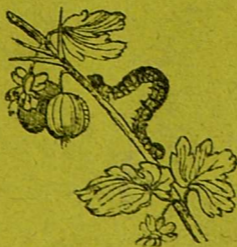


DON'T AND DO.



LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
SOLD AT
THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;
AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

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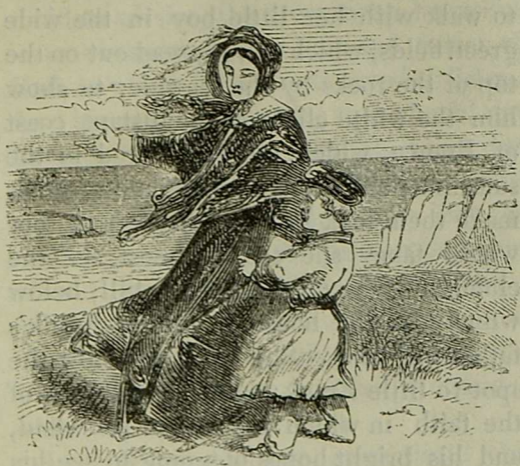
DON'T AND DO.



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DON'T AND DO.



LITTLE Frank lost his father when he was very young, so young that he could not remember him, but his mother lived till he was five years old. The place where Frank was born, was a small town on the coast of Kent, and here his mother continued to live after his father was dead. They had not much money to spend, and

they lived a very quiet life. One of the great pleasures of Frank's mother was to walk with her little boy in the wide green fields, which were spread out on the top of the rocks by the sea side, to show him the white cliffs on the distant coast of France, which often glittered in the sunshine; and a clear sky would at times make them look so near, that his mother would fancy she could almost see the clump of trees on the French hill, below which was the house in which Frank's father had died. She loved to show the spot to little Frank, and then tell him of the faith in which his father had died, and his bright hopes of going to see his Saviour in mansions far beyond the sky above their heads.

There are many beautiful sights to be seen by the sea shore. The rising sun makes a sort of glory below the waves, but the silver light of the moon is more often seen forming beautiful soft rays round what seems another moon in the

water. From those lovely sights, which Frank's mother taught him as early as she could to admire, she drew many beautiful lessons respecting the love and power of God, to which little Frank loved to listen. And his mother took care they should not be made too long, for if his attention was wearied she was ready to walk down with him to the shore and help him to look for shells, or to admire the palaces he made of sand ; or she would show him the ships sailing on the sea, and sometimes on a sunny day she could point out to him the waves beating against the Goodwin Sands, which lay opposite to them.

Little Frank had two great aunts who were not married, and who lived a long way off in a country town in Worcestershire. These two ladies were called Mrs. Catherine and Mrs. Susan, and they were very desirous that the child and his mother should go and live near them. They were reckoned kind people, and as they had more money to spend than they

wanted for themselves, they would have been glad to have had their niece and her little boy near them, that they might help them in any way they needed. Frank's mother felt very much obliged to them for their kindness, but she wished to live by herself as long as it was possible, and have nothing to do but attend to her little boy, perhaps till he was seven or eight years of age, and in doing this she thought she was preferring (as all wise mothers ought to do) the spiritual good of her child to his earthly comforts. Little Frank grew and prospered under his mother's care, as a fresh flower in a fertile garden watered by heavenly dews, and he cheered his mother's heart; and his pretty smiles and innocent discourse wiped away many a tear which the memory of his father caused her to shed. He was her companion at her meals and in her walks, and on a Sunday he always went with her to the house of God; she read the Bible with him, prayed with him, and talked

to him according to his measure of understanding, and she trained him to habits of gentle play when he was tired of graver things. Thus, though a child of naturally boisterous spirits, he would amuse himself for hours with things provided for his entertainment in the room with his mother, though she might be very busily occupied, and he would only interrupt her by occasionally running to lean on her lap for awhile, or by asking for a kiss or by exchanging a smile with her.

