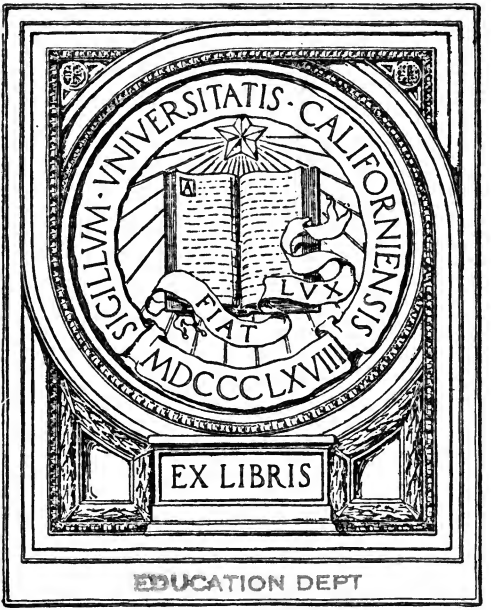

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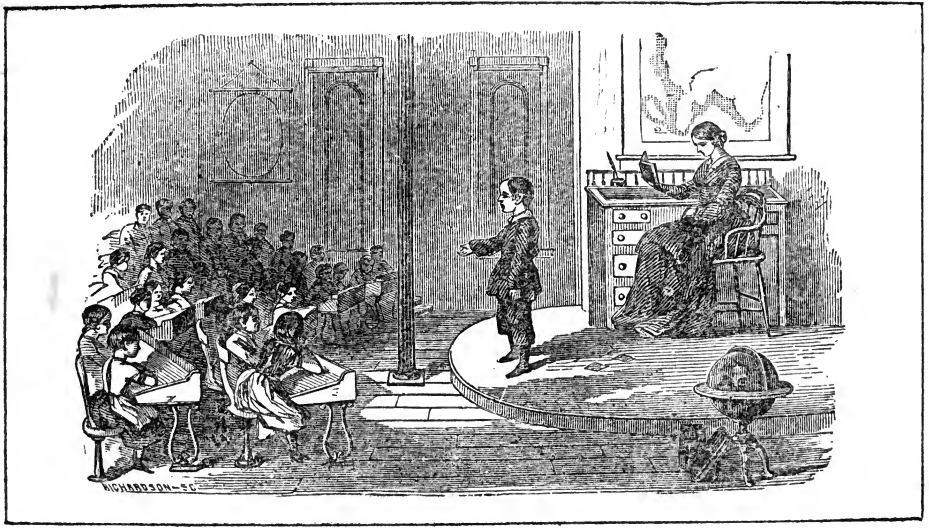
NORTHEND'S NEW SERIES.

The LITTLE ORATOR.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THE

LITTLE ORATOR,

OR

PRIMARY SCHOOL SPEAKER.

BY CHARLES NORTHEND, A.M.

AUTHOR OF "TEACHER AND PARENT," "TEACHER'S ASSISTANT," ETC.

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INTRODUCTION

WITHIN the last few years, increased attention has been given to the "speaking of pieces," in our public schools. The practice is a very important one; and, if rightly attended to, will produce very satisfactory results.

The recitation of pieces, or declamations, should receive attention at an early period. Pupils in our primary and intermediate schools may engage in such exercises with profit and pleasure.

In the preparation of this little book, it has been the compiler's aim to select such pieces as shall be adapted to the capacities of children under twelve years of age, and at

the same time to have the matter such as will make proper moral impressions.

It is commended to the kind attention of the teachers of our primary and intermediate schools, with the earnest hope that it may tend to increase the happiness and usefulness of the little folks, for whose use it has been prepared.

CONTENTS.

PART I.—POETRY.

PART II.—PROSE

PART III.—DIALOGUES.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

PART I.—POETRY.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil?
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade;
Make your mark;
Marks of *some* kind *must* be made,
Make your mark;
Make it while your heart is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong;
Make it with the stamp of *truth*—
Make your mark.

TOO LATE.

Too late to rise, too late for school,
Too late to keep by each good rule,
The sluggard soon becomes a fool:
Oh! never be "*too late.*"

Oh! use the precious hours to-day,
To gather knowledge while you may,
For quickly hasteth Time away:
Then never be "*too late.*"

And, grateful to your parents be,
For tenderly they've cared for thee;
And soon on earth you may them see,
No more—and mourn "*too late.*"

And, to thy suffering brother-man
Give aid and comfort, while you can,
Aye, like the good Samaritan,
Ere yet it be "*too late.*"

To all Death hasteth on apace,
Then seek thy heavenly Father's face,
Through life to guide thee by His grace—
Ere yet it be "*too late.*"

A CHILD MAY BE USEFUL.

I MAY, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways.
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days.
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word, that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try, each day and hour,
To act upon this little plan,
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by and by.

DOING RIGHT.

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.

Wherever I am bid to go,
I'll cheerfully obey,
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave some 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 to 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.

THE TRAP AND THE YOUNG MOUSE.

In a crack, near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided:
So securely they lived, in that snug, quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden return'd with such joy in her eyes
That her grave, sedate parent express'd some surprise.

"Oh, mother!" said she, "the good folks of this house,
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true you always are telling,
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear
If ten cats, with their kittens, at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these
Always gives one's perceptions a terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'Twas so nice I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and get you."

"Ah, child," said the mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat:
Do not think all that trouble they take for our good:
They would catch us, and kill us all there, if they could,

"As they've caught and kill'd scores; and I never could learn
That a mouse who once enter'd did ever return!"
Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them keep out of the way.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I'm not made for idle play,
Like the butterfly, all day;
Shameful would it be to grow
Like a dunce, and nothing know:
I must learn to read, and look
Often in God's holy book.

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

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

THE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

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

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

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

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

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

THE BOY WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE.

Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye—
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy—
The boy that never tells a lie."

And every body loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth."

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
"Because he never tells a lie."

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

When General Washington was young,
About as big as I,
He never would permit his tongue
To tell a willful lie.

Once, when he cut his father's tree,
He owned it to his face;
And then his father ardently
Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more
To find him own the truth,
Than if his tree were bending o'er
With rich and golden fruit.

Then, like this good and noble youth,
Whose virtues ever shone,
I'll seek the paths of love and truth,
And all my faults will own.

I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

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

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

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

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

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

TEMPERANCE SONG.

I ASKED a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sung in the apple-tree over the way,
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long time, but could not find out:
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you can not guess wrong;
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?

"Teetotal—O, that's the first word of my lay;
And then don't you see how I twitter away?
'Tis because I've just dipped my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing.
Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song;
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.

"And now, my sweet miss, won't you give me a crumb;
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home?

And one thing besides; since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird;
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the cold-water army belong.

WHAT I HATE.

I HATE to see a little girl
That does not love to rise,
And have the water, fresh and sweet,
Cover her face and eyes.

I hate to see her pretty dress
So careless, look and tossed,
Her toys all scattered here and there,
Her thread and needle lost.

I hate to see her, at her play—
When little girls have met
To frolic, laugh, and run about—
Grow peevish, cry, and fret.

I hate to hear her tell a lie—
What's not her own to take;
Mamma's commands to disobey
And father's rules to break.

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.

WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE to see a little girl
Rise with the lark so bright;
Bathe, comb, and dress with cheerful face,
Then thank the God of light.

And, when she comes to meet mamma,
So fresh, and neat, and clean,
And asks a kiss from dear papa,
With such a modest mien,

That all who see her gentle look,
And pretty actions too,
Will feel that she's a darling child—
Kind, honest, loving, true.

These are the things I so much like;
And now, who'll try to be
The meek and modest little girl
Which you before you see?

THE HAPPY SCHOOL-BOY.

I AM a happy school-boy, for daily I am blest;
I like to go to school, my boys, and try to do my best;
It is a pleasing task for me, to learn to read and spell;
A world of pleasure it affords, to say my lessons well.

How smiling then my teacher looks, to hear me thus recite,
He fondly takes me by the hand, and says, "My boy, that's right:"
My heart it swells with conscious pride, that I have done so well;
Who would not be a school-boy, and labor to excel?

How pleasantly my school-days pass, while thus I am employed;
My useful spirits buoyed with hope—my heart is overjoyed;
But well I know these pleasant hours with me will soon be passed,
For riper years, with worldly cares, are hastening on quite fast.

My labor now is not in vain, for often I am told,
That education is, by far, more valuable than gold:
Then I'll improve these precious hours, and give the strictest heed,
That, when I'm grown to be a man, I'll be a man indeed.

So I'm resolved to be a man—I will not be a fool;
Then on with caps and mittens, boys, and haste away to school;
To school! to school! be lively boys, we have no time to lose;
And every day we'll wiser grow—what better can we choose?

"THE WARNING BELL."

In every youthful breast doth dwell
A little tingling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill or well;
And when we put bad thoughts to flight,
And choose to do the good and right,
It sings a pæan of delight.
But, if we choose to do the wrong,
And 'gainst the weak strive with the strorg,
It tolls a solemn, saddened song.
And should we, on some darksome day,
When hope lights not the cheerless way,
Far from the path of duty stray,
'Twill, with its tones serene and clear,
Of warning in the spirit's ear,
Our slow returning footsteps cheer;
And always in the worldly mart,
With its sweet song it cheers each heart,
To do with energy their part.
Then let us strive, with main and might,
To shun the wrong and do the right,
And the bell's warning song ne'er slight.

THE BLUE-BIRD AND LITTLE BOY.

What do you say to God, little bird,
When you sing your evening hymn,
When you see the red sun sink in the west,
And my little eyes grow dim?

I thank Him for all my fine, fat worms,
For my beetles, large and rare,
And I pray that He may never cease
To make little birds his care.

What do you say to God, little bird,
When the April showers come down,
When the south wind moans among the trees,
And the stormy heavens frown?

I thank him for drink, and for feathers warm,
And I smooth my ruffled coat,
And I'm glad I've wings to cut the air,
When the earth is all afloat.

But what do you say all this time, little bird?
For your voice is never still;
And in forest and meadow I never miss
The sound of your happy trill.

I can never sing enough, little boy,
When my little ones break their shell,
And my tired mate chirps with joy to see
Her nurslings all hearty and well.

I can never sing enough, little boy,
I was only made to sing;
As I can not work, I'll make the aisles
Of the grand old forest ring.

But better far is the music of deeds,
Thinks the Father that dwelleth above;
And, while he provides for your hourly needs,
Go, labor and win his dear love.

Every heart that you lighten shall be, little boy,
Far gladder than my morning song,
All the lips that you tune to a moment's content,
In the choirs of angels belong.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

We come, a youthful, happy band,
Rejoicing in our *native land;*
A rich inheritance we claim,
Our fathers' deeds, our fathers' fame.

In other lands, we read in story,
Are kings, and thrones; but 'tis our glory
That we are *free*—no tyrant's frown
We fear—no man who wears a crown!

In freedom's cause we'll bravely dare
To climb the steeps of *fame*, and share
A nation's love—a priceless gem—
Who wins it wants no *diadem!*

ALWAYS LEARNING.

WASTE not your precious hours in play,
Nought can recall life's morning:
Good seed now sown will cheer your way;—
The *wise* are always learning!

Nor think, when all school-days are o'er,
You've bid adieu to "learning;"
Life's deepest lessons are in store,
The *meek* are always learning.

When, strong in hope, you first launch forth,
A *name* intent on earning,
Scorn not the voice of age or worth,
The *great* are always learning.

When right and wrong within you strive,
And passions fierce contending,
Oh, then you'll know how, while they live,
The *good* are always learning.

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,
Oh, let them joyous live,
And do not seek to take their life,
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds—the pretty birds
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
To see no more of 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.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A MAN very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray far from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, bemired,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by, and entreated his aid;
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted to night,
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple, "perhaps I may know it;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry *me*,
It will give me much pleasure to show it.

"Great strength you have got,
Which, alas! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be at your service."

Said the other poor man:
"What an excellent plan!
Pray get on my shoulders, good brother;
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another."

THE BLIND BOY.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers he kindly put—
And then I saw the boy was blind.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is *he* pretty as his *song?*"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers you say are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any *blind*,
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward; there all see;
But wherefore ask a thing so odd?"
"O, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?

Not I, said the cow, moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a whisp of hay,
And did not take your nest away;—
Not I, said the cow, moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

Not I, said the dog, bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I trow;
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I didn't take.

Not I, said the sheep; O, no,
I wouldn't treat a bird so;
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa! said the sheep; O, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

Cluck, cluck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again.
Why, I havn't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together:
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr;
We'll make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry for shame.

I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean.

'Tis very cruel, too,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he knew
How bad the bird would feel?

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

THERE is a time to eat and drink,
As every body knows;
A time to talk, a time to think,
To labor, and repose.

There is a time to laugh and play,
Our work and studies done;
A time to put our books away,
And join in sport and fun.

The time for these full well we know
And seldom then forget;
But we have other things to do,
Of more importance yet.

For there's a time to think on God,
And holiness, and sin;
A time to seek the heavenly road,
And search our hearts within.

There is a time to seek the Lord,
And serve him while we're young;
A time to read his holy Word,
And praise him with a song.

There is a time to watch, and pray,
And lift our souls to God;
A time to wash our sins away,
In Christ's atoning blood.

Then let us use each hour below,
While yet we have the power,
That we may be prepared to go,
Where time shall be no more.

THE MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes—yet each one bears
A little burden of joys or cares.
Take patiently the minutes of pain—
The worst of minutes can not remain.

