

A decorative border of repeating floral and scrollwork motifs frames the entire text area.

BABY TALES;

OR,

EASY LESSONS

FOR

INFANT MINDS.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR E. WALLIS,

42, SKINNER STREET, SNOW HILL,

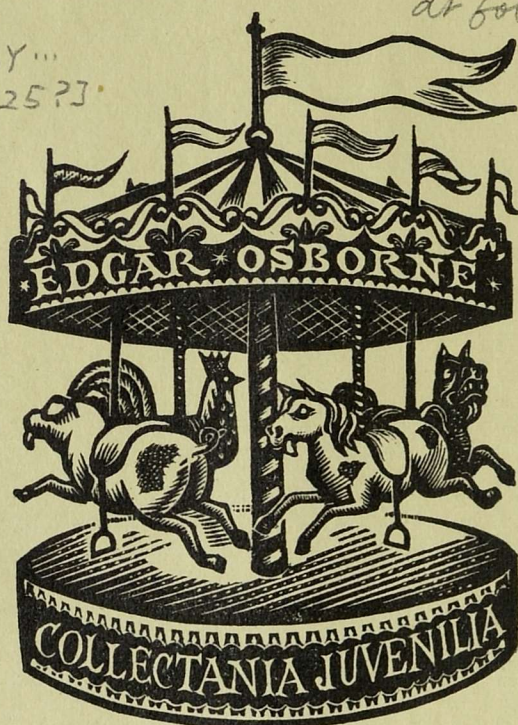
AND 12, HIGH STREET, PENTONVILLE.

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BABY...

[1825?]

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The Osborne Collection of Children's Books
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in memory of his wife
MABEL OSBORNE

FRONTISPIECE.



THE CRUTCH.

page 18.

*Louisa Sophia Loring April 27th
1826.*

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Printed by S. & R. Bentley,
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L l	B b	G g	C c

Cat	Man	Egg
Rat	Boy	Nut
Dog	Leg	Fig
Pig	Arm	Sop
Hen	Eye	Tea
Ass	Ear	Ale
Fly	Toe	Box
Ant	Pin	Hat
Bee	Bag	Oil
Sun	Toy	Mud
Bed	Top	Ice
Cot	Mug	Pan
Pen	Mop	Rag
Rug	Mat	Ham

BABY TALES.

May I get up ? Yes, you may :
let me tie you. Now we can go.

I had an egg to eat one day ;
did not the hen lay it ? Yes, she
did.

Ask for a pin. I can see one :
let me get it for you.

It is not hot now ; we can go
out : put on my hat.

I see the sun in the sky.
How hot it is ! Yes, it is too hot
to run.

May I go and see the man dig?---Yes, you may. How hot he is !

The sun is set : Put Ann to bed. Is she to lie in her new cot? Yes, she is : I did air it.

Do you see the cat? She is in the sun, Do not pat her now. Oh ! her fur is hot.

Ann has cut her arm. Let me put a bit of wet rag on it. Now it is not so bad.

A fly is in my mug. Now it is out. You may go, fly. Oh it is on my arm !

Why do you cry, Tom? Tea is not fit for you. You are a sad boy ; go to bed.

May I eat a bit of ham ? Yes, you may. Sit on my lap. Do not eat the fat : did not you see how ill Tom was one day ? His ham was too fat.

A fly has got in my eye. Oh, how bad it is ! Let Ann try to get it out. Now I can see.

Let me see how you can use a pen. Not so : can you not do it as I do ? Let me try.

Let us go and see the old man in yon cot. Did not his son ask you to go ? Yes : the old man is ill ; he is in bed all day : did you not see how sad his boy was ? Yes, I saw him cry.

Duck	Coat	Milk
Bird	Book	Meat
Hand	Comb	Wine
Foot	Pond	Cake
Back	Coal	Fish
Neck	Cart	Beer
Head	Whip	Tree
Hair	Ball	Pear
None	Drum	Moon
Girl	Kite	Star
Aunt	Leaf	Rain
Door	Bell	Snow
Fire	Sash	Corn
Doll	Shoe	Mill

Why do you run so fast ?
You will fall. Oh, I saw a bee !
it flew to me. It will not hurt
you. See, it is on that rose.

