

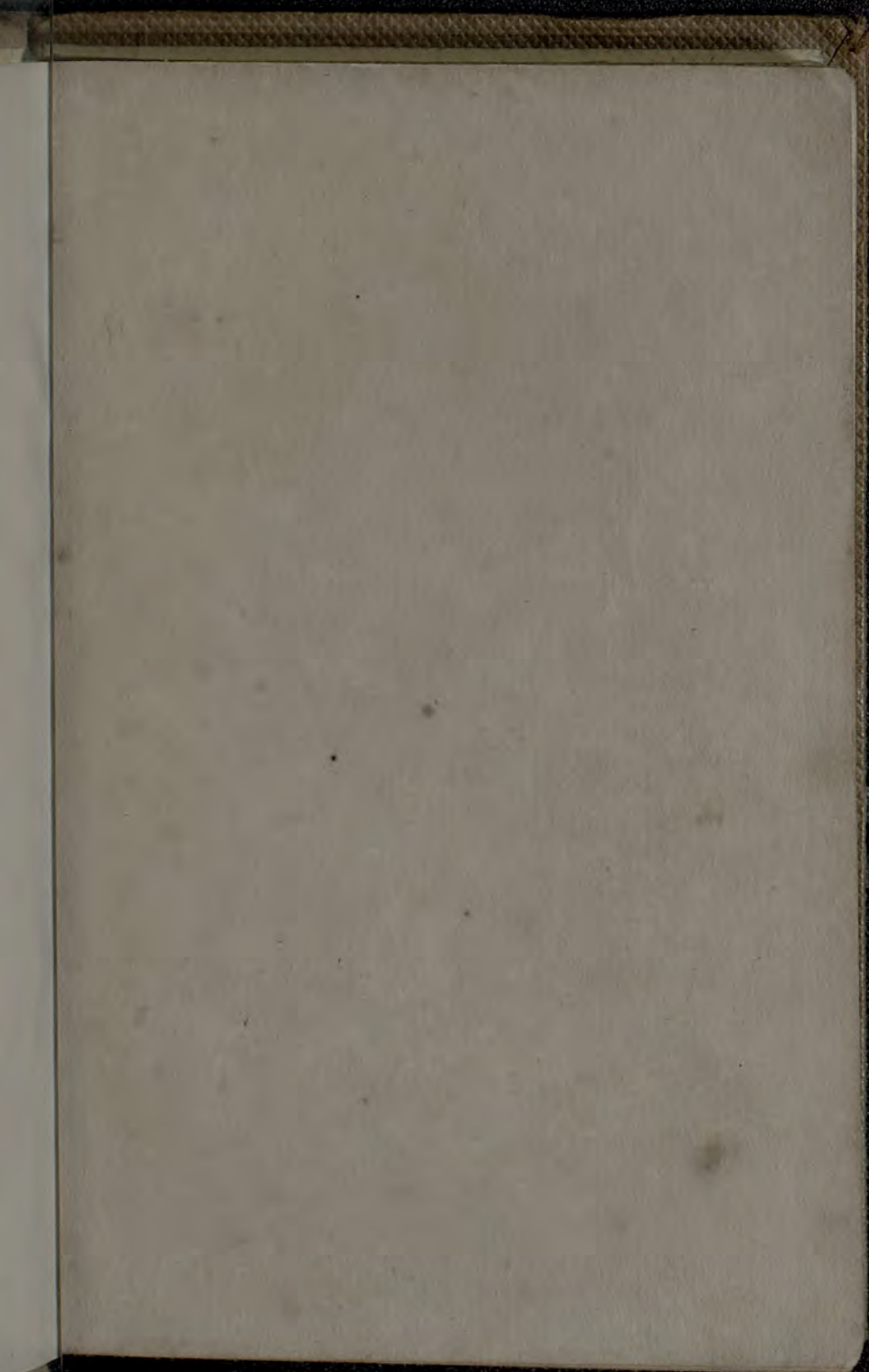
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After this, she took it out in the garden for a walk.

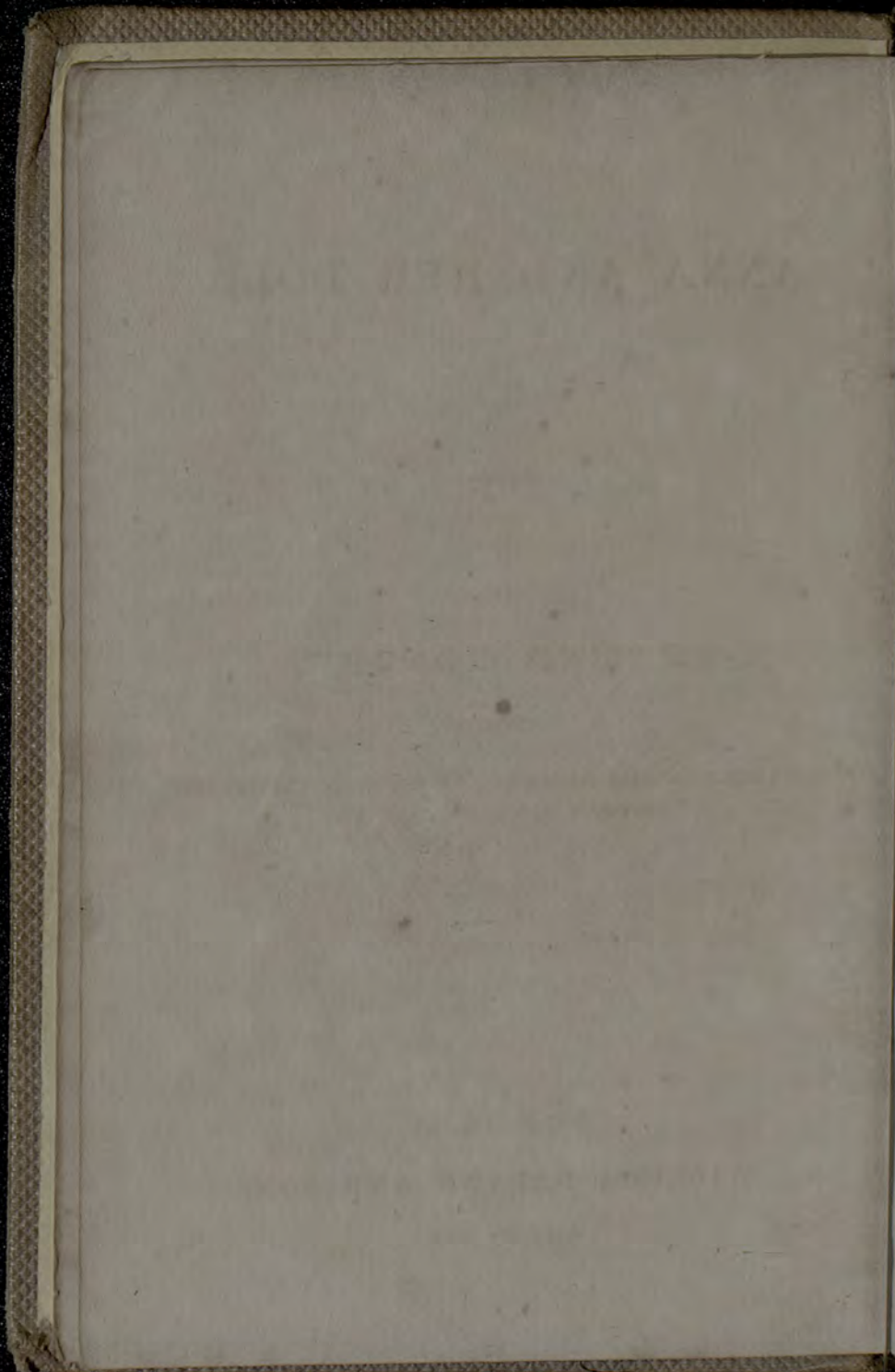
ANNA AND HER DOLL,

by

Esther Copley.



LONDON.
William Darton & Son,
Hobbs Hill.



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BY

ESTHER COPLEY,

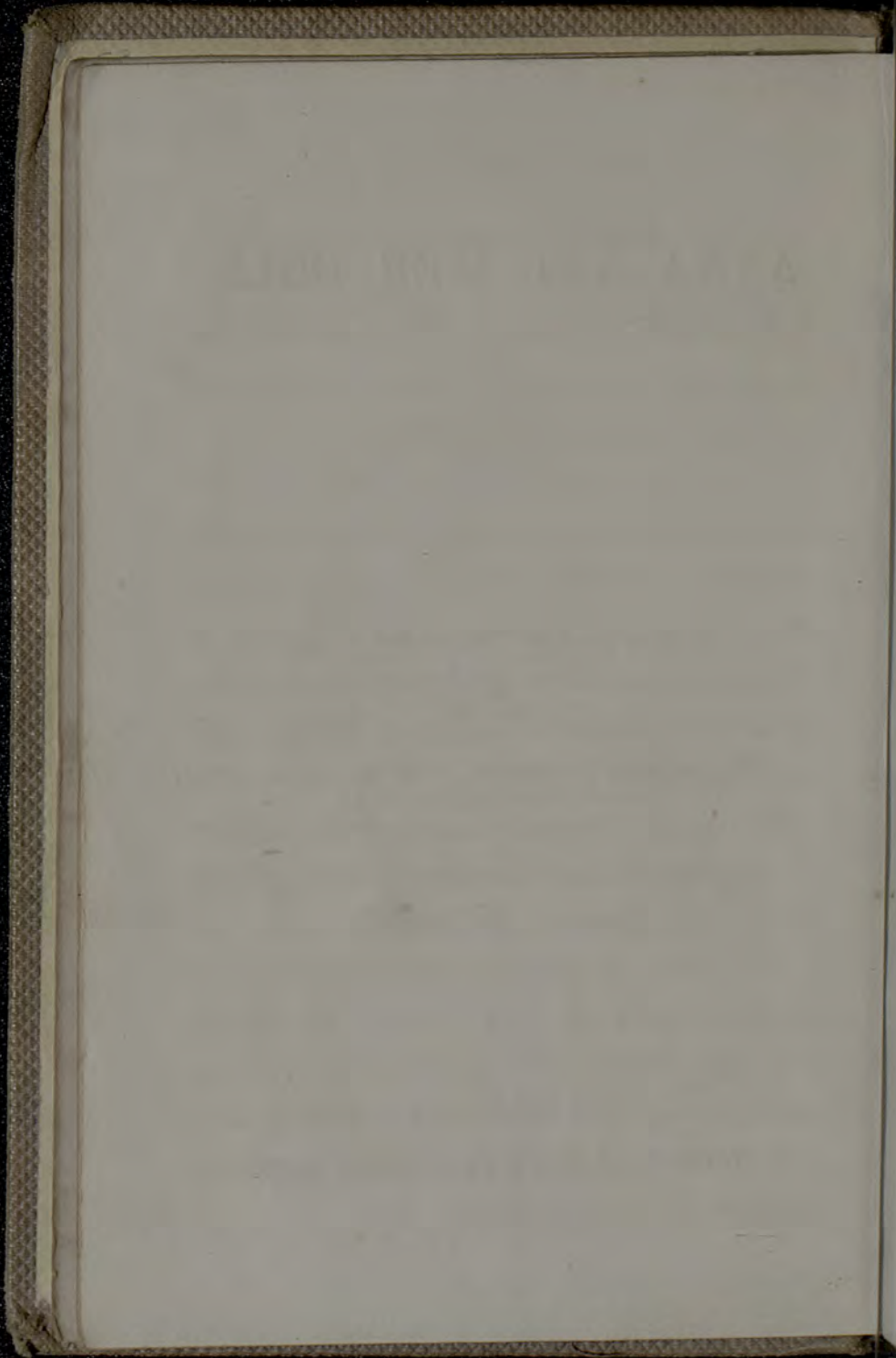
AUTHOR OF

"THE LITTLE COWSLIP GATHERERS," "THE YOUNG REVIEWERS,"
"YOUTHFUL RECOLLECTIONS," ETC.

LONDON:

WILLIAM DARTON AND SON,

HOLBORN HILL.



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ADVERTISEMENT TO PARENTS.

THE following pages have been written under a conviction, that entertainment is not necessarily associated with either indolence or folly; and that the amusements of children ought to be rational in themselves, and may be so conducted, as to contribute materially to their improvement; especially in giving them just ideas of common things.

All the incidents introduced are facts; most of them were impressed on the mind of the writer during childhood, and they have occasionally recurred to it with advantage at a later period of life.

The rhymes, with which each chapter concludes, possess and assume no higher merit, than that of conveying truth in a simple form, and one that is generally interesting and acceptable to children.

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ANNA AND HER DOLL.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD DOLLS.

ANNA, like most other little girls, was very fond of a doll. She had already had two dolls given to her; one of them was of wood, and the other of wax. The wooden one she had had a long time, and it was become very shabby. Its nose, which was very peaked, had been shattered by a fall; its stiff wooden legs, which at first were but slightly and clumsily jointed, had long been

broken off beyond the reach of mending; the bran, which stuffed its arms, had escaped, and robbed them of all their plumpness, and its once curly wig had become rough and scanty. It was but the remains of a doll, yet Anna was still pleased with it, and often dressed and undressed it, taking great pains to make it as decent as she could. The wax doll was very small and slight. When given to Anna, it was gaily dressed in a silk slip, and sprigged muslin frock, with fine lace sleeves, tied up with lilac ribbon, and it had a sash of the same colour. When first Anna saw it, she thought it very pretty, but on examining it more closely, she found that its clothes were fastened on, so that she could not dress or undress it. She also discovered that it was only dressed for

outside show; and had no underclothes, which she thought it proper that every doll, as well as every child, should have. Its green shoes too, she observed, were not real, but merely coloured over the wax of the feet. These things displeased her. She said to her mother, "How very *uneat*.* and uncomfortable it would be for me to be dressed like this doll is, only in a fine frock and slip, and to have them fastened on, so that I should be obliged to sleep in them. And of what use would it be to paint my feet? It would not warm them, or keep the stones from hurting them.

* Anna was a very little girl, and had not learned that when we wish to express that a thing is not neat, we say it is shabby, or untidy, or indecent, or slatternly. Her mother took that opportunity of teaching her this.

