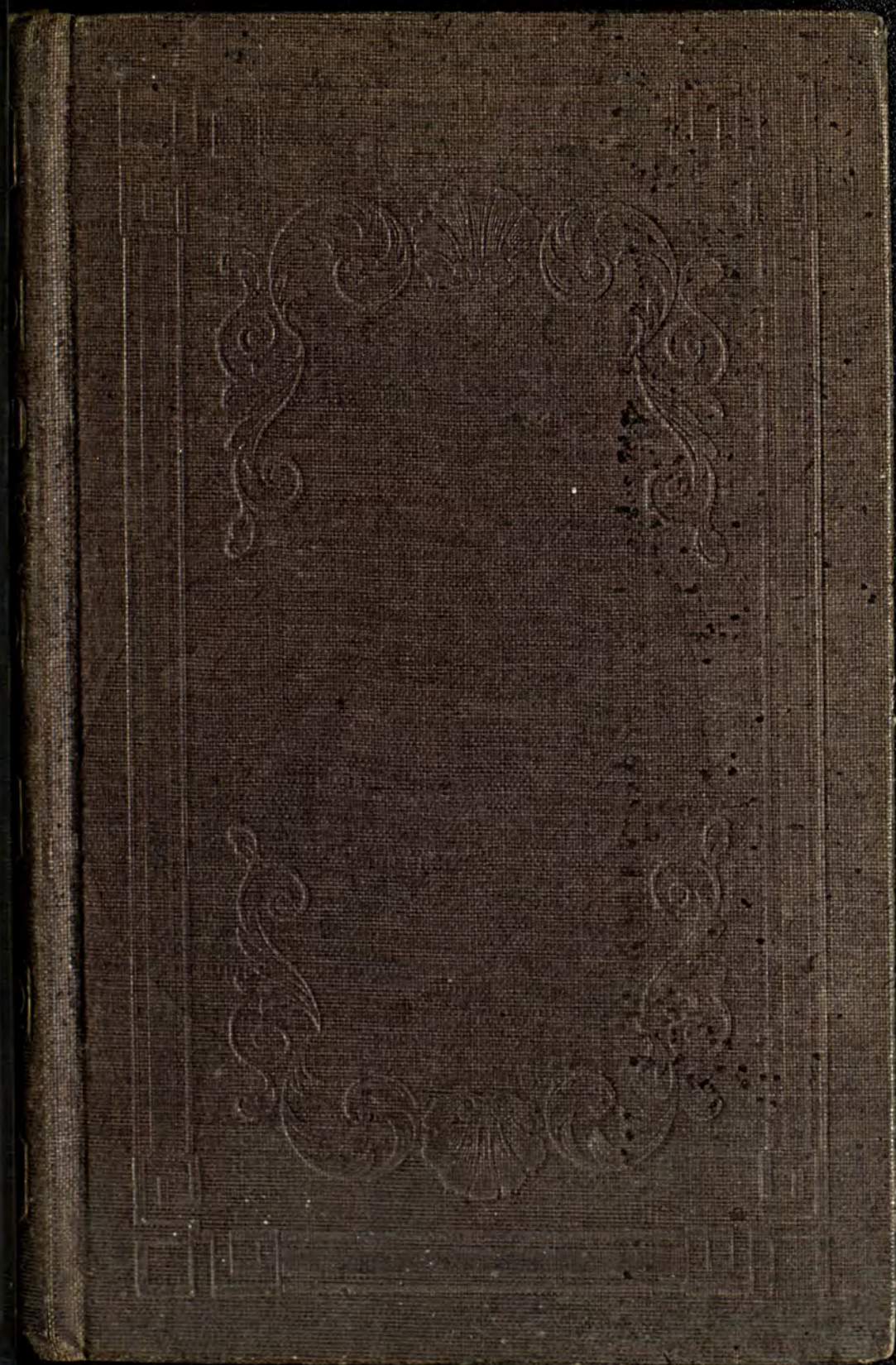




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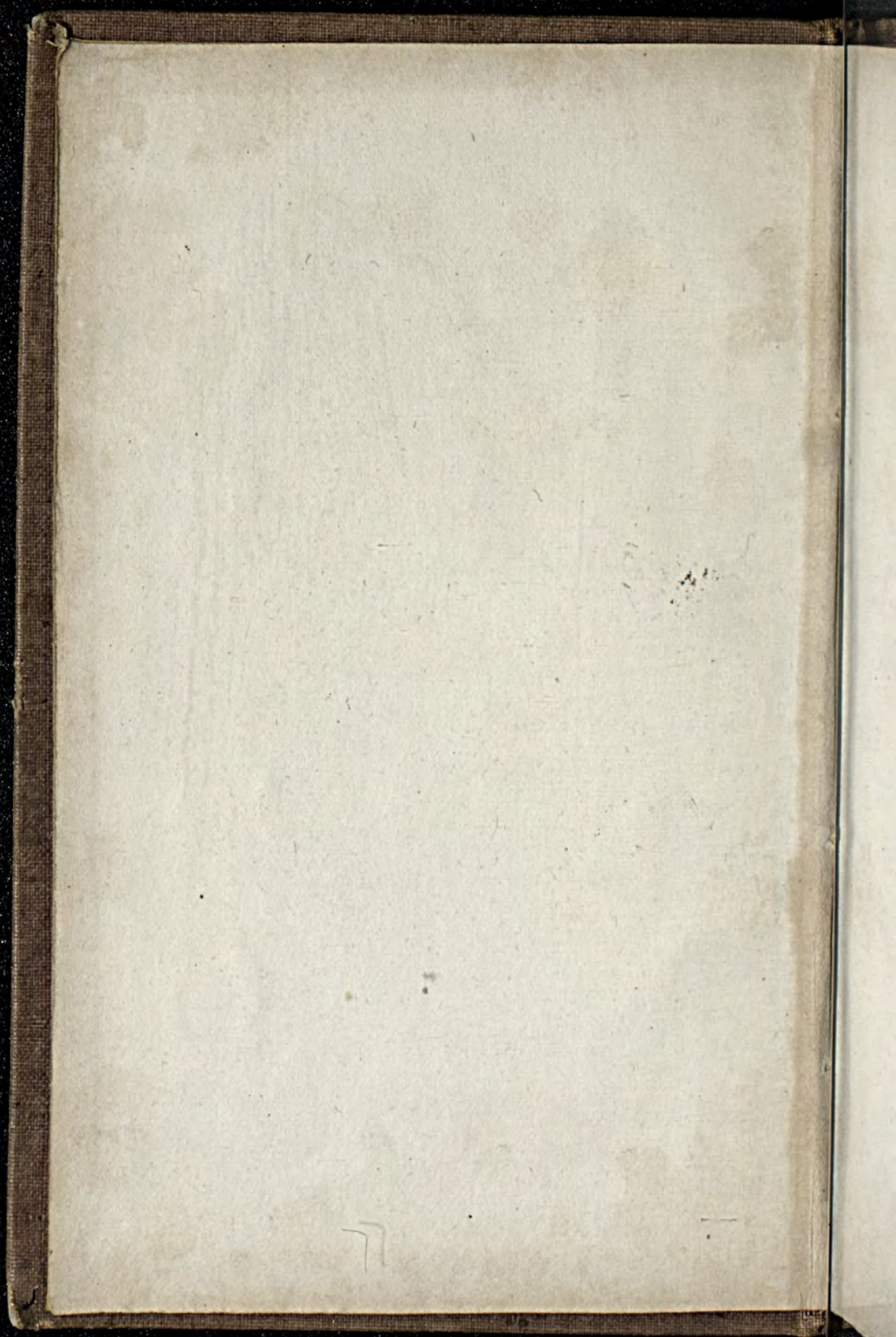
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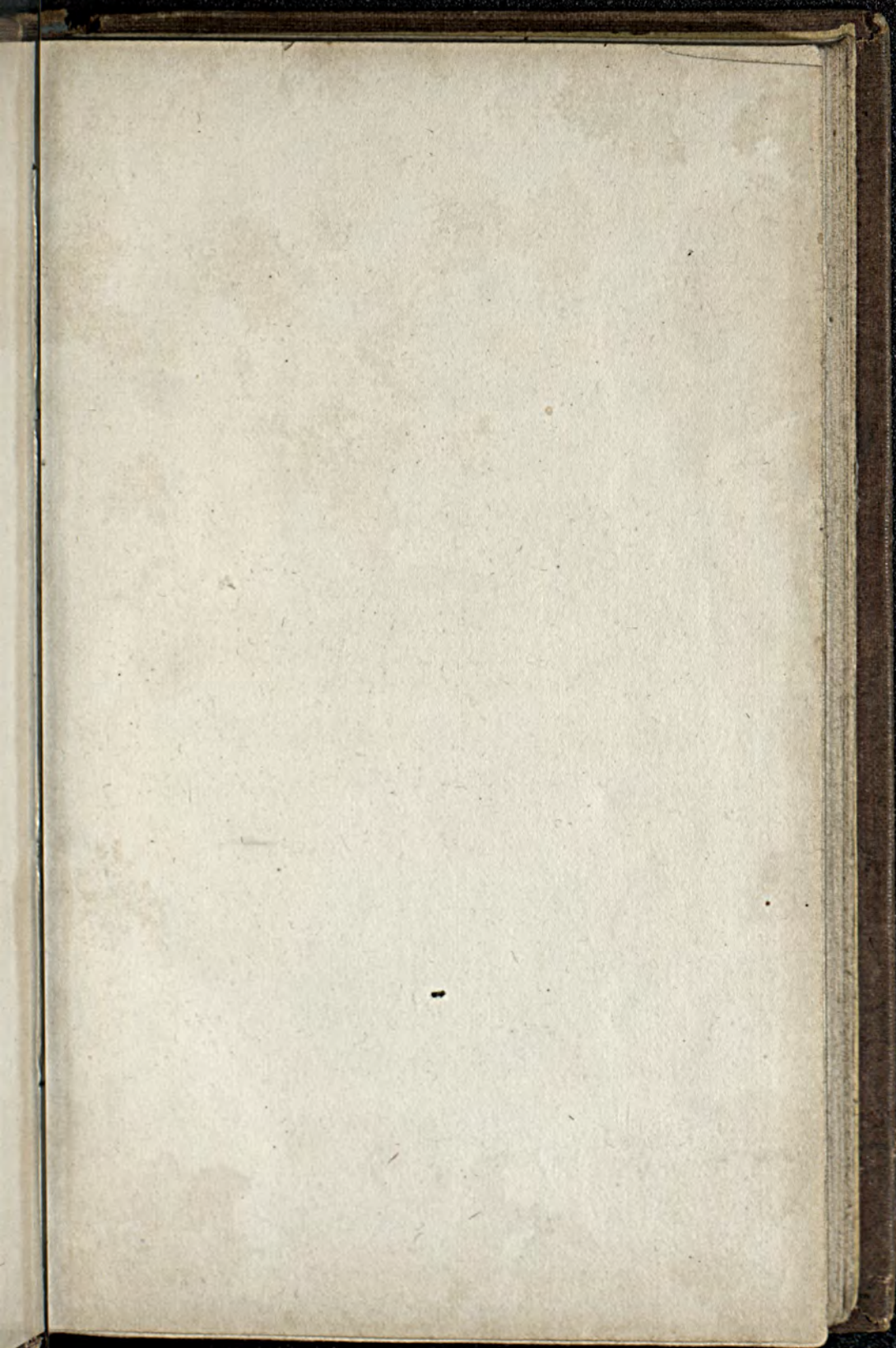
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Stewart

