

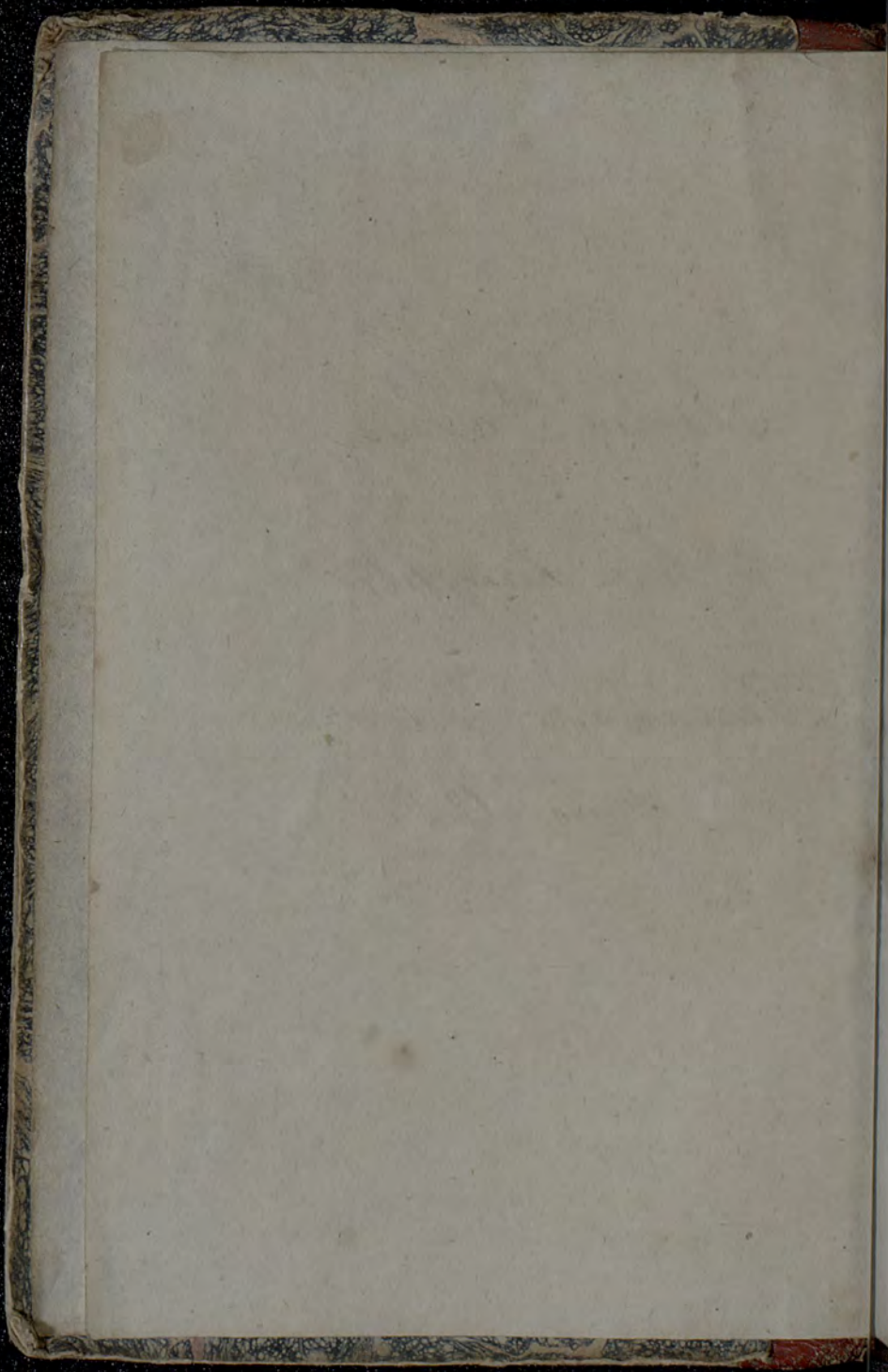
Isaac Wilson

to his daughter

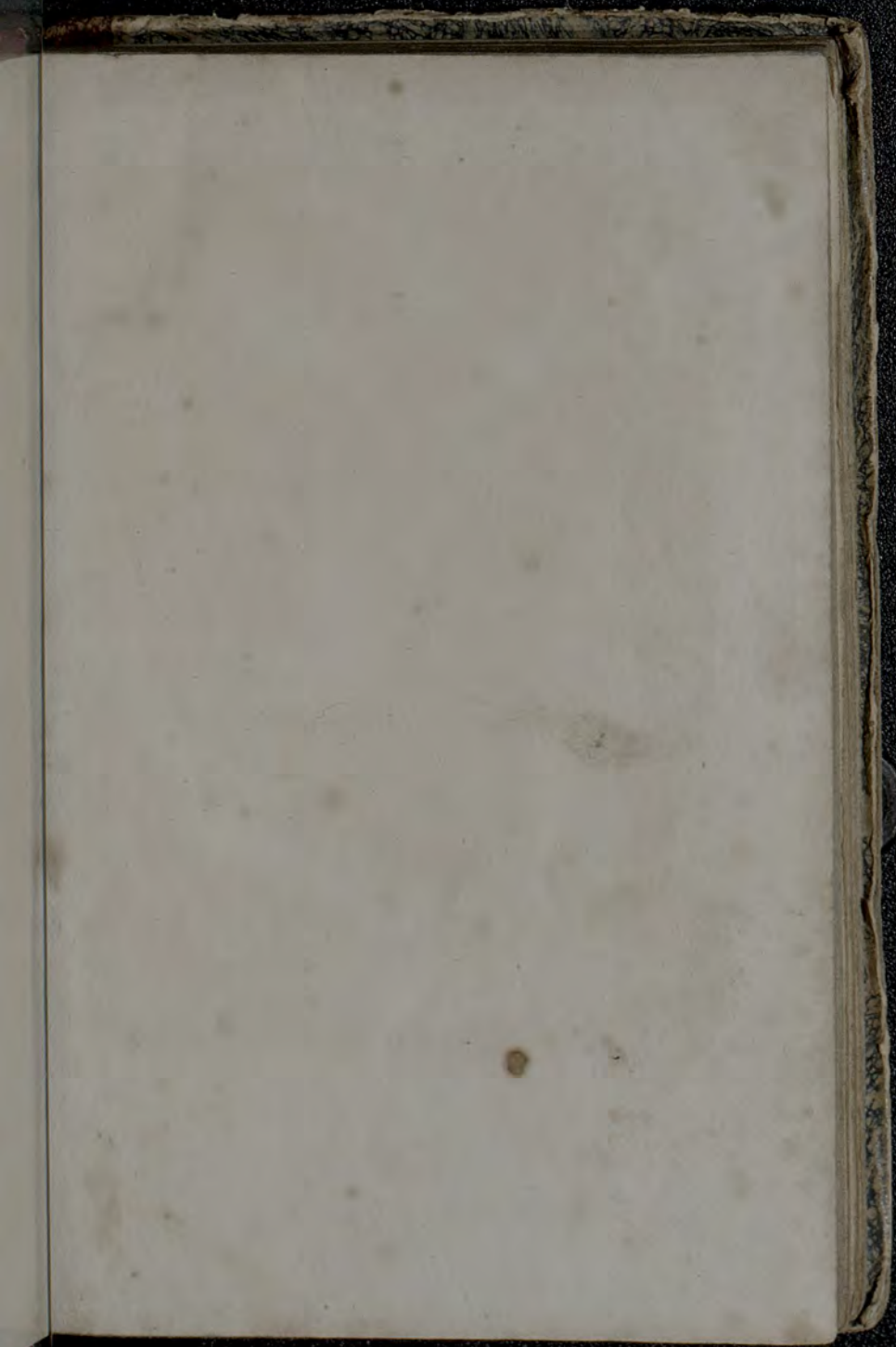
Susanna Wilson

Nov. 1822













*Martha proceeded with her basket to the  
Village, leaving her Brother occupied  
in making brooms.*



EDWARD & GEORGE;

OR,

LESSONS

*FROM REAL LIFE.*

FOR

CHILDREN OF EARLY YEARS.

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“The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.”

*Economy of Human Life*

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## EDWARD AND GEORGE.

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“MAMMA” said George to his mother one day, “what comes after millions?”

“Billions.”

“And what comes after billions?”

“Trillions.”

“And what comes after trillions?”

“Quadrillions.”

“And what comes after quadrillions?”

“Oh no, George, indeed I cannot go on any further.”

“Well, then, mamma, only tell me



the *last* number, and I will not ask you any more."

"There is no last number, my dear. We can go on counting for ever."

"What is *for ever*?"

"Always. But I wish you would not puzzle yourself with what you cannot understand."

Mr. Wilmot now entered the room. George's thoughts were still on the subject of numbers, and he said, "Papa, I wish you would be so good as to count a quadrillion."

"I cannot, my dear."

"Why not?"

"Because it would take so much time."

"Well, then, papa, *just* count a million." And he quietly seated him-



self, expecting that what he asked would occupy but a few minutes.

“How long do you think it would take me, George, to count a million?”

“Oh! not very long.”

“What nonsense, George,” said Edward; “I dare say it would take papa more than an hour.”

“We need not guess about the matter, at all,” replied his father: “we can find out exactly how long it would take us to count a million. Suppose we calculate that we can count sixty in a minute.”

“Oh, I am sure, papa,” said Edward, “I can reckon more than sixty in a minute;” beginning to count, at the same time fixing his eyes on his mother’s watch, which hung at her side. “There, father, I have counted a hundred and ten in a minute.”



“Gently, my boy; you forget, that when you come to *ninety-one thousand, seven hundred, and sixty-five*, it will not run quite so fast as *one, two, three, four.*”

“Very true; I did not think of that.”

“But, when we are making a calculation, we must think of every thing.”

Mr. Wilmot took out his pencil: “If we reckon, that we are to allow a minute for sixty, it will take us just eleven days, thirteen hours, forty-six minutes, and forty seconds, to count a million; and that is without allowing any time for eating or sleeping.”

“I am quite surprised,” said Edward: “I never could have imagined that it would have taken so much time to count a million. I think,



George, you will not now be asking people again, to count a million. You are sure, papa, you are right."

"Yes, my dear; there is no doubting: where figures are concerned, the proof is certain. But, in regard to the present question, you may convince yourself; for I think you know division?"

"Not very well, papa; but tell me how you do the sum."

"As we allow a minute to count sixty, I divide a million by sixty, and then I know how many minutes it takes. I then bring the minutes into hours, by dividing again by sixty, because there are sixty minutes in an hour. I then divide the hours by twenty-four, because there are twenty-four hours in a day, and thus I find the number of days."



George, who had long since been tired of the subject, had been entertaining himself with turning over the pictures, in a large volume of voyages and travels. He was much amused with the different dresses of the various people he saw, and with their different habitations. He could not help feeling a little impatient for his father to have done with figures, as he wanted him to explain some of the pictures to him. Marian had likewise been watching for a pause, that she might sit on her father's knee, and engage him to tell her some pretty story. ✓

"Papa, papa," at length called out George, "tell me what this droll building is."

"It is a hut, my dear, made of long poles stuck in the ground, in the



form of a circle, and joined together at the top."

"And what is this hut used for?"

"To live in."

"Do people live in such a place as this?" exclaimed George, in a tone of surprise.

"The country is very warm where this hut is used as a dwelling; therefore the people, probably, only remain in it during the night."

George was silent for a little while; then he called out again, "Oh, papa, tell me what this is: is it a boat or a barge?"

"It is neither, my dear. It is called a canoe——"

And before his father could proceed to tell him what a canoe was, he turned over another picture.



“Papa, why does this man on horse-back shut his eyes?”

Little Marian's patience was now quite exhausted by so many interruptions, and before her father could answer, she called out, “I suppose, because the sun comes in his face. Do let papa alone, George, and do not disturb us any more. And now, papa, (continued she, looking up at him, and patting his face,) do not speak to any body but to me.”

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George and Marian had each received a present from their aunt. The present given to George was a dissected puzzle—a picture cut into pieces, which were to be joined together. The present Marian received was a toy, representing a farm-yard;



in which, by turning a wire, cattle were made to move along, at the same time producing a tinkling sound.

George was much pleased with his present, and in joining his picture, tried to force pieces to unite, which were never meant to come together. Sometimes he tried to make the head of a girl fix upon the neck of a boy. Then he would make a tree grow out of a chimney. He laughed a great deal at his mistakes; but at length, by persevering, he succeeded in joining the whole properly together. He was much pleased with his success, and called Marian to witness it.

Marian came, and brought her toy with her. No sooner did George cast his eyes on her toy, than he became delighted with it, and lost all



relish for his own. "Let me play with your toy, Marian." Marian put the toy into his hands. He turned the wire. The cattle proceeded to the pond, followed by herdsmen, dogs, and children, all moving to the same tune. The tinkling pleased his ear, and his untired fingers continued the movement and the sound.

After he had pursued this entertainment for above ten minutes, he began to think that it might not be as agreeable to his mother, as it was to him; and he said, "Mamma, is this noise unpleasant to you?"

"It is certainly not *pleasant* to me," replied his mother; "but you may amuse yourself with it, notwithstanding."

