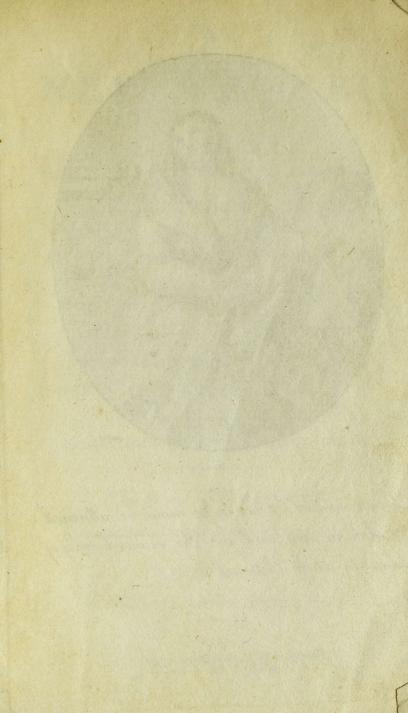


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Learning and Knowledge must be attained by slow degrees, and are the reward only of diligence and Patience.

NEW SEQUEL

TO

Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons,

ADAPTED FOR CHILDREN FROM FOUR
TO SEVEN YEARS OLD.

BY THE COMPILER OF

AN EASY INTRODUCTION TO READING, &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH A BEAUTIFUL PLATE.

The Second Edition, enlarged.

LONDON:

Printed for G. SAEL, No. 192, Strand.

1796.
[Price One Shilling.]

NEW SEQUEL

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AND THE THE WEST WAS A SECOND TO SECOND TO SECOND ASSESSMENT AS A SECOND SECOND

CHARLES AND AND THE

ARDIN OF THE WALL OF

Equivalent strain

NEW SEQUEL, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

A Syou are a good child, and inform me you have read over Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons, I shall now place before you an addition to that pleasing and useful Book, filled with little stories for young folks;

A 2 fince

fince what can gratify the mind fo much as READING? From Books, we not only defire pleasure, but profit. Men, in all countries, have become great and wife by reading and study. Without these, we should be almost like beings without reason, and not know how to fpell our own names. What a fad state! who would not learn to read?

LESSON I.

HARE-HUNTING.

HARK! what can mean that horn! it makes the air vibrate with its shrill found; those dogs still rend it more, and those horsemen increase the clamour. Oh! fie; it is all in quest of a poor timid Hare, which has done them no harm. See how they try A 3 hedge

hedge after hedge to find her -each dog with his nofe close to the ground-Ah, now they have got the scentaway she runs, while hounds and horsemen pursue her in full speed, over field, fence, and ditch: poor thing! I wish they might never overtake thee. But fuch is the animal's weakness, that when she might gain a retreat, she stops to listen. Alas! now the whole

[7]

whole party have come up with her, and she falls a victim to their thoughtless and cruel sport.

LESSON II.

THE BEGGAR'S BLESSING.

A POOR old man, who was begging from door to door, chanced to pass by the school in which young Alworthy was a boarder. At the

the fight of fo fad an object, little Tom's heart throbbed with pity, and knowing he had laid by a penny in his box, ran up stairs to find it. "Iam fure he wants a penny," faid Tom to himself, as he went along, "and I would " much rather give it, though " it is my last, than suffer the " pain of knowing à poor old " man should be in want of a " morfel of bread." Tom prefently

fently returned with his offering, and put it, with a friendly fmile, into the poor thankful creature's hand. The manner of his doing it had as much merit as the deed itself. Both were rewarded by an humble prayer to heaven for his welfare; and the bleffing of the old Beggar was faid to follow Tom Alworthy for many future years.

LESSON III.

SPRING MORNING.

HE morning is bright the fun peeps in at the window and calls the fluggard from his bed. See the lark, how she foars aloft, with grateful joy; behold the lambs, how they skip and play in the meadow, while the plough-boy whistles beside his

his team. This is the feafon for youth to employ themfelves. An hour in the calm morning is worth two in the hurry of the day, and if well employed, will stamp our early years with good report. Time is ever filent in its progress, but always steals along with a steady pace; we may seize hold of it as it advances, but we cannot call back a moment that hath fled; for which

[12 -]

reason, Time is painted with a lock of hair on his forehead, but quite bald behind.

