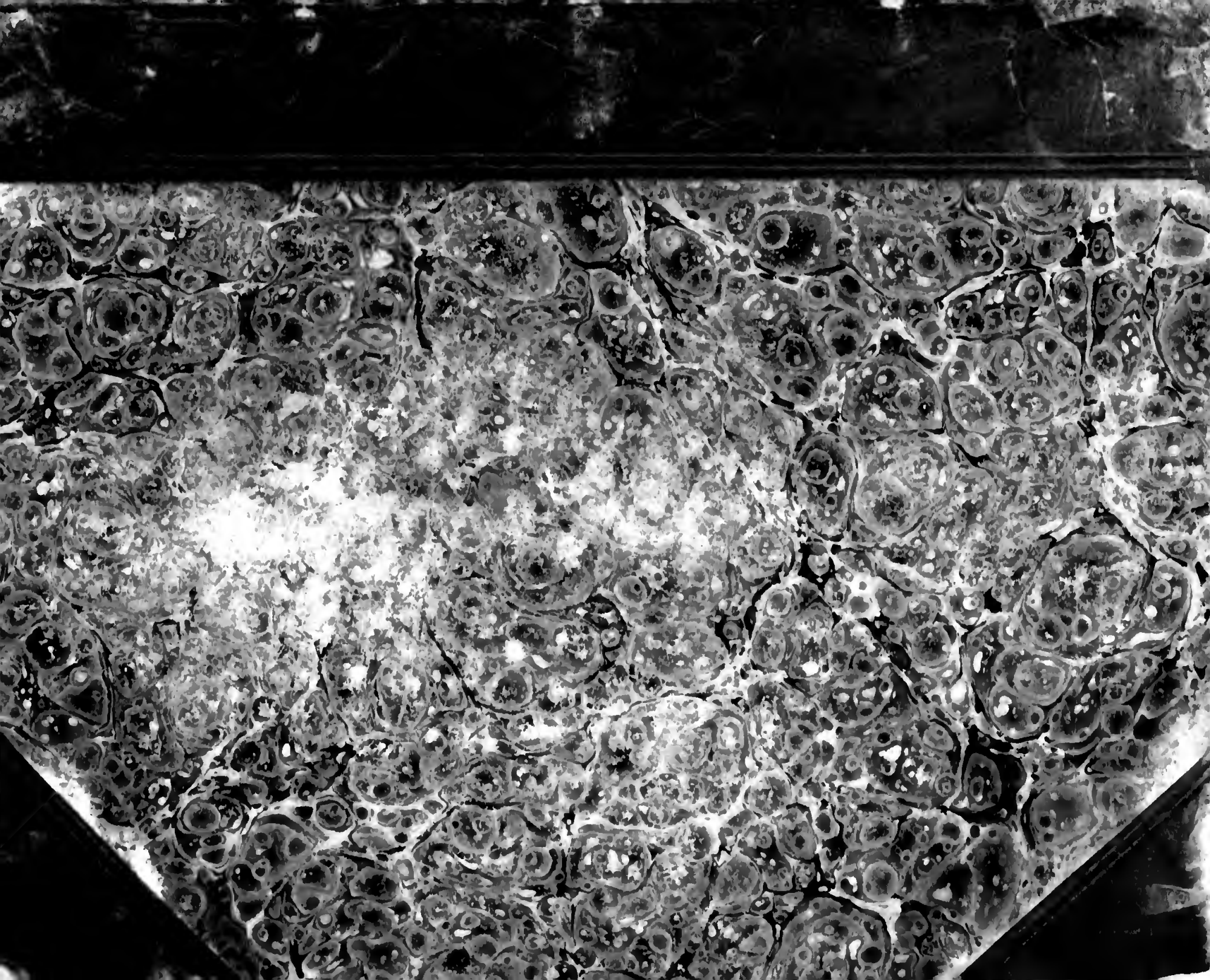

G. E. M. Buttemer

with much love

from Papa

Jany 30th 1862.

FRONTISPIECE.

SEEDS

OF

KNOWLEDGE.

BY MISS JULIA CORNER;

AUTHOR OF

"SEQUEL TO MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS,"—"EDWARD CASTLETON,"—

"IMPROVIDENCE,"—"VILLAGE STORIES,"—

"GIRLS IN THEIR TEENS."

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SEEDS OF KNOWLEDGE,

CHAP. I.

BOWS AND ARROWS.

"CHARLES, I am very much afraid you will do some mischief with that bow and arrow," said Mrs. Barker, speaking from the parlour window, where she sat at work, watching her little boy who was at play in the garden.

"No, mamma; I am shooting very carefully," said Charles; but as he spoke,

away went an arrow right through a large pane of glass, part of which falling on a beautiful geranium which had been placed on a flower-stand, near the window, all its pretty blossoms were broken off, and the flower completely spoiled.

Charles was very sorry for what he had done, and looked first at the broken window, then at the poor geranium, with tears in his eyes, wishing, no doubt, that he could amend them both; but that was not in his power; therefore, all he could now do was to assure his mamma it was quite an accident, and promise to be more careful for the future.

"I do not suppose you did it on purpose, Charles," said his mamma; "and I

Charles in surprise at having broken the window and the geranium.

dare say you will be as careful as you can; but as you could not help it, you know, the same accident is as likely to happen at any other time, as it was to-day; and I hope you now see that I was right, when I said that a bow and arrow was a dangerous plaything for you. Do you remember my telling you so?"

"Yes, mamma, I remember you told me so, yesterday."

"And what else did I tell you, my dear?"

"You said you would let me play with it till I found out, myself, that it was not fit for me."

"And have you found that out, yet?" said his mamma. Charles did not answer

his mamma directly, for he saw, by the mischief he had done, that a bow and arrow was not a proper plaything for him; yet he did not like to part with it, for he was very fond of shooting; but when he looked at the broken window again, and the poor flower which was so pretty before he spoiled it, he picked up all his arrows that were scattered about the garden, and carried them into the parlour to his mamma. "Here, mamma," said he, "here are my bow and arrows; you may lock them up till I am bigger and better able to manage them; and I will play with my kite, for fear I should break any more windows."

His mamma took the bow and arrows

and locked them up carefully in a drawer, and told him she was quite pleased to find that he was wise enough to give up readily such things as he found were not proper for him to have; and Charles felt happy because his mamma praised him; for nothing can give more pleasure to a good boy than to know that his parents are satisfied with his conduct. And Charles was generally a very good boy, except now and then, when he forgot himself, which did not happen very often; and when it did, he was always sorry for it afterwards: however, he was only five years old, so we must not be surprised at his doing foolish things sometimes, for we do not expect such very young folks to be

quite as wise as those persons who are older.

It is a great pity when little people think they know as well as their parents or elder brothers and sisters, for it is sure to make them do many wrong things; but Charles did not often fall into this mistake, for his papa had frequently told him that no one can live a single day without learning something they did not know before; therefore those who have lived the longest ought to know the most; which is the reason that children, however clever they may be, cannot possibly be so wise as people who have been in the world a great many years, and have had time to learn much more than little boys and girls, who

do not even know the meaning of many things they see and hear.

