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JUVENILE LESSONS.

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OR THE
CHILD'S
FIRST READING BOOK.

BY J. K. SMITH.



KEENE, N. H.

J. AND J. W. PRENTISS.

1832.

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PREFACE.



THE Compiler of the following work has no other apology for adding to the numerous reading books already before the public, than his conviction that a book of this grade is still needed.

In making this compilation, one great object has been to select simple and interesting lessons, — consisting mostly of short and easy words, — his experience as a teacher, having shewn him that the frequent recurrence of long words is a great hindrance to children in acquiring the habit of reading with facility. They are discouraged, — not only on account of the difficulty of reading them, but they are in great danger of losing their *interest* in the lesson itself, from not being able to understand the *meaning* of the words.

The compiler acknowledges himself greatly indebted to the *Juvenile Miscellany*, a work which should be in the hands of every young person in the country; many other juvenile books have been consulted, but in all cases the utmost freedom has been used in altering and arranging the pieces to suit his plan.

Convinced, that with an enlightened and discerning community, merit alone will insure suc-

cess, no attempt is made to point out the defects of other works :— if *this* shall in any respect exceed them, the public will undoubtedly discover its excellencies and patronize it — if not, let it sink into merited oblivion.

Dublin, August, 1831.

JUVENILE LESSONS.



1. LESSON FIRST.

Introduction.

I am very glad, my child, that you can read so well. You have read in the spelling book till you can read it quite well. Now, you must have some other book to read in.

This book is on purpose for you—it is full of pretty stories and verses and pictures. — I wish you to try to read it well, so that you can tell what the stories are about.

Some of the words are very easy — and some are so hard that you will not know what they mean, unless you ask your parents or your teacher to tell you.

I wish you to look at the pictures too, because the pieces are about something that you can see in the pictures.

2. LESSON SECOND.

The Good Son.

1. There was once a little boy, a wild little boy, who like you, loved play ; but he had a mother, whom he loved *better* than play.

2. This boy, at first, did not choose to learn either to read, or to write ; but his mother told him that no one can be of use unless he knows how to read.

3. So the boy thought, "this will not do ; I wish to be of use ; the time may come, when my mother will want my help, as much as I now want hers."

4. Well. on this thought, Harry began to learn with all his heart, and he got along fast, so that he soon learned to read well, and write, and to do sums, and you shall see what good came of it.

5. His mother grew old, and became weak and sick, but her good son took care of her when she was old, as she had taken care of him when he was a weak child.

6. He now felt the *use* of knowing something ; for, when he was quite a young lad, he went as a clerk into a shop, and his master paid him good wages.

7. At the end of the week when his master paid him his money, with what joy would he carry it home and pour it into the lap of his mother.

8. And then she would smile, and her dim eye would brighten, and how sweet to him was the smile with which she thanked him.

3. LESSON THIRD.

The useful Boy, who would not tell a Lie.

1. Francis was not more than six years of age ; — but he liked to do things to help people. One day his mother was scraping some lint, and he asked what it was good for.

2. She told him that when any person gets hurt with a knife or a gun, it is used to stop the blood. "Let me try if I can scrape some lint," said he ; and his eyes brightened with joy when his mother told him he did it very well.

3. "I *am* good for something, am I not, mamma ?" said he. "Brother Henry says all the good I can do is to keep the bread from moulding, but I mean to tell him that I can scrape lint."

4. His mother liked to have him employed ; so she let him take a pitcher every morning and go after milk for his breakfast.

5. One morning, his brother Henry wished to go ; and he tried to get the pitcher out of his hand — Francis would not let go of it, because his mother told *him* to go, and between them the pitcher was broken.

6. He now began to cry, for he did not like to carry home the broken pitcher instead of some nice, warm milk. A naughty boy who came along, asked him why he did not tell his mother that he did not break it.

7. Francis wiped his eyes, and stared at him, as if he did not believe any body could be so wicked — "I *will not tell a lie*," said he, manfully ; — "mamma will not scold at me ; but if I knew she would scold, or even beat me, I would not tell a lie."

8. His mother did not scold at him. She told him he ought not to quarrel with his brother, but when they had any dispute, he must come to her.

4. LESSON FOURTH.

Mary and her Pigeon.

1. Some rude boys had one day got a pigeon which was lame, and its wings being cut, it could not fly; so they had tied a string to one of its legs, and put it down to throw stones at, that he who hit it should have it for his own.

2. But just as they were going to throw at it, little Mary ran and begged them to stop, and said she would buy the bird. "How much," said she, "must I give for it?"

3. "Six-pence," said one of the boys. "I have but four-pence," said Mary, — "take all my money. I do not want the bird; only do not use it ill."

4. So they took her money, and gave her the bird; and she took care of it, and fed it well, and it lived with her a long time in the house.

5. It would be very pleasant, if we could now see how cheerful the poor bird used to look upon Mary, every day as she fed it; and how glad was she, as she stroked its glossy feathers, that she had saved its life.

6. How should we like to be pelted with sticks and stones? Poor birds can feel pain, as well as boys and girls, and it is not right to hurt any one of God's creatures, — we should treat them with mercy and kindness.

5. LESSON FIFTH.

Kind Lucy.

1. Lucy was a very kind little girl. She never beat her kitten, or set her foot upon an insect on purpose. Sometimes, when she was eating her bread and milk, a hungry fly would light upon the edge of the bowl, and try to drink.

2. Lucy never knocked him into the milk, to make him struggle and drown there; but she would say to him,

"Drink away, my little fly,
You may drink as well as I."

3. Her mother told her that the little black tongue, with which the fly sucked up the milk, was like the great trunk of an elephant, and that the fly could push it out, to reach his food, and draw it in when he had done eating, — only it was so very small that she could not see it.

4. One day, when she had found a dead fly, she called Lucy to her and told her to look through a glass which made the fly look ten times as large as he really was; and then Lucy saw what a curious trunk he had to unroll, when he wanted his supper, and roll up again when he wished to go to sleep.

5. When the spring weather came, and the sun was warm, and the grass green, a butterfly flew into the window and lighted upon a beautiful rose bush, which was standing in the sunshine.

6. Lucy jumped up, and cried, "O, what a pretty butterfly! Mother, may I catch him?" Her mother told her she could not touch him without hurting him; and she took down a dead butterfly which was pinned over the looking-glass, and told Lucy to put her finger on it.

7. When she took her finger off, it was covered with fine meal, that came from the butterfly's wings. Her mother told her that this meal was a bunch of little tiny feathers, just like those of a bird, only so small that she could not see them.

8. Then she looked at the butterfly through the glass, and she could see the feathers very plainly; and when she knew that every touch of her finger pulled out a bunch of feathers, and hurt the butterfly, she did not wish to take hold of him, for she was a very kind-hearted girl.

9. The glass that Lucy looked through is called a magnifying glass, or microscope.

6. LESSON SIXTH.

The Bee.



1. See, the rose has burst from its green bud, the dark pink leaves are spread out, and the brown moss in vain seeks to hide its bloom.

2. The pink has raised its sweet head, and sheds a rich perfume on the air, and the dark violet sends forth sweet smells from its lowly bed. The air is rich with scents; the scene is gay with bright colors.

3. Hark! whence comes that sound, and what is it? It is the bee, and its hum is sweet to the ear, for it is the sound of industry.

4. Boys and girls, come and learn from the bee, to make the most of time; he is up with the sun; his gay friend, the lark, mounts in the air at break of day, just as the bee peeps out, to seek sweet herbs and flowers.

5. The bee darts his trunk into the cup of the pure bud, and finds there one drop of sweet juice; he takes it home to his hive, and keeps it in his nice cell of wax.

6. Come, ye idle boys and girls, and learn of the bee to be busy, if you would be glad, for the busy have no time for sighs and groans.

7. Time, you know, is but another name for life, and life is too dear to be lost in sloth and idleness. Learn, then, of the busy bee.

7. LESSON SEVENTH.

The Little Coward.

1. There was once a little boy, who was a sad coward. He was afraid of every thing, almost; he was even afraid of the two kids, Nanny and Billy; and when they put their noses through the pales of the court, he durst not pluck Billy by the beard.

2. What a silly boy he was! Pray what was his name? Nay, indeed, I shall not tell you his name, for I am ashamed of him.

3. Well, he was afraid of dogs, too; he always cried and ran away, if a dog barked at him, if only in fun. Little dogs do not hurt boys, you know, but love to play with them.

4. Once as this simple boy was walking by himself, a pretty black dog came out of a house, and barked, and wanted to play with him, but he ran away. The dog ran after him and cried bow-wow, but he only meant to say good morrow, how do you do?

5. But the boy was sadly frightened and ran away as fast as he could, without looking before him, and tumbled into a dirty ditch, and there he lay crying, for he could not get out.

6. Then the dog went to Ralph, the servant, and pulled him by the coat till he made him go with him, and they got him out, but he was all over muddy, and every body laughed at him for being such a coward.

8. LESSON EIGHTH.

The Cat.



1. I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;

So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play:

2. She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some
food;
For pussy will love me, if gentle and good —
I'll pat her soft coat, and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her.

3. But I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her
paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw.
I never will vex her to make her displeas'd —
For pussy don't like to be worried and teased.

4. James, do not hurt the cat; take the string
from off her neck, and give her some meat.
Puss loves a piece of lights, and milk is a treat to
her. She can catch rats and mice, and she keeps
the house clear of them.

5. 'Ma, puss has made a scratch on James'
hand, with her claws; it bleeds; the cat must be
beaten. No, my child, she would not have done
so, if James had not hurt her.—He it is who must
take the rod.

