

MARY AND CHARLIE ;

OR,

EVERY DAY FAULTS.

“I can do all things through CHRIST, which strengtheneth me.”

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING
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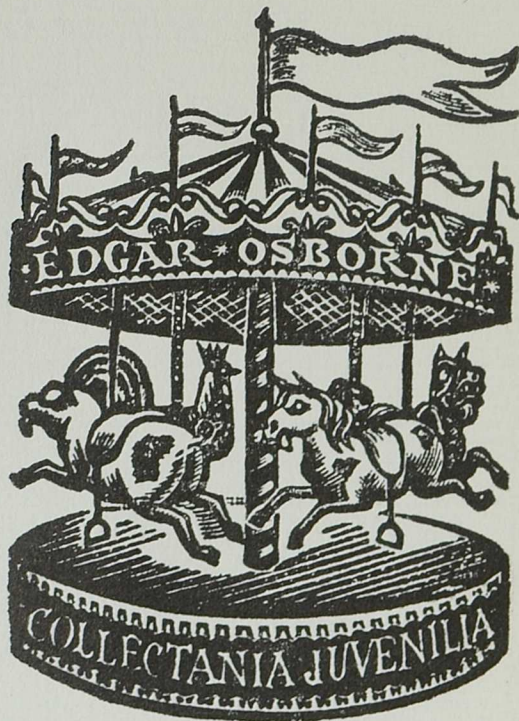
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20 Oct. 1857.

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“OH! what a pretty kitten,” said little Henry Clifford to his Mamma, as they perceived at a short distance before them a little animal bounding along the grass on the sloping side of the hill on which they were walking, followed by a little boy about seven years old.

As they drew nearer, the little fellow stopped and made a bow to the lady, and then was about to follow his kitten again, when the lady called to him, and asked him if the kitten belonged to him, and if he were far from home ?

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, “it is my own kitten, and it always comes up the hill with me, when mother lets me come out to play. I live there,” added he, pointing to

a cottage which lay half hidden among the trees at the foot of the hill, just peeping out from among the foliage; while below, a casement window, half shaded by the ivy which covered the side of the cottage, was sparkling in the sunbeams.

“I should like to have the kitten, mamma; may I ask him to give it to me?” whispered little Henry, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the little boy, who directly caught up the kitten in his arms, and, looking imploringly at the lady, said,

“Pray do not ask me for the kitten, ma’am: indeed I cannot let the young gentleman have it, for it was Willie’s, and now he is gone I have no one to play with me but Tottie;” and the little boy’s eyes filled with tears, as he looked down and kissed his little pet.

“Do not be afraid, my little boy, we shall not take your kitten from you,” said the lady; “we will not rob you of your little companion. But who is Willie? and where is he gone to?”

“Willie was my brother, ma’am, and he is there, in the church-yard,” replied he, directing their attention to a pretty church

at a short distance from the cottage. "He was so fond of puss, and we used all to play together before he died, and now I can never part with him. No, no, poor Tottie, you shall never go away from me."

The lady walked on, and Henry, after giving one more stroke to the little kitten, ran after his mamma, and they descended the slope of the hill to the ivy-covered cottage the child had pointed out.

A nice piece of garden was at the front of the cottage, well filled with vegetables, and ornamented by beds of pretty flowers, which scented the air with their fragrance; and on a bench outside the cottage, sheltered from the sun by a large tree, sat the mother of the little boy, busily working. She rose on seeing the lady approach, and asked her to walk into her cottage and rest.

"I have just seen your little boy on the hill playing with his kitten," said Mrs. Clifford, as she went into the cottage, and took a seat on a chair, which, as well as everything else within, looked clean and neat, "and he directed me to your dwelling. Have you many children?"

“No, ma’am,” replied the woman, “I have only two living out of eight; five died quite young, and another we lost about two months ago, and Mary and Charlie are the only ones we have left now. It was a great trial to part with our little Willie, ma’am,” continued she, wiping her eyes, “he was such a good child—so affectionate and obedient—it was very seldom we had cause to reprove him; but he’s happier where he is, and better cared for than he could have been here, for he was a great sufferer; and we comfort ourselves with thinking that he has no more pain now?”

“What was the matter with your little boy?” asked Mrs. Clifford.

“It was his chest, ma’am. From a baby he always suffered very much at times; but as he grew older he got better, and we thought he was getting quite strong and healthy, when he caught a violent cold, about a year ago, which made his chest very bad, and he was never well again.”

At this moment little Charlie came bounding into the cottage, followed by his kitten; and Henry, delighted to see it appear again, was soon at high romps with Tottie, and

laughing heartily at the antics of the little animal.

“How old are you, Charlie?” said Mrs. Clifford.

“Seven years old, ma’am.”

“And do you go to school?”

“Yes, ma’am, every day.”

“I suppose you can read very well,” added the lady; “and I hope you are as fond of your book as you are of playing with your kitten.”

Charlie hung his head, and did not answer; but his mother said, “I wish I could say he is, ma’am; but play is what he is most fond of; he is a sad idle child, and Mary has a great trouble to get him to learn his lessons for school. It is the same with everything else; when his father sets him to do anything in the garden, he wastes his time in playing or idling, instead of doing what he is told. Willie has often talked to him, and tried to urge him to be more industrious. *He* was very different; for, though he was never strong or healthy, he was always active, and ready to do as much as he could. And at school he was always a good boy, and got on with his

reading, and seemed never so happy as when he was reading his bible, or the pretty little books the young ladies at the rectory gave him to read. He loved his Saviour, ma'am, and I have no doubt He has taken him to live with Him in heaven now."

Mrs. Clifford took Charlie by the hand, and drawing him towards her, spoke to him about his idleness, and shewed him how wrong it was to waste his time in play, when he ought to be helping his parents; and looking round the neat little room, she added, "You have no example of idleness here in your mother; for if she were idle, her cottage would not look so clean and orderly as it is."

"You must give Mary the praise for the tidyness of the cottage, ma'am, for she is an active industrious little girl—up with the lark—and always employed in something or another. She is a great help to me, and takes a great deal off my hands, for I am not always very well."

After a few more remarks from Mrs. Clifford, and several parting strokes on pussy's back from Henry, they took their leave.

They had not been gone above a few minutes, when Mary came home from the market at the next town, where she had been selling fruit and flowers, the produce of their garden, and new-laid eggs, which she always carried there on market-days, and never failed to sell all her stock, and fill her basket with different things her mother wanted from the town. Charlie directly began to tell of the visitors they had had, and the admiration Tottie had excited.

Mary was very vexed that she had not been at home, particularly as they had not long left the house, and wished that she had come home sooner.

“Well, my dear, it is no use wishing for what has passed,” said Mrs. Walker; “I know you came back as soon as you could.”

“Yes, mother,” said Mary, in an ill-humoured tone, “but I should have been home earlier, if I had not met old Sally Hill, who is nearly blind now, and can hardly see her way about; and I helped her across the brook and took her home, and this made me ten minutes later, at least. I wish she had not come in my way just then.”

“And then you would not have been able to perform a kind action. I am sure you would not wish that undone, Mary.”

Mary did not reply; but, looking very cross, began to get the things ready for her father's supper. Just as she was placing the milk on the table, Charlie ran against her, and some of it was spilt on the table; this completed Mary's ill-humour, and saying, “You tiresome boy! you are always doing some mischief!” she gave him a push, which nearly sent him rolling over the kitten.

