

8. The little children flocking came,  
And warm'd his stiffening hands in theirs;  
And busily the good old dame  
A comfortable mess prepares.
9. Their kindness cheer'd his drooping soul;  
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek  
The big round tears were seen to roll,  
And told the thanks he could not speak.
10. The children, too, began to sigh,  
And all their merry chat was o'er;  
And yet they felt, they knew not why,  
More glad than they had done before.

LUCY AIRIS.

14. THE TORTOISE AND THE SWALLOW.—A FABLE.

ONE beautiful day in the spring, a tortoise<sup>1</sup> crept out of his hole, where he had been sleeping all winter. He thrust his head out of the shell to search for the new grass, and to feel the warm sun, and determined to take a turn round the garden in which he lived.

2. As the tortoise crawled slowly along, he perceived a swallow, that was flying far above his head, chirping the first notes he had heard. The swallow at the same moment espied the tortoise; she remembered to have seen him swimming in the brook which flowed at the bottom of the garden, and near which stood the summer-house where her own nest had been fixed for many seasons. The swallow immediately descended to the ground, and addressed her old acquaintance.

3. "How fare you, my old friend? How have you lived since we parted last autumn?" "Thank you," replied the tortoise, "I have kept house all winter, and never once stirred out, till the ice and snow disappeared. I have been very quiet and comfortable."

<sup>1</sup> Tortoise (tor'tis), a turtle.

4. "I," continued the swallow, "do not love cold weather better than you; but as soon as I hear the loud wind of winter I fly to the south: in a few days I come to fresh flowers and green fields; there I chase the gay butterflies and the stinging gnats.<sup>1</sup> I sleep among the trees, and sing my morning song to my new friends. As soon as spring comes again, I seek my summer home; and now I rejoice to see this delightful garden once more."

5. "You take a great deal of trouble in your long flights," answered the tortoise; "you are always changing from one place to another: you had better, like me, go to sleep in some safe corner and take a half year's nap."

6. "A pleasant nap, indeed," replied the swallow; "when I have neither wings to fly, nor eyes to see, I may follow such a bright example. The use of life is to enjoy it; the use of time is to employ it properly. One might as well be quite dead as asleep half one's days, like you, you stupid dunce!"<sup>2</sup> Saying this, away he soared,<sup>3</sup> high in the sky, and left the contented tortoise to make the best of his way home.

7. Which, think you, is the happier—the tortoise or the swallow? Both are very happy—each in his own way.

EVENINGS AT HOME

15. THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

*Charles.* Father, last winter you used to tell us stories, and now you never tell us any; and we are all got round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear father, let us have a very pretty one.

*Father.* With all my heart—what shall it be?

*Charles.* A bloody murder, father!

<sup>1</sup> Gnats, small, stinging insects, with wings.—<sup>2</sup> Dunce, a stupid fellow.—<sup>3</sup> Soared, flew upward.

*Father.* A bloody murder! Well, then—Once upon a time, some men, dressed all alike—

*Charles.* With black crapes over their faces?

*Father.* No, they had steel caps on: having crossed a dark heath,<sup>1</sup> wound cautiously along the skirts<sup>2</sup> of a deep forest—

*Charles.* They were ill-looking fellows, I dare say.

*Father.* I can not say so; on the contrary, they were tall, good-looking men as one shall often see:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower<sup>3</sup> on the hill—

*Charles.* At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, father?

*Father.* No, really; it was on a fine, balmy<sup>4</sup> summer's morning—and moved forwards, one behind another—

*Charles.* As still as death, creeping along under the hedges?

*Father.* On the contrary, they walked remarkably upright; and so far from endeavoring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came along, with several sorts of instruments.

*Charles.* But, father, they would be found out immediately.

*Father.* They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves: on the contrary, they gloried in what they were about. They moved forward, I say, to a large plain, where stood a neat, pretty village, which they set on fire—

*Charles.* Set a village on fire? Wicked wretches!

*Father.* And while it was burning, they murdered—twenty thousand men.