6. Jane, get a piece of rag and bind up James'
hand. He will not hurt puss again—he may
stroke her coat, or give her a soft pat on the
head, but no more—she does not like it.

9. LESSON NINTH.

Happy George.

1. Little George was very fond of flowers, and
was always saying, "Ma, I do wish we lived in
the country."

2. Every morning and evening he used to walk on the common; and as he ran along, by his mother's side, if he happened to see a butter cup, or a white clover, he would run to pluck it up, and exclaim, "Oh, mother, what a beautiful flower."

3. People in Boston have not much ground to spare, but George's father gave him a piece about as large as his pocket handkerchief, and there he would dig from morning to night.

4. At first, he would stick down flowers all in blossom, and cry because the hot sun made them dry up; but his mother bought him some sweet peas, and some lupine seeds, and showed him how to plant them; and told him he must wait patiently till they came up, and not touch them at all.

5. She told him it was very silly for boys to keep in a fret because things did not grow so fast as they wished them to. She said he must not think of his garden for a great many days.

6. In a fortnight he saw little green things just above the ground, and he ran into the house to tell his mother of it. Every body was glad to see him so pleased, because he was such a good natured boy.

10. LESSON TENTH.

More about George.

1. George was so good that his mother told him he might go into the country the next time his 'pa went. So the next week his papa took him into the country to see his little cousins, and there he saw flowers in plenty.

2. There were roses and violets, and white and red clover, and George was very happy in

making them into nosegays, and smelling their sweet fragrance.

3. He saw, likewise, two little rabbits just the color of a mouse; they lived in a great box with windows in it, and they ate clover and jumped about like kittens. He laughed out loud when he saw them shake their long smooth ears, and he wished he had them for his own.

4. He saw a thousand new things, and capered about till he was quite tired, so that when he went home, he wanted to go to bed directly.

5. The next morning, when he went out to look at his flowers, he saw a large box in the yard. He peeped into it, and saw the mouse-colored rabbits. He clapped his hands for joy.

6. His father heard him, and he opened the window and said, "those rabbits are for you, my son, because you did not tease for them when you saw them — and because you have been so good a boy about your garden."

11. LESSON ELEVENTH.

The Beauty of the Mind.

1. Some girls were in the country, and there they saw a gentle lamb — it ate the tender grass; it drank water from the pure sparkling brook.

2. And so, day by day, they saw it; — but still, though it grew to be a larger lamb, it only ate, and drank, and ran about, — it learned nothing as it grew older.

3. Lucy and Mary Ann can do more than the lamb, — they can *think*; and as they grow older, they learn daily more and more.

4. The little girls saw in the morning, the shining dew drops, — many and bright, upon a thou-

sand leaves, and blades of grass — but while they yet looked on them, and said ‘how beautiful!’ the hot sun rose high, and his rays dried them all away.

5. But Lucy and Mary Ann had something more beautiful than the dew of the morning; they had innocent thoughts, and bright smiles, that lasted longer and were lovelier far than the shining dew drops.

6. The little girls saw a rainbow in the sky; Oh! the colors were very fair; there were red and violet, yellow and blue, and others besides, that seemed to have borrowed hues of the fragrant flowers.

7. But the beautiful colors each faded, while they yet gazed upward to the sky; — and in a little time the rainbow was wholly gone. What will they see again, so beautiful as that bright rainbow?

8. Lucy and Mary Ann have something more beautiful than the rainbow, — something which will not pass from their minds, as those bright colors, but just now faded from their sight.

9. They have the durable beauty of loving hearts, of pure spirits: they love their friends, — they make them happy every day.

10. Oh, affection is the rainbow of the mind, and that will fade and die. Dear little girls, you must all have this bright love.

12. LESSON TWELFTH.

Do not hurt the pretty little Birds.

1. Oliver was as merry as the birds which sang in the trees above him. As he was running about

one day, he found a bird’s nest in one of the low trees, and in it were three young ones.

2. The old bird was sadly frightened, when Oliver stooped down to look more closely into her snug little house, and her notes seemed to ask him to go away and not injure her little ones.

3. But he was so much pleased with what he had found, that he did not notice the trouble of the old bird, till his ‘ma gently called him to come away.

4. So he left the nest, and presently he heard the glad notes of the pretty songster, which seemed to say, “thank you, little boy, for not hurting my little ones.”

13. LESSON THIRTEENTH.

Charles.



1. Charles was a fine boy of four years of age: his cheeks were like two red apples. He spent a

great part of the day in the garden, running about, and rolling on the grass;—that is, from seven o'clock in the morning till twelve, when his grandpa' was ready to receive him.

2. The moment the clock struck twelve, away he ran and bounced into the room with joy, for he knew he was always welcome; and the old man, taking him on his knee, usually asked him about his lesson.

3. Charles was not fond of his book, and his grandpa' often told him, if he did not learn to read, when he grew up, he would be called Sir Charles Dunce, and all the boys would laugh at him.

4. But Charles did not mind it much, he only kissed him, and said he would learn his lessons when he could find time.

5. One day he came into his grandpapa's room and said that little John Gibson had got a jacket and trowsers, while he was kept in petticoats, like a girl, and there is my sister Maria always calling me Miss Charley.

6. "Indeed, Charles, it is a sad thing," said his grandpa', "but it is your own fault. John Gibson can read little stories and has had his new clothes as a reward for learning his lessons so well; whilst you are so idle that you scarcely know your letters.

7. Charles felt ashamed, and hung down his head;—but from that time he learnt his lesson every day, and in a few months he had the pleasure of being dressed in a jacket and trowsers, like John Gibson, and other boys of his age in school.

14. LESSON FOURTEENTH.

Flora, and the little Bird.

1. As Flora was running in the garden, one day, she found a little bird; she knew it was young, and had not yet learnt to fly; for the feathers were not fully grown. The poor thing had lost its mother, and was very hungry.

2. She took it gently in her hand, and carried it into the house, to her mother, who said it must be put in a basket, and fed carefully, and perhaps it might be made to live.

3. Flora was quite happy when it revived, and she thought that by good nursing she could rear it, to fly in the garden and sing to her its song of gratitude.

4. She watched and fed him from day to day, till he became quite tame and fed from her hand, making a soft chirping sound, as if to thank her for the care she had taken of him.

5. One morning, after he had been with her several weeks, he flew away, through an open window. At first she felt sorry, and feared that she should not see him again.

6. But her 'ma told her she must not blame the little bird, even if it did not return, for his instinct teaches him to fly abroad and nestle among the green branches of the trees, when he is tired.

7. But does my **Flora know** the difference between herself and the little birds? They, like Flora, move from place to place; like her they eat and drink, are nourished, and grow.

8. Like her, too, they sing gay songs, and in their way they talk to their mates. Why, then, is my darling Flora happier, or better than the

singing birds? and how does she differ from them?

9. Flora thought a great while, but she did not know how to answer her mother's question. She did not know then, that it was having a rational *mind* that made her better than the birds of the air.

15. LESSON FIFTEENTH.

The Idle Boy.

1. Little children, I will tell you a story. I know a boy who has a pretty book, in which his 'ma has taught him to read; he is five years old, and ought to know how to read well.

2. One bright sunny morning his 'ma told him to get his hat and book, and she would walk with him to school, for he did not like to go alone. She gave him a bunch of pretty flowers to carry to the good lady who taught him and the other children to read.

3. By and by they reached the school house, and he gave his flowers to the lady, whom the scholars called aunt Mary. She took the flowers, and kissing the little boy, placed him in a pleasant seat where he might learn his lesson.

4. But he was an idle boy, and he only played with his book, so that he did not know his lesson when the time came for him to recite it. The other children went and recited their lessons, and then how happy they felt.

5. Henry heard his companions recite their lessons, and saw them receive aunt Mary's sweet kiss, and then he wished he had got his lesson,

so that he could go with them; but he had not been good, so he was obliged to sit alone for a long time.

16. LESSON SIXTEENTH.

The Idle Boy become Industrious.

1. At last Henry looked at the flowers which he had brought aunt Mary in the morning; they were still pretty, and he asked if they would live till the next day. She told him they would not.

2. "*Now*," said she, "they are like good children, very pretty to behold; but to-morrow they will not be like my little scholars here, for they will have lost all their beauty; but you, dear children, can keep your loveliness by being good."

3. Then Henry began to think that perhaps nobody would care for him more than for a dead flower, unless he was a better boy, and after a little time, he began to study his lesson very well.

4. As soon as he had learned it, he went to aunt Mary, and begged her to hear him say it. Then the kind lady was pleased with him, and told him that every body would be pleased with him and love him, if he became industrious and good.

5. Dear children, Henry did forsake his idle ways, and if you were now to look into the school room you would not see his book on the floor or under the bench, but you would see a cheerful little boy studying his lessons well, and learning such things as will help to make him a wise man by and by.

17. LESSON SEVENTEENTH.

The Blind Man and his Dog.

1. "Pray tell me, 'pa," said George Brooks, "why that man keeps his poor dog tied fast with a cord; — I dare say he would like better to run about in the lanes and fields; I am sure I should like it better, do you not think I should 'pa?"

2. "I am very certain you would," replied his father, "but you mistake the matter. That poor man is blind, and if he had not his dog to lead him about in the right path, he would fall into the first ditch or pit that came in his way.

3. "I know the man very well; he was not always so poor as he now is, and he could once see as well as any body; and then his little dog ran by his side when he went out, and if he went into a house, the dog would lie down at the door till his master came out.

4. "But at length his master became very ill, and could not work, and his eyes were sore; and when he got better, his eyes grew worse and worse, till he could not see at all, and now he is forced to beg his bread from house to house.

