





The Magic-Lantern.

See page 39.

THE  
MAGIC-LANTERN.

By ROBIN RANGER.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,  
200 MULBERRY-STREET, NEW YORK.

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# THE MAGIC-LANTERN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### AUNT CLARA.



AMMA,  
do you  
think  
she will  
come to-  
day?"

This is  
what lit-  
tle Katy

Snow said one  
bright afternoon  
in the month of May.

She had been told that her mother's sister would come that day from the city to spend a little time in the country. She was always glad when Aunt Clara came, and so were brother Charles and sister Susan. This was because Aunt Clara loved them, and talked kindly to them, and told them nice stories. She often took Susie, who was only three years old, on her lap; and while Katy stood on one side, and Charles on the other, she told them many pleasing tales about great kings, and little boys, and elephants, and bees, and all sorts of things.

In answer to her question, which she had already asked about twenty times since breakfast, her mother told her to be patient and wait until the steamboat came, and then she might expect to see her aunt.

“Well, mamma, may I go down to the dock, when the boat comes in, to meet her?”

“Yes, you may all go, if Bridget will go with you to keep you out of mischief.”

Bridget was the girl who did the housework. She was always ready to please the children; and, indeed, their father sometimes feared she might spoil



them by letting them do as they pleased.

Katy ran off to the kitchen, followed by Susan at a full gallop, while Master Charlie was not very far behind.

“O Bridget!” said Katy, “mamma says we may all go down to the boat to see if Aunt Clara comes, if you will go with us. Will you, Bridget?”

“Shure and do ye think I would be afther going wid the likes of yez when ye come tearing into my kitchen that way? Be aisy now, or I wont stir a step.”

Some folks would have thought

Bridget cross to hear her talk in this way. But the children knew better, and only laughed aloud, and jumped up and down on her floor with merry glee.

“Well, there!” said she, “I never did see such childer in all my life. Go along wid ye, or ye’ll make me crazy wid yer noise. But mind, now, and be ready by five o’clock, or we sha’n’t git there by the time the boat’s in.”

Off they scampered with great joy to amuse themselves as best they could until boat time, which was yet two hours off.

These two hours slowly passed,

and then they started for the dock, which was only a short walk from the house.

"There she is," cried Katy, as they turned the corner of the road, which brought them in full view of the river.

And the children started on a good run as they saw the steam-boat proudly coming toward the dock.

They reached the dock just as the boat drew near it, and watched her motions for some minutes. They heard the sound of a little bell, striking sometimes one, and sometimes two. Then the boat started forward and backward,

all the time getting nearer and nearer. A line was thrown to the shore and fastened around a great post, called a *spile*. The little bell rang *ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling*, and the plank was thrown out.

“All ashore!” cried the captain, and the people began leaving the boat.

But where was Aunt Clara?

That is what six little sparkling eyes were trying to find out. They watched every one in the crowd until nearly all had left, but there was no Aunt Clara yet. Then they thought she had not come, and their faces looked sad.

But there was no reason for their sadness, for their aunt was there. She had stayed behind a moment to speak to a lady who was going to the next landing.

Soon they saw her coming ashore, and ran to welcome her. Bridget took her carpet-bag, and the children each wanted to take her hand. But she only had two hands, and there were three children. Besides that, she had a small bundle to carry, which Bridget offered to take, but she would not let her.

The matter was settled at last, and they started for home. Charlie and Katie walked a short dis-

tance ahead, though they turned around so often that they walked backward about half the way. Aunt Clara gave Susie her hand because she was the youngest. In her other hand she carried the bundle very carefully.

What do you think was in that bundle?

That is what I want to tell you in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE STRANGE BUNDLE.



WHEN they reached the house they could not wait until Aunt Clara had taken off her bonnet, but asked her all manner of questions.

“How long will you stay with us this time?”

“Wont you tell us some nice stories?”

“Will you go with us into the woods and get wild flowers?”

“O wont we have fine times while you are here?”

“What’s in that bundle?”

