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FOR

Good California Children.

PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFIELD,
SAN FRANCISCO.
[1860?]

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FRITZ AND HIS VIOLIN.

OH! such music as it was!—The window was thrown wide open, and three little girls dressed in white, and with wreaths of flowers around their heads—for it was a birthday festival—were standing before it, and singing with the sweetest tones, an old German song, closing with these words:

"God, and our native hearths and homes,
God, and our father-land!"

Outside, in the street, a woman, looking so pale and weary, with a tamborine in her hand, with which she beat the time to the song, and beside her a little boy about eight years old, with a brown traveling coat tied around his waist with a red scarf, and a blue velvet cap on his head, and in his hand a violin, to which he sung as he played.

Oh! such music as it was! as his fingers swept over the strings, and made the violin sing with a clear, flute-like voice, now soft and low as the

breathing of a sleeping infant, now high, as a "lark soaring up among the stars."

The groups of men and children who had gathered around cried "Bravo!" and swung their hats, and gave two cheers, first for the smiling, singing, laughing groups within, and then for the boy musician and his mother. Then came a shower of silver, and even gold was thrown into the hat which a gentleman had passed around, whose heart had been touched by the music of that grand old German song.

The woman turned to go away. "Thank you, thank you," she said, and her pale face lighted up with a smile, and her eyes *looked* their thanks: "God bless you all, *all!*" and she turned to the children at the window. "Bless you! bless you! dear ones." And angels whispered that blessing home to their hearts, and they sung for joy that night.

The pale mother and her little boy sought their solitary home in the heart of the great city, and that night the angel of death came and called that mother home. She died with the same words on her lips which she had sung in the streets that day,—"God, and our father-land!"

Poor little Fritz! left alone in the strange city, he knew not where to go or what to do. If he

tried to play on his violin, it seemed only to grieve and sob, and keep time to the voices in his own heart. He would steal away to the quiet cemetery where his mother was buried, and lie down beside her grave, and speak her name, and beg her to answer him; for he knew that she was still alive, and sometimes he thought that he could hear her voice speaking to him softly from the quiet heavens: "Weep not! trust in God, my son!"

Then he would arise, and dry his tears, and leave the cemetery, made lighter at heart than when he came, for he said, "My mother sees me after all. I knew she was with me in the cemetery to night."

One day, as he was walking through the streets, with his violin under his arm,—for he still carried it with him wherever he went, and now and then he would play a tune, although his heart was aching,—for he must either play or beg for his supper,—he thought, "I have an uncle Fritz somewhere in America. He is my mother's only brother, and loved me very much when I was a little boy in Germany. He taught me how to play on the violin, and used to play on it himself, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. I remember him well. I heard them say he had gone to California. That country is a great way

off, but many people go there, and why may not I go too, and find my uncle? He would be very glad to see me, and I know he would be a good, kind father to me, now that my mother is dead."

So he inquired, and found a German family who were going the next week to California, and who would be glad to have him go with them, for they said, "It will be fine to hear the music of his violin at night after the day's travel is ended, and we have made our camp, and ate supper, and all come out in the light of the moon to dance."

So the next week Fritz started for California, with his violin neatly done up in a leathern bag, to keep it from the wet, and with only a few dimes, and his mother's picture, in his pocket.

But, before he left, he visited the old cemetery, and wove a garland of fresh leaves and flowers, and tied on it, with a ribbon, a piece of pasteboard, on which he wrote one word, "Mother," and laid it on his mother's grave.

He had a pleasant journey with this good family, and they treated him very kindly, and Fritz often played to them on his violin some old German air, and then they would join him in some song such as they all loved, and used to sing, away in the father-land.

They had come into the country of the Mojave Indians.

CAMPING ON THE PLAINS.

One bright evening, little Fritz strayed away a short distance from the camp, and sat down on a rock, and took out his violin, and commenced playing a tune. He had played but a short time, when suddenly two brawny, half-naked Indians sprung out of a thicket near by, and seizing little Fritz, made him a prisoner.

In vain he struggled and tried to get away; they only grasped him the tighter, and to prevent his screaming they thrust a large stick into his mouth, and fastened it there with a string.

They then mounted him on a horse before one of the warriors, and away they rode, so fast and far, that Fritz thought they would never reach their journey's end.

But Fritz kept his eyes open, and noticed every tree, and rock, and stream, for he said, "If ever I get away from these redskins, I shall have all this ground to come over again, and I had better be on the look-out."

At last, after riding all one day and part of another, they reached their home, on the banks of a large river, and Fritz was taken off from the horse, and presented to the chief of the warriors, who adopted him for his son, in place of his little boy who had died.

So Fritz, although he could not understand a

word they said, and they could not understand him, contrived to talk by signs and motions, like a deaf and dumb boy, and the Indians would laugh and make signs too, and so they got along together finely.

But the violin—for Fritz had his violin still with him—it was that which made the Indians talk, and stare, and ask questions of each other, which none of them could answer. They would examine it over and over again, and whistle into it, and try to get music out of it; but it was of no use, the violin would not go, for Fritz had taken off the strings and put them in his pocket.

So after thumping it with their fingers, and blowing into the hole at the top, they gave it to Fritz, to see if he could make it go any better.

Fritz immediately took out the strings from his pocket, and having arranged them, played one of his liveliest tunes, and the Indians capered and danced, and Fritz cheered them, and laughed as if his sides would split, to see them dance without any time; for they seemed to think that the music was only to dance by, and that each one might dance by what tune he chose.

So, after he had done playing, they came to him and patted him on the head, and called him "Singing Bird," and seemed very much pleased,

and gave him plenty of dog's meat for supper, which Fritz did not relish, for he had never eat a dog before in all his life.

And after supper they made him a nice bed of bear-skins, and he slept in a hut, at the old chief's feet.

They seemed to think he must be happy, he played so merrily, and laughed so loudly, and danced and capered with the best of them; but a great load was at his heart, and he was only deceiving them all the time, for he said to himself, "Perhaps if they think I am happy and contented, they will cease to watch me any longer, and I can then escape."

One evening the old chief, who had adopted him for a son, sent him out to gather sticks and buffalo bones for a fire, and as the night was very dark, Fritz thought, "Now is the time to make my escape."

But the violin—he could not leave that behind, and that the old chief kept always wrapped up in a buffalo skin, when he slept, under his head, for he said, "The Singing Bird will not go away without his violin."

And he would not; and creeping round softly to the rear of the hut, he raised the mat that

covered it, and putting his hand in, drew out the violin without the chief knowing it.

Then off he started, going in the direction of the road on which he knew the emigrants traveled to California.

