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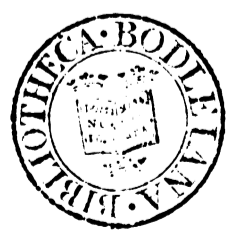


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PREFACE.

THE primary object of this book is to aid children in learning to read. The lessons are simple and progressive, and if the teacher rightly appreciates the work in which he is engaged, he will find that these lessons are designed to convey such moral instruction as children should receive to make them truly wise and good.

The teacher should first read the lesson, in a suitable tone of voice, with proper accent and pauses, and then require the pupil to read in the same manner. This process will make *learning to read* far easier than to require the child first to read, and then to correct the errors he has made.

After the lesson can be read by the scholar with fluency and precision, he should be required to *spell* each word without the aid of the book, and *define* it by using more simple words of his own. In a few of the early lessons of this book, a number of words have

been added in a table, but the teacher will readily select the words most important for the child to spell and define.

It is hoped that the moral sentiments of these lessons will be followed up by suitable instructions of the teacher, that the heart as well as the understanding may be reached and improved by the exercises of the school.

This little volume has not been prepared for the school-room only, but its pages have been written for the entertainment and instruction of children at home. The stories that illustrate and enforce the Ten Commandments, and other narratives here arranged, will be pleasant reading for the nursery and fireside; and it is hoped that while the youth who use this book are learning to read, they will also learn to fear God and keep His commandments.

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THE
FIRST ENGLISH READER.

LESSON I.

GOD IS HERE.

GOD made me and sees me at all times. In the dark night and in the day, his eye is on me, and he hears all that I say.

If I sin, he will not love me. His law is just and good, and I must keep it.

The child who fears God and keeps his law will go in the way of the good, and do as he is told. He will not tell a lie, or take what is not his own.

God who made me, and whose law I must keep, is here. When I go out and when I come in, when I lie down, and when I rise up, at home or at school, God is near me, on my right hand, and on my left. O may I fear to sin, for God is here.

[Let the scholar now be asked to spell and define the following words.]

Made; night; day; eye; hear; love; law; just; good; child; fear; hand; sin; school; home.

LESSON II.

I HAVE A SOUL.

I HAVE a soul that will not die. It will live when I am laid in the grave.

It is my soul that thinks, and feels pain when I do wrong.

God who hears and sees me and knows all that I do, will, one day, call me to stand in his sight.

He will judge me, in that great day, for all that I think and feel and wish and do and say.

He will love them that love him, and take them to dwell with him on high.

If we would have peace with God and joy in our own souls, in this world and in the world to come, we must walk in the fear of the Lord and do his will.

The poor brute beasts have no souls ; but the child who goes to school and learns to read, has a soul, that will live when all the stars and the sun and the moon have set to rise no more.

[Spell and define.]

Soul ; die ; grave ; think ; pain ; wrong ; stand ; take ; dwell ; peace ; joy ; world ; walk ; brute ; poor ; beasts ; sun ; moon ; stars.

LESSON III.

JOHN AND JANE.

JJANE was a good girl and John was a good boy. They went to the same school, and when they knew all the A, B, C's, so that they could tell their names as soon as they saw them, they were taught to read.

They were to take the book in their hands, and to stand up straight; to speak out loud and plain, and to look at the words to be sure and call them by the right name.

John and Jane tried to learn; and as they took pains to do as they were told, they could soon read with great ease. They did not try to see how *fast* they could read, but how *well* they could read.

One day John thought he could read so well, that he need not look at each word as he had been told, and so he read his words wrong. Jane read in the same book, and had her bright eyes on the place, and when she saw that he was wrong, she read it right.

Jane did as she was told and read right; John did not do as he was told, and he read the words wrong. Which was the best child, do you think, John or Jane?

[Spell and define.]

Name; taught; read; straight; speak; loud; plain; words; ease; child; wrong; right.



LESSON IV.

THE BIBLE.

AS soon as John and Jane could read, they were glad to have the BIBLE, which is the best of books, and they did love to read in it, at school and at home.

They had been told that the Bible is the word of God. In this book, he makes known to us what we must do to please him, and they read it to learn what God would have them do.

It taught them that God made the world and all things that are in it. He made the sun to give light by day, and the moon and the stars to give light by night. He made the beasts of the field and the fowl that flies in the air, and the fish that swim in the sea.

He made us all, and in the BIBLE he has told us what is his law, and if we would have God for our friend, we must take his word to be our guide as long as we live.

John and Jane read the Bible through when they were quite young, and they laid up in their hearts the truths which they read, so that they did them good. They kept in mind what God had said to them in his book.

[Spell and define.]

Bible ; please ; light ; might ; world ; beast ; fowls ; swim
guide ; friend ; young ; heart ; field.

LESSON V.

THE LAW.

THE Law of God is in the Bible. It is there laid down in words so plain that a child may know what it means, and those who would be good, will learn the Law of God, and try to do as they are told in the Bible.

The first Law of God is in these words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind."

God is so good that we ought to love him, and if our hearts were right we should love him more than we love the best friend we have on earth.

He gives us all the good things we have. It is

in him, we live and move. If he did not hold us up with his kind hand, we could not stand or walk or breathe.

But more than this, we ought to love God, he is so pure, and wise, and holy. The angels who dwell in his sight, and love to do his will, are happy in his love. And we should love him who hates sin.

This is THE FIRST GREAT LAW which God has laid down in his word, and all those who know him and love him as they ought, are his friends, and will be happy in his love and service, now, and in the life that is to come.

“I will love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.”

These are the words of God, and they teach children to seek God while he may be found.

[Spell and define.]

Lord ; strength ; right ; friend ; breathe ; angel ; happy ; service ; early ; ought ; children.

LESSON VI.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

JOHNSON and Jane were very fond of reading in the Bible, and when they came to a word and did not know what it meant, they would ask their parents.

Some children think they know so much, that they have no need of learning, and so they do not ask questions.

But John and Jane would try to help each other, and when neither of them could tell the meaning of a word, they would wait till their father or mother had time to attend to them, and then they would ask.

In this way, they learned much which they could not in any other way find out, and it made study much more pleasant and easy.

They soon began to commit the verses of the Bible to memory, and they would repeat whole chapters.

But this they could not do until they had learned to read very well; and while they were learning, their mother would teach them easy hymns which they could say without looking on the book at all.

Thus they were growing wiser as they grew older. One good rule which they had was, to learn something each day of their lives.

[Spell and define.]

Let the teacher select the words and ask the pupil to spell and define them.

LESSON VII.

LOVING OUR NEIGHBOUR.

WHEN these children were taught "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself," Jane asked, "Who is my neighbour?"

John said, "Why, I suppose Mr. Jones who lives on the other side of the road is our neighbour."

They were then told that the word *neighbour* means

a person who lives near to you, but it also means any person to whom you can do good.

The Bible taught these children to love all men ; yes, even to love those who do not love them.

Jane found a story and read it to John ; a story of a little boy who struck his sister on her cheek. She did not strike him ; but she held up the other cheek and said, " There, brother."

He did not strike her again, but gave her a sweet kiss. This was doing as she had been told to do, by the Bible which she read.

If we go by the rule to love our neighbour as ourselves, then we shall keep the other law which has been called the Golden Rule :

" Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."

If children and all others would live and love each other as this rule directs, this world would be a very happy world.

There would be no more war, but peace would prevail to the end of the world, and to the end of time.





LESSON VIII.

MARY AND HER LAMB.

- 1 **M**ARY had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 And every where that Mary went,
 The lamb was sure to go.

- 2 It followed her to school one day ;
 That was against the rule ;
 It made the children laugh and play,
 To see a lamb at school.

- 3 And so the teacher turned him out,
 But still he lingered near,
 And waited patiently about,
 Till Mary did appear.

- 4 And then he ran to her and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if to say, "I'm not afraid,
You'll guard me from all harm."
- 5 "What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply;
- 6 "And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
If you, like Mary, are but good,
Affectionate, and kind."
-

LESSON IX.

HAVING ONE'S OWN WAY.

THIS little song the children were fond of singing, and the lesson they learned from it was a good one. It was this: "We must love others, if we would have them love us."

At the same school in which John and Jane were learning to read, there was a boy by the name of Peter. He was so selfish that he was not willing to share with the others, either in work or play.

He would have his own way in all things: when the rest of the boys wanted to have a game of ball he

would name some other play, and if they were willing to work, he wanted to play.

He did not try to make himself pleasant to those who were with him, but would often say to them, "You do as you like, and I will do as I like."

It is very easy to see that such a boy would have few friends in school. The boys called him "Selfish Peter," because he loved his own comfort, more than any thing else.

It was not right in the boys to call him by this or any other bad name, for if they had been kind to him, when he was unkind to them, perhaps they would have led him to feel how much better it is to make friends, than to be cross and unkind to those who are near us.

LESSON X.

ONE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

PETER, who was called by the other boys "Selfish Peter," had been very unkind to John, and had even struck him, because he did not go out of his way, when Peter told him to do so.

One day as John came to school before the time, he found Peter crying, and asked him what was the matter.

"Matter enough," said Peter; "I never can get this lesson, and you will not make it any better by coming in to hinder me."

“I did not mean to hinder you, but I should like to help you. I learned it last night, and hard work I had too; and if you wish it I will show you how it is done.”

Peter was so much affected with the kindness of John that he could hardly speak to him. But he looked up to him, and then looked down on his book, and John took a seat by his side.

They were soon hard at study, and in a short time John had been over the whole lesson with Peter, who now thought it was easy enough.

When they were through with the lesson, Peter put his arm around the neck of John, and said to him as he sat on the seat, “I have been a bad boy, and I am sorry. Tell me how to be good.”

Then they both wept: John wept to think that Peter should feel so sadly, and Peter was sorry that he had been so wicked.

John told him that if he would try to make others happy, he would be happy himself.

It was seen by all the boys in the school, that Peter was a better boy after that, than he had been before. They did not call him by any bad name, but tried to forget his former habit of always wishing to have his own way.



●
LESSON XI.

STEALING BIRDS' EGGS.

A WICKED boy found a bird's nest on a tree, and taking the eggs out of it, he carried them away.

The birds came back to the nest, and were sorry to find that their nest had been robbed by some bad boy.

The lad who had taken the eggs, did not know what to do with them, for he was afraid to have it known that he had robbed a nest.

So he took the eggs and hid them away in the room where he slept, and where he thought no one would find them.

There they lay for many days, and gave him no pleasure, for he could not play with them lest it should be found out that he was a thief.

A few weeks after this, he was going by the tree where the nest was made, and he saw the birds flying around it as if they were at home.

He climbed up into the tree, and found that the birds had laid three eggs more. These he did not take, but said to himself that he would wait till the young birds were hatched.

So he watched the nest, and went to see it very often. At last he found three little birds in the nest, and when they had grown to be so large that they were nearly ready to fly, this cruel boy took

them out of their nice warm nest, and carried them home.

One of them died on the way, but two were alive when he came to the house. His father saw him with the birds in his hand, and asked him where he got them.

He said that he found them on the side of the road, and he was so afraid they would be killed he had brought them home to take care of them, as they had no mother.

This was a sad untruth, and it shows us that one wicked thing leads to others. This boy went on from bad to worse. First he took the eggs; then he took the young birds, and then he told a lie.

He grew up to be a bad man, and it would not be strange if he came to some bad end.

LESSON XII.

THE PENITENT CHILD.

JAMES WILSON had done wrong, and his father thought that he must punish him. It was always hard for his father to punish his children, and he said that he would rather suffer the pain himself than make his children suffer.

But he was a good parent, and he knew that if he did not correct his children for doing wrong, they would grow up in sin, and become worse and worse, as they became older.

He called James to his room, and after he had spoken to him of the wrong he had done, he said that he must punish him.

James said that he knew he had done wrong, and he was very sorry, but it was right that his father should punish him.

As his father was raising the rod to punish his son, James saw that his father was in tears, and he said, "Strike me father, but do not cry."

It made James feel worse to see his father in tears, than it did to bear the rod.

James was sorry that he had done wrong; and he was sorry that he had given pain to his father, more than because he had to suffer pain himself.

Here we can see how children should feel when they have done wrong. They offend God, who is our Father in heaven, and they should repent of their sins, because they have sinned against him.

LESSON XIII.

VERSES FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.

The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him ; he also will hear their cry and will save them.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth ; keep the door of my lips.

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth : make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the king.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof ; the world and they that dwell therein.

LESSON XIV.

HOW TO READ WELL.

IF you wish to become a good reader, you must learn to read well now. If you form a habit of reading too fast or too slow, too loud or too low, it will be hard to correct the habit when you are older.

You have been told before to look at one word at a time, and then to pronounce it. If you see a long

word in the line that you are reading, you will be very apt to call the little words wrong that come just before it.

But if you look at each word as you try to read, and speak each word as you come to it, you will soon learn to read with ease.

Do not try to read fast, but try to read well.

Mind the stops. When you come to a pause like this (,) called a comma, rest long enough to count one, and when you find a pause like this (;) called a semicolon, rest a little longer.

A colon is made with two dots (:), and a period is a full stop (.), when you should let your voice fall, as if you were done reading.

Many children do not look at the stops, when they read, but hurry on, as if they were afraid they would not have time to get through the lesson.

Such children will not become good readers, unless they attend to the rules we have here given, to correct and guide them.





LESSON XV.

PLANTING FLOWER SEEDS.

IT is well for children to plant flower seeds, and take care of the plants when they are growing. There is a great pleasure to be found in tending them, and the beauty of the flowers will repay for all the labour that is spent upon them.

A flower garden is a very pretty place, and those children who have a taste for working in it, and who love to see the roses and other flowers as they are in bloom, will not be so fond of those low and evil sports in which some children take pleasure.

But it requires much care to raise plants and flowers. They must be watered, and the weeds must be kept out, or they will not flourish.

It has been well said that the heart is like a flower

garden. The weeds will grow in it, unless you watch it with great care.

By the weeds we mean sinful thoughts and desires, which children and others should watch against, and try to avoid.

If the heart is full of evil thoughts, the life will be wicked. But if the heart is right, the life and conduct will be like a well kept garden full of flowers and fruits.

LESSON XVI.

THE GIRL WHO HAD HER OWN WAY.

FANNY was a little girl who had been left by those who had the care of her, to have her own way. She could get up in the morning when she was ready, and come to breakfast when she pleased.

When she wanted to go out, she went without asking, and came in when it pleased her, and no one thought of finding fault with her, or of telling her it would be better for her to act in any other way.

Now many children will think that Fanny must have been very happy, for they are sorry when they are told that they must not do what they wish to do. They do not like to be told they must rise in the morning before they please, or that they must not play, when they think it is just the time.

But Fanny was never happy. If it was raining when she wanted to go into the fields, she was angry ;

and if the other children did not choose to do as she wished, she was vexed with them. And as *her* way was rarely the best way, she was often made to feel that others knew better how to be happy than she did.

When she had made up her mind to do any thing, it was very hard to convince her that she ought not to do it.

So she was never pleased with herself nor with those who tried to teach her the way to be happy.



LESSON XVII.

COUSIN MARY.

