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DIALOGUES

FOR THE

Entertainment and Instruction

OF

YOUTH.

PART THE SECOND.

Price Four-Pence.



FRONTISPIECE.



Mary and Jane.

DIALOGUES

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PART THE SECOND.



BY MRS. CAMERON,

Author of "Emma and her Nurse,"—"Margaret Whyte,"—"The Two Lambs," &c. &c.

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DIALOGUE III.

MARY AND JANE.



Jane. **H**OW glad I am to see you, my dear Mary; it seems to me as if you had been away a whole year.

Mary. Indeed it is very delightful to come home again after being out three months, though I have been very happy with my Grandmamma.

Jane. I did not think your mamma would have allowed you to stay out so long, and I am sure I wanted you sadly; I had so many things to ask you about.

Mary. I do not suppose mamma would have allowed me to stay out so long, unless I had been with my grand-

mamma, because you know I am too young to be trusted by myself.

Jane. But your grandmamma is very old, and is not able to attend much to you.

Mary. Yes, she is very old, and quite lame too, so that she cannot walk without somebody's help; but do you know that I am able now to help her almost as well as her maid.

Jane. I do not wonder at your being glad to come home. I think you must have been very unhappy with your grandmamma.

Mary. Unhappy! My dear Jane, why should you think I was unhappy?

Jane. I don't know—only I think it must have been very dull. I suppose you had nobody to play with you, and your grandmamma being so old, could not be a companion to you, and old people seldom like children to make a noise.

Mary. Well, but Jane, suppose it

was dull, and suppose I had nobody to play with me, and my grandmamma would not let me make a noise, that would not make me very unhappy. Mamma says, that hardly any thing should make us *very* unhappy, unless we disobey God, and do not love him, nor pray to him to forgive us, and make us good: and she says, that if we are God's children, we may be sick, or poor, or live in a very ugly place, or be treated unkindly, and yet we need not be very unhappy; for if God makes us happy, that will make us forget all our sorrow—But, Jane, how earnest you look! What are you thinking about?

Jane. I am listening to what you say.

Mary. But you look as if something vexed you.—Do tell me if any thing is the matter?

Jane. No, nothing, nothing, I was only thinking.

Mary. This shews me, that what my grandmamma says is quite true, that I

am naturally very giddy, for you see I have begun to talk so fast, without asking about your papa and mamma, and whether you were well, and—

Jane. Pray go on, for now I hear you talk again, you will make me happy; and I am very well, and papa and mamma are well too.

Mary. As I have been out a great while, many things might have happened to you which I did not know of, and which I ought to have asked you about. Every thing is changed since I went out: the leaves are fallen off the trees, and my flowers are withered, and the lamb is so grown that I should not have known it.

Jane. But now tell me, Mary, how you spent your time while you were out.

Mary. Yes, that I will, and then you will see that I was not dull at all, and that my grandmamma was very cheerful, and always tried to make me happy. My grandmamma could not get

up early and read the Bible with me, as mamma does, but I used to learn my lesson before breakfast, and then, if it did not snow or rain, I ran about the garden till she came down. My grandmamma's garden is not so large and full of trees and grass as ours, but it is very neat, with straight walks, and borders of yew trees and box. There is a thick hedge at the bottom of the garden, cut very smooth, and, when I stood on tip-toe, I could see over it, into the pretty shady walk which goes round the cathedral, and I could see the tower in any part of the garden.

When my grandmamma came down I was called in, and, when I had knelt to ask her blessing, she kissed me. After breakfast and prayers, I used to fetch my little stool, and, when I had said my lesson to her, she made me sit down by her while she explained it to me. You know the lessons we learn before breakfast are always something out of

the Bible, and she used to smile so pleasantly, when she talked about heaven, or about God or our Saviour, that I could not help thinking, grandmamma loves to talk about these things better than other people do, because she is very old, and knows that she will soon go into the next world. You know, Jane, when we are looking forward to any thing very pleasant, the nearer the time comes when we are to have it, the more we love to talk about it.

Jane. And did you do nothing else?

Mary. Yes: as soon as the bell rang for church, I ran up stairs to put my things on, and fetch my grandmamma's bonnet and cloak, and she took me with her to church, where we heard the most beautiful music. After service was over, we sometimes went to the little school which my grandmamma pays for, to talk to the little children, and sometimes we called upon some people who were sick, and could

not go out; but if my grandmamma was tired, she sent me to walk in the fields with one of my cousins. You know that two or three of my uncles and aunts live in the same town with my grandmamma.

I always wrote my exercise before dinner, and after dinner I worked, while my grandmamma spent some time in her closet.

Jane. And did you work all the evening? I should have been tired of that.

