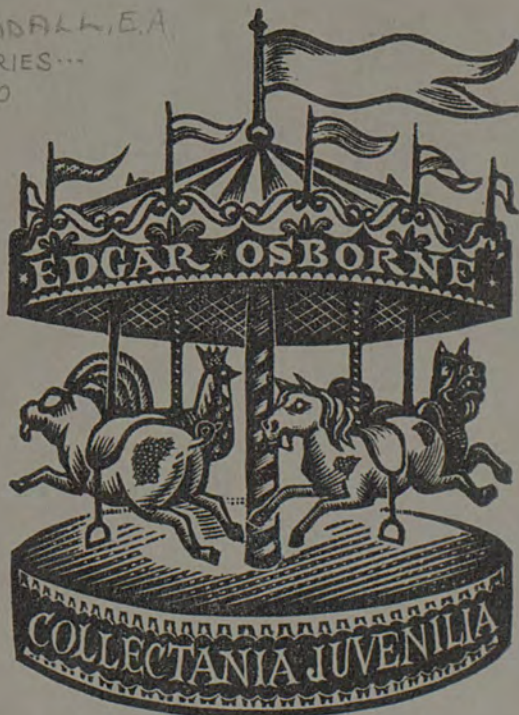






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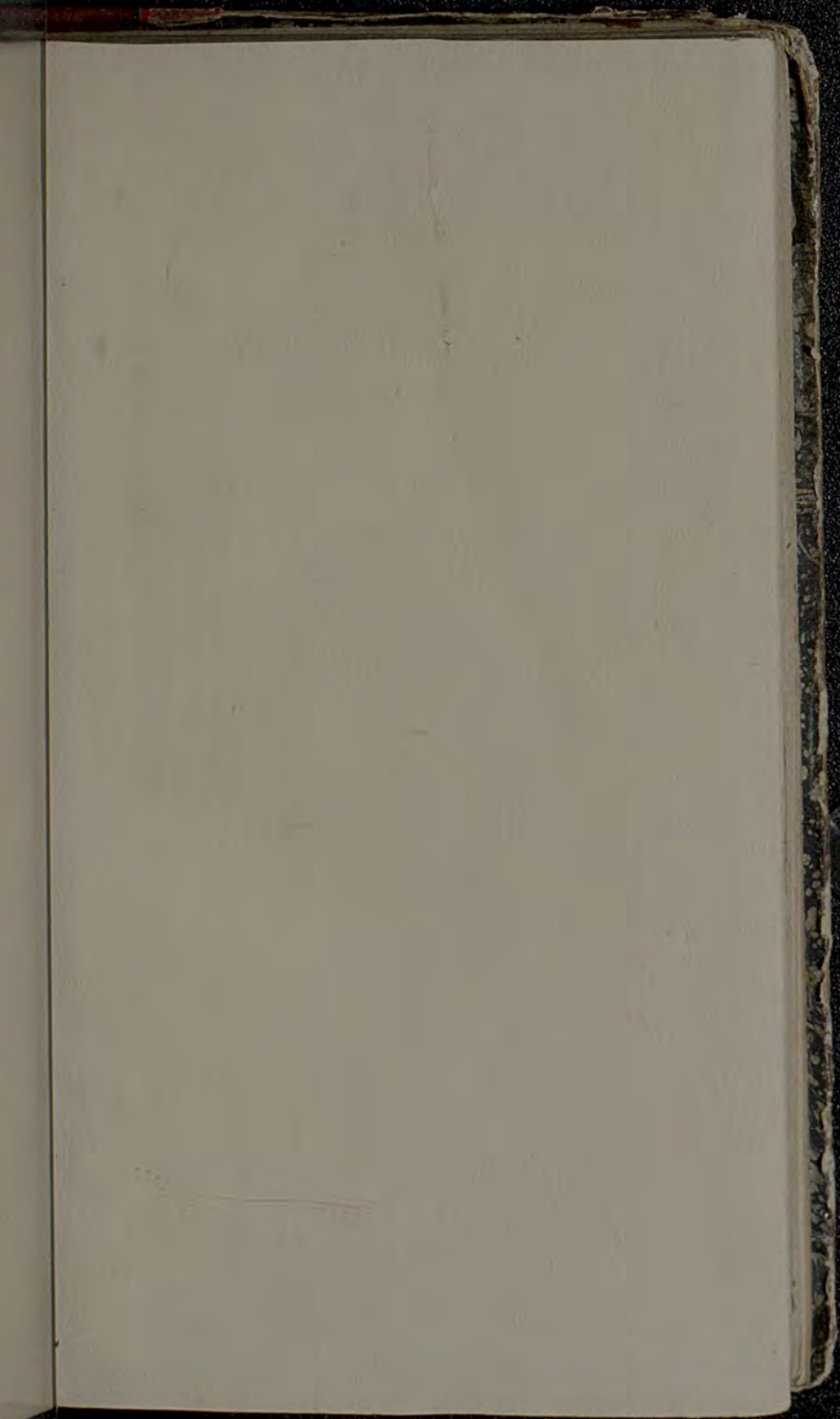


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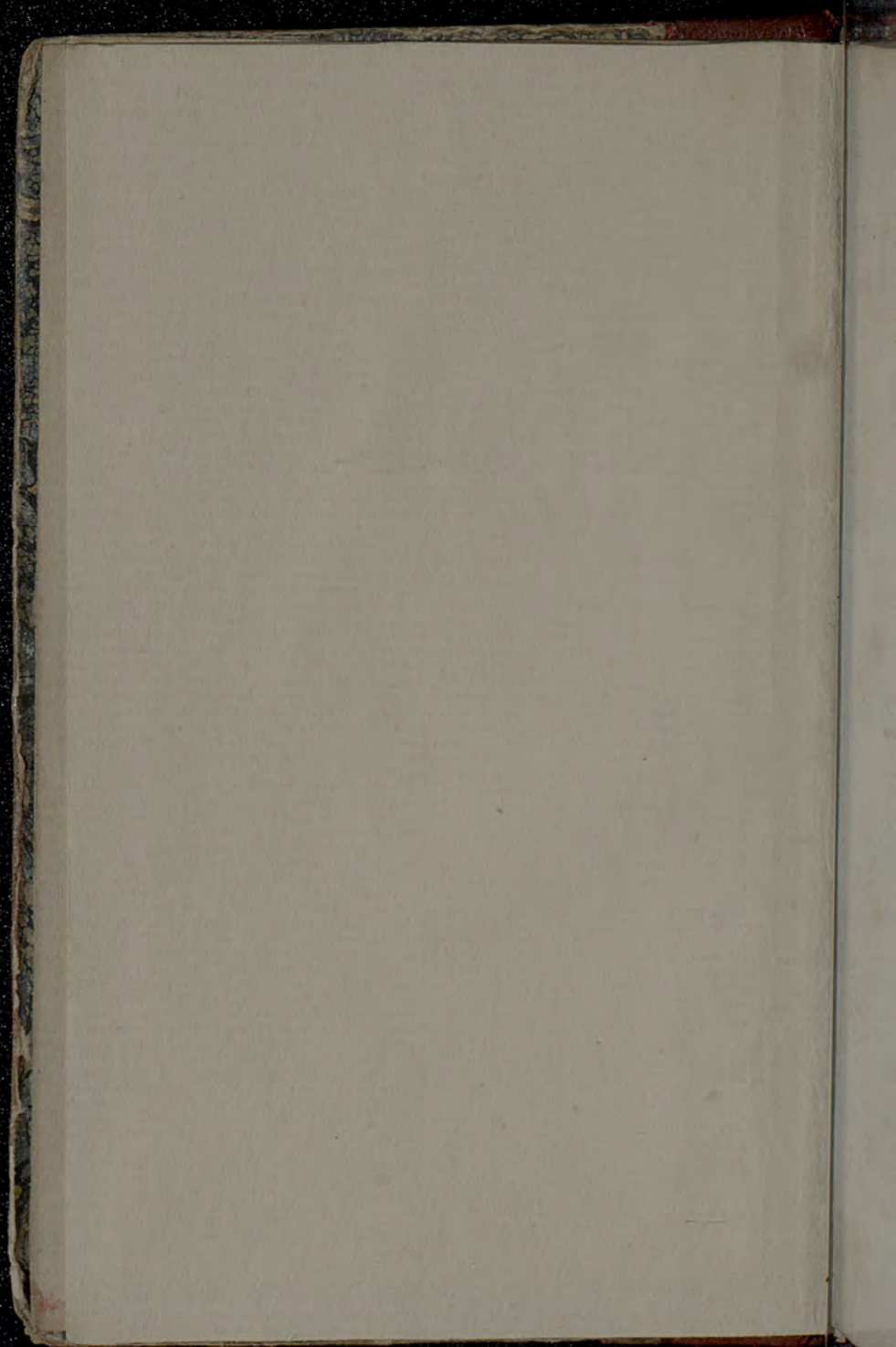


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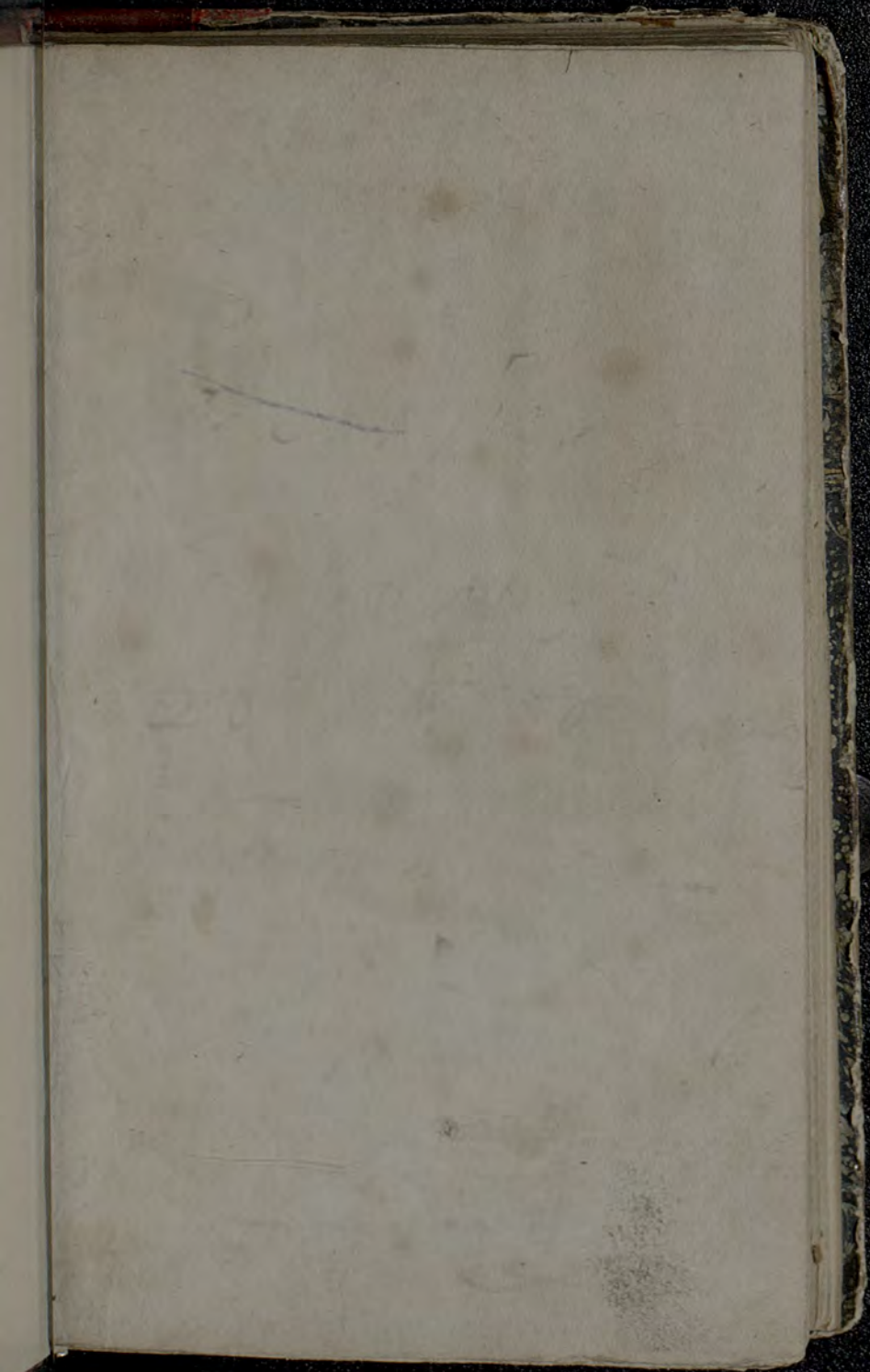














FRONTISPIECE.



*Little Martin?*

*page 28.*

*Published July 10, 1860, by E. Newbery, Corner of S. Louis.*



THE  
*STORIES OF SENEX;*

OR,

LITTLE HISTORIES

OF

LITTLE PEOPLE.

