The Nursery, No. 109, January, 1876, Vol. XIX.

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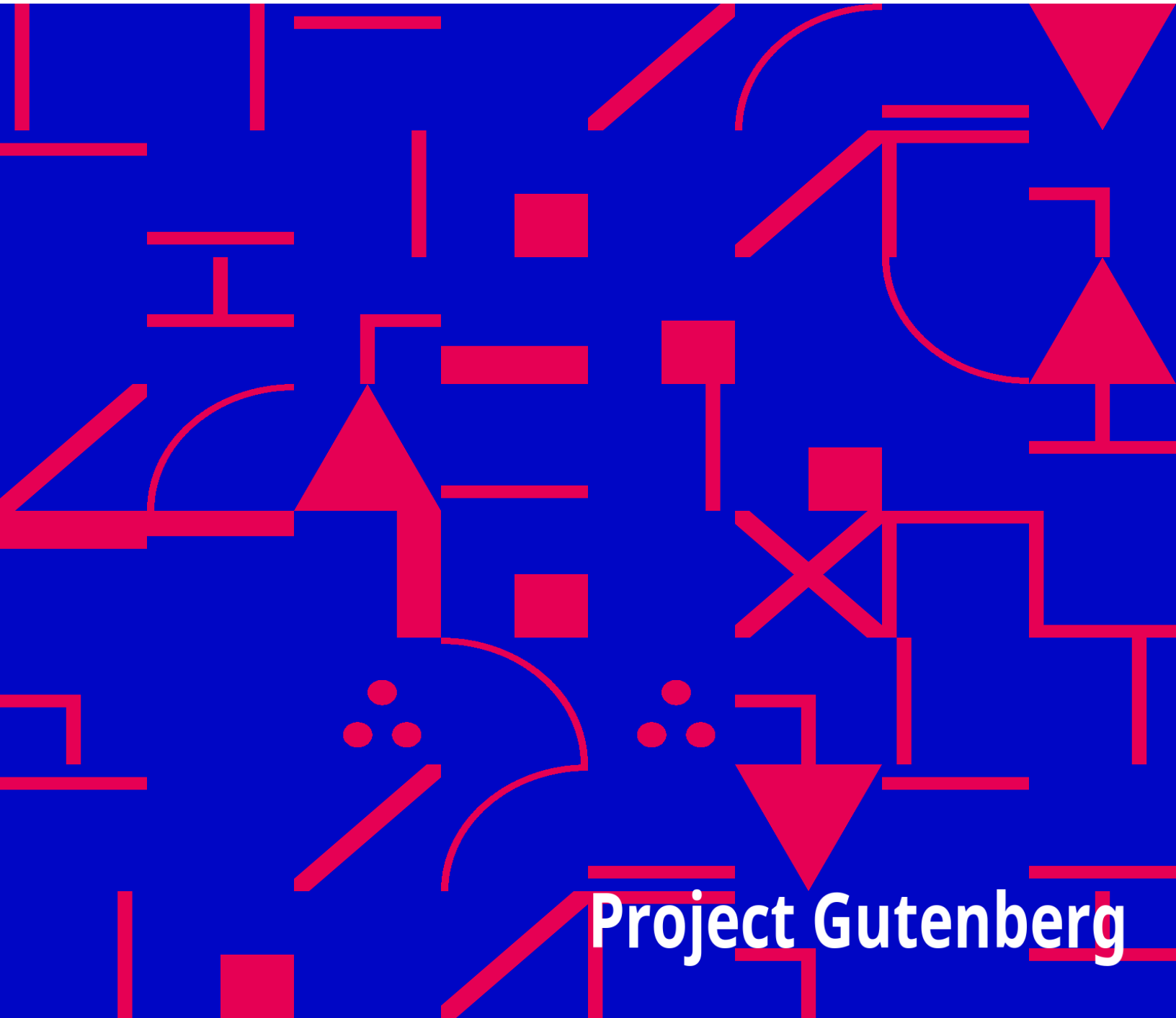

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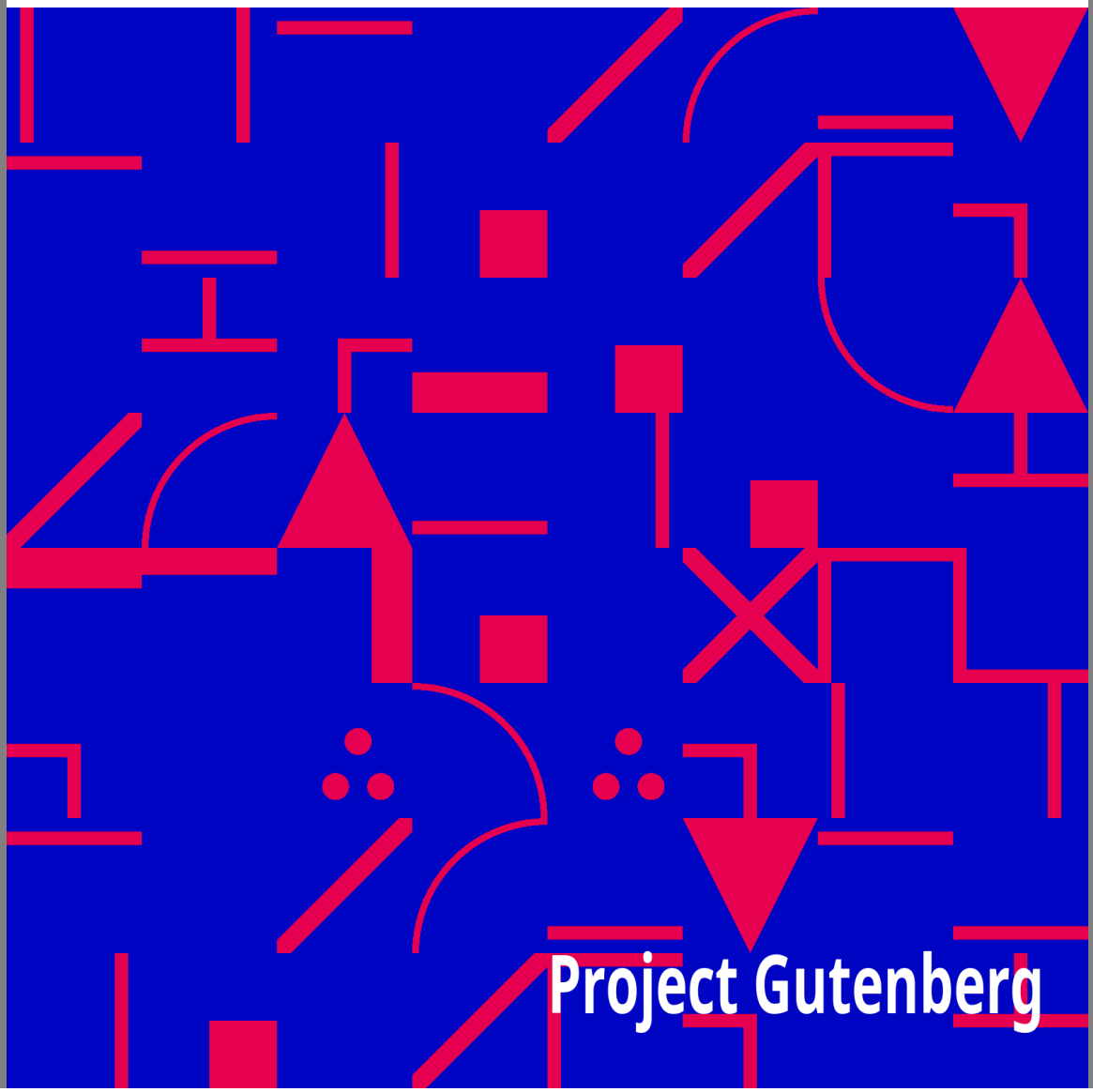

