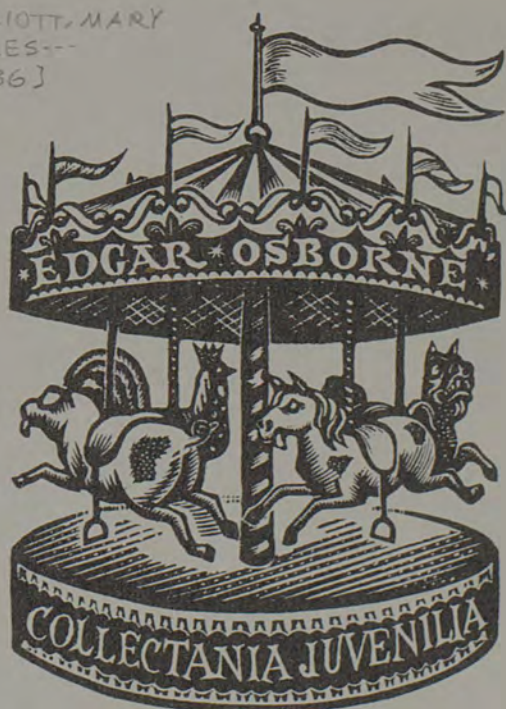


SB
ELLIOTT, MARY
TALES--
[1836]



37131 039 927 082

II 883

TALES OF TRUTH,

Ethel Smith

for Young People.

BY MARY ELLIOTT.

LONDON

WILLIAM BASTON AND SON

MARKET STREET



1983

TALES OF TRUTH,

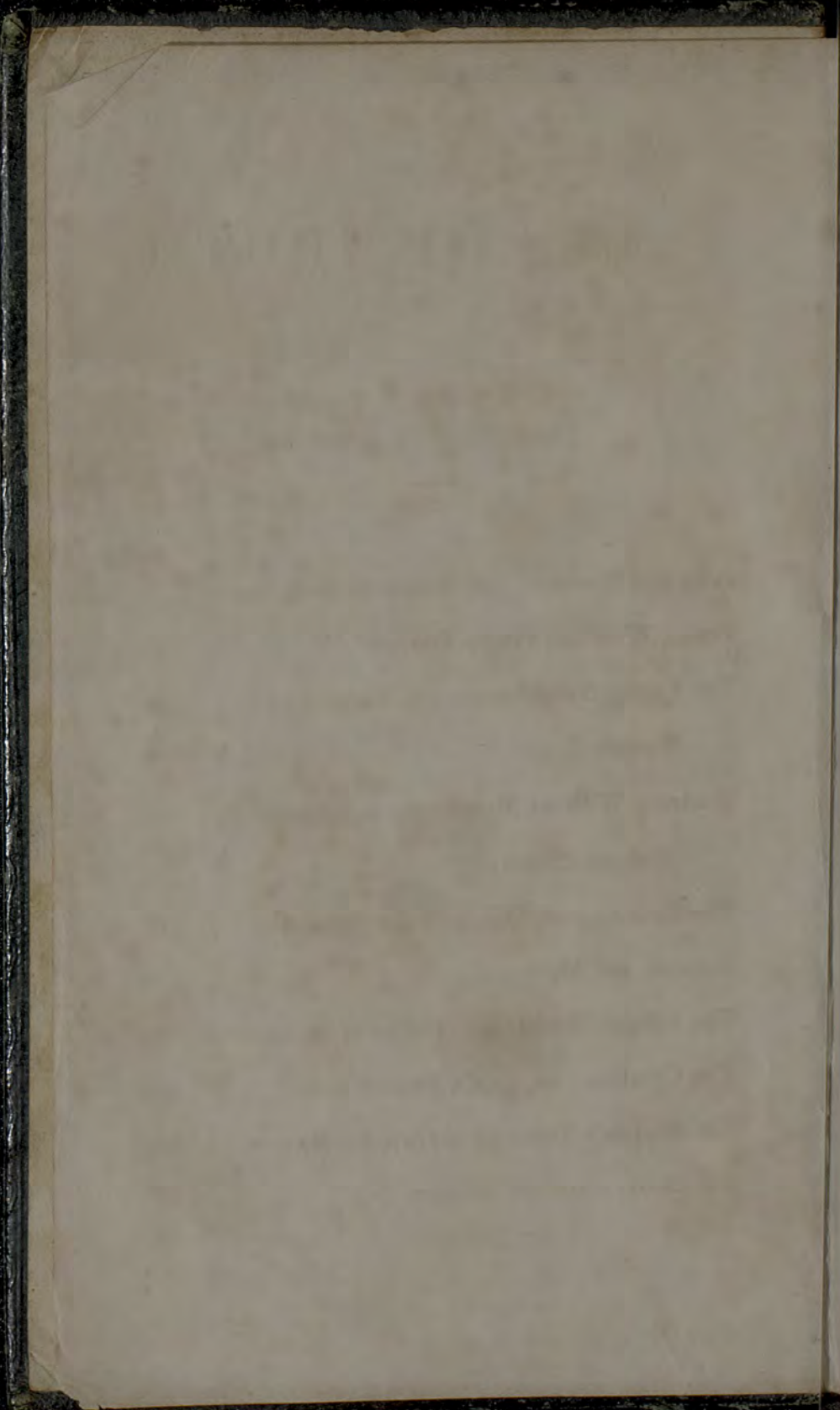
For Young People.

BY MARY ELLIOTT.

Author of the "Two Edwards."—"Precept and Example."
"Tales for Boys."—"Tales for Girls," &c.

LONDON:

WILLIAM DARTON AND SON,
HOLBORN HILL.



CONTENTS.

	Page
Bear and Forbear ; or, Faults on Both Sides	1
Penny Wise and Pound Foolish - - -	15
The Young Neighbours ; or, Forgive and	
Forget - - - - -	} 31
Prudence Without Meanness ; and Parade	
Without Charity - - - - -	} 45
The Cousins ; or, Quality before Quantity -	60
Conceit, not Merit - - - - -	74
The Village Model ; or, Truths of To-day -	89
The Creation ; or, God's First Works -	103
The Widow's Tale ; or, a Cure for Sorrow -	116
The Donkey and its Masters - - - - -	132

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Aunt and Niece - - - -	146
The Double Journal; or, Christmas Tidings -	159
The Peacemaker; or, Deformity no Crime -	174
Good—Not Best - - - -	187
Time Mispent; or, The Progress of Falsehood	201
Little Bella - - - -	216
Little Emma - - - -	231

BEAR AND FORBEAR;

OR,

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

THERE was a little boy, named George, who had a brother and sisters younger than himself, and therefore he was called the head of his father's family, which sounded like something great; but George found it was only sound, for he had little of comfort or honour in thus being the eldest.

In fact, George had the best temper of the whole, though inclined to be hasty; and then he thought it but fair that the next should yield to him, for he was eight years old, and the oldest, and must know every thing better than his brothers and sisters. William was a testy child, always taking offence, and often without cause. Sarah cried and fretted all day long, if the least trifle were taken from her, or if she were not made the most of in all things. Jane was self-willed, doing only what she liked, and making no scruple of snatching or taking by force anything her brother or sisters refused to give her.

With such children there could be little peace; and George would often seek play-mates abroad, rather than bear with so many whims and cross words from those at home.

George had made a pretty little boat, which he contrived to do unseen by any one, for he was certain it could never be finished when so many would wish to have a hand in it.

It was all done but the painting, and he gladly went on an errand for his father, that he might purchase some colours for his boat, without betraying that he was doing a job for himself at the same time. The day was warm, and as he returned, George took the most shady paths to avoid the heat of the sun.

In passing a neat cottage he stopped to look at the pretty garden before it, and under a large willow tree he beheld some young children playing with each other, all in good humour and high spirits, while a girl about his own age, sat knitting close by.

George watched them a few minutes, and wished William, Sarah, and Jane were as gentle and cheerful. He had some seed cakes in his basket, and could not help giving some to the pretty group.

The eldest put down her knitting as she

thanked him for his kindness, and began to divide his gift into equal shares for the others. "What good and quiet children you all are," said he; "I wish some whom I know were half as good." The little girl, whose name was Ann, smiled as she said, "Perhaps if you knew more of them you would not find them better than others."

"I only know," said George, "that I have left three young ones at home who never sit so quiet as you do now."

"Are you the oldest?" asked Ann.

George said he was.

"Then it may be, that you do not manage them rightly, and like to have your own way, as well as the little ones."

"Sometimes," answered George, "for they do so worry me, that I lose all patience; yet father says, I bear with them pretty well."

"But you should bear with them a little longer," said Ann. "Now you will laugh at me, young as I am, thinking to give advice, but you must know, I used to be much teased with my brothers, and although I sometimes tried to please, was apt to snap them, and when I saw them spoiling my toys, or tearing my books, I snatched

them away and scolded the little things, who would cry very much, but they did not mind me at all ; then I complained to my parents, who at times took my part, though often they laughed at me for being such a baby."

"If *you* do not agree with your brothers and sisters, I need not tell you how sad it is to live in discord with them ; and for certain, if they have faults, we, who are older, should have less : don't you think so ?"

"Yes, I do think that," said George ; "but really there is no pleasing my brother Will ; and Sarah cries, if you do but look at her ; then little Jane wants all she sees, and snatches things from you, whether you want them or not."

"She is very young I suppose," said Ann.

"Yes, she is only three years of age."

"O ! that is a baby's age, you cannot expect such a child always to do what is right."

"That is true, but you never saw such a tiresome girl as Jane is."

"I dare to say I have," answered Ann, "and, like you, did not make the best of it : but my mother has put me into a way of checking such faults in my little brothers : but observe, I have been obliged to curb my own temper as well."

"I am sure I wish you would instruct me," said George.

"I will tell you my mother's plan," answered she. "First, not to speak loud or angry to them; never to lift my hand against them; not to tease them, neither to be hasty in taking from them what it is wrong for them to have. She said kind and mild methods would make them more docile than scolding or anger; and most truly did she say; for I now find my brothers pleasant and easy to manage, though now and then they may be a little cross. They love as well as mind me, and very seldom do harm to any thing of mine that may come in their way."

"It is all very right, no doubt," said George; "but I am afraid my brothers and sisters will not be so soon tamed, and I cannot always be on my guard as to temper."

"Why not?" said Ann; "I am sure you look good-tempered enough, and the trial cannot be more for you than for others."

George could not deny this, though he was not certain he could act up to what Ann advised, but he promised to make an attempt, and prove if it were as easy as she said.

After wishing Ann good morning, George hurried towards home, for it was not usual with him to stay when sent on errands. As he opened the garden gate he heard Sarah crying, and William speaking in a hasty manner, as if scolding some one. Ah! thought George, this is the old story; I wish Ann could take a peep inside our cottage, she would soon look a little sour upon us.

The moment he turned into the common sitting-room, little Jane ran forward to see what was in the basket; and when he held it beyond her reach she caught hold of his coat, and pulled it, until, in pushing her from him, her head touched his elbow, and caused the basket to fall from his hands, and strewed its contents on the floor.

Among them were some nails and screws he had been buying for his father, and also the cakes he had meant to give his brother and sisters.

The cakes were of course broken to pieces, but George heeded them not; he was vexed to see the nails and screws dispersed about, and while kneeling to pick them up, felt too angry to think of Ann's caution, but kept scolding Jane with all his might, while she, scrambling after the bits

of cakes, took no notice of any one, except when the others offered to help themselves to some of the scraps, at which the little grasp-all muttered, and tried to beat their hands from the spot.

The bustle and mischief of the scene stopped Sarah's tears, though she complained in peevish tones that Jane was so greedy she wanted all the cake for herself.

William joined his brother in looking for the nails and screws; but when George bade him be brisk, and not let them drop as fast as he picked them up, the testy boy took offence, threw down those he had collected, and went away in a pet. "Go, for a cross boy as you are," said George; "I would as soon have Snarl, the house-dog, to help me, as a snappish brother like you."

When quiet was in some measure restored, the angry George walked into the garden to cool himself.

"Well, Ann may say what she will, but her brothers and sisters must be better tempered than mine: do all I can to please them there is something goes wrong."

In a few minutes he began to think what he had really done to please them.

Truth whispered it could not please the little Jane to have the basket kept from her, when she had not sense to know the reason ; and then, to be pushed about roughly, and called a naughty bad child. " Perhaps," said he, " if I had let her see what was in the basket without a struggle, and have given the cakes with kindness, she would have been pleased, and not have done mischief. William, too, hasty as he is, if I had not found fault with him for being slow, and had told him to make haste in more kind terms, he might have done so without putting himself into a passion. But I don't know how it is, they always take away my patience, and make me angry when I don't wish to be so : besides, I can't help being warm in my temper."

This was a great mistake in George's reasoning, for we can all help giving way to bad passions ; only by not checking anger at first, we suffer it to master our better feelings, and when we have lost the control of our tempers, are silly enough to fancy it is our nature that causes us to be testy, as if our Maker gave us none but wicked feelings.

George never cherished ill-will in his

bosom; and therefore, when he met his brother and sisters at supper, he took no notice of the past, and tried to put them in good-humour with each other. William's anger, too, had passed away, and he seemed disposed to be merry. Even peevish Sarah laughed at his remarks, but little Jane was getting sleepy, and more than once dropped some of her bread and milk upon Sarah's frock, who, not making excuse for the drowsy state of the child, began to whine and complain that her frock was wet.

"You cross child," said William; "don't you see the poor thing is almost asleep."

The words, "cross child," soon made Sarah cry outright.

George, half provoked, chid his brother for speaking so harshly; and this proved a great affront to William, who said, "he was not such a baby, but he knew what was right, as well as big master George."

Sharp words like these never end in friendship; and when they pass between kindred, deserve to be doubly censured. Our Saviour told Peter, "that if our brother should sin against us seventy times seven times, still should we forgive him."

Neither George nor William were chil-

dren to bear malice, but they wanted the gracious manner of owning a fault; and if in heart they forgave each other, their words did not confirm it.

George was the first to rise in the morning, and was soon busy at work in painting his boat. He thought of Ann and her good advice, and felt vexed with himself for being so hasty on the previous night. While thus engaged, he heard William calling him by name; and his first ideas were, to conceal the boat, lest it should lead to a dispute; but again, that was not the way to conquer bad habits; perhaps it would be wiser to make a friend of his brother, and show him the progress of the work he was about.

Yes, surely, this would be right; and so thinking, he went on painting till William was in sight.

"Come hither, Will," said he; "I want you to look at my fine boat, which is almost finished; What think you of it?"

"O! it is very handsome, indeed George: red, black on green; where did you get those bright colours?"

"I bought them in the village yesterday, when I went on father's errand."

Here George was going to call out, to prevent William from touching the paint,

but he checked himself, for, had he done so, his brother, as usual, would have taken offence.

"I am thinking," said George, "how I shall manage to keep little Jane from handling it while it is wet; yet I don't like to hide it, because that looks sly."

"Ah! I forgot," said Will, "it must not be touched before the paint is dry."

As he spoke thus, he quickly removed his finger from the spot he was going to rub. For once, thought George, I have done right.

"I tell you what George," cried Will, "when I see Jane about to lay hold of it, I will snatch it away in a moment."

"No, no," observed George; "we always do so, and you find it only makes her more eager to have it; we must try and coax her to do what we wish. Little Ann, who lives by the turnpike, told me she does so with her young brothers, and you never saw such pleasant children as they are."

Will felt quite a man to be thus consulted, and he began to think it was the best way.

Scarcely had the brothers settled this knotty point, when Sarah came to call them

to breakfast. George followed, with the boat in his hand, which no sooner caught the eye of Jane, than, clasping her hands in delight, she ran to take it from him.

Instead of pushing her away, or hiding it, he calmly told her she must not have it, but if she was a good girl she should see it sail away in a tub of water.

At first the child was inclined to resist, and use force to obtain it; but the soothing words of both brothers, and a kiss from George, brought her into good humour; she seemed conscious that he was kind, and fondled and kissed him in a most winning manner.

“There now,” said George, “see how much better it is to coax dear sister than to be harsh with her. Take care, Will, that you and I do not quarrel, and we shall soon teach Jane to be gentle as she is pretty.

Will declared he had no wish to dispute; but, as he said so, he trod upon Sarah’s foot, and her peevish complaints brought the colour into his cheeks, and warm words to his tongue; but before he could utter them, George, in a good-humoured way, put his hand to his lips, as a signal for silence; then, turning to Sarah, he gravely told her, that

unless she would give over such childish cross humours, she should not see his boat sail, neither would Will or himself play with, or love her as a sister.

As he said this, he took his brother by the arm and went out of the room.

Sarah cried more than ever, and called them two cross boys; but, as her tears decreased, she began to think of the boat and George's grave looks, and for a moment thought she would not speak to him all day; but when they again met, and he spoke to her as though nothing unkind had passed, her anger died away, and she joined in play with more spirit than usual.

The day passed without any fresh dispute. Once Sarah was about to cry, because Jane took a tea-spoon from her plate; but a whisper from Will, to think of the boat, dispersed the watery cloud, and although tears were in her eyes, not one fell.


"What a good girl our Sarah is getting," said George, as kissing her he bade good night.

Sarah raised her head in triumph, and assured her brothers she never meant to cry again.

"Well," said George; "I find Ann's method is worth all the sharp words and

rough usage we ever gave each other, and my brother and sisters will soon be as good as hers." "Because," said his mother, coming forward and taking him by the hand, "you began to reform in the proper person—yourself, my dear George." We have no right to complain of the mote in our brother's eye, while a mote remains in *our own*.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.



MATTHEW and Edgar were brothers, who agreed very well with each other, although their tempers and feelings were not always alike. Being sent one day to visit an old friend of their father's, at parting he gave each a penny, saying, "that penny, when saved, will become shillings, and shillings in the like manner become pounds."

They were not such silly children as to suppose the pence would really turn into shillings; but Edgar was rather puzzled to think how it could happen, until his brother said, their friend meant, that by saving all their pence they should gain shillings, and so on to pounds.

"And a good way, too," said Edgar; "I am sure I should like to try it; and to be master of pounds would make me quite happy."

"I should like to be rich as well as you," observed Matthew; "but a penny is so small a sum, that I fear it would be very long before we should own pounds."

"Not so long as you think brother : we have only to save all our money and keep it in a box, never buying foolish toys and cakes as we have been used to do, and in three months, I am certain, we shall be surprised to find how rich we are. Here is this penny to begin with."

"And mine too," said his brother ; "yet I think we shall be obliged to open our box before three months have passed, for though we may do without cakes and trifles, still we shall want some useful things even in our play."

"No," answered Edgar ; "we shall not want any ; you have a handsome kite, and plenty of marbles ; my bat and ball are as good as new, our legs will do for any other sports ; so it is plain we may put by our money if we choose."

Matthew did think it was plain ; and thus the matter was settled.

When they reached home, the first thing to be done was, to get a box without buying one, and this was soon had, for their sister Fanny hearing them express a wish for one, kindly gave them a Tonbridge-ware box, large enough to hold a fortune. This was a lucky onset ; and having nailed down the lid, and made a slip in the top to admit

of their dropping the money into the box : the two boys felt secure of growing rich.

Some parents are weak enough to give their children money upon every trifling event, and even pay them for being good and doing their duty. Such was not the conduct of Matthew's and Edgar's parents ; who, always ready to indulge them in what was proper, never bribed them to perform what was right ; and as this was the case, the money-box did not get filled through their means ; yet, sometimes their mother gave them a few pence to buy such things as she thought might amuse them, and employ the mind. These kind gifts had, until now, been spent as she desired ; but times were changed ; saving, and not spending, became the habit of the brothers.

Soon after the little bank had commenced, the store was increased by a handsome present from a cousin, who came from Brazil, and gave Matthew a gold coin as a keepsake. Next came Christmas presents, and a new year's gift from a good uncle ; so that Edgar's hopes of making a fortune seemed more certain every day. With such a prospect, Edgar felt content to deprive himself of many things he really wanted ; and when his ball lodged among some

bushes, and could not be found, he gave over playing at trap-ball, rather than break into the treasures of the Tonbridge-ware box to purchase a new one. Matthew, who was of a more lively temper, would fain have taken out a small sum to replace the ball, for he liked not to give up the sport; but Edgar checked the wish, by saying, that if once the box were opened, the stock would soon fly away; and he added, "do you know Mat. that I can reckon one pound three shillings; that is safe in our bank; and yet it is only seven weeks since Mr. Butler gave us those lucky pennies."

Matthew owned they had been lucky pennies, yet he was sorry the ball was lost. A few days after this, the brothers went into the fields to fly Matthew's kite; the weather was stormy and the wind strong; both feared it was not a fit day for their purpose, but they were tired of marbles, and not having a ball, could not return to their old game; so the fine painted kite was forced into an airy flight, far beyond its strength, until torn and broken by the wind, it caught in the top branches of a high tree, and the string being pulled with all Edgar's might, it broke, and left the kite so fastened.

Matthew was vexed, as well as sorry; for

he felt they were to blame in letting it fly on so windy a-day. "And now," said he, "we have spoiled a second sport, I think we shall be obliged to break into our store."

"What!" cried Edgar, in surprise, "open the box because we have lost a paltry kite! that would be childish indeed: come, let us run a race home, and contrive some means of making a new one."

The race was ran, and Matthew, who reached the garden gate first, stopped for his brother to join him; but it was some minutes before he did so, with a look of triumph, as he held out a handsome battle-dore towards Matthew.

"Look at this," cried he, "I told you we should manage without laying hands upon our store. Bob, the groom, found this in the road, and he has given it to me; so when we get a shuttlecock, we have fine sport before us."

"When we get a shuttle cock," said Matthew, "but how are we to get one without buying?"

"Oh! time enough to think of that."

At this moment, a poor lame child, who lived in the village, passed by; and as he leaned upon his crutch, he looked at the well-fed, and neatly-clothed brothers, and

smiled, though sadly ; they had often given him a penny or a part of their bread and butter as he went by the garden entrance ; but these acts of kindness had ceased from the day they received the lucky pennies, for they could not give away, and be rich too.

"Poor fellow," said Matthew, "I dare say he thinks we have quite forgot that he is poor and hungry ; I wish I had not eaten that bun Jemmy gave me for a luncheon."

"Never mind the bun, Mat. Run to the kitchen and get a large slice of bread, and I will give him a half—." Here Edgar stopped short, for his ready tongue would have run on with the sentence, and have finished the word half-penny ; nay, he was sliding his hand into his waistcoat pocket for the cash, but the pockets were empty ; the few pence that used to be at hand when distress appeared, were in better keeping, and lay side by side with silver and gold.

Edgar's ready thoughts told him this ; yet he did blush a little as he withdrew his hand from the fruitless search.

Meantime, Matthew procured some bread and cheese, which he gave the child, with much pleasure ; but neither he nor his brother asked after poor Ben's parents as they were wont to do. Ben looked as if he had

something to say, but had not courage; and, strange to add, they wanted courage to ask why he was so sad and reserved.

As they walked towards the house, Matthew observed, "I suppose you mean to open the box at the end of three months."

"You have as much right as myself to decide upon that," replied Edgar, "but there is plenty of time to think about it; there are five weeks to come before the three months come to an end."

"True," said the other, "and a long time it appears, I wish it was nearer."

"What Mat. you are still thinking of the kite; do pray have more patience. I am sure if Mr. Butler knew how much you long to peep at his gift, he would not give a fig for the fortune we shall make."

"I don't call it making a fortune, Edgar; the money is in the box, without our doing anything to gain it; all our merit is in keeping it there, if you call it merit."

"I think it is prudence," said Edgar, "and am certain my father will say so too, when he learns how well we have managed."

"I doubt that," observed his brother, "for I never heard him praise people for hoarding for themselves."

"Well, perhaps not; but our care is not

to be called hoarding ; when we open our box, I dare to say we shall be able to give a trifle to Ben and others."

"A trifle ! why yes, I hope we shall ; for we have always done so with our pocket-money, and when we come to divide a fortune, it would be strange if we had nothing to spare."

Edgar said no more, for he saw that Matthew was not well pleased with their plan, and he did not himself feel quite so easy as when he left home to fly the kite.

When they drew round the blazing fire after tea, their sister Fanny said she had something to propose, she thought would give them all pleasure.

"There is now in the village," said she, "what we have all wished to see, and that is a puppet-show, such as we hear so much admired in London. Papa says we may go to-morrow and view it."

The boys jumped up in delight. "Thank you, father," "thank you," cried Edgar, "what time shall we start?"

"Why, my dear, that must depend upon the time the show is to be seen ; but I must observe, that though I agree to your going, I do not intend to pay for either. I have just now need of every penny I possess to

meet certain expenses I cannot avoid. Fanny tells me she can treat herself, and as I know you are both very rich, of course you can do the same."

The brothers looked at each other in surprise. Matthew wondered how his father had heard of their Savings' Bank; but Edgar, added to his surprise, felt afraid of breaking into the treasure.

Both were dumb for a few minutes, when Matthew began to say "that he should not object to paying his share;" but Edgar, stopping him, said "they would think about it, for they had certain reasons for saving their money."

They were told they might do as they liked; which did not appear to please Matthew, who really wished to go to the puppet-show; but when they went to rest, Edgar said so much "of the pity it would be to open the box for a sight that would be over in an hour;" and spoke of the large sum they should have to divide in a few weeks time, that Matthew was led to give up the next day's pleasure, and wait for the happy day that was to make them rich.

Little was said when they made known their wish to remain at home. Fanny, indeed, did say something about people being

mean and stingy ; but her father checked her, by saying, they had chosen what they liked best, and had a right so to do.

But Matthew had not made a choice, he had been guided by his brother ; and when he saw the party off without him, expressed his regret in strong terms.

Edgar tried to reason with him, and then to laugh at his childish regret ; and at last brought him the money-box, that he might feel how heavy it was.

“ Its weight does not give me pleasure,” said Matthew, “ and I own I have never felt happy since we began this saving plan : in the first place, we have lost many a pleasant hour of play, because we would not buy what was needful. I have wasted time and paper since I broke my slate, because I must not purchase a new one out of this famous hoard ; and I am sure both of us have been hard-hearted from the first day we desired riches ; not one poor person in the village has had a penny of our money, and we have hurried from every beggar in a way we never did before. I declare I cannot bear to look at the box ; do pray remove it from the bed-room.”

Edgar knew not how to answer the first part of this speech, and, therefore, gladly

caught at the last words, and said, "if their fortune was so teasing a sight, he would place it were none should behold it, until the end of the three months." And away he ran with his treasure.

Matthew did not follow for some time, till his brother calling to him, he joined him in the garden, where he found Edgar with some old pens, and a cork, with which he was trying to make a shuttlecock. On seeing him, Edgar resigned his task, for Matthew was far more clever at such things, and soon began to shape the cork for the proper purpose. "Here comes Ben," said he, looking towards the road, "and I am sure something is the matter of which he wants to speak to us."

"I should be sorry," replied Edgar, "that he asked any favour that we could not grant, that is, just now;" and he turned away from his brother's keen look.

"Well, Ben, what news do you bring?" asked Matthew.

"Very bad news, sir," replied Ben; and the tears rushed into his eyes as he spoke.

"I am sorry for that; but let us hear what they are; it may be, matters are not too bad to be mended." The boy took courage as he saw smiles in both faces before him, and

in a simple, though sad strain, told the cause of his trouble.

"He had been sent by a tradesman with a parcel, two miles from the village, and while stopping to rest on the bridge, the parcel slipping from his hold, fell into the river, and was borne away by the stream: the owner, a harsh man, and not very wealthy, would insist on payment."

"It is a bad case, indeed," observed Edgar, "but I don't know how we can help you; perhaps you thought we might swim after the parcel."

