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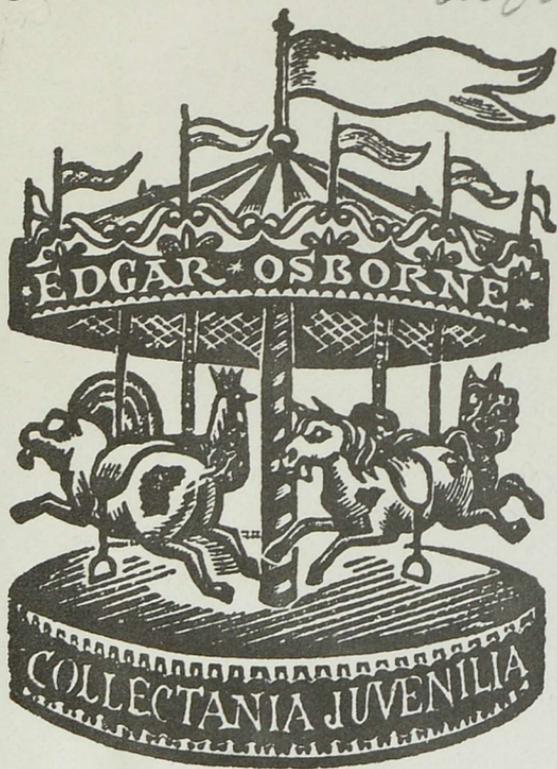
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THE
MONTHLY MONITOR;

CONSISTING OF

EASY READING LESSONS;

OR,

SHORT STORIES,

ADAPTED

TO EVERY SEASON OF THE YEAR.

BY

MRS. ANN RITSON.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1824.

THE

MONTHLY MONITOR

OF

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SHORT STORIES

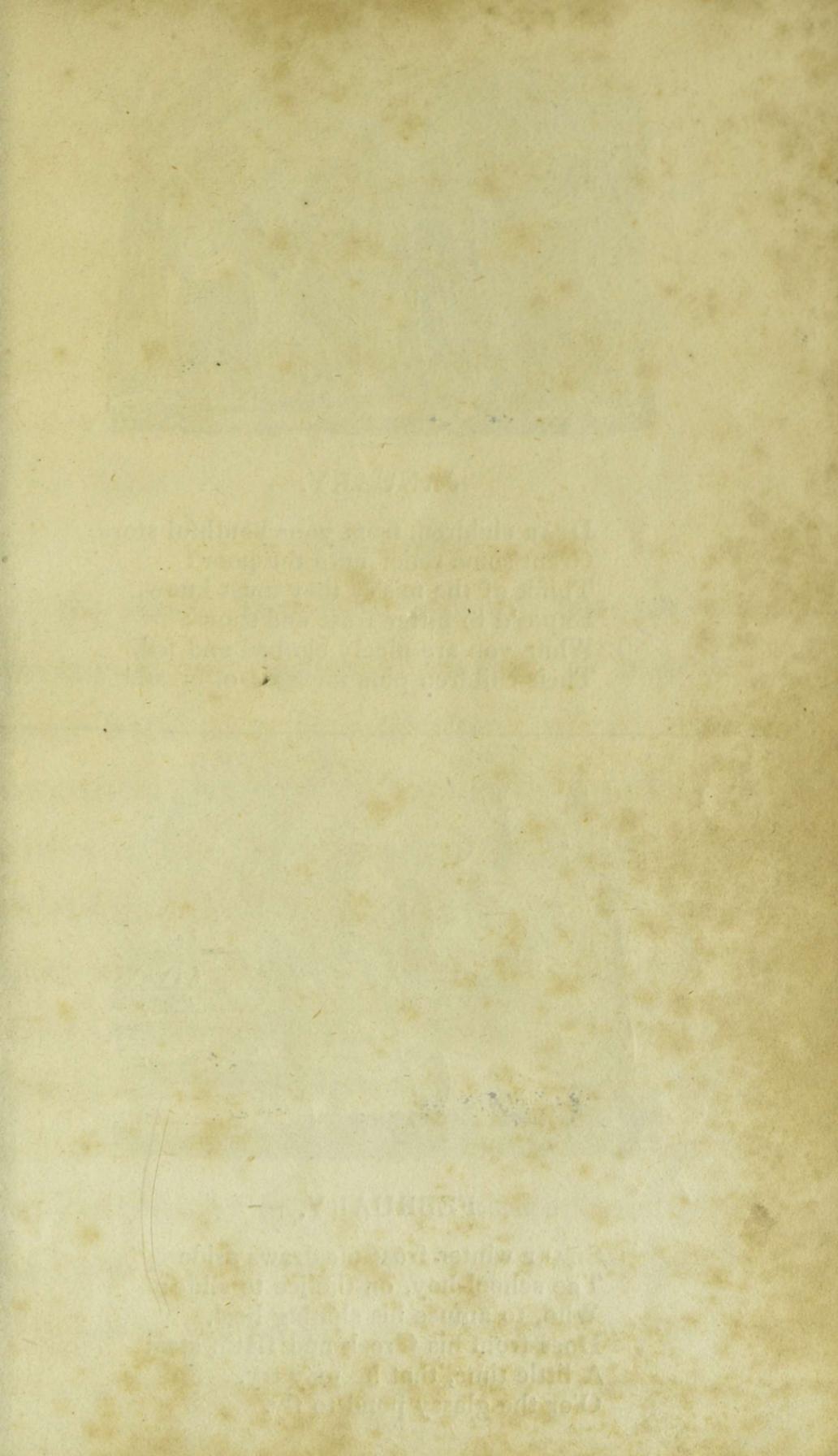
AND

TO FURTHER THE CAUSE OF THE TRUTH

OF

MRS. ANN RYSON

Printed by S. & R. Bentley,
Dorset-street, Fleet-street,, London.





