

THE
CORONATION

THE CORNUCOPIA;

A COLLECTION OF PIECES

IN PROSE AND RHYME,

FOR THE

SILVER LAKE STORIES.

With Illustrations.

BY COUSIN CICELY.

AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN SATCHEL," ETC.

AUBURN AND ROCHESTER:
ALDEN AND BEARDSLEY.

NEW YORK:

J. C. DERBY, 119 NASSAU STREET.

1855.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
ALDEN BEARDSLEY & CO.,
In the Clerk's Office of the Northern District of New York.

REPRODUCED BY
THOMAS B. SMITH
216 William St., N. Y.

STORIES and rhymes, sad and merry, fell from Aunt
Patty's "Green Satchel," like good things from a Cornu-
copia. We hope they will be as agreeable to our young
readers, and much more useful than a cornucopia of
candy would be.

THE SILVER LAKE STORIES,

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING VOLUMES.

- I.—THE JUMBLE.
- II.—THE OLD PORTFOLIO.
- III.—THE GREEN SACHEL.
- IV.—THE CORNUCOPIA.
- V.—AUNT PATTY'S MIRROR.
- VI.—THE BUDGET.

Contents.

	Page
THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY,	11
THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS,	35
THE OLD SEA-CAPTAIN,	37
POOR LITTLE NORAH,	64
ADELLE SINCLAIR,	66
THE WIDOW'S SON,	112
THE CAPSIZED BOAT,	119
THE RAINBOW,	147
DRAWING THE SEINE,	149

List of Illustrations.

	Page
THE DOCTOR'S CHILDREN,	Frontispiece.
PARTING WITH OLD JACK,	24
JULIE AND WALTER,	27
CAPTAIN GLEN AND THE BOYS,	38
THE SICK SAILOR-BOY,	55
THE SHIPWRECK,	57
AGNES AND HER BROTHER,	90
THE WIDOW'S GRIEF,	113
THE BOYS BY THE LAKE SHORE,	120
THE RAINBOW,	148

The Doctor's Family.

DR. BLAKE had been buried about a month. His little girls, with whom the first violence of grief was over, had wandered down to a dingle behind the house. Bessie and little Nelly were sitting together under the shade of some tall old trees, while Julie stood near them, leaning upon a bank, picking up tufts of grass and throwing them away, without appear-

ing to know what she was doing. At length she raised her head suddenly, and looking in her sister's face she said:

"Bessie, do you know mother is going to sell old Jack?"

"Sell old Jack! oh no! mother would never do that. Don't you know how father loved him?"

"Yes, I know all that, Bessie, but still poor mother must do a great many things that are very hard to do."

"But I cannot have poor old Jack sold!" said little Nelly, "why, he was here long before I was born; and when I was a little bit of a thing, papa used

to put me on his back when he led him down to the brook to water him."

"And how many pleasant rides we used to have with father, when he went round to visit the sick folks," said Bessie. "While he went into the houses, he would sometimes let me take the reins and the whip, but dear old lazy Jack wouldn't stir till father got in and spoke to him. Poor old Jack! he seems just like one of the family, doesn't he?"

"Why must mamma sell him, Julie?" asked Nelly.

"Because we are very poor now, dear."

"Are we?"

"Yes, Nelly; and all that father had was what he made by visiting sick folks, and mother says a great many of these never paid him anything; and then you know father lay sick so long, and we had to have a physician to see him; and altogether we have got to be very poor."

"Does Walter know, Julie?"

"Yes, mother told Walter and me last night; and she talked to us so much about all the troubles and trials she has gone through, while father was sick, and since he died, that I felt as if we ought not to complain, if selling our

poor old horse would lighten mother's troubles."

"And what did Walter say, Julie?"

"Oh, you know Walter always says just what is right about everything, Bessie. He seemed to feel sad, of course, at what mother said, for mother has kept all this from him as long as she could; but Walter agreed at once that Jack must be sold; his only grief seemed to be, that he could do so little to help mother. Poor Walter!" and Julie's tears began to fall on the grass, where they glittered like dew drops.

"And how is Walter to ride, Julie?"

"Well! I was thinking about that

after I went to bed last night. You know the long low wagon that poor Mr. Cary used to ride in. I know Mrs. Cary would let us take it, for Walter and I could draw him out every day."

"And poor mother, too! Father used to say that riding did her more good than medicine."

"Mother says she is going to learn to walk out a little every day. But there is another thing I wanted to speak to you about; you know mother has sent away Jane, who was a great help to her, though she was so small; now we must all try to help her all we can."

"Oh, dear! what can such a little girl as I do?" said Nelly. "I wonder if anybody would buy burr baskets or thistle parasols! I cannot make anything else."

"Oh! you need not make anything to *sell*, Nelly; but I dare say we shall find plenty for you to do. There are the chickens to feed, and the flowers to water, and a good deal to do about the house. I am going to leave school, and so is Harry, and then there will be less for mother to pay; and among us all, if we are willing, we can save mother a servant."

Dr. Blake had been one of the most

kind-hearted and noble of men; one who did not graduate his attentions to his patients, by the length or weight of their purses; and who never asked the question, whether he should be *paid* for what he was doing. It was enough for him to know that his services were needed, and neither the darkest night, nor the worst roads, nor the stormiest weather, would keep him from bedside of the sick and suffering, no matter how poor or wretched the sufferer might be.

It was in consequence of his excessive fatigues and labors, during a time of unusual sickness, that Dr. Blake's

health began to fail; and as in his interest for others, he was not willing to give the necessary attention to his own health, he was soon beyond the reach of medicine. His decline was gradual but sure, but his sick-room was made a cheerful place, by the sure and certain hope of glory everlasting, which sustained and cheered him to the last.

Walter was the son of Dr. Blake by a former marriage, and was several years older than the other children. But to Mrs. Blake and her children, he was an idolized son and brother, and was regarded by them with peculiar tenderness, in consequence of his help-

less condition. Walter had been from his childhood a sufferer from a spinal complaint, by which he had long since lost the use of his lower limbs. His days and nights were passed in suffering, but it was very seldom that a complaint-escaped him. Oh! who of those who are in the possession of perfect health, can realize what it is to spend day after day, and month after month, and year after year, in pain and anguish! What but the strength which God alone can give, could enable the sufferer to bear it all without a murmur.

The only earthly thing which Walter

really enjoyed, was his daily ride with his mother. When little Harry brought old Jack with his father's old gig to the door, some kind neighbors could always be found to lift "poor Walter" in. And when once seated, he could take care of himself, and drive his mother for a whole afternoon. My readers will now understand why it was a great trial for the family of Dr. Blake to part with poor old Jack; and if there are any who are inclined to think the children silly, to mourn so much for the loss of a horse, I know there are *some* who will understand and appreciate their feelings.

Poor Mrs. Blake had struggled and striven to pay debts and to support her family. She had parted with one valuable thing after another, but for Walter's sake she had hoped she should be able to keep old Jack. The only exercise Walter could take, seemed so necessary to his health, that she hardly thought it would be right to sell the horse. But now poverty seemed to stare them in the face; her own health was so feeble that she could do very little, and indeed the exertions she made, were far beyond her strength. Walter was perfectly helpless, and her other children quite young; and there

seemed to be no way to turn for relief. In this perplexity, she received an offer of a hundred and fifty dollars for the horse and gig. The sum appeared like a fortune to her; she thought it would be almost inexhaustible. And it seemed to her that it would be wrong to refuse it.

On consulting with Walter, she found that he took the same view of the case as herself; and so it was determined that Jack should be sold. It was a sad day for the children, when the man came to take old Jack away. They clung round him, begging to feed him once more. They patted his neck, and



PARTING WITH OLD JACK.

even kissed him, while the tears ran down their cheeks; and as far as he could be seen going down the road, he kept turning back to look at them, while the children called out, "Good-bye, old Jack! good-bye, dear old Jack!"