You would never like me to be dressed in that way, would you mother?" So Anna had soon seen enough of her wax doll, and asked her mother to put it away; and then she went to play with her poor old wooden stump, and seemed very much pleased whilst she dressed it, and undressed it, and rocked it in the cradle. But, when Anna's brother came in from school, she wished to shew him the present that had been made her, and she climbed up in a chair, to reach the doll from a high shelf in the cupboard where her mother had placed it. On coming down, she somehow pressed the doll between her hand and the chair, and the poor thing was mashed to pieces.

At this Anna was very sorry; she stood looking at the empty garments

from which the fragments of wax were falling, and a tear burst from her eye as her mother entered the room. "So! Anna," said her mother, "have you broken your new doll already?" "Yes, mother," replied the little girl, "was I careless?"

MOTHER. I do not know, Anna; I did not see you break it.

ANNA. I will tell you how I did it, mother: I got it down from the shelf very safely; but when I took hold of the back of the chair, to help myself down—then it pressed against the back of the chair, and that broke it.

M. No, Anna, your hand pressed it against the back of the chair; neither the doll nor the chair could take care, and you did not take care, and so the doll was broken.

A. But, mother, I have often and

often done so with my old doll, and I never broke that; you know, mother, it was not I who let it fall on the stone steps when its nose was broken; and its legs, you know, came off of their own accord, as I was teaching it to walk.

M. No, my dear, I do not know that, or think it. When we say that a *person* does a thing of his own accord, we mean that he does it, because he chooses to do it, and not because he is obliged, or pressed by another person, to do it; and when it is sometimes said of *things*, it is meant that it is in their natural and common course to become so. If water is exposed to a cold frosty air, it will become ice, naturally, or of its own accord; and if ice be exposed to the warmth of the sun or the fire, it will.

in the same manner, become water. It was not your doll's choice, was it, for her legs to come off?

A. No, mother. A doll cannot choose, you know.

M. Why not, my dear?

A. Because it cannot think.

M. Very true. Neither was it a thing of course, for its legs to come off. Do you think it would have happened if the doll had lain still in the toy-shop, or shut up in a drawer?

A. No, mother, I suppose not; it happened while it was being played with, and I suppose that was it. But it was not played with roughly—and what is the use of a doll if it may not be played with at all?

M. You are quite right, there Anna. It *is* of no use; and I suppose you

mean to say, that your doll was not properly made, as it would not bear using, for the purpose for which it was designed.

A. I do not think it could, mother; its legs must have been fastened on badly: so that at last it was not my fault that it became broken.

M. I do not think it was, but as no one blamed you about it, it is of no great consequence to prove that you were not in fault. It is your own doll, and it seems to please you just as well now, as when it had legs.

A. Not quite, mother, because you know it is not so much like a real child. I wish I had one, with legs properly fastened on, and with joints at the knees, so that it could sit down; and with a nice curly head, and its

face and neck like real flesh—do you know how I mean, mother?—not hard and wooden like this is.

M. I suppose you mean a wax doll? but they are very expensive, and hardly fit for a little girl like you, as they are so easily broken.

A. But, mother, I would take great care, and not break it.

M. But, Anna, you have just broken one through not taking care.

A. But, mother, only look how very, very thin and hollow the wax was. It was impossible to help breaking it.

M. No, Anna, it was not impossible; but you forgot, or did not consider, that a wax doll requires a vast deal more care and tenderness than a wooden one.

A. I wish I had considered; then I should not have broken my doll.

M. I hope you will consider and observe in future; and that will be making a good use of the accident. For want of observing the difference between things that at first appear alike, children often do mischief, or meet with accidents. There was a little boy, who had been allowed by his nurse-maid to gather currants in his father's garden; and one day, when he was walking in the fields, he saw some berries, very much like currants, more like them than your wax doll was like your wooden one. So he ate some of the berries, and gave some to his little sister, and they both became very ill.

A. Did they die, mother?

M. No, my dear, they both recovered—but it was after suffering great pain, and taking a great deal of nauseous

medicine, as well as occasioning great alarm to their parents, who for several hours, if not days, expected to lose them.

A. And all this came of not minding the difference between currants and poisonous berries; but I think the nurse-maid should have minded the little boy, and not have let him get at improper things.

M. Very true, Anna; she was very much to blame; but remember too, that children should not eat anything without asking leave. Besides, it is right that children should observe for themselves, and try to find out the difference between things, in some respects alike, by examining their shape, colour, weight, growth, and other particulars.

A. Next time we go out for a walk,

mother, will you be so good as to shew me, the difference between currants and poisonous berries?

M. Yes, my dear. I will assist you in finding it out for yourself, and then you will not be likely to forget it.

A. I shall never forget the difference between a wax and a wooden doll. A wax doll is thin and hollow, and will not bear squeezing. Do you think I shall ever have another wax doll, mother?

M. I do not know, my dear; and, as I am now busy, I cannot talk to you any longer at present; so, clear up the littered pieces, and then go and amuse yourself in the next room.

Anna's elder brother hearing her lamentation over her doll, presented her with the following lines.

My pretty doll, so lately bought,
Is now quite useless grown :
To pieces broke—'twas my own fault ;
I reached it careless down,
And press'd it with a heavy hand,
Its tender frame could not withstand.

Ah ! if I had thought at all,
I surely might have guess'd,
Thou couldst not bear, my pretty doll,
To be so rudely press'd.
But, since the past I can't repair,
Hence forward, let me take more care.

Things seem alike when slightly view'd,
That widely different are ;
Poison seems fruit—and evil, good ;—
Then let me try with care,
Which path to choose and which to shun,
Nor heedless into danger run.

And while I flee from common ill,
Oh ! let me ne'er forget,
That vice has greater dangers still,
T' entrap my youthful feet ;
But, let me shun the treacherous way,
And virtue's dictates still obey.

CHAPTER II.

DISTINCTIONS.

SOON after the day on which Anna's wax doll was broken, she asked her mother, what was the difference between a puppy and a kitten.

M. A puppy, my dear, is a young dog; and a kitten is a young cat.

A. Yes, mother; but that is not what I mean; I want to know what difference there is between them.

M. Their heads and ears are differently formed, and their tails and furs also grow differently; the noise they

make is different; you know a dog barks, and a cat mews.

A. Mother, I will tell you why I ask, and then you will know how to answer me. My cousin George has a pretty little puppy, which he brought in last night for me to play with, and when I had played enough with it, was about to let it go down, the same as I do my kitten; and it cried, and went about lame; and George was very angry with me, and called me a stupid girl, for not knowing the difference between a cat and a dog. My kitten always springs from my arms or my lap to the ground, and never hurts herself; and why should not a puppy? a puppy is as large as a kitten.

M. Now I begin to understand you. You must learn, my dear, that things

of the same size are not always of the same strength, nor of the same age. A kitten is much smaller than a puppy; therefore, if you see them of the same size, you may generally conclude that the kitten is considerably the older, though this is not always a rule, as some particular kinds of dogs are always very small.

A. But my cousin George's puppy is not of that sort: for he told me it would grow very large indeed, large enough for me to ride upon.

M. Then you may fairly conclude, that it is younger than your kitten, and is less able to take care of itself. You must learn too, that size and strength are not always connected, any more than size and age. Cats are remarkably formed, for springing to a considerable distance; they are light,

and very strong in the joints, and muscles; and if thrown to or from ever so great a height, are sure to descend upon their feet; even young kittens, very soon acquire the habit of doing this with ease. But dogs are intended rather for running, than for springing from a height; and their joints are differently formed accordingly. When you are older, I shall be able to explain these things more fully to you; but for the present, I hope you will remember, that you cannot judge of the age, strength, and skill of one animal, merely by observing, that it is as large as an animal of a different kind. Your little brother is both older and larger than your kitten; and yet, if I were to push him off my lap, and expect that he could spring like a

kitten, he would be very much hurt, perhaps killed.

A. But my brother is not an animal, is he mother?

M. Yes, my dear: all things that have life are called animals.

A. Then are geraniums animals, mother? I heard you tell my aunt, that some of your geraniums were alive, but most of them had died in the winter.

M. No, plants and trees are not animals; they possess a kind of life, but it is not conscious life. They grow, and bear flowers, and fruits, and they go to decay; but they are not, as far as we know, sensible of their existence; they do not feel pain or pleasure, which all creatures do whom we call animals.

A. Then flies and worms are animals, for you have often told me not to hurt them, as they could feel as well as myself; and fishes are animals, for you told my brother Charles, you had rather have them caught in a net, than with a hook and line, for you could not bear to torment any living creature; and those lions and tigers, we saw at the show, were they animals?

M. Yes, my dear; all of them, from the greatest to the smallest.

A. And is my doll an animal?

M. Now, Anna, I think you are trifling, in asking me that question—does your doll partake of life? does she know anything about pleasure and pain?

A. No, mother, to be sure not.—But somehow it seems very odd, that

you should say, lions and tigers and fish and worms are all animals; and that my brother is an animal too.

M. What, I suppose you think your brother degraded by the comparison. I will tell you, then, of one most important distinction, which sets your brother as far above the noblest animal we have spoken of, as that is above a mere blade of grass. He has a reasonable soul, which they do not possess.

A. But he does not take notice yet, not so much notice as some animals do. You know, a dog or cat will come when they are called, and they can help themselves to food, and do many other things, which my brother cannot do.

M. That is very true; man is longer than any other animal in a state of

infancy and helplessness—have you not learnt that pretty poem, which says,

“The lamb skips gaily on the grass,
When scarcely born a day;
The foal, beside its mother ass,
Trots merrily away;
And not a creature, tame or wild,
Is half so helpless as a child.”

Nevertheless, this helpless little creature will, in time, attain to a much higher degree of perfection in knowledge than falls to the lot of the highest order of brutes. Brutes have soon learned all that they will ever know; and they never make any fresh discoveries. They learn to seek their food, and shelter, and to take care of their young; and some, such as the horse, and a few others, are brought to obey, and be serviceable to man; but that is all. No such thing was

ever heard of, as a horse fastening himself to a plough, and going over a field of his own accord, though he may be brought to stand still while the harness is placed, and to go backwards and forwards under the direction of his master. But an infant, as soon as he is born, begins to acquire knowledge; and goes on learning as long as he lives. He never comes to the point when he cannot learn any more. He has many ways of learning, too, which brutes cannot use, such as reading, conversation, observing the plans and contrivances of others, and improving upon them; and thus every set of people that live upon earth, can learn, from the wisdom of those who went before them. Thus also, the knowledge which man acquires gives him power to control the brutes,

though many of them so far excel him, in strength and swiftness. Of the little you know, it would be quite impossible to teach most of it to any animal, however sagacious it might be in getting its own food, taking care of its young, or obeying its master. No brute in the world could even ask the questions you have asked this very evening; nor could the oldest animal know any more about them, than the youngest. So remember, Anna, that though your brother knows but little at present, there is reason to hope, he will one day know a great deal; and though he is properly called an animal, yet there is such an important distinction, as sets him far above the noblest of all other animals. It is now time that I should undress the little fellow; so you may reach

out my low chair, and the baby's basket.—Not there, Anna; you know I always sit on this side of the fire-place.

A. Why do you, mother? Does it signify on which side you sit?

M. Yes; it is more convenient for me to dress a child with its head towards my left hand; and, if I were to sit on the other side, his head must be towards the fire, which would be hurtful to him.

A. Oh! I did not know that before; and then too, you could not warm his feet so nicely. May I fold up his clothes as you take them off?

M. Yes; take care and do it neatly. There he is, little rogue, all at liberty; see, how he smiles and cooes; he is quite pleased at being stripped of his garments.

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"There he is, little rogue, all at liberty."

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A. Pretty little brother! he does take notice now; he will soon know his name, will he not mother?

M. All in good time: we must not be impatient. There is a pretty little smooth head! now give me his cap.

A. Mother, while you have been playing with the baby naked, I have thought of one thing, that perhaps is a reason, why he cannot spring off your lap, and jump about the room like my kitten; or even walk, like cousin George's puppy.

M. Well, what reason is that?

A. Because they go upon four feet, and he is only made to go upon two; does it not make some difference?

M. Yes, Anna; I think it may. The more the weight is divided, the easier it may be carried; and a tall, upright figure, must require more skill

and strength to prevent its oversetting, than one that is carried on a different form. This is very likely to be one reason why children are longer in learning to walk alone than other animals.

A. But then, birds—they have only two legs, and they walk soon.

M. True; but they do not stand so high in proportion as we do, and their feet are more spread, so that the weight of their body, is supported much more in the same way as that of a quadruped, than ours is.

A. What do you mean by quadrupeds, mother?

M. Animals that have four feet.

A. And what do you mean when you say *in proportion*?

M. I mean that every part is of a fit, and suitable size and shape to the

rest. If you were to see a creature with legs as long as those of a horse, and with a body no larger than a cat, it would be quite *out of proportion*. It serves also to express or describe two things compared with each other. See, here is a piece of linen six inches long, and four inches wide; and here is another piece, only three inches long, and two inches wide; one is larger than the other, and yet they are the same shape—they are the same *in proportion*. But, if the small piece were as it is now, and the large piece, instead of being as it is, were nine inches long, and only three wide, it would be longer and narrower *in proportion* than the small piece.

A. I understand you now, mother, and I think you meant to say, that the length of a bird does not go upright,

like our length, but more crossways, like a quadruped. Pray, mother, which do you think is the best shape?

M. The shape of every creature is best adapted (that is, suited, contrived, fitted) to the manner of life it is intended for. Suppose, for instance, the food of the sheep had been like that of the squirrel, nuts, acorns, and berries, growing upon high trees; how could it have managed to climb to a height, or spring from bough to bough.

A. Or if a poor little hare had been fat and lazy like a pig, how could it have run away from the hunters? But, mother, if animals that have four feet, learn to walk so much earlier than we do, do you think ours is the best shape, for the way of life we are intended for?

M. Yes, my dear, undoubtedly I do. In the first place, I do not think it a disadvantage, that children are longer in learning to walk and shift for themselves, than other animals; for, while parents are teaching them to walk, they have an opportunity of teaching them many other important and useful things, which other animals are not capable of learning. Besides, the affection between parents and children, is intended to last as long as life; and it is, no doubt, promoted by children being naturally longer dependent than the young of other animals. When young birds are able to fly, the old birds turn them out of the nest, and take no more care about them; and the old cat casts off her kittens, as soon as they are able to shift for themselves, and takes no more

notice of them than if they were not her own; nor does the kitten recollect her mother's former kindnesses.

