Sketches from Nature,

FOR MY

JUVENILE FRIENDS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

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PREFATORY.

TO FLORA LOUISA TURNER:

I have been thinking, dear Flora, that after reading the following Sketches you will say, "I wonder why Aunt Frances wrote all these long and short stories!" Others may ask the same. But none can answer the question so well as I can. I shall, therefore, tell you why I have written them and let you tell those who read the "Sketches."

Well, darling, I had several reasons for writing these simple tales of every day life. One reason is, many of them are girlhood memories. I love to write them because they bring back so many pleasant scenes, and dear, sweet faces. I seem to see—while writing of bygone things—my father, in his prime, my gentle mother, with my blue-eyed baby-brother on her knee. I know they have all gone to the "Greenwood of Soul," but I think the death stream must be bridged, or I should not see them as I do.
But I have another reason for writing the "Sketches." Children read stories; they want to know something of the great world, and so they go to books for information. But many things are written for young people that they should never read—frightful stories that make them sorrowful instead of happy.

Some very good people think children have wicked hearts, and that our Heavenly Father does not love them. You try to be good, try to love and please the dear God-Father, but you shrink with the very thought of reaching forth your helpless hands to His. Children are blessed buds upon the Life-tree, but they want the love-shine and the heart dew, else they will wither and die, as dies the May rose-buds when blasted by the icy breath of the Frost-King.

I have thought, ever since I could think, that a book might be written for you, and such as you, that would help you to see "Our Father in Heaven" as he is—a gentle, loving God—a book that would make this beautiful earth brighter, heaven nearer, the child-heart happier and wiser. I have attempted to write such a book: How well I have succeeded the reader will judge.

Thine in love,

FRANCES BROWN.
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THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"Mary," said Mr. Hayden to his wife, "I have seen a dear, sad child to-day."

"Well, what of it?" replied Mrs. Hayden.

"Nothing; only I have been thinking of her all day. She has soft, brown curls, large spiritual eyes, and her voice is as sweet as the song of the birds. I have seen that child in my dreams, and we must find her out, and do something for her."

"What is her name? do you know?"

"I think she said it was Lucy Layton," replied Mr. Hayden.

"Lucy Layton! I know her, but I wonder you can think of doing any thing for her, when her father spends all his money for brandy."

"But I must do something for her, Mary; (vii)"
whenever I meet the gaze of her heavenly eyes, something seems to say, 'save my child!' I must and will save her from her wretched father."

"We give our money to the missionaries and to the Martha Washington Society; what more can we do, husband?"

"Why, Mary! we can turn missionaries ourselves, and save that poor young soul."

"How save her?"

"By taking her to our home and hearts."

"What! Mr. Hayden, take that poor forlorn child home to be the companion of our boys?"

"Yes, Mary, she, with all her rags, has a pure, gentle spirit, and I am sure she will be a great benefit to our rough boys."

"But then, Charles," replied Mrs. Hayden, "Mr. Layton is so shockingly intemperate, I fear his child will be like unto him."

"That child, Mary, had a pure mother, and if she is like her, she will be an angel in the house. Her sunny smile and sweet voice will chase the darkness and gloom from our hearts."

Charles Hayden went to his office that
morning wondering why his wife could not feel just as much interest in Lucy as he did. "I wish," he thought, "that she could see the poor child in dreams as I have, could see just how pure and lovely she looked to me."

At breakfast, next morning, Mrs. Hayden asked her husband if Lucy Layton wore a gingham sun-bonnet and plaid sack.

"Yes, why?" said the husband.

"Then I dreamed of her, too. Strange we both dream of that child!"

"No, Mary, it is not strange a good spirit —the child's mother it may be—comes to us in dreams and tries to impress us to take care of her child. I knew Mrs. Layton when we were children, and a dearer girl never lived. I loved her as dearly as if she had been my own sister, and I would like to take care of her poor child."

It was a freezing cold morning, but when breakfast was over and Mr. Hayden had gone to the office, Mrs. Hayden put on her hood and cloak and went in search of the Laytons.

In a little house, in a dirty alley, she found Mr. Layton's family. Lucy was building a
fire out of the remains of her yesterday's fuel. Two little boys, ragged and dirty, were nestled in the corner to keep from freezing; and Mr. Layton was asleep on a pile of straw in the corner.

Mrs. Hayden had brought a basket of cakes and other eatables, so, throwing aside her outer garments, she set about helping Lucy get breakfast.

Mr. Layton got up to eat his breakfast, but was not sufficiently sober to see the stranger who was there. When Lucy set him a cup of coffee, its delicious flavor called back the memory of better days.

"Why, Lucy!" he exclaimed, "has your mother come back from the grave? I've not seen such a meal before since she died."

"It is this good lady — she brought the breakfast," said Lucy, pointing to Mrs. Hayden.

"La! ma'am," said Mr. Layton, addressing himself to Mrs. Hayden, "it's hard to get along without a wife."

"I know it is," she replied, "and I think you had better put your children out and break up housekeeping."
"That's just what I'd like to do," he said, "children are such a care that I'm tired of them."

Christmas came, and with it all the confusion and commotion with which the day is usually ushered.

Long before light the clatter of coal-hods, the slamming of doors, the boisterous shouts of boys, and the suppressed laugh of older ones, made general confusion at the Hayden house.

"A merry, merry Christmas! papa," said one of the juveniles, rushing into the sleeping room of Mr. Hayden; "come down, papa, and see what Santa Claus has brought you; the biggest bundle you ever did see is under the Christmas tree for you." When Charles came down the whole household rushed with him into the parlor to see the "big" Christmas present. "Look at that, papa!" shouted a pair of juveniles, "see that big bundle for you." Charles walked up to it and read the label, "From Mary to her Husband." "What's here, Mary," he said, unfolding the blankets and bonnets that enveloped the present. At length, with a bound and a shout, a fairy
form, arrayed in a holiday dress, sprang into his arms. "It is Lucy Layton, upon my soul!" said Mr. Hayden. "How came you here, Lucy?" "A Christmas present for you," exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"Won't you accept the present?" said Mary.

"And won't you let me call you father?" Lucy said, putting her arms around Mr. Hayden's neck.

"And mayn't she be my sister?" chimed in Charley and Edward.

"Accept her! yes, Mary, and thank God and you for the gift. She shall be our child and your sister, darlings; and, Lucy, call me father and I will be to you a parent and protector."

Lucy, with tearful eyes, imprinted a kiss upon the lips of her new parent.

"You are an angel, Mary," said Mr. Hayden; "I never, till now, knew half your worth."

"And I," rejoined Mary, "never till now knew how much I could do to contribute to the happiness of others. You suggested our turning missionaries, and I have accomplished
this one deed—brought a frail, perishing lamb to our fold. Mr. Layton and the sons are coming to dine with us to-day. By kind words and a little assistance we may be of great service to them."

Years have passed leaving their impress everywhere. Death and adversity have made sad changes in the Hayden family. Lucy, pure and beautiful as an earth-angel, has grown to womanhood. Her mission is to guide the feeble step, to whisper hope and to smooth the rough way of her father and benefactor. He, in thanking Heaven for blessings received, never forgets to give thanks for and to ask a blessing upon his Christmas present.
AN EPISTLE TO MY PEN.

You, little thing, to me are very precious. I love you for several reasons. The principal one is, because you were a donation from a dear friend. You will often remind me of that generous-hearted donor, yet I hope you will not take the liberty to ramble off in search of fragments of song to sing to my friend.

I have a mission for you—a love mission. I want you to toil day and night so long as your mistress lives; then write her an obituary and go to your rest.

I have a host of little incidents, childish recollections, that I want you to tell to the children—and grown people, too, if they'll listen to them—during the holidays. I know, too, some sad, sad tales, but them it is better to keep a secret; the heart is seldom bettered by listening to woeful stories. I remember when I thought God was an awful being to be feared and not loved, because people told me so; but I have since learned that he is a good, loving father; and I wonder now how people ever got the idea that he was any
thing else. If the world has a shady side children will learn that soon enough, and to be forever presenting it to them will only tend to sour the soul and teach it to look coldly upon this beautiful earth. This would be a sunny world if the smiles of children were not so often clouded by showers of tears; and if grown people were more honest-hearted — more like children.

I wish people would not move through the world as if they wore iron clothes to keep them straight and prim, and would not go about with faces as long as shadows.

But, dear pen, I was talking about the pleasant things I want you to say to the young folks. I want all the smiles, the gentle words, the good deeds, kept in eternal remembrance. So I'll collect my store of treasures — contributions made to me by gentle, loving souls — and give them unto your charge and you will scatter them about the world.

Who knows that what has gladdened my soul — what cast sunshine around my young life — will not add to the happiness of another?
MY BABY BROTHER.

Have you ever had baby brothers? Are they not the dearest, sweetest things in all the world? I wonder how people manage to live without children! They are Humanity's spring buds—its poetry.

I had a darling little brother; I thought him the dearest thing in all the world; I suppose you think the same of all your brothers. Every mother has the prettiest baby, and every sister the brightest brother. I am glad it is so, for some little creatures would die for want of love and kindness, if mothers and sisters did not see all their good points. I was sure my little brother had no equal in the whole wide world; I used to wonder why every stranger did not stop to admire his bright eyes and sunny curls when I held him upon the gate-post expressly to attract the attention of travelers. I don't know how other people regarded Lonnie, but I thought his skin was
as white and as soft as the down of a swan, his eyes as mildly blue as a summer sky, and his voice as sweet as a bird's. Perhaps he did not keep time, and had learned no Psalm tunes, but I know Jenny Lind's voice to me, was not half so sweet as my baby brother's. He was never idle, always doing something; mother called it mischief; but he did the best he knew how. Wonder if you can say as much. He used to pull out the knitting needles and throw them into the fire to see if they would burn, he would throw his shoes into the water to see them swim, and he would pull up the cabbage plants to make a bouquet. We thought it really smart in him, but some people had a different idea. I rather think he loved music, and discord did not disturb him, for he would get tumblers and cups, or whatever else came in his way, and pound them into pieces "to make them sing," he said; and to add to the music and discord, he would hold the kitten up by her hind legs till she would make all sorts of sounds; sometimes kitty would want Lonnie to sing too, so she would turn round and stick her claws into his flesh — and then such music! but all in
and about the house would rush, without tickets, to the concert.

Lonnie had a wonderful propensity for wading in a little brook that run through the back yard, and my father who had just began to think about Hydropathy, said, let him go as he likes, he may learn to swim and can not drown.

He came in one day with a red spot on his foot, and said something he tried to catch with his toes bit him. Mother bathed it with hot drops and told him it would soon be well. Lonnie tried to play, tried to be happy; but he grew dull and sleepy, and asked to have his hair combed and his "nighty" put on, for it was growing dark. We began to be frightened, for it was not yet noon, and to our darling it was growing dark. A physician was sent for, and Lonnie was laid in his little crib to sleep.

"Look here! mamma," said Lonnie; "who are the pretty ladies, that have brought me these flowers?"

"The child is crazy," said my mother, wiping her eyes.

"Mamma, the lady says I may kiss you all
a good night, and go home with her. Will she be my mamma, and will the babies with her play with me? How they sing! do you hear them, mamma? Kiss me, I must go;’’ and we all kissed our brother and said “good night,” for we thought he would be better after sleeping.

Dr. Eaton felt his pulse, looked at his foot and found it black with mortification.

“He will die, madam, said the Doctor, pitifully. My mother did not speak, but she lay him in her bed, smoothed back his soft curls, lay her face against his cheek, and wept.

There she sat, watching the low breathing till midnight; then, quietly as the going out of a taper, Lonnie died.

We children gathered about our cold brother and wondered why he should die. We had not then learned the mystery of death; we had not learned that our brother was not dead, but only gone with the good spirits he saw by his bed before he fell asleep.

The next day the ladies came in and put a new white dress on Lonnie, and laid him in a little coffin, and put a sweet flower-wreath
around his head, and a white rose-bud in his hand. Then all the people in the village came in, and with them the good minister (who is an angel now), and he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And then he told us how beautiful Heaven was; and that children there were kindly cared for by good spirits who had lived here. He said so many good things about that Better Land, that I have never since thought of death but as a good angel whose mission is to lead the sick to a land, where they will not be sick or die any more.

After the minister had spoken, we all went to the coffin and kissed Lonnie, and then turned away to give the sexton an opportunity to fasten down the lid.

Our baby brother was buried in one corner of the old graveyard. He was the first of the family to die, so he was alone in "our lot." "Won't he be afraid when night comes?" I asked my mother. "No," she said, "Lonnie is not there, he is with the angels, and if he were, indeed, in the graveyard, it will not be long that he will be alone."
Tears came into her eyes, and I wondered at her pale face and her sadness; but I did not dream then that she was thinking of going next to sleep beside him. But it was even so. She never seemed cheerful after Lonnie died: she would sometimes commence to sing one of the songs she used to sing to him, then would stop and weep, and say she had forgotten he was not there—was thinking she was rocking him to sleep.

People said my mother was not in her right mind. Perhaps she wasn't, for she used to go and sit by the brook where Lonnie last played, and sing and read and weep.

In the fall she grew silent and gloomy, and died. She was not ill a single hour. I have since thought that, for her, Death was

"A kind and gentle servant, who unlocked
With noiseless hand Life's flower-encircled door,"

that she might go in to dwell with the darling she loved best.

We lay her beside Lonnie, planted roses and forget-me-nots by their graves and watered them with our tears. Years have passed, bringing with them hope and sorrow,
pleasant and mournful memories; love has lighted and death has darkened, since then, my way; but I have known no love so pure, so holy, so deathless as a mother's love; and I have known no sorrow, no loneliness like what I realized when the sad truth broke upon my young life that I was motherless.