But man plans one thing, and God another. When little Frank was five years old his mother had an attack of illness, which came so quickly to an end, that she had only time, after she knew her danger, to hold one conversation with her good friend the clergyman of the parish; and after speaking of other more important things she requested him to inform her aunts, of whom we have before spoken, of her death as soon as it should take place, and to send with this informa-

tion, messages of love from herself, and a recommendation of her child to their care. Almost as soon as this discourse was concluded, and her blessing given to her little darling, she quietly reposed herself and all her cares on the bosom of Him who had died for her, and speedily went to her rest. As soon as the old ladies heard of their niece's death, a proper person was sent to settle all necessary business, and to bring away the little boy to his new home, which was now to be in their house. The child scarcely understood that his dear mother was quite gone, and though he had seen her coffin carried away to a distant church, yet he would look for her in her bed-room and parlour, and when he was taken down to the ship which he was told was to carry him to London, on his road to his new home, he had a sort of hope that he should see his mother again at the end of his long journey, and it was some little time before this expectation passed away.

But I shall not tell you any thing about little Frank's journey to London, and from London into Worcestershire, nor much about his new home, at least till after he had been in it above six weeks. I shall, however, just mention, that his aunts' house stood on high ground above the town, and a little out of it, and that it looked beyond green fields to the old parish church, and still further to a range of hills, some of which were covered with trees, and upon one of the hills was a park with an obelisk in it, which was to be seen very plainly. The house was very convenient and rather large, and stood in a pleasant garden well stored in front with beautiful evergreens; one especially, at the time Frank arrived, was covered with a sort of fruit like a strawberry, which he thought very beautiful. At that time there were two maid servants in the house, one of whom was an elderly woman who had lived a long while in the family; and besides these

persons there was another young woman, who used to do needle work and wait on her mistresses, but she was gone from home with Mrs. Susan. This journey took place about the time of the death of Frank's mother, and as it was taken on account of health, and to a place many miles off, Mrs. Susan did not come back till little Frank had been in his new home six weeks; and I shall begin the account of what I have more to say about this child at the time of Mrs. Susan's return home with her young maid Fanny.

Mrs. Susan did not reach home till late in the evening, and Frank was gone to bed. A little hot supper was prepared for her, and when it was over the sisters drew their chairs near the fire and began to talk over the things which had happened since they parted; their conversation fell naturally upon the death of little Frank's mother, and Mrs. Susan asked her sister how the little boy was going on.

“Indeed,” answered Mrs. Catherine, “I do not know what we are to do with that child, he is the trouble of my life, and now you are come back we must consider what plan to adopt with him.”

“I thought,” answered Mrs. Susan, “that he had been very well brought up by his poor mother.”

“I do not know how he has been brought up,” answered Mrs. Catherine, “but he is the most troublesome child I ever saw.”

“In what way is he troublesome?” asked Mrs. Susan.

“In every way,” answered Mrs. Catherine. “When he is with me in the parlour he is always treading on the cat’s tail, or setting the dog to bark, or pulling the fringe off the curtains and rug; it was but last week that he broke a best china saucer with milk in it, which he teased me to let him give to Flora, and he has thrown the ink down several times, and he pays no attention to what I say though

I am so indulgent to him ; and it is the same thing in the kitchen when he goes there ; a few days ago he climbed up in some strange way to the top of the china cupboard and got such a fall as quite frightened us. I really have no peace for him."

" Poor little thing," said Mrs. Susan.

" I was very sorry for him at first, like you," said Mrs. Catherine, " he drew my pity when I saw his black dress, and remembered that he had no father or mother, and at first he was very quiet and behaved well, but he is become of late so rude and boisterous that he quite wears me out, and I have left off feeling sorry for him ; and really he must go to school."

" School ! sister," repeated Mrs. Susan, " at five years old !"

" Yes," said Mrs. Catherine, " and I know of a school that would exactly suit him."

" Do not let us be in a hurry about it," said Mrs. Susan ; " this little boy has been sent us by Providence, and we should

not lightly part with him, at least while we are able to manage him."

"But we are not able to manage him, I repeat," said Mrs. Catherine, "it is a perpetual *don't* to keep him in any order at all; you will see that it is so; and really the noise he makes with the animals is so very trying to my head that I cannot bear it."