"No sir, I had not such a thought, but I wanted friends to help me to repay the loss, and I have raised four shillings towards it; my poor father and mother only earn from hand to mouth, and therefore cannot add a shilling to the sum; but knowing your brother and yourself are always ready to assist the poor, and have often been kind to me, I hoped you would afford me a trifle now; and I wished to say as much when I met you last, but you did not notice me as usual."

"O! that was a mistake," cried Matthew; "for we wish you well, as much as ever, and I am sure we shall not be backward to be of service to you."

Edgar gave his assent, and drawing his brother aside, proposed to shake some shillings out of the box.

"I doubt if we can do that," replied Matthew; "it would be better to break open the box at once."

Edgar would not agree to this; but as he really wished to serve Ben, he bade him call in an hour, and he would see what could be done. The poor boy withdrew, with many grateful thanks, and Matthew, led by his brother, went towards a spot in the garden, where Edgar said he had buried their treasure, that the sight of the box might not annoy Matthew.

"Buried it, Edgar! why that is really like a miser; but pray dig it up, and let us try to make some better use of its contents."

But before Edgar could agree or dissent to this, Fanny came running towards them, her eyes streaming with tears, speaking as she ran. "O my dear brothers, lend me ten shillings, in a minute; papa will repay you when he comes home; but we have just seen a poor man fall from a ladder, and almost killed; papa had not enough money with him to give the wife of the poor creature, and therefore, sent me home to get ten shillings more from my mother; but I

find she is out, and as I know you have a money-box, I am sure you will not refuse to open it in such a cause."

Matthew was not more ready to do so than his brother, who ran to the spot, and began to move the stones he had placed over the hole in which he left the box; but his labour was spared, for the treasure was no longer there.

Edgar stood aghast; and, by his looks, betrayed the truth; hardly could he repeat it with his tongue.

Matthew and Fanny felt equal surprise; but the latter did not stay to lament the case; her errand was of too much moment; so she went to seek the cook, and asked her to lend the money, while the brothers stood looking at each other, lost in thought.

At length, Matthew, pointing to the vacant place, said, "and thus ends our prospects of a fortune; see what the mean hoarding has come to, and only think what mischief it has caused; poor Ben will soon be coming for relief we cannot afford him, and my father's good intent has been checked, because we had lost the heart to relieve others."

"No, Mat, not lost the heart; I really did mean to give away part of our wealth;

yet I now see we might have been saving without being misers ; though to do you justice, it was not your wish to have a money-box."

"It was just as bad to be led into wrong with my eyes open, Ned, then so many times as I wanted a ball, and other things, yet gave up a pleasant game, rather than trespass on that dirty box, which some artful person has stolen just to punish us."

"But how could any one know it was in this hole?" said Edgar.

"No matter ; I only wish they had taken the box long since : but here comes my father, I really feel ashamed to see him."

Fanny had told her parent of her brothers' loss, and he said he had no doubt their money was taken by some gypsies who were watching near the house during every morning, and when he saw part of the hedge cut away, it was plain some of them had seen Edgar bury his treasure, and soon as his back was turned, stole it.

"But it can hardly be called a loss," added their father ; "for you did not appear to have any use for money."

"We did hope to use it," replied Edgar ; "but it has been a mistake from first to last. When I proposed to save the money,

I did not mean to be stingy, nor hard-hearted; but, somehow, the more we gained, the more I wanted; though, indeed, I would have given, not lent the ten shillings, you sent for. I regret the box is stolen on that account; but I now believe, both Matthew and myself will be much more happy without the money, for we have not been like ourselves from the first day we took to saving."

"It is very true," added Matthew, "and I own it seems a weight off my mind, and were it not for poor Ben, I should rejoice that we have been robbed."

This led his father to enquire what was the matter with Ben, which having learned, he promised to assist him, as they no longer had the power of keeping their word.

The boys were truly grateful for this kindness; for said Edgar, "it would be shocking to raise his hopes, and then desert him; and I trust we shall yet be able to repay you, my dear father, though not by hoarding. No, no; the love of pounds, shillings, and pence, shall not teach us to be misers; if we do get rich, let it be through better means than Mr. Butler's lucky penny."

THE YOUNG NEIGHBOURS;

OR,

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

AMBROSE and John were neighbours, and their parents being on good terms with each other, the children were much together; yet neither their tempers nor habits fitted them to be play-fellows. Ambrose was lively, and of a kind nature; John was too apt to take offence, and not only resent it, but bear it in mind until the affront appeared a crime, and those who offered it became objects of his dislike.

Ambrose, who never did wrong from a liking to mischief, or a wish to give pain to others, used to be surprised when he found he had done any thing to offend John, and would feel very sorry; but seeing how often this happened, and how very soon the testy boy was put out of temper, he ceased to regret having given offence, and took no pains to avoid doing so.

In this Ambrose did wrong; for he should have tried to convince John that he had no cause to bear him ill-will, and should also,

by every means in his power, have sought to prevent the growth of a feeling which was leading John to bear malice in his heart. It is not enough to abstain from doing evil; for if we see others guilty of an error which we have the power to check, and do it not, we deserve blame, though we mean no harm. But it must not be forgotten that Ambrose was young; indeed, one year younger than John, who was quite old enough to have known he was wrong.

One day Ambrose joined a party which were playing with peg-tops; John was among them, and allowed by all to be the best player, till Harry Carr came, and he whipped away with such skill, that the top kept spinning on, quite equal, if not better, than under the lash of John. It was quite a puzzle to decide who kept the top spinning longest; but Ambrose declared in favour of Harry; and as most of the boys thought well of his judgment, they agreed with him.

John's anger rose, and he looked frowningly on him, and said Ambrose always gave every praise to others rather than do him justice.

"There you say wrong," replied Ambrose; "for I am not so spiteful, but I

know that Harry span his top the longest ; because the clock struck six when he began, and it was just a quarter past when he gave over ; now you were just ten minutes, for I looked at the church dial when you began, to see how long a time I had to be with you, as I promised to be home in an hour."

No one doubted what Ambrose said ; not even John ; for he knew he was not a boy to tell a falsehood ; yet he could not forgive him for proving his want of success. Ambrose saw he looked displeased ; but such looks were common, and therefore he did not heed them.

" Well," said John to himself, as he walked home, " I shall not soon forget his spite ; I never can like such a boy, though father is always praising his good temper."

By the next day, Ambrose thought no more of the matter ; but John kept it in mind, and fancied he had a serious cause to dislike such a meddling fellow, as he called him.

For some time, nothing more happened that could widen the breach ; and John was getting on better terms with his lively neighbour. There was no boy in the village who took more pains with his learn-

ing than John ; and on this account, the scholars looked up to him with respect. One day his master gave him a long lesson to learn, and promised him a prize if he should repeat it without a fault. John studied with all his mind ; and in the course of two days, believed he knew it pretty well ; but he meant to spend the third evening in going over it again, word for word, that he might be quite perfect.

Thus thinking, he was vexed to find when he reached home, that the book was not in his satchel : no time was to be lost ; so he hastened back to school to regain it : but though the room and every desk was searched, the book could not be found ; and he went home, puzzled as well as vexed. He questioned his sisters, but they assured him they had neither seen the book nor touched his satchel.

It cost the young student some tears ; but there was no help for it ; and he went to school the next morning with heavy heart, and was about to speak on the subject to his master, when Ambrose stepped forward, and said that he had taken the book in mistake, and found it among his own just before he left home.

His manner was so candid, and he ex-

pressed himself so truly sorry, that all believed him; and the master told John he should give him another day to make up for the unfortunate delay. John saw that the book was like one that Ambrose had; and he could not deny that he appeared sorry for the mistake; yet he believed that a mean motive, and not a real mistake, caused him to take the book, in the hope that he should fail in his lesson, and lose the promised prize: so when Ambrose came to shake hands and beg his pardon, he could not give a cordial answer, for he felt there was much to forgive, and what he never could forget.

This was John's way of reasoning; and though all went on smoothly, and he won the prize, which was a book of fables, he thought Ambrose was sorry that he had gained it, and must be a jealous, spiteful boy.

John had a pretty taste for drawing; and his father bought him some pencils, and a box of colours. Then John set about making a large kite, and he drew a bird on one side, and a balloon on the other; both of which he painted in his best manner. His sisters declared it must be the handsomest kite in the world; and John himself fancied it was not the worst of its kind.

Like many other little boys, John thought there was great pleasure in keeping a secret, and still greater in surprising his friends by a fine sight; and therefore this great affair was carried on unknown to any but those at home. Ambrose being sent on a message to John's father, went into the garden to look for the little girls, who took him to the harbour to view their brother's pretty kite.

Ambrose gazed on it as a grand piece of painting, and thought John must be a first-rate artist; free from envy, and always inclined to give every one their due, he left the spot to hasten to his playmates, and described what he had seen in such terms, that the youthful party were half-crazed to behold this famous kite, which must surpass every other.

Meantime, John bought string, put on a full-trimmed tail to his kite, and as soon as tea was over, sat out to delight and amaze all who should behold it. Delight them he did: but he quickly perceived they were prepared to see the wonder; and for this he could in no way account; and he inquired, in rather a pettish tone, how they could have guessed that he had made such a thing.

"We did not guess it," said one; "for who could do that? but we heard of your famous work through Ambrose, who came about an hour since, and told us he never beheld such a beauty of a kite."

"Ambrose again!" thought John; "now I never will forgive him this." But John did not seek to know how the secret reached the poor boy, who had incurred his anger. Ambrose seeing he was displeased, assured him that he had not gained a sight of the kite by prying; but that it was shown to him by Jane and Mary. This might be the case; but John had made up his mind not to forgive him, and therefore it was needful that there should be some reason for casting censure upon him; so he tried to believe, that although none praised the painting more, yet Ambrose was pleased to have vexed him, by telling the boys what they were to see.

No kite could fly better; and every one called out with delight as it rose in a steady graceful manner. Ambrose no longer noticed the sour looks of its owner, but shared in the mutual pleasure.

John saw this with surprise; but he was not convinced, for he was nourishing a bad passion, that placed every thing in a wrong

point of view ; and he called that deceit, which, in truth, was generous and kind.

In this manner John went on, seeking and fancying he found new faults in Ambrose every day, until at last, the wounded boy could not doubt it was real dislike that John felt towards him ; and not wishing to increase it, he withdrew from play when his foe was of the party ; and often, with tears, complained to his mother of John's conduct, and his own sense of not deserving it.

" Be not too sure," said his mother ; " for although I am certain you would not be so unkind to him, it may be, that you often give offence from want of thought to avoid what you know affects his temper. John is a dutiful son, a fond brother, and a good scholar ; all which, makes me wish you to be friends with him. When you see he suspects you wrongfully, do not resent it, nor appear heedless of his good-will ; but explain, in mild terms, what you really mean, and he will soon see that he is unjust in his thoughts, and learn to regard you as you deserve. It is against the command of God to bear malice or hatred in the heart : we are told ' to love one another, and do unto all as we wish they should do unto us.' " Ambrose promised to do as his

mother said ; but he had little hope that John and he should ever be friends.

Some days after this, as Ambrose was passing a farm-yard, he heard the shrieks of a child, and he ran towards the place whence the sounds came. There he saw a little girl, whom he knew to be John's sister Jane, trying to free her garments from the teeth of a great mastiff, who had seized them, and kept growling at the poor child, as though he would tear her to pieces. Ambrose tried to drag him away, and called aloud for help, till two persons from the farm came up, and forced the savage creature from its hold. Poor Jane was not hurt, but she was sadly frightened ; and Ambrose coaxed her, and carried her in his arms to her own house. The poor child told her story, and said how good Ambrose had been, for which her parents thanked him ; and John, who loved his sister very much, said he had been very kind, and shook hands with him at parting. When speaking on the subject to his father, he said for the sake of this kindness to Jane, he would try and forget the harm Ambrose had done.

"Harm !" said his father ; "I did not think he was a boy to injure any one : pray what has he done to you ?"

“O, many, very many, spiteful things; such as some people would never forgive.”

“Then they would be wicked people,” returned his parent; “for we should forgive our greatest foes; and I much doubt if you have any just cause to complain of our good-tempered young neighbour. But do tell me some of these many things.”

John did not expect this check: but he began a list of petty evils, which he tried to make appear very black; and, among others, those which had happened lately.

“As to the school-book,” answered his father; “that was a mischance, and might happen to yourself as well as another; and dont forget, that when he found it mixed with his own, he gave it up boldly, in the face of the whole school; cleared you from blame, and asked your pardon. He had too much honour to keep it back from a jealous feeling; for he thinks you the best scholar in the whole class, and has spoken such great things of your learning to the rector, that our good parson desires to see your written copies, and the sums you have done.”

John looked surprised.

“Now John, let us come to the affair of the kite. That secret was disclosed to him

by the poor children ; who thought no harm in showing what their brother had done so well ; and he, like a generous boy as he is, saw all the merits of your work, and fancied more than it deserved : be assured, when he praised your painting to the boys, it was only to prove your talent ; and you are certain that he could not know that you meant to keep it secret ; therefore, he did not betray you. In short, my dear, I am sorry to say you are alone to blame ; and I mean you to beware of this spirit of resentment, which leads you to the worst of all crimes, hatred. Were all you think of Ambrose true, and had he a thousand other faults, they would not deserve such harsh feelings on your part ; and, believe me, if you indulge in them, you will become wicked. I am so shocked by this part of your conduct, that I cannot dwell upon it ; but I pray you, my dear John, to banish from your mind the failings of others, and look to your own."

John was much hurt to hear his father speak thus ; and he thought, for the first time, that his parent was severe ; yet when left alone, he began to reflect on what he said, and there appeared some truth in it. Perhaps Ambrose was not so spiteful as he had supposed ; and the praises bestowed

upon his learning and drawing, plainly shewed that Ambrose was not envious of him; and John reasoned with himself till he almost fancied he had been a little mistaken.

In this change of mind, he took a walk in the fields; during which, he would not have been sorry had Ambrose crossed his path; but no Ambrose was there.

On his return, he passed a large orchard, that belonged to a very harsh man, of whom all the village children were afraid; and John walked on the other side of the road, lest he should be thought to have a design to steal the fruit: here he met a man whose sly looks at the trees, and creeping step, gave him reason to suppose he had no good intent towards the orchard; so he hurried on; but in a few minutes, he heard great shouting, and the cross gardener came up to him, and asked if he had seen any one near his orchard. John could not deny that he passed a strange man; and Mr. Ball went away, muttering threats against the thieves who came every night to rob him.

We have said he was a cross man, and we shall now add, a cruel one; for he set traps in his grounds to catch human beings;

and at this time, he went to place one in that part of the orchard where a noise had been heard; and seeing a gap in the hedge, he guessed the thief was not far distant; so he went into the road, and fixed the trap just under the broken hedge.

It happened that Ambrose had been of an errand; and just as he reached this spot, his feet struck against a stone, and threw him down; and some money he held in his hand rolled about the road: in searching for it, he went close to the hedge, and stepping upon the trap, it went off, and caught him by the heel. His painful shrieks soon brought persons to release him, who carried him home in a sad state.

Mr. Ball tried to excuse his conduct, by saying that John told him he had seen a thief; and some silly children, who knew how much John disliked Ambrose, thought he said so out of spite. Of such a wicked intent John felt himself quite cleared; but he could not help thinking, had the same happened to him through Ambrose's means, he should have set it down as a thing not to be forgiven.

When he saw Ambrose, he shed tears, and hoped that he would forgive him.

"Forgive you!" replied Ambrose; "for

what? How could you help it? I don't see you had any thing to do with it, unless in telling the truth, when Mr. Ball asked you a question: I never thought you needed my forgiveness, but when you judged ill of me, without just cause; and perhaps that has made me a little vexed sometimes; but then, I will own, I did not strive to convince you that you were wrong; and therefore you believed I really was spiteful, or I should have tried to clear myself."

"I hope it is all past," said John; "and I am sure I feel in my heart I forgive all that you have made me feel, right or wrong."

"Then shake hands," cried Ambrose; "and in order to be true friends, let us forget, and we shall be sure to forgive."

PRUDENCE, WITHOUT MEANNESS ;

AND

PARADE WITHOUT CHARITY.

PETER and Mary were the only children of farmer Adams; and as they had then no mother, this fond parent thought they needed double care; and was therefore ever watchful of them, and worked hard to provide for them, in case it should be the will of God to take him from them also.

This was doing his duty, and made his children love him very much; but the good man was apt to indulge them too much, and let them have their own way in matters of which they were not judges.

With Mary, this kindness did not do harm; for she was a gentle and prudent child; but Peter was rash, and sudden in all he thought and did; so that he often did wrong, and brought himself into scrapes that might have been spared him, had his father checked him in proper time.

Neither brother nor sister were selfish; but they did not share with their friends, or dispense their bounty in the same way.

Peter, indeed, thought his sister stingy, and sometimes greedy, or unkind ; for Mary did not always give the whole of what she possessed, nor did she give her penny to every beggar ; yet she often could assist the poor, when her brother had only pity to bestow.

Once, when they had been walking a great way, and came home very hungry, Peter went into the kitchen to see what was cooking for dinner. “ Boiled beef, carrots, and suet dumplings !” cried Peter : “ all three what I like, and so does Mary ; I hope we shall not have long to wait.”

To his great joy, dinner was soon ready : both sat down to table quite ready for the meal ; but just as the meat was put into their plates, an old grey-headed beggar put his hat to the open window, and craved a morsel of bread.

“ Poor creature,” said Peter ; “ how hard it must be to see a good dinner and not have a morsel of his own. I am sure he shall have mine ;” and so saying, he put his fork into a large dumpling, to add to the plateful before him.

“ Stop, brother,” cried Mary ; “ you need not put the dumpling with the meat ; one will be enough ; you may be glad of

the dumpling for yourself; for you know we must not eat all the meat, when so many are to come after us."

"What! cannot the servants go without a dinner for once?"

"You forget," said his father, "that my people have been at work in the fields while you were walking for pleasure; they have much need therefore of a dinner, and as much as we can spare them."

"Well then, let them eat away if they like, but Mary can spare her's."

"No thank you, brother; as you mean to give both meat and dumpling, it would be over-doing the matter, to give mine too: and really I am myself hungry."

"How greedy," said Peter; "and cruel into the bargain:" then, jumping up, he emptied his plate into the man's hat, who, as he turned away, gave him many thanks.

When Peter again sat down, Mary offered to share her dinner with him; but he would only take a very small bit of beef, saying he could finish the meal with bread. His father smiled, and Peter thought looked pleased: so he felt quite proud of his conduct, and thought his sister should be ashamed of her meanness; but Mary did not appear to feel she had done wrong.

When the dumplings came to be served, she declined eating any; saying she had dinner enough; and Peter did not doubt she meant her share for him. But he was soon convinced this was not the case, by Mary's asking Betty, the dairy-maid, to put by the dumpling for her. Peter looked at his father, then at his sister, and hoped the former would notice such greediness; but he did not; and dinner being over in the usual time, Mary sat down to work, and Peter went with his father to look after the hay-makers.

He was not an idle boy: he liked to be employed; and on this day, took his part in the active scene better than most boys of his age; for he was only six years old. When the day's labour was over, few returned home more weary and hungry than our young farmer; and as he made his way to the little parlour, where he hoped to find supper ready for him, he more than once thought of Mary's suet dumpling. But on reaching the room, he saw only bread, cheese, milk, and beer.

"Have you had your supper, Mary?" asked he.

"No, brother; I would not take it until father and you came in from the fields."

"But are you not going to eat your dumpling, Mary?"

"O, my dumpling has been eaten long since."

"What, before supper? Well now, I do think you had better have given it, as I did mine, than eat it when you could not want it."

"Indeed, brother, I never eat when I do not feel I want it; but set your mind at ease: my dumpling made a nice supper for John, the shepherd-boy; I saw him eating cold potatoes for his dinner, and knowing that I had both meat and dumpling for mine, thought it was but fair he should have a bit of the one, when I could have enough of the other; so I sent it to him with a half-penny, at five o'clock; and dare to say he was not long in making an end of it. Your beggar to-day was not so hungry: he put the victuals in a bag, and walked off to get more from our neighbours. Betty saw him get a load from Mr. Pratt's; and all went into the bag."

"Perhaps he waited till he went home, that he might give some to his children," said Peter.

"I am afraid he was not good for much," observed their father; "but never mind, boy; your kind act was still the same."

Peter thought so too; yet Mary had done more good, and eaten her dinner too.

One day, little Ellen, who lived at the next farm-house, came to borrow a bird-cage for a few days. Mary was most ready to lend the only empty one they possessed; but on learning the bird to be put into it was a blackbird, she knew the cage must be too small.

"How will you manage, Ellen?" said Peter.

"I am sure I don't know," replied she;

"I do wish our cage had been larger."

"Well!" said Peter, "I tell you what I think of the matter: your brother is very clever and handy, and I doubt not, he could enlarge our cage with reeds, in the way he makes baskets."

"But that would spoil the cage," said Mary; "and you know grandmother is to send us a lark next week; and we should want it."

"Yes, I do know that; still it would be a pity the blackbird should want a cage, when ours might be made to suit; and William can but put it in its old trim again, when Ellen has done with it."

Mary did not think so; for she knew, and so did her brother, that Ellen and

William only valued things for their present use ; and when they got a better cage, were likely to bring theirs back spoiled and broken.

Peter wondered she could be so cross as to refuse such a trifle ; and in short, said so much on the subject, that Mary let him have his way ; and the cage was given to Ellen.

The next week brought the lark ; and there was great distress for its home ; the cage not being returned. Peter was sure that Ellen could spare it, and had forgot to bring it back ; so he called to ask for it ; when he found to his dismay, that as Mary had foreseen it was too small for the black-bird, and as it was only lent to them, William would not take the trouble to alter it ; and there it was, broken and dirty, in an out-house, with other things these heedless children had spoiled.

Peter returned to Mary with a sad tale ; but the truth did not surprise her : she knew the tempers of her young neighbours too well ; and she said so.

“ You are right, this time, Mary,” said her brother ; “ but there, you are a year older than me, and ought to have more prudence ; and I like to be good-natured and generous.”

"So do I, brother ; but I dont call it generous to do a thing you know is wrong, just because you will appear good-natured ; and now, what are we to do with our pretty lark ? the canary is in the only cage we have."

"I have been thinking about it," answered Peter ; "and think I can manage until to-morrow, when I will ask father to assist me in mending the broken one."

Mary was at a loss to guess how he would manage ; but he laughed, and told her it was a secret.

Before going to bed, Mary went to look at the canary ; and to her surprise, found the lark in the same cage. The stranger was a timid bird ; but the canary a bold and pert thing ; who would not brook the presence of a fellow-lodger, but kept scolding and pecking at the frightened lark, that in a flutter, retired to a corner of the cage.

Mary went in haste to fetch her brother, that the lark might be taken from its foe ; but though he was at first alarmed for the safety of the bird, he thought the quarrel would not last long ; and was certain his canary was too generous to hurt its new friend.

After awhile, the birds became quiet ; and the canary prepared for roosting.

"There!" cried Peter; "I told you how it would be; they are quite snug and happy, you see.

"I am sure the canary will kill the lark," said Mary; "and do beg you will rise early to-morrow, and mend the cage, that we may keep them apart."

Peter promised to do so, and his sister went to bed; after which, he began to think of a plan to divide the angry birds during the night. For this purpose, he procured a piece of wood, which he meant to fix across the cage; but how to do this without letting the warblers out, was a puzzle; at length, he slid his hand gently; but the motion awoke the spiteful canary, who pecked his hand smartly, and forced him to withdraw it in haste; and the next minute both birds were on the floor.

Peter pursued them from corner to corner, till seeing the canary approach the door-way, he slapped the door to in a hurry, and at the same moment, found the lark was caught by the wing. Tears rushed to his eyes, as he released the poor trembler; and forgetting the canary, he ran with the maimed bird to Betty, asking her advice.

When the lark was safe in her hands, he

first thought of the canary; which on his return, he found resting on the top of its cage; and having secured the saucy creature, he went back to visit the ill-used stranger; but, alas! the poor thing was released from its troubles, and laid dead in Betty's lap. Shocked as Peter was to behold this sight, he took comfort in hearing from Betty, that the hurt in its wing had not caused its death: marks of the canary's beak were plain upon its head and breast, plainly shewing how it was killed.

Peter would not disturb Mary with the bad news, that night; and before she awoke the next morning, he had, in a pet, given the canary to a school-fellow.

Mary was truly concerned to learn the fate of the pretty lark; but she said the canary was not to blame: the fault was their own, in putting the birds into one cage. "But," added she: "I will punish the wrangler, by not giving him a lump of sugar all this day."

For the first time, Peter felt he had acted rashly, in giving away the bird; and hardly knew how to excuse himself to his sister, who was both surprised, and vexed, as she listened to him; but seeing that her brother was angry with himself, she was too fond of

him to add to his regret, and therefore dropped the subject.

It was only a few days after this, that Peter, meeting the boy to whom he had given the canary, was shocked to hear the careless boy had left its cage door open, and it flew away. Truly sorry was Mary for the poor bird; who thus adrift in a world with which he had never mixed, might be subject to a hundred evils; ill-treatment, and perhaps a cruel death.

"Now Peter," said the thinking girl, "you find there was nothing generous in lending the cage to Ellen, after we found it would not suit her purpose. She destroyed the cage, and we have lost our pretty birds: how much better it would have been, had you agreed with me at first.

Peter allowed this; but finished by saying he did not like to refuse favours when he could grant them; it looked so ill-natured.

Peter's false ideas of kindness and generous feelings, caused many of these sort of regrets; still he always excused himself in the old way. But there was one bright day to come, in which all troubles were to be thrown aside: and this was the day of the town-fair, a mile distance from their

home. So many fine sights were to be seen, and pretty things to be sold, that it was quite a treat to pass through the gay scene; but farmer Adams was too fond a parent to let his children view pleasure and not share it: they partook largely of all that could attract their wishes; and their little red purses were well stocked to buy what they liked.

Peter did not long keep his money; he bought toys and cakes, gave alms to every one who asked, and treated many of his young friends to see the show-giant, and the dwarf; until having spent all, and tired of looking about him, and sick of sweets, he was not sorry to turn his back upon the splendid affair, and return to the quiet farm.

As they sat at supper, Peter remarked that Mary had seen few of the sights.

"I saw the puppet-show, and the shell-work," said she.

"Poh! that was nothing; and I only saw you buy a basket, and a book: it may be prudence, as father and grandmother say; but I call it stingy and mean, to spend all on self: pray what have you left, Mistress Prudence?"

Mary felt that her brother was unkind;

but she felt also, that he would be sorry for it before they went to bed.

"I have eighteen pence left," said she ;
"and that I cannot call my own, for it is promised to another.

"Indeed !" cried Peter.

"Yes, indeed, brother ; but I must tell you, I only bought a book at the fair ; my father gave me the basket."

"Then what did you do with the rest of your money ?" asked Peter.

"I gave three-pence to three little girls, who were looking at the fine things, but had no money to purchase any of them ; then I gave two-pence to a blind man we saw on the road home ; and I brought ribbons to Betty and Sally ; and now I will own, that I should regret having spent so much, did I not hope you would add a trifle to my eighteen-pence."

"Expect me to add a trifle !" cried he, in surprise ; "why Mary, I have spent every farthing ; you know I am not selfish, and therefore hate hoarding my money."

"I am sorry for it," said she ; "for I did think you would be able to make up my sum to half-a-crown."

"And what need have you for this half-crown ?" asked her father.

“ I will tell you, father. Poor John, the shepherd-boy, has been saving his money for many long weeks ; and at length he got half-a-crown ; with this sum, he bought a stock of cakes to sell at the fair ; and the profits were to assist his parents, who you know are very poor ; but just as he got into town, one of the nasty show-carts ran against him, knocked the basket off his head, smashed all the cakes, and bruised his shoulder very much. Poor fellow ; I saw him at the turnpike, weeping over his loss, and not looking for pleasure, like all the other young people : my heart ached for him, and I promised to give him the shilling and sixpence I had left.”

