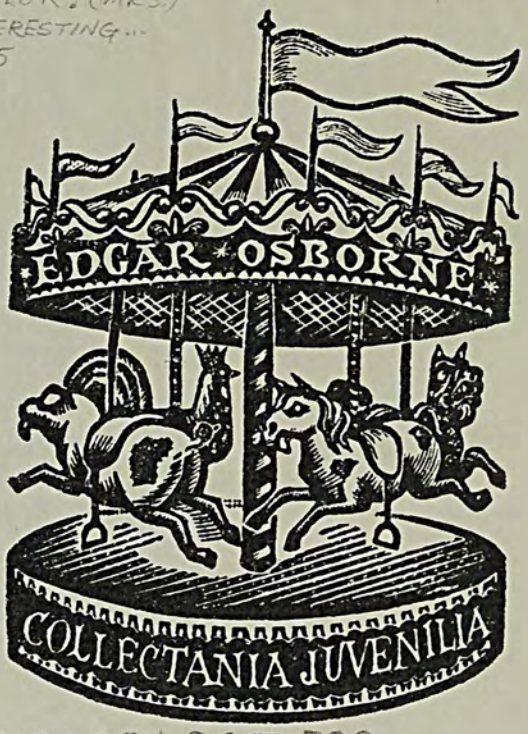

Louisa Duncombe.
Jan.y 1st. 1816.

INTERESTING TALES,

IN

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

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IN

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE,

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

CHILDREN.

BY MRS. TAYLOR.

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PREFACE.

THE Author of this small work humbly begs the Public will not view it with a scrutinizing eye; as she is far from thinking it void of

errors: but the difficulty of writing stories tending to amuse, and instruct, with a strict adherence to monosyllables, she hopes will apologize for unavoidable tautology and other defects; her chief aim has been, to make use of as great a num-

ber of different words as she could, consistent with her plan; and likewise to give her little Readers an idea of what they ought to shun, and what pursue; and, at the same time, to render them some amusement, which she has ever found an incite-

ment to learning; she therefore hopes, though it is not a perfect work, it may be found useful.

INTRODUCTION.

You, my young Friends,
In this small Book may find
A few short Tales,
That tend to strike the mind

With fear of vice,
And all its train of woe;
And love of truth,
Which makes each heart to glow:

For truth ranks first,
And marks the road to bliss,
Which none can reach,
Who that smooth path shall miss.

Let all who wish
For health, or wealth, or friends,
Strive to do well,
And then they'll gain their ends;

Do as they're bid,
And watch with care their mind,
That pride, or sloth,
Not one small place may find:

They from bad girls
And from bad boys must keep,
Or else 'ere long
They'll find great cause to weep.

Youth is the time
To work, to read, and spell;
Then, my young Friends,
Strive to do all things well.

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A GOOD GIRL.

A good girl, who has a wish to gain the love of her friends, will not play when she is set down to work, but will mind what is said to her, will hold up her head, sit straight on her seat, turn out her toes, and do each part of her work neat, and keep it quite clean; will not talk to those near her, nor look off her work, but her mind will be fixt on what she

has in hand; and when call'd to read she will hold her book up, mind her stops, not raise her voice too high, nor sink it too low; nor will she call her words wrong, but will spell those she does not know, and try to read well, and then her friends will give her nice books and let her read to them, which I'm sure they will not do, if she reads with a tone, or goes on till she is out of breath, and does not mind where she ought to pause.

MISS ANN BELL.

Miss Ann Bell was a good child; when she first got up, she would fall on her knees and ask God to bless her through the day, thank him for his kind care of her all the night; and then she would go down stairs, wash her face and hands, and ask all her friends how they had slept; and if they were quite well, it would give her much joy: when her milk was brought, she would

thank the maid for it, and when she ate it, would not slop the board, nor daub her frock: when the next meal came, she did not ask to be help'd first, but staid 'till all were serv'd, and then ate what was put on her plate, and found no faults with it; this made all her friends love her, and as she was so good they gave her plums, pears, and nuts. Thus will all those fare, who are like Miss Ann Bell.

MISS JONES.

