The book cover is dark with a fine, woven texture. It features a decorative border embossed into the cover, consisting of a double-line rectangular frame with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral motifs at the corners and midpoints. The text is centered within this border.

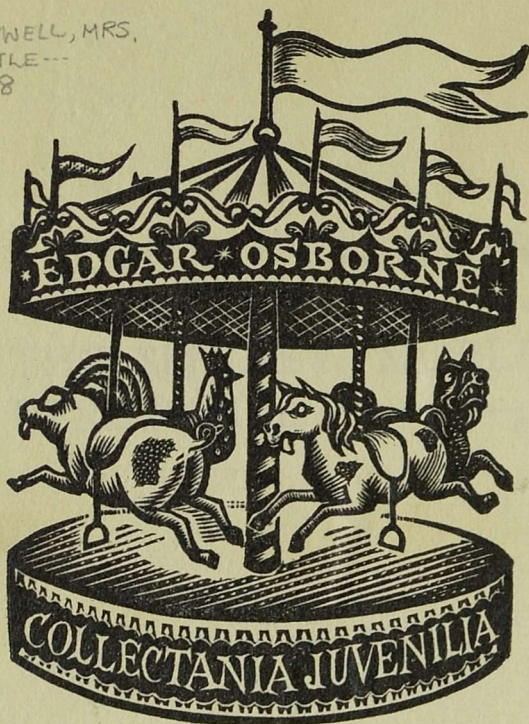
LITTLE LESSONS
FOR
LITTLE LEARNERS

81

BARWELL, MRS.

LITTLE---

1838



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Master William Lorington
The gift of his Mother
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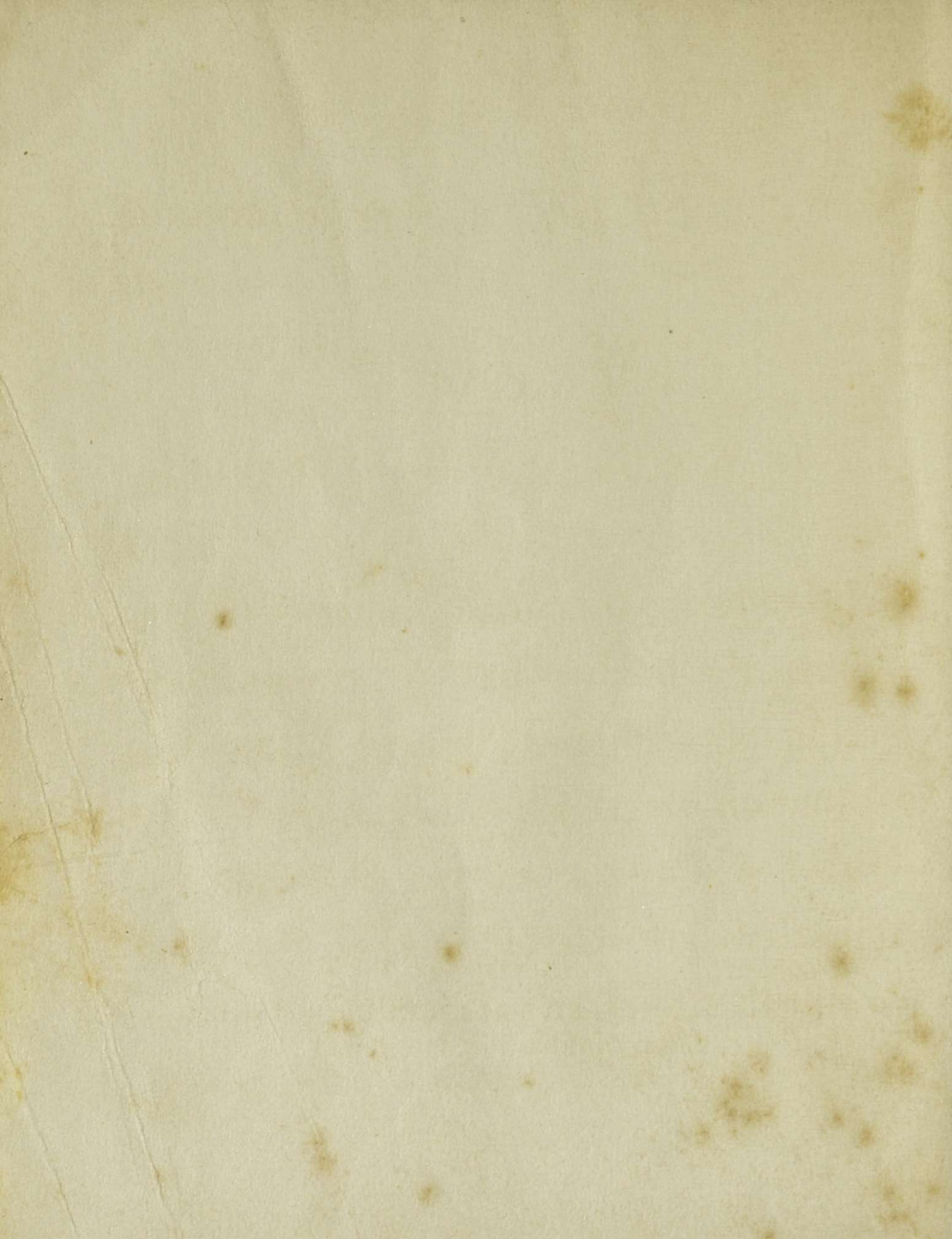
A FARM-YARD.

LITTLE LESSONS
FOR
LITTLE LEARNERS,
IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

BY MRS. BARWELL,
AUTHOR OF
"SUNDAY LESSONS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN,"
&c. &c.

FOURTH EDITION.
WITH NEW AND ADDITIONAL WOOD CUTS.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.
J. HATCHARD & SON, PICCADILLY.
1838.



P R E F A C E.

IN offering this little volume to the public, the writer has to overcome a feeling of diffidence, arising from the estimation in which the books already published for the use of children are so justly held; and a fear that, from this cause, the present work may appear uncalled for. Parents and teachers will,

however, find, upon examination, that there is a deficiency of reading lessons confined, as in the present instance, entirely to monosyllables; and the writer, in instructing her own children, has been obliged to select from many books that which might have been more advantageously contained in one.

She hopes to have succeeded in making the progression from words of three to words of six letters, as gradual as possible. She has also endeavoured to render the language like that of child-

hood ; and those who attend to the prattle of young children, will perceive that they generally express themselves in monosyllables, except where the names of objects, and the past tenses of verbs, compel the use of polysyllables.

In order to instruct children advantageously, their feelings and their understandings must both be addressed ; and this can best be done by employing their own mode of speech. With this view, and with the desire of leading to

the love of knowledge, by directing the mind to facts, these lessons have been written : and the utmost simplicity of expression has therefore been sought. Tautology is frequent, but it is intentional ; repetition of the same words, in different combinations, being absolutely necessary to impress them on the minds of learners.

P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE publication of a second edition of the present volume, in less than twelve months after its first appearance, sufficiently justifies the conviction originally expressed, that such a work was a desideratum amongst elementary books. The notices with which it has

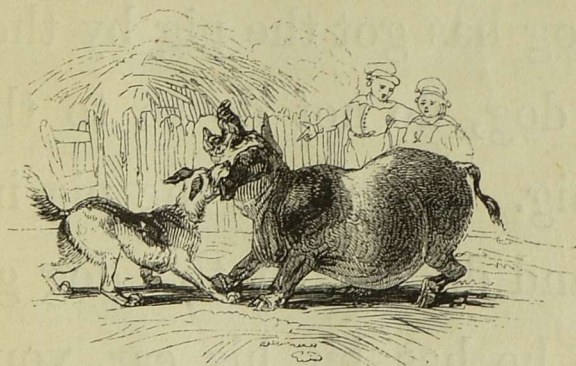
been honoured in various journals, have undoubtedly tended greatly to increase its circulation, and I beg thus publicly to acknowledge the advantages which the work has thence derived.

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LITTLE LESSONS.



LESSON I.

THE DOG AND THE PIG.

LET us go out. It is a hot day ; do not run now, it is too hot to run. I see a pig and a

dog; the pig is fat, he can not run, but the dog can run. See! the dog has got the pig by the ear. Oh! dog, do not do so to the fat old pig. Tom, put the pig in the sty, and do not let the dog get at him: he has bit his ear, you see, for it is all red.

Let us go and see the pig now he is in the sty. He is in the wet mud; why do you not put dry hay in the sty for the fat pig

to lie on? Get up pig, and do not lie in the mud. Rub the mud off him, Tom. No, sir, I can not rub it off.

He is to be fed; how he eats. Yes, he eats all day, if I let him: but he is too fat now, I can not let him eat so. The dog and the cat do not eat as the pig eats. A boy who eats so, is as bad as a pig.

The cow is by the sty. She eats hay. You can pat her.

LESSON II.

THE OLD MAN.

MAY we go to see the man who is ill? he is in bed; he is sad; he is so ill he can not get up, and he is old too. Do not cry, old man, but try to eat a bit of my new bun, for if you can eat, you may get out of bed, and sit in the hot sun as you did on the day I saw you as you sat on the new cut hay.

I can not see the bun, sir. Why can you not see? Can you see me, old man? Can you see my new cap? No, sir, I can not see; I am old, my eyes are of no use to me; I can not see the way to go.

How can you go out, if you can not see? I am led out in the air by my son, and I sit on the hay in the sun; but now I am ill, and in bed, and can not get up, and go out.

LESSON III.

THE FLY.

OH! a fly has got in my eye ; I can not see at all : my eye is put out. You bad fly to get in my eye. I can not see the way to go. How can I get the fly out of my eye ? can you get it out for me ? Yes, if you do not cry so. It is of no use for you to cry. Let

me see ; sit on my lap : now the fly is out. I can see now ; so the fly did not put my eye out.

Now you can see, so you may get me a pin to put in my cap. I saw a pin on the rug ; can you see it now ? A pin is not to lie on the rug, for it may run in to my foot. I do not see the pin ; it was on the rug. Oh ! the cat lies on it. Get up, cat, and let me get the pin.



LESSON IV.

THE DOG ON THE BED.

LET the dog lie on the rug, or the mat, or on his own bed ; but do not put him on my bed. My bed is not for a dog or a cat to lie on, but you may lie on it. I did

lie on it one day, for I was ill. I did not get out of my bed for ten days. Oh ! how sad I was, and I did cry so : and I saw you cry too. I did not go out in the air, nor run, nor hop, nor dig : I was so sad ! But now I am not ill. I go out in the day ; I run, and hop, and dig, all the day ; and I am so gay. And are you gay too ? Yes, I am ; but if you are ill, I am sad ; and if not, I am gay. Now sit on

my lap and eat your sop. My sop
is in the jug : put a bit on the mat
for my dog. Let me eat my sop
and go to bed.



THE TOY GUN.

LESSON V.

THE TOY GUN.

I HAD a gun : it was a toy gun : it did not go off, pop, pop, as men's guns do. A man's gun is of use, but my gun is a toy, and of no use. I am to buy a top one day ; it is to be a top to hum, not a peg top. A peg top is not so big as a top to hum.

Can you let me put out my map? Yes, you may lay it out: I do not see the way to do it: but you can try. You may ask Ned to put it out for you, and you can see how he lays it out. One bit is not in the box: you did not put it all by, the day you had it.

LESSON VI.

THE NEW GIG.

