

CHARMING
STORIES

OLD MARKET CART.





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SALLY AND BEN.

THE OLD MARKET-CART.

BY

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THE OLD MARKET-CART.



CHAPTER I.

GILL.

IT stood with its thills upon the low stone wall that separated the barn-yard from the house-yard. There were wedges behind the wheels to keep the cart from rolling back, for it was little Sally Reed's baby-house just now. She had brought an armful of hay from the barn and spread it upon the floor of her little oblong room, and had put the three-legged milking-stool in one corner, and there she sat nursing her great rag-baby. She felt very grand indeed, up there, — the mistress of a house in the air, and the mother of so precious a child as her black-eyed, black-

haired Jessie. How she loved that little bundle of rags, which seemed to her warm heart a living thing and beautiful! and how she loved the old cart, and enjoyed the hours when it was resting!

Whatever has done good service, is entitled to rest, and the old market-cart was no idler. Its strong wheels had often been in swift motion, and many a bundle had it borne safely to the desired destination.

Gill looked upon it with a sort of affection. He was Mr. Reed's farmer, a Scotchman by birth, and a good-natured, honest, kind-hearted man. His figure was tall and lank and awkward; but such a genial face shone out from under bushy, yellow locks, that little Benjamin and Sally Reed thought him almost handsome. His hair seemed to them quite like the glory which artists put around the heads of their saints, and they never dreamed of criticising Gill's aspect. To them he was simply

“Our Gill ;” and when children say this, their heart is in the expression. The Scotchman had been with Mr. Reed ever since Ben and Sally were born, and their world would have been very strange and imperfect without him. Their father was away at business all day in the city, three miles distant, and Gill managed the land — only twelve acres — and made it bring forth enough for family use, and a surplus for the market. He was such a good steward that he took the same interest in the place as if it were his own ; and he would have cut off his right hand rather than have proved unworthy of the trust reposed in him.

Gill was in the field hoeing, while Sally occupied the cart ; and Ben sat upon a large rock that was in a corner of the barn-yard and served as a salt-lick for the cattle, — a lump of the white substance being kept there for the animals to go to

at pleasure. The boy was shaping a handle for his hammer, and was talking with Sally about the virtues of his two-bladed jack-knife, which he was trying for the first time. The barn-door was open, and they could see Dobbin standing in his stall eating, preparatory to a trot to town. Dobbin was a plump creature, with a shaggy mane and tail, and long ears that made people say, "He is the son of a jack-ass;" but that is no disgrace to a horse. When it is said of a lad who is vicious and stubborn, and does not try to overcome an obstinate temper, which is partly inherited from a wicked father, it is a term of reproach or contempt. Dobbin deserved only praise. Good, patient, hard-working Dobbin! Always ready to come and go at Gill's call, — to take a brisk pace toward the market-place with the heaped-up vegetables behind him; or to carry the bags of grain to the mill; or to hold Ben

and Sally on his back, and give them a jaunt up and down the road while the Scotchman was getting the evening mash ready for the animal's supper. Dobbin also earned his rest, as well as the old cart.

Little Sally hushed her baby to sleep, and laid it down upon the sweet hay. I can not say that dolly had done any work that would merit her repose ; but then little babies are only meant to eat and sleep, and gather strength for labor by and by. The toil comes surely enough to most of them in after life. I'm not saying this with any feeling of regret. Oh, no ; for "Work is worship," if it is the work that God designs for us to do, and there is the sweetest pleasure in such worship. The most miserable people I have ever known are those who have nothing to do.

Sally felt that she must find something to occupy her, the moment she had finished her task of hushing the baby. So,

while it lay sleeping, she clambered over the edge of the cart, and ran to the kitchen door. A chair was turned down across the sill, and Gill's little child of nine months old was sitting upon the floor on the other side.

"Mind Jack," said Lucy, as Sally stepped over, pretty near the little hand that was grasping at the patch of sunlight before him. "I put up the chair to keep him from creeping out ; he's getting a pert little fellow."

"Give me a doughnut, please, Lucy," said Sally. "I'm so hungry !"

Lucy was Gill's wife, who did all the house-work, and the little Jack made a foreign soil like home to the emigrants, who were content to stay under the sky which had first smiled upon their bonnie laddie.

Sally took the nice brown ball from the good housewife, and stepped over the chair again. She gave two or three peeps

through the slats, to make Jack crow, and then away she went to find Gill.

The baby pursed up its tiny mouth to cry, as he lost sight of her. He loved Sally so dearly!

"Never mind, little man," said the mother, leaving her "biggin," as she called the oat-meal porridge-cup which she was washing, and lifting the child to her shoulder, from whence he could see the little girl's pink frock in the field, not far away.

Gill was bending to his labor, but now and then he stood erect and looked toward the farm-house, to catch a glimpse of Lucy and the "little man," to sweeten toil. It makes work so light when one does it for those whom he loves.

"Why do you hoe so often, Gill?" asked Sally. "Won't the things grow without?"

"Oh, yes, but other things will grow.

weeds and things that are not wanted. You see this, don't you?" pulling up a dockweed, and showing its long tap-roots. "Well, if I didn't watch and pull, watch and pull all the time, I should have it thick enough pretty soon."

"Isn't it good for anything?" asked Sally, noticing its lance-like leaves, "I think this is what Lucy picks sometimes for spinach."

"Yes, some people like it," said Gill; "and the doctors have dockroot ointment, and dockroot powder, and dockroot liquid. They know what 'tis good for, I suppose; but I can't have it spreading every where among my crops. Then there's this ragweed; if I let it alone, it will choke out every thing else. To be sure, the birds like the seed, but I have other mouths than theirs to fill."

"And here's a mullein, Gill, shall I pull it up?"

“I think your little hands would find it tough work ; let me manage it.”

“It seems a pity to pull it up, and throw it away to wilt. What a long, hairy stalk it has, and what pretty yellow flowers, and how woolly the leaves feel, — just like flannel !”

“You can boil them in lard and make an ointment of them, to soften and soothe with. And you can steep the young leaves in water for cough mixtures.”

“You know a great deal about plants, don't you, Gill ?”

“That's pretty much all I do know. I live among them, and I study them in the books, and out of the books. I like to study them ; there's no better learning than to look into the things that God has made.”

“What's this ?” asked Sally, pulling up a slender green stem, with long “spider legs” branching out from point to point of

the stalk, until it looked like a miniature pine tree.

“That is what they call the field horse-tail,” said Gill, “but a prettier name is low pine, or pine-weed, as some say. There’s another kind with a long stem of a light-brown color, with a darker-colored sheath at each joint, and, at the top of the stem, a head shaped like a pine cone. You find it on low, damp ground, and among the meadow grass. People fancy that it hurts horses, but Dobbin has eaten quantities of it with the hay, and isn’t any the worse.”

“I hope nothing will ever hurt Dobbin,” said Sally.

“Here’s my enemy, I meet it on every hand,” said Gill, twisting up a tuft of fox-tail grass.

Sally admired the hairy brush at the top of the stem. “It does look like a fox’s tail,” she said.

CHAPTER II.

DAISIES AND THISTLES.

“ I ’M going into the meadow now for a while,” said Gill. “ Would you like to go with me? I have a good deal to do there to get up the useless roots.”

The little girl was ready to go wherever Gill went. He told her so many pleasant things about the natural objects around them, that it was better than school, she thought. It was playing and learning at the same time.

The beautiful ox-eye daisies dotted the grass. Sally was delighted ; but Gill had no mercy on them. He grasped the tall stems, and the large white blossoms fell prostrate to the ground. “ You see,” said

Gill, "if I don't uproot these pretty things, they'll take all the strength out of the soil, and choke out the good, sweet grass ; and then what'll Brindle and Flash do for feed, and where will you and Ben and the rest of us get milk and butter?"

Ben came along with his hammer nicely mended. He was very proud of the new handle which he had made.

Gill said it was well done, almost as well as if he had made it himself, and quite wonderful for a boy nine years old.

"Nine years and six months," said Ben. At that stage of his life he could not bear to cut off a single day.

"And I'm eight," said Sally. I'm nearly as old as brother, I come within three inches of being as tall as Ben."

"I'll help you pull weeds," said the lad. "I can cut them with my jackknife."

"It will do no good if you leave the roots," said Gill. "These daisies are won-

derful to spread,— one root will have sixty or seventy stalks, and the stalks branch out on all sides, and bear any quantity of seed.”

“They’re lovely,” said Sally, “it seems a pity to destroy them.”

Every little child loves the fine “ox-eye.” It stands up amid the green, so attractive and beautiful, with the pretty yellow center, and the delicate white petals.

The children wade in the meadow grass, and fill their little hands with daisies, and feel very rich as they run home with them to mother.

“I do not see why they are called ‘ox-eyes,’” said Ben.

“Nor I,” said Gill. “People take strange fancies sometimes. There’s a small cloud that is seen at the cape of Good Hope, once in a while before a dreadful storm. They call that an ‘ox-eye.’ They say it

is of that form and size, when it first appears, though it soon grows and overspreads the whole heavens. These flowers do look something like, with the great round pupil, come to think of it."

Ben tried in vain to get up the roots. The stems broke off in his hands, leaving the roots firm in the ground.

"I'll have to take them after a rain," said Gill. "That will loosen them a little. Here's another tough affair, this Canada thistle. I must put my leather mittens on, before I touch it, or I shall get well pricked. It carries its weapons in its leaves."

"They're as thick around the edges as the pins in my pocket cushion," said Ben, taking out a little leaf made of pasteboard, covered with green velvet, and stuck closely with pins. "See how nice I keep your birthday present, sister. 'Tis always in my jacket pocket next my heart."

Sally looked pleased. "I'll make you another when that is worn out," she said.

Gill tugged at the thistle. By and by up it came at a lusty pull ; but the Scotchman landed plump upon the ground. That made sport for the little people, and Gill joined them in their mirth.

"You're just what you mean, 'austere' or 'harsh,'" said Gill, shaking his fist at the plant, and making believe angry, as he arose to his feet. "You stick your sharp spears into me, and then throw me flat upon my back, without reference to my size, or my age ; but I'll get the better of you yet. You can not stand here and scatter your downy seeds in the air, to fall and vegetate and spring up to make trouble for me by and by. Wait till the autumn comes, and I'll get my spade and take up every mother's son of you."

"The blossom is pretty," said Sally,

touching the feathery purple with her finger tips.

“So it is,” said Gill. “What are common weeds in one country are rare, choice plants in another. Where this does not grow, it would be thought exquisite; but the Canada thistle is wide spread throughout the world.”

“’Tis enough prettier than the cactus that mother takes such care of,” said Ben.

“Oh, yes, there’s nothing graceful in that plant, with its thick, bristly body. To be sure the blossom is very brilliant; but I like a flower that is set off by graceful green leaves.”

“Where does the cactus belong, Gill?”

“In South America and the West Indies. There are ever so many sorts, but the ‘melon thistles’ are the most curious, with their deep ribs, and the spikes set all over them, and the juicy flesh that

is pleasant and acid, and is eaten by the natives. There's another species called the 'grandiflorus.' It is a creeping plant, and the flowers begin to open in the evening between seven and eight o'clock, and are in full bloom by eleven; but they are short-lived and fade away before the morning. It is also called the 'night-blooming cereus.' The calyx or cup is nearly a foot in diameter, yellow within and dark-brown without, and the petals are pure white, and the fragrance delicious."

"That must be lovely."

"Yes," said Gill, "but to my eye the daisies and dandelions are just as pretty. God makes every thing beautiful."

"Don't you hate to pull them up?" asked little Sally.

"'Tis not pleasant to see them withering upon the ground where they have stood upright and smiling and fresh; but then you know I must have a clean grass

meadow, if I want the cows to thrive, and give rich milk and good butter. Maybe in the new earth the grass and the flowers will grow together, and not hurt, but rather help one another."

Sally picked a golden dandelion and held it up to Gill. "It is like a little parasol," she said.

"So it is. We never get tired of this beautiful yellow flower that dots the green. The French call it '*dent de lion*,' or lion's tooth, from the resemblance in the jagged leaves to the teeth of that animal. From this has come our word dandelion."

"I hope I shall know as much as you do when I grow up, Gill," said Ben.

"That would be little enough," said the Scotchman. "I search the books whenever I have a minute to spare, and in that way I gather up a good deal in the course of the year; but it is as a drop in the bucket when I think how much there is

yet to be learned. It is good of God to give us an eternity in which to study his works, this life is such a speck of time."

"Is that what we are to do by and by?" asked Ben.

"I think so," said Gill; "part of our life hereafter at least, to look into the wonderful things of creation, the things that we cannot see here, and that we have not leisure to learn about."

