

The Little Reader.

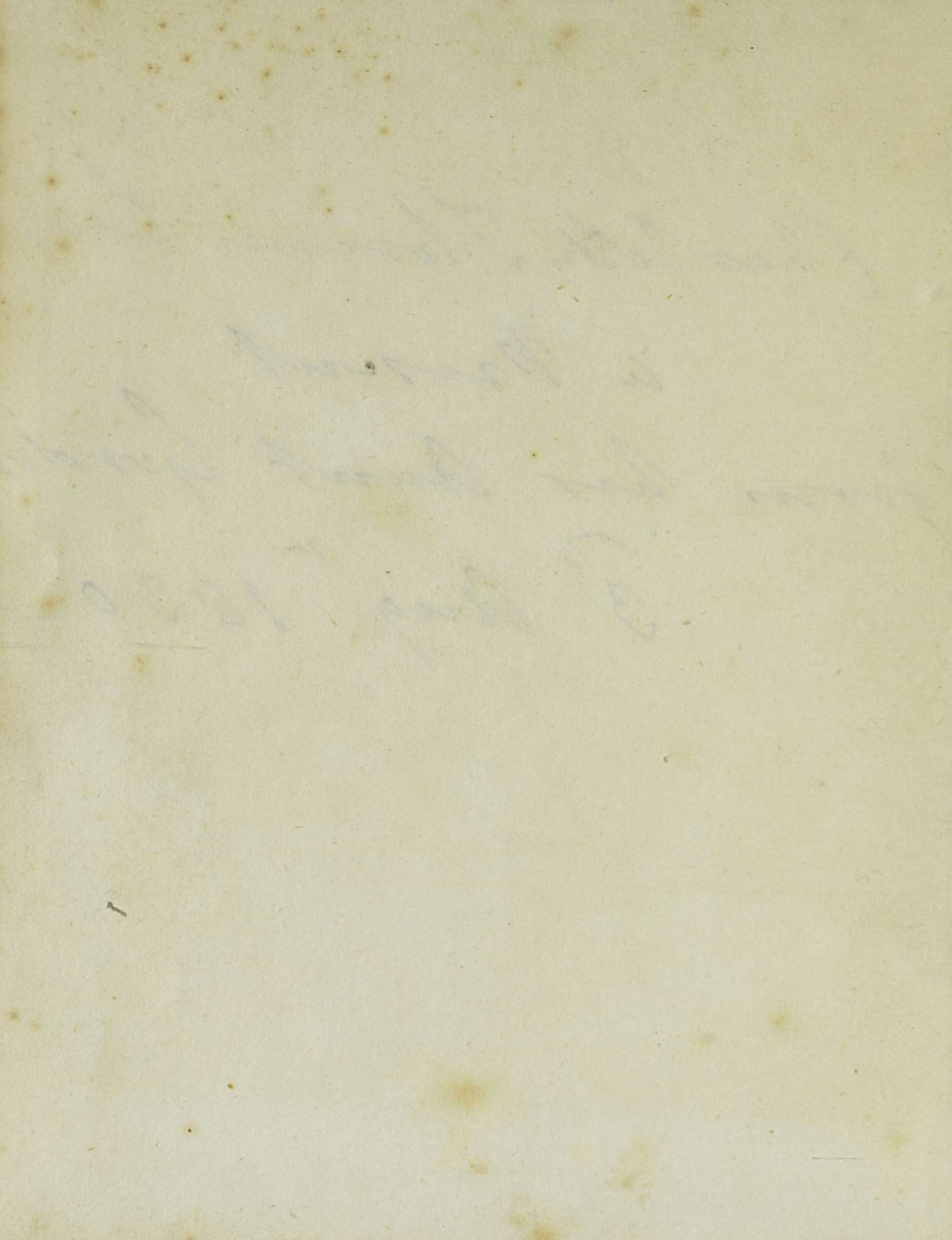


Charlotte Florence Gordon

a Present

from her Aunt Gordon

3 Aug^r 1830—



THE FISHER-BOY.



*C. F. Gordon ed.
August 3. 1830.*

THE
LITTLE READER;

A
Progressive Step
TO
KNOWLEDGE.

We are disposed to think favourably of any plan which unites
amusement with instruction.

EDGEWORTH.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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

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THE LITTLE READER,

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE ONLY.

I HAVE a peach. It grew on a peach-tree. Jane has a ripe plum in her hand. It grew on the plum-tree, by the brick wall. The brick wall is built of red bricks. Bricks are made of clay. Clay is dug out of the ground. The bricks are burnt to dry them when they are made, for the clay is damp when it first comes out of the ground, and they would not do to build walls with if they were left damp and wet.

Bread is made of corn. Corn grows in the fields. It has long stalks, and the ear or grain grows at the top of the stalks. When it is quite ripe, men go into the fields with sharp hooks in their hands and cut it down. They then take it to a barn and thrash it, with great flails, to beat the grain from the stalks. The grain is then sent to the mill, where it is ground into flour, and of this flour bread, and cakes, and buns, and pies, are made.

God made the corn to grow. We ought to thank Him for it.

Beer is made of malt. Malt is made of corn as well as bread. Wine is made of grapes. Grapes grow in France. The trees on which grapes grow are vines. The vines grow up long poles. Poles are made of the young shoots of trees, which spring up from the ground, and are cut off when they have grown

THE GIRL'S SCHOOL.



as high as the poles need be. Men, and boys, and girls, get the grapes when they are ripe. They put them into great tubs, and then tread on them to squeeze out the juice. The juice makes wine.

THE GIRL'S SCHOOL.

As I went down a green lane one day I saw a girl with a book in her hand. She told me that her name was Ann, and that she had learnt to read at school, and she led me to the door of the house where she went to school. I went in and sat down on one of the forms. There were five boys there and ten girls, and all of them had a book in their hands. Ann said her task, and then did some work. She made part of a child's cap. When she had done it she put it up in her bag, and hung up her bag in its place, and got her hat off

the hook in the hall, and ran out of doors to play. At first she thought she should like best to play at ball, and then at hide and seek with some of the girls who were at play too, but at last she said she would sit down on the grass and dress her doll. Her doll had on a hat made of straw, with a blue band round it, and a white frock, and red shoes, and it had a pink sash too, round its waist. Ann's aunt gave her the doll, for she had been a good girl one day when she went to tea with her. Ann was but six years old, but all were fond of her, for she was a good girl both in school and out of school. Ann's aunt was fond of good girls. I am fond of good girls too.

Will you tell me what Ann learnt at school?

Yes : she learnt to spell, and to read, and to write, and to work ; and she had a desk where she kept her slate, and her books, and her

pens, and maps; and a bag in which she kept her thread, and her tape; and her pins, and her work. One day she had learnt a long verse, which she said so well that Miss C. gave her a piece of cake. She did not eat it up at once, but laid it by, and said she would take it home with her. As she went home she saw a poor blind man who said he should be glad of a bit of bread, for he had not had a bit all day. Ann was a kind girl, and she said, "Poor old man, I will give you my cake." And the poor man was so glad of it, and he said he would play her a tune on his flute; and when he had done so, Ann said, "If you will go home with me, I will give you some bread and meat for you to eat by-and-by when you are in want of more food." And the poor man went with Ann down the lane, and through a gate that led into a field, till they came to a large white house, which she told

him was her home. And then she went into the house and brought him out some bread and meat, and he said, "Thank you, dear miss, I wish all were as kind as you are, for I am a poor blind old man, and my dog is all I have in the world." And the tears ran down his thin cheeks when he said this, and Ann was glad that she had done what she could, and that she had had some cake and some bread and meat for the poor old man.

IN WORDS NOT EXCEEDING TWO SYLLABLES.

THE IDLE GIRL.

I once knew a little girl, whose name was Lucy. Her mamma sent her to the same school where Ann went, that she might learn to work, and read, and write, for she wished her little daughter to become a clever girl, that she might teach her younger brothers and

THE IDLE GIRL.



sisters when old enough to do so. But, I am sorry to say, Lucy was idle and careless, and liked play better than school, and one morning, when all the rest of the girls were busy writing their copies and doing their sums, Lucy ran out of the school-room into the garden, and seated herself on the grass under an old elm-tree to play with a little dog named Flora. Flora was very fond of Lucy, for she was very fond of him, and they had many a game of play on the lawn. Sometimes she threw a leather ball to a little distance, that he might run after it and bring it back to her in his mouth; and sometimes she held her hands in the form of an arch, that Flora might spring over them, and when tired of this employ, up she jumped and ran round and round the old elm-tree, whilst little Flora chased after her, wagging his tail, and looking as merry as his mistress.

Now this would have been all very well at a proper time, but it was not right of Lucy to go and idle away her time during school-hours without even asking leave, for children ought to *work* when they *work*, and to *play* when they *play*.

As soon as the clock struck twelve, all the children who had been busy in the school-room put up their slates, and their copy-books, and their pens, and their pencils, and their work, and went to play. And as they were running into the play-ground their mistress told them, that as they had been good children during the morning, they might walk down the lane into the meadows, near her house, and gather as many cowslips and blue-bells as they liked, and that, instead of having any more school that day, they might make a garland of their

flowers, and amuse themselves out of doors till tea-time.

Away they ran, full of joy and glee, for they knew that Miss C. gave them this treat as a reward for having done their lessons so well.

Was Lucy among them?

No: as she had left school to play with little Flora during the time that she ought to have been learning her lessons, her mistress called her in, when the rest of the girls were gone, and said to her, "Lucy, as you ran into the garden without asking leave, before twelve o'clock, and before you had either said your spelling, or written your copy, you must come in and do them after dinner, instead of going into the fields with your little friends, whom I have given leave to miss school, that they may gather flowers and enjoy themselves

in the open air this fine day. I like to reward good girls, but I must punish idle ones that they may do better in future.”

I suppose Lucy did not play with her little dog Flora during school-hours again ?

No : when Miss C. told her that she was to learn her lessons, instead of going out of doors with the rest of the girls, she began to cry, and she cried for a long time without ceasing. But as no one took any notice of her, she dried up her tears at last, and said to herself, “ I will learn my tasks as well as I can, that Miss C. may forgive me ; and I will not run out of the school-room during school-time any more, for how happy I might have been this bright sunny day out in the nice green fields, instead of sitting here all alone.”

It was wise of Lucy to resolve to do so,

THE HOLIDAY.



and I believe she kept her word, and became in due time a good and clever girl.

Children! you are young; and now, whilst you are young, you should strive to store your minds with useful knowledge, that in case you live to become men and women, you may gain the respect and esteem of your friends and of all around you.

THE HOLIDAY.

I should like very much to know what the girls did to amuse themselves the other day. They went arm-in-arm, chatting with each other, down the green lane that led to the fields. It was a very pretty lane, and the banks on each side of it were almost studded over with flowers. There were blue-bells on their slender stalks, bending towards the green moss beneath them; and cowslips, whose yel-

low blossoms scented the air with their soft fragrance; there were primroses growing in little tufts beneath the wild hawthorns, whose crimson petals were just peeping from their long-folded buds; as well as many others of equal beauty and fragrance. Mary, and Jane, and Phebe, and Clara, and Susan, had each a little basket to put their flowers in, and they stopped to gather as many as they could as they rambled along; and when their baskets were full they joined the rest of their young friends, and sat down under a hedge, in one of the meadows, and wove a wreath, or garland of them, which they tied round Anna's straw hat, because it was her birth-day. When they had rested themselves for some time, they began to play; some of them tossed ball, and some of them skipped with a rope along the broad gravel walks in the garden, whilst others, who were of a graver turn, went in doors again,

and reached their paint-boxes and pencils, and tried to copy, or make drawings of the pretty flowers they had found during their walk. All were happy, for all were good; and to be good is to be happy.

If I had been one of the girls at that school, I would have tried to paint a flower, for I like trying to paint, and when I am older I hope my mamma will allow me to learn to draw. Do you think drawing is of any use?

Yes: I think it is of great use sometimes. When children can draw flowers and landscapes very nicely, they often become fond of the works of Nature; they like to gather a new flower, and to carry it home, that they may have the pleasure of trying to copy it; and they also like to learn its name, and to enquire into its habits, its structure, and its use. It is right to be fond of the works of

Nature. They are God's works. He made the bright blue sky and the little light clouds that skim along it; He formed the world that we live in; the green trees, and the verdant meadows, and the clear streams that murmur through them, are the work of His hands. He made the flowers that grow in the fields and gardens, and caused their fragrant blossoms to expand. He made the sun also, to give light and heat; the moon to shine in the night when the sun is set; and the stars that twinkle on high, and look so bright and sparkling. He also made all living things; the little birds that hop from spray to spray, and sing such sweet notes of grateful joy; as well as those that soar into the air, or skim the surface of the azure sea, and dip their white wings in the waves. He made you also; He gave you life, and health, and friends. Surely you will

praise Him because He is so great : surely you will love Him because He is so good.