"Perhaps we have paid too much attention to these animals," said Mrs. Susan, "more than we ought; this little pet we have now got has an immortal soul, and deserves all our care."

"Well," said Mrs. Catherine, "I see that you cannot understand me; but before to-morrow night I am positive that you will think as I do about the child."

The subject now dropped, and the sisters talked of other things.

At bed time, when Mrs. Susan went up stairs to her room, she saw her young maid Fanny standing by the child's room, and the door of it ajar, and she invited

her mistress to come in. Mrs. Susan stepped in quietly; the child was in a gentle sleep, his glowing cheek resting on his arm, the other thrown on the bed clothes, and a sprig of arbutus lying on it, which seemed as if it had fallen out of his hand as he fell asleep.

“ I love little children very much, ma'am,” said Fanny, “ and I stepped up to look at him.”

Mrs. Susan stood by the bed awhile as if in a muse, then stooping down she kissed the child's cheek, and as she turned from the bed she said, “ It is a long while since he had a mother's kiss,” and the tears were in her eyes as she spoke.

The next morning, when Mrs. Susan came down stairs into the nice warm breakfast room, she saw a little bason of bread and milk set for Frank, but no Frank was there. So when the two ladies were seated, and their tea poured out, Mrs. Susan inquired why the little boy did not make his appearance.

“The morning being very fine,” answered Mrs. Catherine, “he is gone with the kitchen maid into the valley about some little business, and I expect him back every minute.”

She had scarcely finished speaking when there was heard the sound of Flora's shrill bark in the hall, and then Frank's voice in a loud tone of play with the dog, and then the noise of young feet, and in another instant the door was hastily thrown open and the little boy in his straw hat, with heated cheeks and hands full of something very green, burst into the room (the little dog after him), calling out, “Look, aunt Catherine, look what I have brought you, such pretty moss that grew on the paling, with little scarlet cups.”

“Dropping mould on the new carpet,” cried Mrs. Catherine, “and do you see what dirty shoes you have got? go out directly and have them changed, and don't bring that dirty moss here; and take the dog with you, you make the creature as noisy as yourself.”

Mrs. Catherine was obliged to repeat the order before the child heard it, so full was he of the bright scarlet cups of the lichen he had gathered. As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Susan remarked, "He is a fine little fellow, and has a very sweet countenance." Mrs. Catherine did not hear what her sister said, she was sweeping up mould and leaves with the hearth brush, repeating to herself, "Dirty little creature! spoiling the new carpet." Presently the child came in again in clean shoes and pinafore, his hair neatly brushed and the glow a little gone off his cheeks; he sat down in silence to his breakfast, from time to time stealing looks at Mrs. Susan. She had now finished her breakfast, and was watching the motions of the child, and perhaps there was something in her dove-like eyes which told him a pleasant story about her. Before he had finished his meal he had ventured upon smiling at her, and his smile had been well received. As soon as he had completed his own breakfast, which was before Mrs. Cathe-

rine had done hers, he got off his chair and came round towards the fire, and sat down on a stool very near, perhaps nearer than usual, to Mrs. Catherine, who was still his oldest acquaintance.

“ I desire you will sit still,” said the old lady, “ and don’t push up so near to me, treading on my dress,” and she drew her dark silk closer round her. The child was quiet for a few minutes, being intently engaged with looking at Mrs. Susan, to whom he was exactly opposite ; but after awhile he moved off his seat, unobserved at first by Mrs. Catherine, and crawled up to the cat, who was lying on the rug. She was a large tabby cat, with fine thick fur, which he was fond of stroking, but sometimes he was so silly as to pull her tail and stroke her fur the wrong way, which puss did not like, and this very morning he treated her in the way I have mentioned, upon which occasion the cat gave a very loud mew. Mrs. Catherine immediately jumped up, and pulled the

child away somewhat roughly, and bade him sit down and be quiet; the little boy obeyed, and the cat was helped to a saucer of milk, and he was amused with watching her drink it. The sisters presently fell into discourse again, and Frank was forgotten. But Frank had nothing to do, and he did not love sitting still, and so presently he began to do what Mrs. Catherine had often forbidden him to do, and that was to tie knots in the fringe of the rug; and by some means or other, while he was employed in this way, he tied up amongst the worsted the silk fringe of a scarf which Mrs. Catherine wore, and which had slipped off her shoulders on one side. Sometimes when little children are in mischief they are very quiet, not because they mean any concealment, but because their minds are occupied with what they are about, and so it was now with the little boy. The sisters were conversing busily, and Frank was very busy with his work, and they

