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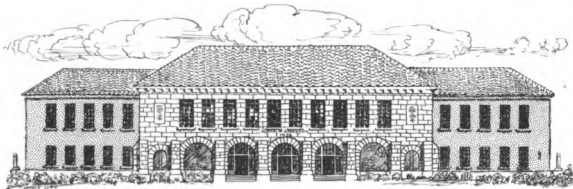
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Every Day Life in the Colonies

Gertrude Lincoln Stone, Mary Grace Fickett



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BOOKS

*BY GERTRUDE L. STONE AND
M. GRACE FICKETT*

EVERY DAY LIFE IN THE COLONIES

With Preface by W. W. STETSON.

Nine full-page illustrations by FRANK T. MERRILL.

129 pages. 35 cents.

**DAYS AND DEEDS A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO**

Nine full-page illustrations by FRANK T. MERRILL.

136 pages. 35 cents.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers

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EVERY DAY LIFE
IN THE
COLONIES

BY
GERTRUDE L. STONE
AND
M. GRACE FICKETT

BOSTON, U. S. A.
D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS
1908

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Preface

EACH faculty should receive its training at the time of its greatest natural activity. The imagination is most in evidence in childhood. It is charged that childhood is disappearing in this country. Students of childlife warn us that the zest, joys, and imaginings natural to children find but small place in the lives of our young people and that too many of them are old before they have had time to be young. The tired look seen in the eyes, the weary and wrinkled appearance of the face, the nervous and erratic movements of the limbs indicate an unnatural condition in many of our young people. The school is not responsible for all these unfortunate results. The home, the church, and the school should seek a remedy for the evils.

It will be a sad day for the children when they no longer find great delight in learning what the boys and girls of former days thought, felt, and did. Something is wrong when little people cease to have the keenest interest in the pastimes, occupations, apparel, and homes of the children of long ago and in

all the details which made up their daily life. One of the most efficient agencies in winning children to simple and wholesome living may be the book that records the story of childlife in earlier days in a way to enlist the sympathy of the reader.

The present candidate for favor in this field of service should receive a cordial welcome. It tells graphically and in attractive form how the children of New England spent their Christmas and with what ceremonies they marked the occasion. These pages help our boys and girls to see how this festival has been extended and in what ways it has been elaborated.

No child of average intelligence can read the account of the dame school without being able to close his eyes and see the face and figure of the mistress, the quaint appearance of the children, to make a picture of the room in which the school assembled and listen to the routine work of the day.

Our children will learn some new lessons as they study the old-time observance of the Sabbath. It will be encouraging if the contrasts and comparisons induce in them somewhat of the spirit of reverence and devotion that was manifest in colonial days. The restraints of the olden time were too severe; the license of the present has its fruits in unwarranted ex-

cesses. A study of the two periods should make possible better conduct on the part of our coming citizens.

Every normal child will be delighted with the sketches which are given of soap and candle-making, will be glad to know how the colonists told time without a clock, how children wrote their letters in the long ago, and with what anxiety travelers prepared for journeys. The fate of the poor debtor's children will make little readers sorry for suffering, and thankful that cruel laws do not permit such injustice in these days. The story of the Indian attack on Saco will give a new beauty and significance to Whittier's famous poem.

The book will also develop that sympathy and interest which are the true basis of all historical study. It is fortunate that children like incidents, stories, sketches, descriptions of life; that they are eager to know how people looked and lived and worked, and that they are concerned about the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of their ancestors when they too were young. When the time comes for the formal study of history, the children who have read this book will find themselves traveling over familiar ground and will interpret what they read in the light of what they know.

It is with heartiest approval that this volume is presented to school officials, teachers, and parents for the

children of this country. May it be as helpful to them as it has proved interesting to, at least, one reader. The word pictures are vivid and suggestive, the illustrations are well wrought out, and the lessons are stimulating and clearly taught. It is a piece of work of which the profession should feel proud.

W. W. STETSON.

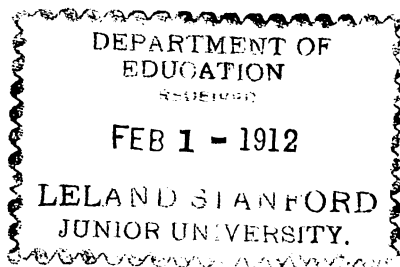
Authors' Note

BELIEVING that the subject matter of this book is such as lends itself readily to reproduction, either oral or written, the authors have prepared a series of language exercises which are printed as an appendix. It is hoped that teachers who wish to correlate the work in reading and language may find these outlines not only practical but suggestive.

G. L. S.

M. G. F.

Gorham Normal School, Maine, May, 1905.



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Life in the Colonies

THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS

I

It was a warm and pleasant Saturday—that twenty-third of December, 1620. The winter wind had blown itself away in the storm of the day before, and the air was clear and balmy.

The people on board the *Mayflower* were glad of the pleasant day. It was three long months since they had started from Plymouth, in England, to seek a home across the ocean. Now they had come into a harbor that they named New Plymouth, in the country of New England.

Other people called these voyagers Pilgrims, which means wanderers. A long while before, the Pilgrims had lived in England; later they made their home with the Dutch in Holland; finally they had said good-bye to their friends in Holland and in England, and had sailed away to America.

There were only one hundred and two of the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower*; but they were brave and strong and full of hope. Now the *Mayflower* was the only home they had; yet if this weather lasted they might soon have warm log-cabins to live in. This very afternoon the men had gone ashore to cut down the large trees.

The women of the *Mayflower* were busy, too. Some were spinning, some knitting, some sewing. It was so bright and pleasant that Mistress Rose Standish had taken her knitting and had gone to sit a little while on deck. She was too weak to face rough weather, and she wanted to enjoy the warm sunshine and the clear salt air. By her side was Mistress Brewster, the minister's wife. Everybody loved Mistress Standish and Mistress Brewster, for neither of them ever spoke unkindly.

The air on deck would have been warm even on a colder day, for in one corner a bright fire was burning. It would seem strange now, would it not, to see a fire on the deck of a vessel? But in those days, when the weather was pleasant, people on shipboard did their cooking on deck.

The Pilgrims had no stoves, and Mistress Carver's maid had built this fire on a large hearth covered with sand. She had hung a

great kettle on the crane over the fire, where the onion soup for supper was now simmering slowly.

Near the fire sat a little girl, busily playing and singing to herself. Little Remember Allerton was only six years old, but she liked to be with Hannah, Mistress Carver's maid. This afternoon Remember had been watching Hannah build the fire and make the soup. Now the little girl was playing with the Indian arrowheads her father had brought her the night before. She was singing the words of the old psalm :—

“Shout to Jehovah, all the earth.
Serve ye Jehovah with gladness ; before
him bow with singing mirth.”

“ Ah, child, methinks the children of Old England are singing different words from those to-day,” spoke Hannah at length, with a far-away look in her eyes.

“ Why, Hannah ? What songs are the little English children singing now ? ” questioned Remember in surprise.

“ It lacks but two days of Christmas, child, and in my old home everybody is singing merry Christmas songs.”

"But thou hast not told me what is Christmas?" persisted the child.

"Ah, me! Thou dost not know, 'tis true. Christmas, Remember, is the birthday of the Christ-child, of Jesus whom thou hast learned to love," Hannah answered softly.

"But what makes the English children so happy then? And we are English, thou hast told me, Hannah. Why don't we keep Christmas, too?"

"In sooth we *are* English, child. But the reason why we do not sing the Christmas carols or play the Christmas games makes a long, long story, Remember. Hannah cannot tell it so that little children will understand. Thou must ask some other, child."

Hannah and the little girl were just then near the two women on the deck, and Remember said,

"Mistress Brewster, Hannah sayeth she knoweth not how to tell why Love and Wrestling and Constance and the others do not sing the Christmas songs or play the Christmas games. But thou wilt tell me, wilt thou not?" she added coaxingly.

A sad look came into Mistress Brewster's eyes, and Mistress Standish looked grave, too. No one spoke for a few seconds, until Hannah said

almost sharply, "Why could we not burn a Yule log Monday, and make some meal into little cakes for the children?"

"Nay, Hannah," answered the gentle voice of Mistress Brewster. "Such are but vain shows and not for those of us who believe in holier things. But," she added, with a kind glance at little Remember, "wouldst thou like to know why we have left old England and do not keep the Christmas Day? Thou canst not understand it all, child, and yet it may do thee no harm to hear the story. It may help thee to be a brave and happy little girl in the midst of our hard life."

"Surely it can do no harm, Mistress Brewster," spoke Rose Standish, gently. "Remember is a little Pilgrim now, and she ought, methinks, to know something of the reason for our wandering. Come here, child, and sit by me, while good Mistress Brewster tells thee how cruel men have made us suffer. Then will I sing thee one of the Christmas carols."

With these words she held out her hands to little Remember, who ran quickly to the side of Mistress Standish, and eagerly waited for the story to begin.

II

“WE have not always lived in Holland, Remember. Most of us were born in England, and England is the best country in the world. 'Tis a land to be proud of, Remember, though some of its rulers have been wicked and cruel.

“Long before you were born, when your mother was a little girl, the English king said that everybody in the land ought to think as he thought, and go to a church like his. He said he would send us away from England if we did not do as he ordered. Now we could not think as he did on holy matters, and it seemed wrong to us to obey him. So we decided to go to a country where we might worship as we pleased.”

“What became of that cruel king, Mistress Brewster?”

“He ruleth England now. But thou must not think too hardly of him. He doth not understand, perhaps. Right will win some day, Remember, though there may be bloody war before peace cometh. And I thank God that we, at least, shall not be called on to live in the midst of the strife,” she went on, speaking more to herself than to the little girl.

“We decided to go to Holland, out of the reach of the king. We were not sure whether it was best to move or not, but our hearts were set on God’s ways. We trusted Him in whom we believed. Yes,” she went on, “and shall we not keep on trusting Him?”

And Rose Standish, remembering the little stock of food that was nearly gone, the disease that had come upon many of their number, and the five who had died that month, answered firmly: “Yes. He who has led us thus far will not leave us now.”

They were all silent a few seconds. Presently Remember said, “Then did ye go to Holland, Mistress Brewster?”

“Yes,” she said. “Our people all went over to Holland, where the Dutch folk live and the little Dutch children clatter about with their wooden shoes. There thou wast born, Remember, and my own children, and there we lived in love and peace.

“And yet, we were not wholly happy. We could not talk well with the Dutch, and so we could not set right what was wrong among them. ’Twas so hard to earn money that many had to go back to England. And worst of all, Remember, we were afraid that you and little

Bartholomew and Mary and Love and Wrestling and all the rest would not grow to be good girls and boys. And so we have come to this new country to teach our children to be pure and noble."

After another silence Remember spoke again :
"I thank thee, Mistress Brewster. And I will try to be a good girl. But thou didst not tell me about Christmas, after all."

"Nay, child, but now I will. There are long services on that day in every church where the king's friends go. But there are parts of these services which we cannot approve; and so we think it best not to follow the other customs that the king's friends observe on Christmas.

"They trim their houses with mistletoe and holly so that everything looks gay and cheerful. Their other name for the Christmas time is the Yule-tide, and the big log that is burned then is called the Yule log. The children like to sit around the hearth in front of the great, blazing Yule log, and listen to stories of long, long ago.

"At Christmas there are great feasts in England, too. No one is allowed to go hungry, for the rich people on that day always send meat and cakes to the poor folk round about.

“ But we like to make all our days Christmas days, Remember. We try never to forget God’s gifts to us, and they remind us always to be good to other people.”

III

“ AND the Christmas carols, Mistress Standish ? What are they ? ”

“ On Christmas eve and early on Christmas morning,” Rose Standish answered, “ little children go about from house to house, singing Christmas songs. ’Tis what I like best in all the Christmas cheer. And I promised to sing thee one, did I not ? ”

Then Mistress Standish sang in her clear, sweet voice the quaint old English words :—

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing :—
“ This night shall be the birth-time
Of Christ, the heavenly King.

“ He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox’s stall.

“He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.

“He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
That resteth in the mould.”

As Joseph was a-walking
There did an angel sing,
And Mary’s child at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

Before the song was over, Hannah had come on deck again, and was listening eagerly. “I thank thee, Mistress Standish,” she said, the tears filling her blue eyes. “’Tis long indeed since I have heard that song.”

“Would it be wrong for me to learn to sing those words, Mistress Standish?” gently questioned the little girl.

“Nay, Remember, I trow not. The song shall be thy Christmas gift.”



ON THE DECK OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

Then Mistress Standish taught the little girl one verse after another of the sweet old carol, and it was not long before Remember could say it all.

The next day was dull and cold, and on Monday, the twenty-fifth, the sky was still overcast. There was no bright Yule log in the *Mayflower*, and no holly trimmed the little cabin.

The Pilgrims were true to the faith they loved. They held no special service. They made no gifts. Instead, they went again to the work of cutting the trees, and no one murmured at his hard lot.

“We went on shore,” one man wrote in his diary, “some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry; so no man rested all that day.”

