

THE
BABY AND THE DOLL
AND THE CAUTION
OR
INFANT WATCHFULNESS.

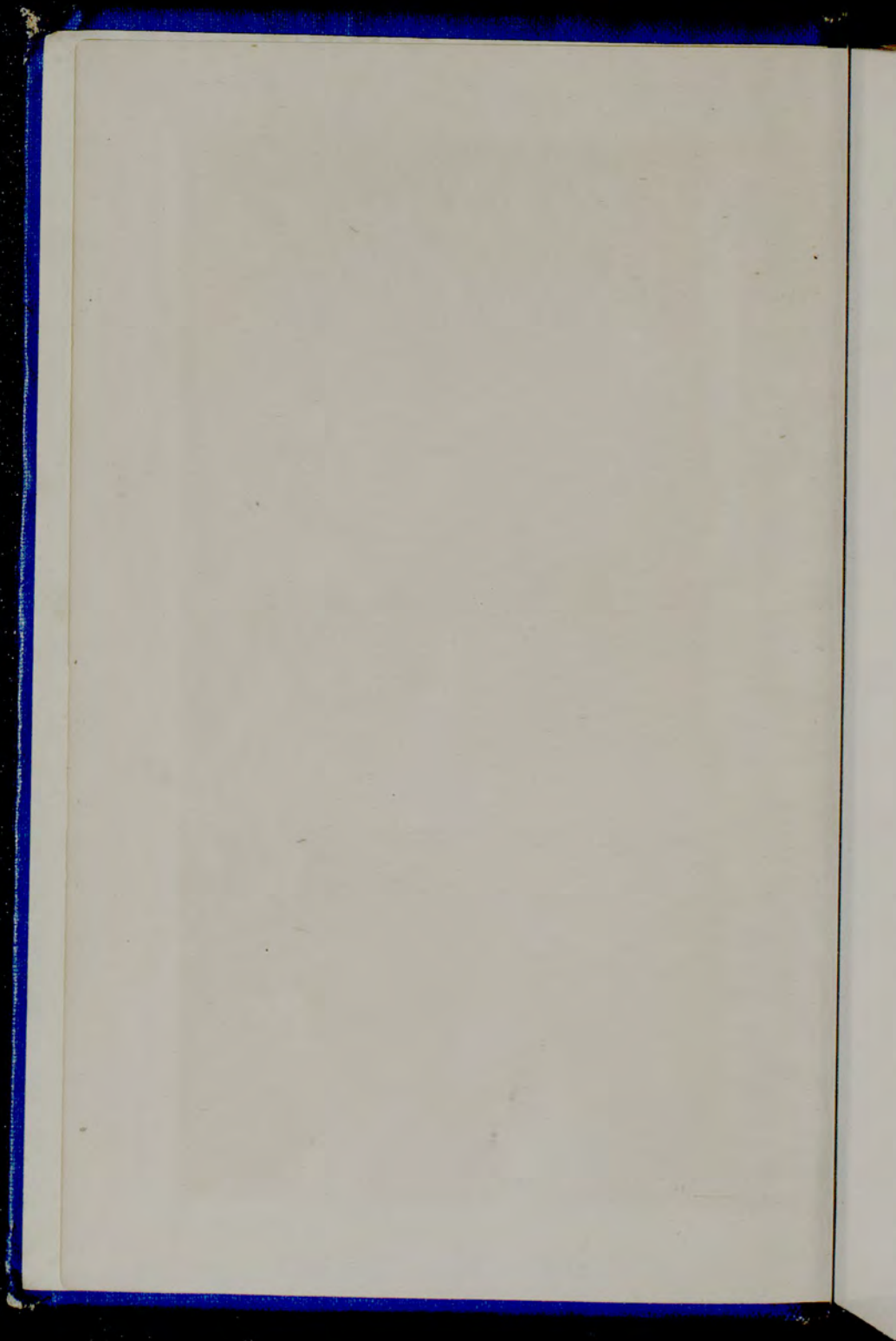
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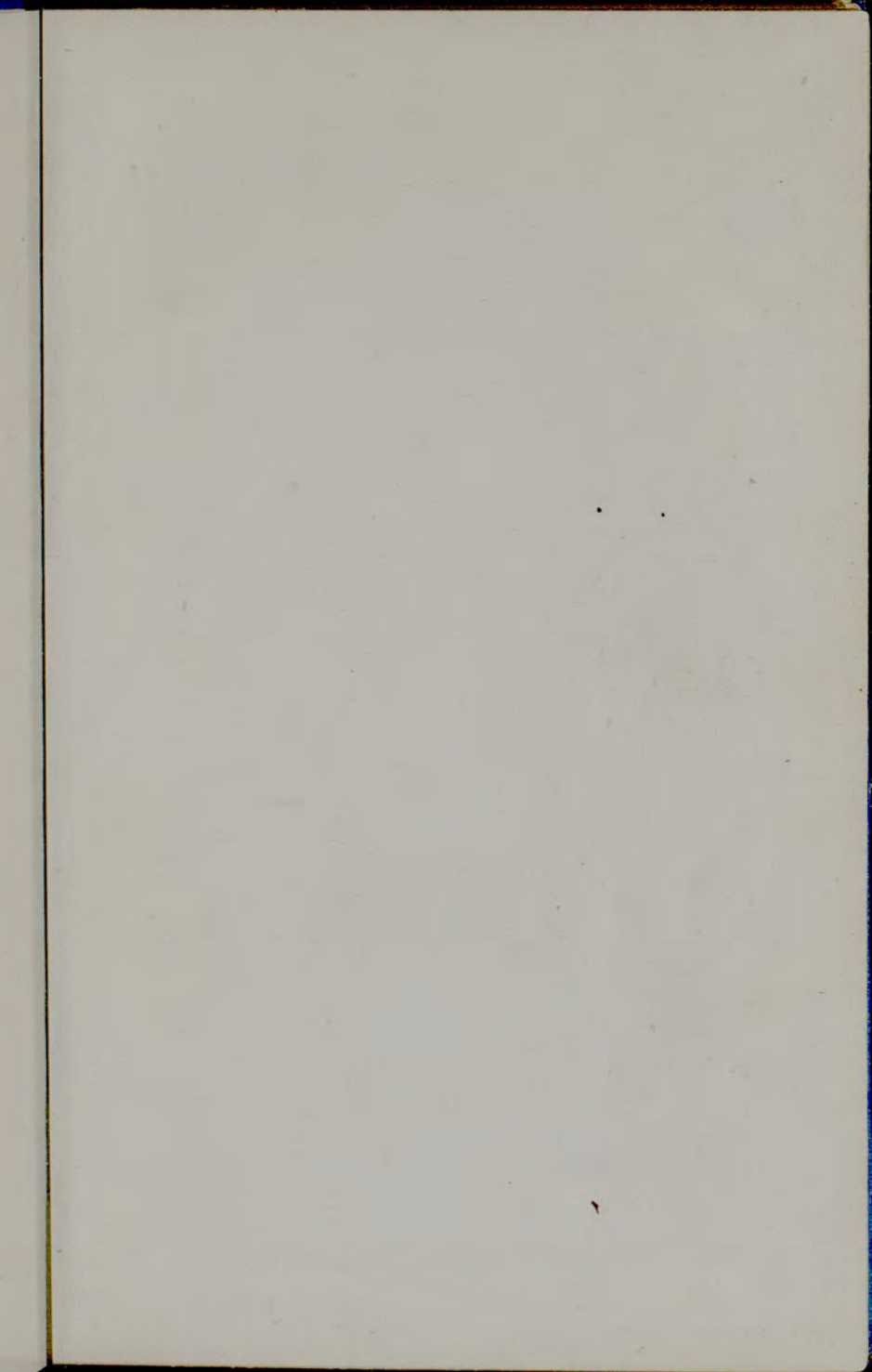


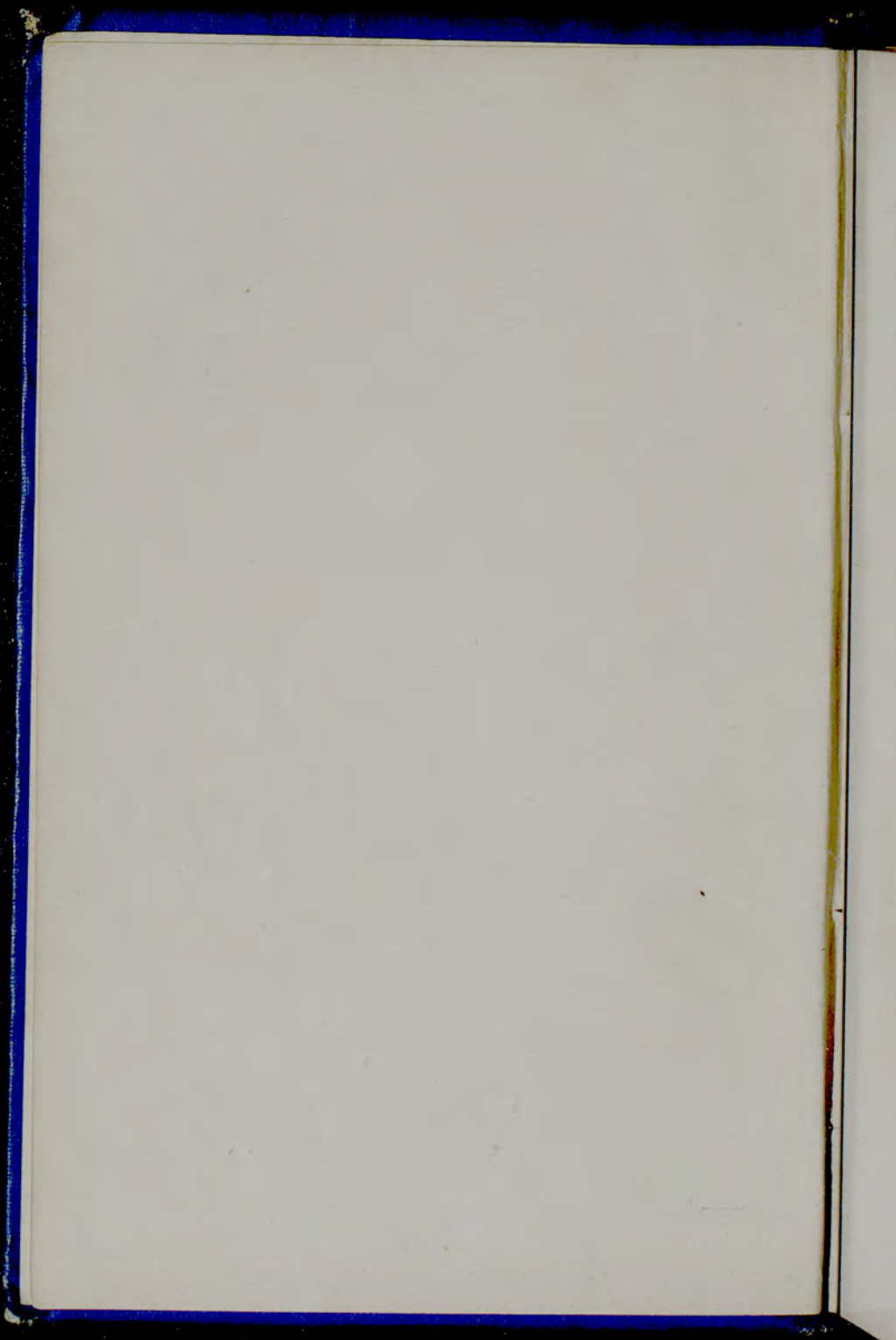
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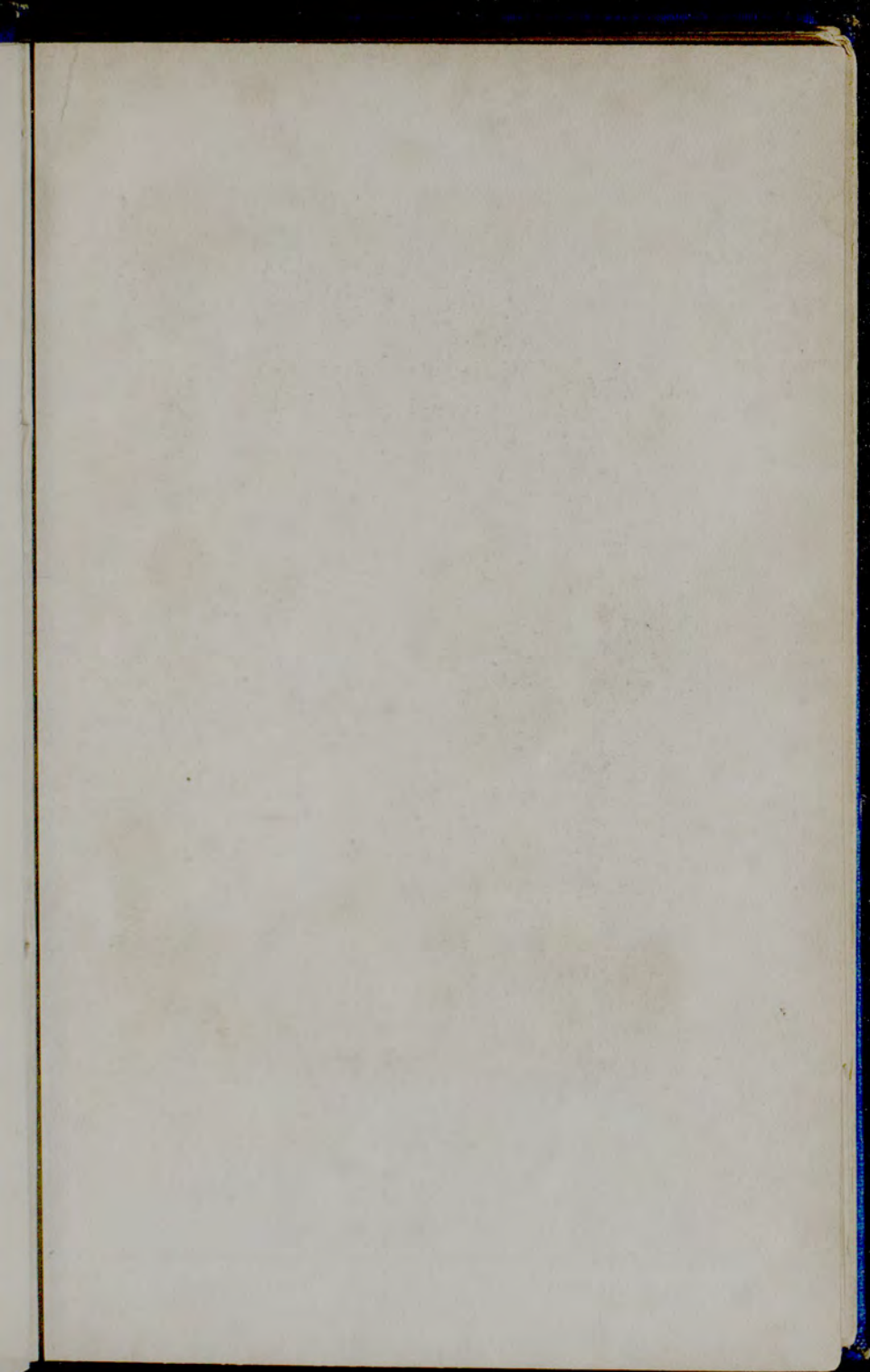
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Dr C. H. Waller -
Little Caswell











