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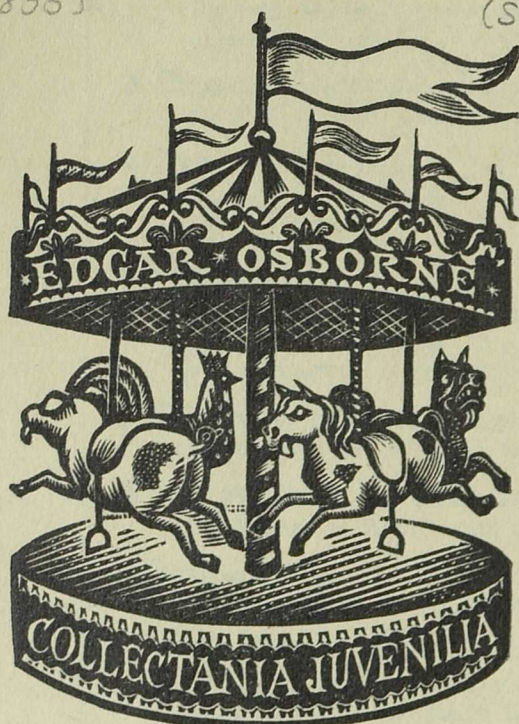
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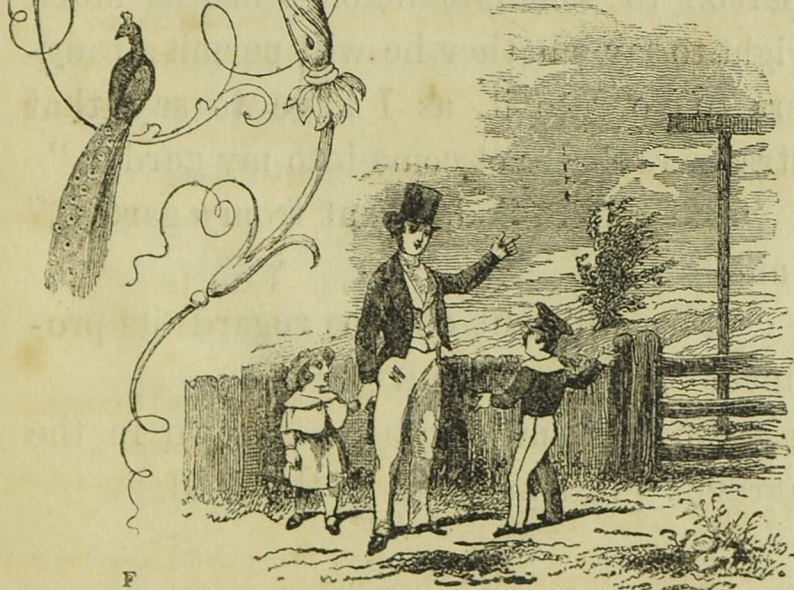
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RIGHT AND WRONG.

“MAY
Willy and
I just run
round this field,
papa? We can climb over the
gate.”

“First tell me, John, what is written on the board over the gate.”

“Oh, I know what is written there; it is: — ‘No one may trespass on this field; it is private ground.’”



“And what does that mean?”

“Why, it means that nobody may go into the field : but I don’t see what harm it can do just to run once round ; and there is no one there to see us.”

“That is a very bad reason, John ; if it is right to go, it does not matter whether any one sees you, or not ; and if it is not right, you ought not to go at all.”

“We would not go, if we thought it would do any harm,” said Willy.

“That is not the matter to consider,” replied his father.

“This field is private property, and the person to whom it belongs has as much right to say whether he will permit strangers to go into it, as I have to say that strangers shall not come into my garden.”

“But a field is different from a garden,” said John.

“It is different only as regards its produce,” answered his father.

“Flowers and shrubs are grown in the garden : grass is grown in the field.

“But the field might be made into a garden, if its owner chose; and the garden might be made into a field.

“And if I chose to grow nothing but grass in my garden, I do not think that strangers would have any more right to come into it than they had when I grew flowers in it: do you think they would?”

“No, papa; they would have no more right.”

“Then, do you think they ought to do it?”

