

Cottage Lessons,

OR

A Second Step

TO

LEARNING.



LONDON:

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EDINBURGH.

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Frontispiece.



Though I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended,
What is wrong I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

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INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO

THE COTTAGE PRIMER.

EMBELLISHED WITH WOOD CUTS.

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1817.

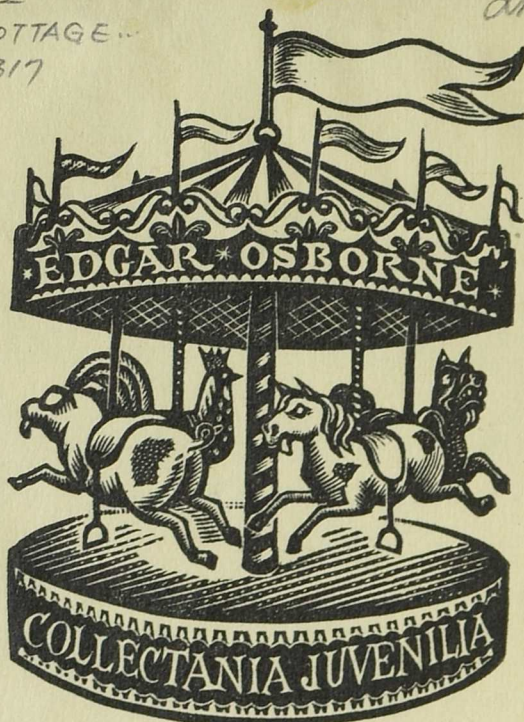
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LES-SON I.



SPRING.

HERE is George, and his sister Sue, up at six, to take a walk in the fields. They are as gay as the larks which fly round them. They are looking at the man ploughing, for this is the time to sow. The corn will not spring up without it is first put in

the ground, and then it brings forth many times more than is sown. While we are young is the time to learn. John White was a dunce, and would not learn to read; he would sit and play with his book, bending the corners, or making houses with three or four more, so that when his Father died, he could but just tell his letters. No one would have such a dunce in the house, and he was sent to the parish. But his sister, Jane White, who was a year younger, and loved to learn, could read very prettily, so that a lady took her home, and took care of her, till she was old enough to become a servant to her own daughters, while poor John was put out to a cotton mill, where he had to work all day like a horse.

LES-SON II.

NEL-LY CROSS was a sad plague to her mo-ther, and to all in the house with her. She would not be pleas-ed with a-ny thing. Her bread and milk was too hot or too cold, or there was too much or too lit-tle ; there was too much bread, or not e-nough ; in short, it was not in the pow-er of a-ny one to please her. Her mo-ther at last sent her to a board-ing school, where she thought to play the same tricks as she had done at home ; but they did not mind her ill tem-per, and the mo-ment she found fault with her bread and milk, the maid took it a-way, and she went with-out her break-fast, which soon taught her to be con-tent with what was set be-fore her.

Nel-ly Cross had a sis-ter that was quite as bad as her-self ; she would cry with-out ceas-ing for a-ny thing

she took a fan-cy for. If she saw a child with a doll, she would cry for a new doll, though she had eight or nine; and if her Mo-ther tried to please her, by put-ting a new rib-bon on one of them, she would throw it a-way, and quite roar and stamp with pas-sion, till she got what she want-ed, or some-thing bet-ter.—This made her ten times worse, and she thought she had no-thing to do but to cry till she got any thing she want-ed. One day when she was cry-ing for a fea-ther out of her mo-ther's bon-net, her fa-ther tri-ed to make her a-sham-ed of her-self, “Why do you not cry, child,” said he, “for one of the bricks off yon-der chim-ney?”—“Yes, I will,” said she, roar-ing out a-fresh, “I will have a brick, give me a brick; I want a brick from the top of the chim-ney.”

LES-SON III.

SA-RAH LIT-TLE was so ve-ry proud, that she thought her-self better than a-ny of her play-mates. She would al-ways give her-self airs to the cot-tage chil-dren, and toss her head a-bout like a young don-key just bri-dled, which on-ly made all the chil-dren laugh at her; for though she liv-ed in a fine house, and rode in a car-riage, chil-dren do not pay any respect to such things with-out they are kind-ly spoken to. But Miss Sa-rah Lit-tle al-ways call-ed them dir-ty things, and drove them from her: so that no one car-ed a-bout her.