THE BABY AND THE DOLL.

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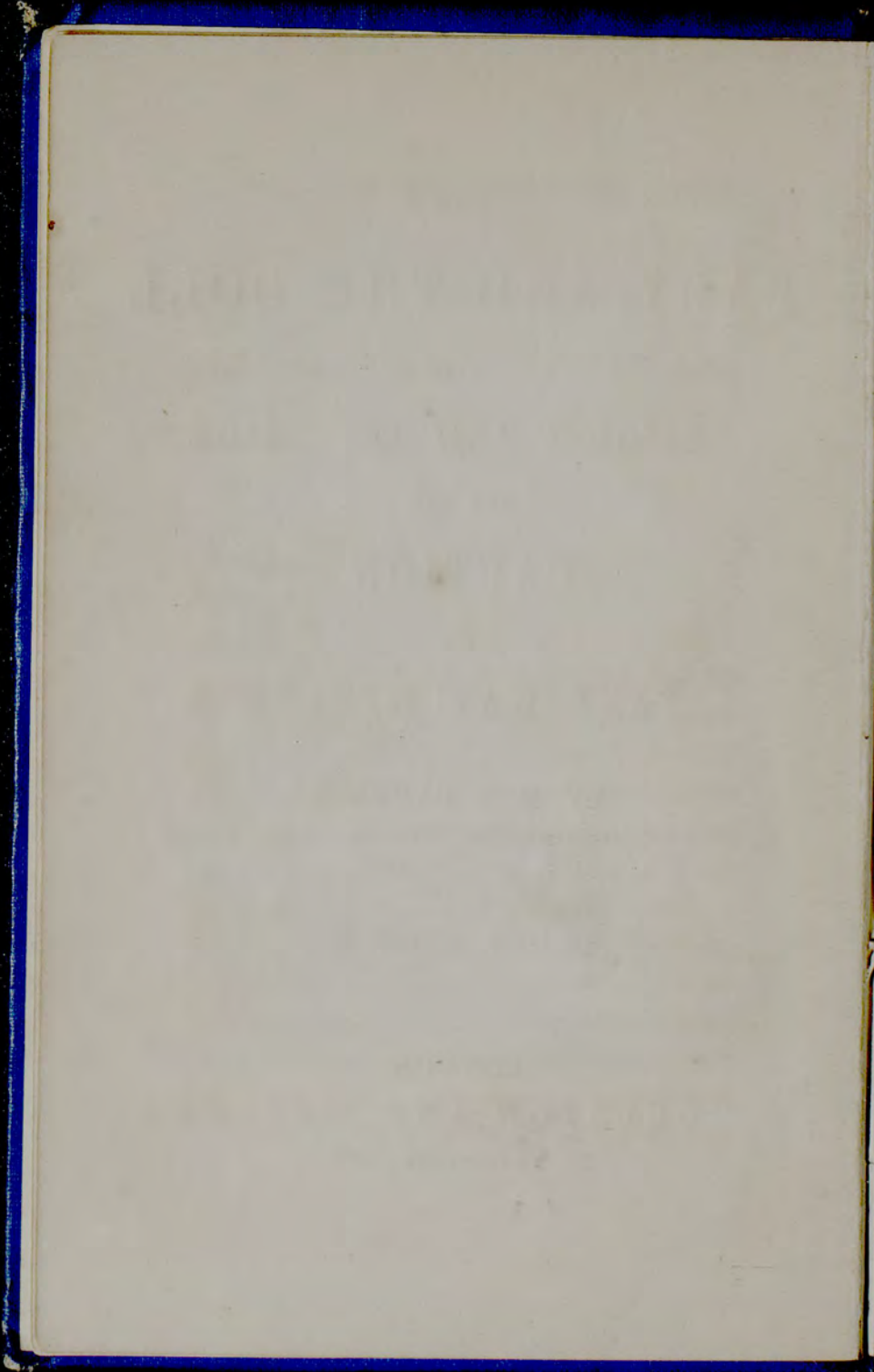
THE
BABY AND THE DOLL
OR
RELIGION AND ITS IMAGE
AND THE
CAUTION
OR
INFANT WATCHFULNESS

BY MRS. CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "MARGARET WHYTE," "THE TWO LAMBS," ETC. ETC.

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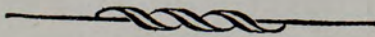


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THE
BABY AND THE DOLL,

&c.



CHARLOTTE was the only child of Mrs. Watson. Her father had been dead some years; but his place had been so well supplied by her uncle, with whom her mother lived, that she had scarcely felt her loss.

Mr. Jesse, her uncle, was an elderly clergyman; and as he was a widower, without children, he had received his sister and her little daughter into his parsonage, in the town of S——, upon the death of his brother-in-law.

Mrs. Watson was a very good woman, and very well qualified for the education of her little girl, excepting only that she never completely recovered her health and spirits after the long illness and death of her husband; but the never-failing cheerfulness of Mr. Jesse made up for the deficiencies of his sister in this respect.

Thus little Charlotte grew up under the most favourable circumstances; and though she was not without faults, yet, through the blessing of God upon the pious labours of her mother and uncle, she knew very well what were her faults, and tried sincerely, and generally in the right way, to get the better of them. She was a lively, good-humoured little girl, and did not think herself a person of consequence,

as children are apt to do, when they live entirely with grown-up people. She knew as much, and perhaps more, than most little girls of her age, because great pains were taken with her; yet she was fond of play: and she had several companions of her own age in the town; but they were very carefully chosen by her mother, and were all brought up in similar habits with herself. She was, however, chiefly with her mamma and uncle, and had no idea of hiding any thing from them, and was encouraged to talk very freely to them, though I do not mean without proper respect. She was a very happy little girl, and knew and heard very little of what was going on in the world beyond her own pleasant circle.

Charlotte was just turned eleven, when, one morning, in the

beginning of December, her mamma received several letters, which, when she had read, she gave to her brother, who was sitting by her at the breakfast-table. On returning them, Mr. Jesse said to his sister, "It will be a pleasant change for Charlotte."

"I am not altogether sure of that," returned Mrs. Watson.

"We cannot always expect to live like dormice in cotton wool," said Mr. Jesse; "we must some time or other begin to weather the storm: virtue unproved is no virtue."

"We must not rush into danger," replied Mrs. Watson.

"True," said Mr. Jesse; "but we must not always run away from it."

To this Mrs. Watson made no answer, but put the letters aside with a serious countenance.

This little dialogue, in which her own name had been introduced, excited some curiosity in Charlotte's mind. Children are often tempted to indulge curiosity; but Charlotte tried to check hers on this occasion, because her mamma had often told her that to try to find out what her friends seemed to wish to conceal from her was a kind of disobedience.

The same day, after dinner, as Charlotte was cracking walnuts by the fireside, between her mamma and her uncle, Mr, Jesse, gently tapping her shoulder, said to her, "Charlotte, I have got mamma's leave to explain to you what we were talking about this morning."

Mrs. Watson looked down, as if half afraid: but Charlotte did not perceive this; and, raising

her bright eyes, she said, "What, uncle, do you mean, when you read those letters which mamma gave you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jesse: "and do you know who they are from?"

"When they lay upon the table, before mamma opened them, I thought that one looked as if it was written by aunt Jeffreys; and the writing of the other was like that gentleman's hand—I forget his name—who lives in the same town with my aunt, and comes sometimes to see you."

"Mr. Arden, you mean."

"Yes, uncle."

"And they have written to say that they will both come to see us when the Christmas holidays begin: indeed we had invited them, and one other person with them. Can you guess who that person is?"

“O, it is my cousin Anne: she is just my age, and I never saw her! O! I shall like that vastly!”

“And I am going to read to you what your aunt says about her. Bring the candle a little nearer to me,” continued he, as he extended his hand to receive the letters from his sister.

“Well, uncle?” said Charlotte, pushing the candle, and herself too, as near to the old gentleman as she could.

“But I must put on my spectacles first,” answered Mr. Jesse, “unless you will lend me your eyes. Come, now I have got the place; sit still, Charlotte: here it begins—‘I shall have great pleasure in bringing my dear little Anne with me upon her return from school. She is, though perhaps I should not say it, one of the best children I ever met with.

Indeed, I can hardly call her a child; her manners and behaviour are those of a woman. Really, I hardly know a fault she possesses, and she has every body's good word. You would be astonished at the number of hymns and chapters she can say by heart; and she often tells me that she prefers learning these to any kind of play. We hope to be with you two days after Christmas-day.'"

Mr. Jesse read this letter without once varying the expression of his countenance, and, ceasing to read, he fixed his eyes upon Charlotte, who was quietly seated again, with an air of great gravity. "What is the matter, Charlotte?" said he. "Are not you glad to hear that you are to have so very good a child for your companion?"

"Y-e-s, uncle; but I was

thinking that I shall not seem very good to her. I am not at all like her."

