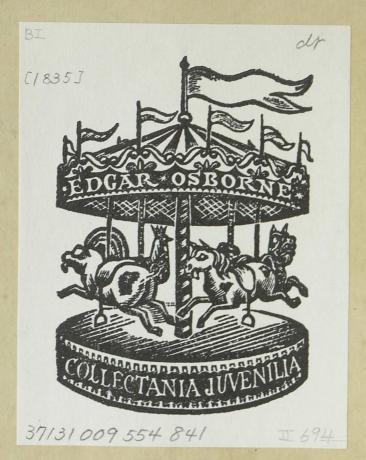
Nursery Library.

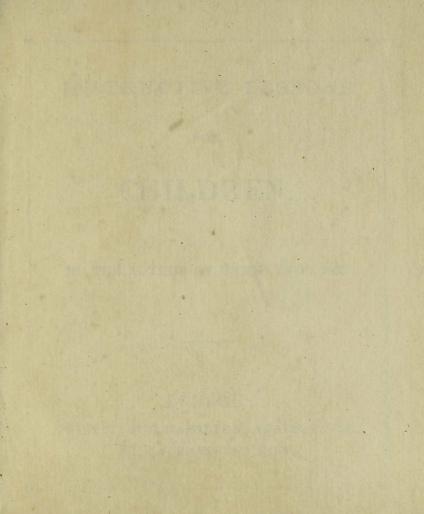
INSTRUCTIVE

LESSONS

FOR

CHILDREN.





Printed by Arthur Brough, Kidderminster.

INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS

FOR

CHILDREN.

Come hither, Charles, come to mamma.

Make haste.

Sit in mamma's lap.

Now read your book.

Where is the pin to point with?

Here is a pin.

Do not tear the book.

Only bad boys tear books.

Charles shall have a pretty new lesson.

Spell that word. Good boy.

Now go and play.

Where is puss?

Puss has got under the table.

You cannot catch puss.

Do not pull her by the tail, you hurt her. Stroke poor puss. You stroke her the wrong way. This is the right way.

But, puss, why did you kill the rabbit? You must catch mice: you must not kill rabbits.

Why do you not speak, puss?

Puss cannot speak.

Will Charles feed the chickens?

Here is some corn for the pigeons.

Pretty pigeons!

Well, what do you say?

Did you kill the rabbits?

The sun shines. Open your eyes, little boy. Get up.

Maid, come and dress Charles.

Go down stairs. Get your breakfast.

Boilsome milk for a poor little hungry boy.

Do not spill the milk.

Hold the spoon in the other hand.

Do not throw your bread upon the ground.

Bread is to eat, you must not throw it away.

Corn makes bread.

Corn grows in the fields.

Grass grows in the fields.

Cows eat grass, and sheep eat grass, and horses eat grass.

Little boys do not eat grass; no, they eat bread and milk.

Letters make syllables.
Syllables make words.
Words make a sentence.

It is a pleasant thing to read well.

When you are older you shall learn to write: but you must know how to read first.

Once papa could not read, nor tell his letters.

If you learn a little every day you will soon know a great deal.

Mamma, shall I ever have learned all that there is to be learned?

No, never, if you were to live longer than the oldest man, but you may learn something every day. Papa, where is Charles?
Ah! where is the little boy!
Papa cannot find him.
Lie still. Do not stir.
Ah! here he is. He is under mamma's apron.

Ride upon papa's cane.

Here is a whip. Whip away.

Make haste, horse.

I want to ride a live horse.

Saddle the horse for the little boy.

The horse prances, he tosses his head, he pricks up his ears, he starts.

Sit fast; take care he does not throw you; he ambles, he trots, he gallops. The horse stumbles. Down comes poor Charles in the dirt—Hark; the huntsman's horn sounds.

The hounds come by with their long sweeping ears.

The horses are in a foam.

See how they break down the farmer's fences.

They leap over the ditch.

One, two, three. They are all gone over. They are running after the hare.

Poor little hare, I believe you must be caught.

In Germany they hunt the tusky boar.

See, that great boy wants to take away his little sister's hoop: it is very wrong for boys or girls to tease their younger brothers and sisters. I hope, Charles, you will never do so.—Now let us go home.