What a wet day it is : how it does rain ! We must not go out in the rain : we can play here. I will put my doll to bed.

If you can walk a long way, Ann, you may go to town with me. We will go to a shop and buy you a nice new book. You have read your old one, more than once. You must keep hold of my hand, or you will be lost.

Some one gave Ann a pear : she took it to her aunt, and said : Pray, my dear aunt, pare this for me, and cut it in half, that I may give some to Jane.

I see an old man in the lane : he has a dog with him. Yes, and the dog will fly at you if you are not kind to the poor man.

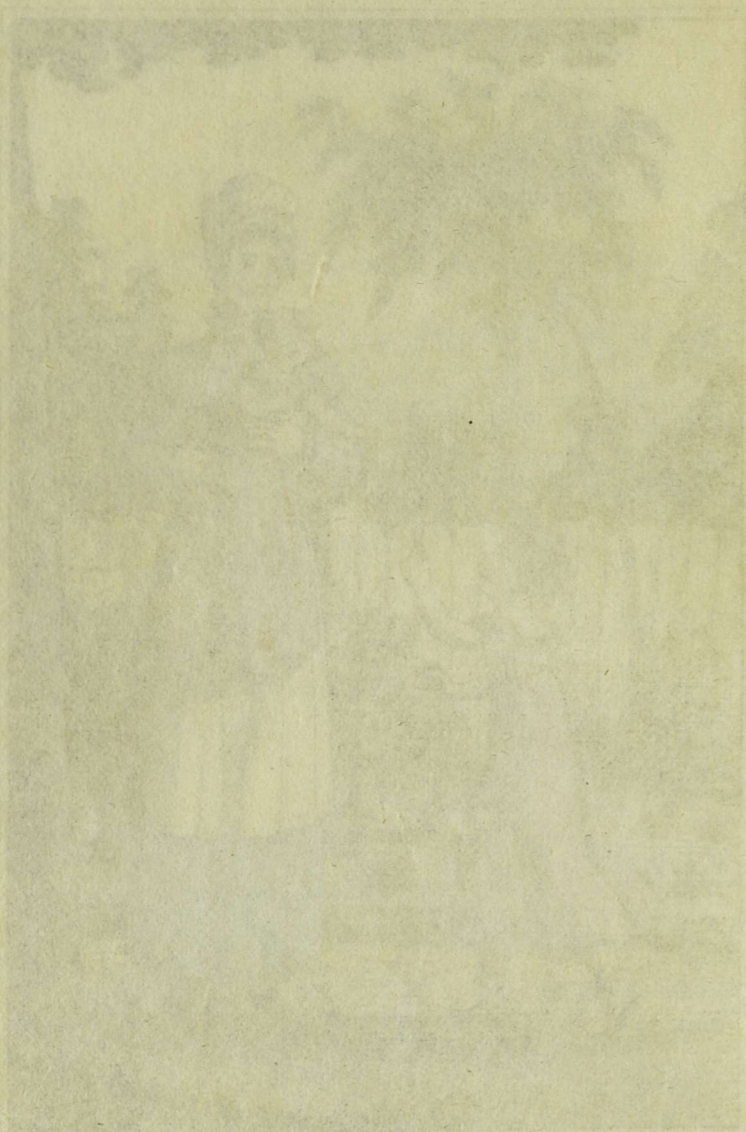
THE BABE.

How kind Jane is to the babe! if he puts out his hand for her toys, she lets him have them. She says: babe does not know yet how to be good. When he is as old as I am now, he will not cry for my toys.

Let us go and take a walk: it is not cold. May the dog come with us? Yes. Are we to go this way? No, I must go to the shop to buy some pins, and tape, and a lace. May I take them home? No, my dear, you will lose them.



"If he puts out his hands for her Toys
she lets him have them"



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THE BALL.

Ann has a ball to play with, when she is out: she can run fast to get it, but not so fast as her aunt. I saw her roll it a long way, and once it fell in the mud. I hope she will take care not to lose it.

THE NUTS.

I have two nuts in my hand: I will give you one of them, Jane. No, I must not eat nuts. Aunt says they are not good for me; they will make me ill. You are a good girl to mind what your aunt says.

