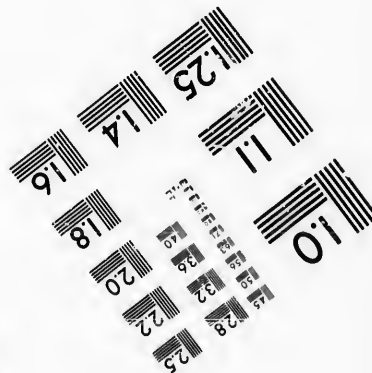
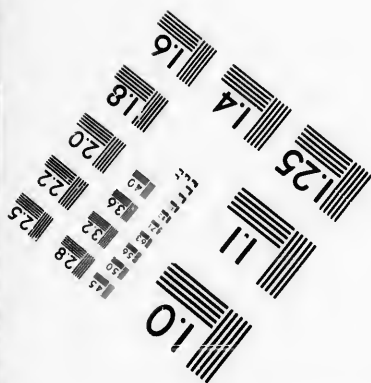
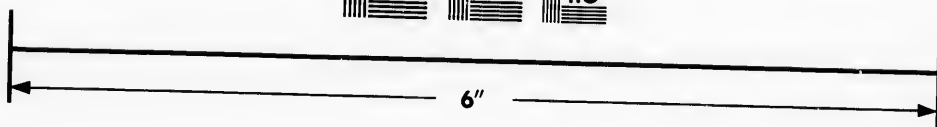
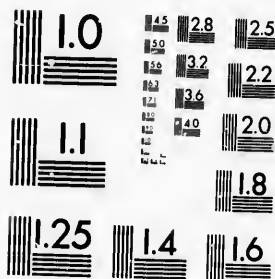


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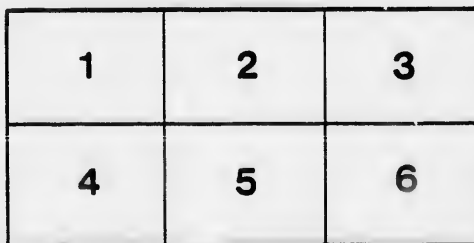
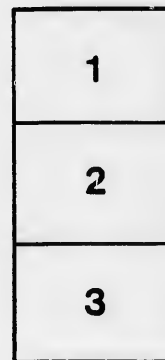
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THE
THIRD READING-BOOK,

FOR

THE USE OF SCHOOLS;

CONTAINING

SIMPLE PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

WITH

NUMEROUS EXERCISES.

ARMOUR & RAMSAY, MONTREAL.
RAMSAY, ARMOUR & CO., KINGSTON.
A. H. ARMOUR & CO., HAMILTON.

1893.

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DIRECTIONS.

THE *list* of words prefixed to each lesson should be carefully pronounced before the lesson itself is studied : and it will tend to prepare the pupil still better for reading the lesson with correctness and facility, if he be made to *spell* (without book) as well as to *read* every such introductory list. To smooth his way as much as possible, the accents have been marked ; the silent consonants printed in italics (throughout the first section) ; and the long words divided into syllables.

The few *elliptical* lessons, which will be found interspersed with the others, are designed to serve as an exercise to the judgment and sagacity of the scholar. He will be desired to fill up the blank spaces ; and, to help him to the requisite words, these blanks are so regulated as to indicate the length of the words. The two "*Lessons on Objects*" have been introduced for a similar purpose ; and the teacher will, of course, take care that the pupil shall be able to *answer* as well as *read* the questions of which these lessons consist.

It is not intended, however, that the child's understanding should be exercised *only* in these peculiar lessons. All the lessons will be found to afford ample materials for an intellectual as well as a moral exercise : and, though no questions have been added to assist the teacher in conducting this process, it is assumed that he will never neglect it. The explanatory and analytical mode of tuition, is of all others that which is best adapted at once to secure the rapid progress of the scholar and to sustain the interest of the preceptor : And no intelligent teacher can have any difficulty in suggesting and framing " questions for examination " far more pertinent and applicable than those that are to be found in school-books.

THE THIRD READING BOOK.

SECTION I.

LESSONS ON THE POWERS OF THE LETTERS IN COMBINATION.

a (long).

Ape, ale, ate, ace, babe, bake, pale, fame, face, tape, tame, lake, lame, lane, lace, made, mate, Jane, mane, make, rate, game, page, wade, wave, shame, spade, snake, blame, plate, place, slate, brave, grate, graze, whale, able, table.

a (short).

At, an, am, ash, bad, bat, bag, pad, pat, pan, fat, fan, vat, van, Dan, tax, sat, lap, lad, map, mad, mat, man, nag, rat, ram, Sam, ran, gat, had, hat, ham, jam, wag, wax, than, that, chat, bath, span, plan, flag, flax, glad, brag, add, ass, glass, back, pack, jack, damp, lamp, and, band, apple.

a (middle).

Are, bark, park, dark, barley, farmer.

a (broad).

All, tall, gall, small, salt, malt, water, was, want, warm.

e (long).

Me, we, ye, he, she, Eve, mete, cede, these.

e (short).

Bed, pet, pen, peg, fed, vex, den, ten, set, led, let, met, men, net, red, get, hen, jet, web, wet, yes, step, ebb, egg, bell, tell, sell, well, bless, when, deck, neck, meddle, nettle, pebble, vest, nest, west, pelf, self, shelf, held, belt, elm, send, lend, mend, spend, lent, wept, hemp.

e (like *a* in *air*).

Ere, there, where.

i (long).

Pie, die, tie, lie, ire, ice, bite, pipe, pike, five, file, fine, vine, dive, dine, tile, time, side, life, lime, line, like, mile, nine, nice, ripe, ride, hive, hide, kite, wipe, wife, wide, wine, shine, spine, spite, smite, pride, drive, twine, swine, quite, quiet, white, Bible, mind, kind, blind.

i (short).

In, it, is, if, bid, bit, big, pit, pig, fit, fig, fix, dip, did, dim, dig, tin, sip, sit, sin, six, lip, lid, gig, him, his, hit, wit, win, wig, this, ship, chip, chin, pith, with, fish, dish, wish, rich, spin, skim, skip, trip, twig, twin, swim, quit, whip, lisp, mist, disk, gilt, silk, milk, mint, ink, pink, drink, lift, ring, king, wing, thing, spring, middle, little.

i (before *r*).

Sir, stir, bird, dirt, thirst, squirt, st, birth, birch.

o (long).

No, go, lo, so, ho, wo, foe, doe, toe, roe, woe, ode, bone, pole, poke, sole, mope, note, nose, robe, rope, rode, hope, hole, home, joke, yoke, stone, slope, globe.

o (short).

On, or, ox, pox, pod, pot, fox, dot, dog, lop, sob, sod, not, lot, log, mob, mop, nod, not, rob, rod, God, got, hop, hot, hog, jot, yon, shop, shot, spot, stop, blot, plot, drop, freg, off, rock, flock, frock, lost, frost, pond, fond, oft, soft.

o (middle).

Do, to, move, prove, lose, whose, who, whom.

o (broad).

For, nor, lord, short, horn, storm, fork, horse.

o (like short u).

Dove, love, glove, some, done, none, son, won.

o (like, u before r).

Work, word, worm, world.

u (long).

Due, hue, use, fume, dupe, duke, tune, lute, mute,
mule, tube, June, flute.

u (short).

Up, us, bud, put, bun, fun, fur, dun, dug, dux, tub,
tug, sup, sum, sun, mud, rub, run, gun, hut, hum, jug,
hush, such, much, snup, plum, pun, duli, buck, duck,
struck, dust, must, trust, thrust, dusk, hunt, pump, jump,
stamp, turf, dung.

u (middle).

Put, brute, rude, rule, truce, bull, full, bush, truth.

y (long).

By, my, thy, shy, rye, try, pry.

y (short).

Very, city, lazy, silly, pretty, sorry, safety, surely.

long a, e, i, o, and u, (before r).

Dare, hare, share, mere, here, fire, wire, quire, ore,
bore, tore, sore, more, wore, shore, pure, sure.

ee.

See, weep, steep, sheep, beef, need, meed, sweet, eel,
feel, green, week, cheek, fleece, sweeten.

oi oy.

Oil, boil, soil, broil, spoil, join, point, joint, moist, hoist,
noise, choice, boy, toy, joy.

ow ou.

Bow, wow, vow, sow, how, owl, howl, growl, town,
loud, shout, south, round, hound, house, vowel.

Sour, power, flower.

ai ay.

Wait, pail, hail, snail, main, rain, pay, day, say, may,
hay, play, stay, Sunday, remain.

Air, fair.

aw au,

Awe, daw, saw, law, raw, shawl, dawn, yawn, daub,
sauce.

oo.

Too, food, good, wood, boot, foot, root, wool, broom,
moon, book, look, brook, goose.

Poor, boor.

ew.

Ewe, few, dew, new, hew, yew, blew, flew, grew,
hewn.

ea.

Pea, tea, sea, leave, read, eat, meat, peat, wheat, lean,
speak, beast, teach.

Ear, hear.

oa.

Loaf, toad, load, road, boat, throat, foam, oak, soak.
Roar, soar.

ei ey.

Veil, vein, rein, they, prey, grey.
Their, theirs.

c (soft and hard).

Cell, cellar, cedar, cite, face, race, mice, nice, price,
scissors, scythe,

Can, core, corn, coat, cow. cut, cure, scale, scorch,
scum, claw, cloth, crawl, cream, fact, cuckoo.

g (hard and soft).

Gas, got, gone, gum, gun.

Gem, genius, age, page, cage, wage, judge, gin, giant,
elegy.

GOD MADE ALL THINGS.

Fa'-ther	Heav'-en	Owe	Christ	Right	Would
Last	Wear	Know	Walk	Ought	Strength
Breathe	Friends	Praise	Taught	Could	Clothes

God made me. It is he that keeps me in life ; and to him I owe all the good things in my lot. He gives me the air that I breathe, the food that I eat, the clothes that I wear, the home that I dwell in, the friends that are dear to me. But more than all this, he has made himself known to me, as my God and Father in heaven. He has sent Christ to save me from my sins. He gives me his word, to tell me of all that is best for me to know ; and, by his grace, I am taught to read it. O how good is God to me ! I wish I could love him, and praise him, and serve him, as I ought to do. I will pray to him that he would help me to do so ; that he would keep me from all sin ; that he would give me strength to walk in the right way ; that he would be with me when I die ; and that, at last, he would take me to the rest and joy which shall never come to an end.

WHAT IS MY NAME ?

Spark'-ling	Pierc'-ing	Corn	Sil'-ver
Al'-ways	You	Com'ing	Noon'-day
Wa'-ter	Your	Can'-not	Daz'-zle
Were	Win'-dow	Whole	Ea'-gle
Blind	Hol'-low	Bright	Go'-ing
On'-ly	Crows	Light	Morn'-ing
Forth	Glo'-ri-ous	High'-er	Sweet'-ly
Earth	Fruit	Should	Bod'-y
Head	Beau'-ti-ful	Wrap	A-way'

Death	Rise	Trav'-el-ler	Them-selves
Crea'-ture	Hous'-es	Gold'-en	Li'-on
Great	Caves	Ri'-pen	Ti'-ger
Eye	Cock	Some'-times	Eng'-land

Tell me, child, what I am and what is my name.

I rise in the east ; and when I rise, then it is day. I look in at your window with my great golden eye, and tell you when it is time to get up ; I do not shine for you to lie in your bed and sleep, but I shine for you to get up and work, and read, and walk about. I am a great traveller ; I travel all over the sky ; I never stop ; and I am never tired. I have a crown upon my head of bright beams, and I send forth my rays every where. I shine upon the trees and the houses, and upon the water ; and every thing looks sparkling and beautiful when I shine upon it. I give you light, and I give you heat. I make the fruit ripen, and the corn ripen. I am up very high in the sky, higher than all trees, higher than the clouds. If I were to come near you, I should scorch you to death, and I should burn up the grass. Sometimes I take off my crown of bright rays, and wrap up my head in thin silver clouds, and then you may look at me ; but when there are no clouds, and I shine with all my brightness at noon-day, you cannot look at me, for I should dazzle your eyes, and make you blind. Only the Eagle can look at me then : the Eagle with his strong piercing eye can gaze upon me always. And when I am going to rise in the morning and make it day, the Lark flies up in the sky to meet me, and sings sweetly in the air, and the Cock crows loud to tell every body that I am coming : but the Owl and the Bat fly away when they see me, and hide themselves in old walls and hollow trees : and the Lion and the Tiger go into their dens and caves, where they sleep all the day. I shine in all places. I shine in England, and in France, and in Spain, and all over the earth. I am the most beautiful and glorious creature that can be seen in the whole world. What am I, child, and what is my name ?

MRS BARBAULD.

COUNSELS TO CHILDREN.

Want	Grieve	Pa'-rents	As-sist
Fa'-ther	Troub'-le	In-struct'	Re-mem'-ber
Quar'-rel	Com'-fort	Pro-vide'	Broth'-ers
Har'-mo-ny	Give	Pit'-ty	Sis'-ters
Who	Tease	Ten'-der-ly	An'-gry
Love	Night	Ev'-er-y	An-oth'-er
Health	Moth'-er	A'-ble	Suf'-fer-ed

LOVE your father and mother. Who are so kind to you as your parents? Who take so much pains to instruct you? Who provide food for you, and clothes, and warm beds to sleep on at night? When you are sick, and in pain, who pity you, and tenderly wait upon you, and nurse you, and pray to God to give you health, and strength, and every good thing?—If your parents are sick, or in trouble, do all you can to comfort them. If they are poor, work very hard, that you may be able to assist them. Remember how much they have done and suffered for you.

Love your brothers and sisters. Do not tease nor vex them, nor call them names; and never let your little hands be raised to strike them. If they have any thing which you would like to have, do not be angry with them, or want to get it from them. If you have any thing they like, share it with them. Your parents grieve when they see you quarrel; they love you all with dear love; and they wish you to love one another, and to live in peace and harmony.

 THE GLOW-WORM.

Stars	One	Know	In'-sects
Hard'-ly	Glow'-worm	Wild'-fire	Sum'-mers
Fast	Coun'-tries	Can'-dle	E'-ven-ings
Move	Does	Fai'-ries	To-geth'-er

WHAT is that spot of green light under the hedge? See, there is another, and another! Ah, they move! How fast they run about! Is it fire? It is like wild-fire; they are like little stars upon the ground.

Take one of them in your hand; it will not burn you.

How it moves about in my hand; my hand has fire in it. What is it?

Bring it into the house; bring it to the candle.

Ah, it is a little worm; it hardly shines at all now.

It is called a glow-worm.

Do not you know the song of the fairies?

And when the sun does hid his head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

In some countries there are insects which fly about in the summer evenings, and give a great deal more light than the glow-worm; you may see to read by two or three of them together. They are called fire-flies.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE STAR.

Star	Above'	Night	Up-on'
Dark	Though	Twin'-kle	Noth'-ing
Light	Through	Won'-der	Ti'-ny
Spark	Show	Di'-a-mond	Of'-ten
Gone	Know	Blaz'-ing	Win'-dow

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
 Yet often through my window peep ;
 For you never shut your eye.
 Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright but tiny spark
 Lights the traveller in the dark,
 Though I know not what you are,
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE PLUMCAKES.

Was	Mam-ma'	Once	Thought
Large	Al'-most	Again'	Mould'-y
Par'-cel	First	Beard	Fel'-low
Pa-pa'	Sport	Court	Pil'-low
Throw	Clev'-er	Be-hold'	Sor'-ry
School'-fel-lows	Sweet'-meats	Sev'-er-al	Mer'-ri-ly
To-mor' row	Su'-gar	Nib'-bled	Fid'-dler
Gnaw'-ed	Pres'-ent-ly	O-blig'-ed	Be-cause'
Knife	Some'-bod-y	Let'-ter	Hun' gry
Writ'-ten	Cam'-o-mile	With-in'	Din'ners
School	Bit'-ter	Sil'-ly	Sup'-pers
Sto'-ry	Pret'-ty	Sli'-ly	In-tend'-ed

I WILL tell you a story.

There was a little boy whose name was Harry ; and his papa and mamma sent him to school. Now, Harry was a clever fellow, and loved his book ; and he got to be first in his class. So his mamma made a nice cake for him, and sent it to the school. It was very large, and stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, and iced all over with sugar. When little Harry saw it he jumped about for joy ; and he hardly stayed for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog. So he ate till the bell rang for school, and after school he ate again, and ate till he went to bed ; nay his bedfellow told me that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some. So he ate till it was all gone.—But presently after, this

little boy was very sick and ill ; and somebody said, Harry has had a rich cake, and ate it all up very soon, and that has made him ill. So they sent for Dr. Camomile, and and he gave him I do not know how much bitter stuff. Poor Harry did not like it at all, but he was forced to take it, or else he would have died.

Now, there was another boy, who was one of Harry's schoolfellows ; his name was Peter Careful. And Peter had written his mamma a very neat pretty letter—there was not one blot in it all. So his mamma sent him a cake. Now Peter thought within himself, I will not make myself sick with this good cake, as silly Harry did ; I will keep it a great while. So he took the cake up stairs. And he locked it up in his box, and once a-day he crept slyly up stairs, and ate a very little piece, and then locked his box again. So he kept it several weeks, and it was not gone, for it was very large ; but behold ! the mice got into his box and nibbled some. And the cake grew dry and mouldy, and at last was good for nothing at all. So he was obliged to throw it away, and nobody was sorry for him.

Well ; there was another little boy at the same school, whose name was Billy. And one day his mamma sent him a cake. So, when the cake came, Billy said to his schoolfellows, I have got a cake, come let us go and eat it. So they came about him like a parcel of bees ; and Billy took a slice of cake himself, and then gave a piece to one, and a piece to another, till it was almost gone. Then Billy put the rest by, and said I will eat it to-morrow. So he went to play, and the boys all played together very merrily. But presently after, an old blind fiddler came into the court ; he had a long white beard ; and because he was blind, he had a little dog in a string to lead him. So he came into the court, and sat down upon a stone, and said, My pretty lads, if you will, I will play you a tune. And they all left off their sport, and came and stood round him. And Billy saw that while he played the tears ran down his cheeks. And Billy said, Old man, why do you cry ? And the old man said, Because I am

very hungry—I have nobody to give me any dinners or suppers—I have nothing in the world but this little dog; and I cannot work. If I could work I would. Then Billy went, without saying a word, and fetched the rest of his cake, which he had intended to have eaten another day; and he said, Here, old man; here is some cake for you. And Billy put it into his hat. And the fiddler thanked him, and Billy was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.

