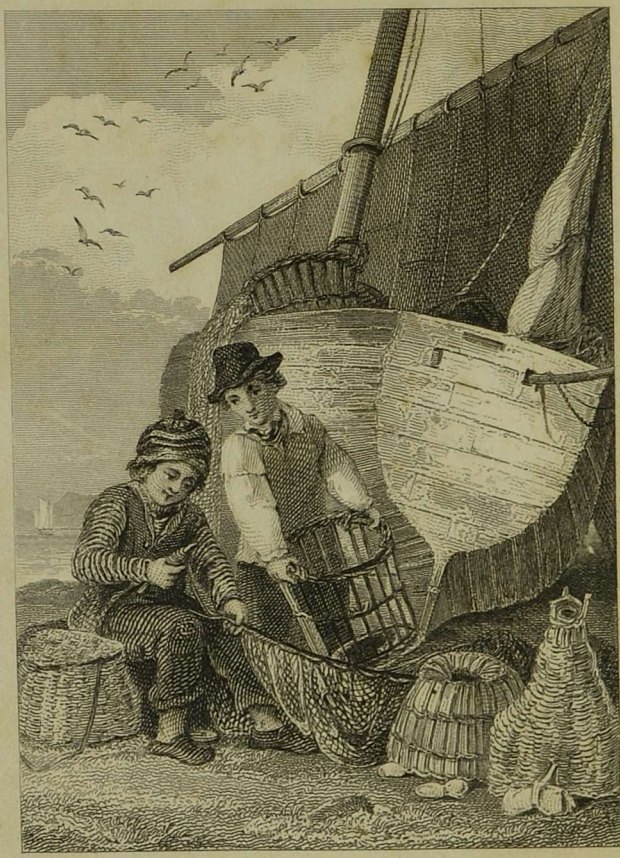
Willem Hoojer Stoute
Zijn oprechtste
Gelukwensen
L. A. S.
1891.



"They could also help to mend the nets: and many other things they could do, to assist their parents"

See page 8.

London. Published by Harvey & Darton. 1830.

THE

FISHERMAN'S HUT,

AND

OTHER TALES,

FOR CHILDREN.

London:

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1829.

THE

FISHERMAN'S HUT.

AROUND a small but very beautiful bay, which was formed by the sea, on the western coast of England, were scattered the huts of a few fishermen, who were also the pilots of those who wished their vessels to anchor within its bounds; for the passage to it was so extremely dangerous, that none except its native mariners durst navigate it. Among these (one of the happiest and the best) lived Robert Alleyson, with his wife and two children, Robert and Philip. She was a kind, cheerful, industrious woman; and the two boys were fine, healthy, active little fellows: Robert, a few months turned eight, and Philip just seven; but so near were they in size and appearance, that strangers found

it difficult to guess which was the eldest. Philip had been all his life a lively, healthy child; but Robert had been a very weak baby, and could not walk till nearly two years old. He was now, however, perhaps, the stoutest of the two. But this early difference in their constitutions had been, it was likely, the cause of as great a difference in their manner and dispositions. Whatever Philip wished to do, he would try at once, without thinking a moment about it; whilst Robert would consider which was the best method of accomplishing the object he proposed, before he attempted it. This the hardy father was rather inclined to look upon as cowardice; but the mother, who, from being more with the children, knew their characters better, called it prudence.

Alleyson's hut stood on a point that went further out into the sea than any other. The beach close around them was covered with small shells, pebbles, and a coarse gravelly kind of sand; with low, broken pieces of rock, which were at high water quite covered by the tide. Amongst these rocks would

the two boys wander for hours, watching for the lobsters and crabs in the little shallow pools between them. And Philip had frequently had his fingers pinched by them; for, with his usual eagerness, the moment he saw one he would dart upon it, whilst the more cautious Robert always took care to seize them from behind. He had also observed, that seeing them through the water deceived him, both in regard to their size and the exact spot in which they were. Having learnt this, he was very certain of securing them when he did dart at them; but poor Philip often missed his aim from his hurry, and still more frequently dropped his prey, after having seized it, from the sudden pain which their claws inflicted. The watchful Robert had often saved his thoughtless brother from being surrounded by the water, and perhaps drowned, whilst giddily playing upon these rocks, forgetful of the coming in of the tide, which arose upon that part of the coast so quickly, that after the sea had covered the first of these

broken rocks that ever was seen above it, it required an exertion of speed, even in these active lads, to reach the beach before it.

Lest any of my young readers should be puzzled to know what I mean by the tide, I will endeavour to explain it. Twice in somewhat more than four-and-twenty hours, the waters of the sea rise higher up the coast, and cover in a short time, to the depth of many feet, what was lately dry land. I myself have passed in a carriage, along a good road, many yards nearer to the sea, than a boat, which was lying dry where it had been carried by the tide a few hours before, and which boat would float again, a few hours after I passed between it and the sea. The cause of the tides is not fully understood; but they are supposed to be influenced by the moon, and are so regular in their returns, that those who live near the different coasts can calculate exactly when they will take place: for they occur at different hours, at different places.

Behind the cottage, the rocks rose suddenly to a great height; but so rough and

broken, that the boys could climb amongst them in search of eggs, to pluck the wild heath-flowers, or for the mere amusement of the scramble. Half way up this cliff, Philip had found a sort of cavern, to which he had led his brother, and which they had together formed into what they called a house. It was not above four feet square; but it had a window, or, rather, there was a slight crack in the rock, to which they gave that name; and the hole at which they crept in, had a stone to place against it, which they called a door. Here the boys often sat, something like birds in a nest; and Robert would employ himself by forming models of his father's fishing-boat, which Philip was always too eager to see sailing, to let him properly finish.

But you must not suppose that these boys spent all their time in playing: young as they were, there were many things in which they could assist their parents in their employments. On fine, calm days, their father would take them out with him in his boat, that they might, by degrees, learn his trade

of a fisherman and pilot; that is, learn where all the rocks and sand-banks were, that they might be able to guide ships into the harbour without risk of their striking upon them. They could assist in sorting the fish, could gather sea-weed to lay the crabs and lobsters upon in the baskets, ready for sale; and could help their mother to carry them round to the different gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, to which she went to dispose of them. They could also help to mend the nets; and many other trifling things they could do, to assist their parents. But there were some of their employments, of which I must give you a more particular account; both because they were of more importance than those which I have already mentioned, and because the boys themselves were more fond of them. About a mile, or a mile and a half, from the place where they lived, was a part of the beach, which, in the summer, was almost covered by a very low plant, called there, "the sea-myrtle," which grew amongst the sand, like sprigs of myrtle or box; only the leaves were smaller, rounder,

thicker, and more of the olive-green, and the stem was never woody, but soft and tender, like the young shoots of the currant-tree, or the tendrils of the vine. These are collected carefully, cleared from the sand, and sold to families, who use them for a pickle; and when prepared as such, the flavour much resembles that of samphire, which is procured with such terrible risk to the poor samphire-gatherer. Perhaps some of my readers may not know what that is, or how obtained. It grows only in cliffs of the rock, and generally in such inaccessible places, that the men who gather it are let down by their companions from the top of the crags, with a rope round their waists; both to be a support to them in their perilous search, and to pull them up by, should they become giddy, or should their foot slip. The samphire grows something like the bunches of the spruce-fir, only longer, and not so thick. This is a dreadful employment, far different from that of gathering the sea-myrtle; the day for which was always looked forward to with delight by the young Alleysons, and

even the parents enjoyed it. Do you think you should like to be of the party? You think you should: well then, you must get up very early, for the sea-myrtle gatherers must be on the beach very soon, to get it before the sun is hot. The mother had prepared some provisions the day before, and the father had drawn his boat high upon the beach; determined, as he said, to have one day of pleasure with his wife and boys. Well-accustomed to the appearance of the sky, he foretold a fine day; and the family supped upon broiled fish, and oat-bread: that is, bread made of the oatmeal of the country, which is very different from that used in the inland counties, being not nearly so finely ground, but having much more sweetness and flavour. The bread is made about the thickness of a book-back. They then retired to their humble beds, and slept soundly till morning; but at a very early hour Philip aroused them all, hurried them over the breakfast, and at length started off with the basket, before any one else was ready. But it was not long before the others

overtook him; for, owing to his eagerness, and the weight of the provisions, he had not got many hundred yards from the cottage, before he was out of breath; and they found him sitting on a stone, his cap off, and so tired and heated that he seemed half inclined to give up the walk. "Aye, aye," said his mother, "this is always the way with you Phil; you are so impatient, you spend all your strength and spirits at first, and then a snail may get beyond you. But that will never do, lad; you will never get on in the world, if you always stop before you well begin. His mother then shook her head, though she smiled. Philip roused himself, and they proceeded. The tide was out now; that is, the water was low and the beach dry, so they agreed to the wish of the boys to go by the shore, that they might gather pebbles, shells, and periwinkles, (or covens, as they are there called,) which are collected off the rocks, to which they adhere in great quantities. The boys seized them eagerly; but many people do not like to eat them, so much do they resemble snails, only

they are black, and the shell rises in a blunt top. Robert and Philip also got a quantity of sea-weed, which they persuaded their mother to let them put into one of the baskets, assuring her it was much prettier than what they found nearer home. Some of it was, indeed, very pretty, looking like miniature branches of different kinds of fir; others were in the same form, but of a bright pink colour: some had much broader leaves, and stems of dark red or brown; and some, which the children were the fondest of, were composed of pods, or berries, quite hollow, joined one to another in long strings, which, when thrown into the fire or pressed by the fingers, would burst open with a loud crack. The finer kinds of sea-weed, when gathered, would all cling together in a confused heap; but when put into water, would expand and spread out all their fibres, when they might be taken carefully out and laid on paper, where they would dry, keep their form and colour, and look beautiful. Robert and Philip amused themselves by collecting these different treasures

of the shore, whilst their parents walked quietly along the sand, until they arrived at the spot where grew the sea-myrtle, when all directly became busied about the same object, that of filling their baskets with the plant. They got a great quantity; and then, as the sun grew hot, they went into one of the natural caverns in the rock, spread out their provisions, and made a hearty meal. After sitting some time, they set out on their return home. The tide was now in, and the water covered the way by which they came; so they climbed a narrow path which led up to the top of the rocks, along which they returned by a foot-path towards their cottage, which the weight of the baskets made them all, except the father, feel very glad to reach.

The next day, as soon as Alleyson had had his breakfast, and paddled his little boat out to sea, his wife and boys took the sea-myrtle, and set forwards to offer it for sale. They had many miles to walk; for the families who were likely to buy it, lived

far apart from them and from each other. You know I told you, that all who lived round the little bay were the families of fishermen, like themselves. They therefore proceeded towards the nearest market-town, calling by the way at the different gentlemen's houses, which were on the road, or near it; and by the time they arrived at Egremont, they had disposed of nearly the whole of their myrtle.

Betty Alleyson and her boys proceeded straight through the town to the parsonage-house; for they were anxious to see the ladies there, and had reserved a basket of their nicest plants for them. Mrs. and the two Misses Benson were great friends to Betty and her family, and she had now a request to make. They were the chief managers of a Sunday-school kept in Egremont, and Alleyson and his wife much wished to send their boys to it. It was to beg to have them admitted, that she was so anxious to see the ladies this day. They were at home, and, when told that Betty Alleyson wished to speak to them, desired she should

be shown into their neat parlour; for they had a respect for her, knowing how well she conducted her family, and brought up her children.

"Well, Betty," said Mrs. Benson, as she saw her enter and make her curtsy, "how do you do, and your husband, and the boys?"

"All well, thank you, Madam," answered Betty. "My husband is out with the boat, and the lads are come with me, to help carry the sea-myrtle. We were gathering it yesterday; and I have brought a little basket of it, if you will please to accept it."

"Thank you, Betty," replied Mrs. Benson: "I shall be glad to take the myrtle, for we all like it. What do you ask for it?"

"Oh! nothing, Ma'am," said Betty, curtsying, "if you should like it."

Mrs. Benson did not refuse to let Betty show her gratitude for the favours she had often received at the parsonage, but called for a plate, and emptying the basket herself, praised the freshness and greenness of its appearance.

"Robert and Philip helped to gather it, Ma'am," said Betty, looking down and hesitating, and they picked out the best for you, ladies; and they wish——they would be very much obliged——we should all be very much obliged indeed, if"——

"If what? my good Betty," kindly enquired Mrs. Benson, as she saw the poor woman appeared confused. "If you would let them come to the school, ladies," said Betty, with another curtsy, encouraged by Mrs. Benson's voice and looks.

"That we will, with pleasure," said all the ladies: "we are always very glad to take children into our school, whose parents we have reason to believe, will see that they do in the week what they are taught on the Sunday: for you know, Betty," continued Mrs. Benson, "it is of no use their going to school, or to church either, to learn their duties, if they are allowed to neglect them on every other day."

"Indeed I do, Ma'am," said Betty; "but my husband and myself always strive to make the children behave well at all times;

and indeed," added she earnestly, "they are not disobedient boys."

"We know it, Betty," answered Mrs. Benson with a smile: "we have often noticed them, as fine, active, industrious little fellows; and I do believe both Alleyson and yourself will teach them, that the more knowledge they have, the more they will deserve blame if they behave amiss."

"Thank you, Madam," said Betty: "but if you would be so very kind as to say something to the boys yourself, they mayhap would never forget it."

Mrs. Benson, who agreed with Betty, that a few words from her, upon such an occasion, might be likely to make a great impression, desired her to bring her boys into the room.

Philip, as usual, came dashing forwards, without considering what he was to do afterwards; the consequence of which was, that he stopped short in the door-way, and his mother was obliged to put him aside, before herself and Robert could get in. "Good

morrow to you, my good boys," said Mrs. Benson: "I am glad to hear you wish to be taught how to read. I hope you will take a great deal of pains, and try to read well. It will afford you much amusement in the winter evenings, when you have finished your work. But you must remember not to let it take up any of the time you ought to employ in other ways; and I trust you will never forget, that the use of learning to read is to gain knowledge, and the use of knowledge is to make you better and happier: if it does not do that, you will be better without it; for the more you know, the more is expected from you, and the more blameable you will be, if you do not act rightly. However," continued she, with an encouraging smile, as she saw the boys, whose faces had glowed with delight as they came in, began to look grave, "I do not fear but you will both behave yourselves well; for those who are obedient to their parents, industrious, and willing to be taught, seldom make a bad use of their knowledge. And when you can read well, I will give each of you a Bible, and

then you will have a guide, which will not only teach you your duty, but how to pray for strength and inclination to perform it."

"Oh! I will soon learn," exclaimed Philip.

"I will try hard," modestly observed Robert.

Mrs. Benson told them, the sooner they claimed their Bibles, the more they would please her; and giving each of them a penny, she desired them to go into the kitchen with their mother, and get something to eat. As they left the room, she turned to her daughters, and remarked, that she had not chosen to say much to the children; having always observed, that a few words, either of advice or reproof, made more impression, and were longer remembered, than if a great deal was said at a time. "For," continued she, "when too much diffused, it loses its effect; as you, Ellen, say, you think every gooseberry hath the same share of sweetness, and therefore, if it grows too large, it becomes insipid."

Ellen smiled. "They are fine boys," said she; "but I admire the youngest the most:

there is something so manly in his manner. He has more genius than his brother, I am sure."

