



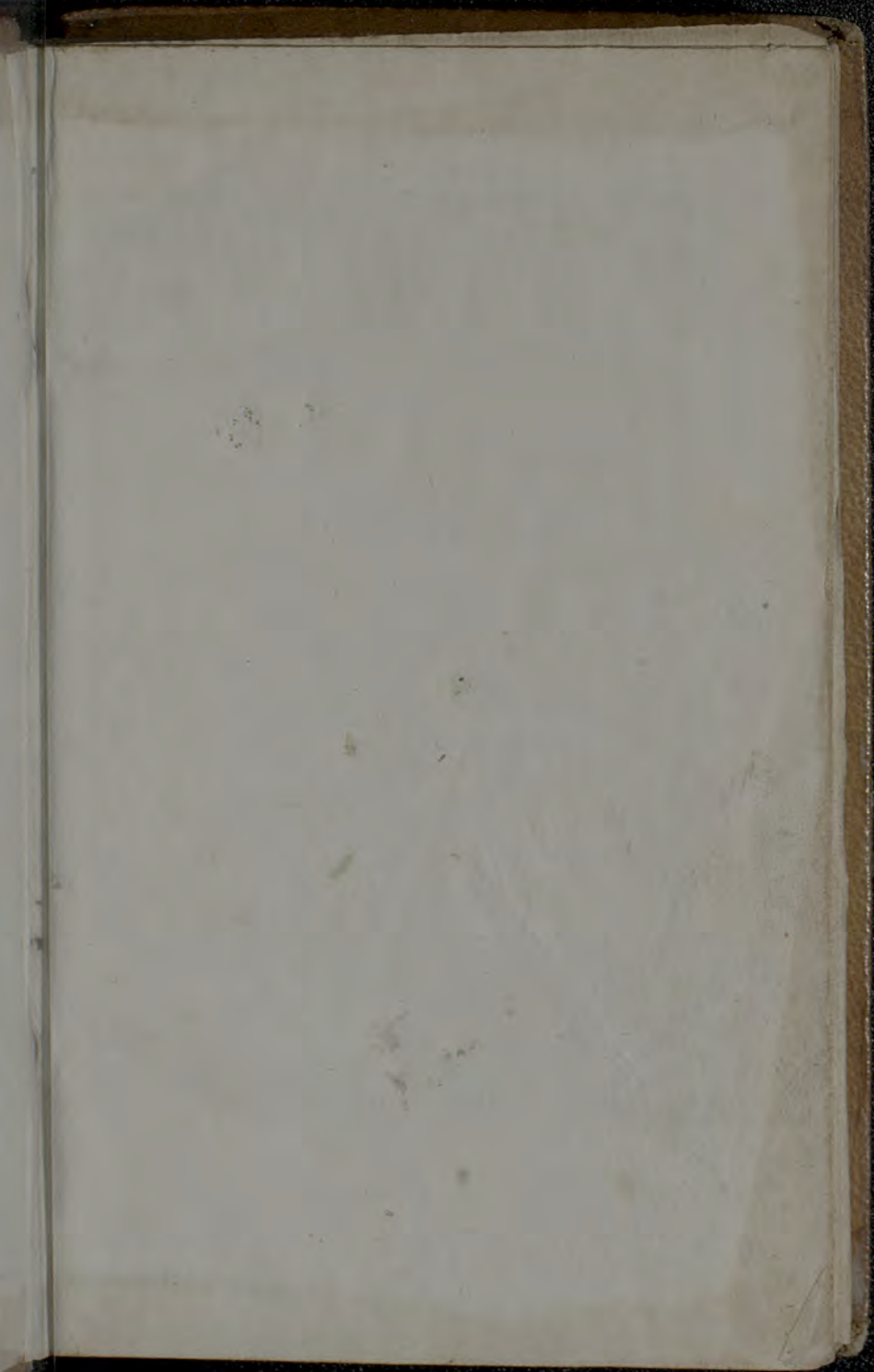
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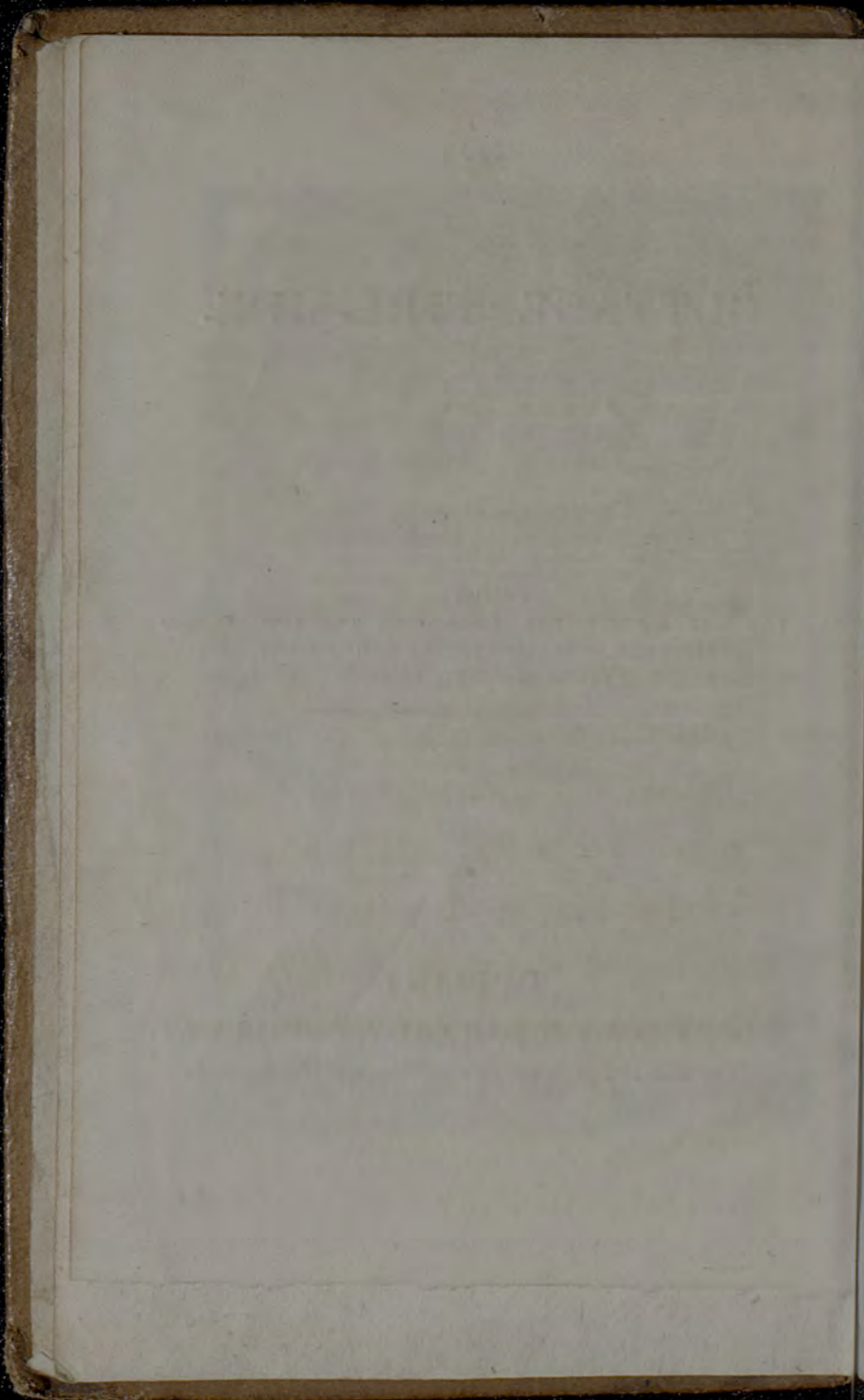




THE
COTTAGE FIRE-SIDE.

COMPILED
FOR THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE UNITED AND
SCRIPTURAL EDUCATION OF THE POOR OF IRELAND,
KILDARE PLACE, DUBLIN.

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PREFACE.

THE object of the following Book is to give, in familiar language, such instructive advice as may be not only useful, but interesting to those for whose perusal it was intended. The reader it is hoped, will not think that such characters as are here introduced are altogether imaginary;—similar topics are often the subjects of discourse in the cottages of our industrious peasantry; and we have

PREFACE.

reason to know, that few parts of Ireland are so unfortunate as not to contain several capable of giving good advice, and many also willing to receive it.



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The Cottag
Advice,

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
Filial Love, - - - - -	9
Scandal, - - - - -	12
Dress.—A Single Life, - - - - -	14
The Cottage Winter Night, - - - - -	17
Economy of Time, - - - - -	20
Family Love, - - - - -	22
Potatoes, - - - - -	28
The Pig, - - - - -	53
Sickness, - - - - -	39
Vaccination, - - - - -	45
The Scriptures, - - - - -	52
The Sabbath, - - - - -	55
The Garden, - - - - -	60
Butter, - - - - -	65
Cleanliness, - - - - -	67
The Annals of the Poor, Part I. - - - - -	72
----- Part II. - - - - -	77
Tea-drinking, - - - - -	81
The Lord's Prayer, - - - - -	87
Whiskey-drinking at Fairs, - - - - -	93
The Cottager's Morning Hymn, - - - - -	99
Advice, - - - - -	100

Perseverance,	-	-	-	-	102
The Farmers,	-	-	-	-	106
Never Despair,	-	-	-	-	113
The History of Paddy, Part I.	-	-	-	-	124
----- Part II.	-	-	-	-	130
Going out to Service, -	-	-	-	-	139
Savings Banks,	-	-	-	-	145
----- Continued,	-	-	-	-	154
Fever Hospital,	-	-	-	-	165
The Village Doctor, -	-	-	-	-	169
The Husbandman's Prayer,	-	-	-	-	175
The Conclusion,	-	-	-	-	177



Gr
 Jenny,
 half lib
 this mo
 ought t
 believe
 her the
 Jenn
 truth sa
 with—
 she is w
 little
 Gran
 Jenny—
 pectial
 have in
 years, a
 to me;
 rence.

109
106
113
124
150
159
145
154
165
169
175
177

Cottage Fire-side.

FILIAL LOVE.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. Now we are by ourselves, Jenny, I want to correct you a little; I did not half like the manner you spoke to your mother this morning—She is a good mother, and you ought to love and respect her; and indeed I believe you do, though you were too tart with her then.

Jenny. Why, Grandmother, I could with truth say, I did not do what she charged me with—and should not one defend herself, when she is wrongfully charged?—besides, I said but little.

Grandmother. You did not say much, Jenny—but what you did say was not in a respectful manner—especially to your mother; I have lived with her now upwards of twenty years, and a good daughter-in-law she has been to me; she and I never had a word of difference.

Jenny. You, grandmother—why nobody differs with you—if the house was throwing out of the windows, a word from you would settle it again—you speak so mild and gentle, that if one did not hear what you said, your very looks would persuade one you were in the right.

Grandmother. Now, Jenny, only think of what you say—If a mild and gentle manner will do, what need we use any other? and I know it will do best on all occasions—but to our parents we can use no other without a sin—we little think how much we owe them, and what care and trouble they have on our account—nor can we ever know till we are parents ourselves, how deeply a harsh word, or even look from a child, cuts the heart of a father or mother.

Jenny. I am sure I should be very sorry to cut the heart of my father and mother—I believe I did not speak as I ought—but, I trust I shall never do it again, and I will ask my mother's pardon the minute she comes in.

Grandmother. Do, my good child, I know you did not intend any disrespect to your mother—but you thought yourself wronged, and went about clearing yourself too warmly—your temper is a little warm, and if it is given way to, it will gather strength, and make you troublesome to yourself and others—but if you learn early to keep it under, it will give you little

trouble—We keep many of our bad dispositions often during our lives, only because we don't chuse to take a little pains to get rid of them. There is Ellen Cleary—you know she is a pest in the neighbourhood—nobody chuses to have any thing to do with her, if they can help it, because of her tongue; she does not give herself time to consider whether she is in the right or wrong, till she lets fly a volley of abuse; her husband has been drawn into scrapes on her account, more than once, and, poor man, suffers himself more than any body. Now I remember her a fine lively girl, and neither ill-humoured nor ill-natured, but too smart in her speech and behaviour, which her poor mother rather encouraged than checked; so Ellen thought herself quite clever, and you see what she has come to.

Jenny. I promise you, grandmother, you shall never see me such a one as Ellen.

Grandmother. I am sure I shall not, Jenny—I expect you will be the joy and comfort of your parents in their old age, as you are mine now—and then the blessing of your heavenly Father will descend upon you—you know his promise to those who honour their parents, and his severe threatening to those, who even by a look, make little of father or mother.

SCANDAL.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. I don't think, grandmother, that neighbour Anstis will tell you a story soon again; all the wit in her head won't make you think ill of any body.

Grandmother. I will neither think nor speak ill of any one, from mere hearsay; and Anstis has no more to shew for her story. For my part, I don't believe a word of it; and if I did, I should think it my duty to say as little as possible. If the poor young creature be really guilty, we ought to pity and pray for her and her family, for their affliction must be great indeed. And I charge you, Jenny, on my blessing, never to be guilty of that odious custom of tearing your neighbour's character to pieces. It is displeasing to God, and, believe me, nothing will make you more hateful to man. How can we love our neighbours as ourselves, when we are mangling them? Is it doing as we would wish to be done by, to run about from house to house, spreading tales to their disadvantage? nay, if we consulted our own interest only, we ought to keep our tongues under some sort of government; you know yourself, Jenny, that poor Anstis is hated

by every one that knows her, as busy bodies and tale-bearers generally are; so, my good child, whenever you hear any stories of this kind, if they are at all doubtful, you are not to believe them, much less to repeat them elsewhere; and if they should turn out true, the less you say the better. We are all poor weak creatures, liable to fall every moment, without God's preventing grace; and while we want to implore his pardon every day, it is the least we can do to shew a little charity to one another. But, Jenny, I thought I saw you smile, while Anstis and I were arguing—why did you do so?

Jenny. Oh, mother, I could hardly help laughing heartily. You know Anstis and I came in at one time: we both came to tell a story, but as Anstis was brim-full, she began first, and I was willing to let her say what she wished, because I knew she must soon hear the truth of the story, but who knows but it may make her ashamed of herself, especially after all you said to her.

Grandmother. Her story was all a lie then.

Jenny. Not quite so, Mother; Mary is with child, I suppose, but then she is married to Tom—; so when Anstis hears that Mary has got a right good match, I think she will look very much disappointed.

Grandmother. I rejoice, with all my heart, at hearing this; and wish the shame, if nothing else, may have some effect on Anstis.

DRESS.—A SINGLE LIFE.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. WELL, Grandmother, you have seen my bargains, how do you like them?

Grandmother. Were they of your own choosing, Jenny?

Jenny. I chose the colour, and my mother said the stuff would wear well.

Grandmother. You are my own good girl:—I think the stuff is very good, and you have chosen a colour fit for winter. Now, one gown of that, Jenny, is worth three flimsy rags of muslin or calico; and you will look better in it too, though you won't have the trouble or expense of washing it. I am ashamed often when I see the way some of our girls appear of a Sunday, though, may be, if you were to go to their cabins, any other day of the week, you might find them as dirty as pigs. Now, I had rather see you neat and clean every day; and tho' your gown be old and worn, if it be well pieced, it will do you credit.

Jenny. Well but, mother, I hope you'd allow one to dress a little better of a Sunday.

Grandmother. Yes, I should; I know it is quite natural for girls to love to put on their best of a Sunday: but then I would have them,

in buying their clothes, consult their purse and their condition ; the man or woman that dresses above that, is sure to be laughed at, and so they ought. I would have them, too, be careful to mend their clothes, as soon as they want it ; a few stitches, set just when they begin to want it, may save two hours work. There is your aunt Nanny,—you know she has plenty of good clothes, both of her own buying, and gifts from her good mistress ; and I know she has above forty pounds saved this minute ; yet she is as careful of her things as if she had not six-pence ; you never saw a hole in her gown or her stockings, though you might see many a piece and darn.

Jenny. Oh, nobody mends like my aunt Nanny ;—and it can't be from stinginess either, for she keeps you in clothes, and gives many a good thing among the rest of us. But I often wondered such a well-looking woman as my aunt did not marry ; and I wonder as much, how she scraped so much money together.

Grandmother. I believe I can tell you both. Your aunt is forty years old ; she was but seventeen, when she went as child's maid to Mrs. — ; she lived there twenty-three years, and during that time, no one could charge her with the smallest dishonesty, with telling a lie, or gossiping in or out ; so that the family have full confidence in her, and treat her almost like one

of themselves. She dry-nursed all the children ; they look on her as a sort of mother, and many a good thing she gets among them. When she had been there a few years, she used now and then to get a quarter of potatoes sowed ; she used to get something by that, and when she was able, she used to have a heifer or two at grass, which her good master would buy and sell for her to the best advantage ; and as she was very careful of her clothes, she could save some wages too, though she was always very kind to me. Heaven reward her ! As to her not marrying, it was not for want of offers ; but she was, from a child, of a thoughtful, considerate disposition, and when she went about any thing, loved to turn it every way in her mind ; now she found herself in a comfortable way as she was—no rent, no taxes to pay ; her good living ready provided for her ; nothing to do but to mind her business quietly. Now she knew there were many ups and downs in the world, nor could she tell what sort of a master she might get in a husband ; so that, Jenny, I don't know but she did the wise thing after all. Not that I want you to follow her example : marry and welcome, provided you do it properly ; but, at the same time, let me tell you, an old maid is often a useful person in a family. Your aunt has often lent money to her brothers and sisters, which was of much use to them, though she took care to have security for it ; and you know how kind

she is to me and others of the family. Now, my good girl, put by your wheel, and go prepare our supper.

Jenny. I have a great notion, grandmother, of being an old maid.

Grandmother. Just as you please, Jenny, for that; but don't make any promises yet.

THE COTTAGE WINTER NIGHT.

1

THE great ones may say that the winter is drear,
With me 'tis the season is free'st from care;
My work is soon done, and returning at night,
O! how does my bosom expand with delight.

2

The cold wind blows loud, but my cot is secure;
Peace, concord, and happiness dwell on my floor;
My children crowd round me, and Judy's blue
eye
Still sparkles with pleasure whenever I'm by.

3

My Judy—the comfort and joy of my life,
My friend, my companion, my darling and wife;
The best gift of Heaven, thou still art to me,
And labour is joy, while I labour for thee.



THE COTTAGE WINTER NIGHT.

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If the neighbours come in, and surround a good
fire,
Methinks I have all that good sense can desire;
For the neighbours all love me, and good
reason why,
I love all my neighbours, and will till I die.

5

And sure this is better than wrangling and noise;
Peace lessens our cares, and it doubles our joys:
The Priest, when he points to the heavens above,
Still calls them the regions of peace and of love.

6

We laugh and we chat, and the pipe circles
round,
While we settle the nation with skill most pro-
found;
If our betters were list'ning, perhaps they might
smile,
But what matter, it serves to amuse us awhile.

7

The church-clock is striking—'tis time to retire;
We smoke the last pipe, Judy covers the fire;
And now to the blankets with joy we repair,
But never lie down, till we say a short prayer.

8

“For all thou deniest, and all thou hast given,
Make us thankful alike—'tis the sure road to
Heaven.”

ECONOMY OF TIME.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. WELL, grandmother, if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I could never believe that one's work would get on so fast, only by doing a little every day. Look at my stocking, see what a stretch it has got, only by knitting a little every evening, between light and dark, a time that I commonly did nothing in.

Grandmother. We seldom know what can be done, Jenny, till we try; but you will have more benefit by it, than you think of yet; first, you will knit quicker every day; and by the dim light you knit with, you will soon learn to knit without light as well as with it, and that same may be of use to you sometimes; but above all, it will teach you the value of time, when you see what a little of it, well applied, can do. You will soon have a good pair of stockings; and since you began to get up half an hour before the rest of us, you have the house so neat in the morning, and yourself washed and combed for the day, that I am quite pleased with you.

Jenny. And I, grandmother, am quite pleased also, to have your good opinion: but I wish you would tell me, were you ever idle for one hour?

Grandmother. Oh, yes, Jenny! but the time came that I found every hour too short. I was left a young widow, with five helpless children; the youngest on my breast; and after paying my husband's funeral expences, I had not more than a guinea to begin the world with. Then, Jenny, that Bible that you think me so fond of, was a comfort to me. Our Lord says, "Let the widow trust in me:" I did put my trust in him, and, blessed be his holy name, he has never forsaken me. You know I reared all my children, and put them in some little way of doing for themselves; and now, among them, they support me comfortably in my old age.

Jenny. That is the least they can do, grandmother: but I wish you would tell me how you, a lone woman, managed with such a family.

Grandmother. Sometime or other, perhaps I may: at present I will only tell you, that though I was up early and late, I did not find I had one minute to throw away: and though I was looked on as an industrious woman in my husband's life-time, I *now*, found I might have been a good deal more so; so I set myself, as well as I could, to make the best use of every hour, as far as I knew how. And it pleased God to prosper my poor endeavours, and I hope he will hear my prayers, that you and I may so number our days, as to apply our hearts to wisdom.

FAMILY LOVE.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. WELL, Jenny, have you got the better of yesterday's fatigue, and sitting up till past eleven after it?

Jenny. I feel no sort of weariness, mother, and sitting up only did me good. I never pass'd a pleasanter evening in my life, we were all so comfortable together, and your caulcannon so good; then, when our old neighbour, Paddy, came in, it made us all so happy. I dote on that old man, and was glad we had a good bit to offer him.

Grandmother. Paddy has the good fortune to be a favourite with most people, partly because he is very inoffensive, but more because he is goodhumoured and cheerful, so that young people are quite easy in his company; he not only encourages innocent cheerfulness, but if any thing wrong be said, a serious look from him is taken as a reproof.

Jenny. So it is; and as pleasant as he is, one may learn something from almost every thing he says; and he has so many fine old stories, and tells them so well, that I am never tired of his company.

Grandmother. Paddy is an old man, and

though he has not learning, he has sense, and nothing he has seen has passed unobserved by him. Experience, Jenny, is the nurse of wisdom, and Paddy has had his share of that; he has suffered much in this world, but he never let go his hold on *Him* who can guide us safely through a sea of trouble to the haven of rest. He, indeed, is now pretty easy; and having in his youth laboured hard, and lived temperately, he enjoys pretty sound health. You see he is always cheerful: but what will you say, if I tell you, I am convinced that one great cause of it is, that he thinks himself near his journey's end.

Jenny. I would say, he is a happy man: but I would be very sorry for Paddy, and if I outlive him, I'd walk ten miles to his funeral; but, mother, one time or other, you must give me a history of Paddy.

Grandmother. Perhaps I may; but talking of him has just put me off what I was going to say to you:—I took notice, you seem'd quite happy last night: you looked round on the rest of the family with delight; and when old Paddy came in, and little Jem ran with his stool to rest Paddy's lame leg on it, you could not help kissing the child.