Miss Jones, when she was quite young, was a cross girl, and would cry when she saw what she wish'd for; would fight the maid when she wash'd her, would not let her hair be comb'd out, nor would she say, Pray, Grace, give me this thing, or that thing, but would say, Give it me! I will have it! and if it was not reach'd her, she would cry and stamp, so that she made all in the house hate

her, and no child would come to play with her, for if they did she would not let them have her doll, nor one of her toys, so that she was quite dull, and this made her fret the more; at last her friends put her to school, which was a good thing, for when she was there she saw what nice things the good girls had sent them by their friends, and how they were prais'd; and she did not like to let her school-mates know what a bad girl she had

been; so she try'd to be like them, and by that mean she was soon quite chang'd, and was lov'd by each of them; and when she went home she had all the nice things her friends could get for her, and the good girls that liv'd near, came to play with her, and as she took great pains to please them, they were fond of her and lik'd much to be with her: thus was she lov'd both at school and at home.

MISS MEEK.

Once there was a nice girl, nam'd Meek, who had a bird sent her; she begg'd she might have a cage to put it in; and as she was a good child her friends bought her one; the wires were green, and the top and knobs were gilt with gold; which made it look quite grand, and she lik'd it much: the bird sung to her, and she gave it food day by day; but though she was fond of it, she

wish'd it had not been taken out of the nest, as she thought the old bird would grieve for its loss; and she judg'd right, for, poor thing! it lov'd its young as well as we love our's; so it flew from place to place, to look for it, and could get no rest; at last it flew near Miss Meek's house, the cage hung at the door, and the poor bird in it, the sight of which made the old one still more sad, as she could not get it out; so she pin'd for

some days, could not eat, and at last was found dead in the court yard: Miss Meek did not know this, and it was well she did not, for it would have hurt her peace of mind; and, as it was not her fault that it was brought from the nest, it would have been a sad thing to have caus'd her so much pain; and I hope you, who read this true tale, will not take a bird out of it's nest, for you must know it is a bad act.

MISS KATE.

Miss Kate went one day to take a walk; it was fine, the sun shone, yet it was cool; this might well tempt her to stay in the fields some time, as she had leave to do so; the flow'rs were full blown, and she wish'd to get some, but did not like to put them in her frock, lest they should stain it; so, like a good girl, she went home to fetch a thing to put them in, or a string to

tie them up, I don't know which: a poor boy came to her who had had a fall; he wish'd much for some flow'rs, but could not stoop to get them; so she with joy pick'd some of the best and gave him; for she was good to all the poor boys and girls she saw, and this made her friends love her, and give her nice things: for those who are kind to the poor, are sure not to want friends.

MISS BAB WRIGHT.

Miss Bab Wright was a good girl; her aunt had train'd her up in the fear of God: as she got up, she said a hymn which her aunt had taught her; when she went down stairs, she spake to each in the house in a mild tone of voice, and ask'd how they had slept; and when she had had her tea and toast, went to work; on church days she would go with joy to hear Mr. Jones preach, sat

quite still all the time, and did not play with her gloves, fan, or frock, nor did she take sweet things with her to eat, or toys to look at, as she knew none but bad girls would do so; when the text was nam'd, she look'd for the place in her book, and did not think (like some) no more of it, but bore it in mind, and said it by heart to her aunt when she got home; and this is not all, for she would take good books to read, and if some parts were

not clear to her, she would ask her aunt what they meant; and if her play-mates said bad words, she would tell them that if they went on so, she would not let them come to see her; thus did she grow up in the fear of God, and the love of all her friends: when her aunt grew old, she did all she could for her, would make her nice things when she was ill; sit by her bed-side, and read good books to her; and when it pleas'd God to take

her aunt from her by death, she found she had left her great wealth; and, though she was much griev'd for the loss of so kind a friend, she had a good hope that they should meet in that place of bliss which none but the good can reach: as soon as she found her mind calm, she thought of the wealth which was now her own; but as she knew God did not make her rich, that she might be proud, and dress fine and scoff at the poor, she went round

to those who were in want, to some she gave food, to some clothes, and to all coals or wood; their boys and girls she put to school, to write, read, work, and what she thought best for them; she made them go to church once a week, and would not let them play on that day. Thus did she gain the love of all who knew her; and, as she did so much good to those who were poor, and in need, she felt her mind in such a state of ease, as none

but the good can feel; and I hope all that read this will try to be like Miss Bab Wright.

THE KITE.

