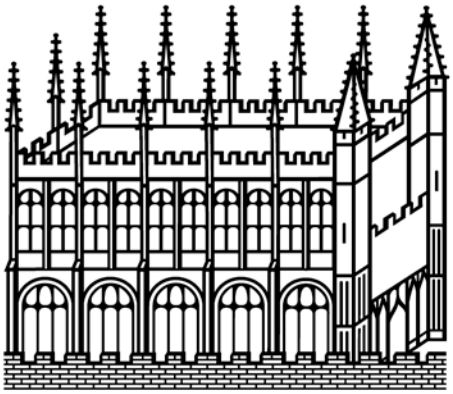


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

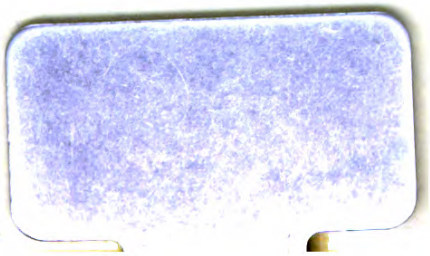
HAPPY DAY OF CHILDHOOD



LONDON: S. LOW SON & CO. LUDGATE HILL.

2527
e. 809

2527. e. 809



HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

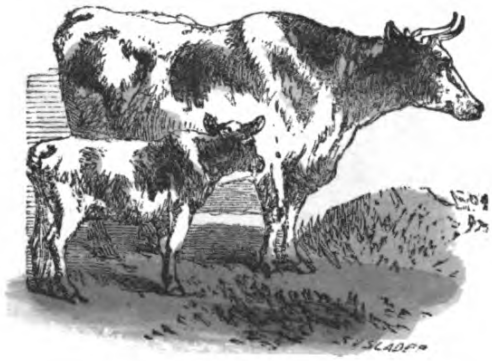
HAPPY DAYS

OF CHILDHOOD,

BY

AMY MEADOWS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-FOUR PICTURES BY HARRISON WEIR,
AND A FRONTISPIECE BY BIRKET FOSTER.



LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., LUDGATE HILL.
MDCCCLVII.



CONTENTS.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

EDWARD'S GLEANING.

GODFREY BUTLER.

THE YOUNG PIGEONS.

THE PROUD TURKEY.

JACK THE SHEPHERD BOY.

FUN IN THE HAY FIELD.

SHEEP-WASHING.

ANNIE AND HER FOWLS.

MARIA AND HER DONKEY.

WILLY AND FRANK TOO-LATE.

MY FIRST VISIT TO WALES.

APPLE-GATHERING.

A MORNING ON THE

BOB THE SWINEHERD.

A MORNING RIDE.

LITTLE SALLY'S NUTT

HARRYS' NEW KITE.

BILLY'S RABBITS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOO

FIRST SUNDAY AT CH

JENNY'S SWING.

SEAFORD PARK.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

"SEE how the sun shines! Get up, Master Johnn
get up and come and take a walk with me in t
green fields."

That is what Betty the maid said to a little bo
who was snug and warm in his bed

"Yes, Betty, yes; I will get up in a minute," sa
Johnny, rubbing his eyes, and trying to look at t
bright sun which was peeping in at one corner of h
window.

Betty gave Johnny his white mug, and away the
went, first through the garden, then through the o
chard, then through the paddock; and then the
came to the meadow, where a gentle stream of wat
rippled over a bed of bright, clean-looking litt
stones; and in that meadow stood Dolly the Cov
under a willow tree, and farther on were Brindle an
Sukey.

Betty went to Dolly first, and as soon as she ha
filled the pail, she gave Johnny some nice warm mi
in his mug; and as he drank it, Johnny thought
was the best breakfast he had ever had. Then Bet
went to Brindle and Sukey for more milk, and whi
she was milking Sukey, Johnny saw his papa ri
into the meadow on his big horse. Johnny ran
him as fast as he could, and his papa was so pleased
see Johnny up so early, that he took him up on h
saddle before him, and gave him a famous ride hom



EDWARD'S GLEANING.

EDWARD's father and mother live in London, there Edward lives with them all the winter and spring; but every summer and autumn he goes the country on a visit to his uncle and aunt, who in a pretty little house called Myrtle Cottage.

Edward always goes to Myrtle Cottage at harv time; sometimes he carries a can of ale to the re ers, and great harvest cakes, looking so nice, all sp ted with currants and plums. Often he rides to field in the empty waggon, and sometimes the r put him on the top of the load to ride home. A when the wheat is all carted away, and the glean come, oh, how happy is Edward! Jane and he ways glean as much as they can for poor old Da Harvey, who is too old to glean for herself now, who has hard work to get enough to eat. The da lives in a tiny thatched cottage under some large e trees, and all she has to depend upon are her b and her fowls. The good people who live near h often send her little presents, and she is sure to g good price for her honey and her eggs. Jane Edward always call to see her when they go near house, and they are quite proud when they take dame a good day's gleaning.

And you may be sure the dame is always g enough to see them; and Edward likes to go th because his cousin Jane is very kind to him.



GODFREY BUTLER.

In the Park at Seaford there are plenty of ha
and rabbits, and pheasants, amongst the trees, a
Godfrey is never tired of running after them, thou
I never heard that he ever caught one; but Godfre
chief favourites are the deer, two of which are
tame, that they come to his call, and eat hay out
his hand. Godfrey loves to see their large eyes a
their thin and tender legs, and to pat their smoo
shining coats. Sometimes the whole herd tak
fright at the sight of a dog or a man, and sco
across the park faster than race-horses; and son
times Godfrey finds all of them lying close togeth
under the shade of the large horse-chesnut trees.