IN WORDS OF ONE, TWO, OR THREE SYLLABLES.

You told me, one day, that it is a good thing for children to know how to draw, because it often leads them to be fond of the works of Nature. Are men and women's drawings of any use?

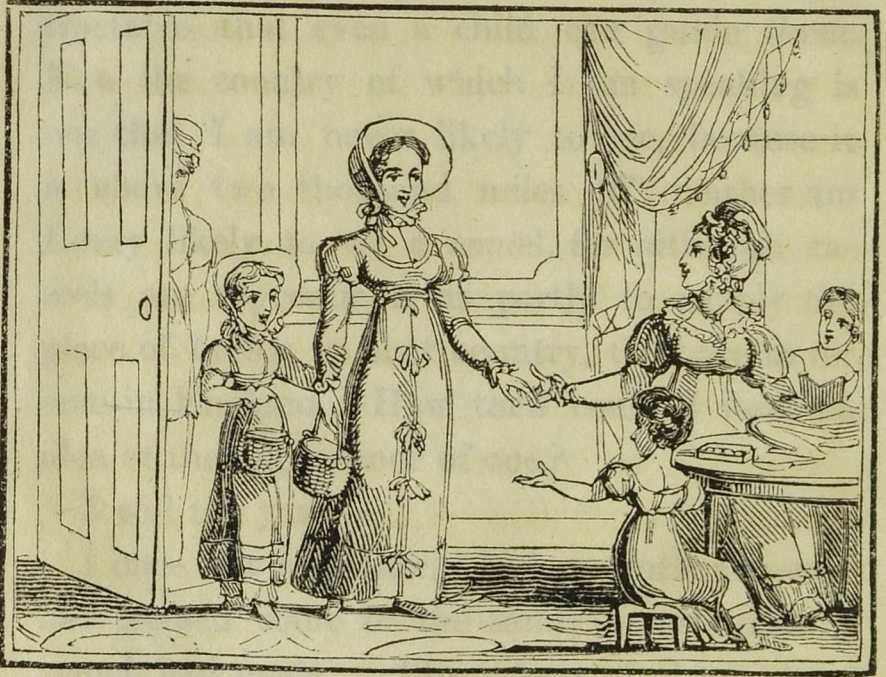
I have heard of a country, a long way off, where, instead of such green fields and large woods as we have in England, there are large sandy deserts, many miles in extent, and with scarcely a tree or shrub to be seen upon them. The people who live there have no settled home, but wander from place to place, and carry their tents with them, which they can erect and take down at pleasure. They em-

ploy large animals, called camels, to carry their burdens ; and they often ride, themselves, upon these useful creatures, which are so quiet and tractable that even a child can guide them. Now the country of which I am speaking is one that I am never likely to see, because it is above two thousand miles off ; neither am I very likely to see a camel, for although camels are so common as partly to supply the place of horses in that country, they are never seen in England. How then could I form an idea of the appearance of one ?

I will tell you :—

I once saw a picture, which a gentleman who had crossed some of the sandy deserts upon a camel, had made, and by means of this picture I was enabled to form a good idea both of the country, which consists almost entirely of wide sandy plains, without either trees or verdure, and also of the patient useful animal, which is

THE MORNING CALL.



called the "ship of the Desert," and which will travel day after day under the heat of a burning sun, with heavy loads upon its back, in compliance with the will of its master.

Will you tell me what sort of an animal it seemed to be?

Its height appeared to be about six feet, and its body was covered with dusky, or ash-coloured hair. It had a short head, small ears, and a long bending neck; and had two large humps on its back.

Thus you see pictures are of use; they enable us to fancy how places and things look that we have never seen.

THE MORNING CALL.

Who is this pretty little girl with a basket in her hand?

It is little Ellen A.: she has been taking a morning walk, and is come with her mamma

to call upon some of her young friends. How busy they appear to be, seated round the work-table! What do you think they are about? They are making baby-clothes for poor people. One of them is running the tuck of a frock, and another is hemming a cap-border, which her mother has been so kind as to cut out for her. Ellen is come to assist them, for she also likes to work for the poor, who are often badly off, and unable to work for themselves. She has brought her thimble and scissors, and her needle-book, for she is a clever little work-woman, and knows very well what is likely to be wanted. The basket that Ellen carries in her hand was made by a poor blind girl. In some large towns there are houses, called blind asylums, where poor blind people are taught to work, and to earn their livelihood by the labour of their own hands. I once visited one, and was much pleased with

watching the children, who were all busily employed: some of them were weaving hearth rugs, and others were plating straw, whilst the greater part of them were making baskets. They seemed to be very contented and happy, although deprived of the blessing of sight, and the quickness with which their little fingers moved was wonderful. Some of the elder boys had prepared the osiers, of which the baskets were made, (and which grew in a damp place near the asylum,) by peeling off the outer bark and splitting them in two.

What a good thing it is that poor blind children can be employed so usefully. Surely those who are blest with sight ought never to waste their time, but endeavour to employ it in such a manner as to promote the welfare of their fellow-creatures, or conduce to their own improvement.

Almost every thing is of some use or other. Willows, which grow in damp marshy places, may be made into baskets and hampers and sieves. Rushes, which grow by the sides of brooks in moist meadows, are useful for making door-mats. Heath, which is a little shrubby plant bearing purple blossoms, is often used by the peasants of Scotland, not only for firing their ovens and thatching their cottages, but also for making the beds upon which they sleep. You would think it very hard had you to exchange your soft bed for one of heath, but habit renders every thing easy. The peasant of Scotland, wrapped in his Highland plaid and his tartan cap, wanders over the wild barren mountains of his native country, piping a shrill whistle as he trips merrily along, regardless whether a pillow of down, or a coarse bed of heath, awaits him on his return to his own beloved home. Our heavenly Father has wise-

ly ordered that the natives of every country should prefer their own land before any other, wherever or whatever it may be. The English peasant delights in his own white-washed cottage, with its little garden well stocked with useful herbs and flowers, and its roses and woodbines peeping in at the small casement windows, or covering the rustic porch; and its clean fire-side, around which he sees his children gaily playing, or their mother nursing the prattling infant on her knee;—the Irish Paddy loves his little mud-built cabin, dirty and untidy as it is; and although pigs and ducks and geese and children, are the united inmates, prefers it to the more cleanly cottage of the English labourer;—whilst the contented Scotch Highlander thinks his own country of pine-covered hills and barren plains, the best country in the world.

It is a happy thing for people to be satisfied

with the state in which Providence has placed them. +

IN WORDS OF ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, OR MORE
SYLLABLES.

The world in which we live is divided into four parts or quarters: Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. England is in Europe, and as we live in England, we live in Europe also, and are called by the natives of other parts of the world Europeans. England is a very pleasant country to live in. Part of the year, called summer, is generally very warm and pleasant; and although part of the year is cold, yet it is never so cold here as it is in some other parts of Europe.

What would you think of a country where the ground is always covered with snow, and where the sun does not rise for three months together?

Is there such a country ?

Yes : and it is called Lapland. If you look on the map, you will see that it is situated to the north of Europe. It is a very cold country, so cold that the people are obliged to wear great thick fur caps, and coats, and boots, to keep themselves tolerably warm. They live in little huts, made of the branches of trees and reindeer skins, instead of brick and stone houses, such as we have in England. When they want to go out, they ride in sledges drawn by reindeer ; for of what use would a carriage or post-chaise be, in a country which consists of immense trackless deserts covered with snow, as the wheels would be quickly clogged up, and all farther progress prevented ? The sledge, however, presents no inconvenience of this kind, for as it is made in the form of a boat with a flat bottom, it is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is designed.

When the Laplander wishes to take a ride for the sake of amusement, or in search of game, he blows a horn to summon his favourite animal, (which immediately obeys the well-known signal,) harnesses it to the sledge by two leather girths, muffles himself up in his great bear-skin coat, jumps in, and is out of sight in a minute or two; and so quickly do the reindeer travel, that they will sometimes pass over hill and dale two or three hundred miles in a day.

THE LAPLANDER AND HIS REINDEER.*

Come, bring me my bear-skins, and haul out
the sledge,

And then yoke my sturdy reindeer;

Replenish my brandy and travelling bag,

That I may commence my career.

* This verse is taken from a little collection called "A Sister's Poems," by the same author.

Now all things completed,
The Laplander seated,
Glides swiftly across the smooth snows ;
Regardless of danger,
A venturesome ranger,
Over mountains, through valleys, he goes ;
And merrily tunes, as he hastens along,
Some favourite ballad or popular song.

A bird scarce could fly
Through the cloud-covered sky
More rapidly than the reindeer
Skims over the plain,
While in search of wild game,
His owner admits not a fear ;
And on as he travels, e'en mile after mile,
Requires no companion the hours to beguile.

Not a shrub can he see,
Save the spiral fir-tree,

Or a few stunted plants on the plain ;
For so deep is the snow
That no verdure can grow,
Or, at least, long its beauty retain
In this uncongenial and desolate clime,
Where few things can flourish or come to their
prime.

And now having arrived
At his little wee hut,
Composed of some bark and a skin ;
He exults in the thought
Of the treasures he's brought,
And thinks happiness waits upon him :
He cares not for the riches by others possest,
But, enjoying his own, thinks himself the most
blest.

And though we may deem
That the Laplander's scheme

Is not half so good as our own ;

And though we may not

Desire just such a cot

To regard as our dear cherish'd home ;—

One reflection at least from *his* state may
arise—

That contentment the best source of pleasure
supplies.

THE BENEVOLENT GIRL.

As Phebe was one day walking in a wood, near the village in which her parents lived, in search of wild strawberries, she saw a poor man lying down under a tree. He told her that he was lame, in consequence of an accident he had met with a few months before, and that he had been out of work ever since, and unable to provide for his family. Phebe was very sorry for him, and she tried to think

what she could do to assist him. She had no purse in her pocket, and she looked at her basket of strawberries and said to herself—they will be of no use to him, for he is hungry. After a pause, she recollected that she had a shilling at home, which she had been laying by to purchase a new book next time she went to London, and she said to herself, “I can wait for my book a few months longer, but this poor man is ill, and in immediate want of money. I will run and fetch the shilling; it will give me greater pleasure to bestow it on him than to spend it on myself.” Away ran the kind benevolent girl, and I have no doubt but that she did experience more satisfaction in presenting her little donation to the poor beggar-man, than she would have done in indulging herself with a new picture-book.

She exercised both benevolence and self-denial. To be kind to those who are in dis-

THE BENEVOLENT GIRL.



tress is to be benevolent; to deny ourselves some gratification, in hopes of adding to the happiness or benefit of others, is to practise self-denial.

Will you tell me how I might practise self-denial? I have no shillings laid by to bestow on poor people as Phebe had; neither have I any piece of cake to give away, like little Ann.

Yes: I will tell you how you may exercise self-denial, without shillings and without cake. When you happen to have any little pleasures in anticipation, such, for instance, as a ride with your papa, or a walk in the meadows, and you oblige your sister by relinquishing, or giving up, either of these indulgences to her, you exercise self-denial. When you are employed in reading some entertaining book, and on hearing either of your young friends or companions express a wish to peruse it, give

it up to them before you have finished it yourself;—or when you feel ready to express a hasty sentiment, or an unkind word, and endeavour to check yourself, for fear of hurting the feelings of others, you exercise self-denial.

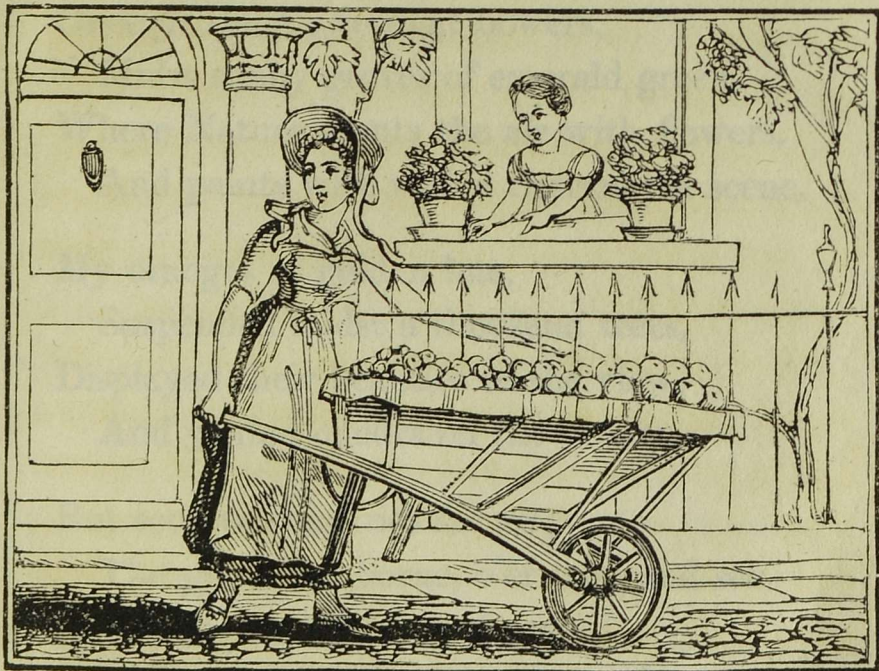
Thus you see there are different methods of exercising self-denial, and of a kind as amiable and praiseworthy as that practised by either Phebe or Ann.