*Charles.* O fie! father. You don't intend I should believe this? I thought all along you were making up a tale, as you often do; but you shall not catch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fellows cut their throats!

<sup>1</sup> Heath, a place overgrown with shrubs.—<sup>2</sup> Skirts (skërts) the edges, or borders.—<sup>3</sup> Tow'er, a high building; a fortress.—<sup>4</sup> Balm'y, soft; mild; pleasant.

*Father.* No, truly; they resisted as long as they could.

*Charles.* How should these men kill twenty thousand people, pray?

*Father.* Why not? the *murderers* were thirty thousand.

*Charles.* Oh, now I have found you out! You mean a BATTLE!

*Father.* Indeed I do. I do not know of any *murders* half so bloody.

#### 16. THE TRUANTS.

“COME, boys,” said Mrs. Gray, as her little sons left the dinner-table, “it is school-time. Get your hats and go; and mind, you must not play by the way, as bad boys do, but go directly to school.”

2. Edgar and Henry put on their hats, as their mother bade them, and set off. But they had not gone far when they seemed to forget their mother's charge to go direct to school, and began to loiter by the way, trying to find something with which to amuse themselves.

3. At length the two boys came to a cellar over which a house was going to be placed; but there were no workmen there that day. Edgar and Henry thought they would just go up to the cellar and see how deep it was; and, when they had done that, they began first to walk and then to run around on the stones that were set for the underpinning<sup>1</sup> of the building.

4. One of the stones, not being firmly placed, gave way while their feet were upon it, and both the boys were instantly thrown down into the cellar, and so much injured as to lie helpless and senseless. Their mother, supposing that her sons had obeyed her and gone to school, thought nothing about them till tea-time, when, as they did not appear, she grew anxious for their safety, and, after waiting a little longer, set out in search of them.

<sup>1</sup> Un der pin' ning, that which supports a building.

5. She went first to the school-house, where, as she expected, she found the door locked, and nobody was to be seen about. She next went to the teacher's boarding-place, and, on making inquiry, was told by her that Edgar and Henry had not been to school that afternoon. Then Mrs. Gray went all through the fields and called her boys by their names; but they did not answer.

6. When she had searched until it began to grow dark, and had found no trace of them, she left the fields and hurried toward home, hoping that they had returned during her absence. As she was passing the cëllar by the roadside, she heard a child crying; and when she had listened a moment, she knew the voice to be her little Henry's.

7. So she ran to the cëllar—for the sound seemed to come from there—and looked down into it. All was so dūsky<sup>1</sup> that she could see nothing distinctly;<sup>2</sup> but, when she called Henry, the boy replied, and said he had been trying to climb out of the cëllar, but could not. His mother helped him up, and asked him where his brother was. Henry answered that Edgar had gone to school; for the poor child could not remember what had happened.

8. When Henry had been carried home, his head was discovered to be dreadfully bruised, and as quickly as possible a physician was sent for. Some of the neighbors took lanterns and went to make search for Edgar in the place where his brother had been found. There, in the cëllar, he too was found lying with one arm and one leg confined by the stone which had given way and occasioned the fall of the boys.

9. At first they thought him dead; but after a while he revived,<sup>3</sup> though it was several hours before he had his reason perfectly. Both limbs upon which the stone had fallen were badly crushed. He had to be stretched

<sup>1</sup> Dūsk'y, dark.—<sup>2</sup> Dis tinct'ly, clearly; plainly.—<sup>3</sup> Re vived', came back to life.

on a bed and kept there for many days, all the time suffering great pain.

10. Sometimes, when he could not help groaning, his mother, with tears in her eyes, would say, "Poor boy!" Then Edgar would answer, "Don't pity me, dear mother; it's as good as I deserve. If I had gone straight to school, as you told me to, instead of playing truant, I might have been well now. I am sure I shall never disobey you again."

Mrs. GOODWIN.