“ You are a good girl,” said her father ; “ and a generous, as well as prudent one : take these two shillings, and add to your gift ; you well deserve the power, who so well know how to bestow ; what think you, boy ?”

“ Think, father ! why I think she is the best girl in the world ; and has found out the right way to be generous, which I never have ; for I see all my rash plans, and good-natured actions were but a sham, compared with hers. I am quite ashamed to think how often I have called Mary stingy and mean ; yet how kindly she took it.”

"Because, my dear Peter, I know you would find out the truth, some time or other."

"I have, indeed, found it out," said Peter; "and take this kiss as amends for the past: be assured, Mary, I shall be proud to copy you in every thing; and never again mistake prudence for meanness, nor vain parade, for real charity."

THE COUSINS ;
OR,
QUALITY BEFORE QUANTITY.

THERE were two little boys, named Richard and Frederick, who were cousins, and attached to each other ; but they lived far apart, and therefore seldom met, except at Christmas time ; when Richard's father having affairs to settle in London, would bring his son as far as the house of Frederick's parents, and there leave him, until his own return.

The cousins were always very glad to meet ; and Frederick did all in his power to amuse and make Richard happy : but that was not a very easy task ; for Richard was one to covet every thing he saw, or could think of ; and sometimes wanted all things at the same moment, whether they were easy to obtain, or not. He had no choice ; no wish for the useful, rather than the useless ; if a thing was in sight, or even mentioned before him, he could not rest till he became its owner.

When he came to visit his cousin, he brought with him many nice things, which his friends had prepared for the season; and these were freely given, for he was neither greedy nor dainty; but in a few days, he gained from Frederick the best of his books and play-things; and from his uncle and aunt more than they could well afford. We might say, that they were not too wise, in thus indulging their nephew; but they loved him very much; and as he had been deprived of a mother, while he was an infant, they thought his faults might be excused on that account.

These little boys had a grandfather, who lived in a foreign country, and who often wrote kind letters to them, full of good advice, and rules for their conduct. Of these letters, both were very proud; but it must be owned, that Frederick took most pains to profit by their contents.

One winter, just before Christmas, the grandfather returned to England; and as he felt very anxious to see his dear boys, and judge of their tempers and manners, it was agreed that Richard and Frederick should go to London, and spend a month with him, instead of the usual visit to Frederick's home.

To see London was of itself a great delight ; for the cousins had never been in Town ; and when, added to that, they looked forward to a meeting with a friend, whom they had been taught to love and respect, they felt as happy as any two children in the kingdom.

Richard had further views : for he believed his grandfather was rich ; and he knew London contained every thing that was curious and handsome ; so he thought it would be only to wish, and to have ; and indeed, it puzzled his young head to think of one-half the treasures he meant to have : as also where he should put them when at home ; for his father's house was small, and what he hoped to possess would almost fill a large one.

Well, Christmas came ; and Richard having rested two days at his uncles, went on to London with his cousin, where they were met by their grandfather, who received them with great joy.

The cheerful looks and gentle manners of Frederick, were not more pleasing than the warmth and freedom of Richard ; in short, their grandfather viewed them as two children of much promise : but he had lived too long to like and esteem folks with-

out knowing if they really deserved it; so he waited to see, and know more of his grand-children, before he should decide in their favour.

A few days placed the whole party on good terms with each other; the boys found they loved their grandfather very much indeed; and he felt equal regard for them; at the same time their foibles had not escaped his notice.

Neither man nor woman are perfect: therefore it were folly to expect children should be so; and so he thought; yet as he knew all faults are sooner removed in youth than manhood, he felt it his duty to correct what he saw wrong in his grand-children; who might live to be thankful for such care.

Richard now found himself in a fine house, with many servants to attend, and every where signs of wealth. His grandfather was kind to those about him; gave alms to the poor, and spared no expense to amuse, and make Frederick and himself happy; but as yet, there were no presents; and somehow, though Richard's wishes were in full force, he could not utter them as he was used to do. It seemed that his grandfather must be the best judge; and perhaps

only waited till he saw what he thought worth giving.

Meantime, Richard beheld a thousand things, all suited to his wishes; and wondered that others did not see them likewise.

A fortnight slipped away in a pleasant manner, but no presents. Richard feared that his grandfather must be stingy, in spite of his seeming goodness.

One day, when the weather was clear and frosty, and the streets quite dry, their grandfather proposed to the boys a walk through the Strand, to view the busy scene, and then a ride home.

To this they quickly agreed; for as yet they had seen little of that part of London.

At first, the bustle and noise confused the young rustics; but they soon got used to the uproar, and pushed their way as stoutly as any cockney of their age.

Mr. Wood, their grandfather, having stopped to purchase a paper-knife, Frederick and Richard amused themselves with looking at the various produce of a handsome toy-shop. Richard, charmed with all he saw, was loud in his praise; and, "Oh! how I should like that;" or, "I wish this was mine;" were his constant words.

Frederick also admired them ; but he did not covet half before him, nor did he wish to appear greedy before his grandfather.

"Come, boys," said the old gentleman, "look round, and see if there is any thing that you could find useful."

Frederick owned that he should like a box of patent pens, and a bat ; having broken the handle of the one he had at home.

"And you want a battledore," cried Richard ; "for there is only one in your house, and a bad one it is ; and you know we are both very fond of the game of shuttlecock, which uncle says is good for our health in cold weather."

"Very true," said Mr. Wood ; "so we may as well purchase two battledores, and a shuttlecock. And now what next?"

"Nothing more, thank you, sir," answered Frederick ; who was not only too modest to trespass further on his grandfather's purse, but really had no wants ; and he was not a boy to wish for useless things. His grandfather did not press him to change his mind ; but turning to Richard, inquired if he too wanted pens.

"Oh no, sir : I dont write much, for I have only just begun to learn ; I want a pencil,

and drawing paper ; for I like to draw trees and houses."

" You shall have them, my dear ; but we must go the stationer's for them ; so you had better fix on something that may be bought here."

" Thank you, sir : then I will have a set of nine-pins ; those I have are quite shabby, and the paint is worn off."

" I suppose they cannot be used, unless the paint is fresh ?"

" They might be used, perhaps ; but I think not so well."

The nine-pins were bought.

" Any thing else?" asked Mr. Wood ; " buy all you really want, as we may not come this way again."

Richard's eyes sparkled with delight ; and he looked with eager eye to see what he should next choose.

" Observe," said his grandfather, " that what we purchase we must take with us ; as I do not mean to hire a coach until we are on our return."

" Very well, sir ; I am strong enough to carry all I shall buy."

So saying, Richard began to select what suited his fancy, and was showy in colour and form.

Meantime, Frederick, who had walked to the end of the shop, stood before a glass-case, in which were some pretty wax dolls.

"Do you think you could make a plaything of one of these?" said his grandfather, smiling.

"No sir," replied Frederick; "but my sister Jane could; and I wish before I thought of my own wants, I had thought of her's; kind as she ever is to me."

"It is not too late, my dear; there is always a time for a kind action; and this proof of your brotherly love, proves you are worthy to be indulged in your own wishes, for they tend to what is useful, as well as amusing."

By this time, Richard had bought a box of tumblers, a finely painted chaise, and a fiddle; and more would have been added, but for Frederick's timely hint, that he was to be the bearer of his own treasures. As it was, he found it no easy matter to arrange his store. The nine-pins he slung over his left shoulder, one battledore and the chaise he held by a string in his left hand, while the box of tumblers and the violin filled his right.

Richard believed he had arranged matters in a clever style, and marched forth

with a firm step ; but a few minutes in the street altered the case. Every body was in a hurry, and pushed on without making room for a little boy loaded with toys ; at every shove, the nine-pins slipped off his shoulder, and he was obliged to ask Frederick to place them right again ; but all would not do ; so he changed his plan, and taking the nine-pins in his hand, threw the battledore and fiddle on his back.

“ There is a good thought,” said he ; “ they are all safe enough now.”

But in a moment he found his mistake ; for many persons as they passed, drummed on the battledore, and caused him to jump ; and at length, one more bold than the rest, drew his stick across the fiddle, making it squeak in loud discord. The people laughed, and so did his grandfather ; even the good-tempered Frederick could not help joining in the mirth ; and Richard felt rather angry at being made an object of sport.

He was greatly relieved when Mr. Wood turned into a shop near Charing Cross ; but when he found it was only to purchase the paper and pencil he had mentioned among his wants, gladly would he have given them up ; for he could form no idea how they were to be carried.

Frederick, who wore a jacket, had put the pens in one of its pockets, and by tying the doll and battledore, made them into one parcel, now offered to carry this last purchase; and his cousin, though vexed with him, was glad to accept the offer.

At length a coach was called; and Richard, anxious and eager to get rid of his burthen, made a hasty jump from the pavement to the iron step; but the frost having made the step slippery, his foot slid off, and he fell forward with some force.

As he fell into the coach, little harm would have ensued, but for his load; as it was, he bruised his shoulder, by falling upon the nine-pins, and the tin chaise cut his chin.

Richard was no coward, therefore did not feel afraid of his own hurts; but the wound bled, and smarted very much, and brought the tears into his eyes; and, to add to his mishap, the chaise was bent out of all form, and the fiddle broken to pieces.

His grandfather said little; but Frederick was truly concerned, and felt glad to reach home, that some plaster might be applied to the sore chin.

This remedy, and a good dinner, set all to rights; and although Richard was sorry

to have spoiled his toys, he gave no thought to the expense of their cost, and as soon as the dinner table was cleared, unrolled the drawing paper, and prepared to play the artist ; we say play, for in fact, he had no talent for drawing ; but he liked to scribble on paper, and therefore fancied that he wanted both paper and pencil.

The next job was to cut a point to the pencil, which Frederick kindly offered to do for him ; but he refused, and began doing so himself ; then he used the pen-knife just as well as the pencil, and thus, after cutting and scribbling, and cutting over again, he soiled the sheet of paper, and wasted the pencil to the utmost of the lead, besides notching his grandfather's handsome pen-knife.

When the paper was quite filled with these great efforts of genius, Richard gave up the pursuit, and tried to mend the violin ; but it would produce no sound, and he threw it aside in despair. He next took up the crushed chaise, and thought he could bend the wheels into their former shape ; but after a long trial, he contrived to twist one off, and rendered the vehicle useless.

All this he thought a great pity, and wished he had money to buy more ; because he wanted a chaise and fiddle so very much.

When his good grandfather heard him repeat these wants and wishes, he promised to replace the articles ; and on the next day took the cousins to the Bazar in Soho ; a scene of splendour that quite puzzled Richard ; for all was so gay and bright, that the longer he gazed, the more his wishes, or, as he called them, his wants increased. He not only chose a chaise and fiddle to make up his loss, but a number of other things ; all too trifling to amuse any child, but a very young one ; while he passed over many books and puzzles, each clever in its kind.

“ Well, Frederick,” said Mr. Wood, “ are you not going to buy a drum ? ”

“ No sir ; I dislike the noise.”

“ Then what say you to this troop of soldiers ? ”

“ I dont want them : there is no use in them ; it is the same thing over and over again.”

“ Well, but look round ; there must be many pretty things that little folks admire.”

“ I admire them all sir, just to look at ; but I do not want any, for they are only toys, and of those I have plenty ; though not so handsome as what I now see.”

“ You know best, my dear ; but suppose you buy some drawing paper and pencil.”

"I cannot draw ; so they would be of no use."

"Well, but you could use them as Richard did yesterday."

"That would be waste," answered Frederick ; and then he stopped short, for he had no wish to censure his cousin.

"You are a wise boy," said his grandfather, as he shook him by the hand ; while Richard looked foolish, and began to doubt if he really wanted all, or even any of the things just purchased.

When they returned home, Richard thought his grandfather looked grave ; and he felt somewhat ashamed to receive so many fine toys, none of which Frederick had chosen ; so he put them all into a basket, and carried them to his bedchamber. On going back to the sitting-room, he found Frederick seated on his grandfather's knee ; his face beaming with pleasure.

The old gentleman held out his hand to him, saying, "I told your cousin a sad story just now, of a poor man, who with his large family, are pining in want ; and Frederick desires that a sovereign I meant to give him, should be sent to these poor creatures. I think he is right ; and I am sure he looks happy."

“ And I would do the same, if you gave me a sovereign : indeed I would, grandfather.”

“ But I cannot afford to give you one ; for the toys you have chosen cost much more than that sum. No matter, you wanted them very much, and I hope they will be of the service you expect.”

“ No sir, they cannot be of service, for they are only playthings, and can please none but myself : I wish I had known of the sad story before we went to the Bazar.”

“ Rather wish, my dear Richard, to know your wants from your fancies ; to judge of what is useful, or not, and choose a thing for its value, rather than its beauty. When you do so, you will find out the true worth of money, and never waste it in silly pursuits and selfish pleasures, when you might purchase the purest of joys, in relieving the real wants of others.”

CONCEIT, NOT MERIT.

To learn with good-will, and obey our teachers, is the surest way of gaining knowledge; but as we cannot be clever without taking time about it, it is best to go on with patience, and in a steady course. Above all, we should never presume on the little we have learned, or think ourselves too wise to need further improvement; for by this means we shall never be perfect in any one thing; and at the same time, render ourselves a laughing-stock to others.

David was a child of quick feelings, and some sense; apt to catch a little of all that was passing, and willing to know the first rules of learning; but as he had acquired these, he supposed there was nothing more needful to know, and that his wisdom surpassed all other children; if not the very persons who taught him.

Not only on great points, but even trifling matters, he wished to be thought wise. Not a place, nor a name, but he appeared

to know; and often checked what was going to be explained for his good, by saying that he already knew as much.

Now David had no idea of telling a falsehood; but his conceit was so strong, that he really believed school and its labours were no longer of use to him, learned and clever as he was. It was a pity he should be so silly, for it caused him to waste time that might have been well employed; and called forth many a laugh at his expense from those who were better informed, and those, who knowing little themselves, were glad to see him exposed and look foolish.

David was only seven years old; so that if he had been modest and docile, he would have become a scholar in earnest; but false pride and conceit are two very great failings.

His cousin Charles came one day to show a fine watch just given to him by his godfather.

"Is it not very handsome?" said he; "and all silver, too."

"Very handsome indeed," replied David; "but let us see the inside, the works, as they are called."

"O, pray be careful," cried Charles; "for my father told me if I opened it too often, I should soon spoil it."

"But I shant spoil it," said David; "for I know all about the make, the wheels, and the hands, and every bit of work in a watch."

David had heard these terms, and once looked at the works of his mother's watch; so he really supposed that his knowledge and judgment were perfect enough for him to turn watchmaker.

After much handling and turning about, the skilful artist found that the watch had ceased ticking; but he was sure he could soon again set it in motion.

No such thing; the watch kept silence, and David was obliged to give it up for a bad job.

Poor Charles was greatly vexed, and muttered something about busy people, and conceit; and it cost his father five shillings to have the watch put to rights.

David, with many others, was studying for a prize, to be given to the best French scholar of his class.

The words of the subject were simple, for the students were young; but he thought himself much too learned to be foiled in so easy a task, and hardly listened to the rules laid down by his master; and thus, though he could read and translate the

fable true to its sense, he did not pronounce some words with a proper accent ; while a boy, younger than himself, who thought humbly of his own talents, marked every rule his teacher had explained ; and, by so doing, gained the prize. David was not jealous of his friend's success, but felt great surprise that he could have made a mistake.

His master, while he praised his wish to excel, pointed out the bad effects of vanity ; and assured him, that conceit would spoil the best scholar.

This was a truth that all allowed but himself ; and he began to think that his master was not so clever as he had been used to believe.

During the summer vacation, he spent an afternoon with a school-fellow, who had asked some of their mutual friends to meet him. All were in good humour, and enjoyed the pastimes going forward. At length their little host proposed they should go to the greenhouse, where they would see many plants of a rare kind.

David, though no judge, admired flowers, and was pleased to see so many fine ones ; but not content with praising their lovely blossoms, and sweet fragrance, he wished

to appear a botanist, guessing each plant by some name that he had heard quoted; though very often it was quite unlike what he supposed it to be.

James Somers, a dull and stupid boy, thought David must be very clever, and asked him to explain the nature of all he saw. David, quite proud, pronounced many hard words, and blundered in the names as well as showing how the plants were formed. Two or three great boys tittered and nodded to each other to mock him; but David was too elated to perceive what they were about; and so he went on in the same silly manner.

"Friend, thou art young, like myself," said John Scott, "and I see, like myself, dost admire these plants; but I doubt if either thee or me know much about botany."

"O! but I have learned a deal about flowers, and trees too," said David; and his cheeks grew red.

"Who taught you?" said one of the boys.

"I have read of them, to be sure," answered David; "and I am not such a dunce as to forget what I read."

"O! I know you are mighty clever;

but it may be that you are not the wisest among us, for all that."

David took no notice of this insult, but walked round the greenhouse with the air of a person who could tell the nature as well as name of every plant he saw. At last he fixed upon one that he said was fifty years before it became perfect, and that a hundred flowers would blow at one time. All his hearers stared; and some thought he was trying to deceive them by falsehood.

"Dost thou mean the Aloe?" asked John Scott.

"Yes, that is the name of the plant."

"I thought thou didst; but this plant is not an Aloe, but the Cereus, or prickly pear, which begins to open its flower early in the evening, and so goeth on till about eight, when it is in full bloom, and remains so until three or four o'clock the next morning."

"If it is not an Aloe," said David, "it is very like one; and how should you know better than I do? I have a book at home that describes all these curious flowers; and I read it very often indeed."

"Very likely," answered John; "I shall not dispute thy study and wish to improve,

but I assure thee, this plant is the same I have mentioned to thee : my uncle, who is a florist and seedsman, shewed it to me, and explained how it grew and flowered. I pretend not to be more learned than thyself, and thought I did thee a service in pointing out the mistake."

This David would not own ; but wishing to try John further he said, " Well, and pray what colour is the flower ? for of course you have often seen it."

" Thou art wrong again," said John ; " the plant is a rare one. I will own to thee I never saw one in bloom ; but my uncle told me the flower was large, and on the outside, of a bright gold colour, the inside a fine yellow, spreading like the rays of a star, and the petals of a pure white ; and the whole hath a fragrant smell."

" So much for your learning," said David, in a sharp tone.

" But I told thee, David, it was not my learning, but that of my uncle ; I am no florist, any more than thyself ; so let us change our subject, and fix upon some pursuit we all understand ; and then we shall not be cross to each other."

John said this in a kind tone, and David feeling vexed and ashamed of his own

failure, was glad to let the matter drop ; but more than one present wished to banter the young scholar, and would have done so, but for the docile temper of John Scott ; who, though a lively boy, and active playfellow, disliked ridicule, and wished to avoid giving offence.

Tea, cake, and fruit, brought all into good-humour ; even David forgot that he knew every thing, and was content to act like other children, and enjoy the good things before him.

Blind-man was the next pursuit ; and as it did not require knowledge to gape about blind-fold, and catch hold of one another, David was still the boy ; but having much heated themselves, it was proposed to sit down awhile, and get cool before they went home.

“ What hast thou here ? ” said John Scott, pointing to a large half-bound book ; are there drawings in this ? ”

“ No,” answered Philip, who was their host, it is an atlas, and my father is so good as to teach me a little geography from it ; but I have only learnt as far as Europe.”

John opened the book, and looked over the maps with much pleasure ; for geography was the study he liked best.

David came forward to have a peep, though he had not learned much of geography; but to know the names of a few countries, and to point out all the cities in England, he conceived was knowing a great deal; and he was anxious to make the usual display.

"There is Oxford," said he, "where I shall go to finish my studies; and here is Buxton, in Derbyshire, where my mother goes every summer to drink the waters."

"Pray shew me which is Milford-haven?" asked a little fellow who came from Wales.

"Why here," said David, putting his finger to the spot: "here is the sea-port of Milford-haven."

All this was very correct; and shewed that David did not forget what he had been taught; but when he was asked questions of other parts of Europe, he was convinced in his own mind, that he just knew as much of those; and although John Scott kindly hinted at two or three blunders he made, David's conceit would not be checked; and he went on making more, while the boys, who knew better, laughed at his folly, and taunted him for his great knowledge. David was angry, and shewed that he was;

yet he attached no blame to himself, and thought his playfellows were jealous of his wisdom.

The young Welchman inquired in what country was the city of Jerusalem; and John Scott would have told him, but David stopped him, by saying, "in Africa."

All the best scholars called out against this; and David was loud in his own defence.

"Let us not quarrel about Jerusalem," said John; "neither David nor we are going there; we did not meet to dispute; and it is an ill return to friend Philip for the trouble he taketh to make us cheerful."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Quaker," said David.

John smiled: "thee choseth to call me Quaker, but our people are better known as Friends."

"And a very good title for you, John," said the Welsh boy; "for you have tried to make peace among us; but David tries to make every body appear stupid but himself."

David was going to make an angry reply, when Philip's father came into the room; and seeing the atlas open, came forward to see, as he said, the route of their travels.

John Scott and the rest drew back ; but David, quite at his ease, stood boldly in front, ready to answer all questions ; so that Mr. Lewis supposed he must be a clever boy, and knew geography well.

"Come," said he, "I am very poor ; where will you take me to get some gold and silver ?"

David was at a loss, but he was too conceited to own it ; so he turned from map to map, not knowing at which to stop.

"What say you to Peru?" said Mr. Lewis.

David was as wise as ever.

"I see David that you will not let me make my fortune by gold and silver ; take me to the copper and iron mines : you know in what country to find them."

David had too much pride to say no ; he therefore played with the maps as before, till seeing the boys smile, he ventured to name Italy.

"No, no, that will never do," said Mr. Lewis ; "John Scott, will you put us in a better road ?"

Thus invited, John pointed to Sweden.

Mr. Lewis then asked his way through other countries ; and was pleased to find

how well-informed the modest boy was, and how free from conceit.

Mr. Lewis then conversed upon school affairs, and chose such parts of learning as he thought best suited to the age of his young party.

David, a little abashed by his late failure, was not quite so bold as at first; and therefore gave more correct replies; yet it was plain that he knew less than many present.

Some peaches were put upon the table, and John Scott remarked that his father had lost more than four hundred of that fruit, by a late storm.

"That was a loss indeed," said Philip; "for I dare say they were worth three-halfpence each."

"And to what sum would that amount?" asked little Henry.

The boys began to think; but David, fearful of being outdone, answered without a thought, "six pounds, to be sure."

"Not so much as that," said John.

"Well then, four pounds."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the boys; "you are only guessing."

"Let us think about it," observed Mr. Lewis; "how much is one hundred pence?"

"Eight and four-pence," replied David.

"And one hundred halfpence?"

"Four and two-pence," said little Harry.

"Very right, Harry; now let us add the four and two-pence to eight and four-pence."

"It maketh twelve shillings and six-pence," replied John Scott; "the price of one hundred peaches; and four times that sum is just two pounds ten shillings."

"Very well answered, John."

David, though more than once inclined to answer, checked himself, for he was rather ashamed of so many mistakes; and began to think that John Scott knew some things as well as himself; so he did not again put himself forward, till just as they were parting, when Mr. Lewis asked if they could find their way home without a compass.

Little Harry enquired when the compass was first made in England.

David thought he was quite right in saying when Queen Elizabeth was living.

"No," said Philip; "it was long before her reign; as far back as that of Henry the Third."

David was quite mute, and really looked ashamed.

"My dear little friend," said Mr. Lewis, "you are a good-tempered, well-meaning

boy ; and I doubt not, are quick at learning what is taught you ; but you will do well to speak only of what you know, and make yourself perfect in small things before you attempt greater. Children can only grow wise by degrees ; and it is often more wise to listen than to speak ; and be assured, there is no greater foe to real knowledge than vanity, or self-conceit."

David was rather distressed by the result of this visit ; and what Mr. Lewis had said at parting, did not pass away from his mind. They were not the words of a boy, like himself, who might be jealous of one more clever and learned ; and indeed, he could not but own to himself that he had done or said little to prove his wisdom ; while John Scott, who had not in the least presumed, convinced all who heard him, that he knew more than any other of the party.

"And proud enough he will be," said David "but if other people find fault with my conceit, I will take care not to put up with theirs."

But David need not have made this resolve ; for the next time he met John there was nothing of pride or boast in his conduct. He was cheerful and friendly as usual, and never once hinted at the past ; so

that before they parted, David could find no fault in the stiff friend, as he once called him, and shook hands with him, as though he felt he deserved his regards.

From this time, David spoke less, but thought more; fearful of mistakes, he looked at books over and over again, before he ventured to make any display; and thus gained true knowledge of a subject in place of picking up scraps of learning, which only dazzle the dunce and weak-minded; for none other are deceived by so shallow a pretence as conceit.

THE VILLAGE MODEL;

OR,

TRUTHS OF TO-DAY.

WHEN little Martha looked at the work her mother had fixed for her to sew, and then glanced her eyes on the lesson she was to learn, the task seemed an endless one; and she wondered that any one could expect a child like her to perform so much. Besides, the day was so very fine, that she wished to take a walk in the fields, rather than sit in a dismal room, from which she could see nothing but the tiresome garden, that was always before her.

Yet the dismal room was a large and handsome parlour, the tiresome garden a very pretty one; and at the moment she was grumbling at the sameness of the scene, birds were singing their sprightly songs from many a tree, as if to reprove her for finding fault without cause.

It was not yet noon; and already had

Martha enjoyed an early walk, eaten a good breakfast, and felt assured the dinner table would supply all that was needful and proper.

To procure these comforts, no aid was required from her. She had but trifling duties to perform; and these were made light by the kindness of her parents, who never pressed upon her more than children ought to do, and gave her due praise when she acted as they wished.

Martha really believed herself in a great deal of trouble, and was getting quite fretful, when she found out that while she was thinking of her hard case, a great part of the sewing was done; and that the very, very long seam, now looked but a short one.

At first she was surprised, then pleased; and taking heart, in much less than an hour, came to the end of the work. Still there was the lesson to learn; but as she had conquered the work, she supposed the lesson might be conquered also; so, taking up the book, she made a fair trial, and the task proved more easy than any she had ever learned before; so that long before dinner time, all the morning hardships were over; and Martha had leisure to

stroll in the garden, and pick a nosegay for a friend who came to dine with her mother.

The lady was much pleased with the gift; and said she doubted not but Martha could use her fingers as well, when applied to the needle.

"I like," said she, "to see young people employed; for it is good both for the health and mind: lazy people seldom enjoy health like the active; and I am certain are never so happy; because doing our duty makes us all feel cheerful; and children are caressed and loved when they do what is right; and their spirits being gay, they are more alive to what is pleasant than those who are older, and share the troubles of the world. I have two nieces much about Martha's age, who think it a trouble to learn a short lesson, or do a trifle of needlework; they will not believe that other's, not older than themselves, can do more; they are always complaining, and of course improve very slowly. When I see them sitting with sour faces, looking at their work in despair, or holding the book in their hands with eyes turned another way, it grieves me sadly; and then there is so much fretting and weeping, that their faces are always pale, and their spirits

depressed ; I long to see them at play, and happy as children should be ; but such will never be the case with the idle."

Martha heard this account in silence ; but she thought it was very like her own conduct in the early part of the morning, and felt glad that she had conquered her idle fit.

" I mean," said her friend, " to ask my nieces to visit me this autumn ; and I hope to convince them of their fault, by letting them witness the good effects of industry, and that too in a class of life where real hardships are to be conquered ; not a few stiches of work, nor a few pages of reading and spelling ; yes, they must see my Jenny in her daily pursuits, view her brothers and sisters guided by her example, and tended by her care ; such a sight will, I trust, be of service to the idle girls ; and prove Jenny's value to those above her, as well as her own humble rank."