Sally was running along by the fence which separated the meadow from the field. She espied the children's delight, "butter-and-eggs," as little people call it.

"We say 'toad-flax,'" said Gill, examining the pale-green, narrow leaves, and light-yellow blossoms with a touch of deep orange. "The plant is something like the flax plant, and they say the blossom resembles a toad's mouth."

“I shall keep to butter-and-eggs,” said little Sally, “that is what all the children call it.”

“Dobbin is whinnying,” said Gill. “He has finished his hay, and I must be off to town. I have errands enough to do to-night, and I must be up betimes in the morning to pick beans and peas, and get them to market in season.”

“Wake me at four o’clock, if you please,” said Ben, “and I’ll help you.”

“And I will get up and help you,” said the little girl. “’Tis so lovely out here in the morning. I’ll put on my old frock and my thick shoes, and mother will not mind the dew. I can dress nicely before breakfast.”

Dolly was aroused from her nap, and the hay and the milking-stool were removed from the old cart, and Dobbin stood between the thills, and Ben and

Sally watched the wheels go round and round, as Gill drove out of the big gate, and away toward the city.

CHAPTER III.

THE PEASE FAMILY.

THE children had each a tin pail, which they filled with peas, and emptied into Gill's large basket. How busy and happy they were in the early morning, amid the vines! The fresh green pods hung thick and full, and here and there was a delicate blossom of white, tinged with pink and purple.

"How pretty!" said Sally, picking a couple of flowers, and hanging them upon her ears, where they shone among her light-brown curls. Then she pressed the edge of a pod, and open sprung the doors, and showed the "seven little sisters, all dressed alike in pea-green," and looking as

happy and contented as could be in their narrow house. How they enjoyed their peep at the world, and their glimpse of little Sally Reed's pretty plump face, I can not tell ; but I know that the child was pleased enough, as she put her finger upon each round head, as a sort of gentle greeting to the pease children, who had never before looked outside their mother's door.

Gill was full of life. He was glad to have the little people with him. Beside the help from their nimble hands, there was something refreshing in their cheerful prattle, and he was never weary of imparting what he knew ; so that the big tongue and the little tongues were about as busy as the big hands and the little hands ; and Gill and the children were all gainers, for a grown person forgets his knowledge unless he has somebody now and then to tell it to. Nothing can grow and flourish, if you shut it up from the light and air.

Thoughts as well as plants, need space for expansion, and should never be kept in a cramped and dark place. Gill told the children about the maritime pea, that grows wild upon the sea-shore, both in Europe and in the Northern part of the United States.

“It is like our cultivated vine in form,” he said, “but has large reddish or purplish flowers, in *racemes* or clusters. The seeds, as the peas are called, are bitter and disagreeable, but in times of scarcity have been used for food.”

“People eat almost any thing when they are hungry, starving hungry, I mean,” said Ben. “Do they not?”

“Yes, indeed, *we* don't know what it is to lack bread. God has given us such a plenty in our country.”

“Do you like pea-soup, Gill?” asked Sally.

“When I can not get green peas,” said

the Scotchman. "They make that mostly in winter. You know we get split dried peas at the grocer's. You have to soak them over night, and boil your soup two hours at least, to have it nice. The dried peas are freed from the husks and split in a mill. When they are young and green, it takes very little time to cook them, not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, and you season them for the table with butter and salt and pepper, and a pinch of white sugar, and I don't want a better vegetable. There is a kind which has a soft pod without the leathery lining. It is boiled pod and all, as we cook kidney beans." Gill opened a pod, and showed the children why these that they were picking could not be eaten. He was never in too great haste to stop his work for a minute, if there was any thing to explain. "You'll find the other sort in the old country," he said.

"I've picked six kettles full already,"

said little Sally, as she emptied her pail into the two-bushel basket.

“That’s enough,” said Gill. “It is good heaped-up measure, you see. We must get the beans now; they and the peas won’t quarrel, for they belong to the same family; though I’m sorry to say that brothers and sisters and members of the same household are not always as kind and gentle to each other, as they ought to be.”

“Gill,” said Ben, “do you recollect when I fell over the fence last summer and bruised my upper lip, and you ran for the pea-vines, and bound some fresh green leaves upon the bruise, and the swelling all went down, so that there was no soreness nor scar?”

“Yes, pea-leaves are good for that.”

Mr. and Mrs. Reed saw the children as they looked from their chamber window. “I like to have Ben and Sally up in the

early morning," said the mother. "There's nothing better for health than to shake off sleep, and get out with the sun and the birds."

"What a plight Sally's clothing will be in, though," said the father. "The vines are so wet with the dew."

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Reed. "The child knows enough to dress for the occasion; and I'll warrant, she will be all right, when she comes in at prayer time,—she's such a neat little thing."

Lucy was milking Brindle and Flash. She was the smartest creature in the world, and always helped Gill on market-days. She tied Jack in a little chair in the old cart, so that he could just peep over the edge, and see the cows. It amused the baby to watch the white streams and to hear the pleasant music as the milk flowed into the tin pail. Lucy would have a tin pail for the milking. "'Tis

nicer to keep clean than wood is," she said. "I scald it, and put it out in the sun, and it is fresh and sweet ; but wood will soak, and get a stale odor after a while."

Gill led the children to the poles where the beans were climbing. The green tendrils crept up and clasped the firm support, and the leaves clustered thickly around, and the white and scarlet blossoms, not unlike those of the pea in form, shone prettily against the dark mass, and the pods in various stages of growth hung in little bunches.

"Pick only the young, tender ones," said Gill. "Mrs. Beth shall never say that I take poor, tough produce to market. The pods should be brittle, and break clear of strings. When they are too old, you have to cut away half to prepare them for cooking, and that is a waste."

"The leaf is not as pretty as the pea-

leaf," said Sally, "but it looks something like a little heart, so I think I prefer it."

Gill smiled,— Sally had a way of talking that was very womanly for her age. That came from being so much alone with grown people, and no little sister to share her play and her prattle. Ben was in her eyes almost a man. She looked upon him as next to her father in wisdom. Of course, he never played with her as little girls play together, with dolls and beads, and patch-work; and when Sally was in the house, mother was her chief companion.

CHAPTER IV.

GILL'S GARDEN TALKS.

WHEN the beans were all picked, Gill pulled some radishes and tied them in bunches. There were the spindle-shaped, and the turnip or top-shaped, white, red, and violet outside ; but always white within, and so crisp and nice to the taste. Ben and Sally liked to eat them with salt and bread and butter. Gill told them that this vegetable is healthful, if one is temperate in its use. It is a gentle stimulant and *anti-scorbutic*. That is a big word ; but you may as well learn that it means "against scurvy," which is a skin disease, and very troublesome to the poor sailors when they have little to live upon

excepting salt meats, and are without vegetables. Ben recollected what his mother had read to him about the sufferings of Dr. Kane and his men, when they went to the Arctic regions, and he thought how nice it would have been if they could have had plenty of Gill's radishes. The Scotchman always contrived to have a succession of these roots, by sowing monthly. He took care that the soil should be loose, and deep. When the heat was great, he watered them often to keep the roots mild and tender. Somehow every thing that Gill planted or sowed came to perfection. Ben and Sally looked with wonder upon the tiny seed as it fell into the place prepared for it.

"It does not seem as if it would ever amount to any thing," said Ben.

"We shall see," said Gill; and, sure enough, up pierced the little, tender shoot, and grew to a rough stem of two or three

feet high, if left to run to seed, with short hairs upon it, and toothed leaves, and flowers white or purplish in clusters; and, by and by, little pods like a cylinder in form, with a sharp point, and swelling into knots where the little round seeds lay.

The pod does not burst, as some pods do when the seeds are ripe. In China they extract oil from the radish seed, and use it for cooking. Gill told the children that the radish was brought originally from China and Persia. There is the wild radish, or charlock, which grows in our grain fields, and troubles the farmers very much. It has yellow flowers.

“Now for the asparagus bed,” said Gill. “That is all I shall carry to town, to-day.”

“’Tis nearly time for me to go and change my dress,” said little Sally, “but I want to see you off with your load; and I want you to tell us about the asparagus,

as well as of the peas and beans and radishes.

“It cuts splendidly to-day,” said Gill, as he sent the sharp knife beneath the soil, and laid the tender shoots side by side upon the ground.

“This grows wild upon the pebbly beach near Weymouth, England, and in the island of Anglesey, in the Irish Sea; but its stem there is no larger than a goose-quill, and it grows only a few inches high,” said Gill. “You see what cultivation makes it. Here are these shoots, almost an inch thick; and when I allow them to run to seed, you have the beautiful plant four or five feet high, with the scarlet berries which Sally likes to string for beads and hang around her neck.”

“Yes,” said Sally, “and mother has the branches in the fireplace in summer, and hangs them upon the wall for the flies to alight upon.”

“ You put coarse salt on the asparagus-bed, sometimes, don't you ? ” asked Ben.

“ Yes ; the plant likes salt, as it comes from the sea-shore. When I make a bed for this vegetable, I let it lie three years before I cut any, and then it will bear for several years ; and, in the winter, I keep it from frost by covering it with straw and litter from the barn.”

“ Sally and I will be good farmers ; will we not, Gill ? ” said Ben.

“ 'Tis a good thing to know how the table-vegetables are raised, even if you always buy them,” returned the Scotchman. “ 'Tis not showing a proper thankfulness to God to sit and eat and never think what a world of pains he has taken to give us such variety for the pleasure of the palate. I never wish to put any thing into my mouth without thanking the Divine hand that gave it, and I hope you children will remember always to do the same,

and strive to learn all you can about every good gift that comes from above."

"You forgot the lettuce," said Sally. "You carry some of that, do you not?"

"Yes," said Gill; "I'll pull it on our way to the barn."

The leaves were fresh and crisp, and bathed in morning dew. Gill selected the young plants, and left those that were in flower to sport their small, pale-yellow blossoms.

"It is narcotic and poisonous when in flower," he said.

Little Sally asked, "What is narcotic?" and Gill told her, "Producing sleep or torpor. If one ate too much, it would benumb the brain, and, maybe, we could not rouse it again. All the senses would be stupified, as when one takes an overdose of laudanum or of opium, and the person might die."

"I'm always sleepy when I eat lettuce,"

said Ben ; “and I’ve often wondered at that.”

“The doctors get a soothing medicine from this plant,” said Gill. “The stem is cut, and the milky juice is obtained, and it hardens into little reddish-brown lumps which are sold at the drug-stores. They call it “lettuce opium” sometimes, but they say it is not so harmful as the real opium.”

“Where does that come from ?” asked Ben.

“From the poppy,” said Gill. “There is a species of poppy which yields it in large quantities. It grows wild in the south of Europe, and in parts of England ; and it is cultivated in India, and Persia, and Asiatic Turkey. The people make a good deal of money out of it. When the plant is young, it is as harmless as the young lettuce, and is eaten as a pot herb. The opium is chiefly extracted from the seed-

vessel after the flower has fallen. There are large fields of this poppy, in the countries I spoke of, and men and women go out and make little incisions, or cuts, in the capsule or seed-vessel. Then they leave it for twenty-four hours, and when they come again the juice stands in tears, and they scrape it off with blunt knives. You have heard of opium-eaters?" said Gill.

"Yes," returned the children; "they are like drunkards, are they not?"

"Just as bad," said the Scotchman. "When people get this habit, it makes such slaves of them that they seldom shake it off; but if they could know the process of opium-making, I think it might possibly prevent their eating the dirty stuff."

"Tell us," said Ben.

"The juice hardens like jelly," said Gill, "and it is put into small earthen vessels

and beaten with a pestle, and moistened now and then with saliva."

"You don't mean spittle!" said Ben, who had not forgotten the meaning of the word.

"Precisely so," said Gill, delighted at the lad's expression of disgust. "I see you will never care to eat the filthy drug. When it is of the proper consistency, it is wrapped in leaves and sent to market."

"Ugh!" said little Sally, "don't say any more about it."

"We must remember that, under the advice and direction of a physician, it is of great benefit to mankind," said Gill. "It is used in cases of severe pain, and of continued sleeplessness; but one should never tamper with any such poisons. The doctor is the only fit person to administer it."

Gill was half way to market when Lucy rang the "early bell." You would

not have known the neat little girl and boy who entered the breakfast-room, and gave papa and mamma the morning kiss. Sally had left her garden-shoes in the back entry-way, in a small closet, and had hung her wet frock in the sun to dry; and she had come fresh from the bath, with her cheeks as rosy as could be, and the damp curls brushed smoothly over her forehead, and clustering about her face. Her black, shining boots were laced over white stockings, and she wore a pure white dress and apron. It was a refreshing sight, and her father and mother commended her by saying, "How nice you are, little daughter!"

