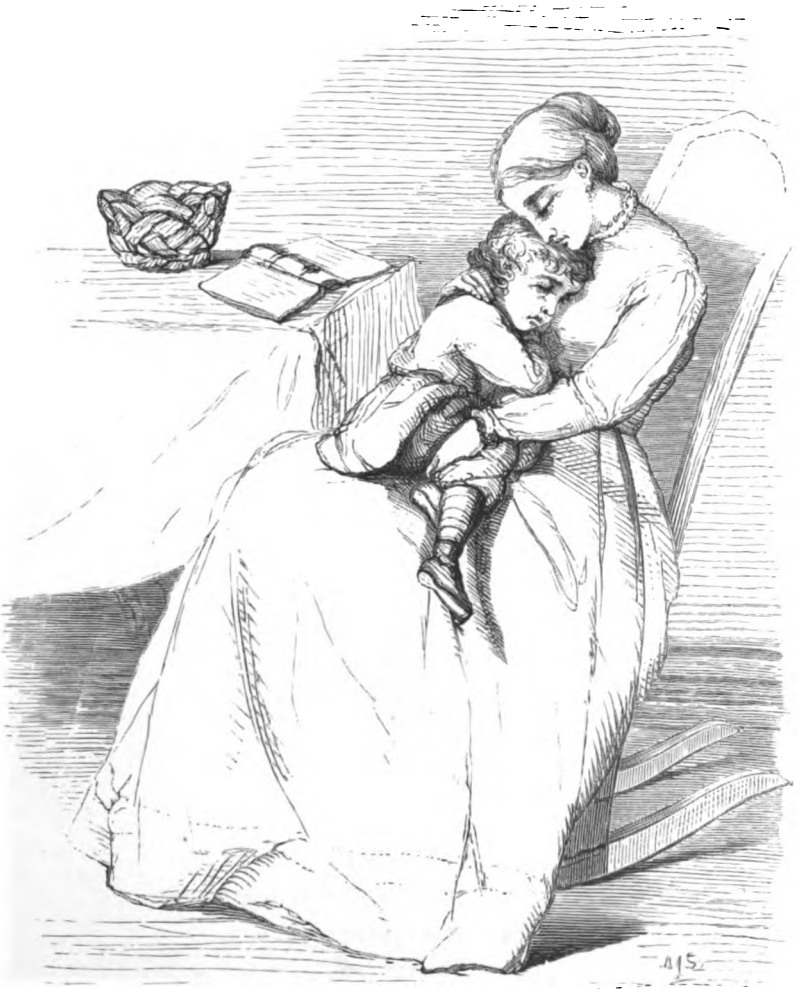


LOU FOLDED IN HIS MOTHER'S ARMS Page 165.

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LITTLE SUSY'S SIX BIRTHDAYS," "THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY," ETC., ETC.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. STONE.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.
Cambridge: Riverside Press.
1868.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Part One.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE LOU was six months old. He was born when the flowers were blooming, and all the birds were singing. Cold winter had come now, and killed the flowers, and driven away the birds, but it could not kill Lou, nor drive him away. He lay warm and happy in his mama's arms, or on his little bed, and did not know how cold it was out-of-doors. Oh how his mama loved him! How she wished his grandmama, and his four young uncles, and his Aunt Fanny, could see him! Don't *you* always want your mother to see every present you have? But you never had a present of a real live baby to show her.

Every time Lou laughed, and crowed, and clapped his hands, his mother longed to have everybody in her old home see what a little darling he was. One day he was dressed in a pretty frock that his grandmama had sent him, his eyes danced and sparkled as his mama tossed him up and down, and she thought he looked like a little cherub. She said to his papa, —

"I *must* have my mother see Lou."

"It would be a pretty long journey to take with so young a child," said his papa. "Still, he would not be much exposed in the cars."

"And the rest of the way he could be wrapped up carefully," said his mama.

So, after a little more talk about it, Lou's papa decided that they should all go the next day. Then his mama kissed the little fellow ever so many times, and told him all about it; and though he did not understand a word she said, he knew by her joyful face that she was talking about something pleasant, and he laughed till his eyes shone with fun.

But now it was time to pack the trunks and get

ready for the journey. All Lou's white frocks were looked over to see if they were in order; one wanted a button, and two wanted strings. Three or four had to be washed and ironed, and there were ever so many other things to do, so that everybody was busy, and the whole house was in an uproar.

"Now, Lou," said mama, "I hope you 'll take a long nap to-day, so as to give me time to get every thing ready for our journey. Dear me! how much there is to do! I hardly know where to begin!"

Papa said he would pack every thing in half an hour, and he took up a pile of clean, neatly-folded frocks, and rolled them up in a tight little roll, and squeezed them down into one corner of the trunk. Mama gave a little scream.

"Oh, how you are crushing and rumpling baby's best things!" cried she. "The beautiful embroidered dress his Aunt Edith gave him, rolled up into a ball as big as my hand! O Herbert, how *could* you!" Papa looked a little frightened.

"I don't know much about your finery," said he. "But give me something else. What are all these

bottles for? Are you going to carry milk for Lou?"

"Did I ever see such a man!" cried mama, laughing. "I am going to take some currant jelly to mother; and some quince jelly to Fanny,—Fanny is so fond of quince jelly; and for the boys I have a few bottles of raspberry vinegar: that's all. I don't care how tightly you roll *them* up; the tighter the better!"

CHAPTER II.

IT was a cold evening, and grandmama, who had been sitting by the fire, knitting and reading, had at last let her book fall from her lap, and had dropped to sleep in her chair. The four uncles sat around the table, two of them playing chess, and two looking on, while Aunt Fanny, with her cat on her knees, studied German a little, looked at the clock very often, and started at every noise.

"I have said, all along, that they would n't come," she cried at last. "The clock has just struck nine, and I am not going to expect them any longer. I *knew* Herbert would not let Laura undertake such a journey in the depth of winter; or, at any rate, that Laura's courage would fail at the last moment."

She had hardly uttered these words, when there was a ring at the door-bell, then a stamping of feet on the mat, to shake off the snow, and in they came, Lou, and Lou's papa, and Lou's mama, bringing ever so much fresh, cold air with them. Grandmama woke up, and ran to meet them with steps as lively as if she were a young girl; Aunt Fanny tossed the cat from her lap, and seized the bundle that held the baby; the four uncles crowded about her, eager to get the first peep at the little wonder. There was such a laughing and such a tumult, that poor Lou, coming out of the dark night into the bright room, and seeing so many strange faces, did not know what to think. When his cloaks and shawls and caps were at last pulled off by his auntie's eager hands, there came into view a serious little face, a

pair of bright eyes, and a head as smooth as ivory, on which there was not a single hair. His sleeves were looped up with corals, and showed his plump white arms, and he sat up very straight, and took a good look at everybody.

"What a perfect little beauty!" "What *splendid* eyes!" "What a lovely skin!" "He's the perfect image of his father!" "He's *exactly* like his mother!" "What a dear little nose!" "What fat little hands full of dimples!" "Let *me* take him!" "Come to his own grandma!" "Let his uncle toss him, — so he will!" "What does he eat?" "Is he hungry?" "Was he good on his journey?" "Is he tired?" "Now *Fanny!* You've had him ever since he came; he wants to come to me; I know he does!"

These, and nobody knows how many more exclamations of the sort, greeted the ears of the little stranger, and were received by him with unruffled gravity.

"The poor child is frightened out of his seven senses," said his mama, who had been laughing till

she cried. "I ought really to undress and put him to bed."

Immediately everybody had something to do in the best room, up-stairs.

Grandmama wanted to see that the little crib was in perfect order; Aunt Fanny was sure there were not towels enough on the rack; Uncle Robert said the baby was too heavy to be carried up in any arms but his own; Uncle Tom declared the fire must be getting low, and the two others followed with carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas.

"What an important person I am in these days!" cried the young mama. "The whole family waiting upon me to bed! Perhaps some of you would like to rock me to sleep!"

There was more laughing and tumult, but at last she got everybody out of the room; there was a great creaking of boots on the stairs, and the sound of people telling each other to "Hush!" in loud whispers, and at last all was still.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Lou awoke quite rested, and full of fun, and before his mama was dressed, Aunt Fanny came and knocked at the door.

"Well?" said mama.

"I wanted to know," cried Aunt Fanny through the key-hole, "if baby is awake, and if I might take him down-stairs. The boys are crazy to see him by daylight."

"Was there ever any thing like it!" said mama to herself. She opened the door a very little way, and handed Lou out. Aunt Fanny seized him, and ran gayly down-stairs.

"I've got him," she cried, running into the dining-room. "I've got him! And he's the nicest and best and prettiest baby in the world!"

"Let me have him, Fanny, do," said Uncle Robert. "I shall have to be off directly after breakfast, and you can have him all day."

"I shall have to be off before Bob," cried Uncle Tom, "and I have barely seen the creature yet."

"Creature indeed!" cried Aunt Fanny. And she pressed the baby to her heart, covering it with kisses, and singing "Rock-a-by-baby" with all her might.

"How absurd you are, Fanny," said Uncle Frank. "The idea of trying to get the child to sleep as soon as it is up in the morning. Give me one fair look at him! Yes, he is a handsome fellow. I don't wonder you all say he is just like me." So saying, he contrived to seize Lou in his arms, and to escape with him from the room. Once out of sight of them all, he, too, fell to kissing and caressing the little pet in such a way, that one can't help being glad there is no such thing as being loved to death.

By the time breakfast was ready, everybody had had the little fellow in his or her arms; he had been taken to the kitchen and exhibited to Mary and Martha, and made to pat Uncle Fred's dog, with his little hand, and feel of Aunt Fanny's cat. Pussy, however, pretended that she did not care for him at all. When her young mistress, who always was so

fond of her, and never read or studied but with her pet in her lap, had tossed her away in order to receive the baby, pussy's feelings were deeply hurt. "Ha!" she said to herself, "I shall not go into the parlor again while that child is here. I am not going to sit on the floor and see that strange boy up in my place! No indeed! Not I!"

So, all the while Lou stayed at his grandmama's, and he stayed six weeks, Miss Pussy pouted in the kitchen, and never set foot in the parlor till the day he left, when she recovered her good humor, and went back as if nothing had happened.

After breakfast, Lou's uncles all went away to their offices and their business, grandmama went to the kitchen to talk with Mary about the dinner, and papa went out to take a long walk over the well-trodden snow.

Mama could now wash and dress her baby in peace, while Aunt Fanny looked on with wonder and curiosity.

"I suppose there is not such a thing as a cradle in the house," said mama, as she tied the last string of

Lou's frock, and held him up to be admired in his fresh, clean dress.

"Why, no; ours was given to Jane — you remember our old Jane? Or rather, it was given to Jane's daughter, when her first baby was born. Anyhow, it was a rickety old thing."

"I don't quite know where Lou will take his naps," said his mama. "I shall want to be where the rest of you are, and yet I can't feel easy to leave him alone."

"I can stay with him," said Aunt Fanny.

"Oh, but I shall want you to be where I am. I have at least five hundred things to talk about. Besides I want Lou to keep up the habit of sleeping where every thing is going on as usual. At home I keep the cradle in the room where I sit with my books or my work; Herbert is constantly coming in and out, and never shuts the door gently — never; men never do, if they have ever so many babies. So I have trained Lou to sleep through every thing."

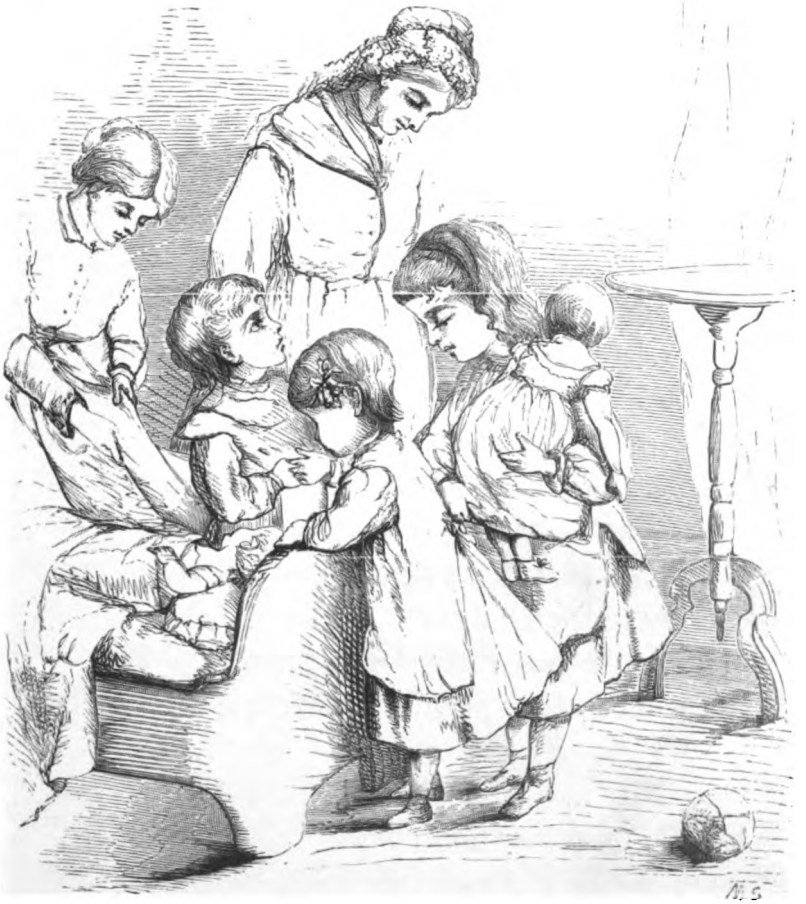
CHAPTER IV.

WHILE this talk was going on, lulled by the sound of voices, and comforted by a warm breakfast which he had been getting for himself, Lou had fallen fast asleep. His head sank gradually back upon his mama's arm, his little fingers let go their hold upon one of her curls, with which he had been playing, and his mouth half opened like a bud that will soon be a red rose.

"He is the very prettiest baby I ever saw!" cried Aunt Fanny. "I wonder Laura, that you never told us what a beauty he was. All you said was that he had a bald head, and I never could bear a bald-headed baby."

"I really did not know whether he was pretty or not," replied his mama. "I knew he had very beautiful eyes, but that was all."

At this moment grandmama came smiling into the room, followed, on tiptoe, by three little girls, who gathered around the baby with delighted faces, but as quietly as three little mothers.



LOU PUT TO SLEEP IN THE DOLL'S BED Page 13.

"These are Mrs. Redwood's little girls," said grandmama. "They have brought their doll's bed for Lou to take his naps in."

"Their doll's bed!" repeated Lou's mama, much amused.

"Our dolly is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby!" whispered Josephine, the eldest.

"And mama said it would be very — very" —

"Very convenient," put in her sister Jeanie.

"Very convenient for our dolly to lie on the bed in the room over the front parlor, while your dear little baby was here."

"No, she said it would be convenient to you to have our dolly's bed," corrected Jeanie.

"And our dolly don't care where she sleeps, not a snap," said little Hatty.

"But is your bed really large enough for Lou?" asked his mother. "You see what a great boy he is."

"Our dolly is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby!" repeated Josephine.

"Yes, she is a great big dolly, as big as a real live baby," said both the others.

"It is a dear little bed, and will do nicely," said grandmama. "I have found a corner for it in my room, and you shall all come and see how well our baby will fit into it."

Sure enough, the bed, with its soft linen sheets, its little pillow, its pretty white quilt, seemed to have been made on purpose for Lou, and when his mama had gently laid him down in it, the three little girls tenderly drew the sheets and blankets over him, tucked them in with skillful hands, and stood admiring their work once more, like three darling little mothers.

"You are very kind to lend your dolly's bed to my baby," said Lou's mama. "I hope your dolly won't miss it very much. Do you think she was quite willing to part with it?"

"She never said a word when she heard us talking about it," cried little Jeanie. "She isn't a shell-fish dolly at all. But I know a shell-fish girl — I do."

"I ain't a shell-fish," cried Hatty, bursting into tears. "I only said — I only said — I only said dolly

would be lonesome away off in the best room, without any bed, and without any fire. Or at least, nothing but a big bed."

Lou's mama stood thinking a moment, and then went quickly to her own room, and came running back with three little books in her hands.

"I stopped in Boston long enough to buy some pretty books," said she. "And here is one for each of you. See! they are full of pictures. Look, Hatty. When your dolly gets lonesome, you can take her up and show her these pictures."

"Why, so I can," said Hatty, her tearful face lighting up. "Why, so I can."

When the three little girls were in the street, on their way home, Josephine said to Jeanie, —

"You ought not to have said that about Hatty. Mama said she was not selfish at all. She said she was a tender-hearted little thing, and could not bear to think that dolly might suffer."

"*Dolly* can't suffer!" cried Jeanie. "She is n't a real baby; she 's nothing but a make-believe baby. I mean to stick a pin in her as soon as ever I get

home; it won't hurt her one bit. And now I 've seen a real live baby, I don't like dolly any more. Mrs. James's baby is soft and warm. It can breathe and it can eat. But dolly is as hard as a rock, and she feels cold, and she can't go to sleep. She just makes believe she's a baby, when she ain't."

CHAPTER V.

WHILE Lou was enjoying his nap, his mama took all his little frocks, and skirts, and shirts from the trunk, and arranged them in the drawers of the bureau. Aunt Fanny helped her, and admired all the pretty things.

"How beautifully you sew!" she said. "I never saw such nice stitches! I can't imagine when you found time to make so many things."

Lou's mama laughed.

"Nor I, either," she said. "Herbert used to wonder why I made so many. He said he should

think 'one pair of clothes' was enough for such a little baby."

"Oh, what a man!" said Aunt Fanny.

Grandmama now came in.

"I hope you are almost ready to come and sit down, dear," said she. "The baby is sleeping sweetly, and we might be having such a nice talk."

"I think I might leave the rest of the unpacking awhile," said Lou's mama. "Oh, here are the bottles and things come to light at last. See, mother, I have brought you some of my own currant jelly. We have quantities of currants, and when I was making my jelly, it was just as easy to make enough for you. I suppose you don't mind its being in bottles?"

"No," said grandmama, "I am glad to get it in any shape."

"The quince jelly is for Fanny, and the raspberry vinegar for the boys."

"Have you quinces and raspberries in the garden, as well as currants?"

"Yes, we have all sorts of fruit. You see we

gain something by living in the country. And as to flowers, — oh I do wish you could see my flowers! Herbert had a great many before I went there, and now we have more than we know what to do with."

By this time every thing was in order; Aunt Fanny had carried all the bottles away to the store-room, grandmama had her knitting, and all three sat down in the room where Lou was sleeping.

"Is Lou as pretty as you expected, mother?" asked mama, while she fastened a bit of blue ribbon to a little white frock. "Do you think he looks as any of us did when we were babies? And which is he most like, his father, or me?"

Grandmama took off her spectacles, and looked long and tenderly at the little sleeper.

"He is not like any of my children," said she. "They all had hair. And I don't see that he is like his father, or like you. But he is a beautiful baby, and full of life and spirit."

"Oh, you can't imagine how full of life he is when he is quite himself. He is shy here, among so many strangers. How the boys will enjoy him

when he begins to laugh and spring, as he does at home."

Perhaps you think it a little funny that Lou's mama always spoke of her brothers as "the boys." For they were all as tall as your papa, and had whiskers, and carried canes. But they hadn't been men always; once they were boys, and having had that name, it was hard to call them any thing else.

On this day, about half an hour before dinner, they all came in, one after another.

"Why, Robert, how early you are to-day!" cried grandmama.

"And if here is n't Tom!" said Aunt Fanny.

"Frank and Fred are in, too," said Lou's papa. "I met them on the stairs, as I came down."

"I hope you have no objections to my being early, mother," said Uncle Robert; and he caught little Lou, who was now wide awake, and tossed him up to the ceiling.

"O Robert! do be careful!" said Lou's mama.

"I would n't have hurried home if I had known Bob was coming," said Uncle Tom. "I thought I

should have a good frolic with the baby before dinner. Look here, Sir! See what Uncle Tom has brought you!" and he held up an ivory rattle, with silver bells, before the delighted baby.

"Pshaw! I have been getting him a rattle, too," said Uncle Frank. "Well! it's no matter. He can hold one in each hand. There you are! Rattle away, my little fellow."

Lou took a rattle in each hand, and shook them with all his might. His eyes sparkled, his face was covered with smiles.

But now it was the turn of Uncle Robert, who offered to the child a large, round orange.

Instantly Lou dropped the rattles, and seized the orange with both hands.

Uncle Robert laughed, in great triumph.

But mama and papa, and grandmama, and Aunt Fanny, all cried out, at once, that the orange must be taken away from baby, who had already found out that it was good to eat, and had made the print of his two white teeth in the skin. Baby was not at all pleased when his papa unclasped his little fin-

gers by force, and took the orange away. It was in vain that everybody told him oranges were not good for babies; that oranges were bad, very bad, and made faces at it, and shook their heads at it. Lou thought he knew better than all of them put together, and he cried very hard and very loud for a long time.

CHAPTER VI.

IN a few days Lou felt quite at home among his new friends. They all loved him so dearly, and were so happy when he was pleased, and so sorry when any thing troubled him, that he could not help loving them. His mama used to say that she believed grandmama would give him her two eyes if he wanted them; and grandmama herself said she loved him just as well as she used to love her own little boys and girls. She would sit and watch him while he slept, her knitting in her hands, her Bible and hymn-book by her side. And

as she looked at that innocent face, she prayed, in her heart, that it might never be disfigured by anger, and that those little white hands might never be busy in any evil work.

His uncles were never tired of carrying him about in their arms, or on their shoulders; every day they brought him home some little toy, or with their pen-knives made new ones for him. At nine o'clock every night, his mama, who was not very strong, gave him a little supper, and put him back into his tiny bed, and left him to Aunt Fanny's care while she took her own first nap. Uncle Frank and Aunt Fanny always sat up until twelve, to read and to study together; every time the baby stirred they both ran to see if any thing was the matter, and to cover him up, or to put more coals on the fire lest he should not be warm enough. At twelve he always awoke and thought himself very hungry; then his young nurses took him up, fed him with a little milk and water, made him comfortable, and when he fell asleep again, carried him on tiptoe to his mama's room and laid him in the crib by her side. Oh what happy midnight vigils those were!

Thus, day after day, and week after week slipped by, till Lou's papa said his vacation was almost over, and that it was time for them to go home. Then there was another packing of little white frocks and skirts and shirts; the rattles and other toys filled the places the bottles had left empty, and the trunks declared they were so full they could hold no more. For all that, grandmama made them take in a big loaf of frosted cake, and a good many other little parcels about which she said not a word to mama. Uncle Robert had to stand on both trunks to keep the covers down while papa locked them, they were so full. Everybody felt sad at the parting except Lou. When his hat and cloak were put on, he began to laugh and crow and dance, for he knew that meant that he was going somewhere, and he did n't care where that was, if he could only go. When the carriage that was to take them to the train came to the door, the four uncles made believe they were very merry, for they did not like to be seen crying, like girls. After Uncle Frank handed Lou in to his mama, all bundled up as he was, he cried out, —

"Oh, Laura, excuse me! I believe I handed you the baby upside down!"

And then mama's look of dismay, and then her smile when she found baby was right after all, made everybody laugh.

The uncles hurried off to their business, as the carriage drove away; grandmama went up into her room, locked the door, and prayed the journey home might be made in safety.

The cat came softly into the deserted parlor, and Aunt Fanny took her in her arms and hid her face in her fur.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next time little Lou went home to grandmama's was when Aunt Fanny was married. He was a year older now, and his head was covered with short curls, his cheeks were red as roses, and he could run about everywhere, and even take long walks with his papa and mama.

On the night of his arrival, he was so sleepy and tired that he cared for nothing but to get to bed. He shut his eyes, and kept saying, "Bed! bed!" So his mama undressed him and put him into his crib and then she came down into the parlor, and they all had a long talk together. It would be hard to tell what they did n't talk about; and whether it was chiefly about the wedding, and who was invited, and what Aunt Fanny was to wear; or Lou's little sayings and doings, and what *he* should wear at the wedding, and how he was likely to behave. His papa said he was afraid he would talk too much, and be troublesome; and his mama said it would excite him to sit up so late in the evening, and that he would be better off in bed. But nobody would listen to a word they said. Everybody was determined to let all the wedding guests see this beautiful little boy; they were sure he would behave well, and not talk at all; and as to his being up late just one night, what did that signify?

The next morning Lou awoke very early, as he always did, and crept into his mama's bed, and chat-

tered and frolicked till she was so far awake that she thought she might as well get up. She took him in her arms, and went into Aunt Fanny's room to show him to her.

Aunt Fanny was asleep, but she started up, and held out her arms to the little fellow. But Lou drew back, and hid his face on his mama's shoulder.

"Lou must n't be afraid of his Aunt Fanny," said mama. "That is his own, dear Aunt Fanny."

Lou raised his head and looked roguishly at his aunty, who still held out her arms, longing to catch the little darling and cover him with hugs and kisses.

"Aunty 'anny, no! Aunty 'anny, no!" said Lou.

"How funny it is to hear him talk," said Aunt Fanny. "Oh, what lovely hair! O Laura! to think of your having a child with curly hair! Lou, you precious little pet, see what aunty has under her pillow."

And she drew out her watch and held it up before him.

Lou smiled, but he was too old a bird to be caught with watches.

"Does he like to look at pictures? I have ever so many pictures to show him. Just wait till I'm dressed."

And Aunt Fanny jumped out of bed, and flew hither and thither, and was washed and dressed in a twinkling. Lou looked on with great surprise. He had never seen any lady dress but his mama, and thought the clothes of all others grew upon them, as they were always there when he saw them. He was so interested that he did not observe that his mama had seated him on the bed, and slipped away to her own room. When he missed her, he began to cry.

"What does Lou want? Does he want his mama?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"Wam," said Lou.

"*Wam?*" repeated Aunt Fanny; "what can that be, I wonder? What is 'wam?'" she asked.

But Lou continued to cry, and to rub his eyes with both his little fists.

"Does Lou want to see some pretty pictures? See, aunty will show him ever so many pictures."

But Lou kept his fists close to his eyes, and kept crying.

"Dear me, what shall I do?" thought Aunt Fanny. "I can't take him to his mama unless his papa is up, and who knows but he is in the midst of dressing. Does Lou know where papa is?"

"Wam," said Lou.

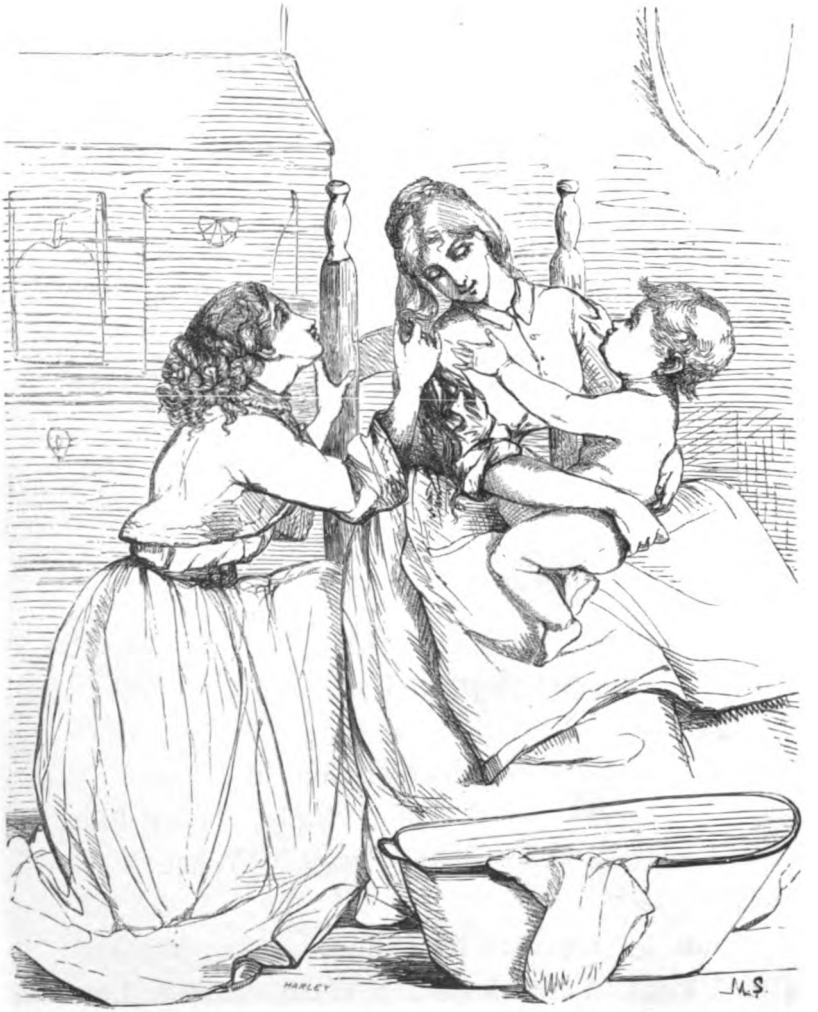
"What *is* 'wam,' I do wonder? Is it cake Lou wants?"

"Wam."

"Well, I declare! I can't make any thing of him! I'll carry him in to mother. See here, mother; Laura has brought Lou in to me, and he keeps crying for 'wam,' and I don't know what 'wam' is, and what *shall* I do?"

"His old grandmama will soon comfort him. Come here, blessed little darling; come to his own grandmama."