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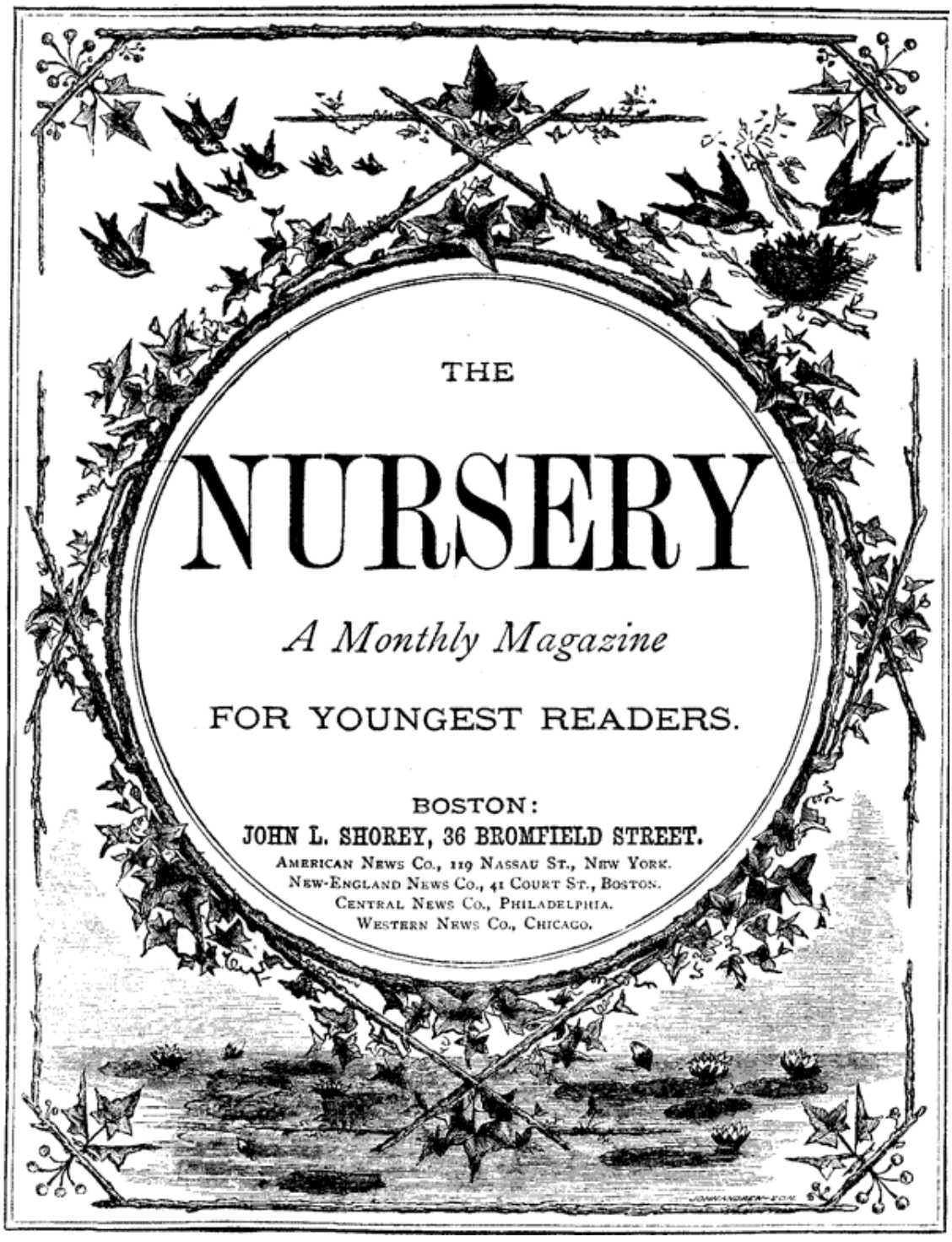

THE

NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

BOSTON:
JOHN L. SHOREY, 36 BROMFIELD STREET.
AMERICAN NEWS CO., 119 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.
NEW-ENGLAND NEWS CO., 41 COURT ST., BOSTON.
CENTRAL NEWS CO., PHILADELPHIA.
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$1.60 a Year, in advance.
A single copy, 15 cents.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND NINE.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

A happy New year to all friends and subscribers, old and young! They are sending us such an amount of encouragement, notwithstanding the hard times, that, instead of growing older the coming year, we think we shall grow younger. So do not fear, little ones, that we shall talk too learnedly for you yet awhile.

See the capital articles by the author of "Dick and I" in this number. They are written in words of one syllable, and are as witty as they are wise and good. Read them, and then hear your little ones read them.

We need not commend to lovers of art the fine original drawings in this number. That of "Christmas at the North," by Merrill, and that of "Christmas at the South." by Sheppard, of Richmond, are excellent. The drawing of the two dogs by Harrison Weir is also capital.

The little boys in all parts of the country, who have been asking us so urgently to give a picture of a train of cars, will be glad to learn that Mr. Merrill has drawn a capital one which will appear in our next number.

There is a great rush for **The Nursery Primer**. We can hardly get the books from the binder fast enough to supply the demand. It is no wonder; for no cheaper or better present for a child can be found.

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Unaccepted articles will be returned to the writers *if stamps are sent with them* to pay return postage. Manuscripts not so accompanied will not be preserved, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

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publisher.

THE NURSERY.

TERMS—1876.

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BOUND VOLUMES, each containing the numbers for six months, will be sent by mail, postpaid, for $1.00 per volume; yearly volumes for $1.75.

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JOHN L. SHOREY,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

The Nursery.

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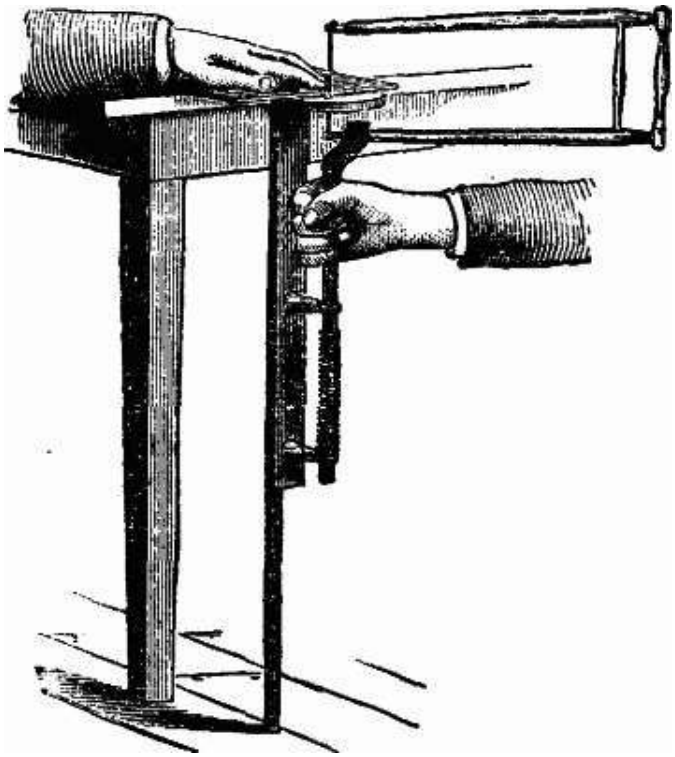

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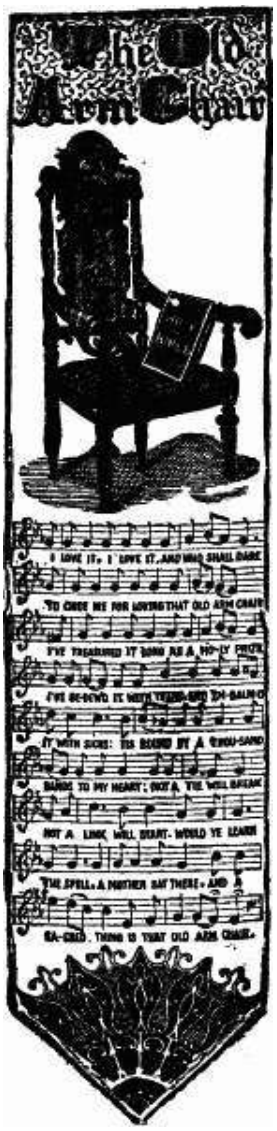