John considered a little, and then said, No, he did not think they ought.

“Then, by the same rule, John, you must see plainly that you ought not to go into that field.”

John owned that he saw it would be wrong.

“Besides,” said his father, “when you said ‘*there is no one to see us,*’ those very words proved that you knew it was not right.

“Never do any thing, my dear boy, that

you would be afraid to be seen doing, or ashamed to own.

“It is mean and contemptible.

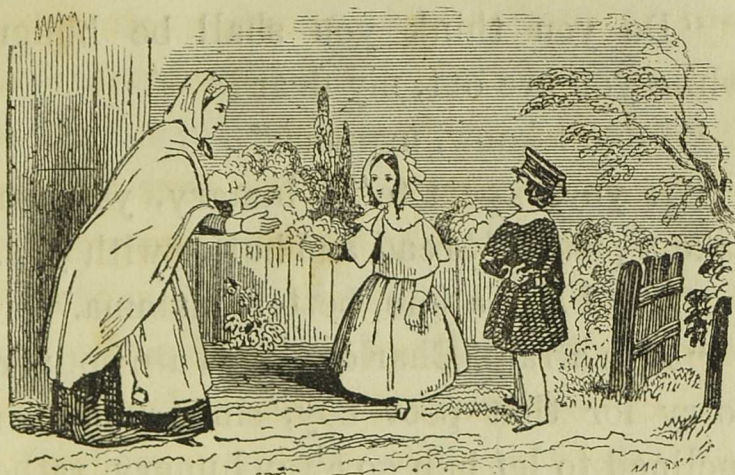
“You would be thought an honourable boy :—therefore let your actions always be such as you could avow without fear or shame to the whole world.

“He who can say, ‘I have done nothing wrong,’ must surely be more happy than he who says to himself, ‘I have done wrong, but I shall not be found out.’

“Let your conduct be marked by honour and honesty in trifles, as well as in matters of importance, and you will always be respected.”



TRUE CHARITY.



“MAMMA,” said little Charlotte, “I wish you would give me a penny to take to that poor boy at the gate. He looks very hungry, and says that he has not had a bit to eat, all day. I am sorry for him.”

“Do let me give him a penny to buy a penny roll.”

“I think you have a penny of your own, Charlotte, that your papa gave you,

this morning. He gave you and Harry a penny each."

"Yes, mamma, but I want mine to buy a bun, while I am out."

"Do you think you shall be hungry while you are out, my dear?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"If you expect to be hungry, you may take a piece of bread and butter with you."

"But I like a bun, better, mamma."

"I am afraid, Charlotte, you are not very sorry for that poor boy, since you seem inclined to let him go away hungry, rather than give up the pleasure of eating a bun, although you have had a good breakfast, and he has had none."

Just at this moment, Harry came up to the gate.

The boy was standing there, still begging.

"Here, poor boy," said Harry, "here is a penny for you. I should have bought a bun with it; but I am not hungry, and you are; so you may have the penny."

The poor boy thanked Harry, and ran

over the way to a baker's, to buy a penny roll, which he began to eat with a joyful countenance.

Harry went away bowling his hoop, and thinking no more about the penny or the beggar boy. Charlotte hung down her head, ashamed, and resolved not to buy a bun that day.

It is very easy to say we pity the misfortunes of others; but if we will not forego a little self-indulgence to aid them, our pity is of no value, for it is not sincere.

Charlotte was not unkind, but she was rather selfishly disposed.

She would have felt glad to give a penny to the poor boy, but she did not like to give up her own enjoyments for the sake of another.

This is not charity.

True charity prompts us to give away what we can spare, when we see that it will benefit another person, although we may, in so doing, incur some inconvenience.