MAY I go out in my new gig,
and ask Ned to go too? Put Ned
in my gig. Why does he cry?
See, you sit on his leg. Now let
us be off.

I can not see the old man to
day, who sits on the top of the
hill.

No, he can not go out ; a dog bit his leg, and he can not use his leg. May we go and see him ? Yes, you may.

How do you do, old man ? Sir, my leg is bad, I can not get up. I am to lie in bed for two days. I can not go out and sit in the air, on the top of the hill to-day, and I am sad ; but I can see the sun and sky as I lie in bed : my son has put my bed for me, so as

I can see the sun and sky, and
I try not to be sad.

You are in the new gig, I see,
sir. Yes, and I can get out and
run by the side of it, but Ned can
not get out and run. He is not so
old as I am ; he is not two years
old yet, and I am six.

LESSON VII.

THE DOG AND THE BUN.

WHY did you eat my bun, Tom? It was not for you. I did not eat it, Ann. Who did eat it? Did you see Sam get it? No, Sam did not get it; but I saw the dog eat it. Why did you let the dog eat my bun? you saw him, and yet you let him get

it, and eat it up. Why did you not hit him? You are a big boy, and yet you let the dog eat my bun. I put it on the lid of my tin box: if I had put it in the box, and not on the box, the dog had not got it. Do not cry, Ann; and, if I may go out, I can buy you two buns.

LESSON VIII.

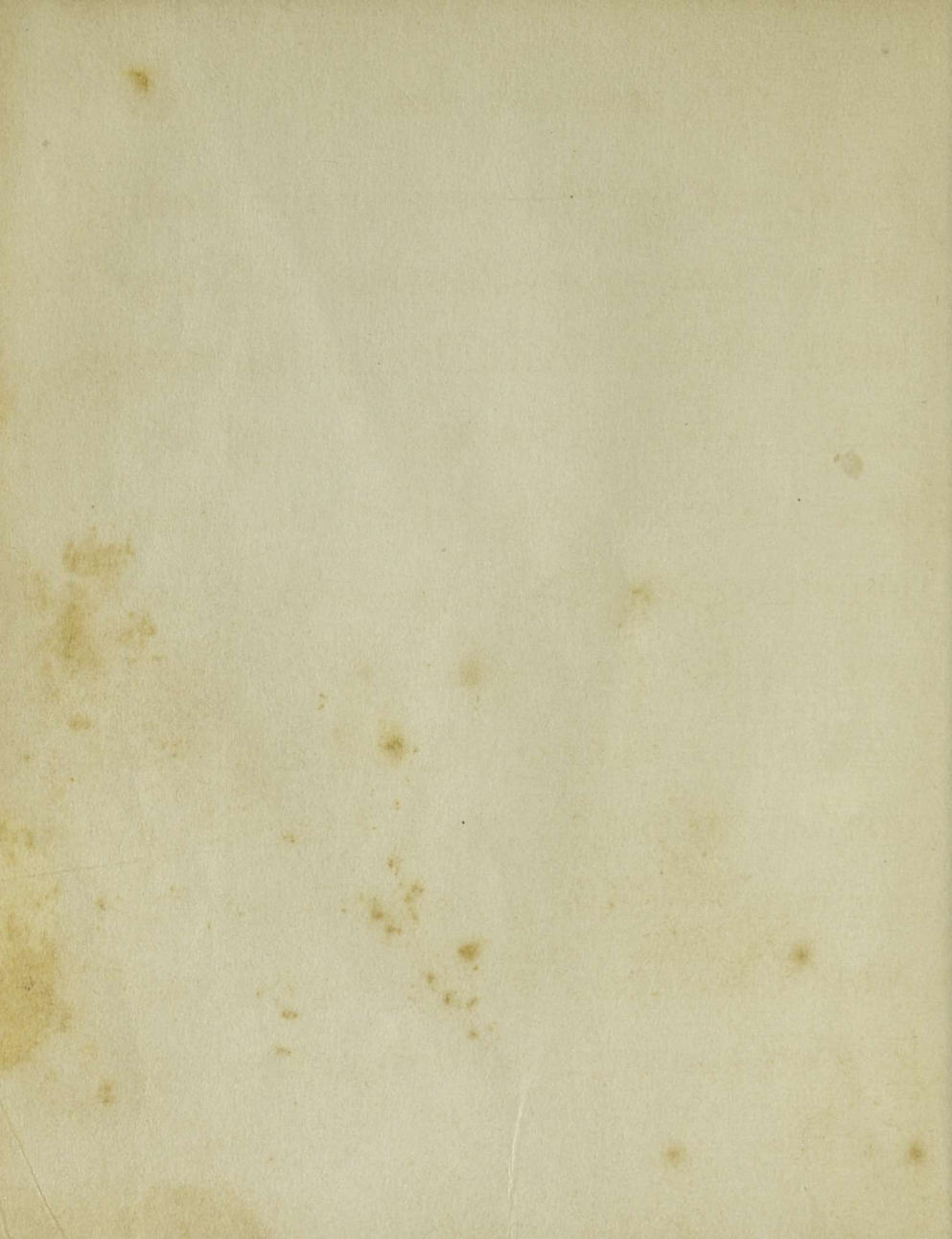
PENS AND INK.

1200 pens

WHY do you get my pen and ink? Pens and ink are not for a boy, and my pen was a new one. You can not use a pen yet. If you try to use it, all you do is to put the ink on my box, and on my rug. Get a bit of rag to rub the ink off my rug.



PENS AND INK.



Now put by the pen in my box. Who has got the key of my box? I saw Ann lay it on my bed. Ask her for the key of my pen and ink box : put the two pens and the ink in the box. Now put the key in my bag.

My box has no lid, can you put one on for me? No, for the lid of my box is too big, and can not fit. Now I see the lid of my own box, it is on the rug. I did not see it,

for the rug is red, and the lid of my box is red too. May I put pins in my box. No, do not get the pins.

LESSON IX.

THE CAT AND HER KITS.

OUR sow has ten pigs, and our cat has two kits. May I go and see all the pigs in the sty? Yes, you may go, but do not run in the mud; and put on a hat. See how the pigs run in the sty, and on the old sow; but the kits do not

run. The kits can not see : so the old cat has put her two kits in the hay for a bed. Get up on the tub, and you can see the old cat, and the kits by her. The old cat has no ears. No : a bad boy cut off her ears one day.

The pigs are to be fed, and the sow too. She has got a bed of hay for her pigs, as the cat has for her two kits. How she eats ! she is a fat old sow.

Now let us go in, and I can
put by my new hat in my
box.

LESSON X.

THE CAT WITH ONE EAR.

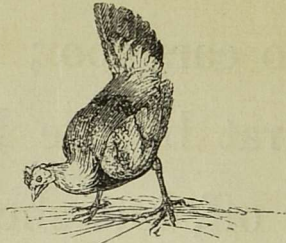
I SAW our cat eat a fly one day, and she ate a rat too. Did you see our cat run by you? she has but one ear. Yes, I did see a cat. She ran by me, and she has hid in the hay.

Why has the cat but one ear? My cat has two ears. And our

cat had two ears too ; but one day she got a rat by the leg, and he bit her ear off, but she did not let him go. She runs off if she sees a dog. Yes, she saw the dog, and so she ran in to the hay.



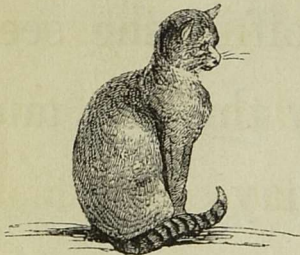
fly



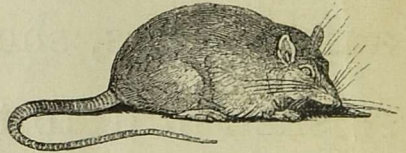
hen



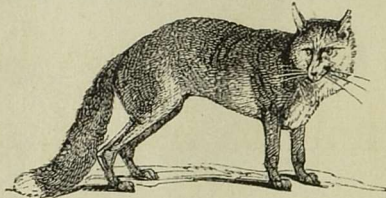
bee



cat



rat



fox

LESSON XI.

HERE is a fly, a hen, a bee, a cat, a rat, and a fox. The fly, the

hen, and the bee can fly, they have wings; the cat, the rat, and the fox can not fly, they have no wings. The fly has six legs, so has the bee. The hen has two legs, but she does not run fast. The cat, the rat, and the fox, have four legs, and can run fast. The rat has a hole to live in, so has the fox.

The hen can not fly up in the air as the tom-tit does, but the bee

and the fly can fly a good way up in the air. The hen is of use to man ; she lays eggs. The rat and the fox are not of use : the rats eat all they can get ; the fox eats our hens. A dog can kill a fox, and dogs and cats kill rats.

LESSON XII.

THE KIND MAN.

I SAW a man buy a loaf, and he met a boy all in rags ; the boy had no cap or hat on, and he was pale and thin. The man said to the boy, You look ill, my poor lad ; here is my loaf for you : you look as if you want it more than I do. The boy made a bow, took the

loaf, and soon ate it up. He was a kind man, was he not?

If you see that boy, will you give him an old coat and a cap? I am sure he wants them; and you have a coat that I do not wear now. He is poor, and we are not poor, so we can give to those who want.

LESSON XIII.

THE DUSK HOUR.

THE sun is set, but it is not quite dark yet ; it is dusk. I see a bird ; how fast it flies past me. That is not a bird, it is a bat. Bats do not fly in the day time ; they hide in holes in a wall, or a tree, till it is dusk, and then they fly out, and find their food.

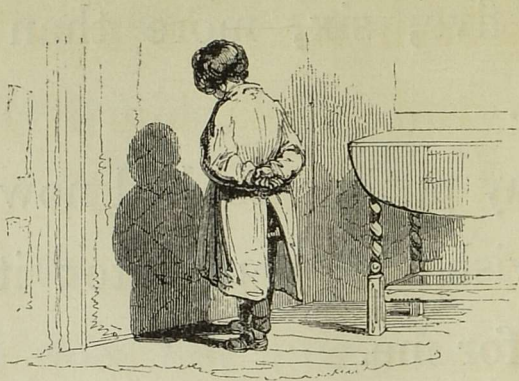
Owls fly out at the dusk hour, and so do moths.

I do not hear the hum of the bees nor the buzz of the flies now ; my bird does not sing ; he sits in his cage, and hides his head in his wing.

Look up at the sky, and tell me what you see. I see a star, and I see the moon, just a part of it ; it looks like a bow. Now I see two stars : oh ! more than two ;

four, five, six, more than I can count.

Pray put me to bed now ; I do not wish to sit up late ; it is not good for me.



LESSON XIV.

THE IDLE BOY.

WHY does that boy turn his face to the wall? He did not read well; he did not try to say his task like a good boy, and so

he has been made to turn his face to the wall. Ask him if he does not feel sad. He says he does feel sad ; he says too, he will be good, and that he will try to read well. May he come from the wall ? Yes, Dick, you may come from the wall ; and when you have read well, you may go and play with John and Ned ; but do not cry, for I can not hear what you say when you cry. I dare say you feel sad, but

it is of no use to cry. Wipe the tear from your eye, and try to be good, for if you be bad no one can love you, but we all love a good boy.

LESSON XV.

DICK A GOOD BOY.

Now look at Dick to day. I am sure he has been good, for he is so gay, and he is gone to play with a face full of joy.