He traveled all night, and in the morning lay down, weary and footsore, under a tree in a thicket.

But before he did so, he lifted up his heart to God, far above the great prairies, with their wide-rolling rivers, and lakes, and mountains.

He slept soundly all that day, and awoke as the sun was setting, and went on his journey.

He knew it was safest for him to travel by night, for the Indians could not see him, and he knew they would be out in pursuit of the "Singing Bird," as they called him.

So the next morning he arose early, and started again on his journey.

All day he walked among tall overhanging cliffs, whose summits seemed to reach to heaven and he could hear the eagles scream overhead—the only voice that could be heard amid those awful solitudes.

At night he laid himself again down to sleep, after eating his supper of *pemmican*, or dried

meat, which he had brought with him from the chief's lodge.

So he traveled for many days, till at last he found the road, and some travelers with their teams came up, and Fritz joined them, and went with them the rest of the journey.

At last they reached California.

But it was a sad day to Fritz when he saw his companions going, some to one place, and some to another, and he had no home, and knew of no one who loved him in all the wide world excepting his uncle, and where he was Fritz could not tell.

He had made his way to Sacramento, and he

fell in with some German families there, but none of them could tell him a word about his uncle.

So he thought, "He must be dead, and now there is none to care for me, and I have now no friend left but the violin."

He was sitting on the steps of a house, and he took out the violin from the leathern bag, and spoke to it just as though it could understand every word.—"Many days we have traveled together, old friend, and I have not heard thy voice since the day I heard thee sing at the great dance of the chiefs on the plains, the night before I left them. And thou hast not spoken since. Thou must sing one song more—the song I and my mother sung on that night before she went home to the father-land, when we sang to the children in the streets of the great city. I always thought that those children were angels, sent to be company to my mother on her last journey. I shall yet meet them with her in the good home above. O! that will be father-land, indeed!" And Fritz took his violin, and played and sung loudly and clearly:

"God, and our native hearths and homes,
God, and our father-land!"

"Who—what sound is that?" cried a voice through an open door close behind him, and a

man cam e out and stood directly before Fritz. "What sound is that? No violin, but one, ever sung with a voice like that—it is the one on which little Fritz used to play in Germany."

Then coming up, and looking very earnestly in Fritz's face, he said: "My boy, who are you?"

"I am Fritz—your nephew—your dead sister's son. O, uncle! have you forgotten little Fritz?"

It was he, indeed.

The old man threw his arms around him, and embraced him, and said: "Come in! come in! this is my home—it is yours, too, my dear long-lost little Fritz."

So Fritz lived with his uncle, and he loved him as his own son, and they often sung together, and the tears would roll down both their faces, as they sung :—

> "God, and our native hearths and homes,
> God, and our father-land.

FLORIEN PORTEFAIX,

The Young Wolf Fighter.

THE Wolf of Gevaudan!—Many are the stories that are told of this terrible wolf; there is hardly a child in the north of France who has not heard them; and, to this day, mothers will clasp their infants to their breasts, as they gather around the winter fire, at night, as the storm rages around their dwellings, and howls at the windows and doors, they will say, "Hist! hist! it is the Wolf of Gevaudan!"

It is nearly a hundred years ago (1775,) that this wolf made her appearance in the parish of Gevaudan, in the north of France. She lived in a dark den, in a forest so dense that the hunters could not follow her, and at night she would go howling, and prowling among the hills and villages, and her tracks, in the snow, were marked with the blood of her victims.

She became such a terror to the country, that Louis the Fifteenth, King of France, offered a re-

ward of two thousand crowns to any one who would bring him the wolf's skin. Many strong hunters went in pursuit of her, with their pack of well-trained dogs; but they could pursue her no farther than the verge of the thick tangled forest, and then the wolf would escape them. The Baron d' Esneval, lord of Pavilly, a gentleman of Normandy, and a famous hunter, pursued her many days with a large retinue of servants, and a pack of two hundred dogs; but the wolf escaped them, and hid himself among the dark fastnesses of the forest.

One day, a boy named Florien Portefaix was in the fields of Gevaudan watching his father's sheep; and three other little boys, and their two sisters were with him. The boys all had little poles in their hands (called the shepherd's crook,) at the end of which was a hook to lift up the lambs when they were not able to stand, and had fallen down among the steep rocks—at the other end was a sharp iron spike, to keep off the wolves. While they were sitting and talking together, near a rock in the field close by the forest, with their sheep and lambs feeding near them, one of the boys cried out, "The wolf! the wolf!" They looked; and here, close above them, on the rock, and staring down upon them

with her great fiery eyes, and grinning teeth, stood the terrible wolf of Gevaudan!

The little girls screamed, and huddled close to their brothers, while the boys stood with theer spikes in their hands, pointed towards the wolf. The monster leaped from the rock, and ran around the children two or three times, then, with a bound, she sprang at one of the smallest of the boys, and seized him by the shoulder to drag him away! The little fellow yelled with all his might, "Help! help! boys!—strike him quick!"—for he had a strong heart—strong enough for a man; and at the wolf he went, pommeling her with his fists, (for he had lost his spike,) and kicking with all his might. But the boys were afraid to go near enough to strike, and one of them said, "Let us run, boys; we can get away from the wolf while she is eating up Adrian."

"Cowards!" cried little Florien Portefaix; "would you run away and leave your companion to be eaten up alive by the hungry wolf? Let us charge upon her, boys!—strike at her eyes with your spikes, for that is the tenderest place. Now for her eyes! for her eyes, my brave boys!"

The boys all made a plunge at the wolf's eyes, who howled and gnashed her teeth at them;

while the brave little boy that lay on his back under her, with her paw upon his breast, kept crying, "Give it to her! strike her hard! put her eyes out!"—while he struck at her with his fists, and kicked at her ribs with his little, heavy shepherd's boots.

At last the wolf was glad to escape with the loss of one of her eyes, while Florien Portefaix ran after her, with his long pole and spike, to put out the other one; and the brave little boy that she had tried to eat up, ran close to her heels, crying, "If I could catch you I would give it to you, for the nice hug you gave my shoulder, you monster of a wolf."

The wolf was soon after killed by the hunters, for she had but one eye, and could not see well to escape from them; and while she lived she was very careful not again to touch young boys, for she remembered the one eye, and the shepherd's boots, and the sharp spikes.

As for little Florien Portefaix, the hero of eleven years, the good King Louis the Fifteenth, of France, sent for him to come and see him at his palace; and he made him a present of four hundred francs for his bravery, and he was ever after known by the name of the "Little Wolf-Fighter.

The Maniac Mother and Child Angel.