Jenny. Why, mother, I was pleased to see Jem behave so prettily; you always taught me to honour old age, and rise up before the hoary head.

Grandmother. I see, Jenny, you remember what you read ; I hope you will continue to do so, and practice it too. But what I mean is this, you seemed so happy, that I am in hopes you are convinced, that we poor people may be very comfortable, if it be not our own fault, though we may have little more than the necessaries of life.

Jenny. I am convinced of it, mother.— When I look'd round me, and saw those I lov'd best, with content in their looks, enjoying the good meal you had prepared for us all, loving and belov'd, in friendship among ourselves, and in peace with our neighbours, I felt such satisfaction, as I can hardly make you sensible of : without speaking a word, my thoughts rose to the Giver of all our blessings—I blest his name for all he has given us : and begg'd the continuance of it as long as he thought good.

Grandmother. I rejoice, Jenny, at what you say ; such a feast as this is an act of worship, as, indeed, all our meals ought to be. The Apostle says, “whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, let all be done to the glory of God.” He knew our meals were likely to be seasons of temptation, and that nothing could so effectually preserve us, as turning our thoughts to Him, who is a present help in every time of need. But, my dear girl, I was going to remark, that it could not be the dish, I prepared for your supper, that had any share in making

you all so happy ; it was your mutual love and confidence ; your desire to please each other was the spring of it ; and let me remind you, that these blessings, in a great measure depend on ourselves ; the poor may have them as well as the rich ; and, so far as I could ever observe, I think they have the greatest share of them.

Jenny. Do you really think so, mother ?

Grandmother. I do, Jenny. I am sure we poor people take as much pleasure in our families as the richest can do, perhaps more ; and I believe we meet with as much duty and affection from our children as they do ; so that, on the whole, I think, if by moderate industry we can make out a living, we are as well off as they. Labour, so far from being a hardship on us, is one great source of our enjoyment, as it contributes greatly to health, without which, life drags on heavily, as many of the rich well know. In eating and drinking, we have greatly the advantage of them : you know who it is that says, "the full stomach loathes the honeycomb, but to the hungry soul bitter things are sweet." Labour and temperance in diet produce sound sleep at night, and fit us for the toils of the ensuing day.

Jenny. But, surely, mother, the rich may use exercise and live temperately, if they please ; what hinders them ?

Grandmother. A variety of temptations, which

we are excluded from. Lord, make us thankful for it! Snares of different kinds beset the rich, and yet many of them live as temperate as we can do, and have as much humility too; but none of them are without their cares, nor can be whilst in this world; they have, also, a very weighty charge on them, which we do not share in much, I mean the care of the poor, who are trusted to their protection. You know, in Scripture, they are called stewards, and every encouragement is held out to them, to be faithful ones: all do not act up to their trust, but we know that many do, and may be very justly called ministering angels to the wants of those below them. This is another cause for thankfulness on our part, when we see those far above us in rank, devote their time, their fortunes, and their talents to our service. That this is often the case, we all know; if it is not so general as might be wish'd, let us remember, that this world affords nothing perfect. The poor have their own faults, and when they are inclined to criticise, could not do better than begin with themselves. The faults we are in most danger of, I think, are these:—Repining at the lot marked out for us, by the unerring wisdom of God, who knows the frame of both mind and body, and what situation in life is most conducive to our welfare.—This is a great sin. The next is envying our rich neighbour, this is sin, and folly too.—The means of happiness,

I fully believe are pretty equally dispensed to both rich and poor, and even if they were not, still our time in this world is so short, and such rewards are promised to patient well-doing, that we have every reason to submit cheerfully to the will of providence.

Jenny. I hope I shall strive to do so. I know, from what I see in our little family, that poor people may be very comfortable, tho' they may have but little, and if it please God to continue our present comforts, I, for one, will never repine at my own lot, nor envy that of others.

Grandmother. Right, my good girl, and as you see that the chief spring of our comfort arises from the union of the family, in order to preserve that, I advise you not to be too quick-sighted to the faults of others; little things in general had better be overlook'd, provided they have no tendency to vice; try to bend your own temper to a cheerful compliance with that of others, in things indifferent: they will do as much for you on occasion, so there will be no contention, only which shall do most to oblige. A family who live in peace and love together, afford the greatest resemblance to heaven, of any thing I can imagine; Lord grant it may be always our happy lot!

POTATOES.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. Look here, grandmother, did you ever see finer potatoes?

Grandmother. Never, I think; and your father says, they are as thick as possible in the ground. I am sure, Jenny, when we give thanks for the blessings bestowed on us, we should not forget potatoes, for they are no small one: they are truly a precious gift from God for the poor, they are such substantial food, can be drest such a variety of ways, and will grow where little else will.

Jenny. Can they be used more ways than oatmeal, mother?

Grandmother. I think they can; though, to be sure, oats are a very useful grain to the poor: but potatoes, you know, are the standing dish all the year round, and you may see those who have seldom a sup of milk with them, and yet are strong, healthy, and full of spirits, which is a sure sign the food is wholesome; and we know good potatoes are very pleasant; and when we have a mind for a change, as I said before, we dress them a variety of ways to make them more palatable.

Jenny. How many ways?

Grandmother. I doubt that I can tell you all. I know, mix'd with flour, in the proportion of one to three, they make good bread: barm is made of them, by scraping them, as you would for starch, and adding a spoonful of good barm to a quart, it raises bread well. Starch, you know, they make, and very good. In the houses of the gentry, nice puddings, both boil'd and bak'd, are made of them; but these require sugar, spice, fruit, and butter, so we have not much to do with them; my mistress never thought her nice cakes right, if she had not potato-flour. In sauce for a goose, nothing is equal to them; mash a good bowl of them fine, put them in a pot, with less than a pint of milk, an onion cut small, a little pepper and salt, let them stew till right hot, and then you have some that will make the goose go as far again.

Jenny. Aye, mother, and that will eat right well without the goose.

Grandmother. With a pint of flour, a little salt and ginger, and potatoes bruised fine, you can make a large griddle full of good cake. You may make a good dish, by taking a quantity of potatoes bruised fine, a little pepper, salt, and, if you have it, an onion cut small, make the whole up in the form of a large loaf; shake a little dust of flour over it, lay it on a pan before a good fire; a few coals under the pan, baste it a little now and then with seasoned lard,

(which every woman that has had a pig killed ought to have some of,) as one side heats and grows brown, turn the other to the fire, till 'tis thoroughly hot, and nicely coloured, and then you have a very substantial savoury dish. A salt herring boiled, the bones taken out, and mashed up with boiled potatoes and eggs, with a little butter added, are fine sauce for dry fish, and make it go very far. If you make broth, and have not flour, potatoes will thicken it nearly as well. But far before any of them, in my opinion, is caulcannon: with a pot of potatoes, a head of cabbage, or a bit of greens, whichever you like best, a little milk, pepper, and salt, you may make a dish will serve a large family, and is exceedingly good; every one likes it; the gentry have it with roast beef, and it really makes the meat go as far again; besides, for us poor people, it has this advantage, that if the potatoes be wet, they will do nearly as well as the best, so that a meal of it is a comfortable change to the poor, when the old potatoes are out, and the new ones not yet full ripe. It would tire you to hear all the ways you can dress potatoes; but one thing I must not forget, I don't know any thing makes better pap for a wean'd child. I prefer it to bread, or flour and milk, and I know they thrive better on it. The way we make it, is to bruise a boiled potatoe soft, boil it in half-a pint of milk till it thickens, and is smooth;

it wants nothing but a grain of salt ; sugar in a child's food is useless at best, and often hurts them.

Jenny. I took notice that several of the dishes you spoke of, require a little milk, but those who have no cow must do without them, I am afraid.

Grandmother. That's true, Jenny, unless, indeed, they can afford to buy it,—or else, that their richer neighbours will now and then give a little to those whom they see honest and industrious. You know how often the Squire allows his labourers to send for some, when the times are hard. God bless him for his kindness to the poor !—but though I say this, about getting a little help now and then from the rich, my opinion is, that many a one who is content to live upon potato food, and never touches any other, might often procure something better, say on Sunday ; and my advice would be, gain the name of a sober, active man ; be always faithful to your employer ; set your children to something useful, as soon as they are old enough ; don't let the wheel stand idle in the corner while you have a wife to spin ; put knitting needles into the fingers of your little ones ; never spend the day lounging about, because it is a holiday, or you can get no work abroad, while your garden might be the better of a good pair of shoulders and a spade ; and to all this, live in the fear of God, and I warrant

you, a bit of meat will now and then be found on your table. Indeed, you have seen this as well as I; there is Terence Rooney, with his eight children, you know how decently he lives,—his eldest boy always works with himself,—the two next are sure of three-pence a day each, weeding in the Squire's garden, and in a little time, they will be able for stronger work; go into the cabin when you will, see how clean it is swept, how white are the trenchers; you may well say what I heard the other day, there is a place for every thing, and every thing in its place. When Judy has put her place to rights, down she sits to her wheel; her two biggest girls are either knitting or sewing, for they learned to do both at the school, which the Squire's lady takes so much pains about; the next girl minds the baby, and finds an odd hour to work too, and the remaining girl goes to school: indeed, Jenny, when even I want a lesson on industry and content, I go there to get it.

Jenny. Ah, grandmother, you don't want it, for I never saw you either idle or dissatisfied: but many a one about us might learn from it what you have often told me—that God always helps those who help themselves.

THE PIG.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. WHILE I wound the quills for my father, I told him all you were saying to me about potatoes, and what a blessing they were to the poor.

Grandmother. Well, what did he say to it?

Jenny. Why he laughed, and said you could find something to be thankful for every hour in the day, and he hoped, when next you preached to me, you would take the pig for your text.

Grandmother. Your father, Jenny, is a joking man, but he knows the value of the pig right well. He is a weaver, and that has been a poor trade for some years back; and though he has a good garden, and grass for his cow at a tolerable rate, as times go, yet he would find himself pinched if the pig did not stand in the gap. This very year, you know, he sold two pigs, in bacon, for a sum that paid his rent, besides one he kept, in part, for his own use; you can tell as well as any one how many good meals we got from the offal of those pigs only. Many of our neighbours, you know, sold pigs at higher rates, according to their sizes; for my part, I don't know what the poor people could do without them. Your father has a trade, though a bad one at present; he has a



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garden and Cow, but there are many men who have no trade, no cow, and but bad gardens, and even some of them no garden; and don't you think, the animal which enables such poor creatures to live at all, a fit subject for thankfulness?

Jenny. In deed, mother, I do; and as you spoke, I was thinking of Tim Harris, who got leave to build a little hut by the road side, hard by the bog; he has neither garden nor cow, but he has a wife and six children, besides an old sickly mother, nothing but his day's labour to depend on, and often he can't get work in winter; so that I wonder how they subsist at all, especially since the loss of our spinning.

Grandmother. Without the pig, Jenny, they could not do it; that pays for his ground, and other wants are supplied by it too. When Tim built his own cot, he made a little sty at the end of it for his pig; as the bog is just by him, he cuts the tops of the heath, and keeps a good bed of them always under the pig; a pig loves to lie warm, and won't thrive well without it. This litter, with the sweepings of his cot, and the stuff he gets out of the old bog-holes, he mixes together, and when it lies through the winter, 'tis good manure, and, as far it will go, any farmer near him will give him ground to plant a few ridges of early potatoes; these he has, without any other expense than the seed and his labour; and, Jenny, labour and temperance, are the

parents of health and spirits; no small blessings, you will allow; and I believe the poor have, by far, the greatest share of them.

Jenny. Indeed I believe so, mother, and yet I am sure the rich seem to have the means of them.

Grandmother. What do the means signify if we don't use them? But let us leave that at present, and go on with the pig. When I was young I could buy a pig, six or eight weeks old, for three or four shillings, but then pork and bacon were, in proportion cheap. A pig of that age now will bring a great deal more, and pork and bacon are also higher in price. Hardly any one is so poor, but they can make out the price of a sucking pig; its food will cost them very little for six or eight months; potato skins, the water potatoes are boiled in, cabbage-leaves, boiled or raw, are good food for them. When they are this age, or a little older, those who don't chuse to keep them longer, put them up for a couple of weeks, to feed, then kill and send them to market. Many think the most profitable way of selling pigs of this age, is to cut them up in pieces, salt them, and send them to market in a week, or more, after. Corn'd pork always sells at something more than fresh; and the poor, both in town and country, like it much better than butcher's meat; all of which, except ordinary veal, is commonly too dear for them;

while a very small piece of salt pork will relish a great pot of cabbage, and give a large family a comfortable meal; meantime, the owner of the pig has the offal to himself. The jaw, in bacon, is the nicest part of the pig, and will sell high; lard will produce money, if the owner chuses to sell it; if not, it will, in most cases, supply the place of butter, which is very dear, and the scull will give the family a great meal, besides the feet and puddings; the very bristles of the hog, especially if it be old, will turn to good account; so that indeed, Jenny, when I consider what a valuable creature this is, how easily purchased and maintained, I cannot help thanking God, for having given us such a profitable animal. May the LORD make us thankful for that, and all his other blessings!

Jenny. Mother, I say amen; and I pray he may give me the grace to think as you do on the blessings we enjoy!

Grandmother. My dear child, he gives us nothing else but blessings; what we call misfortunes, are mostly our own doings; or if sent by him, are only to remind us that this world is not our place of rest. But let us finish the subject of the pig, for your father will want his dinner at one o'clock. In order to quicken his growth, and make him thrive well, 'tis necessary he should be often washed while young; at every age he should have a dry bed; such as

have buttermilk plenty, think they can't make a more profitable use of it, than give it to young pigs, just taken from the sow. No doubt, it stretches them finely. Among the different sorts of potatoes, I think there are none less agreeable than those we call bucks; yet on these, pigs will fatten prodigiously, and our worst ground will bring a plentiful crop of them. The cottager who can afford to kill a pig for his own use, has a great advantage; it will keep as long as he pleases, if well saved; for one year, I know, bacon improves. A very little bit will make a large dish of potatoes, or other vegetables, very agreeable.

Jenny. What is the best method of saving bacon, mother?

Grandmother. In winter and spring, there is little art in it, only give it salt enough, and let it dry gradually, for too much fire rusts it; a month, if it has been well rubbed, is enough for the largest pig to lie in salt. If we must kill a pig in warm weather, more care is necessary, and as good bacon as I ever tasted was killed in August. The pig's leg was broken by accident, he was killed after sun-set, cut up warm, the fitches laid on two planks, and hot salt shaken thick over them, which purged almost all the blood in it out before morning. Early in the morning, it was well rubbed with salt, and saltpetre; then covered with an old hair cloth, which a fly could not penetrate; when fit to

hang up to dry, it was put, each fitch, in a bag, which secured it from flies till it was dry. Some keep pork in pickle; in which case, if the weather is warm, the pig should be killed, like that I told you of now, left to purge all night, and put in pickle in the morning.— Water boiled with salt and salt-petre, is the pickle; it must cover the meat entirely, and then no fly can touch it. If it be long kept, the pickle will want to be boiled a second time, well scummed, and fresh salt added. When first made, it should be strong enough to bear an egg; this meat is not much inferior to bacon. But, Jenny, I think we had best conclude our discourse on the pig, for I see your father coming, and I suppose he wants his dinner.

SICKNESS.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. Well, Jenny, how does your brother this morning?

Jenny. He thinks himself better, mother, and would get up if you give him leave. The pain in his head and limbs is gone, but his flesh seems sore, and he is in a moisture.

Grandmother. Till that is over, he had better lie in bed: when it is, he may rise if he will.

Jenny. Mother, you ought to turn doctor, you have such luck with your patients, we were frightened about poor Tom.

Grandmother. And not without reason : he was quite overcome, and had strong symptoms of a fever, and when that is the case, people are too apt to give strong liquors, by way of cures, which is like throwing oil on a fire. My method would be to bathe the patient's legs to the knees, in warm water ; then rub them, and all his limbs well with a coarse towel, bind a strip of flannel over his forehead, and cover him up in bed, giving him a bowl of warm whey, which I would have him sip leisurely, as the ladies do tea, and I think a pint taken that way will have more effect than a quart swallowed down at once. By this simple method, Jenny, I think I have prevented fevers more than once ; and, at the worst hand, it will do no mischief, which is one main point. But as for drugs, they are not things for ignorant people to meddle with ; and those who do, ought to think on the commandment, " Thou shalt do no murder." Many a one I have known killed by quacks, who, I think would have recovered, only by a little time, patience, and fasting.

Jenny. You are a great friend to fasting, mother.

Grandmother. In many cases, I think it more than half the cure ; and surely common sense

may teach one, that when the whole frame is disordered from head to foot, that is no time to load the stomach with food. I had rather give warm water, or a dose of simple physic, to assist in getting rid of what was in it.

Jenny. I can't help thinking, mother, that our men bring some of these distempers on themselves.

Grandmother. I am sure they do, Jenny; the poor have got new distempers among them. When I was young, one would hardly hear of the palsy, never of an apoplexy, and both are now quite common; not less than seven have died this season of an apoplexy in our neighbourhood, I give much of the credit of it to whiskey, but not all. Too many men have a custom of keeping on wet cloaths, and I know nothing more dangerous. A man may walk or work all day in them, with more safety than he can sit half an hour; now there is scarcely one who can't put on some sort of change when he goes home, or at the worst he can go to bed, and let his wife dry his clothes, which might save many a life. Using violent exercise, either at work or diversion, and then throwing themselves on the ground to cool, or drinking water or buttermilk, in large quantities, is another custom they have, and I think it would be almost as safe to take a dose of poison. Many a fine young man have I know carried off by pleurisy, or cholic, on account of such practices.

Jenny. You often attend the sick, mother, and the neighbours say you are a lucky woman, for the second person of a family seldom takes the distemper, if you are with them.

Grandmother. No luck attends me, child, but what every one may have, if they please. My whole art consists in keeping the patient perfectly clean, in admitting a reasonable quantity of air into his room, in changing his linen every day, if I can; but, at any rate, every second. The moment I take off his shirt, I dip it in a tub of cold water; there it lies till just night; then, wet as it is, I throw it on the grass in the garden, and in the morning, any one may wash it without danger. If I have vinegar, I sometimes sprinkle it round the bed, or dip a hot iron in it; the smell refreshes the patient and the nurse too. There is another very good way, which the nurse at the County Infirmary told me; it is to get some common salt on a plate, and pour on it a little oil of vitriol; fumes of smoke immediately rise, which purify the air. And now, Jenny, you have my whole art of preventing infection; but, with respect to the sick, I forbid all visits, or gossiping in his room; quietness is quite necessary for both body and mind; and the want of it a dreadful addition to his distress; if a doctor attends, I obey all his orders strictly; if not, I do as I told you, keep the sick quiet and clean, encourage him to put his

whole trust in God, whether for life or death. I give him plenty of whey, or if he calls for water, I would not refuse it in a fever. I allow no food in a fever, except a bit of bread, a roasted apple, or a spoonful of flummery; nor these, except the sick is eager for them. Till the distemper is quite gone, they alone will support the patient very well, and I know the sickness often returns, by giving food or cordial too soon.

Jenny. You would not allow them to give saffron, or warm punch, to drive out the small-pox or measles.

Grandmother. A fever which brings with it a high inflammation, as both these distempers do, wants no cordials; all they can do is, to double the quantity of the eruption, and very often endanger the life of the patient. The small-pox, above all other distempers, requires fresh air. I believe no one ever knew a beggar's child die of it. The reason of which I take to be, they are continually on the move. When I was young, we had a sad method of covering up the sick with bed clothes, and not letting a breath of air near them. I am glad to see we have learned better things since; and I take that to be one reason the small-pox is not half so mortal as it used to be. I'll tell you a thing I knew to happen in the small-pox: a fine young man died of it, to appearance, the thirteenth day; his family, after lamenting

heartily over his bed, brought in a bundle of green rushes, which had been cut for thatch; this they spread on the kitchen floor, and laid the corpse on it, while they were preparing the room for his wake. It was not long, till some of them thought they heard a voice in the kitchen, and looking in, to their terror and astonishment, they saw the dead man half raised, and leaning on his elbow, giving thanks for a stream of fresh air, which was pouring in on him from the door. It was not easy to persuade him to leave that spot, and when he did, it was only on condition of having the door and window of his room left open.—He recovered, and is yet living.

Jenny. Well, I think I will never smother a person in the small-pox. But tell me, mother, what do you think is the best way of preserving health?

Grandmother. Providence, Jenny, has kindly ordered, that the course which is good for the soul, should, in general, be beneficial to the body also. Temperance I take to be the chief thing necessary; half our distempers spring from the want of it. Cleanliness is the next; and I think you know it is as cheap, on the whole, to be clean as dirty. Linen, or any thing else, worn too long, takes a double quantity of soap to cleanse it, and three times the rubbing, which wears the cloth.

VACCINATION.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. I HAVE been ever since this day week, watching a moment when you were not busy:—Don't you remember, grandmother, we were talking about the small-pox, and the good of letting the sick have plenty of air? but I want to know from you, how it is that we seldom hear of that ugly disorder now. I myself can remember the time, when it used to carry off many a one, both old and young; but if we are to believe the doctors, it is our own faults that one ever sees it now.

Grandmother. The doctors are right, Jenny; and a thousand pities it is, that there are some people so mistaken, as to set their faces against the cow-pock, which we are told is a way of keeping it off. There is our neighbour, Mary Cassidy, who never would consent to have her children vaccinated, as it is called; and you know what was the consequence; all her children took the small-pox at once. Poor woman, though she might be said to have brought her troubles on herself by her obstinacy, I pitied her, and many a night I sat up with her, when the disorder was at its height. What a frightful sickness it was! their bodies one sore from head to foot, and, as the apothecary said,

nothing to be done for them, but to let fresh air into the room, and keep them as clean as possible.

Jenny. Often have I heard Mary repent of her fault since; though, poor thing, she did it for the best.

Grandmother. Yes, she did it for the best and I pity her myself: but she ought to have listened to reason; she saw all her neighbours, aye, and the quality among the rest, getting their little ones vaccinated; she knew that the Doctor at the Dispensary made nothing by it; (for there is a doctor in Dublin, appointed by the Lord Lieutenant himself, to send the infection to the different parts of Ireland, without charge; I have seen the house myself, where he lives, very often; it is in Sackville-street, quite close to Nelson's Pillar.)—And, besides this, Mary could not say there was one case, in which vaccination did not keep off the small-pox; and yet, she would have her own way; she foolishly said her children were very well, and she did not understand making them ill.

Jenny. Yes, grandmother, that was a great mistake. I remember when my father got the hurt on his leg, the surgeon put him to great pain, with that long piece of steel he called a probe; and by cutting away some proud flesh with his knife; but he told him, it was the only way of saving his limb from mortifying,

and then he must have cut it off entirely.