"No," said George, "if it is disagreeable to you, I will not make it



any longer; and, for a short time, he held the toy quietly in his hand.

“Marian,” at length he said, “let us change presents. If you will give me your farm-yard, I will give you my dissected puzzle.”

Marian, who had already amused herself for a long while with her toy, was willing to change; and George, to his great joy, became the possessor of the much-admired play-thing. I am almost ashamed to tell my little readers how soon George changed his mind. The moment he became master of the toy, and might twirl the wire as often as he pleased, he repented the bargain he had made, and proposed to Marian to take back the farm-yard, and return him his puzzle. But Marian was unwilling to



give back a play-thing, of which she was not yet tired, and refused.

“But you shall, Marian.”

Marian applied to her mother, to know whether George could force her to give it back.

“Certainly not,” her mother replied.

“Consider about it, Marian,” he said, in a more soothing tone.

Little Marian looked up at the ceiling, and was silent for a minute. She then said, “I *have* considered, George, and I won’t give it back.”



George was obliged to submit. He twirled the wire round, as if he were desirous of trying whether it could again afford him any amusement; but he remained discontented with the exchange he had made.

When Marian went to bed that



night, she took her dissected puzzle up with her, and put it under her pillow. This action made George give up all hope of again possessing it. What, then, was his agreeable surprise, when, the next morning, Marian brought it down with her, when she came to breakfast; and going up to George, she said to him, "I was very cross to you last night: here, take the picture, and keep the farm-yard likewise. Pray do," she added, observing that he was going to say something—"pray do me this favour;" and she kissed George.

Her father and mother kissed her, and she felt pleased at having done a generous action.



Mr. Wilmot was desirous that his sons should know how to swim, and he used to take them to bathe in the river which ran through his grounds. But though he was always careful to take them to a shallow part, and even to convince Edward, that the part he took them to was not deep enough to drown him; yet Edward was extremely unwilling to venture into the water, however desirous his father was that he should go in. Edward was rather a timid boy, and notwithstanding he was always inclined to do what was required of him by his father, he seemed unable to conquer his dislike to the water. His father was not willing to force him to go in; but he contrived to convince him, by reasoning, how necessary it was for every man to be able



to swim; and that, if he did not overcome his dislike at an early age, it was not probable that he would be able to do it when he grew up.

An interesting circumstance at this time occurred, which very much strengthened his father's argument in favour of swimming, and, at the same time, excited in Edward a strong desire to overcome his fears. The circumstance was as follows:

His uncle, with another gentleman, was travelling in Scotland. They were both of an adventurous disposition, and were desirous of beholding all that was grand in that romantic country.

They went one day to see a river in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which flowed between two high rocks. As they were proceeding along the



precipice above the river, they became impatient to get a glimpse at the stream below, and they descended a short way down the precipice. Edward's uncle was foremost. Finding his footing become insecure, he climbed a tree which grew on the side, and supporting himself by the branches, bent over, and viewed the river beneath.

His companion was following at a quick pace, and not aware of the abruptness of the descent, he reached a dangerous spot, before he was conscious of his hazardous situation. He seized hold of a twig to secure his footing—the twig gave way. With the other hand he caught at a branch of a tree. The branch being decayed could not support his weight, and the gentleman fell headlong into the



the stream below! a fall of about sixty feet. His companion heard the plunge, but lost sight of his fellow-traveller.

Though extremely active and expert, Edward's uncle found there was no part of the precipice he could descend lower. Beyond where he stood was a sudden and even declivity, and he was convinced that any endeavour to proceed further, could only tend to his own destruction, without benefiting his friend.

After much search and difficulty, he succeeded in finding men, and procuring ropes, which were thrown down to the assistance of his friend, though small hope was entertained of his being in a situation to receive assistance.



Fortunately, the gentleman was a good swimmer. Accustomed to the water, he did not lose his presence of mind in his fall. He tried to swim to a resting-place, where he might keep himself above water till some help was sent him; for he felt assured that his friend would not abandon him. The sides of the rock were as smooth as a wall: he could not therefore attempt to ascend. He continued in the water, and standing on a stone, he supported himself against the side of the precipice, waiting with hope and confidence.

He perceived the rope as it descended; tied the end of it round his waist, and was drawn up unhurt, to the unspeakable joy of his companion, who had expected never again to behold him.



Edward heard his uncle relate this adventure. He heard how unlikely, not to say impossible, it would have been that his friend's life could have been saved, had he not been a good swimmer; and he then, for the first time, felt how important it was for a man to know how to swim.

“Father,” he said, after his uncle was gone, “take me to the river to-morrow morning.”

His father took him to the river the next morning, and Edward had the resolution to jump in, to his father, who was in the water ready to receive him. His father brought him out immediately, desirous of gradually reconciling him to the water.

The morning after, he went again into the river, and he then staid in a short time, whilst his father took care to convince him that he was not out



of his depth—that the water was not high enough to cover him, when he stood at the bottom.

Thus, by degrees, Edward accustomed himself to the water. His dislike grew less with every fresh trial, and his father had the pleasing expectation of seeing his son become one day a good swimmer.

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When Edward had shown his kindness, by preferring the pleasure of another to his own, or restrained his temper in any dispute between himself and younger brothers and sister, his father was always desirous of marking his approbation, by bestowing upon him some reward which was most acceptable to his little son.

It was on one of these occasions



that Edward's father presented him with a book of natural history, containing many pleasing prints of animals.

This was a book which Edward had long desired to possess. His father had often shown him the prints in it, and explained them to him; and when Edward expressed a desire to call the book his own, his father answered him, "Deserve it, my boy, and it shall be yours." He had now merited it by his good behaviour, and he received it with double joy.

Desirous of sharing his reward with his brothers and sister, Edward ran, with the book in his hand, into the garden, where they were playing, and eagerly telling them of his present, proposed to them to sit down upon the grass, and look over the



pictures with him; adding, "You know I can tell you about them, as papa has often read the descriptions of them to me, and explained what I did not understand."

"Oh, come this way," cried Marian: "let us go into the summer-house."

"You are right, Marian," said George: "it will be pleasanter to look over the prints under shelter, than in the open air; for the wind would blow about the leaves, and we should have no comfort in turning them over."

The children went into the summer-house. Edward opened his book, and the children gathered round him. "Here is the horse," said Edward; "let us begin with him. What a noble animal it is!"



“And he is a useful one also, said George.”

“Look, Arthur, what a fine long tail he has,” continued Edward, at the same time lowering the book that he might give him a better view of it. “Don’t you think, Arthur, it is a pity to cut off his tail, as is the usual custom.”

“And a very cruel custom it is,” said the tender-hearted Marian.

“Very true,” said George; “but let us look at this elephant,” turning over the leaves rather impatiently: “I am tired of looking so long at the horse.”

“No, do not let us stop at that clumsy animal now,” said Marian: “let us look at this pretty slender creature. What is it, Edward, as you seem to know all about it?”



“ It is the rein-deer, Marian. He is, indeed, a graceful animal. His long and thin legs enable him to run very fast. He is used in cold countries, for the purpose of travelling over the ice. Papa says, he is harnessed to a sledge, in the manner a horse is to a chaise.”

“ What is a sledge,” asked Marian.

“ It is a sort of carriage without wheels, and is drawn very swiftly over the snow and ice, by the rein-deer. See, here is a picture of a sledge. How snug and comfortable the people look in it. They are wrapped up in fur, and seem as if they did not feel the cold.”

“ What a pleasure it must be to travel so fast,” observed George. Whilst he spoke, the picture of a monkey caught his eye. “ Ah ! look



at this monkey," he exclaimed: "what tricks he appears to be playing."

"I have heard that monkeys are very mischievous," said Marian.

"Indeed they are," said Edward: "Papa told me a diverting story about a monkey."

"Could you tell it to us," asked George.

"Yes, for I remember it very well."

"Then pray do tell it us, for I do like so to hear about monkeys."

The book was now shut, and Edward, who felt himself of great importance, thus began his story:

"There was once a gentleman who kept a monkey for his entertainment. The animal used to be kept



in his dressing-room, and was allowed to throw things about, just as the fancy took him.

This gentleman wore a wig, and one day, while he was dressing, he laid his wig down upon the table. The monkey immediately seized it, and, imitating his master, put it on his head. The gentleman happened to be in a great hurry to go out, and he tried to get the wig from the monkey; but the monkey was not willing to part so soon with his new head-dress; and perceiving the window to be open, ended the dispute by jumping down into a balcony underneath, where he played off his tricks, to the great entertainment of the people in the street."

This anecdote pleased George very



much, and he and Marian laughed at it very heartily.

The book was again opened; and in this manner the children continued to amuse themselves, till their mother sent to desire them to return to the house, as it was growing late. They cheerfully obeyed, and ran into the house in perfect good humour with each other.

Those children may be called happy, who can thus innocently find amusement, without having recourse to mischief or folly; who, when left to themselves, instead of quarrelling with, or contradicting each other, endeavour to please each other, and to make their time pass agreeably and rationally.

Edward was one morning in the library, while his father was writing.



As his father was occupied, he was obliged to seek amusement for himself, in looking over the titles written on the backs of the books, ranged on shelves at the sides of the room. He frequently interrupted his father, to request him to explain the meaning of the different works of which he was examining the titles. There was one which particularly attracted his attention: it was "Dialogues on various Subjects;" and he was very curious to know what *dialogues* meant.

"A dialogue," replied his father, "is a discourse between two or more persons. The conversation that has passed between us is a dialogue; and the book contains some conversations on various subjects."

"Oh, father!" said Edward, pleased



with the thought, "do pray write down our conversation."

"Do you think, Edward, the many questions which you have asked me, would appear very interesting on paper."

"Perhaps not;" but then do write some other dialogue, between some other persons. I don't care what the subject is: only write a dialogue."

"Well, I will try and compose a story, in which, instead of telling you myself what the characters of it say and do, I will write down their conversations, as they may be supposed actually to have taken place; and this will be dialogue."

"Oh, papa! you said you would *try* and write what I asked you; as if you could not do it in a minute, without *trying*."



“You mistake, my dear. Few things are done without taking pains, and without great attention. In writing a story, even such a little story as you require, there is much to be thought about. I must invent or find out a subject. I must arrange or put in order my ideas. I must attend to the expressions, that they may be such as you can understand.”

“And are you, papa, obliged to take so much trouble when you write? I thought it was only children who were obliged to take trouble in writing.”

“Nothing is done without trouble; and some things require a great deal of trouble. Grown people need not take quite as much pains when they write, as children; but they must always take some. As I know you to be a gentleman not fond of waiting



for what you ask, I will employ the first leisure hour I have in composing some dialogues, which shall form a story such as you desire: one which may be suitable to your understanding, and entertaining to you. Now I want to write a letter; so do not talk to me any more about dialogues."

The next evening, when Mr. Wilmot came in to tea, he brought with him two written sheets of paper.

"Oh, the dialogues!" exclaimed Edward, overjoyed, holding out his hand to receive the manuscript.

"Softly, Edward," said his father: "do not be in such a hurry. Let us drink our tea: let us have a little sociable conversation, and then I will read to you what I have written; for I do not expect you will find my hand-writing as easy to read as print."



Edward wanted no sociable conversation: his thoughts were fixed on the story, and he sat silent.

George talked a great deal. He asked which was the highest, the sky or the clouds.

“The sky, George,” said his father: “in some time to come, I will explain to you what the sky is, and what the clouds are.”

“The sky is nothing but air, George,” said Edward, who could not resist speaking; “and the clouds contain rain: the rain which falls down.”

George did not seem to understand the subject much better than he did before he received this explanation from his brother. He appeared, however, as if he were satisfied; and he asked no more questions about the sky.



Edward thought every body was very long drinking their tea this evening. He got up to take his father's cup, when he perceived that it was empty.

“ Shall I put your spoon into your cup, papa.”

“ No, my dear; I wish to have it filled again.”

“ Perhaps, papa, you do not know that you have drunk two cups of tea already.”

“ I am quite aware of that; but I wish to have three to-night, for I am particularly thirsty.”

Edward handed his father his third cup of tea, which his father received with a smile, saying, “ I will not be very long in drinking it.” Then, giving back the empty cup, “ Now ring the bell. We will have the tea-



things taken away; and then the candles must be snuffed."

"And then you must read the dialogue story," said Edward, finishing the sentence for his father.

The tea-things were removed, the candles were snuffed, and Mr. Wilmot took up the manuscript.

"Now for it," said Edward; and he pushed himself quite close to his father.

"I have not determined about the title. When you have heard the story, Edward, you must assist me in finding one."



"In a retired and pleasant part of the country lived Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Their house was surrounded by a large garden and beautiful plea-



sure-grounds, in every way adapted to the use and enjoyment of the inhabitants.

“This lady and gentleman had four children: three sons, named Sidney, Lewis, and Albert; and a little daughter, named Emily. Mrs. Douglas took a great deal of trouble to make her children good-tempered and amiable, and she succeeded to her wish; for they were, indeed, very good children. They were fond of their parents, and obedient to them; and they were kind and affectionate towards each other. Their mother had given them a garden for their own amusement, the care of which afforded them a great deal of pleasure. They did not dig up the seeds as soon as they were sown, and make



large holes without any purpose, as some children do."