"He is certainly a very fine lad," replied her sister; "but I cannot agree with you, in thinking he must have more abilities than his more diffident brother, who really pleases me the most of the two."

"I am of your opinion, Sarah," rejoined Mrs. Benson: "I think Robert's modesty no proof of his want of abilities; which, by the way, is an expression I approve of more than genius. We often find it is not those who are the most clever, who put themselves the most forward. However, I think both the boys will do credit to the school; for they appear to me to know the value of learning, and to come with pleasure, from a desire to improve, and not merely because their parents say they must. And now, girls, put aside your work, put on your bonnets, and let us take a walk."

Sarah rose with a sigh. "I do not like walking," said she.

"But, my dear Sarah," replied her mo-

ther, "you like health; and to keep that, you know, you must use exercise. Therefore I think it would be a wiser plan to try to gain a taste for it, than always to be fretting at the idea of going. I dare say Ellen will tell you it has its pleasures."

"Yes, indeed," cried Ellen; "the very motion is a pleasure of itself:" and the lively girl swept, with a dancing step, half round the room.

Sarah shook her head. "I am not so fond of motion." Ellen and her mother both smiled.

"Well," said Ellen, "but you are fond of pictures, and I am sure no pictures are half so handsome as the real landscapes are, we see in our walks: are they, mamma?"

"Indeed I think not," answered Mrs. Benson.

"Very likely not," rejoined Sarah; "but you know I cannot see as far as you can, so cannot be as much pleased with distant views."

"True, sister," answered Ellen; "but then there is botany, and I am sure, if you

would only learn a very little of that, it would make even the grass amuse and interest you."

"So it might, Ellen; but I am sure it will never please me, for I can never make any thing of it."

"Ah, Sarah," said Ellen, playfully, pointing to a pretty group of flowers, which hung in a neat frame on one side of the room, "you said just the same, in regard to drawing; and yet I think you have made something of it at last. Has she not, mamma?"

"She has," replied Mrs. Benson; "and I wish, Sarah," continued she, turning to her eldest daughter, "you would have a little more confidence in your own powers, and a little more perseverance, and you would find pleasure in doing many things, at the mention of which you now shake your little head in despair."

Sarah half smiled, and promised her mamma she would try to like even botany and walking, if she wished it.

"I do wish it, my dear child," answered her mother; "because I am sure it would be for your own advantage: you would be

more able to improve and amuse yourself, and be less dependent on other people."

"That is just what I think, mamma," cried Ellen: "I would not sit down satisfied with believing I was not able to do what others have done, as Sarah does. Nor would I ponder for hours, to find out the best method of doing any thing, or how other people have done, or are doing it, or what they think about the doing of it, for the world; and so I often tell her, I always like to try to do what I wish, at once, and in my own way. Am I not right, mamma?"

"Why, my little madcap," answered her mother, laughing, "I cannot be certain that you are quite right, at all times, in following your own plans only; as long as I hear of the wisest people studying and taking advice, and as long as I find improvements made in every art and science, by people's attending to the hints of those who have gone before them."

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Ellen, "I don't mean that. I would take advice, or hints, from any one I thought knew any thing of

the matter; but not tease myself about the opinion of every simpleton, or hesitate about the best possible method of beginning any thing, till it is too late to begin at all."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say," said Mrs. Benson; "but would it not be wiser to employ your time, both of you, in endeavouring to improve yourselves, by copying each other's good qualities, than to lose it, by trying to find out the bad ones? It is sisterly, to tell each other kindly of your faults, and assist to amend them. But is it kind to try to make them appear ridiculous before strangers?" she added, with a serious tone and look, as she turned towards Ellen; then addressing Sarah, "or to speak of them with a harshness, more likely to cause anger than amendment." Both the sisters looked down in confusion, whilst Mrs. Benson continued. "Is there not, do you think, qualities in each, which the other might copy with advantage? You, Ellen, might observe that Sarah's hesitation is only till she has found out which is the best method of doing any thing, and how other people do it: when

once she has determined those points, if ever she does determine them," added she with a half smile, "she has then a perseverance which you would do well to imitate."

"And so I will," cried the eager Ellen; "and if you will forgive me, Sarah, for having so often laughed at you, I will never do so again. At least, I will try not," added she, correcting herself; for she recollected how often before she had determined to do what she knew she ought, and had been hurried away by her spirits to act quite contrary.

"And I," said Sarah, who guessed what her mother would say to her, will try to imitate you, Ellen, in fixing more quickly on what to do, and not hesitate till it is too late to begin at all; and if you will forgive my crossness, we will forget all that is past, and try to do what mamma has so often said she wished we would, meet each other half way: I to give you a little of my quietness, and you to give me a little of your quickness."

"That will be an excellent plan," said Mrs. Benson, "and I hope you will both

adopt it. And now let us make haste to go our walk; for I must tell you there is an inducement for our taking it, sufficient even for you, Sarah," and she smiled kindly on her children.

"Oh, what is it?" cried both together.

"It is contained in a letter which I this morning received from your father; a letter in which he tells me he expects to arrive in the coach, about six miles from this place, early to-day, and intends to leave there about ten o'clock, to walk home; and I calculate that, by starting now, we shall meet him about a mile and a half hence."

"Oh, mamma, why did you not tell us sooner?"

"Because, my dears, I feared, if I had, that Ellen would not have been able to fix her attention on any thing else, and so would have wasted some hours of valuable time."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Ellen.

"True, my dear," said her mother, shaking her head, but not very angrily. Indeed, she was too happy, at that moment, to find much fault with any one; for Mr. Benson was an

affectionate husband, and an intelligent companion, and his absence had been deeply felt. Besides, in those days, a journey to London was an event seldom occurring, and which was looked upon as so alarming an undertaking, that, to hear of a traveller's having actually accomplished it, and being on his return home, was something like what we now feel when a friend is recovering from illness—pleasure, still mixed with anxiety. And this was now the case with poor Ellen, who, after jumping in ecstasy around the room, hurrying her mother and sister to get ready, for their papa would reach the village before they set off to meet him; getting the string of her cloak into a knot, in her bustle, and then breaking it; tearing one of her new leather mittens in her eagerness to draw it on, and knocking off the heel of one of her shoes, by which feat she not only narrowly escaped a fall, but delayed herself, her mother, and sister, till she could get another pair, suddenly stopped, and, with a look of terror, exclaimed: "Oh dear, mamma, it is so long since that letter was written, papa

may have met with many delays since then; or the coach may have been overturned, or he may be ill, or ——"

"Stop, stop, Ellen," cried her mother: "this is always the way in which you act. So eager about every thing at the beginning, so certain it will all be right: then, in a few minutes, when the first excitement is over, so tired of the plan, or so doubtful of its success, that you have seldom resolution to proceed. And why should you now try to damp our pleasure, at the prospect of so soon seeing your father? Is there not a Providence in all places? It is wrong, it is sinful, to take such groundless fears as you do." She spoke strongly, for she felt painfully the fear expressed by Ellen. Besides, it too frequently happened, that, after being in very high spirits, Ellen sank into despondency, as if quite unhappy; and her mother, who knew the misery caused by such a temper, was very anxious to teach her, whilst young, how to regulate it, that it might not be a source of trouble to her in after life. To Sarah, Mrs. Benson observed, that she

had not mentioned to her the prospect of meeting her father, because she wished her to get a habit of doing what was right, because it was so, not because she expected a reward for so doing: "For," observed she, "if you do, my child, you will often be sadly disappointed; and you will find, when you go more into the world, not only that you must not expect always to be rewarded or praised for acting rightly, but sometimes blamed or ridiculed for it, and urged to do what you feel to be wrong. You know, you are very soon to go to your aunt in Carlisle, and you must not expect every body in a large city to be as innocent and happy as they are in the country: you will find their manners and their amusements very different from what you have been used to. Many of them you will be pleased with, if only from their novelty. Those you think not right, do not join in."

"But, dear mamma," anxiously enquired Sarah, "how shall we know which are right and which are wrong?"

"You will," replied her mother, "always have your Bible and your conscience to guide you; and if you always recollect *whose* eye is upon you, you will not be likely to go far astray; particularly if you continue the habit I have taught you, of considering each night in what manner you have passed the day."

"It always appears very odd to me," observed Ellen, "that people who are doing wrong themselves, should generally wish to make others act wrong also. What good can it do them? It only makes them the more deserving of punishment."

"True, my dear," answered Mrs. Benson; "but you generally find, that people who are in any danger, think themselves more secure if others are with them. This, I judge, to be the case with the wicked: they feel themselves to be in danger, and try to gain a fancied security in making others wicked also."

Engaged in such conversation, Mrs. Benson and her daughters proceeded along the road in which they expected to meet the husband and father; and wishing them a

happy reunion, we will leave them, to return to Betty Alleyson and her boys, who, having eaten their bread and cheese in Mr. Benson's kitchen, were now on the point of quitting it, to hasten home; at least, so thought Betty. But the boys had some important plans in their heads, which they had carefully concealed till this moment; when, just as she was turning towards the narrow path which led across the fields, they stopped her, and begged she would take them into the town, for they wanted to go to some of the shops.

"Shops! bairns," exclaimed the mother: "what in the world can you want in shops? And who is to find money, if you do want any thing?"

"Never mind that, mother," said the boys, laughing and nodding mysteriously: "only just go with us. Do, now.

"Well," said their mother, smiling good-humouredly, "I will go with you; but don't take me any fool's errand, I desire."

"Never fear us, mother," cried the lads, as, bounding forwards, they led the way along

the principal, almost the only street of the town, to a draper's. "Now, mother," exclaimed both of them, as they each took a hand to lead her in, for neither of them would yield to the other the pleasure of telling the secret, "now choose yourself a bed-gown!"

Perhaps some of my readers may be as much surprised at this request as was poor Betty, who looked first at one of her children, and then at the other, as she stood with one foot on the step, uncertain if they spoke in earnest or not; until Robert, pulling a handful of silver out of his pocket, gave it to her, and said, "We have saved it for you: now pray buy a bed-gown with it. You said, awhile since, you wanted one, and wished you had five shillings to spare. Here they are. Now do go into the shop; do."

"And then," said Philip, "we want to go somewhere else, to buy something besides: don't we, Bob?" And he nodded at his brother, who answered him by another nod; and they both urged, and pushed their

mother into the shop, where Philip could not help jumping and skipping, in the joy of his heart, while Robert stood by quietly, but not, perhaps, less happy than his more giddy brother, as she chose a chocolate-coloured print with a white sprig upon it, which was, she said, prettier, and not so common as the blues she wore in general. The print, with a piece of strong unbleached calico for a lining, and two skeins of thread, one *whitey* brown, and the other to match the print, (the latter were, as was the custom, given by the shopkeeper, cotton not being used to sew with at that time,) being folded in a parcel, and put into one of the empty baskets, Betty drew her red duffel cloak over it, and came out into the street with her boys; who begged her to go with them to a cobbler's-stall, where they asked to be measured for a pair of clogs each, which they desired might be calkered, and sent home as soon as possible.

How do you think you should like to wear such clogs as these boys were delighted to order for themselves? They

were to be made of very stiff leather, with a sole of wood, about half an inch thick, cut somewhat like the wood of a patten, to fit the foot; and the calkering them means, putting iron round the front, on the bottom, in the style of a horse's shoe. These clogs are not lined, but are frequently made large enough to have hay or straw stuffed into them, to keep the feet dry and warm. When these were ordered, the boys said they were ready to return home. On the road, their mother asked them how they had been able to get so much money. Robert said, it was Philip who first thought of saving their money, when he heard his father say it would be a bad season for them this year, the herrings had failed so sadly.

Along that coast, the herrings come in shoals several feet deep, and are usually caught in great quantities, salted or dried in different ways, and packed in barrels, to be sent to distant places; and if storms, or any other accident drives them away, it is a great disappointment to the poor fishermen.

"Yes," said Philip, "I believe it might

be I who first thought of saving the money, if we could get it; but I rather think it would have been long before I should have found out how to get any to save, and if I had got any, I do not think I could have kept it secret, had it not been for Bob."

The mother was pleased to see that each of her boys wished to give a due share of praise to the other; but desired to know how, when they had thought of getting and saving their money, they had begun to put their plan into practice.

"Why, mother," said Robert, "do not you know that house, as we call it; a hole in the rock you say it is, that Phil found, and I got you to go with us to see one day?"

"Do I know it?" cried Betty, "that I do: I thought I should have broken my neck in scrambling up the crags. But what of that spot? You did not find money there, I guess."

"No," said Philip, laughing; "but we made some there."

"Made money!" said their mother, in an enquiring tone.

"Yes," said Philip, "for we made what brought money; and that, father and you often tell us, is really making money.

"And so it is, Phil. But what could you make that was worth money, I wonder."

Robert said, "I do not know that it was worth money; but I will tell you how I got some for what I made. I had been very busy up in the house, one day, cutting a bit of wood into the shape of father's boat. Well, Philip wanted me to try how she would sail; and so we went down to the rocks where we get crabs and lobsters. She did not sail straight, and I sat down to take a bit off of one side; and whilst I was working at her, Master Ellison, of Bransty Hall, and his papa, came on to the shore close by us. They stood to watch us a bit; when, luckily, my boat, the next time I tried her, sailed so beautifully, that I heard Master Ellison ask his papa to get it for him. Now, you know, mother, they are always very civil to us at the hall, and speak kindly, not as they do at some places; and Master Ellison himself once gave Phil and me a marble each.

So I felt glad to have something to give him; and I took the boat out of the water, and asked him to take it. The laird said I was a good lad, but that, perhaps, I would not like to part with my boat. I said I could make another, bigger than that, if I had a nice piece of wood. Then he told me, if I would go to the hall, he would give me a nice bit of wood; and if I would make a larger boat, that could sail as well as the little one, he would give me a shilling for it: so that was the first beginning of our making money, mother. We got the bit of wood, and kept it in our house; and when she was made, she sailed so well that we were almost sorry to part with her; but when we took her to the Hall, we got the shilling, and some more bits of wood: such nice ones. Then I made more boats for some school-fellows of Master Ellison's, and thas was the way I got most of my money. You know, I got some for running errands, and helping to mend Fisher's nets for him; thank you for teaching me how. And now, Phil, tell how you got your money."

"Why, you won't like my way half so well, mother," said Philip; "for I got mine by chance, and not by working for it."

"Oh! but," said Robert, eagerly interrupting him, "if he found out how to get it by chance, mother, he worked on to get it afterwards. That was right, was it not?" His mother agreed it certainly was, and Philip went on. "One day, Bob and I had been climbing and running about till we were quite tired; so we went and sat down to watch the men at work, at that pit where they get the coals."

Betty shook her head. "I have often told you, lads, not to go near that pit."

"We did not go very near it, mother. We sat down on a heap of stuff, that looked almost like slate, a good bit from the hole, and the men kept bringing more of it in barrows. Well, I picked a bit of it up, and it looked just as if there was a branch of a tree on it, only small; though it was almost as big as a sprig off your myrtle-tree, mother. We thought it looked pretty, and I was bringing it home, to show father and

you, when we met that odd-looking gentleman: an *anti*-something, I think they call him, that lives at Jane Merrifield's. He asked me to let him look at it, gave me twopence for it, and bade me try to get a bigger bit, with a branch quite perfect. I hunted about a long while, and had almost tired and given up; only I thought it would be a shame, when I saw how steadily Bob kept working away at his boats. At last I found a piece as large as my hand, and such nice leaves on it, that, when I took it to the gentleman, he was so pleased, he gave me one shilling and sixpence. Only think, mother, one shilling and sixpence for a bit of slate."