Grandmother. The rule is very easy to remember—better to bear a little pain to-day, than twice as much to-morrow. And often poor Mary says that to herself, when she looks at two of her three children. One of them, you know, has his face all covered with ugly seams, and the youngest became stone-blind. A finer child I never saw, than he had been before this misfortune came on him.

Jenny. Do you know how vaccination was found out?

Grandmother. Yes, Jenny; I read it in a little book, which I bought from Simon the pedlar, for sixpence, last Michaelmas day fair, and you shall read it this evening, after work; the book is called the History of Prince Lee Boo, and I warrant you will be delighted with it.—He was brought over to England by a sea captain, whose ship had been wrecked on an island where his father was king, and was loved by every one who saw him, he was so gentle and good; but it was the will of God he should take the small-pox, and die of it, when he had been about nine or ten months in the country. Poor Lee Boo! he was just twenty years of age—and had he lived, intended to teach his father every thing he had learned—but there is no occasion to tell you his history, as you will read it yourself—but at the end of the book, there is a short account of the good

that has been done to mankind by the discovery of vaccination; I remember it says, that two hundred thousand used to die of small-pox in Europe in ten weeks, but after vaccination was used, there were four deaths only in the same number of people.

Jenny. What a happy discovery! and did Mary Cassidy still refuse when she heard all this?

Grandmother. Yes, Jenny; although I was with her the day the Squire told her that Parliament had made the Doctor who discovered it, a present of £30,000—and that even the wild Indians in America were thankful to let their children be vaccinated.

Jenny. Well, I hope, there are but few who would follow her example now.

Grandmother. There are not many, thank God—indeed, in our neighbourhood, the very sight of Mary Cassidy's two sons gives a lesson not easily forgotten.

Jenny. Don't you think it a sin then for a father or mother to refuse to vaccinate their children?

Grandmother. Indeed I do, Jenny—We are bound to take care of our offspring, and to keep them from harm; and surely it is not doing so, if we expose them to the danger of a disorder, which so often causes death, or loss of sight: but besides that, it is a cruelty to others. Suppose I had a little one, so puny, that it could not, for some months after being born, bear to

be vaccinated — a neighbour refuses to send her children to the dispensary, and, in consequence, one of them catches the small pox; they all take it, for the disorder is very infectious; it spreads through the village, and my little, sickly child is seized with it also—tell me, Jenny, if it dies, to whose fault am I to ascribe its death?

Jenny. To the self-willed parent to be sure; but, please God, no one will stand out against it any longer.

Grandmother. Amen, Jenny — for if they do, they have still less excuse than Mary Cassidy had; it was then but a new discovery, but it is now twenty-two years since, and therefore every one has sufficient experience of the good that has been done by it.

Jenny. Well, Grandmother, I have only one question more to ask you—You know how often Mary Cassidy and her children are talked of by the neighbours—and it is only the other day a woman who came down from Dublin said, in my hearing, that she knew a child who had been vaccinated, and yet it took the small pox afterwards. Now, if this be true, there is not much use in the cow-pock remedy—for nothing worse can happen, than taking the small pox, even if one refuses to be vaccinated. Is not that your notion?

Grandmother. Before I answer that, let me warn you, Jenny, against being too hasty in forming your opinions. Before we make up our mind upon any matter, we should know all that

can be said upon it. When we are told of one case in which vaccination failed, we should recollect the many thousands in which it succeeded. He was a very giddy young man who forgot that one swallow maketh not a summer—and went and sold his warm bedding, because he had seen one of these birds flying about on a sunshiny day in winter; but I think the parent far more imprudent, who exposes his child to that fatal disorder, the small-pox, because a few out of millions have caught it after having been vaccinated. I recollect, myself, to have heard what you mention—and found, on enquiry, that in some very rare instances, such a thing has happened; indeed, the doctors make no secret of it—for every year, when they give the numbers of those who have been vaccinated, they honestly tell us whatever failures have come to their knowledge: and we find that there is not one in one hundred thousand, or perhaps more.

Jenny. Since it is true then, can you wonder that Mary Cassidy should have thought that her own child might prove that one?

Grandmother. I do, Jenny; for although I make great allowance for the anxiety a mother feels for her offspring, it should not blind her judgment; on the contrary, it should sharpen it, to find out what was best for those she loved. Do you think, if I heard that a tile had fallen from the top of a house, and killed a man who was passing by, that should prevent me from

walking in the streets of Dublin; or, would you advise me never to come in the canal boat from Dublin, because our poor neighbour, Terence Ryan, fell off the deck of one into the water, and was drowned? But it is a better way of satisfying your doubts to tell you, that cases are known of a person having caught the small-pox twice, though happily, they are equally rare as those of failure in vaccination. Before this was found out, many people used to get their children inoculated with the matter taken from one of the pimples in small-pox, and it had the effect of keeping off the natural disorder, in a great number of instances; but in many, very many, it failed. So that there is nothing objected to vaccination, which may not, in ten-fold degree, be urged against inoculation, and many thousand-fold against neglecting every precaution.

Jenny. I see it now, Grandmother, and hope I shall know how to answer those who condemn vaccination; it is clear they do so from want of knowledge.

Grandmother. And whenever the conversation does arise, in addition to all you have heard, dont forget to say, that vaccination not only in numberless instances, keeps off the natural small-pox, which has been such a scourge to man, but also, whatever good it may fail to do, at all events, it is safe; it does no harm—for no one ever heard of either man, woman, or child, dying, because they had been vaccinated.

THE SCRIPTURES.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. PUT this book on the shelf, Jenny, and hand me the wool-cards; we have a good parcel of wool to work up to day.

Jenny. I often wonder, grandmother, you find such constant pleasure in reading the Bible; I am sure I should be tired, if I stuck to it as you do.

Grandmother. If you had a treasure, Jenny, in which you found every thing you wanted, at all times, and on every occasion, would you be soon tired of it.

Jenny. Why, no, to be sure, I would not; but pray is the Bible such a treasure to you?

Grandmother. Yes, just such a one: the Bible is the revealed will of God; from that I can learn what I must do to please him. If I am in trouble, I read there that "our light afflictions are but for a moment, and not to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed hereafter." If I am in danger of growing too fond of this world, it warns me, "that we have here no continuing city," and bids me "seek one which hath foundations." If I am ever so great a sinner, it bids me "turn and repent, and I shall be forgiven." In short, there is nothing needful for me to know, but what I can learn from it.

Jenny. And will reading the Bible make us, good, Grandmother.

Grandmother. We may implicitly believe what the Scriptures say of themselves, that they are “able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ;” and that faith none but himself can give; but we are told in Scripture “if we seek we shall find,” and if “we ask we shall receive.” Now, Jenny, my reason for wishing you should sometimes read the Bible is, that I hope you may one time or other, while you read, feel a desire to ask a blessing of that good God, who is always ready to hear the prayers of his poor creatures.

Jenny. Indeed, mother, I have felt such a wish more than once, as I heard you read, or as I read a little myself, but I opened it yesterday at a place I could make no sort of hand of.

Grandmother. There are many parts of it which from the mysterious nature of the subject, must needs be above our comprehension, but, what of that, all that relates to our duty is clear as the sun. You have the ten commandments by heart, and you have read our Lord’s sermon on the mount—dont you understand them?

Jenny. Oh, very well; they are quite plain.

Grandmother. Well, Jenny, any thing which is not quite plain, you and I have nothing to do with. You will find a great deal of fine reading, plain enough to you; and there is hardly any occasion in life, but you will find some good advice on it; even with respect to your business in this world. Another thing is, it will be apt

to put good thoughts into your head, and bad ones out of it; this I know by experience; and I remember I was once saved from doing a bad action, only by looking accidentally at a text in the Bible, and from that day to this, I made it a law to myself, to read a few verses every day; and as I could do it in a few minutes, I never found it hinder my business.

Jenny. Oh, mother, will you tell me what part you read then?

Grandmother. Yes, Jenny, it was this, "whither shall I go from thy presence," and it put me in mind that I was going to do wrong, under the eye of him who is present with us at all times and in all places; though we are too apt to consider him "as a God afar off." Now, Jenny, this simple text, if we consider it as we ought, would prevent a great deal of mischief; for which of us dare to be guilty of a sin, whilst we consider that our Maker is looking on; so, my good girl, it is for your own sake that I advise you to read a small portion of the Scriptures pretty often; it will not prevent your daily labour, and you can think a little of what you have read, while you are at work, and if you do it seriously, you will find the benefit of it.



THE SABBATH.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. Who were you talking to, on the road, Jenny.

Jenny. Kitty Morris, grandmother; she wanted me to go with her to the hurling; all the world, she says, are going there, and there will be great play. I told her I had no chance of going this day of the week; for I knew that you, or my father and mother, would not approve of it: she said she could not see the least harm in a little diversion on Sunday evening, after working hard all the week, and going to our devotion in the morning.

Grandmother. Well, Jenny, what did you say to that?

Jenny. Why, I told her, I had never considered much whether the sport, in itself, was right or wrong; but I knew very well it would be wrong in me to disobey my parents, and therefore I would not go.

Grandmother. You gave a proper answer, Jenny; but, though you have not much considered the subject, I have, and I'll tell you what I think of it. The sport, in itself, is a manly one, and, I believe, may be used in moderation; that is, very seldom, and never on Sunday.

Jenny. Not in an evening, mother?

Grandmother. No, not any time of the day.

—We begin it with an act of worship, and to go directly from that to a place of recreation, appears to me very inconsistent. God himself has said “Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day.” Besides this, which is indeed the strongest reason, does it stand to sense that it can be a fit employment for Sunday? If we have received any benefit from our morning devotion, I think we shall be likely to lose it by so doing.—Among such a concourse of people, we often get off our guard, our thoughts are scattered, various temptations will arise; mostly to the men indeed, but the women are not quite exempt from them; and though the sport may end quietly, yet I question, whether any of those who attend it, feel themselves as comfortable at night as they would have done if they had staid at home: besides, those who work all the week, would want a day of rest for their bodies as well as their minds, and I am sure, running some miles to a hurling, and coming back at a late hour, wont contribute much towards that. I should like to have the Sunday evening spent mostly in reading, or taking a sober walk, or chatting with a neighbour (if one chances to call in) on serious subjects.

Jenny. Well, mother, I am apt to think you are in the right; but I believe all the boys, or girls either, wont approve of your doctrine.

Grandmother. I dont expect they shall—yet, those who do, feel the benefit of it. There is

neighbour Darby has five daughters—who ever saw any one of them at any place of diversion on Sunday? The Bible gives them employment all the Sunday evening; but they have been religiously brought up by their parents; trained early to industry and economy. — There are not better working girls in the whole country, both within and without, nor any more obedient and loving to their father and mother. I dare say you never heard any of them charged with telling a lie, or saying an ill word of any one, for which reason, every one loves and likes them. The two eldest were married very young to two snug little farmers, and the unmarried ones may pick and chuse among the men, on account of their characters; for, let a man be what he will himself, he likes to get a sober, industrious wife, and so far he is in the right. I don't know, any girls, I should like you to be acquainted with, so much as these girls, for I am sure you will learn nothing wrong from them.

Jenny. No, indeed, mother, it will be my own fault if I don't learn something good from them; but while you were praising them as they deserve, I was wondering you said nothing of their dress, because I think it is just what would please you:

Grandmother. It is exactly fit for persons in their circumstances, Jenny, and that is the reason it pleases me; not gay and flimsy rags, but plain and substantial, and always clean; their

linen is equal in whiteness to our own, and, indeed, except it be caps or handkerchiefs, they wear very little but what they manufacture themselves. You would never see an ear-ring in their ears, or a curl in their hair; as little will you see a rent in their gowns, or a hole in their stockings;—indeed, they are a pattern to their neighbours.

Jenny. I think they are, mother, and so are Jemmy Creagh's two daughters; you would wonder to see what respect is shewn to these two women by the gentry—really, they speak to them as if they were equals.

Grandmother. No, Jenny, I should not wonder at it, the world is never so blind but it knows good from evil, and I never knew it refuse its approbation to those who truly deserve it. Now the Creaghs were left young without a mother; the poor father did the best he could for them, but for the last fifteen years, that was very little, and for the seven last years, he has been almost as helpless as an infant. In this state, his situation would have been deplorable, if Providence had not blessed him with two excellent daughters, by whose industry he is supported, and by whose unwearied care and tenderness, old age and its manifold infirmities are rendered not only tolerable but agreeable. Oh, how delighted have I been, to observe the tender attention with which they watch his every motion; it is not his body only they are careful of, they

read to him, they pray with him—they are religious women, and, under the grace of God, I have no doubt but they will be instrumental towards his salvation; so he thinks himself, and, I believe never lies down or rises, that he does not give thanks for such children.

Jenny. And well he may; but I have been told, mother, that they have a good deal of money, though they are lone women, and have had a helpless old man to maintain so many years.

Grandmother. I believe they are pretty snug, Jenny. When they were of an age to manage a little business, they set up huxtering, in this their native town; they sell bread, butter, cheese, bacon, salt, and such other things as there is a constant demand for. They buy fat pigs to make bacon of, and oats to make meal; their weights and measures being good, and every little thing they kept the best in its kind, they always had a good demand, and they were diligent and frugal: indeed, their whole conduct was such as to draw down the blessing of heaven on them, as well as the respect of their superiors; and as you have noticed how great a share they have of that, so you must also have observed, how properly and with what humility they receive these marks of esteem; they are not at all set up by it, you see no airs on them, they act from a sense of duty, and I believe would do so, if they were censured instead of applauded for it. The good

opinion of the world is not to be undervalued, but it ought, by no means, to be the principal motive of our actions—they should all spring from love to God and our neighbours. These are the two great commandments which comprehend all the rest; and if, with the assistance of divine grace, we strive to obey them, all will go well with us in the end. But, Jenny, we shall have something to do presently; I think I see our men coming; so I will only just observe to you, that the women we have been talking of, are a full proof to you, (and I could add an hundred others,) that it is not our station in life, but our conduct in it, that procures respect for us. The poor man is not despised for his poverty—if he be honest, frugal, and industrious, he will have the good opinion of his neighbours, 'tis very probable their assistance too, if they see that he perseveres in well doing.

THE GARDEN.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. WHAT are you gazing at, Jenny? I have stood a good while looking at you, and you have not stirred.

Jenny. Why, mother, when I came up this little rise to put my caps on the bush, I had a view of the whole garden, and it looked so beautiful, it took up all my thoughts. Come up here; if you please.

Grandmother. Why really, Jenny, it does look pretty, and the more so because it lies on a slope, and we take in the whole view at once. Just below the plot which we call our kitchen garden, lie the potatoes all in blossom; beyond them the barley, waving to every breeze; and the little oziery, in that wet spot below, looks as pretty as any thing else.

Jenny. Well, mother, and dont the white and red roses, that I stuck here and there on the inside of the ditch, cut a fine dash now?

Grandmother. They do indeed, Jenny; but while we admire the shewy part of our garden, let us not forget these little plots of different kinds of vegetables, which lie next, and though they make no great figure, are a very useful thing in a poor man's family, especially between the old and new potatoes, they make his food both palatable and wholesome too.

Jenny. Yes, and make them go farther— I wonder every man who has a garden, does not allow a part of it for the kitchen; and yet, I think I have heard you say, my father was not willing for it at first.

Grandmother. He was not, because manure was scarce with him, and he knew how necessary it was that a kitchen garden should have plenty of it; indeed, he had always a plot of cabbage, hardly any cabin wants that; but when your mother married, she who had lived some years with a rich farmer, and knew the value

of a garden, had a mind for something more; she knew vegetables will make a bit of meat, when we can get it, go twice, aye, three times as far as it would without them, and that they would eat well without it. I joined with her, and between us, we got the better of your father: he gave us those three plots, and as much dung as he could spare; two of them we set cabbage in, the first year; the third, having a great deal of weeds on it, we pulled them off and burned them and every other rubbish we could get, upon it; then digging it well, we sowed it with winter turnips, and a great crop it produced; we had plenty to eat, and sold a good deal, and in order to have plenty of dung in future, we gathered carefully every sort of weeds the garden afforded, turnip tops, old cabbage leaves, &c. and threw them to the pigs in the sty, and we found that, with the help of a few potatoes, they were able to keep them in very good order, besides making a great deal of manure; and I question is there any better manure than rotten weeds, and 'tis best for the ground to be well weeded, for they impoverish any plant they are near. So, by frequently digging, and collecting as much dung as we could make out, we were not very long till we thought we had one plot would bring onions; there we sowed onion and leek seed, it succeeded well, and as they are things all the poor are exceedingly fond of, what we did not want (which was a great deal) we found a ready sale for;

another plot was sown, one half with parsnips and carrots, the other half with beans: these, with a little butter and pepper, are excellent food, and very stengthening to those who labour hard, as most of our men do this time of the year, at mowing, cutting turf, &c. besides they come in at the very time they are most wanting, when the old potatoes are growing stringy, and afford little nourishment, while the new are soft, watery, and indeed very un-substantial food, beside the waste in digging them too soon. The third plot we reserved for cabbage plants; half of it we let stand for white cabbage, the other half we keep cutting, not the hearts, but the leaves, so that they are always young and tender; and as for my part, I think the oftener they are cut, the faster they grow. When we think fit to pull up these, we plant broccoli in their place for winter. When we draw white cabbage, it keeps very well either the head down on hurdles, or hung up by the roots from the collar beam. 'Tis wonderful what produce there is in a small plot of ground laid out in this way. I don't think, under potatoes, it would turn to such account. The first time we dig a meal of new potatoes, we generally throw in a little turnip-seed in the place, and it often turns out well; and your father always sticks cabbage plants here and there in a couple of ridges of potatoes, just at the edges, and though they do not grow to such a size as

those in the plots, yet they are very useful, were it only for pigs and cows. You know how much milk a cow will give, while she gets cabbage to eat; the water that cabbage is boiled in, with a very little milk, is excellent for young calves. Heath water alone, I have known to rear a good calf, who never tasted milk.

Jenny. Most people boil hay for them.

Grandmother. Such as have it often do, because it saves a little trouble; but all have it not, and it is a happiness to know we can do without it. Our poultry, too, are extremely fond of boiled cabbage, and mixed with potatoes it fattens them; so that Jenny, I may say, the cottager who has a garden, ought, if he knows his own interest, to lay out a small part of it for the kitchen.

Jenny. But some of them will tell you, mother, that it takes up too much of their time, weeding and dressing, &c.

Grandmother. I think they are wrong:—a thing that is done regularly, goes on faster than one would expect. Your mother and I made it a rule every fine day, just at the close of the evening, that one of us should spend half an hour weeding, while the other prepared our supper, and by this means we had it so clean, that a few minutes of an evening would do our work; and as the little ones grew to know a vegetable from a weed, they were proud to share our labours, and indeed left us little to do in the weeding line.

Jenny. My father owns now the garden is a good thing ; but Paddy Neill says, there is no use in herbs or flowers.

Grandmother. O! dont mind him, Jenny, he often talks for talking sake. What flowers have we but your roses, which grow on the ditch, and take up no more room than any other bush, and a few herbs stuck at the end of the plots here and there, marjoram, thyme, savory and marigold? all these your father likes very well in his broth, when he happens to have it, and he knows your mother sells onions and leeks, enough to defray the whole expense of the kitchen garden ; and besides, a few flowers that do not require much care, are very allowable.

BUTTER.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. WELL, mother, I hope you like my butter this time.

Grandmother. Yes, Jenny, 'tis very good ; and it was your taking too much pains with it, last time, that hurt it. When the milk is quite worked out of it, and the salt well mixed in it, the less it gets of the hand afterwards the better: some I know, will beat it for an hour together, which gives it a strong oily taste, after two or three days, though it may eat well just at first. Butter

intended to be eaten fresh, requires little salt— that which we tub or put in crocks, requires a deal, and it ought to be very fine, and the butter lightly washed after it.

Jenny. A cow is a very profitable creature, mother.

Grandmother. Yes, and some cows are more so than others; that is, they give more and richer milk, and to have the full profit of that, 'tis necessary the milk vessels should be kept very sweet, so that the milk don't thicken too soon, for after it does, no more cream will rise; if I use wooden vessels, I would, in very hot weather, sometimes boil them with the tops of the hawthorn, which sweetens more than any thing else that I know. The place where the milk stands ought to be cool, and the milk not stirr'd at all, till it is time to skim it. If the weather be very hot, I would throw half a pint of spring water in the vessel before I pour'd in the milk. I know it helps to cast up cream; some cool it in a large iron pot before they set it; you may be sure the longer it stands without thickening, the more cream you will have, and consequently the more butter. I don't like skimmed milk, nor think it wholesome when it has stood long; buttermilk is far better, and when we have both I chuse to mix them; but milk that has stood only twenty-four hours, is very good. I must tell you, Jenny, there are

some herbs which give both milk and butter a very ill taste, when the cow eats them, but cabbage and wild parsnip greatly increase the quantity of milk, and don't affect the taste of it.



CLEANLINESS.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. Well, Jenny, you have seen your old acquaintance; how did you leave her? does she like her situation?

Jenny. Indeed, Grandmother, I think she does, she has reason to like it. Henry, she says, is quite sober and industrious; and the old woman, his mother, very good-humoured, and

fond of Kitty, and a fine nurse to the child, which is now just a month old. They have a good garden, and cow, and two fine slips of pigs, and as neat a cottage, mother, as you'd wish to see.

Grandmother. I am glad of it; is it large or small?

Jenny. There is a good kitchen, decently furnished, a neat dresser, well set out with earthen ware, a small oak chest, a good table, and half a dozen chairs, pots, and other utensils. The old woman's room is small; it only holds her bed, a box, and stool. Kitty's is larger; she has a feather-bed and good bead-stead in it; a small chamber chest, a little table and one chair; a pretty little glass hangs over the table. There is a small sash window in it, just four panes, with little calico curtains to it; and Kitty has a pretty calico quilt, made of old gowns, all but the middle-piece; and she has a green drugget quilt for every day. Harry, who is a handy man, has lofted the room, and says he will loft the kitchen with good strong hurdles, which he has plastered and white-washed so nicely, you may take it for one of the master's rooms. He says hurdles are the best place in the world to keep potatoes, after you take them out of the pit. On one side of the door, outside, he has built a little thing, you might suppose it was a prop to the wall, but it is a dairy. The door is little, and made of wicker-work; one pane of

glass, which they can slide back or forward, gives it air. There is just room for two half hundred tubs, and a little churn; over them is a shelf for the milk-pans. He has a snug shed for his cow, and a sty for his pig, both at the back of the house, he made them both himself. He has paved a couple of yards before his door, and you can't think how neat and tidy every thing looks, I asked him if he was not afraid to do so much to a place he only had by the year? He said he was born under Mr. Lee, and expected to die under some of the family; they were not apt to turn off sober, honest workmen; that the chiefest expense he had been at, was making the hurdles; and them he may take with him, if he did move. That his master had given him lime, and some sticks, for the roof of his little cow-house, &c.; that his landlord was none of your high-flyers, but a plain sober man, who loved to see his cottagers comfortable; that what he had done to this house, was chiefly done in the morning or evening, or on broken days, when he had not other work. But that is not all;—about a month before Kitty lay in, the Mistress was taking a walk, with two of her little ones, and a heavy shower drove her into Kitty's cottage. She admired the neatness of the kitchen, and nothing would serve her but she must look at the rooms,—nay, the little dairy did not escape her, and she did praise all to some purpose, till she made Kitty quite pleased. But the best of

the story is to come yet;—no sooner did she go back, but she sent Kitty a very good old shirt, to make baby things; a rocket, as good as new, and a bed-gown to the old woman. But I am tiring you, Grandmother.

