

THE DIXIE

Speller and Reader,

DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY A LADY OF GEORGIA.

Macon, Ga.:

JOHN W. BURKE, Agent.

1863.

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THE

DIXIE SPELLER AND READER,

the first :

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PREFACE.



THE DIXIE SPELLER AND READER is prepared as the *first* of a series designed for the use of schools. The writer does not claim for it any peculiar excellence, but such ideas as an experience of several years as a teacher may have suggested, she has endeavored to embody in its arrangement. She has striven, also, to make it progressive in its character for the young pupil; hence, beginning with the English Alphabet, she has followed it up with reading lessons containing but two, three, and four letters, and has thus gradually risen, step by step, until words of eight and nine letters are used, which the pupil will find no difficulty in mastering when he arrives at them. Her main object has been to supply a Spelling and Reading Book combined, the want of which is seriously felt at the present time, and which, while it is adapted to the different grades of scholarship of the young beginner, should contain nothing objectionable in moral tone, and should be *wholly Southern* in sentiment.

A *few* selections from the writings of others have been made, but by far the greater number are entirely original. From the "Southern Field and Fireside," (a paper containing some charming stories for the little folks, and calculated to inculcate many good lessons,)

she has made a few selections. She is also indebted to a work entitled "Songs for the Little Ones at Home" for most of the simple poetry inserted. Nothing has been admitted into these pages which the most careful parents would scruple or hesitate to place in the hands of their children. The writer has been greatly limited, also, in procuring a proper supply and style of cuts, such as she desired, but existing circumstances forbade her doing so; hence she has been under the necessity of using such as she could obtain. While the *sons* of the South are nobly battling for her political, a *daughter* thus makes an humble effort to keep open the path to *literary* independence. Wishing a fervent "God-speed" to this little book, she places it before parents and teachers. Conscious of imperfections, she has done what she could to merit approbation, and humbly craves the indulgence of a generous public.

THE AUTHORESS.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS.

The marks and pauses which are used in the reading lessons of this volume, should be perfectly learned and thoroughly understood by the pupil; the teacher's judgment will best determine at what period of his advancement to require the pupil to study and become familiar with them.

MARKS AND PAUSES.

A *comma* is made thus, (,) denotes the shortest pause, and requires a stop long enough to count *one*; as—George, come home.

A *semicolon* is made thus, (;) and is a little longer than a comma, and requires a pause long enough to count *two*; as—God made the sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to give light by night.

A *colon* is made thus, (:) it denotes a pause a little longer than a semicolon; long enough to count *three*; as—Refrain from evil: keep not company with the wicked.

A *period* is made thus, (.) and denotes a pause long enough to count *four*; as—Do not postpone 'til to-morrow what you should do to-day.

An *interrogation point* is made thus, (?) it denotes that a question is asked; as—Can pleasure, honor, riches or strength, satisfy the soul?

An *exclamation point* is made thus, (!) and de-

notes strong passion or feeling; as—Awake! arise! our country *must* be free.

Quotation marks are made thus, (" ") and denote that the words of another are used; as—He remarked, "a day, an hour of virtuous liberty is worth a whole *eternity* in bondage."

An apostrophe is made thus, (') and shows that a letter or letters are left out in a word; as—'Tis wicked to laugh at the unfortunate.

Articulation is giving to every letter, syllable and word a correct and distinctive utterance. The most common fault in articulation, particularly with young children, is the suppression of a letter or syllable in the pronunciation of a word; as—*pictur*, for *picture*. The habit of drawling out the words of a sentence should be avoided.

It should be required of pupils to guard against these errors, as a clear and distinct articulation is highly important to make a good reader, and the child should be taught this when beginning to learn to read.

Pupils should be taught, also, that emphasis is the peculiar force given by the voice to one or more words in a sentence; in other words, to give emphasis to a word, means to pronounce it in a loud and forcible manner; as—The *soul* is immortal; it will never die.

Words to be emphasized are generally printed in italics.

THE ENGLISH ALPHABET,
IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

A

B

C

D

E

F

G

H

I

J

K

L

M

N

O

P

Q

R

S

T

U

V

W

X

Y

Z

&c.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

THE ENGLISH ALPHABET,
IN SMALL LETTERS.

a	b	c	d	e
f	g	h	i	j
k	l	m	n	o
p	q	r	s	t
u	v	w	x	y
	z	&c.		

LESSON I.

am	by	in	oh	up
an	do	it	of	us
as	fy	is	on	we
at	go	lo	or	wo
ax	he	me	ox	ye
be	ho	my	so	
bo	if	no	to	

Reading Lessons of two Letters.

I am	By me	Do go	Oh I me
He is	An ox	We do	An ax

LESSON II.

I am up	He is to go in
Is he to go	Ah! it is my ax
It is by me	Is my ox in
Oh! I am on	He is to go in
Do as I do	An ox is by me

LESSON III.

I am to be up on it	I am on an ox
He is to go in by me	Ah! if it is so
Oh! it is on me	Oh! fy to do so
Go ye up to it	If he is up so am I

LESSON IV.

Lo we do go up on it or in it	
I am on an ox	it is my ox
Ho! ox do go on	Fy! ox do go by
Fy! to do so	Ye do go up to it
Is it my ax pa?	Ah! I am up

Spelling Lessons containing Words of Three Letters.

1	2	3
ant bat	cat dog	cat fan
ape bee	cot dye	egg fly
4	5	6
God hat	ice jar	key let
gun hoe	ink jug	kid lie

7

man one
 may old
 not pen
 now pig

8

rat top
 run tin
 saw urn
 sell use

9

vat woe
 vie yes
 war yet
 why you

10

are the new get
 her pin sun day

11

fox cap his car
 let son boy hen

*Easy Reading Lessons, containing Words of Three and
 sometimes Four Letters.*

1

My cap is new.
 His hat is old.

2

Is it my top?
 It is a new car.

3

Can we go in the car?
 You may see my cat
 and dog.
 May I go and get the
 gun?

4

Can you see the hen on
 her nest?
 Ann has gone to feed her
 hens.
 War is a woe.

LESSON V.

The fox can run as far as the dog.
 Can an owl eat a hen? Yes, if he can get her.
 The pig is in the new pen, and can not get out.

LESSON VI.

It is day, for the sun is now up in the sky; you can see it, if you get out of bed, Lou. Do get up, and let us run out and see our new pet kid. It is not shy, but a gay kid, and it is not an old one.

LESSON VII.

Run and see my new top, Ben; see how it can hum. You can get one too; do not *beg* but *buy* one, for a bad boy will beg; so do not you. It is sad to see a boy beg for a top if he can buy one.

LESSON VIII.

Hal had a pet pig; was it not an odd pet? He fed it, and it grew so fat. The pig is to be fed now; so let us go and see him eat. Let us get the hay too, to put in his pen for him to lie on. One day a bad dog bit the pig on the ear; but he can not see him now, for he is hid in his pen.

LESSON IX.

Oh! do see the old man who has but one leg; he had two, but one was shot off in the war, so now he has to sit or lie all day on the bed. It is sad for the old man not to get out, for the sun is hot, and it is too bad for him to lie on the bed all day when it is so warm for him.

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Three Letters.

12	13	14	15
ark	hay	but	see
bad	mad	nap	sun
mat	ran	pan	bar
can	sat	had	has
map	lap	mud	rod
lad	bid	red	tar
gap	pat	lid	pet
16	17	18	19
men	bye	all	two
sod	cot	nun	gem
bed	vex	gum	sum
tax	hop	nod	wax
hem	lip	did	dun
pig	box	fed	fin
dot	wet	mix	mug
20	21	22	23
awl	one	dam	fin
bit	lax	ten	way
mad	hid	die	tan
six	box	foe	cup
sap	bid	wed	and
rot	leg	tar	bud
pod	arm	gin	too

LESSON X.

We can not see God, but He can see us ; He can see all men, yet no man can see Him. Let us try to act as we are bid by Him. Let us do no sin. Aid

me, O God, to do as I am bid, and let me not go out of the way of Thy law!

LESSON XI.

“A boy and a man were in the old log hut we ran by just now, Will. Did you not see them?” “No, I did not see them.” “I did, and I saw too, that it was not a big hut, and the man had but one arm, for one was cut off in the war. The boy is not as old as I am, for he is but *six*, and I am *ten*; but I am not as big as he is. He had on a new fur cap; the man gave it to him, I’ll bet.”

LESSON XII.

THE BEE.

“Oh, Sue! did you see the bee, as it sat on the rim of my cup? It is now in the air, and it will fly in it, if the sun is not too hot. Ah! see, it has lit on the bud, to sip the dew off of it. It has six legs. Do not try to kill it, for it is of use to man. Can you tell its use, Sue?” “Yes, I can, Ann.”

LESSON XIII.

THE BAD BOY.

A boy had a cat and a dog; he put the cat in a bag, and tied it so she could not get out; he put the dog in a big box, and then put the lid of the box on, but the dog bit him, as he put him in, so he had

to take off the lid of the box, and let him out: but the cat is in the bag yet; if she can get out, she will try to run out of his way; she will get a rat to eat, too, if the boy will but let her out. Is he not a bad boy?

LESSON XIV.

THE FOX AND HEN.

“Do not go by the gun, Tom: it may go off and kill you; a gun is not fit for you to use, but a big boy can use it. You may take it Ned, and see if you can get the old red fox, for he has got my hen. How sly he was to run off so; he may eat it, if you do not run and get a shot at him. Did you see him, Ned?” “No, sir, he ran too far for me to see him; but I set the dog on him, and he may get him.” “It is too bad to let the old fox run off and eat my fat hen; do you not say so too?”

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Four Letters.

1	2	3	4
able	bank	cart	darn
arch	bird	cent	dirt
aunt	book	clock	dray
alms	burn	coat	dust
5	6	7	8
earn	farm	game	head
east	fear	girl	hand
edge	fire	good	hour
eyes	from	grave	hymn

9	10	11	12
idle	jail	keys	land
idol	jars	kiss	lead
into	june	kite	lock
isle	jump	knit	love

13	14	15	16
mace	nail	oaks	page
meal	need	oils	pond
move	nose	oven	pole
mute	note	owls	pump

Reading Lessons, containing Four and sometimes Five Letters.

LESSON I.

A good boy or girl will be sure to gain the love of all; but no one will love a *bad* boy or girl.

LESSON II.

Be kind to *all*, and harm or hurt no one; do no ill act, and if you have done one, say you will do it no more; then all will love and trust you.

LESSON III.

Do see the boys at play. They play with a ball; it is a town ball that they have, and it is as big as my head. If it hits them it will not hurt them, for

it is soft. See how that boy runs; he gave the ball a hard lick *then*, did he not? I love to play ball. Do you not, Will?

LESSON IV.

The lark will soar up in the sky to look at the sun; does it not seem as if it will hurt his eyes? Can *you* look at the sun, John? Do not try to do so; it will pain your eyes. Do you know that the sun will rise in the east and set in the west? Can you show me the east? now the west? Ah! I am glad to see that you know and can tell me.

LESSON V.

It was God who made you, and gave you all that you have; He gave you life, food to eat, and a home to live in. All who love you, and take care of you, and help you, were sent by Him. He sees you in the *dark* as well as in the day. He can tell all that you do, all that you say, and all that is in your mind. He is a good God, and you must love and fear him.

LESSON VI.

See, Sam, that poor bird has lost her nest; how sad she looks. Ed. Lane saw the nest in a plum-tree, and took it down; he took the blue eggs that were in it, and ran off with them, but he gave me two of

them, and I will put them back in the nest, for I know the poor bird will be sad to come home and find her eggs gone. Will you help me, Ben, to put the nest back in the tree? That will do; now let us run off, for if she sees us she will not come to it. I wish Ed had not done so; he is a bad boy, to rob the nest of a poor bird.

LESSON VII.

THE LOST HAT.

“Why do you cry, May? Why do you feel so sad?” “I have lost my hat, and can not find it, Ruth.” “Well, do not cry; it is of no use to cry so; look for it.” “I have done so, and can not find it. I know some one has hid it, to vex me. I want to walk out with Rose, and my hat is lost, so that I cannot go now.” “When did you have it last?” “I had it when I was at play in the yard at noon, and when I ran in, to come to tea, just now, left it on the tree. I hung it on the limb of the big oak tree, for it was in my way when I was at play with Rose.” “Your hat was made to wear on your head, when it is hot, and you are at play in the sun. If you had hung it on the nail in the hall when you came in from play, you would not have to hunt for it now.” “Oh, dear me, do come and help me look for it, Ruth, and I will take care of it when next I find it, you may be sure.” “Well, I will go and look for it this time, and, if I find it, will give it to you;

but you must keep it on your head when out at play. Ah! here it is, May, but it is all wet and torn; the dog has had it, and it will not be fit to wear. Rose has gone and left you now, so dry your eyes, and be neat, and take care of your hat, when you get a new one, for you can not wear this, and then you will have it when you want it."

LESSON VIII.

THE NEW BOOK.

"Come here, Bell, I have a new book for you; you must try to read in it, will you not? Well, lay your toys by and come and see it. Oh, do not bring your doll; it is not your *doll* I want to have read to me, but *you*, Bell, for the doll can not talk, can she? You are a good girl to mind me so well. Do you not like this nice book? I am sure you will, if you will try to read in it. See, it tells you of 'A Bee,' 'A Bad Boy,' 'A Fox and Hen,' and 'The Lost Hat.'" "Dear aunt," said Bell, "I am so glad to have this nice new book, and I will try hard to read in it soon, and thus show you how much I love you; for you will like to buy a fine, nice book for a *good* girl, will you not, dear aunt?" "Yes, Bell, but do not soil it. Now, sit on this seat by me, and let me hear you read a page. Can you do so?" "Oh, yes, dear aunt." "Well, then, read slow, and look at each word, till you see what it is, and be sure and call it, as I bid you. That will do now, Bell; you will soon read as well

as Ann or Lou. You must not fail to keep your book clean and free from dirt, for it is a true sign of a neat girl, to keep a clean, nice book." "I will try not to soil or tear it, dear aunt." "Now put it up, and run and play, and I will call you some day, when I have more time, to hear you read."

QUESTIONS.—Who gave Bell a new book? Why did her aunt give it to her?

LESSON IX.

Jane
dear

hood
wars

said
hope

THE OLD HOOD.

"Tell me, Jane Reed, why do you wear that old, worn hood? It does not look well, and I know you can get a new one, if you want to." "No, I can not get a new one, Sue, and I will tell you why I wear it. Mamma says she can not buy a new hood for me now, for she is poor, and papa has gone far off to the wars, so now we have to do with much less than when he was at home, to give to us. Ah! if he can but come back to us, *safe* and *well*, I will not *mind* if I *do* wear an old hood. Mamma is sad, for she says he may not live to come home; that he may be shot in the war, and then die, and we will not see him any more." "Dear Jane, said Sue, I did not mean to make you feel so sad, and you must not be hurt with me; so dry your eyes. I love you more now than if you wore a new hood, and I

know that you are a good girl, not to care for what may be said of your old one; so do not cry more. I hope the war will soon end, and that your kind papa will come back, safe and well, to you. If my dear papa were gone, I do not see how I could get on; but now he is here to give me what I need, I will try not to make the poor feel sad; he is old and lame, and can not walk far, else he would be gone too. We who have those we love with us, all the time, must help and care for the sad and poor." "You are a very kind girl, Sue, and I love you, and will not feel hurt with you now," said Jane.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Jane wear an old hood? Was she a good girl? How did she feel to Sue?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Four Letters.

17	18	19	20
quit	ring	sage	tack
quib	ride	scar	tame
rain	rock	shad	tear
read	rule	silk	tomb
21	22	23	24
urns	vace	vast	wade
urge	vail	vice	waft
unto	vain	vile	wasp
upas	vamp	vote	well

25	26	27	28
west	yard	yoke	zeal
whip	yawn	yore	zest
wolf	year	your	zinc
wrap	yolk	yule	zone

29	30	31	32
a bet	ha lo	la dy	re ly
ba by	i tem	on ly	ti dy
du et	ci on	na vy	vi al
ea sy	ju ry	pit y	wi ly

LESSON X.

kind	loaf	want
cake	more	left
ate	bow	God

THE KIND BOY.

One cold, damp day a boy sat on a door-step, with a nice loaf of cake in his hand, and as he did not want to eat it just then, he laid it by his side. Soon a poor old man came by, with no cap or hat on his head, and he was pale and thin. When the boy saw him, he felt sad, and went up to him and said: "You look poor and ill, old man; here is a loaf of cake, that you may have, for you look as if you need it more than I do." The man made a low bow, and a tear was in his eye when he took it. He soon ate it for he was much in want of food. The boy told him to sit on the step and wait till he came back; he then ran in,

and got an old coat and hat, and gave to him. The old man was glad to get them, for he was in need of both. "God be with you, my good boy," said the old man, as he put them on, "and may you not come to want, as I have done, in my old age. I was once a neat, nice lad, like you, and had a good home, and when I grew to be a man, I was rich and well; but my good wife died, and my dear boys I lost. I too grew sick, and have not been well this long time; then, too, a bad man stole all that I had, and left me poor and ill. May God keep you from want, I pray, my kind boy." The old man then left, and the good boy was glad that he gave him his cake, and a coat and hat.