THE POND.

Do not go near the pond : I will tell you of a poor boy I once knew, who went too near a pond, and he fell in. The pond was deep, and he soon sank down, and was not to be seen. Some men, who were a long way off, heard him cry out as he fell, and they came and got him out at last ; but he was wet and cold ; he did not move, nor say a word, and his eyes were shut. They took him home, and he was put to bed, and kept warm. I saw them rub him for some time, and at last he came to life, but he was ill and weak for a long time.

Child	House
Nurse	Shelf
Friend	Plate
Tongue	Purse
Mouth	Hedge
Cheek	Field
Thumb	Crutch
Throat	Knife
Bread	Spoon
Cheese	Grass
Frock	Glass
Stick	Stone
Chair	Brick
Hearth	Slate
Floor	String
Ditch	Horse

THE NEST.

John saw a nest in a tall tree. He said to Ann, I will get that nest for you : I dare say it is full of eggs. But Ann said, Pray do not get it: how sad it would make the poor birds to lose their eggs.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

Do you see that poor boy? He is deaf and dumb. He does not hear a word we say, nor can he talk to us. He does not hear the birds sing, nor the cock crow. Yet he does not seem sad. No, all are kind to him, and he is good. I hope one day he will hear and talk.



"He ran and hid his face in his Nurses Cloak"

THE SHY BOY.

John is shy. One day he was out with his nurse, and I met them. I said, How do you do, John; will you kiss me? but he ran and hid his face in his nurse's cloak. John would be a nice boy if he were not so shy.

THE RUDE BOY

Tom came to see Ann one day: she was glad to see him: but Tom was rude, and he broke her doll, and tore her book. His nurse said: Fie, sir, that is not good. But Ann said: Do not scold him, nurse; he did not mean it. And she said to Tom: Do not cry, love; I will ask aunt to mend them.

THE FROG.

Charles was in a field, in which there was a pond : he saw a frog, and he ran to take it up ; but it gave a leap, and he could not catch it for some time : at last he got it and took it in his hand. Oh, it was so cold ! When he had seen the spots on its back, and its long legs, he let it go, for he did not wish to hurt it, and it did not like his warm hand.

THE CRUTCH.

Ann went to take a walk with her aunt. She saw a poor lame man who had let his crutch fall, and he could not stoop to pick it up. Ann ran fast to get it, and gave it the poor man. He was glad to have it, and said : I thank you, my sweet child.

THE FIRE.

One day nurse said to Ann : I must go out of the room, to fetch food for the babe : while I am gone, do not go near the fire. And Ann said, I will not ; and she went on with her play. Soon she thought : “now I will read ;” and she saw her book on a chair by the fire. Then she said : “no, I will not read till nurse comes back, for I told her I would not go near the fire.”

What a good girl this was !

THE NEAT GIRL.

Ann was a neat girl. When she left off play, she did not leave her toys on the floor, but put them all up on the shelf, where

her mamma had told her to keep them. When she came home from her walk, she did not go to play with her hat and coat on, but took them off and put them on a chair, for her mamma to fold them up. This child was but two years and a half old.*

THE CRUMBS.

The snow was deep, and ice was on the pond ; the poor birds could find no worms or corn : Jane's hands were red and cold, and she sat by the fire to warm them. Jane's nurse said : Here are some crumbs, miss, but I think you will not like to go out of doors this cold day, to give them to the birds. Jane said, Oh, yes, I will ; and she ran and

* A fact.

shook them on the walk. The birds flew down and made a good meal, and Jane was glad to see them eat. It was kind of Jane to leave the fire, or the poor birds might have lost their meal.

THE PLUMS.

Ann went into her mamma's room: there was no one there. She saw on a chair a plate full of plums: she ran up to them and took one: she put it to her mouth, but then she said: "Oh no; I must not eat it: mamma did not give it me." And she put it on the plate, and ran out of the room.* Was not that quite right? Ann at this time was not three years old. Her mamma was at the door and saw what she did.

* A fact.

THE STICK.