JANUARY.

DEAR children, from your youthful store,
Grant some relief unto the poor :
Think of the mis'ry they must know,
Expos'd to bitter frost and snow :
While you are nicely clothed and fed,
Their children pine for want of bread !



FEBRUARY.

SHARP winter frost oft draws aside
The school-boy, on the ice to slide ;
Who, to amuse his skating heel,
Does from his Greek and Latin steal
A little time, that he may try,
O'er the glassy pond to fly.

THE
MONTHLY MONITOR.

JANUARY.

WE will, my dear young readers, as I promised you, devote this set of lessons to some little anecdote or story, suited to each month in the year. We must, therefore, begin with January, the first month, which has thirty-one days in it, the first day of which, you may remember, is called New Year's Day, and on which, you know, you were so merry with a party of your young friends. January is generally a very cold month, and often the ground is covered with snow, and the ponds all hard with ice. Some Winters have been so severe, that the great river Thames has been frozen over so hard, that

men and horses could walk upon it; when that happens, it is very bad for the poor people, as, in such very cold weather, they cannot get work as they usually do. And, you know, if they cannot get food for their poor children, many of them would be starved, were it not for the goodness of those who have the hearts, and can afford to assist their wants. You must take great pains, and learn to work well at your needle, that you may help to make some warm clothes for the poor, by which you will do as much good as those who give them food. I will tell you a story of a good little girl I knew. The day after New Year's Day, Miss Emma Sidney was sent, by her mother, to visit her cousin Caroline, who lived at a short distance: on her way, she saw two little girls, crying in the middle of the road. Emma knew she never cried, but from what she thought great distress, therefore her little tender heart felt for the poor children, and

she asked the maid-servant, who was with her, to enquire what was the matter with them; accordingly, the servant desired to know of the poor things, what made them cry so sadly: they told her, they were very hungry, and their parents, who were very poor, had sent them out to beg food, from any good person they could find; but, as they had never been out begging before, they knew not where to go. The tender-hearted Emma was so affected at their artless tale, that she returned home, and took them with her to her mother, who enquired into the real state of their poor parents, whom she found in the greatest poverty and distress, with three younger children, almost starved to death. Mrs. Sidney soon made their case known to a few benevolent neighbours, who joined with her in rescuing them from their misery, and took the two poor little girls under their protection, and for whom Emma worked very hard, to get

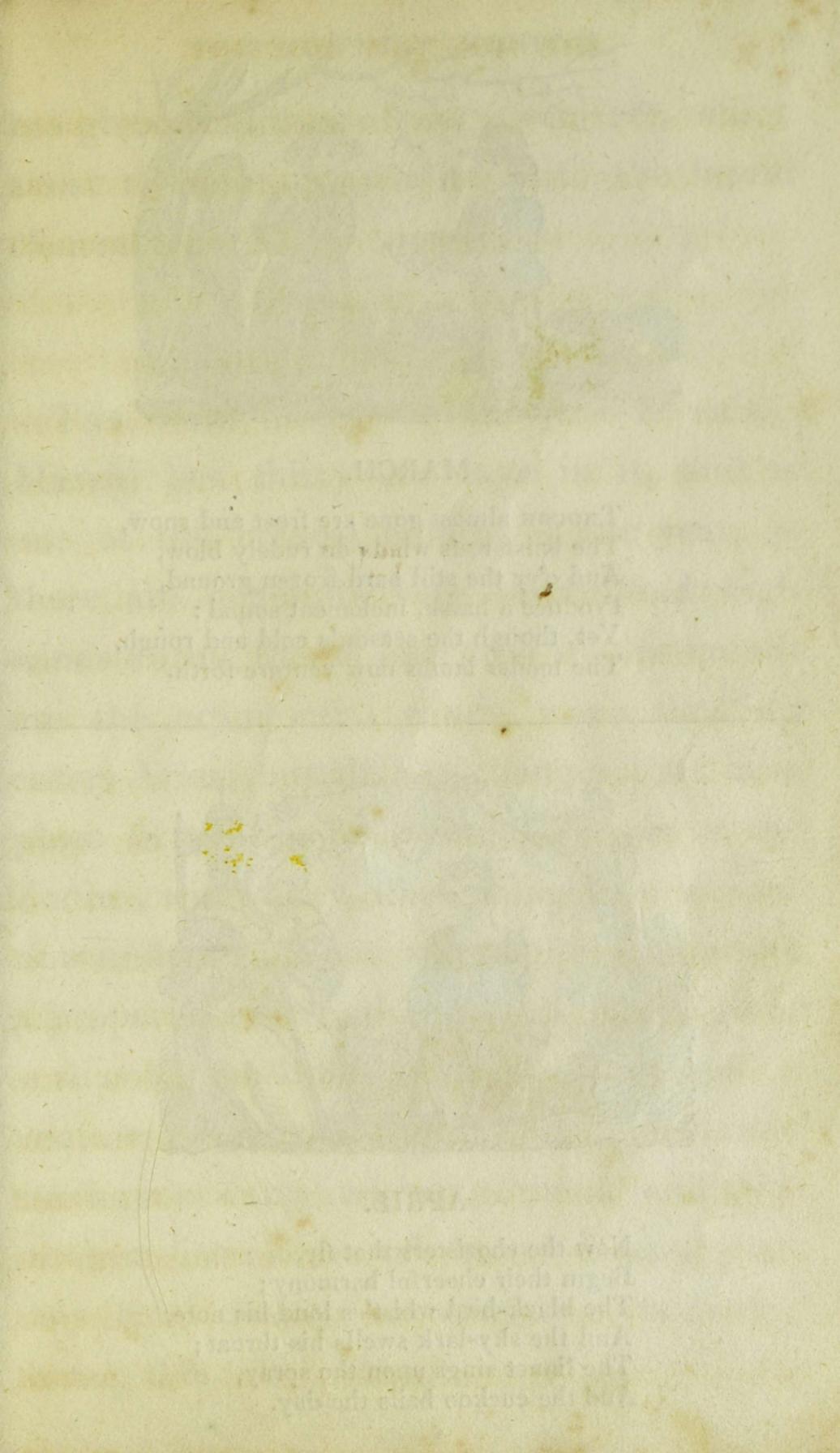
them decently dressed. So that, in addition to her goodness, in bringing them to her mother, she did all in her power to assist them, which is an example all young people should follow, as far as they are able.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY is the second month of the year, and has twenty-eight days in it; every fourth year, which is called Leap-Year, it has twenty-nine days. When you are old enough to understand it, you will be told what occasions the odd day, every fourth year. February is mostly as cold as January, though there are frequently many fine days in it; as the sun gets more power, and the days increase in length, so that they appear lighter and more cheerful than about Christmas; though, sometimes, a great deal of snow is on the ground, at this time of the year, which the wind drifts in some places so high that it is dangerous to travel.