LESSON IV.

moreing is worth two in the

SPRING NOON.

COME, Frances, we will now take a walk into the garden—it will give us pleafure to observe the gayapproach of Spring. See what a nice

bed of tulips—here is another of pinks, and mark those pretty rose trees, how they nod to and fro in the foft wind: it is well it does not blow harshly, or it would quite destroy them. The fun too, how placid are its beams; did it shine with its full force, it would shrink up those tender buds into nothing. How great, how good is God! he preserves all things, even those young bees

B

evamin

[14]

now fipping sweets from the opening rose, as well as Frances and her Mamma.

LESSON V.

and fro in the foft winds it is

SUMMER EVENING.

A Sthe evening is very fine, a nd the fun, which was lately over our heads, will foon fink below our fight, let us, my dear Frances, take a walk together. A fummer evening is

always

always inviting; let us ramble in the new-mown fields-oh! how fweet does the hay fmell; look at the mower with his scythe and wooden flask; he is returning from his labourhow healthy he appears—it is good to rife early, it strengthens both body and mind; he rose with the fun, no doubt, and with him will go to rest. See what a jocund throng of haymakers come after, with their forks B 2

forks and rakes; they too, have been working all the day, which makes them fo cheerful now it is over. You have feen the insea called an ANT; in the fummer it always provides a store-house for the winter feafon; and from being thus careful, lives with fafety and comfort, in its little granary under ground. This is the humble pattern of industry spoken of in the Holy Bible, forks where

[17]

where it is faid, "Go to the ANT, thou fluggard, con"fider her ways, and be wife."

LESSON VI.

nefs of others, which always

AUTUMN-OR HARVEST HOME.

REAPING time is over—
the sheaves of corn we lately saw, are all gathered in—there goes the last waggon, half-loaded with boys and girls

B 3

-it is harvest home, as the peasants call it; let us follow them into the village—there is a pleasure in seeing the happiness of others, which always imparts much to ourselves hark! the mirthful fiddle, fee the dance already begun, the old and young mingling together in festive harmony, all sharing the general joy-there is no contention here—to give back the happiness each other

feels,

feels, seems the business of the day—how happy, could it last to the end of life—every welcome day would then see sprightly faces, and each returning evening be the harvest home of peace.

In a few days, Frances, we will take a walk and look at the gleaners.

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als welling to his bit thethe.

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rioon takes place of the fae,

LESSON VII.

SUMMER NIGHT.

IT is now night—every breeze is filent—not a leaf is ruffled by the air—the pale moon takes place of the fun, and sheds her milder light upon this globe of earth—the stars twinkle in their orbits—every animal is at rest, and man is also retiring to his bed-the birds

birds fleep on the boughs, or in the brakes, except the lonely nightingale, who pours her music through the woods, made vocal by the stillness of night. The fun, which lately shone on all around, is now feen no more; but he will rife again at his wonted hour to fummon all created beings, after sleep has refreshed them, to their proper duty, and to give light and warmth to all this lower world.

LES-

LESSON VIII.

THE RED-BREAST.

DOOR, harmless Robin, some cruel boy has killed you -you are now stiff and coldit was but yesterday you came and fung under my window, as I fed you with crumbs from my table. Unfeeling boy! wantonly to shoot our little fongster, when it had robbed him

him of no delight. There are many birds that do much mischief—the crows assemble within a field that is just fown, and scrape the grain out of the ground and eat it. The sparrows, when it is ripe, go in flocks, and beat it out with their bills. These, indeed, injure the honest farmer, and deferve to be driven away by force; but the poor Robin is so tame a little creature, and from

from the infects that it usually feeds on, does a fervice, rather than an injury to our fields and gardens, as such it calls upon our pity to protect it, rather than cruelly to take away its life.

their bills. Thefer indeed, in-

jure the honefillarmer, and de-

Give to be driven away by

force; but the poor Robin is

LESSON IX.

WINTER NOON.