But Lou drew back, and clung to Aunt Fanny. Yet he stopped crying, and stared hard at grandmama, as if he would say, — "If here is n't another woman without any dress on!"



AUNT FANNY ASKING WHAT *WAM* MEANS. Page 29.

"Isn't he a little beauty?" asked Aunt Fanny. "And isn't his hair just as pretty as it can be? Did any of us have such hair? Oh yes, I remember little Charlie had."

"Yes," said grandmama, in a tender voice, while tears filled her eyes; "my little Charlie's hair lay on his head like rings of gold."

"Dead twenty-five years, and mother shed tears for him still!" thought Aunt Fanny, and she sighed, and held little Lou closer, lest they might lose him, too.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOU'S mama now came, smiling, in.

"O Laura," said Aunt Fanny, "poor Lou has been crying so for some 'wam.' What is it, for pity's sake?"

"'Wam!'" repeated his mama, looking puzzled. "I 'm sure I don't know. What was it Lou wanted?"

"Lou want mama. Aunty 'anny said, 'Lou want mama?' Lou said 'wam!'"

"Oh, I see now!" said his mama. "He always says 'wam' for yes."

"How funny!" cried Aunt Fanny. "What a droll little creature he is! Do make haste and get him dressed, Laura; the boys are all longing to see him. What fun they will have with him!"

"Yes, I know they will. I have no doubt that among you all he will be quite spoiled. We have taken the greatest pains with him but he is often very disobedient and self-willed."

Neither grandmama nor aunty believed one word of this speech. When Lou made them that charming visit a year ago, he behaved like a little angel. And why should n't he now? Pretty soon, however, they heard fearful shrieks proceeding from mama's room.

"What can Laura be doing to Lou?" cried Aunt Fanny. "I mean to go and see. How can she let him cry so?"

She ran through the hall, and gave a loud, angry knock at her sister's door.

"I really believe you are doing something dreadful to that child," she cried.

"Come in and see for yourself," was the answer.

Aunt Fanny rushed in. On the floor lay scattered the fragments of grandmama's best pitcher; the carpet was soaked with water; a chair lay overturned, and Lou, without any clothing, stood screaming in the midst.

"Well, you see!" said his mama.

"Yes, I see," said Aunt Fanny.

"I only wish you had him to wash and dress," said his mama.

"Lou don't want to be washed *either*," shouted Lou.

Aunt Fanny looked very grave.

"Did he break the pitcher?" she asked.

"Yes, and would have broken the bowl, too, if I had not caught it in time."

"Mother had that pitcher when she first went to housekeeping," said Aunt Fanny, picking up the fragments. "Well, it can't be helped. I never would have believed that beautiful little body could

hold such a temper. However, he'll outgrow it. How white his skin is! Suppose I help you bathe and dress him?"

"I wish you would. When that is once over, he will be good and pleasant all day, as likely as not."

Between them both, Lou's little garments were somehow got on to him, and when they went down to breakfast, he was the picture of health and beauty and sweetness. His uncles did nothing but laugh at every thing he said and did; he could not eat a morsel without its being followed with perfect shouts.

"Do look at him picking up his potato with his fingers, and putting it into his spoon," said one.

"And he holds his spoon as if it were a drum-stick," said another.

Then when Aunt Fanny told about his visit to her in her bed-room, and all about his saying "wam," there was such an uproar that grandmama said she was ashamed of them all, and wondered what Lou's papa must think.

After breakfast, mama took him up-stairs with

her, while she opened her trunks, and consulted Aunt Fanny as to what they should wear at the wedding.

"I have not got myself a new dress, dear," said she. "I thought you would n't mind. My green silk is just as good as new, I go out so little since Lou came; and with a handsome collar, and this pretty lace cap, I think I shall do very well. As to Lou, I suppose you will want him to be dressed in white."

"Oh, yes, white of course. Not that he does n't look very nicely in his blue dresses; he looks like a little cherub, whatever he wears."

"There 's no knowing, however, how he 'll behave at the wedding. I do wish, Fanny, that you and the boys would not laugh at every thing he says and does."

"We can't help it. Every thing he says and every thing he does is so funny. We have n't been used to children: think how long it is since we had one in the house. And all his little ways are so different from the ways of grown people. There 's

no use in worrying, Laura. The first grandchild has to be spoiled."

"Lou, where *did* you get that enormous piece of cake?" cried his mother, turning suddenly round.

Lou instantly put both hands behind him, holding the cake out of sight.

"Mother gave it to him," said Aunt Fanny.

"Just as he had finished a hearty breakfast! It is too bad! I never let him eat between meals, never. When we were children, mother never gave us cake in this style."

"I don't think we shall have time to kill Lou," said Aunt Fanny, "unless you let Herbert go home without you, and make us a visit after he has gone."

"I can't do that. Nothing less than a wedding would have brought us here, at all. Won't Lou give mama some of his cake?"

Yes, Lou would. He broke off a crumb about large enough to feed a bird, and crowded it into her mouth. After a deal of coaxing, he gave Aunt Fanny a piece also, and so, by degrees, they got a good part of it away from him.

CHAPTER IX.

AT last it was time for Lou's nap.

"It is very hard to get him to sleep," said his mama. "I have to tell him stories, or sing to him, to get him quiet."

"Oh, I can get him to sleep," said Aunt Fanny. "If it 's nothing but telling stories and singing, you may safely leave that to me. Go down and sit with mother."

Mama smiled.

"Come here, Lou," said she. "Mama is going to take off your little shoes, and put your little tired feet to bed."

"Lou's itty feet no tired," said Lou, and he ran off and hid behind a trunk. When his mama tried to catch him, he ran and climbed into a chair, from which he meant to get on to the top of the bureau. Mama caught him, while Aunt Fanny stood and laughed to see such a race.

"Now I 've caught you!" said mama, and she

kissed him, and began to tell him a little story, while she untied his shoes.

"Give him to me; I can tell stories," said Aunt Fanny. And, somehow, she got him into her arms, and began her story.

Lou's face began to light up, and his cheeks to grow more rosy; he sat up very stiff and straight, and looked at Aunt Fanny as if he would look her through.

"Oh, you 'll never get him to sleep at this rate," said his mama. "Your story is too interesting, and wakes him up. Just mutter over something about horses and whips; something without much sense to it."

"Well, you go down and see mother, and I will. Hearing you talk makes him turn his head around; it is that that wakes him up."

"I 'll let Laura see that I can get Lou to sleep in five minutes," she thought. "It is only to hum a little nonsense, and walk up and down the room once or twice."

So she took the heavy little fellow in her arms,

and began to sing the first thing that came into her head, —

" There is a great, white horse,
As big as ten together ;
He trots all day, he trots all night,
And never minds the weather.

" And there 's a golden coach,
For the horse to draw about ;
Ten little girls can sit inside,
And ten little boys without.

" And there 's a great long whip,
For the driver tall and black ;
With it he never strikes the horse,
But only makes it crack."

Lou liked very much to lie in his aunty's arms and be carried up and down. He did not know how it tired her, nor how she was getting out of breath. He lay so still that she said to herself, as she sang the last verse, —

" He 's almost asleep. I can lay him down in a moment."

But Lou burst out in an eager voice, with, —

" And Lou 'll be the driver."

Aunt Fanny looked at him. Never was a child

more wide awake. She began to sing again, and once more, at the close of the last verse, Lou cried out, —

"And Lou 'll be the driver!"

"Yes, yes, Lou shall be the driver. Only go to sleep now, darling." And once more she began to sing. But it was all in vain. The more she sang the wider the two bright eyes opened, and the eager cry kept coming, —

"And Lou 'll drive!"

"I may as well give up," said Aunt Fanny, at last, sinking into a chair. "Now, if I had sung that to a girl-baby, it would have gone to sleep in a trice. What *shall* I do? Laura will never trust him to me again!"

When, after a while, mama came up-stairs, she found the two sitting on the carpet, making houses of blocks.

"Ah!" said she, "I knew you could not get Lou to sleep!"

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the four uncles came home to dinner, and heard how excited Lou had been by hearing Aunt Fanny's song of the horse, they all began to make up stories to amuse him.

Uncle Robert told him about bears, and about a fox without a tail, and about a boy that fell into the water, and was pulled out by a dog. And he made believe he was very ill, and made Lou put little pills made of paper into his mouth. Then Lou would make believe he was sick, too, and Uncle Robert would give him pills. And sometimes Lou would climb up on to the sofa, which he called the "poka," and say it was a wagon, and Uncle Robert would stand before it and let himself be the horse. Uncle Tom made him a real wagon, and would draw him about in it an hour at a time, while Lou held the reins, anda little whip in his hands, and kept calling out, —

"Get up, old horse!"

When Uncle Fred saw how the little fellow enjoyed that, he made a harness for his great dog, Bruce, and taught him to draw Lou up and down on the sidewalk before the house. Bruce knew a great deal: he would run and bring his master's slippers, when bidden; could carry home a basket of eggs, or any parcel; and if a penny was given him, would go to a shop with it, where two little cakes were sold him for it. One day the mistress of the shop, just to see what he would do, gave him only one cake. Bruce was much displeased; he laid it back upon the counter, took his penny, and marched off, and that was the last they ever saw of him at that shop.

When Lou was tired of riding, and of playing horse, Uncle Frank had even more stories to tell than Uncle Robert, and of stories the little boy never wearied. He would have liked to lie awake all night to listen to them.

At last the day for Aunt Fanny's wedding came. Everybody was dressed nicely, and Lou's mama put on his best frock and his best shoes, and curled his hair around her fingers, and they all thought he

looked good enough to eat, only people never eat little boys. But there was so much going on that day that he did not get any nap, and sitting up far beyond his usual bed-time made him quite wild. He would go first from his papa to his mama, and from his mama to Uncle Robert, and from Uncle Robert to somebody else; and while the minister was speaking solemn words, that little tongue ran as fast as it could, and that was very fast indeed.

It was not his fault, for he did not know any better, and it was not his papa's fault, or his mama's; for they never thought it wise to let him sit up to the wedding. However, not much harm was done. Aunt Fanny was married, just the same, and Lou had now a new uncle, as everybody kept telling him. He had, besides, a little bit of the frosting off the wedding-cake, which was the best part of it to him.

The next day the new uncle carried Aunt Fanny away to live with him in his own home. And Lou, and his papa and mama, went back to theirs, for it was time to begin to see about their garden, and a good many other things.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Lou was two years old, he had left off "wam" for yes, and there were very few words he could not speak. But he still said "*h*" when other people said "*s*."

His mama thought he was now old enough to be taught something about God, and about heaven, and about the holy angels.

"My darling Lou," she said, taking him in her arms, "do you know who made you?"

Lou was much surprised at this question. But after a moment, he said,—

"Mama made little Lou."

"No, it was God."

"God!" repeated Lou. He always repeated every new word he heard.

"Yes, God made Lou, and sent him to papa and mama, when he was a little baby."

"So big?" asked Lou, showing the tip of one of his fingers.

"No; larger than that, but still very small. I love God very much, for He is good. And I love Him for sending me this dear little boy."

"I love Him, too," said Lou.

He looked pleased and interested, and said, —

"Tell more, mama."

"Do you know what we do every morning when we all kneel down together?"

"Papa talks."

"Yes, papa speaks to God. He thanks Him for taking care of us all night, and for giving us our breakfast, and for a great many things. And then he asks Him to help us all to be good; for God loves good people."

"Does he love me?"

"Yes, He loves you dearly."

"If papa talks to God, *I* want to talk to God."

Then his mama made him kneel on her lap, and she folded his little hands together, and taught him to say, "Please, O God, take care of Lou, and make him a good boy."

After this she said no more, but held him quietly in her arms, rocking him back and forth.

By and by he began to laugh, and exclaimed, —

"God call to Lou; God hay, 'Lou! come up in the moon;' God hay ho" (says so).

"Does Lou think God ever made any other little boys?"

"Lou don't know."

"Yes, God made all the little boys and all the little girls in the world. God made every thing."

"He made Lou's kitty," he said. "And he made birds. And God made God."

Then turning so as to look in his mama's face, he said, —

"Yes, God made Helf" (himself).

"There is another thing mama wants to tell Lou. God can see every thing her little boy does. When Lou goes out into the orchard and picks up the green apples that lie under the trees, and eats them, God always sees him."

"Lou never saw God looking."

"No, but He can see you. Now you know mama has told you never to eat green apples, and yet you do, very often. And God knows when you

disobey mama. And He does not love to see you do so."

By this time Lou was tired of the talk. He jumped down from his mama's lap, and looked about to see what mischief he could do. His favorite trick was throwing things from the window, and he now seized his papa's boots, and threw them out, one after another. His papa, who was at work in the garden, was much surprised to see them come flying out.

"That was naughty," said mama. "Lou must go and stand in the corner."

Lou went, but cried all the time he was there.

CHAPTER XII.

THE summer days at this time were long and pleasant. Lou could follow his papa about the garden, and watch him as he weeded the flower-

beds, or raked the walks. He thought he helped both papa and mama when they trained vines about the door, by holding the hammer and the nails. Sometimes he filled his little wheelbarrow with apples, and worked till his face was quite red, carrying them to the old pig, who lived out in the yard near the stable, and never seemed to do any thing but eat and grunt. His mama sometimes watched him from her window, and sometimes ran out to see where he was, or what he was doing; but this took almost all her time, and she could not spare it all. She had her house to be kept in nice order, and to tell what she would have for breakfast and dinner and supper. She had to make a great many little frocks and aprons for Lou, for now that he played out-of-doors all day long, he soiled his clothes, and had to have them changed very often. Then she wanted to read and to write, and to play on her piano; and she had a cabinet of shells which she was fond of arranging, to say nothing of the rare plants she was collecting. So she thought it would be a good plan to get some little girl, who was older than Lou, but

not too old to play with him, to come and run about the garden and the yard with him, and see that he did not go near the well.

She soon heard of a poor woman whose husband was dead, and who was like the old woman that lived in the shoe, and had so many children she did not know what to do. She was very thankful to let one of them go to live with such a nice kind lady as Mrs. James.

"I'll sind yer me Biddy, and she sivin years old last December was a year, ma'am."

"I'm afraid she's too young," said Lou's mama.

"Is it too young she is! But shure she'll be afther growing oulder ivery day she lives, ma'am."

"I wanted a little girl who liked to run about and play, but yet was old enough to keep my little boy out of mischief. He's *very* mischievous, and I doubt if he would obey so young a child."

"And shure it's a rale little woman she is, actyve, livelye, sprightlye, with a hid of her own, and has had the care of all the childers whiniver I've been off to a day's work, ma'am. And a full male of

victuals has niver intered her poor little stomach since the day her father was brought home on a boarrd, and I died in me chair when I saw the sight of him ; I did indade."

Biddy looked up at Mrs. James while her mother was speaking, with longing eyes. To run about that pretty garden, with that pretty little boy, to get plenty to eat, and have nice clothes to wear! how nice it all seemed!

Mrs. James saw the look and her heart melted.

"I will give her a week's trial," said she.

"Indade ma'am, and may yees live for iver," cried Mrs. Medill. "It's meself 'll scrub her up clane and tidy, so she won't know hersilf if she mates hersilf on the street, shure."

That afternoon, her face shining with soapsuds, and her calico frock and apron as tidy as tidy could be, Biddy Medill arrived at her new home, and in half an hour she and Lou were good friends. Mrs. James sat down at a table and began to copy a picture in crayons.

"How nice it is," she thought, "that I have found

that little girl! Her mother will have one child the less to feed and to clothe, and I shall be able to do a great deal for the child. I shall teach her to read and to spell, and as fast as Lou outgrows his clothes, I can send them to Mrs. Medill."

CHAPTER XIII.

HER pleasant thoughts were interrupted by Lou, who came running in full of wrath.

"I don't like that girl!" he shouted. "She won't come when I call her!"

"Oh, don't talk so!" said his mama.

"He kept calling me '*chick! chick! chick!*' and shure, ma'am, it's not a chicken I am!" Biddy burst out.

"If she's a biddy, she 's a chick," cried Lou.

His mama laughed.

"Biddy," said she, "don't you see that Lou is only a very little boy, only two years old, and that he

does n't know better than to call you a chicken? Now run away both of you. And Biddy, remember what I said about the well."

Biddy went out slowly, and consoled herself with eating green apples in the orchard.

"You must n't eat green apples," said Lou. "God can see you if you disobey me."

"You are only a little boy," said Biddy; "You are only two years old. Your mama said so."

Once more Lou rushed to his mama.

"God is looking right at her!" he cried, in a loud eager voice. "He sees her eating apples. He does!"

"Tell her, mama says she must not eat green apples. They will make her sick."

Lou ran off with this message, and Biddy stopped eating, and filled her pockets instead.

When it was time for supper, they were called in. Biddy had hers in the kitchen, and ate as if it was her last chance on earth, while the cook looked angrily on.

"At this rate I shall need two pair of hands, and

we 'll have to buy a barrel of flour a month. If that child has eaten one slice, she 's eaten five. Mercy! if she is n't helping herself to another! Where 's your manners, child?"

"Me what?" asked Biddy.

"Your *manners*, I say. To come into a gentleman's house and eat as if you was a tiger,—a raving, roaring, raging tiger!"

"Maybe you 've always had enough to eat," said Biddy, coolly. "Maybe your mother was n't a poor widow. Maybe your father did n't fall off a house and get killed. Maybe you was n't niver a little girl like me."

"Indeed, and that I never was! cried Abigail, pouring out a cup of milk for the child. "But if your mother's a widow, and your father's got killed, why it makes a difference."

"Are Mr. and Mrs. James neat and tidy people?" asked Biddy.

"Neat and tidy! Neat and tidy? How dare you ask such a question?" cried Abigail. "Neat and tidy indeed, you little Irish Paddy, you!"

"I only wanted to know; because, if they are, I thought I'd borrow their brush and comb," said Biddy.

Abigail tried to say something, but the words would n't come. She only held up her hands and groaned aloud, and the end of it was that Mrs. James hurried out the moment tea was over, to buy for Biddy a brush, a comb, and a number of other things that she might be tempted to "borrow." Her heart sank within her when she saw, as she did now, that in taking Biddy, she had really taken another child to teach.

"I hope, Abigail," she said, "that you will be patient with the poor thing, and try to teach her some of your own nice ways. It will be a great thing for Mrs. Medill, if we can train this child into a useful young woman."

"If you are not too tired to sit up to prayers, Biddy, you need not go to bed," said Mrs. James, when Lou was laid away in his crib to talk himself to sleep.

Biddy did not know what "sitting up to prayers" meant, but she was curious to find out, and was quite ready to sit up. She never went to bed early at home, and did not feel at all sleepy. She went out and sat on the door-step that led to the yard, and waited there till Abigail called her in.

Professor James read a short chapter, and then Biddy, watching every word and look, saw them all kneel down with closed eyes. She did as the rest did, and when she went up to bed with Abigail, she said, —

"It 's a fine thing to have your prayers said off for you when you 're tired and sleepy. It is a great deal handier than my mother's way. She often gets to sleep saying hers."

"What a little heathen you are!" replied Abigail. "If you don't get right down on your knees, and say your prayers like a good girl, you sha'n't sleep with me, I can tell you. Do you suppose you're going to get off easy, and go to heaven just because we 've had family worship?"

Biddy was nearly asleep, and a good deal puzzled, but seeing Abigail kneel down on her side of the bed, she knelt down at hers, where she soon forgot all her joys and all her troubles in a sound sleep. After a time she was shaken till she was wide awake, by Abigail, when she was ready to go to bed, and could n't remember whether she had said her prayers or not. Poor little Biddy!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning Biddy Medill, Lou's little nurse, awoke early, feeling strong and well. She remembered what a good supper she had had the night before, and wondered if she should have as good a breakfast. She dressed quickly, and ran down to the kitchen.

"Here you are!" said Abigail. "Well, take up this water for Lou's bath, and don't you spill one drop on the stairs. And now I 'll tell you what it

is. You can dress that child just as well as his mama can, and don't you let her be breaking her back doing it, while you stand staring at her."

"I was to run and play with him, and nothing else," replied Biddy.

"The idea! Well then, stay here and get the breakfast, for now there 's two mouths to fill, there ought to be four hands to work. So I 'll just run up and dress the child myself."

On hearing this, Biddy scampered out of the kitchen as fast as she could. She knew she could n't get breakfast, and she knew she could dress one child, when, at home, she had five to dress. Mrs. James, who thought she came of her own accord, was highly pleased to hear her say she had come for Lou.

"What a little treasure she will be!" she thought. "Of course I shall bathe Lou myself, but if she says she can dress him, I shall let her try."

But Lou did not like this plan at all, and he told Biddy to "Get out!"

"Lou, never let me hear you speak to Biddy in that way again," said his mama.

"I did not say it to Biddy; I said 'Get out' to an old bear," said Lou. His mama stood looking at him, puzzled to know what to say or do. Lou saw from her serious, anxious face that he had grieved her. This made him quiet while Biddy dressed him, with her little womanly ways.

"I see you are used to dressing children," said mama.

"Yes ma'am," said Biddy.

Lou looked fresh and bright when his little white apron was tied, and his hair, wound around his mama's finger, fell in ringlets all over his neck. Then he came and knelt down at her knee to say his prayers.

"Lou," she said, laying her hand on his head, "you *know* there was no old bear here when you said 'Get out!' You said that to Biddy. It was very naughty to make believe you said it to a bear. Now, when you pray to God, ask Him to forgive you for doing so."

Lou looked very grave. He knelt down and folded his hands, and shut his eyes, and said, "O

God, please to forgive me for saying 'Get out' to Biddy."

"And for saying afterwards that you were speaking to a bear," said his mama.

"And please to forgive me for saying, 'Get out, you old bear.'"

"No, not that; you don't understand," said his mama. "O Lou! what *shall* I do to make you understand?"

Biddy, full of trouble at seeing her new mistress looking so anxious, now cried out, — "Maybe a good, hard crack would do, ma'am."

Mrs. James knew now, less than ever, what to do, so she told Biddy to take Lou down, and to play with him, near the house, till breakfast time. As to herself, she went to the study, where Lou's papa was reading, and told him all about it. He only laughed, and said there was no need to be so troubled. Lou did not seem much more than a baby to him, and he thought to himself, — "Such a mere baby does not know enough to tell a lie."

But Lou's mama felt sorrowful all day. She was afraid Lou was not going to grow up a good, truthful boy.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Biddy had been Lou's little maid a week, on Saturday evening, just after dark, papa and mama went out to take a walk. Lou was in bed and asleep, and Biddy was in the kitchen with Abigail. As they drew near the house, on their way home, they were alarmed by loud screams.

"What can have happened to Lou?" cried his mama, and she was beginning to run, so as to get home quickly.

"I do not think it is Lou," said his papa.

"It must be Lou. Only a child screams in that way."

"It is a child's voice, to be sure, but not Lou's. I really believe it is that little Biddy of yours."

"It can't be possible. But let us hurry home, and see what is the matter."

As they reached the gate to the front yard, the sounds ceased, and Mrs. Medill came hastily out, and was about to pass them in the dark.

"O Mrs. Medill, is that you?" cried Lou's mama. "Do tell me who it is I heard screaming so dreadfully just now? Is anything the matter with my little boy?"

"Indade no, ma'am, bless his sweet face. It's me own Biddy as I've been afther bating, and it's ashamed I am that yees has been afther hearing the noise."

"Beating Biddy? What has the child done, that you should beat her?"

"That's just it, shure. It's ivery Saturday night I beats 'em all round, to keep 'em straight, shure. And I just stepped up to-night to give me Biddy her turn, asking yer pardon for the noise, ma'am; and nixt Saturday night I'll do it the same."

"But Biddy does not need to be beaten. She has been perfectly good the week through, and is a very great help to me."

"See now! Is n't it just that I was saying, ma'am? It 's the bating she knows she 'll get ivery Saturday night, as keeps her right till the next week. There ain't a better child nor me Biddy, and so I just sthepped over to give her her bating, — bless her."

"*Stepped over* two miles to beat that poor child!" cried Mrs. James, as Biddy's mother went on her way. "What am I to do, Herbert? How can you laugh? For my part, I think it is perfectly dreadful."

"We must make it convenient to have Biddy out of the way next Saturday night, my dear."

Mrs. James went straight to the kitchen, in search of Abigail. She found her rocking in her low chair, reading her hymn book, as if nothing had happened.

"How could you let that woman whip the child so?" asked Mrs. James.

"It did no good to argufy," replied Abigail; "she only beat the harder; and the more I said, the more Biddy screamed."

"Poor little thing! Next Saturday night, suppose you hide her away somewhere?"

"I don't think that would do. Biddy would think we were taking her part against her mother, and that would make her uppish like."

"Where is she now?"

"She is getting undressed, ma'am, and going to bed."

"We must be doubly kind to her, after this. I hope, Abigail, you will be patient with her, and teach her all your own nice ways."

CHAPTER XVI.

AS the summer passed away, and cold weather began to come on, there were sometimes whole days when Lou could not go out-doors at all. Then Biddy helped him build houses and castles with blocks, and she liked to do that as well as he did, and would often dispute with him as to which had the most blocks, or which could build the highest houses. Then mama had to interfere. She would say, —

"Biddy, you forget what a little boy Lou is. You are nearly six years older than he is, and ought to behave better than he does."

"Yes, ma'am, I am eight years old, going on nine."

One day Lou played very hard, gathering the dry leaves that had fallen from the trees, and trundling them away in his wheelbarrow, and got very tired. The next day he felt rather peevish, and as it was very cold, and the wind blew very hard, his mama kept him in-doors. He would not amuse himself at all that day, and made her tell him stories, and sing to him, till she was quite tired. Whenever she tried to go away, he held on to her dress, so that she could not move.

"Let go my dress, Lou," she said, at last. "I am tired, and am going out to walk, now."

"I don't hear, mama," said he.

"I said you must let go of my dress."

"I don't hear, mama," he repeated.

His mama stooped down and unclasped his hands from her dress.

"Now you are naughty again, just as you were the day you said 'Get out!' to Biddy. God hears my little Lou when he talks so, and God is not pleased."

Lou burst out crying. He wanted to be naughty and he wanted to please God too.

A few days afterward, Lou took a book, and made believe read. He said, —

"Once there was a story named Johnny; a very good little boy. When his mama told him to let go of her dress, he let go. He did n't say, 'Johnny don't hear mama.'"

When his mama heard that, the tears came into her eyes. She said to herself, —

"Lou is only a little more than two years old, it is true, but if he knows enough to say that, he must know when he does not speak the truth."

Lou saw her tears, and ran to her, and said, in a soft, sweet voice, "*Don't* feel bad, mama."

She replied, "Mama is troubled about her little Lou. She wants so much to have him love God, and be a good boy."

"Lou *do* love God; mama won't feel bad any more. Lou loves mama, and loves God too."

Then he knelt down and said his little prayer; and added, "Bless kitty, too."

The rest of that day he was pleasant and gentle, and so good and so affectionate that everybody in the house was glad there was such a little boy in it. His papa was very happy, when it came night, to play with the little fellow, and tell him stories about what he used to do when he was himself a little boy, and lived on a farm, and hunted woodchucks. And the last thing before he went to sleep that night, as he did every night, he prayed to God to bless his precious child, and to help him to grow up into a good man.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT last the summer that had Lou's second birthday in it was quite gone, and instead of green grass and flowers, nothing could be seen but a

sheet of white snow, that was spread smoothly over all things. People put on their warmest coats and cloaks, and got out their sleighs, and you could hear the merry jingling of bells, and the laughter of the boys as they coasted down the hills, or went skating over the ponds. Lou stood at the window and looked out. Oh how he longed to be a big boy, and to have a pair of skates, and to be a big man, with a horse and a sleigh of his own! His papa often took him out on sleigh-rides with his mama, when he was kept quite warm, and could hold the reins, and fancy himself the driver. At these times his tongue was never still; he asked questions about every thing he saw on the road, and kept his papa and mama laughing by his bright little sayings. His papa made a little sled for him with his own hands, and Lou could load it with wood, and draw it over the snow to the front-door, when he would march in, stamping his feet, and say to his mama, — "Do you want a nice load of wood to-day, ma'am?"

And she would say, — "How much do you ask, sir?"

"Oh, about two dollars."

"Very well, I'll take it. You may deliver it at the kitchen door."

And then she would pay him two dollars, which sometimes meant two kisses, sometimes two apples, and very often two little bits of paper, cut round, and shaped like money.

Biddy had gone home. Finding it impossible to give her her Saturday night beating, her mother had made some excuse for taking her away. Lou was happier and behaved better without her, because he had no one to take his toys when he wanted them, or to contradict him. At last his papa's winter vacation came, and he took mama and Lou to see *his* mother this time. There were no aunts and uncles there, but this grandmama loved him just as well as the other grandmama did. Up in the garret of her house there were ever so many nuts that grew on her trees, and a great many red squirrels scampered about up there, stealing the nuts and

having a good time. They thought all these nuts were stored away there on purpose for them, and that made them happy and noisy. Then down in this grandmama's cellar, how many apples there were that grew on her trees, and what good apples they were! Papa had now plenty of time to play with Lou, and to take him all over the farm. Lou, carried about in his kind papa's arms, saw the pigs and the hens and the horses, every day; and then, when they were both tired of that, they would go in and sit by the fire, and papa would tell over and over again what he used to do when he was a boy, while grandmama listened till her bright eyes shone like two stars.