Ben also had his share of praise, and deserved it; for he had put away his soiled clothing, and appeared in a fresh brown linen suit, and his hands and finger-nails were as nice as if he had not been helping Gill all the morning.

Lucy brought Jack in to prayers. She seated the little fellow upon the carpet, and gave him a string of buttons to play with, and he had already learned that the buttons meant, "Now, my little man, you must be very quiet, and not disturb mother before she has had her lesson from the Holy Book, and her time of communion with God." The baby understood what was expected of him, and he behaved much better than some people that I have seen in the church, which is the house of prayer.

Only the other Sunday I was almost afraid, there were so many thoughtless young people around me in the sacred place. They did not seem to listen at all when the Bible was being read ; but they whispered and laughed together, as if they had come for a frolic ; and, even when the people who wanted to be good were upon their knees before God, these wicked boys

and girls sat with their faces close together, and their tongues busy with idle words, for which they must give account at last. I was so sorry! so sorry! I hope God will grant what I asked for them, — that they may repent of their sin, so that it may not be laid to their charge.

Ben and Sally were very attentive to the word of life, and their hearts and voices went up to their heavenly Father in earnest prayer for help and guidance through life.

The breakfast never tasted so delicious. They had worked hard enough to give them a good relish for Lucy's brown bread and fish-balls, and toast and eggs.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. BETH AND HER CAT.

MRS. BETH was drinking coffee from a tin kettle, as Gill drove up to a side door in the market. She sat in her stall with her bonnet on her head, and her spectacles upon her nose, and her fat face as gleeful and jolly as one need wish to see. It was a pleasure to look at the woman; she put every body in a good humor by her own cheerfulness.

The stall was in the middle of the market-place, and was about twelve feet square,—perhaps not quite so large. There was a sort of table or platform, covered with crisp, yellow-green lettuce, and cresses, and spinach, and young beets with



MRS. BETH AND TIB.

the tops for greens ; and below this platform, running around on the outside of the stall excepting at the entrance or gateway, was a bench with baskets of vegetables ; beans, peas, summer squashes, etc., etc. Up above were bars with hooks, and suspended from the hooks were red peppers, and garlic, and herbs, (or "medicine" as Mrs. Beth called it). At the gateway was a post with a broken lantern on the top. All around were other stalls with produce, and their salesmen or saleswomen, but nowhere was there a neater place, or a more attractive face, than by the old broken lamp that served as a beacon. Many a time it had lured Gill in the dimness of some cloudy morning ; and yet he thought there was little need to light the lantern, so long as the beaming face of the woman was there." He wondered how it was that such multitudes of people hide their sunlight, which is radi-

antly beautiful when it shines clearly through honest and earnest eyes.

He and Mrs. Beth were such fast friends! She watched for the head with the yellow hair, which the Reed children thought a halo; and she felt better all day after it had appeared to her; for Gill always left some word of blessing that she could think of, and so break the weariness of sitting there hour after hour. She scarcely waited for him to jump from his cart, before she was at the door to lend a hand to the baskets.

"It is all bespoken, every thing that you bring," she said to the Scotchman. "I could sell bushels on bushels more, if you had the produce. You see it makes all the difference in the world when the vegetables are picked fresh in the morning. They're worth almost double then."

"And I'm worth almost double for getting up to pick them," said Gill. "When

I lie in bed longer than I ought, I feel wilted, as the vegetables look when they've been long pulled. I remember when I was a little fellow, and my father used to take me out of bed, and set me upon my feet by the window, to hear the June birds sing ; and, pretty soon, my eyes would fly open of themselves before sunrise, and I would tumble out of my nest, and run to listen to the early concert. It all comes back to me now, as I stand among the vines—the old home by the river, and the woodbine climbing up to my chamber, and the sweet sounds coming in, and my father and my mother talking to each other as they were dressing. I wouldn't lose my morning hour for any thing."

"Isn't it queer to think of ourselves as little children?" said the old woman. "I often see a little girl, with a yellow frock and a blue apron on, and a great black cat in her arms, as she plays among the hay

in the barn. You wouldn't believe that this old gray Eliza Beth is she ; but so it is, and there's the black cat's granddaughter at your feet."

Mrs. Beth had spread a piece of carpet for her pet to lie upon. "I feel a great tenderness for that creature," she said. "My old Black was such a playmate! she used to let me dress her up in my little baby sister's clothes, and rock her to sleep in the cradle ; and she would walk upon her hind legs, as I held her fore paw, and played go to school. There's something of the same spirit in this grandkitten. She lets me do whatever I please with her."

"Well, 'tis good to be young, and 'tis good to be old," said Gill. "I don't care to go back to the early days, except in thought and memory. If we are doing our duty, we are every day nearing the better life ; and if we reach that, we

shall not look behind us very often, I think."

There was not much time to talk, for the market was getting full of people, and Mrs. Beth had all that she could do to supply the demands of her customers. She sold every thing at a fair price. There was no higgling to get more than the produce was worth. "An honest profit is what will bring peace," said she, "'the peace that passeth all understanding.' I'd rather have less money, and more of that quietness of conscience, which is a blessing greater than gold."

The old market woman had the true philosophy ; or, rather, the precious gospel principle that keeps this world from being a vale of misery. Her honest, upright soul dwelt amid beauty. Even there in the busy market-place, where most people could see only the perishable things of earth, this woman's spirit beheld the light

that comes down from above, and visions of good angels who love to minister to us here below, and, though dimly, the Face that shall be revealed to us by and by in all its wondrous majesty and brightness. Whatever Mrs. Beth did was done in view of this glory that was invisible to others ; this cloud of witnesses who note the actions of men, and carry the record of a good deed up to the angels in heaven, where there is great joy over it. I wish we could all be ever conscious of these spectators, and of the interest that they feel in our progress toward God. I am sure it would do much to encourage and help us, when we have not such sympathy as we desire among our fellows, and when we stretch out heart and hand for some answering love and aid. And, more especially, if we see the Divine Face bending down toward us, there will be little need of earthly glory, or of earthly help. In the

light of God's countenance we must be strong, and happy, and satisfied.

However closely Mrs. Beth kept to her stall, Tib felt at liberty to take a wide range. When her nap was over, she shook her glossy black dress, and went lightly about the market in her white satin slippers. It was a marvel to her mistress how she could keep her dainty shoes so pure from soil; but there are those who walk amid the city's mire and dirt, and yet are free from spot or stain. They need only to wash their feet, and are clean every whit. It is blessed to be of that number; to go with white garments down into the very pollution, and to come out of it undefiled, and to feel that it was because of the robe of Christ's righteousness upon us, that gives virtue by its contact with the sinner, and never takes soil.

"You're a beautiful creature, Tib," said Eliza Beth. "You hunt out and pursue

mischief, and put an end to it. I can tell by your contented purr that there is one thief less in the market since you have been away from me. Only keep on ferreting out evil, and destroying it, and you'll be a blessing to your day and generation."

Tib stretched her delicate limbs and sprang up into her mistress' lap, and composed herself for the rest that was well earned. Now and then she licked the hand that lay near her, and it was a pleasant caress to the widowed and childless woman.

"I have but you in the world, Tib," said Mrs. Beth. "We'll stand by each other to the end, will we not?"

The cat blinked at her with its yellow eyes, as if to say, "There's never a doubt of that," and then fell asleep to dream of the two little mice over in Susan Mack's stall; the two little mice that escaped an hour ago through a hole in the floor, and

would come out at night to nibble at the crumbs of cheese that were scattered here and there.

People smiled to see the good-natured market-woman, with the sleeping cat upon her lap.

“That’s a soul to be trusted,” said a gentleman, as he passed the stall. “Any body who is tender to an animal, must have a good heart toward all mankind, it seems to me.”

CHAPTER VI.

BABY JACK.

THE summer advanced, the weeks came and went, came and went so swiftly. Ben and Sally and Gill had a constant succession of business, for Mrs. Beth plied them diligently. She must have green gooseberries and currants for tarts, and the little fingers were often among the shining round balls, and the long links with the beads upon them. And she wanted strawberries, and early pears, and summer sweetings, and all sorts of melons. Whatever Gill could gather from orchard or garden, Mrs. Beth would find a market for.

The children called Gill's lessons to

them part of their regular school instruction, and Mr. and Mrs. Reed said, "It was worth more than the general school teaching, because it was so freely given, for the mere love of imparting."

Ben wished to know where the currant-bushes came from, and Gill said, "They grow wild in woods or thickets, in various parts of Europe and America ; and we cultivate them in our gardens because the fruit is so agreeable and healthful. The juice of the ripe currant is a useful remedy in obstructions of the bowels, and in fevers it furnishes a grateful and cooling drink."

"I know that," said little Sally. "I remember how delicious it tasted last summer when I was sick. Mamma made what she called 'currantade,' and nothing could have been nicer."

"Then we can press out the juice, and add an equal weight of loaf sugar, and boil it down to a jelly and keep it for the

winter ; and it helps us when we have colds and coughs," said Gill.

"Yes, and mother puts it between thin loaves of cake, to make jelly-cake," said Sally ; "and she pours boiling water on the jelly to make a syrup for the baked pudding, which Ben and I like so well ; and she sends glasses of the jelly to the sick, whenever she hears of any body who wants it."

"And father had some currants pressed for wine, don't you remember ?" said Ben. "He's going to keep it as long as he can. He says it will be far better twenty years from this time, and it is not like the poisonous stuff which the distillers make, and which brings such sorrow and disgrace upon the people who drink it ; though father says it is wiser and better to take no wine at all, except in sickness, and when the doctor orders it for old or feeble persons."

“Even the currant-*bush* is good for something,” said Gill. “The inner bark is boiled in water, as a remedy for jaundice, and other diseases.”

Ben did not like the taste of the black currant. It is disagreeable to some people, but it is said to be useful in cases of sore throat. Indeed it has been called the “quinsy berry.” It grows to the size of a hazel-nut, in Siberia, and is made into wine and jelly, and “rob,” or syrup. The leaves are fragrant, and make a pleasant beverage, and the young roots furnish a medicine for eruptive fevers. Ben asked Gill about the dried currants that are sold at the grocer’s.

“These are small grapes,” said Gill. “They are imported from the old country, and are known there as “Corinth raisins.”

“Gooseberries are harder to pick than currants,” said Sally; “the bushes have so many thorns, they tear my hands.”

“Put your gloves on,” said Gill, “or be careful how you take hold. You can draw a branch away with one hand, and pick with the other.”

“I think people are very foolish to eat green gooseberry tarts,” said Ben. “The berries are so much nicer when they are fully ripe.”

Gill thought so to ; but he said there was no accounting for tastes. For his own part, he would never eat snakes ; but the savage Africans would devour them with a hearty relish. The children made a little expression of disgust ; and, having finished their task, Gill put the berries in a cool place until the morning ; and Ben and Sally went to give Jack a ride in the old cart. It was a great help to Lucy to have them look after and amuse the baby for an hour or two ; and the little fellow was perfectly delighted when Sally appeared at the kitchen-door.

Children like the companionship of their kind. That is the reason why the mother of a large family finds her task easier than when there is but one ; for the little creatures depend upon each other, and are always diverted and contented.

Sally was like an old woman in her nursing, — she was so tender and thoughtful of Jack. She spread a worn shawl over the hay in the cart lest the child should get it in his eyes by the jolting, and she put cushions round him to prevent his being hurt by a sudden bump ; for the little dumpling would roll and tumble about with every motion.

What a merry time they had in the lane that led from the barn to the field ! Ben drew the vehicle, and Sally pushed, chirruping all the way that Jack might know how near she was ; for the baby was quite shut off from a view of her and Ben by the deep sides of the cart.

That is often the way with us, some one drawing us, and some one pushing us,—invisible loved ones. If we can not see them, we seem to hear the voices, and we are passive in their hands, and glad to be as a little child, without care, or without responsibility.

Baby Jack liked best, however, to see Sally's curly head, as she peeped over the back of the cart; and when she and Ben clambered up and got in to sit beside him on the cushions, and show him pictures from Mother Goose, or sing pretty songs, or bring their play down to his tiny capacity, he was forgetful even of mother, who came often to the kitchen door to listen and know whether he was crying for her.

Crying, indeed? Not he. In his fat fist he held a cracker to try his two pearly teeth upon, and Sally had a cup of milk in the "corner cupboard," as she called one

part of the cart, so the baby could not be hungry.