A. Oh, mother, I saw the cat and kittens fighting for a piece of lights, and I thought, how shocking it was.

M. But do you think there will ever come a time when I shall forget that you are my child, or you will forget that I am your mother?

A. Oh, no, no—I hope not, mother.

M. Perhaps there would have been more danger of it, if, at the age of a few weeks, you had been able to provide for yourself, and had done so, without any care and attention from your parents.

A. Yes, I suppose so; I never thought of this before.

M. Then, when the days of childhood are gone by, and man is grown

up to activity, I am sure, that his form is the very best for fulfilling the tasks assigned him; only think how much farther we can see, and how much higher we can reach, without climbing, than if we were quadrupeds; and how much more able we are, to lift up a weight, or to handle a tool. But I think we have talked long enough for the present. I hope you understand what I have told you; there is one remark on this subject, that I hope you will never forget: the beasts look downwards to the earth; they get their food from it—that is all their care and concern; and when they die, they sink into it, and that is their end. But man looks upwards; he ought to do so, with his mind as well as his body, and enquire after God, his maker. When man dies, his

spirit goes upward, it never comes to an end; and it ought to be his great concern, that it may dwell with God for ever.

Life, in all its various forms,
Is the gift of God alone;
Birds, beasts, fishes, flies, and worms,
Live, by order from his throne.

Some in swiftness, some in force,
Some in nicest skill excel;
Bee and emmet, hind and horse,
Each their Maker's praise forth tell—

Who to each its sphere assign'd,
And so fitly form'd to fill;
But I view myself, and find
Greater, nobler, wonders still.

I've a reasoning soul within,
Form'd to seek my Maker's face;
Endless being shall be mine,
Endless glory, through His grace.

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"See, mother, see, what Mr Stokes has given me."

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CHAPTER III.

THE HALF-CROWN.

A MONTH or two after Anna's wax doll was broken, a gentleman, who came to see her father and mother, gave Anna half-a-crown, to buy any toy or book she chose. Anna was very much delighted, and running to her mother, said, "See, mother, see, what Mr. Stokes has given me, to buy what I like. May I go, and buy a wax doll?"

Her mother told her, she thought she had better not buy a wax doll, as they were so easily broken. Anna

said, she very much wished for a wax doll; and to have it dressed exactly like a baby. Her mother told her, that there was a kind of composition used in making dolls, which looked quite as well as wax, and was not at all dear, and not nearly so apt to break.

Then Anna said she would have a doll of that kind, and asked if she might go and buy one.

It was in a small country town that Anna lived; and her mother said, she thought such dolls as she had spoken of, were not sold there: but she told Anna, that if she would wait, and take care of her half-crown, she should most likely be going to London shortly, and would buy her one there.

A. But how long will it be, mother, before you go?

M. I cannot tell, exactly, perhaps a month.

A. But a month is so very long to wait.

M. Well, my dear, I leave you to please yourself. I only advise you, as I think for the best.

A. Shall you blame me, mother, if I spend my half-crown, and am pleased with what I buy?

M. No, Anna; it is your own, and you may do what you please with it; but mind, I warn you, that I think you will be displeased with yourself, if, when I return from London, instead of unpacking a nice new doll, you have only to shew me the remains of an old broken one; do you not think so, Anna?

A. I do not think I should have

broken it so soon as that, mother; but I think too, that it will be better for me to wait.

Soon after this, a man came to the door with trinkets and pictures, to sell. Anna's mother told him that she did not want to buy any; but Anna's eye had caught sight of a necklace, and the man had caught sight of her half-crown, which she held in her hand, and seemed to be considering whether or not she should lay it out. "Stop, madam," said he, as Anna's mother was going to shut the door, "the little miss will buy; come here, my dear, and see de beauties, de very great beauties; and very cheap." Anna was coming forward, but her mother again said, "We do not want any thing;" and drawing Anna back,

shut the door. Anna burst into tears; indeed, she cried out aloud, and the man knocked at the door, again and again; but Anna's mother would not suffer him to be answered. Anna cried for some time, but her mother took no notice of her. At length she was tired of crying, and most likely began to think that she had acted foolishly; so she wiped her eyes, and coming to her mother, said, "Mother, why would you not let me spend my half-crown? you said I might, if I chose it."

M. Tell me first, Anna, what have you been crying for?

A. Because, mother, you would not let me spend my money.

M. Did you tell me that you wished to spend it?

A. No, mother, but I did wish it.

M. I thought you intended to have a doll bought with it.

A. Yes, mother, so I did; but I should *so* much have liked a necklace—you know my cousin Fanny has one, and I thought then I could have done without a doll.

M. And do you think so still, Anna? Should you prefer a necklace to a doll?

A. I do not know, mamma; I should like to think a little more about it.

M. I think it will be wiser to do so; but would it not have been better to have thought and reasoned, before you cried?

Anna hung down her head, and made no reply. Her mother continued, “Do you think I ever prevent your doing any thing you wish, without being able to give a reason?”

A. No, mother, I think not; will you please to tell me the reason why you would not let me buy the necklace?

M. Yes; now you can talk like a reasonable being, I am very willing to treat you, and answer you as such. But when a little girl who can speak and reason, chooses rather to cry for nothing, no notice can be taken of her; she puts herself far below her little baby-brother, for he does not cry unless he is in pain, which he has no other way of informing us of. I had two reasons for not suffering you to spend your money with the man at the door: first, because I think a necklace would be a foolish, useless thing, to spend it on at all; and next, because I think that man wanted to cheat you,

and get your money away, for something that was not worth it.

A. Mother, I wish you had told me so; and then I would not have cried.

M. I could not tell you so at that moment; and as you find when I can explain my reasons and motives to you, that I have always your good in view, you should learn to trust and comply, when I cannot tell you my particular reasons; do not you think so?

A. Yes, mother, I know it; I will not cry another time.

M. I hope not.

A. But will you tell me, mother, why you object to necklaces? is there any harm in wearing them?

M. I think it is a pity to spend money upon what is of no real use. If a little girl, who wears a necklace, or

any other finery, does not think about it, it affords her no pleasure; and if she does think about it, it generally makes her very vain and disagreeable. She wishes persons to look at her and admire her, and if they do not do so, she is disappointed, and discontented, — do you understand me, Anna?

A. Yes, mother, I think so; for, when I was at play with my cousins last week, and saw Fanny's beautiful necklace, she seemed so proud and pleased; but afterwards, Miss Harriet Lloyd came, and she had a beautiful-ler necklace still.

M. Stop, Anna; you should not say *beautifuller*; say *more beautiful*.

A. Well, mother, then more beautiful; I mean a great deal prettier; and we all liked it better; and then

Fanny seemed quite vexed, and almost cried.

M. Very likely; thus you can see how very little the happiness of children is promoted by finery in dress. Mothers who pay attention to such things, cannot help observing further, that such dispositions *are* promoted, as greatly obstruct and oppose happiness. Do you think vanity, or envy, can make people happy?

A. No, mother; and if I thought a necklace would make me have vanity or envy, I would never wish for one.

M. You should say, "If I thought a necklace would make me *vain or envious*, I would not wish for one."—Well, I do not say that it would do that; but at best it is useless, and far more likely to call forth bad dispositions, than good ones.

A. Mother, is not a doll useless?

M. No, Anna, I think a doll affords to a little girl, one of the most innocent, lasting, and improving amusements she can enjoy.

A. Well, I am glad you think so, mother, for I do love a doll, and so we will settle to have a doll bought, when you go to London.

M. You had settled so, some days ago, Anna; and perhaps, if you should chance to see any other fine, shewy thing, you will be unsettled again, and inclined to spend your money.

A. No, mother, I think not; but for fear I should, will you take my half-crown for me, and keep it safe, till you go; and then, if I should be so foolish as to ask you for it, you can say, "No, Anna, I think you had better not have it."

M. I will take care of it, if you desire it; but it must be upon this condition, that I shall not give it up for any other purpose: so think well, before you entrust it to me.

A. Yes, mother, I have thought well, and made up my mind: here it is.

I'm sure my parents know far best,
And always seek my good;
Then when their will is once exprest,
And clearly understood,—

With humble duty, and respect,
I should at once obey,
Nor ever dare to contradict,
Or wish another way.

But, ah! how sadly I forget,
When by temptation tried,
And yield to stubbornness or pet,
Perverseness, passion, pride.

O God! who all my faults canst see,
 Forgive a sinful child,
And make me, as I ought to be,
 Obedient, good, and mild.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GUINEA-PIG.

ABOUT a week before the day which Anna's mother had fixed upon for going to London, a lad in the neighbourhood came to the house, and asked if the children would like to buy a guinea-pig, which he brought in a basket. Anna had never before seen such a thing; she was very much delighted with it, and listened with astonishment to all that the boy related of its diverting tricks and gambols. She begged she might be permitted to witness some of its performances; but the lad excused it, saying, that the poor thing

was shy before strangers. Anna's mother said, perhaps it would continue to be shy; but the lad said, no; that it would soon become reconciled to a change of situation. Anna came, and touched her mother's arm, and whispered something in her ear.

"I cannot hear what you say, Anna," said her mother.

Then Anna said, "Will you come into the next room, and speak to me, one minute, mother? But Anna's mother did not choose to leave the room while the boy was there, for he was a sly looking boy, and his family was known not to be very honest. Just then, Anna's father came in, and asked what they were about: he took up the guinea-pig, looked at it, and asked the boy some questions about it. In the meantime, Anna again

whispered to her mother, "Which do you think is most useful, a doll, or a guinea-pig?"

M. They are such very different things, Anna, that I really do not know how to compare them.

A. You know, mother, a guinea-pig is alive, and we should see it eat, and have to take care of it, and feed it; and you know this would teach us to be tender and careful: would it not, mother?

M. Perhaps it might; what then?

A. Why, mother, I was thinking—but you said you would not, and so it is of no use to say any thing about it;—or else—I was thinking—whether it might not be better to buy the guinea-pig, than the doll.

Before Anna's mother had time to answer her, Anna heard the boy say,

“Then you won’t buy it, Sir?” Her father answered “No, to be sure I shall not;” and the boy put his pig in the basket, and went away muttering. Anna was going to cry out, and beg that the pig might be bought; but she recollected the pedlar and the necklace, so she corrected herself, and whispered to her mother, “I will trust that my father has my good in view.”

That same evening, Anna saw her cousin Fanny, who told her that her mother had bought her a guinea-pig. Anna asked, of whom it was bought; and found, that it was the very same which the boy had offered them. When Anna’s father heard of it he said he was sorry for it, for he thought the boy had deceived Fanny’s mother. Anna begged to know what her father meant; and he told her, that he

thought the guinea-pig was either old, or unhealthy; and that the boy wanted to get rid of it, because he knew it would not live long. "Then," said Anna, "I know now the reason you would not buy it for us, father: I am glad you did not buy it; but I am sorry, too, that my aunt should be cheated. Well, what a good thing it is that my half-crown is safe in my mother's care, to buy me a doll. I do think a doll is the best thing after all."

"It is certainly best," said her father, "that children should know their own mind. Though it is of no great consequence which way half-a-crown is spent; or whether a little girl likes best to play with a doll, or a guinea-pig, it is of consequence that she should acquire a habit of duly considering before she decides, and, when

she has chosen, of being steady to her choice. If these habits are not acquired in childhood, most likely the individual will grow up into life, with fickle, unsettled, extravagant, and dissatisfied habits. Suppose Anna, when your mother goes to market to buy provisions for the family, or clothes for you children, that she should come back, and tell us, she had seen in a shop-window, something so pretty, and so tempting, that she had spent all her money upon it, instead of purchasing the provisions or garments that she went out for—do you not think that the family would be exposed to very great inconvenience by such conduct? Or suppose, that every time I see a house to be let, or a shop to be disposed of, I should take it in my head that it would suit me better than my

own, and so be continually moving and changing: I should soon bring my family to poverty and ruin.

A. Yes, father, but you and mother know better than to do such foolish things.

F. Yes, Anna; we were taught better, when we were children; and we are anxious, that our children should learn to act prudently in their little affairs, that they, too, may know how to act in larger concerns, as they grow up in life.

The next day Anna went to her aunt's, and asked to see the guinea-pig; and her aunt said, "poor little piggy! I am afraid it is not well; we cannot get it to eat." Every thing that the boy had mentioned, as fit for its food, was offered to it; but the poor thing seemed quite dull, and trembling; and could not be prevailed

on to take anything. The boy was sent for, to come and see what was the matter with it, but he only laughed at the request; he had got his money, and knew that he had cheated his customers; but that he did not mind, for he was a bad boy.

The guinea-pig, pined for several days, and then died. Poor little Fanny grieved very much about it, and Anna could not help shedding a tear, but she was comforted when she saw her mother set off in the coach to London, and thought of the doll that she expected to receive on her return, and the pleasure which she and her cousin Fanny should enjoy in playing with it. During her mother's absence, Anna learned the following lines, and repeated them to her on her return.

I bless the Lord for every good,
For life and health, for clothes and food ;
A home for shelter, and a bed
At night to rest my weary head ;
Parents, who teach me, day by day,
My Maker's precepts to obey,
To keep his sabbath, read his word—
For all his gifts, I praise the Lord.
To Him I pray for all I need ;
That he would still preserve and feed,
Still watch the daily path I tread,
And nightly guard my sleeping bed.
On father, mother, brothers dear,
At home or absent, far or near,
On all my kindred here below,
All needful good may God bestow.
May He my daily sins forgive,
And help me in his fear to live ;
Nor e'er in life or death forsake
His servant, for my Saviour's sake !

CHAPTER V.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

WHEN Anna's mother had been gone about a week, she sent a letter to fix the day of her coming home; and to say, that she should bring with her a young friend on a visit. At this news Anna was much delighted; she had often heard of this lady, and had received several presents from her. She could scarcely sleep at night for thinking of her mother, and the young lady, and her doll; nor did she forget her

dear little brother, of whom she was very fond, and whom she longed to see again.

When the evening arrived on which her friends were expected, Anna ran to the front window every time she heard the sound of a wheel; and as she began to do this, at least an hour before the time of the coach coming in, she ran a great many times in vain. At last the coach drew up to the door, and Anna and her father and the servant all ran to open it. When the coachman began lifting down the luggage, Anna's father said to her, "Stand out of the way, my dear, lest you should meet with any accident." Anna felt it rather hard, for she wished to see all that was to be seen; however, she withdrew to a little nook in the passage, and there peeped, towards the

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"Then the young lady took her on her knee &c."