Come and give mamma three kisses. One, two, three.

Little boys must come when mamma calls them.

Come and let me comb your hair.

Stand still.

Here is the comb case for you to hold.

Your frock is untied.

Pray clasp my shoe.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Open the door.

Come in.

Reach a chair.

Sit down.

Come to the fire.

How do you do?

Very well.

Bring some coals.

Make up the fire.

Sweep up the hearth.

Where is the brush?

Stand upon the carpet.

Do not meddle with the ink-horn.

See, you have inked your frock.

Here is a slate for you, and here is a pencil.

Now sit down on the carpet and write.
What is this red stick?
It is sealing-wax.
What is it for?
To seal letters with.
I want papa's watch.
No, you will break the glass.
You broke it once.
You may look at it.
Put it to your ear.

What does it say? Tick, tick, tick.

Squirrels crack nuts.

Monkeys are very comical.

You are very comical sometimes.

Kittens are playful.

Old cats do not play.

Mice nibble cheese.

An old rat is in the trap.

He has fine whiskers, and a long tail.

He will bite hard, he will bite through wood.

Owls eat mice. Owls live in barns and hollow trees. "Then nightly sings the staring owl, To whit, To whoo."

Frogs live in marshes.

Do not kill that toad, it will not hurt you.

See what a fine eye he has.
The snake has a new skin every year.
The snake lays eggs.
The snake will do you no harm.
The viper is poisonous.
An old fox is very cunning.
The lamb is gentle.
The ass is patient.
The deer are feeding in the park.

There is a pretty butterfly.
Come, shall we watch it?
Butterfly, where are you going?
It is flown over the hedge.
He will not let us catch him.
There is a bee sucking the flowers.
Will the bee sting Charles?

No, it will not sting you if you let it alone. Honey is very sweet.

Bees make wax and honey.

Charles shall have some honey and bread for supper.

Caterpillars eat cabbages.

Here is a poor little snail crawling up the wall.

Touch him with your little finger.

Ah, the snail is crept into his shell.

His shell is his house. Good night, snail.

Let him alone, and he will soon come out again.

I want my dinner, I want pudding.

It is not ready yet.

It will be ready presently, and then Charles shall have his dinner.

Lay the cloth.

Where are the knives, and forks, and plates?

The clock strikes; take up the dinner.

May I have some meat?

No, meat is not good for little boys.

Here are cherries.

Do not swallow the stone.

I want some wine.

What, wine for little boys! I never heard of such a thing. No, you must not have wine. Here is Water.

Do not stand so near the fire. Go on the other side.

Do not tread upon mamma's apron. Go away now, I am busy.

Charles, what are eyes for? To see with.

What are ears for? To hear with. What is the tongue for? To talk with. What are teeth for? To eat with. What is the nose for? To smell with. What are legs for? To walk with. Then do not make mamma carry you. Walk yourself. Here are two good legs. Will you go abroad? Fetch your hat. Let us go into the fields, and see the

sheep, and the lambs, and the cows, and

trees, and birds, and water.

There is a man on horseback.

Where are you going?

He does not mind us, he rides away.

Now he is a great way off,

Now we cannot see him at all.

There is a dog, The dog barks.

Well, do not be afraid, he will not hurt you.

Come hither, dog.

Let him lick your hand. Poor Flora!

Charles is tired; come, let us go home.

Ink is black, and papa's shoes are black.

Paper is white, and Charles's frock is white.

Grass is Green.
The sky is blue.
Charles's shoes are red. Pretty red shoes.

Cowslips are yellow.

The table is brown.

White, black, red, green, blue, yellow, brown.

Pray give me a raisin. Here is one. I want another. Here is another. One, two. I want a great many: I want ten. Here are ten. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Now what will you do with all these raisins? Give Billy some, and sister Sally. Good boy. There is a pin, Pick it up. Give it to mamma.

Do not put it in your mouth; that is a very, very naughty trick. Stick it upon the pincushion. Fetch the work-basket. No; do not sit upon it, you will break it; sit upon your own little stool. Mamma, what are you doing? Reading a pretty story-book. Lay by your book, mamma, and play with Great learning to the contract to the contract

It is winter now, cold winter.
There is ice in the pond.
It hails. It snows.
Will you run out in the snow?
Go then.
Let us make snow balls.