none of them interrupted each other till a little clock in a gilt case, which stood on the chimney piece, struck the hour; upon which Mrs. Catherine said it was high time to send the breakfast things away, and rising hastily to ring the bell, she found herself tied to the rug. And now all little Frank's employment for the last quarter of an hour came to light, and so angry was Mrs. Catherine that she gave the child a very sharp box on the ear, and as soon as the upper servant came in to carry away the breakfast things, she bade her take the naughty little boy with her, and to keep him out of the parlour all the morning, for it was impossible to prevent his getting into mischief; so the servant took him by the hand, half shaking him all the time, and repeating to him in a still louder voice what her mistress had said, not heeding the poor child's tears. Whilst this was going on Mrs. Susan said nothing, but as soon as the servant had quite left the room, she said to her sister,

“ I suppose you will receive little Frank into favour again presently.”

“ I do not know that I shall,” returned she sharply ; “ he is the most tiresome child I ever saw.”

“ I do not like interfering with your punishment,” returned Mrs. Susan, “ for if we are ever to do any good with him, you and I must endeavour always to draw together ; but I suppose, as you have only banished him from the breakfast-room this morning, it will do no harm, as far as your authority is concerned, if I take him into my room while Fanny unpacks my clothes.”

“ Oh !” said Mrs. Catherine, “ do as you please about that. I am sure it will be a very good thing to have him anywhere out of the way, for he is as great a trouble in the kitchen as he is in the parlour ; but as for unpacking while he is in the room, you will find it quite impossible.”

“ We shall see,” said Mrs. Susan.

“ You will see,” replied Mrs. Ca-

therine; “and it will be very right that you should see, and judge for yourself about the child, for I perceive that you feel just as I told you I did at first—very sorry for him, because he is an orphan; but I do not see that it is our duty to sacrifice our comfort to him, although he is an orphan.”

“Certainly not,” answered Mrs. Susan, “if we can do him no good by the sacrifice.”

Mrs. Catherine made no reply to this speech, and soon afterwards Mrs. Susan left the room, and went up stairs into her bed-chamber. Here she found her arm chair placed, according to custom, with a small round table beside the fire, and Fanny preparing everything for unpacking the boxes she had brought with her.

“Fanny,” said Mrs. Susan, “go down stairs, and bring up little Frank. I wish to have him in the room while we are unpacking.”

“You had better not think of it,

ma'am," said Fanny. "I am told by everybody he is very troublesome and mischievous, and he will, perhaps, make your head ache, whilst you have other things to attend to."

"I have a reason for what I am doing," replied Mrs. Susan. "I know that he is called a mischievous child, but there are two sorts of mischief in children; one which comes from a pleasure in doing wrong, and another which only comes from the want of some proper employment; and I wish to find out how the case stands with this little boy."

Fanny immediately went down and brought up the child, sobbing violently, and his little face and hands covered with grease.

"What is the matter now?" said Mrs. Susan.

"The housekeeper has been striking him pretty hardly," said Fanny; "for while her back was turned he filled a set of patty pans she had been preparing for

pastry with small bits of moss, which he called mince meat, and she has had the pans to wash and prepare again."

"I did not mean any harm," said the child, speaking as well as he could for the sobs. "I used to put bits of grass in my doll's dishes, and mamma never was angry with me."

"But then," said Mrs. Susan, "you put the grass in your own dishes, and now you have been putting grass in the housekeeper's dishes, that she wanted for something else, and that was not right, you know; but we will talk more about it when your face is washed and you have done sobbing."

Presently Fanny brought the child to Mrs. Susan, quite clean, and looking pleasant, though not quite so merry as usual.

"There, now," said Mrs. Susan, "sit down on this little stool at my feet."