Grandmother. No, indeed, Jenny, you are not; I am glad to hear your old companion is comfortable, and to see you pleased at it. We should all rejoice at each other's welfare; and, my dear girl, this will be no unprofitable visit to you, if you accustom yourself to reflect on what you see and hear. You have seen that an attention to cleanliness will set off the cottage, and procure respect for the owner of it; and I have often wished, that our superiors would look into our little habitations oftener than they do; for though I think the poor, in our part of the country, are in general cleanly, yet such visits would encourage them to be more and more so, and might have a good effect in other respects.

Jenny. I wish every one was like Kitty's landlord—every year, since the spinning grew bad, when he shears his sheep, he gives to each of his cottagers as many fleeces, as he thinks will give the poor men's family something to do in winter; this they manufacture into druggets, stuff, frize, or half cloth, by this means they have clothes cheap, and profit enough on what they sell, to pay the landlord for his wool, and more too, sometimes; so that he loses nothing, and they are great gainers—Heaven reward him for it!

Grandmother. You may remember, Jenny, I often told you, Kitty bid fair to do well. She laid out little in tawdry finery, but when she had any thing to spare, she laid it out in something that was likely to be of use to her hereafter; she used to say, she would never have a cabin till she had something to put in it, nor marry any man who was given to drinking whiskey: she kept her word in both respects, and now she feels the benefit of it. Harry, I know, is a handy lad, and most of our men are ingenious. Many a good mason, thatcher, and carpenter among them, who never served a time to the trade: if they would but let this pernicious whiskey alone, they would be much better than they are, notwithstanding the badness of trade.

Jenny. I am afraid, mother, the gentry don't always set them a good example in this respect.

Grandmother. Very likely; but we should remember, rich and poor have one example set before them; we are not bid to look here or there for a pattern — our Lord says, "learn of me," and while we look to this example, we certainly shall avoid intemperance of every kind, and use his gifts as he designed we should; by so doing, I think we should escape many bodily distempers. Who ever heard of apoplexies among the poor till now? and now they are getting quite common, and other distempers which were not known to them till the use of

whiskey became so general. But, thank Heaven! the women in the country at least, are free from it.

THE ANNALS OF THE POOR—PART I.

Jenny and Grandmother.

Jenny. You promised a long time ago, to tell me your misfortunes after my grandfather's death. I wish you would begin them now.

Grandmother. A poor story it is, Jenny, but you shall hear it. I married young, indeed too young, as many people do, and bring a great deal of hardships on themselves by it. I was at service, and had a good mistress; one that looked to the behaviour of her servants in every respect; no lying, no swearing, no tattling would she allow among them, and though she kept them pretty constant to work, she gave them time to mend their own little things. Every Sunday evening, we were called into the parlour to hear the Scriptures read, and it was she who gave me that old Bible I am so fond of. O, I remember as well as if it was yesterday, what she said when she put it in my hand.—Kitty, said she, if you make this book the rule of your conduct, you will be sure to find comfort in it, whatever misfortunes may fall on you—true enough I found her words after. Well, I was telling you I married—Neither my husband nor

I had any thing to signify to begin with, so, for a great while, things were poor enough with us—we took a cottage and garden, within half a mile of the town of ———; my husband was industrious, and I did what I could; but children coming fast, was a great draw-back on my little earnings; however, we made out a cow after a while, and I thought myself happy: well, we went on pretty well for nearly eight years, we loved one another, and we loved our children, we had potatoes and milk, and were content, till one unlucky day my husband went to the fair to sell a pig—Oh! that day I shall never forget—my heart was as heavy as lead from morning till night—I could settle myself to nothing. About night-fall a messenger came full speed to tell me a man was killed in the fair, and my husband and Jerry Dowling sent to jail for murder.

Jenny. Oh, mother! how dreadful must have been your situation—what did you do?

Grandmother. I was, indeed, in a miserable way. It is a sad thing that men wont leave a fair when their business is done—many a life would be saved by it, if they did—but one waiting for another, and more company still coming in, they sit, till they dont know what they are doing. Your grandfather was a quiet man and a sober one—he had sold his pig, and was just coming off, when Jerry Dowling met him, and begged he would wait for him; so they went into a house to get a loaf and a mug of beer—

there Jerry met a man he had an old grudge to —they quarrelled — words came to blows — Jerry knocked him down with a candlestick, and he lay for dead a great while. A doctor was called; he said the scull was fractured, and that it was ten to one if he ever got over it — poor Jerry and my husband, and two more were sent to jail. Oh, Jenny, you can have no notion of my distress when I heard it: it was too late then to go to him. I had five young children to mind in a lone cabin, and I think I should never have seen the morning, if old Ellen Bergen, who never missed doing a good turn, had not come and sat with me all night — Heaven reward her for it! What a night I passed! I thought my heart would break. Poor Ellen encouraged me as much as she could, and bid me trust in the Lord — that may be things were not so bad as we heard; and she told me all her own misfortunes, for she also had had her trials. Morning came at last, and I thought it would never come. I left Ellen to take care of the children, except the one on my breast, which I took with me, and set off to the jail; there I found my poor husband in grief enough, but it was some comfort to me to find he had not struck any one, and that the wounded man was not dead.

Jenny. And did he die, mother?

Grandmother. No; but he lingered a great while, and was not out of danger till near the assizes, and even then would not make up the

quarrel; so Jerry and my husband stood their trial, and though they were acquitted, yet it cost us a power of money to maintain him in jail, and to fee lawyers; so that our cow and our pig were forced to go for it, and a day's peace I had not myself all the time, but running back and forwards to the jail, and to half the gentry in the country, striving to get a character of him, and, thank heaven, he got a good one as a peaceable, quiet man. Well, after all, I thought myself as happy as a queen, the day I brought him home, and the neighbours all rejoiced with me. But we are poor blind creatures, and little think what is before us. Whether it was the long confinement or a fever which raged in the jail at the time, I dont know, but in a week after he came home, he sickened, and after lying three weeks, left me a poor widow indeed, with five young orphans.

Jenny. Oh, mother you were in a sad way then.

Grandmother. Sad, indeed, and would have been worse, but that the poor neighbours were very kind to me; any of them who had a sup of milk shared it with me, and brought me turf, for while my poor man was in jail I could cut none, and it was now winter, and poor Ellen after working all day, often came to sit up with my husband, and let me get a little sleep. But after the funeral, it was then Jenny, I felt my misery; and many a night have I sat up hours

after my little ones were asleep, crying, and praying to the Lord to look down upon me; and then it was that I grew so fond of the Bible—often, when my heart was ready to break, a text would rise up in my mind, and comfort me.

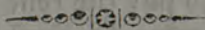
Jenny. I wish, mother, you could remember some of them.

Grandmother. I remember them well: this was one—“Let thy widows trust in me—I will be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless:—and many other such. And I often went on my knees, and begged of God to take my children under his protection, and give me grace to do my duty by them.

Jenny. But, mother, did not some of your relations offer to take any of them off your hands?

Grandmother. Oh, yes, Jenny, my husband's brother would have taken the eldest boy, and my aunt Peggy offered to take a little girl, but my heart lay in them—I could not think of parting from them; besides, I think when children are brought up separately, they will not have a right affection for each other, or even for their parents, and who can expect any one to take the care of them that a mother would? I knew I could not now stay in the country, having no one to help me, so I took a cabin at the entrance of the town, with a bit of a yard behind it.—Here I came at May; a neighbour lent me a horse to carry my little things, a great many of

them came most of the way with me, and helped to carry the children, and at parting gave me their blessing, which I think did me good. I always had the happiness to be on good terms with my neighbours, because I meddled with nobody's business but my own.—But, Jenny, I am fairly tired of talking now? and besides, there is something which rises in my throat and almost chokes me, whilst I talk of the days that are gone, and call to mind how happy I was with my husband; so, my dear child, you must have patience till another time.



ANNALS OF THE POOR—PART II.



Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. MOTHER, I long for the rest of your story.

Grandmother. I am just going to finish it, Jenny.

When I came to town my whole dependance was four barrels of potatoes, and about a guinea in money; the money I laid out on salt, soap, tobacco and candles, these are things commonly called for, and though my stock of them was small I could get more at any time, for I took care to be very exact in paying for any thing I got on credit. A brother of my old mistress gave me credit for a hundred of flour; she had taught me how to bake well; I kept good bread and had

pretty constant call for it; besides I sold butter, eggs, &c. and by all these I had some little profit; besides which I washed for some of the town folks, and this I mostly did at night: when I had not other work, I spun a ball of worsted. In short I was up early and late, and never a minute idle, yet with all I could do, things were very tight with me for a year and better; however in that time, I got a good name in the town, as a sober, honest, industrious woman—and that is a great matter to a poor body. I had a room to spare, and I let it to an honest old woman that helped to pay the rent; she was company for me, and when I was obliged to go out, would have an eye to the children. By degrees I got on a little, and used to buy a pig in the market, and sell it in bacon, which is profitable: as my little boys grew to be able to do any thing, I thought if they were let to run about with the boys of the town, they would learn bad habits, and soon be past my management; so what did I do but teach them to knit: nothing in the world keeps old and young out of mischief so well as employment; they were not very willing to knit, because forsooth it was not work for men, but I kept them to it, and many a good shilling they earned for me after a while.

One day a fine gentlewoman was passing by, and a shower of rain drove her into my little house—she sat down, looked about her, and praised the neatness of it—I always strove to

be clean ; but when she saw the two little fellows knitting away, she was delighted, looked at their work, and praised it, and hearing I was a poor widow, she put half a guinea in my hand, and bid me buy pumps for the boys, and she spoke kindly to them, bidding them be good boys, and obey their mother and God would bless them. I thought more of her advice than her money, for I am sure the boys were the better of it from that day to this, and never were ashamed of knitting after—nay I was the better of it myself, for it encouraged me to struggle on. Oh ! if the gentry knew what good they might do without putting a farthing out of their pockets, only by looking in on the poor now and then, giving them a little advice, and letting them see they were thoughtful about them, it would alter the world for the better. This good lady's kindness did not stop here, for she soon after sent me seven or eight books for the children, for I told her I had taught them to read. Well ! in due time, I bound my eldest son, your father, to his uncle a linen weaver—his uncle took him without a fee, and a good boy he turned out: my other son I made a shoe-maker of, and you know he is in a snug way now: this lessened my family and my expense too, though I had to clothe them for a while. Your aunt Nanny, when she was hardly seventeen, went to service; she was always a sober, steady girl, and it was a daughter of my own good mistress, that she

went to, one that I knew would have an eye over her, or I should be very uneasy at parting from her so young; but I thank God she always behaved discreet, and, though I say it, is well respected by her betters. Your other aunts married, and got pretty good matches; they married indeed rather too soon, but I did so myself. But, Jenny, are you not tired of listening to me?

Jenny. No, mother, nor wont if you say as much more.

Grandmother. I have not much more to say now Jenny. When your father married and got a house of his own, he would not be at rest till I came to live with him. He had the happiness to get just such a wife as I could wish for him; a sober honest well-tempered woman; she and I never have had a word of difference, since I came to her, and I trust in the Lord never shall; and I hope, my dear Jenny, your love and duty to her, will in some degree reward her, for her goodness to me.

Jenny. I would love and respect my mother, for her care of you, if I had no other reason; but you were going to say something else.

Grandmother. No, Jenny, not now, another time we shall find something else to say.

TEA DRINKING.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. HAVE you seen the things which Tim Higgins left here for Kitty Martin?

Grandmother. Yes, and I understand that she is to send for them this evening. Tim was so kind as to let her put them on his car from the fair; and as this was the nearest spot to her cabin, for he goes a different road from her's, after leaving the village, she told him to ask me if I would allow them to remain here, till she could find a way of getting them over to her own place.

Jenny. I see, Grandmother, she has a mind to furnish her house; the table is a pretty one, and I think the tub, the pot, and the bowl cheap, at what Tim said they cost. But what do you think of the tea china?

Grandmother. I dislike the very sight of them, when I think of all the mischief they do. When you come, Jenny, to buy conveniences for a place of your own, I hope you will know how to lay out your money better.

Jenny. I dont expect to be able to drink tea frequently, but I can't help saying, that I think a few cups and saucers look neat and pretty on a shelf.

Grandmother. Well, if you only got them

for show, I should be satisfied, though, I greatly fear, that would not content you; besides, these cups and saucers could not have cost less than seven shillings; and, surely, it would be wise to lay out so large a sum on something that would be useful, as well as pretty. If you would take your grandmother's advice, you would give up tea-drinking altogether; for, if you indulge yourself with it now and then, you may grow so fond of it as to be unable to do without it, and every one knows what a great deal of money it carries off. I know servants, who, if they were out of place to-morrow, have not saved a penny out of their wages; every halfpenny they can earn going for tea and sugar, as fast as they can get it. Think of poor Nanny Ward.

Jenny. Many a time I think of her. But do you suppose that it was tea-drinking brought her to what she is? There is Michael Carroll, her next door neighbour, has but three acres of land; and it was but little he made of it, till by hard labour, and working at it early and late, he got it a little in heart. Every one knows how decently he reared his family; and, it is said that he has also contrived to save something for a rainy day. Now Nanny and her husband have saved nothing; she and her uncle have four acres and a half of good land; one acre, set, pays the whole rent, so they have the rest clear; and yet they have not a penny to spare, their

children more than half naked, themselves not much better, not a whole table or chair in their house ; but indeed I have heard people say, that the husband was not as diligent, as he ought.

Grandmother. I'll never lay a hard word on a man who has a tea drinking wife. James Ward's a quiet harmless man, and she could do what she pleased with him, if she took right ways. They began the world with three good cows, and a horse at their door ; one went after another ; then they got an ass ; that went after a while, which left them one whole year without a sod of turf. Their eldest son, as good a boy as ever lived, worked at a factory, and earned a good deal of money, yet he could not keep enough to put a coat on his back ; they got it from him as long as he had it, and he was willing to give, and to keep things together, if he could, but he was wearied out, and listed.

Jenny. Heaven forgive his mother ! I was very sorry for him, for he was always a well-disposed lad. But sure, you dont think his mother's drinking tea could do all this ; a little would do her.

Grandmother. Take a little out of a little, and it makes that little less. You have learned a few rules in figures, Jenny, and now is your time to use them. Every one, whether married or single, ought to know her comings in, and her goings out, that she may see whether the one will balance the other, or whether she has any

savings. Now, if you please to cast up what one meal of tea every day would cost Nanny in the year. Tea is from 6s. to 8s. a pound; sugar nine pence. If she had no one to drink tea with her, she can't make out the sugar and tea less than three pence; dont you think bread and butter and cream, worth three pence more? now see can you make that less than nine pounds sterling a year.

Jenny. Indeed, Mother, I never thought so badly of tea before.

Grandmother. Well, but that's not half of it; you know Nanny will have it twice a day, if she can; and you are also to take into the account the time spent about it. A poor person's time is his treasure; how much is lost at it—how much is lost running to the grocer's for it; and now you may see whether such a one as Nanny Ward is not able to beggar her family. What heart would a man have to work, in such a case. They have three children grown up; these are gone from them, and are doing for themselves; they have seven young ones at home, and do you think they have seven pence worth of clothes on them?

Jenny. Why, hardly. But, mother, you need not say another word against tea, for I'll never take to it; and I am sorry for poor Nanny, she is a good-natured woman, and never idle, that I saw, only when she's taking tea, or smoking.

Grandmother. And that's a great portion of her time. She knows how to work, both in and out of the house, but what good does it do her? Her husband is no drinking man; if he earns nothing, he spends nothing, and three acres and a half, clear of rent, ought to give them plenty of provision; instead of that, they often sell cheap and buy dear in one year,

Jenny. Well, mother, I think our neighbour, Mary Doyle, the weaver's wife, is even more to blame than Nanny; she has not even a garden, yet she must have her tea twice a day, fresh bread and butter with it; and she's training her boys to it. She has no daughter, and though they keep two looms, and sometimes three, going, they are not a penny better than a beggar, too.

Grandmother. Nor never will, you may be sure. People in a town, at a season when milk is scarce, may have some sort of excuse for taking tea; but for such as us in the country, who have milk of our own, or can get it any time, it is really shameful. We may well talk of hard times; the times will never be good till poor men leave off whiskey, and poor women, tea. I'll tell you one fault more I have with tea-drinking: I think it prevents charity; sometimes, at least, I should not wonder if it did. Suppose a poor woman, reduced to great poverty, and induced to make her case known to the gentry, is it very probable that she will get re-

lief from them, if they know her to be a tea-drinker?

Jenny. I wish some wise people would now lay their heads together, and contrive some method that would keep the poor from asking at all; for living on alms gives them habits of idleness, and a poor creeping spirit that never rises to any thing good. Tell me, Grandmother, how should you contrive it, for it would be a happy day for Ireland, which saw every man that was able, willing to work.

Grandmother. Me contrive it, child! 'Tis another sort of a head that must do it. But I hope it might be done; and whosoever does it, shall have my hearty prayers and blessings; and then, Jenny, charity would go to those only who really want it:—old people, poor and past their labour, young children, who have lost their parents, sickness in poor families, and many things, perhaps, which I know nothing of; so, I think, they need not be idle.

Jenny. While you spoke of old people past their labour, I thought of old Mary Coyle. She is turned of eighty four, has no one to do a hand's turn for her, and yet she maintains herself and a little grandson, whom his unfeeling father left to the wide world, when he listed; she even sends the child to school, and she asks nothing.

Grandmother. Nor never will while she can make out one meal a day. She and another old woman have a room between them, in the town,

hard by. Mary was a strong robust woman, and is pretty healthy still; she spins woollen or worsted for any one who employs her; she washes and mends shirts and stockings, for such as have no women of their own to do it; and she wants no spectacles yet. So, one way or another, she struggles on. You never saw her dirty, I am sure; and wherever you see cleanliness, you may expect something else that is good.

Jenny. Mary is as neat an old creature as ever I saw. But I had better set about my washing, and, you may take my word for it, mother, you'll never see me a tea-drinker.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. I WISH, Grandmother, you could teach me to look on things in the same light you do; I thought very bad of our late loss, till I heard you reckon up all we had still to enjoy; so that I am almost persuaded 'tis a great sin to murmur at any thing.

Grandmother. I would have you, Jenny, be not only almost, but altogether, persuaded, that to repine at any thing is a sin. To submit patiently to every allotment of Providence is certainly our duty; but we shall never be able to perform it without applying often and earnestly to

“the Giver of every good and perfect gift.” His assistance we are sure of, if we ask it in sincerity, and without it we can do nothing that is good. It will be of great use to us, too, if we accustom ourselves to consider what blessings we enjoy, and how little we deserve them. You may remember, Jenny, the complaint made of the people of God, in old times, “Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider;” as much as to say, their want of knowledge was owing to their want of thought. Now I have often thought, that we poor women, who live in the country, have more leisure for reflection than most others; our men are most of the day abroad, we sit at home with our little ones; we can meditate and work at the same time; and, as we are mostly thinking of something, we may as well turn our thoughts to some useful purpose. It signifies nothing to say we are ignorant, and have had little or no instruction; there is not one among us that does not know we are the workmanship of the Almighty, and accountable to him for every thought, word, and action. Now, if we knew nothing more than this, if we consider it often and seriously, don’t you think it would go a great way toward making us careful of our words, as well as actions?

Jenny. I believe it would, mother; but one foolish thing, or other, seems to take up our thoughts from morning till night.

Grandmother. This is partly our infirmity, and partly the work of an unwearied enemy, who continually presents the world, and the things of it, to our view; and one means of avoiding his snares, is to turn our thoughts to some useful or serious subject; for, if we look long at his baits, we shall be likely to swallow them at last. But, Jenny, I was going to observe, that the most ignorant among us have the Lord's prayer by rote, and, if we consider it as we ought, we might learn a great part of our duty from that alone. The first petition is, "thy will be done." This excludes all repining, all murmuring at any dispensation of Providence. The next, "give us this day our daily bread," limits our desires. We acknowledge, by this, that our daily support comes from him, and that, as he has promised us what is truly needful, we are to be content. And "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Consider this well, Jenny; does not this petition plainly forbid our doing any sort of injury to our neighbours? nay more, does it not mean that we are not to resent those we may receive from them, be they ever so great.

Jenny. This is a hard task, mother.

Grandmother. Very hard, indeed, Jenny, to our natural disposition; but let us remember what our Saviour endured, and how great was his meekness; that we can do all things through him who strengtheneth us: and also, the dread-

ful penalty we incur by not forgiving others; that our own sins are not to be forgiven on any other terms; nor should we find it so difficult to forgive, if we checked the first inclination to anger or revenge, in its birth: it is by brooding over it, that it rises to such a height, and, every day gaining new strength, too often ends very badly. Suppose, Jenny, a storm swept over our little field of oats, laid it level, and totally spoiled it; do you think it would be wise in us to get in a passion with the tempest?

Jenny. How can you ask such a question, mother? The storm is an instrument in the hand of God, and if it please him to employ it to destroy our little property, we are to submit patiently to his good pleasure.

Grandmother. You are quite right, Jenny, so far; and I would have you endeavour to look on the person who may injure you, in the same light you do on the storm, as an instrument in his hand, and employed for your good, if you do not prevent it yourself.

Jenny. I suppose, mother, you dont think the Almighty designs we should injure each other.

Grandmother. Far from me be such a thought; he wills nothing but good. But as, in Scripture, the wicked are called "his rod," I suppose he may sometimes make use of one wicked man to punish another, or to exercise the faith and patience of good people; and it

would be a great help towards rooting all bitterness out of our minds, if we could bring ourselves to look on those that injure us only as his instruments, and used for our welfare only. But we are not quite done with the prayer:—“Lead us not into temptation.” Every day’s experience teaches us how little we are able to withstand it, and how necessary it is for us to look to Him, in every occurrence of life. “And deliver us from evil;” this, I think, contains a great deal; it is not only from the calamities human life is subject to, we ask to be delivered; such as pain, sickness, poverty, &c. These are not always evils; they are sometimes only sharp medicines, designed to cure an inveterate disease; but there is an evil under which we are told the whole creation groans, viz. that of our own depraved nature. If this were done away, all others would sink with it, and we should be angels, even while in the body. Against this evil we should watch and pray continually. And now, Jenny, tell me, don’t you think, that even from this short prayer, the most ignorant person may learn much of his duty to God and his neighbour, if he will bestow a few serious thoughts on it.