Mary. O, no! You cannot think how pleasantly our evenings were spent. Grandmamma seemed almost as glad as I was, when my task was over. I remember one day she said to me, "Though it is a great many years since I was as young as you are, I have not quite forgot what I used to feel at your age. Now go and play about, and be as merry as you please, but never forget who it is that can make you really

happy; either when you are a child, when you become an old woman, like me, or when at last you shall leave every thing behind you, that you have found pleasant in this world."

Grandmamma always took me with her, when she went to drink tea with my uncles and aunts, or any of her friends.

But I was more pleased when my cousins came to see us, than when I went out.

After we had played together as long as was good for us, grandmamma called us into the parlour, and gave one of us a very pleasant book to read aloud, which would teach us something good too; and then she used to ask us questions about what we had been reading, and sometimes I stayed at home alone with grandmamma, and I think I liked those evenings best of all.

Jane. I wonder at that—what did you do?

Mary. Grandmamma was so very kind to me; she used to shew me pictures, and a great many curious things she had in her cabinet. But what I loved best, were stories she told me of children, who lived many years ago, who had served God, and some had even suffered death, because they would not deny their Saviour. I have often listened to those stories till they made me cry. Dear grandmamma! I shall never forget how kind she was to me.

Jane. Indeed, I did not think that you could have passed your time so pleasantly: I have heard a great many children say, that it was very dull to be with old people, and that old people are never cheerful, like young ones.

Mary. God can make old people cheerful, as well as young ones: and mamma says, that good people are almost always cheerful.

Jane. I am not cheerful, and yet I think I am good.

Mary. We know that it often pleases God to send sorrow and pain to good people, to make them better; and then, you know, they cannot always be cheerful.

Mamma is very good; and yet, when papa was ill, and every body thought he would die, she cried sadly; but I heard her tell papa, when he begged her to be comforted, that she was not unhappy, because she knew that God would order every thing for their good.

Jane. But I think good people may be unhappy, without having any very great affliction. I am unhappy sometimes, now, when I am not thinking of any particular sorrow.

Mary. You mean when you think of your faults.

Jane. No, not then, for I believe I have cause at present to be rather satisfied with myself.

Mary. I do not see what can make you unhappy, if you feel at peace with

God, and have nothing particular to grieve you.

Jane. I did not mean to say, that I had nothing to grieve me; I only said, that I sometimes feel unhappy when I cannot tell what vexes me.

Mary. I do not understand you.

Jane. I hardly know how to tell you what I mean: but I sometimes feel dissatisfied, and think I should like to do something else, instead of the thing that I am doing; or read some other book, or go to some other place; and when I do what I want, I am not any better pleased; and this makes me unhappy.

Mary. Then, indeed, I should think you were not quite good. You are looking perhaps to the world to make you happy, and not to God. Mamma often says to me, "If you will not be content to be one of Christ's little flock, and be fed by him, but will set your mind on the world, you cannot be happy."

Jane. But must we never wish for any thing in this world? Must we never enjoy ourselves? God would not have us like old people, now while we are young.

Mary. I am almost afraid of answering you myself, and I am trying to think what mamma would say.

I think she would say, that if we are God's children we shall be contented with what he gives us, and try not to wish for any thing, except what He thinks good for us; but if we are the children of the world, we shall wish for every thing we see, that seems pleasant, and never be contented with what we have.

Jane. I cannot quite understand what you mean; pray tell me more about it.

Mary. Do you remember, Jane, two years ago, when we were quite little, you wished the winter to be gone; and you said, you wanted summer to come

because you loved flowers so much; and you would not make snow-balls with me, but sat down and cried because it was cold: and I said, I did not wish winter to be gone, because God sent it, and he knew what was best, and winter would make us healthy and strong to play about in summer. Now when summer *did* come, which of us was best pleased, and gathered most flowers?

Jane. O! I remember, the weather was so hot, that I could not run about so much as you did; but what has this to do with loving the world?

Mary. I will try to shew you: the cold winter is like pain, and sickness, and sorrow, and the flowers of summer like pleasant things. If we are God's children, we shall be patient when he sends us any sorrow, and try to find something in it to comfort us, just as I warmed myself with making snow-balls; and when God sends

us good things, then we may enjoy them, we may run about and get the flowers. But the people of the world have no comfort when God sends them any trouble; they sit down and cry, just as you did in the cold weather: and when the things they want are come, they do not find them so pleasant as they thought they were. They are tired with thinking of them. That, you know, is like your being too hot to get the flowers.

Jane. Well, I understand you now. But you call me a child of the world, and yourself a child of God.

Mary. Indeed I did not mean any such thing by the story I told you. I hope we both desire to be children of God, and when I went out, I am sure I thought you tried to be one more than I did.

