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Family Reading.

LITTLE HARRY AND HIS ROBIN RED-BREASTS. (From the French of Madame de Montolieu.)

"The morningmist has cleared away,
Yet still the face of heaven is grey,
Nor yet the autumnal breeze has stirr'd the grove
Faded yet full, a paler green
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene;
The redbreast warbles round the leafy cove."
—Kable's Christian Year.

It was autumn, and all nature was gradually sinking into its wintry rest, though sheep strayed about upon the hills, over ther. The trees scattered amongst the orchards were bending beneath the weight his little prisoners. of their beautiful fruits, with which the earth around them was strewed; and the "I only trust your tiny legs are not broken, stout peasant perched among the branches or I should never forgive myself. Poor sang cheerful songs whilst he filled the little darlings," he added pitifully; " wait great sack upon his back, as well as his but a moment and I will disentangle your wife's apron, which she held forth to catch feet without hurting you, and then...Oh the fruit she afterwards arranged in baskets. then, I will caress you so much, you shall Rustic and merry sounds were every- be so happy that you shall never regret where to be heard, peals of laughter your liberty. Yes, I promise you! you echoing from one tree to another announc- shall both be happy." He cut as under, ed that the season of vintage had begun. with his teeth, the hair which bound them, Through the hedges covered with hips and loosened them with the greatest care, haws, might be seen numbers of thrushes, putting one under his hat while he undid linnets and robin redbreasts, which while the other. He was delighted to see that they hopped from one twig to another, they seemed unburt, and, having breathed gathered in their own little harvest, enthe praises of the fading year.

heart, as he approached a path which led of the enemy's generals into a tangled wood where the day before any lack of them," said he, as he peeped

where my snares are!" Harry was an only son, but none the

fresh air outside the cottage.

the prayers and psalms she knew by heart, friends. What a treat it will be to see and some few songs besides, which he you hopping round me, to hear you sing, used to sing with a very correct and har- and warm you in my hands: My mother, monious voice. Jane was generally well too will like to look at you; she will be so in summer, and then they were both happy fond of you! If you did but know how and cheerful: Harry used to find a thou- good she is, and how happy we three shall sand little ways of earning something, and be together !" happy was he when he could bring a whole and going to sell them at the nearest town. When his harvest of these failed, he had yet a resource in his pretty face and sweet voice; every bettermost sort of peasant's wife he met would give him a kiss, or a kindly pat on his round and rosy cheek, accompanied by a gift of fruit or vegetables, and a "God will bless you my boy: I see it in your face." Certain it is, that little Harry was very pretty, in spite of his patched and ragged garments; through which, with all his mother's care, bits of his fat fair flesh would peep out on every side. From under his little hat, which you would not guess to have been once black, and which hardly covered his head, his bright hair fell on his shoulders in rich eurls; as to shoes and stockings Harry had never heard of such things, nor did he know the use of them, but he was perfectly happy without; his large blue eyes sparkled with joy and gladness, and his cherry lips were always ready to laugh and sing.

Such was the little boy who, with a cheerful and a hopeful heart, was climbing the path into the woods, humming, as he went, the chorus of a song his mother had lately taught him, which he took special delight in, and truly it might have been made on purpose for him. This was the verse:

"It is my pride, it is my joy, To be a gentle little boy!" was picking up apples in the orchard.

Margaret?"

give you an apple." "I don't want anything for doing that," said Harry, as he jumped lightly over the returning to his palace, after having hunted

rest another time, my boy, for it is a very tones. "Please your highness," said one pretty song, and you are a good boy: of the huntsmen, "I think it is a little what an industrious child it is!" While boy's." The prince was curious to know she was speaking, Harry had been busily whose it really was; he turned his horse picking up apples and putting them into to the quarter whence the sound proceeded: her basket. Dame Margaret was delighted, and soon saw Harry, whose cheeks and said he should have three instead of became as red as the two apples that one for his useful help and singing. While peeped out of his pockets, when he heard biggest. Harry fairly jumped for joy, as he mouth, with these words; had no breakfast. He had some difficulty, "Is it you ringing so, my little lad?"

