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

10. Nò; dearest Edward, there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at GOD!"

11. (*pl.*) Ere long, Disease his hand had laid,
On that dear boy so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That GOD would spare her sightless child.

12. He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said: "Oh, never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says, I GOD shall see!

13. "And you 'll come there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

14. He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given;
When GOD took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why the rising inflection on *song* and *heaven*, last words of the 5th and 9th verses? 2. Why the falling on *yes* and *no*, first words of the 6th and 10th verses? See Rule I. p. 26.

LESSON XI.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

LIV' ER Y, dress; garb.
A' E RIE, nest of a bird of prey.
DES TI NA' TION, appointed place.
E' THER, matter, finer than air
CA REER' ING, moving speedily
TEN' SION, a stretching.
GY RA' TIONS, circular motions.
AS PI RA' TIONS, ardent desires.

THE TEACHER'S FABLE.

MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

1. "I will give you a fable," said Mr. Dawson to his pupils, "which, although it may not be so interesting as our Indian story, may afford some amusement."

2. "A fable! why, that is a story, Mr. Dawson."

3. "Right, Lewis; now, can you tell me how it differs from the stories I have told you before?"

4. "Why fables are *big stories*."

5. "They are *wrong stories*," said little Abby Stillman.

6. "They are *fish stories*," added Lewis.

7. "No; *animal stories*," said Julia May; "for Æsop's fables are all about wolves, and lambs, and foxes, and other animals. Fables are stories that are not true."

8. "Are all stories that are not true, fables?" inquired Mr. Dawson.

9. "No, sir; not the kind of fable that you mean," said Allen Lucas.

10. "All stories that are not true, may, in one sense, be considered fables," said a soft voice in low, measured tones; "but a true fable always conveys a hidden moral." Mr. Dawson smiled on the last speaker, and then proceeded with his FABLE.

11. Down by a river's side, a careful goose had made her nest among the sedges and ferns; and there, one sunny day in spring, she left her helpless family in their bright yellow livery, and went away in search of food. On her return, she found a stranger nestled among her little ones, which were all stretching out their long necks toward him, and joining their shrill voices in a concert of sounds, that nothing, not belonging to the goose family, ever conjured up.

12 As soon as the mother goose had an opportunity for making observations, she found this stranger had wings and a head and feet not altogether unlike her own offspring, and was clothed in a natural coat of feathers, which proved him, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to belong to the extensive

race of birds. To be sure, his feathers were of an ugly gray; his beak was hooked suspiciously, instead of extending forward, flat and honest, like the bills of her own little ones; and his toes were divided and furnished with long claws, instead of being connected by that beautiful fan-like web, which would enable him to paddle across the water, like a living fairy-boat.

13. Mrs. Goose did not at all like her visitor; but she discovered that the poor stranger, which was yet a nestling, had met with some misfortune, by which he had been badly bruised, and, in consequence, was utterly unable to move. Now, the goose, notwithstanding her noisy, bustling way, is really a benevolent bird; and so she took the stranger under her own wing, and fed him with her own food, and made him so comfortable that he felt quite at home in the family.

14. The gray eaglet, when the aërie was broken up, in which he had been lodged, was too young to remember anything about it; and, not being at all aware that his destination was the sky, he wandered around among the green sedges, and through the tall meadow-grass with his companions, trying his wing only when he came to the clear stream, on which they floated, and then he would hover about them, until they stepped upon the sand, and were ready for another excursion.

15. True, when the fern was unusually tangled, and his pathway became laborious, he would show the admiring and curious goslings how much more easily he could accomplish a short journey than they; but, otherwise, he seemed to be perfectly contented by equaling them.

16. The young eagle did not know what it was to fly away in the pure, blue sky, as free as the cloud that floated above his head, and there was nothing to induce him to make the attempt; so, in time, his nature became tame, and he loved to crouch in the barn-yard, and listen to the clamors of silly geese; and, although conscious of being less earthly than they, he had too long been accustomed to groveling

things, to feel that his natural superiority only rendered his position the more degrading.

