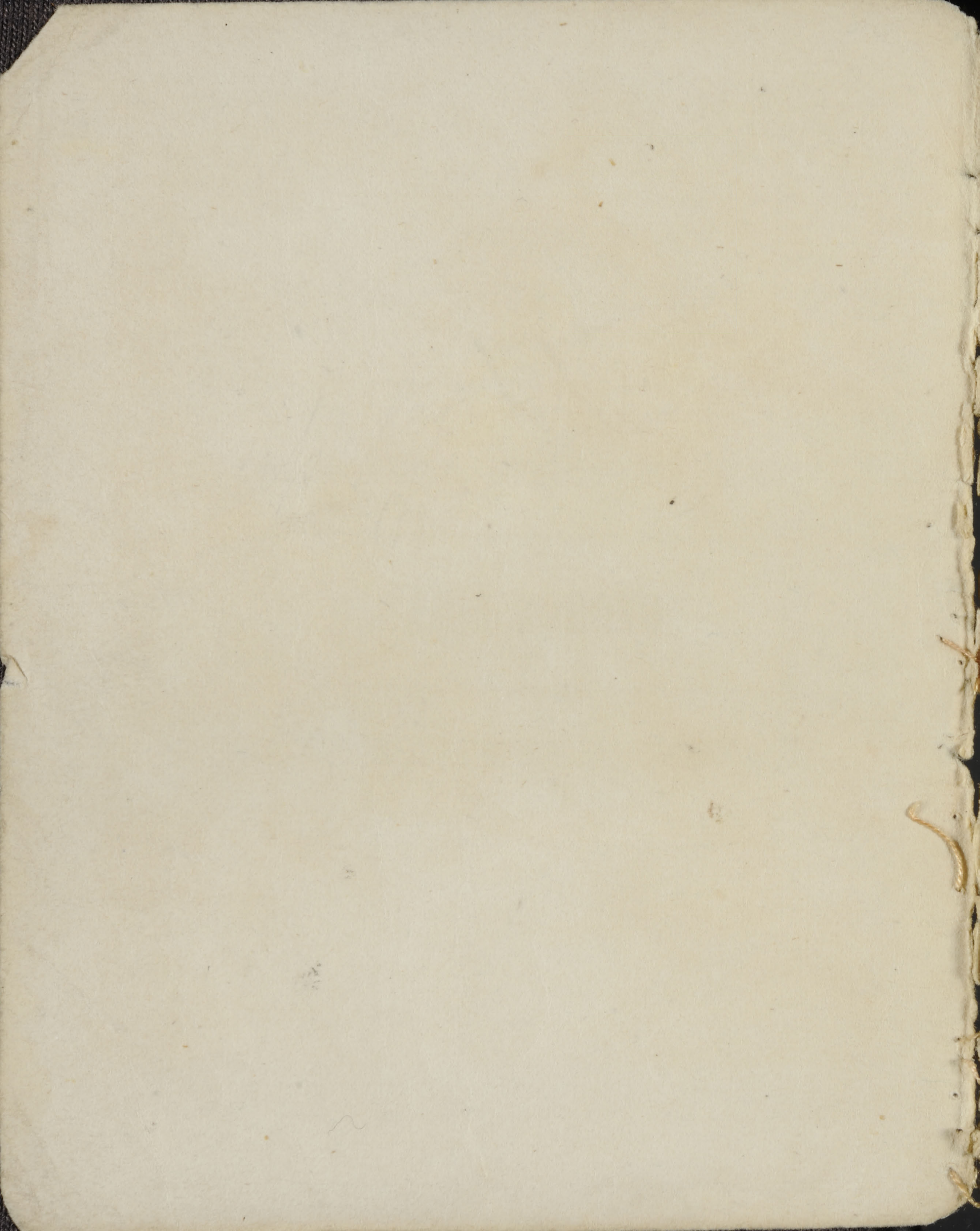


DEAN & MUNDAY.



**GEORGE MILLS.**

*Price 3d.*



Nov. 27/25-

Atkinson

DEAN & MURRAY



DEAN & MUNDAY.

# GEORGE MILLS;

OR,

LEARN YOUR LESSONS BEFORE YOU  
PLAY.

---

EMBELLISHED WITH NEAT ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

---

GEORGE MILLS

GEORGE MILLS

LEARN YOUR LESSONS BEFORE YOU

TURN IN TO THE IN THE

TO THE IN THE

AND THE

THE

IN THE

LOOKED AT

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

~

## GEORGE MILLS.

“THERE is no use in learning—there is no use in looking at this tiresome book,” said naughty George, as, with discontented, uneasy looks, he placed his book on the book-table, his lesson hardly looked at; “I do not see any use in learning.

