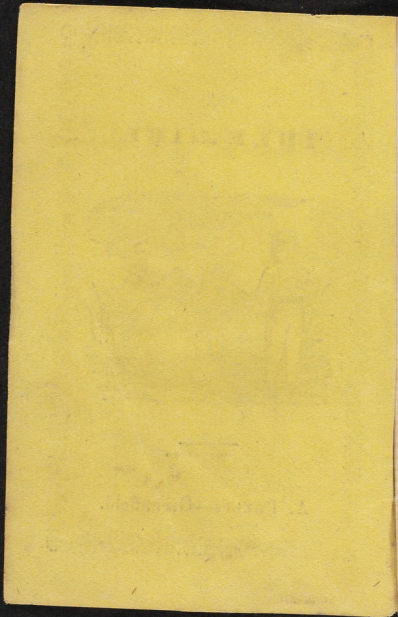


THE
IDLE GIRL.



A. PHELPS—Greenfield.



THE

IDLE GIRL.



NORTHAMPTON:

E. TURNER.

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THE IDLE GIRL.

I ONCE knew a little girl, whose name was Lucy. Her mamma sent her to the same school where Ann went, that she might learn to work, and read, and write, for she wished her little daughter to become a clever girl, that she might teach her younger brothers and sisters when old enough to do so. But, I am sorry to say, Lucy was idle and careless, and liked play better than school; and one morning when all the rest of the girls were busy writing their copies and doing their sums, Lucy ran out of the school-room into the garden, and seated herself on the grass



under an old elm-tree to play with a little dog named Flora. Flora was very fond of Lucy, for she was very fond of him, and they had many a game of play on the lawn.



Sometimes she threw a leather ball to a little distance, that he might run after it and bring it back to her in his mouth; and sometimes she held her hands in the form of an arch, that Flora might spring over them; and when tired

of this employ, up she jumped and and ran round and round the old elm-tree, whilst little Flora chased after her, wagging his tail, and looking as merry as his mistress.

Now this would have been all very well at a proper time, but it was not right for Lucy to go and idle away her time during school-hours without even asking leave; for children ought to *work* when they *work*, and to *play* when they *play*.





As soon as the clock struck twelve, all the children who had been busy in the school-room put up their slates, and their copy-books, and their pens, and their pencils, and their work, and went to play. And as they were running into the play-ground their mistress told them, that as they had been good children during the morning, they might walk down the lane into the meadows, near her house, and gather as many cowslips and blue-bells as they liked; and that instead of having any more school that day, they might make a garland of their flowers, and amuse themselves out of doors till tea time.

Away they ran full of joy and glee, for they knew that Miss C.



gave them this treat as a reward for having done their lessons so well.

Was Lucy among them?

No: as she had left school to play with little Flora during the time that she ought to have been



learning her lessons, her mistress called her in, when the rest of the girls were gone, and said to her, "Lucy, as you ran into the garden without asking leave, before twelve

o'clock, and before you had either said your spelling, or written your copy, you must come in and do them after dinner, instead of going into the fields with your little friends, whom I have given leave to miss school, that they may gather flowers and enjoy themselves in the open air this fine day. I like to reward good girls, but I must punish idle ones, that they may do better in future.



I suppose Lucy did not play with her little dog Flora during school-hours again?

No: when Miss C. told her that she was to learn her lessons, instead of going out of doors with the rest of the girls, she began to cry, and she cried for a long time without ceasing. But as no one took any notice of her, she dried up her tears at last, and said to herself, "I will learn my tasks as well as I can, that Miss C. may forgive me; and I will not run out of the school-room during school-time any more; for how happy I might have been this bright sunny day out in the nice green fields, instead of sitting here all alone."

It was wise in Lucy to resolve to do so, and I believe she kept



her word, and became in due time a good and clever girl.

Children! you are young; and now whilst you are young, you should strive to store your minds with useful knowledge, that in case you live to become men and women, you may gain the respect and esteem of your friends and of all around you.

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

With aunt's consent,
Miss Haughty went
A relative to see;
And she was drest,
At her request,
As fine as fine could be.

This little lass
 Before a glass
 Admir'd her pretty face ;
 And thought each friend
 Must sure commend
 Her feathers, gems, and lace.

The day was fine,
 The clock struck nine,
 Her chaise drove from the door ;
 But blackness soon
 O'erspread the sun,
 The rain began to pour.

The torrent pour'd,
 The thunder roar'd,
 The lightning form'd a blaze ;
 The horse that drew
 Prov'd restive too,
 And overturn'd the chaise.

Miss Haughty now,
Thrown in a slough,
Was all bedaub'd with dirt ;
Her gems were soil'd
Her feathers spoil'd,
Her face much bruis'd and hurt.

No female friend
Could now commend
Her elegance of dress ;
But all agree,
In charity,
To pity her distress.

Without delay
They took away
Her frock and broider'd shoes ;
Brown paper then,
To ease her pain,
Was fix'd upon each bruise.