“Mary, Mary! my child!” cried her mother, “why do you give way to your temper so much? why do you let every little thing put you out of humour? You have been cross all day.”

Mary hastily wiped the table, and leaving the room, went to her little bed-chamber, where she burst into a flood of tears.

What Mrs. Walker had said was quite true; Mary had been out of humour all the day: she was first annoyed by Charlie's laziness in the morning, and his unwillingness to get up when she called him; and then he would be playing instead of getting

ready for school, which delayed Mary in going to the town. But she had got over this, and was returning in a tolerable temper, when the disappointment of being just too late to see the lady and little boy set her off again. It was not that Mary was really vexed that she had assisted old blind Sally, for she was a kind affectionate girl, and was always ready to go out of her way to assist any one who required her help : but it was this sad temper of hers, which often made her so disagreeable to every one around her ; and her frequent ill-humours spoilt all the kindness and affection she shewed at other times. Her behaviour was not always like this, for often she would be cheerful and happy for days together, till something vexed her or put her out of humour, and then she would give way to her temper.

When Mary had reached her room, and given vent to her tears, she felt how naughty she had been, and how sinful it was to do as she had done. The words "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," came into her mind. She knew it was the devil who tempted her to sin ; and had she resisted

him? No; she had suffered herself to be overcome, and she thought it was impossible for her to resist the temptation to sin.

“It says, ‘He *will* flee from you,’” she said to herself: “I have tried to resist, and I find it is of no use: I am sure I never can cure myself.”

She then thought how often her mother had talked to her, and told her she ought to be more watchful over herself, and guard against the first risings of temper; and she prayed to God to pardon her, and to help her to be more watchful in future, and then went down stairs, and busied herself in making the house tidy for Sunday, and was ready, with a cheerful countenance, when her father came home, to give him his supper.

In the course of the sermon the next day, their excellent rector made a remark, which Mary felt particularly applied to herself. It was, “Ye *need* not be overcome.” When she returned home she talked to her mother, and asked her what she thought Mr. Howard meant by that expression.

“Why, my dear,” said her mother, “I should think Mr. Howard meant that we are

not obliged to give way to our tempers and temptations. If I were to tell you you need not do such and such a thing, I should mean, that you are not obliged to do it; that there is nothing to compel you to do it. So it is with ourselves when we are tempted to commit any sin; we do not remember that Satan can only tempt, he cannot compel us to do it; and it is our own wicked hearts and love of sin which make us so ready to yield to the temptation."

"But, mother," rejoined Mary, "when I am in an ill-humour, it seems impossible for me not to keep on being cross, and I feel as if I could not get into a good humour again till my fit of bad humour was out."

"And that is because you do not remember, Mary, that the power of God is stronger than Satan's. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Christ has died and overcome Satan, and He will give strength to those who truly believe and trust in Him."

"Yes, mother," said Mary, "Mr. Howard said something about remembering Christ's promises of help and assistance, and that put me in mind of Charlie's text to-day at school, 'I can do all things through

Christ, which strengtheneth me ;' do you think *I can*, mother ?”

“ Yes, you can, Mary, if you set about it in the right way, and attend to the other part of the text, ‘ through Christ, which strengtheneth me,’ and not trust in your own strength, which is perfect weakness. As Mr. Howard says, you must remember Christ’s promises : one is, ‘ Ask and ye *shall* receive, seek and ye *shall* find, knock and it *shall* be opened unto you ;’ but you must ask in faith, pray earnestly for His grace to help you to conquer your besetting sin, and keep a watch over yourself, and resist the first risings of temper.”

“ When I have been cross, mother, as I was all day yesterday, it always does me good to go to church, and sets me right again. There always seems to be something either in the service or sermon which suits me, and seems as if it was meant exactly for me.”

“ We ought to be very thankful, my dear, for all the blessings we have, and make a good use of them while they are left to us ; for we shall have to give an account of the use we make of them, and

we do not know how soon they may be taken from us."

"Yes, mother, we may be ill, as dear little Willie was. You know how he loved going to church, and he was not able for so long. And then I have you, mother, to give me good advice; that is another blessing—I don't know what I should do without you."

Their conversation was interrupted by Mary's father calling her to him; and the little active girl ran off to obey the summons, resolving that she would try to follow her dear mother's advice, and not grieve her so often as she had done, for she felt she did not know how long that mother might be spared to her, as her health was not good.

It was not a very long time before Mrs. Clifford came again to see the family at the cottage, and she was a frequent visitor there. Her little boy Henry always accompanied her, for he enjoyed a game of play with Tottie and Charlie; and very often his eldest sister, Miss Clifford, came with them.

She was very much pleased with Mary,

and wished to have her as a maid ; but on applying to Mrs. Walker, she declined the offer, as Mary was still very young, only thirteen, and she was so useful at home that she could not be spared.

Mary did not wish to go away from her dear parents, but if she had been obliged to go out, she would very much have liked to have been Miss Clifford's maid ; for she seemed a very sweet young lady, and was so gentle and kind, that nothing would have pleased her better.

In some of these visits to Hollyridge, Mrs. and Miss Clifford met the Miss Howards in the village, and became acquainted with them. They spoke so favourably of the Walker family, that Mrs. Clifford determined to do all she could to benefit them, and desired Mary to bring her eggs and fruit to her house, on her way to the town, for she passed through Morland, where Mrs. Clifford was residing for a few months. Mary did so, and always found a ready sale for the contents of her basket.

One morning she went as usual, but was grieved to hear that Master Henry was ill, and, as it was supposed to be the scarlet

fever, she was directed not to come to the house again on account of the infection. Mary was very sorry that she could not see or hear any more of these kind friends at present, but she had soon enough to think of at home, for a few days afterwards her father was taken ill of the same disease. He had been to work at Morland, where the scarlet fever was raging; many persons had died of it, and at the farm where he was employed, one of the inmates had fallen a victim to the disease, unknown to him. Mary and her mother carefully attended to him, and strictly followed the directions of the doctor, but all of no avail: it pleased their heavenly Father to take him from them, and in a very short time Mrs. Walker was left a widow, and her children fatherless. Charlie was the next to be attacked, and then his mother: they were both very ill, and their lives were despaired of for some time. Poor Mary was almost heart-broken at the idea of losing all she loved; but this heavy trial was not to fall upon her all at once. They both recovered; and with Mary's care and attention to directions, and the kindness of the clergyman's family, who sent them

many little things they needed, they were soon becoming strong again.

Several persons had suffered from the fever in the village, but there were only two other deaths, and they were at the rectory. It was Mrs. Philip Howard and her little boy, a child of three years old. She was the wife of Mr. Philip Howard, the only son of the good rector, and had come on a visit to Hollyridge with her three little children.

Mr. Philip was a clergyman, and had gone home to look after his village a few days before, and returned to his father's house only in time to receive the parting breath of his beloved wife and child.

The Walkers were very sorry to hear of this loss, for Mrs. Philip had lived among them from a child. She was an orphan, and had been brought up by Mr. Howard, and was as much beloved by all the villagers as were the Miss Howards. And little Philip, too; his merry laugh would no more be heard in the cottage, where he had often been brought by the nurse, with his little brother and baby sister, and been amused by Tottie's pranks.