Jenny. I have been used to repeat this prayer night and morning from my infancy, but I confess, mother, I have never thought of it as you do, nor as I ought till now; and I believe it is with us as it was with the Jews, we do not

know because we do not consider; poor and ignorant as we are, may be we have helps enough if we would but make use of them.

Grandmother. True, Jenny; and if we endeavour to improve one talent, more will be added; but let us go back to what we began with, I told you we poor women (in the country especially) have more leisure for reflection than other people, and we are accountable for the use we make of it; while our poor men are abroad at work, and exposed to temptations of various kinds, we for the most part sit quietly at home, we can watch the growing disposition of our children, and strive to correct any thing we perceive to be wrong in them, and our cares for them will seldom fail of having a good effect on them, if we are steady and patient, if we correct with temper and punish with moderation, and above all things if we give them a good example. When our men return cold and hungry, perhaps a little out of temper, we ought to have their meal ready in the best manner possible, the house tidy, and a good fire if we can, and if they do happen to say any angry word or find fault without a cause, a mild answer given in a soft gentle tone will commonly satisfy them, for a soft answer turneth away wrath, and when they are a little refreshed, they feel themselves comfortable and all is well; our men, in the country at least, are seldom bad husbands, but a cross answer given when a man is cold and weary

will only irritate him, and if it does no other mischief, it lessens his wife in his opinion, which is a very bad consequence. Since trade grew bad, and your father and brother do out work sometimes, you see how careful your mother is, to have every thing comfortable for them as far as she can, against they come back, and if the day is wet, dry stockings, &c. but she was always a good wife, and to me as good a daughter as I could wish. Lord reward her! And I know Jenny, that her thoughts are often employed on serious subjects when her hands are about her little household business; if you will accustom yourself to the like, you will find the benefit of it, nor will it at all hurt your lively spirits; godliness has the promise of this world as well as that to come, and what reflection so cheering as this, that we are ever under the eye of Him who loved us even while we were dead in trespasses and sin; who careth for us, who pitieth us as a father pitieth his children, and without whose will, one hair of our heads cannot fall to the ground. Is there a wretch so miserable as not to draw consolation from language like this? Oh what an invaluable treasure is the Bible.

WHISKEY DRINKING AT FAIRS.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. I was glad to see your brother James, coming in from the fair—for though

he mostly returns sober, I began to be uneasy about him.

Jenny. And so was I, grandmother, when I heard of what had happened; but it has completely sobered James, at least, for some time. He was witness to a horrid sight, a man's brains dashed out at a blow at the fair.

Grandmother. It is not quite two weeks, since a man was killed at the fair of A——, and seven have fled for it—and now another—what are we likely to come to!

Jenny. I believe it was the same faction who met at B——, but it was not one of them that was killed, but a quiet, harmless man, who rushed in among them, hoping to make peace—a blow struck him dead at once; that ended the fray. Eight have fled for it; The Coroner's inquest makes it wilful murder, James says it would have pierced one's heart, to see the man's wife and children.

Grandmother. My heart has been often pierced with grief and shame, by such doings as these; they are a disgrace to the nation. What other people do we hear of murdering each other, at fair or market; here, I think, it is growing more and more common; and if some means are not found to put a stop to it, we shall be quite barbarians in a little time.

Jenny. And what means, grandmother, would you propose? There was, I heard, no magistrate, in the town; and you see what a

private man got, by going between the ruffians.

Grandmother. In towns where there are magistrates, I think, the country people, at an early hour, ought to be warned to go home, and the tipling houses shut; for we seldom hear of a sober quarrel; and, would to God, that each individual would so far consult his own credit, and the interest of his family, as to leave the town sober as he came to it. I know it is fatiguing to stand in a fair all day, fasting, but one pint of beer, and a loaf, will amply supply his wants, till he goes home. Your Father, Jenny, has made it a rule, never to taste liquor in a fair; when his business is done, if he has a tenpenny to spare, he buys bread, or a bit of meal, and carries it home with him, and enjoys a comfortable meal in his own family. By doing so, he has saved many a pound in the course of his life, besides keeping up his credit; for the man that is always sober, is the one to be depended on.

Jenny. My father has come off well enough in this respect. Yet, James says, it is often hard to leave a fair without drinking a little; as so many friends and acquaintances call a person in, just to take share of one quart; then, more company still dropping in, he says, quart after quart comes, till they dont know where to stop.

Grandmother. To stop, Jenny, is no easy task; but I think it no very difficult matter to refuse

beginning at all; a little resolution will do that: and when it is seen that a man is steady to his purpose, people will leave off pressing him. When any of James's acquaintance want him to take share of a quart, I would advise him to reflect thus before he tastes it:—'this quart will bring another—more may follow—I may get drunk, a quarrel may ensue, murder may be the consequence;—dreadful thought! I may kill a man; or, I may be hurried in a moment, mad with passion, inflamed with liquor, into the presence of the King of Kings, the Judge of the living and the dead; who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.'

James, (who had entered while this was spoken, and had heard almost the whole of it)—Say no more, the thought of this is terrible!

Grandmother. The reality, James, would be terrible indeed—therefore dont put away the thought of it, while you are yet sober, for when the liquor once gets into your head, all thought is gone, you are no longer master of yourself, but a fit instrument in the hand of the devil, to pull destruction on your own head and that of others. Ah, whiskey! what a curse art thou to this nation!—Many a poor man have I known, spend more on one fair night, than he could earn in many days, his poor family perhaps half starving in the mean time; another thing I must tell you, James, ill designing men, who wish to make mischief, and fish in troubled

waters, take these opportunities, when a number of young fellows are got together, and warm with liquor, to make foolish harangues, about things which neither they nor their hearers understand; and, under pretence of revealing some important secret, get them to take oaths of secrecy.—Many have I known, unfortunately drawn, in this way, into plots and combinations, which they would never have entered into, had they been sober;—you may easily judge what sort of secrets these are, which require such means to conceal them—some few I have also known, who resolutely refused swearing at all, or having any hand in doing that which required secrecy, and those it pleased God to protect, both in their persons and substance.

James. I believe, Grandmother, what you say is very right; but may not these incendiaries go to a poor man's cottage, as well as to a public house, if they want to tempt him into ill courses?

Grandmother. They may indeed, but I never knew any of them do it, and if they did, a man is there best prepared for them; he is in his sober senses, he sees his wife and children about him, he remembers that their subsistence, (under God) depends on him; he knows that he and they are safe, while he takes the Apostle's advice:—"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business."—All this and more, he can think seriously on, because his head is clear.—If those

wretches who killed the man at the fair, had not had liquor in their heads, I dont believe they would have struck a blow, eager as they might seem for fighting—and now only think of the consequences of these blood-thirsty factions, within the last two weeks, two men are murdered, and fifteen fled from justice, for ever lost to their friends and to society; and is not this dreadful to think of? If a man is injured, the laws are open; but if every individual will presume to wreak his vengeance on any who offend him, there is an end of law and justice too, and we speedily become a nation of savages; indeed I am afraid we are called so already, on this very account; and much, very much, owing to intemperance in drinking; this is the rock on which we split, and till there is a reformation in this respect, the national character will suffer.—Temperance is the basis of every virtue.—May He who has poured abundant plenty over our land, give us grace to use his gifts with moderation, and when we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, to “remember Him!”—Oh, James, this remembrance would prevent numberless crimes, and the calamities attendant on them; it would make life comfortable, and disarm death of his sting.

THE COTTAGER'S MORNING HYMN.

1.

As yon bright orb ascends the sky,
 And gives the shining day,
 Oh ! Sun of righteousness arise,
 And guide us on our way.

2.

This day vouchsafe thy wonted grace,
 And bless the humble cot
 With thy rich gifts—health, bread, and peace,
 We ask no happier lot.

3.

In each event which marks the day,
 Teach us to own thy will ;
 With grateful hearts t' accept the good,
 And patient bear the ill.

4.

Ill ! there is none—or none from thee,
 Prime source of good alone !
 But while we murmur at thy will,
 The evil is our own.

ADVICE.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. Well, mother, you can keep a secret finely! We should never know from you who made peace between Tom Duffey and his wife, if they had not told it themselves.

Grandmother. Jenny, it is a nice point to give advice at all; but if we have a mind it should do any good, it must be given in private, so it was not my business to tell you of it; I spoke even to Tom and his wife separately, and I am glad to hear they took notice of what I said.

Jenny. All the notice in the world; they are quite reconciled, and give you the whole credit of it; they told us, you had such a manner of telling people their faults, that nobody could be angry at it. Now, mother, I wish you would teach me to please the people as you do.

Grandmother. A girl of your age seldom has occasion to give advice; she wants to take it more—but as you may one time or other want to give advice, I am ready to tell you my method—first of all, I examine strictly what are my reasons for going about it; whether it be the love of God and my neighbours that persuades me to it—for, Jenny, I am afraid we sometimes give advice more to show our own cleverness

than with the intent of doing others any good ; when I think my intentions are right, I go about it in the manner I think will be most pleasing to God and useful to my neighbours— that is, mildly, humbly, quietly, &c. in private, for no other method will do ; and I hardly ever knew this fail of doing something— people are seldom angry when they think we have no reason for speaking, but for their good— and we ought to remember, that every one has his own little pride, and how much we hate to be told of our own faults. But the Bible will tell you more in one line, than I have done—that is, do as you would be done by, and you know our Lord himself orders reproof to be given in private ; and He knew what is best both for us and those we speak to.

Jenny. That is true, mother ; and I saw, plain enough, that nothing pleased Tom and his wife so much, as when they found you had not told either of them that you spoke to the other ; but left it to themselves to find out.

Grandmother. It is a very nice point Jenny, to meddle between man and wife at all ; and it would be wisely done of them to quarrel as seldom as possible, and make it up directly : a wound that is neglected too long will fester, and in time it may become incurable.

PERSEVERANCE.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. WHAT gentleman is that, mother, that spoke so kindly to you, just as we were coming in.

Grandmother. What, Jenny, dont you know Mr. Graham? Your father often sells stuff to him, and a good employer he is, and an example to all the young men in the country, of what may be done by patience and perseverance.

Jenny. While we are on the head, mother, you may as well give me his history.

Grandmother. With all my heart, and I will tell you nothing but what the country knows to be true. James Graham was the son of a man who rented six acres of land; his father died when James was about twenty years of age; half his little farm he left to James, the other half he left to his widow, to maintain herself and six daughters. James lived with his mother till he was twenty-two years of age, at which time, he married a young woman, one of his neighbours, with whom he got thirty pounds, and some little furniture; and thinking the bit of land his father left, little enough to support his mother and the rest of the family, he gave up his share of it to them, and took a farm of nearly fifteen acres for himself. Here he commenced farmer, and

though he practiced every art of industry and frugality, at the close of the first year, he found he had gone considerably behind; whether the land was worse than it appeared, or the harvest unfavourable, I do not now recollect, but James was convinced such another year would leave him penniless. This put him on very serious thinking. He had one child already, more were likely to come, to be independent was the first wish of his heart, and he determined to have some resource independent of the seasons. Luckily he had a clause of surrender in his lease; he gave up his land, sold the little stock he had, and his farming utensils, and took a small house in the suburbs of the town of —. There he settled his wife, and gave her what money they had, to commence huxter. She sold butter, bread, bacon, soap, and such little things as are constantly called for, and as she was very careful, and industrious, it answered very well in a little time. But James had other views for himself: he was fixed on having a trade, and a respectable master comber, living within half a quarter of a mile of the town, to him he went, and apprenticed himself for seven years, the law of the combers not allowing a shorter time.

Jenny. Well this was a strange notion of him; did nobody advise him against it? a married man and a father to tie himself for seven years; to be sure he was well laughed at.

Grandmother. 'Tis very likely he was laughed

at, by people who had not half his sense ; and he got advice enough, which he listened to, but he had a little judgment of his own, and by that he was resolved to be directed. As to the sneers of his neighbours, he thought little of them, and this I have always remarked to be a pretty good sign of sound judgment. Now you are to remember, Jenny, that James was not a raw boy going to the comb ; he was in full strength, and soon getting into the method, combing was little trouble to him ; thirty balls per week are the task of an apprentice, any thing he can do above that, is his own. James soon found he could comb fifty balls per week, and sometimes more, so that he earned six and eight pence per week, which he lodged for the most part in the Savings Bank, and being very diligent, faithful, and studious to please his master, he soon became a great favorite. His wife, meantime, got on so well with her business, that she maintained the family with little assistance from her husband, whose prudent and obliging behaviour, recommended him so much to the men of his shop, (seven in number besides himself) that they all dealt with his wife for such little matters as they wanted. Well, his time expired at last, and I am sure he never thought it tedious ; he had a handsome sum of money saved, and was a complete master of his trade, and he now commenced business for himself. His master who liked him extremely, gave not only good advice,

but was ready to assist him with his purse as occasion offered, and James was careful never to abuse his confidence. To finish my story, Jenny, he got on prosperously, the trade was good, and he never lost sight of his old friends, industry and frugality. By degrees he enlarged his trade, and you see him now a respectable master comber, who is of much use to the poor in that part of the country which he lives in, for he employs many, and is excellent pay. He has eight children, whom he trains to early habits of industry, and is very exact with respect to their morals; his own are unblameable; nor does he seem at all set up with the increase of his wealth, which is one reason he is so universally respected by people originally far above him. And now, Jenny, what think you of patience and perseverance, for these, assisted by the divine blessing, were the spring of this man's good fortune?

Jenny. They are excellent things, no doubt, but I believe few have them to such a degree as this gentleman—I almost wonder how he could bear people laughing at him.

Grandmother. When we seek the "honor which comes from God only," we shall not be very anxious about what poor mortals think or say of us; not that I would have you wholly disregard public opinion; always respect it so far as to "shun the appearance of evil," but let it be your first care to secure the approba-

tion of your Maker, which you will be sure to do, when your motives for any action are good, and you may with confidence implore his blessing on them. Such, I believe, were Mr. Graham's, and he throve accordingly. But go, Jenny, and get the things ready for your father, he will be shortly leaving off work, and wanting his dinner.

Jenny. I shall, Grandmother; but you must not wonder that I had almost forgotten it, the time passes so pleasantly in your company, that I can never be fatigued listening to you.

THE FARMERS.

Grandmother and Jenny, and two neighbouring Farmers, who come in for shelter from a shower.

1st Farmer. Good morrow, Mrs. Mc. Cann, how is it with all your family? Will you give us shelter from this heavy shower? It can't last long, for see the clouds are breaking up.

Grandmother. Come in, neighbours, and welcome. If it was not selfish, I should wish the shower to continue a couple of hours at least, for it is long since I have seen you; but come, sit down near the fire, and don't stand looking out every minute, as if you were in a hurry to be gone.

2d Farmer. Thank you kindly Mrs. Mc.

Cann; and now neighbour (*turning to the other farmer*) as you said you were longing for an opportunity of speaking to me, perhaps if it is no secret, you would tell me what you have to say, before Jenny and her Grandmother; the one is a discreet young woman, and may pick up a little from us, and you know the other almost as long as I do, and that's six and thirty years next Candlemas.

1st Farmer. Why, when we last met, you asserted something so like an absurdity, that to me it wants an explanation.

2d Farmer. About us middling farmers, I suppose.

1st Farmer. Yes; I am ready to allow that the schools we were talking of may be of great use to the rising generation, but I am quite at a loss to find out, what two such poor fellows as you and I can do towards amending the morals of the present; we can live, 'tis true, but not much more as times go, our influence (out of our own families,) is next to nothing, and are we to set up for reformers?

2d Farmer. Allowing all you have said, still each of us, assisted by Divine Grace, can reform one, and that alone would be no light matter; but I am convinced by experience, our influence extends much farther than we are willing to allow. He is a poor farmer who has not three cottagers on his land, let us allow each cottager three children, and you know six or eight

would be more likely; now here are fifteen persons over whom the farmer may, if he chooses, obtain an almost unbounded influence.

1st Farmer. I have heard, indeed, that you can do what you please with your's, and I wish you would instruct me in your method, for I am plagued with a set of lazy drones, who will do no good if my own eye is not over them.

2d Farmer. You know I rent land from Mr. Connor, he is a great landholder, and carries on much other business, so that he must employ a great number of men; many of these were great swearers, others drank most of their wages, and those who were tolerably sober, were likely to suffer by the influence of bad example. He summoned all the people he employed; roundly told them, they must quit their vices, or his employ; but as a little time might be requisite to get rid of bad habits, he was willing to allow them six months for that purpose; after which, the man who drank to excess, or swore profanely, should be dismissed without further ceremony.

1st Farmer. Well, and what was the result?

2d Farmer. O, just what might be expected: they found it more convenient to quit an unprofitable vice than a good employer; so in the limited time, he had not a swearer or drunkard among them.

1st Farmer. All very good: but I don't see what this is to you or me; Mr. Connor is a man of much more consequence than either of us.

2nd Farmer. True; and when I saw the change in his men, I was half inclined to envy him, until I asked myself "canst thou do nothing?" I then recollected I had three or four cottagers on my land, whose moral conduct I had never enquired into, and with them I resolved to begin. I was no swearer myself, nor much of a drinker, and determined to grow better. I next became better acquainted with my men; I enquired into their wants, and suggested the best means I could devise of supplying them; sometimes look'd in on the children, bade them be good boys, and try to learn, and avoid all bad words; and when next an occasion offer'd, I began with the men, advised them to be sober, and to avoid drink and quarrels as much as possible, and to respect the laws; sometimes I threw in a word or two on still more serious subjects, to which they seem'd to listen with much attention.

1st Farmer. But was not all this very troublesome, and the people you spoke to disagreeable companions?

2nd Farmer. Neither one nor the other. You know we must spend much of our time overlooking our workmen, and as something will be said, we may as well turn our discourse into a useful channel as not: and as to my companions, I dont know that they were at all inferior to me in sense or observation, so far as they have had

opportunity, and I think I have learned some useful lessons from them.

1st Farmer. But will not such familiarity with your workmen make them saucy and impertinent?

2nd Farmer. I never found it so; mine at least seem more respectful than ever to me, and more careful to do their work well, whether I am with them or not. You need not be told that there is a manner of speaking to our inferiors, equally distant from pride and meanness, a sort of reserve mixed with kindness, which will always keep them at a proper distance.

1st Farmer. Well, I believe your men may be improved by your attention to them, but your task certainly must be a disagreeable one.

2nd Farmer. I do not find it so, and it grows more and more agreeable to me, as I see a change for the better among my workmen; that so many with their families, are likely to receive essential benefit from my poor endeavours, is no unpleasing reflection. I feel myself in the path of duty; and as to trouble, let me ask you, is there not some trouble in training a dog or a horse? and will not the beast you have tutor'd remain attached to you during life, and shall we suppose that men, endowed with the same powers and feelings as their masters, should be more insensible than brutes? I hate a thought so degrading to human nature.

1st Farmer. Well, I believe you may be right there, but I have heard you sometimes

preach to your men, can they comprehend you do you think?

2nd Farmer. As to what you term my preaching, 'tis nothing but a hint now and then, as occasions offer; for instance, if the weather be fine and the harvest good, a few words expressive of my own gratitude, may raise similar sensations in the breast of my hearers; if the reverse, still a comparison with the inhabitants of other lands, will teach us to remember our blessings, particularly that inestimable one of living in a free country, and how cautious we ought to be of breaking those laws, which secure our persons and property. Such hints as these, (apparently quite accidental,) are what you term my preaching; and I assure you, I never knew one of them lost on my hearers. Now is there much trouble in all this, when I am minding my own business all the time?

1st Farmer. I am beginning to think, if many were to unite in your plan, it would have a good effect; but this is not probable; and what can two such poor fellows as you and I do towards the work of general reformation?

2nd Farmer. Very little: but will it stop there, think you? example is prevalent good or bad; it was Mr. Connor first set me at work; beside, my friend, few individuals can do much, but that, surely, is not a good reason for doing nothing: we have lived to see mighty events; which sprung from seemingly trivial causes, if,

therefore, you wish to join in my plan, delay no longer; though it went no farther, yourself and your dependants will feel the benefits. If others are influenced by your example, the work will proceed, and I know none more likely to draw down a blessing on us, nor any way we can more effectually second the views of the good, than in setting up schools for the use of the rising generation: besides, neither Mr. Connor nor myself are solitary in this business; you must know Mr. Walsh, the great manufacturer.

1st Farmer. Know him! ay, who does not know him? He has changed the face of the whole country round him; a little while ago, and that place was infamous for almost every sort of wickedness, a sober man would hardly be found in it; now his great manufactory appears like a large well regulated family, over whom he watches with parental care, and they in return, look up to him with filial love and reverence.

2nd Farmer. He has indeed done wonders. Yet he possesses no extraordinary power above other men; but his dependents are convinced that he aims at their benefit, and is anxious for their welfare, and when that is the case, take my word, the people will be docile: therefore, as I think you are a little inclined to turn reformer yourself, let me intreat you not to let the good impulse die away, but begin the work directly; a little time will convince you, that you have more in your power than you can

believe at present, and while you labour for the present and future good of others, you will find you are most effectually securing your own. But see, the rain is over, and as the day is fast advancing, let us begone, and strive to pull up our lost time; (*turning to her*) I thank you Mrs. Mc. Cann, for our shelter; I hope we shall shortly see you at our side?

Grandmother. Indeed I shall not fail to see you. Believe me, neither Jenny nor I, will soon forget the lesson we have heard to-day.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. Do you recollect, Grandmother, the other day, when you were endeavouring to console our poor neighbour, Morgan, whose cabin and cow-house had been burn't to the ground by the carelessness of the eldest girl; you told him to take courage, and think of William Carey.

Grandmother. I do, my child, and indeed he wanted all the advice, I could give him, for he was ever an industrious man; early and late labouring to bring up his children in the ways of honesty and decency. He had a couple of fine cows, and used to make a very good penny of the milk and the butter; but as you know, though the animals were got out alive, they had received so

much injury by the falling of the burning thatch upon them, that they died the next day.

Jenny. When you mentioned the name of William Carey, he seemed to know his history, so that you had no necessity to relate it; but perhaps as our heavy business is over for the day, and I have an hour or so to spare, you would let me hear it.

Grandmother. With pleasure, Jenny, for perhaps you may find occasion, at some future time, to profit by his example, did you see what effect it had on Morgan?

Jenny. I did, and cannot soon forget the answer he made you—The Lord's will be done; it has pleased him that I should be afflicted, but *He* knows how to make good come out of that which seems to us evil.