Pretty snow, how white it is, and how soft it is.

Bring the snow to the fire.

See, see how it melts. It is all gone, there is nothing but water.

Shall we walk?

No, it is too dirty.

When Charles is a big boy, he shall have trousers, and a little pair of boots; and then he shall go in the dirt; and he shall have a pretty little horse of his own, and a saddle, and bridle, and a whip, and then he shall ride out with papa.

When spring comes again there will be green leaves and flowers, daisies and pinks, and violets and roses; and there will be young lambs, and warm weather. Come again, spring.

It rains hard.

See how it rains.

The ducks love rain,

Ducks swim, and geese swim.

Chickens do not swim.

Can Charles swim? No.

If Charles goes in the water he will be drowned.

You shall learn to swim when you are as big as Billy.

Bring the tea things.
Bring the little boy's milk.
Where is the bread and butter?
Where is the toast and the muffin?
Here is some bread for you.

Little boys should not eat bufter.

Sop the bread in your tea.

The tea is too hot, you must not drink it yet.

You must wait a little. Pour it into your saucer. The sugar is not melted. Who is that lady? Do not you know? Go and give her a kiss. Pull off your hat. Nobody wears a hat in the house. Hats are to go abroad with. Take me in your lap. Come then. Do you love mamma? Dear mamma! Charles has tumbled down. Get up again then.

Never mind it.

What is the matter with your arm?

Puss has scratched it.

Poor arm, let me kiss it.

There, now it is well.

Puss was only at play.

I have hit my head against the table, naughty table.

No, not naughty table, silly boy!
The table did not run against Charles.
Charles ran against the table.
The table stood still in its place.

I heard somebody cry just now, I wonder who it was.

It was some naughty boy, I fancy. Good boys do not cry.

Little babies cry.

Little babies cannot talk, nor run about; they can do nothing but cry.

Charles was a little baby once, and lay in a cradle.

Then I did cry.

Yes, but now you must not cry. Now you are a little boy and ride upon a stick.

See, here is Betty come from the fair.

What has she brought?

She has brought Charles a gun, and a sword, and a hammer, and some ginger-bread.

She is very good.

Thank you, Betty.

Do not eat all the gingerbread now.

It will make you sick

It will make you sick.

Give me some to lay by for tomorrow.

I will put it in the cupboard.

Your face is dirty.

Get your face washed.

Get your hands washed.

Now he is a clean boy.

Well, Charles, have you been sailing your little boat in the tub of water with Thomas? I hope you have not made yourself wet.

Ah, here is money. What is this?
This is gold; this is a sovereign.

This white is silver: here is a crown, here is a half crown, here is a shilling, here is a sixpence.

We will spin the half crown upon the table.

It is fallen down.

Pick it up.

Here is a halfpenny for you.

I want some sovereigns.

No, mamma must have the sovereigns to buy beef and mutton with.

Here is a poor little boy at the door, he has no money at all, nor any thing to eat.

Shall we give him a penny?

Yes.

Go then and give it him.

It is dark.
Bring candles.
Snuff the candles.
Shut the window-shutters.
Do not shut them yet.

Look at the moon.

O bright moon! O pretty moon!

The moon shines at night, when the sun is out of our sight.

Is the sun out of sight?

Then it is time for little boys to go to bed.

The chickens are gone to bed, and the little birds are gone to bed, and the sun is out of sight, and Charles must go to bed.

Poor little boy, he is sleepy.

I believe we must carry him up stairs.

Pull off his shoes.

Pull off his frock and petticoats.

Put on his nightcap.

Cover him up.

Lay his little head on the pillow. Good night. Shut your eyes, go to sleep.

Good morning, little boy; how do you do? Bring your stool and sit down by me, for I have a great deal to tell you.

I hope you have been a good boy, and read all the pretty words I wrote for you before. You have, you say; you have read them till you are tired, and you want some more new lessons. Come then, sit down. Now you and I will tell stories.