even with Dame Margaret's help, in sqeezing into the pocket of his jacket his two finest apples, and they stuck out so much there. He began munching the third with his hat before he answered. Whisk! have had much more when I was singing that they looked odd when they had got all his might, while he thanked Dame Margaret, jumped back again over the hedge, and once more approached the little "What a pleasant adventure that was," said Harry to himself, as he stroked his pockets: "I feel as if I should be fortunate all day; if I could but find a bird in my snares, I should have two apples its tints had not as yet lost all their sum- to carry to my mother, and something else mer brilliancy; large herds of lowing kine, besides!" His heart beat quicker than with bells round their necks, were feeding usual as he entered the wood; and while in the grassy meadows; and numberless yet a long way off he espied two beautiful robins who were close to the nooses and the dry turf, and amidst the flowery hea- yet did not fly away. "If they should be ther. The trees scattered amongst the caught," thought he, "what a delight it flocks and herds many of their withered would be!" He approached very, very leaves; but those which yet remained upon the branches, varying in hue from the branches, varying in hue from the lightest yellow to the deepest purple, en- tiny feet, and every effort they made to livened the landscape much more than the escape only drew the knot tighter. Harry's rich but monotonous green of summer. feelings were divided between the pleasure The apple and the pear trees in the and pride of his first chase, and pity for

"Two beautiful robins," he exclaimed; gently upon their legs, rubbed them, and joyed the last fine days, and merrily sang kissed them, he pursued his way to the town, holding a bird triumphantly in each To obtain one of these delightful birds hand, with as much boastful pleasure as a was the prime wish of good little Harry's soldier who should have taken prisoner two

"How happy I am!" Harry kept saying he had set a number of little snares of to himself, whilst he peeped through his horsehair with running nooses. His heart fingers at the two birds; "and what pretty beat with anxiety: he was going to see little things you are, with your greenish whether, for the first time in his life, he grey backs, your breast of an orange color might not have succeeded in entrapping a as bright as the yolk of an egg, and those robin redbreast! " It is not that there is sparkling black eyes!" He put a bird to his lips, and kissed it, saying, "You are into a hedge between himself and the the finest, and I intend you for young Mr. orchard, "but the foolish birds do not know Hillen, the counsellor's son. He has always plenty of money in his pocket, and Harry was ten years old, and was one will buy heaps of nice things for you to of the loveliest of poverty's children. Our eat, he is so rich! He gave me two. pence last spring for the first cockchafer. richer for that. His mother, a poor and and he promised me sixpence if I could infirm widow had the greatest difficulty in bring him a robin. Sixpence! only think, earning their slender subsistence with her little creature how much you are worth spinning wheel. When her health was and how pleased my mother will be! why tolerable, by dint of great exertions, she she may rest a whole day without spinning could manage it; but her wretched dwell- My poor mother !- it was high time you ing, thatched with a thin covering of should come and be caught, for she had straw, barely sufficient to keep out the in- nothing lett. She cried this morning, as clemency of the weather, was very damp; she said to me, 'Harry, I have nothing to and poor Jane, though still in the prime of life, had rheumatism all over her, which Margaret found me a breakfast with her often prevented her from being able to large apple; and you little bird, must find raise her foot enough to make the wheel a dinner for my mother. Oh, how pleased go round. Then little Harry had to sit she will be! and I too, when I bring her beside her on the ground, while his mother six whole pennies in one hand, and in the spun: till for his health's sake she was other a pretty robin! for I mean to keep obliged to desire him to leave his work, you, my little friend," said he to the seand go and run and jump about in the cond; "and you will be all my amusement this winter: I will spare crumbs "Boys should not learn to sit still so from my bread to feed you, and will go long," she would tell him; and he obeyed about the hedges to fetch you the berries her willingly. Whilst the wheel was you like best; don't be afraid, you shall turning, his mother used to teach him all want for nothing, and we will soon be good

And he kissed him even more tenderly penny to his mother. She had forbidden than the other, for he felt that one would him to beg, and indeed he never wished it, be his own property. In his joy he walked but preferred gathering lilies in the valley on quickly, and sung his song as he went, from one end to the other; and here it is:

THE GOOD BOY'S SONG. As the young bird that leaves its nest Repeats its song with cheerful breast, So will I, with a heart so light, This chorus sing from morn till night; "It is my pride, it is my joy, To be a gentle little boy!'