Charles had a very kind papa who was extremely fond of his little boy, and took great pains to teach him what was right, and Charles loved his papa dearly, always taking care not to do any thing that would displease him, except when he forgot himself, which happened now and then, as I said before.

When Charles's papa came home, he looked very angry because he saw that the window was broken, and he asked who did it; but when he found how it was done, and that Charles had so willingly given up his bow and arrows, he was not

angry, but told Charles he was glad to find he was such a sensible little boy.

"I wonder why bows and arrows are made?" said Charles, "as they are not fit for boys to play with."

"They are not proper play-things for such very little fellows as you," said his papa; "but when you are older, I shall have no objection to your shooting at a mark."

"What is shooting at a mark, papa?"

"It is aiming at any given point: for instance, if I were to make a mark with chalk on the wall in the garden, you and I might both shoot at it, to try which could first hit it. The one whose arrow goes

nearest to the mark is the best marksman; this game is called archery."

"Oh, what a nice game," said Charles, "I wish I was old enough to play at it. Then that is what bows and arrows are for, papa?"

"That is their chief use in this country, now, my dear; but, formerly, they were used in war: the soldiers fought with bows and arrows, as they do now with guns. These soldiers were called archers; and the archers of England were the best archers in the world.

"Are there any people who fight with bows and arrows, now, papa?"

"Yes, Charles, all savages use them; but

I suppose you do not know what savages are?"

"No, papa; will you tell me?"

"I will try to make you understand what they are, my dear, but I am afraid it will not be very easy; however, we will see. You have seen the wild beasts at the Zoological Gardens, and I remember you noticed the monkeys very particularly, and said they were like little men."

"And so they were, papa; one of them held out his hand for a nut, and when he had cracked it, he threw the shells at us, and ran away laughing, just like a very rude boy."

"They certainly are not very polite," said Mr. Barker, laughing; "but I was

American Indians with their bow and arrows.

going to tell you, Charles, there is a kind of these animals called Ouran Otang, that are more like men than monkeys generally are; and they walk upright, and carry clubs about with them, sometimes, to defend themselves, in case they should be attacked. They even build huts for themselves in the forests where they live; and if they are brought to a country like this, they can be taught to sit at table, eat with a knife and fork, drink wine, and behave themselves very well; for they are very good-natured and gentle, when they are well treated.

"Oh! how strange," said Charles; "what funny creatures; I should like to see one."

"Well, perhaps you may have an opportunity, some of these days," said his papa; "but I have now come to what I was going to tell you about savages. There are many countries in the world where the people are very little better than these animals, except that they always speak some language, and have a more regular way of living; but they are quite as ignorant, and most of them fierce and cruel. They learn to hunt, because they eat the flesh of the animals they kill, and dress themselves in their skins; and they learn to fight, because if they could not fight, other men would kill them. Now, Charles, do you think you understand what savages are?"

Natives of the frozen regions in skin dresses.

"Yes, papa, thank you; but are they all alike?"

"No, my boy; different tribes, I mean, the savages of different countries, have different customs and manners; you would hardly think, Charles, that this very country, England, where we now live, was once full of such people as these."

"Oh! papa; you do not mean that all the people here were savages?"

"Yes, my dear, I do. Strange as it may appear, it was so, once, I assure you. I will tell you more about it, some other evening; and when you are a little older, Charles, I will buy you a History of England, and you shall read about it, yourself. But we were talking about bows and

arrows:—As these poor savages who live in such a wild way, have no means of learning how to make guns or swords, they use such weapons as they can easily make, such as bows and arrows, clubs, and hatchets; or any thing they can form out of the rough wood they cut down from the trees."

"What sort of houses do they live in, papa?" said Charles.

"They live in huts, which they build for themselves; and this very London, where there are now such fine houses and streets, and parks, and gardens, was once nothing more than a few of these miserable little huts, not half so good as the wooden house

where the poor man lives who mends your shoes."

"I am very glad I was not born then," said Charles; "for I should not have liked to live in such a shabby place as that. Do not you think they wished they had better houses, papa?"

"No, my dear, I do not suppose they did; for they had never seen any other manner of living than their own, therefore they could not know there was any thing better, until people from other countries came among them, and taught them how to build, and showed them how to do a great many things they never knew before. But it is bed-time, now, my little boy; some other night I will tell you how these

other people happened to come among the savages; but I must not keep you up any later, now."

Charles was sorry it was bed-time, for he was very fond of hearing about things that happened a long while ago. However, he knew his papa and mamma liked him to go to bed at eight o'clock, because it was good for his health; so he kissed them both, and bade them good night.

CHAP. II.

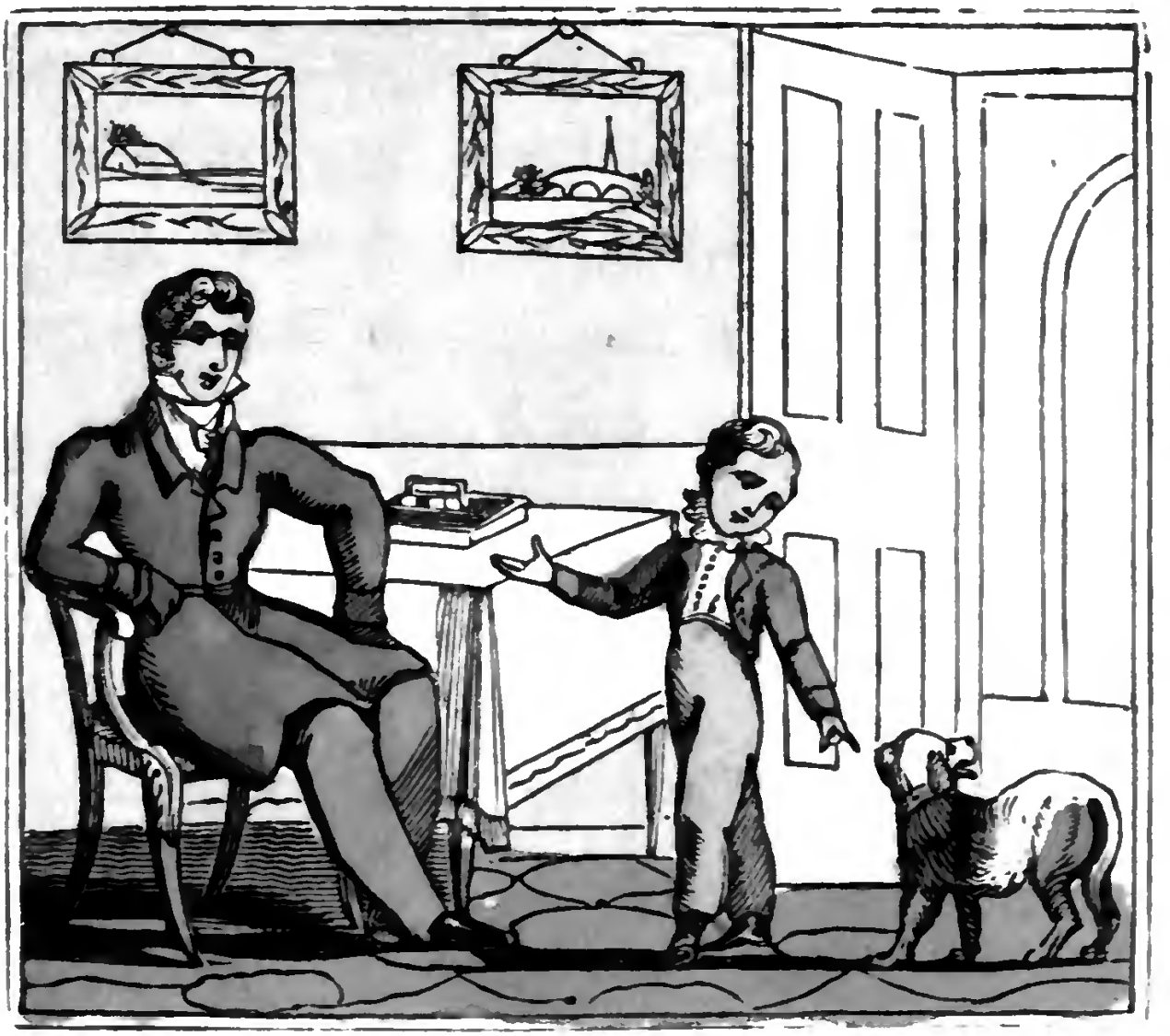
THE HALF-CROWN.

