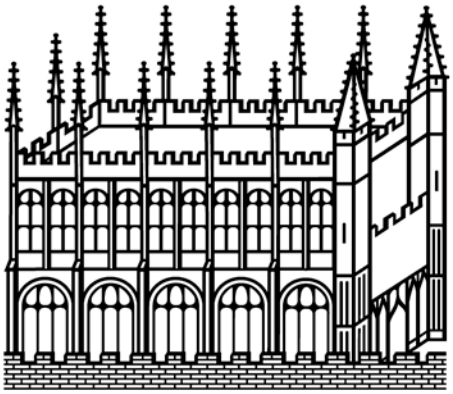

Charles Gresley

A present from his

affectionate Mama

April 5th 1825.

Netherseale

[illegible]

W. Harvey del. W. Collard sc.

"He saw they were bringing Arthur to the house; his papa had him in his arms. p. 83.

London, Published by Baldwin, Cradock & Joy, July 21823.

TALES

OF

BOYS AS THEY ARE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LIVES OF LEARNED AND EMINENT MEN.

Containing

THE NOISE,

THE REFUSAL,

THE HEAP OF STONES.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1823.

Printed by T. C. Hansard, Peterborough-court, Fleet-street, London.

PREFACE.

RECREATION is as necessary for the mind as for the body, and as there are exciting pleasures which destroy the relish for the sober solid enjoyments of domestic life, so are there extant different species of light reading, which are destructive to good taste, and the forming a healthy, sound, understanding.

Fairy Tales, for example: the objects they present are either alluring to the sense only, or by being entirely unnatural become

terrific to a vivid imagination, while the moral, or any usefully practical application of them, if ever designed, is so obscure as scarcely ever to be thought of.

On the contrary, Tales, consisting of real incidents well chosen, or accounts of natural characters so placed, as to call forth the better feelings and affections, are likely to be useful in forming good children, and therefore good men.

That the following Tales are attempts at the latter kind, it is scarcely necessary to add.

THE NOISE.

"WHAT can be the cause of that tremendous noise?" cried Mrs. Morland: and she started instantly from her chair to inquire; Mr. Morland ran to the door at the same moment.

The sound was from above, but before they had half reached the top of the stairs, they saw their second son, Bertram, rolling down them at the same time with a large stone pitcher, which had been filled with

water, but the greatest part of its contents had poured on Bertram in its fall. Mr. Morland caught Bertram by the arm, the pitcher proceeded to the bottom of the stairs, where it was broken to pieces. "Why, Bertram!" cried his papa, "how came the pitcher and you to have so unlucky a meeting?" Poor Bertram did not feel quite comfortable at that moment; he had received several bruises, and the cold water made him shiver, so he answered by bursting into tears.

Upon examining the bruises, his papa found that they were not very serious, except one by the side of his eye, which would most probably disfigure him for a few days.

"Go and get your wet clothes off," said his mamma. "After that, we will

hear how it happened," and the nurse-maid, who had been likewise brought by the noise, carried him up stairs.

"That boy will certainly meet with some very dreadful accident one day," said Mr. Morland, as he shut the door, "what can be done to correct this shocking carelessness?"

"Really," said Mrs. Morland, "if his constant bruises and hurts do not make some impression upon him, I do not know of any thing else that is likely to do so; but we have not yet heard how this last misfortune happened, it is possible that he may not have been able to help it."

"Where could Arthur have been," said Mr. Morland; "it is but a few minutes ago that they left the room together." Before he had concluded, Ar-

thur made his appearance, with nearly as large a bruise on his forehead as Bertram had on his eye.

"Did you hear or see Bertram fall," said his papa?

"Yes," answered Arthur, colouring deeply, "we were at play together."

"At play! what at the top of the stairs?" "No, we were running from one room into another." Bertram now entered, looking a little more cheerful than when he had left them.

"Come," said his papa, "now tell us all about this affair, what were you both doing just before?"

"I wanted Arthur to play at trap in the garden," said Bertram, "and he said he would not, for he was going up stairs to get his pencil to draw, and he ran into your room; I ran

after him—then he ran out, and I thought he ran up stairs, but he was gone into the other room; just as I was going up after him, he peeped out, and laughed; I tried to catch him, he to get past me, and we struck so hard against one another, that I tumbled over the pitcher and down stairs."

"But was it against you that he bruised his head so violently?" said his mamma.

"No, against the trap: I knocked him with it, but I did not mean to do it."

"You never mean to hurt either him or yourself, I should imagine," said his papa; "yet you do it, two or three times every day; and so you will continue to do, if you throw your-

self about without considering where you may fall, or who against."

"I think I will not do it again," said Bertram, "and I am sorry that I have hurt Arthur;" at the same time putting his arms round his neck and kissing him.

"Remember, my dear," said his mamma, "this is not the first time you have made that promise: if you continually break your word, we can have no respect whatever for you."

"Then I will not," said Bertram, "I *will* try to be good indeed;" and he ran into his mamma's arms to seal his promise with another kiss.

Presently after, the boys left the room together.

"Now, Arthur," said Bertram, "let us have our game at ball."

"I had rather not," replied Arthur, "for I do not know my lesson; so I shall go and learn it."

Bertram did this time remember his promise to be good: he thought he would try to learn his lesson as well as Arthur: they went together for their books, and, on their way, Bertram said to himself, "I will make mamma respect me; she shall see how I can keep my word."

Bertram learnt and said his lesson so well, that his mamma was well satisfied, and he quite happy.

"Now, my love, where is your book to read?" said his mamma.

Arthur was seated on a chair by the window, and had in his hand a book, the cover of which resembled the one Bertram wanted.

Too impatient to ask for it, in one instant, all his good resolutions were forgotten; he darted across the room, "Give me that book Arthur!" and without waiting to see if he would do so; he laid hold of it; the book was not the one he was to read out of, so Arthur did not choose to let him have it, and held it with all his force; Bertram pulled harder still; "Stop," cried their mamma, "what are—— you about," she would have said, but it was too late, Bertram had given a sudden jerk; Arthur was holding with all his might, and fell backwards through the window.

Seeing the blood run down Arthur's cheek, made Bertram once more think how very silly he was; the broken glass had cut Arthur's cheek. Bertram

wished it had been his own instead; he thought he would rather feel a smart than see the cut that he had given Arthur; it made him very uncomfortable indeed, and when his mamma lifted Arthur up, she said—"Oh! Bertram," and looked so vexed, that Bertram could not bear to see it: so he covered his face with his hands; and when his mamma saw his grief, she thought it would make him remember not to be again violent when near a window: she therefore said no more to him; the wound was dressed, and fortunately soon got well.

As long as the mark of the cut was very visible, it reminded Bertram of his determination not to be violent again, so they were very comfortable

for some days; the boys learnt, played, and went out together very lovingly; and their mamma began to hope that Bertram really was going to learn to think.

After the coming Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Morland had determined that Arthur and Bertram should go to an excellent day-school which was in the neighbourhood; the boys were delighted at the idea of going, for as they had not been at school before, they were impatient to see what sort of a place it was.

The distance they had to go to it was not above half a mile; they were to be there at nine in the morning during winter, and at eight in the summer; they stayed the day, and returned in the evening, dining at the

school, at which there were boarders, as well as day scholars.

Arthur soon gained great praise from his master; he had gone twice through his Latin grammar at home, and was quite perfect in the declension of the nouns and conjugation of the verbs; besides which, he had learnt something of the syntax, and as he paid great attention to his master's explanation of what he did not understand, he was soon able to apply what he had learnt so well, that his translations were quicker, and better done than those of many boys who were nearly twice his age; nothing appeared to give him so much satisfaction as the being able to say his lesson without missing one word, which he very frequently did; his

school-fellows often called him book-worm, that was when he did not choose to play with them, but whenever they could get him to do so they were glad, for he was both lively and good-natured.

Bertram was a great favourite with all his school-fellows: whatever play was proposed, he would engage in it with all his heart; and if any dispute arose, his good-natured manner of settling it, was sure to put all parties in good temper again very quickly; but at times when his violence made him forget himself, he frequently both hurt and offended those he most wished to please; when he learnt, it was as he played, most furiously, when he had his lesson to learn, if it were at home, he would snatch his

book, run into the garden, and there, pacing most rapidly, would repeat it over and over as fast as he was walking.

This violent manner of learning could not last long; for three weeks Bertram said his lessons, and attended to every thing he had to do so well, that it appeared as if he would soon overtake Arthur, and the vivid recollection that he had of their late misfortune, curbing his temper, he was one of the most amiable boys that could be met with.

Unfortunately his good fit lasted no longer, and his passion for play returned with greater force than before. As they were going from school one evening, he cried out, "Arthur, my boy, are you as weary as I am of

this fagging life? Learn, learn, learn! we have had enough already, I think, to last till next holidays. Hey-day! my little fellows, where did you come from? Come, Arthur, let us have a shy at those two pigs, or a race after them."

"I do not want either," said Arthur, "unless you have a mind to drive them back to the common, from whence, I suppose, they came, for the gate is open I see."

