XXXI. Lesson Thirty-First.—The Points of Compass.

1. In the summer, the weather is generally very hot; and one day as Harry and his sister were sitting under a shady tree, picking some cowslips for their mother, Harry observed that the shadow of the tree reached almost round the stem, and he had seen in the morning, when he was at breakfast, that the shadow of the tree fell only on one side of it.

2. He asked his father, who was passing by, the reason of this, and his father took him to the door of the house, and desired him to look where the sun was; and he saw that it was opposite the door, and very high in the sky.

3. Take notice, Harry, said his father, where you see the sun now, and observe where you see it this evening, when the sun is setting.

4. Harry said he knew where the sun set—that he could not see it from the hall-door; but that he could see it from that end of the house, which was at the right hand of the hall-door, as you go out.

5. Father. Did you ever observe where it rises?

6. Harry. Yes; it rose this morning at the other end of the house.

7. Father. It did so.—Now do you know where are the South, and the North, and the East, and the West?

8. Harry. No; but I believe the side of the sky where the sun rises is called the East.

9. Father. It is so; and the side where it sets is called the West.—Now you may always know the South and the North, wherever you are, if you know where the sun either rises or sets.
10. If you know where it rises, stand with your left hand towards that part of the sky, and then the part of the sky before your face will be the South, and that part of the sky behind your back will be the North.

11. In the same manner, if you know where the sun sets, turn your right hand towards that place, and the part of the sky opposite to you will be the South.

XXXII. Lesson Thirty-Second.—*The Four Seasons.*

1. Who is this beautiful Virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot.

2. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them.

3. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests.

4. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful Virgin? If ye have, tell me who she is, and what is her name.

5. Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs.

6. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched
lips with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits—the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her.

7. The tanned hay-makers welcome her coming, and the sheep-shearer, who clips off the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears.

8. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beach tree—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears.

9. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if you know. Who is she, and what is her name?

10. Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat.

11. His hair is thin, and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful gray. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport.

12. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman’s feet.

13. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me if ye know. Who is he, and what is his name?

14. Who is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak
close about him. His head is bald: his beard is made of sharp icicles.

15. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes.

16. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice.

17. If he were to strike you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who he is, and what is his name.

XXXIII. LESSON THIRTY-THIRD.—God, our Shepherd, Parent, and King.

1. Behold the shepherd of the flock; he taketh care for his sheep; he leadeth them among the clear brooks; he guideth them to fresh pasture: if the young lambs are weary, he carrieth them in his arms; if they wander, he bringeth them back.

2. But who is the shepherd's Shepherd? Who taketh care for him? Who guideth him in the path he should go? And if he wander, who shall bring him back?

3. God is the shepherd's Shepherd: he is the Shepherd over all: he taketh care for all: the whole earth is his fold: we are all his flocks; and every herb, and every green field, is the pasture which he hath prepared for us.

4. The mother loveth her little child; she bringeth
it upon her knees; she nourisheth its body with food, she feedeth its mind with knowledge; if it is sick, she nurseth it with tender love; she watcheth over it when asleep; she forgetteth it not for a moment; she teacheth it how to be good; she rejoiceth daily in its growth.

5. But who is the parent of the mother? Who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every moment? Whose arms are about her to guard her from harm? And if she is sick, who shall heal her?

6. God is the parent of the mother; he is the parent of all, for he created all. All the men, and all the women who are alive in the wide world, are his children; he loveth all, he is good to all.

7. The king governeth his people; he hath a golden crown upon his head, and the royal sceptre is in his hand; he sitteth upon a throne, and sendeth forth his commands; his subjects fear before him; if they do well, he protecteth them from danger; and if they do evil, he punisheth them.

8. But who is the sovereign of the king? Who commandeth him what he must do? Whose hand is stretched out to protect him from danger? And if he do evil, who shall punish him?

9. God is the sovereign of the king; his crown is a crown of glory, and his throne is in heaven above. He is King of kings and Lord of lords; if he bid us live, we live; if he bid us die, we die; his dominion is over all worlds, and the light of his countenance is upon all his works.

10. God is our shepherd; therefore we will follow him: God is our father; therefore we will love him: God is our king; therefore we will obey him.
XXXIV Lesson Thirty-Fourth—The Creature not to be compared with the Creator.

1. Come, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, like the queen of all the flowers! Her leaves glow like fire; the air is filled with her sweet odor; she is the delight of every eye.

2. She is beautiful, but there is one fairer than she. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose: he is all lovely: he is the delight of every heart.

3. I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong; when he raiseth up himself from his lair, when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert hide themselves; for he is very terrible.

4. The lion is strong, but he that made the lion is stronger than he: His anger is terrible. He could make us die in a moment, and no one could save us from his hand.

5. I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on his bright throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over all the earth, he is the most glorious and excellent object the eye can behold.

6. The sun is glorious, but he that made the sun is more glorious than he. The eye beholdeth him not, for his brightness is more dazzling than we could bear. He seeth in all dark places; by night as well as by day; and the light of his countenance is over all his works.

7. What is the name of this great One, and what is he called, that my lips may praise him?
8. The name of this great Being is GOD. He made all things, but he is himself more excellent than all which he hath made; He is the Creator, they are his creatures; they may be beautiful, but he is beauty; they may be strong, but he is strength; they may be perfect, but he is perfection.

XXXV. Lesson Thirty-Fifth.—Night.

1. The glorious sun is set in the west; the night dews fall; and the air which was sultry becomes cool.

2. The flowers fold up their colored leaves: they fold themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender stalk.

3. The chickens are gathered under the hen, and are at rest; the hen herself is at rest also.

4. The little birds have ceased their warbling, they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

5. There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or amongst the honeyed woodbines: they have done their work, and lie close in their waxen cells.

6. The sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills.

7. There is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or of the trampling of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro.

8. The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter.

9. All men are stretched on their quiet beds; and the child sleeps upon the breast of its mother.

10. Darkness is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.
11. Who taketh care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approacheth?

12. There is an eye that never sleepeth; there is an eye that seeth in the dark night, as well as in the bright sunshine.

13. When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds; that eye seeth every where, in all places, and watcheth continually over all the families of the earth.

14. The eye that sleepeth not is God's; his hand is always stretched out over us.

15. He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary; he made night that we might sleep in quiet.

16. As the mother moveth about the house with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant may not be disturbed; as she draweth the curtains around its bed, and shutteth out the light from its tender eyes; so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us: so he maketh all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

17. Ye laborers spent with toil, ye young children, all ye little insects, sleep quietly, for God watcheth over you.

18. You may sleep, for he never sleeps; you may close your eyes in safety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

19. When the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eyelids, begin the day, O man, with praising God, who hath taken care of you through the night.

20. Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to his praise.
21. Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs; sing to him, before you sing to your mates.