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By E. A. KENDAL,

AUTHOR OF KEEPER'S TRAVELS, THE SPARROW, THE  
WREN, THE SWALLOW, THE CANARY BIRD, &c. &c.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR E. NEWBERY, THE CORNER OF ST.  
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## PREFACE.

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AMONG the various sources from which improvement may be derived, and among the various objects which books may laudably endeavour to place in a right point of view, domestic life is not to be neglected. It is of importance, that the story-telling moralist, while he seeks by fables of various sorts, and by imagery of every pleasing kind, to impress the mind with general principles of truth, should sometimes apply them directly to ordinary situations and every-day occurrences.

## PREFACE.

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rences. From circumstances to which children are perpetually exposed, from incidents to which they are always liable, and from particulars with which they are well acquainted, useful and impressive narratives may be drawn; and of this description, it is hoped, the following collection will be found.



# THE STORIES

OF

## SENEX.

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### THE FIRE.

Mrs. SEAFORD was exceedingly fond of her children. On going out to pass the evening at some distance from her own house, she one day said to them; “My dears, amuse yourselves together, but do not be rude: let me not, on my return, have any complaint against you, Rosalind, nor against you, Amelia. You have both a little task to learn against the morning: so, before you go to play, each of you must have  
B finished



finished it. George has already begun his part; Augustus must go and complete his lesson: and then both may come here, and play with their sisters."

The children were in reality very good: they played at several games; they made no noise, nor entered into any quarrels; every thing was in the best order, and they would have passed the evening very happily, if little Rosalind, in entering her papa's room, had not committed a great fault.

Rosalind was pretty, gentle, and amiable; but she was giddy, and had no more in her head than a mouse; thought little of what she said; and still less of what she did. Having occasion to go in search of something in her father's room, she took a candle



with her, but returning in haste, she left this lighted candle on a table among several letters, and a large heap of papers.

Her brothers and sisters, all engaged at play, did not observe that she came back without the candle, or they thought that she had put it out.

It was not till a quarter of an hour after this, that Rosalind, smelling the scent of burning, recollected having left the lighted candle in the next room, and immediately ran to find it.

Alas, what was her fright when she opened the door! The candle had burnt out, and, in so doing, had communicated the flame to the papers, these had set fire to the table; so that poor little Rosalind, on opening the door, was enveloped in smoke.



She cried out loudly : immediately, her brothers and sisters, as well as the servant, hastened to her, and seeing the flames, all at once exclaimed : “ The house is on fire ! Alas ! the house is on fire ! ”

If any one had had the presence of mind to fetch some water, the fire might have been quenched : for there was nothing yet on fire save the table and the papers.

But the fright had so alarmed the spirits of every one, that they thought of nothing ; they only wept, and cried : “ O, what a misfortune ! we are lost ! ”

The fire, therefore, had time to spread : it reached the curtains, the drawers, the wainscot, and presently all the room was in flames. The  
neigh-



neighbours, who saw the fire, ran, and founded the alarm-bell; the engines were brought, and the mob gathered.

The tumult was horrible: on all sides, people were crying out, fire! fire! water! water!—Here is the fire, said the neighbours, we must knock at this house. Carpenters forced open the windows in order to play the engines, and cut away the woodwork to prevent the fire from increasing. This lasted for two hours; after which the fire was extinguished; but there remained nothing of the house beside a heap of ashes and embers. Every thing was consumed by the flames: clothes, linen, furniture; nothing was saved. The poor little canary-bird, which was the delight of the house, was burnt; and Rosalind herself received,



ceived, in the confusion, so many hurts, that her face was covered with blood.

Mr. and Mrs. Seaford arrived at this moment. Who can depict their consternation! But, without reflecting upon their ruin, they immediately sought their children among the crowd; and having found them, they led them to a friend, begging that they might be received and lodged during a few days. They took Rosalind in their arms, who had fainted and was insensible. This friend was a very obliging man, and he received them with a hearty welcome: "My unfortunate friends," said he, "my house is freely open to you; it is at your service. I should have found an asylum with you, if the fire had happened here.

The



The children related to their father, while shedding torrents of tears, how the accident had happened: "My dear children," said the good father, "why did you not immediately throw water upon the fire, or have called at once for the assistance of our neighbours? See to what a sad condition you have reduced me! with a little courage and presence of mind, you might have prevented my house from being burnt; but in abandoning yourselves to alarm, you have rendered the cruel carelessness of Rosalind irreparable.





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GEORGE; OR THE BEST METHOD  
OF FINISHING A TASK.

IT was some days since Leopold had seen his friend George. He went to visit him. On entering his room, he found him seated before the table in a melancholy mood, with his head inclined upon one of his hands: "What are you come for," said he to Leopold, in a tone of vexation.

"I came to see you," replied Leopold; "but it seems that my visit does not please you, and that I am troublesome. What makes you in this humour? are you ill? are your papa and mamma angry with you? Something disagreeable must have happened to you?"

"Nothing



“ Nothing of all this,” said George, but look here ; my papa has given me a passage in this book to copy. I must write out the whole of this page, and half of the next. This will give me a great deal of trouble, and not leave me a moment for play.”

“ If this is the whole of your affliction,” said Leopold, “ you may easily release yourself ; it is the easiest thing in the world. Come, here is ink, paper, and pens ; and do not move from this place till you have finished your whole task. Go on ; it will not be long, and you will find how comfortable your heart will afterward feel. There is a piece of good advice which my tutor often gives me : he says, that it is impossible to feel easy while  
the



the least part of our duty remains unfinished; that for this reason, we should begin our work with courage, and not leave it till it is done; and that the pleasure of seeing it finished is a complete recompence for the trouble we have taken."

"Aye, but I have too much to do," replied George; "observe a little, I beseech you; here is one page, and the half of another; it is impossible for me to copy all this long chapter." Poor George's heart, while he said this, grew so big that he burst into tears.

"Ah, my friend," said Leopold, "it is precisely because you have much to copy that you ought to begin directly: if you pass the whole day with your head upon your hand, and  
in



in wetting your handkerchief with tears, you will make no progress. Courage! begin to write. I am going into that corner to read till you have finished. Rest assured that I shall not give you the smallest disturbance."

The wise little Leopold retired to a corner of the room, said not a word, and began to read. George took his pen, and, heaving a deep sigh, began to write in silence. The more he wrote, the more the number of the lines that he had to copy diminished. He perceived this, and redoubled his ardour. At the end of half an hour, he cried out; "See here, it is done!"

He jumped with joy, shook hands with his friend, thanked him for the good advice which he had given, and afterward played with him for a couple  
of



of hours, each pleased with having done his duty. Thus courage and good-will accomplish those things that appear most difficult.





AUGUSTUS; OR, THE BLESSINGS OF  
OBEDIENCE.

LITTLE AUGUSTUS, while he was very young, had the misfortune to lose his father, who was killed by a fall from his horse. He cried night and day, because he could never see his father any more. No person could comfort him, though every one sought to do it. His uncle proposed to him to pass some time in the country with his cousins. When every thing was prepared for his departure, his mother took him in her arms, and said to him, shedding tears herself: "My dear child, observe, I conjure you, what I am going to say. Never expose yourself to danger by mount-



ing a horse, nor by riding in a carriage, unless some careful person is with you who can look after your safety. Your father's misfortune makes me tremble for you; it would be shocking to lose you by the same accident that has robbed me of your father."

"Make yourself easy, my dear mamma," replied Augustus; "I promise you that nothing in the world shall lead me to disobey you." In saying this, he threw himself on his mother's neck, and did not leave her till he had given her several of the "little strong embraces" of childhood.

He soon arrived at his uncle's house, where he was very well received. His cousins were eager to divert



divert his grief by every amusement they could imagine. Some days after his arrival, his cousin Alexander, the eldest of the family, about fourteen years of age, came to him one morning and said, " My papa went out at day-break; make haste and dress yourself. I have had the horse put into the chaise: we will have a ride."

Augustus at first accepted this invitation with joy; but it was not long before he recollected what his mother had said. He went down immediately, and finding Alexander, who was already in the chaise, he said, " My dear cousin, I thank you for the pleasure which you have proposed to me, but I have recollected that I cannot accept it. Mamma made me promise, before I came away, that I

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would



would not get into any carriage, unless a grown-up person was with me."

"And what am I, then?" said Alexander; "Do you take me for a child like yourself?"

"No," replied Augustus; "but I am sure that mamma, if she were here, would not let me go with you alone in the chaise."

"If she were here, we should hear what she would say," replied Alexander; "but, as she is not——"

"Oh," cried Augustus, "it is the same as if she were; for I have promised, and I must never break my promise."

"Very good," said Alexander, with a little peevishness; "I thought that this ride would have given you pleasure; but since you do not chuse

to



to come with me, I will enjoy the chaise without sharing your fears, be they of what sort they may." Here, giving the horse a blow with his whip, he drove away.

Augustus, being alone, walked in the garden, where he consoled himself for the pleasure of which he had deprived himself by reflecting that he had obeyed his mamma, notwithstanding the persuasions of his cousin.

While he was amusing himself in gathering flowers, in listening to the songs of the birds, and in running along the terrace, a servant came and told him, that his cousin had been thrown out of his chaise, and had been brought dying to the house.

In truth, Alexander arrived in a



most deplorable condition. His head was cut in several places; one eye was blinded, and the other much hurt. Every kind of assistance was lavished upon him; but he died at the end of an hour.

Augustus, while deploring the melancholy loss of his cousin, could not but reflect, that he had escaped a similar fate only by his obedience to the orders of his mother.





LITTLE ZOE.

LITTLE ZOE was in the house alone. Her father and mother were gone to pay a visit to one of her friends; her brothers were at school, and the domestics were gone upon various errands.

Zoe said to herself, I am now mistress of my actions; nobody sees me; I can do whatever I will; yet, I will do nothing wrong; for, though no person is with me, I am sure that God sees me; and, beside, if I do any thing wrong, I may injure myself. I will behave, then, as if my papa and mamma were at my side.

She began, then, to write a page, according to her master's desire; and  
af-



afterward, going to the harpsichord, she played the airs which she had learned. After this, she sat down during an hour to work; and, at last, she went into the garden to water the flowers, prop them up, and transplant some that belonged to her brothers, from one bed to another.

The evening came, and Zoe was well satisfied with herself, and with her day's employment. When her papa and mamma came home, she ran to meet them. Her mamma looked at her, and perceiving that she had an air of satisfaction, "I see clearly, my dear," said she, "that you have been very good to-day; if you had not been so, you would not be so well-pleas'd with yourself. Be  
always



always good and wise, and you will always be happy."

Zoe promised that she would, and made a resolution to keep her word. Her mamma having afterwards asked what she had done, she related to her the employments of the day; she showed what she had written; mentioned the airs she had played, and let her mamma see how much she had worked. All this gave her mamma great pleasure; she embraced Zoe tenderly, and told her she had been a good girl, and a very obedient child.

The next day Zoe's brothers went into the garden, and, having looked over their flowers, they saw some in new places. They doubted not that it was their good sister who planted them. They went immediately to  
thank



thank her; "Dear Zoe," said they; "you have given us some very pretty flowers—tell us whether we can do any thing to please you in return?" But Zoe was too good to ask for any thing.

Her brothers returned into the garden, picked out the finest flowers from their beds, and transplanted them into those of their dear Zoe; and to show still more how much they were delighted by the kindness and goodness of her heart, they went every morning into their gardens to gather a fine nosegay, which they presented to their sister.

At the end of a few weeks Zoe's mother received a visit from one of her neighbours. Zoe had scarcely entered the room when the neighbour embraced



braced her; "Is not this that dear  
" little girl," said she, " who is so  
" good when her father and mother  
" are from home? I had a great deal  
" of pleasure the other day," added  
she, " in seeing from my window how  
" this amiable child behaved in the  
" parlour and in the garden, though  
" no person was with her. She did  
" every thing with the same order  
" and application as if her father and  
" mother had been close at hand."

Zoe blushed at this unexpected  
praise; she retired immediately from  
the company, and, being alone in her  
chamber, she said, while tears started  
into her eyes; " Ah, my God! how  
" much is gained by being always  
" good, even when we believe our-  
" selves



“ selves to be alone. Nothing that  
“ we do remains concealed. Mamma,  
“ at first sight, knew that I had been  
“ good, though I had not told her  
“ so—and even this lady saw what I  
“ did, though I did not think myself  
“ in the sight of any person what-  
“ ever. If then, I had done any  
“ thing wrong, it would have been  
“ the same. Ah! what shame  
“ I should have suffered if this lady  
“ had seen me do any evil! How she  
“ would have despised me! How  
“ much sorrow that would have  
“ given to my dear papa and mamma!  
“ Yes, I will behave always well;  
“ even when I find myself in obscu-  
“ rity, or am alone in a locked room;  
“ but no, I am never alone; where-  
“ ever



“ ever I am, God is with me; he  
“ sees me, and he will bring to  
“ light what I do in secret.”





