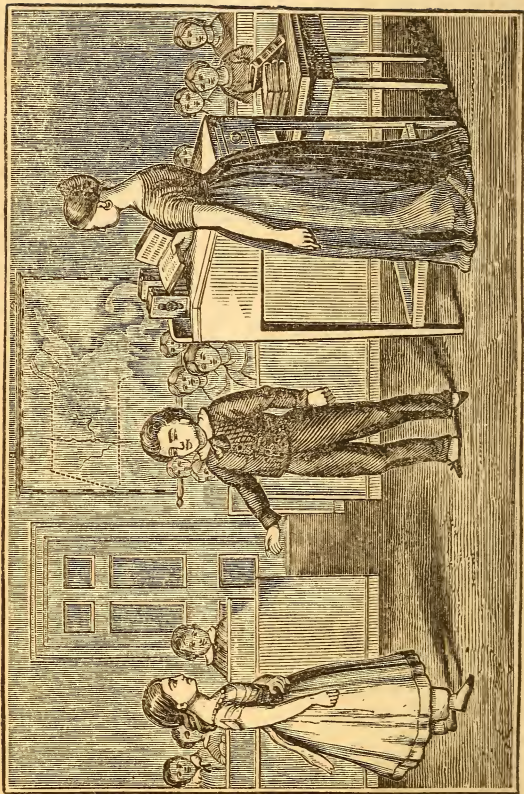


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THE
LITTLE SPEAKER,
AND
JUVENILE READER;
BEING
A COLLECTION OF PIECES
IN
PROSE, POETRY, AND DIALOGUE,
DESIGNED
FOR EXERCISES IN SPEAKING, AND FOR OCCASIONAL
READING, IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

BY CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M.

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REMARKS.

SINCE the publication of the "American Speaker," the compiler has frequently been requested to prepare a similar work adapted to the wants of children in our primary schools.

It has been found that quite young children may engage in the exercise of "speaking" with profit, and, generally, they do so with more interest than is manifested by those who are older.

It is usually true, that the longer, exercises in declamation and composition are delayed, the more difficult it will be to enlist the attention, and awaken interest in them.

It has been a leading object, in the compilation of this little volume, as it was in that of the larger Speaker, to insert pieces calculated to have a good moral influence.

If it shall tend, in any degree, to the interest or benefit of the little ones, for whom it is particularly intended, the compiler will have no reason to regret its preparation.

Such as it is, he commends it to the notice of the young, and to those interested in their education and happiness, with the sincere desire that it may be found a useful and acceptable volume.

SALEM, MASS., Aug., 1849.

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PART I.

PROSE.

LIFE.

THERE are insects which live but a single day. In the morning they are born; at noon they are in full life; at evening they die. The life of man is similar to that of these insects. It is true his life is longer, but it is composed of days, any one of which may be his last.

Our existence is like a journey. As every step of the traveller brings him nearer to the end of his journey, so every hour brings us nearer to the grave. Like the insect's life, ours may be divided into three parts; — youth, or morning, — noon, or middle age, — and evening, or old age.

In youth we get our education, and lay up those

stores of knowledge which are to be of use in the journey before us. As this journey is of importance, we should be as busy as the bee, that improves each "shining hour." Every moment should be well improved, in order that we may become wiser and better as life wears away.

Middle age is the time for action; and if we rightly improve the time and privileges which we *now* enjoy, we shall become prepared to act usefully our parts in life. Let us, then, be diligent now, and store our minds with valuable knowledge, that our future journey may be a useful and pleasant one.

WHAT I HATE.

I HATE to see a boy often absent from his school without any good reason. He not only wrongs himself, but he injures his school; and I fear that he will become an ignorant and bad man, if he lives to grow up.

I hate to see a boy lagging into school "half an hour too late." It makes me feel that he has no true interest in his school and its studies, and

no regard for the wishes of his teacher or the rights of his schoolmates. I fear he will be "behindhand" in all life's duties.

I hate to see a boy enter school with a dirty face, uncombed hair, or untidy dress. I fear that he has no regard to personal neatness, and, if he lives, he will become a careless and slovenly man and an unpleasant companion.

I hate to see a boy sitting idle in school, or spending his precious time in whispering or troubling his neighbors. I feel that he will not know his lesson when called to recite, and that he may get punished by his teacher.

I hate to hear a boy use wicked or improper language, or speak unkindly to his schoolmates; for a bad or unkind boy will, I fear, become a wicked man, a troublesome neighbor, and a lawless citizen.

I hate to see a boy running after carriages in the street, or behaving rudely in any way. I fear he will become a rude man, and be regardless of the wishes or rights of others.

These are some of the things that I dislike; and I hope all in our school will avoid them, and then we shall have a happy and pleasant time, and improve in our studies.

WHAT I LIKE.

I LIKE to see a boy, with "shining morning face" and happy countenance, on his way to school. I feel that he loves his school and all its exercises, and that, if he lives, he will become an intelligent, useful, and happy man.

I like to see a boy enter school in season, and take his seat in a quiet manner. It makes me think that he will make a man who will be punctual in performing all his duties, and one who will regard the rights of others.

I like to see a boy, while in school, attending to his lessons, and trying hard to learn them perfectly. I feel that he is a *good* boy, and that, if he continues so, he will store his mind with much valuable knowledge, which will be of use to him in after life.

I like to see a boy kind and obedient to his parents and teacher, and ever ready to do what he can for them. I feel that the obedient and affectionate boy will make a useful and faithful citizen, and "act well his part in life."

I like to see a boy pleasant and obliging to his

companions, and to all with whom he may meet. It makes me feel that he will be loved by all who know him, and that he will never suffer for want of friends.

I like to see a boy who is careful not to use any improper language, and who feels a proper regard for the wants and feelings of others. I feel that he is one of those of whom the Bible says, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

OUR PARENTS.

I FEAR, my beloved schoolmates, that we do not consider, as we ought, how much we owe to our dear parents for all their kindness to us. Let us give a moment's attention to the subject, and see if we have either done what we *could*, or what we *ought*.

When we were so small as to be entirely helpless, who took care of us, supplied all our wants, and protected us from every danger, giving us food, clothing, and shelter? I answer, — "*Our dear parents.*"

When we were suffering from sickness and

pain, who watched over us day and night, and did all they could to lessen our pains, and make us well again? Who *could* or who *would* do all this as our parents have done?

When we were old enough to learn, who spent much time in teaching us, and supplied us with books, that we might attend school and receive assistance and instruction from kind teachers? Again I answer, — “*Our beloved parents.*”

Who have ever felt an interest in us, and done all they could to make us wise and good, useful and happy? You will all be ready to say, “Our dear parents have been our *best* and *kindest* friends.”

How, then, shall we repay them for all their goodness? I answer, “We never can *fully* repay them.” But let us love and obey them, be kind and affectionate to our brothers and sisters, be pleasant to all, and try to do all the good we can, and then our parents will *feel* repaid for all they have done and suffered for us. I hope no scholar in our school will ever be unkind or disobedient to his parents, and that we shall all love, honor, and obey them at all times. This will not only please them, but it will make us happy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WHEN George Washington was about six years old, he was made the owner of a little hatchet, of which, like most boys, he was very fond, and *with* which he was constantly going about, trying it upon everything that came in his way.

One day, while in the garden, he unfortunately tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young cherry-tree, which his father valued very highly; and in a few minutes he so injured the tree that it never recovered.

The next day, his father, walking in his garden, saw the ruined tree, and, entering the house, he inquired for the author of the mischief, at the same time expressing much regret that his favorite tree had been ruined.

At first, no one could tell anything about it, and all felt much sorrow at the loss of the tree. But in a few minutes little George came in, with his hatchet, and Mr. Washington said, "George, do you know who cut my beautiful cherry-tree in the garden?"

This was a hard question, and, for a moment,

George hesitated, but quickly recovering himself, and looking at his father with a sweet and honest expression, he bravely said, "I cannot tell a lie, father — you know, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

"My brave boy!" said the father, "come to my arms. I am glad you cannot tell a lie, for I would rather lose ten thousand trees, than have my son tell a lie." My dear schoolmates, let us think of George Washington, and always be as careful as he was to speak the truth.

WHEN TO SAY NO.

ALTHOUGH "No" is a very little word, it is not always easy to utter it; and a failure to do so often causes trouble. I will now name some cases in which we should promptly and decidedly say, "No."

When we are asked to stay away from our school, and spend the time, which ought to be improved in getting knowledge, in idleness or mischief, we should at once and positively say, "No."

When we are urged to loiter on our way to the schoolroom, and thus get late, and interrupt our teacher and school, we should earnestly say "No; we cannot consent to be late."

When desired by some schoolmate to whisper, or engage in any play that shall tend to interrupt our school, we should promptly say "No; we cannot violate the rules of our school."

When we are tempted to use improper or wicked words, or engage in angry conversation, we should remember that the eye of God is upon us, and earnestly say "No; we cannot speak bad words — we cannot quarrel."

When we have done anything wrong, and are advised to conceal it by telling a falsehood, we should without hesitation say "No; we can never tell a lie, for it is wicked and cowardly; we must always dare to speak the truth."

If we are asked to do anything which we know to be wrong, or anything that will tend to injure others, we should not hesitate to say "No." If we will learn to say "No," when tempted to do wrong, and have courage always to do right, we should avoid much trouble, and be happy.

AN ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

RESPECTED PARENTS AND FRIENDS —

It affords us pleasure to see you here on the present occasion, and we bid you a cordial welcome to this, our pleasant schoolroom. Here we are wont to meet from day to day, and spend our time in attending to those studies which will tend to make us more useful and happy when we are grown up.

To you we feel that we are under great obligations for all the privileges we enjoy, and we trust that we feel truly grateful for them. We will try, at this time, to show you that we have not been wholly idle or inattentive to our lessons. In listening to our performances,

“Do not view us with a critic's eye,
But pass our imperfections by.”

In behalf of these, my schoolmates, I tender you heartfelt and sincere thanks for all your kindness. We hope no one of you will ever have occasion to feel that any member of this school has misimproved or wasted his time.

We hope that you will still continue your

kindness ; and in return for it, we will try so to improve all our time and privileges, that we may become useful members of society, and, in all our actions, *merit* your approbation.

And may we all feel that

“ Our life is a school-time ; and, till that shall end,
With our Father in heaven for Teacher and Friend,
O ! let us well perform each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.”

TOO DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE.

WHEN Benjamin Franklin was a child, his parents, on one Election Day, filled his little pockets with cents. He went immediately towards a shop, in order to buy some playthings ; but on his way he met a boy blowing a whistle, which pleased him so much that he gave all his cents for it.

He went directly home, and went all over the house, blowing his whistle, and expressing much delight with his bargain. But when his brothers and sisters learned how much he had given for it, they *laughed* at him, and told him he had paid *dearly* for the whistle.

When I see boys and girls idling away their precious time, and neglecting their lessons, I cannot help thinking that they will, sooner or later, feel that *they* have paid "*too dear for their whistle.*"

When I see a boy quarrelling in the streets, calling hard names, or using improper language, I feel that he is paying a very "*high price for his whistle.*"

When I see a boy disobeying his kind parents or teachers, and treating his friends unkindly, I am induced to think "*his whistle is costing him much more than it is worth.*"

When I see boys or girls indulging in any bad habits, or doing anything that is wrong, I feel that they will have to repent for having paid "*an extravagant price for their whistle.*"

Let us see to it, my youthful companions, that we do not mis-spend our time, abuse our privileges, or engage in any of those hurtful practices which will cause us to feel that "*we have paid too dear for our whistle.*"

THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

THE good scholar may be known by his obedience to the rules of the school, and to the directions of his teacher. He always does, at once, whatever his teacher wishes him to do. He is very careful to be at school in good season, and is never absent, unless for a very good reason.

While in school, he sits still and studies his lessons diligently, and recites them correctly. He takes no toys from his pocket to amuse himself or others. He has no fruit to eat, no sweetmeats to give away. If his companions try to cause him to do wrong, he does not give heed to them.

When strangers enter the school, he does not stare rudely in their faces, but continues to give attention to his lessons. If they speak to him, he listens attentively, and answers with modesty and respect. When the scholars in his class are reciting, he is very attentive, that he may learn by hearing them.

When he has a hard task to perform, or a difficult lesson to learn, he does not fret, and say, "I can't get it," but he goes to work at once and diligently. He feels that his teacher will not

require more of him than he is able to do, and he therefore works cheerfully. He is willing to work very hard and long, to please his teacher and parents.

When he reads, he speaks his words so distinctly that he can be easily heard and understood. He tries to learn all his lessons thoroughly, and feels that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing *well*, and he therefore tries to do everything well.

A good scholar is not only anxious to do well himself, but he rejoices in the improvement of his schoolmates. He feels that if *all* do well, parents and teachers will be pleased, and the school will be a useful and happy one. My dear companions, let us all strive to do well, that each of us may really become a *good scholar*.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

DEAR PARENTS AND FRIENDS —

We are glad you have come to see us on this interesting occasion, and we hope *you* will not feel sorry that you have come.

We have invited you in, at this time, that you

may know, by our good conduct and by the improvement we have made, that our time has not been wasted, and that the privileges you have so kindly provided for us have not been abused.

If we have not always done as well as we possibly could, we are sorry for it, and we will *try*, and *try hard*, to do better for the future; and if we try, and "keep trying," we shall, without doubt, succeed.