When they went home, they carried a good many of the nuts and apples, and other nice things. Lou had always said that when he was a big man he meant to be a stage-driver; but now he said he should be a farmer, and raise hens and chickens, and keep cows and pigs, and have apples and nuts like grandmama's.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUT the wintry days passed away. The snow in the valley and on the mountains melted and turned into water, and ran off, making a joyful noise as it went, like a boy let out of school. The green grass sprang up, and the trees were covered with tender little buds. Once more Lou could run about in the orchard, and in the garden, and watch his papa and mama, as with hoe and trowel and spade they worked among their flowers, and sowed and planted new ones. His cousin Norman came often to see him now, and they played together like two frolicsome dogs.

"Who has been to see you this afternoon?" his papa asked him one night as they sat at the tea-table.

"Norman."

"What did you do all the time?"

"We played."

"What did you play?"

Lou sat up very straight in his chair, and answered

in a loud voice, growing more and more eager at every word, — "Oh, we played, he in one corner, and I in another corner, and go see each other; and he came to see me, and I shaked hands with him; and I went to see him, and he shaked hands with me, and knocked at the door, and had supper. And then we played run, run, run; Norman and I ran together and laughed and then played have garden."

His papa said, — "I am glad you and Norman had such a good time together. Some little boys are lame, and cannot run about; and some are blind and cannot see. What should you do, if you were blind?"

"I would pray to God to give me eyes."

After tea, his mama sat at work; she was mending something, and had a basket of little bundles near her; Lou took one up.

"This is my baby," said he. "Her name is Fanny. Let me untie it, and see if she has got a naughty heart inside of her."

He untied the bundle, and took out a little bit of flannel.

"This is her naughty heart," he said. "I have taken it out, and now she will be good."

And then, "O mama! Norman don't know who made him!"

"But you know."

"Yes, God made Norman; but I never see Him looking down."

Then he placed all the chairs in the room in a long row, and climbed up, and ran back and forth in them.

"Don't do so, Lou; I am afraid you will fall."

"I can't get down. I won't fall. I am a loco, running on a railroad."

"A what?"

"A loco."

"A locomotive, you mean."

Lou was ashamed that he had made such a mistake, and even angry. He jumped down, put the chairs back in their places, and went and sat down on a stool, in a corner.

"Lou," said his mama, "I made a greater mistake than that when I was a little girl. I carried to

church, in my bag, some sugar-plums and a needle-book."

Lou jumped up, and came to his mama, full of curiosity.

"What made you carry a needle-book to church? Seems to me that was a funny thing to carry."

"I carried it because it had just been given me, and I could not bear to be parted from it. I carried the sugar-plums, so that if I were sleepy in church I could eat one, now and then, and get waked up. Well, I was listening to the sermon very hard, but I felt my eyes beginning to wink — and wink — and w-i-n-k — and I knew I should fall asleep, and not hear the rest of the sermon. So I put my hand into my bag to take out a sugar-plum, but I did not look at the bag, I looked at the minister, and listened as hard as I could; so I put my great big needle-book into my mouth, and thought it was a sugar-plum."

Lou laughed so hard that it made his mama laugh just to see him; and his papa, hearing how merry they were, laughed too, though he had not heard a word of the story.

Part Two.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a bright May morning. Lou awoke, feeling well and happy. His mama kissed him and said,—

"How do you do this morning, my dear little lamb?"

"I am very well, you dear mama," said Lou, and he threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her many times. Then he stopped, as if he wanted to ask something, but could n't think of the right words.

"What — what are you, if I am a little lamb?"

"The lamb's mother is called a sheep," mama answered.

Lou kissed her again, and said —

"I love you very much, you dear sheep."

The "dear sheep" went down to breakfast with her lamb, and for awhile he was playful and good.

But when he asked for something on the table that he could not have, he became very angry, and threw himself back in his chair and began to pout. All the red cheeks and bright eyes and curly hair in the world, will not make a child beautiful when it is out of humor. Lou was not a pleasant sight to look at, as he sat there scowling and frowning.

"I never saw little lambs do so," said his mama. "They eat the green grass as their mothers tell them to do, and never ask for any thing else."

"I will eat grass, too," said Lou, growing pleasant again.

"No, eat your bread and milk; bread and milk to a little boy is just what grass is to a little lamb."

After breakfast, Lou played about, frisking hither and thither, making believe he was a lamb. He went around on all fours, and at last put his mouth down into his mama's work-basket, saying,—

"I wonder if there is any thing in this basket, good for lambs to eat? Yes, here is a strawberry. I'll eat that."

It was not a real strawberry. It was only a make-

believe strawberry, made of red flannel, with dots of yellow silk all over it, to look like seeds.

"Don't take that in your mouth, you will spoil it," said mama.

But Lou scampered away with it, and got it very wet.

"Come back, Lou, and bring me the strawberry directly."

Lou shook his head. He could not speak because his mouth was full.

"I shall not call you a lamb any more," said his mama.

Then Lou dropped the strawberry, and began to cry.

"I *will* be good, if you 'll call me a lamb," cried he. He looked so ridiculous, down on the floor, on all fours, like an animal, yet crying and talking like a real child, that his mama could not help laughing.

"I never heard a lamb talk, nor saw one cry before," said she.

Then Lou stopped crying, and began to laugh. "No," said he, "I am not a common lamb."

CHAPTER II.

NOW that the weather was getting warm, Lou's curls troubled him, and he often asked his mama to cut them off. But she could not make up her mind to do it. She liked to watch him from her window, with his bright hair flying in the wind, and she said if she ever cut it off he would look like a great boy.

His papa said he would grow into a great boy, hair or no hair, and he thought he looked like a girl now.

Then mama decided to cut off the curls, and one morning, before breakfast, she took her scissors, and clipped them off, one by one. Lou was delighted; partly because he liked every thing new, partly because he felt more comfortable. He expected to surprise his papa very much, with the sight of his little, cropped head. But papa ate his breakfast without saying a word, till at last Lou burst out with—

"Pāpa, why don't you be astonished to see my hair cut?"

Then papa looked at the little fellow, and laughed, and said he was very much astonished indeed.

"Papa, I am a great boy now, like other boys. I am almost three years old. I am almost old enough to wear trousers. Norman wears trousers."

"You call yourself a great boy, but you behave like a little boy," said his papa. "You cry, when you are hurt, just as you did when you were a baby, and did not know how to talk. It is right for babies to cry when they are hurt, or are hungry, or are in pain. They cannot speak, and so they have to cry. But you can say any thing you please, and so you ought to stop screaming. But I am going to the Post-office now; do you want to go with me?"

"Oh yes, papa!"

As they walked along together, Lou asked, "Where does the man at the Post-office get all his letters? Does he make them, himself?"

"No; different people write them, and send them to him, and he looks on the outside of each letter to see whose name is on it, and then he gives it to the man or woman to whom it is written."

"Does he give them all to big men and women? Won't he give any to little boys?"

"If a letter comes for a little boy, he gives it to the little boy. Here we are! Now let us see what there is for us."

There were a good many letters for Lou's papa, and several for mama, and there were some papers too. And last of all, best of all, there was one very little letter to —

"MASTER LOUIS JAMES,

"*Care of Prof. James*,

"WILTON,

"Mass."

"Why, here is a little letter for you, Lou!" said his papa.

The truth is, the letter had come the day before, and papa had left it in the office, so that Lou could have the pleasure of taking it out, himself. Lou was delighted. What with having his hair cut, and getting a letter, he felt about fifty years old.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Lou got home, with his letter, he was going to put it away, in a drawer, with some of his best toys. But his mama said, —

"Oh no, don't put it away till you have heard it read. It is from Aunt Fanny. I knew she would write you a little letter some time."

She opened it, and Lou sat on his low chair, and looked earnestly in her face, while she read, —

"DEAR LITTLE LOU, I wish I knew just how you are, and how you do! I wish your darling little feet were trotting fast down aunty's street, or climbing softly up the stairs, to take your aunty unawares! What a great boy you 're grown to be, since I saw you, and you saw me!

"Now Lou, my dear, you must come here. I have no toys, or girls, or boys, but you can play the livelong day, upon the shore, where you have never been before; and pick up shells, dig little wells, and your mama and your papa, can bathe and

splash, and dive and dash in ocean blue, and so can you. So pack your clothes, and follow your nose, and come right here, you darling dear, and as soon as you can, to your "AUNTY FAN."

"What is Aunt Fanny's '*shore*,'" asked Lou. "Is it her garden, or her yard? And what is an '*ocean blue?*'"

"Oh you 'll see, when we get there," replied his mama. "You will have the nicest time in the world at Aunt Fanny's. And so shall we all."

"Well," said Lou, in a pleased voice. "I 'll go and get my hat, and my kitty, and my wheelbarrow, and my little hatchet, and then we'll go."

His mama laughed.

"We cannot start off in that style," said she. "Vacation has not begun yet, and besides, our trunks are not ready, and some of your frocks are in the wash."

"But I want to go now. I *must* go now!"

"You cannot go now, and you must be patient."

"I can't be patient. I want to dig wells, and pick shells. I want to follow my nose" —

"Wherever it goes!" said mama. "Well, let it go out into the garden, then. And you can run after it and try to catch it."

"Just as kitty chases her tail?" asked Lou, and away he ran. Kitty was out in the garden, stepping softly over the flower-beds.

"I know something that you don't know, kitty," said Lou. "Come here, and I 'll tell you."

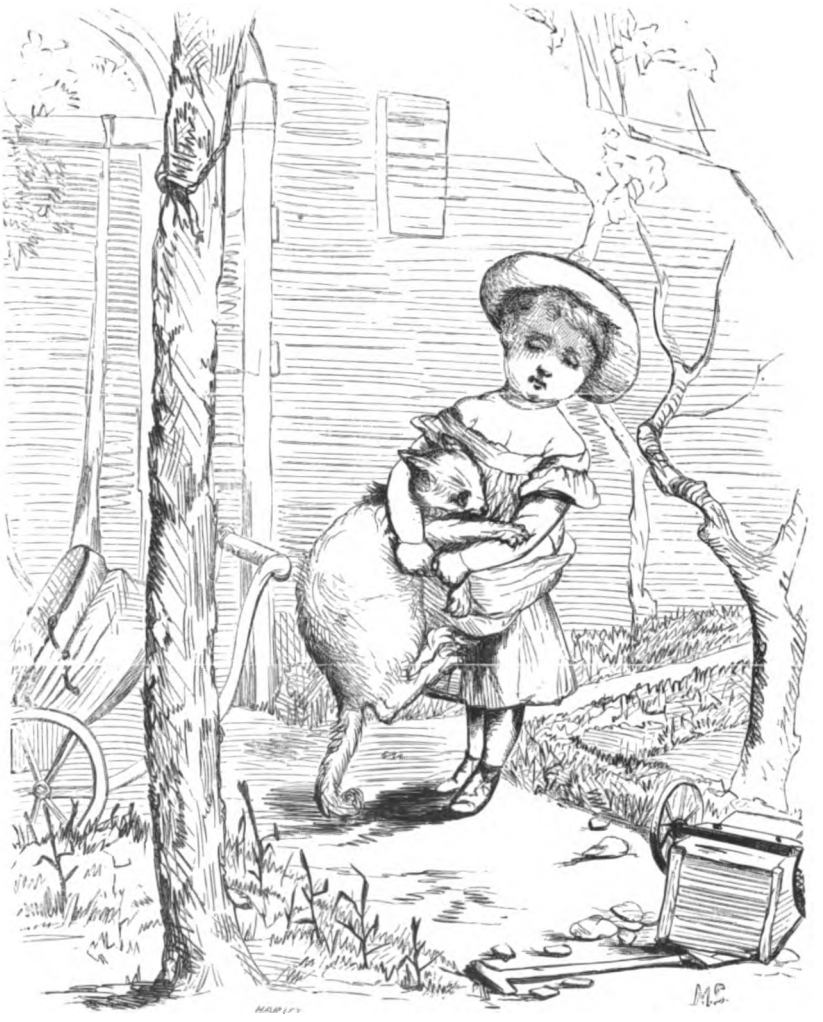
But kitty made believe she did n't want to know.

"You 'd better come, kitty. It 's something real nice." But kitty would n't come. So Lou ran and caught her up.

"You *shall* hear, you naughty kitten. We 're all going to see our Aunt Fanny. You are going, and I am going. And we 're going to see an 'ocean blue,' and ever so many things."

Kitty rubbed her whiskers against his cheek, and purred as much as to say, —

"I am glad to hear it. I did not know I had any Aunt Fanny, but if I have, I shall like very well to go and see her. But I should like it better to have her come here. I like this house very well. I 've



LOU MAKING KITTY HEAR HIS STORY Page 80.

been all over it and smelt of everything in it, and have made up my mind that it is a very nice house. But I do not think it at all likely that I shall be as well pleased with my Aunt Fanny's house, nor with her ocean, even if it *is* blue."

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day Lou hoped their journey was to begin, but his mama said again, that he must wait in patience. So he went out to the wood-house to play. There was a good deal of wood, piled up in high piles, and a great many chips lay scattered about. Lou chopped at them with a new little hatchet his papa had given him, and was busy a long time. He was astonished when he was called in to dinner, he had had such a happy morning. His hands and face needed washing, before he could go to the table, and so he was a little late, and his papa had already asked a blessing, and begun to carve.

"Why, papa! you haven't said for 'Jesus' sake!'" he cried out.

"I said that before you came to the table," said his papa. "What have you been doing, all the morning?"

"I've been hatching, papa."

"Hatching? Hatching what?"

"Hatching wood, with my new hatchet."

His papa laughed; and Lou laughed too, though he did not know what he was laughing at. After dinner, he was playing about the room, and his mama went to the piano, and began to sing "The Misletoe Bough." Pretty soon Lou stopped playing, in order to listen, and when the song ceased, his mama found him crying bitterly. She was sorry she had sung a song that made him cry. She thought he was too young to notice the words, which are very sad. She soon dried his tears by singing something amusing, in two voices.

First voice.

What nibbling noise is that I hear?
What little noise is that?

Second voice.

Why, don't you know it when you hear
The purring of your cat?

First voice.

I never knew my cat to go
And hide behind the wall;
Of course I know her purring sounds;
It is not that, at all.

Second voice.

To tell the truth it 's not the cat,
It 's only little me,
Trembling within my hiding-place,
As hungry as can be.

First voice.

And who is 'little me,' I pray?
And who is hungry here?
Come out, come out, and show yourself;
There 's no one here to fear.

Second voice.

I cannot come! I dare not come!
You 'd drive me right away;
And yet I have not had to eat,
A single scrap to-day.
No crumbs lie scattered on your floors,
You keep your house so neat;
Your cheese you lock within a box,
With all your dainties sweet.

First voice.

Ah! now I know just who you are!
Come out, sir, if you please!
You are the mouse that steals my cake,
And eats up all my cheese!

Second voice.

Oh do not scold me! do not frown
Till I 've my story told!
I never stole a crumb from you,
I 'm only nine days old.
My father was a soldier bold,
He perished in the wars —

First voice.

Aha! you mean he fought with cats,
And perished in their claws.

Second voice.

My mother hid her little nest
Just here behind the wall,
She nursed us every one herself,
And dearly loved us all.
But she has gone, we know not where,
And left her children here;
And my poor little sisters lie
Half dead with grief and fear.

First voice.

Come out, poor things, and let me see
If all you say is true;
I 'm sure that we shall gladly spare
Some of our food for you.

Ah! here you come, you pretty things!
What little beads of eyes!
What tiny paws, what funny tails,
How bright you look! how wise!
Here; pick these crumbs of bread, and eat
These little bits of cake!
I think my darling boy has left
His dinner for your sake.

Chorus of mice.

Thanks, lady, thanks; our dinner nice
We hungry, starving little mice,
Have found and eaten in a trice.
The bread was good, and so are you;
The cake was sweet, and you are, too.

First voice.

To-morrow, after dinner then,
You little things may come again,
And now good-bye, until to-morrow!

Chorus.

Good-by, dear lady, till to-morrow.

[The six little brown mice form a ring, and dance away to their hole where they disappear.]

CHAPTER V.

"I LIKE that," said Lou, when his mama stopped singing. "But I wish *I* could see the little brown mice and hear them talk. And I should like to see them dance, too."

"So should I," said his mama, laughing. "And now you may run out into the garden and play, till the horse is harnessed."

"Am I going anywhere?"

"Yes, we are going up the mountain, a good way."

"That 's nice."

So Lou ran out and played awhile, near the door, and then went to the stable to see the horse harnessed. His papa was there, and he said to Lou, —

"Well, Lou, are you going up the mountain, this afternoon?"

"Yes, papa. Do you want to hear a story? I know a story about six little brown mice."

"Yes, I should like to hear it. But not yet. I

am too busy, now. Run in and tell mama to get ready and I will come in a few minutes."

Lou ran in. He found his mama tying a string around a large book. The book was made of newspapers, bound together. On the table, near her, was a basket.

"What is that book for, mama? Is there anything in the basket?"

"I am going to collect some ferns, and dry them between the leaves of the book. Then next winter, when the ground is covered with snow, I shall fill some vases with sand, and keep my ferns in the vases."

"I wish *I* could dry some ferns, too."

"Well, you may. I will carry another book for you. As for the basket, that is for mosses, and such things."

"May I take my little basket, and get mosses too?"

"You may take your basket, but I should think you would rather pick raspberries than collect mosses."

"Oh, so I should."

He ran to get his basket, and at last they all set off. Lou sat between his papa and mama; he held his basket, and she held hers; under the seat there was a stone jar, with a piece of white linen in it, and another basket, and a large jug. Lou was going to ask what they were all for, but his papa told the old horse to "Get up!" and they rolled rapidly out of the yard, and down the village street.

"Now, Lou, let's hear your story," said papa.

Lou told the story wonderfully well, and his papa made believe he was much astonished and pleased to hear it. By the time it came to an end, they had left the smooth road, and were beginning to go slowly, and by a rough path, up the side of the mountain. Papa got out and walked, holding the reins in his hand.

"Papa, may n't I hold the reins?" asked Lou.

"Oh no, don't give him the reins!" cried mama: "I 'm frightened enough now."

"There is no danger," said papa. "The road is pretty rough, to be sure, but this old horse knows every step of the way."

Mama was very glad when it came time to get out, for all that. And Lou was glad to find himself in such a beautiful place. He did not find many berries, but he put all he did find into his basket, together with one red toadstool, and one yellow one; a twig from a dead tree that he thought was shaped a little like a dog; and a number of such odd things. They were in a lovely spot. Tall trees grew on each side of the path, and made it cool and shady; graceful ferns, and delicate vines, and all sorts of green foliage, filled the spaces beneath the trees, and nothing was heard but the hum of busy insects and the refreshing sound of a brook that ran cheerfully by. Mama filled her book with ferns, and wished she had another book to fill also; Lou gathered what leaves he pleased, and filled his too, making mama admire every one. Meanwhile papa, who could go with his thick boots where they could not, went higher up, and collected all sorts of mosses and lichens; green and gray and white, and pretty little red-caps. "It is time to go, now," said he. "Come, my dear; come, Lou."

"Oh, do not let us go yet! It is so quiet and cool here!" said mama.

"We must go; you know we have to stop on the way."

"Oh I do wish college prayers were later!" said mama. "We always have to hurry off just as the pleasant part of the day comes on. I should like to stay here all night!"

"Would n't the old bears catch us?" asked Lou, pushing closer to her side.

"There are no bears here now," said his papa. "If there were, I do not think they would hurt you."

On the outskirts of the village they stopped at a farm-house, and papa drew the stone jar from beneath the seat. The farmer's wife came out to see what they wanted. Lou stood up and saw that the cows were being milked.

"How do you do, Mrs. Thompson?" asked mama. "Can you let us have a little more of your nice butter? And a few eggs? And if you can spare a little cream, I should be glad to have some."

Mrs. Thompson said she could. She carried the stone jar into the house, and brought it back, filled with butter, and covered with the linen cloth. Then she took the basket and the bottle, and filled them. Lou watched every thing with great interest.

"I put a pullet's egg into the basket, for you, my little man," said Mrs. Thompson.

"What *is* a pullet's egg? Oh, let me take it in my hands," cried Lou.

His papa opened the basket, and took from it a very little egg.

"What a dear little egg!" cried Lou.

"*Thank* Mrs. Thompson," whispered mama.

"I did," said Lou.

"If you did she did not hear you, nor did I. Say 'thank you, Mrs. Thompson.'"

Lou was silent.

"Oh, never mind!" said Mrs. Thompson. "All the thanks I want is to see him pleased." And then she bade them good evening and went into the house.

Lou's papa drove away, and drove home, without another word. Mama was grave and silent, too.

Lou knew they were both displeased with him. But he played with his egg, and tried to have a good time.

"Oh, you pretty little egg! you darling little egg!" he kept saying. All at once it broke in his hand, and his face and hands and frock were covered with it. He felt sticky and uncomfortable and ashamed; and began to cry.

"You see what happens to little boys who disobey," said mama. "If I had not been displeased with you I should have carried your egg for you, and you could have had it for your breakfast."

CHAPTER VI.

ON hearing this, Lou cried harder than ever, and as they drove through the village, everybody they met heard him. The students were going to prayers, for the bell had just rung, and they heard him. How ashamed his papa and mama were!

Does every thing pleasant have such a disagreeable ending as this trip up the mountain had? Yes, it does, sooner or later, unless people choose to be as amiable and pleasant when they come home as they were when they went away. One excuse must be made for Lou. He was very tired, for it was a warm day in the very midst of summer. After his papa had helped him and his mama from the carriage, he stopped crying, and began to look for his raspberries. He thought they would be nice for his supper, with some of Mrs. Thompson's cream. But the soft fruit was buried up under leaves and twigs, and mixed up with bits of toadstool moss, and gravel. Then Lou burst out crying again, but this time not angrily, but in a grieved way that made his mama sorry for him. She led him up to her room, and washed the stains of yellow egg from his face and hands, and cooled his forehead with fresh water.

"Next time you will be a good boy," she said, kindly, "and thank Mrs. Thompson when she gives you a little tiny egg. And you won't roll it over your cheek and crush it, again. I am going to forgive you now, because I am sorry for you."

"Why don't you punish me before you forgive me, mama?" Lou asked, in a gentle, pleased voice.

"I will tell you the reason. It is because God so often forgives me, without punishing me."

"Why, *mama!* Are you ever naughty?" cried Lou. "Why, what do you do?"

Before mama had time to answer, the bell rang for tea, for papa had come in from prayers, and was waiting for them, down-stairs. All the way down Lou kept kissing his mama's hand. He felt sorry that he had not been a good boy, and he loved his mama dearly, because she had forgiven him. Don't you sometimes feel just so when you have said or done what you know displeases God? If you do, that is a sign that you love Him, and are His own dear child.

The next morning at breakfast, neither Lou nor his mama had much appetite. Mama said it was because the night had been so warm. She said Lou did not lie still a minute, but tossed and turned all sorts of ways, and that she should be thankful to get him to the sea-shore.

"By the by, I promised to make him a wooden spade to dig with," said papa. "I must not forget my promises. He will enjoy digging in the sand."

"Are we going to-day, papa?"

"No, not to-day."

"To-morrow, then?"

"No."

"The day after that?"

His papa shook his head.

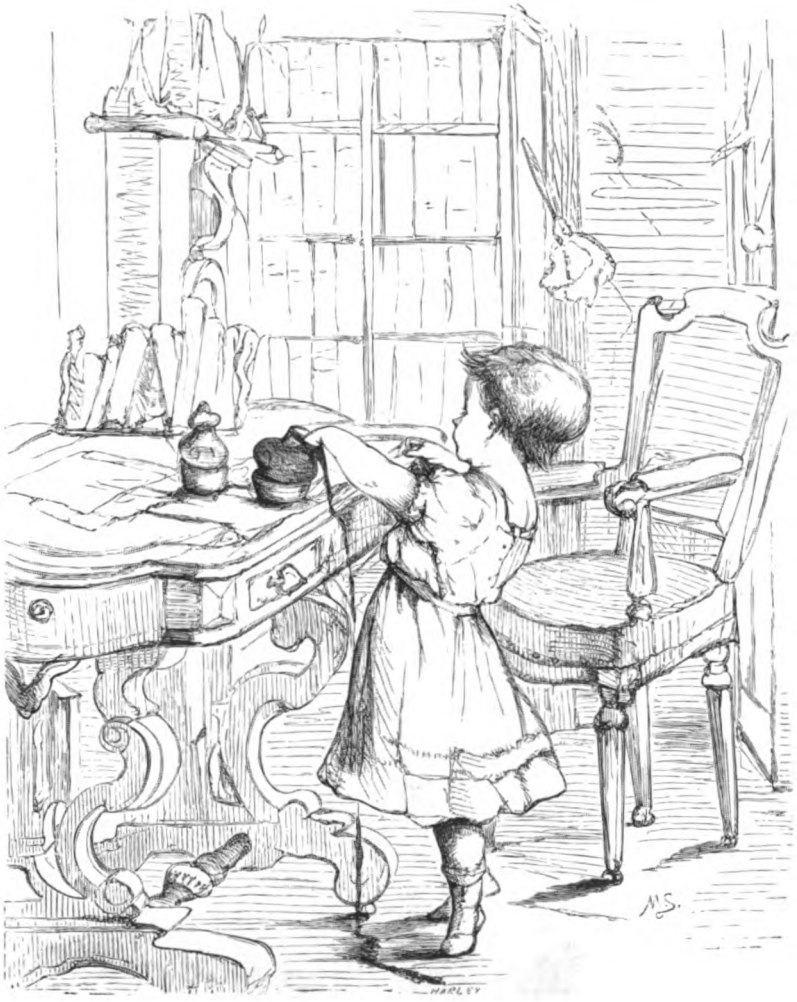
"We *never* shall go! It is a year since Aunt Fanny told us to come. I'm afraid the ocean blue will all dry up before we get there!"

His papa smiled.

"We are going on Friday. We shall stop in Boston a little while, for I have business there, and then we will go straight to Aunt Fanny's."

CHAPTER VII.

LOU asked so many times the next day how soon it would be Friday, and was so restless, that his mama got very tired. She was trying to get something done that she should need at the sea-side, and could not read to him as much as usual, and so he had leisure to get into all sorts of mischief. He took up his papa's inkstand, which he had been forbidden to touch, and spilled the ink all over some papers on the library table, and on his own frock and apron. Then when his dress had been taken off, and a clean one put on, and his mama was busy in trying to save papa's papers, he ran to her cabinet of shells, pulled out a drawer, and fell backwards with it, scattering the neatly arranged shells all over the floor. How glad she was when Friday came, and this uneasy little mortal could set forth with her upon the journey. It was a very warm day, and the cars were crowded with people. Lou had a seat by the window, and for a



LOU GETS INTO MISCHIEF IN THE LIBRARY Page 96

time every thing he saw amused and interested him. As they approached the first town at which the train was to stop, he heard a loud, long whistle, that was like a dreadful scream.

"Oh, what is that?" he cried, shrinking away from the window.

"It is the locomotive, whistling to let people know it is coming," said his papa.

"Why, I did not know locomotives had so much sense!" cried Lou. Several persons who sat near, smiled on hearing this speech, and he heard some one say, —

"What a bright little fellow that is! He talks as plainly as a grown man."

"Yes," said another, "and how the mistakes of little children amuse and please us! Last winter one of my children asked another if birds of prey were good to eat, and was told they were not. 'Why, yes they are, we had some for dinner the other day. We had preying (prairie) hens!'"

Both gentlemen laughed, and so did Lou, though he did n't know why. The dust and cinders began

to fly in at the windows; they settled on his moist cheeks and on his frock, and got into his eyes. He was tired and thirsty, and looking from the window no longer gave him pleasure.

He yawned, and said "Oh dear!" and got down from his seat, and twisted this way and that, and wished he had some water, and wished he was at Aunt Fanny's, and was sure he was hungry and wanted his dinner. His papa and mama were thankful when the train went dashing into the dépôt at Boston. They were as tired and thirsty as he was, and just as dusty, and had as many cinders in their eyes. And they had, besides, the fatigue of having a hot little boy leaning on them, asking a hundred questions, teasing for water, and for dinner, and making himself very tiresome. But they were patient because they knew fretting would do no good, and because grown people know that in journeying you must expect to be tired.

They went to a large hotel at Boston, and mama shook off her dust and cinders, and Lou's also, and brushed papa's coat, that looked like a miller's till it

was black again. Then they went down to dinner, and the man who was to wait upon them, poured out for each a glass of ice water. Lou had never seen ice in summer; in his papa's deep well the water was always cool and fresh. He turned quickly to his papa, and cried in an excited, eager voice, "Jack Frost is in my glass, papa!"

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was too late when they reached Aunt Fanny's for Lou to go out to see the sea, or to pick up shells. He was too tired and sleepy to care, or to look at Aunt Fanny, or let her speak to him. He went to bed with a large shell under his pillow, in which he could hear the murmur of the sea, and did not so much as turn over once all night. The fatigue of the journey, and the change to delicious sea air, made him sleep soundly. When he opened his eyes in the morning, his mama was standing by his bedside, smiling.

"What time is it? Is it morning?" he cried.

"How long have you been asleep?" asked mama.

"About three minutes."

He looked about him, a little surprised.

"Why, where am I? Oh I know now! I am at Aunt Fanny's house, and I am going to see her ocean blue."

"Do say blue ocean," said mama, who was quite tired of hearing him quote Aunt Fanny. "Come to the window, and you shall see it before you are dressed."