Just on the outside of Seaford Park there is a la
farm-house, where Mr. Neave lives. He knows Go
frey very well, and often asks him to spend a day
the farm, and Godfrey is always very glad to go the
and ramble about the stack-yards, and the barns, a
stables. He knows all the men on the farm, and w
go and sit for an hour with Bill Button, and talk
him about his children, and how much they learn
school, of which Bill is very proud; for he, poor f
low, never went to school himself; and Bill will
on thrashing all the while, stopping every now a
then to rest; and then sometimes Godfrey will ta
the flail, and try his hand at thrashing, but he oft
hits his own head instead of the corn.



THE IDLE BOY.

"I THINK I will take a ride," said little Edw
after breakfast.---"Bring my boots, and let my h
be brought to the door."

The horse was saddled.---"No," said the yo
gentleman, "I'll have the chair, and take a dri
The chair was made ready---Edward ordered it av
and began a game of backgammon.

He played half a game---but could not mak
throw to please himself. His tutor now thought
good time to read a little. "Why I think---I wi
I am tired of doing nothing. What shall we hav
asked Edward.

"You left off the last time in Virgil. Suppose
finish the passage."

"I would rather go on with Hume's history---o
suppose we have a little geography---the globes
on the study table."

They went to the study. The little boy lean
upon his elbows, looked at the globe, turned it ro
two or three times, and then listened very patie
while his master explained some of its parts and u
But while he was in the midst, "If you please I
have my ride now," said Edward.

The horse was ordered again. Little Edw
sauntered for a mile or two in the lanes, and ca
just as the clock struck twelve to a school. The c

burst open, out rushed a crowd of boys, each shou
ing as loud as he could, and all instantly began
variety of sports.

Some fell to marbles, and some to ball; there wa
not one but was eagerly employed. Every thing wa
noise, motion, and pleasure. Edward knew one
the boys, and called to him.

"Jack," said he, "how do you like school?"

"O, pretty well!"

"What; have you a good deal of play?"

"Oh, no! we have only from twelve to two
play, and to eat our dinners; then we have an ho
before supper."

"That's very little indeed!"

"But we play heartily when we do play, and wo
when we work. Good bye, it's my turn at play!"

So saying Jack ran off.

"I wish I was a school boy!" cried Edward
himself.

Happy are those children and those men, who a
obliged to labour to get knowledge, and to plea
others; they are contented, because they are alwa
growing wiser, and because they are beloved by
who know them. The idle are the miserable; th
are tired with every thing, and every body is tired
them.



THE YOUNG PIGEONS.

"Co-oo," said a fan-tail Pigeon to his mate.

"Co-oo," replied the mate; and she gave one her little ones a nice young pea.

"What charming creatures these little darlings ours are!" said the Fan-tail.

"Co-oo. They are the most beautiful your pigeons in all the world," said the mate.

By and bye these little ones---there were only tw of them---began to hop about on the ledge of th dove-cot, and the Fantail and his mate were qui proud of them.

"Co-oo," said the mother. "You must not t to fly yet, my dears, for your wings are not stron enough. Co-oo, co-oo."

"Mind what your mother says, and be good, whi we go for some food for you," said the Fan-tail.

"Co-oo," said one of the little ones. "I wonde what those nice red things are. I think they mu be red peas." It was only a hawthorn tree with i red berries. "I think I will try to fly to them; it such a little way."

"I hope you will not: do you not remember wha your mother told us?" said the other.

"Co-oo, co-oo. Do you think I am never to d as I like?" said the naughty one. "I shall go an try what those peas are like, and if they are good, will give you some."



THE PROUD TURKEY.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble," said an old turkey-co spreading out his tail, and shaking his red beard. wonder what's to happen next!"

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"What is the matter, indeed?" Do not you that old gander there, with a red flag on his nec He means that as an insult to me."

Now, a little girl had found the gander close by t yard door, and had tied a piece of red ribbon rou his neck. That is what offended the turkey-cock.

"Gobble, gobble," said the hen turkey. "W cannot allow that. Let us go and pull it off."

Thereupon the turkeys called together all th family, and the guinea-fowls,---because they are co sins to the turkeys,---joined their ranks; and aw marched this brave army, gobbling and shrieking loud, that all the farm-yard was in commotion.

When the unfortunate gander, who was the inn cent cause of all this disturbance, saw this, he cackl and hissed till every goose and gander in the yard fl to his aid. The ducks began to quack, the pigs beg to grunt, the dogs to bark, the cows to low, and old donkey, who was looking over the hedge close b gave such a sonorous "He-haw, he-haw," that ev the rival armies stood still in amazement.

However, the farmer caught the gander, tore t red ribbon off his neck, and thus peace was restore


42

JACK THE SHEPHERD BOY.

FAR away in the country, many miles from a town or village, lives Farmer Johnson: but I am n going to tell you about him, but about Jack his she herd boy.

Jack was born in a cottage close by the stack-yar his father is head man on the farm, and takes care all the horses, and his mother milks the cows a feeds the fowls and the pigs. As soon as it is lig in the morning, Jack jumps out of bed, and when has washed and dressed himself, he drinks a cup milk, and eats the breakfast which his mother leav out for him every night; and then he puts his dinn in his bag, and calls his dog, Rover, and away he go to the Downs to see after his master's sheep.