#### 17. THE BEE, CLOVER, AND THISTLE.

1. **A** BEE from the hive one morning flew,  
A tune to the daylight humming;  
And away she went o'er the sparkling dew,  
Where the grass was green, the violet blue,  
And the gold of the sun was coming.
2. And what first tempted the roving Bee,  
Was a head of the crimson clover.  
"I've found a trëasure betimes!" said she;  
"And perhaps a greater I might not see,  
If I traveled the field all over.
3. "My beautiful Clover, so round and red,  
There is not a thing in twenty,  
That lifts this morning so sweet a head  
Above its leaves, and its earthy bed,  
With so many horns of plenty!"<sup>1</sup>
4. The flow'rets were thick which the Clover crowned,  
As the plumes<sup>2</sup> in the helm<sup>3</sup> of Hector;  
And each had a cell that was deep and round,  
Yet it would not impart, as the Bee soon found,  
One drop of its precious nectar.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A horn of plenty, sometimes called *cornucopia*, is a horn filled with good things, and is used as an emblem or sign of prosperity.—<sup>2</sup> Plumes, feathers.—<sup>3</sup> Hëlm, cap or covering for the head.—<sup>4</sup> Nëc' tar, honey, or any sweet drink.

5. She cast in her eye where the honey lay,  
And her pipe she began to measure;  
But she saw at once it was clear as day,  
That it would not go down one half the way  
To the place of the envied treasure.<sup>1</sup>
6. Said she, in a pet, "One thing I know,"  
As she rose, and in haste departed,  
"It is not those of the *greatest show*,  
To whom for a favor 'tis best to go,  
Or that prove most generous-hearted!"
7. A fleecy flock came into the field;  
When one of its members followed  
The scent of the Clover, till between  
Her nibbling teeth its head was seen,  
And then in a moment swallowed.
8. "Ha, ha!" said the Bee, as the Clover died,  
"Her fortune's smile was fickle!<sup>2</sup>  
And now I can get my wants supplied  
By a homely flower with a rough outside,  
And even with scale and prickle!"
9. Then she flew to one, that, by man and beast,  
Was shunned for its stinging bristle;  
But it injured not the Bee in the least;  
And she filled her pocket, and had a feast,  
From the bloom of the purple Thistle.
10. The generous Thistle's life was spared  
In the home where the Bee first found her,  
Till she grew so old she was hoary-haired,<sup>3</sup>  
And her snow-white locks with the silk compared,  
As they shone where the sun beamed<sup>4</sup> round her.

H. F. GOULD.

<sup>1</sup> The *el' ver-flô' ret* is so small and deep in its tube, that the bee can not reach the honey at the bottom.—<sup>2</sup> *Fick' le*, changeable; not continuing long of the same mind.—<sup>3</sup> *Hôar' y-hâired*, having white or gray hairs.—<sup>4</sup> *Bêamed*, shone.

### 18. THE BEGGAR AND THE GOOD BOY.

AMONG those who at one time obtained a poor subsistence<sup>1</sup> by begging from door to door in the streets of London, was one who went by the name of Barber Mose. Vêry old he seemed; and only aged people could remember the period<sup>2</sup> when he was not a beggar, ragged and bowed down, almost too lame to crawl his daily round, and so blind as to be obliged to feel his way with a staff.

2. These grandfathers and grandmothers used to tell a story that Barber Mose was born to a fortune, which, as soon as he possessed, he went abroad and squandered,<sup>3</sup> as was supposed; for he returned to serve an apprenticeship<sup>4</sup> to a barber and hairdresser, and afterward opened a shop for himself.

3. Here he did a good business, yet always appeared poor: and when the infirmities<sup>5</sup> of age came upon him, so that he could no longer pursue his employment, he betook himself to an obscure garret, where he had ever since lived on what was doled<sup>6</sup> out to him by the hand of charity.

4. One winter's day, as the old beggar-man was returning to the place he called home, as fast as his feeble, trembling limbs would let him, a number of boys, just out of school and eager for sport, gathered around him, thus preventing him from going on, spoke to him insultingly about his rags and poverty, and made believe they would rob him of the bit of cold meat his blue, bony fingers were clutching so closely.