It was in this month, that the poor woman, who was returning from Cambridge market, unfortunately lost her way, and got into a snow-drift: night coming on, she was frozen in, and remained eight days and nights before she was discovered; which, fortunately for her, was before she perished, though, when she was taken out, she was almost exhausted. She was, however, taken care of, and lived some months afterwards. Do you not remember, my dear child, how much your brother Edward suffered, when he got his feet so badly frosted, by skating on the ice? Skating is an amusement gentlemen are very fond of; and, at this time of the year, a great many go in parties for that purpose, mostly to the Serpentine river, in Hyde Park; where, on a fine frosty day, a great company of ladies and gentlemen go to see the skating. Several accidents have happened, in pursuit of this dangerous exercise, and some lives have

been lost, by the ice breaking under them. You know how fond your father is of our great Newfoundland dog, Ocean, because he assisted him to save the life of a gentleman, who fell into the water, last year, while he was skating, and would have been drowned, had not Ocean sprung towards him, and seized the collar of his coat, just as he was sinking under the ice, and held him above water, till your father got assistance to help to drag him out, which he did not obtain, till both dog and man were nearly under the ice; for the dog, struggling on the ice, to keep his hold of the gentleman, had loosened so much of the ice round about, that he could hardly stand on it. Though, had he fallen into the water, he would not have quitted his hold, as it is the nature of Newfoundland dogs to swim, and try to save those in the water. That kind and good Providence, whose care is manifested in all his works,



MANON
The night
The next

The next
The next
The next



MARCH.

THOUGH almost gone are frost and snow,
The boisterous winds do rudely blow,
And o'er the still hard frozen ground,
Produce a harsh, inclement sound :
Yet, though the season's cold and rough,
The tender lambs now venture forth.



APRIL.

Now the choristers that fly,
Begin their cheerful harmony ;
The black-bird whistles loud his note,
And the sky-lark swells his throat ;
The linnet sings upon the spray,
And the cuckoo hails the day.

has given that race of dogs web-feet, which assist them in contending with the liquid element.

MARCH.

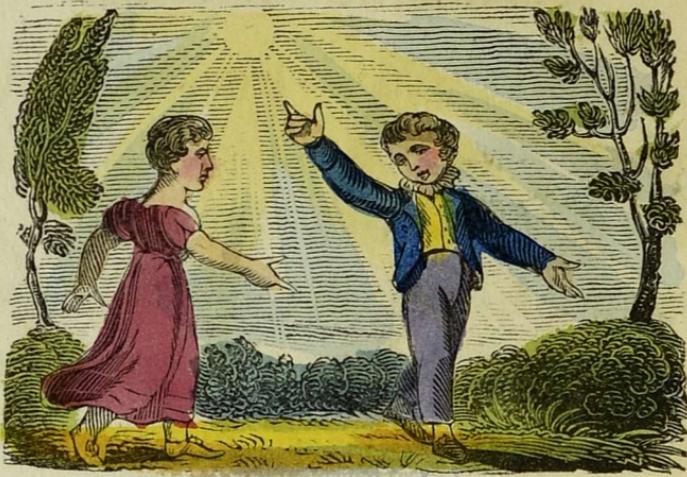
THE third month of the year is called March, has thirty-one days in it, and is one of the coldest months in the year, as there are generally very severe and high winds during this Season ; for in this month are the equinoctial winds, when the Sun enters Aries; but of the changes that take place in the seasons, and the signs of the Zodiac, with many other things you cannot now understand, you will be taught when of a proper age. In this month, although it is so cold, the little tender lambs begin to venture forth, of whom the good farmer takes great care, and brings them, with their mothers, into some of the out-houses, that they may not be in danger of perishing during the cold nights.

It was at this period of the year, that the pretty Clara saw, one day a boy in the lane leading to her father's house, with a little puppy in his arms, which was so prettily spotted, that it drew her attention, and she expressed a wish to her brother, who was with her, that she might have it. Henry, who was very fond of his sister, soon made a bargain with the boy for it, and they took it to the house, where they had the mortification to find that the little creature was so young, it could not eat; they were, therefore, obliged to exert what skill they possessed, to raise their little charge, and soon discovered it seemed pleased with warm milk. Clara was very attentive to the poor little animal, and, to the utmost of her power, strove to feed it. For a few days it seemed to do very well, but then it began to pine, and, though it showed its gratitude to its young mistress, by licking her hand, yet began to loathe its food, and prove

that its four-legged parent would have been a more serviceable friend than its fair nurse; who, with painful anxiety, watched her little declining favourite, which daily lost strength, and at last she was obliged to pour the warm milk down its throat with a spoon: every one told her, little Nap, as she had called him, would die. Still she continued to hope it would live. A week, however, decided its fate, and the little sufferer quietly left all the troubles of this world to the Cæsars, Hectors, and Pompeys of his race. Clara's tender heart wept for her pet; but the good sense of those about her, soon dried her tears, and showed her the impropriety of lamenting over an animal, as it had been a human being. Her brother Henry buried it at the foot of a willow in the garden, and wrote an Epitaph to its memory.

