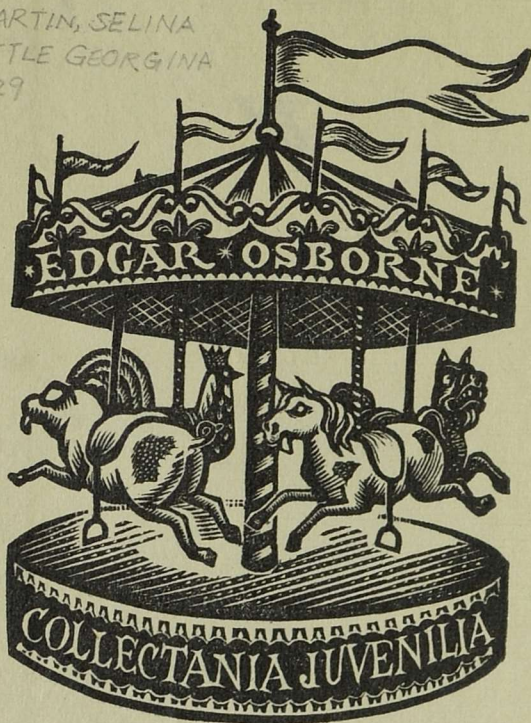




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LITTLE GEORGINA
1829

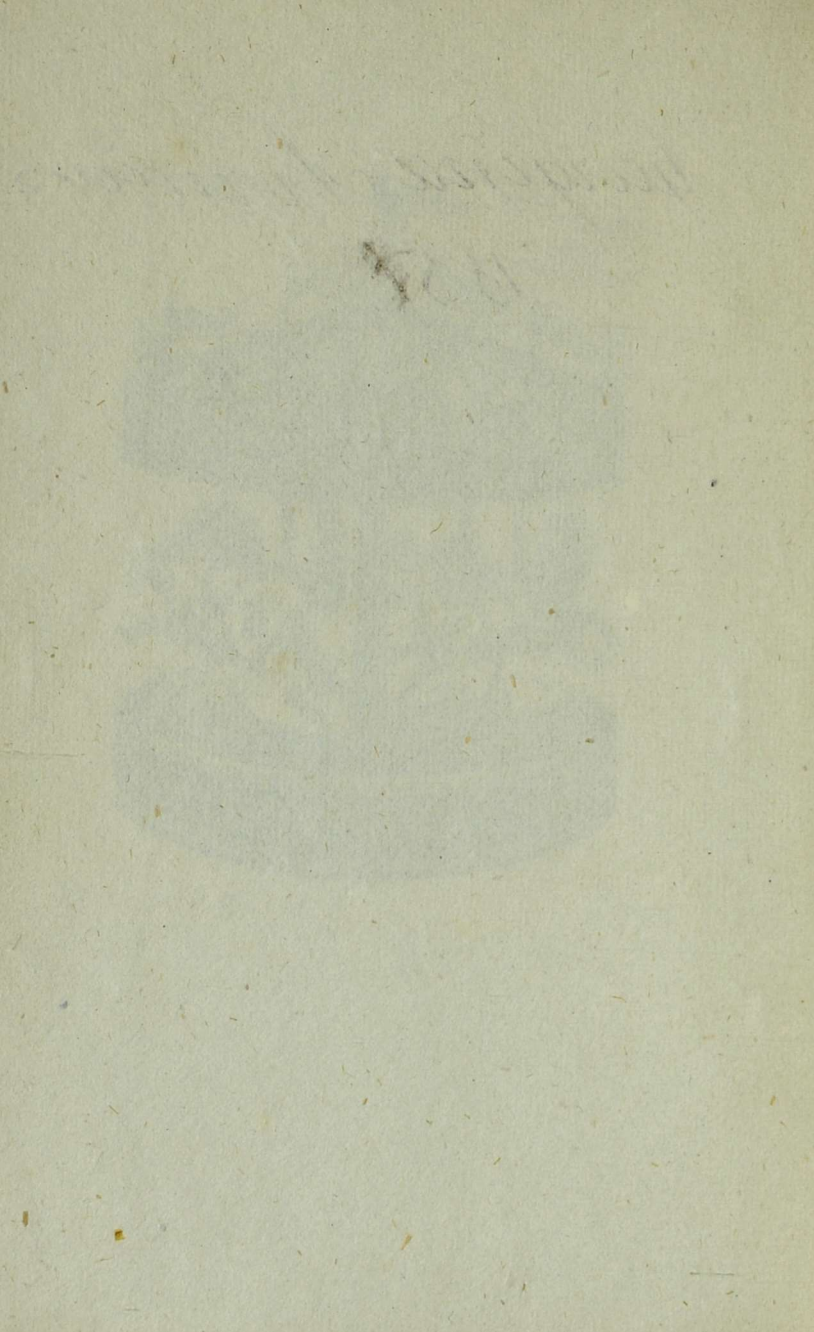


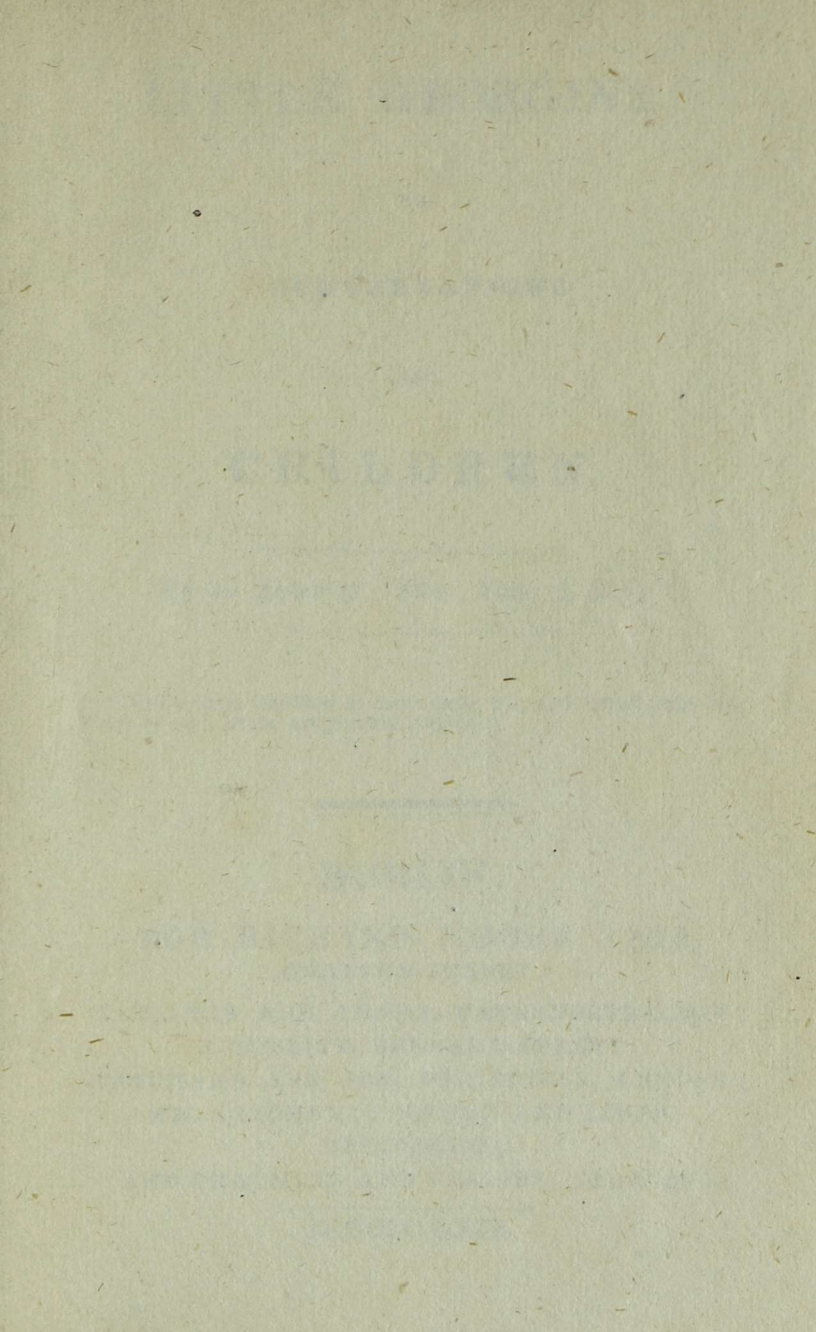
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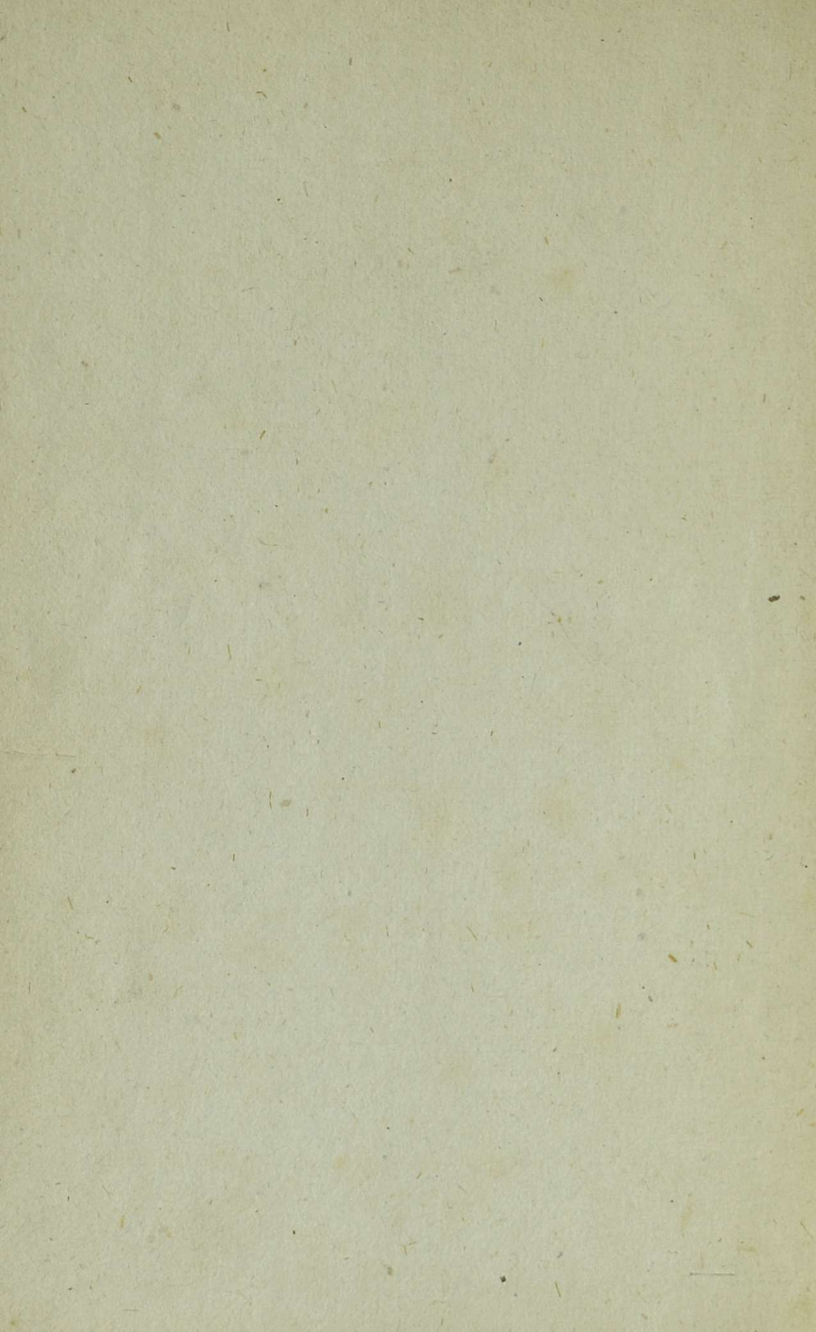
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Georgina Norriss

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LITTLE GEORGINA;

OR

CONVERSATIONS

FOR

CHILDREN.