"People have queer fancies, now and then, child, and these antiquaries more than any body else; and sometimes they will pay well for them. I remember your showing me some of the slate, and saying you had had money given for finding some; and I know Bob got some for boats: though I never thought you had saved more than what bought the worsted to knit your father's stockings. But

I can tell now why I have never seen either of you lately with gingerbread, or taffy; and what all the cunning looks and laughs have meant, when I asked what you did with your halfpence. Well, I think you will never forget now what may be done by industry; and that the least sums of money will become great ones, if put together, instead of being spent; but I would not have you miserly, either, but enjoy yourselves sometimes."

"And so we do, mother," exclaimed both the boys."

"I am sure I never felt so happy in all my life," added Philip. "And then there will be giving father his stockings. You have not told him about them, have you, mother?" suddenly stopping, and looking with an anxious countenance up in her face.

"No, Phil, no; but I have had hard work to keep your secret."

"Oh, how glad I am you have not told. And will you wash them, and get them ready to-morrow?" His mother nodded. "And the next day will be Sunday," he added: "Oh! what a day that will be!" then throw-

ing his cap in the air, he called his brother to have a race.

"Bless you both," said the happy mother; and she breathed a prayer that her children might always continue the kind-hearted, generous beings they were at that time.

That evening, and the next day, it was hard work for the boys to keep their (to them) important secret. Luckily, they might talk about the Sunday-school, and what the ladies at the parsonage said to them, and about Mr. Benson's being expected home: and Betty washed and dried the stockings, whilst her husband was out with his boat. Now the worsted for these stockings had been bought with some of the money which the boys had saved, and they had each knit one of them. Perhaps you may wonder to hear of boys knitting stockings; but the sons of poor people are often so employed, and much more properly and profitably than those boys who spend their hours in idleness, play, or mischief. *They* can never know the delight

which was felt by these two lads, as, each holding a stocking, they went up to their father's bed-side, early on the Sunday morning, and asked him to wear what their own industry had prepared for him.

A happier group was not to be met with that day, than Alleyson, his wife, and boys, as, with grateful hearts, they left their little cottage at an early hour, to walk to the church, a distance of full three miles. Their path lay through a beautiful valley, covered with moss and heath on the rocky sides, whilst the gentle harebell bent its head, as if to wish them good-morrow, as they passed. Just in the corner of a bend that the road made, stood a small, neat cottage, the inhabitant of which went, even in those days, by the name of old Sarah; and that part of the road which went from her door down to the little brook, began to be called by her name. Many, many years after, she still dwelt there: the walk still retains her name, and the passer-by still gazes on the house in which once lived a woman who had seen part of three centuries. Yes, children, she lived

in three centuries, and then she died! Remember, not one in a thousand lives so long; but all who are born must die! and strive to live so that you need not fear death; for it will come to all. How foolish is it, then, in those who study only how they are to pass their *time*, and not how they ought to prepare for *eternity*.

Alleyson and his family were met by Sarah, in her neat black-silk bonnet, and cloak over a slate-coloured poplin gown, going to her own place of worship. She was a Quaker. Alleyson could not forbear telling her what his boys had been doing. She smiled kindly on them; and then turning to him, said: "Thou art right, Robert, to bring thy children up in habits of industry and economy; and I trust both thee and thy wife, not only do so, but also take care to inform them who it is who gives them hands to work with, and materials to work upon."

After a little more conversation, they parted. Robert and Philip paused a moment on the single plank which crossed the brook

I have mentioned, to watch the little minnows, as they darted through the water; and to point out to each other where, on some future day, with their parents' leave, as this was beyond their usual rambles, they might come to gather flowers and rushes, (or sieves as the latter are there called,) to make caps, swords, whips, and rattles. But they neither of them had any idea of staying then, or any wish to do so; so they followed their parents, and entered into conversation with them on the duties of the day. When they reached the town, they left their little basket of provisions with an acquaintance, for it was too far to go backwards and forwards twice in the day, and then entered the church-yard, where they found many other people already assembled, all earnestly wishing to see the clergyman; for Mr. Benson was much beloved by his parishioners, and his absence had been much lamented. At length he appeared, with his wife and daughters, who had met him in safety on the Friday; none of those accidents having befallen him, which poor Ellen had

so terribly feared. The people crowded round him; and after talking kindly to them for awhile, he entered the church and began the service. Robert and Philip had before been taken, by their parents, to join the children belonging to the Sunday-school.

When the evening service was over, and the scholars dismissed, the fisherman and his family returned home. The boys, delighted with having begun to read, were eager to show their mother what they knew. They pointed out some of the letters; but they could not always agree about the names of them, and, unfortunately, their parents could not assist them, having never learnt themselves. They could, therefore, only advise them to be very attentive to what was taught in the school, as, if they learnt any thing wrong, they would have a great deal of trouble to get right again, after learning it in that manner all the week. And you will always find, my young readers, that there is much more difficulty in getting quit of any habit or manner, than in acquiring it; there-

fore, always endeavour to do things properly at first.

If you remember, I told you there were two employments in which the boys were useful to their parents, which were of more consequence than the others; and I have only yet mentioned one of them, gathering the sea-myrtle: the other was, catching shrimps and sand-eels. The first, I suppose, you have often seen, but perhaps not when they were alive. They are then of a light-brown, or greyish colour, and jump so quickly, and so far, by rising on their tails and springing forwards, that it is difficult to keep them in the baskets. You know, when they are boiled, their tails are always bent under them. The sand-eel is not much longer or thicker than your finger, and both they and the shrimps are found hid in the sand. I will now tell you how they are caught.

On the Monday morning, Alleyson called his boys as soon as it was light; for the tide was early that day, and they must be on the shore as it was going out. They each of

them took a lystre, or fork with three prongs, nearly as large as a pitch-fork, but flat, and the points barbed; that is, cut in this shape  . With this and a basket they walked down to the shore. There they stood on the wet sand, which had just been covered by the waves, and, thrusting their lystres into it, turned it quickly over; and then stooping down, picked up the shrimps, or sand-eels, before they could bury themselves again, or jump away. In this manner they followed the water till the tide was quite out; that is, till the water had gone as far from the land as it ever did; and then, with the fish in their baskets, they returned home. It would have been useless to dig for fish in the sand which had been left any time uncovered; for they always work their way through it, to keep under water.

This morning, Alleyson and his boys had been very successful, and brought home heavy baskets, which must be taken out again as soon as they had eaten their oat-meal-porridge breakfast. This they were not long in dispatching; and then Betty,

with Robert and Philip, set out merrily, to dispose of the produce of the morning's labour. Thus cheerful and contented did the boys pass their days; and I doubt if even any of my readers ran after a kite or hoop, with as much glee as did Robert and Philip, after the shrimps and sand-eels; or were more happy in following their own amusements, than they were in feeling that they were assisting their parents.

Sunday was to them a day of great happiness; for they loved the employments belonging to it, and their father and mother were at leisure to attend to, and converse with them. They steadily attended to the duties of the Sunday-school; were praised and rewarded for their industry; and soon learnt to derive pleasure from reading, particularly in the Bibles which Mrs. Benson gave them.

Time went on till these boys became fine stout lads of twelve and thirteen years of age, fondly attached to each other, and equally dear to their parents; yet still with the same difference in their disposition which

had marked their childhood. Eager and ardent, Philip frequently outstripped his brother; but Robert, steady and prudent, from having taken time to consider the subject, and lay a good foundation, generally gained the advantage in the end. In learning and in play it was the same. Philip soon read more rapidly than Robert, but he could not spell like him. In building their mimic docks in the sand, Philip would form two or three for Robert's one; but the first tide swept them away, whilst the firmly-made one would remain for days. Even Alleyson, who, as I have told you, was inclined to feel partial to what he thought the more courageous spirit of Philip, was obliged to confess he did not make such good nets as Robert; for he was always so anxious to finish them, he never took time to draw the knots tight. But he laughed at his wife, when she would shake her head, and say: "Yes, yes, it is the same in that as in every thing else: he is always too eager to get on, to take time to do things well:" for what, he

would say, had making a net to do with other things, such as handling an oar or piloting a ship; and he was sure the lad would be as good a pilot and fisherman, in a year or two, as any on the coast.

"I do not doubt that, with your teaching," would the mother reply, "if he does not lame or kill himself in the mean time."

And very nearly, about this period, had her fears been realized. During the spring-tides, as they are called, the water rises much higher than at other times, and consequently washes over a greater portion of the shore. Now, from the cottage where these boys lived, was a very narrow foot-path, close along the top of the rocks or cliff. It was a pleasant way, and one they were fond of taking, when any errand carried them that road. The winds and tides had risen very strongly for several days, when these boys were desired to take some fish to the gentlemen's houses beyond this path. They were the first Alleyson had been able to catch for a length of time; for fish avoid the coast during storms, lest, I suppose, they

should be dashed on the shore. Philip was, as usual, first; and they had already observed the fragments of rock which the tides had washed down from the sides of the cliffs, and were fearing lest some of their favourite haunts might have been injured, when Philip suddenly exclaimed, "Stop, Bob! I must take a leap here; for look what a gap there is."

"Stay, stay!" exclaimed Robert; "that other stone is not steady." But his caution was too late: Philip had made the spring, and had scarcely touched the stone before he felt it sinking from under his feet. He hastily dropped the basket, and clung in terror to a stunted ash, which happily grew just above him. Robert did not speak, but leaping over the low fence of loose stones, that separated the path from the fields, threw himself on the ground, and creeping to his brother, he fixed his foot firmly round the stump of an old thorn, and putting his arms over the fence, he grasped his neck. Philip with one hand reached his brother's collar. It was a moment of intense anxiety:

a deep and fervent prayer was breathed in the heart of each. Philip sprang up, and the boys found themselves clinging closely to each other on the turf, in silence and in tears.

When the boys returned home, and related what had occurred, the agitation of their parents when they heard of their danger, and the gratitude they felt as they listened to their escape, were extreme. Earnestly did they both talk to Philip of the consequence of his temerity; and Alleyson pointed out to him what must have happened, had Robert, either in his fright ran for assistance, or too eagerly hurried to the edge of the precipice. In the first case, Philip could not have held by the tree till his return; in the second, it was most likely the earth would have given way with Robert also, and they must both have been dashed to pieces, for the cliffs were at least a hundred feet high at that part. But by throwing himself down, Robert kept the greatest weight of his body on firm ground, and covered a greater space, by which means he was able to raise his brother.

"I see," said his father, turning towards him, and laying his hand on his head, "you do not want courage. By the blessing of God, you have saved your brother's life: may he continue to watch over and protect you both."

A few days after this, Mr. Ellison, whose son Henry had always retained a partiality for Robert since the making of the boat, came down to the cottage, to ask the fisherman and his wife if they had any objection to letting their eldest son go to live at the Hall as groom to the young laird. "I know," continued Mr. Ellison, "he can know little or nothing respecting horses; but I am sure, with his steadiness and industry, he will soon learn; and I feel certain, from what I hear of his conduct at school and at home, that he will use the animal put under his care with kindness. Indeed, I think you have great reason to be thankful for the blessing you enjoy in the excellent dispositions of both your children, and in the strong attachment they bear to you and to each other.

Such a family-union almost always ensures its prosperity, and speaks well for the character of every member of it."

Alleyson and his wife were gratified by these praises, and felt much pleased that their boy was likely to have a master who would kindly notice him, and encourage him in doing his duty.

"The groom," said Mr. Ellison, "who will have the charge of instructing him, is a steady, middle-aged man, whose correct religious principles I can depend upon, and Robert's own particular charge will be the pony of my son."

You may think what comfort it was to the parents of Robert, to have him so happily placed, and particularly that he had gained the situation by his good conduct. They had always been desirous to get one of their children into service, thinking one quite sufficient to remain to assist the father; and that it would be an advantage to have *one* not merely supporting himself, but, as they hoped, gaining friends, who would afford them advice and protection, should they

have the misfortune to lose their father; and, you know, men who employ their time as Alleyson did, must be exposed to many dangers. There was another gratifying circumstance attending Robert's being taken into Mr. Ellison's family, his remaining so near to them; for they would all, especially his brother, whose attachment to him was greatly increased since his escape, have grieved much to have parted with him to any distance. Indeed, as it was, it was long before Philip could at all reconcile himself to the separation; but, by degrees, he more earnestly gave himself up to helping his parents, and learning his double trade of fisherman and pilot. He strove also to acquire a little more caution, and did in some degree succeed; but not quite so, as you will perceive by another incident, with which I must close my account of these boys. Now I hope that, though it is very unlikely any of my readers should ever meet with such a trial of their courage and presence of mind as that which I am now going to relate, the circumstance will make an impression on

their minds; that the greatest anxiety and wish to give assistance, in times of difficulty and danger, will be useless, nay, most likely only add to the trouble, unless accompanied by a proper consideration of the best method to be used, and by steadiness and prudence.

Mr. Ellison was partial to the fisherman and his family: he respected their principles, and the consequent honesty and propriety of their conduct. He therefore encouraged Robert to pass all his leisure hours at the cottage, being certain that he would not neglect any duty by doing so; nor would his parents have permitted him. He also allowed Philip to be frequently at the Hall; for he was aware of, and pleased with, the strong attachment these boys had shown to each other from their earliest childhood.

It was the month of March, and Robert had been about a twelvemonth at the Hall, when Henry requested and obtained permission to have a small pleasure-boat built. Robert and Philip were the principal architects: the work had rapidly advanced, and was now near its completion, when Henry,

whose eagerness to see it finished increased in proportion to the probability of his soon doing so, asked his papa to let Philip stay two or three nights at the Hall, that the work might not be interrupted by his absence. Mr. Ellison made no objection, neither did the fisherman; for this was about the time of the vernal equinox, when the wind is in general very boisterous, and the tide rises very high; and at such times he had little to do, as the fish always avoid the coast during storms, fearful, I should imagine, of being dashed against the rocks. Philip, therefore, took up his abode at the Hall for a few days.

Merrily now went on their plans respecting their little vessel. They had made their dock, or place for building the boat, in a sheltered spot, between two overhanging rocks: all was now ready for the launch, as it is called, that is, for getting the vessel into the water; and boards were laid, along which she was to glide into a little creek near which she had been built. All these arrangements had kept them later than

usual, and the boys were proceeding to the Hall, along the beach, consulting on the name of the ship, for so they chose to dignify the boat, when Philip observed, he feared they should have a storm, and not be able to launch the Rover, as it had at length been determined she should be called, for the sky was full of streaks, called, in seamen's phrase, "hen-scrats and mare's tails;" and which are said to make "lofty ships carry low sails." The wind came on in sudden gusts or squalls; and the moon, by the light of which they had laid the last plank, was now often concealed from their sight. The tide was now coming in as they left the boat; and they calculated from that, at what time it would be high water in the morning; for the tide rises nearly an hour later every twelve hours: thus, if it rose at nine to-night, it would be high water about ten the next morning. They had been scrambling along a path among the rocks, chosen only, apparently, for its difficulty, and which had in general been out of sight of the sea; when, turning suddenly

round a piece of rock, they came in full view of the bay already mentioned; and at one extreme point of which, you may remember, was situated the cottage of Alleyson, separated by some distance from the huts of the rest of the fishermen. But what was the horror of the brothers, at seeing the abode of their parents already surrounded by the sea!