On the eve of May day, when the sun had run his course, and a brisk gale broke out from the west, John and Joe went in a field to fly their kite; it was a large one and well made, and as they had a long string, it soar'd so high

that at one time they could but just see it; you may be sure this gave them much joy: there were nine or ten boys in the field to look at it, but they had not one of their own: Why had they not? you will say. I will tell you: these boys would not do as their friends bid them, but when they ought to have been at school, would go to play, and they would climb up trees to get birds-nests, and by that mean they tore their clothes; and one of them broke his leg

by a fall from a wall-nut tree: these things, you know, were wrong, and they did not ought to have such a nice kite as John and Joe, who were good boys, and would not climb up trees to grieve the poor birds, for they had made their nests with much pains and care, and they thought it would be a shame to pull them down; and as for nuts, they would not get up a tree for them for the world, as they were sure their friends would not be pleas'd;

and they knew the boy who broke his leg was forc'd to lie in bed six weeks, and was a long time lame, and could not stir out of doors, and was in great pain night and day; so they thought it best to mind what their friends said to them, who knew what was for their good; and by that mean they gain'd their love, and had all the nice toys they could wish for, as well as wall-nuts, and fruit; and you may be sure all who are as good as John and Joe will fare as well.

ROSE, GRACE, AND THE FLY.

Rose. Pray, Grace, look what a large fly there is! let us catch it; I saw Sam Smith one day put a pin through such a one, and it caus'd us a great deal of fun, for it ran up and down, and sung, and spun round and round, and made us laugh so much; I wish you had been there to have seen it.

Grace. Oh! fie, Rose, how can you call that fun which

puts a poor thing to pain; I'm sure I would not have seen it for a large sum.

Rose. I'm sure, Grace, it was not in pain; for I tell you it sung, and what do you think would sing that was in pain?

Grace. How can you say it sung? it did no such thing! it could not speak, or it would have told you that the noise it made was the same as our screams, and that it felt as much pain as we should do if we had a spit run through

us. I have seen boys and girls too, pull off the wings of poor flies, which hurts them as bad as it would you and me, if we had a leg or an arm snatch'd off.

Rose. Oh! dear, Grace, I did not think flies could feel pain; but I dare say you are right, for they have life as well as us, and why should they not feel as well as us? Had I thought it was pain that made it buzz so, I could not have been pleas'd at the sight, for

I would not hurt a worm, much less a fly.

Grace. I'm glad to hear you say so, Rose; for it is a sad thing to hurt what God has thought fit to make.

JAMES AND ANN.

In the month when the fields put forth their fruit and the full ears of rye and wheat bent down their heads, and all the earth was fraught with charms,

James and Ann went forth for a walk; the grain was cut down in one part of the field, and they had leave to glean; this you may be sure pleas'd them much; they pick'd up more than one would have thought they could have done, for they were but eight years old: you will say, and pray what did they do with the ears when they had bound them up? I will tell you! they did not throw them down in the yard for the fowls and pigs, but

there were some poor folks liv'd near their house, who they knew had not much bread to eat, for their boys and girls look'd as if they were half starv'd; so they said they would give their gleans to them, and hop'd they would make a small loaf: the old folks thank'd them, with tears of joy; and their friends kiss'd them, and gave them nice cakes and fruit; for they were much pleas'd to see them so good to the poor.

THE BAD BOY, CHARLES.

Charles was a fine boy, straight and well made, had a nice set of white teeth, black eyes, and hair as fine as flax; was taught to ride, and had a black boy to take care of him; his friends would not let him ride a great horse, as they knew he had not strength to hold one in; so they bought him a nice grey nag, not more than twelve hands high; and gave him leave to go out on it twice a

day, but charg'd him not to get on a great horse, as he was too young, but that when he grew a man he should have what one he lik'd best: Taff was fond of Charles, would stand still to let him mount, go the pace he wish'd him, stop when he but just touch'd the rein, and did not want whip or spur; and one would have thought Charles could not have had a wish to do wrong: but you shall hear what a bad boy he was; one day, when his

black was gone to put Taff in the close, that he might have some nice grass, he saw a great horse hang at the next door, he ran in and fetch'd a stool, for he was too short to reach his back; when he was on the stool, he threw his leg up, but could not reach the seat, snap went the rein, off set the horse as fast as he could go; Charles held by the mane a short time, but was soon thrown off, and down he went with great force on the stones; his right

arm was broke, his knee and back much hurt, one of his eyes beat quite out, and his face and head so cut, that no one thought he could live an hour; the pains he felt were so great, that he went quite out of his mind for a time; at length with much care he got so well as to walk from one street to the next with a crutch; but the loss of an eye made him a sad sight to look on; nor could he ride on poor Taff, for his back was so weak, he

could not bear the least shake: so you see what a bad thing it is for boys not to mind what their friends say to them; they ought at all times to do as they are bid, and then they would not meet with such sad hurts as Charles did.

