ECLECTIC EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

McGUFFEY'S

NEWLY REVISED

ECLECTIC SECOND READER:

CONTAINING

PROGRESSIVE LESSONS

IN

READING AND SPELLING.

Revised and Improved.

By Wm. H. McGUFFEY, LL. D.

PERMANENT STEREOTYPE EDITION.

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PREFACE.

The unparalleled demand for the Second Reader, as well as the other volumes of the Eclectic Series, has rendered it necessary to issue a new edition, printed on new stereotype plates. This opportunity has been embraced to revise, re-model, and greatly enlarge the book, so as to render it still more worthy of the liberal patronage it has already received.

Preparatory to this revision. many school books and the best juvenile writings of England, France, and Germany were obtained, and free use has been made of them. In regard to all these, however, one rule has been followed, namely, to alter and abridge, almost invariably, and, in some cases, entirely to rewrite the extracts which have been taken. The engravings, many of which are from original designs by one of the best artists in the country, are of a superior order.

In making his selections, the Compiler has aimed to introduce only such matter as will *interest*, as well as instruct the minds of youth. Consequently, simple stories, anecdotes, &c., have been much used, as the means of conveying to their minds the purest moral and religious principles; but nothing sectarian in its tendency has been admitted.

Great care has been taken in regard to *progression*, that the learner may proceed by gradual steps; and always, after reading one lesson, be prepared for the following one.

Much attention has been paid to the Spelling Lessons. These have been invariably selected from the reading lessons; and many words, especially the more difficult ones, are repeated, until the scholar is supposed to be perfectly familiar with them.

The book is now submitted to parents and teachers, for their examination and decision. Should it prove acceptable to them, and be deemed a worthy auxiliary in the work of education, one great object of its publication will have been attained.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Eight, by Winthrop B. Smith, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Ohio.

STEREOTYPED BY E. SHEPARD, CINCINNATI.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE FIRST OBJECT of the intelligent teacher should be to awaken the attention of the pupil to the subject of the lesson he is reading. The conversational mode of imparting instruction, and of training the young mind, is believed to be the true and only means of attaining this end.

THE QUESTIONS furnished in this Reader are intended as a basis of this method—merely as hints to the teacher of the manner in which he may exercise the mind of the learner on every subject which is brought before him; but he should, by no means, confine himself to these alone.

THE SPELLING LESSONS are all-important. The learner should be carefully and diligently exercised upon them—their syllabic divisions, and, above all, their pronunciation. Upon many words of our language, this exercise cannot be too *often repeated.* The meaning of each word, which may not be understood by the pupil, should be explained by the teacher in a clear and familiar manner.

QUESTIONS ON THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS have been appended to many of the later lessons of this Reader; and it is confidently believed that an exercise of this kind will meet the approbation of every teacher who may give it a fair trial. Care should, however, be taken to make these Questions *simple*, and suited to the capacity of children; and the pupils should be daily exercised—more particularly upon the sounds of the vowels.

LET THE TEACHER be assured that the hour of the reading lesson is one, in which he must tax his powers to the utmost, if he expects success. It requires no ordinary application on his part, to fix *the attention* of the pupil; to enable him fully to *understand* what he reads; and to make this exercise more a *pleasure* than a task. The teacher, who devotes himself to the attainment of these objects, will be more than repaid for his own labor and exertion, by the rapid progress of his pupils.

McGUFFEY'S

NEWLY REVISED

SECOND READER.

☞ To Teachers. In order to increase the value of this work, the type has been considerably enlarged, and the paging unavoidably a little changed. As the reading lessons are *the same*, and follow each other precisely in the same order as before, the book can be used with the former edition without the least difficulty, if the teacher will direct the pupil to the *number* and *title* of the lesson, instead of referring to the page.

LESSON I.

once	hope	hard	place	learn	troub'-le
road	boys	dark	reach	right	per'-sons
were	read	guide	night	know	morn'-ing
home	else	miles	which	where	jour'-ney
town	turn	found	could	there	some'-where

The Man who could not Read.

1. Once there was a man walking on a road where there were very few houses. It was nearly dark, and he wished to reach a town, called Newton, before night. At last he came to a place where two roads met. A guide-post was there to tell persons which way to go.

2. But the man had not learned to read when he was a boy, and now could not tell what to do. The guide-post showed that the right hand road led to Newton, and the left hand road led some where else.

3. The man could not know this. He stopped to think for some time, and then took the wrong road. He walked on till dark, and when he had gone three miles, he met another man. He asked this man the way to Newton.

4. He now found that he had been walking on the

wrong road. He had then to turn back and take the other road; but the way was so long, that he did not reach home till morning. Now he had all this trouble for not having learned to read.

5. I hope my young readers will not forget this story. I know you must study hard, if you wish to learn to read; but the boys and girls who cannot read must go through the world like the man on his journey. They will never know whether they are on the right road or the wrong one.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? Where did the man wish to go? What did he find where the two roads met? Why could not he tell which road to take? Which road did he take? How did he find that he was wrong? What was the cause of all this man's trouble? Can you learn without study?

THE TEACHER will find it profitable not to confine himself to the printed questions, but frequently to vary and increase them. He should also increase the spelling exercises by further selections from the reading lessons.

LESSON II.

was	went	scene	heart	seem'-ed	day'-light
face	first	forth	thing	beau'-ty	good'-ness
name	rays	woods	fresh	mer'-cies	splen'-dor
rose	said	shone	sleep	glad'-ness	re-joice'
sing	hour	fields	praise	be-hold'	pre-serves'

An Early Riser.

1. LITTLE John was up before day-light. As soon as he was up, he went forth to behold the beauties of the morning scene.

2. The first rays of the sun shone over the woods and hill-tops. Soon the sun himself appeared in glory. He slowly rose, and looked down with gladness upon the fields and little hills. Every thing seemed to rejoice in his splendor.

3. Little John was glad. He thought of the good-

ness and greatness of God, who made the sun so bright, and every thing so lovely. And in the joy of his heart, he said, "I will praise God. His face will I seek.

4. "In the morning, I will call upon the name of the Lord; and in the evening, I will sing his praises. For his mercies are fresh every hour. He keeps me all the day. When I sleep, He preserves me."

QUESTIONS. Who made the sun? Of what did John think, when he saw the sun rise? What did he say? Ought you not to praise God for his goodness?

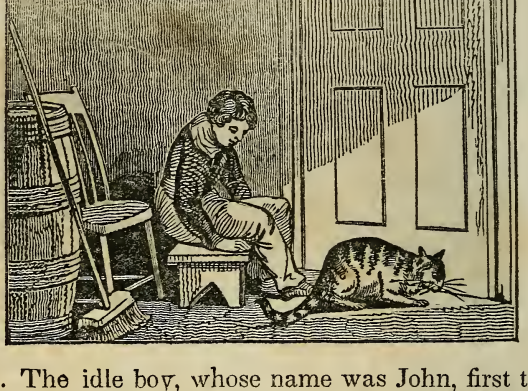
LESSON III.

one	some	books	would	lit'-tle	lone'-some
none	play	spend	leave	i'-dler	some'-thing
love	knew	tried	mouse	hab'-its	build'-ing
time	make	whose	bread	use'-ful	play'-mates
food	plow	John	school	keep'-ing	an'-i-mal

The Little Idler.

1. THERE are some little boys who do not love their books, nor their schools, but spend all their time in idleness and play. I will tell you a story of one of these.

2. As his play-mates knew him to be an idle and a bad boy, none of them would have any thing to do with him; so one day, being very lonesome, he thought he would find some animal to play with him.



3. The idle boy, whose name was John, first tried to get his dog Rover to join him. But Rover was very busy keeping the pigs and hens out of the garden, and would not leave.

4. Then John went after Tom, the cat; but Tom was watching a little hole, into which he had seen a mouse creep. Tom wanted to catch the mouse, and John had to seek some other play-mate.

5. Then he called to the Pony and said, "Pony! will you play with me?" But the Pony tossed his head and cantered away, as if to say: "I must go and plow, or there will be no corn for me to eat, or to make bread for you."

6. John tried the little birds, but they were all building their nests, or searching for food for their young ones. Every one had something to do, and he alone was idle.

7. John now began to *think*, and at last he said to himself: "I see that all have something to do, while

I am idle, and good for nothing. I am not fit company even for the animals.

8. "It is very wrong; and from this day I will leave off my evil habits, and strive to make myself useful." John kept his promise, and did become a useful man.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? Why did not John's playmates like to be with him? Why would not the dog play with him? What was the cat doing? Why would not the pony play? What promise did John make to himself? Will you make the same?

LESSON IV.

look	feel	through	kit'-tens	ev'-er-y
milk	three	tongues	pleas'-ure	in'-no-cent
hurt	mice	thought	care'-ful	an'-i-mals
kind	catch	things	chil'-dren	wick'-ed
hymn	words	should	ap'-pear	un-thank'-ful

Puss and her Kittens.

1. LET us go and look at puss and her kittens. Puss is lying down, and her kittens are playing about her.

2. How many kittens has puss? Puss has three kittens. Oh, how innocent the little things appear! When they are older they will catch mice.

3. Some children are so wicked and cruel as to hurt little kittens. But we will not hurt our kittens. We must take good care of them, and give them milk to lap with their little tongues.

4. Good children are careful not to hurt any animals. Good children do not hurt each other. Oh no: they take no pleasure in such things.

5. Good children are kind to every body. In this they are like God. He is kind not only to the good, but even to the unthankful, and to the evil.

6. There is a pretty hymn, which tells us how we should feel. It says,

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild."

7. This is a very pretty hymn. We hope you will learn it. Let love run through every thought and look.

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson about? How do kittens look? What will they do when they are older? What are good children careful not to do? To whom is God kind? Repeat those pretty lines about love.

LESSON V.

stops	let'-ters	pe ri-od	Christ'-mas
where	com'-ma	[illegible]	nec'-es-sa-ry
round	co'-lon	[illegible]	sem'-i-co-lon
pause	sen'-tence	crook'-ed	ex-cla-ma'-tion
stands	ques'-tion	beau-ti-ful	in-ter-ro-ga'-tion

Conversation on Stops.

Charles. Have you seen that beautiful book which was given to my sister on Christmas day?

William. Yes. She lent it to me to read, and I have almost finished it.

Charles. Will you be so good as to tell me why the printers make so many little dots and crooked marks in the books?

William. They are not letters, but they are just as useful and necessary, for without them we should not know how to read.

Charles. How do they help us in reading?

William. They are called pauses or stops, and show us when and where we must raise or lower our voices, and where we must make short pauses, and where we must make a full stop.

Charles. Which of them shows us when to make a full stop?

William. This little round dot (.) which is placed at the end of every sentence, is called a PERIOD; when you come to it in reading, you must stop as if you had done.

Charles. Well, I can remember that; but here are two dots (:), what must I do when I find two of them?

William. You must not stop quite so long as at the other. It is called a COLON.

Charles. Here is a period with a little crooked mark under it (;), what is this?

William. It is a SEMICOLON, and does not require so much pause as the colon. The crooked mark is called a COMMA (,), and when it stands alone is the shortest stop of all.

Charles. But here is another one (?); what is this?

William. It is called the INTERROGATION point, and is always placed after a question.

Charles. Now there is only this one (!) left; what shall I call this?

William. It is an EXCLAMATION point; when you see that, you must make as long a pause as you would at a colon.

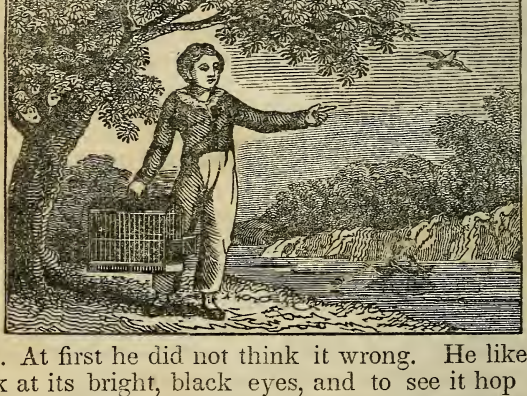
QUESTIONS. Point out the periods in the lesson. What must you do when you come to a period? Point out the colons. How long must you stop at a colon? Show me a semicolon. A comma. An interrogation point. An exclamation point. Which is the longest stop? Which is the shortest? When is the interrogation point used?

LESSON VI.

cage	wrong	bright	a-fraid′	hap′-pi-er
care	black	mates	flut′-ter	re-leas′-ed
told	sweet	ground	free′-dom	fast′-en-ed
shut	when	branch	hop′-ped	for-bid′-den
reads	seek	for′-est	glad′-ly	un-feel′-ing
songs	young	ar′-row	be-cause′	aft′-er-ward

The Bird Set Free.

1. A LITTLE boy released his bird; but he was not sorry. He let it fly away. He was told, that it was wrong to keep the little bird shut up in a cage.



2. At first he did not think it wrong. He liked to look at its bright, black eyes, and to see it hop and flutter about the cage. He wished to be kind to it. But it was too much afraid to receive his kindness.

3. Afterward he thought within himself, "How should I like to be fastened up in a cage? Certainly the little bird will be happier among its mates, when it can gladly flutter in the open air, and join them in their sweet and merry songs."

4. When he thought of this, he opened the door of the cage, and said, "Fly, little bird, go and seek your little play-mates in the wild woods, among the leafy

trees. You will be happier with them than with me.

5. The little bird darted away like an arrow. It sought its mates among the trees of the forest. It hopped from branch to branch. It was happy, because it was free. And the little boy felt happy too, because he had given it freedom.

6. How cruel are some boys! They are so unfeeling, that they will rob a nest of its young. I hope no boy who reads this book will ever rob a bird's nest.

7. God takes care of birds. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his care. He has forbidden us to rob birds' nests. Let us not disobey him.

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson about? Why did the boy let the bird go? Is a bird as happy in a cage as it would be in the woods? How did the boy feel when he saw the bird so happy? Do you not always feel happy when you have been kind and good? Do you think it would be right for some one to steal you from your parents? Is it right then to rob birds' nests.

LESSON VII.

fur	long	pond	brown	ma'-son	bea'-ver
few	show	feet	large	col'-or	wis'-dom
feet	live	more	their	mor'-tar	shin'-gle
how	have	trees	coat	wa'-ter	hund'-red
two	like	comes	build	trow'-el	cham'-bers

The Beaver.

1. THE beaver is about two feet long, and one foot high. It is of a light brown color, and its fur is very fine.

2. Few animals show more wisdom than the beaver.

3. When summer comes, a great many beavers get together, and build their houses. They have chambers to their houses.

4. When a beaver has no one to help him, he cannot do much.

5. Sometimes two hundred beavers live together. Can you count two hundred?

6. The beaver has a tail as flat as a shingle. He uses his tail for a trowel. Did you ever see a mason use his trowel? Will you show me how he used it?

7. The beavers cut down very large trees with their teeth. They make their houses of wood and mortar.

8. A beaver can live in the water, and he can live out of the water. Beavers like to build their houses close to a river or pond. Their fur is used to make hats.

QUESTIONS. How large is the beaver? What is his color? What kind of a tail has he? What is a trowel? How do beavers cut down trees? Can a beaver swim? Where do beavers build their houses? For what is their fur used?

LESSON VIII.

owl	turn	north	twelve	ea'-gle	weath'-er
dew	west	south	great	ear'-ly	daz'-zles
rise	warm	right	shines	sil'-ver	glit'-ters
wake	prey	clock	fields	o-bey'	stee'-ples
your	eyes	smoke	glass	mo'-ment	touch'-eth

About the Sun.

1. WHERE is the sun? It is in the south. What o'clock is it when the sun is in the south? It is twelve o'clock. Always when it is twelve o'clock, if you turn to the sun, your face is to the south, your back is to the north, your left hand is to the east, and your right hand is to the west.

2. The sun rises in the east and sets in the west. When the sun is far in the south it is cold weather, and when it is far in the north it is warm weather.

3. How bright is the sun! It dazzles your eyes to look at it. If you smoke a piece of glass, and look at the sun through that, it will not dazzle your eyes.

4. When the sun is down, the birds go to sleep, and little boys should go to bed. When the sun rises, the birds wake up and sing. The eagle soars up into the sky, to look for his prey. The owl hides herself from the light.

5. How beautiful is the sun when it rises! It shines on the tops of houses and steeples, and on the green fields; and the dew, which is upon them, glitters like gems, and like silver. Did you ever see the sun rise? If you get up early you will see it rise.

6. The sun gives us heat. It is a great lamp placed in the sky to give us light. If the sun did not rise, it would always be dark. Do you know who made the sun? God made the sun, and he causes it to rise every day.

7. God is very good to make the sun rise for us. He never forgets us for one day, nor for one moment. We never should forget God. We should love him and obey him. If we do, we shall be happy.

8. Let us always remember that God is in heaven, and we are upon the earth. His ways are above our ways. He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their course with gladness.

QUESTIONS. Where does the sun rise? Where is the sun at twelve o'clock? If you turn your face toward the sun at noon, on which side

of you will the north be? The east? The west? How can you look at the sun? Who made the sun? How should we feel toward God, if we would be happy?

LESSON IX.

tail	flight	na'-tive	com'-mon	re-sem'-ble
know	geese	cook'-ing	cun'-ning	re-sum'-ed
young	taught	Read'-ing	catch'-ing	for'-mer-ly
light	brought	spring'-ing	chick'-en	u'-su-al-ly
where	through	ex-pert'	kitch'-en	oc-cu-pa'-tion

The Fox.

1. THE fox is about two feet long, and one foot high. He is usually of a light red color. His form is much like that of the common cur dog, but he has a long bushy tail.

2. We all know that the fox is one of the most knowing and cunning of animals. He is very expert at catching chickens and geese, and all kinds of small birds.

3. There was once a young fox in the town of Reading, in England, which had been placed at a wheel, and taught to turn the spit, at the kitchen fire.

After some time, he got tired of cooking dinners for other people to eat, and escaped to his native woods.

4. Here he met the usual fate of foxes. He was chased by the dogs, and, in his flight, ran through the town of Reading, and springing through the door of his old kitchen, he placed himself at the spit, and resumed his old occupation in the very place where he had been formerly brought up. The dogs did not follow him, and thus he saved his life.

QUESTIONS. What is the size of the fox? What does he resemble? For what is the fox remarkable? What is told of him in this lesson?

LESSON X.

green	laugh	wrong	grief	ask'-ed	par'-ents
heads	gone	while	spread	har'-vest	bless'-ing
wings	feast	blithe	fa'-vor	broth'-ers	stream'-let

The Love of Brothers and Sisters.

1. SWEET is the song of birds, when the dark days of winter are over and gone, and the trees lift up their green heads in the bright light of spring.

2. Sweet is the sport of the lambkins, while their dams lie down to sleep by the streamlet that flows in the cool shade.

3. Sweet is the hum of bees, when the work of the day is done, and they fold their wings to rest in the full hive.

4. Sweet is the shout of joy, which is heard at the farm, when the last load of corn is brought home, and the tables are spread for the harvest feast.

5. But far more sweet than any of these, is the love of brothers and sisters to each other. To sport, it gives many a blithe laugh. From grief, it takes away many a sad tear. And, oh! with what joy is it seen by the fond father and mother.

6. They press their good and kind children to their breasts, and pray God to bless them. And God doth and will bless them; for the good find favor in his sight, and his tender mercy is upon them forever.

7. My little reader, have you brothers and sisters? Then love them with all your heart. Do all you can for them. Help them when in need; and wait not to be asked. Add to their mirth. Share their grief. Vex them not. Use no cross words.

8. Touch not what is not your own. Speak the truth at all times. Do no wrong; but do as you would be done by. So shall you make the hearts of your parents rejoice. So shall you have the blessing of the great God who made you.

QUESTIONS. What is said of the song of birds, and the sport of lambkins? What is far sweeter than either of these? How should children act toward each other? Will any one love a child if he is selfish and unkind?

LESSON XI.

nice	then	quick	leave	Lau'-ra	doc'-tor
sick	well	eats	flies	bu'-sy	read'-ers
seed	cups	birds	tastes	sil'-ly	flow'-ers
just	less	bones	frisks	glut'-ton	doz'-en
half	paws	fills	cheeks	gay'-ly	squir'-rel

The Greedy Girl.

1. Laura is a greedy girl. Indeed she is quite a glutton. Do little girls know what a glutton is? Any one is a glutton who eats too much food, because it tastes well.

2. Laura's mother is willing she should have as many nice things as are good for her, but sometimes, when she is not watching, Laura eats too much, and then she is sick.

3. I don't know what makes her such a silly girl. Her kitten never eats more than it wants; it leaves the nice bones in the plate, and lies down to sleep, when it has eaten enough.

4. Her canary birds are not so silly; if she fills their cage with seed, they will only eat what they want, and leave the rest till to-morrow.

5. The busy bee is wiser than Laura. It flies about among the flowers, and might eat out of the honey-cups all day, if it pleased; but it only eats enough to keep it alive and well, and carries the rest home to its hive.

6. The pretty squirrel eats half a dozen acorns, and

frisks about as gayly as if he had dined at the king's table. Did you ever see a squirrel with a nut in his paws? How bright and lively he looks. How he runs up the tree, as quick as if a boy had shot him from his pop-gun!

7. If he lived in a house made of acorns, he would never need to have a doctor come to see him, for he would not eat a single acorn more than he wanted, just because it tasted good.

8. I do not love little girls that eat too much. I do not think they will have such rosy cheeks, or such bright eyes, or such sweet lips, or such happy tempers, as those who eat less. Do you, my little readers?

QUESTIONS. Who is a greedy girl? What is a glutton? Do the animals eat more than they need? Why should you be careful not to eat too much?

LESSON XII.

star	night	blast	hor'-rid	fright'-ens
form	shoot	guide	ea'-ger	ap-pear'-ed
bare	gloom	white	mount'-ain	quick'-en-ed
heath	cloak	straight	dark'-ness	wan'-der-ing
march	ghost	owl'-et	pierc'-ing	be-night-ed

The Guide-Post.

1. The night was dark; the sun was hid
   Beneath the mountain gray,
   And not a single star appeared
   To shoot a silver ray.

2. Across the heath the owlet flew,
   And screamed along the blast;
   And onward, with a quickened step,
   Benighted Harry pass'd.

3. Now, in thickest darkness plunged,
   He groped his way to find;

And now he thought he spied beyond,
A form of horrid kind.

4. In deadly white it upward rose,
Of cloak and mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

5. Poor Harry felt his blood run cold,
At what before him stood;
But then, thought he, no harm, I'm sure,
Can happen to the good.

6. So calling all his courage up,
He to the monster went;
And, eager through the dismal gloom,
His piercing eyes he bent.

7. And when he came well nigh the ghost,
That gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands upon his side,
And loudly laughed outright.

8. For 't was a friendly guide-post stood,
His wandering steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the good,
No evil should betide.

9. Ah well, thought he, one thing I've learned,
Nor soon shall I forget;
Whatever frightens me again,
I'll march straight up to it.

10. And when I hear an idle tale,
Of a monster, or a ghost,
I'll tell of this, my lonely walk,
And one tall, white guide-post.

QUESTIONS. Repeat this story in your own words. Did you ever see a ghost? Did you ever know any body that had seen one? Do you think there are any such things as ghosts? Does not God always protect the good?

LESSON XIII.

wish	wants	choose	bor'-row	Sa'-rah
lend	might	should	prop'-er	de-pend'-ed
else	place	things	will'-ing	of-fend'-ed
knew	think	leave	con-trive'	some'-bod-y
keep	would	friends	al'ways	con-ve'-ni-ence

A Place for Every Thing.

Mary. I WISH you would lend me your thimble, Sarah, for I can never find mine when I want it.

Sarah. And why can you not find it, Mary?

Mary. I am sure I cannot tell; but if you do not choose to lend me yours, I can borrow of somebody else.

Sarah. I am willing to lend it to you; but I should like to have you tell me why you always come to *me* to borrow, when you have lost anything?

Mary. Because you never lose your things, and always know where to find them.

Sarah. And how, think you, do I always know where to find my things?

Mary. How can I tell? If I knew, I might sometimes contrive to find my own.

Sarah. I will tell you the secret, if you will hear it. I have a place for every thing; and after I have done using a thing, I always put it in its proper place, and never leave it to be thrown about and lost.

Mary. But who wants, as soon as she has used a thing, to have to run and put it away, as if one's life depended upon it?

Sarah. Your *life* does not depend upon it, Mary, but your *convenience* does; and how much more time will it take to put a thing in its proper place, than to hunt for it when lost, or borrow of your friends?

Mary. Well I will never borrow of you again, you may depend upon it.

Sarah. Why, you are not offended, I hope, Mary?

Mary. No, Sarah; but I am ashamed, and am determined before night to have a place for every thing; and after this I will keep every thing in its place.

QUESTIONS. What is this dialogue about? What rule did Mary determine to adopt, to avoid the necessity of borrowing?

LESSON XIV.

yes	first	blind	heav'-y	fid'-dler
cook	plums	string	par'-cel	hap'-pi-er
seize	knife	stairs	cit'-ron	no'-bod-y
yard	piece	school	or'-ange	pres'-ent-ly
down	crept	smooth	Bet'-ty	Cham'-o-mile
whom	class	griev'-ed	gnaw'-ed	school'-fel-lows

The three Boys and the three Cakes.

1. THERE was a little boy, whose name was Harry, and his parents sent him to school. Now Harry was not like idle John, of whom I have told you before, but loved his book, and was the first in his class.

2. One morning his mother called Betty, the cook, and said, "Betty, I think we must make a cake for Harry, for he has learned his lessons very well." And Betty said, "Yes, with all my heart."

3. They made a large cake, and stuffed it full of plums, sweetmeats, orange, and citron; it was covered over with sugar, and looked as white and smooth as snow.

4. Harry was much pleased when he saw the cake, and jumped about for joy. He did not even wait for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a dog.

5. He ate till the bell rang for school, and after school he ate till bed-time; and his bed-fellow told me that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat. So he did till it was all gone.

6. But presently after, this little boy was very sick, and they had to send for the doctor. Doctor Chamomile came, and gave him I do not know how much bitter stuff. Poor Harry did not like this at all, but he must take it, or else he would die, the doctor said. Harry at last got well, but you may be sure his mother sent him no more cakes.

7. Now there was another boy, one of Harry's school-fellows, whose name was Peter; the boys called him stingy Peter. Peter had written a very neat, pretty letter to his mother, without one blot in it all. His mother, to reward him, sent him a cake.

8. Now Peter thought he would not be so silly as Harry, and eat so much as to make himself sick, but would keep it a long while. So he took the cake up stairs into his room; it was so heavy he could hardly carry it.

9. He locked it up in his box, and once a day crept slily up stairs, and ate a piece, and then locked it up again. But after a day or two, behold! the mice got into the box and eat it all up. Peter was very much grieved, but nobody was sorry for him.

10. Well, there was another boy whose name was Billy, at the same school. Billy loved his mother dearly, and his mother loved him, and sent him a cake. When the cake came, Billy said to his schoolmates; "I have got a cake, boys; come, let us go and eat it."

11. They came about him like a parcel of bees; and Billy gave a piece of cake to each one, and then took a piece himself, so that it was nearly gone. Then Billy said, "We will save the rest to-morrow."

12. But soon after, an old blind fiddler came into the yard; he had a little dog, tied with a string, to lead him. The dog led him under a tree, where the old man sat down. Billy saw that he looked very sad, and asked him what was the matter. The poor old man said he was very hungry, for he had had nothing

to eat for a long time, and he could not work, as he was old and blind.

13. Then Billy went, without saying a word, and brought the rest of the cake, and said, "Here, old man: here is some cake for you;" and he put it into the old man's hat. The fiddler thanked him, and Billy was happier than if he had eaten ten cakes.

QUESTIONS. Why did Harry's mother send him a cake? What did he do with it? Why did Peter's mother send him a cake? Which of the two do you like best, Harry or Peter? Tell about Billy and his cake. Which do you like best, now; Harry, Peter, or Billy? Why?

LESSON XV.

beds	clean	fruit	grav'-el	gar'-den-er
felt	heard	seeds	gar'-den	in-vit'-ed
tops	might	walks	moth'-er	a-sha'-med
near	paths	tread	med'-dle	ad-mir'-ing
Frank	would	touch'-ed	mis'-chief	yes'-ter-day

A Walk in the Garden.

1. FRANK was one day walking with his mother, when they came to the gate of a pretty garden. Frank

looked in, and saw that it had nice, clean, gravel walks, and beds of blooming flowers.

2. He called to his mother, who was a little way off, and said, "Mother, come and look at this pretty garden. I wish I might open this gate, and go in and walk in it."

3. The gardener being near, heard what Frank said, and he kindly invited Frank and his mother to enter in, and walk in the garden. Frank's mother thanked the man. And turning to Frank, she said, "Frank, if I take you to walk in this garden, you must take care not to meddle with any thing in it."

4. Frank walked along the gravel paths, and looked at every thing, but touched nothing. He did not tread on any of the borders, and took care that his clothes should not brush the tops of the flowers, lest he should break them.

5. The gardener was much pleased with Frank, because he was so careful not to do mischief, and showed him the seeds, and told him the names of many of the flowers.

6. While Frank was admiring the beauty of a flower, a boy came to the gate, and finding it locked, he shook it; but it would not open. Then he said, "Let me in; let me in; will you not let me in?"

7. "No, indeed," said the gardener, "I will not let you in, I assure you; for when I let you in yesterday, you meddled with my flowers, and pulled some of my rare fruit. I do not choose to let a boy in my garden, who meddles with what does not belong to him."

8. The boy looked ashamed, and when he found that the gardener would not let him in, he went slowly away. Frank then saw and felt how much happier a boy may be, by not meddling with what does not belong to him.

QUESTIONS. Relate the story about Frank. How did he behave in the garden? Why did the gardener like Frank? Why would he not admit the other boy? What should boys always take care not to do?

LESSON XVI.

Ann	good	own	child	voice	eat'-en
ate	tail	find	years	strong	bet'-ter
her	gave	fine	birds	grown	a-round'
who	back	mind	house	piece	giv'-ing
feed	were	glad	fowls	beasts	re-ceiv'-ed

The Kind Little Girl.

1. Ann was a child five years old. She was good and kind to all. The girls who went to school with her were fond of her; and the beasts and birds around the house would come when they heard her voice.

2. All the fowls in the yard would run to her, as soon as they saw her; and she was glad, when she got leave to feed them.

3. One day when she came from school, she met her mother, who gave her a cake; and, as it was a fine day, she went to the field at the back of the house to eat it.

4. She had just sat down by the fence, when a poor thin dog came to look at her. She gave him a small bit of her cake, and saw him eat it, and wag his tail. Then an old man came out of a poor hut to call the

dog; and Ann saw that he too was thin, pale, and sick.

5. So she gave him a large piece of her cake, and he said, "Thank you, good child;" and ate it, and told her that it did him good. The old man and his dog then went back to the hut, and Ann ate a small bit of the cake that was left, and felt much better than if she had eaten the whole.

6. Yet she was fond of cakes; and I am not sure, if the old man and his dog had been fat and strong, that she would have thought of giving them a bit, as they did not ask for it; but she saw that they were in great want, which put her in mind to share with them.

7. It was not long before Ann had another cake. As soon as she received it, she went to look for the old man and his dog, but could not find them; and she met a boy who told her that they were grown fat and well, and were gone to their own home, a great way off.

QUESTIONS. How old was Ann? Who were fond of her? Will children always be loved, if they are good? What did Ann's mother give her one day? What did Ann do with it? Was this right? Ought we to be kind to the poor, and supply their wants?

