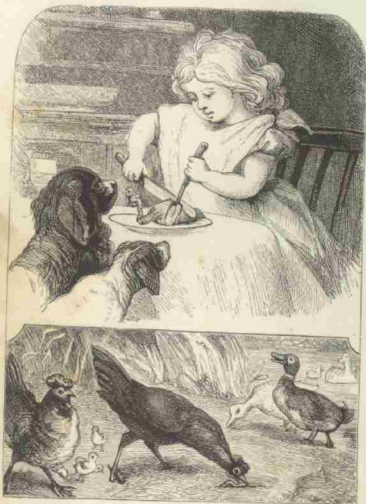


Mr Pleasant St. Library

No 12



Amy's Dinner.

See page 22.

TALKS
WITH AMY DUDLEY;

OR,

WHAT MAKES ME GROW?

FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS.



NEW YORK:
CARLTON & LANAHAN.
CINCINNATI: HITCHCOCK & WALDEN.
SEXDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THIS little book aims to teach children something about the structure of their own bodies. The medium by which it teaches valuable facts is a simple but charming little story, in which children's duties are beautifully illustrated. It belongs to a class of juvenile books which ought to be greatly multiplied, and which every friend of a better literature for children should liberally sustain.

Three volumes are related to each other in the following order:

1. TALKS WITH AMY DUDLEY.
2. MORE TALKS WITH AMY DUDLEY.
3. AMY DUDLEY'S AMUSEMENTS.

D. W.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. AMY'S QUESTION.....	9
II. A CHAT WITH MAMMA.....	29
III. AMY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.....	48
IV. THE PICTURES.....	63
V. VISIT TO THE FARM.....	78
VI. A SICK BED.....	91
VII. HOW BREAD IS MADE.....	105
VIII. PLOWING.....	117

Illustrations.

AMY'S DINNER.....	2
COOKING MAMMA.....	26
AMY'S PICTURE.....	65
UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.....	107

TALKS WITH AMY DUDLEY.

CHAPTER I.

AMY'S QUESTION.

"MAMMA," said little Amy Dudley, "nurse says that I have grown all this great piece since last year! How much have you grown?"

"I," said Mrs. Dudley, laughing, "O, it is a great many years since I grew at all. People of my age have something else to do. They leave that to little children."

Amy only laughed, for she had a sort of idea that her mamma was

partly joking. Then she went to take a good look of herself in a large glass which came down to the floor, and returned, saying, as if a new thought had struck her,

“Mamma, what makes people grow at all?”

“Ah Amy,” replied her mother, “that is a good question to ask, and I am glad you thought of it. But try first whether you cannot find out yourself.”

Amy did try. She was used to her mamma's way of teaching her, and already began to feel that it was very pleasant *afterward* when she had found out any thing all by herself. She thought for a long time;

but it was of no use, and at last her mamma, seeing that the little girl had puzzled enough over this difficulty, helped her by saying,

“I remember that one day when I went into the nursery, somebody was saying that she liked tea and toast better than bread and milk; now I wonder if you can remember who that somebody was, and what nurse said in answer.”

“O, I know, mamma; that was me,” cried Amy, “and nurse said that tea and toast were not good for little people, and that bread and milk would make us grow much better. What did she mean? Wasn't it only fun?”

"Not at all," replied her mamma. "Nurse was quite right. She meant what she said. Tea and toast would make you grow; but bread and milk will make you grow much faster."

"But how *can* they make me grow—any of them, mamma? I can't think."

"Do you think you would grow if you didn't eat at all, Amy?" asked Mrs. Dudley.

"No," because I should die," returned Amy. "I know that."

"But why would you die? Do you understand why?"

"No, I don't; but I know nurse told me once of two poor little children who *got* lost in a wood, and

couldn't find any thing to eat; and she said that when their papa found them at last they were quite dead. Wasn't it dreadful, mamma?"

"Yes, it was indeed, my little Amy; but you haven't explained to me at all how it was."

"Because I can't, mamma," answered Amy.

"Then we shall have lots of things to talk about for a long time to come; shall we not?" rejoined her mamma; "and now I will tell you what I think will be a good plan. While it is too hot for you to go out after dinner, you shall put off your second walk till nearer tea time; and then every day that you get

your lessons learned quite perfectly before dinner you shall come down to me for a little chat in the afternoon; only you needn't tell Georgie, for that will be the time for him to get his sleep; and besides, he will not understand what we shall talk about."

Amy thought this proposal perfectly delightful; nor did she let out the secret all that day. It was so charming to have one, and made her feel quite an important person.

Next morning, when the short lessons which her mamma gave her every day after breakfast were over, Amy and Georgie were taken by their nurse to a beautiful shady

field where they were very fond of playing.

Generally when they came there the children immediately ran straight across to the most distant corner, where was a nice mossy bank which was often covered with flowers; for, like most children, they both loved picking nosegays. But on this morning Georgie alone set off running; and Amy did not seem to care about it, but walked slowly along until Georgie was quite out of hearing. Then going close to her nurse, and taking hold of her hand, she said,

“Nurse, if I tell you a secret, will you promise not to tell?”

“If it's a secret I think you ought

not to *tell* me, Miss Amy," answered nurse.

"O yes, I may, nurse; it's only a secret from Georgie," she said; and then the little girl related the new arrangement, and ended by saying,

"So don't let us stay out long to-day, please, for fear my lessons shouldn't be done, and then I should lose the story."

"I don't expect that your mamma means you to have *too much* time, my dear," was nurse's answer. "You know that she says you have a habit of dawdling over them which she wants you to cure. At any rate we *must* get a nice lot of flowers for her to-day, for you know she

expected some the last time we came here, and then we quite forgot them."

Amy had not thought of this; but she quite agreed that dear mamma must not be disappointed again; so she and nurse ran after Georgie as fast as they could, and they found the little man with his basket already half filled.

There was some pink, and some blue, and some white flowers on the bank; and nurse said that they must have all grown up and come out in about a week, for she knew that it was not longer than that since they had almost cleared it.

And Amy thought to herself,

“How is it that flowers grow when they don't eat any thing? I'll ask mamma.”

They went home when it was time; and both children ran eagerly to present their nosegays, and were quite satisfied with the admiration which mamma bestowed on them. They had the pleasure of seeing them put into two vases full of water; and Georgie pointed out all the greatest “*booties*,” and told just where each one had been found.

Then, when all that business was over, Georgie was dismissed to have a game of play, and Amy to learn her lessons.

They were not very long ones, as

you may be sure, for Amy was only six years old.