As for little Remember, she spent the day on board the *Mayflower*. She heard no one speak of England or sigh for the English home across the sea. But she did not forget Mistress Brewster's story; and more than once that day, as she was playing by herself, she fancied that she was in front of some English home, helping the English children sing their Christmas songs.

And both Mistress Allerton and Mistress Standish, whom God was soon to call away from

their earthly home, felt happier and stronger as they heard the little girl singing :—

“He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox’s stall.”

LEARN :—

God wills it : here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o’er,
For us the *Mayflower* of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

DOROTHY'S HORNBOOK

I

DOROTHY PARKER began to go to school the day she was four years old. Her birthday came in May, and it was a bright spring morning when she started with her sister Faith to walk to the dame's school a mile away. This odd name—a dame's school—meant that the school was taught by a woman, and that it was kept for the little children and the older girls.

Dorothy's brother Jonathan went to a master, but Jonathan was learning Latin, because he was to go to Harvard College. Nothing was taught in the dame's school but reading, writing, and casting accounts,—no music, no drawing, no nature study. The minister's daughter taught the school in a room in the parsonage; and all the little children that Dorothy knew went to this school.

Dorothy enjoyed the walk. Part of the way the path lay through the woods and was marked by notches cut in the trees, just as the Indians

blazed their paths through the deeper forests. Overhead the song sparrows, bluebirds, and catbirds were flying to and fro with straws and threads for their nests. A catbird whistled to Dorothy in such a sociable manner that she thought he might be saying, "Such a little, little girl to go to school, school, school!"

Dorothy felt quite grown-up by the time she reached the parsonage, though her feet dragged rather heavily and her dinner-pail seemed to have more dinner in it than when she left home. She took off her hat and the schoolmistress gave her a seat. Now she would learn to read!

School began, and the teacher was soon busy with the other pupils. She seemed to have forgotten Dorothy. The little girl watched and waited patiently, but at last the schoolmistress seemed a long way off and her voice was so far away that it could hardly be heard. Dorothy's head nodded to the right, then to the left, and then she was fast asleep.

When she awoke, it was the noon hour and Faith had the dinner-pail in her hand.

"Come out of doors," she said, and Dorothy gladly followed.

In the afternoon Dorothy stood on the floor

with a class of little children, but as she did not know what they had already learned in school, she could not recite. On the whole, it was such a very disappointing day that Dorothy could hardly keep back the tears when she told her mother that she had not learned to read.

Her mother smiled. "Rome was not built in a day," she said soothingly, and then, turning to Faith, she added, "Dorothy must have the hornbook to-morrow."

Dorothy understood both remarks. She knew that the first meant she must not be in too much of a hurry. How many times she had heard that before! She knew also that her mother had really promised that to-morrow she should have the precious hornbook dangling from her neck just as Faith had worn it when she first went to school.

II

THINK of wearing your primer on a cord around your neck! That was what Dorothy was so proud to do. Think of calling that primer a book, when it was not a book at all, but just a single page!

The hornbook was the only kind of primer

the school children had in those days. When the strange primer was hung around Dorothy's neck, in order that she might carry it safely to school, it really looked more like a toy than anything else. There was only one printed page. A thin piece of wood was put behind the sheet of paper to keep it smooth, and over the printing was spread a sheet of horn so thin that the letters could be seen through it.

Printing cost so much in those days that the little sheet must be kept safe from wet or dirty fingers. But glass was costly, too, and so the thin covering of horn was used. A frame of brass was put around the whole, and the wooden back had a handle at the bottom. The hornbook looked like a little hand mirror. A very odd primer!

Dorothy wore her hornbook to school the second day. A new cord had been put through the hole in the end of the little wooden handle, and the hornbook hung like a very large locket around Dorothy's fat little neck.

The string was so long that Dorothy could hold her primer in her hand and study it without taking off the cord.

The one little printed page that made Dorothy's whole primer was scarcely more than half

as large as a page of our books. Yet it seemed to her that there was a great deal on it to learn. There was not a single thing she could tell except the crosses in the two upper corners.

This second morning the teacher called Dorothy to her side. The little girl went eagerly. She had been holding tight the handle of the hornbook and waiting since school began, to find out how to read.

“What can you read in your ‘Criss Cross Row’?” asked the teacher, using the name often given to the hornbook page because of the two crosses in the upper corners.

“Nothing,” faltered Dorothy, “except the crosses.”

“That is not reading,” severely replied the teacher. “To learn to read you must learn your letters first.”

Using a knitting needle for a pointer, she began at the top of the page where the alphabet was printed in both capitals and small letters. She taught Dorothy big *A* and little *a* for her first lesson. Learning to read was not at all like what Dorothy had expected. She wanted to cry, but she was too proud.

III

IF Dorothy had gone to school when her own daughter's daughter went, she would have had a real book with pictures. Perhaps there would have been a picture of an acorn and a picture of a boy and the rhyme :—

“A is an Acorn that grew on an oak,
B is a Boy who delights in his book.”

This surely would have given some help in learning *A* and *B*.

It would have been easier still if Dorothy had learned to read in these days, for nobody would have troubled her with the letters at all. She would have begun at once with little stories, just as she expected to do.

It seemed very stupid to keep saying the alphabet. Round *O* and curly *S*, to be sure, were easy, but how could any one ever tell which was little *b* and which was little *d*?

There were days when Dorothy wished she lived where little girls had no hornbooks. At last she knew that the hump was on the right side of *b* and on the left side of *d*; and she knew also the sounds of the easy syllables in the next line, *a-b*, *ab*, *o-b*, *ob*, and all the others.



DOROTHY'S HORNBOOK.

There were more lines on the hornbook page, and they took a long time to learn, because one was a line that held all the figures, and the lower part of the page contained the Lord's Prayer.

The day she was five years old Dorothy read to her grandfather everything on the hornbook from the cross in the upper left hand corner to the *Amen* at the end of the prayer.

"Grandfather is proud of his little granddaughter," said the old man with delight when the child had finished. "She has called every word as it is on the page."

"Perhaps," said Dorothy a little doubtfully, "I couldn't have read *all* the Prayer if I had not heard you say it so many times."

Her grandfather smiled. "By another birthday you will feel sure of every word, I think, and then you must have a book of your very own."

Dorothy said very little about her book, but she kept hoping that it would be a book of the Psalms like the copy Faith had, even to the black cover with a gilt cross.

She was an earnest little pupil, and when her next birthday came, she did know every word, even when it was outside the prayer,—as her grandfather had prophesied. She could also

read some easy stories in a book the school-mistress lent her.

One May morning her grandfather called her to him and said, "This is yours, Dorothy."

Dorothy, of course, looked at the object he held in his hand, and her eyes shone as she saw there a little black Psalm book.

"You must do your reading in this now," grandfather said smilingly, "for Solace must have the hornbook this spring when he begins to go to school."

LEARN :—

Nor let them fall under Discouragement,
Who at their Hornbook stick, and time hath spent,
Upon that A B C, while others do
Into their Primer or their Psalter go.

—*John Bunyan* (1686).

A PURITAN SABBATH

I

“Is that grandmother at the corner, Nathaniel?” asked Mistress Mather one pleasant morning in June.

“Yes, mother, and she is turning this way. May I go to meet her?”

Of course Mistress Mather said yes, and Nathaniel ran as fast as he could towards the corner. In a few moments back he came, holding to his grandmother’s hand. But grandmother could not spend the day; she had come on an errand, she said.

Pretty soon Nathaniel heard grandmother say, “Art thou willing, daughter Maria, that Nathaniel should stay with me two or three days? Perhaps ’twill help him to grow stronger, and surely ’twill keep me from lonely thoughts.”

“Methinks ’twould do the child no harm,” answered Mistress Mather. “Wouldst thou like to spend the Sabbath with grandmother, Nathaniel?”

“May I, mother?” asked the boy, with an eagerness that made his mother glad.

For Nathaniel had never been strong and active like other children. That year, all through April and May, he had been too ill even to sit up. Though he was much better, his cheeks were still pale, and he looked frail and thin.

Just then Nathaniel’s father came in. He was a man about whom you will read more some time, for he was a famous minister of Boston.

He had a name that sounds odd to us now—Increase Mather. Names meant more in those early days than they do now. Mr. Increase Mather had named his oldest son, Nathaniel’s brother, Cotton; but that was because Grandmother Mather was once Mistress Cotton.

One of Nathaniel’s uncles was born on board the ship that brought grandmother and Mr. Cotton to America; so they called him Seaborn. Perhaps you have heard of Oceanus Hopkins and Peregrine White. I wonder if you know what those names mean. And I trust you have not forgotten Remember Allerton and Love and Wrestling Brewster.

It was Saturday, and a busy day for Mr.

Mather. He stayed only long enough to say, "Be a good boy, Nathaniel, and do as grandmother bids thee. 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

If you had seen the little five-year-old boy trudging along North street with his grandmother, you would have wondered, "Is it a girl or a boy?" For Nathaniel was not dressed like little boys of to-day.

He wore a skirt that came to his ankles, and his waist had long, loose sleeves. He did not wear a hat. Instead, he had a cap tied with strings under his chin. His shoes, too, were not like yours. His mother had made them, and they were more like the soft moccasins that your baby brother wears. They would seem clumsy to you, but I dare say Nathaniel thought, if he thought anything about it, that they were very pretty shoes indeed.

Nor was grandmother Mather dressed a bit like your grandmother. Folded across her breast was a large, white kerchief. But the strangest thing about her was her hat. It was called steeple-crowned, for its tall, pointed crown looked a little like a steeple.

"See, Nathaniel!" said grandmother suddenly. "There is a man in the stocks."

As Nathaniel looked, he saw what no one of you has ever seen. Two boards were fastened together so that they looked like a piece of board fence. Behind these boards a man was sitting, but how uncomfortable he looked! His feet were sticking out through holes in the boards, and he could not move them if he wanted to.

Being placed in the stocks was a common punishment in those days, and it hurt more than you would think. Try some time to hold an arm or a leg in the same position for a few minutes, and then think how uncomfortable you would be if you had to sit that way a day at a time.

“Who is the wicked man? And what wrong hath he done, grandmother?” asked Nathaniel.

“I know not his name, child. But his home is by the water-front, and last Sabbath he forgot God’s command and profaned the holy day. He sat in his doorway and went not to the meeting-house.”

“I am sorry for him. But perhaps he will be a better man now, grandmother. How tired and ashamed he looks!”

“’Tis not easy to sit in the stocks, child, nor to bear the looks of all the passers-by.”



NATHANIEL AND THE MAN
IN THE STOCKS.

"I hope I shall never have to sit in the stocks," Nathaniel said, looking very solemn.

And grandmother smiled at the loving and obedient little boy as she answered, "I have no fear of that, Nathaniel."

II

THE old lady and the little boy walked on slowly up the hill till they came to what is now Pemberton square. In this neighborhood, and not far back from Tremont street, Grandmother Mather lived.

Stretching back up the hill from the house was a large yard filled with rose bushes and apple trees. After dinner grandmother and Nathaniel walked about in the garden, stopping now and then to smell the roses or to watch the butterflies and humming birds.

The little boy grew tired before long, and they both sat down on the soft green grass. There Nathaniel could watch the sea and the sky as he listened to stories about his Uncle Seaborn which grandmother liked so much to tell.

By and by Deborah, who had lived many years with grandmother, came to call them to supper. By this time the town had grown very

quiet. Scarcely a sound could be heard except the twittering of the birds overhead, or the soft murmur of the wind in the apple trees.

For as Nathaniel was sitting in the garden the Sabbath had come to many people, and work had stopped for the week. It would come for everybody at sunset, but at three o'clock most people put their work aside and began to get themselves and their children ready for the Lord's Day.

After Nathaniel had eaten his supper, he went out to bid good-night, he said, to the sky and the sea and the flowers. But just as the sun was setting, grandmother called him in again.

Into the best room they went, and with them the two servants, Deborah and old John. Then the first part of the Sabbath worship began.

Grandmother made a long prayer, but not so long, Nathaniel thought, as his father's or those his Grandfather Mather used to make. Then they all sang a psalm, and the little boy's clear, sweet treble sounded above the other voices in the well-known words :—

“The Lord is both my health and light ;
Shall men make me dismayed ?
Sith God doth give me strength and might,
Why should I be afraid ?”

Next came the time when every one was to sit by himself a little while and think over the sins of the past week. Nothing could be heard but the crickets chirping in the garden; and they seemed to say to little Nathaniel, "What—have—you—done? What—have—you—done?"

The little boy tried so hard to think of a time when he had been naughty or unkind that he fell fast asleep in his big chair. He did not wake even when John carried him upstairs, and grandmother undressed him and tucked him into bed.

The next morning the sky and sea were as beautiful as they had been the day before, but "stillness was in the little town." It was the morning of the Sabbath and no one was stirring. "There was no footfall, no sound of voices in the streets."

Deborah had made everything ready for breakfast the night before, so that with few and noiseless steps she soon placed the meal upon the table. Nathaniel tiptoed downstairs, and climbed into his chair with only a bow for good-morning.

The breakfast was a very quiet meal. After grandmother's long prayer at the beginning, she did not speak again except to ask Deborah for

more milk for Nathaniel. So of course nobody else spoke.

