

the tree, which was a great favourite, he inquired who had done the mischief, declaring he would not have taken five guineas for it; but no one could inform him of the offender. At length, however, came George, with the hatchet in his hand, into the place where his father was, who immediately suspected him to be the culprit. "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then nobly replied, "*I cannot tell a lie, papa—you know I cannot tell a lie.* I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, my boy," exclaimed his father, "run to my arms! Glad am I, George, that you have killed my tree—you have paid me for it a thousand fold! Such an