Look at puss! she pricks up her ears, and smells about. She smells the mice. They are making a noise behind the

wainscot. Puss wants to get into the closet. Let her in. The mice have been in the closet, and nibbled the biscuits. Ah! there is a mouse puts her tail through the mouse-hole of the wainscot. Take care, little puss will catch you. Look, look, there she runs! See puss springs upon her; puss has got the mouse; puss has given her a squeeze. She lets her run about a little. The poor mouse thinks to steal away by the side of the wainscot. Now puss springs again, and lays her paw upon her. I wish, puss, you would not be so cruel, I wish you would eat her up at once.-It is a cold night; it freezes. Let us catch puss. Come into this dark corner. Now

rub her back while I hold her; rub hard. Stroke her fur the wrong way. Hark! it crackles; sparks come out. The cat's back is on fire. This fire will not hurt her, nor you either. Now we will let her go: she begins to be angry.

What is to day, Charles? To-day is Sunday.—And what will to-morrow be? To-morrow will be Monday.—And what will the next day be? The next day will be Tuesday.—And the next day? Wednesday.—And the next? Thursday.—And the next? Thursday.—And the next? Saturday.—And what what will come after Saturday? Why then Sunday will come again.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. That makes seven days, and seven days make—A Week.

And now you know how much four weeks make.

How much?

A month,

And twelve months make a year.— January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

It is January. It is very cold. It freezes. There are no leaves upon the trees. The oil is frozen, and the milk is

frozen, and the river is frozen, and every thing in the fields is frozen.

All the boys are sliding: you must learn to slide. There is a man skating. How fast he goes! You shall have a par of skates. Take care! there is a hoe in the ice. Come in. It is four o'clock. It is dark. Light the candles: and Ralph! get some wood from the woodhoue, and get some coals, and make a very good fire.

February is very cold too, but the days are longer, and there is the yellow crocus coming up, and the mezereon tree is in blossom and there are some white snow-drops peping up their little heads. Pret-

May I gather it? Yes, you may; but you must always ask leave before you gather a flower. What a noise the rooks make, Caw, caw, caw; and how bisy they are! They are going to build their nests. There is a man plowing the fild.

It is March. Now the wind blows! It will blow such a little fellow as you away almost. There is a tree bown down.

Here are some young lambs. Poor things; how they creep under the edge. What is this flower? A primrose

April is come, and the birds ang, and the trees are in blossom, and flowers are coming out, and butterflies, and the sun shines. Now it rains. It rains and the sun shines. There is a rainbow. O what fine colours! Pretty bright rainbow! No, you cannot catch it, it is in the sky. It is going away. It fades. It is quite gone. I hear the cuckoo. He says, Cuckoo! cuckoo! He is come to tell us it is spring.

It is May. O pleasant May! Let us walk out in the fields. The hawthorn is in blossom. Let us go and get some out of the hedges. And here are daisies, and cow-slips, and crow-flowers. We will make a nosegay. Here is a bit of thread to tie it with. Smell, it is very sweet. What has Billy got? He has got a nest of young birds. He has been climb-

ing a high tree for them. Poor little birds! they have no feathers. Keep them warm. You must feed them with a quill. You must give them bread and milk. They are young goldfinches. They will be very pretty when they have got their red head and yellow wings. Do not let them die. The old birds would be very sorry if they were to die. O do not eat green goose-berries! they will make you ill.

June is come. Get up, you must not lie so long in bed now; you must get up and walk before breakfast. What noise is that? It is the mower whetting his scythe. He is going to cut down the grass. And will he cut down all the flowers too? Yes, every thing. This scythe

is very sharp. Do not come near it, you will have your legs cut off. Now we must make hay. Where is your fork and rake? Spread the hay. Now make it up into cocks. Now tumble on the hay-cock. There, cover him up with the hay. How sweet the hay smells! O, it is very hot! No matter; you must make hay while the sun shines. You must work well. See, all the lads and lasses are at work. They must have some beer, and bread and cheese. Now put the hay into the cart. Will you ride in the cart? Huzza! Hay is for papa's horse to eat in winter, when there is no grass.

Do you love strawberries and cream? Let us go then and gather some strawberries. They are ripe now. Here is a very large one. It is almost too big to go into your mouth. Get me a bunch of currants. Strip them from the stalk. The birds have pecked all the cherries. Where is Charles? He is sitting under a rose-bush.