5. "Now, my son, he could not even do that if he had not his dog to lead him; and you see that the little animal is not tired of walking slowly with his old master, because he loves the man who has always been kind to him."

6. George was much pleased with what his 'pa had told him, and wished to give his new sixpence to the man that he might buy some dinner for himself and his dog.

18. LESSON EIGHTEENTH.

May Morning.

1. Welcome, welcome, lovely May?
With breath so sweet, and smiles so gay, —
With sun, and dew, and gentle showers,
Welcome, welcome, month of flowers!

2. I love the violet, sweet and blue,
When it drinks a drop of morning dew;
And the pretty web, which the spider weaves
All round and round the lupine leaves.
And I love to hear, from every spray,
The warbling birds sing "Welcome May."

3. The merry calves are full of glee,
So is the busy honey bee;
And children are as glad as they,
To welcome in the first of May.
Come, sister, come, — away, — away!
For you shall be the Queen of May.

4. If the first day of May is not rainy or unpleasant, there will be many happy little folks walking out in the morning, in search of a flower, or a green branch, with which to make a garland for their May-day Queen.

5. Our climate is so cold, and Spring comes so slowly and cautiously, as if she were afraid "Jack Frost" would nip her toes, that May-day in New-England is not apt to be so pleasant as in warmer countries.

6. But after a long and dreary winter, it is some comfort to see the little violets peeping out of the ground, though they do look blue with the cold,

and seem half afraid of the winds as they sweep over their lowly bed.

7. June is the sweetest month in the whole year; and if our little girls, by one consent, would celebrate the first of June, instead of the first of May, they might be more sure of a bright and merry time for their frolic.

8. Then the air is fresh, and mild, and balmy; and the fields and the trees are so covered with blossoms, and all nature looks so lively and blooming, it is no wonder the Indians used to call June "the month of flowers."

19. LESSON NINETEENTH.

Beauty soon Fades.

1. Ann was fair as the lily, and gay as the lark; she thought she should always be pretty, and was proud of it. She thought with scorn of those who were not so pretty. She called herself bright as the butterfly, and gay as the tulip.

2. Her mother led her into the garden, and showed her the butterfly dead; the storm had crushed it to the ground — it lay there soiled and cold.

3. The wind had passed over the tulip, and snapped the proud blossom from its stem; its once rich leaves were spread on the cold earth; the worms were crawling over it; the ants were feeding upon it.

4. "Even such," said she, "shall be the fate of the fairest face, when death shall lay it low in the cold grave. Worms shall there defile the

fairest cheek, and riot on the sweetest lip: Look, Ann, and learn a moral from the scene."

5. But Ann was deaf to the voice of her mother. She could have learned, for who cannot? But she would not learn. She chose to go on in her own way, and in a little while she was sick.

6. She was not very sick, but red spots broke out on her skin, and the fear of losing her beauty made it hard to bear. She soon got well again, however, and her face was not spoiled: her skin was as fair as before.

7. Then Ann grew more vain, and thought as she had escaped this time, she should escape every time, and that her bloom would never fade.

8. But she found one foe to beauty which she could not shun; she found she could not help growing old, and every year took some of the charms away from her fair face.

9. Wrinkles crossed her brow, a yellow hue took the place of the red and white of her cheek, her hair lost its bright gloss; — a few grey curls only were left of it: her teeth one by one had gone, and the pretty Ann found herself an old woman with a long chin and hollow cheeks.

10. "That it should come to this!" she would say with a sigh. Why mourn, Ann? Did you not wish to live? And can you live without growing old? Do you wish you had died early, in your first bloom, with all your charms fresh and bright?

11. Even in that case, you would by this time have faded in the grave, and have been food for worms. Fair maids, there is but one kind of charm that never fades, — the charm of the mind, — the charm of virtue, which is as lovely in age as in youth.

20. LESSON TWENTIETH.

Winter.

1. My pretty flowers are gone away, —
All covered o'er with snow, —
And I must wait till next May-day,
To see my violets blow.
2. I'm very sure the leaves will peep
Again above the ground,
Although the root is very deep,
And not a leaf is found.
3. 'Ma says, should she in death repose,
And little Jane and I,
We, like our sweet, but fading rose,
Should only *seem* to die.
4. I know my mother tells me true,
I'm not afraid to go
To God, who showers my plants with dew,
And covers them with snow.

21. LESSON TWENTY-FIRST.

The Little Traveller.

1. Sarah lived in a town many miles from Boston. She had a brother and two sisters. She was the youngest, and was much indulged. When she was between four and five years of age, her father and mother told her they should take her to Boston.

2. You never saw a girl so glad as she was then. From morning till night she talked about her journey. The first thing when she waked in the morning, she would say to her sister, "Ah, Mary, I'm going to Boston."

3. And when she laid her head on the pillow, the last question always was, "Mother, when do you think we shall go to Boston?" The important day came at last, and she got into the stage with her father and mother.

4. She had never been in a stage before, and at first she was frightened, because the horses went so fast, but nothing happened, to do them any harm, and they all arrived safely in Boston.

5. Here they staid three weeks, and by that time, Sarah wanted to go back again, as much as she had wished to come. Great joy was there at home, when father and mother, and little Sarah were seen. "And did you have a good time, Sarah? And what did you bring me?" they asked all at once.

6. "Yes, I have had a fine time," said Sarah, "and I will soon show you what I have brought you." She then opened her work-bag, and showed her brother and sisters their new things.

7. "Here, Mary, is a doll for you," said she, "Susan, here is a silver thimble for you; and here is a nice top for you, Francis, — it will spin, spin, — Oh, my heart, how it will spin." "Spin what? spin yarn?" said little Mary. "No, no," said Francis, laughing, "it will spin round."

22. LESSON TWENTY-SECOND.

What Sarah saw at Boston.

1. "Now tell us what you have seen," said Susan. "Oh, I have seen such a great many things," said Sarah, "that I cannot tell you half of them. We used to get up, and ride, very early in the morning, when it was almost dark.

2. "We once stopped at a tavern, where a woman was very kind to us. She gave me a beautiful little rabbit, and I carried it to aunt Maria's, — and it would eat clover out of my hand, so pretty."

3. "But where is your rabbit now?" said Susan. "Oh, dear! it died one day," said the little girl, sighing. "Who killed it?" asked Susan, looking piteously in her face. "Phillis said that a weasel came and sucked away all its blood," answered Sarah. "I did not see the weasel, but I went out to feed my rabbit with clover one morning, and it was dead."

4. "Who is Phillis?" said Susan. "I forgot to tell you about her," said Sarah. "She is black all over, — just as black as Francis' shoe. I never saw any body before, who was black; and she has hair curling all over her head, like your doll, Mary. She lives with aunt Maria, in Boston.

5. Their mother then told them it was time to eat their suppers, and go to bed. Sarah wanted to tell some more stories, but her mother told her she must put it off till morning. They then went to bed, and for more than an hour, her tongue went as fast as her brother's top could spin.

6. Every day, she tells some new wonder, that she saw or heard, at Boston: and if the children

do not seem to believe her great stories, she stretches up her neck, and says, "Don't you suppose I know, when I have been to Boston?"

7. She thinks now, that she knows a great deal; but if she lives to be older, and know more, she will laugh to think how proud she was, because she had been to Boston, and seen a negro.

23. LESSON TWENTY-THIRD.

The Humming Top.

1. George was very fond of play, but he was willing to learn his lessons, and go to school. He was always glad to please his 'pa and 'ma, and no wonder, for they were kind to him, and loved him dearly.

2. But they did not like to have their little son know only how to play; so they bought him many books, and taught him to read, and spell, and write; and, every day, if his lessons had been well said, they let him go and play with his companions.

3. One pleasant day, George went with his father to walk. Soon they came to a toy-shop, and he asked his father to go in with him, and see the curious play things that were nicely ranged on the shelves and in the windows.

4. While he was admiring them, a boy came in and bought a humming top, which he began to spin on the floor. Round, round flew the top, to George's great amusement; and he begged his father to buy him one like it.

5. The top was bought, and a nice, long whipcord; and George hurried home, to prove the

worth of his new plaything. He asked, and obtained leave, to spin his top in the large hall; — and there he amused himself till it was time to go to school.

6. As soon as the clock struck the school hour, the famous top was put away in a safe place, and away he ran with his cousin Arthur, to school. Arthur was a good boy, and lived in the country. He was now on a visit to George, and shared his amusements, as well as his lessons.

7. When the time came for Arthur to return, he wished he had money enough to buy a humming top like that which his uncle had given George. "You shall have mine," said his cousin; and he ran for his favorite top.

8. "There, take it, Arthur," said he, "'pa will buy me another." "No," said his father, "I cannot buy you another top, George; you are free to give yours away; but you must not expect me to buy another for you."

9. George thought a moment; he liked spinning his top better than any other play; "but then," said he, "Arthur has fewer playthings than I, and he will enjoy it more, — he must have the top, and I will play with my ball instead of it."

24. LESSON TWENTY-FOURTH.

The Little Glutton.

1. Laura is a sad glutton. Do little girls know what a glutton is? It is any body that eats too much, just because it tastes good. 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.

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

3. 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.

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

5. The pretty squirrel eats half a dozen acorns, and frisks about as gaily as if he had dined at the king's table. Did you never see a squirrel with a nut in its paws? How bright and lively he looks. How he runs along the stone wall, as quick as if a boy had shot him from his pop-gun.

6. 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 they tasted good.

7. 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?

25. LESSON TWENTY-FIFTH.

The Hour Glass.

1. Francis was a very talkative boy. He never saw any new thing without asking a great ma-

ny questions about it. His mother was very patient and kind; and would always answer his questions when it was proper to do so.