The tremendous waves advanced in such a form, that the cottage seemed at one minute to stand in a cave, and the next to be overwhelmed by a mountain. The boys uttered an involuntary shriek, and sprang forward towards the cottage. Philip declared he would try to join his parents, and save them or die with them; but Henry and Robert struggled with him and restrained him; representing, that, even of his strength enabled him to reach the cottage, which was very doubtful, he could be of no service there, but would only add to the confusion and distress. Suddenly Robert, who, whilst arguing with Philip against what could be of no use, was most anxiously endeavouring

to think of something that would, exclaimed, "The life-boat! the life-boat!" and loosing his hold of Philip, darted along the beach towards the hut of Joe Thwaites, an old, experienced seaman, under whose care had been placed the life-boat* and some cork-jackets. They soon reached the spot: Joe had looked out for ships, and listened for signals of distress; but he never thought of any of their own cottages being in danger, for it is seldom the sea comes so far and so rapidly on to the shore; though I have myself seen it do so, more than once. Speedily did he

* A life-boat is built broader in proportion than others, and is lined with cork; at least, that *was* the style of them. I believe they are *now*, sometimes, made double, with the space between filled with air; but the effect is still the same, that of making them so much lighter than the water which supports them, that they cannot sink, although the waves should, as in storms they are sure to do, completely fill them. Cork-jackets are formed of pieces of cork, fastened together in the shape of a waistcoat without sleeves; and these, when put on, assist the body, which is itself naturally lighter than water, to support the arms and legs, and keep the head above the waves.

hoist out the boat, and soon was it afloat amongst the billows, Joe himself steering her, whilst the brothers took the oars. With difficulty they prevailed upon Henry to remain on shore. "We are enow to manage the boat now," said Philip, "and the fewer we are to come back, the better."

Henry felt the truth of this remark, and remained with his eyes fixed on the vessel, most anxiously watching her as she tossed up and down upon the waters. At length the boat succeeded in gaining the cottage, and was secured to it by grappling-irons. What a moment of horror! A cord was let down to the boat, and held at the window by Alleyson; whose wife, by means of this, and the aid of his hand and her son's, succeeded in gaining the boat. He followed, but his foot slipped, and he fell into the water; but upholding himself by one arm, he caught hold with the other on the boat. Robert and Philip then drew him in; but they dared not yet rejoice in their safety. With hearts full of earnest prayers, they ex-

erted all their own powers to the utmost to regain the shore, and at length they reached it. Numerous hands relieved the exhausted rowers, and drew the boat on land.

Can I close my narrative at a happier moment, than that in which Alleyson and his wife, as they watched the waves bear down the roof of their little dwelling, returned their heartfelt thanks to Heaven for their preservation, and felt truly the value of a child, who, with courage and affection strong enough to dare all dangers for their sakes, was gifted with prudence and thought, to make that courage useful.

CONTENTMENT.

Happiness may be obtained in any situation of life, where the mind is possessed of contentment; but no station, however apparently delightful, can give enjoyment, without it.

"WHAT is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Bonham to her daughter Ann: "what makes you look so very grave? Is it sorrow at parting from your young companion?"

A lady had been passing the day at Mrs. Bonham's, with her niece, a child about Ann's age.

"Oh! no, mamma," said Ann; "it is not that, for I did not much like her."

"Not like her, my dear! how was that?"

"Because, mamma, she made me feel uncomfortable, and discontented with my books and play-things."

"But was not that a little your fault? If your play-things have amused you, and your books entertained and instructed you, you are to blame to let the opinion of any one, particularly of a stranger whose judgment you do not know to be better than your own, put you out of humour with them."

"I believe I am, mamma; but when you hear people talking of having things so much better than yours, you cannot help wishing to have them, and thinking less of your own."

"Indeed, I think I could, unless I was sure the person who undervalued my things knew better than myself what I should like."

Ann laughed. "No one can do that, mamma. But then she made such game of all that I showed. She said my books were such old, shabby things, that they looked as if they had been read through a dozen times, and such common paper and backs. She says hers are all so beautifully bound; and when she has read them once, she puts them away and has new ones. Then she called my toys make-believe things; for she

says her tea-things are real China, and her spoons and sugar-tongs silver. She says she has mahogany tables and chairs for her dolls, which are all wax, and a room fitted up on purpose for them. Then, at dinner, she said she had not been used to dine without a footman. Yet, I am sure, Betty was very attentive, mamma. And she did not like the plain pudding and meat: she wanted fish, and fowl, and pickle, mamma. Only think of that! And she expected wine and dessert afterwards, though I told her we should come in to you. Then, at tea, she wanted richer cream, and coffee, and cake; and seemed quite discontented and uncomfortable because she could not get them."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Bonham, "I am very glad there was no one by when you told me this; for they might very likely have laughed at such folly in a little girl, and I cannot bear to hear any one made game of for their misfortunes."

"Misfortunes, mamma! Do you call it a misfortune to live so well, and to have such nice things to play with?"

"Indeed I do, a very great one; and I think, if you will consider a little, you will not be willing to change places with her."

"And give up papa and you, and my brothers and sisters. Oh! no, mamma. But I should like to have what she has, and to do as she does, without that."

"Well, my dear," said her mother, smiling, "let us consider a little. In the first place, did she tell you any thing about her books?"

"She told me the names of several of them. Many I had not heard of before, and I asked her to tell me something of the stories; but she said she did not remember any of them. She had read them: they amused her at the time, but she had forgotten them."

"What a great deal of use they are of to her, then!"

"Not much, indeed, mamma; for when it began to get dusk, we were standing by the window in the nursery, which looks towards the lane, and I asked her if she would go and look for glow-worms; and she said, 'Oh, yes,' as if she were quite pleased; but

I suppose it was only because she liked a change."

"That is very likely, my dear; for people who have been used to the variety which that poor little girl appears to have been, are always wanting something more. But why do you think it was only the change she liked? Did she not admire the glow-worms?"

"Oh! no, mamma: she was quite afraid of them."

"Afraid of them!"

"Yes, indeed, mamma: she would not believe us, when we told her they would not burn her; for Betty went with us."

"Of course, my dear, it would not have been very proper for little girls, like you, to go by yourselves."

"But Miss Larpent wanted us to go by ourselves, but Betty would not allow it."

"She was quite right."

"Well, mamma, I was surprised to find she knew nothing about the glow-worms; for she mentioned Frank, and there is all about them in that book, you know, and I told her so. And then she made me rather

angry; for she did not believe me, and said she was sure I had only taken her there to frighten her. Now, you know, that was thinking me a very naughty girl, mamma; so, as she would not believe me or Betty, we thought it best to come back to the house."

"You were right not to dispute, my dear. But you ought to be sorry for this poor child, and not angry with her: she is very much to be pitied."

"Pitied, mamma! with such fine things, and such numbers of new books."

"Yes, I do pity her, my dear; for she appears, by your account, to be one of those poor children who are so over-indulged, that they are obliged to be coaxed, or frightened, into doing whatever they ought to do."

"Why yes, that is true, mamma; for she told me of many things she had been coaxed to do, which I thought she ought to have done without even being told; and of some things which she had been frightened with by her nurse, and even by her aunt, mamma, which I thought she must have known could

do her no harm; for I know it was all put down about them in her books."

"It might, my dear. But, you see, books are of no use to her: she only reads them for amusement, and not to acquire knowledge; so I think it is most likely she reads the tale, and overlooks every thing else."

"But, mamma, is it not very wrong in them, to frighten her about things that cannot hurt her, instead of telling her the truth about them?"

"It is. But they have lost the power of guiding her by right methods, and so they use this very, very bad one, which must soon lose its effect; for she will find out that they have been deceiving her, and will never believe them afterwards. You wonder, I dare say, how she ever took pains enough to learn to read; but I will tell you, and then I think you will be sorry for her. She had once a mamma, who took a great deal of pains with her, and taught her to read, and to do many other things; but her papa and mamma both died when she was scarcely six years old, and she has now lived for more than a

twelvemonth with an old aunt, who never had the management of a child before, and who was so sorry for her when she first came to her, she thought she could not indulge her too much. And now she cannot bear to contradict her in any thing, she is become so fond of her, or rather of her own quiet; for I never can believe, that those who really love a child, will allow it to have or to do things, just to please it at the moment, which *must* make it unhappy when it grows up. But I know there are some people who never look forwards to a child's growing up, and yet fancy they are fond of them."

"But *you* always look forwards, mamma."

"I strive to do so, my child; for the use of all my teaching is, to make you able to guide yourself when I am not with you. And therefore it is, that I wish you to learn to do what you ought, because it is right, and not because papa and I would be angry if you did not do it; for I have endeavoured to teach you *whose* will you ought to obey, before either your papa's or mine, if we

should ever wish you to do any thing contrary to his commands."

"Oh yes, mamma; but I am sure you never will."

"I trust not, my dear. But you may some time be asked to do what you ought not to do, or to neglect doing what you ought, by some one you love and respect; and then remember what I have taught, or rather what your Bible teaches, and obey God rather than man."

A day or two after the above conversation, Mrs. Bonham invited another little girl, the child of highly-respectable, though not rich parents, to pass a day with her daughter.

Through the whole of this day she had heard them laughing and playing, and seen them running about in high glee. A little before the time at which Esther, for that was the child's name, was to go home, Ann opened the parlour-door rather more hastily than was proper, and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma!" but seeing her mamma writing, she recollected herself, and coming quietly up to the table, stood still till her mamma looked up

and asked her what she wished to say in such a hurry.

"I wished to ask you, mamma, if I might give this doll and this book to Esther."

"Would Esther like to have them?" asked her mother: "the doll is an old one, and the book has been read through several times."

Mrs. Bonham smiled as she spoke, whilst Ann laughingly answered, "Oh! mamma, Esther is not like Miss Larpent: she is pleased with every thing, and she says *her* doll is very old indeed—has no arms, only bits of rag, that she sews on herself: it never had leather ones, and it has not glass eyes, only black spots; and she says it is about the size of this, and so the clothes would fit it; for she has made clothes for it herself. And I know she would like to have this, though she will not say so."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Bonham, "you have advanced very good reasons for giving your doll to Esther; and I have no objection at all, for I think her a very good little girl."

"Oh, so she is, mamma; and we have been so happy, and she has told me so many pretty things."

"I am glad of it, my dear; but you forget you are leaving her alone all this time. What is that book?"

"Esther does not mind being left alone, mamma: she is too fond of reading, to mind that; but I do not wish to leave her, and I can tell you all about her, after she is gone; but this book, which I want to give her likewise, is a little "Sandford and Merton," and you know I have got a large one now."

"Well, my dear, I have no objection; and I hope Esther will be amused by it."

Ann took the book and doll to Esther, who soon afterwards returned home in high spirits, to show her presents to her parents."

Ann came into the parlour, to sit awhile with her mother.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Bonham, "I hope you have passed a pleasant day?"

"Oh, very pleasant indeed, mamma. Esther is such a nice girl, so cheerful, and

good-humoured, and so satisfied with every thing. She never said a word against the dinner, and it was just the same we had when Miss Larpent was here. She did not want dessert or wine; nor at tea, richer cream, or coffee, or cake; and she told me such a number of pretty things out of her books."

"Has she as many books, then, as Miss Larpent?"

"No, not half a quarter so many. But then she reads them over twenty times, I think; and then she says she can understand them, and remember and think of what is in them, when she is walking, or awake in the night. But she says she does love a new book, and her mamma cannot buy her many. May I lend her some of mine, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear: I can have no objection to your lending your books to one whom, from your account, is so certain to take good care of them; for all people take care of books, who know their value."

"Oh! I am sure she will, mamma; and I hope her papa and mamma will not object

to her having some; for she said, she never would borrow a book without their leave, when I asked her if she would take some of mine home with her."

"She is a very good child for saying so, and very right; for people must learn to read, as they do every thing else, by degrees; and I have known some persons, by reading a book before they had learned to understand it, take a dislike to what, if they had waited a little, they would have read with the greatest pleasure. But how did you find amusement for the whole day?"

"Oh, the whole day was much too short. She was so pleased with all, and wished to examine every thing till she knew its uses, not merely to look at and throw away. And then, when it grew dusk, I asked her if she would like to go and look at the glow-worms, and she said, "very much." But she had not read Frank, and did not know any thing about them, and thought they were fire, as Miss Larpent did; but when I told her they would not hurt her, she never

thought I was telling a story, but took one in her hand directly."

"She has not been used to be coaxed or frightened, then," said Mrs. Bonham.

"No, indeed, mamma. She says her papa and mamma always tell her what she should do, and when it is proper. They tell her why she ought to do so, and she always believes them, for they never deceive her."

"Now, my dear Ann, which child do you think is the most happy, Miss Larpent or Esther?"

"Oh! Esther, a great deal, mamma."

"But perhaps Miss Larpent was the happiest at home."

"Oh no, mamma; for she said how tiresome it was to live in the country, and have nobody to speak to but her aunt, and how she hated lessons. But Esther said her days were always too short for her, and how happy she was when she could get her papa and mamma to talk to and to teach her."

"Then you see, my dear, it is not a number of play-things, or being over indulged, that makes children happy; but the being

taught to make a right use of what things they have, and being treated with confidence and proper kindness."

A few weeks afterwards, Mrs. Bonham received a letter from Mrs. Larpent, in which she told her, that her niece was so very ill, the physician had ordered her to be kept quiet, to live on plain puddings and vegetables, and to drink only water or milk.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Ann, when her mamma read this part of the letter to her: "how miserable she must be, for she said she could not bear to live without company; and you know, mamma, how much she disliked plain food."

"I do, my dear. And now I am certain you will agree with me, how much worse it is for people to leave off things which they have become accustomed to, than to do without what they have never enjoyed. Do you think Esther would be as unhappy, if she was ordered to live in the same manner that Miss Larpent is?"

"Oh dear! no, mamma: she does not like

much company, or visiting, for she says it interrupts the lessons and conversations she has with her parents; and, as to food, she never seems to think about it."

"Then you do not think her living always so plainly, makes her uncomfortable?"

"No, mamma."

"And yet you think, being obliged to live plainly now, makes Miss Larpent unhappy?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Why?"

"Because Miss Larpent has been used to sweet, and rich, and strong things, and so she does not like plain ones."

"Now, my child, remember what you have just said, and never accustom yourself to sweet, or rich, or strong things; that, if you should ever be obliged, like poor Miss Larpent, to give them up, it may not make you unhappy. And you might be obliged to do without them, either by poverty or illness; neither of which evils are so likely to happen to you, if you do not indulge in them; for they are very apt to make a person ill, by disagreeing with them, which, I think, is the

case with Miss Larpent; and they cost a great deal of money, which may make a person poor."

Ann very well understood what her mamma said, and determined in her own mind, that she would endeavour to be contented with whatever was given to her, and think as little as possible about eating and drinking, or having a variety of things of any sort, either books, play-things, or clothes; for she very well remembered how Miss Larpent talked of the different dresses she wore on such and such an occasion, and thought how grieved she must be that they were obliged to be now all laid aside.