LESSON XVII.

dumb	please	Ed'-ward	won'-der-ed
wrong	growls	for-give'	mer'-ci-ful
shoes	stroke	an'-swer	pet'-tish-ly
speak	clothes	blank'-ets	in-her'-it
wright	thought	kind'-ness	cer'-tain-ly
earth	whole	ques'-tions	com'-fort-a-ble

Edward and the Cat.

1. "MOTHER," said little Edward one day, "our cat ought to be killed." His mother wondered to hear her little boy talk so, and look so ill-natured; and she said, "Why, Edward, what has poor puss done?"

2. Why, mother, I give her milk and meat, and make a nice bed for her and all, and yet she won't mind a word I say; when I try to drive her out of the room, she won't go, unless she pleases; and when I try to push her, she growls, and sometimes she will not let me even stroke her back."

3. "And ought she to be killed, because she does not love nor mind *you?*" said his mother. "Yes ma'am, since I am so kind to her." "But stop, my son, and think a little; poor puss is a dumb animal; she does not know right from wrong; cannot you forgive her?"

4. Edward looked a little ashamed at being so unmerciful, but he said rather pettishly, "I wish we had a kind cat; I don't like cross ones."

5. His mother did not say any thing more at that time, but she remembered how Edward wanted to have the poor cat put to death; for she was sorry to think he showed so little mercy, and that he thought so much of his own kindness.

6. The Lord said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Now little Edward lacked kindness for the cat, and he wanted meekness, for he could not bear that even poor puss should not obey and love him when he was kind.

7. The next day Edward was sitting by the fire shelling corn for his chickens, and looking very happy, when his mother said, "My son, that is a nice fire, are you warm and comfortable?"

8. "O yes, ma'am." "Are your shoes and clothes warm and good?" "Why, yes, mother, you know I have very good clothes, and a great coat and all."

9. "Is your bed soft and warm?" "Why, mother, what makes you ask me so, you know there are two or three blankets on it, and I almost always sleep warm the whole night without waking."

10. "Never mind why I ask you, yet," said his

mother, "only answer me; have you good food and drink?" "Yes ma'am, and often more than I want." "Where do all these good things come from?" "God gives them to me, mother." "Do you then love him, and mind him, and try to please him always?"

11. Edward knew he did not, and so he did not like to speak; he held his head down, and his mother said, "Then, my son, do n't you think you ought to be killed?" The little boy opened his eyes wide, saying, "Mother, *killed!*"

12. "Why," said his mother, "*you* certainly must think so; for you thought the cat ought to be killed, because she did not love you, and mind you, when you were kind to her!" Edward's face turned red, for he began to see now, why his mother had asked all these questions.

QUESTIONS. Why did Edward wish to have the cat killed? Was Edward merciful? What is it to be merciful? Does not God give us all the good things we have? Does not He continue his kindness, even when we neglect to love and obey him? Why ought we to be merciful?

LESSON XVIII.

each	write	frank	gain'-ed	con'-duct
read	shade	peace	gen'-tle	troub'-le
help	chief	frowns	writ'-ten	mur'-murs
girls	worth	learn'-ed	mu'-sic	charm'-ing
they	dwelt	prompt'-ing	dark'-en-ed	hand'-some

The Three Happy Children.

1. I ONCE knew two charming little girls, and a smiling boy, who were very happy. They loved each other fondly, and what was the joy of one was the joy of all.

2. I can fancy I see them now, seated all three in the shade, their heads closely meeting as they read the same book, or looked at the same pictures. Their parents were very kind to them, and could afford them

many fine things; but their chief bliss arose from the love they had for each other.

3. If one was in trouble, the others would unite to help him out of it; and if one was sick, he was sure of at least two good nurses. Had one a cake or an orange, it was worth nothing till shared with the other two.

4. No murmurs were heard, where they dwelt. There was much good feeling among them. If one played a tune on the piano, the other two would stand by and sing to the merry music.

5. If a letter was to be written, one would write and the others help to spell the words, and think what was best to say. Was a lesson to be learned, there was such hearing, and prompting, and helping, that the lesson was soon learned by all.

6. With the early dawn, they sprang from their beds to meet each other; and not till the fire-fly was shining on the dark turf did they part, with many kind "Good-nights."

7. Always at peace with each other, they were so with all the world. No harsh words passed their lips, no frowns darkened their brows, no selfish feelings disturbed their happiness.

8. They were not handsome; but people thought them lovely, because their looks were so gentle, their manners so mild, and frank, and pleasing.

9. By their conduct, these three good children secured their own bliss, and gained the love and esteem of all around them.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? How did these children show their love for each other? Who has commanded little children to love one another? If we let love run through all our actions, shall we not avoid a great deal of trouble in life?

LESSON XIX.

made	blows	a-like′	fra′-grant	brill′-iant
leaf	friend	a-bove′	beau′-ty	glo′-ri-ous
eyes	guides	gen′-tly	pro-tects′	vi′-o-let
light	paints	hom′-age	prat′-tling	va′-ri-ous
stars	tongue	form′-ed	spark′-ling	love′-li-ness

Who made the Stars?

1. MOTHER, who made the stars, which light
   The beautiful blue sky?
   Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
   That rises up so high?

2. 'T was God, my child, the Glorious One,
   He formed them by his power;
   He made alike the brilliant sun,
   And every leaf and flower.

3. He made your little feet to walk;
   Your sparkling eyes to see;
   Your busy, prattling tongue to talk,
   And limbs so light and free.

4. He paints each fragrant flower that blows,
   With loveliness and bloom;
   He gives the violet and the rose
   Their beauty and perfume.

5. Our various wants his hands supply;
His care protects us every hour;
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,
And always guarded by his power.

6. Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To that kind Friend, who, from above,
So gently guides you every day.

QUESTIONS. Who made all things? Who supplies all our wants? Should we not remember God, who has been so kind? What is "*paying homage?*"

LESSON XX.

done	laugh	Su'-san	a-gain'	av'-e-nue
pain	month	liv'-ed	peo'-ple	pro-vi'-ded
bring	throw	un-tie'	sur'-geon	feath'-er-ed
spilt	should	be-gan'	be-lieve'	gen'-tle-man
lives	sport	no'-ses	sprawl'-ing	fright'-en-ed
bleed	sprain'-ed	go'-ing	thought'-less	dan'-de-li-ons

The Thoughtless Boys.

1. WILLIAM and Edward were two clever little boys, and not at all ill-natured, but they were very fond of sport, and they did not care whether people were hurt or not, provided they could have a laugh.

2. One fine summer's day, when they had finished their lessons, they took a walk through the long grass in the meadows. William began to blow the dandelions, and the feathered seeds flew in the wind like arrows.

3. But Edward said, "Let us tie the grass. It will be very good sport to tie the long grass over the path, and to see people tumble upon their noses as they run along, and do not suspect any thing of the matter."

4. So they tied it in several places, and then hid themselves to see who would pass. And presently a

farmer's boy came running along, and down he tumbled, and lay sprawling on the ground; however, he had nothing to do but to get up again; so there was not much harm done this time.

5. Then there came Susan the milk-maid tripping along with her milk upon her head, and singing like a lark. When her foot struck against the place where the grass was tied, down she came with her pail rattling about her shoulders, and her milk was all spilt upon the ground.

6. Then Edward said, "Poor Susan! I think I should not like to be served so myself; let us untie the grass." "No, no," said William, "if the milk is spilt, there are some pigs that will lick it up; let us have some more fun: I see a man running along as if he were running for a wager. I am sure he will fall upon his nose."

7. And so the man did. William and Edward both laughed; but when the man did not get up again, they began to be frightened, and went to him, and asked him if he was hurt.

8. "O masters," said the man, "some thoughtless boys, I do not know who they are, have tied the grass together over the path, and as I was running with all

my might, it threw me down, and I have sprained my ankle so, that I shall not be able to walk for a month."

9. "I am very sorry," said Edward; "do you feel much pain?" "O yes," said the man, "but that I do not mind; but I was going in a great hurry to bring a surgeon, to bleed a gentleman who is in a fit, and they say he will die if he is not bled."

10. Then Edward and William both turned pale, and said, "Where does the surgeon live? We will go for him; we will run all the way." "He lives at the next town," said the man, "but it is a mile off, and you cannot run so fast as I should have done; you are only boys."

11. "Where must we tell the surgeon to come?" said William. "He must come to the white house, at the end of the long chestnut avenue," said the man; "he is a very good gentleman that lives there."

12. "Oh, it is our dear father! it is our dear father!" said the two boys. "Oh, father will die! what must we do?"

13. I do not know whether their father died or not; I believe he got well again; but I am sure of one thing, that Edward and William never tied the grass to throw people down again as long as they lived.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? What did William and Edward do? Was this right? What was the consequence? When we begin to do mischief, can we tell where we shall stop? What did these boys learn from this occurrence?

LESSON XXI.

aim	whale	watch	an'-gry	catch'-ing
oil	beast	casks	fu'-ry	sur-rounds'
float	large	foam	twen'-ty	knock'-ed
foes	great	tongue	sur'-face	di-rec'-tion
swam	spear	midst	har-poon'	di-rect'-ly
state	dives	throat	pic'-ture	un-pleas'-ant
yields	smell	thrown	blub'-ber	dan'-ger-ous

Whale Catching.

1. A WHALE is a large fish. There is no beast so large as a whale: they have been seen of so large a size that they look like land, as they float on the surface of the sea.

2. They have a large mouth, but a small throat, so that they cannot eat large fish. The tongue is a lump of fat, which yields a great deal of oil; their eyes are small and have lids to them; they have fins and a large tail, which they lash when in a rage or pain, and the sea is then all foam for some way round.

3. Men kill whales with a sharp iron spear or harpoon. This they throw at the whale with great force. When the whale is struck, it dives down into the sea, quite out of sight; but it soon comes up to the top for want of air.

4. The men are on the watch for this; and as soon as they see it rise, they strike it with their harpoons till it dies.

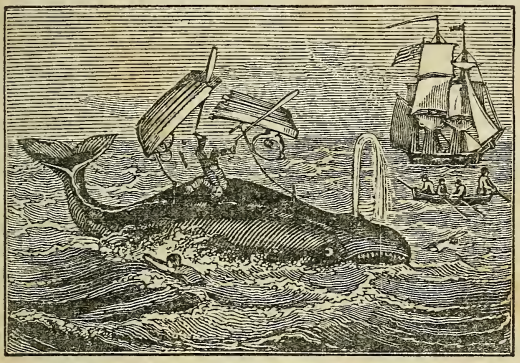
5. The men tie ropes to their harpoons, which are made fast to the boat, so that they may not be lost when they miss their aim. When the whale is dead, it is cut up; and those parts which yield the oil are put into casks.

6. Directly under the skin, lies the blubber or fat. This surrounds the whole body, and is from ten to twenty inches thick. In its fresh state it has no unpleasant smell. The oil which we burn in our lamps is made from this.

7. Catching whales is very dangerous. Sometimes the whales get angry and plunge about with great fury. In the picture you see the whale has thrown the boat into the air, and the men have been knocked in every direction.

8. A whale with one of its young, was once left by the tide close to the shore, where the sea was not deep enough for them to get out. The men who saw them,

took their harpoons and got into their boats to go and kill them; for they were a rich prize.



9. The whales were soon much hurt; but the old one was strong, and with one bold push got clear of her foes, and swam out to the deep sea.

10. She had not long been there, when she found her poor young one was not with her. She swam back into the midst of her foes to seek it; and they both had the good fate to be borne back by the flow of the tide, to their safe and wide home in the deep sea.

QUESTIONS. Where do whales live? How large is the whale? What do men use to kill whales with? What do we use that comes from the whale? What story is told of a whale?

LESSON XXII.

wear	knows	deal	oft'-en	plen'-ty
wait	coach	girls	peo'-ple	cot'-tage
tear	noise	thank	par'-ents	re-mem'-bers
poor	break	speaks	serv'-ants	veg'-et-a-bles

The Rich Boy.

1. The good boy whose parents are rich, has fine clothes to wear; he rides on a pretty horse, or in a coach, and has servants to wait upon him. But, for all that, he does not think that he is better than other boys.

2. He knows that rich people are not all good; and that God gives a great deal of money to some persons, in order that they may assist those who are poor.

3. He speaks kindly to all his father's servants, and does not call them to wait upon him, when he sees that they are busy; and he always remembers to thank them for what they do for him.

4. He never gives them any trouble that he can avoid. He is careful not to make a noise in the house, or to break any thing, or to put it out of its place, or to tear his clothes. When any of the servants are sick, he often thinks of them; he likes to go and see them, and ask how they do.

5. He likes to go with his parents to visit poor people, in their cottages, and gives them all the money he can spare. He often says: "If I were a man, and had plenty of money, I think no person who lived near me should be very poor.

6. "I would build a great many pretty cottages for poor people to live in, and every cottage should have a garden and a field, in order that the people might have vegetables, and might keep a cow, and a pig, and some chickens; they should not pay me much rent. I would give clothes to the boys and girls who had no money to buy clothes with, and they should all learn to read and write, and be very good."

Questions. Do riches make one person better than another? What does? How does a good boy treat the servants? How does he feel toward poor people? What does he think he would do, if he were a man?

LESSON XXIII.

does	spare	bread	mon'-ey	reck'-on
lose	write	fight	or'-der	fin'-ish-ed
work	store	steal	hav'-ing	em-ploy'-ed
road	swear	should	ac-counts'	hap'-pi-er
word	wants	streets	naught'-y	gen'-tle-men

The Poor Boy.

1. THE good boy whose parents are poor, rises very early in the morning; and, all day long, does as much as he can, to help his father and mother.

2. When he goes to school he walks quickly, and does not lose time on the road. "My parents," says he, "are very good, to save some of their money, in order that I may learn to read and write; but they can not give much, nor can they spare me long: therefore I must learn as fast as I can; if any body has time to lose, I am sure I have not.

3. "I should be very sorry when I am a man, not to know how to read in the Bible, and other good books; and when I leave my parents, not to be able to read their letters, and to write them word where I am, and how I do.

4. "I must also learn accounts; for when I grow up I shall have many things to reckon, about my work, and what I buy: I shall perhaps have bills to make out, as my father has; and perhaps I shall be employed in a store."

5. When he has finished his lessons, he does not stay to play, but runs home; he wants to see his father and mother, and to help them.

6. He often sees naughty boys in the streets, who fight, and steal, and do many bad things; and he hears them swear, and call names, and tell lies; but he does not like to be with them, for fear they should make him as bad as they are; and lest any body who sees him with them, should think that he too is naughty.

7. When he is at home, he is very industrious. He takes care of the little children, weeds his father's garden, and hoes, and rakes it, and sows seed in it.

8. Sometimes he goes with his father to work; then he is very glad; and though he is but a little fellow, he works very hard, almost like a man.

9. When he comes home to dinner, he says, "How hungry I am! and how good this bread is, and this bacon! Indeed, I think every thing we have is very good. I am glad I can work: I hope that I shall soon be able to earn all my clothes, and my food too."

10. When he sees little boys and girls riding on pretty horses, or in coaches, or walking with ladies and gentlemen, and having on very fine clothes, he does not envy them, nor wish to be like them.

11. He says, "I have often been told, and I have read, that it is God who makes some poor, and others rich; that the rich have many troubles which we know nothing of; and that the poor, if they are but good, may be very happy: indeed, I think that when I am good, nobody can be happier than I am."

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson about? What feelings does he have toward his parents? What does he do when he has finished his lessons? What does he do when he is at home? To whom should we look as the giver of all our blessings? What is better than riches?

LESSON XXIV.

fall	coat	beast	un-less′	serv′-i-ces
door	hurt	tricks	at-tract′	af-fec′-tion
took	when	strange	cham′-ber	com-pan′-ion
room	meet	suf′-fer	anx′-ious	im-port′-ant
once	tried	ceil′-ing	thou′-sand	suf-fi′-cient
head	drive	bark′-ing	per-sua′-ded	op-por-tu′-ni-ty

The Little Dog Fido.

1. A LITTLE dog was once very anxious to obtain the favor of his master, and tried all the little arts in

his power to attract his notice. Whenever his master came near the house, Fido, for that was the name of the dog, would run to meet him, lick his hand, play before him, and every now and then would stop, wag his tail, and look up in his master's face as though he loved him very much.

2. One day his master stooped down and patted him on the head, and spoke so kindly, that Fido was

ready to go out of his wits with joy. Ever after this Fido was the constant companion of his master, playing and skipping around him, and amusing him by a thousand tricks.

3. He took care however not to be troublesome, by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlor, unless he was asked. He also tried to make himself useful by a number of little services.

4. He would drive away the pigeons, when they were stealing the chickens' food, and would drive out all strange pigs and other animals that came into the yard. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help his workmen, as he would sometimes do, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer man nor beast to touch it.

5. Once, when his master was very sick, Fido placed himself at the chamber door, and could not be persuaded to leave it even to get his food. When his master was well enough, Fido was admitted into the room, and showed so many signs of joy and affection, that his master was more fond of him than before.

6. Some time after this, Fido had an opportunity of rendering him a most important service. The gentleman was sleeping in a summer house, with Fido at his side. The building was old and crazy, and the dog, who was watching his master, saw the wall shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling.

7. Fido knew that there was danger, and began barking to awake his master; but this not being sufficient, he jumped up and gently bit his finger. The gentleman started up, and seeing the danger, had just time to get out of the door, when the whole building fell down.

8. Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some of the rubbish which fell upon him; but his master had him provided for with the greatest kindness, until he recovered.

QUESTIONS. What was the name of the little dog? In what ways did he make himself useful? How did he behave when his master was sick? How did he save his master's life? Can you tell me what you should learn from this?

LESSON XXV.

true	fish	trout	fly'-ing	be-neath'
knee	hawk	cit'-y	pur'-ple	car'-ry-ing
ripe	bright	aft'er	fall'-ing	sur-pri'-sed
bird	friend	sto'-ry	branch'-es	quar'-rel-ing
truth	through	ea'-gle	clap'-ping	grand'-fa-ther

Grandfather's Story.

1. "COME and sit on my knee, Jane, and grandfather will tell you a story."

2. "One bright summer's day, I was in a garden in a city, with a friend, and we rested beneath a fig-tree.

The broad leaves were green and fresh. We looked up at the ripe, purple figs, and what do you think came down through the branches of the fig-tree over our heads?"

3. "Oh! a bird, grandfather, a bird," said little Jane, clapping her hands.

4. "No, not a bird. It was a fish; a trout, my little girl."

5. "A fish, grandfather, a trout come through the branches of a tree in the city? You must be in fun."

6. "No, Jane, I tell you the truth. My friend and I were surprised enough to see a fish falling from a fig-tree, but we ran from under the tree, and saw a bird, called a fish-hawk, flying, and an eagle after him."

7. "The hawk had caught the fish, and was carrying it home to his nest, when the eagle saw it and wanted it. They fought for it; the fish was dropped, and they both lost it. So much for quarreling."

QUESTIONS. What was grandfather's story? How did the fish happen to fall through the tree? Do boys and girls gain anything by quarreling?

LESSON XXVI.

air	loss	thought	sis'-ter	ev'-er-y
new	dress	Charles	jack'-et	se'-ri-ous
half	high	a'-ble	trows'-ers	o'-pen-ed
keep	latch	An'-na	strut'-ting	to-geth'-er
came	gates	trot'-ted	wheth'-er	oc-ca'-sion
maid	frocks	him-self'	horse'-back	de-light'-ed

Little Charles.

1. When Charles was three years and a half old, his mother made him a little jacket and trowsers, instead of frocks. Charles was much delighted, and thought himself quite a little man.

2. One of the first things he said, when he was strutting about in his new dress, was: "Mother, I think Sarah need not go out with us now, when we go to walk, for I can take care of little Anna myself."

3. Anna was his sister, and not quite two years old at that time. Charles asked every one he saw, whether he was not almost as big as his father, and whether he should not be able to ride soon on horseback.

4. When the maid took them out to walk, he told her with a serious air, that she might take a walk if she liked, but she had no occasion to keep with them, for he was now big enough to take care of himself and Anna too.

5. Sarah let them go on a little before her. Charles took hold of his sister's hand, and said: "Come, little Anna, brother Charles will take care of you now." They trotted on together, and did very well till they came to a gate; but there Charles was quite at a loss.

6. He reached up his hand as high as he could, but could not touch the latch. "Why do you not open the gate, Master Charles?" said Sarah. "I could, if it were not for the latch," said the little man.

7. Sarah lifted the latch, and Charles pushed against

the gate, but it was too heavy for him, and did not move. Sarah opened the gate, and then he told her she might go with him to open gates, but for nothing else.

QUESTIONS. How old was Charles? What did his mother give him? What did he think of himself then? What did he tell his mother? What did he tell Sarah, when they went out to walk? How did he manage at the gate? Do you think he was quite a man?

LESSON XXVII.

world	proud	col'-ors	it-self'	re-new'-ed
tears	grain	ut'-ters	lus'-ter	hid'-e-ous
harsh	spoils	pea'-cock	fi'-nest	pre-fer'-red
noise	fields	dis-play'	inch'-es	beau'-ti-ful
eight	length	scarce'-ly	sun'-shine	hu-mil'-i-ty

The Peacock.

1. THE peacock is the most beautiful bird in the world. Its colors are so rich and various, that no human art can make any thing like them.

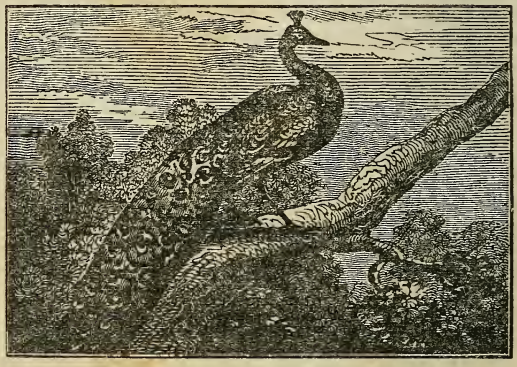
2. When the peacock walks in the sunshine, every movement gives a thousand shades of coloring, which are beautiful and ever varying. But the tail of this splendid bird is the most beautiful part of it.

3. These fine colors exceed the luster of the finest flowers of the fields and gardens. But, like the flowers, they fade every year, and the feathers drop from their bodies, and are again renewed every spring.

4. The length of the peacock, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail feathers, is about seven feet eight inches. Some of its longest feathers are four feet long. This bird appears haughty and proud, and loves to display its fine colors to those who are looking on, like those little boys and girls who are proud of their fine clothes.

5 The peacock perches upon high places, and lives

upon barley and other kinds of grain. Its beautiful plumage does not appear before it is nearly three years old. When it drops its fine feathers, in the time of harvest, it does not like to be seen, but seeks to hide itself in some gloomy place.



6. Though the peacock is very beautiful, it utters a very harsh and disgusting cry of *eko*, *eko*, *eko*, with the most hideous noise. It cannot sing a pleasant song, like the linnet.

7. It is so ill-natured that it will scarcely live with any other bird, except the pigeon; and it tears and spoils every thing it gets hold of with its bill. This bird was first brought from a far distant country, the East Indies, and it lives to the age of twenty-five years.

8. Little boys and girls, be not like the peacock, proud and vain, on account of your beauty and your fine clothes; for humility and goodness are always to be preferred to beauty.

QUESTIONS. What is the most beautiful bird in the world? How does it appear when it walks in the sunshine? How long is the peacock? Can it sing? Where was it first brought from? Why are some children like a peacock? What is better than beauty?

LESSON XXVIII.

runs	flies	civ'-il	cra'-zy	hard'-ly
hies	hedge	ba'-by	Brin'-dle	fool'-ish
bray	years	a-way'	cow'-ard	don'-key
calf	come	fel'-low	bel'-low	think'-ing

The Little Coward.

1. Why, here 's a foolish little man,
Laugh at him, donkey, if you can,
And cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
Come, every one of you, and laugh.

2. For only think, he runs away
If honest donkey does but bray!
And when the bull begins to bellow,
He 's like a crazy little fellow.

3. Poor Brindle cow can hardly pass
Along the hedge, to nip the grass,
Or wag her tail to lash the flies,
But off the little coward hies!

4. And when old Tray comes running too,
With bow, wow, wow, for "how d' ye do,"
And means it all for civil play,
'T is sure to make him run away.

5. But all the while your thinking, may be,
"Ah! well, but this must be a baby;"
Oh! cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
I 'm not surprised to see you laugh;
He 's six years old, and almost half.

Questions. Of what was this little boy afraid? Do you think he was foolish? Why?

LESSON XXIX.

great	hymn	la'-zy	fast'-er	bu'-si-ly
would	learn	mid'-dle	teas'-ed	im-pa'-tient
times	verse	min'-ute	run'-ning	aft'-er-noon
moves	knew	ad-vice'	fif'-teen	talk'-a-tive
clock	twelve	ques'-tions	fol'-low-ed	un-der-stand

Frank and the Hour-Glass.

1. Little Frank was a very talkative boy. He never saw a new thing without asking a great many questions. His mother was very patient and very kind; and would always answer his questions, when it was proper to do so.

2. Sometimes she would say, "You are not old enough to understand that, my son; when you are ten years old you may ask me, and I will tell you."

3. When his mother said this, Frank never teased any more; because he knew she always loved to answer him, when he asked proper questions.

4. The first time Frank saw an hour glass, he was very much amused; but he did not know what it was. His mother told him that an "hour-glass was made in the shape of a figure 8. The sand is put in at one

end and runs through a small hole in the middle. Sand enough is put in to take just an hour to run through."

5. Frank watched the little stream of sand run through; and he was impatient because it would not run faster.

6. "Let me shake it, mother," said he, "it is very lazy; it will never get through!"

7. "Oh, yes it will, my son," said his mother. "The sand moves by little and little; but it *moves all the time.* When you look at the hands of the clock, you think they go very slowly, and so they do; but *they never stop!* and that is the way they go round their twenty-four times every day."

8. "While you are at play, the sand is running out grain by grain; and the hands of the clock are moving second after second; and when night comes, the sand in the hour-glass has run through twelve times; and the hands of the clock have moved all round its great face."

9. "This is because they keep at work every minute; and cannot stop to think how much they have to do, and how long it will take them."

10. In the afternoon, his mother wished Frank to learn a little hymn: but he said, "Mother, I can never learn it; it is very long; see, there are six verses!"

11. His mother said, "If you will study all the time, and never stop to ask me how long it will take to learn it, you will be able to say it very soon."

12. Frank followed his mother's advice. He studied line after line, very busily, and every fifteen minutes he said a verse; and in one hour and a half, he knew it all perfectly.

QUESTIONS. Who was a talkative boy? How did his mother treat him? What did Frank wish to do with the hour glass? What did his mother tell him? What did she teach him about getting his lesson? What is an hour-glass? How many times will the sand run through the glass during the day?

LESSON XXX.

knot	cling	wag'-on	Thom'-as	pos'-si-bly
grew	swung	sec'-ond	stran'-ger	prob'-a-bly
cart	wheel	pub'-lic	team'-ster	mem'-o-ries
whip	drawn	ex-pense'	just'-i-fy	pa'-tient-ly
since	bought	car'-riage	un-civ'-il	an'-ec-dotes

Things I do not Like.

1. I DO not like to see boys cling to carriages that pass along. I will tell you some anecdotes which will show you why.

2. Thomas and I were one day going behind a cart drawn by oxen, down a steep hill, and for sport, we hung on behind. Presently Thomas swung round against one of the wheels, which caught his clothes and pulled him on it, carrying him over it in an instant.

3. I screamed out to the teamster, who stopped his oxen just as Thomas had fallen down before the wheel. In one second more, the wheel would have run over him, and would probably have killed him. You have never seen Thomas hang on the hind part of a cart, or wagon, or stage-coach, from that day to this.

4. A boy once seated himself on the back of a carriage, and some other boys joined him. The driver bore it patiently for some time; but at last he grew tired of having them there, and to frighten them, he struck his whip among them. The knot, which was at the end of the lash, went into the eye of the boy, and put it out. The boy has not been able to see with that eye since.

5. I do not pretend to justify the wagoner in striking with his whip, but he did it; and other wagoners may possibly do the same. Therefore, I warn you, as you value an eye, or even both eyes, to keep away and avoid the danger. An eye is not so easily put in, as put out.

6. It is not only dangerous to cling to carriages in this way, but it is uncivil and unkind. How it looks, to be jumping on the carriage of a stranger as he passes along! And what will he think of you? Will he not think either that you were not taught good manners, or that you have very poor memories?

7. It is unkind to conduct in this way. A gentleman does not like to stop in a public street to reason with boys, or order them away; nor does he like very well to be seen with his carriage loaded down in this manner. What can he do? What would you do in the same circumstances?

8. Perhaps he has a large load without you, or has traveled a long distance, and his horses are tired. In this case, you are unkind both to him and his horses. It is poor sport at best; not half so good as running is; and it is dearly bought, when you purchase it at the expense of the poor horses, or of one of your own eyes!

9. Let me beg that you will remember the GOLDEN RULE, and always endeavor to do as you would wish to be done by.

QUESTIONS. Why is it dangerous to hang on behind a carriage? Why is it uncivil and unkind? What anecdotes are told in this lesson? What is the Golden Rule? In what book do you find this rule?

LESSON XXXI.

corn	young	cous'-ins	de-sire'	reap'-ers
hear	field	un'-cles	as-sist'	crea'-tures
reap	brood	al'-most	in-deed'	neg-lect'
fail	flight	ab'-sence	with-out'	neigh'-bors
next	chirp	be-lieve'	re-move'	kins'-men
work	fright	re-solves'	nest'-le	farm'-er
ones	friends	for'-ward	strict'-est	our-selves'

The Lark and the Farmer.

1. AN old lark once had a nest of young ones in a field of corn which was almost ripe. She was rather

afraid the reapers would be set to work before her lovely brood were fledged enough to be able to remove from the place.

2. One morning, therefore, before she took her flight, to seek for something to feed them with, "My dear little creatures," said she, "be sure that, in my absence, you take the strictest notice of every word you hear, and do not fail to tell me as soon as I come home."

3. Sometime after she was gone, in came the owner of the field and his son. "Well, George," said he, "this corn, I think, is ripe enough to be cut down; so, to-morrow morning, go, as soon as you can see, and desire our friends and neighbors to come and help us; and tell them that we will do as much for them, when they want us."

4. When the old lark came back to her nest, the young ones began to nestle and chirp about her: begging her, after what they had heard, to remove them as soon as she could.

5. "Hush!" said she, "hold your silly tongues; if the farmer depends upon his friends, and his neighbors, you may take my word for it, that his corn will not be reaped to-morrow." The next morning, there-

fore, she went out again, and left the same orders as before.

6. The owner of the field came soon after, to wait for those he had sent to; but the sun grew hot, and not a single man came to help him. "Why, then," said he to his son, "I'll tell you what, my boy; you see, those friends of ours have forgotten us, you must therefore run to your uncles and cousins, and tell them that I shall expect them to-morrow, early, to help us to reap."

7. Well, this also the young ones told their mother as soon as she came home; and in a sad fright they were. "Never mind it, children," said the old one; "for if that be all, you may take my word for it, that his brethren and kinsmen will not be so forward to assist him as he seems willing to believe. But mark," said she, "what you hear the next time; and let me know without fail."

8. The old lark went abroad the next day as before, but when the poor farmer found that his kinsmen were as backward as his neighbors, "Why, then, since your uncles and cousins so neglect us, do you get," said he to his son, "a couple of good sickles against to-morrow morning, and we will reap the corn ourselves, my boy."

