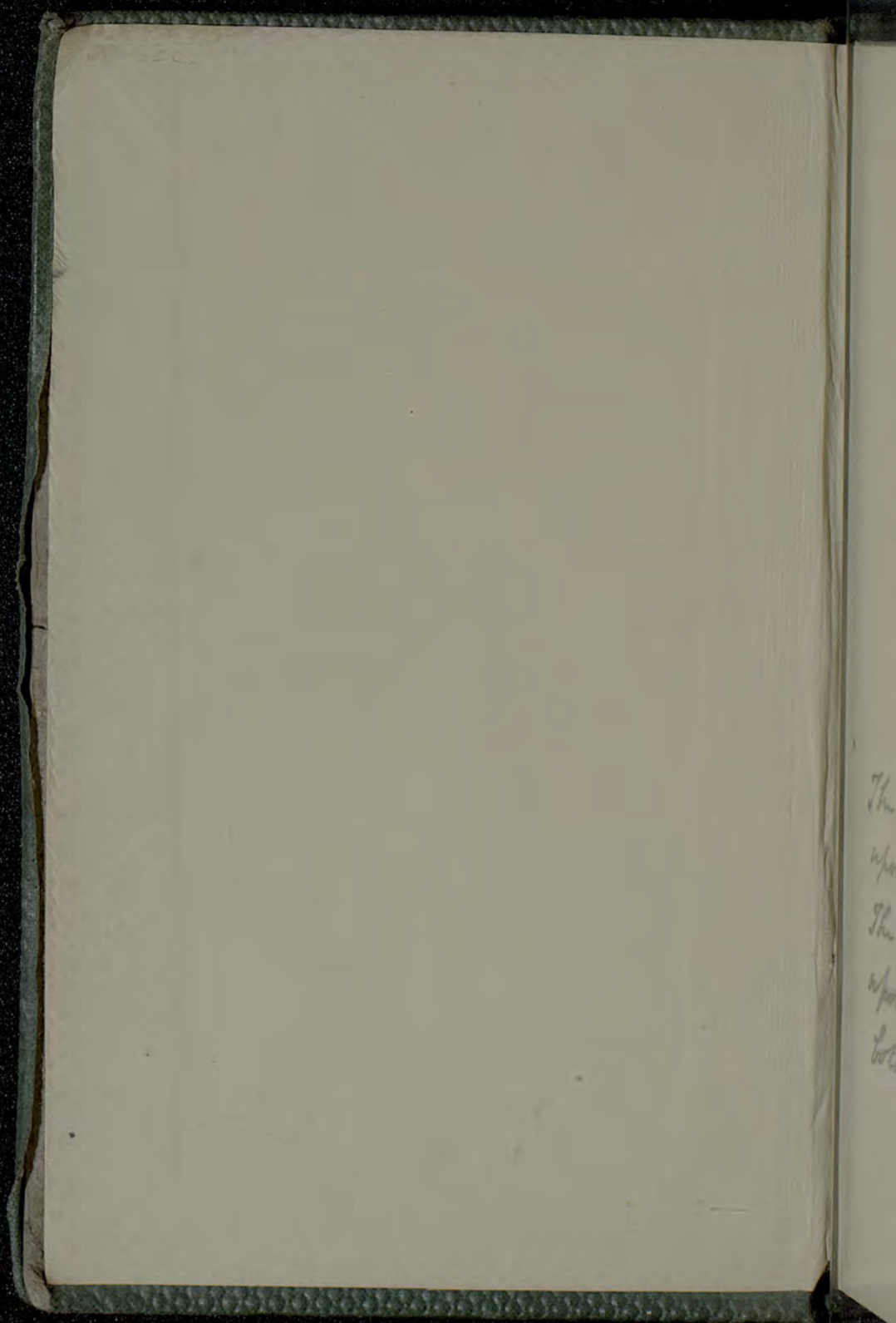


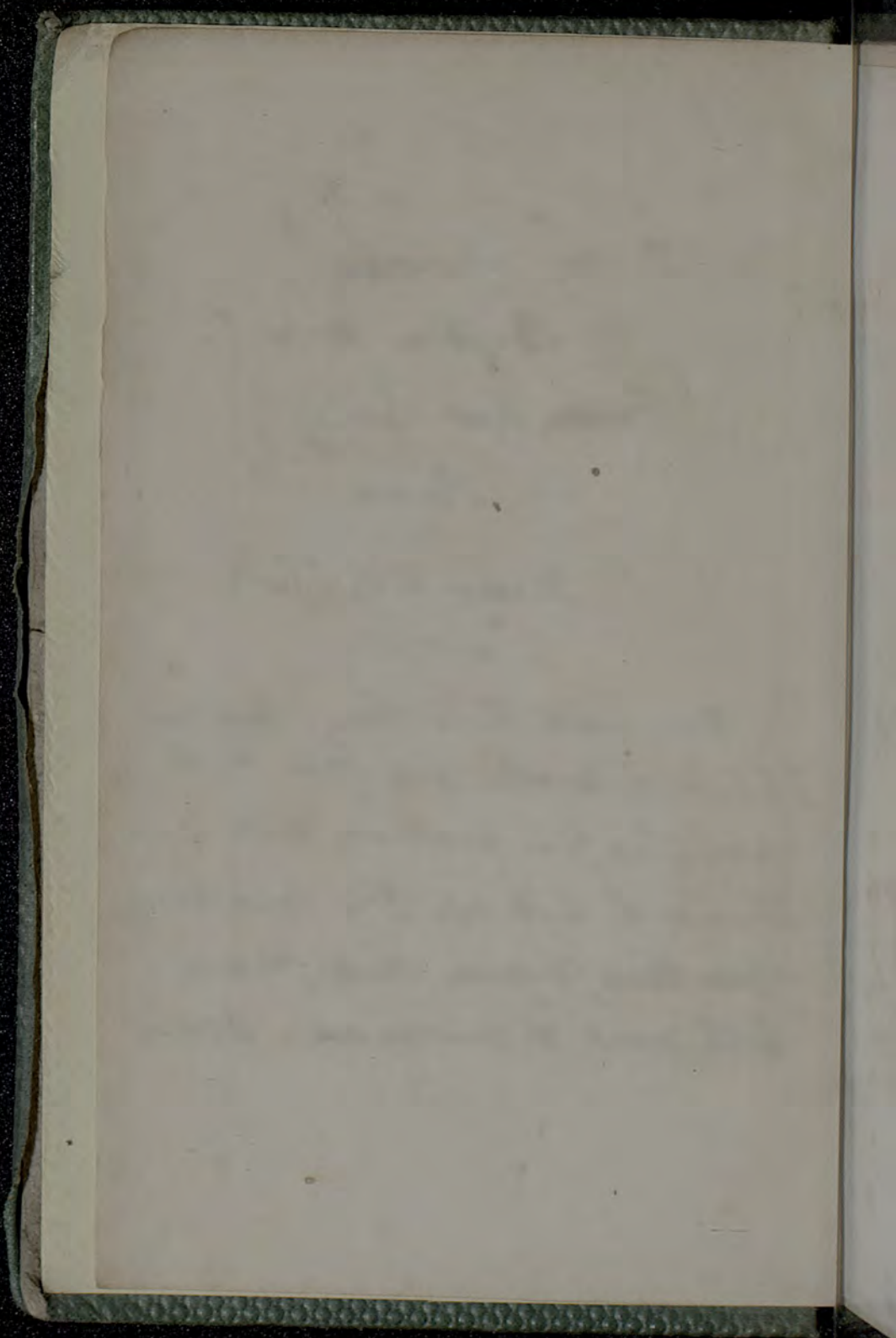


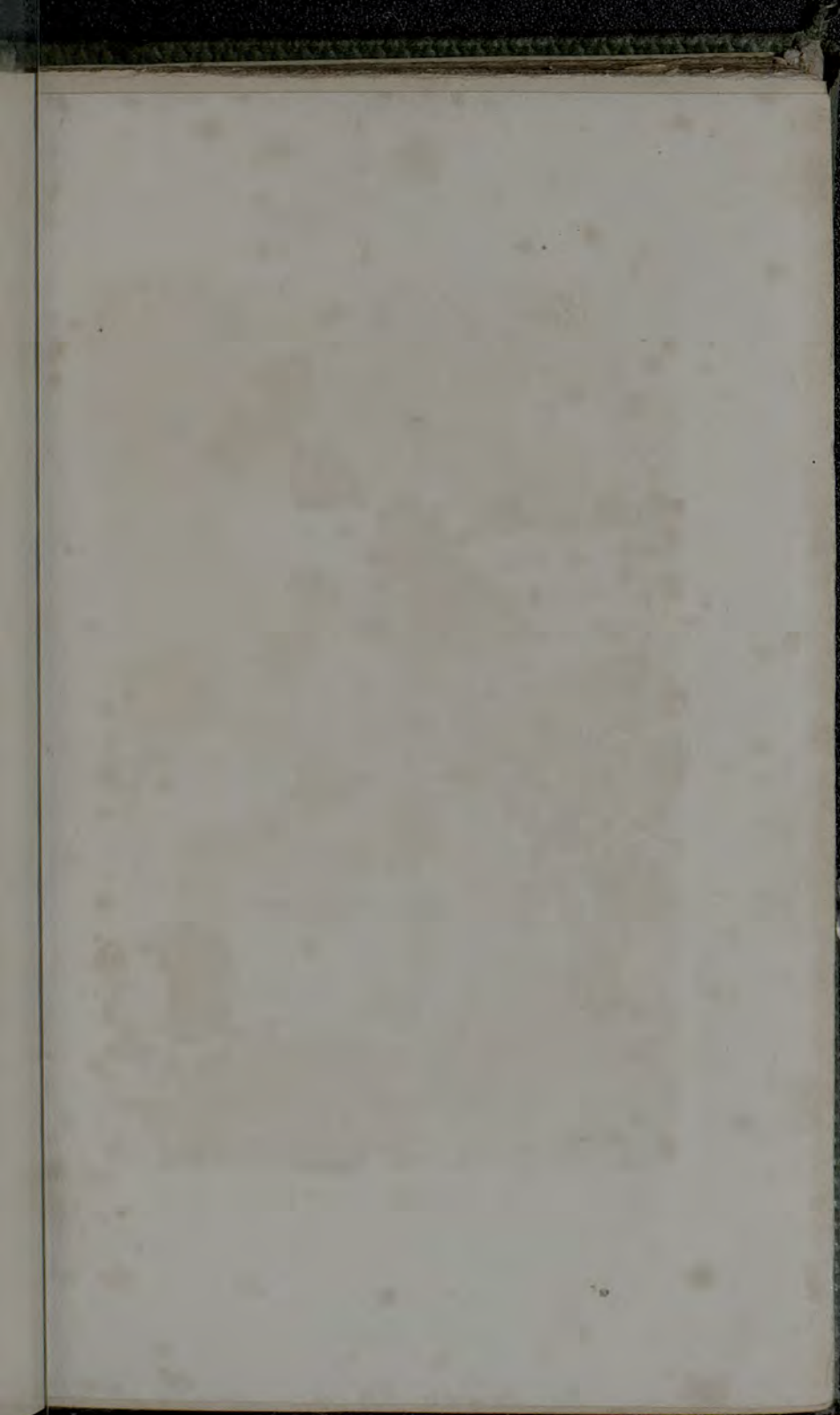


To my precious
Bessie Jane
From her loving
Papa

May 29. 1860

The Lord Bless thee & keep thee.
The Lord make His face to shine
upon thee, & His gracious words
The Lord lift up His countenance
upon thee, & give thee peace,
both now & evermore. Amen



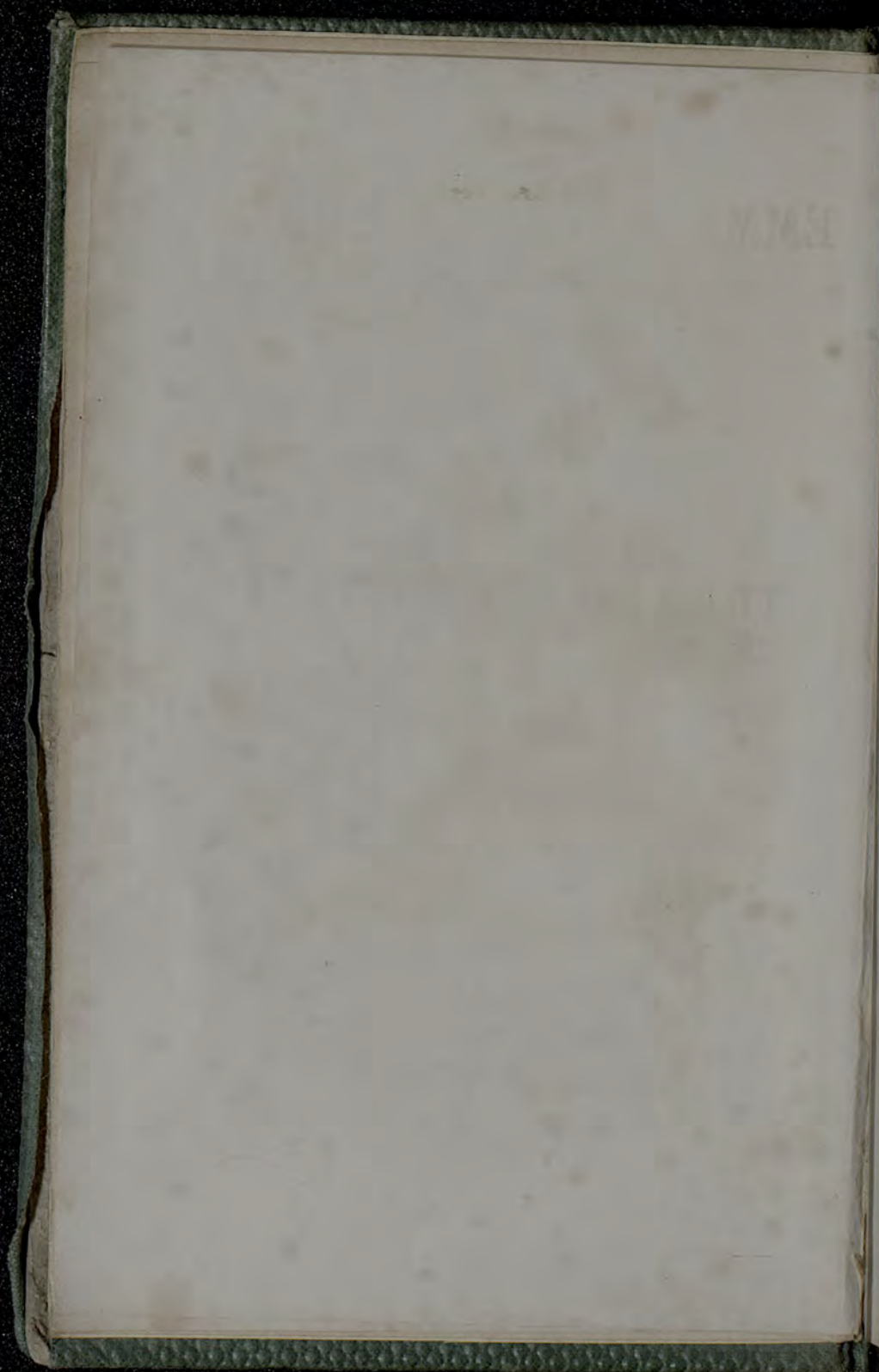




Memoirs
OF
EMMA AND HER NURSE,
BY
M^{rs} Cameron.