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door, thinking, as she saw each box brought in, "I wonder whether my doll is in that." But, when her mother and brother and friend came in, she was so much delighted with them, as to forget her doll for a few minutes. Her mother kissed her very fondly, and said, she hoped she had been a good girl. Anna blushed, and said nothing; but her father said, she had been a good girl. Then the young lady took her on her knee and asked her, if she would be her little companion, and sleep with her, and take her out walking, and read to her. Anna said, she should like very much to do all this. Anna thought her brother appeared very much grown, though he had not been absent more than a fortnight; but she observed, that he did

not seem so playful as he used to do. Her mother told her, that he was very much fatigued with his journey; that he had also perhaps forgotten his old friends, but that after a good night's rest, she hoped he would be as lively and playful as ever. Anna was much pleased at being once more employed in waiting upon her mother while she undressed him; and when this was done, Anna was desired to be quiet while he was put to sleep: she climbed up her father's knees, and asked, why he desired her to stand away in the passage, and what accident he was afraid of?

F. You did right, Anna, to obey me at the moment and I have no objection at all to your afterwards asking me the reason of any thing that I de-

sire you to do. If you can understand my reasons, I am very willing to explain them to you; and, even if you cannot, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done right in obeying your parents. I never like to see children crowding to a street door when persons are going in or out, and especially when a carriage stands at the door, they are liable to many accidents; for instance, when persons are going hastily backwards and forwards, with heavy packages, they might easily push down a child without observing that it was in the way; or hurt its feet by stepping, or by setting down a box upon them. Again, if a child should get outside of the door, it would be in danger of being trodden upon, or kicked by the horses, or run over, if they should set off

suddenly. Accidents happen in many ways, and they are much more easily avoided than remedied. I remember two fatal accidents happening at such a moment as that in which I guarded you.

A. Will you tell me about them, father?

F. Yes, my dear; for such facts should teach us to be careful in avoiding danger, and thankful for being hitherto preserved. In one instance, the father of a family was about to leave home on a journey; at the moment of starting, he wished for a great coat, or some other article, which his wife fetched from a room up three pair of stairs. A little child of three years old followed her up stairs, and remained in the room without being noticed or missed. The window of

this room happened to be wide open, and the poor little boy going towards it, and leaning out, lost his balance, and when the street-door was opened for the father to go out, he saw his dear child falling from that great height down upon the hard pavement, by which he was killed! I never pass the house without thinking of the poor little fellow.

A. Father, I will be sure never to go near an open window; and when baby is a little older, we must teach him so too: and what was the other accident?

F. A father was just returned from a journey, and all his children crowded round to welcome him home and to get a kiss. As he was taking off a large heavy great coat, he some how gave it a swing, by which a little child,

who stood behind him was thrown down, and got such a violent blow on the back of its head as occasioned its death.

A. Poor little child! how sorry the father must have been, to think that such an accident should happen when the child was jumping about for joy, to see him come home again! How sorry you would have been, if any accident had happened to me when I ran to see mother come home again. I know now why you told me to stand out of the way of danger.

Y. LADY. And I hope you will always remember to do what your kind parents desire you, whether or not you know *why*.

A. Yes, ma'am.

The baby was now gone to sleep; and as Anna's mother wished that she

should go to bed, the young lady offered to light her up stairs. Anna looked very wishfully at the boxes, and asked her mother if she was not going to unpack them. Her mother said she believed not, as she felt very tired, and should also prefer doing it by day-light. So Anna hoped she might have the pleasure of seeing it done. After repeating the following little verses, she wished her parents a good night.

While dangers crowd my heedless path,
And parents often mourn,
A child, by accidental death
From their embraces torn;

Preserv'd by God's almighty power,
I hitherto am spared;
His eye has watched me every hour,
His arm has been my guard.

68 THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

Grateful I would these mercies own,
My thanks are likewise due,
For watchful care, unwearied shown,
My parents dear, by you.

With duteous, fond, and tender love,
May I requite that care ;
And prove the comfort of your life,
If God my own shall spare.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW DOLL.

THE next morning, Anna was awake very early; but she lay quite still, as her mother had desired her not to wake the young lady, who slept with her. She was very glad, however, that in a few minutes the young lady awoke and began dressing herself. Then, she too jumped up as brisk as a bee, and by the time she was ready to go down stairs, she heard her mother coming out of her room with her

little brother. She ran down, and begged that she might wait upon her mother while dressing him; her mother gave her leave, and she was delighted to see the little fellow's antics; how he enjoyed a plentiful douse, and, when dabbling his little hands, almost overset the basin; and now, instead of being chilled by the cold water, a healthy glow came over his flesh. Then he crowed aloud, as Anna played at bo-peep with him, while his mother put on his clothes.

“Well, mother!” said Anna, “how very much he is improved; I think he is more playful and knowing now than my kitten. Pray, mother, was I washed in this manner when I was a baby?”

M. Yes, Anna, just the same.

A. And did I like it as he does? and play and crow all the while?

M. Yes, my dear, most little babies who are used to it, enjoy it as much as he does. It promotes their pleasure, as well as their health and growth.

A. My aunt's baby is not done so, mother; for I saw the maid dress it one day when I went to play with Fanny, while you were out. She untied its cap, and did a little bit on one side with a damp towel, and then a little bit on the other; and then she wiped its little hands, but did not let it touch the water; and then she dressed it, and it cried so all the time, that I could not bear to hear it. I told her how you washed my little brother, and how pleased he was with it; but she said, it was enough to kill him, though I am sure he is a great deal more rosy and lively than that

baby; and so you will say when you see it.

M. We must not say so to distress your aunt. No doubt she had her baby managed in the way that she thinks best. I do not like that way, because I have always been used to another, and found it answer very well. You must learn to observe and remember what you see me do, and if you should grow up and have occasion, you may imitate it; but, if you see other persons acting differently, do not make remarks, because that is unbecoming in a little girl, and is likely to give offence. But come, put away the basket, and let us go to breakfast. Afterwards, I shall want you to help me unpack my things while baby is asleep.

Anna was delighted to think of this. She had not mentioned the doll, but she had thought a great deal about it, and longed to see it. After breakfast, Anna and her mother, and the young lady went up stairs together, and the boxes were carried up. When the cord was taken off one box, Anna, said, "Now shall I open this box, mother?" But her mother said, "No, one thing at a time; let us first take off all the cord, and put it away, and then all the wrappers: if these things are littered about the room, we shall have no place to put the things when we open the boxes." So the cord was neatly wound up, and the wrappers folded, and put in a closet, to serve for another time; and then a large box was opened, and Anna ran about, here and there, to put the

things in the different places, as her mother desired her. At length, the young lady said, "I think Anna may unpack this box—may she not?" The mother said she might, but desired her to do it carefully; so she lifted up one sheet of paper and then another, and then some wool, and then some very thin gauze-paper, and then she jumped for joy, and cried out, "Oh, my own, own, dear pretty doll! Oh, mother, what a beauty!—But did my half-crown buy this?"

M. Your half-crown went towards it, my dear, but was not quite enough; I put what more was required, in hopes that you will be a good girl, and deserve encouragement.

A. Yes, dear mother, thank you—thank you: I hope I shall.—Oh, what

pretty eyes, and hair, and hands it has!

M. Now see what else there is in the box.

A. There is some muslin, and some cloth, and some flannel, and a little pair of shoes. My doll will not want shoes, mother, for I shall have it dressed exactly like my brother, as if it was a real baby; you know babies do not wear shoes. I suppose, mother, all this muslin and things, are to make its clothes?

M. Yes, Anna; I bought them for that purpose—but I am thinking of one difficulty.

A. Yes, mother, so am I—how they can be made. Would you be so good as to make them for me, mother?

M. Indeed, Anna, I have not time. I have the baby to take care of, and

the household affairs to manage; and I want to make a set of shirts for your father, and some clothes for the baby, against his being short-coated; and some pin-cloths for you, and many other things.

A. I wish I could do them myself, mother; would you be so kind as to teach me?

M. This is not fit work to learn upon; you must begin by learning to hem pocket handkerchiefs, or dusters—it would be some time, before you would be able to do fine work, like this.

Y. LADY. What, has Anna never learned to work, yet?

M. Let me see: I did once begin teaching a little girl to hem a pudding-cloth, but she was idle and trifling; the work was taken up, day after day,

but as the little girl did not apply, the work did not get on, and at last, I was obliged to finish it myself. Soon afterwards the little baby came, and then I had not time to attend to an inattentive little girl.

Anna coloured, and hung down her head, and seemed ready to cry, when the young lady good-naturedly said,—
“ But that little girl is half a year older, now; she is old enough to know, that if no one would learn to work, dolls must go naked, and children must go naked too. Perhaps, if any one would try to teach her now, she would take pains, and try to learn.

A. Yes, ma'am, indeed I would; will you be so very kind as to teach me?

Y. LADY. If your mother will give

us leave, Anna, we will try what can be done.

M. I am sure I shall be very much obliged to you; and so will Anna, too. I hope she will take pains to learn. I will buy some cloth for dusters; or perhaps she might hem the straight part of her own pin-cloths.

A. Yes, mother, to be sure I might, and that will be of some use; and how soon shall I be able to dress my doll?

Y. LADY. I think the poor doll must not wait for clothes till you are able to make them. I will tell you how it shall be managed: every day, that you have been a good girl, diligent and attentive at your work, I must reward you, by working a little for your dolly, and so we shall see her dressed in time; but if you are idle

and inattentive, then on those days I must not work for you; is not that fair?

A. Yes, ma'am; I thank you very much; I will work hard *every* day, and then my dear dolly will soon have some clothes.

Y. LADY. Now, I think we have put away all your mother's things; will you come up, and help me to do mine?

A. Oh, yes, if you please, ma'am; I should like it very much—shall I bring my doll with me?

Her mother gave her leave; so Anna took the box and the doll, and the muslins, and other things to make its clothes, into the young lady's room. The young lady told her that she had better put them away, while she helped to unpack her things, as she

could not attend so well to both at once. Anna did so, and carefully placed every thing just where she was desired. By-and-bye, she came to a small parcel, neatly tied up in paper, which the lady told her to open, and see if it would be of any use to her: she found that it contained two pretty books; one of them was designed to assist a child in learning to read, the other consisted of little poems for repeating. Anna was very fond of learning poems, and her mother had taught her several; but she did not yet know much of reading. So she asked the kind young lady to teach her a little of reading, as well as work. She said she would do so, as soon as the room was cleared. There was one parcel tied up in brown paper, which Anna very much wished to see opened:

though large, it was very light, and much taller at one end than the other. Anna could not think what it contained, and she longed to see it; but, when they had cleared all the rest, the young lady said, "This need not be opened at present; I will put it away in the closet; so she put it on a high shelf, and Anna did not see it again for many days. "Now," said the lady, "I am ready to teach you a little work — have you got a thimble?"

Anna ran down to her mother, and brought up her thimble and work; the lady fixed it for her, and shewed her how to do it, and how much she expected her to do. Anna paid attention, and took pains, and so she did it easily, and well. Then she read a lesson in the reading-book,

spelt six words, and learnt a verse of a poem; and the lady said, that as she had been a good girl, she would begin working for her doll that very evening.

My new doll is brought from town ;
Pretty books are given to me,
For so much indulgence shown,
Oh, how good I ought to be !

Taught so kindly by a friend,
How to work, and spell, and read,
I must steadily attend,
That I may in all succeed.

Thus, my dolly will be clad,
Which I long so much to see ;
But, my heart will be more glad,
When *myself* can useful be.

CHAPTER VII.

CAUTIONS. — INDOLENCE CON-
QUERED.

AFTER dinner, Anna and her mother and the baby and the young lady went out to take a walk, and, as they passed along a field, Anna's mother desired her to look at some berries in the hedge. Anna remembered what her mother had told her some time before, and asked if those were the berries which made the little boy and

his sister so ill? Her mother told her they were, and that she wished her to take notice of them, that she might know the difference between them and currants. Anna looked at them for a moment, and then said, that she perceived them to be different from currants in two respects; first, that a currant was quite round, but these berries were rather longer; and next, that the stalk of a currant bunch was long, and the currants grew below each other all down the stalk; but that these berries, grew each, upon a small stalk, all of which, were fastened together at the end of the large stalk something in the manner of a bunch of elder-berries. Her mother said all this was quite right; and bade her observe, that the growth of the plant

was also different; currants growing generally on bushes; but this berry on a tall climbing plant most like a honeysuckle; and the young lady remarked, that the skin of these berries was thicker than that of currants, which is so clear, that you may see the seeds in the middle.

Anna said she would remember the difference; she then asked whether the berries of the honeysuckle were good to eat; or those that follow a pretty yellow flower, which she described (called the hypericum or Saint John's wort). Her mother told her, that the berries of the honeysuckle were not usually eaten, but she did not know whether or not they were hurtful, at any rate it was safer not to try. The berries of the mezereon

shrub she said were well-known to be poisonous. The young lady mentioned a sad affair that had lately happened; some children had been poisoned by the seeds of laburnums, with which they were playing, and stringing them for necklaces. She also stated, that she was once walking with an old gentleman, who gathered some leaves in a wood which he thought were wild spinach, and took them home to boil; as he went along he bit one of the leaves, and presently his mouth and tongue swelled and he became very ill. He was then convinced that the leaves were poisonous, and rejoiced that he had not eaten more of them.

Anna said, she should have thought an *old* gentleman would have been

wiser than to eat any thing that he did not quite understand. The lady said, it was a pity that he should not have known better; but she thought, most likely, he was treated in such a manner when a child, as encouraged him in habits of self-conceit and obstinacy. "So from this story," said she, "remember, little girl, that persons who are self-conceited and obstinate are not wise, and also, that bad habits formed in childhood, instead of being broken, generally become stronger and stronger in advancing years."

"Pray, ma'am," said Anna, "do you know what leaves they were which the gentleman gathered in mistake!"

Y. LADY. Yes, my dear, they were the leaves of an arum, a plant which

appears early in the spring: in the centre of the leaves grows a tall substance, sometimes red, and sometimes white, which children call lords and ladies. Since the affair that I have just related, I have never been fond of seeing children play with them lest an accident should occur."

