

7. As the sun sinks in the October smoke, the low, south wind creeps over the dry tree-tops, and the leaves fall in showers upon the ground. The sun sinks lower, and lower, and is gone; but his bright beams still linger in the west. Then the evening star is seen shining with a soft, mellow light, and the moon, red as blood, rises slowly in the still and hazy air.

8. November comes. The flowers are all dead. The grass is pale and white. The wind has blown the dry leaves into heaps. The timid rabbit treads softly on the dry leaves. The crow calls from the high tree-top. The sound of dropping nuts is heard in the wood. Children go out morning and evening to gather nuts for winter. The busy little squirrels will be sure to get their share of the nuts.

65. CHASE OF THE PET FAWN.

A PRETTY little fawn¹ had been brought in from the woods when very young, and nursed and petted until it had become perfectly tame. It was graceful as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about the village.

2. One morning after gamboling² about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of the store. There came along a countryman, who, for several years, had been a hunter, and who still kept several dogs; one of the hounds came with him to the village on this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him and darted to its feet. Notwithstanding it had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village,

¹ Fawn, a young deer.—² Gãm' bol ing, leaping and skipping.

and had apparently lost all fear of them, yet it seemed now to know instinctively¹ that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a change came over it; it was the rousing of instinct in that beautiful creature.

3. In a second its whole character and appearance seemed changed; all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nostrils dilated,² its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons instantly followed its track, the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain.

4. The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. For a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, but it was soon undeceived; the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen villagers joined blindly in the pursuit.

5. Quite a crowd collected on the bank, men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal so well known to them all. Some jumped into boats, hoping to intercept³ the hound before he reached his prey. The plashing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature where it once had been caressed and fondled, had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

6. It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay toward the nearest borders

¹ In stinct' ive ly, without instruction; taught by nature.—² Di lát' ed, spread out.—³ In ter cẽpt', to go between.

of the forest, and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies.

7. As it approached the land the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land; in one leap it crossed the line of beach, in another instant it was in the woods.

8. The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on the shore. His master anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at a most critical moment. Would the dog hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain-side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed.

9. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the woods in search of their favorite, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

10. Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented

himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and showing a collar with her name upon it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal instead of bounding away as he had expected, moved toward him, and he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck, he was very sorry that he had killed it. And thus the poor little thing lost its life. One would have thought that such a terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it.

MISS COOPER.

66. ANDREW JONES.

1. I HATE that Andrew Jones; he'll breed
 His children up to waste and pillage;¹
 I wish the press-gang² or the drum,
 With its tantara³ sounds would come,
 And sweep him from the village!
2. I said not this because he loves
 Through the long day to swear and tittle,⁴
 But for the poor dear sake of one
 To whom a foul deed he had done,
 A friendless man—a traveling cripple!
3. For this poor, crawling, helpless wretch,
 Some horseman who was passing by,
 A penny on the ground had thrown;
 But the poor cripple was alone
 And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

¹ Pil' lage, plunder.—² Press'-gang, a band of seamen under an officer who compel idle persons to do duty on board ships of war.—³ Tan tá' ra, this word has no meaning, but is put in here to represent the sound of the drum.—⁴ Tip' ple, to drink.

4. Inch thick the dust lay on the ground,
For it had long been drouthy¹ weather;
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust, till he had brought
The half-pennies together.
5. It chanced that Andrew passed that way,
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple at the mid-day heat,
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.
6. He stooped, and took the penny up;
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half a crown
What a man finds, is all his own;
And so, good friend, good day to you."
7. And hence I said that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage,
And wished the press-gang or the drum,
With its tantara sounds would come,
And sweep him from the village.

WORDSWORTH.

67. TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

IN one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a very large and splendid one, drawn by six gray horses.

2. On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the schoolroom, he found his pupils in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion.² In answer to some inquiries which he made

¹ Droughty (drow'te), very dry; needing water very much.—² Excursion (eks kër'shun), going abroad; a journey.

about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give an account of their trip and its various incidents.¹

3. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "O, sir! there was one little circumstance that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer-looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

4. "Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley² of snow-balls and a good hurrah.³ They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

5. "As we passed, some one gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snow-balls pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by.