Lou climbed into a chair, and looked out, and for the first time in his life saw the ocean. His mama thought he would say something wonderful, that she could run down and repeat to Aunt Fanny. But he did not say a word. He was too much surprised to speak.

"It is too cold to stand in your night-gown any longer," mama said at last. And she drew her shawl closer around him.

"Are you *cold*, mama?"

"Yes; it is very different here from the air in our little valley. Look down there. Don't you see papa walking on the shore?"

"Oh yes!" cried Lou, clapping his hands. "Let me get dressed and go down there, too!"

Mama dressed him as fast as she could, put on a little coat, and his hat, and let him go.

"Why, mama! I don't wear coats in summer!" he said, waiting a moment.

"You do here. Now run!"

Lou ran. He met Aunt Fanny at the foot of the stairs, but he would not stop to look at her; his new uncle tried to catch him as he rushed by, but it was of no use. He was off like an arrow, and soon reached his father, who was walking up and down, holding his hat on, and trying to get warm.

"I really believe Lou will be blown off to sea!" mama said to herself, as she stood at her window, watching them. "Dear little fellow, how he will enjoy it here!"

But before long they were blown in to breakfast, Lou's cheeks quite rosy, and both quite hungry. Lou

had already picked up a few shells; it made no difference to him that they were clam shells; they were the first he had ever found.

At the breakfast table Aunt Fanny could see her beloved little Lou, and watch all his little ways, and laugh at all his little sayings, just as she used to do.

"What shall I give him for his breakfast?" she asked. "Does he like clams?"

"He never saw a clam till now," replied his mama. "I think he had better have his usual breakfast, if you have milk to spare."

"I don't believe bread and milk will satisfy him in this sharp air," said Aunt Fanny. "Lou, my darling, you haven't spoken to Uncle Henry yet. This is your Uncle Henry."

"Yes, I know it," said Lou. "And you are his sister."

Everybody laughed at this, and Lou thought he had said something wonderful.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER breakfast Lou expected to fly down to the beach again, but he found he must wait until after prayers. Aunt Fanny led the way to the library, and they all followed: and presently the cook came in, with a little girl about twelve years old. Both were colored. Lou had never seen any but white persons, and he sat looking, first at one, then at the other, in perfect amazement. The moment prayers were over, he ran to his mama, and whispered in her ear,—

"Why don't they wash themselves?"

"They do wash themselves. They are clean and nice as you or I. But God has made them with dark skins."

"Could He have made them white, if He had had a mind to do it?"

"Certainly."

"Then I wish He had. They don't look nice, now."

"They *are* very nice," said Aunt Fanny, drawing near. "Martha is one of the best old souls in the world. I wish I was half as good as she is. And Chloe, her little daughter, is just like her."

"But what *made* God paint them black?" asked Lou, who had quite forgotten the blue ocean, the white sand, and the shells.

"Come here, Lou," said his papa. He took Lou on his knee.

"There is a country away off in this world where all the people are like Martha and Chloe. They looked beautiful to each other, for they had never seen any white people. But at last some wicked men went there and caught a great many of them, and brought them here and sold them for money, and the people who bought them made them work very hard. Martha was one of these people, but she got away from her master and came here. You must speak kindly to her when you pass through the kitchen, and never let her see that you do not think her nice. Perhaps her soul is whiter than your skin, and perhaps God loves her better than He does me."

"Will He let her go to heaven?"

"Yes; I have no doubt He will."

"Does Martha like to be black?"

"She likes to be as God made her. He loved her just as well when He gave her a black skin, as He did you when He gave you a white one."

Lou slipped down from his papa's knee and ran towards the kitchen, and peeped in. He could not look at Martha and Chloe enough.

"There's that pretty little boy peeping in!" said Chloe to her mother. "I wish I was as white as he is. Do you think I should be white if I pulled off all my skin?"

"No, you would be as black as you are now," replied Martha, laughing, and showing a row of white teeth. "I know enough to know that. Come in, you dear little boy! Come in and see what old Martha has got for him!"

Lou stepped a little farther in, looking curiously at them both.

"My papa says you are wicked spirits from the far west!" he cried, and ran away as fast as he

could. Somehow he had got all his father had said mixed up in that little head of his, that had not been on his shoulders quite three years.

Martha was not angry with him, as some foolish people would have been. She only laughed, and said softly to herself,—

"Wicked spirits! And that 's so. And may the Lord forgive us, and make us good spirits!"

CHAPTER X.

LOU ran back to the library, and asked if he might go down to the shore again.

"You shall go pretty soon," said his mama. "Just as soon as I am ready to go."

"Why need I wait for you, mama! I know the way."

"Yes, but you do not know the way to keep from getting drowned. Now understand; you are never to go to the shore unless some one of us is with you."

While they were talking together, Aunt Fanny went into the kitchen to direct Martha about the dinner, and Martha told her what Lou had said to her.

"What a boy!" said Aunt Fanny. "I hope, Martha, that you do not believe Professor James said any thing of the sort."

"Oh no, ma'am. Lors sake! no! I jist sat down and laughed till I cried."

"While he is here I want his mama to get all the rest she can, and Chloe can take him down to the shore and watch him while he plays about."

Chloe smiled. She thought it would be charming to watch him; every thing he did seemed so amusing, and his talk was so funny. But when she went into the library, and took his little white hand in her black one, Lou looked uneasy; he drew away his hand quickly, and brushed it, as if it were soiled. His mama was ashamed of him.

"I hope you will excuse him, he is such a little fellow, and does not know any better. I am sure he will grow fond of you as soon as he gets acquainted with you, you look so good-tempered, and speak to him so kindly."

Chloe looked pleased, and tried once more to coax Lou to go with her; but in vain.

"In a day or two he will know you better," said his mama. "I am going to the beach, presently, and I can take him with me."

So Chloe went back to the kitchen, to help her mother, and Lou and his mama went down to the shore. They each took a basket, and while Lou picked up shells and pebbles, mama searched for sea mosses, of which there were some lovely kinds to be found here. She did not find many on the shore, however, and seeing some rocks at a little distance, she thought she would go and look in the crevices among them, and see if any had lodged there. She drew a line in the sand with her parasol, and said to Lou, —

"Look here, Lou! you must not go beyond this line while I am gone. I am going to search for mosses among the rocks, just a little way off. Now be sure not to go any nearer the water than this line."

"Why not, mama?"

"Because it is dangerous."

"She walked away, slowly, looking back every moment or two, to see that Lou was obeying her. He was busy collecting shells, and a good way from the water.

"He is quite safe," she said to herself. "I need not watch him so closely." She went a little farther, and among the rocks found tiny pools of water, full of mosses. Some were green, some pink, some pure white. She gave a cry of surprise and pleasure.

"How beautiful! Little gardens full of sea-flowers! Come here, Lou!" she called, "come and see some lovely little gardens made of water!"

But Lou did not hear her. The wind carried her voice another way. She stooped down and with the end of her parasol, fished out some of the green sea-weeds and graceful mosses. They lay in little heaps on her hand, and did not look at all as they did in the water. Still, she thought she would take them home. Meanwhile Lou wandered about, and seeing a large, beautiful white stone, just beyond the line his mama had marked, ran to take it.

"It's only a little way; mama won't care," he thought.

He then saw a shell a little farther off. It was of a bright yellow.

"There is a shell that looks just like a little chicken!" he cried. "Mama will be glad when she sees my little chicken-shell."

So he went on, step by step, nearer the sea, and the sea was all the time coming nearer to him.

CHAPTER XI.

"I MEAN to run and jump on that little boy's back and give him a good bath!" said a small wave to its mother, the great ocean.

"Oh no! You would frighten him," said the mother.

Then the little wave ran back into her arms, and meant to be a good little wave and do just as she

said; but it was full of mischief that morning, and somehow it ran back again and came close to Lou, and oh, how it wanted to jump up and splash all over him! But once more it ran back, and hid in its mother's bosom.

Lou stooped down to look at something odd upon the shore. It looked like a piece of white jelly as it lay there. If he could have seen it in the sea where it belonged, he would have seen something like a little fairy umbrella, that kept opening and shutting, and floating about, more delicate than any thing made of silver.

"I'll carry this home," said Lou.

And just then, the little wave, that was so full of fun that it could n't help it, seeing him stooping down on purpose, as it were, ran and jumped quite over his head, wetting him all over.

Lou lost his breath, and though he opened his mouth wide, could not scream for a moment or two. When the scream did come it frightened the little wave so that it scampered back to its mother, terrified half out of its wits, and Lou's mama felt her

heart stop beating, and all her strength forsaking her. She threw down her basket and her mosses, and ran towards the spot where she had left Lou. He came shrieking towards her, quite wild with terror, his hat and his basket meanwhile floating comfortably off to sea.

A young woman, sitting on the shore, with a baby in her arms, saw the whole affair. She could not help laughing, but she came forward, good-naturedly, and said to Lou's mama, —

"You never can carry that heavy boy, ma'am. You look ready to drop, yourself. If you will take my baby, I will carry the little fellow to my house, and we will change his wet clothes. I live close by."

"Thank you, you are very kind. But we live quite near, too, and we had better go home. I have had a great fright, and can hardly stand."

Aunt Fanny sat at her window, with her work in her hand. She heard a fearful succession of screams, and looking out, saw her sister come panting along with a baby in her arms, while a stranger followed

behind, carrying Lou, kicking and struggling, in hers. She ran down and met them in the hall.

"What *is* the matter with Lou?" cried she. "I should think a shark had bitten off one of his legs!"

"O Fanny, he's as wet as he can be!" said mama "and I've had such a fright! Do help get off his clothes; he is shaking with cold!"

Hearing the noise, Martha and Chloe came running to the door, and Martha snatched Lou and carried him out to the kitchen, where there was a fire burning. Among them all, his wet clothes were taken off, he was rubbed and dried and comforted, and at last stopped crying, and used his mouth to eat some little dainty that Chloe slipped into his hand. His mama brought down some dry clothes, and he felt as well as ever, except that his cheeks were nearly roasted by the fire.

By this time his mama was so tired that she had to lie down, and she told Lou he must do one of two things; go and lie down with her, or stay with Chloe. He did not want to do either, but he was in a hum-

ble state of mind after his ducking, and not disposed to dispute. So he said he would stay with Chloe.

"Take him out to the front of the house, where it is warm and sunny," said Martha.

"But he has lost his hat," said Chloe.

"Then make him a cap of paper, honey."

"So I will!" said Chloe. "A little soldier's cap."

She found a newspaper, folded it, put in a pin or two, and made a paper feather, in a twinkling. Lou watched her, trembling with delight, and as soon as it was done, began to march up and down before the house, feeling a good deal more like a man than he had done since his bath.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER dinner his papa went out to get a hat to replace the one lost.

While he was gone Lou knelt in a chair and

looked at the ocean, while his mama and Aunt Fanny sat with their books and work, sometimes talking, sometimes reading.

"You will be able to trust Lou anywhere on the beach after this," said Aunt Fanny. "The fright he has had to-day will be a good lesson for him."

"I don't think he deserves to go there again, after his disobedience," said his mama.

"I don't want to go there any more," said Lou, turning quickly around.

"You should not say that," replied mama, "you know it is not true."

"I don't, and I don't; and I know the reason why I don't."

"Perhaps he is afraid of getting wet again," said Aunt Fanny.

"I hope he is not such a coward as that," said mama. "Speak, Lou. Why don't you want to go to the beach again?"

Lou was silent.

"Ah! he *is* afraid," said Aunt Fanny.

"So would you be afraid if the big ocean came and drowned you," said Lou.

"You were not drowned, you were only wet," said his mama.

Lou was silent again. He had made up his mind never to set foot on the shore, but he did not want to be called a coward.

"I wish papa would come with my new hat," he said, at last. "Then I could go to walk with Chloe. Chloe says she will take me to see ever so many shops, and let me look in at all the windows."

"It is too far for you to walk to town so late in the afternoon," said Aunt Fanny. "I wonder Chloe thought of such a thing."

"Then what *shall* I do? Mama would not let me bring my kitty, or my hatchet, or my wheelbarrow. I have not any thing to play with."

"Say mama *could n't*, not mama *would n't*," said his papa, coming into the room with the new hat.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, Chloe came to take Lou out. His aunt gave him a basket, as he had lost his own, and papa brought forth the little wooden spade, which had been hidden away until now. But Lou refused to go to the beach,

while he looked joyfully at the spade, and held out his hand for it.

"You cannot have the spade unless you go to the beach," said his papa. "All it is good for is to dig in the soft sand."

Lou began to cry. Mama urged, and Aunt Fanny coaxed, and Uncle Henry argued with him; but all to no purpose.

"You would not have got wet if you had not disobeyed me," said mama. "To day you will only go where you are allowed, and nothing will harm you."

"The blue ocean will run after me," said Lou, with a finger in each eye.

"And you can run away from the blue ocean," said Aunt Fanny. "Come, we're all going. You do not want to stay at home without us?"

"I don't want to be wet," persisted Lou.

"But you won't get wet this time. You got wet yesterday because you went too near the water," said Uncle Henry.

"The water is cold!" said Lou. "And it tastes dreadfully. And it gets into my ears and into my eyes," he kept on crying, dismally.

"We will go without him," said his papa. "Come, Laura. Come, Fanny, let us go."

He thought that when Lou saw them all going, he would want to go, too. But he was mistaken. Lou staid behind with Chloe, and sat down upon the stairs, and cried to his heart's content.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHAT shall we do, Herbert?" asked Lou's mama, as soon as they got out of hearing. "Shall we *make* him go, in spite of his terror?"

"No; I think we had better say no more to him, and very likely he will be eager to go as soon as he sees we have stopped urging him."

So they all had a charming walk, gathering sea-weeds, shells and other things, and now and then stopping to sit upon the rocks to look at the beautiful waves that came running in, white with foam. When they got home Aunt Fanny showed her sis-

ter how to arrange her sea-weeds. Lou looked on with great interest, and wished he could do some of this pretty work. His mama gave him a bit of moss, and he let it float as she did hers, in clear water, caught it on a piece of white paper, and spread it out with a pin. This kept him busy and happy till dinner time. After dinner Uncle Henry said he was going into town, and would take Lou with him if his mama thought the walk would not be too long.

She hesitated a little.

"Mrs. Brown, who has a cottage near ours, lets her little children go to town," said Aunt Fanny. "I don't think the walk will hurt him."

Lou was very glad to hear that, and to catch his mama's smile of consent. He marched off by his uncle's side with the air of a prince. His uncle looked down upon his little companion with some pride.

"He is a beautiful boy!" he thought.

As they walked on Lou asked questions almost without stopping, and said so many amusing things

that his uncle thought he had never had a pleasanter walk to town. When they reached it they went into several shops. They went first to a toy-shop, and Uncle Henry asked to see some little boats. He was shown a good many, and at last chose one painted in red and white stripes, with snowy sails, and a little flag flying at the mast-head. Lou smiled, and his heart beat when he saw this little ship; he knew it must be for him, and yet that seemed too good to be true.

"To-morrow we will go to a pond near my house, and sail this little ship," said Uncle Henry.

"Whose ship is it?" asked Lou

"It is mine now, but I am going to give it to the first boy I see who looks like a pretty good boy."

Lou ran a little way before his uncle, and stood in his path.

"Do I look like a pretty good boy?" he asked.

"Yes, I really think you do. I suppose I shall have to give it to you, then. What will you call it?"

"I 'll call it mine."

"No; what name will you give it, I mean. Every ship has a name of its own; did not you know that?"

"No, uncle. I 'll call it — I 'll call it — I don't know what to call it."

"We shall have to let your mama give it a name then. Carry it carefully. Is it too heavy?"

"Oh no, uncle. I could carry it if it was a hundred times as big as a man."

Just then they came to a confectioner's shop. Lou stopped to look at the nice things displayed in the windows. A tall, pale man, who saw his little eager face from the inside of the shop, came out.

"You have a fine little boy, there," said he.

"He is my little nephew," said Uncle Henry.

"Ah! I thought it was your son," said the man. "But it is all the same, Mr. Gray. You must bring him in and let us see if he likes sweet things. Here, my little fellow, here is some candy for you."

Lou took the little parcel the man handed him, and while his uncle and the shop-keeper talked together, he ate as fast as he could. Presently his uncle said, —

"Don't eat any more, Lou. I don't think your mama will like your eating so much."

"Yes, she lets me eat all I like," said Lou.

"I doubt that. Eat no more now, at any rate. We will see what she says when we get home."

Lou instantly forgot how kind his uncle had been, and became very angry.

"You are a naughty uncle!" he shouted, while large tears rolled over his cheeks. "A bad, naughty, wicked uncle!"

"I hope you will excuse this angry little boy," said his uncle, not knowing what to do. He did not like to go through the streets with a child screaming with passion. The shop-keeper said, at last, "If you will step into my saloon till the little boy gets pacified, I should like to send you in some ice-cream."

"I suppose I shall have to do that, or the child will never stop," thought his uncle. "I am sorry I brought him with me. I never will take him with me again." He led Lou into the saloon, and two plates of ice-cream were placed before them. Lou stopped crying. He had never eaten any ice-cream, but he

knew this must be something good. He took a teaspoonful, and found it very nice. Then he jumped down from his seat, and ran and threw his arms around his uncle, and looked up in his face with a sweet smile.

"Do you love me, Uncle Henry?" he cried.

Uncle Henry couldn't help loving him. So Lou went back to his seat, and ate his ice-cream in peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next day Lou's papa said he was going to take a bath in the sea, and advised mama to do the same.

"I shall want Lou to bathe too," said mama.

On hearing this, Lou set up one of his dreadful screams.

"Very well," said papa, "you need not go. You are a foolish little boy and do not know what is good for you. We shall have a delightful bath, and so would you, if you once made up your mind to it."

"I will take care of him while you are gone," said Aunt Fanny, "or he may go with Chloe to see you bathe."

"I had rather stay with Aunt Fanny," said Lou.

"Then when your papa and mama go, you may come to my room. That is, you may come if you are going to be pleasant."

"I *am* going to be pleasant," said Lou; and in about an hour, his aunt heard a gentle little knock at her door.

"Come in!" said she.

Lou came in.

"Now," said Aunt Fanny, "what shall I do to amuse you? shall I tell you stories, or shall I let you play with my little tea-set?"

"I like both best," said Lou.

His aunty laughed.

"I'll tell the stories first, then."

She told him two quite long ones; they amused him so much that he laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he got up several times to stamp and dance.

His aunty found it very amusing to tell stories to a boy who enjoyed it so much, but after finishing the second, she said she was tired. She went to her closet, and took down a tiny little tea-set which she placed before Lou, with some water, a few bits of cracker, and some very small lumps of sugar.

"You must make what I give you last a good while," said she, "for your mama will not like it if I let you have more. You can pour out for yourself as many cups of tea as you choose, and put in sugar as long as it lasts."

Lou sat down on the stool, having a chair for a table. Aunt Fanny took a book and began to read. When she had read about an hour, she looked at Lou to see what he was doing, and found him still quite happy with his little cups of tea.

"How easy it is to amuse him!" thought she. "I never saw a better child. What can make Laura say he is so troublesome?"

She had finished her book, and now took her work. She was going to bind two blankets with red ribbon.

"What are you doing, aunty?" asked Lou, who had used up all his tea.

"I am going to bind these blankets."

"What is binding?"

"Come here, and you will see. I put the ribbon all along the edge, so; then I fasten it with stitches, so."

"What do you bind it for?"

"To make it look nicely."

"I should n't think you would care whether your blankets look nicely or not."

"Well, I do care," said Aunt Fanny.

"Do you get up in the night and light the candle, and look at your blankets?" asked Lou.

"O you little chatterbox, you are as full of questions as you can hold; I see your papa and mama coming up from the beach. Papa has the bathing dresses in a green pail, and mama has the wet towels. Look here! Come and creep under this blanket, and see what mama thinks has become of her little Lou."

Lou crept under, like lightning. Pretty soon

mama came in, and threw herself into the first chair.

"Oh, I am so tired!" cried she.

"Did you have a nice bath?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"Yes, a delicious bath. The waves came in as fast as they could, and dashed over us finely. I have laughed till I am so tired that I could cry."

"I am very glad you enjoy bathing so much," said Aunt Fanny. "I am sure it will do you good, and Herbert too. I think your appetite is already improving since you came here."

"Yes, it is," said mama.

At this moment Lou, who had been silently waiting for her to ask where he was, came rushing out from his hiding-place, where he had been nearly smothered, and throwing himself on his mama, began beating her with all his might.

"You naughty mama! You did not say, 'Where is my little Lou?' You don't love me one bit!"

"Ah! Laura, I see you are right," said Aunt Fanny, "in saying you do not know what to do with such a child; O Lou, how *can* you be so naughty to your poor delicate mama?"

"I want her to love me!" sobbed Lou.

"You take a very odd way to make her love you, then."

Meanwhile, Lou's mama rose wearily from her seat.

"I suppose I shall have to punish him," said she, "though it never does any good."

"He ought to be punished, certainly," said his aunt.

Lou was led away to his mama's room. After a time she came back to Aunt Fanny's room.

"I am very sorry for you, Laura," said her sister. "Lou *can* be the sweetest and best child in the world. I have had a delightful morning with him."

"Yes, but that makes it all the harder when he flies into one of his furies," said his mama.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL the next day Lou was in disgrace. His food was placed on a little table in a corner, and he had to eat it quite alone. His papa and mama spoke to him very seldom, and then gravely and sadly. He moped about the house, not knowing what to do. His heart felt like a lump of lead.

At last he went to Aunt Fanny's room.

"You can come in, Lou," said she, "but I have no stories to tell you to-day. This the second time in your little life that you have struck your dear, precious mama, who loves you so dearly."

"I never struck her but once," said Lou in a sullen voice.

"Yes, you have. I was with you at the time. Your papa was driving us in the sleigh: you were sitting on your mama's lap, and I was by her side. The sleigh was upset, and we were all thrown out into the snow. You instantly flew at your poor mama and struck her. You thought she had thrown

you into the snow on purpose. You were a very little boy then, and I thought you did not know any better."

Lou was silent. He sat kicking his heels against his chair, feeling very unhappy indeed.

"I know what I should do, if I were you," continued Aunt Fanny. "I should go away into some little corner, where no one could see me, and I should kneel down and ask God to forgive me, and beg, and beg, and beg him to make me good."

"Papa said just the same thing," said Lou; and he stopped kicking.

"Yes, and he and your mama pray for you day and night."

Lou got up and sauntered about the room. All his best friends were displeased with him. No one had kissed him that day. And ever since he could remember, he had been loved and caressed so much that he never thought any more of the love his friends gave him than he did of the air God gave him to breathe.

At last he stole softly away. He knew of a place

where he could go and hide his sorrowful little heart away, and pray to God to forgive him, and help him to fight against his passionate temper. There was a large lilac-bush in Aunt Fanny's little garden, and underneath it there was room to creep in. Chloe had shown it to him. He went there now, and folded his hands together; the very hands that had tried to hurt his dear mama, and would have hurt her if they had been large and strong enough. He folded his hands, but he did not know what to say. But God saw the little sad face hidden away under the lilac-bush, and the little heavy, sorrowful heart. He knew that Lou wished he had not been so naughty. He knew that he longed to be forgiven. And he did forgive him.

After a while Lou came creeping out from his little nest, and went softly up to his mama's room. He did not have to tell her how sorry he was, nor to ask her forgiveness. She saw it in his face. She opened her arms, and he ran and threw himself into them, and clasped his around her neck, and burst into a flood of tears. His mama cried too. But after a

little while she wiped away her tears and his, and they talked together about being good till they both thought there was nothing else in the world worth caring for.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER this affair, which was like a clearing off shower, Lou came forth a little piece of sunshine. He was so affectionate and pleasant that no one could help loving him. His mama made him repeat to her the verses about "My mother," which she had taught him long ago, but which seemed now to have a new meaning for him.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "are you the very mother that on my cheeks sweet kisses pressed? Is this the very arm I used to lie on when I was a baby? 'Oh then I'll always try to be, affectionate and kind to thee, who was so very kind to me!'"

As he had now made up his mind to conquer him-

self, he no longer objected to go to the beach, and his mama had leisure to wander off by herself, or to sit quietly in her room, looking out upon the ocean, or enjoying the sight of her darling little boy, as, with Chloe by his side, he made wells in the sand, and ran to and fro as merry as the breeze. These last weeks at the sea-side were very happy weeks, and they all grew quite strong and well. But at last vacation was over, and they had to go home. And when they got there, home looked very pleasant. Lou ran about joyfully into all the places he loved best, and was very glad to see his kitty once more, and to make use of his little hatchet and wheelbarrow. Mama had now to begin to get ready for winter. Apples were pared and cored and strung, and hung up to dry. Tomatoes and peaches were canned, and put away in the store-room. The beautiful little red and yellow crab-apples were picked, and made into jelly, and the jelly was poured into tumblers, and bits of white paper pasted over each. Papa had his share of work, too. Besides his lectures to the students, he

had a good deal to do in gathering in the fruit from the orchard. The apples and the winter pears were picked carefully, and stored away in the cellar, and a little later, pumpkins and squashes and other vegetables were brought in from the field, and stored away with the apples. Then the potatoes must be dug, and piled up in heaps all over the field, and then collected in baskets which were emptied into carts, and a great bin in the cellar was filled with them. Lou watched many of these operations, and thought he was of great use, because he trundled home a pumpkin in his wheelbarrow, and several loads of potatoes. Meanwhile he was learning something new every day, for his papa kept him with him a good deal in the orchard and out in the field, and was constantly teaching him the names of things and their uses.

Before long there was a sharp frost, that took everybody by surprise. Mama hurried to get her tender plants into the shelter of her little conservatory that opened out of the library on one side, and the dining-room on the other. A good many flow-

ers died, and some only died down to the ground, beneath which their roots lay sheltered, and all ready to send up new leaves in the spring. Lou followed his mama about, chattering like a magpie. "Look at this picture, mama," said he. "Papa has just given it to me."

"Yes, dear, I see," said mama, and she went on arranging her plants on the shelves. It was a picture of a little dog in a cage with a lion.

"Why does n't the lion eat the little dog? Would he eat me, if I were there? Would he kiss me?"

"I don't think he would kiss you," said mama, "for he does n't know you."

"But if I should tell him my name was Louis James, what would he do then? Would he say, *Well!* — w-e-l-l! in a roaring voice. He could n't say it in a soft voice, could he, mama?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, laughing. "You do ask so many odd questions, Lou; and I am *so* busy!"

"I only want to ask one more, mama. When I am beginning to die, will my eyes be blazed?"

"Blazed!" repeated mama, setting down the flower-pot she held in her hands.

"Yes, blazed. Papa told me a story about a dog whose eyes were blazed when he lay dying."

"*Glazed* he said."

"Yes, glazed, that's it. And what shall I be put in when I die? Will wicked soldiers that are buried in the ground get me? Will God give me a new soul, then? Shall I come right up out of the ground the minute the trumpet sounds?"

"My dear Lou," said mama, "God will teach you what to do, when the time comes. After you die, and your body is laid away in the ground, he will watch over it wherever it is, and keep it safely. You need not have any anxious thoughts about it. He loves you even better than papa and mama love you."

Lou now ran away to play, quite satisfied.

"Ah!" thought his mama, looking after him. "I might spend my whole time answering his questions!"

Just then he came running back.

"What is a dragon, mama? Does he drag?"

"Who has been talking to you about dragons?"

"Nobody. I heard papa read in the Bible at prayers about a great red dragon that had seven heads, and ten horns, and ten crowns upon his heads."

"Then if you heard about it from papa you had better ask him whatever you want to know. For my part, I never saw a dragon, and never want to see one. Now, darling, you really must not ask me another question, just now."

CHAPTER XVII.

QUITE early in the winter, Lou was sitting in a high chair near the window, when his papa came in from the Post-office with the letters and papers. One letter was from Uncle Henry. Mama read it to herself first, and then she ran to Lou and

kissed him, and said, "God has sent a little baby to Aunt Fanny. It is your cousin, and I hope you will love it very much."

"Ah! what is it?" asked papa. "A boy or a girl?"

"It it a girl, and it is to be called Fanny, for its grandmama."

"How did God get it to Aunt Fanny?" asked Lou. "Did it come flying softly down, like a snow-flake? How funny it would look to see the air full of little babies all flying down together!"

"When it is, I shall go out and catch one," said mama. "I would catch a little sister for you. Aunt Fanny sends her love to you, and says she wishes you could see her baby."

"Can I go there?" cried Lou, jumping down from his chair.

"Not to-day. I hope Aunt Fanny will bring it here next spring."

"Well," he said, in a joyful voice. "And I'll lend her my little hatchet."

"Oh, girls don't care for hatchets."

"Do they care for wheelbarrows?"

"Not much."

"What sort of things *are* girls, then? I don't believe they have much sense."

"Little girls are quieter than boys. They like to play with dolls, and make believe they are live babies."

"Ho! I am glad *I* am not a girl!"

"Sometimes I wish you were a girl. You are so noisy on the stairs, and you slam the doors so hard, and frighten me by climbing up into such dangerous places."

"I *will* be a little girl, then," said Lou, climbing into his mama's lap. "But you 'll have to give me a new name, and buy me a dolly."

"Very well. Your name shall be Mary. As to a doll, here is one that I was going to give your cousin Ella, at Christmas. Will you have that, my dear little Mary?"

"If you please," mama, said 'Mary,' in a soft voice.

He sat down and held the doll as well as he could, but he did not know how to act.