Edmund Pendleton







LIMED TWIGS,
TO CATCH YOUNG BIRDS;

OR EASY READING
IN LARGE LETTERS,

FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

REVISED BY A TEACHER.



PHILADELPHIA.
JAMES K. SIMON.
1849.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1848, by

JAMES K. SIMON,

in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

LIMED TWIGS, &c.



THE BEE.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.

Little boy. Why is the
bee on the bud? It is all
wet with dew.

Man a. The bee on
the bud to sip it. ~~So~~ it
fly in to the cup of the bud
—buz, buz, buz.

Little Boy. Can it go to see the gay of it, or to see the dew all on it?

Mamma. No, it is in the bud to get wax out of it.

Little Boy. Is it to be in the bud all day?

Mamma. No, it may eat out of all. See it fly on the red pea; and now it is off to fly in the sun.

Little boy. Has it got a leg

Mamma. O yes, it has got six; but a boy has but two; and a bee can fly.

Little boy. A boy can not fly.

Mamma. No, a boy can not fly. A bee can fly, and can get wax out of a bud; but a boy can run and see him do it.

Little boy. Now let us go; for the bee did fly up in the air, and I can not see him.

Mamma. So do, my boy, and now run.

THE CUT.

IN WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.

Child. O, do see my sad cut! Is it not a bad one?

Papa. Ah! it is a sad cut, it is all red; but do not cry.

Child. It is so sad to be cut, do let me cry.

Papa. O no, a boy may not cry.

Child. Why may not a boy cry? The cat did cry, as one did cut off her ear, and why may not I?

Papa. Yes: the cat may cry, for she is a cat, and may go mew, mew, mew, if she be cut; but you are so big and so old, you may not cry.

Child. Do let me, for all I am a boy.

Papa. O no, I can not let you: it is so sad to my ear, and it is sad to my eye too, to see a boy cry!

Child. Why so?

Papa. Do not you see how red his eye may get, if he cry? and it is all bad.

Child. As I may not cry,
see now, I try not to do it.

Papa. Now it is as a
man not to cry. Let me
see the cut. Now dry up,
sad cut, for my boy did not
cry.



GETTING UP.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.

Mamma. Come, get up,
my love, and go with me
into the long lane; the sun
is up, and it is high time for
a good girl to be up too.

Little Ann. O, I like to

lie in bed, it is so warm:
pray let me lie till nine.

Mamma. No; a good girl
must get up, and not lie in
a hot bed when the day is
so fine. See, the dew is yet
on the tree, and the buds
blow wide, and the bee
doth buz from leaf to leaf.
The lark, too, is now high
up in the air on its soft
wing, to give us a tune; so,
will not my girl get up to
hear his fine song?

Little Ann. Yes, I will

rise soon ; but my eyes are so dull, I can not see.

Mamma. Then stir at once, and your eyes will soon be well. Come, I will lift up the sash, and let in the cool air and the mild sun. No, do not rub your eyes, they will be red if you do:—wash them, and then look up and see the fine day.

Little Ann. Ah ! I can see well now, and I want to run into the lane. I am glad you made me get out of my bed at once.

Mamma. Yes, I know how you feel: it is much more wise to get up soon, than to lie long in bed.

Little Ann. But we may lie in bed some time.

Mamma. Yes, my love, when the sun is gone down and it is dark; and when the men and the boys, and my girl and all, want to go to rest from hard work, then we may lie; but not when our rest is done, and it is time to work once more.

Little Ann. But why *must* we work? Some do not work at all, but sit all day or else play at some game.

Mamma. Ah! but they are weak folk who do so, and act much like a fool. I hope my dear girl will not like to play all day and lose time; for when it is gone, it will come no more.

Little Ann. But we may live a long time, and then work, though we play now.

Mamma. Yes, we *may* live, as you say; but we

may die too, and we do not know how soon. I have seen a babe die that was less than you: it grew pale, and was soon cold and dead! Then it was too late for it to work, for its time was all gone.

Little Ann. Poor babe! —did you kiss it?

Mamma. Yes, I did kiss its cold lips, poor babe! and I will kiss you, if you will rise in time to take a long walk, and then mind your work well all day.



THE CAT.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.

John. Ben, will you come with me to cut off our cat's tail. I mean to have some fine fun.

Ben. O John, how can you be such a sad boy, as

to cut off the poor cat's tail?

John. Why, it is but a cat, and it will be such good fun to hear her mew and howl.

Ben. What! do you like to hear poor puss mew? Do not you know she is in pain when she cries? Just as if I were to cut off your arm, and you were to say, "Oh! oh!—pray, Ben, do not cut my arm, it does hurt me so much!"

John. Ah! but cats can

not feel as we do; they cry
mew for fun, or else that
they are mad.

Ben. How do you know
that they can not feel just
the same as we boys?

John. O, they are *cats*,
you know, so they are not
like us.

Ben. I know they are
cats, John, but they are
like us for all that. Pray,
can not a cat see?

John. Yes, for they have
eyes, and run up a tree to
get a bird that they see as

they sit at the foot of it :
so I know they can see.

Ben. And do you find
that they can not smell ?

John. O, no; we all know
that ; for, if we do but hold
a bit of meat near her, how
fast her nose will work, and
she will soon turn and find
it out.

Ben. Well, and can not
she hear, pray ?

John. Yes, to be sure
she can ; for when I say,
“scat, scat,” ours will run
off as if she were mad. I

love to see how fast she will tear!

Ben. But a cat can not taste, can she?

John. O yes; for she is much more fond of a bird than of meat, and of meat than a roll; and that must be, that it is more nice to her taste.

Ben. Well, you said just now that a cat was not like us, and yet she can see, smell, hear, and taste: now pray, when we tread on a cat's tail, does she not call

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out? and why can not she feel as we do too?

