

Presented by L. R. ...

THE
GIRL'S CASKET.

BY MRS. LOVECHILD.



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1848.




Country Woman of Holland.



Lady of Leuwarden in Holland.

THE GIRL'S CASKET.


THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.



T was the fifteenth of December, and the young ladies of Mrs. Goodhue's school were preparing to go home for the holidays. The hall was filled with boxes, all corded and directed ready for their several destinations, and the whole house was a scene of bustle, some running one way, some another; while two or three, in bonnets and shawls, were anxiously watching at the windows for the arrival of the stage, which was expected every minute.

Every knock at the door was greeted with loud and joyous exclamations: "I hope that is my papa!" "I am sure that is for me!" were the expressions of hope that fell from many smiling lips; and each one, as her expectation


was realized, bade adieu to the rest, with delighted haste. Every heart throbbed with pleasure, except one. Poor Virginia! she sat alone in one corner of the deserted school-room, sad and silent, while the tears trickled fast down her little cheeks.



HAT is the matter, Virginia? said Mrs. Goodhue, who, in passing the school-room door, had heard the sobbing of the little girl; "are you not well, my dear?" "Yes, ma'am, but—" "But what, child?" "They all look so happy," said Virginia; "O, I wish I was going home too!" and the tears flowed still thicker and faster than before. Mrs. Goodhue pitied her distress, and sitting down by her, tried to soothe and comfort her.

"My dear child," she said, "you knew, before to-day, that it would not be possible for you to go home in the holidays. You surely would not like to cross the sea at this time of the year, even if you had the opportunity of doing so; do you think you should?" "No, ma'am; but I should like to see my mamma

and papa." "I dare say you would, my love; that is very natural; but it is not a reason why you should make yourself so miserable just now. If you had expected to see your parents this winter, and had been disappointed, I should not have been surprised at your distress; but I cannot see that you have more cause for sorrow to-day than you had yesterday, or any other day; unless, indeed, you are envious of the happiness of your school-fellows, and I should be sorry to think that was the case."

 O, indeed, I do not envy them; I only wish that I was happy too. "You ought to be happy, my child, and grateful that you have good parents who are anxious to see you a well-educated, clever and accomplished girl. It is for this purpose they have sent you to New England; and I hope, when you return to them, you will be all that they can desire; but the expense of a voyage to Jamaica, and the length of time it would occupy, puts it quite out of the question until your education is completed, and you go back to remain; therefore, I hope you will

show your good sense by being contented, and employing your time well, that you may be the sooner able to return."

"I am not to return till I am fifteen, and I am now only eleven," said Virginia; "four years—four whole years before I shall see my dear mamma again!"




This moment, a merry little girl, named Fanny Green, ran past the window that looked into the garden, singing gaily—


"Now the holidays are come,
And we all are going home."

This occasioned a fresh burst of grief on the part of Virginia, who exclaimed bitterly—"O, how I wish I was Fanny Green!" Just as she gave utterance to this wish, a letter was brought by one of the teachers to Mrs. Goodhue, who on reading it, changed countenance, and seemed much distressed. "Read this letter," said she, giving it to the young lady who had brought it to her; "I am so shocked, I must go to my room to recover myself, and consider what is to be done: say nothing about it till you see me again." So saying, she quit-

ted the room ; and the teacher, having read the letter, followed, looking as much distressed as the governess:



WHEN Virginia was thus again left to herself, she looked out at the window, and saw Fanny Green scampering like a wild fawn about the garden, laughing, singing, and clapping her hands for joy ; a sight that made her hastily turn away, for she did feel envy, and even dared to say, " God is not kind to us all alike ; why should she be so much happier than I am ? " Foolish child ! she was not old enough to know the wickedness and absurdity of calling in question the goodness of God ; but she was about to receive a lesson that taught her the uncertainty of human happiness, and afforded, even to her youthful comprehension, a striking and convincing proof that we should never think our lot harder than that of others, or fancy that God is not just and kind to all alike, merely because we are apt to indulge in wishes that cannot be gratified.



IRGINIA thought she had reason to be discontented that she could not, like her school-fellows, spend the holidays at home with her parents; forgetting how thankful she ought to be to the Almighty for blessing her with a good father and mother; and how grateful to those kind parents, who, in anxiety for her future welfare, had sent her to this country, that she might receive a better education than they could obtain for her in the West Indies, and were hoping to see her return to them a clever and accomplished girl.