"FLYING, flying, flying away to the moon!" screamed a voice from behind the bars of the window of a mad-house, that I had just passed—"Up, up, here I go!" with a shriek that made my blood run cold, and I turned away and crossed to the other side of the street.

"Please, sir," said a little girl in a calico dress and sun-bonnet, and with large, soft, sad looking blue eyes, "please, sir, can you tell me where the crazy people live?"

"There," I replied, pointing to the mad-house, "but, my dear child, what can you want of crazy people?"

"I have come, sir, a long way over the fields, by the river, to see my mother. She is among the crazy people."

Poor child! My heart ached for her, and I said, "Come, we will go to the keeper. He will

show you your mother, my little girl."

So I took her by the hand and we walked together towards the mad-house.

"And so, you say your mother is among the crazy people, Mary?" I said.

"My name is not Mary, sir. It is Emma—Emma Walton. My father lives near the mills, down the river. He is lame, sir, he cannot walk. He asked me this morning to come and see how my mother is, and so I came very quick, because father asked me."

"And how long has your mother been sick, Emma?"

"Oh, sir, since last spring. My little brother died. He was burned to death, you know."

Emma became silent. She tried to speak, but her voice choked; she put her foot upon a stone, and rolled it, and I saw a large tear trickle down her cheek, and she brushed it away with the corner of her apron.

She then said, "Will you be so kind as to go with me and see my mother, sir?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "but do you think that your mother will know you, Emma?"

"Yes, sir, for when my mother did not know my father or my little brother, she knew me. She used to talk sometimes all day and all night,

and she would say such strange things, and then she would scream—Oh, 'twas dreadful! The women could not stop her, but when I said, "Mother," she stopped in a moment. Sometimes she called me little John—he was the brother who was burned to death, you know. Perhaps she called me little John because my hand was burned," she said, showing me her hand, which was terribly disfigured.

"My dear child," I asked, "how did this happen?"

"You see, mother went away to see Mrs. Brown, who was sick. Her house is next to ours by the river that runs through the long meadow. Well, she was sick, and poor, and mother said, "Emma, I must go and try to do her some good. Do you stay in the house and take care of your little brother, John. I will lock the door on the outside, and take the key with me, for I do not wish to have any of the neighbors' children in when I am gone. Keep in the bed-room with your brother. I will give you some books and pictures to play with, and when the clock strikes three, you may make a fire in the stove to boil our dinner. I will leave it all prepared in the kettle."

"So, when the clock struck three, I went to

strike a fire, and when I turned to come away from the stove, I saw that my dress was on fire. I was dreadfully frightened, and ran into the bed-room towards my little brother. In a moment he was on fire too. Oh, how he screamed! I caught him in my arms, all burning as I was, and tried to put the fire out. But I could not. Mother's wash-tub stood outside, just under the window, full of water. I ran to the window and opened it, and threw my little brother into the water, to put out the fire. But his dress was all burnt off. My under dress was woolen. I was not burnt so bad. So I got through the window to my brother, and lifted him from the water. But he did not breathe. He was dead.

"I took him in my arms, and ran by the river path to meet my mother. I saw her coming. She caught little Johnny in her arms, and looked in his face, and screamed, 'He is dead! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' and then she fell down by the side of the path.

"They came and took her home, and she slept all day and all night, and I thought she would never wake up; and when, after two days, she awoke, she kept calling for her baby, and screamed dreadfully, and tore her hair, and they tied her, and then—and then they took her to the mad-house."

It was a long gloomy cell, in the mad-house, to which Emma and I were introduced. The walls were of stone, so that they could not be broken, and the floor was stone too, and there were iron bars to the window, so that no one could get out. There were no chairs or tables—only a bed, on the floor.

Emma's mother sat crouched in one corner, her hair hanging over her face, and her hands and head resting on her knees. She looked up when we went in, and muttered a few words, which I did not understand.

"Speak to her," I whispered to Emma, "call her mother."

"Mother!" said Emma, in a low, plaintive voice.

Her mother did not answer, but sat with her head still leaning on her lap.

"Mother!" said Emma again.

She raised her head, and looked the child full in the face.

"Mother!" said Emma, louder, and in a voice of entreaty.

Her mother raised herself slowly, with her eyes bent on her. She moved gently towards Emma, put out her hand and smiled.

Emma took her hand.

"I have come to see you, mother," said the child.

Her mother gazed upon her for a few moments, and then looked wildly around her.

"Are they gone?" she asked.

"Who?" asked Emma.

"They—the spirits that haunted me—are they gone?"

"Yes, all gone!" said Emma.

Her mother looked long and earnestly at the face of the child.

"Who are you?" she said.

"I am Emma, your daughter. Oh, mother, don't you know your little daughter Emma?" and she burst into tears.

Her mother looked wonderingly at her. She put her hand to her forehead, and stood as if in deep study, gazing on the floor. Then, with a smile, she bent forward, and kissed little Emma's cheek.

"Yes, yes, you *are* my daughter—my little darling Emma! I know you now! Thank God! Oh, thank God!" and she raised her eyes to heaven. Then she threw he arms around Emma's neck, and mother and daughter wept together.

The mad spirits that haunted her had gone.

A few days after I saw Emma and her mother

seated in their quiet home, looking very happy, and singing together those beautiful lines of Alice Brown:—

"Oh! sing to my soul, good Angel,
  A psalm of the battle of life!
For the bravest sometimes falter,
  And fail in the bitter strife—
But the spirit of Infinite Mercy
  Upholds them, till undismayed
They have won the purple and garland
  Of the palm trees that never fade:
Yea, some from the war, triumphant
  Oer trial, and gloom, and sod,
Go up, till their steps are 'mid flowers
  On the beautiful hills of God!

"Oh, sing to my heart, good Angel,
  A song of the early lost,
The track of whose radiant morning,
  By a sorrowful night is crossed—
'They are blessed that have won,' saith the Angel,
  The peace of the early dead,
For the light of immortal glory
  Crowneth each innocent head;
They have crossed the wild, dark river
  That moans through the valley of years,
And the hand of a love made perfect
  Hath wiped away their tears."

"Those are very beautiful lines," said Emma's mother. "They remind me of that sweet passage in the Book of Inspiration, 'Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh with the morning.'"

ORINO AND THE LION.

ON the island of Java lived a faggot vender by the name of Orino. His cottage stood on the borders of a forest, into which he used to go every morning, early, to gather faggots for market.

One morning, while he was rambling the forest, he came across the young cub of a lion, no larger than a small dog, partly covered with leaves, and hid away in a cleft between two rocks, across which some trees had fallen.

He took it up and carried it home, for he said, "It will be a nice play thing for my little Orino. He shall tame it, and bring it up for himself, and wont it be a grand affair to be the owner of a large, living lion?"