John. O, why—why—why Ben I do own that the cat must feel just as we do; and so I will not cut off her tail, as I said I would just now.

Ben. O, my dear John, how glad I am! Come, then, and let us play in the yard: it is much the best to do so, than to cut off the poor cat's tail.

THE POOR MAN AND THE CAKES.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.

Boy. Let me see—one, two, three, four—O! I can buy ten nuts, a cake, and a fine pear with all this: well, I will put them safe in my box, and set off to the shop at once. How nice they will be!

Old Man. Pray, my dear good boy, help a poor man to buy a bit of roll: I have had but one dry bit in my lips to-day!

Boy. O! poor man, I have got no more than I want myself: I am just at the shop; and the cake, and the nuts, and the pear, will cost all that I have got in my box; when I have more, I will give you some.

Old Man. But pray, Sir, stay and hear my hard case: I must drop down on the road, if I have not a bit to eat soon, I am so ill.

Boy. Well, how I wish I had got some more to give you! but what can I

do now? O, I will go and ask my aunt for some for you.

Old Man. Then I will rest here, my dear lad, till you come back.

The Boy to his Aunt.

Pray, aunt, will you give me some coin for a poor old man, who is so ill that he can not stay long, or else he will die?

Aunt. What! have you got none, my dear? Did I not give you some just now?

Boy. Yes; but I was to lay that out at once, you know; so I can not give it him.

Aunt. Why so, my dear? What need have you for a cake to day? I dare say you will not die if you go with-out it, and you say the poor old man will.

Boy. Yes, aunt; but I want you to give me some more for the old man, and that will do just as well, you know, as if he had mine.

Aunt. And so you wish *me* to give him some, and will not your-self. Pray, why must I more than *you*?

Boy. Why, you know, aunt, that you are rich, and I am poor.

Aunt. How so!—are you in want of one real good?

Boy. Why, no——

Aunt. You have all, then, that you are in need of?

Boy. Yes: all but the cake.

Aunt. And are you in half so much need of that,

as the poor man is of a roll, that he may not die?

Boy. Oh, no, poor old man! How like a pig it was in me to want my cake, when he had so much need of a roll! [*He runs back to the man.*] Here, poor man, here is all I have got; and I am sure that if it will not do, aunt will give you some more.

Aunt. Yes, my dear boy, take that to him; I did not want to save my own, but to keep you from such a

bad way, as to love a cake,
or a few nuts, more than
to help a poor old man
who is in need.

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LEARNING TO READ.

IN WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS.

Jane. Pray, Ann, can you read ?

Ann. No : I do not like to read half so well as to play.

Jane. But can you not read at all, then ?

Ann. No, to be sure ; what need have I to take so much pains with a dull book ?

Jane. But will you not be a sad girl, and look like a fool, if you grow up and can not tell your A, B, C ?

Ann. O, I do not care for that ; for I have got a new doll and a tea-pot, and some cups, and a nice bed for my doll to lie in ; and I mean to play all day long,

and not care for my book. Will not that be a good way?

Jane. No, it is a bad way. Why, you may as well be a cat, or a calf, or a poor kit: for they like to play, but they can not read, just like you.

Ann. Ah! but I am not like a calf, for all that: do but look at my hand. A calf has not got a hand: and it can not talk, you know, but I can.

Jane. No, to be sure, a

calf has not got a hand, no more has a cat; but what is your hand good for, if you do not use it? You may as well have four legs as they have, and eat grass and hay, or be a poor bird; and if you can talk, as you say, why do not you try to read, and grow wise, that you may know how to talk well? If you do not read, you will not know what to talk of; but be just like a cat, that says, mew, mew, when she is hurt; or a dog,

that says, bow, wow, wow, and that is all they *can* say.

Ann. But do *you* like, then, to sit an hour, or half an hour, with your book in your hand, read, read, read, like a mope, and all that you may grow wise by and by.

Jane. I do not feel at all like a mope, as you call it, when I sit down to my book. Oh, it is such a nice one! full of gay cuts—a wind-mill, and a dog, and a cow, and a rick of hay,

and more too; and I love to read of the boys and a good girl, in my book, who all knew how to read; and I mean to be like them as fast as I can.

Ann. But is it not dull to try so long at one's A, B, C?

Jane. No, I do not feel it dull at all, but like play: so pray, my dear Ann, run and get a book at once; or you may have mine, if you like, and let me show you

how to read.—I am sure you will love it much when you try.



THE DARK.

IN WORDS OF FIVE LETTERS.

Little Boy. Oh! pray come to me, for I am in the dark.

Mamma. Well, and what if you be? Does the dark hurt you?

Little Boy. No; but I fear to be shut up in the dark, and no one here.

Mamma. And pray, what do you fear?

Little Boy. I do not quite know; but—I think it is the dark that I fear.

Mamma. Well, but does the dark feel too hot, or too cold, or does it pinch you, or what does it do?

Little Boy. O, no, it does not do so; but it is so black, and——

Mamma. Well, your hat is black too; but you do not fear that, do you?

Little Boy. No; for my

hat is not the dark—and there was no one here too; that made me hate it still more.

Mamma. But you were here in the day with no one else, and did not mind it; so why do you now?

Little Boy. Why, it was light in the day, and the sun shone full in the room, so that I could tell all that was in it.

Mamma. What more, do you think, then, can be in

the room now, than there was when it was light ?

Little Boy. I do not know.

Mamma. Well, then, we will look and see ; and, if it be just the same as it was, you will not mind, will you ?——Here, John, bring me a light.

John. Here is one.

Mamma. Now let us look. Well, here is the bench just as it was, and the books on it, and the chair, and the fire-place,

with the tongs just as they were; and here is your hat too on the floor, which I told you to hang up on the peg. It did not stir, that I can see, for all it was dark; and I do not find that there is aught else in the room; so now, if I take out the light, you will not fear, will you? You know where the chair is, and the bench, so that you need not fall on them as you walk. Pray, now be so good as to take the light back, John.

John. Yes: now I have put it out.

Mamma. Well, what do you think of the dark now?

Little Boy. O, I do not mind it so much as I did; but do not you go.

Mamma. Why, my dear?

Little Boy. You know I must be by my-self, if you do, and I do not like that.

Mamma. O, no, you will not be by your-self; can not you tell me who would be with you?

Little Boy. No, I can not.

Mamma. Why, would not God be with you, my love? and he can do you more good, and take more care of you, than I could, if I were with you all day and all night too. God is in this room, and in mine, and in all the house; and he is in the air, and in the sky, and there is no place where he is not; for he wants to see if you, and I, and all the folk, are good, and do as he tells us. He can see in the night too,

as well as in broad day!
Do not fear then, my love,
when you are by your-self,
though it be quite dark;
for the good God is there,
and will take care of you,
ne-ver fear.

Little Boy. But if I could
see too, it would be best,
would it not

Mamma. If you and I
were to take a long walk,
and I were to say, "My
dear boy, shut your eyes,
and I will lead you by the
hand," would you fear that

I might take you in-to harm?

Little Boy. No; for you love me, and could see where to walk, as your eyes were not shut.

Mamma. Well, it is just so with God. Though you can not see in a dark room, he can, as much as if the sun shone in-to it quite full; and he loves you too well to do you hurt. You are my child, and I love you: you are his child, and he loves you still more.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

IN WORDS OF SIX LETTERS.

John. I am not to go to school to day, James; and if you will come with me in-to the wood, I can shew you where there is a nest.

James. O yes, if I can

get leave to go, you may be sure I shall like it.

John. Leave! who would stand for leave, I should like to know! not I, for one!

James. But I should, I can tell you; and it would be more pain to me to go with-out it, than to stay at home.

John. Then you are a poor mean boy, and not what I took you to be.

James. I am glad of that, if you took me to be one

who chose to do as he thought fit, with-out leave.

John. Let them know, I say, that you have got a will of your own.

James. And what good would there be in that, pray?

John. Good? Why they would see you were not a poor tame thing, that would not stir from home, with-out leave, for the world.

James. But I think I have no right to do as I please yet: I am not so old

as to know when I ought to do a thing, and when I ought not; so I like to ask for my own sake, as well as for theirs.

John. And I am more of a man than to care for them. Let me do as I like, say I, and take the chance of what comes of it.

James. And let me ask leave, say I, and then, let what will come of it, I can not blame my-self, and no one else can blame me.

John. Blame your-self!

Why you are not such a fool as to do that, are you?

James. Yes: when I have done a thing, I sit down and think, "Well, James, what did you do that for? Was it right or wrong, think you? Could you bear some one else to know it as well as your-self? And if I find it was not right to do, I blame myself so much, that I can not tell you the pain it gives me.

