THE LITTLE DOG DASH

LONDON
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT
65, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Price Threepence.

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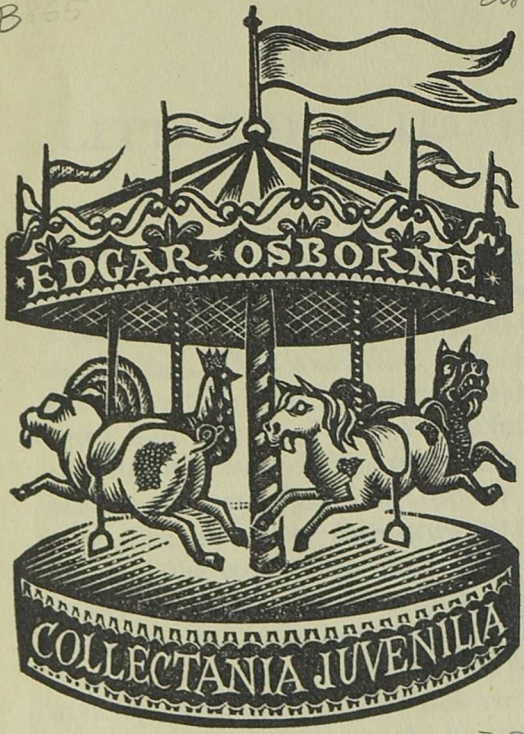

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John had a little dog which his grandfather had given him. He was very fond of it. But his mother thought it was not right for them to keep a dog. They had scarce money enough to buy food and clothes for themselves. So one day she called John to her.

Mother. John, you love your little dog very much.

John. Yes, mother, and Dash loves me, too, already. Do look, mother, how he likes to put his pretty head

between my legs and let me pat him. O yes, I love my dog very dearly.

Mother. John, I am only afraid I cannot afford to keep him.

John. O mother, not keep little Dash! why he does not eat a great deal, and I can always spare a little of my bread and milk in the morning and at night.

Mother. Yes, John: but here is little baby growing very fast; I must soon have more bread and milk for her. And, besides, you are getting bigger yourself: I must take care that you have enough to eat, or you will not be a strong boy, fit to work and earn your own bread.

John. O mother, but what shall I do without little Dash?

Mother. You know, John, I never mind such silly speeches as that. We *must* do without what we cannot have without wickedness. Think about it a little, my dear boy, and you will be wiser, I hope.

The mother went about her business in the house, and left little John crying. Dash put his head between his knees, and looked up in John's face, which made him cry the more. But when his crying fit was over, better thoughts came into his mind. "My mother loves me dearly," said he to himself; "she is always working for me, and I cannot work for her. What she says is very true: little baby must not starve. My mother did not say any thing about herself; but I know, if Dash stays she would sometimes give him some of her own dinner, rather than he should be hungry. I should not like to see *that*, as I cannot help her. No, certainly Dash must go."

John got up from the ground, and would not look at Dash again just then; but went to his mother, and said, "Mother, Dash *must* go."

"I thought so," said his mother.

"Where must he go to, mother?"

"I will think about it, John," said

she, kissing him. "We must try and find him a very kind master, and we will not part from him till we do. Now go to bed, my dear boy."

When John had laid down in his bed, his mother spoke to him, as she often did, for a few minutes, unless she was very busy.

"Did you go on well at school to-day, John?"

"I think so, mother. No! I did not say one of my lessons quite well."

"Why not, John?"

"I think it was *that* I learned at breakfast."

His mother had observed that Dash made him idle that morning, but she did not remind him of it. She waited a minute to see if he would think of it by himself. It is always better for children, as well as grown up people, if they can find out their faults for themselves, which they are sure to do if they think.

"Mother," said John, presently,

"I believe when Dash is gone I shall not be so sorry, for I shall not be thinking of him when I learn my lessons."

"Very well, John."

"But I am very sorry now, mother."

