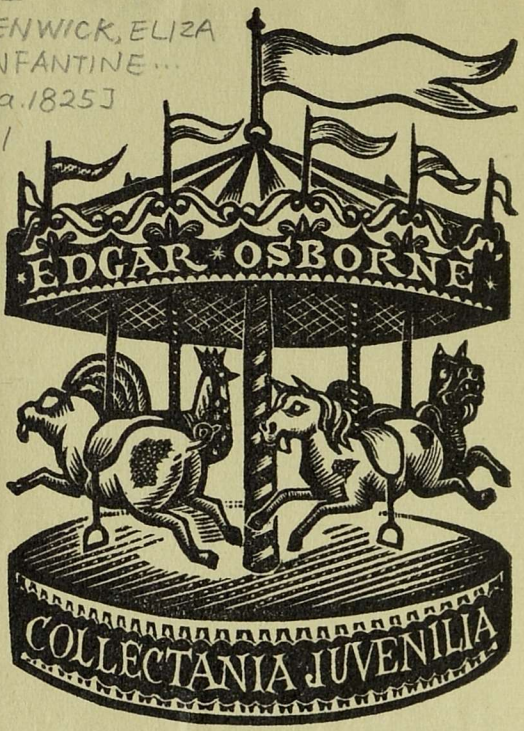

To

Cathrin Edith Perry

with her papa's

birthday love

Bald. May 3rd

1859.

OLD RUTH.

London Published by J. Souter, 73, St. Paul's.

William Pring

INFANTINE STORIES;

IN WORDS OF

ONE, TWO, AND THREE

SYLLABLES.

By E. FENWICK.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVINGS.

New Edition.

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INFANTINE STORIES.

Old Ruth.

Poor old Ruth comes down the steep hill with slow steps. She is weak with age, her face is pale, and her hair is grown quite grey. How cold she looks. Her gown is thin and old, she has worn it a long time, and she has not got a cloak to keep her warm.

Why does she shake so? She shakes with cold and with fear,

for it froze last night; there is ice on the path, and she fears she shall slip and fall. Now she stands still and holds by the rails, for the boys have made a slide there on the ice, and she dare not go on. She could not stand on the ice, and if she fell down, see might break a leg or an arm.

But see, there is Miss Cross, come from her own house. She has got a warm cloak on, her shoes have thick soles to keep her feet from the ice, and she has a large muff to keep her hands from the cold air. She is young and

strong, and I hope she will help poor Ruth down the hill.

No, she will not. She is a proud girl. She has a hard heart, and does not feel for the wants of the poor. See, she tries not to look that way, and walks close to the hedge. What pains she takes to shun the spot where old Ruth stands; and yet one may see by her face that she knows she does not do right, for she frowns, bites her lip, and looks vex-ed.

But who is it that jumps out of that neat white cot, on the road side, and runs up to Ruth to lead

her down the hill? Ah! it is Ann Love! that dear good child who helps all who want help.

What a sweet face she has; it is bright with smiles. Her short stuff gown, and old worn out shoes, will not screen her from the cold, but her heart is warm and kind, and when the north wind blows, or the snow falls, she does not mind it, but smiles as if it was the clear sun-shine of a May-day.

She leads Ruth safe to the foot of the hill, and picks up all the sticks that lie in her way, and puts them in Ruth's lap to help her to make

a fire. When she leaves her, Ruth says, "Thank you, dear Ann Love, I will pray to God to bless you, and he will bless you, my dear child, I know he will, for he loves all those who are good to the poor."

John Jones.

JOHN JONES did not like to learn to read. He said it gave him pain, and made his head ache and his eyes sore. This was not true; but when he was sent to school to be taught to spell and read, he would cry all the time he was there, and that made his head ache and his eyes sore.

One day he had been sick and ill, and could not go out to dine. No one was left at home with him but the maid, and she had

work to do, and could not stay in his room to talk to him. He was so dull that he thought the day would not come to an end, and he could not tell what to do.

At last a friend came to see him, and said he had brought him a new book full of tales, which would soon help to make him quite well. John Jones took the book, with a grave air, and said, "Thank you, Sir," but did not own he could not read; so his friend said, good night, John, and left him.

What was John to do now? He had a book full of tales, if he did but know how to read it. He went to the maid and said "Pray read this book to me?" But the maid told him she had no time to read, for she must sweep the rooms and clean the stoves. She then said, "Why do you not read it, Sir? I hope you are not a dunce: O, Sir, if I were you, I would not be a dunce for all the world."

This made John blush, for he knew he was a dunce, but he spoke not a word. He went back to his

own room and sat down quite sad in his chair. It was of no use to turn the book this way or that, or to spell a short word here or there, he could not make out half a page of the whole book. At last, the tears came in his eyes, but tears did no good, for they could not teach him to read.

The next time John Jones was sent to school he thought of the dull day and the book of tales, so he did try with all his will to learn to read, and did not cry at all, and, though it did give him some pain at first, to learn his

task, he soon got rid of that, and, in a short time, could both read and write well.

His friends then gave him praise, and new books, and when he was ill or left at home, he did not find the day a dull one, nor did he need to call the maid from her work, to ask her to read to him. No one now said he was a dunce, but spoke of him as GOOD JOHN JONES.

The Red and the White Rose.

THERE were three good girls at Fair-lawn House. One of them was ten years old, and her name was Bell. The next was eight; she was not as tall of her age as Bell, but she was quite as good. The third, and least, was Rose; she was but five years old, and was as good a child as could be found in the world.

Their friends were fond of these good girls, and gave them

toys of all kinds. Miss Bell had a large wax doll, which had on a white frock, a long sash, a lace cap, a straw hat, silk gloves, and blue kid shoes. Its eyes were made to move by means of a wire, and it was a fine doll, and it cost a great price.

Grace had one just like it, and when she and Bell had no tasks to learn, they sat down to make clothes for their dolls. Bell cut them out and taught Grace how to work on them. They made new frocks for the dolls, silk slips and night-caps, and sheets for the

dolls' beds; and once Bell made two neat pair of red cloth shoes.

These dear girls did not fall out when they sat at work, or were at play, for each was kind and did her best to please.

Rose was thought too young to take care of a wax doll; so she had one bought for her that was made of wood, which was of more use than one of wax to such a young child, for she could take it with her when she went out to walk, and if by chance it did drop on the ground it would not break.

She could play with it as she sat by the fire, or put it in her bed at night, and not fear that it would melt with the heat.

Her doll had red cheeks, and she gave it the name of Rose. But her own cheeks were quite pale, so Bell and Grace said the doll was the red rose, and she the white rose.

Rose and her doll went by these names for a long time, and all who saw them would say, with a smile, here comes the RED AND THE WHITE ROSE.

The Deaf and Dumb Boy.

"Now, my dear boy and girl," said their aunt to Charles and Jane Gray, "you are come to stay a whole week with me, and we must take care not to waste our time; for not all the art of man can bring back one day that is lost.

"You, Charles, shall read and spell, while Jane works, and then while I hear Jane spell and read, you may write. Each day your lives should be made some good use of, and while we are young, and have health and strength, we

ought to learn all those things which we may wish to know when we are grown old."

Charles and Jane Gray now ran in search of their books, which were soon found, as they were laid in the right place; and then they sat down to their tasks, glad to please their aunt, and quite sure that to learn to be wise and good was the best thing in the world.

At the hour of noon, when the clock had struck twelve, their aunt told them to leave their books, put on their hats, and go out to walk with her. They went through

some fields, and down a lane, on each side of which were tall oak, elm, and ash, trees, that made the lane look like a grove, and kept them from the rays of the sun.

At length they came to a small neat white house, that stood on a green lawn, with a large fish-pond at the end of it. The house had rails be-fore it, and Charles and Jane went with their aunt through a gate that was made of the tools that men work with in the fields, such as a rake, a spade, a hoe, and a sithe.

In the house they saw a fine

boy of ten years of age, with light brown hair, blue eyes, and cheeks as red as a rose. He came up to Charles and Jane, and shook hands with them, as if he were glad to see them, but did not say a word.

They thought it strange that he did not speak to them; and at last Charles said to him, "your lawn would be a good place to play at trap-ball on, if it were not for the fish-pond that is so near it. Do you play at trap-ball, Sir?"