17. One day, after the eagle had attained his growth, and become very goose-like in his nature, as he was digging in the mud for worms, he was startled by the whiz of a wing above his head; and, on looking up, he discovered a bird above him, so like himself that he was obliged to look back upon the ground, to become assured that it was not the reflection of his own form, as he had often seen it on the water.

18. Again he looked at the bird, which wheeled and circled above him for a moment, and then, as if disdaining such a near approach to earth, spread out his wings and mounted upward—up, up, clear away—plunging into the liquid ether, until he became a mere speck upon the blazing sun.

19. Again he came a little nearer earth, waved his wing in wild triumph, and went careering through the air, now lost behind a dark cloud that was just hovering on the verge of the horizon, and now far away in the opposite direction, basking in the burning sunbeam, and seemingly tossing the drifted clouds, like snow-wreaths on his wings.

20. The eye of the poor eagle kindled at the sight; and he felt every feather bristle, and every muscle stretch itself to its utmost tension, as he watched the gyrations of the noble bird; and when, at last, he saw him hovering over a wild, craggy hight, and then plunging into its bosom, as though its darkest recesses were all familiar, he started, like a man awakened from a long night-mare dream.

21. With a scream of joy he expanded his wings, and rose upward for a little way; but, as a puff of wind came past him, he veered from his course, and was nigh losing his self-command; making a strong effort, however, he preserved his balance, fluttered his wings again, struggled with another current of air, then sunk back to earth exhausted, and hid his head under his useless wing.

22. Poor bird! he had been content to fold his pinion, because his associates did not fly, and now it was too weak to bear him up; and, though his eagle nature was so awakened that he loathed the earth, and longed to track out his way among the clouds, he knew that he was doomed to crawl about like a creeping reptile.

23. "I should think that he might learn to fly, yet," interrupted one of the listeners. "Perhaps, he might," said Mr. Dawson; "being a *young* bird; very likely he might." "But an eagle *couldn't* be so kept down," said another; "you couldn't tame an eagle and make such a goose of him."

24. "Is man, then, inferior to a bird?" said Mr. Dawson, with one of his peculiar smiles, "that his high spirits can be kept down, his aspirations tamed, his whole nature degraded, and he made the slave of circumstances?"

QUESTIONS.—1. What application can you make of this fable? 2. Who may be compared to this young eagle?

LESSON XII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

GOAL, the bound in a race.
RE MORSE', anguish from a sense of guilt.
VA' CANT, empty; not filled.
DE VOID', destitute.
VI' SION, something imagined.
RE CALL' ED, recollected.
FER' TILE, rich; fruitful.
RE SOUND' ING, echoing.
IS' SUE, passage out; outlet.
AG' O NY, extreme pain.
EM' BLEM, symbol; sign.
UN A VAIL' ING, vain; useless.
TOW' ER, steeple; turret.
O VER WHELM' ED, overcome.
DE SPAIR' ING, hopeless.
FER' VENT LY, ardently.
LIN' GER, loiter; delay.
THRESH' OLD, door-way; entrance.

THE TWO ROADS.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

1. It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the

earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal,—the tomb.

2. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up, in a vision, before him, and he recalled the solemn moment, when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads,—*one* leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the *other* conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed, instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony: "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear. *These* were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night.

6. The clock, in the high church-tower, struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son,—the lessons they had taught him,—the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that Heaven, where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud: "COME BACK, my early days! COME BACK!"

7. And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a *dream*

which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently, that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern; but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O YOUTH, RETURN! O, GIVE ME BACK MY EARLY DAYS!"

QUESTIONS.—1. What is meant by the phrase, "he had passed sixty of the stages," &c., 2d paragraph? 2. Describe these *two roads*. 3. Where did he desire to be again placed? 4. What reminded him of "the days of his wasted life?"

What pause after *goal*, 1st paragraph? See p. 43. What kind of emphasis on *one* and *other*, 3d par.? See note VII. p. 22. What kind of emphasis on "*Come back*," 6th par.? Note VI. p. 21.