QUESTIONS.—What did the boy give the old man? Was he glad to get what the boy gave him? How did the boy feel when he saw how glad the old man was? How ought *you* act to the poor?

LESSON XI.

ride

raft

beat

draw

push

lake

fall

swim

few

all

yes

two

THE BOAT RIDE.

“Come, Tom and Lee, papa will take us on the lake to sail, if we will get up in time, he said. Don’t you want to go, boys? We will have a good time; then jump up, and let us see if we can not run, and get to the boat as soon as papa does. I will beat you, Lee, if you don’t run fast. See, papa is on the bank. Here we are, papa.” “Come, jump in the boat, boys, and let us be off,” said Mr. Ward. “I will take a net, for we may get some fish.” “Oh! look, papa! look, Tom! don’t you see that man on a raft? The man can push it with a pole, can he not? I hope he will not come too near us, for the raft may hit our boat, and turn it over, and then we may all fall in the lake; how hard he will work to get to land. I can see him well, now, as he is so near us. Why, his cask has fish in it, has it not, papa? Now

he has gone by; how fast the raft can move; but I do not like to be on a raft, for I feel fear." "Then you can not swim, can you, Dick?" "Yes, but not fast or well." "Look at the men in that boat; they will get all the fish, won't they, papa? See the heap of fish in the boat they are in; will it not sink the boat, papa?" "No, my son, the men will not load the boat too full. Now let us cast our net in the lake." "Do draw it out, papa; is it not full?" "Why, Tom, it has but few in it yet. Let me see; here are one, two; yes, four, six; yes, there are ten here; ten big fish!" "Now let us turn the boat, and row for home, for the sun is too hot to stay long on the lake." "Have we not had a nice time, Dick and Tom?" "Yes, that we have, Lee, and papa was kind to take us with him, was he not? We love you, for you are so good to us, dear papa." "We may row with you in the boat some fine day again, may we not, papa?" "If you will be good boys, you may, my sons."

QUESTIONS.—On what did the boys sail? What is a lake? What did they get in the net? What fish are fit to eat? Were these good boys?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Four Letters.

33	34	35	36
arms	from	play	oars
come	fool	jole	cows
elms	cold	lamb	ball
dark	give	work	mast
back	snow	pins	ship
37	38	39	40
warm	sack	hear	race
salt	full	race	show
barn	bell	apes	leaf
some	lies	once	four
fine	star	rose	five
41	42	43	44
edge	made	helm	glad
take	look	went	skip
crew	next	hush	kick
poor	rope	knee	peal
snap	cake	nine	wait
must	time	hold	they
long	club	when	soft

LESSON XII.

Kate	pout	felt
sour	play	call
wore	wish	seam
sew	her	try

KATE AT WORK.

“Dear mamma,” said Kate, “may I run out to play?”
 “Not yet, dear Kate; I wish you to sew this seam,
 and then you may go and play.” “Why may I not

go *now*, mamma, and sew when I come back from play?" "It is too hot for you to be in the sun just now. You make me sad to hear you talk thus, dear Kate. Do you not know that it is for *your own good* that I wish you to sew? You do not wish to grow up and not know how to sew, do you? Fy! Kate, to want to play *all* the time. Why, a cat or dog will not play *all* the time, and will my girl love play more than they do? Come sit here by me, and when you sew up this seam, then you may go and play; do not pout or cry, for I can not let you go, if you do not act well. "Kate sat down with her work, but did not try at first to do it well; but by and by the sour look wore off from her face, and she said: "Dear mamma, I have been a bad girl, but I will try *now* to be a good one." Mrs. Ross gave her a kiss and said: "I am glad to hear you talk in this way, Kate, for I am sure you will try to do as you say; this seam is well done, so *now* you may run out to play." Kate took her hat, and soon she was at play.

QUESTIONS.—Did Kate want to work? Why did she not? Do boys sew? What did Kate do at last? Did she do her work well? What did she say to her mamma?

Reading Lessons, containing Words of Five and sometimes Six Letters.

LESSON I.

God is the giver of all the good that we have.
The waves of the sea beat upon the beach.

James has a nice hoop that he will roll with a stick.

LESSON II.

See that boy ride on the back of his dog. He calls his dog Dash.

The snail lives in a shell; it is his house, and he never moves, but he has it on his back.

LESSON III.

Ships sail upon the sea; I would not like to be in a ship at sea when the wind blows and the waves roll high.

LESSON IV.

Ants are quite small, but they do a vast deal of work, and, like the bees, are ever busy: they toil all the day, when it is warm, to lay up food for time of want and cold; then learn from them not to be idle

LESSON V.

This grape vine is quite strong, Annie; come, let us have a good swing. Here we go, up, up; and now we go down. Is not this fine sport? It is much better to swing on this vine than on a rope, for the vine is not half so apt to break as the rope is.

LESSON VI.

Jet has run off with your cap, Guy; let us get it from him, lest he tear it; you are a small boy, but you must run fast, if you want to get your cap again

LESSON VII.

Sarah has a nice toy wagon, in which she draws her doll over the yard, when at play. I am sure she has been a good girl, for see, she is now at play with a face full of joy. It is best to be good, is it not? When a girl has been bad, she is very apt to look sad.

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Five Letters.

1	2	3	4	5	6
a bide	barge	carts	dance	earth	faint
a dorn	bears	chair	dirge	earls	faith
ad mit	black	churn	dodge	earns	feast
a dult	bleat	clean	drink	eaves	first
ash es	board	croup	dwarf	eight	forks
7	8	9	10	11	12
gauge	haste	im bed	jaunt	kings	latch
gauze	hatch	in apt	jelly	knead	large
girls	heart	in fer	joint	kneel	lamps
glass	house	in set	jests	knife	laugh
grass	horse	in ter	judge	knock	lunch
13	14	15	16	17	18
march	names	ol ive	paint	quack	raise
meats	neats	ounce	pears	quart	range
midst	night	ought	peach	quilt	roots
mould	north	or gan	pound	quick	roast
mouth	noise	ot ter	plant	quote	rocks
19	20	21	22	23	24
sacks	tease	un der	vague	watch	yacht
shame	teeth	up set	vault	whale	yearn
smile	trunk	u sage	verse	whoop	yield
socks	trout	ut ter	vig or	witch	youth
spark	twist	un til	verge	xebec	zoned

LESSON VIII.

Rats are very shy, and run quite fast; they cut holes in wood with their teeth. Cats are fond of rats, and will sit half a day, or more, and watch for

them to creep out of their holes. The rats know this, and when puss is by they take good care not to show their heads, for if they do, she will dart at them, and is very apt to catch and eat them.

LESSON IX.

“The mice are in their holes,
And there they hide by day;
But when 'tis still at night,
They all come out to play.

But if they hear the cat,
At once they stop their fun;
In fright they seek their holes,
As fast as they can run.”

LESSON X.

When the sun is gone, it will grow dark, and then the moon will rise, and shine upon us. All the stars which gave such a soft light, are now hid by her beams. It is a fine sight to see her, as she rides so high in the sky. Last night, as I lay upon my bed, it shone upon me till I went to sleep.

LESSON XI.

We do not often see snow at the South, for it is too warm here to snow. I like our warm nice days best, papa; do you not? I do not love to feel cold, and then I so much pity the many poor, who must be out in it all the while. So few of them have a nice home to go to, after a hard day's work, and then how cold and sad they must feel, to stay in the street all the long night; how I pity them!

LESSON XII.

You are quite young, but you must one day die. Your body will decay in the grave, and turn to dust, but your *soul* will ever live. If you have led a good life, then you will be happy with God; but if you have been bad, then you will never live with Jesus above, or see the face of God, but be sent to pass all your days with those who have done evil too.

LESSON XIII.

Did you ever see an owl? He is a very ugly bird, but looks very wise. He has big round eyes, and can stare very hard, but does not see very well in the day, for all that. When night comes on, and the stars shine out, he flies down from his perch on the tree, to hunt for birds and mice to eat, for he is quite fond of *them*; then, when day dawns, away he flies back to his home in the tree, and will sleep all the while the sun is out, and while boys and girls are at play.

LESSON XIV.

Did you ever see the young kids play upon the green? They skip and run so fast. Some of the kids are white, some brown, and some are black all over, with just a white ring round their necks, and some have spots upon them. Do you know what is done with their skins, when they are dead? Shoes are often made of kid-skin, which are so warm and soft, that they do not hurt the feet. You like to wear soft, nice shoes, do you not?

LESSON XV.

I have a big white hen at home ; she made a nest under the house one day, and then she laid an egg in it. It was a large, white, warm one ; when she laid the egg she ran and told all the other hens in the yard. Why, how did she tell it ?—hens can not talk ! Why, she made a loud noise, and said very plain, “ I have laid an egg ! I have laid an egg ! ”

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Five Letters.

25	26	27	28	29	30
brook	ropes	waves	cloud	nurse	would
deeds	doves	sharp	round	catch	crown
straw	grape	crops	ducks	guard	horns
drive	point	rails	could	break	smoke
month	trade	brand	plump	masts	bales
31	32	33	34	35	36
toads	claws	coach	spike	wrong	fault
braid	chant	limps	sleep	great	there
would	slate	speak	sheep	wings	sweet
bones	days	piece	days	blows	bench
stick	clean	great	state	beach	folks
37	38	39	40	41	42
dunce	toast	tried	thumb	shake	crook
tools	these	voice	ti ger	wheel	groom
frogs	mount	choke	quite	shape	spoon
quake	round	knees	horde	loved	paint
bloom	three	skate	stuck	swell	dress

43	44	45	46	47	48
toast	roast	strong	straw	wedge	bleed
death	block	right	greet	least	dream
goose	lance	write	earth	gloom	teach
crumb	catch	learn	chair	glass	storm
lands	hedge	tombs	cream	grain	steed

LESSON XVI.

The stars have come out in the sky, for it is now night. It is time for me to go to bed. I have had my tea, in my new cup, which my aunt Jane gave me. It is made of white China, and has these words upon it: "For a good boy." My aunt was very kind to give me this nice cup, and I will try not to break but keep it a long time. Kate, be sure and put my cup in a safe place, will you? China is very apt to break, if it gets a knock, or falls upon the floor or ground. I would like to know of what China is made, and where it is made. Do tell me all about it, Kate, won't you? I can not tell you a great deal, Harry, that you can learn much from, for you are but a small boy yet, but you may learn this much, that it was first made in China and Japan, far over the seas, on the other side of the globe from us. When it is day with us, it is night with those who live there, and when night with us, day with them. I guess that the boys and girls in China are now up and at play, it may be; but it is time for you, my boy, to be in bed; so I will say, Good-night to you.

QUESTIONS.—Can you tell where, and of what, China is made? Can you tell anything of China, the place where so much of it is made?

LESSON XVII.

music	flute	Danes	quiet
harp	mamma	king	older



MUSIC.

Do see, Ellen, here is a harp and flute, and ever so many horns to play upon. Are you not fond of music? O yes, that I am, Julia. I love it *very* much. Well, let me tell you what my mamma told me to-day. She said if I would study my books well, and learn fast, she would let me study music, and then I will know how to play on the piano, too; so I am going to try with all my might to do well, so that I may soon begin. Mamma told me such a nice story about a poor king, who had to flee from his home, and hide from his foes, and roam about in the woods. He had a harp, upon which he would play, and no one knew that he was a king. He went into the camp of the Danes, his foes, and took his harp with him to play upon, and they did not once think of his being the king. After he found out all he could, or cared to, about them, and saw how they were doing, he got out of the camp in a quiet way, and sent word to his own men to meet him at a given place, and at a given time, which they did with joy, as they began to fear

that he was dead. He then led them to the camp of the Danes, (who, being quite off their guard, and at their merry games,) and soon seized them all. This king did not treat them badly, as our foes do those whom *they* take in war, but was kind to them, and told them that they might stay where they were, and be free again, if they would only make a vow to do right, and serve God. But you can read all about this story when you grow older, can't you? Mamma says that drums and fifes are used in time of war to cheer the men during battle.

QUESTIONS.—Can you tell what king this was who had to leave his home, and roam in the woods? What did he take with him, and why? Who were the Danes?

LESSON XVIII.

Ralph
Paul

slate
draw

pail
milk

bite
next

RALPH'S NEW SLATE.

See here, Paul, what a nice new slate mine is; have you such a good one? No, did you say? Well, come here, then, and I will let you draw on mine. Let me see if you can draw a cow as well as I can. O, ho! that will not do for a cow, Paul; why she has but three legs, and all cows have four, you know well enough, I'm sure; then you have put but one horn on her head. Well, rub that out, and try once more. Yes, that is good. Now draw the milk maid

with her pail. Now draw a boy with a whip in his hand to keep off the calf, for you know the maid can not milk if the calf is in her way all the time, don't you? The cow will knock the pail over if the girl does not move it. Now, Paul, draw a man with an axe in his hand, to cut down a tree. You must give him two arms, for how will he use an axe if he has but one arm? Ha! ha! what a long nose he has; you have made it come down to his lips; he can bite it off, if it is in his way; poor man, he can lose one half of his nose, and then have a good long one left him, as you have drawn it, Paul. O, fy! don't get mad with me, for I was in fun. Let us rub it all out now, for it is not well done; you will do well the next time you try to draw on the slate, I dare say.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Paul get mad with Ralph? Is it right to get vexed when you are at play? How ought you act if others try to vex you?

LESSON XIX.

dark
night

while
watch

need
sleep

fear
God

“ I will not fear;
For God is near,
In the dark night,
As in the light.
Now, while I sleep,
Safe watch He'll keep;
Why need I fear,
When God is near ?”

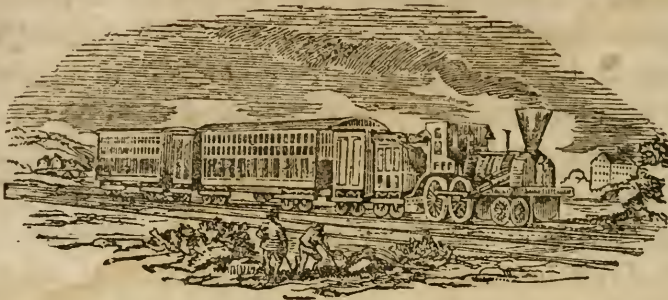
LESSON XX.

wars
cars

fight
ride

black
South

Frank
James

**A TRAIN OF CARS.**

“O, Frank, did you see all those men get on that train of cars?”

“Yes, I saw them, James; where are they going to?”

“To the wars, to fight. They will take their guns and shoot at those bad men who have come here to try and kill us.”

“I wish I were a man, then I would go too, and help to drive them away from the South.”

“How full the cars are of men, and just see that long line of smoke, how black it is! I love so much to ride on the cars, and I love to go a long way too, don’t you, Frank?”

“What is it that makes the cars move so fast?”

“Why it is steam, don’t you know that? I went with my papa and mamma to visit my aunt last year, and we rode ever so many miles on the cars. It would have been a nice trip to me, but dear papa was going to leave for the wars soon after we got home. Oh! how I wish this cruel war would end, for then he would come back home; he has been gone so long from us, I very much

fear that some of those bad men will kill him. If he lives to come home, I will ask mamma to let me go to the cars to meet him; then won't I be glad to see him! and how happy he will be to see us again."

QUESTIONS.—What is it that makes the cars move? What is steam? Whose father was it that had gone to the wars? Why are the North and South at war with each other?

LESSON XXI.

house	warm	great	queen
hives	drones	gold	idle

A hive is a house for bees to live in. They do not come out from their hives when it is cold, but when the sun begins to shine warm, then they fly out and hunt for food to eat. They are very fond of the white lily, and will dive down to find the sweet juice, which they love, and when they come out of the lily cup, they have dust upon them, which looks like gold, and which is called pollen; they take this to their homes, and use it in their cells of wax, where they keep their honey, which they make. They are very neat and nice, and take great care not to leave any dirt about their cells. The most of them love to work, and are ever busy, but some of them are idle, and do not love to work, and they are called drones. A boy who does not love to study his books or work, is a drone. One of the bees in the hive is their queen, and rules over them. When the queen dies, they take one of their young bees

and raise it with great care for their queen. Bees do not bite, but sting; so if you were to be stung by one, if you will put some salt on the place, it will cure it. You must try to be like the bees, for they are never idle, and you must be neat and nice as they are also.

QUESTIONS.—In what do bees live? Are they ever idle? Should boys and girls ever be idle?

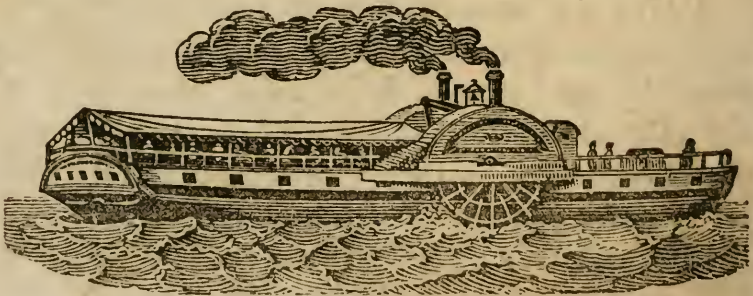
LESSON XXII.

steam
balls

built
shell

Paris
clad

Seine
boat



A STEAMBOAT.