5. Then there came up another boy, poorly clad, but with a kinder heart in his bosom, who took the aged beggar's part against his abusers, and, in spite of the

<sup>1</sup> *Sub sîst' ence*, means of living.—<sup>2</sup> *Pê' ri od*, time.—<sup>3</sup> *Squan' dered*, spent foolishly.—<sup>4</sup> *Ap prên' tice ship*, time when a person is learning a trade.—<sup>5</sup> *In firm' i ties*, weaknesses.—<sup>6</sup> *Dôled*, given unwillingly in small quantities.

jeers<sup>1</sup> and laughter of the thoughtless, cruel lads, led Barber Mose carefully to his garret. The beggar was very grateful, and inquired what was the name of his young benefactor, and who was his father.

6. The boy answered that his name was John, and that he was the son of Mr. Doane, the locksmith,<sup>2</sup> whose sign could be seen just round the corner. Then he left the beggar and went home.

7. Shortly after this Barber Mose died, when it proved that he was not poor, but a miser.<sup>3</sup> He left a will, which, only a few days before his death, he had caused to be drawn up in due form of law. In that will he bequeathed<sup>4</sup> to John Doane, the boy who had once been kind to him, a bag of gold, all that he possessed.

8. From the midst of the heap of straw which had served him for a bed those many years, the money was taken; the miser had directed where to look for it; he could not bear to be without it while he lived. The bag was found to contain two hundred thousand pounds, which is nearly nine hundred thousand dollars.

9. All this large sum now rightly belonged to the poor locksmith's boy. I hope John's father was a wise and prudent man, who helped his son to properly take care of so much money, and showed him how he might do good with it.

10. You ought always to be kind to the aged and poor, and do all that you can for their comfort. It is not likely you will ever be paid for doing such a thing in the way that John Doane was; but the conscience<sup>5</sup> in your bosom will tell you that you have acted right, and you need not wish for any reward besides.

Mrs. GOODWIN.

<sup>1</sup> Jēers, insulting words.—<sup>2</sup> Lōck'smith, one who makes or repairs locks.—<sup>3</sup> Mī'ser, one who loves money too well.—<sup>4</sup> Be queathed', to give by will.—<sup>5</sup> Cōn'science, inward knowledge; knowledge that a person has with regard to good and evil, or right and wrong.

### 19. THE TWIN SISTERS.

A PAIR of twin sisters were so much alike, that it was difficult to distinguish them. Their little hearts were also blended<sup>1</sup> in the sweetest love. Dressed always alike, they might usually be seen, hand in hand; and wherever one was, you might be sure that the other could not be far away.

2. When old enough to attend school, they sate side by side, studied from the same book, wrote the same copy, shaded with their pencils the same flower, warbled<sup>2</sup> the same song, in the same key. They enjoyed the instructions of a very faithful teacher, who sometimes, to test the thorough preparation of her pupils, called them to recite separately.

3. On such an occasion, one of the twins having neglected her lesson, mistook, and faltered.<sup>3</sup> Tears started to her eyes, and the embarrassment<sup>4</sup> of betraying ignorance convulsed<sup>5</sup> her with shame. Just at that crisis<sup>6</sup> the teacher was called out.

4. The other sister, seated upon her bench, well prepared with her lesson, sympathized<sup>7</sup> in all the suffering of her second self. Her breast heaved, and her cheek was suffused<sup>8</sup> with crimson. Springing to the side of the tried one, she forced her backward into her seat, with a rapidity that overcame resistance, and stood up in her place.

5. The teacher returned, resumed<sup>9</sup> her examination, and found every question answered promptly, and with perfect correctness. At first she was surprised, yet supposed a little interval<sup>10</sup> had enabled the pupil, by reflec-

<sup>1</sup> Blēnd' ed, joined together; united.—<sup>2</sup> Wār' bled, sung.—<sup>3</sup> Fāl' tered, hesitated; was unable to go on.—<sup>4</sup> Em bār' rass ment, difficulty; troubled by many things.—<sup>5</sup> Con vūl'sed', shook; agitated.—<sup>6</sup> Cri'sis, moment; a point of time when something important is expected.—<sup>7</sup> Sym' pa thized, had the same feelings.—<sup>8</sup> Suf fū'sed', covered; having something poured over.—<sup>9</sup> Re sū'med', to take up again.—<sup>10</sup> In' ter val, a point of time between two other points.

tion, to collect her thoughts, or possibly to review those points of the lesson in which she was most deficient.<sup>1</sup>

6. But the expression of an approbation<sup>2</sup> which was not fairly earned, rankled<sup>3</sup> in the consciences of these pure-minded sisters. They could not be happy, thus to deceive their teacher.