LESSON XIII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

VOY′ A GER, one who travels by water.
BARK, boat, or vessel.
STRAY′ ING, wandering; roving.
DIM′ PLING, forming dimples.
ZEPH′ YRS, soft gentle winds.
RIP′ PLES, little curling waves.
NAUGHT, nothing.
SPELL, charm.
LOW′ ER, threaten; frown.
BE DIM′ MED, made dim.
UN CON′ SCIOUS, not conscious.
BE GUIL′ ING, deluding; deceiving.
GAY′ LY, merrily; mirthfully.
BIL′ LOW, wave; surge.

THE YOUTHFUL VOYAGER.

J. T. HEADLEY.

1. A boat lay on the summer sea,
The light waves round it leaping;
While laughing sunbeams, bright and free,
Played o'er an infant sleeping;
And far away, that bark, in glee,
Was o'er the bright deep straying;
While all around the dimpling sea
With zephyrs soft was playing.

2. O! it was sweet, around that child,
To see the ripples dancing,
And o'er its brow, so soft and mild
The sunbeams brightly glancing;
And then I prayed that naught might break
The angel-spell that bound it,
Or from its dreams the spirit wake,
That played so oft around it.

3. But, when far-off upon the sky,
(*pl.*) I saw the tempest lower,
A mournful tear bedimmed mine eye
For that unconscious flower;
For still that bark rocked gay and light,
The rosy hours beguiling,
And still within, as fair and bright,
That infant form lay smiling.

4. I turned away; for who could see
(*pl.*) That child awake to sorrow?
The brightest smile so swiftly flee,
That Earth from Heaven may borrow?
For well I knew the angry wave
Would soon in wrath surround it,
And make its wild and lonely grave
'Mid ocean weeds that bound it.

5. Ah! thus methought, on life's bright tide
We make our youthful pillow,
And gayly o'er the waters glide,
From billow on to billow;
(*pl.*) But, oh! too soon the angry storm
Blots out each vision brightest;
And oft, alas! it wraps the form,
In which the heart beats lightest.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where is the scene laid in this piece? 2. Can you describe the condition of the boat and the child? 3. What is meant by calling the infant an "unconscious flower"? 4. What prayer did the observer of the scene offer for the safety of the child? 5. Why did he turn away from the sight? 6. What reflections follow on the events described in this piece?

LESSON XIV.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

Mis' sion, errand; business.
Wreathe, entwine.
Lau' rels, flowers for garlands.
Aim, purpose; intention.
Cher' ish ed, dear; loved.
Trai' tors, betrayers.
Scorn' ed, despised; disdained.
State' ly, magnificent; grand.
Fame, renown; glory.
Scan, examine critically.

LET VIRTUE BE YOUR AIM.

C. JILLSON.

1. Whatever be thy lot on earth,
Thy mission here below,
Though Fame may wreathe her laurels fair,
Around your youthful brow,—
If you would rise from earthly things,
And win a deathless name,
Let all your ways be just and right—
Let virtue be your aim.

2. Though cherished friends may traitors prove,
Their kindness all depart,
And leave a mournful spell around
Thy sad and bleeding heart;
Though you may oft be scorned by men,
Or those who bear the name,
Let all your ways be just and right—
Let virtue be your aim.

3. Oh! ye who dwell in stately halls,
Where wealth and fame are known,
Remember you may yet be poor,
Neglected and alone!
(o) But, oh! remember this broad truth,
Ere others' faults you scan,
Your wealth may make a thousand fools—
But virtue makes the man.

Questions.—1. What principles are inculcated in this piece of poetry? 2. Why does the word *Fame* begin with a capital? Ans. Because Fame is here personified.