If Arthur had not proposed driving them back to the common, Bertram would have done so, without thinking which way he was going, so that he had his run after the pigs; but the spirit of contradiction was just beginning to actuate him, and he waited not to try to master it: it was fun

he thought, to thwart Arthur, and suddenly throwing the string of his satchel round his brother's neck, told him that as he was so fond of learning, he had better have a double portion of it, but that he liked fun better; and off he darted after the pigs: they scampered down a lane quite in a different direction from either the school or Mr. Morland's house; away flew Bertram after them, Arthur following, calling out to Bertram to come back: for a few minutes he gained upon them, but as he had his own bag of books, as well as Bertram's they rather impeded his progress. Being vexed, he soon fancied himself tired, and seated himself on the first gate he met with, in expectation of Bertram's return.

After waiting some time, without seeing any thing of him, he determined not to wait any longer, and jumping from the gate, "Bertram may find his way back by himself," he cried, and slowly bent his steps towards home.

Bertram, in the mean time, followed up the chace after the pigs with all his might: a dog from a farm house, which they passed, joined him, and with his bark, Bertram's halloo, and the pigs squeaking, they contrived to make a tolerable noise: on they went, from one lane to another, till Bertram was quite exhausted, and he stopped for the first time, when, to his surprise, he saw the last ray of the setting sun, and he turned round to see where he was; the pigs finding a gate open, without ceremony walked into a gar-

den, and there began regaling themselves upon some cabbages, their long run having, probably, sharpened their appetites.

Bertram thought no more of them; he had had his frolic, and just now was beginning to think, that perhaps it would have been better for him if he had not made it quite so long; back he turned, with the intention of getting home as fast as possible; he ran, and the dog had left the pigs to follow him; they had come a much greater distance than Bertram was aware of, neither could he so readily find his way: at length, with the help of the dog, they reached the farm to which he belonged, from which a boy whistled to him, and he obeyed

the call. Bertram had then to proceed as well as he could alone.

By the time he reached the common the evening was so far advanced, that Bertram heartily wished himself at home at his supper, for very hungry he was; but in spite of his hunger, and his haste, he could not help stopping to speak to a little girl, who was standing just in his path, sobbing as if her heart would break: she held her apron up to her face, so that at first he did not see it, till he said, "What is the matter with you poor girl?" when she dropped her apron, and he saw it was the daughter of one of his papa's labourers, a pretty little girl that his mamma was much interested about.

"Why Margaret!" he cried, "I did not know you; what can have happened to you?"

"Oh! the pigs, the pigs," sobbed Margaret, "I shall never be able to see mother again without the pigs, father only brought them home last night; to-day I had to watch them, they were here when I went to fetch some more worsted for my knitting, and when I came back they were gone! I have been all round the common to look for them, and now it is getting dark, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

She might have gone on some time longer without Bertram's stopping her, for he could neither tell how to speak, or what to say.

One good quality that Bertram

possessed was, that, upon no occasion could he have been induced to utter a falsehood; no punishment would have been so great to him, as the shame he would have felt, if he had been cowardly enough to tell a falsehood to screen himself from it.

After a few moments silence, he exclaimed, "What a beast of a fellow I am! Margaret—'twas I that drove your pigs away, and where they are now, I am sorry to say, I do not know."

"You, master Bertram! how could you be so cruel?"

"I did not mean to be cruel, I only wanted to have my sport out, I did not think whose pigs they were: how sorry I am! but stay, Margaret, do not cry any more, go and tell your

father that it was my fault, and that to-morrow I will come to him very early, and try to find them; but now, I must go and tell my papa what has become of myself—good night," he called out as he ran off, nor did he stop till he was within a short distance from the house, where he met his father and Arthur, who had been some distance in search of him.

Bertram stopped, looked down, "Papa, I have been very foolish indeed."

"And are come to tell me, I suppose, that you are very sorry for it; but where have you been until this time of night?"

Bertram was almost too much ashamed to tell, but he thought of Margaret, and his courage returned.

"I drove the pigs away, papa, because Arthur said, drive them back to the common; I wish I had stayed to hear him. Instead of doing so, a dog and I drove them down the lanes, till the setting sun made me think it was time to be at home; and when I got back to the common, I found I had been driving away our Philip's pigs. I met poor Margaret crying sadly, because she had lost them.

"And did you not tell her which way you drove them?" said Arthur.

"No, I ran home to ask papa if I may go to-morrow morning at five o'clock with her father to look for them."

"By that time," said his papa, "it may be too late, will you never get rid of this shocking carelessness Bertram?

Now suppose these people are not able to find their pigs, how will you be able to make them any compensation?"

"They shall have all my money, papa, for this year and next, two-pence a week you know, fifty-two weeks in a year, fifty pence is four and two-pence, and two more, four and four-pence, twice that, eight and eight-pence in one year, will not that buy one pig?"

"I do not know what size they are, besides you would not be able to pay them till a year hence, when the pigs would have increased to double the size they now are; but we had better go at once to their house, and tell Philip what has become of his lost pigs,"—and accordingly they moved in that direction.

Bertram's impatience would not allow him to walk, and he ran on first, his papa and Arthur soon overtook him, and they all reached the cottage together.

Philip and his wife were standing at the door talking very loud, but on seeing Mr. Morland approach, they were silent, and Philip stepped forward to pay his respects to his master; Margaret had crept behind her mother, that the still visible traces of her grief, might not be again noticed.

"Well, Philip," said Mr. Morland, "this is an unfortunate affair about your pigs; we are come to tell you all we know about it, but you may perhaps have learnt something about them yourself."

"Shall I go with him now, papa, and show him where I left them? I think I could find the way: indeed Philip I am very sorry, and wish I had known they were yours."

"I wish you had master Bertram, but if they had belonged to any one else, it would have given them the same trouble, you know, that it now does me: but you are too fond of driving every thing you meet with, sir, to think who you trouble by doing so." (But I am determined I will think next time, said Bertram to himself, though he was ashamed to say again what he had said so many times.) Philip continued, "We have heard where they are master, they are safe enough."

Bertram, started; "I am so glad!"

"You have not yet heard where they are, sir," said Philip:—"they are in the pound!"

"And do you know who impounded them?" asked Mr. Morland, "or if they have done much mischief?"

"Mr. Jarvis, the gardener, sir. He says, they have destroyed a crown's worth of his cabbages, and before they are let out of the pound, he must be paid three shillings at least."

Bertram pulled his papa's arm: "May I tell him that I will pay that?"

"Certainly: it is but justice that you should do so; but you cannot even do that without running in debt: the poor things would be badly off if they were obliged to remain in prison until you had money to retrieve

them. Here Philip, he continued, giving him the money: Bertram will gladly pay for the liberation of the prisoners his carelessness has made; but for the trouble you have had, I do not know what he can do."

"I will promise," said Bertram, "to give him no more: and if I keep my word, Philip, you will forgive me, will you not?"

"Aye, that I will, master Bertram: but I fear it will be more difficult for you to keep that promise, than for me to forgive, if it were a dozen times more."

"Where is Margaret?" said Mr. Morland: the cause of her grief being removed, Margaret was no longer ashamed to show herself, and she dropped a courtesy.

"I hope I shall never make you cry so again, Margaret," said Bertram.

"Oh! I shall never cry again now the pigs are found," said Margaret: "so pray do not think any thing more about it, master Bertram."

Mr. Morland now thought it was high time that his boys were at home: so they bade Margaret and her father good night, and returned as quickly as possible. Mrs. Morland received them very gladly, as she was beginning to feel uncomfortable at their staying so late: poor Bertram was so hungry, he could not answer any questions; so his papa promised to answer them all for him, and as soon as he had finished his supper, both Bertram and Arthur were very glad to retire to rest.

Bertram's fatigue made him sleep later than usual the next morning, so that they went to school with his lesson unlearnt. "Here is another misfortune, Arthur, now what will our old Doctor say to me, when I tell him I have not once read this plaguy lesson?"

"That I am sure I cannot tell; it is the first time; so perhaps he will be merciful."

"Well, come, let us have it over as soon as possible," said Bertram; and, taking his brother's arm, they ran on to the school door.

On entering the school, Bertram walked directly up to the master; "Sir, I am sorry that I am obliged to tell you, I do not know one word of my lesson to-day."

"How is that, sir?" Bertram then related the adventure of the evening before, and the master being struck with his frankness, and knowing it to be the first instance of his neglect, told him, that for this once, he would not punish him; but to beware of coming before him again without having learnt his lesson.

Bertram was in such high spirits at having got so well out of the scrape, that he found it difficult to attend to his studies. He got tolerably well through the school hours; but as soon as they had returned home, he told Arthur, that play he must, for that evening; the next morning he would get up early, and do what he had to do before breakfast.

The brothers were up in good time,

but as Bertram's fit of industry appeared to be at an end, his lessons were not so well attended to as they ought to have been, and he very narrowly escaped being severely punished: again, on their way home, Arthur began to persuade him to learn in the evening, instead of leaving it till the morning; but Bertram told him he did not want to hear any of his preaching, and seeing his papa some little distance before them, they ran on, and soon overtook him.

He was accompanied by a friend who lived about a mile from them, his name was Raymond, he had been travelling, and therefore had not been at Mr. Morland's before for a considerable time: great joy it gave the boys to see him, as he was very kind

to them, and his visits never failed to produce some new amusement.

"Oh! we are so glad to see you! and are you come to dine with us?" the boys cried at the same moment.

"Yes, I am, but I should hardly have imagined that you would have remembered me so well after my long absence; and how do you like school?"