Charles went out with his mamma. He had a stick in his hand, which his aunt gave him ; and as he went by a shop where cups, and plates, and mugs are sold, he broke a dish with his stick. When he saw what he had done, he said : “Stop, mamma, while I go and tell the man.” He went in, but there was no one in the shop : then he made a noise with his stick on the floor, and the man came. Charles said to him : “I broke this dish with my stick ; how much does it cost ?” The man said, “Four-pence.” Charles gave him four-pence out of his purse, and went back to his mamma, who gave him a kiss, and said he was a good boy.

THE SNOW BALL.

Kate ran one cold day to her mamma, and said: "Mamma, have you seen my snow-ball?" "No, my dear," said her mamma, "I did not know you had one." "Oh, yes, mamma, I went into the yard, and made such a nice hard, round snow-ball, and I took it into our room, and put it on the hob to roast it, and see how it would look then; I ran to tell Charles, but when I came back, it was gone. Nurse was there, but she says she did not touch it, and she *will* laugh at me." Then her mamma told her that fire melts snow, and she said, "Did not you see some wet on the hob?" Kate said, "Yes." Mamma said: "That was once your snow-ball."

Fa-ther	Poc-ket
Mo-ther	Tip-pet
Sis-ter	Trow-sers
Bro-ther	Stock-ing
Un-cle	Pow-der
Cou-sin	Bar-rel
Mas-ter	Bot-tle
Ser-vant	Can-dle
Ba-by	Win-dow
Doc-tor	Shut-ter
Peo-ple	Ceil-ing
Fin-ger	Ta-ble
Pen-cil	Clo-set
Let-ter	Cor-ner
Thim-ble	Cel-lar
Par-lour	Break-fast
Kitch-en	Din-ner
Gar-den	Sup-per
Po-ker	Wa-ter
Fen-der	Su-gar
Sho-vel	Phy-sic

Car-pet	Ba-con
Cur-tain	Ba-sin
Chim-ney	Draw-er
Li-on	Bas-ket
La-dy	Blan-ket
Ba-ker	Sta-ble
Butch-er	Pa-per
Gro-cer	Pic-ture
Ap-ple	Flow-er

THE QUI-ET GIRL.

Emma's pa-pa did not like to hear his chil-dren make a noise. He was out all day on bu-si-ness, and when he came home to din-ner, at five o'clock, he was ve-ry ti-red, and wished not to be dis-turb-ed. Em-ma knew this, and she was ve-ry care-ful that he should hear no noise. If she fell

down, and hurt her-self, she would do all she could to re-frain from cry-ing; and if she saw that her lit-tle bro-ther was go-ing to cry for her toys, she would let him play with them, and a-muse her-self in some o-ther way. She did not run or jump, or draw the chairs a-long the floor of the nur-se-ry, which was o-ver the draw-ing-room; nor did she tease the nurse while she was put-ting lit-tle Ar-thur to bed. When nurse had told her pa-pa what a good, qui-et girl Em-ma was, he u-sed to send for her ve-ry of-ten to sit on his knee, while he drank his wine, or read the news-pa-per to her mam-ma.

THE SCALD-ED MOUTH.

Oh, said Ma-ry, while tak-ing her sup-per, I want my milk and wa-ter ve-ry much ; I am so thirs-ty. Her mam-ma told her that she must wait a little; that it was yet too hot : but in a mo-ment Ma-ry said : “ Now I may drink it : it is cool e-nough now, I am sure : ” and be-fore her mo-ther could stop her, she put it to her lips. Oh, how she did cry ! It scald-ed her ve-ry much, and she could scarce-ly eat her bread and but-ter, her lips and tongue were so sore. They soon got well, but she did not soon for-get that it is bet-ter to bear thirst for a mi-nute or two, than to scald one’s mouth.

THE MELT-ED DOLL.

Lu-cy's aunt brought her a wax doll for a New Year's gift: she ran full of joy to shew it to her sis-ter, and as it was a cold fros-ty day, they sat ve-ry close to the fire to ex-a-mine it. They looked at it a long time; con-sult-ed whe-ther it would have been pret-ti-er with black eyes than blue ones, and count-ed the curls round its face, and the tucks in its frock. At last Ca-ro-line said: "Dear sis-ter, is it not much pa-ler than it was?" "Oh," said Lu-cy, "and see, its arm is coming off. In a mo-ment she add-ed: And its face is all wet and stick-y. It was so, in-deed; the fire had melt-ed the pret-ty doll, so that in a short time you

could not tell that it had ever had a mouth, or nose, or ro-sy cheeks.