The boy, whose name was James, put his hand to his mouth,

shook his head, got up from his chair, went for a slate, wrote on it, and gave it to Charles, who read these words: "I can-not speak to you; I do not hear what you say to me; I am a poor deaf and dumb boy, but I shall be glad to please you, now you have been so kind as to come to see me. Pray write down on this slate what you wish me to do."

Charles took the slate, and, when Jane read the words that were written on it, her eyes were full of tears, to think that such a sweet boy should be deaf and

dumb. But Charles hung his head, for James wrote so fine a hand, that he did not like to show that he could not write so well.

Jane well knew what Charles thought of, for she had heard him found fault with, and had seen him write when he did not take pains to learn to write well; so she went to the hall door and made a sign to James, as much as to say they would like to go out.

James led them round the lawn to the fish-pond, and that they might see the fish, he threw in crumbs of bread, to make the fish

jump up to catch the bread in their mouths.

He next took them to the back of the house, to show them the farm-yard, in which were fowls, ducks, geese, pigs, cows, and calves, and a pet lamb, who, as soon as he saw them, came out of a barn and ran up to James, that he might stroke and play with him; but he was full of tricks, and, when Charles and Jane went near him, he strove to butt them with his young horns. He would not eat out of their hands, but he took all that James gave him.

In the same barn that the lamb came out of, was a goat with two young kids; the goat, the kids, the lamb, the calves, all were fond of James, for he had a kind heart and would not hurt a worm.

Charles and Jane staid that day to dine with James, of whom they grew more and more fond, each hour that they were with him.

He was a sweet boy, and was the love of all who came near him; he drew as well as he wrote, and knew all the things that a deaf and dumb boy could

learn. He had a box of tools, and had made a bird-cage and a neat desk to write on. It is a sad thing to be deaf and dumb; for much of what boys learn at school, and which it is right to know, can-not be taught to a deaf and dumb child.

Charles told his aunt Gray, as they went home at night, that when he was grown a man, he would love James, and try to be of use to him, since blind or deaf and dumb men must want some one to guide and take care of them.

It is a sad thing not to see, or not to speak nor hear; so that all boys and girls who have their sight and speech should be glad to make the best use of them. They should, while they are young, do what they are told by their friends is right to be done, and then, when they grow up, they can be of great use in the world. A fool, a dunce, or a bad man, does harm, and not good in the world.

A Day of Rain at Home.

Sad news, sad news! It rains, it hails, the clouds are black, and the wind blows a great storm. George must not go out to-day with his bat and ball, nor can he fly his kite, nor roll his hoop. The wind would break the string of his kite, and would blow off his hat, and his hoop would stick fast in the mud.

No, nor can Ann walk on the lawn with her doll in her arms, nor run a race with her dog

Sharp, for the rain would wet her to the skin; she would catch a cold, and have the tooth-ache, ear-ache, or weak eyes.

Sharp, if he ran by her side, would splash her clean frock, and the wet ground would quite spoil the soles of her red shoes. They both must stay at home all day. Yes, there is no help for that, they must bear it as well as they can, and try to make the best of a day of rain at home.

Ann skips a long time with her rope, and then it tires her, and she sits down to rest. George spins

his top in the hall till he tires, too, and then they both say they will try to draw.

George draws a man, and shews him to Ann, who laughs a long time, for George has made the legs of the man like two bits of straight stick, and what is still worse, has made the face as long as the legs.

George rubs out the man and tries once more, but still he is wrong: Ann now points out where the faults are, and bids him first learn to draw a nose and an eye, and a mouth, and then an arm

and leg; and she tells him, what is quite true, that, till he learns to draw each of the parts well, he can-not draw the form of a man.

Ann has drawn a house and a tree; she learns to draw, takes pains, and is fond of it.

George and Ann next swing the dumb bells, which they were told to do for the sake of their health, when they could not go out to walk; for if boys and girls sit still too much, it makes them weak, and they do not grow as tall and straight and strong as when they move their limbs.

When they had swung the dumb-bells by turns, they went down to the hall to dance their reel steps; and thus the day was not in the least dull, though the rain still fell, and the wind still blew a storm, till the hour of two came, when it was time for them to dine.

They next went to play at the game of the goose, till tea time, and then George sought for a book and read the tale of Hunch-Back to Ann, while she sat down to hem her new frock.

It was now Ann's turn to

read; she, like George, took great pains to read well, to mind her stops, and to speak her words with a firm tone, that all who heard her read might know what was meant by the book.

She chose a tale in verse, of a poor man who broke his heart with grief for the bad ways of his two sons. It was a sad tale, and made them both shed tears.

When the tale was read, and they had each said what they thought of it, they were told it was time to go to bed, so they shook hands, bade good night, and

said that though they should be glad to see fine days when they might walk out, they should not fear days of rain at home, since they found they could do as well in the house as out of doors.

Bad Tricks.

When Charles Bruce was at home for a short time from school, he went to see his aunt. This aunt had no boys or girls of her own for him to play with, so she told him she would take him to play with the son of a friend of her's.

Charles Bruce was a good boy, and his aunt thought that George Smith, the boy to whose house she took him, was the same; she had not yet heard of his bad tricks.

George Smith had carts and

whips, and bats and balls, and kites and tops. He had more toys and play-things than he could use, and so he did not care for them at all.

He took Charles out to see a nice swing they had. George was a rude boy, he did not love to go to school, nor yet to read books.

Charles Bruce knew much more than he did, though he was not as old by two years. He would throw stones at the dogs and pigs, and call it good fun when he made them howl and cry. If he was at play at trap-

ball, he would, if he lost the game, say bad words, so that few boys would play with him.

Charles did not know all this, but he soon found some of it out, for the cat was laid on the mat by the door, and George gave her a kick as he went by; he next met the dog, and cut him with a whip he had in his hand, then he threw stones at a poor ass, and hit it so hard on the leg that it was lame.

"Oh fie, fie!" said Charles to him, "how can you do such things as these?"

"Why, do you not like to throw stones?" said George.

"No," said Charles, "I do not; and pray what harm had that poor ass done, that you should choose to make him lame? when did your dog try to hurt you? and what good could it do to you to make his back smart with the lash of your whip, or to give puss such a great bruise on the side with the toe of your shoe?"

"Why, it does me no good that I know of," said George Smith, "but I like to do it; it makes them run as fast as if they would

break their necks with haste, when they see me, and that makes me laugh. I love to laugh, and your dogs and cats, and such things, do not feel much, and they are of no use but to make fun with."

"Well!" said Charles "you may do as you please, but I cannot laugh; but at the pain of such things as dogs and cats, I would choose to cry all the days of my life; and give me leave to tell you, Sir, that you are quite in the wrong, both when you say they do not feel, and that

they are of no use but to make fun with. Dogs guard the house at night from thieves. While you sleep safe in your warm bed, Tray prowls round the house and the yard, to guard you and all that you have: if he hears a strange step he barks and does not cease that noise while they stay near the house; and, if they came up to the door, he would fly at them and bite them; but, if you were out late, and came home, he would not bark at or seize hold on you with his strong teeth, but would fawn on you, and jump up

to lick your hands, so glad would he be to see you come safe home.

"Nay, more. if you were to be on board a ship, and had with you that fine dog, whom you struck just now with the whip, and you were to fall from the side of the ship, he would jump into the sea and hold you up till a rope could be thrown from the ship for you to take hold of, or a boat could be put out to save your life.

"Dogs can save the lives of men, and we ought not to treat them ill.

"Cats are not of quite so much use, for they do not guard us from thieves, nor can they swim like dogs, but they keep mice and rats from the house, who would gnaw and spoil the meat, the bread, and the cheese, and make dirt.

"Cats love to be clean; they ne-ver tread in the wet or mud if they can help it; and if they chance to get a spot of dirt on their smooth soft fur coats, they wash it off as fast as they can. If you teaze them or hurt them, they will scratch and make your hands sore, but they are fond of

all those who are kind to them. My aunt has a cat who comes to the door to meet her when she has been out, and when my aunt sits down to work, puss sits down too, and purrs to show how glad she is to be near some one that is good to her.