" Pray tell me about this Jenny," cried Martha, " how she came to be so good, and where she lives ?"

" I will, my dear. Jenny lives in the village where I reside, and is the eldest of eight children, who, alas ! are bereft of a mother. Their father is a day-labourer,

and earns but eight shillings a-week; which trifling sum can procure but little to maintain so large a family; and still worse, he is not a saving careful parent; no, he has some bad habits that lead him to spend a part of his wages in an idle way; and thus he injures his own health and his children's welfare.

"When his wife died, every body felt pity for the children, and feared they would become vagrants; for who was to act a mother's part to them? who would keep their clothes in order, and their persons clean, prepare their scanty meals, and watch over their conduct? All this was quite a grief to the neighbours; who saw the evil, but had not power to prevent it. Little did any of us think how well all these duties would be performed, and by a mere child."

"Why surely Jenny could not make herself so useful?"

"No other than poor Jenny; who, although three or four years older than yourself, is yet a young creature to perform so many duties."

"There she lives, in the little cottage of her father; keeping every part of it in order, as well as her brothers and sisters;

whom she sends to school as neat and clean as the nicest child I know. Then breakfast, dinner, and supper, are each prepared in proper time; and if coarse and simple the food, she takes pains to make all appear good, by the clean method she adopts in placing the meals before the happy family, who enjoy the repast, and covet no richer.

"Between these acts of duty, Jenny is not idle; for when the farmers can give her employ, she is ready to embrace it, and does more field-work in a day, than any child of her age in the village."

"Well," said Martha, "I must own she is a clever girl, and deserves to be praised and loved; and although her father is not so good as he ought to be, I think he must be fond and proud of such a daughter, who does so much for his other children, and makes his home one of comfort to him. But how do they manage to pay their rent? for I should fear that all their earnings would not do that, small as their cottage may be. I know when Christmas comes, my good Sally always sends some of her wages to her parents to help to pay for rent, which she says is their greatest trouble."

"Rent is a great draw-back on the comforts of the peasant; but I rejoice to say

that Jenny's father lives under a landlord who delights in easing the burthen of the poor, and lets the hard-working man reside in his cottages, without paying any rent; so that Jenny and her parent have no trouble of that kind.

"The wife and daughters of this kind landlord take equal pains to extend the comforts of the needy, whose conduct deserves their help; and you may suppose that our little friend Jenny shares such notice; their purse procures the worsted which she and her sisters knit into stockings; they likewise pay the children's schooling, and send clothes to Jenny, which she mends for them, and is either well paid, or receives a part of them when mended, besides many a treat of bacon, and other food, which to these hardy rustics are dainties they could not partake through their own means.

"They must be very good people," observed Susan.

"They are so my dear; and it is well when riches fall to the lot of such persons, for they know how to apply them; and while they assist the poor, and give comfort to the sick, they forget not to forward the work of industry, and thus shame the idler; and I have no doubt our village

model will always find a friend in this worthy family."

"I am glad Jenny is so noticed," said Martha; "and wish she may never lose these kind friends. It must be a pretty sight to see Jenny and her brothers and sisters all employed."

"It is Martha; and one that does honour to all parties. When the labours of the day are over, you may see Jenny seated at work, her sisters knitting by her side, and her brothers learning their lessons; busy as she is, she can find time to look at what her sisters are doing, and see that it is done well; she likewise hears them all repeat what they learn, that they may be perfect in the same when they go to school. For my part, I enjoy the scene far more than I should the gayest parties, and believe that none can feel more happy than my gentle villager; she can look back to the pursuits of the day, conscious of having done her duty, and earned something towards the support of those she loves. All around her is neat, and wears an air of comfort; every thing in order by means of her own labour; all is the work of her hands, and the busy smiling faces before her look thus happy, because she has taught

them to be good, and been a mother to them. Few children deserve esteem more than the humble Jenny, and no rank nor wealth could raise her higher in our regards; because her present merits spring from virtue, and not the things of the world."

"How much I admire your Jenny," said Martha; "and how much I should like to see her."

"Which pleasure you may enjoy, my dear Martha, if your good mother will allow of your joining my nieces when they come to visit me."

Martha's eyes turned upon her mother, whose smile bespoke the answer she desired, and her joy was very great; for she longed to see the sweet girl of whom she heard so much good. Yet we must confess, Martha did not expect very lively pleasure in mixing with the two idle children her friend Mrs. Lane had described; but truth whispered that their faults were not unlike her own; and that only a few hours had passed since she herself fancied sewing and spelling were great hardships; so Martha felt that she must not be too severe on others.

After that day, Martha often thought of

Jenny and her family, and she much wished to see such a girl in her own village ; so she peeped into every cottage, hoping to find the treasure, but without success.

One day as Martha was crossing a meadow, she met a pretty looking girl, with rosy colour, and smoothly combed hair, in neat, or rather smart attire ; for her frock was finely trimmed, and her bonnet gay with ribbons.

The rustic courtesy and blushing cheeks of the child, proved she was of lowly birth, or Martha could not have supposed she belonged to country folks.

Martha, quite pleased with the beauty of the child, inquired her name and place of abode.

Mary Parkes pointed to a white cottage, that looked almost as pretty as herself ; and said her mother was a poor widow, with four children, of whom she was the eldest.

Martha gave her a penny, and promised to call at the cottage some day.

“ What a sweet child,” said she to Sally her maid ; “ and she cannot be idle to have earned such nice clothes ; and if her mother is a poor widow she could not afford to buy that handsome frock ; could she Sally ? ”

“ No, my dear ; nor do I think the little

girl has earned it; but as you mean to see her again, I shall say no more upon the subject."

Martha thought it very odd; but was certain that Mary was very much like Mrs. Lane's Jenny.

At the end of a week, Martha obtained leave to go to the white cottage with a trifling present for the widow.

A neatly kept garden made her think still more highly of the pretty rustic; for she guessed Mary's care must have brought it into such order.

Sally walked about the garden, while Martha entered the cottage; on the threshold of which, she stepped upon an open book, with torn and soiled leaves.

"Ah! some naughty little dunce has done this; I shall scold my new friend Mary, for letting the book be so spoiled."

Martha picked it up; and looking round, perceived Mary herself, seated upon a low stool, sucking her thumb; while some work, dirty as a beggar's garment, laid untouched in her lap. Her blooming cheeks were masked in dirt, her hair uncombed, and in a tangled state, appeared anything but shining, and the finely trimmed frock, spotted with grease, hung in tatters about her heels.

No good-humoured smile decked her pretty features; and Martha stood in fixed surprise, scarcely believing that she had ever seen this sulky child before.

Mary raised her eyes, and seemed rather ashamed of being seen in such a mood.

"Where is your mother?" asked Martha, in a timid tone; for her spirits fled as she viewed the scene.

"Out in the fields," replied Mary.

"And what have you to do in her absence?"

This question roused the idle girl.

"O, mother always leaves me enough to do; I have all round this pinafore to hem, and to tidy up the room, and wash my face."

"I think, Mary, you might have done that before, for it is very dirty; and, dear me, why do you not mend your frock that looked so pretty, when I met you the other day? I am sure it must have cost your mother many shillings."

"No, indeed; for 'Squire Brown's daughter gave it to me that day; but I have torn it at play, and brother Joe spilled his milk over it."

"And did Joe tear this book?"

Mary made no reply; but her looks quite cleared her brother from the charge.

"Dont you help your mother in the fields, Mary?"

"Not yet; Judy and Ann are with her to-day."

"But if you are the oldest I think you might work too. Oh, Mary! I see you are not the girl I took you to be, and I am sorry for it; for I thought to be very fond of you, and ask my mother to assist you."

Then laying the present she brought on the table, Martha turned away and joined Sally in the garden, who was not in the least surprised when she heard the sad account of the pretty rustic, whom she knew to be an idle child, and one that did not obey her mother.

"Of what use is a pretty face?" said Sally; "it will neither make us good, nor do our duties for us. You never hear Mrs. Lane say that her Jenny was handsome; and yet those who see her and know her worth, never think about her beauty or want of it. When you saw Mary for the first time, I was sorry to perceive how proud she was of the dress which Miss Brown had given her; and I must say, a very foolish present it was; for a plain frock would much better suit a village child; and as Mary is neither careful nor tidy, such a

fine dress would do her more harm than good."

"Very true, Sally; though when I first met Mary I was so pleased with her looks, that I thought she could not be too well dressed. But how cross she looked to-day; as if the work she had to do, was the greatest hardship in the world."

"Every trifle is a hardship to the idle; and do you know, my dear, that I once feared you were inclined to think so; and you cannot think how happy it makes me to see how active you are getting, and the many useful things I see you perform."

"It is very true, Sally; I really did think much of a little trouble, and my tasks were great evils to me; but I was getting over such idle habits, when Mrs. Lane told me about the good Jenny; and since that time I find it quite easy to do all that is required of me. I have read in a little book,

'That time mispent is time destroyed;
But time well used, is time enjoyed.'

THE CREATION;

OR,

GOD'S FIRST WORKS.

THERE is great delight in watching the seasons as they come and go. The spring, with its green beauties, cheering us after the gloom and cold of winter; then summer, bright in its flowers and sunshine, followed by autumn, rich in its gifts and charms, fruitful in its sources for our future comforts.

While the eye views these fair scenes in their turn, and the heart expands with pleasure, shall we not ask whence comes so much of good, and who is the mighty giver?

Mighty indeed! and great beyond what thought can form. God was the maker and creator of all; and he began his work by creating the heaven and the earth. The first day brought forth light; the second day the sky appeared; on the third day, the earth with its produce; on the fourth

day, the sun, the moon, and stars appeared ; on the fifth day, the fishes and the birds were created ; and on the sixth day, every beast of the earth and creeping thing ; and lastly, man, to be the lord and ruler of all living things. On the seventh day the Almighty rested from his labours, for all was complete.

And thus was formed the great scene of nature, whose produce is man's succour : and when we look around and behold her fair aspect, surely we may give due praise to the Divine Author of the bounty.

The first man was called Adam, and his helpmate was named Eve ; and these were the first of the human race, the parents of all.

Adam and Eve enjoyed perfect bliss ; for they were loved of God, happy in themselves, with every wish and want supplied. Sin was then unknown.

Those beasts whose fierceness now make us tremble were then mild as the gentle kid ; the reptile whose venom brings deadly harm to all it stings, had then no power to injure ; all was peaceful, from Adam to the most humble of creation.

Our first parents needed no costly garments nor stately palaces ; nature formed

their garb, and gave them a home; no bleak north wind or chilling frost trespassed upon their comforts; there was but one season, and that was smiling summer. Trees of lovely verdure spread their shady branches; flowers, fragrant as blooming, sprang up on every side. This spot of beauty was planted by the hand of God, and he called it the garden of Eden, or Paradise; and a river flowed through the garden to water it; and the choicest fruits of the earth grew in plenty; and leave was given to Adam and his partner that they might partake of these fruits, growing but for their use; but of one tree they were told not to eat; for it was the tree of knowledge, shewing good from evil; therefore it was the Lord's command that it should remain untouched.

Is it not sad to think, that although man and woman enjoyed all these gracious gifts, and knew that to eat of that tree of knowledge was sinning against their Maker; yet self-will and weakness of duty led them to disobey?

In vain the bending boughs of ripe fruits offered their juicy sweets to the happy inmates of the garden; the feast was not complete without sharing the fruit of knowledge.

Of all beasts the serpent was the most cunning, and sought to lower his master in the eye of the Creator; for Adam was endowed with mind, sense, and feeling; and therefore far above the creatures of the earth, who yielded to his power; and to each he gave a name, and God approved of the same.

Well! the serpent first tried its art upon Eve; and told her there would be no harm in eating of the tree of knowledge; and that God forbade the same, knowing that to eat such fruit would open her heart to wisdom, and make her like unto the Supreme.

It is right to improve the mind, and shew we value the sense which our Maker has bestowed; but Eve had no such motive when she was tempted of the serpent; for she knew that God was above all knowledge, and his commands holy; yet she dared to act against his will; and having listened to the subtle beast, her desire to eat of the tree increased, her sense of duty became weaker, and at length she took of the fruit, and offered the same to her husband.

Now Adam was aware that to eat of the fruit, was to sin; and he also had heard from the voice of the Almighty, "that in the

day he should eat thereof, he should surely die." But death was as a dream to him; he knew not its pains, he knew not the stings of remorse which bad conduct can inflict; so he too was tempted, and ate of the fruit his wife gave him.

Truly was it called the knowledge of good and evil; for in an instant their eyes were opened to their helpless and naked state; and in that same moment they passed from virtue to sin; the sense of guilt pressed upon their hearts; they were full of shame and sorrow. Conscious of their fault, they heard the voice of their Maker in dismay. Fain would they seek shelter among the trees of the garden; but in Eden there was no shade for guilt; all stood confessed as open day to the eye which is never closed, but from hour to hour takes notice of all that's done.

Again the voice of the Lord called to Adam, who, trembling as he answered, owned he was afraid to appear in the presence of his Maker.

And when God inquired why he was thus afraid, and if he had eaten the forbidden fruit; he excused his error by blaming the woman, whom the goodness of God had given unto him. And the woman also tried to excuse herself by accusing the serpent.

But the truth was plain to the Great Judge of all, and his anger was stirred against the guilty pair, who had so ill repaid his mercy; but on the wily beast who had beguiled them he first passed sentence.

And he cursed the serpent; and decreed that it should henceforth crawl the earth upon its belly, and eat of the dust; and also, that between it and mankind, hatred should prevail, each as foe to the other.

Alas! what must our first parents have felt while this awful sentence was passing? knowing how soon judgment would be pronounced on themselves.

To the woman God said, "thou shalt have sorrow with thine offspring, and thy husband shall rule over thee."

Man's sentence, though last, was not the least: thus said the Lord: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and eaten of the tree of which I forbade thee to eat, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field: in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return."

And now were all their joys at an end, for God would not allow sinners to reside in Paradise ; the beauteous garden, so late their happy home, was about to be closed upon them for ever. Driven from nature's choicest spot, the east entrance was guarded by angels with a flaming sword ; against which, their feeble strength had no power ; so they took their way from Eden, outcasts of God, and alone in the world.

But he who could punish, could also be merciful ; and ere they left the scene of repose, God clothed them with skins ; for they were now to be exposed to change of season, and those mortal ills, from which, until that period, they had been exempt.

It was then that toil and labour were entailed upon man ; his wants became of a coarser and more pressing kind ; the earth, though fruitful, required the aid of culture, and there was but Adam to labour.

And Adam called his wife Eve ; meaning, the mother of all living. But when they quitted Paradise they had no children ; that blessing and sorrow combined, was yet to come ; and it was not until they toiled for their bread and felt the weight of sin, that Eve bare a son, whom his parents called Cain ; and his birth gave joy to his

father and mother ; for it was soothing to love what was pure and innocent, and as yet their offspring knew no guile. And in time, Eve bare a second son, who was called Abel ; and to him also his parents' hearts turned with joy, for it seemed a new proof of God's mercy ; and they trusted that evil was not to cling to them through life ; they knew indeed that they should die, and return to dust, for such were the words of their Maker ; but the fear of death was weakened when they looked forward to the kind and tender care they should receive from their children ; and for this new source of love, they were grateful to the Divine Giver.

Thus Adam and Eve were the first who bore the sacred title of father and mother ; and sweet were the sounds to their ears ; but they were now to learn how bitter to a parent's heart is the sense of a child's errors ; for their joys were cut short by the evil ways of their first-born.

With this increase of mankind, came an increase of wants ; and therefore Adam made Cain a tiller of the ground like himself ; and they sowed the seed, and watched its growth, and thus aided nature.

But Abel was a tender of sheep, or a

shepherd; and his gentle nature well suited the simple calling.

The tempers and minds of the brothers were far unlike each other. Cain was harsh of nature, given to jealous feelings, and not keeping the fear of God before his eyes. Now Abel loved and obeyed his parents, and he loved his brother also, and bore him no ill will for any good he might perceive in him; the tie of nature was strong in his heart towards his brother; for were they not the first who lived on such terms.

In those days of simple worship, Adam and his children gave thanks to the Almighty in offerings of the fruits of the earth, or of their flocks; and they had no other forms.

It came to pass that Cain went forth to make his offer; and it was of the produce of the field, but his heart was not pure; and He who searches all hearts saw into the deceit of Cain, and would not accept of his offering; but when the pious Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock, the same was grateful to the Lord, and met favour in his sight.

The virtuous Abel rejoiced in the Divine notice, and was strengthened in his good

feelings ; but Cain looked with evil eye on his brother, when he saw that God favoured him : he did not demand of himself whence arose this neglect of his vows, nor did he feel conscious that some fault of his own rendered the offering of no avail ; he was displeased with the Most High ; envy rankled in his bosom, and from envy sprang hatred towards his virtuous brother.

Then the voice of the Lord came unto Cain, saying, “ Why art thou wrath, and why lookest thou sad ? if thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted ? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at thy door.”

But Cain heeded not this warning of mercy ; his thoughts turned to worldly feelings, and he became a sinful man.

To Abel he spake fair, and went forth with him to the field. No doubt the heart of Abel was joyful, for he had just received proof of his Creator’s love ; and he was in converse with his only brother, whose welfare was as dear to him as his own ; therefore his speech was joyful, and his face smiling.

And can we believe that at this moment of pure delight, the mind of Cain should harbour the least intent to destroy the sweetest tie of nature, that he should raise his daring hand to take that life which God alone

can give. Yet so the Scripture saith; and we are told "that even while they communed, Cain rose up against his brother and slew him."

Murder, the foulest of crimes, now first stained the earth; and the blood that flowed was that of a brother; and the blow that caused death was given by the hand of a brother; and the soul of Cain was loaded with guilt, for the sin was his alone.

Again the dreaded voice of the Lord addressed him, saying, "Where is thy brother?" and the false, the coward tongue of Cain answered, "I know not, am I my brother's keeper?"

But God said, "What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground; and now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a vagrant shalt thou be in the earth."

These were awful words, and must have struck terror into the breast of the wretched Cain; but he was not humbled; and overcome with his crime, he even thought he was punished with a heavy hand, and was

bold enough to complain that he could not bear so much of evil.

To be driven from his parents and home, and at some future time when the world should be peopled, to be at the mercy of his fellow-creatures, who might slay him as he had slain Abel, seemed a lot too hard for man; but above all, Cain felt how sad it would be to lose the hope of God's mercy.

"And from thy face shall I be hid." Thus said Cain in the keenness of his anguish. Death would have been a blessing to the guilty son of Adam; but the Lord decreed, "that none should lay hands on Cain to slay him; for on such should vengeance be taken sevenfold." So he set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him, should kill him.

And now Adam and his partner knew, and felt the extent of their own sin; the first cause of God's wrath; and they had to lament the death of a pious and beloved child, the comfort of their lives. But the crime of Cain was a deeper grief, for they had no hope in him; their home was no longer his home; the command of the Almighty must be fulfilled; and Cain turned his back upon his kindred, and the place of his birth, bending his steps to the land of Nod, which lay to the east of Eden.

In this land Cain built a city, which he called after his son Enoch.

Those among us who have brothers, or sisters, can best tell how great was the sin of Cain; for our hearts feel all the value of such dear ties; but we should check all approach to envy, lest in time we learn to view the merit of others with a jealous eye; for then, who shall say how deeply they will not sin?

We have no longer the voice of God to commend what is right, or reprove what is wrong; but the youngest of us may learn his will; which if we obey, we cannot go astray; for his Word is open to all, and teaches us to be faithful unto him, dutiful to our parents, loving and kind to our friends.

When the tongue of youth is prompt to utter an unkind word, or the hand of childhood raised in anger against kindred, let the crime of Cain strike on the mind, and prove that Abel died not in vain.

THE WIDOW'S TALE;

OR,

A CURE FOR SORROW.

ONE day when three lively children were playing near an old barn, they were surprised to hear loud weeping and moans, as if some person was in great distress.

They were happy and joyous themselves, but they could feel for those who were not so; for it had been their good parent's care, not only to make them content with their own lot, but to teach them how to soften the cares of others, and assist them all in their power.

They had ever a kind word for the beggar, and a crust for the hungry; though, by giving it, they lessened their own meal.

When they heard these sounds of woe, they stopped playing, and listened in surprise and pity; but no one was in sight.

"It is somebody in the barn," said Ann.

Her brothers thought so too; and James, the eldest, stepped on gently to peep through

the broken door ; and then he beheld a sad sight indeed.

On the ground sat a poor woman, crying and leaning over a child that lay moaning in her lap. She was ragged and dirty, and so thin, that James did not doubt she was half-starved.

He beckoned to Ann, who, with little Charley, ran to the spot ; and they all stood for a few minutes gazing with pity on the scene of misery.

" Poor creature," said Ann ; " shall I run home and fetch some bread ?"

" And some milk for the child," added Charley.

" Stop," cried James ; " let me first speak to her, and learn how we can serve her ;" so he opened the door softly, and in a kind tone, inquired what ailed herself and child.

" O, my dear," answered she, " I am lost in trouble. I am a poor widow, without a friend in the world, obliged to wander from place to place, to gain a morsel of food ; and, to add to my sorrows, I lost my sweet babe in a fever, about ten days since ; and now when I am going a long and weary journey, my poor girl is seized with the same, and will surely die too."

"I hope not," said Ann; "but I will run to my mother and ask her to send you something to comfort you;" and she hurried away with the speed of a lapwing.

James and little Charley stood looking on with tearful eyes; while more than once Charley stooped to stroke the pretty curls from the pale face of the moaning child, who was too weak to notice him.

After a while, Ann returned with her mother, who inquired into the stranger's story, and promised such relief as her humble means would afford. To the woman she gave meat to strengthen her, and to the pining babe, warm milk and bread; and she soon assured the anxious mother it was not a fever, but weakness and want, that thus stretched it helpless on her knees.

"I am but a poor woman myself," said she; "but such as I have you shall share; for are we not children of the same merciful Father?"

The stranger bowed her head in silence; and her kind friend, followed by her tender-hearted offspring, withdrew.

Ann said it was the most grievous sight she had ever seen; James was vexed to think he had spent his only penny; while Charley wished to give his Sunday frock to

the poor little thing that scarcely had a bit of clothes on its back.

"We shall see what can be done for them," said the good Mrs. Penn, "when your father comes home we will ask his advice."

Now Mrs. Penn and her husband were hard-working people; and the produce of a small farm was not too much for their own family; but they were true christians, living in the fear of their Maker, and making his laws their guide; so that to do good was a duty they were always ready to perform.

There was no room in their dwelling for the sick strangers; but they had the barn cleared out, and fresh straw, with blankets, and a pillow, formed a wholesome bed, on which the poor woman saw her little girl enjoy a sound sleep.

Mrs. Penn also gave proper physic to the child, and fed both the helpless creatures from her own table, with some little comforts she did not allow herself or children; who gladly took their turn in waiting upon the sick, and trying to amuse the weakly child when it was able to sit up and notice them.

Nine days of care like this, rendered the poor woman quite strong; and the baby

being well enough to walk, the stranger spoke of again setting forth on her travels.

Ann and her brothers felt sorry to part with little Susan, whose pleasing looks and innocent prattle had quite won their hearts; yet they were pleased to see how nice and pretty she looked in some of Charley's clothes, and how decent the woman appeared when dressed in a gown and bonnet of their mother's.

All these walked through the village with them, ere they took leave, and some tears were shed at parting; though of a less painful kind than those dropped at their meeting.

The tenants of the old barn were not soon forgotten; and pretty Susan was often mentioned with regard.

One night, when the weather was cold and rainy, the children drawing round the fire, talked to their mother as she sat at work, waiting the return of her husband from market.

"I wonder," said Ann, "what has become of poor little Susan and her mother?"

"I hope," replied her mother, "that when she reached the North, some of her friends assisted her."

"Aye," said James, "she said she was

going to try them ; and I think they could not turn their backs upon that pretty babe."

"I hope not, my dear; for distress should always claim our pity; and when it is our own kindred that suffers, it would be strange indeed, if we did not strive to serve them."

"I dare say," observed Charley, "that poor Hannah often thinks of us; how thankful she was for all that was done for her."

"Yes," said James, "she often thanked and blessed us; but mother, I thought it very odd that I never heard her thank God, never asked for a book to read about him, and I don't think that she said her prayers very often."

"I am afraid not, James; for when I bade her put her trust in him, it did not seem to give her comfort; she prayed not for his support, nor gave him praise for past mercies."

"But she asked me to read to her," said Ann; "and cried very much when I tried to teach Susan the Lord's prayer."

"I am glad to hear it, Ann; and I trust she will think more of her duty every day. She told me that when young, she was idle, and cared not for learning; and so grew up to be a careless woman; thus when her husband died, she knew not how

to make herself useful, or in any way to get her living; so that when her little money was spent, there was no help but from the parish; and as she was strong and healthy, that support was not given long; then begging became her only resource; but she felt shame in asking alms, so made up her mind to return to her native village, and seek her friends. On her way she was forced to beg; and when her infant was took sick, had no home, no roof to shelter it, until some good people paid for her lodging at a small inn, where her baby died; and the same good christians buried it. After that, she walked more than a hundred miles, barefooted, and hungry, poor Susan very bad all the way; until, guided by Providence, they reached our barn, where the small aid we could afford to give was a solace to her woes."

Charley could not tell what all this meant; he thought every body prayed to God, and that God helped every body; therefore felt certain that pretty Susan was well and happy, and her mother no longer wanting bread nor clothes.

About two years after this, Mr. Penn removed to a larger farm, which his own industry gave him power to take; and his

prospects being better, he felt it his duty to do more good ; and his children, young as they were, followed the same good course.

The new farm stood in a pleasant, though retired village ; and as James was eight, and Ann seven years of age, they were able to walk in the shady lanes and fine meadows, where they made friends with some of their young neighbours, whose civil manners and proper conduct rendered them fit playfellows for children so well reared as those of farmer Penn.

One morning, James told his sisters that he had found out a new walk, the prettiest in the world ; where wild flowers made the hedges quite a nosegay, and the birds flew about singing sweetly ; for the lane was so narrow that no carts nor waggons passed through it to disturb them.

Ann was so eager to see the fair spot, that she could hardly spare time to drink her milk ; and as soon as the meal was over, ran to fetch her bonnet, and be ready to set off.

Guided by her brother, she crossed some pleasant fields, and at length reached the admired spot.

It was indeed a pretty place ; and she ran from side to side, picking the blossoms

that covered the bushes, whence many a warbler sent forth its cheerful notes.

"Look," cried James; "what a snug cottage stands at the end of the lane, near those high trees."

"I think," said Ann, "I should like to live there, if it were larger, but it would not hold us all: it is just like a baby-house I once saw at Cheltenham fair; let us go nearer, and see if any one is in it."

The cottage was indeed a small one, having only a single room; but the outside was freshly whitened, and the casement window shaded within by a clean white curtain, and without, by a well-trained honeysuckle.

After looking to see that no person was in sight, the delighted brother and sister ventured to peep through the half-open window; and found all within neat and pretty as they could fancy.

At a table sat a plain, but neatly dressed woman, knitting; and near her was kneeling a pretty little girl, saying her prayers before she laid down upon the low bed that stood on the farther side of the room.

It was a pleasing scene; but fearful of seeming rude, they would have retired quickly, had not the child risen from its posture, and turned to kiss its mother.

The healthy cheeks and plump arms of the smiling creature did not disguise the truth; for James and Ann knew in a moment that it was little Susan they beheld; and they could not help calling out in joyful surprise.

The woman, who was no other than the once wretched Hannah, turned quickly round when she heard them repeat her child's name, and the first glance convinced her the children of the good farmer were before her.