By the Author of "Three Years in Italy."

"Suffer little Children to come unto me, and forbid them not,
"for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

DUBLIN:

FOR RICHARD MOORE TIMS,
GRAFTON-STREET;

HAMILTON AND ADAMS, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

J. NESBITT, BERNER'S-STREET;

HATCHARD AND SON, PICCADILLY, LONDON;

WM. OLIPHANT; WAUGH AND INNES,
EDINBURGH;

AND CHALMERS AND COLLINS, GLASGOW.

M.DCCC.XXIX.

TO

LADY MARY STOPFORD,

This little Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE OF THE ESTEEM AND AFFECTION OF

THE AUTHOR.

March, 1829.

Nov 1888

THE AUTHOR

OF THE HISTORY OF THE EMERGENCY AND RECOVERY OF

THE GREAT BRITAIN

AND THE

EMERGENCY OF THE

INTRODUCTION.

MANY inconsistencies will, no doubt, be observed in the little work now offered to the youthful reader, but they will not perhaps be found so glaring when it is known that Georgina is no fictitious character. There is not a trait recorded which belonged not to her, nor an event which marked not her early days. Names alone are disguised, and they could give no additional interest to the narrative. Her rapid advance in intellect and education may appear unnatural, but was nevertheless most true; she was at nine years old, in reflection and attainments, what she is here depicted. May the conviction of this truth be an incitement to children of her own

age to imitate her, and they will find new and lasting enjoyments from sources which can never be exhausted. For the instruction of such readers the Conversations are introduced, and it was the original intention of the writer to have rendered them much more numerous, but a very useful work, just published, entitled "Domestic Instruction," by Mrs. Mathias, made it unnecessary. The sudden transition from infantine dialogues, to those only fit for riper yeas, must be accounted for in the same way.

LITTLE GEORGINA,

&c.

GEORGINA was the happy child of a Papa and Mamma, who had not entrusted to others the task to instruct her in all that was requisite for her infant years; nor did they find the task wearisome, since she was as willing to learn as they were to teach. One year had rolled away, when her little tongue learned to articulate the joyful sounds of Mamma, Papa, and never can revolving years obliterate the exquisite sensation, which thrilled to the heart of each parent at hearing these first accents of their first baby, until sound, and sense, and memory, sink with those who experienced it into the silent tomb. Seldom

did this pleasant child, born indeed of a degenerate race, evince her inherent nature; yet occasionally, as the passing cloud darkens a bright day, falls in a quick shower, and passes off, she appeared clothed in the garment spotted with sin, which needs must be washed in the only fountain, that can cleanse. At a year and half old she was stricken with a dangerous malady, which threatened her life, and filled the hearts of her father and mother with a trembling anticipation that they would ere long be bereaved of their too fondly cherished treasure.

The first symptom of illness was discovered on a day, when only joy seemed to sparkle in her bright eyes, and to heighten the glow on her hectic cheek. Well may it be said, that "we know not what a day may bring forth." In the morning the playful child ran about, and prattled with her usual vivacity, delighting the heart of that mother, who in the evening bent over her sorrowing, while she listened to the

incessant cough, and quick respiration which too surely indicated inflammation of the lungs. The usual painful remedies were applied, and submitted to by the young sufferer, without any token of impatience; she willingly swallowed every bitter draught which she heard was to make her well; but not understanding the biting of the leeches, which were concealed from her, while they were spread over her heaving breast, she frequently complained to her mamma, that there were "naughty pins which hurt poor missey;" she said the same of the blisters, when she felt them rising, but cried not, though her low and unrestrainable moanings pierced the hearts of those tender relatives, who never ceased night and day to watch by her pillow, until it pleased the Lord to turn away the arrow of death, and restore the child to their prayers. Her recovery was as rapid as the disorder had been in its progress, and rosy health once more added bloom to cherub innocence. Years

glided on, and as she grew in stature, a degree of intellect beyond her years rendered her education the delightful task of her father and mother.

Their residence crowned a sloping bank, the edges of whose verdant covering was washed by a meandering stream, which carried on its clear and winding course through many devious turns over the wooded lawn, where it was met by intersecting mountain rivulets, which ran among the fields gladdening their progress with fertility. Beech, laurel, spruce, and silver fir skirted the lawn, and various clumps of trees, beside scattered oak, thorn and sweet chesnut clothed to the ground, with rich foliage, which in that sequestered spot was shaded from the rude blasts of the wintry gales, by lofty mountains, whose dark and heathy summits added sublimity to the romantic and peaceful scenery which they protected. Winter was scarcely perceived where the leaves of the young beech, and chesnut, preserved the

glowing tints of autumn, until forced to give place to the tender shoots of spring.

At the back part of the dwelling, were Georgina's favourite gravel walks, interspersed through a deep glen, whose banks high and precipitous, extended in a curving direction to the distance of a mile, at the entrance of which was a bower or arbour of trelliswork, entwined with cyclamen, the passion flower, (which never can be contemplated without the deepest interest,) the fuchsia, and other flexible plants. A high and rugged rock sheltered the arbour, and added a picturesque interest to that spot where many natural beauties combined to render it enchanting. Roses, woodbine, hedges of sweet briar, jessamine and myrtle trees bloomed and wafted fragrance around; while the blackbird and thrush, the cuckoo, woodquest, and all the vocal inhabitants of the groves made the air resound with a melody, which seemed to call for responsive praise.

In this favoured spot the little Geor-

gina received her earliest impressions; here she was first taught, that there was a God, who created her; a Redeemer to save her, and a Holy Spirit to sanctify her; but, before we enter upon the conversations, which are to form the principal part of this little narrative, intended for the instruction of its youthful readers, we would introduce one more of her relatives, who in nearness of blood came next to her parents, and whose affection for her could only be surpassed by theirs. Hardly had the lovely babe first opened her eyes on the light of day, when the arms of this relative (whom we shall call Marianne,) were stretched forth to receive her, as the precious gift of heaven, and to no other arms except her Mamma's, would she willingly consign her.

From the birth of this child, Marianne seemed to give up every other occupation but that of attending upon her; and to watch uninterruptedly the first dawn of intellect became her acmé of enjoyment;

with a kind of jealous monopoly, she loved to stroll with the baby in her arms, into the distant woods out of the view and hearing of any, who might rob her of one of those infant smiles and looks, which are the first indications of intelligence. On these occasions, her beaming eyes would rest at one time on the bright yellow blossom of the furze, which she was not permitted to touch, lest the lurking thorn should wound her little tender fingers; next, the blue violet, and pert looking daisy, as it peeped through the green grass, attracted her notice, and, when they were pulled for her, she would turn them round and round to look at them without tearing the leaves asunder, as babies do; she seemed to admire them with intense interest, and smiled the thanks she could not utter. But details such as these can be interesting to poor Marianne, only, if she be yet living, and to those, who loved Georgina with such natural affection, we shall therefore pass over her infant days, and

describe her appearance when she was old enough to stand at her mamma's knee, or sit on a little stool at her feet, to receive her first lessons. And now, my dear young readers, picture to yourselves our little girl with auburn hair and cheeks like the blushing rose, with eyes which were neither blue nor black, but were beautified with a speaking intelligence, which every one admired, but no one could describe, no more than the whole expression of her countenance, where sweetness, intelligence, and the most animated gaiety, were happily blended ; behold her dressed in her simple white frock, unadorned with ribbon, work, lace, or such appendages as can add no grace to the work of the Creator. Behold the neat-looking child sitting at her mamma's knee, listening and asking questions, such as the following:—

FIRST CONVERSATION.

Mamma and Georgina.

Mamma.—I wish you to sit quiet Georgina, for a little time, that I may tell you of God, who made you, and His Son Jesus, who redeemed you.

Georgina.—You have often told me Mamma, that God made me, but I do not know who he is, nor how he made me.

Mamma.—He is a very great and glorious Being—He formed your body of clay, and breathed into you a living soul; that life and spirit which gives motion to your limbs, and utterance to your tongue, and thinks within you, is, what God breathed into you.

Georgina.—Did God make any one but me, Mamma?

Mamma.—Yes, my love, God made every living creature, and not the living creatures only, but all which surrounds

you. He made those trees to grow, which shade your pretty arbour, and those blooming flowers, which scatter fragrance around, are the work of his hands. Every thing should remind us of God; the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the rivers, and the little gurgling streams, which you, my darling, take such delight in watching as they unceasingly flow over the glistening pebbles. God makes the grass to grow, which feeds the cows, and gives them milk, and that milk nourishes you, Georgina.

Georgina.—I love nice hot milk, Mamma, and I like to stroke and kiss the pretty cows for giving it me, when Mary will hold me up to them.

Mamma.—You ought to be grateful to the cows, Georgina, but much more so to God, who gives you the cows to nourish you with their milk, and makes the corn to grow which is ground in the mill into fine flour, and that flour produces the bread you eat. Every thing comes from

God, all your food, and the clothes you wear; that pretty bonnet that you gave your Papa so many kisses for buying for you, was once straw growing in the field, and the ribbon which looks so gay upon it, came out of the body of a little worm. You love your Papa and me, my child, but if God did not give us life, and breath, and means, and will, to take care of you, you would not have us, nor experience any of our love.

Georgina.—I wish I could love God, Mamma.

Mamma.—But you cannot, until He gives you a new heart, and therefore, you must ask Him to teach you the way to love him, for, dear Georgina, you have in your own nature, an evil ungrateful heart which will not let you love God, who is always doing you good.

Georgina.—How can I ask God to teach me, Mamma, since I do not see Him?

Mamma.—Though you cannot see Him, my child, He always sees you, and He

hears every word you say, and He knows every thought that enters your heart; until you are a little older, and learn to read the Bible, it will be hardly possible to make you understand.

Georgina.—Is the Bible, Mamma, the book which Papa reads in every morning, when the bell rings for prayers?

Mamma.—Yes, that is the book of God; where we read how He made all things at the beginning, and how He made the first man and woman good like himself, and how he put them into a beautiful garden, and how a serpent, which was the devil, came to them and made them wicked, by tempting them to break the commandment of God; and how they brought the punishment of death upon themselves for their disobedience—and how God still loved and pitied them, and sent his Son Jesus Christ to suffer for them; and how that by His suffering, the sentence was changed from death eternal to temporal death only.

Georgina.—Mamma, what means death eternal, and temporal death, for I think those are hard long words?

Mamma.—Temporal death, means the death of the body, which we are all subject to. Eternal death means the death of the soul.

Georgina.—How can the soul die Mamma?

Mamma.—By being cast into a place of torment when it leaves the body—which bad place is called hell, and all who escape from it, must be by what Jesus Christ has done and suffered for them.

Georgina.—Mamma, tell me where the soul will go if it does escape from that bad place?

Mamma.—It will go to heaven, which is God's throne, a very glorious bright place, where Jesus is, and where he will gather together all the lambs of his flock.

Georgina.—And Mamma, whose throne is hell, that bad place you told me of?