"How can you think they do not feel pain? they have flesh and bones as well as we have; if you pinch or beat them, they cry out and run to hide in some place where they think they shall not be found by those who use them ill. If they did not feel pain,

they would not cry out, but lie still like logs of wood.

"I have been told by my friends, and have read it in books, that a worm, a fly, or a mite, and all things that have life, can feel pain; and that if we learn to be hard of heart while boys, we shall not grow up to be good men."

"Do you like to read books?" said George Smith, for he felt a shame of what he had done.

"Yes," said Charles, "I am fond of books."

"How can you like what is so dull? a book tires me to death, or

puts me to sleep; and it is so hard to learn to read well, that I hate it. I would not go to school at all if I could help it. When I am there I try to slip out if I can. But come, do not let us talk of such dull stuff, let us go to play."

George Smith then took Charles Bruce through a back gate, and there were some boys at play at leap frog. Charles soon found they were not fit for a good boy to play with, when he heard them swear and say bad words, and he told George Smith he would not stay with them.

George said he should stay, and he told the boys that Charles would go in and tell tales of him, and that he should be beat, as he had been told not to go through the back gate.

On this, all the boys came round Charles Bruce, one gave him a push and a blow on the face, and George Smith tore his coat, for he was so mean as to try to hold him while a great boy should beat him.

Charles Bruce, who was both strong and brave, soon got loose, and made them all keep off; but,

when George Smith saw the torn coat, he came to beg and pray Charles would not tell how it was done.

"Sir," said Charles, "I am no tell-tale, as you say I am; but if my aunt asks how my coat was torn, I shall speak the truth, for I will not tell a lie to please you. You are a rude and a bad boy, Sir, and I shall take care not to come here, now I know what sort of a boy you are."

George Smith then took up stones and dirt to throw at Charles, who could not find the

right way to turn the lock of the gate, and the rest of the boys threw stones at him too, so he would have been much hurt, but that the foot-man came from the house to look after them.

George Smith was now caught at his bad tricks, and the man led Charles in, whose torn coat and a great bruise on his right cheek were such proofs of the tale the man told, that George was sent to bed, and kept on dry bread for two whole days.

George Smith, like all boys who do not love to read and learn,

was a dunce, and would tell lies, and do all sorts of bad tricks, so that no one could love him or think well of him.

At school he would not mind his tasks, and both there and at home was beat and shut up, for the bad things he did, and the lies he told. But Charles Bruce would not tell a lie. If he did a thing that was wrong, he would own his fault, and say he would try to do that which was right. So his aunt and his friends were all fond of him, and did all they could to make him hap-py.

A Walk to the Fair.

"What a sweet day this is," said Lu-cy How-ard to her mam-ma, "I hope you are quite well, my dear mam-ma, and will take a walk with us."

"No, my love," said her mam-ma, "I shall not walk to-day; for, though I am quite well, it does not suit me to go out, but John and Ann shall go with you to the fine fair that is held to-day, and two more days, at Brook Green, which is not more than a mile and a half from this house.

"You are to call in your way for the two Miss Hud-sons, and one of their maids will go to help to take care of you, for boys and girls ought not to go to such a place as a fair, where there is at all times a great crowd, but with their friends, or some one sent by their friends to take care of them."

"But, mam-ma, how do they make a fair?" asked Lu-cy.

"They build what they call booths, which are like shops, on a large piece of waste ground, and put all sorts of goods in them; and as great crowds come to the

fair to buy, they quick-ly sell their goods. Some booths are full of toys and all kinds of play-things for boys and girls, and some are full of cakes, fruit, and sweet-meats. The booths are made of coarse brown cloth, fixed up-on long poles.

"Then there are some booths that are close shut in all round, where they show wild beasts, and some in which they act short plays. I know you will be quite fond of the fair, but pray walk close to John and Ann, and take care not to be thrown down, or trod on;

for you may have as much mirth and spi-rit as you please, if you do but keep out of harm's way."

Lu-cy made a great high jump for joy, and gave her mam-ma a kiss and a hug for this good news, and then ran up stairs to call Hen-ry, who was still in bed.

She ran so fast that she was out of breath, and could scarce speak, so she just bade him make haste down, to hear the news, and then off she went with a hop, step, and a jump, to her own room, to put on a white frock, to change her shoes, to get her hat, her

gloves, and her tip-pet, so that when she went down stairs, her bread and milk, which had stood all this while on the ta-ble, was quite cold; but Lu-cy did not mind that; she was so glad to think she should go to the fair, that if her mam-ma had not call-ed her to eat her bread and milk, she would have thought no more of her break-fast.

Next came Hen-ry as gay as a lark, to know what fine things Lu-cy had to tell him; and, when he heard what it was, he felt quite as much joy as she had done.

"Oh, oh," said he, "I am glad we are to go to the fair at Brook-Green. But I must look at my purse, for I do think, Lu-cy, you will wish for some of the fine things you will see there.

"Well, I am rich, I have got half-a-crown and a new six-pence; but that, if you please, Miss Lu-cy, I choose to keep, for it is quite new and bright from the mint, so you must want no-thing but what my half-crown will buy."

Lu-cy had wish-ed a long time to have a cra-dle for her doll, and Hen-ry gave her his pro-mise that

he would buy her one in the fair.

At the hour of twelve, Hen-ry and Lu-cy How-ard, with their man and maid, set off in high glee to call for the Miss Hud-sons, but they were not quite so well pleas-ed when they found that Ro-bert Hud-son had got leave to go, for he was a rude boy, that was al-ways in mis-chief.

John, Mrs. How-ard's foot-man, knew the near-est way, and led them through the fields.

It was a love-ly day, the sun shone, the birds were sing-ing,

and the hedg-es were gay with the blos-soms of the white-thorn, which smells so sweet-ly.

In one field there was a large flock of sheep and lambs, and the chil-dren stood by the stile some time, to see the young lambs frisk, play, and leap a-bout.

In the next field was a black mare with her lit-tle colt. Hen-ry had a great mind to get on the colt's back, but John would not let him, for he knew that colts are wild, and will plunge and kick, when boys first get on their backs, so Hen-ry gave the colt a

soft pat on the head, and went o-ver the stile as John bade him.

At length they came to a plea-sant sha-dy lane, which led to Brook Green, and was so near it that they could hear some of the noi-ses of the fair.

On a bank in one part of this lane there sat a boy, who held a young child in his arms.

Poor lad! he had no shoes on, and one of the hard flint stones had cut his foot, and made it bleed, and he was try-ing to stop the blood with a leaf and some blades of grass.

"My poor boy," said Hen-ry, "that leaf and grass will not stop the blood, nor cure your foot, you must go home and get some clean rag to tie up the wound. But why do you not wear shoes? and then you would walk on the flint stones as safe-ly as I do."

"Sir, I have none."

"No shoes?"

"No, Sir, my last pair were worn out just as I got a kick in the side from a horse, at Bush Farm, which made me fall sick, and then I could not work for mo-ney to buy more."

A WALK TO THE FAIR.

London, Published by J. Souter, 73, St.t Paul's.

"You work!" said Ro-bert Hud-son, with an air of scorn, "I should like to hear what work you can do.

"When I was well, Sir, I could pick stones from off the land, at Bush Farm, and weed the gar-den. I can feed pigs, watch sheep, take care of a horse, milk the cows, go of er-rands, or go out with the plough, Sir; but now that I am ill I can do none of these things, nor walk as far as Bush Farm; so I nurse this babe for dame Hunt, Sir, who lets me live in her cot-tage

with her, and is very good to me."

"Who is dame Hunt?" ask-ed Lu-cy. "She is the wife of a plough-man, Miss, and she spins flax to make thread; she lives in that low hut with the thatch-ed roof, that you may see there by the two elm trees. I have no friend but her, Miss, in all the world, and she has been kind to me a long time, and gives me a share of all she has."

"Where are your pa-rents?" said Lu-cy.

"Dead, Miss," said the poor boy,

with tears trick-ling down his cheeks, "dead, Miss, dead long a-go. Fa-ther went to sea and was drown-ed, and mo-ther ne-ver held up her head af-ter the news came: she soon di-ed and left me a lit-tie help-less boy, who was then too young to work, and I must have starv-ed but for dame Hunt's kindness."