Never was meeting more joyful; she kissed them a dozen times, as she placed stools for them to be seated; and although Susan did not remember her early friends, yet, seeing how much her mother made of them, she smiled, and looked glad to see them also.

Hannah's joy increased when she learned Mr. Penn had come to live so near to her; and she promised to call upon their parents the next day.

The pleased children hastened home eager to impart the news, which surprised their mother almost as much as it had done themselves. In short, Hannah and Susan, the pretty cottage, and its clean furniture, were talked of over and over again; and Charley thought to-morrow would never

come, so anxious was he to see little Susan. But to-morrow did come; and with it the grateful Hannah and her child.

The farmer and his wife gave her a hearty welcome; and would not give ear to her thanks for their former kindness, saying, it was but the duty of one christian to another.

"Alas!" replied Hannah, "I did not then deserve the name of christian; for I had little knowledge of my duties, and I sought not those paths that lead to peace."

"I have told you, my good friend, how idly I passed my youth; never seeking to strengthen my mind from those laws and commands, by which all may learn to be virtuous, and insure their own happiness."

"My early failings did not decrease as I grew older; and when I became a mother, though I clothed and fed my children, I took no pains to improve their minds nor tempers; and my eldest boy, who lived to be five years old, was never taught a single prayer; neither to utter thanks for any good received. He was told there was a God in heaven, who made every thing; but, I say it with shame, we did not instruct him farther. When he died, I thought my lot a hard one, and repined sadly: the wise

decrees of Providence did not appear just in my weak sight ; and in my sinful grief, I wished to die also. Blessed be God that heeded not such wishes, but lengthened my days, that I might live and repent before I appeared at his judgment seat."

"It is a great proof of his mercy," said Mrs. Penn ; "and I perceive that it has not been lost upon you ; but go on with your story, Hannah."

"Well, my friend, when dear Susan was born, I rejoiced much ; but the three first years of her life she was allowed to give way to every fancy and ill temper of childhood ; but when my husband lost his health he began to see his own errors, and implored me to look to the hearts and tempers of my children, as well as their daily food. I heard what he said, and felt we had been going in the wrong path ; but I did not set about reform with a willing mind. After his death my spirits were bad ; and instead of seeking comfort from the Book that gives hope, and consoles those who truly search for its treasures, I sat down in idle despair, and every thing went to ruin. Want forced me to ask parish relief ; but I was not thought a proper object of charity ; and after receiving a few shillings, was told to go to

my own parish; my husband and self had wandered about so much, that I had no fixed claim to any; and at last I resolved to return to my native place, and try the kindness of the few kindred left to me. Without money, and scarcely any clothing, I set out on my long journey, and scanty were the gifts I received on my way, till my baby was seized with a fever, and it was in the public street I made my sorrow known to a mild-looking man, who was coming from his church; he believed my story; and himself took me to a roadside inn, where I was maintained until my poor Joseph was taken from me. I do think the good persons who then relieved me would have done more, but I was ashamed to betray how little I knew of the Gospel, which they called the seed of life; and therefore gladly left the spot; but dreary was my prospect, and keen my feelings, when I reached your barn; where the Almighty had designed I was to open my eyes on my own sinfulness and his justice; for while I watched my last earthly tie, sinking, as I believed, into the arms of death, my heart rebuked me for past conduct, and I dared not ask for mercy that I so ill deserved."

“ I heard your dear children say their prayers, and good little Ann would kindly read to me, and as I listened, my thoughts became more calm; while the joy I felt in seeing Susan recover, produced grateful feelings to the Author of the change, and I quitted you, resolved, when once settled, to lead a new life.”

“ It was God’s will that this change should be more speedy than I could then expect. When I arrived at the lane where my cottage stands, I found a fellow-creature lying on the ground, as I thought, dead; but after raising her, I saw she was in a fit; and having run to a pond for water, I soon restored her; and hearing that she lived in the white cottage, helped her home, and went to the neighbours for more aid. The good woman was most grateful to me; but her pious thanks to her Creator made me weep for my own hardness of heart.”

After hearing my story, she made me promise to rest with her for a few days; but those days proved months; for the worthy creature finding I had no friends, would not let me seek another home. She first taught me to feel my errors, and then to conquer them. Under her guidance, I

read the Scriptures, and then first knew how much had been done to save such as myself, and how great a debt I owed to God and my Saviour."

"For some time all these things made me very unhappy; but in time I took comfort, and made it my study to copy my good friend, who took delight in seeing my efforts to become a christian. From her I learned many useful things, as well as religious truths; and among others, the knitting of stockings, by which I now almost maintain myself. This worthy woman died a year back, and left me her cot, and all that was in it; nothing of more value to my peace of mind than the Book which has taught me my duties; and now you, my first friends, are settled so near me, I shall hope to be better in all respects. What you do must be right; for yours is not the good conduct of a day, your lives have been passed in acts of which I have only read; but I trust to be a doer also."

"And so you ought, my dear Hannah," replied Mrs. Penn; "for you have been upheld through great troubles, and that too for the best of all ends, that your trials in this world may fit you for the rewards of the world to come."

"Sickness, poverty, and death, are severe trials; but if they lead us to think rightly, and repent truly, we shall in time become sincere christians, and then be equal to any and every trial it may be God's will to inflict upon us."

This will afford an antidote to the cares and temptations of life. It does not take us away from them, but it lifts us above them. It does not forbid us one rational or innocent enjoyment, for it abounds with the highest of them all.

THE DONKEY AND ITS MASTERS.

It was on a very sultry day in the month of July, that a little boy, named Peter, was sent by his master, a country shopkeeper, to purchase a loaf. The distance was not great, but the loaf was a peck in weight; and therefore no light burthen for a boy of eight years of age."

Many children are apt to meddle with and pick bits from any thing eatable that comes in their way; but Peter was not greedy, nor did he think it honest to take a part of that which was not his own; and although he gladly stopped to rest himself, he held the loaf on a gate without breaking off the smallest piece.

But he soon found that others were not quite so correct as himself; for the bread was rudely pulled by some one on the other side of the gate, and with so much force that he could scarcely keep his hold of it."

"What is all this about," cried Peter, snatching the loaf away, and looking into the field, where, to his great surprise, he beheld a donkey munching the stolen bit with as much ease as if it had been a free gift.

Peter could not forbear laughing as he looked at the grave face of the robber; but when his eyes glanced at the lank sides and bare bones of the poor beast, his mirth turned to pity; for it was plain that hunger had tempted him to the theft.

"Poor thing," said he, "I wish for your sake, that the loaf were mine; I promise you I would not grumble to give you half: I fear your master thinks more of his own stomach than his servant's."

The donkey laughed, as if to say yes; and again Peter laughed.

Just then, an old woman came hobbling along the road, and when near the gate, called to the animal in terms that showed he belonged to her, and also, that she was not an unkind mistress.

"If this saucy fellow is yours," cried Peter, "I wish you would teach him better manners; for he has just taken a bite of my bread, that is likely to cut short my dinner."

"Well, child, and don't grudge a scrap of bread to a poor beast that is almost starved."

"I should not grudge it if it were my own," answered Peter; "but perhaps master may not think like me; and pray how comes the creature to be in such a plight?"

"How, indeed," said the old woman; "it is little better I am myself; but times were not always so bad; and when I had health and strength, I had plenty of work for Jack and myself too, and no lack of victuals; but now I am past my labour I can do little, and am glad to let my beast work for others, just to earn a bit of food for me; and you may see by his looks that others are not so kind to him as his mistress."

"He is not very fat, to be sure," said Peter; perhaps it would be better to let him have one master than many."

"I have been thinking so too, child; and have made a bargain just now with neighbour Jones, who will purchase him, and I hope, treat him well."

Peter was sorry to hear this; for he had been told Mr. Jones was a harsh man, and he feared the ass would not be bettered by the exchange; but as he only knew this

from report, he said nothing about it to the woman."

When Peter reached home, he told his master in what way the loaf had been lessened; and as his master was certain he always spoke truth, he believed the account, and did not blame him.

Some days after this event, Peter being sent on an errand, passed the field in which he had seen the donkey, and could not help climbing the gate to look for the poor thing, but no donkey was there; so he supposed that Mr. Jones had removed him to his own fields. A little farther on, he met the old woman, who was a cripple, and known by the name of lame Jenny.

"How fares your bold donkey?" said Peter.

"Ah, child, he is tame enough now; farmer Jones has worked him finely, and I fancy does not over-feed the poor beast; and then the children take after their father, and force him to serve their turn when he should have rest; I am almost sorry that I parted with him; he might as well have starved in my keeping, as starve and be ill-treated by others."

Peter thought the children must be very cruel, and with Jenny, lamented she was obliged to sell it.

On that same day, as Peter was sweeping the path before his master's shop, he saw poor Jack creeping by and trembling under the weight he carried; his head and neck were bent down, and he seemed hardly able to move a leg. Peter sighed and looked after him, wishing he were rich enough to buy him from so harsh a master.

Peter went home to his mother every night, and on this one, he turned a little out of his way that he might pass Mr. Jones's stable, and take a peep at the donkey.

There were horses in the stable, but no donkey. Why, thought Peter, he must have done work by this time; man and beast are now going to rest, and surely they cannot keep him to labour after this hour. At that moment a loud shout came upon his ear, and two boys appeared dragging a donkey, on whom a third was riding, and beating with all his strength. The tired creature hurried on a few paces and then halted to take breath; but his rider did not suffer him to halt long, for at every step he renewed his blows.

Peter knew these little tyrants were the sons of farmer Jones; and that he being a poor boy, could not have any power over

their actions, still his tender heart ached at such a sight, and he ventured to speak in behalf of the drooping beast; but, as he expected, he only received a sharp answer, and the whip was not the less spared.

When Peter entered his mother's cottage he could not help weeping as he described the conduct of the hard-hearted brothers, while the good woman blessed Providence that had given her a son so unlike them.

The next day Peter took the same road, and saw the donkey just loaded for market; he had saved the largest slice of his bread and butter in the hope of meeting his old friend, and felt happy in not being too late; and from that morning he contrived to give a mouthful to poor Jack when he passed the farm at the same hour; but it grieved him to see how lean the creature looked, and how much its weakness increased.

At length he missed the object of his bounty; and as two or three mornings passed away and no donkey was to be seen, he ventured to ask a ploughman of the farmer if it were sick.

"No," said the man, "I believe not; though it be a poor beast at the best; but it was stubborn and lazy, and young masters could make nothing of it in taking a'

jaunts, so old master took it to market and sold it."

Peter rejoiced to hear this; for he thought it could not fall into worse hands than those of its late owners.

One day that he was serving in the shop, old Jenny came to make some purchases, and Peter did not forget poor Jack.

"Ah," said the dame, "he is in new quarters, and I hope better ones; the widow Carr has bought him to carry her lame daughter when she goes to market with the butter."

"Then I think he will be happy at last," said Peter; "for I know Sally Carr is a good-tempered girl, and suffers too much pain not to feel for a dumb creature that cannot help itself."

"That is a good hearing," said Jenny.

For some weeks Peter thought no more of the donkey; he felt assured it was well treated, and therefore feared not for its welfare; but just as winter commenced Sally Carr died, and the poor widow sold all her property, and went to live in a distant country. This change brought the donkey to mind, and Peter sought lame Jenny, to know what had become of her old servant.

"Oh, Jack is a fine gentleman," said she; "and I dare to say would not know us poor folk if he met us. You see he was so well used and fed while Sally was alive, that he grew quite fat and sprightly, and people found out he was handsome, so they puffed him off at the sale, and the fine lady at the abbey bought him for her only son; so now he only trots about the park with his young master, and is decked off with a gay bridle and saddle, as smart as you please."

"I wish him joy of his honours," said Peter; "I don't expect he would know us again; for grand folks seldom notice humble friends;" and away he ran laughing.

The once despised donkey was indeed living in style, and dressed far beyond his lowly station; his feeding, too, was fit for a king of his race; but, alas, what good did such pomp and notice bring him when the spoiled child, who called himself Jack's master, teased and beat him from morning till night, or kept him waiting at the park gate while the rain was falling, and the wind blowing a storm, merely that he might look at him through the window.

All this was told Peter by one of the footmen; who said that every one in the

house pitied the animal, who was a slave to the young Turk, as he called him.

"Jack's is a hard lot," said Peter; "there seems no quiet in store for him; I think I must make a fortune and buy him for myself; but I am afraid by the time I have gained my wealth, the poor beast will be too old to carry me."

"So I think," said the man; "unless you make great haste."

The next tidings of the donkey were, that he was sold to a man who travelled about the country selling earthenware; then Peter heard, that having slipped down during the frost, and broken many dishes and basins, the owner used it so ill, that it was not believed it could return to labour.

"Worse, and worse," said Peter; "I should be glad to hear it were dead, and freed from the power of such wicked people."

One morning, as he was running and jumping on the road to his master's, and the snow crackling under his feet, he saw lame Jenny leaning on her stick, and her eyes fixed with a sad look on a man who was crying sand and hearth-stones.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" asked Peter.

"Lack-a-day!" said the old woman;

did ever I think to see my poor Jack in this guise."

"Why, surely," cried Peter, "that broken down beast is never your gentle donkey?"

"Ay, but he is, child; and it goes to my heart to look upon it."

"Poor creature, poor creature!" added Peter; "this is going down hill with speed."

Peter often thought of the wretched animal; and when he heard the sand-man's voice, would sigh in pity for Jack; but he did not look into the road, for he could not bear to witness his forlorn and helpless state.

About a month after the donkey had become the sand-man's drudge, lame Jenny picked up a fine gold seal, and received fifteen shillings from the owner for restoring it. Peter was glad when he heard it; for he knew she was a sober honest woman, and would use the money in a proper manner.

He called on her one day, to wish her joy, and Jenny told him, with tears of pleasure, that she had put by the reward until she could save five shillings to make up a pound; for which sum the sand-man would

let her have her donkey, maimed and feeble as he had become.

Peter's heart bounded with joy to hear this; and he said if she would accept two-pence a-week, he could very well spare it from his wages, and should be most happy to assist in poor Jack's rescue.

Jenny blessed him a hundred times, and owned even that trifle would be a help.

So Peter put aside his two-pence every Saturday, and his master having given him four-pence for the purchase of a fairing, he denied himself the trifling pleasure of tasting nice things, for the more lasting one of aiding a good action; and at the close of the month he had a whole shilling to give Jenny. The gift was received with sincere thanks, and Peter thought he had never spent a shilling so well.

Before a second month came round, poor Jack was again under the roof of his old mistress; but it seemed he had come back but to die; for his strength and spirit were gone, and he could scarcely crawl from the shed in which he slept to the common, a few yards distant.

Many children of the village who had known the donkey in its days of health, and merry moods, (for it was once a lively

beast) took pleasure in feeding it, and not one little hand was raised to give it pain.

Among these, Peter was the first to come forward, and the last to tire.

In a few weeks poor Jack picked up some flesh, and his gait became more firm, but he was no longer the useful beast of burthen; he was only fit for now-and-then duty, as his mistress said; and so she let him on hire to such of her neighbours as she knew would treat him with mildness and put him to light work.

By frequent meetings Peter and the donkey grew quite friendly with each other; and when Jack saw the kind boy coming over the common, he would trot forward to meet him, and with many an awkward gesture, shew his joy.

Two years of easy labour did much for lame Jenny's donkey, who became both fat and healthy; but former ill-usage had so far impaired his strength that he never was strong again.

Time was not so gentle with his mistress; Jenny's weakness increased with age; and at the end of that time, a short illness brought her to the grave. Meanwhile, farmer Jones met with many crosses in his farming concerns, and being a harsh man

few persons were inclined to assist him, and he was obliged to sell all his stock, and with his sons go out to daily labour. His hard-hearted children were in turn served as they had served others, and kept to hard work with scanty food. More than once they passed poor Jack, as he grazed on the common, and they might almost have wished themselves in his station.

Not so, Peter; a kind heart and upright conduct led him on in his duties till he won the esteem of his master and the regard of all who knew him; to his mother he was ever a dutiful son, and the comfort of her age.

On the death of poor Jenny, there was much talk of honest Jack, and what was to be done with him. Peter had great fears for the poor beast, whose fitness for service decreased daily; and often he wished he was wealthy enough to buy him and let him end his days without farther toil.


With this feeling, it was both surprise and delight to Peter, that his kind master bought his old friend, with the good intent of sparing the poor beast from hard labour; and he told Peter that poor Jack would be placed under his care, to be fed and cleaned by him.

It was a task in which Peter engaged with willing mind; and surely if donkey's possessed the power of speech, Jack would have done justice to his head groom; for never was ass better kept and tended.

The children of Peter's master sometimes took short jaunts on the gentle animal; but Peter was careful not to fatigue him, or allow the young riders to urge his speed by undue means.

"No," said he, "poor Jack shall never be ill-used while I am by to protect him; nor shall these children follow the cruel ways of the young Jones's; Jack has suffered much while in service, and it shall not be said he died under the yoke of an unkind master."

THE AUNT AND NIECE.



THERE once lived a little girl, named Susan, who had many kind and loving friends, all attached to her, and wishing to make her happy, because she was gentle and good.

Those who were rich, brought her handsome presents, and took her to see many fine places; others bought useful books, and such things as might improve her mind; but, although Susan was truly grateful for all this kindness, she loved her aunt Sarah the best; and yet this aunt did not indulge her so much as any other of her kindred.

One day, when sitting by the side of her mother, she asked her for a piece of silk to cover a pincushion.

“See, mother, mine is quite worn out, but aunt Sarah gave it to me; therefore I value it, and would rather have it, when newly covered, than a handsome one from the bazaar.”

"Then you prize her gift very much, I suppose?"

"Indeed I do; for she is so fond of me, and takes such pains to teach me to read and say my prayers, that I wish to remember all she tells me, and keep every thing she gives me."

"And you cannot do better, Susan; for what she says is for your good; and if you attend to it, will make you a worthy woman."

"Every one loves aunt Sarah," said Susan; "not only because she is rich,"

"Rich, Susan! you mistake, child; she is very far from being rich."

"Not rich, mother! then how can she give away so much money and bestow such comforts on the sick and poor?"

"By living in a frugal manner, and being content with plain things, she is enabled to spare something for the wants of others; and having herself suffered much of sorrow, she well knows how to console the wretched, and teach them to bear their lot with patience."

"But, mother, have I not heard that she once owned great wealth, and also was tall and upright as you are?"

"It is true, my dear; for, when a little girl like you, great and shining prospects lay before her; the world see medfull of pleasures which she would enjoy; but Providence ordained that all those bright scenes should fade away, and sickness and trouble come in their stead."

"That was very hard to bear, mother."

"Not hard, my dear; for it pleased God not to try her until she was of an age to know the wisdom of his ways; and therefore her mind was strengthened to meet the troubles of life; and although sad, she did not despair."

"Her father was a wise man; and knowing that the treasures of this world are never secure, he taught her to distrust their value, and put her whole trust in the only certain good, the merits of her Redeemer, through which she might obtain real and never-fading joy."

"Is her father alive?" asked Susan.

"No: he died many years since, and left her much riches; and then she had a kind husband, and two dear children. But as some of her wealth was being brought from foreign parts, the ship was lost in a storm; and nearly at the same time, her husband died, and the last loss was to her the

greatest; but she turned to the Scriptures for comfort, and learned from them that it was good for her to be afflicted; for grief caused her to think less of the world, and more of her Maker; and thus her mind became calm, and her desires humble; and when she looked around her, many worse cases than her own met her view; she was yet a happy mother, and possessed enough of wealth to maintain her children."

"She has no children, now," said Susan.

"Not one, my dear: like Job, she was bereft of her offspring all at once; for they caught the measles nearly at the same time, and both slept the sleep of death."

"Alas, my poor aunt," said the weeping Susan.

"Yes it was a great trial, my child; and the good parent felt the stroke keenly; but she was not lost to comfort even then; for her babes died innocent as lambs, and she knew they were at peace. You may suppose that all her friends were grieved for her, and tried all in their power to soothe her sorrows; so that after a time, she became composed, and went on with her duties as usual; but her troubles were not ended."

"One autumn, while she was staying in

the country with her aged mother, her house in town was consumed by fire, together with all its contents.

"This awful event obliged her to hasten to London; and on the road, being put into a bed with damp sheets, she took a severe cold, which caused a rheumatic fever; in that dreadful sickness she lay for many weeks, but was at last restored through the mercy of God."

"Those who knew and loved her, were happy to have her valued life spared, though they long feared that she would be a cripple; but in a few years she regained the use of her limbs, yet her form has been bent from that time to this."

"Oh, mother," said Susan, "it pains my heart to hear of all my dear aunt has suffered, she who tries to make us all happy."

"She has suffered much; but, as I said, mercy followed affliction. Once more in health, she resigned with a cheerful mind, those splendours her fortune no longer allowed, and fixed herself in the small, but pretty house, in which she now resides, with just enough for humble comforts, and something to spare to the needy. The change was great, but with her it called forth no deep regret. As the proverb saith, 'when

pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom.' "

"She had no pride, but she was strong in wisdom; and therefore felt no false shame in yielding that to which the vain and foolish so fondly cling. When people lament her loss of wealth, she replies, that 'riches profit not in the day of wrath.' "

"Death has robbed her of the dearest ties; but He that sent the stroke, sent also the healing balsam, and, for the babes he took unto himself, had he not long since given his only and beloved Son to be despised of men, and to suffer for their crimes? When your good aunt thinks of this blessed truth, she does not allow herself to murmur, convinced that all is for the best."

"I wish," said Susan, "that I may be as good, or even half as good; but I will ask aunt Sarah to tell me all about the Scriptures, and teach me to read them, that when I meet with sorrows, I may also seek comfort in the same way."

"I hope, my dear child, that you will keep your present resolve; and then we shall have a second aunt Sarah to make us happy."

"Well, dear mother, have patience, and you shall see that I really mean to be like her."

After hearing this account from her mother, Susan felt increased love and respect for her aunt, and was truly glad when she came to spend a few days with her parents.

Susan walked with her through the meadows, and inquired the names and uses of many plants and wild flowers that she had often passed without notice; and she learned also that those trees she had only admired for their beauty and shade, were of great service to man in the business of life. The oak for ship and house-building; the ash for various trades, such as the carpenter, cooper, &c.; the elm for pumps, water-pipes, picture-frames, and all the curious works of the carver; the beech for turners, joiners, and others, down to the maker of band-boxes; and, in short, Susan found that from the stately tree, to the blade of grass which she trod under foot, something was to be gained for the comfort of mankind; and she agreed with her aunt, that God was most kind as well as just.

“Yes, my dear niece, all that is formed by His almighty hand, is great and good; yet we are not always grateful as we should be; and if one trouble come upon us, we shut our eyes to the many blessings still left, and complain of our hard lot from the beginning

of the world: the heart of man has been more open to evil than good; and much as his Maker has done for him, he always craves a something more. The Bible gives many proofs of this; and in one instance, people were vain and wicked enough to suppose they could rival the works of the Creator; and it was with this impious view, they began the building of Babel."

"Was Babel a city?"

"Yes; and to the city they added a tower, whose height they meant should reach unto heaven. But their plan was soon checked; for the anger of the Lord came down upon them, and did confound their language, so that what one spake another could not understand, and their speech became confused, and of divers tongues; then they left off building their city, and were scattered over the face of the earth."

"And they deserved such a reward, I think," said Susan, "that could believe themselves equal to the Maker of all. Did this happen before the flood?"

"No, Susan; it was after that great event, when the children of Noah filled the earth."

"And yet one would suppose they must have been too grateful that the world was restored, ever to give offence again."

“ True, it should have been so, Susan; but such was not the case; for no sooner had one act of mercy past away, than they returned to evil ways, and again looked for pardon. Think how ill they behaved when Moses was leading them from bondage; how they complained in the wilderness when food was scarce; and although at first they rejoiced to eat of the manna which came with the dews of heaven, yet they soon grew weary of the blessing, and sighed for the fish and fruits of Egypt, the country of their early sorrows and disgrace; but in gaining their wish they were sorely punished; a strong wind brought them quails from the sea; but while they were yet chewing the desired treat, the Lord smote them with a great plague.”

Susan hoped they were quite good after this; but her aunt could relate many other instances in which they rebelled against the Lord; until at length they could only obtain pardon through the medium of his son Jesus Christ, who for this purpose was sent among men to teach them their duties and the gospel.

In the time of Moses, when God granted his prayer, and forgave the children of Israel, he promised that all the earth should

be filled with his glory; and again, Balaam foretold that a star should come out of Jacob, and a sceptre rise out of Israel, that should smite the corners of Moab, and destroy the children of Seth: and Balaam added, "Alas, who shall live when God doeth this!" Now the star of Jacob was our Saviour, from whose time shineth the light of the gospel.

"But tell me, aunt, who preached to the people before our Saviour was born?"

"In those early times the Lord communed with Moses, Aaron, and other of his chosen servants, who spake his commands to Israel, and tried to lead them according to his laws; but when our Saviour took upon him the form of man, he became the only source of God's wishes; and from his precepts the world became the will of our heavenly father. He went about preaching and teaching during his short life, but gave command to his apostles that after he should ascend to heaven, they should go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Before this time, the Jews alone had heard the divine truths from Christ and his apostles; but when withdrawing from the eye of mankind, his love for them desired that they should have every help to

virtue, and that all should share the mercy he died to procure; and although his body was to be removed from their sight, yet he promised his spirit and good-will should remain with his servants, saying, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"Pagans do not know these things," said Susan.

"No; for pagans worship idols and false gods; and there was a time when all nations were pagans except the Jews; but the gospel is so simple as well as lovely in its doctrines, that even these mistaken creatures begin to understand it; and we find that in places far remote from christians and their customs, many are found who gladly listen to the sacred word, and yield up the false faith they have so long followed."

"Does the gospel mean the word of God?"

"Yes, Susan, and something more; for it promises his mercy and grace by means of his son's death; and when we hear the gospel preached, we hear glad tidings of pardon for our sins, if we truly repent and fully believe in the power of the Almighty, and the merits of Jesus Christ."

"I will tell you a story of a black

woman, living in one of the West India Islands. She was the slave of a harsh master, and having once stolen some trifle belonging to a white servant, she lived in great fear of his finding out what she had done, and the severe punishment she would then receive. The poor negro believed there was a God who ruled above, but she could not suppose he saw every action of his creatures below, until she was told that both deed and thought were open to his view. Her feelings then became very painful; and not having a kind friend to seek into her trouble, and instruct her mind, she knew not what to do, till at last truth appeared the best way of gaining ease; and she therefore told her crime to the person whom she had robbed."

"This man called himself a christian, but owned little of the kindness and mercy of his divine master; for although he did not seek to have her punished, he took a pleasure in frightening her weak mind, and holding up her Maker as a judge so severe, that she must never hope for pardon. Poor Julie listened to these words with terror, and crept about as if she feared God's vengeance was every moment at hand. Her spirit became sad, and her form wasted,

until the death of her master brought a new one from England, who was far more gentle than her former one; and his wife being a good and pious person, treated the slaves with kindness."

Julie soon won her good-will; and she perceiving that some sorrow was pressing upon the poor negro's mind, sought to know the cause. There was so little of art in the black woman, that her secret was soon unfolded; and then her new friend felt happy in relieving her fears, and told her of soothing truths.

Julie was taught that the God who avenges crime, tempers his anger with mercy; that guilty as she had been, there was a saving grace in store for her; and that the only son of her Maker had shed his blood for the black as well as the white. In time Julie understood all this, and her joy was very great.

"I very sorry, very sorry indeed, to do harm to white man; and quite ashamed to offend the great God; but I so much obliged, and love his son Jesus Christ, that I never do wrong again, for his sake."

THE DOUBLE JOURNAL;

OR,

CHRISTMAS TIDINGS.



