

to be burnt alive. The unfortunate prince now recollected the admonition of the Athenian sage, and cried aloud, O Solon, Solon, Solon!

Cyrus, who, with the chief officers of his court, was present, was curious to know why Cræsus pronounced that name with so much vehemence. Being told the reason, and reflecting on the uncertainty of all sublunary things, he was touched with commiseration, ordered the monarch to be taken from the pile, and treated him afterwards with honour and respect.

Thus had Solon the glory of saving the life of one king, and giving a wholesome lesson of instruction to another.

LESSON XXXI.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done;
 And he before his cottage door,
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found:
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.