So he took the cub home, and little Orino was almost wild with joy when he saw it. "Look," said his father, "see what a nice pet I have brought thee. Treat him kindly and feed him well. Who knows what value he may yet be to thee! Thou mayst yet sell him to the king, for

a large sum of money, to be put into a cage in the arena."

Now the king kept lions, very fierce and strong, in cages, and he sometimes let them out to see them fight, and sometimes they attacked the guards, and then there was bloody work, I can tell you, for a roaring lion is an enemy not to be laughed at.

Well, little Orino did treat his cub very kindly, and loved and fondled him like a dog, and he would come and drink milk out of a little cup made on purpose for him, and he slept on a little bed of leaves which Orino made for him.

And the cub loved Orino in return, quite as well as he loved the cub, and would come and climb up to him, and lick his face and his hands, and want to eat with him out of his own cup. But Orino would give him a thump on the head with his spoon, and say: "Keep your distance, sir cub!—yonder is your cup of milk. Drink out of it as much as you like, but please to let mine alone."

Well, the cub seemed to understand it all, for he would, without more ado, go and eat out of his own cup, as much as to say: "All right, all right, little master."

But one day Orino missed his cub. Some one

had stolen him, or else he had wandered away to see his mother in the forest.

Orino slept none that night, and early the next morning he arose and went through the forest, calling: "Osim! Osim! where are you? Come to your little master, Osim!"

But Osim did not come, and I presume did not hear; if he had, he would surely have listened to the voice of Orino.

Many years had passed, and Orino had got to be a man, but he still lived with his father in the hut on the borders of the forest.

One day tidings came that the king's life had been in danger from a band of robbers, who had broken into his palace and stolen his treasures, and armed men were out every where in pursuit of them.

They tracked one of them towards the cottage of Orino, and entering it, one of them seized Orino, the younger, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, and dragged him before the king.

"See," said they; "this is one of them. We traced him to Orino's cottage. His dress was precisely like the one this person wears. His height and face and figure were the same. We saw him at a distance. This must be the man."

"I have not left my cottage during the whole day," said Orino. "I have always loved and honored the king. I have often defended him from his enemies. Why, then, should I wish to kill him?"

His father also said the same thing, but the king was deaf to their words, and Orino was condemned to die.

"But I will give thee fair trial," said the king. In a cage, on the arena, is a strong, fierce lion, which was captured a few weeks ago. Thou shalt build a fire around his cage to drive him out, and then open the door. Thou shalt then dance around his cage seven times. If he does not move or harm thee, then thou art safe,—the Powers above us have protected thee, and thou art innocent! But if thou art torn to pieces by him then shall we know that thou art guilty. Thou wilt perish justly."

"Be it so," said Orino. "And may the gods deal with me as I am guilty or innocent this day."

So Orino was taken to the arena, and a fire was made around the cage of the lion in the middle of the arena, and he howled and roared, and his voice was like thunder, and the guards trem-

bled, for they said: "We shall be torn in pieces as well as Orino."

Well, Orino opened the door of the cage and commenced dancing around it. The lion sprang forward to the door—he looked on his enemies and roared with a voice that made the ground tremble.

Orino kept dancing around the cage till he came the second time opposite the door. The lion saw him, and crouching, prepared to spring upon him. Orino looked him full in the face, and the lion met his gaze. In an instant his roaring ceased, and creeping towards Orino he laid himself, like a dog, at his feet.

Then Orino knew him. "'Tis Osim," said he; "Osim," and he stooped down and patted his shaggy mane. And Osim licked Orino's hand, and looked into his face, as much as to say,—"How do you do, dear, kind old master?"

The guards were amazed, and the king said: "Let him go!—let Orino and the lion both go. He has been protected by the gods. He is innocent!"

So Orino went home to his father's cottage, the lion following him, licking his hand, and Orino patting his head, and playing with his mane, the whole way.

When he entered the door his father said: "Did I not say to thee, be kind to the cub; he may yet be of value to thee? And behold he has saved thy life, and thou art come in safety to me once more!"

"*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*"

NOT YET!

"Not yet! not yet!" said a laughing girl,
Amid the flowers at play;
And she tossed aside her curls, and sung
Like a little bird in May.
"Not yet! not yet! I am young, you know,
And life is very long;"
So she wove her a garland of fresh spring flowers,
And danced to a jocund song.

"Not yet! not yet!" she said in her prime,
"Why should I be in haste?
'Tis true, they say that Time has wings,
And life will soon be past.
It may be, but it seems not so,
And life looks very gay;
My work can just as well be done
To-morrow, as to-day."

"Not yet! not yet!" she said once more;—
She was old and weary now;
E'en then an angel stood at the door,
With cold and pallid brow.
"Not yet! not yet!" 'tis now too late!
Thy sands of life are run!
Not yet is changed to *never* now;
Thy work can ne'er be done.

THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER;

Or the Reward of Perseverance.

THE TRUE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.*

IN the beautiful district of Champagne, in France, surrounded by noble vineyards, lies the little vineyard of Anthenay. One bright September afternoon, one hundred and sixty years ago, a little procession of five children, poorly clad, with the old village curè at their head, were seen winding their way along the grassy aisles of the village churchyard, towards a newly made grave. They were about to witness the burial of the dearest friend they had on earth, excepting their mother; it was their good and kind father.

One of the children, the oldest of them, and about ten years of age, was a boy of noble form and features, but so overwhelmed with grief that he could not weep, and his face was pale as that of his dead father in the coffin before him.

* Altered from his autobiography.

He stood very still while the curè was reading the burial service, but as the sexton was about to close up the grave, he threw himself on his knees before it, and wrung his hands, exclaiming, "oh! my father! my father!"

The good curè went to lead him away, and said, "Come, Valentine, my boy; come, let us go home."

"Home!" said the child; "why should I go home? My poor mother is there, sick and starving, and my little brothers and sisters have not a loaf of bread to eat. This morning a kind neighbor sent them some food; why should I go and help eat it up from them? I will *not* go home!"

"But your mother will be uneasy, Valentine!"

"It is not the *first* time that I have been absent," said the child. "I often stay away so that my brothers and sisters may have the more to eat."

The old curè could hardly help weeping at such noble words from a child, and said, "Come with me, Valentine. You shall share my dinner. I am poor, but the little I have I give you freely. And then I shall try to think of some way—the best to relieve your poor mother and her orphan children."

Valentine thanked him, and kissed his hand

with gratitude, saying, "I do not want much. All I wish is to procure a livelihood for myself, and to be able to help my mother and sisters."

So saying, he took the hand of the good curè and they walked together out of the churchyard.