Grandmother. Well, Jenny—William Carey was the son of a very poor, but a very honest man, who lived about twelve miles from this. From his earliest years, he had been a good boy, and having learned to read and write at the village school, which the neighbouring gentlemen opened, he was always fond of getting a book after work was over, and conning it over till dark. Many a time have I gone into his father's cabin, between the two lights, for I was then living nearer to him than we do now; and there would I see him, never raising his eyes from the page, though every one about him was talking and making a noise.

Jenny. How came he by the books, Grand-

mother; a poor man has not much money to lay out in that way?

Grandmother. That I shall tell you, for it shews how diligent he was at school. There were rewards in books given every half year, to the most attentive, and William was always seen to come in for one of them; besides which when it was seen how fond he was of reading, the Gentlemen would now and then make him a present of an instructive book.

Jenny. I wish we had more of our neighbours like William Carey. It seems to me that reading a good book would be a better way of spending one's leisure time than drinking at the ale-house.

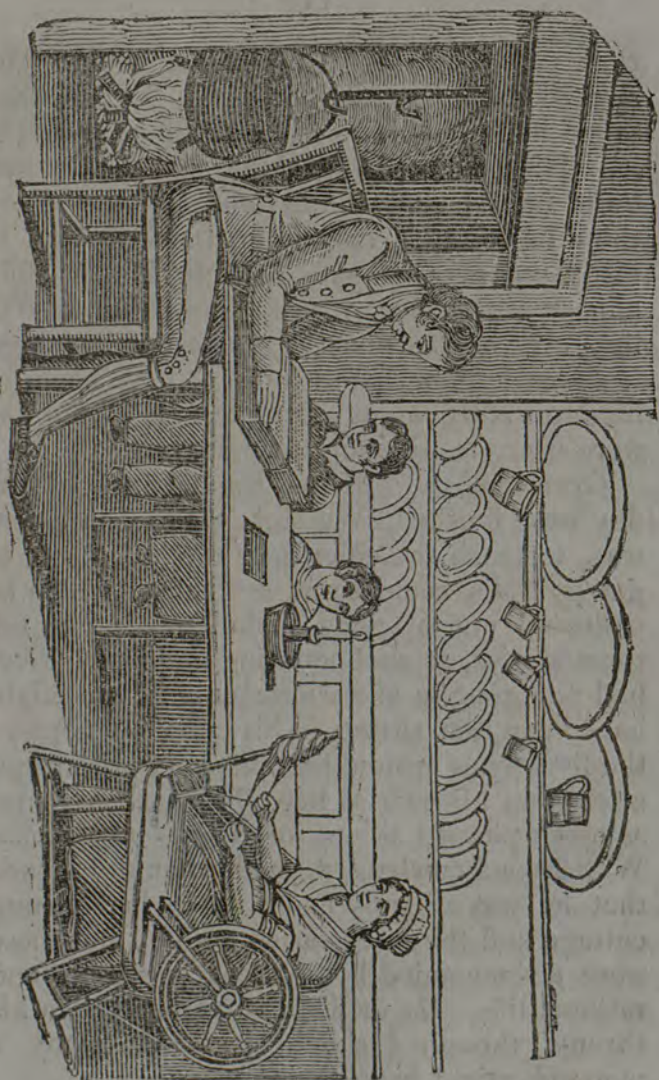
Grandmother. Right, Jenny, the ale-house is the very bane of the Irish. It is not alone the money they waste, but the evil company to be met with there, which makes it so bad a plan; for, surely, it is in the ale-house the idle and the wicked are to be found: bad husbands and bad fathers, for they lay out the money upon themselves, which they ought to give to their families; and bad members of society, for it is over drink that all kinds of mischief are hatched. When William's father and mother died, he found himself master of a cabin, a potato-garden, which he rented at a low rate, and an old jenny.

Jenny. With so many comforts about him, I suppose the next thing he did was to marry.

Grandmother. It was; he found himself but solitary, living thus alone; but he was not, on that account, in a hurry. Marriage, Jenny, is the most important affair of life; and it should not be entered upon hastily, or without a thorough knowledge of the person you make choice of. It was about a year after his father's death that he became acquainted with a young woman of excellent character, who lived a few miles from his house. She had an agreeable person, and, what was more to be prized, she had habits of industry, and a cheerful temper; so after about eighteen months acquaintance, they were married, and I dont think either was for one moment sorry ever since.

Jenny. And, no doubt, they prospered; for I have often heard you say, that if we have industry, health, and prudence, there is little fear that we shall not get on.

Grandmother. For a time they did. But dont imagine that such as we have been describing, are without their trials. The world in which we live is often a place of sorrow, even to the best; and therefore happy are they, who to these crosses can give the answer of a good conscience. You cannot think how light it makes misfortune, to feel that it is not chargeable to our own misconduct. William and his wife were both thrifty, and for several years, success attended their honest endeavours. They had taken a farm of nine acres;



INSIDE OF WILLIAM'S COTTAGE.

they possessed three cows and a heifer ; and as their stock was still increasing, William soon found himself able to add a few more acres to it. His landlord was kind : and seeing him both honest and industrious, he did every thing he could to encourage him—to add to his happiness, his wife brought him a child almost every second year ; and children William ever looked upon as the first of blessings.

Jenny. How happy must it have been for him to return home after the toils of the day were over, to his snug little home.

Grandmother. When the labours of the day were finished, William's chief amusement was, to teach the elder ones to read, spell, or get by rote, some short sentences, which he collected out of good books ; or else, to tell them stories, at once amusing and instructive ; had you gone in of a winter's night, you might have seen him sitting in his chimney corner ; the little ones around him, listening with eager attention ; his wife at her wheel, and perhaps, as much pleased as any of them. Often, has William acknowledged, with thankful heart, that he was a happy man ; for he had a snug cottage and the necessaries of life, and these were accompanied by innocence, peace, and rational life. He envied not a monarch on his throne, though I should fear that many a monarch might have envied him.

Jenny. What a blessing he must have been

to his family and his neighbours; for no doubt, he possessed the good will of all about him, and used often to give them the soundest advice.

Grandmother. He did make himself useful, and in more ways than one. If any one fell into trouble, William was always ready to give his advice if asked for it; and therefore, when he fell into trouble, he had their most abundant pity. Thus happy, however, lived William; and thus, perhaps, he might have remained, had not the property passed from the hands of his kind and indulgent landlord, into those of a man who had a very different disposition. From the former William was always sure of getting time to pay his rent when the markets were low, so that he could keep his corn and cattle to sell them to the best advantage. From his new landlord he was to expect nothing, for his first act was to give his tenants notice that he intended to raise their rents. The next harvest, also, was a bad one; it was the year which the old can never forget; the rain fell in torrents, and laid the corn in the fields, and when this weather had passed, came such thunder and lightning, that there was scarcely a grain but was as black as soot. This was a great blow to William, but he soon became resigned to it, being fully persuaded that every thing that happens is directed by infinite wisdom, and, therefore, that it was criminal to repine. Remember this, Jenny;—and should sorrow ever come upon you, (far be

it from you, my child, but who that lives can hope to pass through life without it) should sorrow ever come upon you, I say, be always ready to say with William—thy will be done. Poor fellow, he struggled against it for three years manfully, in hopes that things would mend—but the fourth year, the fever got among his children. Of his seven children, six took it, but it pleased God, not only that they all recovered, but that William and his wife should both escape it.

Jenny. Dear Grandmother what a lesson does he give us of patience and resignation, but surely he was no longer able to keep up his farm.

Grandmother. No, he was at last obliged to give it up, and as he was very much in arrear, he sold to the last of his things to clear off every thing he owed; I thank the Almighty, said he, that he has spared my children to me, and as for the rest surely it is intended for my good. He moved to a little mud cabin on the edge of a bog, and there passed the winter poorly enough for one who, till then, had always a comfortable roof over his head. One cow remained to him after selling his stock, and early in spring his wife brought him an eighth child.

Jenny. Well, I suppose matters now began to mend. My heart grieves to hear how much he suffered; and yet, such an example of patience does one good.

Grandmother. His affairs, indeed, were low enough, and yet, they were worse before they

mended—the weather was severe and the hay dear. A basket of potatoes was laid before the cow; it is a common practice as you know, and not often attended with danger; but whether the beast was greedy, or too old to break the food with her teeth, the first potato she took, stuck in her throat, and though speedy assistance was given, it choked her.

Jenny. But was there no one of the neighbours to give poor William a lift in all his distress; it seems to me that even the poorest might have done a little; and as to the rich, it surely behoved them to assist him.

Grandmother. The poor, Jenny, could do nothing, but show their sorrow for his misfortunes, and indeed they felt it—and as for the rich, they seldom want the inclination to assist the honest and industrious, nor did they in the present case; twice they had wished to make a subscription for this deserving family—but William would not have it. He was grateful for their kindness, but had an independent mind, which made him dislike being a burden upon any one. Things were not come to that with him yet, he used to say; he was still strong and healthy, and while he could earn dry potatoes for his children, they should never eat the bread of charity—his boys would soon be able to assist him—and he had no doubt of the blessing of God upon their honest endeavours. True kindness, however, will always find out a way

of doing good to those who deserve it. When William's last distress was heard of, six of the neighbouring gentlemen agreed to buy a cow amongst them, and to ask him to do them the favour of receiving it as a gift. Mr. Purcell was the one appointed to present it in their names; I believe because he lived quite close to the bog where William had fixed his residence, and knew more of his circumstances than any other. But how shall I tell you, Jenny, the effect produced on Willam when Mr. Purcell had the cow driven up to the door, and begged of him to accept it as a mark of regard from his friends. I was there at the time, for I was then young and hearty, and often I used to call in to do a turn for poor Mrs. Carey, who was then nursing. He had borne every thing like a man; even when he had lost his cow, he had been heard to say, that so far from looking on it as a misfortune, it might be the greatest blessing, if it made him more humble and more resigned to the Almighty's will; but now he burst into tears; they were the first he had shed in all his sorrows: he took Mr. Purcell's hand, he accepted the gift with joy and gratitude, and looked on it, he said, as an earnest of his future prosperity—and such it proved. His wants were unexpectedly relieved, and in a way that gave him double satisfaction; for it told him that the lowest poverty will never prevent an honest man from being the object of esteem and respect.

Jenny. (Wiping her eyes) Ah, Grandmother, how glad I am that William did not refuse the cow; I was almost afraid that he would.

Grandmother. And so perhaps he would, if it had not been given in such a kind way—the wise Solomon says, that a word is better than a gift; and indeed I never saw its truth so strongly proved before; it was the kindness of Mr. Purcell's manner more than the gift, which won William; and I am also sure, that it is approved of by Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth none—William's story is now almost ended. His cow turning out a very good one—he, after some little time, ventured to take a few acres of land; the soil was good, the landlord kind, and William indefatigable. His sons also were now able to assist him, and he throve rapidly. His sons now live upon the farm which the father tenanted to the day of his death; they are like him, honest, industrious, and what is still better, religious men; and his daughter married a substantial farmer, with whom she lives in great happiness—and now, Jenny, let me hope that this little history will not be lost on you. William practised the virtues suited to his station—"Go thou and do likewise;" and believe me, whatever befalls you, whether it be prosperity or adversity, you will be happier in one case and more resigned in the other, by always remembering that every thing is in the

hands of an all-wise, all-powerful, and merciful being, who disposeth every thing for the best, and will surely reward those who trust in him.

THE HISTORY OF PADDY.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. You have promised, mother, to give me old Paddy's history, and I love that old man so well, I won't leave off asking you till you do.

Grandmother. Well, we may begin it now, and let me see that you will listen attentively; for there is something in it which may be of use to you hereafter, if you mind it.

Paddy was the son of one of Mr. M's tenants, and taken into his master's house when but a boy, by way of a servant. Here he lived many years; and, behaving well and honestly, was a favourite, both with master and mistress. The master was a worthy man, and did not think it beneath him to give his servants good advice. As Paddy grew up, he would not allow him to waste his wages. When he had so much to spare, he made him buy a calf, and gave him cheap grazing for it. The calf soon came to be a cow, and, by the time Paddy was twenty-five years of age, he had ten guineas saved. He loves his master's memory to this day, and often repeats what he used to say to him.

In the same house lived a young woman, as

child's maid ; she was really very pretty, and knew it too well ; being chiefly employed about the children, she had little hard work ; walking abroad with them, or dressing them to appear before company, was her chief employment ; and, on such occasions, she did not forget to dress herself—but not in the manner she ought. A child's maid, 'tis true, ought to be quite clean, because she must often appear before company, of which there was great resort to Mr. M's house. But Kitty (that was her name) quite over-did it, and it was not easy, sometimes, to distinguish the maid from the mistress. She should have been checked for this, but as she was really careful of the children, and always kept them very nice, the mistress, who was fond of shewing them to company, seemed rather pleased with it. She gave Kitty a great deal of clothes, from time to time, and often indulged her in another respect, which is often prejudicial to a poor girl, I mean tea-drinking. This girl Paddy took a strong fancy to ; nor was he the only one, for she was the beauty of the parish. She liked to be courted and admired, so was in no great hurry to get married ; and when she did fix her choice, unfortunately for Paddy, it fell on him. Her mistress liked the match ; the master did not, for he thought she had been too long in his house, and too much indulged by the mistress, to make a good wife to a poor man. But married they were, and lived there six

months after, till a very snug cottage was built for Paddy, not far from the master's. He had an acre of good land for a garden, and grass for the cow at a very reasonable rate. He had saved money himself to buy the cow, and other little articles; but as Kitty's wages had been all spent in clothes, she had no little store. They now commenced house-keepers, and, I believe, might have got on very well, as both master and mistress were inclined to be very kind to them. But alas! Kitty could not live without tea, nor did she like to be long without meat either. The garden afforded them potatoes in plenty, and other vegetables; they had a pig or two, and sometimes a little corn, and poultry, and two good cows, which, well managed, might have been very profitable. Paddy himself, except when he sowed his garden, or reaped the produce of it, was mostly employed about his master's business, by which, no doubt, he paid for his garden and the grass of his cows, at least. The mistress sent also often for Kitty, to do little jobs; she paid her to be sure, but a poor woman's proper place is in her own cottage. Kitty did not like to spoil her hands by milking, so she kept a little maid; such seldom do any good, except under a watchful eye. While Kitty waited on her mistress, the cows, pigs, and poultry, every thing was neglected; and what was worst of all, her first child, a fine boy, fell into a pan of boiling water, and his instep was

so terribly scalded that he was a cripple to the day of his death ; he died at ten years of age of the small pox. This was a sore affliction to poor Paddy, but he had worse to come. I told you his wife could not, or would not do without tea. Paddy for a long time was a dotting husband, and willing to indulge her in that, or any thing else he could, as far as he was able, but he was obliged at last to remonstrate ; children were coming fast, little or no profit was made by his cows, and the produce of his garden did not hold out as it ought, so that he found himself very hard set. His wife would have tea ; and often, in her husband's absence, invited a number of her female neighbours to partake it with her, which they did, and laughed at her folly, I fear, afterwards. Thus, you may perceive, the butter tub filled but slowly. She had great plenty of calico and muslin gowns when she married, and while they lasted, or she could buy others of the same sort, she would not wear any thing else, though stuff or camlet would have looked much better on a cottager's wife. Not content with that, she was fond of seeing her girls dressed in calico ; most of which, 'tis true, she got in cast-cloths from her mistress's children ; but it raised envy in her neighbours first, and then derision ; for the finest things look worst when they are old, and to keep children nice requires many changes. Nor did Kitty train her children as she ought. It requires some

pains to shew children the necessity of speaking truth at all times. Poor Kitty did many things which she thought it necessary to conceal from her husband: and the children were taught to tell lies to the father, rather than betray the mother. Her second child was a girl, and very pretty, like her mother. This girl she sent, in her sixteenth year, to service with the daughter of her old mistress, who had been married in Dublin. This poor creature had been told by her mother that her face would make her fortune,—and it did so. Like her mother, she was fond of dress, she grew vain, fell into bad company, and at last acted so improperly that her friends cast her off, and, as was said afterwards, she died in want. This was a dreadful blow to Paddy, and to his wife, no doubt. His old master died, the widow went to live with her daughter in Dublin. The young master found no work for Paddy but that of a day-labourer, so both husband and wife were at once deprived of all connexion with the great house; if the wife had been so, long before, it would have been better. Paddy was now often at home, which he did not use to be, except at night. He could not help speaking sometimes, when he saw her faults, and this produced frequent bickering between them. Meantime, his eldest son, (not the cripple, he was dead) who was always a wild boy, enlisted against their will; he was nine years in the army, but at last, from intemperance, con-

tracted a disorder which brought him to the grave. He died at home, for he was discharged when found not fit for duty ; and he was a great expense, as well as affliction to his father, at a time when he could least bear it. About this time Paddy owed some pounds, which his creditors demanded, and to pay it the cows went, and poor Paddy was never able to replace them. He had still two children, the eldest a boy, the youngest a girl of three years old, who from bad nursing, had contracted the rickets, and could not walk, though a pretty creature, and Paddy's darling. To put the finishing stroke to Paddy, he now began to fall behind in paying his rent ; and the consequence was, he got notice to quit the cottage, and to give up the land. He found another, but not a better ; and his remaining son, now a young man, was rather a plague than any assistance to him, for, though a good workman, all he earned went to the public house. He was quarrelsome too, and, on account of a quarrel, was obliged to keep out of the way. It was said he went to the fishy islands, Newfoundland, I think, they call it, but he has never been heard of since ; and it was thought it was one cause of bringing a stroke of the palsy on his mother, whose great darling he was.—But, Jenny, I am weary.

Jenny. Oh Mother ! will you leave Paddy in such a woful way ?

Grandmother. Indeed I must till to morrow.

—
2nd Dialogue.—*Paddy.*

Jenny. I have been dreaming half the night of poor Paddy. Mother, I long to see him in a better situation.

Grandmother. You must wait a litle for that. I told you his wife got the palsy, a terrible distemper, and often a tedious one. She lived four years with it, but quite a cripple, and mostly in her bed. This distemper affects the mind as well as the body. Her temper, never good, grew fretful. Paddy's female neighbours had often to assist him in attending his wife, or in washing for them; but, on the whole, he had a woful time of it, for better than two years after she grew sick.

Jenny. Well, I hope Paddy is going to have a little comfort now. Oh! Mother, it was hard to bear up under such distress, blow after blow.

Grandmother. It was, Jenny, and Paddy did not look to that which could support him; Paddy had not a proper sense of religion.

Jenny. No sense of religion, Mother!

Grandmother. Paddy was an honest man, a kind husband and father, and went pretty often to his devotion; but he wanted that submission to the will of Heaven, which is one

main part of it; he did not look for support where only it is to be found;—nor once ask himself, “Has the Almighty no wise end in suffering all these evils to come upon me?” At times, however, he sunk almost into despair; all his misfortunes would rise before him, and seeing no end likely to be of them, he began to think of putting his poor child in some charitable institution, leaving his wife to the care of her neighbours, and quitting the kingdom himself.

Jenny. And who could blame him if he did? I am sure I would not.

Grandmother. You seem to forget Jenny, that Paddy was bound by the solemn marriage vow, for better for worse, no exception allowed. It was in one of these moods that he rose to light a candle, and in his way threw down a book. Having no mind to sleep, he opened it to pass time away; it was the Bible, and the first thing he cast his eye upon, he has often told me, pierced him to the heart. It was this:—“I smote you with blasting, with mildew, and hail, yet you have not turned to me, saith the Lord.” He saw at once it was just his own case; he had lived in a state of suffering for many years, without once considering what might be the design of Providence in permitting those evils to fall upon him, or applying to the Author of all good, for support and consolation under them. He now thought he saw the gracious purpose of his Maker, in suffering

him to be afflicted, and felt shame and remorse for having been so long deaf to the gracious call. He read on, and finding almost every page filled with promises of pardon to the penitent sinner, of support to the weak, and light to those who sit in darkness, who, in such a state are bid "to trust in the Lord, and stay upon the name of their God." He at last threw himself on his knees, implored pardon, for his past faults, and, with God's assistance, promised to amend, and from this time, bore all his wife's humours with patience, and two years after she died.

Jenny. I am sure I dont know how to be sorry for it, she was a disagreeable woman; and, of all her faults, that of tormenting Paddy, and she upon her death bed, was the worst.

Grandmother. I have told you before, Jenny, the palsy will spoil a good temper, and Kitty's never had been good. It is a dreadful disorder, and hardly any one can tell how much allowance should be made for those afflicted with it, but they who have felt it themselves. But, for my part, I see no great merit in a healthy person bearing a little with a poor suffering creature. In this case above all others, it behoves us to do as we would be done by. However, you must not resolve to condemn the wife until you hear the end of her story. Many months before her death, Paddy was the happy means of bringing her mind into the right frame. His attentions to her were so kind, that

she must have been a stone not to love him. So he began, by degrees, to read to her from the Bible, the life, the sufferings, and the death, of our blessed Lord and Saviour; and when her heart was softened by the account of his great love for man, he ventured to speak to her upon her own state, at first, indeed, only by degrees, but afterwards more openly, until at last, he had the great satisfaction of seeing her die in peace with all men, and humble reliance upon the mercy of God.

Well, he had now only his little Mary, and he doted on her so, that he kept home a year after his wife's death, on purpose to have her with him. But then, knowing she would want instruction, he sent her to a sister of his, who kept a little school near Thurles, and was a serious woman. Here the child was happy. Her aunt loved her, and taught her her duty to God and man. She was of a good disposition, and improved daily. In her seventeenth year, (for so long she lived with her aunt,) she went a servant in a very good family, who soon after removed to Dublin. Meantime Paddy gave up his house and garden, took a lodging in the skirts of the town of —, and worked daily. He was very handy at gardens, &c. so he maintained himself, and had sometimes a little to spare. While his daughter was with her aunt, he was easy about her, but when she went to service, and to Dublin, he suffered much about her; and, thinking of his

other poor girl's fate, a pleurisy at last attacked him, and he was long before he recovered strength. This left him penniless, but Mary, hearing of it, sent him two guineas. But I must now mention what brought him to our neighbourhood. A young man, who in partnership with his mother, rented sixteen acres of land, gave Paddy leave to build a little cot, just for himself, on it, and added a cabbage-plot with it, and in return, Paddy, in the farmer's absence, had an eye to the land. Here he lived quite alone; and as he never quite recovered his strength after the pleurisy, he was not able to work labouring work as constantly as he used. But he set the ditch of his little garden thick with oziers; of these, in the proper season, he made baskets; he also got straw and made beehives, and little straw baskets too; all which he sold, and, though now pretty far advanced in years, he made a shift to maintain himself. His daughter too, never failed to send him a guinea at Christmas, and sometimes a couple of shirts, stockings, or other little things. She was an excellent girl, and in high favour with her mistress, who gave her many a good thing. Paddy had become truly religious, and his natural temper being good, his disposition kind and obliging, he soon became a favourite with all the poor people near him, the boys and girls especially, to whom he was never morose, but loved to see them happy in any innocent amusement,

though he never failed to check when it ought to be done. At last Paddy's cot wanted a patch of thatch, and he went about doing it; in coming down the ladder he slipped, fell, and broke his leg.