That same afternoon, Julie went over to Mrs. Cary's, and asked her if she would lend her the long low wagon, in which Mr. Cary used to ride, as she wished to draw Walter out. Mrs. Cary very kindly told her to take it, and keep it as long as she liked; and James Cary, and another young man, went over with her, to lift Walter into the wagon.

When Julie appeared at the door, she called out, "Come, Walter! you've got another Jack now; come and see if you like him as well as the old one."

Walter was very willing to try the new conveyance, and the two young men lifted him in, and away he went with Julie for his horse. Julie took him through pleasant lanes, and out by the cool shady woods, where she stopped to gather him a bunch of beautiful wild flowers; and when they returned they both looked more bright and happy than they had done for a long time.

Walter said that Julie made a better horse in some respects than even old

HILLIAR AND WALTERS.



Jack; for she could take him through places where Jack could not go, and Jack had never stopped to gather wild flowers for him.

The children were awakened the next morning by a whinner at the gate. "That surely is old Jack!" they cried, and on looking out, there he was to be sure, standing at the gate and begging for admittance. In about an hour, his master came puffing along, with a halter in his hand. He said he shut the horse up in the stable at night, and the moment he let him out, he leaped the fence, and was off for his old home.

For a week Jack paid them a visit

every day, and when his master came and took him off again, there was the same lamentation and the same sad parting to be gone over again.

At length the children looked out one morning on hearing Jack's salutation, and then they all rushed down to their mother's door. "What do you think, dear mother!" they cried, "old Jack has come back, looking so nice and sleek, with a new harness on, and a gig just like our old one, only it has been painted up all bright and new!"

The whole family, except poor Walter, now hastened to the gate, and while the rest were wondering how

Jack came there in this nice trim, and who had tied him to the post, Mrs. Blake discovered a note which was tied around old Jack's neck.

The note was directed to herself, and ran in this way :

“Old Jack not being by any means satisfied with his new quarters, and longing very much for his old home, begs his former mistress to receive him again into her service, in which he hopes to live and die. And as he does not feel like himself without it, he has taken the liberty to bring the old gig along behind him.”

“Some of our kind, kind friends have

done this!" said Mrs. Blake, wiping her eyes, while the children welcomed old Jack with shouts of delight.

Weeks and months passed on, and again Mrs. Blake felt *that* trouble pressing upon her, which poverty always brings. A hundred and fifty dollars will not last forever, even with the most economical, where there is a family to feed and clothe, and the time came, when the last cent of it was gone. In this strait she retired to her room, and as she had often done before, she asked help of him who never turns a deaf ear to the cry of those who trust in him.

Just then the post horn sounded as the stage came dashing through the village. And before evening a letter was put into the hands of Mrs. Blake. It bore the California postmark, and what should her wondering eyes behold on opening the letter but a draft for three thousand dollars.

The letter was from a young man who had formerly lived near Mrs. Blake. His family had been very poor. And he recalled to Mrs. Blake a circumstance which she had long since forgotten; which was this: that a few years before, when he was lying ill of a fever, Dr. Blake had attended him, and

brought him safely through, when all others thought he must die.

"He refused to take anything from me, knowing that I was poor," said the young man in his letter, "and when I told him that I was going to California, he said, 'You may pay me when you make your fortune.' I am one of the very few who have made something in California," he added, "and as I certainly owe my life, under God, to Dr. Blake, I think his family will not pain me, by refusing to receive what I can very well spare, and what may possibly be acceptable to them."

Those were grateful hearts which

bowed in prayer that evening, in the widow's cottage; and great was the joy through the village, as the tidings spread, of the good fortune of those who had ever sympathized with their friends and neighbors in their joys and sorrows.

The Young Emigrants.

FROM THE FRENCH

SISTER, what does the sea-shell whisper in my ear?
A strange, uncertain, rolling sound I hear!
Though from its native shore afar it be,
It seems in low sad tones to sing to me;
 Murmuring, and murmuring,
The mournful music of the distant sea.

Brother, the lonely shell *is* singing thee
The song so ceaseless of the tossing sea;
Far from the shores those restless waters lave
 'Tis murmuring, and murmuring,
The song, the breeze, sings ever to the wave.

Ah, so it is with us, as hand in hand,
We wander sadly in a foreign land,
Where'er we rove, still do we seem to hear
Echoes mysterious whispering in our ear;
 Murmuring, and murmuring,
Telling us ever of that land so dear.

The Old Sea Captain.

OLD Captain Glen was a great favorite among the boys in our village.

They used to love to go to his pleasant little cottage on Saturday afternoon, and listen to the stories he was ever ready to tell them of his adventures on the sea. Captain Glen had a beautiful glass model of a ship, which the boys used to beg him to show them, and after that came out, it



CAPTAIN GLEN AND THE BOYS.

was very easy to get a story out of him. He was showing it to a group of boys one afternoon, and describing to them the different parts of a vessel, when Albert Bell exclaimed :

“Oh, how I wish I could go to sea! I have begged and begged my father to let me go, but he says I shall never go with his consent. I mean to go some day though!”

“Never say that word again, Master Albert,” said the old captain, “and the best advice I can give you is to busy your mind about other things, and get over this fancy for the sea as soon as possible. For the worst of it is, that no matter what hardships and trials a sailor may endure, yet the kind of roving, unsettled life he leads, seems to unfit him for any other, and he is never easy on land, but always pining for the

sea. Oh, how often and how bitterly I have repented that I ever left my quiet home, and went to be a sailor !”

“How came you to go to sea, Captain Glen ?” asked one of the boys.

“Oh, like Master Albert here, I read a great many sea stories, and began to think what a fine thing it would be to visit far-distant countries, and to toss about on the ocean. I thought of this by day and dreamed of it by night, and at length I ventured to ask my father’s permission to go to sea. His answer was a decided refusal ; he said he could not bear the idea of it, and my poor

mother with many tears besought me to give up the idea.

“But it was not in my nature to give up an idea when once it had taken possession of my mind, and every day I wished more and more earnestly to go to sea. I kept recurring to the subject when with my parents, and became so totally unfit for anything else, that after talking about it together, my father and mother determined to gratify my long-cherished desire, by allowing me to take one voyage, hoping that would cure me of my taste for the sea.

“But my father told me I must go as a common sailor, ‘before the mast,’ as

he had not the power or means to get me any other situation. And he made one more endeavor to induce me to change my determination, by setting before me some of the hardships and trials to which such a life would subject me. But nothing of all this had power to move me. My head was so filled with the romance of a sailor's life, that I could not take a look at the other side of the picture; and when I received my parent's reluctant consent to my going, I was as happy as I could well be.

“The boys in the village looked at me with wonder and curiosity, as they whispered to one another, ‘Harry Glen

is going to sea,' and I felt that I was quite an important character already, just for what I was going to do.

"At length came the evening which was to be my last at home. My poor dear mother, with her pale sad face, went quietly round, making preparations for my departure, while I tried, in the bustle and excitement of the moment, to crowd out the sad thoughts which would sometimes come in spite of me. My only sister Mary hung round me as if she could not bear to lose one moment of the little time left us in which we could be together. How I

dreaded the last farewell, and longed to have it over.

“It was very late before we went to bed that night, but as I went to kiss my mother good night, she put her arm around my neck and walked with me to her own room, where she knelt down, and drew me down beside her, while she committed her darling boy to him who commandeth the winds and the waves, and who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand. When we rose from our knees, she gave me a pocket Bible, in which she had written my name and a few words beside. She begged me earnestly never for a single

day to forget to read in that Bible, and to pray. I was very much affected with this interview, and the pale sorrowful face of my gentle mother often rose up before me, when tossing on the wide deep sea, just as she looked on that evening when she knelt with me in prayer.

“The morning came, the last sad parting was over, and in less than a week I was out of sight of land. It was not long before I began to experience some of the hardships of the sailor’s life, for my first voyage was a very eventful one.

“Our captain was a harsh, rough

man, at all times, but particularly so when excited by liquor, which was not unfrequently the case. The men were most of them from the very refuse of all countries, and, with very few exceptions, were profane and wicked to a horrible degree; and the conversation to which I listened was the very worst a boy could hear.