After breakfast, Deborah cleared the table and grandmother and Nathaniel went into the best room. Then grandmother took from the shelf a book of questions and answers about the Bible, called the catechism. Nathaniel knew that book, for he had seen one like it every Sunday since he could remember.

Every child had to study the catechism and learn it by heart. Nathaniel could say a large number of the answers, even though the words were long and he could not understand them very well.

“Thou wilt understand them better by and by, Nathaniel,” grandmother said, consolingly.

Right in the midst of a long answer, Nathaniel heard a bell ring.

“We will stop now,” said grandmother. “It is half past eight, and time to go to meeting. Find John and Deborah, Nathaniel, and we will start.”

III

BEFORE long, they were all walking down the hill to the church in North street, where Na-

thaniel's father preached. They did not call it a church, but a meeting-house, for there, they said, God met together with the people.

It was no new thing for Nathaniel, young as he was, to go to meeting. His mother used to take him when he was only a baby ; and for two years now he had tried his best to understand the long sermon in the morning and the second long one in the afternoon.

Nathaniel could not sit with grandmother in the meeting-house, nor even with his mother. His place was with his brother Cotton and the other boys on the pulpit stairs.

He stood quietly through his father's long prayer, and then, sitting down, he listened to every word in the Bible chapter that the other minister read and explained. But he was glad when it came time for everybody to sing with the leader : —

“Likewise the heavens he down-bow'd
and he descended: also there
Was at his feet a gloomy cloud
and he on cherubs rode apace.”

Then came the sermon. Nathaniel listened with all his might, for he knew well that both his father and grandmother would ask what he

remembered about it. Besides, he was much afraid of Goodman Merry, the tithing-man.

Every meeting-house in those days had its tithing-man. It was his business to see that nobody went to sleep and that everybody behaved well.

He carried a long pole, with which he struck any person on the head who was not doing as he ought. One end of the pole was tipped with fur from a rabbit's tail. This was the end that Goodman Merry used when he wanted to wake a tired mother or a sleepy little girl. But if he saw a boy laughing or dozing, he struck the little fellow sharply with the other end. That was hard, for it was tipped with the rabbit's foot.

This very Sunday a boy laughed aloud. Down came the tithing rod with a hard thump on his head. Nathaniel looked at the unhappy boy, and thought: "How could he have laughed! And how I hope I shall not go to sleep and be hit with the hard rod!"

When Mr. Mather began to talk, he used to turn the hour-glass so that the lower part was empty. When the sand had all run down, the children would say to themselves, "Now he is half through." Then the minister would turn the glass over again, and when the sand had run

out for the second time the sermon would be finished.

It was pretty hard for a little boy of five to sit still two hours on a bright Sunday in June, without once nodding. But Nathaniel did keep awake, for he remembered Goodman Merry and the tithing rod.

When he grew too sleepy to listen any longer to the sermon, he tried all manner of ways to make time pass quickly. He could count to ten ; so he counted all the groups of ten people that he could make. First he counted the men with dark hair, then the men with light hair. Then he counted the little girls he knew, then those he didn't know, until finally the last grain of sand had run out for the last time.

Now that the sermon was finished, the meeting was almost over. After one more prayer and a hymn, it was time for the benediction. How every little boy and girl rejoiced to leave those hard seats and get some fresh air again !

Nathaniel was not strong enough to walk up the hill before the afternoon service at two o'clock, and grandmother took him to his own home, not far from the church.

Mistress Mather was glad to find that her little boy had passed such a pleasant night with

his grandmother, but she knew that the long service must have made him tired and sleepy. So, after the cold dinner, she let little Nathaniel sleep for an hour, before it was time to go again to the meeting-house. His brother Cotton, however, was not allowed a nap. He went instead into his father's study to learn his catechism to recite that evening.

At two o'clock they all went again to hear another long sermon. This time Mr. Mather read the chapter and the other minister preached. Nathaniel was rather glad of this change, for, dearly as he loved his father, he could keep awake better when he listened to a strange voice.

IV

WHEN the afternoon meeting was over, Nathaniel went back with his grandmother to the house on the hill. He went in at once, because people thought it was wrong to sit out of doors on a Sabbath afternoon or to wander among the trees in the garden. "To walk in that way," they said, "is walking profanely on the Sabbath."

So Nathaniel quietly followed grandmother into the best room. First they talked about the

sermons they had heard that day ; then grandmother read to him from a book for children that Grandfather Cotton had written. The title had one rather hard word in it, but if Nathaniel could understand it, you ought to. It was called "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes in Either England." It was not a story—only questions and answers much like those in the catechism that the little boy had recited in the morning.

Nathaniel could say many of the answers in this book, too, and to-night grandmother read to him from a part he had not studied.

The new answers were not all easy for him to understand, and though he meant to listen, he found himself more than once thinking of that kind old grandfather whom he had never seen, but about whom grandmother had so often talked to him. So thinking, he went to sleep, and dreamed that he saw red-cheeked, blue-eyed Grandfather Cotton holding out to him a large cup of milk, and saying, "Drink it, Nathaniel. It will make thee well and strong."

When Monday morning came, Boston was a different town. Nathaniel woke early, and was glad enough to hear the rumble of carts and the sound of voices. He knew that he might spend

the whole day out of doors and wander as he pleased among the rose bushes.

All of a sudden it occurred to him that he might have to go home that day. But grandmother had said "two or three days," and grandmother never forgot. "So I shall stay here to-day and maybe to-morrow," concluded Nathaniel. "But even then it will not be much longer, for Monday and Tuesday together are shorter than Sunday." And so it proved.

That morning John had an errand over in Dorchester and he took the little fellow in the saddle with him. Grandmother was afraid it would be a rather hard ride for a little sick boy, but the little sick boy bore it better than she feared. Of course, Prince couldn't help jolting them; but that wasn't bad when Nathaniel got used to it, and John held him so tightly that he could not have fallen off if he had tried.

Tuesday he fully expected to go home; and once, when grandmother brought him his cap, he was sure his visit had come to an end. But no, he was wrong; for grandmother only took him down on Milk street to call on a woman who had been ill longer than he had.

Finally, when Wednesday afternoon came, the visit was really over. Grandmother once

more put on her steeple hat and tied Nathaniel's cap strings under his chin. Then, hand-in-hand, the old lady and the little boy walked down the hill to the Mather home in North street.

LEARN :—

Q. Which is the fourth commandment ?

A. The fourth commandment is, Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work ; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day ; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.—*From Nathaniel's Catechism.*

SOAP-MAKING AT THE HOWLANDS'

I

THE snowdrifts were disappearing fast. Each day the sun drank up a great many little ones and devoured huge pieces of the larger ones. Great patches of brown earth were uncovered in every direction, and the "caw, caw" of the crows could be heard each morning.

"Spring has really come, and we must make the soap at once," sighed Goodwife Howland. "The grease will be softening and the meat scraps are thawing. We shall not want to have them about the house any longer. Jonathan, you and William may as well make the lye to-morrow."

"Make the lye!" Little Richard heard it with a start. He was only five and he knew of just one kind of lie,—and that kind, he had been taught, people ought not to make.

"You will need to use two barrels," added Goodwife Howland.

"What can she mean?" puzzled Richard, be-

ginning to watch very carefully to see what his big brothers would do.

They did nothing about the soap-making that day, for they were busy chopping wood to burn in the great fireplace the coming winter; but the next day they started the soap-making as their mother had suggested.

It was all new to Richard. He had been sick with measles at soap-making time the year before. And before that,—well, he could not remember. But they must have made soap, because people had always been telling him to wash his hands.

As children were taught in those days that they should be seen and not heard, Richard kept his bright blue eyes wide open, but asked very few questions.

When Jonathan and William were ready to make the lye, Jonathan rolled out two barrels, each with a hole bored in the bottom. Into each barrel he put a layer of clean, fresh straw, and with William's help filled each with wood ashes. Then they lifted the barrels to a high bench that stood by the shed door, taking care that the holes were just above two large empty buckets.

“The ashes cannot get into the buckets on

account of the straw," thought Richard. Still he asked no questions.

When the barrels and buckets were in place, Jonathan brought two pails of water. These and many more he and William poured over the ashes, until at last the water began to drip into the buckets below.

"Pretty dirty looking stuff!" thought Richard, as he stepped up to have a better view of the water in the buckets.

"Look out, child!" called Jonathan. "Do not touch the lye unless you want to lose the skin from your fingers."

So it was lye which the buckets held! Nothing but water that had run through wood ashes! Well, he was glad to learn.

"Surely you do not think it is strong enough yet to eat the skin," said William.

"Very likely it is," replied Jonathan. "As soon as it is through dripping we will test it; I hope it will not be necessary to pour it through again."

"Will Jonathan test it by dipping in his finger?" Richard asked himself. He did not like to think of the result if the lye was strong. But he need not have troubled himself about Jonathan's finger; for late in the afternoon

Jonathan brought out a hen's egg and placed it in one of the buckets. Wonder of wonders! It did not sink. He put the egg in the other bucket: it floated there also.

"Good! both buckets of lye are all ready for use," he said, with relief. "We will have the soap-making out of the way soon."

II

Nothing more was done about the soap until the next morning. Then Jonathan began the work by building a fire under the huge set kettle in the back kitchen and by pouring the lye into the kettle.

His mother brought the frozen meat scraps and the waste grease that had been saved during the winter. These she put into the lye.

Such a dirty kettleful as it was! Richard fairly laughed to himself. That make soap? The idea! Why, he would not have to use any soap all next year for scrubbing his hands!

Much as he disliked to bother about clean hands, he was almost sorry that he would not be able to get clean if he should want to.

"The skimmer, Richard," directed his mother, in the midst of his worriment. The kettleful of

lye and grease was bubbling briskly. When Richard brought the skimmer, Goodwife Howland began to take off all the refuse which rose to the top. Out came bones, skin, and pieces of candle wicking.

After a time, when all the waste had been skimmed, the liquid grew thick as molasses. Richard thought, as he watched it boil, that perhaps after all he would have to wash his hands. The thick ropy mixture was coming to look very much like the soap he had used all the last year.

Pff! pff! pff! Blob! blob! It boiled as you have seen molasses candy boil when it is almost ready to take off the stove. At last his mother said, "The soap is made!"

When Jonathan and William came in for dinner they ladled the hot soap into pails, and carried it down cellar to fill the soap barrel. Most people to-day keep their soap in boxes, but the Howland family always kept theirs in a barrel; and when they needed more soap upstairs they brought it up in a bowl.

When the soap was cold it was still a thick brown jelly, but that was just what Goodwife Howland expected, for the only kind of soap she ever made for her family was what is called

soft soap. It was not a bit like the hard white soap you like to use when you wash your hands, but it was very good soap ; and Richard Howland could get his busy little hands just as clean as if he had used the prettiest, sweetest-smelling cake of hard soap that ever was made.

LEARN :—

Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

—*John Wesley.*

WHEN THE INDIANS FELL ON SACO

I

It was a cold winter night on the Maine coast. Goodwife Garvin had carried away the candle, leaving her little daughter Mary alone in the small bedroom next the kitchen. Mary had taken a slight cold that day. Her mother had put her to bed earlier than usual and had made her some ginger-tea that would be good at any time, Mary thought. To-night it tasted very good indeed.

“Thank you, mother,” Mary had said, drinking the last drop. As the little ten-year-old girl settled comfortably back upon the pillow, she forgot all about her cold. The ginger-tea had been a rare treat, and she was to stay all night in the warm bedroom instead of going upstairs as usual. On the wall she could watch the reflection of the cheerful fire in the kitchen.

It was too dark to see out of doors, but Mary could hear the white flakes of snow piling themselves softly against the window. “How pleasant it is here in bed!” she said to herself, and

that was the last she really thought that night. The sound of voices from the kitchen became fainter and fainter ; the light on the wall danced less and less ; and before very long, Mary was fast asleep.

The voices in the kitchen went with her, however ; and in her dreams they changed to the tinkle of the little brook by which she played in the summer. The flickering light on the wall became the dancing shadow of the willow tree that grew by the edge of the brook. Mary had pleasant dreams that night ; and when her mother gently kissed her good-night, she was smiling in her sleep.

Suddenly Mary woke. It was the gray twilight of the winter morning and she could not see distinctly. But what was that tall, straight, ugly form by the bed ? She gave one frightened look, then tried to scream ; but a hard, dark hand was on her lips, and a gruff voice said, " No scream ! Me kill ! "

In an instant Mary understood. The Indians—the savage, murdering Indians—had fallen upon Saco. They would kill or carry off every one they could find. Had they killed her father and mother, she wondered ?

As she lay there, not daring to move, she

heard a loud shot, then another, and another. There were noises everywhere. She heard quick footsteps in the kitchen and upstairs, and voices that she could not understand rang through the house.

The Indian, meantime, was pointing to her clothes that were lying near the bed, and Mary knew he meant that she was to dress quickly. She put on her clothes, but her hands shook so that it was slow work. Then the Indian, still keeping his hand on her mouth, lifted her to his shoulder and hurried from the house.

