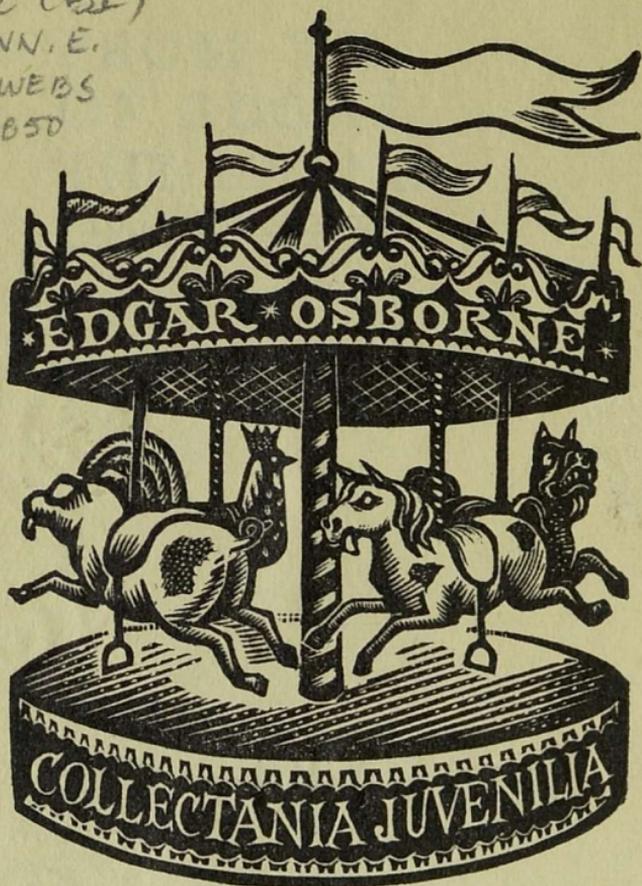


COBWEBS.

TBC (BI)
FENN. E.
COBWEBBS
C. 1850

90



This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by
Edgar Osborne
in memory of his wife
MABEL OSBORNE

COBWEBS
TO CATCH FLIES;

OR,

Dialogues

IN SHORT SENTENCES, ADAPTED TO CHILDREN.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING
CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE;
SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY,
GREAT QUEEN-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS, AND 4, ROYAL EXCHANGE;
AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CORWARRS

TO CAPTAIN FLEET

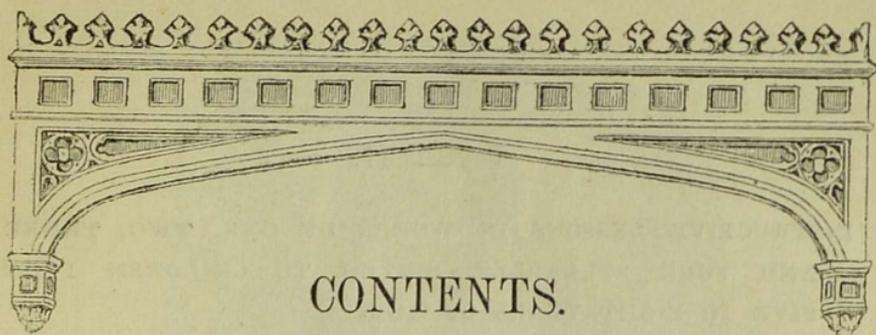
REMARKS

ON THE

PROCEEDINGS

LONDON

Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.



ADDRESS TO ALL GOOD CHILDREN P. V.

PART I.

EASY LESSONS IN WORDS OF THREE, FOUR, FIVE, AND SIX LETTERS, SUITED TO CHILDREN FROM THREE TO FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

LESSON	PAGE
1. THE CAT	1
2. THE MORNING	3
3. THE WINDOW	5
4. THE RAT	8
5. THE DOG	10
6. THE FARM-YARD	15
7. THE DOLL	18
8. THE TOILET	21
9. THE FAN	24
10. THE FAN, CONTINUED	28
11. THE TOY SHOP	30
12. THE WALK	34
13. THE BABY-HOUSE	38

PART II.

INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS IN WORDS OF ONE, TWO, THREE
AND FOUR SYLLABLES, SUITED TO CHILDREN FROM
FIVE TO EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

LESSON	PAGE
14. THE COTTAGE GARDEN	43
15. THE COUNTRY VISIT	47
16. THE KIND BROTHER	51
17. THE BEES	55
18. THE FLIES	59
19. THE SPIDER	62
20. THE BIRD	64
21. THE HAPPY FAMILY	68
22. THE STUBBORN CHILD	75
23. THE PICTURES	81
24. THE HEDGE-HOG.	85



ADDRESS TO ALL GOOD CHILDREN.

You all love to see something which is new ; so I do not doubt but you are eager to see your new books. I speak to you as good children ; so I conclude that the eldest looks first : to the eldest, then, I speak. You can read any words you meet with ; therefore I shall not confine myself to short words, but give you the pleasure of obliging your brothers and sisters by reading my Address aloud

to them ; after which you will resign my First Volume to one of the younger children, who is only able to read words of three letters ; and he will be amused by my Dialogue about the Cat, whilst he gratifies the curiosity of the little happy circle, and enjoys the satisfaction of entertaining the whole family.

Mamma surveys the smiling audience with complacency, rejoicing in their mutual affection.

This is the scene which my imagination paints. Now let us chat a little.

WILLIAM FREEWILL was a very good boy ; he did everything he was bid to do ; and he did it directly ; now and then he said *Why?* but he soon left off doing so, and then he was quite good.

He loved to learn to read ; and, indeed, he seemed to love to do as he was desired in everything.

One day a lady gave him a book ; it had some cuts in it ; there were little

folks dancing, and children riding in a *Merry-go-round*, boys and girls tossed up and down, and a great many pretty things ; but I did not like the story at all. He was content without attempting to read in the book, as I did not approve of it ; but he used to wish that it had been proper.

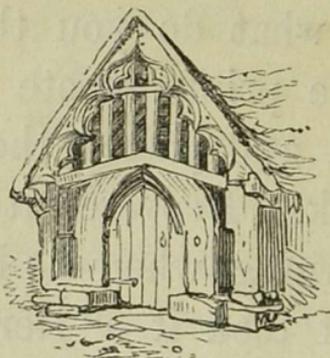
This good child took great pains, and learned very fast. One day, when he had done his lesson very well indeed, he had a reward which you will never guess at. I sent him to play in the garden without me, telling him I should be busy. And what do you think I did ? I cut out the prints, wrote some stories to suit them, and pasted the prints into my little book. I covered it nicely ; and the next morning, when he had done his lesson well, I took it—"Here, my dear," said I, "is a book for you, in which you can read." I wish you had seen his joy. I do not think that ever your lively fancies

can figure to you how he capered about ; he ran to tell the maids ; he jumped ; he shouted ; he danced (he could not sing) ; but, what was best, he read in it very well—so I hope you little ones will do.

That little smiling rogue of three years old longs to take his turn ; he is impatient to read in the new book.

May it teach you all to be good ! and then it will answer the intention of

YOUR FRIEND.

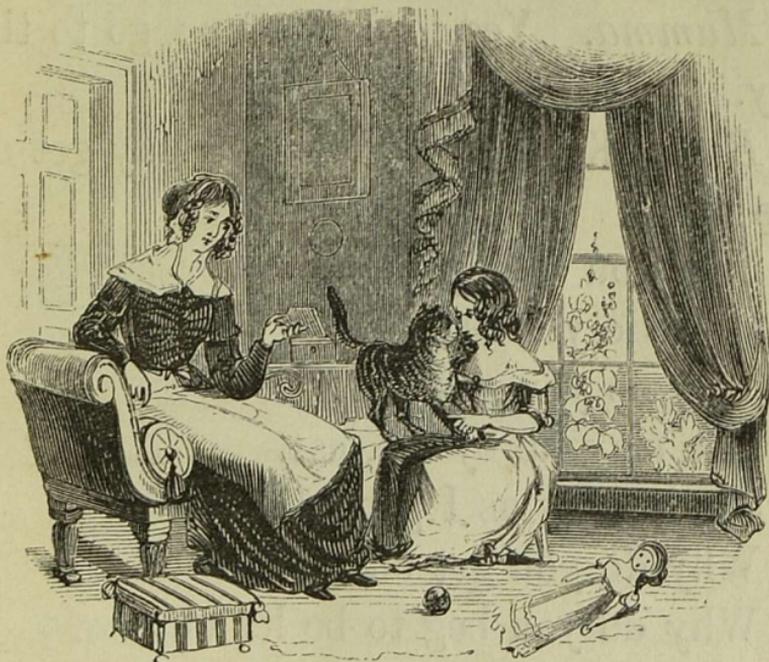


COBWEBS.

PART I.

THE CAT.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.



Boy. Our cat can get a rat ; can she not ?

Mamma. Yes, she can ; but she was bit by an old rat one day.

Boy. Ah ; my kit ! why did you try to get the old rat ?

Mamma. One day the dog bit our cat ; he bit her jaw.

Boy. May the cat get on my bed ?

Mamma. Yes ; she may.

Boy. May she lie by me ?