New pleasure every day can bring, But richest seem they now in spring; The woodlands teem with flower and bird, While ceaselessly my song is heard;
"It is my pride it is my joy,
To be a gentle little boy!"

When summer comes I go and glean (A merry time is that I ween); And if our harvest should succeed, My mother's kiss my sweetest meed; "It is my pride, it is my joy, To be a gentle little boy!"

Autumn is a happy season, Nature's bounty is the reason; Apples, pears, are then in plenty, For my song they'll give me twenty;
"It is my pride, it is my joy,
To be a gentle little boy!"

In winter down the icy slide,
With lightning speed I boldly glide;
And balls I make of sparkling snow,
And lightly toss them to and fro.
"It is my pride, it is my joy,

To be a gentle little boy!'

He was repeating his pretty chorus at the height of his voice, when, on turning a corner, he found himself suddenly facing a group of horsemen, in green and gold, embroidered down every seam, and at their head was the prince of that country. "Harry!" cried an old woman who whom Harry recognized by the brilliant star he wore, though he had never before What can I do to serve you, Dame seen him, except at a great distance. Poor see it at the end of yonder field; it is not little Harry was quite petrified, and would a house, it is but a cottage, yet we should "Come and sing me that song, and I will have been more so, if he could have suspected that he himself had attracted the prince to that side of the wood. He was hedge, and running up to her began his some time, when he was struck by the sweet sounds of Harry's voice, as it echoed "Stop there for the present," said through the wood. He paused and said to Dame Margaret at the end of the third the gentleman in waiting, "What a lovely verse: it is wrong to lose time, and I have voice!" "It is a girl's,' said the chama deal to do; but you shall sing me all the berlain, deceived by Harry's clear, silvery

she spoke she chose out three of the very himself addressed by the prince's own

When a prince speaks, a robin red- more generous than the prince, and that breast is easily forgotten. Harry thought my two apples have not wings like the no more of his than if they had remained robins. At least I have something to in their native woods; but quickly took off take to my mother, but I thought I should away flew one of the birds! he saw it; and so merrily in spite of my trouble. Oh, if "Oh, lack-a day, my birds! oh, my poor princes do; I should gallop off upon my mother !" and he wept bitterly.

for a moment the prince was the cause of as he turned to the cottage; "there are the robin redbreasts being forgotten; now still robin redbreasts and horsehairs in the he is forgotten for them ! Harry thought | world; I will set my snares again to-night, no more about him than if he had been in and who knows if those very two may not the midst of his own palace, and his lamen- be caught again? I caressed them so tations were continuing when a burst of much! I said so many gentle words to laughter from the great man and all his them! Oh, if I do but catch them again, attendants reminded him that he was not I will see fifty princes go by before I take alone, and brought back his thoughts to off my hat to one of them; he gave me leave the cause of his disaster. Harry under- not, and I have gained that at least : and Flet stood they were laughing at him; and he if I have no money to take to my mother, thought himself so much to be pitied, that I have a fine story to tell her at any rate. he was indignant at their conduct.

"Laugh away," said he, looking up at seen the prince, and spoken to him? But the prince, and shaking his curly locks; that's not the best of the story, for she'll "you've good reason to laugh, when it is scold me well for speaking to him as I did; your own fault that my birds flew away!" "Little rascal," said one of the whip- when I saw my two birds in the air?" pers-in (poking Harry at the same time

speak to the prince?" Harry already felt his fault, and, with bling limbs, fell on his knees, and stam- out of it, whilst the huntsmen held their mered out in the midst of his sobs-"Par- horses at the door; and his mother stood don me, your highness, and do not kill making her lowest curtseys, as the whole poor little Harry!"