## LITTLE MARTIN.

LITTLE MARTIN was a poor boy who gained his bread by going of errands. One day, as he was returning from a village very far from his own, he found himself very much fatigued; and sitting down at the door of a small inn, he procured a glass of beer and a piece of bread.

While he was taking this humble refreshment, a young gentleman and his tutor stopped in a carriage at the door of the inn. They were followed by servants on horseback, and exceedingly well dressed.

The inn-keeper immediately came to the door, and said, " My lord, will you do me the honour of alighting?"

" No,"



“ No,” replied the travellers, and, without getting out of the carriage, they regaled themselves on a cold fowl and a bottle of wine, which were brought to them in an instant.

Martin, having now finished his little repast, fixed his eyes upon them with much attention, and looked as if he would say, “ Those gentlemen are making a very good dinner, and I have had a very bad one.”

The tutor, having accidentally cast his eyes upon little Martin, guessed his thoughts, and said to his pupil, “ Look how that little boy’s eyes are fixed upon us with his mouth open ; I imagine that he says within himself ; “ I wish I was in that young gentleman’s place.”

“ Well,” said the young man, who,



though always unwell, was of a gay temper; "let us make him the proposition, for a moment, of changing places with me."

The governor immediately beckoned Martin to the carriage, and said to him; "Seeing how attentively you look at this young gentleman, it seems to me, my little friend, that you would like to be in his place; will you change with him?"

"Ah, sir," replied Martin, "you are in jest; but, if the young gentleman is willing, it shall soon be done! Ah, ha! what a gainer I shall be by my journey! Our neighbours will be confounded when they see me return this evening from my journey in a fine carriage."

"I take you at your word," said the  
young



young gentleman; "I am going to resign you my carriage and my horses. I shall give you every thing that you have not; but you, on the other hand, must also give me every thing that you have, and that I want."

Martin having agreed to these conditions, the young traveller called his servants, and desired them to assist him in getting out of his carriage.

Alas, what a sight! All was false appearance; his legs, crooked like a Z, were incapable of supporting him. He could not hold himself upright. He was obliged to be held by the servants till crutches were brought, on which he propped himself.

"Now," said he, to little Martin, "have you still an inclination to change with me?"



“ O dear, no ! I have no such wish,” cried Martin, retreating from him, who no longer excited his envy ; no, I do not wish to change. I love my two legs better than any thing you can give me. I had rather eat my dry bread, and not want any body to help me walk ; and I had rather be without poultry and wine, than be carried like an image. Good by, fir,” added he, and immediately ran homeward.

“ You are right,” cried the young nobleman ; “ if you could only give me your legs I would strip myself, with all my heart, of all that I possess in the world, to give you in return.”

So true it is, that a poor person, with a good constitution, and well made, enjoys more true happiness than



than a rich one who is always sickly,  
and who is without the entire use of  
his limbs; and, thus, health is better  
than riches.





HENRIETTA, THE GOOD-NATURED.

HENRIETTA was an exceedingly well educated young lady; she had artless vivacity in her wit; gentleness in her disposition, and politeness in her whole deportment.

One day she met the Miss Good-friends, who lived in the neighbourhood. What was her surprise when she saw all four of them pale, livid, and with countenances full of vexation and ill-humour! One pouted in a corner; another had her eyes red with the tears which she had shed; all appeared discontented and angry. Henrietta pretended not to see the ill-humour in which they were; but, after the first compliments, she endeavoured



voured to enliven the conversation, and inspire her young neighbours with that gaiety which rendered herself so amiable.

She proposed a walk in the garden; and seeing at the door a pretty little coach with four seats, she immediately said, with her usual vivacity, "O, come, you four, seat yourselves, and let me draw you!"

The eldest Miss Goodfriend, who had a little more politeness than her sisters, said that she could not suffer it; that it belonged to her to draw the chariot for her friend; that Miss would give her pleasure; and that Henrietta could, besides, take her place when she was tired. In short, she sat about, with good will, to draw Henrietta and her sisters; but, un-  
for-



fortunately, through the bad address of the horse, ran against the bank of a hedge, and overset.

Thus, the four little girls were all thrown upon the ground. The three Goodfriends cried and complained; one had her mouth full of dirt; another asked for her bonnet which had fallen off; the third, a fine white frock covered with dirt. All the three rose up, and each magnified the little injury she had sustained, in order to have a right to scold.

Henrietta, far from being angry, burst into laughter. She rose up immediately, and while ill-humour prevented the others from assisting each other, she helped them to disengage themselves, and brushed off the dust with which they were covered. This

had,



had, at last, the effect of softening their temper; but they were perfectly ashamed of their behaviour and complaints, when all looking at one another, they saw that Henrietta, who was the only one that had laughed at the adventure, had received a large bruise on her face; and that, instead of permitting them to pity her, she begged them not to think about it. She tied her handkerchief round it herself; and then, placing her friends one after another in the chariot, assured them that she wanted no other recompence for the little accident that had happened to her, than the pleasure of drawing them. This was unanimously agreed to, till the chariot was put by for another amusement.

Since that time Henrietta was at  
all



all their games, and gained so much authority over the minds of her little companions, that if she proposed any thing, it was sure to be adopted. She even became so necessary to them, by her gay and conciliating character, that they never liked her to be absent; and the days which Henrietta did not pass at least a couple of hours with them, appeared as long as a week.

Thus it is that goodness, accompanied with sense and good-humour, obtains without trouble the esteem of the most difficult persons, and renders their possessor amiable beyond all comparison.





THE KITE.

MR. NUGENT'S children were extremely desirous of having a kite. They asked their papa for osier sticks, paper, and packthread. Their papa, who was very goodnatured, gave them what they wanted, and help to make the kite.

Toward evening, the kite was finished; it was put in an airy place to dry during the night.

The next morning, the father said to his children;—"My dears, learn your lessons thoroughly; and when you know them, we will go into the fields together to fly the kite,"

Scarcely had they taken their books when they set off in search of their

E

papa,



papa, reminding him of his promise. Being obliged to leave them himself, their papa recommended to them to sit still in their places, and not to go out till he returned. But, as soon as he was gone out, Julius proposed to his brother to try the kite. He went in search of it immediately, took it in his arms, and went out of the house.

Charles followed; but he had not gone four steps before he stopped and said to his brother:

“ I think we are both very naughty,  
“ after all the trouble which papa  
“ took yesterday to procure our plea-  
“ sure, we are going to do what he  
“ has expressly forbidden—this is  
“ very wrong. I cannot bear the  
“ thought



“ thought of being so ungrateful: I  
“ will go no farther.”

“ You will do as you please,” re-  
plied Julius; “ as for me, I shall go  
“ and amuse myself a moment, and  
“ then return to finish my lesson.”

He reached the fields, unrolled the  
packthread, made, in an instant, all  
the little preparations, and raised the  
kite into the air.

Julius had promised himself much  
pleasure in flying the kite; but he  
had none at all. His conscience told  
him that he had done wrong.

Suddenly, he heard the voice of a  
man who was in an adjoining field;  
he thought that it was the voice of  
his papa, and immediately drew in  
the packthread hastily, to lower the  
kite.



The packthread was caught in the branches of a tree. Julius climbed the tree, and set his foot upon too weak a branch, which broke beneath his weight. Julius fell to the ground, and received a great deal of hurt, especially on his legs. It was long before he was able to move. At length, however, with much pain, he dragged himself to the house, with the kite under his arm all torn to rags.

At the instant of his coming in, he saw his father, who entered by another door. Think how much ashamed of himself he must have been!

His papa, seeing that unfortunately he was already punished for his fault, did not scold him: on the contrary;



he took great care of him, and put him to bed.

Julius remained in his sick room for five or six days, suffering much; and repenting his disobedience.

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## ARTHUR HEEDLESS ;

## A CHARACTER.

“ You talk to me of nothing but Arthur. Arthur is so beautiful ; Arthur is so good-natured ; Arthur is so sensible :—all this is very fine and very good,” said Mr. Gregory, one day, to Mr. Chamberlain : “ but you do not recollect that, with all these good qualities, Arthur is as careless as a may-bug. He never knows where he is, nor where he is going.

The other day, he met, in the street, all Mr. Lewis’s children. Well—he did not see any one of them : not even Alexander or George, who are his particular friends. He looked at them without knowing them, and passed by.

A mo-



A moment after, he perceived Mr. Brown's footman at a distance. He ran after him; saluted him respectfully; and inquired how his two daughters did: "How is Miss Adelaide?" and "how is Miss Amelia?"

"Exceeding well," replied the footman; "but you certainly mistake me, master Arthur, for my master."

Arthur retired confused, saying: "Ah, John! I did not observe that it was you."

He came to see me the day before yesterday. What does he do? I was writing: he approached me: as I was about to turn the page, he took the ink-glass, and, very officiously, poured the ink upon my paper.

"What are you about, Arthur?"

"O dear,



“O dear, I beg a thousand pardons, sir, I thought I had taken up the sand.”

I inquired concerning the health of his parents? He replied, that he had come across the market, and had seen a dromedary for the first time.

When going home, he could not find the different parts of his walking dress. He had left his hat in one room, his gloves in another; and he would have left his shoes in a third, I verily believe, if they had not been fastened on his feet.

But observe how he is usually dressed. His garters are loose, and his stockings almost entirely at his ancles. As to what I have mentioned of the ink-stand, that is not the only careless trick that he has done at my house.



house. I have often been obliged to send his toys after him, for he never thinks of any thing twice.

Arthur is said to understand geography; but if you talk to him of Rome, he replies as if you spoke of Constantinople or of Pekin. Speak of the Seine, and he thinks of the Loire, the Thames, or the Tiber.

If you make him sensible of his mistake, he cries; "Ah, that is very true; I was mistaken."

What society is such a character as this? I should like a barber's block better; that astonishes you—yes, a barber's block.

Its figure, indeed, would not amuse me much; but then it would not fatigue me on a thousand occasions, as Arthur does.

Arthur



Arthur has a mind, and yet does not understand; a head, and yet does not think; ears, and yet hears nothing.



RASH-



RASHNESS;

OR, THE STORIES OF THE PERSIAN

AND HIS DOG,

AND OF THE KING AND HIS HAWK.

A CERTAIN Persian of distinction incessantly prayed God to bestow upon him a son. At length, a son was born: he returned thanks to God, and made grateful offerings. Day and night was he about the cradle; so that his whole time was spent in nursing.

One day the mother, upon going to the bath, committed the infant to the father's care, intreating him not to stir from the cradle till she came back.

The wife was hardly departed, before the king who then reigned, sent



for the husband. Since it was impossible to delay obeying the royal summons, he went to court, after having entrusted the child to the care of a favourite dog who had been bred up in the family. No sooner was the father out of sight, than a large snake made its appearance, and was crawling toward the cradle. When the dog saw the child's life in danger, he instantly seized the snake by the back of the head and destroyed it.

Soon after, when the father returned from court, the dog, conscious of the good he had done, ran out to meet his master. The man seeing the dog stained with blood, imagined he had killed the child, and without making any farther reflection or inquiry, struck the poor little faithful animal



animal such a blow with his stick, that he instantly expired.

When the father came into his house and saw the child safe, and the snake lying dead by the side of the cradle, he smote his breast with grief, accusing himself of rashness and ingratitude toward the dog. While he was uttering these woeful lamentations, in comes his wife, who, having learned the cause of his distress, blames him for his want of reflection. He confesses his indiscretion, but begs her not to add reproaches to his distress, as reproof could now avail nothing: "True," says she, "advice can be of no service in the present instance; but I want to rouse your mind to reflection; that you may reap instruction from your misfortunes.



“ Shame and repentance are the sure  
“ consequences of precipitation and  
“ want of reflection, which is well  
“ exemplified in the

“ STORY OF THE KING AND THE  
“ HAWK.

“ I HAVE heard that a king of  
“ Persia had a favourite hawk. Being  
“ one day on a hunting party with  
“ his hawk upon his hand, a deer  
“ started up before him. He let the  
“ hawk fly, and followed the deer  
“ with great eagerness, till, at length,  
“ it was taken. The courtiers were  
“ all left behind in the chace. The  
“ king being thirsty, rode about  
“ in quest of water. Reaching at  
“ length the foot of a mountain, he  
“ discovered a little water, trickling  
“ in



“ in drops from the rock. He took  
“ a little cup out of his quiver, and  
“ held it to catch the water.

“ Just when the cup was filled,  
“ and the king was going to drink,  
“ the hawk who had followed his  
“ master alighted, shook his pinions  
“ and overset the cup. The king  
“ was vexed at the accident, and  
“ again applied the cup to the hole  
“ in the rock. When the cup was  
“ replenished, and he was lifting it  
“ to his mouth, the hawk clapped his  
“ wings, and threw it down: at this  
“ the king was so enraged, that he  
“ flung the bird with such force against  
“ the ground that it expired.

“ At this time the table-decker  
“ came up. He took a napkin out  
“ of his budget, wiped the cup, and  
“ was



“ was going to give the king some  
“ water to drink. The king said he  
“ had a great inclination to taste the  
“ pure water that distilled through  
“ the rock ; but, not having patience  
“ to wait for its being collected in  
“ drops, he ordered the table-decker  
“ to go to the top of the mountain  
“ and fill the cup at the fountain’s  
“ head.