We are but minutes—when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet we stray—
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well—
For how we are used we must some day tell;
Who uses minutes, has hours to use—
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

BROTHERLY LOVE

The God of heaven is pleased to see
That little children all agree;
And will not slight the praise they bring,
When *loving* children join to sing.

For *love and kindness please* him more,
Than if we gave him all our store;
And children here, who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

The *gentle* child, who tries to please,
Dislikes to quarrel, fret, and tease;
Who would not say *an angry* word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

O, God! forgive, whenever we
Forget thy will, and disagree;
And grant that each of us may find
The sweet delight of being kind.

"GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER."*

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the livelong day, and the night besides,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see;
I woke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild;
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

* The words of a starving Irish lad to his mother.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father, when *he* died.
Quick, for I can not see you, mother;
My breath is almost gone.
Mother, dear mother, ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

I LOVE THE BIRDS.

I LOVE to see the little birds,
When in the fields I rove;
And hear them sing their merry songs,
When sitting in the grove.

The little birds are very good;
As kind as they can be;
They often come, when I am sad,
And sweetly sing to me.

And, when I hear their happy songs,
My sorrow flies away;
I wish I had a little bird,
To sing for me all day.

Though I am but a little child,
Quite young, and very small,
I love the happy, merry birds—
O, yes, I love them all!

IF EVER I SEE.

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nests;
I must not, in play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds,
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

Little Willie stood under an apple-tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right.

Said he: "I don't see why my father should say
'Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day;'
I shouldn't have thought—now they're hanging so low—
When I asked for just one he should answer me 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played;—

And he sung: "Little Willie, beware, Oh, beware,
Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say:
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day.'"

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a mouse
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say:
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

"WHAT HAVE I?"

I HAVE these eyes, these beaming eyes,
Which by my God are given,
To read his message from the skies,
And see his face in heaven.

I have a voice, a pleasant voice,
Which by my God is given,
To praise him here, and to rejoice
For evermore in heaven.

I have these hands, these busy hands,
Which by my God are given,
To do whatever he commands,
And strike my harp in heaven.

I have these feet, these nimble feet,
Which by my God are given,
To tread his paths with footstep fleet,
And pace the courts of heaven.

I have a soul, a precious soul,
Which by my God is given,
To know in part, but not in whole,
Until it gets to heaven.

If soul and body thus fulfill
The ends for which they're given,
Death parts them here, but soon they will
Forever meet in heaven.

INFLUENCE.

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like spirits,
Whose wings the winds dissever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud the bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

WISHES.

O, THAT mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed; to thee I cry;

O, purge out all my dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And, when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so—
For that is more than I can do.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sunk in its mossy bed.
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little, each day it grew;
Little by little, it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark, blue sea,
An insect train work ceaselessly.
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;

The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And, one of these days, perhaps, we'll see
That the world will be the better for me."
And do not you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

NEATNESS.

How neatly all the seeds are laid
Within the ripening pod!
How carefully the cells are made!
This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh, nor rough,
But soft, or polish'd well;
Each little seed has room enough
Within its tiny cell.

How carefully the sides are closed
Against the winds and rain!
For, if he left the seeds exposed,
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder any where
In what my Father does;
He condescends to make with care
The smallest flower that grows.

Let children, who would learn, from Him
Neat habits seek to gain,
Or they will waste much precious time,
And do their work in vain.

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?
Mayn'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.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The Mountain and the Squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former call'd the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied—
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so huge as you,

You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel-track.
Talents differ: all is well and wisely put:
If I can not carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

THE CHILD'S PLEA.

Dear father, "drink no more," I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and "drink no more," I say,
'Twill make dear mother glad.

Dear father, think how sick you've been,
What aches and pains you've had!
Oh, "drink no more," unless you mean
To drive dear mother mad.

Dear father, think me not unkind,
When I entreat you so;
Oh, "drink no more," and then you'll find
A home where'er you go.

Dear father, think of mother's tears,
How oft and sad they flow!
Oh, "drink no more," then will her fears
No longer rack her so.

Dear father, think what would become
Of me, were you to die;
Without a father, or a home,
Or friend, beneath the sky!

Dear father, do not turn away,
Nor from me think to roam;
Oh, "drink no more," by night or day:
Now come, let us go home.

Dear father, "drink no more," I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and "drink no more," I say,
'Twill make that home so glad.

Thus spake in tenderness the child;—
The drunkard's heart was moved;
He signed the pledge, he wept, he smiled,
And kissed the boy he loved.

BUSY LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.

I'm a little husbandman,
Work and labor hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day
At my work as if 'twere play:
Though I've nothing fine to wear
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song,
With my wallet on my back,
And my wagon-whip to crack,
Oh, I'm thrice as happy, then,
As the idle gentleman.

I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie content, and say
I've been useful all the day:
I'd rather be a ploughboy, than
A useless little gentleman.

THE EXCELLENT MAN.

They gave me advice and counsel in store;
Praised me, and honored me, more and more;
Said that I only should "wait awhile"—
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But, with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate;
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I can not embrace him, though *other* folks *can*,
For I myself am that excellent man.

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

"O, WHERE do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Down the window-pane."

"They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all to-day."

"They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all,
And then they locked up all my tops
And took away my ball."

"Tell me, little rain-drops,
Is that the way you play?
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day?"

"They say I'm very naughty,
But I've noth'ng else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you."

"The little rain-drops can not speak;
But 'pitter-patter pat'
Means, 'we can play on *this* side;
Why can't you play on *that?*'"

CLEON AND I.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth,
Money can not buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I;

Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready—
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,
In a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles;
Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
And quaint, quiet smiles;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of heaven so brave;
All lying darkly hid
In a work-house grave.

You remember little Willie;
Fair and funny fellow! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty

Poor little Willie!
Not a friend was nigh,
When, from the cold world,
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for bread;
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for bed.
Parted at the work-house door,
Not a word we said:
Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
And so sweetly sleep the dead.

'Twas in the dead of Winter
We laid him in the earth;
The world brought in the New Year,
On a tide of mirth.
But, for lost little Willie,
Not a tear we crave;
Cold and hunger can not wake him,
In his work-house grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part;
We loved him dutiful;
Down, down, poor heart!
The storms they may beat;
The Winter winds may rave;
Little Willie feels not,
In his work-house grave.

No room for little Willie;
In the world he had no part;
On him stared the Gorgon eyes,
Thro' which looks no heart.
Come to me, said Heaven;
And, if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a work-house grave.

WHY YIELD TO GRIEF.

'Twas when the seas, with hideous roar,
A little bark assailed,
And potent fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed—

Save *one*—the captain's darling child—
Who fearless view'd the storm,
And playful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form—

"Why *sporting* thus?" a seaman cried,
"When sorrows overwhelm?"
"Why yield to grief," the boy replied—
"My *father's* at the helm?"

A THOUGHTLESS MAN.

THERE came to my window,
One morning in spring,
A sweet little robin;
She came there to sing;
And the tune that she sung
Was prettier far
Than ever I heard
On the flute or guitar.

She raised her light wings
To soar far away,
Then resting a moment,
Seemed sweetly to say,
"O, happy, how happy
This world seems to be;
Awake, little girl,
And be happy with me."

But, just as she finished
Her beautiful song,
A thoughtless young man
With a gun came along.
He killed and he carried
My sweet bird away,
And she no more will sing
At the dawn of the day.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare,
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;—
What shall their harvest be?

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought,
In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell;—
Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed,
Of the gentle word and the kindest deed,
That have blest the heart in its sorest need;—
Sweet shall the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seeds of pain,
Of late remorse and a maddened brain,
And the stars shall fall, and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again;—
Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seed on their native land;
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil hath borne and still must bear;—
Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go;—
Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness, or sown in light,
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
In the broad work-field, or the shadowy path—
Sure will the harvest be.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.*

Pray, how shall I, a little lad,
In speaking make a figure?
You're only joking, 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 heart,
Though small the hope 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.

* First spoken by Edward Everett, when a lad, for whom they were written, by his minister, Rev. T. M. Harris.

Said neighbor Joe to farmer John,
"Arn't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little, useless colt, sir?"

Said farmer John to neighbor Joe,
"I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do, when he's grown up."

The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spoiling,
The little colt, you think, is I—
I know it by your smiling.

And now, my friends, please to excuse
My lisping and my stammers;
I, for this once, have done my best,
And so I'll make my manners.

RULES OF SCHOOL.

I SHOULD come early every day,
And all my teacher's rules obey:
Be here before the school begins,
And silent when the signal rings.

My clothes and person should be neat;
I should not mar my desk nor seat;
My books I should not soil nor tear
Nor aught about the room impair.

I should not whisper, talk, nor play,
Nor idly while my time away;
But learn my lessons, well and fast,
For soon my school-days will be past.

I should not quarrel, swear, nor lie,
Tell tales, deceive, nor angry be;
Nor do to others, things that I
Should hate to have them do to me.

AMBITION, FALSE AND TRUE.

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 hight;
Her temple is with orphan's filled;
Blood soils her scepter 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 gain—by penury cursed—
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.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right," as the law directs,
For such is the law of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry Life's load.

Keep to the right with God and the world,
Nor wander, though folly allures;
Keep to the right, nor ever be hurled
From what by the statute is yours.

Keep to the right, within and without—
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, nor harbor a doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, and stick to the true,
From morn till the close of the day.

THE SQUIRREL.

The squirrel hastens to and fro,
With acorn, nut, and corn,
His cell to fill; he's much to do,
For winter's coming on.

He does not stop for friends or foes,
Until his work is done;
He needs no telling, well he knows
Cold winter's coming on.

His store-house, filled with all that's good,
His eye looks proudly on;
Then chatters forth, throughout the wood—
"Now let cold winter come."

Come, schoolmates, like the squirrel try,
In life's bright, sunny morn,
To seek a good, a rich supply,
Before old age comes on.

Lay up a store of luxuries rare,
To feast the mind upon;
Undaunted, then, you'll have no fear,
When wintry age comes on.

A LESSON OF LOVE.

"Little children, love each other;
Kind, and good, and gentle be:
Brother should be kind to brother,
Sisters should in love agree.
Love your playmates, try to please them;
Let no thing be said or done,
Which would hurt, or vex, or tease them,
Or would injure any one.

"Quarrel not, but love each other,
And be ready to forgive;
Let each sister and each brother
Seek in love and peace to live.
Not, in word or tongue love merely,
But in deed, with heart and mind;
Show you love them truly, dearly;
Both in word and act be kind.

"Little children! love each other;
Show true love to great and small;
Love your father and your mother,
And love God the most of all.
God is love; and He has told you,
If you try to live in love,
Then will He with love behold you,
And will bless you from above."

THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "*Cut away the mast!*"

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

And thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers;
"*We are lost!*" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land!"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor,
When the morn was shining clear.

LINES FOR AN EXHIBITION.

KIND friends, and dear parents, we welcome you here,
To our nice pleasant school-room, 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 instill
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.

CHILDISH WISDOM.

'Twas the hour of prayer, and the farmer stood,
With a thankful heart, and a lowly mind,
And prayed to the Author of every good,
That the Father of all would be very kind,
And bless his creatures with raiment and food;
That the blessing each day might be renewed,
That every want might find relief,
And plenty for hunger, joy for grief,
Be measured out, by the merciful One,
To all who suffered beneath the sun.

The prayer concluded, the godly man
Went forth in peace to inspect his farm;
And by his side delighted ran,
Glowing with every healthful charm,
His little son, a sprightly boy,
Whose home was love, and whose life was joy;
And they rambled over the golden fields,
And the father said, "The harvest yields
A plentiful crop, my son, this year;
My barns are too small for the grain, I fear."

And they wandered on, through row upon row
Of plumy leaves, and at length the child,
With earnest look, and a rosy glow
On his shining cheek, looked up and smiled,
And said, "My father, do you not pray
For the poor and needy, day by day,
That God, the good, would the hungry feed?"
"I do, my son." "Well, I think, as you plead"—
His eye waxed bright, for his soul shone through it—
"That God, if he had *your* wheat, would do it."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the hight of heaven above?
Then may'st thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the angels' bright employ?
Then may'st thou speak of a mother's joy.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

There are teachings on earth, and sky, and air;
The heavens the glory of God declare;
But louder than voice, beneath, above,
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

Will Wag went to see Charley Quirk,
  More famed for his books than his knowledge,
In order to borrow a work
  He had sought for in vain over college.

But Charley replied, "My dear friend,
  You must know I have sworn and agreed
My books from my room not to lend—
  But you may *sit by my fire and read.*"

Now it happened, by chance, on the morrow,
  That Quirk, with a cold, quivering air,
Came his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,
  For his own they were out of repair.

But Willy replied, "My dear friend,
  I have sworn and agreed, you must know,
That my bellows I never will lend—
  But you may *sit by my fire and blow.*"

COMMON SENSE.

She came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretense,
And, when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly—"Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;
And, when they sneered, she simply said,
"*I* dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for *her* pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends;
I find all have their proper places,
And *Common Sense* should stay at home,
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

THE MATCH BOYS.

Are all your matches sold, Tom?
Are all your matches done?
Then let us to the open square,
To warm us in the sun—
To warm us in the sweet, kind sun,
To feel his kindling glow;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness, that we know.

We'll call the sun our father, Tom;
We'll call the sun our mother;
We'll call each pleasant little beam
A sister or a brother.
He thinks no shame to kiss us,
Although we ragged go;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness, that we know.

We'll rest us on the grass, Tom;
We'll upward turn our face;
We'll lock his heat within our arms—
Our arms, in fond embrace;
We'll give him a sad, parting tear
When he is sinking low;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness, that we know.