How pleasant it would be if every one would endeavour to become good and amiable, and to gain the love and esteem of those around them by acts of kindness and consideration, and by the constant desire of giving up their own little gratifications, when they can by so doing promote the happiness of others.

THE ORANGE GIRL.

What a good-tempered looking girl this is with her barrow of oranges! She is wheeling

THE ORANGE GIRL.





them about in hopes of disposing of them, for she earns her livelihood by selling fruit.

Once in Italia's verdant bowers,
Midst sunny groves of emerald green,
Where Nature scents the air with flowers,
And paints with varied charms the scene,

My oranges of golden hue,
Suspended midst a thousand trees,
Displayed their beauties to the view,
And wafted odours on the breeze.

But soon to countries far away
The prize was borne, o'er land and sea,
And now, my lady fair, I pray
That you will purchase them of me.

Oranges grow in Italy, as well as in Spain, two large countries in the south of Europe. The climate those countries is very warm,

so that many fruits grow there which do not grow here. Lemons, almonds, raisins, citrons, olives, and tamarinds, grow there, as well as flowers of every hue and fragrance; in short, so delightful is the climate, so numerous the productions of Nature, that the former has been sometimes termed the Garden of Europe.

I think it would be very agreeable to travel in Italy; it seems, from your account, to be such a pleasant country.

Yes: but there are other countries quite as agreeable to live in. Some possess one advantage, and some another. We are very well off in our own happy England; for although we do not wander in orange groves and myrtle bowers, or gaze upon an ever cloudless sky, or enjoy an almost perpetual summer, we have many advantages of which Italy cannot boast, and we ought to be very grateful to that great

and good Being to whom we owe our unnumbered blessings.

After all, however, our happiness depends, in a great degree, *upon ourselves*, without reference to circumstances either of clime, country, or situation. I will tell you why. Children as well as grown up people *are happy only when they are good*; and therefore, although a little girl may be in possession of every external enjoyment, such as a large house to live in, a fine garden and shrubberies to walk in, servants to attend her, and a carriage to ride in when she goes out, it is possible she may not be happy; for unless she is good-humoured and kind to those around her, so as to gain their esteem and affection, she cannot be happy; if she is fretful and peevish, and idle, she cannot be happy; if she is careless when attending to her lessons, like the little Lucy whom

you read about some time ago, she cannot be happy :—in short, her happiness depends upon herself ;—*she must be good and amiable*, and then all the enjoyments her heavenly Father has bestowed upon her will be doubly valued, and her happiness will be not only durable but continually increasing.*

THE FISHER-BOY.

There was once a poor man who lived in a small hut near the sea-shore, and who had a large family to support by his own industry. He was a fisherman by trade, and he used to go down to the sea-shore every morning, as soon as the tide was gone out, to take the fish from the wicker baskets, which were placed at the foot of some high rocks that shelved down

* An intelligent teacher will ask her little pupil to explain this, and endeavour to make her comprehend what is meant.

into the sea, in order to carry them out to sell. His little son Alfred usually attended him on these expeditions : he was a steady little fellow, and was of great use to his father in assisting to hang out the nets to dry when they were done with, (when he fished, as he sometimes did, with nets,) and in collecting shrimps and muscles ; and one day as he was running along by his side, he said, “ I hope, father, we shall have a good catch to-day ; and, if you like, I will carry your basket to Mrs. C.’s, and try to sell some for you.” “ Yes : you may if you please, my boy,” said his father. Alfred was very glad that his father acceded so readily to his proposal ; for he had often wished to go round by the park, for the sake of a walk through the wood that led to it, as his rambles were generally confined to the sea-shore.

There was a better *catch*, to use the fisherman’s term, than usual ; and as soon as Alfred’s

hamper was filled with fine fish from the wicker baskets, he set off on his expedition, leaving his father to return home with the remainder. The road lay in a contrary direction to that by which he had come in the morning; and as soon as he had reached the termination of what were denominated the *shingles*, he began to ascend a winding natural staircase in the rocks, at the summit of which a little gate opened into the shrubbery, through which he had to pass in going to Mr. C.'s house. He was in high glee, for it was a fine summer morning, and Alfred, although poor, was industrious, contented, and happy; and he was singing merrily to himself, when a gentleman who had been seated on a steep cliff just above the winding path, thus accosted him: "My little fellow, you have a heavy load on your arm." "Yes, sir," said Alfred, touching his hat; "but I do not mind that." "Have you brought

your fish from the wicker baskets at the foot of yon rocks?" continued the gentleman. "Yes, sir," said Alfred: "my father goes there every morning, as soon as it is low water, to look for the fish that are caught; for he is a fisherman by trade, and has a large family to support; and I am now going to the park to try to sell the fish in my basket." "Do you go to school any where, my little man?" rejoined the stranger, evidently pleased with the fine open countenance and ingenuous manners of his young acquaintance. "Only on Sundays, sir," said Alfred; "for my father cannot afford to pay for my schooling, although he says he could spare me very well if he could afford it; for Tom, who is only two years younger than I am, will soon be able to take my place in watching the wickers." "Well, my little fellow, go on, and sell your fish at the park if you can: I have no doubt but we shall meet

again by-and-by." "I hope we shall, sir," said Alfred, with an artless smile of grateful pleasure at the kind manner in which the stranger had addressed him.

As soon as Alfred was out of sight, Mr. C., for this was the gentleman's name, proceeded on his walk in search of the fisherman, with whose honest and industrious character he was already well acquainted. On making enquiry respecting his circumstances, he found it would be a great satisfaction to him to send Alfred to a suitable school could he afford it; but his means would not allow of his doing so, as he had five younger children to care for; and he concluded his history by praising the industry, application, good-humour, and honesty of his little son.

Mr. C. was much pleased with the manner in which the poor fisherman spoke of his fa-

mily, and he promised to send little Alfred to a suitable school. "At the same time," said he, "he may assist you every morning before breakfast, as the school to which I propose sending him does not open till nine o'clock, and I have no doubt but Alfred will get on very fast with his learning if he is what you describe him to be."

Mr. C. was as good as his word. The little fisher-boy was placed at the grammar-school in the rural village of ———, where, by his assiduity and diligence, he soon gained the respect and esteem of his benefactor, and of his master and schoolfellows; and when he became a man, he often talked with pleasure of his morning's ramble on the sea-shore, when he had the happiness to meet the kind and benevolent Mr. C.

You have sometimes heard of birds of passage; those are birds that migrate, or travel, from one country to another at certain seasons of the year, either in search of a warmer or colder climate, according to their peculiar nature and habits, and the climate to which they have been accustomed. Many sorts of fish are similar to "birds of passage" in this respect; for they pass every year from the colder to the warmer climates, in search of food and comfort, and return again to their native seas when the warmer ones become too hot. Salmon, cod, mackerel, herrings, and pilchards, as well as many others, thus migrate at their appointed seasons; and fishermen, aware of their coming, watch the vast shoals and catch immense quantities, which are of great value as food for numbers of people.

The principal fishery for cod is on the shores of Newfoundland, in North America,

and it is salted before it is sent to England.

The principal salmon fisheries are along the coasts of Scotland, England, and Ireland, but particularly about Berwick on the Tweed, in Northumberland, where they are salted or pickled, and sent to different parts of the kingdom; great quantities are also brought fresh to the London markets, packed in ice, which, by excluding the air, is found the best preservative.

The chief herring fisheries are on the coast of Norfolk, where, it is said, fifty million are caught annually. The coast of Russia supplies us with sturgeons, and that of Spain with anchovies; great quantities of crabs and lobsters are found along the southern coasts of England, and oysters on those of Suffolk and Essex.

There are various kinds of fisheries in different parts of the world : the fish with which they supply us, form extensive branches of commerce, and furnish numbers of people, who live at a remote distance from the places at which they were originally caught, with a useful and agreeable article of food ; at the same time that they maintain thousands of families, by affording them constant and profitable occupation, as in the case of Alfred's father.

There are four elements : earth, air, fire, and water. Animals live, for the most part, upon the earth ; birds fly in the air, and fish swim in the sea.

The sea is exceedingly beautiful ; its wide waters stretch from pole to pole, and divide vast continents and countries from each other : a thousand birds sport upon its sur-

face, or dance upon its white-crested billows ; whilst innumerable fish swim about and enjoy themselves in its unfathomed depths. Hundreds of vessels, with their sails unfurled to the wind, move across its fluctuating bosom, and bear the produce of one nation to the shores of another. Have you ever walked on the sea-shore on a bright summer morning ? Have you watched the green waves, with their white curling foam, dash on the sandy beach, and then, gently murmuring, recede, while others supply their place in rapid succession ? Have you wandered on the smooth strand, in search of shells of varied hue, which, intermingled with crimson sea-weeds, have sparkled in brilliance there ? or have you gazed upon the heaving billows when tinged with the golden radiance of a declining sun ?

Never.

Then, my child, you have something to see surpassing in magnificence and beauty any thing you have ever beheld!—a sight which, while it awakens your admiration and astonishment, cannot fail of directing your thoughts to that Almighty Being “whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known.”

'Twas God who formed both earth and land,
The verdant vales and sparkling rills,
The murmuring waves, the silver strand,
The smiling meads, the grassy hills ;

The forests with their thousand trees,
The thousand birds that carol there,
The whispering wind, the gentle breeze
That wafts their music on the air ;

The flowers of every form and hue,
The leaves that quiver on the spray,
The morning clouds, the orient dew,
The sun that gives us light by day ;

The moon that cheers the traveller's eye
When evening steals along the plain,
The stars that twinkle in the sky,
The harvest fields of golden grain.

THE LADY.

“ Look at the lady who is walking there, mamma,” said little Fanny ; “ how finely she is dressed ! she has on a straw-hat with feathers in it, and a green silk pelisse, and a long scarf, and a gold clasp : and what a pretty ivory-handled parasol she has in her hand. I wish, mamma, that I had a parasol, like that lady's, with an ivory handle ! I wish that I

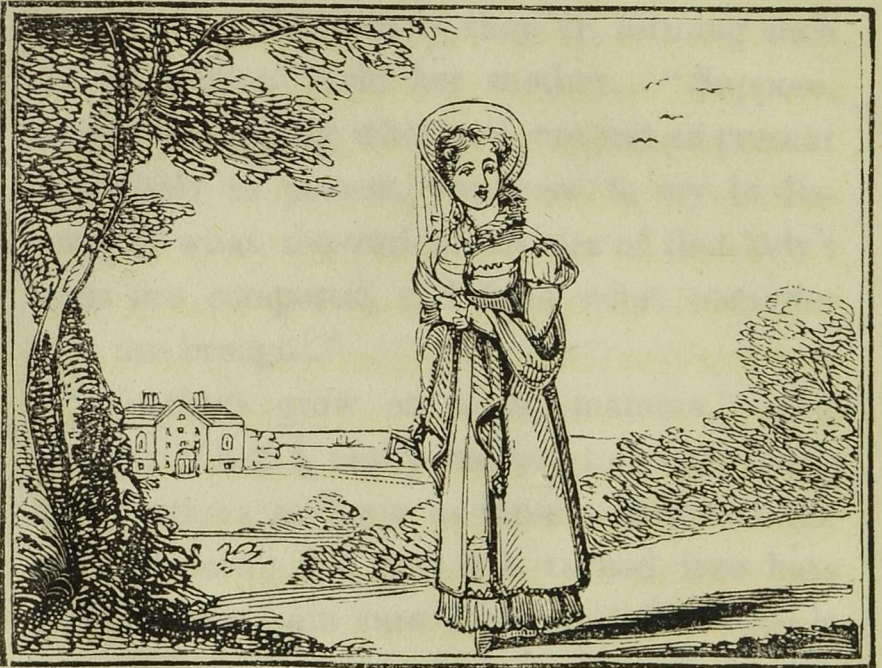
had such a plume of feathers as those, and such a pelisse !”

“ I think, Fanny, you might employ your time much more wisely than in forming such useless wishes,” said her mother. “ Suppose, instead of desiring what you are not at present very likely to possess, you were to try to discover of what the various articles of that lady’s dress are composed, and from what countries they are brought.”