RANCES, the winter is come. See the dull oxen, how they herd together under yon old oak to screen themselves from the storm, which looks as though it would burst over their heads—the timid sheep hasten within the fold, and the chickens C

chickens crowd under the wings of their mother, all guided by instinct to seek a shelter from the tempest. How happy ought you to be, placed in a good home, with fire to warm you, food to eat, and friends to converse with—bufy by the fide of your Mamma with a piece of work intended as a present for your little Sister. How delighted she will be with it! Thus, I chickens when

when the fields no more invite us, and the garden has locked up its beauties, Frances will always be enabled to amuse and improve herself at home.

The side of policy which reflects

THE COURT OF THE PROPERTY OF T

LESSON X.

then the fields no more in-

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.

SEE the Shepherd and his Dog, what a happy picture they afford of rural life. The master has thrown his crook upon the ground, while he and his faithful attendant are both stretched at their ease beneath that hawthorn. The heat of the day has fatigued them, and they

they are refreshing themselves in the shade, while the sheep are feeding around them on the green grass that grows upon the down. Frances, you must know that dog is of great fervice to the shepherd while he attends his flock, for when the sheep stray beyond their proper bounds, as fometimes happens, the dog runs barking round them, as much as to fay, Sheep, go back to your pasture, what

C 3

[30]

what business have you here? do pray return within the limits of your fold.

To this useful animal, whose employ and place is to serve his master, and guard the sheep, we will in a future Lesson contrast the character of Trimbush the lap-dog.

to hedgesy force in walls; found

LESSON XI.

THE WREN'S NEST.

ensult and also the Asnahai

OBSERVE how neatly some little Wren has built her nest in the body of this tree—how closely the moss and leaves are woven together. All birds do not form their nests in the body of trees; some build them

in hedges, some in walls, some in high trees, and others on the ground, as the sky-lark, for instance. Rooks form theirs upon the very top branches of the elm, and the wood-pigeon makes her nest about mid-way. Except the cuckow, almost all birds take great care of their young, cover them with their wings, and nurse them until they are able to fly abroad; then they teach them to feek food

food for themselves in the day, and entice them back at night to their nests, for fear any harm should befal them. It is a cruel practice for boys to rob them of their little ones, or to keep them captives in a close cage. Every thing should partake of liberty that feems made to enjoy it. Restraint is more fitted for children, than it is for birds; and yet, Frances, you would not like to be tied

for

for whole days by the leg to the fide of our dining-table, or dumb-waiter.

LESSON XII.

ACCOUNT OF A SURLY DOG.

ITTLE Trimbush, a favourite Pug, was always snarling at every stranger that came in his way, and seldom could keep in friendship for an hour

hour together with any of his constant companions. If he saw Fidelle, the Spaniel, quietly enjoying a bone, it was to him a matter of envy and disquiet, though he had more meat than enough for his own dinner. Sometimes he has been feen to curl his tail and fet up his ears at dogs that were twice his fize, and make up to them with the fierceness of a Tiger. By such imprudent tricks, he has often had

had the hair stripped from his back, and his ears bit till they bled again, befides which he very often got rolled in the kennel, and made fuch a dirty figure, that he was ashamed to shew himself in the parlour with the other dogs, and was glad to fneak into any corner or dark place, where he might not be feen by any of the family. What a filly Dog he must have been, Frances, and how much much his bad temper exposed him to fufferings which might have been prevented, had he been prudent enough not to infult other Dogs, who were glad to revenge his petulance and peevishness by making him fmart for it. nurtured under its branches,

and fill entwined itself around

the withering trunk -" Prays

" Mafter Honey-fuckle," faid

[38]

LESSON XIII

ruch his bad temper exposed

THE OAK AND HONEY-SUCKLE.

A N Oak, which had long been the pride of the forest, was surrounded by an Honey-fuckle that had been nurtured under its branches, and still entwined itself around the withering trunk.-" Pray, " Master Honey-suckle," said a faucy, wild Bramble, "what

" can induce you to cling

" about that old naked Oak;

" and what fervice do you

" fuppose you are doing

" either to yourfelf or it?"

"—Perhaps very little," replied the humble Honeyfuckle, "but the duty and re-

" fpect I owe to age, calls upon

" me for what I can perform.