We'll tell him all our sorrows, Tom;
We'll tell him all our care;
We'll tell him where we sleep at night;
We'll tell him how we fare:
And then, Oh then, to cheer us,
How sweetly he will glow;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness, that we know.

BOTH SIDES.

A MAN in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like the queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed;
And said, as he worked with his saw on the log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,
Went tripping along, with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and health to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sigh'd,
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but Heaven can fill.

A LAY FROM MY POULTRY YARD.

I HAD a flock of chickens,
The sweetest little things!
With tiny coats of creamy down,
And little bits of wings;
And bills like finest ivory,
From Indian jungles brought,
And slender, polished legs that seemed
Cornelian, finely wrought

How pretty their bright, beady eyes,
And cunning, sidelong peep,
As, 'neath their clucking mother's wings,
They nestled down to sleep!
How sweet their chirping twitter,
As they clustered at her side!
How nimbly, on her slippery back,
They hopped up for a ride!

How daintily he seemed to pick
The crumbs I loved to scatter!
How prettily they used to sip
The water from the platter!
Ah! it would take the graphic pen
Of Hawthorne or of Dickens,
To picture half the beauties
Of my charming little chickens.

I fixed for them a cozy coop,
To shield them from the storm,
And made a nest of softest hay,
To keep them snug and warm;
But "ever thus, from childhood's hour,
Our fondest hopes decay;"
I would there were as much of truth
In half the poets say!

Ah! vain were all my tender care!
Wild March, with stormy breath,
Breathed on my little nurslings—
Three slept the sleep of death;

And three of those stern March had spared,
In one sad, baleful hour,
A wicked, cruel, murderous cat
Did ruthlessly devour.

More earnestly the rest I strove
To shield from hurt or harm,
And fortune seemed to favor me—
The air grew soft and warm:
I deemed them safe, when, one by one,
To crown the sad mishaps,
The remnant of my little flock
Fell victims to the "gapes."

Alas! alas! all words seem vain
To picture my dismay;
And vainer still, poor mother hen,
Thy sorrow to portray;
A voiceless, tearless Niobe,
By fate's fell arrows stricken—
Thou standest by the empty coop,
Bereft of every chicken!

No need for me, at morn or eve,
The dainty crumbs to bring;
No need for *thee*, poor lonely hen,
To spread thy sheltering wing.
I gaze around, and o'er my eye
A dewy dimness thickens,
And with a wailing voice I cry,
My chickens! O, my chickens!

BE FIRM.

Be firm! whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal;
Whatever syren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
Oh that distrust! Go bravely on,
And, till the victor-crown be won,
Be firm!

Firm when thy conscience is assailed;
Firm when the star of hope is veiled;
Firm in defying wrong and sin;
Firm in life's conflict, toil, and din;
Firm in the path by martyrs trod—
And oh, in love to man and God,
Be firm.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here;
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can;
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs, on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about;
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday-garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie;
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again;
Chee, chee, chee.

WHAT MAKES ME HAPPIEST?

WHAT is it makes me happiest?
Is it my last new play?
Is it my bounding ball or hoop
I follow every day?

Is it my puzzles, or my blocks?
My pleasant *solitaire?*
My dolls, my kitten, or my books?
My flowers, fresh and fair?

What is it makes me happiest?
It is not one of these;
Yet they are treasures dear to me,
And never fail to please.

Oh, it is looks and tones of love,
From those I love the best,
That follow me *when I do right;*
These make me happiest!

"MY MOTHER'S DEAD:"

I'm very, very lonely,
Alas, I can not play;
I am so sad, I sit and weep
Throughout the livelong day.
I miss dear mother's welcome,
Her light hand on my head,
Her look of love, her tender word;
Alas, my mother's dead!

I have no heart to play alone;
To-day I thought I'd try,
And got my little hoop to roll,
But ah, it made me cry;
For who will smile to see me come,
Now mother dear has gone,
And look so kindly in my face,
And kiss her little son?

I'll get my blessed Bible,
And sit me down and read;
My mother said that precious book
Would prove a friend in need.

I seem to see dear mother now,
To hear her voice of love;
She may be looking down on me,
From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her—
She can not come to me:
Our Father, teach a little one
How he may come to thee.
For I am very lonely now;
Our Father, may I come,
And join my mother in the skies?
And heaven shall be our home.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the boundless ocean and the beauteous land,
And the little moments, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.
So our little errors lead the soul astray,
From the paths of virtue, oft in sin to stray;
Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden, like the heaven above;
Little deeds of mercy, sown by infant hands,
Grow to bless the nations, far in heathen lands.

THE GIANT.

THERE came a giant to my door,
A giant fierce and strong,
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowl'd and frown'd; he shook the ground:
I trembled through and through;—
At length I look'd him in the face,
And cried, "Who cares for you?"

The mighty giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale, and thin, and small;
And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turn'd blue as skies,
He whisper'd soft and low.
"Is this," I cried, with growing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanish'd quite away,
And left no shadow on his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb—
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

TIME.

The watch is ticking, ticking,
Ticking my minutes away;
And minutes make up the hours,
And hours make up the day.

The clock is striking, striking
The hours, so loud and clear;
The hours make up the day,
And the days make up the year.

The bell is tolling, tolling
For one whose day is done;
To where time is known no longer,
That weary soul has gone.

And soon 'twill toll for me;
And then my home will be
Where the watch ticks no more,
And the clock strikes no more,
And there's no more *time* for me.

THE PATTER OF THE RAIN.

In my cosy, little attic,
Sadly dreaming of the past,
Keeping time unto the rain-drops,
As they patter, thick and fast;

What care I for the world-storms,
With dreary, business clatter,
While Nature's tear-drops lull me
With their patter, patter, patter?

From each corner of my attic
Whisper voices, soft and low,
And they speak to me of loved ones,
Lost and mourned a while ago;
Yet they solemnly console me,
In a sort of mystic chatter,
And the rain-drops ridicule me,
As they patter, patter, patter.

So I turn me to the future,
And I dream such beauteous dreams,
Calling up such fairy visions,
That my room a heaven seems·
And still those voices whisper,
Still sweetly do they flatter,
Yet I know they're but the rain-drops,
By their patter, patter, patter.

VOICES OF NATURE.

Sweet child, look upward to the sky—
Yon twinkling stars behold,
That gild the night with beaming eye,
Like lamps of burnished gold.

Come, walk with me, this summer day,
For earth is green and fair,
And blossoms ope with tinted ray,
And fragrance fills the air.

And look upon the streams, that flow
To cheer the fruitful plain,
The mightier rivers, deep and slow,
That swell the unfathomed main;

Then, shouldst thou, little one, inquire,
How came these things to be?
Who woke the stars' unfading fire?
Who poured the surging sea?

The youngest star amid the throng
Would with its pencil write,
"GOD MADE ME," as it rolls along
Through fields of boundless light:

The lowliest flowret makes reply,
Though in the desert born:
"GOD IS MY MAKER," doth it sigh
To the refulgent morn.

And, when the sun forsakes the day
And dews their tear-drops weep,
"PRAISE GOD OUR MAKER," doth it say,
And fold itself to sleep.

THE ROOK AND THE LARK.

"Good-night, Sir Rook," said a little Lark;
"The daylight fades—it will soon be dark:
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow;—good-night, Sir Rook."

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend,
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
"I also go to a rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground;
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day,
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond, romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard—
And said to myself, What a foolish bird!

"I trod the park with a princely air;
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone full on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered;—good night, poor thing!"

"Good night, once more," said the lark's sweet voice;
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more soft than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

SONG OF THE SKATERS.

Though winter winds are whistling loud,
And skies look cold and gray;
Though earth lies mute beneath her shroud,
The skaters! what care they?
A happy throng,
With mirth and song,
O'er fields of ice we swiftly glide,
As sea-birds sail above the tide.

O, well we know the winter hours
Fly faster as we sing;
That sooner come the birds and flowers,
And loveliness of Spring!
So, night or day,
Away! away!
O'er crystal plains, with laugh and song,
We speed, we speed, like the wind along.

The heated room, the crowded hall,
Where pride and fashion meet;
Where waves of music rise and fall,
In time to dancing feet—
We ask not these;
Give us the breeze,
And the gleaming floor o'er which we go,
Like arrows shot from the hunter's bow.

Then loud the stormy winds may blow,
And skies look cold and gray;
Then earth may wear her robe of snow,
We'll laugh the hours away!
With mirth and song,
A merry throng,
O'er fields of ice we'll swiftly glide,
As sea-birds sail above the tide.

VACATION.*

Oh, vacation, vacation,
You're now on your way:
What a nice time we boys 'll have—
Such fun, and such play;
But the girls will be tied to mamma's apron-strings;
I pity 'em, don't you? *poor little things!*

* This may be spoken by a little boy, and be followed by "The Reply," in prose, page 93, spoken by a little girl.

Oh, the dear little girls,
The poor little things,
Will be tied, will be tied
To mamma's apron-strings.

They'll put on their wrappers,
And get out their fans—
Won't go out till dark,
Because the sun tans:—
But we boys 'll have nice times—
Such fun and such play;
We'll not do one scrap of work
The whole livelong day.
But the dear little girls
The poor little things,
Will be tied, will be tied
To mamma's apron-strings.

The young ladies so fine,
What 'll they do at home?
Oh, they'll sit, with hands crossed,
Till autumn shall come:—
But we, the rude boys,
We'll have a nice time:—
We'll run races, play nine-pins,
Jump, skip, and climb—
But the poor little girls,
The dear little things,
Will be tied, all vacation,
To mamma's apron-strings!

PART II.—PROSE.

OUR PARENTS.

We are told in the Bible that we must honor and obey our parents. I fear we do not always regard this. Our dear parents are very kind to us. They do all they can to make us happy. They supply all our wants. If we are sick, they watch over us, day and night. They send us to school, and give us books and kind teachers. They work hard, that they may give us a good education. In every way they strive to have us do right.

What could we do, without their kind aid? As we think how much they do for our happiness, let us try to be good and obedient children. We can not pay them, with money, for what they do for us every day we live. The only pay they ask of us, in return for all their goodness, is that we will love and obey them. And this our Heavenly Father commands us to do.

May we always be ready to love them, and quick

to obey them. May we never speak unkindly to the dear parents who do so much for us. For one, I will love my parents, and I will show my love, by doing as they wish. And will not you, dear schoolmates, honor and obey *your* parents? I hope you will.

ADDRESS AT AN EXHIBITION.

Dear Parents and Friends:—We bid you a hearty welcome to this, our pleasant school-room. We are glad to see you here, and we will try to perform our parts so well, that you will feel glad that you came to hear us.

We beg that you will remember, that we are quite young, and that you will not expect too much of us. We do not claim to be perfect, nor can we hope to do as well as older boys and girls. But we will try to do so well to-day, that you will feel that we have not wasted all our time, and that our kind teacher has not been inattentive to our improvement.

We have many things to learn; and, by adding a little to our stock of knowledge, daily, we hope we may grow up and become wise and useful. It is our motto, to do well whatever we attempt to do—

for our teacher says that a *little*, *well* done, is better than *much*, *poorly* done.

In behalf of myself, and my school-mates, I thank you, for coming to encourage us at this time. We thank you, also, for all your kindness to us, in allowing us to come to so good a school. In return for your goodness, we will not only try to interest you now, but we will try so to live and improve our time and privileges, that we may at all times merit the approbation of our earthly parents, and of our "*Father who is in Heaven.*"

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE *by little*," the rain falls from the clouds upon the thirsty earth, giving beauty and freshness to nature, and causing the seeds to expand, the grass to spring up, the flowers to open.

"*Little by little*," does the acorn send forth its tiny shoots, which slowly press upward and stretch outward, until they take the form and qualities of the stately oak.

"*Little by little*," do the mountain rills add to the flowing rivulet, until they all unite to form the noble river, and are borne onward to the mighty ocean.

"*Little by little*," does the painter add to the

blank canvas, until it assumes the form and expression of the human face, and the likeness of a dear friend.

So, too, "*little by little*," do we grow from infancy to manhood, from feebleness to strength, from a state of dependence to active and useful lives.

"Little by little," do we gain that learning which will fit us to act well our parts in life—and make us both useful and happy.

May we daily strive so to add, "little by little" to the growth of our minds, and the culture of our hearts, that we may not fail of becoming a benefit to the world in which we live—and so that we may daily meet the approval of Him who gives us all our blessings.

A FABLE.

It happened once that all the animals, birds, fishes, and insects, met to hear a sermon from one of their number; I have not been told who was the orator. The subject of the discourse was the duty of living to do good, and the audience seemed much pleased with the number and variety of the motives presented. As they went to their homes, after the performance, thus they moralized to themselves:—

Said the *Ant*, "This sermon is a very good one

for some folks, but it has no sort of application to me. What can such a poor, little, crawling thing as I, do for the good of the world? Besides, I have so large a family of my own to provide for, that it requires all my time and care. If I had wings, like a butterfly, I would not live so useless a life as he does."

Said the *Butterfly*, "I am really ashamed of the ant, who has such stores laid up, that she does no more good with them. I am sure, if I were half as rich, I would supply all the poor of the neighborhood. But, when I can hardly get enough for myself, how can I help others?"

The *Little Fish* complained that he had neither time, nor talents, nor way of doing good; he was so weak that he had no influence; and, moreover, he had to get food for himself, and take care that he was not made food for others. If he were only as large and as strong as a whale, he might be useful.