“ Feathers grow on birds, mamma,” said Fanny ; “ but I really cannot tell what birds have feathers so large as those. Straw is the stalk of corn ; but how it is turned into hats and bonnets, I am sure I cannot tell. Gold is dug out of the ground, but where I do not know ; and silk, as I have learnt in Blair’s Catechism, is the web of the silkworm. This, mamma, is all I know about them.”

“ Then, Fanny, you know very, very little,

THE LADY.



and it is high time that you should endeavour to acquire some information respecting such useful and necessary articles," said her mother.

"Will you, then, have the kindness to tell me, dear mamma," continued the little girl, "from what bird those large beautiful white feathers are procured?"

"They are the feathers of the ostrich, a very large bird of Arabia," replied Mrs. A., "and they grow on its tail and wings. The ostrich is a very tall bird, so tall that, if he were standing in a room, his head would nearly reach the ceiling. He is very strong too, and can run very fast, so fast that you could hardly see him touch the ground with his feet. The Arabs hunt the ostriches over their wide sandy deserts, but they are often obliged to take a long chase before they can catch them, because they run so very swiftly. They think it quite worth their while, though, to pursue them, because

their feathers fetch a high price when sold to the Arabs who live on the sea-shore, who purchase them in order to send them to England and other countries.”

“ Now for the hat, mamma,” said Fanny : “ am I not right in saying it is made of straw, and that straw is the stalk of corn ? ”

“ Yes, my dear ; after the corn is thrashed, that is after the grain is separated from the stalks, they are collected together, and carefully sorted and picked ; they are then dipped in water to render them pliable, and split into pieces by means of a small steel instrument, and lastly platted together by the hand, sewed up into the form of the hat or bonnet required, and smoothed with a warm iron.”

“ And from what country is gold brought, mamma ? ” said the little enquirer, as soon as her mother had answered her last question.

“The largest gold-mines in the world,” replied Mrs. A., “are in South America. Some of them are very large; so large indeed that they resemble little towns under-ground, and the miners, with their children and families, live all their lives in them. Gold is the heaviest and most perfect of all metals. It is seldom found in a pure state, that is, unmixed with other things, but is generally combined with earth or minerals, from which it is separated by fire.”

“Silk is, as you observe, made from the web of the silk-worm, a kind of caterpillar, which lives only in warm countries, such as China, Persia, and Italy. Innumerable webs are collected together before any good can be effected, and the silk is then wound from them, spun, wove, and dyed, and made up into our various articles of clothing.

“ Thus Nature supplies abundant materials for the hand of art and industry to turn to useful purposes.”

ALFRED AT SCHOOL.

Some time ago I told you about the little fisher-boy named Alfred. Here is a picture of him at school. Shall I tell you what he does there? he learns to read, and to write, and to do sums, for he is a very industrious little boy. He learns grammar and geography, both of which are exceedingly useful.

“ Oh, but they are so hard !” exclaims some little idle girl : “ I do not like long tiresome grammar lessons, and as to geography, it is still more difficult.”

Now I will point out some of the advantages which may arise from a knowledge of geogra-

phy, in hopes of convincing you of the advantage of knowing something about it.

A gentleman was one day conversing, in the presence of a little ignorant girl, upon the habits and manners of a people among whom he had been lately travelling. He described their dress and costume and mode of living; the appearance of the country which they inhabited; the warmth of the climate, and the variety of vegetable productions which abounded there:—"Groves of palmetto," he said, "wide spreading banians, palms, whose elegant foliage formed a delightful shade, flowers of every hue and fragrance, added beauty to the scenery." From the accuracy of his observations, even had he omitted to mention the name of the country, an intelligent child, who had acquired any previous knowledge of geography, would have immediately known that he was referring to Southern India.

“ I should not like to go into that country,” said Charlotte : “ Why not ? ” said her father, to whom the gentleman had been addressing himself.

“ Because I should not like to cross that great ocean which separates America from Europe.”

“ What has that to do with going to India ? ” replied her father ; “ whither you might travel over land.”

“ I thought India was in North America, papa.”

“ India in North America ! ” exclaimed her brother Frederic, laughing ; “ Oh, Charlotte ! Charlotte ! you should study Gaultier’s Geography* a little more, and then you would not

* Gaultier’s Familiar Geography, printed uniformly with this little work.

make such ridiculous mistakes. India is a large country of Asia, quite on the opposite side of the world from North America. What an ignorant little girl Mr. D. must think you!" whispered he.

Charlotte blushed, for she was indeed ashamed that her father's friend should perceive how ignorant she was, and she determined to apply more closely to her geographical lessons in future, that when any places or countries were mentioned in conversation, she might directly know where they were situated.

It is to be wished that all children would make the same resolution, and not only *make it*, but *put it in practice* also; for how pleasant it is, either when conversing with others, or when perusing books of travels to ourselves, to be able to refer immediately to the spot that is mentioned; or, by a little previous

knowledge of the place, to be enabled to form some idea of the manners of the people inhabiting it, and of the modes of living among them, as well as of their national character.

THE GARDENER.

“Harriet,” said Mrs. A. to her little girl one morning, “you may put on your bonnet and tippet, and take a walk with me. I am going to call on the gardener who lives at Thompson’s nursery-ground, and I think you will like to walk round the garden and green-houses with me.”

“Thank you, mamma,” replied Harriet; “it will give me great pleasure to accompany you, and I will get ready directly.”

After walking about a mile and a half, through some pleasant lanes, Harriet and her

mother reached a green gate, which opened into a large garden. Part of this garden consisted of large plantations of young trees and shrubs, which were being raised for sale, and of neat little square beds, separated from each other by narrow paths, and full of flowers, and to each bed there was a small piece of painted wood, with the name of the flowers that grew there printed upon it. There was also a large pond, in which aquatic plants were flourishing in luxuriance, and at the upper end of the garden there was a large greenhouse full of beautiful exotics, that is, of plants which do not grow naturally in England, but are originally brought from other countries.

“Now if the gardener will allow you to walk through the greenhouse, my dear,” said Mrs. A., “you must recollect not to touch any of the flowers.”

“Yes, mamma, I will remember not to med-

dle with any thing that does not belong to me," replied Harriet, as the good-natured gardener opened the glass door that led into the conservatory, saying with a smile, "I am sure the little lady will be as good as her word."

No sooner had they entered it than Harriet made great exclamations of delight at the beauty and splendour of the flowers by which she was surrounded, and which were arranged on stands one above another, in great order.

"Look at this pretty pink-blossomed flower, mamma," said she; "how curiously the blossoms spring from the root!"

"That is the ginger, miss," said the gardener; "ginger, of which gingerbread nuts are made, is the root of that plant. This tall reed-like plant, with long leaves growing out of the joints, is the sugar-cane, which is cultivated so much in both the East and West

Indies for the sake of its juice, of which sugar is made.”

“ And what is this shrub with white blossoms, a little like wild roses,” said Harriet ; “ and with such jagged leaves ? ”

“ That is the tea-tree, miss,” said the gardener ; “ and those jagged leaves, when dried and shrivelled, constitute our tea. The tea-tree is cultivated to any great extent in China only, and it is one of the principal employments of the natives of that country to gather the leaves and prepare and export them for use.”

Harriet was glad that she had paid attention to her geographical lessons, for she knew, directly the gardener mentioned the East and West Indies, that the former were islands contiguous to Asia, and the latter, islands contiguous to America ; and also that China was a large country of Asia.

“There is the coffee-tree, with its scarlet berries,” continued the gardener; “which, when roasted, become of a dark-brown colour, and of which the coffee you are accustomed to take for breakfast is made; there is the pepper plant; and yonder is a young tamarind-tree with its light elegant foliage.”

“That is very beautiful, indeed,” said Harriet; “I am sure I am much obliged to you, mamma, for your kindness in bringing me to see this nice collection of flowers.”

They had now gone through the conservatory, and as soon as they left it, they wandered round the extensive nursery-ground, and then returned home.

“Mamma,” said Harriet, “what a variety of plants and flowers there were at Thompson’s nursery.”

“There were, indeed, my dear,” replied her mother; “and many of them were remarkable

THE IDLE BOY.



for the delicacy or brilliancy of their colours, for their fragrance, or for the beauty of their general appearance. The works of nature afford a constant source of pleasure to an intelligent and reflecting mind ; whether we admire the stately trees of the forest, the lowly shrubs that are intermingled amongst them, the waving corn of the harvest field, the green grass that covers the meadows in summer, or the flowers of every hue and colour that spring amongst them, we may find abundant themes for admiration and astonishment.

THE IDLE BOY.

Frederic was nine years of age, and a boy of good abilities ; but he was very indolent, and would rather trifle away his time than attend to his necessary avocations. Great dis-

advantages result from an idle disposition, as in the case of Frederick. His papa one day told him, and his brothers Frank and George, that if they had repeated all their lessons correctly, and written their copies, by twelve o'clock, they should take a ride with him to the next town to see a collection of wild-beasts. They were highly delighted with their father's proposition, and resolved, at the moment, to lose no time in performing their allotted tasks. They left off play directly, fetched their books, and sat down, seemingly intent upon learning them in good earnest. Frank and George were industrious boys, and their attention, when once fixed, was not easily diverted from its object. They recollected that it wanted only two hours till twelve o'clock, and determined to try to accomplish all that their father had given them to do, in order to be ready the moment the carriage came to the door. Frederic followed

their example for about ten minutes, but he then began to loll about, and to play with his pen, and his pencil-case, and the keys of his desk, and whatever else happened to be in his way, instead of attending to what he ought, so that for the first hour nothing was done.

The clock struck eleven.

“Have you learnt your lessons, so as to be ready to repeat them to papa, Frederic?” said George.

“Oh no, that I have not!” replied the latter; “I began learning this tiresome *hic, hæc, hoc*, an hour ago, and I cannot half say it—Oh, what a beautiful butterfly!—Look George!” so saying, the idle boy threw down his Eton grammar, and jumped out of the open window in a moment. He chased the painted wanderer from flower to flower; for now it hovered over a bed of roses, and then, lightly flitting from shrub to shrub, settled for an

instant on an almond-blossom, and at length, being as fond of novelty as Frederic himself, quickly changing its station, alighted on the gravel walk. From the garden it winged its way to the fields beyond it, and its young pursuer, totally regardless of his lessons, of the menagerie, and of his father's kind proposition, still followed it. At last, however, weary of the chase, he relinquished it as fruitless, and returned to the house. Judge of his surprise and vexation when he found that it was twenty minutes after twelve, and that his father and brothers had just set off. There lay his grammar as he had left it, on the carpet, whilst George's was put carefully by: there lay his copybook untouched on the table, whilst Frank's copy was neatly written; and there was his slate, with the figures only partially made, on the desk beside it; whilst his brothers had completed theirs, and put up their slates into

their proper places. Beneath the unfinished sums Frederic's father had written these lines, evidently intended for his perusal :—

“ George and Frank will accompany me to the menagerie, as they have been attentive and industrious ; but you have been an idle boy, and do not deserve such an indulgence. You must therefore remain at home ; and may you learn, from this disappointment, to attend more steadily to your lessons during the time allotted to the purpose ; and also that idle people cannot be truly happy. It may indeed seem pleasanter for the time to run after butterflies, than to acquire useful and necessary information ; but disappointment and vexation will always follow the hours so unprofitably wasted.

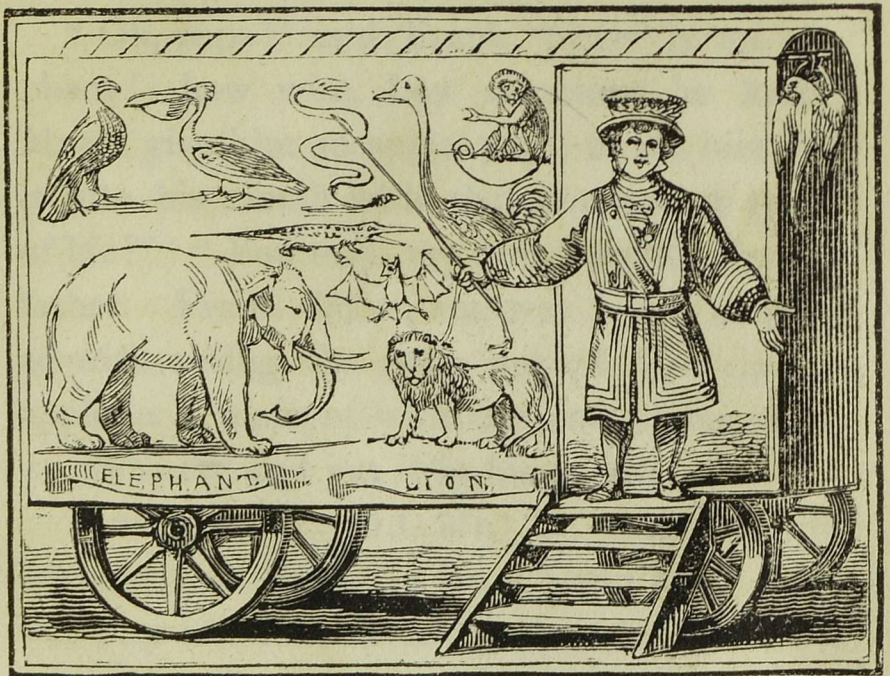
“ Youth is the time for storing the mind with knowledge ; and it ought to be the habitual desire of young people to make the most use

of every moment, instead of trifling away hour after hour in a frivolous and indolent manner.”