JANE AND ANN.

Jane. My dear Ann, shall we take a walk? it is fine, the

sun shines, yet it is cool in the shade.

Ann. With all my heart, Jane, I shall like a walk much; I have had the head-ach, and I think the air will do me good; but let us take our books with us, for you know we must say our tasks in an hour's time, and we have not got them so well as we ought.

Jane. I am glad you thought of that; for we lay in bed too long, and that may have made your head ach, as well as made

us too late with our tasks; we ought to have got up when we were first call'd: don't let us be such bad girls; it can do us no good to lie past our time, and may do us much harm, for we lose both our time and our health.

Ann. You are quite right, Jane, I know it was wrong to do as we did, so don't let us do so for the time to come; and now mum till we have got our tasks.

They are quite still for some time, and then go on thus:---

Jane. I think I can say mine; will you hear me, Ann?

Ann. Yes: Oh! you can say it quite well, now hear me!

Jane. You have not miss'd a word! now let us look at these fine pinks, and that nice rose; how sweet it smells, and what fine tints! I wish I could paint a rose.

Ann. We shall both be taught to draw and paint, but we must

learn to read and spell well first; let us make haste then and learn as quick as we can, I should hate to be such a dunce as Miss Dull is, that lives next door to us; she cries when she goes to read, and can't spell a word, though she is near as old as we are; she might come and play with us if she was a good girl, but she is a mere dunce, and is so cross that no one will let her come to see them.

Jane. That is true, my dear

Ann, I hope we shall not be like her, it will be our own faults if we are; let us now go in and say our tasks, for it is quite time.

BEN BRISK AND MAT SNEAK.

Ben Brisk ask'd leave one day to walk out: it was cold; but boys don't mind cold; the ponds were all ice, Ben long'd to slide, but his friends had

told him not to go on a pond lest the ice should break and let him in; now Ben was a good boy, and though he wish'd much to slide, he would not set a foot on, as he had said he would not.——Mat Sneak came just at the time that Ben stood at the edge of the pond, and did all he could to get him to break his word; but when he found he could not, he laugh'd at him, and told him he should see what fun he would have, and said

Ben was a fool to mind his friends; that for his part he would do as he lik'd, and no one dare try to stop him; so on the ice he went, and at first Ben had a mind to be with him, but for the sake of his word he kept at the edge: Mat slid, and cut, this way and that way, with his nail'd shoes, but in a short time the ice gave a great crack, and in he went; Ben ran with all speed for help, and some men came with long poles to break

the ice, but all in vain; Mat could not be found till the ice was quite gone, and then of course he was dead: so you see what a sad thing it is for boys not to mind what their friends say to them; if Ben had been like Mat, he would have shar'd the same fate, but he was a good boy, and would not tell a lie, so you see he came to no harm.

RUTH AND KATE.

Ruth and Kate had leave to go in a place which was call'd the fruit ground, where most kinds of the best fruit grew: they took a walk one day, but had a strict charge not to touch the green fruit, as it would be sure to make them ill; but that when it was ripe, they should have as much as was good for them.

I shall now give you what pass'd:

Ruth. I am glad we have such a large piece of ground to walk in, some girls have not half so much: do but look at the fine bloom of that pear tree! and look at the plums, Kate; I do think they are ripe.

Kate. No! that I am sure they are not, for if they were, we should have had some brought in, and there has not been one in the house yet.

Ruth. Why, they look quite blue, I must feel of them.

Kate. So you may, but you will not find them soft.

Ruth. They are not quite soft, to be sure; but I shall taste of them.

Kate. That will be wrong, Ruth, when you know we were bid not to touch them, and told that if we eat them green, we should be sure to be ill, for they would breed worms in us.

Ruth. But a few, I think, could not hurt us.

Kate. You may do as you

please, but I am sure I will not eat one.

Ruth. Oh! that is to say, you will be the best girl, and will go in and tell that I have had some; if I should eat two or three, will you?