Virginia did not want for good sense, yet she would not, perhaps, have been so soon convinced of her error, but for the melancholy news contained in the letter her governess had just received. It was but a few minutes since she had said, "I wish I was Fanny Green!" Did she wish so now? O, no,—sorry, indeed would she have been to exchange her lot for that of the little girl she had so lately envied.

Poor Fanny had now no mother, no happy home to go to. Her mamma had died sud-

denly, that very morning; and the letter that announced her death, also contained a request that Mrs. Goodhue would allow little Fanny to remain with her during the holidays, as it was feared that her presence would only add to the grief of her afflicted father.



HEARING the sobs of the motherless child, Virginia began to reflect on the folly and ingratitude of her own late conduct, and to think how little cause she had for the tears she had been silly enough to shed that morning. The next time she saw Mrs. Goodhue, that lady kindly asked her which she now thought the happiest, herself or Fanny Green; when Virginia, throwing her arms round her neck, promised that she would never more repine at being separated from her parents for a short time; and the kind governess said, "Never forget to thank God, Virginia, that your parents are still in life and health; and think how much more cause you would have for sorrow, if, like poor Fanny, you had lost either of them forever."

THE SPARROW'S NEST.



W^{AY}, only see what I have found !
A sparrow's nest upon the ground !
A sparrow's nest, as you may see,
Blown out of yonder old elm-tree.

And what a medley thing it is !
I never saw a nest like this ;—
So neatly wove with decent care
Of silvery moss and shining hair ;

But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends ;
See, bits of thread, and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag !

Here is a scrap of red and brown,
Like the old washer-woman's gown ;
And here is muslin, pink and green,
And bits of calico between ;

O never thinks the lady fair,
As she goes by with mincing air,

How the pert sparrow over-head,
Has robbed her gown to make its bed !

See, hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rovings of a worsted mat,
And shreds of silks, and many a feather,
Compacted cunningly together.



Well, here has boarding been and living,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like these !

Think, had these odds and ends been brought
To some wise man renowned for thought,
Some man, of men a very gem,
Pray, what could he have done with them ?

If we had said, Here, sir, we bring
You many a worthless little thing,
Just bits and scraps, so very small,
That they have scarcely size at all ;

And out of these, you must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five ;
Neat, warm and snug ; with comfort stored ;
Where five small things may lodge and board

How would the man of learning vast
Have been astonished and aghast ;
And vowed that such a thing had been
Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen.

Ah ! men of learning, you are wrong ;
Instinct is, more than wisdom, strong ;

And He, who made the sparrow, taught
This skill beyond your reach of thought.

And here, in this uncostly nest,
These little creatures have been blest ;
Nor have kings known in palaces
Half their contentedness in this—
Poor simple dwelling as it is !



Palm Tree.



Tulip Tree.



ADELA.

A SONG.



HEARD a little bird one day,
 A songster sweet, with plumage gay,
 Singing,—and this bird did say,
 Adela! Adela!

From the morning to the night,
 Did this songster bless my sight,
 Chanting to my heart's delight,
 Adela! Adela!

Never ceasing, now I heard
 Evermore this little bird,
 Chanting evermore the word
 Adela! Adela!

With this bird, O maiden sweet,
In the green woods will you meet,
And thy name with it repeat,
Adela! Adela!

GOOD NIGHT.



GOOD night! good night! my sis-
ter dear;
The air is calm, the sky is clear!
Thy dreams be calm as is the air—
As beauteous as the sky—as fair.

Good night! good night! my sister dear;
Close now thine eyes, and never fear
That aught of harm can come to thee,
For angels, in sleep, will near thee be.

Good night! good night! my sister dear;
May angels ever hover near!
And mayst thou rise by morning light,
As happy as thou'rt now. Good night!



This picture shows the manner of making bread in Turkey and many parts of Asia. We hope the little girl, who appears to be assisting perhaps her mother or sister, will not think the pipe a necessary accompaniment of baking. It is fortunate for those who eat bread thus made, that a long tube is fashionable, otherwise the contents of the bowl would be in dan-

ger of forming a not very desirable part of the bread. We are happy to say, that girls in New England are not very liable to learn the filthy and unlady-like practice of smoking from their mothers, and wish we could add, their fathers. Can any of our little readers yet make a plate of biscuit to set before their fathers and brothers for their breakfast? If not, we hope they will learn as soon as they are old enough, for here no lady is called a good housekeeper, unless she can make sweet and light bread.

