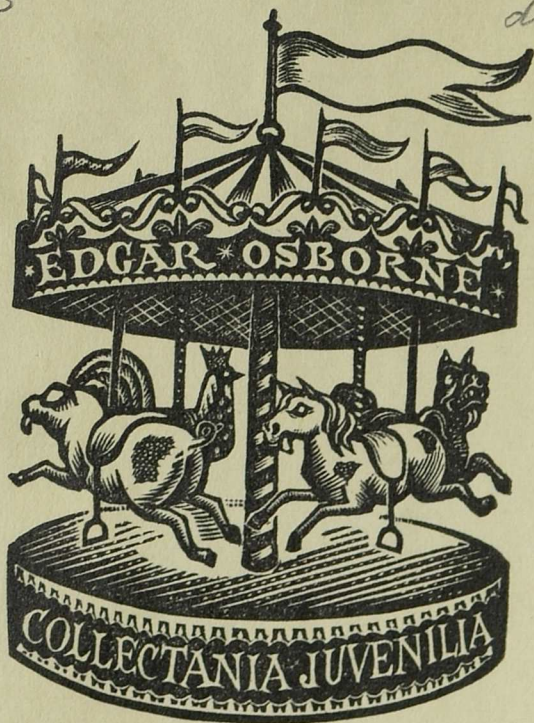


2

**INDUSTRY  
AND IDLENESS  
A PLEASING AND ———  
INSTRUCTIVE TALE FOR  
GOOD LITTLE GIRLS  
BY  
MARY BELSON  
1820**

SB

*dr*



37131048 633 036

I,250

This book forms part of  
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books  
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by  
Edgar Osborne  
in memory of his wife  
MABEL OSBORNE

E FOR

LES.

SB



37

e Kate.



# INDUSTRY

AND

# I D L E N E S S .

A PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE TALE FOR  
GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

IN WORDS NOT EXCEEDING TWO SYLLABLES.

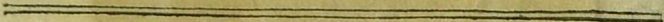


BY MARY BELSON,

*Author of "Simple Truths."*



A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.



LONDON :

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.



1820.

*Price One Shilling.*



## INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

IN a neat little white cottage, at the foot of a pleasant hill in Berkshire, lived young Jessy and her mother. Jessy was active as the bee, merry as the lark, and kind as pity's self. The only sorrow she had yet known was the sickness of her mother, who, going to market with her butter one frosty day, slipped down a steep bank by the road side, and broke her leg.

It was many months before the poor woman could walk again, and even then she was quite lame; she had lost much of her strength too, being so long confined: and, alas! all her hard earnings went to pay her doctor, so that their prospects were sadly changed; and, although she worked hard from morning until night, hardly could she get bread for herself and child.

It was a great comfort to her to have such a kind little nurse as Jessy, who attended her with the greatest care, could make her gruel, clean the room, light the fire, and do an hundred other things, most pleasant to the sick, and



proper for their health ; and, when all this was done, she would go into the pretty garden, pluck up the weeds, water the flowers, and clear the path, with all the care of a florist.

She helped her mother likewise a little in sewing ; but she was only seven years old ; and, having so many other things to do, Jessy did not sew so well as she wished.

The greatest evil was, Jessy could not read ; neither was her mother able to teach her. This gave them both much pain ; but they were too poor to pay for schooling, and only lived in hopes

of better times, when she might join her playmates at the village school. — “It is a hard case,” the poor woman would say, “that my good girl has no friend to give her learning, when I see daily those around me who have the power, and yet do not instruct her. But I trust, before I die, to have the blessing of hearing my Jessy read the Bible, and that will be the joy of my heart.”

At the corner of the same lane in which they lived, stood a much larger and better cottage, with plenty of garden-ground before it, but, unlike Jessy's, the weeds grew taller than the flowers, the palings were all broken, so that

the pigs went in and out when they liked : no blushing rose, no sweet-smelling pink, struck the stranger's eye as he passed by, or tempted him to open the white gate to beg a nosegay, which was often the case at the widow's. Yet the owners of this cottage were far richer : they had a cow, two pigs, and a field of clover ; but they were careless, idle people, who only thought of the present, and never prepared for the future.

