1. Lesson First.—Introduction.

1. My child, what a good thing it is that you can read! A little while ago, you know, you could only read very small words; and you were forced to spell them all, thus, c, a, t, cat; d, o, g, dog.

2. Now you can read pretty stories, with a little help, and by and by, if you take a good deal of pains, you will be able to read them without help.

3. When you can read in a book, by yourself, it will be easy for you to learn a great many things, and amuse yourself and your friends by reading, and make yourself learned, and good, and happy.

4. See, here I have got a book, that has a good many stories in it, and a good many pictures, too, that will help you to understand the stories better.

5. The stories, and the verses, have been made by some good friends of children. They knew a great deal, and wished to have all the little boys and girls have good books to read in, to make them wiser and better.

6. The first story in this book is about a foolish little lamb, that would not mind her mother. And
the story is meant to show that little children, as well as little lambs, should always mind their parents, and take their advice.

II. Lesson Second.—The Foolish Lamb.

1. There was once a shepherd, who had a great many sheep and lambs. He took a great deal of care of them, and gave them sweet fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink.

2. If they were sick, he was very good to them, and when they climbed up a steep hill, and the lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms.

3. When they were all eating their suppers in the field, he used to sit upon a stone, or a fence, and play them a tune, and sing to them; and so they were the happiest sheep and lambs in the whole world.

4. But every night this shepherd used to pen them up in a fold. Do you know what a sheep-fold is? Well, I will tell you.

5. It is a kind of pen, made of pales or stakes, driven into the ground, with little sticks that will bend, like willow twigs, twisted and made fast, between the stakes, so that nothing can creep in, and nothing can get out.

6. Well, and so every night, when it grew dark and cold, the shepherd called all his flock, sheep and lambs, together, and drove them into the fold, and penned them up. 7. And there they lay as snug, and warm, and comfortable as could be, and nothing could get in to hurt them; and the dogs lay round on the outside to guard them, and bark if any body came near; and in the morning the shepherd opened the fold, and let the sheep all go out again.
8. Now they were all very happy, as I told you, and loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them—all except one foolish little lamb, that did not like to be shut up every night in the fold.

9. So this lamb came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, I wonder why we are all shut up so every night! the dogs are not shut up, and why should we be shut up? 10. I think it is very hard, and I will get away if I can, I am resolved; for I like to run about where I please, and I think it very pleasant in the woods by moon-light.

11. Then the old sheep said to her, You are very silly, you little lamb; you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us, that we should always do as he bids us; and if you wander about by yourself, I dare say you will come to some harm.

12. I dare say not, said the little lamb; and so when the evening came, and the shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but crept slyly under a hedge and hid herself.

13. When the rest of the lambs were all in the fold and fast asleep, this little lamb came out, and jumped, and frisked, and danced about; and she got out of the field, and got into a forest full of trees, and a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave and howled very loud.

14. Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off, and the wolf saw her, and seized her, and carried her away to a dismal, dark den, all covered with bones and blood.

15. In this den, the wolf had two cubs, and the wolf said to them, Here, I have brought you a young fat lamb—and so the cubs took her, and growled over her a little while, and then tore her to pieces, and ate* her up.

* Pronounced et
III. Lesson Third.—The Quarrelsome Cocks

1. Here is a story about two foolish cocks that were always quarrelling, which is very naughty. You do not quarrel? No, I am glad of it; but if you see any little boys that quarrel, you may tell them the story of the cocks. This is it:

2. There was once a hen who lived in a farm-yard, and she had a large brood of chickens. She took a great deal of care of them, and gathered them under her wings every night, and fed them, and nursed them very well.

3. The chickens were all very good, except two cocks that were always quarrelling with one another. They were hardly out of the shell before they began to peck at each other; and when they grew bigger they fought till they were all bloody.

4. If one picked up a grain of corn, the other always wanted to have it. They never looked pretty, because their feathers were pulled off in fighting, till
they were quite bare; and they pecked at one another's eyes till they were both almost blind.

5. The old hen very often told them how naughty it was to quarrel so; but they did not mind her. 6. So one day these two cocks had been fighting, as they always did; and the biggest cock, whose name was Chanticleer,* beat the other, and crowed over him, and drove him quite out of the yard.

7. The cock that had been beat, slunk away and hid himself; for he was vexed that he had been conquered, and he wanted sadly to be revenged; but he did not know how to manage it, for he was not strong enough himself. 8. So, after thinking a great deal, he went to an old sly fox that lived near, and said to him, Fox, if you will come with me, I will show you where there is a large fat cock in a farm-yard, and you may eat him up if you will.

9. The fox was very glad, for he was hungry enough, and he said, Yes, I will come, with all my heart, and I will not leave a feather of him.

10. So they went together, and the cock showed Renard the way into the farm-yard; and there was poor Chanticleer asleep upon the perch. And the fox seized him by the neck, and ate him up; and the other cock stood by and crowed for joy.

11. But when the fox had done, he said, Chanticleer was very good, but I have not had enough yet; and so he flew upon the other cock, and ate him up too, in a moment.

* Ch pronounced as in church
IV. Lesson Fourth.—Story of Harry.

1. There was a little boy whose name was Harry; and his father and mother sent him to school. Now Harry was a clever fellow, and loved his book; and he got to be the first in his class.

2. So his mother got up one morning very early, and called Betty the maid, and said, Betty, I think we must bake a cake for Harry, for he has learned his book very well. And Betty said, Yes, with all my heart.

3. So they made a nice cake. It was very large, and stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, orange and citron; and it was iced all over with sugar: it was white and smooth on the top, like snow.

4. So this cake was sent to school. When little Harry saw it, he was very glad, and jumped about for joy; and he hardly staid for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog.

5. So he ate till the bell rang for school, and after school he ate again, and ate till he went to bed; nay, his bed-fellow told me that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some. So he ate till it was all gone.

6. But presently after, this little boy was very sick, and ill; and every body said, I wonder what is the matter with Harry—he used to be so brisk, and play about more nimbly than any of the boys; and now he looks pale, and is very ill.

7. And somebody said, Harry has had a rich cake, and ate it all up very soon, and that has made him ill. So they sent for Dr. Camomile, and he gave him I do not know how much bitter stuff.

8. Poor Harry did not like it at all, but he was
forced to take it, or else he would have died, you know. So at last he got well again, but his mother said she would send him no more cakes.

V. LESSON FIFTH.—Story of Peter.

1. Now there was another boy, who was one of Harry’s schoolfellows: his name was Peter; the boys used to call him Peter Careful.

2. And Peter had written his mother a very neat, pretty letter—there was not one blot in it all. So his mother sent him a cake.

3. Now Peter thought with himself, I will not make myself sick with this good cake, as silly Harry did; I will keep it a great while. So he took the cake and tugged it up stairs. 4. It was very heavy; he could hardly carry it. And he locked it up in his box, and once a day he crept slyly up stairs, and ate a very little piece, and then locked his box again.