2. The first time Francis saw an hour-glass, he was much pleased. He sat and watched the little stream run through, and he was impatient, because it would not run faster. "Let me shake it," said he, "it is so lazy, it will never get through."

3. "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*.

"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 has run through twelve times, — and the hand of the clock has moved all round its great face.

5. "This is because they do not stop to think how much they have to do, and to calculate how long it will take, but they keep at work every minute. When you are getting your lesson, my son, I wish you to do so too."

26. LESSON TWENTY-SIXTH.

The Infant School.

1. Very little things are we,
Oh! how mild we all should be;
Never quarrel, never fight,
That would be a shocking sight, —
And would break the happy rule,
Of our much loved Infant School.

2. Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams;
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play;
And attend to every rule,
Of our much-loved Infant School.

3. In the winter, when 'tis mild,
We may run, but not be wild;
But in summer we must walk,
And improve our time by talk.
Then we shall go nice and cool,
To our much-loved Infant School.

27. LESSON TWENTY-SEVENTH.

The Infant School Fair.

1. If my little readers did not go to the Infant School Fair, I will tell them some of the things I saw there. I cannot tell them all I saw because there were so many I fear they will be tired of hearing so long a story.

2. In the first place, there were dolls of all sizes and kinds. One was dressed in a Turkish dress, all sprinkled with gold, and a glass feather in her turban; and another, in a full dress of white satin, like a New-York lady, besides a great many more.

3. Oh, what queer looking pin cushions, and needle books. Some were made like genteel Parisian bonnets, with a crown for a pin ball, and a needle book under the rim. Some, like butterflies, with a needle book, shut up between their rich wings, and their bodies serving for an emery bag.

4. And there were little black turtles with their backs stuck full of pins, and an emery ball for a head. Little velvet kittens, too, were sitting up very quietly, to have pins stuck into their heads. But I cannot tell you half the things I saw.

5. Now, do little girls know what is meant by the Infant School Fair? If they do not, I will tell them. In the first place, many ingenious and charitable ladies and girls make all these things, and on a certain day, they are collected together and sold.

6. All the money which is paid for these pretty things is to be given to two schools for infants in the city of Boston. Poor women, who have to go away from home all day to work, send their little children to these schools to be taken care of, and taught such things as they can learn.

7. They have a nice, warm room to stay in, with low seats to sit on, and little beds to sleep on when they are very tired and sleepy. The walls are covered with pictures of sheep, and dogs, and cows, and the teacher sometimes tells them stories about these creatures.

8. Is it not a good thing to have such schools, where these poor children can be taken such good care of, without being in any danger of getting burned, or scalded to death, or of their learning to say wicked words, or fighting each other?

28 LESSON TWENTY-EIGHTH.

The Charitable Lady.

1. A good lady was walking through a back street in Boston, one cold day, last winter, when

she thought of a poor washer-woman, she sometimes had to do her washing, who lived there.

2. Winter is the time, above all others, when we should think of the poor, and this good lady resolved to visit this hard-working creature, to see if she had the comforts of life.

3. An old ten-foot building was pointed out, as her residence. Many panes of the window were broken, and old hats and rags stuffed in, to keep out the air. The door was locked, but she was able to look in at the window.

4. There was not a spark of fire on the hearth, and on a bundle of hay, in one corner of the room, sat two children, — one about four, and the other two years of age. They were wrapped in some old garments, and were hugging each other to keep themselves warm.

5. Mrs Bailey called to the eldest, to open the door, which she readily did. "Where is your father? my poor children," said she. "He is sick in the hospital." "How long has he been there?" "A great while." "And where is your mother?" "She has gone out to wash."

6. "Have you had any thing to eat, to-day?" "No," said Mary, (as pretty and bright a child as any one who will read this story.) "Lucy keeps crying for something to eat; but I tell her, when mother comes home at night, we shall have some."

7. A basket of shavings was all the fuel in the house; an iron pot containing some fishes' heads, stood on the hearth; a quart of meal was all the food in the closet; and a bunch of straw, covered with a horse blanket, was their only bed.

8. The eyes of the good lady filled with tears. She had children of her own, at home; and well she knew how much such little ones needed kind-

ness and care. "God has sent me to them," said she, "and I will not forget them."

9. She sent her son with wood to make a fire for them, and she herself carried them food and clothing. She then had them sent to the Infant School to be well taken care of when their mother went out to wash.

29. LESSON TWENTY-NINTH.

Little Edward.

1. Edward was always a religious boy. I mean that he thought much about God. When he was only four years old, he never liked to go to bed without saying his prayers. It was a pleasant sight, after he had drank his bowl of milk, to hear him lisp his evening hymn.

2. He loved his father, dearly, and when his mother told him that God was his Father in Heaven, he loved him too; and when he awoke in the morning and found his father and mother and himself all well and happy, he knew who it was that had taken care of them in the night time, and his little heart was grateful to God.

3. One night, when I took him in my lap, to undress him, that he might go to bed, I said, "Whose boy are you, Edward?" "I am God's boy," said he; "he has lent me to my father and mother, — but one of these days, I shall go to Him."

4. He sat for some time looking out of the window, and winking his eyes slowly, as if he thought of something; and then he turned towards me with a look full of love and joy, as he said, "If I

am a very good boy, it may be that mother and I, and all of us will go to Heaven together. I should like to have hold of dear mother's hand when I go."

5. I kissed him, and I knew that whether he lived to be a man, or died when he was a little boy, he would always be happy, so long as he thought so much about God. Indeed, he never seemed to forget that all his little comforts, and all things he loved, were given to him by a good Father who lives in Heaven.

30. LESSON THIRTIETH.

My Mother's Grave.

1. I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung;
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

2. But then there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed;
But, oh, how cold, how still she lay,
They told me she was dead.

3. It was thirteen years after my mother died, that, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried.

4. Since that mournful period, great changes had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could scarcely realize that I was the same thought-

less happy creature, whose cheek she had so often kissed, in her excess of tenderness.

5. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday, — as if the sound of her voice was even then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter regret, the tears I shed would have been gentle and soothing.

6. The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it, even now, agonizes my heart. My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so much used to seeing her pale face, and hearing her weak voice, that I began to think she would not die, as they told me she would.

7. One day, when I had lost my place in the class, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same winning smile as ever.

8. She desired me to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the servant to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget, she said, "and will not my daughter bring a glass of water, for her poor sick mother?"

9. I went, and brought the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I sat the glass down, and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother "good night."

10. But when alone in my room, in darkness, and in silence, I thought how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled, when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep, and I stole into her chamber, to ask forgiveness.

11. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but went back to my bed, thinking I would rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

12. The sun was shining brightly, when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room. She was dead! She never spoke to me more — never smiled on me again — and when I touched the hand that used to rest on my head in blessing, it was so cold, it made me start.

13. I bowed down, in the bitterness of my heart, and sobbed at her side. I thought then, I wished I could die, and be buried with her, and old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could she but have lived to tell me she forgave me my childish ingratitude.

14. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of the reproving look she gave me, will "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

31. LESSON THIRTY-FIRST.

God made all Things.

1. God made the sky that looks so blue;
He made the grass so green;
He made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.
2. God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all we see;

It comes to give us heat and light,
How thankful we should be.

3. God made the pretty bird to fly :
How sweetly has she sung ;
And though she soars so very high,
She'll not forget her young.

4. God made the mind, He made the heart,
With kind affections fraught ;
Then let us consecrate to Him,
Our ever active thought.

32. LESSON THIRTY-SECOND.

The Blind Girl.

1. Myra has a pleasant home,
O'er its roof the woodbine climbs,
And the linnet oft will come,
There to sing his merry chimes.

2. Many a flower finds its way
Round her latticed bower to wreathe.
Gentlest breezes thither stray,
Over Myra's brow to breathe.

3. Treads she where the waters glide,
Silent as a woven charm ?
One is ever at her side,
Myra still to guard from harm.

4. When the sun the mountain tips,
And the morning sky is fair,
Music oft from Myra's lips,
Swells upon the morning air.

5. There they come, — a joyous band, —
Boys and girls, with lightsome feet,
Sport around her, hand in hand,
Timing to her accents sweet.

6. Does she sleep ? O'er infant rest
Never tenderer mother bent,
Than the mother, on whose breast
Myra's pillowed cheek is leant.

7. When she wakes, a parent's smile,
Beaming fondly on her face,
Fain would every care beguile,
Every childish sorrow chase.

8. Yet is Myra seldom gay ; —
Pleasant home, and mother kind.
Songs — and flowers — sweet are they —
But poor Myra, *she is blind !*

33. LESSON THIRTY-THIRD.

The Sailor's Dog.



1. I went the other day to walk with little Maria.
It was a good day. The sun shone brightly, and

the streets were clean. As we were walking along, we saw a dog,—the funniest little dog you ever looked at.

2. He was not bigger than a kitten, but he was very pretty, indeed. He had a morocco collar on his neck, all hung with silver buttons, that looked like little bells. Though he was so small a dog, he seemed to think he was very large.

3. If he saw a great dog, he would run and bark after him. The great dogs would stare at him as if they did not know what such a little rogue could mean, by being so saucy; and they looked back as if they wanted to laugh at him.

4. Maria took a great fancy to him. I could not make her walk along with me, because she laughed so much to see the sailor's dog. The sailor saw that she was pleased with his dog, and came to me, and asked if I did not wish to buy him for my little girl.

5. He said he was going to sea the next day, and he must sell the dog, for he did not know what to do with him. So I bought Frolic, and after I had given him some victuals, and played with him a little, he seemed as much at home, as if he had always been my dog.