A steamboat is a large boat made to move on the water by the power of steam.

It has a large wheel on each side, which is made to turn by steam, and moves the boat along like so many oars. The first steamboat was built in the city of Paris, and was made to float on the river Seine, as a trial boat, to prove that steam had the power to move boats in the water, like sails and oars. The next steamboat was built in the city of New York,

and ran its first trip on a river near that place. At first, steamboats could only sail about four miles an hour on a river, but now they sail more than ten miles an hour, over the wide ocean. Steamboats are used in war, and carry large guns. Some of them are called gun-boats. They are clad with iron, so that shot and shell will not break or sink them. Our foes from the North, have a great many gun-boats, with which they run on every river upon which they dare to go, and thus they have been able to get so far into each State of the South, for we have but few gunboats to fight them on the water; but we whip them on land. The South has built boats called rams. They are steamboats, made like a house, with every angle cut off, and clad all over with thick iron, so that large gun balls may not be shot into them; and they are armed with large guns, which can shoot great iron balls and shells four or five miles. These rams can whip the gun-boats; yes, a whole navy of them, and did whip them every time they could get them to fight.

QUESTIONS.—Where was the first steamboat built, and on what river did it sail? Where the next? What are gun-boats? When and where are they used?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Five Letters.

49

Aa ron
ab bey
a corn
a gent
a pron

be dew
be gun
be low
bo som
by way

50

ca ble
ce dar
ci der
co lon
col or

dai sy
de lay
dit ty
dus ty
dy ing

51

ear ly
el der
em ber
en ter
er ror

faces
fel on
fi ber
fo cus
fun ny

52

gi ant
god ly
gra vy
gru el
gyp sy

hab it
hea vy
hon ey
hur ry
huz za

53

im bue
im ply
in due
in ert
in lay

ja pan
jew el
jol ly
ju ror
ju lip

54

la bel
le gal
li bel
lo cal
lu cid

mar ry
mer it
mim ic
mod el
mu sic

55

na bob
nev er
ni tre
no ble
nov el

o cean
ol ive
of fer
or bit
ot ter

56

pa per
pi ous
po ker
pu pil
put ty

que ry
qui et
rai ny
reb el
rus ty

57

sa tan
sev en
sil ly
sol id
sun ny

ta ble
tep id
ti ger
tow er
tu lip

58

ul cer
u nite
u nion
un man
un tie

va let
ven om
vic ar
va por
vow el

59

wat er
wa ger
wag on
weed y
wea ry

wit ty
wid ow
woo er
wood y
woof y

60

wo den
wo ful
wo man
ya ger
ze bra

Easy Reading Lessons, containing Words of Six and sometimes Seven Letters.

LESSON I.

Twelve months make a year.
Unless you study you will not learn.
God will bless those who strive to do his will.

LESSON II.

Alice has a pretty China doll, with which she plays.

The cold frost turns the leaves of the trees brown, and makes them fall to the ground.

The fur of a beaver makes the best kind of hats.

LESSON III.

There is a kind of grey moss which hangs from the boughs of some trees.

It is the duty of all boys and girls to thank God for his gifts to them, and to pray to Him to help them to do good.

LESSON IV.

I have a sweet little sister, whom I love so much. Her name is Jessie, and she has bright black eyes, and rosy cheeks, and a sweet mouth, which I love to kiss dearly. She is a merry little being, and runs

and plays all day long. She has a doll which she calls "Loulie," which she loves very much, but not half so well as I love her, for it is not half so sweet, as is my baby sister.

LESSON V.

Willie goes to school, that he may learn to read and write. See the boys and girls in the school-house; they have slates and maps, and books, which they learn from. Do *you* love to go to school, Willie? I hope you do, and that you will soon learn to read and spell quite well.

LESSON VI.

A parrot is a bird that can talk. I once knew a lady, who had one, and it would say to her, "Miss Mary, poor Poll wants some bread," and then the kind lady would give it to him, and he would say, "Thank you, Miss Mary." She had taught him to do this; was he not a smart bird? The poor bird was not like *you*, Minnie, for he had no mind, and could not *think* of what he said, as you can. God gave him the power to talk, but he made you, my little girl, better still, for he gave to you not only power to talk and think, but a *soul* that will live after your body dies; and the poor bird has not this.

Spelling Lessons containing Words of Six Letters.

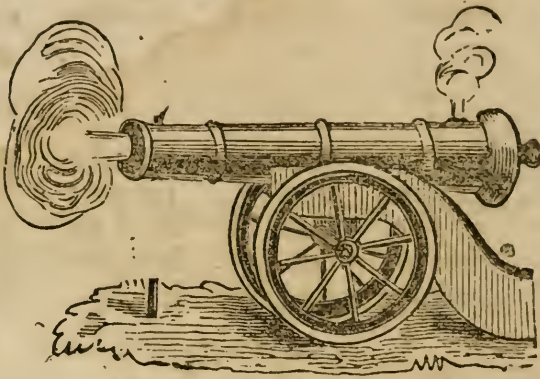
1	2	3	4	5
a bound	barque	can non	dearth	eighth
ac tion	bea ver	charge	doubts	e merge
a noint	blight	cheese	dreams	en gine
a shore	bronze	church	drones	e vents
au thor	bruise	clothe	drowse	ex port
6	7	8	9	10
fath er	gen tle	health	im bibe	jail er
flight	gi ants	hoarse	im port	jin gle
fourth	glance	hum ble	in di an	joy ous
fringe	grieve	hur rah	is land	jun ior
fright	groove	hy phen	it self	just ly
11	12	13	14	15
kam sin	launch	masque	na tion	ob ject
ken nel	league	min ute	nerves	ob lige
ker nel	length	moth er	nought	or ange
ket tle	loaves	Mon day	num ber	or gies
kit ten	lounge	myr tle	nymphs	or phan
16	17	18	19	20
pal ace	quaint	rab bit	sach el	tas sel
pen cil	qua ker	rai sin	Sav ior	tem per
phys ic	quartz	rea son	sen ior	thread
pledge	quench	rock et	shears	tor pid
pray er	quin sy	rus tle	sneeze	tri fle

LESSON VII.

Mon roe
hol low

can non
slaves

balls
mer cy

**A CANNON.**

A cannon is a large gun on wheels, and is used in time of war. There are many kinds of cannon; some are large, and can shoot a ball four or five miles. The biggest cannon in the world is at Fort Monroe. Some cannon throw solid iron balls, and some throw shells, which are hollow iron balls, filled with small balls, and pieces of iron, and as the shells strike an object they burst, and the small balls and iron pieces fly all around, often killing a great many men at one shot. When the war between the South and the North first began, there was a great and good man, whose sacred work it was to preach the Gospel; but when our Yankee foes came to take away our rights and homes, and make us their slaves,

he left the pulpit, and joined our army, to fight and drive them from our soil. He had charge of the cannon of our army, and in the first great battle, when his men had loaded one of them, this good man aimed it with great care at the Yankee ranks, then said to our men, "Make ready—*fire!* and may the Lord have mercy on their souls;" that is, the souls of our foes, for he knew that many of them would be slain by that shot, and a great many were, indeed, killed by it.

It is not wrong to fight our foes in battle, and kill them, if we can. We read in the Bible of a great many good men who went to war—such as Moses, Joshua, Gideon, and David. All honor to our brave boys of the South, who have nobly fought in *this* war for our homes and native soil.

QUESTIONS.—What is a cannon? What war is now going on? What is the name of the good man spoken of in this lesson, who left his home to fight for us? Is it wrong to engage in battle with our foes? What good men does the Bible tell us of who went to war?

LESSON VIII.

gather
pears

Liz zie
gar den

green
fruit

"Come, Lizzie, let us go and gather some pears for dear mamma to eat. You know how fond she is of them, and I saw some nice yellow ones upon the tree in the garden to-day. What a nice fruit it is; you love them too, do you not? There, that will do; you must not shake off any of the green ones, but

let them stay on the tree and ripen. Let us now run in the house, and give these to mamma.

QUESTIONS.—During what season of the year do pears ripen? Were these little girls kind to gather the fruit for their mother? Would you have acted thus?

LESSON IX.

pret ty
pinks

ros es
bloom

drink
tram ple

The cow is in the yard; run, boys, run! Do chase her out, else she will trample down the pretty pinks and roses, now in bloom, with her great hoofs. She gives nice milk to drink, it is true, but that is no reason we should let her go where she pleases to; do you think so? So come, madam cow, get out of my yard.

QUESTIONS.—What does the cow give us to drink? What use is made of her hoofs and hide after she is dead?

LESSON X.

cow ard
nev er

fath er
moth er

boast
ug ly

I know a bad boy, who loves to fight. He is very rude, also, in his manners, to his kind mother and father. Boys are apt to think it looks well to say that they will fight any one who does not do to suit them; but let me tell you, little boys, that this is wrong, for no one likes to hear a boy talk in this ugly way. I know, too, a *good* boy, who is brave

and yet who never fights, for he knows that it is wrong to do so. A *truly* brave boy is not apt to love to fight; it is only the idle boast of a coward, to appear to others as if he is always ready for a fight.

QUESTIONS.—Is it the sign of a brave boy to be always anxious to fight? How may a coward be known?

LESSON XI.

bones
slen der

lit tle
pray er

sleep
wake

MY LITTLE BODY.

“ My little body’s formed by God—
’Tis made of flesh and blood ;
The slender bones are placed within,
And over all is laid the skin.

My little body’s very weak—
A fall or blow my bones might break ;
The water soon might stop my breath,
The fire might close my eyes in death.

But God can keep me by his care,
To him I’ll say this little prayer :
‘ O God, from harm my body keep,
Both when I wake and when I sleep.’ ”

QUESTIONS.—Who formed your body? Who keeps you in his care? Are you liable to be killed at any moment? Ought you not to thank God for life, and all that you have, every night and day?

Spelling Lessons containing Words of Six Letters.

21

um pire	va cant
up land	va lise
up right	vol ume
ur chin	voy age
use ful	vul gar

23

zeal ot	ab bey
ze nith	ac cent
zeph yr	bat ter
zig zag	beau ty
zo uave	beg gar

25

gam ble	im port
gar den	in vent
gir dle	is land
height	jan gle
hun ger	Ju li an

27

ob late	quince
or phan	quin sy
owl ish	raf fle
pack et	re mark
pa rade	sal low

22

waf fle	xyl ite
weight	xys ter
win ter	Yan kee
won der	yel low
wrench	yon der

24

cac tus	ear wig
cry ing	en voy
dag ger	fee ble
del uge	fol low
dus ter	fun nel

26

keep er	mad am
ker sey	men tor
kind ly	mus lin
lad der	nap kin
lim ber	nim ble

28

sher ry	ves sel
thatch	vi tals
tram ple	wreath
un paid	writhe
up roar	year ly

LESSON XII.

bas ket
gath er

walk ed
Hat tie

pret ty
in deed

Lei la
woman

**THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.**

“Look here, Leila, here is a pretty basket that my dear papa gave to me for a birth-day gift. I am going to fill it with nice ripe fruit, and take it to old Mrs Huntly, who lives at the other end of the town. Will you not help me to gather some nice grapes, and pears and figs, and we may find a nice peach or two to put in also?”

“Yes indeed, that I will, dear Hattie, for the old lady is now quite poor and ill, and I shall be glad to go with you to fill the basket, and take it to her.”

When the little girls had quite filled it, they walked half a mile to the house, where the poor old lady lived.

“I have brought you some nice fruit to eat, Mrs

Huntly, for I know how much you love fruit, and that, now you are ill, and can not eat strong food, I hope that you will relish it," said Hattie."

"O, I thank you very much, my kind little friends," said Mrs. Huntly, "and I am very glad to see you. I love fruit very much indeed, and will think how kind you were to walk so far, to bring this fruit to an old woman, when I eat it."

The little girls sat a short time with her, then bade the old lady good-bye, and went home, glad to feel that they had made some one happy that day.

QUESTIONS.—Who gave Hattie a pretty basket? With what did she fill it, and whom did she carry it to? How did the little girls feel when they had given the fruit to Mrs. Huntly? Are you kind to the poor and old?

LESSON XIII.

cot ton
fields

silk
o val

co coon
Cla ra

"Mother," said little Clara, "where did the silk come from, of which your dress is made? I know that it did not grow upon the back of sheep, nor did it grow in the fields as cotton does, then where *did it* come from?" "A little worm called the silk worm, spun the silk of which it is made, Clara; don't you know that long oval ball which Harry brought to me a day or two since? Well, that was made by the silk worm, and is called a cocoon. Had the silk on it been wound off, I dare say a number of yards would have been found upon it. I will give you a

book, to read all about them, when you get your task done, so if you wish to learn of them, you must not be idle now.

QUESTIONS.—Where does silk come from? Where is it raised to a large extent? Did you ever see a silk worm?

LESSON XIV.

good
e vil

rain y
street

re turn
en e my

GOOD FOR EVIL.

A little boy came to his mother one rainy day, as he came in from school, and said, "Mamma, may I just go down the street with a little girl that goes to our school?" she replied, "No, my son, it rains." He said, "Why, ma, I *must* go." "Well, then," said his mother, "go, if you *must*." On his return, she asked "if the little girl was very much liked by him." He said, "O no; she treats me very ill, worse than any one else in school, but I wanted to help her carry her slate and books, so that she might walk faster, and get out of the rain." Now, was he not a noble little boy, to treat his enemy thus? Would you do this, little boy?

QUESTIONS.—Why did the little boy wish to go down the street with his little school-mate? Did she always treat him kindly? Must not you, like this little boy, return good for evil? What book teaches you to do this?

LESSON XV.

sleep y
bright

e nough
bough

win dow
bath ed

THE LAZY BOY.

“ Oh! nurse, do don't make me get up,” said a sleepy little boy; I have not had half enough sleep yet.” “ Fy! master Charles, to want to lie in bed this bright day; the sun is up long since, and you will be late to school, if you do not get up now, and dress as quick as you can, and hasten there.” “ Oh! dear me, I wish there was no such thing as school,” said the little boy, as he sprang out of bed. But when he had arisen and looked out at the window, and saw how bright it was out doors, and saw the little birds, as they hopped from bough to bough, and had bathed his face in the nice cool water the nurse had brought him, he felt much better, and soon he ran down stairs, and ate his toast, and drank his fresh sweet milk, and off he went, at a brisk, lively pace, to join his school-mates on the green. Ere long he was as merry as they were, for he knew well his task, for his kind sister had taught it to him the day before; but he did not have long to play, for the school-master rang his bell to call the boys to their tasks. Poor Charles felt *then*, that he had lost a great deal of time in not rising sooner, and thus losing the play, and this made him feel sour and cross, and he did not feel happy all day. But it learned him a

lesson, and he made up his mind not to be so lazy again, and I have heard that he kept his word.

QUESTIONS.—Why did not this little boy wish to get up in the morning? How did he feel after he had arisen? Was he in a good humor through the day? Can you repeat the little verse about early rising?

LESSON XVI.

gen tle
tem per
a gree

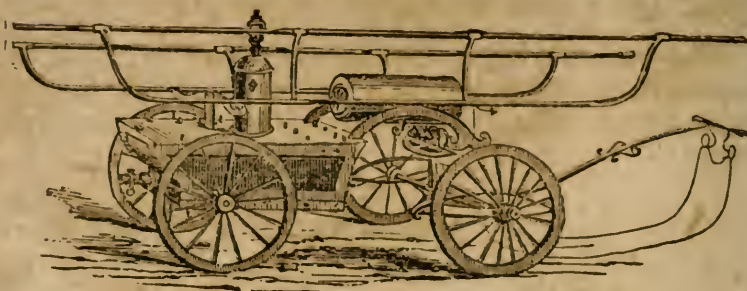
nev er
pray
mild

TEMPER.

Bad temper, go,
You never shall stay with me,
Bad temper, go,
You and I shall never agree.
For I will always kind and mild
And gentle pray to be,
And do to others as I wish
That they should do to me.
Temper bad
With me shall never stay;
Temper bad
Can never make me happy and gay.

QUESTIONS.—Can any one be happy if they indulge in a bad temper? Should boys and girls show temper to their parents when they correct them for doing wrong?

LESSON XVII.



en gine
col lect
burn ed

mov ing
flames
no ble

THE FIRE ENGINE.

"*Fire!*" "*Fire!*" "*Fire!*" was the cry that rang through the streets one cold winter night, and which awoke almost every one from sound sleep. Soon a crowd began to collect near the spot where the house was in a great blaze. The flames *seemed* to be leap-from every door and window of the house. Just at this hour of distress, when every one began saying that the house would be burned to the ground, the heavy roll of the fire engine was heard, moving very rapidly toward the place where the house was in flames. It was drawn by a great many men, who ran as fast as they could; as soon as they came near enough, they threw the water through a long pipe, made of leather, upon the flames, and it fell with such weight and so fast upon them, that it was not long before they were put out, and thus the

house was saved, though it looked quite black, and a portion of it was badly burned. Oh! how much good these noble firemen do; many lives would be lost were it not for the great courage and efforts made by these noble men to rescue those who cannot make their escape from houses which they are in when on fire. Almost every city or town of any size has fire engines in them, and they have proved to be of vast service to man.