The shouts of laughter were beginning ed the child, saying, kindly, "Rise, my would soon have forgiven me: but the boy, I forgive you, but it is on condition prince to go and do so! I fear she will be you will sing me directly the pretty song dreadfully angry! Dear! dear! I wish I had you were singing just now in the wood. Harry was delighted to be let off so will not forget to mention, I ended by easily, and hastened to obey; he rose from singing as much as he liked!" the ground, rubbed his eyes with his sleeve, gave one deep sigh, and attempted to begin; but he could not manage it. His voice

are a little fool, my friend; come, take cou- not so large." rage, I mean you no harm; I have brought trouble upon you, and I am sorry for it; you seemed to me a good boy, so I begged and clothe us better, and promised me pleased to furnish free, wherein are full particuyou in return to do me a favor; your song two crowns a month whilst I am ill." sounded so pretty, I want to hear it all through: so compose vourself, and try to sing it me from beginning to end."

countenance lightened up, a smile reap- must try and get well quick !" peared on his lips, and gladness again sparkled in his eyes. "I should like is best of all, is that if you continue being nothing better than to please your high-good and gentle, my lord the prince will character can be of any service, you are at liberty ness," he replied; "I would sing you my be so kind as to have you educated, and to use it as you think proper. ng with all my heart, as I did to old bring you up as his valet." Margaret, who gave me these apples; but | "And what is a valet, good mother?" then but now " and he said Harry. made a face as he spoke.

you mean? what hinders you now? you his chair, behind his coach, behind-" are not afraid of me, I hope?"

Oh, no! not at all; but see yourself, don't like being behind, I could not run how could I sing that I am a light-hearted about then; I will not be a valet, I will little boy, when I have lost my two birds? only be your son, your own little Harry.' it would be telling a lie, and that my mother has charged me never to do." "Good little boy," said the prince,

who is so rich, means to give me as many arms behind the prince's chair! No! no! pence as there are verses in my song, for I will not be a valet, nor even his hunts-If it had but six, that would be what my Little rascal, one said, as he poked me robin was worth; but five are a good with his whip. As to the prince he is lighted with him.

you," said he; "your song is a pretty one, not if he would give me a purse like yours and well sung; who taught it you?"

"It was my mother, my lord prince." "Your mother! have you a father, too?" "No, nor have I had for a long time.

which is very sad." "Poor child! and what is your mother's name ?"

"Please your highness, they call her lame Jane, and sometimes poor Jane. said he, jumping for joy; and making his Everybody knows her; she spins for mother lean upon his shoulder as she everybody, and I often turn the wheel for

"And what's your own name? "Little Harry, at your service."

" Our house ?" said Harry, laughing ; we have no house !"

"Where do you live then ?" "Close by, your highness, down there under that straw thatched roof; you may be as happy in it as my lord the prince in his castle, if it did not rain in, so that it

makes my mother ill."

goodbyes" were not pence, nor could The Pilgrim's Progress: for the young. illustrated... hey get a dinner for his mother; his hopes had departed like his birds. "Goodbye, little Harry!" he repeated

For Sale by to himself: " well, what have I got by it? Toronto, March 23, 1854. It was lucky for me that old Margaret was

GEORGE STREET, TORONTO. with a loud scream extended both his arms I were a prince, how gladly I should have as if to check its flight; when the other given tengence to little Harry for his as if to check its flight; when the other bird, freed by the motion, quickly rejoined its comrade in the air. Harry raised his head, but only to see them fly off together; tears filled his eyes, and he exclaimed:

Were a prince, now gladry 7 should have before the pence to little Harry, for his robins and his song; yes, tenpence at least, and how pleased little Harry would have been! But I am a fool; for I suppose, if I were a prince, now gladry 7 should have before the 5th of January, 1854.