LONDON:
HOLLSTON & WRIGHT,
65, PATERNOSTER ROW.



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EMMA AND HER NURSE

OR THE

HISTORY OF LADY HAREWOOD

AND

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE

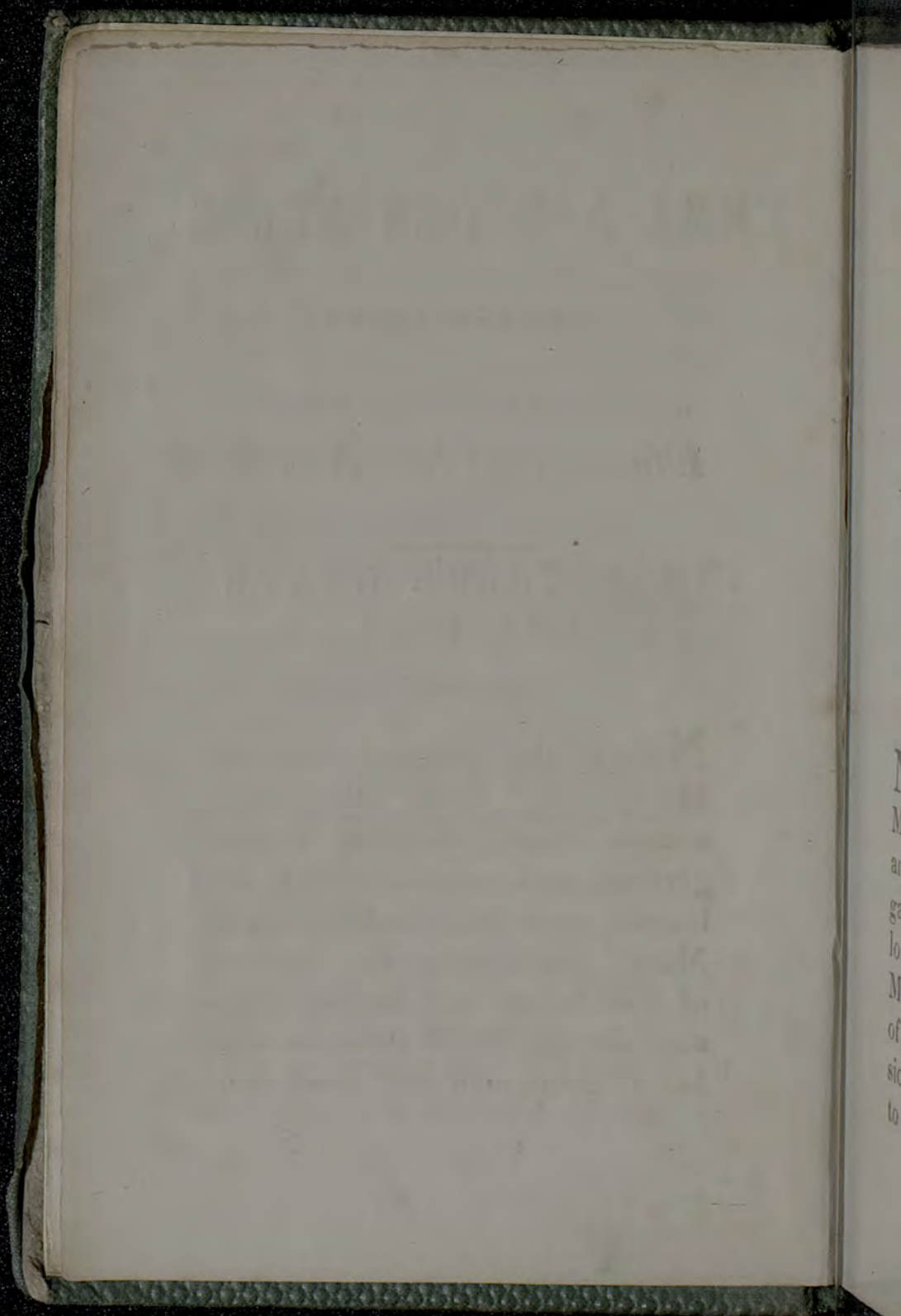
BY MRS. CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "MARGARET WHYTE," ETC. ETC.

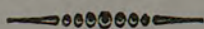
LONDON

HOULSTON AND WRIGHT

65, PATERNOSTER ROW



MEMOIRS
OF
Emma and her Nurse.



CHAPTER I.



NEAR the pleasant town of Montgomery there is a very ancient house, standing amidst gardens and woods, which belonged once to a noble family. Many years ago, the owners of this house, not having occasion for it, let it for a season to a gentleman of great for-

tune; who, as he was traveling through the town, was struck with the beauty of the situation.

This gentleman was a baronet, and was called Sir Arthur Harewood. He was a very handsome man, and exceedingly accomplished and agreeable in his manners. He furnished the house which he took in the most sumptuous manner, and kept many fine carriages and horses, and numerous servants: so that the gentlemen in the neighbourhood courted his acquaintance very much, and many would have been glad to have had him for a husband to one of their daughters. Among these,

a gentleman of an ancient family, whom he frequently met with in his hunting parties, took an early opportunity of introducing him to his wife and daughter, who lived in great retirement. The extraordinary beauty of the young lady soon attracted Sir Arthur's attention; and after seeing her a few times only, he asked her hand in marriage, and almost as quickly obtained it. Sir Arthur neither knew nor valued the many excellences which this lady possessed; for she had been brought up by her mother in habits of the strictest piety, and she answered all the hopes which her excellent parent had formed respecting her.

Immediately after her marriage, Lady Harewood was taken to the hall, where every thing which this world could give was provided for her; and she hoped that in her husband, whose agreeable manners and endeavours to please had rendered him very dear to her, she should find the piety, the wisdom, and the tenderness, which had till this time formed the great source of her happiness in her mother.

Lady Harewood was at first pleased with every thing she saw; and when, by degrees, the character of her husband opened upon her, and she found that he was only a man of the world, she pleased herself with

the delightful hope that she should be the means of leading him to better things. Many delightful plans of reformation she formed in her household, when her husband should be brought to think as she did. She ventured, by degrees, to talk to him on her favourite subjects; but sometimes he laughed at her, and sometimes made no answer.

Lady Harewood hoped that she made some impression on his mind; yet she could not help observing that his manner became cold towards her, and that he left her frequently.

One evening, when she had

been talking to him with more than common earnestness on the subject of religion, he turned to her suddenly, and, in a very stern voice, he said: "Lady Harewood, I have heard enough, and too much, on these subjects. I married you for your beauty, your simplicity, and your gentleness; but I little expected to have had the peace of my life invaded by your enthusiasm and gloom. I wanted a companion to add to my happiness, not a gloomy foreboder of future ill." So saying, he burst from her, and she did not see him again for many hours.

Lady Harewood spent those

hours in her closet; and when Sir Arthur returned, she received him with smiles, which shone amidst her tears, as the sun brightens the dew-drops on the April flowers.

The sweet silence of subjection which graces the Christian wife, and the gentle readiness to oblige of one more ready to forgive than remember wrong, was not unobserved by Sir Arthur. He could not help loving and admiring Lady Harewood in spite of himself; and she spent the rest of the evening in conversing with him upon some improvements he was making in his grounds, and upon a journey he was

going to take to see his Yorkshire estates.

A few days afterwards Sir Arthur set out upon his journey.

As Lady Harewood was expecting soon to be blessed with a little child, she could not help expressing to Sir Arthur her wish that he would return as soon as possible. He promised in a kind manner that he would, and then took his leave of her.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Sir Arthur was gone, and Lady Harewood was alone, she did not give way to melancholy, but she amused herself in her leisure hours with visiting a charity-school which she had established. She had chosen for the mistress a very pious woman, and the scholars were the children of the labouring poor in and about the town of Montgomery. She visited the school every day, and her greatest pleasure was to explain the

Bible to these little ones. She also visited the parents of the children when they were sick or in want of such things as she could supply them with.

A few weeks after Sir Arthur had left her, her little girl was born. Though Sir Arthur had delayed his return much longer than Lady Harewood had hoped, yet he did return when he heard of the birth of his child: he expressed, however, some disappointment, when he found it was a girl, and took but little notice of it.

He remained a few weeks at Montgomery, and then took his lady, and their little girl, whom

they had named Emma, to London with him.

The winter was spent in London, and in spring they returned to Montgomery.

Every body remarked that Lady Harewood looked ill, and it was whispered by the servants, that the behaviour of Sir Arthur occasioned her much anxiety; it was even suspected that he preferred other ladies to her: yet she made no complaints, and studied his happiness in every thing; she rode with him, and walked with him, and shared as far as she could in all his pursuits.

In a few months after their return into the country, he again left her; he returned indeed for a short time, but it was only to leave her again: and thus passed the time till their little girl was a year and half old. During this time Lady Harewood had lost both her parents almost suddenly, which, together with the increasing unkindness of Sir Arthur, had but too plainly impaired her health; yet still she did not complain.

When Sir Arthur was at home, she devoted her time to him; she consulted his pleasure in every thing, and never murmured at his neglect.

When he was away, she found some amusement in airings in the lovely neighbourhood of Montgomery, in her organ and books, which were the furniture of her dressing-room, but chiefly in the company of her little girl, and in visiting her school and the many poor persons who were dependent on her kindness. But her highest pleasure at all times was in visiting the house of God, or in her daily retirement to her closet. There, with her Bible, or on her knees, she tasted that peace which the world cannot give; there she received those supplies of strength which enabled her to bear sickness with patience, neglect with meek-

ness; to be strong in weakness, and to look beyond this world of sorrow to the region of eternal day.

The time was now approaching when Lady Harewood was expecting a second baby; and Sir Arthur, who had been spending a little time at home, was preparing for another journey. His carriage was ready, and he came into her dressing-room to take his leave of her. She was not there; and while he waited her return, he employed himself in looking round the room. Her organ, her child's playthings scattered on the carpet, her work-basket filled with garments for the poor, the ra-

tional and interesting books which filled her bookcase; all these things brought her various innocent and useful pursuits before him. Her closet door was open; he went in. A Bible lay on her table; her tears had wet one part of a leaf; it was in this verse, *Wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives.* (1 Pet. iii. 1.) On her cushion a book lay open in the prayer of a wife for her husband: he felt fretted with himself, and tried to be angry with her; just then he heard the outer door of her dressing-room open,

and he returned into it hastily.

Lady Harewood was there all sweet smiles, and her little lisping girl held her gown.

Her smiles did not hide the paleness of her cheeks. For a few minutes Sir Arthur felt as if he could not leave her: he looked at her, and sighed. But other thoughts came into his mind: he took the child in his arms, and talked to it till he felt a little composed, and then hastily bade Lady Harewood farewell.

She would have asked him again not to delay his return,

but she could not. She followed him to the door, and there they parted: and with her Sir Arthur forsook his prospects of happiness. He refused to listen to his conscience; he forsook domestic joy and duty, in search of forbidden pleasures; and he left Lady Harewood never to see her more.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the departure of Sir Arthur, Lady Harewood spent her time, as usual during his absence, in great retirement; and seldom went beyond her shrubbery and park, except to her school and her poor people, and the ancient church of Montgomery.

One day, when she visited her school, she called the schoolmistress aside, and told her that she wished her to choose

from among her scholars a girl who might be able to take care of her little Emma. "If it pleases God," she said, "to give me another baby, I shall put it into the hands of the nurse who has hitherto taken care of Emma: and now my little girl begins to talk, and will soon be able to understand what is said to her, I am very anxious to provide a person to be about her, who will teach her to know and love God, as soon as she learns to know and value the things which he has created."

The schoolmistress replied, that she could recommend several of her scholars, and called three

of the eldest into the room where they were sitting.

Lady Harewood soon made choice in her own mind of a gentle, thoughtful looking girl, neat and modest in her dress and manner: and when the girls were sent back into the school, she said to the schoolmistress, "I have chosen little Jane; for I have often noticed the humility of her behaviour, and the attention with which she has always listened to my instructions. Her mother too, I know, is a pious woman, and has borne as a Christian many sad reverses of fortune."

Lady Harewood then gave

the schoolmistress some money, which she desired her to lay out in suitable clothes for her, and begged her to prepare her for her service against the time when she might send for her, which would probably be in the course of a few weeks.

“I do not think it right,” said Lady Harewood, while she was talking to the schoolmistress, “to part with any servant who may be agreeable to Sir Arthur; but I wish to choose all I may take into my family in future, because they are the servants of my God.”

When Lady Harewood was gone, the schoolmistress told

Jane that she was to be the servant of her little lady. It is not very easy to say how glad she was; and she longed for the time when Lady Harewood's little baby should be born, and she should undertake her new situation. In the meantime her mother and schoolmistress took great pains to prepare her for it.

CHAPTER IV

ONE fine morning Jane was awakened by the pleasant bells of Montgomery ringing merrily. She jumped up in haste, and before she was dressed, one of the neighbours ran into the house, and said, "Lady Harewood has a son born; and Sir Arthur has been sent for."

There was joy all over the town; and Jane rejoiced in the hope that she should soon be summoned to her new place.

She made haste to get all her little business finished. That same evening, as she and her mother were sitting at the door of their house, she saw the worthy vicar pass not far from the house, and turn into the fields which lead towards the hall. In about an hour he returned. Jane's mother thought he looked unusually grave: but Jane was too full of joy to notice his appearance. She was listening to the bells, and thinking how happy she should be very soon.

Many persons were seen that evening going to and fro, as if in haste. But Jane's house lay out of the way, and none

of the neighbours happened to call upon them; and, indeed, being always employed, they were not much in the habit of knowing what was going on.

Towards dusk, as Jane was closing the shutters on the outside of the house, she said, "Do, pray, mother, step out for a minute, and listen to the bells, before we shut them out with these doors and window-shutters."

Her mother came out, and listened to the bells, as they rang merrily from the town.

"How pretty they sound, mother," said Jane. "Per-

haps, before this time to-morrow, I may be at the hall."

"Well, my love," answered her mother; "and I hope it will be for your good: but you must not expect too much happiness from going there."

"Surely, mother, it will be very delightful to wait on Lady Harewood, and that sweet baby: all that I mind is leaving you."

"My dear," answered her mother, "I do not wish to make you unhappy; but I wish you to learn as early in life as can be, not to depend too much upon any thing which this uncertain world offers to us."

