heating load, relieved from their burden, leaping and frisking with delight, whilst the accumulated wool seemed, as it lay, to promise comfortable clothing for many a naked person among the human species, who, destitute of such a supply, would be in danger of perishing in the ensuing winter.

Harriet observed the innocent countenances of the sheep and lambs, and said she thought it was a thousand pities to kill them. "It is so, my dear," said her mamma; but we must not indulge our feelings too far in respect to animals which are given us for food; all we have to do is to avoid barbarity. It is happy for them that, having no apprehension of being killed, they enjoy life in peace and security to the very last, and even when the knife is lifted to their throats, they are ignorant of its destination, and a few struggles put an end to their pain for ever. But come, Mrs. Wilson, will you favour us with a sight of your cows?" "With pleasure, madam," said she; "they are by this time driven up to be milked."

Mrs. Wilson then conducted her visitors towards the farmyard. "Perhaps, madam," said she, as they walked along, "the young lady and gentleman may be afraid of horned cattle?" "I believe," replied Mrs. Benson, "I may venture to say that Harriet has no unreasonable fears of any living creature; it