Lu-cy had heard that fire melts wax, but I sup-pose she had forgot-ten it. I dare say lit-tle girls who read this tale, will nev-er forget it.

THE DOSE OF PHY-SIC.

Cla-ra was sick; she could not eat, and she had a bad pain in her head and sto-mach. Her mam-ma fetch-ed the little scales and a bot-tle full of some-thing, and said; My dear I must give you some phy-sic to make you well. Cla-ra said: Is it nice? Her mam-ma said, No: the yel-low pow-der which you see in that bot-tle is rhu-barb: it is ve-ry bit-ter and

you will not like it; but I am sure, that as I say it will do you good, and as I wish you to take it, you will drink it off at once: if you do, it will soon be o-ver, and here is a piece of su-gar to take the taste out of your mouth. When it was rea-dy, Cla-ra took the cup, and drank it off with-out leav-ing a drop. Cla-ra was not at this time, three years old.*

THE GOOD BRO-THER.

Hen-ry was a great boy. He could trun-dle a hoop, and play at trap-ball, and fly a kite, and he could read any book, and he learn-ed La-tin: but he was ve-ry kind to his lit-tle sister, and would oft-en leave his books

* A fact.



"I do not mind being laughed at when I am doing right"

or play, to come and a-muse her. One day she ask-ed him to play at catch cra-dle with her, and he got a piece of string, and sat down by her side, and be-gan to play. George came into the room, and said: I see two ba-bies. And lit-tle Em-ma said: Do not play with me any more, Hen-ry; George calls you ba-by. But Hen-ry kiss-ed her, and said: Yes, I shall go on: I do not mind be-ing laugh-ed at when I am do-ing right.

Do *you* think Hen-ry was a ba-by?

THE PIN.

One day Lou-i-sa was play-ing in the room where her mam-ma was at work: she was dress-ing

her doll. On a sud-den her mother heard her make a strange noise, as if she was choak-ing : she ran to her, and saw that she was black in the face, and could not breathe. She was in great pain, and her mam-ma had no doubt of her hav-ing got a pin in her throat: she put her fin-ger in-to her mouth, and pull-ed it out. Oh, how grate-ful Lou-i-sa was to her ; but her poor mam-ma was so fright-en-ed that she be-gan to cry. Lou-i-sa cried too, and said she would ne-ver put a pin in-to her mouth a-gain ; and her mo-ther told her se-ve-ral sto-ries of peo-ple who had died, and of some who had suf-fer-ed pain for ma-ny years, in con-se-quence of hav-ing swal-low-ed pins.

THE BATH-ING TUB.

Cla-ra was not a strong child : she could not walk far, and she was often poor-ly : so the doc-tor said she must be bath-ed in the morn-ing in cold wa-ter to strength-en her. Her mam-ma, there-fore, bought a bath-ing tub ; it was fil-led with wa-ter from the pump, and in the morn-ing the nurse un-dress-ed her, laid her upon her arms, took hold of her right leg and arm, and plung-ed her head fore-most in-to the wa-ter. She drew her out quick-ly ; but poor Cla-ra, who did not like the feel of the wet and cold, scream-ed sad-ly, so that her pa-pa came run-ning down stairs to know what was the mat-ter. She soon left off cry-

ing, and when nurse had dried her, she said : Oh, nurse, I am so warm now. Her mam-ma came in-to the room at that moment, and she said : I am glad you are warm ; it is a proof that bath-ing will do you good. I hope my dear lit-tle girl will not cry the next time, since it is done to make her well and strong ; and when you are u-sed to it, my love, you will not mind it : you know how boys love the wa-ter. Cla-ra, said, she would try to be good next time ; and so she was ; and when she had been bath-ed se-ve-ral times, and the warm wea-ther came on, she began to like it. What was bet-ter still, she grew so strong and health-y that she sel-dom re-qui-red me-

di-cine, and could walk as far and run as fast as any of her little friends.