When she was very quick they usually took her about half an hour; but on most days in the week she found so many things to do between the words, or figures, or stitches, that she had made herself believe them to be very long.

However, on this day the little girl intended to sit in a corner with her back to every one, and not to stir until she had quite finished.

She got out all her things very quickly and sat down; but, unfortunately, before two words of spelling were perfect there came a boy with an organ into the garden, and

on the organ a monkey; and when she heard Georgie's cries of pleasure she could not help taking just one little peep, which, though it was meant only to hinder her for a moment, really occupied several minutes.

After this she went on again for awhile, until Georgie's kitten came into the room, and, after performing a great many gambols, at last got itself so entangled in some cotton which it had unwound, that although nurse was in the room, Amy felt as if she must go and help to set the little creature free.

Then Georgie got a picture-book, and seemed to be much interested in showing nurse the pictures, and

having her explain them to him. It was a book that Amy knew all about, for her mamma had often shown it to her; so, when nurse seemed to be puzzled over one picture, she thought again that she must just go and help them out.

At last the dinner was brought in, and it was only by setting hard to work that she was able to lay down the last book just as she was called to table.

Mrs. Dudley came in to see her children while they were at dinner. She walked round the nursery, picked up one or two things, and then went down again to see a visitor.

When they had quite finished

nurse washed their hands and faces, and when she had laid Georgie in the crib Amy asked her to hear her lessons.

They were not very perfect, but she managed to stumble through them somehow, and as nurse did not say that they must be learned again, she put the books into the closet and ran down stairs in high spirits.

“The story, dear mamma! Now for the story, please!” cried the little girl, as she bounded into the room where her mamma was sitting at work.

“What story?” asked Mrs. Dudley, who seemed at that moment to be thinking about something so

deeply that the child's entrance would scarcely have been noticed but for her merry, ringing little voice.

"The story that you said I was to have when all my lessons were done, ma," answered Amy. "They are done now, and I've said them to nurse."

"When did you say them, Amy?" asked her mamma.

"Just now, ma, after I had done my dinner."

"That was not what I meant, Amy. I intended them to be learned and said before dinner, that you might come down to me quite fresh. However, I wont say any thing about

that to-day, as you did not understand me; but now I want you to tell me what this is."

Amy colored, and said:

"How did you get it, mamma? It's my handkerchief that I am hemming; but I thought it was in my closet."

"I picked it up, Amy, while you were at dinner," said her mamma; "it was on the floor; and the little bit that I set you to hem is not done. How is that?"

"O, mamma, I forgot; I mean I hadn't time, for the dinner came just when my hymn was done, and there was no time left."

"Then I'm afraid there can be no



Coaxing Mamma.

time for my story. If Amy can't be quick, mamma cannot spend time in amusing her. She must wait until to-morrow."

"O mamma! only just this once, I will be so quick to-morrow," cried Amy, looking very much disappointed. "Please, please do tell it now."

And the little coaxer began kissing her mamma's hand very vehemently.

If Mrs. Dudley had only loved her little girl in the way that Georgie loved his cat, she would no doubt have yielded; but she loved her a great deal better than to do that, and knew that it was much more for

her happiness to feel that mamma always meant what she said than that she should never have a disappointment. So Amy had to wait until the next day in spite of all her coaxing.

CHAPTER II.

A CHAT WITH MAMMA.

NEXT day Mrs. Dudley again visited the nursery while the children were at dinner, and found her little daughter seated at the top of the table trying hard to carve a chicken, while Gip and a friend of his were watching the operation with great interest.*

"Nurse said I might carve, mamma," said Amy, with an air of great importance. Mamma looked rather amused, and Georgie cried out:

* See Frontispiece.

"Me sure the ducks and chickens don't like us to eat their cousin. Me saw them out of the window making such a noise."

Mrs. Dudley wondered to herself whether the grand treat had interfered with the lessons; but she said nothing, and in less than an hour after she was pleased to see Amy march in with her work in her hand, and a face which plainly said that its owner expected this time to get what she wanted.

"Nurse has heard me my spelling and counting, ma," said the little maiden, "and she says they will do very nicely; and here's my work."

"That will do very nicely too,"

said her mamma, after she had looked at it; "but, Amy, do you know that since you came to me yesterday I have been trying to remember whether I really promised you a story, but I can't. I believe that what I really promised was, that we would have a little chat."

"I thought chat was the same thing," answered Amy, lifting up her little face and looking with her blue eyes straight into her mamma's brown ones. "O, do let it be the same!"

"Well, we must see what we can do," said Mrs. Dudley, smiling. "So what shall the chat or the story be about?"

"I want you to tell me, mamma," said the child, roguishly.

"Then will you tell me one in return when you get to be a big girl?" asked mamma, stroking back her little girl's hair from the blue eyes into which it was straying.

"Perhaps," said Amy, laughing; "we'll see about it, mamma."

"And have you found out how it is that bread and milk make you grow larger, Amy?" asked Mrs. Dudley.

"No, mamma, I haven't; but I've found out something else. Can you guess what it is?"

"No, indeed; I must get you to tell me," said her mamma.

"It is that flowers grow without eating any thing at all," cried the child, with the air of a person who has made a grand discovery.

"Not without drinking, though," answered her mother, looking rather amused.

"Drinking, mamma!" cried Amy. "Why they have got no mouths!"

"Nevertheless they drink," replied Mrs. Dudley.

"How *can* they!" said Amy, earnestly.

"Do you not water your rose-tree every day?" said her mamma.

"Yes, to wash it clean; it makes it look fresh. It gets all faded when I forget."

“Because it is so thirsty,” returned Mrs. Dudley. “I think that if the rose-tree had a voice it would cry out about it when you neglect it. I should, I know, if I were a rose-tree; for I don’t like being thirsty at all.”

“Mamma, you are laughing at me, I know,” said Amy.

“No, I am not, indeed. The rose-tree has really not one mouth only, but a great many. You cannot see them because they are all under ground. They are at the ends of all the roots. I will show you some day how the ends have little spongy things fixed to them which suck up the food of the plants. So the water

which sinks into the earth, when you pour it over the flowers, can get into these little spongy mouths you see, and go up into the plants."

"How funny, mamma!" cried Amy. "Why that is just as if we drank with our feet! But we couldn't live if we had only water and nothing to eat: could we?"

"No," said her mother; "but you see it is not only water that the plants and trees get, for you must remember that the water goes through the mold; and it gets a great deal of goodness out of that. We might call it *mold broth*, and it must be very strong stuff, as it feeds all those great oaks, and elms, and fir-trees

that can stand so firmly and so upright, even when the wind blows quite violently."

