

VARIOUS

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THE MOTHER'S PRAYER

ONCE there was a good mother whose chief prayer for her little boy in his cradle was that he might have a loving heart. She did not pray that he might be wise or rich or handsome or happy or learned, or that others might love *him*, but only that *he* might love.

When that little boy, whose name was Edward, grew up, it seemed as if his mother's prayer had been answered, and that, in making it, she had been wiser than she knew or dreamed.

She had not prayed that he might be *wise*; but somehow the love in his heart seemed to make him wise, and to lead him to choose what is best, and to remember all the good things he was taught.

She had not prayed that he might be *rich*; but it turned out that he was so anxious to help and serve others, that he found the only way to do that was to get the *means* of helping: and so he became diligent, thrifty, and prompt in business, till at last he had the means he sought.

Edward's mother had not prayed that he might be *handsome*; but there was so much love and good-will manifest in his face, that people loved to look on it: and its expression made it handsome, for beauty attends love like its shadow.

The prayer had not been that he might be *happy*; but—dear me! how can there be love in the heart without happiness? Edward had no time for moping discontent, for revenge, or anger. He was too busy thinking what he might do for others; and, in seeking *their* happiness, he found *his own*.

But was he *learned*? Of course, when he found it pleased his parents to have him attend to his studies, he did his best: and though there were many boys quicker and apter than he, yet Edward generally caught up with them at last; for love made him attentive and earnest.

But last of all, though Edward loved others, did others love him? That is the simplest question of all. You must first *give* love if you would *get* it. Yes: everybody loved Edward, simply because he loved everybody. And so I advise those little boys and girls who think they are not loved, to put themselves the question, "But do you love?"

Emily Carter.

CHARLEY'S OPINION

The girls may have their dollies,
Made of china or of wax:
I prefer a little hammer,
And a paper full of tacks.

There's such comfort in a chisel!
And such music in a file!
I wish that little pocket-saws
Would get to be the style!

My kite may fly up in the tree;
My sled be stuck in mud;
And all my hopes of digging wells
Be nipped off in the bud:

But with a little box of nails,
A gimlet and a screw,
I'm happier than any king:
I've work enough to do.

Anna E. Treat.

COOSIE AND CARRIE

Cousin Charles said, "Come and see the sheep." So I went to where he was standing on the front porch, and calling "Co-nan, co-nan, co-nan!" The gate was open; and the sheep and lambs were coming into the yard.

I asked, "Why do you tell John to drive the sheep into the yard?" Charles answered, "Because it has been raining hard; and the brook in the meadow has grown so big, that I am afraid the sheep will get drowned in it.

"Last year we found a sheep lying dead in the brook. Her two lambs were standing near by, crying for her. We took them to the house, and fed them with milk. We named them Coosie and Carrie. Mother can tell you about them."

Then I ran to auntie, and said, "Oh! tell me all about Coosie and Carrie." So my aunt told me about them; and this is what she said:—

When the two little lambs were first brought in, Mary, the cook, made a nice bed for them in one corner of the kitchen. Then she put some warm milk in a bottle, and took one of the lambs up in her lap and fed it. Oh, how pleased it was! And the other lamb stood by crying until its turn came.

The lambs soon grew fat and strong, and ran about the yard. But they made themselves quite at home in the house; and we could not keep them out.

One day I went into my room; and there were Coosie and Carrie jumping up and down upon my spring-bed.

I sat down and laughed heartily; and the lambs kept on jumping, and looked as if they were trying to laugh too. But I could not have such saucy lambs about the house any longer: so they were driven to the meadow with the rest of the flock.

Auntie and I laughed again, to think of the lambs' frolic; and I said, "O auntie! how I wish they would eat out of my hand now! Do you think they will?"

"I am afraid not," said she. "They have been with the flock a whole year, and I suppose are no longer tame; but you can try. Take some apples to them."

So, with some apples in my hand, I went out, calling "Co-nan, co-nan!" The sheep were afraid, and walked away, crying "Baa-a-ah;" and the little lambs answered, "Baa-a-ah."

I followed slowly; and at last one sheep stood still. I went up close to her, calling "Coosie, Carrie!" for I knew it must be one or the other. She ate the apples out of my hand, and let me pat her head, and feel her soft wool.

The next time I went out with apples, two sheep came to my call. They looked exactly alike to me; but Mary told me which was Coosie, and which was Carrie. After that, they did not wait to be called, but came running up as soon as they saw me.

When the sheep were driven away into the meadow-lot again, I stood near the gate to see them go. The old sheep walked along quietly; but the lambs jumped and frisked about, and kicked up their heels in a very funny way. The sheep called out "Baa-a-ah!" and the lambs answered, "Baa-a-ah!" and sometimes it sounded like "Maa-a-ah."

Coosie and Carrie ran up, and licked my hand as I said good-by. Now, were they not dear little pets?

A. F. A.

THE FOURTH OF JULY CAKE

Fred.—Oh! look here, Bessy and Maggy: come and see the splendid Fourth of July cake that mother has made!

Bessy.—You must not touch it, Fred: mother will be displeased if you touch it.

Fred.—I want to see if she has salted it well. Look at the currants and the raisins!

Bessy.—And how nicely it is sugared and frosted!

Maggy.—Me see; me see!

Fred.—There! Maggy has put her whole hand in. What will mother say?

Bessy.—It will do no harm now for me to taste it.

Fred.—Isn't it nice?

Maggy.—Me want plum.

Bessy.—Maggy mustn't stick her hand in. She will spoil mamma's nice cake.

Maggy.—Me want taste. You and Fred taste.

Fred.—Hark! I hear mother's step on the stairs. Now scatter, all three! Lick your fingers clean, and run.

Bessy.—I wish we hadn't touched the cake.

(*Enter Mother.*)

Mother.—What's this? Who has been at my cake,—my cake that I took so much pains to make handsome?

Bessy.—Fred wanted to see if it was properly salted.

Mother.—Here's the mark of Maggy's hand! And here's a deep hole which Fred's naughty finger must have made! And here, Bessy, are your marks. I'm ashamed of you all. Meddling with my nice cake without leave.

Bessy.—I'm very sorry I touched it, mother.

Fred.—So am I; but I wanted to see if it was well seasoned.

Mother.—Well seasoned, sir? You deserve to be well seasoned with a rod. Now, your punishment shall be, not to taste a crumb of this nice cake, any one of you. I shall give it to the poor family opposite.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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