It was pretty to see how generous he was with his morsel, holding it up to Sally and to Ben, after every nibble of his own little mouth. There was no satisfying him unless they would put their lips down to make believe, and would say "good, good."

Ah me! if only this free spirit would cling to us through life! Pleasures are always sweeter when we share them with others. Baby Jack made the right beginning when he pressed part of his cracker upon his young playmates.

When the evening drew nigh, and the old cart stood in its place with the thills upon the stone wall, the young turkeys made it their roost. It was in vain for them to try to fly to the high branches of the butternut tree, where their ancestors perched.

“I am glad to see that you aspire to the very topmost bough,” said their mother. “There’s nothing wrong in that, if you are willing to rest patiently in a more lowly place until you are fitted for this dignity. Many a one has broken his neck, by trying too lofty a flight before his wings were in a condition to sustain him. Be humble, my dear children, and you will be pretty sure to attain your proper station.”

The little things listened attentively, and watched to see what their parents would do ; and, to set them an example, the old turkeys, both father and mother, hopped upon the cart, and composed themselves to sleep as contentedly as if they were at the very summit of the tree. Then there was such a fluttering and chirping among the young brood, and such emulation as to who should be the first to imitate the parents. Pretty soon,

by dint of great perseverance on the part of the little turkeys, and encouragement on the part of the old, all were settled for the night, some on the thills, and some on the edge of the boards that formed the body of the cart, and the stars looked down upon a very happy and contented family.

CHAPTER VII.

STRAWBERRIES.

WHILE the turkeys were having their night's rest outside the farmhouse, and big people and little dreamed sweetly within, the strawberries lay in their broad bed, with their rosy faces upturned to the brilliant heavens. They were awaiting the coming of the dawn, and were whispering to each other, as they snuggled closely together, cheek to cheek, about the great event that was to happen in the morning.

“We are going to the city,” said the elder sisters, to the little ones that were half-hidden under the coverlet.

“We have to do our part in the world

now that we are ready. Our kind Creator has given us wondrous opportunities for improvement, and we have made the most of his sunshine, and his showers. How we have drank in all his benefits! And now we, in our turn, are to bless others. We are to refresh the sick and fevered, and to make eye and heart brighten at our presence. You, dear little sisters, will stay at home for a while longer until you are perfected in the virtues that are needful to your success in an outside ministry. Think pleasantly and lovingly of us when we are gone, and try so to grow in goodness, that you may soon follow us on the mission that is appointed to all the worthy members of our family."

The little ones were tearful in the darkness, but they did not break out into sobbing, for they knew that what God ordains is all right, and they were very glad that their sisters and themselves were to be

sent on errands of cheer to mankind. Still it was natural enough, and by no means wrong to weep at the separation that must occur; so they clung to each other all the night, and the elders bent down and kissed them over and over again, and were so gentle and loving, and said such words of hope and cheer, that, when Gill and Ben and Sally came to the bed before the sun-rising, they said, "How bright and beautiful the strawberries look this morning! It makes one laugh to look at their glad faces."

And, sure enough! the big ones were all ready for their journey, and the little ones seemed contented as they bade their sisters good-by, and crept under the coverlet to take one more nap before the sun should be up; for the very young need more sleep than the vigorous youth or maiden needs, we know.

"Aunt Maud can have nothing to do

with strawberries ; is it not a pity ?” said Ben. “ She says they make her skin prickle, and irritate her tongue and throat so that they itch dreadfully, and they give her a sort of fever, as the roses do,— that is very queer.”

“ Not so very,” said Gill, when one understands that the strawberry belongs to the rose family.

“ Does it ?” said the children, in surprise, “ we did not know that, — the leaves do look something like a rose-leaf.”

“ Yes,” said the Scotchman. “ Both the strawberry and the raspberry belong to the rose family, and people who are affected with the ‘ rose cold ’ are seldom able to eat these fruits. It must be a sad deprivation.”

“ I should hate to be obliged to go without strawberries,” said Sally. “ I think there is nothing so nice in all the world.”

“ ‘ Doubtless God could have made a

better berry, but doubtless God never did," said Gill, who was fond of quoting whatever he had read, if it happened to please him.

"I know from whom you got that," said Ben. "I heard mamma read it from Isaac Walton the other day."

"He did not say it, though," said Gill. "He took it from Doctor Boteler, but it is true enough whoever said it; for never was there a better fruit than the strawberry."

Gill held up a stem with a cluster of the scarlet berries, and looked at them with admiration.

"How luscious they are!" he said, "and how beautiful, too, in form and color! See how the little yellow seeds contrast with the red pulp, and what a pretty green cup holds the fruit, and how gracefully the berry hangs from the stem."

Gill was always eloquent over the pro-

ductions of the earth. "They are our heavenly Father's handiwork," he said. "No wonder there is so much glory and perfection!"

The Scotchman took great pains with the strawberry-bed. He planted the roots in rows and hills, and when the creeping shoots made new stocks, he transplanted these to another place, never letting them run thickly together and form a tangled mass. His strawberry-vines were large and fine, and the triple leaves were broad and green, upon their long foot-stalk; and in the midst of them shot up silky stems, with pure white blossoms, like snowflakes, at the top, and, by and by, the snowflakes vanished, and the little pale-green berries appeared, and grew, and grew, and changed into the perfect scarlet fruit which is so delicious of itself, and yet is varied by being eaten with cream and sugar, and by

being made into jam and short-cakes and other dishes. It seems almost an insult to this lovely berry to add any thing to it, as if we thought it capable of improvement. For my part, I think it never so delicious as when it is eaten off the vines while the dew is upon it. Only it makes one feel a trifle sorrowful, if one sees in the dew the tears of the little sisters and the big, as if they wept at the thought of the separation that was to come. But, then, we must not expect all joy and sweetness in the things of this world. We ought to be willing to take the evil with the good. I mean what we call evil ; for there is no evil for any of us in what comes from God's hand. It must be all good to us, whatever it may seem to our poor, half-blind hearts and eyes.

Gill and the children had so many little wooden baskets filled with the rich, ripe

fruit! It shone through the side-slits right temptingly, and was covered at the top with fresh, green leaves. The gooseberries and currants were none the worse for being picked over night. It would be different, by and by, when they should be softened and made ruddy by the ripening sun.

The turkeys knew enough to vacate the old market-cart before Gill came along with Dobbin, though one had the impudence to hop up, when the Scotchman's back was turned, and stick his bill under a green leaf, and get one of the very nicest of the scarlet berries. Gill drove him away, and there was a great scampering, for the berry shone red in his mouth, and all the brothers and sisters wanted it, — ill-gotten gains, though it was, — and, after all, he had to keep such watch, and was so worried before he could get away by himself into a sly corner, that he had

poor enjoyment of it, I am sure. But then we must not forget that he was only a turkey, and, of course, knew nothing of the wrong of picking and stealing.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME LOVE.

YOU need not suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Reed lost sight of their children altogether, because I am telling you so much about their hours with Gill. Oh, no! It would be a singular father and mother that could trust such precious plants as a little son and daughter, to any other culture and training than their own.

“It is good for the children to be out a great deal with nature,” said these wise parents. “Their bodies need the sun and air to make them thrifty and vigorous, and their minds and souls will be all the more healthy for this vigor of body.”

But then, at a certain call from the

tongue of the bell, the little people left verdure and flowers and birds, and ran to the study where mamma sat with books and work around her. They made themselves very nice before they came into her gentle presence, and, as they entered the room, there was such a sweet recognition as all well-bred children must show, whenever they come before father or mother.

There is nothing so beautiful to see in all the world, as this loving respect and reverence to parents. I know a little boy and three little girls, close at hand, who always show it, and I am so well pleased with them that I wish to put them here in this book, that is to go out among other little people.

“Only four children that pay a proper respect and deference to their parents! Are these all that you know?” I seem to hear you ask.

Oh, no; not all, thank God! There

are others in my mind, but very few so pretty and gentle in their manners as these to whom I desire to do honor, and whom I wish you to imitate. Ben and Sally Reed were like them.

Mamma was carefully and well dressed, and was polite to the little son and daughter too. That need not surprise you. Mothers are sent to be an example to their children; and Mrs. Reed felt this responsibility.

Parents should be like brother and sister to their young brood, when they are mingling familiarly and playfully with them, and like the divine Friend and Teacher, (I speak this very reverently), when they have to govern and guide; and children should look up to father and mother, as they would look up to their heavenly parent and never dare to say a rebellious or disrespectful word. It must be so very sweet for son or daughter,

when it can be said of them, "They have never given me a pang." I have known a mother to say this of a grown-up son, and I looked upon the man with a sort of envy; for I am sorry to remember that I was not so gentle a little girl as I might have been, and I am afraid I shall have to stand beside the many thoughtless children, instead of with Ben and Sally Reed, and with the pleasant four, and the few other dear ones whom I have in my mind. However that may be, we that have not done quite as well as we ought heretofore can only be very sorry for the past, and begin at once to amend our ways. This is all that a gracious God requires for any fault,—that we repent sincerely for it, and do as well as we possibly can for the future.

Ben and Sally were deeply interested in their studies, and in the course of reading which their mother had marked out

for them ; for young as they were, there were juvenile histories, and books upon the natural sciences that were adapted to their tender minds ; and Mrs. Reed chose these rather than the simple stories which had in them no useful facts. She said, "It is just as easy to give the children a taste for the right sort of knowledge, as to cultivate in them a desire for a light and trashy literature. So she taught them about real characters who have lived in the world, and talked to them of the riches that are upon the earth, and in the seas, and they were as happy as could be during school hours, and were almost always sorry when the time was over.

Mr. Reed had his opportunity with them in the evening. That was a very joyous time. There was so much of the day's events, to be gone over on both sides ! Papa made the most of every inci-

dent from which he could draw a moral; and the little children had more than they could possibly tell, and generally left a good deal for the next day. Often, after they were in bed, Ben would call quietly from across the dim hall,—

“Are you awake, sister?”

“Yes, Ben.”

“Well, we forgot to tell father something.”

Then he would say what it was, and Sally would call back again, “We must be sure to think of it in the morning.”

Mamma did not object to their speaking softly to each other in the dimness. It was pleasant to her to hear the little loving voices up above, as she sat below engaged in some household work of mending or sewing. She said to papa one evening, as the music of her children’s prattle came floating down to her, “I wonder if mothers, who have put their

little children in bed, and themselves are left up and doing here below, ever listen for the pleasant voices from above? There can be no doubt that the precious ones are talking happily together, and it seems to me that if all others are deaf to the sound, it must reach a mother's ears, and make her heart very contented and blessed."

Mr. Reed looked at his wife with some surprise. "What made you think of that just now?" asked he.

"I can not tell, except that whenever Ben and Sally are speaking together in the dark, it gives me a pleasant feeling about the night that must come to all, both little and big; and I think, perhaps, if my children should be called to their last sleep before us, we might be comforted by the conviction that they have sweet companionship and communion."

"I hope God will spare our darlings to

be the joy of our old age," said Mr. Reed. "We will try to train them in his holy ways, however, and then, whether they stay here or are called up to him, we shall be blest and satisfied."

Ben had a little room that looked out upon the orchard, and he could hear the twitter of the birds as they awoke from time to time, and asked their mothers to tuck the feathers closer around them,—for, summer though it was, the tender young creatures wanted a warm shelter from the night dews. Then, in the very early dawn, the flutter of their wings as they made their morning toilet sounded through the open casement, and when they were quite dressed, there was such a burst of song as started the lad to his feet, and made him hasten out where every thing that had breath seemed to be praising the Lord.

Sally's bed was a cot beside father and mother. She was the baby still, and it

was sweet to them to keep her under their wing as long as possible. But, like the little birds, she was awake at the peep of day, and poured forth thanksgiving to him who had watched over her through the darkness. Then she and Ben went out to help Gill, or to speak to Dobbin, or to play amid the green until Lucy's bell called to them to make ready for breakfast.

Dobbin always expected a visit before sunrise. Animals and children are very happy companions, and seem to understand each other well. This "son of a jack-ass" was a noble fellow, and stood upon his own merits, whatever his father was before him. He had such a genial nature, that his eyes would brighten, and his ears prick up for joy, when the little people stepped over the threshold of the barn, and he would give a pleasant whinny that meant to them, "Good morning, I am

very happy to see you. I hope you have passed a refreshing night, and that the day will be one of great blessedness and peace to you."

And the children would say: "How d'ye do, Dobbin? What an early breakfast you are having all alone here! If we could only eat hay, we would share it with you. I suppose you have to go to town as usual, and carry something to Mrs. Beth. No doubt she sits by this time in her stall, waiting for you and Gill to bring the fresh fruit and vegetables."