They had one little girl, just the age of Jessy, whom they let run about idling all day long : it is true they paid for her schooling, and bought books to teach her to read, but they heeded not

whether she went to school or no ; and, if her mother bade her go, and she cried, the foolish woman would coax her in a minute, send her into the fields to play with all the books she could find to divert her ; and, if they had no pictures in them, Kate oftener tore them in pieces, than looked at the letters in them.

With good clothes and good feeding, she never looked so neat or healthy as her young friend, nor was she at any time half as happy : Jessy would laugh, play, or sing, when Kate was tired, without having enjoyed herself.

Kate was a silly child, no doubt : but how wicked were her parents

not to correct her idle habits, and teach her to be useful! Happy for her, she had a good temper, or she might have become a vagrant, for the care that was taken of her by her father and mother. Jessy saw all her faults, but could not help loving her; and Kate, though idle herself, thought Jessy the best girl in the village.

One day, Jessy was digging in the garden, and singing with all her might. Kate looked over the palings to see what she was doing; "I wish I was as merry as you," said she to Jessy, "you are always so happy; I never see you crying: do you ever feel sad, Jessy?"

“Not very often,” replied the rosy girl, “except when poor mother is in pain with her leg, or when I wish for one thing, that I cannot get.”

“Ah! I know what that is,” cried Kate, nodding her curly head; “it is spice-nuts from Reading.”

“Indeed it is not,” said Jessy; “what I wish for, is better than all the nuts in the world.”

“Oh, now I know what it must be,” cries Kate, “seed-cake! I see, by your smile, I am right this time.”

“No, you are still wrong,” re-

plied the other, "and I am sure you will not guess it, if you try all day; so I will tell you. I wish to have a great deal of money, that I might go to school, and learn to read, as you do, and Jenny Robson."

"Is that all?" said Kate, in surprise. "I wonder how you could wish to learn hard lessons, and long words, that make me cry every time I open my book. I hate school, and always coax mother to let me stay at home. I am sure, Jessy, if you like any of my books, you may have them and welcome."

Jessy thanked her; but said they would be of no use to her, as she did not know her letters.

“That is true,” said Kate, “I never thought of that, but I will teach you all I know, if I don’t get tired, and then you may read as fast as you like.”

“Do, dear Kate, do,” cried Jessy, throwing down her spade, and jumping with joy, “and I will tell you what I will do for you in return; you shall have the sweetest flowers in my garden, for a nosegay on Sundays when you go to church, not for one day only, but all the summer



long; and, when my little chicken lays eggs, you shall have the two first."

The bargain was soon made, and the friends parted in high good humour.

When Jessy told her mother of Kate's kind offer, she was well pleased; but, knowing the little girl's idle habits, she much feared the plan would not last long, though she did not like to damp Jessy's delight by telling her so.

Matters went on very well for a fortnight; but at length Kate began to grow tired of her promise: she was always busy when her young scholar wanted a lesson,

or the road was so dirty, she could not cross to the white cottage without spoiling her new shoes; yet poor Jessy swept a clean path night and morning, and at last took her own shoes, to save those of her friend.

Kate blushed at this proof of Jessy's desire to learn, and for two days after paid her a visit with the book in her hand; the third day it rained very hard, the fourth she went to school herself, the fifth was Sunday, and by the sixth, she forgot to do any thing but play: and Jessy saw, with sorrow, that all hopes were at an end. She was much vexed, and could not help thinking Kate un-

kind, yet she did not reproach her careless friend.

In this short space of time, Jessy had gained a thorough knowledge of the letters, and had just began to put them in words.

“What a pity,” said she to herself, as she was trying to make out a verse of a hymn, “what a pity Kate did not go on a month longer! I am sure, if she had, I should have been able to read this pretty hymn, and it would not have given her such a great deal of trouble either. If she loved me as I do her, she would not so soon have tired; but my mother says she is a spoiled child; so, per-

haps, she cannot help it. I shall give her the nosegay all the same; for I will not break my word, if she does hers!"

Jessy's good parent had always told her, that it was her duty to do unto others as she would desire them to do towards her; and, although they might forget what was right and just, God would expect her to fulfil her duty, and reward her for so doing, either in this world, or the next. Thus Jessy never felt angry for any harm done by her playmates, who, if not so good as herself, loved her very much, and would share all they had with her.