9. When the young ones told their mother this, she said, "Now, my little dears, we must indeed, be gone: for when a man resolves to do his own work himself, you may depend upon it that it will be done."

QUESTIONS. What had a nest of young ones? What did she say one morning? What happened that day? What happened the next day? What on the third day? When did the old lark think the corn would be reaped? What may we learn from this story?

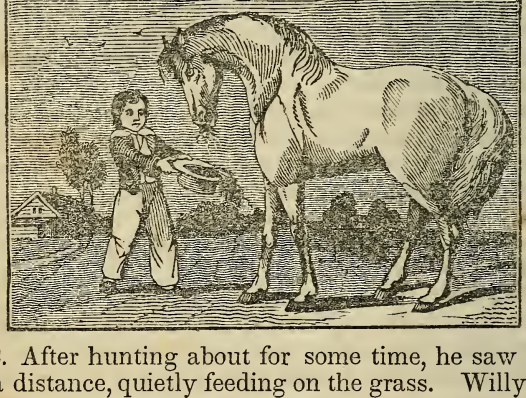
THE TEACHER should not confine himself to the list of words selected for spelling at the head of the lesson, but should frequently *vary* and *increase* them. The same word must be spelled many times, as every teacher is aware, before it will be thoroughly learned. Difficult words are, therefore, *repeated* in the different spelling lists, and the pupil should be *repeatedly* called upon to spell them.

LESSON XXXII.

knew	po'-ny	mead'-ow	qui'-et-ly
heels	en-joy'	whith'-er	how-ev'-er
reach	hal'-ter	feed'-ing	un-fast'-en
cheat	bri'-dle	pran'-cing	sud'-den-ly
sieve	troub'-le	gath'-er-ed	can'-ter-ing

How to Catch a Pony.

1. WILLY went to unfasten his pony; but when he came to the tree to which he had tied him, he found that Coco had unfastened himself, and had gone prancing away, he knew not whither.



2. After hunting about for some time, he saw him at a distance, quietly feeding on the grass. Willy ran up to him, but just as he put out his hand to catch hold of the bridle, Coco, who wished to enjoy his freedom a little longer, turned suddenly round, kicked up his hind legs, and galloped away.

3. Willy thought himself lucky not to have been within reach of his heels when he kicked up; however, he was quite at a loss what to do. At last he remembered that when the pony was at grass in the meadow, and the groom wished to catch him, he put

a little corn into a sieve, and held it out to the pony till he could put a halter over his neck.

4. Willy, it is true, had neither sieve, corn, nor halter. "But then," said he, "the pony will eat grass as well as corn; my hat will do for a sieve; and as for a halter, I do not want one, for Coco has his bridle on, and I can catch hold of that." So he gathered a few handfuls of grass, and put them into his hat.

5. A man who was in the field, asked him what he was going to do with the grass. Willy told him it was to catch the pony. "Oh! then," said the man, "you need not take so much trouble; if you hold out your hat empty it will do just as well; for the pony cannot see that the hat is empty till he comes close to it, and then you may catch hold of the bridle."

6. "But that would be cheating him," said Willy, "and I will not cheat any body; no, not even a horse. Besides, if I cheated him once, he would not come another time." Willy then went up to his pony, and held out his hat. The pony came quietly up to him, and Willy seized the bridle, and was soon cantering home on his back.

QUESTIONS. What was the pony's name? Why did he not stop when Willy tried to catch him? What did the groom do when he wished to catch a horse? What did Willy do for a sieve, and some corn? Why would not Willy hold out his hat empty? Is it ever right to cheat?

LESSON XXXIII.

east	ri'-ses	cer'-tain	e'-ven-ing
know	oth'-er	shad'-ow	op'-po-site
where	cloud'-y	weath'-er	de-sir'-ed
trunk	rea'-son	com'-pass	in-vent'-ed
could	no'-tice	to'-ward	ob-serv'-ed

The Points of the Compass.

1. ONE day as Harry and his sister were sitting under a shady tree, Harry observed that the shadow

of the tree reached almost around the trunk. He had seen, in the morning when he was at breakfast, that the shadow of the tree fell only on one side of it.

2. Harry asked his father the reason of this. His father took him to the door of the house, and desired him to look where the sun was; and he saw that it was opposite the door, and very high in the sky.

3. Take notice, Harry, said his father, where you see the sun now, and observe where you see it this evening, when the sun is setting.

4. Harry said he knew where the sun set, that he could not see it from the hall-door; but that he could see it from that end of the house, which was at the right hand of the hall-door, as you go out.

5. *Father.* Did you observe where it rises?

6. *Harry.* Yes sir; it rose this morning at the other end of the house.

7. *Father.* It did so. Now do you know where are the South, and the North, and the East, and the West?

8. *Harry.* No sir; but I believe the side of the sky where the sun rises, is called the East.

9. *Father.* It is so; and the side where it sets, is called the West. Now you may always know the South and the North, wherever you are, if you know where the sun rises and sets.

10. If you know where it rises, stand with your left hand toward that part of the sky, and then the part of the sky before your face will be to the South, and that part of the sky behind your back will be the North.

11. In the same manner, if you know where the sun sets, turn your right hand toward that place, and the part of the sky opposite to you will be the South.

12. Sailors, when at sea, often meet with storms, and cloudy weather; sometimes they do not see the sun for many days together; and they cannot tell which way to direct their vessel, so as to reach home. But an instrument, called a COMPASS, has been invent-

ed for their use. A small piece of iron is placed upon a point, which, by being prepared in a certain way, always points to the North.

QUESTIONS. Where was Henry sitting? What did he observe? What did he ask his father? Where does the sun rise? How can you always tell where to find South, and North, and East, and West? How do sailors tell? Describe the compass.

LESSON XXXIV.

great	fa'-ther	noth'-ing	re-ceiv'-ed
these	i'-dle	sweet'-meats	li'-bra-ry
durst	ex-pect'	in-stead'	sur-pri'-sed
ought	smi'-ling	gar'-den	stud'-i-ed
choice	af-fair'	pleas'-ure	cor-rect'-ness
clothes	a-sleep'	touch'-ing	de-ter'-min-ed
sought	de-scribe'	knowl'-edge	ex-am'-in-ed

Mary and her Father.

1. LITTLE Mary was a great favorite with her father, who used to give her whatever toys, dolls, and other play-things, she wished for.

2. But it was not right, that Mary should care for nothing but such things as these, and so thought her father.

3. One day when they were in the garden, and he was reading something with which he was greatly pleased, she asked him how he could be so pleased in reading what seemed to her very dull, and which she was sure she would never read, but when she was forced to get her task.

4. Now, Mary ought to have known better than this, after all her father had told her, and after having had as many pretty books given her, as would make a little library.

5. So, instead of smiling at her, as he usually did, he turned away his head with a frown, and put her hand out of his, and turned from her, and went into another part of the garden.

6. Mary did not expect this, and as she was not a silly little girl, though a very idle one, she hung down her head and wept very bitterly.

7. She did not dare to look at her father all that evening, and she did not cease crying till she fell asleep.

8. The next morning she studied her lesson with more care than she had ever done before, and her instructor was surprised to find the idlest scholar in school, become the first of the class.

9. When Mary went home from school, she would have told her father, but she was ashamed to see him. So she went and sought all the books which had been given her, and which she had, till now, suffered to lie scattered about with broken play-things, and left-off doll's clothes. She looked into one or two, and began to think that, after all, books were not such dull things as she had thought.

10. After she had put them all together, and arranged them on a shelf which had been given her for the purpose, she looked at them with great pleasure, and thought as much of her library, as her father seemed to think of his.

11. When she had thus finished putting her books

in order, she thought to herself, that she had yet much to do before she durst again see her father, or he would be as kind to her as he used to be.

12. She examined every book she had, and at last made choice of one, which she took and read so diligently, that in a few days she knew every thing which it contained, and could describe the different things it spoke of with great correctness.

13. She was so pleased with the knowledge she had thus gained, that she loved her father more than she had ever done, for having made her do what had given her, and might still give her, so much pleasure.

14. Mary's father as yet knew nothing of what she had done, and so took no notice of her whatever. But one evening, a few days after this sad affair, he was reading in a room which opened into the garden.

15. Mary, no longer able to resist her wish to tell him how sorry she was, and what she had done, and would still do to please him, came behind him, and gently touching him, let him know that she was waiting to be again received as his favorite girl.

16. Mary was not long in telling her father, that she had determined never more to offend him by being idle, and loving only sweetmeats and play-things; and then she amused him by giving an account of all the things she had read about, and which she was delighted to find were all true; and he told her many other stories of the same kind, with which she was greatly pleased.

17. From that time forth, little Mary was not only the favorite, but the companion of her father, and they walked together, and she passed all the time of her holydays in the pleasantest way possible, learning something from ever thing she saw, and every day becoming wiser and better.

QUESTIONS. Who was a favorite with her father? What did he give Mary? How did Mary offend her father? How did Mary feel?

What did she then do? How did her father treat her after this? What ought a good child do with books?

LESSON XXXV.

whale	old'-er	a-mong'	crawl'-eth
shine	in'-fant	peb'-bles	re-main'-eth
heart	sweet'-ly	mur'-mur	el'-e-phant
mouth	ver'-y	war'-ble	ex-ceed'-ing-ly
shall	prais'-es	riv'-ers	me-lo'-di-ous-ly

Praise to God.

1. Come, let us praise God, for he is exceedingly great; let us bless God, for he is very good.

2. He made all things; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.

3. He made the great whale, and the elephant; and the little worm that crawleth upon the ground.

4. The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.

5. The brooks and rivers praise God, when they murmur melodiously among the smooth pebbles.

6. I will praise God with my voice; for I may praise him, though I am but a little child.

7. A few years ago, and I was but a little infant, and my tongue was dumb within my mouth.

8. And I did not know the great name of God, for my reason was not come unto me.

9. But I can now speak, and my tongue shall praise him: I can think of all his kindness, and my heart shall love him.

10. Let him call me, and I will come unto him; let him command, and I will obey him.

11. When I am older, I will praise him better; and I will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth in me.

Questions. What is the subject of this lesson? Who made the sun, and moon, and all things that live upon the earth? Who is it that

has protected you from harm, and now keeps you alive? Will God listen to the praises of little children? Should you not, then, praise God for his goodness to you?

LESSON XXXVI.

skies	ket'-tle	might'-y	o'-pen-ing
trick	min'-ute	prom'-ise	qual'-i-ties
ease	mat'-ter	mis'-chief	Ma-til'-da
snuff	fur'-ther	forth-with'	pos-sess'-ed
sneeze	stub'-born	med'-dling	re-pent'-ed

Meddlesome Matty.

1. Oh! how one ugly trick has spoiled
   The sweetest and the best!
   Matilda, though a pleasant child,
   One ugly trick possessed,
   Which, like a cloud before the skies,
   Hid all her better qualities.

2. Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid
   To peep at what was in it;
   Or tilt the kettle, if you did
   But turn your back a minute.
   In vain you told her not to touch;
   Her trick of meddling grew so much.

3. Her grand-mamma went out one day,
   And, by mistake, she laid
   Her spectacles and snuff-box gay,
   Too near the little maid;
   "Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
   As soon as grand-mamma is gone."

4. Forthwith she placed upon her nose,
   The glasses, large and wide;
   And looking round, as I suppose,
   The snuff-box too she spied.
   "O what a pretty box is this!
   I'll open it," said little miss.

5. "I know that grand-mamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then she's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Beside, what can there be amiss,
In opening such a box as this?"

6. So thumb and finger went to work,
To move the stubborn lid;
And, presently, a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

7. Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

8. She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes;
And, as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grand-mamma she spies.
"Hey-day! and what's the matter now?"
Cried grand-mamma, with angry brow.

9. Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 't is a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

QUESTIONS. What ugly trick spoiled Matilda? What story is told of her? How was she punished for meddling? What may you learn from this story?

LESSON XXXVII.

last	could	a-lone'	tea'-cups	eas'-i-ly
move	hands	rea'-son	pur'-pose	re-pli'-ed
mark	would	mov'-ed	hap'-pen	an-oth'-er
hinge	stood	sau'-cers	bro'-ken	an'-swer-ed
knife	ta'-ble	pull'-ing	scald'-ed	di-rect'-ly
touch	un'-der	tum'-bling	drink'-ing	o-be'-di-ent

Frank.

1. THERE was a little boy whose name was Frank. He had a father and a mother who were very kind to him; and he loved them. He liked to talk to them, and he liked to walk with them, and he liked to be with them.

2. He liked to do what they asked him to do; and he took care not to do what they desired him not to do. When his father or mother said to him, "Frank, shut the door," he ran directly, and shut the door.

3. When they said, "Frank, do not touch that knife," he took his hands away from the knife, and did not touch it. He was an obedient little boy.

4. One evening, when his father and mother were drinking tea, he was sitting under the tea-table: and he took hold of one of the legs of the table, and tried to pull it toward himself; but he could not move it. He then took hold of another leg of the table, and he found he could not move it.

5. But at last he took hold of one which he found

he could move very easily; for this leg turned upon a large hinge, and was not fixed like the other legs. As he was drawing this leg of the table toward him, his mother said to him, "Frank, what are you doing?"

6. Frank answered, "Mother, I am playing with the leg of the table." And his mother said, "What do you mean by saying that you are playing with the leg of the table?" And Frank replied, "I mean that I am pulling it toward me, mother." And his mother said, "Let it alone, my dear."

7. Frank took away his hands from the leg of the table, and he got up, and stood beside his mother. Then he said, "Mother, I have come away from the leg of the table, that I may not think of touching it any more." Frank's father and mother were pleased at this mark of his obedience, and the next day they took him with them to ride.

8. After Frank had got from under the table, he wished his mother to tell him why she bid him let the leg of the table alone. "I will show you, my dear," said his mother; and then moved some of the tea-cups and saucers, and the tea-urn, to another table.

9. Then she told Frank to go and push the leg of the table, as he did before. Frank did so; but when he had pushed it a little way he stopped, and looked up at his mother, and said, "I see part of the top of the table moving down toward my head, mother, and if I push this leg any further back, I am afraid that part of the table will fall down on my head, and hurt me."

10. "I will hold up this part of the table, which is called the *leaf*," said his mother; "and I will not let it fall down on your head. Pull the leg of the table back as far as you can." Frank did as his mother desired him; and then she told him to come from under the table.

11. "Now," said she, "stand beside me, and see what will happen, when I let go this leaf of the table

that I am now holding." And Frank said, "I think I know what will happen, mother. It will fall; for now that I have pulled back the leg, there is nothing to hold it up but your hand."

12. Then his mother took away her hand, and the leaf of the table fell: and Frank put his hand upon his head, saying, "O mother, that would have hurt me very much, if it had fallen on my head. I am glad that I was not under the table when that leaf fell. And you desired me not to pull the leg of the table, lest I should get hurt; was not that the reason, mother?"

13. "That was one reason," replied his mother. "Try if you can find out any other reasons, Frank." He looked at the table, a little while, without being able to think of any other reason; but seeing his mother turn her head toward the tea-things, which had been put on another table, he thought to better purpose.

14. "O now," said he, "I know what you mean. When the leaf of the table fell, if those cups and saucers had been on it, they would have slid down, and been broken; and the urn, too, would have come tumbling down, and then all the hot water would have run out, and wet the room, and might have scalded me. I am very glad, mother, that I did as you bid me."

QUESTIONS. What did Frank like to do? What sort of boy was he? What was Frank doing under the tea-table? What did he do, when told to let the leg of the table alone? What did Frank wish to know? How did his mother show him? What were the reasons why Frank should not have pulled the leg of the table? Why ought children to obey their parents?

LESSON XXXVIII.

threw	be-stow'	hand'-ful	saun'-ter-ed
whole	mon'-ey	car'-riage	sor'-row-ful
stile	slow'-ly	turn'-pike	care'-ful-ly
fields	hold'-ing	beg'-gar	aft'-er-ward
bought	walk'-ing	re-ceiv'-ed	ea'-ger-ly

Sam and Harry.

1. One fine summer's day, Sam was walking home from school, over the fields. He sauntered slowly along, and was reading a pretty book, which he had just bought with his week's money. The day was very pleasant, and Sam was a happy boy.

2. At length he climbed over a stile and came into the high road, and there was a gate across the road, and a blind beggar stood holding the gate open, and said, "Pray, bestow a half-penny." But Sam gave him nothing.

3. What! did Sam give the poor, blind beggar nothing? No, because he had nothing to give; for, as I told you, he had spent all his money.

4. So he walked through, and looked rather sorrowful. In a minute or two afterward, a smart carriage came driving down to the gate, and Harry and his mother were in it.

5. And the blind man stood and held his hat. "Let us give the poor blind man something," said Harry to his mother.

6. His mother gave him a handful of half-pence, which she had just received from the turnpike man. Harry took them eagerly, but instead of putting them into the poor man's hat, which was held out for them, he threw the whole handful as far as he could, into the hedge.

7. The poor man could not find them there, you know, and looked very sad; but Sam, who had turned his head to look at the fine carriage, saw Harry fling the half-pence, and came back; he looked carefully in the hedge, and in the grass, till he had found them all; and besides the trouble he had, it took so much time, that he almost lost his dinner, by coming home too late.

8. Now, which of the two do you think was most kind to the poor blind man, Harry or Sam? I know very well which he thanked the most in his heart.

QUESTIONS. What was Sam doing? Whom did he find at the gate? Why did not Sam give the blind man some money? Where did Harry throw his half-pence? What did Sam do? Which boy did the poor man thank most in his heart?

LESSON XXXIX.

quite	cou'-ple	in'-stinct	pre-par'-ed
loose	ti'-ger	de-fense'	ap'-pe-tite
means	bul'-let	fling'-ing	dig'-ni-ty
sprung	keep'-er	de-cide'	ter-rif'-ic
caught	la'-ma	head'-long	vent'-ur-ed
seiz'-ed	cour'-age	ap'-proach	scam'-per-ed

Elephant and Tigress.

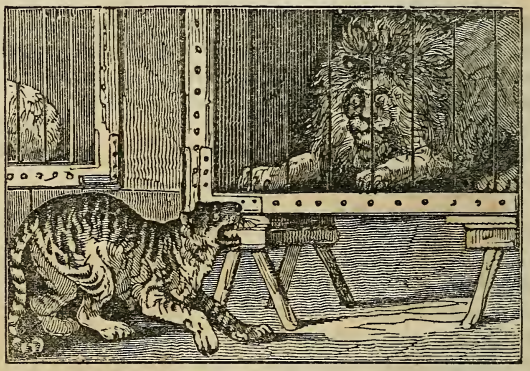
1. ONE day, the keeper of some animals went to his dinner as usual; and as he went out, left all of them quite safe, as he thought, in their cages. But it was not so. One of the cages, which contained a tiger and tigress, was quite old, and the couple broke loose. They looked around to find something to gratify their appetite, and spying the lama, they pitched upon her for their dinner.

2. The poor lama was sorely frightened at their approach, with mouths wide open; but against such terrific animals, she had no means of defense. In a moment, the tigers grasped her by the throat, and began to suck her blood.

3. At this moment the keeper entered. Being a man of great courage, he seized a rope, and ventured forward, intending to fling a noose over the heads of the two animals, as they were busily sucking the blood of the lama.

4. Just as he was flinging the noose, the tigress turned and prepared to jump upon him. He knew not what to do. Her eye-balls were flashing fire, and her jaws were ready to destroy him. He had but a moment to decide. In that moment he sprung behind

an elephant which stood near. The tigress saw the keeper, and sprung toward him. But, as she was bounding past the elephant, almost with the swiftness of a bullet, this animal reached forth his trunk, caught the tigress, and threw her headlong to the further end of the building.



5. Every thing was now in confusion. The monkeys jumped for their lives, and the baboons scampered up to the rafters. The elephant stood still, and at the command of the keeper, took him up with his trunk, and, with a single toss, placed him upon his back, out of danger.

6. The tigress was not yet satisfied, but made another jump at the keeper. But the elephant caught her again, and threw her with such force against the side of the house, that she was glad to go quietly back into her cage.

7. In the mean time, the tiger was looking about to see what animal he should attack. On raising his eyes, the first thing he saw was the lion, who was looking on from his cage with great dignity. The tiger showed his teeth and growled; the lion shook his mane.

8. At last the tiger sprung at the cage with great fury, and forced one of his paws through the bars. But the lion made a grab at the tiger's foot, and caught it. He pulled the whole leg into the cage, and held it there till the keeper could jump from the back of the elephant, and throw a noose over the tiger's head.

9. Both the tigers were then secured in their cage. Thus, by the instinct of the elephant, and the teeth of the lion, as well as his own courage, the keeper was saved from the jaws of the tiger and tigress.

QUESTIONS. What animal did the tigers first attack? What did the keeper try to do when he came in? What did the tigress do then? How was the keeper saved from the tigress? What became of the tiger?

LESSON XL.

dunce	les'-son	pock'-ets	Ken-ne-bec'
drone	fort'-une	quar'-rel	in'-do-lent
snail	fa'-ther	drawl'-ed	syl'-la-ble
chance	creep'-ing	laugh'-ing	com'-ic-al
learn	scar'-let	re-ci'-ting	nav'-i-ga-ble

The Idle Schoolboy.

1. I WILL tell you about the laziest boy you ever heard of. He was indolent about every thing. When he played, the boys said he played as if the teacher told him to; and when he went to school, he went creeping along like a snail. The boy had sense enough; but he was too lazy to learn any thing.

2. When he spelled a word, he drawled out one syllable after another, as if he were afraid the syllables would quarrel, if he did not keep them a great way apart. Once when he was reciting a lesson in geography, the teacher asked him, "What is said of Hartford?" He answered, "Hartford is a flourishing *comical* town."

3. He meant that it was "a flourishing *commercial*

town; but he was such a drone, that he never knew what he was about. When asked how far the river Kennebec was navigable, he said, "it was navigable for *boots* as far as Waterville." The boys all laughed, and the teacher could not help laughing too. The idle boy colored like scarlet.

4. "I say it is so in my book," said he; and when one of the boys showed him the book, and pointed to the place, where it was said that the Kennebec was navigable for *boats* as far as Waterville, he stood with his hands in his pockets, and his mouth open, as if he could not understand what they were all laughing at.

5. Another day, when the boys were reciting a lesson from the dictionary, he made a mistake worse than all the rest. The word A-CEPH'-A-LOUS, was printed with syllables divided as you see; the definition of the word was, "without a head."

6. The idle boy had often been laughed at for being so slow in saying his lessons; this time he thought he would be very quick and smart; so he spelled the word before the teacher had a chance to put it out. And how do you think he spelled it?

7. "A-C-E-P-H, ACEPH," said he, "a louse without a head." The boys laughed at him so much about this, that he was obliged to leave school. The teacher said, "he was a drone, and the working bees stung him out of the hive."

8. You can easily guess what luck this idle boy had. His father tried to give him a good education, but he *would* be a dunce; not because he was a fool, but because he was too lazy to give his attention to anything. He had some fortune left him; but he was too lazy to take care of it, and now he goes about the streets, begging his bread.

9. And now, he often wishes that he had been more attentive to his books, when young; but he cannot live over again the time he has spent so badly, and

he must be a poor, ignorant fellow for the rest of his life.

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson about? How did the idle boy play? What did he say about Hartford? What did he say about the Kennebec river? How did he spell and define "acephalous?" Can you spell it rightly? What became of the lazy boy?

LESSON XLI.

crept	fol'-ly	ut'-ter-ed	sat'-is-fi-ed
years	rail'-ing	car'-pen-ter	as-ton'-ish-ed
rouse	Wil'-liam	hap'-pen-ed	un-in'-jur-ed
roams	broth'-ers	wea'-ri-ed	con-tent'-ed-ly
skull	Brus'-sels	yel'-low-ish	men-ag'-er-y
great	re-fit'-ting	ex-press'-ed	a-wa'-ken-ed

The Lion.

1. THE lion is from three to four feet high, and from six to nine feet long. His strength is very great. He can easily break the skull of a horse by a stroke of his paw. A large lion can drag off an ox.

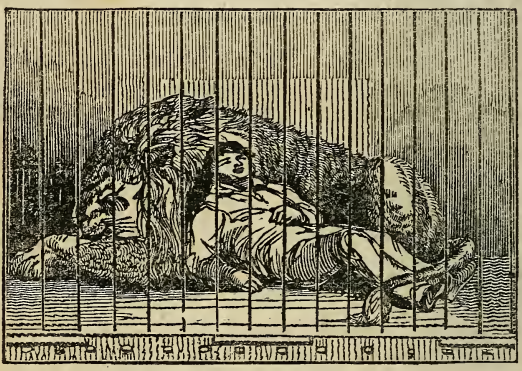
2. The color of the lion is a yellowish red. He roams about in the forests of Africa and Asia, and is a terror to man and beast. The lion can be tamed, if taken young, and will even show marks of kindness to his keeper. But it is dangerous folly to get into his power.

3. In a menagery at Brussels, there was a cell where a large lion, called Danco, used to be kept. The cell happened to be in need of repair, and the keeper, whose name was William, desired a carpenter to come and mend it. The carpenter came, but was so afraid of the lion, that he would not go near the cell alone.

4. So William entered it, and led the lion to the upper part of it, while the other part was refitting. He played with the lion for some time; but, at last, being wearied, both he and the lion fell asleep. The

carpenter went on with his work, and when he had finished it, he called out for William to come and see it.

5. He called again and again, but no William answered. The poor carpenter began to be frightened, lest the lion had made his dinner of the keeper, or else crushed him with his great paws. He crept round to the upper part of the cell, and there, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and William, sleeping side by side, as contentedly as two little brothers.



6. He was so astonished, that he uttered a loud cry. The lion, awakened by the noise, stared at the carpenter with an eye of fury, and then, placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, as if to say, "touch him, if you dare," the heroic beast lay down to sleep again. The carpenter was dreadfully alarmed, and not knowing how he could rouse William, he ran out and related what he had seen.

7. Some people came, and, opening the door of the cell, contrived to awaken the keeper, who, rubbing his eyes, quietly looked around him and expressed himself very well satisfied with his nap. He took the lion's paw, shook it kindly, and then retired uninjured from the cell.

8. The lion sometimes lives to a great age. One by the name of Pompey, died at London, in the year 1760, at the age of seventy years.

9. The lion roams about in the forests of Asia and Africa. He utters a roar which sounds like thunder. He stays in places where other animals are wont to come for food or drink. When one of them is near enough, he springs upon it with a furious bound.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? What feats of strength can the lion perform? What is the color of the lion? Where is the lion found? What is a menagery? To what age does the lion live? Where are lions found? What story is told of William and Danco?

LESSON XLII.

hoe	ghosts	gi'-ant	peo'-ple	pitch'-fork
moon	horns	fan'-cy	man'-ner	swing'-ing
fear	strange	ob'-ject	sto'-ries	cau'-tious-ly
been	broom	paus'-ed	threat'-en	wa -ver-ing
saw	swing	pil'-low	pre-tends'	sus pend'-ed

Pleasing Stories.

1. My little readers have all heard about ghosts, but I suppose they never saw one. A ghost is an imaginary being, that some foolish people suppose to walk about at night. Now I need not tell you that there are no such things as ghosts, and nobody need ever expect to see one.

2. People may meet with things they do not exactly understand; and, at night, amid the darkness, or by the wavering light of the moon, they may fancy they see strange things. I will tell you one or two stories which will show you how people may be deceived in this way.

3. A boy went out to the barn one night to feed the horses. He entered at the great door, and as he was going across the floor, something soft and white seemed to meet him; it then drew back and came to-

ward him again. He was alarmed, and ran toward the door. He looked again and saw the white object moving to and fro.

4. He fancied this to be a ghost, and thought it waved up and down, and seemed to threaten him. He ran to the house in a great fright. He told his father that there was a ghost in the barn: that it waved to and fro, that it was white, was as tall as a giant, and seemed to him to have horns as long as a man's arm.

5. The father got a club, his son Ben got the pitchfork, John took the hoe, Eben the rake, and the mother, at the head of this force, with broom in hand, marched out to the barn. They opened the great door, and put in a light, and cautiously looked around. And there, hanging over the floor, was a white object, but not a ghost. It was only a white pillow, suspended by a rope for a swing.

6. Some of the children had been swinging there, and had left the pillow in the swing. The boy who went to find the horses, ran against the pillow, and it swung back and forth. He saw it move; he was frightened, and he thought it a ghost as big as a giant!

7. I will tell you another story. A man was going along in a dark night. Presently he saw something white before him. He paused. The white object moved along. He pursued it a little. It fled from him, and seemed to stretch out its broad, white arms in a threatening manner.

8. The man turned back in fear, and related the story to his friends. There was a man among them who had sense enough to disbelieve in ghosts, and who offered to go and see whether the thing was a real ghost or not. So he went with the other man. Pretty soon, they came to the spot.

9. There was the white object sure enough. It moved. They followed. It spread its white arms as before. They followed still faster, and in a mo-

ment one of the men caught it. Now what do you think this was? It was only a lame goose!

10. Now, let my little readers, if any person ever pretends to have seen a ghost, tell them the story of the pillow and the lame goose!

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? What is a ghost? Do you believe there are any such things as ghosts? What did the boy take for a ghost? What was the man frightened at? Do you remember the story of Harry and the guide-post?

LESSON XLIII.

vain	growl	he'-ro	be-hind'	ex-haust'-ed
bear	through	ef'-forts	shag'-gy	af-fright'-ed
pair	strength	mere'-ly	es-cape'	ac-com'-pa-ni-ed
since	knock'-ed	eye'-ing	climb'-ing	in-fu'-ri-at-ed

The Boy and the Bear.

1. SOMETIME since, as a boy was going through the woods, he spied a wild and hungry bear. The boy sprang to the nearest tree and climbed up, the bear climbing after him.

2. The poor boy made good use of his feet, and soon dashed his enemy to the ground. The bear returned and was again knocked down, carrying with him one of the boy's boots.

3. The bear now went up the third time, but with more caution. The young man hoping to escape, climbed up the tree about fifty feet, and as the bear came near, tried to shake him off.

4. But it was in vain. His boot was held by the paws of the infuriated animal, which had lost its hold upon the tree, and hung suspended by the poor boy's leg.

The boy's strength became exhausted; he let go his hold on the tree, and down they went, boy and bear together, making a tremendous crash among the branches, till they reached the ground.

6. Our hero struck on the bear, and bounded many feet. The affrighted pair sat eyeing each other for some time.

7. At length, the bear, which was the most severely bruised, showing no signs of fight, the young man rose and fled, leaving his boots and hat behind him.

8. His friend of the shaggy coat made no efforts to catch him, but merely cast at him an ugly look, accompanied by a growl and a shake of the head.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? What did the boy do to get away from the bear? What did the bear do? How do bears usually attack persons? Do you think this boy would have escaped, if he had been very much frightened?

LESSON XLIV.

light	soul	im'-age	want'-ed	be-tween'
herbs	sixth	wa'-ters	liv'-ing	cre-a'-ted
fruit	sides	emp'-ty	love'-ly	Cre-a'-tor
world	spreads	a-rose'	small'-est	glo'-ri-ous
earth	loft'-y	flow'-ers	pleas'-ant	de-li'-cious

Creation of the World.

1. WHEN we look on the pleasant earth, we see the green grass and the gay flowers. We look around us

and see the tall trees and the lofty hills. Between them rolls the bright river, and down their sides flow the clear streams.

2. If we raise our eyes when the sky is clear, we look through the light, thin air away to where the bright sun is placed, that shines down upon our world to give it light and to make it pleasant.