6. "With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized⁴ the old creature—and so we left him."

7. "Well, boys," replied the instructor, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too. Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable⁵ old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue⁶ of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon,

¹ In'ci dents, things which happen.—² Vól'ley, a large number thrown at one time.—³ Hur ráh', a shout of joy, or triumph, or applause.—⁴ Cap sized', overturned.—⁵ Vèn'er a ble, deserving respect on account of age.—⁶ Rès'i due, the remainder.

and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

8. "His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted¹ to the scenes of his youth—of his manhood, and of his riper years. Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

9. "In his trepidation² he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with the cold, he could not gather them up, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow!—Give us the road, old boy!—What will you take for your pony, old daddy?—Go it, frozen-nose!—What's the price of oats?'—were the various cries that met his ear.

10. "'Pray do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm³ driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys who were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure his reins, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

11. "A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly pro-

¹ Re vèrt' ed, turned back.—² Trep i dà' tion, a trembling of the limbs from fear.—³ In firm (in fèrm'), weak.

vided for. That son, boys, is your instructor; and that *old fellow*, and *old boy* (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach), that *old daddy* and *old frozen-nose*, was your master's father!"

12. Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks; some cried; and many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

H. K. OLIVER.

68. A MAN IS A MAN.

ONE day I was guilty of an action which, to say the least, was in very bad taste. An old man, in a very poor, but not dirty dress, came into the office with a basket full of oranges, which he was retailing¹ about the village.

2. When he desired me to purchase some, I answered him rather roughly and slightly,² and turned again to my books; not, however, without observing that my uncle raised his eyebrows a little at my want of good manners.

3. When the old orange peddler had gone out, my uncle turned round, and looking me full in the face, said, "My boy, you appear to have forgotten an old maxim,³ handed down in your family time out of mind. It is this: '*A man is a man.*'"

4. "Every person, however humble his station or calling, is entitled to your respect as a man, and so long as you are ignorant of his having forfeited⁴ all claim to

¹ Re tál' ing, selling in small quantities.—² Slight' ing ly, with disrespect.—³ Mâx' im, a sentence containing a well-known truth.—⁴ For' feit ed, lost the right of owning.

consideration¹ by criminal, or scandalously² immoral behavior, you should treat him with politeness;³ and, if he is old, with marked respect. Age, itself, has a perpetual⁴ claim to reverence.⁵

5. "Did you never hear the story of the Russian princess? She was on some pleasure excursion with a gay party in France, I think, or Germany, when they fell in with an old man, in a humble walk in life, a rustic,⁶ coarsely attired, and wearing a long beard.

6. "An impertinent⁷ lordling treated the old man contemptuously,⁸ laughed at his beard, and offered a round sum in gold to any lady of the party who would kiss the veteran.⁹ Instantly the fair Russian—who, by the way, was young and one of the most beautiful women in Europe—stepped forward and accepted the challenge.¹⁰

7. "The purse of gold was deposited¹¹ on a plate, which, after kissing the old man, the princess gracefully presented to him, saying, 'Take this, my good friend, as a testimonial¹² that the daughters of Russia are taught to respect old age.'

8. "But it is not the old only that are entitled to respect. If I remember rightly, an Apostle says, '*Honor all men.*' Consider that every man is entitled to politeness, as a man, an immortal¹³ being, destined to exist forever, with yourself, in the world of spirits, where we shall all be classed, not according to the clothes we have worn, but the lives we have led on earth." TOLIVER.

¹ Con sid er /' tion, respect.—² Scán' da lous ly, shamefully; in a manner to give offense.—³ Po lte' ness, civility; good breeding; kindness of manner.—⁴ Per pét' u al, not ending; lasting.—⁵ Rêv' er ence, great respect.—⁶ Rûs' tic, a person living in the country.—⁷ Im pê' ti nent, impudent; insolent; rude.—⁸ Con tèmpt' u ous ly, with great disrespect; showing contempt.—⁹ Vêt' er an, old man; one grown old in service.—¹⁰ Châl' lenge, invitation to fight or contend, or do any extraordinary action.—¹¹ De pòs' it ed, placed.—¹² Tes ti mò' ni al, proof; something to bear witness.—¹³ Im mor' tal, undying; that which never dies.