QUESTIONS.—Of what use is a fire engine? How is it used in putting out fire? How should we regard the noble firemen?

LESSON XVIII.

ad mire
de face

vain
minds

bo quet
mod est

im age
love ly

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

In a fine large flower garden, which stood near the edge of a pond of water, a rose and lily grew side by side. The lily never seemed to think of her beauty, while *the rose* seemed to think of, and care for, little else, for she was ever gazing at her image, as she could see it in the pond. "My dear friend," said the modest lily to her one day, "how can you be so vain of what you know will soon fade? The beauty of which you are so proud, you may lose in an hour; some fair hand may pluck you from the stem, to place in a boquet, or a strong wind may come and dash all your pink petals to the ground, or even a little worm or insect may feast upon and de-

face them." "I do not fear any of these evils," said the proud rose, "for if I am pulled to adorn a bouquet, the fair owner will *still* admire me, and as for the wind, the insect and the worm, they will not dare come near me." As the silly flower thus spoke, a strong east wind arose, and blew off her pretty pink leaves, and sent them to dance upon the bosom of the pond. This story may show young people the *folly* of being vain of their looks; of the beauty which they may lose in an hour. Let them rather wish to make their *minds* lovely, for they can never be taken from them, and will *never* die.

QUESTIONS.—What did the rose think of her beauty? How did the modest lily advise her? What was the boast of the vain rose? What the result? Do people respect those who are vain of their persons? Is it not better to make the heart and mind lovely rather than the body?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Six Letters.

29	30	31
neu ter	sal mon	au ger
re sign	trough	man gle
bea con	schism	tan gle
le gion	be have	sau cer
plague	phlegm	wal nut
au tumn	bun ion	au gust
strand	prim er	lath er
ras cal	en tire	spe cie
mar ble	in tomb	par don
out run	prince	gig gle

32

a venge
co quet
yeo men
wool en
tar get
bau ble
a midst
gim let
bul let
ci pher

33

barque
pray er
bu reau
re pair
dis own
guil ty
a right
beg gar
Mon day
au tum

34

Dah lia
tru ant
vir tue
with er
fa ther
tongue
win ter
mea ger
wheeze
gew gaw

LESSON XIX.

street
a mus ed
al most

liv ed
laugh
better

stones
struck
rude

THE RUDE BOYS.

A poor blind man was one day being led by a dog along the street, when some rude boys passed, and, seeing him, began to throw stones at him. One of the stones struck the old man's hat, and it fell to the ground.

This made these bad boys laugh very much, for the poor old man had to stoop down and feel about for it, and while doing this, a number of people ran almost over him. He could not find it, for the boys had taken it up, and were using it as a play-thing. At last it fell into a gutter, and the boys did not try to get it again, as they were tired of being amused with it any longer, so left it lying there.

A little girl who lived across the street, and had seen the manner in which these bad boys acted, ran out and picked up the hat, and gave it to the poor old man. She told him that she felt sorry for him, and to come with her and she would give him food to eat, and some money to buy a better hat with. The old man wept as he said, "thank you, my little girl, and may God bless you for the kind heart you have shown to a poor blind man; and may He pardon those bad boys who acted so ill to me." The boys who had been so rude to the old man, and stood by, when the little girl came out from her home, now hung their heads, and felt sorry that they had been so rude to him.

The poor man went to the home of the little girl, and she gave him food and money, and he then left her, and did not feel so sad as he did before the little girl was so kind to him.

QUESTIONS.—How did the rude boys treat the poor blind man? Who came out and gave him his hat? What did he say to the little girl? What did she give him? Which treated him the best, the boys or the little girl? Does it look well to see any one unkind to the poor? How should we act toward them at all times?

LESSON XX.

George
mas ter
fel low

par don
re gard
ad mire

con duct
an ger
hates

THE VALUE OF TRUTH.

“Who broke this window? Can any one tell me?” said the master, as he came into the school-house, one day.

“Not I”—“not I”—and “not I,” the little boys began to say; all *but one* little fellow, who looked very sad and pale. He went up to the master and said to him:

“Mr. Rodman, *I* did it, and I am very sorry for it, sir; I was playing with my ball, and as I threw it against the house, it struck a pane of glass and broke it. I did not mean to do it, and I hope you will pardon me, sir.”

Mr. Rodman seemed quite angry a little while before, but when he saw that though little George stood in awe of *him*, that he feared *more* to tell a lie, his anger was turned to joy, for he could but admire the conduct of the noble little fellow, and said to him, as he took him by the hand, “My dear boy, I am glad to know that you feared the anger of God more than that of man; that you know that He hates a liar, and to see that you have so much regard for truth. I must tell you, too, that I knew who broke the window, for I saw you when you threw the ball, and when it struck the glass, as I was coming toward the school-house; so I asked who broke it, as a test of your truth. I see that you do not fear to own when you have done wrong; hence, I can *always* trust the boy who does not fear to speak the truth at all times. I hope, my dear boys, that all of

you will ever act as did little George, when you have done wrong. Never deny that you have done wrong to conceal the act, even if you know that those who have the charge of you will punish you for it; then will you ever be prized and loved by those who know you, for your value of truth."

QUESTIONS.—Did George deny that he broke the window? Whom did he fear the most, God or man? Is it wrong to tell a lie? How must you act when you have done wrong? Does God hate a liar? Do people trust or regard one?

LESSON XXI.

Kit ty
dol ly
soil ed

cloak
frock
found

floor
morn
won der

THE TORN DOLL.

Kitty, my dear,
Com here, come here;
I've a short tale for you to hear.
Upon the floor,
Behind the door,
This morn I found a Dolly poor.

Once she was new,
And pretty, too,
With cloak and hat, and frock and shoe.
But oh, dear me,
A sight to see,
Has that same Dolly come to me.

Her dress all torn,
 And soiled and worn,
 Alas, alas, she looks so lorn,
 I wonder who
 Has made her so!
 Why, Kitty dear, can it be you?

QUESTIONS.—What was found upon the floor? Should not little girls keep their dolls and play-things neat and clean?

LESSON XXII.

Fan nie
 ap-ples
 plum

load ed
 doc tor
 gree dy

ta ble
 hor rid
 re gard

THE GREEDY GIRL.

Fannie Grant was a sweet and pretty girl, but she had one fault that caused her mother much trouble. She was very fond of eating, and would often eat too much. She never went to school without her sachel being loaded with fruit, nuts, cakes, and many other things; and most of the time she had something to eat in her mouth. Her mother and others would often tell her that some day she would be made sick by the *trash* she was so fond of; but Fannie did not regard what was said to her. She was very fond of green fruit, and would eat green plums and apples with salt; so one day, after coming in from school, she ran into the garden, and ate a great many before her mother found it out. That night she was taken quite sick, and the next day she was not able to rise; the doctor came to see her,

and left some horrid pills for her to take. Oh, how sick the poor girl was, and for many days she had to lie upon her bed, and moan in great pain. She lay awake late at night very often, for she was so sick she could not sleep a great deal, and as she had time to *think* a great deal, she began to see that she had done wrong to pay so little regard to her mother's advice, and that she was not so well off as she would have been, had she not been so greedy; so she made up her mind that if she lived to get well, she would subdue the bad habit she had of eating every-thing that she could lay her hands on, and learn to be polite, not only at the table, (for Fannie was in the habit of eating in a *very* greedy manner there,) but at all other times and places, and learn to do as she was bid by her mother. When she got well she did not forget what she had said on her sick bed, but kept her word, and thus lost the name of the greedy girl.

QUESTIONS.—What is it to be greedy? Who was a greedy girl? What made her sick? What did she say while on her sick bed? Did shee keep her word? Is it not a very ugly habit to be greedy? How should children behave at the table? Do you behave well?

LESSON XXIII.

time
hour
min ute

val ue
stud y
youth

waste
lit tle
re gret

DO NOT WASTE YOUR TIME.

My dear friend, I know that you are quite young, but you will know what I mean when I tell you never to waste a moment of your time. This is of great value, and the days of your youth will soon pass, and if you are idle in youth, you will regret it very much when you are grown. If you go to school, you must learn your tasks well, and do not waste a single hour in play, till you are quite sure you know them well, and will not miss a word. It may be very hard for you to sit and study your books while the other boys and girls are at play, but unless you are *sure* you know your lesson well, it will be far better for you to lose an hour of play, and gain something that will be of use to you as long as you live, than to be out at play with your task half known, as some boys and girls do. You will find, when you are grown, that what you now learn will be of great use to you then.

It is a sin to waste what the good and kind God gives you, little by little—what is of so much value that He gives you only *one minute* at a time. O, then strive to make the best use of it while young, that you may not regret it when old.

QUESTIONS.—Is it sinful to waste the time which God has given you? How must you employ it while young? What should you do while at school? How much does God give us at a time? Is it not of great value, then?

LESSON XXIV.

mon ey	forks	cof fee	met al	lumps
spoons	sil ver	rough	mix ed	ves sel

A TALK ABOUT SILVER.

“Boys,” said a father to his sons, one day, as he came up to them as they were lying under the shade of a large tree, “here is a new book, with a cut in it, which has several objects upon it, viz: a coffee urn, spoons, forks, &c. Can you tell me of what they are made?”

“Yes, sir,” said Philip, “they look as if they are made of silver; are they not, father?”

“I think you are correct; now, can you tell me where silver is found?”

“It is dug from mines, and these mines are found all over the world; very large ones are found in some parts, so I have read.”

“You are right, Philip, and now can you tell me any-thing more about this metal?”

“When it is dug out of the earth it looks rough, and is mixed with earth and rubbish, and other met-

als, for it is very rare to find it pure, or in very large lumps. After it is taken from the mines, it is thrown into a vessel, and placed on the fire, to free it from the *dross*, as it is called. The silver unites and sinks to the bottom of the vessel, from which it is taken, and wrought into any form or shape, for, like gold, it is a very soft metal. The objects of which it is made are rubbed bright, and are then ready for use."

"I am glad, my son, that you know so much of this useful metal, but you have still a good deal more to learn of it, which I hope you will do at some future time. It is a very useful metal to us, for it does not easily wear out; but it is more useful to us, as we coin it into money, than in any other manner.

The sun is now getting hot for us to remain out longer, so let us go in, and we will talk some other time of other metals and *their* uses."

QUESTIONS.—Where do we obtain silver? Can you tell any of its uses? Is it always pure when found in mines? Can you tell how it is freed from dross?

LESSON XXV.

ding-aling
rag man
muss

pick
help
trash

THE RAGMAN.

Ding-a-ling, ding-ding
 I hear the bells ring,
 The ragman is at the door ;
 He asks us for trash,
 And gives us the cash,
 And with *that* we can help the poor.

So I'll make some bags,
 To save all the rags
 That lie all about on the floor ;
 For mother has said,
 That every thread
 Will help to buy food for the poor.

They are but little to us,
 And it saves the muss
 To pick them up from the floor ;
 And we must do all,
 Though ever so small,
 That we can to help the poor.

QUESTIONS.—Can you help the poor in little things? Of what use are rags? What does the ragman do with them?

LESSON XXVI.

truth
 al ways

grow
 grey

de part
 them

I love to *do right*,
 And I love the truth,
 And I'll always love them,
 While in my youth.

And when I grow old,
 And when I grow grey,
 I will love them still,
 Depart who may.

QUESTIONS.—Do *you* love to do right? Does not God love a good child?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Six Letters.

35

hy phen
 crew el
 au burn
 sub til
 dag ger
 pal try
 ser aph
 tem per
 tin gle
 pub lic
 gir dle
 fu ture
 po lice
 knight
 ma rine
 tan gle
 twen ty
 cra dle
 so cial
 tick le

36

doz ing
 eld est
 gal lop
 cor net
 verb al
 way lay
 ram rod
 bon net
 no tion
 par son
 cot ton
 in fuse
 in dent
 draw er
 fo ment
 list en
 op tics
 pom mel
 thir ty
 trav el

37

par lor
 ab rupt
 cra vat
 gob let
 jack et
 rel ict
 cof fin
 mir ror
 fod der
 an kle
 al mond
 car pet
 bask et
 ar rows
 cher ub
 frolic
 but ter
 au thor
 bri dle
 grav el

Reading Lessons, containing Words of Seven and sometimes Eight Letters.

LESSON I.

The Bible teaches us that it is our duty to worship God.

A Turk wears a turban on his head instead of a hat.

Walnuts are the seeds of walnut trees.

LESSON II.

Maurice has a nice flower garden, in which he has planted a great many lovely flowers. He loves to work in his garden, and breathe the fresh air.

LESSON III.

Horace lent his fine pony to Jimmie Jones, to ride; but he whipped him, and rode him so hard through mire and water, that he now fears his pony will die.

LESSON IV.

“Charles, tell Eddie to stop crying. Frank did not take his rocking horse away; he only wants to ride him a little while, and will he not let his little play-mate amuse himself a short time in the yard with it? Shame upon him, that he should act so ugly.”

LESSON V.

Robert went into a stream of water to bathe; but he went too far in, and soon found himself in deep water. “Oh! help me; do help me, George, or I shall be drowned,” he cried. George did not need to hear that cry again from his little brother, but quickly plunged into the water, and drew him to the shore. Little boys that cannot swim should beware how they go into deep water, lest they lose their lives.

LESSON VI.

“Carrie, has a bird teeth?” “Why, papa, you make me laugh; you *know* they have not.” “Well, how do they eat their food then?” “Why, they have *bills* to pick it up with; but they do not have teeth to chew it. There are many kinds of birds, are there not, papa?” “Yes, Carrie, and you may learn a great deal about them, if you will read of their habits; but it is rather too hard a study at present for such a little girl. I will give you a nice book to read about them in, when you finish your *First Reader*, for then you will be able to read better than you now do. If I were to tell you much about them, you might forget what I told you; but if you read of it you will be more apt to retain what you learn, my little girl.

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Seven Letters.

1

a breast
ac count
af front
an cient
as sault
bal ance
bad ness
be cause
blem ish
bris tle

2

cab bage
charm er
chick en
cli mate
cur tain
dar ling
de bauch
dis cern
dole ful
drunk en

3

ear nest
ebb tide
e lu sion
en gaged
ex tract

fail ure
fea ture
feel ing
for eign
fur tive

4

gal lant
gar ment
girl ish
gnarl ed
grap ple

halt ing
hatch et
herb age
hir sute
hun dred

5

ice berg
im merse
in cense
irk some
isth mus

jack daw
jel lied
jest ing
jour nal
jus tice

6

key hole
kin dred
kiss ing
knit ter
krem lin

lamb kin
lan guor
leath er
lock jaw
lug gage

7

ma chine
mar quee
meas ure
mis deed
mourn er

naph tha
nerv ous
nip pers
noi some
nur ture

8

oat meal
ob serve
of fense
our self
oys ters

pack age
per fume
pict ure
pref ace
pun gent

LESSON VII.

wick ed
fight

roos ter
quar rel

proud
rea son

THE ROOSTER.

The Rooster is a gay bird indeed. See what a fine coat he wears; he walks so grand and proud, as if he said, "Who so big as I?" He is called the lord of the barn-yard, because he lords it over all the other fowls, and is so fond of display. He loves very much to fight, and for this reason, wicked men buy and teach them to fight; they put sharp steel spurs upon their feet, and with these on they fight each other until one or the other, the weaker and smaller one of the two, is left covered with blood and dying, or dead. Wicked men delight in such cruel sport, and often lose large sums of money by their bets. Boys who love to quarrel and fight may be likened to this bird. Oh, how wicked it is for you to fight, little boys.

LESSON VIII.

vi o lets
per fume

sum mer
win ter

spring
fall

SPRING IS COMING.

"Spring is coming, spring is coming," said little Jennie Bell, "for I see the little snow-drop and violets begin to peep through the green leaves. O, how glad I am; for now the air will be filled with sweet perfume, and we shall have *so many* pretty flowers."

“Do you know, my little girl, who made the seasons, and who it is that causes the flowers to bloom?”

“Oh, yes, mamma,” said little Jennie; “you, dear mamma, and my kind teacher at Sabbath-school, told me that God made *every-thing*, so, of course, He must have made the spring, and summer, and fall, and winter, besides every-thing that grows, and moves, and lives.” “You are right, my dear child, and I am glad to see that you do not forget what you are taught. Never forget, too, that God made *you*, and what you owe to Him for giving you life, health and friends; indeed, *every* gift that you enjoy is a favor granted you by Him.”

QUESTIONS.—Who made you, and gives you every-thing? Should you not thank and serve Him for His great kindness to you?

LESSON IX.

morn ing
bright

wak ed
grace

Je sus
spir it

MORNING HYMN.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone,
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

O, make Thy rest
 Within my breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace ;
 Make me like Thee,
 Then I shall be
 Willing to see Thy face.