It is very far away that my brother and mother are sleeping; yet I hope when my life-lamp burns out, the few who love me will lay me to rest beside them, and above my dust will plant another rose and a few forget-me-nots, that my memory will be treasured as I treasure theirs.
THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

Not long ago I went to Akron, a large flourishing village in Ohio, to visit my friend Laura Frankenstein. While there I had occasion, several mornings, to go to the Daguerrean rooms of S. J. Miller. He had a large picture gallery—in fact he had a collection of every thing rare and beautiful. He had statuary, canary birds, sea-shells, wax-fruit, oil paintings, and a fine collection of plants. Some people would come in, look about, and say, "How sweetly the birds sing! how finely Mr. Miller's plants look! how beautiful the pictures are!" Others would look at all the fine specimens of art and nature and say, "What does it all amount to? There is no money to be made by keeping this large room full of birds, and flowers, and pictures." Some people forget that they have anything to do in the world but to get money. I never

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saw a good person who did not love music and pictures, and I believe that they help to make people good. If the jails and houses of refuge had attached a room like Mr. Miller's, they would do more good than all the chains, and whips, and gibbets in the world.

But I am not telling the story I commenced. A little girl came every morning to Mr. Miller's gallery when I was there. She would open softly the door, look about as timidly as a young fawn, then, closing the door, she would deposit a little willow basket she carried, under the end of the sofa; throw off her sunbonnet, and, shaking back her curls, commence making a circuit about the room.

The child was not pretty, but she had a dear white face, and such a soft brown eye that I loved to look at her. One morning Mr. Miller was looking at her to see if he could not think whose child she was. The little girl thought he was displeased because she was there; so she said, in the softest voice in the world, "May I stay? I do so love to be here."

"Yes, child, as long as you like," replied
Mr. Miller; "little girls love pictures and plants as well as grown people—do they not?"

"Yes," said the child, "but that is not all the reason why I love to be here; this is just such a looking place as mother tells me Heaven is. This isn't Heaven!"

"No," said Mr. Miller, "this is not Heaven."

"But," said the child, "my sister Nelly is in Heaven, and I always see her here."

"See your sister here?" said Mr. Miller: "Yes; and she looks with me at the pictures and birds, and seems as pleased as I do with them."

"I do not see Nelly," Mr. Miller said.

"Oh! but she is an angel, and you may not see angels, but I see sister Nelly always here."

Mr. Miller turned away, and the child went from one thing to another, looking, admiring, and wondering. Sometimes her eyes would fill with tears, then with smiles.

After a few weeks, Mr. Miller observed that the child's voice grew feeble and her step weak. She would lay down upon a sofa and
look about a little while, and then go away. At last she did not go there at all.

In the fall a hearse and a few carriages stood before the door of a little white cottage. Mr. Miller was passing, so, as was his custom, went in to the funeral. A small coffin, wreathed about with autumn flowers, stood upon a side table. He went, with the friends, to look upon the corpse, and there recognized his little friend the spirit seeress.

"She, too, is an angel now," Mr. Miller said, looking at the dead child. "I hope she and Nelly will often visit my room, such gentle loving spirits make earth seem like Heaven."
OUR MINISTER.

Now don't begin to think of a long-faced, sour-looking person, who wears a black coat, and calls people bad names if they do wrong, and makes them think our Father in heaven is not among the best of heaven's inhabitants. That isn't our minister at all, I never heard him speak ill of God, nor of a single soul he has made. He hasn't a long face, nor does he wear a black coat. He never went along the streets looking as prim and stiff as a guide-board. The children did not shun him, but used to walk up to him as familiarly as to a father, and, instead of saying Mr. Thomas, they would say, "Brother Charles." Every child loved "Brother Charles." The boys, who sometimes used bad words, were always respectful and polite when the minister was present.

He was a bachelor, so had no house to make.
parties in; but he would get a car load of children and take them out into the country, and such nice times as we used to have! We took each a basket of cakes and fruit; but Mr. Thomas was sure to have candy, oranges, figs, ropes for swings, balls and hoops. He helped to arrange the table, to put up swings, then he would play at ball with the girls to teach us how, "for," he said, "girls, as well as boys, should play ball for their health."

Mr. Thomas always went into the Sabbath School, where he had a smile and a kind word for everybody.

The teachers were as glad as the children to see him there; the gossipers said it was only because he was a bachelor, but that was not so, for they loved him none the less when he brought into the school a young woman, with a sweet smiling face, and introduced her to the teachers and children as "Mrs. Thomas, my wife."

Mr. Thomas' health failed, and he was obliged to leave off preaching and go south. One sabbath he called us all together and told us of his intention to leave us. He talked very kindly to us for a long time, then shak-
ing us all by the hand, went away wiping his eyes. We wept outright, for it was the first great sorrow we had ever known: I have never seen "Brother Charles" since that sorrowful Sabbath, but his gentle words will live in my memory forever.
When I was a little girl, donation parties became very fashionable in Elmdale. Every minister, rich and poor, were alike visited by the people, who took with them all sorts of nice things. I remember how we children used to look on and see the pies and cakes, chickens and turkeys, prepared for the minister's donation. If we asked for a cake, or a bit of the best-looking pie, the answer would be, "no, dear, that is for the donation." I began to think the minister was a great man, and his wife and children unlike other people, so they had to have the nicest fowls, and flour and fruit. I ventured—and so did the other children in the village—to ask my mother to let me go to the donation party. I did so want to eat some of the good things I saw going to make up the supper. But mother said, "children do not go to donations;
when you grow to be a woman you can go if you like." It was a long time to wait for a good supper, but I supposed there was no alternative.

After the ministers had all had a donation, and the people had left off talking about the pleasant gatherings, we found we could have a donation party. We children have one all to ourselves! Wasn't there a great buzzing among us children? and didn't we gather like a young swarm of bees to talk over the great event in prospect?

An old lady lived in our village—a poor widow and her deformed son. Aunt Lois (we all called her aunt) lived in a martin-box sort of a house, containing three rooms. She had a little patch of beans and potatoes back of her house, and a flower garden in front. The good old lady always loved children; she had ever for us a kind word and a smile—a rose and a pink in their season. Well, Aunt Lois had worked hard all winter to keep out of the poor-house. She used to knit and sew for the people in the village, and her son did errands for the shopkeepers, which brought him a little money.
In June, the month of roses, it was suggested by our minister's wife that the children go quietly and make Aunt Lois a donation. How we loved the good woman for the suggestion! But it was to be a surprise donation, too. That added zest to the whole thing. We held a number of meetings to prepare for the event, and had everything cut and dried just as it should be. We had a little disturbance about the orator of the day. We supposed that at donations a great speech was made when the articles were presented. So who should be the speechmaker? was the question of dispute. Some wanted Lucy Clough, who had proved herself an adept at making speeches at the school exhibition, but the boys said it would not be just the thing — men made the speeches. So a rough, tall boy, was chosen to present our articles to Aunt Lois.

The committee of arrangements asked leave to set a long table of rough boards under a large maple tree in Aunt Lois' yard. The good woman supposed we were going to have a pic-nic, so she gathered her finest flowers to adorn the table.
DONATION PARTY.

When the great day came, we washed our faces and our feet, put on our best Sunday clothes, and, with our donations, collected in Captain Clough's large dining room. At the appointed hour we took up a line of march, with baskets, and pails, and bundles, for the widow's house. We spread the cloth over the rough table, put on the dishes, and the whole contents of our baskets, and pails, and papers. At the command of young Webster, the speech-maker, an old arm chair was brought, and Aunt Lois was invited, with her invalid son, to take tea with us. "La, sakes!" said Aunt Lois, "you don't want an old woman like me to eat at your table." "Yes we do!" shouted the whole company, and she was dragged forth and placed in the arm chair at the head of the table.

Now the time for the young orator to make his speech had come. The girls smoothed back their hair, folded up their arms, and tried to look women-like. Some of the boys kept their hats on, others took them off. The orator took off his hat, pulled up his collar, ahem-ed to clear his throat, took a look at us to see if all were ready to listen. Then
turning to the good widow, who was looking on to see what all this fixing and ahem-ing was for, he said, “Aunt Lois, these nick-nacks are all for you. We—” Webster could go no further. His speech was an utter failure.

“What does it all mean?” said Aunt Lois, raising both hands in mid air; “what does it mean?”

“We mean,” said Sarah Barnard, walking up to the old lady and laying one hand upon her shoulder, “we mean that we have brought you a few cakes and pies, some tea and sugar, and a few nutmegs; calico for a dress, a few yards of cloth, and a little money.

“The children’s donation party!” said the widow, her eyes filling with tears; “Heaven bless you all. You have found that ‘it is more blessed to give than to receive.’”

Mrs. Sargent sent over a pot of warm tea for the old lady, and a more joyous time, or lighter, happier hearts, never made up a donation party.
"HOP AND JUMP."

“Oh dear!” said Mr. Butler, “see that child of mine, she does nothing but hop and jump; she will never be a lady—never. It is so provoking to see a child of mine so like country girls, just as rough as a boy;” and Mrs. Alexander Butler wrung her small, soft hands in agony.

Hop and jump, jump and hop, just like a boy if you like. It will save you a multitude of aches and gloomy hours. Laugh till your lungs are inflated—till the seeds of consumption are all out-rooted. If Mrs. Public Opinion tells you it is not lady-like, that it is like country girls, to hop and jump, pay no sort of attention to her, she is an antiquated slave to the world—to the dark ages.

If Miss Fashionable says your dress is not *ala-Paris*, pay no heed to her, but hop and jump right along to attend to your own affairs. It will take all your time to mind your own matters, and if others find time to help you, be assured they are neglecting
their own work, so hop and jump along without stopping to thank them even.

You may find, in life, some rough places, but jump over them, and go straight on in search of sunny nooks. If people would only learn to skip by and hop over the brambles, they would find the path of life far easier to walk in. 'Tis all folly to stop to mourn over trifles.

When you see children fighting or calling hard names, if you can do them no good, hop along and leave them to their miserable business.

When you hear people speaking ill of the absent, be sure they are cowards, and saying what they would not dare repeat in the presence of those they are slandering, so hop along without saying a single word of ill of anybody.

Don't put on faces as long as moonbeams, and try to walk as steady and dignified as an elephant, when you are men and women; but just give care, trouble, gentility, custom, and sham aristocracy into the charge of the North wind, and go hopping, skipping, and jumping through the world, and when Death comes for you, thank your stars that you have made the most of life.
MRS. ANDREW'S SOLILOQUY.

"Poverty brings its blessings after all," said Mrs. Andrews, wiping away the gathering tears. "Poverty's child, the toil-worn, is not heart-weary with keeping up a false show, with living a double life. His soul is not muffled and shrouded to keep up the semblance of a friendship it does not feel. And then the poor have a good share of life's genuine enjoyment; they are not besieged by hypocritical hearts who compel others in turn to act the hypocrite; their hearth-side is not crowded with a host whose friendship will not outlive the light gold has shed there; their friends, though few, are genuine; their love ends not with the ending of the gay season—sickness and death, and dollars, make no inroad upon their affections.

"There is Mrs. Baker, my poor neighbor over the way, I do believe that she has the lightest, happiest heart that beats. I sit at
my window these lovely autumn days, and watch her movements. Everything that comes in contact with her hands moves as if by magic; even the lullaby to her baby is sweet as the song of a seraph; while I am tormented to death to get a pudding made; and have no heart though I've the voice to sing to my dear, sickly darling. And then Mr. Baker comes home from his day's labor bringing blessings and gladness. The wife, with the baby in her arms, goes out to meet him, and then such a meeting! such a welcome, free and happy hearts only know. And that baby! just such a baby as such parents might expect to have. How I long to take it in my arms, and lay its soft cheek against mine! Who knows but I might catch a glimpse of sunshine from its sunny soul! Wonder why my own baby has such dull eyes, pale cheeks, why it never smiles — is it because I am less happy than Mrs. Baker? — Then indeed are 'the sins of the parent visited upon the children.'

"Dear me! how little people know of the heart's history! Enrobe a soul in tinsel and broadcloth and the world calls it happy;
clothe it with rags, and the world pities and despises the wretch. When will people learn that wealth will not purchase peace, nor poverty rob the soul of the priceless jewel? Who has been more pampered in luxury than I have been? Who has a richer father? and who a wealthier husband? and who is more unhappy? who more completely wretched? I had, originally, as pure, as joyous a soul as ever came from the hand of God, now I am quite another creature. Before I was out of the nursery I was put into a fashionable strait jacket; fetters were put upon my feet and my hands; my wild joyous laugh was hushed, just because loud laughing was vulgar. I must not roll the hoop, skate, and play at ball, for it would make me masculine, and brown my fair face, and then, the children of our poor neighbors indulged in this luxury, and I should be thrown into their society — that would add to my rusticity.

"Here I am at twenty, a nervous, sickly, wretched wife and mother, doomed to a miserable existence, with a man the world calls my husband, a man for whom I have not, nor ever had, one particle of love. How untruthful,
how unjust I have been to George! married him because I must maintain the dignity of our house, married him in obedience to my father’s commands. Well, so it is, I am now mistress of this beautiful mansion, a dupe of custom; a slave to a heartless host of fashionables; envied by some, by others despised; loved, perhaps, by a few; pitied by nobody. I have a multitude of friends, but they are like what I was, and can not turn from the gay world to administer to a ‘heart diseased.’ My husband has not the time, or patience, to listen to the complainings of his invalid wife; so I am doomed, from morn till eve, to sit alone listening to the sighing of the wind among the autumn leaves. There is a sort of pleasure in watching my poor neighbor over the way; she seems so happy, so contented; in her very presence there must be heaven. How I long to take that woman to my heart and call her sister! How I wish she would come to me in my loneliness. I know her sweet smile and gentle voice would chase the gloom from my heart. I wish to goodness there were no barriers of wealth, nor of distinction; no looking up and no looking down;
then those who envy me my gold, those whose peace of mind I covet, might meet upon equal terms, and be to each other a mutual blessing.

"The Lord be merciful to me, for to myself I have not been merciful; and now I am reaping what I have sown."

