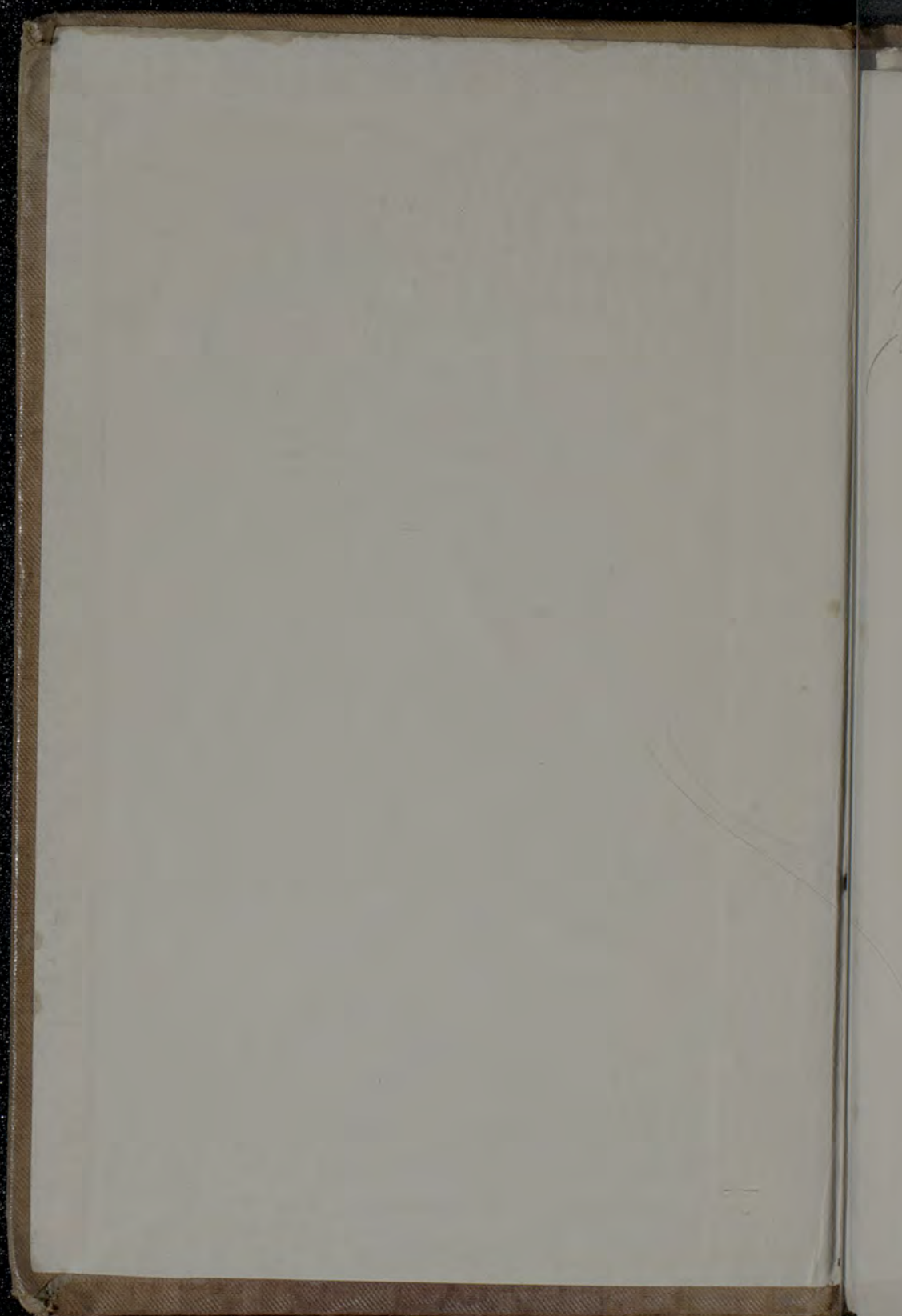
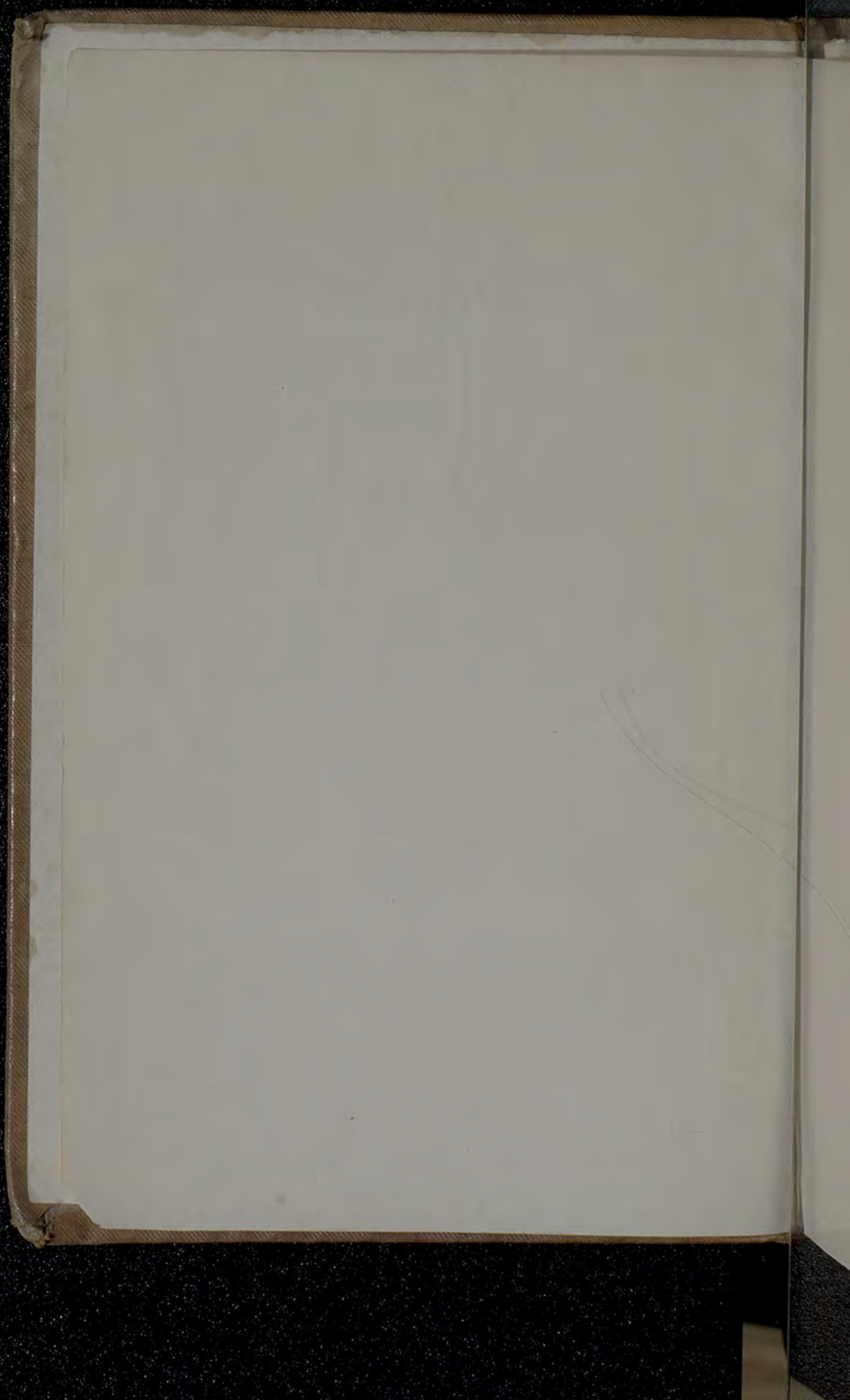
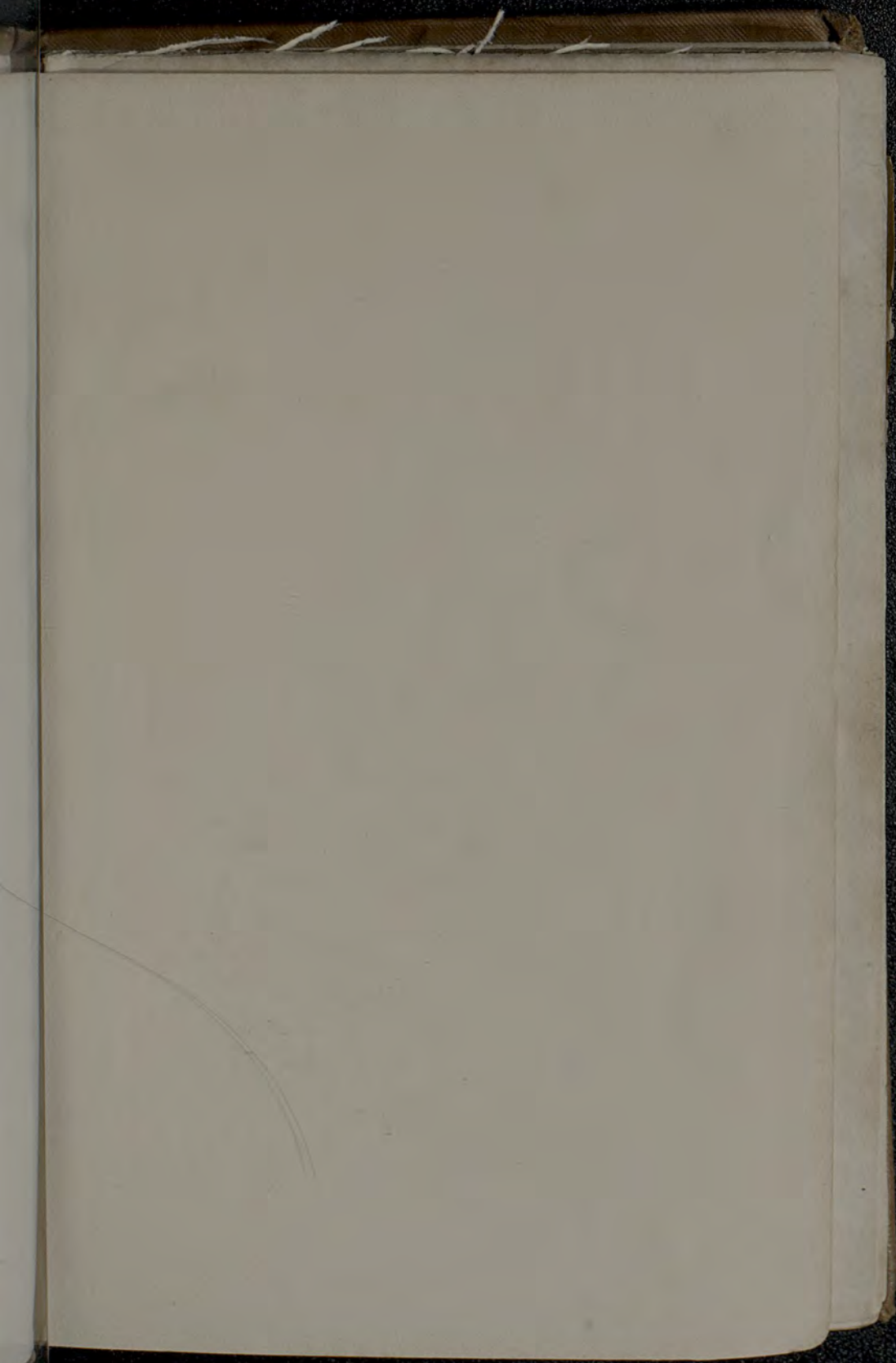
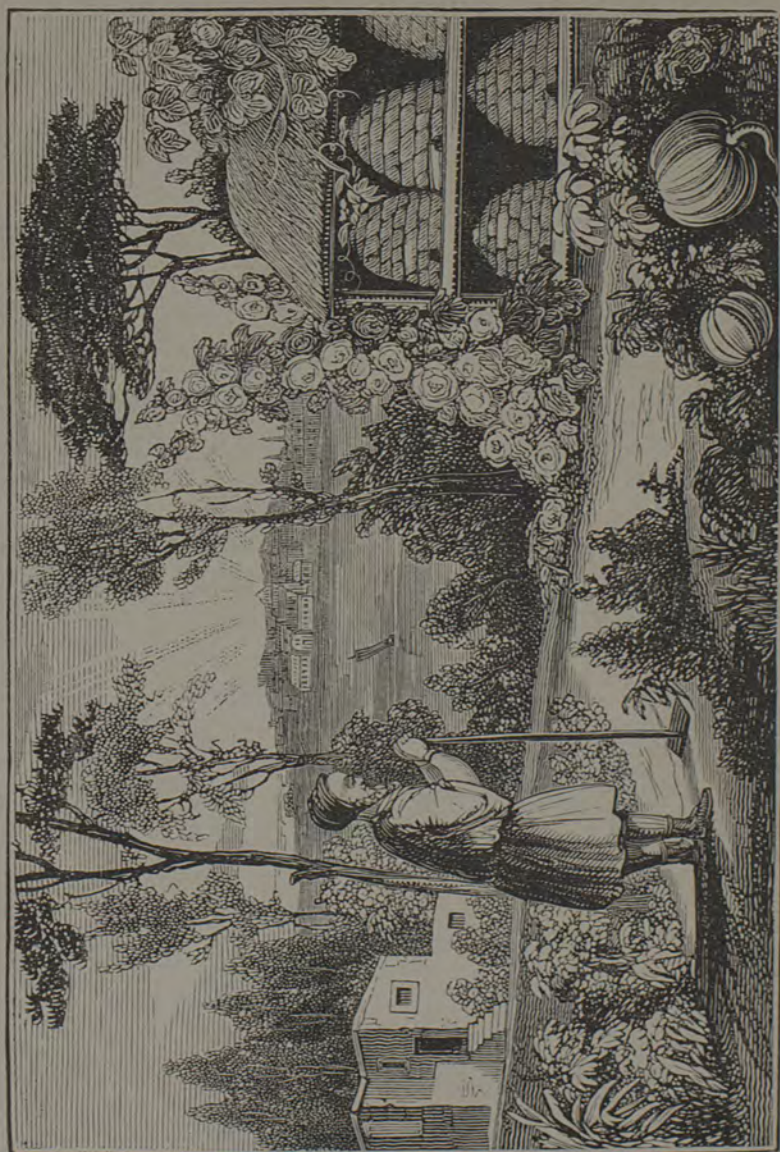




Julia Colson -







THE OLD CORYCIAN IN HIS GARDEN.

CONVERSATIONS

OF A

FATHER

WITH

HIS CHILDREN.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show,
How God himself is found.—KEBLE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING
CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

MDCCCXXXIV.



THE OLD HOUSE IN THE WOODS

CONVERSATIONS

OF A

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THE HISTORY OF

ENGLAND

FROM THE CONQUEST TO THE PRESENT

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall, 1791.

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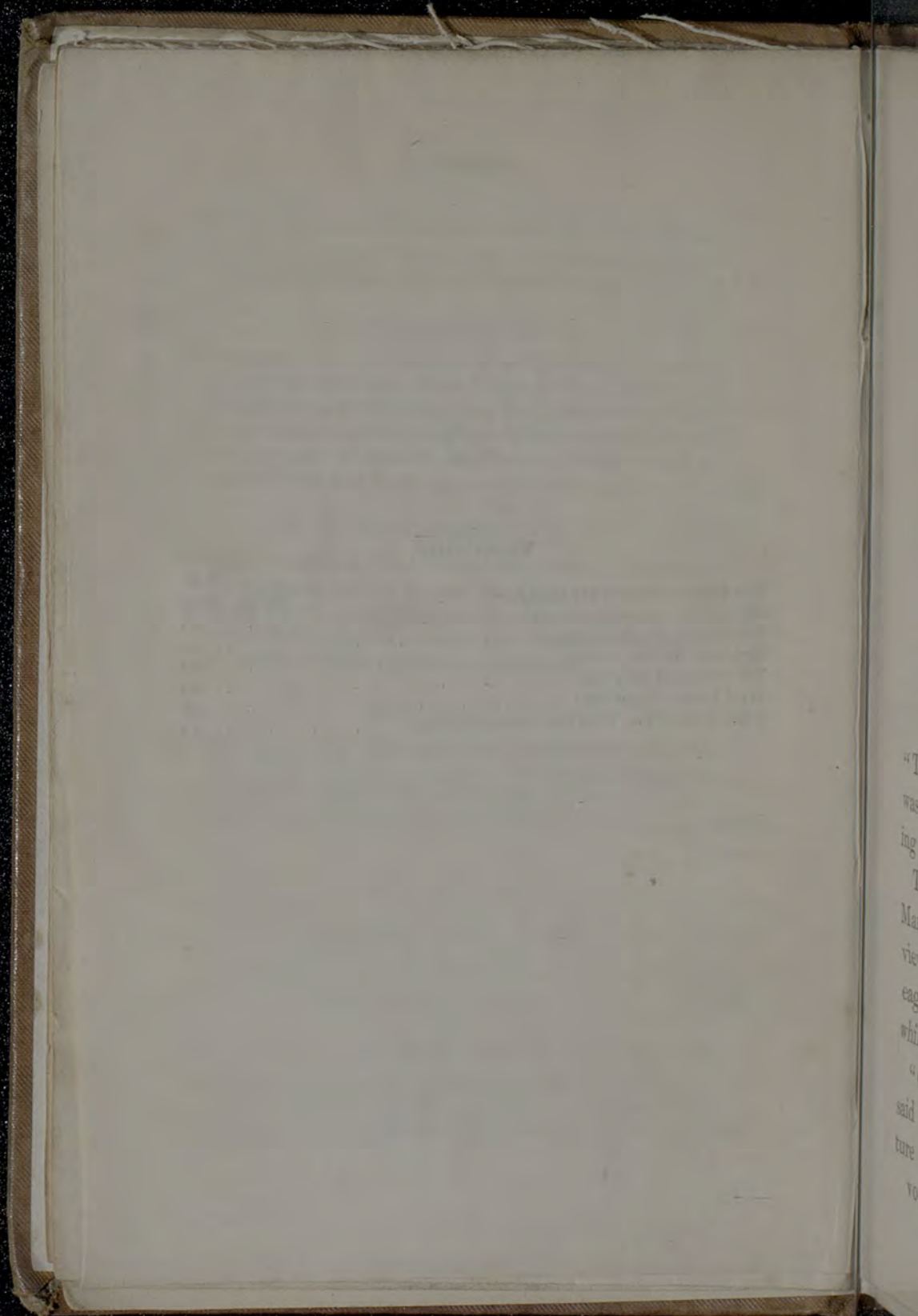
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CONVERSATIONS.

CONVERSATION I.

THE SEA.

The generous ocean whose proud waters bear
The spoil and produce they disdain to wear,
Emblem of God, unchanging, infinite,
Awful alike in loveliness and might,
Rolls still untiring, like the tide of time,
Binds man to man, and mingles clime with clime.—ANON.

“THE sea ! the sea !” exclaimed Charles, who was standing up in the open carriage, and looking out for every object of interest or novelty.

This was a signal for stopping the carriage ; Mary and Henry were so anxious to have a full view of what Charles had proclaimed, that their eagerness could scarcely be satisfied with safety whilst they were in motion.

“Oh, how beautiful ! how very beautiful !” said Mary. “It is very like that beautiful picture in your library, papa, called Sun-set at

Sea: but it is a great deal more beautiful: don't you think so, papa?"

Papa. Far more beautiful, my love. You know a picture, however excellent, is only an imitation; and what you now see is the reality. I perceive, Mary, it goes beyond your expectations.

"Oh, papa, I cannot tell you how much;" replied Mary: "I never expected to see any thing half so beautiful."

"And are those real ships, papa?" said Henry, pointing to some fishing-boats which were just returning with the produce of their toil. "They are very small. Oh! what is that, papa, all white and shining; it looks like a castle, with three white towers? Oh, how beautiful!"

"*That* is a real ship, my man," said his papa, struck with Henry's comparison. "It is a castle—but not the sort of castle you mean. She is a great way off, but I hope you will be able to form a better acquaintance with one of those water-castles before we leave the coast. You remember, Charles, what they are called, as affording defence to our island."

Charles. Oh, yes, papa, I remember very well

—‘The wooden walls of Old England.’ But they are of no use now, are they, papa? We are not at war, and there is no enemy for them to protect us from.”

P. No, Charles; thank the goodness of Providence! Just at present we are at peace with all the world: but Henry can tell us of a fable, for I know he has lately read it, which advises us in time of peace to be always prepared for war. He read it to me yesterday.

Henry. Oh, papa, I think you mean the boar whetting his tusks.

“But, papa,” said Charles, “ought we to follow boars in what they do?”

P. No, my child; but that is not the meaning of a fable. The boar was right in preparing to protect himself, when he had leisure; and a nation is right in employing the time of peace in preparations for self-defence. This is the only point of comparison. But if a people were to seize the first opportunity of making war upon their neighbours because their preparations promised them victory, they would imitate the boar in one of his most hateful qualities, and be guilty of a great crime. I should be very sorry to see

the wooden walls of Old England going to decay, though I hope many a long day will pass before they again open their batteries against an enemy.

Mary. Oh, papa, there is another; oh! and another, and another! How very pretty they are in the sun. I had no idea sails would be so very beautiful.

The short distance they had yet to travel was passed very quickly, and every moment brought out some new object to delight the young travellers. It was a most lovely evening, about six o'clock; not a breeze to ruffle the surface of the ocean. Instead of the waves, and the roar they expected, it was all calm and smooth, as that famed lake which the Northern minstrel paints so sweetly:

“And thus an airy point he won,
Where gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd.”

They were soon lodged in their new abode. It was a cottage in the middle of a very pretty garden. From the drawing-room they had a view of the ocean, though a shrubbery shut it out from the rooms on the ground floor. No-

thing could exceed the delight of the children. After having taken tea, Henry exclaimed "Oh, I should so like to walk on those beautiful sands now!"—"Well, my dears," replied his papa, "how do you feel? tired? ready to go to bed, or ready to take a walk? The sun is very near its setting, and the sea looks lovely. I should wish you to enjoy the view this evening; we must not expect many evenings equally calm and beautiful, and enjoyable in every respect. I am an old traveller now; and one of my earliest lessons, which I learned by experience, was, 'never to put off till to-morrow what may be done well to-day.'"

A very few minutes brought the whole party on the beach: the tide was coming in; but a very wide field of beautiful dry sand was still uncovered, and seemed all but to invite them in words to take advantage of it.

"Oh, papa," said Henry, "do let me pick up a few of these pretty shells! I am so afraid the water will cover them; and then I shall lose them; and I wish very much to take some of the best for our cousins."

"Well, Henry," said his papa, "I think I may promise you, if we live and are well, many

a good opportunity of gathering shells to your heart's content, though I could not promise you many such beautiful evenings. We must not stay out long now, and we had better just take a general view of the coast and the sea, and of our neighbourhood. I will help you another day to gather shells, or pick sea-weed, or make castles and moats, for the tide to wash down; and many other things we may do, harmless and safe, for your amusement; and I don't say papa will not enjoy it with his children. How well I remember when I was a boy, delighting in all such things."

"How much we shall enjoy it!" said Charles; "but I cannot help wishing I had brought Rover and Ranger with us; they would have enjoyed it so much, I am sure."

"And I'm sure, papa," said Henry, "there is such sweet clover on the lawn, my little bunnies would have been very happy here. I hope they are safe! I wish I had them with me."

Mary seemed to be meditating upon something as they were returning to their cottage. "What are you thinking of, my child; Do you want your canary, and to transplant your flower-garden?" asked her father.

“I should like that very well,” said Mary ; “but that was not what I was just then thinking of. Our cottage reminded me of something in the Bible, and I was trying to recollect where it was. It was about a house on the sea-side, just, I thought it might be, like ours. Will you tell me, papa? I am sure you can.”

“Most gladly, my love. You are thinking of Cornelius, who was directed by an angel to go to Joppa, where St. Peter was ‘lodging with one Simon, a tanner, whose house was on the sea-side.’ They show a house at Joppa now, as being on the same spot : indeed, they point to a wall, as part of the old house. There is a very pretty account of it, with some quite natural and pious reflections, in a little book lately published, called *Three Weeks in Palestine*. I know the writer, and shall be glad to read the little book with you. I remember one passage in it, which struck me as very good :—‘Take away the interest of its connexion with St. Peter, and the Signor Damiani’s mansion (that was the name of the master of the house) is forthwith converted into an ill-furnished, uncomfortable Turkish house ; into a single miserable apart-

ment of which, four of us have been crammed, to dove-tail our mattresses as best we can; but suppose it to have once lodged an Apostle, and we would not exchange it for the best hotel in Europe!' I dare say, my love, ours is a far more comfortable house than his. We ought to learn from eye-witnesses what they report of the real discomforts of many foreign parts, whenever we can: it will make us feel our own comforts more, and, if we are not forgetful of what we ought ever to have in mind, it will make us more grateful to our best Benefactor. But, Mary, do you remember one point in which our house must be very different from the one in which Peter lodged? You said you fancied it might be like ours."

M. No, papa, indeed I do not. Will you tell me?

P. Where was Peter when the messengers from Cornelius came to the house?

"Oh! now I remember, papa; and I think I know what you mean," said Mary; "he was on the house-top; and ours is a steep roof, so that is the difference."

P. Yes. In that country they build their

houses with flat roofs, which they often use as store-rooms, or to keep their straw, and flax, and any thing they want to put out of the way. So it was in Jericho, when Rahab "brought the spies to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof." I remember reading in the account of a modern traveller, Dr. Pococke, that he and his friends supped on the roof of the house for coolness, and slept there also, in a sort of closet of wicker-work, without any door, each person having a little cell to himself. There are many passages of the Bible which are made quite clear and plain by an acquaintance with the customs of the people in the eastern countries, but which would appear strange and scarcely intelligible to us in these northern parts without such knowledge. And I do not know a more pleasant or instructive exercise, than for young people to read of eastern habits, and then explain parts of the Holy Scriptures by them.

"Papa," said Mary, "I shall always be glad to read any book which will make the Bible more easy for me to understand. Will you please to give me one?"

P. My love, children have now, in one respect, a great advantage over those who lived many years ago. They have at hand a great variety of books on almost every subject. An excellent friend of ours, Mary, is now kindly engaged in preparing a work, which we shall, I think, find, in these studies, both useful and amusing. He calls it by a long name—*The Bible Encyclopædia*; but I know he writes in a very clear and easy style. I will get the book for you as soon as it is published.—But, Mary, do you remember when Peter was on the top of Simon's house in Joppa, for what purpose he had gone there?

M. I am so glad, papa—I do remember. He went up to pray: was it not so?

P. It was, my love; and I think, if he needed any outward invitation to address God in fervent prayer, the view of the sea would have given it to him. Very probably, the view he had of the sea might have brought before his mind the history of Jonah, who took ship from Joppa, and foolishly thought to escape from the duty to which God had called him. And that recollection might have con-

firmed Peter still more in his duty to Christ. And to us Christians, how many lovely scenes, and awakening scenes too, are brought fresh to our thoughts by these noble views of the great deep! However, my dears, we shall have time to talk of some of these hereafter. We have had a long day's work, and I'm sure you want rest. We shall, I hope, all rise refreshed to-morrow, and ready for new enjoyments in our new abode. Let us now, as Peter did, in our house on the sea-side, commit ourselves to the protection of God's good providence; and then to bed! Good night, dears!



A JOURNEY TO THE SEA-SIDE.

CONVERSATION II.

THE TIDES.

Hither the seas at stated times resort,
And bear the loaded vessels into port;
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.—ADDISON.

“OH! papa,” said Mary, as she came in from a walk in the garden the morning after their arrival at the sea; “how very much higher the water is than it was when we came in last night! Is there no danger of a flood? It is very near the top of the bank; I declare I cannot help thinking of poor Nanny’s cottage, when the river rose all around it, and at last filled the old woman’s kitchen!”

Papa. I do not at all wonder at your fears, Mary, though I believe there is no ground for them. The case of a river overflowing its banks is very different from the rising of the sea. A river is swollen by hard and continued rains, or the melting of snow; and a flood is not only a rare occurrence, but is contrary to the natural

state of the river. In its rising and falling, the sea is in its natural state; it is called the ebbing and the flowing of the tides; and, as you will very soon find, the tide ebbs twice, and flows twice, every twenty-four hours. The sea is so regular in these motions, that the fishermen and mariners belonging to any place can tell exactly the time when the tide has reached its greatest height, which is called high-water, and when it has sunk to the lowest point, or low-water. And I dare say, Mary, it is now nearly arrived at its highest mark; and, without any fear of having our garden overflowed, I shall expect to see it begin to retreat very shortly. You will see in an hour or two. It is easily observed by the wet stones on the beach. But now to your morning business, my dears; we shall enjoy the pleasures of the sea-side, as we used to delight in our amusements at home, with a far greater relish after we have purchased a right to the enjoyment by cheerful and steady labour.