Pray which do you love best: Harry, or Peter, or Billy?
MRS. BARBAULD.

METALS.

Watch	Half	Rust'-y	Ba'-sin
Forge	Knives	Ver'-di-gris	Can'-is-ters
Puts	Ploughs	I'-ron	Re'-flee'-tor
Bul'-lets	Ex'-ceed'-ing	Po'-ker	Quick'-sil-ver
Heav'-y	Pic'-ture	Shov'el	Ba-rom'-e-ter
Lead	Thin'-ner	Melt'-ed	Met'-als
Shoes	Pa'-per	An'-vil	Six'-pen-ces
Doors	Sil'-ver	Ham'-mer	Sauce'-pan
Col'-our	Shil'-lings	Black'-smith	Can'-dle-stick
Yel'-low	Cop'-per	Scis'-sors	Wheth'-er
Bel' lows	Ket' tle	Cis'-tern	With-out'
Sov'-er-eigns	Look'ing-glass	Al'-most	Red-hot'

GOLD is of a deep yellow colour. It is very pretty and bright; and it is exceeding heavy. Sovereigns are made of gold; and half-sovereigns. This watch is gold; and the looking-glass frame, and the picture frames, are gilt with gold. Here is some leaf-gold. What is leaf-gold? It is gold beat very thin; thinner than leaves of paper.

Silver is white and shining. The spoons are silver; and crowns, and half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences, are made of silver.

Copper is red. The kettle and pots are made of copper; and brass is made of copper. Brass is bright and yellow, like gold almost. This saucepan is made of brass;

and the locks upon the doors, and this candlestick. What is this green upon the saucepan? It is rusty; the green is verdigris; it would kill you if you were to eat it.

Iron is very hard. It is not pretty; but I do not know what we should do without it, for it makes us a great many things. Go and ask the cook whether she can roast her meat without a spit. But the spit is made of iron; and so are tongs, and the poker, and shovel. Go and ask Dobbin if he can plough without the ploughshare. He says No, he cannot. But the ploughshare is made of iron. Will iron melt in the fire? Put the poker in and try. Well, is it melted? No, but it is redhot, and soft; it will bend. Iron will melt in a very hot fire when it has been in a great while. Come let us go to the smith's shop. What is he doing? He has a forge: he blows the fire with a great pair of bellows to make the iron hot. Now he beats it with a hammer. Now he takes it out with the tongs, and puts it upon the anvil. How hard he works! The sparks fly about; pretty bright sparks. What is the blacksmith making? He is making nails, and horse-shoes, and a great many things.—Steel is made of iron, and knives and scissors are made of steel.

Lead is soft and very heavy. Here is a piece; lift it. The spout is lead, and the cistern is lead, and bullets are made of lead. Will lead melt in the fire? Try; put some on the shovel; hold it over the fire. Now it is all melted. Pour it into this basin of water. How it hisses! What pretty things it has made!

Tin is white and soft. It is bright too. The canisters, and the dripping-pan, and the reflector, are all covered with tin.

Quicksilver is very bright like silver; and it is very heavy. See how it runs about! you cannot catch it. You cannot pick it up. There is quicksilver in the barometer.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, Tin, Quicksilver, are all Metals.—They are all dug out of the ground.

MRS. BARBAULD.

MORE COUNSELS TO CHILDREN.

Harm	Dumb	Be-lieve'	Fault
Pull	Re-lat'ing	De-ny'	A-muse'
Al'-ter	Ex-act'-ly	A-fraid'	An'-i-mals
Un-truth'	In-vent'	Pun'-ish	Rea'-son
Crea'-tures	For-got'-ten	Sel'-dom	But'-ter-flies
Heard	Per'-sons	An'-gry	Com'-fort-a-ble
Peo'-ple	Con-sid'-er	Speak'-ing	Cru'-el
Ac'-tions	Prom'-ise	Al'-ways	Pret'-ti-er

NEVER tell an untruth.—When you are relating any thing that you have seen or heard, tell it exactly as it was. Do not alter, or invent, any part, to make, as you may think, a prettier story : if you have forgotten any part, say that you have forgotten it. Persons who love the truth, never tell a lie, even in jest.

Consider well before you make a promise. If you say you will do a thing, and you do it not, you will tell a lie : and who then will trust or believe you ?

When you have done wrong, do not deny it, even if you are afraid you will be punished for it. If you are sorry for what you have done, and try to do so no more, people will very seldom be angry with you, or punish you. They will love you for speaking the truth ; they will think that they may always believe what you say, since they find you will not tell a lie, even to hide a fault, and to prevent yourselves from being punished.

Never amuse yourselves with giving pain to any body, not even to dumb creatures. A great many animals are killed because we want their flesh for food ; and a great many are killed, because, if we were to let them live, would do us harm : but I can see no reason that little boys or girls should kill flies, or pull off their wings or legs ; or catch butterflies, and crush them to death ; or steal young birds from their soft, warm, comfortable nests ; or whip and beat horses and asses, till their sides bleed, and are very sore ; or do any cruel actions.

WHAT CAME OF FIRING A GUN.

A/	Dead	Clos'-ing	Cut'-ting
Harm'-less	Breast	Fright'-ful	Whis'-tled
Falls	Thought	Vict'-uals	Mu'-sic
Bird	Throug ^h	Morn'-ing	Spring'-ing
Health'-y	Young	Peo'-ple	Sor'-rows

AH! there it falls, and now 'tis dead,
 The shot went through its pretty head,
 And broke its shining wing!
 How dull and dim its closing eyes!
 How cold, and stiff, and still it lies,
 Poor harmless little thing!

It was a lark, and in the sky
 In mornings fine it mounted high,
 To sing a merry song;
 Cutting the fresh and healthy air,
 It whistled out its music there,
 As light it skimm'd along.

How little thought its pretty breast,
 This morning when it left its nest,
 Hid in the springing corn,
 To find some victuals for its young,
 And pipe away its morning song,
 It never should return.

Poor little bird!—If people knew,
 The sorrows little birds go through,
 I think that even boys
 Would never call it sport and fun,
 To stand and fire a frightful gun
 For nothing but the noise.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE DOG.

Charge	Ca-ress' es	Va'-ri-cus	Pur-su'-ing
Fall-en	Ab'-sence	Ser'-vice	Sail'-ors
Roll	Bun'-dle	Mas'-tiff	Shep'-herd
Half'-pen-ny	Car'-ri-ed	Point'-er	To-ge-th' er
Taught	A-go'	En-a'-bled	Faith'ful
Eas'-i ly	Ba'-ker	Sports'-man	An'-i-mal
Use'-ful	Beg' gar	Hunt'-er	Ed'-in-burgh
At-tach'-ed	Mas'-ter	Wheth'-er	Grey'-hound

THE dog has more sense than most other beasts; he can very easily be taught; and is most useful, as well as most attached to man. How well he knows his master, and how kindly he runs up to him and caresses him, even after long absence! You have all seen dogs taught to carry their master's staff, or his bundle, and to do a great many other things of the same kind. Not long ago there was a dog in Edinburgh, which every day at the same hour, carried a halfpenny in his mouth to a baker's shop, and brought back a roll in the same way for his dinner. You have often seen a beggar's dog lead his blind master through the streets. There are various kinds of dogs, which are of service to man. The Mastiff and the Bulldog watch our houses and shops; the Pointer, or setting-dog, by his nice smell, is enabled to let the sportsmen know whether his game be at hand; the Foxhound, by his speed is of use to the hunter in pursuing the fox, and the Greyhound in pursuing the hare; the Water dog has often been of use to sailors, by saving their lives when they have fallen into the sea; and the Sheep-dog is of more service to the shepherd, in enabling him to keep his flock together, than even a great many boys would be.

It would be well, if all little boys and girls were as kind to those who have the charge of them, as this faithful animal is to his master.

THE WAY TO CATCH A PONY.

Hal'-ter	Pranc'-ing	Free'-dom	Re-mem'-ber
Gath'-er	Whith'-er	Long'-er	Nei'-ther

Mead'-ow	Dis'-tance	Sud'-den-ly	Hand'-fuls
Sieve	Qui'-et-ly	Gal'-lop-ed	Com'-mon
Troub'le	Feed'-ing	Luck'-y	Emp'-ty
Un-fas'-ten	Bri'-dle	With-in'	Can'-ter-ing
Po'-ny	En-joy'	How-ev'-er	Cheat'-ed

WILLY went to unfasten his pony ; but when he got to the tree to which he had tied him, he found that Coco had unfastened himself, and had gone prancing away he knew not whither. After hunting about for some time, he saw him at a distance, quietly feeding on the grass. He ran up to him, but just as he put out his hand to catch hold of the bridle, Coco, who wished to enjoy his freedom a little longer, turned suddenly round, kicked up his hind legs, and galloped away. Willy thought himself lucky not to have been within reach of his heels when he kicked up ; however, he was quite at a loss what to do. At last he remembered that when the pony was at grass in the meadow, and the groom wished to catch him, he put a little corn into the sieve, and held it out to the pony, till he could put a halter over his neck. Now, it is true that Willy had neither sieve, corn, nor halter. "But then," he said, "the pony will eat grass as well as corn ; my hat will serve for a sieve ; and as for a halter, I shall not want one, for the pony has his bridle on, and I can catch hold of that." So he gathered a few handfuls of grass, and put them into his hat.

A man, who was digging in the common, asked him, what he was going to do with the grass ? Willy told him, it was to catch his pony. "Oh, then," cried the man, "you need not take so much trouble ; if you hold out your hat empty, it will do just as well ; for the pony cannot see that the hat is empty till he comes close up to it, and then you may catch hold of the bridle while he is looking into the hat." "But that would be cheating him," cried Willy ; "and I will not cheat any body ; no, not even a beast." "Well said, my good boy," replied the man. "Besides," added Willy, "if I cheated him once, he would not believe me another time." He then went up to his pony, and held out his hat ; the pony came quietly up to him,

and Willy seized hold of his bridle, and was soon cantering home on his back.

MRS. MARCET.

THE HUMAN FAMILY.

Strang'-ers	Built	Vil'-lage	Dif'-fer-ent
Swarm	Mon'-arch	A-midst'	Cli'-mates
Tall	Kneel	Ex-tent'	Hil'-lock
Wo'-man	Isl'-ands	Coun'-try	Cov'-er
Rul'-er	Chil' dren	King'-dom	Pro-tect'
Bread	Fam'-i ly	Mount'-ains	Ne' gro
Pleas'-ant	Be-neath'	Di-vid'-ed	Cap-tiv'-i-ty
Earth	U-nit'-ed	In-hab'-i-tants	A-midst'
Co'-coa	Re-joice'	Lan'-guage	Hun'-dred
Fruit	Jus'-tice	Con'-ti-nent	Na'-tions
Buy	Com'-pa-ny	To-geth'-er	En-clos'-ed

The father, the mother, and the children, make a family ; they all dwell in one house ; they sleep beneath one roof ; they eat the same bread ; they kneel down together and praise God, every night and every morning, with one voice ; they are very closely united, and are dearer to each other than any strangers. If one is sick they mourn together ; and if any one is happy, they rejoice together.

Many houses are built together ; many families live near one another they meet together on the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of Justice, and the sound of the bell calleth them to the house of God, in company. This is a village ; see where it stands amidst the trees, and the tall spire peeps above the trees. If there be many houses, it is a town.

Many towns, and a large extent of country, make a kingdom ; it is enclosed by mountains ; it is divided by rivers ; it is washed by seas, the inhabitants thereof are fellow-countrymen ; they speak the same language ; they make war and peace together,—a king is the ruler thereof.

Many kingdoms and countries full of people, and islands, and large continents and different climates, make up this whole world. The people swarm on the face of it

like ants upon a hillock ; some are black with the hot sun ; some cover themselves with furs against the sharp cold ; some drink of the fruit of the vine ; some of the pleasant milk of the cocoa-nut ; and others quench their thirst with the running stream.

All are God's family ; He knoweth every one of them, as a sheppard knoweth his flock ; they pray to him in different languages, but he understandeth them all. None are so mean that he will not protect them.

Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity, though no one pitieth thee, God seeth thee : call upon him from amidst thy bonds, for he will hear thee.

Monarch, who rulest over a hundred states, boast not thyself as though there was none above thee : God is above thee, and if thou doest ill he will punish thee.

Nations of the earth, fear the Lord ; families of men, call upon the name of your God.

MRS BARBAULD.

SABBATH MORNING.

Ear'-ly	Wear	Christ'-ians	Sa'-tan	Pre-pare'
Pleas'-ure	Eye'-lids	A-rose'	Cheer'-ful	Bless-ed
Learn	Close	Je'-sus	In-cline'	Sev'-en

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I still my eyelids close,
And waste my hours in bed ?

THIS is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell ;
And shall I yet wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

To day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear thy word ?
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord !

Incline me now to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heaven :
 O may I love this blessed day,
 The best of all the seven !

WATTS.

 SABBATH EVENING.

Blood	Wor'-ship	For-get'	Di-vine'
De-light'-ful	Care'-less	Mem'-o-ry	Fool'-ish
As-sem'-bly	Sin'-ners	Doc'-trines	Par'-don

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
 A whole assembly worship thee !
 At once they sing, at once they pray ;
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go ;
 'Tis like a little heaven below :
 Not all that careless sinners say
 Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
 The texts and doctrines of thy word !
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That, finding pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down and wake with God.

WATTS

 CONFESS SIN AND MAKE RESTITUTION.

False'-hood	Af-ter-noon'	Di-rect'-ly	Sec'-ond
Lord	Gen'-er-al	Bed'-side	Of-fence
Won	Sigh'-ed	For-give'	Ad-vice'

Read'-y	Knew	Con ceal'	Ear'-nest-ly
Cous'-ins	Mat'-ter	Mar'-bles	Al-might'-y
Sor'-row-ful	Rest'-less	Mis-take'	Fu'-ture
Heav'-en-ly	Fre'-quent-ly	Con-fess'	Ad-van'-tage
Right	Re-quest'	Re-solve'	A-mends'
Naught'-y	Un-hap'-py	Com-mit'	Un-fair'-ly

ONE afternoon, Robert, who was in general a very good child, looked very dull and sorrowful. He was asked if he was ill? and though he said he was not, yet he talked so little, and so often sighed, that his mother knew there was something the matter with him. In the evening he took leave of his dear mamma, and went to bed; but was observed to be very restless, and frequently to sob. At length, he asked one of his sisters to request his mother to come to him, as he could not go to sleep till he had told her something that had made him very unhappy. The good mother went to him directly; and when she came to his bedside, he put his little arms round her neck, and, bursting into tears, said to her, "Dear mother, forgive me! I have been very naughty to-day. I have told a falsehood, and I have concealed it from you. I was playing at marbles with my cousins, and won the game through a mistake which they did not find out; and I was so much pleased at winning, that I did not tell them of the mistake. I have been very unhappy since. I am afraid to go to sleep, till I have confessed my fault to you, and asked you what I must do that my heavenly Father, who sees and knows every thing, may forgive me."—"My dear child," said his mother, "the Lord is ever ready to forgive those who are truly sorry for their faults, and who resolve to do what is right. Pray to him to forgive your faults; and try never to commit the like again, lest your second offence should be greater than the first."

The little boy, after thanking his kind mother, thought a great deal upon the advice which she had given him, and prayed earnestly to Almighty God that he would forgive him, and grant him grace to do better for the future. He then fell into a sweet sleep, and rose next morning

happy and cheerful. When he saw his cousins, he told them of their mistake, and how much he had suffered from having taken advantage of it ; and, as the only amends then in his power, returned them the marbles he had so unfairly won.

THE SIN AND DANGER OF DECEIT.

Large	Guilt'-y	E-steem'
Part	Sup-pose'	De-cep'-tion
Small	Con'-science	Skil'-ful-ly
False'-hood	When-ev'-er	Prac'-tise
Word	How-ev'-er	Dis-grace'-ful
Heart	Al-low'	Con-tempt'
De-ceive'	Hap'-pen-ed	Com'-fort
De-ceit'	Mo'-ment	Con-ceal'
Piece	Hand'-ker-chief	Judg'-ment
Sor'-row	Mere'-ly	Se'-cret

THERE are many ways of being guilty of falsehood, without uttering a direct lie in words. Whenever you try to deceive your parents, you tell a lie. Once in company, as the plate of cake was passed round, a little boy, who sat by the side of his mother, took a much larger piece than he knew she would allow him to have. She happened for the moment to be looking away, and he broke a small piece off, and covered the rest in his lap with his handkerchief. When his mother looked she saw the small piece, and supposed he had taken no more. He intended to deceive her. His mother has never found out what he did ; but God saw him, and frowned upon him, as he did this sin. And do you not think that the boy did a base and wicked act ? Must he not feel ashamed, whenever he thinks that, merely to get a bit of cake, he could deceive his kind mother ? And can any one love or esteem a child who acted so mean a part ? Such a child cannot be happy. A frank and open-hearted child is the only happy child. Deception, however skillfully it may be practised, is disgraceful, and brings with it sorrow and contempt. If you would have the comfort of a good con-

science and the love of your friends never do that which you shall wish to have concealed. Be above deceit, and then you will have nothing to fear. Besides, deceit will shut you out of heaven. At the last day, "God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing," And how must the child then feel who has been guilty of falsehood and deception, and has it then all brought to light!

ABBOTT'S "CHILD AT HOME."

THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.

Dark'-ness	Soul	Deep'-est	Hu'-man
Trod	Un-known'	Con-trol'	Pres'-ence
Earth	A-mong'	Con'-stant	Mer'-cy

AMONG the deepest shades of night
 Can there be any one who sees my way?
 Yes;—God is like a shining light,
 That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
 May I not sin without control?
 No!—for a constant watch he keeps,
 On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet had never trod,
 Yet there I could not be alone;
 On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven; he frowns in hell;
 He fills the air, the earth, the sea;
 I must within his presence dwell;
 I cannot from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee he shows me where,
 Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly;
 And while he sees me weeping there,
 There's only mercy in his eye.

MRS GILBERT.

THE ROBIN.