"It is of no consequence, Charlotte," said Mr. Jesse, seriously, "what your fellow-creatures think of you, provided that you can satisfy your conscience towards God."

There was a silence for some minutes, during which Charlotte still looked grave.

Mr. Jesse now opened the other letter. "Here is Mr. Arden's letter, and I have something to read out of that."

Charlotte held up her head, prepared to listen to what is now to follow.

"I am just returned from a call upon Mrs. Jeffreys, and shall be very glad to join her party in a visit to you, and I write by the same post to tell you so. But it

must be upon one condition, that you will allow me to bring my little girl, who is, I believe, about the age of Miss Jeffreys: her grandmamma, with whom she is accustomed to spend her Christmas holidays, is, I am sorry to say, too great an invalid to receive her. My little Myra is not brought up in the modern school, and perhaps I have indulged her, since her mother's death, too much. I must prepare you, if you allow her to come, for expecting what in our days was called a Tomboy: but I trust she will not injure your little Charlotte; for, allowing for the partiality of a fond father, she certainly is a thoroughly affectionate, generous, good-hearted child.'"

"Good-hearted!" interrupted Charlotte: "uncle, you and

mamma have often told me that nobody has a good heart!"

Mr. Jesse here laid down his letter, and took off his spectacles. "My dear," said he, "the religious views of Mr. Jeffreys and Mr. Arden are in many respects very different, and there is no doubt but that this difference will appear in their children; but there are several circumstances which make it our duty to keep up a very friendly intercourse with Mr. Arden, though at the same time we must be on our guard lest we should learn any thing from him which would do us harm: and we should be glad that you should receive his little girl, provided we could feel assured that you would not be injured by any example she might set you, or by any discourse she might hold with you. Your

mamma is very much afraid of this; but she has given me leave to consult you upon the subject, before she writes to tell Mr. Arden that he must not come."

Charlotte was silent and thoughtful for some time; and then, turning to her mamma, and taking her hand and kissing it, she said to her, "If my dear mamma will allow Miss Arden to come with her papa, I will try to learn nothing from her but what I ought, and if I find myself in any difficulty, I will consult mamma or my uncle: and, besides, I shall have the assistance of cousin Anne."

Mrs. Watson was satisfied, or at least she was persuaded by Mr. Jesse to make the experiment, and accordingly Miss Arden was invited to accompany her father.

At length, the evening arrived when the little party were expected. Mrs. Watson had given up to her little girl, for the present occasion, a small parlour in which she occasionally sat; and here Charlotte had collected in order her books, dissected maps, her doll, and its clothes. "If *my cousin* does not play," said she to herself, "I dare say Miss Arden does; and she will enjoy the doll."

Having completed all her arrangements, Charlotte sat down by the fire, and took a Testament from the shelf, and opened it, to look for a verse which had often come into her mind during the day—*God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.*

(1 Cor. x. 13.) and she was musing upon this verse when she heard carriage-wheels. Her heart beat fast: she jumped up, and ran into the drawing-room, that she might be with her mamma when the party arrived, and she took her mamma's hand as she went out into the hall with her uncle to welcome her guests.

Charlotte had always been accustomed to habits of civility, and had been taught that there is something of selfishness in that shyness which will not allow us to make any effort for the comfort and entertainment of strangers: so, when her two young guests made their appearance, she stepped forwards, and addressed them with real kindness.

Her cousin, courtseying, replied, "I hope you are well, Miss Watson."

Miss Arden, shaking her heartily by the hand, answered, to Charlotte's civil enquiry, "I am vastly glad we are come; for I am perfectly frozen."

The party were soon seated by the drawing-room fire, of which Miss Arden occupied rather an unreasonable share, considering her age; and from time to time she interrupted the conversation by loudly calling to her papa to rub her cold hands.

During tea-time Miss Jeffreys never spoke, nor did her countenance express any thing by which Charlotte could form any opinion about her. Much conversation passed between the elder part of the company: in the course of which Mrs. Jeffreys mentioned that they had heard a sermon on Christmas-day from an extremely famous,

well-known preacher, of the name of Giles.

“Papa,” interrupted Miss Arden, “was it that little fright of a man, that preached so long?”

Mr. Arden tapped his daughter upon the arm to silence her: upon which, she threw herself back in her chair, and took a fresh mouthful of a bun which she was holding in her hand.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Jeffreys to her daughter, “do you recollect the additional stanza which was introduced, at Mr. Giles’s request, into our Christmas-hymn?”

“Perfectly, mamma,” answered Miss Jeffreys, instantly repeating the whole hymn with an ease and readiness which astonished Charlotte.

“These lines contain sweet ideas, clothed in beautiful lan-

guage," said Mr. Jesse, turning to Anne; "and, from the correct manner in which I have just had the pleasure of hearing them repeated, I trust they have sunk deep into your mind: they contain precious instruction, my dear young friend, for the coming year."

Miss Jeffreys bowed; but she did not smile, or express any thing which shewed that she entered into what Mr. Jesse said.

After tea, Miss Arden yawned so often, that Mrs. Watson enquired if she was sleepy, and would like to go to bed.

"I dare say she is only tired of sitting still," replied Mr. Arden, smiling.

Mrs. Watson looked at Charlotte, who immediately rose, and, lighting a taper, proposed to her

young friends to accompany her into another room.

When arrived there, they stood up together by the fireside, all seemingly at a loss, as is often the case with children, what was next to be done.

Miss Arden was the first to break the silence. "O how glad I am," said she, "that we are got out! I do hate sitting prim with grown-up people."

You did not sit very prim," thought Charlotte. And then she said, "What would you like to do?" turning at the same time to Anne, of whom she felt rather afraid, and therefore did not like to propose playing.

"Whatever you please," answered Miss Jeffreys.

"Will you look at my books?" said Charlotte, leading Anne to a little bookcase.

Myra shrugged up her shoulders, saying, "We have enough of books at school. Do you never play at any game?"

"O yes," replied Charlotte, turning back to Myra, while Miss Jeffreys busied herself with looking over the books one by one. "Do you ever play with a doll? I have got a very nice one."

"Let us see it."

Charlotte immediately produced her doll, but looked at her cousin, to see what she thought about it. Anne, however, was at that moment busily occupied with a gilt book, which she had reached down from the upper shelf.

The doll in her cradle, and a nice box of clothes, were now laid upon a round table opposite the fire, and Miss Arden eagerly placed herself by the table. The

doll was taken up, and handled so roughly, that, if she had been a little baby, she would certainly have cried. The box was turned over, and first one dress was tried on, and then another, and soon all was confusion.

“What a faddy creature you are!” said Miss Arden to Charlotte; “how you have packed up her Ladyship’s clothes!—just as if she was going a journey.”

Charlotte felt a little uneasy at witnessing all this confusion, and could not help thinking that Miss Arden served the doll more as a school-boy would have done, than an orderly little girl. But in the midst of this she was amazed by hearing her cousin exclaim, in a voice as loud as Miss Arden’s, “Only think of my finding Mother Goose’s Tales here!”

“They belonged to mamma

when she was a little girl," said Charlotte."

"If they had been in our house," returned Miss Jeffreys, "they would have lighted the fire long ago." So saying, she sat down, and, leaning both her arms on the table, she began to read, and never took her eyes off the book till a servant came to call the young ladies to family prayers.

The next morning, the young people were busily engaged in unpacking. Miss Jeffreys was with her mamma, and Mrs. Watson's maid was assisting Miss Arden. In the evening, all the party went out to tea, and Charlotte was very little alone with her young companions.

The following day was Sunday.

On Monday, after breakfast,

Mrs. Jeffreys sent her daughter up stairs, into her own bed-room, to learn a lesson by heart. About two hours afterwards, Charlotte, having completed her lessons, came into the room where her mamma and Mrs. Jeffreys were sitting beside a luncheon-tray; and Mrs. Jeffreys requested her to carry a glass of water and a slice of cake up stairs, and enquire if her cousin could say her lesson.

Charlotte obeyed: but, fearful of spilling the water, she went gently up stairs, step by step; so that she was not heard till she had opened the door of Miss Jeffreys's bed-room.

As she opened the door, her cousin, who was sitting by the fire, with her feet on the fender, gave a great start, and hastily put something away. Miss Ar-

den, who was sitting on a hassock at her feet, turned quietly round, saying, "O! it is only Charlotte."

"I thought it had been mamma!" cried Miss Jeffreys. "How very quietly you came in, Charlotte!"

Upon this, she immediately brought from under her black silk apron the same gilt book which she had read with so much delight in the parlour, and proceeded to finish to Miss Arden, who was leaning her elbow upon Miss Jeffreys's lap, the story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

Charlotte was puzzled by what Miss Jeffreys had said; and, having put down the luncheon, she sat down opposite to her, considering why she had expressed so much alarm at her coming into the room.

As soon as Miss Jeffreys had finished her story, she laid down her book, and, turning to Charlotte, she said to her, "Does your mamma allow you to read fairy tales?"

"Yes," replied Charlotte, "sometimes. Does not your mamma allow it?"

"O no," said Miss Jeffreys; "she thinks them the most wicked books in the world."

"Then why do you read them?"

"O, she does not know I do."

Charlotte looked unaffectedly serious; and Miss Arden, looking up earnestly in her face, said to her, "Why, what's the harm of reading a fairy tale?"

"It is harm for Anne," answered Charlotte, seriously and courageously, "if her mamma does not allow it. And I am sure she knows better."

Upon this, Miss Arden burst out a laughing. "You do not know her: she is no better, out of her mamma's sight, than I am. If I were to tell you her tricks at school!—But papa says these methodist people are all hypocrites."

Miss Jeffreys gave Miss Arden a great push, saying, with a laugh, "Do not believe her, Charlotte."

"I believe," replied Charlotte, "that you were reading a fairy tale when your mamma did not approve of your doing it."

"Do you never do any thing which your mamma does not approve?" asked Miss Arden.

"Yes, indeed," said Charlotte: "but I never wish to hide any thing from her."

"Well, *I* hate hiding," returned Miss Arden.

“O yes!” said Miss Jeffreys; “your father never punishes you for any thing, and so you don’t mind what he knows. But come, now, Charlotte, I have put away my gilt book, will you hear my lesson? and then we may go to play.”

“And don’t you tell your aunt about the gilt book,” said Miss Arden, laying her hand upon Charlotte’s mouth.

During the rest of the day, Charlotte could not feel the same pleasure in the company of her cousin as she had done before: she could not help thinking of the gilt book.

On the evening of the same day, when the young people were playing together in the little parlour, the children sent Charlotte with a message into the drawing-room to Mrs. Watson.

When she came into the room, she perceived that all the elderly party were engaged in talking very earnestly, and she stood still beside her mamma till she could speak without interrupting any one.

Mrs. Jeffreys was saying, "Now you have seen her for several days, do give me your opinion of her, without considering me as a mother: do you not think her a good girl?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Watson, "she has very charming manners, and is very neat, and very orderly, and a very agreeable little girl altogether."

Here she paused. "Well, then," returned Mrs. Jeffreys, "have you seen any thing in her that is otherwise than good?"

"Nothing in the world, sister."

“Then you will admit that I do not improperly call her a good child?”

Mrs. Watson making no immediate reply, Mr. Jesse rose from his seat, and, standing up before Mrs. Jeffreys, “I think, sister,” said he, “you are somewhat unreasonable.”

“How so, brother?”

“You expect us to call your daughter a good child, because she is orderly, quiet, and good-mannered, and because we have seen no harm in her. Now you will admit yourself, that the heart is very deceitful, and must be renewed before we can be made good. A great deal goes to make a good child: and can you expect that, in the course of a few days, we can ascertain, from our own knowledge, the real character of your daughter, the mo-

tives upon which she acts, and the principles by which she is governed? for all this is quite distinct from outward manners and behaviour. We are willing to believe your report: but if you wish for our opinion in this important point, you must stay with us a little longer, and give us more opportunities of seeing your child, than at present you talk of doing."