On the way home they had to pass the cottage of Maclare, one of the richest farmers of Anthenay. He had an only son, and the curè made arrangements to educate him without charge, while the farmer made his house a home for Valentine. Oh! how happy was the poor orphan boy, and how he thanked the good curè for his kindness. He had to go every day into the fields to take charge of the farmer's large flock of turkeys lest they should wander and do injury among the vineyards.

But he did not forget his mother and little orphan brothers and sisters; and always when he sat down at the rich farmer's well spread table, he would save a portion of his meat, and bread, and butter, and cheese, for them. Sometimes he would only eat a dry crust himself, that he might have the more to give to his brothers and sisters What a good heart he had! But the crust used to taste sweet to Valentine, sweeter than his nice chicken, and bread, and butter, and cheese would have tasted, had he eaten them all himself and

left his good mother and brothers and sisters to go hungry.

He used to keep all his nice things on a shelf in the cottage, and when Sunday came he would lay them carefully in a basket covered with a napkin, and take them home to his mother and her children.

But the farmer's wife went one day to the shelf, and when she saw so many nice things she was very angry, for she did not know why Valentine should lay away so many things on the shelf in the cottage, and she suspected him of stealing them; and so Valentine had to tell her the truth.

"Poor child!" said she, "and so you have gone without your food, to give it to your mother!"

"It was no hardship," said Valentine. "How happy I felt! This bacon will be for mother," I said; "and this apple will be a treat to Paul, and then James, who loves butter, will have some on his bread. Oh! to see their joy when I go home! 'What have you brought Valentine,' they will say—then, when I uncover the basket, they will caper, and shout, and dance for very joy!"

"You are a brave fellow," said the farmer; you are a good son and brother, and God will reward you. But I don't want you to starve your-

self. You must eat, to get strong and grow big. Wife, you can put the remainder of the turkey that we had for dinner into Valentine's basket, and put in a pot of butter for his mother, and, as the weather is cold enough to freeze a wolf, give him my vest which I have not worn a long time, to take to his mother to alter for him."

"The red vest?" asked his wife. "No! no! the red vest will frighten my turkeys. Give him the blue one."

"Is it true," asked Valentine, "that red will frighten the turkeys?"

"Yes," said the farmer.

"Can you tell me the reason why?" asked Valentine.

"You are a queer child," said the farmer's wife. "You must know the reason for everything, and the why and wherefore. This summer didn't you spoil my apple-toaster trying to make an instrument of it to look at the stars; and didn't you like to get poisoned to death boiling herbs to find out their virtue?"

"Red frightens the turkeys because it *does* frighten them! That is reason enough."

"But that is *not* a reason," said Valentine. "*Why* are they afraid of red?"

"Do you not understand what my wife says,

'that they are afraid of red,' therefore they *are* afraid," said the farmer.

"But when you are afraid do you not know why?" asked Valentime.

"That is because I am a man," said the farmer; "but turkeys are only turkeys. They are afraid without knowing the reason why."

"'Tis very strange," sald Valentine. "But I'll find out the reason by and by."

The next day, when the farmer and his wife had gone to church, Valentine thought, "now is a good time to find out why red frightens turkeys. So he caught one of the largest of them and tied a piece of bright red cloth around its neck.

In an instant the turkey puffed itself up, and every feather was quivering with its fright; then it became furious and tried to tear away the red cloth from its neck. As soon as it found it could not, it screamed with terror, and spread its wings and tried to fly away from the fearful object clinging like a serpent around its neck.

"Bravo!" cried Valentine. "I shall soon find out why turkeys are afraid of red;" and he clapped his hands with joy.

But his joy was of short duration; the turkey, frightened and exhausted, came sailing by him, then whirled and fluttered, and fell down *dead!* The effort and fright had killed him.

Valentine picked him up. "Why, what a fool I was," said he. "What will the farmer say?—It was the finest turkey of the flock."

He looked up. The farmer was standing close beside him.

"You mischievous urchin," said he; "you have been trying your experiments on my turkeys. Well, have you found out now why red frightens turkeys? But you shall never kill another one for me. Begone! and never let me see you again."

Valentine could not say one word in reply, for he knew that he had wronged his kind master; so he turned and went away to seek his fortune abroad in the wide world; and at sunset he was many miles away from his pleasant home with the rich farmer of Anthenay.

Poor Valentine! After he had been turned away by the rich farmer, he knew not where to go or what to do. And then, who would take care of his mother, and orphan brothers and sisters. "But," thought he, "Anthenay is not the only village in France. God did not desert me when my poor father died, and when I thought all was lost. He will not desert me now. Where there are villages, there will be farmers; where

there are farmers, there will be turkeys; and a keeper will be required."

So he started in search of work; and all that day he traveled, and many a cottage he called at, but no one wanted a keeper for turkeys. As night came on, he grew weak and very sick, and he called at a cottage where lived a poor farmer whose wife was dead, and he took Valentine in for the night.

But that night he was attacked with small pox, and for several days was very near dying. The poor farmer took care of him, and nursed him very kindly, but, as he was very poor, as soon as Valentine was a little recovered, he had to leave him and seek another home. A good curé took him in, and took care of him till he was quite estored.

But as the curé was himself very poor, Valentine had to leave him also, and go in search of work. Providence conducted him to the farm of La Rochette, near Denuvre, at the foot of the Vosges mountains; which was inhabited by a hermit, or friar, named Palemon.

"My father," said Valentine, "Oh! receive a poor, friendless boy! I will help you in your work; I will be your servant; I will live on bread and water; I will do any thing for you, only give

me a home with you, and *teach me how to read.*"

"I will," said the good hermit. "Stay with me, Valentine, and I will teach you most willingly, for I love an honest, inquiring mind."

So he stayed with the good hermit, and he taught him to read; but another hermit arrived, very old and poor, and lived in the same cell, which was very small, and so Valentine, unwilling to burden his kind friend, determined to leave.

But the good friar gave him a letter to the hermits of St. Anne, at some distance from La Rochette, and one league from Lunevelle. Four old men resided in this retreat; all their fortune was six cows, and twelve acres of land, which they planted with wheat to give to the poor. They took Valentine to live with them, and he took care of their cows.

The old hermits taught him to write. He chose a place in the forest, which he called his study, and there he used to retire, after the day's labor was finished, and study by moonlight.

I love to think of him in the recesses of that old forest, with his books around him, sitting near the hollow tree which he called his study, working carefully at the writing lessons which the hermits had given him, and from such rude copies learning to write.

