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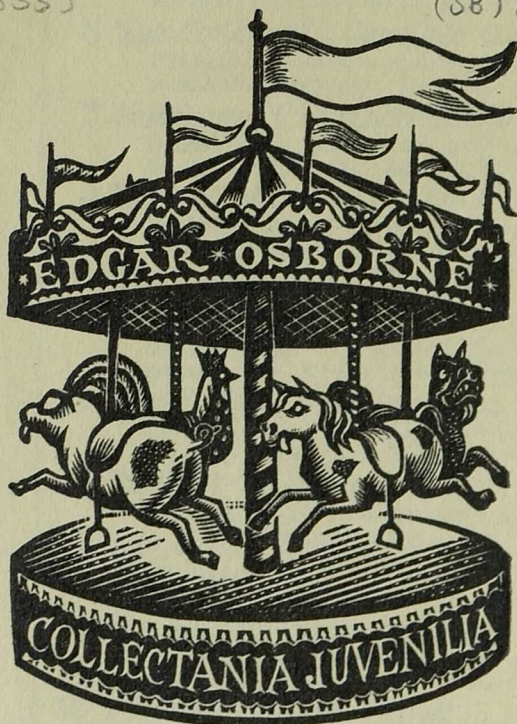
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GOOD ORDER.

How very easy it is to put things in their proper places; yet how few young folks there are who do so. It is because they do not think about it.

They put a thing down anywhere, without considering whether it is the right place for it or not.

When Mary has done with her thimble and scissors, it would be quite as easy for her to raise the lid of her work-box, and put them away, as to leave them on the table; and it would save her a great deal of trouble the next time she wanted them, because she would know where to get them directly, instead of having to hunt about and say to every one, "Have you seen my thimble and scissors?"

When Edward has finished reading a story, he could just as well put the book in

its place, as throw it upon the chair; yet there it is usually left: and then the next person who wants to sit down on that chair, moves the book. Still, it is in a wrong place; so it gets moved again, and at last is not to be found.

Many things are missed in this way; but worse than that, much time is lost, too, in looking for them.

Children do not know the value of time, but they may easily see the advantage of being orderly.

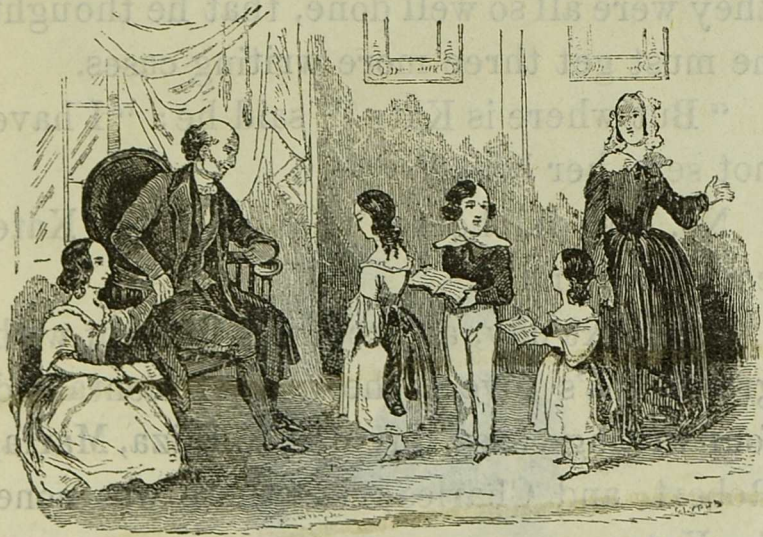
I know a little girl, who used to be just as bad as Mary, in respect to disorder.

She seldom thought of putting any thing away when she had done with it, and the consequence was, that she was often looking for something that she had lost. She scarcely ever knew her lessons, because she had to look for her books, when she ought to have been learning her tasks.

When she was going to take a walk with her brothers and sisters, you might hear

one or other of them calling out "Come, Kate, we are all waiting for you; we have been ready this long time!"

Then you would be sure to hear Kate reply, "I have lost one of my gloves," or "I cannot find my other shoe," or something of that sort.



