And here are the prayers that we'll each of us say:
The first we'll repeat when from study and play
We retire to our rest;—and the second we'll make
Our offering to God, when, refreshed, we awake.

**Evening Prayer.**

Another day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been, by day, my Sun,
And thou wilt be, by night, my rest

Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

**Morning Prayer.**

O God, I thank thee that the night,
In peace and rest, hath passed away;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile that makes it day.

Be thou my Guide; and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye:
Supply my wants; my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

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LIX. **Lesson Fifty-Ninth.**—*The Cat, the Old Mouse, and the Young Mouse: A Dialogue*

*Cat.* Oh! thou pretty little creature,
How beautiful in every feature!
Come a little nearer me;
Oh! I love thee passing well,
More than I have words to tell—
Let me give a kiss to thee!

*Old Mouse.* My child, I beg thee not to go—
Cat. Look, and behold this tempting show!
These nuts and cakes shall all be thine—
All for a kiss!
Young Mouse. O mother, hear!
    How kind she speaks! What dainty cheer!
    I go—
Old Mouse. Take this advice of mine.
Cat. See this delicious gingerbread!
    This shall be thine, for what I said;
    And all these sugar-plums so sweet!
Young Mouse. What shall I do? Oh, let me go!
Old Mouse. My child, I say, do not do so!
Young Mouse. Why, Ma? What evil can we meet?
    Do see, how nice these things appear!
Cat. You little rogue, come here! come here!
Young Mouse. Oh, mother, help! Oh, give me aid!
    She tears me! Oh, how I'm betrayed!
Old Mouse. 'Tis now too late;—in vain for help you call!
    He that won't take advice, must bear with all!

LX. LESSON SIXTIETH.—The Boys and the
Frogs: A Fable.

Some school boys, one day,
Who had gone out to play,
By the side of a mill-pond, not far from their school
Saw a party of frogs,
Diving off from the logs
And stones, on the margin, to swim in the pool.
The boys, all as one,
Said, "Now for some fun!
Let us pelt the young croakers, and give 'em no quarter,
Till there is not a frog
That, by stone, stump, or log,
Shall dare lift his yellow chaps* out of the water."

So with full hands and hats,
They brought stones and brick-bats,
And began the poor innocent creatures to slaughter;
Till one, they saw jump
To the top of a stump,
That stood under the reeds, in the edge of the water.

And thus—if we're able
To credit the fable,—
The thing must have filled every hearer with wonder,—
Mid a volley of stones,
That threatened his bones,
He spoke to the lads in a voice like the thunder.

"Let alone—let alone
Club, brick-bat, and stone,
Naughty boys! cruel boys! and pelt us not thus!
Consider, I pray,
Consider, your play,
To you though a frolic, is murder to us."

*Moral. No boy shouId forget that each boy is his brother,
Or find pleasure in that which gives pain to another

LXI. LESSON SIXTY-FIRST.—The Self-conceited Boy.

1. Little William, though in some things a nice boy, had, I am sorry to say, got into a strange habit of contradicting people, and pretending he knew better; when it very often turned out that he knew nothing at all about the matter.

2. One day his aunt Mary and he went into a toy shop, and his aunt said, "I am going to buy this little boy a small present. Some time ago I gave his brother a humming top; I should like something different for him."

* Pronounced chaps
3. "No, aunt," replied William, "it was not a top, it was a whip." "My dear," answered aunt Mary, "it certainly was a top." "No, aunt, no," said the child. Now William was wrong, for it was as his aunt had said.

4. At another time, his mother was speaking of a book she had been reading; and she said it was a tour through South Wales. "No, mother," replied William, "it was through North." As it happened, it was through South Wales.

5. It was not that William intended to tell these falsehoods, but it arose from his foolish habit of contradicting what others said. Besides, if he had really known better, he should not have said so, in things of such little consequence; but he might have told his friends at home, privately.

6. If he and his aunt went out anywhere, when she gave her account, he was sure to give a contrary one; and, "No, aunt, we went to such a place at three o'clock, not four;" "We went with such a person, not with the one that you said;" and all such little objections; and yet he always made more mistakes in his narrations than his aunt did.

7. This habit certainly made William appear very disagreeable, and he got nothing by it; for his friends sometimes would not take him out with them at all.

8. Now all this arose from his self-conceit, and his fancying that he knew better than any body else. Self-conceited people can never bear to be reproved; and so it was with William.

9. If you told him of any of his faults, he was sure to have some excuse ready; and no one could be so clever as he was, or do things so well as he could, or tell a tale so correctly, or walk so well, or learn so well, or, in short, be so very wonderful as he was.

* Pronounced tour.
10. Of course, he was always in the right, in his own estimation, and every one else in the wrong; while he was always assisting others with his superior knowledge, and making great mistakes all the while!

11. Accordingly, he looked down on others with scorn; and, as he fancied himself somebody, he grew proud, and meddling, and pert.

12. It can never be the place of children to contradict or ridicule their parents and older friends; for though the fondness of a kind mother or father may overlook their bad conduct, other people must and do condemn it.

LXII. Lesson Sixty-Second.—Flying and Swimming.

How I wish I could fly! (cried Robert, as he was gazing after his pigeons that were exercising themselves in a morning’s flight.) How fine it must be to soar to such a height, and to dash through the air with so swift a motion!

I doubt not (said his father) that the pigeons have great pleasure in it; but we have our pleasures too; and it is idle to indulge longings for things quite out of our power.

R. But do you think it impossible for men to learn to fly?

F. I do—for I see they are not furnished by nature with organs requisite for the purpose.

R. Might not artificial wings be contrived, such as Daedalus is said to have used?

F. Possibly they might; but the difficulty would be to put them in motion.

R. Why could not a man move them, if they were fastened to his shoulders, as well as a bird?
F. Because he has got arms to move, which the bird has not. The same organs which, in quadrupeds, are employed to move the fore-legs, and in man the arms, are used by birds in the motion of the wings. Nay, the muscles, or bundles of flesh, that move the wings, are proportionally much larger and stronger than those bestowed upon our arms; so that it is impossible, formed as we are, that we should use wings, were they made and fastened on with ever so much art.

R. But angels, and cupids, and such things, are painted with wings; and I think they look very natural.

F. To you they may appear so; but an anatomist sees them at once to be monsters, which could not really exist.

R. God might have created winged men, however, if he had pleased.

F. No doubt; but they could not have had the same shape that men have now. They would have been different creatures, such as it was not in his plan to make. But you that long to fly—consider if you have made use of all the faculties already given you! You want to subdue the element of air—what can you do with that of water? Can you swim?

R. No, not yet.

F. Your companion Johnson, I think, can swim very well.

R. Yes.

F. Reflect, then, on the difference between him and you. A boat oversets with you both, in a deep stream. You plump at once to the bottom, and certainly lose your life. He rises like a cork, darts away with the greatest ease, and reaches the side in perfect safety. Both of you, pursued by a bull, come to the side of a river. He jumps in, and crosses it.
You are drowned if you attempt it, and tossed by the bull if you do not. What an advantage he has over you! Yet you are furnished with exactly the same bodily powers that he is. How is this?

R. Because he has been taught, and I have not.

F. True—but it is an easy thing to learn, and requires no other instruction than boys can give one another when they bathe together; so that I wonder any body should neglect to acquire an art at once so agreeable and useful. The Romans used to say, by way of proverb, of a blockhead, "He can neither read nor swim."