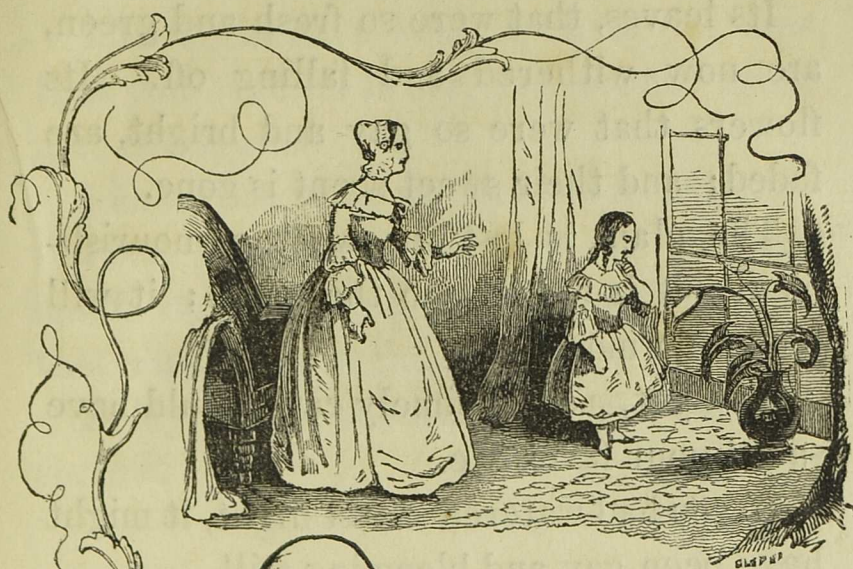
Harry was as fond of a bun as Charlotte

was; but he thought it would be much better for a boy who was hungry to have a piece of bread, than for one who was not hungry, to have a bun.

The occurrence, however, had a good effect on Charlotte; she felt herself undeserving of a bun that day, and persevered in her resolution not to have one.



THE DANGER OF DELAY.



My dear Ann,
look at that plant,
which I gave you but a short
time ago:—it is dead.

Last night, I heard you say—
“That flower is drooping; I must
give it some water, or it will die.”

Did you do so?

No;—you put off the needful at-
tention till the morning; and when
the morning came, you did not think
of it; so the poor plant was left all
day without water, in the hot sun.

Its leaves, that were so fresh and green, are now withered and falling off. Its flowers that were so gay and bright, are faded; and their sweet scent is gone.

The plant is lost for want of nourishment; it is bending to the earth; it will bloom no more.

And yet, a little timely care would have saved your favourite.

If you had watered it last night, it might have been gay and blooming still.

You did not think it would die,—

You did not mean to neglect it,—

You meant to water it in the morning; but why, my dear child, did you leave it till the morning? Why not have done it then?

Is it easier to do a thing to-morrow than to-day?

Is it less trouble? I think not. I think it is far better to do every thing at the time when it ought to be done.

In the condition of this plant, you have proof of the danger there is in delay.

You might have kept it alive, but now that you have let it die, you cannot bring it to life again.

I know you are sorry that it is dead.

Then let this be a lesson to you, my child, never to put off till another time that which you ought to do now.

Delay is almost sure to be the cause of sorrow.



LITTLE MARY.

LITTLE MARY had a favourite cat, which she called Minette. It was a very pretty creature, its fur was of the glossiest black, studded all over with spots as white as snow, and its pretty white paws were like velvet to the touch.

Minette was gentle as a lamb, and so fond of her little mistress, that she would follow her about the house and garden all day long, and when Mary went out to take a walk, or pay a visit, pussy was quite disconsolate, and might be seen perched up at a window with her nose close against the glass, watching for her return.

Mary, on her part, was equally attached to Minette, she gave her some of her bread and milk, every morning, and took care that she had plenty of food every day.

Frequently, when she was reading or

learning her lesson, she would seat herself on a low stool, with Minette by her side, and stroke and pat her all the time, while the happy favourite purred, and seemed delighted at the notice bestowed on her. But these pleasant days were not to last for ever, and poor Minette experienced the fate of many more celebrated characters.

The downfall of a favourite is no uncommon event: my readers will not therefore, be surprised at what I am going to relate about Mary and Minette.

The latter was as happy as any of the tabby race could well be, never dreaming of a rival in the affections of her little mistress, when a new candidate for her favour, appeared in the form of a handsome spaniel puppy, that was given to Mary, and so charmed her, that she soon discarded her faithful Minette, giving all her caresses, and all the nice morsels she had to spare, to Carlo, for that was the name of the new favourite.