The next Sunday Kate had not courage to ask for her nosegay; but she could not help stopping at the widow's gate, and looking at the fine damask roses, and gay streaked tulips. Jessy was picking some of the best, and tying them up in a bunch.

"Are you going to church?" asked Kate. "It is very late; the bell is ringing for the last time: what a fine nosegay you have got Jessy, is it for yourself?"

"Don't you see I have got one in my bosom?" replied she.

"It is for your mother, then, I suppose."

“No, it is for you,” said Jessy, smiling at Kate’s cunning guess, “if you will accept of it: you know I made you a promise of one for Sundays.”

“Yes,” said she, “but I thought, as I did not keep mine, you would not think I had a right to the flowers. I am sure you are very good, Jessy; but, do you indeed wish me to take them?”

“To be sure I do,” replied Jessy, “or I should not make you the offer: come, take your nosegay, and off to church as quick as you can. I will just go

and kiss mother, and follow you in a minute.

“Thank you, dear Jessy,” said Kate, as she took the present. “I never saw such a pretty tulip as this in my life: and, oh! what a sweet pink!”

“Sweet indeed!” said a boy about twelve years of age, who stooped his head to smell them as he passed; then turning to Jessy, he added, “Little girl, who reared these nice flowers for you?”

“O!” cried Kate, “it is all her own care that makes me so nice.”

“And Farmer Oat’s son,” said

Jessy; "he often comes and puts them in order for me; but then I take care to water them when they want it, and to clear the weeds from their stalks, or else they would soon be lost."

"Aye, trouble enough you have with them," said Kate; "I like flowers very much, but could not take such pains, to have the finest in Berkshire: but you are so kind, you always give me some when they are in blossom."

"I think she is too kind," said the boy, "for, if you are so idle, you don't deserve to profit by the care of others. I guess, by your curly head, you are Kate



Mayland; therefore, 'tis no wonder you should make such a speech; for they say you are the most silly and lazy girl in the village."

Kate blushed deeply, but felt his reproof too just, to say a word in return. Jessy was hurt for her friend, and thought the boy very unkind, to speak so rough to poor Kate; and she was sorry to find her idle conduct was so much known.

When the boy was going away, he asked Jessy for one of her pinks in so civil a tone, that she almost forgot his sharp words, and

picked four or five nice ones, and gave him with free will.

“Thank you, thank you, my little friend,” said he, “I shall find a way to return your kindness; good-day to you both:” and away he ran.

Jessy kissed her mother in haste, and set off full speed after Kate, who was walking slowly up the lane.

For, what the strange boy had said to her made her feel very silly; but, when Jessy joined her, she soon raised her spirits, and began to talk as if nothing had been the matter.

Jessy had been taught to say her prayers night and morning, and to know that it was wicked to talk, or make a noise, when she was at church; for, as her good mother told her, if she did not know the meaning of all the parson said, she might sit still, and think of God, and all his goodness to them.

Kate, whose parents never told her how to behave when there, would move about, yawn, whisper, with many other foolish tricks, quite shameful in such a place. Often would the farmers' wives shake their heads, and hold up their fingers, to check her, while Jessy's proper conduct gained the praise

and goodwill of all. On this day Kate was much more quiet than any other Sunday; for the strange boy sat very near her, and she could not for shame go on in her old ways; and, when they came out of church, she took Jessy's arm, and walked all the way home, without stopping to pick up stones and dirty sticks, or running into the dusty road, as she did at other times.

The next day Jessy saw her going to school with a clean face and hands.

"Kate is giving over her idle tricks, I see," said she to her mother; "look, how good and smiling

she seems to-day: oh! I wish she may turn steady; for then she will teach me my book again: and I know she loves me.”

What shocking things are bad habits, and how careful children ought to be to avoid them! They creep by little and little at a time, so that we scarcely notice them, but at last they get the better of us: childish faults often turn to great crimes; and the harmless babe too often proves a wicked man, or woman. Those children who have good friends to point out their faults, and teach them how to correct them, must be very bad indeed, if they do not strive to

mend; but, if their parents do not take pains to shew them what is right, and check them in what is wrong, they claim our pity as well as blame.