In the middle of the day, when the sun is hot, t sheep get tired, and lie on the grass, and Jack loo out for a tree under which he can shelter himself fro the sun; and there he sits down and eats his dinne always giving some to Rover; and after that he li down to rest, and Rover sits by his side. About fo o'clock he drives the sheep to their fold, and ther with Rover's help, he shuts them all in, and then h day's work is done.

Do you know what a sheep-fold is? It is made strong hurdles tied together; there are four sides it, and a gate at one corner to let the sheep go and out.

FUN IN THE HAY-FIELD.

"WHO will go to the hay-field?" cried Ned.

"I will," said Tom.

"And I," said Sam.

So Ned, and Tom, and Sam, set off as fast as t could run, to see who could get there first; but N legs were longest, and he had jumped over a hayc before the other two had reached the gate.

"Now for some fun!" cried Ned; and, taking an armful of hay he threw it at Tom, and nea knocked him down.

"That's for you!" shouted Sam, as he almost sm thered Ned, with another lot of hay.

Ned, in return, threw Sam down close by a h cock, and turned it all over him, and while he doing that, Tom rushed at Ned, and threw him on top of Sam; and so they went on till they laug so much that they could hardly stand upright. J as they were in the midst of this fun, who sho come into the field but Farmer Williams. "Ho there! what are you boys about?" he shouted.

"Only having some fun," said Ned.

"Pretty fun," said the farmer, "knocking all haycocks down, and spoiling my hay."

"It will dry it the better," replied Ned, w was rather an impudent young gentleman, "and we rake it up again, you ought to pay us for trouble."



SHEEP WASHING.

Did you ever see a sheep-washing? It is fine to those who look on, but I am not sure that the who wash the sheep like it very much, and I fear the sheep think it very rough play.

You know papa's coat is made of wool? wool is taken from the backs of sheep, who are to have it cut off, because it would make them hot in the summer-time; so, first the sheep are dr to a pond or a little river, and there they are thr into the water, one at a time, and the farmer's catch them, and rub them well, so as to get all dirt out of the wool that they can. Then the sh are let loose for a little while, and when their wo a little dry, they are taken to the shearer,---a who has a large pair of shears, with which he cut the wool, which is sent to great factories, where t are hundreds of men, women, and children, and l engines, and twenty kinds of machines. Then wool is washed again, and then dyed whatever co it is to be; then it is pulled out into yarn, and spun into fine threads; after that it is woven toge by a machine; and after a very great deal of trou it is mode into the nice smooth cloth which the ta makes into a coat for your dear papa,

In a far-off land, called Australia, there are great flocks of sheep, that the people have more there than in any other country in the world.



ANNIE AND HER FOWLS.

ANNIE FORD and her mother live in a little cot close by a village in Yorkshire. Annie's father when she was ten years old, and her only brot James, is a sailor, who does not come home very ten. Annie's mother has been ill for many years, ill for any work, except a little sewing, and Annie to find food both for herself and her mother. Th not very easy, but Annie is a good girl, works h and is a famous manager. A young lady at a fa house close by once gave her a cock and a hen. nie soon had a brood of chickens, and in a few mor had eggs and young fowls to sell to the people in village. Then she changed some of her chickens ducks, and soon afterwards she gave two pair fo goose and a gander; and one day the farmer, knows how hard Annie has to work, gave her a li pig. And so she goes on, taking great care of ev thing, till all the people wonder how Annie come have so much. It is because she is so careful. soon as it is light, she rises from bed, lights a and gets a breakfast ready for her poor mother herself. Then she lets the poultry out of their sh and gives them their corn, which she gets in excha for eggs; then she feeds the pig, and does all wants to be done among her families, as she calls geese, and ducks, and hens; and then kisses her ther and goes out to work


BOLTON. Sc.

THE LITTLE DOG.

"What shall I do," said a very little dog one d to his mother, "to show my gratitude to our go master? I cannot draw, or carry burthens for h like the horse; nor give him milk like the cow; n lend him my covering for his clothing like the shee nor produce him eggs like the poultry; nor cat mice and rats as well as the cat.

"I cannot divert him with singing like the linn and canaries; nor can I defend him against robb like the great dog Towzer. I should not be fit to eaten, even if I were dead, as the hogs are. I am poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost keeping; I don't see that I can do a single thing entitle me to my master's regard." So saying, t poor little dog hung down his head.

"My dear child," replied his mother, "thou your abilities are but small, your good will entit you to regard. Love your master dearly, and sh him, that you love him, and you will not fail please him.

The little dog was comforted, and the next ti he saw his master, ran to him, licked his feet, ga bolled before him, and every now and then stopp wagging his tail, and looking at him in the m affectionate manner. The master observed him.

"Ha! little Fido," said he, "you are an hon good-natured little fellow!"---and stooped down

pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of h
wits with joy.

Fido was now his master's constant companion i
his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amu
sing him by a thousand sportive tricks. He too
care not to be troublesome by leaping on him wit
dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlou
unless invited. He also attempted to make himse
useful by a number of little services. He would driv
away the sparrows as they were stealing the chicken
meat; and would run and bark with the utmost fu
at the strange pigs, and other animals, which offere
to come into the yard.

He was soon able to render a more important se
vice. One hot day after dinner his master was slee
ing in a summer-house with Fido by his side; th
building was old, and the watchful dog perceived th
walls shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceilin

He saw the danger, and began barking to awak
his master; this was not sufficient, so he jumped u
and bit his finger. The master, upon this started up
and had just time to get out of the door before th
whole building fell.

Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbis
which fell upon him; on which his master had hi
taken care of with the utmost tenderness, and eve
after acknowledged the little animal as the preserve
of his life. Thus his love and fidelity had the
reward.



MARIA AND HER DONKEY.

MARIA often pays a visit to her dear grandpa and grandmamma, who live in a nice farm-house, long way off. They have an old donkey there, whi is not a stupid, stubborn thing, as most donkeys a but which has been well treated all its life, and is gentle and as good as a donkey can be.

When Maria goes there, as soon as she has kiss her grandpapa and grandmamma, and her Aunt Ma and her Aunt Ellen, she runs into the yard, whe Bock, the Donkey, has his shed, and throws her ar round the neck of her old favourite, and hugs hi And then Bock seems as pleased as she is.

On the first fine day Bock's saddle and bridle a put on, and the boy Billy brings him round to t door for Miss Maria to mount; and Jock, a lon haired dog, that can hardly see out of his eyes, bar and jumps for joy, and Billy runs to open the ga and away rides Miss Maria. First she goes up t road, up to the four cross roads; then she turns the left, and makes Bock trot faster, presently s comes to a green lane, and down that lane Bock g lops famously, and Jock runs about as if he were wi When they come to a hill, Maria lets Bock walk and walk down, and now and then she lets him p his head into the hedge, and eat the prickly thistle and when they come to a clear stream, Bock is su to want to put his head down to drink.



WILLY AND FRANK TOO LATE.

I REMEMBER when I first went to school in a litt
town in Cornwall, near the place where I was bor
there were two lads, one named Willy Rogers, t
other named Frank Starling, who never could mana
to get to school at the time we began. When t
class was up before the master, and we had said h
our first lesson, in would come Willy and Frank, h
with running, with their heads hanging down a
their bags swinging in their hands. The master
ways scolded them, and sometimes wrote to the
parents; but scarcely a week passed when Willy a
Frank were not too late on one or two morning
They both lived on the same road; and Frank alwa
called for Willy, and sometimes Willy was late b
cause Frank did not come sooner, and sometim
Frank was late because Willy kept him waiting. A
the other boys laughed at them and named them t
"two too-lates," and even the master called them
before all the other boys.

At last Willy and Frank were so ashamed of the
names, and the scoldings they got, that they resolv
to deserve them no longer.

It was a long time before they lost their name
but as they were both of them good, kind lads, t
boys, at last, forgot about their former lazy hab
and called them Frank and Willy, without adding t
unpleasant words "Too-late."



MY FIRST VISIT TO WALES.

A LONG time ago, when I was a boy, I went in
Wales. One day I was climbing up a high hill, t
sun was hot, and I had walked a long way, so I la
myself down in the shadow of a rock, and fell fa
asleep. Now you must know that on these hills ar
mountains in Wales goats are nearly as plentiful
sheep with us, and I saw an old Nanny with her litt
kid come right up to my side, and stare at me.

"What sort of a thing is that?" said the kid.

"Ba-a-a," said the old goat, "that is a man; don
go near him." "Why not?" said the kid.

"Perhaps he will eat you," said the mother.

And I laughed to see how the kid frisked ar
jumped away to a rock close by.

Soon an old Billy-goat, with a beard down to h
knees, came up and stared at me too.

"I wonder why men come up here," said the ol
grey-beard; "they cannot eat grass, and what else
there to come for?"

"They are stupid," said the Nanny, "to try t
walk up these hills with their two legs."

"Yes, how much better we can do it."

"Can you?" cried I, leaping up, "then you sha
show me." And without another word I jumped o
the old goat's back, and shouted till he ran up th
hill like a mad thing. "This is famous," I cried
"this is the way to get up Welsh hills!"

APPLE GATHERING.

Do not you love the Autumn? Then is the t
for all kinds of joys! First, there is the harv
with its cakes and ale, and the fun of harvest-ho
and the gleaning and the stacking. Then all the
of the fruits of the garden and the orchard are ri
the apples, and the pears, and the grapes; the
nuts, and the filberts, and the mulberries. Then
wild-nuts, and the crab-apples, and the blackber
are all to be found in country hedge-rows; and t
is the best time for pic-nics and pleasure-parties
all sorts.

Here are three little girls gathering apples in
orchard, and fine fun they are having.

Do you know that in some parts of England th
are so many apples that the people make then in
pleasant drink called cider. Great heaps of ap
are put into a large stone basin, and a heavy ro
stone is made to turn over upon them until all
juice is pressed out of the apples. This juice
poured into casks, and left there some time; then
clear part is drawn off into other casks, which
put into cellars, and by the next March the cide
ready to drink.

In some parts of England they squeeze pear
the same way, and the juice is called perry;
when it has been kept in bottles for a few years,
very nice.



A MORNING ON THE ICE.

How cold it is! how keen the wind blows! how hard the roads are! The pond must be fro over. Let us go and see.

Ah! it is so; the frost has turned all the wate the top of the pond into ice. And see, there William Dunn and his brother Robert, and J Green, all sliding away as fast as they can. Le join them. Look, this is the way to slide. Ru little, then put your right foot first, and strike it as hard as you can, the left foot will follow, and can go twenty yards or more at one slide, if the ic smooth. When you are older, you shall have a of skates; you must make them fast with straps your boots, and then you will soon learn to gl along the ice on the narrow piece of steel with wh skates are made.

