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MORE SEEDS OF KNOWLEDGE;

OR, ANOTHER PEEP AT CHARLES.

**BEING, AN ACCOUNT OF
CHARLES'S PROGRESS IN LEARNING;
ABOUT BLACK SLAVES;
A CONVERSATION ON HISTORY; AND
MISSIONARIES.**

BY MISS JULIA CORNER.

EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN ELEGANT COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON

CONTENTS

CHAP. I.

CHARLES'S PROGRESS IN LEARNING.

CHAP. II.

BLACK SLAVES.

CHAP. III.

A VISIT TO THE THEATER.

CHAP. IV.

CONVERSATION ON HISTORY.

CHAP. V.

MISSIONARIES.

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE INCA'S SURPRISE AT SEEING A WATCH

LITTLE CHARLES LEARNING GEOGRAPHY

THE AFRICAN TORN FROM HIS HOME BY WHITE-MAN
MAN (Drawing)

LITTLE CHARLES SEEING A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

CONVERSATIONS IN HISTORY. CHARLES IInd

THE GOOD MISSIONARY GOING ABROAD

THE GOOD MISSIONARY TEACHING THE SAVAGES TO BUILD

MORE SEEDS OF KNOWLEDGE; OR, ANOTHER PEEP AT CHARLES.

CHAP. I.

CHARLES'S PROGRESS IN LEARNING.

You have heard a great deal about Charles in the Seeds of Useful Knowledge; perhaps you would like to hear a little more about him; for, as he was never tired of learning good things, I might fill many books, if I were to speak of every thing that his papa and mamma taught him. But I dare say all the boys and girls who read this, have kind parents or friends who teach them, as well as Charles's papa and mamma taught him; so I will only mention such things as they

may not perhaps yet have heard.

But first of all, I must tell you what Charles has been doing, since you heard of him last. He was now a year older than he was then, and he was also wiser, for he could write pretty well, and read without spelling the long words; he knew the multiplication table, and the pence table too; and could do sums in multiplication without a mistake, when he took pains; but sometimes, when he was careless, or in a hurry, the sums were wrong: however, I am happy to say that did not happen very often. Besides all these things, Charles learned grammar, and geography, and could decline many Latin nouns; which was very well for a little boy not quite seven years old. But of all his lessons he liked geography best, he liked to find out places in the maps, and to know whereabouts the different countries were that he heard people talk of; and then his papa was often kind to tell him amusing stories about the inhabitants of those countries, and he also told him what things are brought from them: for instance, Charles knew that tea grows in China, which is in Asia; and sugar in the West-Indies; that the rose-wood that his mamma's chairs and card tables were made of, grew in a country called Brazil in South America; and that the raisins in the plum-pudding on Christmas day, were dried grapes, and came from Spain.

"Papa," said Charles one night, when he was, as usual, telling his papa what he had done in the course of the day,—"I wish I might learn more geography, instead of any grammar; I like it so much better: I like geography very much, but I do not like grammar at all."

"What is your objection to grammar, Charles?" said his papa.

"Oh, why—there is nothing amusing in it."

"And do you not think there is some other reason for learning, besides being amused?"

"Yes; I think we learn that we may grow wise; but I don't want to leave off learning, papa; I only want to learn something else, instead of grammar?"

Mr. Barber laughed, and told Charles, that no other kind of knowledge would be of much use to him without grammar, since nothing else would teach him to speak or write like a gentleman.

"Don't I speak like a gentleman now, papa?"

"You speak pretty well for a little boy, my dear; but you often make mistakes, which we think nothing of now, because we know that when you have learnt a little more grammar, you will know better; but if you were to make such mistakes when you are a man, you would be thought an ignorant person, and not be treated with respect."

"Can you tell me of any mistakes I make now papa?"



"Oh yes, I think I could very soon tell you of a great many. Just now, when you were standing at the window, I heard you say,—"There goes two white horses!" now that was a very great blunder, Charles."

"Was it, papa;—why?"

"Because it showed that you did not know the difference between singular and plural."

"But I do know the difference—singular means one thing, and plural means more than one."

"Exactly, so now try to find out the blunder."