Then Ben would take the curry-comb, and smooth the shaggy coat, and Dobbin would seem as pleased as a little child at being made so nice and respectable for the jaunt to the city.

"You must hold up your head," Sally would say, "and let the city horses see that you are well-bred, and have nothing to be ashamed of; and, whatever you do,

Dobbin, try and keep a sure footing in the slimy streets. 'Tis dreadful to fall down in such mud and mire! I should be sorry if you came home with your nice coat soiled, and maybe an inward hurt that would be harder to get over."

Sally did not know what a fine moral there was to her little speech, for every body that goes from the freshness and purity of a country home to the slippery places of the great and wicked city.

CHAPTER IX.

GARDEN RICHES.

LITTLE Sally stood in the midst of the tomato-vines, eating a great scarlet "love-apple," as she would insist upon calling it.

"That is what it used to be called," said Gill. "You can just as well say it, if you like."

The child smacked her lips over the delicious fruit. "'Tis better than an apple when one is thirsty," she said. "The leaf looks like the potato-leaf, does it not, Gill?"

"And well it may," the Scotchman answered; "it belongs to the same genus.

The potato and the tomato and the egg-plant, are near relations."

Ben laughed. "How funny you are, Gill," said he. "You speak of these things just as if they were people."

"Well, God has set them in families, and they are kind and agree together, and seem almost like people to me," returned Gill. "You know I live among them, and talk to them and they to me. They speak marvelous things to me sometimes."

The children looked amused. "What does the tomato say to you?" asked Sally.

"It says—'I have come from South America, in my beautiful scarlet and orange dress. I love my own country with its snow-capped mountains, and its great rivers, and its fertile lands; but I thought I might as well travel to other parts of the earth, and let other people know my worth. One has not always the most honor in one's own land. I lose a little of my

acid and brisk flavor by coming away from home ; but I gain in size and beauty by the care that is taken of me.' ”

Ben made a face as he touched the leaves. “ They have a vile odor,” he said.

“ Let the leaves go,” said Gill, and think of the good fruit. Never speak of faults, if you can help it ; but rather find out every good quality. I think the tomato-vine very beautiful, as I train it against the trellises, and watch the green leaves spreading broader and broader, and the yellow blossoms in thick bunches, and then the fruit with its bright, shining skin. In Italy, England, and America, and in many other parts of the world, it is now considered a great luxury. We can eat it as Sally does, as if it were an apple ; or, we can slice it, and have only salt upon it, or vinegar, or sugar, just as people fancy ; and we can stew it, or bake it, or use it as a sauce for fish and meats. There never

was a vegetable that we can employ in so many ways."

Gill picked the ripe fruit very carefully and put it into baskets. "Mrs. Beth's mouth will water when she sees these," he said. "They are nicer than ever, it seems to me."

Then he picked some of the egg-plant. He had famous skill with this. The vines had come to great perfection. The children had watched them from the beginning, and had noticed their oval cottony leaves, and the large white and purple flowers, and the violet and yellow and white fruit, for Gill had every variety. He told the children that in India it is served up with sugar and wine, or simply sugared water, and in the south of France with olive oil.

Sally liked the white fruit which looked like a pullet's egg, but Ben preferred the

large violet-colored, that Lucy sliced and fried brown in butter.

Gill said, "One must be careful about the white, for there is a species resembling it, that is poisonous, and some people have confounded it with the harmless thing."

The children followed the Scotchman as he left the egg-plant, and walked amid the rustling corn, and gathered the green ears.

"I feel as if I were in the cool woods, when I get here," said Sally.

The tall plants were high above her head, and the broad leaves shaded her delightfully, and she liked to hear the crisp sound as Gill and Ben broke the ears from their stalks.

"I put the little grains into the hillocks myself, remember, Gill," said the child.

"Yes, indeed, you were a great help to me, for I could cover it with my hoe as you

dropped the corn, and we got on very fast indeed."

"Don't you know how we came out here every day, brother, to see if the grains had sprouted?"

"Yes."

"And how pleased we were when the first tiny blade came through the earth?"

"Yes," said Ben, "and we wondered how it could have strength enough to push off the brown coverlet and put its head out of bed."

"After it saw the light it shot up fast enough," said Gill, "and it put forth leaf after leaf, and now here we are in this great forest, we who stood upon the bare ground dropping the tiny kernels, and shutting them up in their prison houses, — oh, it is wonderful! so wonderful!" Gill lifted his hat reverently as he said this, and looked up to heaven, in grateful recognition of

the Almighty Friend who maketh all things to grow for the use of man.

It impressed the children very sweetly, to see this devout spirit in the Scotchman. It was better to them than any words could have been, and they were sure not to forget it. By and by Gill spoke, as he stood by his full basket, and held a fine ear of corn in his hand. He had parted the husk, and the fresh, milky rows looked out upon Ben and Sally, and the silk tassel hung gracefully at the end.

“What riches in you!” said Gill, as if addressing the grain itself,—“johnny-cake, and hominy, and mush or hasty pudding, and farina, and hulled corn, and samp, and many another nice, palatable dish for the table.”

Then he touched the stalk, and the husks, and continued his speech, — “And you give us sugar, and potash, and writing-

paper, and mattresses. Well is it that you have come from your wild home in Paraguay, since you make us so happy and comfortable."

"I did not know that we could get all these things from corn," said Ben.

"And I should never have known it, if I had been content to plant and eat, and never ask a question, or look into a book, as some people are satisfied to do," said Gill.

"Thank you for telling us," said Sally. "I must go now and look after my baby; she may be in all sorts of mischief, though I left her asleep in the cart. She's getting big enough now to stand, but the boards are too high for her to fall over,"—and away went the little girl to her matronly charge. She felt as much care for her doll, as Lucy did for Jack.

It is a beautiful virtue in these little women, that they have the mother love

even when they are nursing their rag babies. A child that watches and yearns over her doll, smiling when she conceives it to be well and happy, and crying for its imaginary ills and sorrows, will make the truest and most tender of mothers when there is a living baby in her arms to call forth her joy or her pity.

“Coming, pet,” said Sally, with her arms stretched toward the cart where her “little Jennie lay kicking and crowing,” as she said to Lucy who stood at the wood-pile as she passed.

The child made quick steps, and, climbing into the old vehicle, held her baby to her bosom with as much delight as if she had been parted from it for an age.

“God bless her!” said Lucy. “One of these days I shall see her a good wife, I am sure, with as dear a pet as my little Jack, to care for and to love.”

“We shall have to move,” said Sally to

her infant, as if it quite understood all. "Gill will be here after this house in a minute, and I must look up another home. You needn't cry, dearie, I know the prettiest little cottage by a brook, and I think we can get it. We'll try, at any rate. 'Tisn't pleasant to move; I should like one house always, but your grand-mamma says people used to live in tents, and wander about a good deal oftener than you and I have had to."

Sally's cottage was the corn-crib, and the brook was the trough outside the door, where the cattle drank.

The water came from a spring, and was always fresh, and bubbling over with a sort of musical sound. The little girl loved to hear it. She called it her piano, and sang songs to its accompaniment as she rocked her baby, or held her quietly upon her lap.

When Gill came to harness Dobbin,

she sat in the door of her cottage and called to him.

“We’re living over here now, Gill,” said she. “We shall want that house again, when you can spare it. This is very well, but we like that a great deal better. You and Ben must come and visit us here, and tell Lucy, if you please, to bring little Jack over. The baby and I are lonesome in our new house.”

Ben laughed. “How funny little girls are!” he said. “Sally acts as if her play were real life. I do believe she would cry her eyes out, if any thing should happen to that doll of hers.”

“I know somebody that makes as great a fuss over a whistle, or a kite, as any little girl over a rag-baby,” said Gill.

Ben perched himself upon the great rock in the corner of the barn-yard, and pulled a piece of willow from his pocket.

“I should not have thought of it, but

for you, Gill," he said. "I can make a very nice whistle indeed, now,—almost like a flute."

The bell rang to call them to prayers.

"I am late for market this morning," said Gill; "but I sha^{ll} reach town before nine o'clock. I shall be glad when the fall vegetables are ready, and I can take them a little more leisurely, and not be afraid of their wilting."

CHAPTER X.

MRS. BETH'S HOME.

MRS. BETH and Tib sat by the broken lantern, wondering what had become of Gill. The old woman had a gray gown on, and a blue checked apron; and Tib was in black silk, as usual, and her white satin slippers. The two little mice had been having a gala-time all night, while Tib slept, and now they were snug in their own bedroom, getting rest for another frolic; for, every night, when market-women and market-men had gone home, there was a merry party in the vacated stalls; and the treat was nuts and apples and raisins and figs and pie and cakes, and all sorts of goodies that were

left behind, with nobody to look after them.

"Coffee-time is over," said Mrs. Beth, as the Scotchman at last appeared. "Tib and I are tired of looking for you. Is there any thing wrong?"

"'Tis always wrong, I think, to waste precious time by lying in bed when a body is not sick," said Gill. "I overslept myself, and, of course, it makes the work crowd all day."

"It doesn't often happen, I am sure," said the old woman; "this is the first time since I've known you."

"And should be the last," said Gill. "There's too much to be done, before the long sleep, for one to be napping when he might be up and doing."

"How beautiful the tomatoes are!" said Mrs. Beth, "and the egg-plant, and the corn,— your people will be after them soon."

She called them Gill's people, because there were certain parties that knew what vegetables the Scotchman brought, and always purchased them.

Gill turned to go from the market, and slipped on a piece of orange-peel and hurt his left arm. He did not know but that it was broken. Mrs. Beth told him she would jump into the cart and drive to her home with him and bandage it. Some neighbor could attend to her stall meantime.

At first Gill said no; but the arm was so painful that it made him almost faint, and he was afraid to drive at once to the farm; so he consented to go with the old market-woman. Mrs. Holt watched the two stalls, and Mrs. Beth and Tib and Gill went along the narrow street, a half mile or more away, and there, on the very topmost floor, was the coziest place! Right under a French roof was Mrs. Beth's home,—only one room with one

window ; but that room was full of comfort, and the window looked out upon a prospect that was fit for a king to feast his eyes upon.

Within was a bright carpet, and a covered lounge, and a little round table, and a rocking-chair, and two cane-seated chairs with cushions, and a wide shelf with one book upon it, — the Book that has leaves for the healing of the nations, — and a bit of a fireplace with a cooking-stove in it, and a green stand with a creeping vine and a flowering rose, and a cupboard with a famous bottle in it, which interested Gill very much indeed ; for scarcely had its contents touched his arm before the pain began to go away, and when the bruised place was neatly bound up, he was so free from trouble that he could look about him and enjoy the prospect.

One thing puzzled Gill very much, and that was Tib's bed ; for the creature had

crept into a pretty little cradle, and lay there sleeping as if she had been used to it all her life.

“It was my little Tibbie’s,” said Mrs. Beth. “She was my only darling, and died soon after her father; and she loved the kitten so dearly, and had it with her in the cradle so much, that I kept it for Tib after she had gone away.”

The old market-woman seemed to forget Gill altogether then; for she knelt down, and put her arms around the little bed, and cried out,—“Oh, my baby, my darling!” as if her heart would break; and she did not arouse from her grief until Tib got up and rubbed against her face and licked her hand. So you see that Mrs. Beth, who sat by the broken lantern with such a bright, cheerful face, had not been all her life free from sorrow; and that it is possible, by God’s grace, though we may have known bitter grief,

to smile in the world's face, and so to bless all who may see us.

"I am not sorry that she has gone up to be with God in the beautiful land," said the old market-woman, as she remembered Gill, and arose from her knees; "but I miss her so!—sometimes I miss her so! She used to stretch her little hands from this window toward the sky, and God knew it was better to take her from my arms to his own,—I am glad now."

She looked up as if she could see the little one on her heavenly Father's breast, and Gill thought the old woman's face almost angelic, as the glory of the upper world shone upon it.

Outside the window was the broad city, with the roofs and spires and distant water and the nearer hills,—nothing of the miserable lower stratum which poor people get when they live upon the ground-floor. All was pure and lovely and beautiful. It

made Gill very happy to know what a pleasant home the old market-woman had. He was almost thankful to the orange-peel that had tripped him, since it had not broken any bones. He told the children all about the neat room under the sky, and the little cradle, and the Tibbie in the white robes, who had gone away for a while from her mother, and the Tib in the silk gown and satin slippers, which now occupied the departed Tibbie's bed.

CHAPTER XI.

GILL'S ROSES AND CANDLES.