Yes, he has been good ; he has kept his word, and to day he read well, and took pains with his task. He is just gone out to play : he

has got his cart, his horse, and his whip ; and he can play, and run, and jump, as much as he likes. It is best to be good, is it not ? for you see when Dick was a bad boy, he was sad ; but now he has been good, he is glad and gay. I wish to be like Dick when he is good, not when he is bad.

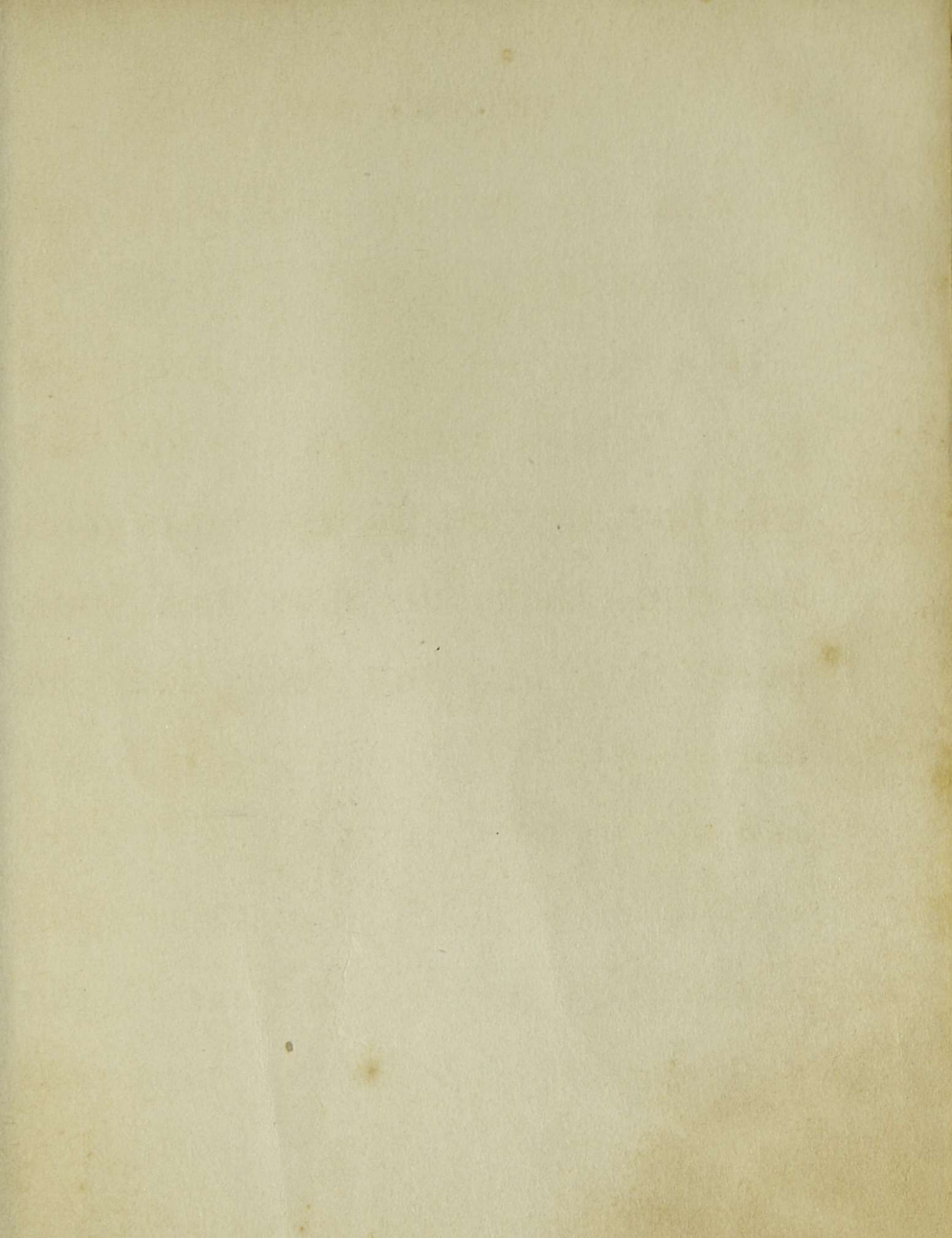
LESSON XVI.

THE SICK BOY.

Look at that poor boy : how pale he is. Why is he so pale ? He has been ill. He ate too much cake, and it has made him ill. If he had not done so, but kept some of his cake for the next day, he need not have been ill ; but now he lies on his bed, and

he can not get up and walk out this fine day.

He can not run, or jump, or play ; I hope you will not do like this boy, nor eat more than is good for you, that you may not look pale like him, nor feel ill as he does.





THE KIND AUNT.

LESSON XVII.

KIND AUNT.

MY aunt came to see me to day, and she gave me this new book. Look Ann, look John, what a nice book. I will try to read well ; for my aunt, when she gave it to me, took me by the hand and gave me a kiss ; and said : now my dear Jane, I give

you this book, as I hear you wish to know how to read ; and when I come to see you next year, I hope I shall find that you can read well. I will try to read well, as I wish so much my dear aunt may be as fond of me as I am of her, and she can not be fond of me if I am not good.

When I have read my book, Ann, I will lend it to you ; for I dare say it is full of nice tales, and

I am sure you will take care of it, and not tear it or soil it: John says, none but a dunce will tear or soil a book. How glad I am to have a kind aunt and a new book.

LESSON XVIII.

THE LARK.

IT is a fine day ; let us walk out. It is not too hot, but I can feel the warm sun. Hark ! I hear a bird, I can hear it sing, but I can not see it. It is up in the sky. It is a lark. It is a long way off. It does not look as big as a bee, and yet we can hear

it sing. I wish I had a lark. Why, what can you want a lark for? I will put it in a cage, and then I can hear it sing all the day.

No, my dear Ann, he can not live in a cage; if you take him and put him in a cage, he will soon die. He can not fly in a cage, and when he sings, he likes best to fly high up in the air. If you were put in a small room, and could but just move a yard or two,

you would not be gay as you are now ; you would pine and fret to get out, and to walk and run. You would soon be ill and grow pale and sad. And if you take a poor lark, and shut him up in a cage, he will pine and fret.

Well then, I will walk out to hear the lark sing. I do not now wish to have a lark in a cage.



LESSON XIX.

THE KITE.

As I have been a good boy for a long time, may I have a kite? Yes, we will go to the toy shop, and buy a kite. Here is a toy-

shop ; let us go in. I like this kite best. Well then, I will buy it for you. Now let us go and fly it. We will fly it on the lawn if the wind is not too high. Now run with it. Take care you do not tear it. Hold it up : now let go : it will not rise. The tail is too long. Cut a bit of the tail off. How well it flies now ! the wind is not too high. How high the kite is in the air ! Now it is

time to go home : we must pull it down. Oh dear ! I fear it will fall in that tree. It has got into the tree. What can I do ? I will ask that man to get it down for me.

He is a kind man ; he says he will get it down from the tree for me. Here it is all safe, I hope. How glad I am to have my kite ! The tree has torn a hole in it, I see, but I can mend it when I get home.



LESSON XX.

NEW SHOES.

OH! pray look at my shoe : it has a hole in it. I can see my toe ; if I walk in my shoe with a hole in it, my poor toe will be

hurt. What can I do? Ann, can you mend my shoe? Can you sew up this hole?

No, Miss, I can not mend the hole in your shoe; we must take it to the man who made it; he will mend it. Put on this new pair now, and then we will send the old pair to the man to mend.

Oh! see! here is a nail; if I had not put on this new shoe, my poor toe must have been hurt. I

saw a poor boy go past with no shoes at all on his feet. How glad I am to have a nice pair of shoes, and how I wish all boys and girls had shoes like mine. I am to go to the town to day ; I am glad it is fine. I am to put on my new coat and my new hat ; I am to walk with you, Ann ; it is a mile to the town ; and I am to buy a doll and some cups, and a doll's bed. May I take back a

seed cake for Jane? she likes a seed cake best. She can not go to the town, for she has been ill, and is too weak to walk so far; but Sam is to drag her in her cart to meet us as we come back, and then she can eat her seed cake.



LESSON XXI.

GAME AT BALL.

Now, Ned, we will have a good game at ball. Stand you there, and I will stand here.

Ah! you fear the ball will hit

you : you shut your eyes. How can you see to catch, if you shut your eyes ? Look¹ out for the ball, and use your hands and eyes to save your head. That is the way. Now you catch well. One, two, three, four, five, six. Oh ! you have let it fall. Try once more. Now make it bound. This ball is soft, but when we can catch this well, we will buy a hard ball, and a bat and trap ; we

can then play trap ball. I do not wish to play ball now: let us leave off.

Well now, shall we run a race? When I say, off, we must start, and he who gets first to that post, wins the race. Now for it. One, two, three, off. You have won the race.

I won the game at ball, and you have won the race.

Now let us try who can hop the

best. We will hop from this stone to that tree; first with the left leg up, and next with the right leg up. Well, we both got to the tree at the same time. I am quite hot, and my legs ache. Let us go home.

LESSON XXII.

THE SEA SIDE.

April 20th

LET us walk by the sea side, and look at the sea, and see the waves roll up to our feet. What is that I see a long way off? It is like a bird, but no, it is too big for a bird.

It is a ship with one, two, aye, more than two sails. Here is one

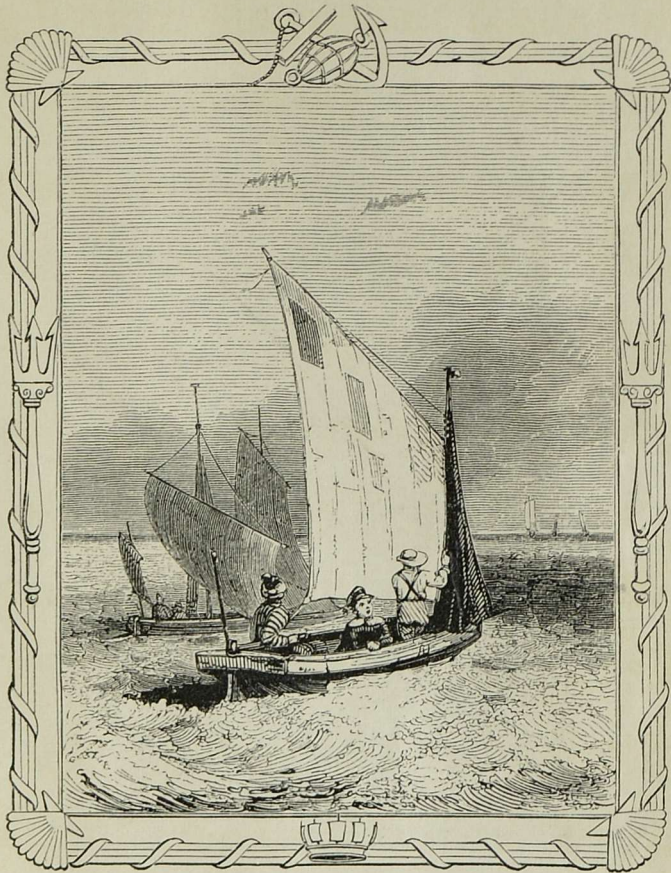
close by ; it is near the land. No, that is not a ship ; that is a boat. A boat is not so big as a ship. Look ! a man gets out of the boat, and drags it up on the shore. What is that long bit of wood in his hand ? That long bit of wood is an oar ; he dips that oar into the sea and pulls it, which makes the boat move. What is the use of a sail ? A sail makes the boat move, too, by the help of the wind.