69. THE BROOK.

1. I COME from haunts¹ of coot² and hern,³
I make a sudden sally,⁴
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker⁵ down a valley.
2. By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,⁶ a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
3. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps⁷ and trebles,⁸
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.
4. With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,⁹
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.¹⁰
5. I steal by lawns¹¹ and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers.
6. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted¹² sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.¹³

¹ Hàunts, places of resort.—² Còot, a sea-fowl.—³ Hêrn, this is a corruption of the word *heron*, a water-fowl.—⁴ Sál' ly, a leap, or rushing out.—⁵ Bick' er, to move quickly.—⁶ Thorps, dwelling-places, or villages.—⁷ Sharps, notes of higher tone or sound.—⁸ Trêb' le, the highest part of a song.—⁹ Fál' low, unsowed, untilled ground.—¹⁰ Mál' low, a plant.—¹¹ Lâwns, open grounds covered with grass.—¹² Nêt' ted, caught in a net; entangled.—¹³ Shâl' lows, places where the water is not deep.

7. I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly¹ bars,
I loiter round my cresses;²

8. And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

TENNYSON.

70. INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY REWARDED.

A RICH husbandman³ had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he set, in the entrance of his orchard,⁴ two young apple-trees of equal size; which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them.

2. When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine morning in spring, to see these two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said:

3. "My dear children, I give you these trees: you see they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence;⁵ and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labor."

4. The youngest, named Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it; and he propped⁶ up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bent.

¹ Shingly (shing' gly), composed of small stones.—² Cresses, plants which grow by the water.—³ Husband man, a planter or farmer.—⁴ Orchard, a collection of fruit-trees.—⁵ Negligence, want of care; neglect.—⁶ Propped, supported.

5. He loosened the earth¹ about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple-tree.

6. His brother, Moses, did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time on a mount that was near, throwing stones at the passengers in the road. He went among all the little dirty country boys in the neighborhood, to box with them; so that he was often seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels.

7. In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till one day in autumn he by chance saw Edmund's tree so full of apples streaked with purple and gold, that had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

8. Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it; but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely any thing, except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow withered leaves.

9. Full of passion and jealousy, he ran to his father, and said: "Father, what sort of a tree is that which you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother you have used better: bid him at least share his apples with me."

10. "Share with you!" said his father; "so the industrious must lose his labor, to feed the idle! Be satisfied with your lot: it is the effect of your negligence; and do not think to accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his; it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil, only it was not fostered² with the same care.

¹ Earth (ēth).—² Fostered, nourished; cared for.

11. "Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossoms. As I do not choose to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable¹ to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name.

12. "It must pass through your brother's hands, before it can recover itself; and from this moment, both it and the fruit it may bear are his property. You may, if you will, go into my nursery,² and look for another, and rear³ it, to make amends for your fault; but if you neglect it, that too shall be given to your brother, for assisting me in my labor."

13. Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He therefore went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple-trees he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it; and Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it.

14. He was now never out of humor with his comrades, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work; and in autumn, he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage, of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit, and at the same time of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted. His father was so well pleased with this change, that the following year he divided the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

BERQUIN.

71. HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A FARMER called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his friends had,

¹ Accountable, liable to be called to account; answerable.—² Nursery, a plantation of young trees.—³ Rear, raise.

during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.¹

2. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and, if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you."

3. The farmer replied, that, anticipating² his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating³ the damage; and they thought, that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty dollars would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money.

4. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew; and in those parts of the field that were trampled, it was the strongest and most luxuriant.⁴ The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." He instantly recollected the circumstances.

5. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord; I have found that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and I have, therefore, brought the fifty dollars back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like; that is what ought to be between man and man."

6. He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer a check for one hundred dollars. "Take care of this, and

¹ Produce, fruit; that which grows.—² Anticipating, taking beforehand.—³ Estimating, finding the value of a thing.—⁴ Luxuriant (lug zù're ant), growing most abundantly.

when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell the occasion that produced it."

