

please, have some of it? Yes, my dear, ring the bell, and I will de-sire Bob to get you some. Thank you, mam-ma, said Fan-ny; O how pretty it is; the trees and the hol-ly bush-es are quite cov-er-ed with it. I never saw it rain su-gar before, such white su-gar!

At this in-stant the foot-man put be-fore her a tea-cup full of what Fan-ny call-ed su-gar. Taste it, my dear, said her mam-ma, and tell me how you like it. Fan-ny took some; but I can-not tell you her sur-prise, to find it so cold that it quite chill-ed her mouth. Oh! she said, as soon as she was able to speak, what can it be made of? It is not su-gar, my dear Fan-ny: it is noth-ing more than wa-ter froz-en by the cold, and heat will soon melt it.

Tell me the name of the thing which lit-tle Fan-ny said was sugar com-ing down from the clouds.

Air	call'-ed	kind'-ness	nurs'-ed	when
arms	cra'-dle	mot'-her	of'-ten	you
ba'-by	dress'-ed	move	sup'-per	your

I hope you love your moth-er.

Your dear moth-er took care of you when you were a ba-by. She nurs-ed you in her arms, and fed you, and took you out in the air, and dress-ed you. When you cri-ed she gave you food, and hush-ed you to sleep in your cra-dle. She held you up, and told you how to speak, and she of-ten