is breakfast-time, and you must eat and get ready for school."

"Must I go to school to-day, grandma, all through the deep snow?" little George asked, making a wry face.

"You are not afraid of the snow, are you, George?"

"No, I am not afraid of it—but then it is so deep, and looks so cold."

"It's only a few inches deep," grandma said, "and I will wrap you up so warm that the cold can't touch you. So come down and get a nice breakfast, and then my little boy will go off as happy as he can be."

Like a good many other little boys, George liked to get an excuse for staying away from school, and therefore it was, that as soon as he saw the snow on the ground, he thought that now he could stay at home and have a good frolic. But when his grandmother seemed so in earnest about his going, he felt a little unkind; and though he said nothing more, he looked

rather sober as he came down-stairs and seated himself at the breakfast-table.

"Wouldn't you like to hear a little story, George?" his grandma said, after the breakfast was over, and she was about getting him ready to go to school.

"O yes, grandma, tell me a story," and his eyes brightened up, and he looked all interest.

"Well, a great many years ago," began George's grandma, "there lived a poor woman in a cottage, who had one little boy. She hadn't money to buy him such nice, warm clothes as you have, but the best that she could get for him were always kept whole and clean. In the summer-time he worked in her garden sometimes, and sometimes in the neighbours' gardens, who paid him money. This money he always brought to his mother, for he loved her very much.

"When the winter-time came, and the ground was all covered up with snow, he could not get any work to do, and then he had time to go to school. His mother was

so anxious that her boy should learn, that she saved a little money, poor as she was, during summer, to pay for his schooling in the winter.

"Now the school-house was more than a mile away, and the snow lay for months upon the ground far deeper than it is now, for the winters were a great deal colder then, and it snowed a great deal more. But this little boy never asked to stay home, although he was no bigger than you, and hadn't such a nice, warm great-coat as you have. In the morning he would be up bright and early, and bring in wood for his mother from the wood-pile, and fetch her three or four pails of water from the spring, enough to last all day, and then he would go off to school as happy as a bird.

"Well, in this way he got a good education, and when he grew up to be a man, his learning enabled him to earn money enough to keep his poor mother from working so hard any longer."

"Wasn't he a good little boy, grandma?"

George said, looking up with a face full of delighted interest.

"Yes, George, he was a very good boy: and, when he grew up to be a man, he was a good man."

"Where is he now, grandma?"

"He is in heaven, my dear. After a while he took sick and died, and they buried his dead body in the ground, but his living spirit—that part of him that thought about and loved his mother—could not die. It went to heaven. But his mother was not all alone. He left her another little boy, his own boy, whose mother had gone to heaven a little while before him."

"And was that little boy good to his grandma?"

"O yes."

"And did he love her?"

"Yes, he loved her very much, and she loved him, and made him warm clothes. But he didn't always like to go to school, because he didn't know how much good it had done his father, when he was a little

boy, nor how far his father had to go, even when the snow was deeper and the air colder than it is now."

George stood thoughtful by his grandma's side for a moment or two, and then looking up into her face, asked earnestly—

"Am I that little boy, grandma?"

"Yes, my dear, you are that little boy," she said, stooping down and kissing him tenderly.

"And was it my father who got you wood and water, and worked for you in the summer-time, and then went so far to school in the cold and snow?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I'll never ask to stay home from school again, if it snows up to the top of the door," he replied, lifting his head with a determined air.

His grandma was much pleased to see the effect of what she had told him upon his mind. She got his thick over-coat and buttoned it up closely about the neck. Then she took his mittens and warmed

them all so nicely before she drew them on his little hands. After he was all ready, with his book, and his slate under his arms, she gave him a good kiss, and away he went as happy as a cricket.

He never complained of the cold after that. Whenever he saw the snow, he thought of his father when he was a little boy, and of how he had waded through it for more than a mile every day, that he might get to school and learn, and of how much good that learning had done him.

FADING FLOWERS.

ONE day, when a child, said a cheerful-minded friend, who had passed over more than two-thirds of the time usually allotted to men on earth, I went into the field and gathered a bunch of beautiful wild-flowers which I placed in a vase on the mantel-piece. To my eyes they were beautiful; and many times, during the few hours that passed till evening, did I come in from my play to look at them. *I* had gathered and arranged them—they were *mine*—and, therefore, the more highly prized.