“Papa! papa!” cried Charles, as he ran back from the gate, after their noontide meal, for they seldom dined later than one o’clock, “the sea is

gone back so far, and left all the sands quite dry, a great way further than we saw them last night. Shall we walk and play on them now, papa? Henry is quite impatient for his sand-castle, which he says you promised to help us to make."

P. Ah! Charles; honestly—is not that one word for Henry and two for Charles? Well, I believe we shall all be glad to march presently, whether to build castles, or gather shells, or to walk and look about us. But just at present the sun is too hot, and there is scarcely any air stirring; we shall do better to stay an hour or two in doors; and these are very long days, Henry; you will have plenty of time to tire yourself before you must beat a retreat to Bedfordshire.

"Oh, then, papa," said Mary, "I hope you will tell us all about the tides. I remember you said last night, it was very wonderful, and that perhaps we might not understand the causes till we were older, and had learned more; but I am sure you can tell us a good deal which we may understand, and do not yet know. Pray tell us now, papa; it will make me enjoy the sands and the sea so much more."

P. Well, Mary; I think we must first recollect what we already know about the changes of the moon. How often does the moon change, and how often is it full?

Henry. I can tell that, papa. The moon changes once a month, and is full once a month, but the tide is high every twelve hours, and low every twelve hours.

P. And therefore, Henry, said his father, you think the moon has nothing to do with the tides? Wait a little, my young master, and we shall see better. The tides depend upon the moon very much, my man; indeed more than upon any thing else. By a power called *attraction* (which you will learn the nature of hereafter), the moon draws up the water of the ocean as she passes round the world, or, which is the same thing, as the earth turns round itself. This causes the waters to swell and flow in the places over which she is passing; and as soon as she has passed by us about an hour the water begins to fall again; then, when she is exactly below us, the flood comes to us again, and so on. Thus we have high-water and low-water in turn once every twelve hours.

Mary. But, papa, does not the sun attract the water as well as the moon? I think I have heard so.

P. That is very true, Mary; but, though the sun is so much larger than the moon, its vast distance lessens its power of attraction. Still it has a great effect upon the tides; for, when the moon is full, and so is opposite to the sun, or when it is at the change, and so both are on the same side of the earth, the tides are much higher. And when the moon is half full, either in its increase or its decrease, the tides are the least. The highest tides are called "spring," the lowest are called "neap-tides."

M. I do not quite understand how the moon raises the water as it passes over the different parts of the earth.

P. I do not wonder at that, Mary, but you will find, when you are old enough to study the subject thoroughly, that every mass of matter attracts every other mass. The moon attracts the ground as well as the sea, but the ground is too solid to yield to it. Just as if you throw a stone into a pond, you will see little waves moving in larger and larger circles to the very

brink of the pond; but if you threw the same stone on a pavement you would not make its particles move at all.

M. Does the moon attract the water in a pond, papa? I never heard of it.

P. Very likely, my child, you never heard of it, because it is infinitely too small to be observable by us; but she does attract the water in a pond, and in a pail of water too, and even the blood in our veins. It requires an immense space and body of water for the effect to be produced so as to be evident to our observation. In the largest inland lakes, such as the Sea of Galilee, of which we read in the New Testament; and in the far larger sea, the Caspian, there are no tides. Indeed, in the Mediterranean itself, the tides are scarcely, if at all perceptible. But you know we in Britain are on all sides surrounded by the vast ocean itself; and the tides are on some of our coasts seen in great perfection. And to us visitors at the sea, they afford a very constant change of scene, and much which delights us, but which, without the flow and ebbing of the tides, we could not have.

“Indeed, papa,” said Mary, “I shall enjoy

the sands now the more, and the high water too. It is so very pleasant to know all about them."

P. Yes, my love. But remember, I have already told you, that there is much you cannot understand now. However, I think you see the difference between the tides, and the floods of a river, and know something about the nature and time of the tides, enough for the present.

Charles, I think you have a question to ask. Tell me what it is, my boy.

C. Why, papa, I think you once said at home, when we were talking of our visit to the sea, that we should run upon the sands before breakfast, and would come in with such a good appetite from the sea-breeze.

P. Well, I hope you will not be disappointed; what do you mean, my man?

C. I mean, papa, when we got up this morning the sand was almost covered, and the gardener said the tide was coming in so fast, it would soon be all under water; and so it very soon was, and we could not go beyond the great stones which he called the beach.

P. Oh, my dears, I forgot to tell you that the same part of the earth does not come just under the moon exactly in twenty-four hours; it takes

nearly fifty minutes more; so the tide is fifty minutes later every day than it was the day before; and the sands will be left dry sometimes before, sometimes after breakfast, and sometimes after dinner, and sometimes late in the evening: and we must take care to manage accordingly, if we want to run about on them, but very often we shall be as much pleased to walk on the beach, or see the tide coming in among those rocks, to which I know a very good and safe path. By degrees we shall learn all about it.



SEA-SIDE SCENE.

CONVERSATION III.

THE SAND-CASTLE.

Canute! thy regal race is run,
Thy name were passed away;
But for the meed this tale hath won
Which never shall decay—
It's meek, unperishing renown
Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.—ANON.

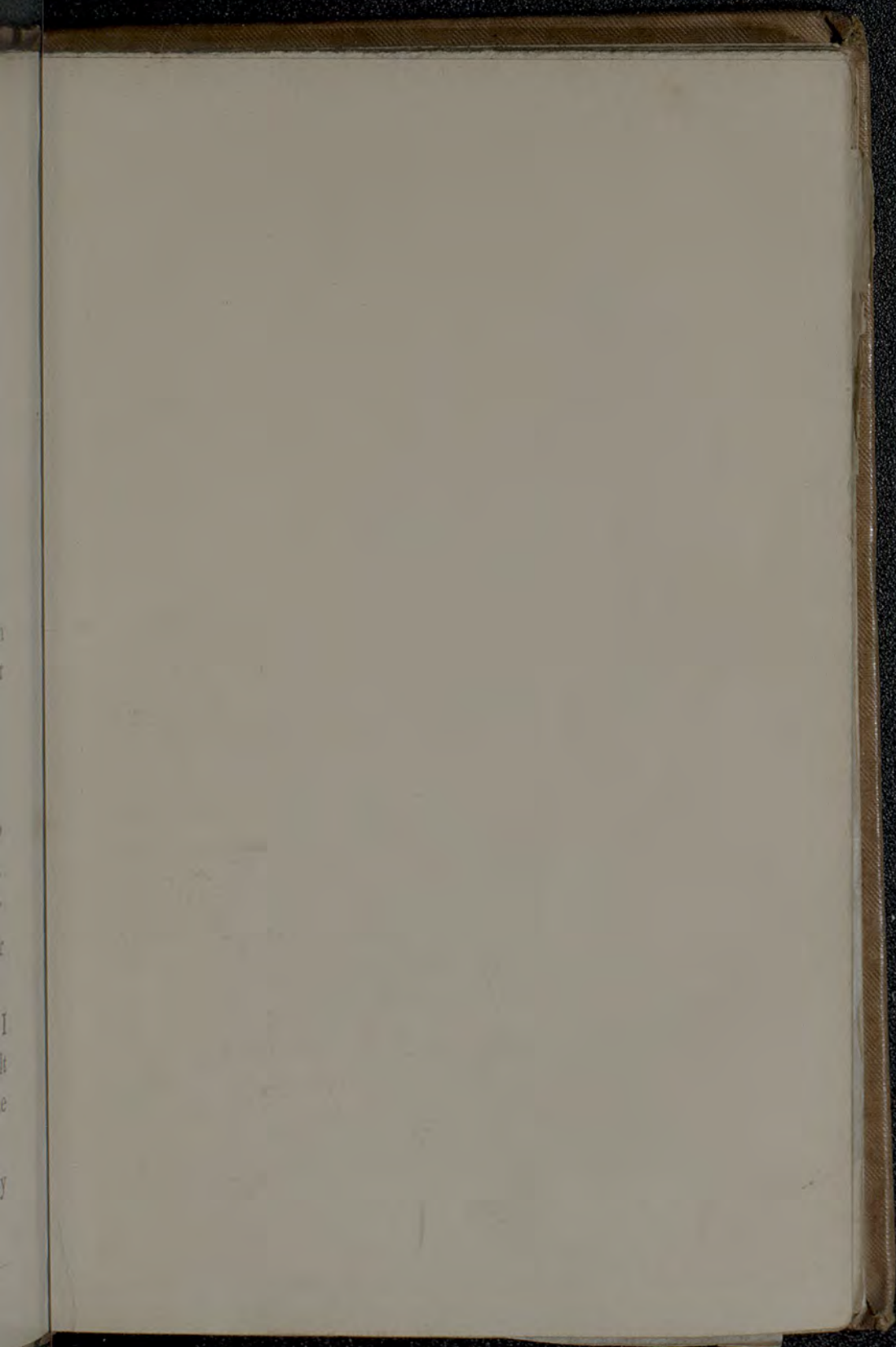
Papa. COME, my children, the heat is much abated, and there is a soft beautiful breeze; let us lose no time now, the tide is coming in.

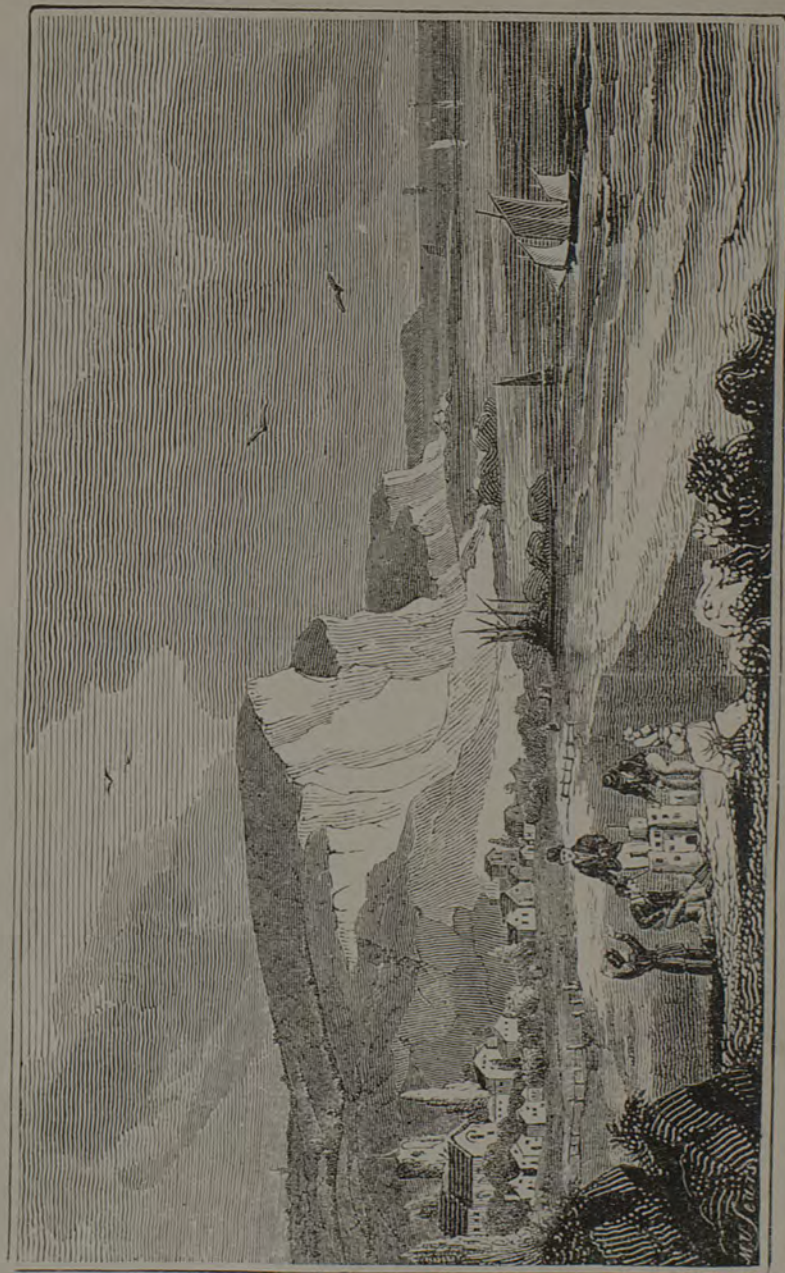
Henry. I hope you will make a castle for us; will you, papa?

P. We will see about it; tell William to come after us, and bring the small garden-spade. We shall make slow progress without our trusty man. Well, Charles, are you a good engineer and architect? we shall want both.

C. I don't know what you mean, papa. I can build a castle. You know, Mary, we built one at home, under the mulberry-tree in the garden, and called it Henry's Fort.

M. But, Charles, remember we were nearly





CASTLE-BUILDING ON THE SANDS.

a week in building that grand castle. I suppose, here on the sand our enemy will be upon us too soon for such slow architects as we were.

C. Oh, I forgot, you mean the tide, do you not?

M. Yes, Charles, and you do not forget, surely, that papa told us last night, he remembered so well making them when he was a boy, and since too (was it not, papa?) I think he had better let us see how he makes a sand-castle first, and we can imitate him another time. Oh, here is William with a spade.

P. I think you are right, Mary. Come, Charles, let me try your skill, what must first be done?

C. No, no, papa. You are the architect to-day, and I shall be your apprentice.

P. Well, William. First form a good solid heap of sand: make it round and wide at the bottom. That's right. Now beat it round, and make it as hard and smooth as you can. There Charles, is your stronghold, and your inner moat. Henry! run for that dry stick; see it is quite white, the waves have washed all the rind off it. This shall be our flag-staff. Let me make a slit

at the top. Here, Charles, is half-a-sheet of note paper, that must be our flag.

“Oh, papa,” said Mary, laughing; “I think we must not fight under the French banner.”

C. Never mind, Mary, to-day. The castle will look much better with a flag flying on its towers; and we will be make-believe Frenchmen just for to-day. and you shall paint us English colours before another time.

H. But, papa, what is a moat? You called that ditch round the sand a moat.

P. Yes; a moat is a deep, wide ditch, full of water, which they used to have generally in old castles round the strong inner tower, called the Keep, where they retired for refuge, in case the outer walls and ditch were passed, and the other parts of the castle were in possession of the enemy.

C. Shall we have an outer wall and ditch, papa?

P. Yes; I think we shall just have time; I am watching the tide, and I think in about a quarter of an hour we must prepare for resistance or retreat: and I suppose our youngest comrade can tell us which it will be. What say you, Henry?

H. Why, papa, I hardly think we can hold out, if the sea comes on as it did last night.

P. That it certainly will do, my boy; and so, William, do you throw up a bank, and make a ditch on each side of it, and make haste about it too. But, Charles, you will soon, I hope, be able to read in a book, where there is an account of a set of mad people, who took up arms against the ocean, though I have often thought it was a mere invention of the Greeks. But, Mary, you can tell us of a true story, that shows not less folly and madness.

M. I know, papa: you mean in our English history.

P. Well, we shall have just time for you to remind us of the story before the sea charges our outworks here.

M. I remember the story, papa; but I hope you will repeat it; I should not tell it correctly. I think it was one of the Danish kings.

P. Well, my dear, I think you could have repeated it yourself. The story is this:—It is said that Canute, who was the greatest monarch of his time, to put his courtiers to shame for having so foolishly flattered him, telling him, that he was the king of the land and the sea,

and that all things would obey him, one day ordered a chair to be placed on the sand; and, seating himself upon it, as the waves came on, and rolled nearer and nearer, he commanded them, with the voice of authority, to retire. The sea, however, advanced, and began to wash the king with its tide; when he turned to the courtiers, and said:—"There is only ONE who can say to the ocean 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Henry, who is that ONE?"

H. Oh! papa, I know it is God, who made the heaven, and the earth, and the sea, and all things. How very wicked it was for King Canute to command the waves, papa!

P. It would have been very impious in him indeed, had he done so in real earnest. But, on the whole, I think it is very clear he only did it to rebuke those silly, naughty men, who, in the hope of pleasing him by flattery, told him he could himself put forth the power of God. They were very bad people, and very foolish people; and I hope he dismissed them from his court, or taught them to conduct themselves better. Flattery is the nurse of crime, and every one ought to be on his guard

against it. I have known foolish people flatter children, and make them as foolish as themselves. And you will generally find that a flatterer before your face is a backbiter in your absence.

“Oh! look! look! papa,” said Henry, “the tide is flowing into the outer moat! Ah! there it goes back again: it has not hurt the outer wall. Ah! here it comes again! Oh dear! There goes a piece of the wall! I am so frightened for our grand castle.”

P. Mind, Henry!—that damage, in a real siege, would be called a breach. Here comes a much fuller swell; I tremble now for the foundation of the castle itself.

C. Oh! there, the castle is quite surrounded. Now it is all left dry.

P. I think the next attack will make you lower your white flag, Mr Frenchman. Here it comes! There, Henry, down goes the castle, and away floats your flagstaff.

H. Oh! what fun! But I am sorry it is so soon over. Shall we make another soon again, papa? It is capital sport.

P. We may talk of that another time. I am very glad we have had such fine sport to-day, because, by the state of the barometer,

and the general appearance of the sky, I rather expect a change of weather; and you know that cannot be for the better, it is so very fine and beautiful now.

M. Oh! papa, I wish so much to know about the barometer, and the other instrument,—I forget its name,—that tells the heat and cold. I do not understand them, at all, papa.

P. Well, my love, I will endeavour some day to explain them to you generally, though you must be contented to wait some time longer before you quite understand them. Charles, bring that sea-weed with you—that with the large green bottles,—and that very long leaf, like a sword, too. I am told they are good weather-tellers, and we shall have opportunities enough of trying all those experiments.

Charles, my boy, I long to show you a passage in Xenophon, (and though I must read it to you now, you will, I hope, soon read it for yourself,) of which you reminded me very strongly, when you exclaimed so loud and suddenly, on first catching a view of the sea.

C. What did I say, papa? I'm sure I do not remember.

P. I will tell you. Some Greeks (the affair is called *The Retreat of the Ten Thousand*,) were once very much harassed in their retreat through an enemy's country, and, though stout hearts, they were nearly sinking in despair, when, all on a sudden, to the great surprise and joy of the party, the foremost shouted out "The sea! the sea!"

M. Oh, I do remember Charles's words, papa, and I am sure the Greeks were not more pleased than we all were.

P. They had much more reason for rejoicing, for it brought with it to them a cheering hope of safety. However, I confess Charles's shout was a very welcome sound to me. Shall I tell you, Mary, what I was thinking of when I saw the waves make such short work of washing down our walls and castle and Keep and all?

M. Pray do, papa. As for me, I thought of nothing but our castle and its ruins. I enjoyed it so very much. But what were you thinking of, papa?

P. I thought of the very short time that would pass by before we should all be swept off from the earth, and no trace of us be

found, any more than to-morrow you will be able to find the remains of our sand-castle. But then, a true Christian knows that he shall live in another and a better world, where time and tide shall not be known; where our life will have no end; where there is no ebbing and flowing of our happiness, as there always is at the best in this world; but where there is one fulness of joy, ever increasing, as our means of receiving it are enlarged, and that is, as we shall, through all eternity, be approaching the perfection of our Father and our God.



AN ENGLISH SHIP OF WAR.

CONVERSATION IV.

A STORM AT SEA.

. We see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm,
But leave it all to God.—SHAKSPEARE.

THE young party had not long retired to rest before signs of a change of weather began to be heard. The wind rose, and sounded hollow, and the waves seemed to fall more heavily than on the two preceding evenings, as the tide approached the beach; and through the whole night it rained more or less, and the sounds of distant thunder were distinctly heard at intervals. Next morning the wind was grown quite strong and boisterous; the rain fell in torrents, and the whole sea and sky bade all who were acquainted with the signs of weather, prepare for a severe storm. No boat was seen putting off from shore, and the white waves, far out to sea, showed that the tide would come in with grandeur rather than beauty.

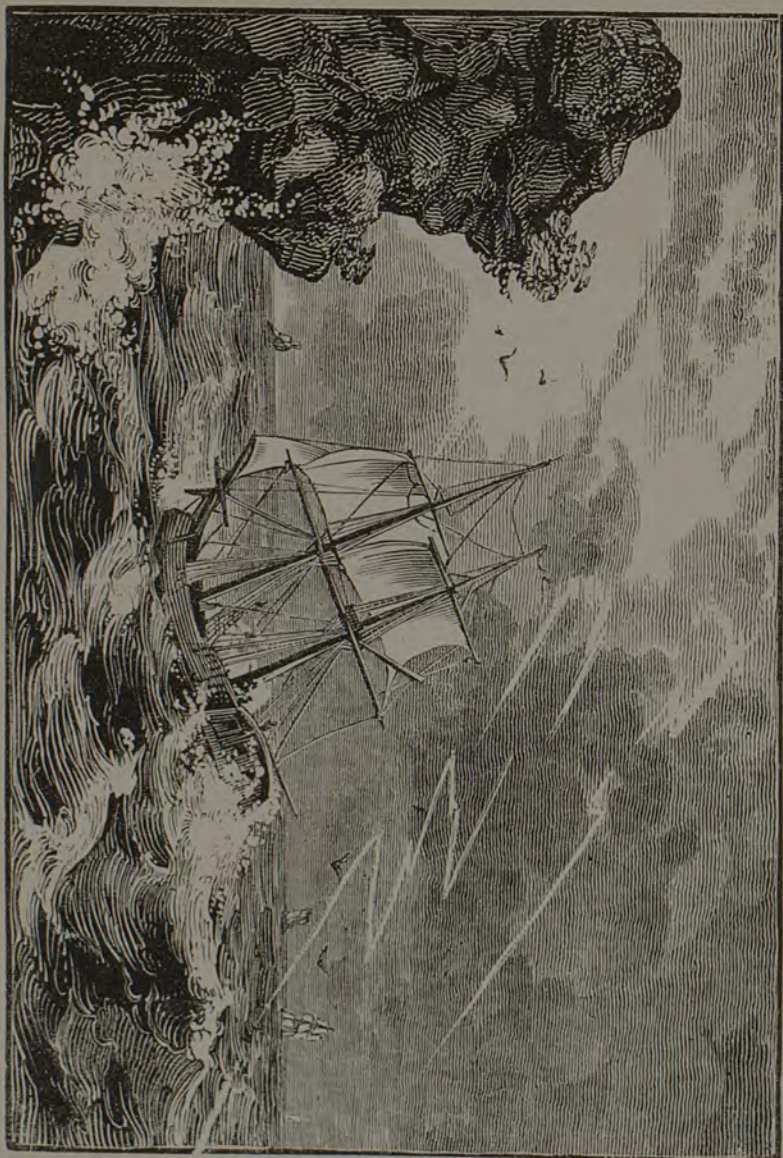
“Oh! papa,” said Mary, “what a great

change! Who would think it was the same sea? I have been thinking all the morning of our Saviour and his disciples in the ship, when the tempest fell upon the lake; how difficult must it have been for him to sleep on the pillow, when such waves as these were dashing about him! I don't wonder, papa, at the disciples being afraid."

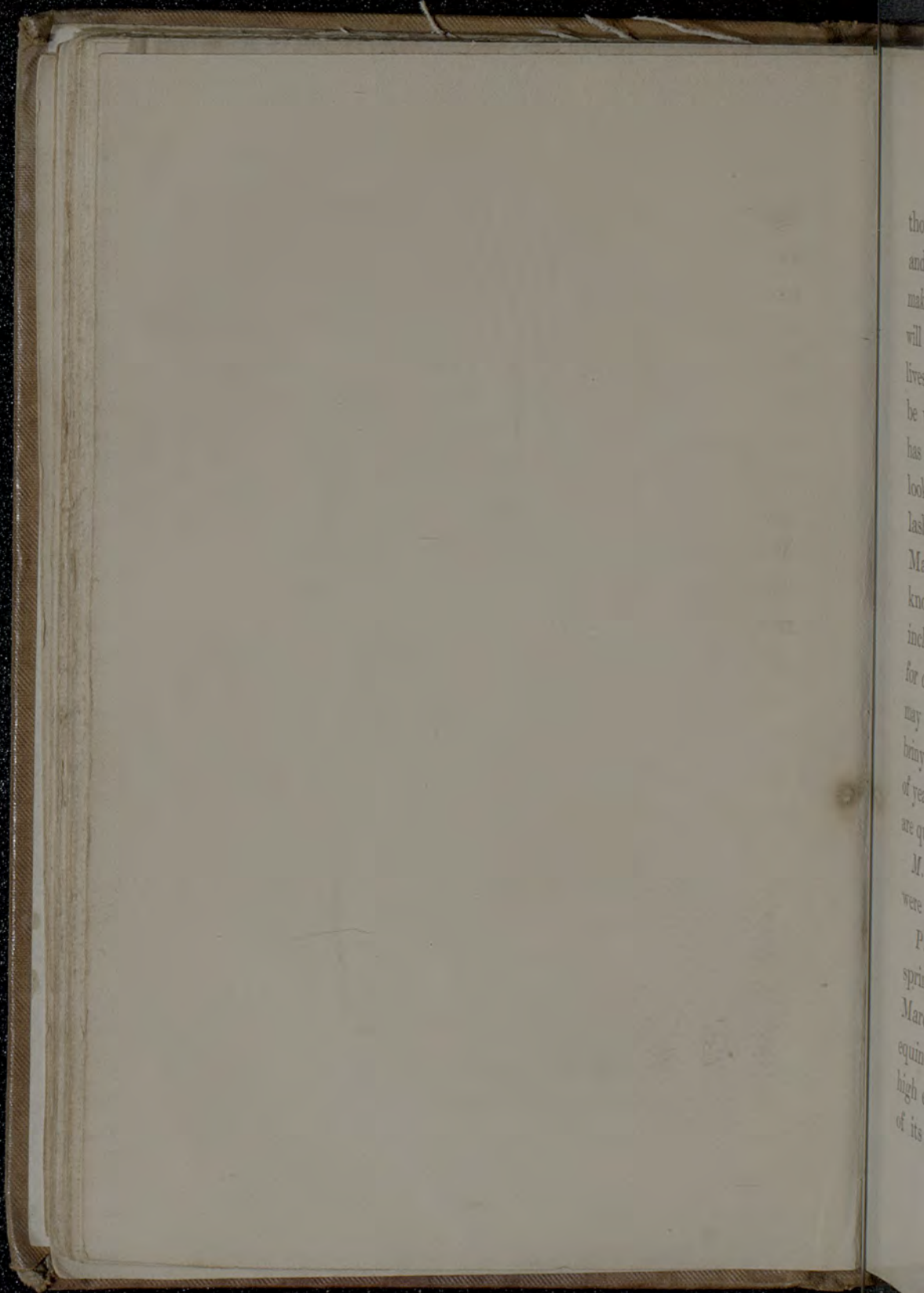
P. No, my love; there is no room for wonder at their fear; but the whole account of that storm is so wonderful, and so improving, that I shall be quite delighted to talk with you and your brothers upon that subject. And, unless I mistake, the sea threatens a most alarming tempest now. Only look at those waves, how angry and violent they appear! ready to dash to pieces whatever comes in their way. But Hark! What is that?

Mary. Is it not thunder papa? it sounds like it. There it is again!

P. I fear it is a signal of distress! Ah! see! there is the ship that fired those guns. Charles, bring me the telescope from the next room. It is a brig, I perceive; and I fear she is bearing fast towards those rocks! Oh! see!



THE BRIG IN THE RISING STORM.



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those boats are trying to beat against the wind and tide, to assist her; but they seem unable to make any way. Poor creatures! I fear the men will have hard work to save the ship or their lives. However, we will hope for the best. God be with them and help them. Oh! I see she has tacked, and is bearing out of sight. But look, children, at the tremendous surge that lashes the beach now. Is it not awful? Indeed, Mary, were I not assured the tide was never known to come over the beach, I should be inclined to feel somewhat of your apprehensions for our house. However, though probably we may have some of the spray, like a shower of briny mist over the garden, this is not the time of year for the highest tides; and I suppose we are quite safe.

M. I thought, papa, you said the highest tides were every fortnight, and that this was one?

P. Quite right, my dear; but of all the spring-tides in the year, the highest are about March and Michaelmas, at what are called the equinoxes. But the present promises to be quite high enough for all purposes of our enjoyment of its grandeur, and were it not for the fear

which we cannot but feel for the safety of many a crew in such a storm as this—the scene itself is very grand, and I am glad you will have witnessed the sea in its strength.