Mamma.—It is the Devil's throne;

there he reigns a king, and all his subjects are wicked spirits like himself.

Georgina.—Mamma, I hope I may be one of God's little children and not the devil's.

Mamma.—That is what I am always praying for, my much loved child. Now you may go run about, and amuse yourself.

Georgina.—But Mamma, I must come back again very soon to you.

Mamma.—You need not Georgina. You will not wish to leave the gravel walks ; where you know I shall see you.

Georgina.—I can find a great deal to do, Mamma, on the gravel walks ; after the last shower there will be plenty of worms, and I must pick them all up, as I have seen my Papa do, and carry them over to the soft grass, or the earth, where there is no danger of their being trampled on.

So away went the little girl, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her Mamma heard her muttering to herself, as she stooped to lift the large red earth worms.

“God bless de wormies, they are pretty creatures.” So far was she from feeling the repugnance which most children evince towards crawling insects; and with the greatest tenderness she would remove them to a place of safety.

Now, although to make the conversations with Georgina intelligible, she appears to speak all her words plainly, that was by no means the case, she spoke in a little lisping accent, and could not articulate the letters *th*, nor *r*, in some words; in the next conversation you shall have her first little lesson in grammar.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Georgina and her Mamma.

Mamma.—Come, Georgina, would you like a little lesson in grammar?

Georgina.—What is grammar, Mamma?

Mamma.—That which will teach you to speak correctly. There are nine parts in speech: the noun, the pronoun, article, ad-

jective, verb, adverb, conjunction, preposition, and interjection. To make you understand what these mean, we shall begin with the article, of which there are three : *a*, *an*, and *the*, and are always put before nouns. The name of every thing, you can mention, is termed a noun substantive, (that you can put one of these articles to ; as, a man, a boy, a tree,) an apple, a book. The two articles *a*, *an*, are called indefinite, because they do not point out to you the precise thing you want ; it may be any book, any tree, any apple. *The* is called the definite article, because it does point out the very tree, book, or apple you mean, or wish to have. There are two kinds of nouns, called proper and common. The common are those I have already specified. Nouns proper are all names of places and people, as *Georgina*, *Mary*, *Thomas*, *Dublin*, *London*, *Wicklów*, &c.

Georgina.—Mamma, am I a noun substantive ?

Mamma.—Your name is, *Georgina*.

The noun proper or common, denotes the thing signified.

Georgina.—Well, Mamma, I never knew before that Georgina was a noun substantive; and is my little dog a noun substantive?

Mamma.—Yes; Georgina.

Georgina.—And Mamma, what sort of a noun substantive can she be?

Mamma.—By her name Dido, she is a noun proper; but when you say my dog, that denotes a common noun.

Georgina.—I don't like that my dog should be a common noun; I shall always call her Dido, and then she will be a proper noun.

Mamma.—Still you mistake, by confounding the thing with its name. Would you like now to know a part in speech which would express what quality Dido has? or what kind of dog she is?

Georgina.—Yes, mamma; do tell me, if you please.

Mamma.—An adjective expresses that;

for instance, she is a good dog ; *good* is an adjective.

Georgina.—But Mamma, you are making her a *common* dog ; is common an adjective ?

Mamma.—Yes. Well, then, we must say she is good Dido, which makes her a proper noun. *Good, bad, pretty, ugly,* are all adjectives, and they have three degrees of comparison ; as *good, better, best, bad, worse, worst.* *Good* is the positive degree, *better* is the comparative degree, *best* is the superlative, being of a kind which cannot be excelled. Now, if you can understand this, give me an example ; here, where we sit in the arbour, with the flowers blooming around us, you may easily find subjects.

Georgina.—I can, Mamma, from my own rose tree. Look, dear Mamma, I have brought you three roses ; first take this, it is a fine one, but here is a finer, and here is the finest of all.

Mamma.—It would be impossible, dear

child, to explain more clearly that you understand the degrees of comparison, but let me hear another example.

Georgina.—Let me think, Mamma. O now I have found out a nice one; Dido is a very pretty dog, but Min, though a cat, is prettier; and the Canary bird is the prettiest of all the three, because her feathers are so bright a yellow, and and her little song is much pleasanter than Dido's bow, wow, or than Min's mew, mew, mew. I never love to listen to Min when she follows me mewing, but I like to hear her when she purs, because that is a sign she is pleased.

Mamma.—However, Georgina, we must let Mrs. Min go on just now, purring or mewing, or catching mice as she pleases, whilst we return to our grammar. Now that you have learned the nouns, the articles, and the adjectives, we must proceed to the pronouns, those little words that are used instead of nouns, to prevent their too frequent repetition.

Georgina.—Mamma, I do not think you can be a common noun.

Mamma.—My name Anna Alford, is a noun proper, but Mamma is a common noun.

Georgina.—Then I shall begin to love the common nouns, for Mamma is my name for you. Tell me now what are the pronouns?

Mamma.—They are as I said all the little words used instead of nouns, I, instead of Mamma—you, instead of Georgina—he, instead of Papa—she, instead of Mary—it, instead of apple, or the table, or the chair, &c. Your tree is covered with roses, the leaves of which will drop with the autumnal breeze. Find out for me the pronouns, Georgina, in what I have said.

Georgina.—You said, Mamma, *your* instead of Georgina; and *which* instead of repeating again the roses. *Your* and *which* are the pronouns.

Mamma.—For the present then Geor-

gina, I shall tell you no more about the pronouns, than just to make you understand that there are three persons belonging to them ; *I*, is the first ; *you*, the second ; *he*, the third. *I* am the person speaking, *you* are the person spoken to, *he* is the person spoken of—for example, *I* love you Georgina, so does your Papa, and *he* often prays to God to bless his dear little girl. There are also three cases belonging to the pronouns, the nominative, genitive, and objective ; but before I explain to you their use, you must become acquainted with the verbs.

Georgina.—What is a verb Mamma ?

Mamma.—Verb, means a word, to *love*, to *hate*, to *sing*, to *laugh*, to *cry*, &c. &c. are all verbs ; without a verb no sentence can be complete ; whatsoever you think, do, or say, is a verb. And now Georgina, I think you have learned grammar enough to day.

Georgina.—Just tell me one thing more Mamma, what is an interjection ?

Mamma.—An interjection is any sudden exclamation, as oh ! ah !

This little lesson was frequently repeated to Georgina before she could speak plain, and that she fully comprehended it, she gave a proof one morning that she was sent to call a gentleman to breakfast, who was on a visit with her Papa, and with whom she was a particular favourite. Having gained admittance to his bed-chamber, she said, “Mr. Kynaston, Mamma sent me to tell you that breakfast is ready, the tea-*sings* are on the table.” “How can that be my little maid?” answered Mr. K. pretending not to understand her. “I never heard before that tea could sing: though I have heard the tea urn *singing* very often.” “Well now,” said Georgina, with an anxious look, “if I could speak plain, you would understand me, I do not mean the verb, to sing, but I mean the noun substantive.” Then she took up a shoe, “this is what I mean by

a *sing* ; this is a noun substantive." "I understand you now indeed," replied the gentleman, taking the little girl up into his arms, and kissing her, carried her to her Mamma, to whom he related how clearly she had explained herself by means of the grammar lesson which had been taught her ; at hearing which both Papa and Mamma were much amused. The former was sitting at the fire-side, having got a rheumatic pain in his back, which made him cry out when he attempted to rise ; and Georgina perhaps a little elated at the applause she had just received, said, "Mamma, is not my Papa's groan an interjection ;" which question added no little to the merriment of the party.

THIRD CONVERSATION.

Georgina and her Mamma.

Georgina had been some time looking up at a china vase, which her Mamma had just got, and placed on a pedestal out of

the little girl's reach ; eager, however, to see it nearer, and to touch it, she first placed a chair near it: then she brought a stool, and by means of the stool mounted upon the chair, and actually had her little busy fingers on the vase when her Mamma perceived her.

Mamma.—Come down from that, Georgina ; you must not touch the vase ; you will break it.

Georgina.—O no, Mamma, I shall not break it ; I only want to play with it.

Mamma.—Come to me, my love, I have something to say to you. You must not touch the vase ; so come to me, I say.

Georgina, however, paid no attention to her Mamma's orders, and had got both hands round the object of her wishes, when her Mamma was obliged to go and lift her off the chair per force ; she screamed with rage, and actually struck her Mamma for compelling her to take her hands off the vase, but no sooner had she committed this great wickedness, than

frightened at herself, she sunk down a weeping penitent at her mother's feet, who raised her up, and laid her on the sofa.

Mamma.—Did God make you the wicked child, you are now?

Georgina.—I dont know Mamma.

Mamma.—Then I will tell you my poor child, for I pity you greatly, that God made the first man and woman, whom He called Adam and Eve, after His own image, that is, good like Himself, and happy—but when the devil tempted them, they disobeyed the commandment of God, and lost all their goodness and happiness, and their likeness to God, and became like the new master they had chosen for themselves, which was the devil; and every time we commit sin, we, follow their example, obeying the devil rather than God. You are so very young a child, that I do not know, whether I can make you understand, what I wish; but you must feel, that you have done, what is very, very wicked, and that you deserve to be punished severely.

Georgina.—(Sobbing) Yes, Mamma.

Mamma.—If I were to whip you, Georgina, would that make amends to me for the fault, you have committed?

Georgina.—I believe not Mamma.

Mamma.—Have you disobeyed any one but me in persisting to do, what I had forbidden?

Georgina.—Yes, Mamma, I have disobeyed God.

Mamma.—What is the punishment then, you may expect from Him?

Georgina's sobs and tears were redoubled, so that, she had no longer power to speak; and her Mamma continued— I am well pleased to see that you are sorry. God sees the tears of all those who are really penitent for the sins they have committed, and He will forgive them, for the sake of what his Son Jesus Christ has suffered. O! my poor child, if it were not for that Saviour, who will not suffer you to fall into the hands of the evil spirit, which tempted you to give way

to the wicked passion, that raised your weak hand to strike the mother, who has cherished you in her bosom, what would become of you? O! my child, my child, thou precious gift of God, may He, from whom I have received thee, save thee from the working of thine own heart, until He create it anew in Christ Jesus. May the Redeemer of sinners hang over thee the banner of his love, and hide my little one in the hollow of his hand. While the mother was bending over her weeping child in prayer, she was hastily called on to quit that affecting situation and speak to some person, who had loudly knocked at the door. In a few minutes returning to Georgina, she found her pale and trembling. "Was that the devil Mamma?" she said, "who came for me, because I am so naughty? and did you drive him away my dear good Mamma?" No, my love, her Mamma answered, God does not permit the devil to come to us in any form that we can see him; though we are told

that as a roaring lion, he goes about seeking whom he may devour; and when we are tempted to commit any wickedness we may be sure, he is near: if we resist him, however, he must flee from us, because we have a power to help, which is greater than his; let us therefore always remember, that though the wicked spirit may be near us, God is much nearer, and his ear is ever open to hear our cry when we call upon Him in time of need.

Georgina appeared to have received impressions beyond the compass of her young imagination; and now her Mamna wishing to turn her attention to something else, brought forward the little white counters on which the alphabet was traced, for they were the child's favourite play things.

Georgina.—You told me, Mamna, that as soon as I knew all these letters I should learn to read. I know them every one; then why cannot I read now? Let me have the Bible, that I may try to read about God.

Mamma.—Not so fast, Georgina; nothing can be done in a moment; a little time and a little patience will be necessary, before you can read; you must first learn some lessons. I have got a nice little book for you, full of pictures—here is a dog, and a cat, and a rat, and under them are the three little letters that spell each.