Mary tried to look about. She saw the form of their next door neighbor lying on his back in the yard. Suddenly her captor, picking up a blanket, threw it over Mary's head, and she could not see, or hear, and could hardly breathe.

The Indian carried Mary a long, long time, and he walked very fast indeed. The little girl was growing more and more frightened every moment. What had become of her father and mother she could not tell. She knew only that she was a prisoner, and she thought the Indian was carrying her to far-off Canada.

She tried not to remember the stories she had heard of the children that the Indians had stolen ; but she could not put the horrible tales

out of her mind. Some dreadful thing might happen to her, and she trembled all over when the Indian put her roughly down and beckoned her to follow him.

It had stopped snowing and the sun was shining. Walking was a difficult matter, nevertheless, for the snow was soft and deep, and Mary could not go so fast as the Indian wanted her to.

By and by the sun was almost over their heads, and Mary knew that it was noon. Then Whirling Wind (for that was the Indian's name) stopped, munched a piece of dried deer-meat that he had with him, and at last gave another piece to Mary, making motions for her to eat, too. She did not feel like eating, but she dared not disobey; so she chewed the deer-meat, and, to her surprise, it did not taste so bad, after all.

Then Whirling Wind made some snowshoes for Mary and showed her how to use them. It was hard work at first and she grew very tired. She was so tired she cried, but Whirling Wind did not seem to care. He grunted and said, "No cry! Hurry!" and the frightened child dared not cry again. Every step she took hurt so that it seemed as if she could not take another; but she walked till the sun had set.

Then they stopped again ; Mary had some more meat and a drink of water ; and Whirling Wind began to make a bed out of some fir boughs. Then he threw her the blanket that he had put over her head in the morning, and she knew that she was at last to have a chance to rest.

Strange to say, she had not thought till then about her cold of the day before. Bedtime brought it all back—her mother and father, the warm house, the happy home. She cried again, but Whirling Wind, who was never very far away, stood over her ; and, touching his tomahawk, he said, “ No cry ! This kill ! ”

After a while, miserable though she was, Mary fell asleep and slept soundly all night. The next morning, she found a great change in the camp. Lying not far from her, on beds of fir, were some children about her own age and two young men. She knew them all, for she had seen them often at the meeting-house. There were the three Dyer children, John, Daniel and Hannah, and William and Rufus Johnson. With the prisoners were three more Indians and two Frenchmen. All five seemed ever so much more fierce and cruel than Mary’s captor had been.



WHEN THE INDIANS
FELL ON SACO.

It would be hard to tell how much better Mary felt on seeing some of her friends again, and she was even happy when she found from the young men that Farmer Garvin and his wife had escaped in safety to the garrison. "Perhaps I shall see them again, after all," she thought.

That hope helped her through the long, hard day, for the Indians were cruel indeed. One of them walked behind the party and whipped the children when they did not walk fast enough. Mary was stronger than Hannah or Daniel and could walk faster; but she felt worse when they were whipped than when she was struck herself.

The dreadful day came to an end at last; the evening, however, brought even worse things. The Dyer children had told Mary that their mother and their older sister had started with the others, but the long walk had made them both so sick that they could not keep on. The children had not seen their mother or sister since the night before, and supposed that the Indians had killed them. They were sure of it this evening and Mary was, too; for they all knew only too well the scalps on which the Indians were working.

So the fearful journey went on. When they

had been tramping for almost a month, the Indians gave them another fright. Each prisoner was taken in charge by an Indian, and made to sit perfectly still. "Now they are going to scalp us," thought Mary, and she almost fainted as an Indian walked up to her. But the Indian only combed her hair out straight, and then painted it black. He painted her face, too, with daubs of red, so that I doubt whether her own mother would have known her at first glance.

All the other prisoners were painted, too, and the solemn little people who had not smiled for a month could hardly help laughing to see what good Indians they made.

When they left camp the next morning, their way was no longer through the thick woods. They went across fields instead, and soon, far off upon a hill, they saw a farmhouse—the first house of any kind that they had seen for a month.

"I wonder whether French or English people live there," said Rufus.

"Oh, French, I suppose," his brother answered. "We must be pretty far north by this time, and in Canada somewhere. I don't believe we are to go much farther."

"What do you suppose they will do with us

now? Must we be Indians always?" asked Mary.

"No, I think they mean to sell us to the French, if they can. That will be better than living in wigwams, anyway."

"Perhaps so," answered Mary doubtfully, "but it will be more lonesome than ever if we have to live in different places."

"Of course it will at first, but I think we shall get back to Saco before very long."

II

WILLIAM was partly right. The Indians did sell them that very afternoon, just as soon as they came to a little French village. Frightened as Mary was when she knew she must leave her companions, she could not help being interested to know how much Whirling Wind would receive for her. She knew that the Indians did not care very much for white men's money, but she was much surprised when she saw a man give Whirling Wind only three spools, a red blanket, and a hatchet with a very bright blade.

"My father would give ever so much more to buy me back," she thought, bitterly. But she

had no more time just then for thinking. Whirling Wind grunted, "Ugh! ugh!" as if he was much pleased at his bargain, and gave her a little push towards the man who had handed him the trinkets.

Then for the first time Mary looked her new master in the face. It did not take her long to know that he was a kind man, even though she could not understand a word he was speaking, for his eyes said, "How weary you look, little girl!" All at once he took her up in his arms and carried her across the road to a comfortable looking sledge. He put her gently down on a buffalo robe in the bottom, and after rolling her up warm, he gave the patient oxen the word to start.

Mary had not seen what had become of the other children, but somehow she felt sure that they were warm and contented like herself. She was so glad to leave the gruff and cruel Indians and to feel the Frenchman's kindness, that, though she did not know who he was or where he was going, she forgot her troubles for a little while and slept all the rest of the way.

When the sledge stopped, she woke with a start. She was in front of a large farmhouse that in some way looked familiar. "Haven't

"I been here before?" she asked herself in surprise. Then she remembered. It was the same farmhouse they had seen and talked about in the morning, and without knowing exactly why, Mary felt that she was glad to be there.

Again she was lifted in the kind man's arms and carried this time to the house. Two children, a boy and girl about Mary's age, ran to open the door for their father, and they both looked in great surprise at their little visitor. The father spoke kindly to them, and Mary thought he was saying something about her. When the children's mother came in, she seemed to understand at once. Going up to Mary, she took the forlorn little stranger in her arms and kissed her tenderly.

Such a welcome was too much for the little captive girl and she began to cry. To be in a house again, to see father and mother and children,—she could not have helped crying even if Whirling Wind had stood by with his tomahawk and said, "No cry! This kill!"

No one in the French family could speak English, but Mary did not need words to know that she had fallen among friends. The next morning, however, Mr. Le Blanc came into the kitchen with a neighbor who could speak Eng-

lish fairly well. Then Mary had a chance to tell all about herself and her cruel capture.

“The poor, poor child!” thought the French father and mother, and the neighbor said very kindly, “When the war is over, you shall go home again. Meantime, you must be happy here.”

And she was happy. Jean and Élise were the most delightful companions she had ever known, and in a little while she had learned to speak their language and to play their games.

She found, too, that not all the northern Indians were like the wicked man who had stolen her from her father and mother. There were kind-hearted Indians in Canada, as there had been in New England, and some of them she saw very often. There was one tall, handsome Indian who came often to the house and whom the children were always glad to see. His name pleased them, too. In English it means “Keeps-the-Spotted-Ponies.”

Keeps-the-Spotted-Ponies had once lived farther west and he knew a great many wonderful stories that his old grandmother had told him. Every day that winter, when it was snowing and blowing hard, the children would wonder whether Keeps-the-Spotted-Ponies would not

come before night. They were not often disappointed, for in such weather the lonely Indian did not like his cheerless wigwam. He would rather sit in front of the crackling fire in the farmhouse, and tell stories of things that had happened so far in the past that nobody had any idea how long ago it was.

The children liked best of all the story of the arbutus, and I have decided to tell it to you here. Only I must write it in English, for you could not understand it as Keeps-the-Spotted-Ponies told it to Mary and Jean and Élise.

III

THE LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS

THERE was once an old, old man with long white locks. His wife and children were all dead, and he lived alone in his wigwam. Now the season of ice and snow had come, and it was growing colder every day. Usually he delighted in the cold, and never before had the days been too sharp or bitter. But now even his thick wolfskin could not keep him warm, and nowhere could he find fagots for a fire.

"Shall the Great Manito die?" he wondered sadly, and in despair he prayed the Great Spirit that he might not perish.

But the cold grew still more bitter. Manito shivered as the icy wind blew back his bearskin door. Now, however, the strangest thing happened that could be imagined. Into the wigwam walked a lovely maiden, lovelier than the fairest of Manito's daughters had been ; and as she stepped inside, the air of the wigwam grew mild and fragrant.

For a minute Manito could not speak ; he could only look and wonder. " Her hair is black as a crow's wing," he thought ; and, as she walked slowly towards him, he saw that it was so long that it swept the ground behind. " How pink her cheeks are ! " he said to himself. " They are the color of the wild roses. And her eyes ! A fawn's at night could not be brighter. "

But where did the delicious odor come from ? He had seen the crown of flowers on the maiden's head, and the willow buds in her hand. Now he looked more closely, and found that her dress was woven of sweet grass and that instead of moccasins she had white lilies on her feet.

At last he found his voice. " Thou art welcome, lovely maiden," said the old man ; and then he forgot his trouble and began to tell the stranger what a mighty chief he was.

" When I walk abroad," he said, " the brooks and the rivers stand still to listen. "

“ But I have only to smile,” the maiden answered, “ and flowers cover the cold earth and lift up their little heads to smile back at me.”

“ I shake my locks,” said the chief, “ and the wind knows that I am angry. It shrieks to the squirrel and to the blind little mole to hide themselves in the earth. It tells the robin and the bluebird to fly far away to the south where great Manito will not find them.”

“ Great is Manito,” spoke the maiden, “ but he is cruel. I am great, too, but gentler.”

In an instant the proud chieftain's power was gone. His eyes closed and he could feel himself grow smaller. In a little while he lay fast asleep on the wigwam floor, not much larger than the ordinary Indian. Streams of warm water came out of his mouth, and his fur garments turned to bright green leaves.

Then the maiden put her hand into the folds of her dress and drew out some beautiful rose-white flowers. Kneeling down, she tenderly hid the pink blossoms beneath the thick green leaves; and when she had finished, the wigwam was full of a new fragrance, though not a flower peeped out from its green bed. Still they could hear the maiden when she whispered softly, “ Be good, little flowers. You shall tell the

world that the long, cold winter is past and that the breath of summer is in the breeze."

Then the maiden walked away; and as she walked, myriads of the rose-white flowers sprang up out of the ground and nestled softly among the leaves. And to-day we know exactly where she stepped; for there, and nowhere else, the arbutus blooms.

So the winter melted into the spring, and the spring warmed into the summer. Then came the clear, crisp days and sharp nights of the autumn, and by the time the long, cold winter had fairly come again, Mary had forgotten a good deal of her English and had ceased to think so much about her father and mother.

One year followed another, and still the cruel war went on. There was no chance for Mary to get home for eleven long years, and by that time she cared much less about going back. For she had grown into a beautiful woman, and had married Jean, the little boy who had opened the door for her that winter night. When the war was ended, she had a lovely little girl, who looked like her and was named for her. Only the name was spelled M-a-r-i-e to show that it was French.

IV

FROM the fort near Saco the evening gun had sounded. It was a damp and gusty night; the wind was blowing strong from the east, and in the darkness the river Saco roared more loudly and fiercely than ever.

“On the hearth of Farmer Garvin, blazed the crackling
walnut log;
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and between
them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside him
on her mat,
Sitting drowsy in the firelight, winked and purred the
mottled cat.

‘Twenty years!’ said Goodman Garvin, speaking sadly,
under breath,
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who speaks
of death.

The goodwife dropped her needles: ‘It is twenty
years to-day,
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our child
away.’”

They did not speak again for some time, but each knew what the other was thinking about.

Suddenly there came a loud knock ; and when Goodman Garvin had opened the door, he saw two strangers, a man and a young girl.

“ Does Elkanah Garvin live here ? ” the man asked politely.

“ I am Elkanah Garvin, ” answered the farmer ; and without stopping to ask the names of the travelers, he invited them cordially to come in. Then Goodwife Garvin, remembering the rain and wind outside, drew up the settle, and urged them to sit down in front of the fire. They did so gladly, and began to unfasten their wet clothes. As the maiden unclasped the hood of her cloak, the fire for the first time lighted up her features.

“ Dame Garvin looked upon her : ‘ It is Mary’s self I see !

Dear heart ! ’ she cried, ‘ now tell me, has my child come back to me ? ’

‘ My name indeed is Mary, ’ said the stranger, sobbing wild ;

‘ Will you be to me a mother ? I am Mary Garvin’s child !

‘ She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying day
She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far
away.

‘And when the priest besought her to do me no such wrong,
She said, “May God forgive me! I have closed my heart too long.

“When I hid me from my father, and shut out my mother’s call,
I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father of us all.”’

‘God be praised!’ said Goodwife Garvin, ‘He taketh and He gives;
He woundeth, but He healeth; in her child our daughter lives!’