Just as she finished these words, Jane called out, "Dear mother, do hear how suddenly they are falling the bells just as they had begun to ring."

"That is very odd," answered her mother.

The pleasant sound of the bells soon stopped, and their confused echo from the hill and castle above, was all that broke the silence for a few minutes; when the dull sound of the heavy muffled passing-bell slowly awoke the ear of Jane to sad attention.

"Oh, mother, mother, what is that?" said Jane.

Before Jane's mother made any answer, for indeed she had no answer to make, a confused sound of voices was heard coming towards them; and the neighbour, who had brought them the news in the morning, came running first.

"Have you heard the news, Jane?" said she, as she led the girl into the house: "Lady Harewood is dead, and all your schemes are at an end. Her fine lady of a nurse will never let you come into her nursery."

"Lady Harewood dead!" repeated Jane and her mother at once; "Lady Harewood dead!"

"That is no surprise to me," answered the woman. "Every body knew she was in a consumption for weeks past. Sir Arthur has broken her heart."

"And is her pretty baby alive?" said Jane.

"Yes," replied she; "he is a stout healthy little fellow, and likely to do very well."

The woman did not stay long with Jane and her mother; for she wanted to tell the news to her other neighbours.

Poor Jane's schemes of happiness had passed away like the

beauty of a full-blown rose, whose delicate and ripened leaves are scattered in every direction by the sudden force of a summer storm.

The news soon spread through the town, and every face looked sad: for all who knew Lady Harewood loved her.

The next morning the clergyman sent for Jane's mother, and gave her some information concerning the death of Lady Harewood. He told her, that a few hours before it took place, she had sent for him; that she had begged him to pray with her, and that she had expressed a deep sense of her unworthi-

ness; but a lively hope, through the merits of our Saviour, of entering into that glorious world where sin and sorrow could no more follow her. She charged him with her tenderest love and duty to Sir Arthur, and her prayers for his temporal and eternal good. She gave her blessing to her dear children; and she sent a petition to Sir Arthur, that Jane might still be allowed to wait upon her little girl.

Having said these things, her soul seemed already to enter into its rest. She seemed, even before her departure, to be leaning on the bosom of her Lord. A short time after-

wards she was released from her earthly prison, and went to see him face to face.

The clergyman concluded this account by advising the woman not to mention to her daughter the likelihood of her being sent for to the hall.

The next day Sir Arthur arrived at Montgomery in the deepest affliction, accusing himself bitterly for having deferred his return home so long.

The following week every thing was prepared for Lady Harewood's funeral.

The muffled bell began to

toll very early in the morning. As the burying-place of Sir Arthur's family was at a very considerable distance, Lady Harewood had requested that her body might be laid beside that of her parents, in a small parish church about two miles from Montgomery.

Jane, with several of her young companions, went up the hill, and sat themselves down among the ruins of the castle, in order to have a full view of the long procession; for, from this place, they could see, at intervals, all the road from the hall to the parish church.

About eleven o'clock the pro-

cession set off, and it reached nearly a quarter of a mile. The hearse was covered with nodding plumes, the carriages were hung with black cloth, and many of the horsemen wore black cloaks. Women and children followed the funeral on foot.

“Oh, what a dismal sight!” said one of Jane’s companions. Jane made no answer for some time.

As she sat on the sweet smelling thyme, which nearly covers the hill, and the sun (for it was a fine day) shone upon her, she called to mind that there was another world, far above the blue sky to which she was

looking up. It is a world, where there is no winter and no storm; and whose inhabitants have entered into their rest.

"The gentle spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year."

She remembered how Lady Harewood had talked to her and her school-fellows about heaven and Jesus Christ. "And, surely," she said to herself, "she must have loved heavenly things, or she would not have left the pleasures and gaieties of the hall to talk to poor children, like us, about them."

So she answered: "It is a dismal sight to those who have used that sweet lady ill; but

it is very pleasant to think that she did not value the fine things of the world while she lived in it, any more than her poor body does now the fine procession that follows it. She was poor in spirit, though she had money and fine clothes: so she has been carried by the angels to rest in Abraham's bosom."

Though Jane loved to think of her lady's happiness, yet she felt very sad when she thought that she should never see her again in this world; and all that day, and many days afterwards, she did little else but cry.

CHAPTER V.

THE Monday following Lady Harewood's funeral, Sir Arthur's housekeeper sent a message to Jane's mother, to desire her to make her daughter ready, and bring her in three days to the hall.

Jane was comforted at the idea of going to the hall; but her mother did not think of it with the pleasure she had done before. Jane had lost a friend, a guide, and a protector,

in Lady Harewood, of which, her mother feared, she might often stand in need. Yet, after all that had happened, she thought it was right that her daughter should undertake the situation her lady had appointed her; and, giving her her best advice and earnest prayers, she now led her out, as it were alone, into a wide and wicked world.

On the morning fixed she and Jane set out for the hall; but very different were the feelings of Jane respecting her new situation to what they had been a few days ago. She had been taught the vanity and emptiness of the world, and the immense importance of everlasting

things, by a lesson that she could never forget. The sorrow she had felt had led her to look into her own heart, and she found with shame that she had been indulging a sinful love for the things of the world. She saw her own sin and corruption, and her dependence was now upon the Lord her righteousness.

When Jane and her mother arrived at the hall, they were led through a long passage, opening into different offices, into a small wainscotted parlour.

The bright oak boards were covered in the middle of the

room by a floor-cloth. Over the chimney-piece was a large picture of a gentleman on horseback, with a whip in his hand. Near the fire, by a round table, peeling almonds, sat the housekeeper. She was a short, elderly person, old fashioned in her dress and appearance, and not very pleasing in her manner and voice.

Jane and her mother stood at the door, and courtseyed low.

“Good morning,” said she to them. “So, I suppose, you are the persons Sir Arthur sent for: he had a great desire to comply with his lady’s wish;

and I hope he may not have cause to repent of it."

"I hope not," answered Jane's mother. "My daughter will do every thing in her power to give satisfaction."

"Well, I dare say; but it is no concern of mine: she is not to be about me. I suppose your daughter has not been used to gentlefolks."

"Madam," answered the woman, "she has been very little out of her father's house, except to her honoured lady's school; but she will endeavour to learn such behaviour as is suited to her situation."

“Well, the nurse will see about that: she must go up into the nursery; but I had only a few words to say to you first. Sir Arthur is going soon to London, and he intends to take his little boy with him, for he is very proud of him; and Miss Emma will stay in the country: and then, if your daughter continue about her, she will be under my care, and I shall expect that she will attend to my orders.”

“Certainly, madam,” answered the mother.

“Well, that is all I had to say to the girl: so you may go up stairs now. But you don’t know

the way." Then she arose from her seat, and walked to the passage-door. "O here, as luck will have it, is the under nurse. Clara, here is Miss Emma's new maid: please to shew her up stairs."

"Which, madam?" answered Clara, looking first at Jane and then at her mother, from head to foot.

"Why the girl, to be sure," answered the housekeeper.

"Please to come up stairs, then," said Clara.

Jane's mother thought that she must not follow her daughter up

stairs; so she took her leave of her, and bid her be a good girl.

“Good bye, mother,” said Jane, with a heavy heart.

Clara took Jane up a narrow staircase, which led into a wide gallery, opening at one end upon a handsome staircase, and at the other was a large window. On each side of the gallery were many doors. Clara opened one of these into a small room, with a bed of crimson stuff in it, and another smaller bed by it. “Here you are to sleep, and your young lady too, I suppose,” said Clara: “but follow me into the nursery.” She opened then ano-

ther door within, and led Jane into a large room, where the upper nurse, with the two children, was sitting.

Jane courtseyed low.

The nurse looked (in Jane's eyes) like a very fine lady. She did not even speak to Jane, or take any notice of her courtesy. On her lap lay a delicate little baby half asleep, and at her feet, upon a cushion, sat the pretty little Emma, a fair and lovely child, not two years old. Her head was covered with flaxen curls; and her pretty blue eyes, and sweet smiling face, brought back to Jane the remembrance of Lady Harewood. These poor

babies each wore a sash and rose of black crape, but they did not know that they had lost a kind and tender parent.

“What a while you have been away!” said the nurse to Clara. “Here this little girl has been crying to be nursed. She has been so used to be nursed by her mother, that she would always be upon one’s lap.”

Clara took the little girl in her arms, and Jane noticed two tears still standing on her rosy cheeks. “O,” she said to herself, “how I shall love that child!”

Jane stood nearly a quarter of

an hour before the nurse spoke to her, or asked her to sit down.

“So,” she said to her at last, “you are the girl that my lady took such a fancy to! She had more whims than any lady of her rank I ever met with.”

“Can you work?” said the nurse again.

“Yes, ma’am,” replied Jane.

“Give her the child’s frock to finish,” said the nurse to Clara.

Jane sat down quietly to her sewing, and the nurses soon afterwards took the children a

walking. In about an hour's time they returned with the children asleep. They laid them down: and then standing over the fire, they employed themselves in talking about some young men they had met with in their walk; till, at last, a bell ringing, the upper nurse bade Clara in haste go down and see if dinner was ready, and then fetching out of the drawer an infant's cap, she sat down to plait it, meanwhile asking Jane many questions about different people in the town, especially the young men, and those who were reckoned the most gay. "Really," said she at last, after asking Jane a great many questions, "I never saw

such a stupid girl in my life: one would think you had lived with your eyes shut. Why Clara, who has not been in this country a quarter of a year, knows more by a great deal of the young men in the town than you do."

"Really," answered Jane, "I thought that was no concern of mine."

The nurse made no answer, but began to hum part of a song tune.

Clara soon afterwards came up, and laid the cloth, and they all sat down to dinner. The nurse then cutting up the wing

of a chicken, bade Jane keep it warm till Miss Emma awoke. When dinner was over, the nurse said she wanted to speak to the housekeeper, and she was going down stairs; but desired Clara and Jane not to stir from the room till she came back.

“So,” said Clara, when she was gone, “here is this fine London lady that my master’s sister sent down to nurse Miss Emma gone down into the housekeeper’s room, as she says; and she will come back by and by with almonds and raisins: but nobody supposes that she is sitting all this time with the old cross fat lady.—Did you ever see our butler?”

"Yes," answered Jane.

"Well, do not you think he is very smart and genteel? and his pantry is close to the house-keeper's room."

Jane took no notice of this speech, and they were both silent.

"Dear me," said Clara again, as she was sweeping the hearth and putting the chairs in their places, "how you sit sewing there: I wonder you are not tired."

"O dear," answered Jane, "I have done nothing to tire me yet: people that are to get

their bread must not talk of being tired."

Clara shrugged up her shoulders.

At last Jane said, "How long these pretty little creatures sleep!"

"The longer the better," answered Clara; "little Emma is so cross."

"Poor little thing!" answered Jane; "perhaps she misses her mother."

"Do you love children?" asked Clara.

"O! very much," said Jane.

"So do I," answered Clara; "but they are often very troublesome.

"I must go down," said she again a few minutes afterwards, "and get the linen from the laundry maid. Will you watch the children the while?"

"To be sure I will," answered Jane; "but you will not stay long; because if they should wake I should not know what to do, as I am not yet acquainted with them; and the nurse begged us both to stay."

"O, never mind her," answered Clara: "she dare not

tell of me." So down Clara went, and left Jane with the two children.

Jane had been left alone nearly half an hour; and as she sat at work she began to fear that she was got among people that did not know the fear of God. Then she heard the little one moving, and she got up and laid down her work, and went to look at him; but he had settled again to sleep. She stood for some minutes listening to his soft breathing, and then she went to the bed where his sister slept: her eyes were shut, and her cheeks rested on her little rosy hand; her flaxen curls peeped from below her cap.

“Dear little creature!” said Jane to herself: “your mother is gone, and there is no one left to teach you to know your God and your Saviour. O! my Saviour,” added she, kneeling down by the bed-side, “give me grace to teach this dear little child the knowledge of thee. May I, as far as possible, supply to her the place of that dear parent she has lost; and O! preserve my weak and sinful heart from the snares and temptations which surround me.”

Just as she had finished these words the little Emma opened her eyes. She looked round, and seeing only a stranger, she raised her pretty upper lip, and

was beginning to cry, which Jane perceiving, she took her in her arms, and gently kissing her, "Come, pretty baby," said she, "you shall have your dinner."

When the child had eaten her chicken and drank some water out of a silver cup, she began to feel quite awake, and seemed desirous to run about. Jane put her down, and took up her work, that the little one might trot about, and feel herself at liberty. For some time she avoided Jane; but finding that she did not meddle with her, but left her to herself, she ventured by degrees to come nearer to her; and at last she proceeded so far as to look at the flowers upon her

gown, and in a little while she permitted her gently to lift her upon her lap, and to begin a discourse with her, and play at bo-peep behind her pinafore. The tender kindness of Jane towards her, something like her mother's behaviour, no doubt pleased the little babe, though she had not sense to know that she had lost or that she had gained a friend. From that time the friendship of Jane and Emma daily increased, till it almost ripened into a parent's love for a child, and into the love of a child for a tender parent.

In her care and attention to this babe Jane found her great

happiness; for it was indeed true, that her companions were persons who did not live in the fear of God. The nurse was entirely unprincipled, though she had the art at present to conceal, in a great degree, the sin of her conduct. Clara was thoughtless and ignorant; and though not ill-natured, she thought only of amusing herself. She never considered that she had any duty to perform in the state of life to which it had pleased God to call her; but, like too many other persons, her only object was to pass the day in doing as many things as she could that she liked, and doing as few that she disliked.

We have seen before that Sir

Arthur was not very fond of little Emma. The nurse soon made this discovery: and though during Lady Harewood's life-time she had pretended great fondness for the child, she did not now think it necessary to do so; and as she found that the child was much quieter and more contented with Jane than with any body else, she left her entirely to her management both by night and by day. And Clara, who never cared how little trouble she had, was equally ready to do the same. So that Jane found constant and delightful employment with her dear little mistress.

Some of her pleasantest hours were spent in taking her a

walking in the park and gardens when the weather would allow, for it was now winter. Here she would gather for her all the winter flowers that had escaped the frost; nosegays of golden rod, and winter daisy, and lauristinus: and she would call the little one to listen to the voices of the winter fowl, and to peep at the deer and the hares in their forms of fern almost hid among the low brushwood in the park.

As the nurse and Clara liked sitting by the nursery fire better than walking out if the air was frosty; they would seldom stay out long, unless they met with any of their acquaintance work-

ing in the gardens or walking out with their guns, and then they would stay out a great while: so Jane, finding this to be the case, generally managed to take Emma out by herself.

After her walk the little girl became sleepy, and Jane laid her down to rest in her own room; and then she would always sit and work by her, though the nurse and Clara often wanted her to leave her and to sit in the nursery with them: but Jane would not quit her little charge; and she found too that at such times she might employ her thoughts in a most profitable manner.

