

We do not suppose she had her hair in curl paper, or crimping pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead, and flounces were no trouble to her.

She learned to sew by making patch work, and we dare say she could do an "over and over" seam as well as nine tenths of the grown up women do now a days.

The old fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow boy she met.

She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the arts of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband she knew how to cook him a dinner.

She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's.

And if there be an old fashioned little girl in the world to day, may heaven bless her, and keep her, and raise up others like her.

THE OLD NURSE.

STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHAPTER V.

"It matters little at what hour o' the day
The righteous falls asleep;—death cannot
come

To him untimely who is fit to die;—
The less of this cold world, the more of
Heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

Friday came, and it was as lovely a morning as heart could desire for the projected drive to Compton Priory, a beautiful old ruin about ten miles from Avonhurst. With light hearts, and well provided by Ann's watchful care with every necessary for an out-of-doors luncheon, did the party set out, as the hall clock struck eleven; and Ann, having watched the carriage till it disappeared through the lodge gates, turned quickly into the house, to begin some of the many things she intended to do that day. In the first place she proceeded to a room in the offices, which she called her dispensary, and where she kept medicines and cordials of various kinds for the use of the poor. Here, at an appointed hour, three times a week, her various patients came or sent for whatever she had promised them during her intermediate visits. Ann was no young lady whom for doctoring; she had regularly studied the best and simplest remedies for the commonest complaints and accidents; and had now for several years, with the assistance of two valuable books, "Hints for a Sick Room," and "Beane's Medical Guide," unweariedly used that knowledge for the benefit of her poorer neighbours.

The doctor lived three miles off, and, except in cases of immediate emergency, had little time to attend to the poor of Avonhurst, who were truly grateful for "Miss Ann's" prescriptions, and swallowed them with a degree of confidence and faith in the good result, which many a regular doctor would have looked for in vain in his patients. Besides, Ann was Mrs. Forester's housekeeper, and as a reward for her trouble, Mrs. Forester allowed her to dispose as she pleased of what remained from their table, amongst her poor neighbours.

It is true that there was much that was irksome in these duties. Ann frequently felt disinclined to lay down an interesting book to go and weigh out powders, or prepare salves; or shivered at the thought of leaving a warm fire in the winter months, to visit some sick old woman at the end of a long and snowy lane. But she knew that what she had undertaken willingly, must be of the slightest use, be untiringly performed; and in this case duty brought its own reward, in the inward sensation of satisfaction which succeeded the exertion.

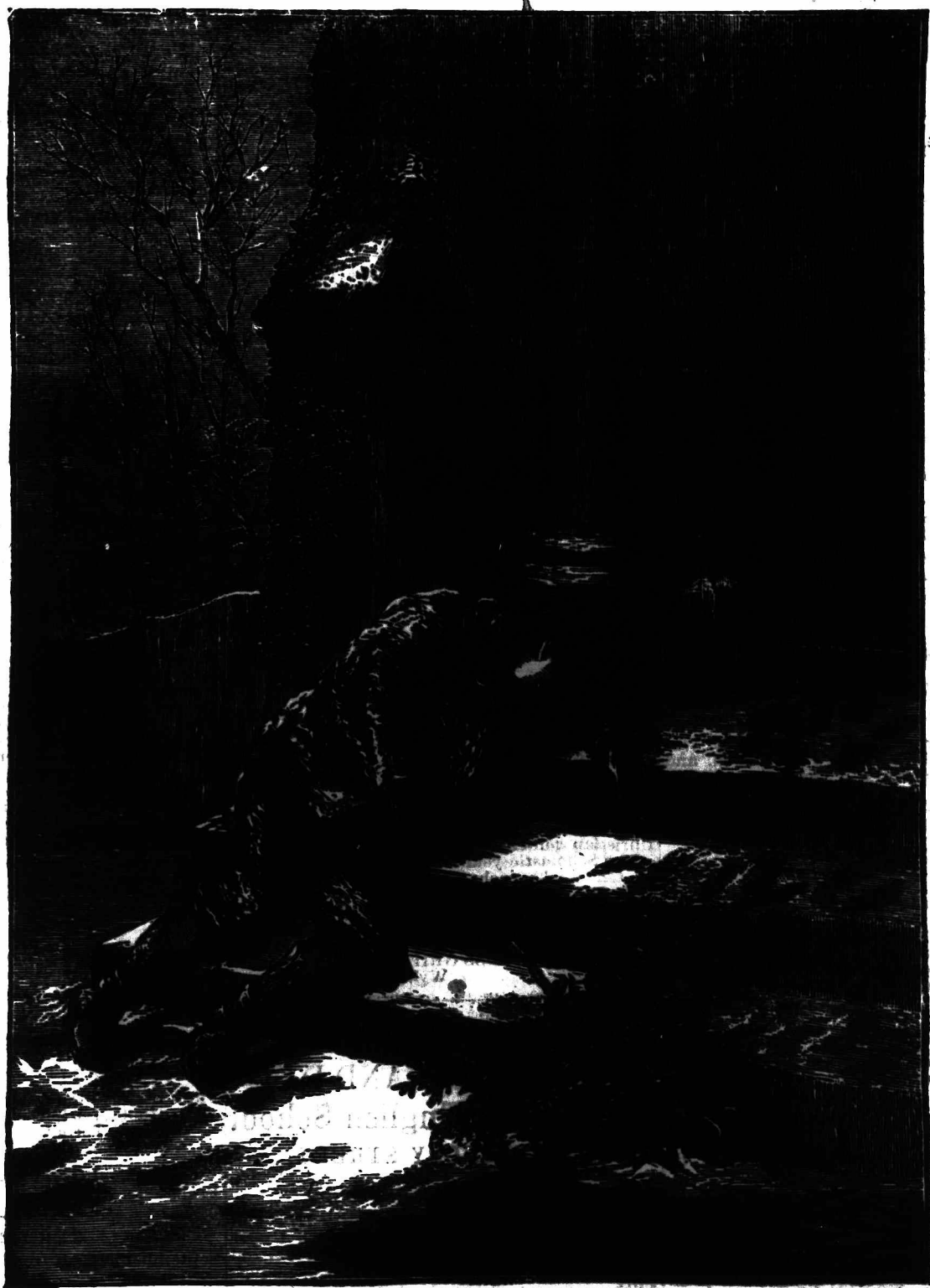
When Ann's petitioners were dismissed, and their wants satisfied, she applied herself to her drawing, and had just proceeded as far as she could without again returning to the church, when she was summoned down to a party of morning visitors.