One day, her grandpapa came to dinner, —he was very fond of the children, and they were very fond of him. He never forgot to enquire what improvements they

had made in their studies, since he last saw them.

“Let me see your copy books?” said he, “and I will give this pretty writing-case to whichever has improved the most since Christmas.”

The books were brought, one after another, and examined by grandpapa, who said they were all so well done, that he thought he must get three more writing cases.

“But where is Kate?” said he; “I have not seen her book.”

No, nor did he see it at all; for Kate could not find it.

The next day, a parcel was brought with grandpapa’s love; the parcel contained four writing-cases, directed to Eliza, Maria, Robert, and Charles; but there was none for Kate.

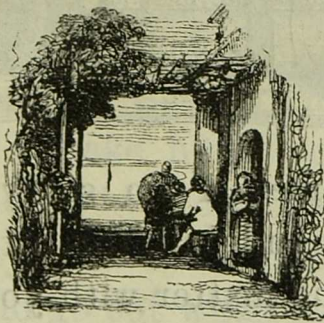
This was the more mortifying to her, because her writing happened to be the best of all.

She had therefore not only lost the writ-

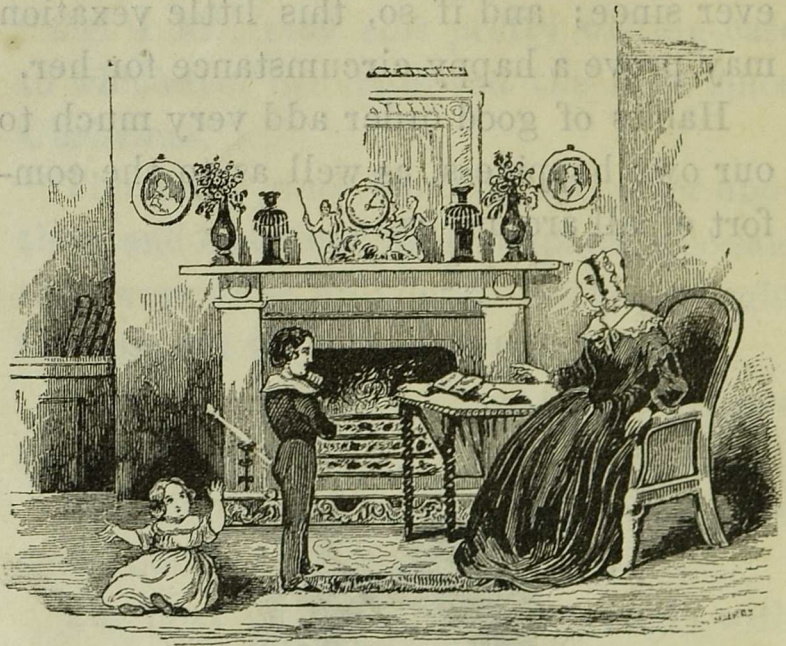
ing-case, but lost her grandpapa's praises, which always gave her great delight.

I am told she has been more orderly, ever since; and if so, this little vexation may prove a happy circumstance for her.

Habits of good order add very much to our own happiness, as well as to the comfort of all around us.



ENVY.



My dear James, I am sorry to see you look so cross and dull, this afternoon.

What is the matter with you? Are you sad because your sister has had a new toy given to her, and you have not?

I hope you are not an envious boy, for envy is a great misfortune to those who feel it.

They who are envious cannot be happy, for no one can love them. They never make friends.

Who would wish to live without friends? Who would wish to live without being beloved?

I would not, and I think you would not either.

I have heard the story of a boy;—his name was John Grant.

He was of so envious a temper, that he could not bear to see another boy in his school, with a toy or a cake, or any thing that he had not; and if any of the boys were taken out by their friends for a holiday, it would make him so cross, that he would go and sit by himself, while the rest were at play, and think it was hard that another could go out when he could not.

He felt no pleasure in the joy of others;—he felt envy.

He wished that he could have the enjoyment, instead of them.

A generous boy would have been glad

when any of his playmates had a present or a treat of any kind; but the envious boy was not glad. So no one cared for him.