“This was a place in which double watchfulness and prayer were necessary to keep me from falling into bad habits, and yet I am ashamed to say it was not long before I forgot my mother’s entreaty that I would not forget to read my Bible and to pray. I was con-

stantly in scenes of temptation, and I did not pray for strength to resist it, and thus I kept going farther and farther from God and heaven, and all that was good.

“Sometimes when the storm was loud and furious, and there seemed to be but a step between us and death, conscience awoke within me, and memory recalled the lessons of piety which my dear mother had taught me, and then I would try to pray, and would make some feeble resolutions to live as I knew mother wished to have me live, but when the storm passed away and the ocean was again calm, my de-

sires to be good all passed away likewise.

“But I can never describe to you what I suffered from fear, till I became from long habit accustomed to mount into the rigging during a storm. To those in the body of the vessel, the rolling and pitching is sometimes fearful. What then do you think it must be to the sailor in the rigging, who is at one moment hanging over the deep dark waves on one side of the vessel, and then by a sudden lurch of the ship is carried through the air with a velocity which almost takes away his breath, and the next moment is hanging over

the waves on the other side. There is nothing between him and the foaming billows, while the wind blows so fearfully that he fears to lose the grasp of either hand from the rigging, lest he should be blown into the sea. Have you ever, when swinging to a very great height, felt a tightening of the chest, and a difficulty of breathing as you rushed through the air? This will in some slight degree make you understand my feelings—the feelings I experienced in my early attempts to work in the rigging during a storm.

“There was a pretty little fellow on board the vessel. He was the young-

est on board, and quite a pet with all. He was an orphan, and having no one to care for him or advise him, he had thought he would try his fortune on the sea. Little Hugh and I were ordered aloft one stormy night to reef the sails. The wind rose to a fearful height, and while I was busy, a sudden terrific blast made me let everything go and cling to the first thing within reach. Just then I heard a piercing shriek, and something rushed by me, descending with frightful velocity towards the foaming billows. It was poor little Hugh. The waves gathered over him, the ship dashed onward, and a tear

dropped by a few hardy sailors was his only epitaph.

“There was one young man on the vessel during this voyage, of whom I have not yet spoken, but in whom I could not but take a great interest. The sailors called him Parson Harding, because of his fearlessness and faithfulness in reproving them for their profanity and other vices. He was kind and gentle as a woman, but brave and fearless as the bravest on board. Amid all the wickedness and recklessness on our vessel, he alone never forgot ‘to call upon his God.’ His Bible was ever close at hand, and in all

his leisure moments he made it his study.

“We touched at a southern port, where a fever was raging, and after we had been a few days at sea, we found that the fever was among us. The men were cut down like grass before the reaper, and many a voice which had been loud in blasphemy, was soon stilled in death, and many an old sailor was launched into the deep. These things frightened me, but they did not lead me to look to God.

“At length I too came down with the fever, and as I lay in my hammock, racked by pain, with no soothing hand

to minister to me, oh how I thought of my home and my mother! I cannot even now bear to think of those days and nights of intense suffering. If either of you have ever been ill with a burning fever and racking headache, and distressing pain in every part of your body, you probably thought it was enough, in your own quiet, darkened room, with kind friends to minister to you, and do all that human aid could do to alleviate your suffering. But what think you must be the anguish of the sick sailor-boy, swinging in his hammock, the sea tossing, the vessel pitching, and nothing but noise and

confusion, oaths and singing all around, and no person near to hand him a cup of cold water.

“James Harding, the kind, good sailor, gave me all the attention in his power, but owing to the death and sickness of so many of the crew, we were very short of hands, and there was much more labor required of those who remained. And yet, when relieved from duty, and the other men turned in, Harding would often sit by my side for an hour or two, reading to me or talking to me, as I was able to bear it, and doing all that he could to relieve my suffering.

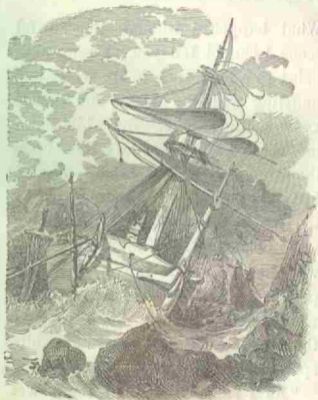


THE SICK SAILOR-BOY.

“I think I should have died but for him, and when I got so much better that I could crawl round, he never forgot me, but he would often come with his Bible, if it was but for a few moments, and read a verse or two, and ex-

plain it to me, and then leave me to think about it.

“I was still very weak after this illness, when one night, as we were off the Madagascar coast, we encountered a fearful storm. My own impression is, that the captain was intoxicated at the time, or he never would have given the orders he did, for he was reckoned a very good sailor. However that might be, we soon saw ourselves drifting with frightful rapidity towards a rocky shore, and soon the cry was heard that we were among the breakers! We were soon obliged to take to the boats, but one by one the boats were swamped.



THE SHIPWRECK.

What happened through that awful scene I cannot tell you. I remember being in a boat, then in the water and buffeting with the waves, and then I knew nothing more. But while I was insensible, I was cast like a weed upon the shore, and when I came to myself, I saw the beach strewn with pieces of the wreck, while not a living being was in sight. Those hardy old sailors who had for years braved the tempest, had all gone down and perished, while I, the youngest and feeblest of the crew, had been thus wonderfully spared.

“As I sat on the rocky shore, wet

and weary and exhausted, I put my hand in my coat pocket and there was my mother's Bible, which I had caught up as we were leaving the vessel. I looked at the fly-leaf; there was my name in my mother's handwriting, and underneath it these words:

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

“Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

“Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the moun-

tains shake with the swelling thereof.

“The Lord of Hosts be with thee! the God of Jacob be thy refuge! Amen.”

“I buried my face in my hands and wept, and then kneeling on the rocks, I prayed from my heart that God would enable me to devote the life he had spared to his service.

“It was years before I returned to my native land, for the vessel which took me from the port to which I found my way, was bound for the East Indies. When at length I did revisit my former home, with a heart bounding with joy

at the thought of meeting the dear ones I had left there, I found the old place occupied by strangers. My poor father and mother were lying beneath the sod, and my sister Mary was with relatives at a distance. I went immediately to find her, and she received me as one from the dead. They had read of the loss of our vessel, and that all on board had perished.

“You will think I had seen enough of a sea life, even in my first voyage. But no! as I told you, if once you begin this roving, unsettled life, in spite of its dangers and hardships, there is a fascination about it which draws you back

to the sea again. I have been a sailor for fifty years; I have been in many 'perils in the deep;' I have had a bitter experience of the horrors of a sailor's life, and again I say to you, my boy, never encourage the idea of going to sea; banish it from your mind, and try to make yourself a good and useful man on land.

"But I thank God that amid the storms and tempests of life, I have learned to 'look aloft' and trust to the arm that is mighty to save."

"And will you ever go to sea again, Captain Glen?"

"Yes, the sea is my home; and it

will, most likely, be my grave. And if so, when 'the sea gives up the dead which are in it,' I hope to rise with my faithful friend Harding, to a glorious immortality."

Poor Little Norah.

NORAH, why does not mother come,
She stays so very long away ;
Oh, how I wish she'd hasten home,
I feel so very sick to-day.

Jamie, the sun will soon be down,
And then poor mother will be free ;
She's gone far off into the town
To work and toil for you and me.

Oh, Norah dear, my mouth is parched,
I feel so strange I cannot tell,

My hand is hot, do get me, love,
Some cold, cold water from the well.

Dear Jamie, mother fears, you know,
To have me climb the well-curb high,
But if you long for water so,
Poor little Jamie, I will try.

Poor suffering Jamie lies alone,
For little Norah comes no more,
And no one hears his piteous moan
For "water, water," o'er and o'er.

The mother seeks her children dear,
But oh, her anguish who can tell!
Just as she lifts the latch, they bear
Little dead Norah from the well!

Adelle Sinclair.