Surrounded as she was by temptations and bad companions, she wanted continual support from the source of all strength; and as she sat by herself she could lift up her heart in prayer for strength and wisdom to support and guide her in this new and difficult situation. She could call to mind the instructions that had been given her at church or at school, or by her mother; or she could meditate on such parts of the Bible as she had learned by heart as a child, and draw from them their sweetness, their wisdom, and their comfort, for her own circumstances, as the little skilful bee sucks the food he wants from the flowers of the field.

CHAPTER VI.

AT last the time arrived when Sir Arthur was to go to London. The winter had passed away, and the early spring was returned. The nurse and Clara employed themselves in preparing every thing for their long talked of journey: they were very much pleased with the thoughts of it, and hoped that it would be a long while before they should return into the country.

“I declare, Jane,” said the

nurse one day, "I would not have stayed this winter here if it had not been for the thoughts of going to London; and since you have been here it has been ten times worse. You are so moping, it makes me ready to hang myself to look at you: you are always reading your Bible, or singing psalms, or sewing your fingers to the bone. I would not spend another winter with you here for all my lady's jewels; besides, since my lady died, I have never dared to go up the best staircase after it is dark by myself."

At last the day came for the family to begin their journey, and this day was Sunday. Jane

returned from church just as Sir Arthur rung his bell and ordered his little daughter to be brought to him.

Jane carried her into the library, where Sir Arthur was arranging some papers before he set out. He took the little girl on his lap, kissed her, and seemed affected by her pretty playful way, for she stroked his cheek with her hand, and called him papa, and laughed and chuckled; and when he returned her to Jane he gave her half-a-guinea, and he bade her be careful of the child: then hastily collecting his papers together, he rang the bell violently, and ordered his car-

riage to the door. Jane stood behind one of the pillars in the hall with Emma in her arms that she might see her papa go.

Sir Arthur stepped into his chaise, with his servant, and drove off.

"Where is my little lady?" called out the nurse, running into the hall, as soon as Sir Arthur was gone; "I must have a kiss of her."

So Jane took the child into the servants' hall, at the door of which the old family coach was standing. All the servants were collected, taking their leave

of their companions. The butler, the cook, the two nurses, and one housemaid, were all setting out. The nurse was in high spirits, talking very loud: she took little Emma in her arms and kissed her, and gave her to Clara, who kissed her too. Meanwhile Jane pressed in her arms her dear little smiling brother: she then returned the baby to its nurse, and took little Emma back again, and stood at the door watching the party getting into the coach. They were all in high spirits, laughing and talking loud: the coach-door was shut, and they droye off.

Jane stood for some minutes

at the door with little Emma, who was watching the horses, till the housekeeper called her, and bade her come to dinner, or she would not be ready for evening service.

The dinner was prepared in the housekeeper's room: and here, with the housekeeper, and the old house-steward, and her dear little mistress, who was now able to feed herself, she sat down.

"You must use yourself, Jane," said the housekeeper, in rather a cross voice, "to my quiet habits and regular hours, or you and I shall never do together; I shall have none of your old nursery doings going on here."

When dinner was over, the housekeeper seemed in better humour: so she said to Jane, "If you like to go to church, I will take care of your little girl." Then she reached from a cupboard a pot of sweetmeats, with which she feasted the child; while the house-steward slept by the fire in a three-cornered chair: and Jane was permitted to go to church.

After this day, however, the housekeeper was often very cross with Jane. She always seemed suspicious of her, and dissatisfied with every thing she did: and whenever she walked out, she fancied that she was going to meet somebody; and she was

always accusing her of thoughtlessness and levity.

Jane became very unhappy; and, if it had not been for the sake of her dear little mistress, she would have begged her mother to take her home. However, she determined to acquaint her with her distress: and for this purpose she asked leave, one evening, to go and see her; and the housekeeper promised to take care of the child during her absence.

When Jane got home, she related to her mother, as soon as she was alone with her, all the history of her present trials. And indeed she had much to

tell: for though she had often seen her mother since she had left home, yet she had not often been alone with her; and besides, she knew that her mother would not give encouragement to her telling little stories out of her master's family. However, she determined now to conceal nothing from her.

When she had finished the account of all that had happened to her since she had left home, her mother said to her, in reply, "My dear Jane, you may feel at present dull, but be sure that the persons you are now with are much better companions for you than any you have had before; and though the house-

keeper may now be cross, yet if you behave with prudence and civility, she will see that you are not like the nurse-maids she has been used to, and she will treat you, by and by, with kindness. Your young lady has also been put in your hands by her dear mother, who is gone to heaven: and though she is yet but an infant, you may begin to teach her a little of her duty. Remember where it is said, *He that keepeth the least of God's commandments, and teacheth another the same, shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.* Perhaps it may please God to bless your instructions to this baby; and when she grows up, she may be, like her dear mother, a light shining in

a dark place. O! it is a very honourable employment to nurse a little child for God. Above all, my dear Jane, beware of your own weakness, and the wickedness of your heart, and remember to pray often in the day for God's help.

Jane listened with great attention to the advice her mother gave her, and she returned to the hall more cheerful and happy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE very next morning, when Jane was taking her morning walk with the little Emma in the shrubbery, she bade the child look up to the blue sky; and she said to her, that God lived above it. She then told her, that God had made her, and that he gave her her breakfast, and her dinner, and her supper, and her clothes, and every thing she had.

Though she repeated this se-

veral times, the little girl did not understand it, and she got tired of listening, before she knew the meaning of what Jane was telling her. So Jane left off talking to her, and shewed her the fawns in the park.

The next time, however, that Jane talked upon these subjects with her, she seemed more pleased, and at last quite understood what she said, and would repeat it all to Jane herself.

Jane then proceeded to teach her something more about the love of God to little children, always trying to tell her every thing in as pleasant a way as she could: and when she was

attentive, she would reward her with some roses and sweet-smelling flowers to put in her little garden-basket, or she would give her a few early strawberries. Sometimes she would teach her a verse in the Bible, by making her repeat it after her from time to time. She would also endeavour, by degrees, to lead the little one to a knowledge of her own evil heart.

One day Emma was very naughty, and would not obey an order which Jane had given her; and she went into a passion, and cried violently. While Emma was in the passion Jane put her into a corner of the room, and told her that she

would not look at her. But when Emma was good she took her out, and kissed her: and then lifting on her lap the little thing, whose bosom still heaved with sobs in spite of her smiles, she tried, as far as it was possible, to make her know, that her heart was naughty, which had made her go into such a passion. She then told her, that when she went into passions it was displeasing to God, and she made her kneel down and ask his forgiveness. What further lessons she gave to her little girl, we shall learn as Emma did, by degrees. Jane was also very desirous that Emma should learn to know something about her mamma

There was a very large and beautiful full-length likeness taken of Lady Harewood just before her marriage. This was hung upon the great staircase; and there it might still, within a very few years, have been seen: and though the colour was much faded, it still kept its singular sweetness of countenance.

Almost every day Jane took the little girl to look at this picture; and she told her it was the picture of her mamma, till the little girl quite knew it, and called it mamma. Then Jane would point up, and tell the little one that her dear mamma was living beyond the sky, in

a very fair and lovely country, with the good God, who had made her; and that, if Emma was a good little girl, she would go some time or other to see her mamma.

By degrees, but not till she had been with her many months, she led her to some little knowledge of her Saviour.

One day Emma told a lie; upon which occasion Jane informed her that there was a very dreadful place called hell, where liars are sent when they die: she told her that it was full of fire and brimstone, and that people who once go there never can come out.

Emma seemed frightened, and began to cry; and Jane made use of this circumstance to teach her something about our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: that he was the Son of God, and had been nailed by naughty people upon a cross, that she might not go to hell for the wicked lie she had told; and that she must love him, and do whatever he ordered her to do.

All this little Emma did not understand at first; but by its being repeated in a very pleasant way at different times, she gained at length a clearer knowledge of these things than can be supposed by any one who has not taken delight to sow in

a baby's heart the seeds of celestial plants: for it is a soil well suited to their growth, and perhaps the Heavenly Gardener peculiarly blesses them with his favour.

I must now mention, that what Jane's mother had expected, in time took place. The house-keeper became in a few months quite reconciled to Jane: she found that she was very orderly, industrious, and quiet, in her behaviour; that she was always engaged in the care of her little mistress; that she paid attention to the neatness of her dress and the civility of her behaviour; and that, though she did not indulge her, yet that she treated

her with respect, and not with that vulgar familiarity which we sometimes see used by nurses to the children they take care of; she always called her Miss Emma, and made her sit above her at table. The little one was also exceedingly fond of Jane, though she never ventured to disobey her. The housekeeper, finding this to be the case, treated Jane with a great deal more kindness than she had done at first. Sometimes she would talk very freely to her. She had seen a great deal of the world in her younger days, and had known many of Sir Arthur's relations, who had lived and died at his Yorkshire mansion; and she would tell Jane many a long

story about lords and ladies long ago dead, as they sat working together by the fire in an evening. Sometimes she asked Jane to read a chapter in the Bible, or sing a psalm, and would make many enquiries about the things which she had learned from her lady at school. Jane was pleased to find that the housekeeper seemed to take increasing pleasure in these things: and the house-steward also would listen to the Bible when Jane read it; and sometimes, when she had finished reading, he would take up the Bible himself, a thing which the housekeeper said she had never seen him do before.

Thus did Jane's life become far

less unpleasant than it had been at first; though, at times, she could hardly help wishing for her mother's comfortable fire-side: for still the housekeeper was at times very cross, and could not be pleased, and did not choose Jane to read; then the old house-steward went to sleep, and Jane heard nothing but his snoring, and the wind complaining through the crevices of the old fashioned doors. Then she would remember how often her mother had told her, that we are not to look for happiness from any thing which this world can give.

The pleasantest time Jane spent was in walking out with her lit-

the mistress. Sometimes she was allowed to go beyond the park, accompanied by an old footman, who had very little else to do, than to assist in carrying his young lady. Then Jane would take her little mistress to the castle hill, and shew her the distant mountains, the towns, and villages, rising amidst sweet woodland scenery: and here the little one would play among the ruins in the beds of thyme. Sometimes Jane would shew her the little church where her mother's remains were at rest. Jane seldom gathered any very sweet flowers for her, or shewed her any fine views, but she would try to lead her mind to contemplate her great

Creator, who has made all these lovely objects to lead us to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.



FROM time to time it was reported that the family were coming back: but again and again Sir Arthur delayed his return; for since his lady's death he never had liked Montgomery, nor could he visit his home without very painful feelings of remorse. From London he went into Yorkshire, where he spent the summer and autumn, and returned in the winter again to London. At the close of the winter he was expected at

Montgomery; but his little boy was unwell, and he took him to spend the summer by the sea-side: and then another winter was spent in London. But during all this time he was continually sending word that he should soon be at home. Many letters were received from the servants who were with him, and it was generally supposed that he spent his time in great gaiety, and that he had quite forgotten Lady Harewood.

Two years and a half had now passed away since Jane had entered into Sir Arthur's family. The little Emma had reached the age of four years, and there was not in the neighbourhood a more

lovely child. She was very like her mother in person, and had her sweet expression of countenance. The pains which Jane had taken with her had been blessed by her heavenly Father: the seeds of piety which had been sown in her heart were already budding and blossoming, and promised to produce good fruit.

It was very pretty to see her, when she felt tempted to be passionate or disobedient, go quietly by herself, and kneel down, and joining her little hands, pray God to make her heart clean and white; and then she would rise from her knees all gentleness and obedience.

Jane had taught her to read; and at that early age she could read many easy chapters in the Bible: and when she was tired of reading, she would ask Jane to tell her stories out of the Bible. She could say many verses and hymns by heart. She loved to hear Jane tell her about the love of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in dying for sinful children, and of that happy place where all holy children shall go when they die; and she would talk about her mamma, and ask Jane if she should see her when she died.

Jane taught her to be good-natured and civil to every body; so that she was the delight of

the house; and on her account every body also loved Jane. She also took her to church on Sunday: and here her behaviour was admired by every body; for, young as she was, she had learned to reverence the house of God.

Jane daily prayed God to bless her in her care of this child, and she daily thanked him for having thus prospered her care. Every day she became more and more happy in her little girl; and she herself was so much beloved by all the family for her attention to the child, so unusual at her age, that her situation was become exceedingly comfortable. She was now anxi-

ously looking forward to the return of Sir Arthur, thinking that he could not now fail of being pleased with his little girl, when a letter arrived for the house-steward, informing him that Sir Arthur would be down in a few days previous to his going abroad. Jane's heart beat high with expectation. On the day Sir Arthur was expected, little Emma was dressed with more than usual care, and she was placed on a seat near the window in her own room to watch for her papa. Presently a carriage was seen driving up; it was attended only by one footman, yet it must be Sir Arthur.

“Papa, papa, is come,” said

little Emma. "O! take me down to see him."

"Presently we shall be sent for," answered Jane, as eager for the minute as the child.

In a short time a servant came up stairs, and said, "You must come down, Jane; but I wonder what's the matter now! Sir Arthur is not come! there is only the upper nurse, and she is shut up with the housekeeper; and when she bade me tell you to come down, I thought the poor old lady was in tears, and she was reading a letter."

"Is not papa come?" cried Emma.

"We will go and hear all about it," said Jane, as she went down in haste.

When she got into the housekeeper's room, the nurse hardly spoke to her, but ran to kiss little Emma, and took her on her lap, as if she was quite overjoyed to see her.

"Sit down, Jane," said the housekeeper. "I want to talk to you a little." But it was some minutes before she could speak: at last she said, "This is quite a blow upon us, Jane!"

"I hope nothing is the matter!" said Jane, who was frightened by the housekeeper's manner.

"Sir Arthur is not coming down, as he talked of," answered the housekeeper. "He is going beyond the sea directly, and he has sent for our dear young lady. And—and—but you had better read the letter yourself."

Jane took the letter in haste: it was from Sir Arthur; it was almost entirely filled with directions about business till the very end, when he desired that his little daughter might be sent to him by the nurse, and gave orders that Jane should have her wages paid, and return home.

Jane almost fell off her chair when she read this letter: she

turned pale and trembled, and at last burst into a violent fit of crying.

“Does any thing hurt you, Jane?” said Emma, jumping off the nurse’s lap, and running to her. “Let me kiss you, and make you well.”

Jane held the little one close to her, and bending over her, cried more and more violently

“Well, I must say, this is a very hard case,” repeated the housekeeper: “anybody who knows the care Jane has taken of that child, when no eye was upon her, cannot but feel very sorry for her. I think Sir Ar-

thur should have come and judged for himself after all I had told him of the girl's behaviour."

"Dear me," said the nurse, quickly, "surely, Sir Arthur is to do as he pleases: besides, I should think Clara and me are quite enough to wait upon these two children, now they can both walk. However, it's all as Sir Arthur pleases: I have nothing to do but to obey orders."

"I wish you never did any thing else," answered the housekeeper, sharply.

