

LESSON XLIV.

THE LIAR RECLAIMED.

grand-fa-ther	in-ter-rup-ted	vi-o-lent-ly
school-mas-ter	par-ti-cu-lar	black-ber-ries
tres-pass-ing	im-pos-si-ble	com-pan-i-ons
suc-ceed-ed	dif-fer-ent	sat-is-fi-ed

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
 To walk betimes in Wisdom's way;
 To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
 Tho' they should speak the thing that's true,
 And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

"I hope my boy is doing well at school?" said old John Casey to Mr. Brown, the schoolmaster, who was sitting on a bench, outside his door, one fine afternoon, having just dismissed his little flock for the day. He laid down his book, on hearing the old man's question, and paused a moment before he answered it. "Why, as to his progress in reading and writing," said he, "I have no reason to find fault with your grandson: George is a clever boy, and he is not often idle." "I am afraid, though," said John, "from your way of speaking, that you are not satisfied with him." "My good friend," said the schoolmaster, "there are, as you know, far greater faults than idleness at lessons; and you cannot, I think, be ignorant of the habit which George has of saying what is