Come, do not stand still on the ice, you will cold, and you will have chilblains on your feet. R with me. Ah, now you are down. You must careful how you run on ice. Jump up again; ne mind a little tumble like that. Now, take my ha and let us have a good slide; now back again. N you feel warmer, do you not?

Where are the gingerbreads your mamma g you? you may eat one of them now, and you n give me one too. Now then, we have a long way go, so we must trot off home.



BOB THE SWINEHERD.

Bob Wood was always a lazy boy. When
was six years old he did not run about like ot
lads, but crawled along slowly, so that he got
name of snail, which he keeps to this very d
When his mother used to send him to the parson
with butter and eggs, he would be gone two hou
while little Bessy, his sister, who is a year youn
than he is, would not be half the time. When
was ten years old, Bob was taken by a good farm
who lived near, for a farm-boy, but he was so s
and so lazy that the men said he was more trou
than help to them; and Bob was sent into the fi
to drive away the rooks. But even this he did
do well; and the farmer often found him asl
under a hedge.

So, now Bob has grown up to be quite a big la
all he can do is to attend to the pigs in the wood
see that they do not run away, and to bring th
home in the evening. Lazy Bob likes this wo
half the day he can lie down on the moss, or l
against a tree, and sleep and dream away while ot
people are hard at work; and the pigs have got u
to his whistle and run to him when they hear it,
that Bob has nothing at all to do.

But Bob will never get on; all his life he will
a lazy fellow, and no one will care to have him.

Is not this Bob a lazy, lazy boy?



HISTORY OF LITTLE JACK.

THERE was once a poor old lame man, who h been a soldier, and had almost lost the use of one l so he was not able to do much work. He built hi self a little hut, and made a garden, where he plant potatoes, beans, and such other vegetables as wanted to eat. All the money he got was given him by people for opening a gate near his hut. Pe ple riding in coaches do not like to have the coac men leave horses to open a gate; they are willing give any body a few pence to do it for them.

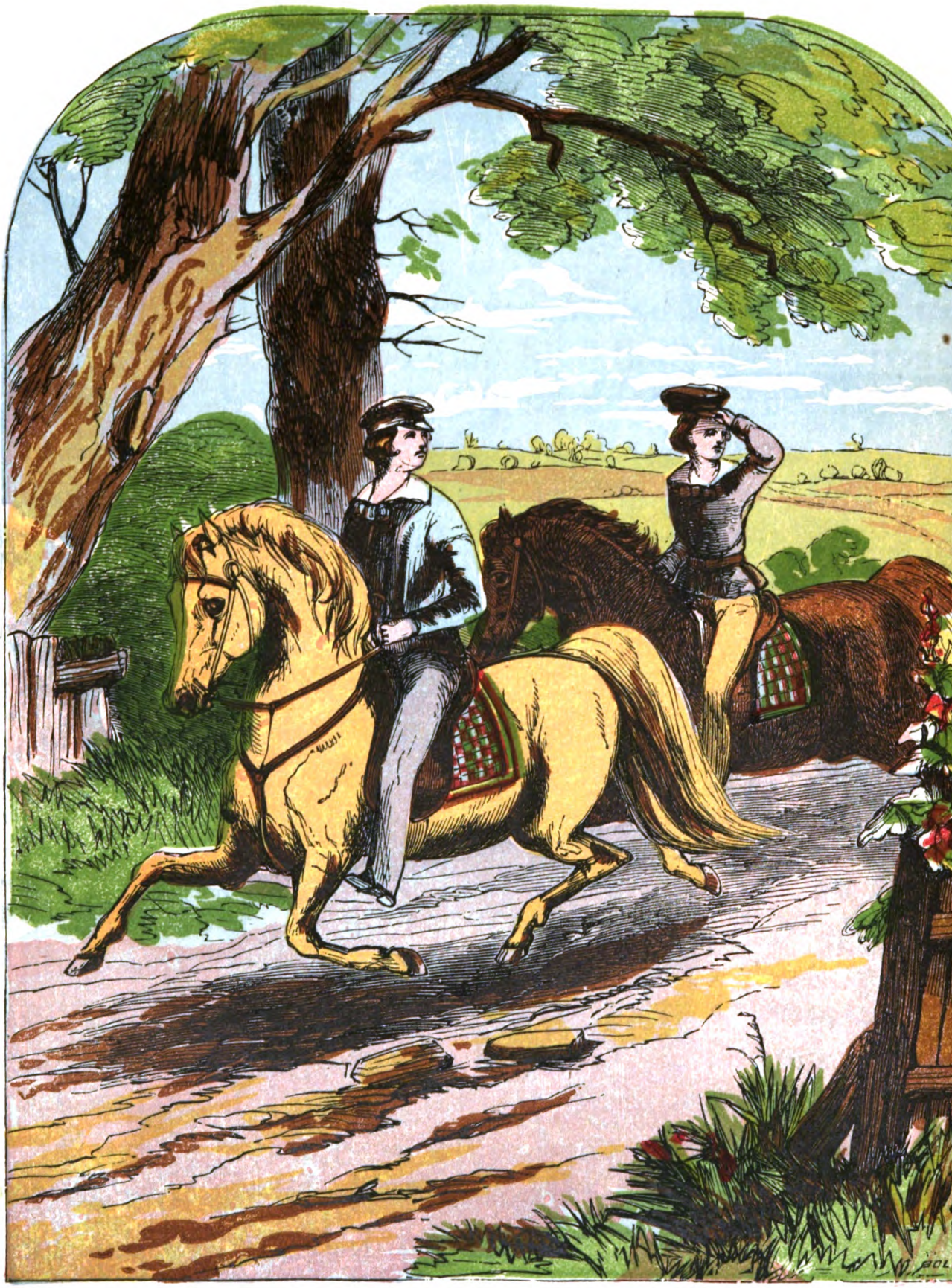
The money which the poor man got in this w was enough to buy him clothes, and such other thin as he wanted. This poor man was very honest, every body respected him; he was pious too, prayed to God every night and morning; he thoug of God often, and he tried to please God.