" In my tender prime I was

" defended from the tempest

" of the winter by these clus-

D 2 " tered

" tered boughs, and having ga-

" thered strength under their

" shelter, the least return I

" can make will be to bloffom

" round them while they are

" going to decay."

Let this reply ferve as a lesson to all young people, that they may never be wanting in gratitude to their early protectors and friends.

of the winter by thefe dat

LESSON XIV.

of whate of barloys which she

GLEANING.

VOU wanted to know, Frances, what gleaning meant. To glean is to gather up the fcattered ears of corn which the farmer has left upon the ground. This is done by poor people who have no fields of their own; and are glad, therefore, to pick up the loofe heads D 3

of wheat or barley, which the birds would otherwise devour. See that Cottager with his wife and children: they have all been gleaning; and what a load the father and mother have got upon their heads. Why, it will make a little corn-stack when it is all piled up together. Frances, give those two fun-burnt boys a penny; I am fure they must have done their best to assist the 30

the old folks; for they are both fo tired, they can hardly get along. But never mind, little fellows, you will fleep the founder for it tonight, and feel the happier at what you have done, for many a day to come. When we return home, Frances, remind me that I show you a pretty story in the Bible about Ruth, who was a gleaner; and gathered after the reapers amongst

amongst the sheaves, for herfelf and her mother-in-law.
Your Brother shall also read
us a poetic tale, taken from it,
by Thomson, called Palemon
and Lavinia, in which humility and virtue met with their
just reward.

the return home, Propees, re-

n nov work I and one, bairs

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Ruth, who was a greater; and

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LESSON XV.

SHIPS, AND THEIR USE.

THERE is a pretty little Vessel-see how it skims along the water. Ships are made of oak wood, fawed and put together fo as to make long fea-voyages to foreign parts, to bring us back tea to drink, and fugar to fweeten it, with nutmegs and spices of all kinds;

kinds; and wine to drink into the bargain. The first Ship, called an Ark, was built by Noah, as we read in the Bible; which will instruct you how very ancient must be their origin. Some of them carry great burdens, and contain more rooms than we have in our house. The little boat behind is for the failors to come on shore with-it will move in very shallow water, where

where ships cannot fail. Large ships, which are constructed for the purpose of opposing our enemies at sea, are called Men of War; and owing to their strength, and the good they afford our Island, have been called the Wooden Walls of Old Engwas one day preparing broken

fast for her mother, a Negro-

woman ran in, with foorcely

-tell grund bon , point LES-

phore Thips cannot fail. Large

LESSON XVI.

THE NEGRO WOMAN PRO-

owing to their firength, and

AS the Daughter of an English Farmer, who had settled in the West-Indies, was one day preparing breakfast for her mother, a Negrowoman ran in, with scarcely any covering, and slung herself

self on her knees. "My dear " good young Miffy," cried the poor creature, " have " pity on a female flave. I " have wandered over moun-" tains, and through woods, to " escape my cruel Master, a "rich Planter in the Eastern " part of our Island, who, be-"cause I was too fickly to " work, has covered my body "with scars from the lashes " of his cruel hand. Since I E

[50]

" ventured to steal away from him, I have been near dying with hunger, and yesterday

" was almost drove to despair:

"but I said to my fainting

" heart, perhaps there are yet

" fome good white people

" in this favage country. I

" will not die yet-I will

"try to find them out .-

" Dear Miffy, I hope I have

"found them here."___

"Take courage, unhappy

" woman,"

"woman," faid the kind English Girl, -" My Mo-"ther and myfelf will shel-"ter you. Food you shall "instantly have, and if you " will live with us, be our " fervant, but not our flave. "Slaves are not known in " England, for the laws do not "allow it. Indeed, in every "country, those who have " Christian feeling, will make " no difference in their con-E 2 " duct

"duct to the people of other

" nations, from being merely

" white or black. The heart,

" not the appearance, makes

mo set the dies ovil Hear

"us human."

LESSON XVII.

TALE OF THE CAT.

vieto ni beebnl di welle?