“ The table-decker, having reached  
“ the top of the mountain, saw a  
“ large serpent lying dead at the  
“ spring ; and he perceived that the  
“ poisonous foam of this creature  
“ mixed with the water which fell in  
“ drops through the rock. He de-  
“ scended, related the fact to the king,  
“ and presented him with a cup of  
“ cold water out of his flaggon.

“ When



“ When the king lifted the cup to  
“ his lips, the tears gushed from his  
“ eyes. He then related to the table-  
“ decker the adventure of the hawk,  
“ and made many reflections upon  
“ the destructive consequences of pre-  
“ cipitancy and thoughtlessness; and  
“ during his whole life the arrow of  
“ regret continually rankled in his  
“ breast.”

The husband, thus instructed by  
the good counsel of his wife, ever  
after guarded himself against that  
rashness to which he had been before  
addicted.





## THE SPOILT CHILDREN.

MR. DURFEY had two sons, Philip and James, whom he loved tenderly, but did not spoil. He gave them an excellent education, such as rendered their bodies robust, and gave them a healthy and vigorous constitution. Though he was rich, he seldom suffered them to eat rich meats: their meals consisted chiefly of vegetables and fruits; and he never allowed them those strong drinks which injure the stomachs of children, and heat their blood. He accustomed them, likewise, to rising early in the morning, to washing themselves in cold water, to going to bed in cold rooms, to

cold



cold beds, and to disregarding wind and rain.

Mr. Robinſon's children were very differently managed; they had, as often as they would, tea, coffee, tarts, and all ſorts of ſweetmeats. Water was warmed in the morning to waſh them; their beds were warmed in the evening; and they were not permitted to go out if the weather was cold or cloudy.

One day, Philip and Louis were talking with their father; and, without preſuming to complain of the manner in which they were educated, they happened to ſay, according to what they had heard, that the little Robinſons were very happy.

Mr. Durfey, to undeceive them, propoſed to them to go with him to  
pay



pay a visit to Mr. Robinson, whose house was at the distance of some miles from his own. The proposition was received with joy. They set out the next morning.

The journey was a very cheerful one; but when they arrived, what a sight presented itself to their eyes!

On entering the apartment, they saw three children in the most miserable condition: their faces yellow; their eyes dull and hollow; their teeth black and broke: they were so weak and so meagre that people might have said they did not get enough to eat.

Mrs. Robinson complained with tears in her eyes, that for eight days past, her fourth son had been obliged to keep his bed; and, soon after,



after, she brought a large glass of medicine, and made each of the children drink his share.

At table, Mr. Robinson's children appeared to be disgusted with every thing, and to care for nothing: they ate little: on the other hand, their guests, Philip and James, ate cheerfully of whatever was set before them. There was even a salad of cucumbers, a vegetable rather indigestible, of which they ate heartily.

Mrs. Robinson asked them, with an air of concern, if so doing would not make them ill; and she added, that she should think her children killed if she permitted them to take such food.

She was perfectly astonished when they replied, that they were used to  
such



such things; and, moreover, that nothing made them ill.

Some time after they had dined, Mr. Durfey took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson; and on returning home, he sent his children to their cold bed at an early hour, as usual.

The next day, they came skipping to wish their papa good morning: their little cheeks were as red as roses, and an air of health gave lustre to their whole countenance.

“How happy I am,” said their papa, “to have children so gay, and so healthy: I should be truly afflicted if I saw you languid and weak like the little Robinsons. What do you think of those children?”

“O dear,



“ O dear, papa,” replied Philip and James, “ those poor children excite our pity: they look like shadows; and look as if they were going to die. They could scarcely eat any thing that was given them: we would not be in their place for all the gold in the world.”

“ But,” replied their father, “ if I were to rear you as tenderly as they are reared; if I had your bed warmed, and the water in which you are to wash boiled; if I were to give you wine, coffee, liquors; if, instead of the simple meats which we have at dinner, I should teach you to relish a tart, or some dainty, you would not, at least, be better pleased?”

“ No, no, papa,” cried they, “ we like



“like to have cold beds and cold  
“water, and nothing but plain food,  
“better than to be sick with nice  
“things and warm beds.”

“I am delighted, my dear James,  
“and my dear Philip,” said the fa-  
ther, “that you know how to prize  
“the health you enjoy. I hope that  
“you will never again envy the lot of  
“the little Robinsons, and that you  
“will understand that your father, in  
“educating you with less delicacy,  
“only seeks your happiness.”

The lesson which Mr. Durfey gave  
to James and Philip was but too well  
assisted by what happened afterward  
to Mr. Robinson's children. The  
boy that was ill when Mr. Durfey  
visited that gentleman, died in the  
course of a few days. Two others,  
also,



also, died in the following year, and in this manner:—Seeing, one day in the winter, some children at play upon the ice, they had a great desire to take part in the amusement: they went, therefore, to their mother, and persuaded her to walk for half an hour with them. After this they returned to the house; but the cold had seized them, and their perspiration had stopped.

Their mother put them to bed, and made them take various medicines; but all in vain: they died in a few days.

Only the eldest remained. He did not die so early as the rest; but he was a valetudinarian all his life.

At the age of twenty-four, he was as shrivelled and weak as an old



man of fourscore: he was obliged to have a fire in his chamber every day; but, even in summer, he complained that he was never warm. His stomach was so weak that it could bear nothing but boiled meat, veal, lamb, chickens and poulets; and he one day expected to die because he had ate a slice of bacon. So true it is, that those who wish to enjoy good health, should be accustomed to a hardy mode of life.



CICILIA



## CECILIA LONGVILLE.

THE most perfect beauty is of little value when it is unaccompanied by goodness: Cecilia Longville was an example. Her figure was charming; her auburn locks fell in natural curls upon her shoulders; her eyes sparkled with a fire full of softness; a smile was always upon her mouth; and her little cheeks bloomed with the freshness of a rose.

Cecilia heard every body say that she was pretty. Her heart was filled with pride. She could not bear to be spoken to of her faults. She had even the folly, in a little while, to believe herself the model of perfection. All that were without an agree-



able figure she fancied unworthy of approaching her. Excellence of mind and goodness of character, were nothing to her; beauty was every thing; and of this she admired only her own. It is easy to imagine how she treated every one who had some natural defect in her height or figure; instead of pitying them, she insulted them without mercy.

Josephina, her sister, one year younger than herself, without being of a disagreeable figure, had no remarkable beauty; but what made her admired by every body, was her gentle and affectionate disposition; her modesty and docility. She was very fond of instruction; and before her sister knew a letter, she could read with ease.

The



The two little girls had the small-pox together. Josephina supported her sickness with equal gentleness and courage; but Cecilia, terrified by the danger of losing her beauty, agitated her blood by impatience. What followed? The good Josephina was happily cured; and no trace remained of the disorder: but the beautiful Cecilia was ready to die, and her pretty face was intirely disfigured. Her temper became peevish, and as she knew neither how to read or work, she had nothing to divert her vexation. She was advancing in age, and she became only more vain and more ignorant, and consequently more despised.

Josephina, on the contrary, rendered herself more estimable every day, by her fondness for work and learn-



ing : her society was sought by all her companions ; her good disposition drew them to her, and her understanding amused them, and made them always sorry to leave her.

What then is beauty, if a mere sickness can destroy it ? But endeavour to acquire talents and knowledge, and you will make yourself an amiable and desirable character. These are advantages which nothing can take away.





LITTLE GEORGE.

WITH eyes still red and full of tears, little George was one day sitting in the parlour when his uncle came in, and asked the occasion of his sorrow?

“ I am very unhappy,” replied George; “ I cannot have any peace; “ my master always finds something “ to scold me about: sometimes it is “ for not having put away my books; “ sometimes for coming in with my “ hat on; sometimes for leaving the “ door open; and now I must not “ have any dinner because I came too “ late. I am very unhappy; I cannot bear these continual scoldings “ and punishments.”

“ You



“ You are very much in the right,  
“ my dear,” replied his uncle ; “ these  
“ things must be very disagreeable ;  
“ but if you wish it, I can give you  
“ an excellent remedy against these  
“ misfortunes.”

“ If I wish it, uncle !” replied  
George ; “ O tell me, I pray, what I  
“ must do ?”

“ I am going to tell you, my dear,”  
answered the uncle ; “ listen to me :  
“ you have only to pay the greatest  
“ attention to what pleases your mas-  
“ ter ; and to mind always what he  
“ tells you ; for example, you have  
“ mentioned the disorder of your  
“ books, the taking off your hat,  
“ leaving open doors, and making  
“ dinner wait ; each of these things  
“ has brought you a severe rebuke.

“ Now,



“ Now, my boy, put your books in  
“ order whenever you have them ;  
“ never enter the room before you  
“ have taken off your hat ; shut the  
“ doors after you, and be in time for  
“ dinner. By observing these rules,  
“ you will infallibly save yourself from  
“ being blamed on any of the sub-  
“ jects you have mentioned. You  
“ may be equally secure in every  
“ other respect, if you only take care  
“ to know what your master wishes  
“ you to do ; and then carefully obey  
“ him. I will answer that by these  
“ means you will save yourself from  
“ being scolded ; for if it is unpleasant  
“ to you to be reprimanded by your  
“ master ; it is much more unpleasant  
“ to him to be incessantly reprimand-  
“ ing an untoward child.”

George



George was struck with the justice of these arguments. He was resolved to follow the sensible advice of his uncle. His first care was to avoid displeasing his master. Soon after this, he went before his wishes in his desire to give him pleasure. Instead of the rebukes which he had formerly received, he experienced nothing now but caresses. His uncle never found him again in the parlour breathing sighs and shedding tears; whenever he came to the house, he found him chearful. "Ah, my boy," said he; "do you not find my counsel good?"





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RODOLPHUS; OR, THE DANGER OF  
FALSEHOOD.

YOUNG RODOLPHUS had contracted the sad habit of lying. It came upon him more especially when he had any thing to do. Thus, when, for example, he did not know his lesson; and when his turn came for repeating to his master, he began, almost always, by excusing himself thus :

“ Pray forgive me, sir, if I do not  
“ know my lesson ; it is not that it is  
“ too long or difficult, but that my  
“ papa, having a great deal of business  
“ yesterday, made me assist him.”

And when he had not finished his exercise, he would say,

“ I was not able to write yesterday ;

“ I left



“ I left my book in my papa’s room,  
“ and my papa went out and took the  
“ key.”

He frequently blotted his books, and drew all sorts of ugly figures upon them; and, in order that his master might not punish him, he would say,

“ See, sir, what has happened !  
“ Yesterday, while I was writing at  
“ my table, with all my books about  
“ me, mamma sent for me to come  
“ directly, so I went and left my  
“ books. While I was absent, my  
“ little brother Charles came to my  
“ table, and blotted my books in this  
“ terrible manner.”

In this manner had Rodolphus, for some time, deceived his too credulous master; but, at length, the master

ter



ter discovered his scholar's fault; and, from that moment, he never believed a word that he said. Every time, after this, that Rodolphus did not know his lesson, or had not finished his exercise, he was chastised, and no attention paid, because no belief could be given to his excuses.

Sometimes, nevertheless, he really had good excuses; but they were of no use to him. "If Henry or Frederick had told me this," his master would reply, "I should have believed them; but how, after you have imposed upon me so many times, can I believe you?"

So true it is that a lye is discovered sooner or later; and that it always turns to the injury of him by whom it is uttered.



## LEOPOLD.

YOUNG LEOPOLD was not free from those faults which must be hated by good people and our best friends. When he was with his companions, he behaved so ill to them that they were almost always obliged to leave the most innocent amusements, and forego their pleasures, to avoid his disagreeable company.

One day, when they had cheerfully admitted him to play with them, Leopold began to dispute as usual; and, besides, to cheat, and refuse to pay his forfeits. Ferdinand not being in the humour to bear the ill-behaviour of Leopold, said, "You must give me the nuts which I have won; I will



“ I will have them: you have fairly  
“ lost.”

Leopold contradicted him; and even, in his passion, did not abstain from such insufferable conduct as a well-educated child never thinks of committing.

This procedure of Leopold so irritated Ferdinand, that he would have fought him. Happily, Leopold's uncle passed by at this moment. He heard the subject of dispute, and with-held Ferdinand, saying; “ And  
“ what! you would fight with this  
“ miserable child! Do you not see  
“ how miserable he is? He never has  
“ a moment of chearfulness; wherever  
“ he is, people are glad to get rid of  
“ him, and of his rugged, sour, and  
“ disagreeable temper. He is already  
“ badly



“badly off with this vile character ;  
“and you would beat him ! Would  
“you beat a sick person, whose mind  
“was unsound, and who had done  
“you some injury in the phrenzy of a  
“fever ? No, surely. Well, then,  
“do not beat this unfortunate boy.  
“Leopold does, indeed, look well ;  
“but his mind is very, very, sick ;  
“were it not for this, he would not  
“act like a madman, displeasing and  
“irritating all his friends. And you,  
“Leopold,” added he, “I pity you ;  
“if you are rugged, unjust, and in-  
“solent, how can you expect that  
“others should be kind and just to-  
“ward you ? Think better, and be  
“convinced, that if you do not love  
“others, you cannot hope to be  
“loved.”