22. Let his praise be in our hearts when we lie down; let his praise be on our lips when we awake.

XXXVI. Lesson Thirty-Sixth.—Noon.

1. Come, let us go into the thick shade, for it is the noon of the day, and the summer sun beats hot upon our heads.

2. The shade is pleasant and cool; the branches meet above our heads, and shut out the sun, as with a green curtain; the grass is soft to our feet, and a clear brook washes the roots of the trees.

3. The sloping bank is covered with flowers; let us lie down upon it; let us throw our limbs on the fresh grass, and sleep; for all things are still, and we are quite alone.

4. The cattle lie down to sleep in the cool shade, but we can do what is better; we can raise our voices to heaven; we can praise the great God who made us. He made the warm sun and the cool shade; the trees that grow upwards, and the brooks that run murmuring along. All the things that we see are his work.

5. Can we raise our voices up to the high heaven? Can we make Him hear who is above the stars? Yes; for he heareth us when we only whisper; when we breathe out words softly, with a low voice. He that filleth the heavens is here also.

6. May we that are so young speak to him that always was?
7. May we, that can hardly speak plain, speak to God?
8. We, that are so young, are but lately made alive; therefore we should not forget his forming hand, who hath made us alive. We, that cannot speak plain, should lisp out praises to him who teacheth us how to speak, and hath opened our dumb lips.
9. When we could not think of him, he thought of us; before we could ask him to bless us, he had already given us many blessings.
10. He fashioneth our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow: he maketh us strong, tall, and nimble.
11. Every day we are more active than the former day; therefore every day we ought to praise him better than the former day.
12. The buds spread into leaves, and the blossoms swell to fruit; but they know not how they grow, nor who causeth them to spring up from the bosom of the earth.
13. Ask them, if they will tell thee; bid them break forth into singing, and fill the air with pleasant sounds.
14. They smell sweet; they look beautiful; but they are quite silent: no sound is in the still air; no murmur of voices among the green leaves.
15. The plants and trees are made to give fruit to man; but man is made to praise God who made him.
16. We love to praise him, because he loveth to bless us; we thank him for life, because it is a pleasant thing to be alive.
17. We love God, who hath created all beings; we love all beings, because they are the creatures of God.
18. We cannot be good, as God is good to all persons every where; but we can rejoice, that every where there is a God to do them good.
19. We will think of God when we play, and when we work; when we walk out, and when we come in; when we sleep, and when we wake, his praise shall dwell continually on our lips.

XXXVII. Lesson Thirty-Seventh.—The Lark.

1. An old Lark, who had a nest of young ones in a field of corn which was almost ripe, was not a little afraid the reapers would be set to work before her lovely brood were fledged enough to be able to remove from the place.

2. One morning, therefore, before she took her flight, to seek for something to feed them with, "My dear little creatures," said she, "be sure that, in my absence, you take the strictest notice of every word you hear, and do not fail to tell me as soon as I come home."

3. Some time after she was gone, in came the owner of the field, and his son.—"Well, George," said he, "this corn, I think, is ripe enough to be cut down; so, to-morrow morning, go as soon as you can see, and desire our friends and neighbors to come and help us; and tell them that we will do as much for them the first time they want us."

4. When the old Lark came back to her nest, the young ones began to nestle and chirp about her; begging her, after what they had heard, to remove them as soon as she could.

5. "Hush!" said she; "hold your silly tongues. if the farmer depends upon his friends and his neighbors, you may take my word for it that his corn will not be reaped to-morrow." The next
morning, therefore, she went out again, and left the same orders as before.

6. The owner of the field came soon after, to wait for those he had sent to; but the sun grew hot, and not a single man came to help him. "Why, then," said he to his son, "I'll tell you what, my boy; you see, those friends of ours have forgot us; you must therefore run to your uncles and cousins, and tell them that I shall expect them to-morrow, early, to help us to reap."

7. Well, this also the young ones told their mother as soon as she came home; and in a sad fright they were. "Never mind it, children," said the old one; "for if that be all, you may take my word for it, that his brethren and kinsmen will not be so forward to assist him as he seems willing to believe. But mark," said she, "what you hear the next time; and let me know without fail."

8. The old Lark went abroad the next day as before; but when the poor farmer found that his kinsmen were as backward as his neighbors, "Why, then," said he, "since your uncles and cousins so
neglect us, do you get," said he to his son, "a
couple of good sickles against to-morrow morning,
and we will even reap the corn ourselves, my
boy!"

9. When the young ones told their mother this,
"Now, my little dears," said she, "we must be
gone indeed; for when a man resolves to do his
own work himself, you may then depend upon it
that it will be done."

XXXVIII. LESSON THIRTY-EIGHT.—The Lion
and the Mouse: A Fable.

1. A noble Lion, faint with heat, and weary
with hard hunting, lay down to refresh himself
with a nap in the entrance of a large cave. While
he was asleep, a number of Mice ran over his
back, and waked him.

2. Upon this, starting up in a rage, and clapping
his paw upon one of them, "You little
scrambling rogue," said he, "how came you to
be so bold as to disturb my rest? But I warrant
you I will put an end to your saucy pranks for
the time to come."

3. "Indeed, sir," said the little creature, "I
meant no harm; upon my word and honor I did
not. Besides, sir, you see I am a Mouse; and it
would be a great disgrace to such a noble beast
as the monarch of the forest, to take his revenge
on such a little thing as I am."

4. The good Lion could not help laughing at his
excuse; but as he thought there was some reason
in what he said, he was content to let him go.

5. Not long after, as the same Lion was roaming
over the forest in search of his prey, he had the ill
luck to run into a strong net, which had been laid for him by the hunters; and not being able to force his way out of it, down he fell, and set up such a fearful roar as made the ground tremble under him.

6. The poor Mouse, knowing the voice, in a moment ran as fast as he could to see what was the matter. When he came to the spot, and beheld the Lion foaming at the mouth with rage: "Come, noble sir," said he, "let me beg of you not to disturb yourself; but lie still a minute or two; your poor little scrambling rogue will set you free, or die for it!"

7. The Mouse was as good as his word, for to work he went in an instant, and with his sharp little teeth gnawed in two the knots and meshes of the net, and left the noble Lion to go where he pleased.

8. We may learn from this fable, that there is no person so little, but that the greatest may, at some time or other, stand in need of his help.

XXXIX. Lesson Thirty-Ninth.—The Discontented Squirrel.

1. In a pleasant wood, on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a Squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy:

2. "What, must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in a hole!

3. "I see a great many of the birds who inhabit this wood ramble about to a distance, wherever their fancy leads them, and at the approach of winter, set
out for some remote country, where they enjoy summer weather all the year round.

4. "My neighbor Cuckoo tells me he is just going; and even little Nightingale will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings like them, but I have legs nimble enough; and if one does not use them, one might as well be a mole or a dormouse.

5. "I dare say I could easily reach to that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees; which must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears all covered with red and yellow, and the finest colors imaginable.