ADELLE SINCLAIR was the most unpopular girl in our school. She was exceedingly haughty in her manners, and very proud; proud of her family, of her father's wealth, of her fine clothes, and of all her rich and fashionable acquaintances in the city from which she came. These were her chief topics of conversation, of which all the other girls were heartily tired of hear-

ing. Her father was said to be very wealthy, and this was his only child; and from Miss Adelle's dress and ornaments, and the very liberal quarterly allowance she received, it was evident that no expense was spared to make her contented and happy.

Her father's business had called him to Europe to remain a long time, and being well acquainted with Mrs. Hargrave's character as an instructress, and feeling the utmost confidence in her, he brought his daughter to Maple Grove, to put her under this lady's care, with directions to allow her to spend the long vacations which would occur

during his absence, with her aunt in the city; the rest of her time was to be passed at Maple Grove.

Adelle was small and delicately formed, and her face was undoubtedly pretty, but its expression was completely spoiled by that proud curl which was ever on her lip, and her little person was decked out with so much finery, that the girls used to call her a walking advertisement of the latest fashions. Our school was not quite a mile from the village, and it was a very pleasant walk to the church, to which nearly all of us felt it a great privilege to go; and that must have been a very

stormy day indeed which caused many of our number to absent themselves from church.

But Miss Adelle made many complaints of the walk, saying she had always been accustomed to a carriage, and had never been obliged to take a step, except when she preferred walking to riding. Kate Stanley said the fact was, that though Miss Adelle's feet were so very small, yet she never had a shoe that was half large enough, and that was the reason she was so averse to walking. However, there was no other way of getting to church, and as Adelle never missed an opportunity of

displaying her finery, she was obliged to get along as well as she could on her feet.

One pleasant spring morning, as we were all walking two by two to the church, a very elegant carriage drove up to the church door, from which alighted two ladies and a gentleman.

"Why, whose carriage can that be?" said Adelle to Clara Thayer, "I certainly never saw it before."

"Oh," said Clara, "that is Mr. Wallingford's carriage, and those are Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford, and Miss Emma."

"Wallingford!" said Adelle, "I never heard of them before, who are they and

where do they live? they must be very rich; and what a high-sounding name too."

"Yes, I suppose they are rich," answered Clara, "but I don't know much about them. They only spend their summers here at that beautiful place, Clarence Hill. There, you can just see the chimneys of the house above the tops of those trees on the hill yonder."

"But why have I not seen them before, when I have been here all winter?" asked Adelle.

"Why, did I not tell you they always spend their winters in the city, and have only come up here last week for

the summer. I have heard that they have a delightful house, and it is always filled with company all summer long."

By this time they had reached the church door, and their conversation ceased; but I am sorry to say, that Adelle's thoughts, as she sat in the church, were far from being fixed on the services or the sermon. If any one could have written them down as they passed through her brain, the record would have been somewhat after this manner:

"Those ladies are certainly very genteel-looking, though I must confess they

are very plainly dressed for such rich folks. Not an ornament to be seen, I declare; but perhaps they don't care to show them off to the country folks. I wish I could see their faces, and I do wish they could see me. It is too bad to be obliged to sit here with all these school-girls; one person can hardly be distinguished from another; and then I am so short, too. I am sure if they could only see my fine figure and dress, they would be struck with it, and would soon inquire who I am; then they would come to call on me, and invite me to visit them. I suppose they hardly expect to find a *real lady* here."

And then Adelle went off into a reverie, in which she saw Miss Wallingford calling to see her, and inviting her to Clarence Hill ; and at length becoming very intimate with her, and taking her home to spend the vacations. When the church was dismissed, Adelle waited as long as she possibly could with her eyes eagerly fixed on the Wallingford pew, but the ladies did not immediately rise, and Adelle was obliged to leave with the other girls, and follow the teacher back to the school.

“If Miss Emma would only leave the church before me, and drop her handkerchief so that I might pick it up, and

hand it to her, or if I could manage in any way to gain her notice, I am sure she would be as anxious as I for the acquaintance." So thought this vain young lady, whose whole thoughts from that time were taken up with the Wallingfords and with contriving means to obtain an introduction to them.

Sometimes the Wallingfords would be accompanied on Sunday by friends who were staying with them, and two or three carriage loads would come to the church, and the large square pew would be filled. And then poor Adelle would be more excited than ever, wondering who they could be, and where

they had come from, and talking so continually of this family and their concerns, that it became quite amusing to the other girls, and many a by-word grew out of it, and many a laugh was raised at the expense of poor Adelle.

In short, this young lady's thoughts by day, and dreams by night, were so taken up with this one subject, that she at length determined, that come what would of it, she would go and take a stroll through the grounds at Clarence Hill, and if possible, scrape an acquaintance with some of its inmates. She asked several of the older

girls to accompany her, but without success. Then she had recourse to the younger ones, and by dint of the promise of a ring, persuaded little Agnes Stewart to be her companion.

Though Clarence Hill was at least two miles distant from Maple Grove, Adelle, who seemed to have lost her aversion to walking, made ready to go there one Saturday afternoon, having told Mrs. Hargrave that she did not feel very well, and thought a walk would do her good. Poor Adelle had dressed herself in her gayest finery; she had on a rich silk dress, a thin pink crape bonnet, little delicate kid

slippers, and white silk stockings; a pretty trim, truly, for a long walk over rough country roads; but Miss Adelle's vivid fancy flew over all intervening obstacles, and pictured her to herself, seated in the parlor of the great house at Clarence Hill, in agreeable conversation with the ladies and gentlemen who might be there, all delighted with her, and wondering why they had never seen this lovely young lady before.

Her feet did not travel quite as fast as her fancy, however, but still in the course of the afternoon, she did reach the great gate leading into Mr. Wallingford's grounds.

"But surely," said little Agnes, "you do not intend to call at the house, Adelle."

"Why no, not exactly, unless I am invited to, which I shall be, of course," answered Adelle.

"And what excuse can you make for being there at all?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, we will be botanizing in the grounds. I hear there are beautiful flowers in the Wallingford woods; and I have no doubt that strangers often stroll in. Of course," added Adelle, glancing down at her little decked-out figure, "of course, when they see me, they will ask us in."

So Adelle pushed forward boldly to the wide carriage gate, which, however, she could not open ; but finding a little gate for foot travellers at the side of it, they entered that, and began to walk up the broad avenue, which was gravelled and bounded on either side by tall forest trees.

The house was situated quite high upon the rising ground, but the avenue wound around the hill for some distance, making the ascent quite gradual. But by this time poor Adelle, who really had never taken so long a walk before in her life, was very tired, and her feet ached dreadfully, from walking over

the rough uneven ground in her thin slippers.

"But courage!" said she to herself, "I see the portico of the house through the trees, and we shall soon be invited in and have a good long time to rest."

It was in truth a beautiful spot; the fine large old house was almost embowered in trees, through which walks and avenues were cut in every direction. On one side, Adelle observed a little lake, with a small island in the centre, and a boat moored to the shore. On the other was a delightful swing, and farther on a beautiful little arbor.

A broad flight of steps led up to the

portico in front of the house, and through the open draperied windows Adelle heard the sound of music and pleasant voices and laughter.

“Oh what a lovely spot to make a visit to,” exclaimed Adelle; “it is a perfect paradise.”

Then remembering that she should have some flowers in her hand to make good her excuse for being there, she led Agnes around to the side of the house unobserved, and began to pick the wild flowers which grew at the foot of the tall old trees, every moment glancing at the house to see if she was noticed, or at her dress, to make sure that all

was right there. Presently, to her great delight, she observed an elderly lady at one of the windows, who no sooner perceived them than she left the window and soon appeared at the side door.

“Undoubtedly that is Mrs. Wallingford,” thought Adelle, “and she is coming to invite us to walk into the house,” and immediately she thought over the speech which she had composed before leaving the school, by which she was to introduce herself and astonish and delight the lady.