Ut-



Uttered in a gentle and lively manner, this lesson sunk deep into the heart of Leopold, and produced a very beneficial effect upon his character; he examined himself, and began, in good earnest, to correct his bad habits. Never again was he seen to quit the straight road of probity, nor to go beyond the bounds which honesty prescribes; he even deserved, at length, the love of all his friends.





## GOOD BEHAVIOUR TO SERVANTS.

MR. MARLOW enjoyed a competent fortune, and lived with his wife and two children, Henry and Octavius, on a small estate.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were of a very amiable character, and affable with every body; they treated their servants with goodness, and kept them long in their places.

The two children did not resemble their parents. Henry, ever since he had passed some months with an aunt who was rich, but proud, hard, and exacting, had taken upon him airs of haughtiness, and an imperious tone, to which Mr. and Mrs. Marlow's servants were not accustomed.

By



By some means or other, Octavius, on the other hand, had contracted an opposite fault. He was become so familiar with the domestics, that he was frequently treated with contempt. He delighted in nothing but gossiping and playing with them; and whenever he could escape from the parlour, he ran into the kitchen. It is true that the cook encouraged this, in the hope of learning from him all that was said and done in the parlour.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow had often reproved Octavius for his too great familiarity with the servants, and Henry for his pride and haughtiness toward them; but they were extremely afflicted at perceiving that they had not succeeded in reforming either.

One



One day, during the course of the winter, Mrs. Marlow's woman asked permission to pass a fortnight with one of her aunts who had invited her to the wedding of her daughter, and engaged to regulate some concerns of the family.

Mrs. Marlow was naturally good-natured, and she was persuaded that it is sometimes proper to enter into the little affairs of our domestics, endeavour to render them service, and grant them from time to time requisite indulgences; that such conduct inspires attachment, encourages fidelity, and increases zeal; she delayed not, therefore, to grant the request.

Two days after this servant's departure, the footman, while serving  
at



at table, appeared very sad and afflicted. "What is the matter, John?" said Mr. Marlow with concern, "you look unhappy."

"Alas, sir," replied John, with tears in his eyes, "my poor father is very ill, and he has a great desire to see me before he dies."

"Very right, John; you must go; it will be a consolation to him to see you. Your father is a very honest man, and you know how much you owe him."

"Ah, sir, I never shall forget it as long as I live; but I am very reluctant to accept your kindness. Mrs. Turner is absent; and, if I go, who will serve you? Unfortunately, the cook is not equal to the  
" task ;



“ task ; and, besides, she is not alert  
“ enough.”

“ Never mind,” said Mr. Marlow,  
“ we will do as well as we can ; we  
“ can serve ourselves.”

“ O yes,” said Mrs. Marlow, “ I  
“ consent with all my heart. John,”  
continued she, “ go and eat a little,  
“ and set out directly. The days are  
“ very short, so that you have no  
“ time to lose. Take a couple of  
“ bottles of wine, and a couple of  
“ pots of jelly, and give them to  
“ your father from me ; they will do  
“ him good. Perhaps he is not so  
“ ill as is represented, and only wants  
“ something to strengthen him.”

John thanked his master and mis-  
tress respectfully, took what they had

or-



ordered, and went to his father's immediately. He had not been gone a quarter of an hour when the cook came into the parlour with fury, and demanded her wages, saying, "Do you think, then, madam, that I will do all the work of the house myself? Any where else I would do it; but here, where an honest woman is suspected, it is another thing. You cannot have forgotten what you said yesterday in the presence of Master Octavius, who heard it."

"And what was said then," said Mr. Marlow?

"That I drank, and was a thief," said the cook.

Octavius had said nothing of this, for he had not the horrible fault of  
tale-



tale-telling; but from being in the habit of gossiping with the cook, he had let some foolish words escape him which led the woman to suspect that what she complained of had been said. So that Octavius had to reproach himself with having given occasion, by his babbling, to this scene, and therefore burst into tears.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were much vexed by this disagreeable adventure; but the children, who had been the cause, had not a word to say. The cook was<sup>d</sup> paid and sent away. Being desirous afterward to resolve on what was to be done, Mr. and Mrs. Marlow desired the children to leave the parlour.

When Henry and Octavius were gone out, Mrs. Marlow said, "Well,  
" now



“ now we are without servants ; what  
“ is to be done ? ”

“ All that we have to do,” said Mr. Marlow, “ is to profit by this accident ; we will give a good lesson to our children, by whom it has been long wanted. We will send for a woman from the village to do the hard work, and Henry and Octavius shall do the rest. The one shall be punished for his intolerable pride, and the other see what is to be gained by too great familiarity.”

“ O, that is well thought of,” said Mrs. Marlow, “ this will do our children more service than all the reproofs we can give them.”

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow having arranged their plan, called in the children, and informed them of what

they



they intended to do. "It is not worth while to have servants," added Mr. Marlow, "if we despise them as Henry does, or if we make ourselves despised by them, like Octavius."

At these words, the children felt their mistake; took a candle, and in a melancholy mood, wishing their parents good night, went to bed with heavy hearts.

The next morning Henry and Octavius arose, but they found no water for washing themselves; they were obliged, in spite of the cold, to go down themselves to find it.

After this, they went in search of wood; and having found in the chimney two or three lighted coals which had been preserved under the  
cin-



cinders, they began to blow with all their might, but they could not make a fire.

They looked at one another, and said, "We shall never bring it about;" they tried many times, but always in vain. They must have passed the day without any fire whatever, if the woman from the village had not luckily arrived. Henry addressed her in the most civil manner; "Will you be so good as to help us make this fire?" The woman made it.

When breakfast was to be had, the tea things were to be washed. Henry began this rather awkwardly, and finished by breaking a cup.

His mamma, who entered at that



moment, said, "Take care, Henry, of what you are about."

"Mamma," replied Henry, "I know not how it happened to fall from my hands; I thought that I held it in the best manner."

"I doubt it not," replied his mamma; "but as you know how to excuse yourself so well, have indulgence likewise for the servants, when a similar accident happens."

HENRY.—But I am not obliged to know how to be a servant so well as they.

MAMMA.—What do you mean, Henry? You are not obliged to know how to serve yourself? Are you sure of always having servants to obey your orders? We have, it is true, a little fortune; but nothing is less certain,



tain, my son, than fortune. Did you but know how many people who have been very rich are now in the greatest want! May not the same reverse happen to you? So that, for your own good, I would have you learn to do without a servant.

This sensible discourse of his mother almost discovered a new world to the eyes of Henry. From this moment he did not see so great a distance between himself and the servants. He was afterwards convinced, that he was less clever in many things than they. “How wrong I was,” said he, “to call John a fool, if he happened to lay the cloth awry! I see, now, how many obligations we are under to servants, and from how many difficulties they save us. I will al-

1 3

“ ways



“ ways be good-natured and civil to  
“ them; I will keep myself from  
“ scolding them, and still more from  
“ speaking to their injury.”

Thus we see, that the object which Mr. and Mrs. Marlow had in view, was, with respect to Henry, accomplished on the first day. A great change was likewise produced in the ideas of Octavius. By living with his parents more than he had been accustomed to do, he perceived how much their society was preferable to that of any other persons.

At length, the servants returned; Mrs. Turner first; and after her, John, with the good news of his father's recovery. Henry and Octavius were scarcely known again by either of them; the one had gained such  
gentle



gentle and civil manners, and the other behaved like a well bred child, which is the only way of deserving the respect of servants.





## THE GARDEN.

MR. BLAKE took his two sons to see a very elegant garden. On their entering it, they begged their papa to let them play in one of the walks; and, after giving them leave, Mr. Blake retired to an arbour with his friend, the owner of the garden.

The two children had been always so well accustomed to good behaviour, that Mr. Blake did not think of giving them any particular charge; but his confidence was sadly rewarded, as the following story will show.

Spring reigned in all her beauty, and the garden was covered with flowers; their delightful appearance

ex-



excited in the children a desire of gathering some of the finest.

Alexander had soon gathered a nosegay, and hastened to show it to his brother. Seeing that his own was not so good, James threw that which he had made away, and began to gather another.

Alexander, fearing to be out-done at this next effort by his brother, lost no time in making a second still larger than the former. James found himself vanquished a second time; but he hoped to carry off the prize the third. Thus, by the emulation of each other, they stripped all the plants of their flowers. James had filled his hat, and one of the button-holes of his coat, and Alexander both his hands.

It



It was now that they began to reflect upon their great exploits; they blushed at beholding those flowers which had appeared so brilliant some minutes before; and which were now so dull and withered.

Overcome with shame, they knew not what to do with the flowers which they had gathered. One begged the other to take his share, but each was too much loaded with his own.

While they were in this miserable situation, Mr. Blake returned with his friend. He stood confounded, when he saw the devastation of the garden, and the mournful countenances of his children.

They were desirous of acknowledging their fault; but they could not articulate a single word.



At length, Alexander, with tears in his eyes, broke silence, and related in what manner the thing had happened.

Mr. Blake made excuses for them to his friend. Happily, this was a man who loved children, and who knew how to pardon such faults as they committed, not through a bad disposition, but through want of thought and giddiness.

Mr. Blake, however, looked at Alexander and James with a troubled and serious countenance. He seemed to know them no longer for his children.

“O papa,” cried they, throwing themselves on his neck, “we have deserved your anger; but forgive us through compassion, and do not  
“aban-



“ abandon us. We know how much  
“ need there is that you should watch  
“ incessantly over our actions, and  
“ that you should tell us if they be  
“ wrong, if they displease you, or  
“ are disagreeable to any one else.”

Mr. Blake was so moved with these sentiments, that he embraced his children and forgave them. He was still more satisfied with them afterwards, for they never did any thing again without asking his permission, or ever gave him any other reason to complain of their conduct.





CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE was a girl of a very unobliging disposition; she never would assist any one. Some traits of her conduct and character deserve to be particularized.

Her sister Mary would say, "My dear Charlotte, be so good as to help me to divide my skain; or lend me your pencil; or mend my pen:"—"I have no time, sister," Charlotte would reply; "you are always interrupting me: mamma has desired me not to leave my work."

Her cousin Sarah came to her; they played together sometime in an arbour; and Sarah, through forgetfulness, left her work-bag. Being in



haste to join Mary in the parlour, she said to Charlotte, "My dear, when you come in, pray do me the favour to bring me my work-bag."

"Yes, indeed!" said Charlotte with petulance, "I have enough to do to bring my own."

Another day, her governess was dressing Mary; she begged Charlotte to give some pins which lay upon the table?

"Am I your servant," replied she, "that I must bring you the pins?" "You can fetch them if you want them."

When she was with her companions, every one must run to do what she wanted done; but she would never do any thing for others.

She was not even attentive to her  
pa-



parents. Never did it enter her head to run to meet her father, to relieve him from his hat or stick; nor to present a seat to her mamma when she was fatigued with walking.

Oh! how many troubles did the unfortunate Charlotte prepare for all the rest of her life!

When she was married, and received company at her house, she did nothing to oblige her husband or her friends; and if one of her neighbours asked of her the least service, she had always some pretext for refusing it.

It may easily be guessed, that, with such a character, she soon became odious to all her acquaintance. She was never spoken of but in the language of disdain and contempt.

It was not long before she had an



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opportunity of proving how strongly the hatred she had inspired had rooted itself in every heart.

A large house, which was at an equal distance from her own, and from that which her amiable sister Mary occupied, took fire in the night. At the first rumour of this accident, a crowd of people assembled: Charlotte was instantly at her door, crying out, "O my neighbours! my dear neighbours! come quickly to my assistance!" No person came; and every one ran toward her sister's house, because her good character was generally known.

Every one exerted himself for Mary, as if he had been working for himself. Owing to this speedy assistance, her house was quickly saved from the flames,



flames, while that of Charlotte was entirely consumed.

This event may serve as a lesson to those who, when opportunity offers, refuse to oblige others; and it may teach them, that a time will possibly come when the obligation will be returned.



THE WORK-BAG.

LITTLE Amelia and her sister Ann had neither father nor mother. Mrs. Adams, their aunt, was a widow, and without children; had taken the two children to her house, and was at the charge of their education.

These two little orphans possessed excellent qualities; but Ann was rather careless and negligent. She had the habit of leaving her books, her doll, and other playthings, in every corner of the house; so that she had often the mortification of losing them, or of finding them in bad condition.

One day, Mrs. Walden came to pay a visit to her intimate friend Mrs. Adams,



Adams, and brought, for each of the little girls, a present of a fatten work-bag, ornamented with gold. There was in each bag a needle-book, and a piece of muslin, on which was drawn a pretty design.