MARY was the cousin of Fanny, and had a mother who taught her two things while she was yet very young.

The first was, that she should always do what was right in the sight of God. When she awoke in the morning she would kneel by her bed and thank God

that he had kept her safely through the night. She would then pray to be kept from sin and all evil through the day.

The second thing that Mary was taught was this, that her parents knew what was good for her, better than she did herself. She was in the habit of asking their advice at all times, and instead of feeling angry when they told her it was best that she must do what she did not wish to do, she felt that they were wiser than she was, and she would do as they thought best.

Such a girl as Mary will have the esteem and love of her parents; her brothers and sisters will be pleased to make her happy, and she will have more comfort in yielding to the wishes of others, than Fanny will ever have in trying to do as she likes.

Our own way is often a very bad way. We are so often led astray by our own evil hearts, that we ought to be willing to learn of others who are wiser and better than we.

The word of God, as it is given in the Holy Bible, is the guide of our lives, and if we do as we are there taught, and learn the fear of the Lord, we shall find that the best way to be happy is to be good.

This was the lesson that little Mary learned when she was very young, and when she grew up she found that peace of mind which those only know who are the friends of God.

I.

“ I love to do as I am bid,
I love to please mamma,
I love to get my lesson too,
And spell to my papa.

II.

“ When children want my pretty toys,
 Or little picture book,
 I dearly love to give them up,
 And see how pleased they look.

III.

“ I love to please the Saviour, too,
 And mind the rule he ’s given,
 For then I think that I shall go
 To live with him in heaven.”

LESSON XVIII.

A FEW HINTS.

IF the scholars who are now learning to read, will study the lessons that we are to give them in the future pages of this book, they will learn some truths that will do them good as long as they live.

It is not enough that children learn in school to read and spell. They may become very good readers and learn all the studies of the school, and be as wise as their teachers, but this is not enough.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Without this all the learning in the world will be of little use; but with it, they may be wise for this life, and for that which is to come.

The Ten Commandments were written by the great God who made heaven and earth.

He wrote them on two tables of stone, and gave them to Moses, his servant, on the top of a mountain.

Those commandments are the Laws of God, and they are to be learned and obeyed by all his creatures.

We ought to study them, and know what they mean, that we may please God by doing what he has commanded.

In a few lessons that follow, we will study these commandments, and if the children will commit them to memory, so that they can repeat them when they come to recite, it will be very useful. All who have the fear of God before their eyes, feel that these laws are God's laws, and that we must know and obey them.

“ Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good Bible every day ;
'Tis God's own word, which he has given
To show our souls the way to heaven.”

LESSON XIX.

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

THE First Commandment is, “ *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*”

There are hundreds and thousands and millions of children in the world who do not know there is a God who made them and all things.

And as they do not know the true God, they have false gods, which they worship, and they pray to these false gods more than many children in Christian lands pray to the God who made them.

If any one of you loves your playthings or yourself more than you love God, you break this commandment. I knew a little boy once who had a robin which he had caught when it was very young. It could fly all about the room, and would come and light on his hand to pick up crumbs which the boy held out for him to eat.

It was a very pretty bird, and was loved by all the family so much that they would let it hop on the table where they were eating, and each one wanted to let it eat out of his plate.



But Charles called it *his* robin, and he loved it more than any of the rest. As soon as he came into the room it would fly to him and light on his shoulder, or on his head, and this pleased him very much, and made him love the bird still more.

The boy thought so much of the bird, that he was always afraid it would be hurt if any one else took

it, and so he did not feel happy when the bird was in the hands of his brother or sister.

His father had told him often, that he ought not to be so fond of his robin. He said that it was only a bird, and might die at any time, and it was foolish in a boy to set his heart so much on it.

Charles did not think that there was any danger of loving his robin too much, and he was not afraid of its dying, so long as he took good care of it and gave it enough to eat.

But one day as it was flying about the room, it perched on the top of the door, and turned its head all around as if to see each one of the persons who were present.

“Good morning, my pretty robin red-breast,” said Charles, as he came in from out of doors, and saw his bird on the top of the door. “Good morning, my pretty robin,” said he; and as he stood for a moment to see his bird, the wind blew the door on which the robin was sitting: it crushed his head, so that in a moment he was dead.

O what a blow was that for poor Charles! In an instant the bird was killed, before his eyes. He would have given all his books, and all his clothes, and all his playthings, if he could have his bird alive again, but it was dead, and what should he do?

Then, for the first time, Charles felt that he had loved his bird too much, and that his father was right when he had told him that his bird might die.

He said he never would love a bird or anything else again so much, but would keep in mind that all he had might be taken away from him in a moment.

His father was a very good man, and he tried to show Charles that when he loved anything too much, he had some other god besides the God who made him, and who keeps him alive every moment that he lives.

He taught him too that God who dwells in heaven, and is here at all times, and watches over his children, ought to be loved with all the heart.

So the loss of the robin was a good lesson for Charles. It led him while he was yet very young to feel that there is nothing here below which we ought to love more than God :

“No other god have thou than me;
Before no idol bow thy knee.”

LESSON XX.

THE ROBIN.

SEE, Charles, how little robin lies,
The film is on his gentle eyes,
His pretty beak is parted wide,
And blood is flowing from his side.

He never, never, will come more
To perch before the open door;
And never on the window pane
You'll hear him softly tap again.

You well may cry, my own dear brother,
We never shall have such another ;
I'm sure I never saw or heard
So beautiful and sweet a bird.

And Willy, when from school he comes,
Will run and get some little crumbs,
And fling them round and wait to see
Robin hop lightly from the tree,

To pick the crumbs up one by one,
And sing and chirrup when he'd done.
Then when I show him robin dead,
How many bitter tears he'll shed !

Oh dear, how much I'd freely give
To make my little robin live ;
To see him skip from spray to spray
And sing his happy hours away.

LESSON XXI.

THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

THE Second Commandment is, "*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.*"

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

Far away in the East, in a country that is called India, there lived a little boy whose parents were pagans. They did not know any thing of the true God, but they made idols of wood, and said their prayers to them, as if they could hear and do them good.

But when the good people from Christian lands came to India, to teach the poor heathen of God and heaven, this little child was sent to the school, and there he learned that the idols of wood or stone could not hear or see or save him, and that he ought not to worship them.

When this boy came to the school, the good lady who taught the school said that she would call him James, and he was in the same class with John, who was also a heathen boy, and had often said his prayers to an idol made of wood.

In this school, these two boys learned that it was foolish and wicked to trust in idols, and that they must love God who made heaven and earth and the sea and all that is in them.

Here they learned what it is to sin against God, for when they lived with their parents they did not know right from wrong. They were taught the way to heaven by Jesus Christ, who came to seek and save the lost.

At length the school to which these children went was broken up, and the good lady who had been the teacher of these children had to go far away.

The boys went home to their parents, who were still heathen, and they tried to make them worship the idols, as they had done before they went to school.

But the children said that they knew better than that: it would do them no good; and it was wicked. They repeated the second commandment, in which they are forbidden to bow down to images of any kind, and they told their parents that this is the law of God.

By and by, James was taken sick, and as he grew worse and worse, every day, he wanted his parents to send for the other boy who was called John, and who lived in a village but a few miles off.

When John came, he found that James was very sick, and was expecting to die very soon.

He sat down by the mat on which his little friend was lying, and took his hand in his own.

James looked up to him and smiled when he saw his school-mate, and said in a very feeble voice that he was glad he had come: he wanted to hear him sing one of the sweet songs they used to sing at school.

John asked him which song, and James said to him that he wanted to hear about Christ and heaven.

So the little boy sang a sweet hymn that they had learned in school, and the sick child tried to join in the song, but his voice was too faint; his lips moved, he smiled sweetly, and died.

The heathen parents and others who were there, were filled with wonder when they saw the peace and joy with which the boy had closed his dying eyes.

LESSON XXII.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

THE Third Commandment is, "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*"

There is no vice more common among bad boys than that which is forbidden by this commandment. And there is no sin that is more offensive to God than this.

We would not speak lightly of one of our friends, and it would grieve us to hear any one speaking unkindly of those we love.

But God is our best friend. He watches over us by day and by night, and every hour that we live we must depend on him for the breath we draw.

His ear is open, and he hears every word that we say, and it must offend him to listen to his creatures when they take his holy name in vain.

This sin is one that leads to many others. When a boy has learned to swear, he is ready for almost any evil work; and hence it is, that when we know a boy is in the habit of this vice, we at once set him down as a bad boy, whom all others ought to avoid.

You should not play with one who uses wicked words; and if you tell him why it is that you do not like to play with him, perhaps you will be able to induce him to abandon his evil habits. You should say,

“If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship, when I hear
Young sinners take Thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.”

And then you may repeat these lines :

“Why should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight :
Who curse and swear, but never pray,
Who call ill names and fight ?”

If children have been taught when they are quite young that it is an evil and wicked thing to take the name of God in vain, they will find it very hard to swear when they grow up to be young men.

But I have known a youth, whose parents had instructed him in the Bible, and who learned to swear by going into bad company. At first he used only those bad words which some boys use who are afraid to swear, but very soon he would take an oath, as if he thought it was a very brave thing to swear.

From this, he came to be the companion and friend of the wicked, and was soon known as one of the worst boys in the village.

He grew up to be a young man, and was fond of low company. He would rather spend an evening at the tavern, than in the home of his parents with his sisters and brothers.

He became a drunkard ; and died in prison.

His mother had loved him very dearly, and had often tried to persuade him to turn from his evil ways, but he would not.

And when she heard that he had died in such a place, a poor outcast, she sunk down and died in a few days, of a broken heart.

This wicked boy was the cause of his mother's death, and the first vice that he was known to be guilty of, when he was a boy, was that of profane swearing.



LESSON XXIII.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

THE Fourth Commandment is, "*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy: six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the*

stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."

All the good, whether they are old or young, delight in keeping holy the Sabbath day.

It has been well called the Lord's Day. It belongs to him, and we are to spend it in his service, and not in seeking our own pleasure.

But the highest pleasure of those who love God and keep his commandments, is to do his will; and to them there is no higher pleasure on the Sabbath, than to spend its sacred hours in the worship of the Lord.

A little girl had been taught at the Sunday School, that she must remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Her wicked mother sent her to do some needless work on that day, and the girl said, "*Will not God see me?*" Then the mother was so surprised that her child should be more afraid to do wrong than she was herself, that she promised never to tell her to do any work on the Sabbath again.

There is a very pretty little hymn, which was written by Mary Lundie Duncan, that you will be pleased to read. It is on "Preparing for Sunday."

"Haste! put your playthings all away,—
To-morrow is the Sabbath day;
Come! bring to me your Noah's ark,
Your pretty tinkling music-cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath day.

"Bring me your German village, please,
With all its houses, gates and trees;

Your waxen doll, with eyes of blue,
And all her tea-things, bright and new ;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath day.

“ Now take your Sunday Pictures down,
King David with his harp and crown,
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these ;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But learn of God upon his day.

“ There is your hymn-book : you shall learn
A verse, and some sweet kisses earn ;
Your book of Bible Stories, too,
Which dear mamma will read to you ;
I think, although you must not play,
We'll have a happy Sabbath day.”

There are so many books for children to read on the Sabbath, and so many pleasant duties for them to do, that they may find the day to be the happiest of the week.

How much better it is for them to go to the house of God and join with his people in his worship and praise, than to go with the wicked to spend the day in idleness or sinful amusements.

You may have seen wicked boys going off on the Sabbath to play in the fields or on the ice, instead of going to the Sabbath School.

Such boys are in the high way to ruin. Not long ago, a man was brought out to the gallows to be hung for murder. Just before he was hung, he said a few words to the multitude before him, and his words were these :—

“My young friends, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. I began my course of sin by playing on the Sabbath day, and I warn you not to do as I have done. You see the dreadful end to which I have come, and if you would avoid it, Remember the Sabbath day.”

And now we will repeat another hymn about going to the Sunday School.

“I love to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home,
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.

“And then I'm always taught to pray,
That God would bless me day by day,
And safely guide and guard me still,
And help me to obey his will.

“It's there I sing a Saviour's love,
That brought him from his throne above,
And made him suffer, bleed, and die,
For sinful creatures such as I.

“From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain ;
And early seek my Saviour's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.”

LESSON XXIV.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

THE Fifth Commandment is "*Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*"

This is called the first commandment with promise. It contains a promise of long life to those who keep it.

Now it would be very wrong to say, that all those children who obey their parents will live to old age, for we know that many good children die when they are young.

But it is true that disobedience of parents is one of the vices that bring children to an untimely death. If children will not obey their parents when they are in the family, they will not be likely to keep the laws of the land when they grow up.

And they ought to bear in mind how much they owe to their parents. Who took care of you when you were a helpless infant? Who gives you food and clothing now? Who has provided for you in sickness, and watched over you, year after year?

Your parents have done more for you than any earthly friend; and if you are thankful to them for what they have done, you ought to try to make them happy.

Children can make their parents happy by doing

as they are told. And if you know what your parents wish, you ought to do it just as readily as if they had given you a command.

There was Charles Lemon, who was out in the country one day some distance from home, with a large number of boys, and they proposed to go into the water to swim.

Charles at first said that he thought he would not go in.

“Why not?” said Peter Wells.

“Why, my father would not like it, if he knew I was going into the water.”

Peter asked him, “Has he told you that you *must* not?”

“Why no, not exactly. But I know he would rather I would not, when he is not with me.”

“But,” said Peter, “if he has not told you *not* to go in, you can go in just as well as not: and stay out when he says so.”

Charles did not feel right about it. He knew that he ought not to do what his father would not like to have him, but the boys laughed at him, and finally they coaxed him to strip off his clothes and plunge in.

He did, and he never came up again. He was taken with the cramp, and sank beyond the sight and the reach of his young friends; and they could not find him.

They ran home as fast as they could and gave the alarm. The father of Charles and all the neighbours came, and they found the dead body of the boy in the bottom of the pond, with his hands holding fast to the weeds.

He was carried to his father's house, and there was sorrow, such as was never known in that home before.

Charles did not honour his parents. He knew that they would not like to have him going into the water when there was no one to take care of him, but he ventured to do wrong and was drowned.

PLEASING MY MOTHER.

I must not tease my mother,
 For she is very kind ;
 And every thing she says to me,
 I must directly mind.
 For when I was a baby,
 And could not speak or walk,
 She let me in her bosom sleep,
 And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother ;
 And when she likes to read,
 Or has the headache, I must step
 Most silently indeed.
 I will not choose a noisy play,
 Or trifling troubles tell,
 But sit down quiet by her side,
 And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
 She loves me all the day,
 And she has patience with my faults,
 And teaches me to pray.
 How much I'll strive to please her,
 She every hour shall see,
 For should she go away, or die,
 What would become of me ?

LESSON XXV.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

THE Sixth Commandment is, "*Thou shalt not kill.*"

In England, a few years ago, a boy fourteen years old was hung for killing another boy thirteen years of age.

And there are many other cases of murder committed by children of very tender age.

But if none who read this, become so wicked as to take the life of another, the Bible has said, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer."