The sails of a ship are not like the sails of a mill, I see.

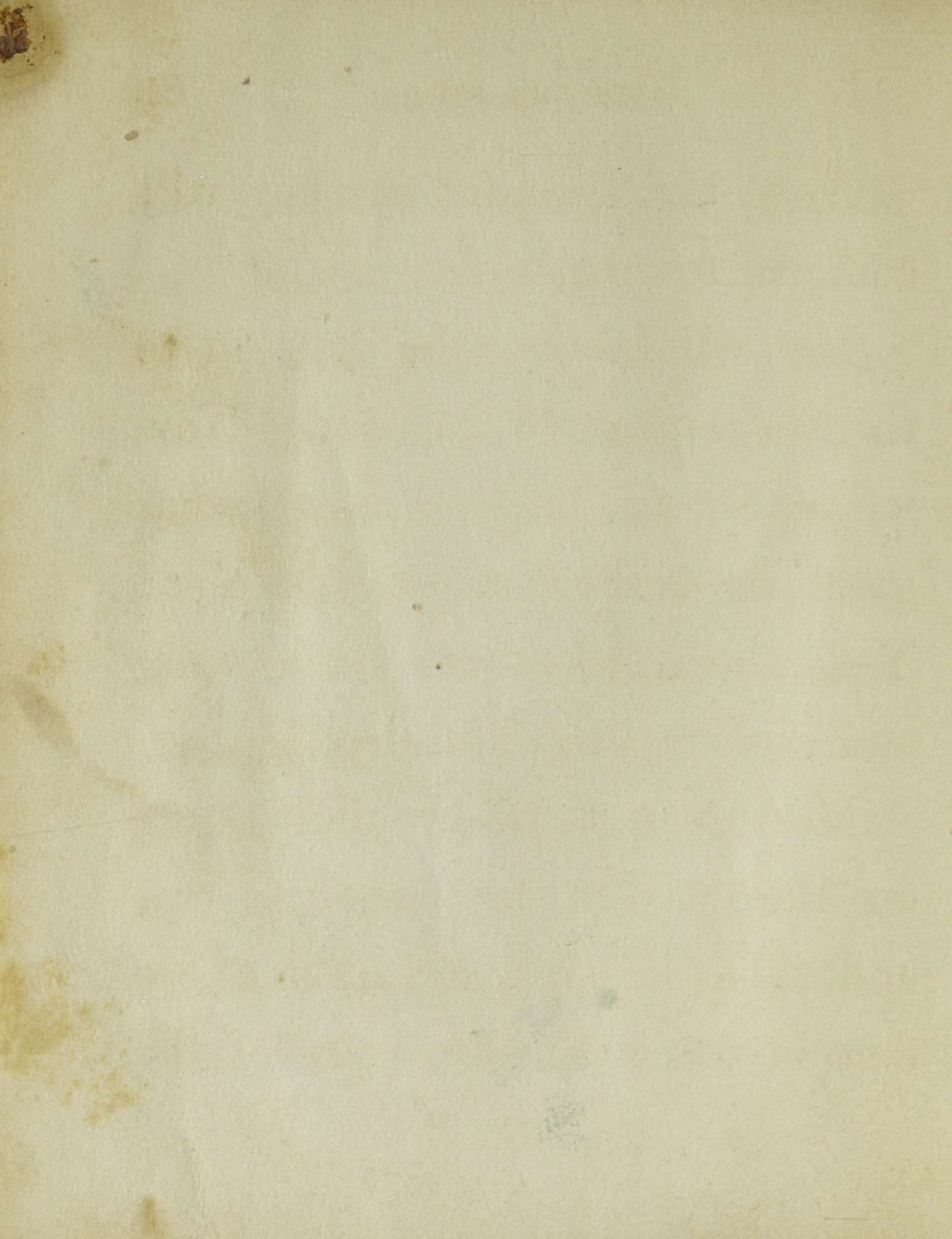
No, they are not, but the wind moves the sails of a mill as well as the sails of a ship.

May I go in the boat? Yes, if you wish to go out to sea with that man, you may, but you must ask him to row you.

Pray, may I go out in your boat? Yes, Sir, jump in, and I will row you out a few miles.



THE SEA-SIDE.



Now, Sir, sit still ; my boy will come to row with me.

He will be wet : he runs in to the sea to push off the boat. Now we move ; the boy jumps in ; what great boots he has on his legs ! Yes, those boots are made long and high to keep him dry.

How we move up and down on the waves ; first we rise up, and then we sink down, and my face is wet with the spray of the

sea. Now we do not rise up and sink down so much. Why is this? The waves rise up high near the shore at all times, and when the wind blows hard, all the waves in the sea are high; it is calm to-day, so that the boat does not rock now that we are come from the shore. When we go back, it will rise and sink with the waves as it did just now. How small the town looks; I can but just see it!

Now we will put up the sail. Put up the mast, Jack, and give me the rope. How fast we move with the sail up! I like to be at sea. Now I can see no land at all. I do not like this now. I wish to go home; I wish to see Mamma. I do not like to be at sea when I can not see the land.

Well, Sir, we will turn the bow of the boat and go home. We will take down the sail and row, for

the wind blows us from shore, and we want to go on shore.

Now I see land once more. How glad I am! Now I see the town, and I am sure I see Mamma as she walks on the beach. Yes, she looks this way; she sees us, and waves her hand to me.

Take off your cap and wave it to her, Sir. Now Jack, my boy, jump out and pull us on

shore. Here, Sir, get on my back, and I will put you on shore.



LESSON XXIII.

THE NEW DOLL.

JANE DAY had a new doll ; she had been to see her aunt, and her aunt gave the doll to her on her birth day. It was made of wax,

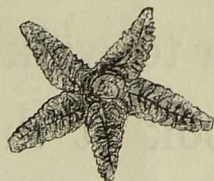
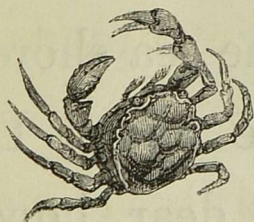
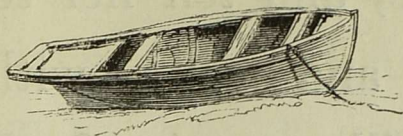
with blue eyes and brown hair. It had wax arms, and wax legs and feet.

When she had had it a few days, she did not take as much care of it as when it was new: she did not put it by in the box which had been made for her to keep it in, when she left off play.

One day, when she had left it in this way on a chair, a boy came in to the room where it was; he

took up the doll, and as he did not know the right way to hold it, he let it fall and broke it. So Jane Day had no nice doll to play with ; but she said :

The next time I have a doll, or a nice toy, I will not let it lie in the way ; but I will take care and put it by when I do not want it ; and then when I do want it, I shall have it to play with.



April 29 LESSON XXIV.

BOATS, CRABS, AND STAR FISH.

MAY I go and walk by the sea side to day? Yes, we will both go now, for I fear it will soon rain.

Call Jane, and tell her to put on her hat and come with us. I hope it will not rain, for I wish so much to walk on the sea shore.

Look at that fine wave ; I will run close to it. O dear, how wet it has made me ; I will not go so near the next time, for I do not like to be wet.

See, here is a boat. That man has been out to fish in his boat. Look at his net. What is that

odd fish? can that be a fish?
Yes, it is a crab. Look at its
claws. Take care that it does not
take hold of you with them and
nip you.

See, it makes a hole, and gets
quite down into the sand. It will
soon be gone, if the man does not
stop it. Now it runs. It goes
side ways. That is the way crabs
walk.

And what is that flat fish, with

five points for legs? That is a star fish. May I have the crab? Yes, I will buy it of the man for you. We will take it home and boil it, for it is good to eat. And may I boil the star fish too? No, the star fish is not good to eat.



THE SLATE.

LESSON XXV.

MY SLATE.

PRAY give me my new slate, I wish to draw on it. My slate has a fine red edge. I will draw a boy. What a long nose he has, and but one arm. Now I will draw a cow, and a milk maid with her pail. Here is a pig, and a hen, and a duck. Why, the pig

has but two legs, and the duck has four. Well, I can rub out two of the duck's legs, and give them to the pig. Here I will have a man with a whip in his hand; he is come to put the pig in the sty. Why, the man is not as tall as the pig. I must rub them all out, for they are not well done, and draw a tree; then I will have a man with an axe in his hand, to chop down the tree.

Next I will draw a mill with the sails, and a cart full of sacks of corn. This is a boy with a nest full of eggs in his hand. He is a bad boy to take a poor bird's nest.

Here is the maid come to take me to bed: pray put my slate by for me, that I may have it safe when I next want to draw.

LESSON XXVI.

THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

I WANT to make my cat jump. How can I make her jump? You must take her, and hold your hands and arms round her thus, and when she wants to get from you, she will jump. Now try. Hold your hands thus high from the floor. Now she jumps. She

will soon do it well ; but you must take care not to hurt her.

Do not let her go near the bird, she will tear it with her claws, and eat it up. She may go and get the mice, for they do us harm, and eat our food ; but she must not get our poor bird, who sings to us, and lets us know when it is light. He sings as soon as it is day, at the first peep of light. He has no seed in his box. Give him some

hemp seed ; it is in the bag on the high shelf. Do not spill it on the floor. May I put this bit of sweet cake in the wires of the cage ? He is like me, he is fond of sweet cake. See how he pecks at it. Now he goes to drink at the glass, and to wash the dirt off his beak. He is a neat bird. Yes, you see you may learn from a poor bird that it is right to be neat and clean.

LESSON XXVII.

THE BAD BOY, AND THE OLD
MAN.

May 3
As we went to school to day,
we went past a gate which led to
a row of houses. A poor old man
came out of the gate ; he had
some nets on his arm to sell, and
he was so old and weak, that he
took short, slow steps, and could

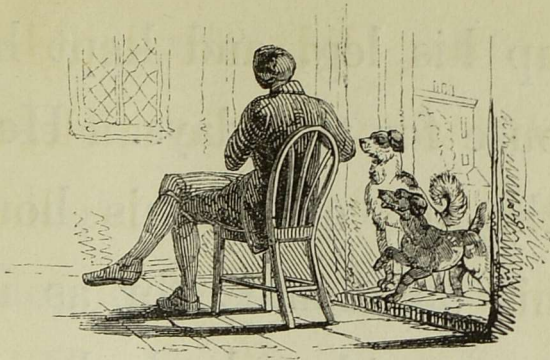
but just lift his feet off the ground.

A boy who stood by the gate did not hold it while the poor old man went through, but let it fall hard on his legs ; I think I saw him push it, but I am not quite sure. The old man said, Oh dear ! you have hurt me with the gate ; and then I saw the boy laugh as if he were glad.

A man who then went by said

to the old man, What ails you ?
Are you ill ? And the old man
said No, Sir, not ill, I am hurt ;
that boy let the gate fall on my
legs. Then that bad boy said,
No, I did not. So the man who
had just come up, gave the boy a
sharp rap on the back with a stick
he had in his hand, and said, You
are a bad boy ; first you hurt a
poor weak old man, and then you
tell a lie.

The boy did not laugh when he was hurt with the stick, though he did laugh when he hurt the old man.



LESSON XXVIII.

THE LAME DOG.