5. So he kept it several weeks, and it was not gone, for it was very large: But, behold! the mice got into his box and nibbled some. 6. And the cake grew dry and mouldy, and at last was good for nothing at all. So he was obliged to throw it away, and it grieved him to the very heart, and nobody was sorry for him.

VI. LESSON SIXTH.—Story of Billy.

1. Well; there was another little boy, at the same school, whose name was Billy. And one day his mother sent him a cake, because she loved him dearly, and he loved her dearly
2. When the cake came, Billy said to his schoolfellows, I have got a cake; come, let us go and eat it.

3. So they came about him like a parcel of bees; and Billy took a slice of cake himself, and then gave a piece to one, and a piece to another, and a piece to another, till it was almost gone.

4. Then Billy put the rest by, and said, I will eat it to-morrow. So he went to play, and the boys all played together very merrily.

5. But presently after, an old blind fiddler came into the court: he had a long white beard;* and because he was blind, he had a little dog in a string to lead him.

6. So he came into the court, and sat down upon a stone, and said, My pretty lads, if you will, I will play you a tune. And they all left off their sport, and came and stood round him.

7. And Billy saw that while he played, the tears ran down his cheeks. And Billy said, Old man, why do you cry?

8. And the old man said, Because I am very hungry: I have nobody to give me any dinners or suppers. I have nothing in the world, but this little dog; and I cannot work. If I could work I would.

9. Then Billy went, without saying a word, and fetched the rest of his cake, which he had intended to eat another day, and he said, Here, old man! here is some cake for you.

10. The old man said, Where is it? for I am blind; I cannot see it. So Billy put it into his hat. And the fiddler thanked him, and Billy was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.

11. Pray which do you love best? Do you love Harry, Peter, or Billy best?

* Pronounced beerd.
VII. LESSON SEVENTH.—The Cruel Boy.

1. As a bird one day was flying to seek food for its young ones, a boy saw it;* he had a gun in his hand, and shot the poor thing through its head, and down it fell to the ground. 2. The boy then ran to it, and picked it up; and when he saw that it was dead, he gave it to his dog to eat.

3. How cruel and wicked it was to kill the poor bird, which never did any harm in all its life; and to take it from its young ones that were in the nest, waiting for it to come back and feed them!

4. The poor little birds could not think why their dear mother staid so long from them, and kept chirping and chirping till they were quite tired. At night they grew so cold, for want of their mother to brood over them, that they did not know what to do.

5. There were five in the nest, and two of them were starved to death with cold and hunger, that night. The other three lived till the next morning, when, getting to the edge of the nest, to look for their mother, two of them fell out and broke their bones.

6. They lay in great pain, for some time, upon the ground, but could not move, for they were too young to hop or fly. At last a great hog that was passing by saw them on the ground, and ate them up, and so put them out of their pain.

7. But the other poor little thing, that was left in the nest, did not die so soon, for it lived all day very cold, and in great pain, from being so hungry for want of food.

8. It kept chirping as long as it had strength to

* The two words "saw it" are not to be read as if there were an r between them.
make any noise, in hopes its mother would hear, and come and feed it. But, poor thing, she had been shot by the cruel boy, and was dead, and could not hear it.

9. So, at last, when it was quite tired, it lay still at the bottom of the nest; and in the night it rained fast, and the wind blew, and at last it died of cold, like the others.

10. Thus there was an end to five pretty young birds, that all died in so dreadful a way, because a wanton, cruel and wicked boy shot their poor mother.

VIII. LESSON EIGHTH.—The Good-natured Boy.

1. A little boy, whose name was James, went out one morning to walk to a village, about five miles from the place where he lived, and took with him, in a basket, the food that was to serve him the whole day.

2. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take pity on him.

3. The little boy at first took no notice of him; but at length, seeing how lean and famished he was, he said, 4. “This dog must be very hungry; if I give him part of my dinner, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall have a part of it.”

5. Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in the basket, who ate* as if he had not tasted victuals† for a fortnight.‡

6. James went on a little farther, his dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection, when he saw a poor old horse

* Pronounced et.       i vitt'les.       i fort'nit'.
lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill. 7. He went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. “I am very much afraid,” said the boy, “if I stay to assist this horse, that it will be dark before I can return, and I have heard there are several robbers in the neighborhood. 8. However, I will try: it is doing a good action, to try to relieve him, and God Almighty will take care of me.”

9. He then went and pulled up some grass, which he brought to the horse’s mouth, who immediately began to eat with much relish; as his chief disease was hunger. 10. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and soon seemed to be so much refreshed, that after a few trials, he got up, and began to eat grass.

11. James then went on a little farther, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it. 12. “What is the matter, good man?” said James to him; “can’t you find your way out of the pond?”

13. “No, God bless you, my good little master,” said the man; “for such I take you to be by your voice. 14. I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned.”

15. “Well,” said James, “though I shall be wet to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it.”

16. The blind man then threw the stick to the side where he had heard the voice; the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should go beyond his depth. 17. At length he reached the blind man, took him by the hand, and led him out.
18. The blind man then gave him a thousand thanks, and told him he could grope his way home; and James ran on as hard as he could, to prevent being too late.

IX. Lesson Ninth.—The Rest of the same Story.

1. James had not proceeded far before he saw a poor sailor, who had lost both his legs in a battle at sea, hopping along on crutches.

2. "God bless you, my little master," said the sailor; "I have fought many a battle in my country's defence, but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished."

3. The little boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him; so he gave him all the victuals that he had left, and said, "God help you, poor man! this is all I have, otherwise you should have more."

4. He then ran along, and presently arrived in the town he was going to, did his errand, and returned to—
wards his own home, as fast as he could. 5. But he had not gone much more than half-way, before the night shut in very dark, without either moon or stars to light him.

6. The poor little boy did all that he was able, to find his way, but lost it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while, without being able to find any path to lead him out.

7. Tired out at last, and hungry, he felt himself so feeble that he could go no farther, but sat himself down upon the ground and cried most bitterly.

8. Here he sat for some time, till at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth.

9. James took it from him, and saw it was a handkerchief, nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped and the dog had picked up.

10. Upon opening it he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself much refreshed with this meal.

11. "So," said he to his dog, "I see that if I gave you a breakfast, you have given me a supper, and a good turn is never lost, even if it is done to a dog."

12. He then once more tried to find his way out of the wood, but it was to no purpose; he only scratched his legs with briers, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out.

13. He was just going to give up all hope of getting home, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him; and going up to him, he saw, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine, that it was the very same that he had fed in the morning.
14. "Perhaps," said James, "this horse, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he must know the way." 15. He then went up to the horse, speaking to him, and patting him, and the horse let him get upon his back; and then went slowly along through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the road.