THE MENAGERIE.

When George and Frank and their father reached the town, they saw two or three large caravans painted of a yellow colour; and there was a large picture, hoisted between two poles, upon one of them, representing a tiger and a lion. A little flight of steps led to a landing-place, or gallery, that seemed to form an entrance to the enclosure, and this enclosure their father told them was the menagerie. No sooner had they entered it than they were struck with the loud roaring noises made by the various animals it contained, which, together with the din in the street outside, for it was a fair-day, almost bewildered them. In a short time, however, they became accustom-

THE MENAGERIE.



ed to it, and were able to walk quietly round the enclosure, and examine the animals at their leisure.

“ Oh, papa !” said Frank, “ here is an elephant !—how wise, how sagacious he looks ! May I give him an apple, papa, to see him put it into his mouth with that convenient trunk of his ?” “ You may, my dear,” replied Frank’s father. Frank did so, and was highly delighted with seeing the huge animal take up the apple in a moment with the end of his trunk or proboscis, and put it in his mouth.

“ Elephants,” said Mr. L., “ are mostly brought from Ceylon, a large island near Asia ; but they also inhabit many countries of Africa, where they live upon herbs and fruit, and the tender parts of shrubs, or the grain of the bamboo. The elephant always takes his food by means of his trunk, as you have seen this do. If he wants to eat, he puts down his

trunk, tears up the grass or bamboos, and makes bundles of them which he carries to his mouth. When he wants to drink, he dips the end of his trunk in water, and thus conveys a sufficient quantity to his mouth. He can lift great weights with it; and if your little sister Caroline were put in his cage, and his keeper desired him to place her on his back, he would do so in a moment."

"But, papa," said Frank, "of what use are those two great horns which the elephant has on each side of his mouth?"

"Those horns, as you term them," replied Mr. L., "are his tusks, and form what is usually called *ivory*."

The boys now went on to the next division in the menagerie, which contained a tiger. "This animal," said their father, "is a native of the East Indies, where it is the tyrant of the forests, its dreadful roar carrying terror

and destruction wherever it is heard. Yonder is a lion, with his long shaggy mane. The lion is a native of the burning plains of Africa. His majestic deportment, and his superiority over most other animals, have obtained for him the title of the King of Beasts. He is bold and intrepid, but his natural temper is not cruel, and he can be more easily tamed than the tiger. There is a polar bear. The polar bear is found among the icy mountains in the countries north of Europe; those countries are called the *polar* regions; and as these great shaggy white bears frequent them, they are called *polar* bears. Yonder," continued he, as they proceeded round the show, "is a lynx, with its long ears; there is a leopard with its spotted skin; and beside it a tall kangaroo."

"And what is that animal next to the kangaroo, papa," said George, "with brown stripes across its back?"

“That is the zebra,” said Mr. L.; “it is a native of Africa. When you reach home, I will lend you a work on Natural History, in which you may read an interesting account of all the animals you have seen to-day. There you will find that some are remarkable for their strength and intrepidity; others for their fierceness and cruelty; and others for their remarkable sagacity, as in the case of the elephant. You may acquire a great deal of information, from the same work, respecting their modes and habits of life also; and you will find that some possess a very superior degree of instinct to what others do. God has given to every created thing the capacity He deems best calculated for its enjoyment. Upon man He has bestowed *reason*; upon the brute creation He has bestowed *instinct*—a feeling which supplies its place, and serves them instead of

knowledge, experience, and understanding, the usual concomitants of the former.”

“ I wish, papa,” said Frank, as he seated himself in the carriage by the side of his father, “ that poor Frederic had been with us to-day. How delighted he would have been to see the elephant pick up a sixpence and put it into that little box !”

“ I am sorry, my dear, that your brother lost the pleasure of accompanying us in consequence of his own indolence and inattention,” said Mr. L.; “ but I hope he will be roused to greater exertions in future, and that he will endeavour to imitate your example—by attending to his lessons at the proper time, in order to enjoy relaxation, which will be rendered doubly delightful by two or three hours of previous industry.”

WAITING FOR DINNER.

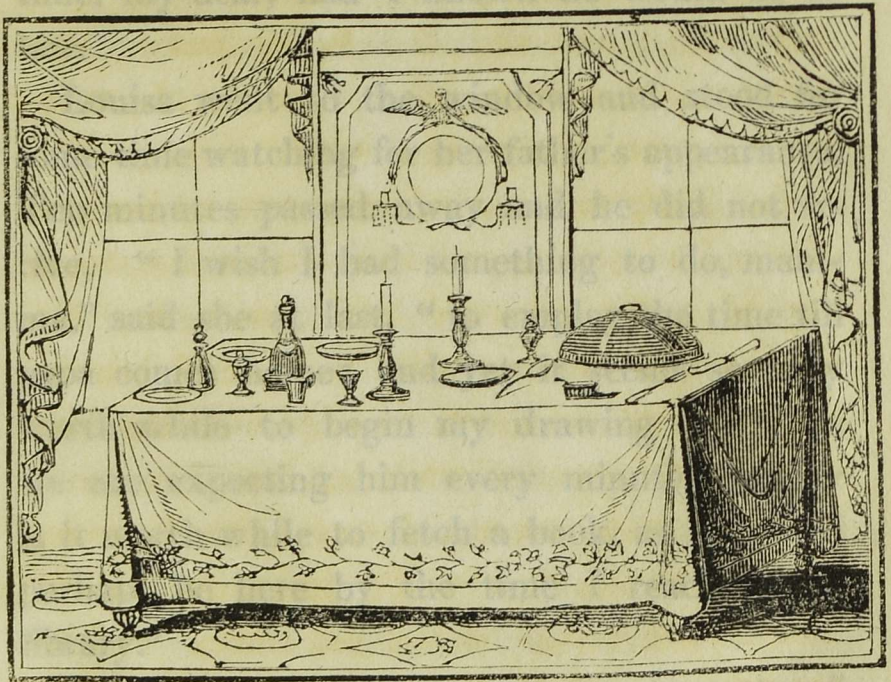
“Dinner is nearly ready, Louisa,” said her mamma; “and you had better put by your drawing and change your frock, for I am expecting your papa every minute.”

The lively girl immediately put up her pencils and portfolio, and ran out of the room. She presently returned again, with her face washed and glowing with health and beauty; her hair neatly combed, and her morning frock exchanged for one of white muslin.

“You see, mamma, I am quite in time,” said she, as she opened the dining-room door; “for I believe papa is not yet come, as I have not heard the hall-bell ring, nor seen Robert go to take his horse.”

“He is rather behind-hand to-day,” said Mrs. F.: “when he left us in the morning, he

WAITING FOR DINNER.



proposed returning by four o'clock. You should have had your dinner at the usual time, my dear, had I known he would be so late."

Louisa went to the window and stood for some time watching for her father's appearance. Ten minutes passed away and he did not arrive. "I wish I had something to do, mamma," said she at last, "to employ the time till papa comes home; and yet it seems scarcely worth while to begin my drawing again, as we are expecting him every minute; neither is it worth while to fetch a book, as he would perhaps be here by the time I reached the library."

"Let us try to find some amusement then," replied her mother, "that will divert your attention during the interim."

"Oh, mamma," rejoined Louisa, "there is

nothing to amuse me here, in the dining-room ; nothing but sideboards and tables and celerets : I wish we had staid in the drawing-room."

"Nothing but sideboards, tables, and celerets, Louisa?" said Mrs. F.: "look *on* the table, and tell me what is there."

"Knives and forks, mamma, plates and stands, silver spoons and silver forks, salts and castors, candles and candlesticks, damask tablecloth, mustard, pepper, vinegar."

"What are knives made of?" said Mrs. F.

"The handles are made of ivory, mamma," replied Louisa, "and the blades are made of steel."

"And what is steel, and what is ivory?" said her mother.

"Steel is iron prepared by fire," replied Louisa, "and ivory is the tusk of the elephant."

“Very well,” said Mrs. F., “and of what are the spoons and forks made?”

“Of silver, mamma, a metal procured from the mines of Potosi, in South America.”

“And the salts and castors—of what are they made?”

“Of glass, mamma, cut-glass—glass is made of sand and flint, melted together in a furnace. You know I went to see a glass-house in Birmingham once, and was so much delighted with the dexterity with which the workmen made up cups and tumblers, in a minute almost, just by twisting, and turning, and blowing a little bit of the hot liquid glass. What question have you to put next?”

“Can you tell me of what the candles and candlesticks are made?”

“The candlesticks are of silver, like the forks and spoons; and the candles are of tallow,

or of wax, I do not know which. Tallow is the fat of various animals; wax is procured by bees from various flowers; they make the cells or combs, in which they put their honey, of wax, I believe."

"Very well. Now for the damask tablecloth?"

"It is made of thread, mamma, wove into various patterns. Thread is made of the fibrous stalks of a plant, called flax, which bears blue blossoms, and is very pretty and delicate. You showed me a field of flax once, when we were walking, and described the whole process of its being manufactured into thread, and spun and wove into linen cloth."

"I am very glad you remember so well what I have told you, my dear little girl," said Mrs. F.; "and I shall have more pleasure in future from giving you information upon va-

rious subjects, because I shall feel assured that my pains are not thrown away.”

“Hark! did not the hall-bell ring?”

“Yes,” replied Louisa, in a joyful tone, “papa is indeed come! It is ten minutes since I last looked at the time-piece, mamma. How quickly the time has passed since you began to ask me questions! I had almost forgotten we were waiting dinner.”

“You see, my dear,” said Mrs. F., “that every object around us may furnish a source of useful enquiry or information. We should make the most use of every moment, and endeavour to turn every thing to some account. You have been more pleasantly, as well as more usefully, employed during the last quarter of an hour, in exercising your memory by replying to my enquiries, than you would have been in standing at the window and exclaiming

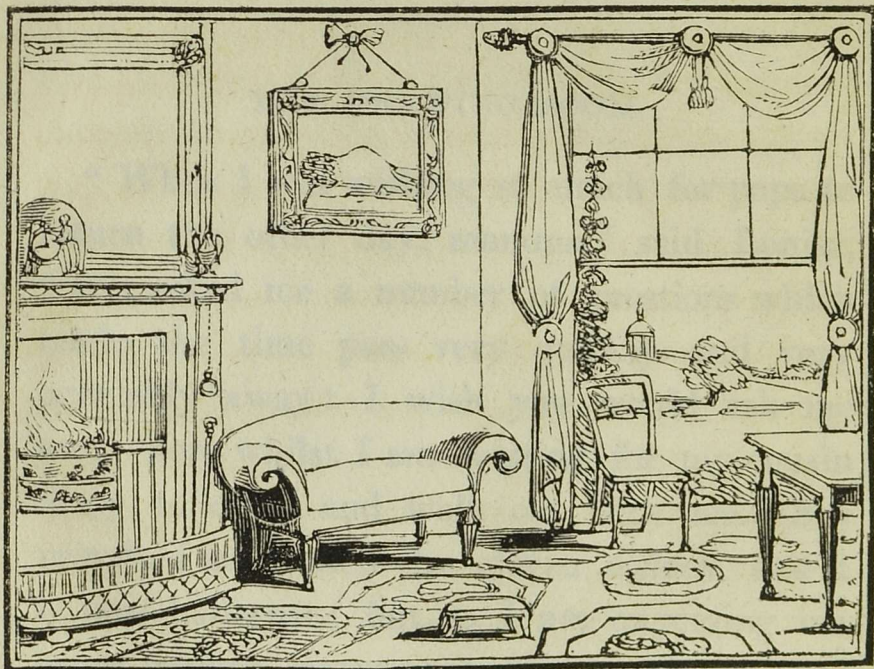
—‘Oh, how I wish papa would come!’ which after all would not have brought him any the sooner.’