6. "There can be no harm, at least, in trying; for I can soon get back again if I don't like it. I am resolved to go, and I will set out to-morrow morning."

7. When Squirrel had taken this resolution, he could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and at peep of day, prudently taking with him as much provision as he could conveniently carry, he began his journey in high spirits.

8. He presently got to the outside of the wood, and entered upon the open fields that reached to the foot of the hills. These he crossed before the sun was very high; and then, having eaten his breakfast with an excellent appetite, he began to ascend.

9. It was heavy, toilsome work, scrambling up the steep sides of the mountains; but Squirrel was used to climbing, so for a while he proceeded expeditiously.

10. Often, however, was he obliged to stop and take breath; so that it was a good deal past noon before he had arrived at the summit of the first cliff. Here he sat down to eat his dinner; and looking back, was wonderfully pleased with the fine prospect.

11. The wood in which he lived lay far beneath
his feet; and he viewed with scorn the humble habitation in which he had been born and bred.

12. When he looked forward, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence rose above him, full as distant as that to which he had already reached; and he now began to feel stiff and fatigued.

13. However, after a little rest, he set out again, though not so briskly as before. The ground was rugged, brown, and bare; and to his great surprise, instead of finding it warmer as he got nearer the sun, he felt it grow colder and colder.

14. He had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits were almost spent; and he seriously thought of giving up the point, and returning before night should come on.

15. While he was thus deliberating with himself, clouds began to gather round the mountain, and to take away all view of distant objects.

16. Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came down, driven by a violent wind, which pelted poor Squirrel most pitifully, and made him quite unable to move forwards or backwards.

17. Besides, he had completely lost his road, and did not know which way to turn towards that despised home, which it was now his only desire to reach again.

18. The storm lasted till the approach of night; and it was as much as he could do, benumbed and weary as he was, to crawl to the hollow of a rock at some distance, which was the best lodging he could find for the night.

19. His provisions were spent; so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the furthest corner of the cavern, and rolling himself up, with his bushy tail
over his back, he got a little sleep, though disturbed by the cold, and the shrill whistling of the wind amongst the stones.

20. The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced, as well as he could, towards the brow of the hill, that he might discover which way to take.

21. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring in the air above, descried him, and making a stoop, carried him off in her talons.

22. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become food for the kite's young ones; when an eagle, who had seen the kite seize her prey, pursued her in order to take it from her, and overtaking her, gave her such a buffet, as caused her to drop the squirrel in order to defend herself.

23. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree the leaves and tender boughs of which so
broke his fall, that, though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury, and after lying awhile, came to himself again.

24. But what was his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest. Ah! said he, my dear native place and peaceful home! If ever I am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo a second time all the miseries and dangers from which I have now so wonderfully escaped.

XL. Lesson Fortieth.—The Girl that teased her Mother.

1. Little Grace is very apt indeed to tease her mother. If her sisters have a pretty picture-book, she will say, over and over again, "Mother, may I have that book?" and by and by she will grow fretful, and half-crying will say, "Mother, mother, I say, must n't Charlotte give me that book?"

2. Now this is very wrong. Little Grace should never ask for any thing but once; because her mother is a good deal older than she is, and knows what is best for Grace, better than she does herself; and because her mother is a very good mother, and will certainly give her own little girl what she wants, if it is proper for her to have it.

3. Charlotte was very willing that her little sister should sit in her lap, and look at the pretty pictures of horses, and cows, and lambs, and butterflies, which were painted in the little book; but she did not want Grace to put her fingers on them, because she had been eating barley-candy.

4. Grace ought to have loved her sister for being
so kind; and she ought not to have asked twice if she might take the book in her hand.

5. At the dinner table, when her mother puts a piece of good meat, or some ripe fruit upon her plate, little Grace will sometimes tease for mince-pie and raisins.

6. It is very naughty for Grace to do so. Mince-pie and raisins are very bad for little girls; and when her mother says, "I cannot give it to you," she should never think of asking again.

7. One day, Grace teased for some wine,—and her mother told her it would make her head ache; but Grace asked twice. Her mother let her taste of the wine; and presently her head ached very much indeed.

8. This made her feel cross; and when her little playmate, Thomas, came up to speak to her, she pushed him, and said, "Go away, Tom!"

9. Her mother told her it was very naughty to speak so to a good little boy; and Grace cried, and said that her head ached very much. And her mother said, "I told you the wine would make your head ache. You must not ask me twice, when I tell you a thing is not good for you."

10. Grace said she would not; and I hope she never will. When little Thomas comes to see her, I hope she will not say, "Go away, Tom!" but will ask him to sit down, or to go out into the field and play, and will treat him very kindly indeed.

11. When little girls tease, they make themselves cross and uncomfortable; but if they mind their mothers, they will be as good-natured and happy as little kittens, all day long.
LESSON FORTY-FIRST.—The Good Samaritan: A Parable.

1. A certain lawyer, said unto Jesus, Who is my neighbor?
2. And Jesus, answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.
3. And they stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.
4. And, by chance, a certain priest came down that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.
5. And also a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side,
6. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him,
7. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.
8. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out twopence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him;
9. And whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.
10. Which, now, of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?
11. And he said, He that showed mercy on him.
12. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise.
XLII. LESSON FORTY-SECOND.—The Swan.

1. All birds that swim in the water are web-footed. Their toes are joined together by a skin that grows between them; that is being web-footed, and it helps the birds to swim well, for then their feet are like the fins of a fish.

2. The Swan says, My name is Swan: I am a large bird, larger than a goose. My bill is red, but the sides of it are black, and I have black about my eyes. My legs are dusky, but my feet are red, and I am web-footed.

3. My body is all white, as white as snow, and very beautiful. I have a very long neck. I live in rivers and lakes. I eat plants that grow in the water, and seeds, and little insects, and snails.

4. I do not look pretty when I walk upon the ground, for I cannot walk well at all; but when I am in the water, swimming smoothly along, arching my long neck, and dipping my white breast, with which I make way through the water, I am the most graceful of all birds.

5. I build my nest in a little island, amongst the reeds and rushes. I make it of sticks and long grass; it is very large and high.

6. Then I lay my eggs, which are white and very large, larger a great deal than a goose’s egg; and I sit upon them for two months; then they are hatched, and my young ones come out.

7. They are called cygnets. They are not white at first, but grayish. If any body was to come near me, when I am in my nest, sitting upon my eggs, or when I have my young ones, I should fly at him, for I am very fierce to defend my young; and if you
were to come and take them away, I should beat you down with my strong pinion, and perhaps break your arm. I live a very great while.

XLIII. Lesson Forty-Third.—How to make the Best of it.

1. Robinet, a peasant of Lorrain, after a hard day's work at the next market-town, was returning home with a basket in his hand.

2. What a delicious supper I shall have! (said he to himself.) This piece of kid, well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for a bishop. Then I have a good piece of a barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!