July is very hot indeed, and the grass and the flowers are all burnt, for it has not rained a great while. You must water your garden, else the plants will die. Where is the watering-pot? Let us go under the trees. It is shady there, it is not so hot. Come into the harbour. There is a bee upon the honeysuckle. He is getting honey. He will carry it to the hive. Will you go and bathe in the

water? Here is water. It is not deep. Pull off your clothes. Jump in. Do not be afraid. Pop your head in.

Now you have been in long enough. Come out, and let me dry you with this towel.

It is August. Let us go into the cornfields to see if the corn is almost ripe. Yes, it is quite brown; it is ripe. Farmer Diggory! you must bring a sharp sickle and cut down the corn: it is ripe. Eat some, Charles; rub it in your hands. This is a grain of corn; this is an ear of corn; this stalk makes straw. Now it must be tied up in sheaves. Now put a great many sheaves together, and make a

shock. Put it into the cart, Farmer Diggory! carry it to your barn to make bread. Sing harvest home! harvest home! The rabbits eat a great deal of corn. See, there are two just coming out of the middle of it. There is a poor old woman picking up some ears of corn; and a poor little girl that has no clothes hardly. They are gleaning. Give them your handful, Charles. Take it, poor woman! it will help to make you a loaf. Poor woman! she is very old, she cannot run, she is sadly tired with stooping.

It is September. Hark! Somebody is letting off a gun! They are shooting the poor birds. Here is a bird dropped

down just at your feet. It is all bloody. Poor thing! how it flutters. Its wing is broken. It cannot fly any further. It is going to die. What bird is it? It is a partridge. Are you not sorry, Charles? It was alive a little while ago.

Bring the ladder, and set it against the tree. Now bring a basket. We must gather apples. No, you cannot go up the ladder; you must have a little basket and pick up apples under the tree. Shake the tree. Down they come. How many have you got? We will have an appledumpling. Come, you must help to carry the apples into the apple-chamber. Apples make cider. You shall have some baked pears and bread for supper. Are

these apples? No, they are quinces, they will make marmalade.

October is come, Charles; and the leaves are falling off the trees, and the flowers are all gone. No, here is an African marigold, and a China-aster, and a Michaelmas daisy. Will you have any nuts? Fetch the nut crackers. Peel this walnut. I will make you a little boat of the walnut-shell. We must get the grapes, or else the birds will eat them all. Here is a bunch of black grapes. Here is a bunch of white ones. Which will you have? Grapes make wine.

What bird have you got there? It is dead, but it is very pretty. It has a

scarlet eye, and red, and green, and purple feathers. It is very large. It is a pheasant. He is very good to eat. We will pull off his feathers and tell Betty Cook to roast him. Here is a hare too. Poor puss! the hounds have caught her.

Dark dismal November is come. No more flowers! no more pleasant sunshine! no more hay-making! The sky is very black: the rain pours down. Well, never mind it. We will sit by the fire, and read, and tell stories, and look at pictures. Where is Billy, and Harry, and little Betsy? Now tell me who can spell best. Good boy! There is a clever fel-

low! Now you shall all have some cake.

It is December, and Christmas is coming, and Betty is very busy. What is she doing? She is paring apples, and chopping meat, and beating spice. What for, I wonder? It is to make mince pies. Do you love mince pies? O they are very good! Little boys come from school at Christmas. Pray wrap them up warm, for it is very cold. Well, spring will come again sometime.

Your papa's wife is your mother. Your mamma's husband is your father. Your papa's father is your grandfather. Your papa's mother is your grandmother.

Your mamma's father and mother are your grandfather and grandmother.

Your papa's brother is your uncle.

Your papa's sister is your aunt.

Your mamma's brother and sister are your uncle and aunt.

You are your uncle's nephew.

Lucy is her uncle's niece.

Your papa's and mamma's child is your brother or sister.

Your uncle's and aunt's child is your cousin.

Bring grandpapa his stick to walk with.

Set the arm chair by the fire for grand-mamma.

Your aunt knit these stockings for you. Ask papa to play at hide and seek with you.