John. Pray, what do you

think of it, then? The last thing in the world I should do, would be to blame myself; but, if I were to do such a thing once in a way, I am sure I should not mind it. You do not beat your poor self, I hope, when you find it to blame.

James. I should not mind to be beat, half so much as to feel that I am wrong: one would be mere pain, such as I hope I could bear, if it were right that I should; but to feel my-self

wrong, is a pain that I cannot bear; and so I take good care to ask leave, both at home and of my-self, when I want to do a thing.

John. I dare say you would ask leave too, to take the young birds that I said I could show you.

James. No: for I know at once, that that would be wrong. I have not had one nest with eggs or young ones in it, in all my life, that I know of. It is such a grief to the poor old birds,

that I could not bear to serve them so!

John. Why, then, of what use can it be to know where the nests are, if you do not choose to take them?

James. Why, I like to watch them, day by day, to see them grow; and when they are quite flown, I take the nest, and keep it. I got more than twelve nests last year, and I put those of one kind in a row, so that I learn how all sorts of birds build. Some use

hay, you know; some twigs; and some mud, wool, or moss. I have five larks' nests, that I found in our corn fields, and two or three crows' nests, that our man got from the top of the old elm, when it was cut down; but if you will come with me, I will show them to you. Then I cut out chalk with my knife, in the shape of eggs, and stain them with ink and stone blue, or some paint that Anne gives me when I am good, and

put two or three in each nest. You can not think how nice they look; for I take care to make the eggs look as much like the real ones as I can. So I have all this play, and yet give no pain to the poor old birds for the loss of their young.

John. But then you lose all the fun to see the young ones hop, hop, hop, with their bare wings, and squeak so droll, that it quite makes one laugh to hear them!

James. Well, now I can not see what there is droll in it. Poor things! when I hear them squeak, as you call it, I think it seems to say, "O, pray put me back in my warm nest—see how my poor wings shake with cold!—the wind cuts me so that I can not hold still! and the food you give me is such as I can not eat. O, pray put me back in my warm nest, once more!"

John. But do you think, James, that they do not

like it, then ? I thought it was all fun that made them dance and hop so.

James. O ! would you hop and dance for fun, if you were thrown out of your warm bed, in a cold, bleak night, on the bare stones, and left there to shake, shake, shake, with no clothes to put on, and no food to eat but such as you could not bear ? Do think how hard all this would be ; and do not serve the poor birds just the same,

for no use but to make you sport for an hour or two. No, my dear John, come and see how nice my nests look, and then, if you will but wait a month or two, you can get some for yourself. Nay, I will give you four of mine at once, if you please; and then we will go and look at the one you told me of.

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THE GAY BOOK.

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Lucy. Here is a nice
book : may I have it ?

Mamma. Yes, you may
take it ; but mind you do

not put it in the dirt, or tear it.

Lucy. No, no, I will look at it like a good girl.—O dear, here are some gay cuts; I am glad of that. See, what does this mean? Here is a girl by a cow; she has left her seat with a jug of milk on it: what does the girl say to the cow?

Mamma. If you knew how to read, you need not ask me, for here is a song

to tell you what she says ;
but you can not read it.

Lucy. Read it to me,
then, pray do.

Mamma. No, dear, I am
at my work ; I can not read
now.

Lucy. O dear ! but I do
want to know what it says.
And here are some more
nice ones. I wish I knew
how to read, that I do.

Mamma. Oh, I will show
you how, if you like.

Lucy. Will you ? Pray
do then, let me now

Mamma. I did once try to make you say A, B, C, but you did not like it; you said you must play, and went to cry when I kept you to your book.

Lucy. But I will not do so now, if you will let me get A, B, C, and all the rest.

Mamma. Well, then, I will try once more; but you must mind and take care, or you can not get on fast. When you can tell all the row, then you must

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say a-b, *ab*; b-a, *ba*; b-o, *bo*;
and so on: and then, c-a-t,
cat; d-o-g, *dog*; h-e-n, *hen*;
and so on.

Lucy. O, I like that!
may I say it now?

Mamma. Yes; get the
book.

Lucy. Here it is.

Mamma. Give me a pin.
Now what is this?

Lucy. a.

Mamma. No, this is *e*;
now mind, this is *e*. Now
what is this?

Lucy. e.

Mamma. No, no, this is *a*; this is not like *e*; now tell me what this is.

Lucy. This is *e*, then; and now I can see *a* too: here it is!

Mamma. So it is. Now you know *a* and *e*; next day you may tell me some more, but now go to play.

THE CAREFUL ANT.

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Harry. See, here is an ant in the path!

Papa. Yes; but why does he not run fast?

Harry. He has got a bit of rice, so he must go slow with it.

Papa. So he has: I see it now. Ah! he has just got to his hole; he will go in soon.

Harry. Pray, why does he take it in here?

Papa. He will lay it by in his hole, that when the cold wind and snow come, he may have some to eat.

Harry. O dear, will he?

Papa. Yes; and he will take one, two, three, four, five, six, and more bits of rice and corn, to put in his hole; then he can eat them by and by, when he can get no more food, for the snow will hide it all out of his way.

Harry. Then how glad he will be that he has got some to eat! Here are some more ants: do they all do so?

Papa. Yes, they all find

as much as they can to lay by.

Harry. If some poor ant were to eat up all he had got, and could not find more, what must he do?

Papa. I dare say, in that case, some one of them, who had some left, would give him a bit; for ants are kind and good.

Harry. Do you think so? I am glad of that. Now I will run down the path.



THE IDLE FLY.

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Harry. Come here, pray,
I want to show you a fly.

Papa. Well, I see it:
what of that?

Harry. Why I see him
fly in and out here, and he
does not seem to work like
the ant. Will not *he* want
food in the cold too?

Papa. Yes; but the fly is not so wise as the ant: he will play thus all day in the sun, and next day the same: he does not mind to lay by food for the time of need.

Harry. What will he do then?

Papa. O, he must do as he can then; he may want, or he must die in the cold.

Harry. Poor fly! but why does he not take care, and lay by food for that time like the ant?

Papa. As he is but a poor fly, he does not know it is wise to work hard. Now you are a boy, and do know, for I have told you so oft. Now tell me, will you be like the wise ant, and work all the day, or lose your time in play, like the fly?

Harry. O, I will be like the ant, if I can; for it would be sad, if a boy or a man were not so wise and good as a poor ant.

Papa. True, my dear.

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So, I hope when you play in work time, you will mind what I have said, or I must call in an ant to show you how to work. Old age will come one day, then you will be glad if you had not spent all your life in play.

Harry. I can say a hymn a-bout that; I will run and get my book, and read it to you.



THE FROG.

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Charles. Will you take
a walk with me to day ?

Mamma. Yes ; as you
have been a good boy, find
your hat, and we will go.

Charles. I can not find
my hat ; can you see it ?

Mamma. O, no : why did

not you put it in the box?
If you had, you need not
have to look for it now,
when you want to go out.

Charles. O, I put it down
in the yard. Here it is.

Mamma. O fie! fie! it is
all in the dirt! Why will
you not be a good, clean
boy? Now put it on.
Come, let us set off: it is
late.—Walk in the path:
you may not set your feet
on the corn.

Charles. See! see! here

is a frog in the path. May I beat it with my cane?

Mamma. O no, to be sure. Why do you wish to do so?

Charles. I want to see it hop.

Mamma. But a good boy will not beat a poor frog for his own fun.

Charles. O, I do not want to hurt it, but just to make it hop.

Mamma. Well, you will see it soon, I dare say.— Ah, here it is, hop! hop!

Charles. I can hop on one leg.

Mamma. Yes ; but not so well as the frog can hop. See, how fast he goes.

Charles. May I take it home to play with ?

Mamma. No, my dear, it will not like to live with you, half so well as to be out in the air, and to hop a-bout here by the pond.

Charles. I can feed it, you know, and let it hop in the room, and I will play with it all day : so I dare

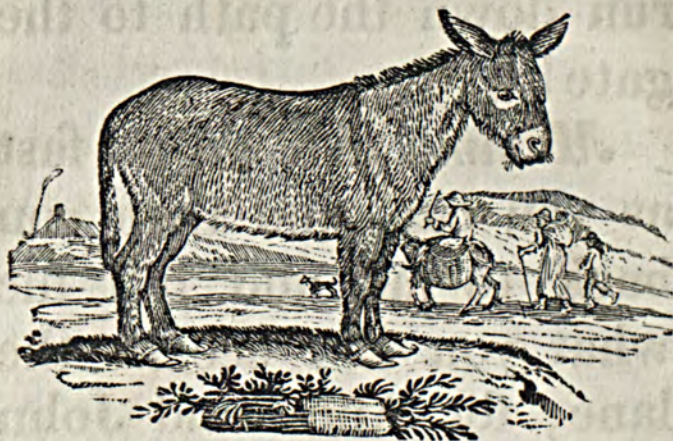
say it will like to come and live with me, more than to be here in the corn.