No one rejoiced when he was happy; no one was sorry when he was sad. In short, there was not a boy in the school who made so few friends as John Grant.

Yet he was not a bad boy. He did no harm to any one. He always spoke truth. He was not mischievous.

It was, therefore, a sad pity that he should have given way to a fault that caused people to dislike him.

When the time came for John Grant to leave school, there was not one boy who said to him "John, I am sorry you are going."

The boys did not run after him down the play-ground, to shake hands and say, "Good by," once more at the gate, as they did the day before, when Frank Hearty went away.

Every body had loved Frank. He was the best-natured boy in the school; always

ready to do a good turn for any one. He envied no one. If Frank did not get a prize at the end of the half year, he was sure to say to those who did, "I am glad you have gained a prize."

John Grant never said so; for he always felt as if no one had a right to get prizes but himself. Yet he thought it was unfair that Frank should be preferred; and thought it very hard that the boys did not run to the gate to wish him "Good by," as kindly as they had said "Good by," to Frank Hearty.

Some people think they are ill-treated by others, when the truth is, that the fault is all their own.

John Grant grew up to be a man, and the same temper that made him disliked as a boy, grew up with him.

He was an envious man.

He could not bear to see any of his neighbours better off than himself. He was not rich, but he had the means of living in comfort.

He had a good wife and good children, yet he was not happy, because others were richer than he was.

He forgot how many were poorer, how many were in want and misery, whilst he was enjoying plenty.

Instead of being grateful to God for the blessings he possessed, he was always re-pining because he had not more.

He seldom smiled; he seldom spoke in a free cheerful tone.

The consequence was, people shunned his society; till at last he had not one friend left.

How different was the case with Frank Hearty, who lived in the same town.

He was known by every body, and was liked by every body. He had plenty of friends, for he was always ready to help any one; so those he assisted were glad to assist him.

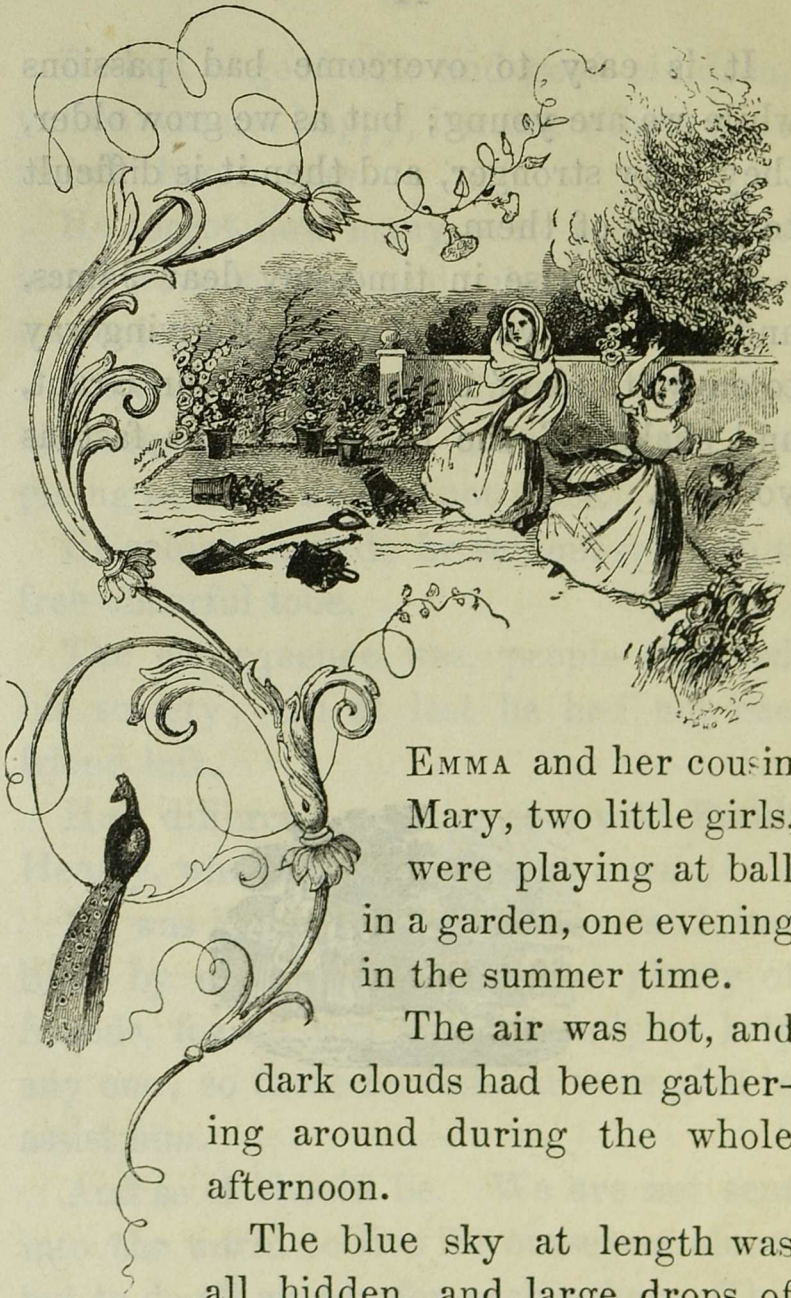
And so it should be. We are not sent into the world to live for ourselves alone, but to do all we can for each other. This is the true way to be happy.