16. James was much rejoiced at this, and said, "If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to stay here all night; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost."

17. But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo; for, as he was going along a dark lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes. 18. But just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men so hard, that he left the little boy, and pursued the dog, that ran howling and barking away.

19. At this instant a voice was heard that cried out, "There the rascals are; let us knock them down!" which frightened the remaining man so much, that he ran away, and his companion followed him.

20. James then looked up, and saw it was the sailor, whom he had fed in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man, whom he had helped out of the pond.

21. "There, my lad," said the sailor, "God be thanked! we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did us in the morning. 22. As I lay under a hedge, I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy, and from the description, I concluded it must be you; but I was so lame, that I should not have been able to get here in time to help
you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back while I showed him the way."

23. James thanked them heartily for thus defending him; and they went all together, to his father's house, which was not far off, where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and a bed.

24. The little fellow took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and has never forgotten that we must do good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

X. LESSON TENTH.—The Liar not believed when he speaks the Truth.

1. A wicked young lad was set by his father to take care of the sheep that fed in a field near a great wood. To make himself sport, by what he called good jokes, he used to cry out, "Help! Help! a wolf! a wolf!"

2. When those who were at work near the pasture, or were going along the road, heard him, they would run as fast as they could, to help him; and when they came where he was, he would laugh at them for being made fools of.

3. This he did a good many times; till, at last, a great hungry wolf did, indeed, come out of the wood, and ran in among the sheep, and began to kill them. The boy then, in a great fright, cried out as loud as he could, O here is a wolf! a wolf! He is killing the sheep! Help, O help!

4. You see, in the picture, that the wolf has killed one sheep, and is killing another, and the naughty boy is running away, and calling out for help.
5. But the folks, who were a good way off, when they heard him, said, each to himself, "Ah, my lad, you will not cheat me, and make a fool of me, again; I do not believe there is any wolf among your sheep; and if there is, you may take care of him yourself." And so no one came.

6. When the wolf had killed a good many of the sheep, and the rest had run away, he ran after the wicked boy, and, as he has not been seen by any one since, and some bones of a boy were found in the wood a great while after, there can be no doubt that this wicked boy was torn to pieces by the wolf.

7. By this story, we see that when a person is known to be a liar, he is not believed when he tells the truth.

XI. Lesson Eleventh.—The Careless Girl.

1. A little girl, whose mother was so kind as to teach her to read, had a great many pretty books given to her; but she was so silly that she would not
take care of them; but used to spoil, and tear, and dirty them, so that they could not be read. 2. One day her aunt gave her a Young Reader, full of stories, and pretty pictures. Her aunt desired her to take care of it, and not let it get either dirty or torn.

3. The little girl said she would be sure to keep it very safe. But she forgot to put it into her box, after she had been reading it; and so it was tossed about, and some of the leaves were pulled out, and the cover was broken off; and at last a little dog played with it, and gnawed it to pieces.

4. Then the little girl could not read in it any more, or see the pretty pictures again. She was now very sorry that she had been so careless, and wished for a new book, and her father was so kind as to buy her one.

5. But she soon let that be spoiled, as the last had been. At last all her friends grew tired of giving her books, when they saw that she took no care of them; so she was forced to go without, and not have any book to read in.

6. What a sad thing that was, to have no book to read, but to grow up a dunce, and not be able to spell or read! I hope all the little boys and girls who hear about this careless child, will think of her, and take care not to let their own books be so spoiled and torn as hers were.

7. When they have done reading, they must put away their books in some place where they will be safe, and ready for them the next time they want them, for none but dunces tear or lose their books.
XII. LESSON TWELFTH.—Evening.

1. It is a pleasant evening. Come hither, Charles, look at the sun. The sun is in the West. Yes, because he is going to set.

2. How pretty the sun looks! We can look at him now; he is not so bright as he was at dinner-time, when he was up high in the sky. And how beautiful the clouds are! There are crimson clouds, and purple and gold colored clouds.

3. Now the sun is going down at a great pace. Now we can see only half of him. Now we cannot see him at all. Farewell, sun! till to-morrow morning.

4. But now, Charles, turn your face the other way, to the East. What is it that shines so behind the trees? Is it fire? No, it is the moon. It is very large; and how red it is! like blood.

5. The moon is round now, because it is full moon; but it will not be so round to-morrow night; it will lose a little bit from one side; and the next night it will lose a little bit more; and more the next night; and so on till it is like your bow when it is bent.

6. Then it will not be seen till after you are in bed; and it will grow less and less, till, in a fortnight,* there will be no moon at all.

7. Then, after that, there will be a new moon; and you will see it in the afternoon; and it will be very thin at first, but it will grow rounder and bigger every day, till at last, in another fortnight,* it will be full moon again like this, and you will see it rise again behind the trees.

* Pronounced fort'nite.
XIII. LESSON THIRTEENTH.—Praise to God.

1. Come, let us praise God, for he is exceedingly great; let us bless God, for he is very good.
2. He made all things; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.
3. He made the great whale, and the elephant, and the little worm that crawleth upon the ground.
4. The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.
5. The brooks and rivers praise God, when they murmur melodiously amongst the smooth pebbles.
6. I will praise God with my voice; for I may praise him, though I am but a little child.
7. A few years ago, and I was but a little infant, and my tongue was dumb within my mouth.
8. And I did not know the great name of God, for my reason was not come unto me.
9. But I can now speak, and my tongue shall praise him: I can think of all his kindness, and my heart shall love him.
10. Let him call me, and I will come unto him, let him command, and I will obey him.
11. When I am older, I will praise him better; and I will never forget God, so long as my life remaineth in me.

XIV. LESSON FOURTEENTH.—A Walk in the Fields.

1. Come, let us go forth into the fields, let us see how the flowers spring, let us listen to the singing of the birds, and sport ourselves upon the new grass.
2. The winter is over and gone, the buds come out upon the trees, the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout.

3. The hedges are bordered with tufts of primroses, and yellow cowslips that hang down their heads; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

4. The young goslings are running upon the green, they are just hatched, their bodies are covered with yellow down; the old ones hiss with anger if any one comes near.

5. The hen sits upon her nest of straw; she watches patiently the full time, till the young chickens get strength to break the shell with their bills, and come out.

6. The lambs sport in the field, they totter by the side of their dams, their young limbs at first can hardly support their weight.

7. If you fall, little lambs, you will not be hurt. There is spread under you a carpet of soft grass; it is spread for you and us.

8. The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun.

9. The young animals of every kind are sporting about, they feel themselves happy, they are glad to be alive; they thank God that he has made them alive.

10. They may thank him in their hearts, but we can thank him with our tongues; our gifts are greater than theirs; therefore we ought to praise him more.

11. The birds can warble, and the young lambs can bleat; but we can open our lips in his praise, we can speak of all his goodness.