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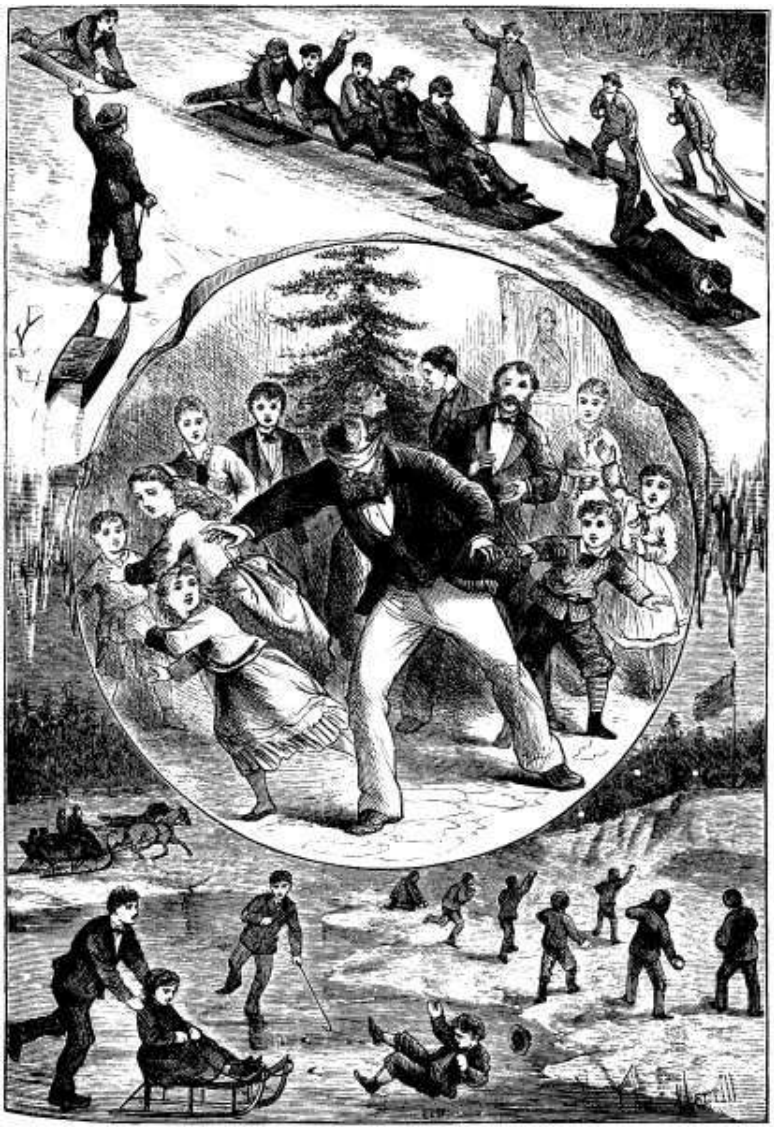


CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH.

CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH.

Hark! the bells are sounding;
Christmas draweth nigh;
Now let joy abounding
Bid all trouble fly.
Ye who pine in sorrow,
Come, be cheered to-day;
Of our gladness borrow,
As you freely may.

First give your attention
To our Christmas-tree;
But pray do not mention
All the things you see:
These are for surprises
To the children dear,—
To the Anns, Elizas,
Johnnys, Charleys here.

Are you hale and hearty,
And still young enough?
Come, then, join our party,
And play blind man's buff.
But if with the coasters
You would rather be,
See them there, the boasters!
Join them: you are free.

Hark! the sleigh-bells tinkle:
Do you wish a ride?
Will it smooth a wrinkle
Just to have a slide?
See, the road invites you;
See, the ponds entice:
Take, then, what delights you:
Whether snow or ice.

If the path to glory
Best your mood befits,
If you'd live in story,
And can brave hard hits,
See, where heroes yonder
Storm the fort with balls;
Do not stop to ponder:
Go where glory calls!

Or, perhaps, the skaters
Now attract you most:
We are patient waiters—
Will you skate, or coast?
Do not fear a tumble;
See poor Tommy there!
Up, without a grumble,
He will never care.

Welcome to our pleasures
And our Christmas cheer!
We'll not stint the measures:
Would you all were here!
Boys and girls together,—
From all parts and climes,
To enjoy this weather,
And these Christmas times!

ALFRED SELWYN.

POMPEY GUARDING BABY.

My real name is Pompey; but Mr. John sometimes calls me Pompous. What he means by that I do not know. Perhaps it is a joke. Mr. John is the eldest brother of Dot, the baby.

I am put here to keep watch over Dot. That is a picture of me as I appear seated on a chair by the side of the cradle where Dot is sleeping.

I am very fond of babies. One reason of it, I think, is, that they cannot hurt me with their little hands. They pull my ears, but not so hard as to give me pain.

Once, on a hot day, when my mouth was open, and my tongue was out, Dot took hold of my tongue, and pulled it as hard as he could. I did not even say *Bow-wow*. I let him pull away.

I would have all people know that this baby is not to be touched while I am here. If you come near to disturb baby, I shall bark; but, if you try to touch him, I shall bite. So be careful. You must not even touch baby's rattle that lies on the floor.

I hear my mistress tell people what a good dog I am, and how she can trust me to take care of baby. Yes, I am proud to say I do my duty. I hold my head up, and keep my eyes wide open. That drawing of me is from a photograph, and is a very good likeness. As I can't write, I have got Master John to write this down for me.

MASTER JOHN.

THE PARROT FEEDING ITS YOUNG.

The parrot is a curious bird. Here is a picture of one feeding its young. It has a large hooked beak, and climbs trees by the aid of its beak and feet.

The plumage of parrots varies in color. I have seen it of a bright green, also, red and gray. These birds were well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, who got them mostly from India and Africa.

The parrot, as every child knows, can be taught to talk. This power it shares with some other birds whose tongues are thick, round, and almost the same in form as that of the parrot. Starlings, blackbirds, jays, jackdaws, and ravens can imitate the human voice.

The parrot imitates all the noises it hears—the mewing of cats, the barking of dogs, and the cries of birds—as easily as it imitates speech. The parrots brought from Africa seem to prefer imitating the voices of children, and, on that account, more easily receive their education from them.

But the gray parrot imitates the grave tones of older persons. A parrot from Guinea, taught on the voyage by an old sailor, had caught up his hoarse voice and cough perfectly. Afterwards, owned and taught by a young girl, it did not forget the lessons of its first master. It was amusing to hear this bird pass from a soft, girlish voice to his hoarse and sailor-like tone.

Not only has the parrot the power of imitating the human voice, but it seems to wish to do so. This is shown by its attention in listening, and by the efforts it makes to repeat every word. It will often repeat words or sounds that no one has taken the trouble to teach it.

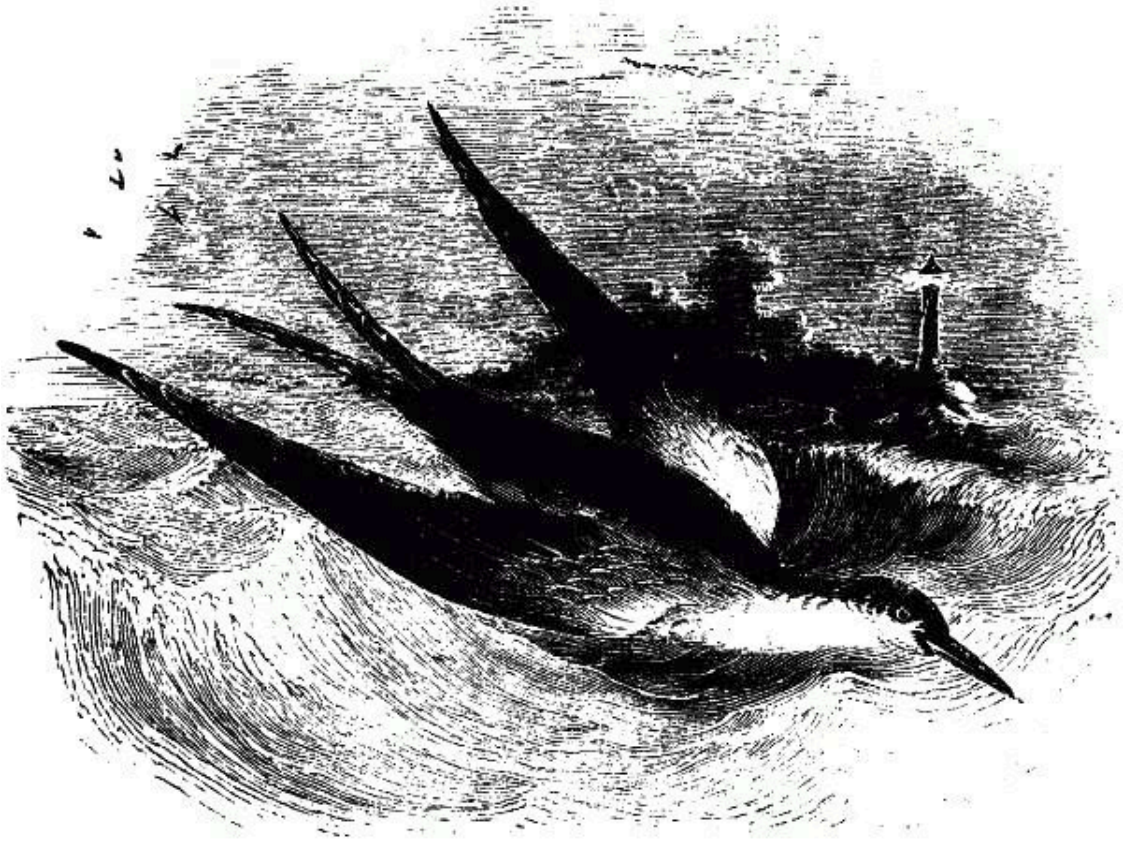
A parrot which had grown old with its master, and shared with him the pains of old age, being used to hear but little more than the words, "I am very ill," when

asked, "What is the matter, Polly?" answered in a dismal tone, and stretching itself, "I am very ill."