It was just so with poor Kate. She now began to see her folly, and wished to conquer her idle tricks; but, alas! she knew not how to begin, nor did her father or mother embrace the lucky moment, as they ought to have done: thus, all her good resolves died away for want of proper advice, and in a few days she could think only of the village-fair, that was to take place on the last day of the month.

Jessy, too, was not without wishes on the same account. She had been saving her money many long weeks to buy a fairing, and would look at the little box that held her treasure a dozen times in a day. Sixpence was the sum of her riches; and poor simple Jessy thought she could purchase a great many fine things for a silver sixpence.

At length the much-wished-for day came; and, to the great joy of the village children, the sky was clear, the sun shone bright, and, as it beamed through the cottage casements, waked many a young sleeper. Soon all was bustle and noise. Drest in Sunday hats, gowns,

and shoes, the green was shortly filled with little happy beings, who had run from house to house, to collect their friends. Alas! Jessy was not of the youthful party: her poor mother was taken ill that very morning, and could not quit her bed.

So sorry did she feel at the thoughts of robbing her dear Jessy of a few hours' pleasure, that she strove to make light of her pain, and tried to get up and dress herself, but at last was forced to own she had not the power to do so. Jessy, though she was sorry to give up going to the fair; loved her mother too dearly to repine



at staying at home ; and, when she heard the poor woman regret that she kept her from her playmates, replied, “ Never mind, dear mother, perhaps you will be better next fair-day, and who knows but what I may be able to read by that time ; so I will save my money to buy books. I shall be as happy to-morrow, as if I had been to-day.”

When Kate came to beg a nosegay of Jessy, she lifted her hands in great sorrow to hear she could not go to the fair ; but said she would not fail to bring her a part of what nice things she should get. Jessy’s heart felt rather big when Kate bade her farewell, and

she could not help leaning over the hatch, to see her turn the corner of the lane. At this instant, the boy to whom she had given the pinks nodded to her, and asked if she was not going to the fair. Jessy shook her head, saying her mother was so ill, that she could not leave her.

“I am sorry to hear that,” said he, “for I hoped to see you there; but I am certain you are too good a girl to wish to leave your mother, if she is sick. I dare say idle Kate will be there.”

“Well,” said Jessy to herself, after he was gone, “I would sooner

be as I am, than found fault with by all folks, as poor Kate is; yet, I'm sure she has a good heart."

While her mother was asleep Jessy sat by her bed-side, with the sixpence in her hand, thinking what she should buy next fair-day, when a sudden thought came into her head how much her mother would enjoy a white loaf for her supper. Books, cakes, all were forgot in a moment. "Yes," said she softly, "when she wakes I will run into the market-place, and get a nice one for her. O, how pleased she will be!" Jessy watched to see her mother open her

eyes; but the sun was going down before she awoke, and the sound sleep she had enjoyed, made her feel quite brisk and cheerful. She bade her little nurse take a walk in the garden to refresh herself, before they had supper; "for I am sure," she added, "you are hungry, child."

Jessy placed the pillow smooth under her head, kissed her, and went into the garden; then gently raising the latch, she passed into the lane, and ran with all her might to the baker's, who picked a choice loaf from the shelf, and gave her half a dozen spice-nuts for herself, because, he said, she

was a good girl, and never in mischief.

Jessy gave him many thanks for his kindness; and then made all the haste she could home.

Tears of joy ran down her mother's cheeks when she saw what her child had bought with her sixpence.

“I can only thank and love you,” said she, “but God will reward you, my dear; and, when I am dead and gone, he will protect and succour you, as you do your poor mother now.”

Jessy felt more happy at these words, than she could have done

had she gone to the fair, and brought away all the toys and the cakes there. While the good woman was eating her supper, many of Jessy's young friends tapped at the casement, to give her a share of the nice things they had had given them by their parents. Among these, Kate was not the last; she had saved a part of all she bought for her dear Jessy, who was more pleased by this proof of her love, than by the sweetmeats themselves, nice as they were.

She had just bade Kate good night, and was shutting the garden-gate, when her new friend, the

stranger, came up, and told her he had got a fairing for her, which he was sure she would like: he then held up a book, with a fine gilt cover. "There are six stories in it," said he, "some of them about good children, like yourself; others, more like your friend Kate; but, good and bad, they are very pretty. Why how now," he added, seeing Jessy draw back her hand, and look down, "don't you like reading? I thought of all things a book would suit you best, or I should have bought a doll or cakes: well, well, I did not expect this."