FASTER than even the wheels of the old market-cart could go round, the summer went by with its rich treasures of vegetables and fruit ; and now the autumn had come, and Gill and the children were in the midst of the late produce. Gill was pulling carrots, and Ben helped him in his toil ; and Sally kept time to their labor with the tinkle, tinkle of her little silver tongue.

“What beauties!” said she, as the golden spirals came out of the black earth, “and what pretty feathery leaves they have!”

“Yes,” said Gill. “No wonder the la-

dies used to wear them for feathers. To my taste they are much prettier. Pity they wilt so soon! As long as they are fresh they are elegant."

"They are the most beautiful leaves in the garden," said Ben, closely observing the delicate filagree; "the leaf of the parsnip is something like them, but coarser."

Gill was eloquent in his admiration. "When they first shoot up, they are like fine ferns," said he. "I'll cut off the thick end of this root, and put it into a shallow vessel with water, and it will unfold its leaves, and thus you can have green things all through the winter."

"Thank you; that will be lovely!" said Sally. "My Aunt Martha puts it in a white or pink vase, and sets it in her window, and it looks beautiful."

"Gill, will you please tell us where the carrot comes from?" said Ben.

"It is a native of Britain," said the

Scotchman. "When it grows wild it is small and dry and white and strong-flavored; but if we take pains to cultivate it, it loses the disagreeable taste and is mild and sweet, and of a pale straw-color, or a rich golden-yellow. It is excellent as a flavor for soups, and for beef-stews; but people do not like it much as a separate dish. It is used more to feed horses and cattle, than for the table."

"Lucy makes splendid beef-stews," said Ben.

"Mother tells us not to say splendid, when we speak of food," said little Sally. "She says 'splendid' is for the eyes, and not for the mouth."

Ben corrected himself. "I meant delicious, — that is mother's word for Lucy's good cookery."

"I cut up the carrots for Dobbin and Flash and Brindle," said Gill. "They like them mixed with their hay. In the old

country the deer are fed with the roots, and the tops are dried for hay."

"The root is very sweet, — can we get sugar from it?" asked Ben.

"It does not give us sugar. People have tried to make it, but have not succeeded very well. It yields ardent spirits, which is a poor use to put it to; and I am sorry when any body turns it to such an evil purpose."

"Pity!" ejaculated little Sally.

"I like the carrots best when they are waving their green plumes in the air," said Gill. "They have pretty, innocent, white flowers, and rough, bristly seeds, and then there is the gold down below. Sometimes people make a syrup of the root for coughs, and sometimes they scrape it, and make it into a poultice for cancerous ulcers; and sailors have a sort of carrot marmalade for scurvy, when they are far away at sea, and cannot obtain fresh vegetables."

“ I didn't know it was so useful a plant,” said Ben.

“ We have to look at things all around to find out their real worth,” said Gill. “ If you were to ask people what this was, most of them would say ‘ a carrot,’ to be sure ; but there would be nothing to them in the word except the yellow root before their eyes, — no picture in the mind, of the wild thing that was trained and cultured to shoot up green feathers, and flourish pure blossoms, and hide a golden treasure in the earth.”

Gill always grew poetic over his vegetables, there was nothing common-place to him in the garden plat that was thick with the variety of growth. His soul could feel the sublime mysteries all about him, and from the time that he put spade or plow into the earth, at early spring, until he gathered in the late ripe harvest, he was filled with wonder at the silent

work that was going on. He thought it such an honor that the unseen Power, who gives the increase, should make him a co-worker. A co-worker with God! It was a great thought with Gill, as he diligently planted and watered. He did not say to himself,—“God could do all this without me. I am not worthy to be his helper.” He knew that the truest humility is to do exactly what we are told to do by one high in authority and office; so he did his part faithfully, and was blessed in it.

“Shall you pull any parsnips to-day?” asked Ben.

“Yes, parsnips, and cabbages, and turnips. Mrs. Beth likes variety, and there is a call for all now.”

Gill had time enough to loiter over his work and amuse the little people, since there was no haste now lest the fruits and vegetables should decay before he could get them off his hands.

“What are you doing?” asked Ben, as the Scotchman took out his knife, and began to scrape away and whittle upon a parsnip.

“We shall see. Wait awhile,” said Gill.

The children were curious to know what would come from his skillful hand, and, presently he delighted them with a cluster of white roses,—the petals curling one over the other so naturally and gracefully that the little bunch of flowers would have deceived almost any body in the world into thinking them real roses.

“These are for Sally,” said Gill.

“Oh, thank you! I will give them to mamma for the blue vase on the bracket, she will be so pleased.”

Sally always thought of mamma, the very first thing, when she had any pleasure. That was but fair since mamma's first thought was always of her little girl, when her own heart was made glad in any

way. If we dearly love any body, we must share with that person every joy.

“I will make something for Ben, now,” said Gill. “He can have some fun with it this evening.”

It was but a minute before he handed a perfect imitation of a candle to the lad.

“You must blacken the wick as if it had been burnt,” said Gill, “and give it to Lucy to light for you before you go to bed. How she will wonder why the thing is so slow in catching!”

“You are very good to think of our sport; it will be real fun,” said Ben, putting the candle safely into his deep pocket.

“Now for work,” said Gill, pulling at the parsnips that came quickly out of their dark bed-room.

“When these grow wild,” said he, “the leaves and stem are hairy; but when cultivated they are smooth, and the root is

sweeter, and larger. The flower is yellow. We use the parsnip as we do the carrot, more for cattle than for the table. It makes the cows' milk richer, and gives a fine color and flavor to the butter. All domestic animals—cows, oxen, and horses, like it; and people think it very nice when it is boiled, and then fried brown in butter. The parsnip is not afraid of Jack Frost. It bears the cold nicely, and is not hurt by the winter, if it is left in the ground. There's a species called "the rough parsnip," that is a native of the Levant, and grows wild in the south of Italy, France and Greece. From it we obtain a gum resin, called by the druggists 'opopanax,' and used by the doctors as a medicine."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHILDREN'S GUESTS.

MR. and Mrs. Reed came out to see what Gill and the children were about. Mr. Reed was at home for the day, which was not a very frequent event, and it was quite a treat to him to leave all thought of his ledger behind him, and live for a few free hours amid the things of nature, that lead the mind to higher thoughts than are begotten by business speculations, and accounts. The parents stood a little aloof, and heard what Gill was talking about.

“We owe much to this intelligent Scotchman,” said Mrs. Reed. “He has taught the children so many things from

this garden book, that would have lost half their interest if they had been printed upon paper."

"Oh, yes, I like this sort of school very much," said the father. "One never forgets the knowledge gained in this way; but I am glad that Ben and Sally are none the less diligent over the printed lessons, when you call them in to their studies."

"They always apply themselves earnestly. I have no fault to find with them," said mamma. "I have spoken to them so constantly of the mind as a talent given by God to be improved to his honor and glory, that I think they have a conscientious motive in their efforts to learn."

"There are papa and mamma," said Sally, espying the beloved ones.

The children ran to meet their guests, and to take them the round of the garden. They felt themselves to be host and hostess, and wished to do all honor to their

distinguished visitors. The Elysian fields, with their beautiful meadows, and groves, and cloudless sky, and sweet music, and soft celestial light, could have been no more beautiful to the imagination than was the reality of Gill's vegetable garden to these children, with the adjoining pasture where Brindle and Flash were serenely chewing the cud, and the late butterflies were flitting hither and thither, and the chirp of the cricket came pleasantly to the ear, and the warble of birds, making ready for their autumn flight, brought back the sense of the early spring.

The sky was blue and bright, and there was no chill in the air, and the grass was still green upon the earth, and the leaves upon the trees had not changed to russet and crimson and gold.

There was so much to exhibit. Mr. Reed had to examine with eye and hand

the garden growth, and then Gill was left to pull alone at the parsnips for a while, and the little people took their guests into the meadow to stroke the glossy red cows, and to take in the sweet milky breath, that mamma loved so, and thought so healthful.

Brindle was gentle as a lamb, and held her face close to her mistress, and looked at her with her great pensive eyes, and rubbed her nose against Sally's face, and stood patient and loving, for the caresses that she seemed to prize.

Flash, a little younger and more antic, frisked about for a few minutes, but came at last to a stand-still beside Mr. Reed, and allowed him to lead her by the horn, as if she were a docile child. Ben and Sally were as pleased as though they were responsible for her courteous behaviour, and they knew something how a father and mother must feel when their

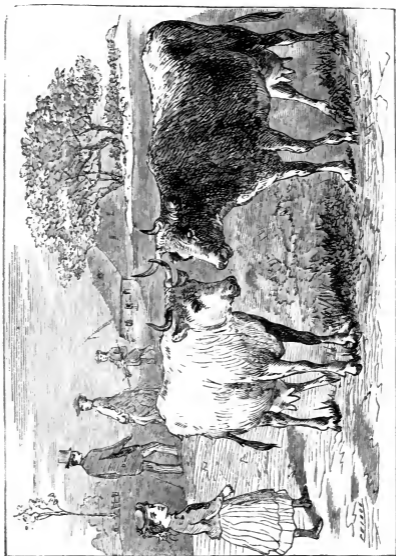
children do them justice by correct and polite manners. Sally praised Flash when she had a sly chance, and Ber and her parents were engrossed by something else.

“I’m just as proud of you as can be,” said she, giving the cow a good hug, and patting her head gently. “I was afraid you were going to forget yourself altogether ; but you came to your senses in time to show a proper breeding to my company, — that’s a good Flash. Now go on chewing your cud, and think how happy you have made me.”

Flash seemed to be whispering it all to Brindle just after. They had their heads close together, and were as cosy and loving as could be ; and they looked around now and then at the party in the distance, as if they were sorry ever to lose such kind and appreciative friends from view.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed lingered under an





FLASH'S WHISPER TO BRINDLE.

old apple-tree where the market-cart was standing. Gill had brought it there the night before, thinking to gather the apples to-day. Above it the branches spread out with a wealth of ruddy fruit.

“Let us rest here for awhile,” said mamma. “It is so pleasant.”

Papa helped her up into the cart, and got in beside her; and the children followed, and all sat upon the edge, as humble as the little turkeys that aspired to the topmost bough of the tree, yet were content with their lowly position. The turkeys had been exalted long before now, and sat every night on their lofty perch, with the heavens and the stars nearer. I suppose that always happens when one humbles himself, and then is lifted up,—the glory comes surely closer to him.

But about my little party in the meadow!
Was there ever such pleasure to the chil-

dren? To see papa and mamma sitting with them on the edge of the cart, as happy and contented as if it were a throne!

That is the beauty of older companionship,—when grown people can come down to the tiny level, and really enjoy the descent.

“You look about as young as Sally,” said Mr. Reed, observing the fresh color in his wife’s cheeks, and the sparkle in her eye.

“It is rejuvenating to be out here with the children,” returned she.

“What is that, mamma?” asked Sally.

“To be made youthful again. I feel quite like a little child. That is the way we should always feel in spirit, though I do not know that I should care to go back bodily to my little girlhood,—I have such a happy home, and such a dear husband, and such good, loving children!”

Papa and the little people looked as if they felt this compliment very precious, and they could not help giving mamma a kiss under the shadow of the old apple-tree. But those were not the only caresses that the green leaves had been witness to ; for months ago, in the bright springtime, there was such a happy family in the robin's nest, and often and often the father and the young brood had kissed the mother-bird, as they told each other how blest a tie it was that bound them, and how perfectly contented they were in their sweet and hallowed relationships.

The breeze rustled the green leaves to-day and made a soft melody, and the red fruit spoke out in praises of the sun and the rain and the air, that had helped it to grow up from its babyhood to a ripe and mellow age. So many

voices all about if one could but hear them!

Mamma sat thoughtful, listening. She always had an ear for every sound in nature; and what was said reached down deep into her soul, and made it very thankful,—thankful to him who gives such beauty to the earth, and promises still better things in heaven to those who love him and strive to keep his commandments.

“Can we not sing something?” asked papa. “I wish we could have a little music out here in the open air. It is so delightful to hear singing when there is no ceiling to deaden the sound.”

Mamma spoke to the children, and then all burst forth in that beautiful anthem:—

“The strain upraise, of joy and praise, Alleluia!
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia!

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia ! Alleluia !
They in the rest of paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones with joy the chorus swell, Alleluia !
The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join and say, Alleluia !
Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings
wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite you, Alleluia !
Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and winter
snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and summer
glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious forests, sing,
Alleluia !
First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise and say, Alleluia !
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, Alleluia !
Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous, Alle-
luia !
There let the valleys sing in gentle chorus, Alleluia !
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry, Alleluia !
Ye tracts of earth, and continents, reply, Alleluia !
To God who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid, Alleluia !