R. I should like very well to swim, and I have often tried, but I always pop under water, and that makes me afraid.

F. And it is that fear which prevents you from succeeding.

R. But is it as natural for man to swim as for other creatures? I have heard that the young of all other animals swim, the first time they are thrown into the water.

F. They do—they are without fear. In the hot countries, where bathing is one of the greatest of pleasures, young children swim so early and well, that I should suppose they take to it almost naturally.

R. I am resolved to learn, and I will ask Johnson to take me with him to the river.

F. Do; but let him find you a safe place to begin at. I don’t want you, however, to proceed so cautiously as Sir Nicholas Gimcrack did.

R. How was that?

F. He spread himself out on a large table, and placing before him a basin of water with a frog in it, he struck with his arms and legs as he observed the animal do.
R. And did that teach him?
F. Yes—to swim on dry land; but he never ventured himself in the water.
R. Shall I get corks, or bladders?
F. No; learn to depend on your own powers. It is a good lesson, in other things as well as in swimming. Learning to swim with corks, is like learning to construe Latin with a translation on the other side. It saves some pains at first, but the business is not done half so effectually.

LXIII. Lesson Sixty-Third.—The End of the Holydays.

The Holydays are over, and we must to school again
How quick the pleasure has been past.
Yet we were almost tired at last;
And, may-be, a return to work will not be so much pain.

To fag from Monday morning to Saturday at noon,
Is not an easy job, you know;
But, when 'tis done, and off we go,
How glorious are the sports that last till lighted by the moon!

To play all day is stupid play; day after day is worse;
And, for a month!—nought else to do—
Tops, hoops, and marbles, all gone through,
'Tis just like riding, till you ache, on the same hobby-horse.

Therefore, good-by, Papa, Mamma; good-by to life in clover:
Good-by to everlasting play,
There must be toil to make it gay—
To school again!—we're wondrous glad the Holydays are over.
LXIV. Lesson Sixty-Fourth.—Vacations and Amusements.

“Oh dear, how tired I am of this vacation! It seems as if it would never come to an end,” said Mary to Susan, one day, after she had put her play-house in order, and tried every amusement she could think of. “Do you not wish, sister, that we could have shorter vacations, and have them oftener?”

Susan. I do not wish to have them oftener, but I have no objections to shorter ones.

Mary. And why would you not like them oftener?

Susan. Because I have quite leisure enough when I go to school for all the play I want, and I do not find myself so happy all the time during vacation, as I am when we go to school.

Mary. Perhaps so; but then you know we have a great many enjoyments in vacation, which we cannot have in school-time. We walk more, have more pleasant excursions, and do more as we have a mind to do.

Susan. Yes; but are we, on the whole, any happier? When did we take a jaunt that something did not happen before the end of it, to make us wish we were at home, or at school, or any where but where we then were? The very last party of pleasure we had, we differed so much, that we all went home less happy than we set out.

Mary. You should not say we; for you were good-natured all the time. It was Harry and I that were cross, and made all the trouble. We should have had a good time, if we had not differed about trifles.

Susan. Yes, and there would have been no differing about any thing, if we had not had so much play-
time that we became tired of our sports, and felt so impatient of each other and ourselves, from mere fatigue. For my part, I had rather go to school, and trust for amusement to what time I can get, after my lessons are learned, and my work done.

LXV. LESSON SIXTY-FIFTH.—The Fox.

1. The Fox is found in almost every part of the world. He is less in size than the wolf, not being more than two feet three inches in length. His tail is more bushy, his nose smaller, and his hair much softer.

2. The Fox has ever been famous for his cunning and his arts, and his reputation is somewhat deserved. He makes his kennel at the edge of a wood, and yet as near as possible to some cottage, where he can hear the crowing of the cocks and the cackling of the hens. If he can get into the yard, he first levels all the poultry without remorse, and then carries off the whole, one at a time, and conceals them in different places.

3. He also is very expert in taking birds from the snares which are set for them by the fowler. He finds out birds’ nests, and often seizes the sitting partridges and quails, catches young rabbits, and destroys a large quantity of game. When pressed by hunger, he preys on rats, mice, serpents, toads and lizards.

4. The chase of the Fox affords much amusement to sportsmen. He is followed by a pack of hounds, who, after having tired him out, overtake and destroy him, or drive him round in a circuit, when he is shot by the hunter. The skins of the Fox are an article of trade, being valuable on account of their fur.
5. A female Fox, possessed of one cub, was pursued by a gentleman’s hounds near Chelmsford, in England. The poor animal, at the moment of their approach, instantly thought of the safety of her young, and, taking it up in her mouth, fled before her pursuers for several miles, panting under the weight of her burden, yet resolved to preserve it at the hazard of her life.

6. At length, exhausted by fatigue and fear, she was attacked by a mastiff in a farmer’s yard, and, unable to support her charge any longer, dropped it from her jaws at the farmer’s feet, who kindly saved it from the mastiff’s power, while the mother fortunately escaped from her pursuers, and preserved her life.

LXVI. Lesson Sixty-Sixth.—The Fox and the Hen.

A white old hen with yellow legs,
Who’d laid her master many eggs,
Which, from her nest, the boys had taken
To put in cake, or fry with bacon,
Was roosting in an outer hovel,
Where barrel, bird-cage, riddle, shovel,
Tub, piggin, corn-bag, all together,
Were put, to keep them from the weather
When an old fox stole in, one night,
As the full moon was shining bright.

Hoping—if he his nose might stick in—
That he might carry off a chicken;
Or, from a window-ledge or shelf,
Might jump and reach the old hen herself.

Her roost, however, was so high
He saw it was in vain to try,
By all his jumping, to get at her;—
"So then," says he, "I think I'll flatter
The old fool's vanity,—for, look,
Have her I must, by hook or crook;
In fact I've thought so much about her,
I shall fare very ill without her.—

Thus then spoke Renard,* smooth and sly
And thus dame Partlet† made reply.

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Renard. Good evening, madam; how dy'e do?
Partlet. I'm ne'er the better, sir, for you.
R. "Better!" you need not, cannot be,
You're always well enough for me.
P. Well, if I am then, as you own,
Pray, sir, let "well enough" alone.
R. Dear madam, if you only knew
But half the love I feel for you—
P. "But half!"—Nay, be it great or small, sir,
I rather think I know it all, sir.
R. Indeed!—Well, madam, that has taught me
To care for you; and that has brought me

* The Fox.
† The Hen.
Thus late to call—perhaps it’s rude,
But, ma’am, I hope I don’t intrude.

P. “Intrude!”—indeed, sir, but you do.

R. It grieves me to hear that from you;
I’ll therefore say no more at present,
Than just to hint, that, as it’s pleasant—
(In truth, you know not, shut up here,
How pleasant ’tis abroad, my dear)—
And I delight to hear you talk,
I’ve called, to invite you to a walk.