Mamma. Yes ; go, get up ; go to the boy.

Boy. Kit ! kit ! kit ! you may get on the bed.

Now you are up.

Why do you say mew ?

Why do you say pur ?

You may lie by me, cat.

See her joy as I pat her ear !

Why do you get off the bed ?

Why do you beg to be let out ?

Mamma. To go to her kit.

Boy. Has she a kit ?

Why do you go to the kit ?

Is she to go ?

Mamma. Yes ; let her go now.

THE MORNING.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.



Mamma. Now get up, it is six.

Boy. Oh me! is it six?

Mamma. Yes, it is; and the dew is off.

Boy. I see the sun; it is fit for me to go out.

Mamma. Now it is ; but by ten it may be hot ; so get up now.

Boy. May I go to-day, and buy a top ?

Mamma. Yes, you may.

Boy. A peg top ? Sam has a peg top. He has let me get his. One day he did.

I met Tom one day, and he had a top so big !

I can hop as far as Tom can.

Tom has a bat too ! and Tom is but of my age.

Let us buy a cup and a mug for Bet.

And let us get a gun for Sam, and a pot and an urn for Bet.

An ant has bit my leg. See how red it is.

May I get a bag for Bet ?

Mamma. Can you pay for it ?

Boy. Oh no ; but you can for all.

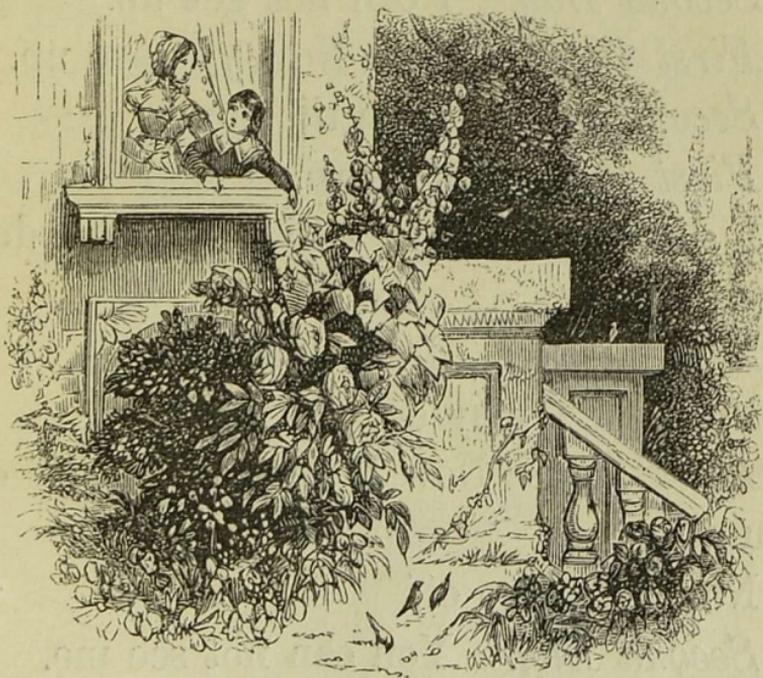
May the dog go ?

Mamma. Yes, he may go.

Boy. I see him : may I let him in ?

THE WINDOW.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.



First Boy. I see a man !
 The man has a dog.
 The man is got in.
 The dog is not got in.
 He can not get in.

Mamma. Do not cry ; you will see the man by-and-by. Dog ! why do you cry ?

Second Boy. I can not see.

First Boy. You are too low ; get up.

Second Boy. I can not get up.

First Boy. Try. Now you are up.

Second Boy. I see the cow.

First Boy. I see two.

I see the red cow, and I see the dun cow.

Second Boy. I see a hog.

Pig ! pig ! why do you run ?

First Boy. Now I see ten. Why do you all run ?

Now let us go off.

Second Boy. You can not see me.

First Boy. You are hid.

Second Boy. I see you. Can you not see me ?

First Boy. Oh ! now I can get up.

Second Boy. No, I can run ; you can not get me.

First Boy. Yes, I can.

Second Boy. Let us go to Tom.

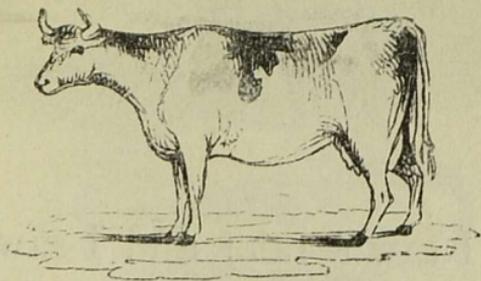
First Boy. We may not go out.

Second Boy. I can get out.

First Boy. So can I; but do not go yet.

Second Boy. Why may we not go yet?

First Boy. Do as you are bid, and do not ask why, is the law for a boy.



THE RAT.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.



Boy. I saw a rat ; and I saw the dog
try to get it.

Girl. And did he get it ?

Boy. No ! but the cat did.

Girl. My cat ?

Boy. No ; it was the old cat.

Girl. How did she get it? she can not run.

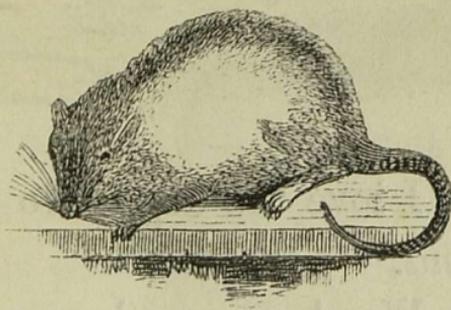
Boy. No, it is not the way; she was hid—the rat ran out: and pop! she got on him.

Girl. A dog can run.

Boy. Yes; but the cat is sly.

Girl. The kit can not get a rat.

Boy. No, she can not yet; but she can get a fly. I saw her get a fly.



THE DOG.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.



Boy. I love the dog. Do not you ?

Mamma. Yes, sure.

Boy. Wag ! do you love me ?

Mamma. You see he does ; he wags his tail. When he wags his tail, he says, I love you.

Boy. Does his tail tell me so ?

Mamma. Yes ; it says, I love you ; I love you ; pray love me.

Boy. When we go out, he wags his tail ; what does his tail say then ?

Mamma. Pray let me go ; I wish to go with you.

Boy. I love to have him go with me.

Mamma. Here is a cake for you.

Boy. Nice cake ! See the dog, how he wags his tail now ! Why do you wag your tail ? Why do you look so ? Why does he wag his tail so much ? Why does he look at me ?

Mamma. To beg for some cake. His tail says, I love you ; you have a cake, and I have none : will you not be good to me ? Will you not give some of your cake to your poor dog ?

Boy. Poor dog ! do you want some cake ? take a bit. Here ! I hold it to him, but he does not take a bit : take some. Oh ! he has got it all ; he was

not to take all. Fie, Wag! to take all. Now I have none left. You are rude, Wag.

Mamma. He did stay some time.— Here, I will give you a plum cake.

Boy. Now you are to have none, Wag. You are to have none of this cake ; you were rude.

Mamma. He did not know that he was not to take all. He can not know all that you say.

Boy. Well, you may have a bit of this. I will take a bit off, and give it to him.

Mamma. Do so. You are a good boy. We must be kind to all ; we must give to them who want.

Boy. Why do you ask for more ?

Mamma. He has not had a meal to-day.

He had not a bit till now.

You have had food.

Boy. I hope he will have meat at noon ;

I will ask cook to give him a bone ; and he may have some milk ; and he can have some bran. Cook will boil them for him. Poor dog ! he can not ask as we can, so I will ask for him. Wag, I wish you could talk. Why does he bark at poor men ?

Mamma. When he sees a man whom he does not know, then he says, “ Who are you ? who are you ? why do you come ? What do you do here ? I am at home ; I must tell the folk—I must tell that you are here ; I will call our folk to look at you. Come out, man ; come out, maid——see who this is.—“ Bow, wow, wow, wow !”

Boy. Does the dog say all that ? Why does he stop as soon as the folk come out ?

Mamma. He is so wise as to know that he need bark no more then. If he mean to call them out, he will stop when they are come out.

Boy. Wag, why do you gape when you are hot? Can you tell me why he does so?

Mamma. To cool him self.

Boy. This dog is very wise and good, I see.

Mamma. We can not say that he is good, as I say that you are good, when you do what I bid you.

Boy. Why not?

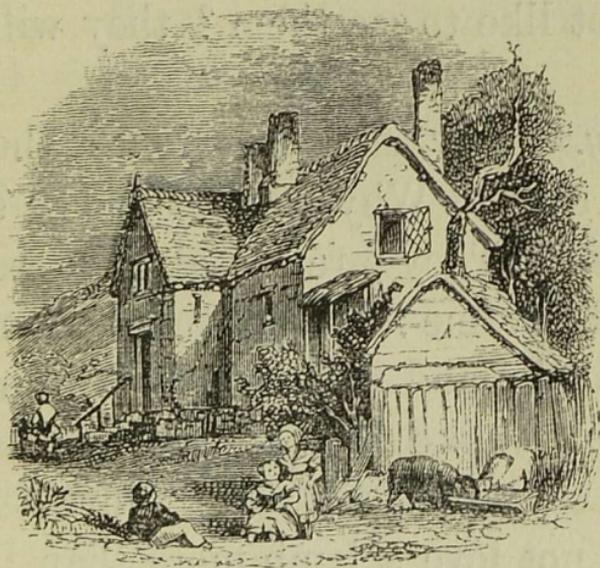
Mamma. It is no hard task for him to do all this, nor has he any bad will that will try to lead him to evil.