Thus they kept on asking more questions than Aunt Clara could answer, and talking all together, and making a great noise, until their mother said:

“Hush, children, hush! Do give your aunt time to get her things off and get rested. She must be tired after her journey.”

“O no,” said Aunt Clara; “I am not very tired, and their talk-



ing does not trouble me; but I can't answer all their questions at once."

"Wont you tell us what's in that bundle?" asked Katy.

"Not now," replied her aunt. "You must wait until after tea. But I will tell you now if you guess it."

They all drew near and looked at it as it stood on the bureau, but did not touch it. They were not as rude as some children I have known, but had been taught how to behave well; and they knew they must not touch the bundle until Aunt Clara or their mother said they might.

But they wanted very much to know what was in it, and were glad to have a chance to guess. So they looked at it very carefully. It was not very large; surely not large enough to have in it a rocking-horse for Charlie, or a chair for Susan, or a hoop for Katy. It was about the size of the little tin trunk that Katy had to keep her doll's clothes in.

Besides, it was not shaped like any of those things. It looked like a small box covered with white paper, and tied with a string. But there was something sticking up at one end of it which puzzled the little ones

and made it hard for them to guess what it was.

Perhaps it was this that made little Susan say, "I guess it's a dog." She may have thought that its tail was what she saw at the end of the bundle.

The others laughed at this, for who ever heard of tying a dog up in white paper! Do you think any live dog would let that be done? Wouldn't he bark, and frisk about, and tear the paper, if you should try it? But you must remember that Susie was only three years old, and did not think of these things.

They tried hard to guess, but,

think of what they would, there was that tail, or handle, or whatever it was, still standing up in the way.

At last a bright thought came to Katy's mind.

"I know! I know now what it is!" said she. "It's a *coffee-pot* for mamma, and that's the spout sticking out there!"

This made Aunt Clara laugh very much, and as she stooped to kiss the little girl the tea-bell rang, and they all went to the dining-room.

I am not sure but that strange bundle took away the children's appetite; for Master Charlie said

he was through with his supper before the older folks had fairly begun. Katie also wished her father and mother would hurry and get done. The truth is, they were in haste to see the bundle opened.

When supper was over, Mr. Snow called the little ones into the sitting-room, with Aunt Clara and their mother, and they had family prayer. Perhaps the children would have had their thoughts all the time on the bundle, but Mr. Snow gave them some part in the worship. They sang a little hymn, and repeated the Lord's prayer. .

Children should not think about their toys or their sports in time of prayer. I think if all parents acted like Mr. Snow, and gave the children some part in the family worship, the little ones would like it better.

After prayers Aunt Clara went up to her room and brought the strange bundle down. The children came around the table, and looked with eager eyes as she untied the string. Then she took off the white paper, but all that the children saw was a brown paper tied with another string.

“Aunt Clara, I wish you

wouldn't tease us so," said Katy. "Do let us see what it is."

"Perhaps you wont know what it is when you see it," said her aunt smiling.

Soon the brown paper was untied and taken off, and then the children saw, as Aunt Clara put it on the table—WHAT?

They were as much puzzled as ever. They saw before them something looking like a box, and made out of sheet iron or blackened tin. From one end of it there arose a pipe, or chimney, or handle, they could not tell which. It had a little door at one side, which Aunt Clara

opened, so that they might look in.

It was all bright and shining within. At one end there was a little lamp, and behind it a round piece of very bright tin. At the other end there was a round, thick glass fastened in a tin tube or pipe. This tin pipe passed through the front of the queer looking thing, and came out on the outside. It had another thick glass at the other end of it.

“Now,” said Aunt Clara, “what do you think it is?”

They were silent for a few moments, when Charlie shouted out:



"I know what it is. It's a little steam-engine."

"No, it isn't," said Katy. "It's a little stove. An engine has wheels, and this has none. It stands on four feet, and there's the oven and the stove-pipe. But I don't know what the lamp is for."