The Lord will be merciful unto you, poor sorrow-child. The canker-worm at thy heart ere long will loose thy life-tendrils, and then the good Father will send his messenger to open unto thee the gates of Peace. Grief, arrayed in splendor, will go with thee to the grave; and gold will tell the world where thou art sleeping; but none may tell, or know, how earnestly the soul prayed for the quiet of the sepulcher.
THE PEDDLER.

One morning, a few years ago, a bright, curly-headed little German boy called at my door and, in broken English, asked if I wanted apples or candy? It was a bitter cold morning, so I took him in and gave him a seat by the grate. There was a frankness, a nobleness in the child that I liked. I wanted to make his acquaintance, and, as he did not incline to talk, I commenced, as Yankees do, by asking questions. I looked at his apples and candy—his stock in trade. "How much did you pay for these apples?" I asked, by way of introduction. "I paid twelve cents for the candy, and the apples the man put in," he replied.

"Why not buy apples and get better ones?" "Why," said the boy, "I had but two bits, that Mr. Jenness gave me. I had to pay ten cents for a basket, twelve for the candy, and with the three cents I got a loaf of bread." "Do you buy bread?" I said.

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"Yes, ma'am, when I have the money; when I have none, I beg.

I found that the boy's name was Henri K——, and was convinced that his story was true. His head did not belong to a dishonest boy. But even had he been an untruthful child, it was no reason why I should not love him. Boys are often made bad by neglect and unkindness. I told him to come three evenings in the week to my room, and I would teach him the English. He was as prompt as the nights. I taught him my language and he taught me his. We had right lively times, and a little fun when he tried to pronounce in English, and I in German. But he learned so much faster than I did, that I gave up taking lessens of him. After we became good friends, he asked me to go and see his mother. Of course, I went. Henri took me up into the fourth story of an old building, where I was introduced to a crazy woman, a sick old man, a little girl, and a larger boy. These were the father and mother, the brother and sister of my friend Henri, and these four persons the boy supported by begging and peddling.
After a few months Mr. Harris, the editor of the Cleveland Herald, took the boy into his printing office, and was to him as a guardian angel. Mrs. Harris looked to the wants of the family, and our hero began to feel that he had friends in America. Henri devoted his leisure hours to study. By the assistance of his friends he became a tolerable English scholar, before seeing the inside of a school-house.

Henri is now twenty-two. By dint of industry and economy he has educated himself well, supported his parents while they lived, and has at his command one thousand dollars in money. His brother is doing well in a Bindery, his sister lives in a good family, where her education is to be acquired.

I have told you the simple facts about Henri; told them, hoping some poor boy would take courage by his example. Henri has not forgotten his days of adversity, nor those who kindly cared for him. If you wish to hear from the young peddler his own sad story, the story of his early poverty and sufferings, it will give me pleasure to introduce you to him.
MY VISIT IN BOSTON.

Boston is a great city. Sam Slick says, "it is a great town full of houses." But there are lots of other things beside houses here. There are cabs and baby carts, omnibusses and drays. Men who look as if they lived upon oysters, beef, tobacco, and brandy; and thin, pale-faced people who, I think, have been trying the Graham system—living on dry bread. I have seen men driving good bargains and getting rich, and poor old women picking up rags; and selling apples, crackers and candy, and getting just money enough to keep from starving. I've seen little pale-faced, barefooted girls, and dirty, ragged boys running over the icy pavements, half frozen; and I've seen little boys trying, by standing collars, a cane, and with cigars in their mouths, to look like men. I like to see boys men-like in manners—like to see them gentlemanly; but I do dreadfully dislike to see them try to be like men by using tobacco, by using wicked words, and by dressing like Master Tom Thumb.

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I saw some little girls this morning who think themselves young ladies. They wore silk stockings, thin shoes, low-neck and short-sleeved dresses, because it was the fashion. Poor, foolish things! they must have simple mothers too. They will all learn that it is quite fashionable to die of consumption, if they do not look more to health and less to custom.

Boston has a fine Common, with shade trees a full century old, with little lakes, and the finest fountain in all the world. Everybody congregates upon the Common to chat, to walk, and to read the papers. Beggars and ladies; news-boys and lords, peddlers and priests, are upon one footing upon the Common. I love to go there to see "the rich and poor meet together," and remember that "the Lord is the maker of them all."

There is a lovely Bay about Boston, that stretches away to the sea. It seems like a city with all its buildings afloat. There are large English steamers and small fishing smacks; vessels they call "Men of War," and dear little sail-boats. I hope in a few years there will be no war ships, no navies,
nor any fighting. God did not make men to kill each other. When he wants them to die he will send his good angel to open to them the gate of Life.

I went to-day to the Atheneum, and I assure you I never spent a quarter of a dollar more profitably. Such splendid pictures! and such fine statuary! I shall remember them all a thousand years hence in Heaven. If they do not have pictures and flowers in the other world, I shall beg to be excused, and come back here to live among the green hills, the flowery nooks, and in the Picture Galleries. I looked till my eyes refused to look any longer at the pictures of Paul and Cromwell, Washington and Satan, Daniel Webster and Margaret Fuller, Michael Angelo, and Jesus. Satan is a fine looking fellow. There is a little evil lurking in his eye; but I think it is only fun. I do not believe his majesty the king of Hades is guilty of half the sins laid to his charge. People do things they are ashamed of, so they say, "It was not I, but the devil." But I was talking about the Atheneum. The prettiest thing—the picture that seemed most life-
like—was the "Beggar's Petition," by Edmonds. A poor old woman, "all tattered and torn," stands at the miser's gate, asking, for sweet mercy's sake, a few shillings—just a few to keep from starving. A gentle, blue-eyed girl has heard the woman's woeful tale, and turned to intercede with the old man who is her father. He is counting his gold, and when he hears the pleadings of his angel child in behalf of the poor woman, he gathers up his money, and, fixing his keen eye full of scorn and hate upon his beautiful daughter, seems to say: "Let the woman freeze and starve, this money is mine." I wonder if that old man expects to take all that gold to the grave! I am sure he cannot use it all here. I wonder, too, how such a hard-hearted, selfish man happened to have such a generous-hearted child! Likely she had a good mother, so is like her.

The books in the Atheneum I did not find time to look at; but there were enough there to keep one reading all his life.

I wanted to tell you a few other things about Boston, but will have to wait till another day.
TOM EVERAND.

I've just been on a visit to a little village in the south of New Hampshire. It seemed right pleasant to be back again among the hills where I lived in my childhood. The old oaks, where we children made our play-houses, and our swings, seemed as familiar as old friends: I wondered if they did not remember me, and if they were not glad I had returned. The little stream where we used to paddle our canoes and catch trout, went singing on just as sweetly as when I was a child. But the children who made play-houses, and sailed in the little boats and caught the fish with me — where were they? Why some of them had gone West; some had married and settled down upon the farms where they were born; some had died, and I went down to the old church-yard and saw their sunken graves, read their names and ages upon the headstone, and wondered if, when I died, I should be buried in that vacant lot beside my mother;
and if any one I knew when a child, would come and look upon my grave with sorrow and pleasure.

From the grave-yard I went with my father to the brown cottage where I was born; and we sat down by the old hearth and talked over old times. I asked him about everything, and everybody; and he seemed to know just what I wanted to know, for he had lived forty years in the town. "You remember Parson Everand's son that we used to call Tom?" said my father; "oh yes," I replied, "what a good boy he was! how much we girls loved him! Do tell me all about him!

"Yes," the old gentleman replied, "I know he was a good boy, and that the girls all knew it. People used to say Tom would never be much of a man, he was such a favorite with the girls; but I always said a man that the girls did not love could not be of much account: girls are quick to detect the good in the human heart."

"But do tell me about Tom! I am crazy to know what has become of him."

"Well, be patient, child," said my father, and I'll tell you all I know about him;" so
taking a chew of tobacco—to sharpen his memory, I suppose—he commenced:

"About ten years ago Tom’s mother died. It was a sad day for the poor boy, for next to God he loved his mother. Soon after her death Mr. Everand preached a sermon which the elders of the church thought a little too progressive for the times; I do not remember just what fault the sermon had; but I think now it would be called ‘a Spiritual sermon;’ however, a meeting was called, and Parson Everand was disfellowshiped for what was called heresy; but progression would be a better term.

"Mr. Everand, with Tom and his daughters, moved out of the parsonage into that cottage yonder, and turned his attention to farming and writing for magazines.

"One day I saw Tom with a valise in one hand, and in the other a handkerchief, with which he often wiped his eyes.

"That boy is bound to take care of himself, I thought, as I saw him going towards the Depot.

"The next thing we heard of him was, that he was out West in a printing office, learning
to set type. I knew he must succeed in whatever he undertook, for the blessings and good wishes of old and young went with him.

"In two or three years his employer was appointed postmaster, and Tom was installed his deputy. About two years ago he came home to see his friends. He had grown to be a fine young man; but his heart was just as pure as when he left; and the girls loved him just as well; but no one blamed them, for we must love what is good and lovely in every heart. But Tom's close application to business had impaired his health, and a sea-voyage was recommended by his physician."

"And has Tom gone to sea? and when will he be home?" I asked, impatient to know all about my young friend. "Yes," said my father, "Tom did go to sea, but is now in London, publishing a book of 'Travels.'"

"Then," I said, "Tom is bound to make a great noise in the world."

"Yes, but he makes it all himself; no one has helped him to fame; he has, by his own exertions, made for himself an honorable name, a fine reputation. Other boys may do just as well if they will only make an exertion."
"Pop-corn! pop-corn!" Will you have some pop-corn, madam? Will you buy some pop-corn, sir?" and a little fellow, all "tattered and torn," made his way through the crowd at an Eastern Depot.

"How do you sell pop-corn, my little friend?" interrogated Mr. Bracy.

"Three cents a pint, sir."

"Whose child are you?"

"Nobody's child, sir. Will you have a pint of corn?"

"Have you no parents or relatives to care for you? You seem sadly in need of friends.

"I've relatives rich as the Rothchilds, but I'm so rough and ragged, they don't want me with their children. Will you have another pint of corn, sir?"

"Here's your change, Mister."

"No matter for the change."
"I only want the pay for the corn," and throwing down the change, Frank Gleason was a way in search of another customer.

"That boy will make his way through the world," said Mr. Bracy; addressing himself to a Mr. Rider, a moustached creature at his side. "He is neither a fool nor a knave; and I mistake, if some day his Rothschild's relations are not claiming the relationship."

"It may be," replied the dandified Esquire Rider; "but, as the boy says, he is now too rough and ragged to associate with genteel people's children; and then one's own relatives, too, they can not be turned off like stranger's children."

"Why should he be turned off? Let them brush him up, smooth the angularities, and educate him; and then their children will be benefited rather than contaminated by the poor relation."

"Your reasoning, sir, is very well; but I have seldom seen a boy like that benefited by genteel society. They do not appreciate favors, and soon give assurance that——"

"I tell you, sir, that boy will go up like a sky-rocket, while the children of what you
call genteel people, will look up to him with astonishment; but they can never rise like him — gilded chains are weighty."

The whistle from the engine, and the rattle of wheels, sent the two gentlemen to their seats, and our hero to his basement room in the suburbs of the city, to replenish his stock for the arrival of the next train of cars.

Frank Gleason was not homeless, nor friendless, nor pennyless. With his bag of pennies he felt that Cæsar might well envy his store of wealth. The six families, that occupied each a room in the building with him, were his warm friends; and many a favor did he receive from a large-hearted daughter of Erin, who occupied the next cellar; and then the miser, who owned the little nook Frank occupied, was his friend — so Frank thought; for he seldom exacted advance rent money, and never charged interest if the bill ran a month.

Frank’s ten by twelve room was not furnished in the most approved style; but his table, with three legs, his dilapidated chair, and bedstead, made of a dry goods box, were enough for him. What more could he rea-
sonably ask? His wardrobe had seen better times, but then it was evident it had had a variety of owners in its palmy days. His ankles and pants were strangers; his vest might have belonged to his father, and his coat to Joseph, judging by its colors. But what cared he so long as he was their present lawful proprietor, with the prospect of giving them their time before Christmas? His stock in trade consisted of only a barrel of pop-corn, yet Solomon in all his glory was less content.

Frank's was a glorious inheritance, an inheritance market-changes and bank failures did not reach. His fortune was invested in a fine mental and physical organization.

Years went by, and Frank was the prince of pop-corn peddlers. From his establishment a bevy of forlorn-looking boys went forth to try their fortunes as peddlers. With the advice and example of their predecessor, not a few became useful to themselves and to their poverty-stricken mothers.

Frank's leisure hours were given to a few second-hand books and a dilapidated slate. With these, and a few month's instruction
from Mr. Freese, he became a proficient in the English branches.

Time, that wonder-worker, has left his footprints all over the world since we first heard the cry "pop-corn!" from Frank Gleason.

Mr. Bracy, the friend to the unfortunate, has been "gathered to his fathers;" but his kind deeds and gentle words have fallen upon humanity like dew upon the withered plant. John Rider is a bankrupt; his sons profligate; his daughters fashionable and foolish; looking up with envy and down with contempt upon the rich and the poor. Frank is a tall, handsome banker in one of our western cities. When he first put up his sign and displayed his gold in the show windows, the gentlemen tipped their hats as they met the young banker; marriageable daughters and their managing mothers wondered if Esquire Gleason was engaged, and the gentle hint was often given by those quite uninterested, that a hotel was no home at all — there was nothing like being lord of one's own premises. His relations, rich and poor, came forward, down to the fourteenth cousin, and remembered they always felt for him the great-
est solicitude. Not a few claimed the honor and magnanimity of helping him to his present position, and still were ready to counsel and befriend him.

He heeded the advice of the old ladies and took to himself a wife; but to their surprise and mortification a beautiful Nature-child, who knew and loved the pop-corn peddler, is the fortunate mistress of one of the most splendid mansions in the city of ——.

The poor, the outcast, and suffering, find in that mansion a home and friend.
WILLIE WALKER.