QUESTIONS.—Whom should we pray to be like? Would we be willing, then, to see the face of God at any time?

LESSON X.

east
 west

com pass
 fin gers

Tom my
 north

THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

Father. “Can you tell me how many fingers you have, Tommy?”

Tommy. “Oh, yes, sir; I have four fingers and a thumb.”

Father. “Well, that makes *five*, does it not?”

Tommy. “Yes, sir.”

Father. “Can you tell me now which is your right and which your left hand?”

Tommy. “Yes, sir, *this* is my right, and *this* is my left hand; and I know, too, that I can tell which is east, and which is west, by knowing my right from my left hand.”

Father. “Well, how is *that*, my little man?”

Tommy. “Why, sir, if I point to where the sun rises with my right hand, I know *that* to be the east; and then if I point with my left hand the opposite way, I know *that* to be the west, where the sun sets; am I not right, father?”

Father. "Yes, my son; so now you may learn, also, which is north and which south, if you stand as you said; for the north will be before you, and the south will be behind you."

Tommy. "Yes, sir, I knew that too, but forgot to mention it."

Father. "Well, then, my boy, you now know the chief points of the compass, and if you will come with me upon this hill-top, some other fine day, I will describe a compass to you, and its use also."

QUESTIONS.—Can you tell which is east and which is west? Which is north and which is south? What is a compass? Do you know where it is used mostly.

LESSON XI.

ken nel
lodg ing.

grun ted
umph

ves sel
cor ner

weath er
ea si ly

THE PIG AND THE DOG.

A pig and a dog were once on board of a ship; they were very good friends indeed, for they ate out of the same plate together, and would lie down side by side in the sun, during the day, on deck. The only thing they did not agree about was their lodging. The dog had a very good kennel, but the pig had nothing of the sort. Now, Piggy did not see why Toby should be housed any better at night than himself; so every night there was a struggle to see which should get into the kennel *first*. If the dog got in, he showed his teeth, and Piggy had to look

out for other lodgings. If the pig gained the kennel, the dog could not turn him out, but waited for revenge next time.

One evening it was very rough; the sea was running very high, and it was raining very hard. The pig was slipping and tumbling about the deck; at length it was so very wet, he thought the best thing he could do, was to go and secure his berth for the night, though it wanted a good time to dusk. When he came to the kennel there was Toby safely housed; he had the same idea as to the state of the weather as the pig.

“Umph! umph!” grunted Piggy, as he looked up to the black sky; but Toby did not offer to move. At last the pig seemed to give it up, and turned off, as if to see where he might find a warm corner for the night.

He went to that part of the vessel where the tin plate was lying, from which they ate their victuals. He took the plate in his mouth, and carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some way from the kennel; then, turning his back to the dog, he began to make a noise, as if he were eating out of the plate.

“What!” thinks Toby, “has Piggy got some bones there?” and he stuck up his ears and looked hard at the plate.

“Champ! champ!” goes the pig, and down goes his mouth to the plate again.

Toby could stand this no longer; victuals! and *he*

not there! Out he ran, and pushing the pig to one side, stuck his cold nose into the empty plate. The pig turned about in a twinkling, and before Toby *knew* whether there was any meat in the plate or not, he was in the kennel, ready to laugh at Toby for being so simple and easily fooled.

QUESTIONS.—Can animals reason? What is it that teaches them how to act? How did Piggy treat poor Toby? Don't you think the dog was easily fooled? What did the Pig do when he got Toby out of the kennel, and got in himself? Would not this be called a selfish act in a boy?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Seven Letters.

9

10

quar rel	rai ment	Sab b th	tab leau
quar ter	re cline	sar dine	ten dril
quib ble	rhy m ist	scut tle	thim ble
quick ly	rough ly	shin gle	trem ble
quin tet	rub bish	stir rup	twit ter

11

12

um brage	va grant	watch er	xiph oid
un clean	vent ure	weath er	yard arm
up braid	vint age	whis per	yawn ing
un dress	vil lain	win some	yelp ing
ut ter ed	vult ure	wri ting	yell ing

13

14

yearn ed	ap prise	com mune	feel ing
yield ed	ar rears	dim ples	for give
young er	bap tist	dra goon	ga zette
zeal ous	bor ough	en dorse	ghost ly
zin code	caus tic	en quire	harsh ly

15

hope ful
in clude
in stall
jour nal
jug gler

kitch en
knav ish
lag gard
lodg ing
mar tial

16

mon arch
neu tral
noth ing
ob lique
out rage

pal sied
pa tient
queen ly
re cruit
ro mance

LESSON XII.

of fi cer	but tons	Bragg	Yan kees	Wal ter
cav al ry	Lee	Jack son	Char lie	vic to ry

THE SOLDIER.

“Is not that a fine looking officer who is now riding by, Walter?”

“I think he must be a cavalry officer.”

“Oh, how fine he looks with so much gold lace, and so many bright buttons on his coat.”

“See,” said Walter, “he is pointing with his

sword, and giving orders to the soldiers that are being drilled."

"Don't you wish, Walter, that you were as old as your brother Charlie, so that you could be a soldier, and go to war too?"

"Yes, that I do, Willie, for then I would fight the Yankees, and help to drive them from the South, I only hope that our brave Generals, Lee, Jackson, Bragg, and many others, who are in command of our army, will meet with victory on every battle field, and then perhaps our enemies will get tired of fighting, and will be glad to stay at home, and 'mind their own business.'"

"Oh! what a pity that so much blood should be shed for such a useless purpose. You know that poor widow who lives near us? Well, she lost her son at the battle of Corinth; he was her only child, and was so kind to her; now she has no one to take care of her, and will have to support herself; poor woman, she looks so sad, ever since she heard that her dear son was killed."

"Father says that the South will *never* submit to the North, for he believes that *every* true-hearted man in the South will be willing to die in defence of their homes and loved ones, before they would yield."

"Oh, I hope it will never come to that, and I trust that this cruel war will soon end, and give our friends back to us again," said Willie.

QUESTIONS.—What people are at war with the South? What does the North want to take from us, and compel us to do? When was the battle of Corinth fought? Is not war a terrible scourge?

LESSON XIII.

lambs
i dle

dunce
use ful

glad ly
Sav iour

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I'm not made for idle play,
Like the little lambs, all day ;
Shame on me 'twould be to grow
Like a dunce, and nothing know :
I must learn to read and look
Often in God's holy book.

Busy I must be, and do
What is right and useful too ;
What my parents, fond and kind,
Bid me, I will gladly mind ;
Never cause them grief and pain,
Nor will disobey again.

But to God I still will pray,
"Take my wicked heart away ;"
He from sin can make me free,
For the Saviour died for me.
O, how happy life to spend,
With the Saviour for my friend.

QUESTIONS.—Is it right for children to be idle all the time? Is it not best to be busy and useful? What must you pray God to take from you?

LESSON XIV.

win dy
pray ing
do ing

hun dred
e nough
wil ling

bread
loaf
pen nies

PRAYING AND DOING.

“Bless the poor little boys and girls who haven’t any warm beds to-night,” prayed a little boy just before he lay down on his nice warm cot, on a cold windy night.

As he arose from his knees, his mother said, “You have just asked God to bless the poor, what will *you* do for them?” He thought a moment.

“Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for *all*, I’d give them some.”

“But as you have no cakes, what are you willing to do?”

“Why, when I get money enough to buy all the things that I want, and have some over, I’ll give them some.”

“But you haven’t half enough money to buy all you want, and perhaps *never will have*; what will you do to bless the poor *now*?”

“I’ll give them some bread.”

“You have no bread; the bread is mine.”

“Then I can earn money and buy a loaf myself.”

“Take things as they now are; you know what you have that is your own; what are you willing to give to help the poor?”

The boy thought again. “I’ll give them half my money. I have seven pennies, and I’ll give them four. Would not that be right?”

QUESTIONS.—Whom did the little boy pray for? What did he say he would do to help the poor? What did his mother say to him? What did he at last conclude to do? Should we not be willing to help the poor with what *we have*? Should we not *deny* ourselves to do so?

LESSON XV.

mines
salt
re quire

ob tain
op press
wa ter

where
world
sup ply

WHERE IS SALT OBTAINED ?

“Mother, where does salt come from?” “It is found in all parts of the world, my child, and is obtained from the sea and from mines. The water of the sea has a great deal of salt in it. Men take this water from the ocean, and place it where the sun may shine upon it, and in a short time the water is dried up, leaving the salt in the bottom of the vessel. God knew that man would require salt to season his food properly, and to keep good and sound a great many things; so He has put it in all parts of the world, ready for the use of man. Besides being obtained from the sea, which is a tedious process, there are many large mines, which men work, from which salt is taken in great heaps; these mines are large pits or holes dug in the earth.”

“But, mamma, I thought that salt was *very* scarce, for I know that Mr. Cheatem asks a great deal of money for it, for I heard poor little Willie Bruce say the other day, that his mother had but little salt to put in their bread now, and that she could not get but little at a time, it was so high-priced. Mamma, why will not Mr. Cheatem sell his salt to the poor cheap, if he will not to any one else? He has a great deal, has he not?”

“I am afraid, my child, that he tries to make all

the money he can out of the wants of the people. When the war ends, then we will have salt in plenty, I hope, for the men who are now in the army fighting for us, will then return home, and assist in making as much as we require. Even now, there are many persons engaged in making it, and when they succeed in getting a good supply on hand, the poor will be able to get it cheaper than they now do; I hope so, at any rate."

QUESTIONS.—Where is salt obtained? Is it right to oppress the poor?

LESSON XVI.

Geor gie
re proof
un ru ly

wick ed
ob lige
pun ish

LITTLE GEORGIE'S PRAYER.

Little George, a smart boy of four summers, had been taught by his mother to pray, and she had often told him, that to pray to God, was to talk to him, and tell him just what he wanted.

At night, after he had said the Lord's prayer, he was in the habit of making a short prayer of his own, in which he told his little wants in his own words.

Though Georgie was a very good boy most of the time, and loved his parents dearly, yet at times he would need reproof; for, like most little boys, and girls too, we may say, he liked to have his own way. One day he was not willing to yield to his mother's

wishes, so she was obliged to punish him, for she did not wish her little boy to grow up a wicked and unruly son.

At night, when it was time to repeat his little prayer, he could not forget his naughty actions, and as he had been taught, he talked to God about it in this manner, feeling all the while very serious, though he talked in such a simple way.

“O, Lord! bless little Georgie, and make him a good boy; and don't let him be naughty again, *never, no, never*, because you know when he is naughty, *he sticks to it so.*”

QUESTIONS.—Should you not pray to God, as if you were talking to him? Does he not hear little children when they pray to him? What kind of a boy was little Georgie? What was his prayer to God? Why did his mother have to punish him? Do you think that your parents do right to punish *you* when you do wrong? If a child is allowed to do as he or she pleases all the time, and have their own way always, what kind of children do they become, and what kind of men and women?”

LESSON XVII.

shad ows
can dles

dar ling
sin gu lar

hous es
cot tag es

blaz es
shade

THE SHADOWS.

The candles are lighted, the fire blazes bright,
The curtains are drawn to keep out the cold air;
What makes you so grave, little darling, to-night?
And where is your smile, little quiet one—where?

“Mamma, I see something *so dark on the wall*;
 It moves up and down, and it looks *very strange*;
 Some times it is large, and some times it is small;
 Pray, tell me, what is it, and why does it change?”

It is only my shadow that puzzles you so,
 And this is your own, close beside it, my love;
 Now run round the room, it will go where you go;
 When you sit, 'twill be still, when you rise it will move.

These singular shadows are caused by the light,
 From fire and from candles upon us that fall;
 Were we not sitting here, all that place would be bright.
 But the light can't shine through *us*, you know, on the wall.

And when you are out some fine day in the sun,
 I'll take you where shadows of apple-trees lie;
 And houses and cottages too, every one
 Casts a shade when the sun's shining bright in the sky.

Now hold up your mouth, and give me a sweet kiss,
 Our shadows kiss too! don't you see it quite plain?
 “Oh yes; and I thank you for telling me this:
 I'll not be afraid of a shadow again.”

QUESTIONS.—Of what was the little child afraid? Would they harm her? How are they caused?

LESSON XVIII.

sew ing
 clothes

ex pect
 hol i day

ma chine
 knit ting

THE SEWING MACHINE.

“Mother, see the picture of this woman at a sewing machine. Her machine is just like yours, is it not? I wonder what she is sewing on!”

“Perhaps it is a shirt for a soldier, Mattie?”

“Oh, I expect that is it, mother, for all the ladies are always at work, since the war began, for the brave men who fight for us; and who are far away from their homes, and those whom they love. Mother, please learn me how to sew, that I may make clothes for them too. Lilly Moore is not so old as I am by two years, for she is but seven, and I am nine

years old, and yet she has made four shirts during the holidays, and sent them in to the "soldier's Relief Society;" and now she is going to learn how to knit, so that she may knit some socks for them too. I am sure I ought to be able to do as much, and as well as she does; don't you think so, mother?"

"I quite agree with you, dear Mattie, so if you will get your needle and thread, and sit by me, as I am at work on the machine, I will assist you in making a shirt to-day. I cannot agree to let you use the machine yet awhile."

"Oh, no, mother, I do not wish to sew on the machine, until I get a little larger; Lilly did not make her shirt on the machine, but sewed it with her fingers, and I want to do the same."

"I am glad to see my little girl anxious and willing to add her share of labor for the brave men who are doing battle for us, in this struggle between the North and the South; for, as you truly said, they are now far away from their homes and friends, and many a noble son, brother, husband and father will yield up even life itself, in their efforts to drive the impious Yankees from our soil. Many a poor soldier will bless the hands that made him warm clothes; and many a little girl's heart would throb with joy, and her eye glisten with tears, could she hear the fervent thanks of the poor soldier, as he draws on a pair of warm socks, that her little fingers had been busy in knitting for him. God speed the efforts of even every little child, in adding to the comfort of every noble patriot soldier of the South!"

QUESTIONS.—Is not the sewing machine a great invention? Are we not able to assist in clothing our brave soldiers much quicker and easier by means of it? Should not even little girls work for and do all they can for them?

LESSON XIX.

to bac co
Rob ert

smok ed
puff

weed
street

I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

" Ill never use tobacco, no,
It is a filthy weed ;
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.

" Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought t it made him *big*.

" He'd puff along the open street,
As if he had no shame ;
He'd sit beside the tavern door,
And *there* he'd do the same.

" He spent his time and money too,
And made his mother sad ;
She feared an idle man would come
From such an idle lad.

" Oh no, I'll never smoke or chew,
'Tis very wrong indeed ;
It hurts the health, it makes bad breath,"
Said little Robert Reed.

QUESTIONS.—Is it not a dirty habit to use tobacco? How does it injure a person?

LESSON XX.

Sun day
play ful
Sab bath

par a ble
peo ple
ad mire

ap ples
a sham ed
thank ed

A PARABLE.

“O dear! I am *so tired* of Sunday!” So said little Willie, a playful little fellow, who was longing for the Sabbath to be over, that he might return to his sports.

“Who wants to hear a story?” said a kind friend who was present.

“I, sir,” “and I,” “and I,” said the little boys, as they came around him. He then told them a parable. Our Saviour, when he was on earth, often taught the people in this way.

The parable he told the little boys was of a kind man who had some nice, rich apples hanging upon a tree in his yard.

A poor man was passing by the house of the owner, and he stopped to admire this fine apple tree. He counted the rich golden pippins; there were just *seven* of them.

The rich owner could afford to give them away, and it gave him much joy to make this poor man happy, so he called to him and said, “My friend, I will give you a part of my fruit.”

The poor man held out his hand, and he gave him *six* of the apples, and kept only *one* for himself.

Do you think the poor man thanked the owner

for being so kind to him? No indeed. He wanted the *seven* apples all for himself.

At last he made up his mind that he would watch his chance, and go back and steal the other one. "Did he do *that*?" said Willie, very quickly. "He ought to have been ashamed of himself, and I hope he got well paid for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in the week, Willie?" said his friend. "*Seven*," said Willie, with a blush on his cheek, for now he began to know what the parable meant, and had an uneasy feeling at his heart, and began to think to himself. And ought not a boy to be ashamed of himself who is not willing *one* day in the seven to lay aside his sports? Ought he not to be punished if he will not keep *holy* the Sabbath day?"

QUESTIONS.—Why was Willie tired of Sunday? What story did his friend relate to him? What is a parable? Who taught in parables while on earth? Don't you think the poor man must have been very envious to want the *seventh* apple after having had *six* given him? How did Willie apply this parable to himself?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Seven Letters.