7. Requesting to be permitted to stay after school, they approached her with tears, and confessed what they had done.

8. "I could not bear to see my poor sister in such pain," said the sweet one who rescued her. "*Forgive us, we are but one,*" said their little voices in unison.<sup>4</sup> "*God bless you,*" said their kind preceptress,<sup>5</sup> "*may you be one in Heaven!*"

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

#### 20. THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

1. **M**OTHER, mother, the winds are at play,  
Prifhee,<sup>6</sup> let me be idle to-day:  
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie  
Languidly<sup>7</sup> under the bright blue sky.
2. See, how slowly the streamlet glides;  
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;  
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,  
And scarcely spies<sup>8</sup> the sweets as he goes.
3. Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,  
And the flies go about him one by one;  
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,  
Without ever thinking of washing her face.
4. There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,  
But very lazily fieth he;

<sup>1</sup> De fi' cient, wanting; faulty.—<sup>2</sup> Ap pro bā' tion, approval.—<sup>3</sup> Rank- led (rānk' l'd), caused pain, or inflammation.—<sup>4</sup> U' ni son, together; as one.—<sup>5</sup> Pre cēp' tress, female teacher.—<sup>6</sup> Prifh' ee, I pray you.—<sup>7</sup> Lān' guid ly, weakly; without strength.—<sup>8</sup> Spies, sees.

And he sits and twitters<sup>1</sup> a gentle note,  
That scarcely ruffles<sup>2</sup> his little throat.

5. You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear  
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near;  
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,  
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.<sup>3</sup>

6. I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder<sup>4</sup> cloud,  
That sails about with its misty<sup>5</sup> shroud!  
Books and work I no more should see,  
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

Mrs. GILMAN.

#### 21. THE SUMMER-TIME.

**W**HAT child does not like the spring, the bright young spring, with its soft air,<sup>6</sup> its tender grass,<sup>7</sup> its tiny flowers, and its singing birds? Yet still more may the child love the pleasant summer-time, when the dark clouds and the cold rains and winds are all gone.

2. June comes. What a time it is! The happy children dance<sup>8</sup> and sing for joy, on their way to school. The insects chirp in the grass. The birds sing. The trees are heavy with leaves, and the low sound of the wind is heard in their branches. White clouds sail along the sky, and streaks of sunshine break through.

3. The gardens are full of blossoms, red and white. Yellow butter-cups shine in the green meadow, like buttons of gold. The sweet clover seems to blush with its red blossoms. The water in the brook loiters like an idle boy, just moving as though it were in no haste to leave the sweet meadow.

4. Soon the days become longer, and the sun grows hot. It shines upon the houses and the paved streets.

<sup>1</sup> Twit' ters, sings interruptedly, or without a connected song.—<sup>2</sup> Rūf' fles, disturbs; causing motion.—<sup>3</sup> Sprāy, a small branch.—<sup>4</sup> Yōn' der, distant.—<sup>5</sup> Mīst' y shroud; misty, moist; shroud, covering.—<sup>6</sup> Air (ār).—<sup>7</sup> Grās. —<sup>8</sup> Dānce.

The hard walks burn your feet. The wind does not seem to blow. The schools in the city are closed. People drive out from town, with their children, to breathe the fresh country air, and be happy.

5. They stop at a farm-house to quench their thirst. The kind woman brings a pailful of clear, cold water, and gives them a tin cup to drink from. She gets some nice sweet milk for the children, and they are so happy that they forget to thank her.