One day, a gentleman came to dine with Mr. Barker; and this gentleman talked a great deal to Charles, about different things, and seemed pleased with the attention Charles paid to every thing he said; and when he went away, was kind enough to give him half-a-crown, to spend as he liked; thinking, perhaps, that as he seemed a sensible little boy, he would, most likely, make a good use of it.

Charles was very much pleased, for he

had never had so much money before; and indeed, half a crown is a large sum for a little boy only five years old, and ought never to be spent without the knowledge and advice of his parents.

When the gentleman was gone, Charles began to consider what he should do with his half crown. First, he thought of buying a large wooden horse; but then he had two horses, already, and he did not want another; so he gave up that idea. A box of dominoes, he fancied, would be very amusing, only he had nobody to play at dominoes with him; so that would not do. He had seen a small theatre, with moving scenes and figures, at the Bazaar, one day, when he went there with his mamma; and



Charles and the gentleman talking together.

he had wished for it very much, but the price of it was a guinea; so that he could not buy it with half-a-crown. Then he thought there might, perhaps, be a smaller theatre, that would not be so dear as the one he saw. "What are you thinking about, Charles," said his papa.

"I am thinking, papa, what I shall buy with my half-crown."

"Do not be in too great a hurry to spend it," answered his papa; "because, if you are, it is ten chances to one that you will soon wish you had it safe in your pocket, again. You can spend it at any time, but when once it is gone, you can never get it back again; therefore, I would

advise you to consider well before you part with it."

"But I must buy something, papa; so I want to know what will be best."

"And why MUST you buy something, Charles?"

"Oh! why, because the gentleman gave it me to spend. Money is on purpose to spend."

"Oh! no; that is quite a mistake, my dear: the use of money is, to be able to get, at any time, such things as we are in want of; and it is much better to wait till we are in want of something, before we part with our money, than to spend it merely because we have it. Can you tell why money was invented, Charles?"

" To buy things with, papa; you know we could not get any thing without it. We should have nothing to eat or drink, nor any clothes to wear, if we had no money to buy them."

" And if there was no money, Charles, what do you suppose people would do?"

Charles thought a little while, then replied, " I suppose they would all be beggars."

" His papa asked him what would be the use of begging, if every body was poor alike, and nobody had anything to give.

This rather puzzled Charles, who at last owned that he could not imagine what people would do if there was no money.

" Then I will tell you what they could

do," said his papa. "Every man might have a piece of land, where he could grow corn to make bread, and grass to feed cattle and sheep, and he might keep pigs and poultry; he could also grow fruit and vegetables, so that he would have plenty of food, while the sheep-skins might serve him for clothing. It would not be a very handsome coat, I confess, but it would keep him warm; and he might live till he was very old, even if he had no smarter dress than this. So you see it is possible to obtain food and covering without money."

"Yes, so it is," said Charles; "but there are a great many other things that people want: they could not make their

own plates, and knives and forks; nor the chairs and tables."

"No, perhaps not, my dear; but in a rich country like this, people have a great many more things than they absolutely require: I mean we could do without many things that we are tempted to buy, merely because we have the money to do so: however, we could not very well do without chairs and tables; so if there was no money amongst us, and we could not make chairs and tables ourselves, we must find out somebody who could make them, and make an exchange with him: that is, we must give him something that he is in want of, and take some of his chairs and tables in return. But as this would be a

very troublesome way of dealing, money was invented, to save the trouble of exchanging one thing for another.

"There was once a city, called Sparta, where the rulers of the people made a law that money should not be used among them; and they did very well without it, by exchanging with each other, and never having more things than they really wanted."

"Were they savages, papa?"

"No, on the contrary, they were very brave, clever, and polite people. You will read about them in the History of Greece, some day; you will find it very amusing."

"But, papa," said Charles, "I never have more things than I really want."

"You never have more than you wish for, nor half as many, I dare say," said his papa, laughing; "but when we say we REALLY want any thing, it means that it is quite necessary that we should have it: for instance, we really want bread and meat, because we could not live without them; if you had no food for a week, you would die, therefore food is a real want. Clothes to keep us warm; and a house to shelter us from the wind and rain: these are real wants. But suppose we had no carpet on the floor, no curtains to the windows; and instead of these nice chairs and this soft sofa, we had nothing but a few wooden stools, we should live just as long, and be quite as well, although it might not be quite so comfortable."

"Then carpets and curtains, and sofas, are not real wants, papa?"

"No, my boy; they are luxuries. A luxury is something that we do not require, although we like to have it, because it adds to our pleasure and comfort."

"Then my nice soft pillow is a luxury," said Charles; "I could sleep without one, but I like to put my head upon it, it feels so comfortable."

"Then suppose you go and put your head upon it, now, Charles," said his mamma; "for I heard it strike eight, five minutes since."

Before Charles went to bed, he felt two or three times in his pocket to assure himself that his half-crown was safe, and he

thought about all the toys he had seen at the Bazaar, till he went to sleep.

The next day, he was playing by himself in the passage, and no one was in the parlour, for his mamma was busy up stairs, and his papa was gone out to his office. While he was at play, there was a single knock at the door; and as he knew that both the maids were up stairs, he ran directly to open it. This was not right; for he had been told not to open the street-door, at any time, because his cousin James, a little boy about his own age, once opened the door to a man who had flowers to sell, and while James went into the parlour to ask his mamma if she would buy any, the man ran away with a new umbrella, which

had been carelessly left in the passage by the servant.