Charles repeated the words two or three times, "there goes two white horses;" but he could not find out what was wrong, and after puzzling for a long while, he was obliged to give it up, and his papa said,—"Suppose you had been talking about those horses before you saw them go by, should you have said, 'there they goes?'" "No," said Charles.

"I should have said—"there they go."

"And why should you have said so?"

"Because it is not right to say—'there they goes'; nobody says so, but very ignorant people indeed; I heard the butcher's boy say so one day; but then, you know, he is a poor ignorant boy and I dare say has never learnt any thing."

"How did you know that he was an ignorant boy, Charles?"

"I knew it by his speaking wrong, papa."

"Then you see it was true what I told you that if you speak wrong, people will directly think you are an ignorant person, as you thought the butcher's boy."

"But I should never say, 'there they goes,'" said Charles, "I know better than that."

"Ah, Charles," said his papa, "you must learn a little more grammar, and then you will know that you made exactly the same blunder as the butcher's boy, when you said, 'there *goes* two white horses,' you should have said, 'there *go* two white horses.'"

"Should I? I did not know that," said Charles.

"Which shews how necessary it is, that you should learn grammar, my boy, and then you will know that go is plural, and goes is singular, so that if you are speaking of more than one horse, it is proper to say go, because we say, 'they go;' but if you are speaking of only one, it is proper to say goes, because we should say, 'he goes.'"

"Thank you, papa, I think I shall remember that, and I will not wish to leave off grammar, for I see that geography would not teach me to speak properly; and I should not like to be thought an ignorant man when I grow up."

"I hope not, my dear, and I also hope there is no danger of such a misfortune, for you have a great many years to learn in; and if you make good use of them, you will know a great deal by the time you are twenty."

"So I shall," said Charles, "I will learn as much as I can every day."

"A very good resolution," said his papa; "education is one of the best things in the world. I will tell you an entertaining story on this very subject."

"Do, papa, I should like to hear it very much; I am so fond of stories."

"But this is a true one, Charles, which makes it all the better. You have seen in your map of America, a country called Peru?"

"Yes," answered Charles; "I saw it this morning, when I was saying my geography lesson to mamma; I had to say all the countries in South America, and Peru was one of them."

"Well, this country was once governed by a king who was called an Inca, and his name was Atabalipa; but although he was a king, he knew neither how to read nor write, for reading and writing were arts that were not known in America at that time."

"What are arts, papa?"

"Arts are those things which men have taught themselves to do by their own skill and invention; making tables and chairs, is an art; Printing is an art, and a very clever art it is; building is an art; and reading and writing are arts; but at the time I am speaking of, there were very few arts known in America, for it was mostly inhabited by savages; and even in Peru, where they were not savages, they were quite ignorant; they had no books, and would not have known how to read them if they had, and they thought they were the only people in the world besides the savages."

"Then, I dare say, they thought themselves very clever fellows," said Charles, "for all they could not read or write; for you know, papa, if they thought there was nobody in the world but them and the savages, they would not know there were any people cleverer than themselves."

"No, I have no doubt they were quite satisfied with themselves, my dear, and not without reason, for they had taught themselves many useful things; but at last they found out that there were people in the world who were cleverer than they were as you shall hear. There was a Spanish soldier, named Pizarro, who happened to hear that there was a great deal of gold and silver to be found in Peru; so he thought he would go there, and try if he could not make himself rich. Pizarro was a fierce, cruel man, but he had been brought up in total ignorance; for his mother was a very poor woman, and could not afford to send him to school, therefore he had never learned to read or write. However he could fight, and so he took a number of other soldiers with him, and went to Peru, where the people were so surprised at the sight of him and his men, who were not like any men they had seen before, that they were afraid; therefore the Spaniards very easily conquered them, and robbed them of their gold, and at last took the Inca prisoner, and kept him confined in a small room, where he would have been very unhappy; but that he was very much amused, by observing how many things the Spaniards knew that he had never before heard of.

"He was astonished to see that they could tell the hour of the day by their watches, and thought the Europeans must be very wonderful people indeed, to make such clever things; but what pleased him more than all, was the art of writing. He could not imagine how one person could know what another meant by looking at a few black marks, and he thought that men who could do this, must be far superior to the Peruvians, and therefore felt a respect even for the common soldiers who guarded him; for he saw that they had more knowledge than he had, although a king.

