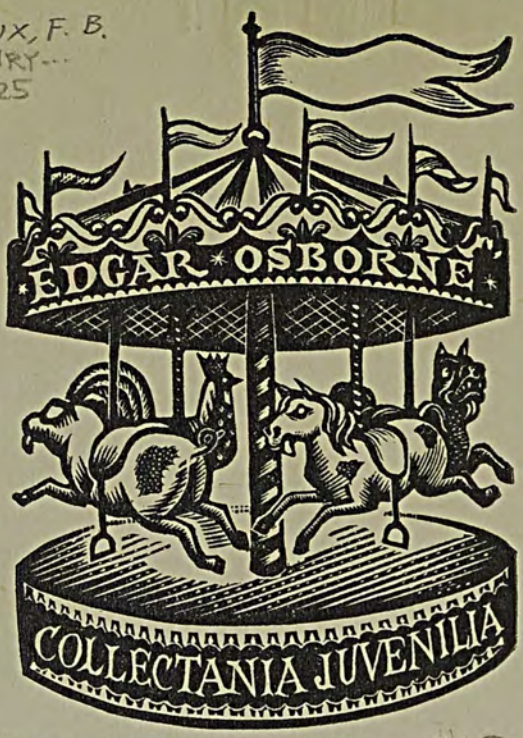

From Oliver Beadon

from Aunt Jane.

Given to my dear Boy

Lionel Barnet Brooks

March 5th 1862

FRONTISPIECE TO HENRY: A STOR[illegible] BY F. B. VAUX.

When Henry opened his ey[illegible] he started back, and felt quite frightened, f[illegible]or he saw nothing but water before him, and it seemed as [illegible]if it were rolling towards him, and as if it would wash him away in a moment.

See Page 55.

London: William Darton, *58, Holborn Hill, 7 Mo. 31, 18[illegible]6.*

HENRY:

A STORY,

INTENDED FOR

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS

FROM

FIVE TO SEVEN YEARS OLD.

BY FRANCES BOWYER VAUX.

London:

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN-HILL.

Price Two Shillings, half-bound.

1825.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages were originally written without any view of being put to the press; but, having observed and experienced the very great advantages which have attended the publication of MISS EDGEWORTH'S works, entitled "Early Lessons," and not finding any others on a plan exactly similar, I was induced to begin this little tale, for the instruction and improvement of a dear nephew, in whose welfare I felt the tenderest interest.

During my progress a hope arose in my mind, that it might be more extensively useful, and under this impression I took the manuscript to my valuable friend MRS. WAKEFIELD, whom I was early taught (although at that time a

stranger) to respect and esteem as the friend of youth, and with whom I have since had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted.

Trifling as is the subject of the following pages, she not only condescendingly and kindly listened to it, but was pleased with the object it has in view, and recommended its publication.

Encouraged by the approving smile of one, whose opinion I so highly respect, I venture to submit my little work to the Public, with an affectionate wish that it may afford pleasure to my little readers.

FRANCES BOWYER VAUX.

Ipswich,
JAN. 1815.

HENRY.

HENRY was a little boy about five years old; and one day, whilst his mother was busy at work, he stood by her side, and amused himself with trying to write upon a pretty little slate, that had been given to him for being a good boy; it had a red leather frame, and at the top was a little hole through which a string was put, with a slate pencil tied to the end of it, for Henry to write with; and there was another bit of string put through the same hole, with a little piece of sponge tied to it, that Henry might rub out those letters he made badly. After he had written on his slate till he was tired, he left off, and stood still a little time, and then he said to his mother, "Mother, I am just thinking that I wish I knew where all the things in the world come from, and what is the use of them:" and his mother said, "I believe there are very few peo-

ple that know so much as that, my dear; but you may, by paying attention, learn the use of a great many things." Henry said, "I will try to learn one thing every day; and then, how many things shall I learn in a year, mother?" And his mother said, "Cannot you tell me how many days there are in a year, my dear?" And he said he could not. His mother then asked him, how many days there were in a week. And he replied, "Seven. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday:" and she said, "Very well; and how many are there in a month?" And he said, "You told me one day, that some months were longer than others, mother; and so they must have more days in them; how can I tell which are the long months, and which are the short ones?"

And his mother said,

"'Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February hath twenty-eight alone;
And all the rest have thirty-one.'

"Now if you will learn that verse perfectly, you will always be able to tell which are the long months and which are the short ones."

Henry was very much pleased with this little verse, and his mother was so kind as to repeat it to him over and over again, till he knew it quite by heart; and he then said, "Thank you, mamma, now I know it quite well, and I hope I shall not forget it." "I hope not," said his mother; "and now tell me how many months there are which have thirty days in them." And Henry said, "Let me see,

'Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November.'"—

And he put down one finger when he said September, and another when he said April, and another when he said June, and another when he said November; and then he counted all the fingers he had put down, and he found there were four of them; and he said, "Mother,

there are four months with thirty days in them." And his mother took his little slate and slate pencil, and wrote down four figures of thirty, one under the other; and when she had done that, she said, "And how many days are there in February?" And he said, "'February hath twenty-eight alone.'" And his mother put down twenty-eight under the four thirties. After that she said, "And how many months are there with thirty-one days in them?" Now this question puzzled Henry very much, and it took him some time to consider about it:—at last he said, "There are twelve months in a year, and four of them have thirty days, and one of them has twenty-eight, that takes five months out of the twelve, and then there will be seven left; so there must be seven months that have thirty-one days in them." And his mother kissed Henry, for she was very much pleased, and she said he had told her quite right: and then she said, "Now we shall soon find out how many days there are in a year:" and she set down

seven thirty-ones, under the other figures, which made a sum like this:

Days.
30
30
30
30
28
31
31
31
31
31
31
31
365

And she taught Henry how to add them together, and he was very much pleased; and when he had added them all together, he found out that there were three hundred and sixty-five days in a year: and he jumped for joy when he found, that by learning only one new thing a day, he should learn three hundred and sixty-five in a year: and

he said, "Pray, mamma, let me begin directly. What shall I learn first?" And she said, "Whatever you please, my dear."

Then Henry looked round the room in which they were sitting, and he sighed; for he found so many things which he did not understand, even in this small room, that he did not know where to begin; and he said, "I am afraid it will take me above a year to find out where all the things in this room came from. Only look, mother, upon my own little slate there are four things I do not understand. First of all, I cannot tell where the slate itself comes from; and then there is the red leather, I know nothing about that: and the sponge; and even the string with which the sponge is tied: so you see it will take me four days only to learn about my slate." "Very true, my dear," said Henry's mother. "Now run and play in the garden, for I am going to be busy for a little time, and in an hour you may come to me again."

Away ran little Henry, and he skipped about the garden, and enjoyed himself very much, till he thought his mother would be ready to tell him about his slate.

When Henry thought an hour was gone, he went into the house; and after hanging his hat upon a peg, and putting his gloves into the drawer, he ran into the parlour to look for his mother, but she was not there; so he went up stairs, and found she was in her own room: and he tapped at the door and said, "Pray mother, may I come in? I will not be troublesome;" and his mother opened the door for him, and said, "Yes, Henry, you may come in; I shall be about a quarter of an hour before I am ready to go down stairs." Then Henry stood by his mother's dressing table: and a very pretty broach lay on this table, with which his mother used to pin her handkerchief; and he said, "Pray, mother,

what are these little white things round your broach?" And she said, "They are called pearls, my dear." And Henry asked his mother if she would be so kind as to tell him where pearls came from? And she asked him, if he had ever seen an oyster? And he said, he had seen a great many. And she then told him, that there were some kinds of oysters which had these small beads, called pearls, growing within side the shell, and that people earned a great deal of money by diving for them.

And Henry said, "I know what diving means, mother; for when my brother Charles goes bathing, he jumps into the water, head foremost, and stays under a long time; and I remember he told me that was called diving: may I learn to swim and to dive too, mother?" But his mother said, "No, my dear, not till you are older; it is dangerous for very little boys to go into the water." Then Henry said, "Well then, mother, when I am big enough to learn to dive, I will try to find some pearls for you." But

his mother told him, that oysters would not live in fresh water, and that this particular kind of oyster, which produces pearls, was seldom found in the seas near England, but in the East Indies and America; both which places were a long way off. Besides which, she told him that they stuck so fast to the rocks, that a little boy would not have strength to pull them off, for even the men were obliged sometimes to have an iron rake, or else very strong leather gloves, to move them. And she told him, that when a man is going to dive for pearls, he always takes a large net, and fastens a long cord to it; and one end of the cord he ties round his body, and the other end he fastens to a little boat where a man stands to pull him up when his net is full, or when he wants to breathe.

And Henry said, "I should think he would soon want to breathe, mother, for I want to breathe every minute." And his mother said, "But they try to

learn to hold their breath a long time, my dear, and some will even stay half an hour under the water without breathing; but this hurts their health, and they generally die very soon: so I hope, my dear Henry, you will never try to learn to hold your breath." And Henry promised he would not. And he said he was very sorry that any poor men should be obliged to earn their living in such a dangerous way; and inquired of his mother, whether the oysters were found very deep in the sea, or whether they were near the top of the water. And his mother said, sometimes the men were obliged to dive down above sixty feet under water. But Henry could not tell how deep this was, because he did not know how much a foot was: and he asked his mother to please to shew him. And she told him that a foot was twelve inches, and that an inch was about as long as the first joint of her fore-finger. And Henry took a piece of string, and measured the length of the first joint of his mother's fore-finger; and then he

doubled the string twelve times into that length; and when he undoubled it, he found out how long a foot was; and he was very much pleased, and said, "Mother, I will take care of this bit of string, and when I go into the garden I will measure how far sixty feet will reach, and then I shall find how far the poor men are obliged to dive to get the pearls." But Henry's mother told him, that sometimes the oysters were found nearer the surface; that is, nearer the top of the water. And Henry was extremely pleased with this account of pearls growing in oysters; but he felt curious to know how the people could see to find them, when they were so far below the surface of the water; and his mother told him that light enough passed through the water to enable them to see the oysters very plainly, and that sometimes the poor men could see great fishes ready to swallow them up: and Henry trembled at the thought of being swallowed up alive by fishes; and he said, "Pray, mother, how do they save them-

selves from this great danger?" And she said, "They stir up the mud, and so make the water very thick around them, and prevent the fishes from seeing them, by which means they escape from the jaws of their enemies."