The nurse took no notice of this: but, tying the string of her cloak, and pulling on her

gloves, as if in haste, she said, "I wish Jane would get things ready; I was to set out directly. I am sure I am very sorry for the girl, and I dare say she has done very well for the child, considering she is only a charity-girl: but, to be sure, she would find it another thing from this country place when she gets to London among ladies and gentlemen."

"Come, Jane," said the housekeeper, getting up and going to her, for she was very sorry for her, "do not take it so to heart; I will write to Sir Arthur about you. But we must obey his orders now: you must collect your young lady's

clothes together, and get her ready."

"Just a few clothes," said the nurse, "till something new can be got for her; for I dare say she has none but old things, and the make is quite dowdy," added she, looking at Emma from top to bottom.

Jane got up from her seat, crying and sobbing, and the housekeeper, calling one of the housemaids, bade her go up with Jane and assist her.

The poor girl cried all the time she was packing up the child's clothes; and the housemaid cried too, but it was still

worse when she began to get the little girl ready. When she put on her cloak and bonnet, the little girl jumped about, and said, "O! I am so glad I am going to see papa: now I will go and get your hat, Jane, and your warm shawl."

Jane began to weep and sob afresh; and, taking the child in her arms, "O! my baby, my Emma," she cried, "what shall I do without you?"

"Come," said the housemaid, "if you are to part, the sooner the better." So taking Emma's box under her arm, she led Jane down again into the housekeeper's room.

"Here you are," said the nurse, rising in haste. "We have no time to lose. Come, my little darling, will you go with me to see papa?"

"I will go with Jane," answered the child.

"But Jane is not going," replied the nurse, holding out her arms: "but come to me, and I will buy you some new frocks, and sashes, and dolls, and playthings."

"I will go with Jane," repeated the child, putting her arms round her neck, and holding her as tight as she could.

The child seemed frightened by the nurse's manner, and by seeing Jane cry. So the housekeeper took her gently from Jane; and bidding the nurse go on and get into the carriage, she followed her into the hall, and then lifted the little one into the carriage, still struggling to get away, and calling to Jane to come too: but the carriage-door was shut, and the horses drove off. And when Jane, who had followed the housekeeper to the door, could see the carriage no more, she sat down upon a bench in the hall; and leaning her face against the wall, she cried for some time as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER IX.

THE servants collected round Jane to comfort her, for all were very sorry for her. Some blamed Sir Arthur, and others said it was all the fault of the nurse, whom they called a wicked woman.

Meantime the housekeeper sent for Jane's mother; and as soon as she arrived, she took her into her room, and told her what had happened.

The good woman was not sur-

prised. She had lived long enough in the world, to know that it is full of changes and chances; and she had walked long enough in God's ways, to know that all things are ordered for our good, however painful they may seem at the time: so she did not feel so much cast down as many persons would have done, to find that her daughter had lost a good place, and that, most likely, by the ill-nature of a fellow-servant. She thanked the housekeeper for the kind manner in which she spoke of her daughter, and said, that, as it was Sir Arthur's will, she would take her home, and do the best she could for her.

The housekeeper added, "Your

daughter has been a good girl ever since she has been in this house, and I shall write to Sir Arthur about her. And I beg you will not send her to service any where, at least at present: for I am sure her poor little lady will never do so well with any one else. I wish Sir Arthur may not find that she has changed much for the worse. I have a great deal of work, such as spinning, and linen to make, which I put out in the town; and I may as well keep your daughter at work as any other person, for she is a clean tidy girl, and I am very sorry for her."

The good woman again thanked the housekeeper, with tears,

and then went to look for her daughter; for she thought it best to take her home with her that very evening. She could hardly pacify her enough to get her to put her clothes together in her box, which one of the men promised to bring down to her house. She then led her to the housekeeper, to take her leave of her. She could hardly speak for sobs and tears; much less thank her for her kindness to her, which her mother tried to do for her.

“Poor girl!” said the housekeeper, “I wish her well, and shall be glad to see her at any time, if she will step up. I never thought, when she first

came, that I should have liked her so well."

All the servants followed Jane to the great gates, and some of them cried at parting with her.

Jane cried all the way home; and all that evening she scarcely spoke, but to lament her lost child. It was much the same the next day, and the day after that; and little did Jane do at her needle or any thing else.

The following day was Sunday. Jane was late at breakfast, and cried almost all the time. When it was over, her mother said, "Come, Jane, be quick and dress yourself ready for church,

for I want to have a little talk with you."

Jane obeyed; and when she came down stairs again, her mother was ready in her cloak and bonnet. "Come," said she, "your father and sister will finish up the few little jobs that are to be done; and we have a good hour before the bells will begin to chime. So you and I will just walk up to your favourite hill by the old castle."

So they set off, but neither of them spoke till they reached the top of the hill.

"The sun shines warm upon this bed of thyme below the

ruin," said the mother; "and here we shall have a pleasant view of the church, and of Corndon, and we shall hear the first bell that strikes up. So let us sit down and rest ourselves awhile."

She sat down, and Jane sat by her side.

"My child," said the good woman, "when shall you put these sighs and tears away? do you think they will bring your little lady back?"

"O! mother," answered Jane, "if you had known that dear child, as I did, you would not wonder to see me grieve: and

then to think too that she is with that naughty woman, who will take no care of her, nor teach her any thing good!"

"I am afraid," answered the mother, "that you are a froward child."

"How so, mother?"

"You will not be content to do what your Father bids you, cheerfully; you will only do just what you please. When he said, 'Nurse the baby for me,' you replied, 'I will do it willingly;' but when he said, 'Give it to me for a season,' you answered, 'I cannot part with it.'"

"O! mother, this is not giving the child to God!"

"Yes, my child; it is by God's permission that all this has happened. When things are so ordered in the way of his providence that any particular thing must be done, then you may say it is by God's will, for he permits it to be done; and it is your duty to submit, and be contented."

"O! mother, how can I feel contented when my child is with a naughty woman who will teach it no good?"

"It is God who has taken her from you; and though she may

be surrounded with wicked people, yet he can hide her from all evil in the hollow of his hand. Nothing is too hard for Him, who can *take up the isles as a very little thing*; and God gives you leave to pray that he will protect her, and watch over her, and keep her from evil: and, no doubt, God will hear your prayer, and will cause this trial to work for the good of the dear baby, in some way you do not know of. Will you remember this, Jane?"

"I will try to do so, mother."

"But this is not all: you must not only submit to God's will, but you must try to find out what there is in you which re-

quired this punishment. Perhaps you wanted something to remind you that this world is not your place of rest: you were getting proud, and wanted to be made humble. You are going to God's house: and when you are there, my dear Jane, pray to God to make you submit to his will cheerfully. Pray to him also to send his Spirit into your heart, to help you to search and examine it, that you may know what secret iniquity there is in it, that you may repent of it, and be forgiven for his sake who loved you and died for you. Bear your little one on your heart before God, and pray that she may be one of those little ones who follow the Lamb whithersoever

he goeth. Pray that all things may work together for your good: and then return cheerfully to do your duty in this state of trial to which it has pleased God to call you; and you will find that, though in the world you may have tribulation, yet in Christ you shall have peace."

Jane listened to her mother. though she said but little herself; till the bells beginning to ring for service, they went down the hill, and calling at the house for the rest of the family, they all went together to church.

Jane thought much of what her mother had said to her, and

she prayed very earnestly in God's house for his grace to enable her to search out her heart, and shew her what evil there was in it; and she prayed earnestly too for her dear child. She was very silent and thoughtful all that day; but the next morning she went to her business more cheerfully.

A few days afterwards, when she happened to be quite alone in the house with her mother, and they were sitting sewing together, Jane said, "O! dear mother! that was the best advice I ever had which you gave me last Sunday as we sat on the castle hill."

"I am glad you found it so, my child," answered the mother, "and I hope you are more contented in your mind."

"Yes, I am now, mother; but I was not so at first. I did, however, as you bade me, and I prayed very earnestly for the Holy Spirit to shew me what evil there was in me; and I tried to think over my behaviour for some time past, and to compare it with those first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, which you have often told me to examine myself by: and it came into my mind, in a little time, that I had been giving way to a very proud spirit about my dear young lady, and

that I had been over much pleased with myself when the servants praised me for being careful of her, and that I had often thought myself very wise and clever, instead of really thanking God from my heart for making my dear child what she was. And I found too, that I had been expecting too much from this world, and had been looking forwards to Sir Arthur's return, thinking that he would praise me for my care of the child, and that perhaps I should be taken to London or some other fine place. And many other bad and foolish things I found in my heart. Yet I did not know that all these things were in my heart at the time."

“The heart is very deceitful and wicked,” answered the mother; “yes, it is *deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?* (Jer. xvii. 9.) Young people have no idea of the evil that dwells in them, till different circumstances that happen to them bring it to light: and perhaps the oldest among us, who have watched over their hearts most, know but little of the evil of our natures, compared with what we shall know, at that time when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest. It must be the great business of our lives, my dear Jane, to get new and clean hearts; and we pray at church to be renewed daily: though we cannot hope

to be made quite free from sin till we are restored fully both in body and soul to the image of our Saviour. In the mean time, my dear Jane, we ought patiently and thankfully to receive every affliction that is sent to us, because troubles are the great means which God uses to make us humble and holy, and to cast out sinful tempers and desires."

"I see it is so, mother," answered Jane, "and I hope I shall, by God's grace, bear my trial better than I did at first."

"Remember where it is said, my dear Jane, *Count it all joy when ye fall into divers tempta-*

tions; for the trying of your faith worketh patience."

"And I think," answered Jane, "I can trust my dear little lady more to the hands of God than I did before you talked to me; he can take care of her and keep her from harm, though I am not with her."

After this discourse Jane became much more cheerful. She set herself to help her mother in any thing she had to do; and her time was also pretty well employed with the work the housekeeper gave her. From time to time she called upon the housekeeper, but generally when she had work to take home.

The old lady always received her with kindness. She told her that she had written to Sir Arthur about her, but that he had taken no notice of what she had said. However, she begged her not to give up all hope. In answer to her enquiries, Jane heard that Sir Arthur and his little ones were gone abroad; from thence letters were received, sometimes from the servants and sometimes from Sir Arthur. Pretty good accounts were generally sent of the children's health. Once or twice it was mentioned in a letter from the servants that Sir Arthur was very gay indeed, and was always engaged in parties of pleasure. At another time it was said that

he had had a very severe illness. Word was frequently sent that the family were returning: however, this had happened so often that very little notice was taken of the report.

Jane could hardly ever visit the hall, or see any of the rooms, or walks, where she used to be with her little girl, without feeling very sad; but it was a comfort to bear this little one on her heart before God, and she generally enjoyed the sweet confidence that he would never leave or forsake her. The blessing of God had caused Jane's trials to be exceedingly profitable, so that she could say with the royal psalmist, *It is good for*

me to be afflicted. She gained an increasing knowledge of the evil of her own heart, and, consequently, she learned at the same time to lay aside every high opinion of her own goodness, and to lean, in humble faith, on the righteousness of our Redeemer: and she learned to dread every thought, every look, and every word, which can lead weak and erring creatures from the paths of holiness into the forbidden paths of sin. And with this increase of inward purity and humility in the heart of Jane, there was an accompanying improvement in gentleness, kindness, civility, industry, and a sweet calm cheerfulness to be observed in her outward

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behaviour. All this Jane's mother noticed, and fervently thanked the Author of all good.

CHAPTER X.



TWO years had now passed away since the separation of Jane and Emma, when early one morning as Jane was unbarring the shutters of the house, a little girl came towards her from the pathway leading to the hall, and she brought a message from the housekeeper, desiring that she would come down to the hall directly. Jane ran up to tell her mother, who bade her get herself ready, and set out immediately. So Jane made

haste, and she was at the hall and at the door of the housekeeper's room as the church clock struck seven.

The housekeeper came to the door to meet her. "Well, Jane," said she, in a brisk and cheerful manner, "I have got some work for you to do, which you may as well set about directly."

"Very well, madam," answered Jane, courtseying.

"Come, then, you must follow me up stairs into one of the bed-rooms, and I can set you about it better there."

So she went up stairs, and

Jane followed her. When they got into the long gallery, Jane looked towards the door of the room where she used to sleep, and sighed. The housekeeper opened the door of that very room: the window-shutters were closed; but there was light enough to perceive the crimson bed, the curtains of which were drawn round it. "Gently push aside those bed-curtains," said the housekeeper, "while I open the window-shutters, and you will see what you have got to do"

As Jane lifted up one curtain, she thought she heard a faint sound of breathing; but, as the light gradually burst from the

opening window-shutter, glowing through the crimson curtain, it brought to view the head of a sleeping child resting on the pillow. A few flaxen curls escaped from below its cap and fell on its glowing cheek; the other cheek rested on a round dimpled hand: it was a baby's face that Jane knew and loved. She looked, but scarcely believed her eyes. She looked again: she did not dare to give way to her feelings aloud; she fell on her trembling knees, hiding her face in the bed-clothes.

The housekeeper stood by, silently enjoying the scene; and after allowing Jane a little time to indulge her feelings, part of

which time she spent in thanking God for his goodness, she said, "Well, Jane, what do you think of the work I have found you? it is to be yours, if you like it."

"O! my dear kind madam!" answered Jane, "this is like a dream. But how did all this happen? when did my sweet young lady arrive?"

The housekeeper then proceeded to inform Jane, that Sir Arthur had unexpectedly arrived the night before, with only his valet, an elderly female servant, and the little Emma. He informed the housekeeper that the child had not been well, and

that she had expressed a great desire to go back to the hall, and to her old nurse; and that, therefore, he had thought it right to comply with her wish, as the housekeeper had spoken so highly of Jane's attention to her; and he therefore wished her to be sent for immediately, and the child to be put entirely under her care.

The housekeeper added, that the valet had told her further, that the little Emma had scarcely ever seemed gay or happy since she had left Montgomery; that the nurse had never treated her with kindness, and seemed to feel a strong though concealed dislike of her, be-

cause she talked so much of Jane.

After they had travelled about in many countries, a very little time before the return of Sir Arthur, this abandoned woman forsook both the children, and went away with a very wicked gentleman who had been visiting Sir Arthur, and nobody knew what was since become of her.

The children were then both left with Clara, who was more good-natured to Emma than the nurse had been, but who still was very negligent and thoughtless. She had brought both the children to England: but, owing to her neglect, Emma had

caught a severe cold; and nobody attending to her, and the poor thing feeling ill, she seemed to pine more than ever after Jane, and became more and more unhappy. Sir Arthur had therefore determined to take her back to Montgomery. The little boy he had left in London with Clara.

The valet also informed the housekeeper, that Sir Arthur, in the midst of a party of pleasure, had been attacked with a violent illness, from which he had never quite recovered. He added also, that his spirits were exceedingly low, but that he tried to amuse himself by new schemes of diversion. This, however,

the housekeeper desired Jane not to repeat, as it was told her in confidence.