A MAN one day took a walk in the town, and saw a poor dog who had hurt his leg, and was lame. The man took the dog home with him in his arms, and

tied up his leg, and kept him in his house for two days. He then sent the dog out of his house to find his old home ; for as it was not his own dog, he had no right to keep him ; but each day the dog came back for this kind man to dress his leg ; and this he did till it was quite well. In a few weeks the dog came back once more, and with him came a dog who was lame.

The dog who had been lame, and was now well, first gave the man a look, and then he gave the lame dog a look, as much as to say, "You made my leg well, now pray do the same for this poor dog who is come with me."*

* Fact.

LESSON XXIX.

THE YOUNG DUCKS AND THE RAT.

AN old man kept two ducks, and each duck had a brood of young ones, eight in each brood. The old man said one day to his son John, Let us go to the pond and feed the ducks. John ran to fill a bag with meal and corn, and took a small bowl to mix the meal

in, and they went to the side of the pond. As soon as the ducks saw John with the bag in his hand, they swam to the side of the pond, for they knew they were to be fed.

The old man told John to count one of the broods, and he would count one. One, two, three, four, five, six, said John; there are but six in this brood; two out of the eight are lost.

Look in the reeds, and in the holes in the side of the pond, said the old man. John did so, but he saw no ducks.

The old man did not like to lose his ducks, for he was poor, and he meant to sell them when they were grown large. He stood quite still by the side of the pond, and did not speak, and the boy did not speak, for they were both quite sad at the loss of the two

ducks. At last the old man said, I can not think, John, how these ducks have been lost ; if a thief—

I see him, I see him, cried John ; look at that rat ! he has just put his nose out of a hole in the side of the pond. That is the thief ! that is the thief ! he stole the young ducks, and we shall lose all the rest if we let them swim in this pond.

The best thing we can do, said

the old man, is to try and kill that rat : we must ask friend Sims to lend us his dog. Friend Sims lent his dog, who caught the rat : the two broods of ducks swam in the pond for a month, when the old man sold them for nine pence each duck.

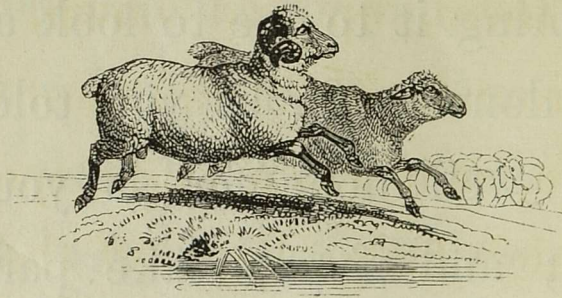
LESSON XXX.

THE GIRL WHO COULD SEW.

PRAY may I sew to day? Yes, what do you wish to sew? I wish to hem a frill for your cap. Is not this a new cap? and I see it has no frill. You may make the frill for me; I shall like to wear a frill that you have made. Here is a bit of cloth which will make a

nice frill. You must hem it. I will turn it down for you, but take care not to soil it. Are your hands clean? No, I think they do not look quite fit to sew with. Wash them, and take care to wipe them dry. Now sit down on your low stool. Not there, you can not see if you sit with your back to the light. You will see best here by my side. You must join these two bits with a seam; and

when you have done as far as this pin, bring it to me to look at. I have done as far as you told me. It is well done for so young a child; and if you take pains as you have done to day, you will soon sew well. I wish to sew well, for then I can help you to make shirts, and caps, and frocks, and I hope to be of some use to you.



LESSON XXXI.

THE SHEEP AND THE LAMB.

ONE day, an old sheep with her young lamb was in a field with the rest of the flock. The sun was warm, and the lamb was quite

gay, and full of play. It ran here and there, up and down, round and round; but it ran most by the hedge, as it was a warm spot, and the high hedge kept off the wind. At last the lamb in its glee ran quite in to a bush, full of thorns, and the thorns took hold of its coat, and held it fast, so that it could not get free. The old sheep, who was not far off, heard it bleat, and ran to it to help it; but in vain

did the old sheep pull the bush : she could not set her lamb free. At last the sheep left the bush, and ran as fast as she could to the next field, where was a ram with horns. She told the ram (that is, she told him in her way) the sad case of her lamb. The ram ran with her to the bush, and with the help of his horns, he and the old sheep set the poor lamb free, with the loss of some of its

wool. I dare say the lamb did not go near that bush for a long time.

LESSON XXXII.

HOW TO ADD.

May 5th

I WISH I could do a sum as John does. May I get my slate and try? No, you can not use a slate yet; but I will teach you to add with these beans. Reach me that bag. See, it is full of beans: turn some of them out. Now take

pains, and mind what I say to you.

Here is one bean, and here are two more. How much does one and two make? Put them all in your left hand and count them, one, two, three: then one and two are three. Now take three more beans, and add them to the three you have in your left hand: now count them all; one, two, three, four, five, six: then three

and three make six. Now take four beans and add two more to them. I have six : then four and two are six. Now take five beans and add one to them ; count them. I have six : then five and one are six.

This is the way to add, and when you can write you shall have a slate ; but till then, you must use these beans to count with. So put them by in the bag, that they

may not be lost, and hang the bag up on that nail ; you will then know where to find it when you want it.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE LOST SHOE STRING.

JANE, why do you cry? I have lost my shoe string. Well, it is of no use to cry: look for it. I have done so, and I can not find it. I want to walk out with mam-ma, and my string is lost. When had you it last? I had it when I was at play last night in



THE LOST SHOE-STRING.

the play room. It came out of my shoe, and I did not like to stop just then to put it in. I ran out of the room to go to tea, and left it on the floor, and now that I want it I can not find it. What can I do? Mam-ma gave me a new pair of shoe strings last week, and told me to take care of them, for I had lost a pair then, that I had had but a few days; and she said, Jane, take care of these

strings, for I can give you no more if you lose them. And now I have lost one: I can not walk out, for my shoe will not keep on; it slips off when I lift my foot off the ground, so that I must go slip, slip, slide, slide, to keep it on at all. We were to have gone to see the wild beasts, and now I must stay at home. They will not wait for me, I know. How bad Ann was to sweep my

shoe string into the fire ; I am sure she did, for how else can it have been lost ? It is all her fault.

No, Jane, it is all your own fault ; if you had put the string in your shoe as soon as it came out, you would not have lost it. But what is this black string the cat has got to play with ? O dear me, it is my string ! Puss, puss, how did you get my shoe string ?

She must have found it on the floor. It is wet and torn, but it will just hold my shoe on my foot. But now they are gone, and have left me at home. Well, dry your tears, and be neat, and take care of all your things; and then you will have all that you want at all times.



LESSON XXXIV.

THE HIGH WIND.

JOHN went out to walk with his papa : the wind was high, and they had not gone far, when John's cap blew off. John, why can not

you keep your cap on your head, and why do you hold it on thus? Why, papa, said John, I have no strap to my cap. But where is the strap? You had one once; have you lost it since you came out?

No, papa, I have not lost it, I have left it at home. It came off the last time I wore my cap. I did not think to put it on, and I have come out with out it.

This is wrong, John, and shews great want of care ; but as it is the first time you have done so, I will go in to the next house we pass, and ask for a piece of cord to tie your cap on with : but the next time you come out with no strap, I shall send you back. John said, I will be sure to mind what you say, papa, and you shall find I will keep my word. His papa then went into a house they

saw next the road side, where a man was so kind as to give him a piece of cord, with which he made John's cap fast on his head, so that it kept firm on all the time they were out, in spite of the high wind.

The next few days were wet, so that John could not go out; but the first fine day, his papa said to him, Come, John, you may walk with your mam-ma and me,

but be quick, as I am in haste. John ran up stairs to dress in great haste, and then they went out. The wind was high on this day. He soon felt he could not long keep his cap on his head, for he had come out with no strap; so he held it on with his hand. But his hand got cold, so cold that he could scarce feel the cap; for in his haste he had not had time to put on his gloves; so

he took his hand from his cap to put on his glove. Just then came a great gust of wind; off blew the cap. He ran to pick it up, but still it blew on, on, on; John ran on, on, too, to catch it; but just as he got near it, he made a trip, and down he fell in the mud.

A good boy ran to stop the cap which the wind still blew on at a great rate; and he soon got it and

came back with it to John, who was mud from head to foot. His papa now said, John, go back ; I told you the next time you came out with no strap on your cap, I should send you back ; and if I had not said so, I could not take you with me, for you are not fit to be seen. You have lost a nice walk, and worse than that, you have not kept your word.

LESSON XXXV.

THE NEST.

May 12

JOHN came to his mam-ma and said, What do you think I have seen, mam-ma? A bird build its nest. I saw it fly into the large elm tree at the end of the long walk, with a bit of moss in its beak, and Tom told me this moss was to build its nest with. So I

stood still to watch it, and I saw it fly to the tree and to the fields, and then back to the tree ; it was so hard at work. Tom says if I wait a few days, he will help me to climb up to the nest, and then I can peep in, and see what is in it.

In a few days, John came once more to his mam-ma and said, Well, I have had a peep into the nest, and I have seen three small blue eggs, and Tom tells me the

old bird will sit on them night and day for three weeks to keep them warm, and in a month I am to climb up and peep once more into the nest.

At the end of a month John came to his mam-ma and said, I have had a peep into the nest ; there are no blue eggs now, but three young birds ; and when I came down from the nest, I saw the old bird fly into it with a

worm in her beak to feed the young birds with. They can not fly yet, nor peck as old birds do, so the old ones go and fetch them food, and the young ones gape wide their beaks, and in drops the food which the old ones bring them in their beaks. As soon as they grow large and strong, they will leave the nest, and seek their own food, and next year they will build nests too.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE BOY LOST IN THE SNOW.

LET us sit down round the fire this cold night, and I will tell you a true tale of a dog.

A long way from this place, in a land where there is a great deal of cold, and much snow falls, and where the hills are so large



COLD NIGHT AND A WARM FIRE.

and so high, that their tops seem to be as high as the sky, there live some good men, who do all they can to help folks who pass by these hills. These folks have been known to sink in the snow, and the cold makes them so weak and faint, that they sleep till the cold and frost kill them. For great cold makes us apt to sleep, and those who sleep a long time in the snow are sure to die.

Well, these good men, who live in a house in the midst of the high hills, keep some large dogs, and they teach them to go out to seek for those who may be lost in the snow drifts.

Snow drifts are large heaps of snow, or snow blown by the wind in to a lump, and they are deep. The dogs have so fine a scent or smell, that they can find folks by means of it, when it is too dark to

see, or when the folks they go out to look for, lie hid in the deep snow drifts. When they have found a man, they bark till they bring some of the good men to them ; and then these men, with the aid of the dogs, take the poor man out of the snow, and help him to their house, where they give him food to eat, and fire to warm him.