But we do feel that we have done some things well, and that we have learned a great many useful lessons. Besides what we have learned from our books, our kind teacher has told us many things which will be valuable to us, if we remember them. For all that she has done for us, we thank her from our young and tender hearts, and we feel that God will bless her too.

But we hope you will not expect too much of us. Please to remember that we are but children, and that our performances will be marked by the errors of childhood. We trust that the exercises to which you may listen will be interesting to you, and profitable to the school of which we are members; and, with many thanks for your past goodness, we bespeak your future interest and attention.

GOD ALWAYS SEES US.

WHENEVER we are tempted to do anything that is wrong, or engage in any improper amusements, we should remember that there is an eye that sees all we do.

If we feel inclined to leave our school, and waste our precious time in idleness or in mischief, we should repeat the four short words — “THOU GOD SEEST US,” and refrain from sin.

If we are ever disposed to disobey our dear parents or teachers, and do those things which we know will displease them, may the thought of the words, “THOU GOD SEEST US,” keep us from doing the wrong we are tempted to do.

When we are excited to anger and the use of wicked words, may we pause long enough to say, “THOU GOD SEEST US,” and we shall seldom indulge the angry looks, or utter the wicked words.

When we are walking in the streets, or engaging in our sports, may the thought of the words, “THOU GOD SEEST US,” keep us from every improper act and expression.

When we are in the schoolroom, may we be obedient to our teacher, attentive to our lessons, and orderly in all things, often remembering the words, "THOU GOD SEEST US."

In all the duties of life, and in all our amusements, may we remember that the eye of God is ever upon us; and may we strive earnestly to please our Heavenly Father in all things. Then he will bless us, and make us happy here and hereafter.

OBEDIENCE; OR, STORY OF CASABIANCA.

THERE was a little boy, about thirteen years old, whose name was Casabianca. His father commanded a ship of war called the Orient, and the little boy was with his father when the ship was engaged in a hard battle on the river Nile.

During the battle, his father placed him in a particular part of the ship, to perform some service, and told him to remain at his post until he should call him. As the father went toward a distant part of the ship, a ball from the enemy's vessel laid him dead upon the deck.

But Casabianca, not knowing what had happened, and faithful to the trust reposed in him, remained at his post, waiting for his father's orders. The battle raged dreadfully, and the ship was soon on fire, and the flames approached the boy.

Still he would not *disobey* his father by leaving his post. In the face of blood, and balls, and fire, he stood firm and *obedient*. But as the sailors began to leave the burning and sinking ship, he cried out, "Father, may *I* go?"

But no voice of permission could come from the mangled body of his lifeless father; and the boy, not knowing that he was dead, would rather *die* than *disobey*. And there that boy stood at his post, till every man had deserted the ship; he stood and perished in the flames.

O, what a noble, faithful boy was Casabianca! Every one who has ever heard of him thinks he was one of the noblest boys that ever lived. May all boys strive to be as obedient and faithful as he was, and they will always have friends.

PART II.

POETRY.

THE YOUNG ORATOR.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage ;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow ;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow :
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
Yet all great, learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle ;
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun ?

May n't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister state?
Or where 's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where 's the boy, but three feet high,
Who 's made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood;
But, like Washington, great in good.

EVERY ONE CAN DO SOME GOOD.

WHAT if a little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,—
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if a shining beam at noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

PLAY AND STUDY.

SOME play is good to make us strong,
And school to make us wise ;
But playing always — that is wrong,
And what we should despise.

What can be worse than idleness,
For making children bad ?
It surely leads them to distress,
And much that 's very sad.

Sometimes they learn to lie and cheat ;
Sometimes to steal and swear :
These are the lessons in the street,
For those who wander there.

Better it is at school to learn
To think, and spell, and read ;
And then to play and work in turn
Is happiness indeed.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

DON'T kill the birds! — the little birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds! how sweet they sing!
O! let them joyous live ;

And do not seek to take the life
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds! — the pretty birds
That play among the trees!
'T would make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.

The little birds! how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds! — the happy birds,
That bless the field and grove;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

The happy birds! the tuneful birds!
How pleasant 't is to see!
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where'er their presence be.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A SILLY young Cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and
spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground ;
Not a flower could he see ;
Not a leaf on a tree ;

“O, what will become,” says the Cricket, “of me?”

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly Ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain, —
A mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow,
He 'd repay it to-morrow ;

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the Ant to the Cricket, “I 'm your servant and
friend,

But we Ants never borrow, we Ants never lend.

But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by

When the weather was warm ?”

Said the Cricket, “Not I !

My heart was so light,
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay.”

“You *sang*, sir, you say ?

Go, then,” says the Ant, “and *dance* winter away.”

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,

And out of the door turned the poor little Cricket.

Though this is a fable, the *moral* is good ;

If you live without work, you must go without food.

WHAT I HATE TO SEE.

I HATE to see an idle dunce,
Who don't get up till eight,
Come slowly moping into school,
A half an hour too late.

I hate to see his shabby dress ;
The buttons off his clothes ;
With blacking on his hands and face,
Instead of on his shoes.

I hate to see a scholar gape
And yawn upon his seat,
Or lay his head upon his desk,
As if almost asleep.

I hate to see him in his class
Sit leaning on his neighbor,
As if to hold himself upright
Were such prodigious labor.

I hate to see a boy so rude
That one might think him raised
In some wild region of the woods,
And but half civilized.

I hate to see a scholar's desk
With toys and playthings full,
As if to play with rattletraps
Were all he did at school.

I hate to see a shabby book,
With half the leaves torn out,
And used as if its owner thought
'T were made to toss about.

And now I've told you what I hate,
I'll only stop to say,
Perhaps I'll tell you what I love
Upon some other day.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

WHEN the morning, shining bright,
Bids me through the meadows stray,
While the lingering dews of night
Make each leaf and blossom gay,
Let me then, with footstep light,
Hasten, and the call obey,
And in every object find
Some instruction for the mind.

Ant, that still with willing pain
Dost for the wintry hours prepare,
Toiling at each weighty grain,
Hoarding up the precious fare ;
May it be my aim to gain
Future good with equal care,
Nor through summer's sportive day
Fling the passing hours away.

Daisy, that at evening's close
 Holdest up thy modest flower,
And, when gloomy darkness goes,
 Openest to the morning's power ;
So may peaceful, sweet repose
 Meet me still at slumber's hour —
So may I salute the day,
Humble, pure, untroubled, gay.

Thou that over all that live
 Makest gifts of mercy fall,
That to some dost beauty give,
 Strength to others, *good* to all ;
While thy power I thus perceive,
 And thy blessings still recall,
Blameless may life's morning flee,
And its evening be with thee !

LUCY'S LAMB.

Lucy had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Lucy went,
 The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day ;
 That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play,
 To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out ;
But still he lingered near,
And in the grass he fed about,
Till Lucy did appear.

To her he ran, and then he laid
His head upon her arm,
As if to say, " I 'm not afraid —
You 'll shield me from all harm."

" What makes the lamb love Lucy so ?"
The little children cried ;
" O, Lucy loves the lamb, you know !"
The Teacher quick replied.

" If you, like Lucy, are but kind,
And feed the lambs with grass,
Their love and friendship, you will find,
Are constant to the last."

RETURN OF SPRING.

THE pleasant Spring has come again, —
Its voice is in the trees ;
It speaks from every sunny glen ;
It rides upon the breeze !
The scattered flocks are lowing,
'Neath every shady tree ;
The gentle winds are blowing ;
O, come ! rejoice with me !

The pleasant Spring has come again, —
I hear the river's roar ;
It sparkles, foams, and leaps, as when
My Summer skiff it bore !
Stern Winter's chain is rended ;
The gushing founts are free ;
And light with water blended
Is dancing o'er the sea !

The pleasant Spring has come again, —
All Nature's heart is glad ;
The mountains look like giant men,
And smile, with beauty clad ;
The pretty flowers are springing
In every greenwood shade,
Their perfumes round them flinging,
As sweet as Eden made.

The pleasant Spring has come again, —
The ploughman's songs arise,
While woodland echoes mock, and then
The thrilling cadence dies.
The merry birds are singing ;
Afar the music floats ;
And every vale is ringing
With soft and mellow notes.

The pleasant Spring has come again, —
Its voice is in the trees ;
It speaks from every sunny glen ;
It rides upon the breeze !

The pretty flowers are springing ;
The gushing founts are free ;
The merry birds are singing ;
Let all rejoice with me !

PLACES FOR FRANK AND ME.

WHERE the silvery pond is brightest,
Where the lilies grow the whitest,
Where the river meets the sea ; —
That 's the place for Frank and me.

Where the dovecot is the neatest,
Where the blackbird sings the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee ; —
That 's the place for Frank and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
Where is seen the homeward bee ; —
That 's the place for Frank and me.

Where the sunny bank is steepest,
Where the cooling shade is deepest,
Where the ripened nuts fall free ; —
That 's the place for Frank and me.

Why some boys should run away
To many places, there to play,
Or why they love the streets so well ; —
That 's a thing I ne'er could tell.

But this I know, — I love to play
In the meadow, among the hay,
Up the river, or by the sea, —
Sweet places all for Frank and me.

HOME.

BY A LITTLE GIRL ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

WHEN from my native rocks I stray,
From social joys more dear than they,
How oft my heart reproves the way
That leads from Home.

When anxious fears my mind assail,
When cares perplex, and pleasures fail,
Then to my heart how dear the tale
That speaks of Home !

When day's intrusive cares are o'er,
And evening comes with soothing power,
How sweet to employ the pensive hour
In thoughts of Home !

To think of all to us endeared,
Of past delights, and friends revered,
And all the social joys that cheered
The hours at Home.

Then Fancy lends her brightest ray,
And Hope illumines the future day
That calls me from these scenes away
To dearer Home.

O! then to hear, with pleasure wild,
My parents' blessing on their child,
And listen to the accents mild
That welcome Home!

And, when life's busy day is o'er,
And grief assails the heart no more,
So shall we hail the peaceful shore
Of our eternal Home.

May He, who gives our little day,
Support us through life's devious way,
And then the parted soul convey
To Heaven, its peaceful Home!

THE STARRY FIRMAMENT.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine —
THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.

TRY — TRY AGAIN.

'T is a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again ;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again ;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear :
Try, try again.

Once, or twice, though you should fail,
 Try, try again ;
If you would, at last, prevail,
 Try, try again ;
If we strive, 't is no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race ;
What should you do in the case ?
 Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
 Try, try again ;
Time will bring you your reward ;
 Try, try again ;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you ?
Only keep this rule in view —
 TRY, TRY AGAIN.

SONG OF THE SNOWBIRD.

THE ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snowbird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-de.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was that song ;
“ O sister ! look out of the window,” said she,
“ Here 's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-de.

“ Poor fellow ! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet !
I pity him so — how cold he must be !
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de.

“ If I were a bare-footed snowbird, I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow ;
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee ?
He ’s all the time singing that chick-a-de-de.

“ O mother ! do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose ;
I wish he ’d come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-de.”

The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said ;
“ What a figure I ’d make in that dress !” thought he,
And he laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-de.

“ I ’m grateful,” said he, “ for the wish you express,
But I have no occasion for such a fine dress ;
I had rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than be hobbled about, singing chick-a-de-de.

“ There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell
who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good morning ! O, who are so happy as we ?”
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-de.

THE LADY-BUG AND THE ANT.

THE Lady-bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-dressed Ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn ;
So she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew,
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud, that the Ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travelled on
At the same industrious pace : —
But a sudden blast of Autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the Lady-bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless Lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow :
Her wings were chilled, and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the Ant's warm cell,
And what she did in the wintry snow
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful Ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side ;
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride ;
And I thought, as I sat at the close of the day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.

GRATITUDE.

WE come, great God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring ;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing ;
Fruits, flowers, for us are glowing
In plenty round the land ;
Like streams of bounty flowing,
Come mercies from thy hand.

Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near,
And *thou*, O God, dost send us
These gifts, these friends, so dear ;
And still we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey ;
And yet thou, in thy kindness,
Turn'st not these gifts away.

And now, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise ;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth, forever,
Shall be our constant guide ;
From that straight path may never
Our footsteps turn aside.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent ; —
To reflect on the past, and be able to say
That my time has been properly spent.
When I've done all my work with patience and
care,
And been good, and obliging, and kind,
I lie on my pillow, and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.
But, instead of all this, if it must be confessed
That I careless and idle have been,
I lie down as usual to go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.
Then as I don't like all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it ;
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good without being contented.

THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

THE day is departed, and night has come on, —
The beasts and the birds to their shelter are gone ;
And children with weariness scarcely can keep
Their senses from slumber, their eyelids from sleep.

Ere darkness came over the earth like a cloud,
I heard the sweet birds singing joyful and loud ;
They seemed to my mind to be thanking the Lord,
Who preserved and who fed them all day from his board.

Shall praises be sung by the bird and the brute ?
Shall the *robin* be tuneful, and *children* be mute,
Who can see, feel, and speak ; while the blossoms and
trees
Bear life, health, and blessings on every breeze ?

No ! let not a head on its pillow be prest,
No eyelid be closed, and no temple take rest,
Till praises and prayers have been offered to Heaven,
For the blessings of light and of life which are given.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See how slowly the streamlet glides ;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides ;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one ;
And pussy sits near, with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily fieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
And scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear
How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft west wind is so light in its play
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, O, I wish I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud !
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

THE GREEDY FOX.