6. Men are at work in the meadow. Some are cutting down the grass and spreading it, and others, in another part of the field where it is dry, are raking it up into large rows. The gentle wind blows over the meadow, and brings the sweet odor of new hay.

7. The wheat is not yet ripe. Its long bearded heads are now nearly white, but they will soon be yellow like gold. Then the men will cut it down and gather it into the barn.

8. The sun has now set. It is no longer day. You may sit at the open window. The red moon rises through the trees, and you can scarcely<sup>1</sup> see the stars. The air is now cool, and the dews are falling.

9. You can not see the red and blue flowers in the garden, but you know they are there. All is still but the voice of the summer wind, which you may hear in the trees and the tall grass. The clock strikes nine, and your mother calls, "*To bed, my child.*"

## 22. THE WHEAT-FIELD.

1. **F**IELD of wheat, so full and fair,  
Shining with thy sunny hair,  
Lightly waving either way,  
Graceful as the breezes play—  
Looking like a summer sea—

<sup>1</sup> Scarcely.

How I love to gaze at thee!  
Pleasant art thou to the sight;  
And to thought, a rich delight.  
Then, thy voice is music sweet,  
Softly-sighing Field of Wheat.

2. Pointing to the genial<sup>1</sup> sky,  
Rising straight, and aiming high,  
Every stalk is seen to shoot  
As an arrow from the root.  
Like a well-trained company,  
All, in uniform, agree,  
From the footing to the ear;  
All in order strict appear.
3. Marshaled<sup>2</sup> by a skillful hand,  
All together bow, or stand—  
Still, within the proper bound;  
None<sup>3</sup> o'ersteps the given ground—  
With its tribute<sup>4</sup> held to pay  
At His nod whom they obey.  
Each the gems that stud its crown  
Will ere long for man lay down:  
Thou with promise art replete<sup>5</sup>  
Of the precious sheaves of wheat.
4. How thy strength in weakness lies!  
Not a robber-bird that flies  
Finds support whereby to put  
On a stalk her lawless foot;  
Not a predatory<sup>6</sup> beak  
Plunges down, thy stores to seek,  
Where the guard of silver spears  
Keeps the fruit, and decks the ears.  
No vain insect, that could do

<sup>1</sup> Gé'ni al, causing to produce; making cheerful.—<sup>2</sup> Má'r' shaled, arranged, or put into order.—<sup>3</sup> None (nú'n), not one.—<sup>4</sup> Tríb' ute, something given or paid.—<sup>5</sup> Re plé'te', full; completely filled.—<sup>6</sup> Préd' a to ry, given to plunder.

Harm to thee, dares venture through  
Such an armory,<sup>1</sup> or eat  
Off the sheath, to take the wheat.

5. What a study do we find  
Opened here for eye and mind!  
In it, who can offer less  
Than to wonder, and confess,  
That on this high-favored ground,  
*Faith* is blest, and *Hope* is crowned?  
*Charity* her arms may spread  
Wide from it, with gifts of bread.  
Wisdom, Power, and Goodness meet  
In the bounteous<sup>2</sup> Field of Wheat.

H. F. GOUY,

### 23. THE GOOD ARE BEAUTIFUL.

"OH! what an ugly little creature," said a person, turning away from a very homely child, with a look of disgust<sup>3</sup> upon her face.

2. "She will be beautiful in heaven, ma'am," replied a plainly dressed woman, who overheard the remark.

3. "Will she, indeed!" returned the individual who spoke so lightly of the homely child. "I should like to know how you can tell that."

4. "In the other life," returned the woman, "the good are all beautiful, and the evil deformed and ugly. No matter how fair a face a person may have had in this life, it will, in the next world, be changed into beauty or ugliness, according as he has been good or evil."

5. "How do you know this?" inquired the first speaker. "Any one who opens his eyes may see and know that this will be true," was replied.

<sup>1</sup> Arm'ory, means of defense; arms; weapons of all kinds.—<sup>2</sup> Boun'teous, plentiful; generous.—<sup>3</sup> Dis'gust', displeasure.