"Now Pizarro was the general of the soldiers, and of course the greatest man among them; and he had also become very

rich by conquering the Peruvians, and plundering their towns, that is, taking away all the gold and silver he found: and Atabalipa supposed that, as he was the chief of the Spaniards, he must be the cleverest of them too; but one day he happened to find out by accident, that Pizarro could neither read nor write, and this discovery made him think so meanly of his conqueror, that from that moment he treated him with great contempt, saying that Pizarro, though a general, could not be a person of any consequence in his own country; since his common soldiers were better taught than himself."

"Thank you, papa," said Charles, "that is just such a story as I like, and I see that it is of no use to be rich and great, if we are not wise also."



CHAP. II.

BLACK SLAVES.

Charles used to go every fine day after his lessons were finished, to play in the square gardens; and as all the other boys whose parents lived in the square went there too, he had several friends, and amongst them one a little older than himself, named Peter Ross, whom he liked better than any of the rest.

Peter was not an English boy, he was a West-Indian: his father and mother lived in Jamaica, but they had sent him to England to be educated, so he lived with his uncle in Euston-square, and went every day to the London University school. Charles was very fond of talking to Peter, because Peter told about the slaves that worked on his father's plantations, for his father was a sugar planter, and had a large estate in Jamaica, so he was obliged to keep a great many negro slaves, for all the plantations in the West-Indies, are cultivated by negroes.

"I wish I had a slave," said Charles to his papa one evening, after he had been playing with Peter. "Do you know, papa, when Peter was at home in the West-Indies, he had a slave of his own, a black boy, to wait upon him, and do every thing he wanted; and Peter was his master, and he was not older, then, than I am. What a nice thing it must be to have a slave of one's own; I should get him to carry my kite, and my hoop and stick, when I don't want to bowl it, and mend my toys when I break them, and do a great many things for me. He could move my rocking horse, and that great wooden box where I keep my bats and balls, for it is too heavy for me to lift myself, and I often want it moved: really a slave would be very useful to me, papa."

Mr. Barker could not help laughing at Charles's idea of the usefulness of a slave, and asked him if he knew exactly what slaves were.

"Yes," replied Charles; "they are black people."

"A great many slaves are black, certainly," said his papa, "but is not being black, that makes a man a slave, and there have been many unfortunate white people sold for slaves, as well as the poor blacks."

"Sold!" said Charles, "what, do they sell people, I never heard of that before."

"Then I will tell you now, my dear, and I think you will never again wish to have a slave. When America was first discovered, which is about three hundred and fifty years ago, there were many gold mines found in the West-Indies, all the mountains contained a vast quantity of gold, but it was very hard work to dig for it, and the natives of the country, who were savages, were not strong, and had never been used to work; so that the Spaniards who had discovered the country, could not get as much gold as they wished, although they were cruel enough to force the poor savages to work in the mines, and chained them together; that they might not run away; poor creatures! they were much to be pitied, and numbers of them died every day, for they had not strength to bear such hard labour. So when the Spaniards found that the Indians could not do as much work as they wanted done, they employed sailors to go to Africa and bring them a number of black men from that country; for they knew the Africans were strong, and that they could make them work as hard as they pleased."

"But why did the Africans go, papa?" said Charles, whose eyes were full of tears at this sad tale. "Why did they not send the sailors away again, and say they would not go with them?"

"They most likely would have done so," replied his papa; "if they had known how they would be treated; but the sailors said they would take them to a fine country, where they would get plenty of food without any trouble, and live much better than they did in their own country; so the simple negroes believed them, and went on board their ships; but they soon found out how wrong they had been to trust these wicked men; for when they came to the place where they expected to be so happy, they were all sold as if they had been beasts, instead of men, and sent to work in the mines; where they led a very miserable life indeed, for the cruel masters who had bought them, did not care what they suffered, so long as they got plenty of gold."