ON a winter's night,
As the moon shone bright,
Two foxes went out for prey ;
As they trotted along,
With frolic and song
They cheered their weary way.

Through the wood they went,
But they could not scent
A rabbit or goose astray ;
But at length they came
To some better game,
In a farmer's barn by the way.

On a roost there sat
Some chickens, as fat
As foxes could wish for their dinners ;
So the prowlers found
A hole by the ground,
And they both went in, the sinners !

They both went in,
With a squeeze and a grin,
And the chickens were quickly killed ;
And one of them lunched,
And feasted, and munched,
Till his stomach was fairly filled.

The other, more wise,
Looked about with both eyes,
And hardly would eat at all ;
For as he came in,
With a squeeze and a grin,
He remarked that the hole was small ;

And, the cunning elf,
He said to himself,
If I eat too much, it 's plain,
As the hole is small,
I shall stick in the wall,
And never get out again.

Thus matters went on
Till the night was gone,
And the farmer came out with a pole ;
The foxes both flew,
And one went through,
But the greedy one stuck in the hole.

In the hole he stuck,
So full was his pluck
Of the chickens he had been eating —
He could not get out,
Or turn about,
And so he was killed by beating.

THE IDLE BOY.

THOMAS was an idle lad,
And lounged about all day ;
And though he many a lesson had,
He minded nought but play.

He only cared for top or ball,
Or marbles, hoop, and kite ;
But as for learning, that was all
Neglected by him quite.

In vain his mother's kind advice,
In vain his master's care ;
He followed every idle vice,
And learned to curse and swear !

And think you, when he grew a man,
He prospered in his ways ?
No ; wicked courses never can
Bring good and happy days.

Without a shilling in his purse,
Or cot to call his own,
Poor Thomas grew from bad to worse,
And hardened as a stone.

And, O ! it grieves me much to write
His melancholy end ;
Then let us leave the dreadful sight,
And thoughts of pity lend.

But may we this important truth
Observe and ever hold, —
“ All those who 're *idle* in their *youth*
Will *suffer* when they 're *old*.”

CLOSE OF TERM. .

OUR school-term is ended,
Our studies are through,
We 'll bid one another
A friendly adieu.

We all will part kindly,
And leave school behind
For other engagements
To fill precious time.

For we have grown weary
Of sitting all day,
With school-books before us,
And rules to obey.

But now we 'll be happy,
And home we will haste,
To pass the term gayly, —
Each one to his taste.

We 'll aid our dear parents,
And then to our play,
Thus finding enjoyment
The long summer's day.

When vacation 's o'er,
We 'll return to our school,
And firmly endeavor
To obey every rule.

CASABIANCA.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike, form.
The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud — " Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done ?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“Speak, father!” once again he cried,
“If I may yet be gone!
And” — but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked, from that lone post, to death,
In still, yet brave despair,

And shouted but once more aloud —
“*My father! must I stay?*”
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — O! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea; —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

THE CRICKET AND NIGHTINGALE.

THE Cricket to the Nightingale
Once boasted of his song ;
An insect who the same dull chirp
Repeats the whole day long !
A boast like that before a bird
Of harmony the queen !
One wonders how the noisy fright
So foolish could have been.

“ I do not want admirers,”
Said the little silly thing ;
“ For many folks in harvest time
Will stop to hear me sing ;
I do not want admirers,
And many come from far.”
The Nightingale said, “ Little one,
Pray tell me who they are ?”

“ The pretty bugs and beetles, sir,
And surely you must know
That they are very knowing ones,
And here are ‘ all the go.’ ”
“ That may be very true,”
Replied the modest little bird,
“ But of their taste for music,
I confess, I never heard.

“ So take advice, my little friend,
In future, be not vain,
Nor anxious the applauses
Of the ignorant to gain :
Your music, for a Cricket,
Is the best I ever knew ;
But it is not quite a Nightingale’s ”
And so away she flew.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small, —
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow ;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
And nightly dews might fall,
And herb, that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then, wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
 All dyed with rainbow light —
 All fashioned for supremest grace —
 Upspringing day and night : —
 Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness,
 Where no man passeth by ?
 Our outward life requires them not —
 Then wherefore had they birth ?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth ; —
 To comfort man — to whisper hope,
 Whene'er his faith is dim ;
 For who so careth for the *flowers*,
 Will much more care for *him* !

THE LITTLE COLT.

PRAY, how shall I, a little lad,
 In speaking make a figure ?
 You are but jesting, I 'm afraid,
 Do wait till I am bigger.
 But since you wish to hear my part,
 And urge me to begin it,
 I'll strive for praise with all my art,
 Though small my chance to win it.

I'll tell a tale, how farmer John
A little roan colt bred, sir,
And every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.

Said neighbor Joe to farmer John,
You surely are a dolt, sir,
To spend such daily care upon
A little useless colt, sir.

The farmer answered wondering Joe,
"I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But may do, when he's grown up."

The moral you may plainly see,
To keep the tale from spoiling.
The little colt, you think, is me, —
I know it by your smiling.

I now entreat you to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
And, since you've learned my parents' views,
I'll humbly make my manners.

MUSIC.

BY JAMES LOMBARD.

THERE 's music in the little brook,
That sings so sweet and low
To flowers that bend their tiny head,
To see themselves below.

There 's music in the cheerful note
Of birds in yonder tree, —
Their song is one continued strain
Of pleasing melody.

There 's music in the roaming breeze,
That gently parts the hair, —
In it we hear the voices of
The cherished ones that were.

There 's music in the drowsy tone
Of the " little busy bee,"
Humming to the flowers all day
A soothing lullaby.

There 's music everywhere on earth,
Where'er there 's joy or love ;
It is a feeble echo from
The spirit-land above.

VACATION.

VACATION is coming,
We all will be gay,
To leave our worn school-books,
For sports and for play.

We 'll off to the country,
To visit our friends,
And spend our time finely
Till vacation ends.

We 'll roam o'er the fields
To gather sweet flowers,
And chase the bright songsters
From bower to bower.

But quickly time passes,
Our play-hours will end,
And back to the school-room
Our footsteps must bend.

And then to our studies
We 'll cheerfully tend,
Performing our duties,
Thus please our dear friends.

For all their kind efforts
That we may improve,
We will seek a report
Deserving their love.

THE FIGHTING BIRDS.

Two little birds, in search of food,
Flew o'er the fields, and skimmed the flood, —
At last a worm they spy ;
But who should take the prize they strove ;
Their quarrel sounded through the grove
In notes both shrill and high.

But now, a hawk, whose piercing sight
Had marked his prey, and watched their fight,
With certain aim descended ;
And pouncing on their furious strife,
He stopped their battle with their life,
And so the war was ended.

Thus, when in discord brothers live,
And frequent blows of anger give,
With hate their bosoms rending ;
In life, with rogues perchance they meet,
To take advantage of their heat,
Their lives in sorrow ending.

THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed
A scarlet poppy grew ;
And up it held its staring head,
And held it out to view.

Yet no attention did it win
By all these efforts made ;
And less offensive had it been
In some retired shade.

For, though within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I should grow as pert and vain
As is this gaudy weed.

THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bow'ér,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there it spread its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see ;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

WORK AND PLAY.

Poor children, who are all the day
Allowed to wander out,
And only waste their time in play,
Or running wild about —

Who do not any school attend,
But idle as they will,
Are almost certain in the end
To come to something ill.

Some play is good to make us strong,
And school to make us wise ;
But *always* play is very wrong,
And what we should despise.

There 's nothing worse than idleness
For making children bad ;
'Tis sure to lead them to distress,
And much that 's very sad.

Sometimes they learn to lie and cheat,
Sometimes to steal and swear ;
These are the lessons in the street
For those who idle there.

But how much better 'tis to learn
To count, and spell, and read!
'T is best to play and work in turn —
'T is very nice, indeed.

INFINITE WISDOM.

Who taught the bees, when first they take
Their flight through flowery fields in spring,
To mark their hives, and straight to make
Their sure return, sweet stores to bring?

Who taught the ant to bite the grains
Of wheat, which, for her winter store,
She buries, with unwearied pains,
So careful that they grow no more?

Who taught the beavers to contrive
Their huts, on banks so wisely planned,
That in the winter they can dive
From thence, and shun their foes from land?

Who taught the spider's curious art,
Stretching from twig to twig her line,
Strength'ning her web in every part,
Sure and exact in her design?

Who taught the swallows when to take
Their flight before chill winter comes?
The wren her curious nest to make?
The wand'ring rooks to find their homes?

The God whose work all nature is —
 Whose wisdom guides the vast design.
 Man sees but part ; but what he sees
 Tells him this wisdom is divine.

THE SCHOOL FOR ME.*

It is not in the noisy street
 That pleasure 's often found ;
 It is not where the idle meet
 That purest joys abound.
 But where the faithful teacher stands,
 With firm but gentle rule ;
 O, that 's the happiest place for me —
 The pleasant common school !
 O, the school-room !
 O, that 's the place for me !
 You 'll rarely find, go where you will,
 A happier set than we.

We never mind the burning sun,
 We never mind the showers,
 We never mind the drifting snows,
 While life and health are ours ;

* The chorus can be omitted, if the piece is spoken by one ;
 but it will be more interesting, if several will unite in speak-
 ing or singing the chorus.

But, when the merry school-bell throws
Its welcome on the air,
In spite of rain and drifting snows,
You 'll always find us there.
O, the school-room! &c.

The stamp that 's borne on manhood's brow
Is traced in early years ;
The good or ill we 're doing now
In future life appears ;
And as our youthful hours we spend
In study, toil, or play,
We trust that each his aid may lend
To cheer us on our way.
O, the school-room! &c.

MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind, —
And every thing she says to me
I must directly mind.
For when I was an infant,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me on her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother ;
And when she wants to read,
Or has the headache, I must step
Most silently indeed.
I will not choose a noisy play,
Or trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray.
How much I 'll try to please her
She every hour shall see,
For should she go away, or die,
What would become of me ?

THE LOST KITE.

My kite ! my kite ! I 've lost my kite !
O, when I saw the steady flight
With which she gained her lofty height,
How could I know that letting go
That naughty string would bring so low
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,
To pass forever out of sight ?

A purple cloud was sailing by,
With silver fringes, o'er the sky ;
And then I thought it came so nigh,
I'd let my kite go up and light
Upon its edge so soft and bright,
To see how noble, high, and proud
She'd look while riding on a cloud !

As near her shining mark she drew,
I clapped my hands ; the line slipped through
My silly fingers ; and she flew
Away ! away ! in airy play,
Right over where the water lay.
She veered, and fluttered, swung, and gave
A plunge — then vanished with the wave !

I never more shall want to look
On that false cloud, or on the brook ;
Nor e'er to feel the breeze that took
My dearest joy, thus to destroy
The pastime of your happy boy.
My kite ! my kite ! how sad to think
She soared so high, so soon to sink !

KINDNESS.

BROTHERS and sisters, names so dear,
Should sweetly sound in every ear ;
And ties so strong should always be
The link of love and harmony.

When such relations disagree,
Most sad the consequence must be ;
For those who should be joined in heart
Can never do so well apart.

Did not our Saviour, chiding, say
We should no faults to others lay,
Or see a mote in brother's eye,
Until to move our own we try ?

Then let no quarrels interpose,
To turn such kindred into foes ;
Nor to each other raise a hand,
Against the Lord's express command.

USEFULNESS.

How many ways the young may find
To be of use, if so inclined !
How many services perform,
If will and wishes are but warm !

Should wealth make all our comforts sure,
We may be useful to the poor ;
Though we have servants to attend,
We may be useful to a friend.

A life that 's spent for *self* alone,
Can never be a *useful* one ;
The truly active scorn to be
But puppets in society.

However trifling what we do,
If a good purpose be in view,
Although we should not meet success,
Our own good-will is not the less.

THE BOYS AND WOLF.

FORTH from an humble, happy cot
Sped three fair, smiling boys,
Full of life's sunny pleasantness
And childhood's stainless joys.

Far through the deep and darksome wood
With fearless steps they roam,
Gathering the fallen branch and bough,
To light the hearth of home.

With well-filled basket, back again
They tread their grassy way,
Beguiling time, and distance too,
With some sweet, simple lay.

But quick before their startled gaze,
Lured by their gladsome shout,
From the close covert of the trees
A wolf sprung fiercely out.

With glaring eyes, and shining teeth,
The shaggy brute drew near,
Checking the life-blood in their veins
With horror and with fear.

The eldest boy, with manly heart,
Upraised his deadly knife,
Shielding, with his own tiny form,
Each little brother's life.

The unequal strife had scarce begun,
When through the wood there sped
A vengeful ball — and at his feet
The angry wolf lay dead.

Trust ever to that guardian Power
That watches for thy good, —
And stretches forth a helping hand
Even in the darksome wood.

ON EARLY RISING.

How foolish they who lengthen night,
And slumber in the morning light !
How sweet, at early morning's rise,
To view the glories of the skies !

The sprightly lark, with artless lay,
Proclaims the entrance of the day.
Her fairest form then nature wears,
And clad in brightest green appears.

How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
And feast the eyes with nature's bloom !
Along the dewy lawn to rove,
And hear the music of the grove !

Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
Neglect to take the morning air ;
This will your nerves with vigor brace,
Improve and heighten every grace.