"Ah!" interrupted Edward, "I know who you mean, papa: you mean me, because I dug up Marian's garden, after the gardener had sowed different seeds in it."

His father smiled, and went on.

"They had the patience to watch the growth of the seed. It is true, sometimes Sidney accused Emily of taking up the young seedlings instead of weeds, in her over care to keep the borders neat. But these little accidents did not interrupt the harmony of the family. Emily promised to be more careful; and Sidney offered to show her the difference between weeds and the produce of their seed.

"One day, when these children



were playing in a distant part of the garden, they were startled by hearing a cry of distress."

*Albert.* Did you hear that cry? What can it mean?

*Sidney.* It must come from some one in distress.

*Lewis.* The sound continues. It seems to be at no great distance. Let us see what has caused it.

The children all ran towards a door which opened into a field. When they entered the field, they perceived a little girl lying by a stile, and crying violently. The boys, fearing she had fallen over the stile, and was in consequence much hurt, ran towards her in great haste. Albert reached the spot first, and raising up the little girl, exclaimed, "What is the matter!



little girl? Why do you lie there? and what has made you cry so?"

The little girl, still sobbing, answered, that she had fallen over the stile.

Sidney then came up, and said, "You are a very little girl, to be trusted in the fields by yourself. How came you to be alone?"

The little girl, whom we shall call *Augusta*, continued to cry bitterly. The children endeavoured to sooth her; and when she became more composed, the following conversation took place:

Sidney again asked, "How came you to be alone?"

*Augusta.* My nursery-maid took me out to walk, and left me.

*Emily.* How came she to leave you?

*Augusta.* She told me to sit down



on a bank, a great way off, and wait for her.

*Emily.* And what happened after that?

*Augusta.* Why, I waited till I was tired; and then I thought I would try and find her. I have walked a great way, but I have not found her; and in getting over this stile I fell down.

*Emily.* Are you much hurt, that you screamed so very loud?

*Augusta.* No, I did not hurt myself so very much. I believe I cried more because I was tired, and could not find Sarah. [The poor little girl again burst into tears.]

*Albert.* What is your name, my poor little girl?

*Augusta.* Augusta.

*Sidney.* Where do you live?



*Augusta.* At some Park, I believe it is called.

*Emily.* What park?

*Augusta.* I never heard our house called by any name but the Park.

*Sidney.* Come home with us, Augusta, to our mother. She may, perhaps, be able to discover where you live. She will take care of you, till she can send you home.

*Augusta.* But if I go with you, Sarah will not be able to find me.

*Lewis.* Never mind Sarah: she must be a naughty woman, to leave you so long alone.

*Emily.* Give me your hand, little dear. I will take care of you.

The children then all returned towards the house, and tried to console the little girl during their walk. They found their mother sitting in



the parlour. Little Augusta hung back, and was unwilling to enter the room. Her young protectors encouraged and persuaded her to go in with them. As soon as Sidney saw his mother, he directly exclaimed, "Mother, we have brought you a little girl, who requires your assistance."

*Mrs. Douglas.* What has happened, my dear?

*Sidney.* We found her in the field next to our garden. Her servant had left her alone; and she wandered to the stile, which she fell over, in trying to climb. Her cries of distress brought us to her. Her name is Augusta, and that is all we know about her.

*Mrs. Douglas.* Come to me, my little girl: do not be afraid. I have no doubt I shall be able to discover



where your mamma lives. Come a little nearer. [Mrs. Douglas examined her clothes.]

*Emily.* What are you doing, mamma?

*Mrs. Douglas.* I am trying to find out how her clothes are marked. Oh! here is the mark; [and she read, "Augusta Mannering, Prior Park."] This is what I call a useful mark; and were every body to mark children's linen in that manner, much distress might be prevented. Prior Park is only two miles from hence. I will order the carriage, and set off immediately, that Mrs. Mannering's uneasiness may be shortened.

Augusta said, with joy, "Are you, indeed, going to take me to my mamma? Oh! how good you are. And she hid her face in Mrs. Douglas's lap.



*Emily.* How glad I am, my dear Augusta, that we heard you. We were all talking and laughing at the same time: I wonder our noise did not drown yours.

*Albert.* How pleased I am that we have been able to do some good.

*Lewis.* If mamma would take us in the carriage with her, what a pleasure it would be to us!

*Mrs. Douglas.* Yes, I will take you with me. You shall have the gratification of seeing Augusta restored to her mother.

Emily had left the room during the latter part of the conversation, and now returned with a plate of cake, which she handed to Augusta.

*Emily.* Here, Augusta, take some cake. I am sure you must be hungry.

*Augusta.* I thank you: I am not



hungry. I cannot eat till I have seen mamma.

*Mrs. Douglas.* The carriage will soon be at the door. Let us go and prepare ourselves for the ride.

As soon as the carriage was ready, the party set off. Emily wanted Augusta to see her garden first; but Augusta was too impatient to return to her mother, to feel inclined to visit Emily's garden, though Emily had assured her she should have the best rose in it.

“ I hope mamma will permit me to come and see you, one day,” said Augusta; “ and then how glad I shall be to walk in your garden and smell your sweet flowers. But now I can only think about mamma.”

In the mean while, the servant who had had the charge of little Augusta



was in the greatest affliction, when, on returning to the spot where she had left her, she found that she was gone. She ran backwards and forwards in despair, and was unable to determine what steps to take. Whilst she was in this state of uncertainty, a man passed across the field. She immediately ran up to him, and enquired of him if he had seen a little girl, of four years old, walking by herself. He answered he had not; and was proceeding on his way, when she again stopped him and told him the cause of her distress, and asked him to advise her what to do. The man to whom she thus addressed herself, happened to be a sensible man, and he gave her the most rational advice. He recommended her to return home immediately to her mistress, and in-



form her of the unfortunate occurrence.

Sarah was reluctant to return home, till she had made a further search after Augusta. But the man told her it was her duty to lose no time, but return to her mistress, who would know best how to act.

Sarah at last determined to go to her mistress, and she turned her steps homewards.

Mrs. Mannering was sitting quietly at home, looking over some drawings, quite unconscious that her poor little girl was among strangers, in distress. She thought that Augusta would be entertained with the drawings, and was surprised that she had not been in, to tell her whether she had had a pleasant walk. She rang the bell, and desired the servant to call Miss



Augusta. The servant informed his mistress that she was not yet returned from her walk. "Not returned from her walk!" exclaimed Mrs. Mannering: "it is three hours since she went out!" She felt rather alarmed at the length of her little daughter's absence from home: she thought of the water in the park, and she feared some accident had taken place. She sent several servants different ways, and was herself on the point of setting out, when Mrs. Douglas entered the room, accompanied by her children and Augusta.

Augusta ran into her mother's arms, and sobbed upon her shoulder.

Mrs. Mannering addressed herself to Mrs. Douglas: "Oh! madam, pardon my agitation; but what does all



this mean? What has happened to my child?"

*Mrs. Douglas.* She is well, and is now safe in your arms. Be calm, and we will explain all you wish to know.

*Augusta.* Oh! mamma, I was somehow left alone; and these dear, good children met with me, and took me to their mamma, who, you see, has brought me home to you.

*Mrs. Mannering.* But where is Sarah?

*Augusta.* I do not know.

Augusta seemed unwilling to be further questioned, and she got behind her mother. At that moment, voices were heard outside the room, and there appeared to be a struggle. Sarah wanted to enter; and the servants told her there was company with her mistress, and she must not intrude.



But the feelings of Sarah would not allow of any delay, and she rushed into the room. On her entrance, she did not perceive Augusta, and she ran up to Mrs. Mannering.

*Sarah.* Oh! madam, I am come to tell you that I have lost your child. I left her alone in a field. Oh! madam, I have lost Miss Augusta.

As she said this, she fell down, overpowered. Augusta ran up to her: “Don’t be unhappy, Sarah: here I am safe, and mamma will not be angry with you.”

At the sound of Augusta’s voice Sarah started up. “Heaven be thanked! I am not the miserable creature I thought myself.” She was going out of the room, when Mrs. Mannering stopped her.



“Stay, Sarah; you owe me some explanation. Your conduct appears to me of a very guilty nature. I shall be glad to hear something which can excuse it.”

*Sarah.* Appearances are, indeed, much against me; yet I could say something in my favour.

*Mrs. Mannering.* Then pray say it, for at present I feel much displeas'd with you. I trusted my child to your care, and you left her.

*Sarah,* (who spoke with agitation.) I did leave her, it is true; but I had hop'd it would have been for two minutes only. Oh! madam, hear me before you condemn me. Listen to me, madam, for I *can* clear myself.

*Mrs. Mannering.* Speak.

*Sarah.* I seated Miss Augusta on a bank, within sight of my mother's



cottage. I had heard that my mother was ill of a fever, and I wished to know how she was. I was afraid to take Miss Augusta with me, even to the door, lest the fever should be catching. I ran to the cottage, and remaining at the door, I called out to my sister, who I thought was in the room, "How is my poor mother? Come to me immediately, for I cannot stay." I received no answer. I called again and again. Still no answer was returned. At length I ventured into the room, and found my mother alone, in bed, and apparently dying. She seemed to know me, and motioned to me to sit down by her side. I sat down by her, and took her by the hand. "Where is my sister?" I asked, "and how came you to be left alone?" My mother



pointed to the door, but could not speak. I did not understand her meaning. I saw myself in a most distressing situation. My poor mother was dying, and alone; and Miss Augusta was in the field, without any one to take care of her. To which was it my duty to attend? I struggled with my feelings, and determined to go to Miss Augusta; but when I attempted to draw my hand from my poor mother, she grasped it tighter, and cast such an imploring look on me, that I had not the heart to force my hand from her. I remained in this situation five minutes—alas! they appeared like hours—when my sister entered. She had been to fetch a doctor, who now accompanied her back. When my mother perceived my sister, she let



go my hand. I only waited to hear the doctor's opinion; and I then hastened away. When I reached the spot where I had left Miss Augusta, think, madam, what my agony was, to find her gone?—Oh! madam, she is safe; and now let me go to my mother.

*Mrs. Mannering.* One word more, Sarah, and then go to your mother. You did, indeed, place yourself in a difficult situation. Had you mentioned to me, before you went out, the circumstance of your mother's illness, I should have sent you without Augusta.

*Sarah.* When I left the house, madam, I did not know that my mother was ill: a young woman whom I met in my way told me of it.



*Mrs. Mannering.* You have, indeed, exculpated yourself, Sarah. I hope you will find your mother better; and whatever she may require during her illness, I shall be glad to supply her with.

*Sarah.* You are very kind, madam.

When Sarah was gone out of the room, Emily said, "Poor Sarah, what she must have suffered! I am sure she has quite excused herself. I hope she will have the comfort to find her mother better."

*Augusta.* Now, my dear Emily, come with me; and let me show you some of my play-things. I do love you so.

*Mrs. Douglas,* (to *Mrs. Mannering.*) After the agitation you have undergone, you may find the air refreshing



to you. I shall feel pleasure in walking with you over your beautiful grounds, if it be agreeable to you.

*Mrs. Mannering.* How kindly considerate you are; but will not the young gentlemen accompany us?

The boys were glad to run out in the open air, and they went with their mother.

Little Augusta was quite consoled for her distress, by the pleasure she felt in the society of Mrs. Douglas's kind children! From that time the young people frequently met; and as they grew up together in habits of intimacy and friendship, they all agreed that this accident had proved a most fortunate one for them.

Mr. Wilmot ceased reading. A pause followed. At length Edward asked the following questions.



“Is the story finished, papa? Is that all? How short it is.”

“I am glad you did not find it tedious. What name shall we give to it, Edward?”

Edward considered a little while, and then said,

“THE HAPPY MEETING; for you know it *was* a happy meeting which took place between Augusta and Mrs. Douglas’s children. What led you, papa, to find out, or, as you call it, *invent* this story.”

“I did not quite invent it. The circumstance of my finding those poor children, some time ago, gave me the idea of the story.”

“Papa, you used that word before. You talked of arranging your ideas. What is an idea?”

“We will talk on the subject of



ideas another time. It would take us too far from the story. I have not been obliged to use much invention. When people are in the habit of observing what passes, they find that they can collect many subjects, both for instruction and entertainment. But there is poor little Marian fast asleep in her chair."

At the sound of her name, Marian opened her eyes.

"Ah! papa," said Edward, "Marian could not much have liked your story, or she would not have fallen asleep whilst it was being read. Would she, mamma?"

"I did like it," said Marian: "I have not been asleep long."

"Never mind, my dear," said her mother: "it was not your fault, if



your papa's reading put you to sleep. Go now to bed."

Before she left the room, Marian went up to her father, and kissing him said,

"Never mind what Edward says: I did like your story."

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A few days after, when his mother was writing a letter, Edward said to her, "Mamma, be so good as to give me a sheet of paper."

His mother gave him a sheet of post paper.

"No, mamma, this is not large enough."

"What do you want such a large sheet of paper for? Is it to make a kite?"



“No, mamma, I want to write a story.”

His mother smiled, and gave him a large sheet of paper.