It is easy to overcome bad passions while we are young; but as we grow older, they grow stronger, and then it is difficult to get rid of them.

Then be wise in time, my dear James, and whenever you find yourself giving way to envy, think of the story of John Grant, and shake off the bad feeling as fast as you can.



THE THUNDER STORM.



EMMA and her cousin Mary, two little girls, were playing at ball in a garden, one evening in the summer time.

The air was hot, and dark clouds had been gathering around during the whole afternoon.

The blue sky at length was all hidden, and large drops of rain began to fall.

“We must go in,” said Emma, “for it is raining. Do you not feel it?”

“Yes, I do,” replied Mary; “I will just run and fetch my ball from under that tree, and then we will go in.”

“Make haste then,” said her cousin, “or else we shall be quite wet.”

But scarcely had she uttered these words, when Mary gave a loud scream, and rushed into the house. A flash of lightning was the cause of her terror.

Emma had seen the lightning, too, but she went quietly to pick up the ball, and then followed her cousin to the parlour.

Another flash of lightning was succeeded by a loud clap of thunder.

Mary, shutting her eyes, again screamed violently. When the peal of thunder was over, she looked at her cousin, and said, “Are you not frightened?”

“No,” replied Emma, “I used to be alarmed, and cry out when it thundered and lightened; but I did not scream as you do.”

“And why do you not cry out now?”

“Because I have been cured of that folly; my papa cured me: if you like, I will tell you how.”

A flash of lightning caused another scream from Mary; but it was one of less violence than before; for she was in haste to hear how Emma had been cured; so she said “Be quick, and tell me, Emma.”

“I will, Mary. On the day I went with my papa to London, there was a storm of thunder and lightning. It began just as we had got to my aunt’s house, near St. James’s Park.”

Emma paused; for a flash of lightning passed along the sky.

Mary put her hands before her eyes, and said, “Do go on with your tale, Emma.”

“I only waited,” replied her cousin, “for you to have time to scream.”

“But I do not mean to scream, if I can help it; so do go on, there’s a dear.”

“Oh, well; if you intend to be quiet, I need not make any more stops.”

“I was so glad to see my aunt, and to think I was in London, that I did not much heed the storm, which made only a little noise at first; but while my aunt was out of the room, there came an exceedingly bright flash of lightning, and such a loud roar of thunder, that I cried, and began to be very silly about it.”

“Oh, dear!” exclaimed Mary; for just then a stream of lightning suddenly broke the clouds; but she did not scream. “Go on, Emma,” she said; “did your papa cure you then?”

“My papa looked out of the window, and said, ‘We must ask your aunt if this is real thunder and lightning, or some of the make-believe sort that is made in London; for the real and the sham are very much alike.’”

“Why! is there such a thing as make-believe thunder and lightning?” exclaimed Mary.

“Yes,” answered the little girl; “and one of the sights of London is to see it made.”