The ensuing morning, Mrs. Bonham gave her daughter the following lines, which she thought might help to fix the observations she had been making, in regard to the different education and habits of Esther, and of Emma Larpent.

CONTENT AND DISCONTENT

Believe me, Ann, no toys have pow'r
To fill with pleasure one short hour

Unless contentment in the breast,
Charms every teasing thought to rest.

Look at young Esther's cheerful eye,
Her ready smile, her kind reply;
Then on poor Emma turn your gaze,
What fretfulness her face displays!

Yet Esther's is the humble lot;
Few books, few play-things she has got;
Whilst Emma, in her father's hall,
Uncheck'd, for every whim may call.

But Esther loves her things to draw
Around for use, and not for show;
Whilst Emma, by their numbers teased,
Has far too many to be pleased.

CORMICK.

A man need never to despair of being able to retrieve his fortunes, if he has retained habits of sobriety and industry.

A GENTLEMAN in the north of England had three sons, who from their childhood appeared to be of very different dispositions. They were all lively, good-humoured, and generous; but the eldest, Alfred, could never be brought to fix his attention on any one thing. If he could not understand or learn it, at once, he left it for something else. Play, or study, it was all the same. What he could not do directly, he would not try to do at all. Thus he lost many valuable acquirements; for we all know that the best things are the most difficult to obtain.

The second son, Bernard, would try to do every thing he saw done. Nor was he

easily turned aside from what he was engaged in; but, unfortunately, he did not strive to attain any thing because it was right or useful, but for amusement, or to show his dexterity. Thus, he would be as eager to rob an orchard, as to learn to read; to climb a tree for a bird's nest, as to gain a prize for well-said lessons.

Cormick, the third son, was steady, attentive, and diligent: without half the abilities of either of his elder brothers, he surpassed them both, in their plays and in their studies. His rule was, whatever he tried to do, to do it well. If he took up his bow, he would not lay it down till he had tried to hit the mark. If he copied a picture, he would begin again and again, until he had made it quite correct; and if he took his book, he would not close it until he thoroughly understood, and could repeat his lesson; and all this he did from a desire to improve.

The gentleman and his wife both died before the eldest son had passed his twentieth year, and these young men found them-

selves masters of ten thousand pounds each, and at liberty to act as they thought proper.

They all grieved much for the death of their parents, and felt how great the loss of their advice would be to them at their age; but yet they neglected to follow the last which their father had given them; namely, to consult an old and valued friend of his, upon their future plans. This the eldest thought an unnecessary trouble, as he lived at some distance; and the second did not like to do, fearing he might lay some restraint upon his wishes of making a show and seeking amusement.

The youngest did not choose to differ from the others, and thought there could be no harm in their all living together for a few years; during which time, however, he determined to pursue his studies as usual. But how difficult is it to avoid doing as those do with whom we associate! particularly if we in any way look up to them as our superiors; and poor Cormick was two diffident of his own judgment, to determine to do even that which he knew to be right, if his

brothers either tried to laugh or to reason him out of it.

Learn, therefore, reader, to form fixed principles of right in thine own mind, upon the only firm basis, that of true religion; and be not moved from them, either by the ridicule or the frowns of the weak or the wicked.

The second brother was allowed to fix both the place of their future abode, and their establishment, owing to the idle indifference of the elder, and the two great diffidence of the younger. The latter, indeed, did venture to hint, that the expense of the plans proposed by Bernard must exceed their means of payment; but he yielded, as usual, to the careless smile of Alfred, and the overpowering "pshaw! it must be so," of the other.

Mark here the difference between obstinacy and firmness: the first is determined to do whatever pleases it, whether right or wrong; the last is determined to do what is right, whether pleasing or not.

Cormick soon found that, if a person allows

himself to be prevailed upon to commit one action which he knows to be wrong, he must not hope to stop there, but must expect to be led on to many others.

Bernard had chosen a handsome house, with beautiful pleasure-grounds, through which passed a pretty river, in the immediate neighbourhood of a large and populous town.

Horses for the surrounding rides, and a boat to enjoy the delights or sailing, were ordered as things of course; and Cormick, who was very fond of both these exercises, found his former morning studies often gave way to his now morning pleasures. Then came evening engagements; and feasting, cards, music, and dancing, encroached upon his nights, leaving a drowsy, aching head, unfitted, during the next day, for ought of thinking or application. He soon found that "custom is a second nature." In less than a twelvemonth, he entered as giddily into the pursuit of pleasure as either of his brothers, or any of his acquaintances. So

true it is, that those whom we choose to make our constant companions, will soon teach us to adopt their habits and opinions, even against our own feeling of what is right.

Be careful, therefore, to choose your friends from amongst the wise and the good; then, instead of being laughed out of prudent resolutions, you will be encouraged to keep them; and instead of being praised for idle follies, you will have their uselessness pointed out to you, and be encouraged to follow more worthy pursuits.

Time flew on, and our three young men appeared to forget that money also has wings, until they were reminded of it in a very unpleasant manner.

It so happened that, with all its beauties, they began to tire of living constantly in the country, and wished to have a house in the town, wherein to pass their winter months; and having heard of one which they thought would suit them, the price of which was two thousand pounds, they applied to their bankers for the money, when, to their dismay,

they were informed they had not so much in his hands; so greatly had they lived beyond their income, and so little had they attended to the balance of their accounts.

Their want of credit was soon known; people to whom they were in debt quickly brought in their bills; and when these were all discharged, there remained to the brothers scarcely a hundred pounds apiece!

The brothers were, at first, all equally overwhelmed by such a sudden reverse; but in a little time, the difference in their dispositions, which during their prosperity had been scarcely perceptible, began to show itself more strongly than ever.

Alfred, when he had received his portion, said he should take a lodging, and think for a while, what it would be the best for him to do; thus, as usual, putting off the time of action.

Bernard proudly declared he had no doubt of being able, by his own efforts, to regain, and more than regain, all that he had lost. He, too, talked of taking a lodging; but not for the purpose of thinking, but of acting,

though upon what plan to commence he had not quite determined.

Cormick strongly urged them both, at last, to attend to the long-neglected advice of their father, and apply to Mr. Davenport, the old friend before mentioned, for his council and assistance.

This they would neither of them agree to; and Cormick, who felt that, if so many thousands had vanished in so short a time, a single hundred could not last long, resolved to set off immediately to the residence of his father's friend, and put himself, and the trifle he still possessed, under his guardianship, if he would now accept the office.

Which of the brothers acted in the most prudent manner, I intend to show in the sequel of my tale.

Alfred remained thinking, as he called it, without attempting to enter upon any plan for his future life, until he was very disagreeably surprised one morning, by his landlady's calling upon him for the rent of his lodgings, and by finding himself unable to pay it. This, at length, obliged him to

use some exertion; and he immediately applied to many of his acquaintances, who would willingly have served him. But, alas! the carelessness of his childhood now proved the misfortune of his manhood. He had neither learned to write nor cast accounts well, so that he could not take any situation where either of these were necessary. An opportunity occurred of procuring him a place, as assistant in a school; but he understood neither Greek nor Latin. Indeed, he read and spelt even English very incorrectly; and as to geography, he might very likely have placed the West Indies in Spain, and the Isle of France in the Bay of Biscay.

The failure of these schemes, instead of arousing him to industry, completely overpowered him, and he sank into a state of apathy, in which he continued for a length of time; living first at the house of one friend, then at that of another, till they, tired of such a useless being, who did not make one effort for independence, procured for him, with some difficulty, an asylum in

an alms-house, to which he retired in the prime of his age: a sad evidence of the consequence of neglecting to lay up in childhood and youth a store of learning, for the use and respectability of after-life.

Bernard, with his hundred pounds, adopted a quite different course. He went among his young companions, and consulted them how best to employ his time and talents; but he found it was not as easy to find people who could assist him in gaining money, as it had been to spend it.

Quick as he was at learning, he had always studied more to make a show, than to be really wise: his knowledge, therefore, being very superficial, was now of little use to him. But he might do well in either the army or navy. It was, however, a time of peace, and he could not readily get employed; and whilst he was trying for a situation in either one or the other, there unfortunately came to the town a company of players.

Bernard frequently went to see them perform, and he soon thought he should like to

join them; and as he had a fine figure and voice, the manager very readily engaged him, and he gave up all idea of the army or navy, for the stage.

His memory was good, and, as he was allowed to choose his first character himself, he got through it with a good deal of credit. But he had too long been allowed to regulate the actions of himself and others, to be very willing to bear control: he soon tired of being obliged to appear, night after night, in characters chosen for him by another, and consequently became careless in his performance; the audience hissed, the manager expostulated, and Bernard left the company in a pique.

But whilst he had been in it, he had been induced by some of the actors, who, as is too often the case, were fond of drinking, to frequent a small public-house in the neighbourhood of the theatre; and to this place he went, as usual, from the force of custom, which, as I have before said, always grows so strong, that people ought to be very careful what sort of habits they give way to.

When he entered, there were some men drinking, who had seen him before with his companions, and, as he was alone, they asked him to join them; and soon learning, from his discourse, that he had left the theatre in anger, and also that he had very little money left, they persuaded him to pass the evening with them, and hinted it was very likely they might be able to put him in a way of improving his fortune.

After they had drank for some time longer, cards were produced, and Bernard foolishly agreed to play. His money was soon all lost; he was in debt to his companions for much more, and knew not where to get sixpence to pay them. Almost distracted with his situation, heated by the wine he had drunk, and his anger still increased against the manager by the discourse of his comrades, he was by degrees persuaded to join them in a scheme, which, as they said, would at once benefit himself, and revenge him on his enemy. Oh! how entirely must he have forgotten the precepts of the religion he professed, when he could

be led by such a motive. See the effects of too much wine, of bad company, passion, and gaming!

From this house he was taken, without time for reflection, to the house of the manager, where was kept the treasury of the theatre. The spot where it was secured was known to Bernard, and to him and another was assigned the part of seizing it, whilst the rest of the gang kept guard. An entrance was obtained by some of those means well known to housebreakers. Bernard and his companion reached the spot they sought, but, in their eagerness not to risk the loss of his assistance, the scheme had been hurried so much, that it was yet early when they began their operations. Some of the family had not retired to rest: the thieves were overheard, an alarm was given. Those on the outside made their escape; but Bernard, and the one with him, were taken, tried, condemned, and transported for life.

Let us now turn to a more pleasing subject, and follow Cormick to the dwelling of

Mr. Davenport, where he was at first received with some little coolness; but upon his relating all that had happened since his father's death, frankly acknowledging his errors, and requesting advice, Mr. Davenport cordially bade him welcome, and desired him to join his family-party as a guest, for a few weeks, whilst they considered what would be the best for him to do.

His family consisted of himself, his wife, two sons, and two daughters about Cormick's age; and here, as you may suppose, his time passed very happily.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Davenport, who had greatly feared, from the idle habits which Cormick had so long indulged in, that he should find him unfit for business or study, was agreeably surprised to discover the progress he had made in his youth in useful knowledge, and that he still retained so much patience, industry, sobriety, and steadiness, that there was no doubt of his success in any plan he might adopt.

No sooner was the old gentleman convinced of this, than, delighted to find he

could so easily serve the child of his old friend, he told Cormick that, if he was willing to enter as a clerk, into his counting-house, (for he was a general merchant,) that he would allow him a salary sufficient to enable him to appear as a gentleman, and that he wished him to remain in his house as one of the family.

Grateful for such an offer, Cormick gladly accepted it, and spent two or three years very happily with Mr. Davenport, interrupted only by the sorrow he felt from the accounts which he received of the misconduct of his brothers.

His hundred pounds was so well managed, that, by degrees, it accumulated into a capital sufficient to allow of his commencing business for himself; which he did, by Mr. Davenport's advice, who did not choose to take him into partnership, on account of the claims of his own family.

Time rolled on, and Cormick continued to be equally steady and industrious as a master, as he had been when a clerk. Upright and honest in his dealings, he was respected

by all who knew him. His fortune increased until it exceeded greatly what he possessed at the first; and how much more satisfaction did he receive from it! He now knew the value both of time and money, and was prudent in the disposal of each.

The religious principles which had been implanted in his youth, guided his actions and governed his wishes. His home was the abode of comfort, where there was abundance without waste, and ease without vulgarity. But, as our errors will make themselves remembered long, very long, after they are seen and repented off; so did Cormick feelingly regret, through life, that want of firmness, which had induced him to yield what he knew to be right, to the wishes of his elder brother. "Had I been steady," he would say, "Alfred might have been induced to exert himself, and Bernard——" But on this subject he could seldom bear to dwell.

Alfred, he had had the pleasure of removing from the almshouse to a comfortable lodging; but Bernard was lost before he had it in his power to assist him.

HENRY MAYNARD;

OR,

HOW TO KNOW YOUR DUTY AND TO DO IT.

"HENRY," said Mr. Maynard to his son, as he entered the room one evening, where the latter was kneeling on the floor, playing with a favourite dog, "bring me your book, and I will hear you repeat your lesson." Henry started from the ground, and was hurrying towards the door, in some degree of confusion, when his father called to him, to enquire whither he was going. "I am going for my book, papa," answered he. "Going for it," repeated Mr. Maynard, "why where is it?"

"I left it in the garden," replied the boy, and immediately ran off. On his return, with the book in his hand, his papa asked

how he could be so careless as to leave his book exposed to such a risk of being injured or even lost. "You know, Henry," continued he, "I am always displeased if any of your things, but more particularly your books, are destroyed or lost through your own negligence.

"Indeed, papa, I forgot it," answered Henry.

"Never, my dear boy," said Mr. Maynard, "think that *forgetting* a thing can be a sufficient excuse for your having neglected it: always remember, that by *forgetting*, you may do, or cause, which is the same thing, as much evil as by idleness or even wilful mischief; and that it must, therefore, be a very great fault in any one, not to endeavour to strengthen his memory, and to recall to his mind, at different parts of each day, whatever he ought to do in it. I remember, when I was about your age, I had a favourite linnet, which I used to feed and attend to myself. Once I forgot my bird, and when at last I recollected him, and went to his cage, I found him dead from hunger,

caused by my own neglect. Poor fellow! I shall never forget the horror I felt when I saw him lying on his back stiff and cold, and knew that it was owing to my fault. Since that time, I have never thought that having forgotten any thing, was a sufficient excuse for omitting to do it; feeling that the mischief caused by such negligence was frequently without remedy, and knowing that a little regularity and attention would almost always prevent the occurrence of such evils."

"Oh! papa," cried Henry, who had been much shocked by the account of the death of the poor linnet, "may I go and feed my rabbits."

"Yes," said his father, who was glad to perceive such a proof of the effect of his story, "go, and be quickly back, that I may hear your lesson. But remember, that unless you make a regular division of your time, you will always be in confusion, and perpetually forgetting, or not leaving yourself time to perform, some one or other of your duties. After this morning, therefore, determine in your own mind at what hours

it may be most convenient for you to attend to your different employments; and then you will not be anxious about one thing when you ought to be doing another, or obliged to leave any thing undone."

Henry promised to obey his father's instructions, and ran off eagerly, to repair the neglect he had been guilty of, in suffering his rabbits to remain two hours longer without food than their usual time of being fed.