THE FOND BRO-THER AND SIS-TER.

One day mam-ma said to Edward: How is it, my dear, that e-ve-ry week I have to mend a great hole in each poc-ket of your trow-sers? What do you put in-to them? Mam-ma, said Edward, it is be-cause I have no bag to put my dumps and mar-bles in, so I am forc-ed to keep them in my poc-kets. But you must not do it, in-deed, said his mother: when I have time I will make you a bag; till then, put them in-to some emp-ty box: I know you have se-ve-ral. Edward's sis-ter heard what was said,

and she went up stairs di-rect-ly, and got a nice piece of brown holland, which her mam-ma had given her to make a pin-a-fore for her doll. She fetch-ed her work-bag too, sat down in the nur-se-ry, and did not rise from her seat till she had made a nice bag for her bro-ther. Nurse gave her a piece of tape to run through it for a string, and then Ma-ri-a ran to seek Ed-ward. How de-light-ed he was when she gave it him ! He had been try-ing to put his mar-bles on a shelf in the play-clo-set, for he could not find a box, and they had roll-ed all o-ver the room, so that he had been a quar-ter of an hour pick-ing them up.

Some days af-ter this he saw



The fond Brother and Sister.

his sis-ter ma-king her doll a lit-tle bed in one cor-ner of the play-room. and he said: Ma-ri-a, should you like a doll's bed-stead? Ma-ri-a start-ed up and said: Oh, yes, ve-ry much in-deed. Can you make me one? Ed-ward an-swer-ed: I think I can. If you will tell me how long it must be, I will try. The first time he saw his fa-ther at lei-sure, he told him he want-ed some nar-row slips of ma-ho-ga-ny to make a doll's bed-stead for Ma-ri-a. His pa-pa took him to a shop, where they bought some; and Ed-ward, who had been taught how to use car-pen-ters' and ca-bi-net-ma-kers' tools, soon com-plet-ed a ve-ry neat bed-stead, which was for a long

time his sis-ter's fa-vor-ite play-thing.

How hap-py these chil-dren were in be-ing so kind to each o-ther. Ed-ward could not have made his bag, nor Ma-ri-a her bed-stead.

THE BARREL OF ALE.

Sophy was a giddy girl : her mamma used to say, that if her head were loose she would certainly lose it. If you told her any thing one moment, she forgot it the next: she wished to do right, but was always doing wrong: her papa called her Giddy Soph. She was a great girl, yet she was so heedless that her mother could better trust Maria, who was but seven years

old, to do any thing for her. One Sunday, all the servants, except nurse, who had the baby, were at church; so Sophy was sent by her father into the cellar to draw some ale. She was in such terrible haste to return into the garden, (though she had nothing to do there but to walk slowly up and down the gravel walk,) that she was back from the cellar in an instant, and spilled part of the ale over her frock, in her haste to take it into the parlour. At night, when the servant went to draw beer for supper, what a woeful sight he beheld! giddy Soph had forgotten to turn the cock back, and the ale had all run out, and filled his shoes as soon as he entered.

RICH AND POOR.

Once Emily's parents were rich: they had a large house and garden, with many servants; and Emily, though she was but seven years old, had masters to teach her writing, music, and dancing. But Emily's father had almost all his money in a ship, which was lost in a storm, so he was obliged to leave his nice house, and send away his servants and Emily's masters. Emily went with her papa and mamma to a small house where they had taken two rooms; these rooms were small and dark, and instead of the windows looking upon a pleasant lawn, they faced a narrow street. Emily asked if she might go and see whether there was a garden,

but her papa told her there was none, and he added : You must not, my love, run about this house as you did about our own ; the whole house, except these two rooms, belongs to another person, who will send us away, if he is disturbed by any noise. Emily sat very still, till her mamma took her to bed. The next morning, when she awoke, she saw that her mamma was already dressed ; she came to her and said ; I will show you how to put on your stockings, Emily, and I will tie your frock ; you must learn to do all you can for yourself, for you cannot now have a servant to wait on you. When Emily went into the other room, and saw breakfast on the table, she said :