SNOW and frost are not the most pleasant visiters, and to some they bring many evils; for cold and dreary weather requires comforts; and those who cannot keep good fires, nor provide plenty for their table, are to be pitied in winter.

We all know this, and many of us are happy enough to have the power to shut out the bleak winds and the gloom of December, for the more cheerful scene of a blazing fire, and the tempting fare of Christmas. Surely it must be very wicked to close the tender feelings of our hearts as we do our doors and windows, and in our own pleasures forget the wants of others. Few of us, I believe, could act thus; for youth and pity go hand in hand; but I fear too many of us are apt to repine when any trifling check to our wishes cuts short our pleasures, though removed from all real wants or troubles.

It was on a very cold day, during the season of Christmas, that Eliza sat weeping by a snug fireside, in a room furnished with every comfort; her feet indeed were wrapt in flannel, for she had very bad chilblains; but the doctor prescribed what would do them good; she had a tender nurse in the best of mothers, and a kind-hearted servant to bring what she wanted, and keep her chamber in order. Books, a wax doll, and puzzle games to divert her, were spread over the table; and as her pain was not very great, she might have enjoyed some hours of quiet, though not active pleasure; but she had just seen her brother and sister depart to spend a few days with a fond grandfather, where she had also hoped to be; but her feet were not well enough to allow of her quitting home; and although she felt this, she could not bring her mind to submit to the change in her hopes, but fretted and complained sadly.

Harry and Kate had promised to keep a journal of all that passed during their visit, and to share with her their Christmas gifts; for they were grieved that she should lose any part of the pleasures they were about to enjoy, and both shed tears as they gave the parting kiss.

Eliza's grief was checked by the doctor coming to put a healing plaster to her sore feet, and she was somewhat ashamed to betray her weakness; and then the plaster made the chilblains feel so easy, that she seemed quite another creature, and could not help telling her mother how much better she felt.

A kiss of pleasure was her mother's reply, and a kind offer to read to her, which Eliza was glad to accept; and the book chosen was so lively in its contents, that the sick girl often forgot her trouble, and smiled as she listened to the patient reader.

Time passed so quickly, that Eliza was surprised when the dinner was announced; and then boiled chicken and custard were so nice, and her mother so kind to give her such good things, that she could not look nor feel sad; in short, the whole day passed away without any great return of sorrow; and before she retired to rest, Eliza could talk calmly of her absent playmates, and express how rejoiced she should be at their return, and how much amused by their journal.

At the end of a week, the chilblains were almost cured, and Eliza walked about the house, or worked and read with her mother,

as she had been used to do, though very anxious for her brother's and sister's return.

This pleasure was nigh at hand; but Harry thinking the time must appear dull to her, sent the journal a day before, in order that she might know all before they met, and be amused when there was no one to play with her.

Eliza viewed the packet with delight; "What a large full letter! page after page, written closely;" and, as Harry wrote a plain and neat hand, with a little study, she could make out every word; but willing to be perfect in the task, she first read it in her own room, and then was able to repeat it to her mother without blunder or mistake.

Never had Eliza received such a grand effort of the pen; and it appeared the news was of endless length. But we must let the young scholars speak for themselves, by laying their journal before our readers.

" *Barley Farm, December 28th,
Monday Night.*

"Here we are, dear Eliza, once more under grandfather's roof; he was most glad to see us, but quite as sorry that you were not one of the party. We gave him your kiss; and he is to send twenty back to pay his debt. Kate and myself are both tired;

for we have ridden a long way, and our legs are quite cramped with sitting so many hours in a coach; but we did not wish to stretch them on the road, which was thick with snow; so we sat snug, and only peeped at things as we passed; and, among others, at a fine church, which is called Canterbury Cathedral; you cannot think how grand it looked; and uncle told us that a great while back, Thomas à Becket, a bishop, was killed in this church, to please the king of England, Henry the Second; it was a cruel and wicked act, though the bishop was a proud and bold man. Kings don't kill bishops now; so all the à Becketts may go to church in safety.

"About a mile from the farm, we saw an old woman picking up sticks; she was almost double, and seemed very, very poor. I mean to mention her to our grandfather; I am sure he will assist her.

"Old Neptune met us at the hall door; I am sure he knew us, and wagged his tail for a welcome; he is shy of strangers, but let us stroke and pat him without growling once. I must say he is looking much older than when we last saw him; grandfather says the same of himself; but I don't see it; for his face is just as smiling as ever, and

his hair is just like silver; Kate thinks it is the pretty white locks that make us love him so much, and I am tempted to think so too.

“Tired as we are, we have made a famous hole in a mince-pie, and have taken a sip from grandfather’s glass of ale; so I dare say we shall soon be ready for bed.

“This is my first account of affairs; and if Kate is to say any thing, I must leave off; but don’t be surprised if she skips over Monday night; for her eyes are twinkling, and she gapes at every third word; more like sleeping than writing you will say: good night, I am beginning to gape too—good night, dear Eliza.”

“*Tuesday.*

“What do you say to rising at ten o’clock, and finding every body busy but ourselves? Such habits would never do for lessons; but indeed we were so tired last night, that we took a good sound sleep after our journey. I am ashamed to tell you what a breakfast we made; uncle James says if we travel much, we shall cause a famine.

“We have been all over the farm, and saw many things that we never saw before; grandfather explained their uses; and if my memory holds out, you shall know them too.

There is a great piece of beef stands on the hall table, which is cut into slices for the people that work in the grounds; grandfather is very kind to the poor, and every one loves him.

"Though the weather was so cold, we walked about all the morning, and did not much feel it; but we were not sorry when dinner time came; for frost and snow make people very hungry. In the afternoon it snowed fast, and we could not go out; so we read to uncle James, and I began my part in this journal. Kate is doing some grand work, which she will explain. Quite forgot the old woman picking fire-wood; the clock is striking six; the tea-urn is on the table. Seven o'clock.

"Grandfather is not very well; so we cannot be as merry as we intended. Uncle James wishes you were here to read one of your pretty books to us; he says you read very well indeed. Kate will go on with the journal; I have no more news to-day."

"Tuesday Night."

"Now it is my turn to take part in our journal; but I am afraid I shall be very stupid, because I never wrote a letter in my life, and I am slow with my pen.

"Oh, how glad my dear grandfather was

to see us; and what a pretty house it is; for though they call it a farm, it is large and more handsome than our own house. I dare say the gardens are charming in summer time; but now every thing looks gloomy, and the snow covers all parts of the earth; yet I see poor men, women, and children, doing some kind of work: nobody is idle here; but the poor people seem happy, and grandfather speaks kindly to all, and gives them meat and pudding. We all wish you were with us; and I am sure none more than myself. I am very sorry your chilblains are so bad, for you would be so happy here. Grandfather had a little of the gout to-day; he is better now, and I am going to rub his legs and try to give them ease. He has such pretty silver curls on his head, that I love to look at him; and when he says prayers with us, he looks so good, that I am certain God loves him very much indeed.

“I wish you could see what a large piece of roast beef stands on the hall table to be given to the hungry. We have nice fowls, puddings, and pies; but I don't eat too much of them, lest they should not agree with my stomach. I promised my dear mother I would do all she bade me to do;

and I hope to keep my word. I am learning to work an urn-rug; Jenny is so kind as to teach me; it is very pretty. Old Neptune is good-natured, but lazy; he is on the rug, quite at his ease.

“Uncle James is going to teach Harry the history of flowers and plants; he says it is called botany, and is very pretty to study. If to-morrow is fine, we are to walk into the market town, and invite some young friends to dine with us on Wednesday, which will be very pleasant. Good night, sister; my hand aches with holding the pen; I wish I could write as even as you can write.

“*Wednesday Evening.*

“We are all quite busy; for we are to have seven visitors to-morrow; and there will be turkey, ham, plum-pudding, mince-pies, and all sorts of things; but I would rather see my dear Eliza, than the nicest dish they can put upon the table.

“We had a pleasant walk yesterday; for the frost made the ground hard, though there was plenty of snow upon it; but I saw one thing that grieved me; a poor little pig got crushed between a gate and the posts, and one of its legs was so much hurt, that it is quite lame; I carried it into the

house, and Jenny, the housemaid, says she can cure it. Harry had a fall in trying to make a slide, and he scratched his face a little, but he did not mind it, and so we all laughed. I have said two lessons to uncle James; so I shall not forget what I have learned. Harry will tell you about the aged woman we saw the first day we came here. When we returned from our walk, grandfather was quite well; so, after dinner, we all went into the garden, and looked at the trees and beds, so nicely matted up to keep them warm; and after that, we took a peep at the rabbits, which live quite snugly. I am to choose a pretty one for you, and bring it home with me.

“ We have just taken tea, and Harry will now write, while I teach uncle James to put the maps together; for, although he is a man, he says he never did such a thing; but I dare say he will soon learn. Harry wants my pen, good bye.”

“ *Wednesday Night.*

“ Well, Eliza, here I am again; and I must tell you I find walking and racing good things for the spirits; for I feel all alive; and grandfather is merry as the best of us. Our walk to-day was quite through the town, and we went into many shops;

but none so pretty as those in London. My grandfather took us to visit some of the neighbours, from the younger part of whom we have formed a party for to-morrow ; I like their looks ; but it is not fair to judge people by their pretty faces ; but to-morrow I shall know something more about them ; for I think a game of play shews our tempers pretty plainly.

“ We met the old woman I mentioned to you ; and I was vexed to think I had not spoken of her, as I hoped my grandfather would assist her ; but I then pointed her out, and was surprised to see him shake his head and turn away. I said, ‘ Don’t you pity her sin ? ’ But he told me she was not an object to deserve much notice, though he did give her a trifle every week. She had reared a large family without teaching them their duties ; not even their prayers ; and wasted her own life in idleness ; so her children became vagrants, and went away from her ; some died, and the rest never seek nor assist her now she is so very old. Grandfather will not let her starve ; but he does not respect her : how happy we ought to be, Eliza, in having such good parents.”

“ I wish you could see Kate laying out the maps for my uncle ; she looks as wise

as Solomon; but I suspect he knows all about them; though he pretends he wants to be taught. We are going to bed early, so I must cut matters short; only, I will add, that we are laughing to find uncle James has cheated us, and could fix the maps as well as any one. Poor Kate did not find him out; but she is pleased by his praise; for he says her knowledge of geography is very good for a little girl of her age: my mother will be pleased as well as Kate. The bell is ringing for chamber lights; farewell."

"Friday Morning.

"We have jumped over Thursday, being too tired last night to add a word to our journal. Our party went off very well; though some of our guests were not so pleasing as might have been wished. Charles Lamb and his sister Jane are just such friends as we like; and I hope we shall know more of each other; there were also two good-natured girls, named Evans; but for the rest, I can say little. Poor Kate was quite puzzled by the conduct of some.

"Our dinner and tea was the best of their kind; and uncle James played with us, and shewed us many curious pictures, and told droll stories that made us laugh. My grand-

fathers at in his arm-chair, and listened to our mirth, and appeared quite happy. Neptune barked once or twice when we made a great noise. It was ten o'clock when we got to bed.

“To-day we shall go into the town, and take leave of our new friends, then we are to have a quiet evening to ourselves; but as this will be sent off to-night, I shall not have time to put the events of to-day into the journal; but we hope to be at home by to-morrow night; and then I can tell you more than I could write; and most glad shall we be to meet father and mother, with our dear Eliza, and all we left on Monday, except the chilblains: Kate will have the last word.”

Continuation.—“I am in a great bustle, but will find leisure to tell my sister, that of all the party I saw yesterday, none were so good as herself. We liked Charles and Jane Lamb, who played fairly, and tried to be pleasant; and so did Ann Evans and her sisters; but one little girl was so rude, that she tore our clothes as well as her own; spilled her tea upon the table; and broke one of my dear grandfather's pretty china mugs. I was quite ashamed for her. Then there was Lucy Simmons, a greedy

child, that would eat of every thing, and made herself quite sick; I am sure we could never act as she did. Her cousin, John Dalton, looked so pretty and smart, we all thought we should like him; but we soon found he was cross and selfish, wanted every thing his own way; and if we did not give into his humour, became so sulky, that he looked quite frightful; and we were obliged to coax him to join us again.

“Grandfather and uncle James were very kind, and tried to make us all happy; so that one way or the other it was a merry night; though you will be surprised to see how many torn parts there are in my striped frock; all done by that rude girl, Lucy Simmons.

“I am sorry to tell you that the poor pig is dead; but as it suffered much pain, I ought not to wish it was alive. I have chosen the prettiest white rabbit in the world for my dear Eliza: uncle James will take care of it on the journey. My dear grandfather is full of sorrow to part from us; but says, if God is so good as to spare his life, he will come and visit us in the spring. The coach is to call for us at eight o'clock to-morrow morning; and at night we shall be in our own parlour with father,

mother, and Eliza. Uncle James says this is more like a letter than a journal; I don't know why; but I suppose he knows best: I am sure I have tried my best. To-day is the first of the new year; Harry forgot to notice it in his part of the journal; but Jane will find none of her friends here have forgotten to send her their new year's gifts; but I must not tell secrets, so I will close my share of news by keeping one."

THE PEACE-MAKER;

OR,

DEFORMITY NO CRIME.

IN a small town, more than a hundred miles distant from London, lived James Ashton, one among the many children, who at sunset, might be seen in the meadows which adorned the east entrance of the town; but it was seldom that James joined in the sports going forward, and yet more seldom was his voice heard in those peals of laughter, so usual with the young and happy.

James, when an infant, gave promise of health, and even beauty; but having received an injury in the back, from a severe fall, his health from that time declined; he became weak and sickly, his form changed, and his back grew quite crooked. Thus altered, and his growth checked, he was no longer a pleasing object to behold.

His parents had no other child; and being very fond of their son, were greatly shocked by the change in his appearance.

Though not rich, they gladly spared all their savings to procure a doctor's advice ; but man's skill could not effect a cure ; the poor child's sickness and feeble frame became fixed ; and like other deformed objects, he could not move without drawing the notice of all he met.

It would have been wise in his parents to have made him as good as he was plain ; but they were weak enough to think that a child so afflicted should be indulged, and please himself in all things. Want of health made him feel every attempt either to vex or tease him ; and finding how much his parents yielded to his wishes, he looked for the same from others ; and when he did not gain it, he fancied himself ill-treated, and fretted till he was really very ill. Those of his own age who felt pity for his misfortune, became tired of his ill-humour, and would not join him in play if they could avoid doing so ; while the few who were so wicked as to despise one thus afflicted, only laughed at his peevish humour, and did what they could to worry him.

At these times he would return home in anger, and complain to his mother ; who, to make amends for the ill-treatment he had received, would pamper him with sweets, and

such things as she knew he liked ; though perhaps they might injure his health, and could not give ease to his mind.

He went to school with his young neighbours, and no doubt would have proved a clever scholar, had not his testy temper taken offence at the jokes of his playmates when he should have learned his lesson ; while the reproof such neglect drew from his master, brought on sulky moods, floods of tears, and the usual complaint of harsh treatment.

Not having strength for the common sports of youth, he could only join in a few quiet pursuits, in which he always wanted to take the lead ; and when he did not obtain his wish, he would withdraw in anger, and often in tears.

By such means he estranged from him all who really desired to shew him kindness ; and he would stand aloof while they enjoyed themselves, either displeased with their conduct, or sad in himself for not being able to share their pleasures.

He was standing in one of these last moods, and looking with tearful eyes on a party playing at leap-frog, when a young stranger came into the meadow, towards whom all ran forward ; and having cheered

his presence with loud huzzas, he quickly joined in their play.

This boy was the best leaper, and James drew a little nearer to witness his agile movements.

Just at this moment, his deformed figure caught the eye of the stranger, who, turning to a little fellow by his side, inquired "Who is that poor boy?"

"Why, James Ashton, with his crooked back," replied the saucy child.

"Hush, hush; he will hear you."

"No matter if he does, a cross, peevish fellow, he is none of us; let him play by himself, or go home to his mammy, and get a sugar-plum."

This unkind speech caused two or three others to laugh; while James seeing all looks fixed upon him, drew back, vexed as well as ashamed, and passed out of the meadows.

John Brown, the new play-fellow, had lately come to reside in the town; and although he had met some of the boys before, this was the first time he mixed with them all as a friend.

The figure of poor James had surprised him, for he knew not there was such a boy in the place; but not liking the manners of

the child he had spoken to, he asked the same question of a bigger boy.

The reply was, "James Ashton is a sad object to look upon, and no better at school, nor at play. He is always pining and finding fault; you could as well fly over the moon as give him content; we have had a fine worry with his whims and humours; but, by good luck, he has taken a huff with us all, and now only looks on, instead of joining us."

"Poor fellow," said John, "he is much to be pitied."

"Well, so he is," replied the other; "but we can't help his being crooked; therefore he should not be spiteful to us because he is a frightful sight."

"Oh! don't say so," said John, "he is a human being like yourself; and perhaps if his friends were more kind he would be more gentle."

"Well, wait till you know more of him; and then you will say his crooked back is the best part of him."

"I will try to know more of him, and expect to find him better than you describe him; for I can perceive you are none of you too kind to the poor child."

In a few days after this, John went to

school, where he saw and heard more of James. Sometimes he heard the master praise him, and sometimes rebuke him, for giving way to his fretful temper, which prevented his getting on as he could do, and reaching the head boy in the first class.

"He is no dunce," thought John; "but he must be a bad-tempered boy to be so angry that his faults are noticed by his teacher; and instead of trying to mend, he cries and looks sulky."

Again John met him in the meadows; he spoke not to any one, and when observed, slunk away.

"I fear he bears malice," said John; "for I perceive he scowled at George Green, who was punished for calling him crook-back."

"There goes King Wisdom," cried one of the boys, in a taunting tone.

James looked back, his face red with passion; but when he saw so many jeering faces, his anger died away, and he hastened on.

Tears started into John's eyes; "I tell you what," said he, "I will never play with, or call one of you friends, if you mock that poor boy again. I never was used to such conduct; and if you are always as cruel to

the deformed and crippled, I shall be sorry my father came to live in the town."

John's manner was so earnest, and he was so grieved, that the boys felt ashamed, and made various excuses; among which, James's bad temper was not the least.

As the kind-hearted John was going home, he overtook James, and as he passed, wished him good night. This he did in so friendly a manner, that James could not suppose he was making sport of him; besides, he had heard part of the speech John made to his play-fellows, and therefore he knew these words were spoken in kindness.

His eyes were swelled with weeping, and his face very, very pale; but a pleasing smile passed over his features as he returned the proper notice, and John's pity increased.

The next day, during school, John gave him many nods and smiles; and James, pleased with such notice, took great pains with his lessons, that he might not be disgraced before the young stranger, who had already shown much talent and steady attention to his learning.

Being so much engaged, he had no time to watch the looks of his school-fellows, to observe if they mocked him; and as each

lesson gained his master's favour, his pleasure was betrayed in his face, so that none could with truth upbraid him for looking cross or sulky.

When school was over, his master wrote a few lines upon a slip of paper, which he was to give to his parents, and make them happy in learning what a good boy he had been all day. And happy it did make them, while poor James never felt so pleased before.

When evening came, the boys met as usual; James did not as yet join them; but he drew nearer to view the sport, and sometimes spoke of the passing scene.

John asked him if he liked trap-ball; and George Green was going to answer for him, by saying he was too crooked to run after the ball, but John, with a frown, checked the forward boy.

James timidly replied, "that he was not strong enough for such rough games."

"Perhaps not," said John; "but if you try a little of the game every day, I dare say in time you will be able to join the best players amongst us; perhaps you like flying a kite?"

"Yes, very much indeed; but I have no pleasure in doing so alone, and I can never get any one to go out with me."

As he said this, the poor boy cast a look of mournful reproach on the group around ; many of whom, feeling they deserved it, began to find fault with his peevish, tiresome ways.

“ Stop, stop,” cried John ; “ no matter who has been wrong, it is never too late to mend. I do believe James has not been so good-tempered as he ought to have been, and I have proof that most of the present party have behaved very ill, nay, cruelly to him. I don’t think it will happen again ; but if it does, mind you, I am no longer a friend to those who so forget what is his due.”

Then taking James by the hand, he added, “ You and I are henceforth to be friends ; stick to your book as you did to-day, and you will quickly get beyond us all ; be cheerful and good-natured to your play-mates and they will return it, and never dare call you out of your name.”

The boys, one and all, promised to abide by these words ; and James would have given his consent, but he was so unused to kindness, that the words seemed to choke him, and he burst into tears.

John, taking him by the arm, led him out of the meadows ; and more than once was obliged to pass his hands over his eyes

when he looked at the feeble weeping boy by his side.

For the first time in his life, James had found a friend, and the very friend he most needed; for although he took his part and was always ready to adopt that play in which he knew the poor child could take a share, yet he did not indulge his whims, nor defend his conduct, when he saw that he gave way to ill-humours.

By degrees, James was brought into better habits; and as he lost his own failings, gave less cause to draw forth those of others.

At school there was no better boy; he had much quickness of parts, and was able to learn more than most children of his age; while the change in his feelings and temper, made his studies appear a pleasure, rather than a task.

Every child owning common sense, must know that a peevish temper will not make them strong; constant fretting injures the health and sours the spirits; and such used to be the case with James Ashton; but as he improved in these points, his health improved also, and he had no longer the look of sickness that made his features appear more plain than nature made them; and

besides, being more content with his neighbours and playmates, he did not quit them to be petted by fond parents, too apt to soothe his feelings by giving him food that was unfit for his age and weakness.

With John's help he made a handsome kite, allowed to be the best and largest in the town ; and happy he felt when, followed by a train of eager friends, he went forth to try its merits.

John guided the string until the soaring kite became steady at a great height, when he resigned the command to James, who then seemed king of the party.

As the little ones stood watching its progress, they could not help thinking that James must be a clever boy to make so noble a kite ; and John had assured them he had little hand in forming it ; and what made them think more highly of the kite-maker, was, his good-nature in letting them all hold the string by turns, and examine the brightly coloured star that adorned the middle of the kite. James on his part thought them all kind, and so changed in manner that he could not believe they had ever meant to offend him.

Not one word met his ear that could be taken as a hint at his person ; and during

this happy evening he quite forgot he was unlike other children.

The kite had finished its airy tour, and lay upon the grass, while all tongues were loud in its praise, when Mr. Scott the schoolmaster approached the spot. This good man was their friend as well as tutor, and his presence was therefore no check to the sports of his scholars. He stopped to view the new kite, and bestowed much praise on its makers; but, he added, that children who took pains with their learning were seldom dull at any thing else.

"My dear children," said he, "I cannot express the pleasure I feel in seeing you all thus happy, and of one mind. It has often grieved me to observe on what bad terms some of you lived with James Ashton, and I was sorry to see how much he widened the breach by his own conduct; yet the road to peace was plain enough. It was a happy day for my pupils when the parents of John Brown came to dwell in this little town; that docile and kind-hearted boy soon found out where the fault lay, and he took the very best means of setting all to rights."

"I am sure my little friend James must be aware of his value, and feel grateful for

such friendship; and I trust he will never lose his present good-humour, so well becoming him, and which has won the regards of his play-fellows."

James assured him the change had made him so happy, that he should never return to his old peevish habits.

"I believe you, my dear," said Mr. Scott; "and I think I may also rely on all present, that they will never again betray those ill feelings that wounded you, and made them objects of contempt. Let every one here think of the blessings he enjoys; let every one look around on all he sees, and tell me, who could improve the scene? No, I am certain you will allow that God's works are perfect; and if we can admire a tree, a flower, or blade of grass, shall we dare to despise a fellow-creature fashioned by the same great power, and, like ourselves, gifted with sense and feeling? Shape and size are of no value; but truth, wisdom, and virtue, are gems beyond all price."

GOOD, NOT BEST.

“What makes you so thoughtful, my dear John?” said his kind aunt.

“I was thinking,” John replied, “I was thinking, that I do not like bad people.”

“I don’t know who does like them, my love; a bad person, though covered with jewels, and possessed of sense and talent, can never be an object of respect—no John, we can only love the good and pious.”

“Good and pious,” said John, “but aunt, that is the same thing.”

“Not quite, my dear; persons may be kind-hearted, strict in their usual duties, harbour no ill-will towards their fellow-creatures, and be in the constant habit of doing good, yet not deserve to be esteemed as pious.”

“Piety, is a sincere love of God, a wish to please him in all things, and a daily respect for his laws and commands, not only doing right to please the good feelings his mercy bestowed upon us, but with a desire to prove ourselves worthy of such a gift.”

"We must believe in him, love him with all our hearts and minds, put our whole trust in him, and for every blessing he gives, return our most grateful thanks."

"Do you think children can be pious?"

"Yes, John; for although we cannot expect the young to perform every duty like their parents and friends, who have stronger minds, and a greater knowledge of the Scriptures, yet they may be sincere in what they perform, and try to deserve God's love, by learning and keeping his commandments, and turning from all he bids us avoid; they may say their prayers with a faithful heart, and keep his words in their minds; and were I to see a child who did all this, I should say, that is a pious child."

"Well aunt, I will try and do so, and perhaps I may be pious. Every body says I am good, for you know I never do what is wrong."

"I believe my dear, that you never do wrong with the intent to do amiss, but you are very young, and of course weak in judgment, so that it sometimes happens you are led into trifling errors, which your friends are kind enough to forgive, because they hope, when you are wiser, and older, you will correct such faults. But do not suppose

from this kindness on their part, that you are faultless ; no John, there is much to be done before I can allow my little nephew has no faults, and I must tell you, that no really pious persons think themselves perfect ; the vain boaster, and the proud of heart, cannot be pious. A lowly heart, and a humble hope of mercy, are two strong feelings of piety ; but if we are without fault, then we need no mercy, and therefore our prayers would be a mockery.

“The best of us may err, and God knew this, when he sent his only Son to secure pardon for our sins ; he did not send him to make the perfect better, for that would be impossible, but he came upon earth to redeem the wicked, for as the Saviour himself says, ‘There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth ;’ and another time he said, that ‘Human nature was liable to be tempted, but that God was faithful, and would not suffer man to be tempted above his strength, but would make a way for him, that he might escape doing evil.’ All this proves, that we are not always good as you seem to think yourself.”

“But I am not wicked, aunt !”

“Surely not, and I trust you will one day

be what we all desire you to be, good, and pious; meantime, keep your eyes open to your own failings, for self-conceit is a great hinderance to the gaining what you wish to gain; and we read of many whose prayers were rejected, because too much assured of their own worth: did you never hear the parable of the pharisee and the publican?"

"No," answered John, "but pray what is a parable?"

"A parable is a strong truth told under the figure of some striking objects, shewing the real meaning, though disguised in its forms. Our Saviour gave many of his precepts in this way, because it caught the feelings of his hearers, and was sooner impressed on their minds. Now I will tell you about the pharisee and the publican, and then you will know better what I mean."

"In those days, persons who collected the taxes were called publicans, and those who set themselves apart from others, because they believed they were more godly than all the world besides, were called pharisees; but you may be certain that such vanity and false pretence, were offences in the sight of their Lord and Saviour, whose humility was equal to his other virtues. It was to such as these, that he said, 'Two

men went up into the temple to pray, the one a pharisee, and the other a publican ;' and the pharisee stood and prayed, thanking God that he was not like other men, extorting from his fellow-creatures, dealing unjustly, yielding himself to crimes, or even as the publican then present ; and he ended his selfish boast by saying, that he fasted twice in the week, and gave tithes of all that he possessed.

"But the publican standing afar off, would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."

"I think the poor man was right," said John, "for it was both vain and wicked in the other, to boast of his goodness before his Maker."

"Just so, my dear ; and our Saviour when speaking of it, assured the people that the publican went down to his house more in favour of God, than the pharisee, for that those who praised themselves should be abased, and the humble exalted."

"This parable, though it mentioned but two persons, was meant as a warning to all who possessed the same fault as the pharisee ; and while it gave no direct offence to one, caused all to feel ashamed."