"I shouldn't like mold broth, mamma," said Amy, making a great face.

"No, I dare say not, any more than the trees and plants would like meat, and bread, and butter."

"They couldn't bite that sort of food," said Amy, laughing. "I think the trees are like babies; they only drink; they can't eat."

"And yet some trees are very old," answered her mother. "I have seen a good many that are more than a hundred years old."

"O how very old!" exclaimed

Amy. "Do you think, mamma, that I could grow strong and tall, as the trees do, if I had only milk or broth to drink, and nothing to eat?"

"No," said her mother, "you would do better on milk than on broth; but now that you are not a baby you want food to eat as well as to drink to make you strong and tall. God has made both you and the tree in such a way that you both want food. Neither of you could live without it; but you are not made alike, and so you want different kinds of food."

"And cows and sheep, mamma," said Amy, "they eat too; but they

don't have what I do, nor what the trees have; they eat grass. And that wouldn't make us strong, would it?"

"Us? Who do you mean by us?" asked her mother.

"Me and the trees, mamma," replied Amy.

"No; neither you nor your green friends," returned her mamma, "because you haven't, either of you, got stomachs like the cows and sheep."

"Have the trees got stomachs at all?" asked Amy, as if another wonderful discovery was about to be made.

"They have got what answers the same purpose," returned her mother

"But they eat with their feet; and the sheep eat with their heads; and I take up things with my hands and put them into my mouth. So I've got what the trees haven't got, and what the sheep haven't got. I've got hands," cried Amy.

"You cannot quite call the roots of the trees feet," said her mamma, laughing, "for they cannot walk with them."

"No, they can only stand; I shouldn't like to be always standing in one place," said Amy, drawing a deep breath, and looking as if the very thought tired her. "How dreadful it must be!"

"And yet the trees don't look

very unhappy, do they?" remarked her mother quietly.

Amy seemed very much amused at this idea, and said,

"No, because they have got no faces. O I am so glad that I'm not a sheep or a tree; I've got lots of things that they haven't got, either of them."

"Indeed you have," said Mrs. Dudley, rather gravely. "God has made the trees in a wonderful way; and he has made the sheep so that they can eat, and drink, and enjoy themselves, and be very happy in the green fields. But he has given to my little girl a great deal more than he has given to either trees or

beasts, and he cares a great deal more for her."

Amy looked up into her mamma's face, and then her own face began to look serious too; but she did not say any thing.

So Mrs. Dudley asked,

"Which are you most like, a sheep or a tree?"

"O, a sheep, mamma; I didn't know that I was a bit like a tree, until you told me that we both had to eat—drink, I mean."

"And are you like a sheep?" continued Mrs. Dudley.

"Not much, mamma; but we both have faces and legs too; and we both can walk about and run. Do

you know yesterday I saw a little lamb running so fast after its mother, and crying 'ma, ma,' just like a little baby."

"That was because the little lamb loved its mamma, I suppose; and you love me a little bit, don't you, Amy?" said her mother.

"Yes, mamma; only not a little bit, but a very large bit," answered Amy, jumping on her mother's lap, and kissing her so many times that Mrs. Dudley cried out that she should be smothered with love.

When this little affectionate fit had passed, and the child was seated quietly on her stool again, Mrs. Dudley said,

"So you are like a lamb in three things, you say. I think I could soon find you a fourth. You can eat, and run about, and love your mamma, and what else? Guess."

"Ah, I know," cried Amy, after a minute. "We can both sleep."

"That's right," answered her mother; "and now for one more question. What can you do that the sheep cannot?"

"O lots of things," answered Amy. "I can work; and I can do lots of things with my hands which they can't, because they haven't got any. And I can talk, and they can't—"

"Can't they?" interrupted her

mother. "I thought you said that the lamb was calling out 'ma;' and I fancy that the big sheep answered 'baa,' didn't it?"

"Yes, I think it did," returned Amy, clapping her hands and laughing. "That was meant for baby; I suppose. How funny! But they don't say any other words, I think; and I can say lots and lots."

"And you are glad of it, because you have such lots to say," rejoined her mother, smiling. "What makes you want to say so much?"

"I don't know," answered Amy; "perhaps because lots of things come into my head. O, I know," she added, in great glee at having found

it out; "it's because I *think*; and the sheep do not."

"At any rate you think about a great many things that the sheep do not know any thing about, or care any thing about," said her mamma. "What does my Amy think about when she has lain down in her little bed, and before she goes to sleep?"

"Sometimes I think about God, mamma," said Amy in a lower voice, "and about his being in the room though I can't see him; and sometimes I think about heaven, and wonder what the angels are like."

"Then if you can think about such things, of which the sheep

know nothing at all, what must you have which they have not?"

"O, I know now, mamma," replied the little girl eagerly. "I have got a soul that cannot die. It will always go on living, wont it? And that's why God loves me better than he does the sheep and trees. I know you told me about that a long time ago."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dudley. "And so you have two things that want feeding—your body, which wants bread and milk, and meat, and other things to keep it alive and make it grow; and your soul, which must have food too. Do you remember that verse we were talking about two or three Sundays ago—how

Jesus answered the devil when he was tempting him—'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God?'

"Yes," said Amy, thoughtfully; "and didn't you say that our souls must eat the words of God by thinking about them very often, and by asking Jesus to make them do us good?"

"Something like that, I believe I said, my child, and I hope that every day you will learn to love that food better and better. It is time now for you to go back to nurse; and I must be going out."

CHAPTER III.

AMY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE next day came, and our little friend got through all her morning's work most bravely. She sat in her corner on her own little chair, with her books and slate on another chair, and with the curtain drawn all around her so that she might not see any body or any thing that might tempt her to be idle. And she felt very snug in this small house of her own, and would not come out of it until all her lessons were quite perfect; no, not even when

Georgie called to her to come and look at him riding on the new rocking-horse which his uncle had given him only that morning.

But a sad disappointment was in store for Amy; for just as nurse had finished brushing her hair after dinner, and she was preparing to run down stairs to her mamma, a carriage was heard to drive up the garden; and there came first a loud rat-tat-tat at the door, and then the sound of several voices, among which the little listener at the top of the stairs soon made out one to be that of an old lady, who, when she came to visit Mrs. Dudley, always stayed for the whole afternoon. So it was

clear that there could be no story, and no chat either, for that day; and poor Amy returned to the nursery half crying, and told nurse that she had worked hard all for nothing.