12. Therefore we will thank him for ourselves, and we will thank him for those that cannot speak.

13. Trees that blossom, and little lambs that skip
about, if you could, you would say how good he is; but you are dumb, we will say it for you.

14. We will not offer you up in sacrifice, but we will offer sacrifice for you, on every hill, and in every green field; we will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the incense of praise

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XV. Lesson Fifteenth.—Quadrupeds.

1. Do you know how many legs a horse has? Yes, a horse has four legs. And do you know what an animal is called that has four legs?

2. It is called a quadruped. The cow is a quadruped; and the dog, and the lion, and all the beasts. But birds are not quadrupeds, for they have only two legs.

3. Some quadrupeds have hoofs.* The horse has hoofs; so has the ass, and the cow: but the dog has no hoofs; the dog has toes and claws; so the dog is not hoofed, but digitated;† and the cat, and the squirrel, and a great many more, are digitated.

4. The hoof of the horse is whole;‡ it is all in one piece; but the hoof of the cow is parted, as if it were two hoofs. That is being cloven-footed; the hoof is cloven.

5. The cow, and the sheep, and the hog, and the stag, are all cloven-footed; but the horse, and the ass, have whole hoofs.

6. The ass says, I am a quadruped; I am a very patient, good creature. I have hoofs, and very long ears: I bray very loud. The horse is frightened when I bray, and starts back; but I am very meek and never hurt any thing.

7. My young ones are colts; I suckle them. I

* Pronounced huffs, not huffs. † di-jí-tá-ted. ‡ hóle, not hull
am not so big as a horse, and cannot gallop fast, but
I work very hard. Sometimes I carry little boys on
my back, two or three at a time, and they whip me,
and prick my sides, to make me go faster.

8. I carry greens to market, and turnips, and pota­
toes; and sometimes I carry a great load of pans, and
mugs, and pots, with which my back is almost broke;
and I get nothing for my dinner but a few prickly
thistles and some coarse grass from off the common.

9. I have no stable to go into as a horse has; I
always lie out in the fields, in the snow, and in the
rain, but I am very contented.

10. I give milk as well as the cow; and my milk
is very good for people that are sick, to make them
well again.

11. Ha! what is there amongst the furze? I can see
only its eyes. It has very large, full eyes. It is a hare.

12. It is in its form, squatting down amongst the
bushes to hide itself; for it is very fearful. The hare
is very innocent and gentle.

13. Its color is brown; but in countries which
are very cold it turns white as snow. It has a short,
bushy tail; its lip is parted, and very hairy; and it al­
ways moves its lips. Its hind legs are very long, that
it may run the better.

14. The hare feeds upon herbs, and roots, and the
bark of young trees, and green corn; and sometimes
it will creep through the hedge, and steal into the
gardens, to eat pinks and a little parsley.

15. It loves to play and skip about by moonlight,
and to bite the tender blades of grass when the dew
is upon them, but in the day-time it sleeps in its form.

16. It sleeps with its eyes open, because it is very
fearful and timid, and when it hears the least noise it
starts and pricks up its large ears.
17. When the huntsman sounds his horn, and the poor harmless hare hears the dogs coming, then it runs away very swiftly, straight forward, stretching its legs, and leaves them all behind.

18. But the dogs pursue her, and she grows tired, and cannot run so fast as at first. Then she doubles, and turns, and runs back to her form,* that the hounds may not find her; but they run with their noses to the ground, smelling till they have found her out.

19. So when she has run five or six miles, at last she stops and pants for breath, and can run no further. Then the hounds come up and tear her, and kill her. Then, when she is dead, her little limbs, which moved so fast, grow quite stiff, and cannot move at all.

20. A snail could go faster than a hare when it is dead; and its poor little heart, that beat so quick, is quite still and cold; and its round, full eyes are dull and dim; and its soft, furry skin is all torn and bloody. It is good for nothing now but to be roasted.

XVI. Lesson Sixteenth.—The Dog and the Wolf.

1. A wolf and a dog met by chance in the fields: “How do you do, sir?” said the wolf; “I am glad to see you, with all my heart. Dear me! how fat and plump you look, since I saw you last! If I am not too bold, sir, pray how came you to be in so fine a plight? for my part, poor wretch! I am so thin and so lean that you may count all the bones in my skin.”

2. “Why, my friend,” said the dog, “I serve a good master; I guard his house from thieves; and for my pains I lodge in a warm kennel, and eat of the best meat he can give me.”

3 “Is that the case?” said the wolf; “then I

* The seat or bed where she has rested
should be glad to serve him too. Pray be so kind as to speak a good word for me.”—“I will,” said the dog; “do but come with me, and I do not doubt that I shall help you to a good place.”

4. But as they went along, the wolf spied a bare place round the neck of the dog, where the hair had been worn off by the chain. “Oh sir,” said he, “what do I see here? your neck is quite bare!”

5. “Why, to tell you the truth,” said the dog, “it is the mark of a chain, which my good master puts on me in the daytime, that I may not bite those who come to see him.”

6. “Indeed!” said the wolf; “why, then, I tell you what, if this is the case, you may keep your good master, and your warm kennel, and your nice fare, and your long chain to yourself, for me. 7. I would rather go where I please, and be lean and thin, than be a slave all my life for the sake of good eating.” And with that off he sprung, and did not so much as stop to say, Good-bye to you.

8. From this fable we may learn, that to be free is one of the best gifts of heaven, if we do not make a bad use of our freedom.
XVII. LESSON SEVENTEENTH.—The Cock, the Cat, and the Young Mouse.

1. A young mouse, that had seen very little of the world, came running one day to his mother, in great haste.

2. "Oh, mother," said he, "I am frightened almost to death! I have seen the most singular creature that ever was. He has a fierce angry look, and struts about upon two legs: a strange piece of flesh grows on his head, and another under his throat, as red as blood.

3. "He flapped his arms against his sides, as if he intended to rise into the air, and stretching out his head, he opened a sharp-pointed mouth so wide that I thought he was going to swallow me up; then he roared at me so, that I trembled in every joint, and was glad to run home as fast as I could.

4. "If I had not been frightened away by this terrible monster, I was just going to form an acquaintance with the prettiest creature you ever saw. She had a soft fur skin, thicker than ours, and beautifully streaked with black and gray; with a modest look, and a manner so humble* and courteous,† that I thought I could have fallen in love with her.

5. "Then she had a fine long tail, which she waved about so prettily, and looked so earnestly at me, that I do believe she was just going to speak to me, when the horrid monster frightened me away."

6. "Ah, my dear child," said the mother, "you have escaped being devoured, but not by that monster you were so much afraid of, which, in truth, was only a bird, and would have done you no manner of harm.