"Now I know what a parable is," said John, "and I will take care not to boast of my own goodness, lest I should be despised as the pharisee; but let me tell you what made me think about bad people this morning."

"Do you know, I saw a little boy yesterday, who was not much older than myself, yet he was a thief, and two men were taking him to prison. I am sure he must be very wicked indeed; and when I looked at him, I felt glad that I was so—that is, it made me feel happy to think I had never been so bad as that boy."

"You were right to check yourself, John; for besides forgetting your late intent, it would have been unjust to the poor child you mention, whose story I have since heard."

"Have you, indeed, aunt! Then pray tell it to me, for I should like to know who, and what he is."

"He is an orphan, my dear, and has no friends, nor kindred, except one uncle, a very bad man, who spends all the money he earns in idle pursuits, and when he has drank so much strong drink that his senses are confused, he is sure to beat and ill-treat this poor child, who has been kept on scraps

of stale meat and mouldy bread for many days, till he was nearly starved, and then the cruel creature turned him into the streets, where he met with wicked children, who at first won his regard, by sharing their food with him, and at last, taught him their own bad tricks; happy for him that his first error came so soon to light, for he will now be placed where he will meet no bad examples; he will be taught a trade, by which he may gain a living in an honest way; and still better, he will be taught to respect virtue, and shun vice."

"We may pardon this poor child, for he has been greatly tempted; and if he truly repents, and becomes a good man, he will merit greater praise than you deserve for doing what is right; because you have loving friends, who maintain and provide for all your wants, take pleasure in teaching you the duties of youth, and procure teachers to instruct your mind. With all these blessings, you would be a most wicked child to bring yourself into disgrace, and would deserve little pity from the world."

John paused a minute, and then said, that he owned he should be doubly faulty if he forgot his duty; and he hoped the poor boy would mend, and prove as good as

the best. "But tell me, aunt, do you think people will forget his faults, and be friends with him?"

"To be sure they will; who will dare turn from the contrite of heart, when our Holy Master hath said, 'That he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' Nay, he scrupled not to admit them to his presence; and when he once sat at meat with a pharisee, a woman of the city, and known to be a sinner, came into the house, and kneeling at his feet, washed them with her tears, and dried them with her hair, and having kissed his feet, she anointed them with ointment, and wept; for her spirit was humbled, and she looked to him as her Redeemer."

"Now the master of the feast, judging from his own proud heart, believed that Jesus knew not that she was a sinner; and he therefore doubted his being a true prophet. But his divine guest, knowing his thoughts, said, 'Simon, I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed them with her tears, and dried them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but she hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this

woman hath used ointment to my feet; wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven.' Then he bade the woman go in peace. If Jesus Christ could so act, what human being has a right to hold back from a repenting sinner?"

"Very true, aunt; and it has just come into my mind, that when Christ was crucified, the scornful Jews placed him between two thieves, yet he never complained, nor thought it a disgrace."

"I am glad you remember the fact, my dear; and I hope you do not forget how he behaved to the two sinners. One of these men was hard of heart, yet no doubt feared to die, and hoped that the power of the Son of God would rescue him from the death so nigh at hand; but when he found that Jesus sought not to save himself, he reviled his Saviour, saying, 'If thou be Christ, save thyself, and us.' But the other, conscious of his own sins, felt resigned to his punishment, and rebuked the partner in his guilt, asking him if he did not fear God? 'for we,' said he, 'suffer justly; but this man hath done nothing amiss.'"

"Did not our Saviour say something kind to this man?"

"Yes, my love; when the poor crea-

ture addressed him, praying that he would remember him when he came to his kingdom, Jesus answered him, ' Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' "

" What comfort that must have been to the dying man ; I dare say he did not think any more of the pains he was about to suffer."

" It must indeed have been a comfort to him ; and the same comfort is held out to all of us, if we repent as sincerely as he did."

" Such a consoling truth is enough to make us good christians ; is it not, my dear John ?"

" I think so, aunt ; but tell me, do none but Christians go to heaven ?"

" Yes, my dear ; many who are good and virtuous, whose minds have not been instructed, nor taught their duties to the Father of All, will be received into the kingdom of the Almighty ; for he, knowing their hearts, will have pity on the darkness of their state, and for the sake of his Son, who died for them, as well as others. Pagans who worship false gods and idols, knowing no better, are still objects of his care ; and it is quite wonderful to think how many of these, living in remote countries, and by us

reckoned as savages, and little better than the brute creation, are every day gaining a knowledge of God, and his Holy Word."

"We are taught that the white, the black, the prince, and the beggar, have an equal claim on God's mercy, if they deserve it; so that it greatly depends upon ourselves to be good; and the precepts of Jesus Christ are so just, yet so simple, that all may learn them, and live by their rules."

"All religion proceeds from God; but that which he made perfect in his Son is the last, and best in its forms; for others, which man has arranged, make people think too much of themselves, and have little hope for those who do not think like them; but the christian religion teaches that the whole world has an equal hope of being saved, which proves its justice, and this has inclined many to adopt it."

"And no wonder," said John; "for surely, if one person were to tell me I was so wicked that no matter how sorry I might be for my fault, yet they never could forgive me: and if another person were to say, that, badly as I had acted, yet if I would amend, and do right in future, that they would forgive and love me, why how could I forbear turning to the last?"

“ True, my dear John ; and just so the contrite spirit turns for comfort to the christian faith. There is nothing in the Bible to frighten a good mind ; and in the doctrines of our Saviour, there is every thing to cheer our minds, and render us happy.”

“ Well,” said John, “ I hope it does not shew pride nor conceit, to say that I am glad to be born a christian.”

“ Neither, my dear boy ; for who can help being glad that they know the path to virtue in this life, and bliss without end in the world to come ; but, as in other points, it is not enough to know the truth if we do not act upon it. What matters it, if I know my well-filled purse would afford relief to the distressed, if I do not apply the same to so good a use. Too many persons think that to know their duty, and have faith in the Scriptures, as the source of good, is all that is required of the christian ; but they err greatly ; for good works are needful as well as faith. Our Saviour found many willing to believe his power and greatness, and some who offered to follow him ; but when he put them to the trial, they made excuse either to bury the dead, or say farewell to the living ; and those who had much wealth and good things

of this world, were loth to give them up, even for so great a reward. Therefore, he who knew the secrets of all hearts, requires active proofs of our duty. 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in heaven.' These were the words of Jesus Christ."

"It is not so easy to be quite good as I thought," said John.

"The task is not so very great, my dear," observed his aunt; but we must not feel certain of being so, until we can prove it to ourselves. When you learn a lesson in a hurry, and think you know it perfectly, it often happens that when you come to repeat it, you find yourself at a loss, and are obliged to look at, and study it over again; not because it was too hard to be well learned, but that you trusted too much to your own ability, and did not learn it so thoroughly as to keep it in mind. So it is with persons who fancy themselves perfect, when they only perform common duties; their pride is wounded by not receiving praise they thought due; and they begin to fear it is very difficult to be really good. The best way is, to think well of others,

and humbly of ourselves ; for real merit is always modest, and shuns parade."

"And that puts me in mind," said John, "of what I saw last Sunday, when I was coming from church. A beggar asked alms of two little girls, and one taking out her purse, began to clasp and unclasp it so loudly, that all who passed, looked at her ; and I thought she looked quite pleased and vain ; but after all, she only gave the poor woman a penny, and that she asked of her mother ; but the other child slipped some halfpence into the beggar's hand, and hurried away, as though she did not wish to be noticed : I thought she must be a kind-hearted little girl."

"She appeared to be so, indeed, John ; and I rejoice to find you could so well discern charity from vanity."

"The hand that gives its secret aid,
Bestows a double boon ;
And though on earth 'tis lost in shade,
In heaven it shines like noon.


"Real charity avoids all show,
And shuns the public gaze ;
She gives alike to friend and foe,
For pity, not for praise.

"Give not from pride, nor silly boast ;
For that is no good deed ;
Be it your aim, not to give most,
But give where seems most need."

TIME MISpent;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF FALSEHOOD.



As a little boy, named Lawrence, was on his way to school, a fine spotted butterfly flew over his head, and rested on a bush, on the other side the road. Lawrence was quite charmed with its beauty, and tripped softly to the spot in the hope of catching it; but the insect was too quick for him, and spreading its wings, took a farther flight.

Lawrence, bent upon gaining the prize, pursued it, and more than once tried to knock it down with his hat, but he always missed his aim, and at last, it flew away over the fields; he climbed a gate and got into the first field, but no butterfly was to be seen. As he looked around, hoping to see it start in a new race, he heard the chirp of a grasshopper, and in a moment beheld one at his feet; so, because the butterfly had escaped, he tried to catch the

harmless skipper, whose quick motions led him a fine dance ; and in the end, he was obliged to give over the pursuit.

Lawrence was not a cruel boy ; and therefore did not chase these creatures with intent to harm them ; but he was idly inclined, and liked most things better than going to school. On this day too, he felt conscious that his lesson was ill-learned ; and he was ashamed, if not afraid, to appear in the presence of his master ; but, foolish child, he did not reflect that every minute of delay was adding to his folly ; and when he began to think in earnest the day was getting on, and he had come much out of the usual way, so that he was puzzled how to act ; but there was a garden through which the owner sometimes let the village children pass, and Lawrence thought he would make free to take the path in his present trouble. He did so ; but in passing the dog-house, old Griper snarled at him, and made him jump, and away went his feet through a cucumber glass. The noise caused some one near to call out ; and Lawrence hastened back as fast as his legs would carry him, and took the road again. In a few minutes he heard quick footsteps behind him, yet dared not look

back, till the person coming up, seized him by the shoulder; and Lawrence turning round, beheld the gardener.

The man knew him well, and was always civil to him.

"Pray youngster," said he, "was it you that broke my cucumber glass, just now?"

Lawrence saw by his looks that he did not strongly suspect him; so he was tempted to tell a falsehood, and get rid of the charge at once.

"No; indeed I have not been in your garden."

"I don't think you would tell me an untruth," said the gardener; "yet my man saw a little boy get over the gate with a satchel in his hand; and you have one, I see."

"Indeed, sir, it was not me."

"Well, I hope not child; because telling a lie would make your fault a hundred times greater."

Lawrence blushed, and felt very awkwardly, but he wanted courage to tell the truth; so he still denied it, and was allowed to pass on.

At school he was blamed for coming so late; and his lesson being badly repeated, a double one was given for the next day;

and Lawrence, with a heavy heart, put his books into the satchel, to return home.

Wishing to avoid the gardener, he made a wide circuit through the fields, and came out into the road, many yards beyond the scene of mischief; some few paces from which, stood his father, talking to a stranger.

"Here is my boy," said he, "and he can tell us; for he has come from school that very road."

"How lucky," thought Lawrence, "that I was not seen coming from the fields."

"Here, Lawrence, tell this good man if you met a lame boy in the village: you are sure he went the road way?"

"Quite sure, sir; for he is too lame to climb gates and stiles."

Lawrence found he must either own which way he had returned, and give his reason for so doing, or tell a falsehood, and say he had seen the boy. The last was the quickest method; so he replied that he did meet such a person in the village.

"And in which part of the village?" asked his father; "for your school is quite at the farther end."

"It was there I met him," said Lawrence.

"Did he turn to the right or left?" inquired the man.

"To the left," answered Lawrence; hardly knowing what he said.

"That is well; and now I think I had better turn back; for one can do the errand as well as two."

"Just so," said the father of Lawrence; and wishing poor Peter might succeed, he bade the stranger good-day, and walked on with his son.

Lawrence walked quickly, and talked fast, fearful of being asked questions; and for once in his life, was glad that he had a long lesson to learn; as it was an excuse for keeping away from the family till near bed-time. But although he wished to take pains with the new task, he could not divert his thoughts from the events of the morning, and he was loth to reflect on the part he had acted.

His mother, thinking he had pored over his books a long time, bade him take a little air in the garden, before he went to bed; but the walk did not refresh him; and after a few minutes he would have retired, had not one of his play-mates called to him over the wooden palings.

"Pray, Lawrence," said William, "did you see anybody nigh to Mr. Lee's garden when you went to school to-day?"

"I am not sure," said Lawrence.

"Because Mr. Lee had a cucumber glass broken; and as he met Mary Barnes just after it happened, he charges her with doing it; and says, when a pot of his prize pinks was thrown down, she was seen close to them almost at the minute."

"Poor Mary denies the mischief; and declares she never entered the garden, but went through the high road, and that she saw you before her, till you came to Mr. Lee's gate, and then she missed you."

Lawrence trembled for his secret; for it was plain Mary had passed while he was in the garden; yet he could with truth say that he did not see her; at the same time, by not telling how it was that she lost sight of him, he fixed the charge on the innocent girl.

Had it been broad daylight, William would have traced the signs of guilt that shewed plainly in the face of his friend; but the dusk of evening shaded his truth-telling features; and William bade him good night, without a thought of having been deceived.

At breakfast the next morning, Lawrence heard his father and mother talk of a poor widow, and soldiers, and Peter. He could not

make out the story ; but it seemed to concern the stranger he had seen with his father ; and his heart misgave him, as he thought the lie he then told might cause the party some trouble ; and more than once he wished to explain the whole matter ; but the task was too severe ; he wanted strength of mind to be candid, and own his error, so he went to school with a weight on his mind ; and although praised for saying his lesson quite perfectly, it gave him no pleasure ; he could only think of the falsehoods he had told, and the false blame attached to Mary Barnes.

Under these painful feelings, he was walking slowly home, when he met Mr. Lee's youngest son ; who, running up to Lawrence, cried, " See, what a pretty book I have found ! "

Lawrence looked and saw his own fable book.

" Where did you find this ? " said he.

" Why, among the cabbages, near to the cucumber bed ; and I am going to show it to mother. "

" Stop, said Lawrence, " and let me look at the pictures. "

The truth was, Lawrence knew that his name was written in the title page ; and

that if seen, would betray his having been in the grounds; so he coaxed the child till he had the book in his hands, when he tore out the tell-tale leaf, and crumpled it into his pocket.

"Now, all is safe," said he; but he could not add, "now I feel easy;" for he was all in a flutter, and his heart pained him sadly. His parents remarked that he was dull, and inquired if he were well, and his good mother kissed his cheek with much fondness.

Lawrence loved his mother; but he almost shrank from this kindness, feeling that it was misplaced.

Again Lawrence went to school, and again he returned home; and there he found a nice hot cake for his tea, which his mother herself had made; because he had eaten so poor a dinner. Lawrence tried to eat, and be cheerful; but he did not quite succeed.

Just as the meal was finished, the stranger who spoke to his father about the lame boy, came to the house door, which stood open.

"Your son made a great mistake," said he; Peter did not take the left hand road, as he said, but the right; and so got into

places quite new to him, and at last, he lost his way, and fell down a steep bank, where he was found lying senseless; thus, after all, he was too late: his poor brother had left the town before he got there."

"Only think—what a pity!" said the father of Lawrence; "poor Peter! it must grieve him very much;" and then he gave his son an account of the matter.

The eldest son of a poor widow in the next village had been so foolish as to enlist with the soldiers; but he soon repented, and wrote to his mother to try and get him off. The poor woman had gained friends to do so, and Peter was taking a letter to the captain of the regiment, when he mistook the road to the county town, and was so much hurt by the fall, that he was not able to reach the place until the regiment had quitted it three hours.

"I wish," added the good man, "that you had taken more notice of the road Peter took, for this kind friend of his mother was going after him, until you said you saw him turn to the left."

Lawrence made no answer; but he felt like a culprit, and looked the picture of sorrow.

"They tell me," said the stranger, "that

the soldiers halt at Horsham for a day or two; if I thought so, I would manage to go there myself; I might get a chance ride on the road."

"Oh, Father," cried Lawrence, "lend him your horse, and he will be sure to get to Horsham in time; do—pray do."

"Well, my dear, I am sure I am willing, very willing to serve the widow; and our good friend shall have the loan of Cropear in half an hour, at the farthest."

Lawrence was rejoiced, and the man most thankful.

Lawrence hurried into the garden to hide his tears; not that he was ashamed of feeling pity, but he was sorely conscious of having done wrong, and felt quite wretched.

To the garden came his father and mother; and as they walked about enjoying the sweet smell of their pretty flowers, both expressed a hope that their child would never cause grief like that the poor woman was feeling for her son. Lawrence wept.

"Come, come boy," said his father, "don't think too much of this affair; I doubt not but the wild lad will be brought back to his mother, and I hope, make amends for all his folly: but see, here comes neighbour Lee, with a bean-pot for you."

"I don't know whether I am neighbour Lee," replied that person, gravely; "for all the village seem agreed, that I am a very cross-grained man, and hard upon the poor."

"Then you are very much altered," cried his friend; "but what is the cause of complaint?"

"Why this: little Mary Barnes has twice done mischief in my grounds, and both times denied it stoutly, which I dislike of all things; so I have made her pay a trifle towards a new cucumber glass, in place of a large one she broke yesterday; and for this act of justice, the neighbours are crying out against my harshness."

"The mother is a poor woman, and I don't wish to distress her; but she persists in believing her child; who, she declares, never tells an untruth, even to serve herself."

"Well," said the mother of Lawrence, "I really do think she is the best girl in the village; and am apt to believe there is some mistake in the affair."

"No mistake, depend upon it; I saw her close to my gate a few minutes after; and though she says she came along the road, your son, who did so at the same

time, never saw her; yet she could not reach my farther gate without passing him: now, my little John has found this book in the garden, and I want to find out the owner."

"My Lawrence has one like that; but his name is written in the first page."

"Aye, neighbour, there is no name here: the book belonged to a dunce; for more than one leaf is torn out, and all the corners dogged, as they call it."

Lawrence came forward at his father's request, to view the book, and say if he knew who was its owner.

Confused, and trembling, he slowly advanced, and then, pulling out his handkerchief, began to blow his nose, in order to gain time; for he was at a loss what answer to give, and really wished to avoid another falsehood.

Alas! the whole was soon to be explained; for in drawing forth his handkerchief, he dropped the page of the book he had torn from the rest; and Mr. Lee, picking it up, opened and smoothed it.

Mr. Lee started, as he read, in a doubting tone, "Lawrence Farr, June the third; a gift from his dear mother."

"How is this?" cried his father; "speak

out boy, and explain, lest I should think you have been telling a string of base falsehoods."

But Lawrence could not speak out for some minutes; shame and remorse choked his words; and it was not until he had been relieved by a flood of tears, that he gave an account of his error from first to last.

"What a tale you tell me!" said his grieved parent; "I did not think my child could have acted in so base a manner; but, indeed, after telling an untruth, all the rest came easy enough. When you denied breaking the glass, you thought the truth would appear more plain if you also denied being in the garden; so there were two stories instead of one. When your bad conduct made you wish to avoid our friend Mr. Lee, you took a long road home, and then told a third falsehood, that I might not know you had done so; and it was this that stopped honest Thomas Scott from going after Peter, whose fall might have been spared him, and his brother overtaken in time; how you can clear your conscience of this, it is hard to say."

"And again, when poor Mary was falsely accused, you were cruel enough to con-

ceal the truth, and let her appear guilty; nay, let her hard-working parent pay money for an offence you alone had done. Then the mean trick of cutting out the leaf, that the book might not betray you, is, like the whole affair, shameful, and wicked."

"I know it is, father," cried the sobbing boy; "but indeed I did not mean to act so badly. When I denied breaking the cucumber glass I had no thought of doing more wrong; and you know I never do tell lies; and little did I think one falsehood would have led to so many."

"Why, child, there is nothing worse than a lie; it is the parent of the worst of crimes. A liar deceives his fellow-creatures, and insults his Maker, to whom he well knows his heart is laid open. I know not how I shall ever again put trust in you; and I should fear poor Mary would be hard to forgive such injury, did I not know her mother has taught her to be a good christian."


"I know she will forgive me," said Lawrence; "and I will go and tell her the truth, every word."

"And what will you say to the poor widow, and lame Peter?"

"Tell them the truth, father."

“ I must do that, Lawrence ; think not your credit will be so soon regained ; time only can prove you sincere ; your best friends will doubt, and your play-fellows and their parents will be yet longer in believing you are reformed. But, Lawrence, you have to make your peace with a higher power ; man’s forgiveness will avail little, if pardon be not given from above. The Almighty abhors the liar ; we learn from the scriptures, that such were punished with instant death. Solomon tells us, that ‘ Lying lips are hateful unto the Lord ; but they that deal truly are his delight.’ Truth lasteth for ever ; but falsehood is but for a moment, though it leaves disgrace that will never perish.”

LITTLE BELLA.



BELLA was the only child of a poor widow, who worked very hard to maintain her in a decent way, for she had but her own labour to depend upon. Bella loved her mother dearly, and never said yes, when her parent said no, for she knew what her mother said must be right; but she was a heedless child, and did not keep in mind what was said to her, and therefore, she was often brought into trouble, and even caused mischief because she did not attend to what had been told her.

Young people should listen with respect to what their elders say, or they will never profit by good advice.

Bella was a child; but little girls six years of age, must know right from wrong, and that they should obey their parents in all things. Once when her mother had a bad pain in her head, and brought some

physic from the doctor's, she charged Bella not to move it from the shelf where she had placed it. Bella promised not to touch it, and meant what she said; but some time after, she wanted a bit of string to fasten her doll's broken leg, and she looked everywhere about, and could not see any; so she opened the cupboard door, and looked up to the shelves, and at last she saw a bit hanging down, but it was too high for her to reach; then she fetched her stool to stand upon, and by stretching her arm, she caught the end, and gave it a pull.

The string was tied round a parcel, which of course came down with the string, and striking against the cup that held the physic, threw it to the floor, and broke it into many pieces. Bella cried when she saw the physic spilled, and the pretty china cup broken; but tears did not repair the mischief.

When her mother returned, she saw by the looks of her little girl, that something had happened, and soon she heard what had been done.

The good woman was sorry for the loss of her fine china cup that she had kept for many years with so much care: besides which, she must go without the physic, and bear the pain in her head another night with-

out relief. This made Bella weep sadly, and she wished the pain was in her own head, rather than that of her dear mother.

"Cry no more, child," said her mother, "but another time, think of what is said to you, and don't tell me you will obey my wishes, and then as soon as my back is turned, forget all I told you to do, or not to do.

Bella said she would indeed be more careful, and never neglect her commands.

"Don't promise too much, Bella, never is a long day; and indeed, it is telling an untruth, to say you will never do a thing, and perhaps forget your promise in a few hours. Bella said no more, but she felt cured of her fault.

Some days after this, her mother made a suet dumpling for dinner, and as she was obliged to go to market with the thread she had been spinning, she charged Bella to put it into the pot when the village clock struck twelve.

"That I will," replied she, "and there is no fear I shall forget it, for I am too fond of such a nice dinner.

But if there was no fear on her part, time proved that it was certain she did forget it, for soon as her mother quitted home, and Bella had peeped into the pot to see if the

water boiled, she ran into the garden just to see what made the old hen cluck so loudly, and then she fed, and played with the noisy thing, till Hannah, the milk-maid, stopped to bid her good day, and to tell her the meadows were full of butter-cups and daisies.

This good news was confirmed by the children coming from school, and she was tempted to join them in a race to look at the fine flowers. It was near twelve o'clock she knew, but then, she must hear the clock strike, because the church was close to the meadows, therefore there would be no harm done by going.

The meadows did indeed look gay, and the little party agreed to meet in the evening, and gather some of the blooming treasures.

In the midst of their plans, a little boy who had been leaning over a gate, lost his balance and fell into the road; he was not much hurt, but he cried very much, and as he was well known to Bella, it was proposed she should lead him home.

Bella was a tender-hearted girl, and took charge of him very willingly, coaxing him all the way, till he was safe in the hands of his parents, when she turned back to the meadows; but on a sudden, she thought of the dumpling, and the hour of twelve, and

meeting a neighbour, she inquired if the clock had struck twelve.

"Aye, long ago, child."

"Dear me, dear me," said Bella, and she ran with all her might.

The door was open, and Bella brought to mind that she had not fastened the latch when going into the garden, so she hoped her mother had not come back; but when she entered the cottage, one glance at the fire, shewed it had long burnt out, and the dish which once held the pudding, was empty.

Bella was all amazement, until a loud grunt made her look round to behold a dirty sow, munching away at the dumpling.

She tried to drive the creature out, but it would not stir while a bit remained, then it waddled away without driving, leaving Bella more vexed at her own conduct than the loss of a nice dinner.

This time her mother was angry, and said she could not again put trust in her.

Bella could make no proper excuse, and therefore was silent, but her tears flowed fast, and her good parent hoped the warning would prove of service.

And so it did for two whole weeks, during which, Bella was docile and steady; but

just as the third week began, being sent to buy some oatmeal, she met her friend Jenny Wells, who was running to the end of the village to see a number of grand soldiers, all dressed in red and gold, with loud drums, and sweet music, playing at every step they marched. Bella listened, and heard the sounds of fife and drum, which made her long to see the sight; but although pressed to join her friend, she refused, because going on an errand.

Now her mother bade her not walk too fast, as the day was warm; and Bella thought if she hurried on, and bought the oatmeal, there would be time to look at the soldiers, who, Jenny told her, would pass the shop to which she was going. So Bella ran as quickly as her legs would take her, putting herself into a great heat, and doing away the kind intent of her mother, who wished her walk to be a cool and pleasant one.

The oatmeal was soon purchased; but in her haste to take the change, Bella dropped a penny, which rolled under the counter, and could not be found in a moment.

A penny was too large a sum to be thus lost; and Bella was forced to wait until it was found; and that was at least, a quarter of an hour.

"It is too late for the sight," said Bella, as she turned from the shop; but seeing two or three persons run towards the fields, she followed, and asked one of them if the soldiers had gone by.

The man said yes; but that she could cross the fields, and turn into the Warwick road, where she would be sure to meet them.

Bella knew nothing of that road; but she was so silly as to take the man's advice, and when she reached the spot, hearing distant music, she followed the sounds, first one way, and then another, till they were no longer to be heard. Then Bella looked round, and the place being quite strange to her, she made her way into the fields; but they were not her own village fields, and she began to feel frightened; at last, her eye caught a church steeple, and poor Bella thought it must be that of her native place; so she hastened that way, but after climbing four stiles, and turning into a long lane, a church stood before her, and one that she had never seen in her life.

What could she do? no one was near to direct her, and the day was so hot, that she could scarcely stand under the heat of the scorching sun; and when poor Bella again

entered the fields and wandered among them until weary and alarmed, she sat down under a shady bank, and began to weep loudly. Her complaining was not answered, not a bird nor a leaf moved; the buzzing flies and herself seemed the only creatures abroad; and glad would the sobbing girl have been that she had returned home instead of gadding about like those insects; but such good thoughts came too late; she was far away from her dear mother, and quite at a loss how to proceed.

Crying, and the hot sun, made her drowsy, and after a time, she fell asleep; her head resting against the trunk of a tree, the money in her lap, and the pot of oatmeal by her side; and thus she slept for more than two hours, until she was roused by something pressing upon her hands and cheeks. Bella started on seeing a huge dog, who licked her forehead; but fright quickly yielded to pleasure, when she found her rough play-fellow was no other than dame Gay's good-natured beast, Trim.

Bella jumped up in a minute; but Trim ran away at full speed.

"Oh, don't leave me!" cried Bella, and tears flowed afresh; but Trim only ran into the next field to his mistress and her

son Joe, who were on their way home from Warwick.

It was easy to perceive by Trim's manner, that some friend was at hand; and Joe followed the dog, as he jumped over a gate, and ran towards the hedge; but great was his surprise, and Bella's joy, when he saw who that friend really was. Joe could hardly believe his own eyes, to meet little Bella three miles from her own native village, and he called loudly to his mother, to say who was there.