Mamma. What, then! is a frog just like a boy? Can it like to play, as you do, at top or ball? No, it does not, I can tell you: so let it be. We will not hurt a poor frog, and take it from its home, just for our own play.

Charles. Well, if it will not like to come, I do not want to take it: so good bye, frog. Hop off, sir, out

of my way; for I want to run down the path to the gate!

Mamma. Ah, go as fast as you can, and then run back to me, and tell me what you can see in the lane; for Anne and John said they must come that way to meet us.



OLD DOBBIN.

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Gentleman. Stop! stop!
my lad: tell me why you
whip your horse so.

Boy. I do not know, I
am sure, Sir.

G. What! does he want to stand still?

B. No, Sir.

G. Does he go too slow, then?

B. No, Sir

G. Does he want to jump over the hedge, or to lie down on the grass.

B. O no, Sir.

G. Then, pray, what do you beat him for, my lad?

B. I do not know, I am sure. I like to hear my whip smack.

G. Well, and I like to

hear my cane smack : so I shall lay it on your back.

B. O no : pray do not, Sir : pray do not, Sir !

G. But why not ?

B. Why, it would hurt me, and I have not done wrong, that I know of.

G. And does it not hurt your horse, when you beat him ?

B. Yes, Sir ; but not much, I think.

G. And yet you beat him, though he has not done wrong.

B. Yes, as he is but a horse: I may do what I like with my own horse.

G. No, no, my lad, you may not use any thing ill, though it may be your own, and though it be but a horse. Now if I were to beat you well with my cane, it would serve you just right; as you have done wrong to strike your good horse for no fault—he who takes you so far on his back, and goes where you choose, in the mud or the

cold; though he could soon, if he chose, throw you down and run off.

B. I did not think of all that.

G. Think of it now, then; and mind you do not strike him any more.

B. Sir, I will mind what you say: I love my old horse, and will not beat him for my fun.

G. That is right; now you speak like a wise man.

B. O dear, do I?

G. Yes; and you will be

a wise man, in time, if you mind what is said to you for your good. Now ride off, my lad, and good day to you.

B. Good bye, Sir.



THE BLIND MAN.

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Master Edward. Poor old man! pray tell me why your dog is tied to you with a string.

Old Man. Ah, Sir, I am blind, and my good dog

leads me where I want to go.

Edward. That is quite strange; but sure you can not go far with him so.

Old Man. O yes, I go a great way; I walk all through the land, from north to south, from east to west, and have no one to guide me but my dog.

Edward. But does he not lead you wrong, sometimes?—into a ditch, or too near the hedge?

Old Man. O no, Sir: he

knows the way as well as a man; and when we come to a town, he leads me up to the door of each good house, where I knock, and beg for some alms. If I get some, he wags his tail, as if he would thank them for it, but if they turn me off, he does not bark.

Edward. O, how you must love this good dog!

Old Man. Yes, that I do. He is the best friend I have in the world; and he loves me too. When

our walk is long that my old legs quite ache, then he leads me up to the first dry bank or seat he comes to, and pulls me to sit down; then he comes and licks my hands, and lies down to sleep by my side.

Edward. Pray, old man, may I pat him? do you think he would bite me?

Old Man. O no, he is as tame as a lamb: he will not bite nor yet growl; but when some one goes to rob

or use me ill, then he flies at them like a wolf.

Edward. Why, I think this dog is more kind and good than some men. But tell me, do you not, some days, want for food, both of you?

Old Man. Now and then, Sir, we have to stint; but then my dog does not growl or tease for food: he takes what I give him, though it be ever so small a bit, and wags his tail for it too.

Edward. Will you go

with me to the house where I live, poor old man? If you will, you shall have a good meal, you and your dog too. He shall have as much as he can eat of good fresh meat; and when you go, I will fill your bag full, that you may have food for a day or two to come. And here is all I have in my purse—pray take it; for I like you and your dog much; and I wish you were not so poor, with all my heart.

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Old Man. Thank you !
thank you, my dear ! you
are too good to us. We
have not had much all day,
though it is now late ; for I
was sent off from the doors
where I went to. They
said they had nothing for
me : so I came here to eat
this dry crust, that my dog
found in the street.

Edward. Then pray
come at once, and you shall
fare well to-day. It is not
far ; so lean on my arm, if

I am not too short, and we
shall soon be at our house.

THE BABE.

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Nurse. Come here, my
love, and see what I have
got in my arms.

Little Girl. O, nurse,
what is it?

Nurse. Why it is just
such a thing as you were
two or three years back!

Little Girl. Is it?—What
is its name?

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Nurse. It is a babe.

Little Girl. A babe! and was I once like this?

Nurse. Yes, that you were; and I had you in my arms, and fed you, as you shall see me feed the new babe.

Little Girl. What! did not I have my fork then, and my spoon, in my own hand?

Nurse. O no; your hand was so weak that you could not hold them; and so I

gave you pap, and took care of you.

Little Girl. O nurse! how good that was! pray let me kiss you for it.

Nurse. Come then—and now you may kiss the babe.

Little Girl. Oh! how soft it is! How I love it!

Nurse. And will you love it as well when it grows as big as you.

Little Girl. Yes, that I will, I am sure. How I wish that it would make

haste and grow, that I might play with it.

Nurse. But you would beat it, if it should take your doll, would you not?

Little Girl. O nurse! do you think I would beat the babe?

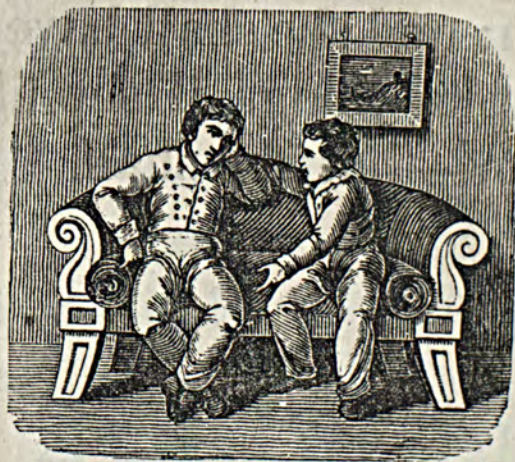
Nurse. Why, did not I see you beat poor Ann to-day, when she laid hold of your doll? and why should not you do the same by this? What! a good girl, thought I, and fight? O, this can not be!

Little Girl. But Ann had got my doll, and it was not hers : so I beat her for that.

Nurse. Well, poor babe, do not grow then if you can help it; for if you should be as big as Ann, here is a sad girl that would beat you! Poor dear babe! what a sweet soft arm to be beat! I can not bear the thought of it; and yet I am sure she will, if you dare to touch her doll.

Little Girl. O nurse! pray do not say so, I will.

run at once and kiss poor Ann; and she shall have all my play-things, if she likes them—that she shall.



THE TWO GAMES.

IN WORDS CHIEFLY OF ONE SYLLABLE.

James. Charles, pray
come and have a game at
trap-ball, out on the lawn.

Charles. I shall play at
nine-pins to-day. I do not

like trap-ball half so well as I did. One has to run such a way after the ball, and then I am so often out, and you do not play fair, I know.

James. O, as to that, I could cheat at nine-pins too, if I pleased; but I do not though, I am sure. I do not cheat in any game; so if you will not come and have a game at trap, you may go where you like,—I shall not play at any thing else, I can tell you.

Papa. (*just coming in.*)

O fie, fie, what is all this! I do not like to hear you jar thus! Why cannot you play like good boys, without all this noise and talk?

Charles. Why, James will not play at the game I like, and so I will not play at his game: now is it not wrong of him?

Papa. Why, as to that, I think you are much alike: they are both nice games, and I think you might each

of you give up, and yet have fine sport.—A good boy will not mind, though he cannot play at the game he likes the best of all, so that he does but please his friend, and let him have his own way.

Charles. Yes, but James has his way every day

Papa. No such thing. But come, if you cannot play by yourselves I will join you; and now we will have a game at trap-ball, as you spoke of that first,

and then Charles shall have his turn. So go and fetch the nine-pins; and then I think we shall all be pleased.

James. O, thank you, papa; we like you to play with us, you are so kind, and make so much good fun. And now I do not care, I will give up trap, and play at nine-pins all the time, if Charles likes.