"So have I been, many times, John. When you were a little baby, you were very ill, and I thought God was going to take you from me. I felt sad then, John. But I will tell you what comforted me. I thought, 'God is so very good; his love gave me this child, and if he takes it away, he will not take his love from me. I will trust him to do what is best. He made me, and ought to do what he likes with me. I will only try to love him and his will in every thing.' And I never was unhappy when I felt thus. I do not think you are *very* unhappy now, John."

John. No, dear Mother; no, I am not. I know Dash must go, and I am glad I see he ought to go.

Mother. Then we will not talk about it any more, John; but to-mor-

row, if we can find him a master, he *shall* go.

Then his mother kissed him, and bade him good night, and left little John alone.

The thoughts of parting with Dash kept him awake a little while; and he began first to toss about, and then to fret again. But by and by he heard his mother's voice below stairs, talking kindly and cheerfully to his father; and this reminded him that his mother had told him, that though he was but a little boy, yet little boys have their troubles; and that they have a kind Father in heaven who loves to have them think of him, and is pleased when they give up all their wishes, and are content to do what is right. And John fell asleep while his heart was praying that he might love this good God and be his obedient child.

In the morning he was quite surprised to find how happy he was, and was going to tell his mother when he

went to school that he hoped Dash would be gone before he came back; but just then Dash jumped up upon him and licked his face, and the words stuck in John's throat. So ne snatched up his hat and books, said, "Good by, mother," kissed the baby, and went off to school.

That was a nice school where John went. He had learned already to read pretty well, though so young. He could do little sums too, and had his pence and multiplication-table pretty perfect. His mother had already shewn him the use of these things. If she sent him to the shop for a quarter of a pound of tea at four pence an ounce, she first asked what she must pay for it.

Mother. There are sixteen ounces in a pound, John. How many ounces are there in *half* a pound?

John. The half of sixteen ounces. O, *eight* is the half of sixteen: eight ounces make half a pound.

Mother. And how many ounces are there in a quarter of a pound?

John. That is the half of half a pound. Four ounces, mother.

Mother. So four ounces, at four pence an ounce: how much is that, John?

John. Four times four are sixteen. Sixteen pence.

Mother. Very well. Now I have given you two shillings, how much must you bring back?

John. There are twenty-four pence in two shillings, and I have sixteen pence to pay. Let me see: sixteen and eight are twenty-four. Mother, I must bring back eight pence.

John's mother also knew it was very useful to be quick at counting up things before him: for want of using their eyes in this way, many people meet with losses, and cannot be of service to others.

She made him, when a little boy, count the spots upon the cat's back,

and the number of panes of glass in the window, and the nails in his father's shoes, and the squares of Dutch tiles in the chimney: all to practise him and make his eye quick. So before John was six years old, he was so accustomed to use his eyes, that if he was called on to give an account of any thing he had seen, you could depend upon him telling his story right.

"Did you ever hear of people 'seeing double?'"

"I have, very often—and what does it mean?"

"Why that some people cannot remember what they have seen. If there are *three* women standing talking, they will be sure afterwards to say there were *four or five*. If you ask them how many ducks there were in the pond, they will say *ten* or *a dozen*, though perhaps there were only *six;* so that one cannot depend upon them at all. They do not mean to tell lies, but they do not make good use of their eyes."

It was also a good thing for John that his mother made him look at the forms of things, as well as their number.

John had a little cousin called George, who came to see him sometimes. One day these two little boys had been playing together, with some other boys, at trap-ball, on the common. They were heated with their play, and sat down after a while under the shade of a large tree. "What a pretty tree this is, John," said George.

"Yes, it is indeed," said John, "a beautiful tree."

After resting a little while, they went home: but very soon afterwards a traveller followed them into the house, and said, "Pray, my little boys, did you see a penknife under one of the trees on the common? I saw you sitting there a little while ago, and I had been there about half an hour before with my knife in my hand."

"Under the *elm* tree, did you mean, Sir?" said John.

"No," said the traveller, "I did not sit down under an elm tree; it was under an oak tree where I dropped my penknife."