The *Sheep* said that, as he had no horns to defend himself, it was absurd to think of his doing any thing for others; he hoped his neighbor, the goat, would apply the sermon to himself.

Thus each excused himself; and, on the whole, the sole result of the discourse, so much praised, was to convince each that himself was the most unfortunate, and his neighbor without excuse.

Moral.—People, who do not do their duty in the situation in which they are, would not be likely to do so in any other.

DO IT TO-DAY!

Yes: if it must be done some time or other, and can be done to-day as well as any time, do it by all means to-day; for you are sure of no other time. Perhaps you may think it can be done more easily to-morrow, or next week, or something else seems to you more important to occupy to-day. Very well. If you have two things which ought, you think, both to be done to-day, and only one can be done, decide at once which is the most important, and do that. But can such a case occur? Has not every day its own duties? and is it not because we neglected some of them yesterday, or last week, that we have more than we can well do to-day? We fear much of the confusion which people are in about the use of their time is caused by that artful, deceitful busybody called

"BY AND BY."

There's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking;
And his name is "By and by."

What we ought to do this minute
"Will be better done," he'll cry
"If to-morrow we begin it:"
"Put it off," says By and by.
Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue:
What we always put off doing,
Clearly, we shall never do.
We shall reach what we endeavor
If on Now we more rely;
But unto the realms of Never
Leads the pilot By and by.

THE PET CHICKEN.

Once a little chicken lost its mother. It had no brothers or sisters. It was all alone in the great barn-yard. George, the farmer's son, pitied the poor little thing, and asked his mother to let him bring it into the house. She gave him leave, and brought a box down stairs, and made for it a little bed of soft wool. When George caught it, it was much scared. Its heart went pit-a-pat, and it cried, "Peep, peep, peep," most piteously; for how should a little chicken know what such a great giant, as George seemed to be, meant to do with it. He brought it into the kitchen, and put it into the box; and soon

it nestled down, and poked its head under the soft wool, and went to sleep, for it was very tired.

It slept a good while; and, when it waked up, George fed it with some warm dough, and then it hopped out of its box, and looked around, hopping a little this way and a few steps that way, to get acquainted. By and by great dog Towser came in. Chick cast its small, round, black eye toward Towser, and hopped back. Towser wagged his tail, as much as to say, "You need not be afraid of me; I would not hurt a feather of you. I take care of every thing in master's kitchen."

Next came the gray kitty. She had been scudding in the corn-loft for mice, and felt quite savage. How big her eyes were, when she saw the chick. "Here is a nice fat bird for my breakfast," her looks seemed to say; George caught her. "No, no, Miss Kitty," said he, "this chicken is one of the family now, just as much as you are: you must be kind to her; you must not frighten, or bite, or eat her up; you must do to her as you wish to be done by." How much the gray kitty understood, I do not know. She was slow to learn, I think, for George had to watch her one, two, three, and four days, lest she should spring on chicky. In the end they all became great friends—Towser, kitty, and chicken—for, one day, on visiting the kitchen, what

do you think I saw? Towser was stretched before the fire, kitty lay curled up between his legs, chicky was roosting on his head, and all three fast asleep.

When Towser is out, and kitty gone, if the family go into the front room to sit, the poor chicken feels very lonesome; and it will run to the door and cry, "Peep, peep, peep," asking to be let in. When the door opens, in it scampers. "Chirp, chirp, chirp," it says, in a cheerful, lively note, "chirp, chirp; how glad am I."

THE REPLY.*

May I answer thee, Master Charlie? And first, didst thou think our tongues were all tied, that we could not reply to thee, and send back a little of the laughter to your side? We, too, are glad vacation's coming; for we have worked hard, and want a little rest. You wonder what we have done? More than little boys, who play and think so much of the fun that is coming when school is out, can *possibly* do. We sit still almost six hours, upon a hard bench; we learn our lessons well. Can you say all that for the boys? We don't always do right, I know; for the fun is in our hearts, and sometimes it bursts out; but we get our pay for it. There is

* To be spoken after Vacation, on page 83.

one word that always comes from our teacher's lips; it is a long, hard word, and sometimes I wonder what it means, and where it first came from? But you *boys* can tell where it *goes to*. 'Tis called a *Misdemeanor;* did you ever hear of it, boys?

"Tied to mamma's apron-strings," indeed! It is well some one is in the house, else there would be a sad time when you come in crying, poor things, so tired, with clothes, which in the morning were clean, now covered with dirt, and which, very mysteriously, you have sadly torn. Now, if there were no little girls "tied to mamma's apron-strings," to run for the thimble and thread, what would become of you, pray? surely you could not get them yourselves, you are so *tired* and *cross*. Pity us, indeed! You may be thankful that we are not such romps as you, and that there is some one "tied to mamma's apron-strings." Of course we do not go out in the hot sun, in the midsummer days. We save our crying, complaining, and *complexion* too, by this. But really, boys, we do pity *you*, sometimes. When you have been out tossing ball or running races, and come in almost melted, then try to drive the sister "tied to mamma's apron-strings" from her nice, cool seat, and get her fan, which she wont yield to you; this, my dear litttle boys, is when we pity you. I tell you we don't want you to call us 'dear

little girls," and in the next breath "poor little things." We don't want to be tanned; we love the pleasant sunshine, but we don't love the color it gives to our faces. And as for your *work:* I wonder where's the work you ever did accomplish.

But, when the pleasant time comes for our rambles in the woods, to gather berries and flowers, please to remember *we* are tied to "mamma's apron-strings," and can not go with you. What fine sport for you, alone in the woods; so nicely you'll come home, with your hats trimmed with oak-leaves and flowers! No, no, boys, save your pity for yourselves; you will need it then.

"The young ladies, so fine,
What'll they do at home?
Oh, they'll sit with hands crossed,
Till autumn shall come."

Be careful that, when you grow to be men, you don't stay in doors to save your complexion. You may be glad to stay with the ladies, even if they are in doors; but remember, we shun the sun's (son's) smile.

And now, boys, I hope you will have a good time; we girls are going to. But I warn you to be careful how you trouble the "dear little girls," "the poor little things," with your pity, or talk to us about being tied to "mamma's apron-strings."

SOLILOQUY OF A POOR BOY.

I THINK it is too cruel that I can not go by Thomas Silver's house, without being called poor. His father is rich, but it shows a very mean disposition in his son to twit me of my poverty. I know I am poor; but what of that? I can still be honest.

My teacher tells me, if I get wisdom and knowledge, I shall be richer than if I had millions of gold. Yes, I am poor; but I would not steal, I would not tell a lie, I would not break the Sabbath, I would not willingly hurt the feelings of one of my companions, for a great deal of money.

What if I am poor? Poor boys often become great men. Ben. Franklin was a poor boy. He went into the great city of Philadelphia with a pack on his back; a strange lad, and no home to go to. George Washington was poor. Henry Clay, the "Mill-Boy of the Slashes," was poor. And yet they all made some figure in the world.

What if I am poor? My Redeemer was poor. He "had not where to lay his head." He dwelt among the poor, and he loved them. Ah! let me blush than I can for a moment regret my poverty!

I will sing the beautiful verse my mother loves so well:—

"He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is poor no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

I do not see, after all, but I can sing as heartily as if I had thousands of dollars. Money does not make light hearts. There is the squire—he is rich; but I never heard him sing or whistle in my life. His cheek is paler than mine, and his arm is thinner; and I am sure he can not sleep sounder than I do.

No; I am not poor, either. This fine summer morning I feel quite rich. These beautiful flowers are mine; the red clouds yonder, where the sun is going to burst forth—they are mine. All these singing-birds—the robins, the thrushes, the larks—are mine. I never was sick a day in my life, and I always manage to get a crust of bread somehow. What blessings could money buy for me greater than these! I thought I was poor; but I am rich!

The birds have no purse or pocket-book; neither have I. They have no pains nor headaches; neither have I. They have food and drink; so have I. They are cheerful; so am I. They are taken care of by God; so am I.

Ah! this is the secret of human happiness, after all. I will think less about the things I do not have, and more about those I do have. I will always remember that a crust with contentment is sweet; and, if I endeavor to do what is right, God will never leave me without one.

ACT THE TRUTH.

A GROOM, whose business it was to take care of a certain horse, let the animal go loose into the field. After a while, he wanted to catch him; but the horse chose to run about, rather than be shut up in the stable, so he pranced about the field, and kept out of the groom's way.

The groom now went to the barn, and got the measure with which he was wont to bring the horse his oats. When the horse saw the measure, he thought the groom surely had some oats for him; and so he went up to him, and was caught and taken to the stable.

On another day, the horse was in the field, and refused to be caught. So the groom again got the measure, and held it out, inviting the horse to come to it. But the animal shook his head, saying, "Nay, master groom; you told me a lie the other day, and

I am not so silly as to be cheated a second time by you."

"But," said the groom, "I did not *tell* you a lie; I only held out the measure, and you thought it was full of oats. I did not *tell* you there were oats in it."

"Your excuse is worse than the cheat itself," said the horse. "You held out the measure, and thereby did as much as to say, '*I have some oats for you.*'"

Actions speak as well as words, and every one who deceives, whether by words or deeds, is a liar. Therefore, learn to *act* the truth as well as to *speak* it.

THE TONGUE.

Every one has in his mouth a thing to talk with, called the tongue. This is made to tell the truth with. When it tells a lie, it does that which is very wrong.

The tongue is made to say kind and pleasant things to our friends. When it says a saucy thing to any body, it is a naughty tongue.

When the tongue says a disobedient word to a father or mother, it is a wicked tongue; and when

it says an unkind word to a brother or sister, it is a very bad tongue indeed.

When the tongue swears, it does that which God has forbidden. When it speaks bad words, it is a vile tongue. What boy would like to carry such a tongue in his mouth?

And now, dear school-mates, let me ask you a few questions. What sort of a tongue have you? Does it always speak the truth? Does that tongue of yours ever say saucy words?

Does your tongue ever speak disobedient words to your parents? Does it ever say unkind words to a brother or sister? Does it ever swear, or utter vile words?

O, my school-mates, if your tongue ever says any thing wrong, what shall be done? Can you tell me how to correct an evil tongue? I can tell you. Take care of your heart, and think right thoughts, and you will be sure to speak right words.

TRY.

THERE was once a good little dwarf, whose name was Try—a very queer name, to be sure. But Try, though small, was very smart and strong. He could do almost any thing; and, when he undertook to do a thing, he never gave up till it was done.

But the little fellow was very kind. He was always ready to help others out of difficulty. If he saw any one with a hard task, and almost discouraged, he would pleasantly say, "Try will assist you; don't give up."

I said there *was* a dwarf, called Try. I may also say he is now living. He is ready to help every one of us. When we have a very hard lesson, we have only to get *Try* to help us, and all will come right. And, if we will allow him to assist us in all our efforts to be good, we shall succeed. Then let us take Try for our helper, in all our lessons, and in all our good endeavors.

THE BAD SCHOLAR.

It is easy to tell who the bad scholar is. He is often absent from school, and, when he comes, he comes late. At home, he disobeys his kind father and mother. In the street, he is rude and noisy. He calls names, uses bad language, and quarrels. In the school-room, he is idle. As he does not study his lessons, he can not recite them. He often whispers and plays, and causes his teacher much trouble. His clothes and shoes are never neat and clean. He loves the company of bad boys, and does what he can to make others bad. To his school-mates, he is

unkind. He has no friends, because he never does any thing to make friends. If he lives, we fear he will be an ignorant and bad man, for he is not walking in the right way. His motto is "I DON'T CARE HOW I LOOK, OR WHAT I DO." The road he travels leads to a bad ending. Then let us shun the path of the bad scholar.

THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

SCHOOL-MATES, we have just heard about the bad scholar. I will now tell you about the good scholar, and let you choose which you will be.

The good scholar is never absent from school, unless he is sick. He is never tardy, but is always in his seat before the hour for school to begin. In the school-room he is quiet and orderly. He studies his lessons diligently, and recites them correctly. He never plays, nor whispers, nor does he, in any way, trouble his kind teacher.

On the play-ground, he is always kind and pleasant. He never quarrels, nor does he ever use improper language.

In the streets, he is manly and civil. If any one speaks to him, he answers pleasantly and politely. His dress is always neat and tidy, his face and hands washed and clean, and his hair nicely brushed.

At home, he is obedient to his parents, and kind to his brothers and sisters. He tries to learn something good, and to do some good, every day. His motto is, "I WILL TRY TO DO RIGHT," and he daily asks his heavenly Father to guide and assist him. Let us try to imitate him, and then we may hope to become good and useful men.

THE DISOBEDIENT KITTEN.

"Now," said an old puss to one of her children, as she washed her face and paws, "I charge you, Kitty, not to go into the next gentleman's yard, for great dog Jowler lies there; he has horrid teeth, and a terrible snarl, and he is always on the look-out for stray kittens. Remember, and keep at home; we have a snug garden, a sweet hay-mow, kind friends, and work enough—rats and mice a plenty. So, do not stroll off with bad company, visiting places where you have no business to be, and disgracing your bringing up; for you know better, Kitty, you do."

But Kitty had a saucy look; she boxed her mother's ears, in play to be sure, and away she frisked after a dead leaf. Kit did not look at all like minding; and, after her mother had gone to bed on the hay-mow, she kept up her moonlight ram-

bles, like a little silly Kit, as she was. One night, when she and some of her thoughtless companions were scudding across Jowler's yard, he, much disturbed by their noise, at an hour when he thought all honest folks ought to be abed and asleep, started up and made after them in a violent rage; and poor Kitty, in her fright, got entangled in some briar bushes, and so fell into Jowler's power. He seized her by the neck with his terrible mouth, shook the breath out of her body, and tossed her over the fence.