"Very well," replied Arthur. Bertram was silent. It the question had been asked durmg the time his industrious fit had lasted, he would have readily said very much; and he now wished that it had lasted a little longer, for he would have been much ashamed that their friend should hear of his idleness; and he took Arthur aside. "Shall we," said he, "go and

learn our lessons while they are at dinner? Then we can stay and hear them talk afterwards."

Arthur readily complied, and telling Mr. Raymond they should see him again soon, they bounded off, and for the next hour were very industrious.

When dinner was over, and the boys went into the dining-room, Mr. Morland and his friend were conversing together: Arthur and Bertram stopped to listen; this was always considered by them as a great treat; for they were not only allowed to listen, but to ask questions, if they did not exactly understand what they heard. It was Mr. Raymond's kindness which had procured them this indulgence,

for they were not allowed it with all Mr. Morland's friends.

"We have had frequent storms of thunder and lightning in England this summer, but not so bad as those you have met with on the Continent," observed Mr. Morland.

"I never remember having witnessed so many awful effects produced by the electric fluid, as I have this year," said Mr. Raymond.

"What is the electric fluid, papa?" asked Arthur.

"It is a very subtile fluid which produces most of the wonderful phenomena of nature."

"Phenomena are remarkable appearances, you told us, papa," said Bertram; "but what is subtile?"

"Very fine and thin; it is generally so much so, as to be invisible."

"But you were talking about storms," said Arthur; "what have they to do with the electric fluid?"

"Only that it is that same fluid which causes thunder storms," said Mr. Raymond.

"Then when we have a storm we shall be able to see this fluid, shall we not?"

"The effects of it you may see, but the fluid itself is very rarely seen," said Mr. Raymond.

"If you Arthur had taken the trouble to read those little books, I offered you a few days ago," said Mrs. Morland, "you would not now have been under the necessity of

troubling Mr. Raymond with so many questions."

"What, the Scientific Dialogues,* mamma?"

"Yes, my love; they were very tiresome, I think you said, but you would have found a very amusing account of electricity in them."

"He shall read it," said Mr. Raymond, "after he has seen my electrical machine, and then he will take more interest in it. You have never brought the boys to see any of my curiosities," continued he, turning to Mr. Morland: "when will you do so?"

"Any day on which it is convenient for you to receive them."

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* Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, in 6 vols.

"Let it be on Thursday, then, if you please; the day after to-morrow."

The *boys* were undoubtedly pleased that it should be so; for Bertram roared out his joy in a shout of thanks, and Arthur said, looking very sparkling, "Oh! I shall like it *so* much."

Mr. Morland agreed to take them in the evening of the day mentioned: then turning to Arthur, said—"You were particularly inquisitive about Venice the other day: Mr. Raymond has been there since we have seen him."

"Oh, has he!" cried Arthur, "I wish I had been with him! is it not a town built in the middle of the sea?"

"The small islands on which Venice is built, called the Lagunes, are five miles from the continent, but there is

a large dyke to defend the town from the sea. Why do you imagine that you should so much like to see Venice, Arthur?"

"Because I think it must be something like a ship, and I am very fond of ships."

"At a distance its towers certainly look very much like the masts of a ship, but it has not the advantages of one, being always still, neither has it the advantages of a town, for its streets are canals, from which in hot weather a very unpleasant smell arises; and in winter, when they have very bad weather, it is not possible, at times, to go from one part of the city to another; I met with many persons in the lower class, who had never visited the square of St. Mark, which is the

largest and finest part of the town: and another disadvantage is, that they have no gardens, or fields to run about in; Bertram would not like that, I think."

"No," replied Arthur, "nor should I; but I should like to go up and down their canals in one of their gondolas."

"Or to see the towers in the square of St. Mark," said Mr. Raymond; "in one of them, the stairs are so constructed, that a person may go up them on horseback. One of their smallest pieces of money," he continued, "is called gazetta; the first newspapers were published there, on a single leaf, and sold for a gazetta a piece; and from that, all newspapers have been called gazettes. But are we

not to have a walk this fine evening? come, Arthur, you and I have not had a race together so long, I fear by this time you will outstrip me."

The whole party accordingly set out; the Spring was far advanced, it was near the banks of the Medway that Mr. Morland's house was situated, where the country is fertile, and beautiful; primroses, anemones, and blue-bells, embroidered dells, which had been formed by stone having been dug out of them; and on the loose earth which remained in these old quarries, a number of "garden flowers grow wild;" up and down these declivities the boys ran, gathering the most beautiful of the flowers for their friend, or their mamma; every plant or flower they met with, Mr. Ray-

mond could tell them, not only its name, but its uses, and whether it was originally a native of Great Britain, or of other countries: he knew every different note of the little warblers that charmed them in their walks, and he sometimes amused the boys by describing the different manner of their building their nests.

"Listen, Arthur," said Mrs. Morland; "what bird is that we now hear?"

"The nightingale, mamma; that is easily known, its note is so different from that of every other bird; is it a native of England, Mr. Raymond?"

"It is supposed to be an inhabitant of Asia during the time that it is not to be found in Europe; it is met with in Siberia, in Sweden, Germany,

France, Italy, and Greece; but from all those places it is migratory, as it is from England: in Aleppo no entertainment is made in the Spring without these birds; they are kept tame in houses, and are let out at a small rate for that purpose."

"But if the entertainment is given in the day, they would be of no use, as they only sing at night."

"So it has been supposed, and its name is expressive of the time of its melody, night, and gale, which is from the Saxon word *galan* to sing, but it sings both during the night and day."

"We have never seen it," said Bertram: "do you know what colour it is?"

"Its back is of an olive brown, and

its under parts of a pale ash colour, and its size rather larger than a hedge sparrow; it is very seldom seen, for it builds in the thickest hedges; it is a solitary bird, seldom seen in even small flocks, nor are two of its nests ever met with together: in ornithology it is one of the species of Motacilla."

"What do you mean by ornithology?" asked Arthur.

"It means the science which treats of birds, describes their formation, and teaches their economy and uses."

"How much you know!" said Bertram to Mr. Raymond, "how did you learn all the things you tell us?"

"Only by reading with attention, which is a very agreeable way of employing time, and by asking questions

of those persons who are likely to give me information, on subjects with which I am not acquainted."

"But you need never ask any questions, for you know every thing."

"Indeed I do not; the most learned men are ignorant on some subjects, and I do not, by any means, consider myself as one of the most learned, although I do happen to know so much more than Bertram and you do."

"Did you ever learn Latin?" asked Bertram

"When a school boy I did, and fortunately met with an excellent master who made me learn it well."

"Did you like it?"

"Not much, until I began to translate; then I became interested in the study, and took great pains, which I

have since found of infinite use to me, for there are few sciences in which a knowledge of Latin is not found requisite."

By this time, they had reached the house, the boys declared they had had a most delightful walk, and as their mamma told them it was late, they bade Mr. Raymond good night, telling him they should not forget the day after to-morrow.

The next morning Arthur and Bertram rose early: they thought of Mr. Raymond, and learnt their lessons well. On their way to school, they passed a number of boys flying a kite; "Stop," cried Bertram, "do let us stay to see it mount."

Arthur waited for him a few mi-

nutes, "Now Bertram, the kite is up, and we have no time to lose."

"What difference can a few minutes make? you are always in such a hurry, Arthur."

"I have not been in a hurry now, I am sure, but I will wait no longer; have you forgotten to-morrow evening?"

"No, to be sure I have not: go on, I will overtake you before you are near school."

Arthur went on, but he had reached the school-door some time before Bertram had overtaken him, almost breathless with the haste he had been obliged to make, after waiting to look at the kite so long.

"Arthur, I must make a kite this

evening, they did fly that well; now did they not?"

"I neither know nor care," said Arthur, for he was a little vexed with Bertram for not having reached him sooner, and they went into the school in not quite so good a temper with each other as usual.

Arthur got through his work tolerably well, but Bertram thought more of the kite than of what he was about, and displeased his master, who, on account of his careless conduct, gave him a much longer lesson than was usual, for the following day.

On their way home, Bertram was very much disconcerted—"How very provoking!" he cried; "here have I double as much as usual to do to-morrow, when we wanted to get out

of school early; it is your fault, Arthur, because you were so cross all the day that I could not learn so well."

This, Arthur did not like to hear, because he felt that he had been pettish, and instead of trying to remedy it, by answering his brother more kindly, he gave way to his humour, and answered him still more pettishly, which made Bertram sulky, and they walked home without saying any thing more to each other, by which Bertram lost his adviser, and Arthur his companion; he went into a room by himself to learn his Latin, after which, he took a book and read. Bertram was disheartened by the length of his lesson; unfortunately for him, his papa and mamma were

gone out to dinner, and as he did not chuse to go and ask Arthur any questions about it, he only just looked at it, made up his mind that it was too difficult to learn that evening, and then began seeking for materials to make his kite; string he generally kept in his pocket; a hoop and a lath the gardener assisted him to find, and he busily employed himself for an hour in trying to fasten them together, which, at length, he succeeded in doing, but not very securely.

Tired of being by himself, he then went to seek for Arthur, who by this time also began to feel a little solitary, so that he received his brother more kindly, and he was just going to assist him with his kite; but recollecting the long lesson, he said—

"Bertram, how is it you have got through your long lesson so soon?"