Jane. And I hope you think so now, I am sure I have suffered a great deal for being good.

Mary. Well, you know it is a great honour to suffer for being good; but we should be quite sure that it is for being good, and not for being naughty that we suffer.

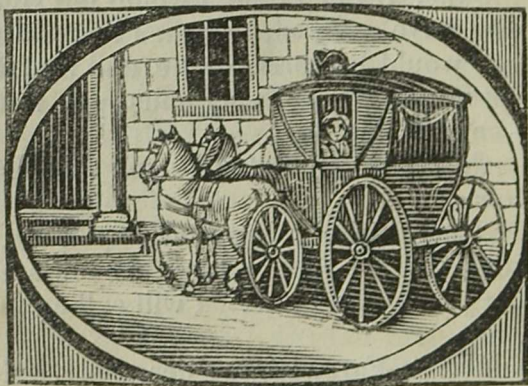
Jane. If I had time, I would tell you all I have suffered, and then I am sure you would be sorry for me, and would not wonder at my being unhappy. But I cannot stay now.

Mary. I will call upon you to-morrow.

Jane. No, no, do not call upon me, you will, perhaps, be busy, as you are but just come home. I will call upon you.

Mary. Farewell, my dear Jane. I shall not be quite easy till I see you again, for I never saw you look so grave before.

FRONTISPIECE.



Jane and Mary.

DIALOGUE IV.

JANE AND MARY.



Mary. GOOD morning to you, Jane, you are a very early visitor indeed, but I am very glad to see you.

Jane. I know you get up very early, and I thought that if I did not see you now, I might, perhaps, never be able to see you again.

Mary. Not see me again! why what is the matter?

Jane. My papa was so angry with me for coming to see you last night, that he declares he will send me to school, as soon as the holidays are over, and that I shall never see you any more.

Mary. Your papa angry with you

for coming to see me! What do you mean?

Jane. Oh! I am very unhappy, indeed, I did not think my papa could have been so cruel; but I have read that good people are very often persecuted, and it is a great honour to be persecuted, and that comforts me.

Mary. You should not call your papa cruel, Jane; that is a very hard name to give any body, especially your father, whom you ought to honour.

Jane. You would think him very cruel, if you knew as much as I do. Oh! Mary, I have suffered a great deal since you went out, and all for being good.

Mary. Mamma tells me that it is not very common for children like us to suffer much for being good, and I am very much surprised to hear that you have done so, because all your friends seemed pleased with you when I went out.

Jane. Yes, and I was then very happy indeed; for since we went to see old Nanny, my mamma had been much kinder to me than she was before; indeed she stayed at home much oftener than she used to do, and took walks in the country with my sister and me, and she was very willing to have you with us, and said you were a very nice little girl; and she read one or two of the little books with you gave me: but after you went out we had a sad change, and it came the harder upon me, because I was in such spirits. I thought that I should be the means of making mamma good, and perhaps papa, and my brother and sister.

Mary. And, perhaps, Jane, you forgot to ask God to keep you humble.

Jane. Why should you think so?

Mary. If you will not be angry with me, I will tell you, that I do not quite like the way in which you speak about your papa and mamma. Ought you

to judge so hastily about their being good? We are very young, my love, and we have but just begun ourselves to learn what being good is.

Jane. You are in a great hurry to blame me, like every body else.

Mary. Indeed I do not mean to be unkind. Pray go on, and tell me every thing.

Jane. You know my papa had been out some time, and he did not return till after you were gone; and as I fancied mamma sometimes listened to what I said, I thought I would try what I could do with papa, and once or twice I spoke very plainly about several things which he did. But he was much more angry with me than mamma was; but still I did not much mind his being angry, because I thought he was wrong, and that I was suffering his anger for the sake of our Saviour. He often called me a pert child, and bid me be silent, and asked me where I

had learned to find fault with my elders; and sometimes my mamma took my part.

Mary. And did you not give him cause to call you pert?

Jane. No, not that I know of; I only spoke what I thought true.

Mary. Pray let me hear the rest.

Jane. At last I began not to mind at all when my papa was angry, and felt quite sure that I should soon get him to change his way of thinking, as I sometimes fancied mamma had done, and I thought so, because he left off answering me when I said any thing which he had been used to call pert, and that made me feel bolder, and so I was preparing for myself such a disappointment—but you shall hear all about it.—

Mary. I feel quite frightened, just as if I had been you. Do tell me all, Jane.

Jane. One morning I was sitting at work, with mamma and my sister, and papa came in and threw down a ticket

before my sister on the table. It was for the play that evening; so when my sister had looked at it, I took it up and said, "I am very glad papa has not given me this ticket, for I would not go to the play for all the world. Shall you go, sister?"