"I assure you, Sir," said John, "we have only been under the elm; we did not stop at all under an oak."

John said this so quietly and easily, that the man believed him at once, and went to look for his knife under the oak, where indeed he readily

found it. "It was very well, John," said George, "that you saw what sort of tree it was so quickly. Do you know I was quite surprised when you said it was an elm. I did not know at all: though I think I *do* know the difference too between an oak and an elm."

"But how very odd you did not see what it was," said John, "for you admired it, and said it was a very pretty tree; and yet you did not *see* it after all, George:" and he laughed very heartily, and looked rather conceited, while poor George felt very foolish.

John's mother was by at the time, and she called George to her side, and said, "God has given you as much as your cousin, my dear boy, but you have not made so much use of his gifts. Begin to-day, and learn to SEE. But never, never be proud, little boy. God gives us all we have; and we have a great many things from Him which we do not make use of.

Always remember, when you have done as far as ever you can, you are still only using what HE gave you. You have no more merit, than in eating a dinner set before you when you are hungry."

The schoolmistress, at John's school, was kind and good to the children, though those who were perverse themselves would not be pleased and could not possibly be happy.

"Is it school that makes a cross child unhappy?"

"O no, it is her *being cross.*"

"Will being at home make her happy?"

"No, nothing will do so, till she is pleased with herself."

The mistress taught these children many things, and she taught them *how they might teach themselves* a great deal—indeed a great part of what it was necessary for them to know. "Children," she said, one day, "what is this white round thing in

my hand?" and she shewed them a shilling. They all knew, and told her what it was. She then said, "Why would you like better to have this shilling than this button?" shewing them a bright button.

Little John said, "Because with the shilling I could buy bread for a poor man." Another child said, "Because I could get an apron with it." And another, "Because I could give it mother for a book."

"Very well," said the mistress; "you value the shilling because it is worth something. Now tell me, why do you learn to read?"

One little girl said, "Mother says it is a fine thing to be a good scholar."

Mistress. Why is it a fine thing, my dear?

Child. I don't know.

Mistress. No, nor I. Can any body else tell me why it is good to learn to read?

A little boy. When I have learned to read I am to have a new hat.

Mistress. That is a good thing for *you*, little boy: but it is not a good answer for other boys. *This* little boy, John, had no hat when he had learned to read. John, why is it good to learn to read?

John. I can read now something to mother while she is at work; and she says it is useful to her, for she likes to hear some of her Bible every day, and now she can listen while she knits.

Mistress. Yes, John, that *is* making a good use of reading.

Another time the mistress said, "I once knew a child who remembered *words* very well. She always knew the text at church. She could repeat hymns. One day she got a reward for saying the whole of that hymn, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.' There was another child who could not learn it so quickly. She could only

recollect one verse, and *that* not quite perfect. After school, the children were playing together. There was a dispute among them, and the girl who had said the hymn so perfectly, was very loud and angry, and at last she struck the child who had been able to say only one verse. But what do you think happened? *That* child remembered her one verse, and it was this,—

> 'But, children, you should never let
> Such angry passions rise;
> Your little hands were never made
> To tear each other's eyes.'

And in a moment she stopped herself. She did not give a single blow in return, nor did she say any thing, but turned quietly away. Now, my dear children, which child would you like to be; the one who learned her hymn perfectly, or the one who made use of what she learned?" They all said they liked the little girl who remembered her verse at the right time. "And so do I," said the mistress.

At the end of the week the mistress

generally put them in mind of what had passed throughout it, and encouraged them to ask themselves whether they were at all better that week than the week before. If they had committed faults, in general they were mentioned; and if the same fault had been committed twice, by a child who had promised amendment the first time, it was thought necessary, for her good, to punish her. But you will want to hear more of John.

Little John went to school as usual in the morning after his mother had settled to part with Dash. Between morning and afternoon school, the children played together in a piece of ground at the back of the school-room. Among them were James and Will. John was still full of the thoughts of Dash, and he told the children his whole story. "O!" said Will, "I will buy him of you, John. How much will you sell him for?"