When Mrs. Walker got better she found it necessary to do something for her support, for her children were too young to do anything for themselves, and, though her husband had been able to save a little money, it was not a great deal and would soon be gone; but she continued to put her trust in Him who had promised to be a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widow. She now wished she had agreed to Mary's going to Mrs. Clifford, and thought of asking her to take her now; but Mary begged she might not be sent away from home, for her mother would then have nobody to do anything for her. Indeed, they did not know whether Mrs. Clifford was still at Morland, till they saw the Miss Howards; and then they heard that both Miss Clifford, as well as her brother, had had the fever, and as soon as they were better they had left, and gone to the sea-side for change of air, before they returned home to London.

Time passed on, and winter was approaching. Mrs. Walker had recovered from the fever, but it left her very weak, and her exertions for the support of her children did not make her stronger.

Charlie really seemed improved by his illness ; he was more industrious, and tried more to help his mother and sister. He had thought a good deal of Willie while he was ill, and remembered how often he had talked to him and begged him to be more industrious. One day in particular, he recollected, when he had been sent home in disgrace from school, and Miss Lucy Howard had come in afterwards to speak to his mother about his idleness. She had been to the school, and was very sorry to see him playing with some other idlers, with his book on the ground ; and the mistress had told her that he had been just as idle all the day, and she had had to speak to him a great many times : for a few minutes, perhaps, he might be attentive, but soon he would be just as idle as ever.

His dear brother Willie had talked to him, and said, “ I can't think, Charlie, why you don't try and be more industrious. Though you are only a little boy, yet you might be of some use to father. I am so weak that I can't do much for him ; I am sure, if I were well, I should try and do

as much as I could. When you grow to be a man, and I am gone away, dear Charlie, you must work for father and mother and Mary, for they will have nobody to take care of them but you when they are old."

"Oh! but Willie," Charlie replied, "you are so different from me — you are fond of work, and like to be always doing something, but I like play best; I am sure I never can be like you, if I were to try ever so much."

"Oh! don't say so, Charlie, I am sure you would be better if you were to try. If you really want to be a good boy, you know who will help you if you ask Him, — God will help you. You know Jesus Christ said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;' and He will hear us little children, though He is not on earth now, but is gone to heaven. I know He will, Charlie; do pray to Him to help you."

The little boy thought about all this while he was ill, and recollected what Willie had said about working for his father and mother; and now his father and brother were dead, he must supply their place and help his mother; so he deter-

mined, as soon as he was well, to try and cure himself of his idleness, and be as useful as he could, instead of being a trouble to every one.

Mary, too, had been much more good-tempered lately. While she was busy attending to her sick mother and brother, she had no time to be cross, for everything depended upon her, and her attendance upon her dear invalids was unremitted. There was, also, nothing to irritate her; for they were both so very patient and satisfied with everything she did for them, that there was nothing to try her in this respect: so she began to think that her temper was quite cured, and almost fancied that she should never be put out again. This feeling, perhaps, tended, without her perceiving it, to make her more careless again, and less watchful over herself than she had been; and when her mother and Charlie were better, and did not want so much close attention, and her thoughts were not so much occupied with them, but divided among other cares and duties, her old temper returned, and she now often found herself in the midst of a fit of ill-

humour, into which she had been drawn by some unforeseen provocation, which seemed, in her state of temper at that time to be a very reasonable cause of ill-humour. She forgot her former struggles with her temper, and thought she never should be better, and almost despaired of her rebellious spirit ever being conquered.

One day, about Christmas, Charlie came running in from school with another little boy, exclaiming, "Oh! Mary, Mary! what do you think? We are all going to have rewards on New Year's Day. A gentleman has sent some books to Mr. Howard, and all the children at the school are to have some. How nice that will be!"

"Nonsense!" said Mary; "you are not all going to have some: only those who deserve it will get a book, you may be sure."

"Oh, yes, we shall," replied Charlie; "isn't it so, Tommy? Didn't Jacky Wood say so?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "and John Smith, and Hannah Stokes, and a great many more; and we are all so pleased—I could hardly learn for thinking of it."

“I am sure I couldn’t,” rejoined Charlie; “I think I hardly learnt anything to-day. But that’s no matter; I shall get a book on New Year’s Day, and then I shall shew it to you and mother. I wonder whether you will get anything, Mary; I should think not, for you go so seldom.”

“You needn’t expect anything, Charlie,” said Mary, “for you are so idle.”

“Oh, yes, I shall, though, for we shall all have something. Sam Piper saw the parcel of books go into the parsonage yesterday.”

Mary did not like to be contradicted at any time, not even when she was in the wrong, but especially when she was in the right, as in the present instance; and she replied, “I happen to know better, and I don’t think you will get anything; for the rewards are to be given to the most regular and the most industrious.” Finding they were going to interrupt her, she added, “I must know, for Miss Agnes has been here just now, and told us all about it. You are quite wrong in everything except the day, for it is not a gentleman who has given the books; it was Mrs. Philip Howard who

gave some money before she died to Miss Howard to buy books to give to the children this Christmas, and so they will be given away on New Year's Day."

Mary was vexed at this slight contradiction, and also at what Charlie had said about her not getting anything; and she wished she could have been able to go more regularly, for she knew she would have deserved something for industry; and ever since Miss Agnes Howard had called, she had been a good deal put out, and had been working herself up into an ill-humour, and seemed rather inclined to vent it upon the boys; but Charlie saw the storm rising, and taking up Tottie in his arms, ran off with Tommy for a game of play on the hill.

New Year's Day came, and a bright opening it was to the new year. The morning was brisk and cheerful, and the sun shone brilliantly in a clear blue frosty sky. The children were all in good spirits, and the whole village seemed alert.

The business of the day commenced with morning service in the church, at which all the children in the village attended, and as many of the grown-up people as possible;

thus beginning the year with God, uniting together in the service appointed for the day, confessing the sins of the past year, and seeking for pardon through the all-sufficient sacrifice of the blessed Redeemer, and fresh supplies of grace to strengthen them against the temptations of the coming year.

In his sermon on this occasion, the good pastor of Hollyridge principally addressed the younger portion of his congregation, and set before them the blessedness of seeking the Lord while they were young, and devoting their early years to the service of God; pointing out to them that Saviour who "was obedient to the law for man," died for them on the cross, and shed His precious blood, which alone cleanseth from all sin.

After service they all repaired to the school-room, where the rewards were to be distributed. Mr. Howard sat at one end of the room with Mrs. Howard and their daughters; and on a table near him lay books of different sizes, which he took up one by one, and calling by name the children to whom they were to be given, pre-

sented one to each, mentioning the reason why they were to receive them, and addressing a few words of encouragement or admonition as he thought necessary. Many of the children, who felt that they had been attentive and punctual, were full of joy at the expectation of being one of the chosen number, and heard their names called out with hearts beating with pleasure and happiness; while many others were listening for their names, as children will do, though they have done nothing deserving the distinction, and of course were disappointed when they found themselves passed by without a notice.

The pile of books became smaller and smaller, and Mr. Howard had reached the lowest class; but neither Mary nor Charles had been called up. Mary's face lost the smile which it wore at the beginning, and she became graver and graver till the last book was given, and then her vexation at not receiving anything got the better of her, and she complained very much to the girl next her of the injustice, as she called it, of not giving her a reward, and gave way to her ill-humour more than it would

be supposed any little girl would do on so joyful an occasion, and sat with an angry countenance, and her apron in her mouth, the picture of ill-humour, when Mrs. Howard came round to speak to the class in which she sat.