Jane was much grieved to hear of the shocking behaviour of the nurse, but was not surprised, as it very much agreed with all her general conduct; and she considered it as an awful warning to avoid the love of idleness and self-indulgence.

The housekeeper had just finished this account, when a little rustling was heard in Emma's bed: so she left Jane, and went down stairs. Jane went softly to the dear child's bed, and opened the curtain. The little creature was waking. She open-

ed her eyes, and fixed them on Jane, and then closed them again, as if disposed to sleep. Again she opened them, and looked with more earnestness on Jane. At last she raised herself up in her bed, as if to be quite sure of what she saw; and then, being satisfied that the person she saw was indeed Jane, she held out her little arms towards her, and as Jane stooped down to her, she threw them round her neck, and kissed her cheek again and again. "O! do not let Emma go away from you any more," said the child; "I will stay with you always, O my dear Jane!"

But I find that I cannot de-

scribe this meeting as I ought to do: I must be content with saying, that both the baby and the nurse were so happy to see each other again, that for some time they could think of nothing else.

At last Jane remembered that it was getting late, so she began to dress her young lady. This she had scarcely done when the breakfast-bell rung; and Sir Arthur sent for Emma to breakfast with him, as he had no other companion.

When Jane took Emma into the breakfast-room, Sir Arthur spoke civilly to her, and asked after her mother. Jane was sur

prised to observe how much Sir Arthur was altered in his appearance: he looked pale, and thin, and sallow, his features were much lengthened, and he had the appearance of being worn with fatigue or sickness; and seemed also much out of spirits.

While Emma was with her papa, Jane busied herself in arranging every thing in the old apartments for the comfort of her young lady; and she likewise got leave from the housekeeper just to run home and inform her mother of what had happened.

Jane did not need to be re-

mined by her mother, after all the lessons she had received, that in this world we must rejoice with trembling; and she very soon found, when she saw more of her little mistress, that there was much cause of alarm about her health. The child seemed feeble and easily fatigued, her appetite delicate, her cheeks often flushed, and she had frequently a cough: there was an appearance too of thoughtfulness and a love of quiet about her rarely seen in a healthy child.

From the account Jane had received from the housekeeper, and from things which the child unintentionally said, (for she did not seem desirous of complain-

ing,) it appeared that she had been very unkindly treated. But to this, perhaps, it was in a great measure owing, that at her early age she had always kept Jane in remembrance, and the things which she had taught her, and had not laid aside many of those little habits of secret prayer and reading to which she had been used. Her heavenly Father had indeed hidden her in *the hollow of his hand*: for he had so blessed Jane's instructions, and the early trials of her infant days, that she possessed not only some outward habits of religion, but she had a mind so heavenly, and a temper so tender and humble, that though an infant in outward ap-

pearance, she could hardly be called a babe in grace.

When Jane witnessed these things, she could not help calling to mind, with tears, her own sinful murmurings at Emma's removal, and exclaiming with triumph, "*Thy ways, O Lord, are not like our ways, and thy thoughts are far beyond ours.*"

Yet, while Jane discovered that the outward trials of the little one had turned out for the prosperity of her better part, she considered it her duty to pay every attention to the recovery of her bodily health. She observed every varying symptom with anxious care; and when

she perceived that change of air and place, with all her watchful attentions, seemed to make no important change in the health of the little one, she told Sir Arthur all that she had observed, and a physician was immediately sent for.

After examining his little patient, the physician gave it as his opinion, that the child was suffering from the effects of a long-neglected cold, and he expressed his fears that it had fallen upon her lungs. As the winter was now coming on, he ordered that she should be confined entirely to the house, and watched with the tenderest care.

Sir Arthur received this account of her health with surprise and concern. Jane was in some measure prepared for the report; and she felt that such was the experience she had lately received of the tender mercies of her heavenly Father, that she could commit the little one calmly into his hands, whether for life or death—determined to pay the most assiduous care to the health and comfort of her mortal part, and to the advancement of her better interests: that whether it was the will of her heavenly Father that the babe should remain a while longer here, or be quickly removed to an inheritance above, she might be prepared to

do her Master's will wherever he might see fit to call her.

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CHAPTER XI.

IN this manner the winter passed away. From time to time Sir Arthur talked of returning to his house in London, where he had left his little boy; but Emma would often earnestly beg him not to leave her: and he seeming now painfully reminded of his desertion of her mother in her illness, was strongly alive to the entreaties of his child. Disappointment and vexation had softened his heart, and prepared it for the reception of better

things; and disease, which was gaining ground upon him, had deadened him to earthly enjoyments.

One day, as he was carrying his little Emma down stairs, after he had been talking to her about his intended plan of going to London, she stopped him, as they passed on the staircase, before the picture of her mother, which Jane had often shewn to her. "Look! dear papa," said the child, pointing with her finger, "there is mamma: she is gone away to God, and Emma will soon go to her. Don't leave her, papa; pray, don't leave her till she is quite gone." Then the child put her arm round

his neck, and kissed him several times. "And, papa," added she, "let little brother come to us. I want to see my dear little brother again, and I have a great deal to say to him before I quite go."

"Well, well," replied Sir Arthur, hastily, "we will see about it." He then turned away, and, taking the child into his library, he withdrew from her for some minutes before he could enter into discourse with her again.

As spring drew on, and the appearance of health faded more and more from Emma's cheek, Sir Arthur became daily less anxious to leave Montgomery,

and he sent orders for his little boy's immediate return.

Meanwhile, that I may not enter into too many particulars, I must only add, that he seemed to find an increasing, though melancholy, satisfaction in his little girl's company; and it was sweet to observe, the pains which the little creature took to engage him in religion. She would often find verses in her Bible, and bring them to him, and ask him to read them, and then enquire if he did not think them very pretty. Sometimes she would get on his lap, and pointing upwards, tell him she was going to heaven; and, in her innocent way, describe the

glory of heaven, and repeat to him what her Saviour had done to take a little sinful baby like her to be with him, and to see his glory. She would tell him sometimes it was very pleasant to pray, and that she loved God for his goodness to her. Various were the means she used to turn her father's heart to God; and her words distilled like dew into the hard ground, and were blessed to his real good.

Sir Arthur's heart seemed to become daily more alive to feelings of genuine sorrow for his base conduct to his wife, and it seemed a sort of comfort to him, to pay that attention to the child which ought to have been

paid to the mother. It was in vain that the best advice was procured for Emma; and all the fond attentions of Sir Arthur and Jane were alike thrown away upon the child. She was in the beginning of spring seized with a violent return of her cough and other alarming symptoms, and soon confined to her bed. Sir Arthur was continually by her bed-side, and the convictions of the penitent were now mingling themselves with the sympathies of the parent. The Bible, which Emma had put in his hand, he now opened for her consolation and his own improvement.

The clergyman was sent for,

and Sir Arthur listened with eager attention to his instructions to the little dying girl. Sometimes his convictions would break forth in tears, though as yet his parental feelings were all that he disclosed to those who surrounded him. At other times his thankfulness for the faith, and humility, and patience, of his child, engaged every feeling of his heart.

As the child became weaker she seemed more and more anxious for her brother's return. A careful female servant was sent for him, who was to have accompanied Clara and her little charge into the country; but Clara, finding that

Emma was dying, and that Jane was at the hall, declined returning to Montgomery, and engaged in another service in London: though, some time after, hearing the particulars of Emma's last hours from Jane, whom she accidentally met, she was much affected by them, and became, in the course of time, a much more serious character.

Emma was very much delighted when she heard of her little brother's arrival; but when he was brought up to her, and placed on her bed, she was so much affected, that he was obliged to be taken from her again, till she was more recovered.

Soon after this meeting, being alone with her papa, she said to him, "Papa, I have a very, very great favour to ask of you. My poor little brother has got no nurse now; and when Emma is gone, may Jane be his nurse?"

Sir Arthur making no answer at first, she said, "O! Papa, do not be angry with me for asking this. When you were away, papa, or busy, papa, and mamma was gone to God, Jane was the only friend I had. She never left me, but treated me like mamma did: and she taught me to read the Bible, and pray, and to love my Saviour; and told me how to get my naughty heart made white and clean; and she

made me happy, papa, and punished me when I was naughty; and I know that she will do the same for my little brother. O! papa, do let her nurse him, and take care of him; do, pray, papa!"

"My child," replied Sir Arthur, throwing his arms round her neck, "I cannot refuse you any thing. Jane shall take care of Arthur as long as he is in want of a nurse."

"And then, papa," said Emma, "when my little brother does not want to be nursed, will you still take care of Jane, poor Jane? For Emma's sake, papa, don't send her away a-

gain; but let her be taken care of."

"She shall, my child," answered Sir Arthur: "but I cannot part with you yet, indeed I cannot;" and the tears, as he spoke, burst from his eyes

The little creature kissed the tears from her papa's cheeks. "Don't cry, dear papa," said she, laying her little hand on his cheek, and stroking it: "I am going to God, and I shall see mamma, and be so happy; and you shall come too, papa, and Jane, and little brother. I shall not be naughty any more. My Saviour has died for me, and washed away my sins in his

blood; and I am going to live with him for ever. You will follow me, papa, won't you? Don't cry, papa, because I go first. I am a poor little sick baby; but when I die, I shall fly about the blue sky, and be so beautiful, and so happy! Dear papa, do not cry any more."

The child seemed exhausted with the effort she had made, so Sir Arthur laid down her head gently on the pillow, and retired to give vent to his feelings, calling Jane first to sit by her.

As Sir Arthur sat alone in his study, a thousand new feelings

arose in his mind. A lively view of the happiness he had thrown away, and the sin he had incurred, rushed on his mind, and for a time almost drove him to despair; till the remembrance of a sweet encouraging promise to a returning sinner, which Emma had shewn him, flashed on his mind, and brought with it a ray of hope, which he indulged, till he felt emboldened to pour out his heart in prayer before his Saviour: and here, in confession, in faith, and penitence, he met with a peace of mind he had never tasted before; and an hour passed away, an hour so sweet and refreshing, as he had never yet experienced, even in the height of his high-

est worldly enjoyment. So that, when he arose from his knees, he could have said with the apostle, *It is good for me to be here.* Such encouragements in the up-hill path of duty are often afforded to the returning prodigal.

In the mean time the little Emma recovered herself by a refreshing sleep; and when she awoke, and saw Jane sitting by her bed-side, she held out her hand to her, and she said, "O! dear Jane, I am so glad! Papa says, that when I die, you are to take care of little brother, and never to go quite away. I am so glad! And pray, dear Jane, make little Arthur a good

boy. He has got, you know, some naughty tricks, and goes into passions, and likes to have his own way. Perhaps poor Clara did not know how to make him good; and he cannot tell his letters, and can't, you know, read the Bible: and then, Jane, when you heard him say his prayers last night, he stared about him so, and did not seem to mind. Will you, dear Jane, take great pains with him, I mean, as long as he is let to be with you; and try to make him a good little boy, and talk to him about God and our Saviour, and tell him about heaven, and that mamma is gone there, and little sister Emma, I hope? Then do, dear Jane, talk to him

as you used to talk to me, and make him a good little boy: I mean, try to make him good, because, you know, you can't really make him good, without God's help."

Jane's tears prevented her making any answer; and the little girl became uneasy, because she feared she was unwilling to do what she asked. So stooping under Jane's face, and looking earnestly up at her, "Won't you, Jane, take care of him? not for little Emma's sake, when she is quite gone? O! do, pray, dear Jane!" and then she threw her arms round Jane's neck, and she said, "O! say you will, Jane, and I shall

be so glad, and I will love you so!"

"O! my dear, dear young lady," answered Jane; "I am not unwilling, but I could not answer you. Next to taking care of you, I had rather take care of your little brother than do any thing in the world: and, indeed, I will do every thing in my power to make him a good boy; and, I am sure, God's blessing will be with him."

Emma seemed now quite contented; and she begged her little brother might be brought, and made Jane take him on her lap, and bade him put his little dim-

pled arms round her neck, and kiss her. And she added, "Brother, you must love Jane, and mind what she says; for you do not know what a kind friend she is to me. When dear mamma went to God, she was like mamma to me."

The little girl was proceeding in her way to give her brother much wise counsel; but the little rosy fellow, full of health and spirits, bounded from Jane's lap, quite regardless of what his sister said to him.

Little Emma seemed satisfied now she had settled this favourite point with her papa and Jane, and seemed as if she had

nothing more to do than to prepare for her rest in her heavenly Father's mansion. She became daily more weak, and sometimes suffered a great deal of pain, which she bore with great patience, never murmuring or complaining. From time to time she was heard repeating to herself verses in the Bible, and parts of little hymns which Jane had taught her. When she was tolerably well, she often spoke to her little brother, and Jane, and her father, in the most kind and affectionate manner, expressing her humility, her faith, and her hope, in a sweet, simple, childish way, but in a manner so heavenly, that she seemed already an inhabitant of another and better place.

The clergyman often came to see her, and her father and Jane were almost always with her. As Jane sat by her, as she lay dozing, she would remember the time, when first a little rosy, blooming child, she had undertaken the care of her; and much as she had loved her, she could not but acknowledge, that the care of her heavenly Father had far surpassed that of the tenderest parent: and she felt a sweet satisfaction, in the midst of all her sorrow, in resigning her babe to its Saviour and heavenly Guardian.

Every day, as it passed, diminished the feeble strength of the little sufferer; and now her last

day arrived, a day to be followed by a cloudless morning without a night.

Her last hours were calm, but not without some struggle. One of the few last things she was able to say was to her father. She had seemed long to have some indistinct idea, that all was not right with him. She looked very earnestly in his face. "Dear, dear papa!" she said, "I am going to mamma! I am going to God! will you come too? Do come, pray, do come, dear papa! Jesus Christ is the way—he can wash sinners—white—he has washed naughty Emma white."

"I know he is the way, my

child," answered Sir Arthur, "and I know he can wash away my sins, vile as I am; and I do hope," added he, earnestly, kissing his child with tears, "I do hope to see you again;—and —and your much-injured mother."

The child seemed satisfied, and said no more. Once she tried afterwards to lay her brother's hand in Jane's, when he was placed on the bed by her; and she said, faintly, "Dear Arthur, be a good boy."

Jane scarcely ever moved from her bed-side that day; and Emma, from time to time, looked earnestly and affectionately at

her, but appeared too feeble to speak: her chief thoughts seemed taken up with the glory she was going to, and sweet feelings of thankfulness to her God and Saviour, for their mercy to a sinful child. Such seemed her dying feelings, from the few broken words which dropped from her lips; and from the hope, and joy, and love, which often shone in her pale features. At length, the struggle gradually ceased, and her mortal part calmly sunk into its last sleep; and her immortal part, bursting from its prison, soared into endless day. So speedily, so happily was the race of this lovely infant run, before she had completed her seventh year.