One day Miss Sa-rah lost her-self in a cross road, and could not tell where she was; a coun-try-man rid-ing from mar-ket call-ed out to her, to take a ride on his horse if she pleas-ed, but an-gry at his tak-ing such a free-dom as she call-ed it, she would not e-ven ask her way home, turn-ing away with a look of dis-dain.

On she went, but on-ly found her-

self more con-fus-ed, not know-ing a step of her way; "I wish," said she to her-self, "that some gen-teel per-son would come by; did the fel-low think I would ride on his dir-ty horse?" While she mut-ter-ed to herself, a ser-vant came up with an hay-cart, "Where are you going, Miss?" said he, "You are a long way from home; will you get in-to the hay-cart and ride?"—"I ride in a cart!" cried the haugh-ty lady; "in-deed I sha'nt. Drive as fast as you can, and tell my Pa-pa to send the coach for me." "I am not go-ing so far, Miss," re-plied the man, "if you won't ride you may walk."

Miss co-lour-ed at this rude-ness, and al-though rea-dy to drop with fa-tigue, her pride would not let her ride be-side a ser-vant in an hay cart.

Soon after it be-gan to rain, and she was a-fraid that night would set in, and she must lay in the road, for no house was to be seen. "I wish I had got in-to the cart," thought she, "it was a fool-ish pride to re-fuse a fa-vour I so much want-ed."

She was soon quite wet through, and so tired, that she was ob-lig-ed to creep in-to an hedge, where she sat down and be-gan to cry. In this sad dis-tress, she heard a cart com-ing a-long. It was half full of dung, and the cart-er went whis-tel-ing on, with-out so much as look-ing at her. “ Pray stop,” cri-ed she, runn-ing after him, “ do, Sir, pray take me up, and car-ry me home, my Pa-pa will pay you a-ny thing for your kind-ness.” Thus this young la-dy was at last glad to pay to ride in a dung cart, which cur-ed her of pride; for she u-sed to say, “ No one knows to whom they may be ob-li-ged in dis-tress.

LES-SON IV.

THERE was a lit-tle boy nam-ed Bob Sly, who would taste e-ve-ry thing he could get at. He would o-pen the papers in the jar where his Ma-ma kept ma-ny drugs and spi-ces, and he would taste all he thought nice. He would un-tie the pic-kles and the pre-serves, and steal out the things with his two fin-gers. Then he would taste the wine and spi-rits in the bottles when he could be safe; but at last he was pu-nish-ed for all his thefts, for he drank a mix-ture which look-ed like bran-dy, and he di-ed in dread-ful pain in a few hours.

LES-SON V.



SUM-MER.

It is now Ju-ly, and the hay is mak-ing. See how the men and the maids la-bour to put it up in cocks, and pre-serve it for the cat-tle. This is a mer-ry time, and all the flow-ers are bloom-ing. How sweet the hay smells, and how fresh the grass when the mow-er has just cut it down. Now is the time for chil-dren to walk in the fields, and en-joy all the de-lights of the coun-try. How much bet-ter is it

to be the child of a poor cot-ta-ger at this sea-son of the year, and to en-joy the fresh air, than to be e-ver so rich and con-fin-ed in a large town. The cot-tage child runs in the fields, and plays in the hedg-es, ris-es with the lark, and en-joys the sweet air, scent-ed with a thou-sand flow-ers.