"And what does she give you to eat?" said Ro-bert; "not much, I dare say."

"She gives me all she can, Sir; She makes good brown bread, and gets some skim milk from Bush

Farm, and once a week, when she takes home the thread she has spun, she buys a small piece of meat and makes some good broth."

"But how can you bear to nurse that child, now you are not well, for it seems to me to be ve-ry hea-vy?" said Hen-ry."

"O, Sir, I walk a few steps, and then sit down to rest on the bank, and the babe is fond of me, and will not cry while I talk or sing to him. When he goes to sleep, I lie down too and that

gives me strength to take him out when he wakes.

"Dame Hunt can spin twice as much flax as when she has to mind the child, and she is so kind that she puts by six-pence a week from what she earns, to buy me a pair of shoes to wear, when I get quite well, and can go back to work at Bush Farm."

"Come on, come on," said Robert Hudson, with a loud shout; "why will you stand there so long, half the fun of the fair will be lost if you do not make haste;" and off he ran as fast as he could,

for he saw Lu-cy How-ard give some half-pence to the poor pale sick boy, and he was a-fraid he should be ask-ed to do the same.

Hen-ry said he would car-ry the child home for the lad, and John bound up his foot and took him on his back to the hut of dame Hunt, who came out to thank them and to say that Ralph was a good boy, one of the best boys in the world.

The cot-tage was small, the floor was made of bricks, there was a long bench by the fire-side. and a stool with three legs, on which

dame Hunt sat to spin at her wheel; there was a round deal table, but no chairs; it was a poor place, but it was very clean, and poor dame Hunt, in her coarse stuff gown and li-nen cap, was as neat as if she had had a maid to wait on her.

The young folks would have staid a long time to chat with dame Hunt, had not John told them it was time to go on. So they left the hut and went to the fair.

What a gay scene! so crowded with fine shows and sights, most of the booths full of toys, cakes,

and fruit, and the country people all in their best clothes. "What shall I buy? and what will you buy?" were heard from the boys and girls on all sides.

Ro-bert Hud-son was soon found, for he was in the midst of a num-ber of rag-ged dir-ty boys, at play at toss up, which some call heads and tails; he won a few half-pence, and then bought a heap of cakes, gave one small one to each of the girls, and eat all the rest him-self.

Well, thought Lu-cy How-ard, my dear Hen-ry would not play

with such boys as those, and at such a game too ; nor would he, if he had bought twelve cakes, give a-way four and eat eight; no, no, we shall soon see that Hen-ry How-ard is not at all like Ro-bert Hud-son.

Lu-cy did not speak a word a-loud on the sub-ject, but she kept her eye fix-ed on Hen-ry as they went past the booths, and she saw that he was quite grave, that he did not once smile, nor did he seem to wish to stop till they came to the last booth in the row, where he then bought some sweet-

meats, and paid for them with his new six-pence, that was so fresh and bright. So, so, thought Lu-cy, then Hen-ry, I find, does not mean to change his half-crown, and I sup-pose he will not buy the doll's cra-dle, that I told him I should like to have; I did not think Hen-ry How-ard would have bro-ken his promise.

Hen-ry could not hear his sis-ter Lu-cy's thoughts, but he gave all the sweet-meats, in shares to her and the Miss Hud-sons. He did not keep a mor-sel for his own share.

Hen-ry then spoke to John in a low voice, and they went round to the booths on the o-ther side of the fair, where clothes are sold.

When he came back, he said to Lu-cy, "I hope, sis-ter, you do not want the doll's cra-dle ve-ry much; for to tell you the truth I have spent my half-crown."

"O, have you, Sir!" said Lu-cy, "I did not think you were such a sort of a boy; I do not care a pin for the cra-dle, not I, but I am vext that you, Hen-ry, should grow mean, and not mind to keep your word."

"Dear Lu-cy," said Hen-ry, "I do mind my word, and I love you with all my heart; but look, Lu-cy, look at these strong shoes, they are for poor Ralph, I bought them with my half-crown. I thought it was hard that the best boy in the world, as dame Hunt said he was, should have no shoes to wear, to keep his feet from the stones. It will not hurt you, sis-ter Lu-cy, to wait for your doll's cra-dle a lit-tle lon-ger.

"My dear Hen-ry," said Lu-cy, "Ralph is not the best boy in the world, for you are quite as

good as he is. How wrong it was in me to think you could be mean, and to be so an-gry with you; pray for-give me, and I will ne-ver be so fool-ish a-gain. O, Hen-ry, how my mam-ma will love you for this; come, come, let us make haste back, that I may see you give the shoes to poor Ralph, and that I may tell mam-ma of your good-ness, and hear her call you her own dear boy."

But they could not quit the fair yet, for Ro-bert Hud-son was not with them, he had run here and there, and in and out, to see

what mis-chief he could do: at last he found an old man, who, be-ing too poor to hire a booth, had got a few cakes and nuts to sell, spread out up-on a board; Ro-bert drove a great dog un-der the board, which threw it up at one end, and sent all the cakes in-to the dirt; then he made a pre-tence of be-ing ve-ry sor-ry, and said he would help to pick the cakes and nuts up; but some he ate, and some he trod on, and so the poor old man, who came out to sell his cakes, in or-der to buy bread to eat the next day, lost

more than half of them, and could get no food at all. And these cru-el tricks were what he call-ed fun.

He next met a lit-tle boy, who had a fine tart in his hand, and he made a snatch at it, but did not get hold of it ; but a great boy, who saw him do it, came up and beat him well, and no one took his part, for he had been seen to do ma-ny bad things in the fair. When Hen-ry How-ard and John found him, he was sob-bing, and cry-ing, the boy had beat him ve ry much, and hurt him sad-ly ;

and though he was fond of giving pain, he did not like to bear it.

John took him home with a black eye and a cut lip, all of which was his own fault, and he was told by his pa-rents that he should be ti-ed up like a wild beast, for he was not fit to go loose like o-ther boys.

How much more hap-py was good Hen-ry How-ard that day. He had done a re-al kind-ness to a poor friend-less boy, and had the re-ward of see-ing his pa-pa and mam-ma look on him with de-light. Mrs. How-ard said

Hen-ry and Lu-cy should show her the way to dame Hunt's cot-tage, and that she would buy some shirts for Ralph, and some clothes for the ba-by, and that Lu-cy should have the plea-sure of help-ing to make them.

Dame Hunt and poor Ralph had cause to think of *the Walk to the Fair* as long as they liv-ed, for Mrs. How-ard was a kind friend to them.

She took Ralph in-to her ser-vi ce, and he ne-ver told lies, or was care-less of her or-ders. His mis-tress al-ways sent him once

a week with a joint of meat and a loaf to dame Hunt, and he u-sed to save all that he could spare from his wa-ges to buy something for the child. He lov-ed dame Hunt as his mo-ther, and next to her he lov-ed Hen-ry How-ard with all his heart.

The Ball Dress.

Miss Kate Smith was a young girl whose mo-ther was dead. Her fa-ther was a cap-tain of a Ship, and of-ten ab-sent from home ma-ny months at a time.

Kate was his on-ly child, and he was ve-ry fond of her; so fond that he quite spoil-ed her, for he could not bear to de-ny her a-ny thing. And, when he went to sea, he told Mrs. Green, the per-son who took care of his house, to be kind to his daugh-ter, and

to let her do what she pleas-ed, and al-ways to give her what she chose to ask for

This was a great pi-ty, for Kate Smith had not the sense to know what was best for her, and of-ten would have such things as did her much harm.

She ate too ma-ny sweet cakes, which made her teeth ache; she drank too much wine, which made her head ache; and she chose to sit up late at night, and lie late in bed in the morn-ing, which made her weak and sick-ly.

If Mrs. Green said to her "In-

deed, Miss Kate, you ought not to do these things," she would cry, stamp, and scream, and say she would have her own way: and once, when Mrs. Green tri-ed to pre-vent her from do-ing what was hurt-ful to her-self, she cri-ed and scream-ed with such fu-ry, that at last she fell in-to fits, and was so ill that Mrs. Green did ex-pect she would die.