7. We know not what most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious¹ man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.²

72. APRIL DAY.

1. ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropt
 Their garnered³ fullness down;
 All day that soft, gray mist⁴ hath wrapt
 Hill, valley, grove, and town.
 There has not been a sound to-day
 To break the calm of nature;
 Nor motion, I might almost say,
 Of life, or living creature;—
 Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
 Or cattle faintly lowing;—
 I could have half believed I heard
 The leaves and blossoms growing.
2. I stood to hear—I love it well—
 The rain's continuous sound;
 Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
 Down straight into the ground.
 For leafy thickness is not yet
 Earth's naked breast to screen,
 Though every dripping branch is set
 With shoots of tender green.
3. Sure, since I looked at early morn,
 Those honey-suckle buds

¹ Il lûs' tri ous, very famous.—² Gen er â' tion, race; persons living at the same time: another generation are those who will live when the present race is dead.—³ Gâr' nered, stored up.—⁴ Mist, water in drops too small to be seen.

Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
 Hath put forth larger studs.
 That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
 The milk-white flowers revealing:¹
 Even now, upon my senses first
 Methinks their sweets are stealing.

4. The vëry earth, the steamy air,
 Is all with fragrance rife!²
 And grace and beauty everywhere
 Are flushing into life.
 Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
 Those earth-rejoicing drops!
 A momentary deluge³ pours,
 Then thins, decreases, stops.
 And ere the dimples on the stream
 Have circled out of sight,
 Lo! from the west, a parting gleam
 Breaks forth of amber⁴ light.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

73. THE LITTLE PERSIAN, WHO WOULD NOT TELL A FALSEHOOD.

AMONG the Persians there is a sect⁵ called the Sooffees, and one of the most distinguished saints⁶ of this sect was Abdool Kauder. It is related, that in early childhood he was smitten with a desire of devoting himself to sacred things, and wished to go to Bâgdad to obtain knowledge.

2. His mother gave her consent; and, taking out eighty pieces of money, told him that, as he had a brother, half of that would be all his inheritance.⁷ She

¹ Re vëal' ing, showing.—² Rife, full.—³ Dël' uge, a flood of water; an overflowing of water.—⁴ Am' ber, clear; bright; shining.—⁵ Sëct, a party or body of men.—⁶ Sânts, holy men.—⁷ In hër' it ance, money, or property, obtained by the death of another person.

made him promise, solemnly, when she gave it to him, never to tell a lie; and then bade him farewell, exclaiming—"Go, my son, I give thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment!"

3. He went on, till he came near to Hamadan, when the company with which he was traveling was plundered¹ by sixty horsemen. One of the robbers asked him what he had got? "Forty pieces of money," said Abdool Kauder, "are sewed under my garment." The fellow laughed, thinking that he was joking him. "What have you got?" said another. He gave the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, he was called to an eminence, where their chief stood. "What property have you, my little fellow?" said he.

4. "I have told two of your people already," replied the boy. "I have forty pieces of money sewed up carefully in my clothes." The chief desired them to be ripped open, and found the money.

5. "And how came you," said he, with surprise, "to declare so openly, what has been so carefully hidden?" "Because," Abdool Kauder replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never conceal the truth."

6. "Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it." He did so, and his followers were all alike struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the paths of virtue;" and they instantly, at his order, made restitution² of the spoil, and vowed repentance on the hand of the boy.

Juv. Mis.

¹ Plün'dered, robbed.—² Res ti tū' tion, act of giving back what has been taken from another.

74. THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PURPOSE.

"I WOULD not be so mean," said George Ward to a boy who stood by while he put the candy he had just bought into his pocket. "You have no right to call me mean," replied Reuben Porter, "because I don't spend my money for candy."

2. "You never spend it for any thing," continued George, tauntingly.¹ It was true: Reuben did not spend his money. Do you suppose it was because he loved it more than other boys do?