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

“When I was wishing so much for papa to return the other day, mamma,” said Louisa, “you asked me a number of questions which made the time pass very quickly and very agreeably away: I wish you would ask me some now whilst I am waiting for my cousin Mary to come and walk out with me. She promised to be here by eleven o’clock, and it is now half-past; but, as I am expecting her every minute, it seems hardly worth while to take off my things again, or to set about any particular employment.”

“I willingly agree to your proposition, my dear,” said Mrs. F., looking up from her writ-

THE DRAWING-ROOM.



ing: "look around you and tell me what constitutes the furniture of the drawing-room?"

"Sofas, mamma," replied Louisa—"sofas with chintz covers, and window-curtains to match; carpet and hearth-rug; chairs of rose-wood; tables; ottomans; pictures in gilt frames; mirrors; screens; chandeliers; a small chimney piece; fire shovel, poker, tongs; books; chimney ornaments, and a great many other things."

"Let us begin with the sofa," said Mrs. F.: "I could employ you for half an hour with asking you questions about the sofa only. You tell me it has a chintz cover, but of what else does it consist?"

"The legs are made of wood, mamma—rose-wood, I believe; and the cover, of coloured chintz or cotton; and the feet or castors are made of brass. Mahogany is the wood of a large tree which grows in the West Indies; cotton is made from the pods of the cotton-tree,

which grows in some of the southern countries of Asia, I believe, particularly in Hindoostan; and brass—oh, mamma, I really cannot tell what brass is; I suppose it is a sort of metal.”

“Brass,” said Mrs. F., “is a mixture of copper and the calamine stone, which renders it yellow and hard. One of our largest copper mines is in the Isle of Anglesea, upon Paris mountain; and calamine is procured from various parts of England. But you have not yet mentioned all the materials of which the sofa is formed.”

“Have I not, mamma,” rejoined Louisa; “oh, there are the cushions, to be sure. I suppose they are stuffed with something, but I cannot tell what.”

“Either with flocks or horse-hair, most probably,” said Mrs. F.: “flocks are the wool of sheep, and mattresses are frequently stuffed with them; whilst the cushions of chairs and

sofas are often filled with horse-hair. It is wonderful how almost every thing in nature may be turned to some account or other: nothing so insignificant, nothing so trivial, but it may be appropriated to some useful purpose. You would find it difficult to name a single article wholly incapable of being converted to some account either for our use or convenience. The trees and the leaves of the trees, their blossoms, and the very honey they contain; the grass of the fields and the flowers that spring among them; the sheep and cows that feed there; and the very coverings which Providence has provided for their comfort whilst they live; the metals that are dug from the bosom of the earth;—all, all may be rendered subservient to our wants, and we surely ought to be very grateful to our Heavenly Father, who has so abundantly supplied us with every

thing we can desire or ask, either for our comfort or happiness.

As your cousin Mary is not yet come, you may go into the library, and fetch the first volume of Cowper's Poems, which you will find on the second shelf, next to Johnson's Lives. You may bring the volume to me. One of the finest poems Cowper ever composed, was written at the suggestion of a particular friend of his, named Lady Austin. She was talking to him one day about his poems, some of which had given her great delight, and happened to say to him in a playful manner when he asked her for a subject—"Oh, you can write upon any thing! write upon this Sofa:" he immediately put the proposition into execution, and produced one of the most beautiful poems ever written in the English language. Many of Cowper's poems you will understand and relish better when you are older, but I think part

of the Sofa will please you because it is so descriptive. You may read this extract :”

(Louisa reads)

“ Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for
use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had
none.

As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile :
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Wash'd by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birth-day of invention ; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint stools were then created ; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm

A massy slab, in fashion square or round :
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat.

At length a generation more refined
Improved the simple plan ; made three legs
four,
And o'er the seat with plenteous wadding
stuff'd

Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needle-work sublime.
There might you see the piony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.
Now came the cane from India, smooth and
bright

With nature's varnish ; sever'd into stripes,
That interlaced each other, these supplied

Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.

Long time elapsed : ingenious fancy next
Devised the soft settee ; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow it received,
United yet divided—twain at once.

Thus first necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And luxury the accomplished SOFA last.”*

THE WATCH.

“ Papa,” said little Clara, “ I hear your

* The Task. Book first, page 6.

The writer has, for obvious reasons, made a slight alteration in copying this extract, as it is intended for *juvenile* readers.

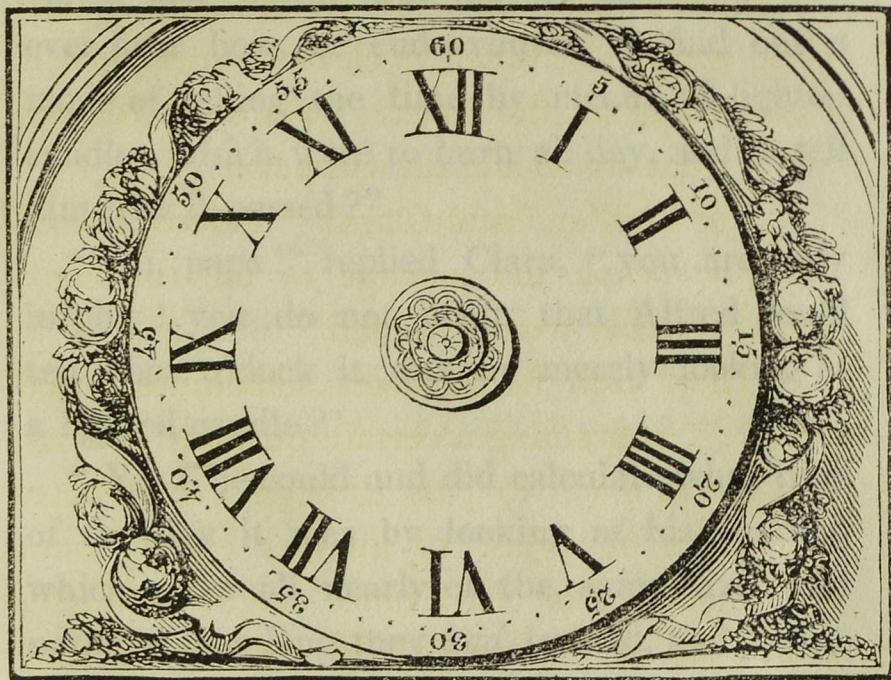
watch saying tick ! tick ! tick ! will you show it to me ?”

“ That I will,” said Mr. O. drawing it out, as he spoke. “ What a clever contrivance it is for telling us the time. I am sure I do not know what we should do without it.”

“ Nor I either,” said Clara : “ indeed, I wonder how people did manage to tell the hour, before watches were invented.”

“ They used hour-glasses sometimes,” said Mr. O., “ containing a certain quantity of sand, which was made to pass through a small aperture from one glass to another every hour ; but though this contrivance might be better than none at all, yet it did not tell the time with that exactness which a clock or a watch does, because the sand would always flow faster at first, when there was a great deal of it in the upper glass, than it could do when there was only a small quantity remaining. You

THE WATCH.



have heard of King Alfred, who lived about nine hundred years ago, and who was the cleverest and wisest man of his age,—did you ever hear how he endeavoured to find out a mode of telling the time by means of lighted candles, which were to burn all day, and to tell him how it passed?”

“ Oh, papa !” replied Clara, “ you are only in play ! you do not mean that Alfred could tell what o’clock it was by merely looking at a lighted candle ?”

“ Yes : he could and did calculate what time of the day it was by looking at his candles, which were all nearly of the same size, and noticing how long they *had* burned, and knowing from past observation how long they *would* burn.

“ Now, however, such contrivances have been superseded by the still more ingenious invention of watches—little machines which are no-

thing more than a simple arrangement of little wheels of different sizes and numbers of teeth, but which are, notwithstanding, capable of showing us the moment, minute, and hour of either day or night."

THE OLD TURK.

It was a fine evening in August, and the country looked remarkably beautiful, for the golden corn was waving in the fields just ready for the sickle, the village children, "just let loose from school," were playing on the green; and sounds of joy and acclamations of delight alone were heard. At length their pastimes were interrupted by the appearance of an aged stranger. He carried a knapsack on his back, and a large box was suspended round his neck by means of leather straps. He was old and stricken in years; his gray locks floated in the

THE OLD TURK.



summer breeze, and his beard was long; his face bore the marks of sorrow, and there was a certain something in his appearance which arrested the attention of the youthful group. They quitted the green and assembled around him, as he laid down his burdens and seated himself beneath a venerable elm, which, like himself, had weathered the storms of many a revolving year.

Seeing the little circle which had almost involuntarily collected around him, he began to address them in broken English, for he was a foreigner, and was not perfectly acquainted with our language.

“ You see a poor old man,” said he, “ far from his own country, far from his own friends. He poor and tired and weary, for he come long way to-day, and know not where to find rest. His own land Turkey, far, far off, too far for him to go back there. He came here to try

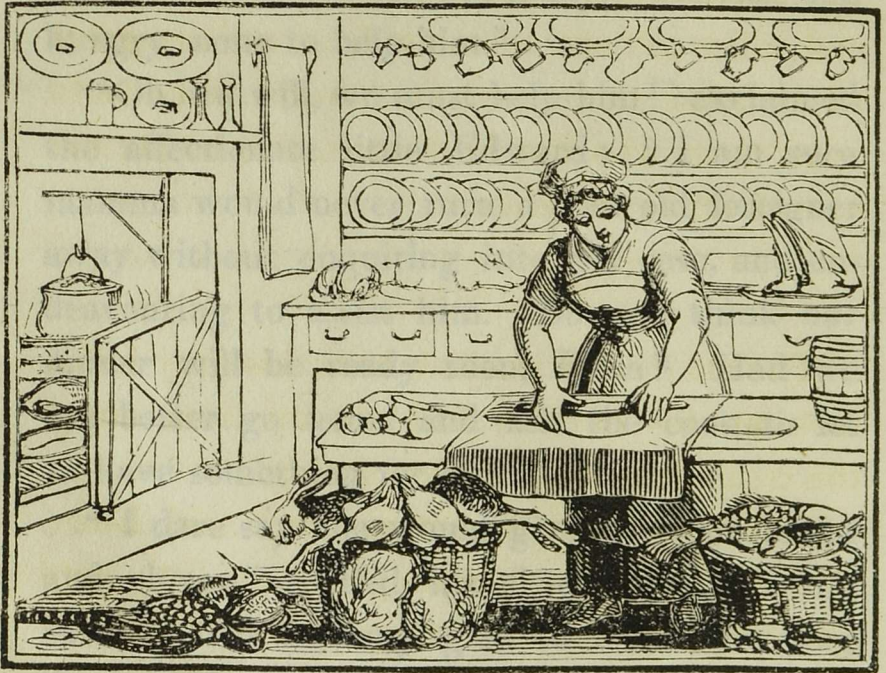
to get money, but get not much. He sell scissors, thimbles, knives, seals, chains, necklaces, buttons, but sell not many. He sick and hungry, none to help him.”

“Oh, we will, we must help him!” exclaimed the affectionate little Edward: “I am sure mamma would never turn a poor old foreigner away without enquiring into his case, and endeavouring to assist him. Do you think our dinner will be ready soon, Eliza? Had we not better go home and ask the cook to let us have something for him?”

“I dare say she would give us some bread and cheese,” replied his sister; “and I am sure I shall be very glad to assist the poor Turk. Have you sold many of your trinkets to-day, old man?” continued she.

“Not many, my little lady,” replied the pedlar; “for I cannot walk very far in one day,

THE KITCHEN.



and there are not often above three or four purchasers to be found in one village.”

“ Well, come, come with us,” said Edward and Eliza ; “ our mamma lives at the great white house there, and she always likes us to assist those who are in distress, or who are not so well off as ourselves.”

THE KITCHEN.

The old pedlar pushed back his gray locks, took up his burden, and got up from under the tree where he had been sitting.

“ We will show you the way,” said Eliza, and she ran forward, and opened the little gate of a court on one side of the house, which led to the kitchen door.

“ Oh, here is the cook,” said she, as she opened it, “ with her rolling-pin and paste, rolling away. Pray, Mrs. Cook, have you any

thing to bestow on a poor old Turk who is in great want of food and nourishment, for he has wandered a long way this morning and has not had any dinner. I am sure mamma will allow you to give us something to bestow upon an aged foreigner, when we have such abundance ourselves," added she, casting her eye on the fish and fowls which were being prepared for the dinner of the family.

"If you ask my mistress's permission, Miss," said Elizabeth, "I will give you some broken meat for the poor man. You know I must not give any thing away without her leave."

Away ran Eliza, almost before she had heard the conclusion of the sentence.

She found her mother in the garden, where she was busily engaged in giving directions to the gardener respecting some young trees he was about to plant. She told her tale, and

made known her request. Permission was immediately granted, and the benevolent girl returned to the kitchen full of joy.