P. “A walk!”—The like who ever heard!

A quadruped to woo a bird!
I’m sick, and early went to bed,
And scarcely can hold up my head.—

R. “Sick!” my dear lady! What can ail?
Indeed you do look very pale.
I’m sure your illness can arise
But from the want of exercise:
Too much confinement fades the fair.—
A pleasant walk, in open air,
With pleasant company, at night,
When the moon shines, will set all right.
And should you tire, I’ll call a hack,
Or, better, take you on my back.—
I’m sure, though I don’t mean to flatter,
That one of us would be the fatter
For such a walk:—nay, never fear
The jealousy of chanticleer.
He shall not harm a single feather
Of your fair neck, when we’re together.
Your neck!—ay, now I think upon it,
With your white shawl and scarlet bonnet,
You’ll be, by all, both far and near,
Mistaken for a cherub,—dear.—

P. Well, Mr. Renard,—have you done? —
If so, I think you'd better run.
My master's coming to the hovel,—
You see that broomstick, and that shovel—
You see the door that you came in at,—
If you're not off, in half a minute,
Instead of fowls, or ev'n a chicken,
You'll get, as you deserve, a kicking.

The wily flatterer dropped his chin,
And out he sneaked, as he sneaked in.

Moral. The cunning seldom gain their ends:
The wise are never without friends.

LXVII. Lesson Sixty-Seventh.—The Elephant.

1. When Harry and Lucy went with their father to see the elephant, which had been brought into the town to be shown to any person who would pay for seeing it, they were surprised at the first sight of this noble animal.

2. Though they had read descriptions, and had seen prints of elephants, yet they had not formed an exact idea of the reality. Lucy said, that the elephant appeared much larger: Harry said, it was smaller than what he had expected to see. Lucy said, that, till she saw it, she had no idea of the color, or of the wrinkled appearance of the elephant's skin.

3. The keeper of this elephant ordered him to pick up a little bit of money which he held upon the palm of his hand. Immediately, the obedient animal picked it up with the end of his proboscis, or trunk, and gave it to his keeper.

4. Lucy said, she had never had a clear notion
how it moved its trunk, or proboscis, nor how it could pick up such small things with it, till she saw it done.

5. Harry said, that he had never had an idea of the size or shape of the elephant's feet till he saw them. Lucy said, the prints had given her no idea of the size of its ears, or of the breadth of its back.

6. Both she and her brother agreed, that it is useful and agreeable to see real things, and live animals, as well as to read or hear descriptions of them.

7. The keeper of this elephant was a little, weak looking man. Harry and Lucy admired the obedience and gentleness of this powerful animal, who did whatever his master desired, though sometimes it appeared to be inconvenient and painful to it to obey.

8. For instance, when the elephant was ordered to lie down, he bent his fore knees and knelt on them; though it seemed to be difficult and disagreeable to it to put itself into this posture, and to rise again from its knees.

9. Lucy asked what this elephant lived upon, and how much he ate every day. The man said, that he fed the elephant with rice and with vegetables, and he showed a bucket, which, he said, held several quarts—this bucket full the elephant ate every day.

10. There was in one corner of the room a heap of raw carrots, of which, the keeper said, the elephant was fond: he held a carrot to the animal, who took it gently, and ate it.

11. When Lucy saw how gently the elephant took the carrot, she wished to give it one with her own hand; and the man told her that she might.

12. But when Lucy saw the elephant's great trunk turning towards the carrot, which she held out to him, she was frightened; she twitched back her
hand, and pulled the carrot away from the elephant, just as he was going to take it.

13. This disappointment made him very angry; and he showed his displeasure, by blowing air through his proboscis, with a sort of snorting noise, which frightened Lucy.

14. Harry, who was more courageous, and who was proud to show his courage, took the carrot, marched up to the elephant, and gave it to him.

15. The animal was pacified directly, and gently took the carrot with his proboscis, turned back the proboscis, and put the carrot into his mouth.

16. And now, having looked at the elephant, as long as they wished to look at him, and having asked all the questions they wanted to ask, they went away.

17. Lucy pitied this animal for being kept cooped up, as she said, in such a small room, instead of being allowed to go about, and to enjoy his liberty.

18. Harry then thought of horses, who live shut up a great part of their lives in stables. He asked his father, whether he thought that horses, who have been tamed, or broke in, as it is called, and who are kept in stables and taken care of by men, are happier, or less happy, than wild horses.

19. His father said, he thought this must depend upon the manner in which the horses are fed and treated: he observed, that if horses who are tamed by man, are constantly well fed, and are protected from the inclemencies of the weather, and are only worked with moderation, it is probable that they are happy; because, in these circumstances, they are usually in good health and fat, and their skins look sleek, smooth, and shining. From these signs, we may guess that they are happy; but, as they cannot speak, and tell us what they feel, we cannot be certain.
LXVIII. Lesson Sixty-Eighth.—Sunday; at Church and at Home

1. One Sunday morning, when Harry and Lucy were at church with their father and mother, the clergyman read one of those chapters of the Bible, which contain the history of Joseph and his brethren.

2. Harry and Lucy listened attentively, and when they came home from church, they told their father they wished very much to know the end of that history, of which they had heard the beginning read by the clergyman at church.

3. Their father took down from his book-case the large family Bible, and he read the whole of the history of Joseph and his brethren, with which the children were very much interested and touched.

4. In the evening, they each read to their mother one of Mrs. Barbauld’s “Hymns in Prose for Children.” Harry and Lucy loved these hymns, and they showed their mother the passages that they liked, particularly in those which they read this day.

5. “Mother, this is the passage which I liked the best,” said Lucy.—

“Look at the thorns, that are white with blossoms, and the flowers, that cover the fields, and the plants, that are trodden in the green path: the hand of man hath not planted them; the sower hath not scattered the seeds from his hand, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

6. “Some grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb; in shaking bogs, and deep forests, and desert islands: they spring up everywhere, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

7. “Who causeth them to grow everywhere, and
giveth them colors and smells, and spreadeth out their thin, transparent leaves?

"How doth the rose draw its crimson from the dark-brown earth, or the lily its shining white? How can a small seed contain a plant?

8. "Lo! these are a part of his works, and a little portion of his wonders.

"There is little need that I should tell you of God; for every thing speaks of him."

9. Harry was silent for a moment, after he had heard these passages read again; and then he said—

"I like that very much, indeed, Lucy: but now let me read to your mother what I like better still."

10. "Negro woman, who sittest pining in captivity, and weepest over thy sick child, though no one seeth thee, God seeth thee; though no one pitieth thee, God pitieth thee: raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one: call upon him, from amidst thy bonds, for assuredly he will hear thee.

11. "Monarch, that rulest over a hundred states, whose frown is terrible as death, and whose armies cover the land, boast not thyself, as though there were none above thee——God is above thee; his powerful arm is always over thee! and, if thou doest ill, assuredly he will punish thee."

LXIX. Lesson Sixty-Ninth.—Not able to read

1. When Pizarro, the Spanish general, landed in Peru, which was then inhabited only by the native Indians, he learned that there was a dispute between two brothers, to whom the two grand provinces of the kingdom had been left.

2. Hu-as-car was to have the old kingdom of
Cusco; and A-ta-hu-al-pa was to have the lately conquered kingdom of Quito.*

3. The latter had a vast army, and determined to rule both. He soon subdued his brother, and took him prisoner.

4. When Pizarro began his march up the country, therefore, he was not opposed; because all parties were too busy in their own private quarrels.

5. Indeed each party hoped to obtain the assistance of these terrible strangers, the Spaniards, and, therefore, tried rather to make friends of them than to oppose them.