The meaning of this is, that your heart may be just as wicked as the heart of the murderer, although you may not shed the blood of your brother.

Joseph Dillon went to school with a boy by the name of William Rogers. They were great friends, and it was very pleasant to see that they were always trying to do that which they supposed would make each other happy.

One bright summer morning, as Joseph was on his way to school, he called at the home of his friend William, to ask him to go with him. They were in the habit of going together.

William was very much engaged playing with some cousins who had come from a distance to spend a few days with him.

It would have been very proper for William to ask his friend Joseph to come in and join in the sport

they were having, as it was not time for school, but he was so much taken up with his play, that he did not think of it.

Joseph called out to him, "Come, William, let us have a walk before school."

"No, I cannot go," said William, "I have company, and I'm going to stay at home as long as I can."

Joseph was hurt. But you ask by what was he hurt? He felt grieved that his friend William should prefer the company of his cousins to his, and as he went on alone toward the school-house, he said to himself,

"Well, I never did think William loved me so much as I love him, and now I know it. I would have left my play and all my cousins if he had come for me, but he may do as he thinks best; I think I will not take the trouble to call for him again."

Full of these evil thoughts, he went to school, and taking his books before the other scholars had come, he went to work. But his mind was not at ease, and he could not learn his lesson.

He felt wickedly toward William, and he was thinking all the time of his refusal to walk with him.

Just before school began, William came in, with a bright and cheerful face, and took his seat very near to Joseph.

"How do you do?" said William, "I am glad to see you, but I *did* want to stay at home to-day, and play with my cousins."

"I wish you would not bother me now," said Joseph; "I don't think as much of you as I did yesterday."

"What's the matter?" inquired his young friend :

“I did not know that I had done any thing to hurt you. If I have, I am very sorry.”

Now this was well said, and is just what all children should say when others think they have done wrong.

But Joseph was not willing to be satisfied, and he went on with his books. Yet he was thinking more of his morning walk than of any thing else, and trying to persuade himself that he was not properly treated.

As he thought of it more and more during the day, his heart became harder, and his feelings of displeasure became stronger.

He came to recite, and made some sad mistakes; while William, who was in the same class with him, recited his lessons very well, and was praised by his teacher.

This made Joseph feel still worse, and by the time the school was out at night, he was the *enemy* of the boy, whom in the morning he had loved as his friend.

The next week William was taken very sick, and in a few days after, it was thought that he would die. The doctor had done all that he could do for him, and he said that he was afraid he would never get well.

When Joseph was told that William was sick, he said “he did not care,” and when he heard that William was likely to die, he still felt as if it was no matter, for he did not love him now as he once did.

God knew what Joseph was thinking about, and how he felt, and he saw that he had the same evil spirit in him that leads to murder.

He hated his brother and friend. O what a wicked feeling had now taken possession of this child’s heart!

The sick boy sent for him, and he had to come and see him. As soon as he entered the chamber, where

the little boy was lying, William stretched out his hand, and asked him to come near to his bedside.

“Joseph,” said he, in a very feeble voice, “I wanted to see you very much, for I am afraid that you do not feel right about me. I am very sorry that I did not speak more pleasantly to you that morning, and I want you to forgive me.”

The proud and wicked boy burst into tears, and said, “No, no, I am the one that is to blame. I am sorry that I have been so foolish and wicked, and you must forgive me.”



Then he kneeled down by the bed and hid his face in the clothes, while he wept bitterly over his sin.

The sick boy did not die, but after many weeks of confinement to his bed, he was restored to health, and the two were better friends than they had ever been before.

How easy it is for the spirit of evil to take possession of the heart.

LESSON XXVI.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

THE Seventh Commandment is, "*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*"

This holy command of God forbids all unchaste thoughts, words, and actions.

It is very common for children at school to indulge in the use of vulgar words, which they would not dare to use if they thought their parents were near to hear them.

To utter such words is very wrong, and none but low and vulgar children will ever be heard to use them.

"But what should we do," perhaps you will ask, "when we hear vulgar words used by those with whom we are at play?"

I would leave the company of any one, or of all my playmates, who were in the habit of using any words which they would be ashamed to use when their parents or teacher could hear them.

In a very large school there were several boys who were very vulgar in their conversation and in their actions.

The teachers did not know it, for they had never heard the boys using any improper words; but there were a few good boys in the school, who wanted to do something to correct the fault of their companions.

They did not like to complain of them to the

teachers, and they had often told the boys to stop, but they would not, and now they tried another plan.

They formed a club which they called "*the Joseph Club*," naming it after Joseph, the son of Jacob, who refused to sin when he was tempted by a wicked person.

They would not allow any one to belong to the society who would use any indecent words or do any filthy actions.

The most of the boys in the school joined this society, and one of the rules to which they agreed was this, that no one who was vulgar in his words or deeds, should be admitted to any of their plays or to any of the exercises in which the society engaged.

The vulgar boys very soon felt the force of this club, and complained to the teacher of the school that the others would not let them play with them.

"What does this mean?" said Mr. A. "I am surprised to learn that any of the school should set up to be so much better than the rest, that you cannot all play together."

All the boys looked towards George Carpenter who was president of the "*Joseph Club*," and he stood up and said, very pleasantly,

"We have no objection to the boys playing with us, if they will stop using vulgar words; but a few of us who do not care to use or to hear such talk, have formed a society, and we have agreed that we will not keep company with vulgar boys."

"That is right," said Mr. A. "I approve of your club, and I hope that you will hold fast to your

promise. No boy is fit to be the companion of the virtuous and good who uses indecent words.

“ And remember, my young friends, that the habits you are now forming may remain with you through life.

“ If you employ vulgar words now, you will use them more and more ; you will be led into the practice of degrading vice, and perhaps you will be ruined for this world and the world to come.

“ God has said ‘Thou shalt not commit adultery ;’ and if you would be saved from this and all other disgraceful sins, you must keep pure your hearts and lips and lives.”

LESSON XXVII.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

THE Eighth Commandment is, “ *Thou shalt not steal.*”

“ Where did you get those fine apples ?” said Julius to David, as they met on their way to school on a pleasant September morning.

“ I got them,” said David, with a knowing toss of the head.

“ Please give me one.”

“ O yes, I can get plenty of them. Here.”

Julius took the apple which David held out to him. It was very large and very red. It was perfectly ripe, and of a fine flavour.

"David, I know where this apple grew," said Julius, as he began to eat it.

"Very likely," said David.

"It grew in Mr. Lawton's orchard."

"You are right there."

The tree which bore the apple was the only one of the kind in the town. The wicked boys vexed the owner so much by stealing his fruit, that he was not quite so liberal with it as he should have been. When the little folks asked him for an apple, he seldom granted their request. This was not kind to be sure, but then it did not justify their taking it without liberty.

"David, how did you get so many?" said Julius, as he saw that both his pockets were full, as well as the crown of his hat.

"I know."

"Did you buy them?"

"No."

"Did Mr. Lawton give them to you?"

"Not exactly."

"How did you come by them, then?"

By this time the apple which Julius had made some progress in eating with great relish, began to taste less pleasantly, for he suspected that David had stolen the fruit; and he remembered the proverb, that "the partaker is as bad as the thief."

"Now, David;" said he, "tell me, and don't get angry, did you——"

"Did you what?" said David impatiently, as he observed Julius' hesitation.

"Did you steal these apples?"

"No," said David.

At this moment they reached the school-house. The teacher had just entered. Julius paused a moment at the door to finish his apple, that he might not violate a rule of the school, which forbade the eating fruit in the school.

At noon David made a great display of his apples to the scholars. As he would not give any of them away, several of the boys got out of humour with him, and began to make remarks that implied that he had not come honestly by them.

"I don't want any of them," said Hugh Stone, who had begged the hardest for one in vain, "I know that he stole them."

"I did'nt steal them neither," said David, angrily.

"I know you did, for you had'nt any money to buy them with, and Old Lawton never gave them to you, so you must have stolen them."

"You are a fine fellow to talk, to call Mr. Lawton, *Old Lawton*; I would'nt be a saucy boy for a good deal," said David.

"And I would not be a thief for a good deal," retorted Hugh.

"I tell you I did not steal them," said David.

"How *did* you get them?" asked several of the boys who had gathered round the disputants.

"I *took* them," said David.

The announcement of this false distinction in morals raised so loud a shout that David thought proper to retire sulkily towards home.

There was now a good deal of discussion among the boys as to what ought to be done with him.

“He must be called up; we can’t have such doings in our school,” said one who had very earnestly desired an apple. It was well understood that his zeal for justice was owing to his disappointment.

“The master ought to know it,” said another, but another earnestly protested against giving any such information. To this protest no reply was made, though the countenances of some showed that they did not altogether acquiesce in the doctrine that the faults of a person must be concealed from those who have a right to know them.

“Let us have a court and try him,” said one.

“Good,” said Hugh, “I’ll be the sheriff to take him.”

The idea of a court pleased all the boys. In a few minutes a justice was chosen, and the self-appointment of Hugh confirmed.

Hugh set out immediately in pursuit of David. He found him sitting on a stone wall about half way between the school-house and his father’s house. He was eating apples, but did not seem to enjoy them. He did not look up or speak to Hugh as he approached. Hugh came up to him, and placing his hand on his shoulder a little harder than was necessary, exclaimed, “You are my prisoner.”

“Hugh Stone, you had better keep your hands off from me,” said David.

“You must come with me, and be tried by the court; you will most likely be sent to prison.”

“Let me alone.”

“I tell you I’m sheriff, and I was sent to arrest you, and bring you before the court. Come, you

must go." He took hold of his arm and pulled him from the wall.

David remained passive till his feet rested on the ground, when he dealt Hugh a blow on his breast that laid him prostrate on his back. Hugh arose from the ground in great wrath, and there was a prospect of a pitched battle, when a gentleman interfered and put an end to hostilities, and told them that he should inform their teacher of their conduct.

Neither of them seemed to care much for this. David thought he was safe because he could plead that he acted in self-defence. Hugh could plead his official character. David did not see that inquiries would be made into the merits of the case which was the basis of the proceedings in question.

When school began, David and Hugh were called up, and their statements were heard. The teacher reprimanded Hugh for proceeding to force without higher authority than he possessed. The consideration of David's case was put off till after school.

In a long conversation with David, the teacher learned the following facts. His father's hired man, in going after the cows, had occasion to pass through Mr. Lawton's orchard. He picked up a few apples that lay on the ground under the trees, and gave some to David.

David asked him if it was not stealing, since it was taking without liberty. He said it was not, for he did not go to the orchard for the purpose of getting the apples. He was passing through it for another purpose, and picked up some apples, without

permission, it is true, but with no purpose of doing wrong.

The next day David asked permission to go for the cows, and it was granted. He went through the orchard and filled his pockets and hat with apples. He had persuaded himself that he had only done as the hired man did—that he did not go to the orchard for the purpose of taking the apples, but passed through it on his way after the cows. Hence it was *taking*, and not *stealing*.

The teacher pointed out to him the particulars in which he had deceived himself, and showed him that there was no such distinction in his case, as he had endeavoured to make out. He concluded his reprimand by expressing the hope that he would never deceive himself in like manner, nor suffer others to deceive him again. I hope the reader will act on the same wise advice.

LESSON XXVIII.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

THE Ninth Commandment is, “*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*”

You have seen that the commands of God are very wide in their meaning, and have respect to all our conduct and feelings. There is no one of these ten commandments, in which it is said “*Thou*

shalt not tell a lie," but the one you have just read forbids all lying.

The child who tells lies will be very apt to grow up and tell more when he becomes a man. There is no sin that becomes so much a matter of habit, as that of lying.

And nobody believes a liar, even when he speaks the truth. Did you ever hear the story of the boy and the wolf? A boy was set to watch a flock of sheep, and when he saw the wolf coming, he was to call for help, and his father would come, with the neighbours, and kill the wolf.

The boy thought it would be fine sport to make them come when there was no danger, and after he had been watching the flock for some time, he cried out, "The wolf, the wolf," as loud as he could scream. His father and others came running with all their might, and the wicked boy laughed at them when they came, and said there was no danger.

They reprov'd him for his sinful conduct, and went away, but he soon cried out more loudly than before that the wolf was coming, and again they were deceived. When they found that he had mocked them the second time, they punished him as he deserved, and returned to their work.

Soon the wolf made his appearance, and as the boy saw him coming towards the sheep, he called out, "The wolf, the wolf; O father, the wolf is coming now," but they did not believe him: they thought he was trying to make a fool of them again.

So the wolf tore the sheep to pieces, and the wicked boy was very much afraid that the wolf

would eat him. He ran to his father and told him what a dreadful thing had happened, and his father showed him that he could never trust his son again, as he would not know when to believe him.

Jane Shaw was a very good girl, and one day when she was at school, she had the misfortune while at play, to break one of the windows.

She was very much frightened, and was very sorry that the accident had happened, but she could not mend the window. She was afraid that her teacher would be offended, and that her parents would reprove her for it, and perhaps she would be punished for her carelessness.

Jane was so much afraid that she did not tell any one what she had done, but she thought she would see whether it would be found out. This was wrong: she ought to have told her teacher at once of the accident, and promised to be more careful afterwards.

But as soon as the teacher came, the broken window was seen ; and as it was near the seat where a playful girl was sitting, whose name was Lucy Jones, the teacher thought that it might be Lucy that had broken it.

“Lucy Jones,” said the teacher, “do you know who broke that window near your seat?”

“No, ma’am,” answered Lucy, “I did not know that it was broken till I sat down, when school began, and I felt the wind blowing on me.”

“Be very careful, Lucy,” said the teacher, “you know it is very wicked to tell a lie, and if you have broken the window, it will only make the matter worse, to try to deceive me about it.”

The little girl felt so sadly when the teacher spoke to her as if she thought that perhaps Lucy had told a lie, that she hung down her head in silence, and burst into tears.

This made the teacher suspect that Lucy had broken the window, and was now crying for fear she would be found out ; and she spoke gently and said, " Lucy, come here, my dear ; I want to talk to you about this matter."

Jane had been sitting near by, and her heart was ready to break with pain. She knew it would be very wicked to let Lucy Jones be suspected of a fault which she had not committed, but Jane was afraid to confess that she herself was the only one to be blamed.

But when she saw the grief of her young friend Lucy, she remembered that golden rule which the Saviour gave to his disciples, " Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you ;" and she made up her mind to tell the whole truth at once.

So she left her seat, and went to the teacher's desk, where Lucy was now standing, and to the great surprise of the whole school, she said, " I broke the window, and am very sorry for it."

Lucy Jones turned round and looked at her a moment, with an expression of thankfulness on her face, and then putting her arms around her neck, kissed her tenderly and wept.

It was a scene that deeply affected all the scholars, who saw at once that Jane was willing to take the blame on herself, and confess her fault, rather than have an innocent person suspected of the wrong.

The teacher then told the school that it would have been as wicked in Jane to keep silence when Lucy was suspected, as it would have been to tell a falsehood. They all knew that it would be very sinful "to bear false witness" against one of their companions, and the same wicked heart which would have led Jane to conceal her fault, would have led her to say that Lucy did it.