Bella explained the matter as well as tears would let her; and the good dame, though glad she was safe, gave her some harsh rebukes for being so wicked as to go after sights without her mother's leave.

A little farther on, the dame's covered cart was waiting for the mistress and her parcels; and poor Bella rejoiced to get rest for her weary limbs, and once more be in the right road.

Bella's meeting with her mother was a sad scene; for the poor widow, who thought her child was killed, had fainted with grief just as the truant was restored.

Little was said that night; but the next day Bella's mother had a long discourse with her on her bad conduct; and she

assured her that if she were not in future more dutiful, and more ready to act rightly, she would lose her love, and that of all her friends.

“Indeed, my dear mother, I will not mind soldiers, nor any sights again,” said Bella; “nor will I stay on an errand; so pray forgive me this time, and see how good I will be.”

Her fond mother kissed and pardoned her, saying, she would hope for better conduct; and she bade the young penitent pray to God to give her grace, and make her a blessing, and not a sorrow to her only parent.

From this time, Bella grew very fond of honest Trim, for whom she always had a bone, or a crust, with many kind words; for she said he was one of her best friends.

One day, her mother left her some work to finish in her absence.

“I expect,” said she, “that you will complete the bottom of this gown, and then it will be ready to put on in the morning, and make you look neat and tidy, as all children should do; it is not a very heavy task, and if you get through it before I return, you may play with your friends; but do not lose sight of the house.”

Bella promised all this; and then, having

washed her hands, she sat down to her needle, singing as blithe as a lark.

Jenny Wells looked in at the window: "Come, Bella," cried she, "put aside your sewing, and come with me to see my brother's new waggon, that he is dragging down yonder."

"No, Jenny, I cannot; for I am very busy."

"But never mind for once; can't you leave work for once? it is really very cross of you, Bella."

"No, indeed," replied Bella, "it is not cross; but I promised mother to finish my gown before I went to play."

"Well, will you join us bye and bye?"

"Yes, when I have done my job; but I can only play about the door, or the garden."

"What nonsense!" said Jenny; you may go farther, and yet not lose yourself as you did the day you went into the Warwick road. I told my mother that I would not go far, but I shall go down to the turnpike and see the fine tulips in Mr. Crow's garden—father says they are quite a picture."

"But that is a great way off," said Bella; "and I think your mother will say so too."

"Yes, if she knows it; but I will not tell her, and I hope no one else will, and then she will be none the wiser."

"It will be just as wrong in you, Jenny ; besides, you should never deceive your mother."

"Well, I know that ; but I must go and look at those fine flowers ; and perhaps I may tell her when I go home."

Jenny turned away ; and Bella, as she went on with her sewing, thought her friend was very wicked to act against her parent's order, and then try to conceal what she had done.

A willing mind, and nimble fingers, carried Bella through her task in good time, and she had half an hour to spare for her own pleasures.

After looking round her garden, and tying up some of the drooping flowers, she was going to seat herself on the bench at the cottage door, and read Goody Two-shoes, till her mother's return ; but Jenny again came to tease her about going to the turnpike, and taking her by the arm, tried to coax her on, saying she had waited till Bella had finished her work, not liking to see the fine sight without her.

Jenny appeared so kind, and spoke in such coaxing tones, that poor Bella had a struggle to resist ; but she looked down the road, and then at the cottage, and saw

that if she went to the tulip show, she must lose sight of home; and had she not promised her mother she would keep home in view? So she drew back from Jenny's arm, and said, that no fine flowers should tempt her to forfeit her word; and Jenny, seeing that her mind was fixed on doing right, gave up her cause, and took leave, as though she had received a great affront.

Bella did not like to part thus with her friend, for she was fond of her; yet when left alone, she felt no sorrow, but an inward pride in having obeyed her mother's wishes, and her book never read so prettily as after this trial.

Time passed, and still her mother was absent. Bella stood in the middle of the pathway and strained her eyes to discern the object she longed to see; but her mother came not.

Bella grew alarmed, and rambled round the house and garden to pass away the hours, till at length she could not view anything at a distance, on account of her eyes being full of tears.

On a sudden, she heard voices, and starting to the spot, saw her mother with two neighbours, conversing gravely. A minute brought her to her parent's arms; and

never were fonder words and kisses bestowed upon a child.

"My dear Bella," said the good woman, "I know how well you kept your promise, and that my child is one of the best children in the village: I heard it from one who did you justice, amidst all the pain she suffered."

Bella stared in surprise, and followed her mother into the cottage; where, seated upon her knee, she listened to that which made her shed a flood of tears.

Her silly friend, Jenny Wells, after leaving her, as we have read, walked down the road to view the tulips; but her journey was fruitless, for no children were allowed to enter the garden; so all Jenny could do, was to climb a low wall, and look at the flower-beds on the other side. She managed to climb up; but not being able to keep her hold, she fell backwards to the ground, and rolled over into the road.


The fall was not a bad one; and she would have received a slight bruise only, had she not frightened a horse waiting for a person who had come to view the sight. The creature started, and gave her a violent kick on her left leg, and broke it in two places.

Bella's mother was passing at the time, and helped to carry the poor child to her grieving parents.

"Oh, my dear Jenny!" sobbed Bella, "how very sorry I am: but will not the doctor cure her leg, mother?"

"I fear not, my dear; he says there is little hope of her using it again; and if it please the Almighty to spare her life, we must be content to see her lame: let my dear Bella be thankful that she was not tempted to go with Jenny, whose pain and trouble spring from her own conduct. Right and wrong are only one step apart; but when we know that the one leads to good, and the other to evil, who would not prefer the first?"

LITTLE EMMA.



EMMA was a very pretty, smiling little girl, who was much noticed by strangers, for she seemed always in good humour, and not rude, nor cross, as many children are, at times when things turn out in a way they do not like. Emma had lived two years with a kind aunt, because her parents were gone abroad to a very distant country; but when she was six years old, they returned to England, and did not lose a moment in going to their child, whom they took to their own home.

Emma loved her aunt so well, that she grieved and fretted very much when parting from her, but in a very little while, her mother became still more dear to her; for nature guides the heart of a child to its parent, so that there is no other love so sweet and lasting. We may suppose how

glad Emma's fond mother felt, to have her child once more under the same roof as herself, and with what delight she watched her lively actions, and listened to her prattle; but partial as she was to the engaging girl, her good sense perceived many foibles that it was proper to correct.

Few aunts could have done their duty with more good will than Emma's aunt had done towards her neice; but although she taught her to read and spell, as likewise to work with her needle, and made her repeat her prayers night and morning, she was apt to indulge her in many things which were likely to spoil her temper, and injure her health, and when such was the effect, the fond aunt would coax and bribe her to return to what was right, and call her the best girl in the world if she listened to reason.

Emma's mother was sorry to observe the mischief this conduct had produced; but as sorrow would not cure it, she resolved to use all the power of a good mother to lead her child into better methods.

Emma being too young to judge for her own good, thought her aunt's plan the best, and now and then looked rather cross, when obliged to obey her mother; but these clouds of humour soon dispersed, and again she was

the pleasing little girl that everybody liked.

Emma's parents lived in London, and one day a servant told her they were going into the country for a week.

"Then pray Martha, make haste with my spencer," said Emma, "or it will not be finished in time; and I should not like to go in either of my old ones."

Martha replied, she did not think that Emma would be one of the party.

"Not take me!" cried Emma; "O, I am sure they could not go without me; my dear aunt never left me at home when she was going away from it."

"Very likely, my dear; but your own mother must know best; and if she chooses to leave you at home, be assured it is quite proper for you to remain there."

Emma did not agree with Martha; for it appeared to her it would be a very hard case; but she hoped Martha had made a mistake, and she longed to hear more about the coming journey.

That same day she heard her father tell a friend where he was going, and he spoke of her mother's going too; but her name was not mentioned; and soon after this, she heard that two places were taken in the mail coach, and Emma could reckon well

enough to know that two was not three; therefore, it was plain she was to remain behind.

Tears started to her eyes, and she wondered how it could be; the plan was so unlike her aunt's plans; yet her mother said she loved her better than a hundred aunts could love.

Emma was aware that her mother was firm in word and deed, and she had sense enough to be certain that all she could say would not induce her mother to turn from what she thought right; so she began to think of the only advantage left; which was, to gain a reward for bearing the trial with patience.

She could call to mind the many handsome toys and nice tarts given her by her aunt for yielding to her wishes, and surely her mother would be yet more pleased.

"Do you leave town to-morrow?" said Emma to her mother.

"Yes, love; and I hope to return to it in a fortnight; for I shall not feel happy at a distance from you."

"Thank you, mama; and I am sure I shall be very dull without you, though I will not cry at being left at home by myself."

"I hope not, Emma; for that would be playing the baby."

"But I will not even fret, nor put myself out of temper, like some children aunt used to tell me about."

"Sorry should I be, Emma, if you were a child of that kind; and to tell you the truth, my dear, I expect you will behave as well in my absence as you do now I am with you."

Emma was puzzled: this did not look like reward; yet she could not believe her mother would allow such good conduct to pass without a proper return.

After some minutes of silence, and seeing that her mother went on with her work as if she had nothing more to say on the subject, Emma put the question boldly.

"What will you give me, if I behave well, and do not cry all the time you are away?"

"Give you, child! why nothing, but kisses: it will be doing me no favor; for, as I said before, I expect you to be good; and as doing right always makes people happy, you will be serving yourself by behaving well."

Emma coloured highly; she felt rather ashamed, but at the same time vexed

that she should not be praised for conduct which her aunt used so greatly to extol.

Again she was silent; but her anxious mother read in her lively features how much was passing in her mind.

"My dear little girl," said she, "I am sorry to perceive that you do not value my love more than foolish toys, and sweet things, that can never do you good; if you only do well in the hope of reward, it cannot be called doing your duty; so that one may say you are good from a cunning motive, and not to please your friends or obey them."

"But," said Emma, "my aunt never went from home without bringing back something for me; and when she heard I had been very, very good, she used to give me money to spend as I liked."

"Indeed! that was a pity, Emma; but your kind aunt was fearful of your being unhappy while your father and myself were at a distance, and therefore indulged you against her better judgment; but, as your parent, I will never bribe you to do right, though I expect you will do so, and be quite content with my love in return."

Emma made no answer; but, somehow, she felt that her mother spoke the truth,

and she tried to smile, and to check the tears that were making haste to her eyes.

No more was said, and the day passed as usual; but on the next morning, this little girl parted from her dear father and mother with real regret; nor did she repress the tears that flowed fast as they bade her adieu.

Emma saw both her parents were grieved also; and her love for them felt so strong, that she desired no better.

When they had been gone some hours, she regained her spirits in a degree, though not to feel happy enough to go to play, so she sat at the parlour window, and looked at the people passing, till she was tired; then she seated herself at the table, and began to inspect the contents of her pretty work-box, and to place them in order; after which, she dressed her doll, looked over a book of pictures, and then a box of shells.

By the time all this was done, the clock struck eight; and Martha having brought some cherry tart for supper, she ate of it, and went to bed.

What more could a little girl desire, than to be so amused, and have a nice supper; yet Emma, though she did not complain,

thought more might have been done for her, seeing how very well she behaved when thus left alone.

Emma was very partial to Martha, the young woman who had charge of her, and never behaved rude, or unkind to her; but at this time she was not quite pleased to find that Martha did not indulge her because her mother was absent.

"They are all alike," said Emma, "and expect me to be good, for goodness sake; but my dear aunt was far more kind."

Then Emma thought awhile, and her heart told her, that no one in the world loved her better than her mother, who took such pains to teach and improve her.

Children get used to what is right, quite as soon as they do to that which is wrong, and, of course, feel more happy, so that Emma quickly forgot that she was not to be paid for doing what was really for her own advantage.

One day a lady called, to see how she looked in the absence of her parents; and she asked Emma to come and spend a day with her son and daughter.

Martha said she knew it would please her mistress, and therefore Emma gladly consented to pay the visit.

The lady lived at Hampstead, and she desired Martha to bring Emma in the stage.

Emma was fond of the country, and liked playing in gardens and fields, better than walking in streets and squares; so this visit promised a great treat.

The day arrived, and proved very fine; Emma was soon dressed, and ready for the journey, and after a short walk, Martha and she got into the stage, and had a pleasant ride to Hampstead.

After a kind welcome from her mother's friend, Emma went into the garden with her young friends, who seemed to take pleasure in shewing all that was worth looking at. Mary was two years older than Emma, and her brother was just Emma's age. The little girl was friendly and polite, but John gave them much trouble, and obliged them to forego pleasure, lest he should do mischief.

When in the greenhouse, Mary shewed Emma a fine tall plant with a lovely blossom, but it was so slight that it would not bear touching: John knew this, yet kept pulling one leaf, and then another, till both the little girls feared he would destroy it. At last, Mary promised to give him a red purse, and then he was quiet.

When they walked round the garden, he picked half-ripe currants and ate them.

"Pray don't eat these currants," cried Mary, "they will make you ill, you know they will, John."

John took no notice, but picked some gooseberries.

"O dear! O dear!" said his sister, "how can you be so naughty, brother; if you will but wait till after dinner, you shall have plenty of ripe fruit."

"Will you let me pick and choose?" asked John.

"Yes, I will, indeed, brother."

John then quitted the gooseberry bush.

How greedy he must be, thought Emma; but in a minute she found he did not alone covet things to eat. When they returned to the drawing-room, he threw himself upon the sofa, and began to toss his feet about, till the gravel sticking to his shoes, left the marks upon the fine chintz cover.

"You are spoiling the sofa, John," said his sister; "with the dirt on your feet, you had better put your feet down."

John made no answer, but kicked away.

Mary looked ashamed of his conduct, and coaxed, and threatened by turns.

"I tell you what Mary," said he, "if

you will give me the silver pencil-case grandpa gave you at Christmas, why I will leave the sofa at once."

"O, John, how can you expect me to give you what I so much value?"

"O, very well, very well," answered he; "then I shall stay where I am;" and he drew his feet over the cushions.

"See, see, what you are doing," said Mary, "really you are a very tiresome boy; but get down, and you shall have the pencil-case."

John then jumped from the sofa, and walked to the window.

When dinner-time came, Emma saw all that was nice before her; but John did not allow the young folks to enjoy what was so kindly provided; he was always doing mischief, or putting his fingers into the dishes, and would not forbear, until he had a promise of reward for being good.

"What a pity," said Emma, "Mary gives away so many pretty things to such a rude, greedy boy."

Mary had a large baby-house, a wax doll, and a great many books, all of which she put before Emma, thinking to amuse her; but John meddled with all, and so roughly, that he did harm to all; and to prevent his

quite spoiling them, Mary bribed him every time he was so engaged.

They drank tea in the drawing-room; and Emma was surprised to see that John's mother had no control of his conduct but by the same means; for he would not cease bending the sugar tongs, until his mother said if he would leave them alone, she would buy him a new whipping-top. Then he pulled the handsome bell-handles nearly from their ropes, and ceased not, without a promise of going to town with his father the next day: in short, all John did or said was wrong, but he was not reproved, nor punished; there was a bribe for every fault; and it appeared that he was never good, or even well-behaved, but while making a bargain.

Mary's pleasant manners, and her numerous play things, would have rendered this day quite a holiday; but there could be no pleasure nor comfort with a boy like John; and Emma, who had so often wished for a brother, on this day felt happy that she had none; and when the stage arrived to convey her to town, she gladly seated herself by Martha, and turned her back on a country house, twice as large as her father's town one, and thought she would

sooner walk in a dirty street, than ramble through the loveliest garden, if John were to be of the party.

No sooner was she seated at home, than she began to relate all that happened, and to ask what Martha could think of such a tiresome child.

Martha declared she should dislike him very much, and would not live in the house with him; but at the same time, she blamed his mother and sister, for adding to his failings by such silly treatment.

"He should meet disgrace and rebuke," said Martha, "and not reward; no child can possess a good heart, that will not be good without a bribe. I much fear master John will bring sorrow upon his friends."

Emma went to bed, quite certain that it was very silly in parents to bribe their children, and very wicked in children not to do right without one.

No child could behave more docile than this sweet little girl, during the whole of her parents' absence, and when they returned, her joy was not checked by the fear of a bad report of her conduct. All the servants spoke in her praise; and Martha told her mistress, that Emma had been good because she wished to do right, and not from a wish to gain by it.

No present, no bribe, could have pleased Emma half so well as the kisses of her delighted mother; and they had not been long together before the candid girl owned, that she had once looked for other rewards.

"But," said she, "what you said at parting made me think a little, and after I had been to Mrs. Newton's, I was sure all you said must be right, for John is just what I might have been if you had not seen my faults. How shocked you would be to see how he behaves, and how he teazes that sweet, gentle Mary!"

"I should, indeed, my dear; but I rejoice you have seen the effects of such habits, because it has taught you to despise them, and to feel, that in performing your duties, you are only obeying the will of the Almighty, and the wishes of your parents; to neglect either of which, would be a crime. None but the good are happy, and those who are so, need no better reward than their own feelings."

VALUABLE WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

JUST PUBLISHED, BY W. DARTON & SON,

IN ROYAL 18MO.

With a Map, and Illustrative Plates, Price 3s. 6d.

THE
NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN ;

CONTAINING

THE CHARACTERS OF THE FIVE PRINCIPAL
VARIETIES OF MANKIND ;

*Comprising the Views of Blumenbach, Pritchard, Lawrence,
Buffon, &c.*

“We have before now, under such a title as this, discovered a mass of lurking scepticism ; but we are happy to say of this volume, that it is intended to counteract this mischievous tendency of our fallen nature, by exhibiting physical and scientific evidence of a common origin of the human race. As many from ignorance of facts, have been greatly perplexed with the varieties of colour and shape among the several tribes of mankind, a brief and well-written work on such a subject was greatly wanted, and we are happy to say it is now supplied. The anonymous author has ably exposed the gross ignorance and insufferable flippancies of Monboddo and Rousseau, and has shown to a demonstration the identity of man in every clime, and under every physical change that has passed upon his bodily conformation.”—*Evangelical Magazine.*

TESTIMONIALS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN.

"This is one of the best little books that we have met with for some time. It familiarizes the young student with inquiries, which in point of importance and utility, are of the highest order, and to which learning and philosophy have applied their greatest resources. The order of the work is clear, and its execution able and satisfactory.

"Man is first considered in relation to the inferior animals;—the five varieties of the human species are then pointed out, and afterwards described at length. An exposition of the causes of these varieties is added, and the volume closes with an account of the ancient Indians and Egyptians, as the originators of the civilization of the Caucasian race. A Map of the World so constructed as to show the localities of the five races is given by way of illustration, and there are also heads of the five varieties. We can only add an expression of our extreme pleasure at seeing a work upon this subject prepared for the use of the rising generation, and compliment the editor upon the ability with which he has executed his task."—*News and Sunday Herald*.

"The physical economy of man, and the varieties of the human species are treated in this little work with clearness and ability. This book may be consulted by young readers with advantage; for, although it does not contain any novel theories, or elucidate any facts in the natural history of man which have not been already expounded, it possesses the merit of being written in a popular and familiar way, which will make it intelligible to the capacity of youth."—*Atlas*.

W. DARTON AND SON, HOLBORN HILL.

JUST PUBLISHED, BY W. DARTON & SON,

In Royal 32mo.

NEATLY HALF-BOUND, WITH BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS,

THE

PARABLES OF THE LORD JESUS,

In Two Series, Price 2s each,

BY THE REV. BOURNE HALL DRAPER.

"The Author of these small volumes has conferred no trivial obligation on our youthful readers."—*Baptist Mag.*

"These are a couple of delightful little books, which require only to be known to insure an extensive circulation. They are peculiarly adapted to the rising generation; they will be perused with pleasure and profit by persons of mature years, whose minds are accessible to the influence of religion. As the author has very judiciously abstained from controverted points of doctrine, his labours will, no doubt, be more generally estimated by the great mass of the christian community. The 'Parables' (forty-two in number) are unfolded in a plain, easy, unassuming manner; the language is mild, simple, and affecting; the sentiments are just, and not unfrequently pathetic. The entire work seems to flow from a warm heart, and to be the production of a benevolent mind; it is religious without bigotry, and pious without cant."—*True Sun.*

"Liberal piety and common sense are the characteristics of the volumes, which are neatly published, and entitled to our hearty commendation."—*News and Sunday Herald.*

W. DARTON AND SON, HOLBORN HILL.

JUST PUBLISHED, BY W. DARTON & SON,

In fancy embossed leather, gilt edges. Price 4s. 6d.

SECOND EDITION,

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY,

BY THE REV. BOURNE HALL DRAPER.

"We are glad to see that 'The Art of Being Happy, chiefly from the pen of M. Droz,' by our valued friend Dr. Draper, of Southampton, has reached another edition. This beautifully printed book is filled with wise counsels and admirable thoughts, on the great topics to which it relates, and those are matters of the first importance to mankind. The work, too, has been greatly improved by its American, and still more so by its English editor. Altogether it forms a beautiful present from the hand of Friendship."—*Family Magazine*.

"It will teach the motives, principles, and duties, which should regulate our intercourse with our own minds, and with the world, and is thus calculated to be a boon to all who would live well, and feel that 'peace within,' the germ of happiness in this world, and the type of it in that which is to come. We cordially recommend the work."—*Educational Magazine*.

W. DARTON AND SON, HOLBORN HILL.

SELECT WORKS,
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DARTON AND SON.

Price Three Shillings and Sixpence each.

I.

THE AMARANTH,

A Selection of Religious and Perceptive Prose, by B. H. DRAPER, elegantly bound in rich watered silk, with a portrait of the Rev. ROBERT HALL, and other Engravings.

II.

THE DIADEM,

A Selection of Poetry, chiefly Modern, bound in rich watered silk, with plates.

III.

THE EVERGREEN,

A Selection of Religious and Perceptive Poetry, elegantly bound in rich watered silk, with a portrait of James Montgomery.

IV.

LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN,

With his Reflections and Maxims, by B. H. DRAPER, with a Plate of his celebrated Treaty with the Indians, &c. bound in rich watered silk.

V.

ELLIOTT'S RUSTIC EXCURSIONS,

In the Towns and Villages of England, 12mo. fancy cloth, gilt edges, many plates, new edition.

VI.

A VISIT TO LONDON,

Embellished with new plates, 18mo. bound in roan embossed, gilt edges.

SELECT WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Two-Shillings-and-Sixpenny Books.

- 1 Adventures of a Donkey, 18mo. half-bound
- 2 Alchymist, (the) by the Author of Aunt Mary's Stories, fancy cloth, gilt edges
- 3 Anna and her Doll, by Esther Copley, fancy cloth, gilt edges
- 4 Blair's Mother's Question Book, half-bound
- 5 De Tout un Peu; ou Mes Loisirs, par A. F. E. Lépée, 12mo. half-bound.*

* This is one of the best prose collections that has been published for persons, whether adults or others, who are commencing the study of the French language.

- 6 Elliott's (Mary) Book of Birds and Beasts, many coloured plates
- 7 Elliot's (Mary) Confidential Memoirs; or, Adventures of a Parrot, a Greyhound, a Cat, and a Monkey, with plates
- 8 Evergreen (the), a Selection of Religious and Perceptive Poetry, new edition, with a Portrait of James Montgomery, 32mo. boards.
- 9 Hoffland's Affectionate Brothers
- 10 ——— Alicia and her Aunt
- 11 ——— Barbadoes Girl
- 12 ——— Blind Farmer and his Children
- 13 ——— Clergyman's Widow
- 14 ——— Daughter in law
- 15 ——— Elizabeth and her Three Beggar Boys*
- 16 ——— Good Grandmother
- 17 ——— Merchant's Widow
- 18 ——— Panorama of Europe
- 19 ——— Rich Boys and Poor Boys
- 20 ——— Sister
- 21 ——— Stolen Boy
- 22 ——— William and Uncle Ben
- 23 ——— Young Northern Travellers
- 24 ——— Young Crusoe
- 25 Isabella, or the Orphan Cousin, by a Clergyman's Daughter

DARTON AND SON, HOLBORN HILL.

SELECT WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Two-Shilling Books.

- 1 Cowslip Gatherers, by Esther Hewlett
- 2 Dudley Castle, by Mrs. Sherwood, in embossed leather, gilt edges
- 3 Elliott's Tales for Boys, English, many plates
- 4 ————— French, ditto
- 5 ——— Tales for Girls, English, ditto
- 6 ————— French, ditto
- 7 ——— Juvenile Tales, English, ditto
- 8 ————— French, ditto
- 9 ——— Easy Lessons, French, ditto
- 10 ——— Trifles, French, ditto
- 11 ——— Short Stories, French, ditto
- 12 ——— Tell Tale, French, ditto
- 13 ——— Scripture Sketches, many plates
- 14 ——— Amusements for Girls, ditto
- 15 Food for the Young, by a Mother, with plates
- 16 Henry, a Story, by F. B. Vaux, 12mo., half-bound
- 17 Juvenile Wreath (the)
- 18 Learning, better than House or Land
- 19 Live Doll (the)
- 20 Miniature Life of Christ, with 24 coloured plates, and letter-press descriptions, 48mo. fancy cloth, gilt edges
- 21 ——— History of Joseph and his Brethren, on the same uniform plan as the above
- 22 ——— Life of Moses, the Servant of God, ditto
- 23 ——— Trades and Professions, 24 coloured plates and letter-press descriptions, ditto
- 24 ——— Elements of Botany, with 24 coloured plates and descriptions uniform with the above. Part I.
- 25 Miniature Elements of Botany Part II.
- 26 ——— ditto ditto Part III.
- 27 ——— ditto ditto Part IV.
- 28 ——— ditto ditto Part V.
- 29 Robinsoe Crusoe, plates
- 30 Rural Employments, by Mary Elliott, many plates
- 31 Something New, by the Author of "Ornaments Discovered"

DARTON AND SON, HOLBORN HILL.

SELECT WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Price one Shilling and Sixpence each.

- 1 Aunt Mary's New Year's Gift
 - 2 ————— Stories
 - 3 ————— Pleasing and Instructive Stories
 - 4 Aunt's Advice, by Mary Bosanquet
 - 5 Buxton Diamonds, or Grateful Ellen.
 - 6 Cotton's Visions
 - 7 Dudley Castle, by Mrs. Sherwood
 - 8 Family Tales, by Amelia Stubbs
 - 9 Life of Mary Queen of Scots
 - 10 Honeysuckle (the); or, Poetical Sweets
 - 11 Innocent Poetry for Infant Minds, by Mary Elliott,
plates
 - 12 Mother's Care Rewarded
 - 13 Poetical Piece Book
 - 14 Precept and Example, by Mary Elliott, plates
 - 15 A Story for Boys, 18mo.
 - 16 Sherwood's Golden Chain
 - 17 ————— Obedience
 - 18 Simple Truths in Verse, by Mary Belson
 - 19 Songs for the Nursery, plain plates, square 16mo.
 - 20 Sunflower, or Poetical Truths, by Mary Elliott
 - 21 Use of Sight (the); or, I wish I were Julia
 - 22 Winter Scenes, half-bound, three plates
 - 23 Young Reviewers, by Mrs. Hewlett
 - 24 View in London, with copper-plates
 - 25 Watts's Songs ditto
 - 26 Poetical Extracts ditto
- 32mo. neatly bound in fancy cloth, gilt edges.*
- 27 Gregory, and Economy, with plates
 - 28 Mason's Select Remains, with portrait
 - 29 Pious Gleanings, by the Editor of the Diadem, with
frontispiece
 - 30 Fenelon's Reflections and Life, with portrait
 - 31 Modern Infidelity, &c., by the Rev. Robert Hall, with
portrait
 - 32 Scripture Portraits, in Verse
 - 33 Guide to True Peace

DARTON AND SON, HOLBORN HILL.