Just at this moment Jane came in to say dinner was ready; and Henry's mother said, "After dinner, my dear, I am going to take a little walk and intend that you shall accompany me." This made Henry very happy, and he went down stairs with Jane.

Whilst Henry was at dinner he saw a little cloud in the sky; and he said, "Mother, I hope that cloud will not grow bigger and hide the sun, for we shall not have so pleasant a walk if the sun does not shine: besides, when the clouds gather very thick, it generally rains; what must we do if it rains?"

"We must stay at home, my dear,"

said his mother, "and take our walk another day."

"But that I shall not like," said Henry, "for I want to take a walk very much, and I shall be quite disappointed if we cannot go to day, mother."

"Perhaps you may be so, my dear," said his mother, "but little boys must learn to bear disappointments, for they are sure to meet with them:" and Henry said he would try to bear it as well as he could.

However, to his great delight, the cloud cleared away, and it was a very fine afternoon.

As soon as dinner was over, his mother desired him to go to Jane, and beg her to wash his hands and face, that he might be ready by the time she had put on her bonnet and cloak.

Henry went directly, and stood very still whilst Jane washed him, that he might give her as little trouble as pos-

sible; and when she had done and his hair was combed, he put on his hat and gloves, and waited until his mother came down stairs.

Then they both set out together, and Henry amused her very much by the remarks he made, and she took great pleasure in answering all his questions; for parents love to improve their dear little boys and girls on all occasions; and therefore Henry's mother did not think his questions troublesome: and he said, "Dear mother, how happy I am! and every thing around me seems happy too; the pretty lambs are frisking about by their mothers, and the little birds are singing in the trees; they all seem to be enjoying the sunshine: I am glad that dark cloud went away, mother; I do not think I should have been so happy if I had staid at home; do you think I should?"

And his mother said, "I do think, my dear, you might have been just as happy

at home; a good and contented temper can be happy any where. It would be a sad thing if you never enjoyed yourself except when you were in the fields, because I have neither time nor strength to walk with you all day long; and it would also be a great pity if every wet day made you unhappy, because we have many wet days in a year." And Henry said, "Why, mother, to be sure I was very happy this morning, while you were teaching me how many days there were in a year, and while you were giving me that entertaining account of the pearls and the divers, so perhaps I should have been as happy at home; only now I am out, it is best to enjoy myself abroad, is it not, mother?" His mother said, "Yes, my dear, it is always best to enjoy present pleasures as much as we can."

Then Henry asked his mother if he might run a race; but she said, she thought he had much better walk quietly, because it was a very warm

afternoon; and his race would most likely heat him, and make him uncomfortable: but he said, "Oh! I shall not mind that, mother; do let me have a race."

Then his mother said, "Do as you please, my dear; but I would still advise you to give up your race."

Henry had, however, quite set his mind upon this race, and as his mother had said, "Do as you please, my dear," he ran off to the other end of the field as fast as he possibly could, and then he ran back again, but not quite so fast, for he was hot and tired, and when he reached his mother he was quite out of breath; and he panted so that he could not speak; at last he said, "Mother, I have been trying to run as fast as the birds fly, but I could not;" then he wiped his hot face, and said, "I wish I had taken your advice, mother, for I have made myself very uncomfortable." "I was afraid that would be the case, my dear," said his mother, "but it is

too late to complain now." "But may I sit down to rest and cool myself?" said Henry, fanning himself with his handkerchief. "No, my dear, by no means," said his mother, "that would be likely to give you cold, and make you very ill; the race will, I hope, only make you uncomfortable for a little time; you must walk on gently, and when we get to yonder cottage, you shall sit down while I speak to the cottager's wife."

Henry walked on by his mother's side, without saying a single word, for he was very much tired.

When Henry reached the cottage he felt himself rather cooler, but still he was not half so comfortable as before his race. He was quite glad to sit down upon a little three-legged stool which the cottager's wife brought for him: and he said, "Oh, mother! I am so thirsty; may

I have something to drink?" And a little girl, about ten years old, who was the cottager's daughter, took a clean wooden bowl off the shelf, and said, "Pray, ma'am, may I fetch the young gentleman a draught of milk?"

Henry's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the thought of a draught of milk, but he was sadly disappointed when he heard his mother say, "I thank you, my good little girl, but I am afraid of his drinking milk; he has been running till he has made himself so extremely hot that it would be very dangerous for him to take milk just at present."

And Henry said, "Oh, mother! I do not think it would hurt me, I am so very thirsty."

But his mother said, "You know, my dear, you thought running a race would not make you hot, and yet you find it has done so, therefore I do not think you are a good judge of what is proper or

improper for you; if you will have patience and sit still, till you are quite cool, you may take a little milk then. I am going with Mrs. Benson into the poultry yard to order some fowls, and will come to you again in a few minutes."

Henry was very sorry he could not accompany his mother and Mrs. Benson into the poultry yard, for he was very fond of hearing the little chickens chirping round their mother, and seeing the old hen scratch up the ground to find insects for them, and he wished that he had not been so silly as to run the race; but he knew, as his mother had said, that it was now too late to complain, so he made a resolution to be wiser another time.

The little girl who had been so kind as to offer to fetch the milk for Henry, had followed her mother out of the room, and just as Henry had formed the resolution of being wiser another time, she returned with a cabbage leaf

in her hand, containing some very fine ripe strawberries, and she offered them to Henry, who said, "Thank you, little girl, but I will put them by till my mother comes in, that I may ask her leave to eat them." And the little girl told him that she had asked his mother's leave already, who said she thought they would do him no harm.

Henry was very much obliged to the little girl, and he thought he had never tasted any strawberries half so good before; and when his mother came in, he said, "Oh, mother! this little girl has brought me a parcel of the nicest strawberries I ever tasted; I have saved some for you; they have done me so much good, for they have taken away my thirst, and have cooled me so nicely!" Then he turned round once more and said to the little girl, "It was very kind of you to bring them me; I wish I could give you something you would like as well." But the little girl said, she was

very glad that he liked them, and that she did not wish any return for her strawberries.

"No, that she does not," said the cottager's wife; "Mary is always happy when she can do any body a kind turn."

Then Henry's mother asked where little Mary went to school. And the poor woman replied, "Why, ma'am, we really cannot afford to give our poor girl much learning. My husband did talk of laying by a trifle for it last year; but times have been very hard, and he was laid up all harvest with a bad fever, which drove us sadly behind hand, so that poor Mary has been quite neglected, as you may say; but she is a good girl as ever broke bread, though she is no great scholar; but it often frets both husband and I to think we can't do by her as we would."

Little Mary now said, "But why should you fret, mother, I can read a

chapter in the Bible, you know, and that is a great comfort; and you often tell me I am young and have plenty of time before me." "True, dear," said the poor woman; "but your father's health is but middling like, and I doubt times will not mend with us."

Henry's little eyes filled with tears, he took hold of his mother's hand, and looking in her face, whispered, "Mother, you have plenty of money."

Henry's mother understood the look and the whisper; she, however, made no reply, but thanking the poor woman and the little girl for their kindness, she took Henry by the hand and walked towards home.

Henry walked silently by his mother's side along the fields; he did not seem to see the pretty lambs, nor hear the little birds, though the former still

skipped by the side of their mothers, and the latter still sang very sweetly among the branches.

At last he looked in his mother's face and sighed, and he said, "Mother, I wish I had a great deal of money." And his mother said, "What do you want money for, my dear; does not your father give you every thing that is proper for you?" "Yes, mother," said Henry; "but then poor little Mary: I am afraid my father will not like to pay for her to go to school, and I do think it would make her so happy to learn to read and write, and it would make me so happy too if she could but go to school; but three shillings will not pay for Mary's schooling, and I have no more than three shillings in my purse."

Just at this moment some very large drops of rain fell on Henry's face, and he said, "Dear mother, I believe we are going to have a very heavy shower, and you will be sadly wet."

Then Henry looked round, and at the end of the field, among some trees, he thought he saw a little smoke rising, and he said, "See, mother, I do think there is a cottage at the end of this field; shall we make haste and try to get shelter there?"

Then Henry's mother took his hand, and they walked very quickly across the field, and she was pleased to find that Henry had not been mistaken; for peeping through a wicket gate, they saw a very neat looking little cottage.

Henry's mother opened the gate and went into a pretty small garden, filled with pinks, and moss-roses, and honeysuckles, and there was not a weed to be seen. And Henry said, "Oh, how pretty this garden is! May I rap at the cottage door?" And his mother told him he might.

Almost the minute after Henry rapped, a nice neat old woman came to the door. And Henry's mother said,

Henry's Mother opened the gate and went into a pretty small garden, filled with pinks, and moss-roses, and honeysuckles, and there was not a weed to be seen.

See Page 28.

London: William Darton, *58, Holborn Hill, 7 Mo. 31, 1826.*

"My little boy and I have been caught in a shower; will you be so good as to give us leave to stay in your cottage till it is over?" And the old woman said, "Yes, and welcome, ma'am; pray sit down;" and she took a cloth and wiped the chair, for fear it might be dusty, though every place looked as clean as possible.

Henry did not sit down, but amused himself with looking at the pictures which hung against the whitewashed wall of the cottage. They were all in black wooden frames, and the subjects of many of them were taken from the Bible; and Henry was very much pleased to find out what the stories were from which these pictures were taken; and one he found out was the meeting between Joseph and his brethren; and another was little Moses hid in the bulrushes. And he said, "Mother, I am glad you were so kind as to tell me those pretty stories in the Bible, because it makes me understand about

these pictures, and that makes me like to look at them the more."

Just at this moment, Henry fixed his eyes upon a pretty basket of flowers, which were very nicely painted; and he said, "Look here, mother; this looks just like a piece of your drawing."