6. Maria was so much pleased with him, that they were almost always together;—he ran by her side when she walked,—he slept on the foot of her bed, to keep her feet warm, and if she was out of his sight a moment, Frolic would be so glad to see her when she came back, that he would run round and shake his little silver buttons for joy.

34. LESSON THIRTY-FOURTH.

The Careless Girl.

1. Rosa Deming was a very careless girl. She seldom took care of any of her things. Her father bought her a pretty morocco trunk, to keep her story books in, and for a few days, she put them away in nice order.

2. One day, when she had two visitors, she took them into the back porch, and carried the book trunk with her. After they had looked through nearly all the books, the little girls were called in to tea.

3. Rosa threw a few of the books into the trunk, the lid of which stood open, and left the others, lying about the porch, over which there was no roof. After tea, Rosa did not go and bring in her books, but played in the parlour, till bed-time.

4. In the night there came on a violent storm of wind and rain, which spoiled the books. Some were blown into the garden, and were lying on the gravel walks, and in the flower beds, covered with mud.

5. Others were still in the porch, and all were wet through and spoiled. The leaves were torn with the wind and rain; and the colors were washed off the pictures.

6. The red morocco trunk was all over stained, and the lid was so swelled with the wet, that it would not shut closely any more. Rosa cried when she saw the ruin of all her books, and her pretty trunk.

7. Her father told her he would buy her no more, as long as she was so very careless of her

things. She then resolved that she would try to be more careful, and I am happy to inform my little readers that she entirely got rid of her old habit in a short time.

35. LESSON THIRTY-FIFTH.

Cruelty to Animals:

1. Dick Smith was, in some respects, a good boy; he learned his lessons well. But he was not good to cats, and dogs, and birds; he thought they could not feel pain when he hurt them.

2. He would fling a poor kitten up, and let it fall so hard that you would think it would kill the poor thing, and then he would throw it into a pond and half drown it.

3. He had a dog that was quite fond of him, and would go and come just as he bid him; his name was Dash; he did not growl, nor snarl, nor snap, nor bite.

4. One would suppose he would be kind to such a dog as this; but Dick would beat him, and throw stones at him, and tie things to his tail, till at last Dash ran away from him, and found a friend who knew how to treat a good dog.

5. Dick was as bad to birds; if he found a nest he took it; when there were eggs he put them on a string, and he was not kind to the young birds, if he found them in a nest.

6. He had a fine Canary bird in a cage, which he let die for want of food. And he had two rabbits, but he took no care of them, and they got through the fence and ran off.

7. I am glad to say that Dick is now a better

boy. Boys nor girls should ever use live things so as to give them pain.

36. LESSON THIRTY-SIXTH.

Susan first going to School.

1. "I am glad I do not go to school to-day," said little Susan to her mother. "I am sorry to hear you say so," replied her mother, "because you were never in a school room, and therefore, do not know any thing about it."

2. "Oh! but, 'ma, they do nothing but sew and sew, and read and read, from morning to night." Her mother said nothing more then, but the next morning, she was going to see a friend of her's, and said she would carry Susan with her.

3. "This lady, my Susan," said her mother, "has three daughters, but she is so kind as to take care of seventeen little girls beside." "Oh, mother, what a good lady! what is her name," said Susan. "Her name is Anderson," answered her mother.

4. "She attends to these children six hours, every day. They cannot all sit beside her, as you do by me, so she has long seats made, and they sit by each other, in front of her. If they talk too much, or do not behave well, she puts them on a bench in a corner." "I would not talk at all," said Susan.

5. "This lady is not satisfied with teaching them a little reading and sewing, as I do you. One of the children has got a brother in New-

York, and she taught her to write him a kind letter.

6. "Mary Hammond's father went to sea, and this good lady showed her on a beautiful globe, what ocean he sailed over, and what country he went to, and when he wrote in a letter that he was at Liverpool, Mary ran to the globe, and put her finger on the place.

7. "Louisa Ross had a slate, making houses on it, one day, and Mrs Anderson said, 'Would you like to know how many apples you can buy for a dollar, at half a cent apiece?' Louisa said she should: and the lady told her if she would bring her slate and pencil to her every day, she would teach her; and now Louisa can go to a shop, for her mother, with ten dollars, and not make any mistake."

8. "I wish I knew so many things," said Susan. "The little girls are taught to behave very politely," continued her mother; "when we go in, you will see them all rise, and stand, until we are seated.

9. "These little girls have a fine yard to frolic in, at twelve o'clock; they play battle-door, skip-rope, and other plays, eat a piece of bread if they are hungry, and then, gay and happy, go into school."

10. "School? mother!" said Susan, "have you been talking about a school?" Her mother did not answer then; for they had arrived at a door, where she rang the bell. On entering a room, Susan did indeed see twenty little girls, as bright as rose-buds, and a kind looking lady.

11. "I have been telling my little Susan about your school," said her mother to Mrs Anderson, "and she is quite pleased with it. Do you think you could spare time to teach her too?"

12. "Oh, yes," said she, kissing Susan kindly. "Can you make room for her, young ladies?" The girls moved closer together, and Susan took her seat. After that day, she loved to go to school.

37. LESSON THIRTY-SEVENTH.

The Robin.

1. Every child has seen the robin, and heard a great many stories about it. But perhaps, they have not heard the parable, which I am going to relate.

2. Once, on a cold winter's day, a robin was pecking at the door of a cottager, as if asking him to let him in. The good cottager opened the window, and kindly sheltered the pretty bird in his dwelling.

3. It picked up the crumbs which fell from the table, and the children became much attached to it. When Spring had again clothed the trees and bushes with fresh verdure, the little guest flew into the nearest wood, built his nest, and filled the air with his warbling songs.

4. On the approach of winter, the robin again came to the cottager's house, and also brought his mate with him. On seeing them, both the cottager and his children were much delighted.

5. One of the children said, "Father, how expressive are the eyes of these dear little birds, they look as if they wish to say something."

6. The father replied, "my children, if the birds could speak, they would say, 'kindness wins confidence, and love begets love.'" Little read-

ers, try to remember, and practise this useful lesson.

38 LESSON THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Jane going to Bed.

1. The first serious trouble that Jane ever had, was in learning to go to sleep alone in her bed. Little babies, you know, cannot undress themselves, and go to bed; but their mother, or their nurse does it for them.

2. At first, they stay by the child, until it gets fast asleep, for fear it should fall out of bed. But when children get old enough to know that they must take care not to fall, then they are taught to go to bed alone.

3. When Jane's mother first told her that she must do this, she thought it very strange, I dare say, and perhaps even cruel, for she was not old enough to know the reason.

4. When her mother kissed her, for "good night," and the door was shut, she felt very bad, and began to cry, and cried a great deal.

5. The next night, she did not cry so much; and very soon, she did not mind going to bed, any more than if some one had staid with her till she was asleep.

6. If she had had a foolish mother, who minded her crying more than any thing else, I suppose she would have indulged her, and then she would have been treated like a child, until she had grown a large girl, and then all her friends would have been ashamed of her.

39. LESSON THIRTY-NINTH.

Lines to a very young Child.

1. With the quill of a dove,
I will write to thee, love—
Will you to my billet give ear?
I have little to tell,
But that we are well,
And hope you're the same, baby dear.

2. If you'll come and see me,
We'll not disagree,
And I'll show you my chickens and kitty:
They are lively and gay,
Through the whole of the day,
And I think they are wonderful witty.

3. Three years have gone by,
Since a baby was I,
Like you in the arms of my mother;
My eyes were as blue,
And my skin as fair too—
There were many who loved their new brother.

4. But years, and the sun,
Their work have begun,
To make me more wise, and less fair:
I shall love you, I know,
When older you grow,
And will lead you to school with great care.

40. LESSON FORTIETH.

The Little Girl's Address to a Butterfly which she saw in Church.

1. Butterfly, butterfly, why come you here ?
This is no bower for you,
Go, sip the honey-drop, sweet and clear,
Or bathe in the morning dew.
2. This is the place to think of Heaven,
This is the place to pray ;
You have no sins to be forgiven —
Butterfly, go away.
3. I see God has tinged you with beautiful dyes,
And your motion is graceful and light ;
But the *heart* is the thing open now to his eyes,
'The heart must be pure in his sight.
4. He has made us to love what is airy and gay,
And I will not despise your bright wings ;
But I must not be thinking about you to-day,
It was given for holier things.

41. LESSON FORTY-FIRST.

The Butterfly's Answer.

1. I've just now left the rosy bower,
All fragrant, and wet with dew ;
I have come to the church in its holiest hour,
To give a brief lesson to you.

2. You will oft be told in the Sacred Book,
That thou art a worm of the dust ;
Let this truth then bring down thy haughty look,
And teach thee thy heart to distrust.
3. But grieve not ; — you lot is far better than
mine,
I was lately a worm on the tree ;
Now I soar from the earth with these wings of
mine,
And am happy as happy can be.
4. You, too, shall have wings, but far better than
mine,
They are subject to sudden decay ;
But yours will outlast the wings of old time,
And will shine through an endless day.
5. Then think not the Sabbath profaned though
I'm near ;
And let not my words be in vain ;
Your heart will be better that I have been here,
If the lesson I've taught you remain.

42. LESSON FORTY-SECOND.

Happiness does not depend on Riches.

1. "I think poor children must be very unhappy," said little Octavia. "If I were poor as those children who came here begging, the other day, I should not take the least comfort in the world."
2. "My daughter is mistaken," said her mother. "Poor children are just as happy as rich ones, except when they are suffering from cold

or hunger ; and that very seldom happens in this country.

3. "Our Father, who lives in Heaven, takes care of them, as well as of you. He has given them hearts, and minds ; and it is good feelings, and good thoughts, that make both great and little folks happy. It is no matter what clothes they wear, what food they eat, or what toys they play with.

