

VARIOUS

THE NURSERY,

APRIL 1873,

VOL. XIII

Various

The Nursery, April 1873, Vol. XIII

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The Nursery, April 1873, Vol. XIII. / A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers

"TRY, TRY AGAIN."

IT is a true story that I am going to tell you now. It is about a little boy whose name was William Ross. Having had a present of a pencil, he thought he would make use of it by trying to draw.

His first attempts were poor enough. One day, when he had been playing ball with a young friend, he stopped, and, taking out his pencil, began to draw a picture on the wall.

"What do you call that?" asked his friend. "Why, that is a horse!" replied William: "can't you see?"—"A horse! is it?" cried his friend, laughing. "Why, I took it for a donkey."

"You are quite right in laughing at it," said William. "Now that I look at it again, I see it is all out of drawing; but I will keep at it till I can make a good drawing of a horse."

William was not afraid of being laughed at; and he felt much obliged to those who pointed out any faults in what he did. He was not discouraged by failures. He kept trying till he had used his pencil nearly all up. Still he had not yet made a good drawing of a horse.

"You'll never learn to draw: so you may as well give it up first as last," said his friend to him one day, some six months after their last meeting. "Your horses are all donkeys still."

William opened a portfolio, and, taking out some pictures, said, "What do you think of these?"

"Ah! here is something like a horse," replied his friend, looking at one of the drawings. "You will never do any thing like this, Willy."

William smiled, but said nothing; though it was his own drawing that his friend was praising.

Well, by bravely keeping at it, William at last began to make pictures worth looking at. While yet a boy, he sent in a painting to the Society of Arts, for which he received a present of a silver palette. He rose to be Sir William Ross, miniature painter to Queen Victoria.

Don't be discouraged, my young friends, by failing in your first attempts. Learn to persevere. Keep at it. That's the Way.

Uncle Charles.

THE PRISONER

Eva is six years old, and has deep-blue eyes. Ernest is almost four years old, and has very black eyes. Jessie will be two years old next week, and has large brown eyes. Their papa, who has been kept at home by illness for a week, thinks that he is just getting acquainted with them, and never knew before that he had three such fine children.

He noticed, the other day, that every hour, almost, they would run into the sitting-room with cake or sugar or bread-and-butter, scattering crumbs all over the carpet, and keeping their mamma busy much of the time in sweeping up. So he thought he would call a council to consider the matter, and see what could be done about it.

Papa, robed in his dressing-gown, took the chair; Eva was placed in front; Ernest stood on the right hand, and Jessie on the left. The chairman then told the children how much work they made mamma, and proposed a rule,—that no more food should be brought into the sitting-room. All who were in favor of such a rule were requested to vote for it by raising their hands. Each of the children raised a hand; and fat little Jessie raised both of hers as high as she could. So the vote was passed.

Then papa said that a rule was good for nothing unless there was a penalty with it. So he made Eva judge, and asked her what the punishment should be for breaking the rule. "I think," said she, "the first one that *spoils* the rule should be shut up in jail five minutes."

This was thought to be about the right thing: so the bedroom was selected for a jail, and Ernest was made jailer. Eva wanted to know, since she was judge, and Ernest was jailer, what Jessie could be. Her papa said that Jessie would probably be the first prisoner. As to Ernest, he went at once and told his mamma that he was "no more a little boy, but a jailer-man."

Well, that day no more crumbs were scattered; and Ernest did not get a prisoner, though he kept a bright lookout for one. But the next day he got one; and this is the way it happened. Papa said he would like an apple. Eva brought him one; and, while he was paring and eating it, he dropped some of the peel on the floor. In an instant, to his great dismay, he was arrested and locked up; and he might have languished in jail full five minutes, if Ernest had not been such a kind jailer that he let him out in two.

Papa thinks that the next time he makes a rule he will be careful not to break it.

L. P. A.

THE SONG OF THE KETTLE

My house is old, the rooms are low,
The windows high and small;
And a great fireplace, deep and wide,
Is built into the wall.

There, on a hanging chimney-hook,
My little kettle swings;
And, in the dreary winter-time,
How cheerily it sings!

My kettle will not sing to-day—
What could it sing about?
For it is empty, it is cold:
The fire is all gone out.

Go, bring to me, to fill it up,
Fresh water from the spring;
And I will build a rousing fire,
And that will make it sing!

Bring white bark from the silver birch,
And pitch-knots from the pine;
And here are shavings, long and white,
That look as ribbons fine.

The little match burns faint and blue,
But serves the fire to light;
And all around my kettle, soon,
The flames are rising bright.

Crack, crack! begins the hemlock-branch,
Snap, snap! the chestnut stick;
And up the wide old chimney now
The sparks are flying thick.

Like fire-flies on a summer night,
They go on shining wings;
And, hark! above the roaring blaze
My little kettle sings!

The robin carols in the spring;
In summer hums the bee:
But, in the dreary winter, give
The kettle's song to me.

Marian Douglas.

CLARENCE'S KITTENS

Clarence is a little boy who loves to read "The Nursery," and often laughs at the funny stories in it.

Where Clarence lives, there are two kittens. He calls them kittens; but they are both *grown-up* kittens, and the elder of the two is a full-grown cat. One is named Ring, because she has such a pretty white ring about her neck; and the other is named Daisy.

Now, Daisy is Ring's aunt, and is sometimes very cross to her niece. Being a sedate cat herself, she tries to stop Ring's fun; but Ring is a happy kitten, and always tries to have a good time.

One day, after coming from church, Clarence's aunt was reading, when the dinner-bell rang. So she left her book on the window-sill, and laid her spectacles upon it.

Pretty soon old Daisy seated herself in a very dignified way right in front of the book. In a few minutes, little Ring came frisking along, and, without paying the least regard to Madam Daisy, up she jumped, and whisked the spectacles down on the carpet.

She was just ready to send them flying across the room, when down came Madam Daisy as stern as a police-officer. She looked at Ring a moment, in a crushing way, then lifted her paw, and boxed the naughty kitten's ears till she mewed for mercy.

Ring ran away as soon as she could, and left the spectacles for Clarence's mamma to pick up; while old Daisy took her seat on the window-sill again, and seemed to feel that she had done her duty.

Clarence thought it was a funny sight to see one cat punish another. What do you think about it, little Nursery people?

Mrs. L. A. White.

THE TIGER'S TOILET

This splendid tiger lived in the Zoölogical Gardens at Berlin. He had a very kind keeper named Peens, who used to comb out the long waving hair that grew on his cheeks.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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