6. Pizarro held on his march, up into the country, till he came very near the camp of Atahualpa; who then sent him presents and professions of friendship, and proposed to come and pay the Spaniards a visit.

7. Accordingly he came in great pomp. He was seated in a palanquin,† or covered chair, that was richly adorned with gold, precious stones, and feathers.

8. While all appeared peaceable and friendly, the drums suddenly beat, the cannon roared around the astonished Peruvians;—the Spanish cavalry galloped in among them; and all was confusion and dismay.

9. Pizarro attacked the guard that were around the Inca, or king, penetrated to his palanquin,† tore him from his seat, and dragged him away towards his own head-quarters.

10. The Inca, thus a prisoner, soon perceived that the ruling passion of these dreadful strangers was the love of gold; and hence he indulged the hope of regaining his liberty.

11. The room in which he was confined was

* Pronounced ke-to.
† Pronounced palan'kin.
twenty-two feet long, and sixteen feet wide; which is as large as a common school-room. The Inca offered to fill it with golden vessels, as high as he could reach, if Pizarro would give him his liberty for them.

12. To this, Pizarro agreed, and the Inca sent orders all over his empire, to bring together the promised treasures. But when all was punctually paid, the Inca, in vain, demanded his liberty. Pizarro was as perfidious as he was avaricious and cruel.

13. One reason why he was so bad a man, was, that he had not been taught to read when he was a child, and had never afterwards taken pains to learn.

14. Many of the Spaniards could read and write, and nothing seemed to please and astonish the captive Inca, so much as the reading and writing of the Spaniards.

15. He wanted to know whether it was natural to them all, or whether they had learned how to read and write from others.

16. He, one day, requested one of the soldiers who stood guard over him, to write the name of their God—for the Peruvians worshipped the sun—upon his own thumb-nail.

17. So when the soldier had written the name of the true God upon the thumb-nail of the Inca, the Inca showed it to every one of the Spaniards who came near to him, and asked him what word that was.

18. To his astonishment he found that they all pronounced it exactly alike. At length Pizarro came in, and Atahualpa asked him the same question.

19. Pizarro, who, as I have told you, had not been to school, or had been a bad boy when a child, was obliged to tell the Inca that he did not know;
and from that moment, notwithstanding his fine clothes, and his glittering sword, and his great army, he thought very little of him; and seemed to despise him as a man of no education.

20. Here are some verses which I should think some clever boy had made about this blood thirsty, deceitful, and ignorant Spanish general.—

21. Ah, Mr. Pizarro, you look very gay,
   Pearl, purple, and gold well refined;
   But certain it is, all these fine garments may
   But cover an ignorant mind.
   Your gold-lace and spangles are splendid indeed;
   But you are a dunce, sir, because you can't read.

22. You are high in command, like a king on his throne
   Men tremble and start at your frown,
   Your sword is a sharp one, your enemies own;
   Your word can lift up, and cast down.
   But, in every sentence, assistance you need,
   Because you can't write;—nay, you can't even read.

23. Now, thanks to my friends, if I'm not very fine,
   I have clothes that are decent and clean;
   And if I've no vessels, or gems from the mine,
   My spirit, I hope, is not mean;
   And I'm sure, in my books I've a treasure indeed.
   Because, though a child, I am able to read.

LXX. Lesson Seventieth.—The Rose.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
   The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
   And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
   Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
   Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!
So frail is the youth and the beauty of men, 
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose. 
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain; 
Time kills them as fast as he goes. 

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty, 
Since both of them wither and fade; 
But gain a good name by well doing my duty; 
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

LXXI. Lesson Seventy-First.—The Fox and the Crane.

"I certainly think," said a Fox to a Crane, 
"That face, ma'am, of yours is remarkably plain; 
That beak that you wear is so frightful a feature, 
It makes you appear a most singular creature."

The Crane, much offended at what she had heard, 
Marched off at full speed, without saying a word; 
"O dear!" said the Fox, "Mrs. Crane, I protest 
You misunderstood me—it was only in jest.

"Come, don't be affronted—stay with me and dine; 
You know very well, 'tis a habit of mine 
To say such odd things to my intimate friends; 
But you know honest Renard no mischief intends."
So the Crane, though she strongly suspected a hoax,
Thought she would not resent such an odd fellow's jokes;
So she put on as pleasant a face as she could,
When he asked her to dine, and replied that she would.

But alas, she perceived that his jokes were not over,
When Renard removed from the victuals its cover;
'Twas neither game, butcher's meat, chicken, nor fish,
But plain gravy-soup in a broad, shallow dish.

Now this the Fox lapped with his tongue very quick,
While the Crane could scarce dip in the point of her beak.
"You make a poor dinner," said he to the Crane;
"O," said she, "though I eat not I do not complain;
For it is not polite, I've been told, in a guest,
To complain, when his host sets before him his best."

But the Crane asked the Fox, on a subsequent day,
When nothing, it seems, for their dinner had they
But some minced meat served up in a narrow-necked jar;
Too long and too narrow for Renard by far.

"You make a poor dinner, I fear," said the bird;
"Why I think," said the Fox, "'twould be very absurd
To deny what you say: Yet I cannot complain,
But confess, though a Fox, that I'm matched by a Crane."

_Moral._ Cunning folks who play tricks, which good manners condemn,
May find their own tricks are played back upon them.

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_LXXII. Lesson Seventy-Second._— _Innocent Sport._

Abroad in the fields when we see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood,
So foul and so fierce are their natures;
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,  
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,  
Those lovely and innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,  
Should injure another in jesting or play;  
For he’s still in earnest that’s hurt:  
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire  
There’s none but a madman will fling about fire,  
And tell you, “’Tis all but in sport.”

LXXIII. Lesson Seventy-Third.—The Emmets, or Ants.

These emmets, how little they are in our eyes!  
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,  
Without our regard or concern:  
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,  
There’s many a sluggard, and many a fool,  
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

‘They don’t wear their time out in sleeping or play,  
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,  
And for winter they lay up their stores:  
They manage their work in such regular forms,  
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,  
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,  
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,  
Nor provide against dangers in time:  
When death or old age stares me full in the face,  
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,  
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,  
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come  
And pray that my sins be forgiven:  
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,  
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay  
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.
LXXIV. LESSON SEVENTY-FOURTH.—Against Idleness and Mischief.

How doth the little busy bee
    Improve each shining hour,
    And gather honey all the day
    From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
    How neat she spreads the wax,
    And labors hard to store it well
    With the sweet food she makes!

In works of labor, or of skill,
    I would be busy too;
For there is always something ill
    For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
    Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
    Some good account at last.

LXXV. LESSON SEVENTY-FIFTH.—The Black Bonnet.

Rosamond was with her mother in London
    One morning an elderly lady came to pay her mother a visit. When the lady went away, Rosamond exclaimed, "Mother! I don’t like that old woman at all; I am sorry, mother, that you promised to go and see her in the country, and to take me with you, for I dislike that woman, mother."

Moth. I will not take you with me to her house if you do not wish to go there, Rosamond; but why
you dislike that lady, I cannot even guess; you never saw her before this morning, and you know nothing about her.

Ros. That is true, mother; but I really do dislike her; I disliked her from the moment she came into the room.

Moth. For what reason?