APRIL.

THE fourth month of the year is called April, and has thirty days in it. The weather in this month is very variable, but as the days are of a good length, and the sun is getting great power, it is the first cheerful month in the year. The trees at this season begin to show their leaves, the blossoms begin to unfold, and the bright green of Spring enlivens the spirits; the little birds also sing sweetly in the hedges and trees, and the lambs frisk in the meadows; many of the pretty early flowers peep from the earth, and the cuckoo welcomes the morning with his early song. The sacred season of Easter, which commemorates the crucifixion and resurrection of our Saviour, mostly falls in this month; and you know, at that time, your brothers come home for the holidays, when you enjoy the pleasure of their company, as it is fine enough to play about



MAY.

Now begins the glorious sun,
Through his Summer course to run ;
And on every thing that grows
His warming influence bestows ;
Giving to all the Peasant's toil
The blessing of his fruitful smile.

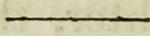


JUNE.

SUMMER, now in high career,
Does with fruits and flowers appear ;
The sun is high, the days are long,
Delights abound for old and young ;
At this season may be found
Hay-making, the country round.

in the garden. Last Easter you may recollect what a pleasant journey we had into Hampshire, to spend a fortnight with your grand-mamma, who did all she could to entertain you, and show you all that was worth seeing in her neighbourhood. Do you not remember the fine house and beautiful park she took us to, where you saw the aviary of pretty foreign birds, in large places inclosed with gilt wire, to prevent the birds from getting away? While you were on that visit to your grand-mamma, you heard of the pretty Mary Fairchild, who was so good and dutiful a daughter, that she helped to support her aged mother by making lace, which your good grand-mother had taught her to make so well, that all the ladies about that part encouraged her, by buying all she could make; and many of them were so kind to her, as to give her clothes to help her, that she might have more money for her poor mother, who was almost blind.

The great lady, at the fine house we went to, would have taken Mary to have lived with her, but the dutiful and affectionate girl cried so at the thought of being taken from her almost disabled parent, who, it was expected, could not live very long, that it was determined not to separate them, but assist the good child, and let her stay at home. Some of the ladies who live near, go every day to instruct her in reading, writing, and other useful branches of learning, that she may be fit to wait on a lady, when her poor mother dies.



MAY.

MAY is the fifth month in the year, and has thirty-one days: the weather at this time begins to be pleasantly warm, and the days of a comfortable length: at this season of the year, young people should accustom themselves to rise early, as the morning air is both healthy and refreshing; they will

also then have the opportunity of observing the beauties of nature, and marking the growth of the flowers and fruits, the warmth of the sun, in this month, bringing every kind of vegetation forward, and swelling the early fruits with their delicious sweetness. The peas and beans are fast approaching to plenty and perfection; the strawberries delightful, and the currants and gooseberries appear very tempting, often seducing the little fingers to make trial of them, by plucking a bunch; but I would not advise my little readers to be too busy, they had better withstand the temptation, till their parents give them leave; for, however pretty they may begin to look, they will be much disappointed, when they have ventured to take them, to find they are too sour to eat: patience for a week or two will give them time to ripen, and the sun add a richness to their flavour, that will make them, with a bit of bread, a most desirable repast; and

every body delights to treat young people with fresh fruit, as soon as it is fit for them to eat, as it is not only pleasant, but cooling and wholesome. Towards the end of this month, there is a great variety of good things, both vegetables and fruits, and many others, daily ripening, to succeed them, as their proper seasons approach. The Almighty Giver of all Things has wisely appointed his good gifts to mortals at different periods, that they may, at all times, feel grateful for his unbounded kindness towards them. For it was He who formed the earth, and made it produce grass and herbage for cattle; corn, vegetables, and fruit for man: learn therefore, my dear children, to be virtuous and good, that He may bless you with the bounty of his hands, and find you deserving the good things He so liberally bestows.

JUNE.

JUNE is the sixth month in the year, and has thirty days, the twenty-first of which is the longest day in the year. Now the Summer flowers and fruits are in great variety, and the beautiful rose is in high perfection; many of the early fruits are ripe, and the gardens wear their cheerful summer appearance; the weather is generally very pleasant, and delightful for walking. It was at this season of the year, that Marian, and her sister Anna, went, one fine afternoon, to walk from the village where they lived, to the nearest town, to buy some things for their mamma, and get some trifles they wanted, to complete dressing two large dolls, that had been given them by their friends, on new year's day; they had been so long in dressing them, because their mother had made them take great pains in working the frocks, and making the clothes as neatly as

if for themselves. As they were walking along, and talking to the maid-servant, who was with them, they were attracted by the cries of a child, a little further on in the lane they were passing through, who seemed to moan very piteously ; on approaching the spot, they found a little boy, about six years old, lying on the ground ; the servant presently discovered he had broken his arm and cut his face. She sat down on the grass, and the little girls helped to place him on her knees, and wipe the blood from his face, when they tried to pacify him, so as to find out how the accident had happened, and why he was alone. As soon as the pain let the poor child speak, he told them, in words very faintly uttered, that himself and two others, near of his own age, had, that afternoon, instead of going to school, agreed to play about in the lane, and look for bird-nests ; that they had amused themselves a long time, but could only see one nest, in

a tree, too high for them to get safely at ; but he would venture, and, in climbing up, felt giddy, and tumbled down. When he was able to look about him, he could not see his companions, who, he supposed, had run away frightened. On farther enquiry, the little girls found, he belonged to the town where they were going : accordingly the servant took him, in her arms, to his parents, who were much distressed to see him in such a sad plight, and soon got the doctor to him. Marian and Anna then got what they were sent for, and made haste home, where they told their father and mother the story of the poor little boy. Their parents, very properly, talked to them of the fault the child had committed, in playing, instead of doing as he ought, and impressed on their young minds, the necessity of doing as they were bid, and not deviating, for a little idle play, from the paths of rectitude. They then gave them leave to go into the garden,

where they might play about, and amuse themselves till bed time.