"Indeed," said John, "I don't

mean to sell him, Will: my mother will find him a master."

Will. Your mother: why is not he your own dog, to do as you like with?

John. Yes, he is my own dog, for uncle gave him to me; but I don't think, for all that, I have a right to do what I like with him, unless I like what will make him comfortable. And I shall leave it to mother, because she is kind, and will get a good master for him."

"Well," said Will, "but when I go home I will tell father about it, and I dare say he will come and give your mother some money for Dash."

In the evening John found Dash was not gone, for his mother had not been able to meet with any one who could receive him. They sat down together therefore once more, for his father was not at home that evening, and John gave Dash some of his supper: but while he was eating, some one knocked at the door; and when John opened it, he saw it was Will and his father.

The father was a tall, rough man. "Good even, Mistress," said he: "my boy here says you have a dog to sell, and I would treat him to it, if you don't ask too much for him."

John looked anxiously at his mother, for he did not like the rough man, and was afraid Dash would not be kindly treated by him.

"There is a little dog here, indeed," said she: "but it is John's dog, not mine."

"All the same, I suppose," said the

man. "Well, master, what must I give you for him?"

"I don't know," said John, looking timidly up.

"Will *that* do?" asked the man, shewing him a shilling.

John made no answer; and Will, who had caught sight of the dog, whispered, "Father, shew him half-a-crown;" and so he did: but still John said nothing." Then the man said a very bad word, and held up three shillings—three shillings and sixpence—four shillings—five shillings. Now this seemed to John a very large sum, and he thought his mother would be very glad to have it; so that his mind began to waver about parting with Dash. But when he looked at his mother, he saw her face looked very grave. And she called Will to her. "Little boy," said she, "I know your face: you are the same child whom I saw yesterday cruelly spinning a cockchafer upon a

pin. Do not think I will let Dash live with you. Put up your money again: if it were ten times as much, I would not let John sell him to a boy who takes pleasure in teasing a poor animal."

Will hung down his head, and looked vexed and sorry: but his father could not at first understand what John's mother meant. And when he did, he quite stared to find she thought there was so much harm in spinning a poor little cockchafer. "When he was a little boy," he said, "he had often done it and nobody was angry with him." John's mother looked very sorry for him: for she knew that a cruel boy makes a cruel man; and that he had learned to think there was no harm in beating his ass, or dog, or sometimes behaving very cruelly to his wife and children, when he was angry. However, she only said, "If he can take pleasure in giving pain to cockchafers, he may to dogs, and I shall not let Dash be his dog."

When Will found he was not to have Dash, he flew into a great passion, and tried to pull hold of the dog. But his father said, "No, no, lad, that won't do: let him alone, and come away."

"But I *will* have him, father."

"Well, well, so you will, perhaps: but come along with me now, you can't have him now." So saying, he dragged Will away, slapping the cottage door after him, without saying a word more to John or his mother.

As soon as they were gone, poor John, who could hold out no longer, burst into tears. "What, let Dash be his dog!" he said at last; "no, that he never shall: I had rather be torn in pieces first. Did you see how he pulled him, mother? He wanted to drag him out of my arms by force. Will is a wicked boy!" Then John looked at Dash again, and Dash wagged his tail and licked his master's face, and all but *said*, "Thank you, dear master, for not letting me go away;" and the little

one, who had begun to cry when she saw Will in such a passion, laughed to see Dash licking John's face, and patted him and crowed, till John forgot his tears, and laughed too. As soon as his mother saw that he was calm and quiet again, she said, "Indeed, John, if I thought the having such a nice little dog as Dash would make Will kind and tender to him, I should be very glad to let him go; and if Will were living with a good person, who would watch over him, and see that no harm happened to the dog, I believe it would do him good. For I fear, poor boy, he has nobody near him that he loves, and it is a bad thing for us to be without *that*. But I dare not trust him, because I know very well that, if he were ever so cruel, his father would not prevent it."