Ros. Reason, mother! I do not know; I have no particular reason.

Moth. Well, particular or not, give me some reason.

Ros. I cannot give you a reason, mother, for I do not know why I dislike the lady; but you know that, very often, or at least sometimes, without any reason, without knowing why, we like or dislike people.

Moth. We! Speak for yourself, Rosamond; for my part I always have a reason for liking or disliking people.

Ros. Mother, I dare say, I have some reason too, if I could find it out; but I never thought about it.

Moth. I advise you to think about it, and find it out. Silly people sometimes like, or take a fancy, as they call it, at first sight, to persons who do not deserve to be liked; who have bad tempers, bad characters, bad qualities. Sometimes silly people take a dislike, or an antipathy, as they call it, to those who have good qualities, good characters, and good tempers.

Ros. That would be unlucky, unfortunate.

Moth. Yes, unlucky, unfortunate for the silly people; because they might, if they had their choice, choose to live with the bad, instead of the good; choose to live with those who would make them unhappy, instead of those who would make them happy.

Ros. That would be a sad thing indeed, mother, very sad. Perhaps the lady to whom I took a dis-
like, or—what do you call it? an antipathy, may be a very good woman.

**Moth.** She is a very good woman, Rosamond.

**Ros.** I will not be one of the silly people, mother. I will not have an antipathy. What is an antipathy, mother?

**Moth.** It is a feeling of dislike, for which we can give no sufficient reason.

Rosamond stood still and silent, considering deeply, and then suddenly burst out a laughing. She laughed for some time without being able to speak. At last she composed herself.

**Ros.** Mother, I am laughing at the very silly reason I was going to give you for disliking that lady; only because she had an ugly, crooked pinch in the front of her black bonnet.

**Moth.** Perhaps that was a sufficient reason for disliking the bonnet; but not quite sufficient for disliking the person who wore it.

**Ros.** No, mother; because she does not always wear it, I suppose. She does not sleep in it, I dare say; and, if I were to see her without it, I might like her.

**Moth.** Possibly you might.

**Ros.** But, mother, there is another reason why I dislike her, and this, perhaps, is a bad reason; but still I cannot help disliking her; the thing which makes me dislike her, she cannot take off when she pleases. I cannot see her without it, mother; this is a thing I must always dislike; I wonder whether you took notice of that shocking thing?

**Moth.** When you have told me what that shocking thing is, I shall be able to tell you. What do you mean, Rosamond?

**Ros.** Then, mother, you did not see it?

**Moth.** It! What?
Ros. When her glove was off, did you not see the shocking finger, mother, the stump of a finger, and a great scar over all the back of her hand? I am glad she did not offer to shake hands with me. I think I could not have touched her hand; I should have held mine back.

Moth. She would not have offered that hand to you; she knows it is disagreeable. Did you observe she gave me her other hand?

Ros. That was right. So she knows it is disagreeable. Poor woman! How sorry and ashamed she must be!

Moth. She has no reason to be ashamed; it does her honor.

Ros. Does her honor! tell me why, mother; you know all about it, do tell me, mother.

Moth. She burned her hand in saving her little grand daughter from being burnt to death. The child, going too near the fire, when she was in a room by herself, set fire to her frock; the muslin was in flames instantly; as she could not put out the fire, she ran screaming to the door; the servants came; some were afraid, and some did not know what to do. Her grandmother, hearing the child scream, ran up stairs, and saw her clothes all on fire. She instantly rolled her up in a rug, which lay before the hearth, and that extinguished the fire.

Ros. Extinguished!—What is that, mother?

Moth. To extinguish a fire is to put it out. When it is put out by throwing water upon it, it is quenched; when, by covering it up, as, in this instance, with the rug, it is smothered.—So here this good lady extinguished the fire by smothering it. She, however did not escape unhurt, though she did not at that time know that she was burnt. But when the surgeon
had dressed the child's burns, then she showed him her own hand. It was so terribly burnt that it was found necessary to cut off one joint of the finger. The scar which you saw is the mark of that burn.

Ros. Dear, good woman! Oh, mother, if I had but known this! Now I know it, how differently I feel! How unjust, how foolish to dislike her for a pinch in her black bonnet, and for that scar! Mother, I wouldn't draw back my hand, if she were to shake hands with me now. I wish to go and see her now. Will you take me with you to her house in the country?

Moth. I will, my dear.

LXXVI. Lesson Seventy-Sixth.—Mother, Where is He?

The little child, who loves to see
The bright sun shining clear,
Is often asking, "Where is He
Who placed the bright sun here?"

She sees the moonlight softly gleam,
And stars with twinkling ray,
And asks, "Who made that gentle beam,
Almost more fair than day?"

She gathers, for her mother dear,
A blossom rich and rare,
And asks, "Who put these colors here,
And mixed them with such care?"

"Tis God, my child,—who will impart
More glorious objects still,
A temper mild, a feeling heart,
And strength to do his will.
LXXVII. Lesson Seventy-Seventh.—The Rose and the Grape-Vine.

In a beautiful garden, my dear little maid,
A grape-vine had twined itself into an arbor,
And, under its branches, in beauty arrayed,
A small, but sweet rose-bush delighted to harbor.

The blush on its leaves was as brilliant and light,
As that which on modesty's cheek oft reposes;
And it beam'd with a freshness as fair to the sight,
As youth in its innocent beauty discloses.

Those thought, who had seen it, its grace and its bloom
Resembled the charms of a sweet little child;
And while giving delight by its grateful perfume,
Compared it to her who is pleasant and mild.

One beautiful morning, when nature was gay,
And the sun, coming up, in his splendor, was seen,
The grape-vine appeared in her richest array
Of dew-drops, that hung on her mantle of green.

She raised up her head, and looked down to the shade,
Where the sweet little rose-bush was blooming below.
And shaking her curls, she disdainfully said,
In words that were chilling as pride could bestow:

"You have dressed yourself out in a beautiful style,
To attract all the gazers which come to your view;
And perhaps you expect, by your graces the while,
To become, for a time, even my rival too.

Now put off those garments—you look like a fright;
And don't try to smile and to blush as you do;
You think by this folly you give some delight;
But when I am present, pray who would see you?"

The rose really blushed the deep scarlet of pride,
To see one so much older so cross and ill bred;
And she turned her sweet face towards a shrub by her side,
Which gladly supported her innocent head.

But the skies, before long, were overcast with deep gloom,
The red lightnings flashed, and the tempest grew wild;
The high grape-vine trembled in fear of her doom—
But the innocent rose-bush looked upward and smiled.
Not long had the winds whistled hoarsely around,
And deep peals of thunder come bursting between—
When the fair haughty vine was all thrown to the ground,
And the arbor lay low, with its ringlets of green.

The loud storm was hushed, and the sun’s brilliant ray
Shone gayly on nature, and opened each sweet—
When Mary, young, innocent, modest and gay,
Stole into her garden, her favorite retreat.

She paused, as she saw the high vine laid so low,
And the lesson she learned, found its way to her heart;
And she prayed that her God would his favor bestow,
And bid from her mind evil passions depart.

She prayed, as the rose, to be modest and meek,
Nor boast, like the grape-vine, of grandeur and grace—
For pride spoils the bloom of a beautiful cheek;
And a heart that is pure, is more fair than a face.