* Pronounced ur'-bl  † curt'-she-us
8. The sweet creature, of whom you seem so fond, was no other than a cat; who hates our race, and subsists by devouring mice. Learn from this, my dear, never, while you live, to rely on outward appearances.

XLIII. LESSON EIGHTEENTH.—The Cats that went to Law.

1. Two cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree about dividing their prize. In order, therefore, to settle the dispute, they went to court, to try the case before Mr. Justice Monkey.

2. His honor readily consented to hear the cause, and producing a balance, put a part of the cheese into each scale.

3. "Let me see," said he; "ay, this lump outweighs the other," and immediately bit off a large piece, in order, he observed, to make them equal.

4. The opposite scale was now become the heaviest, which afforded our judge another reason for a second mouthful.
5. "Hold, hold," said the two cats, who began to be alarmed for the event, "give us our shares, and we are satisfied." 6. "If you are satisfied," returned the monkey, "justice is not; a case of this intricate nature is by no means so soon determined."

7. Upon which he continued to nibble first one piece, and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese gradually diminishing, entreated him to give himself no further trouble, but deliver to them what remained.

8. "Not so fast, not so fast, I beseech you, friends," replied the monkey; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you: what remains is due to me in right of my office:" upon which he crammed the whole into his mouth, and with great gravity dismissed the court.

9. The scales of the law are seldom poised, till little or nothing remains in either.

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XIX. Lesson Nineteenth.—The Martens.

1. Look up, my dear (said his father to little William) at those birds' nests above the chamber windows beneath the eaves of the house. Some, you see, are but just begun—nothing but a little clay stuck against the wall. Others are half finished; and others are quite built—close and tight—leaving nothing but a small hole for the birds to come in and go out at.

2. What nests are they? said William. They are martens' nests, replied his father: and there you see the owners. How busily they fly backwards and forwards, bringing clay and dirt in their bills, and laying it upon their work, forming it into shape with their bills and feet!

3. The nests are built very strong and thick, like a
mud wall, and are lined with feathers, to make a soft
bed for the young. Martens are a kind of swallows.
They feed on flies, gnats, and other insects; and al­
ways build in towns and villages about the houses

4. People do not molest them, for they do good
rather than harm, and it is very amusing to view their
manners and actions. See how swiftly they skim
through the air in pursuit of their prey!

5. In the morning they are up by day break, and
twitter about your window while you are asleep in bed;
and all day long they are upon the wing, getting food
for themselves and their young.

6. As soon as they have caught a few flies, they
hasten to their nests, pop into the hole, and feed their
little ones.

7. I will tell you a story about the great care they
take of their young. A pair of martens once built
their nest in a porch; and when they had young ones,
it happened that one of them, climbing up to the hole
before he was fledged, fell out, and lighting upon the
stones, was killed.

8. The old birds, perceiving this accident, went and
got short bits of strong straw, and stuck them with
mud, like palisades, or stakes, all round the hole of
the nest, in order to keep the other little ones from
 tumbling after their poor brother.

9. How cunning that was! cried William. Yes, said
his father, and I can tell you another story of their sa­
gacity, and also of their disposition to help one anothei.

10. A saucy cock-sparrow (you know what impu­
dent rogues they are!) had got into a marten’s nest
whilst the owner was abroad; and when he returned,
the sparrow put his head out of the hole, and pecked
at the marten with open bill, as he attempted to enter
his own house.
11. The poor marten was sadly provoked at this injustice, but was unable by his own strength to right himself. So he flew away and gathered a number of his companions, who all came with a bit of clay in their bills, with which they plastered up the hole of the nest, and kept the sparrow in prison, who died miserably for want of food and air.

12. He was rightly served, said William. So he was, rejoined his father.

XX. LESSON TWENTIETH.—More about the Martens.

1. Well; I have more to say about the sagacity of these birds.

2. In autumn, when it begins to be cold weather, the martens and other swallows assemble in great numbers upon the roofs of high buildings, and prepare for their departure to a warmer country; for as all the insects here die in the winter, they would have nothing to live on if they were to stay.

3. They take several short flights in flocks round and round, in order to try their strength, and then, on some fine calm day, they set out together for a long journey southwards, over sea and land, to a very distant country.

4. But how do they find the way? said William. We say, answered his father, that they are taught by instinct; that is, God has implanted in their minds a desire of travelling at the season which he knows to be proper, and has also given them an impulse to take the right road.

5. They steer their course through the wide air directly to the proper spot. Sometimes, however
storms and contrary winds meet them, and drive the poor birds about till they are quite spent, and fall into the sea, unless they happen to meet with a ship, on which they can light and rest themselves.

6. They go far south, to spend the winter, where the weather is always warm, and insects are to be met with all the year. In spring they take another long journey, back again to these northern countries.

7. Sometimes, when we have fine weather very early, a few of them come too soon; for when it changes to frost and snow again, the poor creatures are starved for want of food, or they perish with the cold. Hence arises the proverb,

One swallow does not make a summer.

8. But when a great many of them are come, we may be sure that winter is over, so that we are always very glad to see them again. The martens find their way back over such a vast length of sea and land, to the very same villages and houses where they were bred.

9. This has been proved by catching some of them, and marking them before they leave the country, in the autumn, and finding that birds, with the same marks, make their appearance in the same place, again, in the spring. They repair their old nests or build new ones, and then set about laying eggs and hatching their young.

10. Pretty things! I hope you will never knock down their nests, or take their eggs or young ones; for as they come such a long way to visit us, and lodge in our houses without fear, we ought to use them kindly.
XXI. LESSON TWENTY-FIRST.—The Bee in a Flower.

1. As Lucy was walking in the field, one day, with her mother, her mother said, Lucy, I think I see some pretty flowers yonder; will you run and gather me a nosegay?

2. Lucy said, Yes, mother, and ran away to do what her mother had desired. When she came to the place where the flowers were, she looked about for the prettiest, and gathered two or three of them, but when she had them in her hand, she perceived they had not any smell.

3. So she went to a great many more, and at last she found some that had a sweet smell; but they were not pretty; and she gathered some of them, and was taking them to her mother.

4. As she passed near the hedge, she saw some honey-suckles growing in it, and she remembered, that she had smelt honey-suckles that were very sweet, and they were very pretty, too; so she was glad that she had found some, for she thought her mother would like them; but when she came close to the hedge, she saw that they were so high from the ground, that she could not reach them.

5. Lucy did not like to go away, without taking some honey-suckles to her mother, so she walked slowly by the side of the hedge, till she came to a place where there was a large stone, upon which she climbed, and gathered as many honey-suckles as she liked.

6. Whilst she was getting down, she held the flowers fast, for fear she should drop them into the ditch, and she felt something prick her finger very sharply;
she looked, and she saw a bee drop off from one of
the honey-suckles, that she had squeezed in her hand.

7. So she thought that she had hurt the bee,
and that the bee had stung her, to make her let him
go, and that it was the bee, which she had felt pricking
her.