Charles quite forgot this circumstance when he opened the door, for if he had remembered it, he would have called Ann or Mary, and told them there was a knock at the door; however, he opened it himself, and a great pity it was that he did so, as you shall hear.

It was a poor Italian boy with a board full of wax images, which looked so very pretty, that Charles thought he should like some of them. The Italian boy saw that Charles was pleased with the images, so he put his board down upon the step, and taking from it a fine Turk with a scarlet and gold turban, he held it before Charles,

Charles purchasing the wax images of the Italian boy.

saying, "Only sixpence, my little master; will you buy one?"

"I will buy five," said Charles; pulling his half-crown out of his pocket, for he knew there were five sixpences in half-a-crown. The boy was quite happy at the prospect of selling so many of his images, and held up the board for Charles to choose which he liked. It was some time before he could make up his mind which he would have. But at length, having picked out the five he thought the prettiest, he gave the boy his half-crown, and shut the door.

Having put the images carefully in his pinafore, he was about to run up stairs to show them to his mamma, when his foot

caught in the mat at the bottom of the stairs, which threw him down, and broke all his images to pieces. Poor Charles! he got up again, and as he did so, all the broken bits of wax fell out of his pinafore upon the mat; then he saw that he had parted with his half-crown, and had nothing instead of it but a heap of useless rubbish, not worth a single penny. "Oh, how I wish I had not bought them!" thought Charles, and bursting into tears, he sobbed so loud that his mamma came down stairs in haste to see what was the matter.

The tears rolled still faster down his cheeks, as he told the cause of his grief, and repeated, over and over again, that he wished he had not bought the images.

But it was no use wishing: for that neither mended them, nor brought his money back again; and his mamma, although she was sorry for his misfortune, told him she should not regret the loss of the half-crown, if she found that it was likely to make him wiser for the future.

Charles thought it was rather unkind of his mamma to say this, for he was hardly old enough to know the value of wisdom, or to understand that even misfortunes are good things, sometimes.

"And now suppose you leave off crying, Charles," said his mamma, "for you see it does no good: if you were to cry for a whole week, the pieces of wax would not join together again, nor your money return into your pocket."

"I am not crying about that, now," said Charles."

"What are you crying about now, then?"

"I think you will tell papa, and I don't want him to know any thing about it."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Because he will think I was so foolish to buy those images: pray do not tell him, mamma."

"And if I did not tell him, Charles; what would you say when he asks you what you have done with your money?"

Charles was silent for a little while; and then said he did not know.

"You would not, I hope, wish to tell him any thing that is not true?"

"No, mamma; but if you were to give me another half-crown ——" and here Charles stopped; for he would not have told a falsehood for the world, and he began to think that what he was going to propose was almost as bad.

"Well, Charles," said his mamma, "why do you not finish what you were going to say?"

"Because I fear it would not be right," replied Charles; and the colour came into his cheeks as he spoke.

"If you meant to deceive your papa, my dear, it certainly would not have been right; and I am glad you found that out before you finished your sentence."

"What does DECEIVE mean, mamma?"

"It means to make somebody believe something that is not true; and you may deceive without exactly telling an untruth; which is, I suppose, what you thought of doing when you asked me to give you another half-crown: was it not?"

Charles did not speak, for he was ashamed to answer his mamma, who waited a little while to hear what he would say; but finding that he continued silent, she said, in a kind tone, "Now let us think about this, Charles. Suppose I had given you another half-crown, and you had shown it to your papa, without saying a word, he would have thought it was the same that the gentleman gave to you; and he would never have guessed that you had

spent it, and that the one he saw was a different one: do you think he would?"

"He would have thought it was the same," said Charles.

"Yes, my dear, he would have believed so; and if you had suffered him to believe it, it would have been quite as bad as if you had said, 'Papa, here is my half-crown; I have not spent it."

"But, mamma, I would not tell him so for the world; and I do not wish now that you should give me another half-crown: so I will tell papa all about it, and if he calls me a foolish boy, I will not mind it."

"He had much better call you a foolish boy than a wicked boy," said his mamma; "because, while you are so young, we do

not expect you to be very wise; but if you were a wicked boy, and told stories, I am afraid you would grow up a bad man, which would be a sad thing, indeed, and make papa and me so unhappy, that we should wish we had never had a little boy at all."

"If I grow up a good man," said Charles, "then you will not wish so?"

"No, my love; in that case we shall have no reason to wish so."

"Then I will be a very good man, for I should not like you to wish you had not had a little boy."

CHAP. III.

THINGS DONE IN A HURRY ARE NEVER DONE WELL.

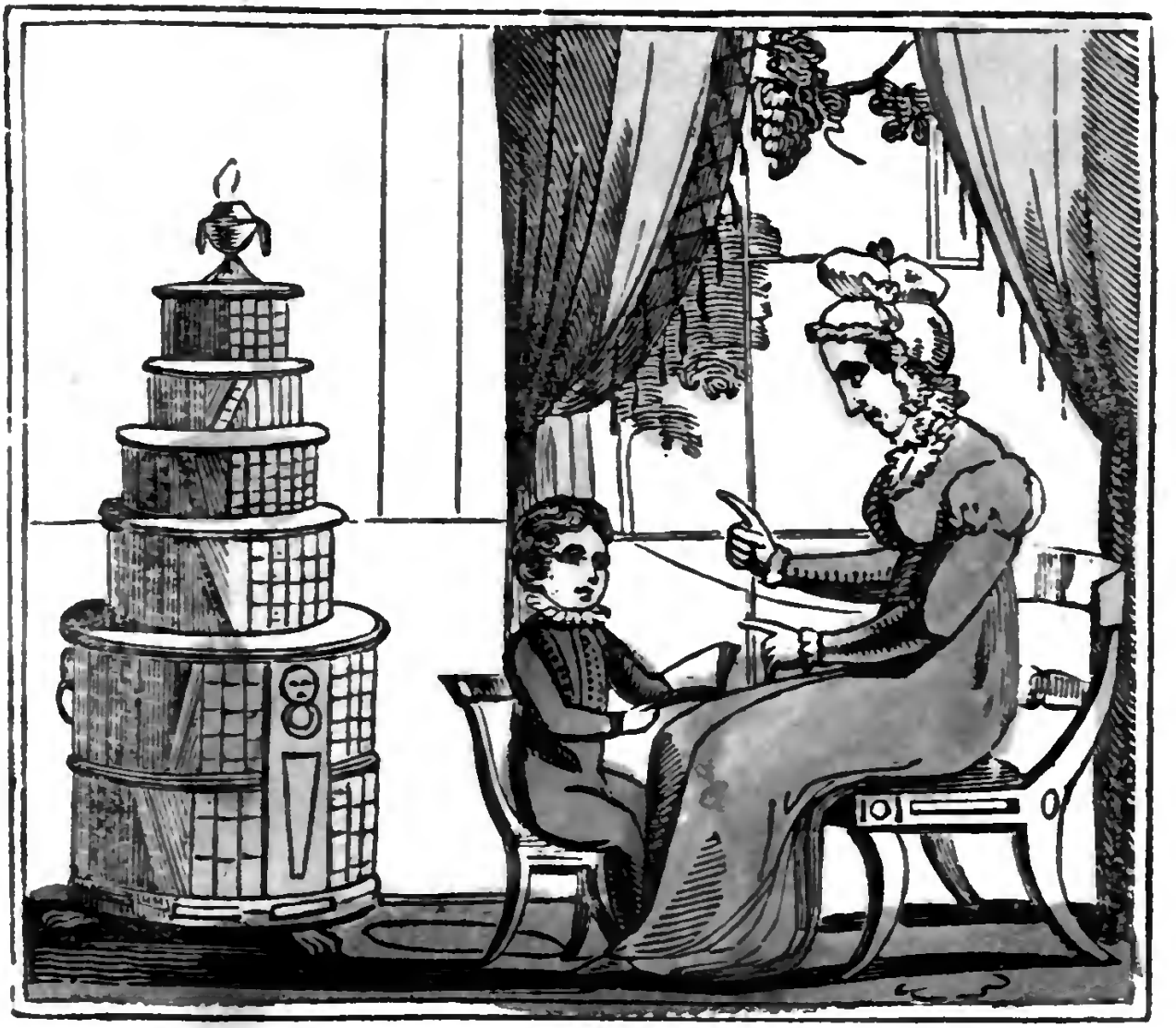
CHARLES did not go to school yet, but he was not idle, for his mamma was kind enough to teach him, and he was getting on very well. Every morning he wrote a copy, read four pages of some entertaining book, and did two sums, which was pretty well for his age, but not at all too much; and his papa, who was very anxious that he should be a clever man, thought it was time he should begin to learn Latin; so one night he brought home a Latin gram-