“O! not for nothing,” the good nurse said, “for at any rate the lessons are all done, and you can do what you like. Now I wonder whether you would like to help me. Just see what a heap of lace I have got to get ironed this afternoon. I was thinking that it would be never done before tea time; but if you wouldn't mind pulling some of it out for me, Miss Amy, why it would be done in half the time; and your little fingers would untwist this nar-

row stuff ever so much better than mine."

Of course Amy liked to do it. She always liked to be useful, as all nice little girls do; and while they were both at work she told nurse what she and her mamma had talked about the day before. And nurse said she only wished that she had such a nice mamma, and hoped that Amy would often repeat what they talked about to her, as she had done that day.

So the time passed; and the little girl forgot her disappointment, and told her mamma the next day that perhaps it was a good thing that she could not come down, because poor

nurse would have been so tired if she had not been there to help her.

"Well, Amy," said Mrs. Dudley, "and have you found out any thing since the day before yesterday?"

"No, mamma, nothing at all; I couldn't," answered the child.

"What! nothing about *how* the food which we eat makes us grow, Amy, in all this time?" returned her mamma in a tone of surprise.

"No, mamma, I forgot that," said Amy. And then she added, laughing: "Do the bread and milk, and meat, and potatoes, and puddings, and pies, get inside me and stuff me out? Do they get into my arms and make them fat, and down into

my legs, so that they get longer—too long for my frocks? How funny to be all bread and butter, and meat, and pudding, inside! It seems just like your pin-cushion, only I'm not stuffed with wool!"

Now Amy's brother, Willy, who was older than herself, happened to be learning his lessons for school in the same room; and when he heard this he burst out laughing, and said:

"O! it's not like that, is it, mamma?"

"Not exactly," answered his mother, "or else I'm afraid that we should have the same thing happening to Amy that happened to that

poor cushion which was stuffed too full."

Willy laughed again, and going up to his sister began to turn her round and round, saying:

"Come, let us see whether your fat arms and cheeks show any signs of cracking to let the bread and butter out yet."

Amy laughed too; but Willy, after he had finished his examination, turned to his mamma, and said:

"I don't understand the rights of it, though. How is it, mamma?"

"It would be easier to make you understand, Willy, than your little sister; but as I am talking to her to-

day, I must only explain as much as she can understand. Tell me, Amy, does your bread and butter go down your throat just as it goes into your mouth?"

"O no, mamma," cried Amy, "I should be choked if it did."

"Your mouth is a wet place, isn't it, Amy?" continued Mrs. Dudley, "and so it gets moistened there; and then you chew it all up, and it gets changed from bread and butter into a sort of pap before it goes down your throat."

"Nurse calls that the red lane," said Amy; "and she says it has a trap-door at the top of it."

"So it has," said her mother;

“and when the food has got through the trap-door, and down this red lane, I must tell you that it does not get into a dry place even then; but it meets with a sort of juice which melts it up still more, so that it looks less like bread and butter than ever.”

“Am I juicy, like a pear, mamma?” said Amy, looking very much amused.

“Yes; you have got several kinds of juice inside you, and one which is of a bright red color,” answered her mother. “I wonder if you can tell me the name of that.”

The little girl looked puzzled, and Willy broke in with:

"Blood, of course; isn't it, dear mamma?"

"O Willy!" exclaimed Amy, "now that's not fair! *I* wanted to guess; and you always tell. Don't let him tell, mamma."

"Willy," said his mother, "you had better take your lessons into the next room; you cannot possibly learn them while we are talking, I am sure."

Willy obeyed rather unwillingly, but to the great relief of his little sister, who instantly jumped on her mother's lap and said:

"Now, go on telling me, please, ma."

"Really, my child, I hardly know

how to make you understand; but you remember I told you just now that when the pap gets into your stomach it is melted up still more by a juice which it finds there. This is called the gastric juice. Now let us suppose that this dissolving is going on just now inside you, and meantime talk a little about the red juice which Willy told us was called blood. This does not run about all loose in your little body. It goes in little blue pipes, called veins. See, here is one in your arm."

"O yes, I know; and I've got some in my legs," said Amy.

"You have these little pipes all over you, my dear; and inside them

runs the red blood. It comes out of your heart, which you can feel here going beat, beat, beat, pit-a-patter pat, all day long; and it travels all over you, up into your head, and down into your feet, and at last it comes back again to the heart; and if that little heart were to stop beating, and the blood were to stop running through the blue veins, my little girl would die. The Bible says this blood is the life of every creature; and one reason why it is so, is because the blood takes the food all over the body."

"What, the bread and meat?" said Amy, in astonishment.

"Yes; but then you must recollect

that most of the food is first quite dissolved."

"How can it get into the pipes?" asked Amy.

"O! there are little places called *vessels*, which have a thin skin too, and into which blood goes also. Some of the vessels are close to the stomach, and so when the food has become thin it easily gets through the skin, first into the vessels and then into the veins, and so it is carried all over the body."

"But how does that make me grow bigger, mamma?"

"It makes you bigger, dear, because while it is traveling about it gets changed into flesh, fat, and

bones and blood, and left behind, a little here and a little there, to add on to your own flesh, and fat, and bones, and blood; and so, you see, you grow."

"How curious!" said Amy; "but *you* eat, mamma, and yet you say you don't grow."

"O! I am wearing out," said her mother, "so you see I want something to make up for what is worn away."

Little Amy looked for a minute as if she thought her mamma was laughing at her; but when she found that she was quite in earnest, she said:

"And so my bread and butter

turns into *me*, mamma, and *white* milk turns into *red* blood. How funny it seems!"

"It is very wonderful," replied her mamma. "Don't you think, Amy, that God must be very great and very wise to be able to make our bodies in such a wonderful manner, and to make us grow in such a wonderful manner, too? Could you ever have thought of such a plan?"

"No, I don't think any one could, except God," said Amy.

And here they were interrupted for that day.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PICTURES.

AMY was generally very well contented with her bread and milk, though sometimes, when she and Georgie came in from a run in the garden, the smell of the coffee in the breakfast-room was so tempting as they passed, that they thought it would be very nice when they were old enough to have breakfast with papa and mamma.

But on the morning after the last talk, there was something in the nursery which pleased Amy so much

that Georgie had eaten her bread and milk, as well as his own, before she was inclined to sit down; and then nurse had only cold milk left, and she gave Amy a piece of bread to soak in it herself. That something was a long strip of paper hanging from the top of the nursery cupboard, and covered with pictures. There was first a man with two horses plowing; next a girl milking a cow; then a baker putting bread into an oven; lower down a man sowing seed; then a windmill; and, lastly, a picture which neither she or nurse could make out.

Amy wondered who could have put it there, and nurse looked



Amy's Picture.

knowing about it, but would not tell.