8. Lucy was afraid that she had hurt the bee
very much; for she remembered, that when she
opened her hands, the bee did not fly away, but
dropped down; so she looked for it on the ground, and
she soon found it, struggling in some water, and try­ing
with its little legs and wings to get out, but it was
not strong enough.

9. Lucy was very sorry for the bee, but she was
afraid to touch it, lest she should hurt it again, or
lest it should hurt her. She thought for a little
while what she could do, and then she got a large
stalk of a flower, and put it close to the bee.

10. As soon as ever the bee felt it, he clasped
his legs round it, and Lucy raised the stalk, with the
bee upon it, gently from the wet ground, and laid it
upon a large flower that was near her.

11. The bee was sadly covered with dirt, but
as soon as he felt that he was standing upon his legs
again, he began to stretch his wings and to clean
himself, and to buzz a little upon the flower.

12. Lucy was glad to see that the bee did not
seem to be very much hurt, and she took up her
nosegay, and ran as fast as she could towards her
mother; but the finger, that the bee had stung, be­
gan to be very sore.

13. She met her mother coming to her, who
wondered what had made her stay so long; and
when Lucy had told her what had happened, she
said, I thank you, my dear, for getting me so sweet a
nosegay, and I am very sorry you have been hurt in doing it.

14. I am sure you did not intend to hurt the poor little bee, and we will walk home now, and I will put some hartshorn to your finger, which will lessen the pain you feel.

15. Lucy said, Indeed, mother, I did not mean to hurt the bee, for I did not know that it was in my hand; but, when I am going to gather flowers another time, I will look to see if there are any bees upon them.

XXII. Lesson Twenty-Second.—The Chimney-Sweeper.

1. Whilst they were eating the breakfast, which their mother gave them, Harry asked his sister what she had been doing the day before, when he was out with his father; and Lucy told him all she had seen in the dairy, and when she was out walking.

2. When they had done breakfast, his mother lent Henry one of Mrs. Barbauld’s little books for children, and let him read the story of the poor blind fiddler, which is in the sixth lesson of the Young Reader, and with which Harry was very much pleased; and then she let Lucy read the following story.

3. A man, riding near the town of Reading, saw a little chimney-sweeper lying in the dirt, who seemed to be in great pain, and he asked him what was the matter; and the chimney-sweeper said, that he had fallen down, and broken his arm, and hurt his leg, so that he was not able to walk.

4. And the man, who was very good natured,
got off from his horse, and put the chimney-sweeper upon it, and walked by the side of the horse, and held the boy on, till he came to Reading.

5. When he came to Reading, he put the boy under the care of an old woman, whom he knew there; and he paid a surgeon for setting his arm, and gave the woman money, for the trouble which she would have in taking care of the boy, and the expense which she would be at in feeding him, till he should be able to work again, to earn money for himself.

6. Then the man continued his journey till he got to his own house, which was a great way off. The boy soon got well, and earned his bread by sweeping chimneys at Reading.

7. Several years after that time, this same good-natured man was riding through Reading, and his horse took fright upon a bridge, and jumped, with the man upon his back, into the water.

8. The man could not swim, and the people who were on the bridge and saw him tumble in, were afraid to jump into the water, to pull him out: but just as he was ready to sink, a chimney-sweeper, who was going by, saw him, and without stopping a moment, threw himself into the river, and seizing hold of him, dragged him out of the water, and saved him from being drowned.

9. When the man was safe upon the bank, and was going to thank the man who pulled him out of the water, he recollected that it was the same chimney-sweeper, whom he had taken care of, several years before, and who had hazarded his own life to save that of his benefactor.

10. When Lucy had done reading, her mother asked Harry which he liked best, the man who had taken care of the chimney-sweeper, whom he did
not know, or the chimney-sweeper who had saved
the life of the man whom he knew, and who had taken
care of him when his arm was broken.

11. Harry said he liked the chimney-sweeper
best, because he was grateful, and because he ven­
tured his own life to save that of the man who had
been kind to him.

12. But Lucy said, she liked the other man best
because he was humane, and took care of a poor lit­
tle boy, who had nobody to take care of him, and
from whom he could never expect to receive any
benefit.

XXIII. Lesson Twenty-Third.—The Colon­
ists.*

Come, said Mr. Barlow to his boys, I have a
new play for you. I will be the founder of a colo­
ny; and you shall be people of different trades and
professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me.
What are you, A?

A. I am a farmer, sir.

Mr. B. Very well! Farming is the chief thing we
have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much
of it. But you must be a working farmer, not a
gentleman farmer. Laborers will be scarce among
us, and every man must put his own hand to the
plough. There will be woods to clear, and marshes
to drain, and a great deal of stubborn work to do.

A. I shall be ready to do my part, sir.

Mr. B. Well, then, I shall entertain you willing­
ly, and as many more of your profession as you can

* Colonists are those who go into an unsettled or uninhabited
country, to live. The place that they occupy and cultivate is the
colony
bring. You shall have land enough, and utensils, and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, sir.

Mr. B. A very useful trade! The corn we grow must be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I suppose we must make one, sir.

Mr. B. True—but then you must bring with you a mill-wright for the purpose. As for millstones, we will take them out with us.—Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, sir.

Mr. B. The most necessary man that could offer! We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make, and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts, and the like. You must be a field carpenter as well as a house carpenter.

C. I will, sir.

Mr. B. Very well, then I engage you; but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blacksmith, sir.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by-the-by, we shall want a mason for that purpose.

E. I am one, sir.

Mr. B. That’s well—though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys, and hearths, and ovens; so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks and burn lime too, you will be still more useful.
I will try what I can do, sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you.

Who is next?

F. I am a shoemaker, sir.

Mr. B. And shoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them out of a raw hide? for I fear we shall get no leather.

F. But I can dress hides too.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a tailor, sir.

Mr. B. Well, though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending and patching, I hope, for we must not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

G. I am not, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you too.

H. I am a weaver, sir.

Mr. B. Weaving is a very useful art, but I question if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either hemp or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

XXIV. Lesson Twenty-Fourth.—The rest of the Colonists.

Mr. Barlow. Are there any more who wish to go and settle down with us in our new colony?

J. Yes, sir, I will go.

Mr. B. And what are you, Mr. J.?
J. I am a silversmith and a jeweller, sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

J. But I understand clock and watch-making too.

Mr. B. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt we cannot give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present you had better stay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hair-dresser, sir.

Mr. B. Alas, what can we do with you! If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter, or follow the plough the rest of your time, we shall reward you accordingly. But you will have no ladies and gentlemen to dress for a ball, or wigs to curl and powder for Sundays, I assure you.—Your trade will not stand by itself with us for a great while to come.

L. I am a doctor, sir.

Mr. B. Then, sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you understand surgery as well as physic, for we are likely enough to get cuts, and bruises, and broken bones, occasionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, sir.