And his mother walked towards the painting to which Henry pointed, and she looked at it a little time, and then she said, "Indeed, it is very nicely done;" and she turned to ask the poor woman whose drawing it was. But when she turned round she found the poor woman was wiping her eyes, and crying sadly. So Henry's mother turned away from the basket of flowers, and directed Henry's attention to a very beautiful rose-tree, which grew on the outside of the cottage window, and which the shower had made smell even sweeter than usual; and Henry asked if he might open the window and smell the roses. And the old woman came to the window and said,

"Pray, sir, give me leave to open it for you;" and she opened the window and gave Henry a very pretty rose-bud; and she turned to his mother and said, "Ah, ma'am! that rose-tree was planted by my dear Patty, and she painted that pretty basket of flowers too, and every thing in my cottage she planned for me, and now she is gone, and I am left alone in the wide world."

Henry's mother was grieved to see the poor woman in such distress, and she inquired what was become of poor Patty.

And the old woman said, "She caught a very violent cold about two months ago, ma'am, which brought on a fever, and she died after a few days' illness; and since that time, I have been so dull, and so melancholy, that I can hardly bear my little cottage, which I used to think the prettiest place in the world; but now my Patty is gone every thing seems changed."

And Henry's mother asked her, if Patty was her daughter. And she said, "No, ma'am, she was my granddaughter, and I brought her up from a baby; for her mother died before she was a week old, and her father was a soldier, and was killed in the wars. I taught her every thing myself, and she took her learning very quickly. As to drawing, that was quite a fancy of her own; she used to pick the flowers and amuse herself with painting them, and that piece was the last she did, and was so pretty that I thought it worth going to the expense of a frame for it; but I little thought then my poor girl would leave me so soon."

The shower was now quite over, and Henry, turning to the old woman, asked her if he might walk in her garden for a little time; and she said he might if he pleased.

Henry did not know which to admire most, the pinks, or the honey-suckles, or the roses, for they all smelt very sweet; but he found that the heavy shower of rain had scattered the leaves of the full-blown roses, and they made a great litter under the trees; so he ran to his mother to ask if he might pick them up, for it made the neat little garden look very untidy; and his mother gave him leave to do it.

The poor woman was very much obliged to him, for she said it would make her back ache sadly to stoop down and pick them up herself, and she had no little Patty now, to save her the trouble.

Henry was very much pleased to think he should be useful to the poor old woman, and while he was busily employed in picking up the rose leaves, his mother walked round the garden, and listened to her account of her little

granddaughter Patty, who was just twelve years old when she lost her; and she said, "I miss her every day more and more, ma'am, and sometimes I feel so very lonely, that I have had thoughts of opening a little school for a few poor children in the neighbourhood."

Henry's mother quite approved of this plan, and she immediately recollected little Mary, who, she thought, would be a nice scholar for the old woman; and she determined that she should go to her very soon.

By the time Henry's mother and the old woman had settled about little Mary, he had picked up all the rose leaves, and the little garden looked as neat as ever again.

The old woman begged that Henry might go once more into the cottage, and eat a bit of her brown bread and butter, before he returned home.

Then Henry's mother inquired if he were hungry. And he said, "I am not very hungry, mother, but I should like a bit of brown bread and butter, because I never tasted any, and perhaps it will teach me another new thing."

Then Henry's mother led him into the cottage, and the poor woman cut a nice slice of bread and butter for him, and he relished it very much, and did not forget to thank the poor woman for giving it to him.

When Henry was walking home with his mother, he said, "Pray, mother, what makes the old woman's bread brown and ours white?" Then his mother asked him, whether he knew what bread was made of.

And he said, "Yes, it is made of flour, and that flour is made of wheat ground in a mill."

And his mother told him he was quite right, and that the next field through which they were going to pass, would be a field of wheat, when he might gather an ear, and she would try and explain to him the reason why the old woman's bread was browner than their own.

Henry jumped over the stile, and gathered an ear of corn, and his mother desired him to bite one of the grains, and examine it; but it was not near ripe, so that the inside was soft and milky, and it looked very white.

Then his mother told him that when the corn was fully ripe, this soft milky part became quite hard, and was what made the fine flour; but that the whole of the grain was obliged to be put into the mill, and that the outside brown husk was ground together with the whiter part, which gave the flour a

coarse, brown appearance; and, that when it was taken out of the mill, it was sifted through several sieves, which kept back all the coarse parts, called bran, and let the fine parts of the wheat fall through that; this was the white flour of which their bread was made, while the woman's was made of the unsifted flour.

And Henry thanked his mother, and said he understood now quite well why the old woman's bread was browner than their own.

After they had done talking about the flour, Henry's mother told him what she intended to do respecting little Mary's schooling, and he clapped his hands, and jumped for joy, and said, "Thank you, mother, thank you! May we not go back and tell Mary this very minute?" But his mother replied, "No, my dear; your father will be waiting tea for us; another day, if you

are a good boy, you shall carry the good news to Mary."

As soon as tea was over, Henry went to bed, for he was sleepy and tired by his walk: but just before he went, he said, "Mother, I have not learned any thing about my slate yet, but I have learned three other new things, so that is quite as well."

And Henry's father said, "What are the three new things that my little boy has learned to-day?" And Henry replied, "First of all, father, my mother was so kind as to teach me, that there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year; and next, I learnt that the pearls round my mother's broach, were found in oysters that grew to the rocks in the sea; and last of all, I learnt the reason of the difference between white bread and brown."

And Henry's father and mother both

kissed him, and wished him good night.

The next morning, as soon as Henry awoke, he jumped out of bed, and ran to the window to look if it were a fine morning; for he longed to go and tell little Mary the good news; but to his great disappointment, he found it raining very fast. At first he felt almost ready to cry, but he soon recollected that that would do no good, for in the first place, it would not dry up the rain, and in the next, his father and mother never allowed him to have any thing he cried for; so he wiped his eyes, got into bed again, and waited quietly till Jane came up to dress him.

After Henry had had his breakfast, he said to his mother, "It is a great pity it is such a wet day." But his mother said, "I do not think so, Henry, for I heard gardener say last night, that the shower yesterday had done a

great deal of good, and that he should like it should rain so for a whole day, because the plants and flowers in the garden were almost parched up by the dry weather."

"Well, but then, mother, you know it prevents our going to see little Mary; and that is why I think it a great pity that it should rain to-day," said Henry.

Henry's mother said another day would do quite as well, but Henry did not think so; however, as he knew it was impossible for him to go, he, like a good boy, said no more on the subject; but after his mother was seated at her work, he took his usual place by her side, and said, "Mother, will you be so kind as to set me another sum to-day? That which you taught me to do yesterday amused me very much." So his mother took his slate, and set him another sum, saying, "I am glad you

think arithmetic entertaining, for it is very useful."

And Henry said, "Is doing sums called arithmetic, mother?" And she told him it was, and that that sum she had set him was called an Addition sum, which was the first rule in arithmetic.

And then Henry inquired how many rules there were. And his mother said, "There are four principal rules, and they are called, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division.

Then Henry inquired, whether arithmetic was difficult to learn: and his mother told him it required thought, and that a giddy little boy, who paid no attention, would never be able to learn it. And Henry said, "Does it not require attention to learn every thing, mother?" And she replied, "Certainly it does, my dear; but arithmetic

requires more attention than any thing else."

And Henry said, "Well, then, mother, now I will be quiet, and try to do my sum very attentively."

But Henry was obliged to interrupt his mother frequently, for he did not understand it; at last, after making many attempts, he finished his sum and said, "I do think arithmetic is difficult, but it is entertaining too, mother." And his mother kissed him because he had patience to get through a thing he found rather difficult.

After Henry had rubbed out his sums, he held the sponge in his hand, and kept looking at it, and turning it round and round some time; at last he said, "I am trying to find out what this is made of, mother, but I cannot even guess."

And his mother looked up from her

work to see what it was that he was speaking of; and when she saw it was a piece of sponge, she said, "It is a marine substance, my dear; that means, it is found in the sea; it sticks to the rocks under the water, and is the habitation of a sea-insect, or worm. Most of the sponge we buy here in England, is brought from the Mediterranean sea. You may fetch the map of Europe and find the Mediterranean sea, if you please; it flows at the south of Europe: do you remember which is the south?" And Henry said, "It is at the bottom of the map, mother, and the north is at the top, and the right hand side is the east, and the left hand side is the west." And his mother said, "Very well, my dear."

Then Henry fetched the map, and he found the Mediterranean sea; and his mother desired him to look for a little island called Rhodes; and she said, "Do you know what an island is?" "Yes, mother," said Henry, "for my

father taught me a week ago, that an island was land with water all round it." At this moment he found the island of Rhodes, and he said, "Here, mother, here it is." And she then told him, that this small island was famous for the production of sponge, and that the poor inhabitants gained their livelihood by fishing for it; and, that even the little children were taught to dive a great way under the water, to pluck it from the rocks.

And Henry said, "Then I suppose, mother, it does not stick so fast as the pearl oysters do, or else the little boys could not pull it off;" and she told him it did not.

Then Henry put away his slate, and asked his mother, if he might read her a story in Frank, a very pretty book which his father had lately bought for him, and he understood it quite well, for he kept all his stops properly, and he was much amused; and said, "Mo-

ther, I will try to be as good a boy as Frank was."

The following day it was very fine, but still Henry could not go to see Mary, for his mother was engaged, and could not find time to walk with him, neither could she find time to teach him to do a sum, nor to hear him read; so Henry was obliged to amuse himself without any assistance; and he begged his mother would lend him her pencil, that he might draw; and he said, "I am going to try to teach myself, as little Patty did, mother."

"You will find it a great amusement, my dear," said his mother, "particularly in wet weather, when you cannot run in the garden."

"Yes, mother, and when you cannot

find time to teach me arithmetic, or to walk with me, just as it happens to-day," said Henry.

Then he ran into the garden, and picked a small yellow and purple flower, called a heartsease, and he tried to draw it. "Mother, I have made a bad stroke," said he, "will my sponge rub it out?"

"No, my dear, it will not," said his mother, "I will lend you an Indian rubber."

After that, Henry gave his mother no more trouble, but went on trying to copy his flower; and this entertained him for more than an hour, and when he had finished it, he shewed it to her, and said, "Mother, is it much like the pattern?"

She looked at it, and said, "It is not very much like it, my dear, but still it is pretty well for the first attempt."