A. I know what you mean quite well, but I will not play with them any more now I know that they are poisonous.

Y. LADY. Anna must remember too, if ever she should meet with rude, bad children, who tell lies, say naughty words, disobey their parents, or cheat and quarrel in play, that they are like poisonous plants, not fit to play with; their example is hurtful and dangerous.

“When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll try to make them wise;
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.”

The young lady repeated this verse two or three times, and Anna after her. Anna never forgot it. Whenever she saw poisonous plants afterwards, she said, they put her in mind of naughty, corrupting children, and if she heard children say or do bad things, she would observe to her mother, “I must not play with such children; they are dangerous, like a poisonous plant.” Once too she said, “and I must not say or do bad things myself, or *I* shall be dangerous and hurtful, and perhaps poison my little brother by my bad example.” Anna's friends were very glad to see that she minded what was taught her.

When they came home from their walk and had taken tea, the young lady told Anna she might fetch down her doll's box, and that she would cut out its clothes. Anna begged that she might also bring a set of her little brother's things that it might be dressed exactly like a real baby. So they set to work and cut out for its day-dress, a cap, muslin frock, petticoat, flannel petticoat and shirt; and a cap, bedgown, whittle, swathe, and shirt, for its night-dress. Then the lady folded up the work very neatly and put it again in the box, keeping out one shirt which she made that evening, and Anna had the pleasure of seeing it tried on before she went to bed.

The next day Anna did her work and lessons well; so, in the evening,

the doll's box was brought down again and the whittle made. Anna quite longed to do some of the work herself, and the young lady let her hem a little of the swathe, but the calico was too stiff for her little fingers; she soon gave it up, and the lady finished it after she was gone to bed. The next morning Anna was inclined to yawn and trifle at her work; she did several of the stitches badly and had to pick them out again; then she fancied she had a longer task set her than before, and she spent her time measuring how much she had done on the other days, and how much she had done to-day, which was very little, and how much she had still to do. At last the young lady said to her, "Anna, I am very much afraid the poor doll will have to go

without its night cap, which I was to have made this evening. You have already trifled away half an hour. Come, be brisk, and get on with your work, or you know what will be the consequence."

Anna tried to rouse herself, but her fingers had become sticky; she had suffered herself to get into a yawning mood, and she said the needle *would* make crooked stitches, and *would* prick her fingers, and the cotton *would* curl and snap.

"No," said the lady, "the fault is not in the needle and cotton; they did very well yesterday. It is the little girl who does not apply. Suppose, Anna, your father or mother, should be taken every now and then with such fits; suppose your father should say, the scales will not weigh and the

pens will not write, all the customers would go away from the shop, and there would be no money to buy clothes and food for Anna and her brothers. Or if your mother should indulge in indolence, as you have done this morning, you children would be dirty and ragged, and every thing in the house would go wrong. And if Anna's doll could think, what would she think of going without clothes because her little mother was idle?"

The lady saw a tear trickle down Anna's cheek; and as she thought she really wished to do better, she kindly washed her hands and face; polished her sticky needle in her emery pincushion, and set her on afresh. Anna forgot her difficulties, and soon reached the end of her task, so that evening the doll's nightcap was

completed; and now Anna thought it did begin to look like a real baby.

The young lady gave Anna this little song to learn, and told her to sing it, whenever she felt inclined to be sluggish.

Be gone, dull sloth,
I prithee begone from me ;
I hope, dull sloth,
You and I shall never agree.

The bee briskly rambles from flower to flower,
And rich laden returns to her cell ;
The ant tugs and toils to lay up a good store,
As if she could winter foretel.

But sloth leads to poverty, ignorance, vice,
And to all that is hurtful and bad ;
The indolent ne'er can be happy or wise,
And the sluggard in rags shall be clad.

Then briskly I'll work, and attentively read,
And usefully pass every day ;
'Tis a joy to do something to earn my own bread,
And dull sloth to drive hence far away.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRANSGRESSION AND PENITENCE.

ANNA longed for her doll to be completely dressed, that she might have it to play with. Her mother and the young lady advised her not to play with it till all its clothes were made, lest those that were done first should become dirty. So every evening, when the young lady had finished her work, Anna begged her mother to put on the new garment, and let her see how it

was done, that she might be able next time to do it herself. When this was done, the doll was put safely into its box again, and not touched till the following evening. The day after its nightcap was finished, when there only remained the bedgown to complete its night-dress, Anna was sent upstairs to fetch a pair of scissors for her mother. She knew very well that she ought to make haste when sent on an errand; but she somehow sadly forgot it on that occasion. As she went upstairs she thought she would just take one peep at her doll, which would not hinder her a minute; but, while doing that, she heard the maid cleaning the next room; and then she thought she should very much like just to shew it to her, so she called

her in to look at it. Betty said she had never seen such a beautiful doll in all her life, and pretended to think it was a real baby. Anna was very much pleased at this, and was silly enough to believe that Betty really did think so. Then she went on to show Betty the muslin and lace for its frock and cap, and then she would take off its things to let her see that they were put on just like a baby's. She had got all the box in disorder, when she heard her mother's voice, saying, "Come Anna, I am waiting for you." The doll was quite undressed; Anna hurried on its things as quickly as she could, and Betty put the things again in the box, and went back to her work. Anna ran down stairs in such a hurry, that she

quite forgot to take what her mother had sent her for; when she got to the bottom of the stairs she recollected it, and ran up again, and when she came into the parlour she looked quite confused and foolish. Her mother asked what she had been so long about. First, she said, "nothing;" and afterwards she said, "she had been looking for the scissors and could not find them at first."

Some person came into the room, so Anna was not asked any more questions then, and she did not think much about what had passed. But, after dinner, the young lady went upstairs and brought down the doll's box in her hand. When Anna saw it she coloured up, and her conscience reminded her that she had done wrong.

The young lady did not observe it; but said to Anna's mother, "Anna has been a good girl, and has done her work and lessons very well; I intend to work for her all this afternoon, that I may get her one dress complete, and that she may have the pleasure of nursing it and showing it to her friends." Anna coloured more and more, and almost burst into tears. She longed to speak and own what she had done, but shame kept her back. When the young lady lifted up the lid, she said, "Heigh! heigh! what a litter the box is in: what have you been doing to it, Anna?" Anna's mother called her to her, and said, "My dear little girl, I see you have been doing what you ought not, and what you were desired not to do; but

now do not add to it by telling any untruth about the matter: you remember the little verse,

“ He that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.”

“ Come, let us hear all about it honestly.” Then Anna threw her arms round her mother’s neck, and said, “ Mother, I did shew it to Betty when you sent me up this morning to fetch your scissors; and I did tell an untruth to say I could not find them at first. I did not look for them till you called me to make haste down.” Her mother said, “ I am very sorry that you have done wrong in showing it to Betty sily, and then in trying to conceal it; yet even now, it is much

better that you have told the truth, than if you had added falsehood." Anna still clung to her mother's neck, and sobbed—"Pray mother, forgive me; I hope I shall never do such a naughty thing again." Her mother said, "I hope you never will, my dear, and I do forgive you; but something must be done to make you remember that you have done wrong, and to guard you against doing the same in future—do you not think this is right?"

Anna said, "Yes, mother, I do; or else you would be like Eli, who 'was a good man, but God was angry with him for not keeping his children from wickedness,' and, perhaps, I should grow up to be wicked like they were." The young lady said, "Suppose we

were to put the doll and its clothes quite away for a week, and not do any thing to them; would not that be a good punishment?" Anna's mother said she thought that it would, and this plan was accordingly determined upon. But the young lady said, she must first put it a little in order, as the muslin, lace, and other things had been crammed in and tumbled; and the nice new flannel whittle was marked with Betty's dirty fingers; and the swathe was twisted round the doll, instead of being rolled flat and smooth as it was before; so she folded them all up as neatly as possible, and rubbed the flannel with some crumbs of bread to take out the marks; and then the doll and its box were put quite away. Anna looked very dull and

ashamed throughout the day; and when she knelt down to say her evening prayers, she could scarcely go on for sobbing. Her mother was glad to see she felt her fault, and hoped that a good and lasting impression might be made on her mind.

The next morning, at the usual time for working and reading, Anna knocked gently at the young lady's door, and said, "Will you be so good ma'am as to teach me to-day?" and the tears burst forth again; she was afraid the lady would not love her any more, or take pains to teach her, but she was so kind as to say she would. Anna paid great attention to her lessons, and while she was at work the lady talked with her, and said, "My dear little girl, I am sorry to see you

dull and in trouble; but I hope what you now suffer will make you remember throughout your life, that sin and misery are connected. When we do wrong we are sure, sooner or later, to suffer unhappiness on account of it. You find too that the pleasure by which we are tempted to do wrong is very soon over; but the pain that succeeds it lasts long. I am sure, if you had thought a moment of it, you would not have been willing, for the sake of shewing your doll to Betty, to suffer the pain which you now feel, at having committed a wrong action, disgraced yourself, and distressed your friends." Anna declared that she would not have done it for ten times the pleasure. "Then I hope," said the lady, "you will never again reckon

any thing worth the name of pleasure that involves disobedience or slyness, or that incurs painful reflection. I hope too, that you will observe, how one slight deviation from what is right leads on to evils that were at first little thought of. I am sure you did not intend when you called Betty into the room, to go on so far as to tell a falsehood."

A. No, ma'am, I am sure I did not intend it; but I ought not to have called Betty at all, because I might be sure that my mother would blame me for taking her from her work; besides, my mother does not like me to stay when I am sent on an errand, or to make free with the servants, and if I do what my mother desires me not, that tempts me to tell a falsehood to

hide it; so I hope I shall try always to do as my mother wishes me, and then I shall have nothing to hide.

Y. LADY. May God give you his grace, my dear, and enable you to fulfil this and every good resolution! Here are a few simple lines, which you may learn if you please; and I should be truly happy that they may strengthen your mind against any future moment of temptation.

When first our foolish fancy sues,
We little think how far it leads,
Or we should instantly refuse
The small indulgence that it pleads.

The thoughts permitted once to stray—
The steps, alas! are short and few,
From what we think, to what we say,
From what we wish, to what we do!

Whatever acts concealment need,
We may be well assured are wrong ;
Sorrow and shame will soon succeed,
And falsehood tremble on the tongue.

And is the pleasure worth the pain,
The wound a guilty conscience feels ?
Short-lived the pleasure is and vain—
The rankling wound too slowly heals.

A sad experiment he tries,
Who yields to each temptation nigh ;
May past experience make me wise,
And teach me every snare to fly.

But, ah ! how fickle and how weak
Are all the best resolves we make,
Unless our Maker grant his grace,
And strength, our follies to forsake.

CHAPTER IX.

LESSONS ON NURSING.

THE week of punishment at length expired. Anna was not, however, the first to claim the restoration of her privileges. She had thought much about what had passed: and, in truth, she felt far more deeply the fault she had committed than the punishment that she had incurred. When this is the case, it may generally be hoped, that punishment has produced its salutary and desired effect. Not a word

had been said about the day or the doll; but, when Anna came into the parlour with her little brother's night things, she observed, with grateful pleasure, that the kind young lady had the doll's box beside her and was hard at work on its bedgown. In the course of the evening it was accomplished, but not till after Anna was gone to bed. She had eagerly watched its progress, and wished very much to see it finished and put on, before she retired for the night; perhaps, at another time, she would have begged the indulgence of sitting up an hour, to gratify her wishes, but, considering her late disgrace, she had not the courage to ask, as she felt herself unworthy to receive any special favour;—so at the usual

time she retired to rest, without expressing her wishes. Next morning, when lessons and work were finished, the young lady said to her, "Now, Anna, your doll's night dress is finished, and I hope you will enjoy much pleasure in putting it on: perhaps your mother will be so kind as to give you a little instruction for the first time." Anna's eyes glistened with pleasure, as she examined the neat work of the bed-gown, with a little frill, and a little band, just like a real baby's. She then went to see if her mother was at leisure to assist her in dressing the doll. Her mother told her, that she had better try to dress it herself, as she had often seen her dress her little brother, and promised to direct her, in any part of the per-

formance, which she did not exactly understand. So Anna fetched her little chair, and said to the young lady, (who happened to be sitting at the right hand side of the fire place) "Will you be so good, ma'am, as to let me sit on that side? for my mother says, 'It is more convenient to dress a child with its head to the left hand and that its head should not be towards the fire.'" The young lady moved directly, and said she was glad that Anna noticed and remembered what her mother had told her. Then Anna laid all the things ready, just in the order that they would be wanted, and her little pin-cushion close at hand; she then seated herself, and very carefully took her doll in her arms, just as her mother did the real

baby. When she put on the shirt, her mother showed her how to do it carefully and tenderly, without turning back the arms, and how to place it strait and smooth. When she was going to stick a pin, her mother told her to be particularly attentive in doing it properly; for she had known several children dreadfully pricked and scratched, by careless nurses: and one very fine child, she remembered, who had fallen into dreadful agonies, and at length died; the cause of which, was afterwards found to be a pin, lodged in its stomach. The young lady observed, that most likely, the pin had dropped into its food; perhaps from its nurse's side, sleeve, or cap, where untidy people are very apt to put them. She men-

tioned a young man in London, who, in passing through the crowded streets, brushed by a person who had a needle stuck in her sleeve, which broke into his arm, and occasioned his death in a few days; another person too, she said, had stuck a needle in the same way, which broke into her own arm, and could not be got out by the surgeons, but caused her dreadful pain and illness, for many years, and at length worked itself out at her side. Anna shuddered at these true stories, and said she would take care never to get a habit of sticking pins or needles in such improper places. "And, mother," said she, "I must remember another thing; to be careful (as you are), in picking up a pin or needle, if I happen to drop one on the carpet;

for I know myself, what happened from not minding that. Little Master B. was at play on the carpet, without shoes, and ran a needle into his foot, which made him lame a long, long time." "Yes, Anna," said her mother, "it is very true; and you do quite right to remember these things. But I must remind you of another thing, that if you were dressing a real baby, it would be likely to take cold, while all this conversation goes on. Come, let me show you how to stick the pin." Anna's mother then slipped the fore-finger of her left hand between the clothes and the doll, just at the spot where the pin was to be stuck. "This," said she, "prevents the possibility of pricking the child; I must first prick my own finger."

Then she turned the pin, several times in and out (in the same manner as darning is performed,) taking care to turn the point inwards, that it might not scratch the nurse, yet leaving it too short to go through the thickness of the clothes, lest it should prick the child.