Henry Maynard was a lively, good-tempered boy, thirteen years of age; of a good disposition, and an excellent understanding, both of which were frequently rendered of little avail by his want of steadiness; for he was too apt to let himself be influenced by the wishes and inclinations of those with whom he associated. I do not mean to say that young persons ought to adhere obstinately to their own opinion, in opposition to the judgment of others: that would be a still greater fault than Henry's; but I mean that no one ought to do what he knows to be wrong, or refrain from doing what he feels to be right, merely through fear of being laughed at, or called ill-tempered.

This was the greatest fault Henry had, but it was the means of making him guilty of many others; and for that reason I wish particularly to caution my young readers from giving way to it. Many an hour of sorrow did Henry spend, and many a punishment did he receive, for acts which he reluctantly committed, from the habit of yielding to the desires of his companions, without considering, till it was too late, whether he ought to do such things or not; and many a time did he neglect duties which he wished to perform, because he had not resolution to quit a party who asked him to remain with them. The cause of his having forgotten his rabbits and his book, the day his father told him the story of the linnet, was, that he ran out of the garden to join some of his schoolfellows on a nutting expedition, whom he did not like to ask to wait until he had fed his rabbits and taken his book into the house. Upon his return, he forgot them both; which will frequently happen, when things are not done at the time when they ought to be.

Mr. Maynard made a point of hearing his son repeat the lesson for the following day, every night, before he went to bed. And it was well for Henry that he did so, otherwise his lessons would have been often neglected; not from any dislike to study, for Henry was particularly fond of learning, and would frequently, when alone, commit to memory any subject which he thought worth remembering, besides his regular school-exercises; but he never could command resolution to give up any amusement in which he might be engaged, in order to attend to his studies.

Henry had been brought up with an uncle of his father's, an unmarried man, with whom he had lived till the time of his death, which happened when Henry was nearly twelve years old. This old gentleman was so very fond of his grand-nephew, that he would scarcely ever suffer him out of his sight, and never allowed him to play with children of his own age; but chose him to remain generally with him, and took him out to visit his acquaintances, who were almost all elderly people. The habit, therefore, which

Henry had been in, of seeing those only, whom he felt must know better than himself, had increased the natural timidity of his disposition; and his father perceived, with much anxiety, this weakness in the character of his son, which would most assuredly, in his future life, if not conquered, lead to the committal of errors, nay, very possibly, of crimes, which all his regret would not enable him to remedy.

The very day following that on which the incident first mentioned took place, Henry showed a striking proof of that weakness of mind I have been speaking of. On his return from morning-school, his father observed that he appeared very serious, and he immediately enquired the reason. Henry, who was convinced of the affection of his parent, and was always in the habit of confiding to him any of his distresses, told him directly, though not without some confusion, that he had been drawn in by some of his schoolfellows, to commit an action which he knew to be very wrong; and for which he now felt much sorrow, and some degree of fear.

Mr. Mant, his master, was accustomed to write in a small book, which he usually carried in his pocket for the purpose, the names of those boys who had committed any fault; and when, which was frequently the case, he showed them curious and entertaining experiments, those boys were precluded from partaking in the amusement, whose names were unfortunately found in this book. This morning, by some unlucky accident, Mr. Mant had left this book on his desk, when called, for a few minutes, out of the room; and some of the boys, who knew their names to be in it, determined to destroy this evidence against them. Henry happened at the time to be so near as to overhear the plan; and though his own name, he well knew, was not there, he was induced by their persuasion, if not to aid in the destruction of the book, yet to allow them to destroy it without any opposition on his part.

The master had not, when he left the school, missed this book; but Henry felt certain it would be enquired after in the evening; and the dread of being thought

guilty of such an action, and his own consciousness that he had acted very foolishly, made him very unhappy.

"But, Henry," enquired his father, when he had finished his story, "why did you not tell the boys how wrong they were acting, and strive to prevent them?" Henry was silent: he was ashamed to own that he durst not, and knew not any other name to express the feeling which had prevented his doing so.

Mr. Maynard, who read the thoughts of his son in his face, kindly forebore to urge him further; nor, as he saw that he was fully sensible of his fault, and knew that his master would severely punish him if he was discovered, did he dwell upon that part of his error; but took the opportunity of pointing out to him, as he had frequently done before, the danger of suffering himself to be guided, against his own judgment, by the wishes of others, when he knew that what they desired him to do was improper. "Innumerable are the instances," said he, "of people who have been led to commit the worst crimes, merely from

a want of steadiness to resist persuasion, or to bear ridicule. And even if there were no other danger to be apprehended from it, this want of steadiness must of itself be considered as a crime; since a little resolution might prevent the commission of sin, which we, by joining in, or not remonstrating against, certainly have encouraged."

When the time of afternoon-school arrived, Henry, with slow and melancholy steps, left his home; feeling as much sorrow in the idea that, if it was discovered he had assisted in destroying the book, he might be suspected of having done so in order to conceal some fault of his recorded there, as in the fault itself. The thought had so occupied his mind, that, contrary to his usual custom, he was the last boy who entered the school-room. As soon as he arrived, the master, who had waited to mention the loss of his book, and to try to discover the delinquent, until all his pupils were assembled, began to make enquiriese respecting it. Henry, who was afraid, from his master's beginning the moment he entered, and from his looking at

him when he spoke, that he was suspected, looked very much confused. Thus it very commonly happens that a person is betrayed by his own conscience; for, until that moment, Mr. Mant had not the least suspicion that Henry could be concerned in destroying the book, being well aware that his name was not inscribed it; but when he saw Henry's blushing face, he directly thought that the easiness of his temper had drawn him in to assist his companions to conceal it: he therefore called him up, told him he was convinced he knew something of the book, and also that he was not the only one guilty; and he insisted upon his telling him who else was concerned.

Upon hearing this, the perpetrators of the theft lost all hope of remaining undiscovered; for, knowing the facility with which they could persuade Henry to join in any of their frolics, though against his better judgment, they could not expect he would refuse to betray those who had committed an action which they well knew he did not approve of. But here they greatly wronged him. The

principles of Henry were firmly fixed, and when he had to think, he never acted contrary to them. Indeed, although at all times very easily led, it was almost impossible to force him to act wrong: nay, he would sometimes even hesitate to do right, if commanded to do so.

On this occasion, though he confessed he knew who had taken the book, and owned that he had seen them do it without endeavouring to prevent them, at the same time wishing to do so, yet he firmly refused to betray them; and to all the arguments, threats, and promises, which his master held out to induce him to tell, his answer was simply this: "I promised I would not betray them; and therefore you know, Sir, I cannot tell you who it was." He confessed he had done wrong in giving such a promise, but having given it, he would not forfeit his word.

Mr. Mant, although he could not but admire this trait in his character, felt himself obliged to punish him, as being the only one whom he could discover had been engaged

in the plot. This circumstance was of great advantage to our hero ever after; his character was raised in the eyes of his companions; he gained many steady friends, and learnt to think more for himself; as he could not help feeling that the boys who had suffered him to bear their punishment, had acted in a way in which he would have scorned to have done. And he determined that, though his young companions, from having been used to it all their lives, might appear to greater advantage in their play-hours than he did, and though, on that account, he might yield to them in the choice and management of their amusements, he would never again be drawn in to aid in any of their schemes of mischief. But poor Henry had set himself a harder task than he was aware of. It is very easy to form good resolutions, but it requires great watchfulness and steadiness to overcome bad habits.

Henry felt, for the first time, a proud superiority, as he received the thanks of his schoolfellows in the play-ground; and there was something of a haughty coolness in his

manner, occasioned by his observing, from their words, that they expected he would have betrayed them. When he returned home, he related to his father all that had passed. His father praised his conduct; but did not fail to point out to him, that it very frequently happened that they who were induced by others to commit errors, which they felt to be such, were in the end the greatest sufferers by their commission: "And it is just," added he, "that this should be the case; for those who know what is right, deserve to suffer more for acting wrong, than those who are ignorant of their duties."

Mr. Maynard was here interrupted, by receiving a call from a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who brought with him his son, a boy of seven or eight years of age, and one who, like Henry, had been persuaded to aid in destroying the book; and who, through Henry's silence, had escaped detection. This boy, on his return home, was so full of gratitude to Henry, that he related the whole transaction to his parents; declaring, at the same time, he could hardly

bear to see Henry suffering the punishment due to others; and that he would have accused himself, but that he was sure his master would then have obliged him to tell the names of the rest. Of this he had so much dread, that he held his tongue whilst at school; but he could not be satisfied until his father brought him to Mr. Maynard's, to thank him again, and to offer him a new kite which had just been given to him, and which was a great favourite.

Henry was much pleased by the boy's gratitude, but could not be prevailed upon to accept the kite: he, however, promised to go with William the next day to fly it. When they were gone, Mr. Maynard told Henry he must now be particularly careful how he suffered himself to be led into error, as it was very plain that William Barton's conduct would in future be greatly influenced by his.

The next morning, Henry went as usual to school, and at noon accompanied William and two or three of his playmates, to a large meadow near the town in which they resided;

in order to fly William's new kite. It happened, very unfortunately, that at the bottom of this meadow was a large pond for the cattle to drink out of, and poor William running eagerly forwards to make the kite rise, and looking back to watch it, tumbled into the water, in a part which they all knew to be very deep. For a few minutes, they stood gazing at him and at each other, unable, from their fright, to think what they ought to do; whilst he struggled in vain to reach the bank, and called out loudly for help. At length Henry recollected a cottager who lived near the spot, and running off, happily found him at home. Out of breath, with his speed and terror, he could only falter out the word *drowning*, and point towards the spot. That was, however, sufficient: the honest cottager ran to the place, threw off his jacket, and plunging into the water, fortunately succeeded in bringing the exhausted boy to the bank, and bore him in his arms to his cottage.

Whilst one of the other boys ran to inform Mr. Barton of the accident, another

speeded off for a surgeon; and Henry went to assist in the endeavours of the cottager and his wife, to revive poor William. They happily succeeded; and when his father arrived in the greatest agitation, he found his son sufficiently restored to be able to speak to him. With heartfelt gratitude he blessed Providence for the safety of his child; and he amply rewarded the honest man, whose active humanity had been made the instrument of his son's preservation. Nor did he forget to thank Henry for having called him to his assistance. Henry felt also the supreme delight of having been made useful to a fellow-creature, though in so easy a manner; but, had he and his companions remained only a few minutes longer without seeking for help, William would, most probably, have perished.

Henry had been detained so long by the accident, that his father was growing uneasy on his account, and was on the point of setting out to seek him when he entered the house. He immediately related to his father

what had happened; and Mr. Maynard, after expressing his satisfaction that the accident had not terminated fatally, remarked to Henry, how fortunate it was he had obtained such speedy assistance. "Had you been only five minutes later, perhaps poor William would have sunk to the bottom, past recovery. Such was the fact, as to a young man in a town in which I lived at the time it happened. He was skating, and the ice giving way, he fell into the water. Some of the people who were on the spot, (and there were a great many watching the skaters,) ran for help; whilst the rest stood, without having presence of mind to do any thing to assist the poor fellow to support himself until ropes could be got to draw him out. It was some time before these could be obtained, and when they were, it was too late: the young man was quite dead."

"How shocking!" cried Henry, "and how dreadful! for those who saw him struggling. But, papa, they sent for assistance. What else could they have done?"

"A great deal," replied his father, "may

be done by a little presence of mind. I will tell you what occurred to two young officers who were walking together. One of them fell into a river, where the banks were so steep and high, that it was impossible either for him to get out, or for his companion to reach him. He knew not where to seek aid, and if he left his friend for that purpose, he felt assured he would be exhausted before he could return. He therefore pulled off his coat, and holding it very firmly by one sleeve, dropped it down the bank; the other seized hold of it, and was thus supported above the water till their cries attracted some people to the spot, and he was got out in safety. Water, you must have observed, has the power of floating, or sustaining upon its surface, light substances, and even heavy bodies, when made hollow; as ships, boats, &c. This power of water is called its buoyancy. Air possesses also the same buoyant quality. But in both instances, the substance or body to be sustained, must not exceed in weight that of an equal volume, or bulk, of the water or air. If it does, the

body, in the former instance, will sink to the bottom; in the latter, fall to the ground. Now water being more buoyant, that is, heavier, bulk for bulk, than air, you will easily imagine, that a much slighter support will sustain a person in this fluid, than it would require to uphold him in air; so that even a pocket-handkerchief held out to him, would be sufficient to prevent his sinking. But there are other things to be considered in the case of ice when it gives way in consequence of a person sliding or skating. It will not then bear others to go to his rescue: the attempt would be to involve them in the same danger."

"What ought to be done then?" said Henry, anxiously.

"The best thing, if at hand," replied his father, "would be a ladder pushed along the ice to the drowning person, either to enable him to catch hold of the end of it; or, it might be further pushed to some distance over the hole, to rest at both ends, where the ice is strong enough to support the body: the person, then seizing hold of the ladder,

would be preserved from sinking until a rope could be procured to draw him out. It is a practice in Scotland, when enjoying the pleasure of skating, and other amusements on the ice, to go thus provided with ladders and ropes. In case of an accident of the kind we have been speaking of, some skater immediately gets a ladder, and, pushing it before him, hastens to the spot, and furnishes the assistance I have just pointed out. I have heard of a gentlemen who saved his companion, when there was no rope or ladder at hand, by lying down on the surface of the ice, making his body cover as large a portion of it as possible, whilst he stretched out his hands to his friend, and thus supported him till some one came to his aid."

Henry listened with much pleasure to this account; and after thanking Mr. Maynard for relating it, he remained for some time thoughtful and silent. At length he said, "I wish, Sir, you would allow me to learn to swim: a person who knows how to swim and dive, is not so likely to be drowned himself, and might often assist others. If I

could have swum, William should not have staid so long in the water this morning."

"I have no objection," answered his father, "to your learning to swim: indeed, I think it is a great advantage to a young man to be able to do so. But you must promise me never to go without my knowledge and consent; for I know many boys delight in tempting young beginners to go further than they ought, and to run great risks, without either advantage or pleasure."

Henry readily gave the required promise, and his father, in turn, engaged to request a friend of his to permit Henry to accompany him when he took his own sons, as he frequently did, to practise swimming in a river in the neighbourhood.

The next morning, Henry called upon William. He found him suffering from a severe cold, and this being a half-holiday, Mr. Barton asked him to return in the afternoon, and spend it with his son, if his papa would permit him. This he readily did, and Henry hastened to his friend, as soon as he

had prepared his lessons for the following day.

Mr. Barton was the clergyman of the small town in which they lived. He resided with his wife, William, and a very little girl, in the parsonage-house, which was just on the outside of the town, and had a pretty garden and a small field attached to it. William, having neither brother nor sister near his own age, was particularly glad to have Henry with him; and Henry, who was a kind-hearted, gentle boy, felt happy to be able to amuse the solitary hours of his little friend; for Mr. Barton's official, and Mrs. Barton's domestic duties, frequently took them away from the invalid. Henry related to William the stories of drowning people, which his father had been telling to him; and whilst they were talking about them, Mr. Barton entered. Henry expressed a great desire to have that presence of mind which sees in a moment the thing that is best to be done.