Kate. No, Ruth, I would not be a tell-tale, I should then be as bad as you; but let me beg of you to let them hang till they are ripe, and then I know we shall have leave to get what we please.

Ruth. You may say what

you will, and do what you will, but I shall eat two or three, and I am sure they can't hurt me; and it won't be known, if you don't tell.

Kate. But it is as bad to do wrong, if our friends don't know of it; for God sees us at all times, and he will not love those that do what they ought not to do; and if God won't love us, where do you think we shall go when we die?

Ruth. What a fuss you make of a few plums; but have some

I will, and the more you say the more I will eat!

Kate. That shows a bad mind, Ruth; but you must do as you please.

Ruth ate some; they went in, and in a few hours she turn'd pale, and felt sick and ill; her friends could not find out the cause; but at last she grew so bad that she thought she should die, and what Kate had said came in her mind, and as she knew it was all true, she was griev'd

for what she had done, so she told the truth, and wish'd much to get well that her friends might see she was chang'd. It was a good thing she own'd her fault; but she did not get down stairs till all the fruit was gone, as she kept her bed some weeks: so for the sake of a few green plums, she lost all the ripe ones, and all the nice walks she might have had, if she had been like Kate; and while she kept her bed, she was forc'd to take pills to kill

the worms, and drink sea-water to cleanse her blood; so I think you who read this will say good girls are sure to be the best off.

GEORGE AND NED SLACK.

George was a good boy, and went to school twice a day, though he had more than two miles to go; if it rain'd, or snow'd, he would not stay at home, for he said he had a

great deal to learn, and time was not to be lost; by which mean he gain'd the love of all who taught him: there was not one in the school who could write, read, and spell, so well as George. One day he went with Ned Slack: Ned would stop to spin a top, and said George should stay and see how long it would keep up; George told him he would not waste his time in such a way, for he could play when he got home; so on he went, and left

Ned with his top: George had been at school an hour, when Ned came in; and, as those who taught him, knew his friends would not send him to school so late, they flogg'd him well, and kept him an hour, when the rest of the boys were gone home. Now which do you think was the best off? Ned, who was flogg'd till his back was sore, and kept at school, or George, who went in time, got through his tasks with ease, pleas'd all his

friends, and had time to play at spin top, or what he lik'd best, when he got home? Why, George, to be sure! we must all know, that none but bad boys will play in their way to school.

FAITH AND HOPE.

There were two fine girls, twins, nam'd Faith and Hope; their near and dear friends did not live a month from

their birth; an aunt brought them up with great care, and when they were six years old, put them to school; and though they lov'd their aunt, they did not cry when they left her: for, as she had told them all good girls went to school to learn to read, write, and work; though they were so young, they wish'd to be good, and that made them like to go where they might be taught what they did not know; they could spell some small words,

but that was all they had learnt: Mrs. Sharp (for that was the name of the head of the school) was much pleas'd to see them; they had each a smile on their face, which made her think they came with a good will, and would mind what she said to them; they did not work the first day, but Mrs. Sharp was pleas'd to see them sit so still in school time. At night they said the hymn they us'd to say to their aunt, then went to bed like

good girls; when they got up, they thank'd God for his care of them through the hours of sleep; stood still while their frocks were tied, and their hair comb'd out, and were so good all day, that their school-mates lov'd them, and would try which should please them most; their tasks were said so well, and their work done so neat, that Mrs. Sharp us'd to kiss them and call them her best dears; which you may be sure pleas'd them much. Thus they went

on step by step, till they were the first in the school; they wrote a fine hand, and would not spell wrong for the world; their work was neat and clean; and they mark'd so well, that the wrong side look'd the same as the right; and they could draw and paint in such a style, that it was a great treat to look at their books: when they went out of a room, they had grace in their air, and the same when they came in; and their whole form shew'd

they had been well brought up; and they took great pains to please those who came to see them; their love was like that of two dear friends, and they might be said to be twins in all they did; where Faith was, you might be sure to find Hope. Thus did they grow up in peace and love, the joy of their aunt and all who knew them.

JOB AND RALPH.

