

LESSON II.

BODILY IMPERFECTIONS AND IMPEDIMENTS.

"I that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up."

—RICHARD III.

"None can be called deformed but the unkind."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"'Tis true, his nature may with faults abound ;
But who will cavil when the heart is sound ?"

—STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

IT is a bright June morning. The fresh grass is loaded with dew, every bead of which sparkles in the light of the brilliant sun. A big, yellow-shouldered bee comes booming through the open window, and buzzes up and down my room, and threatens my shrinking ears, and then dives through the window again; and his form recedes and his hum dies away, as if it were the note of a reed-stop in the "swell" of a church organ. There is such confusion in the songs of the birds, that I can hardly select the different notes, so as