There were two boys, Rich-ard and Ro-bert, and they were ve-ry lit-tle chil-dren. Ro-bert was only four years old. They went in-to the fields to pick flow-ers, and a fine load they got, but-ter flow-ers, dai-sies, blue-bells, and ma-n-y o-thers. At last, as they went from field to field, they came to the side of a pond, in which there were white and yel-low wa-ter flow-ers. "I should like some of these," said Ro-bert. "But you can-not get them," said Rich-ard; they grow in the wa-ter, and we can-not reach them." "But I will have them," said Ro-bert. "I don't care for the mud and wa-ter." "You will be drown-ed," said Rich-ard, "and you shall not go." Ro-bert, though a lit-tle fel-low, was very head-

strong ; he threw down his bun-dle of flow-ers, and be-gan to step up-on the mud at the side of the pond ; his brother tri-ed to hold his arm, but he would go, and the third step he stuck in a hole made by a cow's foot at the edge. It was well for him that he did stick, for he would else have been drown-ed. There he was, like a flie in trea-cle ; he could not get out. Rich-ard pull-ed him by the arm, but he on-ly lost his own shoes, and had not strength to drag him out of the clay and mire. At this they began to cry, and it was some time before they were heard by an hedg-er, by whom they were both sav-ed from drown-ing, but they had to walk home bare-foot, for their shoes were lost in the mud.

LES-SON VI.

IN the last les-son we saw the danger of chil-dren go-ing too near ponds, and the ob-sti-nate rash-ness of Robert, who said he did not care, as he was go-ing on ; but he soon did care,

and was near be-ing drown-ed. I knew an-o-ther self-will-ed boy, who u-sed to say when he did a mis-chief, “ I dont care.” If the maid told him, his Mam-ma would be an-gry, he would an-swer, “ I don’t care.” If he threw down a-ny thing, and broke it, he would say, “ I don’t care.” This boy’s name was Phill. Care-less, and e-ve-ry bo-dy ought to know the name of such a bad boy. A-mongst ma-ny mis-chiefs which he did, he took de-light in put-ting pa-per and sticks in-to the fire, to see how they would burn. He had been ma-ny times re-prov-ed, and told of the dan-ger, but he had his u-su-al an-swer rea-dy, “ I don’t care.” No good could come of this, and he one day seiz-ed a whole sheet of brown pa-per, which had come round a par-cel, and when e-ve-ry bo-dy was out of the room, he stuff-ed it as well as he could in-to the fire, but out it fell all in a

blaze, and set fire to the li-nen that was air-ing on the cloaths-horse. The flames reach-ed his pin-cloth, and his cries and screams were dread-ful. It was with great diffi-cul-ty they pre-vent-ed the house from be-ing con-su-med; but Phill was so burnt, that after lay-ing in fright-ful tor-ments many weeks, his face was scar-red, and he was quite a fi-gure as long as he lived.

Chil-dren ought ne-ver to touch fire, for they do not know the pow-er of it. How ma-n-y poor boys have been burnt and lost their eyes by play-ing with gun-pow-der. A lit-tle of this pow-der, no big-ger than would fill the hand of a lit-tle boy, would be e-nough to blow him al-most to pie-ces, and make him blind for life, or lose some of his limbs. It is as dan-ger-ous to be left a-bout a house as the strong-est poi-son, and should ne-ver be touch-ed by chil-dren.

LES-SON VII.



AU-TUMN.

SEE how the corn that was sown is ripe and ready for reaping, and the men are very busy, labouring that we may have bread. How much ought we to admire the bounty of God who causes one grain of corn to spring up and produce so many other grains. It is he who causes the grass to grow, and the corn to ripen, or both man and beast would soon die in the Winter for want of food.

In Au-tumn all the fruits ri-pen that we may lay by stores for Win-ter, when no-thing grows. Children should never waste what is so kind-ly given to us. If they have too much, there are ma-ny near-ly starv-ing, and who would be glad of a piece of bread, e-ver so brown or home-ly.

LES-SON VIII.

BOB SCOTT was a very wick-ed boy, for his great de-light was to teaze and tor-ment e-ve-ry boy and girl that was less than him-self, if he met them in a sly cor-ner. He would pull off their hats and throw them a-way, or their bon-nets, and slap them in the face, or a-ny thing to plague them ; but if it was a boy as big as him-self, he would skulk a-way as qui-et as a lamb, for those chil-dren who love to tor-ment o-thers less than them-selves, are most-ly great cow-ards.