‘Amen!’ the old man answered, as he brushed a tear away,
And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said, with reverence, ‘Let us pray.’”

But it seemed to the Garvins that they ought to thank God in public for the happiness He had sent them in their old age; so, when the horn sounded on the next Sabbath morning, Goodman and Goodwife Garvin took Marie to the meeting-house, where every one could see her and be glad with them.

“From the pulpit read the preacher, ‘Goodman Garvin and his wife
Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has followed them through life,

‘ For the great and crowning mercy, that their daughter,
from the wild,
Where she rests (they hope in God’s peace), has sent to
them her child ;
‘ And the prayers of all God’s people they ask, that
they may prove
Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such special
proof of love.’ ’

LEARN :—

What the Sun told the Indians

O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha !
— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CANDLE-MAKING AT THE COOLIDGES'

I

NOT since the Coolidge family came to New England had Mistress Coolidge been able to make any candles. The colonists had owned so few cattle and sheep during the first few years after they came to their new home that, even with the deer fat and the bear grease, there had not been enough material for candle-making.

One day during the fall when Patience Coolidge was seven years old, her mother said, "There will be tallow enough for candles this year. Our home shall be lighted in the same way as Governor Winthrop's, though methinks not so brightly."

The little girl's face broke into a radiant smile. Once upon a time, when she went to town, she had seen the beautiful candlesticks at the Governor's house with snowy white candles in them; but she had never seen any candles lighted. To think of being like the great Governor Winthrop!

Patience tilted her dimpled chin a trifle higher, but she dared not say anything. Only the Sabbath before, when she said that her shoes were not so pretty as Anne Howland's, her grandmother had replied very severely, "Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall."

All the light that Patience had ever seen after sunset in the great square room which served as the Coolidges' kitchen and dining-room and living-room, came from the burning of a big, sticky pine knot. This knot, called candle-wood, was placed on a flat stone in a corner of the fireplace. It was really necessary to tuck it away in such a fashion, because the smoke must go up the chimney, and because the dirty, pitchy droppings,—which were really tar,—must run where they would be burned up and do no harm in the clean room.

The burning knot made the room bright and cheery; but it did not give light enough to make reading easy. Patience, too, very much regretted that the candle-wood could not be carried to another room. But then she was small and was still a little afraid of dark halls and black places behind doors.

It was a clear, cold night in November when

Mistress Coolidge said, "To-morrow I must dip the candles."

Patience had been hoping for a week that the next day was to be the great day of the candle-making. When her mother spoke, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine how the room would seem with a lighted candle on the table. Would there be enough light so that across the room she could see the face on her grandmother's large cameo breastpin?

Patience did not have to wait until morning to see the candle-making begin. That evening her mother made the wicks ready. She stuck an old iron fork upright in the kitchen table about eight inches from the edge, and threw around it half a dozen loops of the soft tow-string, which she called wicking. By cutting these loops at the edge of the table, she made six wicks of the same length.

"Six, twelve, eighteen," she counted, until at last she had laid out twenty-five dozen. "That is all we may have for this year's supply," she said with regret. But Patience thought it could not be that Governor Winthrop had many more.

After Patience had gone to bed, Mistress Coolidge continued to work. She took the wicks one at a time from the basket into which

she had tossed them, twisted each tightly, doubled it, and slipped through the loop a candle rod,—a stick not much thicker than a lead pencil but about three times as long. The twisted ends, as soon as Mistress Coolidge released her hold upon them, untwisted a little and rolled themselves together in a good firm wick.

When six wicks dangled by their looped ends from one candle rod, she began on another rod and so made each one ready for the dipping. When Patience saw the limp little wicks in the morning she thought they looked like stockings on a clothes-line.

That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mistress Coolidge said to her two tall sons, “Now a brisk fire, boys, and the two big iron kettles from the shed. . You will find the tallow in them.”

When the kettles were swung on heavy iron hooks in the fireplace, the boys brought in a pair of long poles. Mistress Coolidge tipped down two straight-backed chairs and directed the boys to place the poles across them, forming something like a ladder without any rounds.

“The candle rods next, boys,” she directed, and then she added, as Jonathan brought these out and she began to place them like rounds

across the sides of the ladder, "It was well to make these ready last night. The candle-dipping will take all the morning."

II

THE candle rods were soon in place. Then the boys laid boards beneath the rods to keep any greasy drippings from the floor; and at last they took one of the big kettles half full of melted tallow from the fire and set it on the broad hearth.

"Now she is going to begin to dip," thought Patience; but, no, her mother took a pail and poured boiling water into the kettle until it was full.

"Oh, the tallow is spoiled!" cried the little girl in real distress.

Her mother did not seem troubled. "Ask thy grandmother, she will tell thee. I cannot stop now," she said briefly.

"Where was the fat of the soup we had yesterday?" asked Patience's grandmother when the little girl had crossed the room to her.

"On top," said Patience, and a smile broke over her face.

"And that is where the tallow is; where thy

mother needs it that the wicks may reach it easily. Is not the fat on the top of the water deeper than the wicks are long? Do not be troubled; by and by she must pour in more water to keep the tallow ever at the top of the kettle."

All ready at last? No, not even yet. The kitchen had to be cooled so that the candles might harden well. Then at last everything was really ready, and Mistress Coolidge took up the first candle rod and skilfully dipped the six wicks into the hot tallow.

When they came out, Patience had another disappointment. There were six greasy strings hanging on the rod, not in the least like the beautiful round white candles she had seen in the Governor's mansion.

Her mother straightened some of the wicks, then dipped another rod and then another, until they all had been dipped once. Then she took up the first rod once more.

"There goes the first round of the ladder again!" thought Patience.

A little more tallow stuck this time and Patience gave a small sigh of satisfaction; but she could not keep from asking her grandmother, "Will they *ever* be candles?"



PATIENCE SEES THE CANDLES MADE.

“ Let patience have her perfect work,” quoted her grandmother, as she had a hundred times before.

It took a long time to dip all the rods and come back again to the first, but after a while the first had been dipped and dipped until it had grown to be as large as a lead pencil.

“ Why does she not keep them in the tallow longer, that they may grow faster?” Patience quietly asked her grandmother, for her mother was working too busily to be interrupted.

“ Why should she melt off all the tallow that is on the wicks?” her grandmother asked in return. “ That is what would surely happen if she were to hold the wicks long in that hot kettle. The hot tallow will stick to the cool candle like cream to thy finger; but the little candles would become tow strings again if they remained long in so hot a place.”

After a time the second kettle was taken from its hook in the fireplace and the first was hung up with fresh tallow to melt. So the kettles were used in turn until at last the candles were done. Patience had well deserved her name before the twenty-five dozen completed candles hung and swung on the rods across the long poles.

“Now they will all be ready to carry to the garret to bleach as soon as they are hard and cold,” said Mistress Coolidge with relief.

“O mother, not all!” cried Patience. “One, you know, you said we would light to-night.”

“You are right, little daughter. Choose your candle and make ready your grandmother’s brass candlestick. Polish it bright and bring out the snuffer tray and snuffers. To-night you shall see what candle-light is like.”

What a delight it was to rub the old candlestick until it shone, and to fit the new candle into the socket so carefully that it would stand just straight. In the evening, when the candle was lighted, Patience could not see the face on the cameo pin as she had expected, but what of that! All she had to do was to carry the candle across the room and hold it in front of her grandmother in order to see every line of the beautiful carved face. Best of all, however, she had the candle when she went to bed, so that she knew positively there was not a single creepy thing behind the door.

LEARN :—

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

—*Shakespeare.*

TELLING TIME WITHOUT A CLOCK

I

“Now we are ready to start!” said Mistress Biddle cheerily, as her husband led the horse to the horse block on which she stood. “But let us know first what time in the morning it is.”

Mr. Biddle did not take out his watch nor did William or Edward, who were waiting to see their father and mother depart, go to look at a clock. The fact is, there was not a watch or a clock to be found on the great Biddle estate. Instead, William went to look at the top of a square stone post and came back to say that it was nearly six o'clock.

“When the chores are done, you may both play until noon,” said Mistress Biddle, with a smile. “Be good boys. Do just as Hannah bids you. We shall be back by dinner time day after to-morrow.”

Then she stepped from the block to her place on the sleek black horse, and turned to say good-bye as the impatient animal cantered away with his double burden.

There was not a train or an electric car, not even a stage-coach, to take Mr. and Mistress Biddle to Philadelphia. They must go in their own carriage or on horseback; and as the roads were very poor two hundred years ago, people usually chose to go on horseback.

This morning, because the other horses were needed for the farm work, both Mr. and Mistress Biddle rode on the same horse.

Strange as it would seem to-day, it was not strange to William and Edward to see their father in the saddle and their mother on the pillion, or cushion, placed behind the saddle. Women rode that way so often that it seemed as natural as it does to-day to see a little girl riding a bicycle.

The little boys watched until the travelers were out of sight, then started for the barn to finish the chores. On their way they peeped into the kitchen to make sure that Hannah was there,—for when their mother was away it was not so lonesome if they knew just where Hannah could be found. Hannah was ironing and happened to be standing on some of the noon marks. William noticed this and it suggested a delightful plan to him.

“Edward!” he exclaimed, “why not make

some noon marks on the barn floor? Then we should know when it is dinner time, and Hannah would not have to blow the horn."

Edward agreed. He was only six and he found most of William's plans very attractive.

"When the chores are done, we'll make the marks," said William eagerly.

Accordingly, when their promised play-time came, they set to work on the marks. They opened wide the big barn doors so that the sun shone in almost half-way across the barn floor.

"Shall we make a mark there?" asked Edward, pointing to the spot where the sunlight stopped.

"Oh, no, it is not much after eight. We want our mark just where the sun reaches at noon. Do you see?"

Edward understood, but it was plain that he did not think it great fun to wait until noon and then cut a single mark in the barn floor. He was turning away to find some other play, when William said coaxingly, "I'll tell you what we can do. We'll measure the marks on the kitchen floor and make them just the same down here; then as soon as that is done we'll play Indians!"

This plan pleased Edward and they ran to

the house. Hannah was busy cooking in the buttery, and so did not see the little boys toiling over the measurements. She might have saved them some play-time if she had known what they were about.

When the boys returned to the barn, they very carefully measured straight back from the door-sill and made a mark at just the same distance from the sill as was the mark in the kitchen. This was the midsummer mark, for the sun is so high at noon in midsummer that it can shine in only a little way. The next mark was a little farther from the door, and the next a little farther still, until the midwinter mark was made the farthest back of all, because, in midwinter, the sun is so low at noon that it can shine into a building for some distance.

At last the boys finished the marks and could begin to play Indians. It seemed as if they had been playing about five minutes when the dinner horn sounded. In surprise they looked at the noon mark. It was not noon according to that; but as it would not do to risk losing dinner, they scampered to the house. It was just noon by the kitchen mark! What could be the matter with the marks in the barn?

The boys told Hannah of their perplexity, for Hannah was too kindly ever to laugh at a boy's questions.

"I think I know what the trouble is," she said. "The barn door is higher than the kitchen door, so that the sunshine can reach in farther at the same time of day."

William understood. "I shall have to make a whole new set," he said thoughtfully.

"Yes, you will," replied Hannah, "but it won't be hard. You can make one mark a day, just at noontime by the sundial."

That was like Hannah; she always helped when she could. William saw that he should only have to watch the sundial, and when it was noon, to run as fast as he could to mark that spot on the floor which the sun reached.

"To-morrow is midsummer's day," said Hannah, "a good day to make your first mark."

It did not prove, however, to be a good day, for it rained from the time the boys got up until they went to bed. The sundial was of no use without the sun; and the noon marks on the kitchen floor were no better. So there was nothing by which to tell time except the hour-glass. The boys turned that several times to help the day go faster, and they made some

wooden knives to use in the Indian attack they would have the next day if it should be pleasant; but it was a long, dreary day and they were not sorry when bedtime came.

II

THE day on which Mr. and Mistress Biddle were to come home was warm and sunny. The boys did their chores early and had an exciting Indian game. Then, as they knew William was to have some new Ozenbridge trousers and Edward a new waistcoat—and as there might be some surprise from Grandmother Biddle—the two boys began to feel impatient to see their father and mother riding up the long, straight road that stretched toward Philadelphia.

“There will not be a spear of grass left between the kitchen door and the sundial!” laughed Hannah, as the boys ran for the fifth or sixth time in an hour to see what time it was.

“You would better stay next time long enough to teach Edward how to tell the time of day, and then you can take turns running to look at the dial.”

“Come!” cried William, and off they raced to the dial.



TELLING TIME WITH THE SUNDIAL.

Edward looked very wise while William told the time, declaring it almost eleven.

“Almost eleven,” repeated Edward. “How do you know?”

William was very ready to tell. “I will show you,” he said.

Edward looked hard at the metal plate about a foot square, which he knew was called the dial-plate. This was fastened firmly to the top of a stone post, about four feet high, by which the boys were standing. The figures which Edward saw along the edges of the plate were like the figures on the face of a clock, but they formed a square instead of a circle as they do on clocks and watches. Edward could not see anything to tell him it was eleven o'clock.