This old man had one domestic. In his walks, one day found a little kid that had lost its moth and was almost famished with hunger. He took home, and fed it, and nursed it, so that it grew ve large and strong. He called the goat Nan. N loved her master; she ran after him like a little do and ate the grass which grew round his door. S often played very prettily, so that she amused h master with her innocent tricks. The old man wou lift up his eyes and thank God, that he had giv him this faithful creature.

One cold night in the beginning of winter, the o
man thought he heard a child cry; he got up ar
struck a light, went out at the door and looked a
about; he soon found a little baby lying on th
ground. The old man knew not what to do---"I ca
hardly take care of myself," said he, "what shall
do with a poor infant? If I leave it here, the litt
creature will die before morning---I will take it
and give it some food, and take care of it till to-mo
row."---Saying this he took up the little boy, wh
was only covered with a few rags. The infa
smiled and stretched out his arms to hug the o
man.

When he had brought it into the hut, he called h
goat Nan; her own little kid was just dead, and sh
had milk to spare. Nan was quite willing to nur
the little boy; he sucked till he had enough, an
then fell asleep. The old man took the child to h
bosom, and went to rest. He felt happy because h
had done a good action. Early the next mornin
he waked, and gave the infant some of Nan's milk-
"Who knows," said the old man, "but this chi
may live to be a man, and that God will make hi
good and happy. When he grows bigger he will b
a pleasure and comfort to me, he will learn to b
useful---to fetch my wood and dig in the garden.

The little boy grew fast and loved the old ma
dearly, and he loved the goat too. He called the o
man "Daddy," and the goat he called "Mammy."



A MORNING RIDE

HARRY FORREST and Ernest Young are cousin they go to the same school, and often pass their ho days together.

Harry's papa lives in a charming place in Devo shire, and that is where the boys like best to be the summer-time. There they each have a pony ride, and beautiful ponies they are too; Harry's is grey, and Ernest's a dark chesnut colour. T house is not far from the sea-coast, and they oft ride down there to have a sail on the water with o Bill, the fisherman, who lives in a cottage near t shore; and sometimes to bathe, and sometimes go with him a-fishing.

But, I must tell you, Harry and Ernest ha other things to do in the holidays besides ridi about. Every morning they spend two or thr hours at their studies, and if they want any hel they go to their good father, who knows as mu about Greek and Latin as their tutor at school; a so they do not lose in the holidays half what th had learned, as I fear boys often do. Then Har and Ernest know almost all the people who live nea and have to call on them; and they are often invit out to dinner or to a pic-nic party, or an arche meeting, or some such sport. But one of their gre delights is to go to the forest, taking with them the dogs belonging to the farm, and hunt rabbits.



LITTLE SALLY'S NUTTING.

ROGER RACKETT is head man to Farmer Neave When he was only twenty-two years old, Roge married Sarah Saunders, the dairy-maid, and no they have three children,---Jane, who is about te years old; Sally, who is six; and little Roger who just three. Mrs. Rackett is a very good mother, eve nice and tidy, and always at work. She takes i washing, and has often more than she can do; Jan helps her every day, and Sally now and then; bu Sally's chief care is to see after her brother Roger, t take him out, and keep him from harm. Sally also a great help to her father; every day, when h is at work a long way off, she takes him his dinner i a basket; and she is such a careful little girl, tha she has never once broken a dish or a plate. A night, when her father comes home, Sally alway goes to meet him, and hangs up his hat for him and takes off his gaiters, and soon gets his tea ready So Roger Rackett is quite proud of his dear litt Sally.

Sally's birthday is on the first of October, and ho do you think she spends it? I will tell you. Jan leaves her washing, and as soon as breakfast is ove she and Sally and little Roger set out for Birchan Wood, which is two miles off. They take a gre basket with them, with some dinner in it, and then they spend the whole day gathering filberts



HARRY'S NEW KITE

HARRY had a new kite given to him on his birt
day, and a very pretty one it was. The next mor
ing, as it was quite fine, and there was a nice wi
blowing, his mamma said he might take his kite in
the meadows, and fly it. So Harry put it carefu
on his back, and his brother Herbert took his hoo
and little Wattie took his horse and cart, and aw
they all went to the meadows. Harry soon made h
kite ready, put the tail on, and tied the string to t
band. Then Herbert tossed up the kite, and Har
ran with the string, and up flew the kite, high, hig
high.

Then Harry and his brothers all sat down on t
grass to watch the kite floating about up in the bl
air; and they saw some birds go near it, and th
fly away as though they were afraid. Harry h
some round pieces of card-board, with a hole in t
middle, in his pocket; he took one out, and slipp
the string-stick through the hole, and so got t
card-board on to the string, and then Herbert ran
up the string as far as he could reach, and then t
wind caught the card, and sent it twisting and twi
ing about, up, up, up, until they could see it rea
the kite. Harry called this sending up messenger
but what message the card-boards took up I nev
could learn.

BILLY'S RABBITS.