"I wish my baby would behave," said he. "She tumbles over as soon as I let go of her. I believe I will give her a ride in my wheelbarrow."

"Oh, you have n't any wheelbarrow now that you are a little girl."

"Then I 'll toss her up in the air. People always toss up babies. It says so, in stories."

"But they don't toss them up to the ceiling, as you do. That would kill them."

Just then mama was called away. Lou picked up the doll and looked at her, closely. "I wonder what she 's made of, inside?" he thought. "I will prick her, to see if any blood comes. Why, the pin won 't go in! Anyhow I can crack her open with my hatchet, and then I shall know!"

He ran for his hatchet, and with one blow crushed the dolly's head to powder. His mama came back just in time to see what he had done."

"That was wrong; you know I do not like you to destroy your toys, Lou."

"Oh, am I Lou again! I 'm so glad! I do not like to be a little Mary, at all. I did not break the doll

for mischief, I only wanted to see what she had inside of her."

"Gather up the pieces and carry them away," said his mama. "I am sorry I gave you your little cousin's doll. It would have lasted her a year, and I hoped it would amuse you and keep you out of mischief long enough for me to write to Aunt Fanny. Now I do not know what to do with you."

"I will keep still, mama. You can write a letter as long as from here to Uncle Arthur's."

Mama sat down to write, and Lou played about the room, amusing himself. Once, on looking up, she saw him unroll a piece of tape, and stretch it across the floor. "There! That is the River Jordan," said he. "It flows through the land of Canaan. I wish I had some Israelites. Let me see! That old doll would have done for one." His mama went on with her letter. At last it was finished. She closed her desk and sat down with her work. One of her spools rolled from her lap, and ran across the room on the other side of Lou's river.

"Get my spool for me, Lou," said she.

"I would, mama, but I shall have to wet my feet in the river Jordan."

"Very well. I can use another. I hope your river Jordan will dry up before long, for I shall not care to wet my feet, crossing it."

"Its waves will roll back at my command," replied Lou. "Look, mama!"

And he began to roll up the piece of tape with an air that seemed to say,—

"Moses, himself, could not have done better!"

Part Three.

CHAPTER I.

ONE day when Lou was nearly four years old, he came home from his uncle's where he had spent the morning, and found his mama busy in packing a trunk.

"Oh, whose trunk is that? Are we going anywhere?" cried he. "How soon are we going? Shall we stay long?"

"Which question shall I answer first, you little catechist?" asked mama. "To cut the matter short, however, I will tell you that papa is going to Boston, that nobody else is going, and that he will be away a week, or so."

"Cannot I go with him?"

"Oh no," said his papa. "You must stay and take care of mama. You must tell her stories, and not let her miss me."

Lou did not know that his papa was jesting. He thought he really meant to commit the care of his mama to him. So when papa had kissed them good-by, he said to her, —

"I am getting old quite fast. It will be my birthday next July, and it is March now. I shall not let any thing hurt you while papa is away. You need n't be a bit afraid."

His mama smiled, and said she was sure he would take good care of her.

After a time it began to grow dark. Lou knew his mama could not use her eyes any more that day.

"Papa always reads to you in the evening," said he. "I shall do the same." He climbed up and took down a book, and began to read. It was all make-believe, for he did not know a letter. He read first the story of Joseph, with so much animation that his mama was really entertained.

"Now I will sing to you." He sang a hymn he had often heard his papa sing, in which something is said about a "great load of sin." He stopped singing, and seemed to be thinking.

"What are you stopping to think for?" asked his mama, at last.

"I was wondering what a load of sin is. Is it a load of gravel?"

"I am glad you asked me, if you did not know better than that. Sin is disobedience to God. Don't you remember the bundle Christian had on his back? That was *his* load of sin."

"I hope I never shall have one on *my* back," said Lou, looking over his shoulder.

"Then you must begin now, while you are a little boy, to do nothing that you know is wrong."

"I will," said Lou. "And now mama, I will tell you a story. There was a boy who piled up wood for his father till it toushed the sky" —

"Touched, not toushed," said mama.

"Touched the sky. Then he climbed upon it and touched the sky, himself."

"How did it feel?" asked his mama.

"Oh, it felt like stars, all over."

"And how did the stars feel?"

"Oh, they felt bright and sunny. That's all I

know about the boy. Was that a pretty story, mama? Did it amuse you? Am I taking good care of you?"

"Yes, you are taking excellent care of me. I shall tell papa all about it when he comes home."

"When you lie on the sofa after dinner, I shall cover you up, just as papa does. If you shut your eyes you will not know but I *am* papa."

His mama smiled, and kissed him.

"I think you had better go and play, now," said she.

"But you will be all alone."

"I like to be alone, sometimes."

"You must call me the moment you feel lonely, and I will come right in." So Lou ran to play, feeling very happy indeed.

CHAPTER II.

"MAMA," he said, running back in a few minutes, "I wish papa was at home. I want to ask him if it is going to rain. Abigail says if it is going to rain, she does not want to hang her clothes out."

"Papa could not tell, positively, what the weather will be. I think myself, it is going to rain."

"But papa knows every thing. He is a proph."

"A prophet, do you mean?"

"Yes, a prophet: that 's it."

"What can the child mean!" cried mama. "There are no prophets in these days."

"Then what makes people call papa a proph!"

"Oh, I see now!" said mama, laughing. "Papa's intimate friends speak of him as 'the Prof.' which means 'the Professor.' They do not mean that he is a prophet."

Lou looked disappointed.

"Well, if he can't tell what is going to happen,

he knows all that has happened," said he. "He has told me all the stories in the Bible, and stories about Indians, and stories about shipwrecks. He knows the names of all the plants that grow about here; and the names of the stars."

"Your papa knows a great deal," replied mama, "but you will not get him to own that he knows every thing. The more people know the less they think they know."

"Norman is out in the garden," said Lou, "and he says his father knows more than my father. And I told him papa was a proph."

'You and Norman dispute too much together."

"Well, Norman always keeps saying his house is better than my house, and his mama better than my mama."

"Let him say so, then, if it is any comfort to him. Besides, his house is better than this, and his mama is as good as she can be. Now do not let me hear of any more disputes. The next time Norman says he lives in the best house, say 'Yes, you do,' and that will end the matter."

"But I don't want him to live in the best house."

"I don't see how you will help it, unless you go and burn it down. The truth is, you ought to be two of the best boys in the world, with such wise and good men for your fathers."

Lou went off, feeling not a little crest-fallen, and he and Norman kept on disputing about one thing after another, till they got quite tired of each other.

"I am going home, you old Lou," said Norman.

"I 'm glad of it, you old Norman. I guess you would n't act so if your father had told you about the great red dragon with seven heads, and ten horns, and seven crowns on his heads."

"Oh, what was it?" asked Norman, coming back.

"I sha'n't tell any more. You don't even know what a dragon is."

"My father will tell me. My father knows more than yours does;" and lest Lou should have time to answer, Norman ran off as fast as his feet could carry him.

"After this I shall stay at home, and play with Howard," he said to himself. "Howard and I have

the same father, and live in the same house, so we have nothing to quarrel about."

When Lou went into the house, dinner was ready. He sat in his papa's seat, and tried to amuse his mama with his conversation.

"Mama, I saw a toad in the garden, and tried to catch him. I got my hand on him once, but he got away."

"How did the toad feel when you put your hand on him?"

"He felt pretty hoppy."

"I will tell you something else. Papa says there was once a little boy who had a large, good dog. One day the boy fell into the water, and the large, good dog jumped in and pulled him right out. Where do good dogs go when they die?"

"Some people think they go to heaven. What do you think?"

Lou smiled, and made no answer. At last he said, —"I think they go down into the ground, and stay there."

"So do I," said mama.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER dinner mama said that since Lou had tried so hard to amuse her, she was now going to amuse him by reading a short story. She went into the library, and took down a little book from one of the upper shelves, and after turning over the leaves a little while, she said she would read about a boy named Lewis.

"Am I the boy?" asked Lou.

"No, this Lewis does not spell his name as you do yours. We will see if he is at all like you.

"Little Lewis was an intelligent boy, but he was not a good boy, for he was always contradicting. If his father said, 'Lewis, your face is not clean,' Lewis would answer, 'My face *is* clean!' And when his father said, 'Lewis, you always contradict, he said, 'I never contradict.'

"Once Lewis lay upon the sofa. The sofa was covered with beautiful satin. Lewis had his feet on the sofa, and rolled about on it with his shoes on. There

was a soft pillow at the head of the sofa. Lewis turned over, and put his feet on the pillow. His father soon saw what he was doing, and he cried out, 'Lewis! Lewis! what are you doing?' Then Lewis turned around quickly, and lay properly on the sofa. But his father went on, 'Have not I forbidden your lying thus, at least twenty times? You ought not to roll about on the sofa with your shoes on.' Lewis replied, 'I am not rolling about on the sofa.'

"'What!' said his father, 'do you deny it? Did not I see you with your feet on the cushion?'

"'But I have n't my feet on it now,' said Lewis.

"'That is true; but they were there a moment ago, and you knew it was forbidden.'

"'No, I did not know it was forbidden,' said Lewis.

"'Then if your memory is so poor, I shall have to do something to strengthen it.' And his father took a little rod, and punished Lewis. Then he said, 'Now remember, you are not to put your feet on the sofa cushion: if you do it again, I shall punish you again.'

"Lewis did not do it again, but he contradicted as

much as ever. If he could not find any one else to contradict, he would dispute with himself; and that in the most silly way. Sometimes he would say 'a dog is not a dog; the black stone is not black; people do not eat; a naughty boy is not a naughty boy,' and foolish things like that. His father said, at last, that a child who was always contradicting should not talk at all. He made him go and stand in the corner, and not speak a word. This was a great punishment, for Lewis liked to talk. But it did not cure him. He was good for a couple of hours after he came out of the corner, but then he forgot all about it, and contradicted as much as ever."

"Is that all?" asked Lou.

"Yes, that is all. Do you know any boy at all like Lewis?"

"Yes, I know Norman."

His mama smiled.

"I know a good many boys like him," said she. "And one of them plays with Norman."

Lou looked down; he knew who the little boy was.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Lou's papa came back from Boston, he brought a number of large cards with pictures of animals upon them. Beneath each animal there were some words in large print. His papa thought he could learn to read on these cards,

Lou was very much pleased with his cards. There were twelve of them. He had never seen such large, colored pictures of animals before. He made the cards stand all around the dining-room, leaning against chairs, and then he made believe neigh like a horse, and bray like an ass, and roar like a lion.

"I wish I knew what sort of a noise a camel makes," said he. "I suppose it is a humpy kind of a noise."

"I hope you will learn to read, now you have these large, beautiful cards," said his mama. "You are now four years and a half old, and do not even know your letters."

"I am six years old," said Lou. "Half of four is two, and four and two makes six."

"What nonsense!" said mama, but she laughed, and patted the little curly head.

"You surely want to learn to read?" she asked.

"No, I am going to be a dunce. But then I shall know something, even if I do not learn to read, for I know some things now; things that I have seen."

He took up his kitty, and began to swing her about.

"Don't do so: you'll hurt kitty," said mama.

"Does that hurt you, kittybam, kittybas, kittybat?" asked Lou.

"Now I do wonder where Lou picked that up!" cried his mama.

"I did n't pick it up anywhere. I said it myself."

"He has probably heard some of his uncle's boys studying their Latin grammar," said his papa.

"Yes, I have. Arthur kept saying 'eram, eras, erat,' till it got fastened into my head, like a nail. He did n't say 'kittybam, kittybas, kittybat, though. *I* said *that*."

He ran out to the wood-house, and began to turn the wheel of his papa's lathe. After a long time, his mama, thinking he must be tired, went out to speak to him.

"Are not you tired, Lou?" asked she. "You might come in now, and play with your picture cards again."

"No, mama, I would rather turn the wheel, because, it is more exercise."

"I am afraid you are working too hard."

"That is no matter. If I am going to be a dunce, I shall have to work for my living."

"Who says so?"

"Papa. He says that when dunces grow up, all they are fit for is to work on railroads, and down in mines, and digging wells."

"Yes," said mama, "and when you grow up to be a man, it won't be very pleasant to be hewing stones or drawing water in dirty, patched clothes, while papa and I live in this nice house, and wear neat and whole garments. Of course you will not be fit to sit at our table, nor will you feel any interest

in the things we talk about. You get along now without knowing how to read, because I read to you so much, and papa tells you so many stories."

"Can't you read to me when I am a big man?"

"No, you won't have time to hear reading. You will have to be working in ditches, to earn your own living."

Lou began to look serious.

"I 'll come right in and learn to read this very minute," said he.

"Very well. I shall teach you gladly."

But learning to read requires patience, and Lou had no patience. He grew fretful and peevish, and could not see the letters, his eyes were so full of tears.

"I shall not teach you if you behave in this way," said his mama. "Go away to your own little room, and ask God to forgive you for being so impatient, and to help you to give your whole mind to your lesson."

Lou went. When he came back, he was quite pleasant again.

"I prayed six times," said he, "and that is as much as I thought was necessary."

CHAPTER V.

ONE Sunday morning Lou's mama dressed him very nicely for church, and read to him a long time.

"Now may I go down-stairs and sit in my little carriage, till it is time for church?" he asked.

"Yes, you may go if you will be very quiet and not disturb papa."

Lou promised to be quiet, and ran joyfully down to the wood-house, where a willow carriage was kept; the carriage in which he was drawn about when a baby. His mama took her Bible, and sat down in her room to read. It was a beautiful day, early in October, almost as warm as a summer morning, and she felt happy indeed as she sat in her pleasant room, free from care and trouble. She read

a few verses, and then she laid down her book, and began to think of Lou.

"Oh, will he grow up to be a good and useful man?" she thought. "He is so intelligent, he has such a memory, he is so full of life and spirit, that it seems as if he might make almost any thing, in time. But then how passionate and willful he is! How often he makes my heart ache! Oh that God would Himself train and teach him!"

With these thoughts, which soon turned into prayers, she was so absorbed, that she forgot to look after Lou, till the bell began to ring for church. She then put on her bonnet and shawl, and went down to call him. As there was no answer, she went out to look for him, but he was not to be found.

"He is waiting in the library," she thought, and went there.

"Have you seen Lou?" she asked papa.

"No; I supposed he was with you. I will call him."

He went out, through the orchard and garden. and

the winding paths under the trees, but no Lou was to be seen.

"I cannot find him," he said, coming back. "Abigail says she saw him last, sitting in his carriage."

"Where can he be!" said mama. "The bell is tolling, and here we are, waiting. Do you think any thing can have happened to him? He *must* be somewhere about the grounds. I will look, myself."

She went out, growing heart-sick every moment. What if he had fallen down the well? Suppose some vagrant had decoyed him away?

Papa, too, looked anxious. "It is just possible," said he, "that he has gone off to church alone. I will go and see. I will be back as soon as possible."

The church was half a mile from the house, at the top of a steep hill. Service had begun, and the congregation was edified by the sight of the tall, grave figure of Professor James, walking up the aisle to one of the pews near the pulpit, and instantly marching back again; for no Lou was there.

Meanwhile mama ran and looked down the well, half a dozen times, and had once more searched the orchard and the garden. Every moment she became more and more distressed, till at last she went up to her room, threw herself into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"O Lou! my little darling Lou! what *can* have become of you!" she cried aloud, in her anguish. Instantly there came running out of a large closet opening into this room, a little boy with a very red face and tangled hair. He threw himself into her arms, and burst out crying, as he covered her with kisses.

"Don't cry, darling mama! Don't cry! Here I am, safe and sound!" he sobbed.

"Why Lou! where have you been all this time? What were you doing in the closet? Did you hear us calling you?"

"I was hiding in the closet," said Lou, looking down.

"Hiding! for what?"

"I don't like to tell."

"But you must tell. I insist on knowing."

"I have forgotten."

"No, you have not forgotten. You can not have forgotten so soon."

Lou was silent.

"Very well," said mama, "since you will not obey me I shall have to take down my little rod."

"I'll tell you then. I was going to hide in the closet till you and papa had gone to church, and then I was going to come out and play."

Just then his papa came in to say that Lou was not to be found at church, and was surprised to see him standing before his mama, and that she held a rod in her hands.

"Hear what this naughty little boy has been confessing," said she. "He heard us calling him, but was hiding all the time in my closet, hoping we should go to church without him, and that he could then come out and play."

"Very well," said papa, "if he is so fond of that closet he may go back and stay there. Cruel little boy! you have made mama quite ill with fright!"

"No, let us do him justice there," said his mama. "He came out the moment he saw that I was alarmed about him. But he has been guilty of a greater fault than the mere childish trick, hiding away. He has told me a falsehood. He said he had forgotten why he had hidden away, because he was ashamed to own the true reason."

"You must punish him severely for it," said his papa. "I will not have a liar in my house."

Lou had never seen his father look so grieved and displeased.

CHAPTER VI.

NEAR the close of this sad day, Lou's mama, who had been feeling very unwell, and not able to sit up, began to feel a little better. She had fled with her trouble about her dear boy, to her best Friend, just as the tired dove flew into the ark. She had told Him all Lou had done, and had begged Him to forgive him, and never to let him be so

naughty again. And those who love God better than anybody else, find a great deal of comfort in telling Him all about it when they are unhappy.

Lou was tired, too. He had cried a great deal, partly because he was in disgrace, and partly from the tingling of the rod, and partly because he found his mama's closet a dark and lonely place when shut up in it as a punishment. Do you suppose his mama loved this naughty little boy? Yes, she loved him dearly.

She had suffered a great deal more pain in punishing him, than he had in being punished. Every stroke of the rod went across her heart, and left a mark there. But she knew that it was her duty to God, to train this child to speak the truth, and to be obedient.

Lou sat on a stool, looking pale and disconsolate. Under his eyes were two dark rings that showed how much he had cried; and his cheeks were quite pale. He thought no one would ever love him again.

"Come to me, Lou," said mama, and she held out

her arms towards him. He came and climbed slowly and heavily into her lap.

"I am sure you are sorry for all you have done to-day to grieve me and to displease me," said she.

"Yes, mama." And his lip began to quiver again.

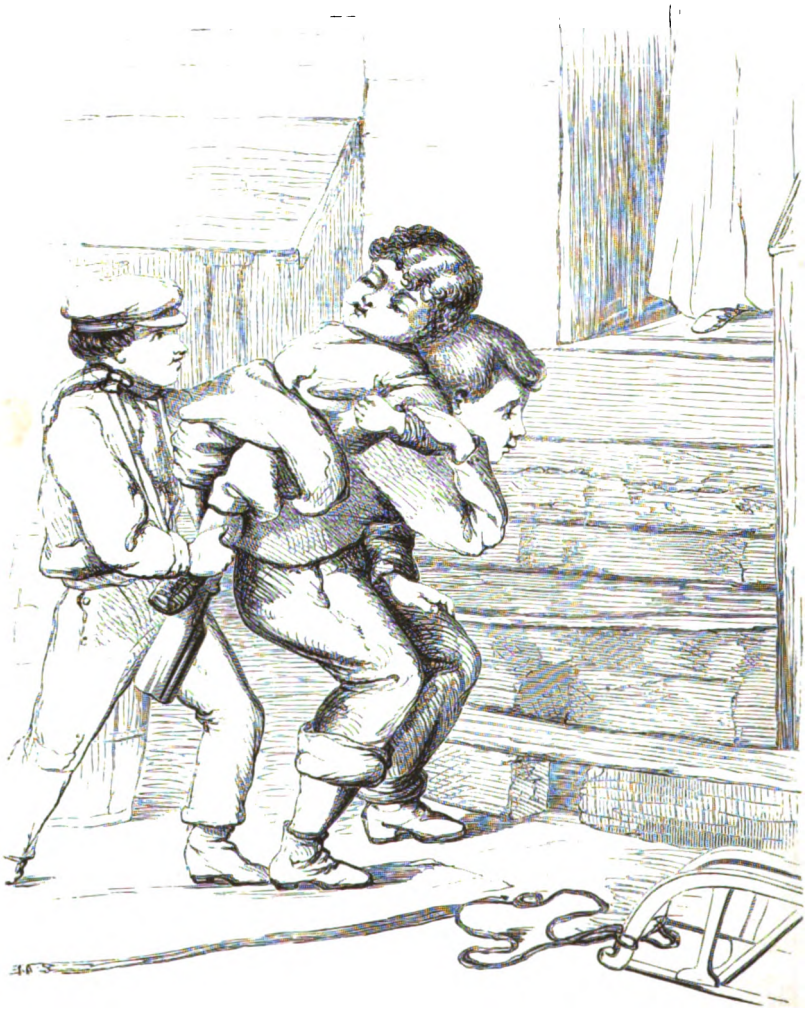
"Do not cry any more. You have cried enough. You can be sorry now without crying. Do you think I love you, poor little boy?"

Lou shook his head.

"I do love you; I love you more than tongue can tell. It is true I have used my rod upon the very flesh I have so often washed so tenderly; but much as I love the little body that holds your soul, I love your soul better. Some time your body will die, and be laid away in the ground. But your soul will live forever; so I care most for that, and am most anxious to have it such a soul as will be happy in heaven." While she was talking, she drew the tired little head close to her breast and with her soft, white hands caressed the pale face. Lou lay back in her arms, looking up into her eyes, devouring every word.

"You see," she went on, "papa and I are going to live with God when we die. We love Him dearly, and we are glad we are going to live with Him. But we want you to go too. And God says 'He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight;' I have asked Him, a great many times to-day, to forgive you, and I think He has forgiven you. But you must ask Him yourself, so as to be sure."

"I will," said Lou, in a soft voice. He felt truly sorry, and his heart was full of love to his dear mama. He wondered how she *could* love him so, when he was so naughty. He prayed to God to forgive him, and to love him, and never to let him be so naughty again. He felt quite sure that he should be a perfectly good boy, after this. He was now five years old and able to pray, in words of his own, for whatever he chose; but he did not want to have the trouble of trying very hard to do right; he wanted God to work a miracle, and make him good by force.



PLAYING "LOST TRAVELLER." Page 167.

CHAPTER VII.

LOU was now a tall, strong boy. He played out-of-doors in the coldest winter weather, without an overcoat, and always felt warm. His cousins, Norman and Howard, played with him in the snow. They coasted down hill, and made the air ring with their shouts of laughter. Sometimes they played the "Lost Traveller" in this way. Lou would lie down on the ground, and the others would cover him with snow, leaving a little hole for him to breathe through. Then Norman would pretend to be one of the dogs of St. Bernard, and would prowl around on all fours, with his nose to the ground, till suddenly he would give a joyful bark, and Howard would come running up, with a gray cloak folded around him to make him look like a monk. The two boys would then dig Lou out from the snow, give him a drink of milk from a bottle that hung around Norman's neck, and rub and chafe his limbs to bring him to life. Then he was lifted to Nor-

man's back, and trotted into the kitchen, where Abigail was often coaxed, not only to help rub the exhausted traveller, but to bring out good things for him to eat, that made the other boys eager to take their turn at getting lost in the snow.

One day Lou found a picture of some soldiers, sitting before a camp-fire, boiling their kettle. He wished he was not a dunce, at that moment, for he wanted to know who the soldiers were, and where they came from. But his papa and mama had gone off on a sleigh-ride, and Abigail said she should not read to him, for she thought he ought to be ashamed of himself, not to learn to read.

"There 's my brother's little Johnny," said she, "who was not born till you were four or five months old, and he can read quite prettily to his grandpa."

"Well, I shall catch up with him, and get ahead of him. Of course, I am going to learn to read some time."

"What are you fumbling about in my closet for? I never saw such a boy. You are never still one

minute. It looks so pretty to see a boy fond of his book, and sitting down reading, instead of tearing round as you do."

"I am not fumbling, and I am not tearing," said Lou. "I just want an old iron pot; that 's all."

"What for?

"Oh, to play with. I am going for Norman and Howard, and we shall play soldiers."

"What can he want an iron pot to play soldiers with?" Abigail asked herself. "He 'll leave it out in the snow, and get it all rusty; I know he will. And there! He 's gone off, leaving the door open, just as he always does, and the weather as cold as Greenland's icy mountains." She shut the door with a pretty hard push.

Meanwhile Lou ran up to his uncle's for his cousins.

"I 've thought of a splendid play," said he. "We are three soldiers that have been marching all day, and now we 're tired and hungry. We 'll pitch our tent, and make a fire, and boil our pot, and have supper. Come; I 'll show you a picture of it."

"Well!" said the other boys.

They all three went racing down the street to the yard of Lou's house, where they looked at the picture through the window, Lou holding it up for the purpose.

"What shall we do for a tent?" asked Norman.

"Oh, I know," cried Lou. "Papa's shawl will do."

He ran to get it, but now the question was how to arrange it. Neither of them knew. Lou brought the rake, and the other boys found some bean-poles; but the tent looked very forlorn, and ready to blow down under a breath of wind.

"It is no matter how it looks," said Lou. "We are not going to live in it. We are going to make a fire, and boil our pot."

"A real fire?" asked Norman.

"A real pot?" said Howard.

"Yes, a real fire, and a real pot," said Lou. "You boys pick up some sticks, and lay them together, and I will get some more poles to hang the pot on."

The boys obeyed. They gathered sticks from

the floor of the wood-house, and after a great deal of trouble, they made three poles fast in the snow, and hung their pot over the pile of sticks.

"Now I'll get a match, and light the fire," said Lou.

"Will your mother let you?" asked Norman.

"She is n't at home," said Lou. "But she would n't care, I know. She says she wants me to play out-of-doors all the time. And if I do, I must have something to play with."

He ran into the kitchen; there was no one there.

"That 's nice," said Lou. "Now I can get a live coal!"

He seized the tongs, and with them a large coal from the fire. The three boys then knelt down on the snow, and began to blow upon the coal to make it kindle the sticks. They were soon all in a blaze.

"Now we must have some water in our pot," said Lou. He stood thinking a moment. "If I go in again I may meet Abigail, and she may ask what I want of the water. Then if she finds we 've got a fire, I know just what she 'll do. She 'll take

the tongs, and jerk one stick this way, and one stick that, and scold and scold. But there 's no harm. Mama would n't care. Oh, I know what I 'll do! I 'll fill the pot with snow, and it will melt into water! I 've often seen Abigail melt snow. Hurrah, boys! we 're soldiers! We don't know where to get water; we 'll use snow!"

The three boys, laughing and shouting, soon filled the pot; more wood was piled on, the snow melted, the water began to warm.

"Seems to me I 'm hungry," said Lou. "We must cook our supper now."

"I don't see any thing to cook," said Norman.

"Abigail will give us something," said Howard.

"No she won't," said Lou. "I 'll go down cellar and get some potatoes. Potatoes are good enough for soldiers."

He ran in, leaving the door open, and was rushing through the kitchen, when Abigail came down from the room above, where she had gone to change her dress.

"Now what is it?" said she.

"I want some potatoes to boil in my pot."

"Well, you may go down and get some. Shut the door after you."

"Yes," said Lou, and ran off, leaving the door open again.

Abigail shut it after him.

"I suppose I did the same when I was no older than he," said she. "But it is very aggravating."

The potatoes went into the pot very willingly. They did not care whether they were boiled to-day or to-morrow, with skins on or off, for soldiers or for sailors. The little boys put on more wood, and sat around their camp-fire, watching it.

"How soon will the potatoes be done?" asked Howard. "I am very hungry."

"Yes, we are all hungry and tired," said Lou. "We have been marching all day. Our supper will soon be ready; it only takes three minutes to boil potatoes."

"No, that's eggs," said Norman.

"Potatoes are not much larger than eggs," said Lou. "I'll leave them in four minutes."

While they watched their pot, and shivered with the cold, Abigail sat at her work by the kitchen fire. After a while she wanted the tongs. But they were missing.

"Mercy on us!" cried she. "I do believe that child has carried off my tongs! If he has, he has been making a fire! What *shall* I do? I promised to look after him, and keep him out of mischief!"

She ran out, and that not a moment too soon. A spark from the children's fire had caught a wisp of hay that was lying near; the hay had been blown along to some brushwood that was piled against the stable, and set it in a light blaze. The stable itself, full of hay, would have caught next.

The astonished soldiers felt some one dash in among them and seize the tongs, and then saw Abigail scattering the brushwood with them, in all directions. They all set up a cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" with might and main.

Just then Lou's papa and mama, driving into the yard, heard the cry, and were not a little startled. Mama turned very pale, but she had not time to be

frightened long. Papa jumped out of the sleigh, and pulled the wood apart, trampling it into the snow, and there was nothing left to tell tales but a smell of smoke, a camp-kettle boiling away for dear life, and three little guilty faces. Norman and Howard would have glady run home, but were so frightened they could not move.

"Come into the house, all of you," said Lou's papa, "and let us know what all this means. Meanwhile some one will have to take care of my hands for me, for they are badly burned."

On hearing this, all three little soldiers began to cry.

Mama bound up the hands, and when that was done, she asked questions till she found who was at the head of the whole affair.

"You need not cry, Norman; nor you, Howard," said she. "Lou is the one to blame. But I am most to blame for leaving him at home with nothing to do."

"I did not mean to set the wood on fire," said Lou.

"Of course not. But you did set it on fire, and in a few moments more the stable would have caught, and then the wood-house, and then the house itself. We should have lost our pleasant home, our pictures, our books, our clothes; everything we have."

Lou looked very grave.

"I never will do so again," said he.