As Mr. Smith was not at home at the time, Mrs. Green felt the more a-larm at her ill-ness, and said to her-self, that in fu-ture she would not strive to mend so head-

strong a girl, but let her do as she pleas-ed.

So Miss Kate Smith went on hav-ing her own way, hurt-ing her-self, and do-ing mis-chief with-out end, though all who knew her laugh-ed at her, and thought her a ve-ry fool-ish girl.

One Christ-mas, a la-dy, who did not live far from Mr. Smith's, gave a dance to all the young peo-ple she knew; and, though she was not fond of Miss Kate Smith's rude manners, and will-ful tem-per, yet she sent her a card a-mong the rest.

This ball was much talk-ed of; all the young la-dies were bu-sy in get-ting rea-dy for it, and Mrs. Green bought a hand-some new dress for Miss Kate to wear.

When the dress came home, a gown of the cook maid's was brought home at the same time; and, as the cook's gown had red and blue flow-ers on it, Kate said she would go in that to the ball, as it was much bet-ter than a plain mus-lin frock, trim-med on-ly with white sa-tin rib-bon.

It was of no use for Mrs. Green to as-sure her that mus-lin

frocks were the on-ly pro-per things for young la-dies to wear at balls, and that the gown, be-ing made of a coarse cot-ton, was quite un-fit for her to ap-pear in ; she still cri-ed and scream-ed, and said she would have her own way, till they were forc-ed at last to let her dress her-self in the cook's coarse gown.

No-thing in the world could be more ab-surd than this whim of Miss Kate's ; and, when drest, she look-ed like a hedge-hog, for the gown did not suit her shape, it was too wide and too

"I WILL HAVE MY OWN WAY"

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long, and all the pins in a pin-ma-ker's shop could not make a large wo-man's gown sit well on a lit-tle girl.

Poor Mrs. Green was shock-ed to see her such a fi-gure; and fear-ing the la-dy who gave the ball should think she was as stu-pid as Miss Kate was wil-ful, she wrote her this let-ter, and sent it by the foot-man.

" Ma-dam,

I can-not ex-press the shame and sor-row I feel, that Miss Kate Smith should show a want of re-spect to-wards you, and dis-grace her-self, by put-ting on the strange dress in which she will, with-in a few

mi-nutes, pre-sent her-self at your house. Be-lieve me, Ma-dam, I have done all I could to pre-vent it, but the young la-dy will not lis-ten to rea-son, and I must not use force to re-strain her, be-cause Mr. Smith laid his com-mands up-on me, when he went a-way, that I should not op-pose her wish-es in a-ny thing.

I re-main, Ma-dam,
With pro-found re-spect,
Your ve-ry hum-ble ser-vant,
MAR-THA GREEN.

The la-dy, who knew how fond Miss Kate was of hav-ing her own way, could not blame Mrs. Green for a-ny fol-lies Miss Kate should com-mit; but,

though she did ex-pect to see some-thing strange, she did not ex-pect so ve-ry odd a fi-gure as her guest made, dress-ed in a coarse cot-ton gown, of a gau-dy vul-gar pat-tern of a wo-man's size, and wear-ing with it a neat white rose in her hair, and fine white kid gloves and shoes.

Miss Kate was late in com-ing to the ball, for the dis-pute at home had last-ed a long time, so that all the young la-dies were there be-fore her.

When she came in-to the room they could scarce-ly be-lieve their

eyes. They look-ed at each o-ther with fear and sur-prise, as if they thought she was quite out of her sen-ses. E-ven the ser-vant, who was hand-ing round the tea and cof-fee, was forc-ed to bite his lips to keep him-self from laugh-ing a-loud.

The la-dy of the house went up to her, and told her how sor-ry she was to see her ex-pose her-self to the scorn and con-tempt of all her friends, by such ab-surd con-duct; she said, "I pi-ty you, Miss Kate Smith, for you have spoil-ed the plea-sure of the even-

ing, as you can-not ex-pect a-ny one will ask you to dance, or to stand up be-side you: since you have cho-sen to come drest like a cook-maid, you will not be ta-ken a-ny no-tice of, so be so good as to seat your-self at that end of the room, where there is least light, as, for your own sake, I wish you not to be seen. I will do what I can my-self to a-muse you, and am sor-ry you can-not share in the plea-sures of the o-ther young la-dies."

Miss Kate Smith there-fore sat a lone and cri-ed, while all the

rest danc-ed and were quite gay and hap-py.

What made it worse was, that she was ve-ry fond of danc-ing, and danc-ed well; in-deed it was the on-ly thing she lik-ed to learn; and as she had been much prais-ed by her mas-ter, she was proud of her skill, and fond of show-ing it.

When the ser-vant came to con-duct her home, the la-dy of the house said to her, "I hope Miss Smith that, by next year, you will have grown wi-ser. Be-lieve me, no young la-dy can be hap-py who will not suf-fer those

who know bet-ter than her-self to di-rect and go-vern her. Pray let this af-fair serve as a warn-ing to you."

The fol-ly did not end here ; for when she got home, she tore off the cook's gown in a fu-ry, and threw it on the fire, as if it had been that which was in fault.

Mrs. Green, in try-ing to save the gown from the flames, burnt her hand sad-ly, and Miss Kate was ve-ry ill, and in con-stant pain for ma-ny days, be-cause she was a sick-ly child, and the cry-ing so much threw her in-to a fever.

She did not like to take phy-sic, but pain made her swal-low it.

Thus hav-ing her own way did not make her hap-py, and she had al-ways much more to suf-fer than bet-ter girls, who sub-mit to those use-ful re-straints their good friends think it right to lay up-on them.

The Play Room.

Soon af-ter the af-fair of the ball dress, Mr. Smith came home from sea, and as Mrs. Green thought it was her du-ty to tell him all that had pass-ed du-ring his ab-sence, she did not for-get to speak of Miss Kate's go-ing to a dance, at a la-dy's house, in the cook's coarse cot-ton gown.

But Mr. Smith, in-stead of say-ing that his daugh-ter must not,

in fu-ture, have her own way, as she was not of an age to know how to go-vern her-self, on-ly said, "Well, I con-fess these things were ve-ry wrong in-deed, but ne-ver mind, Mrs. Green, Kate will know bet-ter when she is a lit-tle ol-der; and, poor thing, while she is so young, we must try to make her as hap-py as we can." It was a great pi-ty he did not know the right way to make a lit-tle girl hap-py.

Mr. Smith had brought his daugh-ter a num-ber of new toys of all sorts and kinds, and one day

Miss Kate thought she should like to have one of the par-lours fitted up for her play-room.

As soon as she nam-ed her wish to her fa-ther, he gave his consent; for, in-deed, he was glad she should have a room for her play-things, as she was a great slat-tern, and her toys were thrown a-bout all parts of the house, and of-ten ve-ry much in his way; but still he did not choose to re-prove his dar-ling Kate for a-ny thing. He let her take her choice of the par-lours, and she took one that had a bow-

win-dow, which look-ed in-to the gar-den.

It was in-deed a ve-ry plea-sant room, and Mr. Smith had it fit-ted up in the neat-est man-ner that he could. Be-sides the chairs and ta-bles there were pret-ty paint-ed stands, made with rows of shelves and draw-ers, to hold the toys and play-things; and in a re-cess at the bot-tom of the room there was a large doll's house, with all things com-plete in it.

When the whole was done and rea-dy, Miss Kate was shewn her

play-room ; she walk-ed up and down with great de-light, and look-ed at the stands, the shelves, the chairs, the ta-bles, and the ba-by-house in the re-cess ; all, she thought, was pret-ty and fine, and new, for Miss Kate Smith, like ma-ny o-ther sil-ly girls, was most fond of what was new.

Du-ring the first day she was cer-tain she should ne-ver grow ti-red of her play-room, but on the se-cond day it was not half so plea-sant, and on the third she felt quite tir-ed of it.

Then she said to her-self, " If

Miss Brown, and Miss Thompson, and Miss Gor-don, were to see my fine play-room, how they would en-vy me. I think I will send for them to drink tea with me; I should like to see them ad-mire it, and wish it was their own, for I know nei-ther of them could get such a one if they were to cry a whole month for it."