Jane closed her eyes, and performed the last offices for the little sleeping remains, about which she had so sweetly and so often employed herself: but, sad as was the office, she could not but joyfully think of the blessed exchange the triumphant spirit had made

CONCLUSION



IT is now time to draw to a close the memoirs of the infant Emma. We must not, therefore, enter into too many particulars. She was buried by her mother. Sir Arthur followed as chief mourner, and her little brother in the arms of Jane. There never was more sincere and universal mourning for so young a child; for her history was now very generally known through the neighbourhood. The sincerity of Jane's sorrow

was evidenced, and best evidenced, by the assiduous attention she paid to little Arthur, who very soon rewarded her for all her exertions, by his improvements in every thing good. He had never before been treated properly, or been taught any thing really valuable; but now he gave promise of becoming a truly good boy. He remained under Jane's care, according to Emma's dying request, till he was of an age to be placed under a tutor; and Sir Arthur selected such a tutor for him as was not only calculated to make him a scholar, but a real gentleman and a real Christian.

When the little boy was re-

moved from Jane's care, Sir Arthur, mindful of his promise, placed her entirely with the housekeeper, who was becoming very old, that she might be an assistance to her, and likewise gain that knowledge which would enable her to fill the same situation; and when, at the distance of twelve years after Emma's death, the old housekeeper retired into her own country upon a salary which she received from Sir Arthur, Jane was put into her situation, and shortly after married the house-steward, a sensible, pious, and active man, who had been appointed by Sir Arthur to that office upon the death of the old house-steward.

Sir Arthur's health gradually declined more and more; but he lived to see his son come of age, a most promising young man, resembling his father only in person, and the wiser qualities of his latter years.

Sir Arthur closed his days at Montgomery, where he had for some time evidenced the sincerity of his repentance by his regular habits, his piety, and his charity. Every little improvement which his lady had formerly planned for the advancement of piety, and the happiness of his tenantry and the poor, he had laboured to bring about; and her prayers and meek labours in faith seemed now all answered

and crowned, in a peculiar manner, both for her husband, her children, her school, and all in any way connected with her.

Sir Arthur requested that, upon his death, the following text might be added to the inscription on the white marble monument he had raised to her memory. *Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.* (Eccles. xi. 1.)

Sir Arthur was buried by his lady and their little girl.

When the young Sir Arthur had paid his last duty to his father, he prepared for his removal to his Yorkshire estates, and

gave up the property which his father had rented in Montgomery. He insisted upon Jane and her husband still occupying the same situation in his family which they had done in his father's; and Jane, having witnessed the death of her parents, and seen her brothers and sisters settled in the world, could not object to accompany Sir Arthur's family into Yorkshire; though she could not quit Montgomery, which memory ever endeared to her, without many a pang. But to be faithful in the discharge of her important duties to the brother and son of the persons who had been so very dear to her, was one of the highest satisfactions she could receive.

Sir Arthur shortly afterwards married a lady in every respect worthy to bear the name of Lady Harewood.

The character and conduct of Jane remained still consistent: for, from a sincere desire to please God, she was faithful in the diligent discharge of her duty to her master and mistress; and thus she obtained the continued steady regard of Sir Arthur, and afterwards of his lady, and their children also, who were taught to consider her as a kind of mother.

Sir Arthur insisted upon her bringing up her own two children in his house; so that she

lived, as it were, in the midst of a family of dutiful children, all vying in the desire to repay to her the care and tenderness which she had in her youth bestowed upon the motherless babes of her beloved lady: and the memory of her maternal care of the little Emma, was as a crown adorning the brow of her later years.

At an advanced age, full of honour, surrounded by her own children and grandchildren, and the children and grandchildren of Sir Arthur, Jane departed this life, with a hope full of immortality, after many years of patient obedience to her Father's will, and humble reliance on her

Saviour's merits, leaving an example, which, it is hoped, may be followed by those young people who may hereafter be called to the sweet and honourable employment of training up in any way the lambs of their Master's flock.

A faithful and diligent discharge of the duties of a wife, a mother, or a nurse, will never fail of meeting, sooner or later, with some degree of success, if undertaken in faith, and performed in patience.

That these lessons may be learned from the history of Lady Harewood and her nursemaid Jane, is the prayer and

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THE
MOTHER'S GRAVE.



AN old gentleman was travelling through Wales in his carriage with his granddaughter, who was about fourteen years of age. He arrived one Saturday night at the pleasant town of Montgomery; and as he made a point of never travelling on a Sunday, he determined to remain there all the next day.

The same evening, as they were sitting together after supper, Mary (which was the name of the little girl) informed her grandpapa that the landlady had been telling her what a pretty

church there was at Montgomery, and what a beautiful hill was to be seen from the church-yard. "And, grandpapa," she added, "there are a great many lime-trees growing in it; you know, you love lime-trees. If it is a fine morning, grandpapa, perhaps you will like to walk there a little, before service begins, and look at this beautiful mountain."

"Very well, my dear," answered her grandpapa, "I have no objection. But now, Mary," added he, "you must lend me your eyes, and put down our expences; we have not cast them up since we left your mother's house, which was on Thursday."

So Mary jumped up, and fetched a pen and ink, and was ready in an instant to do what she was bid.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or a page from a manuscript. The text is written in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The script is dense and fills most of the page, with some lines appearing to be underlined or more prominent than others. The handwriting is characteristic of the 17th or 18th century. The page is bound on the right side, and the overall appearance is that of an old, well-preserved document.



Mary and her Grandpapa setting right
the Accounts.

The old gentleman took out his purse, and counted his money; and then rubbing his face with his hand, he employed himself in recollecting how his money had been spent: and he slowly told Mary all the particulars.

"And now, grandpapa," said Mary, "it is all set down, and I have cast it up, and it is right."

"Very well, my dear," answered the old gentleman, "it is quite right." Then he carefully replaced his money in his purse, except two guineas, which he laid side by side on the table. And when he had put his purse in his pocket, "Mary," he said, "before we return to your mother's house we shall pass through many towns, and perhaps you may like

now and then to buy something which you may see: I will therefore give you these two guineas to do what you please with; all I beg is, that I may know exactly how you spend them."

"Thank you, dear grandpapa, thank you," answered Mary, courtseying and smiling.

Mary had never before in her life been so rich, and she now began to remember a hundred things which she wanted; and she not only remembered them, but began to repeat them all over to her grandpapa.

"Well, my dear," said the old gentleman, "I think I must not hear all this long account to-night. However, I must just remind you, that the first and best use which we can make of the mammon of unrighteous-

ness is, to lay it out for the glory of God and the good of our fellow-creatures."

Mary then wished her grandpapa a good night, and went up stairs to bed.

She was up early the next morning, and employed herself in reading her Bible till it was time to go down and make breakfast for her grandpapa.

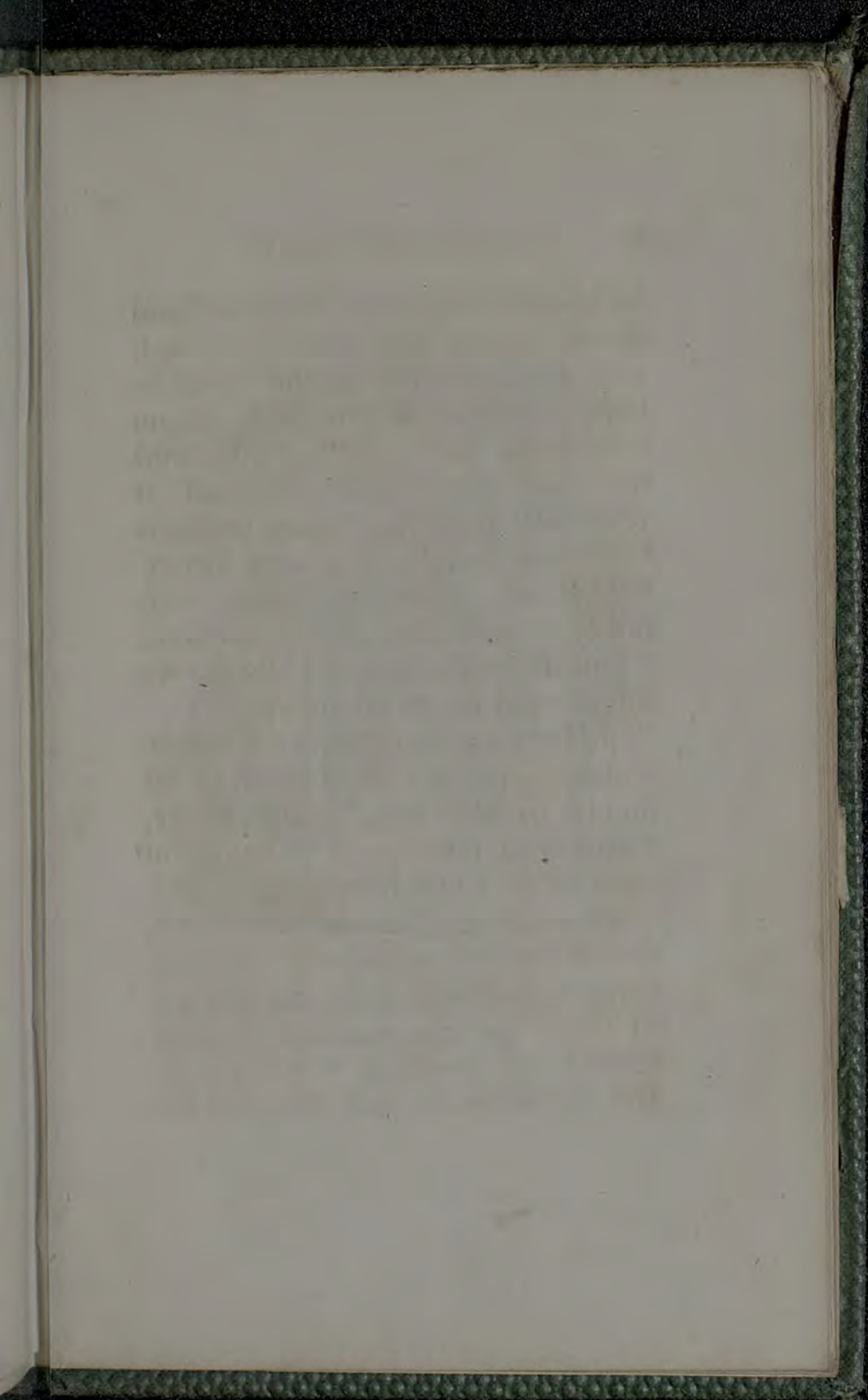
Breakfast was over by ten o'clock. "And now, grandpapa," said Mary, "would you like to go to the church-yard?"

In a little while the old gentleman was ready. He had a gold-headed cane in one hand, and with his other arm he leaned upon Mary; and his servant followed with a great coat, though the weather at present was so warm, that it was not very likely

he should want it. They walked slowly down the cheerful street, and soon arrived at the churchyard. The warm sun shone bright on the gravel walk, and the old gentleman enjoyed it very much: the lime-blossoms over their heads were very sweet. "This is a pleasant place, certainly," said the old gentleman, "and it is so warm I think we might venture to sit down."

"Here, grandpapa, is a tombstone, upon which you may sit nicely in the sun," said Mary, "and you may have a beautiful view of that fine mountain."

The old gentleman sat down, and Mary seated herself on a low stone at his feet: yet she did not sit long, for she was continually getting up, walking a few yards, first on one side, and then on the





Mary and her Grandpapa viewing the
pleasant Country.

other, pointing out to her grandpapa various pleasant objects which were before them.

Cawndon spread its broad side exactly opposite to the church-yard. Its top was hazy, but it gradually sloped into sunny fields, orchards, and little glens, which fringed its base; and Mary fancied how many delightful walks she might take among the pretty thatched cottages, sloping copses, and green valleys, which were before her—all these lovely objects she pointed out to her grandpapa. “And then, grandpapa,” she added, “I hear wood-pigeons and blackbirds in the wood. O what sweet sounds! This little green lane below the church-yard, I dare say, would soon lead us into that sweet country, for it seems very near to us.”

"This beautiful prospect," said the old gentleman, "should lead us, Mary, to love and praise the great Creator—*O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord, praise him, and magnify him for ever.*"

"That is what we chant at the cathedral, when we are at home," answered Mary.

"If this world," continued the old gentleman, "which is so defaced by sin, has such remains of beauty, and is so lovely, what must that world be where sin can never enter!"

Just as the old gentleman finished these words, a sound of children's voices caught Mary's ear, and she got up to see from whence they came; and she perceived, winding up the green lane, a little family of children.

First walked a little boy, about nine years of age, with a basket of flowers in his hand; then came a girl, rather taller than himself, carrying an infant about a year old; and last followed another little boy, who, from his manner of walking, seemed much tired. They made their way towards a fresh grave, which lay near the spot where the old gentleman was sitting; but a yew-tree being between them, the children did not seem to be aware that any body was near.

"Here she sleeps," said the boy.

The girl sat down by the grave, and placed the child on the grass by her side, and the little boy joined them. The girl seemed hot, and wiped her face;

but Mary thought that she was wiping tears away.

The eldest boy then proceeded to dress the grave with the flowers he had brought, according to a custom which is usual in some parts of Wales.

"Can she hear what we say?" asked the little boy, who had been watching his brother for some time.

"No, to be sure," answered the eldest boy.

"Why, they put her in here," said the child, "the day they took her away, and we cried so."