"No, I do not think you will. But you may do some other mischief. I think I shall now begin in earnest to teach you to read. Then when I am away, you can amuse yourself without setting the house on fire."

CHAPTER IX.

THE very next day, Lou's lessons began. He learned very easily. When he was pleasant and patient, it was nothing but play to teach him. His mama was surprised to see how fast he got on. But, on the other hand, she was surprised to see how

he hated to have the time come for his lessons. She, who knew the comfort and pleasure of being able to read to herself, wondered that Lou was not more eager to enjoy it too. But learning to read is always a drudgery.

"Mama," said Lou, "I'll tell you what will be a good way. The days I am good, and don't tease you about my lessons, you might promise to read me a story about a good boy. And the days I do tease you, you might read me a story about a bad boy."

"That would be a fine way, indeed," said mama, laughing. "As you prefer hearing about bad boys, I should be giving you your greatest pleasure on your naughty days. For my part, I think it would be better for you to be good all the time."

"But I can't, mama; you see I can't. I want to be good, but something in me makes me naughty. Why don't God make everybody good? He *can*, and why don't He?"

"I do not know. I do not expect, ignorant as I am, to understand every thing done by such a wise, such a wonderful Being as God."

"Oh mama! you are not ignorant! You know every thing!"

His mama smiled.

"Never mind," said she, "we are talking of things you do not understand."

"Well, mama, I want to know one thing. Can God do anything he chooses?"

"Certainly."

Lou looked doubtful.

"Can He, papa?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said papa, surprised at such a question.

"Well, — can He make a stone so large and heavy that he cannot lift it himself?"

Papa looked at mama, and mama looked at papa.

"Lou," said papa, at last, "it says in the Bible that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. That means that those who love Him do not ask such questions as you have just asked. They know what He can do by their love to Him. They are not eager to think of something He cannot do; they rejoice to think He can do all things. Yes, and it

rejoices me to think that out of this ignorant little boy of mine, He can make a wise, good man."

Lou did not quite understand what his papa had been saying, but he felt a little less conceited at the end of the talk than he did at the beginning.

He walked off quietly, instead of running and shouting, as he usually did when study-hour was over.

"What shall I do, now?" thought he. "I wish I had a brother just as old and just as big as I am. Then I should always have somebody to play with me. Norman has Howard, and Howard has Norman, and I don't see why *I* don't have somebody."

He opened the door that led into the street, and saw a boy running eagerly along.

"Hullo, Lou James! don't you want to go and see a great fat ox?"

"Yes, yes, where is it?"

"Just below the tavern. Come! it weighs four thousand *p*ounds."

Lou darted into the house, his eyes shining, and about twice as large as usual.

"May I go and see a great fat ox that weighs four thousand p*a*ounds?" cried he.

"What, alone?"

"No; with another boy."

"What boy is it?"

"Mr. Jefferd's boy."

"Oh no, I can't have you go with that boy. He uses very bad language, I have been told. I do not think he is a good boy, at all."

"I'll run out and ask him if he is a good boy!" said Lou, eagerly.

"No, no, that won't do. Of course he'll say he is. I should not think you would want to go and see a fat ox. *I* should n't."

"That's because you are not a little boy, that has n't got any brother," said Lou. "It is a great big ox and weighs four thousand p*a*ounds."

"Don't say '*paounds!*'" cried mama.

"I'll take you myself, Lou," said his papa. "I do not think it will give you any great pleasure, but I will go with you. As to that Jefferds boy, I want you to keep out of his way. He says wicked words.

"What are wicked words?"

"I don't think I can explain what they are, to such a little boy as you are?"

"Could n't you say a wicked word, just one, for me to hear, papa?"

"No, I could n't. You will hear bad language fast enough without my help. I hope you never will use it, yourself."

"Is 'ox' a wicked word?"

"Why no."

"Is '*paounds*' a wicked word?"

"No, no; you don't understand. Be content with keeping out of bad company, and you will hear no bad words."

They came now to a large tent in which the ox was kept, for the time. A crowd of men and boys stood idling outside, laughing and talking. The ox had its horns trimmed with red, white, and blue ribbon, and was a huge, awkward creature. Lou did not find the sight of it as delightful as he had expected to do.

"Let us go, papa," said he. "It is n't nice here, at all."

"I am glad I let you come," said his papa, as they pushed their way out into the open air, "you are satisfied now, and never will want to see such a sight again."

"No, papa; I never shall. I thought it would be a great deal bigger. As big as our house, perhaps."

"In that case I should have been curious to see him, myself. But in these days, no animals exist who are of such enormous size."

"Were there, in old times?"

"Yes; the bones of animals have been found, and put together, that must have belonged to creatures that were perfectly immense."

"Did you ever see one?"

"Which, the animals, or the bones?"

"The bones."

"Yes, I saw one in the British Museum. We are having a model made of it, to put in our college museum."

"A model?" asked Lou.

"Yes; that is, something made to look exactly like the bones in the British Museum."

"Shall I see it?"

"Oh yes."

CHAPTER X.

"OH dear! how tired I am!" said Lou, yawning, with his hands over his head. "The sermon was *so* long!"

"Yes, it was long," said his papa, "and you sat very still. I shall tell you a Bible story, to rest you."

"Oh I know every single Bible story, now," said Lou. "Every single one."

"Have you ever heard the story of Job?"

"No, papa. That is n't a story. I 've heard some of it read."

"We shall see," said papa. "Who was Job?"

"Job? Job was a — he was a — he was a man; or else he was a woman."

"What happened to him?"

"Why — he — well, I don't think I know."

"No, I see you do not. Very well. It happened once on a time that Satan was in heaven" —

"Satan! Why how did *he* get into heaven?" asked Lou, with great surprise.

"I don't know. I only know he was there."

"Perhaps he flied up. Flew, I mean. But how did he get the door open? that's it!"

"The Bible does not tell. He was there, and God asked him if he knew Job.'

"What made God ask that?"

"Why, Satan said he had been going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it. And then God asked him if he had seen Job, and knew what a good man he was."

"What did Satan say?"

"He did not say whether he had seen Job, or not. Satan is not one of the sort to give a straight answer to a question. He only said that if Job was a good man, as God said he was, it was because he had every thing he wanted. Do you think it would make *you* good, to have every thing you wanted?"

"Why, yes, papa. Then I should not have any thing to fret about. Now if I had a little brother, I should always have somebody to play with me, and so I should not be teasing you and mama."

"Should you never quarrel with your little brother? Suppose you had one, and he slept with you in your bed, and took nearly all the room; what should you do?"

"I guess I should push him a little," said Lou, who remembered the night he slept with one of his cousins.

"And then he would push you back again, and you would both become angry. Having a brother would not of itself make you good. Satan knew he was not speaking the truth when he said that about Job. God knew it, too, and so he told Satan he might take away all Job's things, and see how he would act then."

"Did Job have many things?"

"Yes. He had seven sons, and three daughters. And he had seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she asses."

"What a lot of salt it must have taken to salt so many sheep!" said Lou. "And Job must have kept a great many men, to take care of so many animals. I wish I could have seen all those sheep, and camels, and oxen, and asses!"

"Job did keep a great many men to take care of his animals. He was the richest man in that country. And his sons must have been rich, too; for each of them had a house of his own, and they took turns having their sisters come to have feasts with them."

"That made seven feasts," said Lou. "I wish I had been there!"

"Yes. One day it was the turn of the eldest brother to have the feast at his house. And while they were all eating and drinking together, a messenger came to Job, and said that some men had carried off all his oxen and all his asses, and killed all the men who were taking care of them. And then came another saying that fire had fallen from heaven, and burned up all the sheep, and all the men who took care of them, and that he only was left alive to tell the news. And then came another, who

said that three bands of robbers had carried off all the camels, and only left one man alive. While he was speaking, yet a fourth man came and said that while all Job's ten children were feasting together, a wind had come from the wilderness, and blown down the house they were in, and killed everybody in it, save himself."

"Oh!" cried Lou. "Poor Job! It is too bad! What did he do?"

"He fell down upon the ground, and worshipped God. He said he had nothing when he came into the world, and now he had nothing to carry out of it. And he said that the Lord had given him every thing he had, and the Lord had taken it away, and ended with, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

CHAPTER XI.

IT was now time for dinner, and after dinner papa read aloud to mama. Lou listened a little while, but he did not understand a word.

"How can mama like to hear such books?" thought he "The house is full of story-books, and yet mama likes to hear papa read things that sound just like sermons."

He walked to the window. It was a day in October, and a solitary fly was buzzing on the window pane. He felt as lonely as Lou did.

"I wish I had something to do," thought he. "If I could get out of doors, I could amuse myself; but this window is shut all the time, now. I am hungry, too. I believe I will go and buzz in that little boy's face." So the fly settled on Lou's forehead, and Lou felt a little fine, sharp pain in it.

"Go away, old fly," said he, shaking his head.

But the fly only moved a little way, and made another fine, sharp pain on his forehead.

Lou shook his head again, but the fly kept his place.

"Mama, this fly plagues me so. He keeps a biting and biting, and I keep shaking and shaking, and he does n't fall off."

"Yes, and the world keeps whirling round and round, and none of us fall off," said mama.

"Why, mama! Are n't we inside of the world?"

"No, we 're on the outside. But do not talk now. I want to hear papa read."

"On the outside!" repeated Lou to himself. "I don't believe a word about it. The world is round; papa says so; and it keeps whirling and whirling, and if everybody was on the outside, they 'd fall off unless they caught hold of each other. Mama! may I have an apple?"

"Yes, but don't talk."

Lou ran down for an apple.

"Now the thing is to set it whirling, and get the fly to light on it," said he.

He thought a long time what to do. At last he tied a string to the stem of the apple, and twisted the string, and then let it untwist slowly.

"Ha! that 's the good of the Rollo books!" said he. "I learned that in a Rollo book. Now to get the fly on; come here, old fly."

The fly, however, was buzzing on the window, and took no notice. Lou held the apple near it; the fly flew off.

"You silly old thing! I was not going to hurt you! Oh, if you'd only light on my apple a minute, I'd give you a piece of it. This apple is the round world, old fly, and you are one of the inhabitants."

"What are you doing, Lou?" asked his mama. "I did not give you the apple for a plaything, but to eat. Come, let me brush your hair, and get you ready for church."

"Is it time for church?" asked Lou, greatly surprised. "It is only a minute or two since dinner! Papa will you tell me some more about Job, after church? I like Job."

"Yes, I will tell you more, if you are as quiet in church this afternoon, as you were this morning."

"I saw that Jefferds boy at church, this morning, and he wrestled all the time."

"Wrestled? Wrestled with whom?"

"With himself."

"What can the child mean?" asked papa.

"Perhaps he means that he was restless," said mama.

"Yes, that's it. That's what I mean."

CHAPTER XII.

NOW papa, I am all ready to hear," said Lou, after tea.

" You remember that after Job had lost all he had, he blessed God. Suppose now I should go up into your little room, and take down all your pictures, seize all your books, your toys, your pencils and paper, your box of colors, your kitten, every thing your mama and I have given you, and you should run and throw your arms around me, and say ' Dear papa! every thing I had was given me by you and mama. And I love you just as well since you took them away, as I did before.' That would be like Job, when God took away all he had."

Lou's heart swelled.

" Do you think you ever shall do so, papa? " he asked, anxiously.

" No, I do not think I shall.

" Now to go on with my story. Satan appeared before God once more, and God asked the same

question about Job that He had asked the first time. And Satan gave another crooked answer. He would not own that he had seen Job's patience, and his love to God in his time of trouble. He only said that as long as Job felt well and strong it was easy to be good, but that if God should make him ill he would curse him to his face. Then God told Satan he might make Job as ill as he chose. So Satan covered him with boils, from the sole of his feet to the crown of his head."

"What are boils?"

"They are very painful sores. When we want to speak of a thing as causing us great suffering, we say 'it is sore as a boil.' One will make even a grown man fretful and wretched. Think then, what it must be to be covered with them from head to foot!"

"Was Job fretful!"

"You shall hear. When Job's wife saw the miserable state he was in, she thought the best thing that could happen to him, would be to die. He had no house to live in, no children to love, his riches were all gone, and now he was in dreadful pain all over.

She said to him something like this. 'Are you going to love God in spite of His treating you in this way. You had better curse Him and die.' And Job answered, 'You speak like a foolish woman. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' You see he loved God so much, that even in his distress he could not bear to hear him reproached.

"Now Job had three friends. Their names were Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. When they heard what had happened to him, they came to tell him how sorry they were for him and to mourn with him. As they came near him, he was so changed that at first they did not know him. Then when they saw that it was really he, sitting in the ashes, and scraping himself with a potsherd, they could not help crying. Every one of them tore his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon his head."

"What did they do that for?"

"It was the custom of the people in that country to do so when they were in trouble.

"Then they sat down upon the ground with him

seven days and seven nights, without speaking a word, his grief was so great."

"Seven days and seven nights! Why, that is a whole week!" cried Lou.

"At last Job began to speak. He said he was suffering so terribly that it would have been better for him to have died the day he was born, and that every dreadful thing he had feared, had come upon him.

"Then his friend Eliphaz, instead of telling Job how sorry he was for him, began to find fault with him. He said that Job had often urged people in trouble to bear it patiently, and now was faint-hearted himself. And he said it was a good thing to be chastised by God. Now this is true, but when a man is in such distress as Job was, he can't listen to such talk. All he wants is to have somebody take his hand, and say 'Oh how sorry I am for you!' Suppose you should fall down and break your leg, and instead of taking you up, and kissing you, and running for the doctor, I should say: 'Well, you like to hear stories about boys who are heroic and bear pain nobly; I wonder

you cry so! Besides, it is a lucky thing that you 've broken your leg. Perhaps it will cure you of some of your faults!'"

"What did Job say to Eliphaz?"

"He said he wished all his sufferings could be weighed, so that his friends could see how heavy they were. He said they would weigh as much as the sand on the shore.

"And he said he could not sleep, he was so sorrowful, nor keep still, he was in such pain. And that in the morning he wished it was night, and at night wished it was morning. Then Bildad began to speak. He said that perhaps the reason why God had destroyed all Job's children was because they were wicked. And that if Job were as good as he ought to be, God would not afflict him so. Job answered that he knew that God was a just God, and that he wished he knew how he had displeased him, and could have a little rest from his pain before he died. Then Zophar accused him of being too full of talk, and said he had better think over all his sins and repent of them. Job was grieved at the way his friends

talked. He said they might learn wisdom of the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air. He knew that he loved and trusted God, and that he was willing to know if his sins had caused his afflictions, and he said so.

"Then Eliphaz reproved Job again, and said he did not fear God, or pray as much as he ought."

"Poor Job!" said Lou's mama, looking up from her book. "I never pitied him half enough. How little those men, in good health, and with no sorrows of their own, knew how to pity him!"

"Yes, Job said to them at last, 'miserable comforters are ye all!' And he tried to make them see how he was suffering. But Bildad told him he ought to be more patient. And Eliphaz said that when he was a rich man, he had not fed the hungry, and had sent beggars away empty, and that this was the reason why God had punished him. Job answered that this was not true; that he had given to all the poor he knew, and that he had searched for those he did not know. He said he had made the widow's heart to sing for joy, and had been eyes to the blind and feet to the lame.

"Now Job had another friend, named Elihu. He had not dared to speak all this time, because he was the youngest, but now he began and made a long speech, in which he found fault with Job and with all his friends. And then they heard God's voice speaking to Job out of a whirlwind. And he told Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar that he was angry with them for what they had been saying, and that they must take seven bullocks, and seven rams, and go to Job and offer up for themselves a burnt-offering, and that then Job should pray for them. So the three friends did so; and while poor, afflicted Job was praying for his friends, God healed him of his boils, and gave him twice as much riches as he had before. And all his brothers and sisters, and everybody that used to know him, came to eat with him in his new house, and they all tried to comfort him for all the trouble the Lord had brought upon him. And every man gave him a piece of money, and a gold ear-ring."

"Ho!" said Lou. "What did Job want of ear-rings?"

His papa smiled. "People liked to own a great

many such ornaments in those days. Perhaps Job wore ear-rings himself. Job had fourteen thousand sheep now, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. And God gave him seven sons and three daughters. One of them was called Jemima, the second Kezia, and the third Keren-happuch. They were the most beautiful of all the maidens in the land. Job lived one hundred and forty years after this, and did not die till he was a very old man."

"Thank you, papa," said Lou. "I shall never forget this story. I mean to try to be as patient as Job was; then God will love me."

CHAPTER XIII.

"TAKE a basket and come with me, Lou," said his mama. "I am going to buy some things which you can bring home."

Lou ran quickly for the basket, and followed her down the street.

"I am so glad you are going, mama," said he, "for Mr. Mason often gives me things when I go to his shop with you. What do you want to buy? Things to eat or things to wear?"

"I am going to buy ribbon, for one thing. And some salt, for another. And I am out of needles, too."

Mr. Mason stood behind the counter, looking very wide awake. He kept almost every thing to sell. In large cities there are no such shops as this. In the country, where there are only a very few shops, all sorts of things are mixed together, — sugar and flour and butter, pails and tubs, rakes and hoes, calico and merino and cloth, pills and castor-oil, and needles and thread, and shoes and boots.

"I want a pair of shoes for my little boy," said Lou's mama. "And have you any green ribbon? We need some sugar, too. Oh, and I want some needles. Have you any that you can recommend?"

"I am out of needles," said Mr. Mason. "My last order came in entirely ruined. They got wet in some way." He took down a box full of papers of needles, and showed her how rusty they were.

"Are they all spoiled?" asked Lou. "What a pity!"

"They are good for nothing," said Mr. Mason. "I give them to my little girls now and then, when they play at keeping shop."

"Oh, that must be a nice play!" said Lou. "I never played that."

"Then here is a box of needles for you," said Mr. ason. "That is, if your mama is willing."

Mama said she was, and she went on looking at the things she wanted to buy.

"I will take the whole of that ribbon," said she.

"My basket is getting pretty full," said Lou. "It's well I am so strong. May I wear my new shoes home, and carry the old ones?"

"Yes, you may. Come, I am ready now."

When they got home, Abigail took from the basket all the things that belonged to the kitchen, and Lou went up to his mama's room with her, to carry the rest.

"Mama, isn't the ribbon you bought, rolled on a little round block?" asked he.

"I dare say it is. Why, do you want it?"

"Yes, I am going to make a little clock with it."

"Very well."

She unrolled the ribbon, and gave him the block. Lou ran for his pencils and paper, and a pair of round-pointed scissors with which he was allowed to cut. He laid the block upon the paper and drew a line all round it so as to have a circular, that is, a round piece of white paper just the size of the block.

"Now mama, this is the face of my clock. Will you make the figures on it?"

"What figures?" asked mama, who was measuring her ribbon, and had quite forgotten him.

"All the figures. One I one, two II two, and so on."

"Oh, I see. Well, what next?"

"Now may I take a little of your mucilage to fasten it on?"

"Yes, only don't spill it, and don't get it all over your figures."

"I will be very careful."

He pasted on the paper very neatly. Then he tried to think what he should do for hands. At last

he cut them, one long and one short, from a bit of card. Next he nailed them to the middle of his clock with a very small tack. But when that was done he could not move them.

"*That* won't do," said he. "The hands of a clock move. I drove the tack in too tight."

He worked away a long time, trying to loosen the tack. His mama glanced at him now and then, glad to see his perseverance. At last he came joyfully towards her.

"See my little clock, mama!" cried he. "Please tell me what time it is, so that I can set it."

"It is twenty minutes past eleven. Why, can you really move the hands? Your clock is quite an ingenious affair."

"Yes, and I can hang it up. Look, mama. It has a little loop to hang it by. It is good that you made me learn one I one, two II two, is n't it! I could n't have made this dear little clock, if you had n't."

"Yes, and it 's good that I make you learn to read, since you will not learn of your own accord."

"Yes, you dear mama, so it is. May I read to you now?"

"Yes, I am at leisure now."

Lou ran for his book. He could read very well, in short words. His mama said he had learned by magic, almost, he had improved so fast.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN the afternoon Lou remembered his box of needles, and that he had meant to keep shop.

"Mama," said he, "will you lend me some of your things to play with? Such things as men keep shop with?"

"I will, if you will take good care of them, and bring them back to me in perfect order."

She gave him all the new spools of thread she had bought that morning, some pieces of tape, a paper of pins, and a pair of scissors. Then she told him where he could find some cakes of soap, some little boxes, and several small bottles.

"In the first place, however," said she, "you want

a shop, with places for hanging things, and a counter. But as you have none, I shall have to help you make one."

"Can you spare time, mama?"

"Oh, it won't take long. You may go up into the garret to find a box; an old soap-box will do, and if you see any smaller boxes lying around, you may bring them."

Lou hurried off, his face red with pleasure. "I guess I shall have a pretty nice shop," thought he. In the garret he found a small cabinet that had once been used for minerals. It was full of little shelves, rising one above another. But it was too large. He could not lift it. He tried first one end, then the other, but no, it would not move. At this moment two little heads appeared, coming up the garret-stairs.

"O Norman, is that you?" cried Lou. "Come right here and help me move this box. It is as heavy as lead. You take hold, too, Howard." The three little fellows pushed, and lifted, and coaxed; the box moved just the least in the world; then started off with a jerk to the edge of the stairs.

"Hurrah! here it goes!" cried Lou, and sure enough, away went the box headlong down the stairs, making a great noise on the way.

His mama thought that the three boys must have fallen and broken their necks. She came running to the foot of the stairs, where she found them looking a good deal frightened at the noise they had made.

"Oh, that old cabinet," said she. "How could you three little things so much as move it? Well, since it is here, and not quite broken to pieces, I will let you use it for a shop. You can keep some things on the shelves, and some in the drawers. But then I shall want it kept in good order."

"Yes, aunty; yes, mama;" they said.

"May Abigail come and help us lift it up, and put it somewhere?" asked Lou.

"Yes, you may keep it in your own room. But don't tumble any thing else down-stairs, and frighten me again. If you do, I shall stop growing."

The boys laughed.

"Don't you think you are about big enough as you are, mama?" asked Lou. "I should not think you would want to grow any more."

"Except in goodness," said mama. "In that I should like to grow till I became quite perfect. And so should you, little boys."

Abigail came now to help get the old cabinet into Lou's room, and very soon the six busy hands had covered the shelves and filled the drawers. Besides what his mama had lent him, Lou had a good many things from the kitchen. Abigail gave him some cloves, a few nutmegs, some salt, a little sugar, and some coffee and tea. She filled his little bottles with liquids of different colors, and he thought he had various medicines for sale, when he really had cold coffee in one vial, and cold tea in another, and in a third some of the water in which she had put indigo, for the clothes she had been washing.

"Oh, thank you, Abigail!" cried Lou. "Now when you are sick, all you 'll have to do will be to come to my shop and I 'll give you a dose of medicine that will cure you right away."

"I hope I shall not be sick," said Abigail. "But if I am, I certainly will come to you unless you charge too high prices."

The little shop that cost nobody any money, and almost no trouble, was a pleasure to the three boys for a long time. Lou's mama had to buy things from it very often. Whenever she wanted a pin, or a spool of thread, or some tape, she bought it there. She usually paid her debts with round pieces of paper, cut to look like money. But now and then she paid for what she bought with apples, or gingerbread, or candy, or a bit of maple-sugar. Abigail bought some of the rusty needles and rubbed them with sandpaper, and used them to sew up the chickens and turkeys when they were ready to roast.

CHAPTER XV.

 OME here, Lou," said his mama one morning, when the mail had just come in. "I have something so funny to show you!"

Lou threw down the hammer with which he was amusing himself, and ran to the table at which she sat.

"Look at this little card," said his mama. "A little baby has just sent it to me by mail."

"What for? How could it? What is its name? Where does it live?"

"What a string of questions! It sent me its card to let me know of its arrival in this world. I suppose it got its papa to have the cards printed. Its name is Walter Fisk, Jr. And it lives in New York."

"Did I send my card to anybody when I first arrived?"

"No; I don't think you ever heard of such a thing. I am sure I never did. I think it is a very pretty, funny little card. And I am very glad that there is a little Walter Fisk, Jr. in the world, because it is making his papa and mama so glad."

"Do you suppose they are as glad as you and papa were, when I came?"

"Oh, I don't know. It does not seem to me that anybody was ever half so glad as we were. If you little darlings only knew how dearly your papas and mamas love you, I do not see how you could ever be naughty. And if we grown up people only

knew how God loves us, *we* should always be good, too."

"Mama," said Lou, after a little silence, "does papa ever read any thing but the Bible? For whenever I go into the library he is always reading it. And there are such lots and lots of books in the library.

"Of course he reads other books. But he reads and studies the Bible most of all. But I hear carriage wheels. Run to the window, and see who is coming."

"It is a lady and a little boy," said Lou. "The little boy is just as big as I am. I am so glad!"

The lady now entered the room. Lou's mama rose and went to meet her, and then spoke to the little boy, who made no answer, but looked up into her face with a smile that showed he had heard what she said.

"Will you come and play with me, little boy?" asked Lou.

The little boy smiled again, and rose and followed Lou into the garden.

As soon as he had gone, his mama began to talk about old school-days when she and Lou's mama used to know and love each other.

"You are not altered much, Laura," said she. "You look as young as ever. And what a fine little boy you have! As to myself, I have had so much trouble that I have grown old fast. You have heard about my Julius, I dare say?"

"Why no; nothing ill of him that I remember."

"Just to think, then, that he is five years old and has never spoken a word!"

"Poor little fellow!" said Lou's mama. "Has he lost his hearing by illness? Or how is it?"

"My dear, he hears as well as you or I. And I have no doubt he could talk as well, if he chose. We have tried, in every way, to make him speak, but he will not. He makes signs for every thing."

"How very strange! Suppose you should refuse to understand his signs; would not that induce him to speak?"

"No, we have tried that, again and again. I want you to see him. Which way has he gone?"

"He is just here; shall I tell Lou to bring him in?"

"No, I will call him; then you will see that he hears, as plainly as other children."

She stepped to the window, and said, "Come in now, Julius. I want Mrs. James to see you."

Julius came instantly, followed by Lou, who whispered to his mama, ——

"He won't speak to me. He only smiles, and nods his head, and moves his hands."

"Julius," said Mrs. James in a kind voice, "I am very glad to see you. How do you like being in the country?"

Julius smiled, and looked pleasantly in her face; he then opened his left hand and made motions with the other as if he were spreading bread and butter.

"He is hungry," said Lou. "He wants some bread and butter."

"Yes, that is his way of asking for it. O Julius! how can you distress me so?" said his mama.

"He does not know how much you love him," said Lou. "If he did he never would be naughty. But he has n't been naughty since he came here," he added, earnestly.

"Don't you think it is naughty not to use the tongue God has given him to talk with, and to make signs instead?"

"Oh, has he got a tongue?" cried Lou, in great surprise. "I thought he had n't any. And I went behind a bush and asked God to give him a tongue."

"You dear child!" said the lady, kissing him. "Only to think! My poor little boy has never prayed to God in his life."

"Perhaps he has, in his heart," said Lou's mama. "Take him out to Abigail, Lou, my dear, and give him whatever he wants."

"It is very singular," she added, as the children left the room together. "Has he been much with other children?"

"No, not much. His little sister died a year ago, and I have kept him with me, most of the time. He behaved very strangely at the time of her death.

He used to go out with a bow and arrow and aim at the sky, and when we asked what that meant, he made signs that he was going to shoot God because He had taken away his little sister."

"Is it possible that he could make you understand that by mere signs? He is not wanting in sense, then."

"Oh, not at all. And now what would you advise me to do with him?"

"I do not know. Where are you staying?"

"At the hotel. I have taken rooms there for a few weeks, only."

"Then suppose you leave Julius with us. We are not used to his signs, and he may find the use of his tongue, in consequence."

"I am afraid he will cry when he misses me. But you are very kind. I think I will leave him. Tell him I will come for him as soon as he asks for me. And I need not ask you to caress and comfort him a little, when he mourns for me."

Lou's mama promised. She felt pretty sure that if any thing could unlock the silent tongue of an only child, it would be the loss of its mother.

After a time Julius and Lou came in, and the face of Julius said plainly, —

"Where is my mother?"

Lou's mama drew him to her, and kissed him.

"Your mama will come just as soon as you call for her. Try, dear. Try to say, 'Come mama!'"

But Julius was silent, and his eyes filled with tears. He went and sat in a corner, looking sad and sorrowful. Lou and his mama did every thing to amuse him, that they could think of, but he took no notice of them. At last night came on, it was bed-time, and no dear mama was there. He watched the door whenever it opened, but she did not come. He would not go to bed, nor would he eat. Lou's mama began to wish she had not undertaken to keep him.

"It is a cruel experiment," said she, at last. "I am sure the child *cannot* speak. I must take him to his mama."

Julius stopped crying and listened. He had always been told that he could speak, if he chose, and the idea that he could not, was new to him.

"Oh!" cried he, "cannot I speak?"

Then there was a great laughing and crying for joy. Professor James and Mrs. James hastened to lead the little boy to the hotel, and there they saw his mama taste the joy of folding her child in her arms, and of hearing him say "My darling mama!"

When Lou was told of it the next day, he said it was all because he had prayed for Julius behind the bush.

Julius talked after this, but not like other children. He left out every word that he could signify by a sign. This story seems almost too strange to be true; but it is true, for all that.

Part Four.

CHAPTER I.

T was a cold November morning. The air was quite sharp, and it pinched Lou's cheeks till it made them rosy. He was sliding on a narrow strip of thin ice in the garden, and having a very merry time. His mama had not come down to breakfast, and his papa had gone to college prayers.