SWEET little Bully, with what content you fing away the hours.—Pray, Miss Pussy,

Puffy, what bufiness have you to be watching and trying to frighten him? It is your business to catch rats and mice, and keep the house free from vermin, and not to make a meal of my pretty Bird; for if you do, we shall certainly banish you to the stable, to keep company with Growler, the bull-dog, and old Dobbin, the cart-horse. I once heard an odd fort of story about one of

E 3

of your Tabby friends. She was making a journey one morning round a neighbour's house, and, at length, came to a large china vafe, in which several gold and filver fish were swimming. Puffy, it feems, was fond of fish as well as birds, and fo very eager to feize her new prey, that she plunged into the large china-vessel, and never once thought of the watry flood

flood between. Too late she mewed forth her distress.—
She had never tried to swim.
The sides of the vessel were too slippery for her talons to take hold of: and so she lost her own life in trying to take away the lives of others.

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each celler, we will make

root to Bellife religion wills

doily odriei gaires block

LESSON XVIII.

glood between Too late file

A REVIEW OF THE SEASONS.

TT was but lately, Frances, that we read about the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Now as these Seasons roll on, and succeed each other, we will make them a further subject of our study. Spring is the birthday of the year; our wife and good

good Creator at this period gives life to vegetable nature; to shrubs, to trees, and to all that the hand of industry hath planted. After the fields are ploughed, and the corn is fown by the husbandman, the kindly warmth of Spring then makes the grafs to grow, the corn to spring up from the bofom of the earth, and the trees of the orchard to shoot forth their bloffoms, that in Autumn they

they may yield us fruit.—Summer increases the bleffing that Spring had only announced, and the kind influence of the fun matures and ripens every thing we fee. In Autumn we gather in the harvest bestowed by a gracious God! by this means we are kept alive thro' the Winter, when the ground is covered with fnow. The food which supports us daily, we cannot be too thankful for,

as we have it not in our power to add one grain to its substance; it is all the bounty of heaven it is the gift of mercy! Even our cloathing is borrowed.— The sheep provides us with coats, the cow with shoes, and the beaver with hats; fo you fee we are beholden to various animals for what procures us comfort. This thought should always make us meek in our own eyes, and teach us that there there is nothing, however humble, that has been created in vain.

LESSON XIX.

ON FISH AND BIRDS.

of water is here. See how the fishes sport and play in it.—Water is their home; they are born and live in it.—Yon Boy has just caught a little dace,

dace, and is taking it from off the hook. See how feebly it moves upon the ground. It cannot live out of the water, any more than we could live in it. Every creature is fitted for its proper sphere, or element, as it is called. There are four elements, fire, water, earth, and air. Some birds can fwim; others would drown if they were put into a pond. Ducks, geefe, and fwans are

all

all fond of water, and their little ones can swim as soon as they come out of the shell. These, and many others are called aquatic birds. All birds are produced from eggs, which are hatched by the warmth of their parent-birds; one of whom fits to watch over the nest while they are young, and the other goes in its turn and brings them food.

LESSON XX.

THE FARMER AND SPARROW.

A FARMER, who was paf-fing across one of his fields of ripe wheat, picked up an ear by the fide of the path, and observed that the corn was all beaten out. Some hedge fparrows, who were flying near, made him conclude that they were the plunderers; and in a

F 2

rage

rage he returned home for his "What," faid he, as he walked along, "have I ma-" nured the foil, and tilled the " ground, and fown the feed, " all at a great expence and " labour, for you, ye gang of " feathered thieves! No, you " shall suffer for your affurance, "I warrant ye."-His gun he hastily fnatched from the corner of the kitchen chimney, and loaded it with a double charge.

charge. And now he stole foftly back to the fide of his corn-field, waiting angrily for the return of the birds. At length, a young sparrow hopped from the hedge, and fettled on a waving blade of wheat .-" Now, now," whispered the Farmer to himself, " now I " shall have my revenge."-He levelled his piece and fired. But, alas, his gun had been fo little used of late, that from want F 3

want of cleaning, and being overcharged, it recoiled, and threw him back into the ditch. As foon as he recovered from his fall, he went to gather up his spoil; but instead of meeting with the sparrow, he found he had shot away a tract of wheat the length of fourfcore yards. "Fool, that I was," he exclaimed, "to trouble myself " about fuch petty robbers. " I have done more mischief

[«] in

" in one moment than they

" would have done in a

" month. I have lost my

" time and bruifed my shoul-

" der; and instead of profit

" or content, I am rewarded

To bit thate, 'One down tid out

sta hoto endate obtil a gall

reflected below in the Areas.

do nimenod a thin , peloy

" by pain and shame."