Boy. Oh, that must be joy! will the time ever come when I may have no bad will in me?

Mamma. I hope it will, my dear; for if you pray day by day, and try to be good, God will lead you right.

THE FARM-YARD.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.



Boy. I do not love pigs.

Maid. A pig is not so nice as a fowl ; yet we must feed the pigs. Pigs must eat, as well as boys ; poor pigs want food.

Boy. Do they cry for food ? I hear them cry.

Maid. They cry to me for food ; in their way they can call : they call, “ Pray “ feed me, pray feed me ; do pray feed “ me now !”

Boy. What do you give them ?

Maid. This pail full of milk. Will you not like to see them ? they will be so glad !

Boy. How they jump ! how they run to the gate ! Why do they run so ?

Maid. They are so glad to see me. They know me : I feed them when they want food ; and you see they love me.

Boy. I like to see them so glad. I like to see a pig feed. But I love a lamb : may I not love a lamb more than I do a pig ?

Maid. Yes ; but you must be good to all.

Boy. My aunt has a tame lamb ; I love to give him milk. Once I saw a fawn ; I do not mean in a park, but I saw a tame fawn ; the old doe was

dead, so we fed the fawn at home : we kept him a long time, but he bit off the buds.

Maid. Have you seen a goat ?

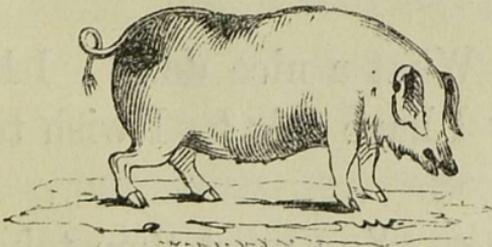
Boy. Yes ; he has not wool—he has hair.

Maid. Now you may go with me ; we will go and see the cows.

Boy. Why is one duck by itself ?

Maid. The duck sits : she has a nest just by. I must feed her ; she will not go far from her nest : the rest can get food. You may give her some corn : we will get some for her ; come.

Boy. I like to feed the poor duck.



THE DOLL.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.



Girl. What a nice doll? I like this. Pray may I have this? I wish to have a wax doll.

Mamma. You must then take care to keep her cool, else you will melt her face;

and she must be kept dry, or this nice pink on her face will be lost.

Girl. What a neat coat! I like a blue silk. And her hat! I love a doll in a hat. What sort of a cap have you got, miss? But a poor one; but it is not much seen. She has some soil on her neck. I can rub it off, I see. No, that will not do; I must not wet her skin. What sort of a foot have you? Oh! a nice one: and a nice silk shoe. A blue knot too; well, that is what I like: to suit her coat. I am fond of blue too. Now, miss, if I have you home with me, then I am to be your maid, to wait on you. Will not that be nice? I will take care of you, and keep you so neat; and I will work for you. You cannot sow, or hem. And I will read to you in my new book; and I will take you out with me, when you are good. You shall sit by me near the tree, on a low seat, fit for you. I wish you to

walk ? Can not I make you walk ? So—step on ; step on. See how my new doll can walk !

Mamma. You will pull off her legs, my dear.

Girl. Now, if I had a pin to pin this sash back. Stay, I can tie it. Oh me ! see ! here is a bag for her work ! Who has seen the like ? a bag for her work ! I must have this doll—if you like it, I mean.

Mamma. You must then work for her. You will have much to do, to make and mend all that your doll will want to wear. Will you not wish her in the shop ? I fear that you will, you are so fond of play.

Girl. Work for my doll will not tire me.

Mamma. Take it then.

Girl. You are so good ! Pray let me hug you. I must kiss you too, my dear doll, for joy.

THE TOILET.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.



Girl. I like this cap, but it will not keep on. Why will it not keep on?

Maid. It is too big for you, miss.

Girl. It is off? it will fall off.

Maid. You had best lay it down, miss.

Girl. I like to have it : I will put it on.

Mamma. My dear ! lay it down when you are bid to do so ; do not wait to be made to do well.

Girl. I will not, mamma. Jane, I will be good. Pray may I look in this box ?

Mamma. You see it is shut now ; you may see it by-and-by.

Girl. I will not hurt the lock.

Mamma. You must not try.

Girl. May I play with your muff ?

Mamma. You may.

Girl. What is this made of ?

Mamma. Fur ; and fur is skin with the hair on.

Girl. It is like puss : how soft it is ! How warm it is when I hold it to my nose ! it is like wool.

Mamma. Now come and kiss me : I am sure you will be good to John ; go and play with him.

Girl. Do you stay all day? Do you stay till John is in bed?

Mamma. Yes; till you are both in bed. Now go.

Girl. Pray let me get my work-bag first. May I get my work-bag?

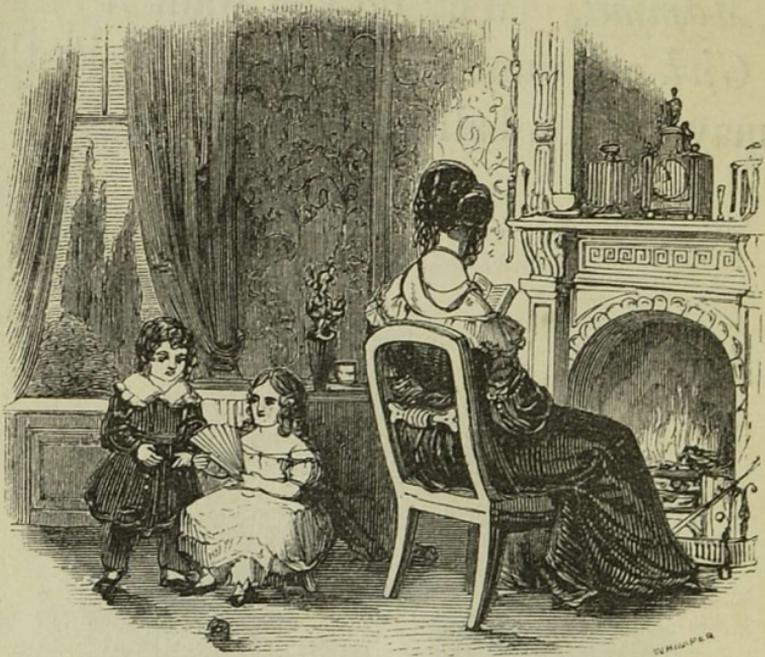
Mamma. Why do you want it?

Girl. I want some silk out of it, that I may work a ball for John.



THE FAN.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.



Lady. What does he want? What does he mean?

Girl. It is his way to say pray.

Lady. And what does he wish?

Girl. To have your fan : but he will tear it.

Lady. Can you take care of it ?

Girl. Oh ! yes ; I can show it to him.

Lady. Take it ; and let him see it.

Girl. Now sit by me.

Pray set him down by me.

Look ! no, you must not have it.

I must keep it in my hand.

You can not hold it.

Here is a boy. See ! he runs to get that bird. Oh fie ! do not get the bird. No ! you must not put the bird in a cage. Let the bird fly ; let him sing ; and let him help to make a nest.

Do not hurt the poor bird.

You must be good and kind.

You must not vex the bird.

Lady. God will not love us if we love to hurt a bird, or even a worm. He made the bird and the worm, and he will take care of them, and get food for them.

Who is it that hath fed you.

Girl. Jane gave me my food when I got up.

Lady. How does Jane get it!

Girl. She buys milk for me at the door.

Lady. And how does she get coin to give for the milk?

Girl. Papa will give it to her.

Lady. And who will give it to your papa?

Girl. I do not know; he has a box full of it.

Lady. I will tell you who will give it to him, and fill his box, so that you may not want. It is God, who took care of you when you were weak; and who will ever take care of you, if you look to him, and pray to him.

Girl. Tell me how I may pray to him. He is so good, I wish to tell him what I feel.

Lady. He will have you tell him, day

by day, what you want; and he will have you love him. If you will sit by me, I will read to you from a good book of his love for you.

[Lady reads Mark x. 13—16 ; Luke xi. 1—4.]



THE FAN—*continued.*

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.



Girl. Here is a girl. Look at her pink coat. Here is her foot. She has a blue shoe. She is at play with the boy.

Miss! you must be good. You must tell the boy to be good; that we may

love him. All good folk will love him if he is good ; not else.

Now let us turn the fan. Now we will look at this side. Here is a nice pink. This is a rose. That is a fly.

Mamma. Now John will walk. Ring the bell. Go and walk with your maid.

Girl. Am I to go ?

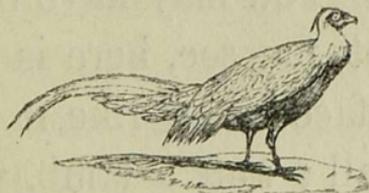
Mamma. As you like.