Bird	Fore'-head	Thick'-est	Se-vere'
Weath'-er	Throat	Cov'-erts	A-bodes
In-stead'	Or'-ange	Rare'-ly	Kitch'-en
Heart'-y	Red' dish	Ex-cept'	In'-mate
Chief' ly	Edg'-es	Val'-ue	Ac-count'
Four	In-cline'	Dur'-ing	Bod'-y
Par'-lour	Dusk'-y	Win'-ter	Wel'-come
Builds	Crev'-ice	Song'-sters	Kind'-ness
Fright'-en	Mos'-sy	Sil'-ent	In'-ju-ry

THE Robin is a well known bird. Its forehead, throat, and breast are of a deep orange or reddish colour; the head, the hind part of the neck, the back and the tail, are of an ash colour, tinged with green; the colour of the wings is somewhat darker, and the edges incline to Yellow; the bill, legs, and feet, are of a dusky hue. It builds its nest sometimes in the crevice of a mossy bank, and at other times in the thickest coverts. It lays four or five eggs of a dirty white colour, streaked with red. Its young are very tender, and are rarely brought up except by the parent bird. Its song is very soft and sweet, and is of the greater value, that we enjoy it during almost the whole winter, when the other songsters of the grove are either silent or out of tune. It turns very tame in winter, and when the weather grows severe, it is not afraid to enter the abodes of man, and to hop into a kitchen or parlour in quest of food and to become almost an inmate of the house. It is chiefly on this account that every body, instead of hurting the robin or driving it away, looks on it with pleasure, gives it a hearty welcome, and treats it with the greatest kindness. I could not esteem a boy that would frighten or do injury to a robin.

THOMPSON'S LESSONS.

A WASP AND A BEE.

Wasp	Friend	Del'-i-cate	In'-no-cent
Put	El'-e-gant	Per'-fect-ly	U'se'-ful
Peo'-ple	Be-hold'	Hand'-some	Be-ware'
Mis'-chief	No'-bod-y	Home'-ly	Cous'-in

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "little cousin can you tell me why,
You are loved so much better by people than I ?

" My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold ;
Yet no body likes me for that, I am told."

" Ah ! friend," said the bee, " it is all very true,
But if I were half as much mischief to do,
Then people would love me no better then you.

" You can boast a fine shape, and a delicate wing,
You are perfectly handsome, but yet there's one thing,
That can't be put up with,—and that is your sting.

" My coat is quite homely and plain as you see,
Yet no body ever is angry with me,—
Because I'm a useful and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, though they're ever so fair.

JANE TAYLOR.

A LESSON ON OBJECTS.

Mark	Move	Col'-our	Hors'-es	Be-sides'
Cart	Feath'-er	Wheel	Soft'-er	Han'-dles

How many wheels has a cart ?

How many horses are put in it ?

What does the horse do to the cart ?

What is the shape of the wheels ?

What colour is water ?

Which is softer, bread or water ?

If you let fall a piece of bread, can you pick it up ?

Why do you not take up water in the same way as
you pick up bread ?

Which is the most like water, glass or wood ?

How is glass like water ?

What is the colour of the marks people make on
paper when they write ?

Why do they not make white marks?
If paper were black what sort of marks would it be
best to make?

Look at this fly. Can he move about?
How does he move about?
Can he move in any way that you cannot?
Has he any thing that you have not?
Do you know any thing that can fly besides a fly?

What things have wheels?
What things have leaves?
What things have windows?
What things have feathers?
What things have wool?
What things have handles?
What things are hard?
What things are soft?
What things are high?
What things are deep?

OUR RELATIVES. (*Elliptical.*)

Pa-pa'	Aunt	Grand'-fa-ther	Neph'-ew
Mam-ma'	Cous'-in	Broth'-er	Di-vid'e'
Fa'-ther	Hus'-band	Un'-cle	Fam'-i-ly

Your papa's wife is your mother.
Your mamma's husband is your ().
Your papa's father is your ().
Your papa's mother is your ().
Your mamma's father and mother are your grand-
father and ().
Your papa's brother is your ().
Your papa's sister is your ().
Your mamma's brother and sister are your (), and
aunt.
You are your uncle's nephew.
Lucy is her uncle's ().

Your papa and mamma's child is your brother or
().

Your uncle and aunt's child is your ().

Bring grandpapa his stick to () with.

Set the arm-() by the fire for grandmamma.

Ask papa to play at hide and () with you.

When your uncle comes you shall take a ()
upon his horse.

Divide your cake with your brother and ().

We will send for your cousins to play with you, and
then we shall have all () family together.

MRS BARBAULD.

TRY AGAIN.

Awk'-ward	Be-fore'	Loi'-ty
Down'-wards	En-tan'-gled	Slack'-en
Feath'-er	Mo'-ment	Dis-ap-point'-ment
Fa'-vour-a-ble	Ex-claim'	Suc-ceed'
Dis-cour'-age	As-sist'-ance	Pro-ceed'
An'-swer	Dis-en-gage'	Be-have'
Straight	O'-pen	Ob-jec'-tion
De-light'-ed	Dig'-ni-ty	Per-suade'
Light'-ly	Bal-loon'	Per-se-ver'-ance
Plague	Prom'-ise	At-tempt'
En-tire'-ly	Neph'-sew	Mot'-to

"Will you give my kite a lift?" said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly by dragging it along the ground. Lucy very kindly took it up, and threw it into the air; but her brother neglecting to run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

"Ah! now, how awkward you are!" said the little fellow. "It was your fault entirely," answered his sister.

"TRY AGAIN, children," said I; and Lucy once more took up the kite; but now John was in too great a hurry -- he ran off so suddenly that he twitched it out of her hand; and the kite fell flat as before.

"Well, who is to blame now?" asked Lucy.

"TRY AGAIN," said I.

They did ; and with more care ; but a side wind coming suddenly, as Lucy let go the kite, it was blown against some shrubs, and the tail got entangled in a moment, leaving the poor kite hanging with its head downwards.

“ There, there !” exclaimed John, “ that comes of your throwing it all to one side.”—“ As if I could make the wind blow straight !” said Lucy.

In the mean time, I went to the kite’s assistance, and having disengaged the long tail, I rolled it up, saying, “ Come, children, there are too many trees here ; let us find a more open space, and then TRY AGAIN.”

We presently found a nice grass-plot, at one side of which I took my stand ; and all things being prepared, I tossed the kite up, just as John ran off. It rose with all the dignity of a balloon, and promised a lofty flight ; but John delighted to find it pulling so hard at the string, stopped short to look upwards and admire.—The string slackened, the kite tottered, and, the wind not being very favourable, down came the kite to the grass.

“ Oh, John, you should not have stopped,” said I. “ However, TRY AGAIN.”

“ I wont try any more.” replied he, rather sullenly. “ It is of no use, you see. The kite wont fly, and I don’t want to be plagued with it any longer.”

“ Oh fie, my little man ! would you give up the sport after all the pains we have taken both to make and to fly the kite ? A few disappointments ought not to discourage us. Come, I have wound up your string ; and now, TRY AGAIN.”

And he did try, and succeeded, for the kite was carried up on the breeze as lightly as a feather ; and when the string was all out, John stood in great delight, holding fast the stick, and gazing on the kite, which now seemed as a little white speck in the Blue sky. “ Look, look, aunt, how high it flies ! and pulls like a team of horses, so that I can hardly hold it. I wish I had a mile of string—I am sure it would go to the end of it.”

After enjoying the sight as long as he pleased, little John proceeded to roll up the string slowly : and when the kite fell, he took it up with great glee, saying that it

was not at all hurt, and that it had behaved very well.
 "Shall we come out to-morrow, aunt, after lessons, and
 TRY AGAIN?"

"I have no objections, my dear, if the weather be fine.
 And now as we walk home, tell me what you have learn-
 ed from your morning's sport."

"I have learned to fly my kite properly." "You may
 thank aunt for it, brother," said Lucy: "for you would
 have given it up long ago if she had not persuaded you to
 TRY AGAIN."

"Yes my dear children, I wish to teach you the value
 of perseverance, even when nothing more depends upon it
 than the flying of a kite. Whenever you fail in your
 attempts to do any good thing, let your motto be, TRY
 AGAIN."

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

SECTION II.

MORNING HYMN.

A-wake'	Im-prove'	Sur-vey'
Dai'-ly	Tal'-ent	Re-new'
Du'-ty	Judg'-ment	Dis-perse'
Joy'-ful	Pre-pare'	Guard
Sac'-ri-fice	Con-ver-sa'-tion	Di-rect
Pre-ci-ous	Sin-cere'	Sug-gest'
Mis-pent'	Con'-science	De-sign'
Re-deem'	Noon'-tide	Glo'-ry
Pres'-ent	Se'-cret	U-nite'

AWAKE, my soul and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mispent redeem ;
 Each present day thy last esteem :
 Improve thy talent with due care ;
 And for the judgment-day prepare.

In conversation be sincere ;
 Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;
 And think how the great God thy ways
 And all thy secret thought surveys.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

BISHOP KENN

EVENING HYMN.

All	My-self'	Aw' ful	Crea'-tures
Bless'-ings	Ere	Re-pose'	Be-low'
Al-might'-y	Teach	Eye'-lids	Whom
For-give'	Dread	Vig'-o-rous	Host
Done	Glo'-ri-ous	A-wake'	Ghost

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KENN.

 THE HOUSE BUILDING.

In-quire'	Gar'-den-er	Ad-mire'
Work'-men	Eas'-y	Laugh
Build	Brick'-lay-er	Out-right'
Dis'-mal	Heav-i-er	Dis-ap-point'-ed
Bus-y	Car'-ry	Taught

Bot'-tom	Dif- fi- cult	Mor'-tar
Lev'-el	Straight	Trav'-el
Un-der-stand'	Sup-pose'	Un-der-neath'
Re-pli'-ed	Fin'-ish	Jok' ing

ONE day Willy saw several men digging a great hole in the ground ; he wondered for what it could be, and went up to them to enquire. " Why, my little master," said one of the workmen we are going to build a house."—" Build a house down in a hole under ground !" cried Willy ; " I think that is very foolish ; it will be all dark and dismal."—" Come again, another day," replied the man, " and you will see."

The next day Willy found the workmen very busy building the walls of the house ; they begin building the walls at the botom of the hole, but when they reached the level of the ground, they went on building them up high. " Oh, oh !" says Willy, " I see after all you are going to build your house like other houses ; but why do you begin so low down in the ground ?"—" Because the house would not stand firm else," said the man. " Oh, yes, I understand," replied Willy, " it is like a tree ; when the gardener plants a tree, he digs a hole and puts the roots deep in the ground, that the tree may stand firm, and not be blown down by the wind ; or, the walls in the hole are the roots of the house. It seems to me very easy to build a wall, and I think I could do it very well if you will let me try."

Having got leave, he began placing the bricks as he saw the workmen do. These workmen were called bricklayers, because they laid the bricks one upon another to build walls. He found the bricks heavier to carry, and more difficult to place one upon another, straight and even, then he had supposed. However, after a good deal of toil and trouble, he finished a bit of wall, of which he was very proud, and called to the bricklayer to look at it. The bricklayer walked up to it and smiled ; and Willy was pleased, for he thought the man admired his work ; all at once he lifted up his foot, give a kick to poor Willy's wall, and down it went ! The bricks rolled some

one way, some another ; one of them hit his foot, and hurt him ; but he was too proud to cry, and too angry. He said not a word, but ran up to the wall the bricklayer was building, and tried to kick that down. The bricklayer then laughed outright. "Not so easy to break down my wall, master," said he.

Willy was much disappointed. "And why," said he, "cannot I build a wall that will stand firm like yours?"—"Because you have not learnt, my lad," replied the man : "when I was a boy I was taught to build walls ; and now I am a man, I have built walls for many years ; so it would be a wonder if I could not build them well." He then showed Willy how it was done. First he laid a brick upon the ground, then he placed another beside it, and he put some mortar between the two which made them stick together. Then he placed another brick and some more mortar, and so on, till he had laid a whole row of bricks. After that, he spread some mortar over this row of bricks, just as you would spread butter on a slice of bread. He used a very odd-shaped knife, which is called a trowel. Then he placed another row of bricks in the same manner as he had done the first ; and the mortar made the two rows stick together ; and after that he went on spreading the mortar and laying the bricks, till the piece of wall was finished. "Now," said the man, "the wall is not very strong yet, for though you could not kick it down, perhaps I could ; but when the mortar is dry no one could kick it down, neither man nor beast."

"And what is this mortar made of?" said Willy, "I see a man stirring it about yonder."—"It is made of lime," said the man, "mixed up with water, and a little sand. But you don't ask me what the bricks are made of, master?"—"O ! I know that already," replied Willy ; and he was very glad to be able to tell the bricklayer that he knew something, "I have been with papa in the brick-field, and seen the clay dug out of the ground, and mixed up and stirred about while it is soft, and then put into moulds of the shape of a brick."—"And is that all?" said the man. "No ; then they are laid in rows to dry in the

sun and air, and make them hard.”—“ And is that all ?” —“ I believe so,” said Willy. “ No, no,” said the bricklayer ; “ when they are dry they are put all in a heap in a place called a kiln, and a fire is made underneath to burn them.” “ Ha, ha, ha !” said Willy, “ you are joking now, I know ; for if they were all burnt to pieces, how could you build a house with them ?”—“ I did not say burnt to pieces ; but burnt to harden them, or more like baked.”—“ Oh, now I understand you, like the crust of a pie, which is soft paste when it is put into the oven, and hard when it comes out, and very nice,” cried Willy ; for he thought there would perhaps be a pie for dinner when he returned home. Just then he heard the dinner-bell go ding dong, ding dong, ding dong. So he left the bricklayers and ran home as fast as he could.

MRS MARCET.

THE HOUSE BUILDING CONTINUED.

Friend	Car'-pen-ter	Eas'-i-ly	Up'-right
Im-pa'-tient	Floor	Bus'-i-ness	A-muse'
Knock	Fas'-ten-ed	Light'-er	Ob-serve'
Wrung	Wood'-en	Fin'-ger	Nice'-ly
An'-swer	Con-ceive'	Thumb	Pret'-ti-ly

THE next day all the family went to spend some time at the house of a friend. Willy was very much pleased there ; but he often thought, “ I wonder how the house goes on building ;” and the day after his return he was impatient to go and see it. When he got to the house he heard a great noise, knock, knock, knock, saw, saw, saw, hammer, hammer, hammer, and he wondered what they were doing. He ran up to find his old friend the Bricklayer, but he saw none but new faces ; and on asking for him he was answered, “ Oh ! the bricklayers have finished building the walls ; they have no more to do here, and are all gone.”—“ And what are you doing ?” said Willy. “ We are the *carpenters* making the floors, and the doors and the window-frames and all the wood-work.”

Willy looked, and saw some of them laying down large planks of wood to make the floors, and fastening them with great nails ; others were shaving the wood smooth with a wooden tool called a *plane*, and every time the plane went over the wood, a thin piece of wood was shaved off, and curled up. Willy could not conceive how the plane took off this shaving. Then the carpenter lifted it up, and showed him the blade of a small sharp knife which was fastened within it, and which cut or scraped off this shaving. Willy asked the man to let him try the plane. He found it was too heavy for him to move easily, and when he did, he could not push it straight, and the knife stuck in the plank ; and though he tried over and over again, he could not get off a shaving. " And yet it seemed so easy when you did it," said Willy to the carpenter. " Why, master," said the man, " I am a little stronger than you, and then I have learnt the business a long while."—" Well but surely I could hammer some nails into the plank for the floor," said Willy. " you had better try at yonder bench," said the carpenter " where the men are about some lighter work." So he gave Willy two small pieces of wood, and a little hammer, and some nails.

Willy was highly pleased to have the use of all these things. He put the two pieces of wood together, and then held the nail between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and tried to strike it with the hammer into the wood, but the first blow he drove the nail all on one side. " How is this?" said Willy, " I struck the nail on the head." " But you did not hold the nail upright," said the carpenter ; " try again." This time Willy took great pains to keep it upright ; so he held his finger and thumb close to the head of the nail, and when he struck it with the hammer, he gave his finger and thumb a good blow, as well as the nail. He smarted with pain ; and letting go the nail, wrung his hand. Some of the men began to laugh, but Willy now felt ready to cry. " Never mind, my lad," said the carpenter, " many a blow and cut have I had on my fingers before I learnt my trade, the pain will soon be over."

Willy saw a jug of water standing on the bench, so he thrust his hand into it, having often been cured of the pain of a blow by cold water. While he held his hand in the jug, he amused himself seeing the carpenters work. He longed much to try to use a saw. He observed the teeth of the saw cut so nicely into the wood and saw it through, and the sawdust fall down underneath so prettily ; but he said, " If I was so awkward before, I shall be still worse now that I have hurt my hand." So he waited till the pain was quite gone, and then he thanked the carpenter, and went home.

MRS MARCET.

THE HOUSE BUILDING CONTINUED.

Ledge	Small'-er	Scratch
Tight	Scis'-ors	Ex-ceed'-ing-ly
Knives	Gla'-zi-er	In'-stru-ment
Sur-prise'	Pock'-et	Re-venge'
Be-come'	Hatch'-et	Meas'-ure
Be-lieve'	Chis'-el	Ex-act'-ly
A-sleep	Rul'-er	Clev'-er-ness
Has'-ten	Strange	Fas'-ten
In-stead'	Han'-dle	Put'-ty
Em-ploy'-ed	Di'-a-mond	Tough'-er
Wood'-en	Brooch	Sep'-a-rate

THE next time Willy went to the new house, he was quite surprised to hear no noise. " What has become of the carpenters ?" thought he, " I believe they are all asleep, or perhaps they are eating their dinner : however, I shall soon see ;" and he hastened to skip up stairs. There, instead of the carpenters, Willy saw several men busily employed in trying to fit large panes of glass into the wooden frames which the carpenters, had made. They tried first one pane of glass, then another ; but they were all too large.

" Oh !" cried Willy, " you must cut them smaller to make them fit. I will run and fetch you a large pair of scissors I saw the carpenter had the other day."—" Oh no my little master, that will not do," answered the men

(who were called *glaziers*), "glass cannot be cut with scissors."—"Well, then," said Willy, "I have a good stout knife in my pocket, which I use to cut a stick, and I will lend it you."—"But glass is not made of wood like a stick, and a knife will not cut it any more than scissors."—"Well, then, will you have a saw, or a hatchet, or a chisel? I will run and see if the carpenters have left any of their tools."—"No, no; nothing of that sort will cut glass," replied the man smiling. "Why, then, what will you do?" said Willy, "if nothing will cut glass to fit the frames, you can never make the windows."—"Yes; but there is something that will cut glass," said the glazier, "as you shall see." Then he took up a tool which looked like the handle of a chisel, and a ruler, and placed it on a pane of glass, and with the wooden tool he drew a line on the glass, as you would do with a pencil. Willy heard the glass scratch, and, to his great surprise, he found that the tool had cut it almost through, so when the glazier took it up and bent it a little, it broke straight along the line in two pieces. "How strange," said he, "that when neither knives nor scissors will cut glass, a wooden handle like that will do it!"—"Ah!" cried the glazier, "but the handle is only to lay hold of; there is something at the bottom of it which cuts the glass." Then he showed Willy the diamond at the point of the tool, and told him that it was exceedingly hard, and was the only thing which will cut glass. "It is like the diamond in mamma's brooch," said Willy, "only not so large nor so bright. Pray let me try to cut some glass with it."