The hermits of St. Anne were very old, and their hands trembled when they wrote copies for Valentine, and he himself says, in the little book that he wrote about himself, that they were very imperfect. But, poor boy, they were the best he had, and he was determined not to be discouraged. He wrote them over and over again, for the hermits did not set many copies; but, few and poor as they were, by them Valentine learned to write.

Next came the study of arithmetic. He had found an old arithmetic among the books of the hermitage; it was the first he had ever seen, and such as no child now would think of studying; yet, from it, he learned the first four rules of arithmetic. This was as far as he was able to go at that time.

As for geography — there was not one, among all the books of the hermitage, that gave a description of the earth. You must remember that this was more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and very few geographies were then printed. But, one day, the hermits sent Valentine to a fair at Luneville, and he saw, pasted on the wall of an inn, six maps;— one of the planetary system, one of the world, and four maps of the several grand divisions of the globe. He bought them,

and gave his last penny for them, and then went home, feeling richer than a king. "No lord," says he, "with all his lands, was half so happy as I." He laid them away in his little study in the forest, and, at night, went by moonlight to learn them.

But the maps puzzled him exceedingly. He could not tell what the black lines that crossed them were; for, poor child, he had never heard of *meridian*, and *tropical*, and *equatorial* lines, in all his life; and the maps did not explain them. He spent whole hours, puzzling his head over them. At last he thought that the *degrees*, marked on the equator, must mean *leagues*, and that the globe was *three hundred and sixty leagues in circumference*. He told it to one of the old hermits, who, it seems, did not know much more about geography than he did himself; for he could not set him right; but told him "that when he went to Calabria, on a journey, he traveled more than three hundred and sixty leagues, and yet he did not go *half* round the world." And so he was more puzzled than ever; but he still kept up good heart, and said to himself, "I will not give it up yet. I'll find it out one of these days."

One Sunday, when he went to church, he saw one of the old hermits reading a book, which he

told him was a guide to the study of geography. Oh! how Valentine longed to get hold of it! And the hermit guessed his wishes; for he gave it to him, and he hurried home to his little study in the forest to read it. Then he learned the meaning of the distances marked on the equator, and how to measure them; and in that way he found out the circumference of the earth.

But astronomy was still to be learned; and that puzzled Valentine more than all the rest. He would lie for hours on a bank in the forest, gazing at the stars; but he could not find out much about them. He had heard that the north star does not revolve like the others; and that if he could once find it, he could discover the position of the other principal stars by measurement; and, in doing this, his map of the planets would assist him. But he knew not precisely in what part of the north it was; indeed he had nothing to guide him to find the north, as he had no compass. But, one day, one of the old hermits told him that he had a compass stored away among the books of the hermitage, and he went and brought it to Valentine. Then his joy was complete. He soon found out the four cardinal points, north, south, east, and west; he turned to the north, and then he looked long and steadily for the north star.

But its elevation he knew nothing about, and no one could tell him.

What was next to be done? Valentine struck upon a plan,—"I chose a star," said he, "which appeared to be of the third magnitude; then, with an augur, I bored a hole in the branch of a tree, of such size, that, looking through it, I might perceive that star alone. This done, as a true follower of Ptolemy, I reasoned thus, 'This star is either fixed or moveable. If fixed, my point of observation being also stationary, it will be always seen through the opening, and in that case it will be the one I wish to find. If moveable, the contrary will be the case, and I can repeat the operation of boring.'"

But he broke his augur before he had bored half way through the tree, and so gave it up for a bad job.

But he did not give up finding the star. Not he! He got a piece of elder, and split it open, and took out the pith, and then tied it together again, and so made a tube that he could look through; and then he tied it to one of the branches of the old hollow tree that was his study and observatory, and with this famous telescope the poor boy was able to find the north star. Then

by the use of his chart, he was able to find out, by measurement, the other principal stars.*

As I told you, Valentine had only a few books; and those that he had, he read over again and again. "Oh!" thought he, "if I only had a good store of books to study, and make me wise! I would feel myself richer than a king!" At last he thought of a way to get them. The forest was full of foxes, weasels, and many other animals, that stole the farmers' chickens at night. They would give him money for the skins of these animals, at the market at Luneville, and with it he could buy books. It was a grand thought! Valentine could hardly sleep for thinking of it. And every day, when he had an hour to spare, he would go hunting after these animals, and he soon had caught enough to come to forty crowns. Only think!—*Forty crowns*, all got by selling skins, for which he got only a few *pence* apiece. How busy he must have been, to kill animals enough to raise such a sum!

As soon as he had got all this money together he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the town of Nancy, where was a book-store; and there was no end to the quantity of books that

* Was there ever, before or since, a little astronomer so persevering as Valentine Duval?

he pulled down from the shelves, and laid aside, to carry home with him, to his study in the forest. Oh! how his eyes feasted on that store of nicely bound books, as if they had been gold! And gold they were—*gold that would not grow dim*, to Valentine Duval!

But he had not money enough to buy them all, and his countenance fell, and his eyes filled with tears. How could he leave any of the precious things behind! The bookseller saw his perplexity, (his name was TRUAN—it deserves to be written in gold—I wish you to remember it, my young friends,) and he said, "Take them! take them *all!* Pay me when you like! I can trust you, my child. I know you are honest. I can read it in your open, manly face. You are anxious to learn, and such souls as yours cannot stoop to meanness!"

The noble-hearted bookseller judged him right. Valentine hunted night and day in the forest; sold his skins, and paid him every penny; and ever after he loved the name of TRUAN.

Oh! how happy was Valentine now, in his little cell, surrounded by books, and maps of provinces and kingdoms, and a large chart of the planets—each a little world in itself—hung against the wall! "I would not have exchanged my lit-

tle cell," said he, "for the *grandest chamber of the Louvre.*"

And then how delightful it was to trace the journeyings of some great traveler whom he had read about, and longed to follow away through distant kingdoms, and over tall mountains, where he could look down on cities, and temples, and palaces, and into beautiful valleys, clustering with cottages and vineyards, and where bright rivers wandered, covered with their little white sails; and then away over the ocean, to the beautiful islands of the sea! Valentine would follow him in his wanderings, till tired with gazing, he would go to sleep in the shadow of the old tree in the forest, and dream that he was *himself* the traveler, and that, with his own eyes, he saw and enjoyed all this that he had been reading about.

But although Valentine had such a nice store of books, there were some that he very much wished to have which he could not buy in the little country town of Nancy; and it was very far to any city. One day, while he was watching the cows in the fields for the old hermits, he picked up an armorial seal, with a coat of arms engraved upon it, that some one had lost. He took it home and showed it to the hermits.

The next day an English gentleman called on Valentine, in his little study.

"The seal which you have found is mine," said he. "I come to reclaim it."