LESSON XV.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

Dis ci' ples, learners; scholars.
Griev' ed, pained; afflicted.
Re form', change for the better.
Con duct' ed, led; guided.
Stag' nant, still; motionless.
Rep' tiles, creeping animals.
Vee' min, small noxious animals.
I' dler, lazy person; sluggard.
Loath' some, disgusting.
Vi cin' i ty, neighborhood.
Whole' some, healthy.
Nest' le, harbor; lie close.
Rec' og nize, perceive; discover.
Im' age, likeness.
Me an' der ings, windings.
Un' der wood, small trees.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

KRUMMACHER.

1. Among the disciples of Hillel, the wise teacher of the sons of Israel, was one named Saboth, whom every kind of labor displeased, so that he gave himself up to idleness and sloth. Hillel was grieved for the youth, and resolved to reform him. To this end he conducted him out one day to the valley of Hinnon, near Jerusalem.

2. Here there was a large pool of stagnant water, full of reptiles and vermin, and covered with slimy weeds. When they reached the valley, Hillel laid aside his staff, and said: "Here we will rest from our journey." But the youth was astonished, and said: "What! master; by this loathsome swamp? Do you not perceive what a poisonous odor arises from it?"

3. "Thou art right, my son," answered the teacher. "This swamp is like the soul of the idler. Who would remain in its vicinity?" Thereupon Hillel conducted the youth to a desolate field, in which grew only thorns and this'les, which choked the corn, and the wholesome plants.

4 Then Hillel leaned upon his staff and said: "Behold, this field has a fruitful soil, to bring forth all things agreeable and useful! But it has been forgotten and neglected. So it now produces stinging thistles, and thorns, and poisonous plants; and among them nestle snakes and moles. Before thou sawest the *soul;* now recogn'ze the *life* of the idler."

5. Then Saboth was filled with shame and repentance, and he said: "Master, why hast thou brought me to such a desolate and dreary region? This is the painful image of my soul and my life." Hillel, however, answered: "As thou wouldst not believe my words, I have tried whether the Voice of Nature would reach thy heart."

6. Saboth pressed the hand of his teacher, and said: "Thy attempt has not failed; a new life, thou shalt see, has begun within me." Thus it was, Saboth became an industrious youth.

7. Then Hillel conducted him into a fruitful valley, on the shore of a clear brook which streamed forth in lovely meanderings among fruitful trees, blooming meadows, and dark underwood. "See here," said the sage to the astonished youth, "the image of thy new, active life! Nature, which has warned thee, may now, also, reward thee. Her grace and beauty can delight those only, who, in her, gaze upon their own life."

QUESTIONS.—1. Why did Hillel conduct his pupil to a pool of stagnant water? 2. Whither next did he conduct him? 3. What effect did the Voice of Nature produce in his pupil's future conduct? 4. Whither next was he conducted? 5. Of what was it an image?

With what inflection should the latter part of the 2d paragraph be read?

LESSON XVI.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

VA CA′ TION, cessation of school duties.
ES′ SAY, literary composition.
CLEV′ ER, smart; intelligent.
AC QUIT′ TED, discharged duty.
IM PRES′ SION, effect.
AUD′ IT OR, hearer; listener.
DE TERM IN A′ TION, resolution.
MOR′ AL IZE, make moral reflections.
GEN′ IUS, natural talent.
DIS CUSS′, debate; argue.
IN CLIN A′ TION, propensity.
DROLL′ ER Y, comicalness.
FOR LORN′, wretched.
SUP PRESS′ ED, restrained.
DIS PATCH′ ED, finished.
COM PLA′ CEN CY, satisfaction.
SUC CEED′ ED, been successful.
E NU′ MER A TING, recounting.
RE FLEC′ TIONS, meditations.
SI′ NE CURE, office with revenue, but without labor.
RE SERV′ ED, retained; kept.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

JANE TAYLOR.

1. One evening during the vacation, Frank amused his younger brother Henry, by reading an essay which had gained him the first prize at school. The subject was *Self-Denial.* Frank was a clever lad, and had acquitted himself very well. He represented his subject in so striking a light, that it made a considerable impression on the mind of his young auditor; who, as soon as it was finished, thanked his brother for his good advice, and expressed a determination to endeavor to profit by it.