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It is a ve-ry sad thing that lit-tle chil-dren cannot go a-long the streets with-out be-ing ill treat-ed by e-vil mind-ed boys and girls, who would not touch them, if they were big e-nough to give them a beat-ing in re-turn. If men and wo-men were to behave so to each o-ther, what a sad thing it would be. A lit-tle man would not dare to go out of doors, for fear he should meet with one big-ger than him-self, who would knock him down. What should we say if a tall wo-man was to snatch off the cap or bon-net of a short-er one. These would be sad do-ings: and why should chil-dren be suf-fer-ed to do things to each o-ther, which, if they were a few years old-er, they would be put in pri-son for, and per-haps hang-ed, that o-ther peo-ple might be quiet. Grown up men and wo-men should al-ways in-ter-fere when they see big chil-dren ill-treat little ones,

for it is a ve-ry shock-ing thing that chil-dren can-not go to school, or of an er-rand, or to take a walk, with-out be-ing as much a-fraid of each o-ther, as a tra-vel-ler is of meet-ing a rob-ber.

Bob Scott was so great a ter-ror to all the lit-tle chil-dren, that they would run a-way when they saw him. One day, a lit-tle girl was car-ry-ing a plate of but-ter a-long the high street, when Bob met her, and first hit-ting her a punch in the face, he then knock-ed her plate out of her hand, and the half-pence she had ta-ken in change fell on the ground. The poor child be-gan to cry, but Bob en-joy-ed her dis-tress, and pick-ing up two or three half-pence, he was go-ing a-way laugh-ing. A gen-tle-man who had seen the whole af-fair, be-gan to lay his rid-ing whip about Bob's should-ers, till he made him dance to his own mu-sic. "Sir-rah," said the gen-tle-man, "if you

had been a man, I would have hang-ed you for a high-way rob-be-ry ; but as a boy, I will give you a les-son you shall re-mem-ber as long as you live, and it will per-haps save you from the gal-lows." Bob was so sound-ly beat, that he was cured of his tricks, and when he grew old-er, he us-ed often to wish he knew the gen-tle-man, that he might thank him for a les-son which im-prov-ed his man-ners for his whole life.

LES-SON IX.

THERE was a lit-tle boy, and his name was Bill Smith ; he liv-ed with his grand-mo-ther in a cot-tage, by the side of the road, where he u-sed to play ; and a fine ro-sy chub-by-cheek-ed fellow he was. Now Bill was ve-ry dar-ing ; for as a great many tra-vel-lers went a-long the road, he was not shy at stran-gers. He would of-ten throw stones at the sheep and pigs, and cat-tle, as they went a-long, for which he some-times got a lash with a whip ;

but he had a more dar-ing trick than this. When he saw a horse-man or a post-chaise com-ing along, he would wait till it came near, and dart right a-cross the road, be-fore the hor-ses, to fright-en the driv-er, who frequent-ly had to pull up, that they might not run o-ver him. He would then run to the door of the cot-tage, and shout af-ter them as long as he could be heard. Many nar-row e-scares he had; but at last he play-ed this trick to a stage-coach, which came tear-ing a-long, and be-fore the coach-man could stop the lead-ers, they tram-pled him down, broke both his legs, and so bruised his face, that he was an ob-ject and a cripple as long as he liv-ed.

If chil-dren will do things which they are for-bid to do, they are certain to meet with some sad ac-ci-dent, for they do not know the dan-ger so well as those who have the care of them.

LES-SON X.

THERE was Tom Wil-kens, he lov-ed climb-ing up chairs, or if he was tak-ing a walk, he would get up the hedg-es, or on the gates and pail-ings ; and if it was on-ly the maid that was with him, he would strike her ; if she tried to stop him, or pull him down, he would tell her, he did not mind her, and he would do it.