"And may I sit quite close to you, and lay my head on your lap, as I used

to do to mamma? Aunt Catherine will never let me sit quite close to her."

"You may sit as close as you please, poor little fellow."

Then he laid down his head on her lap, and she gently stroked his cheek and soft hair. "And now," she added, "tell me what hands are for? You have two hands and ten fingers; what are they for, do you think?" The child not immediately answering, "she added, "Do you think they were given you by God to do mischief with?"

"No," answered the child, hastily raising his head, and his eyes becoming bright, for it is,

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

"If that is the case, I should like to see whether your hands love mischief, or whether they like to be useful; and then I shall know whether I am to love you or not."

"Oh! yes, I love to be useful."

“ We are not born useful,” said Mrs. Susan ; “ at first we are very helpless, and can hardly use our fingers at all, but as soon as we can use our fingers, and have sense to think and pray, we should then begin to consider how we can employ them in some way that is useful. You know that our Saviour went about doing good and planning good for us, and if we would be like him, we must do good with our heads and hands too.”

“ Oh ! I understand that,” cried little Frank ; “ mamma told me something like that a great while ago.”

“ You like to have your hands busy, do not you ?”

“ Oh ! yes ; very much.”

“ Then you must remember that they must be busy with work or harmless play, or you will be a troublesome and naughty boy ; for if your hands are in mischief, they will be doing Satan’s work.”

“ What is mischief, aunt Susan ?”

“ There are many sorts of mischief,

but I think the sort of mischief you are most tempted to is that of meddling with things that do not belong to you, and of doing things which you are expressly forbidden to do, which makes your aunt Catherine so often say 'don't' to you."

"But then I forget, aunt Susan, and my fingers get tired of being quiet."

"But suppose, now, I should find something right for your fingers to do, when you are in the parlour, then you would not so soon forget your aunt's orders, do you think you should?"

"Oh no! What will you find me?" cried the little fellow, jumping up from his place.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Susan; "but before we look for it I shall make a little trial of you. Fanny is going to unpack my boxes, and she will want a great many things done for her; will you try to be useful to her, and carry what she gives you to the drawers and other places she tells you of?"

“ Oh yes ! oh yes ! ” and the child jumped for joy.

“ And I shall sit to watch you. I had much rather say ‘ Do, little Frank,’ than hear aunt Catherine say ‘ Don’t, naughty Frank.’ If people always require to have ‘ don’t ’ said to them, there must come a rod at last ; but if they do as they are bid when we say ‘ do,’ then there comes something better than a rod, something very much better. I think I can say a verse out of an old hymn that will teach you something like this—

“ Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the work of peace ;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.”

Then she kissed the little boy, and bid him go and stand by Fanny, and do whatever she should tell him. And now little Frank was at Fanny’s side in a moment, and as she knelt by the boxes and lifted the things out of them, she gave such of them as she thought Frank could conveniently carry to the drawers

or other places she pointed out, and then she made the little boy help her in collecting paper and string together, and in rolling them up smoothly, and nearly half an hour had passed away in this manner, when the elderly servant came to call Frank to his luncheon.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Susan said to her maid, "The child has done his part very well; I do believe that he would not be so very troublesome, if he had proper employment."

"I have been thinking, ma'am," replied Fanny, "as I was busy in my unpacking, of a plan which, perhaps, would be useful to the young gentleman if you approved of it, and I should be so glad if I could make any return in this way for your kindness in having me educated at the day school."

"And what is your plan, Fanny?"

"I have been thinking," said the young woman, "that if I were to get up a little earlier in the morning, I could

get forward with my work, so as to be able to dress Master Frank and prepare him for breakfast; and then I might take charge of him when you and Mrs. Catherine have done with him in the parlour, and I might take him a walking; and if you would be so kind as to allow us a little bit of fire in his nice large bedchamber, I could bring my work and sit there while he played about; and you know, ma'am, there is an empty closet in the room fitted up with shelves, and there he might keep his playthings, and he need not go into the kitchen at all."