“I left off crying, although the storm increased; for I thought it would be very ridiculous to be ashamed of sham thunder and lightning. ‘I am glad,’ said my papa, ‘that you are able to control your alarm till you are sure there is cause for it.’”

“‘To-morrow is one of the days on which imitation thunder and lightning is made for the entertainment of people, and I will take you to see it done; so that you may know the difference, if there is any, between the real and the sham.’”

At this moment, the most vivid flash of lightning seen by the two cousins that evening, illumined the sky; but Mary did not scream.

Observing which, Emma said, kindly, “My papa’s method is a good one; for the hearing about it has cured you, my dear cousin.”

Mary smiled, although the storm was not quite over, saying, “I know the secret; it is to think about something else; that does the good. But pray tell me about the make-believe thunder and lightning.”

“Well,” replied Emma; “the Queen’s birth-day was the occasion my papa meant, and the sham storm was the firing of the cannons in the Park, and which very much pleased every one who was present.

“I saw the flash of fire that came from the cannon, and then heard the roaring noise that followed, like thunder.

“But papa said, that sham thunder and lightning is only a waste of money; whilst the real thunder and lightning, one of the works of the Almighty, is a great benefit to us, as it purifies the air that we breathe.

“And now my story is told; the storm is over; and, I think, you are cured.”



BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

PLAY is a suitable employment for youth, but it is not the only thing boys have to think about.

They have their business to attend to as well as their pleasures. You think that boys have no business to attend to. Oh, that is quite a mistake.

The business of a boy is, to make himself fit to be a man, and this is to be done by learning. Every boy must know that when he is old enough, he will have to attend to some trade or profession, by which he may get his living. Now, what business do you suppose he would suit, if he had spent all his time in play.

He would only be fit for some very mean occupation.

A clever lad may expect to rise in the world; an ignorant one has little chance of doing so.

There are many persons in the world who were poor in their youth, but have become rich and great by their industry ; and there are many also, who were the children of rich parents, yet who, from idleness or neglect in boyhood, have grown up in ignorance, and sank into poverty and contempt.

I will tell you two stories on this subject ; they are true, for I know both the persons they are about.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING.

The gentleman, whose story I shall relate first, is the son of a poor carpenter.

His father could not afford to pay for his education, so he was sent to a charity school, where he got on so well, that he could soon read and write and cypher as well as, or perhaps better, than any other boy in the school.

The master, seeing that he was an industrious lad, and fond of learning, spoke

of him to the clergyman of the parish, who kindly lent him books to read.

It happened, one day, that Richard, in reading one of these books, met with a few words in Latin, and which, of course, he did not understand.

He, therefore, went to the clergyman



and begged he would have the kindness to explain them to him, at the same time saying, he should much like to learn Latin.

“Would you?” said the clergyman, “then come to me, and I will teach you Latin.”

Richard was highly delighted with this kind offer, and did not fail in going to the parsonage-house twice a week. He made such rapid progress that he soon became a pretty good Latin scholar; and, as he wrote a clear distinct hand, the clergyman recommended him to an attorney, who took him into his office as a writer.

Richard was diligent and attentive, and soon gained the good will of his master, who paid him for all that he did, so that he was able to assist his parents and buy his own clothes.

In another year or two he even began to save money out of his earnings.

His master was so much pleased with his diligence, that he allowed him to take home books to study the law, and so well did Richard profit by this indulgence, that by the time he was twenty, he was quite a clever lawyer.

At length, by great industry, he had saved enough money to article himself;

that is, to bind himself to serve his master as an apprentice for five years.

No one may practice the business of a lawyer, without having served five years; but it costs a great deal of money, because every one, who is thus articulated, must pay a large sum for the stamp affixed to the paper on which the agreement is written.

However, Richard paid the money to article himself, as I said before, and when he was out of his time, his master, who was then growing old, made him his partner.

Then Richard provided for his aged parents; bought them a cottage, and allowed them an income that made them comfortable the rest of their days.

He married a lady with a good fortune, and at this very time is living in a handsome house, keeps his carriage, has two sons at college, and is highly respected by all who know him.

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