LXXVIII. LESSON SEVENTY-EIGHTH.—The Arabs and the Camel-Driver.

1. “Father,” said Lucy, “I wish you would be so good as to give Harry and me one of your old sort of puzzles.”

2. “My old sort of puzzles, my dear! What do you mean?”

3. “Such questions, I mean, as you used to ask us sometimes when we were sitting round the fire last winter.”

4. “Pray do, father,” said Harry. “But whatever it is,” added Lucy, “let there be along with the question some little story.”

In a few minutes, their father began as follows:

5. “Three Arab brethren of a noble family were travelling together for improvement. It happened one day, that their road lay across a great plain of sand, where there was little else to be seen except
a few tufts of grass. Towards the close of the day, they met a camel-driver, who asked them if they had seen a camel that he had lost, and could give him any account of him.

6. "Was not your camel blind of an eye?" said the elder brother. "Yes," said the camel-driver. "It had a tooth out before?" said the second brother. "And it was lame?" said the third. "Very true," replied the man; "pray tell me which way it went." "Did it not carry," asked the Arabians, "a vessel of oil and a vessel of honey?" "It did indeed," answered the camel-driver; "pray tell me where you met it." "Met it! We have never seen your camel," they replied.

7. "The enraged camel-driver could not believe this; he charged them with having stolen his camel, and brought them before the prince. From their manner, and the wisdom of their answers to the questions which the prince asked them upon other subjects, he was persuaded that they were above committing such a theft. He set them at liberty; but requested that before they departed, they would tell how they could possibly hit upon so many circumstances that were true, without ever having seen the camel.

8. "The brothers could not refuse to comply with so just a request; and after thanking him for his clemency and kindness, the eldest spoke thus:—

9. "We are not magicians, nor have we ever seen the man's camel; all we know of him was discovered by the use of our senses and our reason. I judged that he was blind of an eye, because—"

10. "Now, Harry and Lucy, explain, if you can, the methods by which the three brothers guessed that the camel was blind of an eye and lame of a leg,
that he had lost a front tooth, and was laden with a vessel of oil and another of honey.”

11. Harry asked whether there was any thing in the camel-driver himself by which they judged. “No, there was nothing in or about the camel-driver that gave any assistance.”

12. “I wish you would help us a very little, father,” said Lucy.

13. “Do you not recollect telling me this morning that you knew my horse had been at the door, though you did not see it?”

14. “By the tracks—oh! yes,” cried Lucy. “No other horse ever comes up that gravel path; and as the Arabians were travelling on a sandy desert, probably they had seen no other tracks but of that one camel. But how did they know that he was lame of one leg?”

15. “The camel would put the lame foot down more cautiously than the others,” said Harry, “and the trace of that foot would be always less deep than those of the other three.”

16. The blind eye was a more difficult question. Lucy thought the camel might have swerved more to one side than to the other; or perhaps the footsteps might show places, where he had started out of the path, and always on the same side. A few other guesses were made, but nothing more was found out this evening.

17. The next morning, Lucy said she had thought of the camel and the three brothers the moment she waked; but the more she thought, the more she was puzzled. She was just going to add, “Father, I give it up,” but Harry advised her to have patience a little longer. It happened, at this instant, that her mother was helping her to some
honey; a drop fell on the table-cloth, and a bee, which was flying about the room, settled upon the sweet spot.

18. Lucy started with delight on observing this, and exclaimed, "Harry, Harry, I have found it out; the vessel of honey leaked—the drops of honey fell on the sand—and the brothers observed the little collection of bees, or insects, which had settled on them. I am right, for father smiles. As to the oil, some of that might have been spilled by the jolting of the camel. The loss of the tooth is all that now remains, so I leave that to you, Harry. You look as if you had a bright thought."

19. "I remember," said Harry, "my father, in the beginning of his story, told us, that there were a few tufts of grass on the road; the hungry camel—for no doubt he was hungry in the desert—might have bitten these, and one of the sharp-eyed brothers might have seen, that in each bite a few blades of grass stood up higher than the rest, because of the gap left by the want of the tooth."

20. "Now we have it all right," said Lucy; "and we were very little helped, considering—"

21. "But I wish we had not been helped at all," said Harry.

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LXXIX. Lesson Seventy-Ninth.—Children at Play.

Up in the morning as soon as the lark,
Late in the evening, when falleth the dark,
Far in the moorland, or under the tree,
Come the sweet voices of children to me.
You tell me I'm old, and my hair it is gray,
But I sit in the sunshine, and watch you at play,
And a livelier current doth run through my vein,
And I bless you, bright creatures! again and again.

I rejoice in your sports, when, in warm sunny weather,
Ye are running, and jumping, and wrestling together;
But I see what you see not—the sorrow and strife,
Of the years that will come, in the contest of life;
For I am an old man, and age looketh on
To the time that will be, from the time that is gone:
But you, blessed creatures! you think not of sorrow
Your joy is to-day, and ye have no to-morrow.

Ay, sport ye, and wrestle, be glad as the sun,
And lie down to rest, when your pastime is done;
Your dreams are of sunshine and blossoms and dew,
And the God of the blessed doth watch over you;
And his angels are always commissioned to keep
Unbroken the calm of your rosy sleep;
And an old man's blessing doth on you dwell,
The whole day long—and so, fare-ye-well!

LXXX. Lesson Eightieth.—Welcome to the Robins.

Most welcome songsters of the autumn!
How charming is their melody!
Who but their great Creator taught 'em
To warble forth such harmony?

Sing then, ye Robins! ever gay,
Such notes are pleasing to the ear;
Yes, sing ye will, the wintry day,
When all around is cold and drear
I love your plumage, brown and red;
And all your frisking, sprightly airs,
That seem to say each pretty head
Is not perplexed with petty cares.

In truth, your summer cares are gone,
About each lovely, infant brood,
And now you seem to have but one—
Where to obtain your daily food.

But, sure, ye may on Heaven depend,
Ever secure of all supplies;
One bounteous Father is your friend,
And He no needful food denies.

Hence man, by Christ, is plainly taught
To mark the winged fowls of Heaven;
Though they no storehouse ever sought,
Yet food for them is duly given.

"Your Heavenly Father feedeth them,"
With food convenient, day by day:
One question doth your fears condemn;
"Are ye not better far than they?"

Him may we learn to trust, discreetly,
Whether with few or many cares;
And be like Robins, singing sweetly,
While each of us his bounty shares.

LXXXI. Lesson Eighty-First.—A Teacher's Prayer for his Scholars.

Almighty God, whose tender care
Earth's meanest creatures ever prove;
O may these children richly share
Thy notice and thy thoughts of love.

As lambs unguarded, here they stray,
Where folly, vice, and sin abound;
Ten thousand snares beset their way,
Ten thousand foes their souls surround.

Their guardian shepherd, Lord, become,
For all their wants on earth provide,
And tow'rs a blest eternal home
Their infant steps in safety guide.

With love of truth and knowledge pure,
Their yet unbiased minds inspire;
And let thy grace their hearts secure,
Thy goodness their affections fire.

And O! with wisdom, grace, and zeal,
His heart, who prays for them, endue;
That he may know and teach thy will,
Direct, and lead to glory too.