"No, mother," said John, "I am afraid indeed he would sometimes beat Dash himself. I saw him once beating a dog very much, and it howled sadly.

But I do not think *Will* would do such things as these if he had any thing else to do. He never does any thing except when he is at school."

Well, it was settled that certainly Will should not have Dash: and John went to bed that night with an easy mind; and being a good deal tired, he slept soundly and rather late in the morning. Hurrying over his breakfast, and feeding Dash, he ran as fast as ever he could towards the school, for he was afraid of being the last in the room. The children were indeed all assembled, Will and all, and they were soon busied about their different lessons. For some reason or other, John saw that Will was very anxious to get near him; and when some change in the classes brought them within reach of each other, Will whispered, "Go home with me when school is over." These words were not pleasant to John, for he thought it had something to do with Dash, and was so engaged with debat-

ing whether he should go with Will or not, that he neither heard nor saw half what was going on that morning. On the whole, he thought it would be best to go: it could do no harm; and it was but little out of his way: therefore, school being over, he joined Will in his walk home. But it was a disagreeable walk: for he did not like Will's behaviour at all. It was what we call *coaxing*. He was praising John's good-nature, and trying to persuade him how much he and his father would like it,

if John would sometimes come and fly a kite with him in the summer. "Father says I shall have a kite then," said he, "and I shall want you very much to come and fly it with me." John thought, "This is very odd, Will never said any thing like this before, and last night he was quite angry about Dash; and I think I like him less now than I did then." But he said very little; only when Will had done all his talking, he answered, "Yes, Will, I will play with you with all my heart whenever I can, only I cannot bear to see any poor animal hurt. If you ever spin cockchafers, I am sure I shall run away: but I hope you never will do that again."

Will coloured, and looked as if he did not know what to say: but after having walked along quite silently a little time, he said, "Stop, John. Well, if I promise you never to spin cockchafers again, will you sell Dash to me?"

"No, Will; no. Indeed I must not. What signifies it your not being cruel

to cockchafers, if you are cruel to other things?"

"But I should not be cruel to Dash?" persisted Will. "When we get to father's house, I'll shew you what a nice warm bed he would have; and he should never want for a good breakfast and supper too." But still John said, "No, no," till they got to Will's home; and there was a smoking hot apple-pie just taken out of the oven for dinner; and Will's father and mother told John he must go in and eat a piece with them.

"No, thank you," said John: "I cannot stay, for, as Will knows very well, there will be no time then for me to get home; and as I said nothing about being out at dinner, mother will think some harm has happened to me."

"Good little boy," said John's father, in a very smooth voice: "well, I'll settle that. Here, Tom, (calling out to an elder boy,) run directly—do you hear—to Mrs. Wright, and tell her John is stopping to dine with me.

There, now, John, sit down, and make yourself easy."

Tom had run away in such a hurry, that John had no time to stop him; but his face shewed that he was by no means easy, or inclined to enjoy a great piece of apple-pie, which Will's father put on his plate. And yet he thought, "These people are so kind, it would be quite uncivil to them if I were to go away. Besides, they cannot *make* me sell Dash to them."

There were four children besides Will and the boy Tom, who was gone to carry the message to John's mother. There were several things John did not like about these children. One of them slapped the other violently at dinner-time, at which he cried; and then the father gave them each a knock upon the head, and sent them both out of the room. Then the two others kept teasing their mother for the last piece of apple-pie, though she told them several times it was kept for Tom. At last Tom

came, and his mother gave him the apple-pie; but Tom, though a big boy, grumbled the whole time he was eating it, because it was not a larger piece, and said, he was sure every one had had more than he. And this vexed John still more, for he felt that his stay had been the means of putting Tom out of temper. Altogether it was very uncomfortable. The room was dirty. Hens were allowed to come in and walk about as they pleased. There was a pigsty very near the door, and a dunghill, which looked very untidy. And there was the poor jackass, with his bones almost peeping through his skin, the hair of which was half worn off. They all looked poor and dirty, and yet Will's father was drinking strong ale at dinner. And he seemed very fanciful, and scolded his wife, because the apple-pie was not quite sweet enough. John was less than ever inclined to let Dash come here. And when Will's father, after dinner,