He was going to try upon a large pane, but the glazier said, "I do not think you will be able to cut the glass, but you will scratch it, and I cannot let you spoil a large pane, here, take this small slip I have just cut off the large pane, and try if you can cut that." Willy placed the rule as he had seen the glazier do, and then drew a line on the glass with the diamond. He leaned with all his might, on the instrument, yet he could only scratch the glass, not cut. He then thought that by bending it, as he had seen the glazier do he could break it in two; but taking

up the glass and trying to do so, he scratched his hands sadly. Though his hands bled and smarted a good deal, Willy did not cry, for he knew that would do no good. He tried to laugh, and said, "I think the glass has a mind to be revenged on me, and scratches me in return for my scratching it."

Willy then looked on and saw the glazier first take measure of the window-frame, and afterwards of the pane. He then cut the pane to fit the window-frame. "Well, now it fits exactly!" cried Willy, admiring the glazier's cleverness to cut it so well; "but how will you fasten it in the frame?" "There is a ledge in the frame," said the glazier, "which holds the pane; but that would not hold it tight enough to prevent the wind from blowing it out, if I did not fasten it in with some putty." He then showed Willy some stuff that was a little thicker and tougher than butter, which was called putty. "When I put the pane into the window-frame, you see I stick a little of this putty all round the edges, and it joins the glass and the frame together; and when the putty dries and hardens, you may more easily break the glass than separate it from the putty." "I think," said Willy, "your putty is something like the mortar the bricklayers use; it is soft when they spread it between the bricks, and when it is dry, it is almost as hard as the bricks themselves."

MRS MARCET.

THE HOUSE BUILDING CONTINUED.

Door	Cov'-er	Great'-coat
Wear	Com'-mon	Coal'-scut-tle
Dis-a-gree'-a-ble	Dam'-age	Pow'-der
Three	House'-maid	Poi'-son
Wain'-scot	Foot'-man	Swal'-low
Paint'-er	Pan'-el	Spoon'-ful
Daub	A-miss'	Liq'-uid
Pour	Con-sid-er	Vin'-e-gar
Brush	Tur'-pentine	Prat'-tling
Botch'-es	Bot'tle	Shrink'-ing

THE next time Willy went to the house he found the panes of glass put in every window. "So the glaziers will be all gone, I suppose," thought he; "but I dare say I shall find some other workmen: I wonder what they will be about." As he went into the house he smelt a very disagreeable smell; and going into one of the rooms, he found some men busy painting the doors and wainscot.

Willy was so much amused seeing the painter work with his great brush, that he soon forgot the smell, and he asked whether he would lend him a brush and let him paint. Then the painter gave him a smaller brush and a pot of paint, and told him to go to work on another door in the room; "for," said he, "you would spoil the door I am painting." "And shall I not spoil the other door?" said Willy. "No," replied the man, "you may daub that about as much as you please; because it has only the first coat on, and every door has three coats; so if you do any harm it will all be covered over."—"Doors wear coats!" cried Willy, laughing; "Oh now I am sure you are in fun; and so if I paint it badly you will cover it with a coat? Pray," said he, carrying on the joke, "do doors wear greatcoats or common coats?"—"Why, they are coats of paint, my little man, and nothing else," said the painter. "When I cover the door all over with paint, that is called a coat."—"Oh! because it covers it over as a coat covers us," said Willy; "but why do you put on three coats, for the door does not want to be kept warm?" "No," said the man, "but as the coats of the door are very thin, they easily wear out or get damaged. If the housemaid happens to strike it with her broom when she is sweeping the room, or the footman when he brings in the coal-scuttle or the tray, the coat will be worn; but when the door has a second and a third coat on, it will not be so easy to make a hole through all three. And now set to work, my little master, and mind you do not drop any of the paint on your clothes; for I can tell you, you would not get it out either by brushing or washing; so have a care."

Willy was quite delighted to have a brush and a paint-pot trusted to him. He dipped the brush into the pot,

then he wiped it against the side to shake out a little of the paint, as he had seen the painter do, and began painting his door. He did it all in stripes and blotches, it is true; "but then," said he, "there are to be two more coats over it, and they will hide all my faults." When he had covered one panel of the door, he called the painter to look at it. "Not amiss," said the man, "you have painted the door pretty well, and your clothes too."—"My clothes!" cried Willy, "why, I took great care not to let a single drop of paint fall on them."—"But they are covered almost all over with drops," said the painter; "you did not consider that when you wiped the brush against the side of the pot, if it was not done with care and gently, the drops, instead of falling into the pot, would splash over your clothes," "Oh, dear! what shall I do? but can it never be got out?"—"Oh, yes, it may," said the man, "when you get home you must ask them to put some turpentine on your coat, and that will take out the stain; but then you must hang the coat in the air a long time to take out the smell, for turpentine smells very disagreeably." Then he showed him a bottle full of turpentine, and Willy said, "It smells just like the paint."—"Well it may," said the man, "for it is the turpentine mixed up with the paint that makes it smell; look, here is some white paint in powder."

Willy put his nose to it, and found it had no smell. "It looks like the fine flour that cakes are made with," said he; "may I taste it?"—"Oh no," said the man, "it is rank poison."—"Poison!" said Willy, shrinking back; "and would it kill me?"—"If you took only a little on the tip of your finger to taste, it might perhaps only make you sick; but if you swallowed a tea-spoonful it would be sure to kill you. We don't always mix up the paint with turpentine," he added, "because it costs too much. In common, we mix it up with oil."—"And is the paint a poison when mixed up with oil?" said Willy. "Yes," replied the painter, "and so it is if mixed up with water; because the poison lies in the paint, not in the liquid with which it is mixed up."—"What

is a *liquid*?" asked Willy. "Any thing that will pour," answered the painter. "Oh, then, water, and oil, and turpentine, are liquids to be sure," said Willy; "but there are other liquids besides, for wine, and milk, and vinegar, will pour too; so they are all liquids." "Ay, sure," said the painter; "but, my lad, pray cease your prattling, and let me mind my work, or I shall not finish my door much better than you have begun yours,"

MRS. MARCET.

THE HOUSE BUILDING CONTINUED.

Talk	Num'-ber	Loud'-er
A-gainst'	Ceil'-ing	Tongue
A-ston'-ish-ed	Bell'-hang-er	Thought'-ful-ly
Ap-proach'	As-cend'-ed	Mo'-ment
Ring'-ing	Un-der-neath'	Laugh'-ing
Hur'-ri-ed	Cor'-ner	Re'-al-ly
Stair'-case	Pass'-age	Dis'-tant
Lad'-der	In'-side	An'-swer

A FEW days afterwards, when Willy approached the house, he was quite astonished to hear a great noise of ringing of bells, such as he had never in his life heard before. One bell went ting-a-ring a-ring; another, tang-a-rang-rang; a third, tong-a-rong a-rong; and a great one went ding-dong ding-dong. "Oh! that great bell is the dinner-bell; but I never heard a bell ring to call the workmen to dinner before; besides they do not dine at two o'clock, and it is but just two o'clock: then all the bells are ringing together; what can be the matter." So he hurried into the house, and was going to skip up stairs, when he was stopped at the foot of the staircase by the sight of a man mounted on a ladder, who was fixing a number of bells which hung near the ceiling; and it was these bells that made all the noise Willy had heard.

"But who rings these bells?" cried Willy to the bell-hanger. "for you are only hanging them up." "There is another man whom I have sent round to all the rooms

to ring them and see if the wires are all rightly fixed, and if the bells ring easily ; go up, and you will see." Then Willy ascended the staircase, and found the other man in one of the rooms, and he saw him pulling the handle of one of the bells, and he heard the bell go ting a-ring a-ring ; and the man showed Willy how the bell-handle was fastened to a wire which went through a hole in the floor, and then he took him down stairs into the room underneath that floor, and showed him the wire coming out through a hole at one corner of the wall by the ceiling ; and it went along the ceiling to another corner of the room, and then he saw it no more. " Where is it gone to now ?" said Willy. " Come and see," replied the bell-hanger. So he opened the door of the room which led into the passage, where the man on the ladder was hanging up the bells. " Look, the wire comes out at that hole, master, and is fastened to that bell. Now, I will run back up stairs and pull the bell-handle, and that will pull the wire, and make the bell ring." And he did so. And Willy saw the bell move, and heard it go ting-a-ring a-ring ; and he was so pleased that he jumped for joy. " I never thought before," said he, " how the bell was made to ring ; but now I know, that when I pull the handle, the handle pulls the wire, and the wire pulls the bell, and the bell shakes and moves the little sort of hammer which is fastened inside the bell ; it strikes first against one side and then against the other, and that makes the ting-a-ring a-ring. But what makes the tong-a-rong a-rong which some bells ring, and the tang-a-rang a-rang which others ring ?"—" It is when the bells are larger and heavier, they move slower, and make a deeper, louder sound. The great dinner-bell moves so slowly that you hear every stroke the tongue makes against the sides of the bell, and it goes ding-dong, ding dong, very distinct'y." " What is the tongue of the bell ?" asked Willy. " The little hammer inside is called the tongue of the bell." Willy looked thoughtfully, and then said, " I suppose it is, because it makes a noise like our tongues, when we talk ; and indeed

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when the dinner-bell goes ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, I think," added he, laughing, "it really speaks and calls me to come to dinner."

At that moment Willy heard the distant sound of his own dinner-bell, and gladly answered to the call, saying, "I am coming as fast as I can;" and leaving the house returned home.

MRS MARCET.

THE HOUSE BUILDING CONCLUDED.

Weath'-er	Gen'-tle-man	Fre'-quent
Ad-mit'	Fam'-i-ly	Vis'-its
Ap-pear'	Ad-join'-ing	Know'-ledge
Has'-ten-ed	O-ver-heard'	At'ten'-tive
Ser'-vant	Car'-pets	In-tel'-li-gent'
In-quir'-ed	Cur' tains	Lis'-ten-er
Build'-ing	Com'-fort-a-ble	Trades'-peo-ple'

For several days the weather would not admit of Willy's going out; but at length the sun appeared, and he hastened to the house. He found however, the door shut, and he could not get in. At last he rung a bell, and a servant came to the door, and inquired what he wanted. "I want to go in and see the house building," said Willy. "The building is all finished, sir," said the man, "and the workmen are all gone: and the gentleman and his family, for whom the house was built, are come to live in it." "So then," said Willy, "I cannot come and see it any more?"

The master of the house, who was in an adjoining room, and had overheard Willy, came out and said, "Yes my dear, you may come and see the house as often as you like; but now there are no more workmen busy in it, I am afraid it will not amuse you." However, he took Willy all over the house, and showed him that the carpets had been put down, the beds put up, the window-curtains and glasses hung, and the whole made to look pretty and comfortable. Then Willy thanked the gentleman, and returned home highly pleased with what he had seen, but most of all pleased that he had by his

frequent visits to the house, added so much to his stock of knowledge. Ever afterwards Willy was an attentive and intelligent listener when he heard of bricklayers, and carpenters, and painters, and bell-hangers ; and he loved to tell his father and mother, and sister, how kind all these trades-people had been to him, and how many new things he had learnt when he went to see the house building.

MRS MARCET

LUCY GRAY.

Com'-rade	Mount'-ain	Fur'-long
Moor	Roe	Home'-ward
Cot'-tage	Play'-ful	Down'-ward
Fawn	Dis-pers'e'	Foot'-mark
Storm'-y	Pow'-der-y	Haw'-thorn
Lan'-tern	Wan'-der	Snow'-y
Scarce'-ly	Climb	Mid'-dle
Min'-ster	Wretch'-ed	Main-tain'
Fa' got	Guide	Liv'-ing
Blith'-er	Day'-break	Lone'-some

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wild moor ;
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door.

You yet may see the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“ That, Father ! will I gladly do,
’Tis scarcely afternoon,
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook,
 And snapp'd a ragot band,
 He plied his work, and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;
 With many a playful stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,
 She wander'd up and down.
 And many a hill did Lucy climb,
 But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide,
 But there was neither sound nor sight
 To serve them for a guide.

At day break on the hill they stood
 That overlook'd the moor,
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood
 A furlong from the door.

And now they homeward turn'd and cried,
 " In heaven we all shall meet !"
 When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
 They traced the foot marks small ;
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
 And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they cross'd,
 The marks were still the same ;
 They track'd them on, and never lost
 Till to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
 The footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank,
 And further—there were none.

Yet some maintain, that to this day
 She is a living child,
 That you may-see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

WORDSWORTH.

HUMAN BEINGS.—THE SENSES.

Hu'-man	Threat'-en	Per-mit'-ted
Be'-ing	Ex-press'	Teach'-ers
Up'-right	Ut'-ter	O-be'-di-ent
An'-i-mals	Hang'-ing	Dil'-i-gent
Tow'-ards	Rea'-son	At-ten'-sive
Walk'-ing	Think'-ing	Ob-serve'
See'-ing	Good'-ness	Rose
Hear'-ing	Be-stow'	Car-na'-tion
Feel'-ing	Un-der-stand'	A-gree-a-ble
Tast'-ing	Chin'-neys	Pro-ceed'
Smell'-ing	Met'-al	Un-like'
Sens'-es	Pitch'-er	Dif'-fer
Noise	Shoes	Dis-tin'-guish
Un-eas'-y	Leath'-er	Whip

I AM a human being. I walk upright. All human beings do the same. Other animals walk with their faces towards the ground. I use my legs in walking. Other animals also use their legs in walking.

I can see, hear, feel, taste, and smell. Other animals can do the same. Seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling, are called the five senses. I see with my eyes, I hear with my ears, I taste with my tongue, I smell with my nose, and I can feel pain in any part of my body. Other animals also see with their eyes, hear with their ears, smell with their noses, and feel pain when they are hurt. I can also feel joy, sorrow, and fear. The other animals feel the same. The dog feels joy when he sees his master pleased, feels sorrow when he sees his master uneasy, feels fear when he sees his master threaten him with a whip.

I can speak. I can express what I feel in words. Other animals utter sounds, but they cannot speak. The

dog expresses joy by barking, and pain by howling : he expresses sorrow by a look, and fear by hanging down his tail between his legs, but he cannot speak.

I can think. Reason is the power of thinking. Reason is one of the gifts which Almighty God in his great goodness has bestowed on human beings. God has not given reason to the other animals.

I can understand by reason why a house has windows, doors, and chimneys ; why a stove is made of metal and not of wood ; why a pitcher has a handle ; why the blade of a knife has a sharp edge ; and why my shoes are made of leather, and not of tin, wood, or cloth. The brutes cannot understand what I do. A cat knows no more of the reason of these things than the watering-pot does.

I can also understand why I am not always permitted to do what I please ; why I ought to do what my parents and teachers desire ; why I ought to be obedient, diligent, and attentive.

I observe that the rose is like the carnation, for both are flowers ; both have an agreeable smell and fine colours ; both have a root, leaves, and stem ; both proceed from a bud ; both come out into flower for a short time, and then fade.

But I observe also that they are unlike. The rose differs from the carnation, for it has not the same kind of smell. The rose has thorns, but the carnation has not. I can by reason compare the rose with the carnation, and I can distinguish the one from the other.

THE INSTRUCTOR.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

Cre-a-'tion	Be-neath'	Spir-'it
Par-'a-dise	Re-claim'	Hol-'ly
Je-ho'-vah	Be-lov'-ed	Di-vine'
Breath	Deign	Ran'-som

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round—
That, which was lost in Paradise,—
That, which in Christ is found ?

The Soul of man,—Jehovah's breath !
 That keeps two worlds at strife ;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.

God, to reclaim it, did not spare
 His well-beloved Son ;
 Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
 The sins of all in one.

The Holy Spirit seal'd the plan,
 And pledged the blood divine,
 To ransom every soul of man ;—
 That price was paid for mine.

MONTGOMERY.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

Young
 Twelve

Pray'-er
 Mak'-er

Peace
 Ev'-il

THE *young die* as well as the *old* ; and they do not know how soon death may come. It is wise for them to think of this in time, and to live now as they will wish that they had done when they come to die. I knew a little girl, only twelve years of age, who died of the small-pox. She had been a good child. She had put her trust in Christ, that he would save her soul. She read the word of God, and did what it bade her do. It was her prayer, day and night, that she might be kept from sinning against her Maker, and made to walk in the right path. At all times, and in all things, she strove to live on earth, as one should do that hopes to dwell in heaven. And when she was going to die, she had no fear ; her mind was at peace ; she said that she felt quite happy ; and her last words were these, " I am in great pain, but God is with me, and I fear no evil ; my pain will soon be over, and I shall enter into the joy of my Lord."

I wish that all boys and girls were as good as this child was.

THOMSON'S LESSONS.

THE MOWER.

Mow'-er	Stern	Tow'-ers	Flow'-ers
Whis'-tling	Dai'-sies	Re-sist'-less	Raise
Stead'-i-ly	Hav'-oc	King'-doms	Scat'-ter-ed

HARK the mower's whistling blade,
 How steadily he mows ;
 The grass is heap'd, the daisies fade,
 All scatter'd as he goes.

So time, as with a stern delight
 'Mid human havoc towers,
 And sweeps resistless in her might,
 Kingdoms as grass and flowers.

The flowers of life may bloom and fade,
 But He in whom I trust,
 Though cold, and in my grave-clothes laid,
 Can raise me from the dust.

Rev. W. L. BOWLES.

DUTY OF PRAYER.