There were two boys, nam'd Job and Ralph, whose friends were rich, and gave each of them a crown a week to spend; this was a great deal, and no doubt but you wish to know what use they made of it; and, as I liv'd at the next house, I can tell you: if Job saw a boy or girl in need, he was sure to give them part of his cash; and if he bought toys, would give or lend them

to those that had none; and when he play'd with them, would take care not to break them, that he might not have to buy more, for then he thought he should have the less to give to the poor. One day he saw a boy's hat blow in a pond; the poor boy cry'd, and said he should be beat when he got home, for he could not get his hat out; so Job bid him dry up his tears, and he would buy him a new one: some-times he would buy

fruit, and nice cakes, which his play-mates were sure to share. But as for Ralph, if he saw a poor boy cry for bread, he would turn his head from him, or bid him go his way, and not come near him; and he would lay so much out in sweet things (which he ate all up), that he us'd to look pale, was sick and ill, his face was full of spots, and his teeth came out when he was quite young; so that he was a sad sight to look on: and if he

bought toys, he was so cross that he would not let his playmates touch them, and when he was in a bad fit, would stamp on them and break them, and then go and buy more, so that he spent his crown week by week, and did not make one friend; while Job had good health, a fine set of white teeth (for he took care to clean them well), and was lov'd by rich and poor.

MISS GREEN, THE CAT, AND PEG THE MAID.

Miss Green takes up the cat: Come, puss, said she, you and I will have a good play; I will dress you in my wax doll's best frock, and make you look quite smart; come, put your leg in the sleeve, and don't scratch so, I am sure I don't hurt you; what do you cry for? do you want some milk? well, if you will be good, I will give you some first;

there it is! now make haste and eat it, for I long to see you drest, and then I will lay you down in the crib; Oh! it is all gone! well, now I hope you will be good; come, put your arm in, leg, I mean; what, won't you be still? but I shall make you; I don't mind a scratch or two: there, it is on! now for the cap! I see I must tie that round your chin, or it will come off: there, now lie quite still, till I fetch the quilt to put on you, that

you may look like a child, and when Peg comes in, she won't know you.

As soon as she turn'd to reach the quilt, down jump'd puss, and was off in a twink.

Miss Green scream'd out, and in came Peg, in a fright: what can ail you, Miss? said she. Oh! pray, Peg, she cry'd, run and look for the cat, she is gone through the sink hole with my doll's best frock and cap on. It serves you right, Miss, said Peg, you have been

told not to touch the cat, for you teize her so, that she has no peace when she is near you; and look at your scratch'd arms! I am sure your ma'a won't let you go out with her to day, for this is not the first time you have teiz'd the poor cat so. Oh! pray, Peg, said she, don't stand to talk thus, but get me my frock and cap, and it shall be the last time I will do such a thing. Peg went out to look for puss, but she was gone out of sight;

she had set her claws to work, and soon tore off her dress, which lay in scraps in the yard. Peg soon came in: look, Miss, said she, there lies your frock and cap, torn all to bits. Oh! what shall I do? cry'd Miss Green; pray, Peg, don't tell my ma'a! That is not my place to do, Miss, said she, it makes no odds to me, but I have heard your ma'a say she likes best when you own a fault, so, if I was you, I would e'en go tell her at once. Miss

Green went in and sat down a long time dull, and full of thought; she knew not what step to take; but at last, like a good girl, she thought it would be best to own what what she had done; and so it prov'd, for her ma'a said, as she had told the truth, she should love her, and think no more of her fault, but that she must not teize poor puss, for she had a good coat on her back, and did not like to wear doll's things. From this short

sketch you will see that those fare best, who tell the truth.

MISS JOICE AND MISS TRUE.

In a small town there once liv'd two nice girls, nam'd Joice and True; they were brought up by an aunt, who was fond of them to a fault, for she let them do just as they pleas'd, which in time

prov'd her to be their worst foe, and was the cause of great ills to them both; she could not bear to send them to school, as she thought they would cry and fret, if they were gone from her: to be sure, she did let them go, once or twice a week, to Mrs. Prue, who kept a day school just by; but she sent word they must not work long at a time, as it would hurt their eyes, and they were not to be taught to read, till the next

year, as she thought it would be too much for them, to work and read both; so you may judge they did not learn much; for girls, while young, do not know what is best for them; and when they were not at work, they play'd and talk'd, and spoil'd those that would have gone on as they ought; so Mrs. Prue would not let them come to school, for she said she wish'd all her girls to read and work well, which they could not do, while Miss Joice

and Miss True went on in such a way: so that when they were grown up, they did not know how to work, read, or write, for if their aunt gave them a bit of work to do, they would cry, and then they knew she would let them lay it by; they were proud and vain, and thought gay clothes would make them gaz'd at, which was their chief aim; you might see them walk out, drest in a red silk gown, a green hat and white bows, and a cloak

