

A LESSON IN HISTORY.

Next to Scripture-history, our worthy schoolmaster was careful to teach his boys the history of their Church and country. Of course he availed himself of all useful help, especially of what have been called the two eyes of history—geography and chronology.

History, taught with all this precision and accuracy, was sometimes rather dry work; and though Mr. Primer too well knew the value of dry work to endeavor to introduce any substitute for it, yet he was glad to find means of relieving it by something more entertaining.

One day he called the historical class together, and said: "Well, boys, we are getting towards the end of the history of England, which, I dare say, you are not sorry for; I hope you will remember it all your lives, and that it will be useful to you."

At first the pupils were struck with amazement, not knowing what to think of it. At last George Freeman uttered a faint "Thank you, sir;" and the ice being broken, they all poured forth a volley of thanks, which at last ended in a general "hurrah!" and clapping of hands.

"There is some one else you will have to thank more than me," said Mr. Primer; "for I do not know how we should all have got to Kenilworth, if Mr. Wilnot had not promised to lend us his break and a pair of horses."

Expeditions of this sort are a part of the system adopted in the celebrated Pestalozzi. The writer has himself met, on the Lake of Geneva, with a party of boys from the school at Yverdon, travelling with their teachers in search of information.

caster ("time-honoured Lancaster," as Shakespeare calls him), and from him they were called Lancaster Buildings—George Freeman, who was the son of John of Gaunt?"

"That's true," said Abdiel—"that horrid curse! Look you, sir, I have been a pagan—an idolater—a worshipper of wood and stone—but I have been converted by the cruelty and barbarity of the priests.

"Not a bad guess, George," said Mr. Kimberly; "only the buttry used in general to be nearer the kitchen, and the kitchen, you know, was on the other side, where we saw a sheep lying in the oven."

"This highly pleased the boys; and they all went into it, one after another—for it would only hold two or three at a time; and they all thought that "good Queen Bess" must have had some difficulty in turning herself about in such a small space, with her fine ruffs and hoops.

"There were grand doings," continued their guide, "when Lord Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth and all her court. This rising ground was the ritz-yard, where tournaments were held, and armed knights, mounted on horseback, used to tilt or ride against each other with blunt lances.

"We men of Coventry Are right glad to see Your gracious majesty: Good lack! how fair ye be!" To which the queen is said to have returned the following answer:—"Her gracious majesty Is right glad to see The men of Coventry: Good lack! what fools ye be!"

"However," continued Mr. Kimberly, "all human grandeur comes to an end. This castle, in common with a great many others, was knocked down by Oliver Cromwell and the rebels, when they got the better of the laws, and put down the monarchy; and it has remained in ruins ever since.

"The boys were highly delighted with hearing of all these games, and agreed that they must indeed have been glorious days.

"And how do you like our prayers and sermon?" asked Michael, when they had arrived. "I liked them both," said Abdiel; "but the first better than the last; the prayers were, indeed, beautiful, and the discourse was eloquent enough, though perhaps not equal to the prayers."

"Why so?" said Aristobulus. "What new thing has happened? Whence comes this sudden alteration?" "That's true," said Abdiel—"that horrid curse! Look you, sir, I have been a pagan—an idolater—a worshipper of wood and stone—but I have been converted by the cruelty and barbarity of the priests.

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"That man," says the accomplished Cooper, "who can derive no gratification from a view of nature, even under the disadvantage of her most ordinary dress, will have no eyes to admire her in any."

"It is very amusing to watch a spider when thus employed. He first throws out a thread, which becomes attached by its adhesive quality, to some near-by object, or leaf, tuft of moss, or stone.

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"Perhaps," said Pharez, "you may like some other preacher better. You shall come with me to another synagogue. We hope, my dear Abdiel, that ere long you will join us, and become a proselyte."

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