With these naugh-ty thoughts in her head a-way ran Miss Kate Smith to bid the ser-vant go in a great hur-ry and in-vite those young la-dies to tea.

They all came, and when they

were shewn the play-room, they were quite charm-ed with it. "What a sweet place," said they; "we ne-ver saw any-thing so neat and pret-ty." But not one of them look-ed cross, sul-ky, or full of en-vy; so far from it that they were glad to see Miss Kate so well pleas-ed and hap-py.

These lit-tle girls were well brought up, and were taught that it was wrong to wish for things they could not have, or that their friends said cost too much mo-ney. They were hap-py girls, for they knew how to be con-tent

with what they had, and knew al-so how to lis-ten to rea-son. Such chil-dren can-not feel the base spi-rit of en-vy.

Miss Kate Smith, who could not en-dure that a-ny one should be as hap-py as her-self, was an-gry to see them so well pleas-ed; she pul-led o-pen the draw-ers to shew them all her fine things, and still they were not out of tem-per; at last, that she might show her pow-er, she bid them look round the room, and tell her if there was any thing to be had that could make it look more hand-

some. Miss Thomp-son and Miss Gor-don said it could not be bet-ter than it now was; but Miss Brown chanc-ed to ob-serve that there was no look-ing-glass in it.

Up sprung Miss Kate from her seat, and rang the bell with such fu-ry that she broke the wire, and in came all the maids, in a fright, for they thought some-thing dread-ful was the mat-ter. "Bring me," she cri-ed, "a hand-some look-ing-glass; how dar-ed you fi-nish my room with-out one?" The ser-vants said, all had been done by her pa-pa's or-ders, and

that he was gone out to din-ner, and they had no look-ing-glass to bring her.

"Then take down that from the draw-ing room," said she; "I will have it put up here this ve-ry mi-nute." It was in vain they beg-ged her to stay till her pa-pa came home; she would not hear of wait-ing, but stamp-ed, scream-ed, and tore her hair like a mad crea-ture, say-ing, "I will have my own way, you know I am to have my own way al-ways."

What could the maids do in such a case; they were quite ti-

red of hear-ing such an out-cry, so the hand-some mir-ror was taken down from the draw-ing room, and put up in Miss Kate's play-room.

The young la-dies were quite shock-ed at her con-duct, and Miss Brown, whose re-mark had caus-ed all the up-roar, could not help shed-ding tears, and wish-ing her-self at home a-gain.

For a lit-tle time all went on ve-ry well. Miss Kate, proud of the fine mir-ror which reach-ed from the ceil-ing to the floor, was in high spi-rits, but her guests

were a-fraid to play or move for fear they should run a-gainst the look-ing glass and break it.

They beg-ged leave to sit still, but she did not ap-prove of sit-ting still, and to shew what a head-strong girl she was, she took out a hard lea-ther crick-et ball, that she had one day taken from a boy, and be-gan to play with it, at that ve-ry side of the room where the glass was ; three or four times she threw it up and caught it with-out do-ing a-ny harm, but at last she threw it with such great force, that it bound-ed from the wall

and struck the mir-ror, which it broke in-to a hun-dred pie-ces.

The floor was strew-ed with the re-mains of the hand-some look-ing glass, and one small piece had flown in-to Miss Kate's eye. She had rea-son e-nough now to scream and cry, for the pain was dread-ful.

A doc-tor was sent for, and a man went, in great haste, to fetch Mr. Smith from the house where he had been to dine with a large par-ty. He came the mo-ment he heard the sto-ry, and found his wil-ful child quite blind of the

right eye. He was then sor-ry that he had not been wil-ling to re-strain and con-troul her; and she liv-ed a wretch-ed blind girl, a warn-ing to all those chil-dren who want to have their own way.

Lazy David.

A POOR man dwelt in a hut on the sea shore. He had a boat and net, and he went out to catch fish, which, when he had caught, he sold in a mar-ket town that was a-bout three miles dis-tant from his hum-ble dwel-ling. This poor man, whose name was Tho-mas, had one son, who was cal-led Da-vid.

Now, though old Tho-mas was

ve-ry poor, and earn-ed all he got to eat by the la-bour of his hands, yet young Da-vid would not work at all, but u-sed to lie the whole day on the sand of the sea shore, and watch the waves as they beat on the rocks.

He might have been of great use to his fa-ther when he went out a fish-ing, but he was so i-dle that he did more harm in the boat than good.

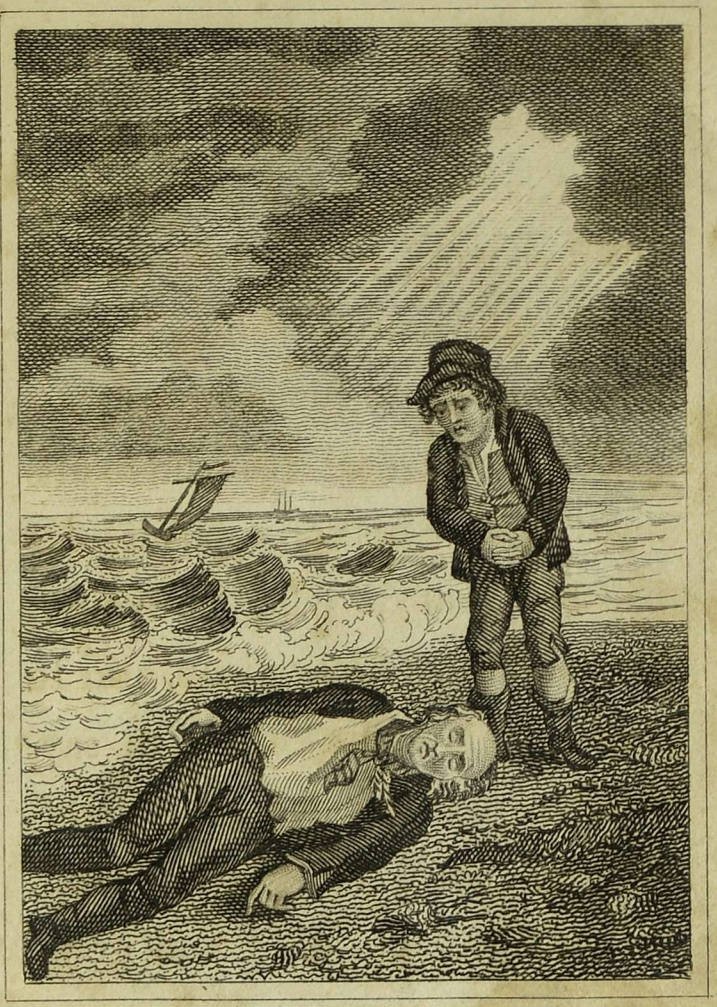
He might al-so have gain-ed mo-ney by pick-ing up shells, for on that part of the sea coast, the tide u-sed to throw up great heaps

of shells, and some a-mong them were of so rare and so fine a species that ma-ny per-sons came down to the shore to pick them up, and sold them for a great price; yet La-zy Da-vid would not take the trou-ble to look for them, and when his fa-ther had bought him a lit-tle bas-ket for the pur-pose of put-ting the shells in, the se-cond day he had it, he left it out up-on the beach, when the tide was co-ming in, and it was soon wash-ed a-way.

His fa-ther next bought a rake for him, that he might go and

make hay; but when he was sent to the field, he crept un-der a hedge, and lay down to sleep in-stead of work-ing, so that no far-mer would em-ploy him, or let him come in-to his grounds.

It al-most broke the old man's heart to have his son such an i-dle bad boy, but do what he would, he could not pre-vail on him to a-mend; and he u-sed to say, with tears in his eyes, "Ah, Da-vid, Da-vid, I shall not live long, and when I am dead and gone, you will have no one to give you food and clothes, nor no one to



LAZY DAVID.

take care of you, and you will then wish you had been a good boy. I would teach you to work, but you will not learn; you turn a deaf ear to all that I say for your good, so I can now do no more than pray to God to mend your heart, and give you sense to see what is your du-ty."

Still Da-vid went on his old way; he had his three meals a day, and his clothes, though coarse, were whole; and if he could but lie and bask in the sun all day, he car-ed for no-thing else.