began to talk to him, and try by all the means in his power to wheedle him out of the dog, John, though a little boy, was very bold, for he knew he was in the right, and he steadily said, "No, he did not choose to part with Dash to Will." At the same time he thought to himself, "I have one thing at home I like very much, and as it is not a *living* thing, Will could not give it pain. I will offer him my new bat and ball: perhaps he will like it as well as Dash." So John called Will out of the house, and said, "Will, I cannot let you have Dash, but I have thought of something else: will you have my nice new bat and ball? I will give you them with great pleasure."

Nothing could be more goodnatured than this, and there are few boys but would have been satisfied with such a kind present from a schoolfellow. But there are selfish people who will have nothing but the one

thing they fix their mind on; and that one thing they *will* have. So it was with Master Will: instead of thanking John, he flew into a terrible passion, and called him ill-natured, surly young dog. Then he stamped, and so frightened John, who had never seen any one in such a terrible rage, that he would not stay any longer, but without going into the cottage again off he ran towards his mother's house. Will no sooner saw him turn round, than he caught up a stone, and flung it after

him as hard as ever he could. The stone did not hit John; but it went whizzing past, close by his head, and frightened him still more. When he got to his mother's, he did not knock at the door or give any notice of his coming, but ran in directly, shut the door after him, bolted it; and then sitting down on the first chair, he cried as if his heart would break. His mother was very much surprised and startled. She thought he must have done something wrong: his face was as red as fire, and he was quite out of breath. She feared he had been fighting. "Jack," said she; "what have you been doing?"

"Presently, presently, dear mother: wait a minute, and I will tell you all." And so he did very soon. And he added: "I tell you what, mother: I wish Dash were gone away, for Will will never let me alone, till he is gone; and I am so afraid he and his father should try to hurt

him, out of spite to me, poor fellow."

"Then what will you say, John, if I tell you he *is* gone?"

"Gone! Dash gone! Where is he gone, mother?"

"Gone to a very kind, good gentleman, who called here this morning to speak to me, and said he should like to have him for his little son, who is a cripple, and wants more amusement than those boys who can run about. He spoke to me so properly about it, I am sure he will behave well to Dash. And when he heard how fond you were of him, he said he should like you to come to his house now and then, and see the poor dog."

"O, mother! that is nice, very nice. Poor Dash, I shall see you sometimes then. Mother, I wonder whether he will forget me! I am sure I shall miss *him* very much. And, baby, you will miss him too. Poor Dash! I am glad he is safe and well."

John's heart was quite full of gratitude, to think Dash was likely to have a good master; and though several times, as he sat between his father and mother that evening, the thought of his dear little dog, who used to lie so quietly at his feet, came into his mind; he was on the whole very happy; for he felt in his heart it was all right; all as it should be.

But Will, who had made himself unhappy by wishing for, and trying to get, what was not his own, had a very miserable evening. He sat pouting and fretting over the fire; and if any of his little brothers or sisters came near him, he would push them away. And he even went so far as to think whether he could not get Dash away by force: but his father told him he must not think about *that*, for fear of being found out.

When Will went to bed, he could not sleep; and in the morning he told his mother he had a bad headache,

and could not go to school. But when the other children were all gone there, he took his hat and walked towards John's house. He had not settled what he meant to do, but he thought he would just go and see whether Dash was playing about any where near the door. He crept behind a hedge, which divided the cottage garden from the road; and there he stood peeping for a long time, and did not see any body, though the door stood open. After a while, however, he thought he saw little Dash, lying fast asleep in some long grass near a chicken-coop, a little to the right of the cottage. Then a bad thought came into Will's mind; and he said to himself, "Perhaps I could catch him, and wrap my pocket-handkerchief about his mouth, so that he would not make any noise."

Dash was a little *black* dog, and what Will saw in the long grass was black too, and seemed much his size.