At first, Ann took the greatest care of her work-bag; she never left it but in a proper place; she never forgot where to find it.

One morning, the two sisters, each with her work-bag on her arm, entered the garden, and began to work in the fresh air. After they had worked a little, Amelia returned to the house, and Ann remained, admiring the flowers. She took it into her head to gather some, and make a nosegay. She set about this undertaking, and feeling her work-bag a hindrance,



hindrance, she laid it upon a plat of turf which was at hand.

While gathering the flowers, she saw a little lamb which put its head through the bars of a railing, and which bleated as if to call her. She ran toward the little animal, careffed it, fed it from her hand, and began to play with it.

Suddenly, she recollected that it was the dinner hour, and that she must retire to the house. "Good bye, little lamb," said she; and arrived within doors without having the least thought about her pretty work-bag.

She did not recollect her treasure till the evening, when she wanted her work. She ran immediately to look for it, and found it on the turf, but in the most deplorable condition. It



was intirely in rags, and covered with dust and dirt; the needle-book and the muffin were torn; the sciffars, her bodkin, and the needles, disperfed here and there.

Who can give any idea of the affliction which poor Ann endured at this difaftrous fight! She remained, for fome time, filent and motionless: At length, she began to examine, one after another, all the pieces; and when she found them absolutely spoiled, she burft into tears and lamentations.

The gardener having heard her cries, her complaints, and fobbings, ran from the other end of the garden, to know what was the matter. Ann related to him her misfortune, and  
asked



asked him if he could tell who had done this dreadful mischief?

The gardener replied that he pitied her much, and that it was doubtless the little dog who was guilty; "for," added he, "I have seen him running about the place for a long time."

Ann saw that she could do nothing but gather up the pieces, and carry them, such as they were, into the house. There she could find no consolation but from the friendship of her tender Amelia, to whom alone she confided the story of her misfortune, and who could not refrain from crying with her.

The next day, while the two sisters were talking together concerning the unfortunate accident of the preceding even-



evening: "Alas, my dear sister!" said Ann to Amelia, "my greatest sorrow is to think what my aunt will say; she who has so often desired me to take the greatest care of my work-bag: Oh! I cannot bear the thought. One method is in my power for concealing my carelessness; but I confess that I have a great dislike to it; and that I cannot resolve to make use of it."

AMELIA. And what is it?

ANN. This: the maid says that she has a piece of satin of exactly the same colour as my work-bag; and that her cousin, who is a milliner, will embroider it for me, like the other, and procure me a needle-book exactly like that which is destroyed. She says, beside, that I have nothing  
to



to do but to get some muslin, and to copy the design from the piece which remains, which is very easy to be done ; and that, by this contrivance, my aunt may be prevented from ever knowing what has happened ; but, I repeat it to you, all this secrecy and deception displeases me very much.

AMELIA. You are very right : it would be intriguing and deception : and, beside, how could you consent, by tricks and cunning proceedings, to deceive so good an aunt ; an aunt who loves us so much, and from whom we ought to hide nothing !

ANN. Ah ! that is very true ; if I had once the misfortune to deceive her, I should never dare to meet her eyes again, for fear that she should

see



see in my face that I had deceived her.

AMELIA. And then, if my aunt should happen to discover what had passed, what a deal of trouble it would cost you!

ANN. You are right. Yes, Amelia, I have resolved what to do; I will go this instant in search of my aunt, and confess the whole.

AMELIA. Go, I advise you: that is the best thing you can do.

Ann went, as she proposed, without delay, to her aunt. Mrs. Adams, who was naturally good and indulgent, heard with affection the acknowledgment which Ann made of her carelessness; and, seeing in her much emotion, endeavoured to compose her. “ Comfort yourself, my

L

“ dear



“ dear child,” said she ; “ this mis-  
“ fortune will be very useful to you  
“ if it teaches you to be more careful  
“ for the future than you have hitherto  
“ been.”

The accident of the work-bag had already begun to be forgotten, when Mrs. Adams and her two nieces were invited to dine with Mrs. Walden. This invitation, which would otherwise have been very agreeable to Ann, did not please her much, as circumstances stood. “ My dear aunt,” said she to Mrs. Adams, “ I would give  
“ any thing in the world not to go to  
“ Mrs. Walden’s to-morrow.”

“ I can believe it, my dear,” replied Mrs. Adams ; “ for she will  
“ doubtlessly inquire concerning your  
“ poor work-bag : but what good ex-  
“ case



“cuse can you make for declining  
“the visit? would you tell a false-  
“hood, and say that you are unwell?  
“are you disposed to do so?”

“O, no,” replied little Ann; “so,  
“my dear aunt, I shall go, cost one  
“what it will.”

The next day arrived; and, the carriage being at the door, Mrs. Adams set out with Ann and Amelia, which latter had the delicacy to leave her work-bag at home, that she might not give occasion to a comparison to her sister’s disadvantage.

During the whole journey, poor Ann was very serious and thoughtful, though the good Amelia did all that was possible to divert her. She pointed out to her, sometimes the flowers which adorned the hedges, and



the fruits which loaded the trees ; sometimes the birds which flew from branch to branch ; and sometimes the carriages which ran along the road ; but poor Ann could pay but little attention to any thing she saw.

When they had arrived, Mrs. Walden welcomed heartily, as usual, the two young ladies ; but she perceived at once, that neither had brought her work-bag. She said nothing at that moment ; but, after talking some time with Mrs. Adams, she asked Amelia whether her muslin was yet worked ?

“ Yes, madam,” replied Amelia.

“ And why, then, my dear, did you not bring it ? I should have been much pleased to see it.”

At this word Amelia blushed, and  
plainly



plainly discovered that she did not know what to say.

Seeing her sister disconcerted, and the still greater embarrassment into which she would be thrown, the unfortunate Ann could preserve herself no longer, but burst instantly into tears.

Mrs. Adams now spoke, and related to Mrs. Walden the sad adventure of the work-bag. She did not forget to mention the frankness and good behaviour of Ann.

“That was charming,” said Mrs. Walden; and then, addressing herself to Ann; “Comfort yourself, my dear,” said she; “you deserve that. I should give you another work-bag.”

“She will soon have such another,”



said Mrs. Adams; "I have already  
"ordered one; and I shall make her  
"the present with all my heart, as a  
"reward for her frankness and good  
"behaviour."

After this, Mrs. Adams did not forget to speak of the delicacy which Amelia had shown upon the occasion, who had forborne to display her well-kept work-bag, though it was in excellent condition at home.

"What amiable children!" cried Mrs. Walden; "there is nothing  
"that I would not do for them; I  
"shall always love them."

The remainder of the day passed in cheerfulness; and in the evening, as the party returned home, Ann felt herself in a situation very different from that which she had experienced  
in



in the morning. Every thing she did announced the happiness she enjoyed, and of which she would certainly have been deprived if she had resorted to subterfuges and intrigues in order to conceal the truth. Her dear aunt, and her sister Amelia, shared her happiness at that moment, and had the pleasure, ever afterward, of seeing her more attentive and careful.





## THE PEACHES.

WILLIAM and his sister Susan had said their lessons so well, and been so good all the morning, that their mother gave them leave to play in the garden in the afternoon.

Among the different fruit-trees which were in the garden, there was a young peach-tree, which bore fruit this year, for the first time. The peaches were not very numerous; but they were admirable for their size and beauty. Though they appeared ripe, William and Susan's mother had not yet touched them. She was desirous that they should remain ungathered till their father's return from town.

As she had forbade her children, in general terms, ever to touch the  
fruits,



fruits, even those which lay upon the ground, she had not thought it necessary to put a particular prohibition upon the little tree which she wished to be preserved. She knew, beside, that her children were not gluttons, and they had been early accustomed to obedience.

Unfortunately, their play led them to the peach-tree; and they saw two peaches fall, which they were strongly tempted to eat.

William, who saw them first, forgot his mother's command, picked them up, ate one, and gave the other to Susan, who forgot, and ate, like her brother.

Scarcely were the peaches gone, when Susan recollected her mother's prohibition: "Ah, dear William,"  
said



said she, " what shall we do? we have  
" disobeyed mamma; she has for-  
" bidden us to eat the fruit!—how  
" sorry I am!—she will scold us!  
" Ah, why did you pick up those  
" unfortunate peaches!"

WILLIAM. O, sister, mamma will  
know nothing of the matter.

SUSAN. O, but if she should know  
it! We had better tell her ourselves.  
She will more readily forgive our  
faults, when we confess them sin-  
cerely.

WILLIAM. That is true; but we  
have been disobedient, and you know  
that mamma punishes disobedience  
more severely than she punishes any  
thing else; and, beside, we shall only  
give her sorrow by telling what we  
have done.

SUSAN.



SUSAN. Aye, brother; but will she not be more sorry if she finds that we have concealed our fault? and how can we look at mamma with confidence, while our conscience upbraids us with this secret fault? When she kisses us, and calls us her dear children, I am sure that I shall not be able to hinder myself from colouring, and I am sure that you will colour too.

WILLIAM. Ah, I see clearly that you know better than I. Come, let us find mamma, and confess what we have done.

William took his sister by her hand, and the two children went to present themselves to their mother.

“My dear mamma,” said Susan,  
“we have been disobedient; punish  
“ us



“ us as we deserve, but do not afflict  
“ yourself, because that will do you  
“ harm ; we would not have offended  
“ you, but that we had forgot your  
“ commands.”

Without concealing or disguising any thing, William now told what they had done.

The good mother was so touched by the sincerity of her dear children, that she shed tears. She forgave their fault with willingness; convinced that they were already sufficiently punished by the unhappiness which they had suffered; and William and Susan were, ever afterward, very obedient children.



THE FISH-POND.

“ AH, WILLIAM, if you had but  
“ seen what I have seen ! O, how  
“ you would have been pleased to see  
“ the fish-pond full of large and little  
“ fish, which came to eat the pieces  
“ of bread that were thrown in ! ” It  
was talking thus, and skipping all  
the time, that little Elizabeth came  
to her brother one day, to tell him  
how much she had been amused.

She had been walking with her  
mamma, and had seen the fish-pond  
in Mr. Hanway’s garden. There  
was in this pond a great number  
of fine and large carp, which rose  
to the surface of the water as soon as  
bread was thrown. With her imagi-  
M nation



nation still full of this spectacle, Elizabeth gave her brother a description, which so greatly excited his curiosity, that he resolved to go to the pond immediately, and throw bread to the carp. As he had attended to his lessons very closely all the morning, he easily obtained permission of his papa to go. Without delay, therefore, he bought rolls and biscuits, and set off for the pond.

As he went on his way, thinking of nothing but the delightful sight he was to see, he heard the voice of a poor woman, who, seated by the side of a ditch, begged the charity of passers: "Have pity, my dear little gentleman," cried she, "upon a poor woman and a poor child." She held in her hand a little child, who



who was crying, and whose countenance, like that of his mother, was disfigured by hunger and sickness.

A mind of sensibility feels an irresistible desire to succour the distressed; but William, though he had a good heart, and even a tender one, was too much carried away by the idea of the pleasure he was going to enjoy, to be able to stop a single instant. The woman often repeated to him, pressing her infant to her bosom: "Alas, sir, I am ready to die with hunger;" but William, after having glanced his eye upon her, passed by, and, doubling his pace, pursued his way, fearing to be too late.

Presently, he saw the paling by which the fish-pond was surrounded;



he reached it at length; but, to his great regret, found so many people there that there was no room for him. He was obliged to wait till the crowd was somewhat diminished; and as each was as curious as himself, he staid a considerable time before he was able to see the fish. This put his patience to great proof. At length, the crowd beginning to grow thin, William flew to the pond; but he was much disconcerted when he saw the whole surface covered with bread and biscuit. He took out one of his biscuits, however, and threw it into the water; but he did not see a single hungry carp, such as those which, in disputing for the morsel, had amused Elizabeth.

He tried a second piece; but it did  
not



not succeed better than the first. Disappointed in his design, he returned toward home with vexation in his heart.

On his way, he recollected the poor woman, and said to himself; "Why did I not give to that unfortunate mother all the bread which I was going to lose and throw on the water?"—It is thus that even the most sensible hearts sometimes lose the opportunity of doing a good action, because they run after pleasure with too much avidity.





## ADRIAN AND CHARLES.

ADRIAN was scarcely seven years of age; but he was as sensible as much older boys. Good natured, well-behaved, and obliging with his play-fellows, you never heard him mocking them, nor using any offensive word. The goodness of his heart, and the docility of his character, won the admiration of every body; and if he pursued his lesson alone, he was as attentive as if his master had been present.

When he was in company, he never offended others by petulance; and if he asked questions, it was not that he was fond of talking, but that he wished to be instructed.



All his companions loved his society, because it was pleasant and amiable: indeed, with him, play never turned into quarrelling, nor gaiety into rudeness.

His parents were always complimented upon the good behaviour of their son; and, as Adrian increased their satisfaction every day, he was not without every innocent pleasure which could be procured for him.