'T will give your breath a rich perfume,
Add to your cheeks a fairer bloom ;
With lustre teach your eyes to glow,
And health and cheerfulness bestow.

AMBITION.

I would not wear the warrior's wreath ;
I would not court his crown :
For love and virtue sink beneath
His dark and vengeful frown.

I would not seek my fame to build
On glory's dizzy height ;
Her temple is with orphans filled,
Blood soils her sceptre bright.

I would not wear the diadem
By folly prized so dear ;
For want and woe have bought each gem,
And every pearl 's a tear.

I would not heap the golden chest,
That sordid spirits crave ;
For every grain (by penury curst)
Is gathered from the grave.

No ; let my wreath unsullied be —
My fame be virtuous youth —
My wealth be kindness, charity —
My diadem be truth.

NATURE'S INSTRUCTIONS.

THE daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind!
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove;
The hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbor's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite
Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation ;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

DUTY.

O THAT it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought !
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught.

Whenever I am told to go,
I'll cheerfully obey ;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.

When I am bid, I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got,
And never touch a pretty thing
If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell
About my little toys ;
But if she's busy, or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try and do it well.

For God looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold ;
And he is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

CHARLEY AND HIS SHILLING.

LITTLE Charley found a shilling,
As he came from school one day ;
“ Now,” said he, “ I ’ll have a fortune,
For I ’ll plant it right away.

“ Nurse once told me, I remember,
When a penny I had found,
It would grow and bear new pennies,
If I put it in the ground.

“ I ’ll not say a word to mother,
For I know she would be willing ;
Home I ’ll run, and in my garden
Plant my precious, bright new shilling.

“ Every day I ’ll give it water,
And I ’ll weed it with great care,
And I guess, before the winter,
It will many shillings bear.

“ Then I ’ll buy a horse and carriage,
And a lot of splendid toys,
And I ’ll give a hundred shillings
To poor little girls and boys.”

Thus deluded, little Charley
Laid full many a splendid plan,
As the little coin he planted,
Wishing he were grown a man.

Day by day he nursed and watched it,
Thought of nothing else beside,
Day by day was disappointed,
For no signs of growth he spied.

Tired at last of hopeless waiting, —
More than any child could bear, —
Little Charley told his secret
To his mother, in despair.

Never was a kinder mother,
But when his sad tale she heard,
’T was so funny, she, for laughing,
Could not speak a single word.

This was worse than all, for Charley
Thought his sorrow too severe,
And, in spite of every effort,
Down his cheek there rolled a tear.

This his tender mother spying,
Kissed it off before it fell ;
“ Where to plant your bright new shilling,”
Said she to him, “ let me tell.”

“ Peter Brown’s two little children
Long have wished to learn to read,
But their father is not able
To procure the books they need.

“ To their use if you will spend it,
Precious seed you then may sow,
And, ere many months are ended,
Trust me, you will see it grow.”

THE SCHOOLROOM.

In the schoolroom while we stay,
There is work enough to do ;
Study, study, through the day,
Keep our lessons all in view.
There ’s no time to waste or lose,
Every moment we should use,
For the hours are gliding fast,
Soon our school-days will be past.

Here, then, let us early sow,
While we 're in our opening youth,
Seed that will take root and grow,
Seed of knowledge, virtue, truth.
For the time is coming, when
Women we shall be, and men ;
Then, O, then, we 'll need it all,
In discharging duty's call.

Let us have a lively zeal
In the school that we attend ;
Interested always feel,
And our influence to it lend.
For with it we rise or fall, —
Teacher, scholar, one and all ;
Let us then united be
For our school's prosperity.

LAZY NED.

“ It 's royal fun,” cried lazy Ned,
“ To coast upon my fine new sled,
And beat the other boys ;
But then I cannot bear to climb
The plaguy hill, for every time
It more and more annoys !”

So, while his schoolmates glided by,
And gladly tugged up hill, to try
Another merry race,
Too indolent to share their plays,
Ned was compelled to stand and gaze,
While shivering in his place.

Thus he would never take the pains
To seek the prize that labor gains,
Until the time had past ;
For all his life, he dreaded still
The silly bugbear of *up-hill*,
And died a dunce at last.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Now Spring returns, and all the earth
Is clad in cheerful green ;
The heart of man is filled with mirth,
And happiness is seen.

The violet rears its modest head,
To welcome in the Spring,
And from its low and humble bed
Doth sweetest odors bring.

The birds are warbling in the grove,
And flutter on the wing,
And to their mates in notes of love
Responsive echoes sing.

Far as the eye can view, the hills
Are clad in verdure bright ;
The rivers and the trickling rills
Are pleasant to the sight.

Nature another aspect wears ;
Stern Winter's reign is o'er ;
While everything the power declares
Of Him whom we adore.

JACK FROST.

Who hath killed the pretty flowers,
Born and bred in summer bowers ?
Who hath ta'en away their bloom ?
Who hath swept them to the tomb ?
Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who hath chased the birds so gay,
Lark and linnet, all away ?
Who hath hushed their joyous breath,
And made the woodland still as death ?
Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who hath chilled the laughing river ?
Who doth make the old oak shiver ?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow ?
Who doth make the wild winds blow ?
Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who doth ride on snowy drift,
When the night wind 's keen and swift —
O'er the land and o'er the sea —
Bent on mischief — who is he ?
 Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who doth strike with icy dart
The way-worn traveller to the heart ?
Who doth make the ocean wave —
The seaman's home — the seaman's grave ?
 Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who doth prowl at midnight hour
Like a thief around the door,
Through each crack and crevice creeping,
Through the very key-hole peeping ?
 Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who doth pinch the traveller's toes ?
Who doth wring the schoolboy's nose ?
Who doth make your fingers tingle ?
Who doth make the sleigh-bells jingle ?
 Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

THERE 's one among the feathered choir,
Whose evening sonnet, loud and shrill,
Touched off on nature's tuneful lyre,
Proclaims the name of Whip-poor-will.

I love to hear its pensive song,
While musing on our cliff-crowned hill,
To hear its echo wend along,
To hear its echo — Whip-poor-will.

How sweet, at sunset's beauteous hour,
As chastened radiance lingers still,
In rural cot, or summer's bower,
To catch the sound of Whip-poor-will!

While rambling forth in twilight gray,
Along the mead or leaping rill,
How soft the notes on zephyrs play,
The plaintive notes of Whip-poor-will!

Or, when the moon, fair queen of night,
With pearly beams her horn shall fill,
And pour on earth her silvery light,
How sweet the tones of Whip-poor-will!

But there 's an eve, 't is holy rest,
An hour which thoughts unearthly fill —
O! then thy vespers yield a rest,
Thy thrilling vespers, Whip-poor-will.

And, as I muse on truth and heaven,
The softened note comes sweeter still,
Borne trembling on the breath of even,
The softened note of Whip-poor-will.

LINES FOR AN EXHIBITION.

KIND friends and dear parents, we welcome you here,
To our nice pleasant schoolroom, and teachers so dear ;
We wish but to show you how much we have learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But we hope you 'll remember we all are quite young,
And when we have spoken, recited, and sung,
You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
May even extend to the President's chair.

We seek your approval with hearty good will,
And hope the good lessons our teachers instil
May make us submissive, and gentle, and kind,
As well as enlighten and strengthen the mind.

For learning, we know, is more precious than gold,
But the worth of the heart's jewels ne'er can be told ;
We 'll strive, then, for virtue, truth, honor, and love,
And thus lay up treasures in mansions above.

Our life is a school-time ; and, till that shall end,
With our Father in heaven for teacher and friend,
O ! let us perform well each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

PERSEVERANCE.

A SWALLOW, in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient art ; but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought ;
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But, scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again ; — and, last night, hearing calls,
I looked — and, lo ! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O Man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have FAITH, and struggle on!

THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lonely home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a *stranger's* foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn — and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes — O, painful proof!
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard — the very trees,
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The awning from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With the bulrush brook, where the hazels grow ;
'T was there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnow poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave its wing ;
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

LIFE.

LIFE 's a game of hide and seek ;
What is sought but few can find,
Be their purpose wise or weak,
Fortune, fame, or peace of mind.

Many, seeking for a friend,
Thinking he is found at last,
On some treacherous foe depend,
Who their fondest hopes will blast.

Some on fortune build their trust,
And the joys it can impart ;
Soon the treasures turn to dust,
And the joys corrode the heart.

Err not thus, my little girl ;
Seek the good that may be found,
Not in pleasure's giddy whirl,
Not on fortune's fairy ground.

Be what may thy earthly lot,
Seek thou for the things above ;
Seek the Friend that faileth not,
And the treasures of His love.

ADDRESS.

WEEKS have passed on, and months their roses shed,
And some dear friends been numbered with the dead,
Since last in these loved walls 't was ours to trace
The cheering smiles of each remembered face,
Dear to our grateful hearts, to Science dear,
Whom Learning loves, and Virtue bids revere.

The flowers of summer, that were late in bloom,
Have shed their leaves, and sought their wintry tomb ;
The leaves of autumn tremble on the gale,
And sighs of sadness steal along the vale,
The harbingers of that more chilling hour
When Charity's warm hand her gifts display,
To chase the wants of misery away.

Again you come your kindness to diffuse,
To wake the genius of the slumbering muse,
O'er learning's path to shed your welcome ray,
To cheer young genius, brightening into day,
To warm our hearts, to kindle proud desire,
And bid our hopes to virtue's heights aspire.

Your presence animates our youthful views,
Your kindness aids us and our love renews.
What shall I say? — words linger on my tongue —
Our Teacher's thanks, the praises of the young,
Are yours, to-day, for benefits bestowed
On learning's path and virtue's sacred road.

While our best thanks are to your kindness due,
Still be it ours improvement to pursue,
To tread the paths of science and of truth,
And add new virtue to advancing youth.

While other nations mourn departing day,
And weep in vain o'er learning's vanished ray, —
While Greece looks out with half despairing eye,
To hail the sun that warmed her elder sky, —
While barren realms in desolation wait
For some kind favors from according fate, —
Here learning spreads her choicest treasures free
Of present worth, and honors yet to be.
May we partake the banquet she bestows,
And drink the stream of science as it flows.
May each advancing year our minds behold
Advance in knowledge, and to worth unfold ;
More gentle grow from pleasing day to day,
And thus your kindness and your care repay.

Our task is done — the lesson of to-day !
May the next lead us on a brighter way ;
Each mental step rise higher from earth's sod,
And the last bring us to the throne of God !

PART III.

DIALOGUES.

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

ALMIRA.

SURE, my dear Mary, 'tis a pleasing scene,
Where youthful virtue spreads its joys serene,
When childhood strives in learning to improve,
And follows science from esteem and love.
In all the regions of *terrestrial* bliss,
Where is the pleasure half so pure as this?

MARY.

Yes, and how many children are denied
The high advantages to us supplied! —
How many, doomed in ignorance to pine,
Want charms that make the soul still more divine!

ALMIRA.

Yet I am told that some are pleased to say,
Our steps in learning's realm are led astray.
There is no need, they say, that we should know
How many oceans round this world may flow —
How many brilliant planets, hung on high,
Trace their bright orbits through the vaulted sky ;
Nor will it help to boil our tea, we 're told,
That we should know what causes heat and cold.

MARY.

Yet will it aid in many an untried scene,
When doubts may press and troubles intervene,
To know the philosophic cause of things,
And whence each incident and error springs,
If our young minds are with good learning stored,
And all the aids that science can afford.

ALMIRA.

Then must our friends admire, while they approve,
That we make truth the object of our love,
And take pure science and the gentle arts,
Instead of vanity, to our young hearts.

MARY.

But most they say, our *speaking* has no use,
And only serves to make our morals loose.

ALMIRA.

Nay, if it makes us more intent to please,
Gives our minds freedom and our manners ease,
For harder studies heightens our regard,
With little harm it brings a good reward.

MARY.

Then since our friends have sought so much to find
The highest arts to store our youthful mind,
O! let us seek with grateful hearts to show
How much we *love*, if not how much we *know*.

ALMIRA.

Accept, then, guardians of our youthful minds,
The thanks that real candor ever finds.
'Tis by your provident and fostering care
That we the stores of worth and learning share.
Then, while we strive in science to excel,
May we obtain the praise of doing well;
And, though in many things we fail to please,
May all our future joys be pure as these;
May peace and pleasure to this life be given,
And to the next the higher bliss of heaven.

CHOICE OF HOURS.

FATHER.

I LOVE to walk at twilight,
When sunset nobly dies,
And see the parting splendor
That lightens up the skies,
And call up old remembrances,
Deep, dim as evening gloom,
Or look to heaven's promises,
Like starlight on a tomb.

LAURA.

I love the hour of darkness,
When I give myself to sleep,
And I think that holy angels
Their watch around me keep.
My dreams are light and happy,
As I innocently lie,
For my mother's kiss is on my cheek,
And my father's step is nigh.

MARY.

I love the social afternoon,
When lessons all are said,
Geography is laid aside,
And grammar put to bed ;

Then a walk upon the Battery,
With a friend, is very sweet,
And some money for an ice-cream,
To give that friend a treat.

MOTHER.

I love the Sabbath evening,
When my loved ones sit around,
And tell of all their feelings
By hope and fancy crowned ;
And though some plants are missing
In that sweetly thoughtful hour,
I would not call them back again
To earth's decaying bower.

WHAT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL ?