Mr. B. And if you understand the nature of plants, and their uses both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your usefulness.

L. Botany has been a favorite study with me, sir; and I have some knowledge of chymistry, and the other parts of natural history, too.

Mr. B. Then you will be a treasure to us, sir,
and I shall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, sir, am a lawyer.

Mr. B. Sir, your most obedient servant.—When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a schoolmaster, sir.

Mr. B. That is a profession which I am sure I do not mean to undervalue; and as soon as ever we have young folks in our colony, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are to be hard-working, plain people, we do not intend to be ignorant; and we shall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, at least. In the mean time, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony; and on Sunday you may read a sermon and prayers to all that choose to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you. Who comes here with so bold an air?

O. I am a soldier, sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and I hope shall have no occasion to fight. We mean honestly to purchase our land from the natives, and to be just and fair in all our dealings with them. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, followed that plan; and when the Indians were at war with all the other European settlers, a person in a quaker’s habit might pass through all their most ferocious tribes without the least injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my colonists soldiers, so far as to be able to defend themselves if attacked, and that being the case, we shall have no need of soldiers by trade.

P. I am a gentleman, sir; and I have a great de-
sire to accompany you, because I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

Mr. B. A gentleman. And what good will you do us, sir?

P. O, sir, that is not at all my intention. I only mean to amuse myself.

Mr. B. But do you mean, sir, that we should pay for your amusement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my own eating, with a little bread and garden stuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a house somewhat better than the common ones; and your barber shall be my valet; so I shall give very little trouble.

Mr. B. And pray, sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, sir, you will have the credit of having one gentleman at least in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A witty gentleman, truly! Well, sir, when we are in want of such a neighbor, we will send for you.

XXV. Lesson Twenty-Fifth.—The Hog, and the other Animals.

1 A debate once arose among the animals in a farm yard, which of them was most valued by their common master. After the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, and the dog, had stated their several pretensions, the hog took up the discourse.

2 "It is plain (said he) that the greatest value must be set upon that animal which is kept most for his own sake, without expecting from him any return of
use and service. Now, which of you can boast so much in that respect as I can?

3. “As for you, Horse, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have servants to attend upon you, and make you sleek and clean, yet all this is for the sake of your labor.

4. “Do not I see you taken out early every morning, put in chains, or fastened to the shafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back till noon; when, after a short respite, you are taken to work again till late in the evening? I may say just the same to the Ox, except that he works for poorer fare.

5. “For you, Mistress Cow, who are so dainty over your chopped straw and grains, you are thought worth keeping only for your milk, which is drained from you twice a day to the last drop, while your poor young ones are taken from you, and sent I know not whither.

6. “You, poor innocent Sheep, who are turned out to shift for yourselves upon the bare hills, or penned upon the fallows with now and then a with-
ered turnip or some musty hay, you pay dearly enough for your keeping by resigning your warm coat every year, for want of which you are liable to be frozen to death on some of the cold nights before summer.

7. "As for the Dog, who prides himself so much, on being admitted to our master's table, and mad-his companion, that he will scarce condescend to reckon himself one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a domestic servant by day, and to keep watch during the night, while we are quietly asleep.

8. "In short, you are all of you creatures maintained for use—poor subservient things, made to be enslaved or pillaged. I, on the contrary, have a warm sty and plenty of provisions, all at free cost.

9. "I have nothing to do but grow fat and follow my amusement; and my master is best pleased when he sees me filling my belly or lying at ease in the sun."

10. Thus argued the hog, and put the rest to silence by so much logic and rhetoric. This was not long before winter set in. It proved a very scarce season for fodder of all kinds, so that the farmer began to consider how he was to maintain all his live stock till spring.

11. "It will be impossible for me (thought he) to keep them all; I must therefore part with those I can best spare. As for my horses and working oxen, I shall have business enough to employ them; they must be kept, cost what it will.

12. "My cows will not give me much milk in the winter, but they will calve in the spring, and be ready for the new grass. I must not lose the profit of my dairy.

13. "The sheep, poor things, will take care of themselves as long as there is a bite upon the hills;
and if deep snow comes, we must do with them as well as we can, by the help of a few turnips and some hay; for I must have their wool at shearing time, to make out my rent with.

14. "But my hogs will eat me out of house and home, without doing me any good. They must go to pot, that's certain; and the sooner I get rid of the fat ones, the better."

15. So saying, he singled out the orator as one of the prime among them, and sent him to the butcher the very next day.

XXVI. LESSON TWENTY-SIXTH.—The Little Dog: A Fable.

1. "What shall I do," said a very little dog one day to his mother, "to show my gratitude to our good master, and make myself of some value to him? I cannot draw or carry burdens, like the horse; nor give him milk, like the cow; nor lend him my covering for his clothing, like the sheep; nor produce him eggs, like the poultry; nor catch mice and rats so well as the cat.

2. "I cannot divert him with singing, like the canary birds and linnets: nor can I defend him against robbers, like our relation Towzer. I should not be of use to him even if I were dead, as the hogs are.

3. "I am a poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost of keeping; and I don't see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to his regard." So saying, the poor little dog hung down his head in silent despondency.

4. "My dear child," replied his mother, "though your abilities are but small, yet a hearty good will is
sufficient to supply all defects. Do but love him dearly, and prove your love by all the means in your power, and you will not fail to please him.”

5. The little dog was comforted with this assurance; and on his master’s approach, ran to him, licked his feet, gamboled before him, and every now and then stopped, wagging his tail, and looking up to his master with expressions of the most humble and affectionate attachment.

6. The master observed him. Ah! little Fido, said he, you are an honest, good-natured little fellow!—and stooped down to pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy.

7. Fido was now his master’s constant companion in his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amusing him by a thousand sportive tricks.

8. He took care, however, not to be troublesome by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlor, unless invited. He also attempted to make himself useful by a number of little services.

9. He would drive away the sparrows as they were stealing the chickens’ meat; and would run and bark with the utmost fury at any strange pig or other animals that offered to come into the yard.

10. He kept the poultry, geese, and pigs, from straying beyond their bounds, and particularly from doing mischief in the garden. He was always ready to alarm Towzer if there was any suspicious noise about the house, day or night.

11. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help his workmen, as he would sometimes do, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer either man or beast to touch it. By this means he came to be considered as a very trusty protector of his master’s property.
12. His master was once confined to his bed with a dangerous illness. Fido planted himself at the chamber door, and could not be persuaded to leave it, even to take food; and as soon as his master was so far recovered as to sit up, Fido, being admitted into the room, ran up to him with such marks of excessive joy and affection, as would have melted any heart to behold.

13. This circumstance wonderfully endeared him to his master; and some time after, he had an opportunity of doing him a very important service. One hot day after dinner, his master was sleeping in a summer-house, with Fido by his side.