Papa. No, my dear, we will have both, as I said: that is the best way. Come,

bring the trap this way;
who has the first go?

THE BIRTH DAY.

IN WORDS OF TWO SYLLABLES.

Charlotte. O, Mamma, do
not you wish me joy? this
is my birth day, you know!

Mamma. Yes, my dear,
indeed I do wish you much
joy: I have been thinking
of you a long time.

C. O, I am so happy and
glad! Nine years old! only
think, mamma, I can re-

member being almost a baby, and now I shall soon be a woman.

M. I rejoice to see you happy, my love; but tell me why you are so very glad because it is your birth day.

C. Dear mamma, are not people always happy on their birth days? Besides, it is because I am nine years old.

M. Do you remember your last birth day, Charlotte?

C. O yes, grand-papa gave me a new wax doll, but that is broken now. I was very happy then; but then I was only eight, and now I am nine, so that is a great deal better.

M. Pray why is it better to be nine than eight, my dear?

C. Why, dear mamma, it is being a whole year older.

M. Yes, I know that; but I mean, what pleasure can there be in growing

older, unless you are sure you are a better girl than you were a year ago, and intend to grow better still in the year to come. What do you think about it now?

C. O, I do not know, mamma: I had not thought of that.

M. Indeed! why that is the first thing people should think of, on their birth day; but I confess I was thinking that you have not improved so much, in something, as I could wish. It

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is really shocking to grow older and taller, and yet be neither wiser nor better. I should never think of being glad of such a thing.

C. But I think I am a great deal more of a woman than I was then; for I know I used to like to play at cat's-cradle with Richard, and now I think it quite silly. I never will play with him at it, if he teases ever so.

M. But I should not think it silly, but good na-

tured and kind, to see you divert your little brother when he wishes to play; indeed, I cannot think you any more of a woman, as you call it, because you are tired of playing at cat's-cradle. Now, if I do not mistake, you showed more of what I should call the wisdom of a woman twelve months ago, than you do now; for then, I believe, I used to think you a very careful and active little girl. You were always

ready to come to work at the proper hour, and took pains to mind what you were taught. I had seldom to complain of long stitches, and tasks only half done; or your papa, of blotted copy books and clumsy letters.—But now, I am sorry to say, you have lost many of your good habits, and sometimes we think you both lazy and careless. Now, for my part, if I had to choose, I would rather be an active, kind, and pru-

dent little girl, of eight years old, than lazy, careless, and peevish, at nine, or even ten. Do not you think I am right ?

C. I do not know, I am sure : only I do not like to be made sorry on my birthday, when I thought I should be so merry.

M. I do not wish to spoil your pleasure, my dear child, I can assure you ; I only desire to make you more truly happy, and I

think, if you really wish it, I can tell you how.

C. O pray do, mamma.

M. Well, then, I will tell you what I would say to myself, if I were in your place:—"So I am nine years old to-day: that is not so very young. I am growing quite a great girl, and it is high time I should begin to make myself useful. I should like to be a woman indeed, but I must not think of it while I have so many childish ways—

while I am idle, fretful, and careless.—I ought to conquer these silly habits, and, as this is my birth day, I will begin to amend this very day. Papa and mamma shall not have to complain of me as they have done; for if I do but take pains, and really mind what they teach me, there is no fear but I shall shortly improve.”

C. Dear mamma, I wish I had thought of all this without your telling me:

but indeed I will try to mind it.

M. Do, my love, and then I am sure it will be a happy day for you. Now I can kiss you with pleasure, and heartily wish you many returns of such a pleasant birth day. But I hear your little friends are come; so go and join them, and be as merry as ever you please, all the rest of the day.



THE RABBIT.

IN WORDS OF TWO SYLLABLES.

Richard. Papa, I have something to say to you : do not go away.

Papa. Well, what have you got to tell me ?

R. Why, papa, you must know, I should like to keep a rabbit. I saw a great many, the other day, as we

were passing the wood, and John says there are thousands of them in the warren, and he would get me one if I liked—such a pretty one!

P. Indeed! well, but what would you do with it, when you had got it? If you did but leave it alone a moment, it would run away, and I am afraid old Growler, who barks at the cats and chickens, and every thing that comes in his way, would soon con-

trive to make an end of the little bunny.

R. O no, papa, for I have thought of all that. I will tell you what I mean to do:—I have got a nice little snug box, with a hole in it for it to see out of, and I should let my rabbit live in that for a house.

P. A fine house indeed! So the poor little creature, that has been used to frisk gaily about the wild warren, with hundreds of friends and neighbours to

play with, must come and live all alone, in a box scarcely large enough for it to turn round in; besides being frightened almost to death, every time you come near it.—For, although you are but a silly little boy, you would appear like a great giant to the little rabbit.

R. O, dear papa, now you are joking. Why, I am sure, if I were a rabbit, I should like very much to come and live in a nice

snug house, all alone to myself; and have food brought me every day, without the trouble of asking for it; and to see my master so fond of me, and hear him say, "Pretty bunny! O, pretty bunny!" all the day long.

P. O, if you would like all that so much, I will tell you what I will do for you. I will have the little chicken-house cleaned out, and made quite neat and handsome; and there shall

be a chair and a table put in, and a little hole cut in the door, for you to look out at. So I shall take you away from your brothers and sisters, and shut you up in this nice snug house; but John shall bring you good pudding and meat every day, without the trouble of asking for it;—and I shall come very often and look at you through the hole, and I will say, “Pretty Richard! O, pretty Rich-

ard!"—So, do not you think you shall be very happy?

R. Ah, papa, I see you are laughing at me.—To be sure, I should not like that at all: but boys and rabbits are so very different, you know.

P. In some things they are I confess: for instance, it would never come into a rabbit's head to steal away a little boy from his friends, and confine him in some dark hole in the warren, just for the pleasure

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of looking at him. But in some things, boys and rabbits are not so much alike, as you seem to think, Richard.

R. How so, papa?

P. Why, they both agree in loving to run about at ease, among their playmates; to breathe the fresh air in freedom; to eat wholesome food; and, I believe, indeed, one would dislike, just as much as the other, to be shut up all their lives in a dark prison.

R. Ah, papa, you always make it out your own way at last.—I will not take a poor rabbit, I assure you.

P. That is right, my dear boy; but instead of that selfish pleasure, I promise you, to-night, a ride to the warren, where we will amuse ourselves with watching these pretty creatures; and I think, it will be a far greater pleasure to you, than having a hundred of these poor captives in your box.



THE KITES.

IN WORDS OF TWO SYLLABLES.

George. O! Mamma,
where do you think we
have been?

Mamma. I cannot tell;
but pray let me hear.

G. Why, do you know
we have been to the fair!
and have seen such things!

Lucy. Yes, that we have! such dolls! almost as large as I am! and—

G. Ah! but the drums, they were what I liked best.—And there was a horse too, that would have been big enough for me, only the man said six-pence would not do.

M. Why no, indeed! I should hardly think it would.

L. Well, but——

G. No, Lucy, let me tell mamma.

L. No, George, let me.

M. Hush, you shall neither of you tell me, if you quarrel about it ;—but take it by turns then, and pray do not speak both at once, or I shall not hear what you are saying.—I suppose you are polite enough, George, to let Lucy begin.

L. O! there was one doll, mamma, I do think it was as long as my two arms! and such a colour!—

G. Ah! but the eyes, you know—

L. Yes, I did not forget them, George, only you wish not to give me time to speak.—But the eyes would open and shut, mamma, just like ours; and it had right earnest hair, all in curls, so pretty! The man told us it was real hair.

M. Indeed!

G. But the kites, Lucy! I wonder you did not begin about them first—I think

I never saw such beauties before. I am sure they would fly, by the look of them—I am sure they would be better than my poor old thing. I hate that, it is such an old one!

M. Why, how long have you had it, that it is such a poor old thing?

G. O! had it!—why, I have had it these three months! and I hate such old scrubs!

M. If you hate it because you have had it three

months, and call it an old scrub for that, I am sure I shall not give you leave to buy the other, for you know that in three months that would be an old scrub too. No, let me see your kite, and if it be really too old to use, you shall have a new one; but not else, I assure you.

G. Well, mamma, I assure you, if you had seen the others, you would say I wanted one; besides, all

the boys have got new ones,
I dare say.

M. Well, is this it?

G. Yes, it is so dirty,
and—dirty, and all that.

M. O fie, George! I must
not have you such a foolish
fellow. There is nothing
the matter with your kite,
and I am sure it would fly,
as well as any you have
seen. Tell me frankly now,
and like a man, whether
you do not think it would.