4. "That little boy who came here to beg, the other day, is a good boy ; and therefore I know he is a happy boy. The next time I visit that poor family, I will take you with me, that you may see for yourself, that they are not unhappy,"

5. When they went in, one little girl was building a house with some dirty blocks she had picked up in the street. Presently, the little boy her mother had spoken of, came in with a saucer half full of boiled rice.

6. "Where have you been, John?" asked his older sister. "I have been to give Tim Rowley some of my dinner," said he. "Tim has been out begging, all day, without getting any thing to eat ; so I gave him half my rice."

7. Then John sat down on a cricket, and ate up his morsel of rice with great relish. He scraped the saucer very clean, and looked at the spoon, as if he wished there had been more. But he put it away, with a cheerful look, and ran to get a basket of chips, for his mother.

8. "Well, my dear Octavia," said her mother, as they left the house, "do not these children seem to be happy?" "Yes, 'ma," replied the little girl, "their dirty blocks seemed to amuse them as much as my doll does me ; and John was as glad to pick up chips, as I am to ride my rocking-horse, on the piazza."

9. "From this, my daughter, learn that God is good to the poor as well as to the rich. He has ordained that every body shall be happy that is good ; and he will help every one to be good, who earnestly wishes to be so."

43. LESSON FORTY-THIRD.

Happy New Year.

1. "Oh, I wish you all a happy new year," merrily sung little Susan, very early, one cold winter's morning, to every member of the family. Many and many "happy new years" were wished, and mutually repeated, again and again.

2. This day, Susan learned her lessons at home, for it was too stormy to go to school. After she had read to her 'ma, and recited her lessons, she resumed her gay song, "Oh happy, happy new year."

3. "And why," said her mother, "will new year's day be so very happy to you?" "Because," said Susan, "I shall have gifts from you and 'pa ; I shall have a new doll and new picture books ; Oh, it will be a happy day."

4. Her 'ma kissed her, and said, "Take care, my daughter, that you do not expect so much pleasure as to be disappointed, when you have the pretty things.

5. "The doll and books will, to be sure, amuse you, for a time, but they alone cannot make you happy. You must try to be obedient and always in good humour ; it is not always easy for little girls to be in good humor, but if they take pains, they can always succeed."

6. You will all suppose that her gaiety was not at all lessened, when she received her long expected gifts. Her beautiful doll, she proposed dressing herself, and her mother assisted her in cutting and fitting a frock, made of blue and white printed cambric.

7. The time was thus passing away very happily, when two of her young friends came to see her. The visitors, Harriet and Ellen, were much pleased with her new doll, and proposed various new fashions for her dress. One thing was tried on, and then another, till some of the things were dirtied and tumbled.

8. This, you will suppose was quite a trial to Susan, but she kept her good humour, and patiently bore her troubles. She meant that the day should be a happy one, if her good conduct could make it so. Was not this a good resolution? And was not the year well begun?

44. LESSON FORTY-FOURTH.

To my Sister, on her Birth-Day.

1. Four happy years have passed o'er thee,
My sister, loved and dear;
And may the coming ones e'er be
Without a cloud, or fear.
2. I hope, sweet child, that *now* you'll try,
Your little book to read;
And every day your needle ply —
Then you'll be good indeed.
3. And when a great girl you have grown,
How pleased I'll be to say,

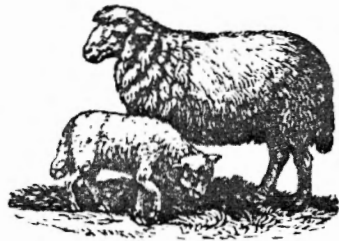
Charlotte has thought of *all* I wished,
Upon her fourth birth day.

45. LESSON FORTY-FIFTH.

To the Humming-Bird.

1. Pretty little fluttering thing,
Thou art forever on the wing;
Thrusting thy bill in honey-cup,
And drinking all the sweetness up.
 2. No matter where thou goest for food;
Each blossom has some hidden good —
An active foot, and busy bill,
Can always find it if they will.
 3. Pretty bird, I'll be like thee!
I cannot fly from tree to tree;
And could I drink the violet dew,
'Twould never make me *look* like you.
 4. But I can be a busy thing,
Although I have no splendid wing, —
In every tree I too can find
Refreshing food for heart and mind.
 5. For mother tells me nothing grows,
From the Magnolia to the Rose,
Which may not teach some useful truth,
To the inquiring mind of youth.
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46. LESSON FORTY-SIXTH.

Sheep.

1. Harry and his 'pa were walking one day, through a pasture, where there were some sheep and lambs, and they stopped to look at them.

2. "What innocent looking creatures they are," said Harry, "do you not think it cruel to kill them?" "No, my dear boy," said his 'pa, "they were made for our use, and if they are well-treated while they live, it is not cruel to kill them, because it is an act of necessity."

3. "But such pretty creatures could never hurt us," said Harry, "and why should we take away their lives?" "Because they are useful as food; and the farmer could not afford to keep them unless he could sell them to pay his rent.

4. "No part of this animal is useless, my son. The meat is what we call mutton. Your coat is made of wool, which once grew on the back of a sheep. Flannel is also made of wool; and even those stockings you have on are made of the same material.

5. "Of the skin parchment is made, and leather for gloves; it is also used to cover books, and for aprons, and sometimes it is made into morocco, for shoes.

6. "But before we can have its flesh to eat, or its skin to use, we must kill it; and this is not cruel; it is but repaying the farmer for his care and attention in rearing, and feeding the little lamb, till it becomes a full grown sheep."

47. LESSON FORTY-SEVENTH.

The Goat.

1. A goat is much like a sheep; except that, instead of having wool, he has hair on his back. Cloth is sometimes made from the hair of one kind of goat; the cloth is called Camlet. — Fine wigs are also made of goat's hair.

2. Goats appear to have more sense than sheep, and are not so timid. They can bear heat much better than sheep, but they cannot bear cold so well.

3. They can climb steep rocks or mountains, and they often leap from cliff to cliff, without any fear of falling. They will jump from such a height, that you would be surprised to see them. They like to feed on the tops of high mountains.

4 Goats give very rich, thick milk — and people carry them to sea, because they are smaller than cows, and do not take up so much room in the ships. Without goats, the people in ships would not have any milk to put in their tea.

5. Goat's milk is also good for persons who have been sick; it makes them strong and well. A kid is a young goat; there is one; see, how closely he is sitting by the side of his mother; how pretty he looks.

48 LESSON FORTY-EIGHTH.

Mary's Lamb.

1. Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.
2. He followed her to school, one day —
That was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.
3. And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.
4. And then it ran to her and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid;
You'll shield me from all harm."

5. "What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The little children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

6. "And you each gentle animal,
In confidence may bind,
And make it follow, at your call,
If *you are always kind.*"

49. LESSON FORTY-NINTH.

On Kindness to Companions.

1. "Mother," said Julius, as he entered the parlor, "I have had a fine time with my cousins. We played at snow ball, and made a snow house, and snow men — and a snow-mountain, too.
2. "Then we made a road down the mountain, and went up and down with sleds a long while. Wasn't that good fun?" "I dare say you thought so," replied his mother, "and I am pleased that your time has passed so agreeably.
3. "Come, now, my son, and sit by me with your little sister, and think if you have not some other sources of pleasure, besides these you have told. Have you not had occasion, amid all these frolics, to exercise much kindness towards your companions?"
4. "I have not been patient *all* the time," said the little boy; "I spoke unkindly to my cousin, Frank, twice; but I was sorry afterwards, and I told him so; then we were good friends, again, and after that I tried not to do wrong again, and I am glad I did not leave Frank in ill humor."

5. "And I too am glad, that you did not, my son, for Frank is a good boy, and you were right to act as you have done. We should always feel willing to confess our faults, and try to repair the injury we may have done to others.

6. "Continue, Julius, thus to think and act; and you will be happy, as well as good. Our Heavenly Father will love you, if you try every day and every year, to *do good*, and *be good*,"

50. LESSON FIFTIETH.

Do not Steal.

1. "Mother, you cannot guess what a sight of apples Mr Trueman has on his trees," said little Harry. "The limbs bend almost to the ground, and the fruit looks so yellow and sweet. I wish you would give me leave to go into the orchard and pick some."

2. "But, Harry," said his mother, "you know the apples are not mine; and I have often told you, we must not take any thing that does not belong to us; it is stealing, if we do."

3. "Why, mother, Mr Trueman cannot want so many himself, and he would never miss two or three apples, I am sure." "It is true, my son, he might never know it, but do you think that *God* would never know it?"

4. "And besides, should you not feel guilty, when you saw Mr Trueman, and be afraid he would find you out? We are always happiest, my child, when we do right."

5. "But, what can he do with so many apples? He cannot use them all himself." "No, he does

not use them all himself; he sells some of them, and gives some away.

6. "I am now spinning some wool for Mrs Trueman, and as soon as I have done it, you shall carry it home, and she will pay me a bushel of apples, and you shall have some of them.

7. "Will not that be better than creeping into the orchard, like a thief, and stealing his apples?" "Yes, indeed, it will," said Harry, jumping up with joy. "I am sure I shall never wish to steal apples again."

51. LESSON FIFTY-FIRST.

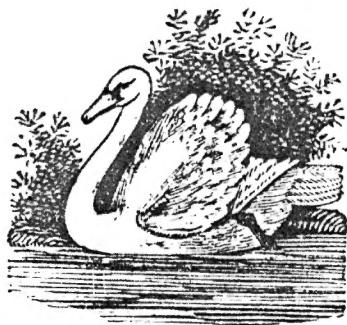
The Pheasant.