Sleep'-y	Sup-ort'	Of-fend'	Re-deem
Watch-ed	Wel'-fare	Tempt'-ed	A-men
On'-ly	Pro-tect'	Dis-please'	Stud'-y
Di-rect'	Ad dress'	Con-duct	Use'-less
As-sist'	Good'-ness	Guard	Neigh'-bour
Du'-ties	Mer'-cy	Charge	Breth'-ren
Need'-ful	For-give'	Sound'-ness	Man-kind'

We should pray to God in the morning when we rise, and at night before we turn sleepy and go to bed. In the morning, we should lift up our heart, and say to him

something like this : " O Lord, I thank thee that thou hast watched over me through the night ; and that thou hast brought me to see the light of a new day. Be with me all the day long, to keep me from evil, and from sinning against thee my father in heaven ; to direct and assist me in my duties ; and to give me every thing needful for my support and welfare. Protect and guide me during all that remains of my life ; and then take me to thyself, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen." At night we should address to God such words as these : " O Lord, I thank thee for thy goodness to me during the past day. In thy great mercy, forgive what I have this day said or done to offend thee my Maker ; and keep me from being tempted to displease thee again, in any part of my conduct. Take charge of me this night ; guard me from all harm ; and if it be thy holy will, raise me up in the morning, to praise and to serve thee, with health of body and soundness of mind. All that I ask of thee is in the name of Christ, who died to redeem me. Amen."

When you pray, study always to have your heart going along with the words that you utter ; for without the heart your words are vain and useless. It is also proper that you pray not only for your selves but also for others. You should pray that God would bless your parents, your brothers and sisters, all your friends, all your neighbours, all your brethren of mankind. And this you will not fail to do, if you truly love others as God commands you, and wish to see them holy and happy.

THOMSON'S LESSONS.

TRUE COURAGE.

Play'-mates
Part'-y
Birth'-day
Beau'-ti-ful
Vis' it

Cour'-age
Whis'-per
Im-med'-iate-ly
Up'-roar
Tim'-id

Quick'-ly
De-lay'-ed
Group
Dis-o-bey
Am'-ply

Joy'-ous	Im-plor'-ing	Re-paid'
Com-mence'	Lon'-ger	Pleas'-ure
Par'-lour	La'-dy	Vast'-ly
Ex-cit'-ing	Dis-pleas-ed'	Hap'-pi-ness
Re-quest'-ed	En-treat'-y	Per-init'-ted
Wait'-er	Hes'-i-tat-ed	No'-ble
Load'-ed	Yield'-ed	De-ter-mi-na'-tion
E-nough'	Vir'-tue	Du'-ty
Temp-ta'-tion	Wav'-er-ed	Like'-wise
Re-sist'-ed	Has'-tily	Re-ward'

Two little boys went to pass the afternoon and evening at the house of one of their playmates who had a party to keep his birthday. Their parents told them to come home at eight o'clock in the evening. It was a beautiful afternoon, and a large party of boys met at the house of their friend. The first part of their visit was spent out of doors; and never did boys have a more happy time. They climbed the trees,—they swung on ropes—and as they jumped about and tried all kinds of sports, they made the place ring with joyous shouts. When it became too dark for out-door play, they went into the house, and commenced new sports in the brightly lighted parlour. As they were in the midst of the exciting game of "blind man's buff," some one entered the room, and requested them all to take their seats, for apples and nuts were to be brought in. But just as the door was opened by the servant, bringing in the waiter, loaded with apples and nuts, the clock struck eight. The boys who had been told to leave at that hour, felt troubled enough. The temptation to stay was almost too strong to be resisted. The older brother, however, had the courage to whisper to one at his side, that he must go. Immediately there was an uproar all over the room, each one exclaiming against it.

"Why," said one, "my mother told me I might stay till nine."

"My mother," said another, "did not say any thing about my coming home, she will let me stay as long as I like."

"I would not be tied to my mother's apronstring," said a rude boy in a distant part of the room.

A timid boy, who lived in the next house to the one in which these two little boys lived, came up and said, with an imploring look ; " I am going home at half-past eight. Now do stay a little while longer, and then we will go home together. I do not wish to go home alone in the dark."

And even the lady of the house came to them and said, " I do not think your mother will be displeased if you stay a few moments longer and eat an apple and a few nuts."

Now, what could these poor boys do ? How could they resist so much entreaty ? For a moment they hesitated, and almost yielded to the temptation. But virtue wavered only for a moment. They immediately mustered all their courage, and said, " We must go." Hastily bidding them all good night, they got their hats as quickly as they could, for fear, if they delayed, they should yield to the temptation ; and they left the house. They stopped not a moment to look back upon the brightly shining windows and happy group of boys within, but taking hold of each other's hand, they ran as fast as they could on their way home. When they arrived at home their father and mother met them with a smile. And when their father and mother learnt under what temptations they had been to disobey, they looked upon their children with a delight which amply repaid them for all their trial. And when these boys went to bed that night, they felt that they had done their duty, and that they had given their parents pleasure ; and these thoughts gave them vastly more happiness than they could have enjoyed if they had remained with their playmates beyond the hour which their parents had permitted. Now, do you not admire this noble proof of the courage of these little boys, and of their determination to do their duty ? Go you then and do likewise, and you shall have their reward.

ABBOTT'S " CHILD AT HOME."

LESSON ON OBJECTS.

Su'-gar	Feath'-ers	Ap'-ples	Trans-pa'-rent
Tea	Col'-our	Cher'-ries	Glis'-ten
Writ'-ing	Clouds	Men'-tion	Ought

WHAT happens to sugar if you leave it in water ?

Do you know any other things that are sweet as well as sugar ?

If you put sugar into tea, what happens to the sugar ?

If you put sugar into tea, does any thing happen to the tea ?

What is a pen made of ?

What is it used for ?

What did it once belong to ?

Did the bird use it for writing with ?

Why are beds often made of leathers ?

Do you know what birds' beds are called ?

Can you tell me something that you ought to do ?

Can you tell me something that you ought not to do ?

Did you ever feel it hot in the moonshine ?

Did you ever see the sun and the moon shining at the same time.

Do you always see the sun in exactly the same part of the sky ?

What shape is the sun ?

Is the moon always of the same shape ?

Can you always see the moon of a night ?

Can you always see the sun of a day ?

Is the sky always blue ?

What is the colour of the clouds in bad weather ?

What is rain made of ?

Which can you lift most easily in your hand, water or snow ? and why ?

What will snow turn to if it is warmed ?

What will a piece of ice become if it is placed near the fire ?

In what kind of weather does water turn to ice, and rain turn to snow ?

Is it in warm or in cold weather that flowers grow,
and apples and cherries ?

Tell me the names of things that can burn ?

Mention some things that have a green colour ?

Mention some things that are transparent or can
be seen through ?

Do you know any things that glisten or shine ?

WE ARE SEVEN.

Cot'-tage

Re-ply'

Sun'-set

Eight

Be-neath'

Por'-rin-ger

Clus'-ter-ed

A-live'

Moan'-ting

An'-swer-ed

Stock'-ings

Re-liev'-ed

Church-'^yard

Knit

Maid'-en

I MET a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?”
“ How many ? seven in all,” she said,
And wondering look'd at me.

“ And where are they, I pray you tell ?”
She answer'd, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven ; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be”

Then did the litte maid reply,

“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit.
My ’kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,—
I sit and sing to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was little Jane,
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God relieved her of her pain,
And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid,
And, all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play’d
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you, then,” said I,
“ If they are two in heaven ?”
The little maiden did reply,
“ O master ! we are seven.”

“But they are dead, those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven.”

’Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE FIVE SENSES. (*Elliptical.*)

Up'-right	En-clos'-ed	Mois'-ten-ed	High'-er
E-rect'	Se-cures'	Flu-id	Per ceiv'-ed
Shoul'-ders	Shel'-ter	Eye'-brows	Move'-a-ble
Pal'-ate	Spit-tle	Fla'-vour	Qual'-i-ties
Jaw'-bones	De-scends'	Mo-'tion	Ob'-jects
Rang'-ed	Stom'-ach		

MAN holds himself upright on his feet. His head is erect on his shoulders. He has arms and legs. He takes hold of things with his . The sole of his rests on the ground.

The head turns to the right and to the . The top and back of the head is called the skull. Upon it is the hair. Within the is the brain, which is enclosed there as in a box of bone. This box secures against blows. On the face are seen the eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and on each side the . The eyes are shut by means of the , which shelter them from the air and too much light. The eye is moistened with a fluid called .

Above the eyes are the eyebrows ; higher still is the brow. Man sees with his what is near him ; he sees also what is not too far off. The nose is between the eyes and the ; its two holes are called the ; with the nose are perceived smells. The mouth has lips which are both moveable. Under the mouth is the . Within the mouth are the palate, the tongue, and the . The teeth are fixed in the jawbones, and are ranged in rows which are applied to one another. With the teeth we grind our ; the tongue brings the

food under the teeth, and at the same time the spittle moistens it; it descends afterwards into the throat, and thence into the stomach. While food is in the mouth, the tongue and the palate the flavour of it. The mouth serves also for speaking; the breath comes from the lungs; the mouth, the lips, the tongue, the teeth, and the palate, form speech.

Man perceives smell by his ; tastes by his ; with his ears he sounds; with his eyes he the colour, form, and motion of bodies; with his skin he them. All these means of perceiving the qualities of objects are called the *senses*. Thus man has senses; sight, smell, taste, hearing, and touch.

From the ITALIAN of BARDI.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A-wak'-en-ed	Reach'-ed	Re'-con-cil-ed	E-nough'
Rat' tling	Ap-pear'-ance	Con-triv'-ed	Break'-fast
Shov'-el	Im-pa'-tient	Climb	Swal'-low-ed
Pa'-tience	Touch	O-blig'-ed	Read'-y
Min'-ute			

ONE morning Willy was awakened by a noise in the chimney, and looking up he saw that the fireplace was covered over with a cloth. "What is that for, Ann?" said he. Ann told him that one of the sweeps was gone up the chimney to sweep it; that the noise was made by his brushing away the soot from the sides of the chimney, and that the cloth was put up against the fireplace to prevent the soot from falling down into the room. Just then they heard a rattling noise. "There," said Ann, "he has got to the top of the chimney, and he is beating his shovel and brush together to show that he is at the top."

"Oh, how funny it goes, rattle, rattle, rattle! How I should like to see him, Ann!" said Willy, running to peep behind the cloth.

"You cannot see him up the chimney," said Ann, "because it is quite dark; but have a little patience,—he will be down in a minute."

Willy thought the minute lasted a long time; but at length the boy reached the bottom of the chimney, and lifting up the cloth made his appearance. He had a brush in one hand and a shovel in the other, and was all black from head to foot, except his eyes and his teeth, which looked uncommonly large and white. Impatient as Willy had been to see him, he could not help drawing back when he appeared.

"Why, you are not afraid of me, master,?" said the sweep; "I shall not hurt you, and I shall not dirty you if you do not touch me." By degrees Willy became reconciled to the black boy, and he asked him how he contrived to get up to the top of the chimney. "Do you think I could get up?" asked Willy.

"No," said the boy, "because you have not been used to it. When I first began to sweep chimneys, it was very hard work, because I did not know how to climb; I was but a little boy then, and I was sadly afraid of going up the dark chimney; but I was obliged to go, or my master would have beaten me; and now I think nothing of it." He then asked whether there were any more chimneys to sweep, and Ann said "No; I believe not."

"You are sorry for that I dare say," cried Willy; "for Ann says that you are paid a shilling for every chimney you sweep."

"I am never the better for the money I take," replied the boy; "for I am obliged to give it all to my master."

"And does he not give you any thing?" said Willy. "Nothing but my meat and drink, and little enough of that either."

Just then Willy's breakfast was brought; and while he was eating it, he thought, "I wonder whether the sweep has had his breakfast this morning;" so he went to ask him, and finding he had not, he ran and fetched his basin of bread and milk and offered it to the boy. The sweep, who had already swept several chimneys that mor-

ning, and was very hungry, took hold of the basin with both his hands, and swallowed a good deal of it. He then returned it to Willy, who would gladly have eaten the rest, but he saw two such black marks on the basin where the sweep's hands had held it, and such a large one on the rim where he had been drinking, that he did not like to take any more of it ; so he told the boy he might drink the rest if he liked it, which the sweep was very glad to do. Just then a servant came in and told the boy that the drawing-room chimney was to be swept also. " Oh ! I am sorry for that," said Willy.

" I do not mind it now," replied the boy ; " I am the more ready to set to work after so good a breakfast."

MRS MARCET.

THE NEGRO

Walk'-ing	Laugh'-ed	Ne'-groes	Talk'-ed
Coach	Coun'-try	School	Freez'-es
Clothes	Peo'-ple	Al-low'-ed	Snow'-balls

" Oh, mamma !" said Willy to his mother one day that he was walking with her on the street, " look at that great chimney-sweeper standing up behind the coach there, dressed in such fine clothes, and not at all dirty, except his hands and his face ; I wonder how he can get up a chimney, he is so big." His mamma laughed, and said, " He is not a chimney sweeper, my dear."

" Oh, but he must be, mamma, for his face is blacker than the little boy's who swept our chimney, and his hands too."

" That is true ; but he is not a sweep for all that. The colour of his skin is black, just as the colour of your skin is white."

" But the colour of every body's skin is white, mamma."

" Of every one who lives in this country ; but there are some countries, a great way off, where the colour of every body's skin is black, like that man's. The people who live in these countries are called *negroes*."

"And if that negro was to drink out of my basin of bread and milk, would not his mouth dirty it, nor his hands either?"

"Not in the least; his hands and face are as clean as yours, though they look so black. Every thing that is black is not dirty. Do you think grand-mamma's black silk gown is dirty?"

"Oh, no," said Willy; "that it is not. Nor the black inkstand, unless I drop some of the ink upon it."

Some time after this, his mother took Willy to a school where there were a few negro boys learning to read and write. The master allowed the boys to talk to Willy, and they talked to him, and shook hands with him, and showed him that their hands were not dirty, though their colour was black. "And how did you come from your country, such a great way off?" asked Willy.

"We came in a ship," said one of the boys; "and we were a great many days coming."

"And what did you come for such a long way?"

"We came to learn to read and write, and a great many other things. We have no schools in our country."

"And do the little boys there do nothing but play about all day?"

"Yes," returned the black boy; "but then when they grow up to be men, they have learnt nothing; so they can do nothing well."

"Then, I dare say, you like this country best?" said Willy.

"No, I do not," said the boy; "because it is so cold. In our country we have never any ice or snow; it never freezes; and here I am almost frozen to death."

"But you cannot make snowballs, and you cannot slide upon the ice," said Willy. "I should not like your country."

"O", but you would, for it is always summer with us; and we have plenty of nice fruit and pretty flowers. Then we bathe and swim about in the water when we are too hot; and we climb high trees; and it is much more pleasant than this cold country. But I like to learn here and then when I go back I shall teach the other black people."

MRS MARCET.

SECTION III.

LESSONS ON THE SOUL.

Wid'-ow	Rose'-bush	Cel'-lar
Teach'-ing	Tum'-bler	An -i-mals
Sha'-dy	A-live'	Un-der-stand'
Peb'-ble	Wound	Stul'-y ing
An'-swer	Tongue	Know'-ledge

ROBERT STANHOPE was five years old, and he lived in a pleasant town in a small white house with his mother, who was a widow, and his sister, Eliza, who was three years old. Mrs Stanhope was a very kind mother. She took great pleasure in teaching her two children; and Robert and Eliza were always very willing to learn from her, for they both loved their mother very much.

One day, when Robert was sitting with his mother under a large shady tree in the garden, she thought she would talk a little with him, and teach him some good things :—

Mrs Stanhope. Look, Robert. See that pretty round white stone. Pick it up; and bring it to me.

Robert. Here it is, mother; what is it called?

Mrs S. It is called a pebble, and I wish to talk to you about it. If you should ask it any thing, would it answer you?

R. No, mother; a stone cannot speak.

Mrs S. Look at that beautiful rose which you have picked for Eliza. It is very different from the pebble: it has a stem and green leaves, and a soft and pretty flower. When it was on the roses-bush, it lived and grew; and it will live a day or two longer, if Eliza puts it into a tumbler with water. The rose is more curious than the pebble; it *lives* but the pebble does not.—Talk to the rose and see if it will answer you.

R. Mother it will do no good for me to talk to the rose. Roses cannot hear or speak.

Mrs S. Can a rose be taught any thing ?

R. No, mother, no more than a pebble can.

Mrs S. Come now and look at my watch. I will open it and show you what is inside of it.

R. O, how many curious little wheels there are ? How they keep going round and round. I wish I had a watch that would go. Do you remember mother, the other day when you opened your watch and showed it to Eliza, she thought it was alive ?

Mrs S. Yes, my son ; but your sister is a very little girl, and did not know any better. You know that the watch is not alive.

R. But it seems as if it was : it moves of itself.

Mrs S. No, Robert, a watch cannot move of itself, any more than a rose, or a pebble. It must be wound up with a key ; and there is a spring inside which makes all the wheels go.

R. Mother, the watch, I think, is a great deal more curious than the pebble or the rose.

Mrs S. Well, see then if the watch will say anything to you, or if you can teach it any thing.

R. It cannot speak, mother ; and I cannot teach it any more than I can the pebble or the rose.

Mrs S. Why cannot the Watch speak, or learn any thing ?

R. Oh ! mother, I have just thought why it cannot, and why the pebble and rose cannot. Is it not that they have no mouths to speak with, and no ears to hear with ?

Mrs S. That is one reason, my son, but it is not all. A dog has a mouth, and lips, and teeth, and a tongue, very much like yours, but he cannot speak, or learn to read.

R. But our dog Tray can make a noise ; he barks very loud sometimes.

Mrs S. Can Tray say any words ?

R. No, mother ; not one. I wonder why he cannot, since he has a mouth, and lips, and teeth, and a tongue so much like mine.

Mrs S. Did you ever try to teach Tray to read ?

R. No, mother ; dogs cannot learn to read. But I have taught Tray to drive the ducks away from the yard in front of the house ; and I have taught him to run after my ball and bring it to me, when I throw it into the road. But I wonder why he cannot learn to read. He seems to know a great many things.

Mrs. S. He knows some things, Robert. But how many more things you and Eliza know than poor Tray does. You and Eliza too can learn a great many more things, and *keep on learning* as long as you live. But Tray cannot do so ; he knows about as much now as he ever will know.

R. Mother, did Tray know it was wicked to steal the meat out of the cellar, when you whipped him for doing so ?

Mrs. S. No, he did not. He does not know any thing about what is right and wrong.