"If it is yours," replied Valentine, "you can, of course, describe the arms."

"You wish to joke with me, young man," said the gentleman, regarding the mean dress, and heavy shoes of Valentine with a scornful look;—"as if *you* were able to understand heraldry!"

"That matters not, sir," said Valentine, in a quiet tone; "if you desire to get your seal, sir, you must describe it fully."

The stranger laughed, and described it fully."

"It is yours," said Valentine.

"Pray, who is your teacher, my young friend? asked the stranger.

"Myself," replied Valentine, artlessly.

"Yourself alone?"

"With the help of my books, sir. You see I have a great number of them."

"Pray, how did you procure all these, my boy?"

"I hunted in the forest, and sold the skins of the animals I killed, and with the money bought these books."

"Poor child!" said the stranger. "Come with me to my lodgings, and, since you love books so well, I will give you some."

Valentine thanked him from a full heart, and went with the stranger to his hotel, who gave him over a *hundred* volumes of *beautiful* and *rare* books.

If Valentine felt rich and happy before, with his few poor books, how did he feel now, with a library like that of a college student!

"The little forest study," said he, "could hardly contain me, I felt so light and joyful!"

But his good fortune did not end here. One day, while seated at the foot of a tree, in the field, with a map open before him, a stranger happened to pass by; and, astonished at the sight of a boy watching cows, and at the same time studying, he approached him.

"What are you engaged at, my boy?" asked the stranger.

"I am studying geography, sir," replied Valentine.

"Do you understand such things?" asked the stranger.

"I never busy myself about things I do not understand," said the young student.

"What are your studies at the present moment, my young friend?" asked the stranger very kindly.

"I am seeking the route to Quebec, sir."

"Might I ask the reason, my child."

"That I might go there to continue my studies at the university, sir. I have read in my book that it is very famous."

"There are other universities much nearer to you, and equally good. Tell me the one that you would like, my young friend."

Valentine raised his eyes to the person who spoke. He was a young man of pleasant countenance, and the hunting dress that he wore indicated high rank. Before Valentine could reply a numerous retinue on horseback were seen riding out of the forest, and Valentine knew, by their livery, that he was talking with one of the princes of the house of Lorraine.

It was the good Duke Leopold of Lorraine, who afterwards became the warmest and best friend of Valentine. He sent him to school, and afterward gave him money to travel through the countries that he had so often longed to see, as he traced them out on his map in his little cell in the forest. Little did he then think that he would ever see those very countries!

When he came back from his travels the Duke made him his librarian, and a "chair of history was founded for him at Luneville."

He always loved the old hermits who had been

so kind to him, and built them a better house, and gave them a larger tract of land, that they might raise larger crops for the benefit of the poor.

He sent for his mother, and brothers and sisters to come and live with him; but, as many years had passed, they were all gone to the spirit land; but they had always remembered the kindness of Valentine, and how he used to bring them half of his supper, when he lived with the rich farmer of Anthenay.

He bought his mother's cottage, where he was born, and near it he built a school house to educate poor children who had nothing to pay.

When the good Duke Leopold died, his son Francis became duke in his place, and afterwards was Emperor of Germany. Valentine lived with him in his palace; but he was never vain or proud, and his dress and habits were always simple as when he lived in the forest among the hermits of St. Anne.

He never made a parade of his knowledge, and would often say, "I know nothing." Many wise and learned men have said the same.

One day an ignorant fellow said to him tauntingly, "The Emperor pays you for your knowledge."

"The Emperor pays me for what I *know*," said he. "If he paid me for all I do *not* know, all the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

At last, when he was a very old man, he departed to a better life. In his will he gave ten thousand florins for the education of poor children, who had been left destitute like himself, in the city of Vienna, in Austria.

AHMO;

Or "There's no such word as Fail."

A CHINESE STORY.

LITTLE Ahmo lived in Hongkong, in China. His home was a little hut in the suburbs of the city, overlooking the beautiful bay, covered with junks, with dark mountains frowning in the distance. He was a water-carrier, and might be seen, every day, trudging through the dusty streets of the city, with a pole across his shoulders, from the ends of which dangled two buckets filled with water to sell.

Sometimes he would go all day, calling at every house, but nobody wanted to buy, and little Ahmo would not earn a penny to buy his supper that night, and would have to go to bed tired and hungry.

One evening, after walking all day through the streets of Hongkong, and not selling a single penny's worth of water, he came to his hut sad

and weary, and sat with his head resting on his knees,—when his foster-father came to the door and looked in upon him.

"Why art thou so sad, my son?" said his foster-father. "Are the birds all flown from the celestial kingdom, and are there no flowers for thee to gather? Up with thee, and be no longer a loiterer and a sluggard! Thou must climb the mountain if thou wouldst reach paradise!"

"Father," said little Ahmo, "I am sick and weary of this way of life! All day long have I trod the burning streets of the city, trying to sell a little water. But no one would buy of poor Ahmo! Is there no country on the globe, out of the celestial empire, where one may not have to labor so hard and fare so ill? Oh! I would go many miles to reach such a country."

"Wouldst thou?" said his foster-father. I can tell thee of such a country, but thou wilt have to travel far, and climb high to reach it. It is far distant—far beyond the tallest mountains that skirt the celestial kingdom."

"Tell me not of its distance," said Ahmo, "or of the weary miles I must travel to reach it. Show me where it is — direct me on the way, and I will climb rocks and precipices, and scale huge cliffs where the goats never climb, and where

the eagle scarcely dares build her nest. Tell me where it is, and I will reach it, though mountains lie between."

"Come to my hut," said his foster-father, come early to-morrow morning, and I will show thee the way to that beautiful country."

Little Ahmo hardly slept a wink that night, thinking of his journey, and the way he should travel on it. "I never failed yet," he said, "in all I undertook, save in this water business of mine, and that was no fault of mine, seeing that others would not buy. I never failed yet, nor will I. There's no such word as fail!"

So early the next morning he was up by the first streak of dawn, and off to his foster-father's house. The old man was ready and waiting for him, and had prepared a nice basket of rice, and some fruit for the journey. "Follow me," he said; "thou hast far to go, and thy legs will be weary. Follow me, and I will show thee the country better than this, which is thine by birthright."

So away he hastened, and little Ahmo followed him, and he had to walk very fast, for his legs were short, and his foster-father was a great traveler. Away over hills and plains, and through vallies and villages, and across rivers, till they ca me to the foot of a very tall mountain.

"This mountain is high," said his foster-father, "the top reaches above the clouds; wilt thou essay to ascend it?"

"I will do any thing," said Ahmo, "any thing that one like myself has done."