trim'd with blue; it is true, they were gaz'd at, and so far they had their wish, but all who saw them laugh'd at and shunn'd them, while those who dress'd neat were lov'd and prais'd; they went to all the fairs, plays, and shows near, and when they got home, their clothes were hung all round the room, and some thrown on the floor, by which means they were soon spoil'd, and then more were bought; for they had their aunt's purse to go

to when they pleas'd. In a few years they spent all she had, and she saw (when too late) her fault, which prey'd so much on her mind, that it broke her heart: when she was dead, the poor girls found they had not a bit of bread to eat, nor a bed to lie on; and, what was much worse, they had not one friend to help them; they sold some of their clothes, and the rest were soon in rags; and, as they did not know how to do plain work, they

were forc'd to go to a farm house, to beg the good man to let them weed and make hay, to get a few pence to buy bread to keep life in them; and, at night, they lay in a barn. Thus you see the fate of those, who spend their youth in such a way: let all who read this, mind to learn while they are young; and then, if they should not be rich, they will know how to work, will be sure of friends, have a mind at ease, and will

not be in such a state of woe, as poor Joice and True were.

MISS COLE, MISS WOOD, AND MISS COOKE.

Miss Cole. How do you like Miss Cooke, Miss Wood? but I need not ask you, for I am sure you must have been as pleas'd as I was, when the maid came to fetch us home.

Miss Wood. You are quite

right, my dear Miss Cole; I have been told what an ill bred cross girl she was, but did not think she could have been half so bad, as I found her.

Miss Cole. Nor did I! but I dare say it is all true that we have heard; for she did not say she was glad to see us, when we first went in; nor did she shew us to a seat; but stood and star'd at us, as if we had been ghosts.

Miss Wood. Do you think there are such things as ghosts?

Miss Cole. Oh! dear, no! I am not so weak; there are boys wrapt up in sheets, who stand in the dark to make folks think they are ghosts, and by that mean they fright those who don't know they are boys, and they ought to be well flogg'd for such tricks: I dare say it would make me start, but I should not think of a ghost; for my ma'a has told me that what is call'd a

ghost is the soul that leaves us when we die; and that it can't come on earth, when it is once fled from us; so that, though I said Miss Cooke look'd at us as if we were ghosts, I meant no more than if I had said scare-crows, which are things hung up to fright the birds from the grain.

Miss Wood. I am glad you have told me thus much, for I have heard our maids talk of a ghost, but I shall not think there can be such a thing

from what you have said; and I hope we shall not be so rude to our play-mates, as Miss Cooke was to us; for she would not let us touch her doll, nor would she play with us, though we told her she should name what game she lik'd best.

Miss Cole. And don't you know, when I went to take hold of a cup to look at it, she snatch'd it from me as if she thought I should be sure to break it.

Miss Wood. Oh! yes, I saw her; and when the cakes were brought, she took all the whole ones, and gave us the bits; and at tea-time, she slopp'd the board, pour'd the tea down her frock, and fill'd her mouth so full of toast, that it dropt out.

Just then their aunt came in.

I have, said she, my dear girls, heard all that you have talk'd of; and am glad you see what is rude in Miss Cooke, and still more so to

find you do not mean to do as she does; but, as I wish you to act in all points, so as to gain the love of your friends, I must tell you, you ought not to speak ill of your play-mates if they do not act right; for it shews a great mind to pass by a fault, but it is mean to tell what you see and hear in those who do wrong, and shews a bad heart: you should think of their faults that you may mend yours, but by no means talk of them.

JOHN, ANN, AND THEIR DOG TRIM.