R. Do any cats, or dogs, or horses, or cows, know any thing about what is right and wrong, mother ?

Mrs. S. No, my dear, they do not. Men and women, and boys, and girls, know what is right and wrong ; but beasts, and birds, and fishes, and insects, do not. You see how very different *you* are, Robert from all these animals, and from a watch, a rose, and a pebble. You can understand me when I speak to you ; you can speak to me so that I know exactly what you mean ; you can learn to read, and to write, and to do a great many different things ; you can keep on learning and studying books, and getting knowledge ; you know what right and wrong is ; you feel happy when you do right ; and you feel unhappy when you do wrong. Do you understand all this ?

R. I think I do, mother.

Mrs. S. Remember, then, how very different you are from a pebble, a rose, a watch, and your dog Tray. We will try, at another time, to find out *what it is that makes you so different from them.*

GALLAUDET.

LESSONS ON THE SOUL CONTINUED

Break'-fast	Hard'-ness	Ques'-tion
Yes'-ter-day	Crea'-tures	Some'-what
Heav'-i-est	Veg'-e-ta-ble	Beau'-ti-ful
Weight	An'-i-mal	Flowers

THE next day, soon after breakfast, Mrs Stanhope and her two children went to take a walk in the garden. Their little dog Tray went with them, running and playing by their side. Eliza asked her mother if she might go and pick some fresh flowers to put into her tumbler with those that Robert gave her. Mrs Stanhope said yes, and away ran Eliza, as fast as she could go, with Tray running after her. Mrs Stanhope and Robert, after they had done walking, sat down on a bench, and talked with each other.

Robert. I have been thinking this morning, mother, about what you told me yesterday; and I thought how very different sister Eliza is from the pebble. She is not like it at all.

Mrs Stanhope. But, Robert, is not Eliza a little like the pebble in some things?

R. How, mother, I do not understand you?

Mrs S. Which is the heavier, Eliza or the pebble?

R. O, Eliza to be sure. I can easily lift the pebble; but I can hardly lift Eliza, she is so heavy.

Mrs S. Then do you not see that the pebble has something that Eliza has? They both have *weight*.

R. Oh, now I understand. Eliza and the pebble are somewhat alike in many things. Both of them have *weight*—and have they not also *shape*, also *colour*, also *hardness*?

Mrs S. Very well, Robert. But now try if you can tell me any things in which the rose and your little sister are alike.

R. I am sure I can tell you some things. Let me think. Why, Eliza and the rose are alike in some things, because in some things they are both like the pebble. Eliza, and the rose, and the pebble too, have *weight*, *hardness*, *form*, and *colour*.

Mrs S. That is right, my son ; but which is more like Eliza,—the pebble or the rose ?

R. The rose, mother.

Mrs S. Why ?

R. Because its shape is more like Eliza's shape ; and it has several different beautiful colours, like Eliza.

Mrs S. Very well ! But there is one thing in which the rose is still more like Eliza ; can you think what it is ?

R. I do not know, mother, unless it is that the *rose grows*.

Mrs S. You are right. Eliza and the rose both have *life*.

R. Mother, is Eliza's life like the life of a rose ?

Mrs S. No, they are very different. The rose would not feel if you should break off one of its leaves. But Eliza can feel. The rose cannot go from one place to another ; but Eliza can walk and run about.

R. Mother, Tray feels when you hurt him, and he can go from one place to another. Is not his life like Eliza's life ?

Mrs S. Yes, my son, and so is the life of all creatures that can breathe and move about. Their life is like the life of men, and women, and children, and we call this *animal life*. We call the life of roses and others flowers, and all plants and trees, *vegetable life*.

R. Mother, I think I can tell many things in which Eliza and the watch are alike.

Mrs S. Well, try.

R. They are alike in having *weight, hardness, form,* and *colour*.

Mrs S. Has the watch nothing else like Eliza ? Think a little. When you have a hard question to answer, always take time to think.

GALLAUDET.

LESSONS ON THE SOUL CONTINUED.

Wheels	Wound	Quick	Cu'-ri-ous
O'-clock'	Stretch'-ed	Back'-ward	At-ten'-tive

Robert. Mother, I wish I could look inside of Eliza. I think I should see some little wheels going round and round, like those of the watch.

Mrs Stanhope. What makes you think so, Robert?

R. You told me it was the little wheels inside of the watch that make these two little things go that tell us what o'clock it is.

Mrs S. The *hands* of the watch you mean.

R. Yes; and must it not be something inside of Eliza that makes her hands go. Mother, has Eliza a *spring* inside of her that keeps her a-going?

Mrs S. That is what we must try to find out. If she has, it cannot be like the spring of a watch, for that is made of steel, and Eliza has nothing like steel inside of her.

R. Yes, mother; and the spring of a watch has to be wound up every day, or it would not make the wheels go; and I am sure no body winds up Eliza.

Mrs S. Robert, put your right hand to your right ear.

R. There, mother, I have:—but why do you wish me to do so?

Mrs S. Wait a little, and I will tell you. Now put your left hand to your left ear.

R. There it goes, mother.

Mrs S. What made it go?

R. It went of itself, mother.

Mrs S. Could the little boy's hand go of itself to his ear, whom you once saw stretched out after he was dead?

R. No, mother; his hand was dead, and stiff, and so could not move; but mine is alive, and so it can move.

Mrs S. What is the reason that your hand does not move *now*?

R. I do not *wish* to have it move, mother.

Mrs S. If you should wish to have your right hand go to your nose, would it go?

R. Yes, mother; there it goes just as quick as I think to have it so.

Mrs S. Think to have both your hands go backward and forward.

R. There they go.

Mrs S. Could the little dead boy think to have his hands go ?

R. He could when he was alive ; but when he was dead, he could not think any thing at all.

Mrs S. Can a watch think to have its hands go ?

R. Mother, a watch cannot think about any thing at all. It never thinks ; and when it is not wound up, it stops going, and it is just like the dead boy.

Mrs S. Can your hand think to do any thing ?

R. No, mother ; it is I that think to have my hand move. When I think to have it move, it moves just as I wish to have it.

Mrs S. In what part of your body do you seem to be thinking,—in your foot ?

R. No, mother ; I do not know ; but it seems as if I were thinking somewhere inside of me.

Mrs S. Had the boy, whom you saw lying dead, something inside of him that thought ?

R. I am sure he had, when he was alive ; but I am not sure if that something was there when I saw him lying dead on the bed.

Mrs S. No, my son, it was not there. It was gone. If it had been inside of him, he could have thought to open his eyes, and they would have opened ;—he could have thought to speak to you, and he would have spoken ;—he could have thought to get up, and he would have got up and played with you. You saw his body, but it was a dead body, and the something which thinks had gone out of it.

R. O ! mother, do tell me what that curious thing is that is inside of us, that keeps thinking so, and goes out of us when we die.!

Mrs S. I will, my son. Look at me. Be attentive, and never forget what I am going to tell you. That something inside of you which thinks, is your SOUL.

GALLAUDET.

LESSONS ON THE SOUL CONCLUDED.

Fol'-low-ing	Spir'-it-u-al	Grav'-el
Con-ver-sa'-tion	Butch'-er	Hun'-dred
Hun'-gry	Thirst'-y	Thou'-sand
Ma-te' ri-al	Ci'-pher	Coun'-try
Soft'-ness	Be-yond	Teach'-ing

THE next morning Robert rose before sunrise. As he came down stairs, he met his mother. "Come, my son," said she, "let us go and take a walk in the garden, and I will tell you something more about the soul."—So they went into the garden, and while they were walking, they had the following conversation.

Mother. Robert, can you tell me what the soul is?

Robert. My soul, mother, is that something inside of me which thinks.

M. You have a body and a soul; I have a body and a soul; Eliza has a body and a soul; and every man and woman, and boy and girl, has a body and a soul.

R. Mother, have very little babies souls?

M. Yes, my son; but you know they do not think much, till they grow older.

R. Mother, does the soul grow?

M. Not like the body; but the soul is able to think more and more, and to understand more and more, and to learn more and more. And so we may say the soul grows.

R. But we do not give the soul food, mother to make it grow, as we do the body.

M. No, my son we cannot feed the soul as we do a little child when it is hungry; but we teach the soul a good many things. And this *teaching is the food of the soul.*—But tell me, Robert, is your soul any thing like a pebble, a rose, or a watch?

R. No, mother, but *my body is*; because my body has weight, hardness, form, and colour; all which a pebble, a rose, and a watch, also have.

M. Can you see my soul, Robert?

R. No, mother; and you cannot see mine. I cannot see my own soul; but I can see the pebble, and the rose, and the watch, and a great many other things.

M. Yes, Robert, you can see the form and the colour of these things. Can you hear my soul ?

R. I can hear *you*, when you speak, mother.

M. Yes. I think what I am going to say to you ; and then I think to have my tongue and my lips move ; and I speak, and you hear the sound of my voice.—Put your ear to this watch : do you hear any thing ?

R. Yes, mother ; it goes tick-tick, tick-tick.

M. Now put your ear close to me. I am going to think. Try if you can hear my thinking.

R. No, mother, I cannot at all.

M. My soul, then, makes no noise when it is thinking, and you cannot hear my soul ; you can only hear my voice when I tell you what I am thinking.

R. That is very strange, mother. The soul must be very different from any thing I can see or hear.

M. Yes, my son ; you cannot see, or hear, or taste, or smell, or feel, the soul. The body you can see, and hear, and taste, and smell, and touch. It is like the pebble, the rose, and the watch ; and it is therefore called *matter* : it is *material*. But the soul has not form, or colour, or sound, or taste, or smell, or hardness, or softness. It is *not matter*. We call it *spirit* ; it is *spiritual*.

R. Mother, does not Tray think sometimes ?

M. What makes you think so, Robert.

R. He stops, and seems to be thinking what he shall do, and then he runs away off, as if he meant to go after something that he had been thinking about.

M. Yes ; and when you tell him to go after your ball, you know he will go.

R. Mother, I have heard about a dog that used to carry a basket to market, and get some meat for his master from the butcher. He used to do this very often ; and the master would send the money by him, and write on a piece of paper, and tell the butcher what kind of meat he wanted. I wish Tray could do so.

M. Well, I believe, Robert, that dogs think, and so do other animals. But that something within *them* which thinks, is very different from that something within *us*

which thinks. Tray has not a *soul* like yours. His *body* is a great deal like yours. He has animal life, and so have you ; he grows, and so do you ; he eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and feels cold and warm, hungry and thirsty, sick and well, glad and sorry, and so do you ; and he has also to die as well as you. But when you think of your soul, how different you are from Tray ! You know what is right and what is wrong, and he knows nothing about it. You can grow wiser as you grow older ; but he cannot be taught to read, or write, or cipher. Your soul does not die when your body does ; but he has no life beyond the present life.

R. Will my soul live, mother, after my body is dead ?

M. Robert, *your soul will never die.* Your body will die, and be laid in the grave, and turn to dust ; but your soul will *never* die ; it will *always* live.

R. I do not understand you, mother.

M. Look at the stones in the gravel-walk, Robert ; there are hundreds and thousands of them. Your soul will live as many years as there are little stones in that long walk !

R. And will my soul die then, mother ?

M. No, Robert, it will not die then. *It will keep on living.* Your soul will live as many years as there are stones in all the gravel-walks in all the gardens of the country ; and it will not die then ; it will keep on living. *Your soul will live for ever : it will never, never die.*

R. Oh ! mother, mother, how long my soul will live ! I cannot think how long it will live. But where will it live ? where will it go when I die ? who will take care of my soul ? will your soul, and mine, and dear sister Eliza's go to the same place, after we are all dead ? Do tell me. I wish to know all about it.

M. Robert, there is not time now. But it shall not be long before I will tell you about it. You will have a great deal to learn about your soul ; and about where it is going to, after your body is dead and laid in

the grave ; and what you must do that your soul may be happy for ever ; and it will give me pleasure by and by to teach you all I know about these things.

GALLAUDET.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY OLD AGE.

Wil'-liam	Youth	Fu'-ture	Con-verse'
Gray	A-bus'-ed	Grieve	At-ten'-tion
Heart'-y	Vig'-our	Has'-ten-ing	En-gage'
Rea'-son	Pleas'-ures	Cheer'-ful	F'or-got' ten

“ You are old, father William,” the young man cried ;
 “ The few locks that are left you are gray :
 You are hale, father William, a hearty old man ;
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” father William replied,
 “ I remember'd that youth would fly fast ;
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.”

“ You are old, father William,” the young man cried,
 “ And pleasures with youth pass away ;
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” father William replied,
 “ I remember'd that youth could not last ;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.”

“ You are old, father William,” the young man cried,
 “ And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

“ I am cheerful, young man,” father William replied,
 “ Let the cause thy attention engage :
 In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
 And he hath not forgotten my age ?”

SOUTHEY.

BUDS.

Ear'-ly	Weath'-er	Larg'-est	Ear'-ac'h
Win'-ter	Gath'-er-ed	Chest'-nut	Nice'-ly
Us'-ed	Stick'-y	Halves	Squeez'-ed
No'-tice	Touch'-ing	Pen'-knife	Spoilt
Branch'-es	Wrap'-ped	Smooth'-ly	Beau'-ti-ful
Eig'-ger	Chos'-en	Cu'-ri-ous	Sun'-shine

"I do think, Willy," said his mother to him one morning in the early part of spring, "that the trees will soon be in leaf." "But, mamma," replied Willy, "the trees look as if they were nothing but dry sticks, just as they have been all the winter. I cannot see any thing on them like leaves or flowers." "I believe that you can see as well as I can; but then you are not so much used to take notice of what you see. When I was a little child like you, I did not observe what happened in the spring, but when I grew older I did; and I saw that every spring the trees, which had looked all the winter as if they had been dead, came out into leaf. The next spring I watched the trees, to see when they would come into leaf again; and then I observed, that at the end of the dry branches there were little round buds, not much bigger than a pin's head, and when the weather was warm, these little buds grew larger." "And are these little buds upon the trees now, mamma?" "They are; and they tell me that there will soon be leaves, and then flowers."

Some days afterwards, when the buds on the trees had grown much larger, his mamma gathered some of them to show Willy the little leaves and flowers inside. "How sticky it feels!" said he, as he took into his hand one of these large buds; "I think it is dirty." "No," replied his mother, "this sticky stuff comes from the inside of the bud, and covers the outside all over, to prevent the rain from touching the bud, for the rain would hurt it." "Now let us see what there is inside, mamma," said Willy. When they reached home, his mamma took all the buds she had gathered out of the paper in which she had wrapped them, and

laid them on a table ; and having chosen one of the largest of the buds of the horse-chestnut tree, she cut it into two halves with a penknife, which, being sharp, cut it very smoothly. "Look, mamma," said Willy, "there are no leaves nor flowers!" "There is something," replied she, "that would have grown into leaves and flowers, if the bud had remained on the tree." She then picked out the inside of the bud with the point of the knife, and showed Willy some little things shaped like leaves, but they were not green. "How curious!" said he ; "and what is this white stuff sticking about the little leaves ? it looks like bits of cotton, such as you put in my ear when I had the earach to keep it warm. Oh, this is to keep the little buds warm, though it is not cotton."

As she picked out the leaves, she made Willy observe how nicely they were folded over each other, and how closely they stuck together. "If they were not so well squeezed together," said Willy, "they could never all be packed up in this bud, though it is a large one. And what is the cover made of, mamma?" "It is made of little leaves also." "But they are hard, and do not look at all like the little leaves inside." "No, because the cold weather spoilt them ; so, instead of growing into leaves, they became brown and hard ; but you see they do very well to cover up the others, and keep them warm." "O yes, mamma, just like my great-coat ; but now, pray show me the flower."

"Here it is, said she, taking something out of the middle of the bud ; "you can just see the shape. This would have grown into a pretty bunch of white and pink flowers. When the buds on the tree burst open, and you see the leaves and the flower growing, do you think you will know their shape again?" "Oh yes, mamma, only they will be a great deal bigger." "The buds will grow larger and larger every day," said his mamma, "till at last the covering will be too small to hold them ; then it will burst open ; and the little leaves will be green, and spread themselves out, and after that the flower will blow, and

look beautiful. But a great many days must pass first ; for they must have rain to water them, and sunshine to warm them and make them grow." MRS MARCET.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

Driv'-ing	Rid'-ing	Fourth	Free'-dom
Ass	A'-ged	Mer'-cy	Tum'sbled
Mar'-ket	La'-zy	Own'-er	Riv'-er
Trudg'-ing	Knave	Shoul'-ders	Drown'-ed
Whis'-tling	Crip'-pled	Laugh	At-tempts'
Sir'-rah	Soon'-er	Dis-like'	Trou'-ble
Sec'-ond	Hon'-est	Strug'-gle	Bar'-gain

AN old man and his little boy, were driving an ass to market to sell. "What a fool is this fellow," says a man upon the road, "to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light!" The old man hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by his side. "Why, sirrah," cries a second man to the boy, "is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor aged father is walking on foot?" The father, upon this, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. "Do you see," says a third, "how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking!" The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. "Pray, honest friend," says a fourth, "is that ass your own?" "Yes," says the man. "One would not have thought so," replied the other, "by your loading him as you do without mercy. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he is to carry you!" "Any thing to please," says the owner; and so he and his son coming off, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole tried to carry him upon their shoulders along the bridge that led to the town.

The sight of this was so odd, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it, till the ass, feeling a dislike at the too great kindness of his master, began to struggle for his freedom, burst the cords that tied him, slipped from the pole, tumbled into the river and was drowned. The poor

old man made the best of his way home, filled with shame and sorrow that, by his attempts to please every body, he had pleased nobody, given himself much trouble, and lost his ass into the bargain.

THOMSON'S LESSONS.

MAY.

Month	Com-plete'	Po'-et	Nymphs
Ro'-sy	Ro'-si-ly	Pa'-ges	Elves
Beau'-ty	Ac'-tu-al	A'-ges	Shelves
Pleas'-ure	Wron-g	Mod-ern	Dra'-per-y
Bow'-ers	De-ny	Du'-ty	Col'-our

MAY, thou month of rosy beauty,
 Month when pleasure is a duty ;
 Month of bees, and month of flowers.
 Month of blossom-laden bowers,
 O thou merry month complete,
 May, thy very name is sweet !
 I no sooner write the word
 Than it seems as though it heard,
 And looks up and laughs at me,
 Like a sweet face, rosily ;
 Like an actual colour bright
 Flushing from the paper's white.
 If the rains that do us wrong
 Come to keep the winter long,
 And deny us thy sweet looks,
 I can love thee, sweet, in books ;
 Love thee in the poet's pages,
 Where they keep thee green for ages ;
 May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
 May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer ;
 May's in all the Italian books ;
 She has old and modern nooks,
 Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
 In happy places they call shelves,
 With a drapery thick with blooms,
 And will rise and dress your rooms.