1. The pheasant is a very beautiful bird; some think it is handsomer than any other bird. The colors of its feathers are very rich and bright, and the tail is very long and pretty.

2. Pheasants do not like to be tamed, and will not be contented, unless they can live in the woods, and ramble about as they please. They are found in England, but not in this country.

3. Their wings are short, and they cannot fly far at a time — the tail is about as long as a man's arm. They are very cunning birds, and will make use of curious arts to get out of the way when people are trying to shoot, or catch them.

52. LESSON FIFTY-SECOND.

The Swan.

1. The swan says, my name is Swan; I am a large bird, larger than a goose. My bill is red, but the sides of it are black, and I have black about my eyes. My legs are dusky, but my feet are red, and I am web-footed.

2. My body is all white—as white as snow, and very beautiful. I have a very long neck—I live in rivers and lakes—I eat plants that grow in the water, and seeds, and little insects and snails.

3. I do not look pretty when I walk upon the ground; but when I am in the water, swimming smoothly along, arching my long neck, and dipping my white breast, I am the most graceful of birds.

4. I build my nest on a little island, amongst the reeds and bushes. I make it of sticks and long grass, it is very large and high.

5. Then I lay my eggs, which are white and very large—larger, a great deal, than a goose's egg—and I sit upon them for two months; then they are hatched, and my young ones come out.

6. They are called cygnets. They are not white, at first, but greyish. If any body comes near me when I am sitting on my eggs, or when I have my young ones, I fly at him fiercely, and drive him away. With my strong pinions, I could break your arm. I live a very great while.

53. LESSON FIFTY-THIRD.

The Orphan.

1. My father and mother are dead,
No friend or relation I have;
And now the cold earth is their bed,
And daisies grow over their grave.
2. I cast my eyes into the tomb,
The sight made me bitterly cry;
I said, and is this the dark room
Where father and mother must lie?
3. I cast my eyes round me again,
In hopes some protector to see;
Alas! but the search was in vain,
For none had compassion on me.
4. I cast my eyes up to the sky,
I groaned, though I said not a word,
Yet God was not deaf to my cry;
The friend of the fatherless heard.
5. Oh, yes—and he graciously smiled—
And bid me on him to depend;
He whispered, fear not, little child,
For I am your Father and Friend.

54. LESSON FIFTY-FOURTH.

On an Infant, prepared for the Grave.

1. Go to thy sleep, my child ;
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid ;
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.
2. Before thy heart hath learned
In waywardness to stray ;
Before thy feet have turned
The dark and downward way.
Ere guilt hath seared thy breast,
Or sorrow wrung the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere.
3. Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright ;
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight :
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain ?
No, angel, seek thy place
Amid the deathless train.

55. LESSON FIFTY-FIFTH.

Scripture Lessons.

1. The Lord our God is one Lord. In Him we live, and move, and have our being. The eyes

of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

2. God is love ; — and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. Live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.

3. Great is the Lord, and of great power. — There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. Fear God, and give glory to Him.

4. Jesus Christ was the son of God. He says of himself, " I am the way, and the truth, and the life. I am the light of the world ; he that followeth me, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

5. (The light of the mind is knowledge. Christ has given us the best knowledge — the knowledge of God's will — the knowledge of what we should do in this life, and what we may expect in another.)

6. Let all the earth fear the Lord — let the people of the earth stand in awe of Him. Fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth, with all your heart, for consider how great things he has done for you.

7. Honor thy father, and thy mother. Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing to the Lord. A wise son maketh a glad father ; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother. Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

8. Let us love one another ; for love is of the Lord. Love as brethren ; be pitiful ; be courteous. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you — pray for them that injure you ; forgive them that trespass against you.

9. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. — And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

56. LESSON FIFTY-SIXTH.

The Parable of the Ten Virgins.

1. In the twenty-fifth chapter of St Matthew, is the Parable called the Ten Virgins. In the country where our Saviour lived, the customs of the people, at weddings, funerals, &c. were different from what they are in this country.

2. Ten virgins went out to meet a man who was to be married. Five of them were wise, and five were foolish. It was evening, and they wanted lamps to light them on their way.

3. The wise virgins knew that they might be kept waiting to a late hour — they could not tell how long — so they took lamps filled with oil, and they also took other oil besides, that if the oil in the lamps burned out, they might have more oil to use.

4. The foolish virgins were careless; they only took oil in their lamps. They were obliged to wait a long time for the bridegroom — he did not come, and these young women all fell asleep.

5. At midnight, they were awaked — some one came to tell them that the bridegroom was coming, and that they must go out to meet him. At this moment, they all found that their lamps were going out.

6. The foolish virgins had no oil for their lamps, and they begged some of the wise virgins, but they had none to spare; they wanted all they had, for their own lamps. They then went out to buy some oil, but they could find none.

7. People do not like to sell in the night. They were gone so long on their foolish errand, that the bridegroom came, and the virgins who were

ready, went into the house with him to the wedding.

8. The door was then shut fast and when the foolish virgins returned, and knocked, the people in the house did not know their voices, for they said, "Open to us," but they were shut out.

9. This story was told to show, that people who would avoid much trouble and shame *must provide for the future.*

57. LESSON FIFTY-SEVENTH.

Filial Piety.

1. Many years ago, the Spaniards and Dutch were at war with each other; and many men were killed on both sides. At last, the Spaniards defeated their enemies, and marched into Holland, which is the country of the Dutch.

2. When they came near the small village of Westzaar, all the villagers who were able, fled, and left those who were old and sick, to the mercy of the enemy. At this time, a young lad, whose name was Lambert Meliss, found himself alone with a feeble parent whom he dearly loved.

3. The idea of her danger, so filled his mind, that he thought not of the money or other goods in the house. It was in the midst of winter, and the waters which abound in that country, were all covered with ice.

4. He had no little sled, or sledge at hand, but as a last resort, he placed his mother on a kitchen settle, and thus drew her over the ice, with all the speed his strength and excited feelings would permit.

5. The Spaniards saw, and pursued him, supposing he must be carrying away some rich treasure. It was, indeed, a rich treasure to him, but not such as they were seeking for. He saw them coming, and tried to save his dear parent, by covering her with some reeds which were near.

6. But it did no good — they were soon found. The Spaniards rushed upon them with eagerness, but saw with surprise, that the only booty they were to expect, was a feeble woman, and a young boy. Touched with the scene, they retired, and suffered the child to pursue his course.

7. He arrived in safety at a large fortified town, when his filial piety was rewarded by seeing his beloved parent in a comfortable situation. Ask not if God blessed the after life of Lambert Meliss; for is it not well with those who keep the commandments, and do them?

58. LESSON FIFTY-EIGHTH.

The Lion.

1. The Lion lives in a den. He is very strong. He has a great deal of thick yellow hair about his neck. That is his mane. He has very sharp claws. They would tear you in pieces.

2. Look at him; he is very angry. See, he lashes his sides with his tail; his eyes sparkle like fire. He roars; how loud he roars. It is very terrible — he shows his sharp teeth — his tongue is very rough.

3. The lion sleeps all day in his den. When it is night, he comes out, and prowls about to find something to eat. He eats cows, and sheep, and

horses, and he would eat you too, if you were within his reach.

4. He is called the king of beasts; he is never tamed, or made useful to man; but he is sometimes taken, and kept in a safe place, as a show. He sometimes lives seventy years.

5. He is not cruel to some animals; little dogs have been put into his den, and he has given them food, and played with them. He loves his keeper, and allows him to play with him.

6. He lives in hot countries — in Asia and Africa. The people of Africa use the lion's skin to sleep upon. The lioness, or female lion, is smaller than the lion, and has no mane. She looks like a great dog.

59. LESSON FIFTY-NINTH.

Obey your Parents.

1. "Let us take a boat," said John Reeves, to his brother, "and hire the man to give us a row on the river: the day is fair, and the tide serves; how smooth the stream is."

2. "But," said his brother, "'pa told us not to go into a boat, when he was not with us." "That was some time ago," said John, "it can be no harm now." "If he said so *years* ago, dear John, you ought to mind — much more, a few days.

3. "I will not go; I once knew a lad who went in a skiff, when his aunt told him not; the day was as fine as this — the lake was as clear as glass, but there came on a storm, and Bruce, as well as the boatman, lost his life. I saw them both put in the grave."

4. "I am glad you told me this, dear Hal; it is a good thing to have a friend to guide one. — You are not so old as I am, it is true, but you have more sense." "Not more sense," said Ben, who then came up with them, "but he puts to a good use what he has."

5. My little readers, remember the fourth commandment, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

60. LESSON SIXTIETH.

Christmas Presents.

1. The children in the North part of Germany, have a custom which pleases me much. It is usual for them to make little presents to their parents at Christmas time.

2. For some time before this happy day, the girls are as busy as so many bees, and the boys are careful to save every cent of their pocket money.

3. They are very careful to keep all their plans secret; for they do not wish to have their parents know the pleasant surprise they are preparing for them, till the time arrives.

4. The evening before Christmas, they obtain leave to light one of the parlors, and here the presents for their parents are laid out with great care. When all things are ready, the parents are called in, and the dear little creatures present their gifts.

5. It is a delightful scene of kisses and embraces, and frolick. But the contest of affection does

not end here. The next day, the parents, in their turn, present their gifts to the children.

6. On this occasion, the father converses privately with each of his sons, and the mother with each of her daughters. They tell their children all the faults they have seen in them during the year, and praise them for their good conduct. I wish the boys and girls in America would make such a good use of Christmas eve, and Christmas day.

61. LESSON SIXTY-FIRST.

The Pink Bud.