So la-zy and hard of heart was this sad boy, that when his fa-ther went out to fish, and came home cold, wet, and wea-ry, there ne-ver was a-ny fire got rea-dy to dry him, nor was the cot-tage e-ver put in or-der.

If it were night, Da-vid was sno-ring in bed, while his fa-ther was work-ing for his sup-port; and, in the day time, he would grum-ble, loi-ter, and think his fa-ther ve-ry cru-el, if he cal-led him to help spread the nets on the beach to dry, or bid him roll up the sail of the boat.

One day, when old Tho-mas went out to fish, a storm a-rose and drove his lit-tle boat far off from the land. With all his la-bour and skill he could not re-gain the shore. When night came on, the tem-pest ra-ged, and the waves rose as high as moun-tains; and the next morn-ing, when Da-vid crept down to the beach, full of won-der that his fa-ther had not come that night, a wave wash-ed the dead bo-dy of poor Tho-mas on the shore close to his son's feet.

At first Da-vid shed a few tears, but i-dle peo-ple ne-ver have much feel-ing, and he soon said to him-self, "Well, I shall now be a-ble to do what I please. —I have no one now to scold me, and bid me work." And that thought made him glad his fa-ther was out of the way.

The old man was put in-to his grave, and all who had known him were sor-ry for poor Tho-mas; but no one took the trou-ble to ask what would be-come of his son; for he had got the ti-tle of La-zy Da-vid, and who could

care for, or think a-bout such a lad.

Old Tho-mas had, with great pru-dence and la-bour, sav-ed a lit-tle mo-ney to sup-port him, in case he should fall sick, and with this Da-vid bought a new coat and hat, and such a heap of sweet cakes, that he could but just bear the weight of them.

Sweet cakes will not do to live on: they serve now and then as a treat, but are not like bread, meat, or fish, for a meal, and Da-vid ate so fast that he was soon sick of his cakes, and was

glad to get a piece of stale loaf. He laid the cakes by for a few days, and when he went to them a-gain they were all moul-dy and spoil-ed.

The boat and the net were lost when poor Tho-mas was drown-ed, but some o-ther fish-ing tac-kle was left, which Da-vid sold for the half of what it was worth, for he was too i-dle and stu-pid to know the va-lue of a-ny thing. The chairs, ta-ble, and bed, went next, with his fine new coat and hat, and e-ven the coar-ser strong one his fa-ther had bought for

him. All his things were soon sold. He could not pay the rent of his cot-tage, and he was of course turn-ed out.

He had no place then to live and lie in, but an old barn that was not thought good e-nough e-ven to shel-ter cows and hor-ses, and there the rats and mice ran o-ver and a-bout him all night; he had no sleep, and the rain and the snow came in through the holes in the roof, so that he was al-most fro-zen.

He was now forc-ed to go to the town to beg; and as his

face was ve-ry pale, and as he had no shoes, no hat, no coat, and his shirt was all in rags, some gave him a pen-ny, some gave him bread and meat, and one per-son gave him an old jack-et to co-ver him from the cold.

But it was soon known in the town, that he was the la-zy son of old Tho-mas, the ho-nest man who u-sed to sell fish; and, when he came to beg the next time, some drove him from their doors, and some bid him go to work. He went

a-gain and a-gain to beg, but in vain; and when he was al-most starv-ed, he was forc-ed to ask for work.

A ve-ry good kind of man, who liv-ed in the town, had pi-ty on him, and took him in to sweep the shop, and car-ry out par-cels. Now, Da-vid might have tri-ed to cure his faults, but he was still so i-dle and stu-pid that he was use-less.

He did not sweep the shop clean, though he was twice as long a-bout it as he need have been. If he was told to do two

things he did but one; and, when he was sent out with a par-cel, he staid out in the street to play, or to stare a-bout him; and once he lost some goods he had the care of, the price of which came to five pounds.

Of course his mas-ter turn-ed him a-way; for who could keep a boy in their house who was no man-ner of use to them?

La-zy Da-vid was now once more with-out a home, or a friend, and he went back to lie in his barn. But a high wind had blown down the barn,

and he was forc-ed to sleep under a hedge.

At last he grew so hun-gry he knew not how to bear it; so he went back to the town, and as he pass-ed by a ba-ker's shop, whose o-pen win-dow was full of nice bread, hun-ger tempted him; no one was near, so he took a small loaf and ran a-way. He had ne-ver been a thief be-fore, but i-dle peo-ple, who will not work to earn food, will soon-er or la-ter turn thieves for food.

All the pain that Da-vid

had felt, from hun-ger, was no-thing to what ter-ror now made him suf-fer; his knees shook un-der him, his heart beat, and his eyes grew dim with fear; but he was not seen that day, and he grew bold-er.

The next time he stole two loaves. He was caught in the fact, and first sent to pri-son, and then whip-ped through the streets of the town. The man who held the whip did not spare him, for each lash brought blood from Da-vid's back.

He was next put on board ship

and sent to sea. Here they made him work day and night. The fear, shame, and smart, he had felt, had done him some good; but when he tri-ed to do well, he was so slow, awk-ward, and clum-sy, that he was near-ly use-less: and when the rough sai-lors drove him here and there, and gave him hard words, and still hard-er blows, and when he was cal-led out of his ham-mock, at mid-night, to climb the ropes, or watch up-on the deck, he u-sed to say to him-self, "Ah! I wish I had mind-ed my poor

fa-ther's words. If I had learn-ed to work when I was young, like o-ther boys, I should not now have been so hard-ly treat-ed. I have no one to pi-ty me or take my part; but that is all my own fault."

One day when Da-vid had been sent to climb the mast, while the ship was rock-ing to and fro, not be-ing as ex-pert as the o-ther boys, and fear ma-king him still more and more awk-ward, his foot slip-ped, as he was com-ing down the lad-

der of ropes, and he fell head-long in-to the sea.

The ship was sail-ing ve-ry fast, and could not be stop-ped in time to save him; they threw out a rope for him to catch hold of, but Da-vid would ne-ver take the trou-ble e-ven to learn to swim, though he had liv-ed so long on the sea shore; and, as he could not swim, he could not fol-low the ship to catch hold of the rope. He rose once or twice, and then sunk like a stone to the bot-tom.

Such was the end of la-zy

Da-vid! When poor old Tho-mas was lost at sea, each per-son that knew him griev-ed for him, but no one mourn-ed for Da-vid. The sai-lors said, "We can spare him, for he was but a use-less fel-low, and is as well out of the world as in it.'

The Frenchman.

Miss Graves thought that learning French was a ve-ry trou-ble-some thing, and she told her mam-ma, that, as most of the peo-ple in En-gland spoke En-glish, she did not per-ceive the use of learn-ing the French lan-guage.

Her mam-ma re-plied that all po-lite and well-bred peo-ple in En-gland spoke French, and those of France learn-ed En-glish; for, as France and En-gland were two

coun-tries very near each o-ther, in times of peace, French peo-ple came to En-gland, and ma-ny of the En-glish vi-sit-ed France, and there-fore it is pro-per that all young la-dies, and young gen-tle-men, should know how to speak the French Lan-guage.