“ You may come in and sit down a little while, poor old man,” said she; “ and we will give you some dinner. Now, Cook, when you have finished rolling that crust, will you fetch some cold meat and some bread.”

“ Yes, Miss,” replied Elizabeth, and she directly went to the pantry for the purpose.

Eliza and Edward then ran away into the shrubbery which led to the garden, promising the old pedlar that they should see him again before they left.

“ I have thought of a plan,” said the former, as soon as they were out of hearing, “ for the poor old man to dispose of some of the contents of the box which he has carried so many a long mile. It will be the time for giving prizes to the free-school girls next week, and if

mamma would buy some of his scissors and knives and bodkins for this purpose, they would do very nicely, and he would of course be very glad of the opportunity of disposing of them."

Edward quickly concurred in his sister's plan, and they hastened on to suggest the scheme to their mother, in hopes of receiving her approbation. She readily acceded to the proposition, and the poor Turk was almost overcome with joy and gratitude when he found such a ready sale for his articles.

"I walk many a weary verst," said he, "over hills and through valleys, across green fields and along dusty lanes. I go to many houses, but I seldom get good customer. Many thanks to you, little lady. Many thanks to you, little lady's mamma. I go on bravely now, with my good dinner, which greatly refresh me. Thank you all with many thanks. Should I

THE VEGETABLE-WOMAN.



ever get back to my own dear country, I remember little English lady.”

Eliza felt sincere pleasure in having it in her power to assist the poor wanderer, and I have no doubt but that the remembrance of having done a good action, long continued to afford her gratification.

There are few pleasures superior to the pleasure of assisting the poor and unhappy. It is indeed a *duty*, incumbent upon those whom Providence has blessed with comfort and abundance, and with all the luxuries which wealth can purchase, to relieve the distress of others; but then, to a well-regulated mind, the daily routine of *duty* is *enjoyment*.

THE VEGETABLE-WOMAN.

As Emily was one day taking a ride with her mother, they stopped to walk through the

market, and the little girl's attention was arrested by the astonishing variety of articles on sale. Here a higler displayed his fowls and chickens, recommending his new-laid eggs and his excellent butter; there stood a gardener surrounded by his geraniums and tulips, his roses and his young evergreens. Here a baker was seen placing his new loaves and his French rolls in regular order beside each other; and there a butcher with his sirloins of beef and his fillets of veal. But the person who attracted Emily's attention more than any of the rest, was a vegetable-woman, who was surrounded by such a variety of vegetables, that Emily stood still to look at them and to count them. There were turnips, fine white turnips with their green tops, which are sometimes used as a substitute for greens; carrots—long spiral orange carrots; radishes—young delicate crimson radishes; French beans; green peas; cab-

bagés ; spinach ; Jerusalem artichokes ; nice fresh lettuce ; celery, with its long curling stems ; potatoes ; asparagus ; cauliflowers ; and I know not what beside.

“ That woman’s father is a gardener,” said Mrs. N., as they stopped before her stall to look at the assortment there presented to view ; “ and he raises vegetables, which his daughter brings hither for sale. He is an honest and industrious man, and takes great pains in cultivating his garden, and in raising his trees and vegetables.”

“ Is he the same gardener whom Harriet went to see once,” said Emily, “ and who allowed her to walk through his greenhouse ?”

“ No, not the same,” replied her mother ; “ for he was a nurseryman, and attended chiefly to the cultivation of greenhouse plants and exotics, whilst the gardener of whom I am speaking, and who lives at the neat thatched

cottage you have sometimes noticed in the next village, minds most about culinary vegetables.”

“What do you mean by that word, mamma?” inquired Emily.

“Culinary, my dear,” replied Mrs. N., “signifies relating to food—to what is good to eat; therefore potatoes and turnips and carrots are culinary vegetables. In some countries poor people live chiefly on potatoes instead of bread. In Ireland, for instance, the lower classes, that is the peasantry, are very poor and miserable, and live in little wretched cabins, depending for their subsistence chiefly on potatoes and buttermilk when they can get it, but this is not always the case; they are often obliged to live entirely on their potatoes, which they raise on the little bits of land attached to their cabins. A few years ago they were in extreme want,

in consequence of having lost their usual supply."

"How so, mamma?" said Emily.

"The common mode of preserving these roots during the winter months, my dear," replied her mother, "is by putting them in large pits dug for the purpose; thus providing a store for the future. On opening the pits in the spring, however, they found, to their great disappointment and dismay, poor creatures! that they had all decayed in the ground, and were consequently totally unfit for use."

"Oh, mamma, what did they do?" said Emily.

"They appeared to have no alternative," replied Mrs. N., "but to starve from absolute want; for, in addition to this great loss, they had to sustain that of the failure of the crops in the following year. Their destitute and mi-

serable situation, however, awakened general sympathy, and called forth pity in the heart of every friend to humanity.

“Exertions were made throughout England on their behalf, and their pressing wants were in time happily relieved. How cordially should we rejoice when we can be made, in any way, the medium of conferring benefit on our fellow-creatures.”

“But children, mamma,” said Emily, “what can children do?”

“They can exercise self-denial, as I have sometimes told you,” said Mrs. N., “by laying by a small portion of their own allowance of pocket-money against the time when any case of urgent distress shall fall under their notice; then they will have a little fund to go to, and will derive pleasure from being able to assist the unfortunate. Children should endeavour to cultivate kind and benevolent dispositions;

THE JOURNAL.



since such dispositions will not only endear them to their immediate friends, but will tend to promote their happiness as they grow up, by gaining for them the respect of society at large, and above all, by securing to them the approbation of their Heavenly Father, which is the greatest blessing they can receive—the highest privilege they can enjoy!”

THE JOURNAL.

“Caroline,” said Mrs. A., “I am going to request your governess, Miss B., to allow me to read the journal she has kept of your conduct during the last week. If it contain such an account as I can approve, you shall accompany me to-morrow to spend the day at your grand-papa’s.”

Caroline’s cheeks glowed with conscious pleasure; for she knew, or at least hoped, that her

mother would find it what she wished. She immediately left her drawing, and went into the library to Miss B., to beg she would send her little memorandum-book for her mamma's perusal.

Miss B. gave it to her with an encouraging smile, and the sweet girl returned to the drawing-room elated with the delightful hope, not only of going to her grandpapa's, but also of, what was still better, giving pleasure to her beloved parent.

Mrs. A. then opened the little red-book and began to read:—

“Monday. Caroline attended to her lessons very diligently in the morning, and read her French remarkably well. In the afternoon she had a holiday, and employed herself in making a little cap for Sally W.'s baby.

“Tuesday. Caroline begged that I would

allow her to leave off school a little earlier than usual, that she might walk into the village and take her little cap to the poor woman. To this I assented ; and, as she had completed her allotted tasks before twelve o'clock, I accompanied her, and was truly gratified to observe the pleasure she seemed to enjoy in presenting her little gift ; for it is always delightful to see young people desirous of assisting others by their own exertions on their behalf.

“ Wednesday. A circumstance occurred to-day that gave Caroline an opportunity of evincing the benevolence of her disposition in an agreeable manner. A poor and destitute woman with a family of several children, lately came to reside at a mud-walled cottage, at the end of our village. A lady who was interested on their behalf, acquainted Caroline with the circumstance, and asked her if she had any thing to bestow towards relieving their wants.

The little girl replied that her weekly sum of money was but small, but that her *time* was at her own disposal, and that she would request her mamma to give her some gingham to make two or three little frocks for the poor children. Caroline had a whole holiday given her on account of its being her birthday, and a party of her young friends were invited to spend the evening with her; instead of spending the morning, however, in making preparations for their arrival, she devoted it to her needle; and in the afternoon her young companions accompanied her to the cottage, to present one of the little frocks to the poor woman. This was a laudable employment for a birthday!

“ Thursday. Caroline exercised her self-denial this morning. She was busily engaged with reading a book, when her little brother Edward came and begged her to assist him in putting his Map of England together, as he

had partly done it, and was at a loss how to proceed. She replied, that she was very much interested in the tale she was reading, and that she feared she should not be able to finish it if she left it, as it was a borrowed book, and it was going to be sent away in a parcel in about half an hour. Edward did not reply, but looked sadly disappointed. Caroline observed it, and immediately laid down her book and went to his assistance. She had not time to finish the tale, it is true, but she had the gratification of pleasing her little brother, and this, to a heart like hers, was, I doubt not, more delightful. It sometimes appears difficult at the moment to renounce our own little pleasures for the sake of others, but, as we may gain their esteem and love by doing so, we are generally repaid in the end, because the love and esteem of our friends supplies us with a never-failing source of exquisite delight.”

“ This is Friday,” said Caroline’s mother, “ and therefore the weekly journal is continued only to last night. It gives such a satisfactory account of your conduct during the last few days, however, my dear girl, that I shall gladly allow you the anticipated pleasure of accompanying me to-morrow to your grandpapa’s. I need scarcely tell you, my little Caroline, that much as I rejoice in the acquisitions you may make in your learning, and in your advancement in knowledge of every kind, I rejoice still more in witnessing proofs of an amiable disposition, and of kindness and benevolence of heart. Cherish such dispositions, my dear child; for they will render you happy in this life, and tend to prepare you for the joys of that to come.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Caroline awoke early on the following morning, and jumped out of bed and dressed herself even more quickly than usual, although she was at all times an active and industrious little girl; for she recollected the promised visit to her grandpapa's. As soon as breakfast was over, the carriage came to the door, and Caroline and little Edward took their station in it by the side of their papa and mamma. It was winter, for it was Christmas-day, and the ground was covered with one vast sheet of snow. Icicles were seen suspended from the eaves of every roof; the trees and hedges were clothed in a mantle of frost-work; and the lakes and ponds were frozen so hard that men and boys were seen skating rapidly along their smooth unruffled surface. The sun occasionally broke forth, but the morning was very

different from a summer morning, for it was intensely cold, and no birds, save the solitary redbreast, carolled their songs of praise; no flowers enlivened the road-sides, and no tinkling bell announced the approach of the well-laden waggon. At length, however, our travellers reached their place of destination, where they were received with a warm welcome. A circle of little friends awaited their arrival in the drawing-room, and their grandpapa and grandmamma were rejoiced to see them.

As soon as the usual salutations had passed between them, Mrs. A. took hold of Caroline's hand and led her towards the chair where her grandpapa sat, for he was infirm and unable to move about. "I bring you, my dear Sir," said she, "a little girl who deserves the pleasure of coming to spend Christmas-day at your house, because she has, in the course of the last week, given me some gratifying proofs of

the benevolence of her disposition, and of her earnest desire to please those who are most anxious for her improvement.”

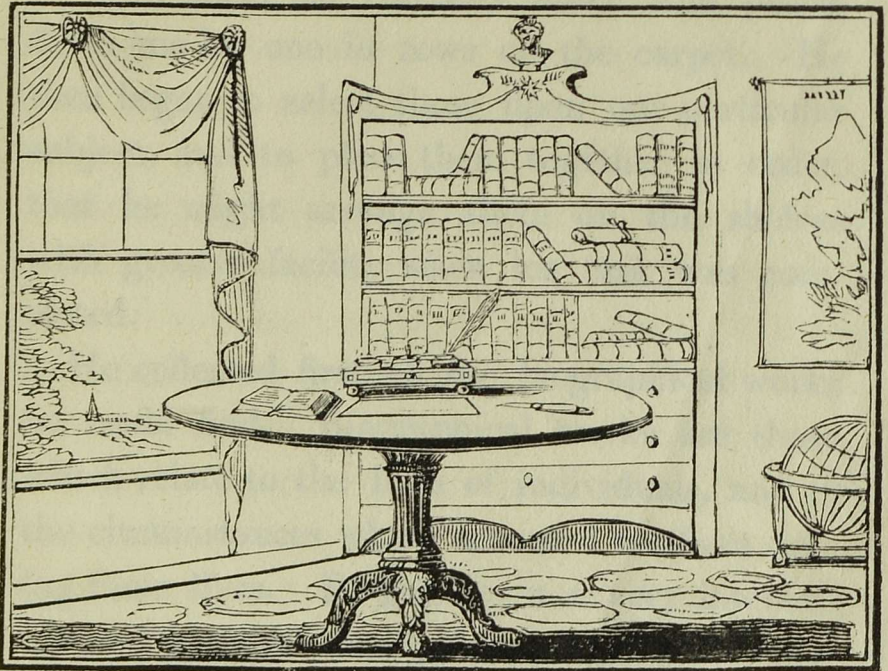
“ I rejoice to hear it,” said the old gentleman, taking her hand ; “ it always affords me sincere delight to witness traits of an amiable disposition in young people, and to believe that they feel the value of receiving a good education, and consequently endeavour to profit by the instruction of their teachers. Go on, my dear child, in the manner you have begun. Persevere in well-doing. Endeavour to secure the love and affection of your friends by your praiseworthy conduct ; and above all endeavour to obtain the approbation of your Heavenly Father, by doing what you believe to be pleasing to Him.”