17

ben e fit
a ban don
fo li age
cas u ist
e di tion
glo ri fy
ho li est
i dol ize
ju ve nal
de liv er

18

un e qual
vin e gar
wo man ly
Xiph i as
zy mot ic
em i nent
cav al ry
tim id ly
ben e fit
el e gant

19

or gan ic
pas tor al
tar di ly
va ri ant
who ev er
pay a ble
eru el ty
bu ry ing
cab i net
fu si ble

20

ka ty did
 la con ic
 min er al
 nat ur al
 oc ta gon
 pri ma ry
 qual i ty
 ra di ent
 sev en ty
 trag e dy

21

par a pet
 has ti ly
 gi gan tic
 el e ment
 beg gar y
 an gu lar
 in tent ly
 joy ous ly
 lull a by
 sub til ty

22

cal a mus
 gal ler y
 re al ize
 ven i son
 ox yd ize
 an oth er
 in hab it
 re cov er
 in her it
 Oc to ber

LESSON XXI.

mer ry
 cheek
 rud dy

al most
 glass
 sha dy

lil y
 rose
 hedge

THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

What, looking in the glass again?
 Why's my silly child *so vain*?
 Think you that you are as fair
 As the gentle lillies are?

Is your merry eye as blue
 As the violets wet with dew?
 Yet it loves the best to hide
 By the hedge's shady side.

When your cheek so brightly glows,
 Is it redder than the rose?
 But the rose's buds are seen
 Almost hid with moss and green.

Little flowers that open gay,
Peeping forth at break of day,
In the garden, hedge or plain,
Do you think that *they* are vain?

Beauty soon will fade away,
Your rosy cheek must soon decay;
There's nothing lasting you will find,
But the treasures of the mind.

QUESTIONS.—Why did this little girl look in the glass so often? Does it not disgust others to see persons vain of their looks? Was this little girl as modest as the violet and the rose? Was she as fair and pretty as they? What is more lasting than beauty?

LESSON XXII.

out cry	bel low ed	Sa rah	Liz zie
win dow	push ed	naugh ty	re sist ed

THE RIGHT WAY.

One day there was a loud outcry under the window, and we looked out to see what was the matter. A little girl lay stretched beneath, upon the pavement.

"You ran against me, and pushed me down, you Sarah Barnes, you!" bellowed the child angrily. "I'll tell your mother, and you'll get a whipping."

Sarah Barnes stopped and went back. She had been in a great hurry, and had not minded where she went.

"I didn't mean to," said Sarah; "I am very sorry," and she began to lift the little girl up.

"You shan't touch me," cried the child.

“Lizzie, dear, I didn’t mean to,” said Sarah sweetly, “and it was naughty in me not minding where I went. I’m really sorry. Do let me brush the dust off your dress.” Her voice was so kind there was no resisting her; the little girl allowed Sarah to help her up, and have the dirt shaken off.

“Shan’t I lead you home, Lizzie.” said Sarah.

“No, thank you,” replied the little girl in a pleasant tone. “I’m not hurt a bit.” Sarah then kissed her, and the little girl kissed Sarah, and each went on their way as cheerily as before. Sarah Barnes had the *right way* of doing right. There are a good many parts to right-doing. It is like a machine; when the wheels grate on each other, and do not run smooth; they need oiling. What shall we oil them with? The *oil of love*. That makes the right way of doing right.

QUESTIONS.—How did Sarah Barnes act toward the little girl whom she had thrown down? Did she not go about the *right way* to do right?

vi o lent
pout ing

spir it
par don

snatch ed
quar rel

THE WRONG WAY.

One day two little girls got into a violent quarrel. Mary snatched Jane’s doll, and Jane struck Mary in the face. Their mother parted them, and tried to settle it. She told Mary to ask Jane to forgive her, and to kiss and be two loving sisters. They did as their mother bid them, but they did it pouting. The

spirit of pardon does not speak with pouting lips, and this spirit Mary and Jane did not have as they went towards each other. So there was no true pardon granted by either, and as soon as their mother's back was turned the old dispute revived, and they began to quarrel as bad as before. You see they did right the *wrong way*.

QUESTIONS.—How did Mary and Jane feel to each other when bid by their mother to kiss and be friends? Wasn't this the wrong way of doing right?

LESSON XXIII.

un hap py
pouts
sulks

health
strength
Car rie

kindest
wheth er
moun ted

“I DON'T SEE WHY.”

I know a little girl who has a very nice home, and the very kindest of parents, and who is yet often unhappy. She pouts her lips, and throws her arms about, and sulks and stamps her feet, and makes a strange noise in her throat, between a growl and a cry.

It is not because she has not enough to eat, of good nice food; nor because she has not time to play, nor play-things in plenty, and a brother to play with her.

She is not blind, nor lame, nor badly shaped in any way, but has health and strength, and all that any little girl could wish to make her happy in this world, except a good heart.

“Carrie, you must not take my scissors, my dear.”

“Why mother, I have none to cut off my thread with,” said Carrie, in a pettish tone.

“Well, my dear, I will give you a pair; but you must not take mine.”

“*I'm sure I don't see why*: it's only just to cut off my thread.”

The scissors were of the finest kind, and Carrie's mother knew that it would soil them if she should handle them with her moist hands; and that if she had them *once*, she would want them *again*.

It was Carrie's duty to obey quickly, whether she saw the reason *why* or not.

“Carrie, my dear, you must not climb upon the chair to reach your work. You must ask some one to get it for you.”

“*I'm sure I don't see why*. It is less trouble to get it myself, than to ask some one else for it.”

“Very well, my child, you shall do it in your own way, and see.”

That very evening Carrie mounted a chair to get her work; she reached too far, and over went the chair, with Carrie in it. Her work fell over the floor; her needle-book one way, the thimble another, the spools another, and worse than all, her head struck the edge of the door, and a large gash was cut in it. She cried sadly, and did not get over her hurt for weeks. Was it less trouble to get her work herself?

If she had trusted to her mother, she would have saved herself all this pain; but for the sake of knowing *the reason why* she should not get up in the

chair, she cost herself a severe wound, and a great deal of shame and sorrow.

It is a good rule through life to do what God bids us do, whether we see *why* or not. One of the things he bids us do, is to "Obey your parents."

QUESTIONS.—Did the little girl in the story have a nice home and kind parents? Why was she not happy, then? Ought not children to mind their parents, whether or not they know the reason *why* they are bid to do anything? Would it not have been better for Carrie to have obeyed her mother? What happened to her for not obeying her? Who commands children to obey their parents? Is it not sinful, then, to fail to do so?

LESSON XXIV.

cas tors
cru et
vin e gar
pep per

mus tard
oys ters
pow der ed
plan ted

fer ment
In dies
ground
cat sup

A SET OF CASTORS.

Here is a set of castors. You see them on the table every day at dinner. You know that the cruets are made of glass, do you not? Now can you tell me what they contain? Vinegar is in one of them.

It is made of apples, grapes, and indeed of almost any-thing that will ferment. We could not make pickles, which all girls love so much, without vinegar; nor could we use some kinds of fish, as oysters, besides many other articles of food, if we did not have vinegar. Pepper is also used in the castors, and we get it a great ways from home. When you grow older and can study a map, you will then learn all about the country, far over the seas, from which we get it. It is raised to a large extent in the West India Islands. It is a round black berry, and is ground into powder, before it can be used in the castors. Little folks do not usually like pepper, for they say it burns their tongues. One species of mustard grows in the garden; you have often seen it, I dare say; but the kind that is used in castors, is a small seed, finely powdered before being used. It is very useful in sickness, in making plasters, &c. There is a kind of mustard seed found

in the East, and which, when planted, produces a very large tree, though the seed is *so very* small. You have, no doubt, read in the Bible of the grain of mustard-seed, as spoken of by Christ to his disciples. Other things are used in the castors also, as capsup, which your mother knows how to make, and sauces of various kinds. All these things which the cruets contain, tend to give a pleasant taste to the food upon which they are used.

QUESTIONS.—Of what is vinegar made? Where is pepper obtained? Can you tell where the West Indies are? What is mustard? Is it useful in sickness? Where does it grow to the size of a large tree? Who spake a parable about the mustard-seed? Where may you read of it?

LESSON XXV.

A me lia
Bet tie
fret ful

tricks
Em ma
dead

sick
coax
sor row

O FIE, AMELIA.

“O fie, Amelia; I'm ashamed
To hear you quarrel so;
Leave off those naughty tricks, my child,
Go play with sister, go.”
“I shan't, mamma, the little girl
May play with whom she can;
And while she lives she shall not have
My waxen doll again.”

“Poor little Bettie Smith, she sits
Day after day alone;
She had a darling sister once,
But now she's dead and gone.

Bettie was quite a fretful child,
And when she used to play
With her little sister Emma,
She would quarrel every day.

“ One day her sister said to her,
‘ Don’t Bettie be so cross ;
Indeed I am not well to-day,
And fear I shall be worse.”
‘ Not well ? Oh yes, you’re very sick !
I don’t believe it’s true ;
You only want to coax mamma,
To get nice things for you.’ ”

But Emma staid a little while,
Then closed her eyes and died ;
And who can tell the sorrow now
That fills poor Bettie’s mind ?
And now she goes away and sits,
Day after day alone ;
She does not want to sing or play,
Since sister Emma’s gone..

QUESTIONS.—How did Amelia speak to her mother ? What did she say of her little sister ? Ought not brothers and sisters to be kind to each other ? Can you tell about Bettie Smith and *her* little sister ?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Seven Letters.

23

ed i fice
 mul ti ply
 u ten sil
 em bar go
 how ev er
 un luck y
 in qui ry
 mod es ty
 mys te ry
 cal um ny
 har mo ny
 his to ry
 prod o gy
 o lym pic
 med ic al
 e las tic
 cha ot ic
 re mov al
 dig ni ty
 co gen cy

24

flex i ble
 gon do la
 re ci tal
 wit ti ly
 rev e nue
 pri ma ry
 par a gon
 lit ur gy
 fu ner al
 er u dite
 cer ti fy
 co lo nel
 ap ro pos
 i dol ize
 cre a tor
 dis o bey
 in fi del
 po ta toe
 mys te ry
 ob e lisk

25

nu ti cles
 pli a ble
 rec ti fy
 re pin er
 sen a tor
 wag ger y
 fa nat ic
 vis i ble
 typ ic al
 sty gi an
 tyr an ny
 pu ri tan
 re qui em
 le ni ent
 ev i dent
 er u dite
 leg i bly
 e ter nal
 mir a cle
 du bi ous

Reading Lessons, containing Words of Eight and sometimes Nine Letters.

LESSON I.

The rainbow is caused by the sun's shining upon the falling drops of water.

The great bell at Moscow weighs two hundred and twenty tons.

LESSON II.

Foolish children waste their time in idleness.

The heathen are those people who worship idols, and know not the true God.

LESSON III.

When the moon passes between the earth and the sun, we call it new; but you must not think it more new at that time than it was when it was full: we mean that it begins *anew* to show us the side on which the sun shines.

LESSON IV.

Johnnie Ray has a fine drum. His father bought it for him on his birth-day. He puts on his paper cap, which his mother made for him, and tells his little brother to get a stick. Johnnie then beats the drum, and they both march very grandly. I like to see two little brothers play as if they loved each other.

LESSON V.

Mamma has a very pretty fire screen in her room, and it has a picture of a lake upon it. The water looks as deep and clear as if it were real; there are many fine large trees, which seem to be growing near it, and there are several birds on the boughs

See, the robin is there, you can tell which he is by his red breast.

The gentle dove sits upon a bough of one of the trees also. Birds are very fond of fruit, and if you don't watch them, they will eat it all.

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Eight Letters.

1

ab stract
ad vanc ed
ap pear ed
ap peal ed
at tor ney

back wood
boast ful
brack ish
braid ing
buoy an cy

2

calm ness
cau tious
chest nut
coarse ly
con vulse

dan druff
de crease
dil i gent
drug gist
dwell ing

3

east ward
em balm ed
en camp ed
e ver sion
ev i dence

faith ful
firm ness
fleet ing
friend ly
fur lough

4

gain ings
gaunt let
glad some
gnos tics
gui dance

hand some
head land
hon est ly
huck ster
hunts man

5

i dle ness
im pli cit
in crease
in quir er
in struct

Jap a nese
jo cose ly
jos tling
judg ment
junct ure

6

keen ness
keep sake
key stone
kind ness
knight ly

lame ness
lang syne
lin guist
luck less
luke warm

LESSON VI.

"Come, my little girl, I have bought you a nice new comb for your hair. You were a good girl to-day, and did not cry when your little brother broke the one you had."

"Mother, this is not like my old one, is it?"

"Oh, no, this is a shell comb, and the other one was made of rubber."

"Where did the shell come from, mother?"

"It came off of the back of the tortoise; it grows in scales on his back, and it can be removed without pain or injury to him; but it has to be polished before it assumes a glossy look. It is a very frail shell, and is easily broken, so you must not let Harry play with it, and be careful and not break it yourself."

"Thank you for it mother; I will try and keep this one a long time, until I am as tall as you are."

QUESTIONS.—Where is tortoise shell obtained? How does it grow upon the back of the tortoise? Can it be removed without pain?

LESSON VII.

jour ney
trav el ed

va lise
al though

de feat ed
run ning

THE TRAVELER.



This man looks as if he had just come in from a journey, and had taken a seat to read the news. That is a file of newspapers he has in his hands, and his valise is leaning against his chair. He does not look to be much tired, does he? I wonder if he has traveled far to-day! I would like to know what he is reading of. Perhaps it is of some victory which the Yankees say *they* gained over our people at some battle. Is it not funny that they will *never* own that they are defeated, and that, although they have gained so many victories by *their* own account, that they

always do so with their backs to us, and while running as fast as their feet can carry them *from* the Southern army; but Gens. McClellan, Pope, and other Yankee Generals have learned the "backward step" *so well*, that the poor soldiers are not to blame for learning and *practicing* it too, when "our boys" get too near them. We all know that whenever *they* say that they have gained a great victory over us, that *we* have whipped them badly.

QUESTIONS.—What is the traveler doing that you see in the picture? What do the Yankees always say when there has been a battle? Do you think they *always* gain a victory?

LESSON VIII.

kneel ing
earn est

bit ter
lif ted

pleas ing
kiss

I WILL BE GOOD TO-DAY.

"I will be good, dear mother,"
I heard a sweet child say;
"I will be good; now watch me—
I will be good *all day*."

She lifted up her bright young eyes,
With a soft and pleasing smile;
Then a mother's kiss was on her lips,
So pure and free from guile.

And when night came that little one,
In kneeling down to pray,
Said in a soft and sweet low tone,
"Have I been good to-day?"

Oh many, many bitter tears,
'Twould save us did we say,
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,
"I will be good to-day."

QUESTIONS.—What did the little girl say to her mother? Do you ever say this to your mother?

LESSON IX.

li on ess
an i malAf ri ca
A siadig ging
thun der**THE LION.**

The lion is a very large animal, and is called the king of beasts. Although an elephant is much larger than a lion, he is said not to be so strong as the lion. The lion is called the most noble of all the beasts, but I do not see how he can be, for he is noted as a great thief.

If an animal not so strong as himself comes across his path, and has food of any kind upon which he is feeding, the lion will pounce upon and take it from him; indeed, he lives almost entirely in this manner.

His roar is compared to thunder, it is so loud and deep. There are great numbers of lions found in Africa and Asia; these places are far away from here, but men go there to catch them, which they do by digging pits, into which the lions fall. They are then taken out of these pits, and brought to this country, to show to those who have never seen them. Did you ever see a lion? Well then you know what bright eyes they have. The male is called a lion, and the female a lioness, and their young are called whelps.

QUESTIONS.—From what countries do lions come? How are they taken? What is said of them?

LESSON X.

morn ing
house

rea son
wash ed

suit ed
hap py

THE CROSS BOY.

I once knew a little boy who lived in a pretty house, and he had a kind father and mother, yet he was not a happy boy. Do you wish to know *why*? The reason was, he was *always* cross. He would get up from his little bed in the morning, and fret at having his face washed. His clothes did not suit him, and he would often make a great fuss about them; and when he went to the table he was worse than ever, for he could find nothing to please him. He would thus fret at every-thing nearly the whole day, and keep every one about him in trouble, because he was so cross. He was cross to his little brother, and cross to his dog, and made such a fuss, and cried so much that some one gave him the name of *Grub*. Don't you think it suited him? I hope none of my little readers are cross like he was; are you?

QUESTIONS.—Why was not this little boy happy? What did he make a fuss about? What name was given him on account of his being so cross? Did he not disturb and trouble his mother and father, on account of his naughty ways?

LESSON XI.

bas ket	blind	sup ports	Net tie
hem med	stum bling	wil low	Lot tie

LOTTIE'S PRESENT.

"Lottie, I have bought you a new basket; it is for you to keep your work in. You were very busy this morning, and hemmed your dress skirt so nicely and quickly, that I thought I would make you a present."

"Oh, it is *so* pretty; I thank you very much, mamma. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it a little while since, from a poor blind man, who takes them around to sell."

"Why, mamma, how can he see to walk if he is blind?"

"He carries a stick in his hand, and his little boy walks beside him, to prevent his stumbling or falling over anything."

"Did he make this basket himself mamma? How curious to think he can do such nice work, and yet not be able to see. I wonder how he makes them?"

"He takes long willow branches, and trims them, until they are quite smooth, and he then weaves them into baskets. He is very poor, and has three little boys, whom he supports, and if he could not do something to make money, they would starve."