“Mary Walker,” said that lady, “what is the matter? Why do you sit biting your apron, and with such a doleful countenance?”

Mary was too angry to feel ashamed of being reprovèd before all the school and the company present, and mumbled something about not having had anything given to her, fidgetting in her seat, and still keeping her apron in her mouth.

“Come, stand up, and take your apron from your mouth, and let me hear what it is,” said Mrs. Howard, kindly. Mary began to cry, and with angry sobs and tears, continued her complaints, of which Mrs. Howard could hear little more than that she thought herself very badly treated, and deserved a book as much as any one in the school.

“Come, come, Mary, this will not do,” replied Mrs. Howard; “it is for us to de-

cide who are to receive rewards, and you are not among the number. I was going to speak to you about it, but you are in so bad a temper now, that I shall wait till you are calmer, for you are not in a fit state to hear anything."

Mrs. Howard passed on to speak to the other children, leaving Mary still bathed in tears, but they were now more tears of shame and contrition; her anger was passing away, for a gentle sigh reached her ear from some one near, and raising her eyes she saw her widowed mother's face bent towards her with a sorrowful expression, which sent a pang through her heart, as the thought rushed upon her mind, of the many, many times she had been the cause of sorrow to that dear mother, and she sat for some time thinking over her faults, and forming good resolutions for the future, till the increasing noise in the room roused her from her meditations, and she found all the children preparing for a game of play till two o'clock, when they were all to go to the rectory to partake of a dinner provided for them by Mr. Howard. The ladies had left the school, and the parents had returned

home, leaving the children to enjoy their play.

Mary looked for Charlie; he was in high good-humour and full of fun, playing with the rest of the boys, without seeming to care that he had not deserved a reward.

Two o'clock arrived, and the merry party proceeded to the rectory to dinner, and after they had finished and returned thanks, and the children had sung a hymn, Mr. Howard rose, and said that he had still a few books to distribute, but, as they had only arrived since the commencement of dinner, he had not been able to present them in the school-room. He opened a parcel and took out three handsome bibles, which he said he was going to give to three of the best daughters in the village; those who by their uniform good conduct had proved of the greatest comfort to their parents, and shewed that they had profited by the instructions they had received at the school, and merited some mark of his approbation. These books were given by himself, and not from the money left by his daughter-in-law.

The first name called was Mary Harris,

who had lost her mother five years before, and had brought up seven little brothers and sisters with orderly and industrious habits, notwithstanding the bad example of their father, and scanty means of living supplied by him, for he spent the greater part of his earnings at the public-house at Morland, and generally came home late at night, in anything but a sober state. The second was Jane Slater, an orphan who had had the sole care of her grandmother for some years, and by her industry had been able to support her without assistance from the parish. The third name he mentioned was Mary Walker, whom he knew from his observations for some years past to be a dutiful and affectionate child, and who had endeavoured to repay her parents for their care and anxiety for her in her childhood. By her various occupations and duties at home, she was prevented attending school as regularly as others, and so was not entitled to one of the rewards. Mr. Howard then presented the third bible to the astonished little girl, who returned to her seat with mixed feelings of pleasure and surprise. The party then broke up, and went back to their respective homes.

“Mary,” said Charlie, as they went out of the gate, “I am so pleased you got a bible, for you really do deserve it; I only wish I did. Do you know, Mary dear, that I now really mean in earnest, at least I think I do, to be industrious. I think I will begin to-morrow. I should like to have gone up and had a book given to me; it was rather tiresome not to have anything.”

“Yes, Charlie, it was very provoking; and poor mother, too, to be there, and neither of her children to get a reward, and all our own faults.”

“Well, I will try,” interrupted Charlie, giving a leap up into the air, and then seizing hold of Mary’s hand.

“What are you so earnest about, my boy?” said a sweet voice close by.

The children turned and saw it was Miss Howard, who repeated her inquiry, upon which Charlie told her all his good intentions. Miss Howard smiled, and shook her head.

“I think this is not the first time I have heard these promises of amendment; but I hope the disappointment of to-day will make you seriously set to work to correct

your faults. Nothing can be done without industry and perseverance, and you will find as you grow up that the industrious and active will always have the advantage over you. Even now, how many boys much younger than you are very far before you in the school, and will get on to the head of the school, while you will be ignorant and backward. But this is not the motive I would bring before you, Charles, to urge you to improve: there are higher, better motives. Idleness, as well as other faults, is displeasing to God. He has placed us all in our different stations, and given us our different duties to perform, and we should do our utmost to fulfil them. When you were an infant you were dedicated to God in baptism, and you know from the Catechism what was then promised for you. Those who waste their time in idleness and frivolity cannot be said to keep those promises, and will one day wish they had the time over again, and be very sorry for having so spent all those past moments. There is one example I would shew you, my boy, One whom we should take as our pattern in every thing, and that is Jesus Christ. He

is not only our Saviour and Redeemer, but our example. He did not waste His time, but went about doing good ; and when He was young, it is said, "He grew in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man." Take the Lord Jesus for your example in every thing, Charlie, and pray to God to send his Holy Spirit to aid you, and you will soon overcome your idle habits. Now, run on and warm yourself this cold day."

The little boy did as he was told, and Miss Howard then spoke to Mary of her sorrow at seeing her bad temper that morning, and applied to her what she had said to Charlie about our Saviour's example.

"Christ was meek and lowly," continued she, "and it is from the want of this meekness and lowliness of spirit, that we are so impetuous, irritable, and impatient. You may depend upon it, Mary, that pride and selfishness are at the bottom of these tempers, and unless we get to the root of the matter, and have this selfishness and pride humbled and subdued, we shall never have the mind that was in Christ Jesus. When we are put out by reproof and contradic-

tion, is it not because our pride is mortified, our self-love is wounded, at being found fault with, and not being allowed to have our own way, or to be considered always right? If we were humble and had a low opinion of ourselves, we should feel our nothingness, and should not then be angry at reproof, or feel so vexed and annoyed at contradiction and slights; and much happier are they of this temper, than those who are so easily affected by every trifle. But here we are at the stile, and as I am going to Willow Farm, I must leave you here. May God bless you, Mary, and help you by His spirit to study the precious book you have received to-day, and make you wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus."

* * * * *

The winter had long passed away, and summer again smiled upon the pretty hill of Hollyridge. The grass was green upon its sloping side, and the birds were again singing merrily among the thick foliage of the village trees; but, though the sun illumined as before the little casement window of the cottage, no one was there to

rejoice in its beams, or shelter themselves beneath the tree, and rest upon the wooden seat, for the cottage was empty and the Walkers were far, far away; and all that remained of the family in the village, was the mound of earth in the church-yard, where little Willie and his father lay buried, and which now also covered the remains of his mother, who rested beside them. And what had become of Mary and Charlie? my little readers may ask. They had left Hollyridge, and were gone to live many miles away.

Mrs. Walker gradually became worse as the spring advanced; and one morning, when Mary went to see how her mother was as soon as she arose, she found she was no longer alive: she had calmly and gently departed in her sleep.