Come, ye rains, then, if you will,
 May's at home, and with me still ;
 But come rather thou, good weather,
 And find us in the fields together.

LEIGH HUNT.

—
 CLOUDS. RAIN, AND SNOW.

Morn'-ing	Strange	Caught	Yes'-ter-day
Prom'-is-ed	Ea'-ger-ly	To-day'	Thaw
Fall'-ing	A-fraid'	Tea'-spoon	In-quir'-ed

One morning, mamma called Willy, and said, " I promised, my dear, to show you when a cloud was falling : look out at the window, and you will see one now." Willy ran to the window in a great hurry to see what he thought must be so strange a sight. He looked first up in the skies ; then he looked to the right, and then to the left : nowhere could he see any thing falling.

" Why, Willy, where are your eyes ?" said mamma ;
 " I see a great many things falling."

" Where ?" inquired Willy eagerly ; " I can see nothing at all but drops of rain."

" Well ; and what are drops of rain made of ?"

" They are made of water," replied Willy.

" And what are clouds made of ?"

" Why ; you once told me, mamma, they were made of water too."

" Well, then, my dear, when a cloud falls, it does not come down plump upon your head like a pail of water as you were afraid it did, but it falls in drops, and those drops are called rain."

" How funny !" cried Willy. " Then rain is a cloud tumbling down to the ground ?"

" Yes, it is ; but it is called a cloud only when it is up in the skies, and rain when it falls to the ground."

" And up in the clouds is it in drops, mamma ; or all in one like a pail of water ?"

" In drops," replied his mother, " much smaller drops than rain : it is more like the little drops that we caught in the teaspoon when we held it over the steam."

"Oh yes, I remember," cried Willy; "and I said how many things were made of water; and now I see there are a great many more things made of water; there are the clouds, and rain, and steam, and ice, and snow." Willy then thought a moment, and afterwards said, "Why, mamma, you said that snow came from the clouds; so snow is a cloud falling as well as rain, is it not?"

"Yes," replied mamma; "snow is a cloud falling when the weather is so cold that it freezes the rain and turns it into snow; and rain is a cloud falling to the ground when the weather is warmer, so that the water will not freeze."

"Oh, then, the weather must be warmer to-day, for you see the clouds came down in rain, and not in snow as they did yesterday."

"That is true, my dear, it is a *thaw* to-day."

MRS MARCET.

CHRISTIANS SHOULD LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Christ'-ians	Per-sua'-sion	Pray'-ed	Vi'-o-lent
En-deav'-our	Sa'-vi-our	Er-ro'-ne-ous	Quar'-rel-ling
A-pos'-tle	Dis-ci'-ples	Doc'-trines	Neigh'-bours
Peace'-a-bly	En'-e-mies	Con-vinc'-ed	A-bus'-ing
Re-lig'-i-ous	Per'-se-cut-ed	Harsh'-ly	Re-vil'-ed

CHRISTIANS should endeavour, as the apostle Paul commandeth them, "to live peaceably with all men," even with those of a different religious persuasion. Our Saviour, Christ, commanded his disciples to "love one another." He taught them to love even their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to pray for those that persecuted them. He himself prayed for his murderers. Many men hold erroneous doctrines, but we ought not to hate or persecute them. We ought to seek for the truth, and hold fast what we are convinced is the truth, but not to treat harshly those who are in error. Jesus Christ did not intend his religion to be forced on men by violent means. He would not allow his disciples to fight for him. If any person treat us unkindly, we must not do the same

to them ; for Christ and his apostles have taught us not to return evil for evil. If we would obey Christ, we must do to others not as they do to us, but as we would wish them to do to us. Quarrelling with our neighbours and abusing them is not the way to convince them that we are in the right and they in the wrong. It is more likely to convince them that we have not a Christian spirit. We ought to show ourselves followers of Christ who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again," by behaving gently and kindly to every one.

WHATELY.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

Grief	Droop'-ing	Through
Flow'-ers	Smil'ed	Hours
Sow'-ed	Brief	Wan'-der-ings

"OH ! call my brother back to me ?
 I cannot play alone ;
 The summer comes with flower and bee,—
 Where is my brother gone ?
 The flowers run wild, the flowers we sow'd
 Around our garden tree ;
 Our vine is drooping with its load—
 Oh ! call him back to me !"

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child ?
 He may not come to thee ;
 The face that once like summer smiled,
 On earth no more thou'lt see.
 A rose's brief bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given ;
 So—thou must play alone, my boy !
 Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers ?
 And must I call in vain ?
 And through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again ?
 And by the brook and in the glade

Are all our wanderings o'er ?
 Oh ! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more !"

MRS HEMANS.

THE PURPLE JAR.

Pur'ple	Pull'-ing	Be-lieve'
Lon'-don	Blue	De-cid'-ed
Pass'-ed	Flow'-er-pot	Choose
A-long'	Ex-am'-in-ed	Hap'-pi-est
Pret'-ty	Ex-ceed'-ing-ly	Sig'-ni-fy
Ap-pear'-ed	Vase	Re-doub-le
Chem'-ist	Jar	Com-mis'-sions

ROSAMOND, a little girl of about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of the shops, and she saw many pretty things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. At last they came to a shop which appeared to her far more beautiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop, but she did not know that. "Oh, mother!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand, "look, look ; blue, green, red, yellow, and purple ? Oh, mamma, what beautiful things ! Wont you buy some of these ?"

"What use would they be to me, Rosamond ?" said her mother.

"You might put flowers in them, and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece : I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother ; "and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed, I am sure I should not ; I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase till she could see it no longer. "Oh, mamma, would you stop a minute for me; I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much."

"How comes there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mamma,—it comes in there; my shoes are quite worn out; I wish you would be so very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy both shoes and flower-pots. I mean, however, to buy one of them for you, and now which would you rather have, that jar or a pair of shoes?"

"Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both—"

"No, not both."

"Then the jar if you please."

"But I should tell you that I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month."

"This month! that is a very long time indeed; I believe I had better have the new shoes,—but yet, that purple flower-pot.—indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very bad. I think I might wear them a little longer: I can mend them last to the end of the month. Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself; well, have you decided?"

"Yes, I believe I should like the flower-pot; that is, if you wont think me very silly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but when you are to judge for yourself, you should choose what will make you happiest; and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

Rosamond felt her joy redouble, upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her flowers.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE PURPLE JAR CONCLUDED.

Dead	Bowl	Hum'-our
Dare	En-tire'-ly	Dis-tres'-ses
Ta'-ble	Liq'uur	Im-pru'-dent
Pro-ceed' ed	Be-fore'-hand	Chos'-en
Dis-a-gree'-a-ble	A-bide'	Wis'-er

"I AM afraid the flowers will be dead before the flower-pot comes," said her mother to her, when she was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say, and I shall be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot."

No sooner was the jar brought in and set down on the table, than Rosamond proceeded to take off the top. "Oh dear mother," cried she, "but there's something dark in it—it smells very disagreeably— what is it? I did not want this black stuff."

"Nor I neither, my dear."

"But I must pour it out and fill the flower pot with water."

"That's as you please, my dear."

A bowl having been got, Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But what was her surprise and disappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a *purple* vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour merely from the liquor with which it had been filled. Little Rosamond burst into tears.

"Why should you cry?" said her mother; "it will be of as much use to you now as ever, for a flower-pot. I told you that you had not examined it, and that perhaps you would be disappointed."

"And so I am disappointed, indeed; I wish I had believed you beforehand. Now I had much rather have the shoes; for I shall not be able to walk all this month; even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I will give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you will only give me the shoes."

“No, Rosamond; you must abide by your own choice; and now the best thing you can do is, to bear your disappointment with good humour.”

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here; many were the distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see any thing, she was pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes. “Oh, mamma,” she was often forced with shame to say, “how I wish that I had chosen the shoes—they would have been of so much more use to me than that jar; however, I am sure—no, not quite sure—but I hope I shall be wiser another time.”

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE SABBATH-DAY.—A DIALOGUE.

Sab'-bath	Might'-y	Stron'-ger
Ring'-ing	Bade	Lin'-ger
Spring'-ing	Pleas'-ant-ly	Be'hav'-i-our
Thought'-ful	Quick'-ly	Ne'-glect'
Com-mand'-ments	Pro'vok'-ing	Sa'-vi our

TOM PLAYFUL.

THOUGH the Sabbath-bells are ringing,
 Let us wander wild and free;
 While the flowers around are springing,
 Come and play along with me.

HARRY THOUGHTFUL.

What, and mock the God who made us!
 Scorn what his commandments say!
 God is mighty, and he bade us
 Holy keep the Sabbath-day.

TOM.

Ay ! but who would mourn, and sorrow
 When the sun smiles pleasantly
 May it no' be rain to-morrow ?
 Come to-day and play with me.

HARRY.

Duty loudly bids me stay not ;
 Bids me hear not what you say ;
 Life goes quickly, and I may not
 Live another Sabbath-day.

TOM.

Thus to leave me, how provoking
 Duty is your constant plea ;
 But I know that you are joking ;
 Come, one minute play with me.

HARRY.

Not a moment : grace is stronger
 Than the snares the wicked lay.
 It were sin to linger longer ;
 I will keep the Sabbath-day.

TOM.

Haste away, then, since you dare not
 Take your pleasure ;—bend your knee
 When and where you will, I care not ;
 You shall never play with me.

HARRY.

I can pardon bad behaviour,
 Nor will I neglect to pray
 That you yet may love the Saviour,
 And holy keep the Sabbath-day.

ANONYMOUS.

THE COAT AND BUTTONS.

Ta'-ble	Lib'-er-ty	Re-sum'-ed
Voice	Bleat	Tai'-lor
Bos'-om	Pit' e-ous-ly	Con-clude'
Rec-sol-lect'	Lamb	U-nor'-mous
In-ter-rupt'	Re-leas'-ed	Serv'-ed
Wool	Shiv'-er-ing	Jour'-ney-man
Rough'-ly	Strange	Cross-leg'-ged
Shep'-herd	Wors'-ted	Hon'-our
Fright'-en-ed	Thread	En-ter-tain'-ed
Im-ag'-ine	Plung'-ed	Per'-fect
Quite	Ma-chine'	Strang'-ers
Mead'-ow	Wov'-en	Sewn

"I THINK it would be very funny to hear my coat speak," said Edward one day after he had been reading a fable about birds and beasts that spoke to one another. A few moments afterwards a soft voice issued from the bosom of his coat, and spoke as follows:—

"I recollect once growing on the back of a sheep." Edward could not help starting back with surprise; however, he interrupted him, saying, "I am afraid, Mr Coat, you do not know what you are talking about; for coats do not grow, nor do sheep wear coats." "I was only wool when I grew on the back of the sheep," replied the voice; "and a very pleasant life we led together, spending all the day in the green fields, and resting at night on the grass. Sometimes, indeed, the sheep rubbed himself so roughly against the trees and shrubs, that I was afraid of being torn off; and sometimes the birds came and pecked off a few flakes of the wool to line their nests, but they took so little it was no great loss. We had long led this quiet life, until one day the shepherd and his dog drove all the sheep into a stream of water which ran close by. The sheep on which I grew was sadly frightened; and, for my part, I could not imagine what they were going to do with me, they rubbed and scrubbed me so much; but when it was over, I looked so delicately white, that I was quite vain of my beauty, and I thought we were now to return and frisk

in the meadow, as we had done before. But, alas! we were going to be parted for ever! Instead of setting the sheep at liberty, the shepherd took out a large pair of shears.—Only imagine our terror!—the poor sheep, I believe, thought his head was going to be cut off, and began to bleat most piteously; but the shepherd, without attending to his cries, held him down, and began cutting me off close to his skin. When the sheep found that the shears did not hurt him, he remained quiet; it was then my turn to be frightened. It is true that the shears did not hurt me either, because I could not feel; but then I could not bear the thoughts of being parted from my dear friend, the sheep; for we had grown up together ever since he had been a little lamb. As soon as the sheep was released, he went about shivering with cold, bleating and moaning for the loss of his beloved fleece. As for me, I was packed in a bag with a great many other fleeces, and sent to some mills, where there were a great number of strange little things that were for ever twisting and turning round. They seized hold of us, and pulled us, and twisted us about in such a wonderful manner, that at last we were all drawn out into worsted threads, so unlike wool, that I hardly knew myself again. But it was still worse, when, some time afterwards, they plunged me into a large copper of dark dirty-looking water; and when I was taken out, instead of being white, I was of a bright blue colour, and looked very beautiful. Well, some time after this I was sent to the cloth mills, and my threads were stretched in a machine called a loom, and there I was woven into a piece of cloth. I was then folded up, and lay quiet for some time.”

“Indeed,” said Edward, “I think you required a little rest after going through so many changes.”

“Soon after,” resumed the voice. “I was bought by a tailor, and lay on the shelf of his shop, when one day you and your papa came in and asked to see some cloth to make you a coat. I was taken down and unfolded on the counter with several other pieces, and

if you remember, you chose me on account of my beautiful colour."

"So I did," said Edward; "but you are not so bright a blue now as you were then."

"Something the worse for wear," replied the coat; "if you stain me and cover me with dust, that is your fault, not mine. But to conclude my story; the tailor took out his enormous scissors, which reminded me of the shears that had cut me from the sheep, and cut me into the shape of a coat. I was then sewed up by some journeymen, who sat cross-legged on a table; and when I was finished, I was sent to you; and, ever since, I have had the honour of covering the back of a human being, instead of that of a sheep."

Edward was much entertained with the story of the coat: "But these bright buttons," said he, "are not made of wool; have you nothing to say about them?"

"They were perfect strangers to me, till they were sewn on," said the coat; "I know nothing about them, they must speak for themselves."

MRS MARCET.

THE COAT AND BUTTONS CONCLUDED.

Rais'-ed	Shrill	So-ci'-e-ty
Sharp	Dis-tinct'	Moulds
Jing'-ling	Im-pos' si-ble	Hal-loo'-ed
Con-fus'-ed	Church	Re-sounds'
Dis-tin'-guish	Bur'-i-ed	Con-tin'-u-ed
Im-per'-a-tive	Dis'-mal	Lathc
Si'-lence	Day'-light	Mon'-ey
Pref'-er-ence	Fi'-e-ry	Half'-pen-ny
U'-su-al	Com-pan'-ions	Lis'-ten-ed

UPON this, the whole row of little buttons raised their sharp voices at once, which sounded like the jingling of so many little bells. This made such a confused noise, that Edward could not distinguish a word they said. He therefore, in an imperative tone, commanded silence;

and, laying hold of one of them with his finger and thumb, he said, "Come, Mr Button, let me hear the story from you, while all the rest remain quiet." Pleased by this preference, the face of the button shone brighter than usual, and in a small, shrill, but distinct voice, he began thus:—

"We lay for a long time under ground; not bright and shining as you now see us, but mixed up with dirt and rubbish. How long we remained there it is impossible for me to say; for as it was always dark, there was no telling day from night, nor any means of counting weeks and years."

"But could not you hear the church-clock strike?" said Edward; "that would have told you how time passed."

"Oh! no," replied the button; "if we had had ears we could not have heard, so deep were we buried in the bowels of the earth."

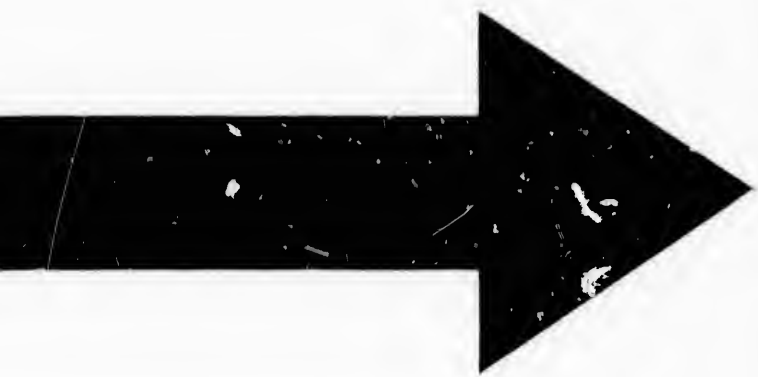
"Oh dear! how dismal that must have been!" exclaimed Edward.

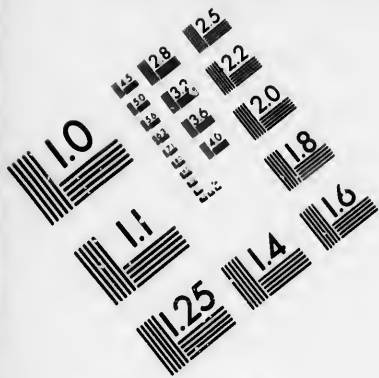
"Not for us, who neither thought nor felt," replied the button. "Well, after having lain there for ages perhaps, all at once there was an opening made in the ground, and men came down where we lay, and dug us up; they talked about a fine vein of copper. 'I am glad we have reached it at last,' said they, 'it will repay us all our labour.' They then put us into a basket, and we were taken up above ground, and into daylight. The glare of light was so strong to us, who had been so long in utter darkness, that I thought it would almost have blinded us. Well, after that, we were put into a fiery furnace."

"I am sure you must have been glad then that you could not feel," said Edward; "and were you burnt to ashes?"

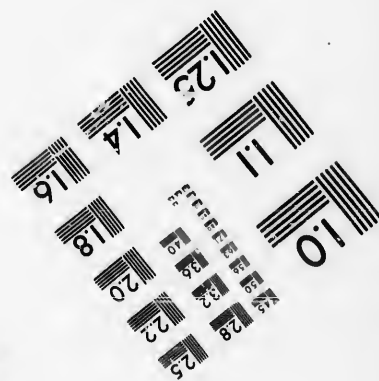
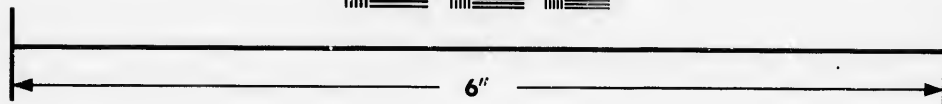
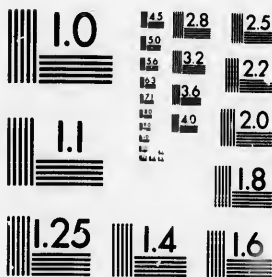
"Oh! no," replied the button; "copper is a metal, and metals will not burn; but we were melted; and, as the earth and rubbish which were mixed with us do not melt, we ran out through some holes that were made on purpose for us to escape from our dirty com-







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panions, who were not fit society for us. We were then imprisoned in moulds, where we were left to cool, and become solid again. Men then came with hammers, and beat us till we became quite flat. Every time they struck us we halloed out as loud as we could, and our cries resounded to a great distance ; but they went on all the same."