Reference kindly permitted to the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, the Rev. John M'Caul, L L. D., President of the University of Toronto, the Rev. H. J. Grasett, and how pleased little Harry would have been! But I am a fool; for I suppose, if I were a prince, now gladry 7 should have fine horse, and never think twice of little Every thing has its turn in this world; Harry. Patience is a virtue," added ne, retary of the Church Society. Toronto, 27th December, 1853.

but how could I stand weighing words Whilst thus thinking over the great Yankee Stories: by Judge Haliburton..... 0 2 Anecdotes for the day. Harry approached his with his whip-handle), "is that the way to events of the day, Harry approached his mother's cottage.

What will she say when she hears I have

A surprise awaited him there, for he saw downcast eyes, clasped hands, and trem- the prince and his chamberlain just coming company galloped away towards the town. "What has he been there for ?" thought again, when a look from the prince checked | Harry; has he been to tell my mother how them; he got off his horse, and approach- rude I was? If I had told her myself, she not met with him; I hope, at any rate, he

He came nearer, and his mother hobbled

to meet him. "Harry, dear Harry!" she cried out as seemed departed with his birds; it quaked soon as he came within hearing; "come and trembled, and spite of all his efforts quick, my child, and see what you have he could not articulate one word. Then got for me, what the prince has given me terror took possession of him, he thought for your sake." She held up a large purse, himself lost, and, again bursting into tears, and when they met and had both sat down he knelt down, exclaiming once more, on the ground, she emptied the purse into so many pieces of money collected to-

"You have not heard all yet," said his

"I hope he won't have to give you many of those crowns, good mother: health is better than riches, you always tell me; On being spoken to so kindly, Harry's and now you need have no anxieties, and "Yes, that I must my child! But what

"Oh, it is the man who waits upon the "Well now my little friend, what is it prince, who is always behind him, behind

"Ah, but," interrupted little Harry, "I "Being one will not hinder the other,

you foolish boy." "How not hinder it? When I am stuck "sing on, for I desire you, and it may be happiness will return to you as you sing." behind the prince, good mother, can I be at your elbow helping you to walk? When Harry was much too clever not to I am waiting upon him, how can I wait guess the meaning of this speech : upon you too? Who will turn the wheel Surely," he thought, "this good prince, for you when I am standing with folded he bid me sing it 'from beginning to end.' man: they are too rude to poor little boys! many, too." These thoughts restored to good himself, and gentle too: he spoke him both his courage and his voice; he very civilly to me, and then he gave you that have put to defiance all other remedies. drew himself up, and went through his five all those golden pennies! I love him, and verses without stopping, so nicely and in I will catch robins for him, and sing to him such good time, that the prince was de- whenever he likes. I will gather violets and strawberries for him, and take them "Very well, my little lad, and thank to his castle; but I will not stay there, no,

every day." Harry cried and his mother cried too. and she kissed him tenderly, saying, "Be comforted, dear Harry; it would be very My mother says he is dead, and that there- sad for me to be parted from my son; and fore she is a widow, and I an orphan; we will speak to the prince about it, and ask him to teach you a trade, and since you will not leave me, you may work near

"That I will always do with pleasure," walked, he proceeded to tell her his history, of which she knew no particulars. The prince had come into her cottage when at the shortest notice. she was spinning; and merely told her he "And where is your house? not far off, had met Harry; and, being pleased with the obtaining of Clerks, Book-keepers, Mechandoubtless," said the prince, looking about his nice manners, made that present to her for his sake. She told him her husband was a soldier, and died in the field of battle. Then he saw it was his duty to be kind to her, and promised her the little pension, which was punctually paid.

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Whilst Harry thus spoke, the prince had mounted his horse without seeming to attend to him much: "Good-bye, little Harry!" he exclaimed; "I thank you for your song, and when you happen to have birds in your hand, I excuse you from taking off your hat should you chance to meet me." "Goodbye, little Harry!" said the pentlemen in-waiting. "Goodbye, little Harry!" said the Harry!" said the huntsmen in a lower tone, and all went off full gallop.

Little Harry stood stupified. All these "goodbyes" were not pence, nor could they get a dinner for his mother; his hopes

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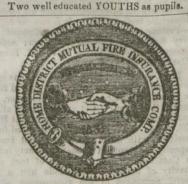
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