This was a sad grief to the poor children, though not unexpected, for their mother had told them that, from the nature of her disease, this would be the most probable termination, so they were in some measure prepared for it. Poor Mary wrote directly, according to her mother's direction, to her aunt at Everdale, who came to them as

soon as she could, and, after selling the furniture and different things in the cottage, took the two children away with her to Everdale.

Poor Mary and Charlie! It was a sad day to them when they bade farewell to Hollyridge; it was a bitter trial to leave their little cottage and garden, and the green hill-side, with all their favourite haunts; but, above all, their young companions and beloved rector with his family. Before they left they transplanted some of the prettiest flowers in the garden upon the grave of all their dear ones, and entrusted them to the care of some of their school-fellows, who promised to tend them and keep them free from weeds.

“Come, cheer up, my dears,” said their aunt, as they mounted the coach which was to convey them far from the scenes they loved. “Everdale is quite as pretty a place as Hollyridge, and there are trees and hills as beautiful as any you have here; and besides that, we have the sea, which will soon make you forget all you leave behind; and grandfather will be so glad to have you with him.”

Their aunt was a kind-hearted, bustling person, and wished every body to be happy around her; and, as it was some years since she had seen her brother's wife, she did not feel that grief at her death which might be expected; but poor Mary and Charlie were not so easily to be cheered: they were orphans, and were leaving the home of their childhood, and their tears flowed afresh, as they thought of all the happy years they had passed there, and caught a last look of the hill as it faded in the distance.

At length Charlie, worn out with grief and fatigue, leant his head against Mary's shoulder and fell asleep, while his sister thought of what she had often heard, that, though her earthly parents were dead, she had still a heavenly Father who would care for them, and remembered with comfort the words, "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up;" and she determined to cast her care upon Him who careth for her, and endeavour to fulfil by His grace all the new duties which would fall upon her.

It was to the dwelling of their father's father that the orphans were taken; and

the charge of the cottage, with attendance upon her old grandfather, was to be Mary's duty. Though his daughter, with her husband and children, lived near at hand, yet the care of a family occupied her so much, that her father was left a great deal alone, and, since the death of his wife, was often very solitary; so now he was delighted to have his two grandchildren brought to his house.

The village of Everdale was sweetly situated, in a pretty valley, through which a small stream flowed down to the sea, which was not a quarter of a mile from the village. Some of the cottages were scattered up the hill which bounded one side of the valley; and here was the cottage which was to be occupied by Mary and Charlie, beside the road which led over the hill to Inglebury, about a mile and a half distant. The children found a great deal of difference between their present abode and the sweet cottage they had left; for it was close to the road, without any trees to shade it, and hardly anything of a garden behind, for, being on the slope of the hill, the ground rose abruptly and rocky immediately above the

cottages ; but there was a very pretty view, in front, over the valley of the Ever, which in some measure repaid for the loss of the other beauties.

And very different was Everdale from Hollyridge in more important points : there was no church in the village. It was a kind of hamlet to Inglebury, and the church was quite at the opposite side of that town. A school was also established there, and Mary lost no time in sending Charlie with his cousins every day.

The distance from Hollyridge to Everdale was so great, that they were more than a day on their journey, and it was evening and growing dark when they arrived at their destination, which prevented them seeing any of the surrounding scenery, or catching a glimpse of the sea, though they strained their eyes with the vain endeavour to discern it, when their aunt shewed them where it was.

The next day the little Thomsons took them down to the sea-shore, and introduced them to those new beauties of nature. They walked down beside the stream to the beautiful bay, where large pieces of rock

lay scattered about, which had been worn away from the cliff by the action of the waves. It was high tide, and a fine sea was rolling into the bay and dashing up among the rocks, over which the spray flew, and fell down in a silver shower, while the foam left in the crevices of the rocks by the retiring waves was borne by the wind into the air, and flew like feathers over the heads of the children.

Mary and Charlie were dumb with astonishment and delight: the latter felt rather frightened at the roaring of the waves, and, clinging to Mary, gazed with wonder and a beating heart at the strange scene. It was some time before he would venture near; but by degrees his little cousins led him on, and gaining more courage, they persuaded him and Mary to climb on to a piece of rock which the waves had not reached; and there they remained enjoying the scene till the rising tide brought the waves up to the rock on which they were, and dashed the spray over them.

Charlie and Mary were rather alarmed at finding themselves, as it were, surrounded by water; but their little cousins were not at all dismayed, and, as the large waves

retired from the rock, they jumped off, followed by their companions, and escaped beyond its reach before it returned again with fury. And soon afterwards the top of the rock where they had been sitting was no longer dry, for each wave as it advanced dashed over it and poured down on the other side like a waterfall.

There was something so new in all he saw at Everdale, that Charlie soon became quite reconciled to his new abode. He went with his cousins to school at Inglebury, and then spent the rest of his time with them on the sea-shore or elsewhere; and so Mary had very little of his company, and she very much feared that his idle habits would return.

Her own situation was very different from what she had been accustomed to. Her grandfather needed her constant care, for he had had a paralytic stroke, and was very infirm. This affected his temper, and made him often very cross and harsh to Mary, and he would not be satisfied with anything she did for him, nothing seemed to please him; and this was very trying to Mary's patience and temper.

My young readers may very naturally imagine that Mary, who, in the midst of affectionate relatives and a happy home, was so often out of humour, could now never be cheerful, happy, or good-humoured: but this was not the case; she was very much improved during the last six months, since the conversation she had had with Miss Howard on New Year's Day, and she had been enabled in a great measure to conquer her irritable temper.

At times she would think that she was making no progress, so often did she still feel herself irritated; but then, when she compared herself with what she was a few months before, she found that many things which then irritated her had not that effect, and she felt that she was oftener able to overcome the feelings of anger: so she took courage, and determined to persevere.

Her constant practice every evening was to think over all she had done in the day, and entreat God's pardon for her past offences, for the sake of her only Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ; and earnestly did she pray that her evil temper might be subdued, and that God would send his Holy

Spirit to help her, and His grace to enable her to do right; and then she went through her daily duties trying to keep in a state of watchfulness against the first risings of temper. Sometimes indeed a feeling of impatience would arise in her heart, or an angry word would escape her, but she checked it immediately and raised a prayer for grace and strength to resist it, and endeavoured to be gentle and calm again.

There was another thing she tried to cultivate, and that was a constant sense of God's presence; and in this feeling she found great strength and comfort. She remembered what her mother had said to her on the subject a short time before her death. She had been talking to her children about dying, and said she believed her Saviour was with her, and on Him she trusted; and then added, "This is the only thing, my children, which will support you when you come to die, this faith in Christ, this seeing Him who is invisible, and this is what comforts me in leaving you. 'Leave your fatherless children,' He has said, 'I will preserve them alive.' The feeling of Christ being

ever present with you would be a great help to you in your conduct. If you were to see Him standing close by you, Charlie, would you idle your time away as you still do? Or you, Mary, if you felt His eye was upon you, would you be so often out of humour?"

"But, mother," said Charlie, "I forget God can see all I do. He seems so far away in heaven, that I can't always think that He looks at a little boy like me."

"And yet, my dear, you have often been taught, that, though you cannot see Him, yet He sees everything you do. We do not know how near He is to us. Now, when either of you feel yourselves going to give way to your temper or waste your time, try and feel that Christ is close by, and that you are acting in His presence, and then think what you would do if you saw your Saviour looking at you."