A Dialogue for eight little Girls.

SUSAN.

THE stars that gem the brow of night
Are very beautiful and bright ;
They look upon us, from the skies,
With such serene and holy eyes,
That I have fondly deemed them worlds
Where Joy her banner never furls.
What marvel, then, that I should love
The stars that shine so bright above ?

ELLEN.

The moon that sails serenely through
The skies of evening, deeply blue,
Perhaps half hidden from the eye
By some dark cloud that wanders by,
Yet shines with mellow light and pale,
Like some fair face beneath a veil,
Appears more beautiful to me
Than all the stars I nightly see.

MARY.

The golden sun that rises bright,
And dissipates the gloom of night,
Is beautiful, and brighter far
Than is the largest evening star ;
Its light at morning, or at noon,
Exceeds the brightness of the moon.
The world indeed were very sad
Without its beams so warm and glad.

HANNAH.

The merry birds upon the wing,
That all day long so sweetly sing,
And, when the stilly evening comes,
Are sleeping in their leafy homes,
With plumage yellow, red, and gold,
Are very pretty to behold.
I love to listen to their airs —
They drive away my gloomy cares.

MARIA.

The brooks that through the meadows go,
And sing with voices sweet and low,
Are beautiful to look upon,
As gladly on their ways they run ;
The tiny fishes gayly swim
Their bosoms fair and clear within,
And flowers, that on their margins grow,
Look down to see themselves below.

ANN.

The flowers that blossom everywhere,
And with their fragrance scent the air,
Are fairer than the birds or brooks,
With their serene and modest looks ;
And though they have no voices sweet,
Like birds and brooks, our call to greet,
Yet in their silence they reveal
Such lessons as the heart can feel.

SARAH.

But there is something brighter far
Than sun, or moon, or twinkling star ;
And fairer than a bird or brook,
Or floweret with its pleasant look :
It is a simple little child,
Whose heart is pure and undefiled ;
And they who love their parents well
In loveliness all things excel.

MARTHA.

The sun, the moon, the stars of night,
And birds, and brooks, and blossoms bright,
With richest charms are ever full —
With *us they* are the beautiful ;
But little children, who are good,
Whose tender feet have never stood
In pathways by the sinful trod —
They are the beautiful with *God* !

THE SEASONS.

JANE.

I LOVE the Spring, when slumbering buds
Are wakened into birth ;
When joy and gladness seem to run
So freely o'er the earth.

CHARLES.

I love the Summer, when the flowers
Look beautiful and bright ;
When I can spend the leisure hours
With hoop, and ball, and kite.

GEORGE.

I love the Autumn, when the trees
With fruit are bending low ;
When I can reach the luscious plums
That hang upon the bough.

FRANK.

I love to have the Winter come,
When I can skate, and slide,
And hear the noise of merry sleighs
That swiftly by us glide.

ANNA.

I love the seasons in their round ;
Each has delights for me ;
Wisdom and love in all are found ;
God's hand in each I see.

MOTHER.

You 're right, my child ; remember him,
As seasons pass away,
And each revolving year will bring
You nearer heavenly day.

CHILDREN'S WISHES.

SUSAN.

I wish I was a little bird,
Among the leaves to dwell ;
To scale the sky in gladness,
Or seek the lonely dell ; —
My matin song should celebrate
The glory of the earth,
And my vesper hymn ring gladly
With the trill of careless mirth.

EMILY.

I wish I were a floweret,
To blossom in the grove ;
I'd spread my opening leaflets
Among the plants I love ; —
No hand should roughly cull me,
And bid my odors fly ;
I silently would ope to life,
And quietly would die.

JANE.

I wish I was a gold-fish,
To seek the sunny wave,
To part the gentle ripple,
And 'mid its coolness lave ;

I'd glide through day delighted,
Beneath the azure sky,
And when night came on in softness,
Seek the starlight's milder eye.

MOTHER.

Hush! hush! romantic prattlers!
You know not what you say,
When soul, the crown of mortals,
You would lightly throw away:
What is the songster's warble,
And the floweret's blush refined,
To the noble thought of Deity
Within your opening mind?

GENEROSITY.

BROTHER.

DEAR sister, only look, and see
This nice red apple I have here;
'Tis large enough for you and me,
So come and help me eat it, dear!

SISTER.

No, brother, no! I should be glad,
If you had *more*, to share with you,
But only *one* — 't would be *too bad*!
Eat it alone, dear brother, do!

BROTHER.

No, no! there 's quite enough for two,
And it would taste so much more sweet,
If I should eat it, dear, with you —
Do take a part now, I entreat!

SISTER.

Well, so I will! and when I get
An apple sweet and nice like this,
I'm sure that I shall not forget
To give you, dear, a fine large piece.

THE ANGELS.

MARY.

SISTER Emma, can you tell
Where the holy angels dwell?
Is it very, very high,
Up above the moon and sky?

EMMA.

Holy angels, sister dear,
Dwell with little children here,
Every night and every day;
With the *good* they *always* stay.

MARY.

Yet I never see them come
Never know when they go home,
Never hear them speak to me —
Sister dear, how *can* it be?

EMMA.

Mary, did you never hear
Something whisper in your ear,
“ Don't be naughty — never cry —
God is looking from the sky !”

MARY.

Yes indeed ! and it must be
That 's the way they talk to me ;
Those are just the words they say,
Many times in every day.

EMMA.

And they kindly watch us, too,
When the flowers are wet with dew ;
When we are tired and go to sleep,
Angels then our slumbers keep.

Every night and every day,
When we work and when we play,
God's good angels watch us still,
Keeping us from every ill.

When we 're good, they 're glad ;
When we 're naughty, they 're sad ;
Should we *very* wicked grow,
Then away from us they go.

MARY.

O! I would not have them go,
I do love the angels so ;
I will never naughty be,
So they 'll always stay with me.

ABOUT SCHOOL.

ELLEN.

THE sky is cloudless, sister,
The balmy air is sweet,
The echo gently murmurs
Each word it would repeat.

The clock is striking, sister,
And we must leave this spot,
To con dry lessons o'er,
Which study-hours allot.

But, O, how pleasant, sister,
If school-days were but o'er !
Then we again would never
Learn these dry lessons more.

ANNA.

But we are young now, sister ;
How little do we know !
We 'd wish to learn more, surely,
Before we older grow.

The birds are singing, sister,
The balmy air is sweet ;
We love its gentle breathing,
And the songster's song to greet.

But how long, think you, sister,
Before we each should tire
Of all these scenes of beauty
Which now we so admire ?

Do you remember, sister,
What father said to-day —
That study gave a relish,
And sweeter made our play ?

Then should we murmur, sister,
Or yet in sadness grieve,
Were we our pastimes ever
For study called to leave ?

ELLEN.

O, yes ! I see, now, sister,
That all the fault was mine ;
I thought not of the *future*,
But of the *present* time.

Yes, you are right, my sister,
No more time we will lose ;
To school, then, we will hasten,
And there our time improve.

LITTLE LUCY AND HER MOTHER.

LUCY.

O MOTHER! may I go to school
With brother Charles to-day?
The air is very soft and cool —
Do, mother, say I may.

I heard you say, a week ago,
That I was growing fast ;
I want to learn to read and sew —
I'm four years old and past.

MOTHER.

Well, little Lucy, you may go,
If you will be quite still ;
'Tis wrong to make a noise, you know —
I do not think you will.

Be sure and do what you are told ;
And, when the school is done,
Of brother Charley's hand take hold,
And he will lead you home.

LUCY.

Yes, mother, I will try to be,
O, very good indeed ;
I'll take the book you gave to me,
And all the letters read.

And I will take my patchwork, too,
And try to learn to sew ;
Please, mother, tie my bonnet blue,
For it is time to go.

[Exeunt, and Mary enters.]

MARY.

Perhaps the little girls and boys
Will like to have me tell,
If little Lucy made a noise,
Or whether she did well.

And I am very glad to say
That Lucy sat quite still ;
She did not whisper, laugh, or play,
As *naughty* children will.

WHO WATCHES OVER US?

[The following may be read, spoken, or sung, by two classes, alternately.]

FIRST CLASS.

LITTLE schoolmates, can you tell
Who has kept us safe and well
Through the watches of the night?—
Brought us safe to see the light?

SECOND CLASS.

Yes, it is our God does keep
Little children while they sleep ;
He has kept us safe from harm,
Let us sleep so sweet and calm.

FIRST CLASS.

Can you tell who gives us food,
Clothes, and home, and parents good,
Schoolmates dear, and teachers kind,
Useful books, and active mind ?

SECOND CLASS.

Yes, our heavenly Father's care
Gives us all we eat and wear ;
All our books, and all our friends,
God, in kindness, to us sends.

ALL.

O, then, let us *thankful* be
For his mercies large and free!
Every morning let us raise
Our young voices in his praise.

THE CREATOR.

MARY.

MOTHER, who made the sun and moon,
Which give such pleasant light?
To shine by day, the brighter one,
The lesser one by night?

Who made the flower, the grass, the tree,
The river, and the brook?
Who made the many things I see,
Whene'er abroad I look?

MOTHER.

'T was God, my child, made all you see :
He lives in heaven above ;
The world is his — and you and me
He looks upon in love.

He holds the stars, the sun and moon,
Each in their proper place ;
He makes them shine at night, at noon,
The emblems of his face.

The river, and the rippling brook,
The trees, the grass, the flower,
And all the things whereon we look,
Came by his mighty power.

Then learn, my child, this God to love,
Whose mighty power you see —
He sits enthroned in heaven above,
God of Eternity !

THE EVENING STAR.

ELLEN.

O MOTHER ! tell me of this star
That every night I see,
From its blue home, so high and far,
Look brightly down on me !
Is it the kindly angel *Power*
That is forever near,
To guide and guard me in the hour
Of danger and of fear ?

Is it the heaven to which we go
When life is passed away ;
Whose joys the good alone can know,
Who love to watch and pray ?
Or, is it some resplendent gem —
Or, an archangel's eye ?
Or, the glory of the diadem
Of Him who rules the sky ?

MOTHER.

It is, my child, the evening star —
One of the pure lights given
To drive the gloomy darkness far,
And beautify the even !
Less bright than gems that angels wear,
'Tis but a world like this ;
And myriad beings wander there,
Like us, in woe or bliss.

Wait a brief time, till life is o'er,
And you shall rise on high,
And, with an angel's pinions, soar
Through all the starry sky.
If good and pure, till in death's night
To slumber you lie down.
Brighter than all those gems of light
Shall be your starry crown !

GOING TO SCHOOL.

MOTHER.

WILLIE, it is half-past eight,
And I fear you will be late ;
Don't forget your teacher's rule ;
Take your hat, and run to school.

WILLIE.

Mother, I am tired to-day,
Let me stay at home, I pray ;
The air is warm, and close, and thick,
And, really, I am almost sick.

MOTHER.

Your cheek is red, your eye is bright,
Your hand is cool, your step is light ;
At breakfast time you ate your fill —
How can it be that you are ill ?

WILLIE.

True, mother, I 'm not ill enough
To take my bed, or doctor's stuff ;
But yet at home pray let me stay, —
I want to run about and play.

MOTHER.

Ah! that 's the thing. Now, let me see,
Next June you nine years old will be ;
And if you often stay at home,
What of your learning will become ?

WILLIE.

But *just this once* — I shall not stay
At home another single day ;
I do not think 't will make a fool
To stay *just once* away from school.

MOTHER.

Stay once, and it is very plain
You 'll wish to do the same again ;
I 've seen a little teasing dunce,
Whose cry was always, *Just this once !*

WILLIE.

A day 's but a short time, you know —
I shall learn little, if I go ;
Besides, I 've had no time at all
To try my marbles and my ball.

MOTHER.

The bee gains little from a flower —
A stone a day will raise a tower ;
Yet the hive is filled, the tower is done,
If steadily the work goes on.

Have you forgot that weary day
You stayed at home from school to play?
How often you went in and out,
And how you fretted all about?

Then think how gay you laugh and run,
When school is o'er, and work is done;
There 's nothing fills the heart with joy
Like doing as we *should*, my boy!

WILLIE.

Yes, mother, you are right, 't is plain;
I shall not ask to stay again;
I will not — no, not even for once —
Leave school for play, and be a dunce.

THE TREE AND ITS FRUIT.

CHARLES.

Down in the garden, close by the wall,
There stands a tree; it is very tall —
Its leaves are green — it seems to be,
In every respect, a goodly tree.

But I tasted its fruit — and, O, dear me!
I thought no more of that beautiful tree —
The face that I made would have raised a laugh,
For wormwood was never so bitter by half.

DAVID.

The tree, you will find, is known by its fruit,
And not by its leaves, its branches, or root ;
For often we see that trees outwardly fair
The very quintessence of bitterness bear.

And thus may we judge, by the actions of men,
Of the heart that is hidden so deeply within ;
By the actions, my friend, and not by the face,
Or the beautiful language of sweetness and grace.

CHARLES.

Well, I think it is true ; but I never should dream
That a tree could so much like a *hypocrite* seem ;
Stretching out its green arms to the glorious sky,
As though it were asking for wings to fly.

And all the while, on its dark green boughs,
Such crabbed, and bitter, and sour fruit grows ;
I shudder to think of the taste that I took,
And henceforth shall judge of the *tree* by its *fruit*.

THE PRETTIEST SIGHT.

Mother and seven Children.

MOTHER.