Billy Miller's great delight is to have bett rabbits than any other boy. The first thing Bil does when he is up of a morning is to run to h rabbit-house, and see how his pets have passed th night. Nearly all Billy's spare hours are spent attending to them, and all Billy's spare money go to buy them food. He has the finest ear-lops the town, and except a doe, which belongs to Ji Smith, he knows he has the best half-lop. He h offered I don't know how many shillings for Jim doe, but Jim knows the value of his rabbit, and money will tempt him to part with it. Billy will no one touch his rabbits, or feed them, except l little sister, Betsy, who is nearly as fond of them Billy; and when Billy is obliged to leave home for visit anywhere, he tells Betsy all she has to do, a writes down what food each rabbit must have, wh he is away.

You must not think that Billy is an idle boy, or fond of play. No, he is a very good boy at scho says his lessons well; and the only fault his mas finds with him is, that he will draw rabbits on slate with ears three times as long as their hea Billy's father does not mind his spending his ti and money on the rabbits; he says that he likes see a boy pursue one subject steadily, and do w what he undertakes.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

FRED and Walter Harmer go to school in the sa
town in which their father lives. They go there
nine o'clock in the morning, and return at twel
then, after dinner, they go again at two o'clock, a
stay till five; and, in the evening, they learn th
lessons for the next day.

But on Saturday---famous Saturday !---they hav
half-holiday! When dinner is over, they have
to think of lessons, but can do just as they li
Sometimes they join the other boys at a game
cricket on the common close by. Sometimes th
go to see their uncle William, who is a farmer, ab
four miles off; and there they get a ride on his bro
pony. But what they most like, on a fine summ
afternoon, when it is not too hot, is to take their r
and lines, and baskets, and go to Chilham Wo
where the river runs between banks covered with
trees. There, on the twisted roots of an old o
Fred loves to sit and listen to the ripple of the wa
and the cooing of the ring-doves, to see the li
modest wren hop down to the water's edge to dri
and the splendid kingfisher dart into the stream, a
carry off his prey.

And Walter tries to catch all the fish he can,
cause he is proud of taking them home, but if th
will not bite at his bait, then he sticks his rod int
tree, and lets the float go down with the stream.



FIRST SUNDAY AT CHURCH.

HARRY'S mamma had told him that, when he w
four years old, he should go with her to church, a
on the first Sunday after his birth-day he wished
mamma to take him.

When Harry awoke on that day, the sun shone
at his little window, the birds were all singing th
morning hymns, and the church bells were ringi
for the early service. Harry washed himself ve
carefully, put on his best clothes, and then went do
into his mamma's room, and said his morning pray
After breakfast he was in a great hurry to go
church, and could hardly wait till the usual tim
At last his papa and mamma were ready, and pa
gave him the large prayer-book to carry, and Har
took his mamma's hand, and they walked slow
to the church.

When they got into their pew, Harry saw his pa
and mamma kneel down, so he did the same; a
when they sat down, he sat down, and when th
stood up, he stood up.

Harry listened to the clergyman, and sat qu
still, and did not speak a word, except once, when t
organ played, Harry could not help asking his ma
ma what that was. He liked to hear the chaunti
and the singing very much, and wished he could si
as well as the little boys and girls whom he could s
in the gallery close by the organ.



THE KID.

KIDS are little goats. Goats do not like to live
the streets and houses, like the dogs and pi
Goats love to run and jump about in the count
and to gnaw the bark of trees. Goats give ve
thick, rich milk. People used to carry goats to s
so that they might have milk with their tea, but n
they carry cows in ships.

Mary, a little girl who lived in a place where the
are many goats, taking a walk one day found a lit
kid; its mother, the old goat, had left it---it w
almost dead.

Mary felt sorry for the poor little kid; she took
up, hugged it in her arms, and carried it home w
her. She begged her mother to let her keep t
kid for her own: her mother gave her leave.

Mary got a basket full of clean straw, and laid
on the warm hearth for a bed for the kid. S
warmed some milk, and held it to him to drink; t
kid drank it, and licked Mary's hand for more. Ma
was delighted when she saw him jump out of t
basket, and run about the room; presently he l
down again, and took a comfortable nap.

The next day Mary gave her kid a name; he w
an excellent jumper, so she called him Capriole. S
showed him to all the family, and allowed her lit
brothers and sister to stroke and pat him. Capri
soon followed Mary all about the house, trotted

her side into the yard; ran races with her in th field, fed out of her hand, and was a great pet at a times. Capriole soon grew troublesome; he thru his nose into the meal tub, and flour box, and some times got a blow for sipping the milk.

Capriole's little horns soon began to appear, and white beard sprouted at the end of his chin; he gre bold enough to fight when he was angry, and some times threw down Colin, Mary's little brother, in the dirt. Every body said "Capriole is getting to saucy; he must be sent away, or be taught to behav better." Mary always took his part, and indulge him very much. Capriole loved his little mistre dearly.

Near to Mary's house were some large fields, an some tall rocks; a little further off was a high hi One fine summer's day Mary had finished her morn ing's work, and wanted to play with her kid; sh looked about the house door, and could not se Capriole; she then ran to the field, and called aloud "Capriole! Capriole!" expecting to see him com running towards her. No Capriole came. She wen on, and on, still calling her kid, but nothing was t be seen of him.

Her heart began to beat. "What can have be come of him? Somebody must have stolen him- perhaps the neighbour's dogs have killed him. O my Capriole! my dear Capriole! I shall never se you again.



JENNY'S SWING.