—— for Henry had a little garden of his own, where his mother gave him leave to amuse himself by digging, and raking, and hoeing up the weeds, and he kept it very neat.

See Page 47.

London: William Darton, *58, Holborn Hill, 7 Mo. 31, 1826.*

Henry said, "I would try again, only the flower is withered; to-morrow I will put one into water, mother, and then it will not die so soon; and now I will run and play in the garden."

Then Henry put by all his letters, thanked his mother for her pencil and Indian rubber, and ran to plant a gooseberry tree the gardener had given him; for Henry had a little garden of his own, where his mother gave him leave to amuse himself by digging, and raking, and hoeing up the weeds, and he kept it very neat. Henry continued working in it till Jane came to tell him that it was time to go in, and have his hands and face washed, that he might be ready for dinner.

In the evening when his father was at liberty, Henry was much pleased to talk with him, and to tell him, that he had learned where sponge came from; and he said, "May I have a little book to put down all the new things I learn, father?"

"I did not know you could write, my dear," said his father.

"No I cannot write myself," replied Henry, "only I thought if I told you what I wanted written, you would perhaps be so very kind as to do it for me." And his father answered, "That I shall do willingly, my dear, till you are able to write yourself."

Then Henry's father made him a neat little book, and said, "What shall we call it?" But Henry could not give it a name; so his father said, "We will call it Henry's Journal."

But Henry said, he did not know the meaning of that word.

Then his father desired him to bring him a dictionary, and he would shew him how to find out the meaning of words he did not understand. And when he had fetched the dictionary, his father taught him how to look out the

word; and when he had found it, he desired Henry to read the meaning aloud; and he read as follows: "Journal, an account kept of daily transactions."

And Henry said, "I am not sure I know what the word transactions means; but I believe it means, things we do; and daily, means, every day. So then Henry's Journal means, things Henry does every day."

"Quite right," said his father. "Now will you please to write down the three things I learned yesterday, and the one I have learned to-day," said Henry. And his father wrote them down according to his desire. And by the time this was done, Jane came to say it was bedtime. And Henry begged his father would please to take care of his little book for him till the following evening.

The next morning Henry's father came into his room, before he was dressed, and said, "Henry, your mother and I are going a ride this morning—what say you to accompanying us?" And Henry jumped up in a minute, and said, "Oh! papa, I shall like it very much indeed;" and he put on his stockings in great haste, and by the time they were on, Jane came to finish dressing him, and he asked her, if she could tell which way his father was going to ride? But she said, "No, master Henry, I cannot; but I hope you will enjoy yourself, for it is a very delightful day."

As soon as he was dressed, he skipped down stairs as nimbly and as merrily as any little boy in the world; and he met his father just at the door of the breakfast room, where, in a few minutes, his mother joined him, and they all sat down together.

Henry's mother took notice that he

ate scarcely any breakfast, and she asked him if he was not well.

Then Henry said, "Yes, mother, but my joy has taken away my appetite; for I am not hungry at all now."

"You must try to eat some breakfast," said his father, "or you will feel ill, and that will prevent your enjoying yourself."

Then Henry tried to eat, and when breakfast was over, the carriage drove to the door, and he got in, and sat waiting very impatiently till his father and mother joined him. But his father had several little things to attend to before he could set off, and Henry began to think he would never come.

However, at last he saw his father and mother come out of the hall door, and his mother had a small basket in her hand, which she gave to Henry to

carry; and he peeped into it and saw it was full of cakes.

"What are those for?" said Henry, "Are we going a very long ride, and shall we be hungry, father?" "Yes, my dear, we are going a long ride, and as you made a very poor breakfast, I think it is probable you will be hungry."

"Where are we going?" inquired Henry.

"Wait patiently, and you will see," said his father.

Henry looked very curious, but did not ask any more questions; and in a little time he was entirely taken up with admiring the beautiful trees that grew by the road side; and his father desired the coachman to drive a little slower, that Henry might observe the various trees, for he said that their manner of growing was so different, he might, by

taking a little pains, learn to distinguish their names from that circumstance alone.

And Henry said, "Look at those tall straight trees, papa, and pray tell me their names, for they are so very different from all the rest, that I think I shall not mistake them." And his father said, "They are called poplars, and their wood is valuable for making the floors of houses, because it is not liable to catch fire. Many floors are made of deal, which is the wood of the fir tree, but that catches fire very readily."

And Henry said, he would try not to forget the name of those tall trees; and then he looked out of the other window, and saw a kind of tree the branches of which spread wide, and they all turned up at the end; and he said, "Pray papa, what tree is that?" And his father told him it was an ash.

In this manner Henry continued talk-

ing and amusing himself, without perceiving the length of the way.

After riding at least twelve miles, the carriage turned the corner of a lane, which brought them on a sudden to a very rough road indeed; and Henry looked out of the window, and saw, instead of the tall trees and green hedges that had pleased him so much a minute or two before, a high sort of hill which reached as far as he could see, and the sides of which were almost as white as chalk. He was just going to speak to his father about it, when the carriage stopped, and his father said, "Now, Henry, shut your eyes a minute;" which he did, and the servant lifted him out of the carriage, and carried him over the rough stones till he came to some smooth sand, and then he set him down, and his father took hold of his hand; and Henry said, "Now, papa, may I open

my eyes?" His father replied, "You may, my dear."

When Henry opened his eyes he started back, and felt quite frightened, for he saw nothing but water before him, and it seemed as if it were rolling towards him, and as if it would wash him away in a moment; and he held his father's hand very tight, who said, "Do not fear, Henry; the water will not come near you;" and he was still more surprised when he saw the great wave, which seemed as if it would have swallowed him up, break into white foam, and flow gently over the sand.

In a few minutes Henry recovered his courage; and he said, "Now I am not a bit frightened, papa, because I see the great water will not hurt me; but what a very great quantity there is of it! There seems no end to it; for as far off as ever I can see, it looks as if it went into the sky;" and he then added, "Pray, papa, what river is this called?"

But his father said, "This is not a river; my dear, it is the sea."

And Henry said, "What! papa, is this the Mediterranean sea, where sponge comes from?" To which his father replied, "Oh no, my dear, indeed it is not; this is called the British Channel."

Then Henry said, "Father, I think the sea is the handsomest thing I ever saw in my life."*

And he could scarcely move his eyes from the object with which he was so much delighted; he was astonished as much as ever to see the great waves roll towards him, and then when they seemed just ready to dash over him, to find them break at his feet, and run back with a gentle murmuring sound, but he was no longer alarmed at them.

* The above was the remark of a little boy the first time he saw the sea.

Henry's mother had seated herself on a stone close to the spot where he and his father stood, and she was delighted to watch the pleasure that sparkled in the eyes of her dear little boy.

After looking at the waves for nearly an hour, Henry said, "Papa, I have found out a thing; I am sure the sea is going away from us."

"What makes you fancy that, my dear?" said his father.

"Why, papa, please to come here," said Henry. "When we first came, this stone was quite covered with water, and now you see the top of it is dry, so that is a certain sign the water does not come so far forward as it used to do."

"You are quite right, my dear," said his father, "and I am very glad to find you are a little boy of observation, for that is the only way to gain wisdom;

but your legs must ache, I think, with standing so long."

"They do ache a little, papa, and I am very hungry too," said Henry; "but I want to ask you a great many more questions about the sea, and about those high hills that go all along there, papa;" and Henry pointed to the tall white cliffs. "Very well, my dear, I will answer all your questions," said his father, "while you eat your cake. Go and sit on that stone by your mother."

HENRY was an obedient little boy, therefore, when his father desired him to go and sit by his mother, he did not continue standing by the water, as many little boys would have done, nor say, "Let me just watch this one wave more, papa, and I will go," but he turned cheerfully round and ran towards her,

without even stopping to pick up one sea-shell, or one bright pebble that glittered on the sandy shore.

When Henry reached his mother, he seated himself by her side upon a large chalk stone, which had fallen from the tall white cliff upon the beach below. He took hold of her hand, looked up in her face and smiled, for he felt very happy in having a father and mother who were so kind to him. For some time, his attention was engaged in watching his father unpack the basket, and he did not once turn his eyes towards the rolling ocean, though he said he liked very much to hear the hollow sound made by the waves as they dashed against the shore.

"I am very glad, papa, that you thought of bringing that basket of cakes; I should have been sadly hungry if you had not, and that would have taken away almost all my pleasure.

It is a good thing you thought of it, is it not, papa?"

"Prudent foresight is always a good thing, my dear boy," said his father, patting his cheek, whilst he gave him a slice of cake.

"Prudent foresight! I wish I had the great dictionary here, papa, then I would look for the meaning of those words, as you taught me to do yesterday, when I wanted to know what *journal* meant; but as the great dictionary is not here, will you be so good as to tell me what they signify? Is bringing a basket of cakes to the sea-side called prudent foresight?"

"Prudent foresight, my dear, is shewn in a great many ways. It teaches us to look beyond the present moment, and to provide for our future wants. It is this which leads the farmer to plough his land before Winter,

and to sow his grain in Spring, that his fields may in the Summer be clothed with beauty, and in the Autumn reward him with an abundant harvest; and the same foresight induces your mother to give useful lessons to her little Henry, that he may grow up a good and wise man."

Henry paid great attention whilst his father was speaking: when he had finished he thanked him, and said, he now perfectly understood the meaning of the words.

"Papa, I am very thirsty; will you please to let me have a little water?"

Again his father opened the basket, and took out of it a large bottle full of water. This surprised Henry very much, and he said, "What occasion could there be to bring water here, papa? There is such plenty in this great sea!"

"You shall taste the sea-water, Henry, and if you prefer it to that which I have in this bottle, you shall be very welcome to drink it."

Henry's father then took a glass, and dipping it into an advancing wave, he brought a draught of sea-water to his little boy, who, the moment he had tasted it, returned the glass to his father, saying, "Oh dear, oh dear! I do not like it at all; it is salt, and bitter, and very disagreeable: pray give me a piece more cake, papa, to take the taste of it out of my mouth."

Henry was afterwards very glad to have a draught of pure water out of the bottle his father had provided, and was fully convinced, that prudent foresight was indeed a very good thing.