2. "I am afraid," said he, "I have never learned to deny myself as I ought; but I hope, brother Frank, that I shall not forget this lesson of yours. I wish now you would be so kind as to give me some more good hints on the subject."

3. Frank, not considering this the best possible compliment that could be paid to his composition, felt disappointed that, instead of commenting upon the force of his arguments, or the graces of his style, he should begin gravely to moralize about it, and it confirmed him in a favorite opinion of his, that his brother Henry, had not a spark of genius, nor ever would have.

4. Henry repeated his request; but, finding his brother more inclined to discuss the merits, and relate the success of his essay, than to draw a practical improvement from it, he contented himself with his own private resolutions. "To-morrow," said he to himself, "to-morrow morning I will begin." "But why not begin to-night?" said Henry.

5 The clock had just struck, and Henry recollected that his mother had desired them not to sit up a minute after the clock had struck nine. He reminded his brother of this order. "Never mind," said Frank; "here's a famous fire, and I shall stay and enjoy it." "Yes," said Henry; "here's a famous fire, and *I* should like to stay and enjoy it; but that would not be *self-denial;* would it, Frank?"

6. "Nonsense!" said Frank,—"I shall not stir yet, I promise you." "Then good night to you," said Henry.

7. Whether his brother was correct in his opinion of Henry's want of genius, we shall not stay to inquire. Indeed, it is a question of very little importance, either to us or to him; since it can not be denied, that his reflections, and his conduct, on this occasion, displayed good sense, good principle, and strength of character; and these are sterling qualities, for which the brightest sparks of genius would be but a poor exchange.

8. Six o'clock was the time, at which Henry was expected to rise; but not unfrequently, since the cold weather set in, he had indulged an hour longer. When it struck six, the next morning, he started up; but the air felt so frosty, that he had a strong inclination to lie down again. "But no!" thought he, "here is a fine opportunity for *self-denial;*" and up he jumped without further hesitation.

9. "Frank! Frank!" said he, to his sleeping brother; "past six o'clock, and a fine star-light morning." "Let me alone," cried Frank, in a cross, drowsy voice. "Very well, then; a pleasant nap to you," said Henry, and down he ran, as gay as a lark. After finishing his Latin exercise, he had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast; so that he came in fresh and rosy, with a good appetite, and, what was still better, in a good humor.

10. But poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed, when the bell rang, came down stairs looking pale, and cross, and cold, and discontented. Henry, who, if he had no genius, had some sly drollery peculiar to himself, was just beginning to rally him on his forlorn appearance, when he recollected his resolution. "Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially, when he is cross," thought he; so he suppressed his joke; and it requires some little *self-denial*, even to suppress a joke.

11. "I should like another half, I think, mother," said

Frank, that day at dinner, just as he had dispatched a large hemisphere of mince pie. "Any more for you, Henry?" said his mother. "If you please—no; thank you," said Henry, withdrawing his plate; "for," thought he, "I have had enough, and more than enough to satisfy my hunger and now is the time for *self-denial.*"

12. "Brother Henry," said his little sister, after dinner, "when will you show me how to do that pretty puzzle? You said you would a long time ago." "I am busy now, child," said Henry, "don't tease me,—there's a good girl." She said no more, but looked disappointed, and still hung upon her brother's chair. "Come, then," said he, suddenly recollecting himself; "bring me your puzzle;" and, laying down his book, he very good-naturedly showed his little sister how to place it.

13. That night, when the two boys were going to bed, Henry called to mind, with some complacency, the several instances, in the course of the day, in which he had succeeded in exercising self-denial; and he was on the very point of enumerating them to his brother Frank. "But no," thought he; "here is another opportunity still of denying myself; I will not say a word about it; beside, to boast of it would spoil all."

14. Henry lay down quietly, making the following sage reflections: "This has been a pleasant day to me, although I have had several disappointments in it, and done several things against my will. I find that *self-denial* is painful for a moment, but very agreeable in the end. If I go on this plan every day, I shall stand a good chance of having a happy life; for life is made up of days and hours, and it will be just as pleasant and as easy."