This is the strain, the eternal strain the Almighty loves,
Alleluia !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the King
approves, Alleluia !

Wherefore we sing both heart and voice awaking, Alle-
luia !

And children voices echo, answer making, Alleluia to
the Lord !

With Alleluia evermore,

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen !”

How sweet the anthem was as it floated over the meadow and upward toward God ! The cows stood quietly listening ; and Gill stopped his work to hear the strain, and Lucy came to the kitchen door with Jack in her arms, and Dobbin pricked up his ears and forgot his hay, and the birds joined the concert, and the crickets chimed in with their cheerful notes,— and, really, the old market-cart standing under the apple-tree with the thills resting upon the bar of the fence, seemed almost like a

church, with the blue and crimson and green overhead, and the worshipers swelling out this hymn of praise to the great Creator.

“It sounds so very sweet,” said little Sally. “Mamma sings like an angel, I should think.”

Mamma put her hand on the child's head. “We must all try and learn the angel's song,—Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men!” she said.

CHAPTER XIII.

LITTLE SALLY'S SICKNESS.

“**W**HY in the world doesn't it light!” said Lucy, as she wasted match after match upon Ben's candle.

Ben and Sally stood watching and waiting, and Gill sat with Jack upon his knee. He was pretending not to notice; but, by and by, Lucy got tired, and before Gill could know what she was about, she put the candle into his hand, and took the baby from him.

“Do light it, please, Gill,” she said. “I've tried and tried to no purpose. The wick must have been wet, I think.”

Gill had a comical expression upon his

face. He did not expect the laugh to turn upon him.

“Ah, well,” he said, “it is not the first time a man has fallen into the pit that he had digged for others. You may fetch another candle, Lucy, for the night would wear away without a glimmer from this.”

“What a perfect cheat it is!” said Lucy, as she smelled the parsnip to make sure that it was not tallow, after all.

Jack wanted it for a plaything; but his mother said it would be the very way to make him grasp at the real candle, and so come to mischief and harm. The better way was not to meddle with even the semblance of that which would bring him to evil, however innocent the thing might be in itself; so the fictitious candle was laid upon the kitchen shelf, and Ben went up to bed by the light of one of Lucy's “dips,” as she called it. The good woman could not get out of her old housewifely ways,

and she stored up and melted the mutton-tallow, and had a long stick with wick twisted over it, and, every little while, she dipped ten or a dozen short candles to save the wax-lights, which she thought too good for common use.

Sally was not able to rise from her bed the next morning. She had taken a serious cold, and one of her lungs was badly congested. Her fever was raging for several days, and the doctor pronounced her a very sick child; and mamma thought the time had come when her little daughter would be called to rest above, and she and papa would be left here below to listen for the sweet voice that would surely speak to their hearts through the dimness.

There were moments when Sally's mind wandered; but it always dwelt upon the beautiful things of nature. She spoke of the pretty blossoms, and of the birds and butterflies, and of God's goodness in making

such a bright world for us to live in ; and it taught her parents the value of a pure and healthful training which would never lose its hold on the mind and spirit, though one had no control over one's brain. It was very sweet to listen to the child's words, as she lay at twilight with her burning hand clasped in her mother's cool, soft palm.

“ Are you an angel ? ” she asked, as the face of love bent gently over her. “ How white and beautiful your forehead is ! and you have blue eyes like the sky ! Can you sing that song which the shepherds heard when the child Jesus was born at Bethlehem ? It begins : —

‘ Glory be to God on high ; ’ ”

and then the little voice sang, tremblingly, the first faint strain. Mamma had to join, though she was almost choking with grief ; for she thought, “ Surely, my little daugh-

ter is going away from me to the world of light and joy !”

To the world of light and joy ! and yet, sad, O mother, that seems so strange !

When some familiar tone made the little sick child say “mamma,” there was such a thrill of delight in Mrs. Reed’s heart ! It was sweeter to be mamma than to be even an angel. Mothers will understand that well,—such mothers as feel the majesty and worth of the little immortal spirits that have been sent to them to nurture for God.

Thanks to the great Physician, and to the good doctor, and to mamma’s faithful nursing, little Sally was not long in bed ; but was out very soon again with Ben and Gill, to learn something more in this lower world before she would be ready for the higher life and the higher teaching.

She seemed so happy to be able to

breathe with free lungs, and to feel no pain. Every thing looked new and charming to her, and her feet were so light, that she almost flew over the meadow to greet Brindle and Flash. She carried her doll wherever she went, and shared with it every pleasure,—there had been such a long separation, almost a week, when she had taken no notice of her pet.

“Jennie has not forgotten me,” she said to Lucy, as she hugged her baby to her breast. “The little creature put out her arms at once when she saw me, though I had grown so thin and pale. It takes a great change to make babies forget their mothers, does it not, Lucy?”

“Yes, indeed,” replied the Scotchwoman, “my little man knew me when I had been a month out of his sight; but you haven’t lost much, lassie. The roses are blooming afresh on your cheeks, and your eyes are as bonny as ever.”

Dobbin heard the tones which he had missed, and whinnied for Sally to come to the barn and speak a word of greeting to him, and he ate from her hand, and moved his head up and down as if he would never tire of saying, "How d'ye do? how d'ye do." As for the dear old market-cart, Sally could have put her arms right around it, for joy, if it had been possible to hug and caress it; and many a word was spoken to the great wheels that had gone their way so often while she lay sick in the house, and had brought her such fresh oranges, and bananas, and figs, and other goodies.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORE GARDEN TALKS.

GILL was pulling turnips, and the little girl ran away from every thing else to see the roots come out of the ground. How large and white they were,—tinged here and there with violet! Gill took hold by the long leaves and shook the roots from the earth. He cut into the white flesh and tasted it,—“How nice and pungent it is!” he said. “I like these better than the ruta-baga, or Swedish turnip. That is yellow in color, and has a stronger flavor; this is more delicate to the palate.” The turnips stood in rows in the ground, and made a very

pretty appearance where the yellow blossoms of those that were kept for seed shone amid the green.

“They belong to the same family as the cabbages,” said Gill. “But what is very singular is that this branch has its best qualities partly hidden, while the cabbages flaunt theirs in open air.”

Ben laughed. “You funny Gill!” said he.

“Don’t forget how good the white turnip is for chilblains,” said the Scotchman. “It cured Lucy’s hands last winter, and it cured my feet, and the remedy is so simple that I want every body to know it.”

“Let me see ; you slice it, do you not ?” asked Ben.

“Yes ; cut it in slices, and put salt upon them, and as the juice runs out, drain it into a bottle, and rub it upon the frozen parts.”

“I remember,” said Ben. “It was such a comfort last year.”

Gill held a large white globe in his hand. He seemed so proud of its beautiful shape. Then he showed the children a long root that he called a 'tankard.'

"There are a great many varieties of the white turnips," he said, "and also of the yellow. They tried to make a sort of meal of the Swedish turnips, for man and for cattle, by pressing out the juice and grinding the root; but it would not keep long enough to pay."

"I wonder if they could make good johnny-cake of it!" said Sally.

"Not quite like corn meal," said Gill.

"Sheep eat turnips, don't they?" asked Ben.

"Yes, we feed them to sheep, and hogs, and other animals, and we give them the tops sometimes; but they do not nourish them as the roots do."

Gill left the turnip-bed, and went to the cabbages. These stood in soldierly

array, looking top heavy, as the large bear-skin caps make some of our military companies appear.

“What fine ‘drum-heads’ these are,” said Gill.

They were as round and firm as could be, with the many leaves folded in, one upon another, from the delicate tiny central, to the coarser outside covers. Gill cut off some of the heads from the finest stumps, and put the roots carefully aside.

“Why do you save those?” asked Ben.

“For seed,” replied the Scotchman. “I shall set these out next spring, and they will sprout, and run up and bear yellow blossoms and little round black seeds. I keep the seed from spring to spring, and sow a corner bed, and transplant from that to my great square patch the most promising of the shoots.”

“You always have splendid cabbages!” said Ben.

“I try to have the best of every thing. To be sure it takes care and labor; but then it does honor to Him who condescends to work with us.”

“You mean honor to God,” said little Sally.

“Yes,” said Gill. “His part is always performed to perfection, and it seems a great dishonor done to Him when the garden fails of its beauty, because of our carelessness or neglect.”

Ben was silent for a few minutes and very thoughtful. He remembered a period of drought in the summer time, when the little patch that was especially his own had suffered, merely because he was too lazy to carry water from the well, until the heavens should drop down moisture.

Presently he said, “Gill, you worked very hard in that dry time. Is that the reason why your vegetables have not dwindled away as mine did?”

“To be sure,” said Gill. “It was but for a little while that I had to put forth my own hand ; surely I could do that much for him who is never weary of helping us.”

Ben was getting a good lesson concerning the gracious Providence that helps those who work with it. “I will never again think that I have nothing to do but to receive,” said the lad. “I will work with my might whatever my hands find to do.”

“That is a good resolution, my boy!” said Gill.

Sally was examining the adjoining bed of cauliflowers. Gill pointed out to the children the different varieties. “These all belong to the same family,” said he ; “the common cabbage which is so generally in use on our tables, the more delicate cauliflower, the broccoli with its loose heads, the khol-rabi or turnip-stemmed cabbage,

and the kale, with no head, but with purple, branching leaves."

"Every body likes cabbage, it seems to me," said Ben.

"Yes, in some form or other," returned the Scotchman; "either boiled, or sliced raw, and eaten with vinegar, or made into sour-cROUT, as the Germans prefer it."

"How is that?" asked Ben.

"They slice it and put a layer in the bottom of a barrel, and salt it well and pound it with a pestle, or tread it down with heavy boots, till the barrel is half filled with froth. Layer after layer of cabbage and salt are added, and bruised until the barrel is pretty nearly full, when some cold water is poured in, and the top of the barrel pressed down with heavy stones. The contents ferment for a week or two, during which time the brine is drawn off and new brine poured in; and, when it is perfectly clear, the mass is fit for use. It

should be kept under the brine all the time."

"It sounds like vile stuff," said Ben.

Gill thought so too. "I never eat it," he said; "but many people think it very nice. You know I told you that snakes were considered good food by the heathen Africans; and rats and dogs and caterpillars, are great luxuries with some nations."

"Ugh!" ejaculated both the children.

"I must get some beets now," said Gill, going to the other end of the garden, and unearthing the red and white roots.

"These white ones are as sweet as sugar," said Ben. "We had some for dinner yesterday. You get sugar from these, do you not, Gill?"

"Yes, sugar is sometimes made from beets. The French have large manufactories for that purpose. They crush out the juice, and give the dry substance to the cattle."

“Can we not make some beet-sugar, just to try?” asked Ben.

“Easy enough,” said Gill. “All we have to do is to take some of these white roots, wash them clean, and grate them to a powder, and press the juice from them and boil it down to a thick syrup, which will form sugar when cool. I will get Lucy to make the experiment for you.”

“Oh, thank you!—that will be very nice!” said the children.

“The French have so cultivated the sugar-beet, that it grows to a great size,” said Gill. “The red beet is used oftener for the table. We eat both the young roots and the tops for greens. Many people prefer them to spinach, Mrs. Beth says.”

“Don’t you like the bright-red beet sliced in vinegar? I do,” said little Sally.

“But vinegar is not good for children; the simplest food is the most proper for them,” said Gill.

“You think just as mamma does,” said Sally. “She never allows us to use pepper or vinegar or spice. She says when people are used to such things in their childhood, they are very apt to be intemperate in their eating and drinking when they grow up.”

“Mamma has reason and good sense in all things,” said the Scotchman. “You may well thank God for such a guardian. It is not every mother who knows how to govern her children in the matter of food for the body, as well as food for the soul.”

Gill went and took a survey of his onions. The green, hollow stems of such as were allowed to run to seed, bore up round, brownish globes. The cylindrical leaves of the others had bowed themselves down to the earth, and the bulbs were ripe for the market. Gill pulled one, and showed the children how beautiful it was with its many delicate folds.

“If only it had not such a dreadful odor!” said Sally.

The little girl was always very choice in her words. She had been so much with her mother, and Gill was not like a common laborer; for he dignified toil by improving his mind while he cultivated the soil.

“The white onion is milder than the red,” he said. “It is nice when boiled in milk. We call it ‘silver-skin.’ There is a species of onion which is a native of Syria, and which was brought to other parts of the world. It is called ‘*echalotte*,’ and has awl-shaped, hollow leaves, and purplish-yellow flowers, and very agreeable roots. And there is the leek, with its tall, purple stem, and large seed-balls, and mild bulbs, which some people prefer to our onions. And there is garlic, with its grass-like leaves, and white flowers, and the stem with a head composed of little

bulbs, and the root divided into several parts called 'cloves,' wrapped up in one common membrane. They are turned out of their blanket and strung together, and hung about the market-stalls."