This and similar conversations made a great impression upon her children; and when she was taken away from them, they tried to recollect all she had said to them, and put it in practice.

Old Walker was very fond of sitting by

the sea-shore the greater part of the day in fine weather; and, as soon as Mary had put the cottage in order, and sent Charlie off to school, she would take him down to the bay, and place him in his favourite spot among the rocks, and leave him to smoke his pipe, and amuse himself with his little grandchild, Jennie Thomson, while she returned to prepare the dinner. And in the afternoon she would take her work, and sit by him; and on Charlie's coming home from school, he soon found his way down to the beach, and was sure to find Mary and his grandfather there.

But Tottie? what had become of Tottie? Charlie did not forget his little pet; but brought him away with him to Everdale, and he soon became reconciled to his new residence, and, indeed, to the noise of the sea too, for Charlie was not satisfied till he had taken him to the bay; and Tottie soon lost his fear of the waves, and was never so happy as when closely following Charlie. He took care to let him pay his first visit to the shore on a calm day, for fear the noise should frighten him, for the sea was not always so rough as the day on

which Mary and Charlie first saw it ; indeed it was only seldom so in the summer. Generally the waves broke gently on the shore with a pleasant murmuring noise ; and the children would build little houses of sand and stones near the edge of the sea, and were amused at seeing them soon covered by the water.

At low tide there was always a quantity of water left among the rocks, like a large pond ; and here they would swim the little boats and ships, which some of the sailors at Inglebury had made for them. No real ships ever came into the bay, but they could see them pass in the distance out at sea.

At Inglebury there were plenty to be seen. Fishing-boats were often sailing in and out of the harbour ; and the children had sometimes leave, on their way home from school, to go down to the pier and see the boats come in ; and they looked so beautiful, sailing round the lighthouse with their sails full set.

Her grandfather was very kind in letting Mary go to church once, and sometimes twice, on the Sunday ; but the distance was too great to allow of his going himself, and

little Jennie or her sister would take it by turns to sit with him. It was a long walk to church, nearly three miles, for it was quite on the other side of Inglebury, which was two miles from Everdale; but Mary was thankful she was able to go at all, and she always took Charlie with her, and made him walk steadily to church, and not run about and make a noise as some naughty children do, who forget whose day it is, and whom they are going to worship; and as this was the only time they were much together, they used to talk of all their dear mother said and did, and remember all her good instructions.

Their grandfather was at times very cross and angry, and would scold Mary about nothing, and complain that she neglected him, and that nobody cared for him now his wife was dead. Mary did all she could to please him, but he would not always be satisfied.

“Mary, Mary!” he called out, one morning, “what are you about? Here I’ve been waiting this half-hour to get up, and you never come near your old granny, or care about getting his breakfast.”

“You were so comfortably asleep when I came to get you up, that I did not like to disturb you; but breakfast is quite ready; will you have it in bed, as you did yesterday?”

“Breakfast in bed! No, indeed, I am not so lazy as that, though I am an old man. Come, get me up directly, and don't be always dusting; I am sure the place is clean enough without all that dusting.”

The morning before Mary had woke him at the usual time, and he was very angry at being disturbed, and would not get up, and then some time after woke from his sleep and called to her to bring his breakfast to him. She had kept it warm for him by the fire, but he complained of its being cold, and scolded all the time he ate it; so Mary hardly knew what to do, whatever she did was wrong. When she had made everything very comfortable about him, he would toss the things from him, and make her do it over again. All this was very trying to Mary's temper, and an angry word would rise; but the recollection of God's presence generally came across her mind, and she would check the feeling and

prevent its utterance. But sometimes when she was off her guard, or the provocation seemed more sudden and strong, she would reply angrily, and defend herself somewhat strongly ; but after a little while she would think how wrong she had been to give way, and, as she went on with her employment, would lift up her heart in prayer for pardon, knowing that the Bible says, " If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins ;" and asking for grace to help her to govern her temper, she would by degrees become calm again, and bear more patiently with her poor old grandfather's crossness.

* * * * *

The winter and the summer passed over, and another winter had flown by, and left them all much the same, except that they were all grown older, and wiser, and better, I hope. In the following summer old Walker had another paralytic stroke, which confined him to his bed ; and after lingering a few days he died, leaving the orphans a second time without a home. Mrs. Thomson and her husband kindly said they

would take Charlie into their house, as he was too young to do much, and Mary resolved to try and get a place. This was another trial to the brother and sister, to be separated from each other; but so it must be, for Mary was not wanted at her aunt's, and she did not wish to be a burden to her. She knew that God was the great disposer of all things, and that nothing would prosper without His blessing, so she prayed to Him for direction in the choice of an employment.

The day after the funeral of her grandfather, she was cleaning up the cottage before leaving it; and turning over in her mind how she would seek for a situation, when a circumstance occurred which brought her what she wished.

A lady and her daughter had walked from Inglebury to Everdale, and been down on to the shore, and were about to ascend the hill to return home, when they were attracted by the crying of a child, a little girl about two years old. The young lady went towards the little thing to see what was the matter, and found she was crying bitterly, for a boy several years older than herself

was trying to drag her along with him ; but she would not go, and threw herself on the ground, and kicked and screamed ; and then the boy beat her, which only made her more violent.

The ladies spoke to the boy, and asked the reason of all this. He said that the little girl was his sister ; he was bringing her from school, and as they passed the house where their mother was washing, they had been in to see her, and now the child would not go home. As he finished his account, he began to beat her again, and tried to pull her on.

Just then a young girl came by, and taking up the child, carried her into a cottage. The ladies followed, and made some inquiries about them. They were very poor, and the mother was obliged to be out all day washing. She sent her little girl to school with an old woman, who took several of the village children ; but after she came home, she was left entirely with this boy, who scolded and beat her just as he pleased.

The lady told him how unkind he was to hurt his little sister, instead of amusing her, and trying to make her happy till her

mother came home; while the young lady tried to pacify the little child by telling her that her mother would soon come home, and that she ought to be a good girl, and not cry, and go into a passion because she could not get what she wished.

The lady then turned to the young girl, who was Mary Walker, and made some inquiries respecting her name and circumstances. Mary replied to her inquiries, and told of her grandfather's death and her wish to get a place. The lady said she thought she could help her in that way, for that the landlady of the house in which she lodged at Inglebury was in want of an active servant, and recommended Mary to go over and look after it. She followed the lady's advice, and her aunt went with her the next morning to Mrs. Pullen's, who, having found her questions about Mary answered to her satisfaction, agreed to take her as a servant.

Poor Charlie cried sadly at his sister's going away from him; but the hope of seeing her at church on Sundays, and sometimes having a peep at her in the week, cheered him a little: and Mary entered on

her new duties, prepared to do her best to please her new mistress ; but this was not an easy thing to do. Mary was very tidy and clean, and very careful to keep every thing in their proper places ; but Mrs. Pullen was still more particular, and often scolded Mary for not keeping things clean, and made her do over again what she had just carefully finished. She had enough to do, for, besides cleaning the rooms and helping her mistress in the kitchen, she waited upon the families who lodged in the house.

The room occupied by Mrs. and Miss Newton was the prettiest in the house ; it was at the back, and overlooked the sea, and some fine rocks against which it dashed at high tide. Sometimes when the sea was rough, and the wind high, the spray sprinkled the little garden, which juttet out on some rocks behind the house.