"What !" exclaimed Edward ; "had you voices to cry out ?"

"No," replied the button ; "but do you not know that if you strike against metal, it rings or resounds ? The sound of a bell is nothing but the metal tongue striking against the inside of the bell ; and you know what a noise it makes."

"Well," continued the button, "after we had been beaten into flat sheets, we were sent to the turner's, who cut us into little bits, and then placed us, one after the other, into a strange kind of machine, called a lathe ; he held us there, while he turned a wheel with his foot so fast that it would have made one giddy."

"That is, if you had had a head," said Edward laughing.

"When I was taken out of the lathe, I was quite surprised to see what a pretty round shape I had. I wondered what was to be done to me next ; for, as there was nothing by which I could be sewn on to a coat, I did not think that I was to be made into a button, but supposed I was intended for a piece of money."

"Yes ; a round flat button is something like a half-penny," said Edward ; "but you were much too small for that."

"Yes ; and I soon found that I was to be a button, for they fastened a tail to me, and rubbed me for a great length of time till I became very bright. I was then stuck with the rest of us on a sheet of thick white paper."

"Oh ! I remember," cried Edward ; "you were all stuck on the paper, when the tailor showed you to papa and me, and you looked quite beautiful." Edward then listened in expectation of the button continuing his story, but it was ended, and his voice was gone !

MRS MARCET.

THE DIAMOND (*Elliptical.*)

Di'-a-mond	Vir'-tues	De-ter' min-ed
Play'-thing	Ex-tin'-guish ed	Whis'-per-ing
Bade	A-bate'-ment	Dis'-cov-er-y
Ex-per'-i-ment	In-stead'	Ac-cord'-ing-ly
Far'-thing	Jew'-el-ler	Sov'-er-e'igns
Ex-traor'-di-na-ry	Thwart'-ed	No'tion
Re-solv'-ed	Bar'-gain	Talk'-ing

In gutting a fish my wife found a large diamond, which, when she had washed it, she took for a bit glass. She had indeed heard of diamonds before, but had never seen . She gave it to children for a play-thing.

At night, when the lamp was lighted, the children, who were still playing with the , perceived that it gave light; upon which they snatched it from one another to look at , and made a noise about it. I called to the eldest to know what the matter.

He told me it was a bit of glass which gave light when his back was to the lamp. I bade him bring me the bit of , and trying the experiment myself, it appeared to me so extraordinary that I asked my wife where got it. She told me she had found it in gutting the .

I resolved to make further trial of its virtues; and having desired my wife to put the lamp inside the chimney, I found that the supposed glass gave so great a that we could see to go to bed without the . This I extinguished, and placed the bit of glass upon the chimney to us instead. The next day, the wife of a rich Jew, a jeweller, happening to come in, was shown the diamond by my . On returning it to my wife, she said "I believe it is a of glass; but as it more beautiful than common , and I have just such another piece at home, I will buy it if you will it."

The children, on hearing this, wept and begged of their not to part with their plaything; and to quiet she promised would not.

Mrs Rebecca, being thus thwarted in her bargain by my , went away, whispering to wife that she should be glad to have it. She ran to her husband, and told of the discovery she had made. The Jew sent back his to mine to treat. Mrs Rebecca accordingly came to wife, and offered her twenty sovereigns for the pretended bit of . They were talking at the door when I came home dinner, and my wife informed me that her neighbour offered her sovereigns for the piece of glass she had found in the , and asked me if would sell it. I returned no answer.

The Jewess, fancying that the low she had offered was the reason I made reply, said, "I will you fifty, neighbour, if that will do." I told that I expected a great deal more. "Well, neighbour," said , "I will you a hundred." "That will not do," I replied.

She looked again at the piece of glass, and "I will give you five hundred, but am very much afraid my will be very angry with me for offering so much." This new offer gave me some notion of the value of my , and I told her I would have a hundred thousand

At night the Jew to me. "Neighbour," said he, "I desire you would show me the diamond your wife to mine." I it to him. As it was pretty dark, and my lamp was not , he presently knew by the light the diamond cast that his had made him a true report. He looked at it, and admired it a long

"Well, neighbour," said he, "my wife offered you fifty sovereigns: come, I will you twenty thousand more."

"Neighbour," said , "your wife can tell you that I value my diamond at a hundred thousand, and I will not take a farthing ." He hagg'd a long time with , in hopes that I would make some abatement; but finding me determined, he came up my price.

From "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

SAGACITY AND FIDELITY OF AN
ARABIAN HORSE.

Ar'-ab	Pitch'-ed	Pain'-ful-ly
Car-a-van'	Leath'-ern	Gnaw'-ing
Da-mas'-cus	Out'-side	Bar'-ley
Boot'-y	Sleep'-less	Cur'-tains
Turk'-ish	Neigh'-ing	In'-stinct
Pris'-on-er	De-ter'-min-ed	Gal'-lop
Dis-a'-bled	Re-lease'	Ex-pir'-ed
Cam'-el	Com-pan'-ion	Hon'-our-ed
Fa'-vour-ite	Cap-tiv'-i-ty	Jer'-i-cho

ABOUEL was the chief of an Arab tribe, which had attacked and dispersed a caravan belonging to Damascus. But while the tribe were engaged securing the booty, the Turkish troops fell upon them, slew many, and made the rest prisoners. Abouel was disabled by a shot in the arm, and was bound upon a camel, while his favourite horse was led beside him.

During the march to Acre with the prisoners, night came on; and the Turks pitched their tents and went to sleep. Abouel had his legs bound by a leathern strap, and was laid outside the tents, though very near them. Sleepless from pain, he heard his horse neighing and determined, if he could, to release his ancient companion from captivity. He crept painfully to the spot where the horse was tethered, and gnawing through the cord of goat's hair which held him, "Go," said he, "though I am a slave, return thou to the tent thou knowest. Thou shalt yet divide the waters of Jordan, and be refreshed by their coldness. Thou shalt again eat of the grains of barley which the children bring thee in their hands. Go, tell my wife I shall see her no more; and put thy head within the curtains, and lick the hands of my little ones."

The horse was free; but he fled not alone. With the instinct of his race, he smelt his master, put down his head, and seized him in his teeth by the leathern belt round his waist. Thus he left the camp bearing him in his teeth; and he stopt not till he bore him to the door of

his tent.—It was his last gallop :—he laid down his wounded master and expired. The tribe wept over him, and his name is honoured among all the Arabs or Jericho to this day.

DE LA MARTINE.

THE SONG OF THE DYING SWAN.

Swan	Hea'-then	Stan'-za
Tex'-ture	Char'-ac-ter	Hymn
Prob'-a-bly	Un-mo-lest'-ed	Scotch
An'-cients	Ty'-rant	Clause
Whis'-tle	Fam'-ine	Dis-tinct'
Beau'-ti-ful	Ap-pa'-rent-ly	Ut'-ter-ance
Mis'-sion-ary	La'-bour-er	Faith'-ful-ly

Child. How long will the swan live ?

Parent. It is not known. A goose has been known to live a hundred years, and from the firmer texture of the flesh of the swan, that would probably live longer.

C. Does the swan sing ?

P. No. I believe not. The ancients used to suppose it did ; but it is now understood that it utters only a kind of shrill hiss or whistle.

C. But Tom told me that he read in a poem of the dying song of the swan. Is it not true, that the swan ever sings so ?

P. Poems do not always tell what is true. They sometimes instruct by using fables. This is one of the fables of the ancients. But I can tell you about a death which is equally beautiful, and it is all true. Shall I tell it to you ?

C. O yes, I want to hear it.

P. Swartz was a missionary, that is, one who left his own country to preach the gospel to the heathen. He died at the age of seventy-two, having been a missionary forty-eight years in India. He had such a high character among the heathen, that he was suffered to pass through savage and lawless tribes unmolested. They said, " Let

him alone,—let him pass,—he is a man of God!”—A tyrant, named Hyder Ally, while he refused to enter into a treaty with others, said “Send me Swartz;—send me the Christian missionary to treat with me, for him only can I trust.”—The people had been so cruelly used, that they left their lands and refused to raise any thing. All they had raised had been seized and taken away. The whole country would soon have been in a famine. The heathen ruler promised justice, and tried to induce them to go back to their farms; but all in vain. They would not believe him. *Swartz then wrote to them, making the same promises.* Seven thousand men returned to their land in one day.

When he came to die, he lay for a time apparently lifeless. Gericke, a worthy fellow-labourer from the same country, supposing he was actually dead, began to chant over his remains a stanza of the favourite hymn which they used to sing together, to sooth each other, in his lifetime. The verses were sung through without a motion or a sign of life from the still form before him; but when the last clause was over, the voice which was supposed to be hushed in death took up the second stanza of the same hymn,—completed it with a distinct and sweet utterance,—and then was hushed,—and was heard no more. The soul rose with the last strain.

Is not this more touching and beautiful than the fable about the dying swan? I hope you will remember it, and whenever you read of the swan, you will recollect this story, and think how sweetly death comes to a good man who has faithfully served Jesus Christ. TODD.

GOD IN ALL THINGS.

Sam'-u-el	Scrip'-ture	Flow'-er
Mid'-night	Con'-science	Lis'-ten
Pres'-ence	Learn	Ar'-dent

WHEN Samuel heard in still midnight,
A voice amid God's presence bright,
He rose and said, on bended knee,
“Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth thee.”

Even such a voice I too may hear ;
 Even such a light my soul may cheer :
 For Scripture words by God are given,
 And conscience is a ray from heaven.

All that I learn can tell of God ;
 The Bible best : 'tis his own word ;
 But men and books, each star and flower,
 Can tell me of him more and more.

Within, without, above, around,
 I'll listen for the holy sound ;
 And still my ardent prayer shall be,
 " Speak ; for thy servant heareth thee."

MISS MARTINEAU.

THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

Fan'-cy	Sigh	Heav'-en-ward
Strives	Scarce	Pierce
Glo'-ries	Man'-sion	Veil
Re-signs'	Throne	Su-preme'-ly
Gen'-tle	Eff'-orts	Flight

IN vain our fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saint
 When he resigns his breath.

One gentle sigh his fetters breaks ;
 We scarce can say, " He's gone,"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
 To trace her heavenward flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know
 They are supremely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
 And with their Saviour rest.

NEWTON.

HOW TO MAKE THE TIME GO FAST.

Ros'-a-mond	Knock	En-tan'-gled
Bus'-y	Stretch'-ing	At-ten'-tion
As-sure'	Hour'-glass	Sure'-ly
Long'-gest	Ex-per'-i-ment	Im-pos'-si-ble
Wait'-ing	Dif'-fi-cult	Un'-der-most

"ARE you very busy, mamma?" said Rosamond, "Could you be so good as look at your watch once more, and tell me what o'clock it is?"

"My dear Rosamond, I have looked at my watch for you four times within this hour. It is now exactly twelve o'clock."

"Only twelve, mamma! Why I thought the hour-glass must have been wrong; it seems a great deal more than an hour since I turned it, and since you told me it was exactly eleven o'clock. It has been a very long, long hour.—Dont you think so, Laura?"

"No, indeed," said Laura, "looking up from what she was doing; "I thought it was a very short hour;—I was quite surprised when mamma said that it was twelve o'clock."

"Ah, that is only because you were so busy drawing; I assure you, Laura, that I who have been watching the sand running all the time, must know best: it has been the longest hour I ever remember."

"The hour in itself has been the same to you and to Laura," said her mother; "how comes it that one has thought it long and the other short?"

"I have been waiting and wishing all the time that it was one o'clock, that I might go to my brothers and see the soap-bubbles they promised to show me. Papa said that I must not knock at his door till the clock strikes one. Oh, I have another long hour to wait," said Rosamond, stretching herself and gaping; "another whole long hour, mamma."

"Why should it be a long hour, Rosamond? It may be long or short just as you please."

"Nay, mamma, what can I do? I can shake the hour-glass to be sure; that makes the sand run a little faster," said Rosamond; and she shook the glass as she spoke.

"And can you do nothing else," said her mother, "to make the hour go faster? Why you told us just now the reason that Laura thought the last hour shorter than you did."

"Oh, because she was busy, I said."

"Well, Rosamond, and if you were busy"—

"But, mamma, how can I be busy as Laura is, about drawing? You know I am not old enough yet; I have never learned to draw."

"And is there nothing that people can be busy about, except drawing? I am at work, and I am busy."

"Suppose, mamma, I was to wind that skein of red silk now, which you desired me to wind before night; perhaps that would make the hour shorter."

"You had better try the experiment, and then you will know, my dear," said her mother.

Rosamond took the winders and began to wind the silk. It happened to be a skein difficult to wind; it was entangled often, and Rosamond's attention was fully employed in trying to disentangle it. "There, mamma," said she, laying the ball of silk upon the table after she had wound the whole skein, "I have broken it only five times: and I have not been long in winding it; have I, mamma?"

"Not very long, my dear," said her mother, "only half an hour."

"Half an hour! Dear mamma, surely it is impossible that it can be half an hour since I spoke last." Rosamond turned to look at the hourglass, and she was surprised to see the hill of sand so large in the undermost glass. "This has been a very short half-hour indeed, mamma. You were right; having something to do makes the time seem to go fast. Now, I don't very much like winding silk; and I dare say that if I had been doing something that I liked better, the half-hour would have seemed shorter still."

MISS EDGEWORTH.

AIR.

Winds	North'-er-ly	En'-gines
Cov'-er-ing	Fu'-ry	Tor'-rents
Crev'-ice	On'-ward	Tears
Flu'-id	Cracks	For'-est
Night'-in-gale	Ta'-per-ing	Prec'-i-pice
Gnats	Smooth'-ers	Sol'-id
Bel'-lows	Gnaws	As-sist'-ance

What is it that winds about over the world,
 Spread thin like a covering fair ?
 Into each little corner and crevice 'tis curl'd ;
 This wonderful fluid is air.

In summer's still evening how peaceful it floats,
 When not a leaf moves on the spray ;
 And no sound is heard but the nightingale's notes,
 And merry gnats dancing away.

But oft in the winter it bellows aloud
 And roars in the northerly blast ;
 With fury drives onward the snowy
 And cracks the tall tapering masts.

When fire lies and smothers, or gnaws the beam,
 Air forces it fiercer to glow ;
 And engines in vain in cold torrents may stream,
 If the wind should with violence blow.

In the forest it tears up the sturdy old oak
 That many a tempest has known ;
 The tall mountain-pine into splinters is broke,
 And over the precipice blown.

And yet, though it rages with fury so wild,
 On solid earth, water, and fire ;
 Without its assistance the tenderest child
 Would struggle, and gasp, and expire.

Pure air, pressing into the curious clay,
 Gave life to these bodies at first ;
 And when in the bosom it ceases to play,
 We crumble again to our dust.

MRS GILBERT.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

Un-de-fil'-ed	Guard'-ians	Al-lur'-ing
Un-der-go'	Coun'-ter-part	Prov'-edst
Un-sin'-ning	O-ver-take'	Temp't'-er
Strength'-en	Pat'-tern	Trans-crib'-ed
In'-no-cent	Un-mur'-mur-ing	Il-lume'
Type	A'-gents	Path'-way
Fil'-i-al	Im'-pe-tus	Tomb

JESUS ! thou wert once a child,
 Human all,—yet undefiled ;
 Thou thyself did undergo
 All the changes children know,—
 Felt their sorrow,—shared their smile,—
 Yet unsinning wert the while :—
 Strengthen us, O Lord ! to be
 Innocent in youth, like thee.

From the type,—so full of beauty,—
 Set by Thee of filial duty,
 While as yet thy guardians were
 Joseph's roof and Mary's care ;—
 Help us, Lord ! to learn the way
 Earthly parents to obey :—
 Let thy lovely filial heart
 Find in us its counterpart.

When, with manhood, grief and care
 Overtake us, where, oh where
 Shall we fitting pattern find
 How to bear the harass'd mind
 Where !—in Christ, who, meekness all
 Trod, un murmuring, Pilate's hall.
 Where !—in Christ, whose latest breath
 Bless'd the agents of his death.

From each impetus to sin,
 Born without us or within ;
 From the world's alluring smiles
 From the Devil's crafty wiles

From each evil work and word,
 O deliver us, good Lord !
 Thou ! who provedst the tempter's power
 Best can aid in tempted hour.

Were thy life in all its parts
 But transcribed into our hearts,
 How should peace and hope illumine
 All our pathway to the tomb !—
 Life no more to waste should run,
 Earth should be as heaven begun !
 Would ! that thus thine image, Lord,
 Were in each of us restored.

Original.

WHAT MAKES KNOWLEDGE EXCELLENT.

Knowl'-edge	Re-straint'	Pro'-duce
Head	An'-i-mal	Hoists
Ex'-cel-lent	Car'-ri-age	Port
Re-peat'-ed	Con-duct'-ed	Con-duct'-ed
Sub'-jects	Trench'-es	Clear'-ly
Bus'-sting	Fer'-stile	Ap-pli'-ed

“WHAT an excellent thing is knowledge !” said a sharp-looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. “Knowledge is an excellent thing,” repeated he, “my boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They have heard of all sorts of things, and can talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Every body knows something of every thing now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing ?”

“Why, sir,” replied the old man, looking gravely, “that depends entirely on the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing.”

“That is what I cannot understand,” said the bustling little man. “How can power be a bad thing ?”

“ I will tell you,” meekly replied the old man, and thus went on :—“ When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master ; but when the restraint is taken away, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes the carriage to pieces, or throws his rider.”

“ I see ! I see ?” said the little man.

“ When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it makes the field around fertile ; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps every thing before it, and destroys the produce of the field.”

“ I see ! I see !” said the little man, “ I see !”

“ When a ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists up enables her sooner to get into port ; but if steered wrong, the more sails she carries, the farther will she go out of her course.”

“ I see ! I see !” said the little man, “ I see clearly !”

“ Well, than,” continued the old man, “ if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God’s grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing ; but, without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse.”

“ I see ! I see ! I see !” said the little man, “ I see !”
TODD.

THE END.

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