“I am very sorry for that,” said his mother, who had silently remarked the indolence of George during the last half hour,—“I am sorry you do not like your books, and I think you will be

sorry too, when you are grown to be a man, if you do not repent even before that time."

"I can learn when I am a man, and better and faster than I can now," said George; "I want to play, now, and so I will go to the play-room;" and he went towards the parlour-door.

"Stop a minute, my son," said Mrs. Mills, "do you think, when you are a man grown, should your life be spared, that you shall find time to learn reading, and writing, and spelling? Do you not think that other employments will claim your time and attention? And what society do you expect to enjoy meanwhile? The company of the ignorant is





not sought by those whose good opinion and friendship are at all valuable.

George heard his mother, but he was not in a good humour, and instead of thanking her for the good advice she gave him, he stood awkwardly twisting

a corner of his handkerchief, and not in the least more disposed to take his book, and study for half an hour the lesson which Mr. Price had appointed him to learn.

Mrs. Mills sat down to needle-work, and, after some time, George walked to his brother Henry, who was industriously applying his mind to his lesson, and asked him to go and help him to make his kite; but Henry told him he could not play till his lessons were learned, and advised him to give up the idea of making his kite then, and sit by him, and he would help him to get his lesson, if he could do it better with his assistance.

You will think now, my little friends,

that George could not resist this kindness of his brother, but I grieve to say that it made no impression on him; for, finding that Henry would not be enticed from his duty, he left him, and went to search for, and collect the twine, paper, and cross sticks which were to compose his kite: these found, he wanted paste to fasten the paper together, and fix it to the frame which he had, with some labour, shaped to his mind.

To the kitchen went George, to beg the cook would boil him some paste; but she was too much engaged about her own work to find leisure to satisfy his wants; so George got the flour himself, and mixed it with water in a tin cup,

and put the cup on the fire, that the mixture might boil, and become what is called adhesive, or sticky. He was not used to this employment, and while he was clumsily stirring it, he burnt his hand; then he cried a long time, and when he next thought of his paste, it was all dried to the cup, and good for nothing.

George was now cross with the cook, because she had not left her work to make his paste; he was cross with his brother, because he had not left his lessons to help to make his kite; and lastly, he was cross with himself, in consequence of his own wayward folly, though he would not mend his fault, by acknow-

ledging, and, though late, attempting to repair it. In fact, he, as you will believe, felt altogether uncomfortable and unhappy.

He thought, after standing some time before the fire, that he would make some more paste; so he scraped from the cup that which was burnt, and made the vessel fit for use, but now the cook was out of the kitchen, and he could not ask her to get him more flour; and, instead of waiting till she came in, he attempted to get it for himself, but his foot slipped while he was reaching for the box, the cover came off, and he fell on the floor, covered with its whole contents; he got up, and tried as well as he could to

repair the mischief; meanwhile the cook returned, and finding what was done, took from him the cup and flour, and insisted on his leaving the kitchen directly, at the same time telling him that he knew his mother would not choose him to be there, giving so much trouble.

George saw it would avail little to stay longer there, so he sought the play-room, with his partly finished kite, and sat down alone, and without pleasure. Nothing could be done without Henry, he found: and he returned to the parlour, in the hope of persuading him, this time, to come with him and play.

Henry was still studying his lesson in



the parlour with his mother, who was about to reward him for his diligence, with a slice of plum-cake. His mother did not speak and smile kindly on George when he entered, as she always did when he had been deserving and attentive;

being afraid to disturb his brother, he went again to the solitary play-room, and there sat, listless and idle.

After some time, he heard the voice of his mother, as she passed down the stairs, and looking from the window he saw her go abroad with his father and brother; George hoped he should be invited to join them, but he was not noticed, and was obliged to sit down again alone and weary; and most of all, miserable from having neglected the good counsel of his mother.

Henry, who had learned his lessons perfectly, was happy and in good humour: he was a kind-hearted boy, and though his brother George had not been





good, he was sorry that he was left at home.

Henry's father bought him a pretty book full of historical engravings, and an elastic ball, also a fine rocking-horse. As they were returning home, Henry

ran gaily before his father and mother, throwing up his ball, then bounding with all the activity of happy boyhood to seek it, enjoying himself till they reached home, where they found idle George, neither happy at play, nor the wiser for his books.