mar in his pocket, and gave Charles a lesson to learn by the next evening, promising to hear him say it, himself. Charles was pleased at the idea of saying lessons to his papa, for he could learn quickly, and always said his lessons very perfectly; and he was happy to have an opportunity of showing his papa that he was able to learn well, and to remember what he did learn, for it is of very little use for boys to learn, if they forget again, they might just as well do nothing.

"I shall be very glad to speak Latin," said Charles.

"You will never have occasion to speak it," said his papa; "it is a dead language."

"A dead language! what is that, papa?"



Charles reading to his mamma.

"A language that is not spoken, now, in any country. The people of some parts of Italy used to speak Latin, in very ancient times; but they all speak Italian, now; so Latin is called a dead language, because it is no longer spoken by any nation in the world."

"Then what is the use of learning it?" asked Charles.

"You will find it of great use, Charles, for it was once the chief language of Europe; and many languages that are spoken now, have a great many words that are taken from it; so that if you understand Latin well, you may easily learn any other language. I do not know whether you understand me?"

"Yes, I think I do; but why did the people leave off speaking Latin?"

"In all countries, my boy, as time goes on, great changes are sure to take place. The Romans, who formerly used the Latin language, were the bravest, the grandest, and most powerful people in the whole world. But although they conquered almost all the world, they were themselves conquered, at last, and other people became masters of their country; and, of course, spoke their own language, and lived according to their own fashion."

And what became of the Romans?" said Charles?"

"Many of them were killed in fighting to try to prevent their enemies taking pos-

session of their country; and those who were left alive, became the slaves of the conquerors."

"Poor fellows!" said Charles; "how sorry I should have been for them."

"They were certainly very much to be pitied, then," replied his papa; "but we ought to consider that they had treated many other nations just in the same manner as they were now treated themselves. It was these Romans who in sailing about the seas, found out this very island where we now live; it was not called England, then, it was called Britain, and was inhabited by savages, as I think I told you, once before."

"Then I suppose they taught the savages Latin?" said Charles.

"Why, no, Charles," said Mr. Barker, laughing; "they did not behave quite so kindly as that; for they found that Britain was a very good place, so they determined to get it for themselves; and the Roman soldiers fought the poor savages, who were at last obliged to give up every thing they had to them, and to be their slaves. So you see they were as cruel to those they conquered as their conquerors afterwards were to them."

"Ah! then they deserved to be badly treated and made slaves of," said Charles; "I am not sorry for them, now."

"You see, Charles, we ought never to judge too hastily. Whenever we hear people complain of being ill-used, we should

take the trouble to enquire the reason of it, and we should often find that they merited the treatment they complain of. But let me see; what was it that made us talk about the Romans? Oh! I recollect; you asked me the use of learning Latin. One great use of it is to be able to read the books that some of the Romans wrote, for they had many clever and learned men among them; and it is from their writings we know all that happened at that time."

Charles thought he should like to read these clever books, so he determined to learn Latin as fast as ever he could.

The next morning, Mrs. Barker told Charles that if he wrote his copy well, he should go with her to the Bazaar. Charles

began to write, but he thought so much about going to the Bazaar, that he could not think of his copy at all; and the consequence was, that he wrote it very badly.

"You are writing too fast, Charles," said his mamma; "you have done three lines, already. If you hurry so, you cannot possibly write well."

"I am afraid you will go without me, mamma."

"I shall not go without you, my dear, if your copy is well written; but if it is badly done, I certainly shall not take you."

Charles went on a little better for a minute or two; but his mamma went out of the room, so he wrote in such haste that he made two blots, and all his letters were

Mamma reproving Charles for his careless bad writing.

so ill-shaped that it was by far the worst copy in the book. Just as it was finished, his mamma came back; but as soon as she looked at the copy, she saw that Charles had written it very fast, and she asked him why he had done so.

"Because I thought you were gone to get ready, mamma."

"If I had meant to go directly, my dear, I should not have desired you to write your copy first, because you know very well I would rather not have it done at all, than done badly. And do you not remember that I also said, if the copy was not well done, I should not take you with me?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Charles, in a sorrowful tone; "but will you not take me?"

" Certainly not, my dear."

" But I will write better to-morrow."

" I hope you will, but that has nothing to do with going to the Bazaar to-day, and you must see that I cannot take you, although I wished very much so to do."

" You could, if you liked," said Charles.

" And if I did, Charles, do you think I should be doing right, after saying that I would not?"

" No, mamma; it would not be right to break your word, and so I must stay at home, to day; and I hope you will take me the next time you go, if I write better.

CHAP. IV.

THE PACKET SHIP.

"PAPA," said Charles, one evening, when he was drinking tea with his mamma and papa, "you promised, a long while ago, that you would take me to see a real ship, and I have never been yet; when shall we go?"

"It is well you reminded me of it," said his papa, "for I had quite forgotten it, and you know I like to keep my promises: I think I shall be able to go to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" exclaimed

Charles, joyfully; "what a good thing it is that somebody found out how to make ships. If there were no ships, how would people get to France, papa?"

