

**UNCLE JOHN'S:
SECOND BOOK**

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Uncle John's: Second Book by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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SECOND BOOK.

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UNCLE JOHN'S SECOND BOOK.



THE NEW SLED.

"Ma, here is my new sled," said a ro-sy lit-tle boy, tug-ging his sled into the house, in

order to show it to his mother; "and the first thing it shall do is to go an er-rand for you. What do you want me to fetch for you from the store, ma?"

"And the second thing it shall do shall be to car-ry Al-ice to ride. She is a little girl, and would like a ride on my new sled, I dare say. Would it not please her dearly? After that it will go on the hill, and slide with the boys."

I wish every boy to remember that, first the sled was to be used to help his mother, then to give delight to his lit-tle sister, and after that to be used for his own pleas-ure.

THE LAME DOG.

A kind man one day, see-ing a poor little dog that had hurt his foot, and was so lame he could not put it to the ground without

great pain, took him in his arms, carried him home, and bound up his foot, and kept him in his house two days.

He then sent him to his old home; for he could now hop quite well; but each day the dog came back to this kind man to have him dress his foot.

And when the sore had got quite well, he saw no more of the dog for some weeks; when, at last, he came back once more, and with him came another dog that was lame.

The dog that had been lame, and was now well, first gave the man a look, and then he gave the lame dog a look, as much as to say, "you made my lame foot well, and now pray do the same for this poor dog, that has come with me"



REAL THINGS.

It is good to look at a flower made of paper or wax, but how much better it is to look at a real flower!

A sweet wild rose from the hedge is better than any flower that was ever made of wax by man, or boy, or girl. The flower that is made of wax seems so dull: it has not scent, it does not grow, it is not a real flower.

I was looking one day at what I thought was a plate of very fine fruit in the window

of a shop. There was a large bunch of grapes with the bloom upon them; there was a nice, large, ro-sy apple; and there were cher-ries, and nuts, and cur-rants all looking so ripe and so sweet, that I longed to eat some.

But on looking closer, I saw it was all a sham; the fruit was no fruit at all, for it was made of stone and paint; and the grapes that seemed so soft and jui-cy, were as hard as mar-bles. They were very well to look at, but they were not real things; no, they were not what they seemed to be.

How many boys and girls there are, just like such flowers and fruit! They seem to be good; they seem to lis-ten to good ad-vice; they seem to fear God, and to obey their pa-rents; but they will very often tell lies, be sau-cy, and show that they really neither mind their parents nor fear God.

We must not only seem to be good, but we must be good.