Henry would gladly have shared his presents, but his father forbade him, saying, that those who would not work, must not share the reward of those who did; adding further, that when George could learn his lessons without giving so much trouble to his friends, or would remember to follow the counsel of his mother, he too might look for encouragement and favour, but that now his



punishment was just, and might not be mitigated.

Henry had a little cousin who lived very near; he was a good child, and the two boys often played together. If one had a plaything which the other liked, it

was readily lent; thus mutually contributing each to the other's diversions.

To see his cousin Frank, Henry now hastened. They played at ball together till dinner-time, and then parted; for they knew they were required to be punctual, or they would lose their meal.

Dinner being ended, the boys set off for school, but with very different feelings: Henry went prepared to recite his lessons; but George's were yet to be learned.

Before school was over, Henry ranked high in his class; but George's indolence caused him to stand last. This made him so ashamed, that when they returned home, he took his book when Henry did

his, and thought he would study, like him, at proper times.

He felt his folly the more when his little brother Lewis, who was not quite three years old, showed his knot of pink ribbon, as a testimony that he had learnt his lessons well; and in proof of which he picked out the letters which spelt "GOOD BOY," from his spelling-box.

George began to relax from his book, when his mother said, "Had you not better study now, my son? Persevere a little, you will soon know that short lesson, if you try to fix your attention upon it. Consider how much you have lost to-day of rational enjoyment, by neglecting your book, and how much you

must continue to lose if this indolence be not overcome. Ah! George, the proverb says, 'The present time is the only time,' and you will find it no easy matter to repair the faults of early years. It will be vain to commence at the age of manhood, that which should have been finished in youth. Come, imitate your brother; conquer, at once this unwillingness to study, and begin the work of reformation this evening."

George listened to his mother, and for a time looked on his book, but he soon grew weary of that. His thoughts wandered: he recollected that his bow wanted a new string, and, despite of his mother's grave looks, he went in search

of it, saying, it would take but a few minutes to string it, and after that, he would return to his book.

Henry said if George would wait till the morning, he would help him to fix his bow, and give him his own new arrows. All would not do, and the bow took the place of his lessons in the mind of George.

The children were never allowed to carry open lamps about the house in the evening, and each was always provided with a small glass lantern. George had lighted his, but when he got to the play-room where he expected to find his bow, the lamp did not give as much light within the lantern as he wanted, and he

opened it and took out the lamp; he knew this was wrong, but he hoped to find his bow-string quickly, and then he meant to replace it. He had made a heap of shavings in the morning, while planing a piece of board; and as he stooped down to see if the string had fallen among them, a spark fell from the lamp, and the dry shavings immediately caught fire and blazed; threatening to burn every thing in the room, for many combustible articles were scattered there.

George screamed loudly, and the whole family, alarmed, hastened to the spot, just in time to prevent greater mischief. George was led from the room where he had been thus improperly employed, and



though his clothes were scorched, and his hands burnt in attempting to extinguish the fire, he found little sympathy from any individual; even Henry, who was so good to his brother, could not feel sorry for him now, and his parents were seriously displeased with him, for he had not endangered the house only, but the lives of all the family.

There was no excuse for him, for he had often been cautioned against carelessness in the use of a lamp, and his father told him that since he could not be safely trusted with one, he must suffer the inconvenience of going about the house and also to bed, in the dark; and if he could not undress himself readily,

and find his night clothes at once, he must remember that he merited the punishment of this inconvenience.

George was desired to go directly to bed, and his parents did not bid him good night, nor look as affectionately upon him as they did on Henry, and he departed without the usual motherly kiss.

His hands, though the burns had been dressed with cotton and olive oil, smarted very much, and he could not sleep for a long time; he began to think of the events of the day, and perceived how entirely all his disappointments and sufferings had arisen from his own heedlessness and indolence. He thought with

terror of the fatal effects he had been near producing, in setting fire to the house, and he now distinctly, too, remembered all his mother's good advice, and how little heed he had given to her warnings.

He thought likewise of Henry, and felt how much more worthy he was of love and respect than himself, and he once again thought he would try to be more like him,—to merit, like him, the approbation of his friends, and his own self-approval.

After this period there was a sensible change in the character of George; he began to try to subdue his habits of indolence, and advance in his studies. It

is true this was no very easy task, and it required more resolution than he possessed to enable him, in any degree, to approach that excellence which characterised Henry. He made his excellent parents happy by his industry, and endeavours to repay their tender care.

Henry grew up to be an eminent and useful man; a blessing to his parents, and an honour to society; active and benevolent, his generous character was acknowledged by all, and his reputation rested on a sure foundation.