1. See this pretty bud of pink,
Bursting from amongst the green;
Not a month has passed, I think,
Since its stem was scarcely seen.
2. But I tended it with care,
Plucked each saucy weed that grew;
Morn and evening did repair,
Such attentions to renew.
3. So my parents 'tended me,
Watched my progress every hour;
Strove from faults to keep me free,
That I might in virtue flower.
4. Pretty bud, you please the eye,
And your odor sweet we find;
But a child, like me, should try
For the sweets and bloom of mind.

62. LESSON SIXTY-SECOND.

Our Playthings.

1. Susan has a waxen doll,
With little, bright blue eyes;
And Mary has a 'Pretty Poll,'
'That stuns me with its cries.
2. Dear James has made a handsome ship,
With famous masts and sails;
And 'pa has bought for little Phip,
A wooden cow and pails.
3. Ann has a glossy, purple dove;
Jane thinks her garden grand;
But I have something that I love
Better than birds or land.
4. It never speaks a word to me,
And yet 'tis always new;
'Tis full of stories as can be,
And pretty verses too.
5. I always loved to read my book,
But this the best of any:
Pray would you at the title look?
It is the Miscellany!

63. LESSON SIXTY-THIRD.

The Caterpillar.

1. Charles, do you remember the caterpillar we put in a paper box, with some mulberry leaves for it to eat? Let us go and look at it.

2. It is gone, 'pa—here is no caterpillar.— There is something in the box— what is it? I do not know: it is a little ball of yellow stuff. Let us cut it open, perhaps we may find the caterpillar.

3. No, here is nothing but a strange looking grub, and it is dead I believe, for it does not move. Now it stirs; it is not dead, quite. Charles, this grub is your caterpillar, and that yellow stuff is silk.

4. The caterpillar spun all that silk, and covered itself up with it, and then it was turned into this grub. Take it, and lay it in the sun; we will come and look at it again, to-morrow.

5. Well, this is very strange! here is no grub to be found. Did not we put it on this sheet of paper last night? Yes, and nobody has been in the room to meddle with it.

6. No, nobody at all has been in the room: but, is there nothing upon the sheet of paper? Yes, here is a white butterfly: I wonder how it came here, for the windows are shut.

7. Perhaps the grub is turned into a butterfly. It is indeed; and look, there is the empty shell of the grub, and here is the place where the butterfly came out. But he is too large—this shell could not hold him, I am sure.

8. Yes, it did, because his wings were folded up, and he lay very snug. It is the same, I assure you, Charles, and all the pretty butterflies, that you see flying about, were once caterpillars, and crawled on the ground.

9. This caterpillar, which has so puzzled you, is called a silk worm. Many people rear them, and feed them with mulberry leaves, for the sake of their silk. All the silk thread, and silk cloth you ever saw, was spun, and wound into little balls like this, by silk-worms.

64. LESSON SIXTY-FOURTH.

The Sun and Moon.

1. It is a pleasant evening, come hither, Charles, and look at the sun. **The sun is in the West. — Yes, because he is going to set. How pretty the sun looks. We can look at him now; he is not so bright as he was at dinner time, when he was up high in the bright sky.**

2. And how beautiful the clouds are! There are crimson clouds, and purple and gold-colored clouds. Now, the sun goes down very fast. Now, we can see only half of him. Now, we cannot see him at all. Farewell, sun! till to-morrow morning.

3. But now, Charles, turn your face the other way — to the East. What is it that shines so behind the trees? Is it fire? No, it is the moon. It is very large, and how red it is, like blood.

4. The moon is round, now; because it is full moon; but it will not be round to-morrow night — it will lose a little bit, and the next night it will lose a little more, and so on, till it is like your bow, when it is bent.

5. And then, it will not be seen till after you are in bed, and it will grow less and less, till in a fortnight there will be no moon at all to be seen. After that, there will be a new moon, and you will see it in the afternoon.

6. It will be very thin, at first, but it will grow rounder and bigger, every day, till at last, in another fortnight, it will be full moon again, like this, and you will see it rise again behind the trees.

65. LESSON SIXTY-FIFTH.

The Penguin.

1. This bird is about as large as a goose. It cannot fly though it has wings. Its legs are so far behind, that it has to stand upright like a man. Its wings are small, and look like the fins of fishes; it uses them to swim with.

2. Penguins keep together, in large flocks, on islands, and about the water, and live upon fish. When they are seen a great way off, in flocks, they look like a number of children dressed in black, with white aprons on.

3. They cannot run fast on the land, because their legs are so short, and it is very easy to catch them: the people go and knock them down with sticks. But in the water it can swim faster than any other bird.

4. They are very shy, and will not let any body come near them. If they see any person trying to shoot them, they will dive down into the water, and come up a great way off.

66. LESSON SIXTY-SIXTH.

The Pelican.

1. This is a very large bird, and it is very lazy and greedy. It has a large beak, and under it a great bag — so large that it will hold a pailful of water. Pelicans live near the water, and catch a great many fish.

2. They fly about, near the surface of the water, and when they see a fish, they fly down and catch it, and put it in their bag. When they have got a bag full, they go ashore, and eat them.

They eat so much, that they can hardly fly, and then they go to sleep, and sleep till they are hungry again. The pelican is a very good natured bird, and can be very easily tamed.

4. In some countries they are trained so that they will fly out and catch a bag full of fish, and carry them home to their masters. Pelicans live a great many years.

67. LESSON SIXTY-SEVENTH.

Salt.

1. The salt which we eat with our meat, is found almost every where. The water of the great ocean contains salt. People collect a great deal of water, and place it so that the water will dry up, and leave the salt.

2. A child could make salt in this way. Take some salt water in a saucer, and set it in the sun:

the sun: the water will dry up in time, and leave little lumps of salt sticking about the saucer.

3. Some countries are very far from the sea, but in these countries there are salt springs, or mines of salt. The salt water of the springs is boiled till it evaporates, or dries up, and leaves the salt.

4. God knew that salt would preserve many things, which men would want to keep, and that it would make their food taste better; so He has given it to all parts of the earth, that men might have it, every where.

68. LESSON SIXTY-EIGHTH.

Money.

1. Look at a silver dollar. Once, that dollar was in the mine. Some people went there, and found the silver ore; they carried it, and put it in a large oven, where there was a very hot fire.

2. The fire melted the silver, but did not melt the other things which were mixed with it; so the silver ran out from the dirt and stone, which is called dross, and then it is pure silver.

3. The pure silver is too soft to be used by itself, without putting a little of some other metal with it to make it harder. This other metal, which is mixed with silver is called alloy.

4. The metal used for money, is carried to a place called the mint. There, it is cut into small pieces and weighed. Every true dollar weighs just so much, and a half dollar weighs half as much.

5. Each piece of silver is then stamped. Children have seen a watch seal, and have seen the figure on it stamped upon sealing-wax. In the same manner, the head of liberty, the letters, and the year, are stamped upon each piece of silver.

6. Silver, which has this stamp on it, is called coin. Bank notes are pieces of paper, used for money. Some people, who have a great deal of money, put it in a place called the bank; here they keep the coin — but in order to have money to use, they give people a great many pieces of paper, which have written on them the value of all the money which is in the bank.

69. LESSON SIXTY-NINTH.

Trees and Fruit.

1. A tree has a root that goes under the ground, a great way. The roots are like legs; the tree could not stand without them. Then the tree has a trunk; that is its body. And it also has branches; these are its arms: they spread out very far.

2. Then there are boughs: and upon the boughs, leaves and blossoms. Here is a blossom upon the apple-tree. Will the blossom be always upon the tree? No, it will fall off soon; perhaps it will fall off to-night.

3. But then do you know what comes instead of the blossom? Yes, the fruit. After the apple-blossoms there will be apples. Shall I come here to-morrow and get some apples? No, you must have patience — there will not be ripe apples this long time yet.

4. At first, the apple is very small — not larger than a pea; it will grow larger and larger, every day, till at last it will come to be a great apple.

5. But you must not eat it yet; you must let it hang, till the sun has made it red, and you can pull it off easily. Now, it is ripe; it is as red as your cheeks — you may gather it, and eat it.

70. LESSON SEVENTIETH.

Story of the Chimney Sweeper.

1. A man riding near the town of Reading, saw a chimney sweeper lying in the dirt, who seemed to be in great pain. The man asked him what was the matter; the poor boy answered that he had fallen, and hurt himself badly.

2. The man was kind to him; he got off his horse, and put the boy on it, and walked by his side, to hold him on, till he came to Reading. — He carried him to the house of an old woman, and sent for a surgeon, to dress his wounds.

3. The surgeon examined the boy, and said he had broken his arm, and hurt his leg. He then set the broken arm, and dressed his other bruises; and the man paid him for it.

4. He also gave some money to the old woman, to pay her for the trouble she would have in taking care of the boy, and for the food he would eat, before he could be well, and able to work for his living.

5. Then the man went to his house, which was a long way off. The boy soon got well, and earned his living by sweeping chimneys at Reading. Some years after, this good man was riding

through Reading, and his horse took fright upon a bridge, and jumped into the river, with the man on his back.

6. The man could not swim, and the people who saw him fall in were afraid to jump in, and get him out. A chimney sweeper, who was going by, saw him, and without stopping a moment, threw himself into the river, and saved him from being drowned.

7. When the man was safe on the land, and was going to thank his deliverer, he saw that it was the same chimney sweeper that he had taken care of, a few years before; and who had now exposed his own life, to save that of his benefactor.

8. Little children, which should you like best? the chimney sweeper who was *grateful*, and ventured his life to save the man who had been so good to him; or the man who was *humane*, and took care of the boy whom he did not know?

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