"When will Willie learn to walk like other children?" said Mrs. Walker, looking out upon the Common where the children were at play. "His feet turn in, his elbows out; his back is crooked, and his head always on one side. What a mortification that child is! He will never be any body — never!" and Mrs. Williams sent a servant to tell Willie to come into the house.

"What do you want, mother?" said little Willie. "What do I want? Have n't I told you you would mortify me to death?" "How, mother? I am just as good as ever I can be; and the boys all want me to play with them."

"You mortify me by toeing in; by not holding up your head, and standing straight; and by always having your arms akimbo."

"Well, mother, I'll try to fix my feet and arms to suit you; but you know my back is so lame I can not stand straight."

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Then go into the back yard, and play till you learn to act like other children."

"Oh, dear! mother, don't make me go and play alone. Do please let me play with the other children, and I won't tell them you are my mother—certain won't."

"Go into the back yard, and stay alone as I tell you."

Poor Willie's eyes filled with tears, but there was no use in arguing with his proud, unloving mother; so he went into the little dark, dirty yard, and looked up into the blue sky, and wished God would look out, that he might ask him to take him up there, where crooked legs, arms, and spines were no disgrace. But Willie could not see God, so he had to content himself by playing at marbles alone. When he got tired, he crawled away to his little bed and wept, because no one loved him. "I try to be just as good as ever I can," he said; "but I am so ugly, no body loves me, and mother scolds me for my looks, and the boys laugh at me, too. Every body loves Sissy, because she has such long curls, and such a pretty face, and I give her all my pictures and books because I love her and
want her to love me." "I wish," said Willie to his father, "you would let me go and live in the country with Aunt Kate." "Live with Aunt Kate! what for, my boy?"

"Aunt Kate lets me go into the parlor when she has company; she isn't ashamed of my ugly looks, and mother is."

So Willie went to Aunt Kate's, and a happier heart than his never beat. No one called him ugly looking, no one found fault with him for not being straight and fashionable. His aunt used to shower him, and rub his back to make it strong, and his arms and legs to make them straight. Willie wondered why she did not scold him for being ugly-looking, and what she meant by telling Mrs. Springer that his mother was in fault for his deformity. If his mother was in fault, why did she blame him?

Willie used to rake hay, milk the cows, husk corn, and pick apples. The birds out of cages were no happier than Willie.

He grew tall and straight; his feet turned out; and his elbows turned the right way. His cheeks became as round and rosy as cherries; his eyes as bright as sunlight; in
fact, he was the finest-looking lad in all Elmdale.

"What has changed my boy so?" said Mrs. Walker, when Willie went home to spend Christmas.

"Why, mother!" said he, "when no one told me I was crooked and ill shaped, I forgot that I was, to grew like other boys. When I kept trying to toe out and fix my arms just right, and hold my head in the right place, I could not; but when I did not try, I did just right, and now I stay right."

Willie staid with Aunt Kate till he grew to be a man, then he went to College, and studied languages; then he studied law, and went back to Elmdale to practice his profession.

He is young yet, but a right smart man. His mother talks to everybody now about her smart son. She is proud of him because he is fine looking, and has a great deal of book knowledge.

Willie loves her because she is his mother, but he loves Aunt Kate better. She loved him when he was a little sickly, ill-looking child, and she helped him to his health and to get an education.
GIRLS' RIGHTS.

Why don't you make a strike for your rights, girls? Women and men are making a terrible ado about what is and what isn't theirs. Women are getting up great speeches and calling conventions to let people see that they know what belongs to them and what they intend to have, but you are just as quiet as if the world would never claim your services — as quiet as if you had no rights but to breathe, and eat, and sleep.

You have rights, and it is time you were looking them up. Your loving mother, your ignorant nurse, and thieving society, have taken them from you, and when you come to want them, the better to go through the rough places in the world, they will nowhere be found. Now they are within your reach. I'll tell you what are yours, and where they may be found; but don't tell that I told you, for there are many other things I wish to tell.
you yet; but your good, but misguided, friends may tell you not to listen to me, and I may never again be allowed to speak to you through a book, from the pulpit, or anywhere else. You have a right to learn to cook, to wash, to make shirts, to skate, to swim, to roll the hoop, to fly the kite, to laugh till your soul is brimful of mirth, and your lungs of air. Don't listen to those who tell you these things are unlady-like, that they will make you course and rough. Good lungs, rosy cheeks, and strong limbs is what you have a right to have. You have no right to a pale face, a crooked spine, soft hands, and brains to match.

You have a right to prepare yourself to get your own living. No matter if your father is as rich as Rothchilds; his money will not always last. Don't be a burden to him in his old age; nor to a husband who toils to keep you in idleness just because it is not fashionable for females to labor. You have a right to learn book-keeping, Daguerreotyping, watch-making; to preach, to practice medicine, or to steer a ship, if your fancy leads that way. You have a right to wear your clothes just to
suit your own fancy. If Mrs. Grundy says your skirts are too short, according to the latest "Paris plates," pay her no sort of attention; she is a garrulous, gossiping old lady, giving more attention to her neighbor than to her own tongue and household. And then a certain class of persons must have their stock in trade, and you have a right to help them to it, by stepping out of the beaten track and making yourselves glorious girls, and noble, worthy women.
BOYS' RIGHTS.

You have rights, boys, as well as your sisters. You have a right to be the best boys alive, to make the smartest men, and to do the most good in the world.

You have a right to keep good company; to avoid all low language; to be kind to your mother and sisters and to every other lady, young or old, that comes in your way. You have a right not to use tobacco, brandy, or anything else that tends to make your breath horrible, your society unpleasant; that will mortify your sisters, and break your good mother's heart.

You have a right to make the best and most of life in the best possible way. A good way is to speak kindly to everybody; to be ever ready to do a generous deed; to be respectful to your equals and reverential to the aged. Nothing is so disgusting as to see a boy throwing stones, or annoying, in any
way, an old or insane person. This is one of the things you have no right, nor disposition, I hope, to do.

You have a right to play at ball with young ladies; to take them out skating; in fact, I like that girls should share all your sports; it tends to refine you and to strengthen them. This shutting girls up, like hot-house plants, is all nonsense; they love the green fields and fresh air as well as yourselves.

You may be industrious, prudent, charitable, and a despiser of idle gossipings.

Somebody says that women do the idle talking—the slandering. I am sorry to hear such things of women; in fact, I do not believe it; but if we do it all, why then you and the girls are innocent of the abominable crime, that's all. See to it you never learn. You have a right to love every one, and every thing God has made lovely. And the world will have the right to say, "These boys are glorious fellows—just the ones for statesmen, farmers, judges, and mechanics."
LIFE OF LILLY, MY KITTEN.

Did you ever have a pet kitten? Are not kittens the dearest, friendliest creatures in all the world—when they are ours? I do not remember of loving but one of the race; she, poor thing, like some children, was a remarkable representative of her kind. She had qualities that were peculiar only to her—to my kitten.

I do not know the particulars of her parentage. Some thought her mother was not the most humane creature alive; but if it was so, I know my kitty did not inherit the mother's sins. I found kitty, one bleak March morning, crying piteously upon my father's door steps. I took her in, put her in a basket of wool, and hung her up to sleep.

By-and-by she called out to be let down; so I took her down and began to examine my treasure. She had the whitest, softest fur I ever saw. Her ears and tail were tipped
with black, which I thought added to her beauty. The family, who had been summoned to see the new comer, discovered that one eye was blue and the other red; but I could see no such defect in kitty.

Well, one thing was wanting—a name. Cat was unpoetical, and kitty was a sort of baby name that she would outgrow in time. After discussing a great many names, my sister Laura begged the honor of a namesake. No one had a baby named for her, which she regarded as a sort of slight. But two Laura's in the family would be rather inconvenient, so we took, instead, Laura's baby name—Lilly. With love and tenderness, Lilly was consecrated and sent out and about to make the most and best of whatever came in her way.

Lilly certainly was very remarkable in her way; she learned so readily, and had such an artless air, one could not help noticing and admiring her. When she saw Maggie, the cow, coming, she took her place upon the gate-post at the barn-yard and looked on to see Maggie milked; then she kept at a respectful distance behind the pail till her cup
was filled. When any of us went to the neighbors, she would go to the gate and there wait till our return. She seemed to think, like some people, that she was not a favorite everywhere; and I think now the few faults she had were exaggerated. People said she always took the cushioned chair, never vacating it when old people came in; that she made sad havoc among birds and mice. I do not think she ever committed the sin of catching birds, she had too good breeding for that; but I am not quite certain that she was not a terror to the mice; but even if she was, what of it? it was but cat-nature. I know Lilly was better by far than those who brought these charges against her.

But alas, for my pet, like precocious children, she died young. She was taken in a fit one day. I do not know the cause, but think it might have been hard thinking, for she had lain upon the lounge in a thinking condition for a number of days.

Poor Lilly! what was to be done? Every one of us children turned Doctor, and set our skill at work to devise a remedy for the sufferer. When catnip and camphor failed
to cure Lilly, I proposed going for Dr. Eaton, the most celebrated physician in the village, but mother said he did not understand the cat system, so it was of no use. I could not see—and can not now—why cats should not receive attention at the medical colleges. For the want of a good physician my Lilly died. Not a few tears were shed on that eventful day. Other eyes than mine were red with weeping. That did me some good, for then I knew that I did not over-estimate Lilly. We put her in the best box my brother could make, and made her a grave in the garden, under a white rosebush—a fit emblem of Lilly’s life. No one wrote a notice of her death,—I could not write then,—but I thought if I lived, my kitty’s memory should be kept fresh by some slight tribute of affection from my pen.
MY WHITE ROSE-BUSH.

I had a rose-bush—a gift from Mrs. H.
"It is a white Mexican rose," she said; "the rose, you will find, to be no larger than a shilling, but it is double and very fragrant. It is just the thing for the grave of a child."
I thanked her for the rose, but told her I had no little friends in the cemeteries in Ohio; and hoped I should never have. I have a little brother in the old churchyard in my native town, but that was too far away to send the rose-bush; so I planted it in the front yard, just where it would catch the first ray from the sun.

The first year, like children, it did the best it could. It bore a few buds and one blossom. That young blossom told me a sweet story; and promised to tell me many more if the storms of winter did not kill its parent.

Shall I tell you how well the rose kept its
promise, and what I did with the next year's buds and blossoms?

I had a little friend over the way; the dearest little boy in all the world. He had soft hazel eyes, a dimple in his round cheek, and a voice sweet as a young robin's.

His nurse used to take him over to see my plants and birds. He came so often that we became the best of friends. He always went to the nursery window in the morning, after we became acquainted, and watched till I came in sight; then he would kiss his hand and throw it toward me until I returned the salutation, then the whole house would ring with his childish glee.

When my rose-bush put out its buds, little Maron—that was my friend's name—came every day to watch them; for he knew the first blossom would be his—I had promised it to him.

One fine June morning I went as usual into the garden with my spade. The first thing I did was to gather some pinks and violets for little Maron. But when I looked toward his window to show him my gift, he was not there. I thought he was sleeping
late, so I put them in a glass and set them on the gate-post that he might see them. But though I looked toward his window fifty times that day, he was not there. I saw Jane, the nurse, moving quietly about, but the child—where was he? The next morning I saw the Doctor's horse standing at the door. I began to think Maron must be sick; so I took the only rose that opened its tiny leaves and went over to see what was going on with the darling boy. His mother took me to the crib, and there he lay, pale and cold. I gave him the rose. He took it, and smilingly put it to his lips; then he gasped and died. We closed his eyes, straightened his limbs, and smoothed back his beautiful curls. He was very beautiful in death. The smile brought by the rose lingered still upon his lips; and as his little sister said, "he didn't look as if he was dead, but changed to an angel."

When his friends gathered to lay him in the grave, I thought of my rose, and so I gathered the buds and blossoms, and with a few sprigs of cypress and geranium leaves, twined a wreath to adorn his coffin.

In the fall I took up the bush, and sent it
out, and had it planted upon the grave of my dear little friend.

Next year, if we happen in Cleveland together, we will all go out to the new cemetery to see how nicely it grows and blossoms by the side of Maron.
A VISIT TO COLBY’S SPRINGS.

Two summers ago I was visiting in a little backwood’s town in New Hampshire. I had been some time in New York and Boston, going here and there to see what was to be seen. When I got up among the hills in a little town where there were no candy shops, no theaters, no museums, no Sounds nor Bays crowded with ships—where people were quiet and industrious and good, I did not know what to do with myself, I was so lonely. I wished sometimes a fire would make a stir among the people just for a change; but then there were no engine nor bells, so a fire would be of little use. The streets were quiet at night, for no liquor was sold in the town, so there was no chance for a rollick.

I complained bitterly of the quietness of the place. My sister Marilla, a quiet little school-teacher, would talk, in her way, about the beauties of Nature; the hills and woods;
A VISIT TO COLBY'S SPRINGS.

the flowers and cornfields; but brick walls, a great crowd of persons going this way and the other, was what I wanted to see—was what I could not see.

"We have one fine place of resort," said my grave sister. "One place of resort!" I replied: "Why have you not told me that before?" "I thought perhaps you could not walk two miles." "Two miles!" I said; "I could walk twenty-two to find a change—anything but this everlasting sameness.

"Well, then, if you think you would like a day of confusion, we will go to Colby's Springs. The school girls want to go."

"What! take a drove of children to the Springs?" "Yes," Marilla replied; "they want to go, and they will help to make a noise for your benefit." "Is it a fashionable watering place?" I asked. "A great many go there, but we don't know what makes a place fashionable here," she answered.

I saw that she was democratic in her notions, so I thought I would go and see for myself. Saturday, the appointed day, came, and the teacher, with her army of children, collected for the journey. I observed that
they all wore sunbonnets, and some took small spades and hoes along. I wondered what it all meant, but concluded not to ask any more questions. We got over fences; went through woods, and across fields. At length we came to a fine oak grove, cool and clean. Large rocks and little springs, bubbling and sparkling at their base, made me think of the story of Moses in the Bible. It was said that he smote a rock, and the water gushed out that the children of Israel might drink when they were on their way to the Promised Land. The girls all threw off their bonnets, and sat down upon the soft mounds to rest themselves.