My papa gave me such an angry look as I hardly ever saw in my life, and he called me to him, and asked me what I meant by being so impertinent. I was frightened, but I thought I was right, and so I tried not to mind.

Mary. What did you answer?

Jane. Before I could speak, my papa said, "Suppose I should be going to the play, and suppose I should wish to take you, would you refuse to go?" I answered, "No, papa, I would not go." "And why would you not go to the play?" said he. "Because," I answered, "I do not think plays fit things for me to see; Mr. Symonds says they will teach me nothing good, and so I

think I can spend my time much better at home."

Mary. Indeed, Jane, I cannot wonder that your papa was angry with you. But go on.

Jane. Then papa said, "And so it is Mr. Symonds that teaches you to disobey your father?"

Papa was so angry with me, that I think he would have whipped me, but mamma begged for me. So he called me an obstinate girl, and sent me up stairs, where I stayed till near dinner, when mamma came up, and brought the ticket in her hand; and she told me that if I would be a good girl, and ask papa's pardon, and do as I was bid, he would forgive me.

"But, mamma," I said, "you would not advise me to go to a play. I remember you thought me quite right when I said that I did not want to go to plays, but could spend my time better at home."

Mamma answered, that papa would be very angry if I did not go, and offered me the ticket; but I refused it—and so at last she went down.

Mary. And did you not now begin to think you had done wrong?

Jane. What! would you have had me go to the play?

Mary. Pray, remember how you behaved when you were invited to Miss Spencer's ball, and your papa and mamma both wished you to go. I was with you when the note came to invite you; you said nothing till your papa asked you if you would like to go, and you answered so humbly and gently, that if he pleased you would rather not go, and then, when he tried to persuade you to go, and told you how pleasant it would be, you thanked him for his kindness, and said, that if he would give you your choice, you would rather stay at home.

I remember he called you a silly

child, but he was not angry, for he stroked your head as he went out of the room. Do you think your papa would have been angry with you, if you had behaved in the same way about the play.

Jane. I don't know; but I see, Mary, you will not take my part—I think I was used very ill.

Mary. Pray go on; I did not mean to vex you.

Jane. I was not allowed to dine downstairs. About six o'clock I saw my papa, and mamma, and my sister, dressed in her best frock, set out for the play.—I immediately began to cry; once I wished I was with them. I thought I should like to see a play, and I felt afraid of papa's anger; and then I thought how ill I was used, and what persecution I met with for doing right.

Mary. And did you pray to God to comfort you?

Jane. No: I did not feel in a hu-

mour to pray. But soon afterwards my maid gave me leave, and I went to your house.

Mary. Did you tell my papa and mamma what had happened?

Jane. No: I only said that my papa, and mamma, and my sister, were gone to the play, and that I had stayed at home.—But it is getting late—I must be going.

Mary. Do tell me what happened the next day.—Did you ask your papa to forgive you?

Jane. No, indeed: for I thought I had been used very ill.

Mary. And did he say any more to you about the play?

Jane. When my papa heard where I had been the night before, he was very angry indeed; and the next morning at breakfast, he said to mamma, “I will not allow that child to go to Mr. Symonds’s house any more. You see what these over-good people are.

I have seen how things have been going on for some time, and now it is quite time to put a stop to it. I choose to manage my own child myself." Mamma said nothing, and that vexed me very much, for I thought she would have taken my part.

Mary. Well, and what happened next?

Jane. Papa has been very distant to me almost ever since, and mamma is quite changed in her manner to me, particularly when my papa is by; and as I have never been at your house, I have led a very miserable life, for I hardly speak to any body except my sister, and she laughs at me so much, that she makes me feel very angry. All that has comforted me is, that I am suffering for the sake of religion. And yet that does not give me so much pleasure as I thought it would. I fancied that I should be very glad and happy, as I had heard that martyrs were.

Mary. I am very sorry, indeed, to hear of what has happened. I wish I could do something for you that would make you happy again.

Jane. Indeed it grieves me sadly to see how little you are pleased, and I expected you would think me so good, and when I heard you were come home, I made such haste to call upon you—yet, I cannot tell why, I was afraid to tell you every thing when I did see you; and when I came home, papa was very angry with me indeed.

Mary. Why, had you not asked his leave to come here?

Jane. No: I was afraid.

Mary. And does he not know that you are here now?

Jane. No: for he was so angry last night, when he heard I had been with you, that indeed I could not speak to him, and he says I shall go to school, and I wanted so to see you, I could not help coming, for now you are my only

friend ; and yet you do not look pleased with me, though I have got all this trouble by being good.

Mary. Now, Jane, will you let me tell you all I think ?

