

EDUCATION.

ROLLO PHILOSOPHY.

FIRE IN THE PASTURE.

A few days after Rollo's father gave him the instructions on the subject of combustion which are contained in the last chapter, Rollo saw Jonas going across the yard about the middle of the afternoon, with a lantern in his hand. Of course Rollo called out to him with the usual question in such cases,—

"Where are you going, Jonas?"

"I'm going out into the pasture to set some heaps on fire."

"Well," said Rollo, "and I'll go too."

Rollo ran into the parlor to ask his mother if he might go too. He happened to meet his father just coming in at the front door. He accordingly asked him instead.

"Yes," said his father, "but I'm rather afraid to have the heaps set on fire this afternoon. I am afraid that the fire will run."

"Run?" repeated Rollo.

"Yes," replied his father, "Tell Jonas he must be very careful not to let the fire get away from him."

Rollo ran off in pursuit of Jonas. When he got to the back yard again, he saw Jonas going down the lane, almost out of sight.

"Jonas!" said Rollo, calling out as loud as he could, "Jonas!"

So saying, he ran off after him. He clambered over the great gate which led into the lane, because he thought that he could climb over it quicker than open it. As soon as he reached the ground on the other side, he ran on, calling out,—

"Jonas! Jonas!"

But Jonas did not seem to hear him. At any rate, he did not stop. On the contrary, Rollo was himself stopped, by hearing a voice behind him, as if near the house, calling,—

"Rollo! Rollo!"

Rollo turned to see who it was. It was his cousin James, who was running towards him with all speed. Rollo waited for him to come up. James tried to open the gate, but could not.

"Climb over," said Rollo.

So James climbed over, and soon reached the place where Rollo was standing, and the two boys walked on together. James said that he had come to play with Rollo that afternoon. Rollo said that he was very glad, and he told James that he and Jonas were going to make some fires in the pasture.

The heaps which Jonas was going to set on fire, were heaps of decayed wood, consisting of old stumps, logs, and roots, and other rubbish which he had gathered up from the ground and piled up in the pasture some weeks before. By being left in heaps, so that the sun and air had free access to them, they had become thoroughly dry, and were all ready to burn with a touch. There were not a great many of the heaps, for it was only a small part of the pasture which had such logs and stumps left in it. The place was on the side of a deep dell, with a brook flowing through the middle of it at the bottom. Rollo and James crossed the brook upon a log, and then ascended the steep side of the hill, among the heaps which Jonas was burning.

Jonas had set two on fire, and was just putting a burning brand into the third. Rollo and James wanted Jonas to let them set the heaps on fire. He told them that they might; and the boys accordingly went to work, taking brands from the heaps which were already burning, and carrying them to the others. The heaps were not only very dry, but quite hot, on account of the influence of the rays of the sun beating upon them; and, besides this, there was a fresh breeze blowing, which made the fires burn up very fiercely. The fires which had been first made soon became so hot, that the boys could not get near them to take any brands from them.

Thus they went along from heap to heap, setting them on fire, only Jonas succeeded in setting them on fire much faster than James and Rollo. Jonas looked around at them at one time, and he found them endeavouring to kindle a fire at a large heap which had been built up around a tall stump. The stump was twice as high as Rollo's head. Rollo and James were kneeling down upon the ground, and blowing the end of the brand, by which they were trying to kindle the fire. But they did not succeed. Instead of that, the wind blew the smoke into their faces,

"Make the fire on the windward side," said Jonas.

with two or three peace-makers, and the stovepipe, tumbled down. The ladies screamed and cried for help. As Napoleon left his soldiers on their retreat from the ruins of Moscow, so did the landlord leave his customers when they fell fighting on the plains of Middleton. I left an appointment for the next week, and the gallant gin-seller was amongst my hearers: but his conduct at the first meeting appeared so odious in the estimation of those who were present, that they would not permit him to speak publicly. He promised never to interrupt another temperance meeting.

A short time afterwards I held a meeting in his own neighbourhood, when he again assailed me. I told him if he could prove the incorrectness of the aforementioned statement, I would make the amende honourable; my proposals were met with a sneer. This unhappy man abuses every lecturer, and assails every person who endeavours to promote temperance. He would not permit us to hold our meeting in the school-house, so we were kindly allowed to meet on a lot owned by a gentleman who is erecting a large building in the place. I got out a warrant for the young man who committed the assault. He afterwards signed a written acknowledgment, and paid the costs, and went home determining never again to be caught in such a scrape. He was a professor of religion, until led astray by some drunkards at the corners. I hope the reader will not suppose the landlord, who figures so conspicuously in this article, is a fair specimen of the inhabitants of that part of the country, for many of them are distinguished for sobriety and Christian courtesy.

G. W. BUNGAY.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

As we presume our readers will be glad to hear something in relation to the health of Mr. Gough; we give the following extract of a letter, from Mr. Morse, his intimate friend:—

MOUNT PLEASANT, ROXBURY, Oct. 25, 1845.

"Your letter of the 15th came at the time when friend Gough was not expected to live one hour, and that is the reason that your request for the books was overlooked.

"In regard to friend G.'s health, I will say that it was in a very dangerous state last week. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, we did not expect he would live from one moment to another. We thought that soon his spirit would take its flight. But an All-wise Providence has in its great mercy ordered it otherwise. He is now on the gaining order. His physician says that if he keeps still for a few days, he will get along. He still is confined to his bed, and does not sit up longer than to have his bed made.

"We have hopes that in the course of a few weeks we shall see him able to go out. The friends are very kind to him, especially Dec. Grant, who comes every other day to see him. He acts towards him like a father. He has letters coming daily, full of sympathy, and kindness, and these seem to cheer him up, when he feels desponding. Mr. and Mrs. Gough both wish to be remembered to you, and thank you for your kindness.

"Yours truly, CYRUS E. MORSE."

PROSPECTUS OF TWELFTH VOLUME.

(See First Page.)

We had intended to print and distribute amongst our friends the PROSPECTUS of the New Volume, but finding that postage would be charged, we judged it best to avoid incurring such an expense. We earnestly request our Subscribers to be prompt in remitting, and to do all they can to enlarge the number of regular readers. As a motive to exertion, we may state the fact, that the receipts for the current volume fall short of the disbursements about £20, so that we require a large addition to our present list to prevent loss on the Twelfth Volume.