"Oh, yes, I've seen them," said Ben ; "but they taste like our onion, do they not?"

"They are stronger," said the Scotchman. "In the old countries, especially in Spain, garlic is used in almost every dish. It is very easy to cultivate, as it is a very hardy plant. The doctors give preparations of this plant for various diseases, and the juice makes a strong cement for broken glass or china. Even its bad odor is useful ; for it drives away snails and worms and moles, and other voracious creatures, if placed near their haunts."

"I suppose onions are very nice," said little Sally ; "but it makes my eyes ache to stand so near this bed. I am going to

play with Jack for a while now. You and Ben can pull the vegetables, if you like."

"We shall have a resting-spell, after a while," said Gill. "The potatoes are all in the bin, and I have only the pumpkins to get in; and then no more jogging to the city, day after day, for a long time to come."

"What will you do all winter?" asked Ben.

"I shall find work as the hours come, if it please God to spare my life," said Gill. "I've never yet seen the time when there was nothing to occupy me. Even the ground, that seems to lie idle during the frost and cold, is secretly making ready for the spring, and I shall be as busy as it, with bulbs and plants and seeds, and plans for their future growth. I have to look to it that they do not sprout too soon in the cellar, and that they are in a proper state of dryness or moisture; and I must

enrich the land, and arrange so that the crops shall not exhaust it. Never fear. I shall have enough to do without going every day to market in the old cart."

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. BETH'S REQUEST.

THE Reed family were at breakfast. Lucy had peeled some potatoes, and baked them brown in the oven, and they were very delicious, the children thought,—so much better than with the skins on.

“Gill dug the potatoes while I was sick,” said Sally. “I am sorry, for we lost our lesson.”

“Maybe papa will tell us about them,” said Ben:

“I think you must know nearly as much as I do about this common vegetable,” said Mr. Reed. “Did you not help to plant it?”

Sally recollected that she and her mother were with Gill when he put the tubers into the hills, and that he told her how each little "eye" in the potato was a germ of life, and would sprout, and send up a new plant to spread out its green leaves, and display its purple and white blossoms and its little clusters of green seed balls, as big as some of Ben's marbles. She and Ben went down cellar when they had finished their meal, to see the different varieties. The "early rose" and the "mercier" and the "pink-eyes" and the "blue-noses" and the "ladies' fingers."

"These big fellows Gill cuts in pieces to plant," said Ben. "And he takes care to have two eyes or buds in each piece, for fear one might fail. He planted some seeds from the 'apples' as he calls the potato-balls, and there were tubers as large as a hen's egg this first year. He says they will bear nice potatoes, fit for food,

the third year. He has put them away as very choice seed."

Mr. Reed told the children about the wild potato, which belongs to South America. He said, "It is a great blessing that it was transplanted to various parts of the world, and that it bears so well its exile from its native land, and gives nourishment to so many people."

He told the children also that the potato plant is of the same family as the woody nightshade, which has purple flowers and red berries, and the garden nightshade, which has white flowers and black berries, and the deadly nightshade or belladonna, with its reddish flowers and purple berries.

"It is only the tubers that are wholesome," said Mr. Reed. "The leaves and blossoms are narcotic, and produce a similar effect to the poisonous belladonna and henbane and stramonium."

“Fortunately, there is very little danger of any body’s eating potato leaves, or flowers ; for both taste and smell are disagreeable,” said Ben.

Mamma called the children. “It is too damp down there for Sally,” she said.

Papa had but a moment for them, but it was long enough to give them a few more facts about potato starch, and potato yeast and bread and cheese.

“Cheese! potato cheese!” exclaimed the children.

“Yes,” said papa. “The potatoes must be mashed to a paste, and curd and salt added, and some other ingredients, and the whole pressed together in a mold.”

Gill was off to market. The old cart was heaped-up,—baskets of turnips and carrots, parsnips, beets, and potatoes on the bottom ; and above these the great “drum-heads” and the yellow pumpkins

Dobbin felt brisk and cheery as he trotted along in the fresh autumnal air, and the Scotchman was as blithe as a lad of seventeen, who looks only upon the bright side of life. Gill was thinking of the old country far away, where he used to play among the heather, and of the day when he first met bonny Lucy in the dingle. He cast no regretful looks across the waters to the old home and the former times; but he thanked heaven that he and Lucy and Jack were under this free blue American sky, and that they had health of body and vigor of mind, and that they were all traveling toward the beautiful city that lies beyond the great sea. He touched the ripe vegetables with a gentle, almost a caressing hand. "Well done!" said he. "Well done! The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you have made good use of sun and air and rain, and here you are in the perfec-

tion of your beauty. I am proud to call you mine."

His words seemed to impress him strangely. He thought of himself in connection with this produce that he was bearing away to market.

"Am I ripening for the great harvest?" said he. "Will the Master look upon me with approving eye, and say, 'Well done! well done!'"

Gill's heart was full of sweet trust. He was trying to do the very best that he could, and he knew that the blessed Saviour would do all the rest for him, and that God would count it as his own righteousness. This was what made him so blithe as he jogged along toward the market-place.

"Tib" did an unusual thing as she heard the familiar "whoa" outside the door. She shook the folds of her black silk gown, and tripped along in her white

satin slippers to meet him, as if she knew that he would not come very soon again, and as if she wanted to do him all the honor she could by ushering him in. For you must know that it is always a beautiful courtesy when we open the door for a guest, rather than leave it to a servant to do ; and I suppose you have learned long ago that it is true politeness to accompany a friend to the portals of your house, when he must leave you, and bid him adieu, as he goes out from under your roof. "Adieu," — that is a precious prayer in a word,— think of it always when it escapes your lips, and be sure that it comes from your earnest heart. "I commend you to God, who is able and willing to take care of you." That is what it means.

Mrs. Beth made Gill drink from her tin coffee-kettle, and gave him a buttered roll to eat. She and Tib vied with each other in hospitality. He thought he had

never seen her with such light in her eyes as on this morning ; but then you must remember that his own soul was particularly bright and sunny, and we often see the reflection of ourselves in other faces. That is a good thing to know, for it will lead us to take especial care as to what is within us ; for we must surely desire the very best and happiest reflection. Nobody likes an ugly image of himself. I want to sit again, and again, when the photographer shows me a disagreeable picture, and I always turn away from my mirror when it does not give my very best expression. I wonder if one can not have the very best expression all the time, if the heart is full of sweet and pure and holy thoughts. It is worth trying.

Gill did not stop long in the market. It was never his way to loiter after his errand was finished. He put the baskets of vegetables upon the bench around the

stall, and the crisp green cabbages and purple kale and nice cauliflowers upon the table, and turned to go away ; but Mrs. Beth had another word to say. She took off her spectacles, and wiped them, and put them on her nose again. Then she lifted Tib upon her knee and stroked gently the creature's head.

“If any thing should happen to me,” said she, “I should like for Tib to have a good home where they will treat her as one of the family. She's been a faithful companion to me, and I should feel easy about her if you will promise to take her to the farm, and care for her, if she ever needs other care than mine ; will you ?”

To be sure the Scotchman said, “Yes,” for he knew that Sally would go almost wild with joy over such a cat as Tib ; but he wondered all the way home what was the matter with the old market-woman that she should be so eager to provide a

home for her pet. Not all the way home, for when he had reached the first few rods of the last mile there was a poor man by the wayside half dead from fatigue, and Gill helped him into the cart, and talked to him the rest of the way, so that Mrs. Beth faded quite out of his mind. The man was old and very feeble, and had no friends. He had been a soldier, and had outlived all who loved him,—all but One. We can neither outlive Him, nor his boundless love. It was that almighty and everlasting Friend, who sent Gill to lift him into the cart at the very moment when his own strength had failed him. The children ran to meet Gill as he drove into the yard. They saw the old gray head, and had pity. They walked beside the soldier as Gill led him to a seat in the kitchen, and talked pleasantly to him as Lucy refreshed him with a cup of tea, and a biscuit, and the

old man blessed them, and called them "God's angels." How beautiful a name!

Mamma came out with her arms full of clothing, and said that she would give him shelter and food, until he could be taken to the "Home." That was an institution not far away for aged and poor men. But you should have heard little Sally, as she talked to the old market-cart, rehearsing its good deeds and giving it a well merited praise.

"You dear old body!" said she, as she brushed away the dust preparatory to moving in from the corn-crib, with her little family. "I don't know what you haven't done in your life, and what you haven't been! Ever since I was born you've been going, going, with a great burden on your back,—not your own burden either, but every body's else,—carrying food for hungry mouths, and bringing home good things

for us ; and you've been such a splendid house for Jennie and me, and such a grand church for us all,—don't you remember? under the apple tree by the fence, when we sang that hymn of praise. And to-day, you've been,—what do you call it? an—am—ambulance, to bring the sick soldier in, and now you are my home once more, and my baby. and I are going to live here always, always, for I love you better than any thing in the world, next to mother and father and Ben, and Gill and Lucy and Jack." Lucy brought out the old comforter, and spread it on one side of the cart floor, and put Jack upon it with his playthings, and left him with Sally ; and Gill and Ben got some of the white beets, and were pressing them and boiling them over the kitchen fire to see what sort of sugar they would make. They told Sally ; but she preferred

her housekeeping, and was too tired with moving, she said. "She could taste the sugar when it was ready."

Lucy was stuffing a turkey for dinner. She had mixed the bread-crumbs and water, and put in a little salt, and an egg, and some sweet marjorum, and pepper, and summer-savory, and had plumped out the creature with it, and sewed up the openings with strong linen thread, and put a link of sausages around the neck, and laid it in the dripping-pan to roast. The poor old man sat looking on, and thinking of the time when he had a home of his own, and a wife to get good cheer for the table, and sons and daughters round about the board when the viands were smoking.

"All gone now," he muttered to himself, "all gone,—wife, and children, and home."

But Lucy caught him up there in his speech.

“The home is waiting,” she said, “with the wife and children in it,—waiting for us all. What if the wife and children have gone a little while before us? To be sure the heart may be sick with its yearning after them; but it is a sickness that is good for us, since it weans us from the things of this world.”

“You speak like my Mary,” said the old man. “She had always a holy sermon on her lips.”

“And you seem like my dear old father, who used to dandle me upon his knee when I was merry, and sing sweet, sacred songs to me when the evening came on, and I was content to be quiet for an hour,” said Lucy. “He has gone, and my oldest sister and my little brother, and the home is all the brighter and more attractive for

it. Gill and baby and I shall try to follow."

So they talked together, while Gill and Ben were absorbed in their sugar-making, and Sally and Jack and Jennie kept house in the old cart.

When Mr. Reed came from the city at night, he had a great, square sheet, folded, and sealed with a wafer, and addressed simply:—

"GILL THE SCOTCHMAN.

AT MR. REED'S."

It had been sent to the office, just before the cars left, and all the letter said was,—

"Come for Tib.

MRS. BETH."

Of course, Gill was off betimes next morning, taking the old soldier to the Institution on his way. He went directly to the pleasant room, under the French

roof, where the one window looked out upon the sweep of houses and spires, and up to the deep, fathomless sky. The plants were fresh and green upon the stand, and a new rose had just blossomed, filling the room with its fragrance ; but the old market-woman sat by the window with her head upon her hand. She had lost the bloom of the previous day, and looked withered and weary.

“I’m tired of the market-place,” she said. “I think I shall be permitted to go to my husband and my baby before long ; but I could not go easily until you had taken the cat. Thank you for coming so soon.”

Gill tried to persuade her that she was only slightly ailing, and that she would be out again by to-morrow ; but she held Tib in one long, close embrace, and then put her in the cradle and turned her back,

while Gill took the cat down stairs and drove away.

She had nothing more to live for now. Not that she had lived for this little animal alone,—Mrs. Beth was gentle and kind to every thing and every body ; but her days were fulfilled, and God took her up to be with himself and her beloved ones, and somebody else sat in the stall by the old broken lantern. Tib mourned for a little while, and seemed lost in the new place, but soon grew content ; for she had the same old cradle, and Gill and the market-cart, which she had long been accustomed to. She liked her new mistress, and Ben and Jack, very much indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Reed and Lucy petted her, and Dobbin and Flash and Brindle allowed her to get almost under their heels and purr about them.

I think it was only the third day after she came to the farm, that Gill called papa

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