Georgina.—O thank you my good Mamma, for such a pretty book; here is a picture of a little fish, Mamma, and here is an ass, and a cow, and a horse. O how many pretty pictures!

Georgina soon learned to spell the names of them all, and then she applied herself to all the little common words of three letters in another part of the little book, which was scarcely ever out of her hand, until she knew every word which was in it, and then she used to look for the same words in other books, or in any printed paper she could find lying about, and every day she added to her stock of words, so that she very soon learned to read; and

Mrs. Trimmer's first Scripture lessons became her favourite book.

That Georgina did not forget her Mamma's lesson on obedience, she gave a striking proof, some time afterwards, when playing in the garden. The currants reddening on the bushes attracted her attention, and she began to pull and eat them with avidity, but her Mamma observing her called to her to desist.

Georgina.—Mamma, why am I not to eat these currants? I like them very much.

Mamma.—They would make you very ill, Georgina; if they were not bad for you I should not forbid your eating them; they will soon be ripe, and then you may have them.

Georgina.—Then Mamma, I shall eat no more of them, until you tell me I may.

But Georgina was like many other thoughtless little children, she forgot her Mamma's prohibition a few hours after-

wards, when taking another race in the garden, the same tempting currants allured her, but no sooner had she pulled a bunch from the loaded branch, than recollecting the promise, that she had given to her Mamma, she let them drop from her fingers, and to insure her future obedience, thought of an expedient which many little girls would not have adopted: she remembered seeing her Mamma dissolve some aloes in a cup, when wishing to wean the baby, that the disagreeable taste might take from it all desire for that which had been its greatest comfort and pleasure. Georgina requested the maid to bring the aloes, and rub with it all the currants within her reach; for then she said, the bitter taste would remind her, they were bad for her, and for that reason forbidden by Papa and Mamma.

FOURTH CONVERSATION.

Birth of Georgina's Brother.

Georgina was not quite six years old when her little brother Robert was born, and she was never weary of kissing and admiring him.

Georgina.—Mamma, who gave us this pretty baby? Did God send him flying in at the window like an angel?

Mamma.—Dear Georgina, it was indeed the good God, who sent us this little precious gift.

Georgina.—I love God for sending him to us. What pretty blue eyes! how soft his cheeks! and his nice little hands! O dear Mamma, look at his little fingers, and pretty clean nails, and his feet! Can he walk upon such little soft feet?

Mamma.—Not yet, my love; but God will make them grow large and strong like your feet, and then he will be able to walk and run about.

Georgina.—And then Mamma, I shall take hold of his dear little hand, and he will come with me to the meadows, and we shall gather flowers, and make garlands and bouquets ; we shall fill all your flower pots, and we shall garnish the hall-door steps, as if a carpet had been spread upon them, for Papa and Mamma to walk on. And we shall make little baskets of rushes, and then my little baby brother, will get a little baby spade, (wont you buy him one, dear Mamma,) and he will help me to dig my garden, and to weed it, and to make the gravel walks nice and smooth. O how pleasant it will be, when I have such a dear little companion. I wish, he could walk now.

Mamma.—You must wait patiently Georgina, until God makes him strong ; in the mean time, I am sure you will feel much pleasure in trying to amuse him, and teaching him to know you, in lulling him to sleep, and doing for him those kind offices which his infancy require ; and

thus you will engage his young affections.

Georgina.—Dear Mamma, I shall be so glad to make the pretty baby love me. How very helpless he is! He does not know how to feed himself. Now I know why God made Adam and Eve at first large man and woman, like you and Papa, for if He had made them helpless like poor baby, they must have died for want of any one to take care of them.

Mamma.—True, my love, and even in this first instance we may discover the wisdom, the mercy, and the goodness of God.

One morning, Georgina perceived that her Mamma and Marianne had been in tears, at which, she was herself, so much distressed, that they were obliged to explain to her the cause. “My love,” said her Mamma, “we have just received a letter which grieves us; because we find by it, that a reverse of fortune has plunged our dear friend Henry in great difficulties, and we see no possible way by which he

can be extricated." On hearing this Georgina remained silent and thoughtful, revolving in her own mind what she could do—then, having fixed upon an expedient, a glad expression brightened her animated countenance as she exclaimed, "O Mamma, I know what I can do for him; I can make little paper chairs like Lucy's, and sell them at the Repository, and I shall give all the money to your friend; therefore, cry no more, dear Mamma. Her plan being approved of, she went to work with indefatigable industry, and soon finished a little frail chair, for which, her Papa gave her a penny; very much pleased with her earning, she carefully deposited it in a box; soon afterwards, a spice-seller entered the hall and solicited purchasers for the cinnamon, &c. which he produced. Little Georgina accosted him, and said, "I would indeed buy some of your spice, but that I have only one penny, and that is for a friend in need." The dear child continued her labours with all diligence,

and added daily to her little store, her Papa being always her willing purchaser, and gave her a halfpenny or penny, and sometimes six-pence, according to the merits of her performance; she hoarded all up in her little box as a miser would his treasure, nor could she be tempted by the most alluring bait, to take from thence a farthing during an entire year, when she found her earning had amounted to half a guinea,—a sum, as she conceived, sufficiently large, to be useful to her Mamma's friend.

The example of the little girl from whom Georgina received this benevolent idea, ought to be recorded, for the benefit of the youthful reader. She was the only daughter of a widowed mother, who had drank deeply of the cup of affliction; for not only had the “desire of her eyes been removed with a stroke,” but from affluent circumstances she was reduced to an income so limited, that it could barely procure the

necessaries of life. She was blessed, however, with a spirit which cheerfully acquiesced in the decree of unerring wisdom. She knew that the Lord careth for the widow and the fatherless, and that every needful blessing would be added unto her. Nor was she disappointed in that expectation, which was only from the Lord. Soon after the death of her husband, Lucy entered upon a world of sorrow, and the sight of the new-born babe, which usually gladdens the mother's heart, failed to excite even a sensation of pleasure in the bereaved widow, whose earthly hope was cut down even while it remained green and flourishing : yet, this baby, from whose innocent countenance the maternal eye was turned in the coldness of desolation, was a sweet boon of heaven's own sending to beguile her solitary hours, and "to kiss off many a falling tear." As she grew in years, she grew in that grace which enabled her by every child-like endearment that the tenderest solicitude could

devise, to alleviate her only parent's load, and to procure comforts which her declining health required, but slender means could not provide. The little Lucy exercised a degree of taste, ingenuity and industry hardly to be equalled in a child of her years, in the formation of various articles which met with a rapid sale at the Repository to which they were sent.

This dear girl, although some years older than Georgina, was her favourite friend and companion; for she possessed those requisites which were sure to engage the affections of all who knew her, with a degree of good sense and clearness of judgment rarely seen at her age; she was good humoured, obliging, and playful, which rendered her company indispensable to her little neighbour, as often as her Mamma could spare her, or rather as often as Lucy could be persuaded to leave her Mamma, for that was generally the only command of her's which she was slow in obeying. Although Mrs. Elmore had found peace in

believing that the Rock of Ages was a firm basis for the widow and orphan to lean on; she could not altogether divest herself of nature's forebodings, which would suggest, that ultimately the health of her child must suffer from her unwearyed exertions; and that the sadness of solitude must prey upon her spirits, and deprive her of that animation which anticipates no evil; she could not but acknowledge that for the present she had no cause for such apprehensions; health bloomed without interruption on the cheeks of Lucy, and joy always sparkled in her eye, except when she saw a tear in her mother's.

Mr. Elmore had been a clergyman, rector of the parish where was the residence of Mr. Alford, (Georgina's father,) and when the widow was "deprived of all, of every *earthly* stay," a neat white cottage was offered her at a small rent within his domain, which she gladly accepted; and thus were Lucy and Georgina brought daily together, the Papa and Mamma of

the latter being rejoiced to find such a companion for their child ; and the mother of the former being glad and thankful at the opportunity of sending her where her ideas would be enlarged, and her mind amused with the passing scenes befitting her age and disposition. In a short time Georgina discovered that she could do nothing without Lucy ; in dressing her doll, arranging her baby house, and twining the ivy-arched bower, no hand was so dexterous as her's, and no taste so satisfactory, therefore was the request daily made, that Lucy might be permitted to spend her hours of recreation with Georgina, and for the reasons already assigned, daily granted. Thus were these little girls nurtured together in the fear of the Lord.

Before this period, Georgina had another very favourite play-fellow in a cousin, of her own age : they were born in the same house, and in the same house the little boy's lovely Mamma, became the young victim of consumption. She saw her

blooming babe—she kissed and blessed him—and then passed away to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. For the first few years of his life Georgina's Mamma supplied the place of one to little William; and both children seemed equally her own—they were always together, slept in the same nursery, shared the same infant diseases, and all its privations and enjoyments. If the little boy was sad, Georgina could not be gay, and the toys which had lost the power to amuse him were thrown aside by her. He was usually playful, but on a sudden he became dull and listless, and all Georgina's efforts failed to render him otherwise. He turned away his heavy eyes from every attractive object. Nothing could yield him pleasure, while languor and sickness weighed him down; every body perceived it, without being able to discover the nature of his malady. Though he could not now be her play-fellow, Georgina's affection for him did not diminish; on the contrary, she left

every other pursuit to give to him her undivided attention, and finding he did not recover, she took his hand and led him to the library, the door of which she closed. Soon afterwards, when some one opened it, both little ones were found on their knees, with the prayer-book open before them, from whence she was reading audibly the prayers for the sick. Thus early was this little girl taught of the Lord, to pour out her heart before him, and spread her griefs where they could alone be taken away. The next day an irruption covered the skin of the boy, which was found to be measles, and in another day Georgina lay in the same room, sick of the same disease, which was however of a favourable kind; and they both soon recovered. We must now resume our conversations.

FIFTH CONVERSATION.

Mamma.—Georgina, the baby is to be christened; we are going to take him to

church, and you may come with us, but you must not speak; you must quietly and silently observe what is going forward, and join in prayer for your little brother.

Georgina.—Why is the baby to be christened, Mamma? and what is it to be christened?

Mamma.—Don't you know, Georgina, that every one has two names; their Christian name, and their surname?

Georgina.—O then, I suppose, Mamma, that to be christened is to give people names! And now I think of it, I never heard baby called any thing but baby; and that he could not be called when he grows into a large man.

Mamma.—His surname he has from his papa, but his Christian name he will get when he is christened; but it is not merely for the purpose of naming him, that the baptismal service is ordained, but the offering him to Christ, in compliance with his own blessed invitation: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them

not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Did you ever read any thing in the Bible about our Lord himself being baptized?

Georgina.—I think I have, Mamma, and I think I can find the place. Here it is, Mamma, in the 3d chapter of Matthew. "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbad him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering, said unto him, suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him. And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Tell me, Mamma, the meaning of our Saviour saying, 'thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.'

Mamma.—Our Lord dwelt among men

to set them an example, as well as to suffer for them. From birth to manhood, he shewed in all things what we were to do; and as baptism is a sign of regeneration, or being born again, and the water with which the child is sprinkled, a sign of the washing away of sin by his blood, he more particularly shewed his approbation of the ordinance by his fulfilling it in himself. What is said of baptism in your catechism?

Georgina.—After I have told what my name is, then I say it was given me by my godfathers, and godmothers, in my baptism, wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

Mamma.—As such, Georgina, you were offered at baptism, but you cannot be a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, unless the sinful nature with which you were born into this world be totally changed. What does our Saviour say respecting this great change?