"I not only thank you then, dear mamma, for the pretty basket as a present to me, but am so glad you bought it, to help the poor blind man. I will ask aunt Mary to buy one for cousin Nettie, and perhaps

she will buy one for herself too, and that will help the poor man a great deal, won't it, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, and I am glad to see that you desire to assist the poor and afflicted."

QUESTIONS.—Why did this little girl's mother give her a present? Of whom did she buy it? Is it not a good way to assist the poor by buying what they make of them?

LESSON XII.

Ed ward
nev er
les son

need ful
af ford
scorn

TRUST AND TRY.

"Cannot," Edward, did you say?
Chase the lazy thought away;
Never let that idle word
From your lips again be heard.
Take your book from off the shelf;
God helps him who helps himself;
O'er your lesson do not sigh:
Trust and try—trust and try.

"Cannot," Edward? say not so;
All are weak, full well I know;
But if you will seek the Lord,
He will needful strength afford,
Teach you how to conquer sin,
Purify your heart within:
On your Father's help rely.
Trust and try—trust and try.

"Cannot," Edward? *scorn the thought*;
You can do whate'er you ought:

Every duty's call obey,
 Strive to walk in wisdom's way ;
 Let the sluggard, if he will,
 Use the lazy "cannot" still ;
 On yourself and God rely :
 Trust and try—trust and try.

QUESTIONS.—What did Edward say about his lesson? Should children say they "cannot" learn a lesson, or do any-thing, until they have tried with all their might to do it? On whose help should they rely to do what is required of them? What should be their motto when they attempt and wish to succeed in doing their duty? Is not "Trust and try" a very good motto to be governed by?

LESSON XIII.

wound ed
 char i ty
 va ri ous
 la dies

hos pi tal
 preach ed
 Rich mond
 re li gion

A HOSPITAL.

A hospital is a home for the sick and wounded. Many of them are built by the charity of good and kind persons. There never was a hospital or house of mercy built until the religion of Christ was preached among men, and the first one was built by a pious lady.

During the present war between the North and South, so many of our soldiers have been sick and wounded, that there has been a hospital built in nearly every city along the great rail road routes, so that these poor soldiers might find a kind home almost every-where.

The city of Richmond has been one great hospital during the war. Almost every house was a hospital, in which the sick and wounded soldiers were kindly

nursed; and even with all these homes provided, many poor soldiers have suffered from neglect.

Nearly all the ladies of the South have been like angels of mercy, in nursing the sick and wounded soldiers in various hospitals, and have taken them to their own homes, and cared for them as if every one were a son or brother, and many of our brave men owe their lives to their kind care and ministry towards them.

QUESTIONS.—Why are hospitals erected? What large city has been one vast hospital since the present war began? Who have attended upon the sick and wounded soldiers in these hospitals?

Spelling Lessons containing Words of Eight Letters.

7

mal treat	name sake
mess mate	neck lace
mild ness	neigh bor
mirth ful	nine teen
mus tache	north ern

8

oil cloth	pale ness
os na burg	par lance
out march	pen knife
out flank	pierc ing
out right	plat form

9

quad rant	rail road
quag mire	rash ness
ques tion	reck less
quib-bler	rip pling
quick ness	rust ling

10

sage ness	tart ness
scarce ly	thank ful
seis sors	thrust ed
se quence	truth ful
snap pish	tune less

11		12	
un slak ed	vast ness	waltz ing	xan thine
un thread	venge ful	watch ful	yacht ing
un thrift	vest ment	weak ness	yard stick
un string	view less	wind lass	year ling
up spring	vile ness	wretch ed	youth ful

LESSON XIV.

com pa ny	grav el	ba by house
an swer ed	trot ting	be have
ruffled	swing	Jes sie

“LITTLE WON'TS.”

Jessie was looking for two little girls to spend the evening with her. She put her baby house in nice order, and swept the barn floor, where the swing was.

“They are *my* company, too,” said Harry.

“Yes,” answered his mother, “if you behave well.”

“I shall behave,” said Harry.

Before they came, however, from some cause or other, Harry's spirits became ruffled, and he was not the pleasant boy he could be at times. The little girls arrived, and Jessie kissed them, for she was glad to see them.

“Which,” cried Jessie, after they had spoken to her mother, “which shall we play with first, baby-house, or barn?”

“Baby-house,” chose both of the girls at once.

“Barn,” shouted Harry.

“We must go first where the company wants to go,” said his sister.

“I won’t” said Harry.

They went, however, all out together, and their mother hoped there would be no trouble among the little ones. After a while she heard the trotting of little feet down stairs, out doors, over the gravel walk, into the barn, and the sound of glad voices was lost in the distance. By and by Jessie came in, dragging Harry by the hand.

“Mother,” said she, “will you keep Harry with you? We cannot have any good times where he is.”

“O——h!” said his mother, looking very sorry.

“Well, mother, I can’t help it,” said Jessie; “I tried to love him, and coax him, and please him, and *we all did*; but it is no use, he *won’t* be pleased, and he spoils all our comfort.”

“What is the matter?” asked his mother.

“Why,” answered Jessie, “he is so full of little won’ts. He won’t swing, or let *us* swing. He won’t play school. Then we play horse, to please him, but he won’t let us be three horses, and he won’t drive us on the gravel, but into the thorn-bushes; and it is so all the time. We are pleasant with him, but he will not be with any-thing we do.”

Harry, I think, must have been heartily ashamed of this account of himself. These “little won’ts!” O, how they spoil family comfort, children. Do not harbor them for a moment in your bosoms. They are hard to get out, if you cherish them; and if they have crept in unawares, melt them away as quickly

as you can, by the warm sunshine of an obedient and obliging temper.

QUESTIONS.—Who was Jessie looking for to spend the evening with her? Where did the little girls decide to play? How did Harry behave? What did Jessie do? Did not Harry feel ashamed of himself? What do these “little won'ts” spoil? How may children get rid of them? Is it not right for children to cultivate an obedient, obliging temper?

LESSON XV.

Christ mas
at ten tive
de mure

egg nog
dain ty
brim ming

gob let
kin dled
San ta Claus

BENNY.

I had told him Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listened to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Clause, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

“But we'll be good, won't we moder?”
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies,
In his crimson stocking hid;
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of calm enjoyment,
Slapping off the shining froth;

And, in not the gentlest humor,
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled !
Gathering up the precious store,
He had busily been pouring,
In his tiny pinafore ;
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight,
So he stood abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the floor.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And, while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flame go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Klaus, come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself."

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof,
And then I called aloud to Harney,
Mewing on the galley roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,

And they gambolled 'neath the live oaks,
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me,
Knelt to say his evening prayer.
"God bess fader—God bess moder,
God bess sister"—then a pause,
The sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured—"God bess Santa Kaus."

QUESTIONS.—What had the mother told her little boy Christmas morning? What did he say he'd be? What had a neighbor sent her? What did the kitten do? What did the mother do with it? How did Benny feel, and what did he do and say? Whom did he pray for when he knelt to say his evening prayer?

LESSON XVI.

Ar thur prom ise re ward quar rel tem per
Fred die pee v ish com mand tri fles con tra ry

ARTHUR AND FREDDIE'S REWARD.

"Freddie and Arthur, here is a silver dollar for each of you. I give it to you because you have kept the promise you both made me, to strive to command your tempers, and not quarrel with each other for the space of two weeks. You have earned it, I think, and here is your reward." As he ceased speaking, the little boys came forward with happy faces, and received from their kind father the bright silver money he handed them.

"Now," said Mr. Sydney, as the children began to express their delight, "I have a few words to say to

you, and I wish you to keep still, while I do so. You now see, my children, that it is possible to command your tempers, and cease that ugly habit of disputing with each other about trifles, when a reward is held out to you to do so. Now, I want you to endeavor to command your tempers, because it is *right* that you should, and annoying to your parents not to do so; but, more than all, because it grieves your Father in Heaven to see you so often engaged in quarrels with each other, and in yielding to such peevish, fretful tempers. You must learn to do right from principle, and without the desire to be *paid* to do so. I offered money to you this time as a trial, to see if you could not command your tempers, by giving you a reward to do so. I now see that you *can*, and I hope that you will both strive to do so in the future, for it will not only make *you* much happier, but those around you also. What possible use is there in fretting because you cannot each have your own way, and it never mends matters, but, on the contrary, makes them worse, besides your being guilty of the sin of getting into violent passions with each other, and offending God.

“Remember, my sons, to ‘let dogs delight to bark and bite,’ but little brothers must not do as the brutes, who do not know right from wrong.”

Freddie and Arthur both promised to bear in mind what their father had said to them, and act more kindly and gently towards each other than they had

been in the habit of doing, and I have heard that both of them kept their word.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Mr. Sydney give each of his sons a silver dollar? What did he say to them about being *paid* to do right? Why did he tell them they ought to do right? Whom would they displease by doing wrong? Is it right for children to indulge in a peevish, fretful temper? What did Arthur and Freddie tell their father? Did they keep their word?

LESSON XVII.

love a ble
win ning
win dow

stain ed
pen i tent
kiss ed

kneel
blue
sob

A BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

The mother looked pale and her face was sad,
She seemed to have nothing to make her glad;
She silently sat with the tears in her eye,
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a gentle and loveable child,
His ways were winning, his temper mild;
There was love and joy in his soft blue eye,
But the dear little boy had told a lie.

He stood alone by the window within,
For he felt that his soul was stained with sin;
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and stood by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she denied;
While he promised with many a penitent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

So she bade him before her kneel gently down,
 And took his soft hands within her own ;
 And she kissed his cheek as he looked on high,
 And prayed to be pardoned for telling that lie.

QUESTIONS.—Why did the mother look pale and sad ? How did he feel after he had stained his soul with a lie ? What did he ask his mother for ? Did she kiss him then ? After he had knelt and asked God to pardon him for telling a lie, did she not then kiss him ? Does not God know when you tell a lie, whether any one else does or not ? Is it not a disgrace in the sight of man to tell a lie, as well as in the sight of God ? Will a liar be believed even when he tells the truth sometimes ? Ought you not always own, when you have done wrong ?

LESSON XVIII.

dir ty
 ex pect

com pa ny
 hands

hab it
 clean

DIRTY HANDS.

O dear me, Emma, how is this ?
 Your hands are very dirty, miss ;
 I don't expect such hands to see
 When you come in to dine with me.

Mamma, said little Emma, pray,
 Shall we have company to-day,
 That I should be so very clean ?
 By whom, pray, am I to be seen ?

By whom, my dear ? why, by mamma,
 By brothers, sisters, and papa ;
 Say, do you not most love to see
 Your parents and your family ?

Be cleanly and *polite* at home,
 Then you're prepared if friends should come;
 Make it your habit to be clean,
 No matter then by whom you're seen.

QUESTIONS.—Should not children learn to be clean and polite at home, as well as before company ?

LESSON XIX.

heav en
 for give
 spoil ing

wick ed
 sur prise
 your self

u su al
 be sought
 throne

HOW TO FORGIVE.

Little Nell Palmer was a sweet little girl, of about five years of age, and every night she loved to kneel down by her mother's side to pray. One of the prayers she was in the habit of saying, was the "Lord's Prayer."

One night, after getting ready for bed, she knelt down, as usual, and began to say—"Our Father, who art in heaven;" but when she got as far as "Forgive us our debts as we forgive"—she stopped short, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child," said the mother.

"O ma! I didn't pray it at all, and I can't pray it, and I *musn't* pray it," she added.

"And why not, Nellie?"

"Because, ma, I haven't forgiven Susy Flanders for spoiling my doll's face this morning."

"But I thought you *had* forgiven her, Nellie, when you saved the orange for her to-day from dinner."

“I thought so too, ma; but you know I haven’t seen her yet; and when I think of the great ink spot, all soaked in the wax, and think how wicked Susy looked, my heart feels real wicked too; and I’m afraid if she should look so again at me, I couldn’t give her the orange, or forgive her either.”

“Not if you remember it is just such as she that Christ told you to forgive?”

“O, dear ma, I don’t know,” said Nellie, still sobbing; poor Dolly’s face will never be clean again; and Susy needn’t have done it: it would be easier to bear if it had been an accident.”

“Yes, I know, Nellie, and there would be less to forgive; but if you can do it now, it will be easier to forgive greater wrongs when you get older.”

“Why, ma, what *could* be greater? Dolly’s face is spoiled.”

“It would be greater when you are grown up to have some body put great black spots on your character by slander. It is done to some body every day, Nellie, and you may not escape; and if you cannot forgive a wrong to Dolly, will you be able to do better towards one against yourself?”

“But, ma, how can I *make myself forgive*, when it won’t come of itself in my heart?”

“You can pray to Christ to send it, can’t you?”

“Y-e-s,” she answered slowly, “but I’d rather you would ask first—please do, won’t you, ma?”

So the mother besought the throne of grace for her little girl to be able to forgive *from the heart*, and Nellie then prayed for herself, and, to her mother’s

surprise, she added also the "Lord's Prayer." She said to her mother as she rose up, "I wasn't afraid to say that then, ma, for I felt the feeling that I could forgive her coming into my heart when we were praying; and I shan't be afraid to give the orange to-morrow now."

QUESTIONS.—Why did not Nellie want to say the Lord's Prayer? What is it to forgive? Could she say it after praying to God with her mother? Must we forgive our enemies, or those who treat us unkindly? Who has taught us to do this?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Eight Letters.

13

ru di ment
met a phor
me chan ic
de cis ion
be hav ior
do min ion
se ragl io
fa mil iar
pa thet ic
sym pa thy

14

fas ci nate
de mean or
mus cu lar
of fer ing
suit a ble
de vo tion
lig a ment
per me ate
ten e ment
can ni bal

15

gy ra tion
un reap ed
wan der er
vo cal ist
ti di ness
scant i ly
par te re
lac er ate
or phan ed
jo cose ly

16

hy a cinth
to geth er
un wor thy
par a dise
sen ti nel
mack er el
am pu tate
syn op sis
a but ment
grad u ate

17

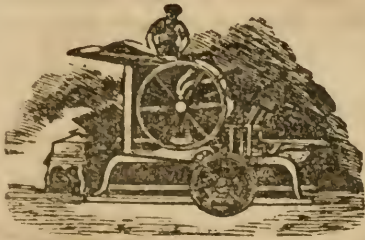
pet u lant
rhap so dy
yield ing
woe ful ly
trick er y
flex i ble
cin na mon
beau ti fy
ab lu tion
ma neu ver

18

hy dro gen
re qui em
a sun der
in fant ry
lot ter y
forg er y
mir a cle
for ti fy
un god ly
ar til ler y

LESSON XX.

read ing en grav ed prin ted Frank lin steam
 writ ten nice ly ar rang ed pag es type

THE PRINTING PRESS.

What a large amount of labor it is to make even a small book, like this one in which you are reading. Even after all the words and sentences are written upon paper, they have to be printed before they can be made. Each word is formed of little bits of metal called *type*, and one letter is engraved on each of these little pieces.

The printer stands by a large case, with these type all nicely arranged, so that he will be sure not to make mistakes, and he then copies with his type the letters and words which are written upon the paper. He gets very black, for he is apt to get a good deal of ink upon him, but this he cannot avoid.

After the page is all copied in the "*sticks*," as they are called, they are put into a large press, like the one in the above picture. The white paper, or leaf, which is intended for the book, is then put in the press on the type, and the top is then forced down, either by steam, or some other power, and the letters are then printed upon the paper.

It takes a great number of these sheets to form a book. You can look in your book and see how many pages there are in it, then you may form some idea of the labor it costs to make it.

A great man, named Franklin, who lived many years since, was a printer by trade. You must read his life when you grow larger, and then you will learn how great and good he was.

QUESTIONS.—Does it require much labor to make a book? How is each word formed? Can you explain how a page is printed? What great and good man, who lived a number of years since, was a printer?

LESSON XXI.

ker chief	head	bye bye
chi na	sleep	crumb
ba by	morn ing	neat

DOLLY GOING TO SLEEP.

There, go to sleep, Dolly, in mother's own lap;
I've put on your night-gown and neat little cap;
So sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye;
Bye-bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye-bye.

Now I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,
And then make you think that my lap is your bed;
So hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry;
Bye-bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye-bye.

There, now, it is morning, and time to get up;
I'll crumb you a mess in my own china cup;
Awake, little baby, and open your eye,
For I think it's high time to be done with bye-bye.

QUESTIONS.—Do not little girls love to play with dolls? Of what are dolls generally made?

LESSON XXII.

an swer ed	swim	ice	ground
toss ed	fro zen	melt ed	warms
cof fee	plants	steam	crea ture

WHAT IS WATER GOOD FOR?

"Children" said a teacher to his scholars, one evening, at the close of school, before allowing them to leave the school-room, "I want to ask you all a question, and I want every one of you to give me an answer. What is water good for?"

"Why, that's easy enough answered; good to drink," said Henry Somers.

"Good to wash with," said a little girl.

"Good to make tea and coffee with," said another.

"Good to sail ships and boats on," said Archie Burton.