COME, children, your mother is waiting for you, —
Come one — come all ; and now tell me true,
In the various places where you have been,
The prettiest sight that you ever have seen.

JOHN.

Why, mother, I think the most beautiful sight
Are the soldiers, all clad in their armor so bright, —
The tall, waving plume, and the gay epaulette,
Is the prettiest sight I have ever seen yet.

CHARLES.

They look well enough, brother Johnny ; but I
Saw a *prettier* sight on the Fourth of July ;
'T was the circus-men riding their horses of gray —
No *soldiers* were ever so pretty as they.

SUSAN.

Dear mother, *I* think the most beautiful sight
Is the pure silver moon on a clear summer's night,
With a host of bright stars, like the train of a queen :
'T is the prettiest sight that *I* ever have seen.

WILLIAM.

I like the high mountain that kisses the sky,
Where the eagle looks down with his dark, piercing eye ;
And I love the broad river, and cataract's roar,
And the waves that roll up on the smooth, sandy shore.

BESS.

I went with two cents to buy dolly a dress,
And what think I saw ? I know you can't guess ;
'T was a *red sugar horse!* such a beautiful one
That I bought it, and ate it, — so now it is gone.

LUCY.

Well, mother, *I* think the most beautiful things
Are the dear little birds, with their soft, shining wings ;
When they sing on the trees, and the branches are green,
'T is the prettiest sight that *I* ever have seen.

MARY.

I, too, love the notes of the dear little bird,
But they are not the sweetest I ever have heard ;
I am glad when they come to the tall green trees,
But I think there are prettier sights than these.

On a sweet Sabbath morning, so balmy and cool,
To see children come to our own Sabbath-school,
So constant as never a lesson to miss —
I know of no *prettier* sight than this.

ALL.

Now, mother, dear mother, wherever you 've been,
Pray tell us the prettiest sight *you* have seen.

MOTHER.

Well, children, your mother loves not to behold
The soldier's bright armor that glitters like gold ;
For she thinks of the holy commandment of God,
That long since forbade us to shed human blood.

And the poor circus-horses — I often have been
Where there are far prettier sights to be seen ;
But one thing I 'm sure, — if those horses could speak,
We should find them ashamed of the company they keep.

I think, with dear Susan, the moon in the sky,
On a clear summer's night, presents to the eye
A beautiful picture, displaying abroad
The wonderful goodness and glory of God.

And, William, my dear son, in the cataract's roar,
And the waves that roll up on the smooth sandy shore,
We see the great power of Him, in whose eye
Not even a sparrow unnoticed shall die.

And what shall I say to my dear little Bess,
Who, spending her money, robbed doll of her dress?
I think she has learned the good lesson to-day,
That red sugar horses soon gallop away.

Yes, Lucy, the birds, with their soft, shining wings,
Are among our Creator's most glorious things ;
They sing to *His* praise on the green waving trees ; —
Let the children unite in anthems like these.

But, children, your dear sister Mary is right —
Mother never has seen a *more beautiful* sight,
On the sea or the sky, in the field or the wood,
Than a circle of children all happy and good.

THE WAY TO GAIN LOVE.

Mary. O Sarah! how I wish that a fairy
would give me a charm that would cause every-
body to love me!

Sarah. Why, Mary, are you not loved al-
ready? I am sure *I* love you.

Mary. Yes, I know that *you* love me, and
my *parents* love me; but there are several girls
in our school who say they do not like me, and I
am sure I do not know why it is so.

Sarah. I am sorry to hear you say so, Mary.
Are you very certain that you have done nothing
to *induce* them to dislike you?

Mary. I do not know that I have.

Sarah. Are you always pleasant and kind; and do you try to oblige them and to assist them?

Mary. Why, I cannot say that I am *always* pleasant, for they sometimes vex me and make me angry.

Sarah. Which, of all your schoolmates, do you love the best, Mary?

Mary. Why, Clara Jacobs, to be sure. I love her more than any other, and I think all the scholars love her. I never heard any one speak against her.

Sarah. Well, can you tell why you and others love Clara so much?

Mary. You would not ask that question if you knew her, Sarah. She is so kind, so amiable, and so gentle, that one cannot help loving her. I never saw her angry in my life, and I never heard her speak unkindly. She seems to love everybody, and she is loved by all. She is always cheerful and happy.

Sarah. It seems, then, that Clara is a good girl, and beloved because she is good. Now, if you will imitate her, you will have as many friends as she has. Be kind, be pleasant, be obliging, be cheerful, and you will be happy, and be loved by all who know you.

Mary. Well, Sarah, I think there is something in what you say, and I will henceforth *try* to *be* and *do* as you advise; and I hope I shall never complain if others do not love me, for I feel satisfied that, if I am disliked, it must be on account of some fault of my own. If I am truly good, I think I shall be truly happy.

Sarah I think you are right there; and if you will only act accordingly, you will be one of the happiest and most beloved scholars in school.

Mary. I will certainly try to do right, and I thank you for your kind and good advice.

ABOUT ORDER.

Ellen. I wish you would lend me your thimble, Eliza, for I cannot find mine, and I *never* can when I want it.

Eliza. And why, Ellen, can you not find it?

Ellen. I am sure I cannot tell; but you need not lend me yours unless you choose, for I can borrow of somebody else.

Eliza. I am perfectly willing to lend it to you, Ellen; but I should like to know why you

always come to *me* to borrow, when you have lost anything?

Ellen. Because you never lose your things, and always know just where to find them.

Eliza. And how do you think that I always know where to find *my* things?

Ellen. How can *I* tell? If I knew, I might sometimes contrive to find my own.

Eliza. I will tell you the secret, if you will hear it. It is this—I have a “place for everything, and keep everything in its place;” and then I know just where to find anything I may wish to use.

Ellen. Well, *I* never can find time to put *my* things away; and, besides, who wants, as soon as she has used a thing, to have to run and put it away, as though one’s *life* depended upon it?

Eliza. Your *life* does not depend upon it, Ellen, but your convenience does; and let me ask, how much more time it will take to put a thing in its proper place, than to hunt after it when it is lost, or to borrow of your friends?

Ellen. Well, Eliza, I will never borrow of *you* again, that is certain.

Eliza. Why, I hope you are not offended.

Ellen. Certainly not; but I am ashamed, and

am determined, henceforth, to adopt your rule, and "*have a place for everything, and to keep everything in its place.*"

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Ann. Lucy, where did you go yesterday afternoon?

Lucy. I went to visit my Aunt Walden, and did not return until this morning.

Ann. Why, you made quite a visit. I think you must have had a good time.

Lucy. O, yes; I always have a good time when I go there, and I love to stay as long as I can.

Ann. And why do you enjoy yourself so much there, Lucy?

Lucy. O, it is a very pleasant place.

Ann. I suppose they have a nice garden, with fine fruit and flowers, and many other interesting things.

Lucy. Indeed they have; but that is not what I care so much about.

Ann. What is it, then, that makes you so *happy* there ?

Lucy. Why, they are so kind, and pleasant, and cheerful, that one cannot help feeling happy with them. I am sure *you* would love them, if you only *knew* them.

Ann. I almost feel that I love them now.

Lucy. They tell a great many interesting stories and sing songs ; and really I enjoy my visits there very much.

Ann. What songs do you sing ?

Lucy. We sung a very pretty one this morning about the sun while it was shining there so brightly.

Ann. You don't think the sun shines brighter there than anywhere else, do you ?

Lucy. It *seemed* so to me, although I knew it did not.

Ann. I suppose it was because the song was about the sun.

Lucy. Yes, I suppose it was. I do not mean to tell you anything that is not true ; but, really, their puss Tabby and their dog Skip are the happiest animals I ever saw.

Ann. They have not taught the cat and dog to love each other, have they ?

Lucy. All I can say is, that Tabby and Skip are very peaceful and loving in their way.

Ann. It must be a delightful place.

Lucy. I have often wondered, after being at Aunt Walden's, why everybody else cannot live in love and peace as they do.

Ann. Well, *what* is the reason?

Lucy. It seems to me there is nothing to hinder, if people only feel like it.

Ann. That is easy enough, surely.

Lucy. Yes, and the wonder is, that when a thing is so easy and desirable, every one does not choose it.

THE WORLD.

Helen. Did you know, sister, that this world was round?

Sarah. Why, yes, Helen, I knew it a great while ago; and it keeps turning round all the time, too.

Helen. Where does it turn to? I should think it would joggle sometimes so that we should feel it.

Sarah. O, no, sis ; it goes right round in the air, and there is nothing for it to joggle against.

Helen. I don't see what keeps it going. Don't it stop sometimes ?

Sarah. O, no, it *can't stop*, for mother says *God* keeps it moving along all the time.

Helen. I should think he would get *tired* sometimes, and let it stop.

Sarah. God is never tired, Helen ; mother says he can hold this world in his hand just as easy as I can hold an apple.

Helen. Well, I should think he must be a very *great* God to do that.

Sarah. He *is* a great God, and a *good* God, too.

Helen. Did you ever see him, sister ?

Sarah. O, no, I never saw him ; but my Sunday-school teacher says that we shall all see him when we die, as we shall go to heaven and live with him, if we are good.

Helen. I think I shall be *afraid* of such a great being as you say God is.

Sarah. No, we shall not be afraid, for God loves children ; and when he takes them up to heaven, he makes them very happy.

Helen. Then we ought to try to be very good,

so that he may never be offended with us. I will pray to him every day, and ask him to lead me in the right way.

Sarah. If you do so, Helen, he will surely guide you, and make you happy.

TRUTHFULNESS AND HONESTY.

Lizzie (alone.) There, it is almost school time, and I have not learned my lesson yet; how provoking that I must go to school this morning!

Kate (enters.) Good morning, Lizzie! Are you not going to school?

Lizzie. Yes, I suppose so; but I have not learned my lesson.

Kate. O! I am sorry. But why have n't you learned it?

Lizzie. Because I have not had any time; but I know what I will do.

Kate. Ah, that is the general excuse of school-girls, that they have n't had time to get their lessons; but what is it you are going to do? I should think by your looks that you were going to do something very strange.

Lizzie. Not so very strange either ; but can't you guess ?

Kate. To be sure I can *guess*—but what is it ? I am not very good at guessing.

Lizzie. Well, you know Jane Moore stands beside me in our class, and I shall get her to tell me. But to be on the sure side, I shall see what question is coming to me, and I shall learn the answer to *that*, and if any other question comes to me, Jane can tell me.

Kate. But perhaps Jane will not tell you, and then —

Lizzie. O, yes, she will ; for I shall carry her some apples, and then I *know* she will.

Kate. But think a moment ; do you think that would be right ? Should you ever dare look in your teacher's face again ?

Lizzie. O ! as to that, I should not let *her* find it out ?

Kate. But should you feel happy, while you were deceiving your parents and teacher ?

Lizzie. O ! I do not intend to deceive my *parents* ; and, besides, if my mother would let me stay at home to-day, I should not deceive *any one*.

Kate. But would your mother do right in

letting you stay at home, if she knew your reason for wishing to ?

Lizzie. Why, no, — I don't suppose she would be doing *right*.

Kate. Well, you do not wish your mother to do *wrong*, do you ?

Lizzie. O, no indeed !

Kate. You said a little while ago you did not intend to deceive your parents ; but they suppose, of course, that you are learning your lessons in school, and reciting them properly, and if you do not, is it not deceiving them ?

Lizzie. Why, yes ; but I never thought so before.

Kate. Because you never thought about it, I suppose ; but I have one question more to ask you, and I wish you would answer it. Can you be happy if you deceive your teacher, by doing as you said you *intended* to do ?

Lizzie. I will answer you truly, Kate. I shall not be happy, if I do so. When I go to school I will study my lesson all the time till my class recites, and then, if I have not learned it, I will tell our teacher the true reason, and learn the rest at recess or after school.

Kate. Do so, dear Lizzie, and you will be

much happier than if you deceived her. But, come, it is school time, and we must run along, or we shall be late.

SPEAKING PIECES.

Charles. I am glad to see you, dear Robert, for I want to talk with you about our school and teacher.

Robert. Well, Charley, what have you to say about them? Do you not think we have a pleasant school and kind teacher?

Charles. Why, yes, I do not know but that we have a good school and a pleasant teacher, but there are some things that I do not like, and I wish we did not have anything to do with them in our school.

Robert. And what *are* those things which you dislike, Charles? Perhaps it may be your own fault that you do not like them.

Charles. One thing I dislike very much is "speaking pieces;" and you know our teacher wishes us to learn and speak some piece every week.

Robert. Well, Charles, why does she wish us to do so? You speak as though she intended it as a *punishment*; but have you never considered that she wishes it for *our good*? Our teacher will never require us to do anything that will injure us, I am sure.

Charles. I do not suppose she wishes to do us any harm, or to trouble us; but really, I cannot see what good it will do us to declaim.

Robert. I feel, Charles, that it will do us much good. In the first place, it will improve our minds and strengthen our memories to *learn* pieces; and then, if we speak with proper care, it will be of great benefit to us; — it will aid us in our reading lessons.

Charles. Perhaps it may do a little good in these particulars; but *I* can read well enough now.

Robert. I fear you deceive yourself, Charles; for I think there is not a scholar in school who reads *well enough*. It is not enough to be able to read fast and call the words rapidly.

Charles. I should like to know, then, what *you* consider *good* reading.