15. But here Henry's thoughts began to wander, and soon became quite indistinct. In fact, he was sound asleep, before he had half finished his reflections; the remainder must be supplied by the reader. One of them will, doubtless, be this,—that self-denial is no *sinecure* virtue; nor one

which may be reserved for a few great occasions in life; but one that is wanted every day, and every hour; or, at least, as often as we are tempted to SELF-INDULGENCE.

QUESTIONS.—1. What was the subject of Frank's essay? 2. Did he practice it himself? 3. What opinion did he entertain of his brother Henry? 4. What qualities did Henry possess? 5. In what instances did Henry practice self-denial? 6. What effect did it produce on his mind? 7. When should we exercise self-denial?

What rule for the rising inflection on *Henry*, 7th par.? What, for the falling on *no?* What kind of emphasis on *self-denial* and self-indulgence?

LESSON XVII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

DE CEIV′ ER, deluder.
UN IM PROV′ ED, neglected.
CHOICE, selection.
FALSE, deceitful; treacherous.
FOUN DA′ TION, basis; groundwork.
PROS′ PER ED, succeeded.
HEED, attention.
SPEED, make haste.
PHAN′ TOM, vision; fancy.
SIN CERE′, true; candid.
RE VERE′, reverence.

Let the following lines be read very slow, and be careful to emphasize properly the words printed in Italics and capitals.

TO-MORROW.

1. TO-MORROW! grand deceiver of our race!
For *thee*, still unimproved, *to-day* gives place,—
The *heart's* bad choice, and hence the *tongue* still says
To-morrow.

2. TO-MORROW! false foundation, broken reed!
Who ever prospered, that to thee gave heed?
Who madly wastes to-day, will never speed
To-morrow.

3 TO-MORROW! phantom of the idler's brain!
To-day, as *yesterday*, has come in vain
To him who, trifling, wisdom hopes to gain
To-morrow.

4. TO-MORROW! Let the man of heart sincere
The *present time improve*, his God revere;
Who wisely lives *to-day*, has naught to fear
To-morrow.

QUESTIONS.—1. To what is to-morrow compared in the 1st verse? 2 To what, in the 2d? 3. To what, in the 3d? 4. *Who* has naught to fear to-morrow? 5. Are we likely to improve to-morrow, if we misimprove to-day?

LESSON XVIII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

PRO CRAS TI NA′ TION, delay.
GRIEVE, mourn; sorrow.
STERN, severe; rigid.
URGE, press; impel.
RE BUKE′, reproof; reprehension.
CHIDE, blame; reproach.
HARM′ ED, injured; damaged.
STRUG′ GLE, strive; labor hard.
DEBT′ OR, one that owes.
THOR′ OUGH, complete; perfect.
BREACH, non-fulfillment; violation.
VIR′ TU OUS, morally good.
RE SENT′ MENT, retaliation.

PROCRASTINATION.

CHARLES MACKAY

1. If Fortune with a smiling face,
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my friend, *to-day.*
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, friend, *to-morrow.*

2. If those who've wronged us, own their fault,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen, and forgive?
To-day, my friend, *to-day.*
But, if stern Justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from Memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?
To-morrow, friend, *to-morrow.*

which may be reserved for a few great occasions in life; but one that is wanted every day, and every hour; or, at least, as often as we are tempted to SELF-INDULGENCE.

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HEED, attention.
SPEED, make haste.
PHAN' TOM, vision; fancy.
SIN CERE', true; candid.
RE VERE', reverence.

Let the following lines be read very slow, and be careful to emphasize properly the words printed in Italics and capitals.

TO-MORROW.

1. TO-MORROW! grand deceiver of our race!
For *thee*, still unimproved, *to-day* gives place,—
The *heart's* bad choice, and hence the *tongue* still says
To-morrow.

2. TO-MORROW! false foundation, broken reed!
Who ever prospered, that to thee gave heed?
Who madly wastes to-day, will never speed
To-morrow.