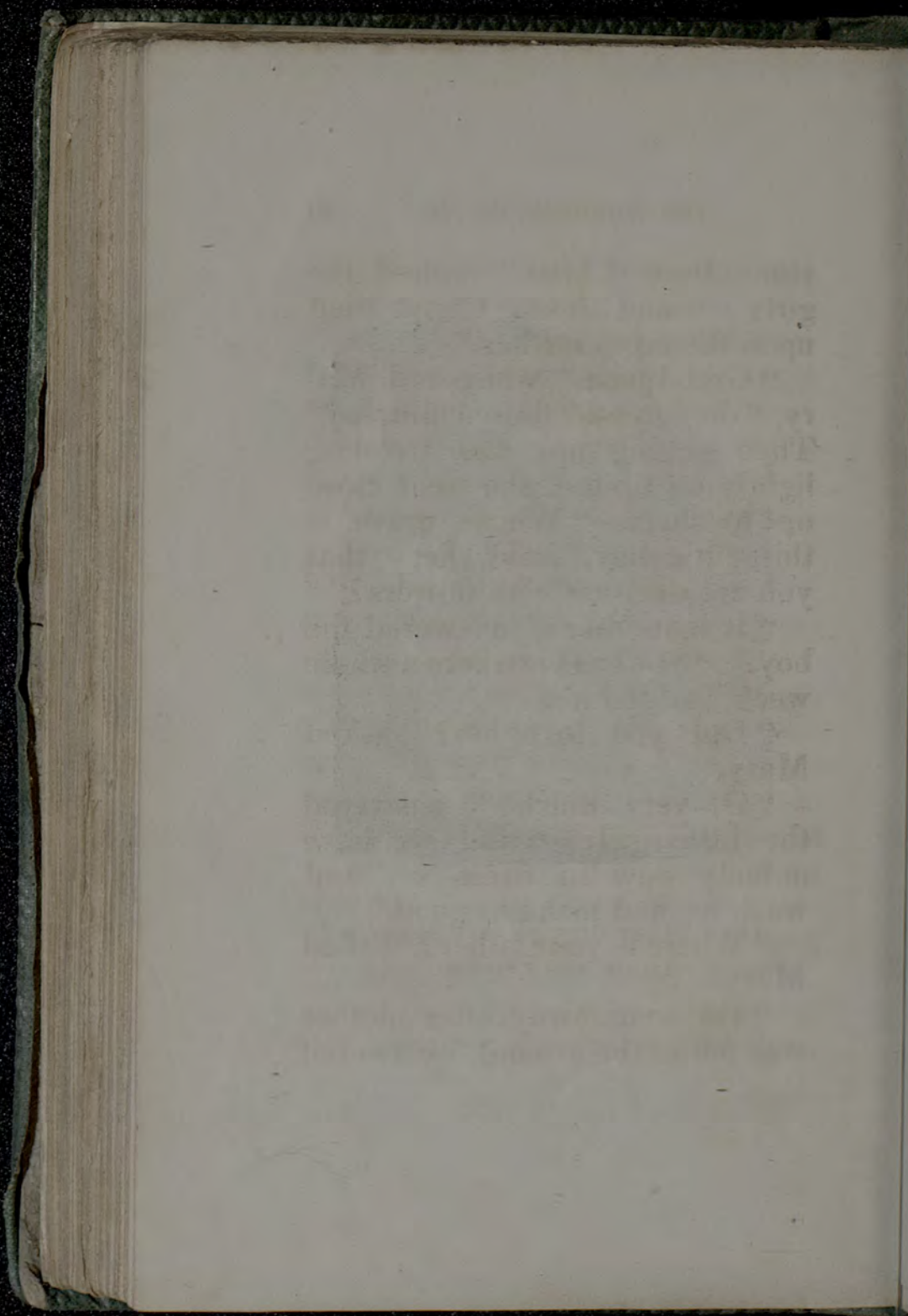
"That was her body," answered the little girl; "but her soul is in heaven, up there, above that blue sky."

"How do you know that?" asked the little boy.

"Because she loved our Sa-



The Children dressing their Mother's
Grave with Flowers.



viour Jesus Christ," replied the girl; "and Jesus Christ died upon the cross for her."

"Grandpapa," whispered Mary, "do you hear those children?" Then getting up, and treading lightly on tip-toe, she went close up to them—"Whose grave is this, little boy," said she, "that you are dressing with flowers?"

"It is mother's," answered the boy. "She has been here a whole week," added he.

"Did you love her?" asked Mary.

"O, very much!" answered the little girl: "and we have nobody now to dress us, and wash us, and make us good."

"Where is your father?" asked Mary.

"He went away after mother was put in the ground," answered

she, "and he said he would come back again; but he is not come back, and all our bread is gone."

"And we are come here to ask for some," said the boy.

"Where," said Mary, "are you going to ask for it?"

"Why, there," answered the boy, "to the church, to be sure."

"What! are you going to get bread there?"

"Yes," answered the boy: "mother told us, the day she died, that whenever we wanted any thing, we must ask God to give it us; and so we are all come to church to ask God to give us some bread."

"And do you think he will hear you?" asked Mary.

"Yes," answered the boy, "because Jesus Christ died upon



The old Gentleman encouraging the
Children.

the cross for us. Mother said, that God had always heard her for his sake, and that he had taken care of her all her life long, and that he was going to take her to glory."

"Yes," added the sister, "and she said, that he would always take care of us, if we would love our Lord Jesus Christ, and try to be good children."

"And so he will," said the old gentleman, rising from his seat and coming towards them.

"And have you had no bread this morning?" asked Mary.

"No," answered the boy. "Brother, and sister, and I, have had none; we gave the last bit to the baby."

"O, grandpapa!" said Mary, "what shall we do?"

Her purse, with its two gui-

neas, was in her hand in a minute.

"My dear," answered her grandpapa, as he wiped a tear from his eye, "we must do nothing in haste. I understand that there is a very worthy clergyman in this parish; after church I will see him, and make some enquiries from him respecting these children. However, you may direct them to go to the inn when service is over; at any rate, we may give them a trifle."

Mary made haste to give her directions to the children, and she had scarcely finished them when the bells began to chime for church: and the congregation going into the church, the old gentleman called Mary to follow them.

When service was over, and

they were out of church, Mary put her purse of guineas into her grandpapa's hand; and she said, "Now, grandpapa, you are going to speak to the clergyman, please to give him this to lay out for the children."

"Very well, Mary," answered the old gentleman.

He then returned with Mary to the inn, where he told her to distribute a loaf and some cold meat to the little ones, who were there before her, while he paid a visit, attended by his servant, to the clergyman's house.

As the boy received the bread and meat, in his little basket, Mary said to him, "Now you see that God has heard your prayer, and given you bread. It was God who sent grandpapa here to-day to help you. You

must try to be good children, and remember what your poor mother, who is in heaven, taught you; and then God will always hear you, and give you what is really good for you, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The little children looked at the basket, and then at Mary, with joyful faces; then bowing and courtseying low, they thanked her, and wished her good day.

Soon after the little happy party were gone, the old gentleman returned. Mary made haste to meet him, and take his cane from him, and placed a chair for him.

"Well, grandpapa!" said she.

"Well, Mary!" answered the old gentleman, "I have good news for you: our little children are no deceivers. Their

mother was a pious woman, who had earnestly tried to bring her little children to the feet of her Saviour. The clergyman visited her in her last sickness, and testifies that she fell asleep in the faith and love of our dear Redeemer. She has been dead only a week; and the clergyman did not know that the children had been left by their father, who is not, I am sorry to say, so worthy a person as his wife was.

“But our good friend has promised to enquire more particularly into the situation and conduct of this man, and to try to persuade him to act a Christian’s and a father’s part: but if this cannot be done, he will endeavour to get his children placed under the care of a worthy relation; and I have made ar-

rangements for their being sent to school, and properly instructed. Perhaps, on our return, we may call and see how they are going on."

"O yes," said Mary, "do let us call and see them, if you please, grandpapa!"

"And here is your purse, Mary, with one of the guineas in it. One of them is to be laid out on clothes and necessary things for the children, and the other I return you. I know, Mary, that there are many little things which might be useful to yourself and your sisters which you would like to buy; I did not therefore choose to part with both your guineas. You must look over the list of the articles which you said you wished for, and you must put out of it those things which



The old Gentleman returning Mary
her Purse.

merely please the eye and the fancy, and your guinea, I think, will buy the rest. And thus, I trust, my dear Mary, in laying out your money, you will have been enabled, in some measure, to consult the glory of God and the good of your fellow-creatures."

Mary smiled, and thanked her grandpapa, as she took the purse from him.

"And now, my dear," said he to his attentive granddaughter, "I have only one little request to make you—We will stay a few hours at Montgomery to-morrow morning: and as you know how to use your pencil nicely, you shall take a sketch of the church-yard, and the fine mountain, and the lime-trees; which you shall finish at your

leisure hours, as we travel along. And when it is finished, it shall be hung up in my study; and you shall draw the little children kneeling round their mother's grave, and dressing it with flowers. And under it I will have this verse written—*I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.*"

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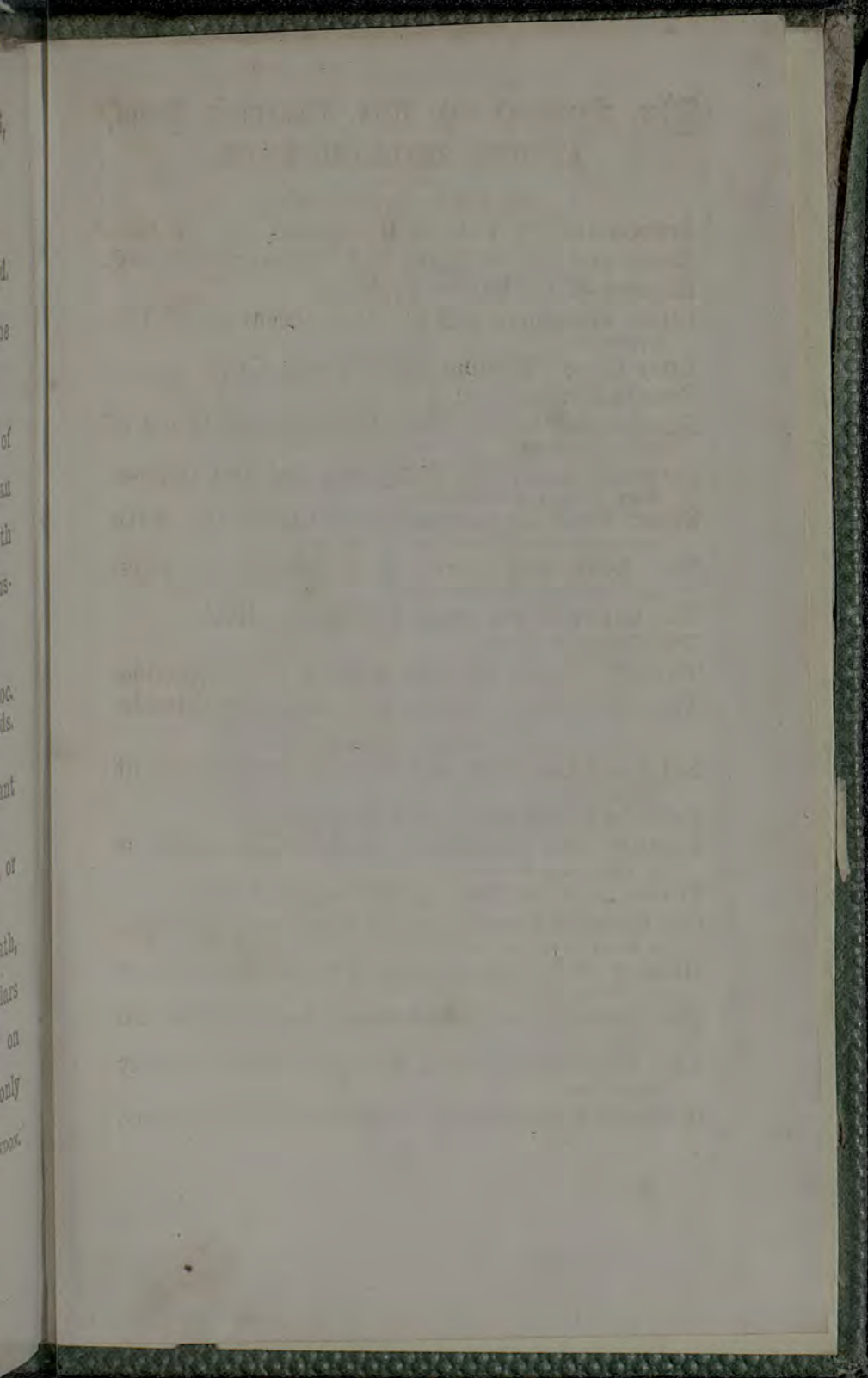
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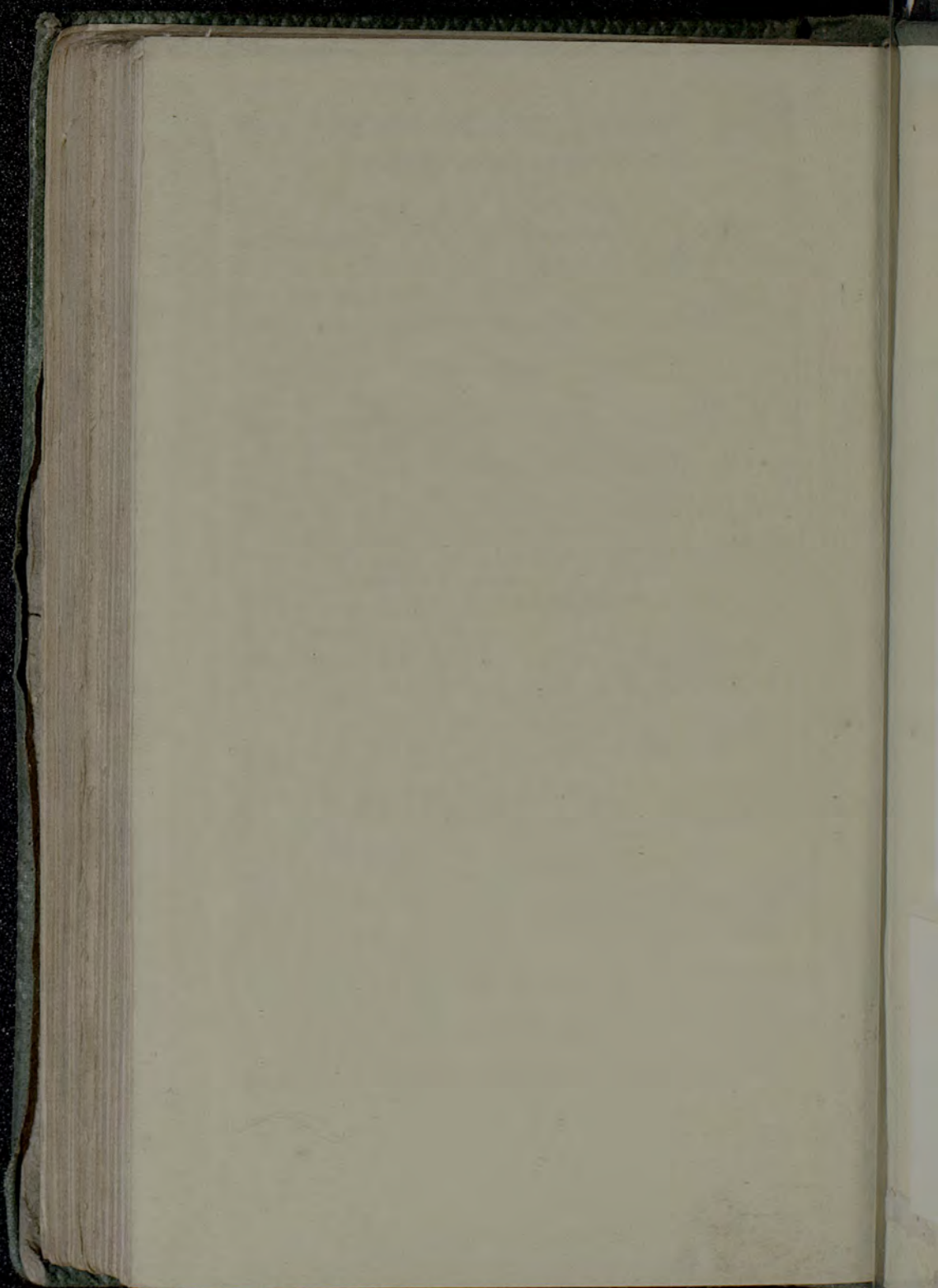
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