3. These things were not always so. Six thousand years ago there was no pleasant earth; and then the bright sun was not made. But the Great God lived then, and there never was a time when he did not live.

4. When the time came that the Creator was pleased to make this world, he made it all out of nothing. When our world was first created, it had nothing beautiful upon it; but it was all dark and empty. When God wanted light, he said, "Let there be light," and there was light. God made the air that spreads all around our earth. He made the grass to grow, the lovely flowers, the useful herbs, and all the trees that bear the delicious fruit.

5. After all these things were made, the earth was silent as the grave. There were no cattle to eat the grass, or birds, or the smallest insects to fly through the air. When the fourth day came, he made the glorious sun to shine by day, and the moon and stars to shine by night. When the fourth day ended, the sun set upon a silent world. And when the fair moon arose, and the stars shone in the sky, there was not a man living on all the earth to behold them.

6. The next day came, and the waters brought forth fish, and the birds flew through the soft air, and sang among the trees. On the sixth day, God created the beasts of the field: and last of all, he made man in his own image, and breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

QUESTIONS. What do we see as we look around us? Were these always so? How long is it since the earth was made? By whom was the

earth made? What was made on the fourth day? What on the fifth? What on the sixth? What was last made? Where do we find this history?

LESSON XLV.

pan	teach	be-gin	cous'-in	her-self'
have	haste	a-bout'	rab'-bits	wri'-ting
spell	write	a-greed'	let'-ter	les'-sons
plate	friends	de-pend	clev'-er	stop'-ping
learn	single	eat'-ing	cab'-bage	some'-times

The Little Letter-Writer.

1. EMILY, here is a letter for you. It is from your little cousin John. Make haste, and I will read it to you. How clever it is for cousin John to be able to write a letter! You would like to be able to write a letter, would you not?

2. But you know you cannot write; you have not learned to write yet. I hope you will make haste and learn to read, and then father will teach you to write. You want to know when father will begin to teach you; but that will depend upon yourself.

3. If you take pains, and learn to read all the lessons in this book, without stopping to spell a single word, then father will begin to teach you to write; and I shall be very glad when you are able to write a letter to your cousin John in return for this. But we must read it.

4. "COUSIN EMILY—I am going to tell you about a cat and some rabbits that I have; they all play together in the yard, and sometimes the cat tries to teach the rabbits to catch mice. They will eat together from the same dish.

5. One day they had some beef, and bread, and cabbage, set before them on the same plate. The cat agreed that the rabbits might have the cabbage, and puss took the beef herself; but, when the cat was eating some bread, the rabbits bit at the other end.

6. Pussy did not like that, so she hit the rabbits with her paw; after that, they were very good friends again, and ate it all up. I cannot tell you any thing more about them now, for my hand is tired with writing, but I wish you would come here, and I will let you see them. This letter is from your cousin

JOHN."

7. Now is not this a very pretty letter, Emily? Should you not like to see puss and the rabbits playing and eating together? Yes, I am sure you would; well, be a good girl, and I will take you some day to see your cousin John, and his cat, and rabbits.

8. But now you must go to your lessons; and I hope that when John writes you another letter, you will have learned to write, and then be able to answer him.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? Who wrote the letter? To whom did he write? What advantages are there in knowing how to write? Would you like to grow up without being able to write?

LESSON XLVI.

bee	wing	ev'-er	peo'-ple	no'-bod-y
half	plain	nev'-er	home'-ly	el'-e-gant
true	shape	be-ware	yel'-low	del'-i-cate
fair	sting	use'-ful	mis'-chief	in'-no-cent
wasp	likes	buzz'-ing	hand'-some	per'-fect-ly

The Wasp and the Bee.

1. A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?"

2. "My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

3. "Ah! friend," said the bee, "it is all very true,
But, were I half as much mischief to do,
Then people would love me no better than you.

4. "You have a fine shape, and a delicate wing;
You are perfectly handsome, but then there's one thing
They can never put up with, and that is your sting.

5. "My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a useful and innocent bee."

6. From this little lesson let people beware,
For if, like the wasp, they ill-natured are,
They will never be loved, though they're ever so fair.

QUESTIONS. Can animals talk? In this fable, what did the wasp say to the bee? What was the bee's answer? What should you learn from this lesson?

LESSON XLVII.

brook	eat'-ing	thirst'-y	of'-fer-ed
fires	vil'-lage	scar'-let	di-vi'-ded
could	re-fresh'	li'-ning	be-gin'-ning
bright	col-lect'	bla'-zing	hap'-pi-ness
faint	in-stead'	ripe'-ness	straw'-ber-ry
hedg'-es	mo'-ment	joy'-ful-ly	straw'-ber-ries

George's Feast.

1. GEORGE'S mother was very poor; instead of having bright, blazing fires in winter, she had nothing to burn but dry sticks, which George picked up from under the trees and hedges.

2. One fine day in July, she sent George to the woods, which were about two miles from the village in which she lived, and he was to stay there all day, to get as much wood as he could collect.

3. It was a bright sunny day, and George worked very hard, so that by the time the sun was high over his head, he was hot, and wished for a cool place

where he might rest, and eat his dinner. While he hunted about the bank, he saw among the moss some fine wild strawberries, which were a bright scarlet with ripeness.

4. "How good these will be with my bread and butter!" thought George; and lining his little cap with leaves, he set to work eagerly to gather all he could find, and then seated himself by the brook.

5. It was a pleasant place, and George felt happy, and contented; and the thought came into his head, how much his mother would like to see him there, and to be there herself, instead of in her dark, close room in the village.

6. George thought of all this, and just as he was lifting the first strawberry to his mouth, he said to himself; "How much mother would like these," and he stopped and put the strawberry back again.

7. "Shall I save them for her?" said he, thinking how much they would refresh her, yet still looking at them with a longing eye. "I will eat half, and take the other half to her," said he at last; and he divided them into two heaps. But each heap looked so small that he put them together again.

8. "I will only taste one," thought he; but as he

again lifted it to his mouth, he saw that he had taken the finest of them, and he put it back. "I will keep them all for her," said he, and he covered them up nicely, till he should go home.

9. When the sun was beginning to sink in the west, George set out for home. How happy he felt then, that he had all his strawberries for his sick mother. The nearer he got home, the less he wished to taste them.

10. Just as he had thrown down his wood in the wash-house, he heard his mother's faint voice calling him from the next room. "Is that you, George? I am glad you have come, for I am thirsty, and am longing for some tea."

11. George ran in to her, and joyfully offered his wild strawberries. "And you saved them for your sick mother, did you?" said she, laying her hand fondly on his head, while the tears stood in her eyes; "God will bless you for all this, my child." Could the eating of the strawberries have given George half the happiness he felt at this moment?

QUESTIONS. For what did George go to the woods? What did he find there? What did he do with his strawberries? Why did he not eat them himself? What did his mother say, when she saw George's gift?

NOTE TO TEACHERS. Appended to many of the succeeding spelling lessons are questions on the sounds of the letters of the Alphabet, tending to encourage an exercise which should always be connected with reading. These questions will be readily answered by a reference to the "*Analysis of the English Alphabet*," as found in M'GUFFEY'S NEWLY REVISED ECLECTIC SPELLING BOOK," a work which should be used in connection with this Series of Readers.

LESSON XLVIII.

mouth	trav'-el	mis-take'	read'-i-ly
which	own'-er	feel'-ing	trav'-el-ers
sound	sit'-ting	fur'-ther	so'-cia-ble
pitch	talk'-ed	wish'-ed	com-pan'-ion
roads	sup-pose'	crea'-ture	en-deav'-or-ed
chain	re-marks'	shock'-ing	as-ton'-ish-ment

What sound of A is heard in the word *travel?* What is the sound of I in *which?* Of A in *talked?*

The Silent Traveler.

1. Two travelers set out from their inn in London, early on a December morning. It was dark as pitch; and one of the travelers not feeling very sleepy, and wishing to talk a little, endeavored to enter into conversation with his neighbor.

2. He accordingly began: "A very dark morning, sir." "Shocking cold weather for traveling." "Slow going on these heavy roads, sir."

3. None of these remarks producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hands, and feeling the other's great coat, said; "What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have to travel in!"

4. No answer was made, and the gentleman, wearied and disgusted with his silent companion, fell into a sound nap, and did not awake until the bright rays of a winter's sun roused him from his slumber.

5. What do you suppose he then saw? It was no more than a great bear, sitting by his side! The creature had a chain over his mouth, so that he could not have talked, even if he had wished to. He was probably a tame bear, and had been put into the coach by his owner, who, by some mistake, had remained behind.

6. The traveler readily pardoned his silent companion for not having opened his mouth, and left him without expressing any further astonishment at "the very comfortable coat" which he had on.

QUESTIONS. Will you relate this story? Where did they start from? Where is London? What is an inn? Where are bears found? Of what use are they? Is it easy to tame them?

LESSON XLIX.

Turks	Eu'-rope	pleas'-ed	vis'-it-ed
gang	E'-gypt	wick'-ed	pos-sess'-ed
heart	gip'-sies	e-nough'	em'-i-nence
search	ca-nal'	mer'-chant	nu'-mer-ous
drown'-ed	sub-mit'	va'-grants	com-pas'-sion

What is a vowel? How many vowels are there in the word *search?* What sound has U in *Turk?* What sound has Y in *Egypt?*

The Stolen Child and the Gipsies.

1. GIPSIES are a class of people who have no settled place to live in, but wander about from spot to spot, and sleep at night in tents or in barns. We have no gipsies in our country, for here every person can find employment of some kind, and there is no excuse for idlers and vagrants.

2. But in many parts of Europe the gipsies are very numerous; and they are often wicked and troublesome. It is said that they are descendants of the Egyptians, and have lived a wandering life ever since the year 1517, at which time they refused to submit to the Turks, who were the conquerors of Egypt.

3. Well; I have a short story to tell you about these gipsies. Many years ago, as a boat was putting off, a boy ran along the side of the canal, and desired to be taken in. The master of the boat, however, refused to take him, because he had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare.

4. A rich merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, whom I shall call Albert, and being touched with compassion toward him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. The little fellow thanked the merchant for his kindness, and jumped into the boat.

5. Upon talking with him afterward, the merchant found that Albert could readily speak in three or four different languages. He also learned that the boy had

been stolen away when a child, by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since, with a gang of these strollers, up and down several parts of Europe.

6. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined toward the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, had concluded that he had been drowned in one of the canals, with which the country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of her son, that she died of grief for him.

7. Upon comparing all particulars, and examining the marks by which the child was described when he was first missing, Albert proved to be the long lost son of the merchant. The lad was well pleased to find a father who was so kind and generous; while the father was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given up for lost.

8. Albert possessed a quick understanding, and in time he rose to eminence, and was much respected for his talents and knowledge. He is said to have visited, as a public minister, several countries, in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson about? What are the gipsies? Have we any gipsies in our country? What feelings did the merchant have toward little Albert? Whom did he prove to be? To whom should they have been grateful for being thus brought together?

LESSON L.

soap	monk'-ey	seiz'-ing	par'-a-sol
floor	mis'-tress	pres'-ent	en-tan'-gled
paint	put'-ting	clean'-ing	pro-found'-ly
brush	toil'-et	spoil'-ed	pro-ceed'-ed
would	cun'-ning	coax'-ed	dis-cov'-er-ed
brought	rib'-bons	ap-plause'	im'-i-ta-ting

What is a consonant? How many consonants in the word *brought?* Which sound of S is heard in *soap?* Which sound of S is heard in *ap-plause?*

Anecdotes of the Monkey.

1. The monkey is a very cunning little animal, and is found in many parts of the world.

2. A lady once had a monkey which had been brought to her from South America, as a present. This monkey, like all others, was very mischievous, and fond of imitating whatever he saw.

3. His mistress found him one day sitting on her toilet table, holding in one hand a little china mug with water in it, and in the other her tooth-brush, with which he was cleaning his teeth, looking all the time in the glass.

4. Her little daughter Maria had a large doll, with a very handsome head and face. She one day left this doll in the cradle, and went out of the room. The monkey came in, took the doll in his arms, and jumping upon the washing stand, he proceeded to wash its face.

5. He first rubbed it all over with a great quantity of soap; then seizing the towel, he dipped it in the wash-bowl, and rubbed it so hard that the doll's face was entirely spoiled, the paint being all washed off.

6. The monkey would sometimes take a fan, and fan

himself; and once he was found walking up and down the garden, carrying over his head a little parasol, belonging to one of the children.

7. The lady going one day into her room, saw her new leghorn hat walking about the floor. She was at first much surprised, but in a moment she discovered that the monkey was under it. He had taken it out of the band-box, and putting it on his head, it of course fell all over him.

8. He was very much frightened when he heard his mistress coming into the room, and in trying to get the hat off, he tumbled over it and rolled on the floor, entangled in the ribbons, which were quite spoiled. The hat also was very much broken and injured.

9. Fearful of being punished, as soon as he got out of the hat, he jumped into the band-box to hide himself, and sat there trembling, till the lady, who could not help laughing, coaxed him to come out, and made him understand that she would not punish him.

10. A large number of monkeys will sometimes assemble in the morning in the woods. One of them will seat himself and begin an oration, while the rest will keep profoundly silent.

11. When he has done, they all set up a shout, as if for applause, and then the whole assembly breaks up, and the monkeys disperse.

QUESTIONS. What kind of an animal is a monkey? Who had a monkey that came from South America? Where did she find the monkey one day? What was he doing? What did he do with Maria's doll? What did he do with the lady's hat? What do monkeys sometimes do when they are in the woods?

LESSON LI.

what	al'-ways	tur'-tle	Sam'-u-el
neck	a-gain'	teach'-er	some'-bod-y
leave	nei'-ther	be-sides'	dif'-fer-ence
should	ten'-der	some'-thing	di'-a-logue
stretch	par'-ents	squeam'-ish	com'-fort-a-ble

Which sound of E is heard in the word *neck?* Which sound of A is heard in *what?* What letters are silent in the word *should?*

A Pleasing Dialogue.

Samuel. Now don't, Robert! Do turn him over!

Robert. For what? It doesn't hurt him to lie so.

Samuel. Doesn't it hurt him, Robert?

Robert. No, it doesn't: how can it?

Samuel. Why, if it did not hurt him, why should he stretch out his long neck, and put out his legs, and make such a scrambling?

Robert. Oh, I suppose he doesn't like very well to lie on his back; but then it can't hurt him.

Samuel. But you don't mean to leave him so?

Robert. Yes, I do.

Samuel. Oh, Robert! Now you know that would not be right.

Robert. What do you think I care about a turtle? Come, come, you little boys are always afraid of hurting something or somebody. You must get over these squeamish notions.

Samuel. Think, Robert. What if you were a turtle, and somebody should put you on your back, so that you could not turn over, and then go off and leave you?

Robert. Why, I am not a turtle, that is the difference.

Samuel. But suppose you were. Now tell me; would you like to be treated so?

Robert. If I were a turtle, I suppose I should not think much about it.

Samuel. But a turtle can feel. Besides, you say yourself, that you suppose he doesn't like to lie so. Now tell me; would you like to be treated so?

Robert. I suppose I should not. You may go and turn him right side upward again, if you choose; I won't.

Samuel. But I am afraid to touch him!

Robert. Afraid to touch him! Why, he can't hurt you! What are you afraid of? Besides, you can take a stick. You need not touch him with your hand.

Samuel. I would rather you would do it.

Robert. Well, I'll do it, just to please you. You are always so tender of every thing, that there's no getting along with you.

Samuel. You know, Robert, that our parents and our teacher have always told us to treat others as we would wish to be treated, if we were in their place. And I am sure, if I were a turtle, I should not feel very comfortable, if some ugly boy should put me on my back, in such a way that I could not turn over again, and then go off and leave me so. Neither do I think you would.

I think we should remember the GOLDEN RULE. "Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you," in our treatment of animals, as well as in our treatment of men.

QUESTIONS. What is this dialogue about? What is a dialogue? What kind of an animal is a turtle? How did Samuel say his parents had told him to treat animals? What rule ought you to follow in your conduct toward others? Ought you not also to follow this rule, in your treatment of animals?

LESSON LII.

grain	crow'-ed	naught'-y	an-oth'-er
perch	quar'-rel	chick'-ens	gath'-er-ed
drove	seiz'-ed	blood'-y	re-veng'-ed
strong	man'-age	fight'-ing	con'-quer-ed
fought	feath'-ers	hun'-gry	quar'-rel-some

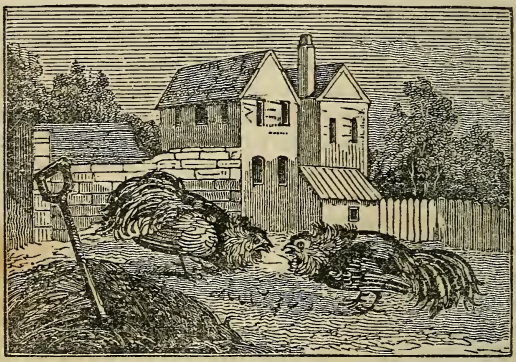
In the word *naughty*, is Y a vowel or a consonant? What letters are silent in the word *fought?* What sound of O is heard in *drove?*

The Quarrelsome Cocks.

1. Here is a story about two foolish cocks that were always quarreling, which is very naughty. You

do not quarrel? No, I am glad of it; but if you see any little boys that quarrel, you may tell them the story of the cocks.

2. There was once a hen that lived in a farm-yard, and she had a large brood of chickens. She took a great deal of care of them, and gathered them under her wings every night, and fed them and nursed them very well.



3. The chickens were all very good, except two cocks, that were always quarreling with one another. They were hardly out of the shell, before they began to peck at each other; and when they grew larger, they fought till they were all bloody.

4. If one picked up a grain of corn, the other always wanted it. They never looked pretty, because their feathers were pulled off in fighting, till they were quite bare; and they pecked at one another's eyes, till they were both almost blind.

5. The old hen very often told them how naughty it was to quarrel so; but they did not mind her.

6. One day these two cocks had been fighting, as they always did; and the largest cock, whose name was Poco, beat the other, and crowed over him, and drove him quite out of the yard.

7. The cock that had been beaten, slunk away and hid himself; for he was vexed that he had been conquered, and he wanted sadly to be revenged; but he did not know how to manage it, for he was not strong enough himself.

8. So, after thinking a great deal, he went to an old sly fox that lived near, and said to him, "Fox, if you will come with me, I will show you where there is a large, fat cock in a farm-yard, and you may eat him up, if you will."

9. The fox was very glad, for he was hungry enough; and he said, "Yes, I will come, with all my heart, and I will not leave a feather of him; come now, and show me where he may be found."

10. So they went together, and the cock showed the fox the way into the farm-yard; and there was poor Poco asleep upon the perch. And the fox seized him by the neck, and ate him up; and the other cock stood by and crowed for joy.

11. But when the fox had done, he said, "Poco was very good, but I have not had enough yet;" and so he flew upon the other cock, and in a moment ate him up too.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? What was the disposition of two of the chickens? What did it lead them to do? What became of them both? Are not people sometimes caught in their own cunning?

LESSON LIII.

wear	bo'-som	ma-chine'	im-ag'-ine
wool	hon'-or	con-clude'	rec-ol-lect'
grew	tail'or	flee'-ces	lib'-er-ty
voice	wo'-ven	worst'-ed	jour'-ney-men
shears	wa'-ter	fol'-lows	pit'-e-ous-ly
threads	mead'-ow	shep'-herd	in-ter-rupt'-ed

How many sounds has the letter G? Which sound of G is heard in the word *grew?* Which in *imagine?*

Story of the Coat.

1. "I THINK it would be very funny to hear my coat speak," said Edward one day, after he had been reading a fable about birds and beasts that spoke to one another. A few moments after, a voice came from the bosom of the coat, and spoke as follows:

2. "I recollect once growing on the back of a sheep." Edward could not help starting back with surprise; however, he interrupted the voice, saying, "I am afraid, Mr. Coat, you do not know what you are talking about, for coats do not grow, nor do sheep wear coats."

3. "Ah!" replied the voice, "I was only wool when I grew on the back of the sheep, and a very pleasant life we led together, spending all the day in the green fields, and resting at night on the grass. We long led this quiet life, till one day the shepherd and his dog drove all the sheep into a stream of water, which ran close by.

4. "The sheep on which I grew was sadly frightened; and, for my part, I could not imagine what they were going to do with me, they rubbed and scoured me so much. But when it was over, I looked so clean and white, that I was quite vain of my beauty, and I thought we were now to return and frisk in the meadow, as we had done before. But, alas! instead of setting the sheep at liberty, the shepherd took out a large pair of shears.

5. "Only imagine our fright! the poor sheep, as I believe, thought his head was going to be cut off, and began to bleat most piteously; but the shepherd held him down, and began cutting me off close to the skin. Although the shears did not hurt me, because I could not feel, yet I was much frightened. I could not bear the thought of being parted from my dear friend, the sheep; for we had grown up together, ever since he was a lamb.

6. "After I was taken off, I was packed in a bag

with a great many other fleeces, and sent to some mills, in a place called Lowell, where there were many little strange things that were forever twisting and turning round. These seized hold of us, and pulled us, and twisted us about in such a wonderful manner, that we were all drawn out into worsted threads, so unlike wool, that I hardly knew myself again.

7. "But it was still worse, when, sometime afterward, they plunged me into a large kettle of dirty-looking water. When I was taken out, instead of being white, I was of a bright blue color, and looked very beautiful. After this I was sent to the cloth mills, where my threads were stretched in a machine called a loom, and I was woven into a piece of cloth. I was then folded up, and lay quiet for some time." "Indeed," said Edward, "I think you needed a little rest after going through so many changes."

8. "Some time after," resumed the voice, "I was bought by a tailor, and placed on a shelf in his shop, when one day you and your father came in, and asked to see some cloth to make you a coat. I was taken down and unfolded on the counter with several other pieces, and, if you remember, you chose me on account of my beautiful color."

9. "So I did," said Edward, "but you are not so bright a blue as you were then."

10. "Something the worse for wear," replied the coat; "if you stain me, and cover me with dust, that is your fault, not mine. But to conclude my story; the tailor took out his large shears, which reminded me of those that had cut me from the sheep, and cut me into the shape of a coat. I was then sewed up by some journeymen, who sat cross-legged on a table. When I was finished, I was sent to you, and ever since I have had the honor of covering the back of a human being, instead of that of a sheep."

QUESTIONS. What kind of a story do you call this? What was the first speech of the coat? What did the shepherd do with the sheep?

Where was the wool sent after it was cut from the sheep? What was the wool first made into? What was done with the threads after they were colored? Where was the cloth sent after it was made?

LESSON LIV.

si'-lence	re-sounds'	his'-to-ry	dis-tin'-guish
dis'-mal	per-haps'	list'-en-ed	pref'-er-ence
rais'-ed	fur'-nace	con-tin'-ue	sep'-a-ra-ted
dis-tinct'	jing'-ling	hal-loo'-ed	im-per'-a-tive
but'-tons	day'-light	con-fu'-sed	en-ter-tain'-ed

Story of the Buttons.

1. EDWARD was much entertained with the story, and when it was quite finished, he said; "But these bright buttons are not made of wool; can they not say something about themselves?"

2. Upon this, the whole row of buttons raised their sharp voices at once, which sounded like the jingling of so many little bells. This made such a confused noise, that Edward could not distinguish a single word. He, therefore, in an imperative voice, commanded silence; and taking hold of one of them with his finger and thumb, asked him to tell their history. Pleased at this preference, the face of the button shone brighter than ever, and he began in a shrill, but distinct voice:

3. "We lay for a long time under ground; not bright and shining as you now see us, but mixed with dirt and rubbish. I cannot tell how long we were there, for it was always dark, and we could not tell day from night, nor count weeks and years."

4. "But could you not hear the church-clock strike?" asked Edward, "that would have told you how time passed." "Oh! no," replied the button; "if we had had ears we could not have heard, so deep were we in the earth." "Oh dear!" said Edward; "how dismal that must have been." "Not for us, who neither felt nor thought," replied the button.

5. "Well, after having lain there for ages, perhaps,

all at once there was an opening made in the ground, and men came down and dug us up; they talked about a fine vein of copper. 'I am glad we have reached it at last,' said one of them; 'it will repay us all our labor.' They then put us into a basket, and we were taken up above ground. After that, we were put into a fiery furnace."

6. "I am sure you must have been glad then, that you could not feel," said Edward; "but were you not burnt to ashes?" "Oh! no;" replied the button; "copper is a metal, and metals will not burn; but we were melted. The earth and rubbish would not melt, so we were separated from them. We were then put into molds, where we were left to cool, and become solid again. Men then came with hammers and beat us till we became quite flat. Every time they struck us, we hallooed as loud as we could, but they went on all the same."

7. "What!" exclaimed Edward; "had you voices to cry out with?" "No," replied the button; "but do you not know, that if you strike against metal, it rings or resounds? The sound of the bell is nothing but the tongue striking against the inside of the bell; and you know what a noise it makes.

8. "Well, after we had been beaten into flat sheets, we were sent to the turner, who cut us into little bits, and then placed us, one after the other, in a strange kind of a machine, called a lathe. He held us there, while he turned a wheel with his foot so fast that it would have made one dizzy." "That is, if you had had a head," said Edward, laughing.

9. "When I was taken out of the lathe, I was quite surprised to see what a pretty, round shape I had. I wondered what was to be done with me next; but I soon found that I was to be a button, for they fastened a tail to me, and rubbed me for a long time, till I became very bright. I was then put with the rest of us on a sheet of thick white paper."

10. "Oh! I remember," cried Edward; "you were all stuck on the paper, when the tailor showed you to father and me, and you were quite beautiful." Edward then listened to hear the button continue his story, but it was ended, and the voice was gone.

QUESTIONS. Will you relate the history which the buttons give of themselves in this fable?

LESSON LV.

float	scents	boughs	au'-tumn	flow'-ers
sheaves	mown	cov'-ers	pros'-pect	mead'-ows
spring	wheat	yelp'-ing	squir'-rels	spa'-cious
stream	stacks	rab'-bits	strip'-ped	farm'-yard

How is the final syllable *cious* always pronounced? How many sounds has the letter C? Which sound of C is heard in *covers?* Which sound of C is heard in *spacious?*

The Four Seasons.

1. How mild and fine is Spring! The rose puts forth its leaves. The fruit-trees are in full bloom. The snow-drop grows up at our feet. Sweet scents float on the soft gale.

2. Come, Charles and Ann, and let us walk upon the green grass. Hark! what hum do we hear? It is a hive of bees; how busy they are! The bees sip their sweets from the flowers; they form small cells with wax; they toil all the days that are fair; when cold, they keep close to their hives.

3. The vine climbs up the high wall; the hop clings around the tall poles; the rose, though so sweet, has a thorn; the bee, with its sweets, has a sting.

4. Summer has now come, and the cool dews have left the earth. Now the high sun darts his beams. The flocks and herds seek the cool shade. The fruits are now red on the trees. The meadows are thick with high grass.

5. The sweet hay scents the vale. The men and boys spread the hay. Let us help to toss the new mown grass. Let us sit down on the new made hay.

6. The cool stream winds through the vale; the gay barge skims down the stream; soft sounds float on the still air. Let us sit down in the cool shade. Then we will go home through the grove.

7. See, the trees bend with the ripe fruit of Autumn. The wheat looks bright like gold. The ears are now ripe on the stem; they bend down the stalk. The ears are full of ripe wheat.

8. The men now reap the high grain; then they tie it up in large heaps. See the sheaves; how thick they stand; the team goes home with the load.

9. See the stacks in the farm-yard. The large barns are full of grain. Let us sit down near the stacks. The woods ring with the voice of joy. The glad farmer, in near prospect, views his spacious barns filled with various grain.

10. Stern winter has now come, and the frost is hard on the ground. Charles, call James and Ann to me. Where are your hats and coats? Let us walk round the fields.

11. The trees are now stripped of their leaves. The birds sit still on the boughs. The ice hangs from the high roof; the snow and ice shine in the sun. See, the boys and men slide and skate upon the ice which covers the pond.

12. Hark! do you hear the sound of the horn, the yelping of the hounds, and the gun? Now I feel for the poor birds, the squirrels, and the rabbits.

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson about? What is said of Spring? When does Spring commence? When does it end? When does Summer begin? When does it end? When does Autumn commence? When does it end? When does Winter commence? When does it end?

LESSON LVI.

meet	limbs	ban'-ners	bar'-rel	cock'-er-el
train	plume	mim'-ic	ram'-rod	bay'-o-net
sword	march	sup'-per	gan'-der	com-mis'-sion
charge	hearts	ket'-tle	mus'-kets	shoul'-der-ed

Young Soldiers.

1. Oh! were you ne'er a school-boy,
   And did you never train,
   And feel that swelling of the heart
   You ne'er can feel again?
   Didst never meet, far down the street,
   With plumes and banners gay,
   While the kettle, for the kettle-drum,
   Played your march, march away?

2. It seems to me but yesterday,
   Nor scarce so long ago,
   Since all our school their muskets took,
   To charge the fearful foe.
   Our muskets were of cedar wood,
   With ramrod bright and new;
   With bayonet for ever set,
   And painted barrel, too.

3. We charged upon a flock of geese,
   And put them all to flight;
   Except one sturdy gander
   That thought to show us fight;
   But, ah! we knew a thing or two;
   Our captain wheeled the van;
   We routed him, we scouted him,
   Nor lost a single man!

4. Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission bore;
All brightly shone his new tin sword,
A paper cap he wore:
He led us up the steep hill-side,
Against the western wind,
While the cockerel plume that deck'd his head
Stream'd bravely out behind.

5. We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
We charged the bayonet;
And woe unto the mullen stalk
That in our course we met.
At two o'clock the roll we called,
And till the close of day,
With fearless hearts, though tired limbs,
We fought the mimic fray,
Till the supper bell, from out the dell,
Bade us march, march away.

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson written in, prose or poetry? What is poetry? What is prose? Why do persons write in poetry rather than in prose? What is this story about?

LESSON LVII.

thief	hon'-est	peo'-ple	vi'-o-lent
please	see'-ing	right'-ly	hap'-pen-ed
Jack	en-gage'	bas'-kets	hon'-est-y
school	larg'-est	own'-er	what-ev'-er
would	neigh'-bor	guard'-ing	in-quir'-ed
should	or'-ange	break'-fast	de-term'-in-ed

Honesty Rewarded.

1. CHARLES was an honest boy, but his neighbor, Jack Pilfer, was a thief. Charles would never take any thing for his own which did not belong to him; but Jack would take whatever he could get, and when he found any thing that was lost, he would never restore it to the owner.

2. Early one summer's morning, as Charles was going to school, he met a man opposite the public

house, who had oranges to sell. The man wished to stop and get his breakfast, and asked Charles if he would hold his horse while he went into the house.

3. But he first inquired of the landlord, if he knew Charles to be an honest boy, as he would not like to trust his oranges with him, if he was not.

4. "Yes," said the landlord; "I have known Charles all his life, and have never known him to lie or steal; all the neighbors know him to be an honest boy, and I will engage your oranges will be as safe with him as with yourself."

5. The orange man then put the bridle into Charles' hand, and went into the house to eat his breakfast.

6. Very soon Jack Pilfer came along the road, and seeing Charles holding the horse, he asked him whose horse he had there, and what was in the baskets on the horse? Charles told him that the owner of the horse was in the house, and that there were oranges in the baskets.

7. As soon as Jack found there were oranges in the baskets, he determined to have one, and going up to the basket, he slipped in his hand and took out one of the largest, and was making off with it.