Early the next morning I arose, and, dressing myself, went to look at my floral

treasures. Alas! they had withered away, and hung with drooping heads over the side of the glass in which I had placed them. A few curled leaves, almost colourless, lay upon the floor, and upon some of them a careless foot had trodden.

For a moment I stood bewildered; then shrank away into a corner of the room, and commenced weeping and sobbing bitterly. My all of earthly happiness seemed wrecked.

My kind mother (I shall never forget her, nor her early lessons of love) came in while my young heart was trembling in its sorrow, and taking my hand, as she sat down by me, inquired, in an anxious tone, the cause of my grief.

"My flowers," said I, sobbing more bitterly; it was all that my tongue could articulate.

Her mother's heart comprehended, the moment her eye caught my faded blossoms, the whole weight of my childish affliction. She did not speak for a few minutes, but

raised me up and laid my head upon her bosom. Her fond affection calmed my infant transports of sorrow, and I soon looked up composedly into her face; she smiled on me with a smile a mother's countenance can only wear; but I well remember now that a tear was on her cheek.

I thought it strange at the time that my mother should weep; but I can now well imagine her feelings, as the little accident I have mentioned threw her thoughts upon the future, and brought before her mind, in sad array, the many disappointments that would crowd my path, of which this one was but a gentle prelude. She looked placidly on my face for a moment, which was upturned to hers, and then assuming a serious tone, implanted in my young mind one of her first lessons of patience and endurance—a lesson which has never been forgotten.

"My dear child," said she, "I am sorry that your flowers have faded; but you know there are many more in the fields,

and much prettier ones in the garden. You can gather a new bouquet."

"But I gathered them, mother," said I, "and I liked them flowers better than any others, because they were *mine*." And I wept again to think that those very ones that *I* loved should have faded.

"Your flowers will often wither, my child," answered my mother; "and though you may love your own more than any others, yet when their brightness and beauty are gone, you must remember that grieving cannot restore them. Every thing which brings to you pleasure, is one of the flowers of life. Do you not love me more than all those pretty coloured leaves?"

I could not say yes—but the smiling tears that were in my eyes told her my feelings; and my little arms, twined fondly around her neck, made the strongest affirmative her heart wanted.

"I am one of the flowers of life," continued she, "and so is your father, and so is

sister Mary. But did you never think that one day these flowers would wither?"

I scarcely comprehended her meaning then, but I did not forget the words she uttered; and years after, when manhood was upon my brow, and I stood looking down into her grave, the whole truth of her question and allusion came upon my mind, and I wept anew in bitterness of spirit.

"Remember, my dear," said she as I continued looking seriously into her face, but half conscious of the force of what she was saying, "that all along your ways through life will spring up pleasant flowers, and your hand will be constantly reaching out and plucking them—but, my child, they will all wither. Nothing on earth is permanent. All things are changing and passing away. You will indulge many brilliant anticipations, and, as you spring up to manhood, will have many hopes of happiness in this world; but disappointment will follow your steps wherever you tread, and the thorns of sorrow tear your

hands often as you have reached them out to pluck the blossoms of joy. Yet, amid all this, there is a virtue which takes largely away from the darkness of the picture; the virtue of patience. Do you not remember reading in the little book I gave you a day or two since, that

'To bear is to conquer our fate'?

That means, if we are patient under disappointment and grief, it will rob them of much of their painfulness. We make our sorrows deeper than they really are, by thinking and grieving over them. Learn to have patience under all circumstances, and your happiness will be more certain."

"And now, my child," continued she, "gather up those leaves from the floor; throw away the withered flowers and get fresh ones."

I ran to the field as soon as I had done my breakfast, and collected another bunch as pretty as those I had the day before, and was happy in looking at them in their

nice arrangement upon the shelf where I placed them.

In a day or two they faded also, but I remembered the words of my mother, and tried to learn patience. It was a hard lesson at first; but whenever any thing went wrong, I still tried the remedy called patience, and soon found that it was a charm which robbed disappointment of most of its pain.

Ever since, said this friend, I have endeavoured to use patience under all circumstances, and find that it brings the mind nearer than any thing else to that contentment which Campbell calls "the all in all of life."

THE END.