"How far to the Springs?" I asked.

"These are the Springs; don't you see them?" shouted a score of voices. I looked in amazement at my sister. She saw I was expecting to see a fine house, and there was not one within a mile.

"Isn't this a beautiful place!" she said.

"These grand old trees, these eternal rocks, and these life-giving waters are far superior to the brick walls and Cochituate water you have in Boston. One with a particle of love
in her nature must love and worship God here amid his beautiful works."

I could not say one word, for Marilla had her speech all prepared for the occasion; and as I did not anticipate having occasion to make a speech, was unprepared.

For some time, not a word was spoken. The party were looking at Kear Searge and Mount Washington, and I was trying to think what to say next. Fortunately, the hoes and spade furnished a subject, so I said, "What are you going to do with that spade?" "Dig roots for beer," said Marilla. She dug the roots, for I did not help her. By sundown, we got home from Colby's Springs, satisfied that we had had a long walk, if nothing more.
OUR MAY.

Our May is the dearest little creature alive. I never heard her called pretty, yet I don't know why, for she has the softest curls, the bluest eyes, and the fairest brow I ever saw. Some say I see all her good traits because she is a distant relative; but it is not so. I know mothers have the finest, prettiest babies in the world; but May is not mine — only ours; and if she had faults I should be sure to see them.

Her name may affect her character. She was born in May, and named for the month. Like her name-sake she is gay, and changeable, smiling and weeping, a lover of daisies and dandelions; and exceedingly verdant.

The first thing I hear in the morning is her baby-song, which, I suppose, is a sort of thanksgiving for a good night's sleep. After that she goes about, as all persons should, in
search of employment. She climbs up to the cage and lets the birds out, because she says, "they were made to fly." She pulls up the plants to see how the roots grow. Of course she never gets a whipping for doing these things, for there is not a soul in the house who believes sticks were made to punish children with; and beside, her love of knowledge made her pull up my orange tree. How did she know there was not at the root as many oranges as there are potatoes in a hill?

When she finds on my desk a letter unfinished, in the kindness of her heart, she takes my pen and writes just what she thinks ought to be written. She sometimes upsets the inkstand and blots all my clean paper; but she never does it intentionally.

Our May is very democratic, unlike some children, and all grown people. She has never learned, nor intends to learn, that fine houses and fine clothes make people any better than those who live in sheds and wear old clothes. When Julia comes with her basket, May says, "What a beautiful beggar! how I love her! she smiles so sweetly!" I hope May will never be shown the shady side of
the world. I hope the birds and flowers, and beggars, will always be to her as beautiful as now— that her heart will always be pure— that she will always love every body and every body will love her. A wonderful, charming child is our May!
"LITTLE KATY."

In an old grave yard at Elmdale, there is a little, sunken, grass-grown grave, with a board at the head, bearing this inscription—"Little Katy." What her other name is, where she was born, or how old she was, no one knows. People remember that, some years ago, a family of emigrants stopped for a day or two in a grove near the grave-yard; and that somebody said a child died there in an old canvass-covered wagon. The father, the people said, went to a carpenter's shop, and made a box to bury the child in, and then planed a board, and, with some black paint, made the letters—"Little Katy." Some foolish people said "the man was awful stingy, else he would have bought a coffin and got a grave stone;" but why could they not just as well have said, "he was so poor, he was obliged to dig out the little grave, and make his own child's coffin." There is in
the world a great dearth of charity and loving-kindness. Some people have such queer eyes that they see things just as they are not — see the dark side of every picture. But I have heard some good, kind-hearted people say, "How terribly poor little Katy must have suffered, sick and dying in a wagon, without the little comforts of life." The mother's deep anguish none can know. She made for Katy a snowy robe; fixed a pillow, and made a little pallet to put in the box, and then, smoothing back her curls, she looked for the last time into the dead eyes of her darling; kissed her fondly, and laid the white cloth over her face. When little Katy was buried, the parents, brothers, and sisters wept that she must be left alone — that they should listen to her sweet prattle no more.

The emigrants moved off toward the West. It is a long time since they left Katy in the grave-yard; but they often think of her as the brightest link in the chain of memory. Her hat, her shoes, and all her toys, are sacredly kept as blessed mementos of "Little Katy."
ROBIN REDBREAST.

Every child and every woman has a pet. Some have only a great grey cat, or a cross, barking dog; but then the owners think them the prettiest, pleasantest creatures in the world. I had a pet that was the dearest thing that ever made music.

When I was a little girl I had the measles, and I thought no one was ever half so sick as I was, and I am sure, if my mother's word is to be taken, no one ever made half the trouble I did. I wanted to see every body, and then the noise made my head ache so dreadfully that I wanted them to go home; I wanted to ask questions about every body and everything, but then my mouth was too sore (calomel was then used), so I could only fret at my mother, who, like a good angel, watched over me night and day. For a long time I was nearly blind—could neither read nor sew. The light was so strong I could not go out of doors, so I thought Job's troubles were but a joke to mine.

One rainy day my brother came bounding
into my little room, screaming to the top of his voice, "Oh sister! sister! what do you guess I've got for you?"

"A whirlwind, by the noise you make," I said pettishly.

"Oh no," he replied, "I've got a bird." And he put into my hand a dear young robin.

I was delighted with the little creature, and felt terribly mortified to think how unkindly I treated my good brother when he came with the bird. Birdie and I were great friends. Every nice bit brought me was divided with her, and, then, she became a great favorite with Louie, my baby sister. Mother used to give Louie a bit of bread and lay her in the cradle, and then she would sing out "Birdie! Birdie!" and the robin would rush to the cradle, and together they would devour the food. If Louie fell asleep, Birdie would fold her tiny wings upon the pillow, and sleep, too, till she awoke.

We did not put Birdie in a cage, for, as she had never learned to fly, we thought by clipping her wings she would not think of so foolish a thing.

We did not know then that it was as much
the nature of birds to fly as for children to laugh, and that we should not clip the wings of the one, nor hush the glad voice of the other.

Birdie used to go out of doors and hop about among the rose bushes. When she heard the old birds singing in the trees she would strike in and sing too. Sometimes she would soar upawrd, with the hope of reaching the limbs of an old oak where other singers were making melody, but, with a bound, she would come back to her old perch, the rose tree. We thought it all very fine then, but I wonder now how I could have been so selfish as to keep that little thing from flying.

Toward fall I let Birdie go out and in just about as she choose, for I was foolish enough to think our smoky house just the place for her, and thought she too was content; but, one fine autumn morning, I heard such a chatting and singing among the birds in the trees, that I thought they had come to give my pet a grand serenade, so I took her and went out, for I wanted her to take music lessons. Birdie sang a few notes, in response, I suppose, to their questions; then she stretched
her wings, and by a good deal of exertion, reached the tree top. I began now to see through the whole affair; these birds had planned to spend the winter in the south and had come to invite Birdie to accompany them. I tried to persuade her off the notion of leaving me; I took Louie, and some bread and boiled eggs, her favorite dish, out under the tree, to induce her to come back, but she only sung a farewell song and was away. I had little sleep that night, and cried myself nearly blind again; but tears did not bring back my pet — she had gone south.

The next spring I heard the voice of Birdie one morning in my window; I bounded out of bed and made a rush for the window, but she just slipped away with a fine-looking fellow into the oak tree. She made her nest there every year for several years after, and every morning, with her mate, she would sit upon my window sill and sing in her best style. I do not know how or when Birdie died; but I am sure she is dead, else she would come to me. If birds have spirits, I shall hope to see my darling in the next world; but I hope I shall never again wish to clip its wings or cage her.
A CHARITY CHILD.

"Please give me a piece of bread, I have no home and am hungry," and the little petitioner lifted her soft eyes, tinged with the blue of the skies, to mine.

"I have no bread, no home to shelter you in the coming night, but," I said, "He who feeds the ravens will care for the lambs from the upper fold astray."

Julia's story was a simple every-day-tale of wine and want, wretchedness, desertion, death; a tale that broken windows, broken hearts, shattered roofs, nameless graves, and humans in rags always and everywhere tell.

This child of want is the very incarnation of loveliness, a simple, way-side flower she seems, just budding into girlhood. She is as artless as infancy, with a soul sinless and free as a sunbeam, save a sigh that was born with her breath, and a shade of sadness, the in-
heritance bequeathed by a broken-hearted mother.

Sympathy is not voiceless. Charity has a multitude of votaries. The great heart of humanity beats for its kind wherever its footprints are found. But this bud of promise, this frail immortal flower, who will take it to the bosom of affection? Who will gently and lovingly lead her through the winding, thorny paths of life? Who will teach her to shun the pitfalls, to elude the seductive wiles to which beauty and trustfulness so often fall victims? Who will lead this child sinless and spotless back to heaven?

"Please give me a piece of bread." God's great world is a granary, child. The earth and the air, the sunlight and the water, our common Father made for his children. Our mother earth provides bountifully for us all, and if some go unfed, it is that misers gather and hold what is not theirs.

Heaven pity and protect you, sweet child, lest, like too many of our frail sisters, you barter your charms, your innocence, your hopes of heaven for a shelter, for bread, for — a grave.
THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

"The party must be off, mother—positively must! Only think! Kate with a high-necked, long-sleeved merino, in a party of fash-ionables; and then her thick shoes, and hands as red as a duck's feet—I should be mortified to death." And Matilda Melvina Lock wrung her delicate hands in agony.

"I know it is a bad fix, daughter, but what is to be done? Kate is the daughter of your father's favorite sister; we go there every season, and make our jellies and preserves of their fruit, and they spare no pains to make us happy. Your father will not listen to the postponement of the party on her account, so what will we do?"

"Something shall be done! that's certain, mother. Kate, I know, is well enough in her way—a star in Elmdale, but then, she's not accustomed to genteel society, can neither play nor waltz, a plain, matter-of-fact country
How provoking to have country cousins come just when they are not wanted!"

"Can't you manage to be ill?" said Mrs. Lock, brightening up as if an old idea had come back very opportune.

"I've played that game so often that I may be suspected. I had to be housed the whole time Kate was here last winter, to avoid taking her about the city. But, mother, we'll put you into a double-gown and night-cap, and say you have a hard cold — which, fortunately, is the case — and are too nervous to endure the excitement this week. Father will not suspect you of deception. What a pity that cousin Kate has never had the advantages of fashionable society! It would save us a world of trouble."

That's the way, just the way. Lie, play the hypocrite, deceive the world; nay, those dearest on earth — your own household treasures — but see that you do it in the name and for the sake of fashionable society. Don't be frank with the world, true to your own better nature, by respecting virtue for virtue's sake. You will lose caste by allowing a country cousin, who has more brains than diamonds,
whose jewels are God-given, to mix in your "genteel" gathering.

Kate knows little of fashionable life. She, poor child, don’t know that long sleeves and thick shoes may not be worn on a December evening.

"Never been in genteel society!" Oh no, your country cousin has never learned to say soft things in a soft way—to giggle and simper, and sigh and faint. She has never congregated with half-dressed ladies who put "model artists" to the blush—never whirled round and round in the embrace of besotted, moustached "fashionable" gentlemen. What a misfortune that so beautiful a girl as Kate Barton should be a country girl, educated at a village seminary! She has good sense, a practical education, a truthful, loving heart, all that is wanting is the advantages of "fashionable society."

May the good Father in mercy save and protect his pure-hearted child from the vices and the heartlessness of those who are schooled in fashionable society.
MAGGIE MARTIN.

Maggie Martin was as clever a creature as ever breathed the fresh air. She never spoke ill of a single soul; never envied the rich, nor despised the poor; but, when she caught a glimpse of the trees, and green grass, and inhaled the odor of the flowers, she wondered what she had done that she must be shut up in a cage away from the world and doomed to breathe air infected with tobacco smoke.

Few creatures were as content in a cage; few, perhaps, took the world so philosophically. When the old covey, her master, moved her cage into the sun, and gave her a little fresh air, she sung her thanks in her sweetest strain. She would pause, occasionally, hoping to be applauded, but the man who owned her would look up and say, "sing away, that's just what I got you for." It was quite dis-
couraging; after she had nearly split her throat to please her master, not to receive a single word of praise. "But, he is a bachelor," thought Maggie; "and they never appreciate juvenile efforts."

One day Maggie was ordered out to have her cage cleaned. She had been so long a prisoner that no one thought she had the wish to fly, even if she could. But Maggie tried her wings, flew from one chair to another, at last she looked through a broken pane of glass into the open field. "How finely the world looks!" she said, "I'll just step out of this horrible tobacco smoke, and take a breath of fresh air." She did step out and sailed about from tree to tree, taking a view of the world to see what changes time had made since she had been housed.

Her master came out with the cage and, strange as it may seem, he tried coaxing, to induce her to return; but Maggie loved liberty too well to go back into bondage; so she soared aloft and was soon lost to him who had deprived her so long of freedom.

"How strange!" said the old bachelor, "just like her gender—don't know when
they are well off. Maggie could have lived comfortably and happily in that gilded cage—never wanted for life's comforts. All I required, in return for my many favors, was a song or two a day; but she is ungrateful—don't know when she is well off."
ANNA'S PETS.

Anna, the daughter of my next door neighbor, had the nicest little family in Cleveland. In the June days I saw her morning, noon, and evening, seated upon a mound under an old Elm in the front yard, with her funny family gathered about her.

Let me see if I can remember their names, and just how I used to see them. There was Dick a snow-white poodle, with a gentle face, and ringlets that outshone any dandy's. I used often to see Kitty Grey, a quiet loving creature, nestled at his side, sleeping as sweetly as two mice in the same nest.