"By not learning it at all. I only just gave one look, and it appeared so tremendous, that I could get no further."

"Then what shall we do to-morrow, if you are not able to say it?"

"To-morrow must take care of itself; I am not in a humour, now, to mope over books in play-time." Arthur again tried to prevail upon Bertram to return to his lesson, but his efforts were fruitless: Bertram was bent upon making his kite, and nothing could induce him to look at his book again for that evening.

The morning after, when Bertram awoke, his thoughts were not of the most agreeable kind; it was Thursday

morning; he had a long day's work to perform, and unless they were returned from school by half past five, their papa had said, they could not go with him to Mr. Raymond's. "Arthur," he cried, "I wish I had worked at my Latin last night instead of at the kite."

"Your wishing comes too late," said his brother, "all you can do now is, to make what haste you can, and try to make up for lost time."

This Bertram immediately did: he dressed himself, and took his book; but he had only time to read it over once before they were called to breakfast, and, as soon as they had done, their mamma said—"Come, make haste, you must be at school this morning in good time, that you may

have finished all you have to do early. Your papa will call for you, and take you from school to Mr. Raymond's house, as it is part of the way there. Go, now, be dressed, and set out directly."

They did so; and the whole time they were on their way, Bertram held his book in his hand, and tried to learn his lesson; but it was too difficult to get through in so short a time, and great was his dismay when he found himself at the school-door, without knowing more than six lines of his lesson.

In vain he kept behind the other boys, as long as possible, conning it with the utmost attention; he knew his turn must come, and in a few minutes he was roused by his master,

who had spoken once to him without Bertram's hearing, he had been so deeply engaged.

"Well, sir! how long do you mean me to wait for this lesson? By your deep attention to it just now, I fear you have paid but little before."

Bertram felt it was but too true: he hesitatingly gave his book; he got through the first twelve lines tolerably, then began to stammer, blushed deeply, and at length stopped: he could proceed no further.

"Did I not tell you, sir," cried his master, in a voice which appeared to Bertram like thunder, "to beware of trifling with me again in this manner; this carelessness must be made an example of: you will remain in confinement, sir, until six o'clock this even-

ing, and, during that time, not only this lesson must be learnt, but another likewise, or you will not be liberated even then."

Poor Bertram was led off: his master was not aware of the extent of the punishment he had inflicted, or it is probable he might not have made it so severe.

It was almost as great to Arthur as to Bertram, for they did not perfectly enjoy any thing without each other. Arthur got through his task, but he could not eat any dinner, he thought of Bertram so much; and instead of looking forward to his papa's summons with joy, he dreaded to hear of his arrival, because his papa would then hear of Bertram's disgrace.

At length the summons came—"If

the master Morlands had finished, they were wanted."

"Morland," said his master, "you are at liberty to go, but your brother must wait until the time of his confinement has expired."

Arthur stood still for one minute; he wished to intercede for his brother: his master guessed what his thoughts were.

"It is of no use, Morland," he said, "my word, you know, is irrevocable." Arthur did know it: he bowed, and slowly walked down stairs to his papa.

"How is this, Arthur? what, alone? where is Bertram?" Arthur hid his face in his hands and sobbed out—"he is in confinement:" for himself he would have been ashamed to cry;

but, for Bertram, it was not possible to help it.

"I am very sorry to hear it," replied his papa: "to day, at least, I thought he would have worked hard."

"And so he would, papa; but it was not to-day, it was last night that he was negligent; you were out, and he thought he must make a kite; but cannot we wait for him papa? he will be let out at six."

"No; we cannot:" answered his papa, taking Arthur's hand.—"I am sorry," he said, "for Bertram, but he must receive the punishment of his idleness: it is more merciful to him to let him experience it now, than to wait till he is a man, when it would be much more severe; if he were now suffered to have his own way, and

allowed to remain in his present state of ignorance, how do you think he would feel amongst other men when they were talking on subjects that he knew nothing about? Can he, do you think, learn any profession without study? who do you think would keep such an idle ignorant fellow in their house? not I, believe me; you see the respect Mr. Raymond's friends have for him, what do you suppose that is owing to?"

"Is it because he knows so much?"

"Undoubtedly it is; something must likewise be allowed to his goodnatured manner of imparting his knowledge to others; besides which, he posses one good quality which many learned men do not."

"What is that, papa?"

" He is entirely free from conceit. I have heard him say, that he has met with few men from whom he could not learn something; if he happened to know more on some subjects than they, they knew more on some other which he had not had leisure or opportunities of attending to; but see, that is his house just before us," and in a few minutes they had reached the gate.

Mr. Raymond overtook them before they had got as far as the house. " I was afraid," he said, " as he shook hands with them, that I should not return in time. I have been paying a visit about five miles distant for the purpose of seeing a new species of shell. The shower of rain we had some little time ago detained me, and

I stayed to dinner: but where is my friend Bertram?" Arthur did not like to answer; but Mr. Morland replied —"I am sorry to say, that he has been detained at school too long to accompany us."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Mr. Raymond: "but you must come again with him some other day"— "Oh! thank you," said Arthur, shaking the hand of Mr. Raymond. They had now reached the house.

"Arthur is impatient, I imagine, to see the electrical machine: we will look at it first," said Mr. Raymond; and they all proceeded up stairs. Upon opening the door, Mr. Raymond exclaimed, "What a misfortune, Arthur will not see any experiment to-day."

"How so?" asked Mr. Morland.

"I imprudently left the window open this morning when I went out: the same shower of rain which detained me, has covered our machine with moisture; and when damp, you know, it will not produce electricity."

"I am very glad," said Arthur.

"Indeed!"

"Yes: because now Bertram and I may see it together."

"You are a good fellow, Arthur," said Mr. Raymond, "to think of your brother. Your papa must bring you both to dine with me one day next week, that will be the best way of seeing it, as you must come earlier."

Mr. Morland assented, and Arthur looked his grateful thanks.

"Will you have the goodness to

show Arthur your birds?" said Mr. Morland.

"Certainly;" and he threw open the door of an apartment, the sides of which were lined with stuffed birds of every description, kept with great care, and arranged in a scientific manner. Arthur was delighted; and asked numerous questions, which Mr. Raymond, as was usual with him, answered with great patience and clearness. After which he showed Arthur a curious collection of shells. "Which do you like best," said he, "the shells, or the birds?"

"The birds," replied Arthur. "I think I should like ornithology, because I wish so much to know all about the birds we have been looking at."

"And should you not like to know conchology also?"

"I do not know what that means."

"Conchology means the description of shells, and of their different species. I have some so small, that they cannot be seen without a microscope. It is getting rather too dark now for you to see them, but when you come again, I will show them to you in a microscope. We will now go and have some tea;" which they did, and afterwards Mr. Morland and Arthur took leave, much pleased with their visit; Arthur particularly so, as he anticipated a still greater pleasure in coming again with Bertram.

Poor Bertram, when he was first led into confinement, was so overwhelmed with his disgrace, that he

felt a sullen sort of satisfaction when the door was shut, and he was sure that no one could see him; but when he thought of the evening, and of his papa and Arthur setting off without him, it was with difficulty he prevented himself from shedding tears: but his pride kept him from doing so; he had time to think again and again, of his conduct. At first he was stubborn: "They cannot make me learn whether I will or no," he said to himself, "and that I will show them." But as the time passed on, and he became weary, he began to think rather differently. He thought of his mamma; what would she say to him? she will not speak he thought, but if she looks very sorry, I cannot bear that; and he took up his book;

his dinner was then brought into the room, a large piece of bread and a glass of water: the servant laid it on a table, and left the room. "This my dinner!" said Bertram, "I will not eat it;" and he continued to look at his lesson. The clock struck two. Bertram was so hungry, that he could not help breaking off a piece of the bread; and as he continued learning, he broke off piece after piece, without looking at it, till he was surprised at finding it was all gone: the clock struck three, four, ah! thought Bertram, in one hour more papa will be here, and I ——— his heart swelled; but he again began learning his lesson, for he would not cry. He had mastered the first, and was now working hard at the second lesson. When

the clock struck five, he learnt very hard indeed, that he might not think of his papa and Arthur, and before the clock struck six, he knew both his lessons well. The door opened, he must go to the master. Bertram went with a firm step, for he now felt that he was master of both his lessons; and he said them so well, that his master could not help telling him, he was much grieved at having been under the necessity of punishing a boy, who could, if he pleased, behave so well; "and if," continued he, "this is the last, as well as the first time, of your being punished, it will be quite as agreeable to me, as to you." Then shaking hands with him, he bade him good night.

Bertram flung his bag over his

shoulder, and ran off; nor did he stop till he entered the room where his mamma was sitting at her work; he threw down his books, ran up to her, and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Why, Bertram," my love, "what is the matter? why are you alone? and where is your papa and Arthur?"

Poor Bertram's full heart could bear it no longer, and he burst into a fit of crying.

"Speak, speak, my love," cried his mamma, "and tell me what is the matter:" and Bertram sobbed—"they are gone without me!"

"And why were you not with them?"

"Because, because, oh! I do not like to tell you; because I was confined at school," added he, speaking rapidly—"I did not know my lesson."

"And how happened it that you did not learn it last night?"

Bertram then told his mamma how he had been employed the evening before.