Edward sat down at the table and took a pen. He began quite at the top of the paper, as near the edge as possible, as if he feared that he should not have sufficient room for what he wanted to say, and immediately wrote half a line. There he stopped. He put his hand to his forehead—he looked up at the ceiling—he examined his pen, then made a number 1 in the corner of the page. Nothing seemed to help him. He did not add another word to the half line he had already written. At length he said, “I wish, mamma, you had done writing: I want to speak to you.”

“I shall soon have finished my let-



ter, and then I shall be willing to hear you."

Edward waited as patiently as he could, till he saw his mother sign her name, and then he burst out: "Mamma, I am in a great difficulty."

"Let me hear your difficulty."

"Why, you know, the other night, papa said, that if people observed what passed, they might often collect subjects for instruction or amusement. So, mamma, yesterday I saw a boy very cruel to a cat, so I thought I would write a story about it; and I began, but I cannot find words to tell it in."

"When your papa, my dear, said that we might profit from what we observed, he did not mean only that we might *write* upon such subjects, but likewise that we might, by reflect-



ing on what we beheld, improve our own conduct. It was natural for you to feel great disapprobation at the boy's action: that feeling would lead you to enquire of yourself, whether you practised any sort of cruelty to animals."

"But do you know, mamma," said Edward, interrupting her, "I am vexed that I cannot write this story."

"You did not find much difficulty in writing to Robert."

"No, mamma; but that was a letter: a letter is a very different thing from a story."

"Imagine then, that you are writing a letter to Robert; and relate what you saw happen. Could not you do that?"

"Yes, I think I could."



“ Well then, writing a story is not, after all, so very different from writing a letter.”

“ I thought writing a story was easy enough, when I asked you for a large sheet of paper. It is a pity to *waste* the paper; and therefore I think I will really write a letter to Robert.”

His countenance brightened at this thought, and away he was hastening to fetch a ruler, (as he thought neatness quite necessary in a letter, though not in a story,) when George made his appearance, with his face much scratched.

“ Why, George, what has happened to you?” asked his mother: “ surely, Edward, he was not of the party with the cat you would have written about?”



George said, that Arthur had scratched his face.

“But could not you prevent so little a child as Arthur from scratching you,” said his mother.

“I assure you, mamma, I did not hurt him in return: I acted towards him as Cæsar does to the little dogs which come barking at him.”

“There, Edward, you see George has profited by what he observed in Cæsar. He admired his forbearance towards the little dogs, and has practised that forbearance himself towards Arthur.”

“Now, George,” said Edward, as he finished ruling his lines, “you must not interrupt me, for I am going to write to Robert.”



George was sitting with his mother one evening. After appearing, for some time, to be thinking, he suddenly said :

“Mamma, what is the meaning of *transparent*?”

“Wait a little, my dear, and I will explain it to you : I will explain it to you at tea-time.”

When the tea-board and urn were brought into the room, George’s mother poured some water into a cup, which had a painted flower at the bottom of it, and asked him if he could see the flower through the water.

George answered, he could see the flower quite plain.

His mother then emptied the water out of the cup, and put milk in it, and



asked him if he could then see the flower.

He said he could not: the milk hid it from him.

“ You could see the flower under the water, because the light goes through water; but the light does not go through milk, therefore the milk covers the flower from the light, and conceals it from you. *Transparent* is the name given to things which admit the light through them. You perceive, from the *experiment* which you have just made, that water is transparent, and milk is not. Now tell me, George, what else you know that is transparent.”

“ Glass is,” said George: “ the windows are transparent, because we can see through them.”



“Edward, my dear,” said his mother, “do you know the name by which things are called, that are not transparent—that do not admit the light through them.”

Edward said he did not know: he did not think that he had ever heard.

“*Opaque* is the word, which means dark. A thing which the light cannot penetrate, or come through, is called opaque.”

The boys amused themselves for some time with naming different substances, some transparent and some opaque.

Little Marian had sat listening, very attentively, to what passed, without speaking a word, till George said, “Your diamond brooch, mamma, is transparent.”



“And your watch, mamma, is transparent,” cried out the little girl, looking pleased that she too could join in the conversation.

“No, my dear,” said her father, kissing her: “the watch is bright and shining, but not transparent. You can see your face in it, but you cannot see what is behind it.”

George laughed at Marian, for the mistake she had made between bright and transparent. “You are always making mistakes, Marian,” continued he: “this morning you asked if you might put down the *map* of the table, because you wanted more room to play in; and afterwards, when mamma had sealed her letter, you asked if you might *breathe* the candle out. Ha! ha! ha!”

“I do not like you to laugh at



Marian," said her father: "she certainly made a mistake, George, when she used the word *map* for *flap*; but I am not quite of your opinion, that she was so wrong, when she asked if she might breathe the candle out. When you breathe, what do you do?"

George began to breathe hard:—"I do so."

"Yes, but what is it you do? Edward, what is it you do, when you breathe?"

Edward tried, and then said, he drew in air, and gave it out again.

"Well then, giving out the air is blowing: blowing is breathing hard; and the expression of *breathing out the candle*, though not common, may not be incorrect."

"You know, George," said Edward,



you said you wished you could *see* a day. Marian might laugh at that."

Marian began to laugh, without at all understanding what was ridiculous in the wish. Her father did not join in the laugh against George, for he thought the wish showed reflection.

"You know, Marian," continued Edward, who seemed quite to have taken up her cause, "we cannot *see* nothing: we cannot see time; and a day is only the name of a portion of time."

"If all our little mistakes were remembered and repeated, Edward," said his father, "we should be afraid of speaking, lest we should make some blunder, for which we might be laughed at."

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One morning, Mrs. Wilmot was going out to see a poor sick woman. George asked to accompany her. She told him that it was foggy, and the walk would not be a pleasant one.

George was not of his mother's opinion, that the walk would not be a pleasant one because it was foggy. He thought it would be *good fun* to walk in the fog, and therefore begged her to take him. When he first went out of the house, he could hardly distinguish any thing; and all objects at a distance were quite concealed. After looking some time at the sun, he asked, "Mamma, is that the moon?"

"No, my dear; it is the sun."

"I can't always bear to look at the sun as I do now, mamma: what is the reason?"



“ Because the air is thick with the fog, which prevents our seeing the sun’s brightness. You cannot see the trees at all, which are at a little distance; but you can see the sun, because the fog is not thick enough to hide it quite.”

“ Then the fog is a little *transparent*,” said George, pleased to show he remembered what had been told him. “ But what *is* fog, mamma? I am sure it is something very disagreeable, for it makes my eyes feel so uncomfortable.”

“ Then you do not find walking in the fog such good fun as you imagined. I will not attempt now to explain to you what causes fog, as I think you would not understand me.”

As they proceeded, the brightness of the sun soon made its way through



the fog. The tops of the trees began to be visible ; and Mrs. Wilmot reached that part of the wood, towards which she had directed her steps, though doubtful whether she had taken the right path.

As they continued their way, George perceived a small tent, like the top of a tilted waggon, placed on the ground, under the shelter of some large trees. When he approached nearer, he saw a man sitting at the entrance of this tent, and three young children playing about.

When they came close to the man, George heard his mother say, "How is your wife? has she taken the medicine I sent her?"

"Yes," replied the man, "and she is much better."

George's mother then looked into



the tent, where the woman was lying on clean straw. She appeared as comfortable as she could be in such a dwelling. George peeped in also, but he soon drew his head away; for he observed that the woman's eyes were shut, and her face was covered with spots.

After speaking a little more to the man, and having given him some money, Mrs. Wilmot turned to go away.

On their way home, George said to his mother, "Mamma, what is the matter with the poor woman, that her face is so spotted?"

"She has got the small-pox, my dear, which is a complaint that affects the skin in the manner you saw. Her three children first had the disorder; and, in nursing them, she



caught it herself. She is very ill, and has not a comfortable house to live in."

"What, mamma, when she is well, does she live in that place? and during the winter too?"

"Yes, my dear; and till this illness, the family seemed to be very comfortable. The man used to make baskets, and the woman went out to sell them. In fine weather, the children play about in the wood; and in rainy weather they sit in the tent, for there is not much room in it for them to play. They have milk from my dairy; and the Misses Fortescue make clothes for the children, and instruct them in reading twice a week."

George was silent for a long time,



and then he said, "Mamma, I want to ask you a question."

"Ask it, my dear."

"You said, that the woman caught the small-pox by being with the children when they had it."

"You understood me quite right: I did say so."

"I wonder then, mamma, you were not afraid to go near her, and to take me near her, for fear we should catch the small-pox of her."

"I have had the small-pox, and it is a complaint which we never have twice. And you have had a trifling illness, which was given you, and which is purposely given to children, to prevent their having the small-pox."

"An illness given, mamma! How given?"



“Do you remember when the surgeon pricked Arthur’s arm with a lancet?”

“Yes, very well; and I thought it very cruel of him to do it.”

“It was done to save him from the illness which the poor woman suffers, whom you saw just now. Do you still think it was cruel of him?”

George was going to answer, when he saw a waggon loaded with turnips turn out of a gate. He could not help stopping to admire the order and regularity with which the turnips were packed upon each other in the waggon, so high above the sides, and yet so disposed as not to be in danger of being jolted out.

“What are those turnips for,” said George?

“To feed the cattle in winter,



when the grass in the fields does not grow."

"Do the cows like them, mamma?"

"I believe they do; but if they did not like them, they are glad to eat turnips, when they cannot find grass. You would be glad, George, to eat turnips, if you could not get bread."

"I should not like turnips for breakfast," said George; "though I might, sometimes, for dinner."

"Look, mamma, the sun is as bright and shining as ever. When we set out, we could not see much beyond the steps of the door, and now I can see the distant hills. Look, mamma, the gardener has opened the windows of the hot-house; and he has taken the hand-glasses from off the young plants. How every thing is changed since we went out!"



“Very true, George,” said his mother; “but now don’t prevent me from entering. Finish scraping your shoes, and let me pass.”



It was now late in autumn, and the weather was becoming cold. The birds flew about the leafless trees, in vain search of food.

George was, one morning before breakfast, standing at the window, and he observed the movements of the little birds. He watched them, as they hopped from twig to twig, and he felt much interested about them. After his breakfast, he carefully collected the crumbs from the table-cloth, and opening the window, he strewed them on the sill, (the



ledge outside,) and then shut down the window again.

George observed that these poor, little, timid animals would not approach to peck the crumbs, whilst he remained in sight; but when he went to a distance, they immediately flew to the spot, and partook of what their kind friend had provided for them. When George perceived this, he would not allow any one to go to the window.

“ There, Arthur, that poor bird flew away because you went to the window. Oh! mamma, you passed too near. Take care, Edward, or they will see you. Poor little things !”

And then, standing on tip-toe, he would try to see without being seen. In this manner he went on, till all the bread had disappeared.



“Now you may all go to the window.” And having given this permission, he quietly seated himself, to learn his lesson.

Arthur now fearlessly approached the window; and observing that all the birds were gone, he began to amuse himself by trying to catch a fly, which was buzzing about the window. After many attempts, he caught it; but in doing so, he killed the fly.

Edward saw what he had done, and told him he had committed a very cruel action, as he must have given a great deal of pain to the poor fly, while he tried to catch it: so much pain, that it caused the death of the fly.

Marian said, she did not think that the fly could feel pain.



“Why do you think so, Marian?” asked her mother.

“Because it cannot speak; and so, I suppose, it cannot feel,” replied the little girl.

“It is no proof at all that flies cannot feel, because they cannot express what they feel,” said her mother: they are made nearly of the same materials as we are—of flesh and blood; and it is likely that their sense of pain is as sharp as ours.”

Marian took up the dead fly, and began to examine it.

“Stay, Marian,” said Edward, “I will fetch my pocket microscope, and you will be able to see the fly better through it.”

He left the room, and soon returned with his microscope.

Edward fixed the glass, and having



properly placed the object, gave it to Marian to view it. The fly, seen through the magnifying glass, gained much importance in Marian's eyes.

"Now, Marian," said Edward, who acted as showman, "look at the fly's transparent wings, its trunk, its feelers, its six legs, and, above all, its eyes. Observe how curiously the head is fixed to the body. If the poor fly were not dead, you would see how much more power the fly has of moving his head, than we have of moving ours."

"And then you suppose, Marian," said her mother, "that this wonderful little animal has no feeling of bodily pain. All creatures that live and breathe, must, no doubt, feel as we should feel, if we were rudely attacked. Little children," she conti-



nued, "are apt to be cruel to insects; and I do think, that it proceeds from the opinion that Marian has just now expressed, *that they cannot feel*. But when these insects are examined through a magnifying glass, and their various properties discovered, children cannot but feel convinced, that to torment them is both cruel and wicked."



Edward, one morning, took the fancy into his head to new arrange his books, and make a catalogue of them. Every fragment of a book was entered in this catalogue; so that, on looking it over, any one might have been led to suppose, that Edward possessed a tolerable collection of books.



Edward had always shown great inattention to the care of books, and had been in the practice of thoughtlessly destroying them. This careless habit was partly to be imputed to the number of books he possessed before he was able to read. Friends who visited the house, often brought him presents of picture-books; and when these had been once read to him, and the pictures examined, he threw them about, and cared little what became of them afterwards.