"Bravely spoken!" said his foster-father, "come on!"

Up the mountain they went, up over rocks and cliffs, and steep precipices that seemed walled to heaven. Up, beyond where the goats were feeding, and where they seemed to look upon them with amazement; up beyond where the eagle built her nest. Sometimes Ahmo's brain grew dizzy, and he thought he must fall, but he clung to the vines on the rocks, and clambered still higher, all the time saying, "There's no such word as fail!"

At last they reached the summit of the great mountain, and Ahmo sat down to rest, and his foster-father was seated beside him.

"Thou hast done bravely," said his foster-father; "one trial more and the work is done. Seest thou that cloud resting on the summit of the mountain?"

"I see it," said Ahmo.

"Just above that cloud is a beautiful plain; thou must break thy way through it and ascend,

and thou wilt come to the country that I told thee of—a country far better and richer than this. But see that thy foot stands firm, for if it slips thou losest thy labor, and thou wilt have to toil still farther.

Ahmo ascended the summit and had his hand on the cloud. He sprang forward to break his way through it, but his foot slipped, and he rolled very far down the mountain.

"Certes," said he, getting up and rubbing his bruised limbs, "Ahmo, thy name should be called 'Luckless!' Here I am, bruised and sadly lamed, and the worst of it is I must climb all those rugged rocks again. But 'tis no use to fret;" and he started again up the mountain, whistling and singing as he went, "There's no such word as fail!"

"Bravo!" said his foster-father, as he saw him ascending at the top. "Bravo!

'By slip and fall,
We're wiser all.'

Thou will reach the beautiful country, I do believe, at last. Bravo!"

Ahmo rested awhile, and then the second time ascended the summit. This time his foot did not slip, but his hand lost its hold, and away he went, toppling over, down against the rugged

sides of the mountain. He was more bruised and lamed than before, and he said, with a wry face, "'Tis a sorry task! I did not mean to get discouraged though I broke every bone in my skin. Yet it is a *very* sorry task! But cheer up, Ahmo! better luck next time. Only they who strive can win.

> Winners only wear the crown;
> Brave hearts never are cast down."

"Ha! not dead yet!" said his foster-father, as he saw him ascend the mountain the third time. "Thou hast a brave heart, and thou well deservest a rest in the beautiful kingdom. Come with me! Thou needest to make but one more trial and thou wilt succeed."

Ahmo ascended to the summit the third time; but now the sky gave way before his hand, and Ahmo ascended to a beautiful place the other side of the cloud, where were vineyards, and orange groves, and palaces, and rivers of water, and abundance of fruit. None were poor, or tired, or hungry, or bending with heavy burdens, as in the dusty Hongkong streets. And Ahmo became a prince, and was much loved by the lord of the country, and he gave him a kingly robe, and on the robe was written this motto—"*There's no such word as fail.*"

THE STORM AT SEA.

WAS you ever in a storm at sea? Ho-o-o! such roaring of waves, and howling of winds, and creaking of cordage, and showers of foam and spray on deck; and such rattling and tumbling of chests, and chairs, and tables below! And, as for yourself, you might as well be tossed in a blanket, or pitched about by wild cattle. You brace yourself to your berth on one side, and away you go, headlong, another. Perhaps you are thrown sprawling on the floor, and the cabin stove, full of live coals, which has got loose from its moorings, chases you up, (for it can travel as fast as you can,) first one side, and then the other. Or you have a cup of tea on the table before you—it is dashed scalding hot into your lap, and along comes the teapot after it, while plates and cups and saucers are smashed together, with you among them, on the floor.

Oh, yes; I can tell you all about a sea life. I went to sea myself, when a boy, for the first time. I shall never forget it! It was on the Atlantic ocean, and so one day, when the sun was blazing so hot that the decks burnt our feet like hot iron, and the pitch and paint stewed from every crevice on deck, we crossed the line.

I suppose you know what crossing the line means?—although, when we were off the equator, one boy of my acquaintance stood for a long time gazing on the water, in a brown study, and then exclaimed, "There, I knew it was all a lie! I have watched this half hour, and I don't believe there is any line there!"

I suppose he was thinking of his mother's clothes-line.

But, crossing the line is only another name for crossing the equator; and if you will only look into your atlas, on the map of the world, you will see what that is, and know what it means.

Well, after we had crossed the equator, we had a visit from old Neptune. Neptune was god of the sea, you know;—so the old Grecians thought—and he lived away down in a cave at the bottom. He was an old man with long hair, and gray beard, and a robe made of moss and sea-weed, and he rode in a chariot, and held a stick in his

hand, called a trident, with which he drove his horses over the water.

Well, he came on board our ship. He said, in a very gruff voice, "Have you any little boys here who have never been to sea before?"

"Yes," said the captain, pointing to me, "that is one!"

Oh! how frightened I was! I would have given every penny I had to have been a thousand miles away on land—but it was of no use.

So old Neptune came up to me with his trident in his hand. In his other hand he held a horn.

"Put one end of this into your mouth," he said; "I want to treat you to some of my sea wine."

"Thank you," I replied; "I am a temperance boy. I never drink."

"Oh! but this is sea wine," he said. "It is not such as you get on shore. Pray drink some!"

So I put one end of the horn into my mouth, and into the other end he poured, I don't know how much, salt water.

I just tasted it, and then I let the horn rest against my cheek, and the salt water all ran on deck. Not a drop went down my throat.

"Bravo!" he said. "How do you like my sea wine?"

"Excellent!" I replied. "But I had rather *you* would drink it than I. I am too strong a temperance boy to drink even your sea wine."

I had not been quite so big a fool as he thought. For I knew he was only a sailor dressed up as Neptune, and his sea wine was salt water.

Still I never forgot old Neptune and his visit.

Well, the next day came a storm. Such a storm! I was a boy, you know, and hȧd never seen any thing like it before, and I thought that the waves, which were like mountains chasing mountains, were going to swallow us all up.

Sometimes they seemed to stand right over our heads; then again we would look down away below into what looked like a great gulf beneath us, while we were hanging on the top of one of the biggest waves. Then we would pitch headlong right into the gulf, with the water all heaped around us.

I would say to myself, "There! 'tis no use! we shall never come up again!"

Then up, up away we would ride to the top of another wave. And so we would drive on, first on the top of one wave, and then away down to the bottom of another.

A little girl was in the cabin, and she held her pet dog in her lap. As the ship rolled and the

sea roared, her mother said, "Mary, are you not afraid your little pet dog will be drowned?"

"No!" she replied, "I hold it in my lap; how can it be drowned?"

Beautiful lesson for our faith! Just so God holds us in the hollow of his hand. How can we be drowned!

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