# Daily Appeal.

### THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! the old, old clock of the household clock
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chimes sang still the sweetest.
Twas a comfort, too, though its words were few,
Yet they fired though nation altered,
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young
When the voice of friendship faltered:
"Tick, tick!" it said—"quick, quick to bed—
For time I've given warning!
Up, up, and go, or slow, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old clock,
As it stood in the corner alone,
And blessed the time with a merry chime
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that timeworn clock,
As it called at dawn's chilly;
When the merry lark hailed early the misty way,
And the early birds sang!
"Tick, tick!" it said—"quick, quick to bed,
For yes I've given warning!
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hearth the social goes round and round,
Still tells tales that cause merry;
While tears are shed for the bright days dead,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beat enough hearts are gone
That warmed both and younger—
Its hands still move—hands both we love
Are silent on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick!" it seems—"quick, quick, poor and lost,
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

### LILLIE'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS; OR, THE EFFECTS OF A GOOD EXAMPLE.

From the Christian.

Of all the precious, bright-eyed fairies I ever knew, little Lillie was one of the very first and foremost. She was always doing or saying something charming or funny and sometimes, of course, she was very mischievous; but if you were ever so much provoked at her mischief and its effects—one look at her sweet, innocent face, so unconscious of wrong meaning, with the long golden curls floating around it—one look—and the great frown on your brow would soften into a little one—another look at the dimple chasing and implicating blue eyes—and the little frown would disappear entirely—but when the sweet voice said: "Mamma, shall I put myself in the corner? I ought to go!" Why, conscience-stricken—presto! all the angry feelings would come right out of your heart, and fly away up the chimney! and a very good radiance they were.

Don't you think, little reader, angry feelings of all sorts and sizes against everybody would adopt the fashion of flying up the chimney and never come back again? I do.

Lillie was five years old. She had two sisters older than herself. One had already gone "home," and was a little white-robed angel in the room, safe forever in Jesus' arms, from the temptations and dangers of this sorrowful life. The other was a dark-haired, dark-eyed little maiden, five years older than Lillie, and the grave dignity of all these years caused Annie to be impressed with the lively sense of the great responsibility that rested upon her, of setting a good example to her sister and brother Willie, a curly-headed little fellow, not quite three years of age. I will tell you how Annie came to feel this responsibility to deeply.

One day her mother asked her to go down stairs, and get a book that she wanted; but Annie was very busy with her paper dolls, and she answered in a low voice, for she hardly meant her mother to hear: "I shan't do it." When, what was her astonishment and sorrow to hear her little Lillie say, right after her, "Mamma, if you tell me, I *send do it*, too?" Oh! my dear little reader, this was worse than the most careful punishment to Annie. To think that she had been so naughty, and that her example had caused Lillie to be naughty, too, and her heart sank, as she looked up and saw her kind mother sitting there, the great tears falling one by one upon her clasped hands, and her sorrowful eyes fixed upon her children.

With a sorrowful cry, Annie rushed to her mother and throw her arms around her neck and kissed her, and wiped the tears away, and said: "Hush! hush! dear mother. Oh! do stop crying! and I will never, never do so again!" and little Lillie, who was only three years old then, and hardly knew how wrong she had acted, in her desire to imitate her sister, in everything, clung to her mother and said: "What for you *dit*, mamma? don't *oo* do so? I *dit* so to pass that Annie never forgot this terrible lesson, but strove with all her might to set her sister and brother a good example, and begged her good and pious mother to make a little prayer for her that she might be strengthened from above.

This is the prayer her mother made, which Annie said every night and morning with her other prayers, and Aunt Fanny, who is writing this, begs you, dear little readers, to learn this prayer, if you only say it *from your heart*, I know it will help you:

"Oh, God, my Heavenly Father, send Thy Holy spirit to help me to be good myself, and to set a good example to others. Take all the wicked, disobedient thoughts out of my heart. Make me a comfort and a joy to my dear parents, and a good example to my little brother and sister, that we may live with Thee and my dear little sister now in Heaven. For Jesus, my Savior's sake, Amen."

You have no idea how good and lovely Annie became after this. God answered her prayer

In the summer time, Lillie and the rest would go into the country to see her grandfather, of whom she was very fond, and well she might, for he was one of the best and dearest grandfathers in the whole world. He was a gentleman of the old school, and treated even children with a stately courtesy; but while, at the same time, the children nestled to him with the most fearless confidence and love, they would as soon have thought of cutting their heads off as of giving him one disrespectful word or look.