When he began to learn to read, the first part of "Little Charles" was soon torn to pieces. As he read, he destroyed; and "Frank and Rosamond" nearly fared the same fate with Charles.

His mother tried, by her care, to preserve his books. She was con-



stantly employing her needle in sewing the leaves together; but all her attempts were useless, as Edward had the destructive trick of fingering his book the whole time he read. In consequence of this habit, there was scarcely a book in his possession, which had a decent appearance. His mother was therefore much surprised, when she read Edward's fine catalogue, and found in it the names of books which had long since disappeared.

“Edward, my dear,” said his mother, after she had read over his list, “I did not know that you had ‘Cobwebs to catch Flies.’”

“Oh yes, mamma,” producing a leaf and a quarter, “here is some of it.”

“And that little Latin book for



children, Edward, I did not know it was in being: I thought it had crumbled beneath your fingers."

"Oh, mamma! Why you have been so good as to mend it twenty times. Don't you remember that you pasted a new cover over it, and you sewed the torn leaves together; and don't you remember you *printed* a few lines yourself, and joined them to part of a page, because I could not find the piece that was torn off, and afterwards we discovered that Arthur had wrapped up his sugar-plums in it."

"Well, my dear. But Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful Hymns. I wish you could produce that book in any condition. You have entered it in your catalogue."

"Oh, mamma, I lent it to my cousin a long time ago. He has never



returned it; but I suppose he will some time or other, so I thought I was entitled to enter it in my catalogue."

"Your catalogue, Edward, would be much reduced, if we were to subtract all the torn books, and those which have been lent. Do you not think so? You are fond of reading, but you cannot value books, or you would take more care of them. See what dog's ears you have made in your catalogue, whilst I have been speaking to you. Those fingers of yours are always in action: if they are not employed about any thing useful, they are sure to be doing mischief. What can I do to them, to keep them still? or rather, cannot you find out some method of curing



yourself of the trick of spoiling things?"

Edward said he would think about it, and ran off to have a game of marbles with George.

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As he was crossing the hall for this purpose, Edward saw a little girl standing at the door, who, on perceiving him, made a curtsy. Edward went up to her, and asked her what she wanted. She said she wanted to speak with his mother, if she was at leisure.

He took hold of her hand, and going towards the parlour-door, called out, "Mamma, are you at leisure to speak to a little girl?" "Yes," his mother replied; and Edward opened the door, and told her to go in.



“Oh, Sally, is it you? I am glad to see you,” said Mrs. Wilmot.

At the name of Sally, Edward followed the little girl into the room, and immediately asked her if she had another cup for his mamma to mend.

Sally coloured up at this question, and said she should never forget his mamma’s goodness.

She had a small bundle in her hand, which she now untied. The contents were some shirts for Edward, which Mrs. Wilmot had given her to make. On examining them, they were found to be very neatly done, and Edward’s mother praised her for her dilligence.

Sally timidly said, that she had a motive which made her particularly attentive to her work.



“ May I ask what is your motive?” said Mrs. Wilmot.

“ Oh, I am sure,” interrupted, Edward, “ it is a good one.”

“ I hope it is,” said his mother : “ Sally will perhaps tell it us.”

“ Why, madam,” said she, blushing, “ though I am almost ten years old, I do not know how to write. My grandmother often said she would teach me; but her hand shakes so, and she is so seldom well, that I fear she will never be able to perform her intention towards me. So I thought, madam, that the little money I earned with my needle, I might employ in learning to write. There is an evening writing-school near us, and my grandmother has no objection to my going to it. The charge is a shilling a week, and I have now



money enough to begin learning. I cannot do a great deal of needle-work, because my grand-mother requires so much of my time and attention; and I would not neglect her, though I were never to be able to write."

Edward's mother was much pleased with Sally. She told her that she would always supply her with as much needle-work as she could do, since she had so praise-worthy a motive to make her industrious. "You will, no doubt, my dear Sally, be as attentive to your writing, as you have been to your work; and in that case you cannot but succeed in your undertaking."

Edward said, "I wish, mamma, I could teach Sally to write. She might then spend her money in something else."



His mother smiled at this wish; for she recollected his letter to Robert, in which he mentioned his scholar Tommy, with no great satisfaction.

“Sally cannot spend her money more profitably than in learning to write.”

Mrs. Wilmot then unlocked a drawer, and took out a ruled copy-book. “Here, Sally, take this book, and when you have filled it with writing, I shall be glad to see what progress you make.”

Sally, made quite happy by Mrs. Wilmot’s approbation, hastened home to her grand-mother, with her book and her earnings.

When she was gone, Mrs. Wilmot said to Edward, “I have seldom felt more satisfaction in assisting any one,



than I have in assisting this little girl. She is most affectionately attached to her grandmother, and performs all her duties with a cheerfulness and good-temper worthy of imitation. Her grandmother is infirm, and is sometimes cross to Sally; but Sally never complains—is never cross herself. She can bear to be found fault with, without feeling angry.”

“I wish, mamma,” said Edward, “that I had the command over myself that Sally has. I wish I could bear to be found fault with.”

“Then, instead of your teaching Sally to write, I think we must employ her to teach you to manage your temper. When she brings her copy-book to show us, she must give you a lesson.”

Mrs. Wilmot wished to make Ed-



ward ashamed of his inferiority to Sally in behaviour, as he had the day before conducted himself very improperly.

He had been for some time in the practice of disagreeing with George, so that continual disputes took place between them, and made the rest of the family uncomfortable.

The day before that on which Sally paid her visit, Mrs. Wilmot had found it necessary to separate the two boys; and while one was in the parlour with her, the other was in the nursery. They were both displeased with this arrangement, and both insisted they were right in the quarrel. Their mother told them, that as it was impossible for her to determine who was right, and who was wrong, it was better they should be sepa-



rated, and then they could not disagree. They never appeared to want each other's company more than on that day; and they would willingly have *made it up* with each other, if they might have been permitted to meet. But their mother persisted in the sentence of separation, hoping, since it was irksome to them, that it would make a more lasting impression; and they did not meet till bedtime.

Mrs. Wilmot thought Sally's visit a very seasonable one, as it furnished her with an opportunity of showing Edward the advantage of mildness and forbearance; and she wished to impress on his mind, how superior those qualities were to any Latin or geography, of which he thought he already knew so much.



Edward was a boy of lively feelings. He seemed to feel all his mother now said to him: he thought, at the time, that he should always feel so; and he went to his game at marbles with George, fully determined to show him all the forbearance in his power.



Edward conducted himself so well for several days, that his mother began to hope her lesson to him had made a deeper impression than she had expected; and, desirous of encouraging him in his good intention, she offered to take him with her, to visit Sally's grandmother.

Edward was much pleased at the thoughts of accompanying his mo-



ther, for he wanted very much to see the China cup. He wished his mother to take George with them; but his mother was afraid that, both together, they might make too much noise for the old woman.

Edward asked his mother if he might take his book of poetry with him, to give Sally.

“If you want to make Sally a present of a book, I think you might select one more suited to her than that. She has not much time for reading, and therefore what she reads should be more instructive than poetry. Try if you cannot find something both instructive and entertaining. Where is your catalogue?”

The catalogue was produced, in a miserable condition.



“Ah! Edward,” said his mother, shaking her head, “you have not yet learned to take care of your books. When you are quite corrected of disagreeing with George, I hope you will turn your attention to the care of your books.”

“Of what consequence is the catalogue, mamma? I can soon write another. I know I have not taken any care of that.”

“But why should not you have the habit of taking care of every thing? That nice piece of white paper you asked me for just now, I see you have crumpled it up, and thrust it into your pocket: of what service will it now be to you?”

As his catalogue was no guide to him, Edward now began to rummage his books, and at last fixed upon



“Little Davy and his new Hat.” His mother approved his choice, and they set off.

It was a very pleasant way, through lanes and fields, to the town where Sally lived; and Edward ran on before, to keep himself warm, quite delighted with his walk. Sometimes he stopped to talk with his mother; sometimes to gather the red berries which hung on the leafless hedges. His mother cautioned him not to put them into his mouth, as they were not fit to be eaten.

“I want them, mamma, to put in the grotto I am making: they will look very pretty amongst the moss.”

They entered the town, and soon reached Sally's door. Edward's mother lifted up the latch, and walked into the room. They found the grand-



mother in her easy chair, and Sally busy at work.

When Sally perceived Edward and his mother enter, she jumped up, and expressed her pleasure at seeing them. The old woman attempted to rise.

“No, Mrs. Woodly, do not disturb yourself on our account. We came to see how you are, and to hear if Sally has begun to write.”

“That she has, madam, and already makes all the letters: she is such an attentive girl. Fetch your book, Sally, and show it to the lady.”

In the mean while Edward's eyes were fixed upon the cup, about which he had heard so interesting a story.

“I see, master, by your manner,” said Mrs. Woodly, “that you are acquainted with the particulars of that cup. It is not only in that instance



that Sally has shown the goodness of her heart. Her whole conduct to me is an example to other girls. She is never idle—never out of humour. She is the only blessing I have left; but what a blessing she is!” The tears came into the good woman’s eyes as she spoke.

Sally now came in with her writing-book. It was, indeed, worth looking over: there was not a single blot in it. It was perfectly clean; nor did the corners of the leaves, in the least, curl up.

Mrs. Wilmot handed it to Edward, and asked him if he often saw so neat a copy-book.

“Why, I confess, mamma, it is rather different from mine.”

The letters were well formed, and




showed that much pains had been taken in making them.

“Oh, Sally, I had nearly forgotten that I have a present for you,” said Edward; and taking the book out of his pocket, offered it to her.

Sally received it with pleasure, and said she was fond of reading, though she was seldom able to get any books. “But if I could get books,” she added, “I have very little time to spare for reading.”

After making some enquiries of Mrs. Woodly, concerning her health, Edward's mother took her leave; and she told Sally, that when she wanted work to come to her, and she would give her some.





The days becoming now very short, Edward and George could not go out in the afternoon to play; but they had a pleasure, which was greater to them than playing in the garden.

It was dark one hour before dinner-time. Mrs. Wilmot did not order candles; but she sat round the fire with the children, listening to and answering their various questions; or she would relate some circumstance, or story, which afforded them entertainment.

The children longed for this hour, for they then had their mother's undivided attention; and they treasured up all they had to say for that happy time.

It was on one of these afternoons, that their mother told them the following story.



There was a poor woman, who lived on the borders of a forest. She had two children, a boy and a girl, whom she tried to instruct, to the best of her ability. She taught them their duty to God, and she tried to make them good and useful; and she did all in her power to encourage them to love each other. She had herself been well instructed in her childhood; but she was now reduced to great poverty, and had no other means of gaining her livelihood, than by making baskets, and sending the children out with them to sell.

The children were likewise employed in cutting the willow-twigs, of which the baskets were made, from the trees in the forest; for this family lived on a marshy spot, near the river,



where plenty of trees of this description grew.

When the little girl was ten years of age, and the boy nine, they had the misfortune to lose their mother.

The part of the forest where her cottage stood was damp, in consequence of its being near the river. The moist air affected her health, which had never been very good. She had hardly allowed herself sufficient nourishment to support her strength, in order that her children might have plenty.

On the part of the children, when they first perceived her ill health, all that affection could suggest was performed by them, to sooth her painful hours. They endeavoured to do away her anxiety on their account, by showing that they wanted nothing; and



instead of going at six o'clock in the morning, to cut willow and rushes, Gilbert (the boy) went at four. But the trembling hands of the mother could no longer weave the wood. Her girl sat by her, and tried to spare her the laborious part of her work: She left her but for a short time during the day, to sell the baskets; and when she came back, she generally brought with her some milk, or a little broth, which the charity of a neighbour had bestowed upon her, for her sick mother.

But notwithstanding all the care and attention of these good children, their mother at length died. And when the children returned from their mother's grave, and entered their solitary cottage, they then first felt the extent of their loss.



“And have we really lost our mother?” said Gilbert to Martha; “and are we left alone?”

“O Gilbert,” said Martha, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms round her brother’s neck, “we are not quite alone, for are we not together? and will not God give us the power to take care of ourselves? Let us pray to him to assist us, and to give us strength to bear our misfortunes?”

They sunk on their knees and prayed, with their hearts full of piety and resignation. When they had finished praying, they seemed less unhappy. They again embraced, and each silently made a resolution to do all they could to make the other comfortable.

It was evening: they felt hungry



and sleepy; for they had not lain down the night before, nor had they taken much food. They looked for something to eat, and found some potatoes, a few of which Martha boiled. They ate the potatoes for supper, and went to bed. They rose early in the morning, after being much refreshed by sleep.

The first subject of their consideration was, what they were to do for their future support. Martha said she had observed how her mother made the baskets, and that lately she had even assisted her; so that, although she could not make them well or fast now, she thought she should improve by practice, and soon be able to finish them quite well.

“And I think,” said Gilbert, “that *I* can undertake to make the rush-



baskets; and though they should not be made as well as those which our poor mother used to do, yet they will sell for something; and every penny is worth trying to earn."

After breakfasting on potatoes, they began their task. They each completed a basket that morning, and immediately set out to sell their work. When they came into the village they met a woman, to whom they offered to sell their baskets. The woman knew the children.