"They could not get there at all, my dear, nor to any other part of the world, because England is an Island, and if you look at the map, you will perceive that the sea goes all round it, so there is no way of getting out of it but by means of a ship; and besides this, I dare say if there had never been any ships, the people of England would still have been savages, as they used to be."

"Would they, papa; why?"

"Because they were quite ignorant: they knew nothing, not even that there

were any people in the world besides themselves. And I do not see how they were to grow any wiser, if nobody had ever come to teach them."

"Could they not see by the maps that there were other countries in the world?"

"But they had no maps, Charles, nor any books: they had never seen nor heard of such things; and when they first saw strangers come across the sea to their island, I dare say they were very much astonished, and thought they had come from another world."

"Oh, what fun!" said Charles, laughing, "poor old savages! I should have liked to have seen how surprised they looked. But papa, I don't think we want ships so much,

now, because the people here are clever enough: they don't want any body to come to teach them anything."

"No people are ever so clever, Charles, but they may still learn something from others. However, this is not the principal object of having ships: the great advantage of them, now, is to carry on trade with different parts of the world, without which we should soon become very poor, and we should also be deprived of most of our luxuries and comforts which we were talking about the other night, as you may easily imagine, when I tell you that more than half the things in this room were brought from abroad: I mean the materials they are made of, for we have plenty of

workmen here to make chairs and tables, and every thing else, when they have got the wood."

"Why cannot they get the wood here? there are plenty of trees."

The finest kinds of wood do not grow here, and if they did, there would not be near enough to make chairs and tables for every body, so we should be obliged to content ourselves with an oak table, and two or three wooden stools; then we could have no carpet, for there would not be wool enough to furnish us with coats and carpets too."

"We could have cups and saucers, they are made here."

"But they would not be of much use,

Charles, for we should have neither tea nor coffee to drink out of them. In fact, there are very few things we could have if there were no ships to bring them from other places: even that little silk handkerchief that you tie round your neck, was brought in a ship all the way from India, which is quite on the other side of the world. I dare say you never think, when you throw it carelessly about, what a long and dangerous voyage has been made to obtain it."

"No, I have never thought of that," said Charles, "because I did not know it, but I shall think of it now you have told me; and I shall be glad when to-morrow comes, that I may see a ship."

To-morrow came, and the moment

Charles awoke, he jumped out of bed and ran to the window, but as soon as he drew aside the curtain, all his joy was over, and he cried out in a sorrowful tone, "Oh dear, it is raining quite fast; I am afraid we shall not be able to go!"

It was indeed a very wet morning, and poor Charles went down to the breakfast-parlour with a very sad countenance. He looked at his papa with tears in his eyes, and asked him if he was not sorry it was a wet day.

"No, my dear," replied his father: "on the contrary, I am very glad it is a wet day; and when I tell you my reason for being glad, I hope you will be glad too."

Charles was rather surprised at this

answer, for he did not believe that any reason could make him glad to see it rain, when he wished so much to go out; but he was mistaken in this instance, as he had been in many others.

"Why are you glad it is a wet day, papa?" said he.

His papa took him upon his knee, and said kindly, "You must remember, Charles, that it has been very dry, hot weather, for a long time, and all the grass in the fields is burned up by the sun, and will not grow for want of rain, therefore the poor sheep and cows have nothing to eat; and besides this, if the dry weather had continued, the corn would all have been spoiled, which would make the bread very dear, next winter, and a great many poor little boys

and girls would be almost starved. Now which do you think is the worst, Charles: that you should be disappointed of going out, to-day; or that hundreds of poor children should be crying with hunger next winter, and not be able to get a bit of bread to eat?"

"That would be a great deal the worst, papa; I do not want it to be fine, I would rather see it rain that the corn may grow to make plenty of bread next winter."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my good little boy, for I see, now, that you are not selfish, and that you care about other people as well as yourself. You shall not lose your treat, for I will take you on board a ship the very first fine day."

It was more than a week before the weather cleared up sufficiently for Charles to go out with his papa. Every morning, as soon as he awoke, he jumped out of bed to look what sort of a day it was, but the sun did not even peep out for an instant from the dark, heavy clouds that had so long hidden it; and poor Charles began to think there had been quite rain enough for the corn and grass, and to feel a little impatient to see the bright blue sky, and the nice warm sun shining again.

At length, the black clouds dispersed, the sun appeared as bright and warm as ever, and the streets were once more dry and clean. The little birds, too, were flying about, and singing merrily, for they,

I dare say, were quite as glad as Charles was to see it fine again. Every thing looked gay, and you may guess that a certain little boy was gay enough when the maid came up one fine morning to dress him, and told him that his mamma had just desired her to put on his best clothes.

"Then we are going, to-day, I dare say," said Charles; "I'm so glad,—make haste, Mary; here, I'll put on my shoes while you get out my clean collar. Be sure you put my hat and my gloves quite ready, if you please, that I may not keep papa waiting.

Mary made as much haste as she could, and as soon as Charles was dressed, he ran down stairs. "Good morning, papa," said

he; "here's a beautiful morning, see how the sun shines; it is going to be such a fine day."

"Yes, I think it is," said Mr. Barker; "and I have not forgotten my promise: we will go, to-day, to see the ships."

Charles was so pleased that he hardly gave himself time to eat his breakfast, he was in such a hurry to put on his cap and gloves, for fear, as he said, he should keep his papa waiting; but he need not have been uneasy, for it was some time before Mr. Barker was ready to go. At last they set off, and finding an Omnibus stopping at the corner of a street, they got into it, and away it drove.

There was, in the Omnibus, a very plea-

sant-looking old gentleman, who began to talk to Charles in so kind a manner, that Charles soon felt quite friendly with him, and told him where he was going. "And can you tell me the name of the ship you are going to see?" said the gentleman

Charles said he did not know, and Mr. Barker explained that he was not going on board any particular vessel, but merely to shew his little boy some of the shipping in the Docks.

"If that is the case," replied the good-natured old gentleman, "I dare say you will have no objection to go with me over one of the fine American packets that sail between London and New York. I am going out in it, myself, and am going down

now to settle with the Captain for my passage." Mr. Barker accepted this polite offer with thanks.