THE LIBRARY.

A library is a room designed for study. When your papa wishes to read, he often goes into his library, where he is surrounded by books, which he may possibly wish for reference, and by maps, in case he should wish to discover the situation of any places that are mentioned in the works he is perusing; and where he has his papers, pencils, and writing-desk at hand, supposing he should wish to make notes or quotations from any of them.

Charles's father one day told him, that if he would sort the books in his library, and dust them carefully, he would give him a new Robinson Crusoe. He was, as you may suppose, highly delighted with the proposition, and, instead of running out of doors to play the moment school was over, he went into his father's room and began his job. Some of the

THE LIBRARY.



books were upon high shelves, but as there were some library-steps, under one of the tables, he found no difficulty in reaching them, and he took them all carefully down, and placed them one by one in rows on the carpet. He then began to select those upon one particular subject, and to place them together in order, that he might arrange them on the shelves with greater facility when his task was completed.

He collected first all the biographical works he could find. Biographical works are those which relate to the lives of individuals, and to the circumstances which occurred to them during their lives. Biography is a very interesting and profitable study when it refers to characters who have been distinguished for moral excellence, or for Christian virtues. The good example of *others* sometimes stimulates *us* to exertion ; for when we hear of the advantages

which resulted from the line of life which they pursued, we are naturally led to wish to imitate them, and to become what they became. This is one of the reasons why biography may be useful to those who read with the desire of improvement—a desire which all young people ought to cherish.

The next department of literature, for which Charles chose to collect books, was history. History resembles biography, only on a more extended scale. The latter refers to individuals; the former comprehends whole nations of people, and the community at large. It is useful in many respects, not only because those who are unacquainted with the chronological order of peculiar circumstances and events, appear ignorant and uninformed, but also because it furnishes us with so many remarkable proofs of the superintending care of Providence in directing the affairs of men; and convinces

us that nothing can befall us but what is for our good, although we may not immediately perceive the actuating cause.

Having placed together Rollin's Ancient History, Hume's History of England, &c. &c., Charles began to select travels, and to arrange them in order. Travels are very useful and very amusing, for by reading the accounts given by travellers of the various habits and manners of the people of different countries, we are enabled to form a good idea of them, and to store our minds with a species of knowledge which we are not likely to acquire by personal observation.

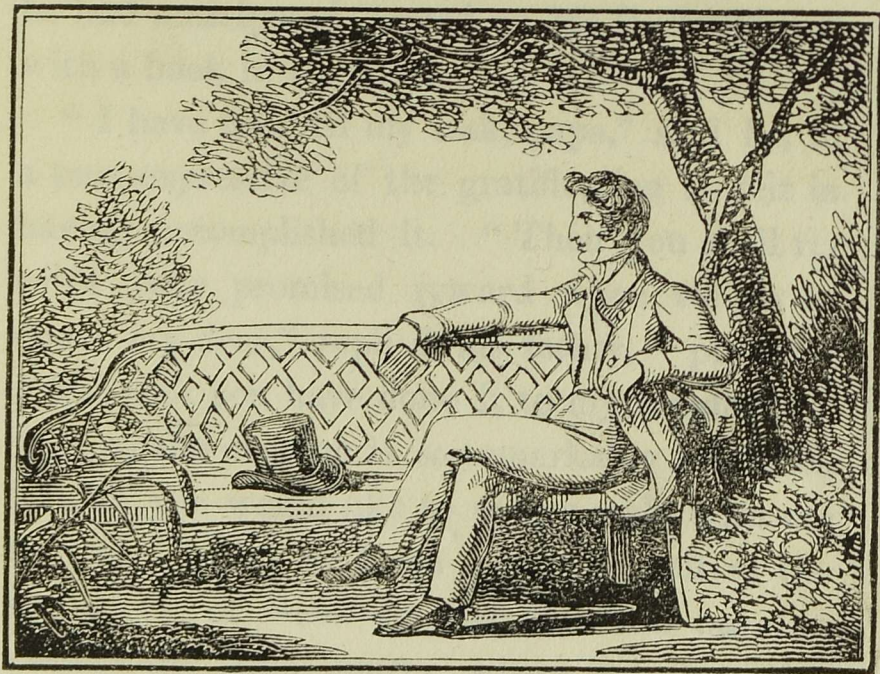
Didactic works were placed on the shelf next to that appropriated to travels. *Didactic* signifies giving precepts. Works that are calculated to promote mental improvement are didactic works. They are also very useful when perused with the earnest desire of deriving benefit

from them. This indeed ought to be our aim and desire in whatever we read, or whatever we undertake. We ought to endeavour to store our minds with knowledge, both with the hope of benefiting ourselves, and of rendering us useful to our fellow-creatures, for, as Lord Bacon has justly observed, “knowledge is power,” and the more we know, the more likely are we to become beneficial to others.

THE GARDEN, OR AN EVENING WALK.

No sooner had Charles completed his task, by dusting all the books and arranging them carefully on the shelves again, (a task which fully occupied him for two hours,) than he ran into the garden in search of his father, whom he expected to find there. It was a delightful evening. The sky was almost cloudless; the birds were singing lively songs of joy; the air

THE GARDEN, OR AN EVENING WALK.



was scented with the fragrance of many flowers, and the sun was gently sinking beneath the western horizon. Charles found his father, as he had anticipated, seated on his favourite seat with a book in his hand.

“ I have finished my task, papa,” said he, in a tone expressive of the gratification he felt in having accomplished it. “ Then you shall receive your promised reward when we go in doors, my dear,” replied his father, “ provided I find that you have done it to my satisfaction. But, as the evening is so remarkably beautiful, I think you would like to take a walk with me into the fields, as I am going to call at the gardener’s, at ———; and we shall have to pass by the stone-quarry, where you may probably find some of the calcareous spar you were wishing for a few days ago.”

Charles thanked his father, and they set out on their walk. After having crossed two or

three meadows, they came to the quarry, but Charles still continued to hold his father's hand instead of leaving him to search for the specimens of spar.

“Do you wish to go, my dear?” said Mr. M.

“Not this evening, thank you, papa,” replied Charles; “because I prefer walking with you. I was thinking, papa, of the beautiful Ode on Adversity which I learned a few days ago, and particularly of these lines:—

‘The meanest flow’ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.’

“I would change one word in the last line, however, and say *me* instead of *him*—

‘To *me* are opening Paradise.’

For you cannot think, papa, how much I enjoy

our walk this evening. All around us is so still and beautiful. There are the labourers returning from their work, now that the toils of the day are ended; and the blue smoke is curling among the tall elms in the village; the birds are singing most sweetly; and the grass looks so green, and the flowers look so beautiful! Oh, papa, I am very happy to-night, and I think we live in a very delightful world!"

"Our feelings, my dear boy, are too much influenced by circumstances," replied Mr. M.; "I grant you that on such a calm and lovely evening as this is, we do seem to live in 'a very delightful world;' but how is it that it is not always equally delightful, that we are not always equally happy? Our happiness ought not to depend on the beauty of flowers, or the singing of birds. We ought to have a source and centre of happiness within ourselves, and one totally independent of external objects."

“ What, papa ! you mean that we ought always to be good-humoured and good-tempered, I suppose.”

“ Yes, my dear ; and even something more than good-humoured and good-tempered, though such dispositions no doubt *contribute* to our happiness, as they induce our friends to love and esteem us. True happiness springs from an earnest desire to do right, and that because it is the will of God. If it be our habitual and fervent desire always to please Him, we shall be happy, let our circumstances or situations in life be what they may. No changes will be able to deprive us of that serenity and peace of mind which such a desire can alone bestow, because it must and will infallibly ensure to us the love of our Heavenly Father, which is the only lasting source of true substantial joy.”

“ Ah, papa, I see you mean to enforce what

you have often said, that to be *good* is to be *happy*, after all," said Charles.

THE TRUANT.

Edward Perverse one sultry day
Resolv'd his task to shun,
Declar'd he would the truant play,
And have some *noble fun*.

He first pursued some butterflies
With many well-aim'd blows,
But when he just had got the prize,
He fell and broke his nose.

A donkey next his notice drew,
And thus he loudly cried—
"Let me, young lad, come up with you,
And then I'll have a ride."

His wish was gain'd—the beast he strode,
And trotted down a lane ;
But soon the ass threw off its load,
And gallopp'd back again.

A furious bullock now to shun,
He leap'd into a pool,
Nor longer thought it *noble fun*
To run away from school.

His cries at length assistance brought,
His danger all was o'er ;
But thus within himself he thought—
“ I 'll ne'er play truant more.”

THE UNFORTUNATE RAMBLE.

Edwin and George, one summer's day,
Set out from home that they might play
The verdant meads among ;

Where lay in heaps the new-mown grass,
And many a pretty country lass
Pour'd forth her artless song.

Refreshing was the fragrant breeze,
The birds sat warbling on the trees,
The shepherds whistled loud ;
Far off was heard the tuneful chace,
And every peasant's healthy face
With animation glow'd.

In this serene, delightful spot,
Young George and Edwin quite forgot
The swiftly passing hours ;
Along the plain their course they kept,
And tired at length, lay down and slept
Upon a bed of flowers.

But sleep had scarcely clos'd their eyes,
When Edwin sent forth piteous cries,
And George awak'd in haste ;

“ O mercy, mercy !” George exclaim’d,
“ My dearest brother will be lam’d !”—
A snake his foot embraced.

Assistance chanced to be at hand,
But Edwin met a reprimand
From him who kill’d the snake :—
“ Go home,” said he ; “ delay no more,
For danger lurks at pleasure’s door ;
So timely warning take.”

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

With aunt’s consent,
Miss Haughty went
A relative to see ;
And she was drest,
At her request,
As fine as fine could be.

This little lass
Before a glass
Admir'd her pretty face ;
And thought each friend
Must sure commend
Her feathers, gems, and lace.

The day was fine,
The clock struck nine,
Her chaise drove from the door ;
But blackness soon
O'erspread the sun,
The rain began to pour.

The torrent pour'd,
The thunder roar'd,
The lightning form'd a blaze ;
The horse that drew
Prov'd restive too,
And overturn'd the chaise.

Miss Haughty now,
Thrown in a slough,
Was all bedaub'd with dirt ;
Her gems were soil'd,
Her feathers spoil'd,
Her face much bruis'd and hurt.

No female friend
Could now commend
Her elegance of dress ;
But all agree,
In charity,
To pity her distress.

Without delay,
They took away
Her frock and 'broider'd shoes ;
Brown paper then,
To ease her pain,
Was fix'd upon each bruise.

“ My dearest love,”
Said Lady Dove,
“ I do not mean to chide ;
But now you see
The vanity
Of making dress your pride.”

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

Young Jemmy's little plot of ground
Is neat beyond compare,
With shrubs and plants so richly crown'd,
And weeded with such care.

Here pinks and fine carnations stand,
All planted in a row ;
While ripen'd currants tempt the hand,
And fragrant roses blow.

The daisy, unassuming flower,
Here rears its modest head ;
And woodbines curl around the bower,
With jessamine o'erspread.

At morn and eve, in frost and snow,
Here Jemmy labour'd hard ;
But now his fruits and flowers bestow
A suitable reward.

THE GREEDY BOY.

The garden-door by chance was left unlock'd,
When near the spot pass'd little Richard
Dare ;
“ O ho ! ” said he, “ I know this garden 's stock'd
With charming fruits, and now I'll have my
share.”

From bush to tree, from walk to walk he went,
Plums, currants, cherries, pears, he ate in
haste ;

Among the wall-fruit many hours he spent,
Resolv'd he now would gratify his taste.

But when the glutton thus had ate his fill,
And when each pocket was completely
cramm'd,

He sudden felt oppress'd and very ill,
And conscience whisper'd—" You should be
asham'd."

Poor little Richard homeward bent his way,
Where he endur'd much sickness and much
pain ;

And when recover'd, he was heard to say,
" I 'll never eat so greedily again."

THE RED-BREAST.

Now winter is come, and the springs are con-
geal'd,

The roads are all cover'd with snow ;
The birds have forsaken the grove and the field,
And the rude winds tempestuously blow.

The red-breast, sweet fellow ! takes refuge with
man,

Hops in at the window or door,
Picks thankfully up a few crumbs where he can,
And seems our kind aid to implore.

O cherish the stranger, and give him some food,
Protect him from hardship and want ;
And when spring revisits the neighbouring
wood,
His thanks he'll melodiously chant.

THE END.

(BI)

WILSON, LUCY...

LITTLE READER

[1827-28]



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