"But where was Arthur? were you not together last evening?"

"No: we were a little angry part of the time."

"I think," said his mamma, "I need not at present say any thing to you of the evil consequences resulting from ill-humour and idleness: you must have felt them to day severely: but, indeed, my dear Bertram, you must try to remember them: for through life you will always find the same causes will bring pain and grief to you, and if to you, to all those who love you as well."

"I *will* remember them, mamma, indeed I will;" cried Bertram, and in the hope of his doing so, his mamma dried his eyes, and tried to console him.

Tea came in presently, and she told him he might have some with her, which Bertram was very glad of. When they had finished, his mamma told him he might get his hat, and take a little walk with her; and they accordingly set out. "You must carry this basket for me," said his mamma.

"What, are we going to see old Martha, mamma?"

"We are."

"Then I suppose I must carry the basket carefully for fear I should shake out the good things; poor old

Martha, she cannot eat much now, mamma."

"Which is the reason she requires something rather delicate,"

Martha was an old servant, who had lived with Mrs. Morland's mother, and was now taken care of by Mr. Morland. Mr. Morland, Mrs. Morland, and the boys frequently paid her a visit, and she was always so glad to see them, that they felt great pleasure in going, and were particularly so when allowed to take her some little present.

When they arrived at her cottage, Bertram very quickly emptied the basket of its contents, which consisted of part of a cold fowl, a pot of jelly, and a small bottle of wine. After staying and chatting with her for a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Morland and Bertram returned. During their

absence, Mr. Morland and Arthur had arrived and came to meet them; the boys felt great joy at seeing each other after so long an absence, and Mr. and Mrs. Morland agreed that Bertram had suffered sufficiently to make him pay more attention to his studies; and therefore no more was said about his punishment.

About their intended visit, Mr. Morland said they had better wait until the next month, when the holidays would commence.

Bertram's disgrace had made so great an impression on him, that he did not once again neglect his lesson before the commencement of the holidays: if ever he felt inclined to do so, he thought of the promise he had made to his mamma, and felt himself bound in honour to perform it.

Gay, and light of heart, the boys bounded over the lawn the evening of the breaking up: the moment Bertram entered the house, down he threw his books—"Lie you there," said he, "my fine fellows, for one while: you are not going to torment me," he cried: and away they both flew into the garden, where, for that evening, they enjoyed themselves much; and during their holidays, spent most of their time in it.

Mr. Morland's garden was large; he frequently amused himself with gardening for two or three hours; Arthur and Bertram had each a spot of ground which they called their own, in which they were allowed to plant whatever they pleased. Arthur's was generally in the best order; he had patience to wait for his flowers

until they grew, and though sometimes he neglected it for a week together, yet when he came to it again, he looked over it quietly, and when he pulled up the weeds, he took care of his flowers.

Not so with Bertram; he asked the gardener for plants one day, made large holes, and crammed them with great fury into the ground, the next: when he saw their heads drooping, instead of bringing water to them, and waiting to see which of them would take root, he cried, "Poor dead things, they will never grow, I must have them up again;" away he ran for the wheelbarrow, pulled all the plants up, and wheeled them to the dung-heap; and then did not, for weeks, go near his garden again.

While Arthur was at work in his garden, Bertram was furiously driving the wheelbarrow round the shrubbery, or shooting at the birds with his bow and arrow, till weary of playing by himself, he went to Arthur and tried to induce him to leave his garden: sometimes he succeeded; at others, when Arthur was particularly occupied with his flowers, he refused to leave them.

One day he was very much pleased with his employment; he had sown some sweet peas, which had grown very fast indeed; when they were yet very young, Arthur thought they wanted some sticks to support them; very few would do, and he ran to ask the gardener for them.

Bertram had been playing in ano-

ther walk, but seeing Arthur run, he thought he had finished working at his garden, and he ran to meet him.

"Come Arthur, my fine fellow, I am glad you have done; now for a good race."

"Not yet Bertram, in five minutes; I must just stick my sweet peas first."

"That you shall not; I have played by myself long enough."

"Catch me if you can, then," said Arthur, "and, if you do, I will be at your mercy to play as long as you please:" and, like an arrow, he was past Bertram in an instant.

Arthur was nearly seven years old; Bertram almost six—both strong of their age, and ran well; but Arthur being the eldest, and slightly made,

had the advantage; they ran round the garden two or three times; Arthur still gaining distance, which vexed Bertram, and he stood still for a moment to gain breath.

This Arthur did not observe, but continued running with the same velocity, until he had nearly come round again to the spot where his brother was standing.

Bertram heard him coming, and stood quiet till Arthur was nearly within his reach, when he turned so suddenly round upon him, that Arthur, with difficulty, escaped his grasp; they were near a corner: being taken by surprise, instead of turning round it, Arthur, without thinking where he was going, ran straight forward directly across the border, the paling

was not above four feet high, and unfortunately, just in that part a small hole happened to have been broken, through that he put his foot, and sprung over in an instant.

The moment he was on the other side, he repented his haste, it was forbidden ground.

They had been particularly desired, both by their papa and mamma, that upon no account whatever were they to go through the gate which led to or across the paling into the field where Arthur now stood.

" Stay, Bertram, stay! my dear fellow, only one moment, I will be over again, you shall catch me; I will play with you; I will do any thing, only let me come back."

Bertram had a long stick in his

hand, with which he poked his brother every time he endeavoured to climb the paling to get back again.

The more eager Arthur was, to get back, the more fun Bertram thought it was to keep him there, he laughed and huzzaed every time he repulsed him, till Arthur had nearly lost his patience.

If Bertram could but laugh, unfortunately he never thought who he annoyed by doing so.

The stick he had in his hand had been a pea-stick, there were more near where he stood, he flung one over the paling, and cried, "now Arthur, you shall be storming my castle, I will be defending it; back sir, back!"

"Bertram I am not at play!" Nor am I, sir, when a man's castle is being

stormed, he can have no time to play, back! sir! back! I shall defend it to the last," and again he pushed Arthur down, just as he was mounting over.

Arthur ran to another part, but could not find another hole; he then thought of the gate, and ran to that, but Bertram saw his intention, and ran too; Arthur thinking he should now have the advantage, if he ran back once more, again ran to the paling he had first tried, he just had time to get his leg over, when Bertram reached it.

Eager only to carry his point, Bertram thought of nothing else; he flew at his brother, lifted his leg, and of course knocked him down on the ground on the other side; this was

too much, Arthur could bear it no longer, and burst into tears.

Bertram was, as usual, sorry too late, he sprang over the paling, and threw himself on his knees by Arthur, who was still sitting on the ground.

"My dear Arthur, I will not do it again, indeed I will not, let us kiss and be friends;" but Arthur had been too much irritated to be appeased immediately, so he threw his arm back in his brother's face, and told him to be off, he would not be teased by him any more.

"I will not tease you, indeed," said Bertram, "if you will only make it up."

"That I shall not do, sir." "Then I will drive you back to the other end of the field, instead of letting you go back again over the paling."

"That is more than it is in your power to do, sir, so you may try as you please."

Bertram took him at his word, and began to try with all his strength to push his brother backwards.

Arthur for a few minutes sturdily kept his ground, but as Bertram continued to push, at length he drove him back a few paces.

Arthur already inclined to be angry, now became more so; they drove their heads at each other, and pushed with all their might, till Arthur's strength began to fail; he was just going to say, I will make it up Bertram; when Bertram had collected all his strength, and he began to make his brother run backwards, it was but for a few paces they ran, when Arthur fell backwards from

his brother's push, not on the ground, but into a deep well, that they had come to without knowing, for Bertram's head was bent down, and Arthur had had his back towards it; Bertram likewise fell, but as he was his length from it, he only fell with his head on the brink, just to have the horror of seeing his brother fall to the bottom.

"Oh! my dear Arthur," screamed Bertram, "I have killed you;" he sprang on his feet, and ran towards the house to call for assistance; but he did not run strait to the paling with a hole in it, and he had some difficulty in getting over—"Papa! mamma! John! Mary!" The gardener heard his screams, and ran to him—"Oh! my dear Arthur! I have killed him; he is in the well!"

"Oh! master Bertram, what have you done? Call your papa, and tell Harry to bring ropes;" and the gardener himself ran to throw one down the well in hopes that Arthur had yet sense to keep himself up till more help came. Bertram ran screaming to the house, and soon brought his papa, mamma, and the servants, to see what was the matter—"Oh! my dear Arthur," was all he could say, "the well! the well! we have been over the paling."

"Oh! my boy!" cried his father, "bring ropes, instantly!" and he ran directly to the well, whilst the servants flew to obey his orders.

"Mamma?" cried Bertram, "what, have I killed you, too!" for when he looked at her, she was quite white, and could not move.

She held out her hand to him—"My poor boy, if you have had the misfortune to lose your brother, never, never, can you again feel happiness; you have not killed *me*, but you have indeed brought me a heavy sorrow."

Bertram caught hold of her hand, and for a moment hid his face in it; then suddenly starting from her, he ran furiously towards the gate leading to the well; he saw they were bringing Arthur to the house: his papa had him in his arms.

Bertram ran towards them, but when he saw the face of his brother, he could not speak; he looked at his papa; he, too, was pale; but Arthur was so very, very pale: his eyes, too, were shut: Oh! thought Bertram, will he never be able to open them again;

and he followed his papa without speaking.