8. But Charles said, "Jack, you shall not steal these oranges while I have the care of them, and so you may just put that one back into the basket."

9. "Not I," said Jack, "as I am the largest, I shall do as I please;" but Charles was not afraid of him, and taking the orange out of his hand, he threw it back into the basket.

10. Jack then attempted to go round to the other side, and take one from the other basket; but as he stepped too near the horse's heels, he received a violent kick, which sent him sprawling to the ground.

11. His cries soon brought out the people from the house, and when they learned what had happened, they said that Jack was rightly served; and the orange man, taking Charles' hat, filled it with oranges, as he

said he had been so faithful in guarding them, he should have all these for his honesty.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? Which was the honest boy? What kind of a boy was Jack Pilfer? What is a landlord? What kind of a character did the landlord give Charles? How can boys secure a good name? What advantage is there in possessing a good character?

LESSON LVIII.

whose	mor'-al	flat'-ter-y	christ'-ian
throw	a-fraid'	in-struct'-or	a'-mi-a-ble
catch	al'-ways	con'-scien-ces	pos-sess'-ing
wrong	a-gainst'	fear'-less-ness	con-tin'-u-al-ly
thought	schol'-ars	mis'-chie-vous	con-sid'-er-a-ble

True Courage.

1. ONE cold winter's day, three boys were passing by a school-house. The oldest was a mischievous fellow, always in trouble himself, and trying to get others into trouble. The youngest, whose name was George, was a very amiable boy.

2. George wished to do right, but was very much wanting in moral courage. The other boys were named Henry and James. As they were walking along, the following dialogue took place.

3. *Henry.* What fun it would be to throw a snow-ball against the school-room door, and make the instructor and scholars all jump!

4. *James.* You would jump, if you should. If the instructor did not catch you and whip you, he would tell your father, and you would get a whipping then, and that would make you jump higher than the scholars, I think.

5. *Henry.* Why, we could get so far off before the instructor could come to the door, that he could not tell who we are. Here is a snow-ball just as hard as ice, and George would as lief throw it against the door as not.

6. *James.* Give it to him and see. He would not dare to throw it against the door.

7. *Henry.* Do you think George is a coward? You don't know him as well as I do! Here, George, take this snow-ball, and show James that you are not such a coward as he thinks you to be.

8. *George.* I am not afraid to throw it. But I do not want to. I do not see that it will do any good, or that there will be any fun in it.

9. *James.* There! I told you he would not dare to throw it.

10. *Henry.* Why, George, are you turning coward? I thought you did not fear any thing. We shall have to call you chicken-hearted. Come, save your credit, and throw it. I know you are not afraid to.

11. *George.* Well, I am not afraid to throw; give me the snow-ball. I would as soon throw it as not.

12. Whack! went the snow-ball against the door; and the boys took to their heels. Henry was laughing as heartily as he could, to think what a fool he had made of George.

13. George afterward got a whipping for his folly, as he richly deserved. He was such a coward, that he was afraid of being called a coward. He did not dare to refuse to do as Henry told him, for fear that he would be laughed at.

14. If he had been really a brave boy, he would have said, "Henry, do you suppose that I am such a fool as to throw that snow-ball, just because you want to have me? You may throw your own snow-balls, if you please."

15. Henry would, perhaps, have tried to laugh at him. He would have called him a coward, hoping in this way to induce him to obey his wishes.

16. But George would have replied, "Do you think that I care for your laughing? I do not think it right to throw a snow-ball against the school-room door. And I will not do that which I think to be wrong, if the whole town join with you in laughing."

17. This would have been real moral courage. Henry would have seen at once that it would do no

good to laugh at a boy who had so bold a heart. And you must have this fearlessness of spirit, or you will be continually involved in trouble, and will deserve and receive contempt.

18. There will be occasions in which it will require a severe struggle to preserve your integrity. But ever remember, that if you would do any good in the world, you must possess this moral courage. It is the want of this that leaves thousands to live in a way which their consciences reprove, and to die in despair.

19. Without possessing this trait of character, to some considerable degree, no one will ever become a christian. You must learn to act for yourself, unintimidated by the censure, and unmoved by the flattery of others.

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson about? Where were the boys going? What did Henry think would make fun? What means did they devise to persuade George to throw it? Do not persons often do wrong rather than be ridiculed? Did George show his courage in throwing the ball? What would have been true courage?

LESSON LIX.

know	do'-cile	sen'-ten-ces	do-cil'-i-ty
sees	sig'-nal	a-mu'-sing	wheel'-bar-row
streets	pre-tend'	prob'-a-bly	in'-ter-est-ing
perch	can'-nons	suf'-fer-ed	as-ton'-ish-ed
claws	shoul'-der	won'-der-ful	ex-hib'-it-ed
taught	bal'-anc-ed	dis-tinct'-ly	Cin-cin-na'-ti

Docility of Birds.

1. ALMOST all my little readers know what parrots are. You have probably seen them in cages, and know that they may be taught to speak many words, and even sentences, quite distinctly. Sometimes their cage is placed before a shop, and they are taught to ask the people to come in and buy.

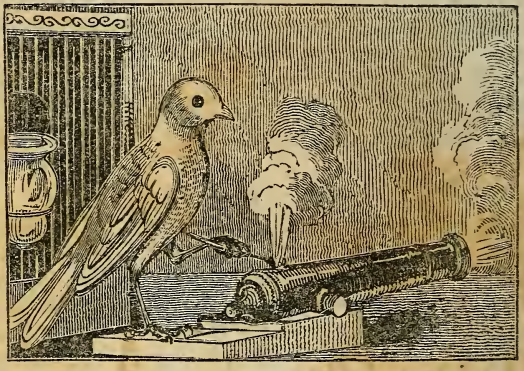
2. I was once walking in the streets of a city, when I heard a voice singing a line of a song, which many of you have heard:

"Oh! dear, what can the matter be?"

and on looking up, I saw that it was a parrot which was singing, in a cage.

3. In a street in Cincinnati is a parrot, which, when he sees a dog, will whistle and cry, "Come here, sir!" It would make you laugh to see how astonished the dog will appear. He will look on this side, and on that, and wonder who is calling him.

4. But there are other birds as docile as parrots, and much more interesting. You have seen linnets and Canary birds, that sing so sweetly. These have sometimes been taught to perform a great many amusing and astonishing feats.

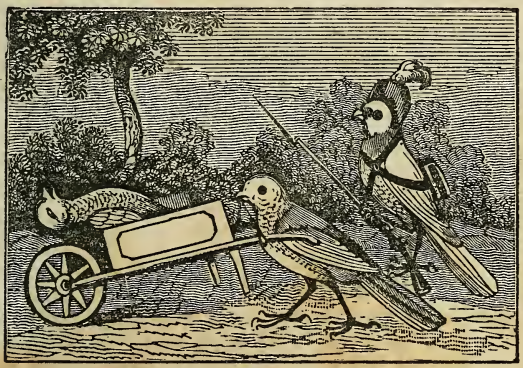


5. I have read of some linnets that were so well taught, that they would fire cannons from a small fort; others would pretend to be killed; they would lie quite still, although the birds in the fort were shooting off their guns all the time.

6. The Canary bird is very beautiful, and may be taught to perch upon your shoulder, and eat from your hand; and many other wonderful things that would astonish you, if you were to see them.

7. A Frenchman once exhibited some Canary birds in London, that performed several very amusing tricks,

some of which I will relate to you. One of them would take a stick in its claws, put its head between its legs, and suffer itself to be turned round, as a chicken is, when the cook is roasting it.



8. Another balanced itself, and was swung forward and backward on a kind of slack rope. A third suffered itself to be shot at, and falling down as if dead, was put into a little wheel-barrow, and wheeled away by one of the other birds.

9. At a signal from their owner, some of the birds would fall on their sides and pretend to be killed; some would limp away as if they were lame, and others cried out as if they had been wounded. But at the slightest tap of the drum, the dead birds jumped up again; the lame found they could walk very well, and all were as lively and happy as ever.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? What is said of parrots? Can parrots understand what they are taught to say? What were the linnets taught to do? What were some of the Canary birds' tricks?

LESSON LX.

snow	rab'-bit	Lap'-land	crea'-tures	bur'-row
know	din'-ner	con-tent'	rein'-deer	wretch'-ed
drear	gal'-lop	peep'-ers	fu'-ri-ous	pret'-ti-ly

What is a diphthong? What diphthong is there in the word *drear?* How is it pronounced?

The Reindeer and the Rabbit.

MARY.—I WISH I were a reindeer,
To gallop o'er the snow;
Over frosty Lapland drear,
So merrily I'd go.

ANN.—A little rabbit I would be,
With fur so soft and sleek,
And timid ears raised prettily,
And looks so very meek.

MARY.—But then some cruel rat
Would find your burrow out;
Or the furious old gray cat
Might scratch your peepers out.

ANN.—'T is true they might, but don't you know
The reindeer's wretched lot?
His dinner and his bed is snow,
And supper he has not.

MARY.—But then he is so useful, Ann,
His masters love him so!
Dear creatures, they do all they can,
And are content with snow.

QUESTIONS. What did Mary wish? What was Ann's wish? Why are you better than an animal?

LESSON LXI.

nail	cof'-fin	a-void'	re-ceive'	he-ro'-ic
eyes	au'-thor	es-teem'	ques'-tion	qual'-i-ty
dread	in-vite'	lone'-ly	brave' ly	fa'-vor-ite
truth	ly'-ing	prat'-tle	con'-scious	gen'-er-al
pains	pleas'-ed	con-ceal'	thou'-sand	ac'-ci-dent
youth	hatch'-et	chop'-ping	trans'-ports	re-la'-tions

George and the Hatchet.

1. NEVER, perhaps, did a parent take more pains, than did the father of General Washington to inspire

his son George with an early love of TRUTH. "Truth, George," said he, "is the most lovely quality of youth. I would ride fifty miles, my son, to see the boy whose heart is so honest, and whose lips so pure, that we may depend on every word he says.

2. "How lovely does such a child appear in the eyes of every body! His parents dote on him. His relations glory in him. They praise him before their children, and wish them to follow his example. They often invite him to visit them, and when he comes, they receive him with joy, and treat him as one whose visits they esteem the greatest favor.

3. "But oh! George, how far from this is the case with the boy who is given to lying! Good people avoid him wherever he goes; and parents dread to see him in company with their children.

4. "Oh, George, my son, rather than see you come to this pass, dear as you are to me, gladly would I assist to nail you up in your little coffin, and follow you to your grave.

5. "Hard, indeed, it would be to me to give up my son, whose feet are always so ready to run about with me, and whose smiling face and sweet prattle makes so large a part of my happiness. But still I would give him up, rather than see him a common liar."

6. "Father," said George, with tears in his eyes, "do I ever tell lies?"

7. "No, George; I thank God you do not, my son; and I rejoice in the hope you never will. Whenever, by accident, you do any thing wrong, which must often be the case, as you are but a little boy yet, you must never say what is not true, to conceal it, but come bravely up, my son, like a little man, and tell me of it."

8. When George was about six years old, he was made the owner of a little hatchet, with which he was much pleased, and went about chopping every thing that came in his way. One day, when in the garden, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body

of a fine young English cherry-tree, which he barked so badly as to destroy it.

9. The next morning, the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his favorite tree, came into the house, and with much warmth, asked who was the author of the mischief. Nobody could tell him any thing about it. At this moment, in came George with his hatchet.

10. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that fine cherry-tree yonder, in the garden?" This was a hard question; George was silent for a moment; and then, looking at his father, his young face bright with conscious love of truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, father; you know I can't tell a lie. I cut it with my hatchet."

11. "Come to my arms, my dearest boy!" cried his father, in transports; "come to my arms! you killed my cherry-tree, George, but you have now paid me for it a thousand-fold. Such proof of heroic truth in my son, is of more value than a thousand trees, though they were all of the purest gold."

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? Who was George Washington? What did Mr. Washington teach his son? Did George attempt to conceal what he had done? What should we always do when we have done wrong? How did George's father feel toward him when he had confessed his fault? What did he say to him?

LESSON LXII.

dai'-ly	heav'-en	por'-tion	tempt'-a-tion
hum'-ble	hal'-low	king'-dom	com-pas'-sion
par'-dons	boun'-ty	weak'-ness	trans-gres'-sions

The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father in heaven,
   We hallow thy name!
   May thy kingdom holy
   On earth be the same!
   O, give to us daily
   Our portion of bread,
   It is from thy bounty
   That all must be fed.

2. Forgive our transgressions,
   And teach us to know
   That humble compassion,
   That pardons each foe;
   Keep us from temptation,
   From weakness and sin,
   And thine be the glory
   Forever: Amen!

LESSON LXIII.

con-tent'	Jean-not'	pov'-er-ty	be-nev'-o-lent
patch'-ed	for-lorn'	re-si'-ded	in-tel'-li-gent
mor'-sels	re-frain'	pri-va'-tions	re-mem'-ber-ed
own'-er	pleas'-ure	dia'-monds	ed-u-ca'-tion
chil'-dren	grate'-ful	suc-cess'-ful	for'-tu-nate-ly
Ju'-lian	ex-claim'-ed	re-solv'-ed	not-with-stand'-ing

Grateful Julian.

1. There once lived a very poor man, who had one child, six years old, whose name was Julian. They were so poor, that Julian had nothing but old rags, patched together, to cover him; he had to be content with some straw in a corner of the room, for a bed; and a morsel of dry bread, with some water, was all

his food and drink. The little boy was the owner of but one thing in the world, and that was a rabbit.

2. Notwithstanding he was so poor, Julian was contented; for his little rabbit made up for all his privations. Its hair was as white as snow, and as soft as silk; its pink eyes were bright as diamonds, and it was so tame, and so fond of its young master! When his father gave him a bit of bread, Julian would go behind the hut, and sit down upon the grass, and then he had but to call, "Jeannot, Jeannot," and instantly his rabbit would run to him, leap upon his arm, and take from him the morsels of bread, one by one, in its mouth.

3. Although Julian had often to suffer from hunger and cold, he still kept a good heart, because his rabbit was to him every day a source of new pleasure. But at last, poor Julian fell sick. His father, for want of money, could not take that care of him which his sickness required. So the poor little fellow lay stretched out on the damp floor, in great pain, without any one to cure him.

4. His Jeannot soon came to find him, and took a place near him on the straw. The little creature looked at him so sadly, that it seemed as if he would say, "Ah! my poor master, how I pity you!" And

Julian turned toward his rabbit with looks so forlorn, that he seemed to reply, "Ah! my little rabbit, I shall soon have to leave you."

5. Fortunately, there resided not far from the hut, a rich and benevolent man, who heard of Julian's sickness, and his father's poverty. He immediately resolved to visit their hut, to learn if what he had heard was true, and to see what aid he could render. When this good man entered the hut, and saw poor Julian, sick and pale upon his bed of straw, he could hardly refrain from shedding tears.

6. Without any delay, this kind friend caused Julian to be carried to his house, where a proper bed was prepared for him, and every care was taken to restore him to health. The means employed for his cure were so successful, that at the end of two weeks he was able to return to his father's hut.

7. During that time the rich man had also given some aid to his father, and had presented Julian with a new suit of clothes. The father and son found themselves very happy, and the little rabbit leaped up for joy at again seeing his master.

8. The father now said to his son: "You see, my dear boy, how happy this gentleman has made us. What shall we do to show our gratitude?" Julian thought for a moment, and then remembered his rabbit. He was very fond of it, and he knew that it would grieve him sorely to part with it; but Julian felt truly grateful, and wished to show that he was so; therefore, he exclaimed, "I will go and carry my dear little Jeannot to him."

9. Julian took his rabbit, and went with a good deal of joy to offer it to his benefactor. The good man was much pleased, and said, "It is well, my dear boy; we ought to be grateful to those who do us a kindness. But I do not wish to deprive you of your rabbit, and besides, I will do more for you than I have done."

10. The rich man sent Julian to school, that he

might have a good education. He grew up an intelligent and industrious lad. Every thing prospered with him; and when other parents wished to teach their children to be grateful, they used to tell them the story of Julian and his rabbit.

QUESTIONS. Who was Julian? What was his only wealth? What misfortune happened to Julian? Who took care of him? How did Julian show his gratitude? What became of Julian?

LESSON LXIV.

cell	breath	dy'-ing	gold'-en	with'-er-ed
flee	change	gen'-tle	in'-sect	won'-der-ing
draw	glance	light'-ly	emp'-ty	heav'-en-ly
death	thought	star'-ry	be-yond'	Al-might'-y
worm	a-bove'	pow'-er	case'-ment	beau'-ti-ful
world	mam-ma'	fu'-ture	daugh'-ter	chrys'-a-lis

What sound has *ch* in the word *change?* Which sound of U is heard in *future?* Which sound of G is heard in *gentle?*

What is Death?

CHILD. 1. MOTHER, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes:
They tell me this is death.

2. My little work I thought to bring,
And sit down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing;
They hushed me; he is dead!

3. They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies:
O, mother, tell me how!

MOTHER. 4. Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here;
A wither'd worm, you thought?

5. I told you, that Almighty power
Could break that wither'd shell;

And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

6. Look at that chrysalis, my love;
An empty shell it lies;
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies!

CHILD. 7. O, yes, mamma! how very gay,
Its wings of starry gold!
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

8. O, mother! now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range;

9. How beautiful will brother be
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!

QUESTIONS. What is this piece of poetry about? What was this little girl going to do? What did her mother tell her? Will little children be raised from the dead? From what book do we learn this?

LESSON LXV.

wid'-ow	wealth'-y	tu-i'-tion	em-u-la'-tion
sup-port'	win'-ning	per-mit'-ted	nec'-es-sa-ry
pock'-et	in-quire'	al-low'-ance	com-pe-ti'-tion
ri'-vals	scarce'-ly	en-deav'-ors	in-firm'-i-ty
de-cide'	ac-count'	con'-se-quence	ob-serv-a'-tion
de-light'	les'-sen	con-tin'-u-ed	con-sid'-er-a-ble

Emulation without Envy.

1. FRANK's father was speaking to a friend one day, on the subject of competition at school. He said that he could answer for it, that envy is not the necessary consequence of competition at school.

2. He had been excelled by many, but did not recollect ever having felt envious of his successful rivals;

"nor did my winning many a prize from my friend Birch," said he, "ever lessen his friendship for me."

3. In support of the truth of what Frank's father had asserted, a friend, who was present, related an anecdote, which had fallen under his own observation, in a school in his neighborhood.

4. At this school, the sons of several wealthy farmers, and others, who were poorer, received instruction. Frank listened with great attention, while the gentleman gave the following account of the two rivals:

5. It happened that the son of a rich farmer, and of a poor widow, came in competition for the head of their class. They were so nearly equal, that the teacher could scarcely decide between them; some days one, and some days the other, gained the head of the class. It was determined, by seeing who should be at the head of the class for the greater number of days in the week.

6. The widow's son, by the last day's trial, gained the victory, and maintained his place the ensuing week, till the school was dismissed for the vacation or holydays.

7. When they met again, the widow's son did not appear, and the farmer's son being next in excellence, might now have been at the head of his class. Instead of seizing the vacant place, however, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence.

8. Poverty was the cause; she found that she was not able, with her utmost endeavors, to continue to pay for his tuition and books, and the poor boy had returned to day-labor, for her support.

9. The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket-money, which his father gave him, bought all the necessary books, and paid for the tuition of his rival. He also permitted him to be brought back again to the head of his class, where he continued for a considerable time, at the expense of his generous rival.

10. Frank clapped his hands at hearing this story. Mary came up to ask what pleased him so much, and he repeated it to her with delight. "That farmer's boy," added he, "must have had a strong mind, for my father's friend, who told the anecdote, said that people of strong minds are never envious; that weak minds only are subject to that unhappy infirmity."

QUESTIONS. What is the subject of this lesson? What do you mean by emulation? What is envy? What story is told about the two rivals? Is it right to try to be the best scholar in your school? Is it right to envy a class-mate who has learned his lessons better than yourself?

LESSON LXVI

dan'-ger	dis like'	pout'-ing	shi'-neth
gree'-dy	de-lights'	kind'-ness	qui'-et-ly
se'-cret	for-give'	caus'-ed	re-mem'-ber
safe'-ty	peev'-ish	bright'-er	sat'-is-fi-ed
rea'-son	cur'-tain	watch'-ed	pro-tec'-tion
man'-ners	pre-vent'	howl'-ing	vi'-o-lent-ly

Things to Remember in the Morning.

1. WHEN you rise in the morning, remember who kept you from danger during the night. Remember who watched over you, while you slept; and whose sun shines around you, and gives you the sweet light of day. It was God that spread the curtain of darkness around your bed, and caused you to slumber in safety.

2. Let God have the thanks of your heart, for his kindness, and his care. And pray for his protection during the wakeful hours of day. Remember that God made all creatures to be happy; and will do nothing that may prevent their being so, without good reason for it.

3. When you are at table, do not eat in a greedy manner, like a pig. Eat quietly, and without noise. Do not reach forth your hand violently for the food, but ask some one to help you. Do not become peevish

and pout, because you do not get a part of every thing which may be on the table. Be satisfied with what is given you.

4. Avoid a pouting face, angry looks, and angry words. Do not slam the doors; go quickly up and down stairs; and never make a loud noise about the house. Be kind and gentle in your manners; not like the howling winter storm, but like the bright and lively summer's morning.

5. Do always as your parents bid you. Do nothing that they would dislike. Obey your parents with a ready mind, and with a pleasant face. Never do any thing which you would be afraid, or ashamed, that your parents should know. Remember, that if no one else sees you, God does; from whom you cannot even hide your most secret thought.

6. At night, before you go to sleep, think whether you have done any thing that was wrong, during the day, and pray to God to forgive you. If any one has done you wrong, forgive him in your heart. If you have not learned something useful, or been in some way useful during the past day, think that it is a day lost, and be very sorry for it.

7. Trust in the Lord, and he will guide you in the way of good men. The path of the just is a light that shineth brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day. We must do all the good we can to all men, for this is well pleasing in the sight of God. He delights to see his children walk in love, and do good one to another.

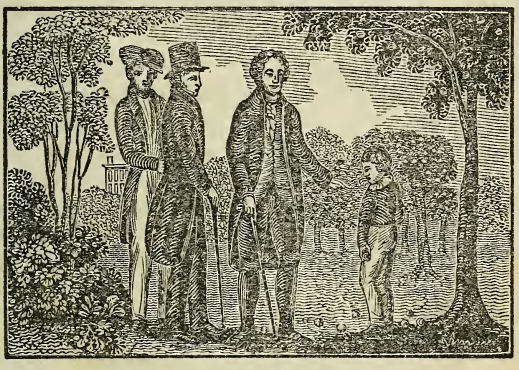
QUESTIONS. What should you do when you rise in the morning? How should you behave at table? What should you remember not to do? How should you behave toward your parents? Who always sees you? What should you do at night? How may you lose a day?

LESSON LXVII.

George	be-lieve′	fa′-vor-ite	read′-i-ness
ex-act′	pres′-ence	pre-par′-ed	Wash′-ing-ton
fa′-ther	bound′-ed	cer′-tain-ly	un-u′-su-al

fin'-gers	pranc'-ing	won'-der-ful	hes'-i-ta-ted
wri'-ting	trund'-ling	ex-claim'-ed	un-ex-pect'-ed
draw'-ing	doubt'-ed	ap-pear-ing	nev'-er-the-less

Which sound of A is heard in *father?* Which sound of E in *exact?* Which sound of I in *writing?*



Story about Washington.

1. George Washington's father one day prepared a bed of earth in the garden, near George's favorite walk.

2. In this he wrote, with a small stick, the name of his son, "George Washington," at full length, and filled the letters with cabbage-seed.

3. This being done, he carefully smoothed over the bed, and waited for the seed to come up.

4. In a few days the plants appeared, and there was to be seen, in living green, in nature's own writing, the name of "George Washington."

5. As George was taking his favorite walk in the garden, either trundling his wagon, or riding his prancing horse, his eye caught a sight of the wonder.

6. He stopped and gazed; he spelt the name; he hesitated and doubted, and read again; he never saw such a wonder before; he never heard of any such thing; he could not believe his eyes; yet it was so.

7. He stayed not long, but bounded away toward the house, and soon stood in the presence of his father.

8. "Father!" exclaimed he.

9. "Well, George, what's the matter?"

10. "Why, father, I've seen such a sight!"

11. "What? where? my son," inquired Mr. Washington.

12. "In the garden, sir."

13. "And what have you seen strange in the garden?"

14. "Oh! come and see! come and see, father! something I never heard of before," said George.

15. Mr. Washington went with unusual readiness to the spot, well convinced what the strange sight would prove to be. George led the way by some rods.

16. "Here, father, here it is; did you ever see such a strange sight before?"

17. "What is it that you see so strange?" said Mr. Washington, now drawing near, and appearing somewhat surprised.

18. "Why, here, father; don't you see these?" said George, stooping down, and passing his little fingers over the letters of his name in the bed.

19. "What? George."

20. "Why, my name, father, here, growing in this bed, so green: how came this so?"

21. "Is it any thing wonderful?" asked Mr. Washington.

22. "Why, father, I never heard of any such thing before; did you?"

23. "Why—George—well," said Mr. Washington, hesitating a little at this unexpected question; "it certainly is curious."

24. "But, father, how came it here?"

25. "May be, by *chance*, George."

26. "No, no, father, it could not have come by chance; I never heard of such a thing."

27. "Well, and why may it not have come by chance?"

28. "I don't know, father; but I don't *believe* it did."

29. "There are many things we don't believe, George, which, nevertheless, are true."

30. "Yes, yes, father; but I never *saw* any thing like it before."

31. "That may be, and yet it may have come by chance."

32. "Well, I never *heard* of any such thing."

33. "True; and yet might it not happen, although *you* never heard of it?"

34. "Ah, but, father, how should little plants grow up just so as to make the letters of *my* name; *all* the letters; all in *exact order?* why was it not *your name?* Ah, father, why was it *any one's* name?"

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? What did Mr. Washington plant? How did he plant them? What did George do when he saw his name? Could the name have grown by chance? Why not?

LESSON LXVIII.

les'-son	ap-pear'	ob-tain'-ed	dis-cov'-er-ed
sow'-ed	ex-plain'	con-tri'-ved	con-ve'-ni-ent
call'-ed	let'-ters	im-port'-ant	pro-pri'-e-tor
de-sign'	be-cause'	in-trust'-ed	ma-te'-ri-als
at-tend'	guess'-ing	be-liev'-ed	in-quis'-i-tive-ly

Story about Washington—Concluded.

1. "IT is *rather wonderful*," said Mr. Washington.

2. "Ah! father, I guess," said George, looking up rather inquisitively.

3. "Well, and what do you guess, my son?"

4. "Why, I guess somebody did this; yes, I've just thought; somebody sowed this seed so as to make my name. I guess *you* did it, father; didn't you?"

5. "Well, George, for once you are quite right in your guessing. I *did* do it."

6. "What for, father?"

7. "What for? why, does it not look beautiful?"

8. "Yes; but you had some design, father; what did you mean by it?"

9. "I meant, George," replied Mr. Washington, "by means of it to teach you an *important lesson.*"

10. "What, father? to plant seeds?"

11. "More important than that. I wish to prove to you that there is a great God."

12. "Why, I believe that now, father; mother has often told me about that."

13. "Well, but George, how do you *know* that there is a God?"

14. "Because mother says there is."

15 "But what I mean, my son, is, how would you *prove* that there is a God?"

16. "I never studied that, father; and I don't know."

17. "Well, that is the very point which I wish you to know. Attend, and I will explain."

18. "A short time since, and you discovered these letters in this bed; they appeared wonderful; you called me; you wished to know how they came here; I told you they might have come by chance; this did not satisfy you; can you tell me why?"

19. "Because it seemed as if somebody must have sowed the seed here just so," said George.

20. "True, it does appear so; and now can you tell, my son, *why* it appears so?"

21. "Because," said George, "I think somebody had a *design* in it; and you told me that *you* had some design in it, father."

22. "Just so, George; I *had* a design in it; and the *marks of design* prove that the plants did not grow thus by chance, but that some agent, or being, was concerned in them. Is it not so?"

23. "Yes, sir."

24. "Now, then, George, look around. You see this beautiful world. You see how nicely all things are

contrived; what marks of design there are! We have fire to warm us when we are cold; water to drink when we are thirsty; teeth to eat with, eyes to see with, feet to walk with. In a thousand things we see design. There must, then, have been a *designer;* some one who formed these things for a *purpose;* for some *end.*"

25. "Ah!" said George, "I know whom you mean, father."

26. "Whom? my son."

27. "GOD ALMIGHTY. Do you not?"

28. "Yes, I mean HIM. It was he that created all the beautiful and convenient things which you see around you. I mean HIM who is God the Lord, and owner of all things, and who should be worshiped by us all."

29. "But, father, is not this garden yours? and that house, and all things round us, here?"

30. "No, my son," replied Mr. Washington, "they are not mine. True, I call them mine, and they are mine to use, rather than my neighbor's; but they are only intrusted to my care. All things belong to God. He created them, and they are his. But he has given the care of them to his creatures here, and will one day require an account of them."

31. "But, father," said George, "you built your house, didn't you; and is it not yours, then?"

32. "Yes, George; but if I did build it, did I create the materials of it? Who made the trees, from which the timber, the boards, and the shingles were obtained? Whence did the iron come, from which the nails were made? God formed all. And it was he, too, who formed the oxen, and the horses, and the sheep, and every thing which you see on the farm."

33. George now became silent, and appeared for a time lost in the reflections of his own mind. A good impression had been made. He seemed to feel the force of his father's remarks. From this time, it is

believed, he never doubted that there was a God, the author and proprietor of all things.

QUESTIONS. Who did George Washington think placed the seed in the ground? What did Mr. Washington intend to teach George by it? What do we see around us, giving evidence of a Creator? Do not all things prove the goodness of God?

LESSON LXIX.

sky	each	guards	wake'-ful	whis'-per
eye	looks	for-give'	de-light'	false'-hood
lie	saves	heav'-en	watch'-ful	re-mem'-ber
ear	hates	ac'-tions	sure'-ly	for-give'-ness

Things to Remember.

1. REMEMBER, child, remember,
That God is in the sky,
That he looks on all we do,
With an ever-wakeful eye.

2. Remember, O! remember,
That all the day and night,
He sees our thoughts and actions,
With an ever-watchful sight.

3. Remember, child, remember,
That God is good and true;
That he wishes us to be
Like him in all we do.

4. Remember that he hates
A falsehood or a lie;
Remember, he will punish
The wicked, by-and-by.

5. Remember, O! remember,
That he is like a friend,
And he wishes us to be
Good, and happy in the end.

6. Remember, child, remember,
To pray to Him in heaven;
And if you have done wrong,
Oh! ask to be forgiven.

7. Be sorry, in your little prayer,
And whisper in his ear;
Ask his forgiveness and his love,
And he will surely hear.

8. Yes, he will hear thee, and forgive
Like a father, good and kind;
So, remember, child, remember,
That you love, with all your mind,

9. The God, who lives in heaven,
And gives us each delight—
Who guards us all the day,
And saves us in the night.

QUESTIONS. Who is it that looks on all we do? Can God see us in the dark? What does God hate? What must we remember to do, if we have done wrong? Who will forgive us? Whom must we love with all our hearts?