Poll Parrot, a gossiping bird over the way, seemed to think Kitty and Dick a little too loving, so she took the opportunity to repeat some of their sweet sayings to the passers by; but Kitty and Dick loved on undisturbed, for they knew Poll's family was envious and talkative, so they supposed she, poor thing, in-
herited a gossiping propensity. Anna had, too, a delicate rabbit, with pink eyes, and a wee hen, in a little cottage under the elm, with thirteen white chickens. I wish you could see Mrs. Bantum fly about to feed her little ones, and hear her praise and puff them when people called. She is a vain little body, but who would not be vain, with thirteen fine-looking darlings? Barnum really ought to give such hens a premium; they are public benefactors, yet nothing is said about it. People seem to think it is their business to lay, and set, and rear chickens. Hens have rights, and they should be respected.

Anna had a cage of canaries—I do not remember their names. They hung upon a limb of the old tree, and gave morning concerts. Lizzie, the baby, and an orphan gosling, completed Anna's family group.

She was proud of her family, and who wonders? They were happy, contented, and affectionate. She took to herself some credit for their good behavior. "I have a model community," she said; "each individual stands in his allotted place; each does his work—fulfills his mission—without complaining, or
ANNA'S PETS.

expecting another to do it for him. The chickens are quiet, domestic creatures; they have no disposition to look after mice, or try to bark like Dick. Lizzie and Jim listen to the song of the canaries without expressing a wish to swing in a baby-house, or try to do their singing."

A happy, happy family was Anna's in June—a well regulated, model family; but, alas! a change came to them—a sorrowful change. The "dog law," like the "fugitive law," compelled Dick to seek refuge in Canada, where little innocents are not fined, and muzzled, and collared, and killed, just for happening to live in a city. It was a sad, sad day for Anna's family, when the word went forth to kill unmuzzled dogs. A council was held under the elm, and all hands agreed that it would be an outrage upon Dick's rights to disgrace and disfigure him with a muzzle, so Anna took poor Dick from the arms of Kitty, washed and combed his curls, tied a blue ribbon about his neck, and, with tearful eyes, sent him into the land of freedom. Poor Dick did not love his new home. True, he had good food and a comfortable bed; but
he missed the bird-song, the gentle voice of Anna, and the loving embrace and sympathy of Lizzie and Kitty; so in silence he pined over his fate. Day by day his new acquaintance noted his failing strength, but they could see no good reason for it; he had enough to eat — what more could a reasonable creature ask? One autumn day Dick wandered away, and found an elm much like the dear old elm in Cleveland, so he made for himself a bed of leaves, and there died. Poor Kitty missed her loving companion; she loved the other members of Anna's household, but no one could supply the place of the loved and lost. Poll Parrot, who at first tantalized Kitty, by singing out, "Where's Dick, where's Dick, Kitty Grey?" began to look about and found in her soul a sunny nook, where sympathy had been sepulchred. "I wonder," thought Poll, "how I could have been so thoughtless as to ridicule dear Kitty; how patient she has been with me; how forgiving; I will hereafter treat her with loving-kindness."

Anna's family had yet other griefs. Jim went to the woods for chesnuts, and fell into bad company. He was prevailed upon to stay
out over night. On the second day Jim saw a man with a rifle, so he paused to examine the instrument; the man pointed it at him, and Jim thought it was to give him an opportunity to see the wonderful thing; so he just sat quiet, looking straight at the rifle, when a ball hit him, and he fell dead.

And then Anna's chickens grew to be so large that their mother sent them out to take care of themselves. I've not learned their fate, but, with the training they have had, I am sure they will make respectable members of society. Lizzie and Kitty Grey are good friends, yet both felt the disbanding of Anna's household.

The canaries have moved to warmer quarters; I rather think they have gone into mourning, too, for I've not heard a song from them for the last ten days.

As for Anna she tries to smile and sing as usual, but the memory of her pets, like sunshine and shadows, clouds and lights, by turns, her soul.

9*
THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Aunt Tabby was a tawny, rough-looking woman, who moved into Elmdale twenty years before my remembrance. No body knew who she was, nor where she came from. She was rather free with every one's affairs, but was careful that her own should be a secret.

When she first moved into Elmdale she was a strong, healthy young woman. She rented a small house in the outskirts of the village, and went out washing and selling roots and herbs which she collected and dried in the summer months.

Aunt Tabby had a remarkable faculty for finding out every body's business. She talked but little, asked but few questions, yet she so managed as to be the secret-keeper and counsellor of half the people in town. Every birth, wedding, death, and, in fact, all events of note, were recorded in her book of remembrance.
After Aunt Tabby (every body called her aunt), had been in Elmdale long enough to know every heart-history in all the region, she told those she knew could not keep a secret that she was born with the gift of fortune-telling, and that she had kept herself secreted in our quiet town that she might not be annoyed by people coming to have their fortunes told.

Aunt Tabby's fame spread like wildfire, and, in less than no time, half Elmdale was seeking out her little shanty. Aunt Tabby always had a doleful story of her own to tell first—how sick and poor she was, and how much time it took her to run over the cards; so of course they all paid her well. She could tell every person in the town his age, occupation, and who he did or should marry. It seemed very wonderful for she did not remember of ever having seen many of the persons before.

The old lady became the town oracle; no one thought of getting married, of making a bargain, or going a journey, without first consulting her. Our good minister was often seen cutting across lots to her house; though
he told us she was another "Witch of Endor."

When I was about fifteen I thought it was time I was consulting aunt Tabby about my future; so I collected all my pennies, and taking some half dozen girls into my confidence to help keep my secret, I started with them for the fortune teller's.

We found the old woman on a bed in one corner of her smoky room. She looked up in surprise to see such a swarm of school girls, for her customers had been grown people, and they brought no listeners to their fate.

"What do you want, girls?" she said.

"Why," said I, gingling my pennies, "I want my fortune told."

"Poor foolish child," she replied, "your fortune will come of itself."

"But I want you to tell me what it is to be—will you?"

"I shall tell but one more fortune," she replied, "that is my own."

"Tell it to us!" exclaimed half a dozen voices, "tell us your fortune!"

"Well, give me a drink and I will," she said,
All rushed for the water, for her fate had been such a mystery that we were intent upon seeing the veil lifted.

"Now be quiet, girls," she said; and we all became breathless that we might not lose a single word.

Taking another drink of water, she commenced by saying, "Well, girls, I remember when I was young and good looking as any of you—when I would have scorned the thought of ever being a fortune-teller. When I was a child my father died, and left me a few hundred dollars in money. I afterwards had a step father, but I did not love him. He was a good man, but he was stern and exacting. He did not love children, and, but for my money, he would have sent me away from home; but he wanted my money to use so I was barely tolerated. When I was eighteen I wanted to get my money and get away from home; so I went to consult a gipsy fortune-teller upon the best method of procedure. She pretended not to know anything about me, but she told me all my troubles, and what a bad father I had, and what a capital offer of marriage I was just going to
have, and the old sybil advised me to accept the offer, as it was the only thing that would secure my happiness. Well, sure enough, the very man with red hair she described, asked me to marry him. I, of course, thought I was the luckiest girl alive, and said "Yes."

We were married and I gave him all my money, and in less than a month he divided it with the gipsy and was missing. I then learned that he had a wife in England, but was destitute of money, so could not go to her. He and the fortune-teller planned to get my money, and they got it, and left me to take care of myself. My step-father hinted that he did not want me there any longer, and I did not care to stay where I was known. I came to Elmdale and resolved to learn, like the gipsy, to tell fortunes, that I might get back my lost money. It was wrong in me, but my misfortunes had soured my disposition, so I thought to get money as I had lost it.

You all know the rest. I came here and found out the names and ages of every one who had lived here, so I could make believe to tell their history by cards. Now girls you
can have just such fortunes as you chose. You can be good and kind and learn to get an honest living, or you can be sour, like me, and get a husband for a home as I did, and then find yourself without money, a home, friends, or husband."

We went home with the best lesson we ever learned. Since then, I have been telling my own fortune, and making it as I go along.
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

"What is the difference, mama, between a lady and a sewing-girl?"
"Play with your doll, child," replied the mother.
"I am playing with my doll, and you can tell me the difference now. You say that Mary Long is not a lady, but a sewing-girl; and I'm sure I love her better than the ladies who come here. What is the difference, mama?"
"Why, Bell!" said I, "do you teach your child such nonsense?"
"Do you call that nonsense?" said Bell.
"Yes, nonsense, Bell;" was my answer.
"Well, replied Mrs. Stanley, "so it may seem to you; but I only told Carrie what the world calls ladies, and you know as well as I, that sewing-girls are not considered ladies. There is no use in going against public opinion."

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"Bell! Bell! do you remember—" the words died upon my lips, for I saw Bell's large brown eyes filling with tears. It may be that Bell was thinking of the happy, happy past, when she was unwedded to custom—unschooled in deception. Her thoughts might have been in her humble home at Elmdale, where she spent the golden days of childhood, and won the appellation of "the beautiful seamstress."

I only know that they were not tears of anger, for Bell knew, that, with all her faults, I loved her as a sister.

Mrs. Stanley walked to the window, and began to look at the falling snow.

"A bad night for the party, cousin," said I, wishing to change the subject.

"Yes," replied Bell.

"How comes on the party dress?" I asked, hoping to hit upon a theme that would dry the tears.

"Well. It is a capital fit. Do you wish to see it?"

Bell led the way to a little out-of-the-way room, heated to suffocation by an air-tight stove.
There sat the sewing-girl, the object of our discussion, the cause of Bell’s tears.

Mary raised her soft hazel eyes, bowed hesitatingly, then, with blushes, turned to the rich white silk, wondering, I thought, why Mrs. Stanley did not give her an introduction.

"Will you have the dress done in time, Mary?"

"I will try," said Mary, plying with renewed energy the needle.

"I hope you’ll not disappoint me," said Mrs. Stanley, "for the party will be made up of the fashionables, and I would not like to wear an old dress."

"What a pretty girl, Bell. Who is she?"

"I don’t know, only that she is the daughter of a poor man who came recently into the city. I’ve given her employment these eight weeks. I don’t know how the family would live, but for me."

Bell thought she had done a wonderful charity deed, and a smile of satisfaction lighted her care-worn brow.

"But," I said, "you’ll not keep her long, I fear. There is a strange light in her
eyes; a hectic flush upon her cheek. Is she well?"

"Yes, for aught I know," replied Bell; "yet I may not keep her long, for John Lester is in love with her. Only think of it. The son of a millionaire in love with a carpenter's daughter.

"John Lester is a fine, generous, noble-hearted fellow," I replied; "hope he'll have the good fortune to win Mary Long."

"You know better, cousin," said Bell. "You know there is between Lester and Mary a vast difference, and it would be a wretched match."

I made no reply; for, as Bell said, it is hard stemming the current of public opinion. I went my way, wondering how some people could forget so soon; and wondering how the son of a certain carpenter would be received, if, in the poor man's garb, with his friends, the fishermen, he should present himself. Mr. Stanley and Bell would receive him kindly, of course; for Mr. S—— has given ten thousand dollars toward building a temple in the name of this same carpenter's son.

Bell was not heartless. Oh no! Origi-
nally she had as pure, as free, and as loving
a heart as ever beat in human bosom. True,
she was vain as beautiful. She loved display;
loved admiration. So for fame, for paltry
pelf, Bell, my beautiful cousin, bartered her
beauty, her freedom, her happiness, and her
—soul.

"How is Mary?" I enquired, when next
I met Bell.

"Don’t know; have discharged her."

"Discharged Mary! for what?"

"Why she came so late in the day that she
could do but little by daylight; and then she
did not seem willing to have her wages re-
duced."

"Why did she go home?"

"She said her father was sick, and that
her little brother could not take care of him;
but I think the true cause was, Lester al-
ways happened here to go with her, so her
father was the excuse." Bell shook her head
insinuatingly. "It is just the way I thought;
a pretty face always deceives me. I'll be
more on my guard again, and not be led cap-
tive by smiles and blushes."

One bright morning the next May, I went
to the city cemetery to show my little friend Dudu her brother's grave.

Just opposite Maron's, we observed a newly made grave, enclosed with a wire paling; a white marble shaft at the head, with the simple inscription, "Mary," was all we knew of the dear sleeper. While we were guessing at the history of the tenant of that lone grave, a little rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy came bounding along with a sod of white violets. A pale form moved slowly behind the boy—a man bowed to earth more by grief than years. They stood a moment speechless by "Mary's" grave. I longed to take the pale thin hand of the old man in mine, and ask him what great sorrow was bowing his soul to the grave; what idol death had conducted to the shadowless land; but his grief was too deep, his sorrows too sacred, for the curiosity of a stranger.

The old man planted the violets upon the grave, then lingered a moment as if to survey the spot reserved for him by his loved one's side when his life-lamp burned out.

When he turned to walk among the graves, I ventured to ask the little boy, who was
watering the violets, whose was that newly-made grave.

"'Tis my sister's," said the little fellow;
"Mary Long's grave."

"Mary Long's! Is Mary Long dead?"
"Yes ma'am," said he, while the tears dropped from his cheeks.

"How long has Mary been dead?"
"To-day two weeks."

"What was the matter with your sister?"

"She took cold in the winter, coming from Mrs. Stanley's warm room. Our house was cold, and she had to be up nights with father; then she got sick, and we took care of her till she died."

"What makes you cry so?" said Dudu.

"I cry because Mary is dead, and I've no mother nor sister now."

"Dudu went up to the little fellow, wiped away his tears with her apron, and told him what a nice place Mary and Maron now had; that her mama told her that her brother was not dead, but gone to heaven to watch over us till we went to him."

"Mary said she would always be with us, but we do not see her, and we are so lonely;"
and the dear boy gave vent to his grief in tears.

"Only see this nice headstone?" said Dudu, trying to divert the child. "Where did your father get it?"

"My father did not get it. It was put there yesterday."

"Who did get it?"

"We think it was Mr. Lester. He helped us to take care of Mary, and bought her this lot to be buried in."

"What is the difference now between Mary and Bell?" I said mentally. Mary sleeps sweetly beneath the willow. The world, with its cares and ills are naught to her now. Bell is law-bound to a gouty, genteel, dignified old miser — a man whose gold makes him endurable. Carrie, her idol, the sepulcher hides from her sight, and Bell, the beautiful Bell, whom the world calls happy, because rich, longs for a quiet nook by the side of her child, but this boon even is denied her.
THE FLOWER GIRL.