"Well, I think it's a steam-engine," replied Charlie. "There's the smoke-pipe, and the big light in front. That's what the lamp is for; to let the light through this glass at the end of the tin pipe. You never saw a glass in a stove, did you? And as for the wheels, maybe

Aunt Clara hasn't put them on yet."

Their parents and their aunt laughed at this, and I don't know how long the children would have talked about it had not Aunt Clara told them they were both wrong. "It is neither a stove nor a steam-engine."

"Well do tell us, then, what it is," said Katy.

"It's a lantern," answered her aunt.

"A lantern!" cried Charlie. "A lantern! Where's the handle? and how do you use it? I never saw a lantern like that. Uncle Joe, that takes care of Mr.

Braisted's horses, has a lantern, but it doesn't look at all like that."

"But this lantern is not meant to be used in a stable," said his aunt. "It is a MAGIC-LANTERN."

"What is it for, then?" asked Katy.

Perhaps that is what you would like to know, my little reader. Then I will tell you how Aunt Clara showed the magic-lantern to these three little children.

## CHAPTER III.

## IN THE DARK.



UNT Clara went to her room, and took out of her carpet-bag a little box, long and narrow, which she brought down to the sitting-room. She slid off the top, and took from the box a dozen or more long pieces of glass, on each

of which were painted some curious pictures.

What these pictures were I will not say now, for they were not meant to be looked at on the glass, but to be seen on the wall in the way I am about to tell you.

The children were not allowed to touch the glasses, lest they should break them. But they looked at them as they lay upon the table, and wondered what their aunt would do with them, or what they had to do with the magic-lantern.

Aunt Clara asked Katy to take the little lamp, which was in the

lantern, to the kitchen, to Bridget. She did so; and Bridget soon came back with it filled with oil, and having a wick nicely trimmed.

“And what quare looking thing is this that ye have,” said she to the children.

“O Bridget!” said Katy, “do wait a little while and see the funny things that Aunt Clara is going to show us.”

“And who’ll wash my dishes if I stay here?” asked Bridget.

“Can’t you leave them till morning?” said Katy.

“Ah, Katy,” said her mother, “that is so much like you. You

are too fond of stopping work for play, and sometimes leave so many things for the morrow, that when the morrow comes you are not able to do anything. Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. Bridget can come in when her work is done if she wants to."

But Bridget did not hear this, for she had gone back to the kitchen, and was at work again among her dishes.

Katy's father helped Aunt Clara get things ready. The little lamp was lighted and placed inside the lantern. The tin tube

or pipe, of which I have spoken, with a piece of glass at each end, was put in the end of the lantern where it belonged, but not until Master Charlie had asked leave to look at it. This his aunt let him do, as there was no danger of breaking it.

“O see!” said he, as he looked through it. “Everything I look at seems upside down. The chairs, and the table, and the clock, and everything.”

He passed the tube, which looked something like a spy-glass, to Katy, who was as well pleased as he with what she saw through it. Susie also tried, but



did not seem to make out very well with it.

When the tube was put in its place, the lantern, with the painted glass alongside of it, was put on a small table, and moved about six or eight feet from the wall.

But perhaps you, my little reader, don't know what is meant by "six or eight feet." If that is so, please to stop reading just here, and don't you read another line until you find out from somebody what that means.

The wall of the sitting-room was papered, and as that would not do for Aunt Clara's "exhibi-

tion," as Katy called it, a sheet was brought. Mr. Snow fastened this with two forks to the door which led into the dining-room, and the table was placed right opposite.

By this time it was nearly dark, and that was all the better for the sights that were to be shown; for the magic-lantern can never be seen well in the day-time.

To make it quite dark, Mr. Snow closed all the blinds very carefully. Then all the light in the room came from the little lamp within the lantern. This did not give much light, you may

be sure. What little there was mainly fell on Susie's face. She was sitting in front of it on a low stool, with her head resting on the lap of her mother, who sat on a chair by her side.

But she was not sleepy. Her eyes were wide open, and she wondered what would come next.

Katie and Charlie were looking on, and Katy was just about to ask Aunt Clara when the "exhibition" would begin, when the little door of the lantern was closed, and they were all in the dark.