Mrs. Susan listened to Fanny, but made no immediate answer. After a while she said, "I like your plan, Fanny; let us go and look at the room." So they walked there together. It opened upon a landing on the staircase, and was not very close to the chambers of the old ladies; it was a pleasant, cheerful room, facing the east, and beyond some fields and a narrow winding river, was seen

upon a hill the old parish church, with its well-planted churchyard sloping below the ancient tower, and many a tomb might be distinguished rising among the trees.

“There is a nice little work-table for you, Fanny,” said Mrs. Susan; “but we must have a little chair and table for the child.”

“And look, ma’am, at the shelves in the closet,” said Fanny.

“I think we have something to put on them,” replied Mrs. Susan, smiling, “when a certain box is unpacked; but before we proceed any further, I must have some conversation with my sister.”

For this conversation an opportunity was found in the course of the day, but before it took place the hour of dinner had passed, and the child had sat awhile with his aunts; and on that occasion Mrs. Susan had provided a small box of bricks, which had been given to Frank to play with on the carpet by the side of

her chair, upon condition that he let puss alone, and did not touch the fringe of the rug, and that he asked no questions of either of his aunts while they were engaged in talking to each other; the consequence of this was, that when the servant came in to take him away, Mrs. Catherine remarked that she had not seen the child so quiet for a long while, and Mrs. Susan considered this as a favourable opening for the proposition she had to make about Fanny. At first Mrs. Catherine strongly opposed the plan, for she was so very anxious to have the child sent to school; but as she was not on the whole unreasonable or unkind, she gave ear at last to her sister's proposal, and agreed with her that it was best to try if they could keep the child at home while he was so very young; and besides this, she said that she much preferred being waited on by the old servant, and she would, therefore, give up Fanny's attentions altogether, pro-

vided that Mrs. Susan would undertake the general superintendence of the child at all times. There was nothing that Mrs. Susan so much disliked as contending a point, though if that point were a matter of duty, she would on no account yield it, as some lovers of quiet do, for peace sake ; but when her sister fell in with her opinion upon the whole so easily, it was indeed a great comfort to her, and when she went up into her room before tea, she fell on her knees, and with tears of thankfulness running down her cheek, she blessed God for having hitherto so prospered her labours for the little orphan ; and she prayed that his blessing would be with her in the farther carrying out of her plans. In the course of the evening she had a good deal of conversation with Fanny, and the next morning the young servant was up early to begin the new arrangements Mrs. Susan had made with her. Fanny was strong, and healthy, and lively, and

she remembered that, though born of poor parents, she had received a good education in a charity and Sunday school ; and she felt very grateful to God for all his mercies, and longed to make some return of love ; and now an opportunity was put into her hands of relieving her mistresses of care and trouble, and of doing good to an orphan child, the son of pious parents. How many a holy lesson might she teach this child ! how many a verse from Scripture might she repeat to him ! how many a hymn she might sing to him ! how many a prayer she might offer up for him ! and all this, with God's blessing, would do him far more good than gold out of the mine or pearls out of the sea. How sweet it would be, if all young Sunday scholars had thoughts like these of Fanny ! As soon as her other necessary work was well concluded, she began to be busy in Frank's room, and Mrs. Susan, too, went in and out ; and Mrs. Catherine had a

voice in the arrangements, for she unlocked a large chest in her bedchamber, and brought out several old-fashioned playthings of former days, and directed where they were to be placed in Frank's closet; but all this time Frank was not allowed to come into his room, and was kept in another part of the house.

It was that time of the year when the sun sets about six o'clock, so that as the old ladies dined at four, it was quite daylight when they had finished their meal. Little Frank, as usual, was brought into the room when dinner was removed; it was his custom to stay with his aunts till the old servant fetched him to his supper in the kitchen between five and six. Frank dined early, and therefore he was ready for his early supper, and went to bed soon afterwards. At the appointed hour Fanny made her appearance, instead of the upper servant, and said that Master Frank's supper was ready.

“ I shall bring Frank to his supper,” said Mrs. Susan ; and she gave a particular look at Mrs. Catherine, as she rose from her seat.

“ Well, sister,” said Mrs. Catherine, “ you must tell me how he likes everything, and I hope your plans may answer ; but I cannot say that I quite expect so much from them as you do.”