With a little explanation and practice, Anna became very expert in doing this, and accomplished, very neatly and dexterously, the dressing of her doll, which she then carried, with no small pride and pleasure, to show to her father. He very kindly took quite as much notice of it as Anna could expect; and, from the manner in which his little girl handled her dolly, he joined her mother and the young lady, in predicting that she would make an excellent nurse.

Anna asked her mother's leave, to lay her doll down on the sofa a little while: "For," said she, "mother, I want now to dress my poor old wooden doll; I must not neglect her, now I have got a better (a younger I shall call it); you did not turn me off, you know, when my little brother came." Her mother gave her leave, and was pleased at this instance of thoughtfulness. "Lay her down carefully," said she, on her side, not on her back; children do not rest quietly, if laid on their back." Anna did so, and then dressed the old wooden stump, with as much care and pleasure, as she had, just before, her new, or, as she chose to call it, her *younger* treasure. While she was doing this, she asked her mother why it was,

that she had the baby's cot in the parlour, and remained in the room with him while he was asleep. Her mother told her, that it was not safe to leave a very young infant, as they sometimes started in their sleep, were seized with sudden illness, and required immediate attention. "Besides," said she, "I have heard of several sad accidents happening, by cats getting into the cradles, where infants were asleep, and tearing their faces, or otherwise injuring them."

"And I," said the young lady, "remember a little girl, who being left in the room with her infant sister, went to the cradle, and crammed into its mouth such a quantity of bread, as almost choked it. That little girl was not so old as Anna, nor had she

half so much notion of tenderness and care, either towards a waxen, or a living doll. I also remember hearing of the circumstance of a child being left in a room by itself, proving fatal to it, in another way: do you know, Anna, what a press bedstead, or bureau bedstead is?"

Anna said she did not. It was then explained to her, that persons who are crowded for room, sometimes have a bedstead so contrived, as to shut up all the bedding, and in front, to resemble a chest of drawers or press, which front is let down at night, and forms the bottom of the bedstead. The young lady then proceeded to relate, that a mother having left her young infant in a bed of this kind, came down to breakfast, during which

time the maid went up stairs to clear the rooms, and, not observing the child, she shut up the bed as usual, and the poor babe was suffocated.

Anna shed a tear of tenderness at hearing this sad tale; and said she did not wonder that her dear mother so seldom trusted her little brother out of her sight. When she had dressed her wooden doll, she contrived to seat it on a little chair, and went to the sofa for her baby. As she walked up and down the room, dancing it gently, she said to her mother, "My aunt's nurse-maid holds her baby up high above her head, and turns it over and over again. When she was going to do so with my little brother, you told her you did not like it; and I heard you tell her something about a

little boy, which I did not understand. Will you tell me what it was, mother?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother; "I have heard the circumstance mentioned by my mother, who well remembered it, and knew the parties. A medical gentleman in London, had one little boy, of whom he was exceedingly fond. One day, on returning home, after several hours of absence, the little boy sprang forward, and crowed with joy, at seeing his father; the father was equally delighted, and taking the child out of its nurse's arms, he rather suddenly held it up, and turned it round, over its head, in the manner you have described. The child immediately screamed out, became insensible, and

in the course of a few hours, expired."

A. And what was it, mother, that caused it to die?

M. I suppose it was the concussion, or shaking of the brain. You know, if you run round and round, violently, or if you shake your head, backwards and forwards, a pain, and unpleasant feeling is produced in your head, called dizziness. The brain of a very young infant is of course more easily affected; and for this reason, nurses ought to avoid all sudden and violent motions, which must be disagreeable and dangerous, to such tender little-creatures: at the same time, they should dance them about, and play with them, in a lively, gentle manner, or the child will be likely to become dull and unhealthy.

A. I wonder, mother, as that gentleman was a doctor, that he did not know better than to do any thing that would hurt the child.

M. He did know better, my dear; but, in the moment of his eager fondness and delight, he did it (as is often said) *without a thought*. His thorough knowledge of the cause of the child's death, added greatly to the distress he felt for its loss, and he never was happy afterwards.

A. Poor gentleman! I hope my aunt's nurse-maid will never throw my little cousin in that manner again. It is a good thing it has not killed him already.

M. I do not mean to tell you, my dear, that such accidents as we have spoken of, often happen. Many people

do careless, imprudent things with children, who nevertheless, live, and are healthy: but it is better to be always careful, and guard against those things, from which serious mischief has arisen, and may again arise.

A. Yes, mother; and I shall try to remember all you have told me: though you know there is not any danger of my killing my doll, in reality; you know it is only make-believe: my doll cannot feel.

M. True, Anna: but it is possible, that at some future time, you may have the charge of a baby who *can* feel; and it will be well, if any of the lessons, taught you now in play, should remain upon your mind, and prove of real service to you then.

While I nurse my doll baby, for play and for
pleasure,
I may gather some hints from my mother's
converse,
Which, at some distant day, I may find a rich
treasure,
Should duty e'er call me a *live doll* to nurse.

'Tis thus too I learn to form some little notion
Of a mother's incessant attention and care,
And the gratitude due for such constant devotion,
Of which I, of all children, have had a full share.

How gently she nursed, and how carefully guarded,
With what patient fatigue my young footsteps
she led ;
How sweet and how soothing the aid she afforded,
When in sickness she tenderly hung o'er my bed !

Dear mother ! long, long, be your health and
enjoyment ;
But when time o'er your brow sheds the furrows
of age,
May it then be my tender and duteous employment,
Your weakness to succour, your pains to assuage.

CHAPTER X

THE CRADLE—THE VISIT.

THE kind young lady continued to take pains in instructing Anna, and had the pleasure of seeing, that Anna paid attention, and improved rapidly. After a time, she could read very prettily in the Testament, and learn daily, a few lines of grammar, and a dozen words of spelling, besides her little poem. She was very fond of verses, and learnt them with little trouble;

but the young lady convinced her, that grammar and spelling, of which she was not quite so fond, and which required rather more pains and attention, were quite necessary, and by perseverance and resolution, might be accomplished too. So Anna determined to take pains, and not suffer herself to be conquered by little difficulties; and then she got on with ease and pleasure. It was the same with needle-work: Anna very much wished to do a sampler, and to make little pin-cushions, and other pretty ingenious things, which she had seen her cousin do. But the young lady told her, she must *first* learn to do plain hemming and sewing, and promised her, when she had made some little progress in those necessary arts,

she would instruct her in doing other things, which she so much wished to attempt. When Anna had hemmed several tea-cloths and dusters, her mother said, she thought she might now trust her to hem a pocket-handkerchief for her father. Anna was very much delighted at this, and begged she might begin it the very next morning. She did so, and accomplished one side, very neatly, without any Greek and Hebrew stitches, as the young lady used to call them, if they were done irregularly and awry, and without griming her cotton, or soiling her work, as is generally done by little girls who trifle, look off, and yawn. Anna's father had not heard much about her progress in needle-work; and it was

agreed not to tell him what she was about, till the handkerchief was quite ready to present to him. Anna found some difficulty in keeping her secret; she once or twice said, "Ah! father, you little think," and "How surprised father will be!" but a look from her mother, or the young lady, kept her quiet; and at dinner-time on the fourth day from her beginning the handkerchief, she had the pleasure of presenting it to her father, and of receiving many kind kisses, and expressions of approbation in return. During this time, the day-clothes of her doll had gone on rapidly, and were now nearly complete. The cap, frock, body, and border round the frock, were very nicely worked, in hem-stitch and sprigs; and it was agreed

by all who saw it, that never was a doll more beautifully, and neatly dressed. It now, only required to be equipped for going abroad; and the young lady was so kind as to make it a little bonnet of white satin, neatly quilted, and a cloak of dimity muslin, frilled all round. When Anna began her father's pocket-handkerchief, the young lady told her, that if she did it neatly, she would afterwards employ her in doing a little work for her. Anna was delighted at the thought of this. The young lady had been so kind a friend to her that nothing could be more pleasant to Anna, than to be in any way serviceable to her in return. When the pocket-handkerchief was finished and presented, she did not forget to remind the young lady of

her promise, and begged to see the work she was to do. The young lady brought out a bundle of pieces of coloured printed cotton. Anna was much pleased in looking them over, and pointed out one that was like a gown of her mother's, one like her own frock, and another that she should like for a frock. At last Anna said, "And what am I to do with all these, ma'am? sew them all together?" "Not quite all, Anna," answered the lady. "I want a piece of three-quarters of a yard long and half a yard wide. Shall you have patience to do it?" "Yes, ma'am, I think I shall," said Anna, "will you fix me some and let me begin?" The lady fixed some little square pieces; and sewed them together in a row, and every day she added a row to them. She

liked this work very much, the variety of the pieces amused her, and the visible progress she made encouraged her, though she sometimes wondered what it could be for. When it had nearly reached the size, the young lady brought a very pretty piece of bordering, which was to be sewed round it. With this, Anna was delighted more than all the rest; there were tulips, and roses, and carnations, and poppies, and heart's-ease, in colours as bright almost as those of nature. The morning that Anna's task was to finish sewing on this border, when she had done it, the young lady reached down from the high shelf in her closet, that odd-shaped parcel which Anna had so much wished to see the contents of; and now she was told to unpack it. Anna was doing it

rather too hastily. "Do not hurry," said the young lady, "but do it neatly." Anna knew how she had been taught to unpack parcels before; so she gathered the string into neat skeins; then took off one sheet of brown paper and folded it up, and then another, till at last she came to a very pretty cradle just large enough for her doll. "That," said the young lady, "is a present for a little girl who endeavours to correct her faults, and takes pains to improve." Anna kissed her kind friend, and resolved in her own mind that she would still take more pains to please her friends, and to deserve their kindness. That evening the young lady made a little bed and pillow to fit the cradle; and lined with calico the pieces that Anna had sewed together, which she now

found were intended for a quilt, and with two pieces of flannel for blankets, the doll and cradle were complete. Anna was as much delighted as any little girl could be upon such an occasion, and certainly much more delighted, as having watched the progress of clothing it, though it had been bought ready dressed. Every morning she would dress her doll and carry it about, till it was nearly time for her to attend to her lessons and work; then she would lay it in the cradle and rock it off, as she said, for its morning sleep: after this, she took it out in the garden for a walk, and sometimes when she went out with her mother, the young lady, and her brother, she was allowed to take her doll too, nor was she a little pleased when any one who stopped to speak

to her mother, would say to her, "Well, little nurse, and how does the baby do?" Every evening the doll was dressed in its night-clothes, and the day-things neatly folded up and put away. One day Anna's mother gave her leave to invite her cousin, and two or three other little girls, to drink tea with her. Anna depended very much on the pleasure of the evening. She begged that her old wooden doll's clothes might be washed, which being done, she dressed it as neatly as she could, and set it up on a chair beside her; and then with her best doll in her arms and its cradle at her feet, she sat waiting to receive her young visitors. The moment they came in, they all cried out, "Oh, Anna, what a beautiful doll you have got! let us look at it." Each

wanted to look at it first; and Anna's little heart trembled at seeing them use it so roughly; she, however, forbore to say any thing. When they had all examined it, one of them asked to see its night-things, and proposed to undress it. Anna said it was not time to undress it yet, but her cousin, who wished to do it, said, "Oh, what does it signify about time with a doll." Anna gave up, and got its night-things. Then her cousin stripped off the day-things, and one little girl took the cap to look at, and one took the frock, and then put them carelessly in the cradle without folding up. Anna looked vexed and felt so. She began folding them up as usual, but her attention was soon attracted to the awkward manner in which her cousin attempted to dress it. She did not

know which article to put on first; and had no notion whatever of putting them on in a neat and straight manner, but tumbled the poor doll about as if she had never handled one before, and twisted its things on in such a manner, that (as Anna whispered to another of her playfellows) "it was not fit to be seen." Anna's mother saw the trouble that her little girl was in, and being fearful that she might express her feelings in such a way as to give offence to her visitors, she ordered the maid to bring in tea. The appearance of a complete little set of tea-things diverted the attention of the children from the doll, and the young lady kindly removed the whole concern up stairs, and put all the things away smooth and neat. After tea, one of the little girls said, "Oh,

where is the doll gone? here is only this frightful old stump, which I should burn if I were you, now you have got one so much prettier.” “What! burn my old doll!” said Anna, “that has been my doll almost three years! No, that I never will.” “And where is the new doll?” asked another little girl, “come let us find it and dress it again.” Anna knew that the doll was under the care of her kind friend, and there she wished it to remain; she could not, however, refuse to oblige her young companions, so she fetched it down, but said, rather pathetically, to the little girl who wished to dress it, “Now *do* do it neatly; I cannot bear to see it untidy.” The little girl paid attention, and with a hint of Anna’s, now and then interposed, “my mother puts in

the pins so," or "my mother ties it in this manner," the doll was dressed much more neatly than before. In a little time the young party chose some other amusement, and the dolls were finally put away for the night. When Anna dressed her doll the next morning, she found its clothes sadly tumbled and dirtied, and she said to her mother, "I did not enjoy my doll last night half so much as I thought I should. I could not attend to it and do as I pleased with it as I do when I am alone," Her mother smiled, and said, "Have you learnt already, what I too have found out, that mothers who chuse to attend to and enjoy their children will soon give up visiting and company keeping?"

A. I know you love to be at home and take care of your children your-

self, and I love you for it, mother, more than I should do if you went out and left us to the care of a servant. When I grow up I think I shall do the same.

“That is right, Anna,” said her father, who happened to overhear the conversation; “if your doll teaches you to follow the example of your dear mother, she will prove an excellent instructress. Do as your mother has done for you, and your children will never have cause to complain.”

No—a kind mother mine has been,
And, should it prove my lot,
Like her, to rear an infant train,
They'll have no reason to complain,
Unless her pattern prove in vain,
Her precepts all forgot.

She to no hireling leaves her charge,
In pleasure's path to roam,
But lets the giddy world go by,
With all its pomp and vanity,
Nor deems it worth one passing sigh—
Her joys are all at home !

Our daily wants with constant care
Her tender hand supplies,
Our souls her best attention share ;
She warns us of each treacherous snare,
Forms our young lips to praise and prayer,
And trains us for the skies.

With reverence and attention due,
May we her words regard ;
Her bright example keep in view,
And while her footsteps we pursue,
In all that's lovely, kind, and true,
Become her glad reward.