The language of the parrot is not wanting in ideas. When you ask one if it has breakfasted, it knows well how to answer you, if it has satisfied its hunger. It will not tell you that it has breakfasted when this is not the case: at least, you cannot force it to say "No" when it ought to say "Yes."

I have heard of a parrot, which, when pleased, would laugh most heartily, and then cry out, "Don't make me laugh so! I shall die, I shall die." The bird would also mimic sobbing, and exclaim, "So bad, so bad! got such a cold!" If any one happened to cough, the parrot would remark, "What a bad cold!"

UNCLE CHARLES.



The Sea-Swallow.

LITTLE RUTH'S PRAYER.

Stormy and chilly had been the day;
Drifts of snow on the sidewalk lay:
All who were out in the wintry street
Went shivering on with rapid feet;
And some were poor, and thinly clad,
And wished that a good warm home they had.

But, gloomy without, it was bright within,
In the house where our little Ruth had been:
By the nursery fireside's cheerful blaze
Merry had been her thoughts and plays;
She had dressed her dolls for a fancy ball,
And read her story-books one and all.

But when, at the close of the happy day,
She knelt, her one little prayer to say,
She thought of the hungry, perishing poor,
Of the children who cold and sorrow endure,
And, laying her head on her mother's knee,
Said, "Give them, O Father, *all* you give *me*!"

DORA BURNSIDE.

ARTHUR'S MISHAP.

I am a little boy, three years old, named Arthur; and I want to tell you what happened to me last summer.

I went down to the seashore to visit my grandmamma, alone, without mamma, or Mary, my nurse. Grandpapa took me in the cars, and I staid almost a week. I had a good time; for they have horses and cows and pigs and chickens, and a swing.

One day, Aunt Anna and I went to the duck-pond. I had a rod and line, and made believe fish. Aunt Anna turned away for a minute, and, when she looked around, all she could see of me was my hat, floating on the water. I had tumbled in, and was way down at the bottom of the pond.

But I soon rose to the top; and Aunt Anna reached over, and pulled me out, and ran up to the house with me in her arms. I did not cry at all, but coughed and sputtered a little, and told her I didn't like that old duck-pond.

Grandmamma took off all my wet clothes, and wrapped me in a blanket, and sang me to sleep. When I waked up, I felt all right. I got a good drink of water when I was in the pond; but I don't mean to go very near the edge next time.

E. B.

PUSSY GETS A WARNING.

"Pussy, now that you are here, I wish to say a few words to you; and it will be for your peace of mind to give heed to them at once. I have seen you several times, of late, looking sharply at that little wren's nest in the pear-tree."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

"Yes, I know what you mean by that; but you need not plead innocence. You think, that, as soon as those eggs are hatched, you'll have a good feast on the little birds."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

"Oh, you needn't deny it. Now, old cat, take my advice, and, if you don't want to come to grief, shun temptation in season. If I find you harming those birds, do you know what will happen?"

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

"Oh, you don't, eh? Well, I'll leave it to you to guess what will happen. I'll only say this: there will be a noise at the river-side one of these fine mornings, and a certain cat may get a ducking."

"Mee-ow, mee-ow! Fitt! Fitt!"

"You object to that, do you? Then, pussy, don't let me find you meddling with the little birds or watching their nests."

FRANK.

"PROUD AS A PEACOCK."

A DIALOGUE.

Laura.—Why is it, Rachel, that you wear that old winter dress to church, this fine spring morning? Look at me.

Rachel.—What a pretty silk! And what a becoming hat and plume!

Laura.—I gave my mother no peace till she got them for me. Why don't you make your father buy you a new spring dress, Rachel?

Rachel.—He would have given me such a dress, if I had not told him I should like something else better.

Laura.—Indeed! Pray, what else would you like better than a beautiful spring dress?

Rachel.—I knew that if my father gave me a silk dress this spring, he could not afford to let me take music-lessons: so I told him I would rather study music than have a new dress.

Laura.—What a silly girl, to prefer music-lessons to a nice new dress!

Rachel.—Hark! What is that harsh noise?

Laura.—It is the cry of that foolish peacock from the balcony of the garden yonder. He wants us to admire him.

Rachel.—How he struts about, and arches his neck, and shows his fine feathers, bright with all the colors of the rainbow!

Laura.—I would not change my canary-bird for him.

Rachel.—And I would not change my music for your new silk dress, Laura.

Laura.—Why do you say that? But, first, who is that man standing there by the garden-gate?

Rachel.—That is Mr. Blunt, the clergyman who is to preach for us to-day.

Laura.—He looks at me, and now he looks at the peacock, and now at me again, and now, with a smile, at the peacock, and now—O Rachel! this is too bad. I know what he is thinking of.

Rachel.—Let us hurry on to church. The bell has begun to toll.

Laura.—Ah, Rachel, he says to me, as plainly as looks can say, that I am as vain as yonder peacock.

Rachel.—Why, Laura, how you blush! Do you think you deserve such a reproof?

Laura.—I do, I do. Here, this Sunday morning, I have been thinking more of my new summer silk than of any thing else. Like that screeching peacock, I have been vain of my fine feathers. Yes, let us hurry on to church. One sermon I have had already. It was all given in a look.

Rachel.—You are quick to take a hint, I see.

Laura.—I hope I may be as quick to profit by it. "Pride shall have a fall," says the proverb; and my pride has fallen.

Rachel.—I shall not try to help it up, my dear.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

One summer afternoon, when grandmother was sitting in her old arm-chair, just outside of the door, little Jane looked fondly up in her face, and said,—

"Tell us a story, grandma."

"A story, child!" said grandma. "Why, I never made up a story in my life."

"But you can tell a true story," said Ruth, who was seated on the doorstep, —"about something that happened when you were a little girl."

While they were talking, George and Charles and Snap, the dog, had come running up to join the group. Grandma stopped in her knitting, thought a moment, and said,—

"Well, children, sit down, all of you, and I will tell you a true story."

So the children all took seats; and grandma began:—

> When I was a little girl, about the age of Ruth, my father was preceptor of the Hingham Academy. You have all been in Hingham. It is only fifteen miles from Boston. We go there now, by rail or by steamboat, in less than an hour; but, in those days, we used to go by a sailing-packet; and it was sometimes a whole day's journey.
>
> Well, in our family there was a French boy, named Bernard Trainier. His mother was not living. His father lived in Toulon, France. At that time, France, under the great Napoleon, was continually at war, and all her young men were forced into the army. I suppose it was to save Bernard from this fate, that he was sent to America. Mr. Trainier was acquainted with a French gentleman, Mr. Duprez, who then lived in Boston; and, through him, Bernard was placed in my father's care to be educated.
>
> Well, he was a bright, pleasant boy. He soon learned to speak English; and I and my sisters and brothers became very fond of him. He would have been very happy, but for one thing. He longed to see his little brother John, whom he had parted with at Toulon.

One day, to his great delight, Bernard received a letter from his father, telling him that John was also to be sent to America, and that he would take passage from Marseilles by the first vessel bound for Boston.

At that time there were no steamships and no regular packets from Europe. The only way of coming was by a merchant-vessel. So Bernard, who was looking and longing for the arrival of his brother, did not think it strange when six weeks passed away without bringing him. But when two months passed, and he did not appear, poor Bernard began to be anxious. Four months, five months, six months, passed. Nothing was heard of John. Not a word came from Mr. Trainier. More than a year passed away, and still there was no news. Bernard was in despair.

One August day (it must have been, I think, in the year 1805), when my father had occasion to visit Boston, he took Bernard with him; and, while there, went with him to call on Mr. Duprez, from whom they hoped to hear some good news.

But there was no comfort for poor Bernard in what Mr. Duprez had to tell. He had learned from friends in Toulon that Mr. Trainier, soon after sending his youngest son to America, had gone to St. Domingo to look after some estates. St. Domingo was then in a state of insurrection. The slaves had risen against their masters. When last heard from, Mr. Trainier had been taken prisoner, and it was feared that he had been put to death. As to John Trainier, all that could be learned was that he had been put on board a vessel bound from Marseilles to Boston, but the name of the vessel or what had become of her nobody knew.