Mrs. Susan made no answer but by a smile ; and, leading Frank by the hand, she left the room ; but when she restrained him from turning to the kitchen, he called out, “ Why do you take me up stairs, aunt Susan ? and why did Fanny fetch me to supper ?”

“ Do not you like Fanny to fetch you ?” said Mrs. Susan.

“ Yes, I like Fanny ; she does not scold me, and she pricked me a horse last night.”

And now they were got up stairs, and Fanny was on the landing-place, holding open the door of Frank’s room ; and oh !

how pleasant did the room look! At one end of the room, for it was rather long, there was a little bright fire, on one side of which was Fanny's chair and round table, and a work-basket on it, and a Bible, and a prayer-book, and a hymn-book; and on the other side was a small low chair that had been bought that very morning, and a table suited to it; and on the table a cloth was laid with a basin of warm bread and milk. The rest of the room was furnished, as before, with Frank's little dimity bed and other chairs and tables; but the door of the light closet stood open, and those who peeped in might have seen some very pretty things, some of which had come in Mrs. Susan's boxes from a distant town. I cannot remember all the things, but I know there was a cart with one horse, and a coach with four horses, besides a windmill; but the brightest thing to be seen from the room was the setting sun, with rays glittering on the

window of the old church, the bells of which were at that time ringing.

“ Shall you like to have your supper in this pleasant room ?” said Mrs. Susan.

“ Oh, yes ! oh, yes !” cried Frank, “ I will have it here every night : and is that little table to be mine ?”—and he was drawing away his hand from Mrs. Susan and running to it, when she said to him, “ Not yet, little Frank ; come and walk round the room with me, and look at everything, and then hear what I have to say ; you are not so very hungry but that you can wait a little for your supper. Sit down, Fanny, to your work till we want you ; and now, little Frank, you have seen that nice fire and the chair and table by it, do you see what is hung on the wall ?”

“ Yes,” said Frank, “ I see over the fire-place the picture of a shepherd with a lamb ; and I think there are pictures out of the Bible on one side of the room, and there are birds and lions on the

other; those pictures were not there yesterday; and what is in that closet, aunt Susan?"

"We will go and peep in," said she.

"Oh! aunt Susan, please to reach them down."

"These things," said she, "are for a little boy who knows how to use his fingers in a useful way, and does not want to have 'don't' always said to him, and who does what he is bid when his friends say to him 'do.'"

"I know that little boy," said the child, looking very arch.

"Can you spell his name?"

"Yes, aunt Susan; it is F-R-A-N-K."

"Well, now we have had a peep at these pretty things," said aunt Susan, "we will say good night to them, and shut the door, and perhaps to-morrow we may pay them another visit; you shall have your supper now, and I shall come and say good night to you in a little while." Then aunt Susan left the child

to eat his supper on his little table, and she came back again before the sun had quite done glittering in the large west window of the old church ; and she took the little boy by the hand and led him to the window. “ Do you know, little Frank,” said she, in a serious voice, “ that the grave of your mamma’s grand-papa, my own dear father, is amongst the trees in that sloping churchyard ? He was a good man, and full of kindness to everybody ; he often used to carry your mamma about in his arms in this very house and garden, where he lived.”

“ Did he ?” said Frank ; “ what when mamma was smaller than I am ?”

“ Yes,” answered Mrs. Susan ; “ and now I trust he is in heaven, above that beautiful blue sky, with your own mamma and papa.”

“ And shall I ever see him ?” asked Frank.

“ Yes, if you love your Saviour as he

did, and trust in him, and try to be like him."

"Oh! I will try," said the child earnestly.

"Do you know what your Saviour has done for you?"

"Yes, he died on the cross for me."

"And he has promised, too," said Mrs. Susan, "that if you believe in him, and ask for his help, he will send his Spirit into your heart, to help you to be like him. You must read in the Bible about our Saviour's behaviour when he was a child like you."

"What did he do, aunt Susan?"

"He was always about his Father's business; it was his meat and drink to do his Father's will—you know I mean his Father who is in heaven. And when he was very young, and lived at home, it is said that he was subject to his parents, that is, he did whatever they told him to do. Do you think that his mother

would often have had to say 'don't' to him?"