LESSON LXX.

nests	be-stow′	de-scribe′	a-muse′-ment
moss	re-ward′	hur′-ri-ed	hu-man′-i-ty
hair	com-plain′	shel′-ter-ing	cu′-ri-ous-ly
fault	yield′-ed	in-just′-ice	dis-cov′-er-ed
prize	tempt′-ed	re-joic′-ing	sat-is-fac′-tion
warmth	pro-vide′	ex-plain′-ed	in-dus′-tri-ous

Robbing Birds' Nests.

1. A LITTLE boy who had discovered a bird's nest in a thicket, was much pleased at finding such a prize, and, tearing it from the place where the careful birds had placed it, he hurried away with it, rejoicing at his good fortune.

2. As he walked toward home, he met his sisters, who, when they saw the nest, explained to their brother how curiously it was formed. Moss, hair, and wool, were combined together, and these were lined with feathers by the industrious and tender parents, to provide for the warmth and safety of their young.

3. "And do you think," said his sisters, "that any little boy has art enough to form so curious a thing? There had the mother sat for days, brooding over her eggs, before the warmth called the little creatures into life.

4. "Now, as a reward of all her care, she finds her house and her little ones snatched away from her; and who can describe her distress, when she returns to feed her helpless charge, and spread over them her sheltering wings! how will she complain, in a mournful song, of the injustice and cruelty of the boy who has robbed her of all that was dear to her!"

5. While the little boy beheld the nest and the young birds, and heard these remarks of his sisters, his heart was touched; he yielded to the sweet impulse of humanity. He turned about; his steps were pleasant, for he was going to amend his fault.

6. He replaced the nest in the best manner he could, where he had found it; and enjoyed more satisfaction from this act of humanity, than any amusement could ever bestow.

7. I hope all my little readers will try to remember this story, and when they are tempted to rob birds' nests, think how much better they will feel to let them alone.

QUESTIONS. What did the little boy find? Who met him as he was carrying it away? What did they say to him? What did he then do? Can animals feel as well as men?

LESSON LXXI.

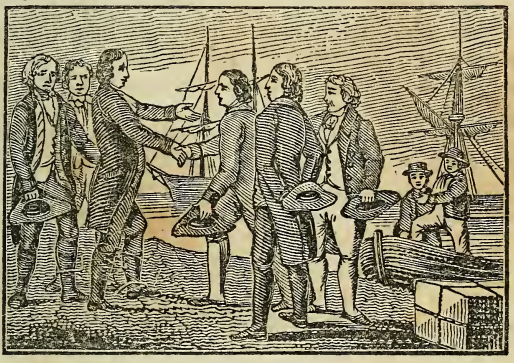
France	pray'-ers	in'-ter-est	La-Fa-yette'
heard	strug'-gles	ac-cept'-ed	mul'-ti-tudes
raise	pas'-sage	ap-point'-ed	de-term'-in-ed
known	re-ceive'	fol'-low-ed	A-mer'-i-can
years	con-fess'	re-quest'-ed	in-de-pend'-ence
fought	pros'-pects	suf'-fer-ings	im-me'-di-ate-ly

Story of La Fayette.

1. General La Fayette was a native of France. He was a young man of vast fortune, and high rank. At a very early age he took a deep interest in the affairs of America.

2. He had heard of the struggles of our fathers in the war of independence. When he learned of their trials and sufferings, his noble spirit was stirred within him, and he immediately determined to come to our aid.

3. He went to the American agents in Paris, and requested a passage to America. But they were obliged to confess that they had not the means of conveying him.



4. "Then," said he, "I will fit out a vessel myself;" and he did so. At the time of his arrival, the prospects of our country were very dark. But when it was known that La Fayette had come, with arms and money, the spirits of our troops revived.

5. Young La Fayette was welcomed by General Washington, and invited to encamp in his tent. He was immediately offered a command in the American army. This he declined. He chose rather to enter as a volunteer, to raise a body of men and clothe them at his own expense.

6. Two years after this, he was again appointed to command. He now accepted the office of Major General. He fought by the side of Washington, and shed his blood to secure for us the blessings we now enjoy.

7. When the war was over, La Fayette returned to his native shores. He had cheerfully spent his time and fortune for our good. The only reward he wished, was to know we had secured our liberties.

8. After a great many years, La Fayette was invited to come again to America. The people desired to show to him that they loved him, and were grateful for what he had done for us.

9. In 1824 he came again to America, and he was every where received with the greatest joy.

10. He had now become old, and most of those whom he had known, were gone to their graves. But he found that in the hearts of their children, their gratitude still lived.

11. He went through the length and breadth of the land. Wherever he came he found multitudes waiting to receive him. Each one was desirous to take him by the hand, and exclaim "Welcome, welcome, thrice welcome, La Fayette."

12. La Fayette was often moved to tears at these marks of gratitude, which he every where met. After spending one year with us, delighted with his visit, he returned again to his native France, followed by the good wishes and prayers of grateful America.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? Who was La Fayette? Why did he wish to come to America? How was he received by General Washington? What did La Fayette do after he arrived? When did he return to his native land? Why was he desired again to visit America? How was he received?

LESSON LXXII.

seen	brood	sought	ach'-ing	plaint'-ive
them	breast	rob'-in	nest'-ling	an-oth'-er
wide	mourn	bo'-som	griev'-ed	mur'-der-ed

What sound of E is heard in *them?* How many sounds has I? Which sound of I in *wide?* Which in *robin?*

The Lost Nestlings.

1. "HAVE you seen my darling nestlings?"
A mother robin cried;
"I cannot, cannot find them,
Though I've sought them far and wide.

2. "I left them well this morning,
When I went to seek their food;
But I found, upon returning,
I'd a nest without a brood.

3. "O! have you nought to tell me,
That will ease my aching breast,
About my tender offspring
That I left within the nest?

4. "I have called them in the bushes,
And the rolling stream beside,
Yet they came not at my bidding;
I'm afraid they all have died!"

5. "I can tell you all about them,"
Said a little wanton boy,
"For 't was I that had the pleasure
Your nestlings to destroy.

6. "But I did not think their mother
Her little ones would miss,
Or ever come to hail me
With a wailing sound like this.

7. "I did not know your bosom
Was formed to suffer woe,
And mourn your murdered children,
Or I had not grieved you so.

8. "I'm sorry that I've taken
The lives I can't restore,
And this regret shall teach me,
To do the thing no more.

9. "I ever shall remember
The plaintive sounds I've heard,

Nor kill another nestling
To pain a mother bird."

QUESTIONS. What is this poetry about? What is a nestling? By whom had they been left? How did she feel when she found they were gone? Who had taken them? Do you think it right to cause so much distress to a bird? What did this little boy determine he would never do?

LESSON LXXIII.

bon'-net	Qua'-ker	of'-fer-ed	so-ci'-e-ty
late'-ly	war'-rant	res'-o-lute	im-pa'-tient
my-self'	Char'-lotte	fam'-i-lies	es-pe'-cial-ly
par'-ish	Thurs'-day	suf'-fer-ing	cir'-cum-stan-ces
se-vere'	wo'-man-ish	beau'-ti-ful	un-fash'-ion-a-ble

A Dialogue on Dress.

Charlotte. Have you seen Jane lately?

Nancy. Not since last spring, I believe.

Charlotte. You did not go to the fair, then?

Nancy. No. Mary was ill that day, and mother could not very well spare me. But what were you going to say about Jane?

Charlotte. Why, that the girl has some strange fancies of late.

Nancy. Well, but what has she done? You make me impatient.

Charlotte. Why, she won't have a new dress, or even a new bonnet, this spring, she says; although her father, when he went to New York, offered to get her any thing she wanted.

Nancy. Won't have things. What does she mean, pray?

Charlotte. She has taken it into her head to dress plainly, and give what she can thus save to the Juvenile Industry Society, to enable them to make or buy clothing for poor children. And she seems to be resolute in her plan, for she was at the fair, last Thursday, in her old dress and old bonnet.

Nancy. The foolish Jane! The poor children of the parish might go without clothes, before I'd do that, I'll warrant. Turn Quaker, hey? Yes, a beautiful miss, of ten years old, go clad like an old Quaker of sixty? That's a pretty affair, Charlotte.

Charlotte. But there must be something pleasant, after all, Nancy, in helping to clothe poor children. Besides, Jane's dress is *good* enough—

Nancy. Good enough! who don't know that? But how I should feel to see all the girls in their new dresses, and myself in my old one; especially when every body knows that father is as able to buy new things for his children as other people are for theirs.

Charlotte. And how do the poor *children* feel, do you think, when the weather is very severe, and they have little or no clothing?

Nancy. Rich people may attend to that.

Charlotte. But will they, Nancy? Do not we see poor families suffering every day, with rich people all around them? Mrs. Carey's children, think of them.

Nancy. Oh! I know they suffer; but shall I deny myself new clothes, and be unfashionable and old womanish, to help them?

Charlotte. Ask yourself what you would wish them to do, were they in your circumstances, and you in theirs? That will settle the question.

QUESTIONS. What did Charlotte ask Nancy? Why did Nancy not go to the fair? What did Charlotte say Jane would not have? Why did she not wish it? Was Nancy pleased at Jane's conduct? Which was the best friend to the poor children?

LESSON LXXIV.

be-low'	liq'-uor	ig'-no-rant	dis-gra'-ced
fix'-ed	fa-tigue'	mis'-er-y	pros'-per-ed
su-gar	rag'-ged	cus'-tom-ers	fam'-i-lies
sure'-ly	for-sook'	prop'-er-ty	dan'-ger-ous
tav'-ern	else'-where	com'-pa-ny	use'-ful-ness

George and Charles.

1. George and Charles lived in the same town. They were smart boys, and both belonged to respectable families, and received a good education.

2. George and Charles were both beloved by their parents, and all their friends. Indeed, they were lovely boys, and they grew up into life with every prospect of usefulness.

3. They had pleasant families, and all seemed happy about them. But when they were children, their fathers would invite friends to drink, and then give the boys the sugar in the bottom of the glass.

4. In this way they learned to love strong drink, and when they grew up, they drank spirits every day. When they went into company with their young friends, they were sure to drink freely.

5. As they prospered in business they saw more company, and drank more and more, till they found the bad habit was fixed upon them, and they could not shake it off.

6. Now they were often seen at the liquor stores, and at the tavern. They began to neglect their business, and their customers forsook them, and went elsewhere to trade.

7. Their lovely wives who used to greet them home with a smile, now grew pale and sickly. They were worn out with fatigue and sorrow.

8. Their handsome houses were soon exchanged for miserable huts, hardly sufficient to shelter them from the storm. Their property is wasted; their children are ragged and ignorant.

9. When they go home, they fill their bottles with spirits, and are seen to stagger through mud and filth as they pass along. At home they meet their weeping wives and starving children, only to abuse them.

10. This is the life they lead, and surely it is a life

of misery. Once these boys were happy and cheerful, but now they are disgraced even below the brutes.

11. And all this misery flows from what? From the use of strong drink! Alas! how many have been ruined in the same way.

12. My little readers, I have told you this very painful story, that you may see what a dangerous thing it is to drink any thing that will make people drunk.

13. I hope that all little boys and girls will feel that it is a great blessing to have good parents and kind teachers, who will be kind to them, and keep them from running into bad habits.

QUESTIONS. What two boys lived in the same town? Were they good boys? What evil habits did they fall into? How were they taught to love strong drink? What effect did this evil habit have upon them, when they grew up? What upon their wives? What upon their children? What must we do to escape this misery?

LESSON LXXV.

field	sau'-cy	po-lite'	vin'-e-gar
frock	a-way'	stur'-dy	en-ra'-ged
brook	hast'-y	rude'-ly	prof'-fer-ed
shoes	your-self'	tum'-bled	man'-ful-ly
choose	heed'-less	lord'-ship	gen'-tle-man
plight	whis'-tling	down'-cast	care'-less-ly

The Little Lord and the Farmer.

1. A LITTLE lord engaged in play,
Carelessly threw his ball away;
So far beyond the brook it flew,
His lordship knew not what to do.

2. By chance, there passed a farmer's boy,
Whistling a tune in childish joy;
His frock was patched, and his hat was old,
But his manly heart was very bold.

3. "You little chap, pick up my ball!"
His saucy lordship loud did call;

He thought it useless to be polite,
To one, whose clothes were in such a plight.

4. "Do it yourself, for want of me,"
The boy replied right manfully;
Then quietly he passed along,
Whistling aloud his fav'rite song.

5. His little lordship furious grew,
For he was proud and hasty too;
"I'll break your bones," he rudely cries,
While fire flashed from both his eyes.

6. Now heedless quite which way he took,
He tumbled plump into the brook;
And, as he fell, he lost his bat,
And next, he dropped his beaver hat.

7. "Come, help me out," enraged he cried;
But the sturdy farmer thus replied;
"Alter your tone, my little man,
And then I'll help you all I can.

8. "There are few things I would not dare,
For gentlemen who speak me fair;
But for rude words, I do not choose
To wet my feet, and soil my shoes."

9. "Please help me out," his lordship said;
"I'm sorry I was so ill-bred."

"'T is all forgot," replied the boy,
And gave his hand with honest joy.

10. The proffered aid his lordship took,
And soon came safely from the brook;
His looks were downcast and aside,
For he felt ashamed of his silly pride.

11. The farmer brought his ball and bat,
And wiped the wet from his dripping hat;
And mildly said, as he went away,
"Remember the lesson you've learned to-day.

12. "Be kind to all you chance to meet,
In field, or lane, or crowded street;
Anger and pride are both unwise;
Vinegar never catches flies."

QUESTIONS. Relate the story of the little lord and the farmer's boy? What advice did the farmer give the lord as he was leaving?

LESSON LXXVI.

coat	sec'-ond	plen'-ty	piec'-es	ac-cu'-sed
dream	ru'-ler	pret'-ty	treat'-ed	of-fi'-cers
meant	col'-ors	false'-ly	show'-ed	char'-i-ot
young	pris'-on	mean'-ing	young'-er	Pha'-ra-oh
would	fam'-ine	breth'-ren	mer'-chants	Ben'-ja-min

How many sounds has the vowel O? Which sound of O is heard in *second?* Which in *coat? Pharaoh* is pronounced as if it were spelled *Fa'-ro.*

Story of Joseph.

1. JACOB had twelve sons. He loved one of them very much, and made for him a coat of many colors. But Joseph's brethren hated him, because he was the favorite of their father.

2. One day, when he came to them, as they were keeping their flocks in the field, they took him and sold him for a slave, to some merchants who were going down into Egypt. And they sold him to one of the king's officers in Egypt.

3. While he was in this great man's house, he was falsely accused, and thrown into prison. Soon after this, Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, had a very remarkable dream; and no one could tell him the meaning of it; and he was very much troubled on account of it.

4. But the chief butler of the king told him, that there was a young man in the prison, who would explain his dream to him. He said, he knew that he could, because he had explained a dream which he had when he was in prison; and that things had come to pass just as Joseph said they would.

5. So Pharaoh sent for Joseph, and the great God told him what the dream meant; and he laid it open to the king.

6. And the king said to him, "See! I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, "Bow the knee!" And he made Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt.

7. But his father, Jacob, who loved him so much, knew not what was become of him. Indeed, his brethren, when they had sold him, took his pretty coat of many colors, and dipped it in blood, and then showed it to his father, and told him that some wild beast had torn him to pieces.

8. After some time there was a great famine in the land where Jacob lived; and as there was plenty of corn in Egypt, he sent his sons to buy some for food.

9. And Joseph knew them, though they did not know him. And he treated them as spies. But they said, that they were not, that they were all the sons of one father, and that they had left their brother Benjamin at home.

10. And he said, that he should know that they were what they said, if they should bring their younger brother with them the next time they came. And he took one of them, to keep him till they should do so.

QUESTIONS. How many sons had Jacob? Who was his favorite? Why did Joseph's brethren hate him? What did they do with him? What became of Joseph in Egypt? What did Jacob think had become of him? What happened in the land where Jacob lived? Where did his sons go to buy corn? Did they know Joseph? What did Joseph say to them?

LESSON LXXVII.

true	spir'-it	a-live'	pre-serve'	fam'-i-ly
wept	Ja'-cob	hith'-er	re-vi'-ved	sev'-en-ty
news	Jo'-seph	with-in'	al'-monds	be-liev'-ed
dead	faint'-ed	kiss'-ed	re-peat'-ed	gov'-ern-or
myrrh	wag'-ons	griev'-ed	be-reav'-ed	sup-po'-sed
thought	pres'-ent	gra'-cious	con-sent'-ed	a-mount'-ing

Story of Joseph—Concluded.

1. Now Jacob was very unwilling to let Benjamin go; for since he had supposed that Joseph was dead, he had loved him more.

2. But at last, as they were much in want, he consented; and he said, "Go into Egypt again, and carry a present to the man; a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds. Take also your brother; and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin. If I am bereaved of my children, I *am* bereaved."

3. And they went, and they bowed themselves before Joseph to the earth. And he said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake, is he yet alive?"

4. And, fixing his eyes on Benjamin, he said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake to me?" And he said, "God be gracious to thee, my son!"

5. And he made himself known to his brethren. And he said, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Be not grieved or angry with your-

selves that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life."

6. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. And he kissed all his brethren, and wept with them. "You shall tell my father," said he, "of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither."

7. And they went back into the land of Canaan, where their father lived, and they told him that Joseph was alive, and governor over all the land of Egypt. And they repeated all the words which Joseph had said to them.

8. But Jacob's heart fainted within him; he thought that it was too good news to be true, and he believed them not.

9. When, however, he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him down into Egypt, his spirit revived. And he said, "It is enough: Joseph, my son, is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die!"

10. And so he did, and all his family, amounting to seventy persons, went with him.

11. And Joseph heard that he was coming, and he made ready his chariot, and went to meet him, and he fell on his neck; and he wept on his neck a good while. And Jacob said, "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art yet alive!"

QUESTIONS. What was Jacob unwilling to do? Did he finally consent? How did Joseph treat his brethren at this time? How would most persons have treated them, after being torn from their father as he was? To whom did they return? Where did Jacob go? What good resulted from Joseph's being sold into Egypt? Did this lessen the guilt of the brothers?

LESSON LXXVIII.

skill	sum'-mer	lay'-ing	pleas'-ant
twigs	a-cross'	teach'es	spar' row
builds	hon'-ey	show'-ed	sweet'-est
weave	win'-ter	flow'-ers	chil'-dren

How many sounds has the vowel U? Which sound is heard in *summer?*

The Ant, the Sparrow, and the Bee.

1. Who showed the little ant the way
   Her little hole to bore?
   And spend the pleasant summer day,
   In laying up her store?

2. The sparrow builds her pretty nest
   Of wool, and hay, and moss;
   Who told her how to weave it best,
   And lay the twigs across?

3. Who taught the busy bee to fly
   Among the sweetest flowers,
   And lay its store of honey by,
   To eat in winter hours?

4. 'T was God who showed them all the way,
   And gave their little skill;
   And teaches children, if they pray,
   To do his holy will.

Questions. Have birds and insects reason? Who teaches them all they know?

LESSON LXXIX.

Cu'-ba	be-sides'	cru'-el-ly	Gen'-o-a
A'-sia	Eu'-rope	cu'-ri-ous	Af'-ri-ca
mon'-ey	coun'-try	ap-pli'-ed	Do-min'-go
peo'-ple	pa'-tience	prom'-is-ed	Fer'-di-nand
isl'-ands	Span'-iards	per-sua'-ded	Co-lum'-bus

Story of Columbus.

1. About three hundred and fifty years ago, there lived a wise man, named Columbus. He was born in Genoa, a city of Italy, in Europe.

2. Columbus believed that men could sail round the world in a ship, and come back to the place they first

started from. He thought, if people would try to do this, they would find some new country, which the people in Europe had never seen or heard of.

3. At that time, Europe, Asia, and Africa, were known; and they all lie on one side of the globe. What was on the other side, none of the people in Europe could tell. Columbus wanted very much to sail over the wide sea and try to find out. But he could not go, unless he had ships and men.

4. So he asked the king of his country, if he would give him men, and money, and ships, and let him go; but he would not. He then applied to the king of Portugal; but none would help him.

5. At last, he went to Spain. The name of the king of Spain was Ferdinand: the name of the queen was Isabella. Queen Isabella was very much pleased with the plan of Columbus; she hoped he would find the countries he expected to find, and she tried very hard to persuade the king to give Columbus such things as he wanted.

6. The king promised to send Columbus, if he would agree to give him the greater part of the valuable things he might discover. Columbus said he would do this. The king then gave him three ships, and what he wanted besides.

7. In August, 1492, the ships sailed. A great many people went to see them go. They felt very curious to know where they would go, and what new country they would find. When the sailors got far out of the sight of land, they began to be afraid; they wanted to go back to Spain, and refused to obey Columbus. But Columbus persuaded them to have patience, and wait a few days.

8. In a few weeks after they left Spain, they came in sight of the Bahama islands, and soon after, they came to larger islands, now called Cuba and St. Domingo. The people they found were not white, like the men of Europe, nor black, like those who lived in

Africa. The people were much frightened when they first saw Columbus with his people.

9. After a while Columbus went back to Spain. The king and queen were very glad when they heard of the new country he had found. They sent him back again, with many other ships, and soon they found out the islands now called the West Indies, and the large country of South America.

10. The Spaniards took these countries for their own, and every thing they could find in them. They found a great deal of gold and silver. They used the natives of the country very cruelly, in hopes that they would tell them of still more gold and silver than they had found.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? Where was Columbus born? What did he wish to do? What kings would not assist him? What did the king of Spain do for Columbus? What land did Columbus first discover? What did he discover on his second voyage? How did the Spaniards treat the natives of South America?

LESSON LXXX.

ma'-ny	fight'-ing	en'-vi-ed	A-mer'-i-ca
pass'-ed	hard'-ships	cov'-er-ed	Vir-gin'-i-a
set'-tlers	Will'-iam	vil'-la-ges	Phil-a-del'-phi-a
hun'-ger	James'-town	cul'-ti-va-ted	Penn-syl-va'-ni-a

Settlement of America.

1. AFTER the discoveries of Columbus, the kings and people of other countries sent out ships to America, till, in time, it was all known to the people of Europe. People came from different countries of Europe to different parts of America.

2. They found neither towns, nor pleasant fields, nor fine gardens; they found only woods, and wild men, and wild animals. The men they called Indians, because they looked a little like the people who live in India, a country in Asia. There were a great many Indians then; but now there are but very few.

3. As the white people increased, the Indians were driven away or killed; often with rum. The Spaniards were not only cruel to the poor Indians, but cruel to Columbus, who discovered America; and they put him in prison, and let him die of want.

4. After this, many people came over from Europe to live in America. And in the year 1607, they came from England and settled at Jamestown, in Virginia. The Indians killed many. The settlers had many hardships to endure, and in six months, only a few men were left out of six hundred.

5. Many went to New England to live. Pennsylvania was settled by Swedes, in 1627, and William Penn came here in 1681, one hundred and sixty-five years ago. He came to this country, and a great many more, who were Quakers, came with him, because they could not worship God in their own country.

6. Very little good is ever got by fighting, and William Penn did not wish to fight with the Indians, and take their land from them, though the king of England had granted it to him. He came without any army, and a great many Indian chiefs met him under a large elm tree, near Philadelphia.

7. He bought as much land from them as he wanted. This was much better than to try to drive them away or kill them, or make them drunk with rum, and then cheat them, as many white men have since done.

8. Many of the first settlers, in some parts of our country, died of hunger, and more were murdered by the Indians, and all had much suffering to endure. Then the dark forests covered the land, and the savage Indians hunted the deer, and danced around their fires, and sung their songs of war.

9. But we can now look around on our rich, cultivated, sunny hills, covered with pasture, and waving with golden grain. We live in splendid cities. Beautiful villages are spread over our country, thick as the stars in an evening sky.

10. After our fathers had passed through a great many trials, the Lord blessed their labors and smiled upon them; then there were some who envied them, and the king of England began to oppress them. There were many good people in England who loved the Americans, and who did not wish to do them any harm.

11. But there were others there who did not know or care any thing about our country, and thought the people here were almost the same as Indians.

QUESTIONS. How was America first settled? Why were the natives of America called Indians? What was the first settlement in North America? What has been our treatment of the Indians? What did William Penn do? What did our forefathers endure? Who brought them through their trials and protected them?

LESSON LXXXI.

con'-test	de-vise'	con-clu'-ded	con-tin'-u-ed
ac'-tions	con'-gress	com-menc'-ed	rev-o-lu'-tion
man'-ner	learn'-ed	as-sem'-bled	in-de-pend'ence
reign'-ed	pledg'-ed	slaugh'-ter-ed	dec-la-ra'-tion
Hes'-sians	sol'-diers	gov'-ern-ment	Mas-sa-chu'-setts

The American Revolution.

1. You will remember that this country was at first governed by the king of England. But he attempted to oppress the people in various ways, until they determined to submit no longer.

2. The king's officers and soldiers came over in great numbers, to force us to submit; and there was no way left but to fight. The war commenced on the 19th of April, 1775, at Lexington, Massachusetts. After this, many bloody actions took place.

3. Congress, which was a meeting of wise men to devise the best plans for the country, then assembled. The first important thing they did was to appoint that great man, George Washington, to be commander-in-chief of all the armies which could be raised to defend the country.

4. Soon after this, they chose five of their number to draw up a writing; in that writing, they said the king of England had done many wrongs toward the Americans; he had reigned over them like a tyrant, and not like a father; and they could no longer bear such treatment.

5. They also said, that, from that time, each of the thirteen colonies should be a free state; they should unite together to defend their rights; and they should form a nation of themselves, have a government of their own, and make their own laws; and the king of Great Britain should no longer be king of this country.

6. Fifty-six members of Congress signed their names to this paper, and pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to support this "Declaration of American Independence," as it was called. It was dated the 4th. day of July, 1776.

7. The war now raged in a terrible manner, and vast numbers on both sides were slaughtered. The king of England hired 17,000 men, called Hessians,

from Germany, to come and assist his soldiers in conquering this country.

8. Our people fought bravely; and, in the year 1778, Doctor Franklin, a learned American, went to Paris, and persuaded Louis the Sixteenth, king of France, to send a fleet and an army to assist our ancestors.

9. After the war had continued nearly eight years, and two large British armies had been killed or taken prisoners by the Americans, king George of England, concluded to give up the contest, and let the United States be a nation among themselves, as they had determined to be. This war is called the war of the REVOLUTION, because by it the government of our country was changed.

QUESTIONS. When was the first battle of the Revolution fought? What declaration did congress make? When? What people did king George hire to come over and fight the Americans? What nation assisted the United States?

LESSON LXXXII.

you	but'-ter	ly'-ing	serv'-ed	grin'-ning
street	a-rose'	dol'-lar	kind'-ly	heart'-i-ly
tricks	roar'-ed	howl'-ed	naught'-y	a-sha'-med
struck	rub'-bing	laugh'-ed	knuck'-les	pun'-ish-ed

In the word *you*, is Y a vowel or a consonant? When Y is a vowel, how many sounds has it? Which sound is heard in *lying?* Which in *kindly?*

The Cruel Boy Punished.

1. AN idle boy was one day sitting on the steps of a door with a stick in one hand, and a piece of bread and butter in the other. As he was eating his bread, he saw a dog lying near him, and called out, "Come here, fellow!"

2. The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, arose, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and came up. The boy held out his piece of bread and butter, and

as the dog was about to take it, the naughty fellow struck him on the nose, with the stick which he had in the other hand. The poor dog howled and ran away as fast as he could.

3. The cruel boy laughed heartily at the trick he had played. At this moment, a man on the other side of the street, who had been watching him, called to the boy, and showing him a half dollar, asked him if he would like to have it.

4. "Yes," said the boy, "to be sure I would." "Come and get it, then," said the man. The boy ran across the street, and stretched out his hand for the money, when the man gave him such a rap over the knuckles with his cane, that he roared with pain.

5. "Why did you do that?" said the boy, grinning and rubbing his knuckles. "I didn't hurt *you*, or ask you for money."

6. "Why did you strike the poor dog just now?" said the man. "Had he hurt you, or asked you for bread? I have served you just as you served him."

7. The bad boy hung his head, and seemed very much ashamed, and I have never heard of his playing any cruel tricks since.

QUESTIONS. Relate this story. Can dogs understand what you say to them? What is cruelty? Why is cruelty to animals wrong?

LESSON LXXXIII.

pears	lambs	an'-vil	hors'-es	peach'-es
planes	sparks	smo'-ky	shov'-els	sha'-vings
chains	O-hi'-o	chis'-els	bel'-lows	break'-fast
bright	or'-chard	rib'-bons	ham'-mers	black'-smith

What letters are silent in the word *bright?*

The Choice.

1. CHARLES, and George, and Albert lived in a pleasant village in Ohio. Charles was ten years old, George nine, and Albert seven. "What will *you* be, when you become a man?" said George to Charles.

2. "*I* will be a blacksmith. I will have a nice shop, and an anvil and hammers, and a great bellows. I will kindle up the fire, and blow away, and make the sparks fly so prettily. I will make axes, and hoes, and shovels, and chains, and horse-shoes, and a great many other things."

3. Charles said, "I will be a carpenter, and build houses, and make doors and windows, and things of that kind. I will have planes, and chisels, and saws. I like to work in wood, and make beautiful, clean, long shavings, almost as fine as ribbons. *My* shop will not look so black and smoky as yours, brother George."

4. Little Albert said he would like to be a farmer. "I will rise early on the spring mornings," said he, "and go out to hear the birds sing; and to see the grass grow and look so bright and green.

5. "When I have fed the cows and horses and sheep, and eaten my breakfast, I will go out to plow, or reap, or mow, in the bright sunshine; while you, Charles and George, will be shut up in your little shops, full of smoke and dust.

6. "And then I shall have such fine fruit! Oh, there will be no end to the apples, and peaches, and pears, and plums which I shall have in my orchard! I shall have chickens, and pigs, and lambs; and a nice little pony to ride on. Oh, I'll be a farmer, I'll be a farmer!"

QUESTIONS. What tools does a blacksmith use? What does he make with these tools? Describe an anvil? Bellows? Hammer? What tools are used by carpenters? What is a plane? A saw? A chisel? What tools are used by farmers? What is a plow? A hoe? An ax?

LESSON LXXXIV.

some	ves'-sel	es-cape'	ech'-o-ed
skies	mov'-ing	ap-pear'	fa'-vor-ed
waves	sail'-ors	rig'-ging	grat'-i-tude
heaves	hoist'-ed	dread'-ful	des'-per-ate
weight	cap'-tain	dis'-tance	prof'-it-a-ble
groans	coun'-tries	trump'-et	prov-i-den'-tial-ly

Which sound of O is heard in the word *moving?* What is the sound of O in *some?* Of A in *escape?* How is the final syllable *tial* always pronounced?

A Ship in a Storm.

1. DID you ever go far out upon the great ocean? How beautiful it is to be out at sea, when the sea is smooth and still!

2. Let a storm approach, and the scene is changed: the heavy black clouds appear in the distance, and throw a deep, death-like shade over the world of waters.

3. The captain and sailors soon see in the clouds the tokens of evil. All hands are then set to work to take in sail.

4. The hoarse notes of the captain, speaking through his trumpet, are echoed from lip to lip among the rigging. Happy will it be if all is made snug before the gale strikes the vessel.

5. At last it comes like a vast moving mountain of air; it strikes the ship; the vessel heaves and groans under the dreadful weight, and struggles to escape through the foaming waters!

6. If she is far out at sea, she will be likely to ride out the storm in safety; but if the wind is driving her upon the shore, the poor sailors will hardly escape being dashed upon the rocks, and drowned!