3. A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. Ha! (thought he) what a nice present a nest of young squirrels would be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it.

4. Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh.

5. He made all possible haste to get down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. Robinet looked after him—Well (said he), then I must be content with a soup-meagre—and no bad thing neither!
6. He travelled on, and came to a little public house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited Robinet to take a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench by him.

7. A tame raven, which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. Robinet did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again.

8. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. Well (says he), my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good at least.

9. He went on again, and arrived at a little brook over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up to pass at the same time, Robinet gallantly offered her his hand.

10. As soon as she had got to the middle, either through fear or sport she shrieked out, and said that she was falling. Robinet, hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream.

11. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it out, he perceived that all the salt was melted, and the pepper washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions.

12. Well (says Robinet), then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had. So saying, he trudged on singing as before.
XLIV. Lesson Forty-Fourth.—*Never Fight.*

“Fight him; that’s right,” said a big boy to little John Miller; “give him his own.”

Now, John, instead of coming home from school directly, stopped on the way, at a corner, where a number of boys were gathered together, and one of them caught off his hat to tease him.

“Give me my hat,” said John. “Give me my hat,” said the boy, mocking him. “Hurrah! look here, boys,” said he, “see how high this hat will go;” and away he threw John’s hat into the air.

John ran to pick it up, but the other boy ran too, and both trying to get it at once, they fell down upon it, and mashed and trampled it in the dirt.

As soon as John got up, and saw his hat spoiled, he flew at the other boy, and struck him. “That’s right,” said the boys—and one of them called out, “Strip and fight, and *I’ll* see fair play.”

The boys gathered round, and John stood very angrily, looking at his hat and then at the boy who had treated him so.

He *did* think once, and twice too, of what his father and mother had often said to him; “Never fight: if other boys treat you ill, be kind to them in return; as the Bible says, ‘Bless them that curse you.’”

And he turned once to go, but the boys all called out, “Give it to him—have a fight with him—don’t be a coward.” John looked at his hat, and looked at the other boy, and he forgot his father, and mother, and the Bible, and his God too, and he stripped off his coat, and ran at the boy with his fist.
“I'll hold your coat,” said one of the boys.

“Come on then,” said John: and these naughty boys fought till they were parted by some one passing that way. John took up his hat, and got home as well as he could.

“Where's John?” said his father; “why does he not come in to his dinner?” The other children looked at their mother anxiously, and she said, “John is ashamed to come in—he has been behaving himself very badly, and he is not fit to be seen. I sent him by himself, and after dinner, you will see him and talk to him.”

“John has been fighting,” whispered little Charles to his sister.

After dinner, John's father called his little boy to him. John came forward trying to hide his face. His clothes were dusty and torn, and as his father took down his hand with which he had been trying to cover his eyes, he was, indeed, as his mother had said, “not fit to be seen.”

His eye was black and his face scratched, and he did not look at all like the pleasant, clean little boy, who had been sent to school that morning by his kind mother, with a charge to go with no bad boys, but to come home immediately from school, as soon as it was out.

John's father looked at him for a few minutes with great sorrow, and then said, “How came you in this condition, my son?”

“Sam Drake fought with me, sir,” said John; and he began to cry. “You mean you have been fighting with Sam Drake,” said his father.

John. He took my hat, sir, and threw it in the dirt.

Father. And then did you pick it up, and come quietly home?
John. No, sir. We fell upon it together, and then I struck him.

Father. How shameful! Could you, my son, bear to be seen behaving yourself so disgracefully? Then did he strike you again?

John. No, sir; not till we began to fight.

Father. Who began first?

John. I did, sir. The boys said I should not take it of him, but should give him his own. So I dared him to fight me.

Father. That is, you challenged him, and as far as you were able, you have been fighting a duel.

John. A duel, sir? What is that?

Father. Just what you have been doing, only men, who are angry at each other and fight, generally take swords or pistols or some deadly weapon; and if any such had been there at the time, I have no doubt that, in your rage, you would have used it.

John. I had to fight. The boys all said, that I should be a coward if I did not fight.

Father. You showed yourself a greater coward by fighting; for you were afraid of the ridicule of a few wicked boys, and that for doing right. The poor wretched men who fight duels, talk in the same way. If you had true courage, you would dare to do your duty in the face of all the laughter and ridicule that the boys could heap upon you. And yet you dared to do more than I would have done.

"How, sir?" said John, in a low voice.

Father. You dared to offend God, by going directly contrary to what he tells you, in his blessed word. This same spirit which leads you, to fight thus with your school-fellows, will lead you, if God spares you to be a man, to fight a duel with pistols. If any one offends you, and your companions say
you must fight or they will call you a coward, you will fight, and perhaps commit murder or be murdered yourself, and stand before God in judgment, with all your sins upon your head.

My son, never be enticed or provoked to this again. Always remember that the Bible says, “It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression;” and never go into the company of boys who will urge you on to break the commandments of God.

XLV. LESSON FORTY-FIFTH.—I did n’t think.

A little boy was once asked a question about his lesson, which he could not answer. The question was a plain one. His teacher put the question to the next boy, who answered it immediately; when the first boy cried out—“O, I did n’t think.”

I have often thought of this little boy’s expression, when engaged in my duties in school, and perhaps if I explain my meaning, some children may be able to understand it.

If I see a scholar looking about heedlessly, or turning his head at every move in the school-room (and I do sometimes see it), I say, surely that boy “don’t think,” or he would not thus break the rules of the school, and grieve his teacher’s heart.

When I find a scholar frequently absent from school, or late in his attendance, I always conclude that he “don’t think,” for he usually has a poor lesson, and, very frequently, none at all.

Some children and young people will not go to school. I pity them in my heart. They say they are too ignorant—too old, or too much occupied in other things. Surely they “don’t think,” or they
would not say they are too ignorant to need instruction, or too old to get it; since they will have much use for it—nor too busy to attend to the very thing for which they were born.

When I see children careless of advice, bent on the indulgence of their own wishes, and indifferent to the future, I know that I may say of them, "they don't think," or they would not thus throw away their time, and lose the best things in this life, and the hopes of a life to come, for trifles that are really not worth thinking about.

I have only time to say to all children, that they will never get good lessons—nor love the school—nor please their teachers—nor, above all, please God—unless they think.

XLVI. LESSON FORTY-SIXTH.—Edward and the Cat.

1. "Mother," said little Edward, one day, "our cat ought to be killed." His mother wondered to hear her little boy talk so, and look so cross too; and she said, "Why, Edward, what has poor puss done?"

2. "Why, mother, I give her milk and meat, and make a nice bed for her, and all, and yet she won't mind a word I say; when I go to drive her out of the room, she won't go unless she wants to, and when I go to push her, she growls, and sometimes she will not let me even stroke her back."

3. "And she ought to be killed, because she does not love nor mind you?" said his mother. "Yes, ma'am, when I am so kind to her." "But stop, my son, and think a little;—poor puss is a dumb animal;
she does not know right from wrong; cannot you forgive her?"