6. "Is not the most beautiful face rendered disagreeable when any bad passion is felt and exhibited?<sup>1</sup> And does not the homeliest<sup>2</sup> face become pleasant to look upon when good affections are in the heart?"

7. "In the other life, we shall all appear as we really are; and, of course, evil passions will deform<sup>3</sup> the face, and good affections make it beautiful. And she will be beautiful in heaven, for she is a good little girl, homely as her face now is."

T. S. ARTHUR.

### 24. WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

*Lucy.* Father, I have been reading to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary<sup>4</sup> in that?

*Father.* There was nothing extraordinary; but it happened to catch his attention and set him a-thinking.

*Lucy.* And what did he think about?

*Father.* He thought by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

*Lucy.* Why, I could have told him that: because the stalk gave way, and there was nothing to support it.

*Father.* And what then?

*Lucy.* Why, then, it must fall, you know.

*Father.* But why must it fall? that is the point.

*Lucy.* Because it could not help it.

*Father.* But why could it not help it?

*Lucy.* I don't know; that is an odd question. Because there is nothing to keep it up.

*Father.* Suppose there was not, does it follow that it must come to the ground?

*Lucy.* Yes, surely!

<sup>1</sup> Ex hib'it ed (egz hīb'it ed), shown.—<sup>2</sup> Hōme'li est, having no beauty.  
<sup>3</sup> De form', put out of shape; destroy the beauty.—<sup>4</sup> Ex traor'di na ry (eks trā'r'de na re), uncommon; wonderful.



*Father.* Is an apple animate,<sup>1</sup> or inanimate?<sup>2</sup>

*Lucy.* Inanimate, to be sure!

*Father.* And can inanimate things move of themselves?

*Lucy.* No, I think not; but the apple falls because it is forced to fall.

*Father.* Right! Some force out of itself acts upon it, otherwise it would remain forever where it was, notwithstanding it were loosened from the tree.

*Lucy.* Would it?

*Father.* Undoubtedly, for there are only two ways in which it could be moved; by its own power of motion, or the power of something else moving it. Now the first you acknowledge it has not; the cause of its motion must, therefore, be the second. And what that is, was the subject of the philosopher's<sup>3</sup> inquiry.

*Lucy.* But every thing falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up.

*Father.* True; there must, therefore, be a universal cause of this tendency<sup>4</sup> to fall.

*Lucy.* And what is it?

*Father.* Why, if things out of the earth can not move themselves to it, there can be no other cause of their coming together, than that the earth pulls them.

*Lucy.* But the earth is no more animate than they are; so how can it pull?

*Father.* Well objected! This will bring us to the point. Sir Isaac Newton, after deep meditation, discovered that there is a law in nature called *attraction*,<sup>5</sup> by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, every thing of which the world is composed, draws toward it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its size and distance. Lay two marbles on the table, they have a tendency to come together, and if there

<sup>1</sup> An'i mate, that which breathes.—<sup>2</sup> In an'i mate, that which does not breathe.—<sup>3</sup> Phi los' o pher, a lover of wisdom; one that inquires into causes and effects.—<sup>4</sup> Tend en cy, desire, or inclination.—<sup>5</sup> At trac' tion, drawing to one's self.

were nothing else in the world they would come together; but they are also attracted by the table, by the ground, and by every thing besides in the room; and these different attractions pull against each other.

Now, the globe, or the earth, is a prodigious<sup>1</sup> mass of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any comparison. It draws, therefore, with mighty force, every thing within its reach, which is the cause of their falling; and this is called the *gravitation* of bodies, or what gives them *weight*. When I lift up any thing, I act contrary to this force, for which reason it seems *heavy* to me; and the heavier, the more matter it contains, since that increases the attraction of the earth for it. Do you understand this?

*Lucy.* I think I do. It is like a loadstone drawing a needle.

*Father.* Yes, that is an attraction, but of a particular kind, only taking place between the magnet<sup>2</sup> and iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon every thing alike.

*Lucy.* Then it is pulling you and me at this moment?