Jane. Yes, indeed I will, for I am very unhappy, and I should be very glad if you would tell me any thing that would make me as happy as I was before you went out.

Mary. Then, my dear Jane, I must say, that I still think you have not brought this sorrow upon yourself by being good.

Jane. What do you think I have done that is wrong ? Indeed I cannot guess, I am sure I was not proud.

Mary. Pray do not be angry, and I will tell you what I mean.—The last time I saw you I did not think you spoke so humbly of yourself, as you used to do before I went out, and you have owned to-day, that you had begun to think yourself wiser and better than

your papa and mamma. And do you not think it was pride which put these thoughts in your heart?

Jane. Do you think it was pride which made me try to do good to papa and mamma?

Mary. Nay, now, Jane, you will not understand me. I mean, that I think it was pride which made you speak to your papa and mamma in a way which offended them so much. If your heart had been humble, your words would have been humble too. Shall I tell you a story about myself, and then I think you will quite understand me?

Jane. Yes; pray tell me the story.

Mary. I remember once I had a cousin, a great deal older than I am, who came to visit mamma, and she was very fond of dressing and visiting, and did not like to think of any thing serious; and one day I told her what I thought of her, and she called me a little pert hussey, and asked me if I had learnt in

the Bible to be saucy to my betters. And my mamma called me into my room, and she said to me, "My dear Mary, I was sorry to hear you speak as you did to your cousin. You are too young to be a judge of her conduct." I said, "Mamma, I cannot help seeing that she does many things which you and papa say are wrong." "If that is the case," answered mamma, "pray to God earnestly for her. Let her see you do right yourself, and if she asks you to give her your opinion, speak very humbly and gently, though do not be afraid of speaking the truth, for it may please God to make use of a little child to turn the heart of the oldest man, and so to shew us that he does not want the help of man's wisdom and strength."

Jane. Perhaps I *might* speak disrespectfully sometimes to papa and mamma; but I cannot think that I did so because I was proud.

Mary. I have just thought of a way, by which you may find out whether you really were proud.

Jane. Do tell me what it is.

Mary. I must ask you some questions. When you had been saying anything to your papa to try to do him good, and he was angry with you, what kind of thoughts had you in your mind?—Did you think that you were a poor little silly child, and that you were not able to do any thing of yourself? and when you were alone, did you pray to God to make you stronger, really as if you wanted his help?

Jane. I dare say I did, though perhaps not just at first, for papa used to vex me so, that I did not feel in a right humour to pray, and could not, always, think at all.

Mary. If you were to plant some flower-seeds in your garden, and they were not to spring up immediately, would it vex you and put you out of humour?

Jane. No: I should not be so silly.

Mary. And what should you do?

Jane. I suppose I should water them, and take all the care of them I could, till they did come up.

Mary. And why should you wait so patiently?

Jane. Would my fretting make my flowers come up the sooner? No, I must wait till God sent sunshine and rain to make them spring.

Mary. If we sow seed, and trust that God will make it spring, we are not impatient if it does not come up immediately; but if we were to sow seed, and believed that we could make it grow ourselves, then we should fret if it did not come up.

Jane. I wondered why you were talking of flower-seeds just now, Mary; but I have found out your riddle at last. Your flower-seeds mean our actions; and so, because I fretted when papa was angry with me, you mean to

say, that when I tried to do him good I trusted to my own strength instead of God's grace.

Mary. Yes, I do. Because if you had trusted in God and been humble, you would have been patient till God prospered the work you were doing, and instead of fretting, you would have prayed for his help, and asked yourself whether you were trying right means, such as God has promised to bless. *That* would have been like watering the flower-seeds.

Jane. You used to love me and be very kind to me, Mary, but now you are as hard upon me as every body else is.

Mary. I do not say all this to vex you, my dear Jane, but I want to make you happy again, and—

Jane. Indeed, Mary, you do not make me happy now.

Mary. But I do think that you will soon be happy again, if you will make me one promise.

Jane. What is that?

Mary. I want you to promise me that you will go by yourself, and consider every thing you have done, and ask God to shew you your heart as it really is.

Jane. I cannot see how doing that will make me happy again. But as you *generally* know what is right better than I do, I will promise to do what you ask. But I must go now, it is getting late.

Mary. Farewell, my dear Jane, for you know we must not meet again till your papa and mamma give leave; but I shall often think of you, and pray for you.

FRONTISPIECE.



Mary and Jane.

DIALOGUE V.

MARY AND JANE.



Mary. O WHAT joy, to see you here again! and I hope, my dear Jane, you have leave to come here.

Jane. Yes, I have; and indeed I would not have come without it. O, my dear Mary, I have so much to thank you for, I am so happy now.