One ve-ry fine morn-ing Tom and his two sis-ters, and the maid, went out to take a walk, and when the clock struck eight, they saw all the men come down a lad-der, from the top of a new house they were build-ing, and go a-way to break-fast. " I am sure," said Tom, " I can go up and down the lad-der as well as the men," and away he ran ; " You must not, in-deed, Mas-ter Tom-my," said the maid, run-ning after him, " you will break your bones."—" I won't break my bones, and I will go up," cri-ed Tom, " let me alone, do, or I'll kick you." " O fie, Master Tom-my," said the maid, I will tell your mo-ther if you

behave so bad. You shall not go up the ladder." "I will, I will," cried Tom, kicking and trying to bite her hand as she held him by the arm, and dragged him past the ladder; but she had no sooner let go his arm, than he ran back and began to climb. The maid durst not then do a-ny thing but en-treat him to come down, for fear of mak-ing him fall; but he kept go-ing high-er and high-er, till he had got up a doz-en steps at least, when look-ing round to see how high he had got, his head be-came gid-dy, and his foot slip-ped be-tween the rails, and down he came. His arm was bro-ken, and he was ob-li-ged to be car-ried home, where he lay a long while in bed, and suf-fer-ed so much, that he ne-ver wish-ed to clam-ber a-gain as long as he liv-ed.

LES-SON XI.



WIN-TER.

THIS is the drea-ry sea-son of the year, when the flow-ers are all gone, and the trees have lost theirleaves. The snow lies upon the face of the earth, and the sur-face of the wa-ters are con-geal-ed in-to hard ice. Peo-plenow

a-muse them-selves with skait-ing and slid-ing, and ma-ny of them get drown-ed by go-ing up-on the ice be-fore it is strong e-nough to bear them. Here is a la-dy and her three child-ren walk-ing up-on the ice ; but she would not have done so, if she had not known it had been a hard frost for a fort-night : she was not so fool-ish as Pe-ter Plunge : he was fif-teen years old, and he thought it ve-ry gen-teel to learn to skait ; so he bought a pair of skaits, with-out let-ting his fa-ther know a-ny thing about it, as he knew his fa-ther would have been ve-ry ang-ry ; for he had of-ten told him ne-ver to go on the ice by him-self on a-ny ac-count. Pe-ter thought him-self wis-er than his fa-ther ; and, on the third day of a frost, a-way he slipt with his skaits in his

pock-et. The ice was not spread quite o-ver e-ve-ry part of the wa-ter, and the men set to watch told him not to go near the edge ; but Pe-ter knew best, as he be-liev-ed ; and, treat-ing their ad-vice as he had his fa-ther's, he mov-ed a-bout, not a lit-tle proud of learn-ing a man-ly ex-er-cise. Alas ! his ca-reer was short : the ice broke, and he fell in-to a hole, from which he could not be got out with cords and a drag till he was quite dead. Poor boy ! he was thus pu-nish-ed for dis-o-be-di-ence and rash-ness at once. To see the dan-gers that boys and young men run, up-on the ice, one would think that there was some great plea-sure in slid-ing and skait-ing, while in truth they are both on-ly to be laugh-ed at as fol-lies, when the ice is per-fect-ly

safe ; and to be a-void-ed as madness, when it is not.

LES-SON XII.

IN Win-ter the poor birds and beasts all look up to the care of man ; for he has laid up the corn and the hay, and now he gives it to them, when they can find no-thing in the fields to eat. E-ven the poor Robin Red-breast comes and peeps in at the win-dow for a few crumbs, and the spar-row chirps in the yard for a mor-sel. I am sure e-ve-ry good child would spare a bit of its bread to the droop-ing birds. We should al-so, in this cold and dark time of the year, re-mem-ber that the poor are cold and hun-gry, and per-haps have not clothes e-nough to co-ver them ; and if we would give bread

to the birds, how much more should we give to the poor people, who feel cold and hungry like ourselves? What is it that we have done to be favoured with plenty, when so many are distressed for a morsel of bread? We have done nothing. It is to the goodness of God we owe what we have; and if we feel that it was kind in him to give us plenty, the poor will also feel it kind in us to give them a little of our store.

LESSON XII.