3 Reuben turned slowly away, meditating² upon what had occurred. "I will not care for what George thinks," he at length said to himself; "I have four dollars now, and when I have sold my cabbages, I shall have another dollar. *I shall soon have enough;*" and his heart bounded joyfully, his step recovered its elasticity,³ and his pace quickened, as the pleasant thought removed the sting the accusation of meanness had inflicted⁴ on his sensitive⁵ spirit.

4. "Enough" did not mean the same with Reuben as with grown people. It had a limit. He hastened cheerfully home, or to the place he called home. He had no father or mother there, but kind and loving friends in their stead.

5. Mr. Porter had died two years before, leaving a wife and four children, without property to sustain them. Reuben was the eldest, and as he was old enough to assist in the labors of a farm, it was thought best he should leave his mother. Mr. Johnson, a neighbor, took him into his family, where he soon became a favorite.

6. There was one thing about the boy, however, which

¹ Tāunt'ing ly, in an insulting manner.—² Mēd'i ta ting, thinking —
³ E las tic' i ty, in this place means easiness of motion: its proper meaning is, ability of a thing to return to its form or shape when compressed or expanded.—⁴ In flic'ted, bestowed, or given, or struck.—
⁵ Sēn'si tive, that which quickly feels.

good Mrs. Johnson regarded as a great fault. It was what she called "a spirit of hoarding." She said she never gave him an orange, or an apple, that he did not carry it to his room, instead of eating it. Perhaps his sisters at home, or dear little brother Charles, could tell what became of them.

7. Mrs. Johnson had noticed, too, in his drawer a box, which was quite heavy with money. She did not believe he had bought so much as a fish-hook since he had been in their family. If he should go on in this way, he will grow up to be a miser.

8. Mr. Johnson smiled at his wife's earnestness, and remarked, that with such an example of generosity as Reuben had constantly before him, he could not believe the child was in much danger from the fault she feared. "It must be remembered," he said, "that Reuben has his own way to make in life. He must early learn to save, or he will always be poor. There are his mother and sisters, too, who need his aid."

75. THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PURPOSE—CONCLUDED.

IN various ways Reuben added to his store. When the snow came he made nice broad paths about the house, which so attracted the notice of a neighbor, that she asked if he might be allowed to make paths for her. He rose early, that he might have time for this extra work, and was well paid for his efforts. The box grew heavier from week to week. *Reuben had almost enough.*

2. One day there was a barrel of flour left at Mrs. Porter's. She thought there must be a mistake about it; but the man said he was directed at the store to take it to that house.

3. Mrs. Porter went immediately to learn about it, and what was her surprise on finding her son had been the purchaser. How could he pay for a whole barrel of

flour? "The money," said the merchant, "he brought in a box. It was in small bits, which took me some time to count, but there was enough."

4. The mother called, with a full heart, at Mrs. Johnson's, and related what had occurred. Reuben wondered why his mother should cry so. He thought she would be happy. He was sure *he* was. He had been thinking two years of that barrel of flour, and now he felt more like laughing than crying.

5. Those tears, noble boy, are not tears of sorrow, but of the deepest, fullest joy. You are more than repaid for your self-denial. You have persevered in your determination, you have resisted every temptation to deviate¹ from the course which you marked out as right. You have borne meekly² the charge of meanness, so galling³ to your generous spirit, and now you receive your reward. You are happy, and so is your mother, and so are your kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

6. That night Mr. Johnson remarked to his wife, as they sat together before the cheerful fire, that he had some idea of keeping the little miser⁴ and educating him. "A boy who could form such a purpose and keep it, will in all probability make a useful man."

7. After-years proved the correctness of this conclusion. Reuben is now a man of intelligence and wealth. He is one whom the world delights to honor; but among his pleasantest memories, I doubt not, is that of the barrel of flour he bought for his beloved mother.

8. "Filial love will never go unrewarded." The youth who devotes his early thoughts and plans to the gratification and happiness of his parents, will grow up loving all mankind, and people will return this love and friendship in such a manner as to render him happy, successful, and useful in life.

¹ Dé vi ate, to go out of the way.—² Mèek'ly, patiently; without complaint.—³ Gáll'ing, rubbing so as to cause soreness.—⁴ Ml'ser, a rich person who makes himself wretched from fear of poverty; a wretch.