Mrs. Jeffreys did not make any answer; and no one else speaking, Charlotte took the opportunity of giving her message, and immediately left the room. But this little dialogue sunk into her mind, and she began to think that there might be some mistake about Anne's being so good a child. She remembered the gilt book, and many other little things came afterwards under her no-

tice.—She perceived that Anne frequently did many things which she knew her mother did not approve, and that she was not trying to please her, and to do what she wished her to do out of sight as well as in sight: indeed, she could not discover that she tried at all to do what was right. But what puzzled her was, that she learned a great many hymns, and verses, and collects, and catechisms, and could talk about them a great deal more than Miss Arden could:—why then was not her conduct a great deal better?

Having considered all these things in silence for some time, she determined upon taking the first opportunity of mentioning them to her mamma and uncle, that she might be directed and advised how she ought to act

under these circumstances. But as they were a good deal engaged, she was obliged to wait some days for such an opportunity.

Things were in this state, when Twelfth Day arrived ; upon which occasion, a small party of Charlotte's particular friends were invited to spend the day with the children.

A little while before dinner, Charlotte was called down stairs by her mamma to perform some little domestic office in the dining-room. Here she was soon followed by Anne, who, being already dressed, brought her book in her hand, and, placing herself on a low stool by the fire, she employed herself in reading, or in watching Charlotte and talking to her.

They had not been engaged in this manner long, when Miss

Arden, who was just returned from walking with her papa, came running into the room; for, as she passed the door, which stood ajar, she heard the voices of her companions within. "What are you about here?" said she. Then, walking up to a table, upon which many fruit-dishes were set out, she cried, "O what a delightful dessert! —oranges, and prunes, and almonds, and raisins, and damson cheese, and figs, and what not besides, and such a nice cake! O! but it is not a right Twelfth cake; there are no kings and queens on it. O! I wish dinner was over.—What are you laughing at, Charlotte?"

"Because," answered Charlotte, "if I were to talk as you do, my uncle would begin to grunt at me."

“And very right too,” said Anne; “for I am sure it is exactly like a pig.”

“Just as if you did not love nice eating as well as me, Miss Jeffreys,” returned Miss Arden, who was not at all affronted at being called a pig: “ask the tart-woman else.—But what is this nice stuff hid up in a corner in a glass dish?”

“It is the barberry cream, I suppose,” answered Charlotte.

“Put out of the way of cats and children, I suppose,” said Miss Arden. “Dear, how nice it looks! I must have one taste.” So saying, she reached a silver spoon, tasted the cream, and turned round, with an arch look, to her companions, who stood fixed with astonishment at her. “I am a shocking wicked child,” said she, “am not I,

Miss Jeffreys?" Then carelessly wiping the spoon with her frock, and replacing it where she had found it, she walked out of the room, and went up stairs to dress for dinner.

"What a strange, wild creature that is!" said Miss Jeffreys.

"Indeed I do not think she much minds what she does," observed Charlotte.

Upon this, Miss Jeffreys began to relate many extraordinary stories of her behaviour at school, and Charlotte stood by her cousin listening, although her business was now finished, and it was getting very late.

In this way they were still employed, when Miss Arden herself appeared again, dressed for dinner, with Mr. Jesse's large tortoiseshell cat under her arm; and, as she laid her

down upon her accustomed cushion, she said, "For shame, Mrs. Puss! how could you think of tasting the barberry cream?"

"Do not accuse Puss without cause," cried Charlotte: "I shall take her part."

"Puss does all the mischief in our house," answered Miss Arden, laughing: "Joseph never breaks any thing."

Just at this minute, there was a loud knock at the street door. "The company are come!" cried Miss Arden, peeping through the door.

"And I am not dressed!" said Charlotte. "Now, cousin, you have hindered me by talking to me; so you must come up and tie my frock: and, dear Miss Arden, please to go into the drawing-room, and tell

mamma that I will come down very soon."

"I will just finish this page," answered Miss Jeffreys, "and I will come up to you immediately."

So Charlotte and Miss Arden left the room, and Charlotte forgot that it was against the law for Pussy to be left in a room with cream.

In a few minutes, Miss Jeffreys came up stairs to tie Charlotte's frock: but Charlotte was in so great a hurry herself, that she did not perceive that her cousin was very much out of breath, and trembling, and her cheeks very red.

Charlotte was dressed, and the children were going down stairs, when they were met by Mr. Jesse. "My dear Charlotte," said he, "can you give

me any account of this accident?"

"What accident, uncle?"

"I went this moment into the dining-room, to decant some wine, and I found a glass dish thrown on the floor and broken to pieces, and its contents upon the carpet. I understand that you have not left the room long: have any of you been meddling with this dish?"

"It was the cat, Sir," cried Miss Jeffreys, in great agitation.

"Why do you suspect the cat, Anne?" said Mr. Jesse, with a penetrating look: "can you tell me how the cat broke the dish?"

"O, I know nothing about it," replied Miss Jeffreys; "only I saw Miss Arden bring the cat into the room just before we left it."

“O, uncle, I am very sorry,” said Charlotte; “I remember now my own carelessness: I left the cat in the dining-room when I went up stairs, and I forgot to ask my cousin to turn her out when she came up to me.”

‘And did you turn her out, Miss Jeffreys?’ asked Mr. Jesse.

“Me, Sir!—no: I was not thinking about the cat; I did not see the cat; I did not know the cat was in the room.”

Mr. Jesse paused, and looked earnestly at Miss Jeffreys. He then asked Charlotte a few more questions, and added, “Well, we must leave it at present; I shall have Puss before me to-morrow: we must now repair the mischief that has been done without disturbing my sister, who is not very well.”

The cook was consulted, and, luckily, she had some more barberry cream left, and it was put in another glass dish, the cat was punished, the cream wiped up, and the broken glass removed.

Charlotte now returned to her mamma; and though her uncle did not think it right that she should acquaint her mother with what had happened at that time, yet she felt very sorry that she had been so careless: and this feeling made her more watchful over herself all day when in the company of her young friends, more desirous to help her mamma, and more afraid of giving her trouble.

After dinner, the children went to play together, and it seemed as if the barberry cream was quite forgotten, so merry was all the party.

Among other games of play, that of hunting the hare was chosen; and, as the children could not run about as if it was summer and they were out of doors, it was settled that two children should hide something, which was to be called the hare, and the rest were to look for it.

In the course of the play, it came to the turn of Charlotte and Miss Arden to hide together, and they were left alone in Charlotte's little parlour. After they had consulted for some time about a proper place where the hare might be hidden, "I do not think," said Miss Arden, "that we could find a better place than this sly corner between the window and the bookcase: the curtain just hangs over it; nobody would think of

looking behind it. Give me the hare."

Charlotte gave Miss Arden the hare; and, as she reached her hand into this sly place to hide the hare, she felt something hard tied up in linen. "O!" cried she, "here is another hare! what can it be? and it is ready roasted too, for it smells of currant jelly sauce, or something else very nice."

Charlotte made haste to reach the candle, and Miss Arden held up a white handkerchief, in which was a silver dessert-spoon, half full of barberry cream, and the handkerchief was stained with the cream. "O," said Charlotte, looking at it for a few moments, "this must have been thrown here in a hurry when the servants were wiping up the barberry cream."

“What barberry cream?”

“O, you have not heard about it: I was so careless as to leave the cat in the room, though I have been so often told not to do it; and I quite forgot to ask Anne to turn her out before she came up stairs; and so I suppose the cat got at the cream, and broke the dish, for my uncle found it broken on the floor.”

Miss Arden stood for a moment in consideration, and then, with a significant look which Charlotte did not perceive, because at that time she was thinking of her own carelessness, she cried out, “O yes, I quite understand it now, and this is Pussy’s pocket-handkerchief, I dare say I shall find her mark upon it;” and she looked at the corners of the handkerchief.

At this Charlotte laughed, and just then the voices of the other children were heard asking if the hare was hid, and as Charlotte opened the door to let them in, Miss Arden, with her arms folded in her frock, bounded by, and hastily ran up into her own little bed-room. In a few minutes she returned, and joined in the play as before.

The next morning, when the three little girls were met together in the little parlour, as was their custom, some time before breakfast, a message was brought from Mr. Jesse, saying that he should be glad to see them in his study.

“I know what it is about,” said Charlotte; “it is about the barberry cream.”

The servant had no sooner shut the door, than Miss Arden,

jumping up, took Miss Jeffreys by both her hands, and in her usual blunt way she said, "Tell me honestly, Anne, before we go to Mr. Jesse, was it you or the cat that broke the dish?"

"What right have you to ask me such a question?" answered Miss Jeffreys, tossing up her chin.

"Right or not," said Miss Arden, "you had better make a friend than an enemy of me."

"I do not care whether you are a friend or an enemy," returned Anne, in great confusion.

Charlotte turned round rather puzzled by this dialogue: "Surely," said she to Miss Arden, "if my cousin did know any thing about the dish being broken, she would not hide it, it would be so wicked."

"To be sure I should tell at

once," said Miss Jeffreys, in a faltering voice.

Miss Arden shook her head. "Well, remember, murder will out, and it is your fault, not mine, if it does, for I have warned you of it."

"Come, come," said Charlotte, "we must not keep my uncle waiting."

"But where's the cat?" said Miss Arden; and while Charlotte led her cousin, who was rather disposed to keep back, into Mr. Jesse's study, Miss Arden went in search of the cat, and soon appeared before Mr. Jesse with Puss in her arms, stroking her and talking to her with great unconcern.

As my time is very short, I will not repeat Mr. Jesse's address to the children, and the solemn manner in which he

warned them not to conceal the truth. He put a great many questions to them; but from their answers nothing was to be gained but that it must be without doubt Pussy who had broken the glass: nevertheless Mr. Jesse's suspicions fell somewhere else. He was, however, at a loss how to proceed, and was considering in silence what to do next, when Miss Arden, who was never abashed on any occasion, availed herself of the pause to address herself thus to the cat: "So, Mrs. Puss, you are found guilty of the crime of breaking the glass dish, and you must be punished as the law directs." Then turning to Mr. Jesse, as if she had a sudden thought, "And, Sir," said she, "I can now prove to you positively that it was the cat who

broke the dish, for do you know, that last night I found her pocket-handkerchief, stained with barberry cream, and the very spoon in it with which she had been eating; if you please, Sir, I will fetch them." So saying, she walked out of the room.

Miss Jeffreys made a sudden motion to pull her back, but checked herself, while Mr. Jesse looked after her with surprise.

In a few minutes Miss Arden returned, with the spoon and handkerchief, which she gave to Mr. Jesse. "Sir," said she, "Charlotte and I found these last night, and if you will examine the handkerchief you will find Pussy's mark upon it."

Mr. Jesse had scarcely taken the handkerchief in his hand, than Miss Jeffreys, bursting into

a violent fit of crying, exclaimed, "Indeed, uncle, indeed I should never have thought of tasting the cream, or laying it upon the cat, if Miss Arden had not put it into my head."

Mr. Jesse had all along suspected that Anne knew something of this affair from her behaviour when he first spoke to Charlotte, and he now made her confess all the particulars of her sad conduct: how she had lingered behind to taste the barberry cream, and how she reached it down from the recess in which it stood above the sideboard, by means of a little stool upon which she was mounted, and how, hearing the step of some one in the hall, she tried in great haste to replace it, when her foot slipped off the stool, and the dish was broken.

She tried at first to wipe up the cream, but hearing the step again, which she knew to be her uncle's, it occurred to her that if she left the cat in the room, and could make her escape before any one saw her, the fault would be laid upon Puss: so she wrapped the spoon with which she had been eating in her stained handkerchief, and threw them behind the curtain as she hastily ran out of the room, intending to fetch them and wash the spoon when nobody saw her, and she contrived to get up stairs without being seen.

Every body who reflects upon the nature of the great sin which Miss Jeffreys had committed, will imagine in what manner her uncle talked to her after she had made this confession: the

children stood all fixed by the seriousness and solemnity of his discourse, and the tears and sobs of Miss Jeffreys continued without ceasing.

Having said what he thought proper at that time, and seeing Anne deeply affected, he remained silent for some time, and looked, as he felt, seriously concerned.