As soon as Mrs. Morland saw them, she rose and met them; she took Arthur's cold hand in her's, and looked at his papa.

"It is yet possible that he may be saved, I trust," said Mr. Morland; "he must immediately be put into a warm bed."

Bertram's heart beat very fast when he heard his papa say this, but he did not speak.

Mrs. Morland directly ordered the bed to be made very hot, into which Arthur was immediately put; flannels were made hot; he was rubbed with them, and hot bricks put to his feet; his mamma sat by him with anxious looks, watching for some appearance

of life to return; every now and then she felt his heart to feel if it at all beat; every one looked too anxious to speak, and Bertram's heart again sunk: he looked at his papa, that he might see, if possible, what he thought; but his features seemed immoveable; he stood on the other side of the bed, looking with the most intense anxiety on his child.

After about ten anxious and long minutes had elapsed, Mrs. Morland suddenly cried—"My child! my dear Arthur! he will live."

"Is it possible?" cried his father, and he darted round to the same side of the bed as his wife stood, that he might also feel the returning pulsation of his heart.

Bertram threw himself into his

mamma's arms, "Oh, mamma, may I not thank God? how good he is to let Arthur live."

"Yes, my love, you may, indeed; and he will, I trust, help you to become less violent: this has been a sad lesson which you will never forget."

"Oh, never, mamma, never, but Arthur does not look so pale mamma, see! see! he opens his eyes, my dear, dear Arthur!"

"He does indeed open his eyes," said his mamma, "but you must not disturb him at present, you had better go down stairs."

"I will go with him," said his papa; and they left the room together.

Arthur soon recovered sufficiently

to speak, "where am I, mamma? and what is the matter with me?"

His mamma kissed him, and told him that he should talk more about it to-morrow; but that he must not fatigue himself then, and when she saw that he was much better, she left him to the care of the nurse, and then went to tell his papa and Bertram, the comfortable tidings of his amendment.

In a few days Arthur was nearly quite recovered, and down in the drawing-room again: Bertram's joy at seeing him there was great indeed, he hugged, he kissed, he danced round him, brought him his books, his prints, his pencil, every thing he could think of to amuse him, then sat himself close beside him to

watch his looks, and, if possible, bring for him what he wanted before he asked for it.

"My dear Arthur," said Bertram, "I hope I shall never, never tease you any more."

"Nor I you, Bertram; if I had kissed when you asked me, instead of knocking you, you would not have driven me to the other end of the field: I hope we shall neither of us be so silly again."

Nor were they, for some time; this misfortune made so great an impression upon Bertram, that it curbed his violence: long after when he was beginning to be unwise, or troublesome to his brother, the danger his brother had been in would become present to his remembrance, and he

ran to him to say he would do as he pleased.

Arthur, too, tried to be less pettish, and amused himself with his brother more than he had been accustomed to do, which did them both good: they loved one another very dearly, and each tried to help the other both at work and at play, and very happy it made them; for when one happened to be in trouble, the other consoled and made the trouble less, and each felt that the other's happiness was like his own, so that all their griefs were made less, and their pleasures doubled by their affection.

Very great satisfaction it likewise gave to Mr. and Mrs. Morland to see them improve each other, and it made

their brothers and sisters all try to love and make one another happy, as they saw Arthur and Bertram do; for when people are good and happy, seeing them so, very frequently makes others the same.

THE REFUSAL.

"ROBERT! mamma says we may go this afternoon, that is if we employ ourselves well all the morning, and I am come to tell you the good news!"

Edwin immediately sat down to write his copy.

"What good news?" said Robert; "I do not know what you mean; where may we go?"

"Have you forgotten the gardener's grounds, our plants, and mamma's flowers?"

"Oh! is that all, then you may go by yourselves, I do not want to go."

"Not wish to go! why it was only last evening, that you wished for it more than either Edwin or I did; and now mamma says we may go, you do not care about it; it is nothing but contradiction, and I do not like you when you are so perverse."

"You may do as you please about that; I do not care whether you like me or not."

"Very well," said Sophia, and she walked away.

Robert was ten years old, Sophia nine, and Edwin a year younger; they were all good-natured children; but Robert was frequently unwise enough to say he did not like, or did not wish for the very thing, which of

all others, he really desired the most: not that it was Robert's intention to say the thing that was not; it was a ridiculous pride, that at times he was actuated by, which made him contradict others, he scarcely knew why.

With Sophia he had less of it than with any other person, because she patiently reasoned with him on the folly of his conduct, and persuaded him to do those things, which she knew he wished to do, but would not, because when he had been asked to do them, he had answered no.

Robert fully expected that Sophia would return, and again persuade him to go this walk; which she had at first determined not to do, but not liking her mamma to hear of Robert's folly, she at length went.

"Are you not coming to your lessons Robert?"

He was drawing, and without lifting up his head, replied, "I am in no hurry, for I shall have the whole day to do them in."

"Then you still pretend, that it is your intention to remain at home this afternoon?"

"It is not pretence, I have already said I do not want to go."

"Meaning quite the contrary, as you always do; if you persist in saying no, when you mean yes, I will not play with you any more; we do not care whether you go or not; so good bye to you Mr. Contradiction."

"Stop! Sophia, as you wish for it so much, I think I will go."

"Oh! pray do not trouble yourself

to oblige me; Edwin and I can do exceedingly well by ourselves."

"But why are you in such a hurry? hear me Sophia! I *will* go."

Sophia was gone, she knew he would quickly follow, which he did, worked hard all the morning with his brother and sister, and at two, they all set out on their afternoon walk.

Robert was an intelligent lively boy, and, when he chose, could make himself the most agreeable of the party; which happened this afternoon; pleased with the beginning to do what he wished; he ran, he jumped, he played, he did whatever he was asked: when they reached the gardener's grounds, he assisted them to choose the prettiest plants, and he would carry home the bunch of flowers for his mamma.

When they had nearly reached home, "Have we not had a nice walk," said Sophia?

"Very," replied Edwin.

"Delightful!" cried Robert, "I wish we were again beginning instead of being at the end of it."

Sophia laughed, "what makes you laugh Sophia?" "Only because somebody thought they *did not want* to go."

"Oh! but I did not think it would be so very pleasant as it has been."

"Then another time you had better think a little more before you refuse so quickly as you did this morning, you know if you had said it to papa, instead of to me, he would have said, 'Robert must abide by his determination.'"

"So he would, Sophia: if he had

heard me, I should not have to thank you for my walk; I do think I will try not to say no so often. They now entered the house."

"Oh! mamma!" they all cried at once as they rushed into the drawing-room, "we have had such a walk; we have each got our plant—here are your flowers,"

"They are indeed beauties, and I am much obliged for them; let me see your plants, what have you chosen?" the servant now entered, bringing the three flower-pots.

"I," cried Robert, "have chosen this tall crown imperial, see! what fine scarlet flowers it has."

"Yes it is a fine showy plant, but whose choice is this delicate lemon plant?"

"Mine," said Edwin, "do you see these little buds mamma, they will soon blow."

"And scarcely be seen when they are blown," said Robert, "not to be compared with mine, is it?"

"He thinks differently," replied his mamma, "I suppose he has chosen his for a different reason; why did you like this better than a crown imperial Edwin?"

"Because its leaves look so pretty, and it smells so sweet."

"You see, Robert," said his mamma, "that Edwin knew how to choose for himself as well as you did; you admired the gay appearance, and he the delicate smell of his plant; it is not right my love to slight the opinion of another, because it does

not happen to be the same as yours. What have you got Sophia?"

"A rose, mamma, with buds and full-blown roses."

"Combining the good qualities of each, I admire your choice, but the variety is very agreeable, and you will each have the advantage of seeing the others, as if you each had three: it is supper time now, and your papa and I are going out: here are some ripe gooseberries for you all."

I do not wish for any, was on Robert's lips: but Sophia looked at him, he recollected himself, and said, "thank you, mamma," instead; she then bade them good night.

The children were as usual up early the next morning, and in their play-room; their maid servant en-

tered, "Come my dears if you like a nice run, I have an errand to go, your mamma says you may come with me, we shall be back by the time breakfast is ready."

"No, thank you," was Robert's reply, and "Oh! yes!" that of Sophia and Edwin, there was no time for persuasion, the servant gave them their hats, took a hand of each, and was out of doors in an instant, closing the door after them; Robert ran, but he was too late, vexed with himself, and disappointed at finding himself alone, he went back to the play-room, and seating himself on a chair, burst into a fit of crying.

Presently his mamma came down stairs, and was surprised on opening the play-room door, to hear a sob,

as she imagined the children were all gone out with the servant.

"Why, Robert!" she said, "what are you doing here? and why are you not gone out with the others?"

"I did not like to go, mamma;" and he dried his eyes.

"And what was it you wished to do instead? did you prefer sitting here and crying, to taking a walk?"

"No mamma."

"But it appears to me that you have been doing so, have you not?"

Robert was ashamed to say yes, and as he could not say no, he remained silent.

"This behaviour would really be absurd," continued his mamma, "in a child of three years old, but for you it is almost inexcusable, and besides

it is dishonourable; do you not tell an untruth, when you say you do not like a thing that you are at the same moment wishing for? I have lately considered you old enough, Robert, to be a reasonable person; but if you act again in a manner so entirely devoid of reason, I must treat you as a child, and no longer allow you to come into the room, and converse with your papa and myself; what can induce you to say no so frequently when you mean yes?"