Hide yourself under mamma's apron.

When your uncle comes you shall take a ride upon his horse.

Divide your cake with your brothers and sisters.

We will send for your cousins to play with you, and then we shall have all the family together.

How many fingers have you got little boy?

Here are four fingers on this hand; and what is this? Thumb. Four fingers and thumb, that makes five. And how many on the other hand?

There are five too.

What is this?

This is the right hand.

And this? This is the left hand.

And how many toes have you got? Let us count.

Five upon this foot, and five upon this foot.

Five and five make ten; ten fingers and ten toes.

How many legs have you?

Here is one, and here is another. Charles has two legs. How many legs has a horse? A horse has four legs.

And how many has a dog?

Four; and a cow has four; and a sheep has four; and puss has four.

And how many legs have the chickens? Go and look.

The chickens have only two legs.

And the linnets, and the robins, and all the birds, have only two legs.

But I will tell you what birds have got; they have got wings to fly with, and they fly very high in the air.

Charles has no wings.

No, because Charles is not a bird.

Charles has got hands. Cows have no hands, and birds have no hands.

Have birds teeth? No, they have no teeth.

How do they eat their victuals then?
Birds have got a bill. Look at the chickens; they pick up the corn in their little bills. See how fast they pick it up.

How many legs have fishes?
Fishes have no legs at all.
How do they walk then?

They do not walk, they swim about in the water; they live always in the water.

Charles could not live under the water. No, because Charles is not a fish.

Here is a fish that somebody has caught. Poor little fish! throw it on the grass. See how it flounces about! It has a hook in its gills. Take it by the tail. It is slippery; you cannot hold it. See, these are fins. It has got fins to swim with; and it has scales, and sharp teeth. It will be dead soon. It cannot stir any more.

Now it is quite dead. The fish dies because it is out of water, and Charles would die if he were in the water.

What has Charles got to keep him warm?

Charles has got a frock and warm petticoats. And what have the poor sheep got; have they petticoats?

The sheep have got wool, thick warm wool. Feel it. O, it is very comfortable! That is their petticoat.

The shepherd takes great care of the sheep; he often plays his pipe while they are feeding.

And what have horses got?

Horses have got long hair; and cows have hair.

And what have birds got?

Birds have got feathers; soft, clean shining feathers.

Birds build nests in trees; nests are their houses.

The wolf has a den: that is his house.

The dog has a kennel.
The bees live in a hive.
The pigs live in a sty.
Can you climb a tree? No.
But you must learn then.

As soon as you have trousers, you must learn to climb trees.

Ask puss to teach you; she can climb. See, how fast she climbs! She is at the top. She wants to catch birds. Pray, puss, do not take the little birds that sing so merrily! She has got a sparrow in her mouth. She has eaten it all up. No, here are two or three feathers upon the ground all bloody. Poor sparrow.

The dog barks,-the hog grunts,-the pig squeaks,-the horse neighs,-the cock crows,-the ass brays,-the cat purrs,the kitten mews,-the bull bellows,-the cow lows,-the calf bleats,-Sheep bleat, -the lion roars,-the wolf howls,-the tiger growls,-the fox barks,-Mice squeak,-the frog croaks,-the sparrow chirps,-the swallow twitters,-the rook caws,-the bittern booms,-the pigeon cooes,-the turkey gobbles,-the peacock screams,-the beetle hums.-the grasshopper chirps,-the duck quacks,-the goose cackles,-Monkeys chatter,-the owl hoots,-the screech-owl shrieks,-the snake hisses,-Charles talks.

What is that spot of green light under the hedge? See, there is another, and another! Ah, they move! how fast they run about! Is it fire? it is like wildfire; they are like little stars upon the ground.

Take one of them in your hand, it will not burn you.

How it moves about in my hand! my hand has fire in it. What is it?

Bring it into the house: bring it to the candle.

Ah, it is a little worm; it hardly shines at all now.

It is called a glow-worm.

Do not you know the song of the fairies?

And when the sun does hide his head, The glow-worm lights us home to bed. In some countries there are insects which fly about in the summer evenings, and give a great deal more light than the glow-worm: you may see to read by two or three of them together. They are called fire-flies.