JULY.

JULY is the seventh month of the year, and has thirty-one days. It is the most beautiful month of Summer, when the flowers are in the greatest luxuriance of beautiful variety, and the green of every tree, plant, and shrub, in the highest perfection. The gardens at this time of the year are full of delicious odours, as not only the sweetness of the flowers fills the air, but the rich flavour of many ripe fruits is very pleasant. The meadows and fields are also very beautiful, as the corn is full in the ear, and begins to take the first shade of its golden tinge. One fine day, in this month, Frederic, Augustus, and William, went to amuse themselves with fishing, in a small river that ran, through the village where they lived, to a mill about a mile off, and in which river

was great plenty of fish ; on the other side of the mill, a trout stream led to the grounds of a gentleman's house, who was an acquaintance of their father's, who was to dine there, and they were to meet him. As he had always found he could confide in the two eldest boys, he had given them leave to spend the morning in their favourite diversion, particularly recommending to William, the youngest, to mind what his brothers said to him, which he promised. Accordingly they set off, and took Neptune and Rambler with them, their favourite Newfoundland and terrier dogs ; for, as William was too young to fish long together, he thought they could race about with him, when he was tired of angling. For the first hour all went very well, the fish bit fast enough to keep them amused, but as the sun got high, and the heat of noon came on, the little finny race began to seek the deeper parts of the river, to hide themselves from

the sun's scorching rays: therefore, as sport became dull, Master William left the roach, dace, perch, gudgeons, &c. to his brothers, whose patience was not quite so soon exhausted, while he, with the dogs, ran round the fields, and played on the border of the river, sometimes throwing sticks or stones into the water, for Neptune to fetch out, while Rambler stood barking on the shore: the elder boys were rather annoyed by this mode of amusement, and desired William to desist; but he had worked himself up to the height of fun, and kept laughing at them for being so angry, and continued his sport till Augustus, by his folly, losing the chance of a fine fish, that was at his bait, lost all patience, and said, he would thrash him well; accordingly, pursuing him over the meadow for the purpose, he had nearly overtaken the little culprit, when a young bull, in a distant part of the meadow, which

they had not observed, made one in the race. Augustus forgot the first object of his race, and joined the speed of his heels, to escape with William from their four-legged enemy ; Frederic, on turning his head, observed the chase, and saw their horned adversary furiously following ; on which he made a loud noise, and set on the dogs, which a little diverted the bull's course, and gave Augustus and William time to leap over a stile that was near : he did not find it quite so easy to escape himself, for the bull, losing his prey, turned directly on him, and he had no chance to get away, but by plunging into the stream, and swimming over to the other side. Neptune went in after him, and, in defiance of the bull, who stood on the bank bellowing, they got safe on shore ; and not being far from the gentleman's house, Frederic was soon accommodated with dry clothes, and, when their father

came in, William had a proper lecture on his thoughtless play, which might have been very fatal to himself and brothers.



AUGUST.

AUGUST is the eighth month of the year, has thirty-one days, and generally the weather is very hot and sultry, subject to storms of thunder and lightning; it is at this season of the year, that the harvest is in full perfection, the farmers all busy in reaping their corn, from which, you know, the flour is ground, that makes the bread you daily eat. You remember how delighted you were last year, when we were in Hertfordshire, to be in the fields with your little cousins, gleaning up the stray ears of corn, and giving them to the younger children of the poor cottagers, who could not gather them up fast enough. It is the custom all over England, to let the poor in the neighbourhood come into the corn-field, and glean what



JULY.

THIS is the month when you may see,
Fine rip'ning fruit, on every tree ;
When, on the peach a lovely red,
The sun has like vermilion spread ;
When every flower its beauty shows,
Though none surpass the blushing rose.



AUGUST.

Now behold the ripening corn
All the neighbouring fields adorn :
Rich the golden grain appears,
Graceful fall the bending ears ;
Soon they'll to the sickle yield,
When the farmer reaps his field.

AUGUST

Now labor of the ripening corn
All the neighboring fields about
Till the golden rain appears
Directed all the binding ears
From the field to the field
When the laborer reaps his field.

may drop from the reapers' hands, although they may not take any from the sheaves. Some reapers are more good-natured to the poor than others, and do not gather so closely, but now and then will drop an ear for the gleaner. The cottagers, by this practice, get a loaf of bread more than they might be able to buy. A large field of corn, while reaping, exhibits a beautiful picture of happy industry, as all are employed, men and women promiscuously reaping, others making up the sheaves, while those who are too old to work are, with a number of chubby faced, healthy looking children, scattered among the stubble, carefully gathering the loose ears of corn : while the farmer with a cheerful countenance looks around him, blessing the goodness of that God, who so bountifully rewards his labours, by bestowing such an abundant crop. With what joy he sees the carts convey the golden treasure to his barns ! how delighted he calculates

the quantity of grain it will yield when thrashed, and anticipates the gain that will reward his toil ! Surely nothing can be more grateful to the feeling heart, than to behold, after a good harvest, the reapers and labourers regaled with the harvest supper, when, all fatigue forgot, they enjoy the festivity of rustic sports and merriment. Then, while the frothy ale mantles in the mugs, the husbandman's eyes, sparkling with delight, look at the rich beverage, in which he toasts his king first, then his master, and all that wish well to their country ; songs and sports close the evening ; and though some of their heads may ache a little next day, from the potency of the ale, yet their families will not be injured by all their little comforts having been suspended on the chance of a card or the throw of a die. Well would it be for many, educated far above those humble beings, if they could wake in the morning, after a feast, with hearts as well at ease, and

minds as thankful for the mercies and blessings of an Almighty Providence, who dispenses to all sufficient comforts, were it not their own fault wilfully to throw them far off, by their own folly.