"Oh, oh!" cried Willy and Mary, when they found their little favorite stiff and cold, the next morning. "Oh!" cried their mother, pussy's mistress, "you little puss! you bid fair to be an excellent mouser." "O, dear," mewed the old cat, "O, dear, such are the fruits of disobedience. How many a willful child comes to an untimely end."

THE TRUE WAY.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

"Troubles will never stop forever,
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence, and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog's in the air!
A sunshiny morning will come without warning."

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-wood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping:

"Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away."

Fight hard against hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revenges knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

LESSONS TAUGHT BY A SHELL.

Who does not love to look at shells? How beautiful in form they are! How delicate the material of which they are made! How smooth

their inner surface is! How great the variety of shapes which they assume! And how very rich the colors are, with which they are painted and adorned! Take up a polished shell, and look at it; and, while admiring its beautifully rounded form—the rich gloss it bears, and the fine play of colors it presents—ask yourself the question:—What is a shell? *It is the house which God has made for a little fish to live in.* That fish is not worth much. It has no soul. It can not think. It only lives for a very short time. Then it dies, or is devoured by some other fish. That is the end of it. And yet how beautiful is the house it lives in. No rich man—no prince, or king—not "even Solomon, in all his glory"—ever had a palace to live in so fine, so splendid, as some of the houses which God has made for those fish to live in.

We learn two lessons from one of these beautiful shells. *One is a lesson about God's wealth and wisdom.* Since God can afford to make such costly houses for little fish to live in, *how rich* he must be! And since he can make them in so great variety of form and beauty, *how wise* he must be!

Another lesson which the shell teaches is about heaven. If the house which God makes for a little fish to live in, for a very short time, is so beautiful, how *very* beautiful may we expect that heavenly

house to be, in which all who love Jesus are to live forever!

Think of these lessons, when you look at a pretty shell—and try to please that great Being, all of whose works declare his goodness and wisdom.

GOOD ADVICE.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kind act follow another, until you have gained him. By little and little, great things are completed.

"Water falling, day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so continued kindness will soften a heart of stone. Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school, never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly his work is done. But he that takes off his coat cheerfully, and rolls up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick,
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full, will hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

"Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away."

Be good, and do good, my dear school-mates, and then you will gain friends and happiness.

SPRING.

How pleasant is Spring. Then the snow melts away, the grass and flowers begin to grow, and the little birds fill the air with their pleasant music.

It is in Spring that the farmer ploughs his fields, and sows his grain. It is then, too, that the cattle are driven forth into the pastures, and left to crop the sweet and tender grass.

It is in Spring that the trees, which have been bare all Winter, begin to shoot out their green leaves and put forth their beautiful blossoms.

As we enjoy the breath of Spring, and delight in Nature's returning life, let us, in our hearts, bless that good Being, who makes the flowers grow, and who said, "The cattle upon a thousand hills are

mine." Let us praise and bless Him, for He is great and good.

SUMMER.

Summer has come, with its warm airs and hot sun. The snows of Winter are all gone. The chilly winds of Spring are felt no more.

As we look abroad, we see the earth covered with a carpet of rich green, and the trees decked with leaves, and laden with the growing fruit.

In the fields, the farmer is at work. The music of the scythe and the sweet songs of the feathered warblers seem to be blended in every field.

The corn, which was planted in Spring, shoots up its green and plumelike stalks, and the grass and grain are waving in the wind.

The cattle are feeding in the pastures, or standing in the cool shade of the trees. The lambs are frolicking on the hill-sides, and all seem pleasant and happy.

As we gaze upon the face of Nature, and behold the beauties that every where meet our eyes, may our thoughts be turned to Him, who has spread out this lovely picture for us to look upon and enjoy.

AUTUMN.

SUMMER has passed away, and Autumn is now here. The fields, which so lately were decked in green, are now covered with the ripened corn and grains.

The trees, which Spring decked with leaves and blossoms, are now bending with their rich clusters of nice fruit.

The foliage, in the orchard and forests, is changing its fresh green to brown and crimson, orange and red, presenting a charming aspect.

In the fields, the laborers are busy gathering the crops and fruits, and the farmer is rejoicing as he beholds the rich reward of his toils.

Autumn, too, is vocal with the goodness of God; and, as we see and enjoy the bountiful crops, may our hearts swell with love and gratitude to the "God of the harvests" who is our maker and kind preserver.

WINTER.

WINTER is here, with his cold winds and drifting snows. His coming has stripped the trees of their leaves, and robbed the fields of their verdure.

The ponds and brooks are covered with ice, and Jack Frost has nipped every flower, and bud, and blossom—and often tries to nip our ears.

But Winter has its joys and sports. How merry the sleigh-bells sound! How pleasant to "coast" down the hills on our sleds, or to glide over the glassy ice on our skates.

And then, when evening comes, how pleasant to sit in the warm room, with our dear parents and friends, and listen to conversation, or read the interesting books.

Yes, Winter—cold and biting Winter—has its pleasures; and, while we enjoy them, let us thank our "Heavenly Father," who is "God of the Seasons."

A CLOSING ADDRESS.

It is made my pleasant duty, at the close of our exercises, this afternoon, to thank you for your interest and kind attention. To you, our dear parents and friends, we owe more than we can pay. Your kindness has given us our pleasant school, our beloved teacher, and our useful books.

We feel that it is a great privilege, that we may come here, daily, to learn. We have tried to obey our dear teacher, to learn our lessons, and to be

good children. We hope we have done some things well, and that we have grown wiser and better, day by day.

We hope our lessons and exercises, at this time, have pleased you, and proved to you that we have not been idle. If we have not always done all we ought, we hope you, and our kind teacher, will forgive us, and we will try to do better hereafter.

In return for your goodness to us, we can only say we thank you sincerely. We will try so to live that all our words and deeds shall be words and deeds of kindness and goodness. We will not only try to please you, but also to please our Father in Heaven, and we will daily ask Him to bless us, and our dear parents and teachers; and, when we die, may we all, parents and children, receive the approval of the "Great Teacher," and be pupils in his school, forever

PART III —DIALOGUES.

CONSCIENCE.

JOHN.

I HAVE a little voice within,
That always tells me when I sin;
I'm sure I know not whence it came—
Pray, brother, tell me, what's its name?
There is no one, however near,
Whispers so sternly in my ear;
And often, in my lively play,
If any thing I do, or say,
That's wrong or wicked, then I hear
This gentle tapping in my ear.
I know it is not *Mother's tone*,
Nor Father's, for when they are gone
It keeps on prompting, just the same,
If aught I do *that they would blame.*

EDWARD.

And, brother, don't it always tell,
In kindly notes, when you've done well;
Are not its whispers always mild,
When you have been a duteous child?

God gave not to the bud, nor flower,
This inward voice of wondrous power.
Ah, no, it only has its birth
In us, who perish not with earth;
Its name is conscience, and 'twill be
A voice from which you can not flee;
It keeps a registry within,
Rebuking those who live in sin,
And utters words of softest tone
To those who will its dictates own.

THE CHILD AND THE RILL.

CHILD.

BEAUTIFUL rill,
Sparkling and bright,
Gliding so still,
From morn to night,
Who taught thee to flow,
Who ordered thy course?
And thy fount below,
Who gave it its source?

RILL.

'Twas God, my dear child,
Who gave me my source;
He taught me to flow,
And ordered my course,

'Neath the shade of the trees,
By the side of the hill,
Midst the grass and the flowers,
So gentle and still.

And this is the place
For me to do good:
At the foot of the hill,
In the shade of the wood,
I water the herds;
I refresh the tall trees;
I nurture the flowers,
And cool every breeze.

And if, my dear child,
God e'er fixes your lot
At the foot of the hill,
Come, O, come to this spot.
Hear the beautiful birds
Sing among the thick bowers,
And see the blithe bees
Sipping sweets from the flowers.

See what beauty and love,
And what happiness too,
Spring up by my side,
And your pathway pursue:
Nor sigh to be great,
Like the ocean or flood,
But, like the small rill,
Be content to do good.

LAKE AND RIVER.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

LAKE. RIVER, why dost thou go by,
Sounding, rushing, sweeping?

RIVER. Lake, why dost thou ever lie,
Listless, idle, sleeping?

LAKE. Naught before my power could stand,
Should I spring to motion!

RIVER. I go, blessing all the land,
From my source to ocean.

LAKE. I show sun, and stars, and moon,
On my breast untroubled.

RIVER. Aye! and wilt thou not as soon
Make the storm-clouds doubled?

LAKE. River, river, go in peace!
I'll no more reprove thee.

RIVER. Lake, from pride and censure cease;
May no earthquake move thee!

LAKE. I a higher power obey—
Lying still, I'm *doing!*

RIVER. I for no allurement stay,
My great end pursuing.

LAKE. Speed thee! speed thee, River bright!
Let not earth oppose thee!

RIVER. Rest thee, Lake, with all thy might,
Where thy hills inclose thee.

LAKE. River, hence we're done with strife,
Knowing each our duty.

RIVER. And, in loud or silent life,
Each may shine in beauty.

BOTH. While we keep our places thus,
Adam's sons and daughters,
Ho! behold and learn of us,
Still and running waters!

MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD.

I saw the glorious sun arise
O'er yonder mountain gray,
And as he traveled through the skies
The darkness went away,
And all around me was so bright,
I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,
The gentle moon drew nigh,
And stars came twinkling, one by one,
Upon the shady sky.
Who made the sun to shine so far,
The moon, and every twinkling star?

MOTHER.

'Twas God, my child, who made them all
By his almighty skill;
He keeps them, that they do not fall,
And guides them as he will;
That glorious God who lives afar,
In heaven, beyond the highest star.

THE BEES.

CHILD.

O, MOTHER dear, pray tell me where
The bees in winter stay?
The flowers are gone they feed upon,
So sweet in summer's day.

MOTHER.

My child, they live within the hive,
And have enough to eat;
Amid the storm they're clean and warm,
Their food is honey sweet.

CHILD.

Say, mother dear, how came it there?
Did father feed them so?
I see no way, in winter's day,
That honey has to grow.

MOTHER.

No, no, my child; in summer mild,
The bees laid up their store
Of honey-drops, in little cups,
Till they would want no more.

CHILD.

In cups, you say—how are they made?
Are they as large as ours?

MOTHER.

O, no; they're all made nice and small,
Of wax found in the flowers.
Our summer's day, to work and play,
Is now in mercy given,
And we must strive, long as we live,
To lay up stores in heaven.

THE LITTLE QUESTIONER.

CHILD. GOD is in heaven—can he hear
A feeble prayer like mine?

MOTHER. Yes, little child; thou need'st not fear,
He listeneth to thine.

CHILD. God is in heaven—can he see
When I am doing wrong?

MOTHER. Yes, that he can; he looks at thee,
All day and all night long.

CHILD. God is in heaven—would he know,
If I should tell a lie?

MOTHER. Yes; if thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

CHILD. God is in heaven—does he care,
Or is he good to me?

MOTHER. Yes; all thou hast to eat or wear,
'Tis God that giveth thee.

CHILD. God is in heaven—can I go
To thank him for his care?

MOTHER. Not yet; but love him here below,
And he will see it there.

CHILD. God is in heaven—may I pray
To go there, when I die?

MOTHER. Yes, love; be good, and then one da
He'll call thee to the sky.

"THE BETTER LAND."

CHILD.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"

MOTHER.

"Not there, not there, my child!"

CHILD.

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

MOTHER.

"Not there, not there, my child!"

CHILD.

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

MOTHER.

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For, beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

THE RAGGED GIRL'S SUNDAY.

CHILD.

"OH, dear mamma, that little girl
Forgets this is the day
When children should be clean and neat,
And read, and learn, and pray!

"Her face is dirty, and her frock,
Holes in her stockings, see;
Her hair is such a fright; oh dear,
How wicked she must be!

"She's playing in the kennel dirt,
With ragged girls and boys;
But *I* would not on Sunday touch
My clean and pretty toys.

"*I* go to church, and sit so still;
I in the garden walk,
Or take my seat beside the fire,
And hear nice Sunday talk.

"*I* read my Bible, learn my hymns,
My catechism say;
That wicked little girl does not—
She only cares to play."

MOTHER.

"Ah, hush that boasting tone, my love;
Repress self-glorying pride;
You can do nothing of yourself—
Friends all your actions guide.

"Thank them, if you are clean and neat;
Thank them, if you are taught
To keep the holy Sabbath day,
Or do what else you ought.

"The nestling bird, that waits for food,
With eager beak and cry;
The new-born lamb, that on the grass
Beside its dam doth lie;

"Are not so helpless, child, as you:
Forbear, then, to despise
Yon ragged girl; she has no friends,
To make her good and wise."

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

CHILD.

"TELL me, oh, mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow gray as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, oh, mother! will I grow like him?

"He said—but I know not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale."

MOTHER.

"Calm thy thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;

Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time can not steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land, of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be.

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want with his pale train never may come;
Oh, scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest:
For He, who hath made them poor, may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us, with woe, in the world's bleak wild:
Oh, soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

THE SEASONS.*

SPRING.

WITH March comes in the pleasant Spring,
When little birds begin to sing;
To build their nests, to hatch their brood,
With tender care provide them food.

SUMMER.

And Summer comes with verdant June:
The flowers, then, are in full bloom;
All nature smiles, the fields look gay;
The weather's fine to make the hay.

* To be spoken by four boys or girls.

AUTUMN.