Well, Mary: how much more strongly does such an hour, and such a scene as this, bring before our minds the boundless power and Divine nature of our Lord, when we contemplate him as rebuking the waves, and saying to the sea, ‘Peace! be still!’ His disciples had the same Book of Psalms to read that we have; and you remember, Mary, that very beautiful description of a ship in a storm, which ends with, ‘Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivereth them out of their distress; he maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.’ How overpowering an evidence must they have felt of his divinity, when, with the voice of Omnipotence, he commanded the winds and the sea, and they instantly obeyed! The tempest was increased in its horrors to the Apostles by the darkness of the night; and they felt all the panic of an approaching wreck. Their ship was rolling to and fro—mounting, as the Psalmist

says, one minute to the heavens, the next sunk in the deep; ‘and their souls were melting away for very trouble.’ And yet Jesus was asleep: neither the waves, nor the wind, nor the tossing of the vessel disturbed him. They awake him with the cry, ‘We perish, Lord! Save us! Carest thou not that we perish?’

Henry. Was not that very naughty in them, papa, to say so?

P. It was, my boy, very wrong; and Jesus himself tells them so. They ought to have trusted in him, and not despaired. “How is it that ye have no faith?” But, my dear children, this wonderful event is full of most instructive lessons to every one of us now—the young child, the full-grown man, the aged disciple, may all read this, and be comforted.

M. Oh! papa, I do so like to hear you apply the miracles and parables of our Saviour to ourselves. Charles and I talk it over afterwards, and Henry very often asks us to tell him over again what you say.

P. Indeed, my child, this miracle has been a source of great comfort to your papa when he has been in trouble. How very plainly does it

tells us, not to fear that our Lord has deserted us, when the waves and storms of life press on ! And, my dear children, there will be waves and storms to try our faith and resignation. Jesus is not present in body now, as he was when he lay asleep in the stern of the ship ; but he is always close at hand by his Spirit. And then, should our trouble continue, and God seem to delay coming to our assistance, like a friend asleep, he is not careless of our state. He will never forsake us ; he can never forget us ; and, in his own good time, he will arise, and say to our troubles, "Peace ! be still." Mary, is it not very delightful to feel that we have such a friend ever by ?

M. Oh ! yes, papa. I quite love to think of it.

P. Well, my dears, always try to be good ; and pray to him to make you good, and to keep you safe, and then you need not be afraid. You, my dears, are as much the objects of his care and love, as those children were whom he took up in his arms, and blessed. He loves all good children dearly ; and when they die, he takes them to a far better place, where there are no storms nor troubles, but all is safety, and peace,

and love. I must remind you here of the very beautiful prayer which the Church devoutly offers for all her children at the time of their baptism, "That they, being delivered from God's wrath, may be received into the Ark of Christ's Church; and, being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally they may come to the land of everlasting life."



SEA-SIDE VIEW AFTER A STORM.

CONVERSATION V

KING OF SPAIN'S JOURNEY—DIFFERENCE
OF SHIPS.

Sure he who first the passage tried,
 In harden'd oak his heart did hide
 And ribs of iron armed his side :
 Or his, at least, in hollow wood
 Who tempted first the briny flood
 Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
 Nor billows beating on the shore.—HORACE.

Papa. Do you remember, Mary, on our journey from home to this place, we were talking of the difference of travelling in former days and now ; and when you thought of the sad accident which happened to the coach that passed us, and of the poor gentleman and his family, you were inclined to prefer the bad roads and sad travelling of the times we spoke of ?

Mary. Yes, papa ; but I am afraid if the roads and conveyances were now as they used to be, we should not have come here.

P. Certainly, I think you would not ; and I dare say we should have been very happy at home. And, instead of picking up shells, and

watching the tide, and running about the sands, we should have been perfectly contented with our own woods, and hills, and river, and brook, and green meadows, and corn-fields, and flower-garden, Mary, and bunnies, Henry, and dogs, Charles. What say you, my dears?

Charles. Why, indeed, papa, I think we have enjoyed ourselves very much here; but I, for one, shall be very glad to return home. I quite long to see all our dear things and places again.

P. Well, our time is almost up here, and we shall soon turn our horses' heads homewards. But, Mary, I was going to tell you, that I had found an account of a journey in former days, (you may remember I just alluded to it before), which tells us, that slowness was not the only drawback upon travelling then. It is in a paper by our friend Mr. Markland, published about ten years ago, full of very amusing and interesting particulars. He calls it, *Remarks on the Early Use of Carriages in England*. He very kindly lent me the paper lately.

M. Oh! papa, do read it to us, or tell us the story yourself. Henry! papa is going to tell us a pretty story: come, and hear it.

P. What I am going to tell happened exactly seven years before your great-grandfather was born, just one hundred and thirty years ago. And I remember him. So you see, my loves, it is not so many generations back. Well, in 1703, Charles King of Spain slept at Petworth, on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor. You know, Portsmouth is a great place for ships, and Windsor Castle is a famous palace of our Kings. At the same time Prince George of Denmark went to meet the King of Spain at Petworth; and we have an account of their journey thither, by one of the Prince's attendants. He says, they set out at six o'clock in the morning, and did not leave the carriage till they arrived at their journey's end, except—except, when do you think, Mary?

M. Except to dine, perhaps, papa, or take tea?

P. No such thing; there was no tea in those days, and they had no time to stop for dinner. "No," he says, "we never got out of the coaches, save only when we were overturned, or stuck fast in the mire." How often these varieties of sticking fast occurred, he does not

say. Poor travellers! He speaks quite piteously, and says, "It was hard service for the Prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating any thing. We were thrown but once, indeed, in going; but both our coach, which was leading, and his Highness' body-coach, would have suffered very often, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders from Godalming almost to Petworth."

C. What are boors, papa?

P. Boors are country-folks, farming-people. Only think, Henry, of our travelling with a dozen men by the side of the carriage all the way, going step by step! And then they left the public roads, and went through the duke's grounds (I forgot to tell you that Petworth then belonged to the Duke of Somerset;) but they were not much better off there than in the road, and very tired they all were before they reached their journey's end. Instead of bowling along, as we did, nine miles an-hour, they were six full hours passing over, or (as the writer calls it) conquering the last nine miles.

C. I wonder they did not get out and walk, papa?

P. It would, I should think, have been far better; but I suppose they were going in state. We must, however, remember, that this was in December, in the very middle of winter. Well, my children, what say you now?

M. Oh, papa, I think we have all changed our minds. I must not forget these stories. How pleased our cousins will be to hear them. Mind, Charles, you and I must make ourselves perfect in them before cousins come.

C. Papa, there is something I wished very much to ask you about, before we go from the sea. I shall be very sorry to go away without learning all about it.

P. What is it, my boy? You know I shall be very glad to tell you any thing, if I know it myself, and you can understand it.

C. I wish to learn all about ships and boats, papa. When we saw that vessel in the storm, you said it was a brig; and I asked Mary what a brig was, and she did not know any more than myself.

P. Why, Charles, you know I am no sailor:

however, I think I can explain as much as may be of any use to you now. I could tell that the vessel we saw in the storm was a brig, because she had two masts.

Henry. Are all vessels with two masts brigs, papa?

P. Not quite so. There are schooners which are distinguished from a brig by having their masts not quite upright, but, as sailors say, "they rake aft." Schooners, too, are made for fast sailing, and for war; brigs are fitted more for trade. Well, those very pretty vessels which we see with one mast and one large sail, with two jibs, those three-cornered sails in front of the masts, are sloops. And if the vessel has three masts, it is either a man-of-war or a large merchant-vessel. In these ships, the mast nearest the stern, or hinder part of the vessel, where the helm, or rudder, is, they call the mizen-mast. The middle is the main-mast; and the third is called, from its place near the prow, or front of the ship, the foremast.

C. What is the helm, papa?

P. The helm is what they steer with, that is, direct the course of the vessel. You may

remember, when we were talking of an ostrich, I said it was in one respect like a balloon—nobody could guide it. Now, a ship in the water, when in good condition, and not overpowered by the violence of a storm (as is sometimes the case,) will obey the rudder as easily and as regularly as a well-broken horse will be guided by the bridle. I was going to tell you that the large sheet belonging to the main-mast is called the mainsail; the sheet above it is the topsail; and above that, they call it the topgallant; and so with the other masts.

“Papa,” said Mary, one morning, some days after, “Charles has asked me a question about ships, which I cannot answer at all.”

P. Well, my love, is there any thing at all wonderful in that? I should not be surprised in the least, if all three of you asked me questions on that subject, which I could not answer: but what was it, Mary?

C. I only asked what sort of ship it was that Jonah sailed in, and that which our Saviour was in with his disciples?

P. Two very different questions those, at all events, Charles. Probably, the vessel which

carried Jonah was, in many respects, very different from those which were used by our Lord's disciples. Remember, Charles, how long a time had passed between the two periods: and then remember the different sort of seas, and the voyage of the ships in each case. Come, my man, how long before our Saviour did Jonah live?

C. Indeed, papa, I have no idea; but I suppose, from your question, it must have been a long time.

P. It was certainly a very long time. Now, Mary, suppose I say it was eight centuries and a half, at the least; and suppose, instead of reckoning from Christ back to Jonah, we were reckoning back in our English history, from the present time, through past ages, how far back in our English history would such a space of time carry us from our days?

M. I cannot recollect exactly, papa; but it must have been before William the Conqueror.

P. Quite right, my child: it was about the time when the Danes were making their invasions on this island;—many years after Alfred, and before Canute. Well, now, Charles,

do you not think much change might have taken place in the vessels of the same country through such a long time? And then, do you know for what different seas and purposes the ship in which Jonah sailed was made, and the ships in which our blessed Lord often sailed? First, what sea was Jonah's ship intended to navigate?

M. I know, papa; he sailed from Joppa, and that town, as you lately told us, was on the Mediterranean.

P. Quite right: and on what seas did our Saviour sail, and what sort of vessels do you suppose were the ships which took him on board?

M. Oh! papa, I see now. He sailed on those inland lakes, which they called seas, and the boats were intended for fishing.

P. Yes: they were either fishing-boats, or such craft as was used to carry passengers and wares from one part of the lake to another. They were, I believe, very much like the barges on the Severn, and the Wye, and other navigable rivers, with one mast, and one broad sheet for a sail, without much power of shifting

it. But I must not let you suppose, that in those eight hundred years of which we have been speaking, between Jonah and our blessed Saviour, there was any thing like so great an improvement in the ships on the Mediterranean, as there has been in the ships of England between the times of the Saxons and Danes just before the Conquest, and our own day. Probably, in navigation, as in other things in those eastern parts, there was very little progress made through that whole period.



SAILING SHIP OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

CONVERSATION VI.

LOSS OF THE BRIG.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
 With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
 To misery's moving cries to yield relief,
 And be the kind resource of drooping age.—ANON.

“MY dear children,” said their father, one morning, “there is a very sad account in the newspapers of a shipwreck, with the loss of all on board; and, from the time, the description of the vessel, and the coast where she was wrecked, I have a strong persuasion it is the very brig we saw in the storm, when we heard the signals of distress. The crew all went to the bottom.”

Mary. Oh! poor sailors! I thought a great deal about them at the time, papa, and their wives and children:—poor things!

Papa. I see there is a subscription set on foot for the relief of their widows and orphans; and I do not know the disposition of my children

at all, if they will not wish to give something. What say you, Mary?

M. You know, papa, I have some money in my silk purse; and you said I should buy a pretty work-box with it. I should so much wish to give that to the poor things: I shall not want a new work-box.

Charles. And you know, papa, I have some that is saved for a new writing-desk. I am sure the old one will do very well; and I will promise not to want another, if I may give that money to those poor creatures.

P. And what say you, my little man?

Henry. Indeed, papa, I think I see the ship now, in the middle of the storm. Poor children! I hope you will let them have my money. I dare say I shall have more before I want it; and if not, papa, never mind.

P. Well, my dear children, I shall be very glad to forward your little help to the poor sufferers. But how thankful ought we to be to our good God, who has kept us safe from harm, and enabled us to relieve those who are in distress. Do not regard what you are doing as any merit on your part. Nothing we have is

our own. We are only stewards of it; and for the right use of it we shall one day be called to a strict account. And we cannot employ our money better than in relieving the really distressed, if we do so on the right motive.

M. What is the right motive, papa?

P. The right motive of a Christian is, the love of our fellow-creatures for the sake of Christ. Without this love, which is always leading us to acts as well as thoughts of charity, we cannot love God, and we cannot be loved by him.

H. Were those in the ship, papa, very naughty people?

P. Why should you think so, my boy?

H. Because God was so angry with them, and sent the storm to destroy their ship, and take away their lives.

P. My dear children, in answer to Henry's question, let me caution you against ever saying or supposing that God is more angry with a person who is suffering some severe calamity, than he is with another, who is quite free from trouble. We have no means of judging at all on such points. Very often we know that trouble is sent in mercy, to prepare us for

heaven, and to purify us for the blessed kingdom of Christ. And we know, too, that good men are often taken away by an early death from evils to come. Only think, my dears; Abel was a good man, and Cain was a wicked man; and yet Abel was killed by his brother, who lived many years afterwards. No, children! we have no right to pass any judgment on what is permitted to befall others. When trouble comes upon ourselves, it is a warning for us to search our own heart, and repent, and turn more carefully to God. But whether any trouble that visits our neighbour is sent in anger, or in love, we cannot tell. We know nothing of those poor sailors, and we must leave them in God's hands: He is very merciful. As for their widows and children, we hope they will have grace to receive their sad trouble as Christians; and, whilst we assist them with our money, we should think of them in our prayers: and so should we, in all cases, endeavour to make a good use of whatever happens to ourselves or others. And now, my dears, fetch me your money, that I may send off our little aid without delay. What you can do to-day, never put off till to-morrow.

In the evening the conversation turned upon the perils of the sea, and the means devised for the safety of mariners. A lighthouse was within sight, whose beacon-blaze they often took delight in watching; and all three now listened with great interest to their father's description of its nature and use.



VIEW OF A LIGHT HOUSE

CONVERSATION VII.

CHARLES'S FAULT AND PUNISHMENT.

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.—KEBLE.

When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promised grace,
And God will give the power.—ANON.

THE time for returning home was now rapidly approaching, and never had children enjoyed themselves more uninterruptedly, when a break upon their enjoyment occurred, which we would gladly have passed over in silence; but we should not tell our tale honestly and faithfully if we concealed it. Their father's great satisfaction and delight was to provide whatever was really good for his children, and to gratify them in all innocent amusements within reach. His great pleasure was to see them enjoy themselves, whilst he felt that their gratification was harmless, cheering, and refreshing, and especially when it was the reward of industry and good

behaviour. But he expected all his directions to be obeyed. In general, they were such as the children themselves could see the reason of; and he often instructed them in the duty of obeying, even when they could not quite understand the "why?" and the "wherefore?" He used to tell them, they would, some day or other, be convinced that the rules they were required to observe were very reasonable, and all for their own good, though they might seem to interfere with their present enjoyment; and already, as they grew older, they were more and more assured that this was the case. For very often they afterwards saw clearly, that what they had set their minds upon, but their father had not indulged them in, would not have been for their good or real pleasure; and they more and more learned to submit their wishes cheerfully to his, and, without a murmur, to give up whatever he disapproved.

Unhappily, though this was the general rule of their behaviour, there now and then, though very seldom, would occur an exception; and the interruption to their enjoyment of their visit on the coast, which we must now tell, was one of those unfortunate occurrences. One of the rules

laid down on their first arrival at the coast was, that no one of the children was, on any account, to go beyond the gate towards the sea, without either papa, or their trusty servant. And a very good rule it was, as all our readers will agree. Little people, if they go beyond bounds, fall into dangers and troubles, where they think all is safe and pleasant; and our three little friends had, up to this time, very constantly observed the rule, without thinking it any hardship or disagreeable restraint.

One morning, however, their father went to the neighbouring town, and the children were enjoying themselves in each other's company, playing hide-and-seek behind the shrubs in the lawn, without a thought of mischief, as good and as happy as children could be. Whilst Charles was hiding behind a laurel, just by the gate, a fisherman went by, and seeing him playing, stopped and spoke to him. "Good morning, little sir; a very fine day."—"Very fine," replied Charles. "Are you going in the boat?"—"Yes, sir," said the man: "would you like a little sail; you are quite welcome?"—"No, thank you," said Charles. "I should like it

very well; but papa wishes us never to go beyond this gate.”—“Oh!” answered the man (and he was very naughty indeed in what he now said,) “if that is all, your papa will never know it. I met him a great way off, going to the town, and he will not be back till long after you are returned.”—“I should so like to have a sail, and I dare say you would take care of me; but papa told me he should never be happy if he thought we were ever to go on the sands alone, without him or William.”—“Oh, my young master,” said the man, “you will not be alone. Come; I see the gate is locked; just mount to the top, and I will take you down, and we shall be out of sight in a moment.” Poor Charles! this was a temptation to which he was on the point of yielding, when the thought of his sister and brother, who were looking for him at the other end of the lawn, came across him; and he was just going to say, “No, I can’t come,” when the man said, quickly, “Well, sir, do as you please; come or stay; I must be off, or I shall be too late.” This was too much for the poor boy: papa, brother, sister, and his own duty, were in a moment all forgotten, and he

ran to the gate, scrambled to the top, and the naughty fisherman hurried him to the boat, which was drawn up on the beach, behind the shrubbery, so that it was quite concealed from the house.

The boat was soon heaved down to the water's edge by the man and his companion, who was waiting for him. "Now, young master," said he, "get in, and sit still whilst we shove her off." Charles was sitting at the stern; but just as the man, up to his knees in the wave, was springing into the boat, the poor boy stood up to see what they were doing, when the jerk of the boat threw him off his balance, and over he tumbled splash into the sea. The water at that place was not deep enough to have drowned him, even had the men not been there; but probably the returning wave would have washed him into deeper water, and he might never have come out alive. However, the fisherman caught him by the collar and drew him into the boat. He was at first so frightened that he knew not where he was, and remained staring and panting as if he were beside himself.

"A pretty mess you have got us into Sam,"

said the fisherman's companion; "I dare say we shall lose the gentleman's custom altogether. I wonder you could not let the boy alone in the garden. I did not like it at all when I saw you bringing him." "I don't know, Jack, what bewitched me to ask him to come, when he said his father told him not to go outside the garden. But who would have thought the youngster would have tumbled overboard?" "Well, I thank God it was no worse, Sam," (said Jack, who was a far better and more religious man than his friend,) "he might have popped over out at sea, and sunk under the boat. Thank God, Sam, the boy's life is safe! Well, we must make the best of it." "Why, Jack," said Sam, "I must say, you are a better judge of these things than I am; but what had we best do now? I should not like to go near the house." "Well," said the other, "you stay with the boat, and I will carry young master home. But, Sam, never ask a child again to do what his father forbids; how should you like it yourself? The poor boy, however, is wet to the very skin."

"Oh," said Charles, as soon as he began to

recover himself, (crying very bitterly,) "I do not care for the wetting, but what shall I say to my dear papa? He is so good to me, I ought not to have done it. What shall I say to him?" "Take my advice, master," said Jack, "Tell your father the whole truth, let what will come of it. I shall give my comrade a good scolding for enticing you. I dare say, he thought only to give you pleasure; but he was very wrong, and I will tell him so. If we lose the custom of the house, I must say we deserve it. But truth is truth, my young master, it may be blamed but it cannot be shamed." "Oh, yes, it can, I am sure," said Charles, "I am quite ashamed to tell the truth; I have been so naughty."

"No, sir," said Jack, (who had been bred up in a good school, and always attended his church, and was a very good father to his own children, and knew a great deal more than some who wear better clothes, and hold themselves high;) "No, sir, I must ask your pardon for contradicting you. You are ashamed of what you have now done, and I do not say you are so without cause, but your telling the truth will

never bring you shame." "Oh," said Charles, "I would not tell an untruth on any account; but I am so afraid and ashamed to meet my dear papa."

Just at this moment William came running as fast as his legs could carry him, and evidently frightened exceedingly. He had found Mary and Henry crying, and running about the lawn and the garden in search of Charles, and had looked into every nook and corner, and called in every part of the premises and the house in vain. He then jumped over the gate, leaving the two children on the other side, who stood looking through the bars, and still crying for their brother. "Oh, master Charles!" said William, as he met him in the fisherman's arms, "Where have you been? Is he hurt, fisherman?" "No," was the answer, "but he is as wet as a drowned rat. Have him put to bed directly; and master, you had better run to the house as fast as you can. Good bye, sir."

William soon reached the gate with his young master, when Mary and Henry were overjoyed to see him return; he was not able to say a word, and they followed him to the house, cry-

ing and wondering what had happened. Poor Charles was soon in bed, but he could not at all recover himself. "When will papa come back?" said he. "Oh, dear, I am so sorry, I never will disobey him again." Mary, who could not leave his bed-side, and kept kissing him, now begged him to tell her what it was; and so he did, when she began to cry again. "Oh, Charles," said she, "I am so glad you are safe." "My dear sister," said he, "papa will be so angry, what shall I do?" "I know," said she, "you will tell him the whole truth. I think he *will* be angry, Charles; but you know, he loves you very dearly; and I dare say he will forgive you, when he sees you so sorry." "Poor Charles," said Henry, "I was so frightened; do let me kiss you, I am so glad you are come back safe."

Charles had not been long in bed, when the voice of his father was heard below, evidently in great agitation, "Where is my boy?" Having met the gentleman whom he wished to see, he was returning from his walk much sooner than he had himself expected, when a person, partly with a good intention, and partly from that

strange inclination which some busy people have, to be first to tell bad news, accosted him, "I am afraid, sir, something unpleasant has happened at your house. Just as I came from the cottage close by, a woman came in, and said, that young master had fallen into the sea, and was carried home by a fisherman; but she could tell no more." The poor gentleman, without making any reply, hastened with his utmost speed, and reached the house breathless. He ran up stairs, unable to speak a word beyond the involuntary exclamation, "Where is my boy?" And there he found his three dear children, just at the moment after Mary and Henry had kissed their brother. He fell down on his knees, and blessed God, and, throwing his arms round Charles's neck, kissed him, and pressed him to his heart. Mary and Henry again began to cry, and clung round their papa, who was too much absorbed by the first burst of gratitude to say any thing, or to do any thing more than kiss them.

At length, Mary could contain no longer, and, taking her father's hand, "Indeed, indeed, papa," said she, "the fisherman was more to

blame than poor Charles. It was he who enticed him to go." "Indeed he was," said Henry, who loved Charles quite as sincerely as Mary did, but had not the same power of expressing his feelings. All this time Charles said nothing, but continued crying: but no sooner did he hear his sister and brother plead for him, and throw the blame on the fisherman, than, kissing his father's hand, and looking steadfastly at him, he said:—"Indeed, papa, I have done very wrong; I am very much to blame; I have been very, very naughty; I am very, very sorry: and if you will forgive me, papa, I will never do so again."

"Oh! do forgive dear Charles, papa," said both brother and sister; "he is very sorry indeed."

Their father had now recovered from his surprise, and the agitation into which he had been thrown by the news so abruptly told him, and told him, too, in such a manner as to leave only one thought in his mind,—that he should find his dear boy a corpse; and, rising up, he said:—"My dearest children, I know, as yet, nothing of the circumstances. As soon as I

have learned the whole truth, and am more calm than I am at present, I shall be better able to do my duty to myself, and to you, and Charles. I can now do nothing else than thank God you are all safe, and pray for his blessing on you. I have no doubt at all, that Charles will tell me the whole truth; and we will now leave him. He will be better after a little sleep. Come, children, I want you."

Mary and Henry would have preferred remaining with their brother; but they immediately followed their father, having kissed Charles again, and promised to return as soon as their papa would allow them. "Poor papa," said Charles, as they left him, "he is very much hurt. How could I be so naughty, and give him so much pain?"

Charles soon fell asleep; but not before he had prayed that God would forgive him, and keep him safe from such dangers and transgressions for the time to come. And we may say, that no day had ever passed over our other two young friends so gloomily, as was the remainder of this day. For some portion, indeed, even of that sad evening, their minds were drawn

away almost entirely from the painful event of the morning. Their papa read to them from Mr. S——'s *Conversations on the Parables*, the account of the Prodigal Son: he had often been pleased (for he loved the book dearly) at the interest they had taken in that beautiful little work. And now Mary's only regret was, that Charles did not partake of her pleasure; she sweetly took her papa by the hand, and said, (though she could scarcely speak,) "Pray read it again when dear Charles is with us."



A WALK ON THE SANDS

CONVERSATION VIII.

CHARLES'S RECONCILIATION AND GOOD
RESOLUTION.

Oh, God ! were there no higher hand
Than that of chance, in this our need,
Evil would stablish her command
Within, and we were lost indeed.

But higher hand there is ! the same
Which now we own ; whose forceful sway
Our pride abashes, makes us tame,
And will not let us go astray.—M.S.

“ I HOPE you have forgiven me, my dear papa,” said Charles, as soon as he went into his room next morning ; “ I am very sorry, indeed I am.”

P. My dear boy, I have only heard a very imperfect account of the affair, and I wish first to hear the whole truth from your own mouth. I have seen the fisherman, Charles, who is very sorry for his misconduct, so you need not fear by telling the truth to injure him. Mary has told me already, that you have that fear, and I love you for it.

Charles then told his papa every thing without reserve, just as we have related it ; and, seeing him look very serious and downcast, as

he repeated the different steps of the temptation, burst into tears again, and said, "I am afraid you have not forgiven me."

"Indeed, my dear boy," said his father, "my only fear is, that my love for you should lead me to forgive you too hastily. I love you like my own life; but your account fills me with so many thoughts of the time to come, that no wonder if you think it is anger. It is not anger, my boy, that I feel; it is sorrow for the past, and fear for the future."—"Oh! indeed, papa," said Charles, interrupting him, "you need not fear; I will never do so again."—"I do not fear that you will do the same thing again, Charles, and follow the fisherman to the boat; but I cannot help fearing, that other temptations may entice you from your duty, and prevail."—"Oh! no, papa, this shall be a warning to me on all occasions."—"God grant it may, my boy: but, however I rejoice in your good resolutions, let me caution you against being too confident in your own power to keep them. You say now, 'This shall be a warning, I will not yield again;' but I fear you forget, that if you trust to your own strength, you probably

will fail much sooner than you think. Mary," continued he, addressing his daughter, (who, with her younger brother, had been quite silent, anxiously watching their father's words and looks,) "you know what I mean; and so, I hope, does Charles; but, poor fellow! he is too much affected at present to converse freely: tell me, my child, what is it I mean?"

M. Oh, papa, I am sure Charles knows, and feels it, though he has not said it. We can do nothing good without the grace of God, and so we must pray to him 'to put into our hearts good desires, and to give us strength to bring the same to good effect.' I remember you taught me the Collect which says so."

"Indeed, papa," said Charles, "I meant that, and I hope God will forgive me for what I have done wrong too; and then if He and you forgive me, I shall be happy again, papa."

P. He will certainly forgive you, my boy, if you are sincere in your repentance, and pray to Him faithfully for the sake of his blessed Son. But, my children, I wish, before we allow this painful subject to pass from our immediate thoughts and conversation too, (for I dare say we shall none of us forget it quite,) to warn you,

that temptations to the greatest crimes assail us often, just in the same way as this did Charles.

First : when the fisherman asked him to go, he refused, because he knew it was a breach of duty ; but he ought not to have felt, much less to have allowed himself to say, " I should like it very much." This was giving the tempter an advantage. Depend upon it, my dears, the only safe way is to feel and say " No, I will not do so, because I know it is wrong : and I will not think how pleasant it would be if it was not wrong." The moment you begin to think so, that moment the tempter is able to come a step nearer. And then he will fix your thoughts so much on the object you desire, as to turn them from your duty ; and you find yourself guilty of transgressing before you are aware that you are yielding at all. And when you are recalled to reflection and a sense of the duty you have neglected, you wonder what could have so blinded your eyes.

" Oh, papa," said Charles, " I am sure that was exactly my case. I knew I ought not to go ; and at first I resolved not to go ; but from the moment I left the laurel-bush till I fell into the sea, I never thought at all of my duty ; and

then I wondered, when I came to myself, what could have induced me to be so naughty."

P. Well, my dears, we will now dismiss this subject, though I hope it will not be lost upon any of us. Remember, my loves, the moment you begin to reckon the greatness of the pleasure or the advantage which tempts you to do wrong, that moment you tell the tempter to persevere and he is sure of success. It is far better to avoid all temptations; but if any meet us in our way, then we must resist them firmly, at once, and for ever.

There is a very pretty story, written by Mrs. Hannah More, called *Parley the Porter*. She is a very easy and beautiful writer, and in that tale she points out forcibly the danger of parleying with sin.

M. I beg your pardon, papa, but I wish to ask, whether that is the lady of whose death you read very lately in the newspaper?