"I wish this slide was a mile long," thought Lou. And just as he thought that, his foot slipped, and he fell upon his back, full length. He was not much hurt, but he was bruised a little.

"I 'm not going to cry for that," said he, picking himself up. "I am as patient as Job." He ran to take another slide, and this time he fell flat on his face. The next minute he gave a loud scream, and got up, and ran towards the house. As he ran,

he felt the blood running from his upper lip, and from his nose. He forgot all about Job, and cried harder than ever. Abigail came running out of the kitchen.

"What 's the matter now?" cried she. "Don't scream so! You 'll frighten your mama to death."

But Lou hopped up and down on the kitchen floor, and held both hands to his face.

Abigail pulled them down by main force, and filled a basin with water, and washed away the blood.

"You could not cry louder if your neck was broken," said she.

"I could n't cry at all if my neck was broken," said Lou, stopping in the midst of his shrieks. "Don't you know enough for that?"

Having spoken these words, Lou took up his cry just where he left off, and made such a noise that his mama heard him, and came running down-stairs. By this time his nose and upper lip were so swollen that they felt very odd indeed.

"I fell down on the ice, and hurt myself dreadfully," said he, when he saw his mama.

"Yes," said she, "I am sorry for you. I hope you have not knocked out any of your teeth. Let me see! No; your teeth are all safe. Come now and have your breakfast."

Lou followed her, sobbing, to the dining-room. She poured out his bowl of milk, and gave him some bread. He began to eat, but his lip was so swollen, that he could hardly get the spoon into his mouth.

"Perhaps, mama, it will make me better," said he, in a trembling voice.

"What? the bread and milk?"

"No, getting hurt. I mean gooder; it may make me gooder."

"Well, perhaps it will; but how?"

"Oh, it will punish me for all the naughty things I 've done."

He was greatly sobered by his fall, and instead of rushing out after breakfast, he hung round his mother, watching all she did. First she washed the silver and rubbed it dry. Then she washed the cups and saucers and plates, and put every thing neatly away. Then Abigail came and took the remaining dishes from the table, shook the cloth, folded it, and put it

away. A good many little birds, who lived about there, came hopping up to the door-steps where Abigail had shaken the breakfast-cloth. They came every morning to pick up the crumbs that were thus scattered about.

"What are you going to do now, mama?" asked Lou, following her.

"We have had our breakfast, and the birds have had theirs," replied she, "and now my plants want theirs."

"Their breakfast?" repeated Lou. "Plants can't eat."

"No; but they can drink. A lady told me once that she sent a plant home by sea that had been given her when she was on a journey."

"How could she send it by sea?"

"Why, in a ship."

"Oh, I see now."

"And she was afraid it would die for want of water, on the passage. So she fastened to it a bit of paper, with these words printed on it, 'Please to give me some drink!'"

Lou began to laugh, but his lip felt so very large and queer that he had to stop. His mama, meanwhile, gave each plant some water; to some more, to some less; she picked off all the dead leaves, and brushed the dust from the fresh ones. This took a long time, for she had a great many plants.

CHAPTER II.

"AND now what are you going to do next, mama?" asked Lou.

"I am going to put the library in order."

"Why does n't Abigail do that?"

"Abigail has other things to do. She has beds to make, and clothes to wash, and food to cook."

"But that does n't take all the time. She often sits and reads, and sews."

"I should hope so, my dear. She needs rest as much as you or I."

"But I should think, mama, that you would want to be a lady, like Mrs. Nelson. She does not wash

up the breakfast things, or dust the furniture, or do any work."

Mama laughed. "I am a lady, for all that," said she. "And I can put the library in order better than Abigail can, for that very reason. See, now, I know just how to arrange the books so as to make them look nicely on papa's table; and I know which to leave out, and which to put on the shelves. Papa likes to have me take care of his papers, too."

"You never get any time to play, you poor mama. I wish we were rich, and could keep two Abigails."

"We are rich enough; we have every thing we need, and more too. Don't you know that in the Bible there is this passage — 'Give me neither poverty nor riches?' Your papa and I never had to say that; God gave us neither poverty nor riches, without our asking."

By this time the library was in order, and mama was at leisure to do what she chose.

"My play-hours have come now," said she. "I am going to draw. If you do not feel like going out any more to slide, you may bring your pencils

and your drawing-book, and amuse yourself at my table."

"I don't want to slide; I feel too tired all over," said Lou. His two falls had jarred and bruised him a good deal.

He went, therefore, for his drawing-book. His mama had given him several lessons, and he was learning to make straight lines. But he was so full of play, that usually he did not like to be called in to draw.

"It is well I fell down and hurt myself," said he, as he sat by his mama's side, busily at work. "It makes me like to draw."

They were very happy, sitting side by side.

"Sometimes I almost wish you were a little girl, Lou," said mama, when they had been silent a long time. "It is so pleasant having you sit so quietly here with me. If you were a little girl, you would want to do just what I do; you would like to work, and to draw, and to paint, and to read, and what nice times we should have together! As it is, if you feel well, and the weather is not too stormy,

you want to be out-of-doors the whole time. If I did not oblige you to do it, you would never touch a book, or a pencil."

"But you say you like to have me just live out-of-doors, so as to be strong and healthy," said Lou.

"That is true. And after all, if you were a little girl, I should not want you always cooped up in the house."

By this time Lou was tired of drawing.

"Mama," said he, "do you pity me because I have got hurt?"

Mama looked at his swollen lip, which seemed to be growing larger every minute, and replied, "Yes, I pity you much."

"Do you pity me enough to tell me a story?"

His mama laughed.

"I suppose I do," said she. "But I have told you all the stories I know, over and over. However, I can muster up one more."

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN a barn-yard, on a time
There lived two hens, who talked in rhyme.

The one was white, with chickens ten;
The other was a turkey-hen.

Each with her brood went to and fro,
Teaching the young ones how to go.

The white hen to her children said,
"*Your* legs, I 'm thankful, are not red.

"Do see those turkeys! I declare
They every one with heads go bare!

"They wear their throats without a feather,
They all will die of croup together.

"Or if the sun should shine too hot,
They 'd all be sun-struck on the spot.

"And then the noise the creatures make!
Do stop your ears, for pity's sake!"

The turkey-hen this language heard,
And greatly was her anger stirred.

The comb she wore upon her head
Turned straightway to a fiery red.

"My children's heads are bare," quoth she,
"Exactly as they ought to be.

"They all have over-active brains,
They could not live, but for my pains.

"Now any one who's not a fool,
Knows children's heads can't be too cool.

"As to their throats, I keep them bare,
Because exposure to the air,
Is better far than all your care.

"Diphtheria, scarlet-fever, croup
Have never ventured near my troop.

"Nor have they ever had the pain
Of inflammation on the brain.

"All this is owing to my care
In having heads and throats go bare.

"My system must and shall be right,
Whatever says my neighbor White.

"As to my darlings' voices — well!
What would you have, I pray you tell?

"Sweet are their voices, sweet and clear,
Delightful to their mother's ear."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Hen, "no doubt
You 've said your say quite out and out.

"I 'm sure I 've sense as well as you,
And know as well just what to do.

"I keep my children safe from harm
By covering heads and throats, so warm.

" This keeps their brains and voices clear ;
This makes their chirping sweet to hear.

" Their health is owing to my care
In never letting them go bare.

" You say your system must be right ;
I say the same, with all my might."

Turkey-hen.

" Alas ! I pity all your brood ! "

White Hen.

" I hope your grief will do you good ! "

Turkey-hen.

" Their heads are hot,
Their throats are muffled."

White Hen.

" And yours have tempers
Always ruffled ! "

Turkey-hen.

" Your childrens' legs are yellow. Fie ! "

White Hen.

" If they were red they 'd better die ! "

Turkey-hen, to her brood.

" My children, do not linger near ;
Such language is not fit to hear."

Little Turkeys.

" We 're going now, good-by, young chicks ! "

Little Chickens.

" Good-by, your legs look just like sticks ! "

"Is that all?" asked Lou. "I wish there was some more. Do little turkeys really go with bare necks and bare throats?"

"All I ever saw did."

"What sort of noise do they make? I never saw any young turkeys."

"They make a pretty little whistling noise. But it is time for me to take my morning walk. Do you want to go with me?"

"I do, if you think we shall see any young turkeys."

"I don't think there are any very young turkeys at this time of year. People are fattening up those that were hatched last spring, for Thanksgiving."

"Then I don't want to go. May I go down into the library, and make houses out of books? Or no, a railroad! that's the thing!"

"Yes; only be careful not to take any new or nice books."

CHAPTER IV.

LOU went down to the library, and began to play. He knew which books he might take. Most of them were large books, in strong leather covers, and were on the lower shelves, where he could reach them. The wise and good men who wrote those books did not dream that the time would come, when all their works were good for would be to build a railroad. The library was a very long room, and Lou stretched his track all the way across it. Just as it was done, Norman and Howard burst in. They had been to school, and were on their way home to dinner.

"Hullo, Lou!"

"Hullo, boys!"

"What's the matter with your nose and lip?" cried Norman.

"Oh, I fell down on the ice."

"What are you doing, now?"

"Oh, I'm making a railroad."

"What fun! I wonder if father will let us have some of his books!" cried Howard.

"Your father has n't got half so many books as my father has," replied Lou.

"Yes he has. He has enough to make a real railroad. And yours is only make-believe."

There would now have been a hot dispute, ending in Norman and Howard's running home, and Lou's declaring he was glad they were going, but the railroad looked too inviting. All three began to run over the whole length of it.

"Clear the track!" shouted Norman.

"Look out for the locomotive!" cried Lou.

"There 'll be a regular smash up!" said Howard.

They jumped, they laughed, they ran; never were noisier, merrier passengers on any railroad track in the world. Presently the door opened, and a grave face looked in. The boys stopped running, and looked a little frightened.

"Do you care, papa?" asked Lou. "We're playing railroad. Mama said I might."

"I think you 'll have to clear the track now," said

papa. "The chief engineer wants the use of the road."

So Lou picked up the books, and put them back into their places, and the other boys went home. "What shall I do now?" thought Lou; "I wish I had a ball. If I had a ball I should always have something to do."

He went to the kitchen to see if Abigail would not make one for him. He found her getting dinner. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her face was very red.

"Don't come here now," said she. "I am too busy."

"Well, when you are not busy, will you make me a ball?"

"What 's the use? You would lose it in five minutes."

"It was n't my fault that I lost the last one," said Lou. "It lodged on the roof of the barn. And the one before that disappeared, somehow. I never knew where it went."

"That's just it. You lose balls faster than I can

make them. But run away now. I can't have you here, when I am getting dinner. It puts me out, and I get too much salt in the gravy, or else don't put any in."

Lou went off very slowly.

"Oh, I do *wish* I had a ball!" he kept saying. "Or else a knife. If I had a knife I could make lots of things."

He was very glad to find that his mama had come home. After she had taken off her things, she said, "I thought I would stop, on my way home, and get something for you, because you had had such a fall. I could not find any thing but this little red and white ball."

"Oh, thank you, mama! I was just wishing I had a ball! How glad I am!"

He tossed it into the air, and it did not come down again.

"Why, where is it?" he cried.

"I do not know. I did not see where it went," said mama. "How unlucky you always are with your balls! You lose them the first thing."

Lou began to cry.

"It is not my fault," said he. "I only just tossed it up."

After a long time, the ball was found perched on the top of an old secretary amidst a quantity of dust, some pamphlets, a few newspapers, and the pattern of a little jacket.

"Oh, here is the missing pattern!" said mama. "I am so glad! I thought it was lost."

"Ah! you see now how good it was I sent my ball up there to look for it!" said Lou.

CHAPTER V.

ON Thanksgiving Day Lou was invited, with his papa and mama, to dine at Uncle Arthur's. Abigail went home to spend the day with her old mother, and the house was locked up. Abigail took the key, because she was to be home first. She had a basket on her arm full of things Lou's mama had

given her for her mother. There was a chicken, and some pies, and a loaf of cake, and some apples.

There was a very long table in Uncle Arthur's dining-room, for he had a great many children, and those who were away had come home to spend this day. There was not room for the younger ones at this table, and they had a little one, all to themselves. It was a long time before it was their turn to be helped, and they amused themselves with watching what was going on, and with chattering together.

"What are you going to take, Norman?" asked Lou. "I am going to take chicken, and then, perhaps, I shall get the wish-bone."

"I always have to take the drumstick," said Norman. "The other boys always get the wish-bones."

"There'll be five wish-bones to-day," said Howard, "for there are five chickens in the pie. I heard Bridget say so."

"Then let us all take chicken pie!" said Lou. "Perhaps we shall all get wish-bones."

"Do we really get just what we wish for when we break the bone between us?" asked Norman.

"Of course we do," said Lou.

"What did you ever get?"

"Once I got a live pony."

"Oh! what a story!" cried Norman.

"I only said it for fun," said Lou. "I *wished* for a pony, anyhow."

"But you *said* you got one," persisted Norman. "And that was wicked."

"It wasn't a down-upright lie," said Lou. "I only said it for fun."

"I think it was a down-upright lie," said Howard.

Lou jumped down from his chair, and ran to his mama.

"Isn't a down-upright lie worse than a common lie?" he whispered, in her ear.

His mama looked at him in astonishment.

"No," said she, "all lies are alike, and all are dreadful. The very word makes me shudder."

"Norman says I have told one," said Lou.

"And is that so, my son?"

"No, mama. I said I had a live pony, but I only said it for fun."

"That is a poor kind of fun. Never say such things. And of all days in the year, don't choose this for disputes."

Lou went back to his seat, feeling a good deal mortified.

"What did aunty say?" asked Norman.

"She said all lies are alike. But *I* think it would be a great deal worse to say Christ was the wickedest man in the world, than to say, just for fun, that I had a pony."

The children's dinner was now brought them. On this day they all had leave to choose what they would have. They always ate too much, and made themselves uncomfortable.

"I want chicken-pie," said Lou.

"And so do I," said Norman.

"And I too," said Howard.

"Oh, I've got a wish-bone!" cried Howard.

"And so have I!" said Lou.

"I have n't. I've got two old drumsticks!" said Norman, in a doleful voice. "Papa! must I have drumsticks on Thanksgiving day?"

Everybody at the long table laughed, on hearing this, and Norman's papa was kind enough to take back the drumsticks, and to search for a wish-bone, which soon came to light.

"Now we're all satisfied," said Lou; and presently the three little bones were seen standing on their little legs in a row.

"What are you going to wish for, Lou?" asked Norman.

"Oh, I know! But people never must tell what they wish for. If they do, they won't get their wish."

"I was going to wish Thanksgiving would come every day," said Howard.

"Mama says she always used to wish to be good, when she had a wish-bone," said Lou. "That's the reason she is so good now."

"She isn't any better than my mama," said Howard.

"Oh yes, she is."

"She isn't, either."

The two voices were now raised so high, that Lou's mama came to see what was the matter.

"Eat your dinner, like a good boy," said she, "and let me hear no more disputing to-day; not one word."

By this time so many good things were sent to the children's table, that they became friends forthwith. They had a merry time together after dinner. A little old man came into the room on all fours, crying out, "Who'll go a-nutting, a-nutting, a-nutting?" and as the children ran after him, nuts kept falling from a bag he carried on his back. He scampered up-stairs and down-stairs, through parlors and halls and bed-rooms, and all the children went wherever he went, laughing, and shouting, and picking up nuts, till they had to stop to take breath. Then, when the uproar was over, they were taken to the parlor, and shown an enormous bag, made of tissue paper, and suspended from the ceiling. This bag was full of sugar-plums, mottoes, candies, and the like. Each child was blindfolded in turn, and allowed to strike at the bag with a long wand, in order, if possible, to make a hole in it whence some of its contents could fall through. It was a long

time before any one succeeded in breaking through the paper, but when a hole was once made, what fun there was! All sorts of nice things came rattling down upon their heads, and were snatched up by their nimble fingers, till at last the bag had given away all it had, and hung, a forlorn fragment, swinging in the air. Nobody enjoyed these frolics more than the grown folks, who looked on, laughing at their children's merriment, and rejoiced to see them so happy.

Lou had his pockets so full of nuts that he could hardly walk, and his hands were so full of candy, that he did not know how to eat it.

"O mama, won't you keep my things for me?" said he. "What a nice time we are having! What a good old man that was, who gave us so many nuts!"

His mama laughed, and said she did not think the old man was very old. In fact, it was really one of Lou's cousins, dressed in some old clothes, and with grandmama's spectacles on his nose.

CHAPTER VI.

LOU'S mama said, when they went home that evening, that she wished she could get all her family together to a Christmas dinner.

"Why don't you try?" said papa.

"It is such a long journey to take in the midst of winter," said she. "I know mother could n't come. As to the boys, I should think they might all come, as well as not. Then if Fanny would bring her baby what times we should have!" She looked so happy at the mere thought, that it did one good to see her.

"Would they all go home after dinner?" asked Lou, in a sleepy voice.

"Oh no; they would stay here a good while. At least, Aunt Fanny would. Your uncles, I suppose, could only spare a few days."

Lou wanted to go right to bed. He carried his wishing-bone with him, and put it under his pillow, together with a little paper bag of nuts and a parcel

of candies. Mama wrote letters all the evening, in which she told all about Thanksgiving, and invited her friends to come and spend the Christmas holidays with her. In a few days answers came from them all. Grandmama said she was getting too old to make journeys in the winter. The four uncles said they would come, but only for a few days. Aunt Fanny said she should certainly come if her husband could come with her, but he could not. A few days later she wrote that she was coming, after all, her brothers having promised to stop for her on their way.

Lou was very much pleased. He thought his uncles and his Aunt Fanny would tell him stories all day long. He was pretty sure they would bring him Christmas presents, and wondered what these would be.

Mama had not a little to do. She tried to remember what her brothers liked best, and whether they slept on feather-beds or mattresses. Lou's little crib was brought down from the garret, where it had been stowed away with old furniture, and got ready

for Aunt Fanny's baby. Abigail made plum-puddings, and mince-pies, and all sorts of things, and helped prepare the beds. Lou liked to see so much going on. He tumbled into the midst of every bed, and got his hair full of down and feathers; he tasted the mince-meat, to see if was good, and was everywhere at once. At last every thing was ready, even to a little vase of mama's choicest flowers on the bureau of Aunt Fanny's room.

"Now," said she, "the sooner they come, the better! To think that I am going to see my dear Fanny's baby, and Fanny herself, and all the boys! I could cry for joy!"

It was late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas, that the travellers arrived. Uncle Frank was carrying the baby, exactly as if she was his child, and it was his business to take care of her. The other uncles followed, with all sorts of bags, budgets, and bundles. Last of all came Aunt Fanny, carrying nobody but herself. Lou's mama snatched the baby just as Aunt Fanny had snatched Lou, five years and a half ago, and unfastened her cloak with

just such eager hands. The baby was two years old now; she had large, dark eyes, dark brown hair, and held a rag-doll, nearly as big as herself, tightly in her arms.

"What a little darling!" said Aunt Laura. "What a beautiful child! O Fanny! Now you know how delightful it is to have a baby of your own!"

"I don't think I love her much better than I did Lou when he was a baby," said Aunt Fanny. "But the boys make just such a time over her as they did over him. I declare I have hardly had her in my arms to-day! Lou, you dear little fellow, come kiss your old aunty once more. How he has grown! What do you think of your baby-cousin, dear?"

"I don't think much of her," said Lou.

"Why, Lou!" cried mama, greatly mortified.

"I thought she would be big enough to play with me," explained Lou. "And she is n't any thing but just a baby, holding another baby."

"One of these days she will be big enough," said Aunt Fanny.

"She 's the best little thing I ever saw," said Uncle

Tom. "You can do whatever you please with her. Look, now." And they laid the baby on a small blanket, took the blanket by the four corners, and swung it round, crying, "Who wants to buy a bundle of old rags?"

Lou laughed at this sight till the tears rolled down his cheeks, and mama said, —

"How can you let them act so, Fanny?"

"I can't help it," said Aunt Fanny. "I thought yesterday, that among them all they would kill her."

"She likes it," said Uncle Robert. "Come here, you little beauty! Well, Lou, are you as fond of hearing stories, as ever? You and I had grand times together when you were young!"

But now it was time for tea, and it took a good while to find seats for everybody, and there was not a little laughing and jesting, till Lou's papa was ready to ask a blessing, when they became quiet and serious. Aunt Fanny folded her baby's little hands together, for she had her seated next to her, and baby kept very still.

"What does baby eat?" asked Lou. "Does she eat her mama?"

Everybody laughed at this question, and it was some time before Lou's little silver cup was brought full of milk, for baby, who was really very hungry, but who could not spare time to eat, she was so busy looking at Lou. Her mama was at last obliged to take her away to a room by herself, where there was nobody to attract her attention.

"May n't I sit up later than usual, to-night mama?" asked Lou.

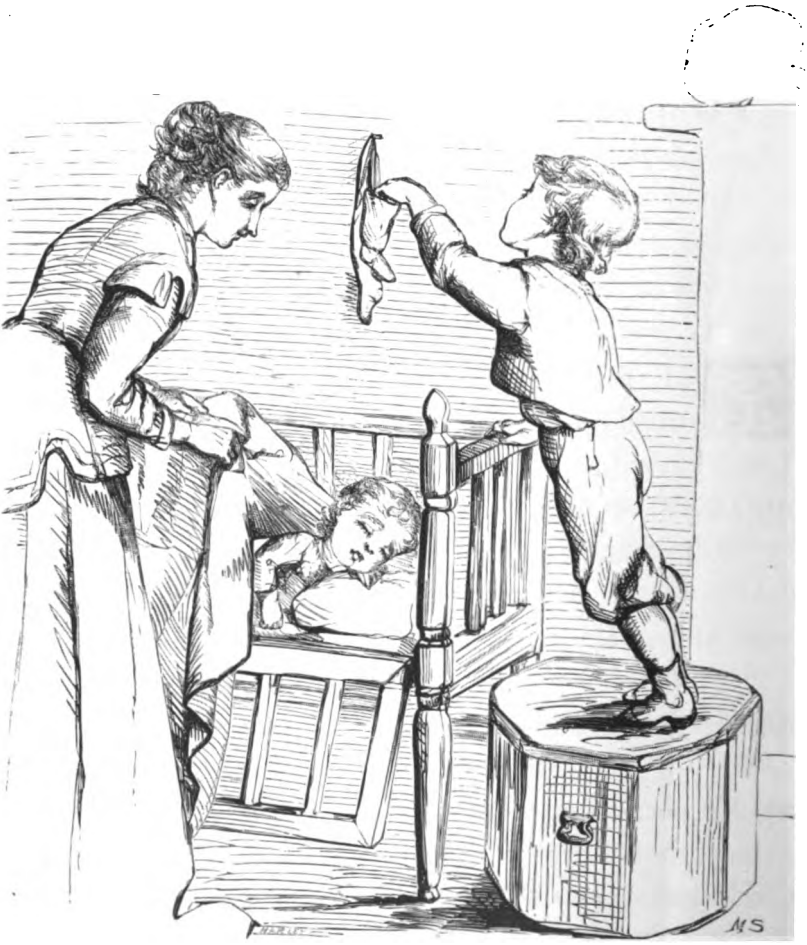
"No, darling. You know you are to hang up your stocking to-night, and will want to be up very early to see what is in it."

"Oh, so I shall. Will the baby hang up her stocking, too?"

"I dare say she will have one hung up for her. She is not old enough to do it herself."

"It must be a very little stocking," said Lou. "Was I such a little tiny mite of a thing?"

"No, not at her age. You were a boy, you know, and boys are apt to be larger than girls. Come, let



LOU FILLS THE BABY'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING. Page 245

us ask Aunt Fanny to hang up a little stocking for baby; then you can put something in it."

"Why, so I can!" cried Lou.

CHAPTER VI.

THE baby lay fast asleep in Lou's crib, and her mama pinned her tiny stocking over it. Then Lou climbed up and let something fall into the stocking, his face full of delight.

"Oh what fun it is!" cried he. "When my little cousin wakes up to-morrow morning, how glad she will be? May I put in something else, aunty?"

"Yes, put in any old toy you are tired of; it will be new to her, and please her just as much as new ones."

So Lou filled the little stocking, and then he hung up his own, and went to bed. As soon as he was asleep, they all came on tiptoe, to his room, with their Christmas gifts. The stocking was soon so full that it could stand alone. Uncle Robert put his present

on the bureau. It was a large box full of railroad cars, such as Lou had been longing for a long time. Uncle Frank put into the little book-case, a set of Rollo books. Uncle Tom had brought a warehouse, with little barrels and bags to hoist up and be stored away in it. Uncle Fred put a very large box of wooden animals at the foot of the bed.

They all laughed to think how surprised and pleased Lou would be in the morning, but they had to laugh very softly, lest he should awake. Then some one proposed that everybody should hang up a stocking, which made plenty of fun for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning Lou awoke before it was light, and as he could not see his stocking, he felt of it, and tried to guess what it had in it.

"It is as full as it can hold!" thought he. "I wish it was daylight." As he reached out of bed to lay

it in the chair by his side, his hand struck against the box of animals.

"Why, what's this?" he cried. He jumped out of bed and felt of the box, as he had of his stocking. But he began to shiver, for it was a very cold morning, and had to get back into bed, carrying the box with him. He opened it, and took out a dog.

"What can this be?" said he. "It feels like a lamb Or else a horse. No, the tail is not a horse's tail. It must be a cow. No, it is n't a cow, for it has no horns. Perhaps it is a dog. Yes, it is a dog."

He took out one animal after another, feeling them all over.

"I am glad I am not blind," thought he. "Blind people must go feeling about, and get dreadfully tired of feeling."

"Lou," said his papa, opening the door gently, "I wish you a Merry Christmas. And I wish you would stop talking. It is only three o'clock, and none of us want to be roused so early. Lie down, shut your eyes, and go to sleep."

He shut the door, and went back to his own bed, in the next room.

"I 'll lie down, but I sha'n't shut my eyes, and I sha'n't go to sleep," said Lou, to himself. "It is three o'clock, and that is almost six. And at six I can get up." He lay down and began to think of his presents; the next thing he knew it was getting light, and he could see objects pretty plainly. He seized his stocking, and took out, one by one, all the things in it. They were all small things, but every one pleased him. Then he took the animals from the box, and stood them up, all over his bed. He was quite covered with them when he spied the warehouse.

"Oh! oh! oh! a real house! with real windows! Move, animals, move quick, and let me get out of bed!" he cried.

Hearing his voice his mama opened her door, and peeped in. She was only half dressed.

"Oh mama! I wish you a Merry Christmas! See what nice things these are! Look at my animals! Look at my house!"

"Yes, darling. But you must get dressed before you look at any thing else," said his mama. 'Come, your bath is ready."

Lou wished his bath at the ends of the earth. But it was soon over, and so was the dressing. He could put on his own shoes and stockings now, and dress himself almost entirely. By the time breakfast was ready he was almost crazy; so many beautiful presents coming all at once, quite bewildered him. Uncle Tom showed him how to hoist up his goods into his warehouse, and he was so delighted that he could hardly look at his other things.

"I won't be a stage-driver when I am a man," said he. "I will have a big warehouse and hoist up goods. What shall I be then?"

"A merchant," said Uncle Tom. But merchants do not hoist up goods themselves. It is very hard work, and they hire men to do it."

"Perhaps they 'll hire me, when I grow up," said Lou. "*I* don't think it is hard work."

Aunt Fanny now came in, leading her baby by the hand.

"Here comes baby," said Lou. "I 'll show my things to her. Seems to me she ought to have a name. Is n't she big enough?"

"Yes, indeed," said her mama. "She has a name; it is Fanny. But we have always called her baby, because my name is Fanny too."

"You might call her Fan," said Uncle Robert. "It is just about long enough for such a little atom."

"Very well. Baby, your name is Fan now? Do you hear, my darling?"

"Baby do hear mama," said a little soft voice, as sweet as the cooing of a dove.

"After all, girls are the creatures to pet," said Uncle Frank, and he took the baby tenderly in his arms. She leaned her head against his breast, and sat quietly all through prayers.

There had been a good deal of quiet fun going on in the house, that Lou knew nothing about. The grown folks had all hung up their stockings, and had played funny tricks upon each other with the odd things they put into them. They were indeed a happy and a merry Christmas party; happy in loving each other, and yet more so in loving Him who was born on this day, and had thus given them reason to rejoice and be glad in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER breakfast Lou showed all his presents to little Fan, and she let him see hers. She had a good many, for each of the uncles had something for her, and so had Aunt Laura and Uncle Herbert. The present that pleased her most of all was a doll; it is true she had several already, but little girl-mamas are like grown up, real mamas. They can make room in their hearts and in their arms for just as many babies as are given them. If you are the fifth or sixth or seventh little boy or girl in your papa's house, you are just as welcome there as if you were the first or the only one. And it will be so in heaven. When you go there the gates will be opened as wide to let you in as if heaven were not already full of happy men and women and children, and the angels will greet you with songs as joyful as if all they were created for was to rejoice over you.

Lou did not know how to talk to Fan very well.

He had never been with little children. He thought he must talk baby-talk.

"Does 'itty Fan want to see Lou's horses and dogs? Does she want to hold them in her 'ittle arms? So she shall!"