John was three years old, and Ann two, when they had a chaise bought for the maid to draw them in; they had a yard dog which they were fond of, who us'd to go with them: and they were quite pleas'd with their new chaise; but in a year or two, they did not want to ride, but once in a while, as they lik'd to walk best; but when their play-

mates came, they would ask John and Ann to draw them, as they had not a chaise of their own. Now Trim, though a great dog, and would not let a thief come near the house in the night, was fond of them, would lick their hands, run up and down the yard by the side of the chaise, and seem'd to like the sport as well as the young folks. One day John and Ann took the chaise up the new road; Ann got in, and John said Trim

should draw them both, so he ran home for some string, but did not say what it was for: when he got back, he tied Trim to the pole with one bit, and put a long piece round his head and mouth, to serve as a rein; he took with him a whip, and in the chaise he got to Ann; poor Trim stood still all the time, and when John bid him go on, he did not move; John then took his whip, and gave him a cut or two, but still Trim did not

stir; poor Ann could not bear to see Trim beat, so out she jump'd, and said she would cut the string; but John kept her off with his whip, and then made use of it on poor Trim's back: this was too much for Ann, she burst out in tears, and begg'd John would not whip him so, for she said he was a good dog, and would not do them the least harm, and that he was a sad boy to hurt a dumb beast; but it was all in vain, for he said

Trim should draw him, let her say what she would; at last, Trim, not us'd to the whip, turn'd his head, as if he had a mind to bite, but this he seem'd not to like; so, as if to run from his load, he set off; but the more he ran, the more he felt the weight at his heels, and that made him go still more swift: John was in a a fright, but the chaise went so fast, he could not jump out: the poor dog had been us'd to go in at a gate, by the

side of the road, and there was a ditch just by; he turn'd short, the chaise up-set, and John was thrown in the ditch; it was well for him it was not deep, for he might then have lost his life, as no one was near to help him out; for Ann was gone home full of grief; but she was too good to tell tales, so she staid in the yard that she might not be seen to cry. John was forc'd to creep out on his hands and knees; it is true, he was not hurt!

but he was all mud, and had to walk home in that plight; he met some boys in the way, who all laugh'd at him, and call'd him Old stick in the mud: Trim soon got home, for the string broke when the chaise turn'd up-side down; Ann saw him come in, she ran to him, coax'd him, laid her head on his face, strok'd him, and did all she could to make him know how glad she was to see him, and how much she was griev'd for what he

had gone through. Just then, in came John, but she did not at first know him; his face and head were all mud, his coat the same, it had run down his back, and in short his whole form was lost in dirt; his voice was all that Ann could know him by; Is that you, John? she cry'd, it serves you right! I dare say, poor Trim draw'd you in the ditch; and who do you think will clean you? the poor dog, I am sure, did not mean to hurt

you, though you us'd him so ill! John felt the truth of what she said, for he did not want sense; so he gave her his word he would not make a horse of Trim, nor play him one more bad trick, so long as he liv'd, if she would but make peace for him, that he might be wash'd, and have clean things on; and, as she knew he would not tell a fib, she went in, and begg'd his friends to pass by the fault, as he would not, she was sure,

do such a thing in time to come: it was kind in Ann, thus to take his part, or he would have been well flogg'd; as it was, they did no more than fetch him in, wash him in a great tub, and send him to bed. By this, you may see that it is a sad thing to use poor dogs ill, and that those who do, are sure to be met with: and I think you will all love Ann, for her good will, both to Trim and John.

JOB AND CAIN.

There were two boys liv'd in the same town, nam'd Job and Cain. Job was brought up in the fear of God, went to church, read good books, and did as his friends wish'd him; Cain would have his own way at all times, did not go to church, said bad words, and was seen with the worst boys in the town. Job chose those to play with him, who went to school

as he did, read their book, kept their word, and did as their friends bid them; he would wash his hands and face twice or thrice a day, and kept his clothes clean and neat: Cain was all dirt, and not fit to be seen; would not go to school, and was quite a dunce. Job would make a bow when he met those he knew; but Cain would not move. Job grew up in the love of all who saw him; Cain was lov'd by none but those who

were as bad as he was. Job, when at a right age, was bound to a trade, which he soon learnt; and in a few years, his friends set him up; he look'd well to his shop, kept at home, did not spend his time with bad men, and by that mean he had a set of good friends; grew rich, left off trade, bought a large seat, call'd Grove House, and went with his wife to live on the fruits of their care; the walks round Grove House were

such as charm'd all that went to see them; and they liv'd in joy and peace: as Cain grew up, he grew worse, would not work, staid out late at night, drank hard, and when he went home would fight those who came near him; and in that way he went on, till he broke his friends' hearts, spent all he had, and then those whom he call'd friends, and were like him, would not look on him; at last he was sent to jail for debt,

and there he drew his last breath. Let all young folks take care they don't come to such an end; let them shun the paths of vice, mind what their friends say; and then they may hope to have a house of their own, and live in peace as Job did.

THE END.

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