"Why, *I* know the very best thing of all, it is good to swim in," said George Malcome.

At this the boys all laughed loudly, and the little girls tossed their heads as much as to say, "you say *that* because you are a boy, and it is a very poor reason *I'm* sure."

"I know a better reason than that, Mr. Chester," said little rosy checked Carrie Elliot; "it is good to rain with."

"Yes, and for snow and ice too," said Jimmie Lewis.

"Ha! ha! snow and ice isn't water, is it, Mr.

Chester? and they are not good for much, for it makes us sick if we eat too much of it."

"I reckon he doesn't love ice cream, and lots of things that we use ice for, to say *that*," said one of the boys; "besides, snow and ice are water, are they not, Mr. Chester? for if they are melted they turn back to water, that's certain."

"Most certainly snow and ice are water," said Mr. Chester; "snow is better for another reason than eating, for it is sent by God as a covering for the earth to protect the plants, before the ground is frozen; this may seem strange, that snow warms the earth, but it is true. You have mentioned several good uses of water, for it is certainly good to wash with, and better still to drink, for every creature on earth, not only man, but all animals, would perish if they could not get water to drink; and if rain did not fall to clear away the dust and revive the plants, neither they, nor we, could scarcely live, for everything that grows in the ground would die, and man and animals would suffer with the heat and dust more than could be endured by them; so we should be thankful for water on that account, if nothing more, and we have *many* reasons to be grateful to God for giving it to us, with such a bounteous hand.

"Now there is *one* other use for water, that none of you have named; think a moment, and see if you can't tell me."—"You cannot tell? Well, then, I will tell *you*. Water is good for steam, and that is one of the most important agents yet known. It is

steam that makes the cars move so rapidly, upon which you love to ride, and that moves steam-boats upon rivers and oceans; besides, it is used to turn some kinds of mills, and in factories."

"Oh! how many things water *is* good for; I shall never drink or see any again, without thinking of it," said Carrie Elliot.

"We have talked long enough this evening, children," said Mr. Chester, "and we can have another talk on the subject some other time; now let us go home."

QUESTIONS.—Can you tell the various uses of water, as given by the scholars? What did Mr. Chester say it was good for? Which do you think was the *best* reason given? Ought we not to be very grateful to God for such a blessing?

LESSON XXIII.

rain ing	spell ing	daugh ter	for got
win dow	sick ness	re viv ing	dis tance

WHO MAKES IT RAIN?

"Do come to the window, Rosa, and see how hard it is raining; we cannot go to school to-day, can we?"

"Perhaps it may stop raining before it is school time, Fannie, then may be mamma will let us go, for it is not a great ways, you know."

"Oh, I do wish it would stop, for mother will never let me go out when it is raining, for she says I will take cold, and suffer with my throat. O, will it never stop raining? it is too bad to have it always

rain, when I don't want it to! Alice Clark will be sure to be there, for she never misses a day, though she lives so far off; and then she will be head of me in the "Spelling Class," for you know, Rosa, that I stood head, and she next, and now I shall have to march foot. Oh, dear! it gets worse and worse, instead of better, for it is raining harder than ever, and it looks as if it would rain all the morning; then, too, Rosa, mother will let you put on your "rubbers," and take your umbrellas, if it slacks, and go to school, and I shall have to stay at home, all by myself," and the little girl burst out crying.

"Fannie," said her mother, who had come into the room, a short time before, and heard this long fretful tirade, of her little girl; "do you know whom you are finding fault with in this manner? Do you not remember who sends the rain upon the earth? God must be very angry with you, to hear you talk in this sinful way; then too we need this rain very much. Every-thing would become parched and dried up very soon, were it not for this reviving rain.

"Unless it rains too hard, as 'tis such a short distance to the school-house, I will let your sister go, as she is quite healthy; but since you had that severe attack of sickness in the spring, you take cold quite easily; and the doctor said I must be careful with my little girl until she got entirely well. So do not make yourself unhappy, my child, for I will send word to your kind teacher why I detain you at home, then perhaps she will not send you to the foot of your class when you return to school; more-

over, I will see if I cannot think of some pretty stories to interest you through this long morning."

Fannie looked up in her mother's face with a bright smile, and said :

"Dear mother, I'm sorry I talked so badly, but I forgot that it was God who made it rain. I will try not to talk so again. I shall be quite contented to stay at home now, even if Alice Clark *does* 'go head' in the class."

Her mother was glad to hear her daughter talk thus, and gave her a sweet kiss, and that made little Fannie feel quite happy.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Fannie fret about the rain? What did her mother say to her? Do you ever complain about the weather? Does not God know best when to send rain on the earth?

LESSON XXIV.

El len
thick

watch es
when ev er

fool ish
fears

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, my dear mother—dear mother, good-night;
You may take out the lamp, and shut the door tight:
Your dear little Ellen will not be afraid,
Though left quite alone in her own quiet bed.

Afraid, my dear mother, afraid when I know
God watches on high, while you watch below?
And though the thick darkness all round me is spread,
I know that from him I can never be hid.

You say my dear mother, whenever I pray,
 Although He's in heaven, He'll hear what I say ;
 And so if I should have some foolish fears rise,
 I'll pray in my heart, when I shut up my eyes.

QUESTIONS.—Does not God see and care for you in the dark as well as in the light? Should you not pray to Him before you go to bed, to take care of you through the night?

LESSON XXV.

bug gies
 horse back
 lib er al ly
 sup pos ed

gen er ous
 Christ mas
 tempt ing
 bare foot

ELLA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Perhaps in all the beautiful city of C——, there were no happier children than Johnnie and Ella Ware, one Christmas morning, when their papa gave them a bright little gold dollar for a Christmas gift.

Visions of sugar plums, candy dolls, soldiers on horseback, and little tin buggies, rose before them, for they thought there was no limit to the beautiful things those precious little dollars would buy. Santa Claus had done *his part* liberally, for there lay the little white stockings crammed full of nice things. One would have supposed they had been very obedient children that year, judging from the generous manner that never-failing friend had rewarded them. Johnnie and Ella had never been allowed to run up and down town, making purchases, without some older person with them; and although their parents were wealthy, they had never been suffered to buy

useless things. But that Christmas morning papa and mamma said they might go just where they pleased, and buy what they liked, with their gold dollars. So in spite of the slight snow that was drifting slowly down, Mrs. Ware tied on their warm cloaks and boots, and saw the little ones go forth into the street. Johnnie thought of all the curious things he had seen in a Jew's shop the day before, but Ella's thoughts were centered upon a beautiful wax doll, that had smiled for a whole week through a window on another street. So they parted, promising to meet again before going home.

As Ella (now remember Ella was just eight years old) was moving swiftly down the street, glancing in here and there at the tempting beauties within, wondering how much her dollar would buy, she happened to glance down, and saw upon the clean snow the print of a little bare-foot. It was a little foot, about the size of her own, and for a moment she fairly grew cold as she looked upon it. Then she glanced at her warm cloak, with its soft lining, her hood of quilted silk, and her shoes buttoned closely over the crimson stockings.

Hurrying on, and still keeping before her eyes the little tracks, she had almost forgotten the wax doll, when, turning a corner, she saw before her a little girl, hurrying along, without cloak or shoes. Hastening to her side, Ella asked in a quick voice, "Ain't you cold, little girl?"

For a moment the poor child slackened her speed, and turning her full blue eyes on Ella, she said:

"Yes, I am cold."

"Why don't you wear shoes?" asked Ella.

"Because mamma can't buy any; she's sick." This was a new and strange idea to Ella; *too poor* to buy shoes! Her sympathy was aroused, and she began

thinking of various plans to get the little girl some shoes.

QUESTIONS.—What did Mr. Ware give Johnnie and Ella for a Christmas present? Where did they go that Christmas morning, and what for? Whom did Ella meet on her way to the toy shop?

LESSON XXVI.

prompt ings	El la	ca per ing	teams
pil low	San ta Claus	wag ons	de mure ly

ELLA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT—Continued.

“Does Santa Claus ever bring you any-thing?” she asked, with some curiosity.

“Santa Claus!” O, he has never come since papa died, but he used to come and bring ever so much.”

“Don't you wish he'd come, and bring you some shoes?”

“O yes! and mamma some bread.”

“Is your mamma hungry?”

“O yes, and little Jimmie, too.”

There was silence for a few moments, and Ella thought, “I wonder if my gold dollar would buy a pair of shoes?” They were just opposite a shoe-store, and turning quickly to the little girl, she whispered:

“Go in with me, and may be I'll buy you some nice shoes,” and they entered together, the child of wealth and poverty.

“Will a dollar buy a pair of shoes, sir?” asked Ella, going up to one of the clerks.

“Yes, a small pair.”

“I want a pair for this little girl,” she said with a throbbing heart, and modestly hanging her head, as the clerk fixed his eyes upon her.

"Here are some very nice shoes, for a dollar and a quarter, but if you are giving them to the little girl, you may have them for a dollar."

"O, thank you!" exclaimed Ella, and with a look of gratitude she laid her precious little dollar on the counter. They parted on the street, those little stranger children, and when Ella saw the little form moving down the street, with those bright black shoes, she felt happier than she had ever felt before. She had also pointed out her father's house to the poor child, and told her to come there, and her mamma would give her ever so many pies and cakes. When Mr. Ware entered his pleasant parlor that Christmas evening, he found Johnnie capering about with wagons and teams, and India-rubber balls, and all sorts of funny things; but there sat Ella, demurely looking on with empty hands.

"Why, Ella," he said, "where are your purchases? I hope my little girl is not a miser, hoarding up her money to get a great heap."

The child hung her head, and her mamma said:

"Ella has done better than Johnnie with her dollar."

"Gone and bought papa and mamma a present, has she?"

Mrs. Ware's eyes grew moist; but she shook her head.

"Bought some useful books, perhaps?"

"No, my dear. She met a little bare-footed girl on the streets, and she bought her a pair of shoes."

For some time the father could not speak, but at length, going up to Ella, he laid his hand on her brown curls, and said fervently:

"God bless you, my child! May you ever be guided by the promptings of your generous heart."

Ella was supremely happy all that Christmas eve.

ning, and when she went to her room that night, she found lying upon her pillow the beautiful wax doll.

QUESTIONS.—What questions did Ella ask the little girl? When she told her she had no shoes, what did Ella do? Wasn't it kind and generous in her to spend her dollar in that way? How did her father feel when told of it that evening? What did Ella find lying upon her pillow? Does not God love to see a child kind and generous to the poor?

LESSON XXVII.

Tom my	hes i ta ted	young er	hab its
Ed die	in clin ed	stand ing	curs ing
prom ise	re prov ed	mo ments	lan guage

THE GOOD BOY and the LITTLE SWEARER.

"Eddie, oh, Eddie," cried a little boy to another, as he stood at the gate in front of a house, "come out here; come and see my bow and arrows, that my uncle gave me, and let us play with them; come."

"No, I cannot go," said Eddie, "for my mother does not want me to play in the streets."

"Oh, *do come*," said little Tommy, "and I will let you play with them."

"I cannot go out there," said Eddie, "for mother says it is not safe for little children to play in the streets, for they may get run over by horses, and be killed; besides, that is not the only reason, but I don't like to tell you, for fear that it will make you mad."

"Why, what other reason have you?"

"Eddie hesitated a moment, and then said:

"It is because you curse, and use such ugly language; and mother says if I play with bad boys, that I will soon learn to act and talk as they do. I will tell you what we will do, though, Tommy; if you will come in the yard, I will play with you, and

let you see all my nice toys, and pretty books, and we will have a grand time playing with them, if you will promise not to use a single bad word; will you agree to that, Tommy?"

Tommy felt very much inclined to get angry, at first, when Eddie told him of his bad habits, but by and by he began to feel ashamed that a boy younger than himself should reprove him, and he hung his head, for he knew that Eddie had spoken the truth. As he liked Eddie very much, after standing silent for a few moments, in which time he made up his mind never to be guilty of cursing or using bad language again, he called to Eddie, and told him that he would make the promise; so Tommy went in the yard, and the two little boys played together all the morning very prettily, and not once did little Tommy break his promise, and when he parted with Eddie, he told him that he never would curse again, for he felt a great deal happier than when he did it, for he knew it was a sin to do so.

QUESTIONS.—What did Tommy call to Eddie for, as he stood at the gate? What reason did Eddie give for not going in the street, and not wishing to play with him? How did Tommy feel when told of his bad habits? What did he do and say at last? What promise did he give Eddie? Did he keep it? What did he tell Eddie, when he parted with him? Do you curse and swear, little boy? Is it not a *great* sin against God to do it? Will He not be angry with you, if you are guilty of it? Do you know any command that He has given on this subject?

Spelling Lessons, containing Words of Eight Letters.

19

an ti pode
 an ee dote
 vis it ing
 strat e gy
 rig or ous
 in to nate
 e nor mous
 cyl in der
 be wil der
 un tir ing
 mer i ness
 bru tal ly
 jeal ous y
 in vo lute
 sym pa thy
 pal ma ted
 de fend er
 her i tage
 piq uan cy
 ter ri ble

20

ri fle man
 pun gen cy
 em pha sis
 re tir ing
 as bes tus
 for sak en
 as sign ee
 min ute ly
 ho li ness
 re veng er
 o ver come
 gov ern or
 be com ing
 mu si cian
 o ver leap
 prod i gal
 sep a rate
 un fil ial
 yeo man ry
 guar di an

21

pas tor al
 ob li gate
 nom i nate
 eu lo gist
 doc u ment
 cow ard ly
 bib li cal
 ex er tion
 im pu dent
 tort ur er
 un pit ied
 prom is er
 loi ter er
 hy a cinth
 mas ter ly
 hic cough
 proph e sy
 tap es try
 vap or ate
 ru mi nate

LESSON XXVIII.

neigh bor
 de mure
 dane ing

child ish
 prat tle
 but tons

quiv er ing
 puz zle
 clasp ed

BENNIE LEE.

My little neighbor Bennie Lee,
Came to me one day,
Eyes as bright as dew-drops are,
In the sun's bright ray ;
While the dimples chase each other
'Round from cheek to chin ;
Eagerness in every feature,
Lurking from within.

Quick he spake in childish prattle,
"Aunty, dest look here,
See my toat and nice new beeches—
Now, when I dit near,
See my pretty bright new buttons,
Just like papa ware
When he went to fight de Yankees,
Aunty, look before."

Much I praised the bright new buttons,
Much I praised the suit ;
And his little eyes kept dancing,
To the music of his heart.
Soon he grew demure and quiet,
Thought was busy then ;
I was guessing what could puzzle
Bright-eyed little Ben.

Then his face upturned to mine,
Eagerly was given—
"Aunty, can't I wear dis tote and beeches
When I go to Heaben ?"
"No, my darling, when you die,
And an angel are,
You'll be clothed in spotless white,
And a harp you'll bear."

Soon as I had ended speaking,
 Quick he spoke again,
 While his features told so plainly
 I was causing pain—
 "I don't want to wear white dusses,
 Little Lizzie can wear dem;"
 And his quivering lips and full eyes
 Told the tale again.

I took him up upon my knee,
 And clasped him to my heart,
 And told him of a Saviour's love,
 Told him of that better part
 Reserved in Heaven for those
 Who love the Saviour here,
 Who'd then be clothed in beauty,
 And in His robes appear.

QUESTIONS.—What did little Bennie ask about his coat and breeches? How did he feel when told he couldn't wear them in Heaven? How will those who loved the Saviour here be clothed in Heaven?

LESSON XXIX.

prin ted
 church
 be long
 store

a gent
 shelves
 Char lie
 ob lige

pen cils
 pens
 va ri ous
 Sun day

A BOOK-STORE.



"Mother, what house is that the picture of?"

"That, my son, is the picture of the book-store of the M. E. Church South, in Macon, and is kept by Mr. Burke, the agent, whose name is printed over the door."

"Does it belong to Mr. Burke, mother?"

"Oh, no, it belongs to the Church, and Mr. Burke is the agent, who has the care of it, to sell the books for the Church, as a great means of doing good."

"Mother, is that the Mr. Burke who had our little 'Sunday School Bell' printed, with so many sweet songs in it?"

"Yes, Charlie, that is the Mr. Burke who keeps the book-store."

"And is that large store full of 'Sunday School Bells?'"

"Oh, no, Charlie, it has a great many kinds of books, and nearly all of them are good books, to teach those who read them to love and fear God. If you ever go in the book-store, Charlie, you will see very many books piled up on the shelves in rows, and Mr. Burke, who is always so kind and ready to

oblige, as also his clerks, very busy waiting on those who come to buy books, music, paper, pencils, pen ink, and various other things. He sells a great many of these things, not only to those who come to the store, but to a vast number who write to him for them, and thus he is always sending off a great many books, all over our own and other States. Your 'Speller and Reader' came from his store, and also your pretty Sunday-school books. He sends a great many books, without money and price, as a present to poor Sunday-school children, who cannot buy them, and this is *another* method *he* has of doing good."

QUESTIONS.—What does this book-store contain? Tell me *of* means that Mr. Burke has of doing good? Is it not a noble thing to be a good man?

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