4. Edward looked a little ashamed at being so unmerciful, but he said rather pettishly, "I wish we had a kind cat; I don't like cross ones."

5. His mother did not say anything more at that time, but she remembered how Edward wanted to have the poor cat put to death, for she was sorry to think he showed so little mercy, and that he thought so much of his own kindness.

6. The Lord said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Now little Edward wanted mercy for the cat, and he wanted meekness, for he could not bear that even poor puss should not obey and love him for his kindness.

7. Therefore, as I told you, his mother was sorry; for she loved God and believed his word, and she did all in her power to make her little son fear and love him.

8. The next day Edward was sitting by the fire shelling some corn for his chickens, and looking very happy, when his mother said, "My son, that is a nice fire; are you warm and comfortable?"

9. "O yes, ma'am." "Are your shoes and clothes warm and whole?" "Why yes, mother, you know I have very good clothes, and a great coat, and all."

10. "Is your bed soft and warm?" "Why, mother, what makes you ask me so? you know there are two or three blankets on it, and I almost always sleep warm the whole night without waking."

11. "Never mind why I ask you yet," said his mother; "only answer me;—Have you good food and drink?" "Yes, ma'am, and often more than I
want." "Where do all these good things come from?" "God gives them to me, mother." "Do you then love him, and mind him, and try to please him always?"

12. Edward knew he did not, and so he did not like to speak—he held his head down, and his mother said, "Then, my son, don't you think you ought to be killed?" The little boy opened his eyes wide, saying, "Mother! killed!"

13. "Why," said his mother, "you certainly must think so. Who thought the cat ought to be killed, because she did not love him and mind him when he was kind to her?" "I did, ma'am," said Edward; and his face turned red, for he began to see now why his mother had asked all these questions.

XLVII. Lesson Forty-Seventh.—Perseverance.

1. "Indeed, I cannot do all this long piece of work, this afternoon, mother," said Margaret, quite sorrowfully, "it is so late, and I want to go and see those little girls at aunt Mary's."

2. "You cannot go to your aunt Mary's, Margaret, until your work is finished. You do not know, my child, how great things may be accomplished by industry and perseverance.

3. "Sit still, and do not go running about from one thing to another, as you do sometimes, and you will see that your work will be done in time."

4. "Indeed, it is quite impossible, mother," Margaret replied, her eyes filling with tears that were just ready to flow; but her mother had left the room. And Margaret feared that it was in vain she had hoped to enjoy the expected pleasure.
5. She held up the hopeless task before her: "All this seam to sew,* and then so many yards to hem, I cannot get it done, it is impossible," she again repeated, as she let it fall in despair.

6. But after a few moments' reflection she took it up, and very sadly sat down to work. Margaret worked on steadily, and she was soon surprised to find that she had so much done, and she determined to sit still, as her mother had said, and see how nearly she could finish her work.

7. Soon her brother Charles came in. "Make haste, Margaret," said he, "and see this parade in the street; it is very fine indeed." Margaret wished to go very much; but she looked at her work, and replied, that she was very busy, and he must excuse her.

8. Charles laughed, and went without her. Her little sister then invited her to come and play with her, and dress her new waxen doll. But Margaret did not rise from her seat, and before the appointed time she had the pleasure of taking her work to her mother entirely finished.

9. "I am glad to see, my dear child," said her mother, "that you have thus conquered the indolence and restlessness of your disposition. I knew you could do what I asked you, in good time, if you would try.

10. "I wished you to go to your aunt Mary's, as the little girls you will see there are the daughters of an old friend of mine. And now, as you have felt the satisfaction of exerting yourself to do well, I hope you will never forget this afternoon's lesson."

* Pronounced sow
XLVIII. LESSON FORTY-EIGHT.—Cruelty to Animals.

1. I was walking along the street one day, and I heard a great noise of shouting and laughing behind me. So I turned to see what it was.

2. There was a party of boys, running and clapping their hands, and, in the midst of them, a poor miserable little kitten, which looked as if it had been dipped in water many times, and these wicked boys had tied fast to it an old tin cup.

3. The cup was heavy, and made such a noise whenever the poor little creature moved, that it was frightened, and would try to run; but being weak, and bruised, would fall, and then try to jump up again.

4. I cannot tell you, children, how pitiful and sorrowful this poor little animal looked, when she would stop every now and then, and look up in their faces, and mew.

5. I thought, if she could speak, this is what she would say: “Pity me, pity me, little boys; I am sick and wretched, and have no one to take my part; take away this frightful thing from me, and let me go away into some corner and die.

6. “Oh! little boys, God, who looks down from heaven, takes no pleasure in seeing you torment me. I am his creature, poor and miserable as I am, and he will punish you for such cruelty.”

7. But these hard-hearted children ran on, and I could not stop them. Now you know our Savior says, that not even a little sparrow falls to the ground without its Maker’s notice. And do you think that “the eyes of the Lord,” which the Bible says “are
in every place, beholding the evil and the good,” did not look down with displeasure on those cruel boys, and mark the agony they caused the distressed little kitten?

8. I have seen boys throwing stones at horses to make them run, and following them up with stones hurting them and keeping them fretted and running some time. A horse is a noble animal, and of so much use, that it is ungrateful, as well as cruel, to treat him ill.

9. I have read that even the wild Arabs are kind to their horses, and these animals show that they know what kindness is. If an Arab falls from his mare, and cannot get up, she will stand still and neigh until some one comes to help him. If he lies down to sleep in the midst of the desert, she will stand by and watch him, and neigh to rouse him if man or beast comes near.

10. I dare say you have read many little stories about the faithfulness of dogs; like that of the poor traveller who was frozen to death in the road, and his faithful dog was found watching the dead body.

11. I knew a little girl who had a West India bird, called a Mackaw, something like a Parrot; the little girl was very kind to the bird, and fed him every day, and took care of him.

12. Whenever he saw her coming, he would ruffle his feathers and come to her. He grew very sick, and for a long time she nursed him very kindly. She used to call him Johnsy, a queer name for a bird, but it pleased the little girl.

13. One morning she came to feed Johnsy: He was sitting on a low perch, and as soon as he saw her coming, he came down slowly, and crawled to her feet, and lay down, and died.
14. He had fine, long red feathers: she took them and kept them a long while, and buried him by the side of a little white cat named Lily.

15. This cat was treated very kindly by the children of the family, and when she died, a lady wrote these verses about her:

Poor Lily! long shall memory trace
Thy playful tricks, thy snowy face;
While Spring her earliest sweets shall shed,
And deck with flowers thy peaceful bed.

16. These children, I am sure, were much happier than the wicked boys who tormented the poor little kitten.

XLIX. LESSON FORTY-NINTH.—The Nettle: A Dialogue between Anne and her Father.

A. O, father! I have stung my hand with that nasty nettle.

F. Well, my dear, I am sorry for it: but pull up that large dock leaf that you see near it;—now bruise the juice out of it upon the part that you have stung. —Well, is the pain lessened?