Girl. I like best to stay ; but John says with his hand, "Pray go." I will go, then ; dear boy, I will go with you

Mamma. Good girl !

Girl. John ! you must love me : I wish to stay here, and you hear that I may stay.

Mamma. Take hold of him, and lead him out. You will meet the maid at the door.



THE TOY-SHOP.

IN WORDS OF FOUR AND FIVE LETTERS.



Boy. I will have a gun. No, I will have this dog. May I not have both ?

Mamma. You may have both.

Boy. Let me see, here is a goat. Do look at his face : how like it is to a goat ! Here is a ball ; and a lamb, with wool on

it; just like my lamb that I feed at home. And here is a cock; can you crow? Crow; and tell us that it is time to rise. Can you not? What a tail he has! A fine tail! No, I will not have that, for his tail will soon be off. Some part of it is come off now.

Mamma. You must not pull, you do harm.

Boy. I did not pull hard.

Mamma. You are a long time.

Boy. Oh, here is a horse! I like this horse; I like his long tail. You shall not have your tail cut—no, nor your ears; but you cannot feel. Come, sir, walk and trot. Do you move well? I will rub you down, and give you oats and hay, and chop straw for you. I will be good to you, not whip you much—no more than just to say, “Now go on;” nor spur you, nor gall your poor skin; no, nor let the hair rub off. So—you set your tail well; but if you did not,

Tom must not nick you, no, nor yet dock your poor tail : you will want it to keep the flies from you, when it is hot. I see poor Crop toss his head all day ; he does it to keep the flies from him ; but it is all in vain, he can not keep them off. I will be good to you ; I will tend and feed you ; and I will not ride too hard, and hurt your feet ; nor trot on hard road, so as to make you fall, and cut your knees ; but I will pat your neck when I get up, and I will make you know me ; so that you will turn your head, and seem to like to have me get on your back. At night you must have a warm bed. When I have rode you in the day, I will see that you have good corn, and hay, and straw ; and Tom must wash the hot sand out of your poor feet, so that they may not ache, and make you grow lame.

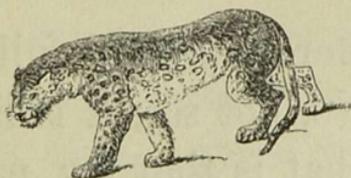
Mamma. I can not but give you the horse, as you seem to plan so well for

him. I hope you will be good and kind to all things.

Boy. I do not care now for the lamb, nor for the—

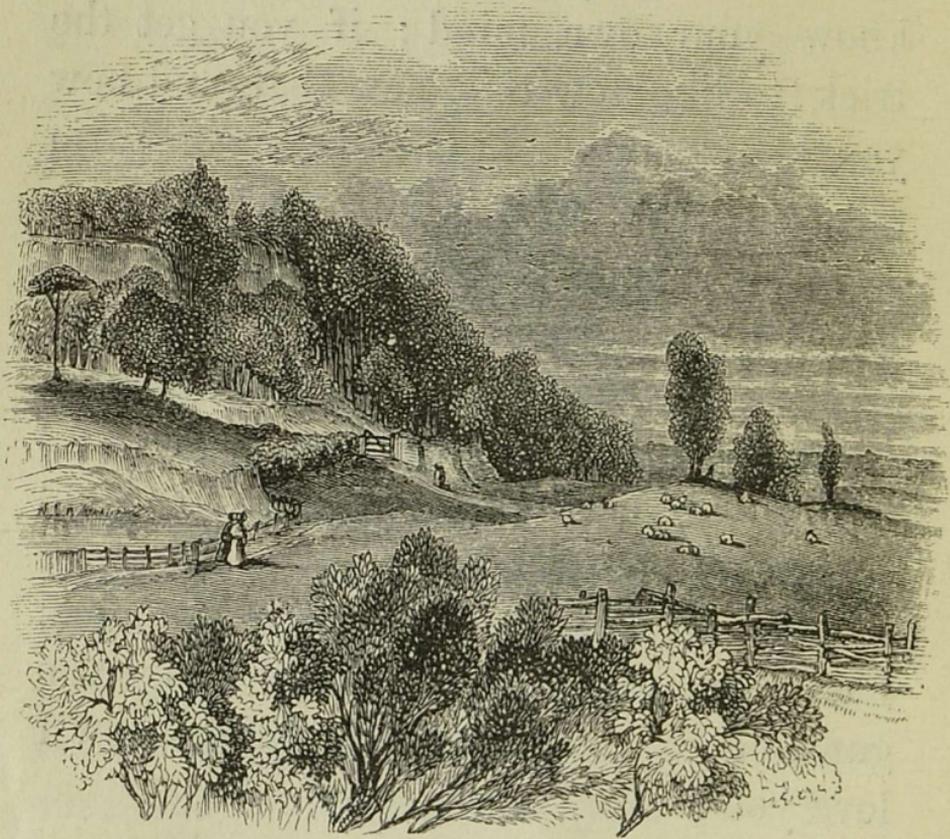
Mamma. My dear, I would have you know your own mind ; if you get the trick to like now this, now that, and now you know not what, it will do you harm all your life. So it is that boys and men spend too much ; so it is that they act like fools. I would give you all the toys in the shop if it were for your good to have them. The horse you have got ; now take some thing else ; take the gun : do you like the gun ?

Boy. I do : I thank you, mamma, I will keep the horse ; and I will give the gun to Jack. Oh ! my dear horse, how I love you !



THE WALK.

IN WORDS OF FIVE AND SIX LETTERS.



Boy. There is a field full of nettles.

Papa, No, not so ; it is hemp.

Boy. What is that for, papa ?

Papa. To make cloth of ; the stalk has a tough peel on it, and that peel is what they make thread of. The thread they weave, and make strong cloth.

Boy. I want to know all the trees : pray what leaf is this ?

Papa. That is an oak ; that bush is may ; we call it, too, white-thorn ; it blooms late in May ; its fruit are called haws ; so we call it haw-thorn. The birds eat the fruit.

That is the black-thorn ; that blooms soon in spring ; it has white bloom, and has then few or no leaves. The fruit is a sloe. They are like a small blue plum ; but so sour that you cannot eat them.

Boy. What is this ?

Papa. Wild rose ; its fruit are hips ; they are kept, and we take them for coughs. That is broom ; it has a bloom like a pea in shape, but it is yellow.

Boy. There is a bush of it in bloom.

Papa. No, that is furze ; such as you

see on heaths. Feel this ; broom does not prick like this.

Boy. I will keep a leaf of each, to show to James.

Papa. You may put them in a book, and write what I have told you.

Boy. I will get all sorts of plants ; and I will mark by each the name, the place, the bloom, the time when it blows, and the use which is made of it.

Boy. I like to see all the gay flowers come out in Spring

Papa. Did you not learn something last Sunday, from the second lesson, about flowers.

Boy. Oh, yes ; Mr. James read to us about God taking care of birds, and dressing the lilies of the field.

Papa. And what did you learn from this ?

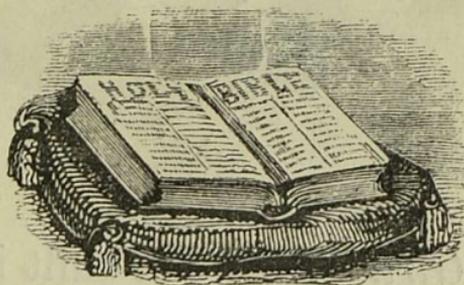
Boy. That he, who is our Father, will also take care of us, so that we shall not want food nor clothes.

Papa. Good boy to attend so well to what is read in church! If you always listen to what you hear there, you will get a lesson every Sunday, of which it will be joy to think through all the week after. Can you find me the place in the Bible?

Boy. I think I can. Here it is.

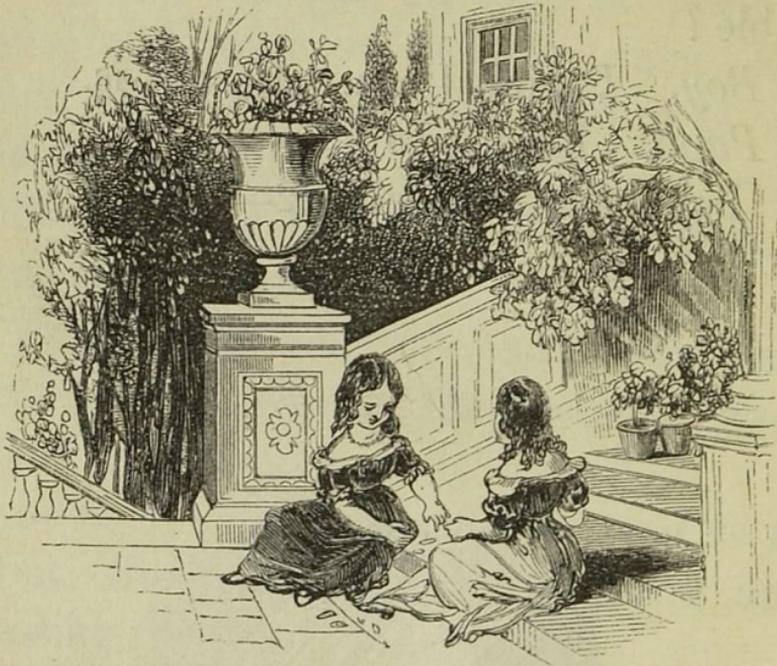
Papa. Read it to me.