LESSON XXI.

THE FOLLY OF GREEDINESS.

CATO was a good housedog, but always wanted more of every thing than came to his share. One day in crosfing a little bridge over a rivulet, with a bone in his mouth, he faw his own shadow reflected back in the stream, and believing it to be another dog,

dog, who was also carrying a bone, he could not forbear catching at it; but so far was he from getting any thing by his attempt, that he dropt the bone out of his own mouth, which instantly funk to the bottom, while he stood gaping with foolish surprise, to find he had lost the substance in trying to fnatch at the shadow.

LESSON XXII.

THE SHORT HISTORY OF

A BROTHER AND SISTER.

LAPPY passed the hours of Edward and Maria-both obedient and dutiful children. Edward did every thing his Father could wish. Maria had no less merit in attention to her Mother. Edward was a little man of business from his childhood.

hood. Maria, was the humble pattern of industry. Edward, after school-hours were over, had always some thoughtful plan in view to occupy the time that others spent in play. I have fometimes observed him put an acorn in the earth, and he would fay to himself, "as I grow, you will grow; and one day, perhaps, you may afford me shelter from the heat of the fun," At other times he would plant

plant various flowers to make nofegays for his Mother or Sifter, and watch their growth, with careful anxiety. I have likewise seen him construct a little ship, or make a farmer's waggon fo neatly, that the toyman has bought it of him to put in his shop. Thus, by a habit of steady industry, mingled with laudable amusements, he, at length, acquired fuch knowledge in agriculture

and

and mechanics, that he made many useful improvements in both; and lived to be one of the most eminent men in the county where he resided. Maria, whom we must not forget, became equally admired for her domestic merits.-Maria could knit stockings for her younger fisters, and even for Edward himself, when she was but five years old. She could write well, and do any fum in addition

G

tion before she was eight; and grew fo expert in drawing, that she could sketch a landscape from nature, or take the likeness of any person with her pen. At her needle no Girl was more ingenious: the last work she did was a sprigged apron for her Mamma from a defign of her own, which had a beautiful appearance, and was very much admired. These excellent children, while at school,

fchool, were the boast of all their friends, and grew up to be the admiration of all their neighbours and acquaintance. Such were the happy fruits of honouring their father and mother.

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LESSON XXIII.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BENTLEY
FAMILY.

AT the bottom of a hill, shaded by tall trees, ran a stream of water, that turned a mill which long had ground the corn of the whole village. There, in a neat cottage, lived Bentley, the Miller, with his wife, and their little family.

[77]

It was the daily employ of Bentley to attend his mill, and of his Dame to watch over her house and domestic concerns. Bentley had a common faying, which he ofttimes repeated to his Sons, that no one should eat his meal till he first had tried to earn it. To improve upon this maxim, he had taught John, his eldest son, while a lad, to be of much use in the mill, while Thomas drove the

- G 3

cart

cart which carried home the meal. Dame Bentley, a woman of great frugality, taught Nancy to milk the cows, while Jenny foon learned how to cook, and keep the house clean. When evening came, they used to sit down together, round their homely repast; and none were more happy than the Bentley family; as labour seldom failed to procure a good appetite, and what was

full

full as desirable, sound sleep at night. Old Bentley, who knew the value of industry from his own experience, after their little repast was over, used to enter at large on the subject of farming and the management of the mill, while his Wife discoursed about the concerns of the cow-house, and care of the poultry, which afforded great instruction and pleasure to them all. Thomas would

would cry out, "Father, I'll be a Farmer, and fow, and gather in the corn;" and Nancy said, "I'll be a Dairy-maid, and provide the cheese and butter." Jenny was delighted at the thought of rearing the young chickens; and John longed for the next morning, that he might affist in the business of the mill. Thus passed away the days of this happy family, who always foun

found comfort with one another, and enjoyed that peace of mind which ever attends on honest industry, and virtuous content.