A. O, very much indeed—I hardly feel it now. But I wish there was not a nettle in the world. I am sure I do not know what use there can be in them.

F. If you knew any thing of botany, Anne, you would not say so.

A. What is botany, father?

F. Botany, my dear, is the first thing Adam ever learned.

A. I do not understand you.

F. Botany is the knowledge of plants, and
these were the first things that man became acquainted with.

A. O, dear father, tell me how.

F. Man, you know, was created out of the dust of the earth; and when he rose from the ground, he saw himself everywhere surrounded with plants. The rearing of them became his first care, their fruit his first food, and marking their kinds his first knowledge.

Botany, therefore, must have been as old as man's creation; for at that time, the Bible tells us, that 'God planted a garden eastward in Eden for Adam, that he might dress it and till it.'

A. That is very true indeed;—but did any one else in the Bible ever learn botany?

F. Yes; not only the first man, but the wisest man in the world turned his mind to it.

A. Do you mean Solomon?

F. I do.

A. Did Solomon study botany?

F. So the Bible tells us. He considered the subject with great attention, learned the names and uses of every plant, and discoursed of trees from the largest to the smallest, from 'the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop* that groweth out of the wall.'

Even our Savior himself condescended to notice plants, and pointed them out to his disciples to instruct them in the wisdom, power, and providence of God. 'Behold,' said he, 'the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them.'

A. O, a lily indeed is a beautiful flower; and if there were such growing in our fields, I am sure I

*Pronounced his'zop.
should not complain of them. But this ugly nettle! I do not know what beauty, use, or instruction there could be in that.

F. And yet, Anne, there is more beauty, use, and instruction in a nettle than even in a lily.

A. O, father, how can you make that out?

F. Put on your gloves, pluck up that nettle, and let us examine it. First look at the flower.

A. The flower, father!—I see no flower—unless you call that cluster of little ragged knobs, flowers, which have neither color nor smell, and are not much larger than the heads of pins.

F. Here, take this magnifying glass, and examine them.

A. O, I see now;—every little knob is folded up in leaves like a rose-bud. Perhaps there is a flower inside.

F. Try—take this pin, and touch the knob. Well, what do you see?

A. O, how curious!

F. What is curious?

A. The moment I touched it, it flew open; a little cloud rose out of it like enchantment, and four beautiful little stems sprung up as if they were alive; and now that I look again with the glass, I see an elegant little flower as nice and perfect as a lily itself.

F. Well, now examine the leaves.

A. O, I see they are all covered over with little bristles: and when I examine them with a glass, I see a little bag filled with a juice like water at the bottom of each.—Ha! these are the things that stung me.

F. Now touch the little bag with the point of the pin.
A. O, when I press the bag the juice runs up, and comes out at the small point at the top; so I suppose the little thorn must be hollow inside, though it is finer than the point of my cambric needle?

F. Have all the leaves those stings?

A. No, father; some of the young ones are quite green and soft, like velvet, and I may handle them without any danger.

F. Now look at the stem, and break it.

A. O, I can easily crack it, but I cannot break it quite off; for the bark is so strong, that it holds it together.

F. Well, now you see there are more curious things in a nettle than you expected.

A. O, indeed, I see that. But you often told me that God made nothing in vain, or without its use; and I am sure I cannot see any use for all these things.

F. That we will now consider. You saw the little flower burst open—a cloud rose, you say, like enchantment—and stems spring up as if they were alive. Now all this is necessary for the nature of the plant.

There are many thousand plants in the world; and it pleased God, in his wisdom, to make them all different. Some have parts that others want, and some have different flowers on different stems.

Look at that nettle on the opposite side of the road; you see that it is not exactly the same as the one you examined.

A. No, father; this has little flat seeds instead of flowers.

F. Very right, my dear. Now, in order to make these seeds grow, it is necessary that the little
flower of this plant, and the seed of that, should be together, as they are in others: but this, you see, is impossible; for they cannot move about like animals, but are fixed to the spot.

The wisdom of God, therefore, has provided a remedy for this; for when you touched the flower, the outside leaves immediately burst open; and if you had not done so, they would in time burst open themselves: then they threw out a little fine powder, which you saw like a cloud: this was conveyed by the air to the other plant at the opposite side of the road; and then, when it touched the seed, it gave it power to grow, and produce a new plant when the other withered and died away.

A. That's very curious indeed; and I see the use of the little cloud and the flower;—but the leaf that stung me—what use can that be of?—There, father, I am afraid you will be puzzled to tell me that.

F. God has given to all his creatures some kind of defence, that they may protect themselves; and for this purpose the bull has horns, and the nettle stings. But even these stings are made of use to man. There are certain diseases which require sharp remedies.

I am sorry, my love, that you had occasion to know this; for once you were in pain, and your good uncle, the doctor, thought it necessary to put a blister on the part, and by that means you got relief.

Well, the poor people cannot always get a blister, so they frequently use nettles. They strike the part that is in pain, and the points entering the skin, it presses on the little bags at the bottom; the juice is then forced up, and comes out at the point; and wherever it is left behind it leaves a little blister, which gives great relief to the pain.
You remember poor Kitty Watson, she could not sleep with pains in the night, and old Thomas Stafford had lost the use of his limbs; and they both say they were relieved by nettles.

But when there is no occasion to use them in this way, and you accidentally stung your hand with them, you found a plant near them, and the mild juice of the one immediately corrected the sharp pain of the other; so that you see how good Providence is.

When the nettle is wanted for a remedy, it removes the pain of the sick; when it is not necessary for that purpose, the dock leaf grows by the side of it, to heal the pain that it may give.

A. But some of the leaves would not sting. Are they of any use?

F. Yes, of great use. There are many people in the world who do not think it right to eat meat, at some seasons of the year, particularly at a time which occurs in spring. They therefore make themselves food of boiled vegetables, which they call Lent porridge.

As this occurs at a time of the year when any green thing is difficult to be found, the young nettle, which shoots out very early, is used for this purpose; and it is very good and wholesome food.

A. Now for the stalk, father.

F. You saw how very tough the fibres or strings of the bark were: they are for that reason often used as hemp or flax. There is a plant called hemp-nettle, which the farmers of Yorkshire, in England, sow in their gardens for the purpose.

When ripe, it is steeped in water, the stem decays, and the bark remains in strings: these are dressed like flax, and the farmers weave them into strong bags, frock coats, and other useful things.
A. Well, I am sure I never thought of such things when I have trampled on a poor nettle; and I am very much obliged to you, father, for instructing me.

F. I would wish to instruct you a little more, my child, and on a still more important point. You were angry and impatient when the nettle stung you, and seemed to be displeased at that which God had made; but you see how good and perfect is the thing that you despised, and wished had never been in the world.