[Boy reads Luke xii. 22—31.]



THE BABY-HOUSE.

IN WORDS OF SIX LETTERS.



First Girl. My doll's quilt is chintz—
What is this ?

Second Girl. Old point.

First Girl. Let us take the doll up.

Second Girl. With all my heart.

First Girl. Where are her clothes ?

Second Girl. Here they are ; some in this chest, and some hang in the press.

First Girl. Bless me ! what a nice press ! I have a chest at home in my doll's house, but I have no press.

Second Girl. Here are her shift and coat ; those shoes are her best, do not put them on ; take *these*.

First Girl. What gown does she put on ?

Second Girl. Her white one. I will take it out whilst you lace her stays.

First Girl. What is her best cloak ?

Second Girl. White ; with a neat blond lace round it.

First Girl. Mine has a muff ; has your doll a muff ?

Second Girl. No, she has not ; my aunt says she will teach me to do chain-stitch ; and then I am to work one.

First Girl. What is her best dress ?

Second Girl. You shall see them all. There is the gown which I like best.

First Girl. It is my dear mamma's work ; see how neat it is ; and there is a green silk.

Second Girl. My doll's best coat is brown, with a stripe of blue ; and she has a white, wrought with a moss rose, a pink, and a large bunch of leaves ; that was her best, but it is just worn out now : she must leave it off soon.

First Girl. Why does she wear it so long ?

Second Girl. I had a crown to buy her a piece of silk : as I went in the coach with my aunt to buy it, we met a poor child who had no clothes, but the worst rags which you can think.

First Girl. And you gave it to her ? My doll should wear her old gown for a long time, for the sake of such a use to put my crown to.

Second Girl. I had more joy in that

than I could have in my doll's new gown. Dolls cannot feel the want of clothes.

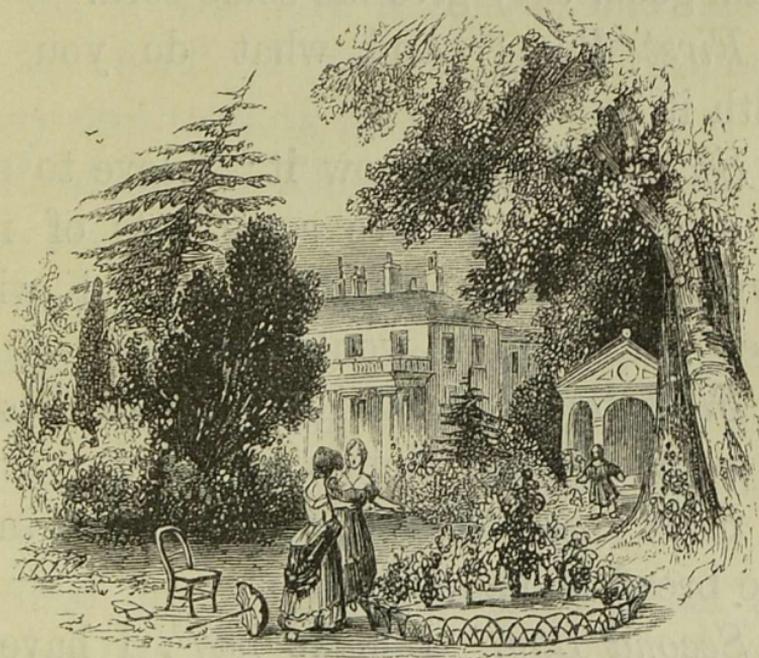
First Girl. Now let us go down stairs.



COBWEBS.

PART II.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN.



[THE little boy is supposed to be at the house of a tenant, and at play with the son of a tenant.]

First Boy. I see no toys ; how do you pass your time ?

Second Boy. I feed the hens and the ducks ; I see the calf fed.

First Boy. And what do you do else ?

Second Boy. I go out and see the men plough ; I see them sow : and when I am good, they give me some corn.

First Boy. And what do you do with it ?

Second Boy. I sow it : I love to see it come up. I have some oats of my own ; they are just come up : I wish they were ripe, we would cut them.

First Boy. What is done with oats ?

Second Boy. Horses eat them.

First Boy. We eat wheat. John says the bread is made of wheat.

Second Boy. I make hay ; I have a rake and a fork ; and I ride in the cart ; I rode last year.

First Boy. I ride in my papa's coach ; and I walk when it is fair and

warm : but I have no tools to work with ; I wish I had. I love a toy when it is new ; just the first day I love it ; the next day I do not care for it.

Second Boy. I have a spade and a hoe ; and I can work with them ; and am never tired of them. When I am a man, I will have a scythe, and mow in the field. I have a bit of ground of my own to work in.

First Boy. Where is it ? pray show it to me.

Second Boy. Here ; come this way. There, you see I have a rose bush ; I wish I could find a bud. Here is a white pink ; they blow in the Spring. Do you like pinks ?

First Boy. We have large pinks at home ; but these are as sweet. I thank you ; I should like pinks of my own.

Second Boy. I will give you some slips in June, and show you how to plant them ; and I can give you some seeds which I took care of last year.

First Boy. You are good to me, I am sure ; when you come to see me, I will ask for some fruit to give you.

Second Boy. I have a pear ; that tree is mine, and we get nuts.

First Boy. We have grapes, and figs, and plums ; but I love a peach best, it is so full of juice.

Second Boy. We have none of them ; I shall like to taste them. Now I will show you our bees ; the hives stand just by. When we take them up, you shall have some comb.



THE COUNTRY VISIT.



[A LITTLE lady is supposed to be come to see a tenant's wife.]

Miss. I like to walk in the fields, and to hear all that you can tell me.

Woman. I am glad to see you here, miss.

Miss. Pray, call me as you did when I came to you to stay ; you were so good to me ! you soon made me well. I like you should say, My dear : I love you. I ought to love those who are kind to me, and nursed me.

Woman. I do not think you would have been here now, my dear, if you had staid in town. I did not think you could live.

Miss. Where is my old friend Bet ? I want to walk with her.

Woman. She shall come ; she longs to see you ; I see her ; she is just by.

Little Girl. How do you do ? I am glad to see you here, miss.

Miss. Ah, Bet ! how you are grown ! I should scarce know you.

Little Girl. You are as much grown, miss ; you were but so tall when you were here.

Miss. Let us run and jump ; and I want to see all your things.

Little Girl. Will you like to see the cows ? or shall we go and look at the lambs ?

Miss. Oh ! yes, let us go.

Little Girl. They are just by. I have a tame lamb ; I rear it with milk, warm from the cow.

Miss. I like sheep, they look so mild. When I went home, I had a great deal to tell my sister ; she did not know that a lamb was a young sheep.

Woman. How could she, my dear, till she was told ? You would not have known if you had not been told.

Miss. I told her that we cut the wool off the backs of the sheep, and wore it. I told her how I had seen the lambs frisk and jump. I told her that I had seen you milk, and make cheese ;—she did not know that cream came off the milk !

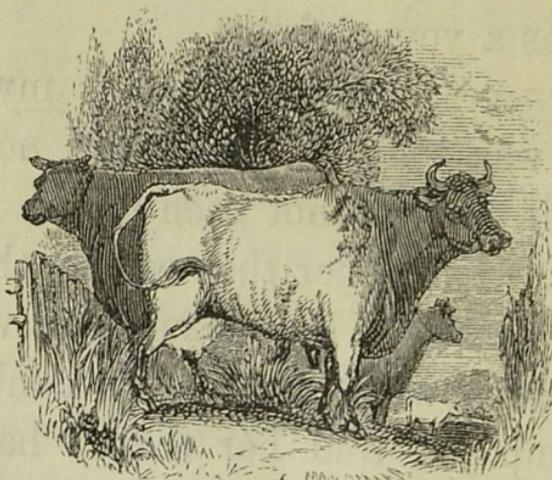
Woman. Did you know, when you came to me ?

Miss. No, I did not.

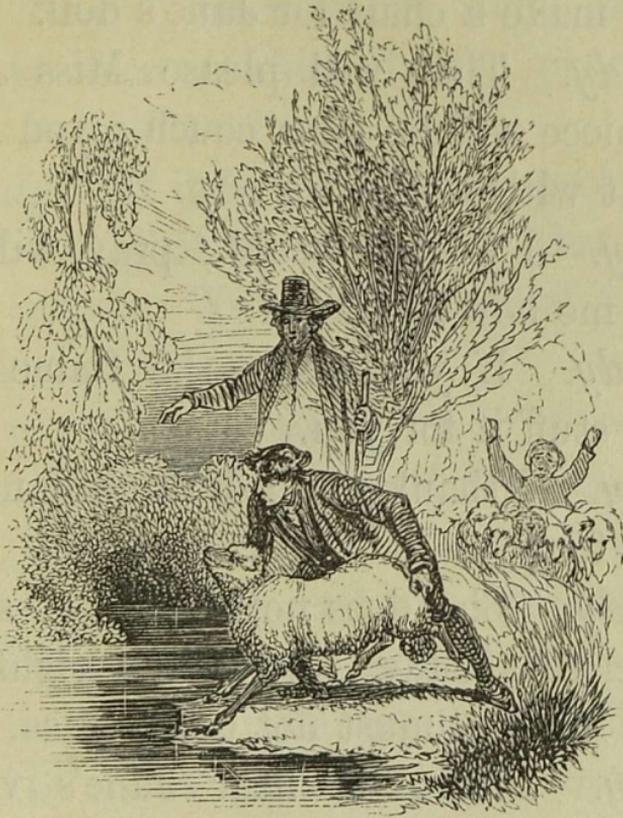
Woman. You cannot know what you are not taught.