Jessy saw he took her for a dunce; and, though she felt some

shame in owning she could not read, thought it much better to tell the truth at once, than let him suppose she was stupid or idle.

This boy was the son of the new parish-clerk, his name Edward; he could read, spell, write, and sum, as well as many men, and, being so good a scholar himself, he liked those who were fond of learning; and took great pains to teach his little brothers and sisters. When he heard this good child express her regret that she had not the means to learn, he thought it was a great pity such good desires should be lost; so, after a few moments' silence,



“Pray,” said he, “what time do you rise in the morning?”

“At five o’clock,” replied she, looking at him very eagerly.

“Do you think, Jessy, you could spare time to meet me at the squire’s lodge at six? If so, I will take great pleasure in teaching you to read; and, if I find you come on well, why, perhaps, when winter comes on, I may step down here of a night, and shew you how to write.”

Jessy had not words ready to thank him; she could only grasp his hand, and look her joy; but

Edward, as he viewed the red blush that stained her sun-burnt cheeks, and the grateful tears that shone in her eyes, thought they were the best of all thanks. After telling her the nearest way to the Lodge, he bade her good night : while Jessy flew into the cottage, to inform her mother of her happy prospects.

The good woman was nearly as glad as her child ; and, as she heard the sanguine Jessy speak of the time when she should be able to read the Bible, and pretty stories to her, on winter nights, almost forgot her pain and past sorrows.

The next morning Jessy rose with the lark. The walk to the Lodge seemed the longest she had ever taken; still she was there before her new friend. Twice she walked round the Lodge, and to the stile which led to the village. At length, to her joy, Edward came running across the fields. Well pleased he was to find his little pupil so ready: nor had he any reason to find fault with her. When he began the friendly task, his praises filled her young heart with joy; not that she felt the least vain, thought or esteemed herself better than others, but she had a great desire for learning; and, as it was not certain the present lucky

chance might last, she wished to get on quickly, and feared her being so old before she began would make her appear stupid to Edward, whose brothers and sisters, he had told her, could read very well.

“Be of good heart, Jessy,” said he, when she had done her lesson, “I shall soon make a good scholar of you; in less than a month we will leave idle Kate behind, or I am more in the wrong than her careless parents.”

How short the road back seemed to the light-hearted girl, and how cheerfully she did the household

work that day, and briskly too, that she might learn the lesson Edward gave her quite perfectly !

Jessy was not a child to be soon tired of a thing. Her desire to be clever did not abate, because the means were in her power : she thought she was doubly bound to take pains in this instance, both to shew herself worthy of God's goodness, in raising her such a friend, and to appear grateful for Edward's kind care.

Before the summer was over, Jessy had made great progress in her reading ; and Edward kindly lent her books to improve her,

and, when the long nights came on, he began to teach her writing; and, although he had a mile to go home, through a heavy road, in the dark, yet he thought nothing of the trouble. Snow, rain, or moonlight, Edward was always exact to his time, and Jessy always ready for him.

When spring began to shoot her buds, and the prickly hedges put on their green coat again, Jessy paid her old friends at the Lodge a visit. The keeper was Edward's uncle; and both himself and wife were very fond of the scholar, as they called Jessy. If it rained, she took her lesson by their snug fire-

side, but in fine weather they seated themselves under a large walnut-tree.

It was one fine morning in May that Jessy, in crossing the last field, on her way to the Lodge, picked up a sparkling ring, the value of which, (though she did not really know,) she guessed might be great; for Edward, the night before, had been reading to her an account of many fine stones that were dug out of the earth, and among them he named a ruby, which she thought must be very like what she held in her hand.

“How pretty it shines!” said she,

as she held it towards the sun; “and what a fine red colour! I wonder who it belongs to! But I must shew it to Edward, perhaps he can help me to find the owner.” Edward was waiting for her at the walnut-tree; and, when he saw the fine ring she had found, he called his uncle to look at it. “Good lack!” cried the honest man, “this is a rare treasure for certain: well, Jessy, this will prove a good find for you.”

“I shall not keep it,” said she, staring.