SOME children are so very curious that they pry into every thing, and even pull their toys in pieces to know what is in the inside, or how they are made; instead of which, if they wish to know, they ought to enquire,

and be sa-tis-fi-ed with the an-swer they re-ceive: not like Si-mon Simple, whose fa-ther, be-ing a weal-thy mer-chant, gave his son a watch when he was on-ly se-ven years old, to make him look like a gen-tle-man; and not a lit-tle proud he was of it, with a long chain and seal dang-ling al-most to his toes: one mi-nute he would hold it to his ear, then he must wind it up, and then he must o-pen it to look at the wheels and the pen-du-lum. He was told he would spoil it by this means; for a watch should not be play-ed with. He want-ed to know what made it tick, and why the wheels went round with-out be-ing mov-ed; and then, thought he, I should like to see what my fa-ther calls the main spring: I am sure I could take it to

pie-ces and put it up a-gain. Did I not un-pack my sis-ter's puz-zle, and put all a-gain in-to the box, which they told me I could not do?

These sil-ly ar-gu-ments sa-tis-fi-ed the sil-ly head that made them, and to work he went: as he could not get out the lit-tle pins he broke them, and off went the main spring with a snap that made him jump: he lis-ten-ed, but it would not tick a-ny long-er; and now he found he had done too much; for all his art would not make the wheels move a-ny more, nor could he re-place a-ny one piece he had pul-led off. His fa-ther caught him in the mid-dle of his em-ploy; and see-ing that he knew not how to use so cu-ri-ous a toy, he took it a-way till he learnt to go-vern his in-qui-si-tive tem-per.

LES-SON XIV.



HEN-RY BRIGHT, with his two sis-ters, Char-lotte and Pat-ty, be-ing on a vi-sit in the coun-try, - were per-mit-ted to go by them-selves in-to the gar-den for a walk af-ter break-fast, where they a-mus-ed them-selves with look-ing at the flow-ers in the gar-den and hot-house, and were not a lit-tle de-light-ed with e-ve-ry thing

they saw ; for, hav-ing no gar-den at home in Lon-don, no-thing gave them great-er plea-sure than to run a-bout and smell at the flow-ers, and ex-a-mine the fruit ; but they took care to pluck none which was not quite ripe.

At the bot-tom of the gar-den stood three large bee-hives ; and, not know-ing that bees would sting, Pat-ty, the young-est, want-ed ve-ry much to take up the bees as they ran a-long the stone, with their yel-low and red bur-dens, in-to the hive ; but Hen-ry pul-led her a-way, or she would have been ve-ry much stung ; for those hard work-ing crea-tures are fur-nish-ed by na-ture with swords to pro-tect their pro-per-ty, which is so pre-ci-ous, that not on-ly men, but ma-n-y in-sects would take it from them, if they were not well arm-ed to de-fend it. It would be a ve-ry un-

just thing, if what they have work-ed so hard for, should be snatch-ed from them by the i-dle, who had not work-ed.

LES-SON XV.

THERE was a co-ve-tous girl call-ed Kit-ty, and she would cry and fret if she saw one of her sis-ters have a-ny thing she had not, or if she thought their slice of cake was larg-er, or their piece of toast big-ger; and yet she al-ways had e-nough. Some-times, af-ter be-grudg-ing her sis-ters, she would have a large piece left which she could not eat, and it was laid by till it was per-haps spoil-ed; for she would not give it them al-though she could not eat it her-self. To cure her of this, her mam-ma told her a story.—Once up-on a time, there was a dog ly-ing in a man-ger full of hay; an ox be-ing

hun-gry came near, and of-fer-ed to eat of the hay ; but the en-vi-ous, ill-na-tur-ed cur, get-ting up and snarling at him, would not suf-fer him to touch it ; upon which the ox said, “ What a crab-bed thing you are ; you can-not eat the hay your-self, and you will not let those who can.”

LES-SON XVI.



MR. PHIL-LIPS had a fine handsome brown and white spa-ni-el dog, which us-ed to walk out with him, and skip and gam-bol a-bout him, de-light-ed to be at li-ber-ty.