G. Why yes, as to flying,
I dare say it would fly very

well: it was not that that I meant.

M. O, for shame! run along and fly it then, and never want a new thing, when you have got an old one that will do quite as well. For my part, I like old friends best. Come now, be a man; and do not spend your money till there is something that you really want to buy.

L. Ah! George, and then we can make up the shilling to buy the present for

nurse, you know. That will be a great deal better than the kite, I am sure, or than the tea-cups that I wanted; so, if mamma will give us leave, Susan shall go with us now, and help us to buy it, and then, as we come home, we can take it to nurse. Only think, how pleased she will be!

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

IN WORDS OF THREE SYLLABLES.

Mamma. Come, my love, you shall walk this evening: the heat of the sun is gone off now, and it will be very pleasant in the shade.

Mary. Thank you, mamma: I hoped you would go, only, as you seemed so busy, I would not ask, for fear of disturbing you.

Mamma. That is right, my love; I hope you will

always be able to control your wishes, when you see that they would hurt or hinder those about you. I hardly know anything more unpleasant, in a little girl, than to see her always teasing to have her own way, and wanting to be attended to, whoever else may be neglected.

Mary. I hope, mamma, that I shall never be like that.

Mamma. I hope so too, my dear, and always try to

cure you of any selfish little trick I may observe. I have sometimes seen children, who had been promised a walk, or a holiday, cry for an hour, and be out of humour, with every body, because they were prevented. Perhaps a shower came on, or somebody called to speak to their mamma; or she had something unforeseen to do, and was therefore obliged to stay at home, with three or four rude, selfish children,

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crying round her, or pouting in a corner till bedtime.

Mary. Do you mean me, mamma? I never did so, did I?

Mamma. No, my love, I do not recollect that you ever did; for I have taught you otherwise from your cradle, and hope you will not forget my lessons.

M. Not if I can help it, mamma; but pray put me in mind of them if I do.

Mamma. You need not

fear that; for selfishness is one of the meanest, lowest vices we can have. What are we I wonder, that every body is to put aside their own business and pleasure on our account? We are obliged to be troublesome enough to those about us, at the very best; and children, who cannot tie a thing, or make a pinafore, for themselves, should certainly give as little needless trouble as possible.

Mary. Ah! I often wish

that I could sew better, that you might not have to work so hard. I hope I shall, one day, and then I will make your things, just as you make mine.

Mamma. Thank you, love; but though you will certainly owe me all the assistance in your power, it is for your sake that I wish you to improve. I know my little girl could not be happy, if she were to grow up idle and ignorant. There is not a greater

object of pity in the world, than a creature who never does a useful thing, and does not know the sweet pleasure of being well employed.

Mary. Yes, I remember one day, when I had a holiday because of my birthday, that, after a little while, I was so tired, and did not know what to do, and at last quite wished to be at work with you, or reading to sister, or anything, rather than to feel

so lazy and stupid, for want of doing something.

Mamma. I am glad you took notice of it yourself, my love: it may make you more active and diligent all your life, and then I shall not fear your being both useful and happy.

Mary. If I be but as happy as you, mamma, I shall not care. You always smile: I dare say it is because you are so good and useful.

Mamma. When people

are employed, Mary, they have hardly time to think of troubles, much less to make them, as the idle sometimes do. But the grass will be damp if we stay any longer, and you shall not lose your walk this evening, though, I hope, you could bear it cheerfully if you were.



THE EVENING PLAY.

IN WORDS OF THREE SYLLABLES

Some little children were
playing, one fine summer's
evening, under the shade
of some noble elm-trees
upon the village green.
The sun was setting in the
west, and shone upon the

cottage windows till they were as bright as gold; the church bells were ringing a merry peal; the birds were singing their lively songs in the branches, and the insects were humming and dancing about in the air; and Mary, and Betsey, and Lucy, and Susan, and James, and Robert, and David, and I cannot tell how many more, just come from school, were playing about very merrily: their game happened to be ball,

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and a very pretty game that is. Now Bets'ys grandmother had made her a present, that very morning, of a bran new ball: it was as hard as wood, and very handsomely striped with blue, and yellow, and red, and green leather, as all good balls are now-a-days.

Betsy. Now look! I will throw my new ball right over our neighbour Nutcracker's house.

Robert. Ah, there it comes rolling down the

thatch again! I thought you could not throw it over, child. Here, give it me, I know I can.

Betsy. No, no; you shall not have my new ball. Give it me now: how dare you take it, Robert? I will go and tell my governess this minute, that I will, if you do not give it me.

Robert. Will you though? go along then, and tell her, if you like; and then I can play with your ball while you are gone. So here it

goes: there, it is right over—I said so. Now run, Betsy, and find it on the other side.

Betsy. See! see! you naughty, dirty, good-for-nothing boy: look at my nice new ball, all over dirt and mud!

Mary. Why, where did you find it, Betsy?

Betsy. O, it fell in the green pond, to be sure.

Mary. That is too bad, I declare—her nice new ball! Now really, Robert,

you ought to buy her another.

Robert. Not I: what do I care for her or her ball? Only see how droll she looks, crying about her poor dear ball! Well, if I would be such a baby ——!

Betsy. I will come and beat you, you naughty boy, that I will, if you tease me so.

James. There now; I declare those two spoil all our play with their quar-

rels. Come, never mind it now, Betsy; you shall have my ball to play with, if you like.

Betsy. I shall not play any more; so you may do as you please together.

So away went Betsy, sulking; and she walked to a stile, where she stood pouting, and fretting, and looking at the rest, who were all beginning to play again. Just then a lady happened to pass by.

Lady. Why do you look

so sad, little girl? and why are you not at play along with those little boys and girls under the trees?

Betsy. Because that naughty boy there, took my new, gay ball away, that my grandmother gave me, and threw it into the dirty pond; and look, it is all spoiled now.

Lady. Poor child! that is a sad thing, indeed; but you should not stand here and fret about it; that is making it ten times worse.

Now I believe your ball would go just as high as if it were ever so clean; and I think, if we wipe it on the grass, it will look almost as well as ever. See now, does it not look very clean? you would hardly guess what had been the matter.

Betsy. Thank you, ma'am; but it does not look half so pretty as it did; and besides, I am certain I will not play with

that naughty Robert any more.

Lady. O, but that is being quite as naughty as he is: I am afraid you bear malice, and that is a sad thing for a little girl. Did you never hear that we ought to forgive and forget? See now, how merrily they are all at play; why should you punish yourself by keeping away from them all the night?

Betsy. They will all laugh at me if I go now;

and Robert will try to provoke me, I am certain.

Lady. Well, then, I will go and speak to them, and tell them that you quite forgive Robert, and desire to make it up with him; and, being now very good-natured, you wish to come and play with them again; and then I am sure they will all be glad, and like you a great deal better than if you were to stand sulking here all the evening.

Betsy. O thank you, ma'am; as you are so kind, I will go, if you please: I should like to play again very much, if you will be so good as to go and speak for me.



THE NEW HOUSE.

IN WORDS OF THREE SYLLABLES.

Charles. Harry, do you know, papa has given us that large piece of ground by the stable, to make a garden of?

Harry. O yes; he told me of it yesterday, and I

have been thinking of it all the morning.

C. What, instead of minding your sums, I suppose?

H. O, as to that, papa says I did my business very well to-day.

C. Well, but I do not want to talk about that now. You must know I have a very grand scheme in my head.

H. Then pray let us hear; for I love to set about grand schemes.

C. Well then, do you remember what Sandford and Merton did once?

H. O yes; I remember a great many things. Tommy Merton, you know, was dragged into the pond by the great dog, and all the boys laughed at him.

C. Ah, but that is not what I mean now. How stupid you are, Harry. Pray what should Tommy Merton's being drawn into the pond, have to do with my grand scheme?

H. O, that I cannot tell, I am sure, unless you wish for such a ride yourself.

C. Well, but do not you remember something about a house ?

H. O yes, yes, you mean the little snug house they built themselves ! Ah, I have thought, often and often, since we read that, how I should like to make such a one.

C. Well, that is the very thing I mean ; and pray, why should not we do it

as well as they? Cannot we get logs of wood, and laths, and straw, for the thatch; and cannot we hammer, and knock, and saw, I wonder?

H. Why yes, I suppose we can; but yet it seems such a great thing to build a house!

C. Well, that is the very reason why I like it. I love to do great things: so I will tell you, Harry, we will build it, as I said, just in the middle of the ground,

and then we will make a garden all round it: there shall be a broad gravel walk straight up to the door, and flower beds on each side of it.

H. O dear, how charming! And then, I will tell you what, Charles; I will be the master, you know, and you shall be my man John.