## CHAPTER IV.

## STRANGE SIGHTS ON THE WALL.



USIE clung closer to her mother, and the other children stood close by their father, when the little door was shut. Perhaps they were somewhat afraid. If so, Aunt Clara's voice quieted their fears, for they laughed when they heard her say :

“Now, ladies and gentlemen, prepare to see some of the most wonderful and curious things you ever saw in your lives.”

They all looked toward the sheet on the door, for a bright light came out of the lantern through the glasses in the tin tube, and made a great ring of white on the sheet. They had not seen it before, because Aunt Clara put her hand over the tube when she shut the door of the lantern, and did not take it away until she made her speech to the “ladies and gentlemen.”

“O see that pretty moon!” said Susie.

Katy was about to tell her it was not a moon, when Charlie called out: "Susie, I guess your moon has a man in it."

And, sure enough, there was a man in the bright ring on the door. He had a round-top hat on his head, a pack on his back, and a stick in his hand. His coat was red, and his pantaloons green.\*

Aunt Clara had put one of the painted glasses, which lay on the table, in the lantern between the light and the tin tube. The glasses in the tube were like the glasses in your grandpa's spectacles;

\* See Frontispiece.

they made things look larger than they really were. Hence, although the man painted on the glass was very small, not longer than a pin, when he was seen on the sheet upon the door he was about as large as Susie. The light going through the glasses in the tin tube made him look larger.

Aunt Clara told this to the children as they looked and listened. She also told them that glasses which make small things look large are called *magnifying* glasses. Can you speak that hard word? Try.

The man with the red coat

passed on, and next came a man with a blue coat. He too held a stick in one hand, while in the other he had a string or rope. The children wondered what was at the other end of this rope; but they could not see until Aunt Clara moved the glass a little, and the man went out of sight. Then the string or rope was seen to be fastened to a mule, who followed his blue-coated master.

The children laughed when they saw him. Susie said it was a horse; but Charlie said, "Look at his ears! See how long they are! That's a mule, Susie.



Don't you know Jack Sprague has one which he drives before his dirt cart?"

But little Susie did not know as much as Charlie about Jack Sprague and his dirt cart; for Charlie had more than once got by the side of Jack on his cart, and had held the reins. No wonder he knew what a mule was.

Mr. Muley passed on with two feet on the ground and two off. He had a green bundle tied to his back; but what was in it nobody could find out.

This was all that was on the first glass, excepting a red house

with a yellow sign, and an old tree that seemed to have lost its top.

Aunt Clara drew out the glass, and all that could be seen on the sheet was Susie's moon. But in a moment or two she put in another glass. Then there came on the wall a man with a goose under his arm, and another man pushing along a wheelbarrow with a heavy load upon it.

There was also a third man, at sight of whom the children shouted and clapped their hands. He was a funny-looking man indeed. His hat was red, his coat was green, and his trowsers were

brown. A trumpet was placed to his lips, and he seemed to be blowing it.

He led some queer-looking animal by a string. What it was, the children did not seem to know. They thought it must be either a dog, or a pig, or a bear; I suppose it was meant for a bear. But I think the man who painted that glass ought to have been more careful, because a bear is a bear, and it's of no use to try to make anything else out of him.

The next glass showed a deer prancing and jumping as though something ailed him. But what

was the matter with him nobody could tell, until Aunt Clara moved the glass, and showed on the sheet a man with a very red face and a very little gun making a great smoke, and pointing the gun toward the deer. Besides, there was a large dog, with his big red mouth wide open, going right after the deer.

No wonder the poor thing looked frightened. The dog of itself was enough to scare him. But dog, and gun, and red-faced man together, made him jump and run for his life.

Then there came a man who seemed to be in great trouble,

because the wind had blown off his hat. That may teach him to put his hat on tighter after this when the wind blows.

What else they saw I must put in another chapter.



## CHAPTER V.

MORE ABOUT THE STRANGE  
SIGHTS.