Every thing, when examined, is equally a proof of God's wisdom and goodness. He, indeed, has made every thing for the use of man; and the Scripture truly says, when he made it, "he saw that it was very good."

In this way he creates nothing in vain: every thing may be applied to some useful purpose, and not only this, but whatever comes from his hands is most beautiful and curious, and no human being could ever make any thing like it.

The Bible tells us, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work;' and so does every thing else in nature; God is every where, and his hand is in all things; you see him in the sun, moon, and stars, which glitter in the sky; and you see him in the humble nettle, which you despise and trample on.

LESSON FIFTIETH.—Gambling: A Dialogue between Samuel and Joseph.

Samuel. Come, leave your top, and let's go and toss buttons. Brother John won ever so many the
other day, and he said he should have had more, but
the boys got to fighting and broke up.

Joseph. My father does not think it right to play
so, and he told me never to do it.

Samuel. Where's the harm of tossing up with
buttons, I wonder?

Joseph. He says, the boys that play so with but­
tons, soon learn to toss up cents; and then they learn
to cheat and steal to get cents to play with, and as
soon as they grow bigger they play cards and gamble,
and get into the penitentiary; and that it often happens
that they fight, and sometimes the one kills the
other, and comes to the gallows.

Samuel. How does he know all that?

Joseph. He says he knows grown up men that
have gambled away all their money, and that they
began in this way. And he told me about apprentice
boys, that stole money from their masters to play
cards with. He says, if you see a boy tossing but­
tons, the next thing will be cents, and then you'll
hear of his playing cards, and then of his stealing
money to buy lottery tickets.

Samuel. I wish I had a lottery ticket. I heard
the other day of a man that drew a prize of twenty
thousand dollars. I suppose that was wrong too,
wasn't it?

Joseph. You need not laugh, Sam: father says
buying lottery tickets is gambling too, and that
people ought to work and attend to their business,
and do what the Bible tells them, and they will get
enough. He says boys that try to get money by
pitching cents, and lotteries, and such things, lose
their characters, and grow tricky and lazy, and, if
they do not break right off, always come to a bad
end.
Samuel. Well, I know a great many boys that do it.

Joseph. Are they steady, honest boys? Do they never cheat? Would you trust any of them with money, if you had it?

Samuel. I don't know—I can't say I would.

Joseph. Do they never fight nor swear?

Samuel. Why I can't say but they do.

Joseph. Do they go to school and to church?

Samuel. I do know some scholars that pitch buttons, and cents too.

Joseph. None in our school do so; our teacher tells us how wrong it is. He says he did see one or two scholars the other day at it, among a parcel of boys, and he was ashamed of them, and told them they would lose their characters.

Samuel. How so?

Joseph. He says a boy's character is not worth much that is seen in such company. And he hopes, now they are told of it, they will not do so again. Now, tell me, Sam, when you pitch cents and lose, do you not feel as if you would do almost any thing to get more to begin again.

Samuel. Well, I do, to be sure.

Joseph. And don't you think that young men that play cards and other such games, feel just so too? And if they are in a store, and their master's money is where they can get at it, wouldn't they take some?

Samuel. I don't know but they would; perhaps they might.

Joseph. I heard, the other day, of a very young man, who was clerk of a store in New York, who took so much of his master's money, that at last he was found out, and for fear of the shame and punishment, he ran off, and has not been heard of.
No, Sam; I'll not go and play any such plays with you, for it is quite wrong, and contrary to God's word, and nothing but trouble and sin will come of it. So, if you will stay among boys that do so, you and I must part. Good bye.

II. Lesson Fifty-First.—Saturday Night.

1. How pleasant is Saturday night
   When I've tried all the week to be good,
   Not spoken a word that was bad,
   And obliged every one that I could!

2. To-morrow the Holy day comes,
   Which our merciful Father has given,
   That we may have rest from our work,
   And prepare for the joys of his heaven.

LII. Lesson Fifty-Second.—Gratitude to Teachers.

1. I ought to remember the kindness of those
   Who teach me at school with such trouble and pains
   'Tis better than giving me money or clothes,
   For when they are gone, yet my learning remains.

2. I mean to be thankful so long as I live,
   And though I can never repay them, I'm sure,
   My love and my duty I'm able to give,
   And these they shall have, if I'm ever so poor.

3. I'll do as they bid me, and mind what they say,
   And never be stubborn, or sulky, or bold;
   But come in good time, without stopping to play,
   And try to remember whatever I'm told.
4. If there’s any thing else I can think of to do,
    I’ll not be ungrateful, and that they shall find.
    I always shall love them, and honor them too,
    And I hope God will bless them for being so kind.

LIII. Lesson Fifty-Third.—Evening at Home after going to School.

1. When my father comes home in the evening from work.
    Then I will get up on his knee,
    And tell him how many fine things I have learned,
    And show him how good I can be.

2. He’ll hear what a number I know how to count;
    I’ll tell him what words I can spell,
    And I hope if I learn something every day,
    That ere long I shall read very well.

3. I’ll say to him all the fine verses I know,
    And tell him how kind we must be,
    That we never must hurt poor dumb creatures at all,
    And he’ll kiss me, and listen to me.

4. I’ll tell him we always must try to please God,
    And never be cruel or rude;
    For God is the Father of all living things,
    And cares for and blesses the good.

LIV. Lesson Fifty-Fourth.—What “Independence” means.

1. Dear children! we assemble on the fourth of July to keep Independence; but what we mean by independence, and what is the fourth of July more than any other day, perhaps some of you do not know.

2. Then I will tell you. A great many years ago there were no houses and farms in this country; and where these fine buildings are in Boston, there was
nothing but woods. The people that lived here then were Indians, who lived in huts, and hunted in the woods.

3. The people in Europe, on the other side of the Atlantic, did not know there was such a country as this, till Columbus came over the ocean and found it.

4. He landed on one of the West India Islands, and not a great many years after, other places were discovered along the coast of South and North America.

5. Then people from the old countries came over, to live on this side, to search for gold, and be rich. Some of these who settled were able to stay and form settlements, where their descendants remain to this day.

6. Others in North America, though they came in large companies, were killed by the Indians, or died by sickness, so that their settlement came to nothing. God meant that this part of America should be inhabited by better men.

7. Let me now tell you how it was, that better men came and settled New England.

8. More than two hundred years ago, there were people in England called Puritans. They were so called, because they tried to be pure, or to leave off every thing that they thought wrong at once. Some others wanted to reform gradually.

9. But these said, “No: we will not serve sin at all, but abandon every human invention at once.” So they were called Puritans.

10. And, children, those Puritans were your forefathers, and you must be Puritans too. If you have any bad habits at school, or at home, or any where, you must not say, I will be good by and by, or leave off bad habits gradually.
11. No, you must leave them off all at once, and be sorry for them, and begin to lead a life all new, at once.

12. But the people of England did not love the Puritans, and they would not let them worship and serve God as they wished.