C. O yes, very pretty indeed! I thought of it first, if you please; and I will be no man John of

yours, I can tell you ; but, if you like, we will make believe that it is **Robinson Crusoe's** island ; so I will be **Robinson**, and you shall be **Friday**, (for that is just as good you know,) and we will take two or three of the little kittens to be our **lamas**, and we have got a parrot already.

H. Well, I like that plan very much. What charming play it will be ! and we will make **Lucy**, and **Marianne**, and **Caroline**, come

into our island, and make
'believe to be the savages,
and so we can take them
all prisoners, and confine
them in our house.

C. Ah, ah, that will be
capital fun, I declare!
How I wish it was done!
and yet, half the pleasure
is in the making; we shall
be so busy, just like real
workmen, knocking and
hammering, papa will won-
der what we are about!
But do not you think, Har-

ry, we ought to ask his leave first?

H. Why yes, indeed, that is a good thought.— But I am sure he will let us do it; for he never denies us anything but mischief, and I am sure there is no harm in this. And as we must use his wood, and tools, and things, we certainly have no right to do it without asking.

C. No, to be sure; but yet I should not like him to see it till it is done and

quite complete. So we can beg him not to come and look at our work till we bid him; but it will not be long first, I am sure, for I mean to get up every morning at four o'clock, till the job is done!

H. So we can, and if you will speak to papa to-night, we will begin to-morrow morning.

THE NEW DRESSES.

IN WORDS OF THREE SYLLABLES.

Caroline. Lucy, did you observe those poor little children who opened the gate for us yesterday in the green lane.

Lucy. Yes, I saw they looked very pitiful, and they seemed thankful when papa gave them some half-pence.

C. O, but did you not see what ragged clothes they had on? all torn and

threadbare; and I think they had no stockings at all.

L. No, not any.—How very poor they must be. If we were rich, we would give them money enough to buy some new clothes; for, poor things, the winter is coming on, and if they have no better covering, they must almost perish with cold.

C. Yes, poor little dears, I have been thinking of that. But do not you think,

Lucy, though we are not very rich, we can afford to do something for them. I have saved up my money ever since Christmas, and then, you know, grand-papa gave us each a new seven-shilling piece: so that, with my weekly allowance, I have now—let me see, ten, twelve, eighteen and sixpence.

L. Ah, I have not above half of that. That wax doll cost me so much; I wish I had not bought it,

I am sure, for it is good for nothing now. I held it so close to the fire, for it to warm its hands, that the face is all melted away, and one cannot see eyes, nose, or mouth.

C. Well, never mind now, for I am thinking what we could do. Suppose you were to give five shillings, which I think you might afford; and as I am the eldest, and have just now the most money, and as I thought of it first and

all, it is fair for me to give seven.

L. O, as to that, I can afford seven shillings very well, and would rather, a great deal, than give less than you. Besides, I gave seven and sixpence for my wax doll, and then I had only eighteen pence left; so I am sure I can afford it now.

C. Well, but I really think we shall not want so much.—Seven and five are twelve; and for twelve

shillings, I am certain we might buy a great many yards of stout, dark cotton, enough to make each of the little things a gown! Do not you think so, Lucy?

L. Why yes, indeed, I believe we might; and how very delightful it will be! I shall not mind my five shillings at all for such pleasure. It will be better than any play we have thought of for a long time. Dear Caroline, cannot we buy it to-day?

C. Why, mamma says, we should never be in too great a hurry about a new scheme; so we may just wait till to-morrow. But I have thought of something else:—who can make the dresses for them?

L. Why, do not you think they have learned to sew?—Cannot they make them themselves?—or at least their mother, you know.

C. O Lucy, do you think those little things could

make their own clothes? I am sure we could not at their ages, although mamma took so much pains to teach us; and as to their mother, you know, they said she employed herself with spinning, so that it would be losing her time, if she were to do it.

L. Ah, I know what you are thinking of, and I am sure I have no objection.

C. What?

L. You think we might make them up ourselves.—

C. Ah, you guess right enough! is it not a charming idea?

L. O charming! and we will cut them out and all, ourselves, for I am sure we can. The last frock I made for great wooden Betsey, mamma never so much as saw it till it was done, and then she said it did very well indeed, and looked just as neat as if she had cut it out herself.

C. O, I am not at all afraid about that; and I

think, if we rise every morning regularly by six, we shall be able to make them in a week, all before breakfast; for you know, we must not think of hindering our school-time about them.

L. No, certainly, I never thought of such a thing.—How delightful it will be to surprise mamma with the sight of the little clothes, all new and ready made.

C. Yes, indeed; and I

am very sure it will please her; but it will be better still to surprise the poor little children with them.

L. Ah, how shall we contrive it?

C. Why we will take a walk some evening through the green lane, and when we see them at the gate, we can tell them, if they will come the next day to our house, we will show them something pretty.

L. And do you think they will come for that?

C. O yes, to be sure.—
Do not you think we should
be very glad to go as far
to see something pretty ?

L. O yes, twice as far.

C. Well, then, when they
come, we will take them
up into our own room, and
make them wash them-
selves quite clean, and
comb their hair smooth,
and take off their old rag-
ged jackets; and we our-
selves will dress them in
their nice, new, neat gowns.

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L. how surprised they will be!

C. And then, when we have shown them to mamma, we will send them home to their poor mother.

L. Or, Caroline, shall we not go with them ourselves, and hear what she says to them?

C. No, certainly, that would look just as though we wanted to be thanked for it.

L. O, I quite forgot that. Well then, to-morrow.—

C. Yes, to-morrow morning we go to Mr. Johnson's, and choose the cotton. I saw some very pretty patterns in his window the other day, that I think would do for us exactly.



THE OLD MARINER.

IN WORDS OF THREE AND FOUR
SYLLABLES.

Sailor. Pray, kind mas-
ter, pity a poor lame sailor!
Many a long year have I
sailed over the main, in

hardships and peril, but now I am disabled and ill. So take pity on me, kind master.

Frederic. I do pity you indeed, so here is some money, and you are very welcome to it.

S. Thank you, my dear young master, a thousand times!—and may you never know the want of such a sum!

F. But pray, sailor, stay and tell me why you travel all over the sea, and live

in so much danger. Why do not you stay and live comfortably on dry ground?

S. Ah, sir, if we sailors were not to go out beyond sea, I do not know what you gentlefolks would do for all the fine and nice things that you want.

F. How is that? Why, whenever we want anything, mamma only has to send to the shops; or if she wishes for anything very particular, we send to the city for it, and we can get

anything we like there. I am sure we never had to send out of the country for anything.

S. Ah, master, I find you do not know everything, although you are such a fine little gentleman. Do you suppose then, all the fine articles they sell at the shops, are the productions of this country? No, no, before ever you can have them, we must travel half over the world to fetch them for you. There

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is the fine tea, that you are so fond of, we have to sail to the distant land of China in the east, (that is at least twelve thousand miles off) to get it.—I cannot tell you how many different articles we gather from all quarters of the globe for your use. We make voyages to the cold freezing north, where the very seas are ice, to catch the great whales that play about in the northern ocean; for oil is made of their fat. We

bring the fine fur skins, that the ladies dress in, in the winter, from Russia; deals, for your houses and furniture, from Norway; wines from France and Portugal; lemons and oranges from Spain; figs and raisins from Turkey; silks and muslins from the East Indies; and gold and silver from the distant mountains of Peru.

F. Well, I am sure, we are all much obliged to you

good sailors, for bringing us so many comforts.

S. But you, who never left your papa's comfortable home, cannot form any idea of the hardships we undergo; for many, many tedious months, shut up in our great vessel, we travel along on the wide ocean, and can see nothing but water and sky.—No pretty green trees and gay meadows; no busy towns, or comfortable houses, even so much as to look at. We

often think of old England, but that is all in vain, when we are, perhaps, thousands of miles away from our dear country.—And many a furious tempest have we to weather, tossed about in thunder, and lightning, and wind; our vessels sometimes rising on the high waves almost to the clouds, and then dashed down again upon the raging sea. Then, if the ship should strike upon some frightful rock, all is over with us;

she is shattered to pieces in a moment, and the wretched crew must either be drowned in the tempestuous ocean, or dashed against the craggy rock. O dear! the bones of many an honest sailor are left to moulder on some lonely shore, where sea birds and wild beasts are the only inhabitants.

F. Well, I am very glad you are come home safe; and now I hope you will never go abroad again

But come, this is our house,
so walk in and rest your-
self; and I know papa will
give you something, for I
have heard him say that
he always respects honest
sailors.

THE END.

house
-1007
will
that
house