Georgina.—I do not know, Mamma.

Mamma.—You will find it in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, when Nicodemus came to our Lord for instruction, He told him that unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. But we will talk no farther to-day on this subject—at some future period we shall, I hope, renew it.

SIXTH CONVERSATION.

Georgina.—Mamma, when will God give baby a tongue that can speak? How very glad I should be to hear him talk, but now he can only cry: I hate to hear him cry, because I think he is ill, or wants something, and cannot ask for it. I should like very much to give dear baby every thing he wishes for.

Mamma.—I hope, my dear, you will change your mind on that subject before poor baby can express his wishes; to grant them all, would be, from the beginning

to teach him selfishness and covetousness; the more you give him, the more he will cry for, when he finds crying is a means of obtaining what he wants. It is part of the evil nature with which we are born into this world, never to be satisfied with any thing. You will often find that he cries for things which would be very unfit for him. And let it be a lesson for us, dear Georgina, through life, when our Heavenly Father withholds what we ardently wish for, we may be assured that it would not have been good for us. You know that Papa, and I, love you, and that to make you happy is the desire of our hearts—but we often refuse you many things you are very anxious to obtain, because we know much better than you do what is right, or what would be prejudicial to you.

Georgina.—I believe you do, Mamma. This morning I wanted you very much to let me go with Mary to the meadow: you saw the black clouds threatening rain, but

I could not be persuaded of it until I saw it fall in such large heavy drops, that the ground was all running over with little streams, the ducks quacked, and the geese clapped their wings for gladness ; and all the hens and chickens ran under the trees for shelter. The thunder was so loud that it seemed to rattle over the roof of the house, and the lightning flashed in my eyes when I looked towards the window. I was glad, Mamma, that you kept me at home where I was sheltered from the storm, and my clothes dry instead of being drenched with rain, which must have been the case if you had let me have my own way.

Mamma.—Can you point out to me, Georgina, any passage in the Bible where it is said that God deals with us as a Father over his children ?

Georgina.—I think, Mamma, I know the one you mean, it is part of our Saviour's sermon on the mount, which I learned by heart and said to you. " If ye then, being

evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

Mamma.—Never, never, Georgina, let this precious truth pass from your memory. Believe that God is your Father. Believe, that you are his child, and with child-like simplicity and confidence, ask of him that grace which changes, and purifies the heart; and believe, that, as your own dear Papa would punish you, when you are naughty, to make you a good child, God, with much more love, and much more wisdom, will stretch forth over you the chastening rod, as a kind shepherd to bring back a straying lamb from wandering into by paths, to his fold again.

Georgina.—Jesus Christ is called the shepherd of his sheep, Mamma. How pleasant to be one of his lambs! I wish I were one of the dear Saviour's lambs!

Mamma.—Think upon his own words, Georgina, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Georgina.—How can I come to Jesus, Mamma?

Mamma.—He will incline your heart to come, He will draw you, and you will, in the Scripture phrase, run after Him. Do you know where it is said, “No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me *draw* him?”

Georgina.—No, Mamma, but I should like to find out where it is.

Mamma.—Look in the Gospel of St. John, chapter vi. and 44 verse.

Georgina.—I have it, Mamma, and I will pray to God, that He may draw me to his Son Jesus.

Mamma.—Do, my beloved child, for your own natural heart would never lead you to come to Christ, therefore is the expression applicable to that nature; we must be drawn to Him who gives everlasting life, and peace, and glory. We must be drawn, contrary to our own wayward inclination, which would lead us in a contrary path, to that, through which Christ is the gate.

Georgina.—You remind me, Mamma, of another part of our Saviour's sermon on the mount. "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Mamma, what a dreadful thing it is to think that we are walking in the way which leads to our own destruction!

Mamma.—It is indeed, Georgina, a very dreadful consideration, and nothing can be more certain, than, that when we are left to ourselves, we are walking straight forward in that very road; and nothing can turn us out of it, but that love-directed rod of which we have spoken.

SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

Mamma.—I think, Georgina, that to-day, I must give you a new lesson in gram-

mar. You are now sufficiently acquainted with the nouns, articles, pronouns, &c. I shall not trouble you, nor myself, with asking you many more questions relative to them. You know, of course, how many numbers belong to nouns.

Georgina.—To be sure I do, Mamma; there are but two, singular, and plural. The singular means but one of any thing; the plural means two or three, or as many as there are of them. Such as *a man, the men, a cat, the cats*, and so on. In most nouns, adding an *s* makes the plural number.

Mamma.—Do you remember how many genders the nouns are of?

Georgina.—Indeed I do, Mamma, very well. They have three genders: masculine, feminine, and neuter. Living creatures are masculine or feminine. Such as, *boys, girls, horses, mares, a goose, a gander*. The things which have no life in them are neuter; such as, *chairs, tables, shoes, bonnets*.

Mamma.—Very well, Georgina, let us now proceed to the verbs, adverbs, and participles. You do not, I think, sufficiently understand the modes and tenses of which verbs are composed. First tell me if you know the meaning of the modes ?

Georgina.—I am not very sure that I do, Mamma, clearly, though you have told me, it is the manner of using the verb.

Mamma.—I must endeavour, then, to make it more plain to your comprehension. The modes are four in number. The indicative, which declares any thing, such as *I love Georgina* ; the imperative, which commands, *go away, come again, do what I bid you*. The potential is what may be done ; such as, *I may walk with you. I may allow you to go after dinner, to see little James. I have not yet actually given you permission, but I may do so*. The infinitive is, what is general, not determined or bounded in any way ; such as, *to love*, it may be any one, or any thing. *To sing*, it may be any song, or many songs, &c.

Georgina.—I understand this, Mamma, and shall give you written examples to prove that I do ; but first, explain to me the tenses.

Mamma.—The tenses mean different times ; the present denotes, what is now the case ; as, *I speak, you listen.* The imperfect denotes, indeterminately, what is past ; such as, *I loved her, and it may be I shall again, when she is with me.* The perfect denotes what is decidedly past ; as, *I have been in England.* The future tense, signifies what will come to pass.

Georgina.—I must go over these tenses again, and again, and write exercises upon them, before I can say clearly that I understand them.

Mamma.—It will be the best plan you can adopt for doing so, and you shall find me ready to assist you. I am sure it is much less troublesome, than learning by heart such a quantity of grammar as children generally do, often like parrots, taking in very little of the meaning of what

they repeat. The participle now remains to be explained. It is part of the verb, or derived from it; as, *loving, loved, calling, called, &c.* There are two verbs, *to be*, and *to have*, which are called auxiliary, because they are necessary helps to all the verbs.

Georgina.—Tell me, Mamma, how adverbs are used.

Mamma.—They are added to a verb, a participle, or adjective, to shew how things are done, and what circumstance relates to them; for instance, *you look well, she is exceedingly fat, and very diligent.* Sometimes two adverbs are joined together; as, *very beautifully made.*

Georgina.—I think, Mamma, with a little attention I shall be able to give you examples, from what you have told me, that so far I understand your meaning, “*very beautifully made,*” the two first words are adverbs; *made* is a participle, from the verb *to make.*

Mamma.—What mode is, *to make*?

Georgina.—The infinitive, Mamma, because *to make*, is not circumscribed within any bounds. Now, the imperative is, *make that*, &c.

Mamma.—I think you know the conjunction, but as I wish to be quite certain on the subject; give me an example.

Georgina.—Conjunctions join sentences together, Mamma, and sometimes they join the different parts of the same sentence; for example: *My little brother will soon walk, then I shall take his hand and help him.*

After the lessons were concluded this day, the little girl and her Mamma walked out together, but the lowering clouds threatened a storm so heavy, that they did not venture beyond the lawn and shrubbery.

“What a black sky, Mamma!” said Georgina. “It is like a thunder cloud.—I hope it will pass over us without doing any injury. My Papa promised some day soon to tell me the cause of thunder and lightning, and hail, and rain. He says that

all these are permitted for useful purposes, and that we ought not to fear when the thunder is very loud, because the children of God may rely upon his promise, that they shall find a place of refuge, and a covert from every storm ; still I am sometimes a little afraid when I hear it rattling over the house.

“ We should at all times, Georgina,” answered her Mamma, “ trust in God and fear no evil. He is about our path, and about our bed, and is acquainted with all our ways. Oh ! when we reflect upon the Omnipresence of that great and glorious Being, whose eyes are running to and fro upon the earth, how circumspect ought we to be in those ways, and how guarded in every word which he knoweth altogether.” “ Mamma,” said Georgina, “ what is Omnipresence ?” “ Every where present ; He fills all time and space : there is no lurking-place for the ungodly to screen himself in. ‘ Am I a God at hand saith the Lord, and not a God afar off ?—Can any hide himself

in secret places where I shall not see him ? saith the Lord. Do not I fill Heaven and earth, saith the Lord ? ”

“ You remind me of one of my hymns, Mamma,” said Georgina.—

“ Among the deepest shades of night
Can there be one who sees my way ?
Yes,—God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When ev’ry eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without controul ?
No ; for a constant watch he keeps ;
On ev’ry side there would be God.

He smiles in heav’n—he frowns in hell ;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea :
I must within his presence dwell ;
I cannot from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee—he shews me where—
To Jesus Christ he bids me fly ;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There’s only mercy in his eye.”

“ That is one of Miss Taylor’s pretty hymns,” said Mrs. Alford.

“Mamma,” said Georgina, “that was the 139th psalm you quoted, when you said that God is about our path and about our bed; you made me get it by heart some time ago, and I still remember it. Shall I repeat it now?” “Do, my love,” said her Mamma. “I wish that every word of that beautiful psalm were deeply impressed upon your memory. It abounds in the most consoling images to believers, while it is awfully appalling to all those who choose their own ways, and reject the counsel of the Most High. Repeat the fourth verse again.”

“There is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.”

“*Altogether*, Georgina,” said Mrs. Alford; “mark the deep import of that expression. What is hardly known even to ourselves, God searches out. He sees into every hidden thought and motive of our hearts, which are deceitful, and desperately wicked; though by fair speeches we may gloss over our numerous imperfections, and

hide them from one another, they are all known to God; and He, being of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, cannot suffer us to enter into his courts in the defiled garments of the flesh; these must all be taken away, and we must be clothed 'anew.' Tell me, my child, in what kind of dress can we appear before a just and holy God?"

"In the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, Mamma," answered the little girl. "We shall be accepted in the beloved." "In Him alone," said her Mamma, "who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. O how wonderful is the love of God! Was it upon our repenting, and turning away from our sins, that this great sacrifice was offered?" "O no, Mamma, God commendeth his love toward us, in that, *while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for us." And again, "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

“ Was it because we first loved God, Georgina, that He gave such an amazing proof of his love toward us ?”

“ No, Mamma, on the contrary, we were at enmity with God.”

“ Is there any applicable text of Scripture, Georgina ?” said her Mamma.

“ Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins,” answered the little girl. “ If we believe this, my dear child, what effect will it produce in us ?” — “ We shall then love God, Mamma, with all our hearts, and mind, and strength. His love will be perfected in us.” “ Very well, my dear, I am well pleased that the habit you have got of looking out references enables you to apply the Scriptures. The threatening clouds have passed off to a distance, therefore, I think we may pursue our walk, and continue a little longer to talk on those subjects which serve to raise our thoughts to Him who formed this beautiful world, and has given us all things richly to enjoy.”