"This was the beginning of what is called the slave trade, and a dreadful trade it has been ever since; for when the captains of ships found how much money the Spaniards would give for negroes, they went again to Africa; and when the black men refused to go with them, they took them by force, and carried them on board the ships, where they tied them together, so that it was impossible for them to escape. You would think it a very hard case, Charles, if you were walking by the sea shore, and two or three men were to come and carry you away by force to a distant land, and sell you to somebody who would make you work hard for him all the rest of your life, and consider you as much his property, as if he had bought a horse or a dog."

"But they would have no right to sell me," said Charles, "I do not belong to them."

"Neither do those poor Africans belong to the men who sell them; they have as much right to be free and happy, as you or I have."

"Then how is it, papa, that Peter's father has slaves? he is an Englishman."

"Yes, Charles, I am sorry to say, that Englishmen, as well as Spaniards, have traded in slaves, for when some of the West-India islands came into the possession of the English, they found the negroes so useful, and made so much money by their labour, that they forgot how unjust it was to keep them in slavery. However, I am happy to say, that a law is now in operation which will soon set all the slaves free. In a very short time, the negroes will be at liberty like other working men; and the masters, instead of buying them, must hire them like servants, and pay them wages; and they will be able to leave their master if he does not treat them well, and get another place, as our servants do."

"Ah, how glad I am," said Charles, "that will be a good thing for the poor blacks. I do not wish to have a slave now, papa; I would not have one for the world. But Peter's father's slaves do not work in the gold mines, they make sugar: why is that?"

"Because there are no gold mines now in the West-Indies worth working," said Mr. Barker; "the Spaniards took care to get all the gold there was, but people still make large fortunes there, by growing sugar; and there are still gold mines in other parts of America, where negro slaves work."

"How does sugar grow?" enquired Charles.

"It is made from the juice of reeds, called sugar canes," said his papa.—"A plantation of sugar canes is very pretty, they grow very high, and are of a beautiful gold colour, streaked with red; and at the top of this yellow cane are long green leaves, which hang down round it: but this is not all, for out of the midst of these leaves, there grows a long stem, like a thin silver wand; and at the top of it, is something that looks like a plume of white feathers, edged with lilac."

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Charles:—"I should like to go to the West-Indies, if it was only to see a sugar plantation; but how do they get the sugar, papa?"

"When the canes are ripe, Charles, the negroes cut them down, and tie them up in bundles, and carry them to a mill, where the juice is pressed out."

"This juice is boiled several times in large coppers, and the coarse parts separated from the fine, which at last dries into sugar. It is all brown at first, or what you call moist sugar; but by mixing different things with it, and boiling it again in a particular manner, they can make lump sugar, and sugar candy; and this is done by the black slaves, who have been dragged away from their own country to be sold to the planters: so you see Charles, that even so simple a thing as a lump of sugar, is the cause of a vast deal of cruelty and injustice."



CHAP. III.

A VISIT TO THE THEATRE.

Charles had never seen a play; but his papa and mamma had always promised him that when he was seven years old, they would take him to Covent-Garden Theatre, and as that time had now nearly come, he did not forget to remind them of their promise. His birth-day was the fifteenth of January, which was lucky, because they always perform pantomimes

in the Christmas holidays, and he was very desirous of seeing harlequin and columbine, and the clown, as he had heard a great deal about them from his young friends in the square, who had been to see them. As the day approached, Charles could think of nothing but the play, and said he thought it would be the happiest day of his life; but his mamma told him she hoped he would have much greater cause to be happy many days of his life, than going to a theatre; however Charles did not think there could be any greater cause for happiness, and his mamma said, it was as well for him to think so: The night before his birth-day, he went to bed in high spirits, saying he was sure he should not be able to sleep all night; but that was a mistake, for he went to sleep almost directly; and did not wake till the morning.



As soon as he was dressed, he ran down stairs to breakfast, with a smiling face. "Here is the day come at last!" he said, "I am so glad mamma, I wish it was night; I am seven years old to-day."

"Yes, my dear," said his mamma, "and I wish you many happy returns of the day."

"Thank you, mamma, but I have a great favour to ask you."

"What is it? Charles."

"I am afraid you will not do it."