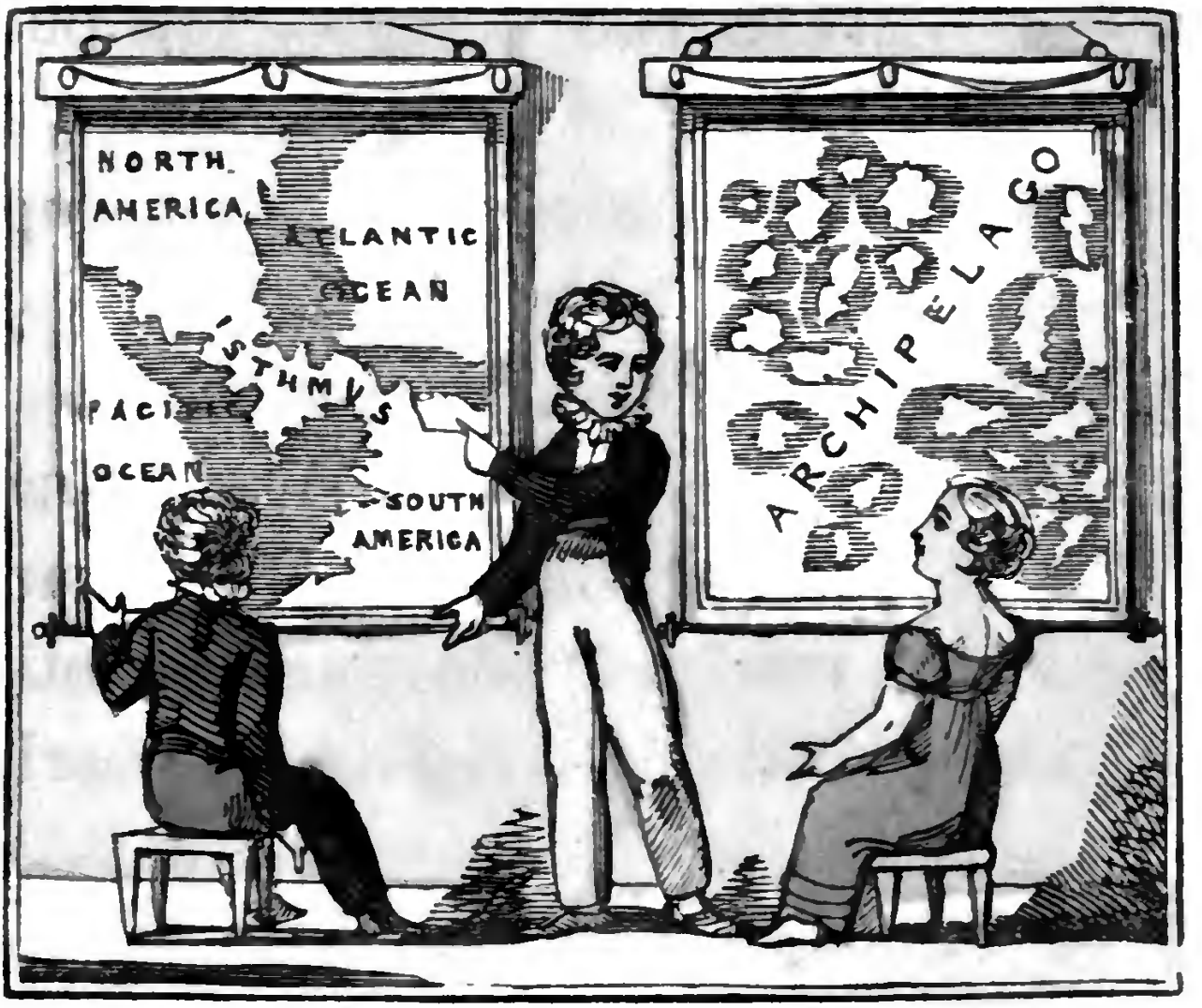
"What! are you going to sea, in a ship?" said Charles.

"Yes, my little man, I am going to sea in a ship, and we sail the day after to-morrow; so in about a month from this time, I hope to be on the other side of the Atlantic."

"I know where that is," said Charles; "it is in America. I have seen it in my map of the world."

"Well, I am going to America," said the old gentleman, "and a fine place it is, I assure you."

"Then you have been there, before?" said Charles. "Will you be so kind as to tell me something about it?"



Charles looking at the map for the Atlantic Ocean.

"Yes, that I will, with pleasure," said the old gentleman. That part of America to which I am going is called Canada, and was, some years ago, a wild, uncultivated place, covered all over with forests; but a great number of people have gone there from England, and cut down the trees in the forests, and made a part of the land into nice farms; and they have built houses and large towns, so that by degrees, it is becoming a fine country. And all this large country of Canada belongs to our own queen."

"Does it?" said Charles, "what, to the Queen of England, whom I saw riding through the park, the other day?"

"Yes, that very same."

"But how can she be the Queen of Canada, if she does not live there?"

"She appoints some clever man to live there, and govern the country for her. This governor lives at Toronto, a large town in Canada, and does every thing he can for the good of the people, who treat him with as much respect as if he were the Queen, herself."

"Tell me some more about Canada," said Charles, "I like to hear it."

"Well, then, as you like to hear it, I will tell you that Canada did not always belong to England: it belonged to the French, who took it from the poor savages who once lived there; but the French Governors behaved so ill to all the English

people who went to that country, that the King of England sent out an army to fight them; and this army was commanded by a brave general named Wolfe, whom you will sometimes hear spoken of."

"I have," said Charles; "there is a picture of general Wolfe in my aunt's dining room."

"Is there? then when you look at it again, you can remember that he was the man who went to drive the French out of Canada."

"Did he fight the French?" said Charles.