"No, aunt Susan, no; I am sure of that."

"Then you must remember to be like him in this respect; and when you have been told once that a thing is not to be touched or meddled with, you must try to remember it. Do you know why it is that little children so very often require to have 'don't' said to them?"

"I do not know," said Frank.

"One reason is that they are selfish; we are all born with selfish hearts; it is the grace of God that can alone make our hearts full of love like our Saviour."

"I do not know what you mean, now, by being selfish, aunt Susan; not quite."

"To be selfish is to think of pleasing ourselves, and not to think of pleasing others."

"Oh! I know that, aunt Susan," cried Frank.

"But you must listen, and not inter-

rupt me. I am an old woman, and when I have done working—I mean when I have done reading, or writing, or ordering things in the house, or visiting poor people, or anything else I have to do—I am tired, and I like to sit still; but when you are tired with your lessons, you like to jump about and play, and make a noise, because you are very young. And now if you and I were both to be very selfish, and do what we please, I should sit quite still when I am tired, and send you away where I could not hear your voice.”

“Oh! like aunt Catherine, I suppose.”

“And you, if you were very selfish, would make such a noise at your play as would disturb me and give me a headache. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, aunt Susan; and I should want you to be saying all the time ‘don’t, Frank;’”—and here the child laughed.

“Very true, little Frank,” answered

Mrs. Susan, smiling ; “ and now, my child, I want you to remember the lesson I was taught by my father when I was little, like you.”

“ What is it, aunt Susan ?”

“ It is this : if we hope ever to see our Saviour’s glory, and to be with him in heaven, we must believe on him and try to be like him all day long in great things and small things, and while we are young and while we are old ; and this, my dear father used to say, is the way to lead a happy life here, and a glorious life in’ heaven.

“ Was it your papa that said that, aunt Susan ?”

“ Yes, it was ; and you and I, my little boy, will try to remember it. I mean to try to make you happy, and I shall not mind tiring myself a little for the sake of hearing your lessons, and teaching you how you may be a good boy. And you must try when you are at play down stairs, not to be troublesome or

noisy, and never let your little fingers be mischievous ; and whenever you can, you must teach them to be useful. Let it be 'do,' not 'don't.' Do you know what I mean ?”

“ Oh yes ! aunt Susan.”

“ I will teach you a little prayer about living a life of love ; for we are not able, with our naughty hearts, to lead a life of love, unless we live a life of faith too, trusting in Christ alone, who died to save sinners. But I think we have talked enough about this now, we will talk of it again another time ; give me a kiss, my child, it is quite your bed-time.” As she stooped down towards his pleasant face, he put his soft arms round her neck and kissed her, as he had been used to kiss his own mother.

With this conversation I must end the account of little Frank ; for though I could say more about him and his maid Fanny, and his kind aunt Susan ; and how Mrs. Catherine became every day

more interested in him, and thought less of Flora and the tabby cat ; yet I think I have said enough of the different ways of managing the little boy to make every body believe that Mrs. Susan's word "do" helped much more to make him a good boy than Mrs. Catherine's word "don't." But if Mrs. Susan saw need for "don't," she did not fear to use the word, though it was never said without a cause ; and if it was not regarded after being once or twice used, it was always followed by a due punishment.

In general, however, the life of little Frank is a life of love and obedience, and, I trust, of humble faith in his Saviour ; and I hope this will be so as long as it is good for him to live with his aunts. But why should I not say that I hope he will lead a life of love and obedience and faith in Christ as long as he lives in this world, till he is called to that world where it is the happy life of angels and glorified spirits to move in swift

obedience to the commands of their heavenly Father; and where the light of his countenance shall always shine upon his children?

Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move :
The devils know, and tremble too ;
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.



A GARDEN contemplation suits,
And may instruction yield,
Sweeter than all the flow'rs and fruits
With which the spot is fill'd.

Eden was Adam's dwelling-place,
While blest with innocence;
But sin o'erwhelm'd him with dis-
grace,
And drove the rebel thence.

The garden of Gethsemane
The second Adam saw,
Oppress'd with woe, he set us free
From the avenging law.