September comes: the golden corn
By many busy hands is shorn;
Autumn's ripe fruits, an ample store,
Are gathered in, for rich and poor.

WINTER.

Winter's cold frost, and northern blast—
This is the season that comes last:
The snow has come, the sleigh-bells ring,
And merry boys rejoice and sing.

SCHOOL DIALOGUE.

These lines, taken from the *Student and Miscellany*, were composed for four little school-girls, who recited them at a school examination at Jackson Valley, Pa. The scene represents the scholars' play-ground.

SARAH.

MARY, don't you love to join
In merry games at play?
I'm sure, I'd like it in the morn,
And through the livelong day.

MARY.

I'd rather roam throughout the fields,
In nature's lovely bowers;
Or roam amid the wild-wood walks,
On paths all strewn with flowers.

I'd weave myself a floral wreath,
Of blossoms, rich and fair;
With myrtle, mixed with violet,
Entwined within my hair.

ANNE.

O, yes, my lovely sisters, yes,
This would be sweet, 'tis true;
How truly you'd enjoy yourselves,
And I'd go with you, too.

And once I saw a happy group,
Who met upon the green,
Adorned with flowers, rich and fair—
It was a lovely scene.

ESTHER.

Mary, don't you love your school?
I'm sure that I can say,
I'd rather learn my books in school
Than run about all day.

And, as our teacher loves us,
We should make this return;
Our parents too have sent us
Away to school, to learn.

And then, I know they're wiser,
And know what's best to do;
I'm sure, 'tis better for us—
Girls, don't you think so, too?

MARY.

Why, to be sure, Esther, dear,
I did not mean to say,
I'd like to leave my pleasant school,
To "run about all day."

ANNE.

I'm sure we have forgot ourselves,
Here talking all this time;
We must away to school, I see—
O, dear, 'tis almost *nine*.

SARAH.

Come, let us all be there in time,
And never break the rule;
We'll join in heart, and join in hand;
Away, away to school.

THE FLOWERS.

CHILD.

MOTHER, who made the pretty flowers,
That blossom every where?
The daisies and forget-me-nots,
And violets, so fair?

Who made the golden butter-cups,
That in the meadows grow,
The bright-eyed little innocents,
And lilies, white as snow?

Who made the wild red columbines,
And fill'd each tiny cup
With honey, which the little bees
So daintily sip up?

Who made the fragrant clover fields,
That drink the summer showers?
It must have taken very long
To make so many flowers.

Mother, who keeps the flowers alive,
And clothes them every day?
Who watches over them by night,
To keep all harm away?

MOTHER.

'Twas God, my child, who form'd the flowers
So exquisitely fair,
And they, with all his hands hath made,
His kind protection share.

He form'd each leaf and opening bud,
With skill so nice and true,
And gave to some a golden tint,
To some a violet hue.

God shields the tender flowers by night,
And cares for them by day;
He giveth to each different plant
Its beautiful array.

He sends the soft, refreshing rain,
The gentle summer showers,
And light, and air, and falling dew
He giveth to the flowers.

'Tis the same God, who form'd the flowers,
Makes my sweet child his care;
Then seek to raise thine infant heart
To him in grateful prayer.

WHO MADE THEM?

CHILD.

"MOTHER, who made the stars, which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up so high?"

MOTHER.

"'Twas God, my child, the glorious One—
He formed them by his power;
He made, alike, the brilliant sun,
And every leaf and flower.

"He made your little feet to walk,
Your sparkling eyes to see,
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk,
Your limbs, so light and free.

"He paints each fragrant flower, that glows
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.

"Our various wants his hands supply,
And guard us every hour;
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guided by his power.

"Then let your little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend, who, from above,
So gently guides your way."

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

MARY.

WHO showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss;
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

ANN.

'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill;
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Charles. I wish you a happy new year, Amos.

Amos. I thank you, Charles, for your good wishes. I wish you many happy years.

Charles. It is very easy for you to wish me happy years—but the wish will not bring them.

Amos. Very true, Charles; but we may do something to secure them, if we live. No one can give us happy years. The path of wisdom and goodness is the path to happiness; and if we walk in it we shall be happy, whether others wish it or not.

Charles. Yes, friend Amos; but it is very pleasant to receive the good wishes of our friends.

Amos. I think so, too; only we must not depend upon them for happiness. We must *be* good, and *do* good, if we would be truly happy.

Charles. I agree with you there; and, as we have wished each other "a happy new year," let us each strive to merit and secure it. And what shall we do?

Amos. We must be obedient to our parents and teachers.

Charles. And kind to our brothers, and sisters, and school-mates.

Amos. Yes, and polite and civil to all.

Charles. And we must use no bad language.

Amos. And always speak and act the truth.

Charles. And do all the good we can.

Amos. Yes, and above all we must "Remember our Creator in the days of our youth." If we love and obey Him, and do the other things we have named, we shall be happy, indeed.

Charles. Let us try the right way.

Amos. Yes, and let us daily ask God to help us to walk in it, and then we shall not fail in our attempts. Good bye, Charles.

Charles. Good bye, Amos.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

George. I never will play with Charles Mason again, mother. He is a naughty boy, and I don't love him.

Mother. Why, Georgie, what is the matter now? I thought you and Charley were the best of friends.

George. But, mother, he's got my new India rubber ball, and says he will keep it. But I say he shan't—shall he?

Mother. How came Charley to run away with your ball, my son?

George. Why, he wanted to play with it, and so did I; and while I was playing with it he caught it, and ran home with it.

Mother. That was certainly wrong, George. But if Charley had a nice ball, and you had none, would you not like to play with it?

George. O, yes, indeed.

Mother. And do you not think Charley would let you?

George. O, I guess he would, for he is a nice boy, sometimes.

Mother. Well, George, you know the Bible teaches us "to do to others as we would have them do to us." You, it seems, would like much to play

with Charley's ball, but don't like to have him play with yours. So you see you do not do as you would be done by. You did wrong, as well as Charley.

George. But, mother, he has my ball.

Mother. I think he will not keep it long, my son. He will give it to you again.

George. But he did not do as he would be done by when he carried it off.

Mother. No, he did not. I suppose he did not think any thing about it, any more than you in not letting him play with you. Don't you remember how kind Charley was, a little while ago, when he had his new balloon? Did he not let you play with it?

George. Yes, mother; and don't you know how I let it blow away into a big tree, and Patrick could not get it down again?

Mother. And did Charley cry or fret about it?

George. O, no; but he was very sorry, and so was I. I took the money uncle gave me, and bought some paper, and sister Ann made him another balloon.

Mother. And did not both you and Charley feel happy when you gave it to him?

George. Indeed we did. Charley keeps it now, and sometimes we play with it.

Mother. That was regarding the golden rule.

You lost his balloon and gave him another, which was just.

George. Well, mother, if Charley loses my ball, do you think he will be just, and bring me another?

Mother. Certainly—if he does what is right.

Enter Charley.

Charley. I have come to bring home your ball, George. Mother said I was a naughty boy to run away with it, and she told me I must bring it back. And, George, I am very sorry I plagued you; I will not do so again.

George. And I am sorry, Charley, that I would not let you play with my ball. You may have it whenever you wish.

Charley. I thank you, George; and you may have my balloon whenever you wish.

Mother. And now, dear boys, learn a lesson. If you would be happy, and make others happy, always be kind and pleasant.

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

Albert. There, I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben that I really must—

Clara. Do something to injure him?

Albert. O, no; that is not what I was going to say—but that I must look over my "book of thanks."

Clara. Book of thanks! what sort of a book is that, I would like to know.

Albert. Here it is (taking a small book from his pocket;) and I will read some from it, if you would like to have me.

Clara. I certainly should. Please read.

Albert. "March 8th. Ben lent me his new hat." "When I lost my shilling, Ben found it for me." "June 30th. Ben invited me to go and eat some cherries in his father's garden." So, after all, Ben is a pretty good boy.

Clara. Why, Albert, what do you write in your book?

Albert. All the acts of kindness that are ever shown me—and you would wonder how many they are. I find much good from writing them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope I am not often ungrateful; and, when I am cross, or out of temper, I almost always feel pleasant again if I only look over my book.

Clara. I wonder what sort of things you put down. Will you let me see it, Albert?

Albert. Certainly, Clara. (Passing the book.)

Clara. (Takes it, and reads.) "Amos Kindly

asked me to spend a day with him, and did all he could to make my visit pleasant."

"Mrs. Day gave me some nice peaches."

"Freddie Churchill asked after me every day when I was sick, and came to see me when I was getting better."

And I see you put "father and mother" at the *top* of every page; why is that, Albert?

Albert. O, they are so good to me, and do so much for me, that I can not put it all down, and so I just write their names, to remind me of their constant care and goodness. I know that I can never repay them. Read what I have put at the beginning of the book.

Clara. (Reads.) "Every good gift is from above."

Albert. That is to remind me that I owe thanks to God for all the blessings I enjoy.

Clara. Well, Albert, I am much pleased with your book and its object. I will ask my mother to get a blank-book for me, and then I will keep a "Book of Thanks," too.

DOING RIGHT.

Edward. What do you think Willie Churchill says, John?

John. I suppose he says a great many things; but I am quite sure you have not heard him say any thing bad.

Edward. No, nothing bad, exactly; but a little odd. He says he will never play with boys who quarrel or use any improper language.

John. If you call that odd, I shall be an "odd fellow" too, and I hope many others will become such. I call that taking the right stand, and I like Willie all the better for it.

Edward. But why does he pretend to be better than others? Is he to say what is right or wrong?

John. I do not think Willie feels that he is better than others. He only means to do right, and keep away from those who do wrong. Do you think it right for boys to quarrel, swear, or lie?

Edward. Certainly not. But what have I to do with other boys' actions or words? Can't they do as they please?

John. We should all try to do others good, and we should treat all kindly. But, if boys will do those things which are wrong, and which they know are wrong, if we can not do them good, we should keep away from them; for we are told that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Willie Churchill is a very kind boy, is he not? Does he not treat every one well?

Edward. O, yes; he is one of the best boys in school. I never knew him to do a mean or wicked thing, or speak a bad word.

John. Well, Edward, I think we shall all be safe in following his example; and I hope you will join me in trying to do so. If we will all unite, we may do much good.

Edward. I believe you are about right, John; and I think I will join you. We'll help each other in being good, and in doing good.

A NEW TIPPET'S WORTH.

Ellen. I do not want a new tippet this winter, nor any thing new; I'm going to ask mother to let me wear my old things.

Jane. Not want a new tippet, when all your cousins are to have new ones? why, I never saw a girl that did not like new things!

Ellen. I do not know as I do, exactly.

Jane. And why do you not?

Ellen. Because it makes me feel real bad to be dressed up so, when there are so many children who have no clothes to wear, or houses to live in, or bread to eat. O, if my mother will let me have the money, to help them with, instead of buying a new tippet for myself, I shall be so happy.

Jane. I think you are right. I often feel sorry when I see poor children, but I never thought that I could go without things myself to help them. I mean to try it.

Ellen. I'm glad to hear you say so, and I think we shall both feel happier for practicing the self-denial which the teacher told us about yesterday.

Jane. The Bible tells us that it is "more blessed to give than to receive;" and, if this is so, we shall be most truly happy when we practice self-denial for the sake of doing some good to others.

DON'T BE QUARRELSOME.

James. Don't tease your brother so, Tom Quarrelsome. You are more like a wasp or mosquito than a Christian boy. Indeed, you have made him almost afraid of you; and, if you don't break off your teasing habit, you will soon drive all the love he has for you out of his heart.

Tom. Oh, I can't help teasing him, it's so much fun to see how bothered he looks, and how uneasy he is. He looks as though he would like to run away, if he was not ashamed, or afraid of being laughed at.

James. You can't *help* teasing him, eh? Nonsense! Wicked Cain might as well have said that

he couldn't help killing his brother. The fact is, you don't want to help it. Your heart is so unlovely that it finds pleasure in saying words which will give him pain.

Tom. But I don't mean any harm in teasing him. I told you I only did it for fun, and there's no harm in that. I don't do it to be ugly, and I think you are very naughty to say so.

James. If you don't mean any harm, why do you do it? You see that it does you no good, while it makes him unhappy, and that is doing great harm. It also makes you unlovely, and that is doing harm to yourself. But I think you must do what you do with the intention of annoying him, unless you are more thoughtless than boys of your age ought to be.

Tom. Well, I don't believe it is a very good plan, so I'll try and be careful. I'm sure I want to do right. I'll not tease him any more.

James. That's right. Stick to that purpose and you'll both be happier boys, and your home will be a pleasanter one. But don't forget to ask God's help; if you do, your purpose will prove weak as a rope of sand. *God* will make it as strong as iron.

Tom. But I am afraid that I shall keep forgetting, and so tease him before I think of it.

James. Oh, if you find your old habit trips you

up once or twice, don't give up, but try again. Take this motto to help you. I *can* leave off teasing, because I *ought*.

Tom. Well, I'll remember your good advice, and try to follow it.

ON DECEPTION.

Mary. Why, Andrew, how could you tell mother such a wicked lie, this morning?

Andrew. What do you mean, Mary? I haven't told any wrong story, I know. I wouldn't be guilty of so mean a thing. What makes you think I would?

Mary. You certainly did tell a wrong story, for mother asked you if you ate one of the apples from the dish, and you said no, when *I* know, and *you* know, that you did eat one.

Andrew. No, Mary; you are wrong. Mother didn't ask me if I *ate* one of the apples, but only if I *took* one from the dish. I told her I did not, and that was true. The apple rolled off upon the floor, and I picked it up, and ate it.