LXXXII. Lesson Eighty-Second.—Docility of domestic Animals: A Dialogue between William and George.

George.—What are “domestic animals,” William? William. Domestic animals are such quadrupeds, or four-footed beasts, as are tamed, and live about the house, such as dogs, cats, horses, sheep, goats and cattle.

G. Well, here, we have something to read about the docility of these domestic animals. What does that mean?
The docility of an animal is its capability of being taught, or of receiving instruction. A docile* animal is one that can be taught something; as a docile* child is a child that can be taught, or one that receives instruction readily.

G. I know that children can be taught a great many things; they can be taught to read, and to write, and to sing, and to dance. But what can dumb animals, like cats and dogs, be taught?

W. You know that dogs and horses may be taught a great many things that are useful. The dog learns to guard his master's property, to go and come, to lie down, or stand upon his hind feet, and ask for food at his master's bidding; and I have seen some dogs taught to go to school with the children of their masters, and carry their dinner in a little basket; without touching the dinner themselves, or permitting any one else to touch it.

G. O yes, and horses learn to come up to their owner, in the field, to be bridled and led away to work; but I don't think that cats and goats can be taught a great many things.

W. More, perhaps, than you would suppose. I was the other day reading in a book of Travels and Voyages, in which there was the story of Alexander Selkirk. This is the man that the story of Robinson Crusoe was written about. When you have learned to read a little better, I will get it for you; it is a very entertaining book.

G. Well, did that book say any thing about the docility of cats?

W. Yes. When Selkirk was living on his island, on which there was no person but himself, he was much annoyed by rats, that used to gnaw his feet.

* Pronounced doh-sil.
and clothes while he slept; so that he was obliged to
tame and feed some cats, which had been bred from
some that had got ashore from different ships. These
he fed with the flesh of goats, that he used to catch
and tame for his own use and amusement; and pretty
soon the cats became so tame that they would lie
down about him, in hundreds, and they soon deliver­
ed him from the rats. So, to divert himself, as he
had no better company, he used to get the kids,
or young goats, around him, with his cats, and sing to
them; and at last he taught both kids and cats to
dance. Here he is dancing with them.

G. Well, that is very laughable. But what is the
use of teaching these creatures to dance and caper
about in this way? It seems to me that they all look
very much like monkeys,—kids, cats, Crusoe, and
all.

W. As to that, I don't know that there is any harm
in the kids and cats looking like monkeys; for mon­
keys, too, are very docile animals, and very playful,
and sometimes very witty; and as to Robinson Cru
soe's looking like a monkey—if it is because he wears a goat-skin dress that he looks so, you ought to consider that he had no other clothes to cover him; and if you say that he looks like a monkey because he is dancing, I imagine the ladies and gentlemen who find so much pleasure in a ball, will hardly thank you for the compliment.

G. But this does not answer my question, what use there is, in these creatures’ being taught these things.

W. There is this use in it; creatures that are docile, and receive instruction readily, are often of service to man, either in helping him perform his labors, or in contributing to his innocent amusement. Their docility, therefore, is of use to us. Besides, we naturally feel an attachment to those brute creatures that receive our instructions readily; and that attachment leads us to protect them from injury, and to treat them kindly, and make their condition pleasant to them. Their docility, therefore, is of use to them­selves.

G. I suppose, then, that if we are docile, those, whose instructions we receive, will feel an attachment to us, and treat us kindly, and try to make our situa­tion pleasant.

W. Yes; and if we use what we learn, for the good of those who are around us, that will insure us the love of men,—peace in our own minds,—and what is more than all, the approbation of God.—Be­sides, when we see what dumb animals are capable of learning, whose capacity for instruction is so much less than our own, we are admonished of the duty of faithfully exercising our superior faculties, and thus acquiring a greater and greater degree of im­provement.
LXXXIII. Lesson Eighty-Third.—Docility of Birds.

1. It is known to almost all children who have ever seen a parrot, that birds of that species may be taught to speak many words, almost as distinctly as a child.

2. They are sometimes hung up in a cage by the door of a shop, where goods are sold, and are taught to speak to persons passing along the street, and ask them to walk in; and in some instances, where candy and sugar-plums are kept for sale, they are taught to tell little boys and girls how many plums they may have for a cent.

3. I was once walking along in one of the streets of the city, when my attention was drawn towards a voice that I heard, not far behind me, singing out very loud, and quite distinctly, the first line of the little Scotch song,

   "O dear! what can the matter be?"

4. I looked in the direction of the voice, and saw that it proceeded from an old parrot, hanging in his cage, at the door of a French woman who sold apples, and raisins, and oranges.

5. But there are other sorts of birds, much prettier than parrots, quite as docile, and much more interesting. I mean those beautiful little singing birds, such as linnets and Cãnãy-birds, which are kept in cages in parlors, on account of their cheerfulness and the sweetness of their song.

6. These little birds are sometimes carried about for exhibition, after they have been taught to perform
a great many of their amusing and very astonishing feats.

7. In these exhibitions, I have seen linnets pretend to be dead, and remain perfectly tranquil, and unmoved, when small cannons were fired, within an inch of their bodies, from a little wooden fort.

8. Nor is this all; these little creatures have been taught to lay hold of a match and fire off the cannons, themselves.

9. The Canary-bird, which is so named because it was first brought from the Canary Islands, is capable of becoming very much attached to the person to whom it belongs.

10. It may be taught to perch upon his shoulder, and feed from his hand; and it is wonderful how many things it may be taught to do.

11. A Frenchman, not many years ago, exhibited some Canary-birds in London, which performed several very amusing tricks, which one would hardly believe, had he not seen them.

12. One of them, taking a slender stick in its claws, passed its head between its legs, and suffered
itself to be turned round, as a bird is when the cook is roasting it.

13. Another balanced itself and was swung backwards and forwards, on a kind of slack rope. A third suffered itself to be shot at, and falling down as if dead, to be put into a little wheel-barrow, and wheeled away by one of his comrades.*

14. Partridges, also, have been taught to play the part of artillery-men. At the word of command, from their teacher, they would light their matches at a little brass furnace; and at the second command, would touch off the cannon, at the noise of which they did not seem in the least frightened.

15. At another signal, some of the little warriors fell on their sides and pretended to be dead; some limped away as if they were lame; and others cried out as if they had been wounded: but at the slightest roll of the drum, the dead partridges jumped up, the cripples recovered the use of their limbs; and all were as lively and happy as ever.

* Pronounced cum-rades
LXXXIV. LESSON EIGHTY-FOURTH.—The Sagacious Goose.

1. Many persons seem to think that a goose is a bird that has neither wit nor wisdom. They laugh at the poor harmless animal, and seem to consider it good for nothing but to be stripped of its feathers, for our beds, and to be roasted for our dinners.

2. Indeed the goose has become proverbial for its stupidity, and emblematical of a dunce; for we often hear a dull boy, or a simpleton of a man, called a goose; and the old proverb says, "If all fools wore white caps, they would look like a flock of geese."

3. Now this is doing great wrong to this useful and valuable bird, which, after all, has received from its Maker as much wisdom as it wants for its own use, and it sometimes has some left for the use of its owners.

4. The city of Rome was once saved from destruction by the cackling of a goose, which wisely
kept awake when the army of the Gauls was going to attack it, and when all the inhabitants had foolishly gone to sleep. And the story that I am now going to tell you, gives still stronger proof that a goose is sometimes a more sensible bird than he passes for.