"I do not know."

"It would be rather difficult I should imagine to discover a reason for such unwise conduct; your frequent refusals, I suspect, arise from a silly pride, which if you do not endeavour to get rid of, will be the

cause of great vexation to you, both while you are a boy, and when you become a man: when you are asked, if you will or will not do a thing, you must learn to think, before you answer yes, or no; and if you cannot decide immediately upon which will give you the most satisfaction, think which will be the most agreeable to others, you will always feel the most pleasure yourself, when you try to give the most to others: do you perfectly understand me?"

"I believe I do."

"And do you think you will act differently another time?"

Robert readily answered yes, for he felt that he had punished himself by having behaved so inconsiderately.

"Come, then, and give me a kiss,"

said his mamma, " and let me find in future that you learn to think and be wiser. Sophia and Edwin, I hear, are returned; go now to your breakfast, and afterwards come and see your papa."

Robert skipped off, light of heart, for he had made a determination to become wiser. Sophia was glad to see him look smiling, instead of uncomfortable, which she feared he might have been, as she did not expect that he had been with their mamma.

Robert, for some time, did not say no, without thinking; which greatly assisted to keep them all in good-temper, and consequently comfortable.

But ill habits are with difficulty re-

moved, and re-appear like noxious weeds, and if care is not taken to nip them in the bud, they spread and destroy the finest fruits.

One morning the spirit of contradiction began again to rise in Robert's breast.

He was at play with Sophia and Edwin, at nine-pins; in three throws he had knocked all the pins down except two, which were in a line; "and in one throw I shall win the game," cried he, "for you, Sophy, took six, and Edwin nine throws to knock them down."

"You will not win this game, sir," said Edwin; who, not liking to be beaten, was determined Robert should not win, and he kicked down the remaining two, at the same time catch-

ing up the ball, and running off with it.

Robert and Sophia ran after him; Edwin ran through the door which led into the garden, banging it after him; it was rather difficult to open, and while Robert was occupied in raising the latch, Edwin had gained ground considerably.

"Never mind him," said Sophia, "let us go and play at something else."

"I shall not play at any thing else; what business had he to spoil my game;" and on he flew, Sophia following. Edwin seeing Robert coming, stood still facing him, as if to wait his approach; Robert ran furiously at him, and just as he fancied him within his reach, Edwin slipped aside, and

ran back again towards the house; Robert was running so furiously that he went some paces beyond Edwin before he could turn round, and during this time Edwin gained ground, and again reached the house. Robert irritated at being again foiled, rushed rapidly in after him, caught hold of him, and attempted to get possession of the ball. Edwin would not let him have it, and in their struggle they made so tremendous a noise, that it brought their papa down stairs to see what was the matter: just as he entered the room, Robert had succeeded in pulling the ball out of Edwin's hand, who, being vexed, burst into a loud fit of crying.

"Robert! Robert!" cried his papa, "I am ashamed of your being such

a cowardly fellow, as to try your strength with a boy so much younger and weaker than you are."

Edwin ceased crying—"What were you making this dreadful noise about?" continued Mr. Frazer.

Robert's pride had been hurt by his papa, calling him coward: so instead of explaining to his papa that Edwin had been the aggressor, he remained silent.

Unfortunately for Robert, the servant just then entered, and took Sophia and Edwin up stairs to dress them, or Sophia would in an instant, have explained what had happened as favourably as possible to the credit of both parties.

"Speak out at once," said his papa.

Robert's pride would not yet allow

him to speak: his papa lost his patience, and went up stairs, leaving Robert in a very ill-humour, with no Sophia to help him out of it.

In a few minutes the servant returned — "Come, master Robert," said she, "your brother and sister are almost dressed, and as soon as you are all ready, your mamma desires to see you: come, make haste."

"I shall not make haste:" and as the servant took his hand to lead him up stairs, he hung back with all his weight; but as she was tolerably strong, with some difficulty she pulled him up stairs, where they had no sooner arrived, than Robert first kicked off one shoe, then another, then scampered across the room, just as the servant was attempting to wash

his head, and when she tried to get near him, up he sprang, first on a chair, from thence upon a chest of drawers, making himself as troublesome and ridiculous as possible.

"Now, do be dressed, Robert," cried Sophia—"Hark! papa calls."

"Those who like to go to him, then, may answer him," replied Robert; "I do not want to go."

"Now, pray, Robert, make haste;" cried Sophia, as she ran off with Edwin; and as Robert was almost tired of kicking about, he stood still and allowed himself to be dressed.

Again, he heard his papa's voice—"Robert, if you are not here immediately, I can wait for you no longer!" He was just finished, and as he slowly walked down stairs, he murmured to

himself, "I do not much care if you cannot;" but that no one heard, and Robert would have been very sorry afterwards to think that he had even thought it.

"You have been unusually long this morning, my dear Robert," said his mamma, as he entered the room: "what have you been about?"

"Nothing."

"Come," said his papa, "we are exceedingly late: those who feel inclined to go out with me must get their hats immediately."

Away ran Sophia and Edwin: Robert stood still.

"Do you not mean to go with us?" asked his papa: Robert hesitated; he was preparing himself to say, yes: but his papa, provoked at his being

silent a second time, said in rather a quick tone—"Why are you so stupid as not to answer when asked a question?"

Robert hesitated no longer: "I do not wish to go, papa."

"Very well," replied his papa, "then you are at liberty to remain at home." At that instant the carriage drove up to the door; Sophia and Edwin ran down stairs; Mrs. Frazer, too, came down quite ready—"What," she said, "is not Robert going with us?"

"He said he would rather stay at home," answered Mr. Frazer; "and now he must abide by his choice." Then taking Mrs. Frazer's hand, he assisted her down stairs, and into the carriage: Sophia and Edwin were al-

ready there, and they were all out of sight in an instant.

" Do you know the cause of Robert's refusal?" asked Mrs. Frazer.

" I do not," replied Mr. Frazer, " but possibly Sophia can inform us: now I think of it, were you present, Sophy, this morning, when there was such a noise in the play-room."

" Yes, papa."

" And how did it begin?"

Sophia then related the circumstance as it had happened.

" I am glad to hear that Robert was not quite so much in fault as I had imagined," said her papa; " if he had told me what had happened, it would have been much better for him, and more agreeable to me; but why did not you, Sophy, tell it me at the time?"

"I went out of the room, papa, almost as soon as you entered."

"But you, Edwin, behaved very improperly," said Mrs. Frazer; "and by teasing your brother, you see you have been the cause of his disgrace; if I had heard all this before, I do not know that I should have allowed you to accompany us; I never love you so little as when you tease each other."

"I will not do it again," said Edwin.

"I hope you will not," said his mamma: "you have deprived us all of a portion of pleasure by Robert's being left at home." The carriage now stopped.

"Where are we going, mamma," asked Sophia.

"To see the Laplanders and their rein-deer; after which, we are going

to Richmond to spend the day with your uncle."

"Poor Robert," said Sophia, "if he were here he would be so glad"—she was interrupted by her papa lifting her from the carriage, and they entered the house where the rein-deer were exhibited.

Robert was at first so much astonished at being left alone, that he stood still for some minutes, before he could think how it had happened; he then began to cry; but he was too wise to continue long to do so: but began to reflect on what had passed and the occasion of his being left alone. "I was very silly," he said to himself, "not to tell papa directly why I pulled the ball from Edwin. I think I never will be so silly again; and so I will tell papa when he comes home: how

long will they stay, I wonder, and and how shall I amuse myself till they come back. Let me think: first, I will learn a Latin lesson, and then I will draw; he had only just finished his lesson, and was just beginning to draw, when he heard a loud rap at the door: he started up, and ran down stairs, thinking his papa had returned; but when the door was opened, he saw it was his uncle, instead of his papa, who was just going to leave the door upon hearing that the family were all out, when he caught sight of Robert, "Why, how is it that you are here alone," he cried.

"Papa left me at home," Robert promptly answered, "because I did not speak to him, when I ought to have done so, and it made him think me a worse boy than I think I was."

His uncle then went up stairs with Robert, and desired him to tell him all about it; which Robert did very minutely: for he was fully determined now *to speak out.* When he had finished, his uncle said, "Well, I think I will venture to take you home with me: I came to town quite unexpectedly, this morning, and you were all to spend the day with me: so get your hat:" which Robert most gladly ran to fetch: his uncle took his hand: in an instant they were in his gig, and in little more than an hour reached Richmond, just before his papa and mamma had arrived.

In a few minutes their carriage drove up to the door; no sooner had Sophia and Edwin alighted, than they exclaimed —"Robert, here! why how did you come?"

"How did you come, indeed," said his mamma, while his papa looked as much astonished as the rest.

"I brought him," answered his uncle for him; "but he shall speak for himself, for he tells me, that he never means to say 'no' again, instead of 'yes;' nor to remain silent when he ought to speak."

Robert then told his papa all he had told his uncle, adding the account of his uncle's taking him, and concluded by saying, "I hope, papa, I shall never be so stupid again, and I think I *will not*."

His papa then kissed and told him, he hoped the same: he must try never to forget that day which he thought would help him to adhere to his good resolution.