Robert. I think we should read slow, speak our words distinctly, and pay proper attention to

the marks of punctuation, and give proper emphasis and inflection. To read well, we should understand what we read, and feel an interest in it. Unless we feel interested ourselves, we shall not interest those who listen to us. If we commit a piece to memory, we shall be more likely to understand its meaning; and then we can better interest others in it. If you will learn a few pieces *thoroughly*, and speak *earnestly*, you will soon be pleased with this and all other exercises that our teacher requires.

Charles. Well, Robert, I know that you are generally right, and that I may safely follow your advice. I will therefore try to feel that speaking pieces is useful, and I hope I shall soon feel interested in it.

Robert. You certainly *will*, if you persevere, Charles. Only remember, "*Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.*"

Charles. I think that is an excellent maxim; and if we all remember it, and act accordingly, we shall do much better than we have done.

INDUSTRY PROMOTES HAPPINESS.

Alice. O, dear, dear! how tired I am! I wish this work was done, and I could go and play. I don't think mother does *right* to make me sew so much.

Ellen (enters.) Why, Alice, what are you scolding about? How can you look so cross this beautiful morning?

Alice. Well, I guess you would look cross, too, if you had to sew as much as I do; it is nothing but work, work, work, from morning till night. I am sure I don't see the use of all these stitches.

Ellen. Neither do I, and I often tell mother so; but she always says that people are not sent into the world to live idly, and that the more industrious we are, the happier we shall be. For *my* part, I don't believe any such doctrine, and I never work when I can possibly help it. I would n't make such a slave of myself as Julia Adams does, for all California. Why, you never see her at home without a needle in her hand.

Julia (enters.) O, no, girls! you are quite mistaken there;—I have plenty of time to eat, and sleep, and play, and read.

Alice. Why, Julia, where did you come from, and how long have you been here?

Julia. Only a few minutes; but you were talking so earnestly, that I did n't like to interrupt you till I heard my own name mentioned, and then I thought it time to interfere. And, in the first place, Ellen, I want to know what authority you have for saying that I make a slave of myself.

Ellen. Why, you are always sewing, — morning, noon, and night, when you are not in school, — and if *that* is not making one's self a slave, I don't know what is.

Julia. Well, I *must* say, that if the slaves, that people talk of so much now-a-days, have as easy and happy a life as I do, I don't see the use of making such a fuss about them. I only sew four hours a day, and very pleasant hours they are, too; for mother sits with me, and we have such nice talks.

Alice. *Four* hours a day! Why, I should n't think you could find work enough to do in all that time.

Julia. My dear Alice, if you had gone where I went the other day, you would not wonder that I can find work enough.

Ellen. Where was it, Julia? Do tell us about it.

Julia. I will, Ellen, if you and Alice will promise to go with me to the same place to-morrow.

Ellen. Well, I promise; don't you, Alice?

Alice. Certainly, for I am all curiosity to hear Julia's story.

Julia. O! it is not much of a story, and perhaps you will not be as much interested in it as I was; but at any rate, it is true. I was walking with mother last Monday, when we met a little ragged girl crying bitterly. Mother stopped and asked what was the matter. She said that her mother was very sick, and she was afraid she would die. Mother asked her to show us where she lived, and we followed her to an old house near the bridge. The room into which she led us was the most miserable place I ever saw. It had hardly any furniture except an old bedstead and two or three chairs. The poor woman was lying on the bed, and two little girls were standing beside her. Mother spoke to her about her sickness; and she said she had worked very hard lately, and that morning, in trying to get up, had fainted; "but," said she, "if I cannot work, my

children must starve." We were there some time ; and before we came away, mother told her that she would see that she was made comfortable, and asked if she would not like to send her children to school. "O, yes!" said she, "but they have nothing decent to wear." Only think of it! they could not go to school because they had nothing but rags to wear. When we came home, mother told me that, if I would like to, I might make some dresses for them. So she has cut them out, and by to-morrow I shall finish them ; and I do long for to-morrow, the little girls will be so pleased with their new dresses. Mother has been to see them since, and she says the woman is better, and the children are delighted at the idea of going to school.

Ellen. How many of them are there, Julia ?

Julia. There are three girls and one boy.

Ellen. O! I wish I could do something for them.

Alice. So do I. Poor little things, how I pity them! I will never be so wicked again, as to think there is nothing for me to do.

Julia. Well, girls, I will tell you what we can do. We will ask our mothers to cut out some little dresses and aprons, and then we will meet

together and work ; for mother says there are a great many people as poor and ragged as those I have told you about.

Ellen. I should like to do so very much ; and I know mother will be willing, for she often says she wishes I was more industrious.

Alice. I agree to it with all my heart ; and I think we might begin this very day, don't you ?

Julia. Yes ; and if you will both come to our house this afternoon, I will have some work ready ; and to-morrow we will all go to see the poor woman. So good-by, and don't forget to come.

Alice. No, indeed, I guess *I* shan't.

Ellen. Nor I.

Both. Good-morning, Julia !

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. L. (looking at the boy, and admiring his ruddy, cheerful countenance.) I thank you, my good lad ! you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble ?
(*Putting his hand into his pocket.*)

Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But pray what were you doing in the field?

Boy. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips, and keeping the crows from the corn.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

Boy. Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

Boy. This is not *hard* work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who sent you to work?

Boy. My father, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

Boy. Just by, among the trees there, sir.

Mr. L. What is his name?

Boy. Thomas Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

Boy. Peter, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

Boy. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

Boy. Ever since six in the morning, sir.

Mr. L. And are you not hungry?

Boy. Yes, sir; I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

Boy. I don't know; I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

Boy. *Playthings!* what are *they*?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

Boy. No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping-pole, and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I *had* a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

Boy. No, sir; I have hardly *time* for those; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands; and these are as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money.

Boy. O! I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mother gives me a piece of pie, now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks ?

Boy. I have one — here it is ; — brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes — don't you want a better pair ?

Boy. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

Boy. I don't care for that ; they let it out again.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

Boy. I have a better hat at home ; but I had as lief have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains ?

Boy. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home ?

Boy. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none ?

Boy. Then I do as well as I can ; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not *thirsty* sometimes, this hot weather ?

Boy. Yes, sir ; but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher.

Boy. Sir?

Mr. L. I say you are a philosopher; but I am sure you do not know what that means.

Boy. No, sir, — no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no! Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all; so I shall not give you money, to make you want anything. But were you ever at school?

Boy. No, sir; but father says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books, then.

Boy. Yes, sir; the boys have all a spelling-book and a Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them — tell your father so; and that it is because I thought you a very good, contented boy. So, now go to your sheep again.

Boy. I will, sir. — Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-by, Peter!

Boy. Good-by, sir!

ABOUT THINKING.

Edwin. Alfred ! stop for a moment, will you ? I wish to talk a little with you.

Alfred. I cannot stop now, Edwin, for I wish to have a run with my hoop.

Edwin. You have a nice hoop, and it runs along capitally. Can you tell me what *makes* it go so well ?

Alfred. To be sure I can, Edwin. My stick makes it go ; and the harder I strike it, the faster it goes.

Edwin. Well, hit this post as hard as you like with your stick, and see if that will move along.

Alfred. To be sure it will not, for it is stuck fast in the ground.

Edwin. But there is one yonder that lies on the ground ; hit that, and see if it will run along like your hoop.

Alfred. I know it will not, because it is so heavy.

Edwin. Well, then, here is my pocket-handkerchief ; let us see if you can make that roll along. Surely that will not be too heavy.

Alfred. That will be too light; it will not run along at all.

Edwin. You seem hard to please. The post is too *heavy*, and the handkerchief too *light*! Suppose I put a big stone into the handkerchief, and make it heavier, — will that do?

Alfred. Why, no!

Edwin. But why not, Alfred?

Alfred. Why, because — because — because — why, I *know* it will not.

Edwin. Can you not give me the reason why it will not run along at all?

Alfred. No, I cannot; for I never thought of it.

Edwin. That is the trouble with us boys, — we seldom *think* about anything, but our play, unless we are obliged to do it. But I have lately been learning *to think*.

Alfred. *Learning to think!* why, I never heard of such a thing!

Edwin. I only wish I had begun years ago: for I have really learned more the last three months than I did in all last year, I am sure.

Alfred. But where is the good of learning to think?

Edwin. Where is the good? — what a strange

question that is ! But I dare say I should have asked it myself three months ago. If people had not *thought* about things, we should never have had the comforts and pleasures we now enjoy. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, and even our plays, have all been the subjects of much thought. *Thinking* people have a great advantage over others ; they are much wiser.

Alfred. Well, Edwin, I am not certain but that you have formed a good resolution ; and hereafter I will endeavor to spend some of my time in *thinking*.

THE GOOD BOY AND THE TRUANT.

John. Hallo ! James ! where are you going ?

James. Why, I am going to school, to be sure, and I am in a great hurry, too ; for it is most time for the bell to ring, and I have not been tardy this term, and do not mean to be.

John. Why, how mighty particular you are ! I am glad *I* am not so afraid of being a *minute* late. I don't see any use of being in a hurry.

Come, go with me, and we will have a grand time.

James. Where are you going?

John. O! I am going into the woods, to get some nuts. Come, it won't hurt you to play truant for once in your life. You don't know how the boys laugh at you for being so good.

James. Well, let them laugh; I am not afraid of being laughed at. I should be more afraid of disobeying my mother, and displeasing my kind teacher.

John. Well, if you are not the strangest boy that I ever saw! Why, I'd rather be *whipped*, any day, than to be *laughed at*.

James. That is very foolish; how can their laughing hurt you? And, beside, if they see that you don't care for it, they will soon stop. But I cannot stay any longer. You had better come to school, and you will feel much happier at night for having done your duty. (*Moves off.*)

John. Do hold on a bit! you seem to be in a dreadful hurry. Look here, don't you tell that I am playing truant; for if you do, I shall get a whipping.

James. No, John, I'll not tell of you; but if you will come to school, we will have a nice

game at ball at recess, and this afternoon there will be no school, and then I will go with you to get the nuts.

John. Will you? Well, I have half a mind to go to school.

James. O, do! I shall be so glad to have you! Come, let's run, for there is the bell, and you know how pleased our teacher is when we are in good season.

John. I wonder if every boy is as happy when he does right as you seem to be.

James. Why, yes, I suppose so; for I am always *unhappy* when I do wrong.

John. Well, I suppose *I* am, although I always try to *think* I'm happy. I believe I will follow your example for a little while, and see how I feel.

James. Then mark my words, — you will save yourself much unhappiness.

John. I believe I *shall*, for it seems to me I am now happier for having taken the *first* step.

James. Well, here we are at school — so we cannot talk any more now.

John. I am glad I came; and I thank you for your good advice, which I shall try to follow.

INDOLENCE WILL BRING WANT.

Susan. Dear Emily, do tell me about my lesson *once* more, for I can never get it alone.

Emily. But *why* have you not learned it? Have you studied it diligently?

Susan. Why, no; I can never leave my play to waste time over a dull lesson, I am sure.

Emily. Why, Susan! how can you speak so? Which do you consider most important, your lessons or your play?

Susan. O, the lessons, I suppose I must say! But then I like play the best, and only wish I could play all the time.

Emily. But you will not be able to play always; and what will you do when you cannot play?

Susan. Why, when it comes to that, I will study or work.

Emily. But you will not know how; and, when you are grown up, you will be ashamed to learn as children do.

Susan. It will be time enough to think of that when the time comes; but now I mean to enjoy myself.

Emily. You had better think of it *now*. But let me tell you a story. "Ants, you know, are very industrious little creatures, and work hard in summer to lay up their winter stores. But grasshoppers do no work in summer, and die when winter comes. Well, a grasshopper once asked an ant to give him some food to keep him from starving. 'What did you do all summer,' said the ant, 'that you have nothing to eat now?' 'I sang and amused myself,' said the grasshopper. 'You *sang!*' said the ant; 'well, now you may go and *dance!*' "

Susan. Then you think I am like the grasshopper, do you?

Emily. Yes, but I will be more kind than the ant, for I will assist you this once; but hereafter I hope you will do your work, and learn your lessons, without the aid of any one.

ABOUT STUDY.

Ella. Are you not going to school this morning, Maria?

Maria. No, I do not like to go to school, and,

besides, it does me no good. I am going to stay at home to-day.

Ella. Did your mother say that you might?

Maria. No; but she always lets me stay at home whenever I want to. When I learn a lesson, it always goes in at one ear and goes out at the other; and that is all the *good* it does me.

Ella. That is because you do not fix your attention upon it.

Maria. Well, I cannot fix my attention upon it, and I have quite despaired of ever being as good a scholar as you are. But there is one study that I cannot get, and nobody can ever make me understand or like it, and that is Arithmetic. I am sure I shall miss on the next lesson, for I cannot get it.

Ella. What is the lesson?

Maria. Well, you pretend to be so good a scholar, but yet you do not know where our lessons are.

Ella. But you know, Maria, that I have just been put into a higher class, and do not get the same lessons that you do.

Maria. O, dear! you are always getting into higher classes, while I have to stay in one class for years, and study hard, and then I do not

know any more for it. Well, the lesson is in Addition.

Ella. O, that is very easy! and if you will come to my house to-morrow afternoon, I think I can soon make you understand it.

Maria. Well, but Geography is even worse than Arithmetic. I am always sorry when Wednesday comes, for I am sure to miss; and our teacher gives us such *long* lessons; it is too bad.

Ella. When do you generally begin to get your Geography lesson?