"WHAT is my little boy thinking of?" said Henry's father, observing his eyes intently fixed upon the sea.

"I was thinking, papa, whether the salt we eat with our meat, could be made from that water."

"Yes, my dear," replied his father, "a great quantity is obtained from it, although much of the salt we use is dug from pits in the earth."

"What! papa, salt that is really fit to eat, dug out of the earth! Is there not a great deal of dirt mixed with it?"

"No, my dear, none at all. Immense mines of rock-salt have been discovered in different parts of England, but the largest in the world is at a place called Wielitsca, in Poland. It has already been worked upwards of six hundred years, and may continue

to be worked for twice six hundred more, without any fear of its being exhausted."

"Exhausted—that means emptied, I suppose, papa. Do pray tell me some more about that curious mine."

"Prepare yourself then, my boy, for an account as wonderful as any fairy tale you ever heard, for my salt mine appears a complete palace of diamonds. It is at so prodigious a depth under ground, that the bright beams of the sun can never enter, yet the inhabitants know not what darkness is: lamps are kept constantly burning, the light of which, shining upon the glittering salt, would dazzle the eyes of my little Henry with its brightness. In some parts, it appears clear as crystal; in others, tinged with all the colours of the rainbow."

"I wish I could go to Poland," said

Henry, " and have a peep at this mine; it must be a beautiful sight."

" Beautiful as it is, you would not like to change places with the miners, many of whom are born and live all their days in these subterraneous abodes."

" There is another hard word. Oh! papa, what a useful book a dictionary is!"

" I will be your dictionary again on this occasion," said his kind father. " Subterraneous, signifies under ground."

" Do you mean then, papa, to say, that these poor people never come out of the cave to see the pleasant sun shine, nor the pretty lambs skipping in the meadows? How sorry I should be if I might not walk in the green

fields, and hear the little birds sing so sweetly as we heard them the other day, mamma! I would not change places with those poor men on any account, and am very glad I was not born in a salt mine."

"In that case you would not have known these pleasures, Henry, and therefore would not have regretted their loss."

"Well, I pity the poor creatures very much, however. Do they have houses to live in, papa?"

"Their dwellings can scarcely be called houses. They are little huts, some built singly, others in clusters like villages. The miners, when at their work, are careful to leave large masses in the shape of pillars, for the support of the arches formed by the removal of the salt. These prevent the roof from falling in, as it would

otherwise certainly do, and bury them all in its ruins."

"It must be a dangerous, uncomfortable way of earning a living. Is it not easier to get the salt out of the sea-water, papa?"

"We will talk about that another time, Henry; run now and see what curiosities you can find on the shore."

The moment his father spoke of looking for curiosities, Henry jumped up, and with nimble steps he bounded over the shining sand, which the retiring sea had left smooth and even upon the shore. One moment he turned his eyes towards the ocean, the next he raised them to the tall white cliff, and then again bent them on the stony beach.

He was surrounded by so many objects new and wonderful, that his attention was divided, nor could he fix it upon any one long enough to gain much information.—His father perceiving his perplexity, called him to his side.

"Papa, here are so many things I want to understand, that they quite puzzle me. The sea is going farther and farther away from us. Do you think it will ever come back again?"

"Yes, Henry, in six hours it will begin to flow again. Whilst it is retiring thus, we call it an ebb tide, and when it begins to return, we say, the tide flows."

"Pray, papa, what makes the tide ebb and flow?"

"That you are too young to comprehend at present, my dear: there are a great many things which it will be

necessary for you to learn, before you can understand the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the tide. Attend to these first, and some time hence I will tell you what learned men suppose to be the occasion of this constant motion in the sea."

"Suppose, papa! Do they only suppose? Cannot learned men be sure of it?"

"No, Henry; there are many subjects too difficult for even the wisest of men to determine upon with certainty."

"I am sorry for that, papa; when I do learn any thing, I like to be sure I am learning the truth."

"Very right, my boy; I shall therefore at present teach you only such things as I can positively assure you are true."

"Look at this shell, papa," said Henry, as he stooped and picked up one that lay on the sand. "It is something like a snail-shell, but of a different shape."

"It has been the abode of a sort of sea snail, Henry: every shell you have ever seen, from the largest to the smallest, was once the dwelling-place of some animal."

Henry looked all astonishment. "What! did those beautiful large shells on the chimney-piece in our breakfast parlour come out of the sea, and did animals ever live in them? I thought they had been made by people, the same as the China jars. Are not those shells painted, papa?"

"Not by the hand of man, my love: the same Great Power that decks the fields with their green carpet, and clothes the trees with leaves and blos-

soms, paints the sea-shell also with its delicate colours."

"Oh! what is this, papa? What is this?" exclaimed Henry, stooping to pick up a bright red stone that glittered in the sun-beam.

"It is called a Cornelian, my dear. Those stones, when polished, are valuable, and are made into broaches and necklaces."

"Mamma, will you have this one polished and made into a broach? Pray do; I shall like to think I have found something that will be useful to you, though I do not think it will make quite so pretty a one as the pearls which you told me about the other day. Will it look bright when it is polished?

"Yes, my love, you shall see it polished," said his mother; "I will have

it made into a broach, and will wear it often for the sake of my little Henry."

Henry kissed his mother affectionately, thanked her for her kindness, and ran off to try if he could not find something curious for his father also.

In a little while he came back again with a handful of sea-shells.

"Papa, I have found some more shells, but they are not all alike. Look, mamma," said he, opening his hand and discovering his treasures, "here are several different sorts. I wish I could peep under those great waves, I think I should then find plenty."

"That you certainly would Henry," said his father. "Sea-shells are very various in their forms, though they all rank in one of the classes, Univalve, Bivalve, or Multivalve."

"Ah! papa, but I do not understand a word of all that," said Henry, with a heavy sigh, and a down-cast look.

"Do not be discouraged, my boy; I dare say we shall soon explain away your difficulties. All shells that are in *one* piece, like this," said his father, taking up that which Henry had thought like a snail-shell, "are univalve. Oyster, Cockle, Muscle, and all other shells which are composed of *two* pieces, are called bivalve, and such as are formed of *more* than two pieces are called multivalve. Do you understand better now, Henry?"

"Yes, papa, a great deal better. The two large shells on each end of the chimney-piece at home, are univalve, for they look like immense snail-shells; and that in the middle is one half of a bivalve; but I do not think I ever saw a multivalve shell, papa."

"They are not so common as the other kinds, my love; indeed I believe none are ever found on the English shores."

Henry's father never attempted to teach his little boy many things at one time, because he was afraid either of wearying his attention, or puzzling him with difficulties; so after he had explained to him the difference between the three kinds of shells, he took him by one hand, whilst Henry gave the other to his mother, and they walked to the very edge of the water. He was much amused with guessing how far each wave would advance, and he often guessed pretty nearly right; for he observed, that the waves which broke nearest the shore, flowed farther over the sand than those which broke at a greater distance.

A number of large birds were hovering over the water, and they frequently dipped down into it, and swam upon the surface of the waves.

"I think, papa," said Henry, "those birds must enjoy the moving of the sea; look how gradually it makes them sail up and down!"

"These birds are called sea-gulls," returned his father; "they live upon small fishes and other marine productions."

"Such as sponge, I suppose, papa; I remember mamma told me that was a marine production, and so is every thing else that grows in the sea, I believe."

"Oh! mamma, what have you found there? Pray let me see," exclaimed Henry, as he observed her looking attentively at something upon the beach.

"It is a beautiful piece of sea-weed, my dear; we will take it home with us, and to-morrow you shall spread it upon paper; you will then find it will look like a little pink tree, with very fine branches issuing from it in all directions."

"But there will be no leaves upon it, I suppose. Pray, mamma, is there much of this weed in the sea?"

"The bottom of the ocean, Henry, is supposed to be entirely covered with different vegetables, which serve as food for many animals that live beneath its waves. The great whale, of which you read the other day, is nourished almost entirely by productions of this kind. Some fishes eat up one another, but others subsist, like the whale, upon different sorts of sea-weed."

"How many curious things there must be hid beneath this great water,

mamma, which we can never see nor know any thing about!"

At this moment, Henry's attention was attracted by a man who had taken off his shoes and stockings, and was walking a considerable distance into the sea. Henry ran towards him and wondered what he could be doing. He perceived that he held in his hand a large sort of shovel, made of wicker-work, like baskets, and it had a long handle fastened to it, like that of a broom.

"Pray, good man, what is the use of that thing," said Henry, "and what do you go so far into the sea for?"

"I be going to catch shrimps, my young master," said the man, turning back to speak to him.

"Will you please to tell me how it is done?"

"Aye, surely will I, my little gentleman. The way I manages it, do ye see, be this. I takes hold of this here end of the handle, and then I pushes the shovel right down into the sand, and when I pulls it up again, a whole heap of little shrimps be sometimes mixed with the sand, which I washes from them and puts the shrimps into this here basket; and when it is full, I carries it home to my good Margaret, who boils 'em, and then sells 'em to the gentlefolks."

"And that is the way you earn your livelihood, is it, my good man?" asked Henry's father.

"Yes, an't please you, Sir; and as my wife Margaret is a tight, busy little body, we manages main nicely; for sometimes I goes out to sea with my boat, and catches other sorts of fish, and we always have plenty of custom for them, because the gentlefolks all

like my Margaret, and often come to our hut to inquire for fish, and to see her and our little ones."

"Have you many children, my good man?" inquired Henry's father.

"No, Sir, we are not over done that way. We have two brave boys as ever you set eyes on, and we don't care how hard we works for 'em now—they will work for us when we are worn out, I'll warrant 'em. We try to set 'em a good pattern. Margaret's old father lives with us, and we are all glad to do him a kind turn. If you will wait a minute, my young master, you shall see how I manages the shrimps, if I be but in luck to-day."

So saying, the fisherman walked gently into the water.

"What a nice man he is, papa!"

said Henry; "but he talks very bad grammar."

"He has never been taught grammar, Henry," said his father; "but he seems to possess some of the best feelings of our nature. I should like to go and see Margaret and his little ones, my dear," said he, turning to Henry's mother.

At this moment the fisherman came back, and shewed Henry the shrimps he had caught, who thought them the ugliest things he had ever seen.