13. So after they had suffered a great deal, they removed over to Holland, and said they would live among the Dutch, if they could be free to serve God.

14. The Dutch let them have their own way about their religion. But a great many of the Dutch did not fear God, and the Puritans said their children would be corrupted and spoiled, if they grew up and lived there.

15. So they concluded to come over into this country, and live in the wilderness, that they might serve God, and bring up their children to serve him, and establish an empire with laws founded on the Bible.

16. They did not come to get money, but to be Puritans and good men, and make their children good.

17. It was for you, children, that they were willing to take all this trouble: they thought of you, and of all of us who are now living here, when they agreed to come here over the mighty waters.

18. Well, our fathers set sail to come to this country, and they intended to land where New York is now, and settle on the banks of the Hudson river; for the land is better there.

19. But the Dutch wanted all that country, and they hired the captain of their ship not to carry them there, but to bring them away to the north.

20. And the wicked captain detained them a great
while, and at last they landed at Plymouth, in December, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty.

21. There they were without any house, in the middle of the winter, a great part of their provisions spent, and savage Indians all around them. Their sufferings were so great that forty-eight of them died before spring.

22. How easy it would have been for the Indians to kill them all! But God turned their hearts so that they did not, for God loved the Puritans, and he meant they should live here, and serve him in all generations.

23. Some of the Indians wanted to kill them, but God raised them up a friend. Massasoit, a chief, whose name every child should remember, said, “No, you shall not kill the English till you first kill me;” and so God preserved them alive.

24. And God was their friend and the friend of their children; and he protected them, and others who came over and filled the land.

25. All this people, in what is now the United States, were under the same government as the people of England.

26. But the king and parliament wanted to tax our people, and make them pay them a good deal of money, when they would not let our people send over any body to help make the laws.

27. That was unjust and wicked, and our people said they would not do so. They loved the king of England, and would obey him if he would do right by them; but they would not let him oppress them and their children and deprive them of their rights.

28. Then the king was angry, and sent over armies to fight them, and compel them to submit.
29. It was at that time that our fathers sent their wisest and best men to Philadelphia, to meet in Congress, and see what the country must do.

30. And at last Congress agreed they would have nothing more to do with the king of England, but they and the whole country would make their own laws, and be independent.

31. They declared this openly to the world, on the fourth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six. This is what we mean by Independence, and this is what makes the fourth of July a great and memorable day.

32. The war continued five or six years longer, but God was on our side, and disappointed all the hopes of the king, so that he at last consented, and the United States have ever since been independent.

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LV. Lesson Fifty-Fifth.—The Bed of Death.

1. Near the house of Mr. Friendly, the father of Edwin and Henry, lived a good man who had an only son, about the same age as Henry. During the holidays the three boys always met, and being alike in their tempers, a truly brotherly affection grew up between them.

2. Their young friend now lay dangerously ill; the physicians had given no hopes of his recovery, and every day brought him nearer to his grave. Often, during his illness, he had inquired about Edwin and Henry, and had expressed a wish to see them.

3. They therefore took the opportunity of their father’s absence from home, to pay a visit to their dying friend; and before they set forth, they held a consultation on what kind of presents they should take to him.
4. Not thinking that the death of their young friend was so near, Edwin proposed to present him with an excellent little book, called "Pity's Gift," by Pratt, and Henry, who knew the fondness of his playfellow for flowers, went into the garden and plucked him a nosegay of the choicest which the garden afforded.

5. The two amiable youths set forward with their presents, and on their arrival at the house of their friend, they were led into the room in which he lay.

6. He was in bed; his head was resting on his hand, and as he heard the well-known voices of his friends, a slight blush shone on the paleness of his countenance.

7. Edwin and Henry stepped to the side of his bed, and each grasped one of his hands. He took the book from Edwin, looked at it, and shook his head.

8. With the flowers of Henry he appeared particularly pleased; he took them, looked at them for some time, and then laid them on his pillow.

9. He expressed a wish to be carried to the window, that he might once more see the trees under which they had played, and where he could point out to them something to remind them of their joyous sports.

10. He attempted to walk; but he sunk almost senseless into the arms of his father. He was now carried to the window; but his eyes appeared not to rest on the trees, nor any other earthly object; they were lifted to heaven, and the tears of pious resignation dropped from them.

11. He now requested to be carried to his bed. The coldness of death was creeping fast upon him, and as the rays of the setting sun shone into his room, he faintly asked that his bed might be removed so that he could see the sun set.
12. His wish was gratified, and, as the rays of the sun shone upon his bed, he looked on those who stood around him, and the smile of the dying saint broke through the gloom of approaching death.

13. Lower and lower sank the sun, and fainter grew the eye of the dying youth: he threw his arms round the neck of Edwin, and in a faint whisper said, "I die with the sun; but tell it not to my father or mother."

14. But his mother had heard him whisper; she threw herself on her knees by the bed side of her dying boy, and her tears fell upon his cheek. "Weep not for me, my dear mother," he said, "I am no longer ill."

15. In a few moments afterwards he added, "I shall not remain in the grave, and when you and my father are dead, we shall meet again in heaven, where death no more can part us."

16. Having said these words, he lay for some minutes in a tranquil state; then suddenly raised himself, sunk upon his pillow, and died. The last ray of the sun shone upon his pale countenance.
17. Edwin and Henry returned home with tears in their eyes, and, their father being returned, then related to him what they had seen.

18. They had, however, received a pleasant impression upon their hearts; and when, in their riper years, they thought of death, they pictured it to themselves under the image of their dying friend.

LVI. Lesson Fifty-Sixth.—A Mother’s Gift

Lines written by a Mother, in a Bible that she gave her little Son.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
    When other days shall come;
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
    Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember ’twas a mother gave
The gift of one she’d die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
    The holiest, for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
    She chose a goodly one.
She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy;

And bade* him keep the gift,—that when
    The parting hour would come,
They might have hope to meet again
    In an eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

* Pronounced bad.
And should the scoffer, in his pride,
    Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
    That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
    Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
    Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—Remember, boy!

LVII  Lesson Fifty-Seventh.—The Spider and the Fly.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a Spider to a Fly:
"Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you are there."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said.
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection I have always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice—
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.
The: he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"'Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head—
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing!—At last
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again!
—And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
To counsellors of evil close your heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

LVIII. LESSON FIFTY-EIGHTH.—Play Time
School Time, and Bed Time.

1. We will rise from our benches and run out to play;
   Our lessons are finished, and bright shines the day;
   We will play with good feeling, and never intrude
   On the sports of each other, and never be rude.

2. With our spirits enlivened by chasing the ball,
   We shall run to the school-house again at the call,
   Where, our classes arranged, and good order restored,
   We will taste the delight that good lessons afford.

3. When the school hours are gone, to our homes we'll resort,
   Renewing thus, daily, our study and sport;
   And, at night, when to bed, for repose, we repair,
   We will all spend our last waking moments in prayer.