I need not mention the number of times Mary's temper and patience were tried, for every day something happened which in former times would have irritated her very much ; but she was now greatly improved, and sought for strength, where alone it was to be found, to bear the constant scold-

ings of her mistress, and felt thankful for the opportunity of going to church once on the Sunday, as Mrs. Pullen had promised to let her do so, though she was often very cross about it, and grumbled a great deal.

It was very cheering to her to meet Charlie and talk to him as they walked there and back together, and she looked forward to this meeting all the week; but one cold day in winter, when it was snowing so fast that she hardly expected he would come, on going out of the door she found him there as usual. He looked very grave, and after walking a few steps he burst into tears, and told her that he was going to leave her and go to London, a great many miles away, and that perhaps they should never see each other again. Mary was as grieved at the news as Charlie himself, but she tried to comfort him, and told him to tell her all about it. His uncle had heard of an employment in London which he thought would suit him better than his present occupation, so he was going to leave Everdale in a few days and try what he could do there. He also thought that Charlie might find some situation there better than in the

country. Charlie would rather have stayed behind, but Mary had no means of supporting him, and she told him that he ought to be very thankful for their aunt and uncle's kindness in taking care of him ; and advised him to be active and industrious ; and then she added, " If we both take care of what we earn, we may one day be able to live both together again."

Not many days after, Mary watched with tearful eyes the coach which carried away her dear Charlie, and then returned with a heavy heart to her lonely home. Mrs. Newton and her daughter had long since left, and other lodgers had passed away with the summer, and there were only remaining an old lady and gentleman who had come to pass the winter there and occupied some of the front rooms. To attend upon them was a little variety for Mary, and relieved the monotony of the constant scoldings of her mistress.

But we must leave Mary, and follow Charlie to London. Every thing he saw there astonished him, it was all so different to anything he had been used to ; the height of the houses, the noise of the carts

and coaches, and the number of people moving about, quite confused him.

The house where they were to live was quiet, but it was in a court, where the opposite houses were so high that they could not see much of the sky, and the sun seldom shone upon them.

All the children were sorry to leave their pretty country valley and the sea-shore; but they were like their mother, cheerful and happy, so they soon became reconciled to the change, and amused themselves in the court just as well as if they were by the sea-side.

Mrs. Thomson soon sent all the children off to a school both on week-days and Sundays. Charlie was getting a tall boy, but I am afraid he had not much improved in industry; indeed his idleness had rather been indulged, for at Everdale there was very little for him to do, and except when at school he was generally amusing himself how he liked; and since his residence with his aunt he had been still worse, for she was over-indulgent, and let him do too much as he pleased.

As soon as he came to town, his uncle

looked out for something for him to do, and hearing that a surgeon near wanted a boy to take out the medicines, he inquired after the place, and Charles was engaged. The boy was delighted at the prospect of earning something, and relieving his uncle and aunt of the burden of keeping him, and began his new employment with great glee.

Having lived so short a time in the neighbourhood, he did not know much of the streets about; but his master directed the boy who was going to leave to shew him the houses where the medicines were to be carried; and being quick and attentive to what was told him, he easily remembered them. He went at eight o'clock in the morning, and came home to his meals.

For some time he went on very well; every thing was new and amusing; but, as he became more accustomed to the streets, he stopped sometimes at the shop-windows and looked in at the pretty things, and while he was doing so other boys would talk to him and try to make him play with them. At first he would not listen to them when they tried to draw him from his

duty, but by degrees he was led to talk and walk with them, and then they sat down on the steps of a house and wasted their time.

One day after he had been sitting so talking with another boy, this companion said, "Come, it's getting cold; let us have a run."

"No," said Charles, "I can't,—I ought to be taking on the medicines; I must go now."

"Oh do," replied the other; "it won't make any difference, and a good run will warm us a little. Now you try and catch me," said he, setting off running.

Charlie followed, but just as he had reached him the other turned sharply round and ran back again; Charlie did the same, but in his haste he caught his leg in a gentleman's stick and fell down.

"Oh! my basket!" cried Charles, as the gentleman kindly put out his hand and lifted him up.

"*Your* basket, indeed," said the gentleman; "*my* basket I think it is; and I should like to know how my bottles inside have liked their fall."

Charles was horror-struck at seeing his master standing beside him, and still more so, on opening the basket, to find all the bottles broken.

“Oh! what shall I do?” cried Charlie, seeing his master’s angry countenance, “all the medicine is gone.”

“Do!” replied the gentleman, “why take the basket home and ask Mr. Jones to make them up again. I shall talk to you about this another time;” so saying he turned away, and Charles hung his head ashamed, and did as he was directed.

Mr. Jones, Mr. Freeman’s assistant, was surprised at seeing the broken bottles, and asked him how it happened. I am glad to say Charlie did not add to his fault by telling a lie, for though he was idle and careless, he was truthful.

Some naughty boy, perhaps, would have said that he only caught his foot in his master’s stick and fell, forgetting that his master might have seen the whole transaction, and knew, moreover, that he was going the wrong way. But Charlie never once thought of such a thing; he knew that, whether his master saw him or not,

God saw him, and he related the whole thing to Mr. Jones just as it happened.

“I thought you were much longer on your errands than you should be,” said Mr. Jones, “and this accounts for it, if you spend your time with idle boys, and run about, instead of making all the haste you can; but I shall keep a strict watch over you for the future, as I see you are not to be trusted.”

As the boy went on his way again, he thought how grieved poor Mary would be if she knew of his conduct, and prayed to God to pardon him and give him grace to avoid temptation for the time to come. He half dreaded going back again and meeting his master, though he knew he deserved punishment, for he almost feared he might be turned away.

Mr. Freeman sent for him as soon as he returned, and severely reprimanded him for his behaviour; but told him, that, as it was the first offence, he would overlook it this time, but if anything of the kind should occur again, he should be sent away.

For some months all went on very well, and Mr. Freeman had nothing to find fault

with, but I grieve to say he again grew careless, and idled his time instead of going on his errands.

“Take the medicines to Mr. Johnson’s first,” said Mr. Jones one day to Charles.

“Yes, sir,” replied he, and set off with the intention of doing so; but on his way he saw something in a shop window which attracted his attention. He stopped and looked at it, and then at something else, and began thinking what he and Mary would do when they should be together again. Just then a man with an organ struck up a tune, and as he went on playing some little figures walked and danced about on the organ. Charles was delighted, and forgetting all about the medicines, he stood listening till the man had finished all his tunes, and then he hurried on past the street in which Mr. Johnson lived. When he came to the next street he found his mistake; and instead of running back directly to make up for lost time, he said to himself, “There are only three houses in this street where I am to call, I will just leave the medicines there first, and then go back. I dare say it won’t make much difference.”

Now this was very wrong. Charles had no right to think anything at all about it; he ought to have done as he was ordered at once. After leaving Mr. Johnson's he went on with the others, and then returned home.

Soon after Mr. Freeman came in. "How is this, Charles?" inquired he; "did you take the medicines to Mr. Johnson's first, as you were told?"

Charles did not reply.

"I told him to do so," said Mr. Jones; "and lately I have found him attentive to my directions, but I do not know how it is to-day. Did you do so, Charles?"