"These are not at all like the shrimps we have at home, papa; those are pretty pink things, but these are brown, frightful looking little animals."

"It is the boiling of them that changes their colour, my love. Lobsters, though of so beautiful a red when

brought to table, are quite black when alive."

"We should like to sit down a few minutes in your hut, my good friend," continued Henry's father, turning to the fisherman, "if the distance be not too great."

"No, Sir, it is hard by there, under yon cliff; I will leave my tackle and go with you this minute. My Margaret will be proud to see you, I am sure."

This, Henry's father would not allow, but said they would wait till his basket was filled, and would then go with him to see Margaret. Henry's father and mother seated themselves on a large stone, whilst the fisherman caught his shrimps; and Henry very happily amused himself, sometimes in watching him, and sometimes in picking up sea-shells and pebbles on the shore.

The poor fisherman had what he called very good luck this morning, so that his basket was soon filled with shrimps.

"Pray let me carry the basket to your wife," said Henry. "I shall like the job very much."

"Bless your little heart, it is too heavy for you, my young master, I am sure; you could not carry it to yon stone, and our hut is a full quarter of a mile farther along the beach."

"Indeed, good fisherman, you are very much mistaken; I am stronger than you think for, I can tell you. I carried our great basket of cakes a long way, and it did not tire me at all. You will see, I shall make nothing of carrying these few shrimps."

So saying, Henry, with a look of im-

portance, marched up to the basket, and, stooping down, he attempted with a sudden jerk to lift it from the ground; but it was so much heavier than he had expected, that the effort threw him off his balance, and he fell flat upon the sand.

A little vexed at his disappointment, Henry scrambled up again, and shaking the sand from his clothes, he renewed his attempt, but still without success.

"Well, papa, it is very extraordinary: this basket is much smaller than our basket, and I am sure a shrimp is not so big nor so heavy as a roll or a biscuit, and yet I could carry ours very easily, and this I cannot even move! Will you be so kind as to tell me the reason? for I am sure there must be some very extraordinary reason for such an odd thing."

"I would much rather you should find it out yourself, Henry; and I think if you only reflect a few minutes, you will make the discovery without any assistance from either your mother or me."

Henry did reflect many minutes, but still it appeared to him very surprising, that a small basket full of little shrimps should be so much heavier than a large one filled with rolls, biscuits, and two heavy glass tumblers into the bargain.

"Papa, I have thought, and thought, and thought again, and I cannot make it out. Will you please to tell me?"

His father was unwilling to tell him, because he so much wished him to find out the reason himself. He opened both the baskets and Henry looked at them very attentively for some time; when suddenly his eyes sparkled with delight, and, clapping his hands, he ex-

claimed, "I do believe I have found it out: these great things, these great cakes and tumblers, will not pack close, papa; see how much room there is between them, filled with nothing—empty I mean. Look, mamma, the things are of different shapes and so they do not fit; but the little shrimps are all of the same shape, so they pack very close; there is no room lost between them; they all lie solid, and that makes the basket so heavy. I am almost sure that is the right reason; is it not, papa? Oh! thank you for not telling me; thank you for making me think for myself, my dear, good papa."

"When I was a little boy, Henry, my father used to say to me, 'Think twice before you speak once, and you will speak twice the better for it.'"

"And I did think twice, papa, and did not I speak twice the better for it? I will always try to think well another

time, and then I dare say I shall often find out the reason of things myself."

"In all probability you will, Henry; for you have certainly found out the right reason why the little basket is heavier than the large one."

By the time Henry had made this discovery, the fisherman had put on his stockings and thick wooden shoes, and was ready to carry the shrimps to Margaret.

Henry had never seen any wooden shoes before, and he asked the man whether they were as comfortable as if the soles were made of leather.

"I don't know for the matter of that, master, but I be always used to them, and they will wear out many a pair of leather ones; I am obliged to go the cheapest way to work, for Margaret and I have no money to spare."

"Pray do your little boys wear such clumsy shoes?" inquired Henry.

"My lads have not learnt to wear shoes at all yet, master."

"What! do they never go out of the house then?"

"Oh, aye, sure they do; the big one generally comes with me to fish: but he was busy with his grandfather learning his book to-day, so I left him at home. He never minds the shingle, not he; I would be ashamed if any lad of mine should cry at a bit of pain."

Henry sighed at the thought of a little boy being obliged to walk barefooted over such sharp stones, for he was himself often ready to complain that they hurt him, even through the thick soles of his shoes, and he thought to himself, "I should be almost as sorry to change places with the fish-

erman's children, as I should with the miners at Wielitsca." These were Henry's thoughts before he had seen the merry countenances of Margaret's little boys; for the moment he looked at them and saw their cheeks glowing with health, and their eyes sparkling with pleasure at their dear father's return, he felt convinced that these little barefooted children were by no means objects of pity.

When they reached the fisherman's hut, they stood behind a part of the cliff, so that Margaret, who came out the minute she heard her husband's footsteps, did not at first see them.

"Why, my dear Joe, you are home sooner than usual to-day. The dinner is not quite ready for you. I hope you

have got a good basket full of shrimps, for I have a great many bespoke."

So saying, she opened the lid of the basket, and was very glad to see it so full.

"Aye, Margaret dear, there were more fish than sand to-day, so my work was soon done; but where are the little ones? Here be some gentlefolks come to see them."

At this moment Henry with his father and mother came forward to speak to Margaret, and they asked her if she would let them sit down for five minutes in her cottage, and begged to see her little boys.

"Our hut is a poor place, madam, for such gentlefolks as you," said Margaret, turning to Henry's mother; "but you are quite welcome to rest yourself if you will please to walk in."

They immediately accepted the good woman's invitation. The door was so low, that they were obliged to stoop their heads as they entered. Henry was surprised to find the hut was not built like any that he had ever before seen. It was a sort of cave, hollowed out of the cliff, and the sides, which were cut quite square, looked very delicate and clean, for the cliff was composed of white chalk. By the side of the door was a little window. Round the room were placed several wooden stools, and in the middle stood a rough table; there was also a high-backed elbow chair with a comfortable cushion in it; and Henry, the moment he saw it, guessed this was the chair in which Margaret's old father sat; he inquired where he was, and where her little boys were.

"They are altogether somewhere upon the beach, my young master; the little ones are very fond of their grand-

father, and will never leave him a minute if they can help it."—"Joe dear, just run and see if you can find 'em, will you?—and tell 'em to come and speak to the gentlefolks."

As soon as Joe left the hut to look for his children, Henry's father said to Margaret, "You seem to have a very kind husband, my good woman."

"The very best in the whole world, I'll warrant you, Sir. This hut he dug out of the cliff, with his own dear hands, because we could not afford to pay for our little cottage any longer, and though I was grieved to leave our pretty cottage just at first, yet I am now to the full as happy here, for Joe's love makes any place pleasant."

"What misfortune obliged you to leave your pretty cottage, Margaret?"

"Ah! madam, it was a sad misfor-

tune; but it has brought us good for all. If it had not been for that, our dear father would never have come to live with us. My brother William, and an excellent brother he was, met his death very suddenly from a fall, and our poor father, who used to live with him, was then left without any means of getting his bread. What was to be done, madam? Joe and I had a young family coming on, so it was impossible to think of keeping our pretty cottage and supporting our poor father too; but Joe said it wanted no great thought, for our duty *was* our duty, and that was all we had to mind; so he determined to set off directly into the north, where father then lived, and to bring him down to us. Glad enough I was to see him, as you may suppose, madam; but the poor old man was sadly melancholy at first; he grieved after his dear boy, and he was sorry to have us turn out of our cottage for his sake; but lately he has grown more

cheerly; the little ones amuse him, and he fancies our biggest boy gets very like his poor William, and that comforts him. We tell him a blessing has been upon us ever since he set foot in our little dwelling, and so I really fancy there has, madam, for our money-box is almost as full now, as it was before Joe set off his journey into the north; and I am sure that is more than I ever expected, for that long journey quite emptied it."

Henry's father and mother were very much pleased with Margaret's simple story.

Henry inquired where they slept, and whether there were any more rooms in the hut.

Margaret upon this asked him if he would like to see their bed rooms, and opened a small door which led into another room, very much like the

one they had quitted, except, that instead of stools and a table, there was a low bed in one corner, and near it a chest for clothes.

Henry put his hand upon the bed, and exclaimed, "How very hard it is! It is not at all like our beds at home."

"No, master, I suppose not; these beds are stuffed with straw instead of feathers."

"With straw! I should have thought that was only fit for cows and pigs to sleep upon. And do the little boys sleep on straw beds too?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir, and I do believe they sleep as soundly upon them as you do upon your soft bed of feathers. Use is every thing in these matters. We go to bed with wearied bodies but light hearts; we are thankful for our comforts, and feel no wish beyond what

our humble hut affords us. This is our room, that beyond is just like it, and there our father and the children sleep."

Henry peeped in. Every thing looked neat and clean, though accompanied by an appearance of extreme poverty.

At this moment, Margaret heard her husband's voice, and as she went out to see if he had found the children, Henry whispered to his mother, "Mamma, I like Margaret quite as well as Joe, and she speaks much better grammar."

"She has evidently had a much better education, Henry," said his mother, as she took his hand and led him out of the hut.

The first object Henry saw when he left the hut, was a very pleasant looking grey-headed old man: in one hand he held a thick knotted stick, which supported his tottering steps, and with the other he was leading a pretty curly-headed little boy, who looked the picture of joy and good humour, although he was trotting barefooted over the sharp stones which covered the beach. At no great distance behind them was Joe, carrying in his arms his youngest child, whose little hands were clasped round his father's neck, whilst he hid his face on his shoulder to avoid the notice of the strangers.

"Come, hold up your head, Joe," said his father; "what are you afraid of, child? The gentlefolks won't hurt you; look at that nice little master; he wants to speak to you."

Joe lifted up his head to look at the nice little master, who tried to draw his

The first object Henry saw when he left the hut, was a very pleasant looking grey-headed old man.

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attention by shewing him the treasures he had picked up on the shore.

" Oh!" cried little William, loosing himself from his grandfather's hand, " we have plenty of sea-shells, and much prettier than those; I will run and fetch them for you."