In the afternoon, however, the mystery was cleared up by her mamma saying,

“Well, my little maid, and which picture am I to begin telling you about to-day? Which did you like best?”

“O, mamma, then it *was* you who put them up. Nurse would only shake her head when I asked her.”

“Perhaps Willy told her not to tell. I dare say he did, for it was he who put them up for me.”

“I like the cow best, mamma,” said Amy. “It is such a dear red cow, and has such a kind face. I

liked the girl too; and I think she has nice rosy cheeks, though I can only see a piece of one."

"Who told you that milkmaids ought to have rosy cheeks?" asked her mother, laughing. "Now, as it happens, I don't think that one has; for it is meant for a real girl, and not a fancy one, and I knew her well some years ago. Would you like to hear something about her?"

"O yes, that I should, mamma," cried Amy, clapping her hands; "and that will be a story really, wont it?"

"Yes, and a true one too. The girl's name was Patty Pegwell, and a very nice girl she was. Her father

died when she was quite little, and left his wife with six children to bring up. Some of them were sickly ones too, and only one or two able to earn any thing; so poor Mrs. Pegwell had a hard struggle. The town allowed her only a trifle, and she had no money of her own but what she could earn by washing. She was a very good laundress.

“Now I must tell you that the cottage in which this family lived belonged to Patty’s father, and also a little garden and field. They had been very well off when he was alive, for he had worked hard and saved enough to buy the land and build a cottage on it. During the

last two years, too, he had kept cows; and he did this partly that his children might have plenty of milk to drink, for he thought that if any thing would make them grow up strong, that would."

"Mamma," interrupted Amy, "I can't think why milk does children so much good. Why will not tea and coffee do as well?"

"That is not easy to explain to little folks like you," replied her mother; "but as babies live upon it without any other food, we might be quite sure that it is good for children even if we did not know why. But milk is good for grown people too; and do you know, Amy,

that even a man could live for a good while on nothing but milk, if he had enough of it."

"How much would he want?" asked Amy.

"Do you know how much a pint is?" said her mamma.

"Yes; that jug that has the milk in it at tea time holds a pint, mamma, when it is quite, quite full up to the top. Nurse told me so."

"Well, Amy, a man would want six of such jugs full every day."

"O what a great deal, ma! I shouldn't like to drink so much, and have nothing to eat."

"I dare say not, my dear; but

remember that it would not be easy to think of any other one thing which would keep a person alive. If a man had meat, he must have water too; and so with bread or potatoes. But I must go on with my story. When Patty's father was dead his cows had to be sold, because he had been ill a long time, and they had to buy things which they could not pay for. So the money which was given for the cows went to pay these debts, that is, the money he owed; and now there was no more milk to sell, nor cheese or butter either, and the sickly children had to do with a very little skim milk because it was so dear.

So, then, your friend, the young milkmaid in the picture, began to wish very much that she could any how earn money enough to buy back that same red cow with the kind face.

“The man who had taken her instead of the money which was owing to him was not really a hard man, though he could not do without his money; and he said that Patty should have her back as soon as she could bring him twenty-five dollars.”

“Twenty-five dollars!” cried Amy. “What a great deal of money! How could she ever get so much?”

“At first she thought as you do,

that she must give up the idea of such a thing; but Patty was not a girl who often gave up any thing. So after thinking a good deal more, another idea came into her head. It would be impossible to earn the money at home, that was plain, because as long as she was there all she could earn must go to buy food. But then Patty thought,

“‘What if I could get a place! Then I should only have to buy my clothes; and I wouldn't spend much on them, I know; so I should save up and soon have the money.’

“Well, as soon as Patty thought of this, she asked her mother if she would spare her, and when she

found she might go, she set to work to look for a place. She told some young ladies who had been kind to them what she wanted and why she wanted it; and after a little while they not only found her a very good place, but gave her so many of their old clothes that it was very little that Patty had to spend on herself.

“So it came about that, in a little more than a year, Patty had bought the cow back, and was at home again helping her mother.

“She soon learned, too, to be a very great help in the washing and ironing, so that Mrs. Pegwell was able to take in more work.

“And twice every day Patty went to milk her dear cow. She got quite fond of it, and used to talk to it as if the cow could understand; and you can't think how happy she felt to see the little ones enjoying great bowls of bread and milk, such as you and Georgie have, and getting quite fat upon it.

“Sometimes they used to sell the milk that was over, and sometimes they made butter and cheese of it, either to eat themselves or to sell too.”

“O mamma!” said Amy, “do tell me how they make butter and cheese!”

“Not to-day, dear,” replied her

mother; "but to-morrow, if you are a very good girl, we will walk over to Mrs. Maitland's farm, and ask her to show us how it is done."

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO THE FARM.

YOU may be sure that little Amy was very pleased to go with her mamma to see how butter was made. She had been to Mrs. Maitland's farm more than once; and she remembered that at the last time a very rosy-cheeked apple was given to her as she was coming away. But still she was a little afraid that Mrs. Maitland would think her very silly for not knowing how to make butter as well as her own little girls.

Her mamma told her, however, that if she looked into her heart she would soon find that it was only pride that made her think of such a thing, and just because she did not like it to be thought that the little Maitlands knew any thing which she did not.

Amy was obliged to confess that this was true, and she felt a little bit ashamed; but her mamma said, very kindly:

“I knew it was pride, my dear child, because I have a proud heart myself, and I know that your heart must be like mine.”

Amy seemed rather concerned at this, and said:

“O mamma! you are not proud, I know; you are very good.”

“No, Amy,” Mrs. Dudley answered. “I want to be good, it is true, and I try to keep down the proud thoughts, and I ask Jesus to make me humble; but every one of us has by nature a wicked, proud heart, and my Amy’s mamma had one until the Holy Spirit changed it; and Amy has one too; so I want her to begin, while she is little, to fight against it, and not to let it have its own way, and to seek to have it made new. That is why I showed you a little bit of pride peeping out when you never thought of it.”

Amy looked up into her mamma’s

face with a bright, loving smile, and at that moment they stopped at the door of the farm-house.

Mrs. Maitland was very pleased to see them, and soon took the little girl into her dairy.

It was a nice, cool-looking place, and so clean that Amy looked round her, wondering what it was that made it so very delightful.

There were pails full of milk, and pans full of cream; and Mrs. Maitland showed little Miss, as she called her, how they first let the milk stand until all the cream had settled on the top, and then skimmed that off and put it into the churn.

Amy tasted the cream, and then

she tasted the milk from which it had been taken, and she thought that she liked the cream best. Then Mrs. Maitland put two or three large strawberries into a little cup of cream and put some sugar over them; and she gave them to her little visitor, who pronounced them "delicious."