Miss. Tell me more, and when I go home I will tell my sister.

Woman. Come with me, and we will talk.



THE KIND BROTHER.



Boy. Where is James ?

Lady. He is in the house : you may go to him there.

Boy. If you please, I like to stay here.

Lady. What shall we do ?

Boy. I wish to have my knife and a stick ; then with this small piece of board I will make a chair for Jane's doll.

Lady. That will please Miss Jane ; that piece will do for a couch ; you might stuff it with wool.

Boy. I wish I could ; pray, will you teach me how to do it ?

Lady. If you make the frame well, I will stuff it for you.

Boy. I thank you ; I think Jane will dance for joy.

Lady. She does not dream of such a nice chair. Stay, this is the right way to cut it ; you must not touch it so.

Boy. I think I hear Jane's voice ; I would not have her come till it is done. Will she thank me ?

Lady. Yes, sure ; she ought to thank you.

Boy. Why does she sleep in the day ?

Lady. She is a babe—you slept at noon when you were so young.

Boy. Now I do not sleep till night. I hear my ducks ; what do you quack for ? May I fetch them some bread ? Here is a crust which I left ; pray, may I give it to them ?

Lady. If it be clean, some poor child would be glad to have it ; that is a large piece. We will give chaff to the ducks.

Boy. This bread is made of wheat ; wheat grows in the earth ; wheat is a grain. I am to see Tom bind a sheaf : and when Tom goes home to shear his sheep, I am to see him. He will throw them in a pond ; plunge them in ! Our cloth is made of wool : how can they weave cloth ? and how can they stain it ? How light this chair will be ! it will not weigh much.

Lady. Who heard the clock ? I meant to count it. I left my watch in my room.

Boy. Why did you leave it ?

Lady. Miss Bet broke the chain last night.

Boy. I like to have my couch of green ; Jane loves green. What do you call this ?

Lady. A blush, or faint bloom ; some call it bloom of peach ; it is nearly white. That is quite white.

Boy. May I sit on the grass ? I love to sit in the shade.

Lady. The earth is as dry as a floor now.

Boy. If I could reach those sweet peas, I would get some seed ; they are such nice round balls, Jane likes them to play with.

Lady. You may go now and fetch a quill for me ; do not put it in your mouth. While you go, I shall go on with the work.

THE BEES.



A LITTLE boy was eating his supper ;
it was bread and milk with some honey.
“ Pray,” said the little boy, “ who makes
honey for my supper ?”

Mamma. The bees collect it.

Boy. Where do they find it ?

Mamma. In the flowers.

Boy. Where do the bees live ?

Mamma. Those which supply us with honey live in hives.

Boy. What are hives made of ?

Mamma. Ours are made of straw.

Boy. Pray, mamma, tell me a great deal about the bees whilst I eat my milk.

Mamma. In the night, and when the weather is cold, they keep in the hive. When the sun shines, and the days are warm, they fly abroad. They search far and near for such flowers as supply them with honey or wax. Of the wax they make cells, which we call comb. In some of the cells they lay up a store of honey, to support them in winter, when they cannot venture out to seek for food. In some of the cells they nurse their young ones, who have no wings. They are very neat creatures ; they keep the hive quite clean. They carry out the dead bees.

Boy. Who teaches the bees to do all this ?

Mamma. My dear, all that is good comes from God ; if you grow up to have any true wisdom, God is the giver of it ; and God gives all this skill to the bees.

Boy. I wish that I loved God more for all the good things that he gives us !

Mamma. I hope that, as you grow older, you will learn more how much God is worthy of the love of us all ; for he has done far better things for us, than he has done for the bees.

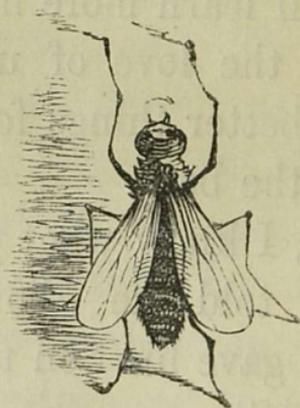
Boy. Ah, I know what you mean ; it is what you told me about last Good Friday : God gave his Son to die for us.

Mamma. Can you say the verse out of the Bible that I gave you to learn by heart on that day ?

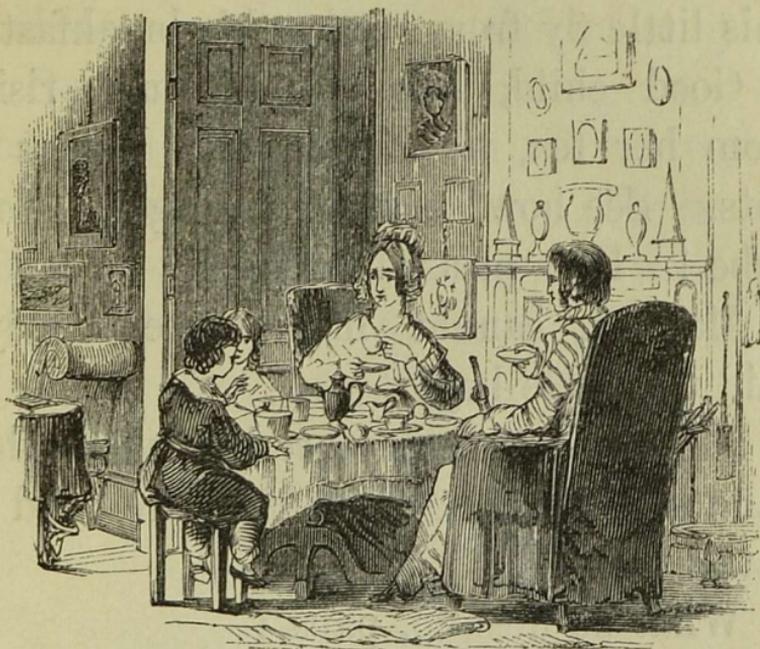
Boy. “God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” (Rom. v. 8.)

Mamma. Good child! I will read to you now some other verses from the Bible, that speak of God's love.

[She reads John iii. 16, 17; and 1 John iv. 9—11.]



THE FLIES.



THE next morning this same little boy was eating his breakfast. It chanced that the maid had let fall a drop of honey as she mixed his milk ; and a fly came and stood on the edge of his basin to suck it.

The good child laid aside his spoon to avoid frightening the poor fly.

What is the matter, William ? are you not hungry ?

Yes, mamma ; but I would not hinder this little fly from getting his breakfast.

Good child, said his mamma, rising from her tea, we will look at him as he eats. See how he sucks through his long tube ! How pleased he is !

Mamma, cannot flies make honey ? said the little boy.

No, said papa, they are like you ; they cannot make honey, but they are fond of eating it.

What do flies do, papa ?

Papa. They are as idle as any little boy of you all : they frisk and buzz about all the summer, feeding upon what is made by others.

Boy. And in the winter what do they do.

Papa. Creep in some little snug corner.

Boy. But what do they eat then ?

Papa. They sleep, and want no food.

Boy. It seems to me to be better to make honey like the bee, than to play and sleep away one's time like the fly.

Papa. I am glad to hear you say this, and I hope that you will strive and pray that you may act so. There is a little poem which teaches us this, and which I hope you will learn.

Boy. Pray, let me hear it.

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour ;
 And gather honey all the day
 From ev'ry op'ning flow'r !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
 How neat she spreads her wax !
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give, for every day,
 Some good account at last !

THE SPIDER.



A LITTLE boy saw a spider ; its legs were all packed close to its body ; the boy thought it was a bit of dirt, and was going to pick it up.

His mamma stopped him, lest he should chance to hurt the spider ; she told him that the poor creature had rolled itself up from fear ; that, if he stood still, he would soon see the spider move.

The little boy kept close and quiet some time, watching the spider ; he saw it unfold one leg, then another, till at last they were all loose, and away it ran. Then the little boy ran after his mamma, and heard the history of spiders.

She told him a great deal about them. Then she talked to him of other insects which disguise themselves to escape the dangers which they meet with.

She picked up a wood-louse, and laid it gently on his little hand. There, said she, you see the wood-louse roll itself into a little ball, like a pea : let it lie awhile, and when it thinks you do not observe it—

Ah ! mamma, it unrolls. Oh ! it will run away : shall I not hold it ?

No, my dear, you would hurt it.

I would not hurt any creature, mamma.