But what did the old lady say, when she came out on the steps? Waving

her hand she called out in a harsh impatient tone, with a scowl on her brow :

“Run away, little girls! run away! the dogs will not allow strangers to be rambling about the grounds; run home, or they will certainly bite you.”

At this little Agnes started off at full speed, followed by Adelle, who had a mortal fear of dogs, and who for a time forgot her fatigue and her aching feet; and her speed being quickened by the sound of the barking of a dog, she flew down the avenue; and never once paused till she was safely out of the gate.

Then sitting down on a stone by the side of the road, she burst into tears of vexation and distress, exclaiming bitterly:

"Very civil of Mrs. Wallingford, truly! she's no lady! 'little girl,' indeed!"

"Why that was not Mrs. Wallingford, Adelle," said Agnes, "it was an old housekeeper, or something of the sort, I fancy, for though she often comes to church with them, she always sits in a pew behind the family."

"Well, that is one comfort, any how," said the weeping Adelle; "I am thankful that none of the family saw us driven out in that style; but I *never*

can walk back to Maple Grove, never in the world!"

"But," said little Agnes drily, "I don't see the carriage that is to take us, and *I* must go back at any rate, or Mrs. Hargrave will be sending to look for us. Besides, Adelle, did you not hear the thunder just now, and do you not see that tremendous cloud coming up? I am afraid we shall get a good ducking as it is, let us hurry ever so much, and then your fine clothes will be ruined."

This last consideration roused poor Adelle, who really suffering very much, was obliged to hurry on at her utmost

speed. But soon the rain came down in torrents, and the road filled with deep pools of water, through which the two girls splashed in woful haste, till at length a startling flash of lightning, instantly followed by a tremendous crash, so alarmed them that they took refuge in a wretched and deserted old hut, which stood by the side of the road. Here Adelle seated herself on the floor, and began to cry again, when suddenly little Agnes, who was looking out of the half-open door, exclaimed joyfully :

“ Oh, there is my brother William !”

This brother of Agnes was attending

a boy's school in the village, and had gone out on Saturday afternoon to gather flowers, and, like the girls, had been caught in the rain. As soon as he heard his sister calling him, he turned into the old hut, and was much amazed to find the two girls there. But Agnes soon told him enough of the story to explain the reason of it, and her brother said:

"But come, Agnes, you know mother was afraid of your taking cold, because you are not very strong, and as you are as wet now as you can be, you had better hurry on to the school and change your clothes."

At this Adelle began to cry and sob again; she would not stir from the hut, and she could not be left alone, and poor little Agnes was in quite a puzzle to know what to do. At length William, who was rather rough-spoken, said to Adelle :

“Look here, young lady; if you will go with us, you are welcome, or if you will wait here, I will bring an umbrella and take you to the school, but I am not going to let my little sister stay here in these wet clothes, and take cold, to please you: come, Agnes!” And taking his sister by the hand, they started on for the school, leaping the



AGNES AND HER BROTHER.

puddles and little streams made by the rain, and in a few minutes Agnes was safe at Maple Grove.

But poor Adelle was so thoroughly frightened when she found herself alone in the old hut, that she very soon determined to follow after Agnes and her brother; she did not succeed in overtaking them, however, but a few moments after little Agnes was safe in the house, Adelle, who was now completely exhausted, was seen slowly coming up the path from the gate, apparently unmindful of the pelting storm. A pretty figure was Adelle truly! her pink crape bonnet hung about her face "as limpsy

as a wet rag," as Agnes said; her beautiful silk dress was mud up to the knees, and I would defy any one to tell what had been the original color of her silk stockings. She dragged herself up stairs, and taking off her wet clothes, threw herself on the bed, really too tired and sick to think of going down stairs again that night.

A heavy cold confined Adelle to the house for some time, but her mortification and suffering had no effect in quelling her desire to make the acquaintance of the great and rich people at Clarence Hill.

In her hurry and agitation, Adelle

had forgotten to charge little Agnes not to mention to the other girls one word of the reception they met with on their visit to that place. So that same evening the girls got the whole story from the little girl, and, as Kate Stanley said, "laughed themselves into perfect convulsions over it."

Little Agnes ended by saying, "Luckily I had nothing on that could be spoiled, and I am used to long walks and *runs* in the country, but I think if I ever *do* get the ring Adelle promised me, it was pretty well earned."

After that, as long as Adelle remained in the school, whenever she took airs

upon herself, or began to be overbearing towards the other girls, or to tell large stories of the wealth of her fine acquaintances in the city, they would wave their hands after the manner of the old housekeeper at Clarence Hill, and exclaim, "Oh, run away, little girl! run away!" which would at once and effectually shut her mouth.

Marion Walton, our sweet young teacher, being a confirmed invalid, was seldom able to leave the house, and often obliged to hear her classes recite while reclining on her bed. Marion was dearly loved by every girl in the school except Adelle, who thought her

quite beneath her notice. "Why on earth should she have anything to say to a poor teacher? She was obliged to answer the questions Miss Walton put to her in the class, of course, but as to making a friend or companion of her, as the other girls did, why that was quite out of the question."

What, then, was Adelle's amazement, as she sat in church one Sunday watching as usual for the entrance of the Wallingfords, to see Marion Walton come in leaning on the arm of Miss Emma Wallingford, who led her to their great pew, seated her comfortably in the corner, and placed a cush-

ion under her feet. This was without exception the most astonishing thing Adelle had yet seen, and it furnished full occupation for her thoughts, till church was dismissed; but as Mrs. Hargrave was sitting at the head of the pew, she did not dare to ask any of the girls to satisfy her curiosity in this respect.

But as soon as they left the church-door, she turned to the young lady who was walking with her, and said:

"How on earth did Marion Walton happen to be with Miss Wallingford to-day?"

"Because they called for her, I suppose," answered her companion.

"Does she know them so well, then?"

"Why certainly, Miss Wallingford often comes to see Marion, and sits a long time in her room. She seems to be very fond of her."

"It is very strange," said Adelle, "that I have never seen the carriage at the door of the school. At what time does she come?"

"Generally in the afternoons, when Marion is most at leisure; but she usually walks when the weather is pleasant."

"Then I suppose I must have been

busy with my music or painting, when she has called. But who would have thought it! do they often take her to church?"

"I believe they often drive round by the school and call for her, but Marion is not often able to go."

Just then the carriage passed, and having left Marion at the door of the school, it rolled off again. Adelle had no sooner laid aside her hat and shawl, than she ran down and knocked at Marion's door. Marion was lying on the bed, and was astonished beyond measure, when upon her saying "Come in," the door opened and Adelle Sinclair

appeared; for though all the other girls were in the habit of visiting her familiarly out of school hours, this was the first time Adelle had ever been in her room except at recitation.

But if Marion was amazed to see this young lady in her room at all, still more was she surprised at the cordiality of her address.

"How do you do to-day, my dear Marion," she began, "are you not very much fatigued with your ride to church?"

"Yes, I am very tired," Marion answered, "but it is such a delight and privilege to me to go to church, that I

hardly think of the fatigue till I return home, it is *so* seldom that I can enjoy this pleasure."

"But why did you never tell me you knew the Wallingfords?" asked Adelle.

"You can tell better than I can, my dear Adelle," answered Marion; "why we have never had much conversation together on any subject. And besides, I know of no reason why I *should* speak to you of my acquaintance with the Wallingfords."

"Well, I should think it would be the most natural thing in the world for you to speak of it. Have you known them long?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford were my father's and mother's earliest friends," said Anna, a tear starting to her eye, "and they are among the few who still remember and love their daughter."

Adelle afterwards learned from others that Marion Walton had long resisted the entreaties of Mr. Wallingford and his family, that she should come and reside with them; preferring to support herself as long as it was possible for her to do so, rather than to be dependent upon the bounty of any one; in the vacations, however, she always found a home with these kind friends.

“Well, my dear Marion,” said Adelle, “you will oblige me exceedingly, if the next time you see Miss Wallingford, you would just speak to her of *me*; as if it came from yourself, you know; tell her who I am, and what sort of society I have been used to, and that you think it would be productive of pleasure to both parties if she would call, or something of that sort, you know. I really would like to know them, because I have been accustomed to really good society; *the first*, you know; and I find so few of that sort here.”