In this way the children were taught that God looks upon the heart, and judges the thoughts as well as the words and deeds.

By and by when you grow up you may be called to bear witness in a court of law. You may have to tell what you know of the conduct of some of your fellow-men, and you must remember that God knows the truth of what you are saying, and for every word that you speak you will be called to give account at the last day.

LESSON XXIX.

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

THE Tenth Commandment is, "*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.*"

What is it to covet?

It is to desire that which is another's without his consent, or to wish for that which it is not lawful or proper for you to have.

There is no harm in wishing to have a good thing that belongs to another, if he is willing to part with it, and you are able and willing to give him what he asks for it in return.

In the tenth commandment the word is used to express that sinful desire which is often felt for the goods of another to which we have no right, and which it is not proper for us to possess.

When Charles Smith came with his father to live in the village of B—, he had a little dog which he loved very dearly. The dog was very fond of Charles, and seemed to return all the love he received from his young master.

You would often see them strolling in the streets or in the fields together, and if you saw the dog coming you might be sure that Charles was not very far behind : or if you saw the lad coming, the little dog would soon appear.

The boys in the village were not long in getting acquainted with Charles, and as he was a lad of good temper and kind to all who played with him, he was very much loved by the boys, who often came to see him.

The father of Charles was pleased when he saw that his son, who was a stranger, was so soon gaining the esteem of his new friends, and he did not hinder him from keeping company with those whose habits were good.

But the boys loved Charles' dog, and almost every one of them wished that he had it. Some of them talked about it, and tried to contrive some way by which they might get the dog to be their own.

They would coax it, and try to make the dog love them and follow them when they went home, but the dumb dog knew its best friend, and refused to leave him.

Among the boys who often went to see Charles, there was one by the name of George, who often said to his playmates that he did not think it was right to wish for what they could not have.

“But what is the harm in wishing?” said James Green to him; “we do not want to steal him, we only wish he was ours.”

George thought a minute and replied: “You have tried to coax him away, and if you should get him home and keep him, it would be stealing.”

“Not by a good deal,” said James; “if the dog follows us, we are not thieves.”

“But you have the same desire for him that the thief would have, if he came by night and stole him away. The Bible says that we must love our neighbour as ourself, and if we loved Charles as much as we ought to do, we should not want to get his dog away from him when we know that he loves it.”

“Why, George, you would make a brave little preacher. Can’t you give us a sermon?”

“You ought not to make fun of serious things, but if you would listen to a sermon from the tenth commandment, it would do you some good.”

“I know the tenth commandment; it begins ‘Thou shalt not covet.’”

“So it does, and it forbids you to want the goods of another; even to want the little dog that belongs to your playmate.”

George never said anything to Charles or his father about the boys who were so anxious to have the dog, but his manners were so winning, and he was always so willing to give up his own wishes for the sake of pleasing others, that Mr. Smith said to him one day,

“How would you like to have a little dog like Charley’s?”

George was at first so much surprised that he could hardly speak, but he soon replied by saying that he should love to have one, but he had no money to buy one.

Mr. Smith told his son to bring out the dogs, and sure enough he had sent off to the place from which he had recently moved, and obtained another just like the one that Charles had, and now gave it to George.

The little fellow’s heart was full, and he was ready to burst into tears. He thanked Charles and his father for their kindness and said, “I did want a little dog, but I never wanted yours.”

LESSON XXX.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently friendship's accents flow :
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain,
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run ;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard,
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring, know
They may have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh ! win them back again ;—
Speak gently ! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them, " Peace, be still ! "

Speak gently ! 'tis a little thing
Dwarfed in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

LESSON XXXI.

THE CONTESTED SEAT.

“ I DECLARE I will never speak to Susan Green again as long as I live,” said Matilda, as she entered the house on coming home from school.

“ My daughter,” said her mother, “ I hope I may never hear you make such a remark again. It is very unamiable, and very wrong.”

“ Well, mother, I feel so, and may just as well say so.”

“ You have no right to feel so ; and, besides, one sin does not excuse another sin. Wrong feeling does not justify wrong speaking.”

“ Well, I can't help feeling so ; and I don't see how I am to blame for what I can't help : Susan is so provoking.”

“ What does she do ?”

“ She is always getting my seat, and won't give it up to me, and laughs at me when I tell her to give it up ; and if she gets any body else's place, she gives it up as soon as she is asked.”

In the school to which Matilda went, a particular seat was not set apart for each of the pupils. They were at liberty to choose for themselves. Those who came first to the school-house in the morning, took such seats for the day as pleased them.

Matilda, therefore, did not tell the exact truth when she said that Susan took *her* seat; for as Susan arrived at the school-house first, she had a right to take whatever seat she chose.

“Did you ever ask Susan, in a pleasant way, to give you the seat for which you have such a fancy?”

“I don’t know that I have asked her: I told her it was mine, and desired her to give it up, but she only laughed at me.”

“That is to say, you ordered her to resign a seat which she had a right to retain, and she laughed at your folly, instead of getting angry as you would have done, if you had been in her place. My dear, you are pursuing a very unwise and sinful course. You displease God, and make yourself disagreeable to all your companions.”

“I can’t help it.”

“Matilda, you know better. You know that you can help it. You know that you are to blame for your feelings—your conscience tells you so.”

“I suppose I am to blame for feeling cross, but I don’t see how I can help feeling cross, when I am treated so badly. So long as Susan keeps getting my seat, I don’t see how I can feel otherwise. I can put my hand on my mouth and not say anything, but I don’t see what good that would do.”

“It would do a great deal of good, even if it were

true that you could do nothing else. By not speaking, you would avoid stirring up strife, and would be aided in getting control of your feelings. If you feel at any time the rising of anger, and refuse to give it any expression by word or act, it will soon pass away. But, it is not true, that you cannot feel pleasantly towards Susan. Does she never take any other seat but that which you call yours?"

"Yes, mother; yesterday she took Bella Hall's."

"What did Bella say?"

"She only smiled as she came in: and what do you think?—Susan offered her the seat without her asking for it, and she wouldn't take it. And to-day, Susan would not give up mine when I asked her for it."

"Did you ask her, or order her?"

"Why—I told her to give it up."

"Bella Hall, you say, smiled when she saw that Susan had taken her seat. It seems that she did not feel cross. Why is it necessary that you should feel differently from her, in the same circumstances?"

"I don't know—she is always pleasant, and gives way to every body."

"In other words, she keeps an even temper, and obeys the law of kindness; while you suffer your feelings to rise, and rule you without restraint. If you would cultivate and govern your temper, you could take things as pleasantly as Bella does. I wish you to go to your chamber, and think the matter over; consider what will be the effect of the course you are pursuing, on your own happiness and that of your friends; above all, consider how God regards it. I wish you would not leave your room till you are

convinced of the folly and sinfulness of the remark with which our conversation began."

Matilda went to her chamber. At first, she employed herself in seeking for arguments in defence of what she had done and said; but her conscience took up the other side of the question, and showed her that all her arguments were unsound. She next thought of Bella Hall's sweet smile and kind manner towards every body, and of the effect thereof, in securing the respect and love of every body. She compared her own course with Bella's, and came fully to the conclusion, that hers was the wiser and better one. She then thought of the mild, and gentle, and benevolent example of the Saviour when on earth, and she began to feel ashamed and sorry for her sin.

She was now able to see things in their true light. She saw that Susan had a perfect right to take the seat in question, and that she had no right to require her to give it up. She knew that if she had asked Susan for the seat in a polite manner, she would have given it to her very cheerfully. She remembered that Susan had never taken the seat but twice, instead of "always" taking it, as she told her mother. She saw that no one had been to blame but herself. She wept over her folly and guilt. She kneeled down and asked God's forgiveness, and His aid to enable her in future to obey the law of kindness.

She then dried her tears and washed her face, and went down to her mother; but as soon as she saw her, she began to weep again. She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and wept upon her bosom. At length she said—"Mother, I have been very

naughty; forgive me, and pray for me, that God may forgive me."

Her mother pressed her to her heart; and wept tears of joy over the repenting sinner.

The next morning, when Matilda reached the school-room, she found Susan in the seat which she had occupied the day before. Susan did not take it for the purpose of vexing Matilda. She designed to take another seat, but one of the girls requested her to sit by her and help her get her lesson.

When Matilda was seen coming, some of the girls said, "Now there will be war again." Matilda came into the school-room in a very quiet manner, and the girls were struck with the sad expression of her countenance. As she passed Susan, on her way to put her bonnet in its place, she looked at her kindly, and tried to smile. Susan read in her countenance the evidence of repentance and of a better mind. With one of her sweetest smiles, she insisted that Matilda should take the seat. Some meaning looks were exchanged by some of the girls, but all treated Matilda with kindness. There is something in the very appearance of repentance which commands respect and sympathy. Matilda persevered in her new course, and reaped the reward of well doing.



LESSON XXXII.

BE KIND.

BE kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
 Who loved thee so fondly as he?
 He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
 And joined in thy innocent glee.
 Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,
 His locks intermingled with gray ;
 His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—
 Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo ! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen ;
 Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
 For loving and kind she hath been.
 Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
 As long as God giveth her breath ;
 With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
 If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn ;
 The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
 If the dew of affection be gone.
 Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are
 The love of a brother shall be,
 An ornament purer and richer by far
 Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

LESSON XXXIII.

A GREAT VICTORY.

MR. ARNOLD had taught his son to go and return directly, when sent on an errand. Gilbert was very obedient in this, as well as other respects ; but one day, partly because he desired to know the reasons of things, and partly because of his habit of asking questions, he said to Mr. Arnold, “ Papa, why do you never allow me to stop and play with the boys, or see things, when you send me on an errand ? ”

“ I think it strange,” said Mr. Arnold, “ that you should ask such a question. The matter is plain enough, without any reason.”

“ Why, I don’t think so, papa,” replied Gilbert.

“ Suppose I send you to the post-office for a letter, and you stop to play on the way, and keep me waiting, when I wish to go elsewhere and attend to some business : is there no harm in that ? ”

“Yes, papa; but I should not stop if I knew you were waiting, and wished to go any where.”

“Suppose I did not wish to go any where when you started, but in the meantime a gentleman calls for me to go with him somewhere, and I wish to receive the letter first; you say to yourself, ‘Papa is in no hurry, so I will play a little:’ would no inconvenience arise in that case?”

“If such a thing should happen, you might come after me,” said Gilbert; not perceiving, in the earnestness of his desire not to be silenced, the impropriety of the remark.

“I think I could be better employed than in running after boys under such circumstances. By a strict adherence to the rule, all inconvenience and trouble would be avoided.”

“If I got a letter, I see that I ought to come right home with it; but if I didn’t get one, I might stop a little while. I couldn’t keep papa waiting for what I hadn’t got.”

Gilbert thought this was rather witty, though he suspected it was not very sound reasoning.

“There is a great difference between keeping your father waiting for a letter, and keeping him waiting to know whether he had one or not, isn’t there?”

“No,” said Gilbert, rather crest-fallen; but returning to the charge, he said, “but sometimes I could be sure papa wouldn’t have to wait for me: what harm could there be in my stopping a little while then?”

“You never can be perfectly sure. If it were left to your judgment, you would sometimes judge erroneously. The only sure way to avoid all trouble and

difficulty is, when you are sent on an errand, to go directly, do it faithfully, and return immediately."

"Well, papa, that is the rule I will always follow."

"I once knew a great misfortune occasioned by a boy who reasoned as you have been doing. He was sent for a letter. This was in the morning. He got the letter from the office, and was coming home, when he met a party of boys, flying their kites. He wished to join them, and did so, saying to himself, 'Father is away off in the field at work, and won't come home till noon. He won't get the letter till noon if I go right home, so there will be no harm in my stopping for a while.' The boys soon left the street for a neighbouring hill, where the wind blew fairer; and then they went to one still higher and more distant. The boy who had the letter went with them. In the mean time, a man from a neighbouring township came for his father. He went into the field where he was at work, and wished him to go with him without delay. The father did not wish to go till he had seen the letter he had sent for. He wondered his son did not come with it. He waited for a little while, and then went to the office himself. He found the letter had been taken out by his son, but he did not find his son. He was obliged to go without it, leaving directions to have it sent to him by the next mail. It was sent, but it reached him one day too late. If he had received it the day it was taken out of the office, he could have attended to the business it contained in time. The consequence was, the loss of a law-suit in which he was engaged, and a large part of his property. He died a few years

afterwards; and, when his will was opened, it was found that he had bequeathed his son a kite, and the remainder of his property to his daughters."

A few days after the above related conversation, Mr. Arnold directed Gilbert to go to the store, and purchase a gimlet for him.

"Papa," said he, as he was about to set out, "shall you want it immediately?"

"I shall not use it till afternoon," said his father. He did not tell Gilbert to come back immediately, for he knew the rule; but he felt a little anxious in consequence of the question, lest he should stop, especially as it was holiday with the village school. He said nothing, however, which intimated suspicion or distrust.

Gilbert went to the store and purchased the gimlet. On his return he met a troop of boys in martial array. There was the captain with a real captain's hat and plume, which a good-natured militia officer had lent him, and the drummer with a very respectable drum. These were the two most attractive members of the company. They had no fifer, but then a boy who "whistled uncommonly well" undertook to supply his place. Their flag bore the motto "Liberty or Death." When they marched their step was not quite as regular as that of regular troops, and if they did not look very fierce they looked very happy.

Gilbert was at once solicited to enlist in this valorous army, and he felt a very strong desire to do so. His military spirit was roused. He felt constrained to decline. He was offered promotion.

"Come, now," said the captain, "'list, and you shall be a serjeant."

"I can't," said Gilbert.

"Yes you can, if you have a mind. You shall carry the flag if you will."



This was a very tempting offer, and Gilbert almost cried as he declined it. It was well he did decline it, for otherwise the captain's authority might have been put in peril; for when the standard-bearer heard the offer he grasped it more tightly, and plainly showed by his manner that he would part with it only with his life.

"I must go home now," said Gilbert, "but I will ask my father; and if he will let me I will come."

"Better make sure of it now," said the fifer, or rather the whistler; "it is more than probable he won't let you come."

"What have you to take home?" said the captain. Gilbert told him.

"Your father won't want it yet a while; so you can stay well enough."

"I know he won't want it till afternoon, but he didn't tell me I might stay."

"I'm glad I haven't got such a strict father," said one whose father frequently had lodgings in the county jail, from certain mistakes he was liable to make in regard to the right of property.

"Your father did not say you shouldn't stop," said the drummer, "did he?"

"No."

"Then you don't disobey him by stopping: so step into the ranks."

This reasoning would have satisfied some boys in such circumstances of strong temptation, but it did not satisfy Gilbert. Still less did a remark of another boy of valour, "Your father will never know it, if you don't stop too long."

"Take him prisoner," said the orderly serjeant; "press him."

Several now seized him and led him into the ranks, or rather, rank.

"There, now," continued the said officer, "you can't go, and you are not to blame for not doing what is impossible."

Gilbert thought for a moment that this might be a valid excuse for staying, but then he knew it was possible for him to go home. He was the swiftest runner in school, and could escape from them if he pleased.

"It is no use to talk," said he, almost crying, "I must go home. I've stopped too long already. I shall have to make haste back."