Will stopped a little while longer to consider, but his bad thoughts pushed him on to do this naughty thing. So, taking a little round, he crept cautiously behind the hen-coop, not venturing to look backward or forward. But just as he had clapped his handkerchief over what he thought was Dash, up jumped a little black pig, squeaking and making a terrible noise, and John's mother came running out to see what was the matter. The moment she saw Will, she suspected what

brought him there: and she made him come into the house with her, which Will was very unwilling to do. He was exceedingly frightened; for his father had told him, if he was found out, he would certainly be sent to prison, though he was but a little boy. So he kept constantly crying, "O pray, don't send me to prison! don't send me to prison!" and it was some time before Mrs. Wright could make him listen to her. At last she told him, that if he wished to be forgiven and not sent to prison, the first thing he must do, must be to tell her exactly why he came there, and what he was going to do when the pig squeaked and ran away. And Will, who was too much frightened and humbled to think about telling a falsehood, confessed what naughty thoughts he had had in his mind: how he had been very angry with John for not letting him have Dash, and could not sleep for thinking of it; and how,

instead of trying to get rid of these thoughts, though he knew they were very wicked, he had come to look for Dash, and that when he saw him, as he thought, asleep on the grass, he was tempted to steal him.

Mrs. Wright was very sorry for this poor boy; and though she forgave his trying to take what belonged to *her*, she could not regret that he had been frightened and made very unhappy, because she hoped it would make him feel what a sad thing it is to disobey our own consciences, when they tell us we are wrong. She felt grieved for him, too, because she knew that his father, instead of helping him, by encouraging him to resist his own selfishness, tried to get him every thing he wished for, right or wrong. So that poor Will was made worse every day.

When he grew more calm, she told him that Dash was not there: that he was gone to another master; and that

John, though sorry to part with him, had given him up very contentedly, because he knew it was right, and because he believed Dash would be kindly treated. When Will heard this, his heart smote him, for he felt the difference between John and himself. John had given up his own dog without murmuring, and he himself had been trying to steal his schoolfellow's property; while he knew very well that the only reason why it was denied him, was because he was known to be unkind to poor animals. He was now very sorry and ashamed, and begged Mrs. Wright would be so good as to forgive him, and not tell any body what he had done. And she was willing to promise this, because she believed this poor boy would be more likely to improve with kind than with harsh treatment. She wished him to know what *real* kindness was. And she begged him, whenever he felt inclined to do any thing which might

hurt any living thing, to remember her, and to turn away his thoughts to something else directly. And she said to him, "We have a kind Father in heaven, my dear boy, who loves us, and wishes us all to love one another: and how can we expect he will be pleased to see us tease and torment any of his creatures?"

Will went away from the cottage in a very different mood from *that* in which he came there. And though for a time he felt very much ashamed to see John, and scarcely dared to speak to him; yet he used to watch him, and he could not help seeing how happy he was, and what pleasure he gave to all his friends, though he would not do a wrong thing to please any of them. By degrees Will became sociable again, and often used to go home with him, and as Will was allowed to do as he liked, he spent much time at Mrs. Wright's. This was good for him, for a time: but by and by both

the boys grew older and strong enough to go out to work; and then John was employed all day long by a farmer, and Will never saw him but on a Sunday.

This grieved him very much, at first, but he talked with his kind friend, John's mother, and she advised him, if his father would allow it, to get into a service too. "It is quite as necessary for you to labour, Will," said she, "as it is for John to do it; and that is a happiness: for you would find it very difficult to do your duty at home. And yet I hope you will try and help your little brothers and sisters as much as ou can, when you are at service."

Will considered the matter a little, and then he followed Mrs. Wright's advice. He let himself to a farmer who shortly afterwards removed from the neighbourhood, taking Will with him. This was a very great good to the boy: who was taken from many bad examples, and had the advantage

of living with an honest, cheerful family, where he was properly and kindly treated. He profited steadily by these favourable circumstances; and grew up to be a useful, religious, and happy man.

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