P. The same, Mary. She was an excellent Christian, and wrote many good works, not only for the young, but also for grown-up people. She was very intimate with some friends of mine, and I used to hear much of her goodness when I was a boy. She is gone to her rest and happiness,

we have good ground for hoping ; and she has left behind her in her Christian writings, many words which invite us to follow her good example. I was going to say, Charles, that sometimes, like the person she describes in that little story, though very seldom, you may be laughed at for your stiffness, as some may call your firm resolution ; sometimes, though very seldom, you may perhaps give offence by not complying with the wishes of others : but you will soon rise above such trials. And in general a young person who shows a fixed resolution to keep to what is right in all things, will gain the esteem, and confidence, and admiration, and love of every one whose good opinion is worth having. And then there is one, (not myself, said he to Henry, who looked as though he thought his father's words pointed to himself as his children's best friend,) there is one, our good God and Father in Heaven, whose approval is above all price—of value enough to weigh down the troubles and struggles of a whole life. And as my last words on this unpleasant point to-day, let me urge you, my dear children, to form a habit now (a habit which you will observe, and which will be a blessing to you when I am in the grave) of daily

praying to our heavenly Guardian and Guide to keep you safe, not only from those evils which may happen to the body, but from those more dreadful, though less dreaded evils, which may assault and hurt the soul; to preserve you from temptation, or to give you sufficient grace to overcome it." His father kissed Charles, pressing him to his bosom, and all soon felt happiness again.



FISHERMAN'S BOAT.

CONVERSATION IX.

BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER.

How vapours turned to clouds obscure the sky,
And clouds dissolved the thirsty ground supply.—ROSCOMMON.

See, up exhausted tubes bright currents flow
Of liquid silver from the lake below :
Weigh the long column of th' incumbent skies,
And with the changeful moment fall and rise.—BOTL. GARDEN.

“COME, children,” said their father, one very fine day, when the hills at a distance were looking particularly clear, and seemed to be nearer than usual, “let us take our ramble this morning, and we will make up for it in our studies when we return. I expect rain before evening.”

Mary. We are always glad to walk out with you, papa, at any time; but will you tell me what makes you think it will rain? The day seems to me as fine and beautiful as any we have had this summer.

P. I see more than one sign of rain, Mary. Whenever the hills are seen very distinctly, and appear nearer to us than usual, that is a

cause of suspicion to me. Besides, the barometer is fallen very much; and Charles! just examine your sea-weed, and tell me how it looks.

Charles, who was himself beginning to pay much attention to the weather, had already examined the weed, and could answer immediately:—"It is very moist and soft, not at all as it has been lately, dry and stiff."

P. That is another hint to us that we may expect rain. It shows that the air is moist, and that the moist particles are disposed to come down from the higher parts of the atmosphere.

M. But, papa, I don't exactly know what is the "atmosphere:"—Do you mean the clouds?

P. No, my child, not so. We have always the atmosphere around us, but, as you well know, we have sometimes a cloudless sky. We are always living in the midst of the atmosphere, and we could not live, as our nature now is, at all without it. And now tell me, what is it?

C. Is it the air, papa? We could not breathe without the air, I know.

P. Well, we may for the present call it the air; the whole globe of this earth is surrounded by a fluid, which is not visible to our eyes, or

felt by our hands, like water, but which still shows itself in various ways. This mass rises to the height of several miles above the surface of the earth, and is called the atmosphere*; and just as fishes are surrounded by water, and live and move in it, so are we and all other animals surrounded by this atmosphere, and live and move in it. And if we were to be taken out of it we should die, quite as certainly and as soon as fishes die when they are taken out of their element, the water. This atmosphere is full of vapour, or moist particles; and when these remain very small, and separate from one another, and are kept up, floating high in the air, we have fair weather; when they come down, and join together, and make drops, and so fall on the ground, that is what we call rain.

“But, papa,” said Mary, “how is the weather-glass able to tell when rain is coming? Is it like the sea-weed?”

P. Not so, Mary. The barometer shows only the weight of the atmosphere, which is

* That word is derived from two Greek words, which mean “a circular mass of vapour.”

sometimes heavier and sometimes lighter; the more heavy it is, that is, the more close and dense, the more power has it to keep the moist particles floating high; and the thinner it is, the less has it that power, and the greater tendency have the moist particles to come down. And since the mercury, or quicksilver, measures this, the tube and its scale make what is called "the weather-glass." You shall one day or other learn all about this; at present we had better be contented to know the fact, that generally the quicksilver rises before fine weather, and stands high when it is likely to continue settled and fair; and falls before wet weather, and during a continuance of rain remains very low. But this gives by no means a sure sign either of wet, or dry, or changeable weather; and the most experienced observers are often mistaken.

C. What, then, papa, is the use of it? Would it not be better to be without any such signs, if they cannot be depended upon?

P. You will soon find by experience, my boy, that we must be content in this world with a mixture of imperfection in what, on the

whole, we may highly value, and may in itself be truly valuable. There is nothing perfect here, as far as we are connected with it; even the Bible, that best and richest gift of God to man, though it be in itself perfect, we must be satisfied and grateful if we understand only in part. It is very foolish, and like the conduct of a spoiled child, to cast off any thing in scorn because it does not, in every point, exactly reach what we might wish or expect; and I should not much like that farmer for a tenant who would sell or neglect his weather-glass as useless, merely because it did not in all cases just tell him whether the threatened rain will fall or no.

“But, papa,” said Henry, “what is the use of that other thing that hangs against the wall? I think you call it a thermometer.”

P. That tube is to tell us how hot it is, my man. Of itself it indicates nothing of what we are to expect, but only the degree of heat just at this moment. I do not think, Henry, you can quite understand the “whys” and the “wherefores” about this instrument. And perhaps we had better at present be satisfied with knowing,

that the higher the fluid rises, the hotter it is; and the lower it sinks, the colder it is.

M. Oh! papa, I think I know more than that. I am sure, last winter you told me, that at thirty-two degrees was the freezing point: and if you remember, we watched it when the Snow Giant was tumbling down.

P. Well, my love, I am quite glad you remember that. Some time or other, you will be able to understand all about it. I do not mean *all* the truth; but all that is known by those who are best acquainted with the subject.

M. But indeed, papa, I think Charles and I, and little Henry himself, who asked the question, can now understand something about it. I am sure you always make every thing very clear.

P. Why, my child, my wish is to convey to you, from time to time, what you can understand in the plainest way: and if Charles will tell William to bring three basins, with a jug of cold water, and another jug of hot water, perhaps I may explain something more to you of the use of thermometers.

Charles was very intent upon the subject, and went in search of the servant and the basins. Meanwhile, Mary said to her father,

“I cannot think, papa, what use there can be of the thermometer. I can see the use of the barometer, because I cannot tell when the air is heavy or light; but I can always tell when it is cold, or when it is hot. My own feelings say quite enough without a glass to instruct them.”

P. I am very glad, Mary, that Charles is gone for the basins and water: I think I shall prove to you, that you are now a little conceited. You are not aware, that our feelings mislead us very much indeed on this point.

“Oh! papa,” said Henry, “I think I can tell when I am hot, and when I am cold, without a thermometer to teach me.”

P. I have no doubt of that, young master. You know when you feel hot, and Mary knows when she is so cold that she runs to the fire. But suppose I show you, that not only may two persons say the one that he is hot, and the other that he is cold, in the same place; but that your two hands would give different verdicts as to the

warmth of the same water, what would you then say? But here comes Charles, and we shall try for ourselves. Put the basins all in a row. And now Mary and Charles, you two try the experiment. First, pour the hot water into the right-hand basin; take care it is not too hot;—now pour the cold water into the left-hand basin; pour into the middle basin half from the hot and half from the cold. Now, Mary, put your hand into the hot basin: keep it there. Charles, put your hand into the cold basin, and keep it there. Now each put that hand into the middle basin;—what say ye?

M. Oh! papa, it feels cold!

C. Oh! papa, it feels warm!

P. Well, remember that. Now, Mary, put your right hand into the hot basin, and your left into the cold: keep them there. Now put both into the middle basin:—how do you feel?

M. I think I know what you mean, papa. This hand feels hot, and this hand feels cold.

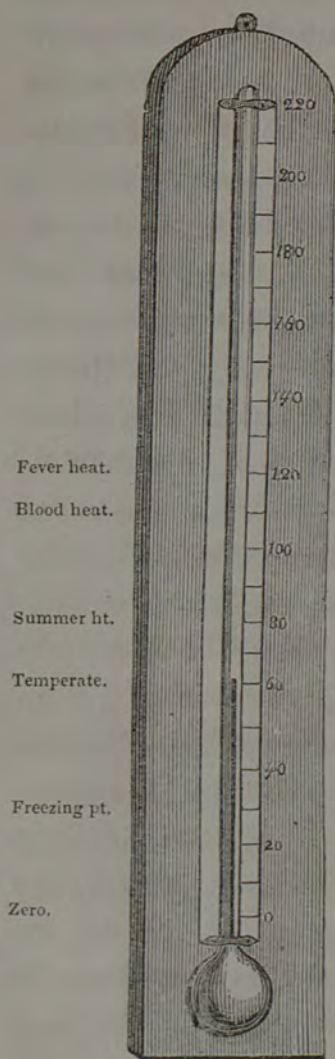
P. And both in the same water? Now we will try what says the thermometer. Mary says, one hand feels hot, and the other cold in the same water, (or what is called the

same medium;) do you think the glass can say so?

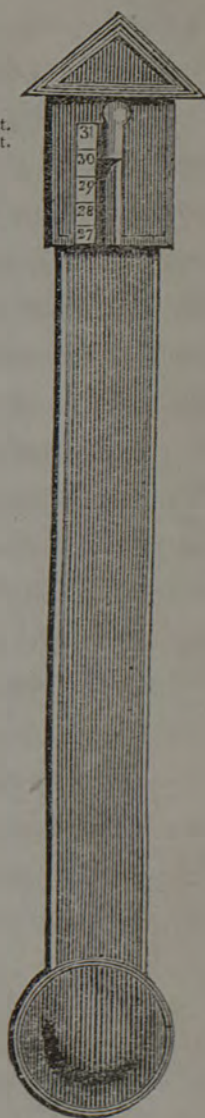
C. Oh! papa, I quite understand you. We want something without feeling to tell us the real heat. And do, papa, explain how the thermometer tells us this?

P. Well, we will examine both the instruments before we start on our ramble, and we may talk over the matter as we walk. First, then, look at this, the thermometer. You see it consists of a bulb and a long tube of glass. The bulb and half the tube, or nearly half, is at present filled with quicksilver; and on one side you observe a graduated scale, and on the other, words which you will easily understand. Observe, the tube and the bulb are entirely closed, so as to exclude the air totally*. I wish you to pay particular attention to this, because we shall have to contrast it with the barometer. Now, the principle upon which the mercury works, and by moving up and down in the tube

* This is what is called "hermetically sealing" the tube. It may be effected by melting the extremity of the tube at the flame of a candle, by the help of the blowpipe.



Very dry, hard frost.
Settled fair, or frost.
Frost.
Fair.
Changeable.
Rain, snow.
Much rain or snow
Stormy.



shows the degree of heat prevailing at the time, is this:—All bodies expand, that is, are enlarged in their bulk by heat, and are contracted, or lessened in their bulk by cold. This is the case with the mercury, which, as the heat increases, requires more room for itself; but the bulb is full, so it must make its way higher up the tube. On the contrary; as it grows colder, less room being required, it sinks till it is almost all contained in the bulb. There are different thermometers, graduated very differently. The one generally used in England is Fahrenheit's. Examine this, Charles. Opposite what degree do you find the mercury standing now?"

C. It is just under "60;" and on the other side, just above "temperate!"

M. Papa, I think I should like it always to be there. It is so very pleasant this morning, neither too hot nor too cold; and so I suppose they call it temperate.

P. I am disposed to think we enjoy this delicious weather much more because we are exposed to greater heat and cold sometimes. Variety is charming, you know; and don't you

think we shall all enjoy the fine, bracing, frosty mornings again, Mary?

M. Oh, yes, papa, I am sure we shall. So I was wrong. But, papa, I see a *nought* (0); will you explain that?

P. That point is called *Zero*; it is the point where mercury freezes, and it is the point from which Fahrenheit begins to reckon. In this country the cold is very seldom below "20," and the heat is very seldom above "80." We are, indeed, most highly favoured, though many complain of our climate, and few of us are grateful.

M. Now, papa, will you show us the difference between the barometer and the thermometer? You told us to observe, that the glass was every where closed against the air—is it not so in the other?

P. No, my child, if it were it would not act. It is closed just in the same way at the round end of the tube, and between the mercury and the top there is no air at all, so the mercury rises without resistance; but in the bulb there is a hole, through which the air acts; and the heavier it is, the more it presses the mercury

from the bulb up the tube; and the lighter it is, the more the mercury sinks down into the tube. So, as a general rule, in fine weather it rises, and in wet weather it falls. In this country it seldom rises above thirty inches and a half, and seldom falls below twenty-eight inches and a half. A column of quicksilver of nearly thirty inches in height is just enough to balance the pressure of the atmosphere, and the rise and fall in the tube show the variations of that pressure.



INLAND VIEW NEAR THE COAST.

CONVERSATION X.

THE WEATHER.

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—SHAKESPEARE.

Papa. Now, let us set off for our walk; and remember, if you do not quite understand all about the two instruments, I told you beforehand that probably you would not. However, I think you know enough for practice, and much more than many, who still are able to consult them with advantage. I should like to ask you, Mary, one question before we start:—Suppose the Mercury were both in the thermometer and in the barometer, opposite the number 28, at the same time, what weather would you expect? Look at both instruments before you answer.

Mary. Oh, papa, that is not an easy question. Let me see:—Being at “28” *degrees* in the thermometer, I know it is below freezing, and

being at "28" *inches* in the barometer, I should expect a very severe storm. Oh, now I see—I should look for a very heavy fall of snow.

P. Quite right. So you see that you should consult both instruments together; and even then you must not be surprised, as I said before, if you are sometimes thrown out of your reckoning. The weather is so very uncertain and changeable in this country, that we can never fully depend upon any of the most approved methods of calculating upon what is to come.

Charles. Oh, papa, that reminds me of what I have often wished to ask you:—Our old gardener at home, whenever we ask him about the weather, always talks about the changes of the moon; will you tell me how the moon enables him to foretell the weather?

P. Indeed, Charles, your question is much more difficult than mine was to Mary; and I scarcely know how to answer you. So many people, not only like our old gardener, but of very superior education and talents, have believed that the changes of the moon have an influence on the weather, that one feels it rather presumptuous to hold a different opinion. Still,

you know my principle is always to confess the truth; and, after watching many, many years, I can come only to one conclusion, that if the moon has any influence at all on the weather, it is such as we know nothing of. I have never been able to observe any effect whatever; and I have carefully looked for it many years.

M. I beg your pardon, papa. But if the moon has such very great influence on the sea as to produce the tides, why may it not have an equal influence on the weather?

P. Why it may not, I do not venture to say: nor do I say, that it has not; but you have just started as an objection, Mary, what I have often heard before, but what affords in my mind the very strongest and clearest arguments against the notion of the changes of the moon influencing the weather.

M. How is that, papa?

P. If the moon influenced the weather as it does the tides, there would surely be the same, or at least some degree of the same regularity in it. We can tell to-day exactly the hour when it will be high water or low water to-morrow, and whether it will be a spring tide, or half, or

neap. But no one ever pretended, that the weather changed from wet to dry, or cold to warm, or rough to calm, at new moon or full moon. All they say is, that there will be an alteration, or that the weather during the quarter will correspond with what it was at the change; or on the third day after, or something of that sort. For you will scarcely find any two persons agree as to their rules for foretelling the weather from the moon*. Some fixing upon the very hour of change, and drawing their conclusions according to its distance from midnight, before or after. Others looking to the third day after the change. And what seems to me a most childish notion, others condemn a Tuesday's or a Friday's moon, as the sure herald of bad weather.

C. I often hear the gardener say, that the Almanack talks of bad weather, or fine weather. Can the people who make the Almanacks tell so long beforehand?

P. No, my child, they cannot; and they are,

* See, however, Toaldo's System respecting the probability of a change of weather, in the *Journal des Sciences Utiles*.

I think, quite unjustifiable in pretending to do so. But such confidence has been placed in their predictions, that I have often heard persons defend the Almanack when it has proved quite wrong, by the very argument which ought to convince them that it undertakes to do what is impossible.

C. Oh ! papa, I think I know what you mean. Is it not what I have heard the gardener say, when it has been very fine weather through several days, and all the time the Almanack told us to expect rain. "I dare say they have had rain enough in other places?" You talked to me once before about that, papa, or I should not have known what you meant.

P. Exactly so. The Almanack is written for all England; and it pretends to foretell the weather to all its readers. And it addresses the same words to people in Cumberland, and Sussex, and Cornwall; but very seldom indeed, is it the same weather in those distant places on any one day. One summer I remember living for many weeks near Brighton, whilst a friend of mine was passing the same time at Coniston Lake in the north of Lancashire. Through the

whole of that time in the south, we had most beautiful weather, and were kept in-doors by the wet only one or two days. On the contrary, my friends in the North experienced scarcely one dry day. Now, my children, judge for yourselves. How could the same Almanack serve for both places?

M. I see that, papa, quite plainly; but with the help of the two glasses, I suppose a person who watches very carefully, is very seldom mistaken?

P. If I had any thing to do which required dry weather, I would certainly consult such a person, if I could; but I should not entirely depend upon him. I remember an old gentleman in Oxford, who was Professor of Astronomy, and lived in the Observatory, and had the character, above all men of his time, of being *weather-wise*. The Observatory is a beautiful residence, and has some meadow-ground attached to it, where the Professor grew his hay. One very catching summer, as they call it, the good folks in the neighbourhood who had hay to cut, kept their eyes on the Professor and his meadow, and seemed resolved not to employ the scythe

till he set the example. At last the signal was given; and it spread very soon far and near and all around, that he had pronounced for fine weather, and had begun to mow. Down came all the crops as fast as hands could cut them. It turned out to be terribly wet for some time: more hay was spoiled than was ever remembered; and from that time the Professor lost all his reputation for being weather-wise. And yet, I dare say, no one was wiser than he. Does this conversation remind you of any passage in the Bible, Mary? Perhaps Charles, too, can recollect one. There are two or three which it has called very fresh to my mind.

M. I remember one, papa. Do you mean Elijah?

P. Yes, my child, that is one. Tell me what you remember about it.

M. I remember, it was after a very long season of dry weather, when nothing could grow, and there was a very sad famine. And Elijah had proved that the Lord was the only God, by fire falling upon his sacrifice. And then he told the king to return as fast as he could, because he foresaw that a great quantity of rain was coming:

and it was a little cloud rising out of the sea, like a man's hand, that he saw.

P. Very well, my dear. It was his servant who saw the cloud rise, and told Elijah. But that makes little difference as to the subject of our conversation. When you read that chapter next, you will observe, that Elijah prophesied of rain, which was to end the famine, and bring plenty with it, before he went up to Carmel. So it was not from any sign in the sky that he foretold it, but from immediate revelation. He afterwards sent his servant to the top of the hill, from which he could see the Mediterranean to the west, whilst he remained below, probably in earnest prayer, that the Almighty would soon fulfil his promise of relief. And then the servant saw the little cloud rising, and the prophet was then contented. We are told by modern travellers, that in the East country, great storms very often begin with clouds of this description. Bruce tells us, that he was often reminded of Elijah on Mount Carmel by the violent rains, which he had frequently witnessed following such a sign in the sky. Now, Charles, have

you any passage to remind us of? I think you have.

C. I was thinking of what our Lord said to the people who came to tempt him.

P. That is the very passage which I hoped you would have in your thoughts. Well, my boy, tell us what it is.

C. They came to ask him a sign from heaven, and he said, "When it is evening, ye say, 'It will be fair weather, for the sky is red;' and when it is morning, 'It will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering.' O ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

P. How is it, Charles, you remember it so exactly? Have you learned it lately?

C. Yes, papa, Henry and I learned it a very little time ago. We could both say it by heart; but I do not quite understand it. Why was our Saviour so much displeased with them?

P. Our Saviour does not at all find fault with them for attempting to foretell the weather from the natural signs of the sky; but he accuses

them of gross and wilful ignorance and neglect in what is of far more importance than the weather. And he tells them, if they would only use their faculties in spiritual things as carefully as they did in things of this life, they would of themselves have seen signs more than enough to convince them that he was the Christ the Son of God. They could tell the signs of the weather; but they could not, or rather *would not*, see, that all the prophets, with one voice, marked him alone as their Messiah; that the wonderful works, the miracles he had done, proved the same thing beyond a doubt. And, my dears, the same words of our blessed Lord ought to make us very watchful. There are many signs of the times now very plainly visible around us: God's judgments are in the world, and it will be our own fault if we do not profit by observing them. They are intended to teach us righteousness.

But there is one point of view in which the very great uncertainty of the weather has always appeared to me to read to us a very plain and a very serious and useful lesson. And if you

are not tired with our conversation, I should like to explain it to you now it is fresh in my thoughts. What say you, children?

M. Indeed, papa, I assure you we are not tired. Perhaps Henry is; for he does not like to dwell long on the same subject. But I can answer for Charles and myself.

“And, indeed, papa,” said Henry, who had, perhaps, not taken so much interest in the conversation to-day as the two others had; and no wonder, when we consider how much younger he was; “I am not at all tired, and shall be very glad to hear you talk about it. I wish Mary would answer for herself: she thinks I can attend to nothing, I suppose.”

P. Come, my little man, do not be angry. Mary meant no offence; though I agree with you, she might have kept her remarks to herself; and I am sure, Henry, you will quite understand my lesson, as soon as I tell it you. The uncertainty of the weather often reminds me of the uncertainty of life. Do you remember when we were talking about the rising and setting of the sun, I told you, that so regular, so

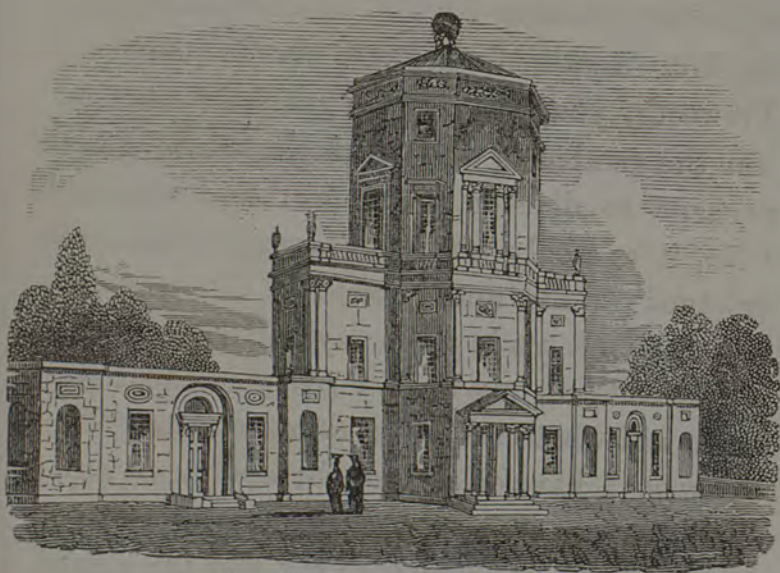
certain is the course of the year, that we can foretell exactly, for months before, at what moment, and on what point of the compass, the sun will rise or set on a particular day. We can foretell an eclipse years before: but we know nothing of the weather. Will it be dry or wet, cold or warm,—it is all hidden from us. When we go to bed with the most beautifully clear sky, we may rise next morning in the midst of a storm. The rain has no hour (which we know of,) for refreshing the earth: the tempest has no fixed day *in our calendar*. Of the winds, we cannot tell when they will rise, and lift up the waves of the sea, and shake the forests; nor when they will be at peace, and the ocean be unruffled, and not a leaf be moved. So is it with our life on earth. There is no visible hand pointing to its last hour; there is no shadow by which we can perceive with certainty the going down of our sun. Take any individual; let him be young, and strong, and flourishing as an oak in its prime; and you cannot tell whether he will be numbered among the living when the sun rises to-morrow. In this case, all is like the weather, uncertain and precarious. And our good God

has, no doubt, so ordained it for the best. Tell me, Mary, what it teaches us.

M. I think I see, papa, what you mean; but I should so much rather hear from you, than attempt to tell it myself.

P. Well, my love, if there is a subject on which a father might be expected to teach his children, it is this lesson, which the uncertainty of life so strongly enforces:—"To be always ready, at a moment's warning, to bid adieu to this world, and all we value most in it, and meet our God and Judge." He bids us set our affections on heavenly and eternal things, and never, from a feeling of health, or strength, or youth, to put off till to-morrow the commencement of a religious life, or our further improvement in it. You can never be too young to be good Christians; and the earlier you are so, the happier will you be on earth, and the fitter will you be to exchange earth for heaven, whenever God shall call you. I know no object more delightful to contemplate than religion in youth. You know, my dears, by religion, I never mean any thing gloomy, or harsh, or severe, in oneself, or in one's behaviour towards others. The reli-

gious frame of mind I love is cheerful and kind. It interferes neither with the innocent pleasures, nor with the honest occupations of life; and whilst it is a well-spring of calm delight and comfort to the individual, it cheerfully imparts a share of that delight and comfort to those who are happy enough to be within its influence.



OXFORD OBSERVATORY.

CONVERSATION XI.

TEA.

The whirl and turmoil of this changeful earth
Too often breaks the quiet social tie;
Nought can be counted then of little worth,
Which joins in peace the scatter'd family,
For this we prize it.—M.S.

“PAPA,” said Mary, one morning at breakfast, “do you remember when you were reading to us Mr. Markland’s account of the journey to Petworth, you asked me to guess for what reason the gentlemen left the carriage, and I said, perhaps to dine or drink tea; and you said, ‘No, it was only when the carriage was upset, or stuck in the mud: besides, you said they seldom drank tea in those days?’”

Papa. Well, my love, I remember that very well; and what makes you think of it now?

Mary. I have often thought how it was, that we drink tea always, and the people of those times seldom; and I want to ask you the reason, papa?

P. The subject you have started, Mary, is a very curious one—one of the most curious connected with our trade in England, and with our domestic habits and comforts. What should we do now without tea? But there is another question,—how did those do without it who lived before us?

Charles. Mary has not told all the truth yet, papa. We have been very desirous of learning the history, not only of tea, but of sugar, and honey, and salt, and pepper, and every thing we eat or drink, just as you explained to us the way of making bread, and cheese, and butter; and so she has only begun our list.

P. Very well, my children; whatever I can recollect about these subjects, I will endeavour to explain to you. But one thing at a time, Charles, and I think we might as well keep to our “tea.” First, tell me what you know of it already, Henry.

Henry. Indeed, papa, I know very little more than where it comes from, and what it is.

P. Oh! my man, if you know that, you know a good deal. First, where does it come from?

H. I see you are going to laugh, Mary and

Charles: that is not fair. I know it comes from the tea-dealers.

P. Well, and what is it?

H. I am sure it is the leaf of a tree, papa; for you told me so one morning, when you spread some leaves out of the tea-pot on the table-cloth. Why do you laugh, Mary?

M. I only laughed when I saw you were going to talk about the shop of the tea-merchant; and papa meant you to tell us what country it came from.

P. Come, Mary, since you laugh at Henry, you must tell us from what country it comes.

M. I believe it comes from China; but I know very little more. Pray tell us all about it yourself; will you, papa?

P. You seemed to be surprised, Mary, that our predecessors did not use tea. It is comparatively of very late introduction into this country; and now it is as generally used by all ranks, as though it grew in our own gardens.

M. What did they drink at breakfast and tea, papa?

P. I dare say we should at first be inclined to think their breakfast more fit for a plough-boy

than for gentlemen and ladies. They used to drink broth, and milk, and beer, and wine. But they called their first meal dinner; and we are told only invalids, whose stomachs were weak, *broke* their *fast* before dinner; and then they had some light thing in their bed-room. I believe the cheerful breakfast, when all the family assemble round the table, was a meal quite unknown to them under that name.

M. Oh! papa, I see now the meaning of the word "breakfast,"—the meal at which we *break* our *fast*. Is it not, papa? I never knew that before. But how long a time it must have been for them to wait for dinner! I should think even a person in good health could scarcely last out so long.

P. There again, my love, you are hasty; you forget how much we have changed our names and hours. Make only a few allowances for such changes, and we shall find ourselves not so very far removed from those of former days. You are thinking of our dining at five, or six, or seven o'clock; or perhaps you have heard, that in some very gay circles in London, it may be nine o'clock at night before they sit down to

dinner. You must not suppose the good people in those old times went so long without a hearty meal. It is very curious to trace the gradual progress of the dinner-hour. In former days,—not so very long ago, neither,—the dinner-hour in our colleges used to be one; and before that time, it was at twelve; and before that, eleven. The earliest hour I have myself heard of was nine. There is an old saying, copied from the French, or, perhaps, the French saying was taken from ours:—

To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Will make a man live till ninety-nine.