7. Once there was a ship in a storm. Some of her masts were already broken, and her sails lost. While the wind was raging, and the billows dashed against her, the cry was heard, "A man has fallen overboard!"

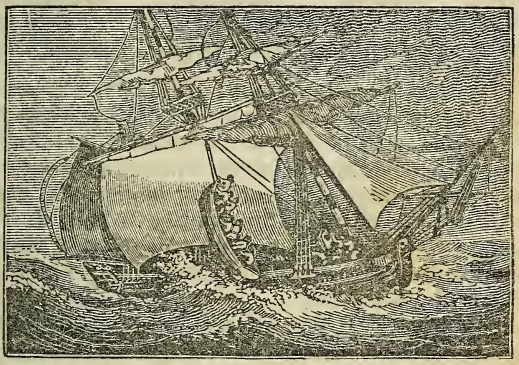
8. Quickly was the boat lowered, and she was soon seen bounding on her way over the mountain waves.

9. At one moment the boat seemed lifted to the skies, and the next moment she sunk down and appeared to be lost beneath the waves.

10. At length the man was found. He was well-

nigh drowned; but he was taken on board, and now they made for the ship.

11. But the ship rolled so dreadfully, that it seemed certain destruction to go near her. And now what should they do?



12. The captain directed one of the men to go aloft and throw down a rope. This was made fast to the boat, and when the sea favored, she was hoisted up, and all fell down into the ship with a dreadful crash!

13. It was a desperate way of getting on board; but providentially no lives were lost.

14. Take it all in all, a sailor's life is a very hard life. Our young friends owe a debt of gratitude to those whose home is upon the great waters, and who bring them the luxuries of other countries.

15. Good men have built many chapels for seamen on shore. A great deal has been done for them, that their stay on shore may be pleasant and profitable.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? When is it dangerous to be at sea? What do the sailors then aim to do? In what situation are they most likely to be saved? What are they doing on board of the ship in the picture? Why had the boat been out? What is said of a sailor's life?

LESSON LXXXV.

an-noy'	row'-dy	sev'-er-al	ut'-ter-ing
rare'-ly	bun'-dle	in'-so-lent	in-sult'-ed
dress'-ed	com'-rades	re-si'-ded	cu'-ri-ous-ly
sha'-ped	skulk'-ed	si'-lent-ly	ex-claim'-ed
wink'-ed	car'-riage	fool'-ish-ly	nick'-na-med
hear'-ing	con'-science	pro-ceed'-ed	shame'-ful-ly

The Insolent Boy.

1. James Selton was one of the most insolent boys in the village where he resided. He would rarely pass people in the street, without uttering some unbecoming remark, or committing some sort of abuse. If a person were well dressed, he would cry out "Dandy!" If a person's clothes were dirty or torn, he would throw stones at him, and annoy him in every way that he could.

2. One afternoon, just as the school was dismissed, a stranger passed through the village. His dress was plain and somewhat old, but neat and clean. He carried a curiously shaped cane in his hand, on the end of which was a bundle, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat on his head. No sooner did James see the stranger, than he winked to his comrades, and said, "Now for some fun!"

3. He then silently approached the stranger from behind, and knocking off his hat, ran away. The man turned and saw him, but James was out of hearing before he could speak. The stranger put on his hat and proceeded on his way. Again did James approach; but this time, the man caught him by the arm, and held him fast.

4. However, he contented himself with looking James a moment in the face, and then pushed him from him. No sooner did the naughty boy find himself free again, than he called around him some of the most mischievous of his comrades, and began to pelt the stranger with dirt and stones.

5. But he grew frightened when the "*rowdy*," as he foolishly nicknamed the man, was hit on the head by a brick, and seriously injured. All the boys now ran away, and James skulked across the fields to his home. As he approached the house, his little sister Caroline came out to meet him, holding a beautiful gold chain, and some new books.

6. She told James, as fast as she could talk, that their uncle, who had been living several years in South America, had come home and paid them a visit, and was now in the house; that he had brought beautiful presents for the whole family; that he had left his carriage at the tavern, a mile or two off, and walked on foot, so as to surprise his brother, their father; that as he was coming through the village, some wicked boys threw stones at him, and hit him just over the eye, and that her mother had bound up the wound. "But what makes you look so pale?" asked Caroline, changing her tone.

7. The guilty boy told her that nothing was the matter with him; and running into the house, he went up stairs into his chamber. Soon after, he heard his father calling him to come down; and, trembling from head to foot, he obeyed. When he reached the parlor door, he stood, fearing to enter.

8. His mother said, "James, why do you not come in? You are not used to be so bashful. See this elegant watch, which your uncle has brought for you." What a sense of shame did James now feel! Little Caroline seized his arm, and pulled him into the room; but he hung down his head, and covered his face with his hands.

9. His uncle approached him, and kindly taking away his hands, said, "James, will you not bid me welcome?" But quickly starting back, he exclaimed, "Brother, this is not your son; it is the boy who so shamefully insulted me in the street!"

10. With surprise and grief did the good father and

mother learn this fact. James had already suffered the severest punishment, in the pain which his own conscience had inflicted. His uncle was inclined to forgive him and forget the injury he had received; but his father would never permit James to have the gold watch, nor the beautiful books, which his uncle had brought for him.

11. The rest of the children were loaded with presents; James was obliged to content himself with seeing them happy. He never forgot this lesson as long as he lived; and my young readers will allow, that it is not very strange that it cured him entirely of his low and insolent manners.

QUESTIONS. What kind of a boy was James? How did he insult the stranger? What did Caroline tell James when he came home? How did James feel? How did his father punish James? What was his severest punishment?

LESSON LXXXVI.

earn	twelve	twen'-ty	quick'-ly
make	sev'-en	moth'-er	sec'-onds
week	six'-ty	min'-ute	sing'-ing
hour	leaf'-y	be-fore'	o'-pen-ed
were	bow'-er	hard'-ly	an-oth'-er
count	lin'-net	pass'-ed	lan'-guage
bound	rath'-er	noth'-ing	charm'-ing

The Time Table.

1. "SIXTY seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour;"
I wish I were a little linnet,
Singing from her leafy bower,
And then I should not have to count,
"Sixty minutes in an hour."

2. "Twenty-four hours in a day,
Seven days in a week;"
I'd rather bound upon the hay,
Or play at charming "hide and seek,"

Than count the hours in a day,
Or tell the days that make a week.

3. "In a month there are four weeks,
And twelve months make a year;"
All this to me a language speaks,
Which, mother says, I ought to hear.

4. A second very quickly flies,
A minute soon is gone;
An hour is nothing in my eyes,
When something's to be done.

5. And when from my sweet sleep I rise,
The day seems scarce begun,
Before again I close my eyes,
That opened with the sun.

6. And when I go to spend a week,
With some kind friend in town,
Before I've hardly time to speak,
The seven days have flown.

7. And when another month has passed,
My years will then be ten:
And twelve more months will go on fast,
How old I shall be then!

8. Oh, let me try to spend my years,
And months, and weeks, and days,
That I may have to shed *few* tears,
And earn my Maker's praise.

QUESTIONS. How many seconds in a minute? How many minutes in an hour? How many hours in a day? How many days in a week? In a month, how many weeks? How many months in a year? How many years are three score and ten?

LESSON LXXXVII.

piece	bri'-ers	this'-tles	mis'-chief	glo'-ri-ous
steal	has'-ty	set'-ting	proj'-ect	en-joy'-ed
clear	no'-tice	dri'-ving	de-stroy'	spec'-ta-cle
flock	ri'-sing	shep'-herd	our-selves'	to-mor'-row
watch	rub'-bed	troub'-led	mer'-ri-ly	gold'-finch-es
whole	bleat'-ing	pass'-ing	en-tire'-ly	neigh'-bor-ing

Every Thing for the Best.

1. TOWARD the evening of a fine summer's day, a gentleman, who lived in the country, took his son William with him to the top of a neighboring hill. While they were admiring the beauty of the setting sun, which made every thing around them look bright and happy, they saw a shepherd driving his flock, and heard the bleating of the playful lambs.

2. The sides of the road which they were obliged to travel, were lined with thorn-bushes and thistles, and every sheep in passing, rubbed against the briers and lost some of its wool. This troubled little William very much.

3. "See, father," he said; "see how the naughty thorns steal the wool from the sheep. Why does God, who is so good to every thing, let the thorns grow to do such mischief? Why do not men destroy every one of them? Poor sheep! To-morrow morning, I will come with my knife, and cut down all these bushes. Will you not come and help me, father?"

4. "I will see about it," said his father. "But why are you so angry with the briers and thorns. Do you not know that we ourselves rob the sheep by shearing them? Instead of taking a few pieces of wool, we take the whole coat."

5. "True," replied William, "but we need it to make our clothes; and it grows all the better after being cut off. Besides, I have heard you say, that sheep always shed their wool in summer; and it is surely better that we should cut it off, and make some use of it, than that it should be entirely lost.

6. "But these thorns do not need the wool. They rob the sheep of wool which is of no use to them, nor to any body. Will you, father, come with me to-morrow morning, and help me cut them down?" "Perhaps I will," said his father. "We will take a walk at break of day, and then we will see about it."

7. William, who thought himself a great hero, because he was going to destroy the hurtful bushes, could hardly sleep; so much was his mind occupied with his glorious project. He waked his father as soon as the singing of the birds gave notice that morning was coming.

8. Both of them enjoyed the clear air, and the glorious spectacle of the rising sun, and went along singing merrily, until they arrived at the foot of the hill. William was running to the bushes with his knife in his hand, to cut them down, when his father called to him to stop.

9. A great number of birds were flying round the thorns, and his father told William to watch and see what they came there for. He soon saw that each little bird carried away in his bill a piece of the wool which the briers had torn from the sheep. Wrens, linnets, goldfinches, and robins, all went away loaded.

10. "You now see," said his father, "that God takes care of every thing. The thorns which you thought did nothing but mischief, furnish these pretty birds with wool to line their nests. The sheep do not miss these few locks of wool, and the birds are made rich and happy by them. And does my boy now wish to cut down the thorn-bushes?" "Oh no!" said William, "I now see I was too hasty. God is wise and good, and has made every thing for the best."

QUESTIONS. Where did William walk with his father? What did they see and hear? What did the thorns do to the sheep? What did William think about this? What did he say he would do? When did William go with his father to cut down the bushes? What were the birds doing? What did William's father say? What was William's answer?

LESSON LXXXVIII.

some	would	a-fraid'	er'-rands	re-ceiv'-ed
leave	oft'-en	mas'-ter	ob-li'-ged	dis-miss'-ed
speak	an'-ger	re-sume'	starv'-ing	cer-tif'-i-cate
James	cous'-in	beg'-ging	fort'-night	im-pru'-dent
though	turn'-ed	al-though'	coach'-man	mis-con'-duct

Dialogue.

NOTE. Mr. James was often angry, though his anger quickly passed away. Charles was his nephew, and had always lived with him. Lucy was Charles's cousin, and Mr. James was her father. They had lived so long together, that she loved Charles as if he had been her brother. Old John was Mr. James's coachman, but had been turned away for some misconduct. The following dialogue took place in Mr. James's parlor.

Lucy. HERE is John, father, who wishes to speak with you.

John. Mr. James, I have come to see you without your leave, and hope you will not be angry with me. You have been so kind to me lately, that I have come, although you told me when I was dismissed, that you would never see me again.

Mr. James. Well, John, and what have you come for? Do you wish to resume your old place?

John. Oh no! I did not expect that, sir. But I wish to thank you for your kind present, and to ask you for a certificate that I am honest, as I cannot get a place without one.

Mr. James. So, so; and do you suppose I would send you to other people, to break their carriages, as you did mine?

John. Do not be offended, Mr. James. I would rather go and beg *again*, than hear you speak so hardly to me.

Mr. James. "Beg again?" What do you mean by that, John? Have you been obliged to beg, since you went away from me?

John. Why, sir, you know I could not steal; and as I could not earn any money, you know that *begging* is better than *starving*.

Mr. James. Begging, John, begging? And why did you not come to your old master for something to support you with, till you could find some work to do? You deserve to starve, you do, for not coming to me at once.

John. But, Mr. James, I was *afraid* to come, till

Charles brought the money which you sent, for fear you might still be angry with me.

Lucy. There, father, you see what became of Charles's money. I knew he was not a rascal, as you called him. Tell us all about it, John, for I am anxious to hear the whole story.

Mr. James. I never sent you any money by Charles, John. What do you mean?

John. Surely you forget, sir. Charles gave it to me himself, and said he had it directly from his uncle. It was a fortnight ago to-day that he gave it to me, and I have some of it left now; here it is, sir.

Mr. James. Where were you, John; and how was it?

John. In town, sir. I had earned some money that day, by doing some errands. My little daughter Anne had been begging, when Charles saw her and gave her some cakes, and told her to find me. He came to me in the next street, where I was drinking some water, for it was very hot, and gave me all the change he had with him, and promised to give me some more from you, if I would come to his school. The next week I went there, and Charles gave me some money, and told me he had received it from you.

Mr. James. But I never did send you money, though I ought not to have treated an old servant as I did, when I sent you off. And now you may become my coachman again; but you must not let Charles crack the whip, and frighten my horses again.

John. God bless you, sir. But here comes Charles, now.

Lucy. I am so glad that Charles is proved innocent, and has not spent his money so foolishly, as his teacher thought he had.

Charles. How do you do, uncle?

Mr. James. Come here, sir! Do you know what your teacher has written about you?

Charles. Yes, sir; for he showed me his letter,

and it was all true. I *did* sell my watch, and I *did* sleep out of doors all night. But I sold it for money to give to John; and I slept out of doors all night, because I was belated, trying to find him, and could not get home, before the door was locked.

Mr. James. But you should not have gone without leave.

Charles. I did not, sir. Here is the written permission he gave me.

Mr. James. But you did not tell him why you went, did you?

Charles. No, sir; for I should also have been obliged to tell him that you had turned John away; and I thought you would not like that, dear uncle.

Lucy. There, father! did I not say that Charles was the best boy you had, and could not be so bad as you thought?

John. Indeed, sir, he is a good boy, and very kind has he been to me.

Mr. James. I am afraid all this praise will make you vain, Charles. You were not exactly right in all you did, but I forgive you all the wrong. You were rash, but your wish to do good must excuse you for this. Another time, my dear boy, learn not to be so rash and imprudent.

QUESTIONS. Who was John? Who were Charles and Lucy? What had Mr. James done to John? What kind act did Charles do? Was he right or wrong?

LESSON LXXXIX.

buoy	peep'-ed	win'-dow	rud'-der	nei'-ther
folks	an'-chors	fur'-nish	In'-dies	pleas'-ure
noise	bold'-est	bot'-tom	bow'-sprit	paint'-ing
games	lem'-ons	pin'-nace	lar'-board	nut'-megs
praise	mus'-lins	rai'-sins	star'-board	knowl'-edge

What sound has D in the word *peeped?* What is a diphthong? How many kinds of diphthongs are there? Is *ai* in *praise* proper or improper? Is *oi* in *noise* proper or improper? What sound has *ei* in *neither?*

Albert and James.

1. ALBERT and James Bland were two good boys, and their praise was heard for miles around. Did the rich man have a party of young folks at the hall, Albert and James were sure to be there. They were the very masters of the sports; and their games were all merry and wise.

2. Was the poor man sick, and in want of bread, Albert and James were the first to bring him aid. They would share their own food with him. The joy which they felt in doing good was more than they could tell. Rich and poor, high and low, all knew and loved them.

3. One day, when they had been in their play-room a long time, and no noise had been heard, their father peeped in at the door, and there they were, as busy as bees, at a small table near the window. James was rigging a boat, and Albert was painting one. To rig a boat, is to furnish it with the ropes and sails proper for it.

4. Without being seen by either of them, their father slipped into the room, and taking a seat at the furthest corner, heard the following dialogue:

James. Albert, can you tell me those lines which old Ben, the sailor, made about the boats, when we went to the sea-side with father?

Albert. It is so long since I have said them, that I am sure I do not know; but I will try. Let me see,

"The yawl and the jolly-boat."

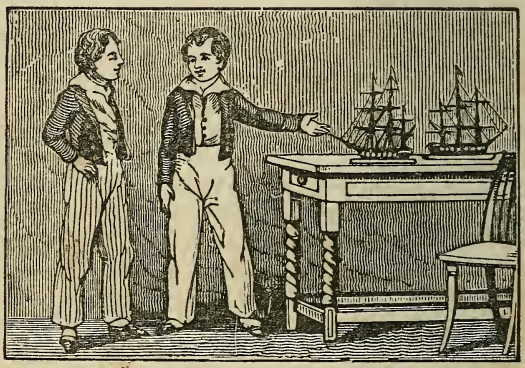
No; that's wrong, the yawl comes in the second line. How do they begin?

James. I think, brother, "the long boat."

Albert. O yes; now I have them—

"The long boat, the jolly boat,
The pinnace and the yawl;
The skiff and the water boat,
Ship boats we call.
But the life-boat, my boys,
Is the best thing that floats.

James. Yes; that life-boat is a grand thing, to be sure. To save the poor sailors when the ship is dashing to pieces in the storm, is, as father says, a great and noble act. Thank you, brother Albert; perhaps you will one day write them down for me, and then I can learn them.



Albert. That I will; I will write them out for you to-night, if father will let me have some paper.

James. Thank you, Albert,

"But the life-boat, my boys,
Is the best thing that floats."

I say, Albert, don't you think that the best thing father and mother could do, would be to send us to sea? Why, we are half sailors now.

Albert. Yes, we know that the *stern* is the hind part of the ship.

James. And that the *stem* is the forepart.

Albert. That the *keel* is the bottom piece of timber, on which the ship is built.

James. That the *masts* are those long beams or posts, to which they fix the sails.

Albert. That the *bowsprit* is a mast which stands out from the head of a ship.

James. That the *starboard* is on the right hand, when looking toward the head of the ship.

Albert. And that the *larboard* is the left hand.

James. That to *weigh anchor* is to heave or drag it from the bottom of the sea; that the *rudder* is that instrument, which is placed at the stern, and which, by being moved this way or that, by the *helm* or handle, guides the course of the ship through the water.

Albert. That a *buoy* is a floating cask, which is made fast by chains and anchors, to show where the water is shallow, and where rocks and sand-bars are, or any thing else of danger.

James. Yes, thanks to old Ben, we know all these; and then, how pleasant it would be to see the whale, which is called the king of the sea.

Albert. And the shark, the boldest of all fishes.

James. And the roach, the greatest coward.

Albert. Yes indeed; or to make a voyage to Peru, for gold and silver.

James. Or to the East Indies, and China, for cloves, nutmegs, silks, muslins, tea, and many other nice things.

Albert. Or to the West Indies, for rice, sugar, and coffee.

James. Or to France and Spain, for wine, oranges, lemons, almonds, and raisins.

Albert. Yes, yes; this is all very pleasant to talk about, but it would not do quite so well, I fancy. Sailors have to bear many hardships. What a sad account that was, which father read to us the other day, about the poor fellows that were ten days at sea in a boat, and were nearly starved before they were picked up, as they call it.

James. O dear, Albert, I cannot bear to think of it. How kind we ought to be to sailors when they come home. I am sure, I will do all I can for them.

Albert. Hark! there is some one singing in the street; and see, it is a poor old sailor; he has but one

leg; now then, out with your little box, and be as good as your word.

James. That I would; but, alas! I gave my last cent this morning to the poor, little sweep, who has neither father nor mother. What shall I do?

Just then, their father came forward and said: "My dear boys, for the last ten minutes I have been in the room; and you do not know what pleasure it gives me to see so much kindness, and to find that your young minds are so well stored with useful knowledge. Here is some money for your little box; go and relieve the poor sailor; and then, as your boats are ready, we will walk to the brook, and your brother will launch them."

QUESTIONS. Who were Albert and James Bland? Who was old Ben? Can you repeat his verses? What is a life-boat? What part of a ship is the stern? The stem? The mast? The bowsprit? Which side is the starboard? The larboard? What is the rudder? The helm? What do we get from Peru? From the East Indies? From the West Indies? From France and Spain?

LESSON XC.

knot	a-way'	read'-y	play'-ing	lin'-ger-ed
spot	at'-las	fast'-en	break'-ing	scat'-ter-ed
just	ta'-ken	pop'-gun	dress'-ing	to-mor'-row
flea	pen'-cil	sach'-el	break'-fast	troub'-le-some
maps	pla'-ced	min'-ute	shoe'-string	ge-og'-ra-phy
stairs	both'-ers	pro-test'	cov'-er-ed	a-rith'-me-tic

Which sound of O is heard in *knot* and *spot?* Which sound of A in *taken?* Which in *maps?*

Too Late for School.

1. OH! where is my hat? it is taken away,
And my shoe-strings are all in a knot!
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

2. My slate and my pencil can no where be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be;

While my books and my maps are scattered around,
And hop about, just like a flea.

3. Do, Lucy, just look for my atlas up stairs,
My Reader is somewhere there too;
And sister, just brush down these troublesome hairs,
And mother, please fasten my shoe.

4. And sister, ask father to write an excuse,
But stop, he will only say "No!"
And go on, with a smile, and keep reading the news,
While every thing bothers me so.

5. My sachel is heavy and ready to fall,
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball,
There's no playing, for such a poor chap.

6. The town clock will strike in a minute, I fear
Then away to the foot I must sink:
There! look at my arithmetic, tumbled down here,
And my geography covered with ink.

7. I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine;
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,
To be off, when I hav'n't done mine.

8. Now Edward and Harry protest they won't wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks;
I suppose they will say I was *dressing* too late;
To-morrow, *I'll be up at six.*

QUESTIONS. What was the matter with this boy? Do you think he had put his books in their proper place, when he returned from school the day before? Would his father give him an excuse? Why not? What good resolution did he form for the future?

LESSON XCI.

town	leaves	po-lite′	swal′-low	It′-a-ly
teach	cit′-ies	cen′-ter	mar′-riage	mel′-o-dy
forms	pub′-lic	ob-tain′	daugh′-ter	com′-pa-ny
throw	con′-cert	whis′-tle	light′-ning	ar-ti-fi′-cial
guests	eight′-een	leath′-er	chaf′-finch	twit′-ter-ing
Scotch	war′-bling	trill′-ing	trav′-el-ing	mer′-ri-ment

What sound has *ea* in *teach* and *leaves?* What sound has *ow* in *town?* Which sound of O is heard in *polite?* Which in *Scotch?*

The Musical Twins.

1. In Italy, a country which you will find by looking on the map of Europe, there are many half-starved people, who obtain their living only by begging in the streets. One of these beggars had two little twin boys, who were very fond of hearing music.

2. When their father discovered this, he began to teach them to sing and whistle, and to play on instruments, when they were but eighteen or twenty months old. They made such rapid progress, that he soon began to think of traveling through different cities with them, to make money by their singing.

3. He had two large leather pockets in his cloak, in which he could carry the little twins from place to place, as snug as if they had been two little kittens. In every town he came to, he went to the public square, and commenced playing on his instrument.

4. He could imitate so perfectly the song of the chaffinch, and the warbling of the swallow, the whistling of the blackbird, and the sweet trilling of the linnet and nightingale, that a crowd would soon be collected to hear him.

5. Then he would take the twins from their comfortable resting place, and put one on each shoulder. Then they would astonish the crowd by joining in the concert, and twittering and warbling with the graceful merriment of their happy age; and when the concert was ended, people would throw money around them as thick as hail.

6. The children were every where treated with kindness and attention; for, though their wonderful talent for music, and their forms so small, and yet so perfect, were constantly praised, they were still polite, amiable, and very modest.

7. A Scotch merchant once invited them to a dinner, which he gave on the marriage of his only daugh-

ter. After dinner, fruit was placed upon the table, and in the center stood an artificial grove, which, though small, looked quite like a real one. While the guests were eating their fruit, they heard the most delightful music; a concert of singing birds, as they thought. All the company turned their eyes toward the grove, expecting to see the birds open their mouths and shake their wings.

8. But all at once, the leaves of the trees began to be in motion, and out stepped the little twins, each with his instrument in his hand. Their song had been so much like a concert of birds that the company would not believe their ears, until the children performed it a second time.

9. I am sure my readers will be sorry to learn, that these two wonderful children were struck dead by lightning, after their return to Italy, while they were playing in the fields.

QUESTIONS. What people are there in Italy? Of what were the children mentioned in this lesson very fond? How old were they when their father began to teach them music? What did their father determine to do? How did he carry them from place to place? How would he collect the people, when he came to a town? What took place at the Scotch merchant's dinner? What became of the twins after their return home?

LESSON XCII.

tie	pock'-et	be-cause'	ex-act'-ly
cord	un-done'	care'-ful	vent'-ur-ing
knot	danc'-ing	wel'-come	sig'-ni-fies
piece	ar'-rows	lend'-ing	ex'-cel-lent
thank	clap'-ped	pack'-thread	ex-am'-in-ed
thought	miss'-ed	marks'-man	pro-nounc'-ed

What letter is silent in the word *knot?* What is the sound of X in *exactly?* What in *excellent?*

Waste Not, Want Not.

Mr. Jones. Boys, if you have nothing to do, will you unpack these parcels for me?

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whip-cord.

Ben took his parcel to the table, and began to examine the knot, and then to untie it.

John took the other parcel, and tried first at one corner, and then at the other, to *pull* off the string. But the cord had been too well secured, and he only drew the knots *tighter*.

"I wish these people would not tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone;" said John. "Why Ben how did you get *yours* undone? What is in your parcel? I wonder what is in mine! I wish I could get the string off. I will cut it."

Ben. O no, do not cut it, John! Look, what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same; it is a pity to cut it.

John. Pooh! what signifies a bit of pack-thread?

Ben. It is whip-cord.

John. Well, *whip-cord* then! what signifies a bit of whip-cord? You can get a piece of whip-cord twice as long as that, for three cents; and who cares for three cents! Not I, for one. So, here it goes!

So he took out his knife, and cut it in several places.

Mr. Jones. Well, my boys, have you undone the parcels for me?

John. Yes sir, here is the parcel.

Ben. And here is *my* parcel, father, and here is also the string.

Mr. Jones. You may *keep* the string, Ben.

Ben. Thank you, sir; what excellent whip-cord it is.

Mr. Jones. And you, John, may keep your string too, if it will be of any use to you.

John. It will be of *no* use to me, thank you, sir.

Mr. Jones. No, I am afraid not, if *this* is it.

A few weeks after this, Mr. Jones gave each of his sons a new top.

John. How is this, Ben; these tops have no strings. What shall we do for strings?

Ben. I have a string that will do very well for mine. And he pulled it out of his pocket.

John. Why, if that is not the whip-cord! I wish I had saved *mine.*

A few days afterward, there was a shooting match, with bows and arrows, among the lads. The prize was a fine bow and arrows, to be given to the best marksman.

"Come, come," said Master Sharpe, "I am within one inch of the mark. I should like to see who will go nearer."

John drew his bow, and shot. The arrow struck within a quarter of an inch of Master Sharp's. "Shoot away," said Sharp; "but you must understand the rules. We settled them before you came. You are to have three shots with your own arrows. Nobody is to borrow or lend; so shoot away."

John seized his second arrow; "If I have any luck," said he;—but just as he pronounced the word "*luck,*" the string broke, and the arrow fell from his hands.

Master Sharp. There! It is all over with you.

Ben. Here is my bow for him, and welcome.

Master Sharp. No, no sir; that is not fair. Did you not hear the rules? There is to be no lending.

It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow missed the mark; the *second* was exactly as near as John's *first.* Before venturing the last arrow, Ben very prudently examined the string of his bow; and as he pulled it to try its strength, it *snapped.* Master Sharp clapped his hands and danced for joy. But his dancing suddenly ceased, when careful Ben drew out of his pocket an excellent piece of cord, and began to tie it to the bow.

"The everlasting whip-cord! I declare," cried John.

"Yes," said Ben, "I put it in my pocket to-day, because I thought I might want it."

Ben's last arrow won the prize; and when the bow and arrows were handed to him, John said, "How valuable that whip-cord has been to you, Ben; I'll take care how I waste any thing hereafter."

QUESTIONS. What is meant by the word "luck?" Is there really any such thing as chance? What is a whip-cord? What is a parcel? What is a pack-thread? What is this lesson designed to teach?

LESSON XCIII.

doves	na'-med	moth-er	fam'-i-ly
sight	near'-er	dar'-ling	to-geth'-er
heard	stop'-ped	bas'-ket	when-ev'-er
knew	look'-ed	climb'-ed	an'-y-thing
please	Al'-fred	serv'-ant	pre-par'-ed
birds	Ju'-lia	per-haps'	com'-fort-ed
shawl	nei'ther	car'-riage	in'-stant-ly
warm	en'-trance	to'-ward	re-mem'-ber-ed

What is the sound of *ea* in *heard?* What in *please?* Is the diphthong *ea* proper or improper?

The Two White Doves.

1. ALFRED and Mary had two doves, of which they were very fond. One was named Julia and the other Bobby. They were great favorites with all the family. One day, as Alfred and Mary were sitting together, Alfred said to his sister:

2. "This morning, as I was sitting on the door-step, with Julia on one hand, and Bobby on the other, I heard a carriage coming down the road. Some one in the carriage saw our doves, and asked me to come nearer; and, as they stopped, I climbed up, that they might see better. And there, in one corner, lay a little girl, very pale and thin; I knew it must be Ellen Morton, as soon as I saw her. She opened her eyes and said, "Oh, mother, what pretty doves. Please buy them for me." Her mother offered me money for

them, but I could not sell them, Mary, and so they drove away."

3. "No," said Mary, "we will never sell them to any body; but, Alfred, cannot we *give* them to that poor, sick girl?" "Why," said Alfred, "I do not know; to be sure, if I was so sick, I should like much to have two such darling birds as ours are. Let us ask mother."

4. Their mother thought best to let them decide for themselves; and they concluded to go, and ask to see Ellen, and find out how sick she was, and if she really wished for the birds. But as they came within sight of the house where Ellen lived, they began to feel how hard it would be to part with their doves. They felt, however, that they were doing right, and this comforted them.

5. The servant girl led them into Ellen's chamber, and then left them. Little Ellen was sitting in a large arm-chair, and resting her head on a pillow, so that she did not notice their entrance, until her mother's voice aroused her. As she raised her head, Mary almost started, for she had never seen so pale a face. "Ah! are these the pretty doves I saw this morning?" asked Ellen.

6. "Yes," said Mary, "and we have brought them for you. We hope they will help to amuse you a great many days, for they are very tame, and will soon learn to come when you call them." Then Mary opened the door and called, "Julia! Julia!" when one of the doves instantly flew from the cage to her hand.

7. "What a pretty name it has, and how tame, too; pray let me have it on my hand," said Ellen, while the bright color rose to her cheeks. But the little, thin hand, which she held out, could not bear the weight of the bird. "I am not so weak every day," said she; "perhaps I shall be better to-morrow. But I do not like to take away your birds; you will miss them sadly."

8. "Oh, no," said Mary, "we pity you very much, because you are sick, and we are glad that we have any thing to give you." And as Mary looked at the little, sick Ellen, she thought within herself, "If I loved my doves a thousand times more than I now do, you should have them for yours, if you wished for them."

9. "Thank you, Mary, thank you," said Ellen; "you and your brother shall have as many of my playthings as you want; see! here are all sorts of books; take all of them. I shall never read them again."

10. Alfred and Mary looked at the pretty books, and thought they would like to have some of them very much; but they did not know that it would be proper for them to take any thing in return for the doves, and neither of them offered to take the gift. As they prepared to go, Mrs. Morton took some money from her purse, and held it out to pay for the doves. "Oh, no!" cried Alfred and Mary in a breath, "we never thought of being paid for them; mother did not expect us to be paid," and they hurried down stairs before Mrs. Morton had time to reply.