The step of Mrs. Watson was now heard coming down stairs, upon which Mr. Jesse said to Anne, "It is not my intention, at present at least, to make this sad affair public, though you and I, Anne, must have more discourse together about it. I wish you, therefore, to dry up your tears, and to appear as usual at breakfast; and I wish you, Charlotte, and Miss Arden, not to mention the affair to any one

without first consulting me: but, before we part, I should like to know what you mean, Anne, by saying that Miss Arden put it into your head to take the barberry cream, and lay it upon the cat."

Miss Jeffreys then repeated what Miss Arden had said and done, when she had come in from walking, about tasting the barberry cream, and her jokes respecting the cat.

Mr. Jesse looked at Miss Arden, and said, "Is this true?"

"Yes, Sir, quite true," replied Miss Arden, looking up at Mr. Jesse, "and I should have done the same if you or papa had been by. I never set up for being better than I am. Papa says I am no hypocrite."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Jesse, gravely.

The prayer-bell was now heard, and Charlotte ran to fetch some water for her cousin to drink, and she wiped her eyes, and she kept as much before her as she could, when they went into the breakfast-room. At breakfast, Mr. Jesse talked and engaged the attention of the party, and nobody looked much at Miss Jeffreys.

After breakfast, Mr. Jesse asked Mr. Arden if he would give his little girl leave to take a walk with him. The child was ready very quickly, and as soon as they were in the street, hand-in-hand together, Mr. Jesse said to his young companion, "This is a very shocking affair about the barberry cream."

"Yes, it is," answered Miss Arden, "but these very religious people are always hypocrites."

“You are not very religious?”
said Mr. Jesse.

“No, Sir; it is a very bad thing to set up for what one is not.”

“Are you ever punished for being naughty?”

“Not very often by papa, and I do not mind other people.”

“I dare say you mind being called a hypocrite more than you do being called idle, or slovenly, or rude, or almost any thing else?”

“Yes, that I do, Sir.”

“Is Miss Jeffreys ever punished?”

“O! very often, Sir, her papa is so strict! you cannot think how strict he is. He will punish her severely if she does not remember the text at church, or if she is too late for dinner,

or if her task is not learned in time, and I cannot remember half the things he punishes her for."

"So then I suppose she learns her hymns and her texts, and sits quiet in the parlour, and *seems* very good, not because she loves to be good, but because she is afraid of being punished?"

"O yes, that she does."

"Then why do you call her over-religious? I should think she had no more religion than you have."

"No, that she has not, really."

"Then why, I repeat, do you call her religious, if she has no religion in her heart?"

Miss Arden looked puzzled. At last, she said, "She is what people call religious. I have heard papa say, that all that

over-religion is nothing else but talk."

"Perhaps you may not quite understand what your papa means. But I will tell you one thing which I would have you remember—that you can never see any imitation of what has no existence. Do you understand me?"

"No, Sir."

"If there was no such thing as real religion, (and *that* only is real religion whose seat is in the heart,) there would be no false or pretended religion, for false religion is only an imitation of true religion. Tell me, did you ever see a doll?"

"To be sure, Sir," said she, laughing.

"What is a doll an imitation of, what is it meant to look like?"

“A baby, Sir, I suppose.”

“Then if there had never been such things as babies and children, do you think that dolls would ever have been made?”

“No, Sir.”

“And yet a doll is not a baby: what is the difference between them?”

“O, you know, one is alive.”

“Ah, there is the difference, the baby is alive. Now apply this to religion. I am afraid Miss Jeffreys is but a doll in religion, but, my dear, she would not even have been a doll, if her papa and mamma had not seen some babies whom they wished her to be like. Now, consider with yourself, did you never see any child at school, or any where else, who you think really tried to be good, not merely when she was afraid of being punished,

but when nobody could see her but God?"

Miss Arden considered for some time. At last, she answered, "Yes, I do think I have—it is Charlotte: she gets up in a morning, when it is cold, and her mamma would not know whether she was in bed or not; and she does not leave her lessons and run to the fire when Mrs. Watson is out of the room; and she tells when she does any thing naughty, though she knows she shall be punished; and she reads verses in the Bible by herself, for I have found her doing so. And so she is a baby, not a doll."

Mr. Jesse smiled. "A baby I trust she is, yet one who has need to grow much."

"And Miss Jeffreys is a doll. And what am I, Sir?—not a doll?"

“No, my dear, you are not a doll: but do not think yourself good on that account. Your friends do not commend you for seeming religious, and you have therefore no temptation to do so. Miss Jeffreys’s friends praise her for appearing religious, and punish her for not appearing so; and she is tempted, therefore, to seem what she is not really. Many grown-up people, like you, fancy themselves very good-hearted and very praiseworthy, because they are never ashamed of the wicked things they do, and because their friends and acquaintance commend them for this sort of impudence; but I do not see that they are at all better than those persons are who hide their faults because they can get the good opinion of their

friends by seeming religious.— Both these sorts of people are the slaves of the world and Satan; and, till they are born again, and become babes in Christ, they can never enter the kingdom of God.”

As Mr. Jesse finished saying this, he arrived at the door of a glass-shop, where he purchased another dish which might hold barberry cream.

Upon his return home, he had a long conversation with Mr. Arden and Mrs. Jeffreys, during which, in the character of a brother and friend, he gave to them at large his opinion of the respective errors in their modes of education.

The result of this conversation was, that they promised to prolong their visit another fortnight, and, during that time, to allow

their children to be the pupils of Mr. Jesse for a portion of every day.

This plan was very agreeable to the children; and, as Mr. Jesse was in the habit, at certain times, of being the playfellow of the children, and upon all occasions endeavoured to mix the pleasant with the useful, they were always very glad to visit his study.

Mr. Jesse would from time to time report to the elder parties the progress that he made with the children; and hence many profitable discussions arose. In his private discourse with the children, the Bible was always open before him.

I am very glad to be able to say, that, when the time arrived that Mr. Arden and Mrs. Jeffreys were obliged to return

home in order to take their children to school, some important improvement had taken place in the views of all the parties, both old and young.

Mrs. Jeffreys saw that the letter of the law had been chiefly attended to with her daughter, but not the spirit—that talking about religion is not religion; and Mr. Arden became convinced that there *was* a spirit in religion, whereas he had been long in the habit of considering it but too much as an empty form without a spirit.

The children had become much fonder of each other, and both were beginning to feel a sincere desire, not only to *seem*, but really to be religious, and were learning, in some degree, by their own experience, what alone is

the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.

Miss Jeffreys, before she took her leave of Mr. Jesse, begged that Mrs. Watson might be informed of her behaviour in the affair of the barberry cream. "I do not wish her to be deceived," said she, "and think me a good child, when I am really very naughty."

The morning the children were to go home, Mrs. Watson gave each of the three little girls a doll, telling them that it was a present from Mr. Jesse; and adding, that, if they behaved well during the next half-year, she hoped they would all meet again to play with these dolls together.

Soon afterwards, Miss Jeffreys and Miss Arden went into Mr. Jesse's study to thank him for

his present; and Miss Arden, holding up the doll, said to him, "This is a doll, Sir; it is not a baby: and Mrs. Watson says, that, if we behave well, we shall all meet again, and play with these dolls; and then, Sir, I hope you will find that *we* are both of us babies."

"And remember, my children," replied Mr. Jesse, "what I have so often told you, that, if you are indeed babes, you will love to feed upon the pure milk of the word. It is only those who have spiritual life who love this food; and those alone who love it, and feed upon it, must expect to grow to the full stature of men."

Mr. Jesse had scarcely concluded these words, when the carriage-wheels were heard at the door, and the children were

called to take their leave of the kind family to whom they had made so pleasant and profitable a visit.

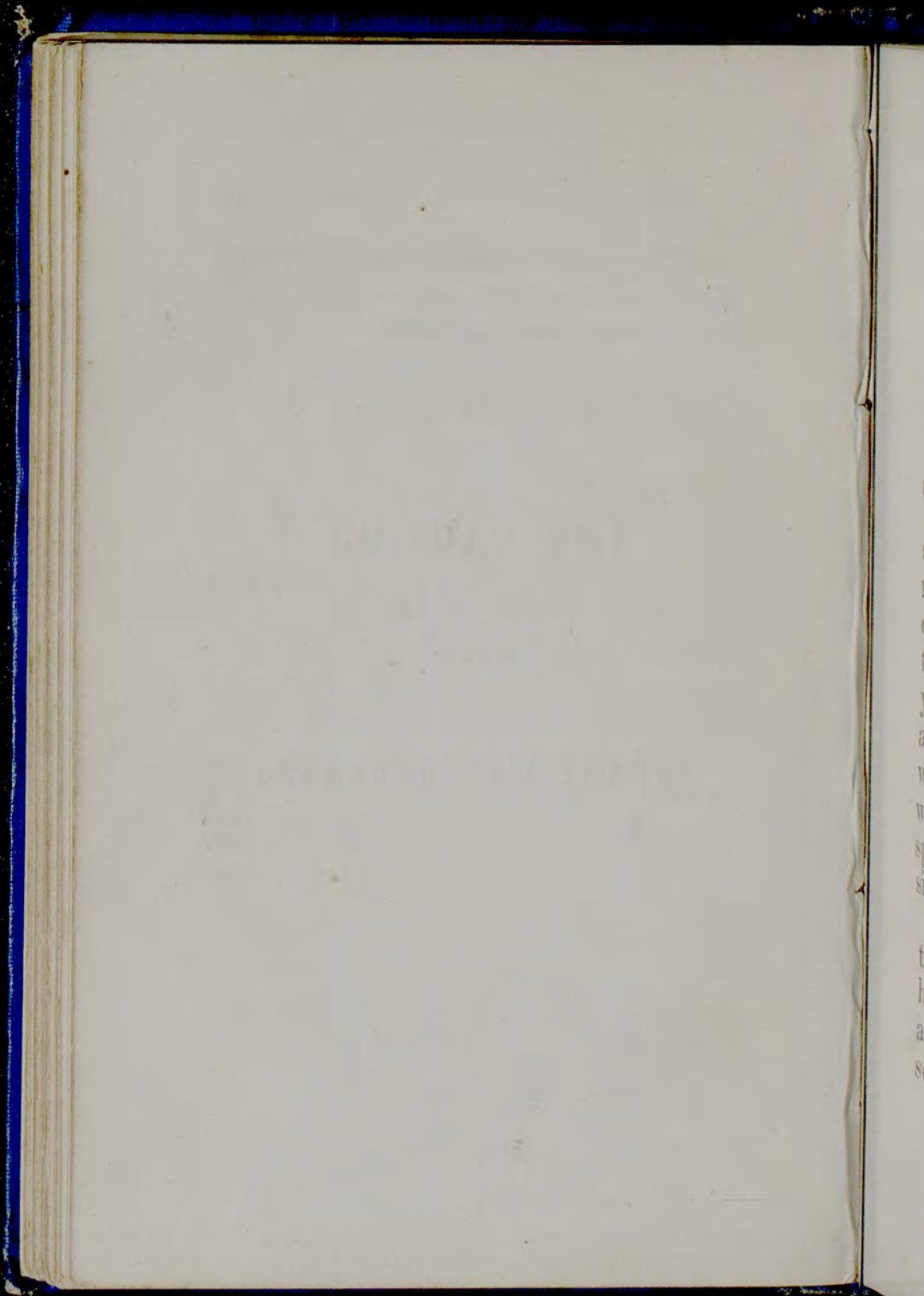
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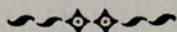
OR

INFANT WATCHFULNESS



THE CAUTION,

&c.



THERE lived once in a pleasant country village, a gentleman and lady, who had four little children; and when the eldest of these was nine years old, and the youngest three, their mother was attacked with a violent fever, which left her so exceedingly weak, that she was ordered to spend several weeks by the sea side.

It was not convenient to her to take any of her children with her, and therefore she procured an elderly person, (who had for several years been accustomed

to spend some time in the house to make clothes for the children,) to take charge of them during her absence. She was a person of very good manners, and generally supposed to be religious.