And it is curious to find in the old college statutes, when the good founders are making rules for the scholars whom their bounty was to support, they give a much more liberal allowance for supper than for dinner. It was not till the middle of the last century that tea became general in England. At first it was confined to the rich and fashionable; and no wonder, for it cost about sixty shillings a pound when it was first introduced. This may account too, for the very small

cups and tea-pots of china, which we sometimes see preserved now as curiosities.

M. What, papa, were those you showed me in the china-closet ever used by grown-up people? They look like children's cups, or fit for dolls. Were they real tea-cups?

P. Yes. They did not then drink tea as we do now, but only sip a little as a relish; and it was very long before it became a general beverage among the lower classes. It was till comparatively late years, thought a lady's liquor, fit neither for men nor for farmer's wives. I remember an old man in Northamptonshire telling me that his grandmother was the first in their village who ever indulged in such a luxury. And in the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire, there is a story handed down, which whether true or not, proves that tea was introduced into the country very lately. The grandmother of an old lady is mentioned by name as having received an ounce or two of tea from her friend in London as the most valuable rarity. She boiled the tea in a saucepan, threw away the juice, and mixed up the leaves with salt and butter.

H. How very foolish, papa!

P. You are a bold man for saying so, Henry. I doubt whether you would have made a wiser use of the present, if you had never heard of it before. But we have not said any thing about the thing itself yet, except that it is the leaf of a vegetable, and that it grows in China. They say it is a very pretty tree, like our myrtles. It is raised from seeds; and the leaves are picked off very carefully, and then dried and rolled, and curled by the hand; and so it is packed up, and sent all over the world. It is quite a mistake to suppose that they gather the leaves from the trees as they grow wild. They are cultivated with very great care. And we have some very pretty pictures, showing the process in all its stages. Look at this one. You see the shrubs planted very regularly in rows, and attended to very carefully.

H. Oh, papa, please to explain it to me. What funny hats they have on! What is that man doing with a long stick in his hand? It is very like a frying-pan.

P. He is watering the plants.

H. Is that a watering-pot? It is not like



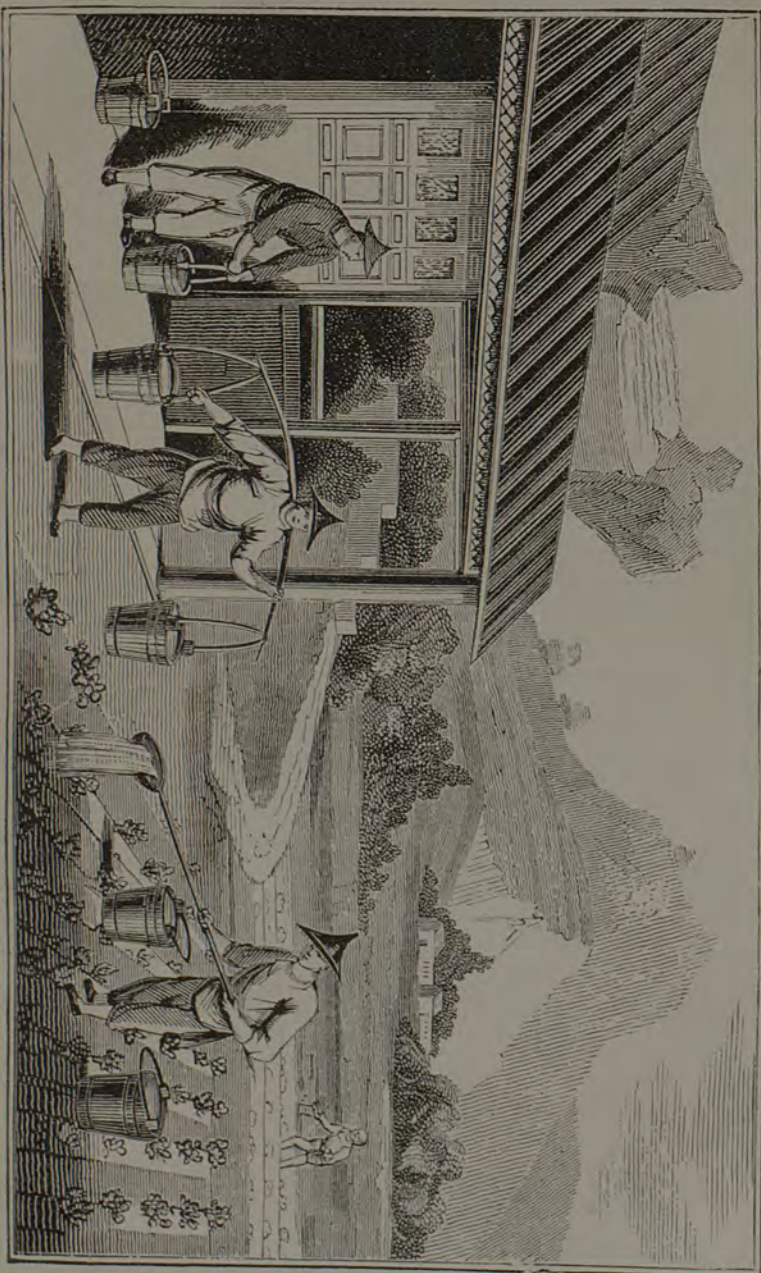
H. How very foolish papa!

P. You are a little vain for saying so, Henry. I doubt whether you ever saw a tea-plant, or the use of the product. I have seen a great many of them before. But my age has not said any thing about the thing in the way, except that it is the leaf of a vegetable and that it grows in China. They say it is a very pretty tree, like our myrtles. It is raised from seeds; and the leaves are picked off very carefully, and then dried and rolled, and curled by the hand; and so it is packed up, and sent all over the world. It is quite a mistake to suppose that they gather the leaves from the trees as they grow wild. They are cultivated with very great care. I have seen some very pretty pictures, showing the process in its stages. Look at this one. You see the shrubs planted very regularly in rows, and watered very carefully.

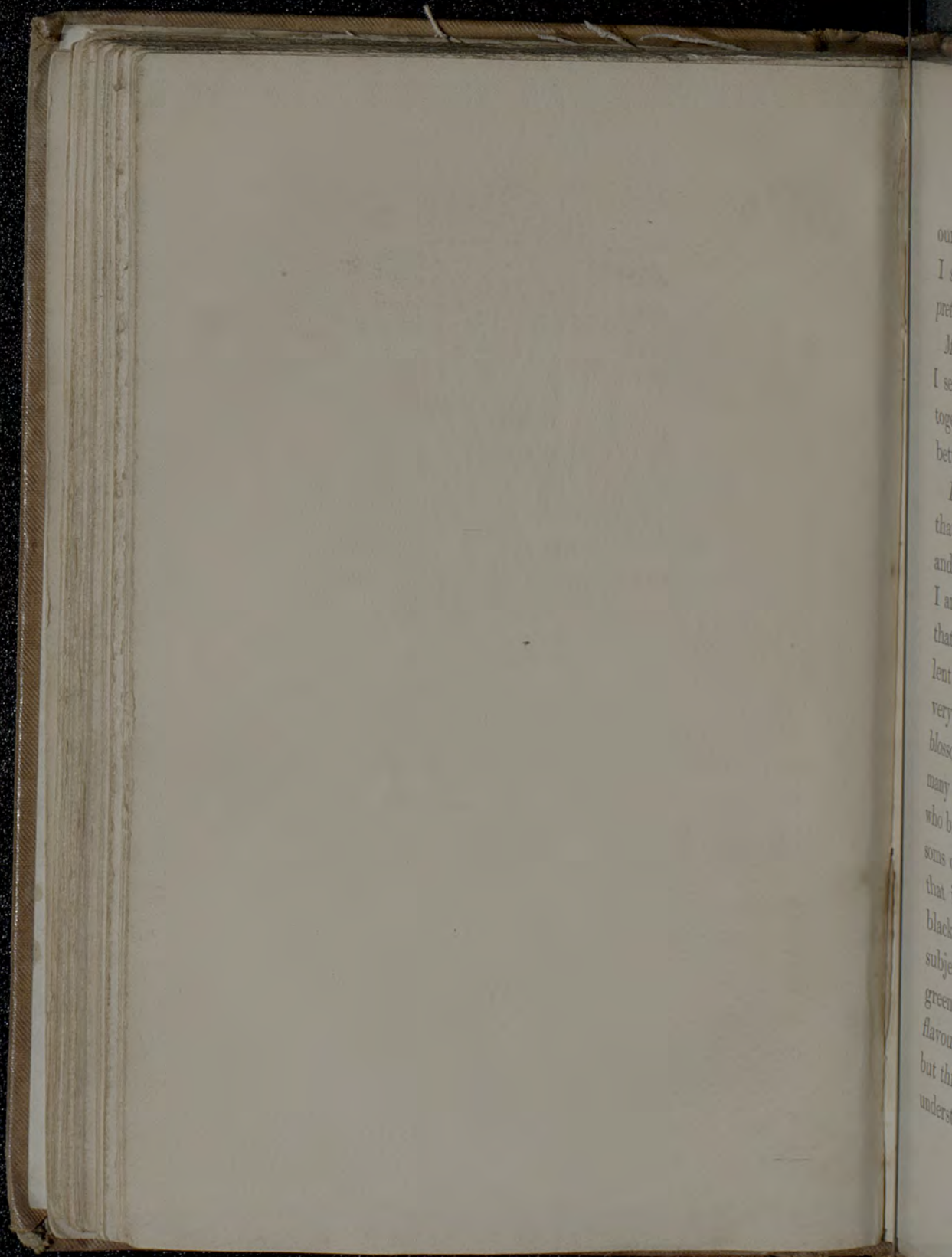
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WATERING THE TEA-PLANTS.



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ours. And what is the other man doing? Oh, I see; he is bringing the water. It is very pretty.

M. Papa, I wish to ask you a question:— I see you always mix the black and green tea together at breakfast; what is the difference between them?

P. I am not quite certain. I used to believe that the green consisted of the best and finest and first crop of leaves from the same tree, but I am now strongly impressed with the persuasion that there are two distinct trees. A very excellent friend of yours and mine, Mary, gave me very lately a pretty japan box, containing dried blossoms in it, which had been brought over many years ago from China: and the gentleman who brought them over, said they were the blossoms of the hyson, or green tea-plant, implying, that it was a different plant from that of the black. This is the best evidence I have on the subject. I know it used to be said, that the green was dried on copper, and though of a finer flavour in consequence, was very unwholesome; but this is by no means true. I do not, however, understand why green tea should keep us awake

more than black; but, speaking for myself, I can vouch for the fact, and I believe the effect is very general.

C. Are not the Chinese very strange people?

P. Yes, my boy, Henry fixed on the oddness of their hats: but there is not a greater difference between theirs and ours now, than between what are at present fashionable in England, and what were worn formerly. Use accustoms us to many things, which, at first, seem strange, and some fit only for uncivilized barbarians.

However, the Chinese *are* a very extraordinary people. They are very jealous of strangers, and will not allow foreigners to see their customs, or manufactories, or even to come into their towns. In their food they differ very much from us. A young, fat little dog is reckoned as delicate eating there as tender lamb is here. A friend of mine met a countryman last year going into one of their towns, with two little dogs, which he was carrying to market. My friend bought them, and so rescued them from the butcher and the spit: they grew up afterwards to be very pretty creatures. He told me, the Chinese had a delicious food, made of the inner

lining of birds'-nests. It is a kind of glutinous substance, and is something like isinglass in appearance. It is very dear, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring it. They ransack all the country for the nests where it is found.

You have heard of the famous Dr. Johnson's partiality for tea. He used to drink cup after cup, with the greatest relish, to the amazement of every one; and when a very good, but in this point, at least, a mistaken man, Mr. Jonas Hanway, made a violent attack on the then growing custom of drinking tea, the Doctor answered him with all his power, and triumphed in a victory.

Well, my children, I think we have exhausted our stock of tea-knowledge; and now to our studies. But, Mary, I wish you and Charles to repeat to me, when we next meet at breakfast, the lines in Cowper's *Winter Evening* which describe a tea-party at home; and do not forget to remind us of them when winter comes again. Stay! I think I remember all that bears on our subject:—

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,

And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

And a little further on he says, very prettily :

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace ;
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !

————— one hand employed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose,
 On bird and beast ; the other charged for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day.



CHINESE VIEW.

CONVERSATION XII.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE BIBLE.

And what her learning? 'tis with awe to look
 In every verse throughout one sacred book;
 From this her joy, her hope, her peace is sought,
 This she has learnt, and she is nobly taught.—CRABBE.

“My dear papa,” said Mary, one morning, as they were retiring from the breakfast-table, “Charles has asked me a question, which I think I can answer; but I am not sure that I quite understand it: and so I told him I would beg you to explain his difficulty.”

Papa. That is quite right, my child. You should always try yourself first; and then, if you find the subject above your comprehension, apply for the assistance of those who are older or better informed than yourself. But let Charles state his difficulty.

Charles. I was reading the tenth chapter of Proverbs, papa, and I could not understand how two of the verses could both be true. I know both are true, because both are in the

Bible; and every word of the Bible is true. I could not help thinking there was some contradiction in the two verses I mean.

P. Well, my boy, I will endeavour to explain them. The Bible is the best gift of God to man; and it is our bounden duty,—and God is so good as to make our duty the most delightful occupation,—to study the Bible with all our power. We must never pass over difficulties without trying to remove them. In many cases we may, after all, not be able fully to understand the subject: but if we do our very best, God will never be angry with us for our ignorance. The good Christian never needs to distress himself because some parts remain still above his comprehension. We may be assured, that if we do our duty, God will impart to us quite enough knowledge of his truth to guide us safely through this world, and lead us, and keep us in our road to heaven. Still, we must study it with all our care, and bring all our studies to bear upon this one, by far the highest and most important of all. And above all, we must pray heartily and faithfully for the light and guidance of his Holy Spirit, without whose blessing all our labour will

be useless, and all our search will be vain. Do you understand what I have said, Charles? Tell me in your own words, that I may see whether I have conveyed to you my meaning clearly.

Charles. I think you meant to say, that since the Bible was God's best gift, we ought to study it with great care, and try to understand what appears difficult, and to pray to God to help us in our search.

P. Quite right, my boy. The wisest man cannot employ his time and talents more profitably to himself or to the world, than by so studying the word of God, as to be able to explain its difficulties, and reconcile its apparent contradictions, and make its doctrines clear to less favoured minds, and enforce its precepts on all.

Mary. Indeed, papa, I so long to hear your explanation of Charles's difficulty, that I am sorry to stop you for a moment; but I think you would not be pleased, if I did not tell you what I am thinking of.

P. By all means tell me, my child: there is no fear of our forgetting what Charles wants. Besides, you see he has my great Bible open at the place. Now, Mary, what is it?

M. Why, papa, I am afraid my question will be a foolish one. On second thoughts, I am almost ashamed to tell it you.

P. That would be a false shame, Mary. To be ignorant of any thing is not in itself blameable, or shameful; but it is both blameable and shameful, if you are aware of your ignorance on any important subject, not to endeavour to remove it. Come, Mary, let us know your point.

M. Well, then, papa, I was thinking, what was the reason why, if God's book were written for us all, it was not so written as to be easily understood by all;—why there should be difficulties any where!

P. Indeed, Mary, so far from thinking it a silly question, I am surprised how you could have thought upon it at all. I should, indeed, wonder if I heard a grown-up person, who had reflected on God's dealings, urge any argument against the Bible on that ground. An unbeliever once was bold enough to say, that "If the Almighty had ever given a Revelation, he would have written it in the sky." But to say so, only showed his ignorance to be equal

to his boldness. He knew little of the general course of Providence: he could not have reflected upon God's acts, as seen plainly in the blessings he bestows on us in the works of nature. This is a very important point, and, if you do not think, Mary, yourself and Charles will be tired before we come to his question, I should be glad to talk a little longer with you upon it. What say you, too, Charles?

C. Indeed, papa, I am sure I shall not be tired in the least; and I think you are only preparing us for understanding you the better, when you come to my question.

M. And I am quite certain, papa, I should not be tired if you were to talk to me till night. I love so much to hear you speak to us of God and the Bible.

P. Well, my dears, I wish to show you plainly, that if there are difficulties in the Bible, which it requires our best care and labour to overcome, it is just the same in God's other gifts and blessings. You are well acquainted with the cultivation of a farm. Now just see what is the case there. The soil is the gift of God, so is the seed, so are the sun, the rain, and

the seasons. I will go further,—the very skill of the husbandman, and the very hand with which he scatters the grain, are all the gift of God; but unless he exerts himself, and applies his skill, and strength, and care, in preparing the ground, and sowing the seed, and preserving the growing crop from animals that would devour it, and in reaping and gathering the crop when ripe; he would be a madman to expect his barns to be full of corn in winter. These are difficulties;—they must be overcome; and unless they are overcome, we all know, the sun, and rain, and change of seasons acting on the soil, will never of themselves bring forth the full, ripe shocks of wheat in harvest-time. So it is with the spiritual gifts of Heaven. The truths of the Bible—the preservation of them—the understanding of them rightly, are all gifts of God: but without our own best endeavours, they will not work out for us the rich, precious harvest of blessings, which God's goodness and wisdom intended them to convey. And it would be just as reasonable to deny that God is the gracious giver of those productions of the earth, because the skill, and labour, and care of man

are necessary in their cultivation, as it would be to deny that the Bible was his word, because it requires much study, and research, and prayer, before we can draw from it the truth and comfort which such honest labours, with God's blessing, will produce.

M. Indeed, papa, you have made it all so clear to me, and my mind is so satisfied, that I am very glad I interrupted you. And now, please to let Charles state his own difficulty. I am sure your explanation of mine, has made his question much more easy. Indeed, I think it is already answered.

C. Mary, I begin to think so too; and perhaps we had better not trouble papa any more about it.

P. Indeed, my loves, you mistake me quite, if you think you are giving me any trouble by such questions. It is the greatest pleasure of my life to assist you in the search of truth. Come, Charles, now for your difficulty.

C. Well, papa, you remember, I said it was in the tenth chapter of Proverbs: in the fourth verse, it is said, that "The hand of the diligent maketh, rich;" but in the twenty-second verse,

we read, "That the blessing of the Lord maketh rich." I did not quite see how the same thing can properly be said to be done by the hand of the diligent man, and by the blessing of the Lord. But, indeed, papa, I think I see it more plainly since I have heard what you said in answer to Mary's question.

P. Well, my boy, I think I can reconcile the two passages without much difficulty. I am very glad indeed, that you have observed the apparent inconsistency, because it shows to me, that you think whilst you read. But tell me first, what you think of it now yourself.

C. Why, papa, I think it means that the hand of the diligent, and the blessing of God must go together——

P. Stop, Charles. If I were to dwell upon it for an hour, I could not state the truth more clearly than you have done. You have hit it exactly.

M. But, papa, I hope you will go on: I am sure you have much to tell us on the subject; and I should so like to hear you.

P. You observe, Solomon is here speaking of the riches of this world; and he says, that

in acquiring them, we must be diligent, and God must also bless our endeavours.

M. But I have often heard you say, papa, that riches are no proof of God's favour, and that poverty does not show his anger. I suppose God only blesses the riches of good men.

P. Exactly so. Solomon speaks to us very plainly of certain riches which lead to shame and want. It is only when they are gained honestly, and spent charitably, that they can have God's blessing. And, Charles, just read the words which follow your second sentence.

C. "And he addeth no sorrow with it."

P. Yes, my children, the riches Solomon means bring no biting cares with them. The Christian is happy in possessing riches, because they enable him to do good; and he is contented if they are taken away. Whilst he has them, he loves to employ them as a faithful steward of his heavenly Master; and when they fail, he knows where he may take refuge, and still be happy. Do you know what I mean, Mary?

M. I think you mean religion, papa: you have often told me, that God is our only sure friend in sorrow and disappointment.

P. Very right, Mary. But have I never told you, that there is another kind of riches, which ought to be much dearer to us than all the money and fine things of this life?

Henry. Oh! papa, I know that myself. I remember it very well: you said it was the love of God and heaven.

P. Thank you, my little man. You cannot think how much you have pleased me; because I now am sure you have been attending to our conversation. I was afraid it was rather beyond you.

H. Indeed, papa, I have listened all the time; but I think I shall learn more about it when I am as old as Mary.

P. I trust you will, my boy. But, Mary, I wished to apply what we have said about the riches of this world, to the riches of God's mercy in Christ. Can you tell me what I mean?

M. I am not sure, papa; but I think you mean that if we wish to gain heaven, we must have God's blessing on our own endeavours.

P. That is exactly what I mean. But I wish you to remember what I said about the growing of corn. We have already seen, chil-

dren, that every thing there is the gift of God,—the sun, the rain, the seasons, the soil, the skill and the strength of the farmer—every thing is God's gift; and yet the farmer labours and toils, rising up early, and late taking rest, just as if all depended upon himself. And if he does not work industriously and steadily, he will have no good crops; and if he does not work at all, he will have no crops at all. Just so is it with us and our salvation. We could no more have procured our own salvation than we could have made the sun. It is the gift of God alone, through the mercies and merits of Christ his only Son, and our only Saviour. And yet, if we do not labour with all diligence in the work of salvation, we can never have a harvest of peace and joy in heaven.

C. I quite understand that, papa. But did you not say that the skill and strength of the farmer were God's gift also? I should have thought *they* had been his own.

P. Only reflect one moment, Charles. Why! the strongest farmer might be struck with a sickness, which would not let him leave his bed, much less hold a plough: and he might be

deprived of his senses, and not know his right hand from his left.

C. Indeed, papa, I am quite ashamed of what I said. I see clearly now, that all the farmer has is the gift of God.

P. Yes, my dear loves; and in the great work, in the cultivation of our souls, all we can do must also come from him. We can do nothing without his grace; and his grace is a free gift. So that, when we strive and try to be good, and to improve in real earnest, it is God's goodness that gives us the will and the power to strive. And if he blesses our endeavours, and crowns them with success, it is, after all, his own gifts he crowns, and his own grace he rewards. But that no more releases us from striving and doing our very best, than the farmer would be excused, were he to spend all his days in indolence and neglect, merely because all he can at best command is from God. There is one point yet which we have not stated: it is quite necessary to be understood and practised. We must all pray heartily and constantly for that grace, for the sake of Christ. You cannot begin too young. If you pray sincerely, he will not fail

to give you his grace and blessing. I would sum up the only safe rule thus, "We must trust in God, and rely upon him, just as entirely as if we were expected to do nothing for ourselves; and we must labour to be good Christians, to gain his favour here, and heaven hereafter, just as strenuously as though we had no grace of God to rely upon at all."



CONVERSATION XIII.

HONEY.

So work the honey bees—
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.—SHAKESPEARE.

“PAPA,” said Henry, as soon as the servants had withdrawn from morning-prayer, “you promised to tell us all about sugar. Will you this morning? I remember every thing you said about tea. What I had forgotten, Mary and Charles told me over again.”

Papa. But, Henry, if you remember, Charles joined a great many things together. Now tell me which of all those ought we to talk about at the same time that we speak of sugar.

Henry. Oh, papa, I think honey. They are both sweet. Are they made in the same way?

Mary. Now, Henry, indeed you ought to know better. You saw the honey and honeycomb at Farmer Thompson’s, taken from the bee-

hive; and I am sure you know that sugar comes from foreign parts.

H. Very well; but I suppose there are bees in foreign parts, Mary, as well as here; and I asked papa whether bees made the sugar there. Do they, papa?

P. I must say, Mary, you are a little too quick on your young scholar. What was there unreasonable in his supposing that honey and sugar were made in the same way?

M. Oh, papa, they are so very different. Honey is like water almost, running about our plate; and sugar is dry, like sand, or hard, like a stone.

P. Well, Mary, that is, one is called a fluid, and the other a solid. But do you know that Lord Bacon tells us of the ancients having honey just as hard and as solid as our sugar? I only mention this to convince you that Henry's was not so silly a question as you thought it was. Besides, I think I know a little girl who would not fancy herself fairly treated, if she was called foolish for asking whether sugar and treacle were made from the same thing. And I am sure there is more difference in appearance

between treacle and sugar, than between sugar and honey.

Charles. And does treacle come from the same thing with sugar, papa?

P. It does certainly. Come, I see Mary is a little ashamed of giving Henry so sharp a rebuke; and I think Henry looks a little satisfied, Mary, at your being set right. Well, no bones are broken on either side; and I think we all seem pleased with our subject.

M. Oh, yes, papa, we are all very desirous of learning more about it. You have shown me how ignorant I am, where I thought myself very wise. So please to go on, papa; only I must give my dear boy a kiss first.

P. Well, Henry, now I am sure you have more than amends made for the little rebuff; and I will answer your question in due form. Honey and sugar are not made in the same way, or from the same things. You know already, that honey is made by the little busy bee. Come, Henry, repeat that little hymn of Dr. Watts's; it always appears to me as sweet as the honey made by his little busy friends themselves.

Henry repeated the hymn very properly; and their father, having urged his children to improve "each shining hour" in laying up a store of good things against the time of want, or sickness, or age, or the active employments of life, and above all, against the hour when the night of death will shut in, and we can work no longer, then told them, he should not say a great deal on the subject of bees because he would bring them, very soon, a pretty little book, lately published, called *Insects and their Habitations*, which contained much useful and entertaining information. "You will there learn," said he, "how very skilfully the cells are built, and the wax spread; and will have cause to admire the provisions with which those little animals are supplied by a wise and good Providence. We must now confine our thoughts to honey. There is this great difference between honey and sugar, that the best honey is what is procured with the least labour on the part of man, and the best sugar is that on which most labour has been bestowed."

C. How is that, papa? I am sure you will explain it to us; but I don't see the reason now.

P. No wonder, my boy; we have not yet learned how the honey is formed, or the sugar is made. But bear in mind what I have said, that the more artificial the sugar, and the less artificial the honey, the better. First, as to the honey:—As soon as the little bees have made their cells (which when all formed and built, we call the comb,) and spread their wax (which, we are told, costs the busy labourers more time and exertions than all the gathering of their honey), as many as can be spared from watching and cleaning the hive, and attending upon the young and the queen, scatter themselves all over the country, far and wide, in search of their “sweet food,” and wherever they find the flowers they like best, there they suck and gather their fill, and then return home, loaded as heavily as an industrious gleaner in harvest-time. They then deposit their burden, and, if there is time, set off again for another.

M. Papa, have the goodness to tell me how they get the honey from the flowers; do they find it there ready made, or are they obliged to make it?

P. The sweet juice is at the bottom of the

flower, from which the bee sucks it, and swallows it, and in the part of their little frame which we, on that account, call the honey-bag, it is formed into real pure honey. I have often seen school-boys catch a bee (though in general it was a "humble-bee"), and take out its honey-bag and eat its contents. I always thought it cruel.

C. I thought, papa, the honey was in that yellow dust with which the bee seems to be covered. I have often watched them at home.

P. That is a mistake, Charles, but a very pardonable one for a beginner in Natural History. No; that yellow dust is what the bee collects by rolling itself about in the flowers, and with it they make what we call "bee-bread." As soon as the bee returns to the hive, others help it to get rid of its load, and knead this yellow dust, called "*pollen*," into bread. The bee deposits the sweet juice from her honey-bag into the cells. Well, now for what I said about the less of human labour, the more pure the honey.

H. Oh, yes, papa, I wish to hear that.

P. When the hive is full, and ready for the

owners of the bees, they take out the comb, and allow the honey, as much as will, to drain off by itself; and this is called the "virgin-honey," being the very clearest, and purest, and best. They then squeeze the comb, and draw away honey of a second rate of excellence; and the least good (I will not say the worst, for all is good) is then obtained by heating the combs, and then pressing them. So the juice which drains off of itself, without any artificial means, is the best of this sweet food. We shall see a striking contrast in that respect between honey and sugar.

M. Oh, papa, I hope you have not done with honey yet; I am so pleased to hear about the busy bee.

P. But, Mary, you forget I promised you the little book, *Insects and their Habitations*, and our conversation was to be about honey, and not the little makers of it.

M. Well, you must indeed, papa, let me ask you one or two questions.

P. Now, Mary, you are going to do exactly what I like. It is far more satisfactory to me to answer your inquiries than to tell you the long

story without interruption, because I am not in that case sure that you either understand me, or are even attending. Good, sensible questions, show me how far you have attended and comprehended what has been said.

M. Thank you, dear papa. I remember the last verse of a Psalm; I forget the number of the Psalm, but I know it is the last verse of one day of the month, at Morning Prayer. I quite love the verse, papa; it always seems to me to speak so of God's goodness and kindness; but I never quite understood it exactly, papa.