No, surely : He who made you, made all creatures to be happy.

THE BIRD.



A BOY was walking with his mamma ; he saw a bird fly past with some food in its mouth.

Boy. Is not that bird hungry ? for I see that he carries his meat fast in his mouth.

Mamma. She is a mother-bird, and has young ones in her nest.

Boy. Who makes the nest ?

Mamma. The old birds.

Boy. How do they make their nests ?

Mamma. Some make their nests of sticks ; some of dry leaves ; some use clay ; some straw ; they use all sorts of things ; each kind of bird knows what is fit for its use.

Boy. What do they make nests for ?

Mamma. To nurse their young in.

Boy. And are they warm ?

Mamma. The old birds line them with moss, with wool, with feathers, to make them warm and soft.

Boy. Where do they get all these things ?

Mamma. They fly a great way to fetch them ; and sometimes they pluck their own breasts to supply down for their young to lie upon.

Boy. How kind they are !

Mamma. So kind are good parents to their children.

Boy. Pray, why do birds sing ?

Mamma. One old bird sings, whilst one sits on the eggs.

Boy. Why do they sit on the eggs ?

Mamma. To keep them warm, so that they may hatch.

Boy. What do you mean by that, pray, mamma ?

Mamma. The young birds break the shells, and come out.

Boy. What do they do then ? do they fly ?

Mamma. Not at first : babes, you know, cannot walk.

Boy. But what do young birds do ?

Mamma. They lie in the nest, and gape for food.

Boy. And do they get it ?

Mamma. The old birds fly far and near to fetch it. You saw one with some in its bill.

Boy. I see a bird with some in its mouth.

Mamma. Do not make a noise, lest you fright the poor thing. Hush! hush! let us creep gently, and see the bird go to her nest.

They saw the bird alight on a bush just by; she hopped from twig to twig, till she got to the nest: she gave the little worm which she had in her beak, to her young, and then flew away in search of more.

Boy. Now may I talk?

Mamma. Yes, my dear: are you not pleased to see the birds?

Boy. Yes, mamma. When will the little ones fly?

Mamma. When they have got all their feathers.

Boy. How will they learn?

Mamma. The old birds will teach them to fly, as I taught you to walk.

Boy. I hope the little birds will always love their mothers. I shall always love you, mamma; pray, kiss me.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.



THERE were eight boys and girls of the name of Frelove ; their kind parents taught them to do as they were bid in all things. They were the happiest children in the world ; for, being used to control, they thought it no hardship to

obey their friends. When one of them had a mind to do anything, and was not sure whether it would be right, he went in to inquire, and was always content with the answer. If it was proper, he was certain to have leave; and if it was not proper, he had no longer a wish to do it, but was glad that he had asked.

Mr. and Mrs. Freelove took great pains with their children, and taught them, as soon as they could learn, all that was proper for their age: and they took delight in learning, so that it was a pleasure to teach them.

Such a family is the most pleasing scene upon earth.

For their parents knew how to lead them right. Every morning these children were taught to kneel down and pray to God through Jesus Christ to give them help and guidance through the day.

Every morning, also, each little child, as soon as it could speak plain, was taught a few words out of the Bible.

For the parents had learned, from the Psalms of holy David, that God's word is a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. *Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee. Blessed art thou, O Lord; teach me thy statutes.* (Ps. cxix. 11, 12.)

Every evening, also, each child was taught to kneel down, and humbly ask God pardon for what had been done wrong in the day, for the sake of Jesus Christ; and the parents hoped also that they should be enabled to lead their children to resolve heartily, with God's help, to do better for the time to come, if it should please God to raise them up to see another day.

God blessed the endeavours of these good parents.

The children were all very fond of

each other. No one had an idea of feeling joy in which the rest did not share. If one child had an apple, or a cake, he always parted it into eight pieces ; and the owner kept the smallest for himself ; and when any little treasure was given which could not be so divided, the rest were summoned to see it, to play with it, and to receive all the pleasure which it could afford.

The little folk were fond of books ; the elder ones would often lay aside their own to read aloud to the younger ones in such as were suited to them. In short, they were a family of perfect love. Each boy had a little piece of ground for a garden, in which he might work to amuse himself. It would have made you smile to see how earnest they were at their work, digging, planting, weeding : and sometimes they had leave to water. Each was ready to lend any of his tools to his brother. Each was happy

to assist in any plan, if his brother needed help.

The boys did the chief work in their sisters' gardens ; and their greatest joy was to present little nosegays to their mamma and sisters.

There were sheep kept upon the lawn ; the pretty creatures were so tame that they would eat out of a person's hand. You may believe that the children were very fond of feeding them ; they often gave them their little barrow full of greens. There was no danger of the little folk not thinking to perform so pleasing a task as this. One day George was reading aloud to a younger brother, whose name was William—"Do as you would be done by."

William. Pray, what does that mean ?

George. I will show you now : you hear the sheep bleat.

So he ran and got some greens, and gave to the sheep.

George. You see what it is to do as we would be done by: the poor sheep are hungry, and I fed them.

William. I should like to feed them; but I have no greens.

George. Here are some of mine; take some, and give it to them.

William. I thank you, brother; now you do by me as you would wish to be done by.

The next day William saw a poor woman standing on the outside of the iron gates. She looked pensive; and the child said, "What do you want, poor woman?"

Woman. A piece of bread; for I have had none to eat.

William had a bit in his hand; he had just begun to eat it. He stopped, and thought to himself—"If I had nothing to eat, and I saw a person who had a great piece of bread, what should I wish?—that he should give me some."

So the good child broke off all but a very little bit (for he was very hungry), and said, "You shall have this bread, which the maid gave me just now." "We should do as we would be done by."

"Good boy!" said his mamma, who chanced to pass that way, "come and kiss me."

William ran to his dear mamma, and hugged her, saying, "I am never so happy as when you say, Good boy."

Mamma. I was seeking for Mary, to tell her that Lady Lovechild has sent to have you all go with us ; but, for your reward, you shall carry the message to the rest. Go : I know it will give you great pleasure to rejoice your brothers and sisters.

THE STUBBORN CHILD



Mr. STEADY was walking out with his little son, when he met a boy with a satchel on his shoulder, crying and sobbing dismally. Mr. Steady accosted him, kindly inquiring what was the matter.

Mr. Steady. Why do you cry ?

Boy. They send me to school, and I do not like it.

Mr. Steady. You are a silly boy : what ! would you play all day ?

Boy. Yes, I would.

Mr. Steady. None but babies do that ; your friends are very kind to you. If they have not time to teach you themselves, then it is their duty to send you where you may be taught ; but you must take pains yourself, else you will be a dunce.

Little Steady. Pray, may I give him my book of fables out of my pocket ?

Mr. Steady. Do, my dear.

Little Steady. Here it is ; it will teach you to do as you are bid : I am never happy when I have been naughty ; are you happy ?

Boy. I cannot be happy ; no person loves me.

Little Steady. Why ?

Mr. Steady. I can tell you why ; because he is not good.

Boy. I wish I was good.

Mr. Steady. Then try to be so ; and pray to God to make you so. It is easier to be good than naughty, in the long run ; you will be very happy if you do as your parents and friends desire you.

Boy. But why should I go to school ?

Mr. Steady. Good children ask for no reasons : a wise child knows that his parents can best judge what is proper ; and, unless they choose to explain the reason of their orders, he trusts that they have a good one ; and he obeys without inquiry.

Little Steady. I will not say “ *Why,*” again, when I am told what to do ; but I will always do as I am bid directly. Pray, sir, tell the story of Miss Wilful.

Mr. Steady. Miss Wilful came to stay a few days with me. Now, she

knew that I always would have children obey me ; so she did as I bade her ; but she did not always do a thing as soon as she was spoken to, but would often whine out, “ Why ? ” That always seems to me like saying, I think I am as wise as you are ; and I would disobey you if I durst.

One day I saw Miss Wilful going to play with a dog, with which I knew it was not proper for her to meddle : and I said, “ Let that dog alone.” “ Why ? ” said Miss. “ I play with Wag, and I play with Phillis, and why may I not play with Pompey ? ”

I made her no answer ; but thought she might feel the reason soon.

Now, the dog had been ill-used by a girl who was so naughty as to make a sport of holding meat to his mouth, and snatching it away again ; which made him take meat roughly, and always be surly to girls.

Soon after, Miss stole to the dog, held out her hand as if she had meat for him, and then snatched it away again. The creature resented this treatment, and snapped at her fingers.—When I met her crying, with her hand wrapped in a napkin, “So,” said I, “you have been meddling with the dog. Now you know why I bade you let Pompey alone.”

Little Steady. Did she not think you were unkind not to pity her? I thought—(do not be displeased, papa,)—but I thought it was strange that you did not comfort her.

Mr. Steady. You know that her hand was not very much hurt, and the wound had been dressed when I met her.

Little Steady. Yes, papa, but she was so sorry.

Mr. Steady. She was not so sorry for her fault as for its consequences.

Little Steady. Papa!

Mr. Steady. Her concern was for the

pain which she felt in her fingers ; not for the fault which had occasioned it.