The little girls slept in one room, each in a white dimity bed, and the two little boys slept in a light closet that opened into this room; and Mrs. Ursula, for that was the name of the elderly person, was to sleep in one of the white beds with the youngest girl, whose name was Louisa. This little girl was five years old; and Margaret, who was nine, slept in the other bed. Richard, who was seven, and the youngest child, whose name was Arthur, slept in the closet; and Mrs. Ursula was to dress the children, and take them a walking, and hear them their les-

sons, and sit with them all the day in their mamma's little school-room; and the servants had nothing to do for them but to clean their rooms, and wash their clothes, and provide their meals. And so their papa and mamma thought that they had taken very good care of their little ones during their absence: yet when the time came for them to take leave of their children, they were very sorrowful, especially their mamma.

The evening before she set out she called them into her room, and took little Arthur on her lap, and bade the rest sit down on a low bench at her feet; and she said to them, as she wiped away the tears from her eyes, "I am very sorry, my dear little children, to leave you, but it is the will of God that I should; for I

am so ill and weak now, that I can hardly do any thing for you, and I trust, when I come back, that I shall be able to take care of you, and teach you as I used to do. I hope that you will be very happy with Mrs. Ursula, and do whatever she bids you. And you must often think of the things which I have taught you, and when you do any thing naughty, remember to pray immediately to God to forgive you, and to give you his grace, for without his help you can never do any thing good. O! how happy are those little children who are always washing their robes and making them white in the blood of the Lamb! These little children have their hearts full of innocent joy: every flower they gather, every bird they hear singing in the trees, every bee

that buzzes over their heads, and every butterfly that flies on silken wings, gives them pleasure, because they love God, and know that he loves them.

“ My dear children, I have often visited your little beds when you were warmly wrapped up, and reminded you to ask yourselves what naughty things you had done in the past day, and to beg God’s forgiveness for them, that if the messenger of death should come in the night, he might find your garments white, and all spots of sin washed away.—O, Margaret! my dear Margaret! remind your little brothers and sister of these things, when I am far far away; then we shall have a happy meeting whether in this world or the next.”

Then the lady kissed her little

children, and the two eldest cried very much. The next morning all the family got up very early, and the children saw their papa and mamma go away in a one-horse carriage. They stood at the garden gate watching the little carriage as it wound up a steep hill, between a wood on one side, and sloping orchards on the other, and when the carriage came up to the top of the hill they saw their mamma wave her handkerchief to them, and then the carriage by degrees got quite out of sight. First, they saw the wheels, then the top of the carriage, then their papa's hat, and last of all they saw only the top of the whip which was in his hand, and when this was out of sight, Margaret burst again into tears. And Richard, having sat awhile in thought upon the gate-

post, jumped down suddenly, whistling as he jumped; and pulling out his knife, he cut a stick, and began to ride upon it, calling to Louisa to come with him, saying, "I will be papa, and you shall be mamma, and we will be going to the sea."

Mrs. Ursula soon afterwards came out, and carried little Arthur into the house, but Margaret staid where she was; for when she had dried up her tears, she took out of her pocket a little book which her papa had given her the night before, and she sat down on the grass to read it.

Mrs. Ursula was very busy making some arrangements within the house, and therefore she left the children to do as they pleased all the morning. A little before dinner-time she called them into the house, and brushed

their hair, and made them wash their hands.* When dinner was over, she gave them leave to play for a short time; and afterwards she called the three eldest to business, while Arthur continued to play, as was his custom, with various little contrivances of his own, without disturbing his brother and sisters.

Margaret and Louisa were employed with needle-work, and Richard read Robinson Crusoe aloud. Mrs. Ursula was engaged in repairing a frock. Every thing went on for half an hour with as much propriety as if their papa and mamma were actually in the room. But about an hour before tea-time, the cook came into the school-room without knocking at the door, and she had her knitting in her hand, and a clean apron on; and she

walked up to the window, and stood leaning against it, and Mrs. Ursula seemed to have forgotten that Richard was reading; for she began to talk to the cook, and asked her a great many questions, and they talked of many things which the children did not understand: so by and by Richard got up from his seat, and began to play with Arthur on the floor; and as he was throwing a little ball, he tossed it by accident through the window, and he ran out of doors to look for it, and among the flowers he saw a butterfly, and he forgot his book, and ran after the butterfly, watching where it would go, till he was got into a little meadow into which the garden led; and Mrs. Ursula never missed him till the house-maid brought in the tea-things. After

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a long search he was found, and Mrs. Ursula was very angry that he had run away.

About a week passed almost in the same way as this evening had done.

Mrs. Ursula was very particular in having the children neat and clean, and ready for all their meals: in these respects she did what their mamma desired, and she always made them learn some part of their lessons. But whenever any body came into the room that would talk to her, she seemed quite to forget the children; and she would often leave them for a long while together, and go into the kitchen to talk to the servants, or any body who happened to call.

At the end of a week, I am sorry to say that Richard and Louisa were become very wild

and unruly: for whenever Mrs. Ursula went into the kitchen, or any body came into the school-room to talk to her, they would make their escape, and go and play in the garden; and sometimes they would not come back when they were called.

Margaret did not disobey Mrs. Ursula, and she tried to spend her time profitably, though she could not do all the things which her mamma had desired her to do; because, when she could say her lesson, or her work wanted setting, Mrs. Ursula was very often not in the way to attend to her. Nobody reminded these little children of God, or of heavenly things, or shewed them the danger they were in; but Margaret tried to remember the wise and holy instructions which her dear papa and mamma had given

her, and as she lay down in her bed at night, she would think of the naughty things she had done in the day, and pray for forgiveness, and she would often remind her brothers and sister to do the same.

I think nobody who has heard what I have told them can be very much pleased with Mrs. Ursula; they must think that she did not try to please God in what she did, or else she would have taken as much care of these little children when their mamma was not by, as when she was looking at her; indeed, she would have taken more care of them, because they were intrusted to her, and their papa and mamma could do nothing for them. But nobody can guess what a very wicked woman she was; and indeed I hardly like to tell about it myself.

She always tried to appear very good among ladies and gentlemen, because she thought that it would make them employ her, and she should get more money by it; but all the time her heart was full of wickedness, and she delighted in thinking of such things as Christians should never think of. And now I am sorry to say it soon appeared how very wicked she was.

When she had had the care of these little children about a week or ten days, she found that Richard would not mind her, and she could not get him to come to bed at night; and she began to be afraid that the servants and other persons in the village should know this, and should carry the report of it to his mamma at her return; so one day she told Richard, that if he would go to bed

every night at eight o'clock, she would tell him a story and sing him a song.

Richard's mamma had often sung to him holy songs as she sat by his bedside at night, and she had told him sweet stories of children, who through faith had pleased God in their lifetime, and were gone to walk in the golden streets of the heavenly Jerusalem. But Mrs. Ursula's songs were not holy, and her stories were about wicked children, and the wicked things they had done: such stories as Satan would delight to have told in nurseries, to corrupt innocent babes, and prepare them to be tormented by his wicked angels.

Margaret cried when she heard Mrs. Ursula tell these things, and at first Richard did not very much like them; but in a little while he

became used to these stories and songs, and then he learned to like them and to laugh at them; and Mrs. Ursula taught him and Louisa many very naughty things, such as I would not repeat to you if I could remember them, for I wish to forget all naughty things when I hear of them. But Margaret would not learn from her, and she would often tell Richard and Louisa that Mrs. Ursula was very naughty to teach them such things; and when she heard her little brother Arthur with flaxen hair, who could not speak without lisping, try to repeat some of the naughty words Mrs. Ursula used to say, she would cry as if her heart would break.

While all these sad things were going on among the little children, their papa and mamma at a distance were daily thinking

of their little ones at home, and praying for them.

Their mamma got better every day, and in a little while she was able to walk upon the sea-shore, where she picked up sea-shells, and carefully laid them by in little scarlet bags, which she was preparing as presents for the children; and their papa often climbed the rocks, and gathered mountain pinks and other rare flowers, which he dried for the children; and he bought a little ship for Richard, with three masts.

As they walked by the sea-side, and saw the waves dashing their white foam against the rocks, they wished for their little children to see them too, and the sea-gulls also, and the weeds with many delicate fibres; and when they climbed the rocks they would often look to the distant

hills, and think of their little ones far beyond them, playing in the green meadows at home.

At last their mamma became quite strong again, and the time for her return and that of their papa was come, and the little ship and the shells were carefully packed up, and they set off on their journey home in their one-horse carriage.

They were two or three days in returning home. They had had several letters from a lady in the neighbourhood, who often called upon the children, and she always sent word to their papa and mamma that she found them very neat and in good order, and that Mrs. Ursula gave a very good account of them. This lady sent word to Mrs. Ursula when she was to expect the children's papa and mamma at home, for they

had written to fix the time for their return.

When the expected day was come, Mrs. Ursula saw that every thing belonging to the children was put into perfect order, and, after dinner, she made them very clean and neat, and then she called them to her, and desired them to promise that they would not tell their papa and mamma what things she had taught them.

Richard and Louisa promised in a minute that they would not tell: but Margaret said, "Ma'am, you have not taught *me* any thing, for I would not learn it."

Then Mrs. Ursula pretended to laugh; and she said, "Well, then, will you promise not to tell what I have taught your brother and sister?"

"I hope mamma will not ask me," answered Margaret.

“If you will make me this promise,” said Mrs. Ursula, “I will send you some beautiful pieces of cotton of all colours to make frocks for your doll.”

“Do not make me promise,” answered Margaret, bursting out a crying.

“You are an obstinate little creature,” said Mrs. Ursula.

“Never mind her,” cried Richard; “I dare say she won’t tell.”

“She had best not,” said Mrs. Ursula, in a very terrible voice.

Just then, the housemaid came into the room, and asked what was the matter with Miss Margaret.

“Nothing,” answered Mrs. Ursula: and while the housemaid staid with Mrs. Ursula, asking her some questions, Margaret went out of the room and stole

into her mamma's bed-chamber. Here, in her difficulties, she had often gone by herself to pray to God for grace and to ask for comfort when she was treated unkindly: for Mrs. Ursula did not love her, because she would not learn the naughty things she wanted to teach her.

Margaret now felt very much afraid, lest Mrs. Ursula should make her promise to hide all her wickedness: and she knelt down, and laid her head upon her mamma's great chair, and prayed that God would pity a poor little sorrowful child, and make her able to do what was right, for Jesus Christ's sake. Sweet thoughts of comfort came into her mind, and, when she rose from her knees, she wiped away her tears, and she felt that God would take care of her. It was very pleasant, too,

to see her mamma's room quite ready for her, the white dimity covers upon the chairs, the window-curtains put up, and her mamma's great Bible ready laid upon the little table by her arm-chair.

Just then, she heard Mrs. Ursula's step, and she was afraid she was coming to call her to make her give her the promise she required. But at that very minute Richard's voice sounded loud under the window, calling out, "I see them! I see them at the very top of the hill!" and all the house was full of bustle in a minute. In the midst of the hurry, Margaret ran down stairs without being seen by Mrs. Ursula; and Richard called to her, and bade her run into the green lane with him to meet their papa and mamma.

I cannot give you any account of the meeting between these little children and their parents; you may guess how pleasant it was: yet Richard did not feel happy, because he knew he was a naughty boy.

Mrs. Ursula did not sleep that night in the children's room, because it was next to their papa's and mamma's bed-chamber; and they did not now want her to take care of them in the night.

As soon as Margaret was dressed the next morning, she went to her mamma, and she never left her all the morning, lest Mrs. Ursula should get hold of her.

That afternoon Mrs. Ursula was to go home, because a lady who lived in the same town with her, wanted her very much to do some work for her.

Before she went away, she gave

a long account to their mamma of the children's good behaviour, and she took leave of the children as if she loved them very much, and she spoke very kindly to Margaret, and promised to send her some new things for her doll by the servant who took her home. She thought that this would persuade Margaret not to tell any thing about her, though she could not get her by herself to make her give the promise she wanted.

The children's papa and mamma thanked Mrs. Ursula for her kindness to their little ones, and paid her very handsomely for the trouble she had had.