P. Oh, I know the passage very well, Mary; it is the eighty-first Psalm. You are quite right, my dear girl. Nothing can describe more feelingly the anxious desire of God's own heart to love his people and do them good, than this psalm does; and yet, Mary, it is one of most solemn instruction and awful warning. I will not forget your difficulty about the honey, but I think your brothers will not be sorry if we spend one moment first on this thought which you have brought so forcibly to my mind.

C. No, indeed, papa; we all love to hear you

talk of God and his goodness; we seem never tired.

P. That is well, Charles. Here, however, we must also talk of his justice. But first, Mary, read these verses.

M. It is all so beautiful, papa, I do not know where to begin.

P. It is, indeed, all beautiful, my loves, and I think you can all learn this psalm by heart, for to-morrow morning. At present, however, read only the four last verses.

M. "O that my people would have hearkened unto me! for if Israel had walked in my ways, I should soon have put down their enemies, and turned mine hand against their adversaries; the haters of the Lord should have been found liars; but *their* time should have endured for ever. He should have fed them also with the finest wheat-flour; and with honey out of the stony rock, should I have satisfied thee."

P. Now, my children, I shall limit my remarks to a very few words. You see how anxious the Almighty God declares himself to have been to save Israel from their sins, and to preserve them in safety, and to crown them with

every blessing. His words are like those of a tender, affectionate father, lamenting the waywardness and ruin of the dear son of his love. And yet, though his tender mercies make him so bent on their good, that he appears like one grieved at the heart when they go wrong, still his justice will be heard. He lets them follow their own perverted will; and without repentance, that will must lead to ruin. So it is with us, my dearest children. We may be sure God is as much bent on our salvation as he was on the good of his people Israel. He mourns over us when we disappoint the efforts of his love; and yet, on the very same conditions of faith and obedience do Christians hold their spiritual and eternal good things, of which the pleasant fields and fertile hills, and the fine wheat-flour, and honey from the stony rocks of Canaan, were only a shadow—a resemblance—a type—an emblem. Indeed, those accents of love and sorrow which Jesus poured out so mournfully over Jerusalem, ought to strike a Christian with more than admiration. They should warn us to take heed in time, lest our soul should be left unto us desolate, abandoned by the Holy Spirit, who

is its only life, and comfort, and stay. Repeat the words; they are familiar to you, I know, Mary.

M. Oh, yes, papa; I shall never forget them:—"Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold! your house is left unto you desolate!"

P. Well, Mary, now for your difficulty.

M. Oh! papa, I had almost forgotten it; I could not exactly understand how God would have fed the people of Israel with honey out of the *stony rock*?

P. I thought that was your point, my child. There are two ways of interpreting the passage, and probably whichever we adopt we shall not be wrong. The Land of Promise, we know, was very rocky, and we are told that the bees in a wild state build their combs in the rocks and hollow trees in very great abundance. You remember, when St. John the Baptist was in the wilderness, great part of his food was wild honey; and Jonathan tasted of the honey that dropped from the wood on the ground; though

some think this was a sweet juice that drops from trees. But whatever it be, if Palestine was full of honey, and we know it was called a land flowing with milk and honey, and if (as we are told) the nests of bees are seen in the present day hanging among the rocks* in innumerable clusters, this would very well explain your passage, Mary.

M. So well, papa, that I think we need not look for any other reason.

P. Nay, Mary, you are wrong there. I told you there was another reason, and you ought not to be satisfied without hearing it. You are like the old Justice we once talked of before —

H. I remember that, papa; he would only hear one side, because both sides confused him.

P. Well recollected, my boy. The other interpretation, Mary, is, that there were abundance of bees kept and attended to in that country: and although it seemed so rocky and barren, yet, that the bees should find as rich store of their sweet food on the mountain-side, as though they were feeding on the banks of the

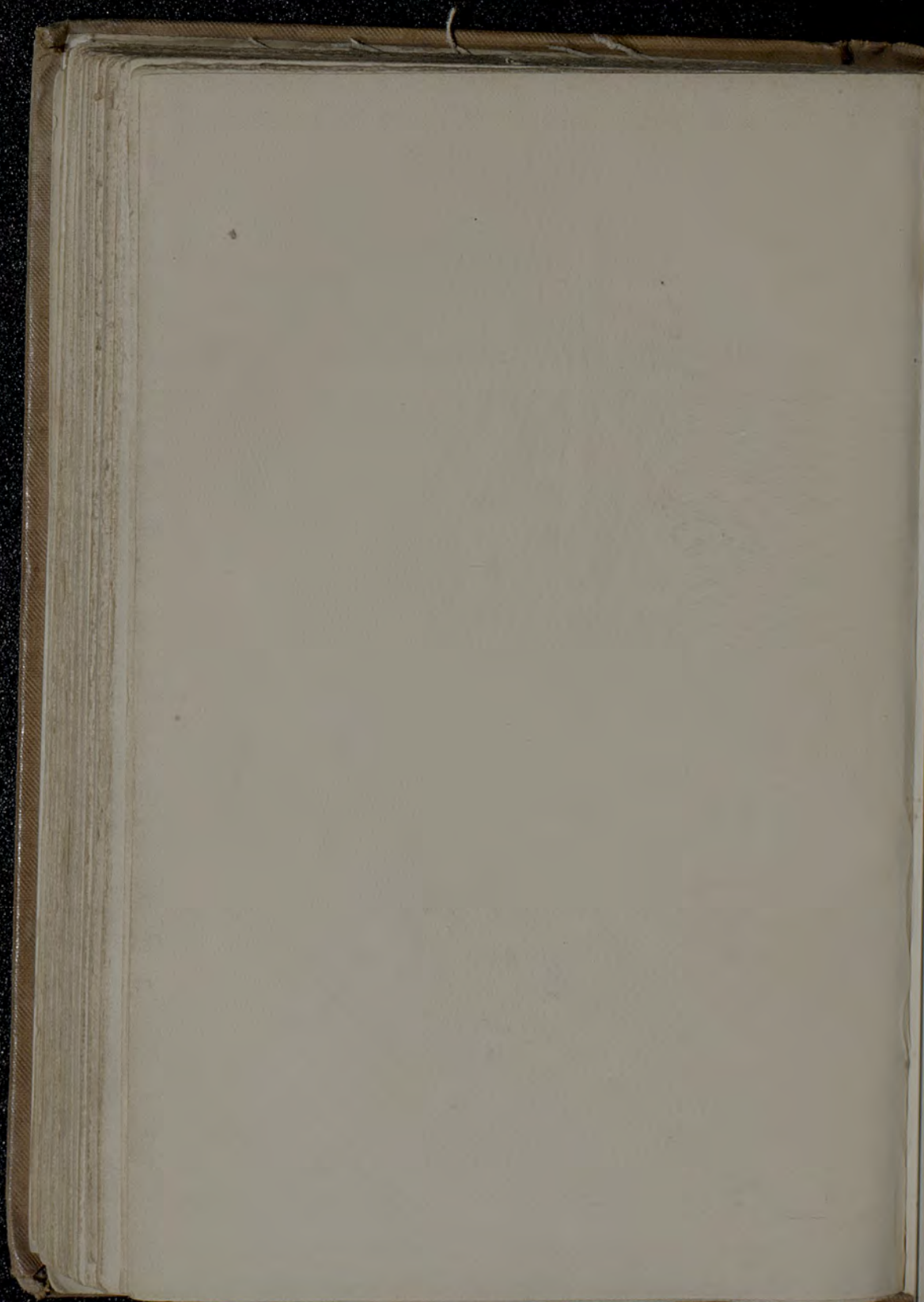
* *Insects and their Habitations*, p. 19.

Nile, or the most luxuriant valleys of Arabia. And this leads me to make one remark on that pretty little book. I think one sentence is scarcely justified, where he says, "You must not imagine that bees were kept by the Jews as they are by us." I believe he is here mistaken, and that bees were kept by the Jews. And if the people of that country had not known how to manage bees before they went into Egypt, they must there, I suppose, have learned the management of them. Indeed, I have never seen any reason for doubting the fact. However, my children, we have talked so long on this point, that we must bring our conversation to a close. And only think, we have had no time to say any thing about sugar; so we will keep that for to-morrow. But I must tell you a pretty story about the manner in which the Egyptians even to this day feed their bees on the banks of the Nile. You know, Charles, how the Nile differs from our streams, and from most other rivers in the world.

C. Yes, papa. It floods the whole country on each side for a great distance, and for a long time every year.

THE RISING OF THE NILE.





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P. Well, towards the end of October the Nile begins to retire within its banks. Its waters first leave the lands of Upper Egypt then fit for cultivation; and the climate too being hotter, the crops, chiefly of sainfoin, come into blossom in those parts at an earlier date than in Lower Egypt. So, in order that their bees may enjoy the richness of the flowers as soon and as long as possible, the owners of bees send their hives from all parts of the country to that upper district. When arrived there, they are placed in the form of pyramids in boats prepared for the purpose. The bees feed in the fields for some time; and as soon as they are supposed to have gathered all the sweet riches around one station, the boats drop down the river two or three leagues lower, where they rest in the same manner. This process goes on till about the beginning of February, when, after traversing the whole length of Egypt, these busy travellers arrive at the sea. All the hives being marked, they are then sent off to their respective homes, with a plentiful store of the "sweet food" they have made to repay this care of their masters. It is very curious to observe, that each bee on its return finds its

own hive, just as certainly as a party of woodmen, on their return from their day's work to their own village, will turn in each to his own lowly cot. They are never known to make a mistake. And now, children, to our studies. I hope honey will never be sweeter to your taste, than your duty will be to your mind. To make our duty our pleasure, I have often told you, is one prime secret of being good and happy.



WORKING BEE.



QUEEN BEE.



DRONE.

CONVERSATION XIV.

SUGAR.

And the sweet liquor on the cane bestow,
From which prepared the luscious sugars flow.

BLACKMORE.

Papa. I HAVE not forgotten, Charles, that when we talked so long on honey, we had no time to say a word about sugar: stay! I forgot, we told Henry it was not made by bees.

Henry. Yes, but you did not tell me how it was made, papa, and I do not think Mary knows herself, so sharp as she was on me, because I said it came from the grocer's.

Mary. Now, Henry, if you speak of that again, I shall think you are really angry with me. I did not intend to hurt your feelings.

P. I am sure you did not, Mary, nor does your brother think so. Only I fancy you touched rather a tender string. Come, Henry, you shall examine Mary yourself, and I will only look on.

H. I cannot, papa; will you? But I will

ask her one question. Mary, where does sugar come from?

M. I know that, Henry. It is brought in ships from the West Indies.

H. Now, papa, will you go on?

P. From what is it made, and how?

M. I am sure it is made from the sugar cane. But I cannot tell how. Charles has been reading about the poor Negro-slaves, and he says, they are chiefly employed in making sugar.

C. Yes, papa. But I really know nothing about it. I hope you will explain it yourself.

P. And I hope, children, you never omit afterwards talking over the matter when we have conversed on any subject. It is a very good exercise, very improving and amusing too, for three or four good-natured children to examine each other on a subject which they have all had an opportunity of learning. I say, *good-natured* children, because if they allow themselves to be made cross, or to feel a false shame, when they cannot answer the question, more harm is done than good: so is it, if the best informed of the party are flattered and made conceited by their superiority. I

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WEST INDIAN SUGAR-MILL.

hope you always keep clear of both those mischiefs.

“There is much care and skill required in planting the sugar-cane. They first make square holes about four feet across, in regular rows; and in these they plant cuttings about twelve inches long, taken from nearly the top of the old canes. These cuttings are soaked in water for a day and night before planting, and they require much moisture afterwards to enable them to strike and shoot. Two or three are laid in little trenches in each square, and covered with the mould. This is done by the Negro-children.

“In about a year the canes are fit for harvest. And the Negroes, each with a cutting-bill, are ranged in a row. The first thing they do is to cut off the top,—the very top, about eighteen inches, is used to bind the bundles, and the next foot of cane is kept as cuttings, to be planted for the next year. They then cut the rest into pieces about three feet long, which they bind in bundles of twenty or thirty each, and carry them off directly to the mill, where they are ground and crushed.” I have a picture of this, Charles, in my portfolio: reach it. It may

explain this process more clearly to us. The juice squeezed out is carried along a leaden channel into a reservoir. It is there cleared of all the bits of cane, and conveyed by pipes to the boiling-house. I cannot go through the whole process of cleansing and boiling. Many clear and accurate accounts of it have been lately written. But Mary, as soon as it has been brought into a fit state by boiling, and skimming, and cooling, and purifying by the help of lime, and some regular processes, it is put into hogsheads, and then the treacle drains from it; and then the hogsheads are headed, and it is ready to come to England. You know why I addressed you, Mary?

M. Oh, yes, papa. Only to remind me of my self-conceit and ignorance. I laughed at my little scholar because he thought sugar and honey might both come from the poor bees, and all the while I did not know myself that sugar and treacle were drawn from the same thing. But, papa, there is a greater difference between loaf-sugar and brown than between honey and treacle. I hope you will tell us about that. Can both be made in the same way?

P. No: what we have as yet been talking about was the moist sugar; and it is by purifying the moist sugar in a certain way, that white or loaf-sugar is made. This change is now always made in England. It is called sugar-refining. You will be surprised, when I tell you, that in this part of the business the brown sugar is mixed with lime-water and bullocks' blood. But this is only to cleanse, and purify, and refine it; the blood rising to the top, and bringing all impurities with it. After it has been boiled and cooled, and boiled again, the sweet liquid is poured into moulds; and then all the remaining treacle, and all the coloured fluid is drained off; the loaves are then set in a stove, and thoroughly dried. And then, Henry, they are sent from the sugar-refiner's to the grocer's; and from the grocer, you know, they are brought here; and I think I know three little people who are as fond of sugar as their bunnies are of parsley.

M. Papa, I never read of sugar in the Bible, I think. Is it mentioned there?

P. No: it is not mentioned there; and for this good reason, that the people in those coun-

tries, and through those times of which the Bible gives us the history, never had any. At least there is the strongest evidence, that it was quite unknown to them. We read in two passages, of "sweet cane*," which they used in making their incense; but it is said to come from a far country, and was no doubt the "sweet-scented cane" of Arabia.

M. I have often heard you say that the Jews were far behind other nations in their knowledge of the world and its good things. I suppose sugar was known to the people of Greece and Rome. Was it not, papa?

P. What you allude to is a very remarkable fact. In the arts and sciences, in trade, in the luxuries of life, compared with other nations, the Jews were perfect children, at the very time when a knowledge of the one true God and his worship, distinguished them from all other people on the earth. In religion they were men. A fact which bears strong direct evidence to the truth of Revelation. If they were not taught by God himself, how could these poor Jews, surrounded on every side by the grossest idolatry

* Isaiah xliii. 24. - Jeremiah vi. 20.

and heathenism, have acquired and retained a practical acquaintance with this heavenly truth, —“There is but one living and true God, the maker and governor of the world, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; and who is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him?” This truth is familiar to us from our infancy: the poorest and most unlearned cottager is assured of it as fully as he is that the sun will rise to-morrow. And so, we do not think so much of its value. But at the time when the children of the poorest labourers in Palestine not only knew this, but put it in practice by offering prayer to God every day, the most learned in other nations were worshipping “Gods many and Lords many,” and were sunk into the very darkest superstition. But, Mary, I almost forgot to answer your question; you alluded to a subject so very interesting to me.

M. Indeed I will remind you of my question another time, if you will go on talking about the Jews and the Bible now. It was the same Bible that we have; was it not, papa? I think you have told me so.

P. Yes, my child; the very book which is in

our hands now, and which we call the Old Testament, was possessed by the Jews, and read by them, though, like ourselves, too many of them did not value it as they ought. It is very melancholy to reflect how sadly God's best gifts have been neglected and abused. The misconduct of others should put us upon our guard. The world will tempt you, my children, to set little store by the Word of God; but believe me, a practical knowledge of its sacred truths is the very best treasure which a father can secure to his children. Whatever may befall you or me, my dears, in this world—and many severe trials and misfortunes may be in store for us—I shall depart in peace when I die, if I see you walking in the fear and love of your Saviour. I must now leave you, but not for long. Let me, however, first impress on you, that, as it is the dearest wish of your father to secure in your hearts a surer pledge of love than this world can ever afford, so should it be yours, my dearest children, to be united to each other by a 'seal of love to last eternally.' Mary, you shall read to us this evening that lovely poem in *The Christian Year*, on St.

Andrew's Day. I must quote the two last stanzas.

No fading frail memorial give
To soothe his* soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done.

That so before the judgment-seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremembered, ye may meet,
For endless ages to embrace.

* [Thy brother's.]



WEST INDIA SCENE.

CONVERSATION XV.

A HEATHEN'S HAPPINESS ALWAYS DEFECTIVE.

HEATHEN.

Long, long and dreary is the night
 That waits us in the silent grave,
 Few and of rapid flight
 The years from death we save.
 Short—ah ! how short—that fleeting space ;
 And when man's little race
 Is run, and death's grim portals o'er him close,
 How lasting his repose.—SIMONIDES.

CHRISTIAN.

Oh come that day when in this restless heart,
 Earth shall resign her part ;
 When in the grave with thee, my limbs shall rest,
 My soul with Thee be blest.
 So buried with the Lord, I'll close my eyes
 To the decaying world, till angels bid me rise.—KEBLE.

Papa. I HAVE not forgotten your question, Mary. It was, Whether the ancient Greeks and Romans, who so much surpassed the Jews in the arts of life, had sugar ?

Mary. Yes, papa ; that was my question. You told us the Jews were not in possession of it.

P. In this point, I believe, neither were the Greeks nor the Romans better off than the Jews

themselves. Indeed they seem to have been quite ignorant of it: and that is a reason for their paying so much attention to their bees. Honey is of very little value with us now, compared with what it would have been, had we still remained without sugar. I dare say for one hive that is now kept, a thousand would have been kept in that case. I think, Mary, you have read some of Virgil's *Georgics* in English.

M. Yes, papa, I have; and a very pretty poem it is. I remember one book is about bees.

P. And the high value they set upon their "sweet food," is shown in the very first line, where the Poet calls it "a heavenly gift." Charles, you will, I hope, derive as much pleasure at least as your father did, from reading that delightful work of the ancient world. But you must study hard and long before you will be able to enjoy it. That is not the only kernel which cannot be tasted without being at the pains of first breaking the shell. But, with regard to sugar,—the writers who speak of it show that they knew very little about it, and had only picked up that little by hearsay. They call it reed-honey; and tell us it was only used in

medicine: and they seem to have thought that it distilled naturally and of itself from the cane, like gum. From the description of it given by Pliny, some suppose that what he mentions must have been sugar-candy, which the merchants brought from China to India; and from that country, in small quantities, it found its way to Rome. The Chinese seem to have known from very ancient times the mode of making sugar-candy.

Henry. Papa, I do not think you told us what sugar-candy was made of, and how it was made, did you? I have forgotten if you did.

Charles. No, Henry, papa did not; but I think it must be made of sugar.

P. I believe, Charles, something very much like it used to be made of honey, as you will easily believe if you will examine the sides of a jar in which honey has been kept, and gradually taken out. But now it is made as its name signifies, of sugar candied. The way of making it is this. They boil dissolved sugar till it becomes thick; and then removing it into a hot room, they dip strings or twigs into it, around which the sugar forms crystals or candy; and

very good it is, as I dare say you will all agree. But let me here tell you what I forgot before, about sugar. Although all we have in England is from the sugar-cane, yet it is made also from many other sweet vegetables, especially from beet-root. During our long war with France, no ship with West India sugar was allowed to enter any of the ports in that country; and so Buonaparte encouraged the people to make sugar of beet-root, from their own soil; and the manufacture is going on now to a considerable extent. In America they make great quantities of sugar from a species of maple-tree.

M. I thought you were going to say lime-tree, papa: I suppose there is a great deal of honey on the lime-trees? You remember we have often sate under that fine tree at home, and heard the bees humming so busily above our heads; they seemed to be a whole swarm gathered there at once.

P. Bees are particularly fond of the lime-tree: and no wonder; for its leaves are so very sweet to our taste, that they seem ready to drop honey of themselves. In that beautiful poem—his fourth *Georgic*—Virgil describes the cha-

racter and habits of an honest, industrious, contented old man, who had a few acres of ground of his own, but those neither suited to sheep, nor cattle, nor the vine. His cottage, however, was surrounded with sweet herbs and flowers: the verbenæ or vervain, acanthus, poppies, lilies, and roses are among the ornaments of this dwelling of cheerfulness and plenty. Winter, spring, summer, and autumn brought each its own labour and enjoyment. He rose early to his task, and returned to rest and his frugal simple food, only when the night warned him to work no longer. His orchard every autumn bended under its load of ripe fruits. The fruit-trees the poet specifies are the apple and the pear, and the plum; to which he adds, the elm, the plane, the pine, and the lime-tree. Virgil seems to have intended here, to describe a perfect scene of primitive simplicity, and of the content and happiness of an old age, free from want and care, and fully occupied with the daily tasks of a country life. The whole scene, as he describes it, is so very engaging, that I once asked some very good friends of mine to procure for me a picture which might present to the eye what the lines of the poet

bring in such lively and lovely colours to the mind. They kindly consented, and you will find their beautiful little drawing in my Virgil, Charles. Reach it from the shelf. A Kentish clergyman of great taste and classical acquirements drew it. It is very beautiful.

C. It is indeed beautiful. But what a curious tree we have in this other picture! Will you tell me, papa, what it is? I never saw one like it. Is it a real tree, I wonder?

P. Yes, Charles, that is a real tree; and it is a lime-tree. I went to see it one day, with the ladies who gave me the drawing; and after we had swung upon those branches, we sate under the tree, and I heard some very pretty songs sung. I measured the tree myself, and it was thirty-five yards across, from one extremity of the branches to the other. Some of those branches quite touch the ground; others are two or three feet above it; and those bent and crooked parts form seats for ladies to rest in, almost as easy as the chair in a swing. The old man's dwelling was in the neighbourhood of Tarentum, and near the rich plains through which the dark stream of the Galesus flows. It was, we may

suppose, "a cot that o'erlooked the wide sea." The real lime-tree, of which my friends gave me so pretty a drawing, is still flourishing in Moor Park. If ever you go there, be sure to look for it. But now let me ask you, Henry, if this farm was not fit for corn, or sheep, and cattle, or vines, what could have been the old man's occupation? You may look at the picture, and tell me.

H. Oh! papa, I can see. He kept bees, and attended them, and was supplied with honey and fruits. I dare say he was very happy.

P. I have often thought, that Virgil has given us here a description of a Pagan hermit; and I dare say, this Corycian old man, (for so he calls him,) was as happy in the down-hill of life as a Pagan could be. But there was something wanting there. What do you think I mean, Mary?

H. What is a Pagan, papa?

P. A Pagan is one who is not acquainted with the one true God—who is not enlightened by the Gospel—who knows and believes nothing of Christianity. We use "Heathen" to mean the same thing.

M. Oh! papa, your answer to Henry has told me quite plainly what you meant, when you said

that the old man was as happy as a Pagan could be, but there was something wanting. You mean, a sure hope of happiness in Heaven: is that so, papa?

P. It is, my love, exactly what I mean. There is a very wide difference indeed between the declining years of one who looks to "Death only as the gate of life," and one to whom it seems to bring an end of every thing; taking away all we love on earth, and giving us nothing in its room. That is a dreary prospect indeed for declining years. But when the last days of a good old age are cheered by the bright beams of hope, which a knowledge of Christ sheds on a sincere Christian, it is a scene on which it is to me quite delightful to dwell: I am glad to return to it again and again. And I trust, my dear children, you will have the comfort of seeing your father, (if I am allowed to sink into the grave by "gradual and calm decay,") blessed with that consolation and hope which may make my last days my best days—ready to depart whenever God shall call, but willing also to remain here till it is his pleasure to say, "Come."

H. Oh! papa, I wish you would not talk of your going away from us: it always makes me ready to cry; and so I know it does Mary and Charles too; but they will not tell you so.

P. Ah, Henry! Mary and Charles tell me very plainly by their looks and their eyes what their feelings are. But we must all be prepared to part from each other, my children; and I am sure it would be neither kind nor wise in me, for fear of distressing you now, to avoid these serious and affecting subjects. You are quite old enough to understand what is meant by the separation of one friend from another by death; and you are able to learn how a Christian should prepare for the trial whenever it might come.

H. But, papa, you are not an old man; and we may not lose you for many years.

P. Right, Henry; but you may lose me to-morrow. You have heard the true saying,—“The old must die soon, and the young may.” One of us may be called away to-morrow.

C. Indeed, papa, I think we should break our hearts if we were to be parted from our dear father.

P. I do not disguise from you, my boy, that

the separation would be to myself the most severe trial on earth, except one. Still I trust God would enable me to bear the blow as from his chastening hand. And should I be snatched from you, I then should hope of every one of you, that

The orphan's God would guard my child.

M. May I ask, papa, what would be the one harder trial you spoke of?

P. I cannot think of it, my dear child, without a feeling of horror; and I pray daily that God would preserve us from so overwhelming a calamity, as to live to see a child of mine running in the ways of the vicious and ungodly.

"Oh, Papa," said Charles, "I do hope we shall never be so ungrateful to you, as to give you so much pain. I promise to be very careful hereafter."

"Indeed, papa," said Mary, "we will all endeavour to be good, and to give you pleasure, and be your young comforts, as you often say we are."

P. Well, my dears; you must now leave me. Remember the Christian's motto is "*watch and*

pray." You must be ever watchful over yourselves, or your prayer will be hypocrisy; and you must ever pray for God's help and blessing, or your own watching will not avail. Watch, and God will grant your prayer. Pray, and God will bless your watchfulness. Never attempt to separate his grace from your own best endeavours; they cannot be separated,—the attempt would be your ruin,—their union will preserve you from harm, and keep you safe for ever.



LIME-TREE IN MOOR PARK.

CONVERSATION XVI.

TIGER-HUNTING.—ATTACK OF BEES.

I've seen young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
There charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from his horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.—ADDISON.

“COME, my children,” said their father, next morning, “I wish you to read a passage from the Bible, about wild honey, that was found in a wood. There is something very remarkable about it.”

The children read the passage, which records the rash curse uttered by Saul, and the almost fatal consequences to his son Jonathan.

Henry. Was it very wrong in the young man to eat the honey, papa? I think I should have done the same thing.

Papa. No. I cannot see how it could have been a fault in Jonathan; because he did not know that his father had forbidden the people to eat. A good son will be always ready to obey

his father, though he cannot see the reason for his command.

Mary. But, papa, I think I have heard you say, that a child must never do what is wrong, though his parents should command him to do it.

P. Quite right, my child. If a poor person were to command his child to steal, he ought not to obey, because his doing so would be against God's command, and to obey God is the first and greatest duty. I trust, my dears, you will never be exposed to such a very severe trial. But should a friend never so dear to you, attempt to mislead you into what your conscience tells you is wrong, remember you must do your duty, though the whole world should be against you. In the case of Jonathan, however, if he had known what his father had done, he ought to have complied, because it is a child's duty to obey his parent, and obedience in this instance was not in itself sinful; and only was a painful act to the young man himself. Saul was very much to blame for his rashness; and you may all be glad that his poor son was saved from death. But if you are not tired of talking about honey, I have just recollected a story which I

think will please you, about a young man who very nearly lost his life from bees in a wood.

All the children begged their father to tell them the story, only Henry asked whether it was a real true story, or only make-believe.

P. Indeed, my children, it is quite a true story; I had it from the friends and relations of the young man himself; and I am sure they are persons who always love and speak the truth. This young man was in the civil service of the East India Company; and he was one day mounted on an elephant, hunting tigers, and as he was passing under a very large tree, the great animal disturbed a swarm of bees, who had made their nest in it. There are a great many nests of the same kind in the almost unfrequented woods, which give shelter to the wild beasts. Out sallied the swarm immediately to attack their enemy, as they regarded both the young man and his elephant. He was not provided with the large cloth, which natives always, and Europeans generally, carry with them as a safeguard against such attacks; so he could do nothing better than slip off his elephant and run away for his life, though at the risk of rushing

into the jaws of a tiger, which he had just roused from his lair.

Many of the bees followed him, and he was much stung; but he says, that under Providence (for I must tell you that he belongs to a very pious and sensible family, and had been always taught to regard every good thing he received as a blessing for which he ought to be thankful to God), he believes that his life was saved by a blue monkey, who being disturbed by the confusion, began to chatter very fast, and made such a noise, that he drew the attention of the swarm to himself. They thought he was their invading foe. The main body settled on the poor creature; and the young gentleman has no doubt that the monkey was killed outright by them, as he certainly would have been himself had they all settled, in their rage and fury, on him.

Charles, my man, bring me the small portfolio which you will find at the end of the table in the middle of the library. There is a beautiful picture drawn by a lady this autumn, from the young man's own account of this event.