“You look and see where the shadow falls, and that tells you what time it is,” said William, impressively.

That was not much help to poor little Edward. “What shadow?” he puzzled.

“Why, this one,” answered William, pointing to a shadow formed by a piece of metal that stood up almost in the middle of the plate.

Edward had often wondered why that piece of iron was standing on the dial; but if there must be a shadow, why, it might as well come

from that ugly old right triangle as from anything else.

"See, the shadow from the down-hill side of the triangle lies close to the line that runs from the bottom of the hill to the figure XI."

Edward nodded.

"That says it is eleven o'clock," continued the older brother.

Edward nodded more solemnly.

"And when the shadow from that same side of the gnomon ——"

"The what?" interrupted Edward.

"The gnomon, the triangle," answered William. "When the shadow lies close to the line that runs out to XII, why, then it is noon. Do you see?"

Edward was sure that he did.

"If the shadow is half-way between the two lines, it is half-past eleven, you see," went on William.

Edward agreed, but his eyes were fixed on an object moving far down the road. "They are coming!" he shouted.

True enough, they were coming—almost an hour before Mistress Biddle had said they would arrive.

Soon the boys were eagerly eyeing the pack-

ages that were taken from the saddle-bags. There was a soft bundle that might contain the trousers and the waistcoat, and there was a hard one that might hold a surprise. The boys were wrong, however; the soft bundle contained the surprises. There was a lace collar for each boy, a present from his grandmother.

"I saw one thing at your grandmother's," said Mistress Biddle, as she put away her purchases, "that pleased me greatly. Indeed, I hope we may have one here before very long. It is a machine for telling time,—a clock, they call it. Your grandmother has just had one brought over from England. It stands in the corner of the room and is taller than William. Think of it, William, the clock tells time both day and night!"

His mother's story reminded William to tell about the noon marks he was planning to make on the barn floor. Edward was also reminded of what he had learned, and the little lad proudly explained to his mother that he could tell time by the sundial.

"I am glad to hear both pieces of news," she said, smiling at the boys. "What time is it now, Edward?"

Edward quickly ran out to the sundial. It

was not eleven; it was not half-past eleven. What time was it?

He went back ruefully. "It is almost exactly some time, but it is not eleven and——"

William laughed. "I forgot to teach him the figures. We did not have time before you came."

"That gives you something to do in play-time to-morrow," said his mother. "If you know those figures it will be easy for you to tell time by your grandmother's clock when you go to Philadelphia, as your father and I are planning that you both shall do before the summer is over; but now it must be time for William to run to the barn to cut his first noon mark."

LEARN :—

My days are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

—*On the sundial in the yard of a Friends' Meeting House, Germantown, Pennsylvania.*

TWO LETTERS OF LONG AGO

I

MANY years ago two little sisters, Mary and Christina Grafton, lived in the town of Wilmington, in Delaware. Their grandparents had come from Sweden a long time before, and Mary and Christina liked to think of the land across the sea about which they had heard so much. They liked sometimes to remember that they had the blue eyes and the flaxen hair of little Swede girls, but still better they liked to think they were Americans.

Even in those early days, the children of the colonies had learned to love their own country best of all. They had not so much to be proud of as we have, perhaps. They had not so much to make life easy, either. There were no railroads, no trolley-cars, no telegraphs or telephones. No one knew very much about what was happening to those friends who lived at a distance.

People could write letters, to be sure, but it took a number of weeks sometimes for the mail-

carrier to ride on horseback from one colony to another. Yet, although people did not know much about the rest of the world, they were just as good, just as brave, just as honest, as men and women are now. So Mary and Christina were very happy little girls.

But there was one reason why these children did not have the good times that the boys and girls of the northern colonies enjoyed. There were few schools in Delaware, and there were none like those to which Dorothy and Richard and Nathaniel used to go. Many people in the south did not care whether their children learned anything or not; but Mr. and Mrs. Grafton were anxious to have their little girls grow into wise and useful women.

So, by the time Mary was twelve, her mother had taught her to read and write pretty well. Christina, however, could read and write only the easiest words. But then, Christina was four years younger than Mary.

About this time Mr. Grafton went up to Philadelphia on a visit to his sister, the children's Aunt Sally. After he came home, Mary and Christina kept hearing bits of talk that they could not understand at all. Something was going to happen, they felt sure.

“It’s about us, I know,” whispered Christina after they had gone to bed one night. “I heard mother say to-day, ‘It may be best for Mary, but Christina is too small.’ What do you suppose she meant?”

“I’m sure I can’t guess,” Mary whispered back, “but I think Aunt Sally has something to do with it.”

Sure enough, Aunt Sally had something to do with it. The next day the children understood.

“Mary,” asked her father at breakfast, “how much can you read?”

“I can read everything in the New England Primer, sir,” answered Mary, a little proudly.

“And can you cipher?”

“No, sir, not at all.”

“Your Aunt Sally has a plan, Mary, that we like very much. She is to have a little school at her house, and she has asked you to live with her for a while and study with her girls and boys. The teacher is to be a young man from Harvard College, and you will learn much more from him than your mother or I could teach you. Of course we do not like to send you from home, but we have agreed to Aunt Sally’s plan.”

Mary hardly knew how to reply. “I am to

go to Philadelphia—alone—and to school?” she said at last.

“Yes, child,” said her mother. “Shall you like it, do you think?”

“Why, mother, I don’t know,” answered Mary, soberly. “I like to study, and I shall like to be with Aunt Sally and my cousins, but I don’t want to go away.”

Christina was sure that she did not like the plan. “We need Mary here,” she said.

“Yes, we do,” replied Mrs. Grafton. “But I shall have more time to teach you after Mary goes. If you work hard, perhaps you can write well enough to send Mary a letter pretty soon.”

“Oh, I shall like that, Christina!” said Mary. “It will be almost like seeing you.”

Christina was pleased, too, for she had not thought of such a thing. Now those of you who are eight years old have probably written more than one letter to your father or mother or teacher long before this, but you must not forget how few letters were written, even by the grown people, in those days. Postage cost so much that most children could not send letters when they wanted to, even if they knew how to write.

II

“How soon am I to go, mother?” was the next question.

“Just as soon as your clothes are ready, Mary.”

Mrs. Grafton did not say next, “I shall go to the store to-day to buy the cloth for your dresses.” Instead, she said to her husband, “Will you get some wool for me this morning, so that I can begin to card it?”

Mary well knew what “carding” was. Her mother intended to get the wool ready to spin into woolen yarn on the big spinning-wheel. Then she would weave the yarn, and the cloth would be all ready for cutting and sewing.

After two gray homespun dresses had been finished, Mrs. Grafton made all the linen clothing that Mary would need. This time she used the small spinning-wheel, because, for this thread, she spun flax instead of wool. Then there were stockings to be knit, and so many other things to do besides, that it was several weeks before the haircloth trunk could be packed and strapped.

Finally, one bright spring morning, when the grass was green and the trees pink and white

with blossoms, Mary started for Aunt Sally's. Her new homespun dress was very long and full, and she wore so large a bonnet that one could hardly see the little face within.

“What a funny little old woman!” we might say to-day; but the captain of the little packet that was to carry Mary up to Philadelphia said to himself, “That's the prettiest little passenger I've had for many a day.”

When Christina could no longer see Mary's handkerchief fluttering a good-bye, she turned to her mother a very sober little face, and asked, “When shall we have a letter from Mary, do you think?”

“By the next post, I am sure. That will be here in a few days. We ought to be very thankful, Christina, that we are so near Philadelphia. If we lived out in a mountain town of Pennsylvania, or back on a Virginia plantation, or as far south as the Carolinas, it might be a month or more before we should hear from Mary.”

Christina was not quite so thankful as her mother, perhaps; for she said, “But if we lived so far as that from Philadelphia, Mary couldn't have gone at all, could she, mother?”

“No, Christina, it would not have been safe to send her on so long a journey. But both you

and she will be glad some time that she had this chance to go to school."

III

THE days after Mary went away were strange ones for Christina, but she was such a busy little girl that she did not have time to be lonely. Every morning she was up early, and after breakfast she would help her mother wash the dishes and smooth the great, fluffy feather beds. Then, when her housework was done, and while her mother swept or cooked, Christina did her "stent": that is, her mother gave her just so much sewing to do every day, and she was not allowed to stop until she had finished the set task.

In the afternoon, when the dinner dishes were done, and Mrs. Grafton was sewing or spinning, Christina read her lessons from the New England Primer and wrote the copies that her mother had set.

One morning, almost a week after Mary went away, Mr. Grafton came, in, saying, "Come, Christina, get your bonnet on. The post has just come from Philadelphia, and perhaps there is something for us." It was not long before

Christina and her father were walking towards neighbor Anderson's inn, where all the town mail was left.

"Yes," said Mr. Anderson in answer to Mr. Grafton's question, "here is a letter. Perchance," he added knowingly, "it is from thy daughter Mary, for it hath come from Philadelphia." Letters came so seldom in those days that every one was interested in them.

"Yes, this is surely from Mary," said Mr. Grafton, speaking, however, to Christina rather than to Mr. Anderson. "Let us go home to read it."

It seemed a long time to Christina before she saw that letter. She said not a word as she waited for her mother to read it carefully and then pass it to Mr. Grafton. She was a well-behaved child, and never teased, no matter how eager she was.

At last her father said, "Now, little girl, it is your turn. You may read Mary's letter aloud." It was hard for Christina to make out some of the words. It will be harder for you, because little girls then did not speak just as they do now. Would you like to read Mary's letter?

Here it is:—

Philadelphia, May 1, 1743.

HONOURED FATHER & MOTHER :

I take my pen in hand to let you know that I came safely three days ago to Philadelphia. Aunt Sally and Uncle William were at the wharf, for they thought that Captain Gerry would leave Wilmington that morning. When we came into the house, all my cousins were waiting in the hall. The girls courtesied & the boys bowed & they all said they were glad to see me. Aunt Sally has made a schoolroom out of a large front-chamber, & every morning at 8 o'clock we all go up there to study. Benjamin has begun Greek, & Harriet & I had a lesson in History to-day. I am to learn to cipher, & I shall have a lesson in Reading & Spelling every day. Aunt Sally is kind to me, & I try to obey her in all things. She teaches us all to sing, & is to give the girls lessons in sewing. I miss you all, but I am not lonesome. I am trying to be polite to everybody & to learn how to conduct myself in company. I have not so many dresses as my cousins & at first I was cross about it. But Aunt Sally has made me see how much better it is to be kind and courteous than to be finely dressed, & I am glad to write that I have no more vain thoughts. Believe, my dear parents, that I shall try to be an honour & a pride to you.

Very respectfully,

MARY GRAFTON.

IV

AT last the day came when Mrs. Grafton said, "Suppose, Christina, that you write to Mary this afternoon. I have not written to her for three weeks, and besides, Mr. Wilson is going to Philadelphia to-morrow and he will take the letter for us. It would be a pity not to have something ready, for we must save postage when we can."

Christina had been waiting for this permission. She answered, "I am all ready, mother. May I sit at the secretary?"

"That will be easiest for you, I think. Let me put a box on the chair first."

Then Christina climbed into her seat. "May I have a sheet of this foolscap, mother?"

"Not right away, Christina. You must make your first draft on something that does not cost so much. This will do, I think," and her mother gave her a leaf from an old account book.

Then Christina was all ready to begin. One corner of the desk-lid held a bottle of ink which Mrs. Grafton had made from oak galls and vinegar, and near by were two or three goose quills. Can you guess what the goose quills were for?



CHRISTINA WRITING HER LETTER.

The steel pens we have to-day were not known so long ago. The hard part of a goose's quill was sharpened and used for a pen. Some people who like old-fashioned things write with goose quills now.

Mrs. Grafton told Christina how the place and date should be written, and showed her the heading of Mary's letter. Then Christina was puzzled. "Now, mother," she said, "how shall I begin it? Mary wrote 'I take my pen in hand.'"

"Yes, that is one way," answered Mrs. Grafton. "Here is another: 'I now sit down to answer your welcome letter.'"

"That will be just right," said Christina, "for it is an answer, you know."

Now neither of these beginnings is much like a letter of to-day, but if the old-fashioned letters sound a little prim to us, our letters might seem almost rude to the old-time writers.

Christina needed help more than once before all the sentences were finished; but when the letter was finally copied on the large, clean foolscap, not one word was spelled wrong, and there was not a blot on the paper.

"I could not make it look neater myself," said Mrs. Grafton kindly, as she passed it back.

Christina's eyes beamed with pleasure, but she said simply, "The ink is not yet quite dry, is it, mother? I suppose I must not fold it yet."

"No, Christina, you need not wait. I will make the ink dry. Just get the sand-box."

Christina had often seen her father shake sand over his paper, and now she remembered that once he told her the sand would make the ink dry. So she ran for the little tin box and watched her mother shake the clean, fine sand carefully over the wet ink.

"Now is it ready to fold, mother?"

"Yes, child, it is all ready now."

Then Mrs. Grafton showed Christina how to fold and seal her letter. As envelopes had not come into use, the folding had to be done very carefully, and the sealing, too.