“What a very pleasant world it would be, Mamma,” said Georgina, “but for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.”—“You are right, my dear,” answered Mrs. Alford, “sin is the sole cause of all our misery.” “What will become of all the human bodies, which are dead and buried in their grave?” enquired the little girl.

“We are told,” said her Mamma, “that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. For the sin of Adam, the sentence of death was pronounced, and must pass upon all, but as Christ died, and rose again, so will all those whom He has redeemed with his blood; as we find it written in the 15th, 1st Corinthians, that as a grain of corn cannot spring up into a new life, unless it be first cast into the earth, so the terrestrial body must moulder away in the ground from whence it was taken, before it can rise a celestial body. As the clay separates to let the new shoot spring up in bright verdure, so, shall the graves open to

yield up the glorified bodies for whom Christ has purchased a heavenly inheritance, and shall shine in his brightness; for as 'we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.' Here is my little Testament. Read from the 50th verse. 'Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting?—O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

"It is sin alone, Georgina, which makes us fear death: the true believer in Christ, knows that he has gained the victory, and therefore can contemplate it as the entrance to everlasting life. Death is a joyful anticipation to those who lean upon the Rock of their salvation."

"What kind of happiness will the redeemed of the Lord enjoy, Mamma?—
"That has not been revealed to us, dear Georgina, all we know is, 'That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things which God hath laid up in store for them that love Him.' We are told also, that our Lord will 'descend in the clouds of heaven, with power and great

glory, and his angels shall precede him with a great sound of a trumpet, gathering together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other. Then all the redeemed of the Lord, will be gathered together to reign with Him, his willing subjects ;' and then it will be as it is written in the Revelations :—' Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, behold, I make all things new : and he said unto me, write, for these words are faithful and true.' Of that city of their habitation, which is called the Heavenly Jerusalem, it is further said in the Revelations, ' I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the

temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' ”

The names of the inhabitants of that glorious city will be found written in the Lamb's book of life. “ Dear Mamma,” said Georgina, “ let us pray that your name, and Papa's, and mine, and Robert's, and Emma's, and all we love, may be written there, that we may all meet in Heaven, and see the face of the Redeemer, and be with him always where He is.”

“ Yes, my beloved child, let us indeed with heart and voice unite in that prayer, believing, that all those who are joined together here in the love of Christ Jesus, will meet again with Him, and rejoice in his presence for ever and ever.”

EIGHTH CONVERSATION.

Papa and Georgina.

Georgina.—Now tell me, Papa, if you please, what causes thunder, lightning and rain?

Papa.—I am glad you ask me, Georgina, because there are few things to me so pleasant as to give you information. You have seen sparks dart from the electrical machine, that fire is of the same nature as lightning, which is occasioned by the electric fluid passing from one cloud to another. The thunder, which is never heard until after the flash, is the sound of the explosion, like the report of a gun. Some people are so silly as to be frightened at the noise the thunder makes, from which there is nothing to apprehend; wherever there is danger, it is from the lightning; the reverberation of the thunder around, as a voice from above, proclaiming that the danger is past, should make us lift up our heart with thankfulness to the great Ruler of the storm, who has commanded that it should do no injury. By the space of time between the flash of lightning and the roll of the thunder, we can ascertain the nearness of the electric fluid to us; but whether distant or near, we should always

keep in mind that He is nearer, without whose permission not a sparrow can perish, nor a hair of our head fall to the ground. In every danger by which we may be encompassed, let us remember that the Lord omnipotent reigneth.

Georgina.—What is omnipotent, Papa.

Papa.—All powerful. The Almighty God commands the strongest things in heaven and earth, and they must obey him; as also the weakest and most despicable, all must turn as he governs, and be conformable to his will. He commands the winds and the seas, and they obey him.

Georgina.—You have told me, Papa, that every thing is of use; what good can lightning do?

Papa.—It purifies the air from unwholesome vapours; it causes circulation; and often brings rain when much wanted.

Georgina.—I need not ask you, Papa, what good the rain does, because I often see the effects of it on my own little gar-

den. When the leaves and flowers begin to droop in the parched ground, a plentiful shower makes them lift up their pretty heads, and look fresh and smiling as if they had received new life.

Papa.—And so they have, my darling, from the same bountiful source which showers upon our parched souls the dew of his blessing. “Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field.” *Zech. x. 1.*

“The seas their beds forsaking, upward move,
And form again in wand’ring clouds above,—
Hence rich descending showers, hence balmy dews,
Their plenteous sweets o’er bright’ning fields effuse:
Hence shoots the grass, the garden smiles with flow’rs,
And sportive gales steal fragrance from the bow’rs.”

Georgina.—Dear Papa, I know God sends the rain from his clouds, but what cause produces it?

Papa.—The small particles of which the clouds are composed, become too heavy

to be borne up in the air, and then they fall in drops or showers of rain.

Georgina.—How can the air, so much lighter than water, bear up those floating particles which compose the rain before it descends in showers?

Papa.—The heat of the air rarefies or spreads the water. You may understand how, by watching a kettle boiling upon the fire, the water in time would all evaporate in steam, which ascends in fine particles, and as nothing can be destroyed, it floats, until, increasing in quantity, it becomes too heavy to be supported. Some one has called the atmosphere a magnificent laboratory, where this work is carried on.

Georgina.—What is the atmosphere? Papa, and what is a laboratory?

Papa.—The atmosphere is the air we breathe in—that which surrounds us; and a laboratory is a place where chemical operations are carried on.

Georgina.—Now I understand a little better, and every time I see the smoky

steam issue from the spout of the kettle, I shall think I see little clouds ascending. But as there are no fires burning, nor kettles boiling in the open air, how are the clouds produced? Do tell me, Papa.

Papa.—What a little simpleton is my Georgina! Is not the sun the great fire, and the interminable ocean and seas, and all the rivers, and lakes, and every moist part of the earth, the kettles, from whence that intense heat draws up such quantities of vapour, which collect together in a huge mass in the air, and darken it with thick clouds? Fogs and mists are produced in the same way, but from their denseness or weight are prevented from rising as do the clouds. The dew of heaven, which glistens in the morning's sunbeam, and gems every blade of verdant grass, and every leaf which covers the trees with foliage, and adds brilliancy to each opening rose and flower, is that fruitful moisture which the heat in the atmosphere draws from the earth, and in the chilly air of evening,

when the sun withdraws his shining, is condensed, and falls in refreshing and invigorating drops on the withering herbage. Well may it be called the dew of heaven dropping fatness on the earth; and it is remarkable that it falls most plentifully when most wanted, in the hottest season of the year, or after a long drought.

“The dew-drop at eve, that with trembling repose,
And with fugitive radiance alights on the rose,
Is by Zephyr remov'd from its residence soon,
Or exhal'd by a sun-beam, departs ere 'tis noon:
Thus transient on earth our affections should prove,
Soon detach'd, and withdrawn to the regions above.”

“All vegetable nature glows and shines in the perfection of beauty; flowers, shrubs, trees, grain, grass, falling waters turning the busy mill, the brook murmuring on its way to the ocean,—fit emblem of eternity; all glorify their Creator.”

Georgina.—What is interminable?

Papa.—Immense, without bounds. Find out for me a passage in the Bible which tells us that the moisture is drawn from the

earth, which again descends in a shower to water it.

Georgina.—Here it is, Papa, in the 2nd chapter of Genesis, and 6th verse. “There went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.”

Papa.—It was long a disputed point, whether the dew be formed from the ascending vapours during the night time, or from the descent of such as had been raised during the day time. Mr. Hunt shows that it does not fall but rises. Many satisfactory experiments in support of this hypothesis, made by Mr. Du Fay, of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, seem to have established this fact, as you will see by looking into the London Encyclopædia, on the article *Dew*. Every new discovery in natural philosophy, throws new light on the sacred page, when studied together. The dews fall heaviest in those hot countries where rain seldom falls. Thus does Providence direct what is requisite to render the earth fruitful for the use of its inhabitants.

Georgina.—I wish that the rain could be produced without clouds, they look so black and dismal.

Papa.—They are, nevertheless, of incalculable benefit. Unless they interposed a veil to screen us from the scorching sunbeams, the tender grass and herbage would be burnt up with fervent heat.

“Then sung the bard, how the light vapours rise
From the warm earth, and cloud the smiling skies;
How some chill'd quickly in their airy flight,
Fall scatter'd down in pearly dew by night;
How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret steams
On the reflected points of bounding beams;
Till, chill'd with cold, they shake the ethereal plain,
And on the thirsty earth descend in rain;
How part is strung in silky threads, and clings,
Entangled in the grass, in gluey strings;
How some, whose parts a slight contexture show,
Sink, hovering through the air in fleecy snow;
How others, stampt to stones, with rattling sound,
Fall from their crystal quarries to the ground.”

The principle of evaporation causes rain, mist, dew, &c. Many millions of gallons of water are hourly evaporated from the

ocean. In this way the Mediterranean Sea is said to lose more water than it receives from the Nile, the Tiber, the Rhone, the Po, and all the rivers which flow into it.

Georgina.—O Papa, let me look at the map to find out where these rivers are to be found.

Papa.—You have a quick eye, and will, I am sure, soon discover them.

Georgina.—But do tell me, Papa, what becomes of all the water?—Does it remain floating in clouds until it descends again into the sea.

Papa.—No;* the winds carry it over

“The aqueous fluid is in continual circulation. Dr. Paley says, that the constant round which it travels is much to be admired; and by which, without suffering either adulteration or waste, it is continually offering itself to the wants of the habitable globe. From the sea are exhaled, by the heat of the sun, into the air, those vapours which are there condensed into clouds: these clouds, dissolved into rain and dew, or into snow and hail, which are but rain congealed, by the coldness of the air, descend

every part of the continents where rain is wanted, to fertilize the earth: it afterwards supplies the rivers, which run again into the sea.

The principle of evaporation, or drawing up moisture, is of the most material benefit to us. When the grass is cut down in our meadows, it converts it into hay for winter provision for our cattle; and it dries the corn when sufficiently ripe to be ground into flour. Without this princi-

in showers, which penetrating into the crevices of the hills, supply the springs, which springs flow into little streams into the vallies; and there uniting, become rivers; which rivers, in return, feed the ocean—so there is an incessant circulation of the same fluid. A particle of water takes its departure from the surface of the sea, in order to fulfil certain important offices to the earth; and, having executed the service which was assigned to it, returns to the bosom which it left.”

“*All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.*”—Eccles. i. 7.

ple of evaporation, our clothes, when washed, could not be dried.

In our climate, evaporation is found to be about four times as much from spring to autumn, as from autumn to spring. Where no rain had fallen for a considerable time, and the earth dried by the parching heat of summer, an acre of ground (according to Bishop Watson's calculation) dispersed into the air above 1600 gallons of water, in the space of twelve hours of a summer's day.

Georgina.—I have read in the Bible, Papa, why God set his bow in the clouds ; and I hope to remember always, what you said to me, as I gaze on its bright and beautiful colours, respecting the merciful covenant (of which it is the token) that He made with fallen man ; but as you have often told me, that effects are produced from causes seemingly common in themselves, tell me how that magnificent arch is stretched over the clouds ?

Papa.—By the rays of the sun glisten-

ing on the falling drops of water. You may always observe the rainbow in that part of the heavens opposite to the sun.

Georgina.—I understand, Papa: the colours are the same as those produced by the sun shining, after a shower, on the rain-drops which hang suspended from the leaves of the trees.

Papa.—The very same, my love, and on the morning dew, of which we have spoken—

“Dew-drops which the sun impearls
On every leaf and every flower.”