M. How very pretty it is, papa; and how well it tells the story.



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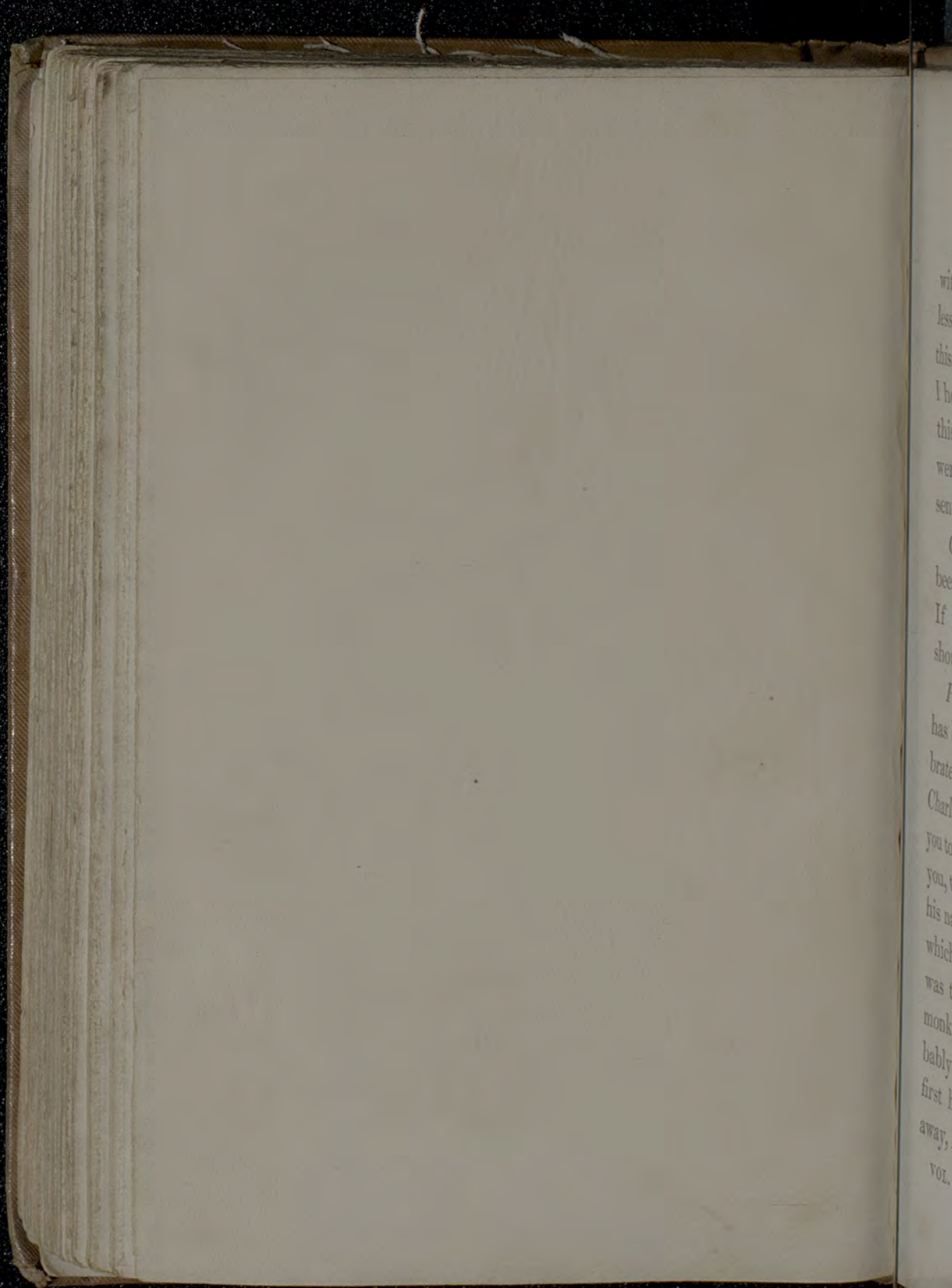
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TIGER HUNT. THE WILD BEES AND THE MONKEY.





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P. Yes, my love. It now, however, carries with it a new and painful interest, and another lesson. The lady who was kind enough to draw this for me, has since been called from this world. I heard of her death only last night. Does not this picture tell us to be prepared? But you were going to say something, Charles, when I sent you for it?

C. I was going to say, papa, that I thought bees were not such violent, savage little things. If it had been a nest of wasps or hornets, I should not have so much wondered.

P. The warlike spirit of these little creatures has been often observed by naturalists, and celebrated by poets; you will read of it in Virgil, Charles, when your progress in study will enable you to enjoy his minstrelsy. However, I must tell you, that our young friend Edward (for that was his name) had just fired off his gun at the tiger, which made his case far more perilous; but it was the report of that gun which set the blue monkey chattering and screaming, and so probably saved his life. His papa told me (since I first heard the story), that as he was running away, rubbing his head where the bees had stung

him, another elephant of the party came up, and he was rescued from further danger of the tiger. These are narrow escapes, which ought to make us think of Providence with admiration and gratitude. They generally have that effect for a time; the great danger is that a season of security afterwards will soon wipe the gratitude and good resolutions from the mind.

C. Are not tiger-hunts very dangerous, papa? I should not like to join them. Do the tigers often kill people in that country?

P. Tigers are always very formidable creatures; but there is not so much danger to a hunting-party, because they are in general well prepared. Poor travellers often lose their lives from the attacks of these savage natives of the woods. Bishop Heber records a very affecting story, told him by Major Hamilton, which shows that tigers do not confine their attacks to solitary travellers. A poor native, whom an officer had forced to be his guide, had only advanced five miles, when a tiger, with a hideous roar, sprang upon him. He lifted up his sword and shield, but was down in an instant under the creature's paws, who turned round with him in his mouth,

growling like a cat over a mouse, and looking the officer in the face. The officer and his men attacked the tiger so severely that he dropped his prey; but the first blow had finished the work effectually. The poor fellow was dead in an instant. The officer, whose imprudence had sacrificed this poor native, confessed afterwards that this scene was seldom absent from his dreams, and with the least illness or fever there always returned to his mind a vision of the tiger with the unfortunate man in his jaws. The poor fellow had declared it was not safe to start before sunrise through that dismal wilderness, but the officer treated his remonstrance as a pretext only for idleness.

M. Oh! papa, how very thankful we ought to be in this country, where are no savage monsters of tigers, nor those dreadful serpents, which you lately told us of. I do not wonder at the great desire the people seem to have to destroy the whole race of tigers altogether.

P. They are making great havoc among them every year; but what prospect there is of freeing the country from them altogether I do not know. By the way, I must tell you another anecdote of

that same young man, who had so narrow an escape from the bees; and you will again see that tiger-hunts are by no means free from dangers of various kinds. That young man and his friend went out one day on a tiger-hunt, in one of the upper provinces of Bengal. Each was seated on an elephant. As they were beating a jungle——

H. What is beating a jungle, papa? What is a jungle? Will you tell me?

P. A jungle is a wild thicket, with very tall grass, eight or nine feet high—the haunt of wild beasts; and to beat a jungle means, to seek for game in it, just as in England sportsmen talk of beating a cover; only they use elephants, and we dogs; and they beat for tigers, and we for hares, or woodcocks, or, at most, a cunning fox.

H. Thank you, papa; please to go on.

P. Well! one of the elephants was in advance of the other, when the one in the rear suddenly became unruly, and attacked his comrade so violently, that he also became ungovernable. The mahout of the foremost elephant—I see what you are going to ask, Charles; the mahout is the native who guides and manages the ele-

phant*—perceiving the danger to be very great and urgent, seized the bough of a tree under which he was passing, and clung to it, leaving the young gentleman to his fate. Thus deserted, the young hunter saw no chance of escape, except by imitating his mahout. In his attempt, however, to catch the bough, his feet caught in the howdah (the howdah, Henry, is the seat upon the back of the elephant; you saw what kind of apparatus it is in the pretty sketch which I showed you just now), and, quitting his hold of the tree, back he fell into the howdah, losing at the same time his gun and his hat. Only conceive the peril of this young man at this moment—on the back of an elephant—the beast maddened by the attack of an enemy—himself without arms—without his mahout—and, what

* This practice of having a native to guide the elephant is recorded in very ancient histories. Polybius mentions it; and the author of the first book of Maccabees, vi. 37, says:—"Upon the elephants were strong towers of wood, which covered every one of them, and were girt fast upon them with devices. There were also upon every one of them two and thirty strong men, beside the Indian *that ruled him*; or, as the Greek has it,—"*His own Indian.*"

is still more to be dreaded in that climate, without his hat to cover his head, and protect him from the sun, which was already beginning to pour its burning beams upon them; added to this, the elephant began to trot away towards a river, the depth of which was unknown to our young friend, and the neighbourhood abounded with tigers.

“Papa,” said Mary, “is this a true story, or only a tale? It is a very pretty tale; I suppose too pretty to be quite true.”

P. Indeed, my love, it is very interesting; but not more interesting than true. I believe there is not a single statement which is not a reality. The young man’s father told it me, and took it from his son’s own letters.

M. Oh! then, pray, papa, go on. I am sure the young gentleman was saved, or he could not have written an account of it to his father: but I so long to hear it all. How frightened he must have been! I hope Charles and Henry will never go tiger-hunting, papa!

P. The riders of the other elephant who made the attack were in almost equal danger, when, fortunately, a thought occurred to his mahout,

which relieved the whole party from their alarm and peril. In the howdah there was a cloth, which, you remember, I told you the natives generally took with them to protect themselves from the attacks of the bees. This cloth the mahout let down over the eyes of his elephant, so as completely to deprive him of all power of renewing his attack. The foremost elephant, finding himself free from his enemy, became perfectly tranquil, and gave our young friend an opportunity of dismounting from his back. He then went on foot in quest of the mahout who had left him at the moment of peril. He soon found him. They both then searched for his gun and hat, and again mounting the elephant, the mahout resumed his command, and drove him away from the jungle. Some time after they were gone, the veil was taken from the eyes of the unruly combatant, who, finding that the object of his wrath and vengeance had disappeared, patiently followed the directions of his mahout. The whole party arrived safe at their quarters, with no other harm than what sometimes is of great and fatal consequence—that of being exposed to the sun longer than they had intended.

H. Thank you, papa, that is a very pretty story. I think I shall remember it for our cousins: they will be so pleased with it.

C. Take care, Henry, that I am not first.

M. And do not be too sure yourself, my man: we all start fair. I dare say they will bear with a repetition.



TIGERS IN A JUNGLE.

CONVERSATION XVII.

RETURN HOME.—DISAPPOINTMENT.

These slight disappointments and crosses you hate,
Are sent you your mind to prepare,
That you may with courage and fortitude wait,
More serious distresses to bear.—ANON.

AFTER having spent some weeks in their cottage by the sea-side, where our young friends enjoyed themselves very much, and were delighted to the last by their rambles on the beach and the sands, by gathering shells, and building houses and castles, and looking at the great ships in the distance, and watching the fishermen, and bathing very often, and all the other new and various amusements which the sea-side affords, the time was come, when they were to return to their own dear home. They were very fond of the sea, but they loved their home better; and so they felt really glad when their father told them they must be ready to start on the morrow. I do not say they felt no sorrow at the prospect of leaving the place where they had passed their

time so pleasantly ; but when they thought of their own home, and when her flower-garden and little canary came fresh to Mary's mind, and his favourite dogs to Charles's, and his pretty bunnies to Henry's, the little people quite rejoiced in the thoughts of returning. Besides, we must not forget the love of change ; for change delights both old and young. There was also another very strong reason for their looking forward to it with delight. They had been long promised a visit from their cousins, of whom they were very fond : and they were all, but especially Mary, much pleased at the prospect, not only of seeing them, but of preparing for them, as soon as she returned home.

"Papa," (said Henry, the morning before their departure,) "if we go away from the sea to-morrow, I hope you will let Charles sail his ship for the last time to-day. It is a very fine day, and we have not put her to sea for a long time. You know how long, papa."

Papa. Well, Henry, the tide, I think, will just serve after your dinner, and it is, as you say, a very fine morning : there is just enough breeze, and I believe I shall have time to attend

you. But, Charles, did I not hear something of the rudder being broken?

Charles. Oh, I have had it mended, papa; and I shall be so glad to let Henry send his East Indiaman, as he calls her, for one more voyage. Mary, shall you have time to come with us? I hope you will.

Mary. Why, Charles, I have a good deal to do: but since we have no lessons to-day, I think I can get ready by our dinner-time, if I work very hard.

Henry. Or you can do what remains after we come in, Mary. Do not disappoint us. It is only packing up, I suppose, and all that.

P. Now, Henry, you are tempting your sister to do what she knows I do not approve of. No! no! my young master, you know your father's rule is, "First do what is to be done, and then take your pleasure." Never put off a duty for an amusement. This is a good rule through life; it is taking old father Time by the forelock; it is being before-hand with the world. Depend upon it, children, it has often made the difference between success and failure. Just as in your expenses, so in your time. Till you

have money to pay for what you wish, never think of indulging in it now, and settling your account afterwards. And, till you have time to spare, never run in debt to your duty, for the sake of immediate enjoyment.

"Thank you, papa," said Mary, "for reminding me. Perhaps, I might otherwise have forgotten your rule. I see it now quite plainly."

"Papa," said Henry, "I understand what you have said, and I see I was very wrong in asking Mary to put off her business; but will you tell me, what is taking old father Time by the fore-lock?"

P. Why, my boy, that personage is a make-believe old man. Poets have supposed Time to be like an old man; and they put a scythe into his hand, because he mows down every thing. And they made him entirely bald except one lock of hair on his forehead, by which if you want to lead him, and not follow him, you may do so.

H. I see, papa; so if we want to be beforehand with real Time, we must be active and early, and that is taking Time by the fore-lock. I see, papa. Now then, Mary, set to work directly, and be very industrious.

Mary had finished her business in time, and all our party, papa as well as his little people, enjoyed the afternoon on the beach very much. It was a full tide, with just enough breeze to make an easy and beautiful swell, and to fill the sails of the little East Indiaman. Charles had learned to fix the rudder on the one side or the other, just as he wished the vessel to sail, and he had a long line of thread to bring back his ship to shore. The evening was too short; so delighted were they. And when the signal was given to return to the house, they could not help feeling sorrow. It was the last time. And as a great man has said, 'We never do any thing for the last time, without some degree of pain.' We need not tell how they got ready and started; their journey was very prosperous. Henry, however, begged papa to stop the carriage at the spot where the sea first burst upon their view when they were travelling towards it; and with "Good b'ye, Sea!—good b'ye, Mr. Sea!—good b'ye, dear Sea!" they bowled down the hill, and talked only of home, and its interesting engaging realities.

"Oh! papa," said Henry, "I declare I see

old Nanny's cottage. There she is at the door, I am so glad to see her once more. "How do ye do, Nanny?" was a question warmly uttered by more than one tongue as the carriage passed along. "Welcome home, my dears!" was the reply; and a very few minutes brought them to their own door.

The young people would not stay to see their luggage safely brought into the house, though one had a favourite book, another something else highly valued, which we have forgotten. Even Henry's little East Indiaman was left to steer her own course, or be guided by less experienced hands into harbour. Mary ran to her canary, which was quite safe, and then hastened to her flower-garden. Charles made with equal speed for the court-yard, where he had left his two faithful friends; and little Henry would allow no one to stop him till he reached his rabbit-hutch. Poor fellow! his countenance fell, as a feeling of alarm and disappointment struck his mind, on seeing the doors open. "Where are my bunnies?" cried he, as Cook came up to him. She had seen him running through the door, and guessing his errand, with the kindest feeling, for

she loved Henry very much, had followed him towards the bunnies' house, as he used to call it. "Oh, Master Henry," she said, "I am very sorry indeed. The poor things are all dead. A weasel killed every one last week. Indeed, we took all care of them possible." Poor Henry could make no reply, the tears began to flow fast; and he ran up-stairs into his bed-room.

We are sorry for it, but this is a page of misfortunes and disappointment. Mary found her garden in a sad state, approaching ruin. A set of pigs had broken their way into it, and, grubbing up almost all her favourite flowers and plants, had left nothing but havoc. Mary was a very good girl, but this was a very severe trial; and she lost her usual sweetness of temper, and seemed for a time to care for nothing else, now her pretty garden was all spoiled. She had looked forward with so much pleasure to showing it in all its beauty to her cousins,—and perhaps we should not be wrong if we suspected, that there was a little vanity mixed up with the love of giving pleasure. Perhaps she expected her cousins' admiration of the garden would lead them to compliment her taste and skill. Poor

child! the merciless pigs had robbed her of all these pleasing anticipations.

But poor Charles had perhaps the most severe trial of all. Instead of finding, as he expected, his two favourites springing out to greet him, jumping up, and showing all signs of gladness at his return, he could see Phillis no where, and poor Rover was lying down looking very piteously. As Charles ran towards him he looked up, and wagged his tail, but did not attempt to stir. "My poor dog! what is the matter?" he said. "What have they done to my poor fellow?" He then observed that his right fore-leg was bound up in a large rag; and he was so thin and altered that Charles would scarcely have known him. "Ah, my young master," said Thomas, the gardener, who came up at the same instant; "we have had nothing but misfortunes of late."—"Oh, Thomas," said Charles, interrupting him, "what have you done to my poor dog? And where is Phillis? Tell me, Thomas."—"Indeed, Sir," was the reply, "I have a sad tale to tell. Poor Phillis died last week of the distemper. She was a very short time ill: we did all we could for her,

indeed.”—“Poor Phillis!” said our young friend; “but what have you done to Rover, Thomas?”—“Poor dog!” said Thomas; “that great savage creature at Farmer —— caught him one day in the field below the barn, and seized him, and cruelly mangled him; and would have killed him outright, if old David had not come out with his flail, and beat him off. You were always afraid of that dog, master Charles, and it seems now with good reason. Indeed, we have done all we could for poor Rover, and he is certainly mending.”—“Oh, dear!” said Charles, as he went back to the house, having patted his poor sufferer; “but poor Phillis is gone!”

Their papa was very soon made acquainted with all these disasters, and wishing to allow the children time to recover themselves a little, walked into the fields for some time, telling William to have tea ready soon, for himself and his children, in the library. On his return, Henry, who had inquired of the servants which way his father went, met him, and before he could say, “What is the matter, Henry?” the poor boy, bursting into a flood of tears again, sobbed out, “Oh, papa! the nasty weasel has

killed all my poor bunnies : he has not left one. Cook says, she knows you will give me more, papa ; but I shall never love them so well."

P. Well, my dear boy, I hope you will learn to bear disappointments. I am very sorry for your loss : but we will try to repair it. You shall have some more rabbits ; and I dare say, after a time, you will become attached to them. But where are Charles and Mary ?

H. They are in the library. They have both been crying, papa. Poor Mary says her pretty garden is all spoiled. And do you know, papa, Phillis is dead, and Rover has had his leg broken by that savage dog of Farmer ——. Will you come in to them, papa ?

"Oh, papa," said Mary, "we have been so much disappointed."

P. My dear children, I have heard of your disappointment, and I cannot help feeling very much for you ; but I hope you will all soon recover. I was really afraid the morning we started for the sea, that you were indulging your feelings too far. I could not but feel sincere delight when I saw that you could not leave the objects of your regard without a sigh, but I

wished very much even then to caution you against ever making your happiness depend upon any thing on earth, however much you may love it. You have had a trial of your patience and submission to-day, but, if you live, you will most probably feel by experience that this is a very little trial. However, it is by accustoming ourselves to behave well under all circumstances, and to bear every disappointment, however trifling, with a contented mind, and cheerful submission, that we shall best prepare ourselves to meet the serious trials of life, that await most persons, sooner or later. Our duty is to be ready to part, not only with our flowers, Mary, and, what I know is a harder task in your case, with the gratification you would have felt in showing your pretty garden to your cousins; not only with a favourite dog, Charles, but with whatever is most dear to us. I ought to be ready myself (though I fear it would break my heart-strings) to part with you, my three treasures, and to look for you again in heaven.

There followed an involuntary silence, which was interrupted only by an invitation to our three young friends to kiss their papa. The conversa-

tion soon took a cheerful turn, and Charles began to think how much worse it would have been had Rover been killed instead of being lamed ; and he determined to console himself by constant care and attendance upon his poor favourite. Mary felt that her pet canary was safe, and her papa promised to assist her in repairing the damage her little domain had suffered, and in putting it into the best order circumstances would allow, against the arrival of their cousins. He spoke of some turf walks which might be made with advantage, and a few other alterations, which might improve the appearance of the garden, and make some amends for the injury it had sustained.

P. We will lose no time, but begin to-morrow, Mary ; and I think, Charles, from what I hear and see, poor Rover, though sadly treated indeed by his cruel enemy, will be able, by the time your cousins come, to run about with us as well as ever. And, Henry, you know I have promised you some other rabbits. William and I know where they can be bought, and he shall go for them very soon ; and we will try to make their house proof against the attacks of such a deadly foe again. A few pieces of wire may, I hope, protect them ; though, if we do our best,

we must not be over-anxious about possible accidents. Good night, my dears; you are all tired, and so is papa too.

Our three young friends rose from their sleep quise refreshed; and in the morning, their papa's conversation led them to feelings of content, and of gratitude for the enjoyments still preserved to them, rather than of regret or repining for what had been taken away during their residence at the sea.



SEA-SIDE VIEW.

CONVERSATION XVIII.

ARRIVAL OF COUSINS.—AMUSEMENTS.
CONCLUSION.

I think I should like to be happy to-day,
If I could but tell which was the easiest way,
But then I don't know any pretty new play.—ANON.

Most welcome was the arrival of their cousins. The visiting party consisted of two boys and two girls, all older than our young friends, and all as amiable children as an uncle could desire to have in his house as companions to his own sons and daughter. Their days were spent most pleasantly and usefully. Nothing could exceed the little kind attentions by which our young friends endeavoured to make their home agreeable to their new visitors; and the cousins, in their turn, were most kind and obliging. The mornings were spent partly in study, where the elder cousins were of great advantage to our young friends, who, in their turn, were delighted in the hours of amusement to show them all the pretty walks around, and all their curiosities;

and we may say, that few visits ever were attended with more mutual benenefit or more sincere pleasure to all parties. Whenever it happened to be wet, or when they were tired of walking or playing about, they had a stock of amusement within doors. Many very pretty plays and games which required no exertion were always at hand; and our little friends' papa took great delight from time to time, in teaching the young party some new game. One day, when they were all in Mary's play-room, and were consulting what should be their amusement, he came in just at the moment of deep discussion, when many tongues at once begged him to teach them a new play, and relieve them from their difficulties. "Indeed, my dears," said he, "I thought you had, by hook or by crook, learned all my stock of games; but I remember one now, which I was taught many years ago—a very pretty game, and an improving exercise, too. It has lately been recalled to my mind by a very pretty book indeed, called, *Reverses*, or the *Fairfax Family*. And, if I am not very much mistaken, that very nice little work was written by one not quite a stranger to

my friend who taught me the game, and who is now a very great man. Jane, I will get a copy of that book for you, and if you are not pleased with it, and your mamma too, I shall be much surprised. Frederic is not too old to enjoy it, though he is the senior of the party; and I am sure Richard is not too young: and what will suit Jane, will be equally fitted for you, Sarah. But now for our game. Mind, children, it will require some thought; and I suppose the four elderships will have it almost to themselves, unless they are very condescending and indulgent to their younger playmates."

"Oh, pray teach us the game! we shall all enjoy it!" was a very general exclamation.

P. Well, one of you must think of something, and of what caused it, which is called the instrument; and the rest are to guess what that is, after putting twelve questions. Suppose we ask Frederic to fix upon something. But, Frederic, do you quite understand what I mean by the instrument? That I may be sure, and to make it clear to these youngsters, mention some.

Frederic. I think I understand it. A pen is the instrument with which we write. A knife is

the instrument with which we cut bread. A hook is what we catch fish with; and a bell calls the people to church. These are instruments, are they not?

P. That will do, Frederic. Now, will you think of something? It ought not to be very common, nor very difficult to be guessed at first.

"Indeed, uncle, I think," said Frederic "you must show us the way, and think of the thing yourself, and tell us what questions to put, and all; and then we will try afterwards."

"Oh yes, indeed!" said the general voice of the party, "that will be the best way."

P. Well, then, I will begin. Now, I have thought of something. Mind, you may put twelve questions; and I advise your first in general to be, 1. "Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?" To this I should answer, "Mineral." 2. Next in general ask, "Is it in ancient or modern history?" To which I answer, "Ancient." 3. Then you may ask, "Is it in sacred or profane history?" I answer, "In Sacred." 4. Then you may inquire, "Is it in the Old or New Testament?" "It is in the Old." 5. Then you may ask, "Was it used for a good

or a bad purpose?" I answer, "For a bad one." That is, injurious to the person or thing against whom it was used. 6. Next you would perhaps inquire, "Did it produce death?" It did.

Now, children, stop one moment; you have put six questions, one half the number allowed—observe how much you have ascertained about it; and mind, any may guess as soon as they like; but I advise you not to be too eager before you have put your questions. Now, Frederic, what have you as yet learned about my thought?

"I have learned," said Frederic, "that it is a mineral substance; mentioned in the Old Testament; and used as the instrument of death."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jane, "I know! we were reading of it yesterday. It was the dart that pierced the heart of Absalom."

P. No bad guess, Jane; but you are a little too hasty: besides, I think a dart is generally partly vegetable: you know the shaft is of wood.

Jane. How very foolish I was, to be sure.

P. Not so, Jane. I told you it was a very

fair guess, especially for the first time. Shall we go on questioning, or does any one else wish to guess?

"I think I know now," said Sarah; "it was the sword that David used to kill the giant Goliath with."

"A very admirable guess, Sarah; but I must tell you, that was not what I fixed on. Come, Frederic, put another question or two."

F. Did it kill many or one?

P. One.

F. I only want to put one more question, and then I think I shall guess. Was it metal?

P. You are on the right scent, my boy; it was not metal.

F. Then I guess it was the stone that David slang into the giant's forehead.

P. Quite right. And remember, you had four more questions to ask, if you had not guessed right.

Mary. May we guess as often as we please, papa?

P. Oh! I forgot that rule of the game. Each person has a right to guess three times only.

Charles. I am sure it is a very pretty game, papa. Will you think of another?

P. Perhaps that may be the best way, Charles; but then you must all put the questions, now I have set you the example.

J. Before you think of another, will you tell me what other questions we could have put, that I may know against the next time?

P. Why, you might have put a great many; such, for instance, as these:—"Is it, or was it, used in war? Was it used by a superior to an inferior? or the contrary? Did it kill a human being? Was the person killed a man or a woman? Is it the work of art, or is it natural? Was it used by many, by few, or by one? Was it used by land or sea? Is it used for medicine? If it had been an animal or vegetable, you might have asked, Was it alive? Is it used for food—bird, beast, fish, insect?" And many others, with which you will soon become familiar. Use makes perfect in this as in other things. Come, children, I have thought of another: and, to save you time, I will answer you a few first questions.

1. It was almost entirely vegetable, if not

quite; 2. Ancient; 3. And profane history. Now proceed, ladies and gentlemen, with your cross-examination.

4. *F.* In what part of the world?—*P.* In Asia.

5. *J.* Was it for a bad or a good purpose?—*P.* Bad.

6. Did it cause death?—*P.* Not itself; but it enabled others to do so.

7. *M.* Was it a work of art, or natural?—*P.* It was a work of art.

8. *C.* Used in peace or in war?—*P.* In war.

9. *F.* By one, few, or many?—*P.* Many.

10. Was it used against one or many?—*P.* Against many.

F. Well, I will now guess once;—it was a battering-ram.

P. Not right; but a very fair guess.

F. I really do not know what to ask more.

P. Remember, you have only two more questions: what shall they be, Frederic?

F. I wish you would help me to ask a good one

P. Well, you might have asked, Was it solid

or hollow? and I should have answered, Hollow; and that would have ill agreed with your battering-ram.

“Oh! then,” said Sarah, “I think I know. “Let me see: it is almost, if not quite, made of vegetable—used in war by many and against many—in ancient profane history—it was used in Asia, and enabled persons to cause death; and it is hollow:—it was the Persian fleet setting out to Greece.

P. A most excellent guess indeed. Ships are hollow, and are made almost entirely of wood; and contain many sailors; and carry warriors against their enemies; and so on. An excellent guess! Come, you have one more question. It was not a ship, nor does it belong to a ship's element; and that, Frederic, is an answer, if you are pleased to take it, to the only remaining question.

F. I quite forgot. By sea or land? Oh! now I am quite sure I know it! It was the wooden horse, that carried the Greeks into Troy!

P. Well done! But I fear all this time my little man here, and Charles,—and shall I say

Richard too?—have taken but little interest in the game. What say ye, my men?