SEPTEMBER.

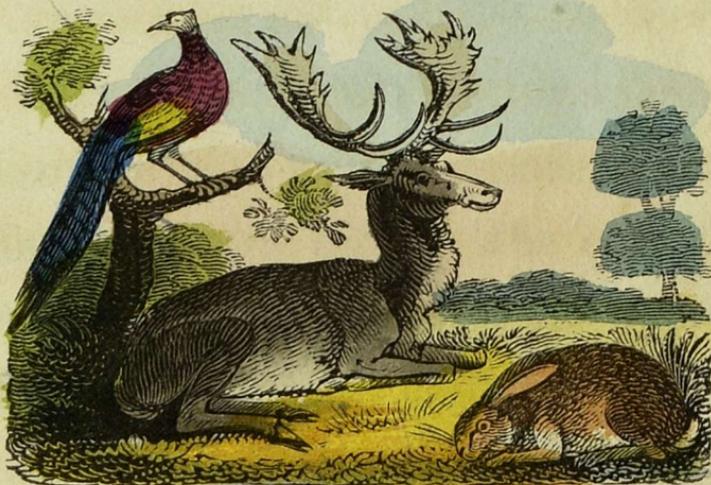
SEPTEMBER is the ninth month in the year, and has thirty days in it. This month is particularly fatal to the poor partridges, as the sportsmen are allowed to begin shooting them, which is accounted very pleasant amusement, by those gentlemen who love sporting. Poor birds! it is a pity to kill them, although they are a very delicate-flavoured bird, and very good to eat. They have generally large broods, which, about this season, are capable of flying with the old ones, so that, when disturbed by the dogs the sportsmen have with them, they mount altogether, and, from the noise made

by their wings, easily tell where they are, which gives an opportunity of killing some of them. The dogs for this purpose are so well trained, that they will discover where the partridge falls, yet will not attempt to eat or tear them in pieces. In this month many fine apples and pears are ripe, and grapes are mostly in as great perfection as they ever are in England, also walnuts and many other good fruits, that will keep during the cold weather. This month is also fatal to the poor geese, who, though once in Rome held sacred to the Goddess Minerva, for the notice they gave, one time, to the Romans, (by their cackling) of the near approach of an enemy; yet, in this country, their sagacity is of no avail, for the feast of Saint Michael dooms them by thousands to the spit, it being a very ancient custom, in most families, to have a goose on Michaelmas Day. No doubt, if the noise, which was of service to the Romans, could do them any



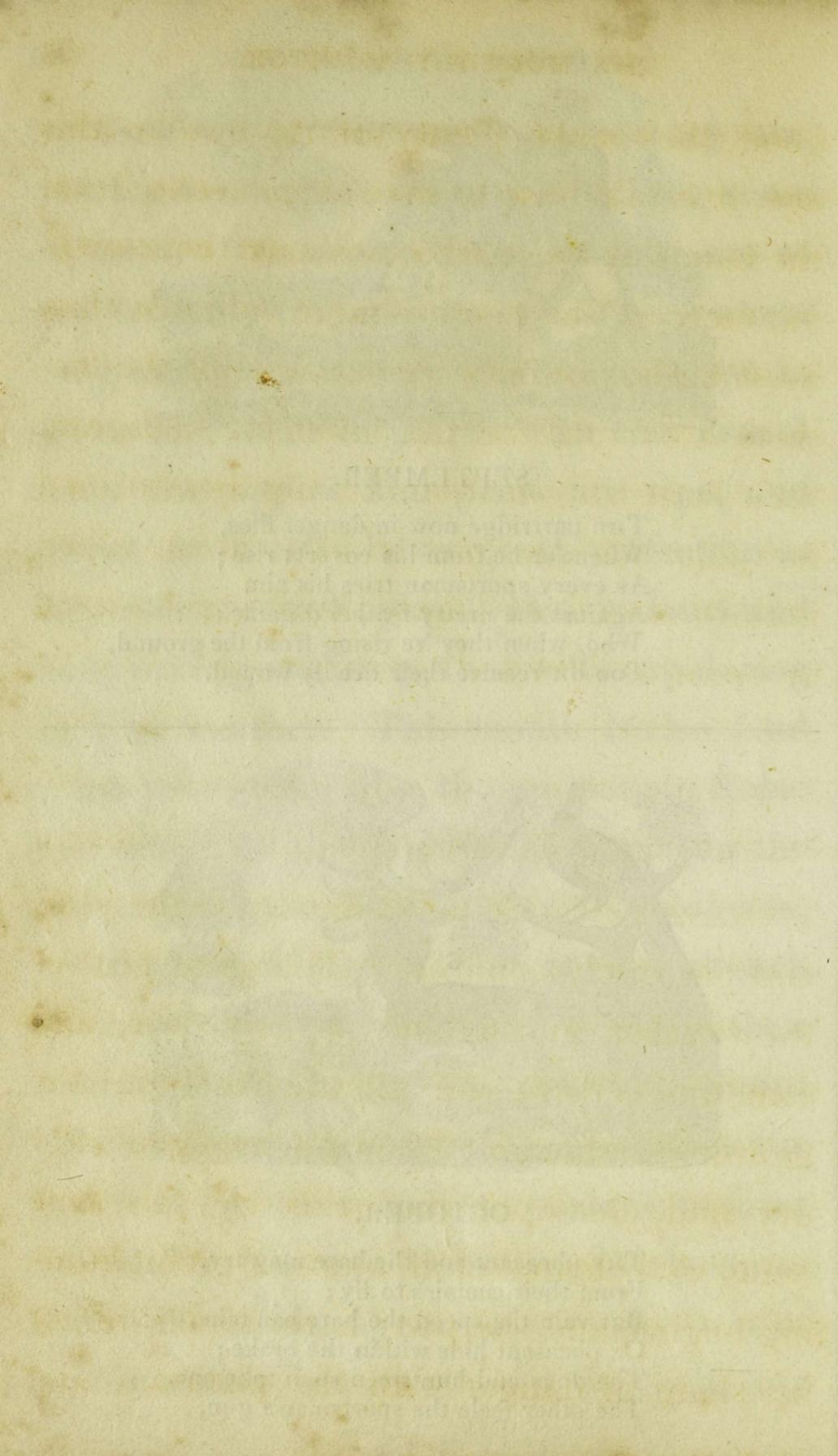
SEPTEMBER.