As soon as she was gone, and the children were all collected together, their mamma began to take more notice of their manners and behaviour than she had

been able to do since her return, and she thought that there was something in the behaviour of the three youngest which she had never seen in them before, and which she did not like. She thought that they did not look so happy as usual, and did not seem so easily pleased, though they laughed loud, and were very noisy: and when the servant came home, and brought back a very nice parcel full of pretty pieces of coloured cotton, tied up and directed to Margaret, she was very much surprised by observing that the little girl was not pleased to receive them. She just opened the parcel, and looked at it, and then put it away; and when Louisa asked her to let her see those pretty pieces of cotton, she answered, "Not now, Louisa."

“It is very kind of Mrs. Ursula to send you those nice pieces,” said Margaret’s mamma: “I am sure you ought to be much obliged to her.”

Margaret coloured, but made no answer, and her mamma said nothing more to her about them at that time; and soon afterwards the little girl put away the parcel into her work-bag.

All that evening she was very silent, but Richard talked a great deal.

After breakfast the next morning, Margaret’s mamma called her into her room, and she said to her, “My dear little girl, I have now unpacked every thing I have brought from the sea;” and as she spoke she raised up a handkerchief which covered several things which were laid upon a chest of drawers, and she

brought to view the ship, and the bags of shells, and several other very curious things. "Do you think, Margaret," continued her mamma, "that I may give you these things? Mrs. Ursula gives you all a very good character—do you think you deserve it?"

Margaret coloured, and was silent; at last she answered, "May I go a little while by myself? and then I will tell you, mamma."

Her mamma gave her leave; so she went into her bed-chamber, and knelt down and prayed to be shewn what she ought to do. Then she ran down stairs and called for Richard, and she said to him, "Richard, you know that Mrs. Ursula tried to teach us some very naughty things, and I think that we ought to tell papa and mamma all about it."

"I shall not tell," answered

Richard, "for I promised I would not."

"But I have not promised," said Margaret, "and besides, Richard, we must not keep wicked promises: if we ought not to have made them, I think we ought not to keep them."

"Well, then, you may tell, and mamma won't be angry with you, for you have done nothing wrong; but it is not very kind of you to tell of us."

"But how shall you bear to hear papa and mamma call you a good boy, and give you a reward?" said Margaret.

"Have papa and mamma brought us any thing from the sea?"

"Yes, they have," answered Margaret: "but, Richard, you had better tell papa and mamma all you have done, and be punish-

ed for it; for you will never enjoy any thing they give you while you are deceiving them, and they are thinking you are good, when you know you are very wicked."

Richard began to whistle.

"Come, dear Richard, with me," continued Margaret, "and tell mamma every thing." So she led him gently towards the house door, but when he was just got within the house, he pulled himself away from her, and ran through the garden into the meadow beyond. Margaret stood still for several minutes, thinking what she ought to do, and then she turned into the house, and went to look for her work-bag, and taking out of it Mrs. Ursula's parcel, she went up into her mamma's room with a steady step, and without speaking she put the parcel into her hand.

“What do you give me this for?” said her mamma.

“Because, mamma, I do not like to have any thing to do with it,” answered Margaret; “it was given me to persuade me to do something that I think very naughty. Mrs. Ursula is a very naughty woman,” added Margaret, “and she has been trying to teach us all to be very naughty too, and she wanted me to promise that I would not tell you of it; but I would not promise, though I am afraid I should have done it that day if you, dear mamma, had not come home just when you did.”

Here Margaret burst into tears. The colour came into her mamma's face, and she almost trembled; then sitting down on her arm chair, she called Margaret to her, and as soon as the child

could speak for crying, she bid her explain herself, and tell her what naughty things Mrs. Ursula had tried to teach her.

Margaret, after standing silent for some minutes, knelt down, and hiding her face on her mamma's lap, she began to tell her as well as she could the sad story of Mrs. Ursula's wickedness; and when she had finished, she said, "But Richard could tell you more, mamma, for I often put my face under the bed-clothes, and stopped my ears, when Mrs. Ursula was talking."

"You have told me enough," answered her mamma, with a very deep sigh.

There was a long silence. At last, Margaret's mamma rose from her seat, and bidding Margaret stay where she was, she went into the children's room, and calling

for the housemaid, she asked her several questions about Mrs. Ursula, by which she thought she might gain some knowledge of her conduct. The housemaid was a very young woman, but she feared God, and would not tell a lie, and she answered all the questions that were put to her as honestly as she could.

Margaret's mamma then went in search of her papa into his study, and she repeated to him the very very sad story which Margaret had told her. I cannot tell you what he said, or how much shocked he was. After they had talked a *long* while together, they rang the bell, and ordered a servant to bring Richard and Louisa and little Arthur into the study.

Richard was very much frightened when he was sent for, be-

cause his conscience told him that he had been a very wicked boy: and as soon as his papa began to speak to him, and he heard the tone of his voice, and saw his angry countenance, he fell on his knees before him, and he cried out, "I have been a naughty boy, papa, a very naughty boy; but it was Mrs. Ursula that taught me to be so naughty."

"It was your wicked heart that made you listen to Mrs. Ursula," said his papa. He then asked Richard several questions; and he told him how exceedingly wicked he had been, and that, if he did not leave off the practice of those shocking things which Mrs. Ursula had taught him, he would be fit only to live with Satan and his angels. Then he was silent for a long while; and, at last, he told Ri-

chard that he should think it his duty to punish him severely.

“But, papa, you will not punish Margaret,” answered Richard: “she has not been naughty; she would not listen to Mrs. Ursula; and she tried to hinder us from it, but we would not attend to her.”

His papa told him, that he should not punish Margaret, and he was very thankful that she had not concealed the conduct of her brothers and sister.

Now in what way the father of these children thought it right to punish them, I cannot tell; but I have heard that his punishment was very severe, especially that of Richard; Louisa was also punished very much; and little Arthur stood by all the time, and was told why his brother and sister were punished. While this

was being done, their mamma went up into her room, and she knelt down, and prayed to God to make the little children the better for this sad chastisement, and she desired Margaret to do the same.

Some time after this punishment was over, I cannot tell how long, Richard and Louisa were called into their mamma's room, and she talked to them in a very solemn manner respecting their late conduct, and read to them several texts in the Bible, some of which I shall put down here.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. (Matt. v. 8.)

He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. (Gal. vi. 8.)

Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. (Heb. xii. 14.)

These texts were written down the next day by Richard, and learned by heart.

After this, she led them to the place where she had arranged their little rewards, and lifting up the covering, she shewed them to the children, saying, "These things we collected for you when we were a long way from you, for we hoped we had little children at home, who were serving God, and trying to please him." Here Louisa burst out a crying again, and Richard said, "But, mamma, you have given Margaret what she was to have? for indeed she has been a good girl."

"Margaret does not like to receive the present which I have brought for her, while it

is necessary for us to withhold yours."

The little children stood in silence by their mamma, while she thus added, "When I have watched over your conduct some time, and am satisfied with it, I shall then let you have these things."—So saying, she covered the ship and the bags of shells, and returned to her seat, and the little children followed her and stood by her without speaking, looking up in her face with very sorrowful countenances.

Their mamma thought that they seemed humble and penitent, and she spoke more kindly to them than she had done at first; and she told them that she should now read to them a story about a little boy, which she hoped they would always remember. So she went to her

writing-desk, and took out of it a small manuscript, at the beginning of which was written, "*The History of Fair Hope*;" and bidding the children sit down at her feet, she began to read as follows.

The History of Fair Hope.

THERE was once a little, dirty, ragged boy, who had no friends, and was employed in doing very hard work for a very wicked master. One day he was met by the son of the King of the country, who saw his ragged, miserable state, and pitied him, and said to him, "My poor child, if you will come with me, I will employ you among my servants, and I will give you a new dress, and have you washed and made clean. So the child followed the King's

son, and he led him up a high hill to the court of a beautiful palace, which was built of the finest marble; and on that side of the palace which the boy saw, there was a row of pillars, supporting the roof of a long passage, which opened into a hall within.

The hall was paved with beautiful stones, and surrounded by orange trees and various perfumed shrubs, bearing flowers which sent forth a delicious smell, and fruits also of a very exquisite appearance. The hall was filled with harpers and other musicians, who produced the most delightful melody.

What was beyond this hall could not be seen from without; for it led to many noble suites of rooms, which were in the front of the palace; and these were said

to be so glorious, that Solomon possessed nothing that could be compared to them: and it was said, that the view of the country seen from these rooms was more lovely than the Garden of Eden.

The court upon which the open gallery looked, and into which the child was led, was at the back of the palace; it was paved with white stone, and was surrounded with a variety of low but regular buildings of excellent workmanship, in which the inferior servants of the King were employed; and such of these servants who were tried and approved, had in due time offices appointed them to wait upon the King's immediate person, to stand within his palace day and night, and see his glory. In the middle of the court was

a fountain ever springing, most inviting and refreshing to the eyes.

When the King's son arrived within the court, he called one of his ministering servants, and bid him take the child, and wash him in the fountain; and as soon as this was done, he ordered him to be clothed in a garment of pure white, and a seal to be set on his forehead.

When the child was washed and clothed, and his forehead sealed, he was exceedingly beautiful. Then the King said to him, "I have called you to be one of my family, and made you my servant, and you shall work for me in my courts; and if you are a faithful servant, I will take you by and by to live in my presence within my palace. But I shall always expect to find you

employed in my work, and with your garments white ; or the day will come when I shall turn you out of my courts, and you will again become the slave of your old master, whose delight will be to torment you."

Then the King gave the child into the care of one of his servants, and he was taken into an apartment, where were many other children dressed in white like himself, and he was ordered to call them brothers and sisters ; and employment was found for him in the King's service ; also suitable food was given him from time to time, and he was indulged with such innocent amusement as children require for their solace and refreshment.

I ought here to mention, that the King's son gave to the little boy the name of *Fair Hope*.

Twice a day at least the children were ordered to wash themselves in the fountain, for dust was continually flying even into the King's courts from the enemies' country without, and the children's clothes were perpetually becoming soiled. They had leave also frequently in the day to walk in the King's gallery, and once in a week they were admitted into the hall where the harpers played, and the beautiful flowers grew. This was indeed a very great privilege; for here they might hearken to music that ravished their souls, and gather up the orange blossoms and other sweet-scented buds and fragrant apples which fell from these immortal plants, and carry them home for their refreshment during the week.

Sometimes they were permit-

ted to look through a window in the inner part of the hall, by means of which they could faintly discern some of the glory of the inner parts of the palace, and even the skirts of the King's clothes, and they thought that they could see the King's servants walking about in raiment of embroidery, and gold, and pearls, and their countenances appeared to them exceedingly beautiful.

Now they could not look long through this window, because the sight was too brilliant; but the remembrance of what they had seen often made their hearts to burn within them, and caused them to do their master's work with great delight, and filled them with earnest longings to dwell within the King's immediate presence.

When the old master of this little boy discovered that he was quite gone from him, he was very angry, and he said to himself, "I shall lose the pleasure of tormenting this child, what shall I do? I must send forth some of my messengers to try to entice him out of the King's courts, and to persuade him to soil his clothes. I will not send Impatience, or Self-will, or Greediness, or Idleness, for these are children with whom he has so often played, that he will know them at first sight, and will run away from them; but I will send my faithful old servant Carnal-delight, and I will put on him his best clothes, and he shall take a book in his hand, so that he may deceive Fair Hope, and I will teach him how to soil the child's white dress.

So he called for Carnal-delight, and instructed him what to do: and Carnal-delight put on a very saintly look, and went up the hill where the palace stood, and seated himself on a great stone by the entrance of the King's courts; and he brought with him a basket of tempting fruit, intermingled with green leaves, and the buds and blossoms of flowers; but these fruits and flowers were of a deadly nature.

It was not long before Fair Hope crossed the court, and saw Carnal-delight reading; and he fancied that he must be one of the King's servants, and, attracted by the smell of the fruit and flowers which peeped from the basket, he went up to him, and asked him where those beautiful flowers came from?