So saying, away he went, and soon returned with a box filled with *beauties*, as Henry called them.

Little Joe now gained courage to join the party, and, slipping from his father's arms, he ran to his brother, who had made choice of a large flat stone which served every purpose of a table, and upon which he emptied the contents of his box before the admiring eyes of Henry, who in his turn astonished the little peasant by a display of his knowledge, telling him this was a univalve shell, that a bivalve, but

that shells of the multivalve kind were never found on the English shores.

Henry's mother, who had followed the little party, could not help smiling at this sudden display of his newly-acquired knowledge. It was all lost upon his young companion, who stared at hearing so many hard words to which he could attach no idea, and begged Henry would take as many of the shells as he pleased. Henry felt very much obliged to William for this offer, and took a few, but not many, because he did not like to deprive the good-natured little boy of his play-things.

Whilst the children were amusing themselves with the sea-shells upon the beach, Margaret, at the request of Henry's father, went to prepare her husband's dinner, and Joe being busy with his fishing-tackle, the old man was left alone with their guests. Henry's

father and mother asked him several questions about his family, to which he replied,

"I never had but two children, madam, and two blessings I might truly call them. My poor boy never gave me a moment's sorrow till the day he died. Ah! madam, that was a day of grief, indeed," added he, wiping away the tears which flowed afresh at the sad recollection of his loss. "I shall never forget what I suffered when the news was brought me. I was waiting and watching for him to come home to his dinner, when a neighbour called, and told me that whilst my poor William was working as usual in the slate quarry, the rope which was round him suddenly broke, and that he had been dreadfully hurt, if not killed, by the fall. Before I had time to recover from the shock of this news, my poor boy was brought in, pale and bloody, by his fellow-workmen. I fainted at

the sight, for I felt sure he was gone for ever, and so, lady, it proved. He never opened his eyes again, and if it had not been for the sake of my daughter and her dear little ones, I believe I should never have held up my head any more. They are now all my comfort; and William is so like my poor son, that I sometimes could almost fancy it was himself grown young again."

Henry, on hearing the words slate quarry, had quitted his little companions, and listened attentively to the old man's story. When it was finished, he said, "Will you please to tell me something more about the quarry? What is a quarry; and how is the slate got out of it?"

"A quarry, sir," said the old man, "is a pit, from which stones of different kinds are dug: there are slate quarries, and marble quarries, and stone quarries.

That in which my William worked, was in Westmoreland. Very high rocks rose on each side, formed of slate and earth. The workmen are let down by a rope fastened round their bodies: with a sharp instrument they separate the slates from the rock, and put them into baskets provided for the purpose."

"And are these slates such as I do my sums upon?" inquired Henry: "such as mamma bought me the other day, with a red leather frame to it?"

"Yes, sir; the slate is the same, only it requires to be ground and made smooth before it is fit to write upon. The rough slates do very well for the roofs of houses, and such like purposes, but those which are put into frames require more pains and trouble to prepare them."

Henry thanked the old man and said, "Mamma I have learned another new

thing; I am sure I did not expect to learn any thing about my slate by the sea-side. It will take you a great while to write my journal to-night, papa; I shall have so much to set down; there will be, first of all, about the salt mines, and then how to catch shrimps, and the three hard names about the sea-shells, which I could not understand at all at first, but now I believe I shall always remember them; and, last of all, and best of all, because it was one of the four things I wanted so much to know, I have learnt that slate comes out of a quarry, and that it requires to be ground and made smooth before it is fitted to write upon. Pray, papa, did the red leather on my slate frame come out of the earth too?"

"No, my dear; all kinds of leather are made from the skins of different animals. They undergo a process called tanning, which changes the rough, harsh skin into smooth, soft leather. I

will take you some day to a tan-yard, where you shall see the manner in which it is done."

"Thank you, papa. Pray can the skins of all animals be made into leather?"

"The skins of all four-footed animals may, my dear," said his father, "but they are applied to different purposes, according to their different degrees of thickness. Dog-skin makes a very strong, and at the same time a very soft leather for shoes; calf and sheep skins are also used for the covering of books, and many other useful purposes: leather made from the skins of oxen is very strong and valuable."

"I believe, papa, there is nothing in the world that is not useful for something or other. How pleasant it is to learn these things! I think, mamma, I shall learn more than one new

thing a day; indeed, when I am with papa and you, I find out every minute something I did not know before. I wish you had nothing to do all day long but talk to me."

"That would be a misfortune to you, my dear," said his mother; "it would make you too dependent upon us. How much better it is that you should read, and by that means gain knowledge! You can then find amusement and instruction at any time, and the more little boys and girls can entertain themselves, the happier they will always be."

"Ah! that is very true, mamma, for since I have been trying to learn to draw, and since I can understand a book that I read to myself, I never mind whether it rains, or whether it is fine, nor whether you are busy or not. Reading or drawing amuses me when I cannot dig in my garden, and when

you cannot walk with me nor talk to me, mamma."

The footman came up at this moment to say the carriage was waiting for them; so Henry's father and mother took leave of the fisherman, his wife and children, as well as of the venerable old man, and taking care to leave a handsome present for Margaret's money-box, they departed, accompanied by the blessings of this honest and grateful family.

All the way they walked to the carriage, Henry could talk of nothing but the happy day he had spent. He turned his eyes towards the ocean, and said he was sorry to leave its rolling waves. The sun shone brightly, and it looked as if the whole surface of the waters were studded with diamonds.

"Pray look, papa," exclaimed the

delighted little boy; "I am sure the salt mine cannot shine more beautifully: I do not want to go to Poland now, for no sight can be prettier than this, and here we can breathe the fresh air too. Oh poor miners! how I pity you, who are obliged to be shut up for ever under ground!"

Henry's pity for the poor miners did not disturb his present enjoyment. He ran, he jumped, nay, almost with the lightness of a playful fawn, he bounded over the smooth dry sand, and very reluctantly, though with perfect good humour, he mounted the steps of the carriage, which was to convey him from this scene of delight; but to a mind disposed to be happy, change of scene is only change of enjoyment, and Henry soon found pleasure in again admiring what he had admired so much in the morning, the green hedges, the tall poplars, and the fine spreading ash trees which grew beside the road.

After a pleasant ride, Henry spied the tall spire of the village church, peeping from between the trees that grew around it. "Oh, papa! we are almost at home," cried he, "and I am glad of it, for I begin to feel very hungry and a little tired. I wonder I should feel tired, papa, for I have been very happy all day long."

"Pleasure wearies the body as much or more than business, my love," said his father: "if you had been spending your time quietly at home, learning your usual lessons with your mother, and taking your accustomed walk, I believe you would have felt less fatigue."

"I believe so too, papa," said Henry, yawning and rubbing his heavy eyes, "and yet I like pleasure sometimes better than lessons."

"Change of scene is good for all of us, my child, and I hope this day has

been one of profit as well as of pleasure." "O yes! papa; my long journal will tell you *that*." The coach drove up to the door, and Henry forgot his fatigue the moment he saw Jane, who instantly came forward to lift him out of the carriage.

"O Jane!" exclaimed he, "look what I have brought for you; such curious things! Here are sea-shells, and sea-weed, and this pretty bright red stone, I have forgotten the name of it, but that is not for you, Jane; mamma will have it made into a broach, and she will wear it too for my sake, she says."

Jane was pleased to see Henry look so happy, for she loved him very much. Indeed, so did all the servants, and it was no wonder they did so, for he was a very good-natured little boy, and never gave them trouble when he could help it; besides which, he never spoke rudely to them, but always behaved as

he saw his mother behave towards them, with much kindness and civility.

In the evening, although Henry was very tired, he would not go to bed till he had entered into his journal the particulars of this eventful day; for his father and mother had taught him to be punctual in the performance of all his little duties; and now that he had made a resolution to keep his journal regularly, he considered that as a very important one.

"To-morrow, mamma, I hope I shall enjoy that pleasure I have been longing for so many days."

His mother looked as if she did not recollect what he meant.

"What, mamma, have you forgotten! Do not you remember about Patty's grandmother; about the good news we are to carry little Mary?"

His mother smiled, kissed him very kindly, and said she hoped nothing would happen to deprive him to-morrow of his promised pleasure.

Henry went to bed, pleased with himself and with every body around him; and no little boy ever laid his head on a more peaceful pillow, or enjoyed more gentle or refreshing slumbers.

With the early lark little Henry arose next morning; it was a very fine day, and he wished to dig his garden, and to sort his sea-shells, and to pick out his sea-weed on paper. He scarcely knew which to begin first; but as it was so fine, he determined, at last, that he would dig his garden, because he could attend to either of the other employments some rainy morning, when he could not enjoy himself in the open air.

He weeded his beds very nicely, and raked them very smooth; and no little boy's garden looked neater than Henry's. He had a great many useful tools, for as he was a careful child, and did not break and destroy his playthings, he was often indulged with presents which would not have been given to him, if he had been an unsteady, destructive little boy; he had, besides his spade, his rake, his hoe, and his watering-pot, a very pretty little wheelbarrow, and a small broom to sweep the paths, so that there was never, either on the walks or borders, any dead leaves or decaying weeds to be seen; for Henry always took care either to pick them up, or to sweep them together and wheel them away in his barrow.

After he had worked in his garden till he thought it was near breakfast-time, he put by his tools and went into the house to beg Jane to wash his hands and face, and to comb his hair,

that he might be ready to kiss his mother when she came down stairs; but Henry's mother did not come down stairs this morning. She had caught a bad cold the evening before, and was obliged to lie in bed and to keep quiet, for her head ached very much. Thus was poor Henry again disappointed in his hopes of carrying Mary the good news; and again he bore his disappointment like a hero. It was several days before his mother got better. The very first morning she felt well enough to walk, she determined to indulge her little boy in his earnest wish to see Mary; and they set out very soon after breakfast to the cottage.

The warmth of the sun had made a great change in the appearance of the corn. In some fields the fine large ears were waving fully ripe, and ready for the reaper; in others, they had been cut, and were tied into sheaves, whilst some fields were cleared entirely of the

grain, excepting the few scattered ears that still remained on the ground, to reward the industry and activity of the gleaner.