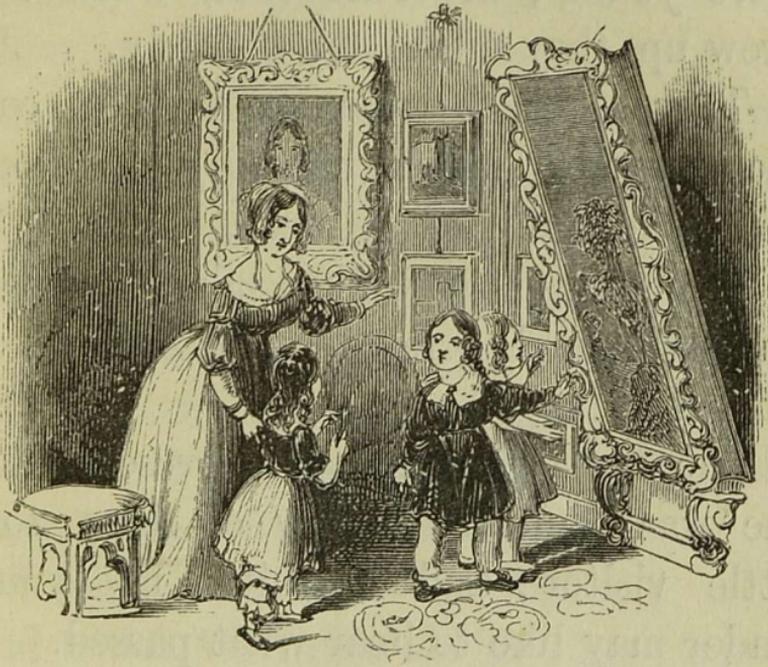
Little Steady. She was very naughty, I know, for she said she would get a pair of thick gloves, and then she would tease Pompey.

Mr. Steady. Naughty girl, how ill-disposed ! Then my lecture was lost upon her. I bade her, whilst she felt the smart, resolve to profit by Pompey's lesson ; and learn to believe that her friends might have good reasons for their orders, though they did not think it proper always to acquaint her with them.

Little Steady. I once cut myself with a knife which I had not leave to take, and when I see the scar, I always consider that I ought not to have taken the knife.

Mr. Steady. That, I think, is the school-house ; now go in, and be good.

THE PICTURES.



LADY LOVECHILD had one room in her house fitted up with books suited to little people of different ages. She had likewise toys, but they were such as would improve as well as amuse her little friends.

The book-room opened into a gallery, which was hung with prints and pictures, all chosen with a view to children ; all designed to teach little folks whilst they were young ; in order that, when they grew up, they might act worthily.

There were written accounts of each picture, with which her ladyship would often indulge good children.

Sometimes she walked about herself, and explained a few of the pictures to little guests.

One day I chanced to be present when she was showing a few of them to a little visitor ; and I think my young reader may like to hear what passed.

Lady Lovechild. That is Miss Goodchild ; I have read an account of her, written by her mamma. It is too long to repeat now, but I will tell you a part. She never disobeyed her parents ; never contradicted her brothers or sisters ; nor ever refused to comply with

any request of theirs: I wish you to read her character, for she was a pattern of goodness.

Miss. Pray, madam, was she pretty?

Lady Lovechild. She had a healthful colour, and her countenance was sweet, because she was always good-humoured. That smile on her mouth seems to say, "I wish you all happy." But it was not for her beauty, but her goodness, that she was beloved; and on that account only did I wish for her picture.

Miss. Pray, madam, why is that boy drawn with a frog in his hand?

Lady Lovechild. In memory of a kind action which he did to a poor harmless frog. You shall hear the whole story: I was taking my morning walk pretty early one day, and I heard a voice say, "Pray do not kill it; I will give you this penny, it is all I have, and I shall not regard going without my breakfast, which I was to have bought with

it." "You shall not lose your meal!" exclaimed I; "nor you, naughty boys, the punishment you deserve for your cruel intention!"

Miss. Pray, madam, what was the good boy's name?

Lady Lovechild. Mildmay, he was always a friend to the helpless; he never fought at school, except in defence of the little boys who were oppressed by elder ones.

Miss. How cruel it is in a great boy to be a tyrant!

Lady Lovechild. Dunces are often cruel. My young friend redeemed a linnet's nest from a stupid school-fellow, by helping him in his exercise every day for a fortnight, till the little birds were flown.

Here a servant entered the gallery, and announced company, which put an end to Lady Lovechild's account of the pictures.

THE HEDGE-HOG.



MASTER WILLIAM GENTLE was walking with his grandpapa: they met some boys who had a hedge-hog, which they were going to hunt. Mr. Gentle ordered them to release it. The boys pleaded that the hedge-hog would injure the

farmers, by sucking their cows; and that it therefore ought to be killed.

Mr. Gentle replied, "if it were proper to deprive the animal of life, it would be a duty to do it in as expeditious a manner as possible, and very wicked to torment the poor creature; but the accusation is false, and you are unjust as well as cruel. Release it this instant.

William. Will the hedge-hog be glad when he gets loose?

Grandpapa. Very glad.

William. Then I shall be glad too.

Grandpapa. I hope that you will always delight in making other creatures happy, and then you will be happy yourself.

William. I love to see the dog happy, and the cat happy.

Grandpapa. Yes, surely, and you love to make them happy.

William. How can I make them happy.

Grandpapa. By giving them what they want, and by taking kind notice of them.

William. Can I make my brothers and sisters happy ?

Grandpapa. You can each of you make yourself and all the rest of the children happy, by being kind and good-humoured to each other ; willing to oblige, and glad to see the others pleased.

William. How, pray ?

Grandpapa. If you were playing with a toy, and Bartlet wished to have it, perhaps you would part from it to please him ; if you did, you would oblige him.

William. Should not I want it myself ?

Grandpapa. You would be pleased to see him delighted with it, and he would love you the better ; and when George goes out, and you stay at home, if you love him as well as you do yourself, you will be happy to see his joy.

William. I shall be happy to see his joy.

Grandpapa. Your parents are always watching over you all for your good ; in order to correct what is amiss in your tempers, and teach you how you ought to behave ; they will rejoice to see you fond of each other, and will love you all the better.

William. Grandpapa, I remember that my brother wrote a piece last Christmas, which you called Brotherly Love ; I wish I could remember it.

Grandpapa. I recollect it—you shall learn to repeat it.

William. I shall like that : pray let me hear it now, sir.

Grandpapa. You shall.

“ The children of one family should
 “ be like the fingers on a hand, each help
 “ the other, and each in his separate
 “ station promote the good of the whole.

“ The joy of one should be the joy
 “ of the whole.

“Children in a house should agree
 “together like the birds in a nest, and
 “love each other.”

William. I thank you, grandpapa :
 I remember Watts’s hymn—

“ Birds in their little nests agree ;
 And ’tis a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Grandpapa. I think, too, there is
 something in your Catechism which puts
 this duty of being kind to each other
 much stronger.

William. What do you mean ?

Grandpapa. What were you made at
 your baptism ?

William. A member of Christ, the
 child of God, and an inheritor of the
 kingdom of heaven.

Grandpapa. What do you mean by
 those words, *member of Christ* ?

William. A limb, or part of Christ’s
 body.

Grandpapa. Well, if you look into St. Paul's first Epistle, or letter, to the Corinthians, the 12th chapter, from the 12th to the 27th verse, you will see that the Catechism speaks the same language as the Bible.

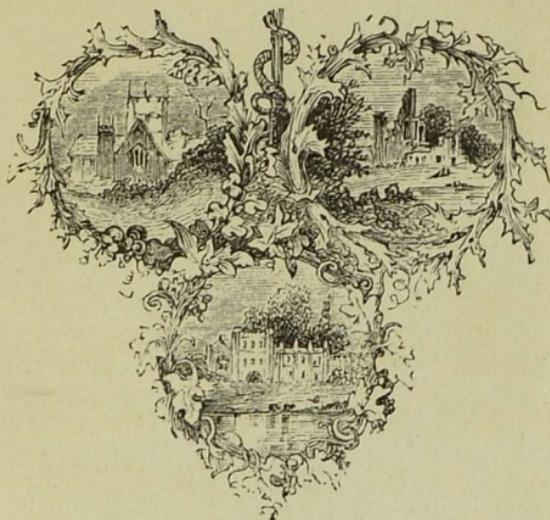
William. Mr. James told us also to look to Eph. v. 30, and to Rom. xii. 5, for the reasons for that expression, "member of Christ."

Grandpapa. And if you are God's children, do you not think you ought to love each other?

William. Mr. James often speaks to us of God's love to us; and reads to us verses out of the first Epistle of St. John, which he says is full of love.

Grandpapa. St. John was our Saviour's beloved disciple; and it is said that, when he was an old man, and could not say much, through weakness, he would repeat, over and over again, "Little children, love one another." (1 John iv. 7, 8.)

There will be nothing but love and joy in heaven, for in heaven there will be no more sin. (Rev. xxi. 10—27, and xxii. 1—5.)



LONDON:

PRINTED BY S & J BENTLEY, WILSON, AND FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

37131009 530 064

✓
C