Mary. You do not know how glad I am to hear you say so: for I have thought a great deal about you, and I long to know how you are going on—Pray tell me.

Jane. Indeed I am quite impatient that you should know every thing, so I will begin my story—

The last day I saw you, I went away from you very grave and sad, but I got home before breakfast, and nobody knew that I had been out. As soon as I could I got by myself, that I might keep my promise to you, though I did not believe you were right. I thought over every thing that had happened since you went out, over and over again.

Mary. And what did you think of it?

Jane. For a great while I felt so confused I could hardly tell what I thought, and I felt angry with you, and myself, and angry with every body. At last I knelt down and prayed to God to help me to examine my heart. And afterwards I was less confused, and then I considered again every thing you had said to me, and I began to think it was true that I had done wrong, till by and by the tears came into my eyes, and at last I quite sobbed.

Mary. My dear Jane! and how did you think you had done wrong?

Jane. I found that I had indeed been proud. You know, Mary, that I am naturally proud, and when you were gone out, and I had nobody to advise me, I did not watch over myself as I had been used to do. Instead of being the more earnest in praying to God, I was more careless about it, and so when high thoughts came into my mind, I did not try to send them away. And at last indeed it was very true, that I was no more the humble gentle little girl, your mamma used sometimes to call me, but I thought myself very wise and very good, and that I could do any thing by my own strength; and that made me behave as I did to my papa and mamma, and so while I fancied myself very good, I was really very proud and naughty—

And then, when proud thoughts came into my mind, I got angry, as I

used to do before you taught me the way to be good ; and I was out of humour with every body if I was the least contradicted : and so I was always provoking papa, and mamma, and my sister, and when they were angry with me, I thought it was all persecution, because I talked about religion, and I never thought that I could be to blame myself. You cannot wonder that I cried when all this came into my mind.

Mary. Now I think we may understand the meaning of that text, “Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

Jane. There was one thing especially which made me see that I had done wrong.

Mary. What was that?

Jane. I remembered that before you went out, when I was taking pains to be humble, and somebody had laughed at me very much for speaking about heaven and being good, that I had tried

to bear it with patience; and afterwards, when I was alone, I had felt so happy! I can hardly tell you how happy.

And when I remembered this, I said to myself, “Why did I not feel happy when I was blamed and punished by papa, if indeed I was punished for the sake of my God?”

“But instead of being happy, did not I feel very heavy and sad, and quite indisposed to think of heaven, which good men and martyrs love to do, when they meet with trials? and instead of praying, did not I try to amuse myself with vain and foolish thoughts?”

Mary. And so I suppose you learnt from this that your heart had not been in a right state, and that you had brought all your sorrows upon yourself.

Jane. Yes, I began to see very plainly what I had been doing. Surely, I thought, if I had really been humble

and patient, and had only been trying to serve God, I should not have felt so unhappy as I did; I should have thought that God loved me, and that he would bring me out of my sorrow, and I should have liked to think of heaven, where we shall never be sorry any more.

Mary. Indeed you seem to have judged very wisely about yourself.

Jane. I believe I sat an hour thinking over all these things, for it seemed a very long while, and at last I said to myself, "I am sure now that what Mary tells me is quite true. I wish I could go now and say so to her, and ask what I ought to do, but that cannot be;" and this thought made me sigh.

Just then the story of the prodigal son, in the 15th chapter of St. Luke, came into my mind. I thought I was like him, and that if I would arise and first go to my heavenly Father, and then to my earthly father, they would both

forgive me, and I should be happy again.

So I knelt down, and prayed very heartily to God to forgive me. I remembered how much my Saviour had suffered for me, and I said, "Though I have done so much to deserve God's anger, yet my Saviour has done more to deserve his love for me;" and this comforted me very much indeed. I prayed too that I might have strength given me to make me humble, and that my Saviour would always live in my heart, and teach me what to do. I cannot tell you how light of heart I felt when I had finished my prayer; and I ran down stairs to look for papa, to ask his pardon too, but papa was gone out, and mamma was engaged with company. But before night it came into my mind, that my papa would be more likely to forgive me if I got mamma to speak for me, and indeed when I came to think of what I should say either

to papa or mamma, I was rather at a loss.

Mary. Why were you at a loss?

Jane. I am almost afraid of giving you the reason, for fear I should fall into the same sin, which I know now I have committed, and should speak without proper respect of dear papa and mamma; but what I mean is, that I thought if I told them every thing that had come into my mind, as I have just done to you, papa, in particular, would perhaps be displeased. But I prayed to God to direct me, and it happened that I had a very good opportunity of speaking to mamma the next day.

Mary. I long to hear how it happened.

