to manage. Mrs. Benson knew that her children would here have an opportunity of seeing many different animals treated with propriety; and it was on this account that she took them with her, though she herself visited these good people from a motive of sincere respect.

As soon as they were seated, Mrs. Wilson regaled her young guests with a piece of nice cake, made by her daughter Betsy, a little girl of twelve years old, who sat by, enjoying with secret delight the honour which the little lady and gentleman did to her performance. It happened fortunately to be a cool day, and Mrs. Benson expressed a desire to walk about and see the farm.

In the first place, Mrs. Wilson showed her the house, which was perfectly neat and in complete order. She then took her guests into her dairy, which was well stored with milk and cream, butter and cheese. From thence they went to visit the poultry-yard, where the little Bensons were excessively delighted, for there were a number of cocks and hens, and many broods of young chickens, besides turkeys and guinea-fowls.

All the fowls expressed the greatest joy at the sight of Mrs. Wilson and her daughter Betsy: the cocks celebrated their arrival by loud and cheerful