George, too, grew to manhood; but his days passed almost unnoticed, and the good he did was small indeed, in comparison to what it might have been,



had he early loved his books, and applied to learning.

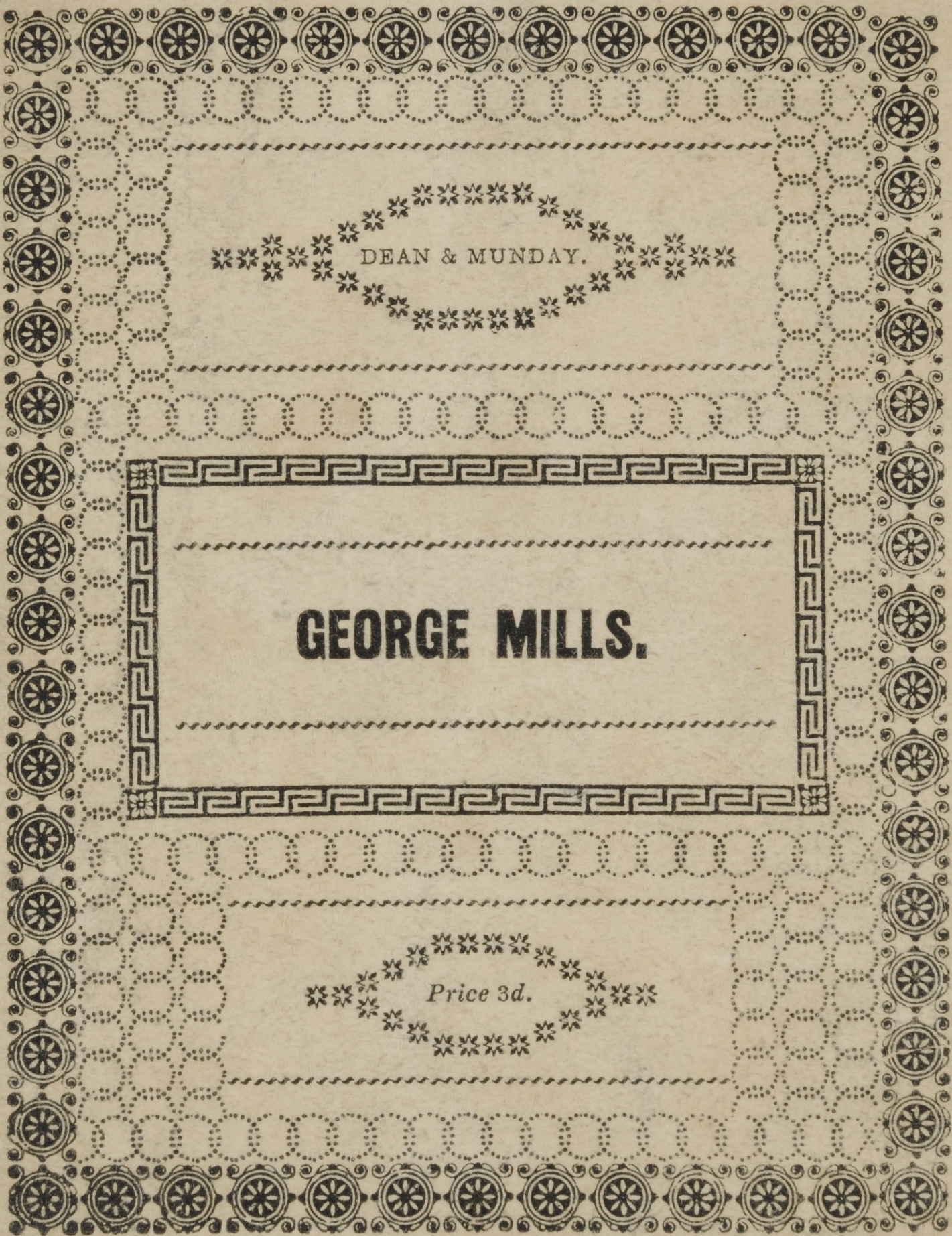
I trust that those children who read this story, will not hesitate which of these two boys they will take for their pattern; and while they avoid the faults

which marked the character of George, be equally careful that they make the virtues of Henry their own: early seeking to lead lives of usefulness and piety; never suffering a day to pass without witnessing some advance in virtue, and some good done to their fellow beings; keeping in mind the commandment with promise, "Honour thy father and thy mother:" and also, "By *slothfulness* the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands the building droppeth through:" "but the soul of the diligent shall be made rich."

902415



DEAN & MUNDAY.



**GEORGE MILLS.**

*Price 3d.*