H. It is a great deal too hard for me, papa. I wish you would think of something very easy.

P. I will leave that now for your cousins to do. I think you understand the game. I shall be very glad to hear you report progress another time. Be sure, however, do not play at it so long as to tire yourselves. It is far better to leave off with an appetite, than to overload yourselves, either at meals, or at play.

The stay of the cousins, to the great delight of all parties, was extended through a full month. Many a very pleasant and improving hour was spent by the cheerful and affectionate young relatives; and when the time of separation at last arrived, though it was with the repeated expression of a hope that they would soon meet again, we cannot say that no blank was felt by Mary, Charles, and Henry. They soon, however, fell into their accustomed habits, and were often cheered by a letter from their cousins. Their papa had sent for some of those interesting, delightful little books, which are now every

day enriching the library of young people; and they were all soon prepared for a *winter at home*.

And those who have never experienced what a *winter at home*, spent well and comfortably, is, have a lesson still to learn in the book of improvement and happiness.



SUMMER VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

CONVERSATION XIX.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

God did his throne forsake,
 On him our nature take,
 That men on earth, as well as hosts above,
 His face might see ;
 That they like them might sing and love,
 And join in one sweet harmony :
 Angels with him left heaven, as if they thought
 Our earth would heaven become at the glad news they brought.

WRIGHT.

Papa. Good morning, my dear children ! Have you been enjoying this fine day ? It is a most lovely winter's morning, we shall have a delightful walk to church.

Mary. Charles and Henry have been out for a little while. I stayed in my room, because I wished to read that pretty Ode which you found for me last night.

P. Well, Mary ! and how do you like it ? You call it pretty, I hope you have been much pleased with it.

M. I like it very much indeed, papa ; but I do not quite understand all of it. When you

have time, I shall be very glad if you will explain some of the lines to me.

P. We will read it together, my child; and the boys shall share the pleasure with us. There are some passages of very great beauty in that poem; but there is much which the poet would probably not have written in after-life. Milton was very young when he wrote the *Ode on the Nativity*. Henry, I am sure you can tell what day he is speaking of, if your sister will read to us the few first lines. Come, Mary, read.

M. "This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and Virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace."

Henry. Oh, papa! I think I can answer your question. It was this day, Christmas-day.

P. It was, my boy, and I hope we shall find it a "happy morn" to us. It brings with it many cheering and comfortable thoughts. Milton's first few lines contain much more than one would at first sight, perhaps, find in them.

Charles! have you learned the passage in Isaiah, which I pointed out to you last night? Which of those lines was most likely to remind me of it?

C. I think you mean, papa, "For so the holy sages once did sing." I have learned the passage in the Bible, and I think I shall never forget it. The verse, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," agrees exactly with Christmas-day. But there are some things in that passage which I do not understand.

P. I do not wonder at all, Charles, at your saying so. I hope some day or other to read that chapter, as well as many others, with you. At present, I am quite satisfied, if you see generally, that Isaiah was writing of our Saviour—that Child, who, as Milton expresses it, came down from above, and brought our redemption from heaven; and who, though the "Son of heaven's Eternal King," was as on this day born in a stable at Bethlehem.

C. But, why does he call it his Ode on the Nativity? what is the meaning of Nativity, papa?

P. Nativity means Birth. If Milton had

named his Poem "A Carol on the Birth of Christ," you would have understood him. *Nativity* is taken from a Latin word; *Birth* is one of our own native words used by our Saxon ancestors, which are much more generally understood among us in England.

M. We have had a great many carols sung this morning; two or three before I got up; indeed, I was awake by one which three boys sang very well. Do they sing carols every where on Christmas-day, papa?

P. No, my child. In many parts of the country the custom is entirely dropped. I am very glad it is continued among us. Many of those carols which we hear now are very old, and some are as good as they are old.

M. One struck me this morning as very like Milton's first lines, papa; I think I have heard you repeat it. I do not recollect all the first verse, but it begins, I think, "A virgin unspotted."

P. I remember that carol very well, Mary. I saw immediately which you meant, but I must confess, the resemblance never struck me before; it is in substance exactly the same.

The carol, however, is, I believe, one among the very oldest, and the thoughts are rather quaintly expressed.

A virgin unspotted, the Prophets foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, whom now we behold,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression involved us in.
In Bethlehem's city, in Judah it was ;

and so on. But, Mary, did you not hear another, which might have well reminded you of his first line :—

Christians, awake ! salute the happy morn,
On which the Saviour of mankind was born.

M. That is very like, indeed, papa ; but will you tell me what he means by “the holy sages?”

P. He means all the prophets who foretold of the day of Christ, and the great blessings which he would bring with him when he should come down from heaven to deliver us from our sins and his Father's anger, and to restore us to that state of blessedness which sin had forfeited. You will find much satisfaction and comfort when you grow older, in becoming more and more acquainted with their writings,

and comparing the different prophecies with their fulfilment. It will be my great pleasure to see you grow in knowledge, especially in the knowledge of the Bible, as you grow in years. But depend upon it, my loves, you cannot begin too young.

H. Do they dress their houses in all parts with holly and ivy and laurel, as they do here, papa, on Christmas-day? The servants were very busy last night adorning our rooms.

P. I believe the custom is very general, both in their own houses and in their churches, for Christians to show these marks of joy. It is a very primitive practice; we know it was in use among the ancient Romans, to deck their dwellings with evergreens on any very joyous occasion; and certainly, if the custom is ever to be followed by Christians, no day would call for it in so marked a manner as the present. We have always been accustomed in England to welcome Christmas with every sign of gladness. We ring the bells as we would on the birth of our prince; we put up laurel, as men used to do on the news of some great event; we sing carols, as if celebrating some national victory; and at no season

do we consider the visits of our friends and relatives more welcome. I must tell you, Charles, of a curious custom, that still prevails in a college, rather famous for observing old practices:—On every Christmas-day, when the members are sitting at dinner in their great hall, some of the young students enter with a boar's head, borne on a large dish, and ornamented with sprays of evergreens. As they carry it towards the chief table, where the Master and Fellows of the college are sitting, they accompany their measured steps with an old, I suppose a very old song, partly in Latin and partly in English. I only remember a very few words:—

A boar's head in my hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemarie,
So I pray you, my masters, be merrie.

Then comes a bit of Latin, *Quod estis in convivio*, which means, 'Because this is your Feast-day.' If this were not a very ancient custom, it would not probably be observed now. But I think we should by no means do wisely to regard all times alike, and neglect Christmas as an especial season for meeting our friends in

mutual, cheerful hospitality. Some persons, indeed, ignorant, and careless, and unprincipled, pervert this season to the encouragement of intemperance and dissipation. But it is unsound to condemn any thing in itself, merely because of its abuse. Such interchanges of innocent gratifications as we, my children, I hope, shall long make with our friends at Christmas, are very far from being discountenanced by our holy religion. The blessing of the Giver of every good may be asked faithfully on such friendly meetings; and his name may be gratefully blessed for the enjoyments they afford.

But, Mary, whilst we thus plead for our own comforts and pleasures at Christmas, there is one duty which no Christian, indeed, will forget at any time, but which this season seems to bring especially to our minds. Tell me, my child, what duty I mean.

M. I think you mean kindness to our poor neighbours, papa: I have often heard you say so before.

P. Just so, Mary. If our hearts are opened in gratitude to our best Benefactor, our hearts and our hands will be opened towards our fellow-

creatures with feelings of pity and kindness. At this season the book of Nature and the book of Grace both join in reminding us of the wants and comforts of others. When we are sitting warm round our own blazing hearth, every blast and every pelting storm that beats against our windows, seems to do all but speak in the voice of a messenger from heaven, "Remember the needy and distressed." I have been often reminded, when expecting some friends, of the words of Nehemiah to his countrymen, when he taught them the right way of keeping a feast-day; but especially has the sentiment come fresh to my mind at Christmas, 'Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto the Lord your God: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength*.' Come, my dears! we must prepare for church. I am sure to-day we all feel glad when we hear the summons, 'Let us go to the house of the Lord.'

* Nehemiah viii. 10.

Here we must take our leave of our young friends and their papa. The motto of this little family is, "Be GOOD and be HAPPY:" That principle is, we trust, observed by them successfully in practice; and that whilst they endeavour by God's help and guidance to be GOOD, with the comforts of his blessing they are HAPPY.

THE END.



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| 2. | Anthem | - - | - | <i>Prepare ye the Way of the Lord</i> | - - - | MICHAEL WISE. |
| 3. | Anthem | - - | - | <i>Behold! I bring you Glad Tidings</i> | - - | DR. GREENE. |
| 4. | Quartett | - - | - | <i>How blessed the man, how more than blessed!</i> | - - | RIGHINI. |
| 5. | Sacred Song | - - | - | <i>The Lord, the Almighty Monarch spake</i> | - - | BEETHOVEN. |
| 6. | Air | - - | - | <i>Eternal Ruler of the Skies</i> | - - - - | MOZART. |
| 7. | Solo, (M.S.) | - - | - | <i>Hear my Prayer</i> | - - - - | DR. DUPUIS. |

No. II.

- | | | | | | |
|----|-------------|-------|---|---------|-----------|
| 1. | Trio | - - - | <i>In God's Name will I rejoice</i> | - - - - | PURCELL. |
| 2. | Duet | - - - | <i>Of Stars how fairest</i> | - - - - | HAYDN. |
| 3. | Anthem | - - - | <i>O come hither and hearken</i> | - - - - | NARES. |
| 4. | Duet | - - - | <i>O hold Thou me up</i> | - - - - | MARCELLO. |
| 5. | Sacred Song | - - - | <i>Yon Abbey Bell, so full and swelling</i> | - - - - | NEUKOMM. |
| 6. | Choral | - - - | <i>Come, O come, with Sacred Lays</i> | - - - - | HIMMEL. |

No. III.

- | | | | | | | |
|----|----------------|-------|---|-----------|---|----------|
| 1. | Air | - - - | <i>O Lamb of God</i> | - - - - - | - | MOZART. |
| 2. | Anthem | - - | <i>Lord, what love have I unto Thy law</i> | - - - - - | - | KENT. |
| 3. | Air | - - | <i>Every day will I give thanks unto Thee</i> | - - - - - | - | HANDEL. |
| 4. | - - - | - - | <i>Nunc Dimittis</i> | - - - - - | - | GIBBONS. |
| 5. | Christmas Song | - - - | <i>Messiah! at thy glad Approach</i> | - - - - - | - | BACH. |
| 6. | Trio | - - - | <i>O Lord, Thou hast searched me out</i> | - - - - - | - | CROFT. |

No. IV.

- | | | | | | |
|----|-------------|-------|---|-------|------------|
| 1. | Solo | - - - | <i>Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit</i> | - - - | CROFT. |
| 2. | Trio | - - - | <i>Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous</i> | - - - | STEFFANI. |
| 3. | Sacred Song | - - - | <i>Oh! most delightful hour</i> | - - - | BEETHOVEN. |
| 4. | Anthem | - - - | <i>Hide not Thou thy face, O Lord</i> | - - - | FARRANT. |
| 5. | Duet | - - - | <i>The sorrows of my heart are enlarged</i> | - - - | BOYCE. |
| 6. | Solo | - - - | <i>Praise the Lord, O my Soul</i> | - - - | GREEN. |
| 7. | Solo | - - - | <i>Vouchsafe, O Lord</i> | - - - | HANDEL. |

No. V.

- | | | | | | |
|----|----------------|-------|--|-----------|------------|
| 1. | Chorus | - - | <i>Pie Jesu Domine!</i> | - - - - - | CHERUBINI. |
| 2. | Recit. and Air | - - | <i>Comfort ye my People</i> | - - - - - | HANDEL. |
| 3. | Solo | - - | <i>Ascribe unto the Lord</i> | - - - - - | BASSANI. |
| 4. | Hymn | - - | <i>Thee, Lord, our King</i> | - - - - - | SPOHR. |
| 5. | Anthem | - { | <i>Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse
his way</i> | - } | NABES. |
| 6. | Solo | - - - | <i>Blessed are all they that fear the Lord</i> | - - - | HAYES. |
| 7. | Sanctus | - - | <i>Holy, Lord God of Hosts</i> | - - - | GIBBONS. |

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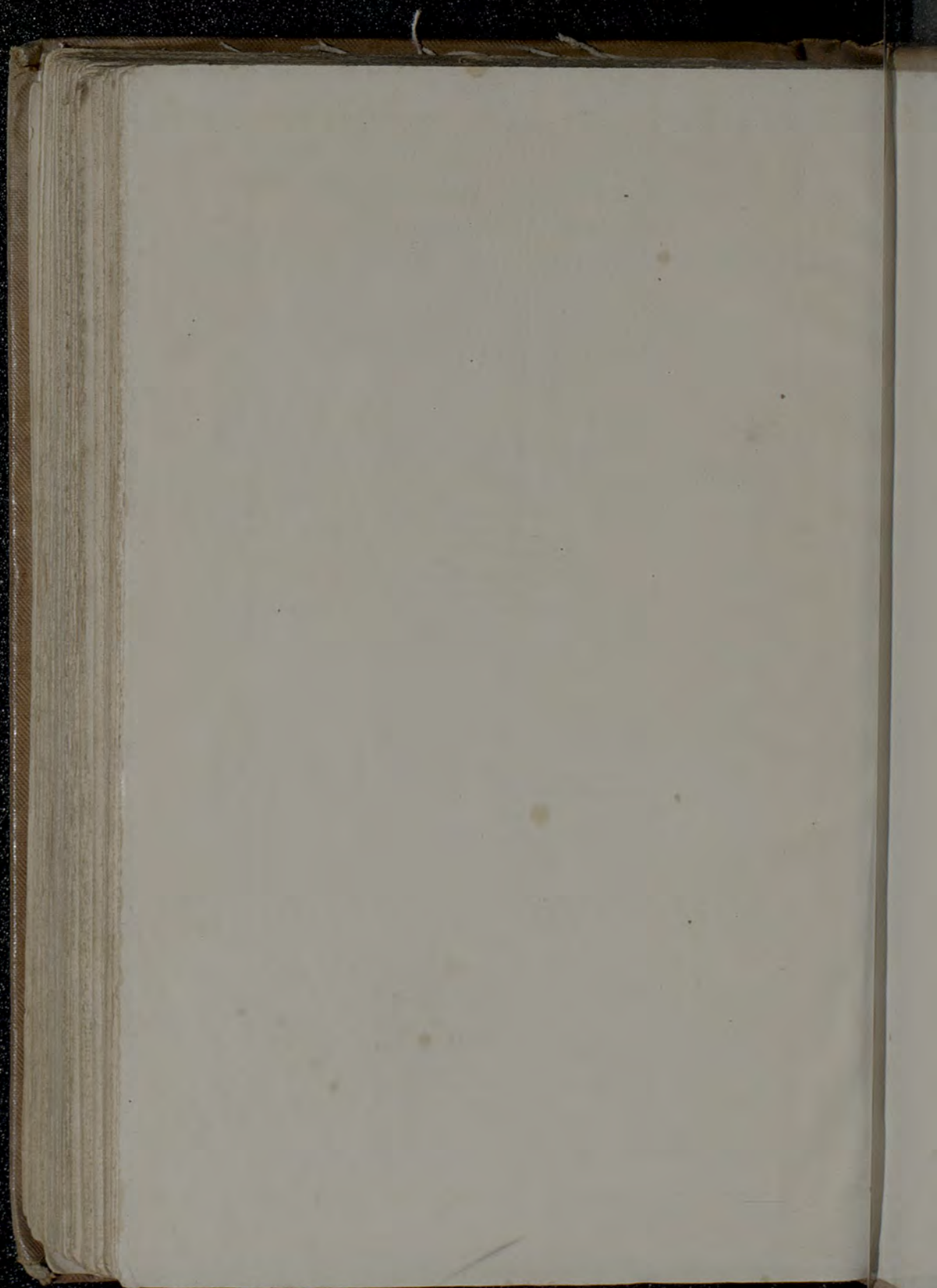
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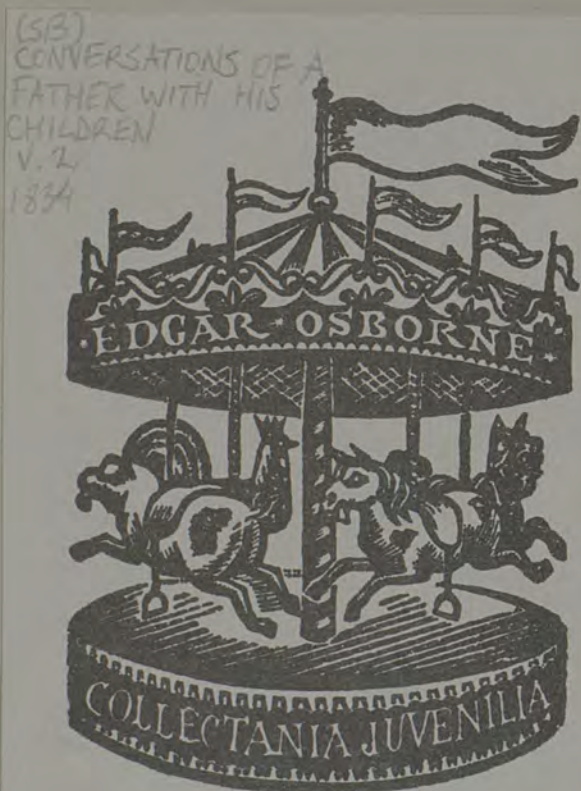
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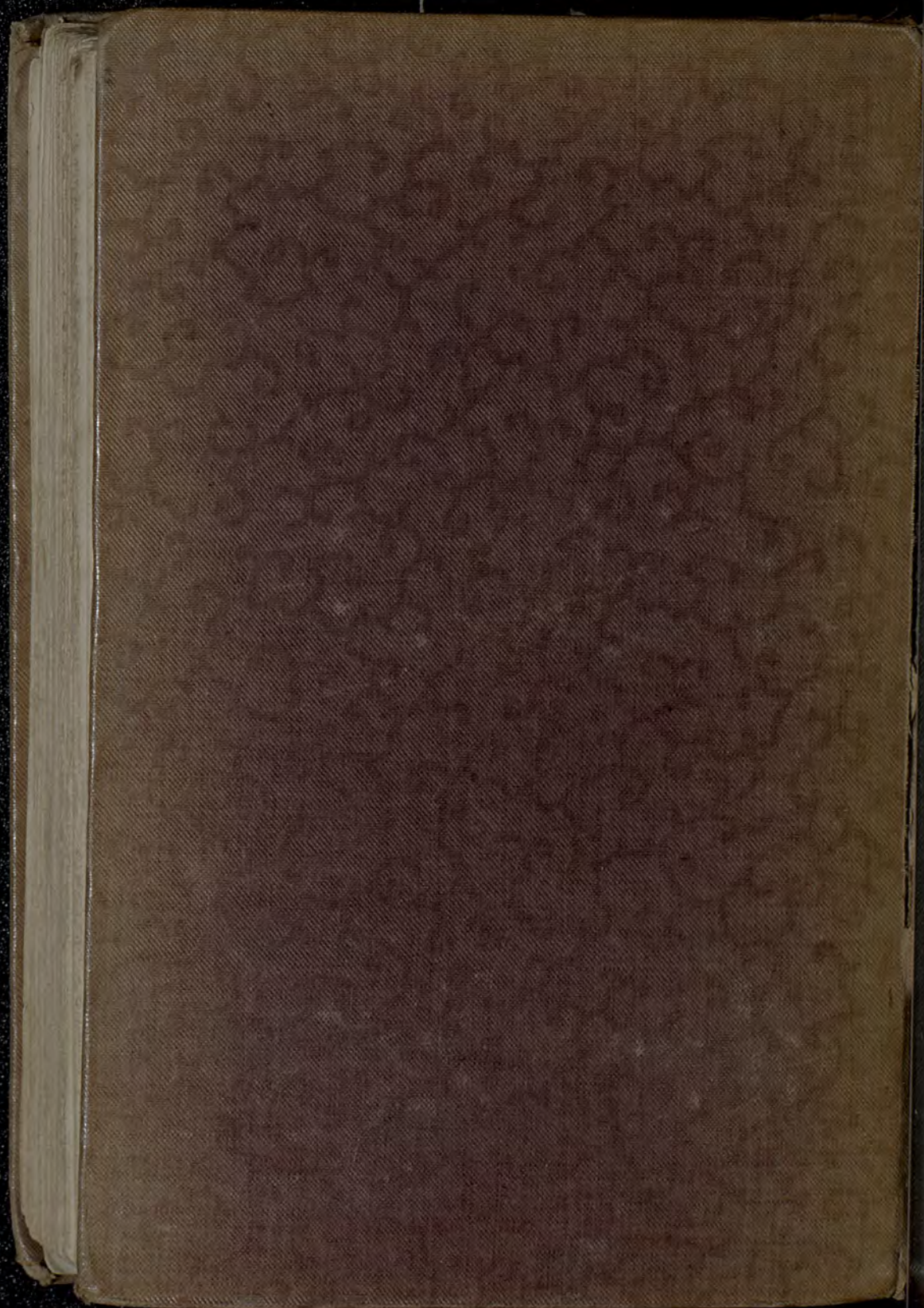
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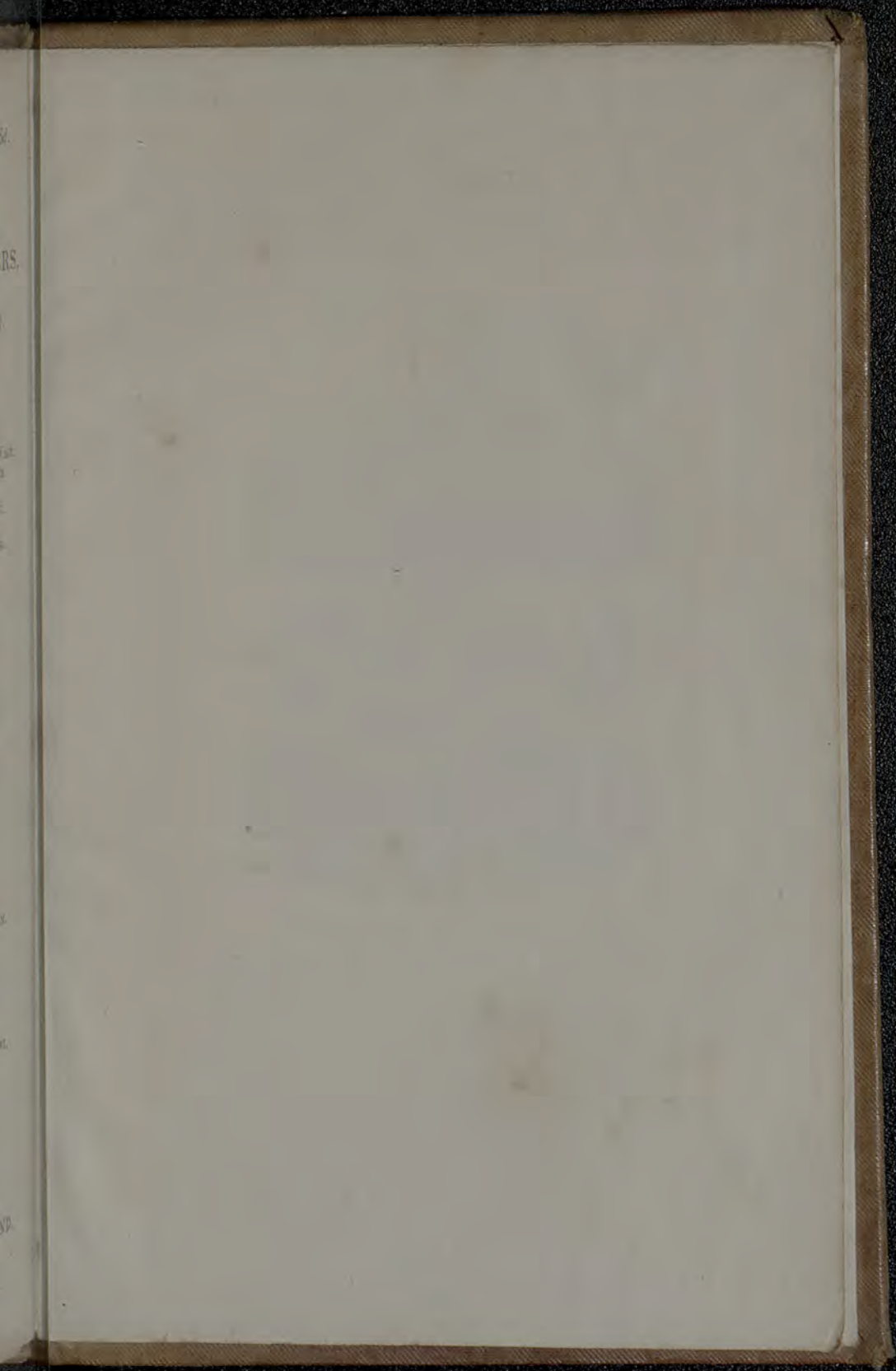
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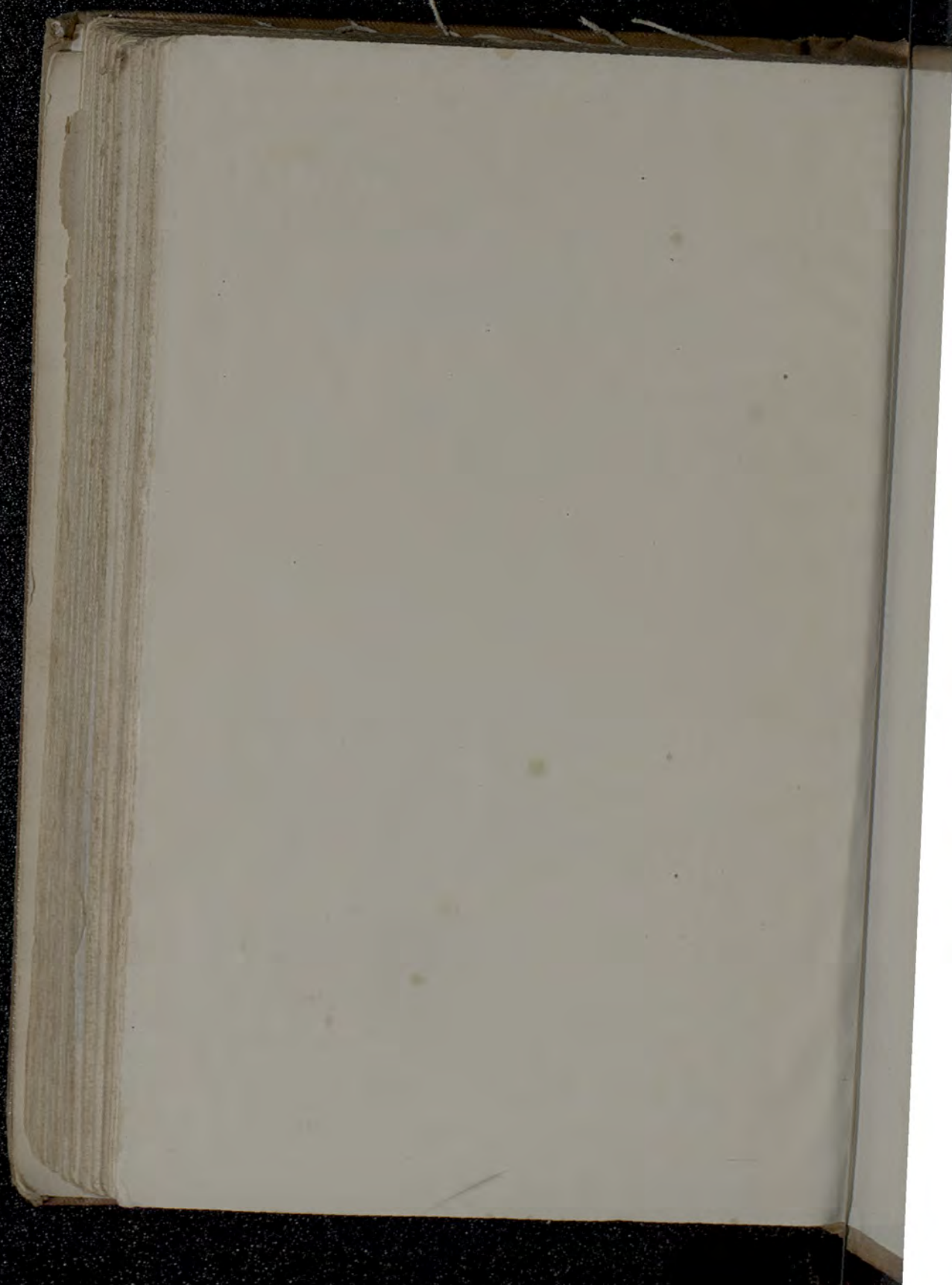




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