Frances, should you not sometimes like to take your supper with the young Bent-leys?

an en normal and ability

- Harvi in Young was all

LESSON XXIV.

ODE TO THE ROBIN.

the death of a poor redbreast, which some thoughtless boy had killed; I will now read you some pretty verses, which were written as an invitation to a living Robin, on the approach of Winter.

[83]

Sweet lonely bird, of all most sit

For rural scenes, since thou can'st quit
Society's unpleasing throng,
And lov'st alone to tune thy song:
The naked thorn now bids thee fear
A bleaker, ruder season near:
Still to my vine-bound window come,
And share the school-boy's scanty crum;
From cold and want, still sure to meet
A friendly and a safe retreat.

The herd will feek the fodder'd stall;
The grove's last trembling leaf will fall,
And soon a keener blast will blow,
And scatter wide the gathering snow;
Pay then thy visit, void of dread,
For here each morn thy meal I'll spread;

And

And greet with joy, each fafe return,

Till taught by gratitude, you learn

The courage want inspir'd before,

And fear to venture nigh no more.

LESSON XXV.

THE CLIMBERS.

those villagers are met together about. Why, they seem all standing in a ring. Alas! there is one poor woman wringing her hands, and weep-

weeping most piteously.-

" Pray, what is the matter,

" little maiden, has any acci-

"dent happened there?"-

" Oh! yes, a fad one indeed;

" Matter Idle, the' Squire's fon,

" is for ever playing pranks

" with the lads of the village,

" and had laid a wager of

" three marbles, that he would

" climb to the top of the

"Squire's walnut-tree before

" Dick Clumfy could get up

H " our

" our crooked codling. Dick

" was not used to climb; so

" when he had managed to

" scramble up half way, he set

"his foot upon a rotten

" branch, which fnapt off, and

" down he fell; fince which

" he has not been able to

" move, and his mother thinks

" his ribs are broke. It was

" but this morning she charged

" him not to keep company

" with young Idle, for he is

" always

" always leading his play-" mates into mischief, and " then laughs at them for a " parcel of stupid clowns."-You hear, Frances, from the artless account of this little girl, what evils are likely to ensue when children disobey their parents, or idle and vicious play-fellows become their companions. The story of the Climbers should be read by you more than once.

LES-

LESSON XXVI.

MISS ELIZABETH WORSLEY

JAS fuch a cross and crying child, that all the servants of Mr. Worsley put together could not fometimes keep her quiet. One day as she had strolled along by the road-side, a little distance from her Papa's country-house, there chanced

chanced to pass by a drove of sheep going to Smithfield market, in London. Upon fight of her, a cur-dog, that was brought up to take care of the sheep, set up such a barking as terrified Miss Elizabeth to so great a degree, that she screamed out for help to Thomas, the groom. Thomas heard her, and was instantly going to her aid; but the rest of the servants said to him, "Oh! never " mind, H 3 Colo

" mind, Tom, there is no harm, it is only Miss Eliza-" beth falling into one of her " roaring-fits to plague us a " little." As this often proved the real case, no one offered to go to her relief. In a few minutes, however, the matter became ferious, for the dog had entirely torn down one fide of her frock, and if the compassion of a labourer, who was working in a field close

close by, had not prompted him to run to her assistance, Miss Elizabeth might have been fadly bit indeed. Thus, you see the unhappy essents of indulging a bad temper, or of giving salse alarms on every trisling occasion.

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LESSON XXVII.

SMITHFIELD FAIR.