You may imagine the distress of Bernard at hearing this, and how sad my father was when he took the poor boy's hand to return with him to Hingham. The packet station was at the head of Long Wharf. They reached it long before the vessel was ready to sail: so, to pass away the time, they walked slowly down the wharf,—my father still holding Bernard by the hand. They stopped a few minutes at the end of the wharf, then walked back again.

They had got about half way up the wharf when they heard a shout behind them. They looked around. The voice seemed to come from the water side. As they looked, a boy about eleven years old, dressed in rough sailor-clothes, jumped ashore from a brig at the wharf, and came running towards them, calling, "Bernard! Bernard!" again and again.

Bernard stood a moment as if amazed; then, suddenly letting go of my father's hand, he gave a cry of joy, sprang forward and caught the little sailor in his arms. It was his brother John.

Here grandma stopped. There was silence a few minutes. Then the questions began to come thick and fast. "Where had John been all this time?" "And why didn't he get to Boston before?"

"Well," said grandma, "I must tell that in a few words; for my story is getting long."

The captain of the brig had promised Mr. Trainier that he would see the little boy safely landed at the house of Mr. Duprez in Boston. But the captain was a bad man. Instead of treating John as a passenger, he forced him to do duty as a cabin-boy.

> Then, instead of going to Boston, the brig went to New York, and from there on a long voyage to some foreign port. At last she had come to Boston; but the captain had no idea of letting John go even then. He meant to carry him away again, and would have done so but for the accidental meeting of the two brothers on Long Wharf.

"The captain *had* to let him go after that, didn't he, grandma?" said little Jane.

"Of course he did," said grandma. "My father soon settled that point. He took John on board the packet, and brought him to Hingham. I well remember the time when the brothers came home, and how John told the story of his hardships, and how we all cried when we heard it, and then laughed with joy to see Bernard so happy."

"And was not John happy too?" asked Ruth.

"Yes, indeed," said grandma. "And yet both the boys were sad when they thought of their father's fate, and felt that they were orphans with no means of support. We all did our best to cheer them up, and my father told them they should have a home with us till they were old enough to take care of themselves."

"And what became of them? Are they living now? Tell us all about them," said the children.

"Ah! I must save that for another story. This is enough for to-day."

JANE OLIVER.

Scene on the Hudson River.

CHRISTMAS AT THE SOUTH.

Christmas at the South is usually a much milder day than it is at the North. The ponds are not often frozen, and there is little or no snow on the ground: so there is no skating, or coasting, or throwing of snow-balls, or merry jingle of sleigh-bells.

But we have very good times at the South notwithstanding. The boys go out with their guns, and sometimes shoot a wild turkey; but often they shoot just for the sake of making a noise. Their traps are set, too, about this time, for squirrels, as you may see in the picture.

Games of foot-ball and base-ball are not uncommon; and I have known it mild enough for girls and boys to play croquet on the lawn, or to row in a boat on the river.

What is that little girl doing in the central part of the picture? She is making a present of a sack to her good old nurse, who now has a baby of her own. The sack is for the baby. How glad they all are—the mother, the aunt, and the little boy, who, I think, must be the baby's brother!

As for the Christmas feast at the South, it may be very much like that at the North. In the picture we get a glimpse of a roast pig and a plum pudding. There is often a wild turkey and a plenty of other game.

"But is there a Christmas-tree? And does Santa Claus come with his trinkets, and his picture-books, as at the North?" Yes, in many families there is a Christmas tree, and Santa Claus does not forget that there are little children at the South also.

In the evening, the little ones play blind-man's-bluff, or hunt-the-slipper. Sometimes Jack Frost steals down from the North, and pinches them. But he does not stay long. He likes his northern home best.

UNCLE HARRY.

CHRISTMAS AT THE SOUTH.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Mr. D. had promised to give his wife a beautiful rattan rocking-chair as a Christmas present. It was his employment to sell these articles. In due time, Mrs. D. called at his place of business, and selected a chair; but, as she sat enjoying it for a few minutes, a new idea came into her mind, and she told her husband that she would gladly do without her present, if he would give Jennie and Alice (their two little daughters) each a chair.

Her husband agreed to this; and on Christmas Eve he took home with him two elegant little rocking-chairs. Leaving them in his garden, he went in to tea, and, after taking his seat at the table, said to his children, "I have a story to tell you, and it is a true story. Would you like to hear it?"

Of course they were all eager to do so. So he said, "There was a lady in my store to-day, whose husband had promised to make her a Christmas present of a rocking-chair. After she had selected a very nice one, she turned to her husband, and said, 'If you will give each of our children a chair, I will forego the pleasure of having mine.' Now, wasn't she truly kind?"

The children were much interested in the story; and both exclaimed, "Yes, sir!" Then he added, "I liked the lady very much."

Here, little Alice, growing slightly jealous, exclaimed, "Did you like her better than you do mamma?"

"Oh, no! not *better*, but *full as well*," answered her father.

After supper, the chairs were brought in, much to the surprise and delight of Jennie and Alice, who both joyfully exclaimed, "O papa! you meant us!"

D.

THE PROPER TIME.

"Will you play with me? Will you play with me?"
A little girl said to the birds on a tree.
"Oh, we have our nests to build," said they:
"There's a time for work, and a time for play."

Then, meeting a dog, she cried, "Halloo!
Come play with me, Jip, and do as I do."
Said he, "I must watch the orchard to-day:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

A boy she saw; and to him she cried,
"Come, play with me, John, by the greenwood side."
"Oh, no!" said John, "I've my lesson to say:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

Then thoughtful a while stood the little miss,
And said, "It is hard, on a day like this,
To go to work; but, from what they all say,
'Tis a time for work, and not for play."

So homeward she went, and took her book,
And first at the pictures began to look;
Then said, "I think I will study to-day:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

EMILY CARTER.

OUR DOG MILO.

Milo was the name of a fine Spanish pointer. He had such an expressive face, such delicate ears, and such wise eyes, that you could not help looking at him.

And then he could stand up so cleverly on his hind-legs, dressed in his little red coat and cap! An old beggar-woman, whose eyesight was not very good, once took him for a boy, and thanked the "little man," as she called him, for a present which we boys had trained him to go through the form of offering.

He had belonged to a travelling company of jugglers and rope-dancers, by whom he had been taught various tricks, though he had been made to undergo much hard treatment. He could fire off a pistol, stand on guard as a sentinel, beat a drum, and serve as a horse for the monkeys of the show.

This last piece of work poor Milo did not at all like. The monkeys would scratch and plague him; and, if he resented it, he would be whipped. His worst enemy was a little monkey named Jocko, who delighted to torment him.

At last, we boys talked so much to our good papa about Milo, that he bought him of the jugglers. How happy we were when we got possession of him! Poor Milo

seemed to be aware of our kind act. After that, it seemed as if he could not do too much to show his gratitude.

How patiently he would stand on his legs, or march with us in our mimic ranks as a soldier, when we went forth to battle! In all our plays we could not do without Milo. He would stand on guard beside our camp; and he it was who always had to fire the pistol when a deserter was to be shot.

Sometimes we would play going through the woods, where the Indians were likely to waylay us. Then Milo was our pathfinder. With his nice sense of smell he must find out where the cunning redskins were lying in wait.

There was no end to the uses to which we put the dear little dog in our plays. Never did he snarl, or lose his temper. He saw that we loved him; and he repaid our love by taking all the pains he could to please us.

But a dark time came for Milo and for us. A fright about mad dogs broke out in our town. A bad fellow said he had seen another dog, who was known to be mad, bite Milo. This was untrue; for Milo was at home at the time.

But all our prayers were of no use. We must bring Milo to the town-hall to have him shot. How we children wept and took on! Poor Milo, our dear little playmate! Must we lose him forever? We could not bear the thought.

The little dog himself saw that something was the matter, and whined at seeing us all so sad. All at once up started our eldest brother, Robert, and declared it should not be. He would rescue the little dog.

He did so without letting any one know of his plan. He took Milo, at night, in the cars, to the nearest great city. Here one of our cousins lived. Placing Milo in his charge, Robert came back; and when the town-officer came after the little dog, to kill him, he was told that Milo had stepped out, and, if the town-folks wanted him, they must find him.

In a few months, the outcry about mad dogs was hushed; and then we had Milo home again. What rejoicing there was! And how glad was Milo himself to get back, and greet all his little friends with barks and leaps!

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE THREE CALVES.

My little friend Max was on a farm, a whole week last May, and he likes to talk of the good time he had there.