14. The building was old and crazy; and the dog, who was faithfully watching his master, perceived the walls shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling.

15. He comprehended the danger, and began barking to awake his master; and this not waking him, he jumped up, and gently bit his finger.

16. The master upon this started up, and had just time to get out of the door before the whole building fell down.

17. Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbish which fell upon him; on which his master had him taken care of with the utmost tenderness, and ever after acknowledged his obligation to this little animal as the preserver of his life. Thus his love and fidelity had their full reward.

18. *Moral.* The poorest man may repay his obligations to the richest and greatest, by faithful and affectionate service—the meanest creature may obtain the favor and regard of the Creator himself, by humble gratitude and steadfast obedience.
XXVII. Lesson Twenty-Seventh.—Things by their right Names: A Dialogue between Charles and his Father.

Charles. Father, you grow very lazy. Last winter you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all got round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear father, let us have a very pretty one.

Father. With all my heart—what shall it be?

Ch. A bloody murder, father!

Fa. A bloody murder! Well, then—Once upon a time, some men, dressed all alike—

Ch. With black crapes over their faces?

Fa. No—they had steel caps on: having crossed a dark heath, wound cautiously along the skirts of a deep forest—

Ch. They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

Fa. I cannot say so; on the contrary, they were tall, personable men as one shall often see:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill—

Ch. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, father?

Fa. No, really; it was on a fine, balmy summer's morning—and moved forwards, one behind another—

Ch. As still as death, creeping along under the hedges?

Fa. On the contrary—they walked remarkably upright; and so far from endeavoring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along with several sorts of instruments.
Ch. But, father, they would be found out immediately.
Fa. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves: on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about. They moved forwards, I say, to a large plain, where stood a neat, pretty village, which they set on fire——
Ch. Set a village on fire? wicked wretches!
Fa. And while it was burning, they murdered—twenty thousand men.
Ch. O fie! father. You don't intend I should believe this? I thought all along you were making up a tale, as you often do; but you shall not catch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats!
Fa. No, truly—they resisted as long as they could.
Ch. How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?
Fa. Why not? the murderers were thirty thousand.
Ch. O, now I have found you out! You mean a Battle.
Fa. Indeed I do. I do not know of any murders half so bloody.

XXVIII. Lesson Twenty-Eighth.—The Sun.
1. The Sun says, My name is Sun. I am very bright. I rise in the east; and when I rise, then it is day. I look in at your window with my bright golden eye, and tell you when it is time to get up.
2. I say, Sluggard, get up; I do not shine for you to lie in your bed and sleep, but I shine for you to get up and work, and read, and walk about.
3. I am a great traveller; I travel all over the sky; I never stop, and I never am tired. I have a crown of bright beams upon my head, and I send forth my rays every where.

4. I shine upon the trees and the houses, and upon the water; and every thing looks sparkling and beautiful when I shine upon it. I give you light, and I give you heat, for I make it warm.

5. I make the fruit ripen, and the corn ripen. If I did not shine upon the fields and upon the gardens, nothing would grow.

6. I am up very high in the sky, higher than all trees, higher than the clouds, higher than every thing.

7. I am a great way off. If I were to come nearer you, I should scorch you to death, and I should burn up the grass, for I am all made of hot, glowing fire.

8. I have been in the sky a great while. A few years ago there was no Charles; Charles was not alive then, but there was a Sun. I was in the sky before your father and mother were alive, a great many long years ago; and I am not grown old yet.

9. Sometimes I take off my crown of bright rays, and wrap up my head in thin silver clouds, and then you may look at me; but when there are no clouds, and I shine with all my brightness at noon-day, you cannot look at me, for I should dazzle your eyes, and make you blind.

10. Only the Eagle can look at me then; the Eagle, with his strong, piercing eye, can gaze upon me always. And when I am going to rise in the morning, and make it day, the Lark flies up in the sky to meet me, and sings sweetly in the air; and the Cock crows loud to tell every body that I am coming.
11. The Owl and the Bat fly away when they see me, and hide themselves in old walls and hollow trees; and the Lion and the Tiger go into their dens and caves, where they sleep all the day.

12. I shine in all places. I shine in England, and in France, and in Spain, and in America, and all over the earth. I am the most beautiful and glorious creature* that can be seen in the whole world.

XXIX. Lesson Twenty-Ninth.—The Moon.

1. The Moon says, My name is Moon; I shine to give you light in the night, when the Sun is set. I am very beautiful and white, like silver.

2. You may look at me always, for I am not so bright as to dazzle your eyes, and I never scorch you. I am mild and gentle. I let even the little glow-worms shine, which are quite dark by day.

3. The stars shine all around me, but I am larger and brighter than the stars, and I look like a large pearl amongst a great many small sparkling diamonds.

4. When you are asleep, I shine through your curtains with my gentle beams, and I say, Sleep on, poor little tired boy; I will not disturb you.

5. The nightingale sings to me, who sings better than all the birds of the air.

6. She sits upon a thorn, and sings melodiously all night long, while the dew lies upon the grass, and every thing is still and silent all around.

* Creature is any thing that has been created.
XXX. LESSON THIRTIETH.—The Wolf and the Lamb: A Fable.

1. A creature who is very hungry, and wants to eat you, will not stay to ask you a great many questions; and, if he does, I suppose will not listen very good-naturedly to your answers.

2. One of Æsop's wolves, however, that I am now going to tell you about, was of a humor* to talk to his prey, and never to play the tyrant without producing an argument to prove that it was reasonable to do so.

3. This wolf happened to be thirsty, and went to the stream to drink. A little lower down the stream there was a pretty lamb, that (like little Red-Riding-Hood in the story-book) did not know it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, and that was drinking at the same time.

4. The wolf looked very fiercely at the lamb, and longed to eat him up. You little knave, said the

* Pronounced yu'-mor.
wolt, how dare you put in your nose there, and make the water all muddy that comes to me to drink?

5. I cannot muddy the water for you, replied the lamb, for, look you! I am lower down the stream, and the water comes from you to me.

6. Now I think of it, sir, said the wolf, what a pretty character that was you gave of me, six months ago! How dared you say that I was a fierce animal, and fond of mutton? Now you shall suffer for your impertinence.

7. Indeed, answered the lamb, it could not be I; for six months ago I was not born.
   If it was not you, it was your brother.
   Upon my honor, I never had a brother.

8. A pretty fellow you are, said the wolf, to stand contradicting me thus! Know, that nobody shall say the opposite of what I say, but he shall die for his presumption.

9. The wolf then, almost beside himself with anger, flew at the lamb; and, if the shepherd to whom the lamb belonged had not come up at the instant, and sent the wolf growling away, the poor little creature would not have had another minute to live. So it is in this world, according to the proverb, that Might sometimes overcomes Right.