5. "I have known one," says Mrs. Hall,—"a snowy gander,—who formed a singular and devoted attachment to a gentleman, and never deserted his side, if he could avoid it.

6. "When the gentleman rode, the poor bird ran or flew after him. When he walked, it strolled along also; and refused food, even when pressed by hunger, except from his master's hand.

7. "At dinner time he used to sit patiently outside of the window that opened upon the lawn, eyeing his protector; and standing first on one leg, and then upon the other.

8. "But the greatest proof of superior intellect, that he evinced, was, one afternoon, when following his master through some marshy ground, that skirted a neighboring bog; the gentleman, trusting to his knowledge of the dangerous district, did not take heed to his way as he ought, and presently found himself sinking into a bog-hole.

9. "The efforts he made to get out, only sunk him deeper, and he must have been inevitably swamped, had he not crossed his fowling-piece over two fallen trees, one on each side of him, and held fast by that, although he had not strength enough to free himself from the thick mud, and the rank, tangled weeds.

10. "His faithful dog, seeing his master in this dilemma, trotted off for assistance; and the gander, after walking around him, stretching his neck, and
cackling in an under tone, at length raised himself into the air, and flew round and round over his head, making, at the same time, the loudest noise that he could.

11. "This attracted some turf-cutters to the spot, and the gentleman was extricated from the bog, before his servants, alarmed by Rover's having come home without his master, had time to come to his assistance.

12. "Nothing could exceed the poor gander's delight when he saw his friend again at liberty. He rubbed himself, like a cat, against his legs, shook his wings and cackled with much glee, and I can say that, for the remainder of his life, he was treated with that high respect which was due to his eminent services."

13. I trust we shall hear no more from silly or mischievous boys, about the stupidity of a goose, until they will tell us how, if they had been in the situation of this gander, they would have contrived better than he did.

LXXXV. Lesson Eighty-Fifth.—Honesty the best Policy.

1. Honestus Woodman's cottage stood
   Just by the margin of a wood,
   Through which a river, deep and slow,
   By old trees shaded, used to flow.

2. He was not rich, this Mr. Woodman;
   But yet, he was an honest, good man,
   Who got his living by his labor;
   And Mr. Cheathim was his neighbor.

3. The little Woodmans, though 'twas cool,—
   For it was now quite late in autumn—
Went daily to a distant school,
Where a good lady came and taught ’em.

Their summer jackets, patched and thin
(For Mrs. Woodman did not patch ill),
Were buttoned up close to the chin;
And each, because he had no satchel,
Carried his slate beneath his arm,
That nothing hard might scratch or knock it:
While nuts and apples from the farm,
And his “Young Reader,” stuffed his pocket.

One morning Mr. Woodman rose;
Went out; and, by his reddening nose,
Finding it colder grew and colder,
He took his axe upon his shoulder;
For, in such keen and frosty weather,
His family, if kept together,
Would almost freeze, and that he knew well,
Without a good supply of fuel.

So out he went, and near the brook,
His stand beside a tree he took.
’Twas large—one of the largest oaks—
And long the sturdy Woodman’s strokes,
As on its trunk with force they fell,
Through all the forest echoed well.

At last, a good deal out of breath,
Though not, as boys say, “tired to death,”
Honestus Woodman thought it best
To stop a little while and rest.

But turning to sit down, he tripped
Against his axe, and in it slipped.
Down, down it sunk: his axe was gone:
And thus, aloud, he made his moan.

“Alas! alas! my axe is lost!
An axe I valued as a brother!
An axe that so much money cost!
Ali me! where shall I get another?”

Perhaps my readers ought to know,
That these things happened long ago,
In days of fable—those old times
That poets tell of in their rhymes,—
When sylphs rode round on every breeze,
When oreads danced on cliff and mountain,
When dryads dwelt in hollow trees,
And naiads lived in brook and fountain.

11. Now, when the water-nymph that drunk
The wave where Woodman's axe had sunk,
Heard his lament, she took her clothes,
And put them on, and gently rose;
And, when she saw him looking at her,
She asked him what could be the matter.

12. He told her frankly all about it:
"My friend," said she, "I do not doubt it;
I heard it plunge; and, though it lies
Below the reach of mortal eyes,
Be of good courage! never mind it!
I'll down, and see if I can find it."

13. She sank:—almost as quick as thought
She rose again, and with her brought
An axe of silver. The rich prize
She held up before Woodman's eyes,
And, with a smile and courtesy,
"Is this the axe you lost?" said she.

14. "Oh, no!" said he, and shook his head
"Well, then," the smiling naiad said,
"Here, on the bank, let this remain,
And I'll go down and try again."

15. She sank; and, instantly, behold,
Up came she, with an axe of gold.
Pure, solid gold—the helve—the head:
"Is this the axe you lost?" she said.

16. "Oh, no, no, no!" the man replied,
"This is not my old axe"—and sighed:
"This is of very different ore,
And worth, no doubt, a great deal more—
And much more brightly does it shine,
But 'tis not mine—no, 'tis not mine."
17. "Indeed!" said she, "well, let this lie
With that one, and once more I'll try."
She sunk:—she rose above the tide.
"Ay! that is my axe," Woodman cried,
As soon as she could raise and show it.

18. "I know it is," said she, "I know it
I thought your honesty to try;
And since you cannot tell a lie,
At least, sir, since you have not told one,
The steel, the silver axe, and gold one,
Are all your own: to all the three
You're welcome, for your honesty."

19. She ceased, and sunk; and Woodman gave
His last look at the closing wave,
Then homeward turned. His neighbor Cheatham
Chanced, ere he reached his home, to meet him;
And, having seen the precious load,
And learned by whom it was bestowed,
He thought he'd go and lose his axe.
So, following in his neighbor's tracks,
He reached the tree, without once stopping,
That Mr. Woodman had been chopping.

20. He cut away awhile, then stopped—
And, looking round, his axe he dropped
Into the stream. Down, down it went,  
And down sat Cheathim to lament;  
In loud and well-dissembled tone,  
Repeating Woodman's very moan.

21. "Alas! alas! my axe is lost!  
An axe I valued as a brother!  
An axe that so much money cost!  
Ah me! where shall I get another?"

22. Scarce had he finished, when, behold,  
From the deep stream that was so cold,  
By this time, that it almost froze,  
The beauteous Water-spirit rose.

23. She asked him why so loud he cried;  
He answered—"Oh, in this deep tide  
I've lost an axe, ma'am, that I prize;  
Ay—as I do my very eyes.

24. And as the weather is so cold,  
And I am getting rather old,  
I fear to plunge into this river:  
The thought's enough to make me shiver!

25. My axe! ah, sadly shall I rue it,  
If some one will not help me to it;  
Can you not now, my dear, good naiad,  
Go down and get the axe that I had?"

26. "I'll see," replied the naiad fair.  
She sunk:—she rose; and, high in air,  
Held up an axe of purest gold.

The Genius of the river cried,  
"I am not cheated though you've lied.  
This axe is mine; as for your own,  
Which you so piteously bemoan,  
If ever you again would view it,  
No doubt you'll find it where you threw it:  
Mine I shall lay up on my shelf;  
And you may dive for yours, yourself"  

Moral.—Those, who to truth most closely stick  
Are alway the most politic.
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