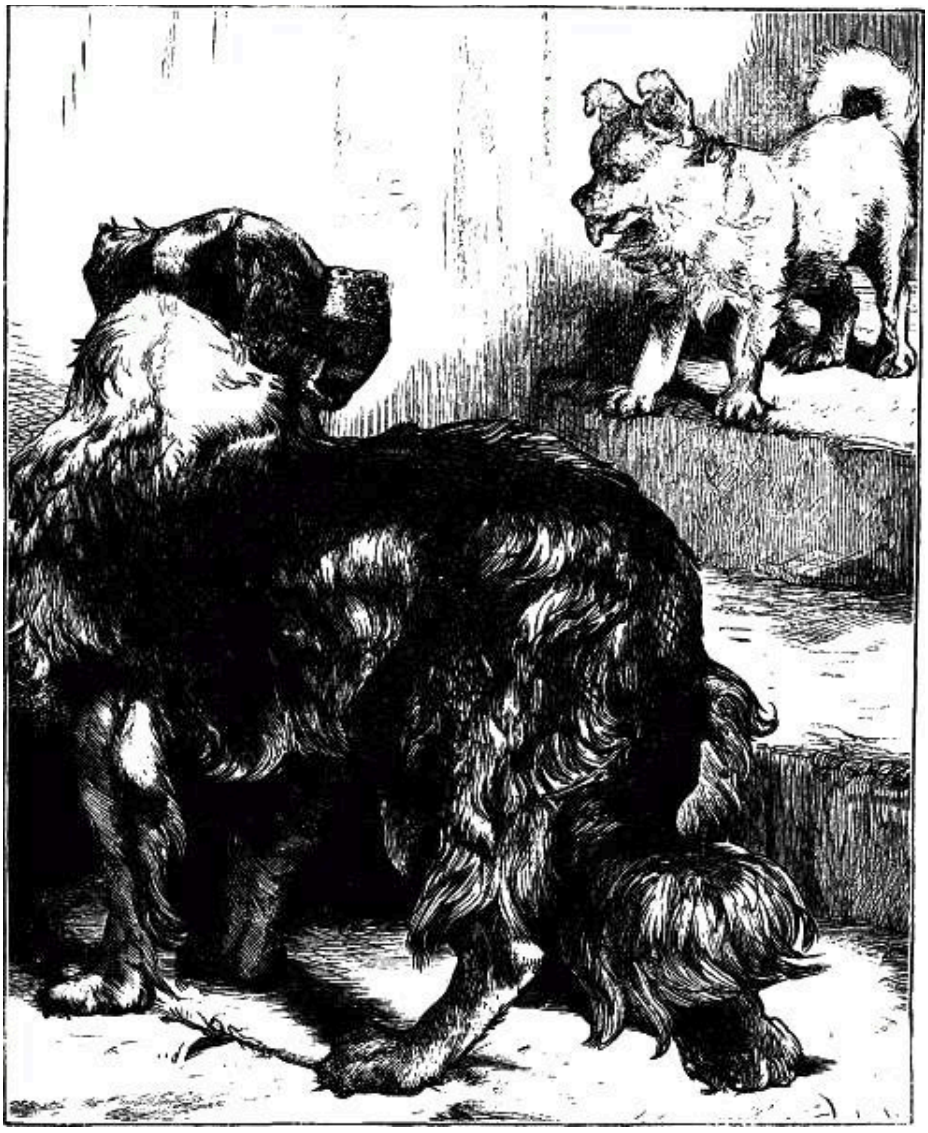
He says there were no less than three calves in the great field; and he used to watch them and feed them two or three times a day.

They grew to be so tame that they would let him come up and pat them on the back, and feel of their budding horns. He gave them each a name.

One he called Daisy; one, Pink; and one, Rose. He said if he had been with them three weeks, he should have taught them to know their names.

He hopes to see them again next May; but I think they will be good sized cows by that time, for they grow very fast.

A. B. C.



"WHY?"

"You must not go in there!" said an old dog to a young pup who stood on the white steps of a large house. "You must stay out now."

"Why?" asked the young pup. For it was a trick (and a bad trick) of his to say, "Why?" when he was told to do, or not to do, a thing.

"Why?" said the old dog: "I cannot say why. Old as I am, I do not know why. But I do know, that, if you go in when it is a wet day like this, the maid will drive you out."

"But why?" went on the pup. "It is not fair. There is no sense in it. I have been in the house some days, and no one turned me out; so why should they now?"

"Those were fine, sunny days," said the old dog.

"Well, it is on the wet days that I most want to be in the house," said the pup. "And I don't see why I should stay out. So here I go."

And so he did; but he soon found, that, though no one stopped to tell him "why" he must not come in, it was quite true that he might not. The first who saw him was the cook, who had a broom in her hand.

"That vile pup!" cried she. "Look at his feet!"

"What is wrong with my feet?" barked the pup.

But she did not wait to tell him. She struck him with the broom; and he fled with a howl up the stairs.

"Oh, that pup!" cried the maid, as she saw the marks of his feet. "He ought not to come into the house at all, if he will not keep out on wet days."

"But why?" yelped the pup, as the maid threw a hearth-brush at his head.

Still no one told him why. But a man just then came up stairs. "Why, what a mess!" he said. "Oh, I see! It is that pup. I thought he knew he must not come in!"

"So I did; but I did not know *why*," growled the pup, as, with sore back and lame foot, he crept under a chair.

"Come out, come out!" cried the man. "I will not have you in the house at all. Out with you!" And he seized him with a strong hand, and chained him in a stall.

"You might have stopped out, and played on the grass, if you had staid there," the man said. "But, as you will come into the house when you ought not to, you must be kept where you cannot do so."

And so the young pup had to stay in the dull stall. And when, at last, he was let out, he did not ask, "Why?" if he was told to do, or not to do, a thing, but did as he ought at once, like a wise dog.

AUTHOR OF "DICK AND I."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"Good-by, Old Year!" "Good by, good-by!" he replies, as he goes out into the cold and snow. "Be good children!" "Who comes? who comes?" "This is I, the glad New Year!" "What have you brought?" "A plenty of good wishes. Oh! you must all be good children!"

A MORNING CALL.

Baby Nan has company,
Baby Nell has come a-calling
In her carriage riding gay:
Nan sits on a great soft shawl
With two pillows, lest she fall.
Nan, here's little Nell come calling!
Haven't you a word to say?
"*Gar goo, ghee! gar ghee, argoo!*"
Nell, she's saying, "How d'ye do?"

Pillows bring for baby Nell;
On the soft shawl seat her grandly,
With her mouth set rose-bud way,
And her grave blue eyes surveying
This strange room she's so astray in.
Nell, dear Nell, don't cry! see Nannie!
Haven't you a word to say?
"*Ar-goo, dah, dah! dah dah, goo!*"
"I am pretty well, are you?"

Baby Nan has not a fear;
Up and down her small fists flying,
Bright eyes dancing, laughing gay!
Nell, she's showing you her socks;
Now she shakes her rattlebox;
Hands and feet she keeps a-flying;
She has something more to say:
"*Bab, bab, bab! kee-ee, bab, er!*"
I cannot interpret her.

Baby Nell can. See her laugh!
Forth her dimpled hand she stretches.
Pass your rattle, Nan, that way;
She, you see, can shake it too.
Now look out, she's seizing you;
Eagerly your toes she reaches!
Both the baby voices say,
"*Goo, goo, bab, bab! argoo ghee!*"
They're great friends so soon, you see.

They have secrets, Nell and Nan,
Laugh and coo, and crow together;
Nan wants Nell to stop all day
Playing with her on the shawl.
Must she go? How short the call!
Come again this sunny weather.
Hear the little darling say,
"*Argoo, kee ee! gar goo, gay!*"
Shake your hand, Nan, too, "*Day-day!*"

MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

"HE DID IT FIRST."

There were once two sheep who lived in a field. One was black, and one was white. In the same field lived a horse and a cow. Now, the black sheep was not at all good. But, where he chose to go, the white sheep would go; and, what he did the white sheep would do.

So they both did what they ought not. And when the white sheep was asked why he did what he ought not, he would say, "The black sheep did it first!" One day, a boy went through the field, and did not shut the gate. The black sheep saw it, and ran out of the field with great glee. The white sheep saw it too, and they both went some way.

But soon they met a large dog, who knew that they ought not to be out in the road. He ran at them, and bit them, and tore some wool off their backs. They were glad to run back to the field; and the white sheep was quite ill with fright all the rest of the day.

"But why did you go?" said the old cow. "The black sheep went," said the white one. "He did it first."

Well, the gate was shut; but one day the black sheep found a way out of the field through a hole in the fence. He crept through the gap; and, of course, the white sheep crept through as well. They got out on the moor, and thought it fine fun to be there, with no one in sight.