Some-times it would run bark-ing to a great dis-tance ; and if they pas-sed a pond, it would run in-to the wa-ter to cool it-self. One day, when Mr. Phil-lips was walk-ing out with his dog in the fields, it came near a lit-tle girl who was ga-ther-ing dai-sies, and she be-gan to scream and run away, a-fraid it would bite her : Mr. Phil-lips, see-ing her so frigh-ten-ed at the dog, though it would not hurt her, call-ed him to his side, and would not suf-fer him to go a-way ; for, though he knew the child's fears were ground-less, he would not in-crease them, like ma-ny peo-ple who de-light to tor-ment o-thers : but he was much sur-pris-ed to see this same child run-ning up to a horse, cry-ing out, " Boo ! Boo ! "

to drive it a-way. What a fool-ish child, thought he : she runs a-way from my dog, which would on-ly play with her ; and she does not fear the horse, which would break her bones if he gave her a kick.

Chil-dren ought not to touch strange dogs, as they will some-times bite ; but it is ve-ry sim-ple to run a-way from e-ve-ry dog or cat, as if they would eat them up.

LES-SON XVII.

THERE was once a ve-ry wick-ed boy, and his name was Bill Want-worth ; he had a ha-bit of tell-ing lies on al-most e-ve-ry oc-ca-sion. If his mo-ther sent him with a mes-sage, he was sure to al-ter what she said, by ad-ding some-thing of his own ; so that he fre-quent-ly made

a great deal of mis-chief. He was soon known by the name of ly-ing Bill, and no-bo-dy would be-lieve him e-ven when he spoke the truth.

His mo-ther was a poor wo-man; and hav-ing a young child, she would leave Will to mind it, and take care of the cot-tage, while she went out to mar-ket, or to car-ry home her spin-nings.

It hap-pen-ed one day that Will was left to nurse his bro-ther, and a coal flew out of the fire in-to the cradle, which caught the cot-ton quilt, and seiz-ed the wick-er work in a mi-nute. Will ran scream-ing in-to the street with his lit-tle bro-ther, cry-ing out, that the house was on fire. "Ah! ra-scal," cried a smith that was pas-sing, "I have a great mind to give you a good strap-ping for

your lies." "It is on fire: it is indeed on fire," cried Will. "Get ye gone, sir-rah," bawl-ed out an old dame from her hatch-door, at the ba-ker's fa-cing; "these tricks will bring you to a bad end." "Ay, ay," said a-no-ther, "that's ly-ing Will: no-bo-dy minds what he says."

While all this was pas-sing the flames made ra-pid pro-gress, and burst out at the door; then, in-deed, all the neigh-bour-hood was in a-larm, nor could the fire be put out till it had burnt the house quite down, and not one rag of clothes, or a-ny thing else, was sav-ed; so that Will's mo-ther was quite ruined, and ob-li-ged to go to the work-house. E-ve-ry bo-dy said it was Will who had set the house on fire, nor would they be-lieve a word he

said for him-self ; so shock-ing a cha-rac-ter he had got for un-truth. The o-ver-seers made no doubt it was him who had done it ; and, af-ter half-starv-ing him, they sent him to sea at on-ly ten years of age.

LES-SON XVIII.

THERE was a-no-ther lit-tle boy in the same vil-lage, and his name was Giles Gin-ger-bread : he was re-mark-a-ble for al-ways tell-ing truth, e-ven when he had been in a fault, which of-ten pro-cur-ed him for-give-ness when he de-serv-ed to be chas-tis-ed ; for all lit-tle boys are naugh-ty some-times. When-e-ver Giles Gin-ger-bread had a half-pen-ny giv-en him, he us-ed to buy a gin-ger-bread al-pha-bet that he might read his let-ters ; for in those days there were no Sun-day Schools, or Na-tion-al Schools, for poor child-

ren, and ve-ry few of them were e-ver taught to read or write.

Giles was a-bout se-ven years old, when a gen-tle-man stop-ped on horse-back to speak to the Doc-tor, and Giles held his horse, for which the gen-tle-man gave him a pen-ny, which he laid out in two gin-ger-bread al-pha-bets. “Now,” says he, “I will have my bel-ly-full of learn-ing,—there goes A :

A stands for Ap-ple and All,

B stands for Bat and for Ball,

C stands for Crust and for Crumb.

and D stands for Dog and for Drum.”