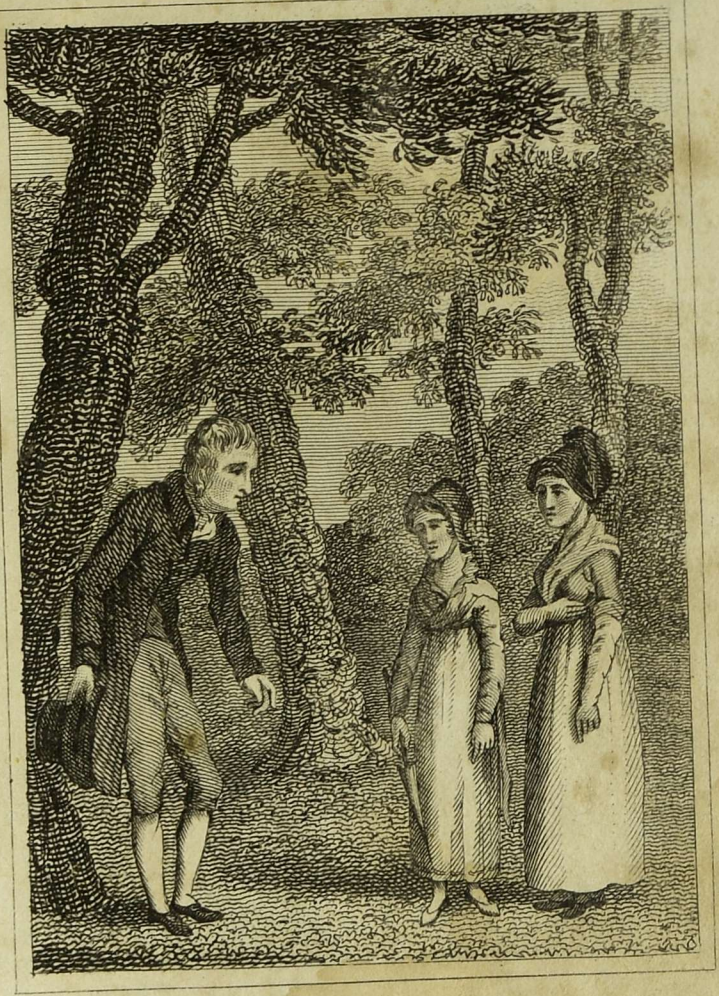
Short-ly af-ter this had pass-ed, Miss Graves, with her ser-vant maid to at-tend her, went out to walk in Hyde Park, and she saw there a man, lean-ing a-gainst a tree, who seem-ed to be weak and fee-ble from fa-tigue.

As Miss Graves came to-wards him, he rais-ed his eyes from the ground, and step-ping for-ward, with a po-lite bow, ad-dress-ed her in French, and beg-ged she would di-rect him the near-est way to some street at a great dis-tance.

He did not ad-dress him-self to the maid ser-vant, or to the men who were mend-ing the road near him, for he knew that per-sons who are brought up to work hard for their liv-ing, are on-ly taught to read and write; but when he saw a young la-dy

ap-proach, he was cer-tain in his own mind that she would un-der-stand his lan-guage.

Miss Graves at that mo-ment felt a de-gree of plea-sure that am-ply re-paid all the trou-ble it had cost her to learn French, for the French-man told her that he had tra-vel-led a-bove a hun-dred miles on foot to see his son, who was ill of a fe-ver in Lon-don; and if he had not met some one who could di-rect him the way he should go, he might, though now rea-dy to sink with fa-tigue,



THE FRENCH-MAN.

London Published by J. Souter, 73, St. Paul's.

have gone miles and miles out of the right road.

His coat was poor and thread-bare, but his man-ners were most po-lite and pleas-ing. He was an e-mi-grant. He had been a man of rank in his own coun-try; but dri-ven from France by its mis-for-tunes, he was thrown up-on the boun-ty of En-glish stran-gers for the means of sup-port-ing his life.

His son taught the French lan-guage in Lon-don, and ha-ving been ta-ken ill, had sent for his fa-ther to at-tend his pu-pils, du-

ring his sick-ness, lest he should lose them and the means of his sup-port.

The old man, though for-mer-ly ha-ving a car-ri-age, ser-vants, and hor-ses at his com-mand, was now with-out the pow-er, e-ven of hi-ring a coach to tra-vel in, and had walk-ed, as we have be-fore said, a-bove a hun-dred miles to see and as-sist his son.

Miss Graves told her mam-ma, when she re-turn-ed home, of the ser-vice she had done to the po-lite old French-man, and how glad she was that she had learn-ed

the lan-guage, though a-gainst her will. She knew the name of the street to which he said he was go-ing, and her pa-pa and mam-ma went to in-quire for him. They found the fa-ther and son shed-ding tears in each o-ther's arms, for they had not met be-fore for five long years.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves sent the young man wine, and such o-ther need-ful things as he could not af-ford to buy, and by their care and kind-ness he got the bet-ter of his ill-ness. When he was able to teach a-gain, Miss Graves was

ad-ded to the num-ber of his pu-pils, and now that she knew it might be a be-ne-fit to learn, she soon be-came an ex-cel-lent French scho-lar.

MARY'S ROBIN-RED-BREAST.

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Mary's Robin Redbreast.

On a ve-ry se-vere morn-ing, in win-ter, when the ground was co-ver-ed with snow, Mr. and Mrs. Har-ley were sit-ting at break-fast, and their lit-tle daugh-ter, Ma-ry, who had ea-ten her bread and milk, was stand-ing at the win-dow watch-ing the half starv-ed birds that were peck-ing and scratch-ing in the mud for some-thing to eat.

"I wish those poor lit-tle hun-gry birds would come here," said Ma-ry, "I would give them

Ma-ry was de-light-ed with him : she long-ed to hug and kiss him. She wish-ed she could keep him for e-ver; but her mam-ma had of-ten told her that it was ve-ry cru-el to catch the lit-tle birds and shut them in ca-ges. At last, the Ro-bin, ha-ving sa-tis-fied his hun-ger, flew out of the win-dow.

"Do you think he will e-ver come back a-gain, mam-ma?" said Ma-ry.

"I hope he will," re-plied her mam-ma, "he seem-ed to like his break-fast so well, that I

have no doubt he will come for a-no-ther."

The next morn-ing, Ma-ry was up and in her break-fast-room an hour soon-er than u-su-al. She o-pen-ed the win-dow and look-ed a-bout for the Ro-bin, but he was not there. "I hope he will come," she said, as she sat down to break-fast. She look-ed to-wards the win-dow e-ve-ry mi-nute, but still no Ro-bin came.

Ma-ry had fi-nish-ed her break-fast, and was still ac-cu-sing the lit-tle Ro-bin of want of gra-ti-tude, when he flew

in-to the room and perch-ed up-on the ta-ble.

Ma-ry was now more an-gry with her-self than she had be-fore been with the Ro-bin, and she re-solv-ed, in her own thoughts, ne-ver to give way a-gain to the im-pa-ti-ence of her tem-per.

The Ro-bin hop-ped a-bout the ta-ble and ate a ve-ry hear-ty meal of crumbs; and when he had done break-fast, he sang a ve-ry pret-ty song to show his gra-ti-tude. When he had sung for some time, he flew a-way;

but Ma-ry now did not mind that, for she was sure he would re-turn the next day.

The Ro-bin Red-breast break-fast-ed with Ma-ry e-ve-ry morn-ing, and he al-ways sang a song be-fore he went a-way. At last, he be-came so tame that he would stand on Ma-ry's fin-ger, and e-ven let her stroke and kiss him, and when she sang a song to him, he would hold his head on one side to lis-ten, and then would seem to try to whis-tle the same tune. He would come to her when she o-pen-ed the par-

ling down a-gain. "Beside," said she, "I could tie a string round the cat's neck, and hold it tight, and then I am sure she could not hurt him. There will be no harm in that, and then I shall be a-ble to con-vince mamma she is in the wrong."

Ma-ry shut the win-dow, and ran a-way to look for the cat, while poor Ro-bin, ig-no-rant of the suf-fer-ings his hi-ther-to kind mis-tress was pre-pa-ring for him, hop-ped a-bout the ta-ble, loud-ly chirp-ing, as if to call her to come back to him.

Ma-ry soon found the cat, tu-ed a string round her neck, and car-ri-ed her in-to the par-lour.

As soon as Ro-bin saw the cat, he flew to the top of the win-dow cur-tain; the cat tri-ed to catch him; she leap-ed on the ta-ble, then on the chairs, and then tri-ed to climb up the wall. Ma-ry for-got the pain she was in-flict-ing on poor lit-tle Ro-bin, and laugh-ed hear-ti-ly to see the cat vain-ly try-ing to scram-ble up the wall.

Poor Ro-bin not know-ing he was safe on the cur-tain, flew

round and round the room, to find some place to get out at, till at last, tir-ed and fright-en-ed al-most to death, he drop-ped on the floor.

The cat sprang for-ward with such vi-o-lence that she forc-ed the string out of Ma-ry's hand. Ma-ry scream-ed and flew to save her lit-tle dar-ling, but she was too late; puss was more nim-ble than Ma-ry, and poor lit-tle Ro-bin was kil-led.

THE END.

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