Where is my milk ? Her mother said : I will give you a slice of bread, my dear, which does not cost quite so much as bread and milk, and you shall have some milk and water with it. Emily began to eat her bread very contentedly : her papa and mamma talked softly to each other, and she soon saw that her mamma was crying. She said : Mamma, do you cry because you cannot give me my milk ? I like my bread very much. Her mother answered : No, my love, I know you will soon be used to that change ; but I cry to think that I shall have very little time to attend to your improvement, now I have no servants to assist me ; and I am sad, besides, to think

how little of your papa's company I shall have, now he will be so much engaged in getting some more money for us. But then, mamma, said Emily, I will try to amuse you ; I will talk to you instead of playing with my doll. I will help you to work, and to keep our rooms neat, and when you have a little time to hear me my lessons, I will be so attentive ! Only do not cry, dear mamma. Her papa and mamma kissed her, and said they should never be very unhappy while they had such a good child.

THE

AMBER-HEADED CANE.

Little Julius was in the parlour with his mamma when Doctor Hardy came to vaccinate the baby. The nurse brought her down; mamma tucked up one of her sleeves, almost to the shoulder, and the Doctor took out of his pocket a sharp-pointed instrument, something like a knife. Julius thought he was going to cut little Kate's arm off, and he ran to Doctor Hardy and said: You shall not hurt my sister. The Doctor said; I will not hurt her much: and then he scratched her arm with his lancet and she screamed out. Julius frowned very much, and would not speak a word to the Doctor that day. After Doctor Hardy had talked for some time to mamma, he rose to go away; but he could not find his amber-

headed cane, which he knew he had laid across the table, when the infant was brought into the room. Julius would not assist in looking for it; but mamma, and the servants, searched for it for half an hour; and at last it was found hidden under the rug in the drawing-room.

As soon as Doctor Hardy was gone, Julius went to his mamma, and whispered to her: I hid Doctor Hardy's stick, because he hurt my sister.* Then mamma took Julius on her knee, and said: You are a good boy, to love your sister; and when you are a man, you must take care that no one hurts her; but while you are a little boy you cannot judge what is good for her. I love little Kate as well as you; yet I sent for the Doctor to cut her arm, as you saw: it will save her from being very ill indeed, from having red spots all

* This is a fact, with all its circumstances. The child was three years and a half old.

over her face and neck and arms, and from suffering much greater pain than Doctor Hardy gave her. So, you see, it was kind in the Doctor to do as he did. But I must tell you something more. When any one does a thing to you that you do not like, you must not try to do something to them that they will not like; this is called *revenge*, and is naughty. No: when a person does a thing to you that you dislike, you must think what you can do for them that they will like; then they will be sorry for having vexed you. This is called, *returning good for evil*.

Julius said: I do not understand you. Mamma said; I will tell you a story about it.

“There were two little boys, named Frederic and John. Frederic had a little canary-bird, that sung all day long; and would eat out of his hand. John had a pretty squirrel, that could crack nuts, and play twenty droll tricks. One

day, John said to Frederic : Come and play at trap-ball with me. Frederic said : No. I cannot ; I do not know my lessons.----Then John was angry, and said his brother was cross : he went down stairs, and saw that the door of the canary-bird's cage had been left open. He said to himself ; Frederic is cross to me, so I will be cross to him. I will not shut the door of the cage, and he will lose his bird. In a minute or two the bird got out, and the cat ate it up immediately. Poor Frederic grieved for the loss of his bird, and John said : I saw the door open, but I would not shut it, because you were cross to me. Frederic said : That was unkind of you, John ; I should not have done so by you.----Next day John was playing with his squirrel, and it ran away from him ; it ran down the garden, into the orchard, skipped from tree to tree very fast, and at last got into the wood. John, who was but a little boy, could

not run very fast, and soon lost sight of it ; but as soon as Frederic heard of it, he ran very fast into the wood, climbed up the tree where he saw the squirrel sitting, caught him, and brought him back to John."

Oh, mamma, said Julius, clapping his hands, that was returning good for evil ; what a good Frederic, and how sorry John must have been that he let the cat eat the poor canary-bird. "Yes, he was very sorry ; and after that time, if any one vexed him, he never thought of *revenge*, but only how he could *return good for evil*."

THE END.

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