*Father.* It is.

*Lucy.* But why do we not stick to the ground then?

*Father.* Because, as we are alive, we have a power of self-motion, which can, to a certain degree, overcome the attraction of the earth. But the reason you can not jump a mile high as well as a foot, is this attraction, which brings you down again after the force of your jump is spent.

*Lucy.* I think then I begin to understand what I have heard of people living on the other side of the world. I believe they are called *Antipodes*,<sup>3</sup> who have their feet turned toward ours, and their heads in the air.

<sup>1</sup> Pro dig ious (pro dij' us), very large.—<sup>2</sup> Mag' net, the loadstone; a kind of iron, or other metal, that attracts iron or steel.—<sup>3</sup> An tip o des, persons whose feet are opposite to each other; living on the other side of the earth.

I used to wonder how it could be that they did not fall off; but I suppose the earth pulls them to it.

*Father.* Very true; and whither should they fall? What have they over their heads?

*Lucy.* I don't know; sky, I suppose?

*Father.* They have; this earth is a vast ball, hung in the air, and continually spinning round, and that is the cause why the sun and stars seem to rise and set. At noon we have the sun over our heads, when the Antipodes have the stars over theirs; and at midnight, the stars are over our heads and the sun over theirs. So whither should they fall to more than we? to the stars or the sun?

*Lucy.* But we are up, and they are down.

*Father.* What is up, but *from* the earth and *toward* the sky? Their feet touch the earth and their heads point to the sky as well as ours; and we are under their feet as much as they are under ours. If a hole were dug quite through the earth, what would you see through it?

*Lucy.* Sky, with the sun or the stars; and now I see the whole matter plainly. But pray, what supports the earth in the air?

*Father.* Why, where should it go to?

*Lucy.* I don't know; I suppose where there was most to draw it. I have heard that the sun is a great many times bigger than the earth. Would it not go to that?

*Father.* You have thought very justly on the matter, I perceive. But I shall take another opportunity<sup>1</sup> of showing you how this is, and why the earth does not fall into the sun, of which, I confess, there seems to be some danger. Meanwhile, think how far the falling of an apple has carried us!

*Lucy.* To the Antipodes, and I know not where.

*Father.* You may see from thence what use may be made of the commonest fact, by a thinking mind.

<sup>1</sup> Op por tù ni ty, occasion; fit time.

## 25. LOST EDWIN.

**EDWIN** was a dear little boy, seven years old. He lived with his parents<sup>1</sup> in a part of New England where delicious<sup>2</sup> sugar is made from the juice, or sap, of maple-trees.

2. It was just at the sugar season, the last of March, or the beginning of April, and Mr. Stevens, Edwin's father, was busily working in his sugar place. One day, a little before noon, the boy's mother put some food into a small basket, and told him it was for his father's dinner, and that he might carry it to him in the woods.

3. Edwin was pleased to go, and, hurrying on his cap and mittens, caught up the basket<sup>3</sup> and started, followed closely by a large black dog he called his own, and which he loved very dearly. The dog, too, loved his young master<sup>4</sup> as well as it is possible for an animal to love a human being; and you know that some dumb creatures, especially dogs, are capable of very strong attachment to those who use them kindly.

4. Mrs. Stevens called after her son when he had gone as far as the door, asking him to wait till she could tie a comforter around his neck, for the south wind was blowing chilly. Edwin obeyed his mother, as he always did; though, as she came with the comforter, he said, laughing, "I don't think I shall feel the cold, *I'm so tough.*"

5. "You are sure you know the way?" said his mother. "O, yes," answered the boy. "Why, don't you remember I've been there alone ever so many times this spring?"

6. "Yes; but you had only to follow the path in the snow then; now the snow is nearly all gone. Rover," continued Mrs. Stevens, turning to the dog, that stood just before Edwin, looking back at him, and, by a short,

<sup>1</sup> Pár'ents.—<sup>2</sup> De li cious (de lish' us), sweet; full of delight.—<sup>3</sup> Bâsk'-et.—<sup>4</sup> Mâs' ter.