T is Smithfield Fair, Frances, the Lord Mayor of London has just proclaimed it according to ancient custom. To-morrow we will take a ramble through it .- I am fure it will divert We shall see many wild beafts, which till now you have only

only heard of-the Lion that ranges the defert, and is the lord of the brutes; the Tiger, that is so fierce there is nothing can stand before him; the Bear, made docile, to become the sport of low persons; and the Monkey, who furprises children by his tricks and feats of activity: besides these, we shall see drums, trumpets, and girls' dolls in abundance, with cakes, sweetmeats, nuts, and oranges,

oranges, and I cannot fay what. At this time there are few boys and girls that have behaved well at school, who do not get fome of these things given them as a recompense for their good conduct. It was but yesterday, if you remember, we saw Tommy Goodluck mounted on a large wooden horse, given him by his aunt, whipping and spurring away like any postillion. That horse, you know,

was given as the reward of his dutiful behaviour. And Miss Sophia Fairchild had got one of the finest dolls I ever faw; in point of elegance and drefs. I am fure no lady need to exhibit more finery on any court-day. She had just learned a beautiful little Hymn the evening before, and that doll was the reward of her diligence. became more quarrellonie. 'If

LESSON XXVIII.

THE TWO BANTAMS.

TT had been the fole care of a Parent Hen for several months to brood under her wings, and to bring up in brotherly kindness two little Bantam Cocks. But so ill were her labours rewarded, that every day as they grew older, they became more quarrelsome. If

one

one chanced to pick up a barley-corn, the other was fure to run after him in order to get it away, and at the end of the struggle a battle commonly enfued, from which either one or the other of them went bleeding home to their mother. The poor Hen had often rebuked them for their folly and cruelty, and their ingratitude to her; but as foon as their wounds were healed, they forgot her;

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advice. d

advice. One day, in ranging round the orchard, they happened to fpy nearly at the same moment, a large earthworm, which might have ferved them both for a meal; but a contest began, which should have it all; blows followed blows; and they fought fo long together, that they had almost killed each other, when the old Hen came flying up to part them. "And what now

advice.

" is the cause," said poor dame Partlet, " of all this bloody " fray?" - " A Worm," anfwered one of them,-" and " who has got it?" faid the Hen; at this question both were confused .-- "For shame," added the mother, "for a cou-" ple of stupid fowls, and fo " while you have been fighting " till you can hardly fee your " way home, the worm about "which you quarrelled has crawled beffs 13

"crawled again into the ground. Go, get along with you to rooft, and remember another time, that to divide a prize is better than to lose

were confused .- "For shame,"

LESSON XXIX.

Hen; at this question tion

SUNDAY MORNING.

IT is Sunday morning—
those who have been good
all the week, shall have their

crawie

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best

best clothes on: no task today .-- Sunday is called the Sabbath, that is, a day of rest; and was ordained to be kept holy for ever, as we read in the Fourth Commandment: - "For " in fix days the Lord made "heaven and earth, the fea, " and all that in them is, and " rested the seventh day; " wherefore the Lord bleffed " the feventh day, and hal-" lowed it."-Let us, there-HEAVEN fore,

fore, worship God, for it is our duty, and ought to be our delight; as we were first created by his Almighty power, are kept alive, and fed by his his daily bounty, and preferved through every period of our being, by his parental care.—But hark! the bells are ringing for church. Church is a proper place for all good persons to meet in to offer up prayers and praises to their heavenly Siol

heavenly Father-it is only bad people that avoid going there; fuch as are ashamed of their faults and unwilling to mend them. They, indeed, wander about in idleness, and neglect their duty every day of the week, but may you, my dear young pupils, ever regard this as a day of holy rest and folemn piety, of glory to God and good-will to man! and when next we meet I will im-

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part other MORAL LESSONS for your instruction and amusement; till then, let me request you will get by heart the following pretty verses on different flowers, which were composed by the excellent and pious Bishop Horne!

THE VIOLET.

A lowly flow'r, in secret bower,
Invisible I dwell;
For blessing made, without parade,
Known only by my smell.

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THE LILY.

The eye of Heav'n could fee;
In all their glory, Monarchs vain,
Are not array'd like me.

THE ROSE.

WITH ravish'd heart that crimson hail,
Which in my bosom glows;
Think how the lily of the vale
Became like Sharon's rose.

THE PRIMROSE.

WHEN time's dark winter shall be o'er,
His storms and tempests laid,
Like me you'll rise a fragrant flow'r,
But not, like me, to fade.

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