“I will mention your name, if you wish it, to Emma,” said Marion, “but

of course she will do as she chooses about calling."

A few days after this Adelle had occasion to go to the dressmaker's in the village; when she knocked, a young girl came to the door, who said Mrs. Jones had stepped out for a few moments, but would soon be back, and Adelle walked in to wait for her. It was a close sultry afternoon, but Adelle had worn a new stiff silk. As she entered the dressmaker's parlor, which was darkened to keep out the heat and the flies, she perceived a young lady sitting there. "One of the villagers, probably," said Adelle to herself. "One

cannot be too careful how they make acquaintance with this sort of people. They might be calling and claiming one's acquaintance in the city, which would be very awkward."

Adelle was too much taken up with herself to take much notice of the stranger, except to see that it was a young lady dressed very simply in white. So Miss Adelle wriggled about the room, rustling her silk dress, occasionally taking a look at herself in the mirror, and then looking over a book of fashions, till she was arrested by the stranger's remarking in a very sweet voice, "It is an extremely warm day."

Adelle drew up, and regarded her with a cold stare of astonishment, as she had seen fine ladies do in the city when they are determined to *look down* a presuming person; and then giving a haughty and fashionable bend, she resumed her occupation of looking over the book of fashions.

The young lady made one or two more attempts at conversation, but being repulsed as before, by a cold haughty stare, she also took up a book and began to look it over.

The dressmaker soon came in. Her first exclamation was, "Oh, Miss Walingford, ma'am, I am so sorry to have

kept you waiting;" and then turning to Adelle, she said, "Miss Sinclair, I will attend to you *presently*."

Adelle stood as if thunder-stricken! here was the very young lady whose acquaintance she had so long been wishing and hoping to make, and now by her rude and haughty demeanor, she had lost the only opportunity that had ever presented itself of becoming acquainted with her. Thoroughly vexed with herself, she stood the picture of awkward embarrassment, but soon recovering herself, she thought she would still make an effort to mend matters, and by the sweetness of her

address to win Miss Wallingford's heart.

So stepping up to her with an appearance of great cordiality and frankness, she said :

"I *beg* your pardon, Miss Wallingford ; I really had no idea who it was, or I should have met your advances very differently ; I have long wished to make your acquaintance, and shall be most happy to see you at Mrs. Hargrave's."

But it was now Miss Wallingford's turn to draw up, which she did with *real* dignity, as with an expression of

contempt on her fine countenance she said :

“I thank you, Miss Sinclair—I wish for no civility as Miss Wallingford which could not be paid me as a *stranger* who spokē civilly to you. My friend, Marion Walton, spokē of you to me, and asked me to call upon you, and I had intended doing so.”

Just then the carriage drove up to the door, and Miss Wallingford said “Good afternoon” to Mrs. Jones; but before she left she turned to Adelle and said: “Miss Sinclair, you are younger than I, and perhaps will take a word of advice from me. Remember

that true politeness springs from benevolence and kindness of heart, and a *true lady* is one who will never knowingly injure the feelings of another."

So saying, she stepped into the carriage and drove away, leaving Adelle in a perfect storm of rage and disappointment. "*Had* intended calling!" said she to herself, as with tears of mortification still in her eyes, she walked towards Maple Grove; "I suppose that means she does not intend to call now; well, she may stay away for all I care; I hope I am not dependent on Miss Wallingford!"

Still she felt the disappointment very deeply, and as she became increasingly disagreeable, and more and more unpopular in the school, she soon wrote to her aunt that she was very unhappy, and begged her to come and take her away from Maple Grove.

This lady having received private instructions from Mr. Sinclair to take his daughter to her own house, if she were not contented and happy, soon appeared in her carriage to the great joy of Adelle, and also to the entire satisfaction of the whole school.

Whether Adelle profited by Miss Wallingford's advice and improved in

her character, I have never heard; but I hope it will not be entirely lost upon those of my young friends who may read these pages.

The Widow's Son.

Do you ask why poor widow Blane is weeping so bitterly, with her head on her old father's knee?

She is weeping for her son!

"Is he dead, then?"

"Oh, no!" she would answer could she hear your question, "oh, no! a thousand times worse than that! It would be almost happiness to see him lying dead in this very room, and to



THE WIDOW'S GRIEF.

know that he had died at peace with God and man, compared to the anguish of knowing that he is in the *condemned cell*, awaiting the hour of execution."

And not the least bitter drop in her

cup of misery, is the reflection, that she must blame her own foolish indulgence, for having brought him to this dreadful doom.

Ellen Blane was only eighteen when she was left a widow with this one child. This boy was her idol and her pride. She loved him so dearly, that she could deny him nothing. She would stint herself of even the necessaries of life, to buy him the toys and dainties he desired. Of course his selfishness increased, as it was gratified, till Robert Blane grew up to be the most exacting, disagreeable boy in the village. Everything was made to yield

to his wish at home, and yet, as even with all his mother's desire to gratify him, she could not find the means to procure him the luxuries which the sons of richer people enjoyed, he grew cross and moody, and before he was twelve years old, Ellen Blane had known by experience how "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child."

By this time he began to wander off in the evenings, to play with bad boys about the village; and as his mother had never exercised any proper control over him, her wishes were now entirely disregarded by her undutiful son. He

soon, as the necessary result of wandering about thus unguarded, fell into the worst company. He learned to smoke, and to drink, and to swear; he was constantly seen hanging about the lowest haunts of vice, while his poor mother was waiting and watching for him with an aching heart.

Sometimes he would stagger home, and giving a rough brutal answer to her kind greeting, he would tumble into bed; at other times, he would be brought home insensible. At length, in a drunken frolic, he got into a quarrel with a companion, and being maddened by liquor, he struck him a blow

which, in a few hours, caused his death. For this he has been tried and condemned to death; and it now wants but a day of the time when he shall be cut off from the land of the living.

His poor old grandfather, lame and helpless as he is, has left his home and come on to be with his daughter through the dreadful scene; and then to take her home with him. Who can imagine the agony of their hearts, as they sit silent and alone, thinking of the fearful scene to come!

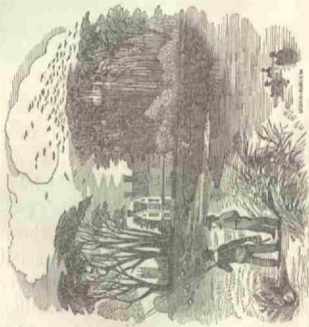
My young friends! fret not at the restraints of a good home! Be thankful every day you live, that you have

parents who try to guard you from the snares which are spread thickly around you, and which are no less real, because they are not visible to you.

Follow the advice of those who are older, and wiser, and better than yourselves; and then you will grow up to be a crown of joy to the declining years of those who have watched over you in infancy, instead of bringing down their gray hairs to the grave, with sorrow like poor Ellen Blane's.

The Capsized Boat.

PHILIP and Edward Stanton were playing one Saturday afternoon on the gravelly beach of the lake-shore, at the foot of their father's garden. They had been amusing themselves for some time in throwing small flat stones, and making them skip over the surface of the water; and in sailing their little boats by a long string which was attached to them.



THE BOYS BY THE LAKE-SHORE

W. H. WOODS DEL.

Philip and Edward were generally obedient and dutiful boys, and their mother did not fear to trust them to play on the lake-shore, because when she charged them not to get into a boat, or to play upon any of the little docks which jutted out into the water behind the gardens, they had always obeyed her. These two little boys were playing, as I said, one Saturday afternoon, on the lake-shore, when they were joined by a boy much older and larger than themselves. This boy's name was Harvey, and he was visiting at the house of one of their neighbors. Philip and Edward thought it was very kind in so

large a boy as Harvey, to stop and play with them, and they amused themselves very innocently for some time together; but at length, as they were playing near the boat-house, Edward exclaimed, "Why Phil, see here! some one has been taking the door off from father's boat-house, and has set it up again to make it look as if it was fastened on."