In the very next house to Lillie's grandfather's, lived "little Alice," sweet when you have heard to "Nightingale," and Alice always knew when Lillie arrived. Every sweet summer morning Alice would jump out of bed, and her mother would throw the window open, letting in the delicious perfume from the strawberry-bed underneath, and the joyous morning hymns of the little birds, and then, if Lillie had come, all at once, in all the songs of the birds, a shrill, clear, musical voice would be heard, which, for one moment, would be lost in it! Alice! Alice!" Then Alice would give a jump, and answer, fluttering her sweet, "What-ee! What-ee!" and then her bird outside would sing, "Where would you?" and Alice would answer, "Here's I! Here's I!" and then would fall the dust, for Alice would run to the window, just to the floor, low, would be Lillie, standing on the dewy-sprinkled grass plot, looking, in her white dress and golden curls under the blue sky, fairer and lovelier than any flower she ever looked, in her gardener's conservatory. It is true, that God made them both, but this lily was a flower in the conservatory of immortality, while the other would pe ish in one short summer.

Then Alice would run down stairs, and out of the house, and scramble through a little hole in the fence, at the back of the house, and come up to Lillie, and Lillie would rush up to Alice, and they would kiss each other down, without moving to go the dark grass, and laughed together, and jump up and down, as good as new, and laugh! you never in and anything sweet! and prepare themselves ready for any play, that Annie might propose.

Lillie was very fond of singing. She could sing most delightfully, "Old Dog Tray," "I want to be an Angel," "Poppa-gee-Weasel," and many other beautiful airs. She had taught Willie to sing, "Pop-po-2-dee-ell," as she called it, and was unwearied in her efforts to amuse him, for he was a delicate little fellow, and had been sick a great deal. In this, Lillie was imitating her sister Annie, (do you see the importance of a good example?) and it was perfectly beautiful to observe how she cared for him; she would tie the bib round his neck when he was to eat his dinner, so tight, as almost to choke him to death, but with the most loving intentions, and she would comb his soft curls down on his face, and nearly so stitch his eyes out with the comb, but Willie never cried; not he! because he knew perfectly well, both as he was from the sweet affectionate expression shone in from Lillie's blue eyes, that she did it all in love, and it is really amazing what a deaf ear knocking upon children will stand and laugh at, if they know it to be done in love or play, when a slight touch in punishment will set them crying.

One pleasant morning just before last Christmas, Lillie was conversing with Willie, while they were eating their breakfast with the family; for Willie had been promoted to the dignity of a high chair, and had commenced the business of feeding himself, and did it very well, some during. About once in five times he would stick the spoon of honey in the side of his cheek, or on the tip of his chin, expecting to find an extra mouth or two, I suppose, so that he is a little while in free would be ornamented with a variety of white patches, which made Lillie laugh, and Willie laugh back; so upon the whole, he fed himself in what might be called a delightful manner, and began to grow fat upon it.

Lillie was older, and, of course, ate her breakfast like a dainty little maiden, as she was, in the neatest possible way, but for all that, she liked plenty to eat, and presently she held out her plate for more cakes.

"Why, Lillie!" said her father, pretending to be astonished, "more cakes? you're just like Oliver! I am sure you must be full up to here," and he pointed to his throat.

"Oh, no! papa, you make a mistake; only look here, how loose my skin is," and she grasped the skin of her white neck, and pulled it up and cried, "see, papa, quite a big room left."

Her father laughed, and gave her the cakes, and while she was enjoying them, she cried to Willie:

"I'm learning to spell and read, Mr. Willie."

"*Is you?*" answered Willie, "*why for?*" and in his earnest attempt to this announcement, he forgot the geography of his mouth again, and landed a spoonful of honey on the end of his nose.

Lillie laughed, and polished his nose with her napkin, and rubbed it so hard that it made Willie wink, and said:

"Because people must learn to read and spell, and you must learn too—I'm going to teach you; come, spell *cat*."

"But I *hasn't*," said Willie.

"But you must, said Lillie, "you must spell cat, and you must learn to read the Bible, and you and I will read the Bible every single morning, and great many times besides. Come, begin, spell cat?"

Willie looked gravely down, with very large eyes, at the cat, and he thought that she might tell him; then lifted up his mug, on which was elegantly painted, with about twenty-seven flourishes, the words, "For Willie," to his lips, and took a long draught of milk staring over the top of it at the cat, the whole time, but he did not spill a tiny drop! Lillie, with her blue eyes, looking on the gray-spangled green pot, looking, in her white dress and golden curls under the blue sky, fairer and lovelier than any flower she ever looked, in her gardener's conservatory. It is true, that God made them both, but this lily was a flower in the conservatory of immortality, while the other would perish in one short summer.

Then Alice would run down stairs, and out of the house, and scramble through a little hole in the fence, at the back of the house, and come up to Lillie, and Lillie would rush up to Alice, and they would knock each other down, without moving to go the dark grass, and laugh together, and jump up and down, as good as new, and laugh! you never in and anything sweet! and prepare themselves ready for any play, that Annie might propose.

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