CHAPTER XI.

CHILDISH WISHES.—REWARD.—
OBSERVATION.—INSTRUCTION.

ANNA was one day nursing her doll, and after looking at it very thoughtfully for some minutes, she at length said to her mother, who sat by, "Mother, I very much wish one thing."

M. What is that, Anna?

A. I am afraid you will think it silly of me to wish a thing that cannot be.

M. Most likely I shall, Anna. If you wish for a thing that *cannot* be, I

can venture to say, that it is also a thing that would do you no real good if it could be had.

A. Oh, yes mother, it would do me good. I wish that my doll could eat and grow; and that would be of great service to me, because you know I could learn to be careful and tender in feeding it, and as it grew to want larger clothes, I could also learn to make them.

M. But I rather think, Anna, that all these advantages may be gained, though your doll cannot eat or grow, and I am sure it would be a very bad thing if dolls could do either.

A. Why, mother?

M. I have known some little girls, (I don't say that my Anna is one,) who grow tired of their dolls and forget them, perhaps for weeks together.

If dolls wanted food, many a poor doll would be starved. Don't you think so, Anna?

A. Yes, mother; but I don't think mine would.

M. Perhaps not; however, I think it is quite charge enough for you at present to keep it neat and orderly; and as you improve in needle-work, I shall be very willing to give you the materials on which to exercise your ingenuity, by making your doll another dress. Suppose for instance, you were some time hence to put it into short clothes.

A. Oh, yes, mother, that would be delightful, and then you know, those pretty little shoes will come in use.

M. Very true, Anna; I thought of this when I bought them. In the

mean time, if you really wish to learn how to make clothes, I know a poor woman who *has* a doll that grows and who will be very glad of any thing you can make. Shall I look you out some calico and cloth, that you may make it a cap, and a shirt, and a bed-gown?

A. Oh, yes, mother, pray do; that will be of real use.

Anna's father now came into the room; he had something in his hand which he carried very carefully; there was a handkerchief thrown over it, so Anna could not see what it was. The handkerchief was the very one that Anna had hemmed a few days before. The father said, "Where is the little girl who hemmed me this handkerchief?"

"Here I am, father," said Anna.

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"Anna saw with delight, a beautiful bright yellow canary-bird."

Page 146

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Then her father said, "I have brought you a little present, my dear." Anna came forward, longing to see what was under the handkerchief; her father continued, "The little girl, who takes pleasure in endeavouring to please her parents, and to make herself useful to them, deserves encouragement; and the little girl who is careful and tender even of a doll, that cannot feel, deserves to be trusted with the care of a living creature; she will not, I think, neglect it, or treat it unkindly." So saying, her father lifted up the handkerchief, and Anna saw with delight, a beautiful, bright yellow canary-bird, in a handsome cage.

"Oh, thank you, father, thank you," said Anna: "but," pausing a moment,—"is it not cruel to shut up this bird

in a cage? birds seem so happy in the fields and woods at liberty.”

Her father told her, that this bird never was at liberty, in fields or woods; that it had been bred in a cage; that it was a native of a warmer climate than that of England; and that if it were to be set at liberty, it would be quite unable to provide for itself, and would suffer such hardships and difficulties, as would soon put an end to its little life.” Anna agreed, that it would be very cruel indeed to expose it to such dangers and distresses. Then her father said to her, “this is now *your* little prisoner, and it will never sigh for liberty, if you make its imprisonment happy; but, remember, it is totally dependent on you: if you neglect it, it will soon pine and die, but if you keep it clean, and well sup-

plied, it will reward your attention with its cheerful songs."

"This is exactly what you were wishing for, Anna," said her mother, "something that could eat, and would require your care, tenderness, and attention in feeding it. I hope you will prove yourself worthy of the trust, and I really think you will."

Anna resolved to justify the good opinion and confidence of her parents, and it is pleasant to say, that she fulfilled her resolutions. Her father furnished her with the different kinds of seeds, and instructed her in what proportions to give them; he told her to shake up the seed-glass, and fill the water-glass afresh every morning; to keep the cage and glasses very clean and bright; to scatter some fine sand over the floor of the cage, and to be

particularly careful in putting the hole of the glass to the hole of the cage: otherwise he told her, the poor bird might famish in sight of plenty. He shewed her also the herbs, groundsel, plantain, and chickweed, all of which are good for birds; and he told her, whenever she took a walk, to remember her poor prisoner, and bring him home a supply of his favourite green food. Anna punctually attended to these directions. The canary was for many years admired for the brilliancy of his plumage, and the sweetness of his song; and remembered also, as the reward of Anna's first performance in needle-work. If Dicky's song could have been understood, it certainly would have testified, that no little bird ever was blessed

with a more kind and attentive mistress.

Some days after her father had given her the bird, Anna was at play, pretending to teach her doll to read; her mother at the same time was nursing the baby, who had now become very lively and entertaining, and was much amused by the shrill song of Anna's bird, and by observing him hop about in his cage. Just then the young lady came into the room with a pair of beautiful screens which she had painted. Anna's mother admired them very much, and the baby was ready to fly out of her arms to get at them. Anna, too, thought them very beautiful, but as she looked at them, her mind seemed to be running upon something else, and she did not express as much admiration as she

usually did, when any thing greatly pleased her, or even as much as her mother thought was due to the beauty of the performance. Her mother asked her what she was thinking of.

“I was thinking,” said Anna, “of a little verse you taught me, a long, long time ago. It is—

“ Though she can paint a little bird,
She cannot make it fly,
She says 'tis only God who can,
Who lives above the sky.”

M. And what made you think of that Anna?

A. I have been looking at my doll, mother, and I think it very pretty: it is just the shape of a baby, and painted to look like a baby; and I am sure the person who made it must be very ingenious. But, then, I was

thinking too, what a great difference there is between my doll, and a real living baby, or even a real living bird; and now, I think these flowers are very beautiful, and very much like real flowers; and yet they are very different too—what I mean is, that they are different in point of growing,—I mean—

M. Do not hurry yourself, my dear, take time to think what you wish to say, and we will wait to hear you.

A. Then look, mother: here is a beautiful rose-bud on one screen, and a beautiful full-blown rose on the other; I mean to say, that the full-blown rose never was a bud, and the bud never could be made to grow to a full-blown rose.

M. You are quite right, my dear. You are distinguishing very properly,

between the works of man, and those of God. Life, of every kind, is the work of God alone: all the power, skill, and ingenuity, of all the men upon earth, could never give life to so much as one blade of grass. Now, my little girl, when you look at your doll, or these flowers, or your father's watch, or the house we live in, you have no doubt but somebody contrived and made them, and intended them for the very use to which you see them applied: the doll to represent, or look like, the human figure; the watch, by its movements, to mark the progress of time; the flowers, to resemble or imitate those which grow; and the house, for persons to live in. Except in the case of the flowers, you never did, and most likely never will, see the persons who constructed and

made these things; but yet, you know such persons must have existed.

A. Yes, to be sure, mother; things could not have come together so cleverly and so usefully, if somebody had not superintended and contrived them.

M. Just in the same manner, we may assure ourselves, by the proofs of power and skill which we behold in the works of His hand, that there is a God. We every moment see, and know, the existence and design of many things, which man neither did, nor could contrive: the earth on which we tread, that gives nourishment to plants and trees; the grass and corn that spring from it, and afford food for man and beast; the beautiful flowers, and agreeable fruits; the vast numbers of living creatures,

that inhabit the earth, air, and waters; the rains and dews that refresh the earth; the sun, that gives light and heat to the world; the moon and stars that adorn the night; the changes of day for labour, and of night for rest; the return of cold and heat, summer and winter, in their regular seasons; all these, and thousands of other objects, great and small, daily teach us, that there is a God. All this we might have guessed, by our own reason and observation; but it would be sad for us, if we knew no more than this.

A. How, mother?

M. We could not, from our own reason and observation on the works of the Creator, form any idea in what way we might hope to please that Great Being; nor whether, if in any

thing we offended him, he would be inclined to exercise mercy and forgiveness towards us; nor whether, at the end of this life, He designed to continue, or to renew our existence, in any other state. It is very affecting to read the anxious, uncertain, and generally erroneous, conjectures of wise and great men, who had no other sources of information, than what is called the light of nature and reason.

A. But, mother, why did they not read the Bible? that would have told them.

M. My dear child, the persons of whom I have spoken, had not the Bible; they lived before the time in which the Bible was completed, and in distant parts of the world from that in which it was given.

A. How do you mean *given*, mother?

M. The Bible, my dear, contains a revelation from God: that is, it teaches us things which we never could have known, if it had not pleased God himself to reveal them to us. The blessed God, from time to time, inspired his servants (that is, by his Holy Spirit put it into their minds,) to write down those great, and infinitely important truths, for the instruction of mankind; and it is a mercy, for which we never can be sufficiently thankful, that we possess the holy book, and that it gives us every necessary information respecting God, and ourselves—our duty and our destination.

A. You promised me, mother, that

when I could make out the words easily, you would let me read in the Bible to you. I do not mean, for the sake of learning to read; but when you are at leisure, to talk to me about it, and explain it to me—on a Sunday evening, perhaps. When will you begin, mother?

M. The sooner the better, my dear; you are old enough now, to have a connected view of the great truths revealed in the Bible. You shall begin this evening to sit up half an hour after your little brother is gone to sleep; and I will endeavour to assist you, in understanding them.

A. And will you let me do so every evening, mother?

M. Yes, my dear, if I am well, and can possibly command the time to

attend to you, which I assure you, I shall reckon one of my first duties, and highest pleasures.

What wonders round me are display'd
When nature meets my raptur'd eye;
The lofty hill, the flowery mead,
The swelling flood, and spacious sky.

Sun, moon, and stars, that gild the skies,
The various tribes that people earth:—
Where is the Being, great and wise,
That gave this vast creation birth?

'Does he sustain our fleeting lives?
And cease they quite, when breath is o'er?'—
Thus Reason asks,—but Reason strives
In vain, the mystery to explore.

Hail! Sacred gift of love divine,
The book that all our doubts dispels!
Its beams with heaven-born radiance shine,
And point to where our Maker dwells.

It shews the path he bids us trace ;
Reveals to man his destiny,
Redeeming love, and pardoning grace,
Glory, and immortality.

Grateful, I call the treasure mine,
Oh may it guide my doubtful path
Safe through this world of care and sin,
And wake a hope that lives in death !

CHAPTER XII.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. — PRINCIPLES REDUCED TO PRACTICE.—
CONCLUSION.

WHEN evening came, and the baby was gone to bed, Anna was ready, with her little Bible in her hand, to remind her mother of her promise. Her mother desired her to sit very still, and pay great attention, that she might understand, and derive benefit from what she was going to say to her. She then addressed her thus: “My dear little girl, you have often

heard and read many parts of the Holy Scriptures, such as the delightful histories of Abraham and Isaac, and Joseph, and Elijah, and Daniel, in the Old Testament; and of our blessed Saviour in the New, about his healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, making a few loaves and fishes enough to serve many thousand people: about his taking little children up in his arms, and declaring how he loved them, and other such things. But you shall now begin to take a view of the great leading truths, which *all* that is written, is designed to teach us. I will express, in as few and as plain words as I can, the principal subjects on which we are to seek instruction from the Bible. I shall mention four, which I hope you will

endeavour to keep in mind; and then, when you read a passage in the Bible, you shall endeavour to find out for yourself, how it bears upon one or other of these great truths.

The *first* is, that there is one true God, who made every thing that is made: and therefore every thing belongs to him. He made *us*, and preserves us, and gives us every thing we have; therefore, we ought always to love, serve, and obey him.

The *second* great truth, which we are to learn from the Bible is, that man (that is, all mankind) has sinned against God; has not loved and obeyed him, and therefore deserves his anger.

The *third*, that God has been pleased to send a Saviour into the world, to

deliver man from the punishment deserved, and to obtain deliverance and salvation.

The *fourth* is, that there is another life after this, and a day of judgment, when all mankind shall appear before God, and be judged, and have their portion for ever, according to what has been the course of their life in this world.

Anna then read the first chapter of Genesis; and she afterwards said to her mother, "I see very plainly, mother, that this chapter is all about the first great truth you told me of: 'that the great God made every thing that is made; and that all belongs to him; and also, that God made us, and gives us every thing we have; and therefore we ought to love, and serve, and obey him.'"

Her mother said, "Very well, my dear, keep this in mind; and remember, that the very first chapter, indeed the very first verse in the Bible, has taught you more than all the most learned men in the world could ever have found out without it. Now kneel down my child; humbly thank the great God for giving you a being, and for teaching you to know his holy will: and beg of him, still to preserve you, and give you grace to love and serve him."

Thus did this kind parent instruct her dear child, and endeavour to train her up in the way she should go; and she had the happiness of seeing, that as she grew up, she did not depart from it.

Anna was a thoughtful and inquiring child; and her parents not only

readily afforded her the information she sought, but took care to teach her, that knowledge was to be sought and obtained for practical purposes. Whenever, therefore, she had gained any new information, or acquirement, they were on the watch for an opportunity of directing the application of that knowledge to the government of her own temper and conduct, and of pointing out some way, in which the newly acquired art might be employed for real benefit to herself or those around her. By these means (or rather by the blessing of God upon these means, for so her good parents ever acknowledged it,) Anna, though as lively as any child of her age, was not as too many are, trifling, vain, and frittering. She knew the value of time, the dignity of a reasonable being,

and the honour and happiness of being usefully employed.

At an early age, if Anna was invited out, instead of the mortifying remark being made, 'As we are busy, it will be a good thing to have her out of the way,' the gratifying question was put, 'As we are so busy, can she be spared?' and generally, the indulgent decision was formed—'Oh, yes; Anna is so diligent and useful, that she deserves pleasure: we must contrive to spare her.' Innocent pleasure, honourably earned, is pleasure indeed.

Anna retained her fondness for her dolls, to a later period than is usual with young persons who have not been taught to render even amusement rational and instructive. As she improved in needle-work, she became very expert and ingenious in making

garments for her doll; and pieces of muslin, silk, or ribbon, which if given to some children, would only have served to litter the house, afforded Anna real entertainment, in converting them, with neatness and taste, into bonnets, frocks, caps, &c. At the same time, Anna was acquiring the disposition to put her increasing knowledge and ingenuity to more absolutely useful purposes. If, among the pieces she found any of a larger size than usual, she would say with delight, "I do think this is large enough to make a cap for a real baby;" or, "These two might be joined together and contrived into a shirt for poor neighbour such-an-one:" thus her invention and her fingers were pleasingly and profitably exercised: the best feelings of her heart indulged,

and the comfort of her fellow-creatures promoted.