"Why so they have," said Philip, "that is too bad! but see, Ned, the boat is all safe, and the oars and sails seem to be all there."

"I'll tell you what, boys," said Harvey, "let us take out the boat, and take a little sail."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Edward and Philip together; "father never lets us go without himself or one of my uncles; we never think of such a thing."

"But now see here," said Harvey, "I am as strong, I suppose, as your father, or either of your uncles, and I have been accustomed to boats all my life; and what harm would it do to take a little turn around in the lake, I should like to know?"

The little boys were very anxious to go, for their father was away from home, and it was a long time since they had been out in the boat; still they hesitated, for their father had expressly

forbidden them to go with any other boy. But Harvey, who was a very cunning boy, used a great many arguments to induce them to go with him; he said that where he lived, boys as old as Philip and Edward went out constantly alone in boats; they would think they were *babies* if they could not do that: that for his part *he* never asked anybody where he should go; he did as he liked, and he had never met with any accident yet; "and just look at the water how smooth it is," said he; "come, now, *I* am going in the boat at any rate, and if you've a mind to tell your father of me, you may." So say-

ing, Harvey threw down the door of the boat-house, and drew out the light little boat, and pushed her down the beach into the water.

"Well,—will you go or not?" said Harvey as he held the boat by the chain, ready to jump in.

"I don't know," said Edward, in an undecided manner. "You don't mean to be out long, do you, Harvey?"

"No, of course not, we'll row up the bank a little way and back again."

"Well, I don't see any great harm in that," said Philip, and Edward who was younger, always said the same that Philip did.

Oh! what a dreadful thing it is for boys to take the *first step* in what they know to be wrong; it is sure to bring them into trouble in the end. As you have probably foreseen, our little boys at length got into the boat, and Harvey hastily pushed her from the shore.

“Why, Harvey,” said Philip, “somebody has left the sails in the boat, hadn't we better go back and put them in the boat-house?”

“Oh, no,” said Harvey carelessly, “it is not worth while to go back, now we are fairly started;” and he rowed away very vigorously, at every stroke taking them farther and farther from home.

The little boys did not feel very easy; it was a new thing for them to act so directly in opposition to their parent's wishes; and they thought what if their mother should send down to the shore for them, and find that the boat was gone; and know how they had disobeyed her; their dear kind mother, who was always doing so much for them! and they felt very uncomfortable, and very unhappy, and wished sincerely that they had let Harvey go without them.

"Come, Harvey, let's go back, now," said Philip.

"Oh, yes, do, Harvey," said Edward,

"we've been gone a good while, now, and Philip and I ought to be at home."

"Well, I don't know how you are going to get there, unless you swim," said Harvey, who had now got the little boys in his power. "There's a beautiful breeze rising," he added, "and I for one am going to have a *sail*."

"Oh, Harvey! pray do not put up the sails; this is a west wind, and it is very dangerous," said Philip.

"Don't you think I know how to manage a sail-boat, you little goose?" said Harvey. "Why I go out in a sail-boat every day at home."

"Yes, but this lake is very different

from other waters, and there are sudden squalls of wind, which upset a boat in a moment. *Don't* put up the sails, Harvey, pray don't!" begged little Edward, who was now really crying.

But Harvey laughed at them, and called them little fools, and went on putting up the sails. The wind was by this time rising very rapidly, and the little boat began to toss upon the waves, which were already tipped with white caps. As soon as the sails were set, and filled with wind, the boat began to dart like lightning across the waters, with the head pointed to the opposite shore. The clouds came up

black and angry, and the thunder was now heard rolling in the distance.

Our poor little boys were really to be pitied, although they had done very wrong in yielding in the first place to Harvey's solicitations; but now, between their fears and their troubled consciences, they were two as wretched little boys as ever you saw. This is always the way, let me tell you, children, with sin; it looks very fair at first, and it leads on with falsehoods and deceives with promises, and always ends in danger and sorrow.

Well, on flew the boat, with Harvey as captain, and poor little Philip under

his direction trying to act as steersman, and Edward crying in the middle of the boat.

“There, Harvey,” said Philip, “don’t you see that dark spot on the water? that is where a flaw of wind has struck down upon it. You cannot tell when they are coming, and if they strike a boat, they capsize it before you can do anything.”

Harvey now looked very pale, for he found he had undertaken to do more than he could accomplish; and like all boasters, he was at heart a great coward. “What shall I do, Philip?” he asked.

"Take down the sail, do, Harvey!" cried Philip and Edward in a breath.

"But I *cannot*, the rope is entangled somehow; stop, I will cut it;" but before he got out his knife, a flaw struck the sails, and the little boat was over in a moment, and the three boys struggling in the water. Philip became entangled in the rigging, and did not sink; and he soon saw something struggling near him, which he was rejoiced to find was his little brother; he seized his hand and drew him up, and they seated themselves astride of the keel of the upturned boat; but Harvey they saw

no more; he had sunk down in the deep water.

"Now, Edward," said Philip to his little shivering brother, "now, Edward, we must hold on here as well as we can; perhaps they will see us from the shore, or perhaps the steamboat will come along and take us up."

"Oh, Phil," said Edward, "I think we shall never get home again; see how dark it is; it is almost night, and we shall never be able to sit here all night; we shall be lost; we certainly shall be lost; and all because we have been disobedient. Do you think Harvey is drowned, Phil?"

"I am afraid he is; he ought to have risen by this time. We must take courage, Ned, and hold on; there are always people watching sail-boats, especially in a storm. There is a little boat now, coming this way."

"Where, Phil, where?"

"Don't you see that little speck there, over by the south pier? but it is *not* coming this way," said Philip in a disappointed tone, "it has only gone round the pier. Can you hold on, Neddy?"

"Oh, I don't know, Phil, I am so very cold my hands are stiff."

Take courage, Neddy, take courage,

I certainly see a boat now, with two men in it, and they are coming this way; now if we can only hold on till they get here."

"Oh, but they come so slow, Phil, they do not seem to get any nearer; it will be dark night before we get home, if we ever see home again! poor mother!"

"Don't talk of mother now, Eddy, I can't bear it," said Phil; "see, the boat comes nearer; I can see the men plainly now; one is Mr. Wilkes the fisherman, I am sure."

It was true, as Philip had said, that when a sail-boat was seen on the lake,

especially in a storm, there were always those who watched it with interest. Wilkes the fisherman was preparing to go out to spread his net, when he saw the signs of one of our violent summer storms coming up, and thought he would wait till it was over. So he went up into a store-house, which was near, and took his seat near the window overlooking the lake.

"I declare," said he, "there is a little sail-boat out, and whoever is in it will be likely to catch a ducking before they get in, if nothing more; but how they act," he continued, "they don't know anything about managing a boat.

Richard!" he called, "Richard! please bring your glass up here, quick!"

The man he called Richard, and who was one employed in the store-house, came running up with a small spy-glass, which Mr. Wilkes took, and looked eagerly across the lake.

"There are three boys in the boat, and two of them very little fellows," said he. "There comes a flaw, if they don't take care they'll—yes, I thought so! there they go! quick! quick! Richard, get out my boat, perhaps we may save them yet."

They rowed for life and death, and though, in consequence of the great

distance, the boat appeared to the two boys to move slowly, yet, impelled by the vigorous strokes of the two strong men, it almost flew over the waves. And now they had reached the two little boys, who, drenched, and chilled, and exhausted, felt as if they could not hold on another moment, when the strong arms of Mr. Wilkes and Richard were round them, and they were lifted into the boat. The men had taken the precaution to put a cloak and a buffalo skin into the boat, and in these they wrapped the little shivering boys; they then righted the overturned boat, cut away the rigging, and threw it into the

bottom of it, and fastened the boat to their own, and seeing no signs of Harvey, they rowed for the village. We will now, while the little boys are moving towards the village, take a look at the home to which they are hastening.