"No, sir," answered he; "I missed the street, and thought it would not signify; so I left the other three in North Street first."

"That was not right," said Mr. Freeman, "but even that would not have made you so long before you reached Mr. Johnson's; you were at least half an hour later than you ought to have been. How was this?"

Charles told all about his listening to the organ, and looking in at the shop window,

and begged his master to forgive him this once again.

“When I pardoned you the last time, I told you I could not overlook a second offence. But the consequences of this are much greater: that was only the comparatively trifling loss of a few bottles of medicine, but this is the loss of a child’s life. If the medicine had been there half an hour earlier, the child might have been saved. I ordered them to be made up directly, to prevent, if possible, another attack; but the medicines had not come—the attack came on—and not having anything to relieve it—the child died.”

Mr. Freeman then told him that he could not keep him any longer risking the lives of his patients, and dismissed him.

I cannot describe Charles’s sorrow, nor the disappointment of his relatives, at this occurrence. He was now out of employment, and bitterly did he mourn over his behaviour. The conversations he had had with his mother and Mary came to his remembrance, and he earnestly resolved to improve in his conduct; and he wrote down in a little penny book all that had hap-

pened, and determined to read it over occasionally, and particularly when he felt his besetting sin getting hold of him, and remind himself of the sad consequences of his fault.

When he went to the school again on the next Sunday, his teacher, Miss Harvey, was surprised to see him again, and asked the reason. Charles explained all to her, and she talked to him, and gave him some very good advice, which he promised to follow when he should have the opportunity. But no situation offered, and Charlie had again become a burden to his uncle.

Several weeks had passed, when Miss Harvey called on Mrs. Thomson, and told her that her father, who was a surgeon, was in want of a boy, and she had mentioned Charles's name to him, and he seemed to wish to try him. She had related to her father all that happened, but added that she had great hope that he was improved.

Charles went and quite redeemed his character, and continued to go on very steadily and well.

We must now return to Mary. The summer had again come round, and Mary's

busy time had returned. Inglebury was full of visitors, and Mrs. Pullen's house was in great request. A letter came from Mrs. Newton, saying that her sister and family were coming to Inglebury, and she had recommended her apartments to her, as she had been so comfortable there the last summer.

They were vacant in a few days, and the family came. Mary was in the kitchen when they arrived, and did not see them till she took up the tea in the evening. She found the room empty; but after she had placed the things on the table, and was turning away, the lady entered. Mary started.

“Mrs. Clifford!” exclaimed she.

“Is it possible you are Mary Walker?” said that lady. “You are very much grown since I saw you last, but I know your face very well.”

It was indeed Mrs. Clifford; and she questioned Mary on what had happened to her during the last few years.

Mary was very much pleased to see Mrs. Clifford again, and she eagerly asked after Miss Clifford and Master Henry.

“ My little boy is very well,” replied Mrs. Clifford; “ but I have not brought him with me, for he is at school. My three daughters who are here you do not know, for they were not with us at Morland. As to my eldest daughter, she has been married more than a year, and has now a sweet little girl. I have just been staying with her, and you will be surprised to hear whom she has married. It is some one you know very well,—Mr. Philip Howard.”

“ Is it indeed ?” said Mary. “ I remember poor Mrs. Philip dying just at the time father died, when we saw you for the last time, ma’am, at Hollyridge.”

“ Yes, Mary, it was so; and now my daughter has undertaken to be a second mother to those poor little children, and she is comfortably settled at Springwood.”

“ Oh, ma’am,” said Mary, delighted at hearing of her old friends, “ and how are Master Edgar, and pretty little Miss Eva? They must have grown very much; and can you tell me anything of Mr. Howard and his family at Hollyridge? it is so long since I heard anything of them.”

Mrs. Clifford kindly replied to her in-

quiries, and told her that when she wrote she would mention about having Mary at Inglebury to wait upon her. Mary was quite joyous and happy, for when she attended Mrs. Clifford she always said something kind to Mary, and talked to her about her mother, and days that were long gone by; and she thought with regret that the two months would soon be over, and Mrs. Clifford and her daughters would leave; not expecting that she herself would then say "Good bye" to Inglebury.

But so it was; Mrs. Philip Howard wanted a nursemaid, and wished very much that Mary would go there. Mary was delighted to do so; and, when Mrs. Clifford left Inglebury, she took her with her to town, where she stayed a few days.

Here she was much pleased to see Charlie again, and to find he was going on so well.

Mrs. Clifford very kindly gave her some things she was in want of, and sent her down to Springwood, where she was most kindly received by Mrs. Philip Howard. Her employment was to attend upon the two little children—as the nurse had the

charge of the baby—and wait upon her mistress. Mary was quite happy, and little Edgar and Eva grew quite fond of her; and she looked forward to the time when they might go to stay with their grandpapa at Hollyridge, and she would see once more her native village and her mother's grave.

But another happiness was in store for her; she was to have her dear brother with her again. Mr. and Mrs. Howard sent for him to Springwood, where he was to make himself useful in any way that was required of him, either in the house or garden.

When Charles received this offer he was overjoyed, and gladly accepted it, for he loved the country so much, and to be with Mary again was a delightful thought. He parted with sorrow from his relations, who had been so kind to him, and had taken care of him when he was left an orphan, and he felt grateful for all their care and affection.

Tottie, too, he was obliged to leave, and not without much regret. He had grown a fine cat, but was not so frisky as he had been. He used to lie before the fire in a crouching posture, with one of his front

paws curled round, and the other stretched to its full extent before him, and really looked very handsome, with the black shining streak down his back, and white paws and neck. When he wanted to come into the room, he would stand on his hind legs, and rattle the handle of the door with his paw. Charlie knew that he left him in good hands, for his little cousins were very kind to him, and almost as fond of him as Charlie was.

Miss Harvey and her family were glad to hear of Charlie's happy prospects, though they were sorry to part with him, for he had behaved very well since he had been there, and Miss Harvey talked to him before he left, and gave him some good advice.

"Since you have been here, Charles," she said, "my father has had no reason to complain of you; but when you are in the country you may be led into idle habits again. Yet I hope you have learnt by experience the advantages of industry. Idleness in a servant always appears to me a kind of dishonesty. You would not like to be thought dishonest, but still if your master gives you a certain sum of money to

do a certain set of duties, if you neglect them, do you think it is honest? He might justly say, if you do not do the work you have agreed to do, I shall not pay you all your wages; and would not that be quite fair? I hope you will also always remember, whatever your employments may be, that they are appointed by God, and you should try to serve Him in them. However humble or ignorant we may be yet we have our duties to perform, and we should endeavour to be faithful servants of our heavenly Master, by fulfilling the duties of our respective stations, and in whatsoever we do doing all to the glory of God."

Charlie went to Springwood, and was joyfully welcomed by Mary, who was very glad to have him under her eye again. And having seen the brother and sister happy together, we will now leave them, not doubting but that they will daily try more and more to correct their tempers, and to conquer their besetting sins; learning from the instructions and examples of their excellent master and mistress, the lesson which has been thus beautifully expressed: "That we

should do all things in which others put their trust, without putting our trust in anything that we do ;” relying only on the merits of Christ Jesus our Lord for our salvation ; and endeavouring by His grace to devote our life, our time, our talents, and all we possess, to His service and to His glory.



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