He set out. No effort was made to detain him.

He could not help crying when he saw them marching off, with colours flying and the drum beating, to the storming of a Fort, as they called it, a sheep-pen, near a neighbouring stream. He reached home, told his father his story, and received his permission to be a soldier for the day. Away he bounded with a light heart, all the lighter for the victory gained by him in the moral battle that was fought in his own bosom. Such are the victories which make men heroes in the sight of God.

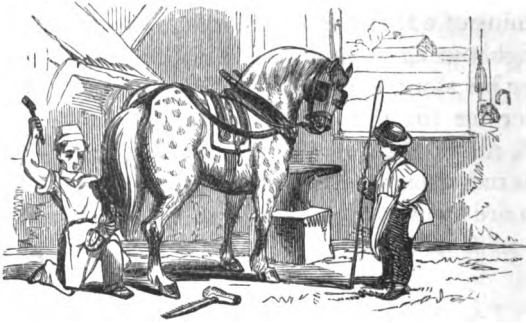
THE SABBATH BELLS: FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

LISTEN ! listen to the bells,
How sweet their music on the ear ;
It dies away, and now it swells,
By every passing gale brought near.

Listen ! listen to the bells ;
They call us to the house of prayer ;
They call to hear what Jesus tells :
Oh ! how delightful to go there !

Always I shall love that sound,
The bells that ring on Sabbath day,
And ever there may I be found,
Where that blest music calls to pray.





LESSON XXXIV.

THE HORSE.

WILLIAM POPE was a farmer, and he had a waggon and three horses ; one of them was brown, and another was black, and another was gray. His little boy, Jem, used to go out with his father to help to drive them.

Sometimes they put sacks of corn into the waggon, and the horses drew it to the mill where the miller took out the corn, that it might be ground, and made into flour. In the summer time, when the hay was well dried, William Pope would tell Jem to take the long whip in his hand, and to drive the horses and the waggon into the hay-field, that the hay might be put into the waggon, and carried to the rick.

Jem liked to crack the long whip by the side of the horses ; but he would never beat them, or use

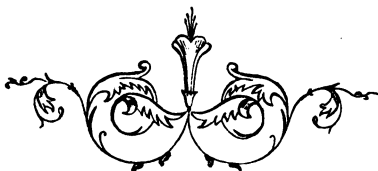
them cruelly: and when the work was done, and it was night, he would help his father to take them out of the waggon, and to take off the harness, and turn them out in the field, that they might rest themselves after their long day's work, and eat a nice supper of fresh green grass.

When William Pope wanted to plough his field, he put his three horses to his plough, and they drew it up and down the field, and ploughed it ready for the corn to be sowed.

One day, as they were ploughing, one of the iron shoes, which are put upon horses' feet, came off the gray horse's foot, and William Pope told Jem to lead him away to the blacksmith, that he might nail on a new shoe, for the poor horse's foot would soon have become very sore, if he had gone without a shoe.

When Jem and the gray horse came to the blacksmith's he was busy nailing some shoes on a pretty little pony, and they were obliged to wait till he had done; then he put on the gray horse's shoe, and Jem got upon him, and trotted back to his father.

Horses' feet are hard like our nails; they are not made of skin and flesh as our feet are, so that it does not hurt them to nail on their shoes. This hard part of the foot is called the hoof.





LESSON XXXV.

THE SHEEP.

ONE day, Mary Jackson and her brother Tom were walking together in a green field; they stopped to look at the sheep that were eating the grass, and at the little lambs that were skipping about. "Tom," said Mary, "do you remember the hymn we learnt at school, which begins—

' Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs,
Run sporting about by the side of their dams ?'

Now look at those pretty little lambs, that are running about after their mothers, as the hymn says." "Yes," said Tom, "and see how lovingly they are playing together."

"I am sure," said Mary, "I hope we shall always

play with one another as they do; for how much prettier it is to look at those little lambs playing together, than at dogs barking and fighting. And, besides that, Tom, you know that God will not love us if we fight and quarrel, and are unkind to one another."

"And, Mary," said her brother, "do you see how clean and white their fleeces are? The fleece is the wool which grows on the sheep's back. Do you know, Mary, what is done with the wool when it is cut off the sheep's back?"

"O yes, Tom, I know that; for I have seen folks spin the wool into yarn; and then I knit some of the yarn into this pair of stockings; so that these stockings, Tom, once grew on a sheep's back."

"But, Mary, do you think that stockings are the only things that wool is made into?"—"No, Tom; I know that flannel, and blankets, and cloth for men's coats, and many other things are made of wool; but I do not know how, for I am sure I could not knit a blanket or a coat."

"No, Mary, you could not, indeed. Father told me that flannel, and blankets, and cloth, are woven; and he said, that when I was older, he would take me to a weaver to see some cloth woven."

"But, Tom," said Mary, "Does it not hurt the sheep to cut off their wool?"—"No, Mary, I believe it does not hurt them more than it hurts us to have our hair cut."

"As the sheep are out in the cold winter nights, they would be very cold if God had not given them wool to keep them warm; but they are very glad in

the summer to have their wool taken from them, because it would make them very hot to have their fleeces on their backs in warm weather."

"Oh, brother," said Mary, "how good it is of God to make the wool to grow on the sheep's backs, to keep them warm in winter; and when the fine weather comes, and the sheep do not want it any more, this same wool makes useful things to keep us warm. How good is God!"

LESSON XXXVI.

BIRDS.

JOHN was walking with his mother. He was looking up in the air at the birds; he said, "How high they rise, and how they beat the air with their wings!—Now they are higher still, and now they are so far off we cannot see them."

Then he saw a little robin, and his mother said to him, "I think Robin has picked up a worm, and he is flying away with it to that great tree; I think he has built his nest in that tree, and he will give the worm to his little birds which are in the nest."

"Let us go and see; but we will not go too near, we might frighten the little birds. What a nice warm nest! and how neatly it is put together! It is made of moss and sticks. When the poor little birds come out of the eggs, and have no feathers to keep them warm, this is a nice warm house for them to live in."

“ When they are cold, their mother covers them over with her wings, and when they are hungry, their



father fetches them a worm to eat. They cannot fetch worms for themselves, because they are too young to fly.

“ Do you know, John, you were once as helpless as the little birds? When you were a baby you could not take care of yourself: it was your father and mother who fed and took care of you, and still they work hard for you.

“ Now the poor little birds cannot speak and think, but you can think and speak; so you must thank your father and mother, and you must try to please them, by being good, and doing all they wish you to do. Now the little birds have had their supper, we must wish them good night, and go home and have our supper.”



LESSON XXXVII.

WATER-BIRDS.

“COME here, John,” said his brother William, “come and look at this duck, and her little brood of ducklings; I wish they would stand still, that I might count them.”

“How many can you count, John?”

“One, two, three, four, five ducklings, and the old duck makes six,” said John; he clapped his hands, and they ran away, but they could not run very fast.

“Oh fie! John, you should not frighten the poor little ducklings; remember, you do not like it at all if any body frightens you. See! the old duck has taken her young ones to that pond. How she swims

away, and all her little ones swim after her ; and now she is trying to get some food for them out of the water, with her great flat bill."

" I wonder," said John, " how those little ducks can swim so well ; chickens cannot swim ; if they fall into the water they are drowned, and I never saw a hen swim."

" Ducks are able to swim," said William, " because God has given them feet just fit for swimming. Don't you see that skin which they have between the claws of their feet ? Hens' feet, and chickens' feet are not made so. Most birds which swim on the water have feet like ducks' feet, and they are called web-footed birds."

" Yes," said John, " I have often looked at our goose's great yellow feet, and I remember they have that skin between their claws. I shall not forget web-footed. Our goose is web-footed, and a swan is web-footed too."

" Yes," said William, " ducks and geese and swans find a great deal of their food in the water, and therefore God has given them web-feet that they may swim, and get their food. Besides it is very pleasant to them to be in the water. But though their web-feet are very useful to swim with, they cannot walk with them so well, or run so fast as hens and chickens do with their feet. There is the drake, he is very much like the duck, only he is larger, and of a prettier colour."

" Yes," said John, " those green feathers in his wings are very pretty. Does he like corn to eat, William ?" " Yes," said William, " he is very fond

of corn; we will ask mother to give us some for him." So they asked their mother for a little corn, and threw it down upon the ground for him, and he picked it up and ate it with his large bill, and seemed to like it very much. Then William remembered it was time to go to school, and he ran off with John, for they were both good boys, and they did not like to be late at school.

LESSON XXXVIII.

PLANTS.

RICHARD TOMS had a large piece of good garden ground behind his cottage, which he took a great deal of care of; and his two boys, Charles and George, were old enough to help him.

When Richard went out to his work in the morning, he always set George and Charles a task of digging, or hoeing, or raking, in the garden, which they were to finish before their father came back in the evening.

The garden was divided into a number of different beds; in one bed there were potatoes, in another bed there were turnips, and in another there were cabbages; and Richard had carrots, and cauliflowers, and onions, too. In another place, there was a row of gooseberry and currant bushes; and there was a nice bed of strawberry plants.

In the winter there was very little for Charles and

George to do in the garden ; but as the spring came on, they had plenty of digging and raking.

Charles was a good industrious boy, but George was apt to be idle, and to like play better than work, so that when his father came home, he had often not finished his task, and he was obliged to stay in the garden and do his work by himself, while Charles and his father went in to their good supper.

However, he soon found this was very unpleasant, and he resolved to follow Charles's good example, and to do all his work before he thought of play, and became a diligent boy, as well as Charles. Richard always sowed the seeds himself, after the ground had been well dug, and Charles and George raked the earth smooth over the seeds. If the weather was dry, they sometimes got some water in a waterpot, and watered the seeds that they might grow, for seeds will not grow without a good deal of rain or water.

In the month of June the strawberries became ripe, and then Richard told Charles and George to gather them and take them to market to sell.

One day, as they were busy gathering the strawberries, Charles saw George put one into his mouth ; " Oh, fie, George," said he, " that is very wrong of you ; these strawberries are not ours, they belong to father, and he will be very angry if we eat them without his leave."

" What harm is it to eat one strawberry ?" said George. " Father will never know that I have taken it, and I have only eaten one."

" But," said Charles, " do you not know that it is

dishonest to take anything, even such a little thing as a strawberry, which does not belong to you?

“Father has often told us that God will be very much displeased with those who are dishonest. God always sees us, we cannot hide anything from him : he sees what we do at all times, in the darkness as well as in the light; and though we may think nobody sees us when we do dishonest or deceitful things, yet God sees us, and he will punish us for the wrong things we do.”

“You are a good brother,” said George, “to tell me when I do wrong, and I will never take a strawberry again without leave; and when my father comes home I will tell him I have eaten this strawberry, and I will beg his pardon. I am sure I do not wish to be a deceitful or a dishonest boy.”

So when his father came home, George told him what he had done, and all the good advice Charles had given him. His father told him he was very right to own his fault, and forgave him; but said he should remember that no wrong thing that we can do, can ever be hid from God, and that he will not love those who do wrong.





LESSON XXXIX.

FLAX.

MRS. THOMPSON said to her little girl, Mary, one fine evening, "Come, Mary, we will take a walk now we have done our work, and see all the pretty flowers in the fields, for it is a sweet evening, and the sun shines, and makes every thing look beautiful."

So they went out together, and walked along a path which led through some pleasant fields, and sometimes Mary ran on before her mother to gather some of the pretty wild flowers in the hedges, and brought her back a nice nosegay, such as she thought her mother would like.

Mary had been a very good girl all day; she had her lessons well at school, and she had done her work neatly at home, and she felt happy, as good children always do.

"You look very happy, Mary, this evening," said

her mother, as Mary tripped along, singing as she went. "Yes, mother," said Mary, "I do feel very happy; you were displeased with me yesterday because I was an idle girl, and spoiled my work, and then I was unhappy; but to-day I have been a good girl, and you look pleased with me, and I am so happy to take this pleasant walk, and to gather these pretty flowers.

"What is growing in that field, mother, which looks so blue?" "It is flax, my dear," said her mother, "let us go through the gate and look at the blue flowers; some of them will be very pretty to add to my nosegay."

So they went through the gate to look at the flax. "But, mother," said Mary, "this is not like the flax I see you spin; here is nothing but blue flowers and green stalks and leaves, quite different from the flax you spin."

"When these flowers are withered away," said Mrs. Thompson, "and the seeds are come instead of them, all the stalks will be pulled up and carried away to a place where they will be soaked in water first, and then they will be beaten to make them into such flax as I spin." "Well," said Mary, "I should not have thought these stalks could ever be made into flax for spinning."

"After the stalks are made into thread, it is taken to the weaver's, and is there woven into linen, and when the linen comes home, it is spread out on the grass and sprinkled with water as it lies in the sun. This is called bleaching it. And do you know, Mary," said Mrs. Thompson, "what your frock is

made of?" "I think, mother," said Mary, "you once told me it was made of cotton. Does cotton grow like flax in the fields?"

"Cotton," said Mrs. Thompson, "grows in those parts of the world where the climate is warm, and when it is growing and ready to be picked it looks something like wool. It is sometimes called cotton-wool. Large quantities of it are raised in the southern parts of the United States."

"Is cotton spun into thread, the same as flax is, mother?" said Mary.

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "and it is woven in the same way as flax, and made into calico, such as your frock. But now we must think of going home, for the sun is set, and it will soon be quite dark, and besides, your father will want his supper."

"Well," said Mary, "I am glad I know what flax is, and what cotton is." And away she tripped home, and her mother soon followed her across the fields.

LESSON XL.

THE DULL GIRL.

I KNEW a little girl called Nancy Simpkins. Though she was eight years old, she never took any notice of the pretty things she saw. When she walked out of doors, she held her head down, and never looked up at the bright blue sky above her.

She felt warm and nice, but she did not know that it was the sun that warmed her. Sometimes when she went to bed, the moon shone quite bright

into her room, and she saw the light, but I do not believe she knew that it was the moon that gave the light, nor did this dull girl ever look at the shining stars.

Every day she carried some dinner to her father, who worked upon the road some way off. She passed through some pretty fields, and as I told you, she always walked with her head hanging down towards the ground, and yet do you know, she never took notice how fresh and green the grass looked that she walked upon, nor how it was covered with flowers; and she did not see the trees and the hedges, nor the cows and sheep that were lying under the trees, nor the little birds that were perched upon the branches, or flying about in the air.

She saw people catching fish sometimes, as she walked by the side of a little brook that ran through the meadows, but though she had looked at the fish, I believe she never thought whether they came out of the water, or whether they lived upon the dry ground. Such a dull thoughtless little girl was Nancy Simpkins. But now you must not blame her, for she had never been taught any thing, and she had never been to school.

You who have been taught, and who come to school, will do better than Nancy Simpkins, I hope. You will look at all the things that God has made, and think that it was very good of God to make them.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay,
The beasts of the field they are glad and rejoice;
And we will be thankful to God every day,
And praise His great name with a cheerful voice.



LESSON XLI.

EYES AND EARS.