Ah, my dear cousin Jenny! it is a long time no since I have seen your merry face and heard you gladsome laugh. You are in a far distant land now and who knows when I shall see your pretty blu eyes and your dark chesnut-coloured hair, again?

My cousin Jenny lived in a sweet little cottage b the side of a stream in South Wales. When I wa a boy, I was often invited to spend my holidays the with my aunt; and Jenny and I were always ver glad to meet, for we were fond of each other, an were never happier than when we were togethe Jenny was rather a wild girl; she liked riding on h pony, or sailing in her boat on the stream, or goin a-nutting, or blackberrying, or gardening, or runnin races, or swinging, far better than sitting at home t mend her own clothes, or make pies and puddings.

I can well remember her swing under a great elm tree in the meadow, at the back of the cottage; ho she would enjoy it, if I were there to push the swing The girls, she said, could never toss it half hig enough; and how she would send me up when was my turn to swing! I had often hard work t keep my seat, and save myself from a broken hea Ah, well! those days are gone; and now I hav little boys and girls of my own to put in a swing and when they call out to me to send them high and higher, they often call to my mind my de cousin Jenny and her swing.



SEAFORD PARK.

GODFREY BUTLER lives with his papa and mamm in a large house in a large square in London. H does not go to a school, but a tutor comes to th house every day to teach him, so that Godfrey doe not see much of other boys.

Every autumn he goes for two months on a vis to his good uncle and aunt, who live in a fine ol house in the midst of a park, many, many miles awa from London. Godfrey is always very pleased whe the time comes for him to go to Seaford, for h uncle keeps a pretty white pony for him to ride on and he has a fishing-rod and line there, and a bo and arrows; and a little garden of his own, whic his uncle has given to him, in which there are beaut ful flowers, and a plum-tree and a vine against th wall; and he has a little boat on the lake at th bottom of the lawn. The boat lies in a woode house all through the winter, and is never taken ou till Godfrey comes. He never goes into this boa alone, for his aunt has told him that it would be ver dangerous, and that James, the gardener's son, ca always spare an hour or two to row him up and down

But one of Godfrey's favourite amusements is t take a stroll with Mary, the housemaid, and his tw little cousins, Walter and Edmund, and feed th swans on the lake. Godfrey thinks they are suc beautiful, graceful creatures.


H.W.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

"HURRAH! hurrah!! hurrah!!!"

"Why, what a noise those boys are making, one would think they were all crazy. Here, Ned Hart come here, sir! Why are you shouting at this rate?"

"Because, ma'am, it is the first day of the Mid-summer Holidays."

"Oh, that's the reason, is it? Well, I hope you will enjoy them. Are you going away from home?"

"Yes, ma'am; Aunt Jane has asked Tom and me to stay with her for a month at the sea-side; and she has a boat with sails and oars, and her man James knows all about the sea; and when it is quite fine we are to sail ever so far along the coast, and are to take our dinner with us, and eat it in the boat; and if we can catch any fish, we are to have them fried for breakfast the next morning."

"Well, that will be a treat! when do you go?"

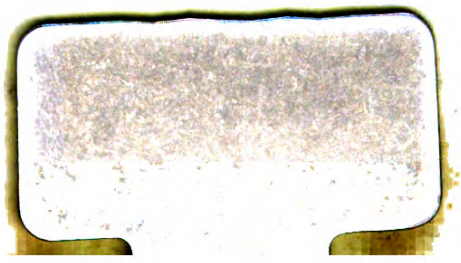
"To-morrow morning, at six o'clock, ma'am. Shall we not have to get up early?"

"You will indeed, Ned. But now tell me, how have you got on at school?"

"Pretty fairly, I think, ma'am. Young Vernon is head boy, but I am next, and my brother Tom is first in the second class."

"Well, that is not bad. Good bye, Ned. I wish you much pleasure at your Aunt Jane's."

"Thank you, ma'am. Good bye."



INDESTRUCTIBLE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

PRINTED ON PREPARED CLOTH.

NEW INDESTRUCTIBLE BOOKS,

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

THE CHILD'S OWN ALPHABET, - - with 24 Pictures
THE CHILD'S OWN PRIMER, - - with 67 Pictures
THE CHILD'S OWN SPELLING BOOK, - with 30 Pictures
THE CHILD'S OWN READING BOOK, - with 22 Pictures

COLOURED INDESTRUCTIBLE BOOKS,

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

LITTLE BO-PEEP, - - - Illustrated with 7 Pictures
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, - Illustrated with 11 Pictures
DEATH OF COCK ROBIN, - Illustrated with 12 Pictures
THE CAT AND THE MOUSE, - Illustrated with 7 Pictures
COCK ROBIN & JENNY WREN - Illustrated with 7 Pictures
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, – Illustrated with 14 Pictures
MOTHER GOOSE & SIMPLE SIMON - - - - - Illustrated with 7 Pictures
THE OLD WOMAN & HER PIG, Illustrated with 7 Pictures

☞ These books are all printed in colours, upon the best cloth, and are handsomely bound

LARGE PRINT INDESTRUCTIBLE BOOKS,

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH.

THE EASY A B C BOOK, - - Illustrated with 8 Pictures
THE EASY WORD BOOK, - - Illustrated with 8 Pictures
THE EASY READING BOOK, - Illustrated with 8 Pictures
THE EASY SPELLING BOOK, - Illustrated with 8 Pictures

☞ These books are printed in extra large type, and are especially intended for quite your children.

Edmund Evans, Engraver and Printer, Racquet Court.