Georgina.—But tell me, Papa, what gives the rainbow all its beautiful colours?

Papa.—You have asked a question, Georgina, very difficult for me to answer, so as to make you understand at your age: however, as I know you are fond of studies beyond your years, I shall endeavour to explain it. There are seven original colours; *violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red*. These colours are

conveyed by the different rays of light, such as you have seen by looking through a prism, which separates them.

Georgina.—The prism is that triangular glass, which I am so fond of looking through at the fire, or at a lighted candle, when they appear embellished with all the beautiful colours of the rainbow—every little rain-drop glistening in the sun, displays those colours of the prism; but how is it that we see none of those colours when looking at the sun?—the light from it being only white.

Papa.—It proceeds from the mixture of all the primary colours. You may make an experiment by painting these colours on a piece of card cut into a circular form, and divided into 360 parts—45 red, 27 orange, 48 yellow, &c. Make a hole in the centre, large enough to admit a strong thread, and turn your painted circle upon it with as much rapidity as possible, the colours will be lost, appearing altogether white.

Georgina.—We are indebted to the sun; then, *Papa*, for all the beautiful colours.

Papa.—We are, indeed, as the poet expresses himself—

“Fairest of beings—first created light!
 Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone,
 The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,
 The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their
 charms,
 The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
 From thy unfailing source of splendor draw.”

Without the light of the sun, or candle, the brilliant diamond would have no more splendor than the colourless glass.

“Colours are but phantoms of the day;
 With that they're born, with that they fade away:
 Like beauty's charms, they but amuse the sight;
 Dark in themselves, till by reflection bright:
 With the sun's aid to rival him they boast,
 But, light withdrawn, in their own shades are lost.”

Georgina.—I remember Thomson's description of the rainbow, *Papa*—

——“Reflected from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow

Shoots up immense, and ev'ry hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion, running from the red
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton ! the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism ;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze."

But still, Papa, I do not understand what it is that causes the rainbow.

Papa.—The rainbow is produced by the reflection and refraction of the sun's rays on the falling rain-drops, each drop being in itself a little prism.

Georgina.—What is refraction ?

Papa.—It means the ray of light being turned out of its right line. Suppose you were to darken the room, and admit only one ray of light through a hole in the shutter, and that you were to introduce your glass prism, the whole ray would be bent upwards. Dr. Darwin describes it as untwisting the rays.

“ Next with illumin'd hands through prisms bright,
 Pleas'd they untwist the seven-fold threads of light ;

Or bent in pencils by the lens, convey
To one bright point the silver hairs of day."

The situation of the rainbow* varies according as the sun is high or low: the higher the sun is, the lower will be the rainbow. A shower has been seen on a mountain, by a spectator in a valley, by which a complete circular rainbow was exhibited; and I have also heard of persons standing on high ground, during a heavy shower, while the sun shone brightly, having seen the whole landscape beneath to a wide extent, glittering in all the rainbow colours. Your favourite, Thomson, was probably inspired by some such glorious appearance.

"These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the *watery bow*;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result
And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever blushing, ever new."

Georgina.—Still, Papa, I do not clearly

* Scientific Dialogues.

understand what it is which forms that beautiful arch.

Papa.—I do not know how it can be explained to you so well as by letting you see a jet d'eau while the sun shines upon it. You will then plainly perceive the rising spray over-arched with a rainbow.

Georgina.—Where could I see one, Papa?

Papa.—I think I can prove to you by an easy experiment, that the sun and the drops of rain are the causes of producing the glorious appearance which we behold with ceaseless admiration.

I shall take the small forcing-pump, by means of which the shrubs and flowers in the garden are watered: the sun shall be admitted through the open window, while I, by means of the pump, raise the water, and cause it to descend as a shower of rain: you will then perceive a small rainbow very distinctly formed; which rainbow, the moment the sun is excluded, will vanish; or if I cease to work the pump, it

will vanish, though the rays be still admitted. This experiment we may try this very day, while the sun shines brightly; but I hope soon to let you see the effect to greater advantage. Your mamma and I have been meditating an excursion in England, and only this morning settled our whole plan, in which you were a party concerned.

Georgina.—O! dear Papa, do you intend to take me with you?

Papa.—Yes, Georgina; you are now at an age to see and observe the works of nature and art. Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's place, will not be much out of our way: there you shall see very fine water-works, and many rainbows formed by them. One will appear to you to be a copper-leaved beech-tree. You must take good care, however, not to stand under its delusive shadow. Suddenly, before you have time to escape, water will pour from every leaf like a heavy shower of rain. The spray ascends in a whitish cloud,

adorned with that bow which God made the sign of the covenant between him and fallen man.

Georgina.—O thank you, dear Papa, for promising to take me with you. When shall we set off? How very glad I am! I wish we were to go this moment.

Papa.—Time passes quickly. We hope to set off next month. The day of your pleasure will soon come, Georgina, and will soon be past.

Georgina.—Dear Papa, the pleasure of thinking and talking about all I have seen will last a long, long time; and returning to our home again will be a new pleasure. Every day adds to my happiness, as every day I find some new enjoyment.

Now tell me, Papa, about hail, and frost, and snow.

Papa.—What—all at once, Georgina!

Georgina.—Well then, dear Papa, begin with ice; for I very much like to hear all that you can tell me, I am so anxious to know the reason of every thing.

Papa.—Ice is water congealed, or hardened, by a great degree of cold in the air.

Georgina.—Of what use is frost to us, Papa?

Papa.—It is a material benefit to the human species, Georgina, inasmuch as it clears the atmosphere of obnoxious vapours. Frost on the ground mellows the clay; it destroys hurtful insects, and improves the soil, and is good for our health in rendering the air salubrious.

Georgina.—How does the frost improve the soil, Papa?

Papa.—At the beginning of winter, the abundance of rain which generally falls, would beat down the clay, and harden it, but that it swells with the frost, which loosens the particles of earth from each other, and on the return of a thaw, leaves it in a state of lightness and amelioration to receive the seed sown in it.

Georgina.—What is hail, Papa?

Papa.—Drops of rain, frozen by the coldness of the air before they had time to fall.

Georgina.—And snow, Papa ?

Papa.—Snow, my love, is the light particles of a frozen cloud, which falls in beautiful flakes, and spreads a covering over the young corn bursting from the ground, to protect it from the chill of the frost. The gloom of a long winter's night is often enlivened by the snowy shower, which throws its white and sparkling mantle on every object.

Georgina.—You have told me, dear Papa, what I was just going to ask you—the use of the snow.

Papa.—My dear Georgina, I have not told you half its use, neither could I. All, all, is wisely and divinely ordered for the benefit of the human race. “By the breath of God frost is given,” and to the snow he saith, “Be thou on the earth.” The Lord, speaking out of the whirlwind to Job, said, “Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow ? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail ?” “The rain and snow form the springs ; the springs form the rivers ;

the rivers run into the sea; the sea furnishes the rising vapours; the vapours form the clouds; the clouds descend in rain; and a constant circulation of moisture is maintained, so necessary for the preservation of the animal and vegetable kingdoms." Now, Georgina, you may amuse yourself.

Georgina.—Dear Papa, this is my amusement.

Papa.—I am delighted to hear you say so, my child. May it be always a source of high enjoyment to you, to meditate upon, and trace the works of the Lord; and may your heart be filled with praise, while you perceive that "fire and hail, snow and vapours, and the stormy wind, are fulfilling his word."

Georgina.—What psalm is that in, Papa?

Papa.—In the 148th.

Georgina.—Papa, I think I could repeat part of a psalm that would apply to what you have been telling me.

Papa.—Do, my love ; you cannot gratify me more than by proving to me, that your memory is well stored with scripture knowledge.

Georgina.—The verses I mean are from the 104th psalm.

“ He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field : the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers : the earth is satisfied with the fruit of his works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth fruit out of the earth.” And, Papa, in the 65th Psalm I remember some more verses of the same sort.

“ Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it : thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water : thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so pro-

vided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly : thou settlest the furrows thereof : thou makest it soft with showers : thou blessest the springing thereof : thou crownest the year with thy goodness : and thy paths drop fatness : they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness ; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks : the valleys also are covered over with corn : they shout for joy ; they also sing."

Papa.—Your selections are indeed beautifully appropriate, my Georgina. All our researches into the wonders of nature should lead us to nature's God, and more deeply and frequently to explore those pages, wherein is a treasure of wisdom, to which the remarks of Bishop Horne on the Psalms may generally be applied—
 "Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations."

NINTH CONVERSATION.

Georgina.—Papa, I heard a very strange noise last night, and only that you and mamma have so often told me that every thing of the kind can be accounted for in some natural way, I should have felt greatly alarmed. I had been in bed some time, when suddenly a watch, as I imagined, began to tick under my head. I thought I must have fallen asleep, and that some one had placed it there. Mary had not taken away my candle, therefore I rose up, and looked all about the bed, but I could find no watch. Again I laid my head upon my pillow, and again I heard tick, tick, tick, while I lay listening to it sometimes beating and sometimes stopping. At last Mary came in for the candle. I asked her if she knew where the watch was: she told me that it was the death-watch, and was always heard when some one was going to die. Although I did not believe that foolish story, I could not account for the noise I heard, so very

like the ticking of a watch, and no watch there.

Papa.—I hope, my dear Georgina, that you will always inquire into the true cause of things which might otherwise impress your mind with a kind of superstitious dread. The noise you heard was the song of a little insect, perhaps to call its companions. It is always found in old wood, furniture, and books which have long lain by.

Georgina.—I have seen little insects running in and out of holes in old wood; but I never heard them tick in that manner.

Papa.—They are such timid little animals that they never beat when disturbed, but escape into their hiding places. They have been watched, however, while beating, and the whole little body jerks with every beat. Dr. Derham was the first naturalist who discovered these little insects in the very act. One of them had got into a fold of paper which lay in his study.

window ; the light being favourably upon it, he could plainly perceive it beating. They are heard from the beginning of July to the middle of August. They live chiefly on dead flies and other insects, and in winter hide themselves in the dust,

Georgina was always up betimes in the morning, that she might enjoy the pleasure of a walk with her friend Marianne, whose favourite companion she continued to be. The hour when every bird on its spray, seems to rejoice in the returning day, was one of peculiar enjoyment to our little girl. No circumstance escaped her quick observation, and her eyes were directed, with ceaseless admiration, to each lovely object which the morning presents. The freshness and fragrance of the flowers, and every blade of grass bedecked with pearly dew-drops, glistening in the sun-beams; the lightly-waving foliage of the trees, adorned with the same sparkling gems; as well as the grander objects of creation, seemed to raise her thoughts to the Great

First Cause, and drew from her well-stored memory many hymns of praise. One in particular, which she found at the end of one of Mrs. R. Wilkinson's Sermons for Children, she used to repeat at this early hour, with an emphasis which proved that her heart was full of the glorious theme.

“Glory to God, the holy angels cry;
 Glory to God, let ev'ry heart reply:
 The Sun of Righteousness now shines on earth,
 And peace returns at our Redeemer's birth.

Good-will to men, the holy angels cry;
 Good-will to men, let ev'ry heart reply;
 Let hatred, strife, and wrath, be heard no more,
 But peace and love be spread from shore to shore.

Glory to God, who sent his Son from heav'n;
 For us a Child is born, a Saviour giv'n;
 He comes with peace and pardon from above,
 And rules his people with the laws of love.