Christina brought some red sealing wax, which Mrs. Grafton softened by the heat of the fire. Then she let some fall upon the letter so that the edge of paper that had been folded over was fastened like the flap of an envelope, and while the wax was still warm, she pressed the end of her thimble upon it, to make it look pretty. After the folding and sealing, Christina wrote the address :—

*Miss Mary Grafton
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania*

*In care of
Mr. Wilham Morton*

And here is the letter that came to Mary after she had been away from home almost two months :—

*Wilmington, Delaware,
June 18, 1743.*

MY BELOVED SISTER,

I now sit down to answer your welcome letter. We are all well, & hope you are the same. I miss you very much, so I study a great deal. I have learned many things since you went away. Mother says I have improved most in writing. She sets me copies every day. Yesterday I wrote: Fine feathers do not make fine birds. Mother said that I might copy it in this letter. I read from my Primer every day. Part of my lessons I can say without the book. I have learned all the verses about the alphabet. I like the C verse best, but perhaps that is because I like cats so much. Do you remember it? It says:

The cat doth play
And after slay.

My sampler is nearly done. The letters and the date are finished, and I have begun a verse. Mother found it for me. I will write it here :—

Delightful task ! to watch with curious eyes
Soft forms of thought on infant bosoms rise.

Our parents wish me to say they have been pleased with your letters. They hope that you will advance a great deal. I am taking good care of all your pets. Peter has grown to be a big kitten. I feed the chickens every day. I hope that you will come home soon.

Your affectionate sister,
CHRISTINA GRAFTON.

P. S. Our father & mother beg you to assure Aunt Sally & Uncle William of their kind regards.

C. G.

This was indeed a welcome letter to Mary. She always kept it, and her great-great-grandchildren have it now. They like to look at the pretty, old-fashioned writing and think what a sweet little girl their great-great-great-aunt Christina must have been.

LEARN:—

Be unto others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you ;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

—*The Golden Rule, as Christina read it in
the New England Primer.*

A MAY DAY JOURNEY

ON May Day morning in the year 1727 every Cary, large and small, was out of bed early. Were they not all going to Jamestown to the festival? There was sure to be a May Queen—the prettiest of the young girls,—and if there was a Queen, of course there would be a May-pole.

Nobody ever heard of having a May Queen without having also a dance around a Maypole. And probably there would be music and foot-races and wrestling matches and perhaps a horse-race. It would be a grand day, something like Fourth of July, we should think, though all this happened fifty years before the Fourth was thought of.

When Clarice Cary slid out of her high canopy bed and ran to the window, she found that it was just the brightest morning of the whole spring-time. The sun was shining on the river, making the water look like glass; and the blossoms of the dogwood and apple trees made the whole plantation one great garden.

But Clarice could not wait to admire the beauty of the view from her window : she must tie her shoestrings and fasten her tucker more quickly than ever before, for as soon as breakfast was over, all the family were to start from the little wharf close by the tobacco house and sail in their own sloop to Jamestown.

It was a perfect morning for a sail : the breeze was soft and fragrant, the robins and bluebirds and thrushes were holding a festival of their own, and a rare flower carpet stretched back from each bank of the river. The occupants of the boat, however, paid little heed to the beauty of sight and sound all around them, for they were either thinking of the sports of the day or looking ahead for a glimpse of the bend which would bring them in sight of the old town.

It appeared at last ! There was the old church ; there were the few houses left standing, and the ruins of others that had been burned by Bacon's soldiers ; and there were ivy-covered piles which marked the site of still other houses which had belonged to people who had been killed by the Indians.

Clarice took little notice of the ivy and the ruins, for in a meadow a little to one side of the town she could actually see the Maypole with

its gay-colored ribbons. That was what she had come to see! Her eyes danced.

“Perhaps some time,” she thought, “if I grow to look like Katherine”—for Clarice thought her oldest sister the most beautiful girl in the world—“I may be chosen the Queen of the May.” With this thought in mind she stepped on shore as daintily as any queen and went with the others to the meadow.

There they found many friends of the family. A few people had come even from Williamsburgh, which was the largest town in Virginia, but most of them came from the plantations along the river. Some had come in chariots, or coaches, some in chaises, some on horseback, and others in what we should call rowboats.

It was not nine o'clock when the Cary family reached the meadow, and there was time for Mr. and Mrs. Cary to greet many of their neighbors before the trumpet should sound and the May Queen and her train should come from one of the fine old mansions near the field. Clarice stood by her mother's side and courtesied to all to whom her mother spoke. She found the period of waiting rather stupid, but it did not last long.

Soon the trumpet sounded and the May Queen

appeared. She was very beautiful; but not so beautiful—thought the loyal little sister—as Katherine would be with flowers in her hair and around her neck and on her gown.

After the trumpet had sounded a second time, the sports began. First there was a wrestling match between two traders who lived some distance up the river. One of them sometimes came to the Cary plantation and had given the children a few Indian trinkets. Clarice, however, cared very little for this contest and spent most of her time looking at the pretty May Queen, with the flower wreath for a crown; but Clarice's brother John did not take his eyes off the wrestlers until his friend had won.

When the trumpet next sounded, four fiddlers took their seats for their contest. Each in turn played his prettiest tune. Clarice could hardly keep her feet still; she wanted so much to dance. Oh! how she did want to dance! But nobody mistrusted that the quiet little girl on the grass by her mother's side was holding one foot in her hand to keep it from running away with her. Clarice was sorry when the music was done and the musicians marched off, all playing their different tunes at the same time.

Next there came a foot race between two Indians. John liked that better than Clarice did : the music was still in her head and she felt a bit dreamy.

After the Indians had finished, six young girls ran a race around the Maypole. That was fun. One of the runners was smaller than the others but very pretty. Clarice hoped that she would win ; but, no, a very unattractive girl with a disagreeable smile crossed the line first. Clarice said it seemed too bad because the little one was so pretty ; but Katherine said it was only fair because the other was so plain.

When this race was over, the May Queen, with a graceful little speech, distributed the prizes. Clarice thought that there was to be nothing more before luncheon, and she was sorry. John thought so, too, and he said to her ruefully, "The day is half gone ; and you know the last half of anything always goes faster than the first."

But they need not have been so mournful, for in a moment the companions of the May Queen took their places around the Maypole and began the pretty Maypole dance. It was the best part of the day, so Clarice thought, and she hardly breathed as the bright ribbons



THE MAYPOLE DANCE.

were braided and unbraided and braided again. Oh, it was the prettiest sight she had ever seen !

This proved to be really the last part of the entertainment before luncheon. In the afternoon there was a race between two famous Virginia horses, and then, alas !—it was time to go home.

“The little maid might ride home with us,” said Mrs. Burke, Clarice’s godmother, as the people were leaving the beautiful green meadow. “There is plenty of room in the coach ; and we shall pass your plantation before the child’s bedtime, I trow.”

Mrs. Cary was willing that Clarice should go, and another joy was added to a day already crowded with pleasure.

The Burke’s coach was the most splendid carriage Clarice had ever seen : the body was yellow with vermilion trimmings ; the cushions were blue velvet, and on the doors there was painted the coat-of-arms of the Burke family. On all great days it was drawn by four black horses ; and with a negro coachman and a negro footman, it was by far the showiest turn-out at the May-day festival.

Again Clarice stepped like a queen when Mr. Burke assisted her into the big coach as formally

as he had handed in Mrs. Burke and his sister. This time she thought of a story she had heard of Queen Elizabeth and of a royal journey through London. Why was not this just as good? She would play that the tall pines and cypresses along the road were the houses of the great city.

It was warm in the coach and in time Clarice began to feel sleepy. She did not want to go to sleep and lose a part of the ride, so she straightened up and wriggled first one foot and then the other; one hand and then the other; then she wriggled each finger on the right hand. Just as she began with the fingers of the left, Mr. Burke asked her if she was going "processioning" the next day.

"Oh, no, sir!" she gasped, "only the men and boys are going."

Perhaps Mr. Burke knew that and asked the question only to wake her up, for he laughed too heartily over such a simple answer, Clarice thought.

"Why did he ask me that?" wondered Clarice. "'Processioning' is fun for John, but I shall have to stay at home."

She knew that John was even then looking forward to going with the men and boys from

the neighboring plantations to examine the boundaries. Barbed wire had not been thought of in those days, and as the plantations were large and the country was new, there had not been time to build many fences of stone or rails. Blazed trees were used a great deal to show the boundary lines. Often a corner was marked by a pile of stones; and sometimes a whole line of trees was planted for a fence. Once a year the men and boys went around to see if new trees must be blazed, fresh piles of stones made, or more trees planted. It meant an all-day picnic, Clarice had heard John say.

“Speaking of ‘processioning,’ I am going to set out five new pear trees to mark the line more plainly between my north meadow and neighbor Cary’s land,” Mr. Burke said to his wife.

As pear trees were interesting to Clarice only in the fall when the fruit was ripe, she shut her eyes to see just how the May Queen looked when she gave the flower-trimmed fiddle to the musician who won that prize. It was a mistake to shut them, for they would not open again—to stay open—until the next morning.

The great coach jolted on and Clarice went more and more soundly to sleep. The only thing that she saw clearly when she reached

home and was carried upstairs was the bright yellow turban on old Chloe's head.

“Is she a queen with a golden crown?” thought Clarice sleepily. “She must be,—but—but—queen—queen—queen—of—of——”

She really could not answer her own question, and though she wanted to think it out, her heavy eyelids shut in spite of herself.

LEARN :—

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear ;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New
Year ;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest
day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE POOR DEBTOR'S CHILDREN

I

"I, FOR one, shall be glad to go," said John's father. And John's mother answered quickly, "'Tis indeed better than I had dared to hope."

John and his sister Julia were playing quietly in one corner of the room. They both looked up as their parents spoke, and both saw the joy in the eyes of father and mother. That was a glad sight for the children, for theirs was usually a sad home.

John and Julia Dexter lived a long time ago in England, when the country was so badly governed that people were punished severely for trifling misdeeds. A man who cut down a cherry tree might be killed as a penalty. Even an honest man, if he was too poor to pay all his debts, could be sent to prison; and, sad to tell, such a man often had to stay there all his life. What a useless punishment that must have been! And how unwise it was to send an honest man to jail, rather than help him make a living!

Mr. Dexter had been a merchant, but he had met with ill fortune, and his creditors had said that he must go to jail. For six years he had lived in the tall, dark, brick prison, and had never once been outside the high gate. Mrs. Dexter and the children lived in the jail, too, for they had no other home. Besides, they wanted to be with the father, for they loved him dearly, and they knew it was not his fault that he was poor. They might go outside the high gate if they wished, but they did not go very often. London was so large and so wicked a city that it was not safe for children to play in the streets by themselves; and Mrs. Dexter, who tried to earn a little money by sewing, had no time to go with them.

John could just remember the large house where he used to live, but Julia had never been in any house but the jail. She was born there five years before this story begins.

But this day joyful news had come to the gloomy prison. There was a man in England who wanted to make people better and happier. His name was James Oglethorpe. He had heard about Mr. Dexter and about hundreds of other men suffering in the same way. Good General Oglethorpe said to himself: "There is land in

America—acres of it—that our king owns. Will he not send these honest men across the sea and let them begin life over again?”

Sure enough, the king was willing, and now news had come to the little room in the London jail that Mr. Dexter might sail over the ocean and be a free man again.

Do you wonder that the poor prisoner was glad to go, or that the tears stood in his eyes as he thanked God for noble General Oglethorpe? Do you wonder that Mrs. Dexter cried for joy, and that, when the children heard the plans, they were happier than they had ever been before?

II

THAT same afternoon John and Julia heard all about the plans. A great ship was to sail out into the blue ocean, and carry them and their father and mother far away to the westward. They were going to a land where it was warm and sunny most of the time, and where the fields were green all the year round.

“What are the fields like?” inquired little Julia eagerly.

“I cannot make you understand very well, dear, but they are most like the great green vel-

vet carpets in rich people's houses," her mother answered. "And they are as soft and sweet as they can be."

"Does anybody lock them at night, mother?" continued the little girl.

"No, my child. The country is open for everybody to enjoy. It is only in the jails that gates are closed every night."

"Did you ever see the fields, father?" was Julia's next question.

"Yes, Julia. When I was a boy, I lived in the country and I have played many a day in the fields and under the trees."

"What is the name of the new country, father?" asked John.

"They have named it Georgia, for our king."

"Does anybody live there now?"

"Oh, yes, my son. Two years ago General Oglethorpe sailed away to Georgia with a good many people. They have built a town there, and they are all happy and well."

"The other day the turnkey told me that America was full of Indians and wasn't fit to live in. What did he mean, father?"

"True, John, it is full of Indians, and I suppose they are ugly neighbors. They are tall, straight people, with reddish skin and black

hair. No one knows how long they have lived in America, but it is a long, long time."

"Are they bad people, father?" asked Julia anxiously.

"They are not very good, I am afraid," was the father's answer. "They do not like the white men very well, and in the northern colonies they have tried to burn the towns and to murder the settlers."

"Oh, father!" cried Julia, "shall we see the Indians?"