There was another little boy, named Charles, who lived in the neighbourhood. Charles was the reverse of Adrian. He was fond of nothing but beating those who were not so strong as himself, and tormenting them incessantly.

Nor were these his only bad qualities. He did not pay regard to truth.



truth. One day his father had punished him severely for having uttered a very serious falsehood. After this, he said: "Charles, you are the more culpable for behaving in this shameful manner, because you have so good an example in Adrian your neighbour."

Enraged at seeing himself placed below a younger and less boy than himself, Charles resolved to beat him the next time they met. This happening the next evening, he ran and caught him by the hair; but little Adrian's companions took his part vigorously; and Charles was obliged to retire, after receiving several blows.

This was not all. The boys went immediately to Charles's parents, and  
re-



related the wicked behaviour of their son ; and he would have been punished rigorously if the good-natured Adrian had not interceded for his pardon.

This instance of Adrian's goodness, made a strong impression upon the heart of his enemy. He could not refrain from confessing that Adrian was a much better boy than himself.

Charles began, from this moment, to love him ; and, admiring his good qualities more and more, he resolved to take him for his model. A generous emulation soon united them in the most tender friendship. They became inseparable ; they disputed only the zeal with which they performed their duties ; and, at the end  
of



of a year, no one would have known that Charles had ever been faulty.





THE GARDENER AND THE NIGHT-  
INGALE; OR, THE INJUSTICE OF  
EXCESSIVE PUNISHMENT.

A GENTLEMAN one day found his son beating his dog in a furious manner. Angry as he was at this behaviour, he coolly desired the boy to forbear, and to inform him for what crime the dog was thus beaten? It appeared that the dog had committed a trespass upon the young gentleman's garden; had left certain marks of his crime, in the prints of his toes upon the earth, which had just been carefully raked, and put into the highest order; and had, moreover, trodden down two or three lettuces, each of which had attained the height of an  
inch



inch and an half, and which were intended for the early food of a collection of silk-worms. The dog, you readily see, had committed a sad crime; yet, still, the gentleman of whom we speak regarded the punishment as more than equal to the offence.

“ We must always bear in mind,” said he, “ that, while we are pretending to administer justice, we are liable, by extreme severity, to become ourselves offenders, and commit injustice. It is not because a creature offends us, whether the individual be one of our own species or of another, that we have therefore a right to do it all the mischief we can. Because the dog walked over your garden, which  
“ was



“ was a very innocent fault, you have  
“ hurt him as much as your strength  
“ would permit. Can this be right?  
“ You must remember that nothing  
“ can be right which you would not  
“ think just toward yourself, as well  
“ as toward others. It happened, a  
“ very few days ago, that you did more  
“ harm than your dog has done, by  
“ running over a bed, and climbing a  
“ fence yourself. Would you then  
“ have thought it justifiable in any  
“ one to have beat, or otherwise cor-  
“ rected you with all his strength, and  
“ to the utmost of his power? Trust  
“ me, you would in that case have  
“ fared but badly. I will say no  
“ more, however, upon this subject,  
“ but relate a little eastern fable,  
“ which



“ which will, I believe, make some  
“ impresson upon your mind.

“ There was a certain youth in  
“ Persia who possessed a beautiful  
“ garden. You have heard that, of all  
“ flowers, the Asiatics most admire  
“ the rose. This beautiful flower is  
“ the perpetual subject of their admi-  
“ ration, and the theme of their  
“ poetry. Among birds, the night-  
“ ingale is their favourite; and the  
“ nightingale is exceedingly fond of  
“ the rose. Now, it so happens, that  
“ the nightingale shows its fond-  
“ nefs for the rose in much the same  
“ manner that little boys and girls  
“ are apt to do—that is, by picking  
“ it in pieces, rubbing its head  
“ among the leaves, and strewing  
“ them upon the ground.

“ As



“ As the nightingale behaves on  
“ this occasion just as you do yourself,  
“ I conclude that you will not think  
“ him guilty of a very great crime.  
“ The Persian youth, however, thought  
“ otherwise. In the delightful garden  
“ which I have mentioned, a garden  
“ that contained the most delicious  
“ shrubs and flowers, and resounded  
“ with the songs of nightingales,  
“ there grew one rose-tree of un-  
“ common loftiness and beauty.  
“ Every morning, on the top of the  
“ rose-bush, the roses blossomed.  
“ The youth grew exceedingly fond  
“ of the roses, and envied the night-  
“ ingales who rubbed their heads on  
“ the leaves of the roses, and tore  
“ afunder with their sharp bills the



“ gold that is in the middle of the  
“ flower.

“ One day, when he went as usual  
“ to behold his roses, he saw a plain-  
“ tive nightingale tearing the beauti-  
“ ful flowers, and their leaves scat-  
“ tered upon the ground. He was  
“ enraged at the nightingale. The  
“ next day he saw the nightingale  
“ still tearing his roses. He grew  
“ more angry than before. The  
“ third day the roses were plundered,  
“ and the thorns only remained.  
“ Then resentment broke out in the  
“ breast of the youth against the  
“ nightingale. He set a snare, and  
“ having baited it deceitfully, he  
“ caught the nightingale, and con-  
“ fined him in a cage.

“ The



“ The disheartened nightingale,”  
says the fable, “ opened his mouth  
“ like a parrot, and said :

“ Oh, sir, for what cause hast thou  
“ imprisoned me ? and for what rea-  
“ son hast thou resolved to distress  
“ me ? If thou formest the desire of  
“ hearing my songs, my nest is in thy  
“ garden, where, in the morning, thy  
“ bower shall be the house of my  
“ music ; but if thou hast any other  
“ design, inform me of what is pass-  
“ ing in thy mind.”

The youth said : “ Dost thou  
“ not know how often thou hast  
“ distressed me with the loss of  
“ my favourite rose ? It is right  
“ that thy evil deeds should be re-  
“ quited ; and that thou, being sepa-



“rated from thy friends and family, and secluded from all joy and diversion, should mourn in the corner of a prison, while I lament my separation from my darling flowers.”

The nightingale replied: “Forego this resolution, and consider that if I am imprisoned for such an offence as tearing a rose, what will be thy punishment if thou tearest a heart asunder?”

This speech convinced the youth of his error, and he set the nightingale at liberty.

“You see then, my son,” said the father, when he had finished the recital of his fable, “that we are perpetually in danger of inflicting a  
“greater



“ greater punishment than the offen-  
“ der deserves, and of becoming our-  
“ selves in fault.”



FRUGALITY



## FRUGALITY AND CHARITY.

A VIOLENT storm had done considerable damage in a village. The lightning had struck the cottage of a poor widow, and reduced it to ashes. Mother of two children, deprived of all support, this unhappy woman, who had hitherto lived in decency and comfort, saw herself obliged to implore public charity. She began her journey with her two children. They arrived early one morning at the farm of a countryman in good circumstances, whose name was Williams. They found him at the door of his stables, where he was scolding his servant for having left some old ropes exposed all the night to the

rain,



rain, instead of putting them under cover: "Ah, mother, we shall gain nothing here," said the children in a whisper; "this man is too niggardly; do you hear how he scolds about a trifle?"

"Hold your tongues, my children," replied the good widow; "this farmer is frugal; but perhaps he is not the less charitable."

She was not deceived. This man, who appeared so parsimonious, seeing her and her children, approached, and asked them kindly whether he could do them any good?

They related the misfortune which had befallen them, and artlessly described their wants. He was moved: "Come with me, my children," said he, "we will breakfast together, and

"I will



“ I will afterward endeavour to do something for you ;” and, in reality, after breakfast, he took them into his closet, and gave them a considerable sum, and promised to send them beside, not only grain to sow a field which belonged to them, but also wood and materials to rebuild their house.

It would be difficult to express the gratitude of the poor widow ; but still more so the surprize of her two children, when they beheld the generosity of the good countryman. They stared ; they looked at each other ; they seemed almost to doubt what they saw.

On returning home, their mother did not fail to show them how much they had been in the wrong in taking  
the



the farmer for a miser : “ It is true,”  
said she, “ that he looks closely into  
“ his affairs ; but it is doubtlessly by  
“ watching over every thing which  
“ can produce a little profit, and  
“ taking care of whatever may occa-  
“ sion loss, however trivial, that he  
“ has become enabled to assist the un-  
“ fortunate.”

“ Assure yourselves, my children,  
“ that, but or his frugality, we should  
“ not have left him thus laden with  
“ benefits.”





## CONFESSION OF FAULTS.

LITTLE BENJAMIN had often heard his father say that he ought never to deny the faults he had committed; and that he should always speak the truth. Benjamin, like a good child, faithfully followed this lesson. When he came home, and his father said, "My child, where have you been to-day? What have you done?" Benjamin mentioned all the places he had been in, all the persons he had seen, and all the amusements in which he had been engaged.

By accident, he one day broke a beautiful porcelain vase. As he was alone when this happened, he could easily have concealed his share in the  
mis-



misfortune. The suspicion would probably have fallen on one of the domestics, rather than on him; but Benjamin was incapable of the least deception; he would, beside, have been very sorry to have brought any one of the poor servants into disgrace for an accident in which he only was concerned. He chose, therefore, to go and find his father, to whom, in tears, he said, "Papa, a great misfortune has happened to me: I have broken your porcelain vase."

His father was much vexed, because the vase had been given him by one of his best friends. Nevertheless, as Benjamin, by willingly acknowledging his fault had given a new proof of his regard to truth, his father did not scold him much, but made

o

him



him pay a little forfeit to warn him of being careless for the future, and recommended to him to continue to speak the truth and be sincere.

Benjamin faithfully followed this advice. He spoke truth at school as well as elsewhere. It sometimes happened that he was not so diligent and studious as he might have been; but he never tried by tricks and falsehoods to excuse his faults. If he had not done all his duty; or if he did not know his lessons perfectly, and his master asked the reason, he replied ingenuously: "Forgive me this negligence, sir, I have been extremely idle to-day;" or, perhaps, he acknowledged that he had taken so much pleasure at play, that he had entirely forgot he had still something



thing to learn. This ingenuity made his master love him better than any of his other scholars, who always brought false reasons to exculpate themselves when they had done any thing wrong.

There happened, however, at length, an affair at school which had nearly deprived poor Benjamin of all his reputation for sincerity. One of his school-fellows, a very bad boy no doubt, had stolen two little stamps which were intended as rewards for those scholars who did their duty best.

The master, to discover who had taken the stamps, ordered all the scholars to bring their satchels to be examined. Immediately, the robber, fearful of being discovered and



chastised, very wickedly put the stamps into Benjamin's satchel.

Several scholars had already brought their satchels, and no stamps were to be found. Benjamin brought his; but, in presenting it, behold the stamps fell to the ground! The poor boy was astonished. Nevertheless, he was not confused, but picking them up, he gave them to his master.

"Is it you, Benjamin, who have robbed me of my stamps?" said he. "No, sir," replied he, "I know not, in truth, who can have put them into my satchel."

The master would not, certainly, under such circumstances, have believed any other boy; but he believed Benjamin on his word: "No, my boy," said he, "you have not  
"stolen



“ stolen my stamps ; you would have  
 “ acknowledged the truth I am sure.  
 “ Some bad boy must have put them  
 “ into your satchel.”

Then, turning to the scholars, he said :

“ Which among you has been so  
 “ wicked as to steal the stamps, and  
 “ put them into Benjamin’s satchel ?”

They all declared themselves innocent ; but he that was guilty soon betrayed himself. He coloured, and, pressed by the master, he acknowledged all, and was severely punished. Benjamin, on the contrary, saw his innocence triumph ; and when he returned home, he exclaimed to his papa :

“ What thanks I owe you, my dear  
 “ papa ! if you had not taught me



“ to speak the truth, I should have  
“ been despised and punished for a  
“ fault which I did not commit.





## THE REFORMATION.

MRS. BAILEY was obliged to visit London for some weeks. On her return, and after she had passed some days with her four daughters, Fanny, Charlotte, Sophia, and Amelia, she perceived that their behaviour was greatly altered.

There was no longer that attention to each other for which they had been hitherto remarkable. There was no longer that air of politeness which distinguishes well-bred persons. One asked to have something done; the other refused with haughtiness and disdain. Sometimes they came to disobliging, and even opprobrious, language. Every moment they quarreled with each other.

When



When the eldest wished to walk in the garden, the youngest would obstinately stay in her chamber, and the two others sit at the window. It was thus that they contradicted each other, incessantly, and their disunion increased every day.

Mrs. Bailey was wounded to the heart by seeing her children thus uncivil to each other, disputing continually, and sometimes even making faces; and she endeavoured to correct their errors.

At first, however, she pretended not to see or hear any thing that was going forward, and waited for a favourable opportunity to speak. This opportunity soon arrived:

One day, when these young ladies had had an altercation still more violent



lent than usual, they went to seek their mamma. Discontent and rage were painted on their countenances. Each complained; each accused the other of having been the cause of the dispute; and each, as may be guessed, related the story to her own advantage.