3 TO-MORROW! phantom of the idler's brain!
To-day, as *yesterday*, has come in vain
To him who, trifling, wisdom hopes to gain
To-morrow.

4. TO-MORROW! Let the man of heart sincere
The *present time improve*, his God revere;
Who wisely lives *to-day*, has naught to fear
To-morrow.

QUESTIONS.—1. To what is to-morrow compared in the 1st verse? 2 To what, in the 2d? 3. To what, in the 3d? 4. *Who* has naught to fear to-morrow? 5. Are we likely to improve to-morrow, if we misimprove to-day?

LESSON XVIII.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

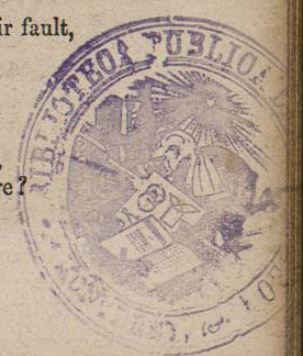
PRO CRAS TI NA' TION, delay.
GRIEVE, mourn; sorrow.
STERN, severe; rigid.
URGE, press; impel.
RE BUKE', reproof; reprehension.
CHIDE, blame; reproach.
HARM' ED, injured; damaged.
STRUG' GLE, strive; labor hard.
DEBT' OR, one that owes.
THOR' OUGH, complete; perfect.
BREACH, non-fulfillment; violation.
VIR' TU OUS, morally good.
RE SENT' MENT, retaliation.

PROCRASTINATION.

CHARLES MACKAY

1. If Fortune with a smiling face,
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my friend, *to-day*.
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, friend, *to-morrow*.

2. If those who've wronged us, own their fault,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen, and forgive?
To-day, my friend, *to-day*.
But, if stern Justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from Memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?
To-morrow, friend, *to-morrow*.



3. If those to whom we owe a debt,
Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
To-day, my friend, *to-day*.
But, if our debtor fail our hope,
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
To-morrow, friend, *to-morrow*.

4. For virtuous acts, and harmless joys,
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them,
To-day, my friend, *to-day*.
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
To-morrow, friend, *to-morrow*.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the subject of this poetry? 2. What virtues does it inculcate? 3. Why do Fortune, Justice, and Memory, begin with capital letters? 4. What is meant by *who've* and *we've*?

LESSON XIX.

WORDS FOR SPELLING AND DEFINING.

EA′ GER NESS, ardent desire.
WA′ RI LY, cautiously.
IN JU DI′ CIOUS, indiscreet.
DIS COV′ ER IES, disclosures.
VA RI′ E TY, different kinds.
TRAN′ SIENT, short; hasty.
DE SCRIP′ TION, account.
MO RASS′, low, wet ground.
SA VAN′ NAS, plains destitute of trees.
SU PER FI′ CIAL, not profound.
CON TEM PLA′ TION, meditation.
MYS TER′ IES, hidden things.
TRIV′ I AL, trifling.
SCRU′ PLE, doubt.
OB′ VI OUS ESS, plainness.
TEN′ DEN CY, drift; direction.
IN SIG NIF′ I CANT, unimportant.
Rides post, rides in haste.
Buckle to, apply with vigor.

INJUDICIOUS HASTE IN STUDY.

JOHN LOCKE.

1. The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hinderance to it. It still presses into farther discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and, therefore, often

stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight.

2. He that rides post through a country, may be able, from the transient view, to tell, in general, how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain, and there a plain; here a morass, and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannas in another.

3. Such superficial ideas and observations as these, he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging.

4. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty, and got possession of truth.

5. But, here, care must be taken to avoid the other extreme; a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up, and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that traveled full speed.

6. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty; but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light toward further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in fixed attention.

QUESTIONS.—1. What often proves a hinderance to the acquirement of knowledge? 2. What proof of this? 3. Where are the richest treasures to be found, and how are they to be obtained? 4. What must be done when the sense lies deep? 5. In doing this what should be avoided? 6. By what is the value of truth to be measured?