"If it is any thing very unreasonable, perhaps I shall not," said his mamma; "but if it is not very unreasonable, I think, as it is your birth-day, I may venture to promise that I will do it."

"Then this is it," said Charles; "Peter has never been to the play in his life, and he said yesterday, he should like to go with me; so I wish you would take him with us; he would be so pleased."

"Well then, we will take him with us," said Mrs. Barker; "and I am glad to find that you think of other people's pleasure, as well as your own; it shows that you are not selfish."

A message was then sent to Peter's uncle, who readily gave his consent, which made Charles happier than he was before.

At six o'clock Peter came; and very much delighted he looked, as well he might, for he had not expected so great a pleasure; and then both the boys watched at the window for Mr. Barker, who had not yet come home; but he soon came, when they all got into a coach, and away they drove.

The play was to be Macbeth, which Charles said was very fortunate, because he had read about him in 'Tales of a Grandfather,' but Peter had never read 'Tales of Grandfather,' nor any history of Scotland, so he did not know who Macbeth was, therefore Mr. Barker was kind enough to tell him the whole story as they went along; that he might be able to understand what he was going to see. Perhaps some other little boys would like to hear it too, so I will tell it.

"There was once a king of Scotland, named Duncan, who was a good man, and much beloved by his subjects. This king had a cousin named Macbeth, who being the bravest general in Scotland, was employed by Duncan to fight all his battles for him, when he was too old to fight them himself; but Macbeth, although a brave man, was not a good man, and besides that, he had a very wicked wife, who wanted to be a queen, and therefore she tried to persuade her husband to kill Duncan, that he might be made king in his stead.

"At this time the Danes, who came from Denmark, invaded Scotland; that is, they came there to fight the Scots, and try to conquer the country: but they were disappointed, for Macbeth went with a large army to the place where they had landed, and having killed a great number of them in a battle, he forced the rest to return to Denmark.

"When Duncan heard that Macbeth had gained this victory, and driven his enemies out of Scotland, he was so much pleased, that he went, with his two sons, to pay him a visit at his castle; but he little thought, poor old man, what was going to happen, for in the middle of the night, when he was fast asleep, Macbeth went softly into his room, and killed him with a dagger. So in the morning, when it became known that the king was murdered, Macbeth pretended to be very much surprised and grieved at it, and although the people all thought he had done it himself, they were afraid to say so; and he was made king of Scotland. But wickedness is sure to be punished, as you shall hear; for the two young

Princes, Malcolm and Donald Bane, as soon as they heard their father was dead, escaped from the castle, fearing that if they staid they might be killed too.

"Now happened that at that very time there was in England a very good king, called Edward the Confessor, who was an enemy to all bad men; therefore the Scottish princes determined to go to his court, and tell him what Macbeth had done; for they did not doubt that when he heard of it, he would render them some assistance; and they were not mistaken. The English king declared that he would revenge the death of Duncan, and place Malcolm on the throne; so he sent a large army into Scotland, to fight for the young prince, and Macbeth was killed in a battle, which gave great joy to the people, who were very glad to have Malcolm for their king. All this happened nearly eight hundred years ago, and Malcolm, who is called in the history of Scotland, Malcolm Canmore, was one of the best kings that ever reigned over that country."

By the time Mr. Barker had finished this story they had arrived at the theatre, and were just seated in the front row of a box, as the curtain drew up. The two boys liked the play very much, although it made them rather dull; but they were merry enough when the pantomime began, for it was full of fun, from beginning to end, and Charles could not help exclaiming every now and then, "Oh, what capital fun!"

He was very much astonished at the wonderful tricks performed by harlequin with his magic sword, for to those who have never seen a pantomime before, it must be rather surprising to see a wheelbarrow turned into a steam carriage, and an umbrella into an arm chair. But what amused Charles and Peter more than all the rest, was a large pie which was brought in and placed on a table, where the king and queen, with several lords and ladies were sitting at dinner, all seemingly very anxious to taste of this pie. But the moment it was cut, a whistling noise was heard, and a number of little birds hopped out of the pie, and flew away, leaving the dish quite empty, to the great amusement of all the boys and girls in the theatre, who laughed very loud indeed.