On one occasion, a poor family in the neighbourhood was in very great distress, owing to sickness and losses. Anna wished that it was in her power to do something for their relief; she had but one shilling in her little purse, and that she readily resolved to give them; but she feared it was too small a sum to be of much service. So she set her wits to work to devise some method of increasing it. She first went to a neighbour, who kept a linen-draper's shop, where her parents were in the habit of dealing, and asked the mistress of the shop, to whom she was well known, if she would please to give her some ribbon-rollers, and a few fag ends of muslin, print, or any other article. This request was readily

complied with. Anna received a nice bundle of pieces of various sorts, and besides some ribbon-rollers, several pieces of board on which stuffs and silks are rolled; she then with her shilling bought a sixpenny, twopenny, and two penny wax dolls, like the one which was given her when quite a little girl, and which was so speedily broken. Among the pieces given her, were some of green stuff, with which she neatly covered five of her narrow ribbon-rollers, which, (as she observed,) was intended to look like grass. Then she dressed the dolls in a simple, yet tasty manner, and fixed each on one of her little grassy pedestals. When complete, she again went over to her good friend the linen-draper, and asked her, if she would allow these dolls to be placed in her window,

or on her counter, in hopes that some of her customers might take a fancy to them, and buy them. The old lady was much pleased with Anna's ingenuity, and told her she would buy them herself, as she wanted a present for her little granddaughters. Anna's utmost thought had been to regain her original shilling and add another to it, but the old lady said, she considered them richly worth five shillings; two shillings for the largest, one for each of the next, and sixpence each for the smallest. Anna joyfully and gratefully received this liberal reward of her ingenious and liberal device, and soon afterwards accompanied her mother on a visit to the afflicted family, to whom her present afforded seasonable relief. The linen-draper was so kind also as to show the

dolls to some of her best customers, who very much admired them, and desired to know if the ingenious little girl would dress them a set. With her mother's permission, Anna accepted these orders, and with the produce of her little labours formed a purse, from which she was enabled to relieve the wants of the destitute, and to assist in supporting a school for the instruction of poor children. In all this, she experienced a pleasure in bestowing the fruits of her own exertions, which cannot be felt by those children who are merely employed to distribute the lavish bounties of their parents, but who know nothing of supplying the sources of generosity from their own industry and self-denial. It is a pity that such children should be deceived by the

erroneous praises lavished on them for generosity. They would willingly have spent that money on themselves, and it is no more than justice to do for others *as* for ourselves. To *deny ourselves* that we may benefit *others*,—this is generosity.

By this time Anna was fourteen years old, her mother had presented her with two little sisters and another brother, and as an assistant, both in the nursing, domestic cares, and needle-work, Anna was fondly called her mother's right hand. Her eldest brother was gone into a counting-house in London, and her second, (a baby when we were first introduced to her acquaintance,) now nine years old, was sent to boarding-school. On these occasions Anna was the neat workwoman to fit each out with new

sets of linen, and to take account of, and keep all neatly mended, when from time to time sent home for that purpose. When her youngest brother was but a few weeks old, her mother was seized with a dangerous illness, which confined her to her bed many weeks, and rendered her totally incapable of attending to her family. Then the value of early good instruction became manifest in Anna's conduct. She became the companion and comforter of her afflicted father, the tender nurse of her little brother, and the careful household manager. Some old nurses in the neighbourhood were frightened to think of so young a person being entrusted with the care of an infant; but Anna, by carefully attending to all her dear mother's observations and practices,

discharged her trust in such a way as fully proved her not unworthy of it.

After weeks of distressing suspense, how delightful to Anna's affectionate heart was the first intimation of her beloved parent's probable restoration to health! How gratifying the tender expression of fond approbation uttered by that parent on returning to her domestic charge, and finding her babe thriving and healthy, her little girls pursuing their habits of order and improvement, under the direction of their sister, as they had been accustomed to do under her own; linen, drawers, and every other object of domestic care, all in their usual order, and the servants steadily engaged in their respective duties, and bearing willing testimony to the prudence and gentleness of their young superintendant.

On this occasion, Anna's father presented her with an elegant little book-case, furnished with a choice and suitable collection of books in various departments of knowledge.

Anna's extraordinary exertions and anxieties, however, proved to have been too great for her health. Soon after her mother's recovery, she became seriously ill; and her parents were mutually filled with distressing anxiety in the prospect of losing such a child. Her illness, however, proved the means of evidencing, that true Christian principles lead to the exercise of the mild graces of patience and resignation, as well as of cheerful activity. Anna bore her suffering without a murmur, and received with cheerful and affectionate gratitude the tender attentions of surrounding friends.

Her bible was her constant companion ; she expressed a humble, yet supporting hope, that if called to bid an early farewell to earth and all its scenes, she should, through the great Redeemer's merits, be admitted to share the joys of the heavenly state ; and she would endeavour to console the anxieties of her afflicted parents by anticipating a happy meeting again in that brighter, better world.

However, it pleased God to restore this amiable young Christian to her parents and to society. She is now herself the mother of an interesting family. She often rejoices, that she came to this important charge, not totally destitute of experience. Her mother's maxims, observations, and examples, are carefully treasured up, and brought into practice as occasion

requires for her own children, who, it is to be hoped, will imitate her youthful example, and repay her maternal cares.

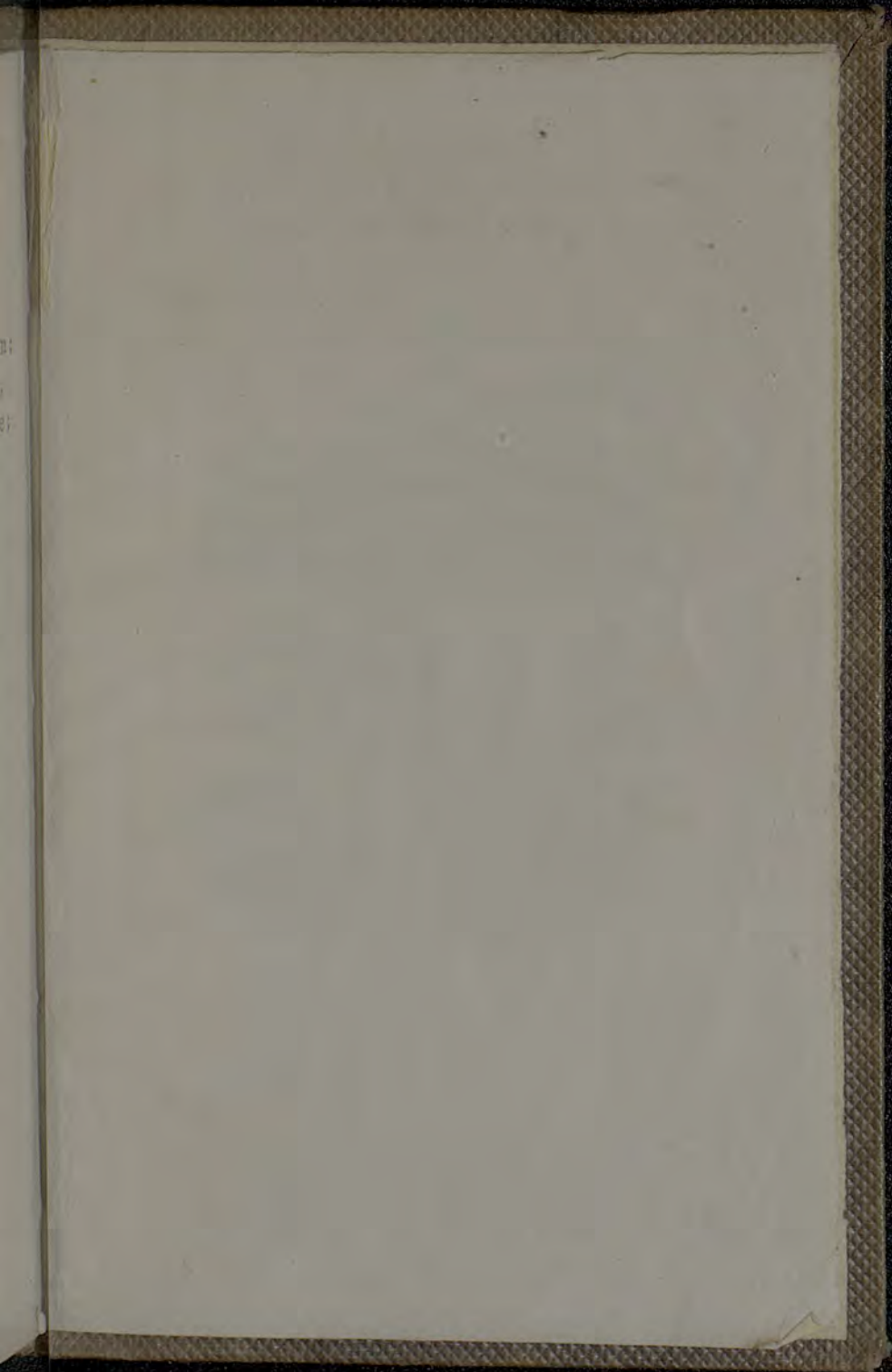
'Neath the domestic roof where truth presides,
Where reason dictates, and religion guides,
Whence folly, passion, strife, and discord flee,
Where order dwells with peace and harmony ;
Where love and duty hold united sway,
Some mildly rule ; *some* willingly obey ;
Where gentle firmness with affection blends,
Where wisest means are used for noblest ends ;
Where read with reverence is the sacred word,
Where sanctified the sabbath of the Lord ;
Where daily rise the heartfelt praise and prayer,
Happy the youth whose favour'd lot is there !
Th' instruction that his opening reason seeks,
From mother's lips, in mildest accents breaks :
With wisdom's lore the attentive mind she fills,
And truth, like gentlest rain, or dew, distils,
And guards the cherished germs of virtue fair,
And nips the buds of vice with watchful care.

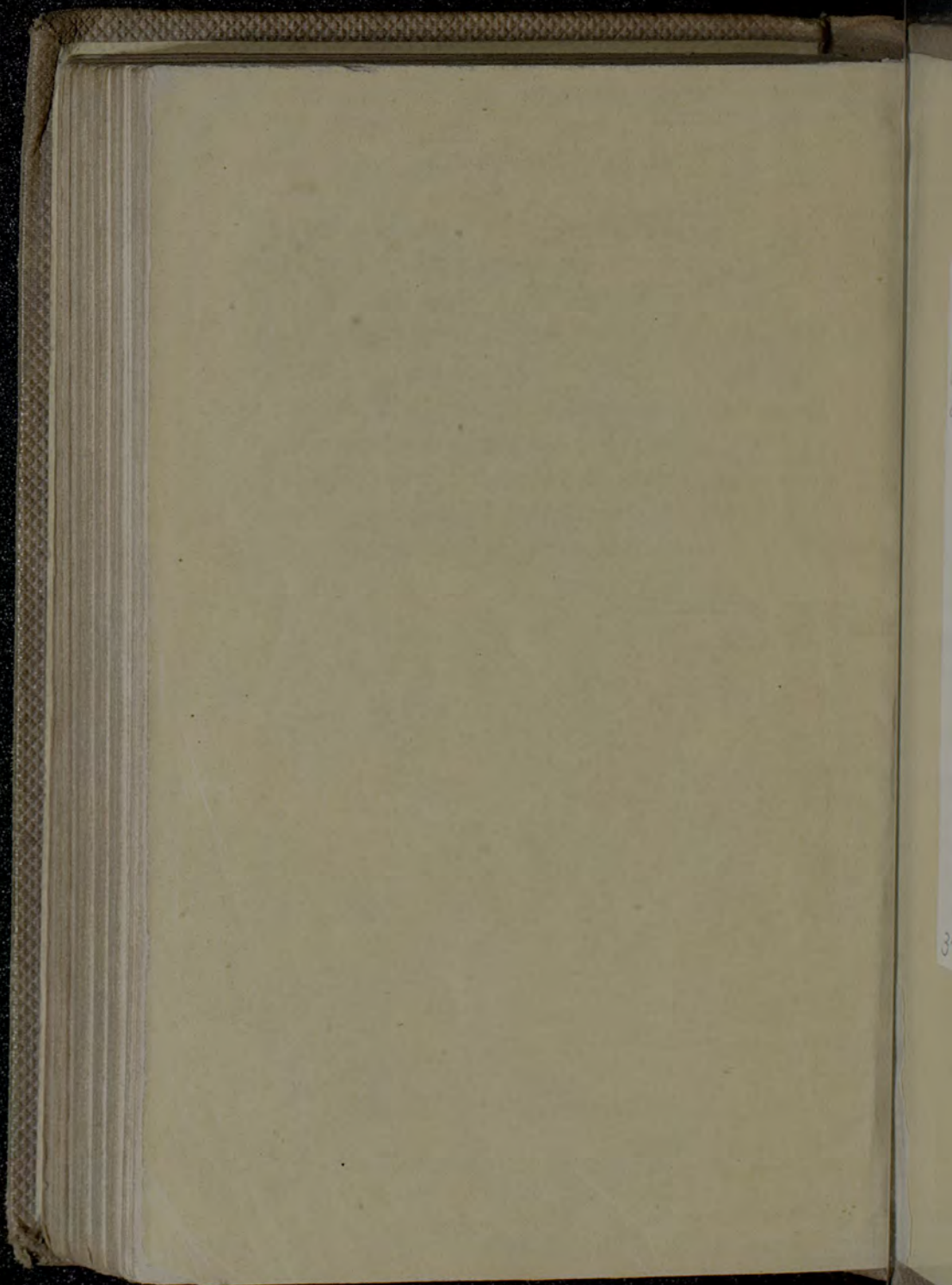
The pious father joins the work of love,
Aids to instruct, encourage, or reprove ;
Their prayers united, call a blessing down,
Approving Heaven their labours deigns to crown ;
Grateful and pleased they view their rising race,
Like hopeful plants, their household circle grace ;
Bear early fruits of piety and worth,
That promise rich maturity on earth,
In years of honour'd usefulness to come,
Or scatter fragrance o'er an early tomb :

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