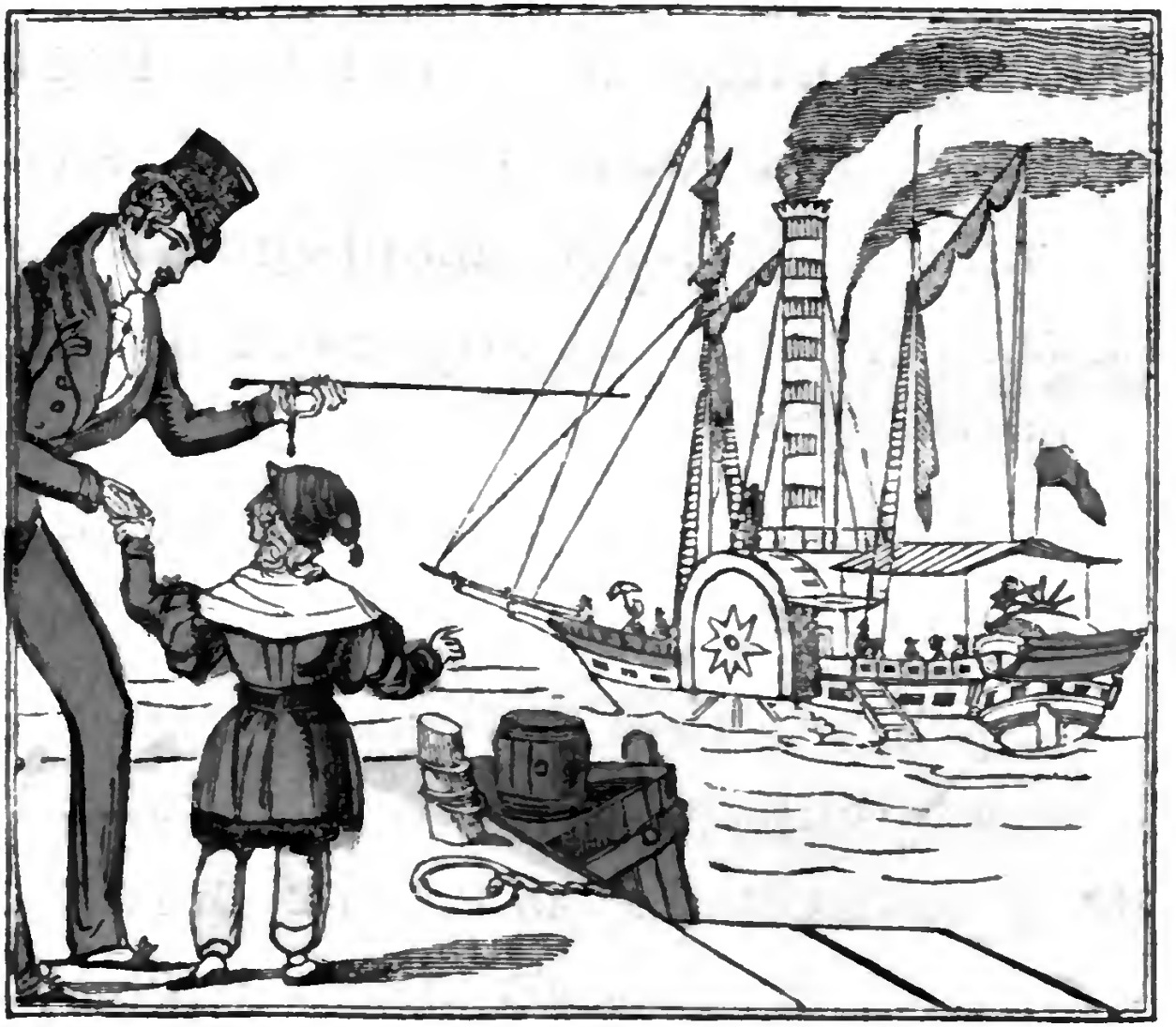
"Yes; there was a great battle fought, and the English won the day, but poor general Wolfe was killed. The French were, however, obliged to give up Canada,

which has ever since belonged to the Kingdom of England. And the English have made rail-roads there, and steam-boats, and built large, handsome houses, and a college; so that boys need not grow up, even there, without learning."

"Oh! what a capital place!" said Charles; " are the steam-boats like the one which I saw going to Margate?"

" They are much larger, and have two chimneys instead of one, like ours; but the rivers in America are much wider than the Thames, so they ought to have larger boats."

In this way, Charles went on chatting with the good old gentleman, till they arrived at the Docks.



Charles and his papa looking at the Margate steam-boat.

Charles now, for the first time, saw some of the fine vessels that carry so many of our countrymen over the wide seas to far distant lands; and he was as much surprised as delighted at their appearance, for he had not supposed that any ships were so large.

All three then went on board, and were very politely received by the Captain, who took them all over the vessel, and showed them every thing that was most worthy of attention. They went down into the best cabin, which is a handsome room for the accommodation of those persons who can afford to pay a great deal of money for their passage: they are called cabin passengers. Those who cannot afford to

pay so much, go in a different part of the ship, called the steerage; and they are called steerage passengers. On each side of the best cabin there were a number of doors which opened into little cabins, each of which contained two beds, one above the other. Charles was particularly pleased with these tiny bed-rooms, as he called them, for they are certainly very small; but if they were made larger, there would not be room in one ship for so many as a hundred and fifty people to live for a whole month. Only think what a clever thing it is that people can have nice beds to sleep in, and a nice dining-room, when they are out thousands of miles at sea.

In the middle of the great cabin was a

long dining-table, fastened to the floor, for if it were not fastened, it would move about, when the vessel is tossing on the waves. At the end of the great cabin Charles saw another large room like a drawing-room, and he was told that it was the ladies' cabin, and near this was a kitchen. When Charles saw the saucepans and kettles, and other things which were used for cooking, he thought of asking how they got meat for dinner, every day, as there are no butchers' shops at sea. The captain laughed, and told him that they contrived to get meat and poultry, and new bread, too, and fresh milk, every day, although there were neither butchers, nor poulterers, nor bakers. And the way

they managed this was, to take some live sheep, and ducks, and fowls, which the cooks killed as they were wanted; and they carried out also a great many sacks of flour to make bread; and they had a cow on board, which supplied them with milk for breakfast and tea every day.

When Charles heard all this, he was very much surprised, and said, "What a famous thing a ship is! I did not think they could have all these things in a ship: it is as good as living in a house. I should not mind going to sea, at all."

The old gentleman told him, that although there were many comforts and pleasures attending a sea voyage, there were also a great many inconveniences and

dangers. "But," said he, good-naturedly, "we will not talk of them, now, it would make us sad; and we ought to be merry when we come out to see sights: so I hope you are pleased with what you have seen, and will go home very merry."

"I like it better than any thing I ever saw," said Charles; "and I am very glad my papa brought me; and I am glad we met you, because you could tell us so much about it, and because you could let us come on board this nice ship."

"You must be a happy little fellow," said the old gentleman, "to have so many causes for being glad; however, I think you look as if you deserved to be happy, for you look as if you were good. I hope

I am not mistaken; and I hope you will always be as happy as you deserve."

Mr. Barker now looked at his watch, and found it was time to go home; so he and Charles, after thanking the good old gentleman for his kindness, wished him a pleasant voyage, and took their leave.

CONCLUSION.

"How bright the moon shines!" said Charles, "I wonder what it is made of, that it shines so brightly."

"I dare say you will be very much surprised, Charles," said his papa, "when I tell you, that the moon is a great world, like this which we live on, and that there are people in it, and sea and land, and trees, and mountains, just as there are here."

"Oh! papa, you cannot be in earnest. Why, it is not bigger than the top of your hat."

"It does not look bigger to you, my dear, but it is a large world, nevertheless; and the reason it looks so small, is, because it is so far off. When you fly your kite, Charles, does it not get smaller and smaller, the higher it goes?"

"Yes, it does," said Charles; "sometimes I can hardly see it, when it is very high indeed."

"And did you not once see a balloon?"

"Oh, yes! and it went up, and got less and less, till at last it looked like a little speck in the sky; and then it went out of sight, quite."

"And when the balloon looked like a little speck, do you think it was really smaller than it was before?"

A balloon ascent.

Charles admiring the brightness of the moon and stars.

would be the use of land without people? and we must not suppose that God, who is so wise and good, has made any thing for no use."

"And what are all those stars?" said Charles, who was still looking up to the beautiful sky, where thousands of stars were shining, like diamonds.

"We cannot be quite sure, Charles, about things that are so far off; for they are, most of them, more distant than the moon, and we cannot see them so plainly as the moon; but perhaps they are all worlds, too, and full of people like us. These are wonderful things, my little boy, but you have many wonders yet to learn; and we will pray to this good God, who

made all things, to make you a wise and good man, that you may understand his works, and be grateful to him for his goodness to you."

THE END.

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