Mary. Well, Andrew, that is deception, and deception is just as bad as lying. How could you deceive our kind mother so?

Andrew. Why, I answered her question truly.

If she had asked me if I had eaten one, I should have said *yes*.

Mary. You knew what mother meant well enough, and your answer deceived her, and you meant it should do so.

Andrew. No, sister; I did not mean to deceive. I did not consider. I spoke before I thought. I see I did wrong, and I feel very sorry. As you say, mother is very kind to us, and we ought to do all we can for her. What shall I do about the apple?

Mary. My advice to you is, that you go, and tell mother all about it. Confess your faults, ask her to forgive you, and promise to be more careful for the future.

Andrew. I will gladly follow your advice, for I feel quite unhappy to think I have deceived mother.

Mary. I am glad to hear you speak so, brother. I hope you will also ask God to forgive you, and to help you always to *act* the truth as well as speak it.

Andrew. I will certainly do so, Mary, and I thank you for your kind words.

ON POLITENESS.

Edward. I heard some one say that Simon Rough had not much politeness. Do you know what that means, Richard? I am sure I do not.

Richard. I think a polite boy is one who answers all questions in a civil manner, and treats all with true kindness.

Edward. If that is it, we all know Simon has not a great stock of it. Only yesterday, I heard a gentleman ask him where Mr. Jones lives, and he very bluntly said, "I don't know, and I don't care."

Richard. Yes, and, more than that, he never speaks to others in a kind and pleasant tone. As it don't cost any thing to be polite, I think we ought to be so.

Edward. So do I, Richard; for I think a rude and impolite boy is a very unpleasant companion. I never wish one near me.

Richard. Nor I; and I mean to answer every one politely, and if I ask questions of others, I will do so in a civil and courteous manner.

Edward. I am glad to hear you say so. Let us do all we can to have all the boys in our school polite and kind.

Richard. I agree to that, Edward; and the surest way to make them so, is to give them the benefit of a correct example. We will try to feel right and act right ourselves, and then we shall do some good.

Edward. I agree with you fully, and I am re-

solved to do as you propose. If you ever think I do not, please tell me.

Richard. I certainly will, Edward, and I wish you to do the same by me; and thus we will help each other in the right way.

Edward. I thank you, Richard. If we thus act we shall be friends indeed—for true friends will always try to assist each other.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Peter. Charlie, did you see that man whipping his horse in the street, this morning?

Charles. Yes; and I think he is a cruel and wicked man, to whip a poor horse so. I think he deserves a good sound whipping himself.

Peter. I think so, too. The horse pulled as hard as he could; but, because he couldn't draw the heavy load, the man fell to beating him over the back, with a heavy stick.

Charles. He is more of brute than the horse. I wonder how he would like to be beaten so?

Peter. It might do him good to receive a few blows on his own back. He would learn how such blows feel.

Charles. But, Peter, I think some of the boys in our school are as cruel as that man. I saw Tom Savage, the other day, worrying a poor kitten. He had tied a large stone to the kitten's tail, and then whipped her, to make her run.

Peter. Yes; and I saw him catching flies, and sticking pins through them. I wonder how he would like to be treated so.

Charles. Not very well, I guess. Tom is not a very good boy.

Peter. No, that he isn't. A truly kind and good boy will never be cruel to any animal, nor be guilty of torturing the meanest insect that lives.

Charles. The Bible teaches us to be kind to all, and I think it is always safe to follow the rules of the Bible. You know it says "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and I believe that is true.

Peter. So do I, Charlie; and I intend to remember it, and never to be cruel to any living thing.

Charles. And I will imitate your example. My motto shall be "kindness to all God's creatures."

Peter. Very good. I will take the same, and we will get as many boys to join us as possible. We'll all go, heart and hand, against cruelty. Kindness to all—cruelty to none.

ON SCHOOL.

Willie. O, how tired I am of coming to school all the time. I do wish there were no schools.

Mary. Why, Willie, how can you talk so! Do you know what you go to school for?

Willie. I go because I *have* to go; father and mother make me go every day. If I could have *my* way, I would not be there, I know.

Mary. If you feel so, Willie, it is well that you have a father and mother, to look after you and see that you do right. I go to school to learn, and I am very thankful that I can go. Don't you think we have a very kind teacher?

Willie. Yes, our teacher is kind enough; but, Mary, I don't love to go to school.

Mary. Well, then, I suppose you wish to grow up, and become a dunce.

Willie. Dunce! What is a dunce, Mary?

Mary. A dunce is a stupid fellow, who knows nothing; a blockhead;—and do you wish to be a blockhead?

Willie. Why, no, I don't wish to be a dunce; and, if going to school will save me from it, I am sure I will go.

Mary. It certainly will. We go to school to

learn to read, and write, and spell, and to learn many other things, which will make us more useful and happy, when we are men and women.

Willie. Why, I am sure I never thought of that before; I thought we went there to be "out of the way." But if going there and studying will make us wiser and better, I will certainly go.

Mary. That's right, Willie, I am glad to hear you say so; and if you will go every day, and study well, and obey your teacher, you will find school a very happy place.

TRUE COURAGE.

William. Come, Freddy, let us go over on the pond, and skate.

Freddy. I will go and ask my mother, and if she is willing I will go.

William. Ask your mother? Nonsense! Come along. I hope you are not tied to your mother's apron-strings. I don't ask my mother *where* I shall go, nor *when* I shall go.

Freddy. Then I am sorry for you; for we are told in the Bible "to obey our parents"—and my mother is so good, I love to do as she wishes.

William. I don't want any of your preaching,

Fred; I am going to the pond, and you may as well go with me, for we shall have a nice time.

Freddy. Perhaps *you* will, but I know I can not have a good time if I disobey my good mother, and I will not do it.

William. Well, you are a coward, and a slave, too. I can take care of myself, without running to my mother, whenever I wish to go out of her sight.

Freddy. You may call me a coward and a slave as much as you please, but I shall not disobey my mother. I should feel that I was a mean coward, if I did not do as she told me.

William. I should like to know what she has to do with your skating. Isn't she willing that you should have a little fun, now and then?

Freddy. My mother is always willing to have me enjoy myself; and, if she thinks it safe, she will let me go and skate. But she told me never to go, without her permission. I promised her I would not, and I will not tell a lie, if I never skate. I think you would be quite as happy, if you would regard your mother's wishes more.

William. But why so? Why should I mind her always?

Freddy. If you will consider how kind your mother is, and how much she does for your comfort and happiness, you will be very willing to regard

her wishes. You know, William, that our mothers know what is best for us, and I hope you will see that I am right. So long as they do so much for us, we ought to be willing to do what we can to please them.

William. Well, I think what you say is true, and I will follow your example.

Freddy. Then I am sure you will never regret it.

ABOUT SCHOOL.

Mary. I am glad to see you this morning, for I want to have a good talk with you about our teacher.

Ann. Well, Mary, what have you to say about our teacher? I hope you think, as I do, that we have a very kind and good teacher.

Mary. I *can not* agree with you, if you think so. I think she is *too strict* and *too particular* about every little thing. I really don't like her, and I don't see how you can.

Ann. Do tell me what she does that don't suit you. If she injures you in any way, or causes you to do wrong, I shall not like her so well as I now do. How is it.

Mary. Why, she won't let us do any thing, to have a good time in school. I can't even *whisper* to any one.

Ann. Well, Mary, do you think teachers should allow pupils to whisper in school, just when they please? How could we get our lessons, if all were whispering?

Mary. I do not say we should *all* whisper; but I do think some of us might, once in a while.

Ann. But did you never think, Mary, that all should be treated alike in school—and that, if our teacher allows one to whisper, she must allow all to do so?

Mary. Why, no, I never thought of that before; I was only thinking of myself, and thought it could do no great harm if *I* whispered a little.

Ann. But if our teacher is good, she must try to do all she can for us as our teacher. What do we come to school for, Mary?

Mary. Why, to learn, to be sure.

Ann. Well, we can not learn, unless the school room is quiet, can we?

Mary. No, to be sure we can not—but I never thought of it before.

Ann. I think if we obey just one short rule, Mary, and are very careful, we shall not only love our teacher, but we shall learn.

Mary. And what is that rule?

Ann. I will tell you, if you will promise to obey it.

Mary. I will, if it is a good one.

Ann. It certainly is very good, and very short. It is "*Do right.*"

Mary. I think I am willing to obey that, so far as I can. But I see no great harm in a little whispering.

Ann. I think every thing is wrong in the school room, which tends to disturb the school, or trouble our teacher; and you know whispering is a great annoyance.

Mary. Well, Ann, I think you are right. I never thought of these things before; and after this I will try to follow your rule, and "*Do right.*"

Ann. If you succeed, you will be truly happy.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

(*James, as Captain of a Ship. Thomas, a very small boy.*)

Thomas. (Approaching James, who is seated.) Please, sir; I came to see if you want a cabin-boy, to go in your ship?

James. Yes, my lad, I do want a cabin-boy;

but what is that to you? A little chap like you will hardly answer for a cabin-boy.

Thomas. Oh, sir, I'm real strong, and I can do a great deal of work, if I am young and small. Please do give me a trial, sir. I will try very hard to suit you.

James. But, how came you here, my lad, in this great city? Did you run away from home?

Thomas. Oh, no, indeed, sir! My father is dead, and my mother is very poor. I wish to do something to help her, and she told me I might come and see you.

James. Well, my lad, I like you all the better for trying to help your mother. But you are a stranger to me. Have you any letters of recommendation? I never take boys, unless they can bring me letters, stating that they are good boys.

Thomas. (Hesitating, takes a small Bible from his pocket.) I have no letters, sir; but my name is in this Bible. Please look at it.

James. (Opening, reads aloud.) "Willie Graham. Presented as a reward, for regular and punctual attendance at the Sunday School, and for his blameless conduct, there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School Teacher." Very good, that's enough. You are the very boy I want. You shall sail with me; and, if you are as good a lad as I

think you are, neither you nor your mother shall want for any thing.

Thomas. I thank you, sir; and I will try very hard to do right, and please you. When shall I come, sir?

James. In a week from this day. Here is some money, for your mother. Tell her I will get you a chest, and have it filled with clothes for you, to take with you. I always like boys who care for their mothers. Good bye, my lad.

Thomas. Good bye, sir.

THE ALPHABET.

Samuel. John, did you ever consider how much A, B, C and their companions have done and can do?

John. No, I am sure I have not. All I know is that I hated to say them over so much, when I first came to school. They never did me any good; that I know, well enough.

Samuel. But they are really very useful, and you will find them so—and very interesting, too.

John. Pray tell me of what use they will ever be.

Samuel. Why, you love to read stories, do you not?

John. O, yes, I am very fond of reading story-books; but what has A, B, C to do with stories, I should like to know.

Samuel. Why, no book is made, and no story printed, without the aid of the letters of the Alphabet.

John. Is that so Sam? are you sure?

Samuel. I am very sure. The twenty-six letters of the Alphabet, and only twenty-six, are all that are used in printing all the books you ever saw. You may examine all the books in your father's great library, and you will not find a single letter except those in the A, B, C list, which you think are of no consequence.

John. Well, you have told me some news; and, if what you say is true, I shall think more of A, B, C than I have done.

Samuel. You will find all I have said is true; and, if you are not satisfied, ask your teacher, your father, or your minister. They will all tell you the same.

John. I thank you, Sam, for what you say, and I will certainly think of it, and will not again think lightly of the "Alphabet column."

A FOOLISH HABIT.

(*Two girls, seated.*)

Susan. Oh, sister, I am tired to death!

Mary. *Tired to death!* why, Susan, what do you mean?

Susan. I am *almost* tired to death, then, if that will suit you any better.

Mary. I think that is wrong, too; it is not true, and we ought always to speak the truth.

Susan. Well, at any rate, I could not possibly walk another step—no, not for the world.

Mary. Why, yes, you would, sister.

Susan. No, I am sure I would not; nothing would tempt me to.

Mary. I am very sorry for that, for I am going down to the museum, and I was going to ask you to go with me.

Susan. (Hastily rising.) What, to the museum! O, do let me go. I should admire to go.

Mary. But how can you, if you are tired almost to death? You say, nothing could tempt you to go as far as the school, and yet the museum is much further.

Susan. O, I am quite rested now, dear sister; and I would not miss of going, for all the world.

Mary. I will let you go with me, if you will be more careful of your speaking, hereafter. In one minute you say you are "almost dead," and that you can not possibly walk, and the next minute you say you can walk well enough. Is not such a manner of talking all wrong? Is it not wicked? We should say only what we mean, and that should be truthful.

Susan. You are right, dear sister; and, if you will let me go with you this time, I will promise to be more careful of my speech, hereafter.

Mary. I surely hope you will; and now, if you will get ready, we will go.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. L. I thank you, my good lad! you caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you, for your trouble?

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, nine-pins, 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. Oh! 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 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. O, I don't care for that; they let it all 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 dry, 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 any thing. 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 bye, Peter.

Boy. Good bye, sir.

ON TARDINESS.

Samuel. What a fuss our teacher makes, if we come to school a little late. I am sure, I see no harm in being a few minutes late; do you, Thomas?

Thomas. I know our teacher don't like to have us late, and I think we should try to please him.

Samuel. Well, I should like to know what harm there is in being tardy at school.

Thomas. I know what our teacher says, and he knows what is best. He is certainly very kind to us, and I think he only requires what will be for our good.

Samuel. What does he say about being late? I should like to know if there is any good reason against it.