Soon the black sheep, who was first, came to the edge of a deep pit. He gave a great jump, and leaped in.

The white sheep did not stop to think. He gave a great jump, and leaped in too. Down, down, down he fell, on to a heap of great sharp stones. Both he and the black sheep were much hurt. They could not get out, and were forced to lie there in great pain. By and by some men came by, and saw the sheep in the pit. The men got them out, and took them back to the field, and sent for some one to see what could be done for them.

The horse and the cow, in great grief, came and stood by the side of the white sheep as he lay on the grass. They were fond of him in spite of all his faults. "Oh, why!" cried the cow, with tears in her eyes (and the bell that was hung round her

neck shook and rang as she leaned over him),—"why did you leave the field with the black sheep?"

"He did it first," said the white one in a faint voice.

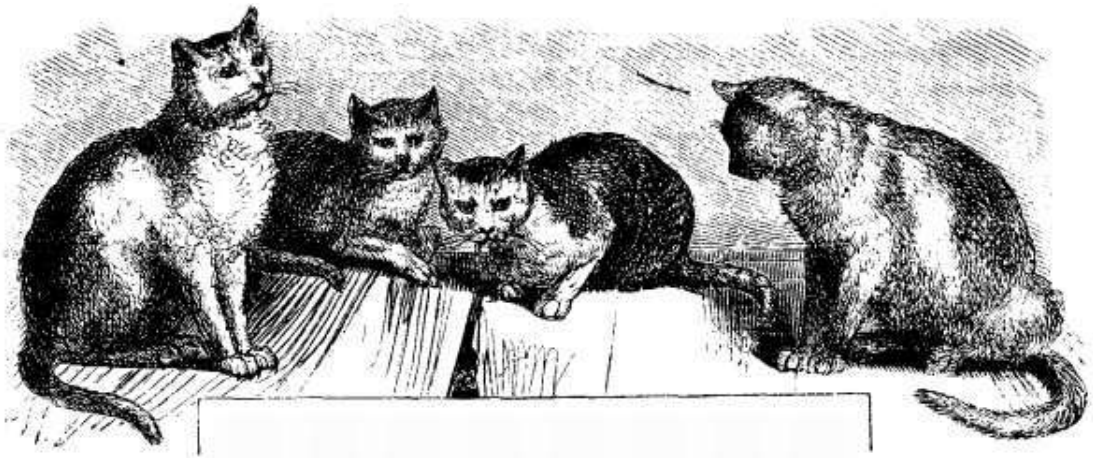
"Then why did you jump down that steep place? Could you not see that it was a pit?"

"I did not stop to see. He did it first," said the white sheep. Then, with a groan, he went on to ask, "How *is* the black sheep? Is he here too? And what does the man think who comes to see us?"

"I grieve to say," said the cow, "that he thought you were both far too much hurt to live. The poor black sheep has just died, and I fear that you must die too."

"He did it first," said the white sheep. And with those words he died.

AUTHOR OF "DICK AND I."



THE CATS AND THE MOUSE.

T. CRAMPTON.

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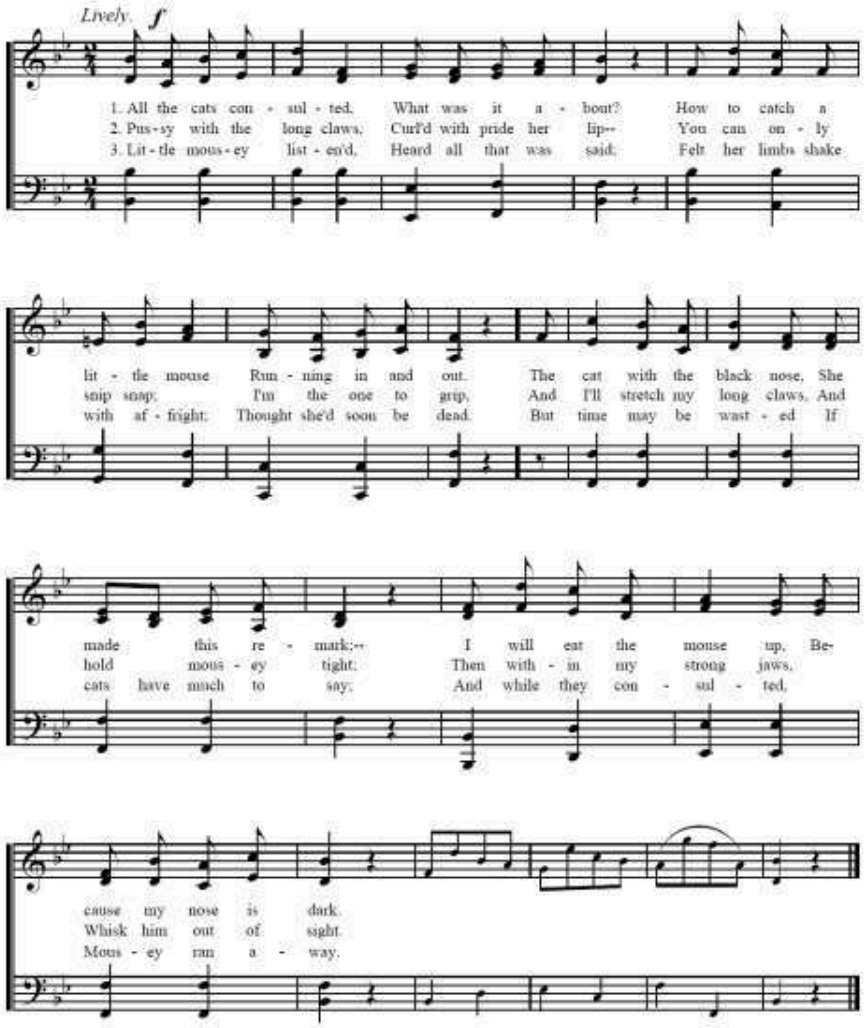

1. All the cats con-sult-ed,
   What was it a-bout?
   How to catch a lit-tle mouse
   Running in and out.

The cat with the black nose,
She made this re-mark;—
I will eat the mouse up,
Be-cause my nose is dark.

2. Pus-sy with the long claws,
Curl'd with pride her lip—
You can on-ly snip snap;
I'm the one to grip,
And I'll stretch my long claws,
And hold mous-ey tight;
Then within my strong jaws,
Whisk him out of sight.

3. Lit-tle mous-ey listen'd.
Heard all that was said;
Felt her limbs shake with af-fright;
Thought she'd soon be dead.
But time may be wast-ed.
If cats have much to say;
And while they con-sult-ed,
Mous-ey ran away.

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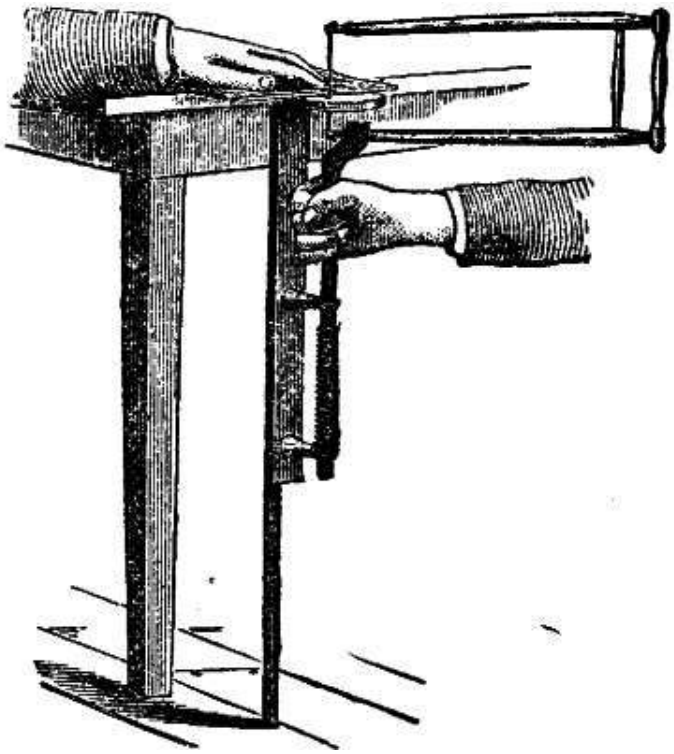

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I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT, AND WHO SHALL DARE
TO CHIDE ME FOR LOVING THAT OLD ARM CHAIR
I'VE TREASURED IT LONG AS A HO-LY PRIZE
I'VE BE-DEWD IT WITH TEARS AND EM-BALM-ED
IT WITH SIGHS: 'TIS BOUND BY A THOU-SAND
BANDS TO MY HEART; NOT A TIE WILL BREAK
NOT A LINK WILL START. WOULD YE LEARN
THE SPELL, A MOTHER SAT THERE, AND A
SA-CRED THING IS THAT OLD ARM CHAIR.