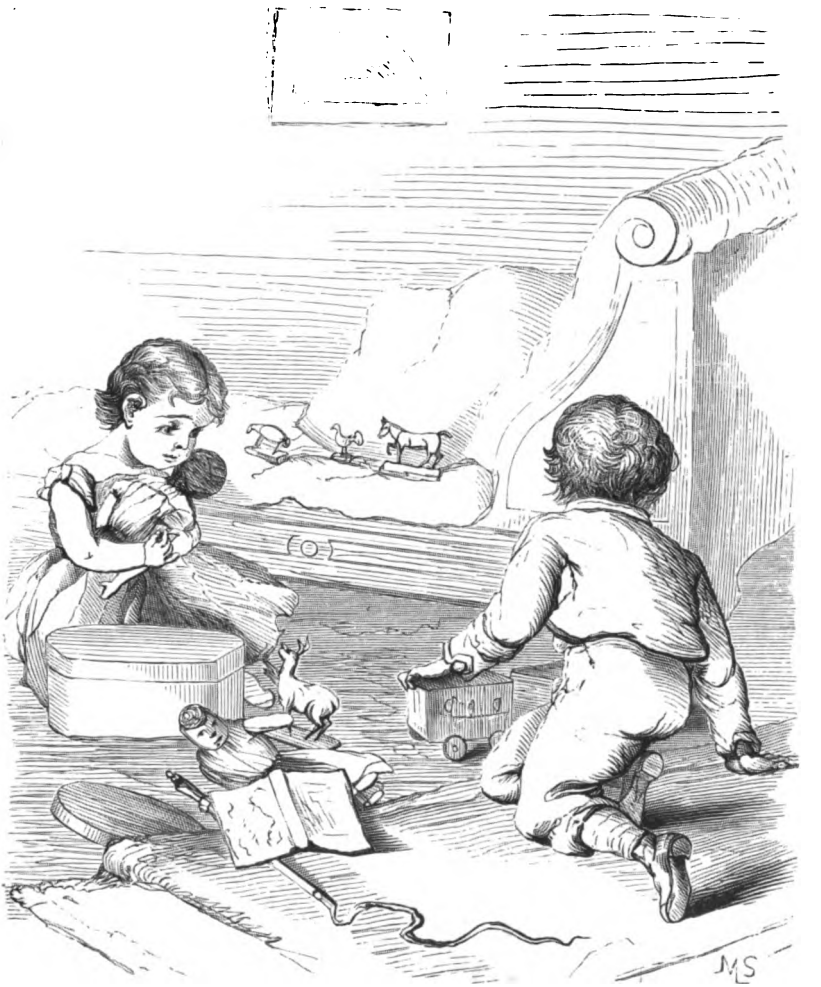
"Oh Lou! don't talk in that style," said his mama. "Fan will understand you just as well if you talk as you do to other people."

"I thought you said, mama, that I must be very gentle with her," said Lou.

"Yes, I did say so. But you can be gentle and loving without being silly."

Just then Norman and Howard came in, eager to see Lou's presents and to have him see theirs. But the moment they spied little Fan, they ceased to care for the toys. They sat down upon the carpet, put her between them, and felt of her soft arms and neck with surprise and delight.

"Do look at those boys!" said little Fan's mama. "I never saw any thing so funny! They look ready to eat her up."



LITTLE FAN WONDERING ABOUT LITTLE LOU Page 252

"Yes, they are very affectionate boys," said their aunty. "All boys are more so than girls."

"Oh *no!*" cried Aunt Fanny. "My baby is the most loving little creature in the world. Come here, my pet lamb, and give mama one of your dear little hugs."

Baby Fan ran at once into her mama's arms; she laid her little round cheek upon her breast and cuddled down in her embrace as a young bird does in its nest, under its mother's wing. Then she got upon her knees and put her arms around her mama's neck, and kissed her five, ten, twenty times.

Lou's mama laughed.

"I must own," said she, "that even Lou could not do more than that."

"The whole thing makes me envious," said Uncle Robert. "I long to feel just such little arms around my neck. Ha! it is snowing! What large flakes!"

"I am glad of it," said Lou. "I hope it will snow, and snow, and snow, and block up all the roads, so that you will all have to stay here forever and ever."

"That is not very likely to happen," replied his uncle. "We must go home to our work. Your mama would soon get tired of seeing four big men idling around."

It kept on snowing, however, steadily. Norman and Howard had at last to wade home through the storm, in snow nearly up to their chins. But they were used to it, and did not care.

"On the whole I rather like to eat my Christmas dinner in a snow-storm," said Uncle Frank, as they seated themselves at the table. "The contrast between this warm room with what is going on out of doors is so pleasant."

While one of her uncles was asking a blessing, little Fan opened her eyes, and saw quite near her, a dish of beets. She had never seen any before, and she thought them very pretty, they were so red. So she reached over and took a whole one, and laid it on her plate. When the blessing ended, and Lou opened his eyes, and saw the beet on little Fan's plate, and her grave, innocent face, he was greatly amused.

"Look, mama! look, papa! look, aunty!" he cried, in his quick way.

Everybody looked, and everybody laughed, and so the Christmas dinner began amid cheerful faces.

Meanwhile the soft white snow-flakes kept flying down. They alighted, with noiseless footsteps, on the fences, and perched upon the house-top. Some balanced themselves nicely on the boughs of the trees till they bent under their weight. Some flew helter-skelter up against the side of the stable, and when they had made a layer of pure snow, new flakes came down and covered them. Each one was perfect in itself. Each one was worthy to be caught and preserved forever, if it only would consent to stay. But they did not want to be caught, and they did not know how beautiful they were, and so they flung themselves about, hither and thither, and played with each other in the air. Some of them settled down on the window-sill of the dining-room, and watched the cheerful company at the Christmas dinner. But they did not want to go into that warm room, pleasant though it was. They liked to stay out in

the cold. Why, they would have fainted away if they had been forced to stay there even a few minutes.

"Have you any poor people about here, Laura?" asked one of her brothers.

"Yes; I fancy there are poor people everywhere. It says so in the Bible, and I suppose they are intended to keep us from becoming utterly selfish. However, I do not think there is any real suffering here. A man can get a snug little house, with a bit of land, for a very small rent; he can keep a pig and raise his vegetables. This morning I sent a large chicken-pie to Mrs. Medill, Biddy's mother, and she sent back word that I was very polite!"

"By the by, what has become of Biddy? I remember you used to write home some amusing things about her."

"She is living with Mrs. Carson, at Meadeville. She is quite happy there, and Mrs. Carson is bringing her up extremely well."

"Does her mother hold a rod long enough to reach the child at Meadeville?"

"Oh no; Biddy is now too old to be whipped. Mrs. Medill gives me a good deal of trouble still. She is constantly sending to borrow things, which of course she never returns. One day it is a little meal; another day a little soap; the next a cup of molasses. Such things are not pleasant. But I must tell you the drollest anecdote about Mrs. Simpson, another poor woman I have on my hands. She sent a few weeks ago to borrow our family Bible. I asked the little girl who brought the message, if her mother had no Bible of her own. She said she had, but it had no place in it for recording deaths, and as she had just lost a child, she wanted to make a note of it in ours."

"Oh, that is really too absurd to be true!" cried Uncle Tom, while all the rest had to stop eating their dinner, in order to have a good laugh. And while they laughed, the white snow-flakes looked in at the window, and knew they should make it impossible for any of them to travel homewards next day.

CHAPTER IX.

"THERE is an immense snow-drift in the yard," said Uncle Tom. "If we were as young as we were two years ago, we should be for making ourselves a house in it."

"It would not hurt you patriarchs to make one now,' said Lou's mama. "Venerable as you are, you will need some sort of exercise, and in the state of the roads, walking will be out of the question."

"Ah, you want to get us out of the way, that you and Fanny may have each other quite to yourselves. Well, what do you say, Bob? A house, or no house?"

"A house, by all means. Any thing is better than to lounge about all day. Come Frank. Come Fred. Shoulder your spades and fall into line."

"We'll make you a snow-palace, Lou," said Uncle Fred. "A palace fit for a king, such as we used to make every winter."

"A real house?" cried Lou. "May I see you make it?"

"You may, if you can bear the cold."

"It would not be safe for him to stand still to watch you," said his mama. "You will have to give him some work to do."

"He can cart away the snow we dig out," said Uncle Tom. "Or draw it away on his sled."

So they all set to work. The snow-drift was at the side of the stable, and was about twelve feet high. It lay there in the sunshine, pure and beautiful. The first thing Lou's uncles did, was to cut a door in one end. Then they kept digging out the snow from the inside, just as you scrape an apple. They threw this snow away, and Lou filled a box with it that was tied to his sled. When it was carried off, and ready to be upset, so as to empty it of snow, one of his uncles had to help him. It was hard work for them all, and they were very hungry when they were called in to dinner, and tired too. But by that time there was room for them all inside.

After dinner they finished it. It was large enough to hold eight or ten persons. They spread a piece of carpet over the floor, made benches all around the

sides, with loose boards that they found in the stable, and Lou was so delighted that he hardly knew what to say or what to do.

"Now, before you begin house-keeping, Lou," said Uncle Frank, "you must have a fire. You would freeze to death without a fire."

"Mama will not let me play with fire," said Lou. "Once I came near setting the house on fire."

"She will let us play with it," said his uncle. "Is there an old stove anywhere about? We had a stove in our snow-palaces."

"There is a little one up in the garret," said Lou. "It is pretty old and rusty, and it's pretty little."

"The smaller the better," said his uncle. "Come, show us how to get to the garret."

Lou led the way, stamping up the stairs with eager feet. Two of his uncles carried down the stove, while another seized on a roll of old carpeting.

"What can those boys be doing?" said Lou's mama. "I never heard such a noise. As to Lou, he seems nearly wild."

The little stove was soon placed in the middle of

the house, a hole was cut in the roof for the funnel to pass through, and a bright fire began to shed around an agreeable warmth. The old carpeting was then spread from the snow-palace to the kitchen-door, and Lou was sent to call his mama and aunty to walk over it.

"It seems only yesterday that we were called out in just this way, to admire their handiwork," said Aunt Fanny. "How many such palaces they used to make when they were little boys! Would you take little Fan?"

"Wrap her up well, and it can't hurt her," said Lou's mama.

Lou trembled with joy as he drew his mama along over the path of carpeting, to his beautiful white palace. No polished marble ever gave more pleasure to its owner.

"This is really delightful!" said his mama. "To-morrow you shall invite Norman and Howard, and Willy Lee, and Georgie Merton to come and dine here, with you. At that time of day it will not be very cold, and it will give you a pleasure you will never forget."

For answer Lou threw himself on the floor of his house, and rolled all the way across it, like a ball. His uncles felt well repaid for all the trouble they had taken, and said they wished they could stay to see the dinner-party next day.

Little Fan, meanwhile, looked about her with great surprise. She went and sat on all the benches, and kept touching the walls with her little pink fingers, till they became quite red. One of her uncles lifted her up to touch the ceiling, and a shower of snow came falling down into her face and eyes. She shuddered, and shook her head, but did not cry.

"What a dear little thing!" said Aunt Laura. "Let us go back to the parlor with her. Come, Lou, your fire is nearly out, and it is getting late."

"I wish I could stay here all night," said Lou. "*Must* I go in now?"

"Yes; it is getting cold now, and it will soon be dark."

"I am afraid my house will melt away in the night," said Lou.

"It will not melt, day or night, while this cold weather lasts," said Uncle Frank.

They went back to the parlor, together, and Lou began to play again with his new toys. Little Fan sat with her new doll in her arms, and watched him. She did not know what to make of him. He was n't a baby, like herself, and he was n't a man, like her papa; what was he, then? How grave she looked, sitting on the floor among the toys, pondering this knotty question in her little bit of a head!

Early the next morning, before daylight, the four uncles went away. They left behind them a little parcel for Lou, that his grandmama had sent him, and which they had forgotten to give him on Christmas day. There were ever so many warm stockings and mittens in this parcel, and Lou's mama was very glad to have them. But Lou had never known what it was to suffer for either mittens or stockings, so he did not value these.

"I should think grandmama would have known better than to send me such things," said he, looking quite red.

His mama made no answer. She knew that he was too young to understand that it costs a great

deal more love to knit, knit, knit for little boys, than to step into a toy-shop and buy the toys made by other hands.

Lou missed his uncles very much. They had spent nearly all their time in playing with him or working for him, and, at first, he did not like to play alone. But he could now read his Rollo books well enough to take pleasure in them, and they kept him busy and happy when even his toys wearied him.

CHAPTER X.

AT last Aunt Fanny and little Fan had to go home, too. Uncle Henry came for them, and carried them away. The baby's crib was put away in the garret again; the room in which Aunt Fanny had slept, was put in order and shut up, and everything went on in the old way. Lou had his lessons every morning and every afternoon, as he did before the holidays; that is, he read aloud to his mama, had

a few words to spell, and a few lines to write. So the rest of the winter passed quietly away, and spring came smiling in, as sure of a welcome as you are, when you go with a pleasant, shining face to your mama. Lou's snow-palace had long since melted away, and flown up into the skies to make pure white clouds. Grass and flowers were springing everywhere, and Lou's papa and mama once more could work in their garden. Lou was now nearly six years old, and was a useful little boy. He could get the letters from the Post-office, and mail those written by his papa and mama. He could trundle away all the weeds thrown into the garden-walks, and even weed some of the beds himself. He had a little garden of his own, besides, but he only worked in that by fits and starts.

And when Abigail wanted to make a pudding, and found she needed milk and eggs, Lou could get them for her, sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another. He grew happier and better every day, for there is nothing in the world makes us so happy as being useful. Grown-up people who live for

nothing but to please themselves, and to have as good a time in the world as they can, are never really happy. Things are constantly happening to annoy and trouble them, and then they fret and grumble. Even little children are so made by their Creator, that they cannot lie down to sleep in sweet peace at night, if, during the day, they have done nothing to comfort and please those about them. The next time you go to bed, out of sorts and fretful, ask yourself who you have tried hardest to please all day; yourself, or your neighbor, or your dear Father in heaven. And say often to yourself, ten, twenty times a day, "Even Christ pleased not Himself."

CHAPTER XI.

YOU had a little friend, of whom he was very fond. They did not meet very often, because Walter lived on a farm out of the village. When they visited each other, they staid some days at a

time, and thus learned to know and love each other's mamas. It was Lou's turn to make the visit this year, and he was very glad to go, not only because he loved Walter so dearly, but because there was a great deal going on at a farm that one could see nowhere else. He liked to hunt for eggs, and to feed the poultry, and to follow the men when they cut the grass and raked it. He even helped rake a little himself. And then it was such fun, when the hay was piled up high in the carts, to ride to the barn on the top, with Walter by his side. Walter's mama liked to see them so happy together, and she was always very gentle and loving towards them both.

When Lou went home after his visit this year, he said to his mama, — "Do you think you shall ever die, dear mama?"

"What a question!" said mama. "Yes, of course I shall die, some time."

"If you do, I hope papa will marry Walter's mama. I love her so, and she is so sweet and kind. And then I should have a brother. Walter would be my very own brother."

His mama laughed.

"What would Walter's papa say to such an arrangment? He would be left quite alone.'

"Yes; but I do not think he would care. He would know I needed somebody for a mama."

It was only a few days after this, that Walter's papa came driving up to the door, looking very grave and anxious.

"My wife is very sick," said he to Lou's mama, "and I should be glad to have you drive over with me to see her. She thinks she is not going to get well, and has something to say to you about our little boy."

Mrs. James got ready to go, directly. As she did so, her tears fell fast, and Lou followed her silently, trying not to get in her way, and not to tease her with questions.

"I will be just as good as I can, while you are gone," he whispered, as she left the door.

"Poor Walter! poor Walter!" thought he. "If his mama dies what *will* he do?"

Lou's mama did not come back that night. He felt very lonely and sad until his papa came in from evening prayers, and comforted and amused him.

The next day he sat at the window, and watched every carriage that drove by. Now and then he ran up the road to see if his mama were coming.

Late in the afternoon, when he had quite done watching, she came quietly in. She caught Lou in her arms, and held him close to her heart. She tried not to cry, while she said, —

" Walter's dear, sweet mama has gone to heaven. She was very glad to go, so you must not cry."

But Lou burst into a flood of tears, and threw himself upon the floor, and hid his face.

His mama comforted him as well as she could.

" Dying seems dreadful to you now, my darling," said she. " But that is because you don't know how God's own children love to go where their own dear Father is. Walter's mama was sorry to leave her precious little boy, but she loved Jesus better even than she loved him. And she knew He would comfort her lonely child."

" O mama! I wish I was just as old as you! "

" Why, then I could not take you in my arms as I do now," said his mama, drawing him into her bosom.

"No," said Lou, his voice trembling, "but then I should die just when you did."

"And why do you want to die when I do, darling?"

"Because I don't want to live after you are dead." He leaned his head upon his mama's shoulder, and cried bitterly.

"We cannot choose, any of us, when we shall die, or how. If we really love God, we shall be willing to have Him choose for us. Perhaps you will die before I do, and then I shall not have any dear little boy to love. But if you do, I shall not say that I want to die because you are dead. I shall say that I want to live or die, just as God pleases."

"Mama, do you think I love God?"

"I hope you do. It seems hardly possible that you can help loving my best Friend."

"Do you love Him very much, mama?"

"Yes, I do. Not half enough, but still, very much."

"Better than papa?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I mean to love Him, too. How can I find out whether I do love Him, really and truly?"

"I do not suppose that, while you are a little boy, you will feel just as I do. But if you really love Him you will be always trying to please Him. You will be faithful about your lessons, whether I am watching you or not. You will try to cure yourself of contradicting, and disputing, and getting angry. You will speak the truth, no matter what it costs. And all these things will make you happy. You will go on, as long as you live, growing happier and happier every day. And at last, when God has nothing more for you to do in this world, He will take you to live with Him in one of His mansions."

"What kind of a mansion will it be?"

"I do not know. You may be sure of one thing, however, it will be exactly such a one as you will like best."

Lou wiped away his tears, and his face grew bright again.

"Will Walter's mother have one, too?"

"Of course. Perhaps she will not have one all to

herself. Perhaps there will be room in it for Walter, and for his papa, and for the two dear little girls of theirs who went to heaven when you were a baby. And now I have something else to say that will give you pleasure. Walter's mama, before she died, asked me to take care of him for her, during the next few years. She thinks he will be too lonely without her, and that he would be quite happy with us. His papa is willing to spare him, for he has very little time to spend at home."

Lou clapped his hands, and began to dance about the room.

"We must be very kind to Walter," continued his mama. "We must never forget that he is a motherless little boy. And we must be patient with him, if, at first, he seems sad and sorrowful and unhappy. Dear little fellow! I longed to bring him home with me, but of course his papa needs him for the present."

"Mama, Walter is a real good boy. I am so glad he is coming here to live! Then you will have two little sons to weed your garden, and run errands for you."

"Yes," said mama, "and I shall have four little feet to look after, instead of two."

"Do you mean that you will have more stockings to mend?"

"No, I mean that I should have two boys to keep out of mischief, instead of one."

"I know one boy that is not going to trouble you any more, mama."

His mama kissed him, and then his papa came home, and wanted to hear all about the death of Walter's mama. Lou went out into the garden, and sat down under a tree. He felt both sad and happy.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Walter came to live with Lou, he brought with him two Bibles, exactly alike. They were his mama's parting gift to him and to Lou.

"I am very glad to get this Holy Bible," said Lou,

reading the gilt letters on the back of his. "I never had any thing but a reverence Bible, before."

"A reference Bible, you mean," said his papa. "Your old Bible is just like your new one, only it has two columns of references in it."

"I like this best, anyhow," said Lou. "The print is larger, and the cover is red. I like red covers. And besides, it is just like Walter's."

Walter seemed very gentle and pleasant. He followed Lou's mama about everywhere, and wanted her to talk to him about his own dear mama. When he had been there a few days, his papa drove over to see him, and brought with him a little tent which he had ordered in Boston for the two boys. It was pitched in the orchard, and they played and read in it, and hung pictures, cut from paper, around the sides. One afternoon they played that they were soldiers, and that this tent was the only place they had to sleep in. They marched into the house, and Lou said to his mama,—

"We are two soldiers who have lost our knapsacks and every thing but our tent. We have no

blankets to sleep in, and no food to eat. Will you lend us some blankets, and give us some food, ma'am?"

"I will lend you some blankets, and give you some food, sir," replied Mrs. James. "But you look, to me, like very young soldiers to camp out. Suppose you sleep in my house to-night?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Walter, "but we are not so young as we look. We must learn to bear hardships if we are soldiers."

Lou's mama smiled, and gave them each a blanket, and food enough for their supper. The two soldiers went off to their tent, and ate all she had given them with good appetites. Then, when it began to grow dark, each knelt down and prayed to God, rolled himself in his blanket, and lay down to sleep. After a while, Lou lifted up his head, and looked at Walter.

"Are you asleep, Walter?" asked he.

"No; are you?"

"I can't get to sleep because I have n't any pillow."

"Yes, and I feel things crawling on me," said Walter.

"What sort of things?"

"Spiders. They get into my ears, too."

"It is getting real dark."

"Yes. And it is cold."

"Hark! Don't you hear something?"

"Yes. What can it be? I wish our guns were loaded."

"Or else that we had a big cannon at the door of our tent. Don't you think this ground is pretty hard?"

"Yes, and it's lonesome out here. Do you suppose everybody has gone to bed?"

"Oh yes, it must be midnight, it is so dark. Hark! what was that?"

"Well boys," said a voice, at the entrance of the tent, "are you almost ready to come in, and go to bed?"

"O papa! is that you?" cried Lou, starting up. "We can't get to sleep, and the spiders get on us, and we have n't any pillows, and it is cold, and"—

"And you've camped out long enough? Very well, if you are fighting on the right side, I will see if I can find a bed for you in my house."

"We are good soldiers, sir," said Walter.

They all went to the house together, where they were greatly surprised to see Lou's mama, sitting at her little table, writing a letter.

"Why, mama! Are you up at this time of night?" cried Lou.

"Why not?" asked mama, looking at the clock. Lou looked, too. He saw that it was not quite half past nine.

"Why, we thought it was midnight!" said he.

"And now, boys, off with you to bed," said Lou's papa.

They were glad enough to go. They had had quite as much camping out as was agreeable. They undressed, and jumped into bed, and were fast asleep when Lou's mama came, five minutes later, to take away their candle.

When they awoke the next morning, and found themselves in their own little beds, they were very much astonished. The last thing they remembered was lying in the tent.

"Hullo! How came we here?" cried Lou.

"Your papa must have brought us, in our sleep," said Walter. "Hark! The clock is striking. Let me count. Why, Lou! It is eight o'clock!"

"Oh, now I remember," said Lou. "We camped out till half past nine last night, and then papa made us come in. I wish he had let us camp out all night."

"So do I," said Walter. "It was n't very cold."

"And the ground was n't very hard."

"And it was n't any matter if we did n't have pillows."

"And the spiders did n't hurt us."

"I was n't afraid of anything; were you?"

"No, indeed. It was too bad that papa made us come in. Well! we 'll camp out all night, next time."

"Yes. But not to-night."

"Oh no, not to-night."

And that was the end of the matter from that time forth, neither of the boys being anxious to repeat the experiment.

When they went down-stairs, they found that breakfast was over, long ago. Abigail had kept

some for them, and they went into the kitchen to eat it.

"Hold out your plate, and I will give you some butter, Walter," said Lou.

Walter did so, and the moment Lou touched the plate, it fell in two.

"Now, what will mama say?" cried Lou.

"*I* did n't break it," said Walter.

"I 'm sure I did n't either," said Lou.

"You need not look so scared," said Abigail. "The plate was cracked before."

"Who cracked it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose some one put it into water that was too hot."

"It must have been you, then."

"No, indeed. I am very careful how I treat your mama's plates. I wish you were half as careful as I am. You never brush your feet, and it takes half my time to scour the doors, you leave the marks of your fingers on them at such a rate."

"They are not my finger marks," said Lou.

"And you leave your boots and shoes lying about, for me to pick up," continued Abigail.

"That is n't any worse than for you to wash all the buttons off the shirts," cried Lou. "Mama says she has to sew on so many buttons."

"*I* don't wash them off, they come off themselves," said Abigail. "There, eat your breakfast like a good boy, as Walter does. Dear me! I do wish somebody would oil the hinges of this door!"

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"I have n't time. It takes all my time to hunt up things you 've lost, and to brush up the mud you bring in on your feet, and to shut the doors after you, and to put away what you leave lying about. Where 's the last number of the 'Penny Magazine?' Your papa has been looking for it, high and low."

"I don't know. I have n't had it," said Lou, in a rather sullen tone.

"I know some verses about Mr. Nobody," said Walter, who wanted to make peace between the two. "Shall I say them?"

"Yes, do say them."

Walter rose from the table, put his hands behind him, and began —

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There 's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break, was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'T is he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the doors ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody?

He puts damp wood upon the fire
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid;
Who had them last, but he?
There 's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see,
Are not our boots! They all belong
To Mr. Nobody!

By this time both Abigail and Lou had recovered their good humor. Abigail really loved Lou dearly, and she was not willing that any one should find fault with him but herself. And Lou loved Abigail, and now that he was trying hard to be a good boy, never vexed her on purpose.

CHAPTER XII.

THE two boys now went in search of Lou's mama. They found her at work in her garden, collecting seeds.

"Oh, may we help you, mama?" cried Lou.

"You may, if you will be careful not to get my seeds mixed up together."

"We will be very careful," said Walter. "Oh,

what little bits of seeds these are! And what a lot there are!"

"Is n't it wonderful that so many seeds come from one flower!" said Mrs. James. "I must tell you a fable about that. There were once several plants growing in a field together. It was in the autumn, when most flowers have done blooming, and have gone to seed. A sharp north wind came blustering along.

"'Well, old ladies,' said he, 'you have not much more time to live. What have you got to show as the fruit of the time you have spent on the earth?'

"'He calls us "old ladies,"' said Mrs. Dock, turning quite yellow.

"'And we are far younger than he is,' cried Mrs. Dandelion.

"'Well, I am waiting,' said the North Wind. 'Speak, Mrs. Corn-cockle; what have you to say for yourself?'

"'I have not much to say,' she replied. 'I have not idled away my life, however. In one brief summer, I have borne ten flowers, and each of these

flowers has now two thousand six hundred seeds. Thus my children will be scattered all over this and many other fields, and go on keeping up our family name forever.'

"'As for me,' said Mrs. Dandelion, 'I have led a busy life, also. I have borne so many flowers that I have not had time to count them. Each of these flowers has sent flying through the air three thousand winged seeds. They will spring up, when I am gone, by the wayside and in the field. They will smile in the faces of poor men's children, and a million of human beings will be made glad by them.'

"'And I,' said Mrs. Thistle, 'have nourished more than twenty soft blossoms. I am rough to the touch, but I am the mother of flowers of delicate silk. And each of my dear ones has filled the air with flying down. Each has flown, on twenty thousand wings, to establish so many new families on the face of the earth.'

"'Men speak lovingly of me,' said Mrs. Daisy, 'I know not why. I never try to make them notice

me, and I cherish my family near the ground, so as to be out of sight. I have had twenty children this summer, and each has ready to give to the earth thirteen thousand seeds, and more. Wherever they spring up, they will meet a welcome, and perhaps thirteen thousand lips will greet them with pleasure.'

"'You are too modest, little neighbor,' said Mrs. Poppy. 'You should lift your head higher, as I do mine. However, none of you have such a record as I can show. I have borne forty children, and each of them has produced fifty thousand seeds. They will spring up all over this and other lands. The fields of France will blush with them; they will breathe the air of Italy, and redden the highways of Switzerland. Call us "old ladies" if you will, Mr. North Wind. But you are far, far older than we, and what can you say, compared with what we say?'

"'I can say this,' said the North Wind. 'It is I who take the seeds you have not power to scatter over the earth, and bear them on my wings to every region and into every clime. But for me, Mrs. Thistle, where would be your flying host? But for

me, Mrs. Dandelion, how could yours find their way to three thousand homes? But now your hour has come. Your work is ended. Prepare to die.' He breathed upon them, and they sank, one by one, before him. But their work lived long after they were dead; not one of them had thriven in vain."

"I should like to hear Mrs. Dandelion talk," said Lou. "I do not think any of your flowers have so many seeds as the plants in your fable had."

"No, I do not think they have. But I want you and Walter to remember that every good word you speak, every right thing you do, is the little seed you sow; by and by it will spring up, and bear fruit for God."

"I don't understand," said Walter.

"Perhaps I cannot make you understand all I mean. But this is a part of it. When you do a right thing, and speak a good word, other children, who see and hear you, are likely to imitate you. And when they imitate you, their good words and deeds are the fruit of yours."

By this time the boys wanted to go and play. So

they ran off, chasing each other through the garden-walks, under the trees, among the winding paths, past the orchard, far out of sight.

Lou's mama stopped working, and looked after them till they disappeared.

"Dear little boys! how I love them!" thought she. "May God help me to sow seeds in their hearts that will spring up and bear fruit for His glory, a hundred fold!"

Walter staid with Lou's mama three years. At the end of that time, his papa found a new mama for him, and took him home. But he was allowed to make Lou several long visits every year, and Lou went to the farm quite as often, so that they remained as good friends as ever.

I cannot tell you any thing more about Lou, because his mama's journal, in which she wrote down his sayings and doings till he was about six years old, stops here. Perhaps it is just as well. If there were any more books about him, you might get tired of him.

THE END.