KATE WILLIS was a poor blind girl; she had never seen the beautiful things that we all see; she did not know when it was light or when it was dark; she could not learn to read as you can; nor could she run about out of doors, nor play with her brothers and sisters.

When she went out to walk, one of them led her by the hand that she might not fall into a ditch, or run against any thing, or hurt herself. Kate was a very good patient girl, and she knew that it would be wrong to complain or fret, because God had not given her the blessing of sight; she tried to be happy and contented, and to do as much for herself as she could.

She could knit very well indeed, and she could

plait straw, and make bobbin, so that she was never idle, as many children who can see often are; and she learnt a great many hymns, by hearing other children say them; and knew more than most of those who went to school, because she tried very much to remember what she heard; and she often said, "I am very thankful to God, that he gave me ears to hear with."

You may be sure poor Kate made a better use of her ears than most people; she was very happy when one of her brothers had time to read to her, or to teach her something new; but she was most happy when church time came, and she never would have missed going to church, for she was always wishing to go; and as she walked with her brothers and sisters, who led her by turns, she asked them to tell her about the beautiful things they saw; and they looked about for flowers which they thought she would like to smell.

But very often they were sad to think that Kate could not see the blue sky, and the green grass, and the bright sunshine, and the pretty birds and butterflies. Then Kate said, "Never mind, I must learn to bear my misfortune, and I thank God that you can all see, and I hope that you will make good use of your eyes."

"Yes, Kate," said her eldest brother, "I am sure we ought not to be idle, as you are never idle, and we can learn from you too, how to make a good use of our ears."

LESSON XLII.

MONTHS.

“FATHER,” said William Toms, “when my teacher was speaking to you the other day, he said, this time twelvemonth I should be old enough to do something useful; what did he mean by this time twelvemonth?”

“He meant,” answered his father, “in one year from this time. This month we are now in is January, and in a year from this, twelve months will have gone by, so that a year is sometimes called a twelvemonth. You are just eight years old, William; how many years are gone by since you were born?”

“Eight years,” said William. “And how old will you be this time twelvemonth?” said his father. “Nine years old,” answered William, “for one more year will have gone by.” “In what month was your little sister born?” asked his father.

“She was born last summer, in the month of July,” said William. “Then she is six months old, that is half a year. When summer comes again, your little sister will begin to walk a little. Some children can walk when they are one year old, but they do not often walk very stoutly till they are nearly two years old. But where did you get that pretty knife, William, with which you are cutting your bread?”

“My grandmother gave it to me,” said William,

“on New-year’s Day. I told her the names of all the months in the year, and how many days there were in each month ; and I said a little verse to her, which begins, ‘Thirty days hath September,’ and which tells about all the months. My grandmother was pleased with me, and she went to her shelf, and took down this nice knife, and gave it to me for my own, and it is very useful to me.

“I call it my New-year’s knife, because grandmother gave it to me on the first day of January, which is New-year’s Day ; and when the last day of this year comes, I am to take the knife to her, to show her that I have not lost it.”

“And when will the last day of this year be,” said his father. “It will be the thirty-first of next December, almost a year from this,” said William ; I hope I shall take care of my knife, and not lose it or spoil it before that time.”

LESSON XLIII.

BESSY GRANT.

I WILL tell you what Bessy Grant saw when she took a walk, and then you shall tell me what season of the year it was. She saw the trees with small leaves just budding out, and the hedges looked of a very pale green, and the little blue violet was peeping out on the banks, and smelling very sweet ;

she saw that the cowslips were all in bud, and that it would not be long before they looked yellow, and were ready to be gathered.

The little lambs were skipping and jumping about ; they began to bite a little of the short sweet grass ; and the old sheep looked after them, and sometimes one of them cried out if her lamb got very far away ; then the lamb skipped back to its mother.

The birds were singing on every bush, and many old birds were seen picking up food to take to their young ones who were still in the nest. Whilst one bird sat over the young ones, to keep them warm, the other bird sang a pretty song as he perched on a branch opposite to the nest. Pretty creatures ! I hope no one will be so cruel as to hurt you, or to take away your nestlings.

Bessy walked by a farm-yard, and there she saw a goose and six goslings, all swimming on the pool ; the goose hissed at her, and was very angry when she thought Bessy was coming near ; in the same farm-yard there was a brood of pretty little chickens with the hen, their mother.

The feathers of the chickens were all very soft and white, and the hen was speckled black and white ; she did not like Bessy to come very near her young ones, but called them away to pick amongst some straw that was in the yard.

After Bessy had passed the farm, she stopped to listen to a bird which was crying "cuckoo, cuckoo;" she thought it was a very pretty sound, and she knew that the bird that made it was called the cuckoo. She then saw a shepherd who had penned his sheep

into the sheep-pen, and he was feeding them and looking at their wool.

Bessy stopped to look into the sheep-pen, and the



shepherd said, "We shall shear the sheep next week if the weather is fine and sunny, but if it is rainy and not so warm as it is to-day, we shall not shear them till the week after next, for they are sadly chilled, poor creatures, if the weather is very cold when they have had their thick fleeces of wool sheared off their backs." Now Bessy had finished her walk, and got home again, and I wish you to tell me what season of the year it was.

LESSON XLIV.

SPRING.

ONE fine afternoon in the spring, I took a walk into the fields. Every thing looked cheerful, the flowers were coming out in the hedges, the trees were

beginning to bud, the young lambs were playing about, and the little birds were singing. In one field I saw James Wilson and his brother Thomas, planting potatoes.

They were neat, happy looking children, and were singing away as merrily as the little birds. These little boys are always industrious, never idling away their time, or, what is worse, doing mischief, but always busy about something useful.

Potatoes will not grow unless the ground is prepared to receive them ; so last week, if you had passed this way, you would have seen Thomas and James digging away very busily.

Thomas gets up every morning with the sun, and goes out to work with his father, and now they are ploughing the ground, and sowing barley in it. Thomas is surprised as he puts in the little brown seed, to think that in a month's time it will come peeping out of the ground a pretty bright green leaf.

When Thomas has done his work, if there are no potatoes to plant, and nothing else to do, he helps his sister Mary to work in their little garden ; and if there is nothing to be done there, Thomas stays at home and helps his father ; so he has always plenty to do, and he has no time to spare for doing mischief, and for running about, like some idle boys at this season of the year, looking for birds' nests.

Thomas is very sorry when he sees some cruel boys taking away the little warm nests, that the birds have had a great deal of trouble in making, and when they rob the poor mothers of their eggs, and the young birds that can hardly fly.

Thomas's father, when he was a very little boy, taught him how wicked it was to torment any creatures. He used to say to him, "Thomas, you must remember, that the good God, who made you, made those pretty creatures too.

"He made them for our pleasure and our use, but he did not make them for us to torment, and we shall be called to give an account how we have used them as well as the rest of God's gifts.

"It is said in the Bible that not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's knowledge, and that he loves and takes care of all his creatures: so you may be sure he will be angry with those who treat them ill, and you know, my boy, none can be happy when God is angry with them; so Thomas, instead of robbing the poor birds, do you be kind to them and to all other creatures, that God may love you."

LESSON XLV.

SUMMER.

IT is pleasant summer. Hark! What noise is that? It is the mower whetting his scythe. He is going to mow down the grass, and the pretty flowers. The scythe is very sharp, do not go near it.

Come into this field; see, some of the grass is cut down, and the men and women with their forks and rakes, toss, and spread, and turn the new-mown hay: how hard they work! Come, do not sit idle, but help

to spread the grass, and the hot sun will dry it quickly, then you will see it put into the waggon



and carried to the barn. How sweet the hay smells ! The sheep, and cows, and horses will eat it in the winter when the grass does not grow, and the frost and snow are on the ground.

Now we will sit under the shade of this large tree and eat our dinner. The pretty butterflies are flying from flower to flower ; do you wish to catch one ?

It flies so fast I think you will not be able, and if you do catch it, I hope you will not hurt it or kill it, but look at its pretty colours, and let it fly again to be happy and gay.

You know that the great God who made you, made the butterfly also, and that you must not tease or torment any creature, for that is not pleasing to God.



LESSON XLVI.

THE COUNTRY BOY'S CALL.

SISTER, wake ! The sky is light ;
Morn is come ; the earth is bright ;
Stars are gone, and night is done,
Come, and see the rising sun !
Let us view his early peep ;
Nights are long enough for sleep.

Now the fresh green grass is springing ;
Butterflies their way are winging,
Thro' and thro' the grape-vine bowers,
Round and round among the flowers.
Now beneath the pleasant sky
Lambs are frisking joyously.
Merry birds, that all night long
Hushed in sleep their happy song,
Glad another day to see,
Sing on every bush and tree.
Here are beds of flowers for you,
Buttercups and violets blue !
Wreaths of morning-glory, bright,
Pink, and purple, blue, and white,
Wave with every wind that blows !
Come—for soon their leaves will close.

Busy bees are humming now ;
 Robin hops from bough to bough ;
 Sister, come and sit with me
 Under this sweet mulberry tree.

All are busy—all are gay,
 We will be as blithe as they.



LESSON XLVII.

THE APPLES.

ONE day, Mrs. Mandeville called James, and Eliza, and Edward, and little Mary, her four children ; and they all came running round her.

“Come, here is an apple for each of you,” said the kind mother ; as she spoke, she laid four red apples upon a book which she held in her hand.

Now one of these was a very little one, and all the children thought that it was just large enough for little Mary, who was the youngest of them all ; and the one that stood next to it, was a little larger,

and the next larger still, and the last one was such a beautiful apple, with such pretty yellow streaks, that all the children fixed their eyes upon it, and thought it must taste much nicer than the rest.

Then Mrs. Mandeville said, "James, as you are the oldest, I shall first give you the pleasure of showing that you love your dear little sisters and brothers, better than yourself."

Now James was not a very selfish child, yet the large red and yellow apple looked so nice, that he turned to it again, but at last he put his hand upon the smallest apple of all; and James looked up in his mother's face, and the smile he saw there was much better to him than an apple; and the kiss she gave him was sweeter than the fine red one would have been.

Then Mrs. Mandeville told Eliza to choose next, as she was the next oldest. Now I dare say my little readers will all of them suppose that Eliza will do as her generous brother James did; but I am sorry to say that Eliza was a very selfish little girl: she loved herself better than all her mother's smiles and kisses, and she took the fine red apple which they all liked so much.

But Eliza did not look up in her mother's face, as James did, for she knew she should not see a smile there, but she went away in a corner, and ate her large apple. But it did not taste so good as Eliza expected, because she had not been generous and kind; and she could take no pleasure in eating it.

Meanwhile little Edward seemed to be a long time thinking, whether he should do as his brother

James did, and gain a kiss and a smile from his dear mother; and Mrs. Mandeville felt afraid that she should have but one child who was not selfish; but she was mistaken, for Edward soon found out that he could not be happy, without her bright approving smiles; and he left the largest of the two apples, to his little sister Mary, who sat upon her brother's knee, and laughed and played with him, and put her little fingers through his hair, and then she would laugh again, and give him a sweet kiss; and Edward was a great deal happier than all the big apples in the town would have made him, if he had been selfish.

Now it happened that in the afternoon, a lady brought some sweet little white rabbits in a basket for Mrs. Mandeville's children, who admired such pretty creatures; and the lady said she was sorry she had only three of them, and that little Mary would be obliged to go without any.

But Mrs. Mandeville, who wanted to give little Eliza a chance to show that she was sorry for being so selfish in the morning, called her, and James, and Edward, and asked them which was willing to give up their rabbit to their little sister.

"I am, I am, mamma," said James and Edward; but Eliza only said, "I wish I was the youngest:" then her dear mother was grieved, and she said, "Before your dear little sister Mary and brother Edward were born, you were the youngest, and then you had all the pleasures which she now has; but I find they have made you very selfish, and you will never be happy while you are selfish: but as your brothers are generous, I shall give a rabbit to each

of them, and the other will be little Mary's, and you must learn that selfish children are not so happy, nor so much beloved, nor have they so many pleasures, as those who are generous and kind; and this is not the first time that my little girl has shown herself selfish."

Now my little friends will see that Eliza would have been much happier had she been like her brothers, and pleased her mother; for then she would have had a pretty white rabbit to play with and to feed; and she would have seen that her mother loved her, and felt that she had been good; and even if she had had a little rabbit, and her brothers had not had any, still they would have been happier than Eliza, because good and generous children always feel happier than those that are selfish.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE LITTLE MISER.

MR. and Mrs. Anderson had four children; and William was one of them. He would never spend a penny, like other children, upon fruit or toys; but used to put all the pocket-money that was allowed him, and all the money that anybody gave to him, into an old garden pot.

The garden pot was covered over with a piece of wood, and hidden in a corner of the garden, under some earth and brick-bats, so that no one should see it, or know where to find it. The greatest pleasure

William had to count over his money, and to cover it up again.

When William and his brothers and sisters were seated one morning at breakfast, his father said, "Children, do you know that last night, while we were all sleeping safely and quietly in our beds, there was in another part of the town a dreadful fire, which has burnt the houses, and the clothes, and the furniture, of a number of very poor, but very honest people?"

"O, poor creatures, that is very shocking: I wonder what they will do!" said Sophy. "I am going to tell you, love," said the father. "After there has been a fire, there are always many people who go to see the ruins."

"What do you mean by ruins?" asked Edward.

"After a house has been burned, so as to fall down, there remains in the place where the house stood, a great heap of the brick-bats, and wood, and mortar, of which the house had been made, and even sometimes there remains still a part of the house; now this, altogether, is called the ruins.

"Do you all understand me, children?" asked the father. The children said they understood it very well; and he went on.

"Now I was telling you, that many people go to see these ruins. There stands a man near the place, with a box, or plate in his hands, and he holds the box or plate to the people who go, and they put money into it; and this money is given to the poor people whose things have been burnt.

"Your mother and I are going to take a walk to

the place to-day, and if any of you like to go with us, we will wait till you all come from school."

The children thanked their father, and said they should like to go; and as soon as breakfast was over, the children went to school. At twelve o'clock they all came home again, and found their father and mother ready to go; and Sophy asked her mother, whether she intended to give anything to the poor people.

The mother said, she went there on purpose to give them something. "Your father," said she, "will give for himself and me." Sophy said she had three sixpences, and that she would give one of the sixpences to her father, that he might give it for her.

Edward said, he could not give anything, because he had given as much as he could afford, the day before, to a poor woman who went to the hospital. Little Anna, the youngest child, said, "Pray, father, do you think that threepence will do the poor people any good?"

"Threepence alone, my child," said the father, "would do but little good; but when we think that many persons will give threepence a-piece, who cannot afford to give any more; and that all these pence together will make a large sum of money, I think you will do well to give it to them."

William stood in the corner of the room; but he did not say a word, or offer to give anything. "William," said the mother, "now you may do good with some of the money you have. I am sure you must have a great deal, for I believe you never spend anything."

“No,” said William, “I never spend any. I have all my money safe.”

“And for what purpose do you keep it, my dear? What do you intend to do with it?”

“I do not intend to do anything with it; I like to keep it, and get more to put to it.”