Jenny. Oh, poor Paddy, will his misfortunes never have an end—and sure he is good now!

Grandmother. Poor blind creatures, as we are, we know not what is best for us, and therefore, should take whatever comes with thankfulness. What you call a misfortune was the beginning of his good fortune; and remember, good people are no more exempt from the common accidents of life than others, though religion will enable them to bear them better;—but if you have no charity on me, Jenny, I must have a little on myself; so, positively, not a word more now.

3d Dialogue.—Paddy.

Jenny. Now mother, I hope you will finish Paddy's story, I never longed for any thing more.

Grandmother. Well, I told you Paddy's leg was broke; the neighbours who loved him were very sorry, and did what they could to help him: it was soon set, and the old women of the place took it by turn, to sit up with him; among them I was one, and it was then I got the long story you have heard. Paddy charged

every one that came near him, to give his daughter no intelligence of the accident, for he dreaded her leaving a very good place, but there are some people who delight in telling ill news, and they ought to examine closely why they do so; so she heard it between two and three weeks after the accident: it was my turn to sit up, a fine moonlight night it was, and Paddy and I were chatting together very socially, when we heard a car stop, the road was just by, and I thought it might be farmer Griffith coming from the fair, for he or his mother used to come to see Paddy every second day, and were otherwise kind; I went to the door, the car was now just at it, a young woman was in it, together with a large trunk and a basket: she sprang from the car, seized my hand, and in a faltering voice asked was her father living; I now knew it was Mary, and held her back till I could prepare him to see her; this was necessary; he was greatly affected, and she not less so: both shed floods of tears, he gently blaming her for leaving her good place, and she protesting she would never more leave him. We were in this situation when farmer Griffith entered, coming from the fair; his eye was instantly fixed on Mary, who rose to thank him for his kindness to her father, and he never took it off her while he staid, which was a full hour, though his own house was but two fields off; in short, I could not keep my own eye off her, and I saw at once the young farmer's business was done.

Jenny. She is a very well-looking woman now, but sure she was more so then.

Grandmother. Jenny, a good mind will make an ordinary face look handsome; love to her father, and gratitude to his friend, at that time took up her whole soul, and shone out in her fine blue eyes; in short, she had then just such a countenance as one would expect to see on angels; if you wish to be really handsome, you must be good.

Jenny. I thank you mother, and hope to profit by your admonition.

Grandmother. The young farmer got deeper in love every day, and would have married her directly but that he feared his mother, but he could not stay from Paddy's cot; the neighbours began to whisper, the old dame herself was not quite blind, she would perhaps have chosen another match; but seeing her son strongly attached, she set herself to observe Mary's conduct—that was faultless; she could knit, spin, sew, and quilt very well, and got pretty constant employ that way, was very modest and strict in her behaviour, and seldom went out but to her devotion—above all things, the old woman hated that tawdry finery, girls who live in a city are so apt to fall into; Mary had none of it, she had plenty of clothes, but all fit for her station; her care of her father and kindness to him, weighed much with the old woman, and when her son ventured to ask her consent, he

found less difficulty than he expected—they were married, and young Griffith asked Paddy to live with him, this Paddy declined, fearing it might not please the mother; but in a short time Mary's attention to her mother-in-law, and the propriety of her whole conduct so won on the old dame, that when Paddy came to be sponsor to his first grandson, she declared he should go back to his cot no more, after this they all lived together in great comfort. The old woman died about seven years after, and never had a word of dispute with her daughter. Paddy you know is quite happy with his son and daughter, and though now an old man, is of use in the family, for you know he can lead children as he will—he has fine grand-children, they are in a thriving way; Paddy is very comfortable in this world, and has in view a happy immortality.—You now have his story, what have you learned by it?

Jenny. Many things, mother; first, that we should be very careful in our choice of a partner for life, secondly, that a poor woman should drink tea but twice a year, at Christmas and Easter; thirdly, that the Bible is an invaluable book, and should be read oftener; fourthly, that instead of murmuring at our distresses, we should examine whether they are not designed as blessings to us; fifthly and lastly, that if I wish to be handsome I must be good.

Grandmother. Well said my girl; if you

remember these, and as occasions offer, reduce them into practice, you will be always my darling.

GOING OUT TO SERVICE.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. Come hither, my child, I want to have a little serious conversation with you; your mother has mentioned to you the offer she had, of placing you in a respectable service; she has told you, of course, the many reasons why that offer should be accepted; and therefore it is not necessary that we should talk them over, more particularly, as I understand you see them yourself; indeed, Jenny, I must say, it was only what I expected from you—you have been always what I could wish to see my grand-daughter; and, I thank God, he has made you so teachable, that any little counsel I could give, you were always ready to receive and to follow; you are now about to leave us; in a few days, you will be from under the eyes which watched over you ever since your birth, and you will be, to a certain degree, mistress of your own actions; will you not then listen with attention to a few parting words:—you have hitherto my child, been only learning as I may say; you will now be called upon, to

practice what we taught you. Need I say, that our constant prayers will be sent forth, to Him who guideth the heart, that you may always be found amongst his faithful servants, and thus that you may give delight, to those who so tenderly love you.

Jenny. (in tears) My darling grandmother, how shall I ever shew you how much I feel all your goodness! how can I tell you all that is in my mind towards you and all my family!

Grandmother. We do not ask any thing more, my child, than that you should ever act so as to promote your own happiness here and hereafter. It is thus you will shew your gratitude to us, for it is thus you will give us a joy greater than if you offered us thousands of pounds. Yes, let your future conduct be what it ought to be, and we shall be amply repaid for all we have done for you. Whenever I planted a tree or a flower, have you not seen how pleased I was to see it flourish? how much more shall I rejoice to see the human plant, which I have nursed for so many years, thriving under the care I gave it, distinguished by a moral and religious behaviour, useful in her station, and a pattern to all about her in every thing that is good? Tell me then Jenny will you not give us this reward?

Jenny. Ah grandmother! can you ask me such a question! With God's assistance, I hope I shall not fail in my duty; and any advice

you give me now, I will treasure it up in my heart, and follow it through life to the best of my ability.

Grandmother. Well, my girl listen to your grandmother; perhaps it is the last time she may be allowed to address you; her time cannot be very long; but come that awful hour when it will, it will give her a joy greater than can be described, to know that you are walking in the paths of righteousness. You have been taught your duty to God and to your neighbour; you have read with me the word of life, as it is contained in the bible; here, my child, take this—it is a bible for yourself; I bought it for you the other day, and I have kept it for this moment. It cost but little, but it is the most precious gift I could bestow on you. Read it every day, you will find in it directions for your conduct in every circumstance of life, comfort under every affliction you may meet with, and promises, unfailing promises of support under every trial, if you depend not on your own strength, but look to him who is mighty to save. You will meet with many temptations, which never attacked you here; to enumerate them would be endless, but one thing I will recommend to your earnest attention, for if you observe it carefully, it will defend you from all the dangers to which you will be exposed.—

Jenny. Tell me what it is, and believe your child, that she will never lose sight of it.

Grandmother. When the patriarch Abraham was called from his friends and native country, to wander among strange nations, and some of them idolatrous ones, we may suppose his way was perilous enough; yet, as I remember, the only caution given him by God was this:—"walk before me and be thou perfect." Now, my dear Jenny, if you will accustom yourself to walk in that awful presence, you will find it as sure a preservative to you, as it was to the patriarch. Wayward though you were, at times, as a child, I never knew you to do a wrong thing before me, a poor weak creature like yourself; but how would you tremble at indulging even a wicked thought, if you could recollect that at all times, and in all places; you stand in the presence of Him who sees the heart, from whom nothing can be hid, your most secret thoughts being as visible to him, my child, as the sun at noon day is to you: and would you not stand in awe of such a spectator, and instantly reject any evil suggestion?

Jenny. I hope I should, Grandmother; but 'tis a very awful reflection, that we always stand in the presence of God.

Grandmother. It is, Jenny, an awful reflection, but, at the same time, a most comfortable one, if we consider that this great being, supreme in wisdom, power, and goodness, permits us to call him Father; declares He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and pities us

as his children. Invites us to apply to Him in all emergencies, and promises not to forsake us even though we were cast off by the whole world. Is not this encouragement, ever to delight in that presence, which we cannot avoid if we would? Let it then be your first care, in the morning, to remember before whom you stand,—and I think you can hardly help imploring his protection, and blessing for the day; this will not take up many minutes; allow the same thought to recur many times in the day, more particularly if you feel any temptation to evil; and I dare promise you, you will not easily yield to it;—but if, unhappily, you should commit a fault, let not this discourage you from applying to the fountain of all goodness for pity and pardon. You know what promises are made to penitent sinners, nay, to such as have been guilty of the most enormous crimes, which, I trust, will never be your case; and how can you fear to stand in the presence of Him, who, by his inspired apostle, declares himself to be LOVE—that “fury is not in Him,”* that He will abundantly pardon, &c. &c. in short, you can hardly read a page in the Bible, in which this great being is not described in the most amiable and attractive light. Fail not, therefore, my good child, frequently to recollect you are in His presence; you will find it the surest preservative against evil of every kind,—nor can any situation, or any hurry of business, hinder you of it if you please.

Jenny. May every blessing rest upon this house, and those it contains. I shall always pray to him, who can protect as well as guide, that he would shield you and my honoured parents from every danger, that injure either body or soul. And now, grandmother, I can only say, as long as life is granted to me, I will humbly strive so to act, as if I were actually standing before God:—I will love him, fear him, and put my trust in him; and when the stroke of death shall come upon me, I will look to him for pardon, relying upon his merits who died to save us.



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SAVINGS BANKS.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. Why, Jenny, you are all in a blaze; what made you run so fast?

Jenny. I heard you were come back, grandmother, and I was longing to hear from my aunt and her poor family, so mistress gave me leave to come down, and I ran like a hare to have the more time with you; for Jemmy, the carman, brought us up woful news—he says there are four of them down together, in the typhus fever, and that my uncle himself is crippled some way or other; she had trouble enough before, and this will only increase it. My uncle always took care she should be little the better of him. Lord help her! I dare say she was not mistress of half a-crown when this came on her.

Grandmother. I believe she had not; but there is one able to supply the wants of all his creatures, and He sent a good angel to comfort her; the eldest boy (and a good boy he is) is in a way of recovery; the three younger are in the fever, but likely to do well. Your uncle coming home tipsy just after the eldest boy fell sick, fell down a broken well and has hurt his leg, so he wont be able to use it much for a month to come — my sister has hired a woman to assist in taking care of the sick; and a charitable lady in

the neighbourhood, who keeps sheets and blankets on purpose to lend to the sick poor, lent your aunt a pair of blankets and two pair of sheets. God bless her; there is no greater charity than lending bed-clothes to the poor on such occasions; I believe it saves many a life.

Jenny. May she be happy in this world and the next—this was your good angel Grandmother.

Grandmother. No, indeed; it was one that warmed your poor aunt's heart in the midst of her distress, and enabled her to raise it to Heaven, with joy and gratitude; in short, it was your cousin Mary—her mother sent to borrow a guinea of her, and her dutiful daughter came the next day with fifty shillings, which she insisted on her mother taking as a gift; this is the girl, Jenny, you and others have laughed at for her plain substantial dress.

Jenny. If ever I laughed at my cousin it was but in jest. I know she is a good girl, and has more sense than myself; but, indeed, I will try to learn from her; for, as you spoke, something struck across my mind, which hurts me still; I felt, that if you, or my mother were in my aunt's situation, I could not so easily supply your wants—and Mary must be very thrifty or she could not command so much money in a hurry. I am almost as long at service as she.

Grandmother. You are—but you and she, since you bought your own cloaks, always drest

in a different manner. Mary wears strong stuff of camlet in her gowns, which, when they are past wearing, as gowns, will make very useful petticoats, while a worn out calico or muslin is fit for nothing but patch work, which we poor people have little need of. Good worsted stockings too, will out-last cotton ones, and are not half the trouble; a plain substantial shawl serves Mary in summer, when she goes to her devotion; and a cloth cloak in winter; she has nothing to do with lace, and very little with ribbons; I can tell you also that Mary has fifty shillings still in the Savings Bank; besides, I believe there are some wages due to her.

Jenny. Mary spoke to me of those banks; I wish I had taken more notice of what she said, for if it was there she had her money, I think I will try to gather a little for the same purpose.

Grandmother. I can give you the whole history of the Banks, which are one of the many things we have to bless our superiors for. Mary told me all about them, for her good mistress charged her not to go into the sick house, so she and I slept at a neighbour's, but first I must tell you something else—when your poor aunt found her eldest son was in a fever, you may suppose she was in a woful plight, her husband having just finished a kiln of lime, was abroad some days drinking the price of it. You know, that except sowing a good potato-garden for his family, he left your aunt to do as she could, for

every thing else they wanted. When he heard of his son's illness, he was half-sobered by it, and was trying to come home, when a fall over an old wall sobered him quite; his leg is severely hurt, but will be well in time, and he seemed in such grief, your aunt thought it best to say but little to him; he had more money than he spent, but I suppose his pockets were picked in the ale-house, for he brought nothing home with him—just after this, the three younger boys were taken ill; but the two young girls have not taken the fever yet. As your uncle could not but see there were many things wanting for the sick, and that your aunt found means to supply them—she thought it best to tell him that Mary had brought her some money; she told me he cried like a child, blest his daughter, and blamed his own folly, and vowed, if he lived to be able to work, he would repay her—hearing she was forbid to enter the sick-house, he desired she might come to the window where he mostly sits; I went with her, and, with his eyes streaming with tears, he said, I am not worthy to give you my blessing, but God will bless you, and I hope he will give me grace to keep a solemn promise I have made this morning, never to get drunk again. My dear Mary you have saved my poor family from ruin, and if I live to be able to get work, I will surely repay you. Mary cried for joy, and so did I; your aunt thinks he will keep his promise, for she

never before could get him to make one ; so there is a whole family saved from extreme distress, by the thrift of one. I should have told you too, that Mary's mistress sent her mother some old linen and a bed-gown ; and Mary herself gave her a good new drugget petticoat.

Jenny. I rejoice to hear it all, and love Mary better than ever ; but can you tell me how she came to save so much, her wages are just what I have myself, three pounds a year.

Grandmother. Mary's mistress is a serious woman, looks into the conduct of her servants, often gives them good advice, and when they behave well, is very kind to them, and is anxious they should save something were it ever so little. Your aunt, when she sent Mary to service, was not able to dress her fine ; a striped gown for every day and a camlet for Sunday, with check aprons, and other things suitable were all her finery ; and luckily her mistress liked her the better for it, and when she found Mary an industrious good girl, willing to learn and take good advice, she grew fond of her and often advised her to continue her old plain dress, and try to save a little of her wages—you are a good girl Mary, said she, and your dress becomes you far better than frippery muslin and calicos, which will be of no sort of use to you when you get into a cottage of your own, and while you are young and healthy you ought to save something, were it ever so little ; in the savings bank,

your money will be safer than in your own pocket, it will be still increasing, and you can add a little more by degrees. You can call for it any hour you please, and in case of sickness or any accident, you will find it very comfortable to have a little store of your own to go to. Mary, like a wise girl, obeyed her good mistress; she put fifteen shillings in directly, and every year since, she never fails to put in a quarter's wages; and as she sometimes gets vails, she often puts more; in short she has scraped five pounds together, and you see what apart only has done.

Jenny. I see it grandmother, and I feel it; your advice shall be no longer lost on me—I have thirty shillings due to me, and it shall be put in directly, but you must tell me all the ins and outs of it, you say you have it all from Mary.

Grandmother. I have; so listen attentively—you may put in a single tenpenny, and still add to it, as you can spare money, till it amounts to twelve and six pence; after that, you will get interest if you chuse to do so, or you may leave it in the bank to increase the principal. Whether your money be little or much, you may draw part or the whole of it whenever you please, if it be under five pounds; if it amounts to that, you must give one week's notice. No accident can happen it, and it is much safer than if it were in your own pocket.

Jenny. And is there no fear of the bank breaking? — you know how one of them closed lately, to the great loss of poor and rich.

Grandmother. No; the Savings Banks will never close till the world is turned upside down; the plan of them is laid wholly for the benefit of the poor, to encourage industry, economy, and a prudent foresight among them, and a spirit of independence, which procures respect for either man or woman.

Gentlemen of great fortune and character unite to form these banks: one of them is called the Treasurer, he receives and pays out the money as it may be called for; and he is bound by law to pay into the Bank of Ireland whatever he receives above a certain sum, which he keeps in his hands for the demands of those who want to draw their money; and the bank as it has the parliament at its back, we may be sure will never be let to close. Now, those banks are designed for the good of all who can afford to lay by even a tenpenny a month. Yet, they seem best calculated for the young and single, who certainly can spare something if they are but frugal; they will, therefore, be inexcusable if they do not take the advantage which is offered: and only think, in case of sickness, or any other accident to which we all are liable, how comfortable it is to have a little stock of one's own to go to: depend on it, Jenny, such a little store would procure you more respect than

all the finery you will ever be able to put on your back.

Jenny. I am sure it would, mother, and I assure you, my back shall be content with cheap substantial wear, for the time to come. I am satisfied too, that the banks are quite safe, and a great blessing to the poor. But mother, I am quite at a loss to find out how my aunt kept her family so decent as she always did, when my uncle provided nothing but potatoes for the family.

Grandmother. Potatoes are one main point in a poor man's family, yet your aunt was often put to hard shifts, especially while the children were young, but she had some resources: there was a large bog just by her, and on this she had liberty to keep a flock of geese, and these she could always sell to advantage; her garden is large, and you know she has the fence of it inside, and all the waste corners planted with fine currants and gooseberries, and by these only I have known her make a guinea in one season; she sows a plot of onions every year; a stock of bees which settled in her garden, was of no small use to her: besides, she always keeps a pig—the children as they grew up, she kept to constant work; the two younger girls can knit, sew, and spin right well, and often get employment that way—the eldest son, now eighteen, is a sober lad, and a good workman, and dutiful to his mother; the two younger

boys are hopeful, and if the poor father now takes up, all will be well.

Jenny. I hope in God he will ; I thank you, Grandmother, for all you have told me, which shall not be lost on me ; but 'tis time I was running home.

Grandmother. Before we part, dont you think we ought to put up a good wish for those great people, who are thinking of us when we dont think of ourselves ; and who give such encouragement to sobriety and industry, that if we are not sober and industrious, we are without excuse. I can't help hoping that our manners will soon be changed for the better, and that is the only, and best return we can make to our benefactors. But there is One who can reward them amply ; for we are told, those who turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars, for ever. May this be their lot—may length of days, and honour, be their portion in this world, and a crown of glory in the next.

Jenny. With all my soul I say amen.



SAVINGS BANKS CONTINUED.

Grandmother, Jenny, and Pat. Sheehan, a neighbour.

Jenny. Well, grandmother, since I saw you last, I have been to the savings bank, and there I've put in all I was worth—at first I had only thirty shillings, but by little and little it has mounted to two pounds.

Grandmother. I suppose, Jenny, you now can tell our neighbour Pat. as well as I could, the benefit of having a safe place to put your wages.

Jenny. You have hit upon that, Grandmother, which my mistress told me is the first to be looked to. It would be a hard thing, she says, when a poor body has been striving late and early to scrape a little money together, for a rainy day, if after all, the place where you keep it was to break; now this can't happen with the savings bank, for all the money given in by poor people, is sent by the mail off to the bank of Ireland; and, that you know, is as sure as a rock.

Grandmother. You are right, Jenny, if you want your money to be out of reach of robbers, or fire, or the like, put it into the bank; but I'll tell you another safety there is in it; 'tis not only out of harms way from these causes; but 'tis also safe from yourself; many a one, if his

money is hard-by in his box, is tempted to take a little now and again, when he meets an acquaintance; he says to himself, 'tis only the price of a naggin or half a pint, or (in your case Jenny, for you never touch whiskey) an ounce of tea, and so as you have nothing to do but to unlock your trunk, away goes a part, and thus from time to time, a little and a little, and you see the end of your store, without any thing to shew for it.

Pat. I have been listening to you, Mrs. M'Cann, and should like to hear a little more of these same banks; I was up in Dublin lately, where the people are all talking about laying by their money in them, and every one says the whiskey houses must be shut up.

Grandmother. I fear, Pat, there is many a long weary day, before that will come to pass; but it is a great thing to hear that the poor are getting a little more sense.

Pat. They have set up a bank in Cuff-street, near the Green, and another I am told in School-street, that is near Thomas-street, and it would surprise one, I hear, to see the crowds who go there every Monday, to give in their little savings.

Grandmother. Why you know Miss Margaret, the Squire's daughter, who goes up to Dublin with her Father so often, she now and then calls in to see me, and she told me, the other day, that in one of these banks, I believe

Cuffe-street, there had been lodged thirty-three thousand pounds.

Pat. That must have been a bank for the rich, and not for the poor, for where would the poor get such a load of money as that?

Jenny. No indeed, not for the rich, any more than the very poor; but for the like of us, servant men, and girls, and young men, who work for their living, and instead of spending all their wages on drink, take a little care about the time to come, and are laying by for a sore leg.

Grandmother. Aye, 'tis just so; every little makes a mickle, and the ocean is made up of drops: and just in this way, by getting a little from one, and a little from another, this load of money has been scraped together. I am sorry, *Pat*, that never was your notion; for I often remarked that you always thought the money safest in your pocket; and, to say the truth, it was in bad keeping, for you seldom rested till you left it at the Shamrock.

Pat. And well I might. You remember when my uncle, James Wilson, died, he left me ten pounds, and I thought I would keep it so safely. I went and lodged it with my own hands in a Bank; and sare, as I said to myself, when I saw so large a house, and so many clerks writing, and counting money, I think it will be long before they can break; so in an evil hour, I left it there, for a year and upwards; and then, when I went to town, the

day before our fair, for I wanted to buy a cow, I saw a great crowd before the hall door, which was shut, and they told me the people were bankrupts; and from that hour to this, I never got a farthing of my money. Am I not right, therefore, in saying that it is safest in our own pockets?

Grandmother. But no such thing as this can happen with the Savings Banks; for the money is never left with the clerk, or even the gentlemen who carry it on. So that if ever you want to get it back, for a cow or a pig, why there is no fear of a disappointment.

Pat. But do you believe the gentlemen have no advantage from it, and that they take all this trouble for nothing?

Jenny. I am sure of it, for my master goes there every Monday, at three o'clock, for the purpose of taking in, and paying back the savings of the poor. When the bank was opened, he and a great many more gave their money to buy the books in which our accounts are kept, and to pay a clerk; and they can't get any of it back, even if they wanted it.

Pat. Well, Jenny, and how do you go about it? I suppose it wouldn't be worth their while to take in a trifle, and yet what more can a poor man save, these hard times?