Jane. As soon as I began to find out how I had behaved, you may be sure that I changed my manner to papa and mamma, and tried to be more dutiful and attentive than I had been before. My mamma I am sure perceived the

change immediately. You know how kind and good-natured she is—she took notice of me, and smiled across the table at me. Dear, kind mamma! I am sure my ill behaviour had given her a great deal of pain.

In the evening papa went out, and took my sister with him; he had never taken *me* out since the day I had behaved so ill about the play. My mamma was to have gone, but being rather unwell, she stayed at home with me. She was very kind to me all the evening, and my heart was beating so fast, for I was thinking how I should say what I had in my mind, and was waiting for an opportunity of doing it. I missed several through my foolish shame.

At last mamma said to me, “What do you think of going to school? shall you like it?”

“Mamma,” I answered, “I am willing to go to school, if you and papa wish it, but I am very sorry that I

have behaved so ill, as to deserve that you should send me from you; I am very sensible of my fault now."

"I am very glad that you are," answered mamma, "your mind has certainly been filled with very strange notions, and I am very sorry that you have met with people who have done you so much mischief." I did not hear what mamma said next, for now it flashed full upon my mind, (what I had not thought of before,) that by my foolish, wicked behaviour, I had made religion look in so bad a light, and had caused my dear kind friends to be blamed, who I knew would have been the first to have found fault with me. This brought tears into my eyes, and hearing your name, first made me recollect myself again. Mamma was saying, "I thought once, as you did, that Mary was a very nice little girl, but I see now what her notions lead to, they have made sad mischief among us."

I now burst out quite into tears, and said, "Indeed, mamma, there has been nobody to blame but myself. Mary was the first person who shewed me I had behaved ill, indeed she never taught me any thing but what is good."

Mamma bid me dry up my tears, and said, "I see you cannot hear reason about Mary, but if you are sensible of your fault I am satisfied; I hope you will be more obedient in future to your papa's will, and then I dare say he will forgive you."

Mary. But why do you cry now, my dear Jane?

Jane. I cry to think of the blame have brought upon you, and perhaps, too, upon those good things you have taught me; and I am afraid I have done wrong in telling you what mamma said of you.

Mary. I am sure I am not at all angry at what your mamma said of me.

I should be very ungrateful indeed, to forget all her kindness to me, for the sake of one unkind word, and you may be sure I shall never tell any body of it; so pray do not vex yourself about that. We have all, indeed, reason to be grieved with ourselves for bringing dishonour upon God's name, through our faults; but if the sense of our sin makes us humble, we have no need to cry. Pray tell me what you said to your mamma.

Jane. It came into my mind that mamma had mistaken what I meant, that she thought I was sorry for thinking and talking of God so much as I had done, and being what I believe people call strict in my notions. Now I was not sorry for these things, but for the very improper way in which I had spoken my thoughts, and behaved to dear papa and mamma, and this made me silent for a little while.

Mamma asked me why I cried, and said again, that if I would be a good

girl, she would not be angry with me any more. Then I took dear mamma's hand and kissed it, and said, "Pray, my dear mamma, let me speak once about Mary, and then I will submit to any thing you please about her, and will never ask to go to see her against your wishes." Mamma gave me leave—so I went on—

"I was for a great many years a very thoughtless naughty child," I said, "and never paid respect to dear papa and mamma, or minded my duty in any thing, till Mary shewed me how wicked I had been, and taught me how to be good and please God; and it was because I neglected to ask God to help me that I have been so naughty lately; but since Mary came home she has made me sensible of my fault, and I know that I can never please God, nor be happy when I die, unless I obey, and love, and honour my dear papa and mamma; and it is that which

makes me ask my dear mamma's pardon;" and I was going on, when mamma bid me say no more. She spoke quite in a hurry, and I looked up to see if she was angry, but she had turned away her face. As she did not speak, I said, "My dear mamma will forgive me, and speak to papa for me." She kissed me, and said she would speak to my papa for me, though she could not tell what he would say.

My dear mamma was very grave all the evening, but I thought that might be because she was not well; and as she spoke kindly to me, I soon got quite happy; for now my conscience felt so easy.

Mary. I long to hear what your papa said to you.

Jane. He has not said much. The next morning he and mamma talked together a great while in his study, and at last I was called in. Papa sat in his arm chair, and I thought looked

very grave, and rather angry; but when the tears ran down my face, (for I was very much frightened,) he looked more kindly at me. Mamma called me to her, and took my hand. "My dear," she said, "your papa will forgive you, but you must not raise your hopes, I cannot promise you that you shall not go to school."