"I fear we shall, little girl. There are a good many of them in Georgia. But I don't believe they will trouble us, for they have given General Oglethorpe the land he wanted and have promised not to harm the English."

"Doesn't the land belong to King George, anyway?" asked John in surprise.

"The English claim it because they helped to find it, but the Indians were living there when the English came, and so they claim it, too. Still, America is large enough for us all."

"Then there is another reason for not being afraid," went on Mr. Dexter, looking at Julia. "The chief of the Georgia Indians, Tomo-chi-chi, came to visit England with General Oglethorpe. He is a very good man, everybody says,

though he might frighten Julia if she should see him. He paints his face with daubs of red, as the Indians like to do, and wears clothes of scarlet and gold."

"Oh, father," interrupted John, "shall we see him?"

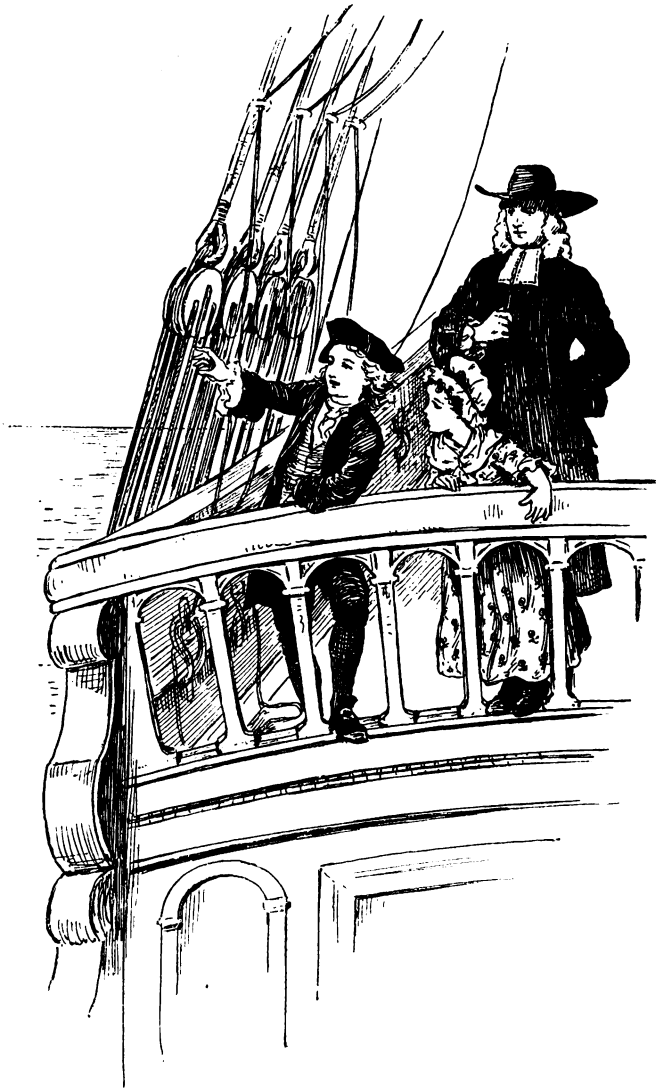
"Not before we get to Georgia, for he went back last winter. But I am sure that we shall see him by and by, for he will want to help the new colony."

"Oh, I wish he had waited to go back with us! I hope he will come the first day after we get there." And John's eyes danced to think of it. "How soon shall we start, father?"

"In two weeks, my boy. The time will go quickly enough."

But, instead, the time dragged. Each day seemed longer than the longest day John or Julia could remember, and it was just as long for the patient father and mother as for the eager boy and girl.

At last, one October morning, the great prison-gate shut behind them, and they went out across the London streets on the first part of their way to freedom. On the ship *Symond* they found others of the little company already gathered. There were hopeful looking men and women,



JOHN AND JULIA LEAVING LONDON.

and children, too, with bright faces and wondering eyes.

Getting under way promised to take a long time. "I thought we should start as soon as we came on board," said Julia in a rather disappointed tone.

"So did I," said John. "Why don't we start, father?"

"We must wait for the other ship, *The London Merchant*, to come down the river. Then you must not be surprised if bad weather and high winds keep us some time afterwards."

Mr. Dexter was right. It was several weeks before they could sail many miles; but at last the *Symond* and *The London Merchant* were fairly on their way. It seemed to the children as if they should never tire of watching the two great ships cut merrily through the waves; but long before their usual bedtime the salt air and the bright water had made their eyelids shut tight, and before they knew it the great ship had rocked them to sleep.

III

God's watchful care be o'er ye,
His breezes blow before ye, ..
To health and strength restore ye,
Upon the deep blue sea.

With sorrows all behind ye,
No more shall hot tears blind ye,
But happiness shall find ye,
 Across the deep blue sea.

There fertile lands entreat ye,
There sunny homes await ye,
And Fortune's joys shall greet ye —
 Beyond the deep blue sea.

There none shall dare oppress ye,
There all shall free confess ye,
And children's children bless ye —
 Far o'er the deep blue sea.

IV

It had been December when the ships had finally started, and England had been cold, dark, and dreary. Now early in February the weather was as clear and warm as on a summer day in England. Off in the distance, rising from the blue sea, was a long line of green. What could that be, the children wondered.

“Those must be the pine groves along the shore,” some one answered.

Julia looked up quickly. It was her new friend, Mr. John Wesley, who had spoken to her. Mr. Wesley was a young minister, who, with his brother Charles, had been willing to

sail with the prisoners in order to help build up the colony and to preach to the Indians.

Almost every day after morning service, he had some kind word of greeting for the children. After he went back to England, he became one of the greatest preachers in the world, and John and Julia were always glad that they had once known him. This morning he stayed with them a few minutes, and they all watched the shore as it seemed to come nearer and nearer.

"I think the trees must be glad to see us, Mr. Wesley," said Julia after a while.

"What makes you think so, Julia?" the minister asked.

"Why, they are bowing to us now, just as if they said, 'Won't you come on shore with us?'"

"But trees can't talk, Julia," said her brother quickly.

"I think they are glad to see us, anyway," repeated Julia, and nobody disputed her.

The colonists could not land at once. It was almost a month before they stepped on the island that was to be their home. Waiting was hard, but they were used to it by that time; and meanwhile something happened that John, at least, would gladly have waited another month to see.

“Look, Julia, look!” he exclaimed one day. “There is Tomo-chi-chi in that little boat! See the feathers in his hair! And his face is painted! See the two Indians with him! Oh, I hope he is coming on the ship!”

It was really Tomo-chi-chi in his war-paint and feathers and in his gold and scarlet dress. His wife and nephew were with him and they all came on board the *Symond*.

“Let us go where we can see better,” said John.

But Julia hung back. “I am afraid of them,” she said.

“Why, they won’t hurt you, Julia. They have brought us some presents, I think. Don’t you see those two big jars?”

Tomo-chi-chi had come to welcome the English, and, most of all, to see Mr. Wesley and his brother. “I am glad you are come. My people need you,” he told them.

His wife, too, seemed pleased. She went up to the Wesleys, holding out to them the two jars that John had noticed. The children could see that one jar was full of milk, but they did not know what the thick, yellow liquid in the other could be. They found out afterwards that it was honey.

A few days after Tomo-chi-chi's visit, the colonists went to the island where they were to live. It stood at the mouth of a large river, and seemed to be all ready for them. There was a cleared place for their houses, and around the opening were the sweet-smelling forests with a thick growth of oak and pine and bay and sassafras. The colonists named their little village Frederica, and John and Julia were not the only ones who thought it the prettiest place they had ever seen.

Soon the work of settling began in earnest. How long do you suppose it took to build the Dexter house? It was begun one morning early, and at night everything was finished. For the home was not built of wood or brick or stone. It was March then and warm in Georgia. The family needed only some sort of shelter from the rain and the sun.

Mr. Dexter, with some of his friends, began to cut forks and poles for a framework. Others, all this time, were gathering the smooth, handsome palmetto leaves, and still others used these leaves in thatching the roof. This house was called a "bower," and any child would like to live in such a dwelling a little while, at least. Afterwards, Mr. Dexter built a better

and stronger home, but John and Julia always liked their "tree-house" best.

After the bower was built, the children helped in the planting. The seed must be sown at once, for the colonists were to raise all their food. Do you wonder what they lived on while the crops were growing? Good Mr. Oglethorpe had looked after that matter, and had given each person food enough to last until the harvest-time.

How anxious the children were to see the first green shoots! They could hardly believe that little seeds, covered up tight in the earth, could push their way out and grow into large green plants. They had not long to wait, however; and one morning their sharp eyes saw the tiny blades growing where lately the grains of barley had been hidden.

So the spring and summer passed swiftly by. The crops grew, the mocking bird and the red-bird and the bobolink sang their cheerful songs, and the children saw new wonders every day. It was the beginning of a healthy and happy life for the little boy and girl of the London jail.

APPENDIX

The following exercises are inserted in the hope that they will prove suggestive to those teachers who wish to make the stories the basis of oral and written language work.

THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS

Write in your own words :—

- (1) Why the Pilgrims went to Holland.
 - (2) Why the Pilgrims came to America.
-

DOROTHY'S HORNBOOK

How old was Dorothy when she went to school ?

What was her primer called ?

How did she wear it ?

Draw a picture of Dorothy's hornbook. Notice that some of the old-fashioned letters are not just like ours.

Ask your teacher what books Dorothy read when she grew older.

A PURITAN SABBATH

Fill in the blanks :—

Nathaniel Mather was born in _____.

His father's name was _____.

His brother's name was _____.

The Sabbath began at _____ on Saturday.

Everybody had to go to meeting in the —— and
in the ——.

The little boys sat on the —— ——.

The —— —— punished them if they were
naughty.

Nathaniel had to study the —— every Sabbath.

See whether you can find out something about Cotton
Mather.

SOAP-MAKING AT THE HOWLANDS'

[Supply : *lie, lay, lye, laid.*]

The egg —— on top of the —— when William
——it on the liquid.

An egg will —— on the top of all strong ——.

A —— is a falsehood ; but —— is water that has
run through wood ashes.

Why did Goodwife Howland choose spring-time for
the soap-making ?

How many years could Richard remember ?

Write a story of something that happened as long ago
as you can remember.

WHEN THE INDIANS FELL ON SACO

See whether you can find out :—

- (1) Who wrote the poetry in the story.
- (2) What other stanza in this book he wrote.
- (3) What story he wrote about an Indian that
lived on Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

Find and copy the stanza in this book in which Marie
tells who she is.

Find and copy the stanza that tells what Goodwife Garvin answered.

Who governs Canada now ?

What nation do you think governed Canada when Mary Garvin lived there ?

See whether you can find out what made the change.

CANDLE-MAKING AT THE COOLIDGES'

Where have you seen candles used ?

Write a letter to a little girl who lived two hundred years ago, telling her why kerosene lamps are better than candles.

Tell something interesting about electric lights.

TELLING TIME WITHOUT A CLOCK

Draw a picture of an hourglass. Show that half an hour has passed since it was turned.

What other story in this book tells about an hourglass ? What happened when it was turned the second time ?

What good place to make noon-marks do you know ? How would you make them ?

What two days in the year should you select on which to make the marks ? See whether you can find out how many times a year and on what days the sun would shine exactly half-way between the marks.

How did the sundial look ?

(1) What marked the time of day ?

(2) Where was the shadow at half-past three ?

When was the sundial of no use ?

Here is another sundial motto for you to copy :—
 f mark only sunny hours.

TWO LETTERS OF LONG AGO

Write a letter to Mary Grafton, telling her :—

- (1) How one would go now from Wilmington to Philadelphia.
- (2) About your last ride on the cars.
- (3) Why you would rather live now than in her time.

Write a letter to Christina Grafton, telling about :—

- (1) The first letter you ever wrote : why you wrote it, to whom, on what, and with what, and how much it cost to send it.
 - (2) Your school : how many pupils there are, what you study, and what you have to read from.
-

A MAY-DAY JOURNEY

Supply the correct words for the blanks :—

JOHN.—You ought to have gone —— with us, Clarice.

CLARICE.—Did you have to plant —— and make —— of stones ?

JOHN.—Yes, and we —— the trees, too.

CLARICE.—I would rather go to —— to the May-day festival.

JOHN.—What did you like best there ?

CLARICE.—Oh, the dance around the —— ——, didn't you ?

JOHN.—No, indeed, I'd rather see —— with paint and feathers any time.

See whether you can find out :—

- (1) When Jamestown was settled.
- (2) How it got its name.
- (3) Who was Bacon and why did his soldiers destroy the town ?

THE POOR DEBTOR'S CHILDREN

Fill in the blanks :—

In _____ people who could not pay their _____ were sent to _____. General _____ sailed away with many of these poor _____ and founded the _____ of _____. Two good and famous men, _____ and his brother _____ came to _____ with _____. These colonists built houses that they called _____. The children called them _____. The colonists named their town _____.

Tell from the story :—

Who was the king of England at this time ?

In what direction is Georgia from England ?

How long did the voyage take ?

See whether you can find out :—

When Georgia was first settled ?

What large city was settled before Frederica ?

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