

"About my lessons."

"What about your lessons?"

"I can't get them."

"Can't get them, indeed! I know better than that. Why, Johnny, you are as smart as any boy in our school of your age. You can beat many of the larger boys at play; and I am sure it is in you to study, if you only choose to try."

"But I have been trying, and I can't. As soon as I take up my book I begin to think of everything, and so forget to study."

"That's because your mind is not used to study. Now, Johnny, if you are only determined, you'll soon get over that trouble; and until you do, suppose you stand up while you study, and keep repeating your lesson over aloud."

"I never thought of that. I'll try it. But now I will go with you and play awhile."

"Hadn't you better get your lesson for to-morrow first, Johnny?" asked Neddy.

"Why—yes—perhaps I had—but—I'll let it go this once," replied John drawlingly.

"No, Johnny, don't! you must try now, until you succeed; or you will never make any improvement. Now do, Johnny, try to-day."

Johnny consented, after a little more resistance, and then ran home. As for Neddy, he felt he had done a good deed, and his heart was full of light and joy. A few minutes afterwards he was seen gliding in his skates over the smooth surface of old Nobbs' pond. And there was no voice among the scores of boys congregated there, that rang out louder or more merrily than his. Neddie played with all his heart, as he did everything else.

"Mother!" asked Neddie, that evening, as he sat down before the cheerful grate, glowing with health and enjoyment, "Mother, who was it that ac-

quired so many languages, and whose statue is in St. Paul's Cathedral, among the images of England's mighty dead?"

"Do you mean *Sir William Jones*, my son?"

"Yes, mother, that's the name."

"But what made you think of him so suddenly, Neddie?"

"I was thinking that perhaps, Johnny Johnson might become as great a man as *Sir William*."

"What makes you think so? I thought Johnny was the dunce of your school."

"Well, he has been; but, you know, when young Jones first went to school at Harrow, he was called dull. But he set to work over his studies, and soon beat all his fellow students. I persuaded Johnny to give up his play to-night and get his lesson. It may be his life will take such a turn from to-night as will result in his becoming a great scholar. Who can tell?"

"It may be so, my son. But if not, you, at least have done your duty."

Neddie now began to read, which he continued to do until bed time.—The next day, to his great gratification, little Johnny said his lesson without a single blunder. The master was as pleased as he was surprised. He patted Johnny on the head, and said:

"Well done, Johnny! You will be a scholar yet, if you keep trying."

This remark made Johnny's eyes sparkle, and he said in his heart, "Yes, I will be a scholar if trying will do it."

That afternoon, after Neddie had prepared his lesson for the following day, he ran down to Johnny's home. He found him surrounded with playthings, a jumping, merry Andrew in his hands, and wearing a face so jolly and cheerful, that he looked like an image of happiness and good nature. Richard Whittington was not happier