Jenny. They will take so little as ten pence at a time; and when you have lodged twelve shillings and six pence, why then you begin to

have interest for your money, one halfpenny a month exactly, or six pence a year; or, when it amounts to twenty-five shillings, a penny a month, or one shilling a year.

Grandmother. How can you be talking of hard times, Pat? Hard as they are, though you can't save a penny to put into the bank, you can spend many a penny at the Porter-house, and more is the pity too; for every one says that Pat Sheehan's the handiest carpenter for a job, in the town, so that you are always sure of work. If you had only saved all you drank since you were out of your time, why you might be a comfortable man now, and your poor wife and children better off, and happier into the bargain.

Pat. Why you talk to me as if I was a downright drunkard.

Grandmother. No, indeed, I do not; for if you were that, I could have but little hope of your mending; but to shew you how much you have wasted, let me know what you spend at the public-house, and Jenny's paper will tell us what it would have come to in ten years. I believe it is that time since you were an apprentice.

Pat. Well, I dont like to be catechised, but you have always a good meaning in what you do; so, to tell you the truth, I always allow myself to spend a tenpenny on pay-nights, when I take up my wages.

Grandmother. Yes, and sometimes two, I suppose; and you always pay off the score you had run up through the week; how much does that come to?

Pat. Why perhaps two tenpennies; sometimes only fifteen pence.

Grandmother. And every week you take a holiday or two; that is, you seldom settle to work until Wednesday, and so you spend and idle at the same time.

Pat. Indeed it often happens.

Grandmother. Well, I won't press you too hard. Suppose that you spend, one week with another, two shillings a week, all the year round, more than there is any occasion for, (and I know you often spend a great deal more than that) how much do you think that would come to, if you had put it into a Savings Bank for ten years?

Pat. Oh, not much.

Grandmother. Why, you would have had £62 8s. 7d. in hand at this moment—think of that, Pat; £62 would see you in a comfortable well furnished room, would put your little ones to school, where they would learn their duty to God and man, and would put good clothes on their backs, and on your poor wife's. I dont mean to affront you, Pat, but I dont think that a rag-woman would give a two-and-six-penny for all the covering that's on them.

Pat. I fear I have been but a bad husband,

and a worse father ; but 'tis never too late to mend, says the proverb, and, with the help of God, I'll begin from this out. I always thought it time enough to save when I got a little older, but I now see how wrong I was.

Grandmother. Wrong you surely were ; for it is when a man is young and hearty he should be laying by for old age. Youth does not last for ever ; or, as Jenny's paper says, " for age and want save while you may—no morning sun lasts the whole day."

Pat. Before I go let me ask you one question. I have been thinking it very odd how 2s. a week could come to so much as £62 in ten years ; for, look you, Mrs. M'Cann, I always carry a bit of chalk in my pocket, and I have been making it up on your table. I never saw a nicer or a cleaner bit of wood than is in it ; but every thing about you is so clean, and the chalk won't hurt it—but I have found, that two shillings a week is but £5. 4s. a year, and ten times that is only £52 ; how then can it be 62 ? I think there must be some mistake about it ; or, perhaps, these gentlemen want to coax us to put our money there, by making it seem more than it is in reality.

Grandmother. Fie, Pat, you should'nt wrong these good gentlemen, after what Jenny has told you ; but the Parliament has taken care of all that, and it is Government are bound to you for what you put in ; the gentlemen cannot

have any of the fingering of it, nor have a farthing for their trouble ; for, see what the paper says, “ no person whatsoever, having the management of this Savings Bank, shall, directly or indirectly, draw any benefit, salary, allowance, profit, or advantage whatsoever, therefrom, beyond their actual and necessary expenses, except the clerk who keeps the accounts. But I'll tell you how it is, Pat, if you put in twelve and six pence you get a halfpenny a month interest for it ; that is sixpence a year, and the more twelve and sixpences you have in, the more interest you get ; besides you are allowed what they call compound interest on your money.

Pat. Compound interest—what's that ?

Jenny. 'Tis *interest upon interest*, and I'll tell you how my master explained it. If you put in twelve and six-pence you get six-pence a year interest. Suppose you put in twenty-five twelve and six-pences, that is just £15 12s. 6d. the interest on it would come to twenty-five six-pences, or twelve and six-pence a year. Now if, instead of taking that twelve and six-pence out, you were to add it to your principal, wouldn't you have twenty-six twelve and six-pences to get interest on the next year, instead of twenty-five ?—and I'll tell you what is more surprising still ; if you went on this way for seventeen years and a half, never drawing out your interest, but adding it to your

principal, you would double your money, your twelve and six-pence would prove to be £1. 5s. ; and the ten pounds you lost would become £20. It was long before I understood this, but my mistress made me learn these figures by heart, that I might be able to tell any body who asked me.

Pat. But why do they count all the interest by twelve and six-pences — why did they pitch on that sum ?

Jenny. I asked my mistress just the same question, and she told me it was because that, at four pounds interest on £100, the interest on twelve and six-pence is just six-pence a year, three halfpence a quarter, and a halfpenny a month ; so for every twelve and six-pence you have in the Bank, you may have six-pence a year interest.

Pat. Well, I heartily wish I had not been so fond of the public-house ; however, there is no use in talking of the past, the time to come is before us, and, please God, as soon as I have put our little place to rights, got a few sticks of furniture together, and bought some clothes for the wife and children, I'll have a touch at the Savings Banks ; how much, did you say, two shillings a week would come to, in ten years.

Grandmother. £62 8s. 7d.

Pat. What a sum to scrape together by little and little !



FEVER HOSPITAL.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Jenny. Thank God, dear Grandmother, you are restored to us again. When I saw you last going to the Fever Hospital, I little expected you would come out of it alive.

Grandmother. Praised be his name, Jenny, he has left me a little longer in the world, to prepare for death; and yet, in the Hospital, I was quite resigned to die, if it had been His will. Sometimes a thought of you would come across my mind; but, when I remembered you were with a kind and pious mistress, I humbly hoped his grace would still guide you in the right way.

Jenny. And may I not still hope that it will. What a sorrowful time, it was to me Grandmother, not let to go near you, for fear of bringing home the fever, though I knew my mistress was very right, nor should I ever have forgiven myself, if one of her dear little children had taken ill, through me. And then, no one beside you, to hand you a drink, or to give you the physic—it was hard to be away from you at such a time, but what I could I did—I prayed to God Almighty that he would spare you to us; and, really, it was not I alone that prayed for your recovery, but all the neighbours.

Grandmother. I thank you, my child, for

your prayers, and thank the neighbours too. In death or life I was resigned to His will. And now that it has been his gracious will to add a longer time to my days, pray for me still Jenny, that I may strive, through his blessing, to be useful. But, my child, you need not have fretted lest I should want a nurse; if I had been a lady and in my own house, I could not have been better off. Think, Jenny, instead of lying in my own close room, with an earthen floor, I was in a comfortable apartment, with a boarded floor, and then every thing about me was so clean; clean linen for me as often as I wanted it, and that was more than I could have had here; for in fever sickness, one must sometimes change two or three times a day; and the place was kept so quiet and wellaired, for though there were five more in the room, besides the nurse, they were all as sick as I was, and needed the same quiet.

Jenny. And did they all recover, Grandmother?

Grandmother. All of them had either left the hospital, or were recovering, before I came away, except one; it was God's will to take her, and it was not in the doctor's skill to keep her alive—skill, indeed, Jenny, for I have lived long in the world, and many a time have I gone out a nurse-tending, but I never saw more kindness and attention to a sick person, than in that hospital. Every morning Doctor

Wilkinson used to make his visit, and you know, Jenny, he it is that the quality always call in ; so that every minute of his time, one may say, is worth money to him ; and yet to that hospital he goes, every day, as sure as eleven o'clock comes : and the sum he receives for this from the county, is not the quarter of what he would get if he was attending the rich. Besides this, there is an apothecary living in the hospital, and he never sleeps out of it, but is always ready to be called up if a patient is getting worse. Tell me now, do you think I could have been so comfortable, or so well attended, at home ?

Jenny. Surely no, Grandmother ; and whenever I hear any one saying she don't like to go into an hospital, when sick, I'll tell her what you have said ; and your advice will go a great way, for every one knows that you are a good judge, and besides, that you would not tell a lie about it for all the world.

Grandmother. But what has been doing here, since I left you ? It seems as if my cabin had been whitewashed but yesterday ; and all my chairs and my table look as if they had been just scoured.

Jenny. You are to thank the Fever Hospital for that too. A few days after the fever carriage took you away, there came here two men, who not only told us what to do, but stopped for two hours assisting us. They took out the window-sash, and made us leave the

door open the whole day, so that there was a thorough air in the room. All the dirty clothes, and the bed-linen, they made us steep in cold water, and then wash in warm water and soap; that chest, your drawers, and every vessel in the house, were emptied and cleansed; the straw of your bed was burned and fresh straw got, before which, the ticken was steeped in cold water.

Whilst all this was doing—and, be assured that there never was a greater proof of the old saying, “that many hands make light work,” for three of the neighbours helped us, and more would have come if we had wanted them—the men were cleaning and carrying out the furniture into the open air; they then brought a bucket and brushes, slacked the lime here in the very room, which they said was the best way, and, whilst it still was bubbling hot, washed every corner and cranny they could get the brush into, and the walls also; and the good of all this was soon seen—not a creature took the fever from you, although father and mother have been living here ever since—not so with our neighbour, John Dempsey, when Mrs. Dempsey, refused to let them in, saying she would not allow them to throw her house out of the window, as she called it, and turn every thing topsy turvy; her two children caught it, and one of them died; indeed I hear that Mrs. Dempsey has

herself caught it, and is this morning gone off to the hospital.

Grandmother. It is too true, Jenny, I met the fever carriage bringing her as I was coming away, and I was told that the sickness was heavier on her from her not taking it in time; for she refused for a long time to go in, saying it was for none but the poor: a great mistake, Jenny, for I saw in that place people who were both decent, and comfortable in the world.— But, as I said before, how few could ever get such attendance and advice at home. I hope others will be taught, by her, not to be headstrong and proud; an obstinate self-willed spirit meets with many a check in this world; and you have often heard, that pride was not made for man.

Jenny. That is true, dear Grandmother, and I hope I shall never forget it. But tell me, didn't your time seem very heavy in the Hospital?

Grandmother. During the time the fever was on me I was little able to judge how time passed; but when I was recovering, I had many things to take my attention. I saw the way nurses attended the sick, and I hope, if I ever am asked again to go out a nurse-tending, I shall be both handier with the sick, and also wiser, for I picked up many a hint from what I saw.

Jenny. Let you alone for that, Grandmother; you often said it was never too late

to learn, and I see you dont preach one thing and do another.

Grandmother. But there was another thing which made my time pass quickly. The good Doctor Wilkinson, some how or other, had heard who I was; indeed I believe it was your master, Jenny, who spoke about me; and, he used always to look so kindly on me, that I always felt as if a friend was coming to my bedside, whenever his visiting hour brought him to the hospital. One day that he came rather sooner than usual, he sat down, and asked me if I knew any thing of the way in which the poor should act when they felt a sickness coming on? "For," said he, "Mrs. M'Cann, I have drawn up a few very simple rules of advice for them in such cases, and I know no one (that was the very word he said, Jenny) I know no one to whom I would sooner give them than to you. I am told you have always some good counsel for your neighbours, when they are in want of it; and, should they come to ask your advice in any of their slight illnesses, I don't think you can do better than throw in a word or two from this paper"—giving me, at the same time, a sheet of paper, written close, with directions for the sick. My eyes were too weak to read it at first, but how I longed for the time when he would allow me to put on my spectacles. I soon got it off by heart; but here is the very paper itself, which I mean to hang up on the walls, in case any of my friends should wish to copy it.

[Here follows the paper of directions drawn up by the benevolent Doctor. It has been stated that Wilkinson is not his real name; however, it matters but very little by what he is called. It is a fact, which should make every poor man bless the Almighty every day, that such characters as Doctor Wilkinson are not a rarity; nay, that there may be found, in every county in Ireland, men who give up their time, and devote their skill, in the hope of improving the condition, and relieving the wants of the poor about them.]

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR,
OR,
EVERY MAN HIS OWN PHYSICIAN.

When a poor person feels chilly, weak on the limbs, or shivers, the legs should be immediately put into warm water up to the knees, for some minutes, after which, the patient should take a warm drink and go immediately to bed, taking great care not to expose himself to cold, which he is then very liable to; then oat meal-gruel, barley-water, weak tea, or, should none of these be within reach, a tumbler of warm

water may be taken. One ounce of any of the purging salts, Glauber, Rochelle, or Epsom, should be dissolved in half a pint of warm water, and taken in divided portions, every half hour till it operates as physic. Should the first ounce prove insufficient, a second may be dissolved and taken as the first, if necessary. These failing, some handy old woman should be employed to give an injection, consisting of half a pint of water, a middling-sized spoonful of common kitchen salt, two of brown sugar, and the bulk of a pullet's egg of butter or hog's lard. If the first of these remedies disappoint, in two hours a second may be tried, increasing the quantity of common salt by one half, or even doubling it. The patient will probably feel much relieved after the bowels are well emptied, but it will be imprudent to leave bed next day. By continuing the warm drink already specified, perspiration often arises, which, in a few hours, will carry off what might, under different management, become a bad fever. If the patient is not well on the third day, application should be made to the nearest Dispensary, or some good benevolent lady, who takes an interest in relieving the poor.

When a poor person gets a severe cough, which agitates and distresses the head and the whole frame, the same treatment will apply as for chilliness and shivering. Should there be any pain under the ribs, catching or preventing

the free drawing of the breath, half a pint, or three naggins of blood may be safely taken from the arm by a lancet, and if this do not remove all impediment to breathing, apply without delay to the nearest advice.

When a poor person feels severe cholicky pains in the stomach or bowels, the most effectual, and by far the safest remedy is physic, taken as before directed. If the stomach rejects the salts taken in small doses, injections should be employed every two hours, and the pained parts stuped with flannels *wrung* as dry as possible out of hot water; as these flannels cool, they should be wrung again out of hot water. This should be continued for half an hour at a time, and repeated every third or fourth hour while the pain is severe. When the bowels purge freely, the cholicky pains will certainly be removed.

When a poor person is seized with a vomiting of bilious matter, which is either yellow or green, and intensely bitter, one tumbler, or half a pint of warm water should be drunk after each fit of vomiting, and the bowels should be opened by an injection if possible.

When a poor person is distressed by a severe pain in any of the joints, or neck, or other parts of the body, the pained part should be covered by a bit of new flannel, made hot at the fire, and this flannel should be heated three or four times a day, and applied as hot as the patient can bear it. A dose of physic should also be taken.—

When the pain is entirely *gone*, the flannel may be safely laid aside, putting a bit of dry paper in its place, for a few days.

In all the foregoing complaints, when patients often feel sick and low, it is too common a practice among the poor, to seek for cordials, wine, spirits, punch, &c. whereas nothing can be more pernicious in the beginning of the worst diseases. Towards the decline of any tedious illness, cordials may be very proper, whereas in the beginning, they are ruinous and destructive. In the cholicky pains, they are particularly dangerous, by exciting inflammation.

Nothing can be of more importance, both to poor and rich, than going to bed on the first attack of chilliness. Many severe fevers and inflammations of the lungs and other parts may, be avoided by pursuing this course steadily.

The health of persons living in close cabins would be materially improved by having a small window in some part of it, at a distance from, and opposite to the door. By opening this for a few hours every dry forenoon, damp and foul air (both very injurious to health) would be carried out.

A small channel outside each cabin, with a proper fall to carry off the eve-drop to some distance, would tend greatly to lessen the damp of an earthen floor.

Occasionally exposing the bedding of a cabin, for some hours, to the sun, in open air,

would greatly contribute to the health of the inhabitants.

There are some parts of the country, however, where the charitable have established houses for the relief of the sick, and where medicine, as well as advice and lodging, is given to the poor without expense. Should the foregoing rules, therefore, be ineffectual in stopping the progress of the disorder, the patient must be carefully wrapped up in blankets, and carried as gently as possible to the hospital, where, under God's assistance, those who have not suffered the sickness to get too much head, or whose constitution has not been previously injured by an irregular life, may hope to recover. In this case, when the sick person has been removed, and there is reason to fear his disorder was an infectious fever, the following directions will preserve the other inmates from its being communicated to them:

Though you may have sent your friend to the hospital, yet the infection, in all probability, still remains in your rooms, and about your clothes. To remove it you are desired to use, without delay, the following means:—

1. Let all your doors and windows immediately be thrown open, and let them remain so throughout the day.
2. Let the house, room, or cabin, from whence the patient is removed, be immediately cleansed; all dry clothes, utensils, &c. immersed in cold

water; the bed clothes, after being first steeped in cold water, should be wrung out, and washed in warm water and soap.

3. Let the clothes you wear, be steeped in cold water, and afterwards washed; and let any chest, box, drawer, &c. in the infectious house be emptied and cleansed.

4. If you lie on straw beds, let the straw immediately be burned, and fresh straw provided, and let the ticken be steeped in cold water.

5. Whitewash all your rooms, and the entrance to them, with lime slacked in the place where you intend to use it, and while it continues bubbling and hot.

6. Scrape your floor with a shovel, and wash it clean; also your furniture.

7. Keep in the open air, for the space of a week, as much as you can.

And lastly, wash your face, hands, and feet, and comb your hair well, every morning at least.

The benefit of this advice, after infection has entered your dwelling, you will soon feel; and persevering in your attention to it, will, under God's protection, preserve you from all the wretchedness occasioned by infectious fevers.

Attend to it then with spirit and punctuality, and be assured that *cleanliness* will check the disease, improve your health and strength, and increase your comfort.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S PRAYER.

THOU GREAT CREATOR of this earth,
Who gave to ev'ry seed its birth ;
By whom our fields with show'rs are blest ;
Regard the husbandman's request.

I'm going now to till my ground,
And scatter there my seed around ;
Which I no more expect to see,
Unless thy blessing sow with me.

In vain our seed around we throw ;
In vain we harrow where we sow ;
Except thou dost our labours bless,
And give the grain a due increase.

Not one, of all my barn supplies,
Will ever from the ridges rise,
Unless thy blessing does pervade
The buried corn, and shoot the blade.

Let thy rich blessing, LORD, attend
On all the labours of my hand ;
That I with joy may reap and mow
A rich return for what I sow.

Open the window of the sky,
And show'r down plenty from on high ;
With fat of earth the seed sustain,
And raise a spear from ev'ry grain.

And pour in season, on the grain,
 The former and the latter rain ;
 And in proportion due supply
 The needful change of wet and dry.

Forbid the vermin to devour ;
 Forbid the mildew's blasting show'r :
 Forbid the tempest to destroy
 My growing crops and promis'd joy.

Crown with thy goodness, LORD, the year,
 And let thy blessings round appear ;
 Let vales be cloth'd with grass and corn,
 And hills let various flocks adorn.

Give to the sons of men their bread,
 Let beasts with fatt'ning grass be fed ;
 All things in plenty, LORD, provide,
 That all our wants may be supplied,

Give us a plenty, LORD, I pray,
 From fields of corn, from meads of hay :
 Of fruits from orchards grafted stocks ;
 Of milk from all the milky flocks.

Thou, LORD, vouchsafe to bless our land,
 And ev'ry work we take in hand ;
 That so, with lifted hands, we may,
 Return thee praises night and day.

THE CONCLUSION.

Grandmother and Jenny.

Grandmother. Well, my child, at length I see all my wishes crowned. You have this day become united to one who, I hope, will ever prove to you a kind and affectionate husband; and you are going to enter upon a state where your means of doing good will be increased, and, therefore, your fault greater, if you do not rightly employ what God has committed to you.

Jenny. Thank you, dear grandmother; you have always been to me the kindest and the best of friends. You watched over me when I was young—you taught me all I know, and if through life I have endeavoured, with God's assistance, to do my duty, it is to you, under Him, I owe it.

Grandmother. Don't think of what you owe to me Jenny; but always remember what you owe to God. How great has been my affection for you is known only to myself; but I am grateful this day for the blessing which has attended all my endeavours. However, I wished to speak to you now upon another subject; perhaps it may be the last opportunity that we shall have, for you are about to remove to a distance, and I cannot expect to see you for a long time.

Jenny. Don't think, grandmother, that it will be long before we meet again. John has promised me that, please God, we shall come

over at Christmas, and indeed I shall be looking anxiously forwards to it.

Grandmother. And so shall I—but, in the mean time, let us not forget that which I had to say to you. You have been so blest, Jenny, as to gain the affection of a young man, whose character and disposition are praised by every one who knows him; and who, though he has a good house over him, and a well stocked farm, did not think the less of you, though you were at service. Now what do you think it was that first drew his notice on you?

Jenny. Why he has often told me, grandmother, but you must not ask me to repeat it.

Grandmother. Dont blush, my child, for to your credit be it said, it was your character. He saw you ever well tempered and cheerful, neat in your dress, though it was always such as suited your condition; he saw you never kept company with those foolish young women, who are fond of going to shows and fairs and wakes; and, above all, he says, he never once missed you at prayers, during the whole time you were in his neighbourhood. Now, Jenny, remember that it was these good qualities which gained his good opinion, and afterwards his affection, and it is by them, these must be preserved. Endeavour always, therefore, to meet him with good humour; he will often come back at night wearied, and perhaps vexed at something that has happened to cross him; let home

wake up to him for every thing that disturbs him abroad. If he stays longer out than you expected, dont express any disappointment, but let your anxiety at his absence be forgotten in your joy at his return; let him always find his house clean, his food comfortably prepared, and his wife cheerful and happy. And if to this I should add one more admonition, is it not that through good and ill, in sickness or health, in joy or sorrow, you should not let any thing draw away your heart from that kind and merciful God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy. Recollect, that whilst you love your neighbour as yourself, you are to love God with all the heart and soul and mind and strength. Never forget to pray to him when you rise and when you return to rest. It is he who watches over us in the hours of silence and darkness; it is his Holy Spirit which alone can guide you through the bustle of life. Acknowledge, therefore, his goodness daily, and supplicate his mercy; and when the Sunday comes, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; hallow it in God's house of prayer: hallow it also by reading your bible, and by meditating on all his undeserved mercy. It is thus, my child, you will draw down a blessing from above, and though sickness and sorrow may fall to your lot, you will know how to bear every affliction with patient submission to the divine will, and will acknow-

ledge every deliverance with grateful thanksgiving.

Jenny. My heart is too full just now to say all I have in my mind: but, I trust, you will never hear your grandchild has forgotten your good advice. I thought this was to be a day of unbroken joy, but our parting fills me with sorrow. One comfort I have however, it is this, grandmother, that you will not let many weeks pass before you come over to spend a month with us. We will then talk over all you have taught me, and I shall have the happiness of seeing my second parent and my teacher at
COTTAGE FIRE-SIDE.

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