But pleasure cannot last for ever. The pantomime was soon over, and as Charles went home, he said he should like to go to the play every night, all the rest of his life—"Ah, Charles,"—said his papa, "we are all apt to like what is new to us, but you will find out, my boy, that people get tired even of pleasure, if they have too much of it."

CHAP. IV.

CONVERSATION ON HISTORY

On the morning after the play, Charles was thinking about the king of Scotland, and he asked his mamma why there was no king of Scotland now, as there used to be, and she told him that England and Scotland were now considered only as one kingdom, and called Great Britain.

"Yes," said Charles, "I know that the queen of England is queen of Scotland too; but I want to know how it came to be so; because you see, mamma, that when Duncan was king of Scotland, there was a king of England as well."

"Yes, my dear," and for five hundred years after Duncan was murdered, there were kings of Scotland and England also; but when Queen Elizabeth died, her nearest relation happened to be the king of Scotland, James the sixth; he was her cousin, and as she left neither brothers nor sisters, nor children, James became king of England as well as of his own country; and since that time there has been but one king to govern both kingdoms."

"Thank you, mamma," said Charles, "I could not think how it was before; but do you think it is best to have one king or two?"

"I think it is best to have but one, because, if you look at your map, you will see that England and Scotland together make one large island; and while they were separate kingdoms, they were frequently at war with each other."

"What did they go to war for, mamma?"

"I believe, Charles, the true cause generally was, that the English king thought he should like to have the whole island for himself; but what made the matter worse was, that as the people who were fighting against each other, all lived in the same island, it was almost as bad as a civil war."

"What is a civil war, mamma?"

"It is when the people of any country cannot agree among themselves, and so make war upon each other: there have been civil wars in all countries at different times; they are the most dreadful of all wars, because relations and friends are often fighting in battle against each other."

"Oh, what a shocking thing!" said Charles; "But why do they do it mamma? I cannot think why people should fight battles with one another."

"I will try to explain it, my dear: There is at present a civil war in Spain, because when the last king died, some of the people said that his daughter should be queen, and others said his brother should be king; so the daughter was placed on the throne and crowned; but the brother, whose name is Don Carlos, is very angry at this, because he thinks he has the greatest right to the crown; so he has persuaded all who are on his side, to go to war with all who are in favour of the queen, therefore the Spaniards are now fighting against each other."

"Which do you think will win?" said Charles.

"I cannot possibly say, my dear. But I wish to show you, Charles, the terrible consequences of a civil war. It may happen

that fathers and sons are of different opinions, and that one fights for the queen, and the other for the king; and then it is possible that in battle the son may kill his father, or the father his son."

"Oh, that would be shocking!" said Charles.

"And yet it has sometimes happened," said his mamma; "there have been brothers too, who have fought against each other, and many persons who were friends before, have become the bitterest enemies."

"Was there ever a civil war in England, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, more than once. The last was because many people thought they should like to have no king at all; I am going to buy you a little history of England, and then you will read about it."

"I shall like to read about it," said Charles, "but what did the people do when they thought they should like to have no king?"

"They said the king had done a great many things that were wrong, and so they put him in prison, and at last had his head cut off; do you know, Charles, which king it was who was beheaded?"

"Yes, mamma; it was Charles the first."

"Well, after Charles the first was beheaded, some of the people declared that his son should be king, and others said they would have no king at all, but that they would have somebody instead to manage the affairs of the country."

"And I know who that was, mamma," said Charles, "it was Oliver Cromwell, I know he was not a king, but I did not understand how it was before."

"And I suppose you also understand now, why this caused a civil war?" said his mamma.

"Of course I do," replied Charles; "some people fought for the king, and some for Oliver Cromwell."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Barker, "and for a long time the country was in a very unhappy state. The king was obliged to hide himself, for if he had been caught he would perhaps have been beheaded, as his poor father was. But at last he got away in a ship, and went to Holland, where he lived for some years; but at last his party was victorious, and he came back to England."

"Then there was a king again," said Charles.



"Yes, then there was a king again, he was Charles the second; and now every year on the day that he returned, the bells ring, and the guns are fired, it is the 29th of May, and is called king Charles's restoration. When May comes, if you listen on that day, you will hear the bells ringing very merrily, and then you will know what it is for."