"These baskets are not so well made as those you used to sell," said the woman: "what is the reason?"

The children burst into tears. "The baskets we used to sell were made by our mother," said Gilbert: "these are made by us. We do not



expect the same price for them: we know they are not worth so much. We shall improve as we go on," continued he, trying to speak cheerfully.

"Poor children," said the woman, "I wish you success. I am poor myself, and cannot afford to spend money in things which I do not want; yet I will buy your first work." And she gave them the sum they asked, and took the baskets.

The children felt encouraged by their success, and were hastening home, when Gilbert said, "Had we not better buy some bread with this money?"

"No," said Martha, "we have still some potatoes left; and we had better not spend our money till we are obliged to do it."

As they went along, they picked



up sticks and dried leaves, for their fire. They found some water-cresses in their way, which they gathered. Martha gathered some wild roses and honeysuckles, as she passed clumps of those beautiful shrubs. "They will make our room look pleasant and smell sweet," she said; "though they are not useful."

"Then here are some cowslips to add to your nosegay," said Gilbert, stooping to gather some.

When they reached home, and Martha had put her flowers in water, she went to visit her garden. She had always taken great pleasure in her garden. An old gardener, with whom her mother was acquainted, used often to give her seeds and plants, and her garden had once been in a very flourishing condition. Since



the illness of her mother, she had neglected her garden: she had even seldom visited it; and she now found it in rather a deplorable condition. Her favourite rabbit had left its hutch, and forced its way into her garden: it had eaten the young leaves of her cabbages. Her lettuces were choked up with weeds; and her potatoes, which were shooting up so abundantly, had been trampled on by a neighbour's pig, that had broken through the fence. Gilbert undertook to mend her fence, that the same accidents might not happen again. Martha allowed herself half an hour to weed the garden; and then put the remainder of the potatoes on the fire, to boil. She busied herself about her small room, and tried to put every thing in order, as her mother used



to do. Their cottage consisted but of one room, and a shed joining to it, where their few utensils for cooking were kept, and where the materials for their basket-work were put, that their room might be kept clean and tidy.

After dinner, Martha sat down to mend a hole in Gilbert's jacket; whilst Gilbert split the willow ready for her to weave. She tried to sing some of her songs, as she was used to do when she was employed at her work; but her voice trembled, and she could hardly give them utterance: by degrees, her voice became steadier, and she went through all her songs.

"We will try and be happy," said Gilbert: "we will try and make each other happy. We shall not have time to be idle; and it is only idle children



who are unhappy. I feel sure that we shall always find good people enough to buy our baskets, and whatever else we may be able to make."

A week passed much in the same manner. The children improved in their trade of basket-making. The gardener continued his kindness to them. He stocked their garden with vegetables, and instructed them how to manage their crops. He told them the proper seasons for sowing different seeds, and the proper time when the seedlings should be transplanted. He even made them a present of some fruit-trees and fruit-bushes; and their garden presented a very pleasing appearance.



The wood-strawberries were now ripe, and they grew in great abundance in the forest. It was Gilbert's business to gather strawberries, and offer them for sale; and he found that he could always sell as many as he could gather.

One morning, Martha had completed a prettier basket than usual; and she proposed to Gilbert to fill it with strawberries, and then sell it. Gilbert first gathered some curled leaves of the marsh-mallow, and covered the inside of the basket with them, before he put in the strawberries. The leaves curled round the basket in a very pretty manner; and Martha and Gilbert were quite delighted with its appearance.

“I am sure any body will be glad to buy this,” said the boy; “the basket is so well made.”



“And so prettily ornamented,” added Martha, looking kindly at her brother.

Martha proceeded with her basket to the village, leaving her brother occupied in making brooms. He had gained permission of the ranger of the forest to cut some of the branches of the birch-tree; and he found that he could make very tolerable birch-brooms. As Martha went through the village with her basket of wood-strawberries, she came to a house which made a handsome appearance. At the open window of a parlour sat two young ladies. Martha stopped opposite to them, and holding up her basket, asked them to purchase it. They looked at the little girl, and were pleased with her healthy, though poor appearance.



“Who made that pretty basket,” enquired one of the young ladies.

“I made it, ma’am,” Martha modestly replied.

“And where did you get those strawberries from?”

“They are fresh gathered out of the forest. Pray buy them, ladies: they are ripe and sweet.”

One of the ladies held out her hand to receive the offered basket, and enquired of the little girl what she was to pay for it.

“A shilling, if you do not think it too much.”

“No, we do not think it too much, for so pretty a basket, filled with strawberries.” And they gave her the shilling.

Martha curtsied, and was going away; but the young ladies were so



struck with the pleasing expression of her countenance, that they detained her, and asked her some questions about herself. They gradually drew from her her whole history. They were much touched by the description she gave of the affection which she and her brother bore towards each other.

“We will not keep you any longer now, Martha; but when you have more baskets to sell, bring them to us, and we will purchase them of you.”

As Martha passed a butcher's shop, in her way home, the thought came into her mind that she would treat her brother with a bit of meat. She had often wished to buy some for him, but her prudence restrained her inclination: she now thought she might indulge her wish, and she entered the



butcher's shop. The butcher looked at her very good-naturedly; for he knew her, and knew how well she had behaved on the death of her mother. She drew out her shilling, and asked for a small piece of meat.

“You shall have a piece of meat, my dear,” said the man; “but you may keep your money, for I must have the pleasure of making you a present of the meat. You and your brother are good children; and I shall always be glad to do you a service.”

It gave comfort to poor Martha's heart, to be so kindly spoken to. The good-natured manner of the young ladies had affected her before, and she could now hardly restrain her tears.

“Cheer up, my girl,” said the butcher: “be of good heart. The deserving



will never be in want of friends: so, take your meat, and go home to your brother."

He would not stay to hear her thanks, but went into the room behind the shop.

Martha wiped her eyes, and left the shop. She hastened home to communicate to Gilbert her good fortune. She found him sitting at the door of the cottage, almost hid by bundles of birch, which he had neatly tied together, to fix to the stick of the broom.

"Oh! Martha," he called out, as soon as he perceived her, "I can make the brooms so well! I can do them so fast! Oh! the good ranger."

"And oh! the good butcher," returned Martha, holding up the



piece of meat: "I think every body is good to us."

She then related all that had passed between her and the young ladies, and the kindness of the butcher. Gilbert, on his part, had also much to tell. Their friend the gardener had been with him, and observing that he was busy in making brooms, he told him, that he would buy the brooms of him which he required to sweep his lawns with; and that he would likewise recommend to his friends to buy them, provided he made them strong and tight. "So you see, Martha," continued Gilbert, "I am in the way of disposing of a good number of my brooms."

Martha hastened to dress their dinner, to which they sat down with no little appetite. At that moment it



might be said, that these children felt themselves truly happy. They saw before them the prospect of being able to maintain themselves by their own industry: they were conscious that they were well thought of by those who knew them; and they felt satisfied with themselves, convinced that they performed their duty.

These children were without stockings or shoes: they were dining on the stump of a tree, without a tablecloth, and without other necessaries; yet they had that feeling of content in their heart, which nothing but virtue can give.

The next morning, as the brother and sister were sitting at the door, pursuing their work, the two young ladies, to whom Martha had sold her basket with strawberries, came up to



them, and stood observing them some time, before the busy children discovered their presence. When Martha perceived them, she started up with pleasure :

“ Oh! Gilbert, there are the kind ladies I told you about.—I have not finished a basket yet, ladies; but I should have called upon you, in the course of the day, with some.”

“ Do not let us disturb you from your work, Martha,” they kindly said: “ we can talk to you, and you can answer us, though your fingers are employed.”

Martha resumed her work. The ladies walked into the room, and admired its neat and orderly appearance; and they said to the children: “ We have heard your poor mother spoken of as a very good and well-



instructed woman; and that she took much trouble in teaching you what she was able. Tell me, can you read?"

"A little."

"Can you write?"

"No."

"Martha, can you do needle-work?"

"Not very well."

"We wish to do you some service; but we wish to know in what manner we can best serve you. Martha, should not you like to wear shoes and stockings?"

"Oh! yes; but I cannot afford to buy them."

"But suppose we were to give you a pair?"

"Oh! my dear ladies," replied the prudent girl, "I should like that very



much; but when they are worn out, I may not be able to buy any more; and it would then be a greater hardship for me to go without shoes and stockings than it is now, when I have never worn them."

The eldest of the young ladies was quite struck with her answer. "You are a sensible little girl, and deserve to be assisted," she said: "every day, when you or Gilbert come into the village, call at our house, and you shall always have a pitcher of milk from the dairy. I will think further about the shoes and stockings."

The young ladies then walked in Martha's garden. They observed the new fruit-trees; and they told her, that when she had fruit they would always buy it of her, if she wished to sell it.



“What an assistance a pitcher of milk, every day, will be to us,” said Martha to her brother, after their visitors were gone: “why, with our cabbages and potatoes, we shall hardly want any thing else.”

Martha was quite impatient to pay her next visit to the *great house*, as she called it. The next day, she dressed herself as neatly as she could, and went with her baskets. She wanted Gilbert to go with her.

“No, no, Martha,” said he, “there is no use in losing my time, when I can be employed at home. I know you only asked me to go with you from kindness.”

The young ladies were at the window, watching for Martha’s appearance; and when they perceived her, they beckoned to her to go in at the



side-gate which led to the garden, where they met her. They took her into a summer-house, and gave her something to eat. After she had gained a little confidence, and appeared more at her ease, the eldest of the young ladies said to her, "I want to speak to you, Martha, further about the shoes and stockings. We have been consulting our mother, and we mentioned to her your scruples in regard to beginning to wear shoes and stockings; and Martha, we have such good news for you! My mother will supply you with them, till you are able to provide them for yourself. During the winter evenings, she knits stockings for people who want them: we have, therefore, only the shoes to buy. So, my dear Martha, you may wear shoes and stockings, without



the fear of ever wanting them. As to Gilbert, he may go some time longer barefooted. He is an industrious boy, and will, no doubt, be able to provide those articles for himself, as soon as he shall require them."

Martha was delighted to hear her brother praised; and the prospect of always wearing shoes and stockings, was indeed a happiness.

The young lady paused a little while, and then continued: "And when you are decently dressed, Martha, you may come to us sometimes, and we will improve you in working and reading, and teach you to write; and then, you know, you can have the pleasure of instructing your brother."

"Oh! that would indeed be a pleasure," said the grateful girl: "how can I deserve so many favours?"



“I am afraid we have kept you too long,” said the young lady, wishing to relieve her: “take this parcel home with you; and when you open it, I hope the contents will afford you satisfaction.” She and her sister then left the summer-house.

The parcel was a large one, and Martha was almost tempted to peep into it; but she remembered that the ladies had told her to take it home, and she thought she ought not to examine the contents till she reached her cottage. As she went along, she pleased herself with imagining Gilbert’s joy at the sight of the present. “I hope there is something in the parcel for poor Gilbert,” said she to herself: “I am sure he merits some reward for his industry and affection.”

When Gilbert espied Martha re-



turning with a large parcel, he was very curious to know what it was, and he ran to meet her.

“Do, Gilbert, carry this parcel into the cottage; for it is so heavy, I can hardly hold it any longer.” She said this with a very smiling face.

It was not long before the parcel was opened. The first thing Martha drew out was, to her great joy, a jacket for Gilbert. The young ladies had observed how patched and worn his present one was, and therefore fixed upon a jacket as a gift to him. Then came out the shoes and stockings.

“Oh, the good ladies! oh, the dear ladies!” proceeded every minute from Martha’s lips.

There were many little useful articles in the parcel; and the joy of



Martha and Gilbert rose to the highest pitch. With so much encouragement to do their duty, you may imagine that Martha and Gilbert persevered in that conduct which entitled them to the esteem of all good people.

With her shoes and stockings on, and dressed in a gown made by herself, Martha went to take her first lesson of reading and writing. She was attentive and industrious, and therefore gained all the advantage she could from the trouble bestowed upon her.

In the evening, when her work was over, she would communicate to Gilbert the instruction she had received in the morning. This was a pleasing task to her, and Gilbert had no objection to be taught by his sister.



By degrees these children were able, through their industry, to provide themselves not only with necessaries, but with comforts also. They wore better clothes; they lived upon better food; and occasionally added some little useful article of furniture, which improved the appearance of their cottage, and contributed to their convenience.

The poor cottagers round-about where these children lived, always brought Martha and Gilbert as examples to their own family; and every parent was glad that their children should keep company with Martha and Gilbert.

“Have you finished, mamma?” said Edward: “is there no more about Martha and Gilbert? How much I do like the story. Poor



children! to lose their mother, and to have no one to take care of them! What hardships they must have undergone. And then, too, not to wear shoes and stockings!"

"These children had to struggle with many hardships," answered his mother; "but that of not wearing shoes and stockings can scarcely be reckoned among the number. In Scotland the children of gentlefolks do not wear shoes and stockings, and very few female servants in that country wear them. A lady with whom I am acquainted, went to reside for some time in Scotland. She was shocked at the custom of Scotch servants going about bare-legged and bare-footed, and she gave shoes and stockings to her own servants, ex-



pecting that they would always wear them. But such is the effect of habit, that they found their shoes and stockings an incumbrance, and they put them on only when they went into the parlour, taking them off immediately on leaving the room. Had the young ladies, who thought so much about Martha going without shoes and stockings, ever been in Scotland, they would not even have remarked the circumstance, much less have considered it a hardship."