Mrs. Maitland told her that the cream was the best part of the milk; and she told her, too, that after she had churned a little while she should look into the churn, and then she would see the butter coming. Amy had, of course, never seen a churn before. It was a sort of wooden barrel, with a round lid at the top, and

in this lid there was a hole. A kind of stick, with a flat thing at the end of it, went through this hole; and when it was turned round and round very quickly, of course it stirred and shook the milk. Amy was allowed to turn it herself a little, but she could not do it so well as Mrs. Maitland.

After a little while Mrs. Maitland told her to peep in, and there, true enough, were small lumps of butter coming. And then she clapped her hands with pleasure, and begged to wait and see it finished.

It was very nice to see the great lumps come, and then to see them taken out and squeezed into a proper

pat, and after all to take it home to show nurse.

Amy thought she had never had such a treat; and now she longed to see a cheese made.

But Mrs. Maitland did not make cheeses; and so the little girl was obliged to be content with hearing her mamma describe how they are made in different places. They talked about that as they went home.

“When I was a girl,” Mrs. Dudley said, “I was taken to see a beautiful country called Switzerland, and I stayed for a week at a place named Neufchatel, where they make a kind of cheese that I liked very much. It is eaten pretty new, and not kept as

most cheeses are. I remember seeing some made."

"O! then you can tell me about it, mamma," said Amy, holding tight by her mother's hand while she gave two or three jumps.

"Yes, I can," returned her mamma, smiling.

"First of all they made about eight quarts of milk hot; then they got two spoonfuls of rennet and put into it; after which they added a little cream, and let it stand for three quarters of an hour."

"What is rennet, mamma?"

"Ah, Amy, I thought you would ask me that! Well, do you recollect about the gastric juice inside you?"

“Yes, mamma, I do,” said Amy. “It melts up the bread and butter, and all the rest of the things that I eat.”

“Quite right, Amy; and now I must tell you that a calf has the same sort of juice in its stomach; so when a calf is killed its stomach is taken out and dried, and then it is called rennet.”

“And what is it put into the milk for?” asked Amy.

“It turns it to curds,” answered her mother. “You have seen curds in your pudding sometimes. Well, it is the curd that turns to cheese; so when the curd has formed they take it out without breaking it, and

put it into a mold full of holes and covered with a linen cloth. They change this cloth very often as the milk drains into it; and when the cheese can be moved without breaking they make it up into the shape they wish, and then cut it into long strips, which they wrap up in thin paper."

"I should like to make a cheese very much, mamma," said Amy.

"Would you?" replied Mrs. Dudley. "Then shall I tell you next something about English ones?"

"Please, mamma," said the little girl; "and then when I am grown up I can try."

"You have looked at the map of England two or three times, and said

over the counties after me, haven't you? So you can recollect that on the west, or left-hand side, there are the twelve counties of Wales. Well, up close by the north or top of Wales is the English county of Cheshire. There they make some of the very best cheeses; and they are sent about to a great many places, because many people like them. Do you recollect, when I was buying cheese the other day, the man took some out of one with a scoop and gave it you to taste, and you said it was very good? That was Cheshire cheese. It was made in something the same way as Neufchatel cheese; only that the curds are pressed very

much until they become drier and harder, and then the cheese is kept for a good while. People like *old* Cheshire cheese. Then if you were to draw your finger down the map from Cheshire a good way, you would come to Gloucester and Cheddar. They make cheese at both these places, and also at Stilton. I don't think you would much like Stilton cheese, for I remember it used to bite my tongue when I was your age; and besides, people eat it when it is so old that it turns green and is quite decayed."

"O how filthy!" cried Amy.

And her mamma said,

"I dare say you would like cream

cheese better. That is quite soft, and has a sourish taste. Perhaps we may have some soon, and then you shall try a little piece. Our American cheese is as good as any that is made in England."

By this time Mrs. Dudley and her little girl had arrived at home, and Amy ran up to tell nurse what she had seen and learned, and to show the butter which she had helped to make.

CHAPTER VI.

A SICK BED.

FOR many days after the visit to Mrs. Maitland's farm Mrs. Dudley had visitors, and could not have her little girl to teach in the afternoons, and directly after they went away Amy became very poorly. At first she seemed rather sick, and could not take her food as usual, and her mamma gave her some medicine, and thought she would soon be well again. But the next day she was worse, and complained of a headache, and of being very hot. She was

obliged to lie in bed all day long, and neither Willy nor Georgie could go into her room, because the doctor said that they might catch the same illness if they did.

But Amy did not feel inclined to play; she could only toss about in her little bed and wish that her head did not ache, and that she could go out again and get flowers in the nice cool woods. And the next day she was no better, nor the next, nor the next: and though her kind mamma and nurse used, by turns, to stay with her all day long, yet the poor little girl felt very miserable, and thought she had never been so unhappy before.

For neither mamma nor nurse could make her well, nor the Doctor either. It was only God who could do that. He only had the power to make the things which they gave her do her the good which they were meant to do.

And so her mamma used to pray very often, and very earnestly, that he would take away the fever and make her darling well again; and she used to tell Amy to ask him too, just in her own little words and way, by speaking in her heart even when she was too tired to talk out loud. And because Amy wanted to get well again she did often try to pray.

It was not then as it had often been, when she said her morning and evening prayers without thinking to whom she was speaking, or what she was saying; for now she asked just as really as she often asked her papa and mamma for any thing that she wanted.

And God heard her prayer though she was only a little child, and though she had often been a naughty child too, and knew that she did not deserve to be made well; and soon the fever went away and the headache also, and to every body's great joy little Amy began to get better.

But she was very weak and very thin, and had to lie still in her bed;

and her mamma knew that it must be a good while before it would be safe for her to play with the other children again. So, like a kind mamma as she was, she began to think how she could amuse her little girl who could not amuse herself. And then it seemed to her that one of the best things that she could do would be to go on with those nice talks which they had lately begun.

So she asked Amy whether she remembered the pictures which she had once found hung up in her nursery. Of course she did remember them quite well, and now, as she had heard about milk and what

was made of it, she thought that it would be very nice to know about bread.

So the pictures were sent for, and Amy thought that the one which they were going to talk about would be that which had the baker in it, putting the bread into the oven; but Mrs. Dudley said, "O no; we must first find out what bread is made of."

"O, I never thought of that," said Amy. "What is it made of, ma?"

"Do you mean to say you do not know, my little duncey?" answered her mother. "Now I am almost sure that I have told you myself two or three times."