THE partridge now in danger flies,
Whene'er he from his coverts rise ;
As every sportsman tries his aim
Against the pretty feather'd game ;
Who, when they 're rising from the ground,
Too oft receive their deadly wound.



OCTOBER.

THE pheasant and the hare may try,
From their enemies to fly ;
But vain the speed the hare can take,
Or pheasant hide within the brake ;
The dogs and huntsmen soon take one,
The other feels the sportsman's gun.



good, they make plenty of it; but, in this age, it is of no use to save their necks, from the hands of those who massacre them without mercy. The goose is more valuable than most birds, not only for eating, but the feathers are reckoned the finest for beds, and their large wing-feathers are highly esteemed for pens. Their age is very great, when permitted to live: I have heard it calculated at upwards of seventy years.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER is the tenth month of the year, and has thirty-one days. The great heat of the weather, in England, is now over, and sometimes there are slight frosts in the mornings, though the days are generally dry and pleasant: the fields by this time being well cleared of all kinds of grain, hunting begins, and the poor hare comes in for her share of danger with the pheasant and

partridge. In vain she runs and retraces her footsteps: all her doubling is useless, barbarous man finds sport in the pursuit, and can, with delight, spend whole days in chasing a poor, timid animal, who cannot escape the number of dogs and horsemen, who almost scare it out of its life, before they can overtake its speed. Although it is a savage diversion to pursue any animal, to take its life, yet it is a practice that has been followed ever since the world was made, and is esteemed a manly and healthy exercise. I will not say any thing against the pursuit of the fox, wolf, or other noxious beasts, who are destroyers of poultry, and offensive to human society; but the poor hare is of so unoffending a species, that the hunting her amounts to almost barbarity. To hunt the stag, has ever been a regal diversion, and generally affords a great deal of sport and exercise, sometimes lead-

ing the hunters more than twenty miles from where they set out, and escaping at last with his life. That truly majestic animal seems formed for the chase, and endowed by nature with the sagacity of frequently eluding his pursuers, as he will often take to the water, when the dogs lose the scent; but when the dogs overtake him, then, poor beast, his end is near. Hunting, in all parts of the habitable globe, is thought a noble and daring exercise, and will ever be followed by men of spirit and courage, who do not mind leaping over hedges and ditches, or five-barred gates; but I can never think it an exercise fit for the nerves of a lady, though I have heard of some, who make nothing of joining the chase, and being in at the death.—My young readers will find, when they peruse the History of England, that one of our first kings was accidentally killed, in the New Forest, in Hampshire,

while hunting the stag. There are a great variety of dogs trained for the chase of either the hare, fox, or stag.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER is the eleventh month of the year, and has thirty days : commonly a very dull, foggy, and rainy month. It is always reckoned the beginning of Winter, and is the season when a good fire is very pleasant. All schoolboys know, that the fifth of November is the commemoration of the lucky discovery of the gunpowder plot; and a day when boys are very busy with bonfires, squibs, and crackers : though I would not advise any of my young readers to give their time to such a dangerous sort of amusement, as many accidents have happened from fireworks and sports of that kind. Indeed, throwing squibs and crackers in the public streets is forbidden, under the penalty of punishment for so doing. On the ninth

of this month, there is a procession in the city of London, on account of the Lord Mayor taking upon him the government of the city for one year. It is a day of feasting for the corporation, which consists of the aldermen, sheriffs, and common council, whose ladies partake with them, and there is a ball in the evening. Good boys and girls are, at that time, indulged by their parents with going to see the show, which is a pretty sight, when the day is fine, as several of the companies walk in their livery gowns, with flags flying, bands of music, &c. The armourers' company has a man in complete armour, such as they wore in former times, who rides before them. I dare say most of my little readers have been to see the sight, either by land or water; and those who have not, if they are good, and mind their books, as their parents and friends wish, will be taken when it suits. In November the streets are so dirty, that plea-

sant walks are over till Spring, therefore young people must be content to amuse themselves, in the house, with such entertainment as their friends provide for them; and as there is a great variety of books, puzzles, and youthful games to be had, they never need be at a loss for amusement and instruction. At the same time, many packs of cards are to be bought, that contain, on every card, some short piece of information, either in history, geography, arithmetic, chronology, &c. &c. which is made easy to the youthful capacities, and leads them on to deeper learning and knowledge.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER is the twelfth and last month in the year, has thirty-one days, which are very short and cold. The weather at this season becomes very sharp, and often the snow lies deep on the ground, and the frost is severe. The twenty-first of this month is