"Will you buy a bouquet, ma'am?" said a sweet-voiced German girl to me, one market morning—"will you buy my flowers? they are fine and fragrant." I stopped to look at the child, for I had never seen a sweeter human flower. Her dress was coarse; her feet without shoes or stockings, and her hair hung in loose ringlets about her shoulders; but she was clean, modest, and respectful. Her innocent-looking face, her retiring manners, and her tremulous voice, seemed to say, "the flower girl is not in the habit of going to market." Rough boys and coarse women were all about her, contending with purchasers for pennies, and quarreling with each other; but Pauline (that was the flower girl's name), paid no attention to any of them; she only seemed desirous of selling her flowers and going home. The next market morning, and the next, I saw that same little girl, modestly offering her flowers to the people.

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One morning no one seemed to notice the flower girl. The rain was pouring furiously, and everybody seemed intent upon getting home, without stopping to buy flowers. I saw, as I passed her, a tear trembling in her blue eye, so I turned back, and bought a bunch of flowers. She seemed delighted when I paid her the sixpence, and said "thank you" in such a musical voice, that I wondered if she was not an angel, astray from heaven.

"Do you love to come to market?" I asked.

"Oh yes, ma'am, I love to come, because mother can not," she replied.

"Is your mother sick?" I said.

"Yes, ma'am; she has been sick 'most all summer, but she is able to tend the garden, and arrange the bouquets for me to sell."

"But does your mother like to have you come here, and stand by these bad boys?"

"Mother knows the boys, and some of these market women, are not good, but I do not say the wicked words after them, and sometimes I think they are better when I am here, for they know how I dislike to hear their angry and profane talk."
I went home wondering if Pauline was not as good as a missionary upon the market grounds, for, as she said, the boys did seem better for her being there, and her gentle, loving manners, perhaps, did much to soften their rough natures.

I saw the flower girl, in the fall, at a Juvenile Concert. She had on a plain white frock, and a few flowers in her hair, which still hung about her shoulders. There were prettier girls, and those much better dressed, among the singers, but none sang so sweetly — none received so much attention from the audience — as Pauline. I heard one gentleman say, "that simple-hearted flower girl will be a second Jenny Lind in a few years." She may never sing so sweetly as Jenny, but I do hope she will be as pure, as gentle, as loving, and as charitable to the poor and unfortunate as is Madame Goldschmidt.
"Oh, mother, mother! what do you think I have got, and where do you think I got it?" said Hatty Ruple, rushing into her mother's bed-room, with a market-basket on her arm. "And don't you think, mother, no one laughed at me for being out begging—no one seemed to see my old clothes. What do you guess is in this basket, mother?"

"I don't know, child; what have you got?"

"Just look and see! I've a jar of jelly for you, some nice bread, tea, and a bottle of wine."

"Who gave them to you, Hatty?" said Mrs. Ruple.

"I don't know, mother; but I went to three or four places, and told the people how sick you were, and that we had no money, and nothing to eat, and they all said they had no cold victuals, so gave me nothing. I was
coming home with my basket empty; but I saw, in the yard of that stone house in the square, such a sweet-looking little woman, that I felt just as if I must go and tell her all about us—just how sick you are, and how poor we all are. The lady was beautifully dressed, and I knew she must be rich, but I could not help going into the yard and speaking to her. And, mother, she is just such a woman as I thought she was. She put her arms right around me, and led me to the steps, and we sat down, and she let me tell all about us, without saying one word, and when the tears came in my eyes, she took her handkerchief and wiped them, and wiped her own, too. What did she cry for, mother?

"Cried to see you, my dear child, in trouble."

"But do rich people cry over beggars, like me?"

"Yes, dear; rich people have good hearts; she wept to see a delicate child like you exposed to temptation and bad company by begging."

"Well, mother, she took me into the house, and gave me all these good things for
you, and a boy she called Newtie gave me this money. Oh! how good to us that lady was!

"She is one of our heavenly Father's good children, and his angels, perhaps, tell her who are the worthy poor."

Nellie C— is a dear, sweet creature, as Hatty said. She found out the poor child's family, and relieved their wants. She took little Hatty home, and is to her the best mother in the world.

And Hatty is the best little girl alive. She loves Nellie with a devotedness few can appreciate. When she is sick, Hatty, like a good angel, waits on her, and tries, by gentle deeds and loving smiles, to compensate her benefactress for all her care and kindness.
THE SUNBEAM AND BEGGAR.

I've been thinking that a sunbeam must be a smile of Heaven; for I have been basking, as the poets say, for the past hour, in the softest rays that ever wandered from the skies—the first I have seen in many days. And I've been watching the rays, as they coquetted with the glistening boughs, and danced, fairy-like, over icy pavements and slated roofs, making love to everything in their way.

"Have you no other mission," I questioned, "than just coming out from behind the curtained sky, gilding a little hour, and then leaving a legion of lovers in darkness?"

No response came from the sunbeam, but on it went, smiling and dancing, as gaily as if no soul doubted its sincerity. I concluded it was only acting upon the principle of the sovereignty of the individual; so I thought to watch the thing of light, to see if there was aught of good in its individualism.

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The heaven-smile, all unbidden, perhaps, glanced in at an opposite window, and a poor consumptive folded about her a faded cashmere, and moved into its wake. That frail creature on eternity's threshold, was strengthened and gladdened by the smile, and I wondered if she was not hoping it had a prototype in the land of her destination.

Then back to my window came the messenger of light, and looked into a cage, whose occupants had folded their wings, to await the spring-time.

The little musicians caught inspiration, or an echo, from Sun-land, and started straightway for their orchestra, and such music! one seldom hears, save from Canary kingdom.

A half-famished, woe-begone looking child rested in the sunbeam's track, her basket half filled with crumbs from the rich man's table. Catching from the sun a smile, and a note from the canary, she, that sweet-voiced human warbler, made the air ring with melody. Her brow relaxed its rigidity, her eye, large and dark, sent forth a volume of love-light; indeed, her whole soul seemed baptized at the altar of Inspiration.
While Julie, the beautiful beggar, was singing with the birds, and beating time with her half naked feet upon the icy pavement, a tall, cadaverous-looking dollar-ocrat passed along, paused a moment, started again, and again paused, for a gush of melody had power even to thaw and charm that heart of ice and oak.

His stereotyped visage, and his determined eye, would warrant an anchorite in swearing that that was the first ray of sunshine that had ever passed the portals leading to his heart. But who knows that angel-child did not awaken in his soul the memory of the sunny past, pleasant memories of life's spring-time, when his spirit was as hopeful and sinless as hers? The spirit of the times, it may be, had bolted and guarded every avenue to his soul, so that the music and the softening sunlight could not gain admission. But Julie's mother was the miser's early friend, the angel guide of his young life; and so, like a love-vision in the land of Pleasant Memories, came the child to him. She was the angel that rolled away the stone from the sepulcher of the soul. Julie was the impersonation of her mother, and the miser remembered how he loved, and wooed,
and won the heart of the fair poverty-child. He remembered, too, that as no other being loved, she had loved him; how, when another being with hers was blended, when another claimed his love and his protection, she was forsaken, as a creature who would contaminate the circle in which she had been destined to move.

The miser walked slowly back to Julie, whispered in her ear words of hope, and dropped into her hand a bit of yellow coin. With a light step, and a glad smile, she hastened to make joyful an invalid mother's heart.

That sunbeam was a missionary, sent to open the door to the captive spirit and to feed the starving outcast. And I mistake human nature, if the miser's soul is again led captive by the ipse dixit of the heartless fashion-followers. In the call of humanity, to the pleadings of his own dear, darling child, he will never again be deaf.

11*
"WHY DON'T WE DIE?"

"Why don't we die mother? You say in heaven we shall not want bread."

A little arm was wound round the mother's neck, and a pair of soft, bright eyes raised lovingly for a reply.

Mrs. Jameson clasped the child to her arms, but tears and sighs choked the words that trembled on her lips.

"Don't cry so mama, I'm not much hungry, but I do wish that we could die, that we might live where you say the flowers are always beautiful, and where we shall not be cold or hungry."

There is no romance in Mrs. Jameson's history. Her fate is like that of thousands; and Jenny is but one of the joyous-hearted girls one meets at every turn in the city.

Mrs. Jameson was early left a helpless orphan. Early she learned to eat the bread of industry, tinctured with wormwood.

When Albert Jameson led her to the altar,
and falsely swore to love and protect, till death, everybody said, "How lucky Mary Baker is!" "Who would have thought of Albert Jameson marrying a poor sewing girl!" True, Mary's wealth was but a beautiful face and a pure confiding heart. These seemed air in the balance against a few thousand dollars. It was hinted that Albert had not the purest heart that beat; but his father belonged to the "upper ten," he moved in the "best society," and "reformed rakes make the best of husbands." So, of course, Mary had looked up, and Albert down.

Be hopeful, O my sister, for in the future (far it may be), gilded depravity will be divested of its disguise, and genuine worth will be acknowledged, though manger cradled. Then the lion and the lamb shall never more be bound in heaven's name. Then miserly fathers and foolish mothers will not be held guiltless for selling their daughters to beasts in broadcloth.

But of Mary I was talking. Her first year of wedded life was what "fashionable" people call a whirl of pleasure. The second year, she found her husband's money and reputation
on the wane. She turned to her own fireside
for happiness, and sought, by gentle words
and deeds to persuade Albert to leave his
brandy-drinking brothers; but it was too late.
Five years after Mary Baker, the beautiful,
fortunate bride, made her debut in “fashion-
able society,” she was a penniless, broken-
hearted widow. Little Jenny was the light
of her life, the link that bound her to earth.

By plain sewing, Mrs. Jameson managed
to live for a year or two. But the eternal
stitch, stitching, dimmed her eyes and stitched
consumption-seeds into her vitals. Her
only resource now was to go out washing.
She had no friends to whom she could look
for aid, and the husband was cast off by his
relations long before the undertaker laid him
in the Potter’s Field. But Mrs. Jameson
had the heart of a true woman, and she shrank
from no employment that would bring bread
to her darling Jenny.

It was on a bleak December day that Mrs.
Jameson walked a long mile with Jenny to
wash for Mrs. Wilkins, a lady of considerable
wealth. Jenny sat the whole day in the
kitchen corner, save when she stole out to
WHY DON'T WE DIE?

peep into the nursery to see the children frolic with dolls and rocking-horses. The child, in the simplicity of her soul, wondered why she could not have dolls, and why the children did not ask her to come in and play with them. Dear darling! she will yet learn that there is a golden line, stronger far than that of Mason and Dixon, that divides white children, even.

Mrs. Jameson and Jenny ate a cold and scanty dinner from off the kitchen table. Jenny was hoping for a slice of pie from the loaded shelves in the pantry, and the mother wished in her heart she had a cup of tea. Both were disappointed. When night came, Mrs. W. paid the washerwoman, but said nothing about giving her a supper. Little Jenny looked up smilingly to Mrs. W., hoping to coax from her abundance a bit of Christmas pie; but instead, she received a look which sent her into the corner, and the blood chilling to her heart.

"Why do you bring that child?" said Mrs. Wilkins.

"Because it takes so much wood to keep her warm."
"Well, Mrs. Jameson, my kitchen is so small I cannot have your child;" and the woman upon whose fair name a shadow had never fallen, sent the washerwoman and her child supperless and half clothed from her home of plenty. True, she had paid her—always paid her debts. What other demand had the law upon her?

While Mrs. Jameson was lighting her fire, and debating in her mind the propriety of taking her day's wages for bread instead of paying her rent, a loud rap was heard upon the shattered panel. The next moment Moses Dalton, Esq., a gentleman noted for his long prayers and almsgiving to tract and missionary funds, stood before her.

"Is your rent ready, Mrs. Jameson?" said Esq. Dalton, rather sternly.

"I have but fifty cents, sir, and—"

"Well, I have no time to listen to your tales of distress. The money is my just due," and he held out his soft, white hands for the half dollar.

Mrs. Jameson gave him her little all, and threw herself into a chair with grim starvation for a companion. As the gentleman deposited
his money, he found a tract in his pocket, which he handed to the child to read on the Sabbath.

When the child knew that the last penny was gone, and felt that supper was a thing not to be hoped for, she said:

"Why can't we die mother?"

Dear little lamb, we all wish, too, that the Good Shepherd would bring you, in your innocent years, to the "upper fold," but it may not be. Years of toil, of darkness, of sin, it may be, will come between you and the grave, clouding and corrupting your young life, and destroying your faith in humanity—loosing your hold on heaven.
ONE, TWO, THREE.

Dear children; I am now writing at the bedside of my dear young friend, Laura B. The blinds are closed; the bell is muffled; the nurse and her mother are moving noiselessly about in velvet slippers, so as not to disturb the sick child. Laura has had a terrible fever for ten days; she is so sick that we move her in sheets to make her bed. Her long curls are tucked behind her ears, and are matted in one mass. I shall be sorry for her head if it ever see a comb, and sorry for the comb, too, for that will have a time in straightening out the tangled curls.

Laura's cheeks are as red as cherries; her hazel eyes have a strange look—sometimes soft and sweet, and then they are wild and brilliant.

She talks continually to herself, and they call her insane, but she is not; she only dreams. She is living with the Past, living
over her last summer days at school. She has been talking about her books, and teacher, and the pupils; and then the sweet voices of children, and the song of the birds will come back and she will join with the fancied notes of the robin and then the whippowill.

As she sings she will count the time—"one—two—three; one—two—three. Hark!" she says, "do you hear that music? somebody is playing—oh so sweetly!—one—two—three; one—two—three:—move me to the piano, I must play while those children sing!"

She sings some simple airs she has learned, and some that she must have learned from an angel band, who sing to make her forget her sufferings.