Giles ca-per-ed a-long with his gin-ger-bread, sing-ing a line to e-ve-ry let-ter as he broke it off and eat it; which ve-ry much di-vert-ed the gen-tle-man, who had watch-ed him for some time.

At length, said he, “Why, my lit-

tle man, you know your let-ters ve-ry well : can you read ?”

“ No, sir,” said Giles, “ I ne-ver was taught, but I know my let-ters ; and when I have got them in-to my head, I eat them up to keep them there.”

The gen-tle-man laugh-ed, and en-quir-ed his name and where he liv-ed, and if he had any fa-ther or mo-ther. Giles told him his name, and that he liv-ed in a poor cot-tage with his un-cle, his fa-ther hav-ing been dead, and his un-cle, though ve-ry poor, had ta-ken him home, as his mo-ther was gone out to ser-vice.

“ Well,” said the gen-tle-man, “ tell your un-cle, if he has a mind to let you go ten miles off, I will put you to school ; and if you be-have well, when you are old e-nough, I will have you learnt some use-ful trade.”

Giles thank-ed the gen-tle-man, and his un-cle be-ing wil-ling, the next day he was put on the top of a stage ; see, there he goes.



Giles be-hav-ed so well, al-ways tell-ing the truth and mind-ing his learn-ing, that when he was four-teen his pa-tron bound him to a book-sel-ler in Lon-don, where at last he be-came Lord May-or ; and, hav-ing no coat of arms to put on his coach, he had paint-ed, in-stead of arms, a square of gin-ger-bread, with all the let-ters of the al-pha-bet in gold.

LESSON XIX.



MRS. LOVE-CHILD took a walk one morn-ing by the sea-shore, with her son Ro-bert, to look for shells and en-joy the fresh bree-zes, which came o-ver the wa-ter.

Mrs. Love-child sat down up-on a rock, and point-ed out to Ro-bert the ships as they sail-ed by.—“There,” said she, “you see at a great dis-tance a large mer-chant ship, which looks ve-ry small, it is so far off; but it car-ries all sorts

of goods from one part of the world to the o-ther. With-out ships we should be lit-tle bet-ter than sa-va-ges ; for we should have on-ly what grows in our own coun-try. In ships we can go to a-ny part of the world, and bring home gold and sil-ver, su-gar and spi-ces, cot-ton and silk ; but sai-lors run in-to great dan-gers and hard-ships to get us all these things : e-ven the fish which swims round our shores we can-not get at with-out fish-ing-boats, and there you see one com-ing to-wards us. You see the wa-ter now how smooth it is, and how low it lies ; but if the wind were to rise and blow a tem-pest, then the wa-ter would swell and dash its waves up to the top of those high chalk rocks, which now seem quite out of its reach, and where we now are would be deep wa-ter. There was a gen-tle-man and la-dy, some years a-go, came out to take a walk

a-long these sands; and, though they had heard of the tide, and knew that it was caus-ed twice in the twen-ty-four hours by the swell-ing of the waves, they thought, as they saw the wa-ter in-crease, they could ea-si-ly get a-way from it; but it got in be-hind them round a cor-ner of the rocks, and they were both drown-ed; which shews how ve-ry care-ful e-ve-ry bo-dy, as well as child-ren, should be not to run in-to dan-ger in the hopes that they shall be a-ble to es-cape; for they can-not tell what may hap-pen.”---“Let us make haste a-way, mam-ma,” said Ro-bert, “for you see the wa-ter is in-creas-ing ve-ry fast. When you sat down it was a long way off, and now it has reach-ed that great stone be-fore us; and, I dare say, will soon be up to the place where we sit. I should like to know what pre-vents the water from co-ver-ing all the land.”

“ That you will know when you are more learn-ed,” re-plied Mrs. Love-child. E-ve-ry thing which chil-dren wish to know, they may learn by read-ing. Who would not, then, strive all they pos-si-bly can to learn? for then they may read all sorts of en-ter-tain-ing books, and be in-structed in the na-ture of e-ve-ry thing cu-ri-ous, which, with-out read-ing, they will ne-ver un-der-stand, but re-main all their life grop-ing their way in the world, like a poor blind mole in the ground.



THE END.

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