"I should not like," said George, "to run about upon the gravel without any thing on my feet."

"Probably not," said his mother; "because, by always having your feet covered, they are become tender, and in their naked state could bear, much less than your hands, to press upon



hard and rough substances. But the feet of those who have not been accustomed to wear shoes and stockings become hard, and are able to tread upon stones, without suffering pain or feeling any inconvenience. When I was at Brighton, I was surprised to see little children run bare-footed over the shingles at the seaside, without appearing to hurt themselves; whilst I, with strong shoes on, and walking very carefully, felt the stones hurt my feet."

Little Marian did not like this digression from the story, and said, "I hope Gilbert ate some of the strawberries which he gathered."

"I am sure," said Edward, "he gave some to his sister, even if he did not eat any himself. And you know, Marian, that there 'is a plea-



sure in giving pleasure, as papa once said, when Robert and his school-boys gave their money to the poor woman, instead of buying cakes and fruit with it, for themselves."

"Yes, Edward," replied Marian, "you know I gave my toy to George, because he wanted it—I gave up my own pleasure for his."

Her mother smiled at this self-praise of her little daughter, particularly as she remembered the circumstances which attended that piece of generosity.

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One day Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot were taking a walk. They were fond of passing the cottages in their neighbourhood, that they might, by



becoming acquainted with what took place in them, occasionally assist their poor neighbours with their advice, or with their money.

As they approached a little neat cottage, they heard a child within cry most violently. They hastily lifted up the latch of the door and entered. They saw a little boy of about three years old lying on the ground, who was crying; and a little girl, a year older, standing by, and vainly attempting to lift up the crying child. A table was near them, overturned.

“What is the matter?” asked Mr. Wilmot.

The little girl said that their mother was gone out to work—that she had left some milk in a mug for



them—that her little brother wanted to get it, and that, in trying to reach it, he had upset the table, and fallen down.

Mr. Wilmot had some difficulty in gathering these particulars from the little girl, who appeared frightened, and could hardly speak. In the mean while Mrs. Wilmot had raised the child, and perceived that he was much hurt. The blood came from his forehead, where he had hit himself. Mrs. Wilmot tried to stop the blood, and then bound up his head.

The poor little fellow felt relieved, and said, “Better now, thank you.”

Mr. Wilmot asked the girl if her mother always left them in that manner.

She answered that her mother did, but that nothing had ever happened



before. "No more would any thing have happened now, if Billy would have minded what I said to him."

Mr. Wilmot smiled at this speech. "How do you mean, my little girl?"

"Why, mother desired us not to touch the milk, till we heard the great clock strike one. Billy would have it before. I tried to hinder him, and he pushed the table over."

Having told the little boy that he must mind what his sister said to him, and having given them some sugar-candy, which Mrs. Wilmot found in her pocket, they left the cottage.

"This practice of leaving children by themselves, is a very dangerous one," said Mrs. Wilmot: "I pity the poor mother. How anxious she must be while she is absent from them."



The door of another cottage which they passed, was half open, and Mrs. Wilmot proposed to go in, and see if there were any small children left there by themselves.

They entered, and found a girl of ten years of age with a baby in her arms, and another little child of about two years.

“You seem a handy girl,” said Mrs. Wilmot, when she observed how well she held the child, “I suppose you have a great deal of practice in nursing.”

“Yes, ma’am, I always nurse the baby, when mother is out washing.”

“Then when do you go to school?”

“I do not go to school at all. Mother cannot spare me; for I am obliged to take care of the children.”

“Then who teaches you?”



“ Nobody teaches me.”

“ Then cannot you read?”

The girl hung down her head, ashamed to answer.

Mrs. Wilmot did not repeat the question.

When they quitted the cottage, Mr. Wilmot said, “ I scarcely know which is the greatest of the two evils that we have witnessed to-day, proceeding, as they both do, from the same cause. I must reflect on the subject, and discover some remedy. We must find out some method of taking care of poor people’s children, whilst the parents are out at work, earning the bread which is to support them.”

Mrs. Wilmot said she had long known and lamented the evil, and should be glad to assist in any way, towards its removal; and that she



should, for the future, whenever any woman came to her house for a day's work, or she saw any woman working in a field, enquire of them how they had disposed of their children.

“We will certainly do something,” said Mr. Wilmot; “at least we will try to do something.”

Mr. Wilmot kept his word: he tried, and he did something.

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George came one day, running into the room in a great hurry, to tell Edward that the ice would *bear*. “Papa has given us leave to slide; so come along directly, or we shall have no time.”

Edward did not feel much inclined to go and slide. He had very much conquered his aversion to the water,



but still he had no great liking to it in the shape of ice.

“Why, you are not afraid, Edward,” said George, observing his reluctance to go.

Edward did not like to be thought afraid of sliding, so he went with his brother.

As they proceeded through the garden they met their father, who was giving directions to the gardener about filling the ice-house. Edward stopped, and asked his father if he would not go with them.

“I will follow you in a few minutes,” said his father: “you may go on the river without fear, as I have ascertained that it is perfectly safe.”

George ran forward, and soon jump-



ed upon the ice. Edward loitered at the side of the river.

“I would rather slide on the horse-pond, George. Let us go and slide upon the pond.”

George was by this time out of hearing. He was satisfied with his father's permission to slide on the river, and no fears troubled his pleasure. He went on as far, and as fast as he could, without allowing an occasional fall to put an end to his recreation.

Edward was still on the bank of the river, when his father came up.

“Come, Edward,” said his father, “let us have a slide together.”

“I don't feel inclined to slide, papa. Suppose the ice should break.”

“It is not probable that the ice will break; and if it did, the water



is not deep ; besides, you can swim a little, and are used to the water."

"It is a long time since I have been in the water, and I have almost forgotten how to swim."

"Should I, my dear Edward, suffer our little George to run on the ice, if there were any danger? In cold countries, where the rivers and canals remain frozen for a long time, the people prefer travelling on the ice, to travelling on the land. The milk-woman skates along with her pail of milk on her head, pleased to think in how much less time she performs her journey to town than in the common manner; her pail comes safely on her head, nor does she spill one drop of milk by the way. Waggons loaded with provisions come to town on the



ice. And instead of a season of dreariness, the duration of the frost is a gay and busy time.—But see, there is your mother, with Marian and Arthur.”

“Take me on the ice, papa—take me on the ice, papa,” called out both the children at once.

Their father took a hand of each, and followed the footsteps of George.

“Come, Edward, do not let us be left behind,” said his mother.

Edward gave her his hand, and suffered her to lead him on the ice.

“Mamma, when we go in, let us read about those countries where people travel on the ice. I suppose they are a great way off.”

“No, not a very great way off. People travel on the ice in Holland: there are canals which run through most of



the streets in Amsterdam, the capital city of Holland; and it is found more convenient to travel upon them, when frozen, than upon the roads. But let us try and overtake your father."

Edward had gained some portion of courage, when he came up to his father.

"Well done, my boy," said his father, holding out his hand to him: "I am teaching these little ones to slide, and I want your assistance. Now, Edward, you begin, and we will follow you."

Edward set off, and away went the whole party. Mrs. Wilmot followed, at rather a slower rate. Edward felt pleasure in the exercise, and as his fears abated his spirits increased. He was glad he had ventured on the ice: he felt satisfied with himself at



having conquered his reluctance, and he was in perfect good humour. He soon reached George. "You don't see whom we have behind us," called out Edward to him.

George turned his head, and when he beheld Marian and Arthur, he went back and asked them if they were cold, for he could tell them how to warm themselves. "Run and slide as I do, and then you will be warm enough."

After the children had sported some time longer on the ice, their mother proposed that they should return to the house. As they came back, they passed the ice-house, and observed the gardener wheeling a barrow of ice into it.

"What is that ice for, papa?" asked Edward.



“ It is to keep for the summer.”

“ You joke, papa : it will be melted long before that time.”

“ No, it will not,” said his father ; “ for it will be shut up from the warm air.”

“ And what do you want to do with it ?”

“ Freeze other liquids through the means of it,” replied his father.

“ What, in the warm weather ?”

“ Yes, in the very hottest weather.”

“ Oh, father !——”

“ Well, my dear, I will one day, when it is convenient to me, perform the experiment. Ice is sent to the West Indies ; and it is preserved there, though that climate is considerably warmer than ours—always much warmer than our summers.”



“ And can they freeze *things* there with it ?”

“ Yes, my dear,” said his father.

“ And now, papa, there is something else I want to ask you.—”

“ Don’t ask it now, my dear Edward : don’t ask too many questions at once.”

“ May I ask it you after dinner ?”

“ Yes, you may,” said his father.

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After the cloth was removed, Edward looked up at his father, and said, “ Papa, may I ask you the question now ?”

“ Certainly.”

“ Papa, I observed, when we were out to-day, that smoke came out of our mouths : I suppose that was our breath.”



“It was.”

“Well then, I want to know why we see our breath in cold weather, and not in warm.”

“Ah, Edward, I believe that is a question which we must write down in your book for a future answer: I hardly think you can understand it now.”

“Oh no, papa,” said Edward, much disappointed: “I have read ‘Harry and Lucy’ through, and I understand *it* all; and I am sure I could understand your explanation, if you would take the trouble to give it me. Do pray, papa, try me.”

His father took a glass from off the table, and told Edward to breathe upon it. He did so.

“Has the glass the same appearance as it had before?” said his father.



“No, father; it is not so bright: it is dim.”

“And what has made it dim, Edward?”

“My breathing upon it, I believe.”

“The glass was cold, and therefore condensed your breath,” said his father. “Do you remember the meaning of *condensed*?”

“Yes, I know the meaning of condensing steam: it is turning it into water.”

“Yes,” said his father; “when steam comes against any thing cold, the heat is taken from it, and it is turned back into water. Now, in regard to our breath, as it contains water in the state of steam, it is condensed by the cold air. If any cold solid *body* or thing were held against it, drops of water would collect. Often, in



cold weather, when we ride in a coach with all the glasses drawn up, the moisture of the breath, by being condensed, hangs upon the glass like steam, and then gradually drops of water succeed to the steam, and trickle down the window."

"Oh! papa, I have seen that myself; but I did not know that it was the breath which occasioned it."

"It is by observing such circumstances that we are led to try, and find out, how they are produced. Most of the discoveries which have been made in useful knowledge, probably originated in some trifling effect, by which the attention was roused, and the cause discovered by which that effect was produced."

"Do, papa, tell us some of the dis-



coveries made by observing trifling circumstances."

"Not now, Edward; some other time. We must not attend to too many subjects at once. But I have no objection to perform the experiment of freezing now, as it has some connexion with the subject we have been talking about."

"Shall I go and fetch some ice, papa?"

"You had better fetch some snow. We should be obliged to pound the ice; and using snow will save us that trouble."

"In that case, papa, why do they not keep snow for the purpose of freezing, instead of ice?"

"Because snow is not so easy to be collected as ice; and it would not keep so well. It melts sooner than



ice; that is, it requires less heat to melt it than ice does, ice being more solid."

Edward went to fetch the snow, and soon returned with a can full. "Here, father, here is plenty, I think."

His father then threw away some of the snow, and added to the remainder a quarter as much of salt, which he mixed with it: then putting into the mixture a glass tumbler, well covered at top, which contained the water to be frozen, the children watched the operation. They observed that the mixture of snow and salt began to melt very fast.

"Papa," said Edward, "instead of the water freezing, the snow is melting away."



“It is by the snow melting that the water will freeze,” said his father.

“How is that, papa?”

“When snow is thawing, it takes up a great deal of heat, and therefore it takes away the heat that is in the water which is to be frozen; and the water being deprived of the heat which is necessary to keep it in a fluid state, it becomes ice. Thus, in taking away the heat from water, (or a fluid) it becomes ice. What does water become, Edward, when we add more heat to it?”

Edward thought a little while, and then said, *steam*.

“Yes, Edward, and steam again becomes water, when the heat which turned it into steam is taken from it; and water again becomes ice, when all the heat is taken away. I have repeat-



ed this again to you, that you may understand it the better, and that it may make a deeper impression on your mind."

"Let me peep, papa, at the glass," said Edward: "Ah! I see something like a skin beginning to come on the water. Is that ice?"

"Yes, it is."

"Let me taste it," said George.

"It will taste only like very cold water," answered his father.

The operation of freezing lasted rather longer than the boys expected, and they began to think it a little tedious.

"I am tired of looking at the snow," said George: "it makes my eyes ache."

"Well then, run about a little while," answered his father, "and re-



cover from your fatigue; and then come back when your eyes have left off aching.”

When George came back he put his fingers into the glass, and was much pleased to find the contents solid.

“So then, papa, it is frozen at last.”

“Yes,” said his father, “and I hope Edward is satisfied with the result of the experiment.”

Edward declared that he was *quite* satisfied. “But one thing I want to ask you, papa: Why did you mix salt with the snow?”