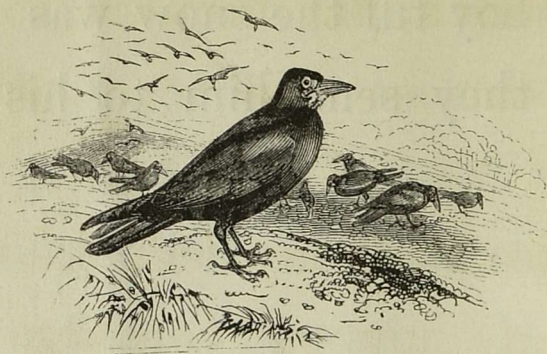
One sad cold night, when the

snow fell fast, and the wind blew loud and shrill, and it was quite dark, with not a star to be seen in the sky, these good men sent out a dog to seek for those who might want help. In an hour or two the dog was heard to bark at the gate ; and when the men went to look out, they saw the dog there with a boy on his back. The poor child was stiff with cold, and could but just hold on the dog's

back. The men took the boy in, and when he was warm and had had some food, he told them that he had lain a long time in the snow, and was too ill and weak to walk, and the snow fell fast on him, when he felt some thing pull him by the coat, and then he heard the bark of a dog close by him. The boy then put out his hand, and he felt the hair of the dog ; and then the dog gave him one more

pull. This gave the poor boy some hope, and he took hold of the dog, and drew himself out of the snow; but he felt that he could not stand or walk. He then got up on the dog's back, and put his arms round the dog's neck, and thus he held on. He felt sure the dog did not mean to hurt him; and he rode on the dog's back all the way to the good men's house, who took care

of the boy till the snow was gone,
when they sent him to his own
home.



LESSON XXXVII.

ROOKS.

May 13th

Look up, mam-ma, and see what a large flight of birds there is in the air, quite up, and they all fly one way : they seem to me

to be black, but they are so high up, I can not see what they are like.

Those birds, my dear, are rooks. They are now on their way home to their nests, and have, I dare say, been a long way to seek for food for their young. They live on worms, grubs, and grain. They build their nests on the tops of high trees, such as the oak, beech, and elm ; they make them of

sticks and dry roots of grass : it takes three or four days to build a nest when they work hard ; and while one rook goes to fetch the sticks and grass, its mate sits close by on the tree to watch the nest.

The hen bird lays four or five eggs in her nest, which she sits on till the young ones come out of the shell.

Rooks live in flocks, and they

will not let a strange rook come to live with them ; for if one should chance to come to build with them, they fall upon him in a rage, and beat him, and drive him out. The old rooks live in the same nest from year to year, and they mend them when they get old. When the young ones build their first nest, they choose the bough on which to build with great care ; and if they think the

old rooks can not see them, they will steal the sticks and grass from their friends' nest, to build their own with ; but as soon as the rest of the rooks find out the theft, they all set to work to pull down the nest of the thief, who has all his work to do once more.

Rooks live in the same place for years, and it is hard to drive them from the trees where they have

once built. I have heard, that when these trees have been cut down, the rooks have been seen to make their nests in the trees as they lie on the ground. When they go to feed, they will fly some miles in flocks, such as you see now, to a field where the food is such as they like : they place some of the rooks on high trees, near them, to watch. As soon as one of these birds sees a man

come near, he flies off the tree, and caws as loud as he can ; then up fly all the birds from the ground, and off they go in great haste.

They are so sly that they seem to know that a gun will kill them ; for a man with a gun in his hand has a hard task to get near them ; but they do not seem to fear a stick : a man with a stick may walk up close to them ; but they

take care to keep quite out of the way of a man with a gun.

You have heard Tom say, that he has been out to bolt rooks. This is a sport which some folks are fond of. When the rooks are young, too young to leave their nests, men take a cross bow, and with a ball made of lead aim at them as they sit on the edge of their nests; the ball strikes them a hard blow, and kills them. Men

use an air gun as well as a cross bow to kill rooks with. These bows and guns make no noise ; for if they did, the rooks would get in to their nests, and could not be seen, for they soon take fright ; but as they hear no noise, they know no cause for fear : and though they see their friends fall down, they can not tell why, and they sit still to be shot at. Poor things ! How sad the old rooks

must feel when they come home at night with food for their young, to find them dead or gone.

LESSON XXXVIII.

DOGS.

I LIKE the tale you told us last night of the dog so much, that I wish you knew a new tale of a dog. I did not know dogs were of so much use.

Yes, dogs are of great use, my dear. Can you tell me of what use they are, mam-ma? I wish much to know.



DOGS.

I will tell you of what use they are in a land which is near the North Pole. You do not know what is meant by the North Pole, but one day you will know. This I can tell you ; that these lands are more cold, and have more snow and ice, than you have seen or felt in your whole life. The folks who dwell in these lands owe much to the dogs, who live with them. When the earth is

one large plain of deep snow, which it is for a great part of the year, the dogs drag them from place to place in a sledge; they hunt the beasts on which they feed, such as the bear, the seal, and the rein-deer: and thus the dogs find the men clothes as well as food; for the skins clothe them and the flesh feeds them.

The smell or scent of the dogs is so fine, that they will smell a

seal hole a long way off. They have no fear of a bear, but they have great fear of a wolf. They do not bark as our dogs do, but make a long low howl. They have too a thick coat of hair, to keep them warm.

Now you know of what use some dogs are. These that I now tell you of, find food and clothes for the men with whom they live, drag them for miles in a sledge

over the deep snow, which they could not pass but for the aid of the dogs ; and they watch their huts to save them from the wolves and bears.

There are more tales of dogs you would like to hear ; but I have now time to tell you but one.

A large dog was at sea in a ship : a storm came on ; and though the ship was not far from

land, the sea was so rough, and the waves so high, that no boat could get safe to shore, or be sent from the shore to the ship; it was thought, if they could but get a rope from the ship to the shore, they could then guide a boat, by the help of this rope, safe through the great waves to land. They gave the dog a rope, who took it in his mouth, swam from the ship through the rough waves to the

beach, gave the rope to some men who were on shore to lend what aid they could to the crew of the ship ; and thus the boat was drawn safe to land with the crew in it, whose lives would have been lost but for this brave dog.

LESSON XXXIX.

May 7 A CROSS BOY.

JOHN WHITE was cross ; he would strike and pinch those with whom he was at play, if they did not do all that he chose, or that he told them to do. He did not serve big boys so, for he dare not, lest they should hurt him ; but he did so to boys who were not as old and as strong as he was.

At last the time came that he was of an age to go to school; and he had not long been there, when one day he was at play with a boy who was not as old as he was. This boy's name was Ned Bell. They had got a kite to fly, and Ned could not run as fast as John told him to run, so John hit him a blow, and gave him a black eye. This made Ned cry; when Sam Smith, who was near

them, and who was a boy of the same age as John, but not quite so tall, said to Ned, Why do you cry, Ned? who has hurt your eye? It was John White who hurt me, said Ned; I could not run as fast as he told me to run, and he struck me. At this Sam Smith said to John, It would serve you right to strike you in the same way, and you know I could hurt you if I chose to try; but I do

not wish to do wrong, as you have done. It is a shame, that a great boy like you should strike a poor child, who is so much less than you are.

At this, all the school boys came round, and said, Well done, Sam, you are a brave boy to take the part of a poor child; we like you for it; but as for John, we will not play with him; we are none of us as big as he is, and if

we do not mind all that he says to us, he will beat us, so let us leave him. Come, Ned, do not cry, but come and play with us.

So they left John, and no one would play with him. This went on for a week ; he could find no one to hold up his kite, or play at ball or peg top with him. At last, Ned Bell, who was a kind boy, and did not like to see John so sad, went to him and said,

John, I will play with you, for I do not think you will hurt me now. John said, No, Ned, I will not strike you, and I am sure I wish I had not struck you at all. So they had a game at peg top, and John was kind, and did not say or do a cross thing.

Then Ned went to the school boys, and said to them, I am quite sure you need not fear to play with John White now ; he is

grown quite good, and will not beat or be cross to us. I have been at play with him for an hour, and he is not like the same boy. When the boys heard this, they said, Well, Ned, as it is you who speak for John, we will try him. They did try him, and from that time he grew as brave and kind as Sam Smith.

LESSON XL.

THE HAND.

I HAVE one head, one nose, one mouth, and one chin. In my mouth I have a tongue, and teeth, and I have two lips. I see with my eyes, hear with my ears, smell with my nose, eat with my mouth and teeth, and speak with my tongue and lips. I have hair on

the top of my head. I have two arms, two hands, two legs, and two feet. Dogs and cats have four legs on which they walk and run. I use but two legs to run and walk with, and with my hands I do all sorts of things.

I put my food to my mouth with my hands, but dogs and cats put their mouths down to their food, and take it up with their tongue, teeth, and lips. They

wear no clothes ; their hair and fur keep them warm ; men want clothes and have hands to make them. With their hands they make tools ; they cut the wool off the sheep's backs, cut down the hemp and flax, spin the wool in to yarn, and the hemp and flax in to thread, and from this yarn and thread they weave cloth of all kinds, with more things fit for our wear.

I think and speak, which dogs and cats do not; and with my hands I can do the things I speak and think of: I like to think and speak and use my hands. I should not like to eat and drink, and sleep, and run all day long, as cats and dogs do. They can not even make one thing. I like to dig and rake, to read and sew, to put out my maps, and build with my box of bricks, to spin my top,

play with my doll, throw up my ball and catch it, and to lead Jane by the hand when we walk out. I could do none of these things if I had no hands. How good God is to give me hands, and make me know how to use them.



LESSON XLI.

TOM HALL.

I WISH all my tales were of good boys and girls; but I fear there are but few boys and girls who have not, at least, one bad fault or trick.

I hope all who read these tales will try to act like those who are good; and if they too have a bad fault or trick, I hope they will try to get rid of it, that they may be good in all things.

A boy, whose name was Tom Hall, and who was six years old, could read well, spell well, and add up sums well on his slate. He was good at his tasks and at his meals, and would give and

lend his toys to those with whom he was at play, and he did as his papa and mamma bid him. Now you will say, This must have been quite a good boy, then. No, he was not quite a good boy, for he had one great fault, and it was this: he would call his nurse maid bad names, and this too when he was not seen or heard by his papa and mamma.

This nurse maid had had the

care of him from the time he was born ; and once, when he was ill, she had sat up all night by his bed side to watch and nurse him ; and yet he did not think of all this kind care as he ought to have done : but if she told him of a fault, or if she bid him do what he did not wish to do, when too it was all for his own good, he would use bad words to her, and call her names.

This made his poor nurse maid sad ; and she said to him, Tom, I must tell your papa and mamma how rude you are ; for I fear you will grow up to be a bad man if you go on thus. Then he said to her, Pray do not tell of me this time, I will be a good boy. But he did not keep his word ; and he grew worse and worse, so that at last Ann told his papa and mamma of him.

They were quite sad to think Tom should be so bad a boy, and this too when they thought he was good. And they said, We must cure him of his bad ways. So they shut him up in a room by him self for a whole week, and did not let Ann go near him, to wait on him, or to dress him, or to put him to bed.

Oh ! then how he did wish for his kind Ann, and he felt what

it was to lose a good friend. He had no toys to play with, no books to read, no slate, no one to talk with, and he was so sad and dull, he thought the days so long, and that there would be no end to this sad, long, dull week. But he had time to think on what had made him so sad; it did him good; he knew it was his own acts that had made him feel thus. And at last he said, It is but right

I should be sad and dull, and that I should not see Ann ; for I did not treat her well when I was with her.

At the end of the week he was let out, and he was not heard to use bad words from that time.

LESSON XLII.

May 18th
TREES, PLANTS, SHRUBS.