Mrs. Bailey heard them all with patience. When they had done speaking, she said: “ I know not  
“ which of you is in the right; I  
“ am even very desirous of believing  
“ that neither is in the wrong;  
“ but, in order that you may be no  
“ longer troublesome to each other  
“ in your play, and that you may be  
“ unable to quarrel, I must have you  
“ adopt a plan which has come into  
“ my head, and which I think excel-  
“ lent. There are four of you. I



“ mean that each shall have a corner  
“ of the room to herself, where she  
“ may play, and amuse herself ac-  
“ cording to her own fancy, and  
“ where none of the others shall go.  
“ As I would not give either of you  
“ the least pretext for complaint,  
“ you shall draw lots for the corners,  
“ and I will put you in possession  
“ immediately. This is not all; I  
“ will give you the whole afternoon  
“ to establish yourselves, to amuse  
“ yourselves, and to see, in short,  
“ whether you shall be the more  
“ happy for this new arrangement.”

The young ladies were well satis-  
fied with the expedient which their  
mamma had proposed. A little corner  
in the room seemed to them a little  
fortnue; each went to that which fell

There are four of you to



to their lot, and began to play by herself.

Fanny told a story to her doll; but when she had finished, the doll made no answer, and was unable to tell a story in return.

Charlotte wished to play at shuttlecock; but scarcely had played a few minutes, when, having no one to play with her, she grew weary of the amusement.

Sophy wished to play at her favourite game of questions? but whom had she to question? and who was to reply?

Emily set about making a doll-feast; but, when she had completed her provision, she perceived that there was only her own doll to be present: those of sisters were excluded.

In



In short, of all the games, not one succeeded. They went, therefore, once more to their mother, and begged, with tears in their eyes, that she would show them some way of being happy.

“ I know but one, my children,” said she : “ You used to know it ; “ but you have certainly forgot yourselves. If you will promise to “ make use of it, I will call it to “ your remembrance.”

“ We promise,” cried they, impatient to hear what their mamma would say.

“ It is to be kind among yourselves,” replied Mrs. Bailey : “ it “ is to entertain friendship and indulgence reciprocally for each “ other.

“ Ah,



“ Ah, my children,” added she,  
“ you have only been unhappy, and  
“ I too, since you ceased to love and  
“ befriend one another.”

As soon as she had pronounced these words, her daughters, ashamed and confused, acknowledged their mamma to be in the right. They felt their affection return, embraced each other, and promised to love as formerly.

They kept their word; and now they are no longer ill-natured or quarrelsome.





## INDOLENCE RECLAIMED.

HENRY BURNET was an indolent boy, who, from morning to evening, thought of nothing but play. One day, his father called on him, and said: “ My son, I see that you will  
“ never do any thing while you re-  
“ main in my house, and that if you  
“ are here much longer you will be  
“ an idler as long as you live. For  
“ this reason, I have made a new ar-  
“ rangement, and you shall go to-  
“ morrow to board at a considerable  
“ distance. We shall see how you  
“ behave yourself there. If you con-  
“ tinue to have as little application  
“ as before, I shall send you still  
“ farther ;



“ farther; for, positively, I will not  
“ have you an idler.”

“ Ah, papa,” replied Henry, “ I  
“ will be careless no longer, I assure  
“ you: keep me at home a little  
“ while longer, and you shall see.”

“ You have always promised me to  
“ reform, and you have never had  
“ resolution to do so. See that you  
“ hate your indolence only when it is  
“ to be punished. Hold yourself  
“ ready, therefore, to go to-mor-  
“ row.”

Poor Henry cried a great deal; but  
he was obliged to go. Arrived at the  
boarding school, he performed his  
duty for some time with attention;  
but he soon fell into his old inacti-  
vity and indolence. During the  
hours of instruction, his thoughts



were wandering about, and he heard little of what his masters said. Instead of studying his task, and doing his duty, he passed his time in doing nothing. Very soon, his companions, even the youngest, went much beyond him. One or other of his masters often said to him: "My dear  
" boy, how many misfortunes are  
" you not preparing for yourself?  
" What will that good and respectable man, your father, say, when  
" he sees you leave us as ignorant as  
" you came, and with the same  
" faults that you had before? How  
" this will grieve him! How he will  
" regret having sent you here! Who  
" knows to what extremities he may  
" proceed!" But these observations made no impression upon Henry.

He



He continued idle, and without application.

One day, as he was doing nothing, he received a letter with a black seal: he opened it, and read as follows:

“ My dear boy,

“ Your father is no more. God

“ took him yesterday to a better life.

“ I have lost in him my best friend.

“ I have now only you who can as-

“ suage my grief. I send you the

“ last words of your dying father:

“ May our son,” said he, pressing

“ my hand for the last time, “ may

“ our son return to you thoroughly

“ corrected of his indolence and sloth,

“ and place all his happiness through

“ life in attending to yours!”

“ Read over again, my son, these

“ last words of your father; I am



“ sure that they will make the pro-  
“ per impresson upon your heart ;  
“ and that they will animate you to  
“ follow the counfels formerly given  
“ you by the best of fathers. I may  
“ yet be happy, if you are wise, and  
“ if you have profited by the good  
“ education which we have always  
“ endeavoured to give you. Ah, if  
“ you have not profited, if you  
“ should return ignorant, and with-  
“ out a love of application, I shall  
“ be overcome with grief! I fore-  
“ warn you that I cannot keep you  
“ much longer at school ; my fortune  
“ will not permit me. We have  
“ both lost all our support. May  
“ God bless you ! I am your af-  
“ fectionate mother, who always  
“ tenderly loves you.”

What



What a thunderbolt to Henry ! He shed a torrent of tears ; he wrung his hands, and wished to read over his mother's letter a hundred times ; but when he came to the last words of his father, he was always obliged to stop.

Night came. He could not close his eyes ; he thought of his father, and of the reproaches which his indolence deserved from him.

He thought afterward of his mother, and of the sorrow she would experience when he returned to her :  
“ When,” said he to himself, “ she  
“ sees my bad writing ; when she  
“ gives me a sum to cast up which  
“ I cannot reckon ; when she exa-  
“ mines me in my geography which  
“ I have not learned ; when, in short,  
“ she



“ she sees that my books are still  
“ new and unopened, in what grief  
“ will she not be plunged ! O that I  
“ may be able to recover the time  
“ that I have lost !”

“ I am already eight years old, and  
“ I am not more advanced than if I  
“ was only four.”—Thus, tossing in  
his bed, he passed the night without  
being able to sleep a single moment.

As soon as it was light, he arose,  
went to his master, embraced his  
knees, and said, with tears in his  
eyes : “ Ah, sir, I have been idle  
“ hitherto ; I have learned nothing.  
“ I feel now the bad consequences of  
“ my negligence, and of my want of  
“ application. I repent sincerely  
“ of my faults ; I wish for nothing  
“ so much as to repair them. Tell me,  
“ pray,



“ pray, how I may do so. I will  
“ submit to every thing.”

The master, touched by the words,  
and the affliction of poor little  
Henry, said: “ My dear, the time  
“ which you have misemployed is ir-  
“ revocably lost to you. May you  
“ make a better use of what is yet  
“ your own, in order that, some  
“ years hence, you may not have  
“ new cause of repentance. Begin  
“ this very day to amend. Pay at-  
“ tention to whatever is said to you.  
“ Apply yourself heartily to learn  
“ your lessons. Do not sleep over  
“ your duty; and as you have hi-  
“ therto lost a great deal of time,  
“ employ, for the future, a part of  
“ your holidays, and times, of play, in  
“ the study of what you have neg-  
“ lected



“ lected to learn. You may thus  
“ become reconciled to yourself, and  
“ repair the great loss of time which  
“ you lament.”

Little Henry thanked the good master for this advice, and began from that day to follow it. Never did he permit himself to follow amusement till he had done his duty, and applied himself with ardour and with pleasure. If any fits of idleness overtook him, he immediately opened his mother's letter; and in reading most especially the last words of his father, he felt his courage revive, and his good resolution strengthen. It was by this conduct, maintained for a considerable length of time, that he acquired the habit of application and labour; and when he returned to his

mo-



mother, he was her joy and her consolation, and became at length her support.





## THE STORY OF MARY-ANN.

IT were to be wished that our readers had known the little Mary-Ann. She was only the daughter of a poor labourer; but she was not the less estimable. Mrs. Stamford was very fond of her, and made her often come to her house to play with her daughter Emily, who was of the same age as Mary-Ann. In a short time, Emily was never happy without her little companion, whom she loved with all her heart.

Mary-Ann, on her side, fully sensible of the friendship of Emily, neglected no opportunity of showing her gratitude. Nothing but a violent rain, or a heavy fall of snow, prevented



vented Mary-Ann from going to play with Emily. A little illness having kept her away for a few days, she went one morning, and waited a long while at the bottom of the staircase, till a servant appeared to introduce her as usual into the parlour.

Mary-Ann had begun to be uneasy at the solitude and silence which reigned in the house when she saw the chamber-maid, who appeared in considerable agitation.

“Be so good, madam,” said Mary-Ann, “as to tell me where Miss Emily is?”

“Miss Emily!” replied the chamber-maid: “if you had wished to play with her, you should have come three days ago, for she is not to be seen to-day.”



To these words, which conveyed a sort of reproach, Mary-Ann replied: "I could not come, madam, I assure you; for I have been ill."

"You have been ill?" said the chamber-maid: "Miss Emily also has been ill these two days. She keeps her bed; and I am afraid that she will not leave it: she has a very bad small-pox."

"Ah!" cried Mary-Ann, "Miss Emily is very ill! Miss Emily will die!" Immediately she ran up the staircase, and meeting Mrs. Stamford, "Madam," said she, "permit me to go to Miss Emily: I wish to see her and speak to her. I beg, madam, that you will not refuse me this favour."

Mrs. Stamford took pains to dissuade



suade her from going to her daughter, but Mary-Ann flew to the chamber of Emily, who was alone."

"Ah, Miss Emily," said she, approaching her bed, and taking her hand, "in what a condition I find you! Let me be with you—I will not leave you night or day—I will nurse you—I will wait upon you." She was going to say more, when Emily pressed her hand, and gave her to understand that her attention would be very agreeable. Meanwhile, Mary-Ann, after having gone thus far, recollected that she could perform no part of her promise unless her parents first gave her permission. She immediately went to ask them; and, having obtained leave, she returned to Emily.



She was an excellent nurse ; night and day, she was close to the sick-bed. When Emily seemed uneasy, and when she complained, Mary-Ann asked her what she would have, and whether she wished for any thing ; gave her broth and medicine, and did, in a word, every thing in her power to comfort her. It sometimes happened, that a noise was made in Emily's chamber ; that somebody spoke too loudly, or trod too noisily. Mary-Ann was seriously angry with those who had so little regard for the sick child. When Emily was almost out of patience with this noise, Mary-Ann comforted her : " Take courage," said she : " shall I sing you " a little song ?"

Emily



Emily no sooner signified, in the slightest manner, that she should like to hear her sing, than Mary-Ann sung to her all the airs she knew, and with which Emily was unacquainted. It was thus that the days followed one another without exposing the sick Emily to weariness. By degrees, she recovered her health, her pain ceased, her skin healed, and her appetite returned.

When Emily was cured, she spoke to her papa, and asked him what she could do to testify her gratitude to Mary-Ann. Her papa, who was overcome with joy at the sight of his daughter, thus recovered, desired her not to trouble herself upon that subject, as he himself had already thought of rewarding not only that  
amiable



amiable child, but her parents also, who had brought her up so well.

In short, he gave Mary-Ann two pretty frocks, and, when he gave them, said: “ Mary-Ann, you seem  
“ to be a very good girl. I am much  
“ pleased with your behaviour to  
“ Emily. If you will come and live  
“ with her, it will give her pleasure,  
“ and I will take care of you all your  
“ life.”

Mary-Ann thanked him very gratefully; but, a moment after, she seemed much afflicted, and began to cry.

“ What, my dear,” said Mr. Stamford, “ are you displeased with my  
“ proposal?”

“ Forgive me, sir,” said Mary-Ann, “ I am much pleased; but  
“ what



“ what afflicts me is, that I shall be  
“ happy while my parents, perhaps,  
“ are distressed. They are often so.”

“ No, no, they shall not be in  
“ distress,” replied Mr. Stamford;  
“ I have already thought of fixing  
“ them in one of my farms, the te-  
“ nant of which has lately died with-  
“ out leaving children. Go and tell  
“ them to come hither immediately,  
“ to take the lease.”

Mary-Ann scarcely gave herself  
time to express her gratitude for so  
much generosity, before she ran in  
haste to her parents, to announce the  
good news.

Thus every one was gratified. The  
father and mother of Emily rejoiced  
in the re-establishment of the health  
of their child. Emily was delighted  
at



at being able to make her little friend happy. Mary-Ann was filled with joy at coming to live with Emily; and the parents of Mary-Ann lived ever afterwards in ease; and all this happiness was the consequence of the gentleness and sensibility of Mary-Ann.

THE END.