"It is a very valuable quality, indeed," replied Mr. Barton, "and one which enables its

possessor, not merely to take care of himself, but frequently to be of the greatest use to his fellow-creatures. But let us remember, my dear boys," continued he, seriously, "that this, as well as every other good gift, proceeds from God. It is to him, therefore, that we owe our *first* thanks for any benefit which we may derive from the exercise of it; whilst to those whom He has chosen to be the instruments of that benefit, we must show our gratitude by our actions: *they* are appointed by Him to receive it. To make myself more clearly understood, you, my dear Henry, by your presence of mind, saved the life of my boy, and I *know* you felt much delight at having done so."

"Oh!" exclaimed Henry, "I never felt so happy in my life."

"And that happiness you obtained from the presence of mind which taught you to run for assistance, whilst your companions were standing helpless from terror. Now, I dare say, you feel thankful that you had that presence of mind?"

"Indeed I do, Sir," answered Henry.

"Then it is to the Author of all good that we must return our thanks for William's preservation."

"Certainly," said Henry.

"But," continued, Mr. Barton, "our Heavenly Father cannot be benefited by any offering which we can make to him, to whom 'belongeth every beast of the forest, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, the world, and all the fulness thereof.' But to unite his children more closely to each other, he has appointed them to bestow his benefits, and to receive what cannot be repaid in any other manner. Thus, my dear boys," added Mr. Barton, affectionately taking a hand of each, "I trust that the event of yesterday may prove the foundation of a friendship, which may be a blessing to you both, through your lives: you, William, showing, by your attention to Henry, your gratitude to your God; and you, Henry, showing that kindly feeling towards my boy, which always arises in a generous mind, towards those on whom we have conferred a benefit, whilst they ap-

pear thankful for, and deserving of it. But, my dear children," continued Mr. Barton, "I must not neglect to remind you, that accidents frequently end fatally; and that to these, the young are full as much, if not more liable than the old. It is necessary that they ought also to be prepared for a sudden summons from this life; but this, though a serious, need not be a melancholy thought; and certainly, the oftener we all dwell upon it, the better, and therefore the happier, we shall be. I have seen death considered as a journey, which we knew we must take, but knew not when we should be summoned to set off, or what time we might have given us for preparation. Under such circumstances, what would you think the best to be done, Henry?"

"To have such things prepared as I knew I should want to take with me, Sir."

"You are quite right. Now what would you wish to take with you, when you die?"

"A good conscience, Sir," replied Henry.

"True, my boy," returned Mr. Barton.

"But how are we to obtain this good conscience?"

"By always doing what we ought," exclaimed William.

"A very excellent method," answered his father, "if we could only put it into practice; but I fear there are very few of us who, even generally speaking, act as we ought, and none that do so always; therefore, you see, we require something else."

"I think you mean repentance, Sir," said Henry.

"Yes. But to be always sinning and repenting, cannot give us any certainty of acceptance with God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

"But, papa," said William, "I am not always sinning."

"Alas!" my child, returned his father, "sin is constantly present with us, and but too apt to enter into our best actions. Even at church and at prayers, you often, I doubt not, find your thoughts wandering to other matters. In every thing we do, we are inclined to deceive ourselves as to our mo-

tives; and fancy we are striving to serve God, when, in fact, we are only pleasing ourselves."

"Then what *must* we do, Sir?" earnestly enquired Henry.

"We must," replied Mr. Barton, "truly believe in the atonement made for us by our blessed Redeemer, by which forgiveness is obtained for the penitent: we must constantly pray for the grace of God to enlighten our understandings, that we may know what we ought to do; and to sustain us, that we may be able at all times to perform our duty."

"I am sure," said Henry, "*I* ought to pray for that."

"We ought *all* to pray for it, my dear boy," said Mr. Barton, kindly; "for we are all very, very liable to be led astray; but those who feel their faults and weaknesses, and are anxious to guard against them, are much more likely to improve, than those who, from pride or carelessness, endeavour to think themselves already very perfect."

"But still," said William, "it is a terrible thing to die."

"It is a *serious* subject, certainly, as I said before," returned Mr. Barton; "but I think, by viewing it frequently in the light of a journey, it would lose many of its terrors. You know what numbers of people leave their homes and their friends for months, even for years, to seek for pleasure, improvement, or profit, in distant countries. Now not one of these can be certain they shall ever return, or even obtain that which they go in search of. They frequently go amongst total strangers, and know not what kind of welcome they may meet with. They are nearly certain, that some of those they love will have been called away before they come back; and that, if they themselves live to return, successful in having obtained what they sought, they *cannot* bring back with them the youth, and scarcely the health and spirits, with which they set forth. How different a journey is the one I spoke of! We leave, it is true, the friends whom we

love on earth; but with the certainty, that, unless our own misconduct prevents us, we *shall* meet again in happiness; and we go, not amongst strangers and to an uncertain welcome, but to our Father's house, and to rejoin those friends who have taken the journey before us. And how few amongst us have not bidden adieu, with regret, to some whom we loved, and who have passed before us, as it were, to be ready to meet us on our arrival in that country, where we shall be reunited in happiness for ever!"

As Mr. Barton concluded, he looked affectionately on Henry, who had lost a kind and tender mother a few years before. They were here interrupted by the entrance of little Mary, William's sister, with a large bunch of wild flowers, which she had gathered in her evening walk, to bring to her brother. A flower-pot was quickly brought, and Mr. Barton pointed out to the children, as they were placing them in it, the beautiful tints and delicate lines which adorned many of them. William expressed his surprise at

finding so much to admire in a common field-flower.

"That is, my dear boy," said his father, "because, thinking it *common*, you have overlooked it. But remember, Divine Goodness has spread beauty and usefulness over all the works of creation; and bestowed, I sincerely believe, more of those qualities upon those things which are within the reach of all his creatures. When you are a little older, I should like you to study botany, which is not only an amusing, but a very useful pursuit, as it enables you to judge by the appearance of a plant, whether it is fit for food or not."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed William, "I am surely old enough now; for you let me read an account, the other day*, of two children, one not older than Mary, and the other only five, who made a *horti*-something. What was it, papa?"

"An *hortus siccus*, I suppose, my dear," said his papa, smiling. "Well, I cannot

* Loudon's Magazine of Natural History.

object to your beginning when you please. But remember, the *hortus siccus* must not interfere with your other books; but as you must commit to memory the names of the classes and principal parts of plants, it will employ you whilst you are confined to the house, and afterwards will greatly increase the pleasure of your holiday rambles."

Henry, who had been silent for some time, now looking up to Mr. Barton, said, "Would you be so good as to teach me also?"

"Indeed, my dear," answered he, "I shall have great pleasure in doing so; and if your papa has no objection, I should be very glad to have you join William in his rambles. Then, when I can go with you, I can assist you both; and when I cannot, I know you will take care of him."

Henry felt gratified, and Mary, looking at her papa, said, "Will you not let me go, papa, sometimes?"

"Yes, my love," said her papa, kissing her: "you shall go sometimes, when we are not going long, long walks, that would tire you."

"Oh!" replied the child, laughing, "I am not soon tired, when I am doing what I like."

"That is a very general case, my dear," said her papa, smiling; "and it would be well if we would try to remember, sometimes, when we fancy we cannot do as much as we ought, how much we can do when we please."

Henry now rose to go home, saying his papa had desired him not to stay late; and Mr. and Mrs. Barton both agreeing that early hours were best for the invalid, though rather against the opinion of William, Henry wished them good night, and left them with a promise of returning the first leisure hour. It was more than a week before it was thought right for William to return to school, and Henry passed most of his play-hours, during that time, at the parsonage, where he felt much more at his ease than amongst companions of his own age. But one day a circumstance happened at school, which made him feel very much discontented with himself.

A young boy, a stranger to them all, was added to their number; and the children, as they are too apt to do, instead of treating him with kindness, amused themselves with laughing at and teasing him. One ridiculed the shape of his jacket; another made game of the cloth cap, which he wore instead of a hat, and which was the first that had been seen in that town. Now all this, besides being very rude, and I may say cruel, is extremely silly; for, as nothing varies so much as the form and style of what we wear, we may chance to laugh at the dress to-day, which is exactly what we shall appear in ourselves next week. And thus it happened to many of these boys, whose parents were so much pleased with the round jacket and cloth cap of Master Townly, that they purchased the same for their own children. I therefore advise my young friends, before they laugh at any thing new, to enquire whether it is likely to become the fashion.

Henry had felt very sorry to see the poor boy so treated; but had not resolution, either to introduce himself to the new-comer,

and so relieve him from his uncomfortable, solitary situation, or to point out to the other boys the impropriety of their conduct; he therefore remained silent, discontented with-self as well as with those around him. And this feeling was much increased, when, upon calling at Mr. Barton's in the evening, he found Master Townly with William; and heard the latter exclaim, as he entered the room, "I am sure Henry Maynard could not have been at school to-day; for he would never have joined in such behaviour." But William was much disappointed, when, by the countenance of his two friends, as their eyes met, he saw that Henry had been there. Not one of them spoke for some minutes. Henry, at length, by a strong effort, said: "Indeed, William, though I did not, as I certainly ought, do or say any thing to prevent the bad behaviour of the boys; yet I think Master Townly will allow, that I did not join with them in molesting him."

"Indeed," replied Master Townly, "you did not; for I remember you kept at a distance from them, and looked displeased:

I only wondered you did not speak either to them or to me."

And Henry wondered also, when he recollected, now that it was too late, how much he might and ought to have said at the time. He determined, however, to repair his error as much as possible; and therefore proposed that Master Townly and himself should go into school together, the next morning, and that would most likely prevent the boys teasing him any more. This was gladly agreed to, and Henry returned home much better satisfied with himself than when he left school.

It was another unfortunate trait in Henry's disposition, or rather one arising out of the timidity we have spoken of, that, when he had made up his mind to say or do any thing which he feared would not meet with the approbation of those amongst whom he was, it caused a sort of agitation in his mind, which either confused him, and prevented his using the best arguments on his own side; or else he became irritated, and injured himself and his cause by a passion which he afterwards

felt thoroughly ashamed of. But he now felt so sure he was in the right, that he did not fear, either being at a loss what to say, or that the boys could make him angry. But, unfortunately for Henry's calmness, some of the boys had amused themselves in the evening with dressing up a figure, which they had formed about the size of Master Townly, to appear something like him. They had put on it, an old spencer, that is, a sort of jacket, cut close round by the bottom of the waist, and which gentlemen used to wear over their coats a few years since, and found very comfortable, though they would appear rather singular now. They had put on a pair of dirty white kid-gloves, to resemble, as they said, his lady-like fingers. And certainly Master Townly's hands, from his having always lived in London, did appear more delicate than those boys who had been used all their lives to play out in the open fields and commons. But this, as he told them afterwards, was no fault of his; for he should have enjoyed the fields and commons, much

more than the streets and squares to which he had been confined.

They had painted a mask, to look as if it was crying; for, indeed, the poor boy had looked gravely enough. They had covered a small square foot-stool with a blue pocket-handkerchief, cut off the top of an old shoe to make a front, fastened an old blacking brush to it as a tassel, and calling this the new-fashioned cap, had stuck it on the head of the figure. But what pleased them the most, was a frill, borrowed from one of their sisters, and tied round the neck with a bit of black ribbon: this they called the leading-strings of the little lady-man; for the boys then, had always worn their shirt-collars open, and falling over their shoulders. This I certainly think a more becoming, as well as a more healthful manner, than the present plan of tightening up the throats of growing boys. But there is no necessity to go to the extreme, and I would have children, as well as grown people, think dress of too little importance to wish to make themselves particular in respect to it, either one way or ano-

ther. Neither did Master Townly *wish* to have done so; but he came in the dress of the place he had lived in, and the other boys only showed their want of sense, and of some better employment, when they made so many foolish and unpleasant remarks concerning it.

This figure was set up in the corner of the play-ground, with its hand holding its chin; a habit which poor Townly had unluckily acquired, and which his unmannered school-fellows had not been slow in observing.

Henry had prepared himself, as he thought, for all that his companions could say or do; but this took him so by surprise, that, in the state of feeling he was in, it roused his anger in a moment; and, instead of laughing at the mawkin, and persuading Townly to laugh at it also, he darted across the yard, and struck a blow at the figure which completely deranged its appearance; throwing it to the ground, and scattering its borrowed plumes in various directions.

The new-fashioned cap gave rather a rough

salutation to the leg of one of the boys who was standing near, ready, as he intended, to introduce the relations to each other. He screamed, and turned to strike Henry; others joined in the fray; and a violent battle began, which Townly and some of the more peaceable and wiser of the boys, vainly endeavoured to quell, until Mr. Mant, disturbed by the noise, descended into the yard with his cane in his hand.

At sight of him, the combatants paused. He felt at first inclined to punish them all; but upon enquiring into the cause of such an uproar, and hearing Henry's agitated account of what had passed during the day before, besides the provocation of that morning, which was fully confirmed by the appearance of the figure now rolling in the dirt, he spoke to them all very seriously, on the silly, unmanly act of which they had been guilty. He made them feel truly sorry, and ashamed of having insulted and distressed an unoffending child, who, for aught they knew, might be well inclined to make himself agreeable to them, if they would behave

kindly to him. "At all events," continued he, "you ought to remember the golden rule, and 'do to others as you would have them to do to you:' and I fancy I need not ask any of you, whether you are fond of being laughed at."

Mr. Mant then turned to Master Townly and Henry, and pointed out, in strong terms, to the latter, the folly of anger under any circumstances: "For," said he, "a person in a passion can never convince another that he is able to direct him, when he sees he cannot govern himself: besides which, passion confuses the mind, and prevents your discovering what is right or what is wrong. The first act of violence leads to others; and these quarrels arise from the most insignificant causes, which often lead to evils that can never be remedied. And now, Master Townly," added he, "I shall certainly punish these boys who have used you so ill."

He paused a moment, as if considering what chastisement he ought to inflict, when Master Townly, looking up in his face, said,

somewhat timidly, but with an arch smile, "Will you let me name their punishment, Sir?"

"Why," replied Mr. Mant, "it is not quite the thing to let the injured be the judge; but what would you wish to be inflicted on them?"

Townly, who was a lively, clever boy, and very good-tempered, replied: "A half-holiday, if you please, Sir; that we may have time to settle our differences, and begin a better acquaintance."

A buzz of pleasure and surprise passed through the group, who were anxiously listening to what he might say. Mr. Mant looked round significantly upon them, but made no remark; then turning to Townly, he shook him by the hand, saying: "Well done, my boy: I believe you have discovered a more effectual method of making friends of your companions, than I should have been able to find with the help of my cane. I willingly agree to your request; but you must all speedily follow me into the schoolroom, that we may get through the morning

lessons. After they are accomplished, I hope you will enjoy yourselves; and I fancy," continued he, looking round with a smile, "I need not desire you to change your conduct to your new comrade."

"Oh! no, indeed, Sir, you need not," exclaimed many voices together; and as soon as the master had left them, they gathered round Master Townly, to thank him for what he had done.

"Oh," said Master Townly, going across the yard, and making a very low bow to the still prostrate mawkin, "I think it is to this gentleman that our thanks are due; for it was certainly he who brought us into such close fellowship with each other; and I really think we ought to beg his pardon for leaving him so unceremoniously here in the dirt. But the higher powers," continued he, pointing to the school-room, "have called us, and we must obey." He then ran quickly up the stairs, and was gaily followed by all his companions.