Robert then went to renew his pro-

mises to his mamma; after which he followed Sophia and Edwin into the garden: they spent a most delightful day, and returned quite happy, at the idea of having been all together, when they so little expected it.

Robert did not for a long time forget the occurrences of this eventful day, and it produced an effect upon him for so long a time that he began to lose the habit of saying 'no:' which gave his papa and mamma much pleasure, and made Sophia and himself so much happier, that it is to be hoped he will continue to persevere in his determination, until he becomes a very good man.

THE HEAP OF STONES.

"RICHARD, what is it you mean to do with that heap of stones, my boy? you have doubled its dimensions, I think, whilst I have been at breakfast."

"I am going to build a house, papa, and I am working so hard, because I wish to finish it to-day."

"To-day! I am afraid you will do it very badly then. And are stones the only material you mean to make use of for your building?"

"Oh! no, I mean to cut some wood, and I must have some glass for the windows."

"And what do you mean to do first? perhaps I can assist you."

"No, thank you; I know very well how to do it all; I have very often looked at men who have been building houses."

"Good morning then; I am going out now; you will not begin building before you have attended to your lessons."

"No, papa."

As soon as his papa had left him, Richard began his work again, he thought he had collected a sufficient quantity of stones; so off he ran to the shrubbery, intending to cut some large sticks to make stakes, and beams for his house, but Richard was not strong enough to cut very large sticks, for he was only just six years

old, and when he had cut three small ones, he was tired: so he sat himself down on the root of a tree to rest, and to think what was next to be done.

Richard was a quick lively boy, and had very good powers of thinking when he chose to make use of them; unfortunately his want of patience prevented him from doing so: if he failed in doing a thing the moment he tried, he had not courage or perseverance to try again; though, if he had done so, he would most probably have succeeded. Besides which, Richard was a little too proud to ask for instruction: he would rather do a thing in his own bungling way, than ask any one to show him how to do it better.

As he sat on the root of the tree, he

began to think it was rather too difficult to get beams for his house, and he would try to do without.

"I might, to be sure, ask papa, but then I told him I knew all about it, so perhaps he will laugh at me. No: I will try to do without:" and back to the heap of stones he ran.

The stones of which houses were built, he recollected having observed, were always square; so he picked out those which were nearest to squares: of these he had not a great many: then he gathered all the flat ones that would stand one upon another, without minding whether round or square: these he laid very regularly in a long square for the foundation of his house.

Happily, just at this moment, Rich-

ard thought of his lessons. He did not go to school at that time, but learnt his Latin and English lessons during the day, and said them to his papa in the evening, so he busily employed himself for two hours about his lessons; then his dinner was ready, after which he had to write a copy; the rest of the day, till his papa came back, he had to himself; and in all that time, Richard thought he could finish his house: so he returned to it, and went on with great alertness.

He piled stones, in a regular and pretty manner, like bricks, on every side of his house, until he had raised it about a foot and a half from the ground, and very much pleased Richard was with the appearance of his building.

Hearing his papa's knock at the door, he ran to meet and beg him to come and look at his house.

"I thought, my dear fellow," said his papa, "that you told me you knew all about the wood-work of a house, as well as the stone; besides, you have not even thought of fastening your stones together, a touch would knock your day's work to pieces." Before he had finished speaking, bounce came Dash, his father's pointer, into the garden, and in his haste to greet Richard, ran against the unfortunate building, and brought almost every stone to the ground.

"Oh! I shall never be able to build houses," said Richard, "so I shall not try any more."

"Now," said his father, "you are just as unwise as you were this morning, when you thought my assistance would be of no use to you. Do you not remember the little vessel of your cousin's making which you saw, and were so full of admiration of, a few days ago."

"O yes, papa; but I shall never be so clever as he is."

"You do not know what you may become if you try; come with me, and I will show you your cousin's first attempt at ship-making."

Richard followed his father into a room, which they called his workshop, as he sometimes amused himself there with a turning lathe, and a chest of carpenters' tools: from one of the shelves, he took down the promised ship.

Richard examined it for a moment

with great attention, and then exclaimed—" This a ship, papa! why it is only a flat piece of wood, with three sticks stuck in it upright, and one tumbling down, and a bit of cloth tied to the middle one: I do not know if it is meant for a sail or a flag: did cousin Henry ever make such a thing as this?"

" Yes; but if he had said he could not make ships, and had never made another attempt, he could not have learned any thing of what he now knows about ship-building."

" No: but how did he learn, papa?"

" He thought, as you do, of this clumsy imitation, that it did not bear much resemblance to a ship, and he asked his father if he could not instruct him in making something more like one? His father gave him a num-

ber of prints of different kinds of vessels, and some books, which described every part of a ship: these he read with attention, and compared the prints with the vessels which he had opportunities of seeing; but he made many very awkward looking vessels before he made any thing at all to his satisfaction; if he found that he had made any improvement, he was pleased with himself; and, by his industry, at length succeeded in making the perfect little thing you saw."

"Well, I think I will try to do as he did. But I can never learn to build a house by myself."

"Not without some assistance, perhaps. But you may learn about every different part of a house, as Henry did those of a ship; and then you will be able to judge if there is any probability

of your being able to make any of those parts; and if you can do so, it is possible that you may afterwards learn to put them together."

"If you will give me books, then I will try to learn; but it will be a long time before I shall know enough to build a house; so I will make a cart first, to carry away the stones again, for it was hard work to carry them in my basket."

"Very well," said his papa, "when I have dined I will come and see how you get on; you may begin your performance here; you will find pieces of wood and nails with a hammer."

"Oh! thank you, papa, I shall soon have done my cart."

Richard fell to work immediately upon the two first pieces of wood he saw, and began nailing them together;

one he intended for the side, the other for the bottom of the cart; he had fastened them together without thinking of comparing their sizes, so that he soon found one was considerably longer than the other; this, Richard thought would not do, but how to make them the same size he could not tell; so he looked for others, and found two pieces of exactly the same dimensions: these he nailed together, and very well he thought they looked: "now, for the other side," cried Richard; and he picked up one piece after another, and measured them with the one he had fastened: not one would suit; all too long or too short.

"How very provoking," exclaimed Richard, "I cannot get on any better with my cart than I did with my

house. I shall never be able to make any thing;" and down he sat himself in a most disconsolate manner, leaning his head upon his hand.

"What's the matter, my boy," said his papa, as he opened the door a minute afterwards: "in despair again."

"I am so stupid, papa, I can do nothing." "I am very sorry to hear it; but what is it that you cannot do?"

"I cannot find two pieces of wood alike for the sides of my cart."

"And do you suppose that every man who makes a cart, finds the sides ready made for him?"

"No: but a man can make them, and I cannot."

"That we will try. What is the size of the bottom? Measure with your rule."

"One foot three inches long, and nine wide."

"Very well: before it is nailed at all, we must get its four sides ready. How long is that piece of wood you have in your hand?"

"Three feet three inches, papa."

"Well, how many sides will that do for? its width will about do for the height of your cart I think."

"I do not know."

"Think then: if you do not learn to think while you are at work, you can never learn to do any thing well, what did you say was the length?"

"One foot three inches."

"What is twice that?"

"Two feet six inches. Measure that, and mark it on your board: now how many have you left?"

"Exactly nine inches, and that

will do for one short side, will it not papa?"

"To be sure it will: and here is a small piece that will just do for the other. Try if you can mark where it is to be sawed; and as I think you are not yet quite strong enough to do so, I will separate it for you."

Richard made the lines, and his father sawed it in pieces for him.

"We have done enough for this evening," said his papa, "Now let me hear how well you learnt your lessons this morning. To-morrow I will turn some wheels for you, and you shall nail your cart together."

"I would rather have it without wheels, papa, and finish it to-night."

"That would be a bad plan: try this once: have patience and finish it well."

To which Richard agreed, but he did not very well like it he said.

He had learnt his lessons very well, and said them that evening, and afterwards talked about his cart till bed-time.

In the morning, Richard was very early in the workshop, placing the four sides of his cart together, till at last he thought he would try and nail them to one another; but he did not know whether to nail them together first, or to nail them on to the bottom of the cart: fortunately his papa soon came to his assistance, and in seeing him turn the wheels, Richard quite forgot his intention of nailing the sides together.

"We shall finish this in the evening, I think," said his papa: "I will put the wheels on, and you shall

finish the cart by nailing the separate parts to each other: but you must work hard at your books during the day, or I cannot work for you in the evening."

Richard did work hard in the day; and, to reward him, his papa worked in the evening: he put on the wheels, and showed him in what places to knock in the nails, which part of the performance Richard liked much. It was a good stout cart, and very glad Richard was, that his papa had prevented him from finishing it without wheels.

Richard was so much pleased with his dear cart, that he said he thought he should be able to have more patience another time, because having had a little this time, had made him so very glad.

He kissed his papa, and thanked him a great many times, and then carried his cart up to his bed-side, that it might be the first thing he saw in the morning.

When he awoke, he was in such haste to draw his cart, that he was at first going to run off with it before he was dressed: but he recollected his promise to be patient, so he stood still to be dressed and washed; then into the garden he ran, and employed himself with greater satisfaction that morning in drawing away his heap of stones, than he had felt the morning he had heaped them together.

THE END.

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