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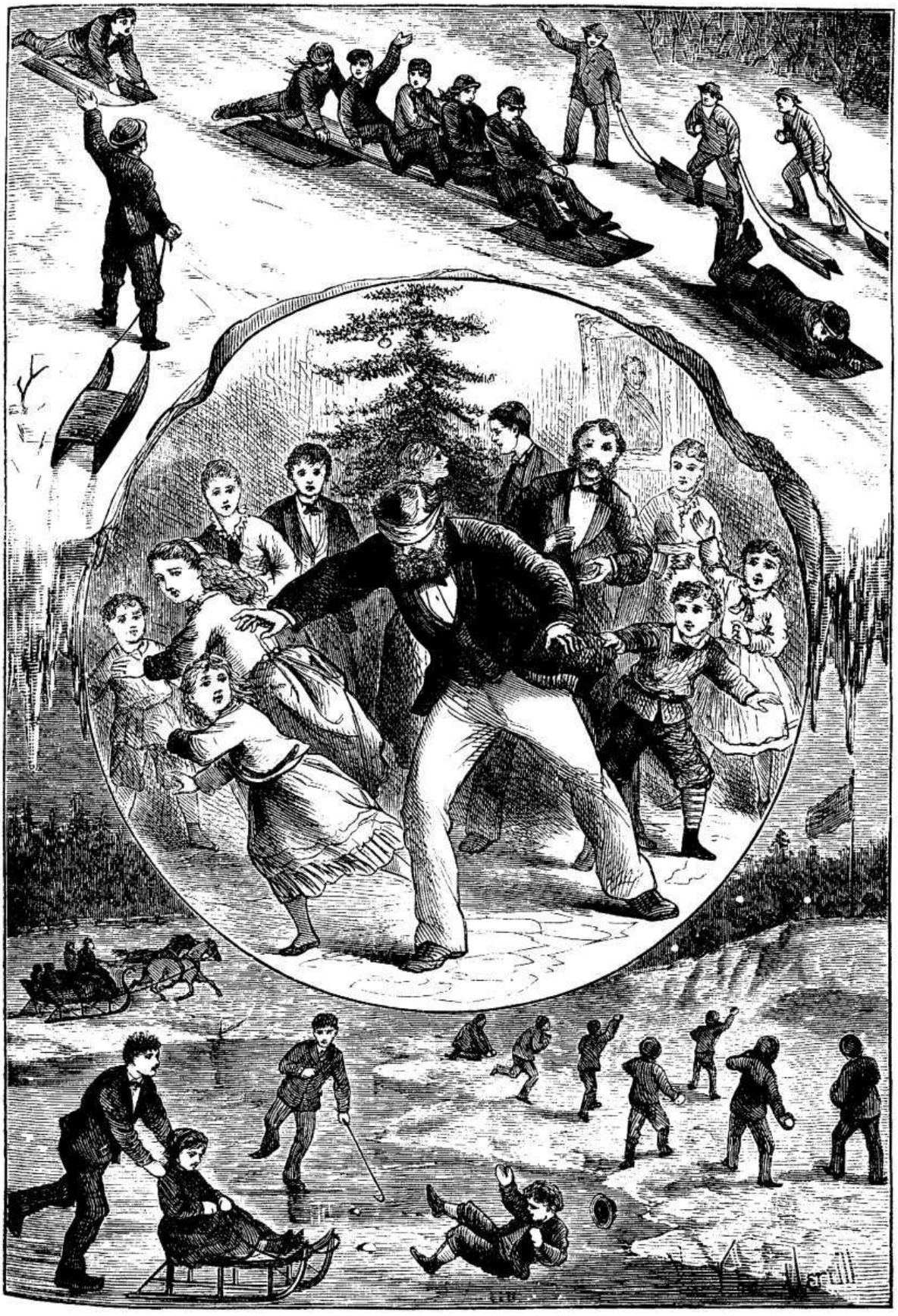

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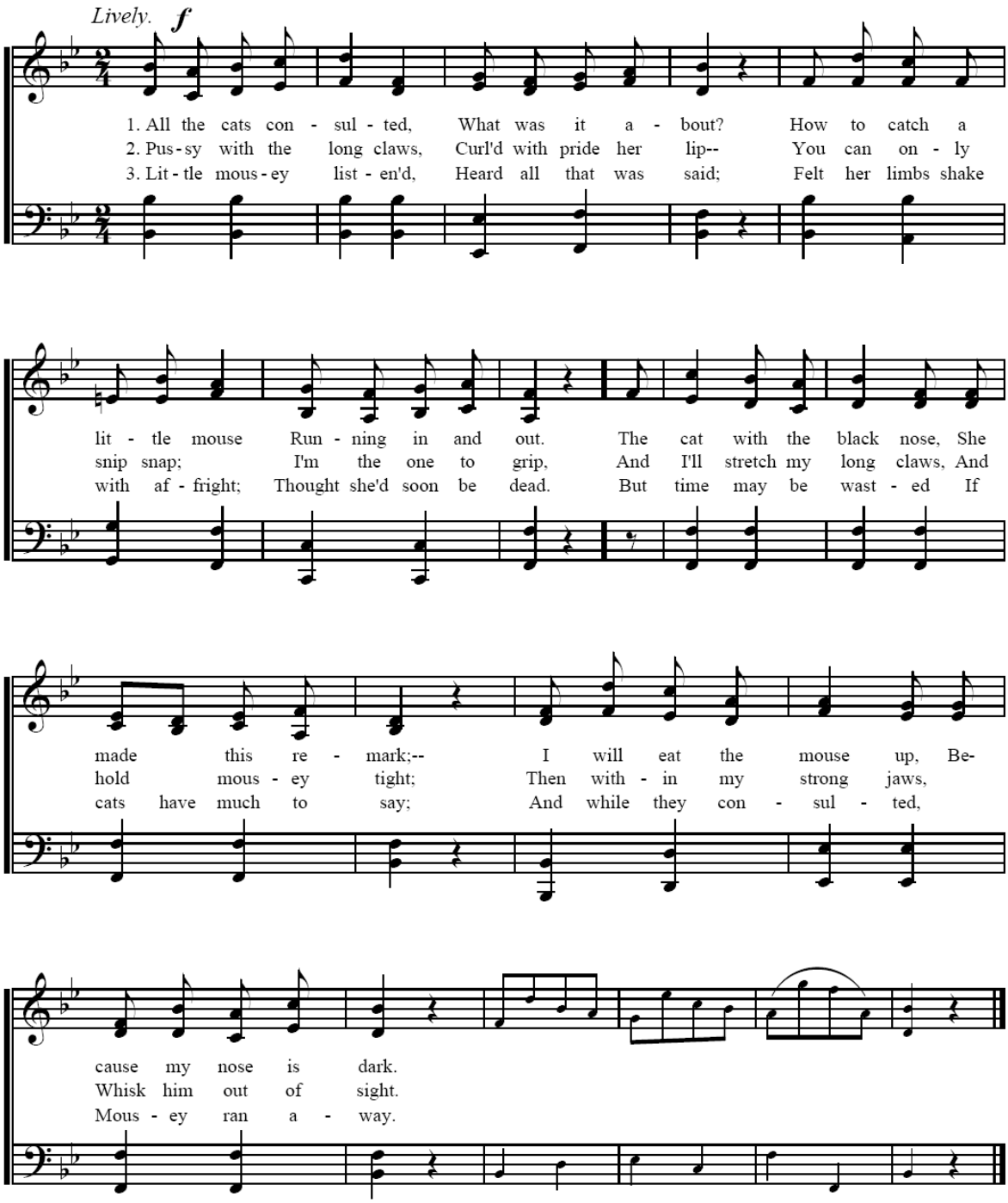
Lively. f
1. All the cats con - sul - ted, What was it a - bout? How to catch a
2. Pus - sy with the long claws, Curl'd with pride her lip-- You can on - ly
3. Lit - tle mous - ey list - en'd, Heard all that was said; Felt her limbs shake
lit - tle mouse Run - ning in and out. The cat with the black nose, She
snip snap; I'm the one to grip, And I'll stretch my long claws, And
with af - fright; Thought she'd soon be dead. But time may be wast - ed If
made this re - mark;-- I will eat the mouse up, Be-
hold mous - ey tight; Then with - in my strong jaws,
cats have much to say; And while they con - sul - ted,
cause my nose is dark.
Whisk him out of sight.
Mous - ey ran a - way.

back