A fine large moth has flown into the room.

He flutters about the candle; the light attracts him.

Pray do not burn yourself pretty moth!

Put him away with your hand.

He will come again: I cannot hinder him.

He has scorched his long slender feelers, and his silvery wings.

Why will you burn yourself, poor moth?

He will not be wise; he flies quite into the candle.

He is burnt to death.

The silly moth did not know what would hurt him.

No more do some little boys.

Kites and hawks eat chickens.

Spiders make cobwebs; they catch flies in them, and eat them up.

Owls fly in the night.

Butchers kill sheep.

The carpenter makes tables and boxes.

You shall have a box, with a lock and key to it.

The carpenter has a saw, and a chisel, and a plane, and an adze, and a gimblet, and a turn-screw, and a hatchet, and a file, and a vice, and pincers, and a hammer, and nails, and a mallet.

Charles's wooden horse is broken.

Well, take it to the carpenters; let him mend it.

Charles has fallen down and broken his head.

Shall I take it to the carpenter's?

No, silly boy! carpenters do not mend
heads.

Shoemakers make shoes.
Old people wear spectacles.
Good boys love to read.
The barber shaves.

Come, papa, sit down; you must have your beard shaved.

Here is the soap, and the basin, and the razor.

Barber, do not cut papa.

Shall we go into the garden, and see the flowers, and the apple-trees, and run about in the gravel walk?

Where is your roller? Come, roll the walk.

Work well, and perhaps I may give you a halfpenny a day. Every body works but little babies; they cannot work.

If you are a good boy, you shall have a little garden of your own, and a spade to dig with, and a hoe, and a rake, and a little wheel-barrow; and pray do not let me see any weeds in your garden? pull them all up. And you must have a little hedge about it, else the pigs will get in and spoil it. And you must go to the gardener, and say, Pray give me some seeds; and you must sow them. You must make a little hole in the ground, and put them in, and cover them up with mould, and they will grow. Here is some cress and mustard seed. Sow it, and we shall have a salad. Water your garden. Charles, look at this gooseberry bush; it was but so high when we put it in the ground, and now it is a great deal taller; it is so high.

The gooseberry bush grows.

Does Charles grow?

Yes; Charles could not reach the table once, and now he can reach higher a great deal.

Is the table taller than it was a great while ago?

No; the table does not grow.

Why does not the table grow, Charles?

See, I have brought you something very pretty: look at this large round glass which is filled with water.

Ha! here are fish in it; beautiful, shining fish, with white, and crimson, and purple, and gold-coloured scales. They are gold and silver fish.

How they swim about! how large they look when they are at the other end of the glass! See! see, now this fish looks as big again as it did just now.

That is because you see it through the

water.

Are these fish found in the rivers?

They are not found in our rivers; these gold and silver fish come from a great way off; they come from China.

Will they live in this glass?

Yes; and they will live almost without eating any thing at all. Sometimes they eat a little bread, but the water is nourishment enough for them for a long while.

They are very tender, and easily killed.

Sometimes a hail-storm or a thunder cloud going over them will kill them in their own country.

Now set them in the window in the warm sun.

Here is a lady bird upon a leaf. It is red, and has black spots. Ah! it has wings. It has flown away. There is a black beetle. Catch it. How fast it runs. Where is it gone? Into the ground. It makes a little hole and runs into the ground.

Worms live in the ground.

The Ass is a very patient animal, and there are many people who would not be a-

ble to get their bread, unless it helped them in their work by bearing great and heavy burdens. And there are some places where the hills are very high, and it is very hard and dangerous to travel over the narrow roads along their sides, and there the poor careful ass will find its way better than any man, and will carry the traveller on its back from one ridge of rocks to another, and never either stumble or slip. Many hundred years ago they were used for riding by persons of great dignity, but they were larger and handsomer than those we see now, in these parts of the world. There are two little boys yonder on a very pretty ass, but they have been beating him,

which is naughty, and their little sister is telling them so, which is very good of her. I wonder how people can be so cruel to such patient animals. I could tell you a great many things about them if we had time, which would make you think they ought to be treated well. For do you know, that they are not only ready to bear all the burdens you choose to put upon them, but will suffer hunger and thirst for a long time, and keep on working, and never refuse to carry their master, till they sink down and die. This is very good indeed of them, and it is a great wonder that people are not more kind to the poor beasts, and, instead of treating them so badly, do not feed them better,