“Because,” said his father, “the addition of salt increases the cold, and also makes the snow melt faster than it would without; and it is by the quick melting of the snow that the operation of *congelation*, or freezing, takes place.”



“ But, papa, how do you know that salt makes the snow colder ? ”

“ Cannot you guess, Edward, how I know it ? ”

Edward was going to answer, when George called out, “ By the thermometer, I suppose ; though I do not know how . ”

“ Ah, very true, George ; but I do know how : by first putting the thermometer into the snow, and then putting it into the mixture of salt and snow, and comparing which makes the quicksilver fall the lowest . ”

“ Right, my boy, ” said his father.

The freezing apparatus was now removed ; and Edward sat down to read a book, which his father had that day given him.



Marian was now become a person of some consequence, in the opinion of Edward and George. She was mistress of a housewife, and was in possession of thread and needles.

George often wanted a stitch put in his ball, which came unsewed from constant use. At other times he lost his marbles, for want of a bag to keep them in; so Marian undertook to make him a bag. She succeeded pretty well for a first attempt, and George was very well satisfied with her work.

Edward sometimes borrowed a needle of her, to perform experiments with his magnet. She was well pleased to see these experiments; yet she had great complaints to make against Edward, that he seldom returned the needle he borrowed; and she at last declared,



that she would not any more lend him her best (meaning her straight) needles, crooked ones would do well enough to be lost.

Marian began to make very neat stitches. She undertook to hem a pocket-handkerchief for Arthur, which did not proceed at a very quick rate. She began by doing three stitches a day, which she said tired her eyes and made her head ache: she found, however, as she became more used to the business, that her head left off aching, and her eyes were no longer tired. She then did *twelve* stitches each day. She soon after left off counting the number of her stitches, and did a certain portion of work. When she had finished Arthur's handkerchief, she began one for her mother, which was a great pleasure to her; and it was



on that occasion that her mother presented her with a housewife.

She had one day folded up her work, and taken her book to read to her mother, when Edward entered the room to ask her for something. He stopped a moment to listen, and was surprised to find how well she knew the sound of her letters.

His mother observed his attention, and smiled.

“Do you remember, Edward, when you pronounced that Marian would never be able to read? Are you of the same opinion still?”

“No, indeed I am not, mamma: I think she has some notion of reading already; and will, no doubt, read very well in a short time. She is more forward now than Tommy.”

Marian was not much pleased at



being compared to Tommy, whom she had often heard Edward declare was a dunce.

“Marian, have you put your housewife away? because I want you to lend me a needle and thread.”

“What for?” enquired Marian: “you know, Edward, you lost a needle yesterday; and I don’t like to lend you any more.”

“But I want this needle for a particular purpose, Marian; and so you must lend it to me.”

“For what purpose?”

“Why, the page I am learning of my *Delectus* is come out, and I want to sew it in again.”

“How come out?” asked his mother: “leaves cannot come out of a book of themselves.”

Edward looked a little foolish. He



remembered what his mother had said to him concerning his carelessness about books, and he hesitated a moment. "Mamma, I was holding the book by that leaf, and somehow the book fell, and the leaf remained in my hand. It was almost out before; for the lesson in that leaf is very difficult, and it took me a great while learning; and, I suppose, turning the leaf backwards and forwards so many times helped to loosen it. But I can sew it in very well, if Marian will but lend me a needle."

Marian felt that, in such a case, she could not keep her resolution of not lending him any more needles; and she selected a large one, threaded it, and gave it to him.


"You are a good-natured girl, Marian," said Edward, "and I shall



be glad to oblige you in return. If you want a pencil, I will always lend you mine when you ask me for it."

"And I," said Marian, "will always lend you my scissors, provided you remember to return them to me. Now, there is a good boy, do not lose my best needle."

For the sake of Edward's character, I think it necessary to inform my little readers, that he faithfully returned Marian's *best needle* on that day.



One day Edward came jumping into his father's study. "Papa, now Robert is come home for the holidays, I want you to assist me in finding some pleasure for him. George and I have holidays always; but poor Ro-



bert has them only twice a year, and it is our duty to entertain him as well as we can. We have no silkworms now, for him to wind the silk from, or hay for him to make, or fruit for him to gather. What can we find to amuse him with?"

"I am sure," said his father, smiling, "Robert must be very much obliged to you for the anxiety you show for his entertainment, and I am glad I have it in my power to assist your endeavours. I have long intended to take you to an institution I had some share in establishing, but purposely delayed the visit till we could have the pleasure of Robert's company. I think I can promise you entertainment for him. But I wish to make one observation to you. It does not appear to me



that Robert's case is so hard a one as you seem to consider it. I dare say he does not want more holidays than he enjoys at present."

"Then when shall we go, papa?" interrupted Edward, unwilling to turn his attention from the intended visit.

"To-morrow morning, if you can wait so long."

"Oh yes, papa, I can wait, if you only just tell me a little about it."

"Not a word now, Edward. First see, hear, and observe, and then you may ask what questions you please."

Edward ran off to Robert, to tell him of the intended pleasure; and he was surprised to see with how much more patience Robert bore the suspense of a day than he did himself.

My little readers will believe that Edward did not make his father wait



for him the next morning. He, with Robert and George, were standing in the hall with their hats on, when their father appeared.

“Don’t let me hurry you, Edward,” said his father; “if you are not quite ready, I can wait.”

I have been ready, papa, these two hours; but perhaps you are only joking with me.”

The party set off. After walking some distance, they came to a large building, the door of which flew open at their touch, and Edward gazed round, struck with the scene before him.

The visitors found themselves in a large room, full of very little children, all differently employed. Some of the children were playing at ball and at hoop. Others were standing in



class; and some poor little ones had crept into a corner, where they were crying. The boys, at first, seemed stunned with the noise and confusion of the place; but after they had looked on for a short time, they discovered that some order was observed. The children who were playing did not interrupt those who were spelling. Each child was occupied with its business, and did not interfere with that of another.

At length Edward said: "Is this a school, papa?"

"It is properly a nursery-school, my dear."

"What is it intended for?" said Robert.

"I will explain it to you," said his father: "Your mother and I have frequently witnessed the deplorable



consequence of poor women leaving their children at home, without any one to take care of them, while they themselves are out at work. In some cases an elder child is left to take care of the younger ones, and is thus deprived of the benefit of school.

“People do little good to society who only lament evils, without trying to remedy them. I considered the matter, and spoke to some gentlemen in the neighbourhood concerning it. We came to a determination on the subject\*. We hired this large room: we engaged a man and woman, on whose patience we could depend, to superintend our establishment. In the morning, when a mother goes to

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\* A school, such as is here described, is established in Westminster, by some benevolent gentlemen.



work, she brings her little children here, instead of leaving them at home by themselves; and at night she fetches them. Where there are elder children in the family, who go to school, they bring their little brothers and sisters here before they go to their school, and call for them again when they go home."

"But where do they have their dinner, papa?" asked George.

"Those children who remain all day, bring their dinner with them; and those who are brought by their brother or sister, are fetched by them when they return home to dinner."

Robert said, "May I make one observation on what you have told us, father?"

"Certainly."



“ I do not see that you have, by this institution, done away with the necessity of an elder child being kept from school; for babies, I suppose, are not admitted here: therefore, where there are babies, some one must stay at home to take care of them; and if the mother cannot, a sister must.”

“ Your remark, Robert, is quite just; but in a new establishment, like the present, we cannot at once remedy every inconvenience. There may come a time when we may be able to take care of babies also: at present we do not admit children who cannot walk. But come a little further into the room, and let us examine what is going forward.”

They approached a large circle of children, who were learning their letters. The boys observed that there



was an older child in the middle of the circle, who held up a card with a letter printed upon it; and that after he had mentioned the name of the letter, all the children who stood round repeated it.

“That is a very good method of teaching them their letters,” said Edward; “but how do they manage to keep so many little children in so regular a ring? I cannot think how it is done.”

Mr. Wilmot made one of the children move; and Edward then perceived that there was a circle marked on the floor with chalk, and that the children stood on the circle. This was no difficulty to them; and it was remarked that the little things were always careful to place their feet on the chalked line, as they were directed.



The boys found that while they were attending to this class, they were not disturbed by the noise in the other part of the room. After they had been some time observing the manner in which the children learnt their letters, Edward said: "Ever since I have been in the room, I have been wanting to know what these poor children in the corner are crying about: may I go and ask them?"

"Yes, my dear; let us go."

When Edward asked the children what they were crying about, they said they wanted to go to their mammy.

"These children are new comers," said Mr. Wilmot: "all the children cry after their mother the first two or three days, and then they become reconciled to the separation."



Edward and George fetched a ball, and tried to induce these children to play: they were so kind and so patient, that they succeeded in their attempt. The children left off crying, and began playing with as much eagerness as their new play-fellows could desire. Many of the other children joined the party; and when Edward and George left off playing, the little children still continued the game.

“I think, boys,” said their father, smiling, “we must engage you as assistants in this establishment.”

“In what capacity?” asked Robert.

“As comforters to the little children when they are first admitted. You have been so successful in the present case, that your help would be of use to us.”



“Then I *can* do some good, papa,” said Edward, “though I am a child: how glad I should be to assist in this undertaking.”

“Every body, my dear Edward, who wishes to do good, may always be able to do some, however young they may be. You shall occasionally visit this school, and by the exercise of patience and good-nature, you may be able to do much towards benefiting it; and you will then, though a child, be useful.”

THE END.

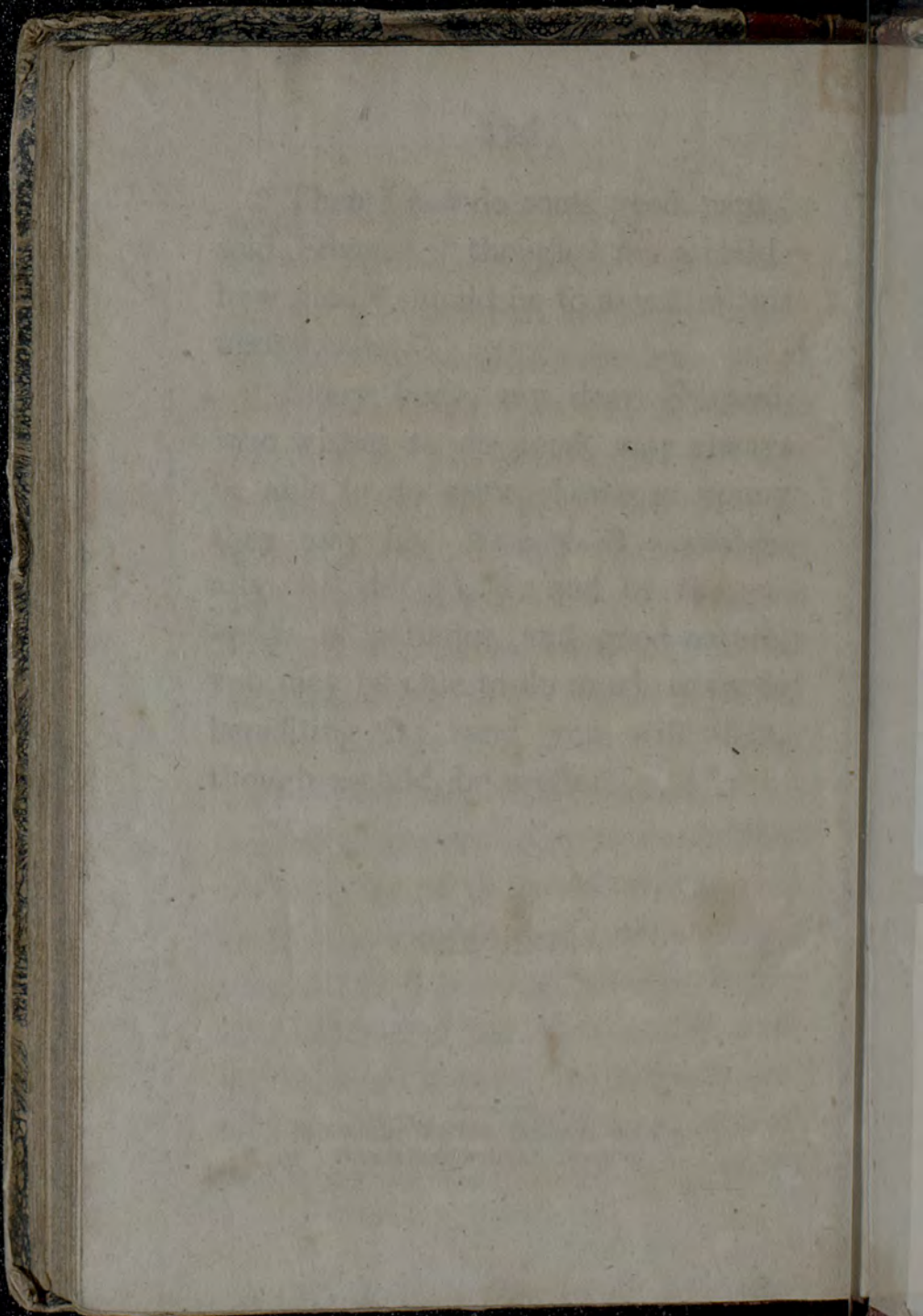
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