"O but it was when I was quite small," returned the little invalid; "I don't forget now."

"I hope you will not again, indeed," replied Mrs. Dudley, kissing the white lips that were held up to her face. "Just think how ashamed *I* should be now if some stranger were to ask you what bread is made of, and you could not tell!"

Amy laughed and said,

"Does the stuff come from a shop, mamma?"

"It comes from the fields, Amy, first of all. You walked through one quite full of it last summer with me, and it was ripe then, and almost gold-colored. The wind was blow-

ing the whole field full; and it looked white in some places, and yellow in others, just as the breeze passed over it. I remember that you thought it looked very pretty, and that you picked one piece to eat."

"O mamma! was it grain?" cried Amy, as she suddenly recollected this nice walk.

"Yes, it was grain," answered her mother; "but there are two or three kinds of grain, so it is better to say *wheat*. That is what we make our best bread of; but there are plenty of fields of barley, and oats, and rye, and corn too, near here; and you must try to learn to know all the

different kinds of grain this summer. You have tasted some of them already. And when Georgie was quite a baby, he used sometimes to be fed with barley gruel; I think you will recollect that. Ah, and you and he were having mutton broth for dinner lately with barley in it."

"Yes, I know," returned Amy; "those nice little white balls."

"They make malt of barley too," added her mother; "and malt is one thing used in making beer. Then you had porridge for breakfast when you were staying at Uncle Stuart's, I believe, and that was made of oats. We feed horses a great deal on oats;

and in some countries they make bread of rye; so you see that most kinds of grain are very useful. But now we are going to talk about wheat, because it is of that that we make bread in this country. And bread is one of our best kinds of food. The Bible speaks of 'the staff of bread.' What do you think that means?"

"I don't know," said Amy. "Old Thomas leans upon his staff, but he doesn't eat it."

"No, but it supports him; he would fall without it," replied Mrs. Dudley, smiling; "and bread supports our life when we eat it. It keeps us strong, and we may say

that it holds up our bodies just as Thomas's stick holds him up. If we cannot have both meat and bread, it is better for us to have only bread than only meat. So now I want you to learn what you can about wheat. First, how does it get all over the fields?"

"Does it grow of itself like grass, mamma?" asked Amy, "or do people have to put the seeds in, as I put in the seeds for my mignonnette?"

"O, they have to sow the seeds, my dear!"

"What a long time it must take!" returned Amy.

"Yes, a great many men work at it for a good while late in the au-

tumn, my child. See, here is a picture of a man at work."

"What a funny way he is dressed!" remarked Amy.

"Yes, I don't think he can be an American," answered her mamma; "he looks to me something like an Egyptian. You have read of Egypt in the Bible, haven't you? Well, in that country they have a river which once a year comes all over their fields, and makes the ground very rich, so that every thing grows quickly afterward; and do you know that before the water has quite run off, while the land is still wet, men go out and scatter seed all over it. That man in the picture seems to be

sowing in that way, I think. They best farmers generally sow the wheat in rows or drills. Don't you remember that field near the church, where you saw lots of rows of very pretty green things which looked something like grass growing, about a fortnight ago? That is young wheat; and when you go out again you will see that stalks have come up among the green blades, and that there are little clusters of grain on the top of these stalks. Those clusters or bundles are called the *ears*, and the wheat is now said to be *in ear*; and by and by, when the stalks have got taller and the ears larger, and when they are yellow and ripe, then will come

the harvest. A great many men will go out then with sharp curved steel things called sickles, or with great machines and horses, and they will cut it all down. Then the wheat will first be gathered together into large bundles called sheaves, and afterward it will be carried into barns, where it will be threshed, that is, knocked about and shaken so that all the grains of wheat come out. I will tell you what is done with these grains another day, for my chicken is looking quite tired, and must not talk any more just now."

CHAPTER VII.

HOW BREAD IS MADE.

A DAY or two after this our little friend was allowed to get up and be dressed for a short time. She felt very weak at first, and so giddy that she was quite glad to be laid on a sofa to rest again. But her nurse gave her some medicine which was intended to make her strong, and some biscuits to which she had taken a great fancy, and soon she began to be quite bright and playful.

Then her papa came in to see her, and he carried her in his arms to the

window, and let her look out into the garden. And I cannot tell you how nice it looked to those little eyes which had not for such a long time looked upon the green trees and grass and flowers. There were two old apple-trees not far from the window of Amy's room, and under those apple-trees her brother Georgie (whom she liked to call "baby Georgie") and her cousin Harry were at play together, with Georgie's faithful friend and protector, Gip.

The apples were not quite ripe yet, but some had fallen off the tree, and the two little boys had taken a basket with them that they might gather them up. Georgie had one



Under the Apple Tree.

which he was biting, holding it in both hands, and he seemed to think it very good. And Gip, in imitation of his young master, had one in his mouth also, which Harry seemed to think very improper of him, for he had left off skipping to tell him to put it down. But Gip did not consider Harry as his master, and would not obey him. Amy enjoyed watching them for a little while, and wished she could kiss Georgie's nice fat cheeks; but mamma said that she must wait a little while longer still for that; and papa told her that she might kiss his cheeks instead; and then he laid her on the sofa again and went away.

But Amy's mamma sat by her still; and when she had had a short sleep the little girl was quite rested again and ready for another talk.

"Mamma," she said, "I haven't forgotten about the wheat, and how it grows. Will you tell me now what they do to the *grains* after they have been *threshed*?"

"I am very glad that you have remembered so many hard words," answered her mother, as she noticed the way in which the child repeated those that were new to her, "and now we have come to the grinding. You know that if you put a lump of sugar under a heavy weight it gets crushed to powder. Just so the hard

grains of wheat must be served in order to get them ready to make into bread, and when the wheat is so crushed to powder that powder is called *flour*."

"Like the flowers that we pick out in the fields," Amy put in.

"You mean the *word* is like that word," said her mother. "Well, it sounds the same, but it is not spelled in the same way, you know. Did you ever see this flour?"

"I saw cook taking something white out of a little tub and make a pudding of it, and she called that flour, mamma. Was it what they make bread of?"

"Yes, the same thing, and it was

the same thing that grew in the fields and waved about in the wind. You must not forget. Now, how was it ground up?"

Amy said she did not know; but when her mamma asked if she remembered the windmill on the top of a hill close by she cried out:

"O, I know! that is a flour-mill, and here is one in the picture. We talked to the man at the mill one day, and he asked nurse to bring us in to see the wheat ground; and his coat was all white, mamma, and his face too. Were they all over wheat? And may we go some day?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dudley; "and then you will see the great stone

wheels go round and crush the grain which is laid between them. Do you know what makes the wheels go round?"