Philip and Edward were so accustomed to spending the whole of Saturday afternoon at the lake-shore, that their mother felt no anxiety about them, till towards tea-time, when the storm came up, and fearing that they would get very wet, she told their little sister Lucy to go to the foot of the garden, and call them to come up to the house. Lucy ran down and called for some

time, but receiving no answer, she returned to the house, and told her mother that the boys were not there. She then sent Susan, the girl, down, who came back saying that the boys were not to be found, and the boat-house door was thrown down, and the boat gone. The poor mother was now very anxious, and with good cause; she could not bear the thought that her little boys had disobeyed her, or that they were now upon the lake, whose dark waves, tipped with foam, were tossing and raging so furiously. The storm was so great that she could not go out herself, and she had

no man about the house; she walked up and down the floor with her hands clasped; nearly distracted with fear and anxiety.

Sometimes she would go to the window and look out over the agitated waters, and then walk up and down the room again, exclaiming, "Oh, my poor little boys, where can they be?"

Little Lucy, seeing her mother's agitation, began to cry bitterly, and to ask, "Where do you think they are, mamma, do you think my brothers are drowned?"

"Oh, I do not know, Lucy, darling; God only can tell; let us kneel down

together, my daughter, and ask him to bring the dear little boys safe home." And the mother and her little daughter bent their heads in prayer. When they rose from their knees, putting shawls over their heads, they went into the piazza, which overlooked the lake; and the mother's voice sounded over the water, borne along by the wind, calling "Philip! Edward!" but there was no answer. The tea-time was long since passed, but the tea-things remained untouched upon the table, while the mother walked up and down the room, then out upon the piazza, calling the names of her boys in frantic tones,

while little Lucy followed her, sobbing as if her heart would break.

The storm was one of those sudden and violent ones, which soon pass over; and before long the wind lulled, and the setting sun shone out brightly over the waters.

“See, mamma,” said Lucy, “here comes a boat, with another boat fastened behind it; but I only see two men in it,” said she, sadly.

Again her mother went upon the piazza, and again she called, “Philip! Edward!” when one of the men rose in the boat and put his hand to his mouth, as if he was calling through it.

"It is Mr. Wilkes, the fisherman," said Lucy, "he is calling to us; what does he say?"

"Listen! listen!" said her mother, and again she called, "Where are my boys?"

The answer came plainly this time, "Here they are, safe and sound!"

"God be praised!" exclaimed the mother.

In about half an hour, the boys were brought up the bank safely, in the arms of the two men who had saved them. They were both very ill after it; little Edward's life was for a long time despaired of, while Philip, who was not

so extremely ill, was a great sufferer with inflammatory rheumatism. All through their sickness, their kind mother watched beside them, with the utmost gentleness and patience, and never allowed a word of reproach to pass her lips; she knew her little boys well enough, to feel certain that the best lesson they could receive from the events of that Saturday afternoon, would be furnished them by the reproaches of their own consciences. When they were sufficiently recovered, they told her the whole story, without attempting to excuse themselves; and while they lamented their folly, they implored

her forgiveness, and thanked her over and over again, for her patience and forbearance with them.

The body of poor Harvey was found after a few days, and was taken to the home of his heart-broken parents, who mourned not only his untimely end, but the unprepared state in which death had found him.

The Rainbow.

MORE and more distant gleams the lightning,
More and more gently drops the rain,
See, in the west the sky is brightening,
Now shines the glorious sun again.

On every grassy blade the drops are dancing,
Spangling with gems the carpet green,
Now the bright sun on yonder cloud is glancing,
Making the glorious bow to span the scene.

So when the storms of life my soul are rending,
Faith speaks, and 'mid the darkling cloud ap-
pears,
The bow of promise o'er my spirit bending,
Caused by God's mercy shining through my tears.



THE RAINBOW.

Drawing the Seine.

IF you have read the story of "The Fishing Excursion," in the little book called "The Budget," you will recollect that we left Mr. Playford and his children rowing towards home, after the picnic in the woods; and that they were expecting to stop and see Mr. Wilkes and his men draw the seine.

It was not long before they came to that part of the beach, where the seine

is usually drawn, and here they saw Mr. Wilkes winding away at an immense reel, placed in a sort of frame, which was fixed upon the beach. A great way off, so far that he looked very small, another man was winding upon another reel. It seemed to be pretty hard work, for every little while they would stop and rest, and two other men would take their places.

"Are they drawing the seine now, papa?" asked Kitty.

"Yes," said her father. "The seine is an enormous net, with strong ropes attached to each end of it, and these ropes are fastened to the reels, upon

which the men are winding. They first row out into the lake, and drop the seine, all along the bottom of which are attached weights to keep it down, while along the top of it are fastened 'bobbers,' as they are called. These are pieces of wood, so light that they float on the top of the water, and bear up their side of the net. Now you see, when the men begin to draw in the seine, the fish cannot escape either under or over the net, and so they are drawn with it to the shore, and cast upon the beach. But here we are close upon Mr. Wilkes, and we had better

land here, lest the noise of our oars should frighten the fish."

"How long have you been hauling, Mr. Wilkes?" asked Mr. Playford.

"About an hour, sir."

"And how long will it be before the seine comes in?"

"Oh! half an hour more, at least, sir."

"Will you let me see if I can wind, Mr. Wilkes?" asked Clarence.

Mr. Wilkes very kindly allowed him to take hold of the crank, but instead of winding it up, Clarence found that he had not strength even to prevent its turning the other way, and unwinding

the rope. Mr. Playford then took hold himself, but he found it very fatiguing work, and was very soon willing to let Mr. Wilkes take his place again.

The children played upon the lake-shore, for some little time, when they perceived that the men who were drawing the seine had changed their position, and moved their reels much nearer to each other.

"What is that for, father?" they asked.

"Oh! the seine is coming in, now, and they always draw the two ends together that way, to keep all the fish in, as they approach the shore."

"Oh!" screamed Kitty, "do see that great row of black and white ducks on the water. They must have been frightened in by the seine."

"Well, I declare I thought they were ducks myself, at first," said her father, laughing, "but I see what they are now. Those are the 'bobbers,' Kitty; they are large balls of light wood, painted white and black. How precisely they do look like ducks! But here comes the seine; stand back, children, while they draw it up on the beach; I hope there will be at least one fine salmon trout for our dinner to-morrow."

And what do you think the seine contained after all their afternoon's labor?

One single little perch! which Mr. Wilkes tossed back into the lake again.

"Do you often have such luck as this, Mr. Wilkes?" asked Clarence.

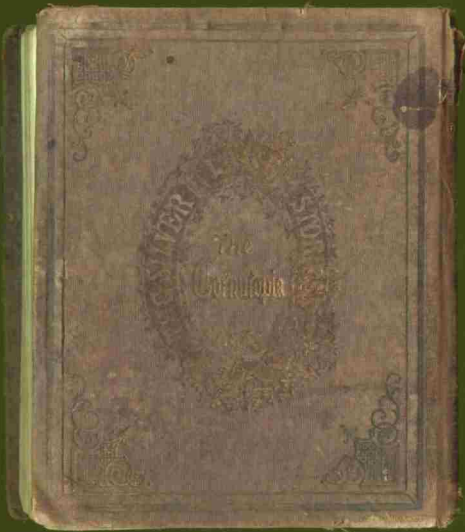
"Yes, quite often," he answered, "and perhaps the very next day when we haul, the whole beach will be covered with fish. I cannot tell how to account for it."

"Mr. Wilkes," said Harry, looking up earnestly in his face, "don't you wish Jesus Christ was here now?"

"Why, Master Harry?"

“Because, you know, when the disciples had ‘toiled all the night and had taken nothing,’ Jesus told them to let down their net again, and they took so many fishes, that neither the net or the boats could hold them.”

“Well, what a strange child he is to be sure!” said Mr. Wilkes, laughing, as Harry hurried on to join his father and brothers, who were now beginning to ascend the hill at the foot of their own garden. They were a tired party when they reached home, and were well prepared to do justice to the nice supper of fried fish which was soon ready for them.



WINTER
The
Cornucopia
1821