LET us talk of the things that grow out of the earth ; some are large, some are small ; we see plants of all sizes. First, there is the tall tree. Its root is in the earth ; the root goes down deep, and spreads out wide and far, if

not, the wind would blow the tree down. Then there is the stem or trunk, with bark all round it, much as my skin is round me. Then, there are the large boughs like arms, and the small branches, and the leaves: some trees have large leaves, some have small leaves. Some trees have boughs which go straight up, some spread out wide. Each leaf has a stalk by which it hangs on the branch.

Some trees have blooms and bear fruit.

Now let us look at a tuft of grass. It has a root as well as the tree, which goes but a short way into the ground. I can pull it out of the earth with ease ; then it has no trunk, no boughs, no branches, but long leaves or blades as we call them, which spring from the root. The fruit which grass bears, we call the seed.

Next we will look at a bush. Here is a white thorn bush. Its root is firm in the earth ; I can not pull it up as I did the grass ; it has a small stem, boughs, branches, and leaves, but not quite like a tree ; and in the spring of the year it bears white blooms which have a sweet smell, and when they fall off they leave the small fruit we call a haw. These haws are green at first, and red

when ripe. The birds feed on them.

Bushes and shrubs have a stem ; but the stem does not grow tall and clear from boughs as the stem of a tree does.

The trunk of a fir tree is tall and straight, and serves for the masts of boats and ships, and for poles : the trunk of an oak is not so tall, but it is large and hard, and wears and lasts a long time :

the hulls of boats and ships are made of oak. The floors of rooms are made of fir or deal, as we call the wood of the fir tree. It is cut in to planks, or those thin, broad, flat boards you see in the floor, by means of a sharp saw. A saw is a tool which has sharp teeth.

The wood of all trees is of use.

Horses, cows, and sheep feed on grass, the shrubs and bushes yield fruit, and please the eye

with their leaves and blooms. The birds too build their nests in them, and cheer us with their sweet songs. So you see trees, shrubs, and plants please the eye, the ear, the taste, and the smell.

Plants of all kinds and forms grow out of the earth.

LESSON XLIII.

THE DOG DASH.

WOULD you like to hear what one of my friends told me of her dog?

She said : I went to dine with an old friend who lives just out of town, and Ben, the groom, drove me to her house in the gig. My dog Dash went with me ; and

when I got out of the gig, and the groom drove home, Dash did not go with him, but lay down in the road by the step of the door. Ben came back to call the dog; Dash did not mind his call, but lay still. He would not leave the house where I was; and when we found he would not go, my friend bid her maid call him in to the yard at the back of the house, where he staid till I went home.

Dash is fond of me, and likes to go out with me, and stay where I stay.

When I drop my glove he brings it me, and will fetch a stick, a ball, or any small thing that is thrown for him. He runs by my side when I walk out, and by the side of the gig when I take a drive; he likes so much to go out that when he sees me with my hat on, he jumps and barks for

joy. Dash is a large dog, and when the roads and streets are wet, I can not let him come into the house ; if I did he would make a great deal of dirt, and I like my rooms to be clean.

LESSON XLIV.

MISS BROWN.

MISS BROWN was a child of five years old. She had a bad trick which she at last got rid of, but not till it had been the cause of great pain to her. She would taste of all things she thought might be good to eat. She was told not to do so, but still she

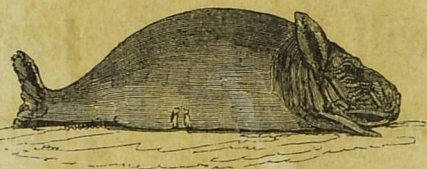
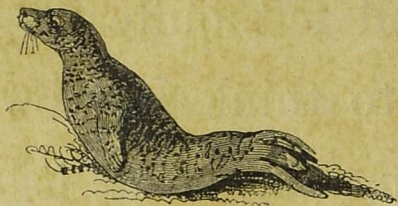
went on. If she saw a cup or a glass with some thing to drink in it, she would take a sip of it ; if she found a plate, she would bite or break a part of what was in it ; and though she did not find them all nice, still she went on in this way.

At last, she one day came into a room where was a glass of what she thought was wine. She took a sip in great haste, and when she

had done so, she cried out in great pain ; for this stuff was not to drink, and it took all the skin off her lips, her mouth, and her throat ; had she drunk much more, it would have cost her her life.

She could not eat or drink, but with great pain, for more than a week ; and the pain was such that she could not eat much, so that she grew thin, pale, and

weak, and felt quite ill. All this led her to think how wrong she had been, and that it all came from her own bad tricks. So she said, I will leave off these ways: and I hear she has kept her word.



LESSON XLV.

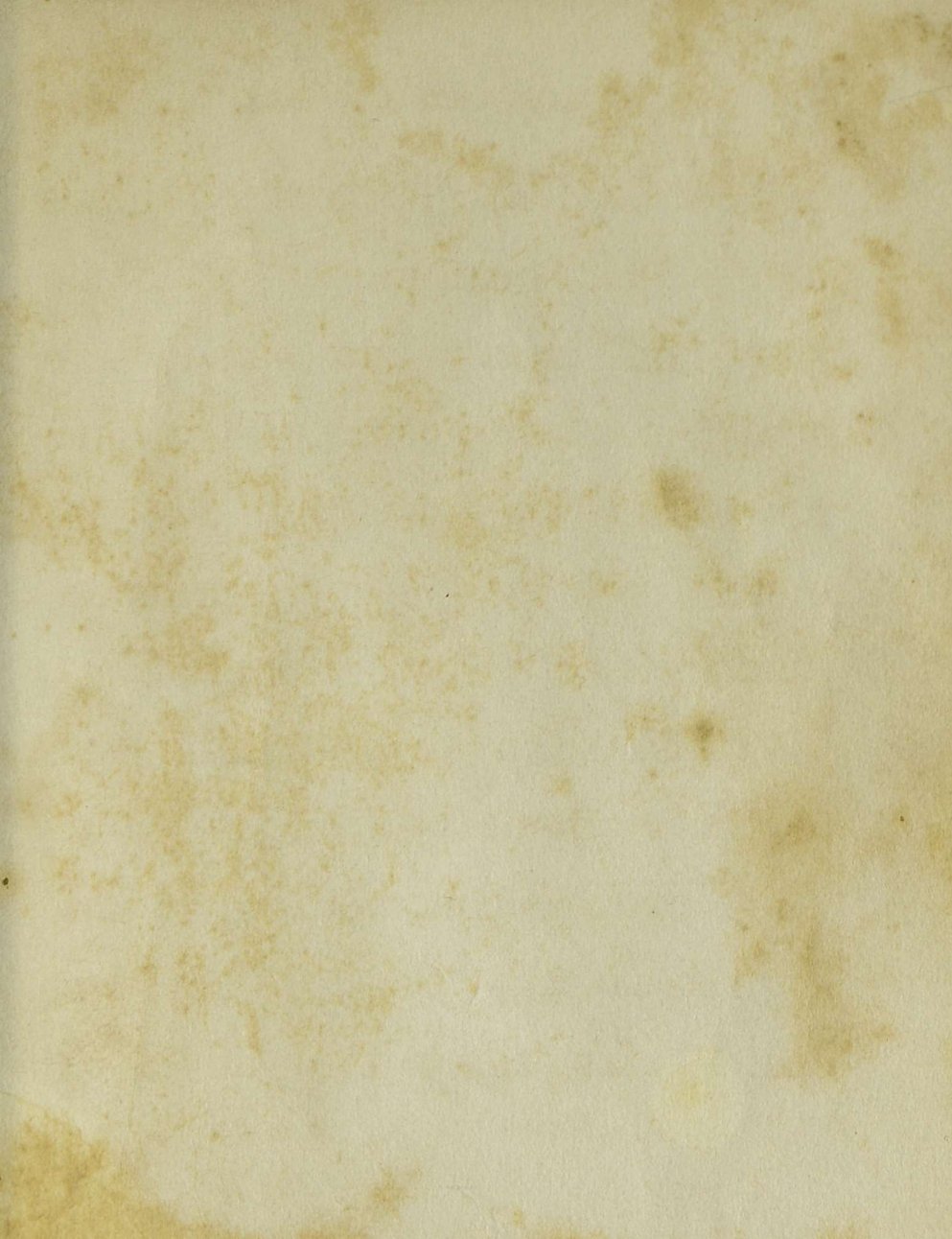
SEALS AND WHALES.

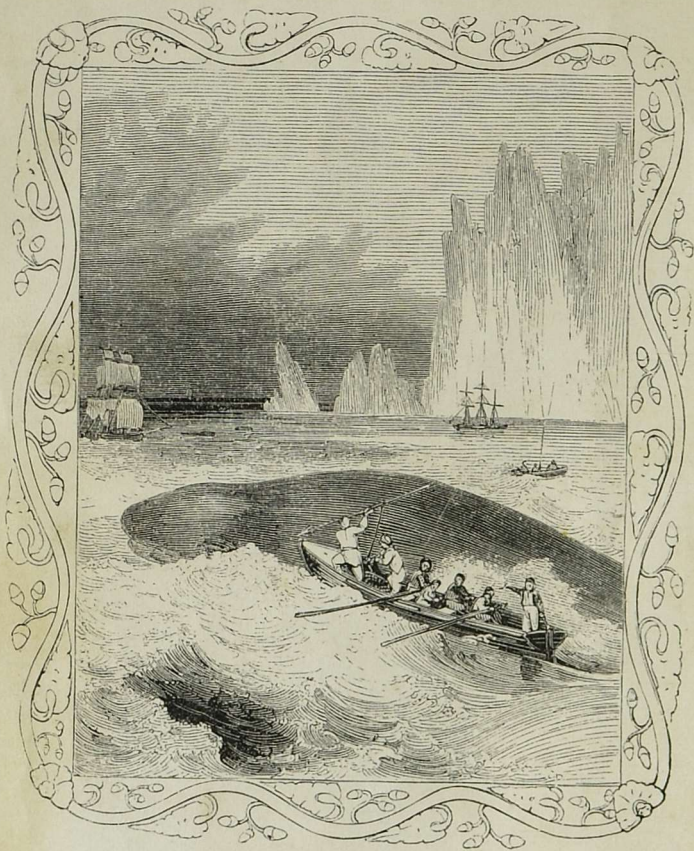
MAMMA, when you told us of the dogs who dwell with the men who live in those cold lands near

the North Pole, you spoke of a seal ; pray what is a seal ?

A seal, my dear, is in part like a beast, and in part like a fish ; it lives on land and in the sea, but it is most like a fish, as it seems to like best to live in the sea. The head of a seal is round ; it has teeth like those of a dog, and its eyes are large and bright ; its ears are two holes in the head, and in its shape it grows less near the

tail. It has black hair, which shines as if oil had been put on it. Some seals are black, and some have spots on their coats. They have four feet; the two hind feet are more like fins. They use these hind feet, or fins, when they swim: but they seem to be of no use to them when they are on land. They live on fish, and are found in the North Seas. They are caught for the sake of their





WHALE FISHING.

skins, and the oil which their fat yields.

Now, mamma, pray tell me how all this is known ; for it must be a sad cold place to live in, and I think no one would be found to live there from choice.

There are men, my dear, who go in ships to all lands, both hot and cold, to learn this, and much more than I can tell you ; but once a year, ships are sent to

these seas to catch whales and seals for the sake of the skins, and of the oil their fat gives out ; and they thus see and learn much that is of great use both to them and to the rest of the world.

Pray will you tell me what a whale is, mamma ?