HAVE not time to tell you about all the glasses that passed through the lantern. There were kings and queens, ships and forts, churches and castles, horses and carts, men with big noses and women with little eyes, besides leopards, lions, elephants, and tigers.

Just as the elephant showed himself on the sheet, he was seen to shake as though he had the ague. The door opened, and in walked Bridget, who had got through washing her dishes, and had come to see the show. She did not know that the sheet was on the door, or she would not have come in by that way. It was her opening the door that made the elephant shake.

“O Bridget,” said Katy, “you’ve killed our elephant.”

“Shure, and how did I know ye had any ilephant here?” said Bridget.

Aunt Clara told her there was

no harm done; the door was closed, and Mr. Elephant got over his ague, and stood as quiet as if he had never been shaken.

Bridget seemed to be as much pleased as the children with the strange sights, and quite added to the pleasure of the little ones by her queer sayings.

There was one picture that showed a shelf in a cellar, with a plate of cake on it. Just under it there was a small butter-tub turned upside down. A little girl stood on tip-toe on this tub, with one hand on the shelf to steady herself, and with the other giving a piece of cake to a boy



smaller than herself, who stood by her side.

They all laughed when they saw this, and Mrs. Snow asked Aunt Clara if she thought the children's mamma knew they were in the cellar.

Before Aunt Clara had time to answer, Katy said:

"Well, mamma, I haven't done it since the time you told me I ought not to."

There, it was all out. Katy thought it was meant for her and Charlie. Do you know of any other little boy or girl for whom it might have been meant?

But I must tell you about the

goats. There were three goats seen on the sheet, one after the other. One of them carried a man on his back, another wheeled a little girl in a wheelbarrow. The little girl had on a scarlet dress and a yellow hat, and she had a whip in her hand. The third goat was standing alone.

“Katy, isn’t that Mixie?” said Mr. Snow.

“It looks like him,” was Katy’s reply.

Aunt Clara moved the glass up and down, so that the goat seemed to be prancing.

Charlie called out, “Mixie, don’t you want a piece of cake?”

“Maybe ye’ll give him the piece of cake ye got out of the cellar,” said Bridget. “Wouldn’t ye be frightened yerself, Mither Charlie, if a big nannygoat should come to ye when ye was aslape?”

Now I must tell you that a few nights before this Kate woke up crying, and told her mamma that she had dreamed about a goat. He came to her and said,

“Little girl, what is your name?”

“My name is Katy,” said she.

“And what is your name?”

“My name is Mixie,” said the goat. “Have you got any cake to-day?”

And with that he came toward her with his mouth wide open, as if he would eat her up. This frightened her, and she awoke crying. But she soon got over it, for dreams are nothing, you know. It was a strange dream, wasn't it?

Katy laughed about it as much as anybody the next day.

This was the last of the pictures for that evening. It was nine o'clock when they got through, and there was at least one pair of eyes that had to be rubbed to be kept open. Little Susie was getting sleepy, and Bridget carried her off to bed

as soon as Mixie was out of sight.

The other children stayed up a little longer to see the last of it. Their father lighted a lamp and took the sheet from the door, while Aunt Clara put out the little light belonging to the lantern, and put the long pieces of glass carefully in the box.

They had all spent a very pleasant evening. The children were pleased with what they saw, and the older folks were pleased because the little ones were happy.

It is a great blessing to have kind parents and friends who try

to make you happy. Do you know how much trouble they take for this? No! you cannot know it now. But you ought to love them very much because they are so kind.

Some of you who have read this little book have parents as loving as Katy Snow's. Perhaps, too, you have some good aunt as kind as Aunt Clara. If so, you ought to thank God, who has given you such good friends. This it is which makes God your best friend; he gives you all the blessings you have.

Katie and Charlie slept very soundly that night, for they were

tired. Aunt Clara stayed a week, and though she told them a great many pretty stories, and showed them many pretty things, there was nothing which so much pleased them as the strange bundle, which had in it the MAGIC-LANTERN!

THE END.