As soon as Ann saw Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, she was aware that she must resign herself to give up a good part of the morning to them; for they came a long way, and always made up for the exertion by staying a good while "to rest." Ann did not, however, as is the case with many people (especially young ones), confine her idea of charity to a thing to be exercised only towards those who were in a lower station than herself. It was, perhaps, more trying to her own temper to endure the perpetual complaints of the hypochondriac Mr. Hardy, and the wearying reminiscence of his wife, who was always comparing everything she saw with what she had left in a distant county, than to hear the most peevish murmurings of any of the

cottages in any of the really poor. She thought, however, with compassion, of how much he really suffered while he complained of many imaginary torments; and could not help sincerely pitying the loneliness of the young and helpless wife, just settled in the midst of a whole county of strangers; so that she determined to do her best to amuse them the few hours they remained with her; took them cheerfully round the garden, the shrubberies and the orchard, and listened contentedly, and even kindly, to the "twice told tale" of their miseries and grievances.

At last, however, they went; and Ann, with Dash for her companion, set out, with all speed on her long delayed walk. She called first at the school. The young mistress was ill, and Ann could not find it in her heart to leave her till the closing prayer was said, and the last of the frothy urchins had left the schoolroom to its own emptiness, and the school head to rest in the quiet of the adjoining parlor.

Then Ann hastened on to Nurse's cottage, and her heart bounded when she saw her from a distance, seated on her accustomed chair; for that vague, undefined feeling of a something hanging over us, which we so often experience, and can so little account for, had been heavy on Ann's mind all day. Nurse Amy brightened up at seeing her, but she was evidently weaker, and spoke with more difficulty. Aided by Ann's arm, however, she got up and walked into her little garden, where she seemed to look with a sorrowful tenderness on the flowers she had so fondly tended, and on the gorgeous colours of the glowing evening sky. Then the old nurse and her foster child had a short sweet time of earnest communing, of that holy kind that friend may hold with friend, whatever be their difference in age or station, if both are striving to walk in the narrow way that leadeth unto life, secure of being understood; and in whose chastened joy the stranger intermeddled not.



"Oh there are hours—aye, moments, that
contain
Feelings that years may pass and never
bring;

Which, whether fraught with pleasure or with
pain,
Can hardly be forgot:—as if the wing
Of Time, which passing o'er, had pow'r to fling
A darkening shade, or tint of happier time,
To which fond memory faithfully should
cling
In afterlife—"

Of such moments were those of that last evening hour which Ann ever spent with her own Nurse Amy; and we will not attempt to describe them, but pass at once to the drawing-room at Avonhurst before luncheon on the following day.

"She asked so much for you, Alice," said Ann in a more tremulous tone than was usual with her, "she said you must not fail to go and see her to-day; and I told her I was sure you would not."

"To be sure I will go and see her,—dear nurse!" said Alice, looking up from her drawing, "but you know my drawings must be finished to-day, and I can go and see nurse any time."

There was a something in the look and the tone that jarred painfully upon Ann's feelings; but she had done her utmost to convince Alice that there was danger, and did not like to press the subject further.

(To be continued.)

REASON TO BE THANKFUL.

His father is dead, his mother is sick; his little brother and sister are hungry. To earn a few cents, he has been trying to sell some sprigs of evergreen to the comfortable towns-people who are preparing for a merry Christmas. Many a weary step has he trudged, and from many a door has he sadly turned away, but he has not found a purchaser. As night comes on and he turns his face towards his cheerless home, with no

hope to sustain his sinking heart, his strength utterly fails him and he drops on the steps of a church on the outskirts of the town. Poor boy, must he perish? His ragged and scanty clothing cannot protect him from the cold. An icy hand is already feeling its way to his vitals. Is there no hope of rescue? Yes, there is hope; the tracks of many feet are in the snow; there is a prayer meeting in the church; the people will soon come out; those who have been praying for themselves and for others, and to whom God has given abundance of the good things of this life, will care for the poor half-frozen boy, and their bounty will extend to his little brother and sister, and to his sick mother. They will all have reason to be thankful.

The family that was saved from the burning house last week have also great reason to be thankful; and so have those sailors and passengers who got safe to land when their ship went to pieces. And that Edinburgh gentleman who was one minute too late and so missed the train on the night of the terrible Tay bridge disaster—he had ample reason to be thankful.

But, dear reader, have you not reason to be thankful? There never was any occasion for the hand of charity to be stretched out to save you from perishing—have you not reason to be thankful for that? You never needed to try whether or not you could sell evergreen to procure food for yourself and your little brother and sister; your mother is not sick and your father is not dead. Have you not reason to be thankful for all these things? If the family saved from the burning have reason to be thankful, have not you still greater reason to be thankful that your house never caught fire? If those who were saved from drowning have cause for thankfulness, should you not thank God that you have made all your voyages without ever meeting with shipwreck? Surly the near approach of danger or distress is not necessary to enable us all to see that we have much reason to be thankful.

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