A whale is a large fish. There is no beast or fish as large as a whale : they have been seen of so large a size, that they look like

land as they float on the top of the sea. They have a large mouth but a small throat, so that they can not eat large fish. The tongue is a lump of fat, which yields a great deal of oil; their eyes are small, and have lids to them; they have fins and a large tail, which they lash in rage or pain; and the sea is then all foam for some way round. One blow from the tail of a whale will turn

a boat into the sea. It is of use to it when it swims; its fins help it to turn. When the whale is in fear for her young, she takes them on her back and puts up her fins, so that they can not fall off: they take great care of their young, and are most fond of them.

You would think that a whale can have no fears, as it is so large and strong; but there is a fish,

called the sword fish, of which the whale has great dread, and which he tries to shun in all ways, or to strike with his tail; but in vain does he try, for the sword fish is so swift and quick, that it bounds out of the sea into the air, then darts down on the whale, and wounds him with its sharp sword-like snout or nose, so that the sea is red with the whale's blood. Men kill whales with a sort of spear,

which they dart or throw at the whale ; and when it is struck, it dives down into the sea, quite out of sight, but soon comes up to the top for want of air. The men are on the watch for this ; and as soon as they see it rise, they strike it with their spears till it dies. They tie ropes to these spears, which are made fast to the boat, so that they may not sink when the men miss their aim. When

the whale is dead, it is cut up ; and those parts which yield the oil are put into casks.

A whale with one of its young, was once left by the tide close to the shore, where the sea was not deep, so that it could not get out. The men who saw them took their spears and got into their boats to go and kill them ; for they were a rich prize. The whales were soon much hurt ; but the old one was

strong, and with one bold push got clear of her foes, and swam out in to the deep sea. She had not long been there, when she found her poor young one was not with her ; she swam back into the midst of her foes to seek it ; and they had both the good fate to be borne back by the flow of the tide, to their safe and wide home in the deep sea.

May 23rd 1849

LESSON XLVI.

THE CAT IN A BUSH.

SOME boys and girls went out one day to walk in a wood. They had been at play some time, when one said, Hark, hark! what is that? do you not hear a cat mew?

They stood quite still, and they soon all heard the same noise;

and they were quite sure it was a cat they heard.

Where can it be? said one of the boys: let us look till we find it; for I can not think what a cat can be hid in this wood for, so far from a house; I have heard there are such things as wild cats; but if this were a wild cat, it would run from us, and not mew as this does. I think it mews for help, that it has got into some hole, or trap,

or tree, and can not get out. Let us hunt for it, or else it may stay here and die.

So they went to work to hunt in all the holes, and to look up in to the trees; and they went round each bush, till at last, on a sort of bank or low hill, they saw a cat in the midst of a bush. It was in a sad state, so lean and thin, and with some of the fur torn from its skin. One of the

boys got up on the bank, and went near it. He found a piece of cord which had been made fast at one end to the thick part of the cat's tail, and then the rest of the cord had caught in the bush, so that the poor cat was held fast and could not get free. The cord had cut the tail, so as to make a large sore place. The boy with his knife cut the cord that held her, and then he put out his hand to

take her up in his arms ; but the poor thing had been made half wild with pain and fear, so that she would not let him touch her.

The girls said, Do not touch her, Dick, she will fly at you. Hark, what a noise she makes, as if she were in a great rage ! She must be mad.

This was true ; for as I have said, she was half wild, and did not know her friends from her

foes. Dick left her, and came down the bank ; when all at once she ran off, and was soon out of sight.

Then these boys and girls said, How glad we are that we came this way to-day, for it is a lone place, where few folks pass, and she must soon have been mad or dead. Who can have done this bad deed? Who could tie a cat to a bush, and leave her to die?

One of the boys then said, I will tell you how I think it was I have no doubt this is the cat I saw, a few days since, run past our house with a tin pot at her tail, and a crowd of boys were with her, and, I dare say, drove her from place to place, till, in her fear, she ran here to hide, and get from them. The tin pot would be torn off by the trees and thick grass, and then the piece of cord

that was left on her tail would wind round and round this bush so fast that she could by no means get loose. She looks so thin, that I dare say she has been here some time ; and it is two days since I saw the cat run past with the tin pot at her tail.

I once did the same thing ; that is to say, I was with some boys who did an act like this ; and I was so wrong as to think and call

it fun ; but I am sure it is the last time I shall be so bad ; for who could see the sad state of this poor cat, and then be so bad as to do the like ?

May 27th

LESSON XLVII.

THE FARM YARD.

MR. MILLS had a farm yard, full of pigs and cows, ducks and geese, cocks and hens ; and they all had as much to eat as was good for them : when it was cold, the horses and the pigs and cows had nice clean warm straw to lie down in at night. The horses

were brought into the yard when they had done work, and had hay and corn to eat. Twice a day the milk maid came to milk the cows, which stood quite still ; but one of them once put her foot in the pail, and one day she gave the maid a box on the ears with her tail.

The pigs ate meal and bran, grey peas, beans, the husks of green peas and beans, and the rind

of fruit, and all else they can get; for pigs are not choice in their food, and they eat a great deal more than they want. This is why we say that boys and girls who eat too much are like pigs.

There was one old sow that had nine young pigs, fat and fine they were. When they were a month old, Mr. Mills told his man to kill four of them and sell them. In

one shed was a young calf, which was to be sold as soon as it was six weeks old, and this was fed with milk three or four times a day.

There was a pond in the yard for the ducks to swim in, and a house for the hens to roost in at night, where they sat on a long stick which we call a perch. As soon as it was light the cocks crew so loud and shrill that they

woke the men and boys of the farm, who got up to feed the horses and the cows and the pigs, went into the fields to plough the land or to sow the corn, or to mow the hay or to cut down the ripe corn. The boys went to fetch up the cows and tend the sheep. And the maids got up to milk the cows, to feed the cocks and hens, and the ducks and geese, and search for the new-laid eggs; to

light the fires in the house, bake the bread, sweep the rooms, scrub the floors, and wash the clothes.

Then Mr. Mills would walk into his yards and see that all the work was done, and into his fields to see that his sheep and lambs were all safe, and that his corn fields were free from weeds. Then he would look into his barns where the ripe corn was kept, and tell his man to thresh the corn, put it

in sacks, and take it in the cart to the mill to be ground into flour. The flour was sold to be made into bread. Then he would go into his stack yard, and look at his stacks of hay and straw and corn, to see that all was right there.

So you see there was a great deal to do in this farm yard; and when you hear of a farm, you will know it is a place where corn and

hay are grown, and where they rear cows, calves, sheep, pigs, geese, ducks, and hens.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE STORM.

I ONCE went to stay at a small town on the sea shore. This town was built on the top of a high hill or cliff; and I could stand on the edge of the cliff, and look down on the wide sea, and see the boats and ships, some large, some small, with their white and brown sails

and tall masts. A large steam boat would now and then pass, with its long train of black smoke, which I thought at first was a cloud in the sky. It was a sweet sight to see the waves roll upon the shore, where they left their white wreaths of foam, the smooth flat sand, and the bright wet stones which shone in the sun light.

One fine day, I stood on the

shore to see the men and boys go out in their boats to fish. Each man puts into his boat his nets and bait, a mast and sail, and a pair of oars to row with. He drags his boat to the edge of the sea, and the boy gets in and takes an oar in each hand; one strong push from the man sends the boat into the sea, the waves as they flow lift it and it floats: as soon as it floats the boy rows as hard as

he can ; the man gives one more strong push and jumps in ; off goes the boat, they row hard, and are soon past the high waves.

On the day I speak of I saw all the boats go off ; the day was bright, the sea was calm ; when they were all gone I still could see them a long way off, like small black dots on the blue sea.

I sat down on a large stone ; and as I had my book with me,

there I staid and read for three hours. At the end of that time, I saw a dark cloud a long way off, the air felt chill and cold, and I heard the sound of wind. The wind blew more and more, the sea grew rough, the waves were high, and the sky dark.

The wives of the men who were at sea came from their houses and stood on the cliff, as if to call the men home; but

they could not hear ; they were too far off.

I heard these poor wives say, We shall have a storm ; oh dear ! how we wish they were home, and their boats safe on shore. We can see them quite plain, but some of the boats are so far out at sea, they can not get home safe. It blows a gale now.

They say it blows a gale when the wind is high.

Oh! it was a sad sight to see those rough waves; and it was sad to hear the wind howl and the sea roar, and to think that lives might be lost.

At last one boat came in, then two more, then four, the men and boys wet through with the waves; but they were safe; and I heard them thank God for his care of them, and pray to him to save those who were still at sea.

More and more boats came in ; and now all were on shore but one, and that one we could see some way off, with its sail up.

Why do not they take down the sail ? cried the men on shore ; the boat will be lost if they keep it up in such a gale of wind as this. There were two boys in the boat, no man with them, and they did not know what to do.

Take down your sail, cried the

men on shore, as loud as they could shout ; but it was of no use, the wind was so high and made such a noise that the boys could not hear the men's words.

Put out a boat, said one of the men on shore, and let some of us go and help those poor lads, or they will be lost.

Oh ! do not go, do not go, said his wife ; if you are lost, what shall I do ? You have boys

of your own, think of them first.

I must go, said the man ; I can not stand here and see two young lads go down for want of help. God will take care of me, and of you and my boys too, while I try to do what is right. Will one of you go with me ? I'll go, said a young man ; I have no wife or child to want me.

Then they got their boat off,

though the waves were so strong and rough that their task was hard, but they went to do a good deed, to save the lives of the two lads, and they did not spare their strength. But their help came too late. Just as they got near, a gust of wind caught the boat in which the boys were : it sank ; the two lads went down with it, and were seen no more.

LESSON XLIX.

THE LOVE AND FEAR OF GOD.

MAMMA, you tell me that there is a God who made all things, and who takes care of us by night, when we sleep, and by day; that He is a good God, and that I must love and fear Him. But I do not see God. I see you, and I see papa, and you are good and

take care of me ; but I do not see God. Mamma, have you seen God ?

No, my dear, I have not seen God, nor can we see Him, as we see men ; but I will tell you how we see Him. We see all that God has made—the earth, the sea, the sky, the sun, the moon, and stars, with all that lives, and moves, and grows. All these things seem to be made for us,

for all are of use to us, or serve to make us glad.

In these things, then, we see how great, how wise, how good God is. We do not need to see his form, since we see God in his works. If we are sad, it is that we are bad, and make a bad use of the things God has made, and which he made to bless us. If we do wrong, we can not have a glad heart. Then it seems to us

that God looks at us, through these His works, with a frown; and then it is we dread the wrath of God. We fear he will not love us, and take care of us, and bless us.

But when we have done no wrong, when we have been good and kind to all at all times, how gay we feel when we look at the earth, the sea, and the sky; and the sight of them seems to make

us more glad, for we feel that we have done no ill.

Then it seems to us that God looks at us through these his works with a smile ; and then it is we love God, and are sure that He loves us ; for we feel we are good, and may hope for his love. It is true that we still fear Him ; for we must think on his great name, and view his great works with awe. But the fear I now speak

of is not like the dread we feel of his wrath for our ill deeds ; it is a fear which makes us shun what is wrong, and look up to Him to shield us, and keep us in the right way. Thus, then, though you do not see the form of God as you see me, you see and know as much as is good for you ; and if you think of this as you ought to think, and do to all men as you would have all men do to

you, you need not fear but that God will love and bless you, both in your youth, and in your old age.

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