Carnal-delight immediately stopped reading, and presented Fair Hope with a nosegay. He held up also before him a bunch of purple grapes, and invited him to taste them; but he did not tell him where they grew, and Fair Hope was so enchanted by their smell and appearance, that he put out his hand to take them without asking any further questions: and while he turned them about in his hand, looking at them, and smelling them, and plucking grape by grape, to put into his mouth, Carnal-delight began to talk to him, and ask him many questions about his way of life, and his companions, and professed greatly to love the King's son. So Fair Hope spent a great deal of time in talking to him, and eating of his fruit; and he was extremely well pleased, and had

no wish to leave the old man's company: but at length evening drew on, and he began to fear that he should be missed; so he arose to depart, and then he perceived for the first time that his dress was exceedingly soiled and stained by the juice of the fruit which he had been eating; and he looked very much disturbed, and he said to the old man, "Can the water of the fountain wash away these stains?" Then the deceitful old man replied, "The water of the fountain cannot wash them away, but I will shew you a pool not far off, where you may wash them out." So Carnal-delight shewed him a small pond on the borders of a common, and here Fair Hope tried to wash his robe, but it was now so dark, that he could not see whether it was made clean.

Then Fair Hope took his leave of Carnal-delight, but not before he had made the old man a promise to meet him the next day.

All that night Fair Hope dream-ed of the old man ; and he awoke the next morning full of eager desires to taste his fruit again and smell his flowers : and no sooner did he perceive Carnal-delight at his post, than he left the work which the King's servants had commanded him to do, and he ran to place himself at his side, and eat again of his fruit : and this day passed away as the day before had done, and at night he tried to wash himself clean in the pond upon the common.

Another day passed in this sad way, and another day, and still another. And now the evening was come when the children were expected to make particular pre-

paration for visiting the King's hall on the morrow; and on this evening it happened that Fair Hope returned somewhat earlier than usual (before the sun had set) into his master's courts. The children were washing themselves in the fountain, and very fair and delicate did their robes appear; and as Fair Hope looked at himself by the light of the sun, and compared himself with the other children, he felt ashamed: for the water which Carnal-delight had shewn him had no power to wash away the stains of his garments. And the children gathered about him, and looking at these stains, they questioned him about them. Some of them asked him questions concerning the old man in whose company they had seen him, and some reproached him for appearing in such soiled clothes.

Now, though Fair Hope was well aware that his garments were soiled, yet he answered, in angry language, that his robes were as white and clean as those of his companions.

While this discourse was passing among Fair Hope and his companions, one of the children, a little girl called Innocent Love, was sitting apart from the rest in the King's gallery. She had washed herself clean in the fountain, and had withdrawn herself into the gallery, to walk alone, and meditate upon the pleasures which she expected to enjoy the next day in the King's hall: and, as she walked along, she sang to herself—

“ The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.”

But when she heard the discourse between the children, she ceased to sing, and sat herself down to listen to what was going on; and no sooner did she hear the replies that Fair Hope made to his companions, than she went up to him, and led him into the gallery, and thus addressed herself to him:—

“ Oh, Fair Hope! Oh, my brother! I am very much afraid for you. I have missed you all the week from our master’s courts: you have not been employed in his work, and you have been seen in the company of strangers; and now your robes are soiled and stained, so as I never saw them before. O make haste to wash them, and be ready with us to-morrow to gather up the orange blossoms and pomegranates, and feed upon the apples which fall from the King’s trees. To-mor-

row we shall see the skirts of the King's clothing, and hear his harpers harping with their harps."

Fair Hope did not like to listen to his sister, and he drew away his hand from hers, and turned his back upon her. Then she followed after him, and looking up in his face, with tears in her eyes, she said to him, "Has not our master told us that, unless we keep our robes white, we shall never be admitted into the King's palace? and are not his watchmen continually sent forth to fetch his servants home? and if they are not found with their robes white, are they not cast into the prisons of darkness?— Oh, Fair Hope, my brother! how can I bear to think of your dwelling in these prisons for ever?" Then Innocent Love began to cry; but Fair Hope did not re-

gard her, and he ran away from her, and he went to sleep again without washing himself in the fountain.

When the next day came, Fair Hope did not go with the other children into the hall of the King's palace; but one of the King's servants was in great pity sent to him, to warn him that he would shortly be called for, and that he must get himself ready to appear in the royal palace, for that the King's son was willing that he should come and dwell in his presence for ever. And the messenger told him, that the fountain would wash away the stains which the fruit had made in his robes: but the heart of Fair Hope was hardened through his great love of the company of Carnal-delight, and he said to himself, "I will spend a few

more days with this pleasant old man, and will eat a little more of his fruit; (for I dare say the King will not send for me yet, because I have been only a little time in these courts;) and afterwards I will wash my robes in the fountain, and I will leave off visiting the old man."

When Fair Hope had resolved this in his mind, he became very uneasy, and he was greatly troubled by looking at the whiteness of the children's robes; and so he determined that he would try to get their clothes soiled like his: and the same night, when the children were all laid down to sleep, he awoke them, and told them that the old man with whom he had made acquaintance brought him every day delightful fruit and beautiful flowers, and he invited his companions to go

with him the next morning just to look at his flowers and taste his fruit.

I am sorry to say, that Fair Hope at last succeeded in persuading all his companions to go with him except Innocent Love—

“ Among the faithless, faithful only she,”—

and no one took heed to her tears and entreaties: for she earnestly besought the children to remain within the King's courts.

Carnal-delight was very glad to see so many children, and he entertained them with his fairest flowers and choicest fruit, and they spent the day in his company, and returned at night with their robes soiled and stained like those of Fair Hope, and they all lay down in their beds without washing themselves in the fountain.

Now when the children were fast asleep, and the hour of midnight had struck, the King's watchman came as a thief into the room, and he went to the bed of Fair Hope; but behold, his garments were so soiled that there was no appearance of white about them. Then the watchman was sorry, because it was expected that the children should keep their robes white, waiting for their Lord; and if any child was summoned into the King's presence, and was not found ready, it was the general law, that he should be cast into the dungeon.

So the watchman bound Fair Hope hand and foot, because the King's command was urgent, and as he carried him away the boy awoke, and the watchman told him his errand.

Then did Fair Hope plead for

mercy, and he cried woe to the day that ever he had spoken to Carnal-delight; but he was hurried to the mouth of the pit, and as the door was opened to receive him, the faint sound of harpers from the palace caught his ear, sounds which he should never hear again at all for ever. Then the pit shut her mouth upon him, and he was seen no more.—And none of his companions lamented him except Innocent Love, and these were the words of her lamentation, as she sat and wept in the place where he was last seen.

“Oh Fair Hope! Oh my brother! how sad is the remembrance of you! The King loved you, and would have exalted you to his courts for ever: a crown of gold and a harp were prepared for you; the flowers and the fruits of paradise would have

bloomed for your delight, and holy children were waiting to receive you into their company. But now, you will never see the King in his beauty; you will never see the land that is very far off; you will never taste joy or peace any more. Your dwelling will be in the prisons of darkness for ever! for ever! for ever! Oh that you had been wise! Oh that you had considered these things, while there was yet time! Oh Fair Hope! Oh my brother!"

When this story was finished, the children sat some time silent, the tears running down their cheeks.

I am very happy to say, that the lessons which their papa and mamma gave them on this sad occasion, with the remembrance

of the punishment they had received, made, by the blessing of God, an impression on their mind which was never forgotten. They learned to keep a watch over their thoughts and their lips; they would not listen to a naughty word, nor laugh at a sinful jest; they remembered that the pure in heart are blessed, for they shall see God. They took a sweet and holy pleasure in washing their robes, and making them white in the blood of the Lamb; and in due time he gave them sweet foretastes of the peace and joy, which holy children, who separate themselves from sinners, enjoy in heaven.

We gather sweet flowers in spring, but these flowers are only faint pictures of the immortal flowers of Paradise: so are the heavenly joys we taste on earth,

when compared with those we shall possess in the presence of God for ever. O how happy then are holy children, who live by faith in Jesus Christ, who separate themselves from wicked children, who fear sin, and walk in the ways of holiness!

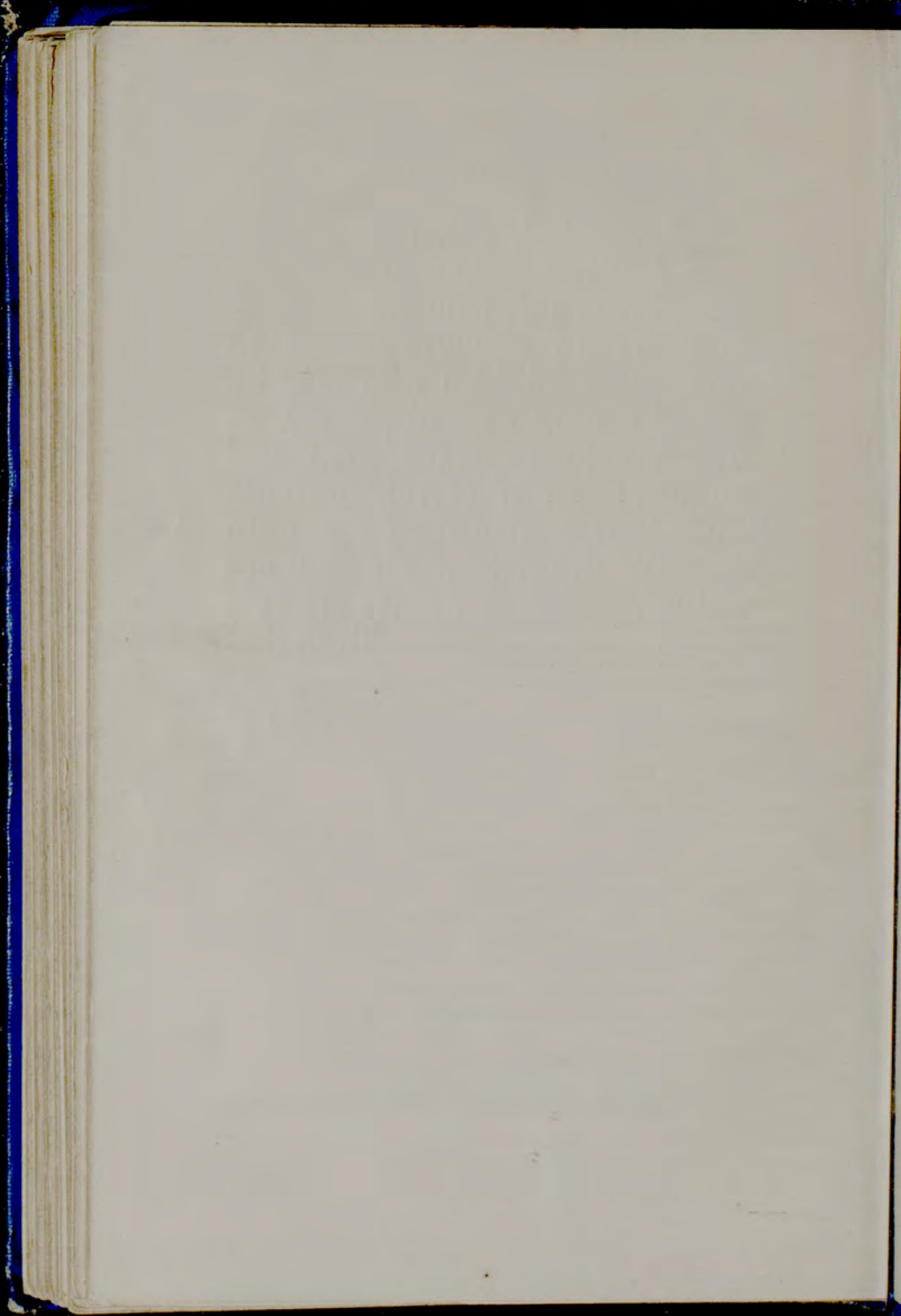
In the course of time, these children were admitted again into favour by their papa and mamma, and enjoyed their love, like Margaret; and the ship and the bags of shells were given to them; and Margaret then received her rewards with great delight.

I am very happy to say, that, as their hatred of sin and their past naughty ways increased, they learned to feel more and more how much they owed to their little faithful sister, who alone had stood firm and remem-

bered her God, when all around were faithless to his cause.

And may this account of Margaret be an encouragement to other little children who may be placed among wicked people, to look up to God for help and comfort! for if earthly parents know how to give good gifts unto their children, how much more will our heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to those children that ask him for it!

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