Amy did not, and so her mamma said, "You know what the sails are?"

"O yes," said the child, "those great arms which go round and round; but they only go round when the wind blows."

"Quite right," said her mamma; "but those arms are fastened to the stone grinders inside, and pull them round, or rather the top wheel, for they lie one on the other with the grain between them. So the wheat is turned into flour; and as the

mill is always among this white powder, he is apt to look very white, you see; but we should say that he is covered with flour and not with wheat, because the wheat changes its name while it is in the mill as well as its form."

"And when it is turned into flour, ma, what is done to it to turn it into bread?" asked Amy.

"Why, it is taken to the baker's next, and he mixes it up with water, as you saw the cook mix the pudding; but there is no suet put with it, as there was in the pudding, only a little salt. The baker mixes it and mixes it well together, and that is called *kneading* it: that

makes it into dough. But it would be very heavy bread, and not nice at all, unless he put in something else to make it rise and puff up. That something else is called yeast. You never heard that word, perhaps; but you have read of *leaven* in the Bible, and how the children of Israel were told to make bread without leaven. They eat this unleavened bread at one of their feasts. Now leaven and yeast are much the same thing. And, when our cook made us some bread one day, she sent a jug to the brewer's, and it came back full of the froth which rises on the beer while it is making: that was yeast. A little of this put in soon gets

into all the dough and makes it rise. Now we have only one thing more, and that is baking. The dough, when it is made up into loaves, is put into a very hot oven, and it comes out all brown and crusty and ready to eat. See, here is the baker putting it in."

"So now I know all about making wheat into bread," said Amy, clapping her hands, "and I'm so glad!"

CHAPTER VIII.

PLOWING.

THE young invalid was able to get up earlier on the next day, and to stay up longer without getting tired. Directly after she was dressed she went to one of the windows to look out for the boys, with whom she was longing once more to have a game of play; but no one was in the garden that day; so she took up the strip of paper which was covered with pictures to see if there were still any left to be talked about, and just as she had found two her

mamma came into the room with her work-basket in her hand, and sat down beside her.

"O, mamma, I just wanted you to tell me what those two horses are doing," Amy immediately cried, as she gave her a kiss; "I can't imagine."

"Can't you, really, Amy?" replied her mamma. "Well, I don't think we need imagine any thing about it; for I should say that it is pretty clear that they are drawing a plow, and that the man behind is driving it."

"What is a plow?" asked the little girl.

"Look closely at the picture and

I will tell you," said her mamma. "See, this part that the man has hold of is a sort of handle, and the other goes into the ground. That part is a sharp iron thing, and it sticks in pretty deep, and as the horses pull it along it cuts a sort of little ditch in the ground. They go all across the field, and then turn round and make another line back again by the side of the first, and so on until all the field is plowed up."

"And what do they do it for?" inquired Amy.

"To prepare the ground for the seed, my child," answered her mother. "Don't you see that no one could

expect seed to grow on the hard ground. The gardener has to dig our beds every year before he puts in the seed; and the farmer has to plow his fields. What do you think would become of the seeds if they were thrown down all over the hard ground full of stubble, and thistles, and all kinds of things?"

"I don't know, mamma," said Amy.

"I have read something about a sower going out to sow his seed," said her mamma, "and as he went along he let some fall on the hard pathway which people had walked over day after day; and I remember that the birds of the air came and ate them up."

“O, I know,” cried her little listener; “that’s in the Bible, mamma. Jesus told it to his disciples; and some of the seed went on to a rocky place too, where there was only just a little earth, so that there was no room for the roots, and the poor plants died as soon as the sun was hot. And there were some other seeds that couldn’t grow because there was no room; the thorns and thistles took too much room and wouldn’t let them. But some fell on the good ground and grew nicely, and had lots of fruit.”

“Yes, from every little seed that fell into the good ground there came up a stalk which had, at the top of

it, thirty or sixty or a hundred grains," continued her mother. "I am very glad that my little bairn has remembered the parable so well."

"And does the good ground mean what has been plowed over?" asked Amy.

"Yes, prepared thoroughly, partly by plowing and partly by having other things done that are necessary to make it rich and good," replied Mrs. Dudley. "You know how you have watched our flower beds being dug, and raked, and weeded; and so a careful farmer does with his fields. He takes great pains with the ground first; and then he puts the seed in, when it is quite ready,

and not before. But now, as you have remembered this parable so nicely, can you tell me why the Lord Jesus told it to his disciples? Was it only to teach them how to sow their fields?"

"O no!" cried Amy; "I suppose they knew that before. "Wasn't it to teach them something about their hearts?" she added, after thinking for a minute. "I think you said so one day."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dudley, "you remember that the good seed was the word of God, that is, the things which he preached, and which are now written in the Bible for us. And the different kinds of ground

were meant to stand for the different people's hearts; some hard and careless, some full of thoughts about money or honors, or whatever it might be, and some—”

“O, mamma, are any people's hearts good?” cried the little girl, stopping her in the middle of her sentence.

“Was the ground good of itself without having any thing done to it?” asked her mamma.

“O no, it had been made good by being plowed: it had been got ready; but I don't understand about the hearts,” said Amy, thoughtfully.

“God does things to our hearts which are something like weeding

and plowing," said her mother, gently. "Do you think that, if the ground could feel it would like to have that sharp thing pulled through it? And, if it loved the thorns, would it like to have them dragged out of it?"

"No, it wouldn't," replied Amy.

"Well, you see our hearts are like the ground in many ways. They find many things to love which are bad, and which hinder us from thinking about the Lord Jesus and all his love for us as we ought to do; and they get hard, too, very hard sometimes. So we must have a sharp training now and then. The things which we love are often taken from

us; and sorrows come which sometimes seem as if they would cut our hearts in two; and so we are plowed and weeded that God's word may grow up and bring forth fruit to his glory. Now, does my little girl think that she has had any of this plowing yet?"

Amy lifted up a very grave little face at this question, and said softly:

"I think God has been plowing me just now, mamma, while I have been ill."

"Then I hope that his blessing may also come after it, my darling, and that he may send down his grace, like the showers which the

seed wants so much to make it shoot both downward and upward, and become good wheat. But Amy must pray for this blessing herself, and try, too, never to forget how God has taught her that her life is in his hands, and that Jesus calls to her to spend it all in bringing forth good fruit. You know what good fruit means, my child, don't you?"

"It means doing things that He likes, mamma," answered the child, "and I *will* try."

THE END.

J. L. Garza