I lifted up my head, and looked first at papa, and then at mamma. Papa was silent for some minutes, then he said, "Jane, you have been a very foolish girl; but I shall forgive you, because I think you have been misled by other people." I was going to speak, but mamma looked at me to be silent, and papa went on—"You need not repeat to me, Jane, what you said to your mamma, I shall not enter into any dispute with you. I forgive you, but I think it necessary to send you from home. At a distance you will forget all those extravagant notions with

which your head is so filled, and learn something better in their place."

I saw by my papa's face that he would have me say no more, so I only thanked him for forgiving me, and said that I would submit to whatever he thought proper.

Mary. Indeed, my dear Jane, I think you behaved quite as you ought to have done, both to your papa and mamma; but your papa's manner of speaking, and the prospect of going to school, must have been great trials to you.

Jane. Indeed they were at first. As soon as I could, I got alone, and, sitting down, I cried sadly, but I felt happier, too, than I had done for some time; I felt that God would take care of me, and I knelt down to thank him for what he had done for me, and prayed him never to leave me nor forsake me; and, indeed, ever since that time I have felt very happy in general.

I had only then to ask my sister to forgive me, for you know I had been very quarrelsome with her.

We were very soon friends, and, as she is sorry that I am going to school, she is very kind to me now.

Mary. Then you really are going to school.

Jane. Mamma tells me, that my papa is quite determined upon it, and I am satisfied too, for I think that perhaps, if I were to stay at home, I might meet with difficulties which might be too hard for me.—So in a few days I shall set out for ———

Mary. What! are you going to school there? then you will be in the same town with my dear grandmamma. She will love you and be very kind to you. But will your papa allow you to visit her?

Jane. O yes! I am sure he will, for he always speaks with great respect of your grandpapa the dean. I believe,

when he was alive, he was once very kind to my papa; and it has given me great pleasure to think of being so near your grandmamma, especially now I have heard you talk about her so much.

Mary. This reminds me of what papa so often says, "that when things appear the least agreeable, we may always observe some circumstance which shews us that God is with us." I remember one evening, after my papa had been explaining this to my brother and me, he called us into the garden, and asked us if we saw any thing. We said, "What can we see? is not the sky covered with black clouds? it is quite dark." "Yes," said papa, "it is thick darkness, as it was before the creation of the world. But look again, see if there is nothing here which reminds you of the great Creator." I looked again, and saw one bright star which had broken through the clouds. "Are there no more stars?" asked papa.

“Yes,” I answered, “there are more stars, which we shall see when the clouds are gone.”

“My dear children,” said papa, “while you continue to serve God, if your night of sorrows should be ever so dark, some bright hope will still remain, which will shew you that the tender mercies of your God lie hid behind your troubles.”

Jane. Yes, indeed, God is very kind to me, though I have done so much to make him angry. Should I not be very thankful that papa and mamma have given me leave to come and see you?

Mary. I was just going to ask you how you got leave to come here?

Jane. I believe that my papa expected I should shew great unwillingness to obey him about going to school: for seeing that I submitted to his will quite cheerfully, he has become very kind to me; and both he and mamma consented very willingly, when I asked

leave to see you once before I went ; and I do think they are not quite so angry with you as they were at first, for what do you think mamma has almost promised to ask papa, if I 'am a very good girl for half a year at school ?

Mary. What is it, Jane ?—I long to know—

Jane. Why it is, that she may go to old Nanny's cottage, when the holidays come in the summer, and take you and me with her.

Mary. How delightful it will be !

Jane. And I shall save my allowance at school, to make old Nanny a present.

Mary. It must be when the strawberries are ripe.

Jane. Yes, and we must dine in the same pretty wood.

Mary. But we must not talk about it, for fear we should set our hearts upon it ; and then, if your papa should not give us leave—

Jane. Ah no ! we must not talk too

much about it, and besides, I must bid you farewell, my dear Mary. It is time for me to go home.

Mary. I would not keep you a minute after your time on any account; but, dear Jane, shall I not see you again?

Jane. No, not till summer. Oh! what a long while it will be till then. I never was away from you so long before, since we were quite babies.

Mary. Do not cry, my dear Jane; you know, if we are ever so far away from each other, the same God that sees me will see you, and he can make us happy though we are at a distance from all our friends: let us strive to serve him, and live to his glory, and then, whatever becomes of us in this world, we shall meet in a place far prettier than the little wood, and the meadow which my lamb came from.

Jane. Yes, my dear Mary, though we are but little children, he may perhaps allow us to glorify his name in

some way or other, as those children have done who are now gone to live in his presence for ever.

Let us pray for each other, and you must particularly pray for me, because as I have lately fallen into so sad a fault, I have the greater cause to fear my own weakness, and to guard against my deceitful heart in future.

But I must leave you, my dear Mary; so, once more, Farewell.

FINIS.

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