Maria. O, I generally begin to get it Wednesday morning.

Ella. Well, my plan is to learn a part of it every day, and I seldom miss; and my advice to you is to do the same. Will you try?

Maria. Yes; and I do not know but you are right in saying that study is of some use. If it were not too late for me to prepare for school now, I would go; but I will go this afternoon.

Ella. I am glad to hear you say so; and I think you will soon begin to like study and school. But do not forget to come to-morrow, so that I can show you how to get your Arithmetic lesson.

Maria. I certainly will not.

JOHN HASTY AND PETER QUIET.

John (holding a broken string). That's just my luck! If I *look* at a string, it will break! But with you, Peter, it is different; everything slips smoothly through your hands; but only let me touch a thing, and it is *crack! smash! break!* Mother says I make more trouble about the house than all ten of the children besides; but I can't help it.

Peter. But did you ever *try* to help it, John?

John Try! What's the use of trying? I tell you that I am one of the *unlucky* ones, Peter. Only yesterday, as I sat down to dinner, a fish-hook, that I had in my pocket, must needs stick itself into sister Susan's dress. I gave a sudden jerk to get it out, and *rip!* went her sleeve, and *smash!* went my plate, and poor *I* was ordered away from the table, and lost my dinner.

Peter. Losing your dinner is nothing to what you will lose, John, if you drive through the world in this style. I see that your new garden rake has lost five teeth; how happened that?

John. Why, they were all extracted at "one

sitting," and that without taking the fluid, either. You see, I was raking, and came across a snag; I gave a *twitch*, and out came the teeth.

Peter. And the beautiful new book, presented to you by your uncle Charles — I notice that some of the leaves are torn.

John. Well, that's my *luck* again. I found some leaves whole at the top, and, being in a great hurry to read what was on the other side, I gave my knife a sudden pull, and, being dull, it *tore* the leaves, instead of cutting them.

Peter. Well, really, John, it appears to me that whatever falls in your way is unlucky. You must have a great deal of trouble; but I think most of it is the result of your own carelessness. I will give you two short words, which, if always kept in mind and obeyed, will make you a lucky boy.

John. What are they? If two words can make me lucky, I ought to have known them before.

Peter. Well, it is not too late to know them now. They are simply these — "*Keep cool.*"

John. Keep cool! I guess, if you had seen me the other day, when the ice broke and let me into the water, you would have thought I was

cool enough not to need your counsel. I was so *cool* that I came near freezing.

Peter. You are disposed to be witty, John; but let me say, that, unless you exercise more care, you will have trouble all the days of your life.

John. Well, well, Peter, I will consider what you have said when I have time; but just now I am in a great hurry. Good-by!

Peter. Good-by, John! *Keep cool!*

SCHOOL PROMOTES HAPPINESS.

Lucy. Good morning, Sarah! Where are you going so fast?

Sarah. O, I am going to school, and I must not stop long, or I shall be late, and displease my kind teacher.

Lucy. Poor girl! how I pity you, shut up in a dull school-room all this long summer's day! Don't you envy me, who have nothing to do but to play?

Sarah. No, indeed! I should n't know what

to do with myself; and besides, I have plenty of time for play, for you know that we are in school only six hours.

Lucy. Six hours! I should think that was long enough to sit perched up on hard benches, studying long, dry lessons — without understanding a word of them, either. And then, if you look off your book a minute, you have to take a scolding from the school-ma'am. I don't see how you can bear it; it would make *me* sick, very soon, I am sure.

Sarah. Why, Lucy, how *can* you talk so? I don't think you *would*, if you went to our school, and knew our teacher. She is as kind and pleasant as our own mothers; and when we are naughty, she does not scold us, but talks to us so seriously and gently, that we cannot help loving her. But here comes Emma, and she will tell you the same, for she loves school and the teacher as well as I do.

Emma. Good morning, girls! What are you talking about so earnestly?

Sarah. Why, Emma, I am trying to make Lucy think, as we do, that it is much pleasanter to go to school and study than it is to play all the time.

Emma (to Lucy.) And will you not believe it, Lucy? I am sure you would, if you had ever tried it.

Lucy. But I did try it for a whole month, and I never was so tired of anything in my life. The lessons were so hard that I could not learn them; and then the teacher scolded me, and kept me in from recess, so that I did n't like her at all; and I teased my mother till she took me away from school, and I have n't been willing to go since.

Emma. Why, Lucy, either you must have been very naughty, or your teacher was not at all like ours. She never gives us too long lessons; and if there is anything that we can't understand, she explains it to us, and talks about it till it seems perfectly easy. Sometimes, when we have been very good, she gives us little books to read; and when we carry her flowers, she kisses us, and calls us her "dear little girls." O! I know you would love her, Lucy.

Sarah. So I have been telling her; and I wish she would only go with us for a little while, and see if it would not be better than playing all day. For my part, I always enjoy driving hoop and skipping rope much more after I have been

studying and trying to please my teacher; don't you, Emma?

Emma. Yes, indeed! and if you will only follow our advice, Lucy, *you* will feel so too.

Lucy. Well, you have said so much about it, that if you will let me go with you this morning, and I like it, I will ask mother to send me there all the time.

Sarah and Emma. O, do come! do come! I know you will be happier.

Emma. Come, let us go now, for I hear the school bell ringing.

Sarah (to Lucy.) I am so glad you are going with us!

ABOUT GAMBLING.

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

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

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

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

Samuel. How does he *know* all that?

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

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

Joseph. You need not laugh, Sam; father says buying lottery tickets is gambling too, and

that people ought to work and attend to their business, and do what the Bible tells them, and they will get enough. He says boys that try to get money by pitching cents, and lotteries, and such things, lose their *characters*, and grow tricky, and lazy, and wicked.

Samuel. Well, I know a great many boys that do it.

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

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

Joseph. Do they never *fight*, nor *swear*?

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

Joseph. Do they go to school and to church?

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

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

Samuel. How so?

Joseph. He says a boy's character is not worth much that is *seen* in *such* company. And he

hopes, now they are told of it, they will not do so again. Now, tell me, Sam, when you pitch cents, and lose, do you not feel as if you would do almost anything to get more to begin again?

Samuel. Well, I do, to be sure.

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

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

Joseph. I heard, the other day, of a very young man, who was clerk of a store in New York, who took so much of his master's money that at last he was found out, and for fear of the shame and punishment he ran off, and has not been heard of.

No, Sam; I'll not go and play any such plays with you, for it is quite wrong, and contrary to God's word, and nothing but trouble and sin will come of it. So, if you *will* stay among boys that do so, you and I must part. But I hope you will reflect, and decide to do right.

THE PEACOCK.

Mary. Why is it, Jane, that you dislike the peacock so much? Has he attempted to hurt you?

Jane. No, Mary; he has never done *me* any harm; but I cannot bear to see him strutting about so proud of his feathers.

Mary. Do you not think his plumage beautiful?

Jane. Indeed I do; but then I do not like to see him make such a *display* of it. Whenever I pass the vain thing, he always spreads his tail, and struts about to catch my notice; but now I never look at him.

Mary. How do you know that he does this from *pride*? Perhaps it is *his* way of showing his regard for *you*. He surely would not take such pains, unless he wished to please you.

Jane. I know he wishes to show off his plumage, and I will teach him to be more modest, by taking no notice of him.

Mary. Did you ever see him before a looking-glass?

Jane (laughing). No, indeed! he does not make his toilet as we do.

Mary. Then he does not waste so much time, perhaps. But I forgot to ask you, Jane, how you like the new bonnet your mother bought yesterday.

Jane. I don't like it at all. It is a real homely thing, and I shall be ashamed to wear it to church to-morrow.

Mary. Do you dislike its *shape*?

Jane. No; its *shape* is well enough.

Mary. Is it not adapted to the season?

Jane. Yes, it is warm enough, I dare say.

Mary. Why, then, do you dislike it so much?

Jane. Why, I expected a splendid riband, and a couple of ostrich-feathers, at least.

Mary. Pray, what did you wish *to do* with them?

Jane. Wear them, to be sure. You don't think I would shut them up in my trunk, and never *show* them, do you? There is not an ostrich-feather in the village, and I hoped I should have worn the first one, and mortified the country girls.

Mary. Do you think the young ladies of the village would be pleased to see you looking so

much finer than they, and showing yourself off as you propose ?

Jane. I don't care whether *they* like it or not; if *I* am pleased myself, it is enough.

Mary. What will you do, if they hate you, and refuse to look at you ? for so you treat the poor peacock.

Jane. Why, sister, do you think I resemble the peacock ?

Mary. I must confess, Jane, that I cannot see any difference in your favor. If you hate him for his vanity and pride, although he is only a poor bird, without reason to guide him, how can *you* expect anything but hatred, if you show your dress, and strut about as he does ? The poor bird, in my opinion, shows less pride in displaying his own feathers, than you do in wishing to display the feathers of an ostrich, or any other *borrowed* finery.

THE MAGIC LAMP.

Sarah. I wish *I* could be as happy as Jane Seymour always is !

Harriet. Well, you *might* be, if you could get the *charm* which she carries with her.

Sarah. And pray do you believe in charms?

Harriet. Yes, in such charms as she has; for it is the gift of no wizard or witch.

Sarah. Well, do tell me what the charm is, and where she got it.

Harriet. O, she did n't go a great way for it, though she had to labor hard for it.

Sarah. Labor hard for it! Why, I thought charms *came* to persons, like fairy gifts, and not that they had to work for them.

Harriet. No; if you will look again into your fairy books, you will find that those lucky beings who obtained fairy favors wrought a good while before they obtained the gifts.

Sarah. Well, I do remember some stories, where some poor little girls worked hard for their parents, and were real good, and then received from the fairies some strange charm to keep them ever happy.

Harriet. I guess the charm was not very *strange*, — but like Jane Seymour's magic lamp.

Sarah. Magic lamp! Is that her charm of happiness?

Harriet. It is.

Sarah. Pray tell me about it.

Harriet. Why, it is a magic lamp, that no

wind can blow out, and no damp can make burn less brightly. It is always beautiful, and as pleasant as the sunshine.

Sarah. Well, that is singular indeed; for the lamp must have magic in it, if no wind can blow it out, and no damp can make it dim.

Harriet. It surely *is* a magic lamp; and *you* can get it if you will work hard enough.

Sarah. I am sure I am willing to work for it; for wouldn't it be funny enough to carry it to school, and let the scholars see it burn brightly in the old well? They'd think I was a witch.

Harriet. Well, if you had it, you would have much witchery over others.

Sarah. Do tell me, then, what is this magic lamp.

Harriet. Why, it is nothing more nor less than "good temper."

Sarah. O, dear me! I guess *that* charm is n't to be got without working for it. But it is certainly a beautiful lamp, and I will *try* to become the owner of one.

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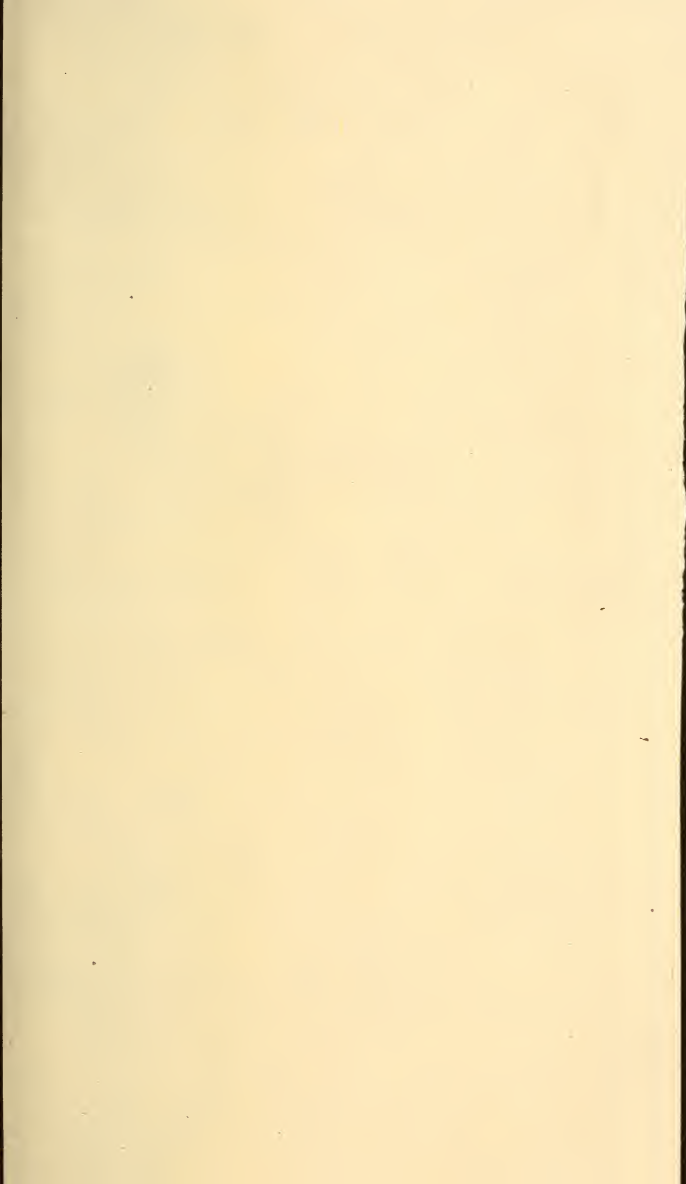
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