William’s father told him, that money was of no use, except when we would do good with it, either to ourselves, or to those who are in want of it. “If you saved your money to do anything with, or to buy anything with, or to give to any body, I should think you did right; but, as it is, William, I think you act very wrong.”

When William’s father had said this, they all set out: and when they came to the place where the fire had been, they found many poor people, and many poor children.

Some were sitting half naked, because all their clothes had been burnt; and many poor children were crying for their fathers and mothers: some of them had been burnt in the fire; or had otherwise hurt themselves in jumping out of the windows to save their lives.

When Mr. Anderson, the children’s father, put the money, which he and their mother gave, into the box which the man held in his hand, Sophy said softly to her brother William, “If you could only be half as happy as we are, from thinking that what we give to these poor people will help to serve them in their distress, you would not mind giving them all you have.”

“There is no need of my giving them anything,” said he. “Do you not see how many people are giving them money?”

“But,” said Sophy, “suppose everybody, instead of giving them something, had said, ‘O there will be people enough to give; I have no need to give,’—do you not think they would have had very little?”

William had not had time that day to look at his money and count it; and therefore as soon as they all got home, he went into the garden, to the place where he always kept it, and lifted up the brick-bats which covered his garden pot.

He then lifted up the bit of wood which lay over the pot; but how vexed and sorry he was to find his money all gone, and a parcel of stones put there instead of it, with a little piece of paper, on which was written—

“Foolish boy! you have only lost that which you did not use; and stones will do to count as well as money.”

LESSON XLIX.

JOHN TOMPKINS.

ONE honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, and dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood ;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent, he would cheerfully bear.

For why should I grumble and murmur, he said ;
If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread ;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better ; but did not complain,
Nor lie down and fret, in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill,
Why John was good-natured and sociable still ;
For he said that revenging the injury done,
Would be making two rogues when there need be
but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world, without even a grumble ;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher.



LESSON L.

THE DIRTY BOY.

OH fie ! little Freddy,
'Tis quite a disgrace,
To cry to be washed,
With so dirty a face.

And see, here are hands, too,
Not fit to be seen ;
You cannot be healthy,
Unless you are clean.

Think, love, of those children,
Neglected and poor,
Whom you, Master Freddy,
Would pity, I 'm sure ;

Who 've no one, their wants
Or their health to attend :
No father, no mother,
And scarcely a friend.

How glad would they be,
Had they parents, like you,
Whatever they wished
For their comfort, to do.

Sure, haughty and wicked
They then would appear,
If they should like best
To be dirty, my dear.

There, that 's a good boy,
Now you 're blooming and nice ;
I thought you 'd be willing
To take good advice.

Those children, who fancy
They always know best,
Instead of a pleasure
To all are a pest.

You now are so rosy
I scarcely should know
The sweep, that you looked like,
Five minutes ago.

Go, run to your mother,
With eyes full of joy,
And ask a sweet kiss,
For her clean little boy.

LESSON LI.

THE WAY NEVER TO CRY.

WHEN little Robert Smith was about seven years of age, he was sitting one day on a little step before the door of his father's house, crying very much.

Just at that time, Robert's uncle came to fetch him, to play with his little cousins: but as soon as his uncle saw his red eyes, and how dirty he had made his face, by wiping the tears away with his dirty hands, he thought he would not take Robert that day, but would rather wait, and see if he would not be a better boy.

"For," said his uncle to himself, "I cannot walk through the streets with a naughty boy; and I am sure he must have been naughty, or he would have no cause to cry."

When his uncle came up to the little step where Robert sat, he said, "Well, Robert, are you always crying?—What is the matter?"

"Dear uncle," answered Robert, sobbing and rubbing his face again with his dirty hands; "I cry almost all day long."—"Where is your pocket-handkerchief?" said his uncle; "you should not wipe your face with those dirty hands."

"I have lost my handkerchief," answered Robert. "Did any one take it out of your pocket?" asked his uncle. "No," said Robert: "I laid it down some-

where, and when I wanted it, I could not find it; I am sure it must be lost."

"But, my dear Robert," said his uncle, "whenever you use your pocket-handkerchief, you should never lay it down, but always put it in your pocket; for if you do not know where you have put it, you can never know where to find it."

Robert cried and sobbed still louder than before; and stammered out as well as he could, "Dear uncle, don't you find fault with me too; every body reproves me all day long."

"When I go to school, my master reproves me for not saying my lesson; when I come home, the maid says, 'O you naughty boy, what a house you make with your dirty feet;' when I go into the parlour, my father says, 'Why do you not shut the door after you?'"

"My brothers and sisters are angry, and quarrel with me, whenever I break or lose any of their playthings: and now I have been turned out of the room, because I did not go to dinner when the servant called me, but staid to finish my game at ball with that little boy you met as you came. Is it not very hard, dear uncle,—is it not very sad?"

When Robert had done, his uncle said, "Yes, my dear little boy, I dare say you find it very hard to be found fault with; but you should remember, my love, that nobody ever finds fault with good children, and that if you were to try not to do wrong, nobody would ever make you cry."

"Now I think it would be better, when you come from school in the afternoon, if you were never to go

to play, till you have learned your lesson for the next morning.

“The next morning read it carefully over again before you go to school; and when you have said your lesson well, your teacher will not blame you, but will say that you are a good boy, and that you will be a clever man.

“When you come home from school, stop at the door, and scrape your feet; not carelessly, but in a careful manner; then go to the mat and rub them until they are clean; and then the maid will say, ‘Here comes our little Robert; he is a good boy—do you not hear how he scrapes and scrubs his feet?’

“When you go in or out of a room, shut the door every time after you. When you are with your brothers and sisters, never touch or take away any of their playthings, without first asking leave.

“If they let you have anything, take care not to break it or lose it, and then your brothers and sisters will never quarrel with you, but will love you, and lend you any thing they have.

“I would have you try and do all this, for a few days, and I am sure, when I come again, you will tell me you have had no cause to cry.”

Little Robert remembered what his uncle had said to him, and tried to be a good boy; he became every day better and better, and cried every day less and less.

In about a week, Robert’s uncle came again. Robert ran to meet him at the garden gate.

“Oh,” said Robert, “what a good uncle you are; you have made me quite happy. I have tried and

have done all that you told me; now I never cry, and every body loves me."

"I am very glad to hear it, my dear child," answered his uncle; "now you shall go with me. The last time I came, you should have gone; but as I found you a bad boy, I could not take you."

LESSON LII.

A ROSY CHILD WENT FORTH TO PLAY.

A ROSY child went forth to play,
In the first flush of hope and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Whence ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He raised in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,
Veiling the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the distant bell
Call'd the boy builder home to sleep:—
He pass'd a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair;—
He came with the returning light,
And lo, the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp with strivings, warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of earth.
Gold, learning, glory—what are they
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

LESSON LIII.

CASABIANCA.

THERE was a little boy, about thirteen years old, whose name was Casabianca. His father was the commander of a ship of war, called the Orient. The little boy accompanied his father to sea. His ship was once engaged in a terrible battle upon the river Nile.

In the midst of the thunders of the battle, while the shot were flying thickly around, and strewing the decks with blood, this brave boy stood by the side of his father, faithfully discharging the duties which were assigned to him.

At last his father placed him in a particular part of the ship, to perform some service, and told him to remain at his post till he should call him away. As the father went to some distant part of the ship to notice the progress of the battle, a ball from the enemy's vessel laid him dead upon the deck.

But the son, unconscious of his father's death, and faithful to the trust reposed in him, remained at his post, waiting for his father's orders. The battle raged dreadfully around him. The blood of the slain flowed at his feet. The ship took fire, and the threatening flames drew nearer and nearer.

Still this noble-hearted boy would not disobey his father. In the face of blood, and balls, and fire, he stood firm and *obedient*. The sailors began to desert the burning and sinking ship, and the boy cried out, "Father, may I go?"

But no voice of permission could come from the mangled body of his lifeless father; and the boy, not knowing that he was dead, would rather die than disobey. And there that boy stood, at his post, till every man had deserted the ship; and he stood and perished in the flames.



Oh, what a boy was that! Everybody who ever heard of him, thinks that he was one of the noblest

boys that ever was born. Rather than disobey his father, he would die in the flames !

This account has been written in poetry ; and, as the children who read this book may like to see it, I will present it to them.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on ; he would not go,
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—" Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done."
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father," once again he cried,
" If I may yet begone."
And—but the booming shot replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh! where was he!
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young and faithful heart.

LESSON LIV.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

DON'T kill the birds—the little birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.
The little birds, how sweet they sing!
O, let them joyous live!
And never seek to take the life
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds—the pretty birds
 That play among the trees ;
 'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
 Should we dispense with these.
 The little birds, how fond they play !
 Do not disturb their sport ;
 But let them warble forth their songs
 Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds—the happy birds
 That bless the field and grove ;
 So innocent to look upon,—
 They claim our warmest love.
 The happy birds—the tuneful birds,
 How pleasant 'tis to see ;
 No spot can be a cheerless place
 Where'er their presence be.

LESSON LV.

THE BLIND BOY.

IT was a blessed summer's day,
 The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,
 The birds poured forth their gentle lay,
 And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
 Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
 Till suddenly I came upon
 Two children who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined ;
Her hand on his she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near ;
A tree concealed me from their view ;
But all they said I well could hear,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

“ Dear Mary,” said the poor blind boy,
“ That little bird sings very long ;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song ? ”

“ Yes, Edward, yes,”—replied the maid,
“ I see the bird in yonder tree.”
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
“ Sister, I wish that I could see.

“ Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From these dear birds that God has made.

“ So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas ! He has not given ;
But, tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven ? ”

“ Dear Edward, no ; there all can see ;
 But, *why* ask me a thing so odd ? ”
 “ Oh, Mary, He ’s so good to me,
 I thought I ’d like to look at God.”

* * * * *

Ere long disease his hand had laid
 On that dear boy, so meek and mild ;
 His widowed mother wept and prayed
 That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
 And said, “ Oh, never weep for me,
 I ’m going to a bright, bright place,
 Where Mary says, I God shall see.

“ And you ’ll come there, dear Mary, too ;
 But, mother, when you get up there,
 Tell Edward, mother, that ’tis you,
 You know I never saw you here.”

He spake no more, but sweetly smiled,
 Until the final blow was given,
 When God took up that poor blind child,
 And opened *first* his eyes in *heaven*.



LESSON LVI.

THE LOST CHILD AND THE LAMB.

A LITTLE child wandered from its mother's cottage to the green meadows in search of flowers. Pleased with the pursuit, and finding new pleasures the more she sought, it was nearly night before she thought of returning. But in vain she turned her steps. She had lost her way. The thick clumps of trees that she had passed were no guide, and she could not tell whether home was between her and the setting sun or not.

She sat down and wept. She looked in all directions, in hope of seeing some one to lead her homeward, but no one appeared. She strained her eyes, now dim with tears, to catch a sight of the smoke curling from the cot she had left. It was like looking out on the ocean with no sail in view. She was alone in, as it were, a wilderness. Hours had passed

since she had left her mother's arms. A few hours more, and the dark night would be around her, the stars would look down upon her, and her hair would be wet with the dew.

She knelt on the ground and prayed. Her mother in the cottage was beyond the reach of her voice, but her heavenly Father she knew was always near, and could hear her feeblest cry. Mary had been taught to say, "Our Father," and in this time of sorrow, when friends were far away, and there was none to help, she called upon Him who has said to little children, "Come unto me."

Mary had closed her eyes in prayer, and when she opened them, comforted in spirit, and almost resigned to her fate, willing to trust God for the future, and to sleep, if needful, in the grass, with his arm around her, and his love above her, she espied a lamb. It was seeking the tenderest herbs among the tall grass, and had strayed away from its mother and the flock, so that Mary saw at a glance she had a companion in her solitude, and her heart was gladdened as if she heard the voice and saw the face of a friend.

The lamb was happy also. It played at her side, and took the little tufts of grass from her hand, as readily as if Mary had been its friend from infancy.

And the lamb leaped away, and looked back to see if its new-found playmate would follow. Mary's heart went out after the lamb, as it gambled before her. Now the little thing would sport by her side, and then would rush forward as if about to forsake her altogether, but soon it would return or wait until she came up with it. Mary had no thought, no anxiety

whatever as to whither the lamb was leading her. She was lost—she had no friend to help her in her distress—the lamb had found her in her loneliness, and she loved it, and loved to follow it, and she would go wherever it should go. So she went on, until she began to be weary of the way, but not of her company.

The sun was just setting—a summer sun, and her shadow stretched away before her, as if she were tall as a tree. She was thinking of home, and wondering if she should ever find the way back to her mother's house and her mother's heart, when the lamb, all of a sudden, sprang away over a gentle knoll, and as she reached it, her sporting playmate had found the flock from which it had strayed, and they were all, the lamb and Mary, within sight of home. The lamb had led Mary home.

Who has not sometimes felt as this child, away from his father's house, in search of pleasure till he is lost? He knows not whither to look for some one to guide him homeward. He prays. His eye of faith, blinded just now with tears of grief because he has wandered, catches sight of the Lamb who leads him to his Father's house, where his tears are wiped away, and he is welcomed and folded in the arms of eternal love?



LESSON LVII.

FAITH IN GOD.

I KNEW a widow very poor
Who four small children had ;
The oldest was but six years old—
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard that widow toiled,
To feed her children four ;
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labour she would leave her home—
For children must be fed ;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had,
On any day to eat ;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day the snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air ;
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home,
'Twas searched by every breeze ;
When going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy—
He never raised his head ;
But still went on and said—" Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed—
And when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord's prayer he had said.

" Why, sir," said he, " this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept, because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

" She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead ;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

" ' Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins ;
Which makes me think that He,
As we have no kind father here,
Would our kind Father be.

“And then, you know, the prayer, too,
 Asks God for bread each day ;
 So in the corner, sir, I went—
 And that’s what made me pray.”

I quickly left that wretched room,
 And went with hasty feet ;
 And very soon was back again,
 With food enough to eat.

“I thought God heard me,” said the boy ;
 I answered with a nod—
 I could not speak—but much I thought
 Of that boy’s faith in God.

LESSON LVIII.

FREAKS OF THE FROST.

THE frost looked forth one still, clear night,
 And whispered, “Now I shall be out of sight ;
 So through the valley, and over the height,
 In silence I’ll take my way.
 I will not go on, like that blustering train,
 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
 But I’ll be as busy as they.”

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
In diamond beads—and over the breast

Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept ;
Wherever he breath'd, wherever he stepp'd,

By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things ! there were flowers and trees ;
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees ;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing, that was hardly fair ;
He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

“ Now just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“ This costly pitcher I'll burst in three ;
And this glass of water they've left for me
Shall ' tchick ! ' to tell them I'm drinking ! ”



LESSON LIX.

THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

THERE was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark,
And wide around ;
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flow'r, nor leaf of green :
Sea without bound !

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread,
A meek dove flew ;
But on that shoreless tide,
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest :
Christ is the ark, my love,—
Thou art the tender dove,—
Fly to His breast.



LESSON LX.

THE PEACH.

A FARMER brought to his children five beautiful peaches. They saw this fruit for the first time, and they were enchanted with the lovely peaches, with rosy cheeks and velvet down. The father gave one to each of his four children, and the fifth to his wife.