"So I shall," said Charles, "I am glad of that, I like to know things, I wish I knew the history of every country in the world."

"It is a very good thing to know a great deal of history," said his mamma; "and the best way of gaining this knowledge, is to read with attention the books that have been written on purpose to teach little boys history; they are the best for you to read now; then, when you are older, you will be able to understand the large books that are in your papa's book-case, and you may become acquainted with the history of the whole world, if you like."

CHAP. V.

MISSIONARIES.

"Papa," said Charles, "I should like to know what a missionary is."

"Your desire can very easily be gratified," replied his papa; "but what has made you think of missionaries just now?"

"Because I read in the newspaper, this morning, that the day before yesterday there was a great crowd at St. Katharine's docks to take leave of a missionary who was going to one of the South Sea islands; and it said that a great deal of money had been given to him, and that when the ship began to sail, all the people waved their hats, and wished him success. Now I want to know what he was going for, and why every body was so glad?"



"Then I will tell you, Charles. Missionaries are good and religious men, who go out to different parts of the world, on purpose to benefit those poor ignorant creatures whom we call savages, by teaching them religion, and also such arts as they are capable of learning."

"That is very kind of them," said Charles; "for it cannot be very pleasant to live among savages."

"No, my dear; but these good men do not consider what is pleasant, they only consider what is right; and that is the proper way to think, is it not?"

"Oh yes, papa, I know that we ought all to do what is right, whether it is pleasant or not."

"Certainly, Charles, and in the end it is sure to be the most pleasant, because it is a great pleasure to know that we have done what is right. But we were talking of missionaries. For several hundred years the people of England and Germany, and other Christian countries, have considered it a part of their duty to teach the Christian religion in all parts of the world; for in many nations, Charles, they are so ignorant that instead of praying to God, they worship images, which they make themselves."

"They are very wicked, then?" said Charles.

"No, they are not wicked," replied his papa, "because they know no better; they do what they believe to be right; and as long as we do what we think is right, we cannot be wicked, although we may be mistaken."

"Then the missionaries go to teach them better, I suppose?" said Charles.

"Yes, my dear, these good men are so anxious to do good to their fellow creatures, that they do not mind the difficulties and dangers they meet with; and it is no easy matter I assure you Charles, for many of them have been cruelly murdered by the barbarians they were trying to instruct."

"Poor men," said Charles, "how sorry I am for them; but why do any more of them go, papa, if they are so badly treated?"

"Because though some have been unfortunate, others have done a great deal of good; for instance, the missionary you read about this morning, went out a great many years ago to some of the South Sea islands, which he found inhabited by savages who knew nothing, and lived more like wild beasts than men; but he contrived to make friends of them, and has taught them to build houses, cultivate the earth, build ships, and make many useful articles of furniture, and tools to dig and plant the ground; and although all these things are of a very rough kind, it is better than not knowing how to make them at all, you know."

"To be sure it is," replied Charles; "besides, perhaps they will go on making them better and better, till at last they will make very good things indeed."



"Yes, my boy, that is the right way, not only with the savages, but with ourselves: When once we know the manner of doing a thing, we may then improve upon it as much as we can, the same as with your writing, each copy ought to be done better than the last."

"But now you have not told me why they have given money to the missionary, papa."

"Because he has come to England to buy clothes, tools, seeds, and other things for the use and improvement of the South Sea Islanders. The English people are always ready to assist in any good work; and so numbers of persons have given money, till it has amounted to several hundred pounds, which has enabled the good missionary to take back with him a large store of useful articles."

"Well, that is an excellent plan," said Charles, "I should not wonder if these poor savages in time become very clever fellows, and make their island a capital place, and all through this good missionary."

"Yes, Charles, so we see how much may be done by one person alone, if he will take the pains. But there is one thing that the missionary has taught the savages, which is better than all the rest; he has taught them to know that there is a God, who made the world, and all that is in it, and that those who love him, and keep his commandments, will be rewarded in the world to come."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MORE SEEDS OF KNOWLEDGE; OR, ANOTHER PEEP AT CHARLES ***

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