From morning till night she had him constantly in her arms, fed him with all the dainties she could get, and even carried him out with her, while poor Minette was quite neglected, and might often have gone a whole day without a meal, if she had not now and then pounced upon some little mouse; which after all, was but a sorry substitute for the good fare to which she had been accustomed.

One day, Mary was sitting by the fire nursing and coaxing her little dog, when Minette ventured into the room, and creeping softly towards the little maiden, to whom she was as much attached as ever, notwithstanding the unkind treatment she had experienced; she touched her hand gently with her paw, and looked up wistfully in her face, as if soliciting the return of her affection; but the appeal was made in vain, Mary pushed away the humble suppliant, saying rather roughly, "Get along puss; what business have you to come here?"

Poor Minette, as if conscious that her petition was rejected, slunk out of the room.

Mary's mamma, although she was engaged in writing a letter, had seen all that had passed, and as soon as she was at leisure, she called her little daughter to her, and asked her if she would like to hear a pretty story.

"Oh, yes, mamma, very much indeed," replied Mary, "there is nothing I like so well as hearing stories."

"Then bring your work, my dear, and sit down by me, and I will tell you one that I have just recollected."

Mary did as she was desired, and her mamma related the following story.

"There was once a lady, who having no children of her own, took charge of a poor infant who had lost both its father and mother, and was left without a single friend in the world.

“ This child grew up so good and amiable that the lady became exceedingly fond of her, dressed her very nicely, and taught her to read and work, made her a constant companion, and was as kind to her as if she had been her own little girl; in short, no one who saw them together would have known the difference.

“ The grateful orphan, on her part, tried by every means in her power to show how much she felt all this kindness, and how dearly she loved her benefactress.

“ It happened, however, that the lady had a friend who was going abroad for two or three years; but she had a little boy about four years old, whom she wished to leave in England, and as she did not like to leave him with strangers, the lady offered to take care of him till her friend should return.

“ This offer, you may suppose, was thankfully accepted, and the little boy was left. He was a pretty little fellow, very lively and good tempered; he had bright laughing

blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and beautiful light hair, that curled all over his head.

“All those attractions pleased the lady so much, that she cared no longer for the little girl, who soon found herself entirely neglected, and frequently wandered about the house alone for whole days together,



without being taken the least notice of, except by the servants; while the little boy was caressed from morning till night, taken out by the lady herself every day, and indulged in every fancy.

“You may imagine that it was quite grief enough to the poor little girl, who

had committed no fault, to find that she had lost the affections of her once kind mistress; yet, she did not complain, although every body saw that her health was slowly declining; for she grew thin and pale, lost her appetite, and pined away by degrees, till, at last, she died."

"Oh, what a sad story!" said Mary, "how cruel it was of that lady to behave so ill to the little girl who had never offended her; was she not sorry when she died?"

"I dare say she was, my dear; but that you know, could not bring the poor child to life again."

"No, indeed, it could not," replied Mary, "I am sure, if I had been her, I should never have been happy any more."

"Nobody can be very happy, my love, who acts unjustly towards others, and yet, I think I know a little girl that has been guilty of the same sort of injustice with which that lady treated the little orphan

she had engaged to protect. Can you guess who I mean?"

"No, mamma, I cannot guess at all who you can mean."

"Think again, Mary; do you know of nobody who has discarded an old favourite for a new one."

"Ah, now I do know what you mean, mamma; you are thinking of Minette, that I used to be so fond of, before I had Carlo. Poor Minette! yes, I see now that I have behaved unjustly to her, but I will make her amends for it all."

She ran to the door, and called "Minette, Minette!" and no sooner did poor puss hear the voice of her mistress, than she flew up the stairs, and was at her side in an instant.

Mary took her up in her arms, and stroked her, saying, "My poor little Minette, I will never be unkind to you again; I love Carlo, but I will love you too; so, from this time, you shall both be my favourites."

Mary's mamma was pleased with this

decision, "For," she said, "we should never bestow our affection so exclusively on one object, as to be blind to the merits of others.

"But above all, we should never withdraw our favour from those on whom we have been in the habit of conferring benefits as long as they continue to deserve it."



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