TO A LITTLE GIRL, WALKING IN THE WOOD.



HITHER art going, dear Annette?
Your little feet you'll surely wet;
For don't you see the streamlet flow
Across the path where you must go?

Your shawl is twisted out of place;
Your bonnet's blowing off your face;
You know not how the playful air
Is tangling up your curly hair.

“ Lady, my feet I often wet,
 But it has never harmed me yet.
 I love to have the fresh, warm air
 Playing about my face and hair ;
 It makes me lively, bright, and strong,
 And clears the voice for morning song.”

“ But do you often go, alone,
 So far away from your own dear home ?
 Not e'en a dog to frisk and play,
 And guide you on your lonely way ?”



Y mother cannot spare the maid,
 And I am not at all afraid.
 The wind plays mischief with my
 curls,

But does no harm to little girls.

There cannot be a lonely way,
 When Spring makes every thing so gay.
 The birds are warbling forth a tune

To welcome dear, delightful June ;
 In the running brook, the speckled trout,
 Seeing my shadow, glides about ;
 The little miller, in the grass,
 Flies away for my feet to pass ;
 And busy bees, through shining hours,

Play hide-and-seek in opening flowers ;
The bright blue sky is clear and mild ;
How can there be a lonesome child ?”

“ Sweet wanderer in the cool, green wood,
I know your little heart is good ;
And that is why the fair earth seems
Just waking up from heavenly dreams.
There's something in your gentle voice,
That makes my inmost heart rejoice.
Pray, if it be not rudely said,
What's in your basket, little maid ?”



ADY the nurse who watched my
slumber,
And told me stories without number,
Is now too ill to work for pay,
And she grows poorer every day.
Custards and broth, and jellies good,
My mother sends to her for food.
Sometimes she loves to hear me read ;
Her little garden I can weed ;
And half the money in my purse
I gladly save for my old nurse.
But if I stay to talk so free,
She'll wonder where Annette can be.”

“Farewell, sweet wanderer of the wood ;
 I knew your little heart was good ;
 And that is why the fair earth seems
 Just waking up from heavenly dreams.”

ABSENT FRIENDS.



COME, sing a song to absent friends,
 Who've left us all alone ;
 I feel so sad, I scarce can smile,
 For our dear father's gone

I miss him, when from my sweet sleep,
 I rise at morning light ;
 And, O ! I wish him back again,
 When mother says, “ Good night ! ”

I miss him at the social board
 I miss him at my play ;
 Who is so serious when we're sad,
 Or lively when we're gay ?

O, haste, good ship, and bring him back
 Across the ocean wave !
 I'll pray to Heaven, every night,
 Our father dear to save.

THE VIOLET.



DOWN in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there it spread its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.



TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO SAID

" I WILL DO IT TO-MORROW."



HAVE you any thing to do ?
 Go directly, and begin it ;
 Stay not e'en to read this through ;
 Go and do it, now—this minute !

Just suppose, yon budding rose,
 Your procrastination showing,
 Like you,—loving long repose,—
 Lazily should put off blowing !

Put it off from day to day,
 Just as you do,—still delaying,
 Till the summer fades away,
 And the northern blast is playing.

Chilled to torpor, 'neath the sky,
 Where the wintry tempests roar,—
 Can't you hear the poor thing sigh,
 " O ! that I had bloomed before !"

Now's the time ! your Youth is spring,
 And your Soul, an op'ning flower :

Fan it with the zephyr's wing,
Nurse it in the sun and shower !

Else in life's cold winter-hour
When the tears of age are flowing,
You will hear your spirit-flower
Sigh because it put off growing !

WALKING OUT INTO THE FIELDS.



HILE drinking in the healthful air,
While gazing round on earth
and sky, [share,
Lord, let my heart the influence
Which nēves my frame, and fills
mine eye.

Let rapture wake the grateful glow,
Till thou alone my worship be ;
Since all that nature can bestow,
Of bliss or beauty, flows from thee.

THE GIRL'S CASKET.

*Swiss Peasantry.**Otaheitans.**Inhabitants of Bolivia, in South America.*