Henry was delighted to see the cheerful countenances of the poor people, as they filled their aprons with the scattered ears; and he begged his mother would give him leave to glean also, that he might help a poor feeble old woman, who tottered from weakness and age, as she stooped to her laborious employment. After Henry had gleaned till he was hot and tired, he again joined his mother, and they proceeded towards the cottage.

Mary's mother came forward the moment she heard them rap at the door, and welcomed them to her humble abode. Henry eagerly inquired for Mary, and was sorry to hear she was not at home.

"She is out in the fields gleaning,

sir," said her mother; "she is early and late at her labour, for her father has promised to buy the corn of her, and she hopes to earn enough to get half a year's schooling: we have heard, madam, that one of our neighbours, whom we know to be a very worthy woman, is about to open a school; she lives at yonder cottage, just across that meadow, and".....

"O yes, we know all about it," interrupted Henry, "and we mean—that is, mamma means—but no, I will not tell you yet; I will save the good news till Mary herself comes. O dear me! what a pity it is she is not at home!"

Henry's mother smiled at his impatience, and looking out of the window, she espied the little girl with a heavy burden upon her head, crossing the meadow which led to the cottage: "Well, here she comes, Henry," exclaimed she, "so you will not long be burthened with your secret."

Henry's mother smiled at his impatience, and looking out of the window, she espied the little girl with a heavy burden upon her head, crossing the meadow which led to the Cottage.

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Before he had time fully to express his joy, Mary opened the wicket, and without seeing the strangers, she threw down her load before the door, saying, "Look, dear mother, see how lucky I have been to-day! I am almost sure I shall get money for one half-year, at least."

"Ah! well, Mary," cried Henry, springing forward, "you need not have worked so hard for that, for mamma will pay the good old woman for your schooling. We have settled all about it; two or three weeks ago we settled it; but we could not come and tell you before, because some days it has been rainy, and some days mamma was ill, and we have been out to the sea too, or else we should have brought you the good news a long while ago."

"Oh, it is good news indeed!" said Mary, her cheeks glowing with delight. "Thank you, dear madam. Pray, mother, thank this good lady for me."

The mother joined her little girl in expressions of gratitude for so much kindness. Henry clapped his hands for joy, at seeing them both so happy; and he and his mother soon took leave of the peaceful cottagers, and bent their steps towards home; Henry declaring all the way they went, that the pleasure of making others comfortable was greater than any other pleasure; and that he had enjoyed this morning, even more than he did his delightful day by the sea-side.

"MAMMA, are you going to be very busy to-day?" said Henry, to his mother, one fine morning, whilst they were at breakfast.

"I shall be very busy at work till eleven o'clock, my dear, and then, if you are a good boy, I have a great treat in store for you."

"May I know what it is, mamma?"

"I mean to take you to see Patty's grandmother, that we may hear how little Mary likes her new school, and whether she is a good girl."

"Ah! mamma, I am quite sure Mary will be a good girl; but I shall like to go and hear what her governess says about her, and I shall like to hear her read too, mamma. How long will it be till eleven o'clock?"

"It is now half-past eight, Henry; think for yourself, and you will find out."

Henry thought for himself; and he said, "Let me see, if it is half-past eight now, it will be nine in half an hour, and in an hour from that time, it will be ten, and in another hour, it will be eleven, mamma—that makes two hours and a half. Two hours and a half must pass away, before it will be

eleven o'clock; what shall I do with myself till that time, mamma?"

"In the first place, Henry, take a run in the garden, whilst the breakfast things are removed, and then you may come to me again, and I will find you plenty of employment."

Henry put on his hat and went into the garden. He ran round four times, before he returned to the house, and he then found the breakfast things all removed, and his mother seated at her work.

"Mamma, I am glad you are going to work. I am glad you are not busy writing letters."

Why, Henry?" inquired his mother.

"Because, you have time to talk to me whilst you are at work, and when you are writing you always say, 'You must not interrupt me now, Henry; you

must amuse yourself;' but I do not like amusing myself so well as talking to you, mamma. I have run four times round the garden. How far do you think that is, mamma? Half a mile?"

"Once round is a quarter of a mile, Henry. You can now with a little consideration, tell me yourself how far four rounds is."

"If once round is a quarter of a mile, four times round must be a whole mile, mamma; for you have often told me that a quarter is a fourth part of a thing. There are four quarters of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; but they are not all of equal sizes, mamma. Europe is very small compared with Asia and Africa, and America takes up half, instead of a quarter of the globe. They should be called four parts, instead of four quarters—don't you think so, mamma?"

"Perhaps it might be more correct

to call them so, my dear. Now fetch the map of Europe, and we will talk a little about geography."

"Oh! thank you, mamma, I shall like that very much, indeed; but I want to know first of all, why Europe, which is the smallest, is always mentioned first, and America, which is largest, is always mentioned last."

"Europe is mentioned first, Henry, because the people which inhabit it are more civilized."

"Pray, mamma, what does more civilized mean?"

"More instructed, better taught, Henry. In some parts of Asia and Africa, the poor inhabitants are almost as wild and untaught as the beasts of the forest."

"What! mamma, cannot they read and write, and are not their little boys taught geography?"

"Oh! no indeed, Henry; they live in huts, made of stakes and the branches of trees; they eat the coarsest kind of food, and often even devour the dead bodies of their enemies."

Henry shuddered at this account, and said, he was glad the people that lived in Europe, were more civilized. "But pray, mamma, why is America always mentioned last? Are the inhabitants of America, very uncivilized too?"

"In some of the northern parts of America, the inhabitants are in a very uncultivated state, Henry; but the reason why it is always mentioned last, is, because it was discovered last. America was not known till about three hundred years ago."

"How came it to be discovered then, mamma?"

"That is too long a story for me to tell you now, my love; when you are

older you shall read a very interesting account of the discovery of this continent. Now fetch the map of Europe; to an European, that ought to be most interesting."

"Am I an European, mamma?" inquired Henry.

"Yes, my love; all those who are born and educated in Europe, are called Europeans; but Europe is divided into many countries, which I will shew you when you have brought the map."

Henry fetched the map, and having spread it open upon the table, his mother pointed out to him Lapland, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, at the top or northern part of the map. She told him that the inhabitants of Norway were called Norwegians; the inhabitants of Sweden, Swedes; the inhabitants of Russia, Russians.

Henry asked whether these countries

were pleasant to live in, as pleasant as England.

His mother told him she did not think any country so pleasant to live in as England, but that these countries, at the north of Europe, were particularly disagreeable, being extremely cold and dreary, especially Lapland, where the cold was so severe, that the ice and snow did not melt for many months together: she also told him that the Laplanders were a very small race of people, seldom growing more than five feet high, that they lived in little huts, and were clothed with the skins of the rein-deer.

Henry inquired what kind of an animal this was, and his mother asked him if he had ever seen an English deer.

"Oh! yes, mamma, in Arundel Park. They have beautiful branching horns, and they leap and bound along the

ground so nimbly and so elegantly, that I quite like to look at them."

"Well then, Henry, the rein-deer of the Laplanders are something like those you have seen in Arundel Park, only that they are a great deal larger, and their horns are much more beautiful. Their hoofs too are wider, to prevent them from sinking into the snow, which almost constantly covers the ground in that cold country. They have also over their eye-lids a kind of skin, through which they peep in heavy showers of snow, when, if it were not for this covering, they would be obliged to travel with their eyes entirely shut."

"Oh, what an excellent contrivance!" exclaimed Henry.

"All is excellent that has been contrived by our great Creator, my dearest boy, as you will perceive, when you know more of His wonderful works. I must not, however, at present, give

you any farther account of this animal, so valuable to the poor Laplander. Recollect, I have not heard you read to-day; but before we put away the map, I will shew you the picture of a rein-deer drawing his master over the snow in a sledge, which is the only carriage they ever use in Lapland."

Henry was very much amused with looking at this picture. "See, mamma, how nicely the poor Laplander is wrapped up! I should think the cold could hardly get at him through all that fur."

When Henry had looked at this picture as long as he wished, he put the book and the map safely away; and after reading to his mother in his favourite "Frank," he put on his hat and accompanied her to Patty's grandmother's. He did not think the little garden was quite so pretty as formerly, for the roses were no longer in bloom; it however still looked the picture of neat-

ness, and the poor old woman herself appeared much more comfortable. She was surrounded by her little scholars, who all seemed cheerful and happy.

Henry and his mother had the pleasure of hearing that Mary was a very good girl. Her countenance beamed with gratitude, as she turned her eyes on her kind benefactors, and Henry felt with delight the pure pleasure that arises from the exercise of benevolence.

His mother let him stay some time at the cottage, and he was extremely amused with hearing the little girls repeat their different lessons: some seemed much more attentive than others, but his favourite little Mary looked, in his opinion, the most industrious of all. She scarcely ever lifted her eyes from off her book.

"I am sure, mamma, she will say her lesson very nicely," whispered Henry. "I will just go behind her and peep

and see what she is learning." "Do not interrupt her," said his mother.

He went round very gently and, without interrupting Mary, he saw that she was learning a hymn which his mother had taught him the day before.

"Mamma, Mary is learning the Busy Bee," whispered he when he returned. "Don't you think she is like the little busy bee herself?"

"She seems an attentive little girl, Henry, but I believe we had better take leave of the good school-mistress, for I see several of her little pupils are more attentive to us than to their books."

Henry was sorry to hear his mother say this, for he wished very much to wait till Mary could repeat her hymn; but as he found his staying really did disturb the good order of the little flock, he instantly complied with his mother's request, and, taking her by the hand

they both wished the old woman good morning. As they were walking home, Henry said, " Mamma, I have now learnt every thing about my slate excepting how the string is made that ties on the sponge; will you please to teach me that too?"

His mother surprised him by saying the materials of which it was formed once grew in the fields, being the stalk of a plant called hemp, which, when dried and well beaten, was spun into a sort of coarse thread, and afterwards twisted into string of various thicknesses, " sometimes thin enough to fly your kite, Henry," added she, " and sometimes thick enough to bear very heavy weights."

" And all made from the stalk of a little plant," cried Henry; " how wonderful!"

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