We thought, this morning, that Laura was going to put on new robes, and sing with a choir of angels. She saw the sorrowful look of those who came and looked at her, and then turn aside to wipe their eyes; she listened to the slow step and to the whispered fears of loved ones; then smilingly she turned to me, saying, "Hark! do you hear that music? How sweet! I do not know the
words, but I can keep time: one—two—three—four—five—six; take me to the piano, I'll play while they sing."

Darling child, I hope she will live, for her mother is a widow, and she has no other daughter; but she seems to be so near Heaven that she hears the angels sing, and if the gate to that beautiful land is opened to her, I think she will very gladly go in and join the happy band that come here to sing to her.

Laura is a gentle earth-angel, and if she lives, she will teach us how beautiful this world might be made—how much like heaven—if people were only good and true to themselves.
LILLY BUD.

Lilly Bud was the pet name of little Abbie, the child of my friend Ada. The name was as appropriate as pretty, for no lilly was fairer, no bud sweeter, than this little human bud.

I wish you had all known Abbie, for I may not describe her well. I can tell you her eyes were as blue as violets; that she had long sunny curls, and a dear sweet face; but her musical voice, the soft light of her eye, and her sweet smile, I can not describe.

A boy once went to see the panorama of Niagara Falls, after looking at the picture awhile, he said, turning to the artist. "Your picture is well enough; but where is the roar of the water?" The artist could not paint sound; nor can I paint the angel-child I am writing about. Odor, and music, and smiles are things that will not, can not, be painted.

Little Abbie was born in a romantic town in the State of New York. Some say one's
birth-place has an effect upon the whole life—that children born where the scenery is grand and beautiful are lovers of the grand and beautiful. Henry C. Wright says that children, who have loving and good parents, are loving and good, too. If this is true—and I think it is—Abbie was fortunate in her birth-place, and in having harmonious parents. She was gentle, and loving, and beautiful, as an angel; she loved music, and pictures, and flowers.

Pity it is all children could not have loving parents, and be surrounded by whatever tends to elevate and refine the soul. Children are often ill-natured and vicious, because their parents have made them so; and yet these very parents wonder why they have such wicked children.

Abbie had great love for books—although she could not see their use; she learned the Lamb Song and the Watcher Song, and the names of the flowers, when they bloomed, and how long they would live.

One day Abbie was in the yard twining a wreath of flowers, when an old man, the people called "Uncle Jim," came along with a hand-
ful of white waterlillies; he threw one over to Abbie, and said, "take that, Lilly Bud, it is your namesake, and just like your own sweet self. The old gentleman went along talking to himself about Abbie's being a lilly bud that would bloom in Heaven. "She don't belong to earth," he said, "she is a stray child from the skies, and will soon be called home."

When Abbie had finished the twining of her wreath she took the lilly "Uncle Jim" gave her and went to the house, and asked her mother what "Uncle Jim" meant by saying she was just like the lilly. "Was I named for one of these lillies," she asked.

"No, darling," said the mother, "you are like the lilly because you are so pure and fair."

"Shall I always be like this lilly, mama?"

"If you are good you will always be pure as the lilly; but children sometimes grow wicked, and then they are not like the lillies," said Ada.

"Are the children in Heaven like the lillies always?"

"Yes," said the mother, "children in
Heaven are always good, so they are as pure as lillies."

"I wish, mama, then, I could go there, and why can't I, when my head aches so?" and Abbie laid her head upon her mother's lap to have it bathed.

Ada loved her child and could not think of living without her; but she felt that her darling was upon the borders of the land she was talking about.

Abbie had a brain fever from which she never recovered.

The morning she left us, she called her father to her bedside and said, "oh, papa! I have had such a sweet dream! I saw such pretty children, and birds, and flowers, and fountains! and they called me Lilly Bud and said I could come back and stay with them. There they are now—don't you see them? How sweetly the children sing! Do you know the tune, mama?"

Abbie's father raised her up and gave her a drink of water, hoping she was dreaming still.

"Thank you, papa," she said, "I shall not want any more."
Dear Lilly Bud, she did not want anymore; she will not thirst any more. She never spoke again.

Ada closed the eyes of her child, straightened her little limbs, and turned away—not to weep, but to thank God that she had been the mother of so beautiful a spirit.

They made for Abbie a grave in the garden, among the flowers she loved.

Her long curls were left floating over her shoulders, just as when she lived; and a flower-wreath encircled her tiny form. All the people in the village came in to see Abbie buried, for they all loved her. No minister was invited to attend the funeral. Abbie’s father talked to the people about the philosophy of Death and of Life. He told them his darling had not left them, she was an earth-angel still, leading her parents to Heaven.

When her father had spoken they sang Longfellow’s “Psalm of Life,” and then they laid in the grave little Abbie. Six lads, who knew and loved the child, were the bearers. When they lowered the coffin to the grave, no sexton stood by with a spade to throw gravel upon it; but the little girls were there
with flowers; and they all walked around the grave strewing it with rare and fragrant blossoms.

At the head of the little grave is a white marble stone. Carved upon it is a lilly bud, broken from the stem; and underneath the simple inscription, "Little Abbie."
WE'LL MAKE THE MOST OF LIFE.

We'll make the most of life, my love;
Be happy while we may;
And if the world is all a sham
(As fools and poets say),
And life a day of clouds and storms,
We'll make it summer weather;
And on life's mystic ebbless sea,
Our barks will float together.

We'll make the most of life, my love,
Whatever may betide;
If earth seem all a wilderness,
It hath a sunny side.
What, though the clouds conceal the sun,
Yet still the sun is there;
And if we search the wide world through
There's beauty everywhere.

Then let us crown with gems of thought,
And noble deeds, life's day;
Scatter flowers and gather thorns
From out our brother's way.
And we will hope and we will pray
That on the coming night,
The evening star of hope may rise,
To guide us with its light.

To where the stars forget to wane,
And clouds to dim the light;
And where, upon the op'ning flower,
There falls no deathly blight.
That land, they say, is wondrous fair,
And as a silvery sea,
Where I may cast my lines, my love,
May cast my lines with thee.
THANKSGIVING SONG.

The night is o'er, the day once more —
   The dearest day—is here;
The day of rest we love the best
   Of all the passing year.

Good friends, come haste, the moments waste;
Come, let us go once more,
With souls of mirth, to the old hearth
   We loved in days of yore.

We'll sing the lays of other days,
   The days of guileless glee,
When heart and hand, a merry band,
   We gathered round one knee.

And we'll forgot that Time hath set
   His seal upon the brow;
Let hearts be light, and eyes all bright,
   For we are children now.

The board is spread for living and dead—
   Gather ye all about—
See ye the place for that dear face
   Whose lamp of life is out?

Our thanks we'll give, that we still live;
   That trusting souls are ours;
For golden grain; for fruit and rain;
   For sunshine, and for flowers.
THANKSGIVING SONG.

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And we will pray to God, to-day,
 That long, dear, dove-eyed Peace,
 With outspread wing, may soar and sing,
 And War's dread carnage cease.

And while we raise our souls in praise,
 We'll not forget the poor,
 With fainting hearts and faltering steps,
 That cluster round our door,

And we will pray, Oh. God! to-day,
 For those across the sea;
 And for a band, in this, our land,
 That's struggling to be free
LETTER TO LOUISA CONGER.

I remember how earnestly you listened to the stories I told you when a guest at your father's house; and how your bright eyes sparkled with delight when I promised to write you a story.

I have been spending a few days in Cincinnati, O., and in Richmond, Indiana.

I was made glad and happy by the acquaintance of several young people, so I thought I would tell you about those who have great names.

I called upon ADA CHAPMAN in Cincinnati. She received me with quiet, queenly grace, and amused me by repeating some few fine poems and parts of plays. Her voice is strong and as sweet as harp-tones. She is just six years old. She is a young creature of great promise. Born for the stage, perhaps, I hope she will elevate the drama as Henry Ward Beecher does the clergyman's profession.

I called in to the "Vanguard" office, in Richmond, and found HELEN MARR setting type. She is a young girl of great strength of mind, and has a very commendable idea of independence. If I had the money, and practiced bet-
ting, I would venture a dime that Helen Marr will learn to "paddle her own canoe."

When in Richmond, Angeline Grimpkie made my fires and blessed me by her brave republican spirit. She, too, is an Abolitionist. May she work as long and faithfully for the slave as her namesake has worked.

Angelina has a beautiful, black-eyed brother, whose name is Theodore Parker. He seems quite unconscious of the greatness of his name; but I greatly mistake if he, too, does not write his name "Immortal," in the world's archives.

One bitter cold morning, Lucretia Mott called and said, "I have come, Frances, to show thee about town; would thee like to call upon thy friends?" The little Quakeress is about ten years old. She is strong in mind and muscle, well "armed and equipped" for the march and the battle of life.

She has a sister, a frail flower with golden locks and sky-blue eyes. Her name is Frances D. Gage. She reminded me of an angel astray from the green fields of her native land. I wonder if she has been sent like a carrier-dove with messages from the Beautiful Land to the loved ones here! I rather think she will find this earth too cold; it will chill her warm heart; but the good Father will send his servant, Death, to unlock for her the Gates of Life, and she will plume her angel wings for her own sunny clime.
THE PAPER PEDDLER.

"N-e-w Y-o-r-k T-r-i-b-u-n-e! — Lat-est news! Terrible fire in Boston! Awful shipwreck at s-e-a! Two hundred lives lost! Only half a dime!" And a pair of black eyes glanced this way and that, saying, as plainly as eyes can talk, "I wish you'd just buy these papers, for I am almost home, and besides, I am cold, and hungry, and ragged; a little money will be quite a help, as you may see." I think the passengers in the cars must have understood what the black eyes said, for they looked at the boy's tattered clothes, and shoeless feet, and then bought his papers. It was evident enough that the peddler was a novice at his business, for he was timid, and his voice, at first low and tremulous, grew strong and clear when he pocketed his pennies and went his way to the next car, crying, "The New York Tribune for sale!"

When the cars stopped, the little fellow's face was all lighted up with smiles, and his large eyes grew blacker and brighter if possible, than ever before. He sprang from the platform (146)
into the street, from thence he turned into an alley, dark and dirty; then into a little ten-by-twelve room, where he was met by a pale-faced woman and a golden-haired little girl.

"Got home, son?" said the pale woman.

"Yes ma'am, and we'll not go to bed supperless to-night," said the Tribune boy, throwing into his mother's apron the pennies and half dimes he had earned. "Who'll say now I'm too little to sell papers? Earned twenty-four cents to-day! the papers all paid for and two left! guess I can sell papers if I am small! Come Sissy Ellen, and see the new, bright pennies. They'll buy us some warm rolls and milk for our supper; won't that be nice?" and the peddler kissed the little sister affectionately;

"Won't that be nice, sissy!"

There were tears in the mother's eyes and gladness in her heart, for she was sick and penniless, and a stranger in a large city.

Charley, Ellen and the mother sat down that evening to a warm supper, the first they had eaten for weeks.

That night the good woman knelt with her children while they repeated their evening prayer. A prayer was in her heart, it trembled upon her lips, "Lead, O Father, my child away from temptation."
Every morning found the little peddler at the Tribune office folding and counting his papers, and in the evening he sat, with his mother and Ellen, by the light of the fire his own earnings had kindled, relating to them the incidents and adventures of the day. Winter, Spring and Summer found the peddler up with the sun and at his post ready to sell papers.

Charley sells papers now, but not in the cars, not in the street, but to boys, poor and friendless as he used to be. He remembers his own hard fate and his mother's prayer, which, perhaps, prompts him to speak kindly to these orphans of humanity, and to repeat the prayer, "Lead these children, O Father, away from temptation."
LITTLE FLORA HEWS.

"Please tell me about Heaven, Mamma. Do the stars shine there? Do the flowers blossom? and will the birds sing as they sing here?"

And a little aching head rested upon the watching mother's bosom, and two soft brown eyes looked up for a reply.

"Heaven, darling, is a beautiful land not far off. There is no night there, and so they have no need of the stars for light. The birds sing there and the flowers are always in bloom."

"Will my head ache in Heaven, Mamma? And will God hear me when I say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven?' I suppose he'll be there, too, won't he, Mamma?"

"They are not sick in Heaven, my child. But you are weary and must rest," and Mrs. Hews put back the long curls from little Floras, forehead with one hand, and with the other she wiped the tears from her own eyes. I wonder what Mrs. Hews was thinking about, and I guess Flora wondered too, for she smilingly said,
"What makes you cry, Mamma? Is it because my head aches and I am so sick? May be I will go to Heaven, where I shall be well, and where the flowers always bloom, and where the birds are so very happy. I'll be as happy as they if I'm only well. I wonder, dear Mamma, if my roses that died do not blossom in Heaven? Papa says nothing dies, only changes, so I suppose the dear daisies and roses that the frost killed will live and bloom in Heaven; and it may be my birds are there, too; that will be so nice to find Kitty and Dick, that died the same night the flowers did, in Heaven; and I shall be so well and glad to be with them! And then, Mamma, you and Papa and May and Star will come to Heaven, too; and we shall be so happy—and—" There was a pause. Flora's breath grew shorter, and her voice fainter.

"You are weary, child; go to sleep and you'll be better in the morning."

"It grows dark. Will it be light in Heaven? Good night, Mamma."

"Good night, darling." And Mrs. Hews drew the curtain gently about the bed to shut out the light; she walked softly, and spoke in a whisper, that the sufferer might sleep; and she did sleep—a long sleep. She awoke with the birds and flowers in the Beautiful Land.

They made her a little grave in Greenwood,
and covered it with golden moss. They planted a white rose at her head, and a cypress tree at her feet. The birds sing in the branches of the great elm that o’ershadows the little mound.

Mrs. Hews and May and Star go and water the flowers that bloom there. They sometimes water them with their tears, for they miss Flora’s sunny smile and sweet voice. There is a little empty chair and a dear missing face at the home hearth, and a vacancy in all their hearts. But they dry their tears and are cheerful when they remember she is not dead, only gone to the home of the angels. “Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”