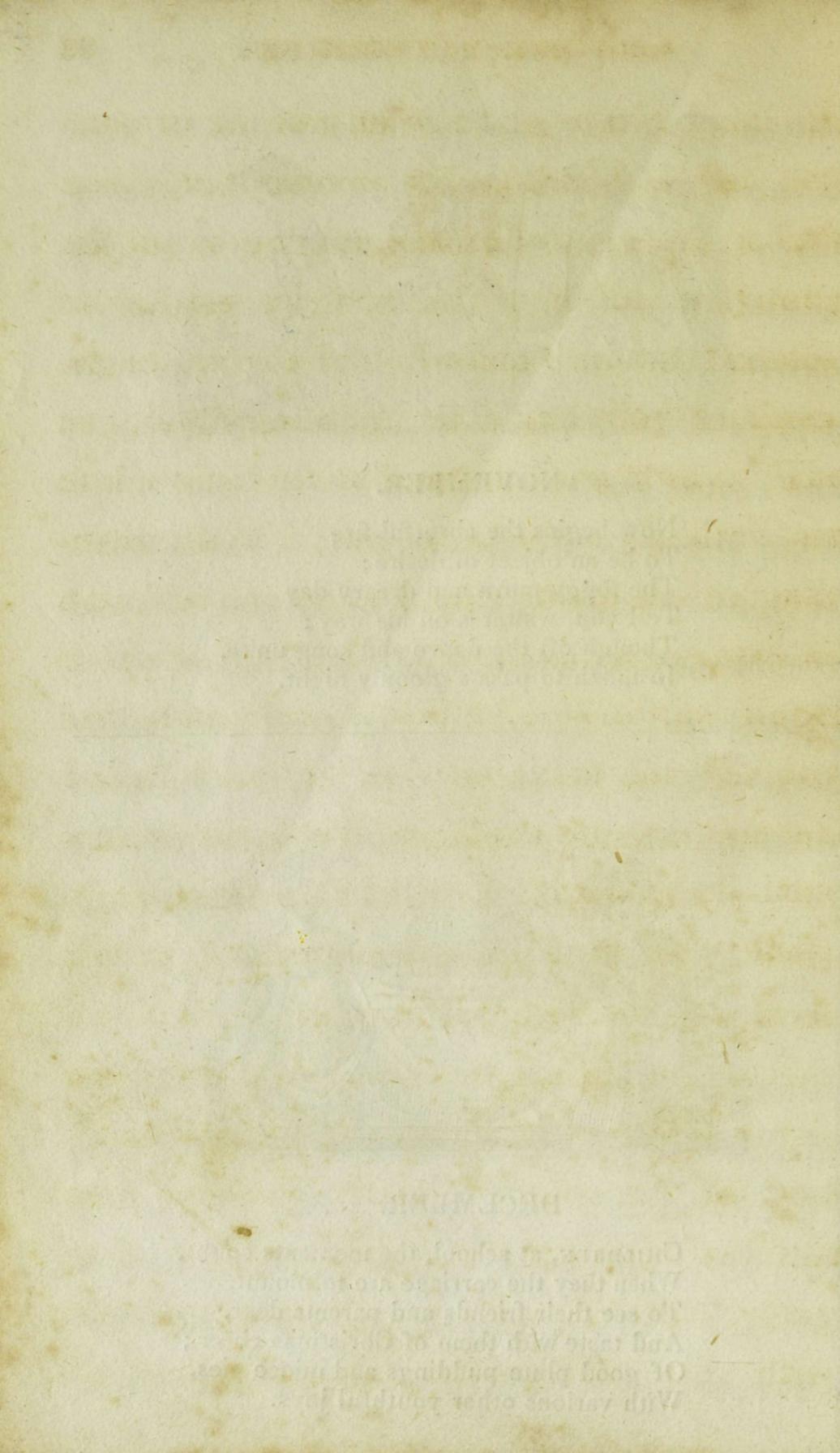
NOVEMBER.

Now begins the cheerful fire
To be an object of desire ;
The foggy morn and dreary day
Tell you, winter 's on his way ;
Though oft the dance and song unite,
In mirth to pass a gloomy night.



DECEMBER.

CHILDREN, at school, the moments count,
When they the carriage are to mount,
To see their friends and parents dear,
And taste with them of Christmas cheer ;
Of good plum-puddings and mince pies,
With various other youthful joys.



the shortest day in the year, and the twenty-fifth is the birth-day of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, a season of great rejoicing to all the Christian world. The benefits arising to mortals, by our Saviour's coming on earth, you will be taught to understand, as you read your Testament, and are old enough to have them explained to you; I shall, therefore, only remark, that I hope you will ever reverence the name of Jesus, and learn to follow and obey all his holy commands, and never repeat his sacred prayer, but in a serious and attentive manner. From the twenty-fifth of this month is called Christmas, and a time when all children leave school, to visit their parents, and partake the festivities of the season, which, in London, chiefly consist of feasting, dancing, and public places; but, in the country, many old and great families keep up the ancient custom of regaling their tenants and poor neighbours, with good substantial fare, excellent ale,

and, to those who want it, warm blankets, and other comforts for the cold weather. All my young readers know, that their brothers, sisters, cousins, and other young friends, are delighted when Christmas comes, as it is a season of mirth and play to them, and a pleasant relaxation from study. The pleasures of home to all good children are delightful, as every body contributes to make them merry and happy, which I hope all my young readers will be. With that hope, I shall take my leave of them for the present, sincerely wishing them the compliments of the season, and that they may all have a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

FINIS.