In school, Master Townly proved himself no ways inferior to any boy of his own age.

His early education had been well attended to, and being a boy of application as well as quickness, he had made very good use of his time; but his parents, thinking his health, which was not very good, might be benefited by change of air, sent him to pass a few months with an uncle and aunt, who lived in this town, and where, they knew, he could still pursue his studies under the direction of Mr. Mant.

School-hours past, and the boys assembled in the play-ground, to arrange the plans for the afternoon, Edward Townly, whom we will, now that he is properly introduced to our readers, call by his Christian name, and Henry, would rather have spent the time with William; but they felt, that if they obtained permission from their friends, they ought *this* day to join the sports of their other companions, who were eager to fix on something that would please Edward.

He told them, laughingly, that he should like something which would help him to get rid, as soon as possible, of his delicate com-

plexion, and give him a little country brown and red.

"Then let us have a cricket-match," exclaimed one of the boys.

The proposal was received with general acclamation, and they now separated, with an agreement to meet again at an early hour, on a common about a quarter of a mile from the town.

No objection being made to this arrangement, by the friends of any of the parties, the boys met as agreed upon, with balls, bats, and wickets all prepared; but Henry and Edward, who went together, were joined by several of them, in a lane which they had to pass through before they came to the common. The hedge on one side of this lane parted it from an orchard, and the ripe apples hung very temptingly, just within it.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the boys, "how delicious some of those apples would be, when we are hot and thirsty with our game."

"Indeed they would," said another. "And look! here is a gap just big enough for me to creep through. I will go in; for I do not

think there is any one in sight, and fill my pockets with those rosy-faced fellows. Just watch here, and I will be back directly."

He was getting through, when Edward caught hold of him, saying, "I think you had better not."

"Why so," said the boy.

"Because," replied Edward, "I was taught, when a very little fellow, to consider the value of any thing, before I bought it, that I might be sure I did not give more for it than it was worth. Now I have been thinking, that I could eat two of those apples in five minutes."

"In much less time, I should think," exclaimed the boy.

"Worse and worse," said Edward; "for I was striking an account between the time spent in the pleasure of eating, and that passed in the fear of being found out, and there was a sad difference, even then."

"Oh," cried the boy, "we are not in the habit of making such calculations."

"I suppose not," answered Edward, very calmly. "But there is another thing I

thought of. I am not fond of having my things taken away without my leave, and perhaps the owner of this orchard may have the same fancy: had we not better ask him?"

The boy laughed, and answered: "I see you think we ought not to take these apples, and that you would rather we did not; and as this is your holiday, I am willing to let them alone, if the rest are."

"Oh yes," they all cried; "let us leave them and go to our game."

"A very good resolution, young gentlemen," said a voice from the other side of the hedge; and presently a small door was opened, and a very respectable-looking elderly man made his appearance at it.

The boys felt ashamed; but he said good-humouredly, "I never think ill of those who are willing to give up their own wishes and pleasures, at the advice, or for the comfort of others. I take it as a good sign, that they will hereafter follow the advice of that Book, which will teach us how to act so as to secure the happiness both of ourselves and

others. And now, to make my words palatable, and to show that 'honesty is the best policy,' if you will come here, I will give you the *two* apples each, you were speaking of, and one each into the bargain, to prove my words."

The boys followed him willingly; and having received their apples with thanks and merry faces, ran off to the common. But, alas! all the troubles of the day were not to end here. One of the boys was loitering about with Henry, whilst they were both out of the game, when they saw a little girl coming along a path, with a pitcher of water on her head. Henry's companion, in the thoughtlessness of youth, slipped behind her, and pushed the pitcher down, which, falling on the grass, rolled along uninjured; but the water was all spilt, and the child much frightened, besides being made very wet.

Henry, who had felt very angry with himself for not speaking against taking the apples, was determined to defend the poor girl; but, as I told you before, whenever he was roused to blame any one, to differ from them in

opinion, or even to think he might do so, it threw his mind into an agitation, which prevented his doing it quietly, and generally ended with his being in a passion. This was, unhappily, the case now. The boy who had thrown down the pitcher, really felt sorry for what he had done; but when Henry, in a hasty, imperious manner, called out, that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that the least he could do, was to fill the pitcher again for the child, he grew irritated, and declared he would do no such thing; but that Henry might fill it himself, if he liked. He was going to hit it with his foot, but Henry pushed him away. The boy was just going to strike Henry, when Edward, who had been coming towards them upon the close of the game, and had seen all that passed, darted forwards, crying, "Stop a minute." They both turned round at his voice, and he, picking up the pitcher, said: "If you are for a game at foot-ball, do let me join you; but, really, I would rather not play with such a thing as

this, yet, if it is the fashion in this part of the country, I will try."

He turned the pitcher round with such a droll expression of countenance, and spoke in so good-humoured a manner, that his companions both laughed. The poor girl, however, still remained in tears; and Edward, observing how wet she was, said, as he gave her the pitcher, "Had you not better fill this again, and get home as quickly as you can, that you may change your clothes."

"I have no other clothes, and mother will be so angry with me for spoiling these," sobbed the child.

"But," said Edward, "you must tell her how they became wet, and then she will not be angry, when she finds it was not any fault of yours."

"Oh," said the girl, "she will not believe me; but will think I have been at play, and done it myself."

"Then," said Edward, gravely, "I fear you are not always in the habit of speaking the truth."

The child blushed, and looked down.

"That is a sad thing indeed," said Edward; "but I hope this will show you the use of doing so." Then turning to the boys, he added, "Do not you think we might as well go home by the girl's cottage: we may, perhaps, save her a beating?

"With all my heart," replied both the boys; and the one who had knocked down the pitcher, added: "I am sure I am very sorry for what I did, and I felt vexed with myself as soon as it was done; but when Henry spoke so cross, it made me feel more inclined to be angry than sorry."

"And I am sure I am vexed with myself for speaking in such a manner," said Henry.

"Well, then," said Edward, "let us all try to please ourselves, by going to speak for this poor, shivering child."

She had been to re-fill her pitcher, and had just come up to them again. She pointed out the cottage where she lived, to which they promised to follow her, as soon as they had said good bye to their other companions. They just reached the door, as a decent wo-

man said to the girl, "No young gentleman would do such a thing; and I fear, Peggy, you are again telling me a falsehood."

Frank, the boy who had done the mischief, coloured deeply at these words; but stepping hastily into the cottage, he said he was ashamed to own that the girl had spoken the truth; and that it was he who, in a frolic, had knocked down the pitcher, without thinking of any future consequences. The mother earnestly thanked him for relieving her mind from the dread that her child had told a story; and the child, looking up in her face, whispered, "Mother, I will try to do all you told me, that I may get cured of telling stories." The mother laid her hand on her child's head, and looking up to heaven, prayed that she might be enabled to keep her resolution. Frank slipped a shilling into her hand, to pay, as he said, for drying the wet clothes. He did not intend this should have been seen; but when he saw he was observed, he laughed, and said he wished he could learn to think before he acted, as his father often desired him;

"For," continued he, "I am sure to suffer for it when I do not, either in my pocket or my person. Witness the rough salute my leg received from our friend in the corner, when he threw his head at me this morning, as a return for all the pains I had taken to make him smart."

"Why," said Edward, laughing, "I think he only returned the compliment; and I think these sort of adventures are more likely to bring about what your father desires, than any thing which can be said to you."

Frank had been most active in dressing up the figure, and was the one who offered to creep through the hedge to steal the apples. He was a thoughtless lad, full of fun; but always ready to listen to advice, when given in a manner that pleased him. I have known others like him, whom I would beg to remind, that what is good is worth attending to, though it does not come exactly in the form they approve. And I would advise those who give advice, if they wish it to be

taken, to make their words as pleasant as possible; and not raise angry feelings against themselves, which will very likely prevent their effect.

In the mean time, Edward and Henry had each also given a trifle to the poor woman, with whose appearance they were much pleased; and the three now turned towards the town, followed by the thanks and blessings of the mother, and the smiling curtsies of the child. Frank soon left them, as he lived near; but Henry and Edward went on together, intending to spend an hour with William.

As they proceeded, Henry could not help lamenting to Edward the timidity, and yet hastiness of temper, which was perpetually leading him into scrapes; the folly or impropriety of which no one could see better than himself, when the mischief was all over.

"Oh!" continued he, "what would I give for some of your self-possession."

"That is," said Townly, gaily, "you think me a conceited fellow; and that I might

spare you a little of that quality, without any disadvantage to either of us. But," continued he, seriously, "I will tell you what has made me what I am. I have six brothers and sisters younger than myself, and my dear parents have always taught me to consider myself as bound to protect, and to set them a good example; and they have taught them, in some degree, to look up to and be guided by me. For they have told us, that there could be no peace or comfort in this world, without that regularity which can only be maintained by every one filling the station his God has appointed him to; and that the peace of a family would be as much disturbed, by a master and mistress giving contrary directions to servants or children, or by those servants or children squabbling about their work, their sports, toys, seats, or any other mighty matter of dispute, as the peace of a country would be, and has been, by those who, having been born and brought up to fill other stations, were to choose to change places, and govern the kingdom, without any experience in the

troublesome office they would find they had undertaken. I fancy," continued he, laughing, " they would find themselves about as much at their ease, as a man who had never seen a ship till he stepped on board one, and had to direct the movement of all the ropes, sails, and pulleys. But," added he, " my parents taught me also, that there was nothing either to make us conceited or depressed, let our situation be what it would: all were necessary, and therefore all were respectable, if we filled them properly; therefore, I was not to fret at being a child, but to do my duty as a child, and be obedient and attentive to those born to direct and teach me. Neither was I to be overbearing to my brothers and sisters, because I was a little older than they; but I was to do my duty to them also, by being kind to them, and by guiding them, whenever my knowledge or strength was greater than theirs. Still I was to remember, that the mind was a little bit of private property, which we were to cultivate and adorn for our comfort and happiness; not neglect and let run to waste, to our own re-

gret and misery; and therefore, I must guard this property with care and steadiness, and not weakly yield, either to my own evil inclinations, or to the requests or even commands of others, if I thought they were likely to fix there, that most disagreeable plant, remorse. And these observations, I suppose it is, which have made me always try to think for myself; and not be looking about to discover the opinion of other people, before I formed my own. And you know," added he, seriously, " we all have a rule to go by; and we have nothing to do, but to pray that we may properly understand *that*, and have strength given to walk steadily in it."

" I know all that," said Henry, with a sigh; " and respecting any thing very serious, I think and hope I should attend to it, let others do as they please. But, you know, one does not call up such thoughts upon every trifling occasion."

" There, my parents tell me," replied Edward, " is the mischief. People are apt to make religion a separate study—a thing not

to be introduced upon every-day occasions, or to be thought of, except at stated times and upon great occasions. Now, they bade me think of it at all times; and never, if possible, lose sight of its precepts for a moment."

"But do not such thoughts make you grave and unhappy?" enquired Henry.

"How can they?" said Edward. "Does thinking of your father, and of his care and love for you, make you unhappy?"

"What a question!" answered Henry. "To be sure not; but this is very different."

"I allow this is different," said Edward; "for you may be ill or in danger, and your father not able to protect you; you may be in trouble, and he not able to relieve you; you may be acting wrong, and he not be near, to warn and save you. But we need fear none of these things, in respect of our Heavenly Parent, who is ever with us, knows all our wants and our dangers, and has power and will to assist us at all times."

"But are you not always in dread of his anger?" asked Henry; "for I know I so

often say, do, and think things which I ought not, that I do not like to remember that God is always so near me."

"We all," replied Edward, "do, say, and think, many, many things, which we ought not; but whether we recollect it or not, God knows them. We add a serious fault to the number, by trying to forget his presence, and are likely to behave worse in every other respect: therefore it is better to think of Him, if it were only on that account. I do not know what others may feel; but I am very glad to have my God so near, to hear me every minute. And," continued he, earnestly, "you do not know the comfort it has been to me in any trouble, and now, particularly, that I am away from my parents, to have Him to pray to."

By this time they had reached Mr. Barton's, and found William much recovered. They gave him an account of the adventures of the day, and he was much amused by the laughable description Edward gave of his representative, as he good-humouredly called the stuffed figure, and of the unceremonious

blow with which Henry had laid him prostrate. Edward passed very lightly over Frank's behaviour on the common; for he never liked to talk of the faults of others: he used always to say, they put him too much in mind of his own, to make him merry.

William joined them at school the next day, and they now commenced their botanical rambles. Edward was delighted to join them, and Frank frequently begged to be of their party. Little Mary often proved the truth of her remark, that she could bear a great deal without fatigue, when she was amused; and that was always the case, when allowed to go with Mr. or Mrs. Barton and the boys.

Thus passed on the autumn: Edward's complexion rapidly gained the brown tint that he had wished for, whilst his health and strength daily continued to improve. Frank, by being much with older and steadier friends, gradually acquired the habit of thinking before he spoke or acted; which, in

after-life, prevented his doing and saying many foolish things, not to say wicked ones.

William, early attached to friends a little older than himself, and possessed, happily for him, of many sterling good qualities, soon obtained a steadiness and solidity of character which was a blessing to him through life.

Our first acquaintance, Henry, acquired, by degrees, that certain knowledge of what he ought and what he ought *not* to do, which can alone make a person act with calmness and decision under all circumstances, whether important or trifling; and Edward Townly had the happiness of being made the means, in a great measure, of leading his friends to the only certain source of such knowledge, a daily and hourly application of the rules of Scripture, to the every-day business and amusements of life.

THE END.

Harvey, Darton, & Co. Printers,
Gracechurch-street, London.

The DECOY; or, an agreeable method of teaching Children the elementary parts of English Grammar, by Conversations and Familiar Examples. Price 1*s.*

PROVIDENTIAL CARE: a Tale, founded on Fact. By *E. Sandham.* Author of "The Twin Sisters," &c. Price 2*s.* half bound.

STORIES OF ANIMALS, intended for Children between five and seven years old. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

NATURAL HISTORY of QUADRUPEDS, for Children: combined with an attempt to engraft on their minds, the principles of tenderness and compassion for the Animal Creation. By a Lady. With beautiful copper-plates. Price 4*s.* half-bound.

LIMED TWIGS, to catch young Birds. By the Author of "Original Poems." Price 2*s.*

ANNA; an interesting Tale for Children. By a Lady. Price 2*s.*

SKETCHES of YOUNG PEOPLE, or a Visit to Brighton. By the Author of the "Grandfather, Friendship, the Schoolfellows, &c." Price 2*s.* 6*d* half bound.

SAMBOE, or the African Boy. By *M. A. Hedge.* Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

TALES for CHILDREN, in a familiar style. By *Maria Joseph Crabb.* Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

WINTER EVENINGS; or Tales of Travellers. By *Maria Hack.* 4 vols. 18mo. Price 10*s.* half bound.

GRECIAN STORIES; taken from the Works of eminent Historians, with explanatory Conversations. By *Maria Hack.* 18mo. Price 3s. 6*d.* boards.

HARRY BEAUFOY; or, the Pupil of Nature. By *Maria Hack.* Price 2*s.* 6*d.* half bound.