Thomas. He says the habit is a bad one, in many respects. If we come late, we disturb our teacher and the school. And then, he says, if we form the habit of being late at school, we shall be tardy in other matters.

Samuel. I never thought of those reasons before, and I am not certain but he is right. I remember, when I came late the other morning, the scholars all looked up, to see who had come, and the teacher waited till I had got to my seat, before he asked the class any more questions.

Thomas. Yes, I recollect it; and I wished, then, that you would not be late any more. I think it a very bad practice. If you are late at school, you will be late elsewhere. My motto is "*Never be late*," and I wish you would have the same. What say you to that, Sam?

Samuel. Why, I think you are about right. I have never thought of the subject before. From this time, your motto shall be my motto, and I will try to honor it.

Thomas. That's good. And now, Samuel, let us do what we can, to have all the scholars in our school adopt the same motto.

Samuel. That we will; and we will all unite, and call ourselves the "Prompt Band."

ON NEATNESS.

Charles. It seems to me, John, that you feel pretty smart this morning. How your shoes shine. I hope you are not getting so proud that you won't speak to a fellow like me.

John. Why, what do you mean Charles? Don't you think I can have my shoes brushed, without being proud?

Charles. O, yes, I hope you can; but what's the use of being so very nice. I should think you never saw any dirt. For my part, I don't care if my shoes have mud on them. I'm not afraid of dirt, I can tell you.

John. Nor am I afraid of dirt; but I think it is our duty to keep ourselves in a neat and tidy condition. Would you like to have all the scholars come to school with muddy shoes, so that the floor would always be covered with dirt and dust? Our teacher likes to have the school room in a neat and clean condition; and I think she is right, and I will do my part to please her.

Charles. I, too, am willing to please my teacher; but what is the use in being so mighty particular, I'd like to know?

John. I think it a good thing to be neat and

clean. My mother says I can save her much work, by being careful about my shoes and clothes; and, if I can, I am sure I ought to. But, I think I can be neat, without feeling *smart*, as you call it. Now, tell me, Charles, if you do not like to see boys neat? There's Tom Careless always covered with mud and dirt, and his face is never clean, nor his hair brushed. Would you like to have him for your seat-mate?

Charles. Why, no; I can't say I would, when it comes to that. I think, after all, that you are about right; and I will try to be more careful myself, though I fear I shall never be so neat as you are.

John. O, yes, you will, Charles. Once form the habit of neatness, and it will be much easier, as well as pleasanter, to be clean, than to be covered with mud.

THE BEGGAR.

Susan. Mary, did you see the boys, this morning, plaguing that poor old beggar?

Mary. No; but I heard the girls speaking about it, and I agree with them that it was very cruel for the boys to do so.

Ann. So I think, and I told them so, and they

all shouted, and said it was good sport, and that it was fun to hear the old man scold so.

Susan. I think no good boys would engage in such sport as that. How would they like to have their fathers treated so ?

Mary. That is what I asked one of the boys; and he laughed, and said his father was not an old beggar.

Susan. No, but he may become one. Besides, the Bible teaches us to do good to all. I think it is very wicked to tease an old man so.

Ann. Indeed, it is; and no good boy would do it. If the man is so poor that he has to beg from house to house, we should certainly pity him, and do all we can for him.

Mary. So I think. And now let us go and talk to the boys, and let them know that we do not like such actions.

Susan. That will be right; but let us talk kindly to the boys, for I can not think they wish to do wrong. They have not considered what they were doing. Perhaps, if we speak to them pleasantly, and tell them how we feel, they will be more careful.

Ann. Yes, we will do our duty, and let the boys know that they can not please us by treating a poor old man in that way.

ABOUT FEATHERS.*

Teacher. "What have I in my hand?"

Pupils. "A feather."

Teacher. "Whence did it come?"

Pupils. "From a bird."

Teacher. "How do you think a bird would feel without feathers?"

Pupils. "It would be very cold."

Teacher. "What do we wear to keep ourselves warm?"

Pupils. "Coats, jackets, stockings, etc."

Teacher. "What do we call these?"

Pupils. "Clothes."

Teacher. "What do birds have for clothes?"

Pupils. "Feathers."

Teacher. "Can you think of any animals that wear clothing different from that we wear, and also different from that worn by birds?"

Pupils. "The sheep wear wool; the dog and horse wear hair."

Teacher. "Now look. (Throwing the feather into the air.) What do you see?"

Pupils. "It flies, or floats in the air."

* Let one take the part of Teacher, and have three or four pupils answer in concert, or separately.

Teacher "If I toss a penny into the air, will it do the same?"

Pupils. "No, it will fall to the floor."

Teacher. "Why does the feather float, and the penny fall?"

Pupils. "Because the feather is light, and the penny heavy."

Teacher. "Can any of you tell me why feathers are better for birds than clothing like ours, or wool like the sheep's?"

Pupils. "Because they are light, and birds can fly better with them."

Teacher. "Very well. If they had heavy covering they could not rise into the air; or, if they did, they would soon fall down. From this we may see how wise and good our Heavenly Father is. He even cares for the birds. He says in the Bible, that a little bird shall not fall to the ground, without his notice. Now, if God sees all the little birds, and takes care of them, do you think he will ever forget little children? In the same passage in the Gospel, which tells of God's care of the little birds, it says, He takes still greater care of his children. I wish you would all try to find the verse I mean, and learn it, to say to-morrow. Boys sometimes kill birds, and destroy their nests—is that right?"

Pupils "It is not."

Teacher. "No; it is very cruel, and I hope you will never do so. Now, children, examine these feathers—are they all alike?"

Pupils. "One is white, one is black, and one is brown."

Teacher. "What, then, will you say of the color of feathers?"

Pupils. "They have different colors."

Teacher. "Now, take one in your hands, and tell me how it feels?"

Pupils. "It is soft."

Teacher. "Are all parts soft?"

Pupils. "No; the middle part is hard."

Teacher. "Yes, the middle part, which we call the stem, is hard, while the down, or feathery part, is soft. Is there any other difference between the two parts?"

Pupils. "The stem is bright and smooth, but the rest is not."

Teacher. "What do we say of those things that shine?"

Pupil. "We sometimes call them brilliant."

Teacher. "And what of things that do not shine?"

Pupil. "We call them dull.

Teacher. "Do you notice any other difference between the two parts? Will all parts bend alike?"

Pupils. "No, the quill or stem part does not bend easily—it is more stiff."

Teacher. "Name some other things that are stiff."

Pupil. "Wood, stone, slate."

Teacher. "For what are feathers used?"

Pupils. "For making beds."

Teacher. "Why are they good for making beds?"

Pupil. "Because they are soft."

Teacher. "There are many other curious things about feathers, which I will tell you at another time. You may now repeat what you have learned about feathers."

Pupils. "Feathers are the clothing of birds. They are very light and soft. God takes care of the little birds, and still more care of us. Feathers are of different colors. The stem of the feather is hard, and stiff, and shining; but the down is soft and dull. They make good beds, because they are soft."

WHICH DID THE BEST?

Father. Well, children, you know I gave each of you, yesterday, a nice peach. Now, tell me what you did with them.

Edmund. I ate mine, and it was very juicy and sweet. But, father, I have kept the stone, and mean to plant it, and raise a tree.

Father. That is well; it is always wise to think of the future. And how about yours, Amos?

Amos. I ate it up as soon as you gave it to me, and threw the stone away. Mother gave me half of hers, too; and they were both very nice.

Father. You, my son, have not done very wisely—but you may yet learn wisdom. Come, Willie, tell us about your peach.

Willie. When Amos threw the stone of his away, I thought it too bad, and I picked it up, and cracked it, and found a nice kernel in it. But I sold mine, and got money enough to buy a half dozen peaches.

Father. Prudence is well, my son; but be careful, and not think too much of trade and money. Now, George, we will hear from you.

George. Father, I took my peach over to Mr. Mason's, and gave it to little Charlie. You know he has been sick for a long time, and I thought the nice peach would please him. Did I do wrong, dear father?

Father. I will let others say first. Tell me, children, which do you think did the best with his peach?

Edmund, Amos, and Willie. George, father; George did the best.

Father. So I think, and I hope you will all learn a useful lesson from the peaches. Always think of the sick and unfortunate—and do what you can to make them happy. Then you will be happy yourselves.

IS IT RIGHT?

Alice. Brother Edward, there is one question we ought always to ask ourselves, when we are about to do any thing; and, if we would ask and answer it honestly, it would be of great service to us.

Edward. And what is that, dear sister—I should like to know.

Alice. It is this:—"Is it right?"

Edward. That is a very short question, surely; and, I think, a very good one.

Alice. Yes, dear Edward; and yet, I fear, you have not always regarded it as you ought.

Edward. When have I not, sister?

Alice. I do not remember all the cases, but I could name two or three.

Edward. Please do so, for I should like to know what they are.

Alice. Will you promise not to be offended, if I name them?

Edward. Certainly I will, for I wish you to tell me, for my good. I do not wish to do wrong, I am sure.

Alice. Well, Edward, I will tell you of two or three cases, in which, I thought, you did not do quite right. When mother asked you to do an errand, the other day, you told her you didn't want to, and asked her why she did not call Mary, to do it.

Edward. That was because I was busy playing with my top.

Alice. But was it right, Edward, for you to say so? Only think, how kind our dear mother is to us! How many things she does for our good.

Edward. Yes, I know, mother is very kind; and we ought to obey and help her always, but I didn't think.

Alice. That's it exactly—you did not think; you did not ask yourself, "Is it right for me to be unwilling to assist my mother?" And yesterday, you know, you was quite angry with your little brother. Was that quite right, Edward?

Edward. No, Alice, it was not. But the truth is that he troubled me, when I was reading a story, and I pushed him away before I thought. It was wrong in me, and I am sorry.

Alice. I will name only one other thing, that I think of now. When your class was reciting, a few days ago, I saw you, very slily, look on your book, when the teacher asked you a question.

Edward. Well, that was because I couldn't think of the answer. I don't think there was any harm in that.

Alice. Why, Edward! How can you say so. It was certainly deceiving your teacher, and making him think you knew your lesson, when you did not. Was that right, brother?

Edward. No, sister, it was not; but I did not consider. I thank you for this kind talk; and now I promise that, when I am tempted to do a thing, I will always ask, before I begin—"IS IT RIGHT?"

Alice. O, brother Edward, I am so glad to hear you say so; and, if you will only do as you promise, you will be much happier for it.

OUR DUTIES.

Mary. Here we are, all together, and let us have a good talk about our duties. I hope we all wish to do right. We wish to know our duties, and also perform them. Lucy, will you name some duty?

Lucy. I think we should love and obey our parents, and do all we can to please them. We can

never repay them for all their goodness to us; but we can do many little acts that will please them, and make them feel happy. The Bible tells us to 'honor father and mother."

Clara. Next to our dear parents, I think we ought to honor and love our kind teachers. They meet us every day, and labor hard to give us knowledge that will fit us for usefulness and happiness.

Genevra. I think another duty is to be kind and pleasant to our school-mates, to do all we can to oblige them and make them happy.

Grace. We have other friends besides our school-mates, and I think it is duty to treat them well, and do all we can to please them; for what would this world be worth to us, if we had no friends. If we would have friends, we must show ourselves friendly.

Ann. Another duty, is to be polite and civil to all, and to do nothing that will cause any one the slightest pain or grief.

Almira. The duties you have named, girls, are all very important. We should not only be kind to all persons, but also to all animals. A boy or girl, who can treat a dog, kitten, or any other creature with cruelty, will not be a truly good companion for any one.

Mary. All the duties you have named are very important, and not one of them should be over-

looked. But the most important duty of all, you have not spoken of. There is One to whom we owe every thing we have. Every good and every perfect gift comes from our Father in heaven, and it is our duty to love and serve Him; for in Him we "live, and move, and have our being." And now, dear girls, let us all sing;—

"Our friends are dear, that we have here,
But, better far than all,
There's One we love, who dwells above,
And on His name we call."

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Julia. Well, girls, to-day is the last day of school; and, for one, I must say I feel sorry.

Alice. So do I; for we have had a very kind teacher, and our school has been pleasant every day. How do you feel about it, Florence?

Florence. Why, I feel glad and sorry both. I love our good teacher and school-mates, and school has been very pleasant to me; but then, I am almost glad that I can have a few days for visiting my cousins in the country—it is so delightful to go into the country at this beautiful season, when the trees

are full of leaves and blossoms. Yes, girls, I am both glad and sorry, if one can be both at once.

Julia. O, yes, I know how you feel, very well. I have felt so many a time, and I feel so now. I love my teacher and my school so well, that I really feel sad to think we shall meet no more in this room. But then, vacation will give me time to play and to visit my friends, and father says I may go to New York with him. Of course, these things will be pleasant. So, you see, I am both sorry and glad—same as you feel. Which should you like best, Alice, to have the school keep on or close?

Alice. It would please me best to have the school continue. Our teacher is so pleasant and kind, and makes our lessons so interesting, that I don't like to have school close. You know, girls, what a cross teacher we had before; and I am so afraid we shall have another just like her.

Julia. What, another like Miss Fret! No, it can't be. I don't believe there is another like her.

Florence. Nor I. How cross she was, and how she always scolded. No matter whether we did right or wrong—'twas all the same to her. She never could smile, nor speak kindly. I guess, when her term was out, we were all of one mind, and glad enough to have the term close, and to see Miss Fret

for the last time. But we all love Miss Kindly, and feel sorry to have her leave.

Julia. We shall all agree with you, Florence. And now, as we are about to part with our teacher, let us try to think of that good Being, who gives us kind teachers and friends, and be thankful for all our blessings.