In the evening, as they were retiring to rest, he asked, "Now, how have you liked your beautiful peaches?"

"Very much, dear father," said the eldest; "so acid and so soft! I have kept the stone of mine that I may have a tree of my own."

"Well done!" said the father, "that was thoughtful, and you will make a good farmer."

"I," said the youngest, "have eaten mine, but I threw away the stone. My mother gave me besides, half of hers. Oh! it tasted so sweet and melting!"

"You have not done well," said the father, "and yet it was natural, for greediness is common to children."

Then began the second son, "I have cracked the stone which my little brother threw away, and there was a kernel inside which tasted like a nut. As for my peach, I sold it for as much as will buy twelve when I go to town."

But the father shook his head. "Pray to God," said he, "to keep you from the sin of covetousness."

And you, Edward ?” “I have given mine to George, our neighbour’s son, who has lain so long in a fever.”

“Now,” asked the father, “who has enjoyed his peach the most?”

The three others cried out, “Brother Edward !” but he alone was silent, and his mother kissed him with tears in her eyes.

LESSON LXI.

THE ROSE.

HOW fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower !
 The glory of April and May !
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flowers of the field ;
 When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I’ll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade ;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
 This will scent like a rose when I’m dead.

LESSON LXII.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

BRIGHT little star on the evening's breast,
How beams thy golden light ?
Fast thou art sinking in the west ;
Sweet little star, good night !

And I, when I have bent my knee,
And said my evening prayer
To Him who made both thee and me,
Shall to my rest repair.

And thinking on that brighter star,
That once o'er Bethlehem rose,
And eastern sages led from far,
Ill sink to sweet repose.

And oh, when I at last shall lie
In death's cold slumber down,
Then may my spirit shine on high,
A star in Jesu's crown.



LESSON LXIII.

THE WRONG TURNING.

WHEN I was a boy—but that is a long time ago, for many a crop of corn has been gathered into the garner, and many a fall of snow has covered the hills and the valleys since then: ay! and many a friend and companion has been carried to the cold grave,—but, as I said, when I was a boy, my father sent me on an errand to a farm-house a few miles in the country. “You must go,” said he, “straight along the turnpike road, till you come to the second milestone, and then, passing the big house with the rookery in the elm trees, you must take the first turn to the right, which will lead you to Farmer Gilbert’s fold-yard; but mind, whatever you do, be sure that you do not take the *wrong turning*.”

Boy-like, I was so pleased with the prospect of a pleasant walk into the country, that I did not attend so carefully as I ought to have done to the directions which my father gave me, so that when I had passed the second mile-stone, and arrived at the big house with the rookery in the elm-trees, I could not at all remember whether I was to take the first turn to the right hand, or to the left. After puzzling for some time, I made up my mind to go to the left. I did so, and thereby took the *wrong turning*.

Well! on I went, as I thought, for Farmer Gilbert’s, till the lane got very narrow and the road very dirty.

At one part there was a gate across it, and in getting over the gate, I did not perceive that the bottom hinge was off it; no sooner had I mounted the gate than it swung on one side and flung me into the mire, and a sad predicament I was in. A dog came growling out of a cottage by the road side; to get rid of the dog I clambered over a hedge, and in my haste almost tore off the skirt of my jacket. With the intention of defending myself from the dog when I should return, I pulled out my pocket-knife to cut a stick, but in doing this I cut my finger, and dropped my knife into the ditch, and could not find it again. After all my misfortunes, no Farmer Gilbert's could I find. Indeed, it would have been strange if I had, for every step I had taken, since leaving the turnpike road, had led me further and further from his house. At last I asked an old man whom I met, working in a field, to tell me the nearest way to Farmer Gilbert's, mentioning at the same time which way I had come. "I don't wonder," said the man, "at your being a little puzzled; why, my lad! you have taken the *wrong turning!*"

I soon set off back again, blaming myself for not having paid more attention to the direction of my father. I found no further difficulty in my way to Farmer Gilbert's; and having done my errand, I returned home heartily repenting the error I had committed in taking the *wrong turning.*

No sooner did my father see me, than he began thus: "Why, Robert! where have you been? You have been long enough to do the errand twice over; what a condition your shoes and stockings are in;

and the skirt of your jacket is almost off! What have you been about?"

I then told my father the whole of my mishaps, just as they had occurred to me; how the gate had flung me into the mire; how the dog had attacked me; and how I tore my jacket, cut my finger, and lost my pocket-knife; and I acknowledged that all these things had been brought about by my foolishly taking the *wrong turning*.

"Ah, my lad!" said my father, "you are not the first, by a great many, who have smarted by neglecting their father's directions, and taking the *wrong turning*."

"All of us who live in the world have an errand to perform, and have to find our way to heaven. The path of duty is the road along which we are to go, and the Bible contains the instructions of our heavenly Father, giving us the plainest directions that we may not be pained and perplexed by losing our road. Those who attend to these directions find their way easily, but they who neglect them get into a thousand troubles; when travelling heavenward, it is a terrible thing to make a *wrong turning*."



LESSON LXIV.

THE DISINTERESTED BOY.

IT was just at night. The sun had set, and the curtains of night were fast hanging themselves over hill-top and valley, the lonely wood and the busy village. While the night winds were beginning to sweep through the trees, lights were here and there peeping through the windows, to tell that though the wind was cold and blustering without, there might be peace and comfort within.

At this hour, my friend Mr. Bradley, passed through a little village among the Hampshire hills, and urging his horse forward as the night became darker, took his way through the main road toward the next town, where he intended to pass the night. As he passed the last house in the village, he thought he heard some one call, but supposing it might be some boy shouting to his fellow, he thought little of it. He heard the call again and again, and at last, on hearing it repeated several times in succession, it occurred to him that some one might wish to speak to him, and he slackened the pace of his horse, and looked behind the chaise to see if he could discover who was calling.

“Stop, sir,” said a little boy who was running with all his might to overtake him.

Mr. Bradley stopped his horse, and a little boy of eight or ten years old came up, the blood almost ready to burst from his face, and panting at every breath.

"Well, my little fellow, what do you wish for?" said Mr. Bradley.

"You are losing your trunk, sir," answered the boy, as soon as he could speak.



"And so you have run all this way to tell me of it, have you, my good boy?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bradley jumped out of the chaise, and saw that his trunk, which was strapped underneath his carriage, was unfastened at one end, so that a sudden jolt might have loosened it altogether, and he would have lost it without knowing how it had gone.

"You are very kind, my little lad," said the gentleman, "to take all this trouble; you have saved me from losing my trunk, and I feel much obliged to you."

"You are welcome," answered the boy.

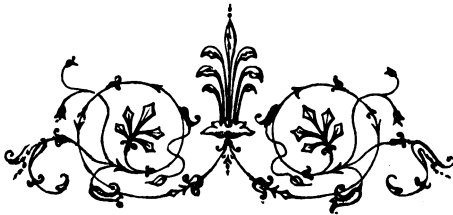
"And now are you tall enough to hold my horse while I fasten the trunk as it should be?" said Mr. Bradley.

“O yes, sir,” said the boy, stepping up and taking hold of the bridle. He held the horse till Mr. Bradley was ready to start, and then said, “Good night, sir,” and was stepping away.

“Stop a moment,” said Mr. Bradley, taking a half-crown from his pocket, “here is some money to pay you for your trouble, and I feel very grateful to you besides.”

“No, sir,” said the boy, drawing himself up erect, and casting his eye full in Mr. Bradley’s face, “do you think I would take money for such a thing as that?”

“Ah!” said Mr. Bradley, as he related the story to me, “I saw by his noble look, that he had run from half to three quarters of a mile for the sake of doing a kindness to a stranger, and not for the hope of pay; and I could not find it in my heart to urge him to take money, for I knew that the thought of having done good, was a greater reward to him than money could have been. So I bade him good night, and he ran toward home, while I gave the whip to my horse, and again rode briskly on; but I often think of that journey of mine through Hampshire, and the noble-hearted boy who lived among its hills.”



LESSON LXV.

THE SCHOLAR.

THE greatest, the wisest, and best men that ever lived, were once boys. It is very common for children to feel that they can never be as great and learned and good, as the men whom they read of in books, and who have done so much for the world. But it is true, that the boys of the present day have more advantages than those who lived in former years; and it is easier now to become wise than it was when our fathers were young.

What is a scholar? He is one who tries to learn; he makes use of books if he can obtain them, and applies his mind to study, and *thinks* while he reads. A person may read many books and learn but little from them, unless he thinks closely, and tries to understand and to remember what he reads.

The scholar is always learning something,—the more he studies, the more he finds there is to be learned. This is true of any one science that he takes up. If he is studying *astronomy*, the science that treats of the stars, he never reaches the end of his work,—there is something new that always invites him upward and onward.

It is so with the studies that he attends to in school. He will never know so much about Grammar, or Arithmetic, or History, that he need not think any more of these sciences. He will feel his ignorance

when he has become very learned, and will desire to learn more.

I know a boy who prefers his book to his play. He is often playing with other boys, as he should be, but he loves to read and to think, more than to mingle in the sports of children, and as he finds pleasure in his books, he will certainly learn. I should not be surprised if he were to become an author, and make books himself. Perhaps he will be a philosopher, like Bacon, or Newton, or Locke, and his name will then be known all over the world.

But it is right for boys to play. Let them enjoy their amusements in the time of youth, but they should not think that this is the season only for sport. They should be *scholars* now. If they will improve their time and their minds when they are young, they are preparing themselves for usefulness and enjoyment when they grow up and become men.



LESSON LXVI.

THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON.

SOME of the most interesting anecdotes of the early years of Washington, are such as connect him with his mother, or were derived from her narrations. She was a dignified and excellent woman, and is remembered with respect and love by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

Her husband died while their children were young. So she had the sole care of their government and education. For this great charge she was eminently qualified. She was often asked what course she had pursued in training up her illustrious son. And her reply was, "I only required *obedience, diligence, and truth.*"

These were the simple rules by which Washington became good and great. They were wrought in with the elements of his character, until his *goodness became greatness*, and his *greatness goodness*. Is there anything in these three precepts of *obedience, diligence, and truth*, which those who read this book are unwilling or careless to observe?

Washington, when a boy, was taught to be accurate in all his statements. He told things exactly as they were, and repeated words just as they had been spoken. If he had committed a fault, he did not try to conceal it, or lay the blame upon others.

Whatever his errors were, and the best child in

the world sometimes does wrong, he always spoke of them to his mother, without disguise, and without delay. This was the foundation of that noble frankness and contempt of deceit which distinguished him through life, and made him revered by all.

Once, from an indiscretion of his boyhood, a considerable loss was incurred. He knew that it would interfere with favourite plans of his mother, give pain to her feelings, and perhaps awaken her severe displeasure. But he did not hesitate in his duty. He went immediately to her, and made a full acknowledgment; and she said, "I had rather this should have taken place than my son should be guilty of a falsehood."

She was careful not to injure him by indulgence, or luxurious food. She required him to rise early, and never permitted him to be idle. Labours were sometimes assigned him, which the children of wealthy parents might have accounted severe. Thus he acquired strength, firmness of frame, and disregard of hardship.

He was taught to have certain hours for certain employments, and to be punctual. The systematic improvement of time, thus early taught, was of immense service when the mighty concerns of a nation devolved on him.—Then he found leisure for the transaction of the smallest affairs, in the midst of the most important and conflicting duties.

It was observed by those who surrounded his person, that he neglected nothing, and was never known to be in a hurry. He was remarkable for neatness, yet spent but little time in arranging his dress.

His habits of early rising, and strict attention to order, gave him time for everything, so that the pressure of public business never rendered him inattentive to private duty, domestic courtesy, or kind hospitality. In winter, he rose two hours before day, and in summer was ready to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the dawn.

Such benefits did a man, whom the world beheld with admiration, derive from the counsels of a mother, who accustomed him to habits of early rising, order, and industry. His obedience to her was cheerful and unvarying. Even after he attained mature years, and a nation regarded him as its deliverer and ruler, the expression of her slightest wish was a law.

LESSON LXVII.

COLUMBUS.

ABOUT three hundred and fifty-five years ago, there lived a very wise man, named Christopher Columbus. He was born at Genoa, a city of Italy. He thought a great deal about this world that we live in; he believed that it was round, like an orange; and that men could sail all round it, just as a fly could creep round an orange, and come back to the same place from which he set out. Columbus believed that if men would try to sail round the world, they would find some countries which the people of Europe had never seen or heard of.

At that time, Europe, Asia, and Africa, were known: they all lie on one side of the globe. What was on the other side, none of the people knew. Columbus wanted to go and see; but he could not go unless he had several ships and many men with him. These things cost a great deal of money. No private person had so much money to spare. So Columbus was obliged to ask the king of some country to furnish him the men, and money, and ships that he wanted.

Columbus applied to the government of his own country first, and afterwards to the king of England, and the king of Portugal. None of these was willing to assist him, and at last he went to Spain. The name of the king of Spain was Ferdinand, and the name of the queen was Isabella. Queen Isabella was pleased with the plan of Columbus; she hoped he would find the countries he expected, and she persuaded the king to give him such things as he wanted.

The king gave him three ships, and what he wanted besides. The ships sailed in the month of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and ninety-two. A great number of people went down to the water-side to see them set sail. They felt curious to know whither they would go, and what they would find.

When the ships had got far out of sight of land, a great way into the Atlantic Ocean, the sailors began to be afraid they should get so far as never to return. They wanted to go back to Spain, and refused to obey Columbus. But he persuaded them to wait a little longer, and in a few days they came to the

Bahama Islands, and afterwards to the larger islands now called Cuba and Hispaniola.

The people of these islands were not white, like the men of Europe, nor black, like the natives of Africa. They were tawny, or copper-coloured, like the people of India, in Asia, and the Europeans called them Indians. They had never seen a white person before, and were much surprised when they saw the Spaniards. They wondered how such great ships were made; and when Columbus ordered his men to fire a cannon, the Indians were terrified, and thought Columbus made it thunder.

Columbus returned to Spain; the king and queen were very glad when they heard of the new country which he had found. They sent him back again, and sent many other ships; these discovered all the islands of the West Indies, and the great continent of South America.

The Spaniards took these countries as their own, and everything they could find in them. They found great quantities of gold and silver, and treated the natives very cruelly, in hopes they would tell them of still more riches. The Spaniards were likewise cruel to Columbus, who had made them so rich. They made him unhappy; and he died before he was an old man. He was worn out with his disappointments and fatigues, and glad to go to his final rest.

The kings of other countries sent out ships to America, till, in time, America became known to all the people of Europe. People went from different countries of Europe to different parts of America, to settle and live. They found nothing there but woods,

and wild men, and wild animals ; but now there are towns there, and villages, and cities, and pleasant fields, and fine gardens.

Instead of uncivilized, heathen Indians, with their idolatrous rites and cruel murders, there are now Christian people, with Sabbaths, and churches, and ministers, and day-schools, and sabbath-schools, and books ; and especially the Bible, God's book, " which is able to make men wise unto salvation."

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