11. A few days after this, a basket filled with books and playthings, came to the children from Ellen. At the bottom of the basket was just such a nice, warm shawl, as Mary had long desired for her mother. And every time the little girl was able to ride out, she was sure to bring some present for Alfred and Mary.

12. But as the cold winter came on, poor Ellen grew thinner and weaker, and the two children missed the sight of her carriage. They went to the house to inquire about her, and the servant told them that she was now too weak to sit up at all; "But," added she, "it would do your hearts good to see what a comfort her white doves are to her. They are such playful little things, and will cuddle down close to her on the bed, whenever she calls them."

13. "Now, Alfred," said Mary, "we are paid a hundred times for our pretty doves, by knowing this.

How glad I am that we have done any thing for poor Ellen."

14. A few days after this, as the children were sitting on the door-step, they saw some one coming toward them with something in her hand which looked like their old bird-cage. "Why, there is Mrs. Morton's servant bringing back our doves! What can that be for? Let us run to ask her," said Mary.

15. As they approached the girl, they saw that she had been weeping. "Here are your doves," said she; "poor Ellen will never see them more. But she remembered you both, when she found she must die, and begged her mother to send home the doves, and say that she had spent many happy hours with them. She said, too, that she hoped you would think of her sometimes, when you saw them."

15. "Poor Ellen! she is better off now than any of us," said Mary, while the tears fell fast on Julia's snow-white feathers; "for she has gone to God, and there is no sickness in heaven. But oh, Alfred, what a sad day this would have been to us, if we had never tried to make her happy."

QUESTIONS. Of what were Alfred and Mary very fond? Who wished for their doves? Did the children feel like parting with their pets? How did they feel after they had given them away? Why did they not take pay for their doves? What became of Ellen? What did the servant say about her? Did not their kindness to the sick girl make Albert and Mary feel much happier than they otherwise would have felt?

LESSON XCIV.

flew	tir'-ed	eas'-y	pull'-ed
jump	sis'-ter	al'-most	view'-ed
watch	El'-len	moth'-er	anx'-ious
fetch	Kit'-ty	kit'-ten	quick'-ly
might	pus'-sy	turn'-ed	skip'-ped
stretch	pret'-ty	seat'-ed	cau'-tious
change	mit'-ten	ta-bles	fol'-low-ed
strange	sud'-den	play'-ful	some'-times

Which sound of *ch* is heard in *change?* Like what letter is D sounded in the word *skipped?*

The Race for the Mitten.

1. One day a pretty, playful kitten
Pulled off the little Ellen's mitten;
Skipped o'er the tables and the chairs,
Then left the room and ran up stairs.

2. Ellen, who, seated at her book,
Viewed the whole scene with anxious look,
Now thought it time to jump and run,
And watch the end of Kitty's fun.

3. Up stairs and down, Kit almost flew,
And Ellen followed quickly too;
But Ellen could not pussy catch,
Nor would puss back the mitten fetch.

4. Sometimes the kitten would turn round,
Then on she went with sudden bound;
Ellen might stretch her hand in vain,
The little thing was off again.

5. Ellen, quite tired out, at last
Thought that the kitten ran too fast,
And turned to hear her little brother
Call, "Sister Ellen, let's tell mother."

6. To "tell mamma," she thought it best,
But stopped to take a moment's rest;
She put her hand before her eye,
And almost felt that she must cry.

7. The kitten marked the sudden change,
And seemed as though she thought it strange;
Then crept quite back, with cautious pace,
And looked straight up in Ellen's face.

8. Ellen knew not that her puss was near;
Her easy step she did not hear;
Puss lifts her paw with gentle tap,
And lays the mit in Ellen's lap.

QUESTIONS. Is this lesson in poetry or prose? What did the kitten do? Could Ellen catch her? What did her brother advise her to do? What did the kitten do when she saw that Ellen was about to cry?

LESSON CXV.

look	ap'-ple	so'-fa	at-tir'-ed
those	teas'-ed	sure'-ly	play'-ful-ly
would	si'-lent	in'-ward	ear'-nest-ly
grave	dear'-ly	de-light'	em-bra'-ced
tears	ap'-ples	bis'-cuit	coax'-ing-ly
frocks	blush'-es	con'-duct	com-pre-hend'
shawl	con-ceal'	beau'-ties	dis-po-si'-tion
purse	sel'-fish	dress'-ed	af-fec'-tion-ate
clothes	draw'-ers	lunch'-eon	thought'-ful-ly

The Last Two Apples.

1. "LOOK!" said Lucy to her brother and sister, who were seated on the sofa, reading, "look what I have got! mother gave them to me; they are such beautiful, rosy apples!" And she held one up in each hand, that her brother and sister might see them.

2. "They are really beauties," said Charlotte. "Well, I am fond of apples too, but nobody has given me one." "And I too," said Frederic, "have often teased mother for one of those fine apples, but she would not let me have it. 'No,' said she, 'there are only two left, and I must keep them for Lucy.' So now you have them both, and Charlotte and I have none."

3. "But cannot mother give you some more apples?" asked Lucy, thoughtfully. "No, dear," replied Charlotte, "she has no more eating apples like those." Little Lucy looked very grave, and was silent. She wanted her brother and sister to have some apples, but then she loved them dearly herself. It was a hard struggle.

4. After looking at her brother and sister by turns,

for some time, her little cheeks glowing with blushes, she said, once more, very earnestly: "Has mother really got no more apples at all? Not one more?" "Not one," answered Frederic; "I saw the basket, and there were only those two in it."

5. Lucy was again silent; her face was of a deeper crimson than before, and her eyes filled with tears. "Would you like to have my apples?" asked she, in sad distress. "No, my love; keep them yourself," the tender-hearted Charlotte would have said; but Frederic playfully stopped her mouth with his hand, before she could utter the first word. "If we did, you surely would not give them to us?" inquired he.

6. "Yes, I will;" said the little girl, holding one in each hand, while she hid her head in her sister's lap, to conceal her tears. But Charlotte took her up and pressed her to her bosom; and Frederic kissed and embraced her. "No, dear sister," said they, "we would not rob you of your apples for any thing; but you are a good and kind girl."

7. Lucy, however, would not take back the apples. "No, no," said she, "you must keep them, I do not want them at all, now." The brother and sister persisted in their refusal; but their mother, happening to come into the room at that moment, said, "Do, my children, keep one and divide it between you. I am glad to see that Lucy is not selfish, for we know that she loves a nice apple better than any thing else; and if she will part with that, there is nothing she will not part with."

8. Soon after they had eaten their apples, Charlotte went into the adjoining room, where she had a chest of drawers, in which she kept her clothes and books, and playthings of all sorts. Among her pretty things, there was a large and beautiful doll, which she had dressed in new clothes from head to foot, some time before.

9. This had always been Charlotte's favorite doll.

She washed her frocks with her own hands, and kept her at all times neatly and nicely attired. She now brought the doll into the room where Frederic and Lucy were; and the little girl instantly fixed her eyes upon it. "Oh, there's Rosa!" she cried, (for that was the doll's name.) "How pretty she looks! she has a new bonnet, too!"

10. Lucy looked at the fine, dashing doll, with inward delight. "Oh, what pretty shoes, and what a beautiful shawl! Do, Charlotte, let me have her a little while; I will not let her fall." "No, Lucy, dear, I cannot lend Rosa to any one now." "Oh, do," said the little one coaxingly; "only a very little while; do, dear Charlotte, I will not hurt her."

11. "But I must not lend her," answered the sister; "for she is no longer mine." "Not yours!" exclaimed Lucy in astonishment; "whose is she, then?" "Yours, Lucy, yours," said Charlotte; "she has been yours, ever since you gave me your apple."

12. At first, Lucy could not comprehend how the doll came to be hers; but when Charlotte had explained it all to her, she skipped about the room in great glee, embracing first her sister, then her brother, and then her doll. "Rosa is mine!" she said with joy, to every one; "Charlotte has given her to me."

13. Nor was this all her reward for being so kind. It was winter time, and apples were very scarce; but Frederic knowing how much Lucy loved them, sought every where, till he found a shop where they were still to be had. But they were very dear, and his purse was empty; and yet, every day, on his return from school, he brought Lucy an apple.

14. "Where did he get the apples?" you ask. I will tell you. He was allowed one or two cents every day to buy a biscuit or two for his luncheon, and the kind brother, instead of using all his cents for something to eat, laid out a part of his money in apples; and, so long as they were to be had, he did not fail to

bring one home every day to the little apple-loving Lucy, whom every body loved for her good conduct, and her affectionate disposition.

QUESTIONS. What did Lucy's mother give her? Who wished for the apples? What hard struggle did Lucy have? What did she conclude to do, at last? How did Charlotte reward her? How did Frederic reward her? Did she not have a greater reward than either of these within herself?

LESSON XCVI.

race	month	walk'-er	leis'-ure	o'-pen-ed
hear	di'-ned	prop'-er	plod'-ding	con'-fi-dent
what	din'-ner	pro-ceed'	sur-prise'	leis'-ure-ly
walk	dis'-tant	start'-ed	cross'-ing	con-tent'-ed
point	se-cure'	win'-ner	re'-al-ly	cun'-ning-ly
sound	cha-grin'	tor'-toise	re-pli'-ed	in-cred'-i-ble

Is the diphthong *oi*, in *point*, proper or improper? Which sound of S is heard in *started?* Which in *leisurely?*

The Hare and the Tortoise.

1. SAID a hare to a tortoise, "Good sir, what a while
You 've been, only crossing the way;
Why, I really believe, that to go half a mile,
You must travel two nights and a day."

2. "I am very contented," the creature replied,
"Though I walk but a tortoise's pace;
But if you think proper, the point to decide,
We will run half a mile, in a race."

3. "Very good," said the hare; said the tortoise, "Proceed,
And the fox shall decide who has won;"
Then the hare started off with incredible speed,
But the tortoise walk'd leisurely on.

4. "Come, tortoise, friend tortoise, walk on," said the hare,
"While I shall stay here for my dinner;
Why, 't will take you a month, at that rate, to get there,
Then, how can you hope to be winner!"

5. But the tortoise could hear not a word that she said,
For he was far distant, behind;
So the hare felt secure, while at leisure she fed,
And took a sound nap when she'd dined.

6. But at last this slow walker came up with the hare,
And there, fast asleep did he find her;
And he cunningly crept with such caution and care,
That she woke not, although he passed by her.

7. "Well now," thought the hare, when she opened her eyes,
"For the race; and I soon shall have done it;"
But who can describe her chagrin and surprise,
When she found that the *tortoise* had won it!

MORAL.

Thus, plain, plodding people, we often shall find,
Will leave hasty, confident people behind.

QUESTIONS. What is a hare? What is a tortoise? What did the hare say to the tortoise? What did the tortoise propose? What was the result of the race? How came the tortoise to win it? What is the MORAL of this fable?

LESSON XCVII.

plow	lean'-ed	ga-zel'	an'-i-mal
Loch	do'-cile	frol'-ics	re-new'-ed
young	ca'-pers	cot'-tage	op'-po-site
climb	be-gan'	rug'-ged	in-quir'-ed
plunge	spe'-cies	serv'-ant	run'-a-way
search	jump'-ed	four'-teen	prop'-er-ty
shouts	drag'-ging	mirth'-ful	ap-pear'-ed
group	Scot'-land	mount'-ain	sur-round'-ed

The Ben Lomond Horse.

1. THE horse I am going to tell you about, was the property of a lady who lived on the banks of Loch Lomond, a beautiful lake in Scotland. Her servant

bought it at a fair in Stirling, and brought it home; it was a very young, strong animal, and appeared quite docile, till they attempted to harness it to the plow.

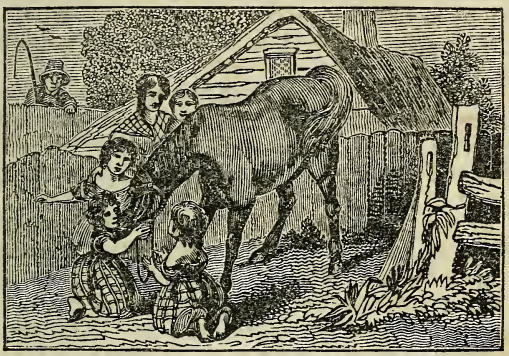
2. No sooner was he yoked by the side of old Dobs, a venerable animal of his own species, whose freaks and frolics were long past, than he began to kick, and rear, and plunge; and at last set off, dragging plow, plowman, Dobs, and all at his heels. Fortunately, the harness broke, and finding himself at liberty, he cut several capers, and then setting off with great speed, made for the lake, into which he jumped, and swam most gallantly.

3. Instead of landing on one of the islands of the lake, he made straight for the mountain, called Ben Lomond, which stood on the opposite shore. No sooner did he reach this, than, after one hearty shake of his wet hide, he began to climb the rugged mountain, which was so steep that no human being could ascend it. But on he went, jumping from one hight to another, like a gazel.

4. As soon as he had disappeared over the summit, the lady desired the plowman to get ready, and start for the other side of the hill, and endeavor to learn something of the runaway. He did so, but had to make a circuit of nine miles before he reached the part of the hill on the other side, where he thought it likely the animal had passed down.

5. In vain, however, he inquired at every house he came to, and of every one he met. No one had seen the horse. Night came on, and the plowman had to seek shelter for himself, very sad at hearing no news from the runaway. The next morning he renewed his search, but, for some time, in vain.

6. However, as he came near the lake of Monteith, his attention was attracted by the joyful, mirthful shouts of some children in the barn-yard of a very humble cottage which he was passing.



7. He leaned over the wall, and to his great wonder, saw the object of his search—the very horse, surrounded by a group of half-clad little Highlanders, of all ages, from three years to fourteen; each of whom seemed to be trying to see, who should show most marks of childish love toward the animal. The horse, gentle as a lamb, licked them, and fondled them with his head, like an affectionate dog.

QUESTIONS. What is Loch Lomond? Where is Stirling? What is a gazel? Who are the Highlanders? Can you repeat the story of this horse in your own language?

LESSON XCVIII.

riv'-er	gal'-lant	dis-o-bey'	o-be'-di-ent
bat'-tle	de-spair'	per-mis'-sion	dread'-ful-ly
thir-teen'	wait'-ing	dis-charg'-ing	par-tic'-u-lar
strew'-ing	prog'-ress	com-mand'-er	Cas-a-bi-an'-ca
wrap'-ped	wreath'-ing	un-con'-scious	ac-com'-pa-ni-ed

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 the seas. His ship was once engaged in a terrible battle upon the river Nile.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

5. 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?"

6. 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.

7. Oh, what a boy was that! Every body 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.

8. 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.

1. 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.

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

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

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

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

5. 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;

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

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

9. 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,

10. 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.

QUESTIONS. What is this story about? Who was Casabianca? By whose side did he stand in the midst of battle? What happened to his father? What took fire? What did the sailors begin to do? What did the little boy do? Why did he stand there amid so much danger? What became of him?

LESSON XCIX.

sold	grudge	fel'-low	toil'-ed	va'-ri-ed
debt	fu'-ture	mer'-its	shel'-ter	ear'-li-er
tears	mar'-ket	will'-ing	har'-ness	lib'-er-ty
heath	re-quite'	com'-fort	short'-est	grat'-i-tude

The Old Horse.

1. No, children, he shall not be sold;
Go, lead him home, and dry your tears;
'T is true, he 's blind, and lame, and old,
But he has served us twenty years.

2. Well has he served us; gentle, strong,
And willing, through life's varied stage;
And having toiled for us so long,
We will protect him in his age.

3. Our debt of gratitude to pay,
His faithful merits to requite,
His play-ground be the heath by day,
A shed shall shelter him at night.

4. In comfort he shall end his days;
And when I must to market go,
I 'll cut across the shortest ways,
And set out earlier home, you know.

5. A life of labor was his lot;
He always tried to do his best;

Poor fellow, now we'll grudge thee not,
A little liberty and rest.

6. Go, then, old friend; thy future fate
To range the heath, from harness free;
And, just below the cottage gate,
I'll go and build a shed for thee.

LESSON C.

bar'-ley	on'-ions	Lor-rain'	re-turn'-ed
stew'-ed	peas'-ant	of'-fer-ed	per-ceiv'-ed
nar'-row	sup-port'	sea'-son-ed	dif'-fer-ence
Rob'-ert	roast'-ed	con-tent'-ed	re-cov'-er-ed
thin'-ner	squir'-rel	thick'-en-ed	soup-mai'-gre

How to Make the Best of It.

1. ROBERT, a poor peasant of Lorrain, after a hard day's work, was going home at night with a basket in his hand.

2. "What a fine supper I shall have!" said he to himself. "This piece of meat well stewed, with my onions sliced, and the broth thickened with my meal, and seasoned with the salt and pepper, will make a dish good enough for a king. Then I have a piece of barley bread at home, to finish off with! How I long to be at it!"

3. At this moment, he heard a noise at the road side; and looking up, he saw a squirrel run up a tree, and creep into a hole among the branches. "Ha!" thought he, "what a nice present a nest of young squirrels would be, for my little master. I'll try if I can get it." So, he put down his basket, and began to climb the tree.

4. He had got partly up, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, trying to get at his piece of meat. He slipped down as quick as he could, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robert looked after

him. "Well," said he, "I must be contented with *soup-maigre*, which is not a bad kind of soup, after all."

5. He walked on, and came to a little public house by the road side, where a friend of his was sitting on a bench, drinking. He invited Robert to join him. Robert sat down his basket and took a seat by his friend. A tame *raven*, which was kept at the house, came slily behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the little bag in which his *meal* was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole.

6. Robert did not miss the meal until he had gone some distance toward home. He returned to the house to search for the bag, but could hear nothing of it. "Well," said he, "my soup will be *thinner* for want of the meal. But I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do *some* good, at least."

7. He went on again, and came to a little brook, over which a narrow plank was laid. A young woman coming up to pass over at the same time, Robert gallantly offered her his hand. As soon as she got to the middle of the plank, she cried out that she was *falling*. Robert, in trying to support her with his *other* arm, let his basket drop into the stream.

8. As soon as she was safely over, he jumped into the brook, and recovered his basket; but when he got ashore, he perceived that the *salt* was all melted, and the *pepper* washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. "Well," said Robert, "then I must sup to-night on roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had nothing *but* bread. It will make no difference with me *to-morrow*, *what* I have had to-day." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

QUESTIONS. Will you relate this story? What is a peasant? Do the peasants in Europe live as well as the poor in this country? Why not? In what country does pepper grow? How is salt procured? What is a public house? What is a raven? What kind of a disposition had Robert?

LESSON CI.

kick	flu'-id	max'-im	cru'-el-ly
toils	ap-ply'	in-tend'	a-bu'-sed
they	re-pay'	Dob'-bin	kind'-ness
gray	lash'-es	Donk'-ey	pann'-iers
treat	for-get'	gal'-lops	what'-ev-er
place	per-mit'	rob'-bers	rec-ol-lect'
green	stur'-dy	re-venge'	u'-su-al-ly
heard	this'-tle	trudg'-es	in'-no-cents
means	catch'-es	ap-pears'	fre'-quent-ly
shown	mouth'-ful	fierce'-ly	mis'-chiev-ous

Tit for Tat.

1. Tit for tat is a very bad word,
   As frequently people apply it;
   It means, as I've usually heard,
   They intend to revenge themselves by it.
   There is but one place, where it's proper and pat,
   And there, I permit them to say "tit for tat."

2. Poor Dobbin, that toils with his load,
   Or gallops with master or man;
   Don't lash him so fast on the road,
   You see, he does all that he can;
   How long he has served you! do recollect that,
   And treat him with kindness; 'tis but "tit for tat."

3. Poor Brindle, that lashes her tail,
   And trudges home morning and night,
   'Till Dolly appears with the pail,
   To milk out the fluid so white;
   Don't kick her poor haunches, or beat her, or that,
   To be kind to poor Brindle, is but "tit for tat."

4. Gray Donkey, the sturdy old ass,
   That jogs with his panniers so wide,
   And wants but a mouthful of grass,
   Or perhaps a green thistle beside;
   Don't load him so heavy, he can't carry that,
   Poor Donkey, I'm sure, they forget "tit for tat."

5. There 's honest old Tray in the yard,
What courage and zeal has he shown;
'T would surely be cruelly hard,
Not to cast the poor fellow a bone.
How fiercely he barks at the robbers, and that,
I 'm sure, that to starve him, is not "tit for tat."

6. Poor Puss, that runs mewing about,
Her white body sweeping the ground;
The mother abused and kicked out,
And her little innocents drowned,
Although she catches the mischievous rat;
Be kind to poor Pussy, 't is but "tit for tat."

7. Whatever shows kindness to us,
With kindness we ought to repay,
Brindle, Donkey, Tray, Dobbin, and Puss;
And every thing else in its way.
In cases like these, it is proper and pat,
To make use of this maxim, and say "tit for tat."

QUESTIONS. What is this lesson about? What do you mean by "tit for tat?" What do people frequently intend, when they use it? Are they right? When is it proper to say "tit for tat?"

Which are the silent letters in the word *thistle?* Which is the *affix* in the word *mouthful?* Which is the *affix* in the word *fiercely?* See M'GUFFEY'S NEWLY REVISED ECLECTIC SPELLING BOOK, pp. 57, 107, 103.

LESSON CII.

first	rel'-ish	sli'-ces	an'-i-mal
walk	no'-tice	as-sist'	ob-li'-ged
depth	tast'-ed	wa'-ding	re-liev'-ed
weak	see'-ing	de-spair'	un-der-go'
shine	Hen'-ry	vil'-lains	af-fec'-tion
horse	fawn'-ed	dis-ease'	care'-ful-ly
chief	seem'-ed	at-tempt'	pro-vis'-ion
fought	de-fense'	gra'-zing	pro-ceed'-ed
mount	reach'-ed	vict'-uals	com-pan'-ion
hedge	coun'-try	crea'-ture	im-port'-ance
length	crutch'-es	crip'-pled	hand'-ker-chief
thrown	drown'-ed	wag'-ging	im-me'-di-ate-ly

The Good Natured Boy.

1. A BOY, whose name was Henry, went out one morning to walk to a place about five miles from where he lived. In a little basket he had the provision which was to last him during the day. As he was on his way, a poor, half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and begging, as well as he could, for something to eat.

2. Henry took no notice of him at first, but, at length, seeing how poor and lean the dog looked, he said, "This animal is surely in great want; If I give him some of my dinner, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; but, as I think he needs it more than I do, he shall share with me."

3. Saying this, he gave the dog part of the food he had in his basket, and was pleased to see him eat as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight. After this, the dog followed him and fawned upon him, with the greatest gratitude and affection. Henry went on, till he saw an old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was in the greatest distress; the little boy went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise.

4. "I am much afraid," said Henry, "that it will be dark before I can return, if I stay to assist this horse; however, I will try; it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him." He gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse, who immediately began to eat with as much relish, as if his chief disease was hunger. He then brought some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed to be so much refreshed, that, after a few trials, he got up, and began grazing.

5. Henry went on a little further, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out. "What is the matter, good man?" said the boy to him, "cannot you find your way out of this

pond?" "No, my little friend; I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move, for fear of being drowned."

6. "Well," said Henry, "though I shall be wet to the skin, yet, if you will lend me your stick, I will try to help you out." The blind man then threw his stick to that side on which he heard the voice; the boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully with the stick, lest he should go beyond his depth. At last he reached the blind man, took him by the hand, and led him out in safety.

7. After the blind man had thanked him, Henry ran on quite fast, for stopping so often had made him quite late. He had not proceeded far, however, when he saw a poor sailor, who had lost both his legs at sea, hopping along upon crutches. "My little friend," said the sailor, "I have fought many a battle in defense of my country, but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither money nor food, though I am almost famished."

8. The little boy was kind-hearted, and gave him all the provision that remained in his basket, and said, "I would be glad to help you more, poor man, but this is all I have." He then ran along, and soon arrived at the town he was going to. After he had done his errand there, he returned home as fast as he could.

9. He had not gone more than half-way, before night came on, and neither the moon nor the stars shone to light him on his way. He did all that he could to find his way, but unfortunately missed it by turning down a lane, which brought him to a wood, where he wandered about a long time, but could not find his way out.

10. Tired out, at last, and hungry, he sat down on the ground, and began to cry most bitterly. He remained in this situation for some time, till, at last, the little dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and hold-

ing something in his mouth. Henry took it from him, and saw that it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog had picked up. Upon opening it, he found several slices of bread and meat, which he ate, and felt much refreshed.

11. "So," said Henry, "I see that you have given me a supper for the breakfast I gave you. A good action is never thrown away, though done to a dog." After sharing the food with his grateful companion, he once more attempted to escape from the wood, but could not succeed. He was just giving up in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him, and going up to him, saw by the light of the moon, which began to shine a little, that it was the same one he had fed in the morning.

12. "Perhaps," said he, "this creature will remember that I was kind to him, and will let me ride out of the woods upon his back." Henry then went up to the horse, speaking to him and patting him; the gentle animal let him mount his back without opposition, and then proceeded slowly through the wood, till they came to an opening which led to the road.

13. "Ah!" said Henry, much rejoiced, "A GOOD ACTION IS NEVER THROWN AWAY. If I had not saved the horse's life this morning, I should have been obliged to stay in the wood all night." The poor boy had, however, a greater danger to undergo; for as he was going through a lonely lane, two men caught him, and began to strip him of his clothes; but just then the dog bit the leg of one of the men so hard, that he left the boy and pursued the dog, which ran away howling and barking.

14. At this instant a voice was heard, that cried out, "There the rascals are! knock them down!" This frightened the remaining man so much, that he too ran away. Henry then looked up and saw that it was the sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, car-

ried upon the shoulders of the blind man, whom he had helped out of the pond. "There, my little fellow," said the sailor, "we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did for us this morning.

15. "As I lay under a hedge, I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy, that I supposed must be you; but I was so lame, that I should not have been able to come soon enough to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back, while I showed him the way."

16. Henry thanked them both gratefully for thus defending him, and they went all together to his father's house, which was not far off, where the sailor and the blind man were kindly received and fed. The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

QUESTIONS. What is the subject of this story? What did the boy meet first? What did he do? What did he meet next? What did he do for the horse? Whom did he meet at the pond? How did he show his kind heart then? What did he do for the poor sailor? How was he repaid for his kindness? What may you learn from this lesson?

LESSON CIII.

care	vig'-or	dif'-fi-cult	su-pe'-ri-or
soon	la'-bor	ad-mi'-red	sat'is--fi-ed
born	de-cay'	re-ceiv'-ed	dif'-fer-ent-ly
dews	rear'-ed	in'-dus-try	cul-ti-va'-tion
earth	par'-tial	at-ten'-tion	mis'-chie-vous
much	up'-right	be-stow'-ed	in-dus'-tri-ous
plants	au'-tumn	in'-do-lence	de-term'-in-ed
young	blos'-soms	pro-por'-tion	ref-orm-a'-tion
chance	worth'-less	im-prove'-ment	dis-ap-point'-ed

Industry and Indolence.

1. IN a country village lived a wealthy farmer, who had two sons, William and Thomas. William was

about a year older than his brother. On the day that Thomas was born, the farmer placed in his orchard two young apple-trees of equal size, on which he bestowed the same care in cultivation, and they grew so much alike, that it was a difficult matter to say, which was the more thriving of the two.

2. As soon as the children were old enough to use garden tools, their father took them on a fine day early in the Spring, to see the trees he had reared for them, and called after their names. After William and Thomas had much admired the beauty of the trees, which were filled with blossoms, their father told them he would make them a present of them, and that they would continue to thrive or decay, in proportion to the labor or neglect they received.

3. Thomas, though the younger son, turned all his attention to the improvement of his tree, by clearing it of insects as soon as he found them there, and by propping up the stems, that it might grow perfectly upright. He dug all around it to loosen the earth, that the root might be nourished by the warmth of the sun, and by the moisture of the dews and the rains.

4. William, however, acted very differently; he wasted all his time in idleness or *fun*, as he called it; perhaps like the insolent James, of whom I have before told you, amusing himself with throwing stones and dirt at people as they passed. He kept company with all the idle boys in the village, with whom he was often fighting, and was seldom without a black eye, or a broken head.

5. His poor tree was neglected and never thought of, till one day in autumn, when, by chance, seeing his brother's tree loaded with the finest apples, he ran to his own tree, expecting to find it in the same condition.

6. But he was greatly disappointed, when he saw that his tree, instead of being covered with fruit, had nothing upon it but a few withered leaves, and

branches covered with moss. He ran at once to his father, and complained that he had been partial in giving him a worthless and barren tree, while his brother's produced such excellent fruit. He therefore thought that his brother should, at least, divide his apples with him.

7. His father told him, that it was not reasonable that the industrious should give up the proceeds of their labor to feed the idle. "If your tree," said he, "has produced nothing, it is because you were indolent, and you see what a reward your brother has obtained by industry.

8. "Your tree was as full of blossoms as his, and grew in the same soil; but you paid no attention to the culture of it. Your brother did not allow the insects to remain upon his tree; but you paid no attention to this, and they have eaten up the very buds. As I do not wish to see even plants perish through neglect, I must take this tree from you and give it to your brother, whose care may possibly restore its former vigor.

9. "He shall have all the fruit it may produce, and you must hereafter have no right to it. But you may go to my nursery, and there choose a tree, and try what you can do with it; but if you neglect to take care of it, I shall take that away also, and give it to your brother, as a reward for his superior industry and attention."

10. William soon saw the justice of his father's reasoning, and determined to change his course of conduct. He therefore selected an apple-tree from the nursery, and made the best use of his time, and the assistance and instructions he received from his brother, in the cultivation of it.

11. He left off his mischievous tricks, forsook the company of idle boys, applied himself cheerfully to work, and in autumn received the reward of his labor, his tree being then loaded with fruit. More than this,

his father was so well satisfied with his reformation, that the following season he gave the two brothers the produce of a small orchard, which they shared equally between them.

QUESTIONS. Who were William and Thomas? What present did their father make them? How did Thomas attend to his tree? What was William's conduct? What was Thomas's reward? What was William's reward? What did William's father say to him? What effect did this have upon him?

LESSON CIV.

The Child's Prayer.

1. GREAT GOD, and wilt thou condescend,
To be my Father and my friend?
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

2. Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or stoop to listen to the praise,
That such a little child can raise?

3. Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient, child to thee,
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4. Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

5. Art thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

QUESTIONS. Which letters are not sounded in the word *listen?* In *little?* In *friend?* Which sound of E is heard in *earth?* Which is the *prefix* in *imperfect?* See M'GUFFEY'S NEWLY REVISED ECLECTIC SPELLING BOOK, pp. 30, 44, 48, 49, 111, 112.

The Ten Commandments.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—Some friends of the Eclectic Series, having desired the reinsertion of the "*Ten Commandments*" in this volume, we cheerfully replace them. It is not necessary that they should be used as a reading lesson in schools, until this edition shall have fully taken the place of former ones, and thus all confusion in classes will be avoided.

First Command.—Thou shalt have no other Gods before me. *Second.*—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 generations of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments. *Third.*—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. *Fourth.*—Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, 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 thy 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. *Fifth.*—Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. *Sixth.*—Thou shalt not kill. *Seventh.*—Thou shalt not commit adultery. *Eighth.*—Thou shalt not steal. *Ninth.*—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. *Tenth.*—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind: and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

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