Jesus, the long-expected Saviour's come;
 Let ev'ry heart prepare to make him room;
 Let infant tongues proclaim his love abroad,
 And join to praise their Saviour and their God.”

The little book in which she found this hymn, was often seen in her hands; and her pencil crosses had marked many favourite passages, when she had hardly attained her fifth year.

TENTH CONVERSATION.

Georgina.—Mamma, you promised, some time ago, that you would explain more clearly to me, what it is to be regenerated.

Mamma.—I am glad you remind me of it, my love. I think you are now more capable of reflecting on the importance of that change, which all who enter into the kingdom of heaven must experience. Read to me the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

Georgina.—“There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.”

Mamma.—Before you proceed, Georgina, tell me what was the character of the Pharisees?

Georgina.—John the Baptist calls them a generation of vipers ; and our Lord compares them to whited sepulchres—fair to look upon, while their heart was the seat of pride, and of all uncleanness.

Mamma.—What is the character they give of themselves, and what is the meaning of the word Pharisee ?

Georgina.—Pharisee means separated. They separated themselves from others, from the idea that they were more righteous than their neighbours.

Mamma.—No sin is more hateful and abominable in the sight of God, than pride. Whilst we are righteous in our own eyes, we shall never draw near to the fountain of Christ's blood, to be purified from the defilements of the flesh. Whilst we imagine that by our outward observances we fulfil the law, we shall never feel that our sins need atonement. Read the second verse.

Georgina.—“ The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we

know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."

Mamma.—Here is a convincing proof that the Lord is no respecter of persons. From amongst the proud, self-righteous Pharisees, he chose an humble follower.—Nicodemus had seen the miracles which Jesus did, and became convinced that he must be more than man. Though a ruler himself, a *teacher* among the Jews, he longed to receive instruction, from one, who, to all human appearance, was but a lowly carpenter's son. And he accosted Him with a degree of respect to which he knew He was entitled. *Rabbi*, (Master,) "We know that thou art a teacher come from God." What was the Lord's answer?

Georgina.—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Mamma.—Did Nicodemus understand how a man may be born again?

Georgina.—Not at first, Mamma. He

said, "How can a man be born when he is old?"

Mamma.—He did not understand, because he received our Lord's words in the natural, not in the spiritual sense, which proves, that though the light of the Gospel dawned upon him, he was still in that state which you will find described in 1st Cor. 2nd chapter, 14th verse. Read it, and then go on with our Lord's instructions to Nicodemus; by which you will find that the work of regeneration, or being born again, is that of the Holy Spirit, which brings about a total change in the heart, naturally at enmity with God. You will find, by looking out references, that this doctrine of renovation, or newness of life, runs through the Scriptures. David calls it a new creation. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and *renew* a right spirit within me." In the 36th chapter of Ezekiel, it is fully described. St. Paul explains it in the 5th chapter, 2nd Corinthians:—"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new crea-

ture : old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new." And again in Galatians, 6th chapter 15th verse. The 2nd chapter of the Ephesians, he begins with—" And you *hath he quickened*, who were dead in trespasses and sins." The whole of this chapter ought to be studied with the deepest attention. And in the following one, from the 16th verse, you will see the effects which that change produces, when Christ dwells in the heart by faith. When we experience in our heart that " God is love," and really believe that He first loved us, we must love Him, and that love must calm every turbulent temper within. It will be seen by its fruits. The distinguishing mark of God's people is love. " Behold, how these Christians love one another." We shall then know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

Mrs. Alford now dismissed her little girl with a fervent prayer that this love might be shed abroad in her heart, by the operation of the Holy Ghost.

One morning that Georgina walked with her friend along the sea shore, as her eyes wandered over the boundless expanse, she said to Marianne, " I know that God is the creator of heaven and earth, the sea, and all that are therein; and I have often heard that to create is to make, but is there not some difference?" " Undoubtedly there is," her friend answered. " God is both the creator and maker of all things. To create is a power belonging to Him alone whose glory fills the sky. A man can build a house, or make a table, but he must have materials to work upon. God carried on his work without materials: '*let them be,*' was sufficient to call the heavens and the earth, and all the host of them into being."

" A small seed is cast into the ground, from whence a young shoot sprouts, which increases in vigour, and bursts through the clay, and rises higher and higher, until the lofty tree covers the land with its shadow, and from an atom becomes a large and solid

substance: then follows the labour of man; he begins by stripping the tree of its beauties; he lops off all its spreading branches, and leaves the naked trunk, which also falls under the stroke of the axe. Where it has fallen it lies, until its juices are dried up, and then it is hewn asunder and separated into boards, of which, tables, chairs, and various useful articles are made."

"I understand now perfectly," said the little girl, "the difference between creating and making. The lovely flowers grow up out of the ground, and are decked in their brilliant robes by an unseen power, without any borrowed ornament; but when I want to dress my doll, I must have a bit of silk, or muslin, or cloth, or linen, to make it a frock." "Very true, my love; you must rob the sheep of its wool, or the worm of its covering." "What, do I rob," said Georgina, "when I use muslin or linen." "You cannot, surely, be at a loss to know, with respect to the latter, since linen is the manufacture of this country," answered her

friend. “ O, yes, now I remember what I have often watched—the whole process of the flax. The ground is first ploughed up, and afterwards harrowed until it becomes fine mould; a man then walks up and down the field, scattering the glistening seed, which he carries in a great sheet tied about his neck: then comes the harrow again, which covers the seed over with the earth. In a few days the young green leaves are seen spread over the ground like a carpet, and every day they rise higher on a slender stalk, which, when it has done growing, is crowned with beautiful little blue blossoms. When these fall off, a little round ball appears filled with young seed. When the stalks become hard, and begin to change their colour, they are pulled up by the roots tied in bundles, and thrown into a pool of water, with stones placed on the top of them to keep them down. After the flax has been, (I forget how long,) in the water, it is taken out, the dirtiest looking thing, just like manure, and smelling so abominably

that one can hardly bear to come near it it is opened by women and spread thin upon the grass, where it lies until well washed with rain, and dried with the sun. Then it is taken up, and dried better with fire, which the women make against some bank or fence, they build little side walls of stone, or sods of earth, and lay sticks across them, upon which they lay the flax; one woman watches it closely that it may not burn, while the others take it off as fast as it dries, and pound it with beetles upon stones; then they lay it across pieces of board fixed firm in the ground, and they beat off the sticky particles with a scutching handle, leaving only the fibres or skin of the plant, which is the flax: this operation finishes the women's work: the men then take it in hands, and draw it through iron spikes, which they call hackles, to make it soft and fine, fit for spinning into yarn, afterwards it is woven into linen." "You have described this process very accurately, Georgina, but it will soon be

carried on with half the trouble, by means of machinery, which is coming fast into general use." When the linen is worn into rags, is there any way by which it may be rendered materially serviceable?" "O yes, of old rags the finest letter paper is made." What is muslin made of?" "I thought you knew, Georgina, that it is manufactured also from a plant. *The cotton tree of Barbadoes is too delicate to grow in this climate. It is cultivated in the West Indies, where the seed is set in rows five feet a sunder. It grows from four to six feet high, and produces two crops annually, the first, in eight months after the seed is sown, the second in four months after the first. Each plant produces one pound of cotton. An acre of ground on an average produces from 240 to 270 pounds. A great perfection in this crop is, that though delicate in regard to climate, it is not so as to soil, and will grow in ground where other vegetables would not. In six

* Nature Displayed.

months this plant is well furnished with flowers, which no sooner drop off, than the pod appears, inside of which the young seed lies buried in a thick covering of cotton; in another month it bursts open the pod, and would fall on the ground and be spoiled if not immediately gathered. Machines are then made use of to extract the seed; but no machine is so dexterous as the hand in picking off the little particles of the pods, &c. which adhere to it. When the plant is green and tender, it is a prey to insects called Diablotins, or little devils, from the mischief they do. The planters often suffer great loss, from the ravages of various insects. When the cotton is picked, it is stowed into bags, containing 300 pounds weight; and when imported here undergoes a process in manufacturing it, of which you may read a true and entertaining account in Miss Edgeworth's conclusion of *Lucy and Harry*; my attention at present, being more exclusively to lead your thoughts to Him who created all these things at the

beginning, for man to exercise his skill and ingenuity. Some employment is assigned to every individual, and those who pass their days in sloth and idleness, are not fulfilling the ordinance of God."

Here the conversation ceased for a time; other subjects seemed to engross the little girl's attention; she had been picking up shells which she greatly admired; then she watched the ebb and flow of the tide.—“What causes this ceaseless motion of these great waters?” she said to Marianne, who told her it was by the influence of the moon, but referred her to her Papa for farther information.

Georgina was passionately fond of reading, and selected such books as very few little girls would have thought of: Milton's Paradise Lost, and Pope's Homer, she read with unceasing pleasure. Mrs. H. More's Sacred Dramas and stories were also among her mental feasts. With any favourite author in her hand, her attention became so rivetted, that with difficulty she could be roused from it.

This elegant style of reading improved her language far beyond what is generally spoken by children of her age, so that, even literary men used often to find pleasure in conversing with her, and though she never, from the most genuine artlessness of character, thought of concealing the information which a superior memory enabled her to retain, she had not a thought of the advantage it gave her over others. Every word she spoke seemed perfectly natural, and as unassuming as the most untaught child could have evinced. To a degree of good sense and reflection, which can only be expected from the experience of years, she added all the playfulness of childhood, building baby houses, laying out tiny gardens, feeding chickens and her other pets, were among her favourite amusements. In one part of the grounds, near the house, she had a place enclosed with a thick paling, where she kept a pair of doves. These birds knew her so well, and were so tame, that the moment she shewed her face at the

door of their house, they would fly towards her and alight on her head, where they remained cooing without attempting to leave her, while she carried them to her Mamma, her countenance radiant with the joyousness of innocent pleasure.

In drawing up this unexaggerated character, one trait has been omitted. No sooner had her little feet learned to walk, than she became her father's companion in his visits to the poor and needy; and she seemed to inherit all his benevolent feelings towards them. When money was given her, she never had a thought of spending it on any selfish gratification, but immediately recollected some want of a poor neighbour which it would procure, and which was indeed her highest gratification.

“Mamma,” said Georgina one day, “I have often been thinking of a conversation I had with you some time ago about coming to Christ?”

“To come to Christ,” her Mamma an-

swered, "is simply to believe in him. He has opened the door of salvation which no man can shut. Whosoever will is invited to come and take of the water of life freely. By looking out references you find many texts which prove our Lord's willingness to receive all who come. 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' "

"Being heavy laden, Mamma, means, I suppose, to feel that sin is too heavy a burthen for us to bear ?

"It does, my dear, and when we once feel that, we long to apply to Him who will bear it for us. If we are lost it is through an evil heart of unbelief. Our God has attested with an oath, 'As I live saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live ; turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways ; for why will ye die, O house of Israel ?—Ezek. xxxiii. 11. Our Lord commands us to pray ; and St. Paul repeats the exhortation

to pray always—to pray without ceasing. By persevering prayer all our sinful doubts and misgivings respecting the fulness and freeness of salvation, as it is in Jesus Christ shall be removed, and our future lives will bear testimony to the change which his grace has brought about in us.*

Georgina had now arrived at her ninth year, having received many initiatory lessons, of which those here given are but a slight specimen: we shall for the present take leave of her, promising, however, that should any interest be excited in this narrative of her early days, it shall very soon be continued with that of her brothers and sisters, interspersed with many pleasant lessons, which they received, from time to time, from their kind Papa and Mamma.

* See page 52.