and give them good water, and fresh grass, whenever they can spare them a little time from their work. I hope if Robert has a donkey, he will be very kind to it when he has done riding, and see that it has a good bed of clean straw, and when it is grown old, that it is not made to work very hard, but left to feed in the green fields and meadows, which it ought to do, after it has laboured as many years as it could. If he do not do so, he will not deserve to have a donkey, and I dare say never will.

It is cold, Charles! very cold! Pray what do you call it when it is so cold? They call it winter, you know. I won-

der what those poor little boys do that have no fire to go to, and no shoes and stockings to keep them warm, and no good papas and mammas to take care of them and give them victuals. Poor little boys! Do not cry, Charles, for here is a half-penny, and when you see one of those poor little boys you shall give it him; he will go and buy a roll with it, for he is very hungry; and he will say, Thank you, Charles, you are very good to me.

I will tell you what, Charles; it will be a great deal colder soon, and snow will come down. Then the pretty little robins will come and fly against the window. Open the window. Well, what do you want, little robin? Only a few crumbs of bread. Give him some crumbs and he will hop, hop about the parlour, and sit upon the top of the screen, and sing—O he will sing all the day long! Now pray do not let that wicked cat take him. No, puss! you must go and catch mice, you shall not eat poor robin. There was a cruel naughty boy once—I will tell you a story about him.

There was a naughty boy; I do not know what his name was, but it was not Charles, nor George, nor Arthur, for those are all very pretty names: but there was a robin came in at his window one very cold morning—shiver—shiver,—and its poor little heart was almost fro-

zen to death. And he would not give it the least little crumb of bread in the world, but pulled it about by the tail, and hurt it sadly, and it died. Now a little while after the naughty boy's papa and mamma went away and left him, and then he could not take care of himself. So he went about to every body-Pray give me something to eat, I am very hungry. And every body said No, we shall give you none, for we do not love cruel, naughty boys. So he went about from one place to another, till at last he got into a thick wood of trees; for he did not know how to find his way to any place he knew; and then it grew dark, quite dark night. So he sat down and cried sadly; and he could not get out of the wood; and I believe he would have died, if his cries had not been heard by a poor man who was passing that way, and who was so kind as to take him home to his house. So that if the poor man had been as cruel to him, as he was to the robin, the naughty boy must have died in the wood.

I will tell you another story.

There was a little boy; he was not a big boy, for if he had been a big boy, I suppose he would have been wiser; but this was a little boy, not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma sent him to school. It was a very pleasant morning; the sun shone, and the

birds sung on the trees. Now this little boy did not much love his book, for he was but a silly little boy, as I told you; and he had a great mind to play instead of going to school. And he saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower, and then upon another: so he said, Pretty bee! will you come and play with me? But the bee said, No, I must not be idle; I must go and gather honey. Then the little boy met a dog, and he said, Dog! will you play with me? But the dog said, No, I must not be idle; I am going to catch a hare for my master's dinner, I must make haste and catch it. Then the little boy went by a hay-rick, and he saw a bird pulling some hay out of the hay-

rick, and he said, Bird! will you come and play with me? But the bird said, No, I must not be idle; I must get some hay to build my nest with, and some moss, and some wool.' So the bird flew away. Then the little boy saw a horse, and he said, Horse! will you play with me? But the horse said, No, I must not be idle; I must go and plough, or else there will be no corn to make bread of. Then the little boy thought with himself, What, is nobody idle? then little boys must not be idle neither. So he made haste, and went to school, and learned his lesson very well, and the master said he was a very good boy.

Farewell! good night.

Charles, what a clever thing it is to read! a little while ago, you know, you could only read little words; and you were forced to spell them—c-a-t, cat; d-o-g, dog. Now you can read pretty lessons, and I am going to write you some, called "More Instructive Lessons for Little Children," which you shall have when you are a good boy, to read to mamma.

THE END.

Arthur Brough, Printer, Kidderminster.

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