“No, child, God forbid you should!” replied he, “but, as the



finder, you will get a handsome reward, no doubt; and, to my thoughts, it must belong to our folks at the Abbey: for who else in this poor place could own such a thing?"

Upon this Jessy gave him the ring to take to the Abbey, and inquire if any of the squire's folks had lost it; and then began her lesson; after which she made haste home, fearful her poor mother might want her breakfast. While she was getting it ready, she told the good woman all that had passed, and what a pretty red stone was in the ring.

She had just done her household

work, and was washing her hands, to help her mother in sewing, when Edward, quite out of breath, came running down the lane. As he reached the cottage-door, he called loudly to Jessy, and bade her put on her best clothes, and make haste to the squire's. "Sure enough," he added, "the ring was the squire's lady's: she was going to give my uncle two guineas for you, but when she heard what kind of a girl you were, she bade him send you to her at ten o'clock: it is almost that now; so lose no time, Jessy: quick, girl! dress yourself in a moment."

Poor Jessy was so happy; yet

trembled so much, she scarcely knew what she was about ; but her dress was too simple, to take much time in changing it : her Sunday stuff gown, clean white apron and mittens, neat straw bonnet, and a fresh nosegay in her bosom, was all the change in Jessy : nor did she wish for more. Goodness and content gave a sweet smile to her face ; health and labour, a rosy blush to her round cheeks, that, even in this humble attire, made her appear a most pleasing object.

Edward went with her to the Abbey, and left her in the great hall. She felt a little afraid when left alone, for she was not used to

great folks ; but yet, thought she, why need I fear, I have done no harm, and they say the lady is very good.

In a short time a footman came into the hall, and led her to a room so large, and so fine, that poor Jessy, in her first surprise, did not perceive a lady who was sitting on a sofa at work.

“Well, little maid,” said the lady, “was it you that found the ring this morning?”

“Yes, madam,” replied Jessy, bending her knees with a rustic quickness, that would have made

many a little town girl smile ; but the squire's lady was too kind to laugh at a good child, because she did not know how to dance.

“ I hear a very good account of you, Jessy ; they say you are very clever in helping your mother, that you clean the house, can make her broth, and have the neatest garden in the village, chiefly by your own care.”

Jessy made no answer ; but blushed, and began to play with her nosegay.

“ This is not all,” said the lady. “ I am told that, during the last

ten months, you have taken such pains in learning to read, that you are now quite a scholar; nay, and write very well, for the short time you have been taught: all this proves you are worthy to be taken notice of. I never could bear idle children in my life, nor did I ever know them make good men and women, unless they saw their folly, and strove to amend. As you have done so much credit to your young master, I mean to try what you can do with his father; he shall teach you to read, write, and cipher; my own maid will be so good as to instruct you in needle-work; and, if I hear the same account of you six months

hence, I will give you a nice new gown and shoes for the winter."

"And oh! dear lady," said the happy girl, "will you not give something to Edward?"

"Yes, my love! and I think still better of you, for not wishing to forget old friends, when you have found new ones. Edward shall go to Reading, and learn any trade he likes, and I will pay all the expense needful."

Jessy knew not what to say, her joy was so great; and, although she thought the lady could

not be thanked too often, she longed to get home, and tell her mother the good news.

Her kind friend guessing what her feelings were, would not detain her any longer; but, giving her a guinea to buy a gown for the next fair-day, bade her haste away to her fond parent.

Who can describe Jessy's joy, as, placed on her mother's knee, she told of all the luck to come? Nor did she forget to name the fine house she had seen, and the dear sweet lady herself.

“Well, my dear child,” said the widow, while the tears ran down



her pale cheeks, “you now see what it is to be honest, active, and humble; it has pleased God to help us out of all our trouble when we did not expect it: our being poor has proved our greatest blessing; for, if I could have paid your schooling, Edward never would have taught you: you would not have gone to the lodge this morning, and found this fine ring, which, I trust, has found you a friend for life. Thus the good God orders all things for the best: from Him comes all good: we have no power ourselves, and can only prove we deserve His bounty, by doing our duty in all respects, as far as in us lies.”

In a few days after, Jessy began with her new master; and, when her lesson was over, she walked to the Abbey, to receive one in work from mistress Martha, who soon grew fond of her little pupil; and seldom did she return home without something nice for her sick mother.

Edward, at his own request, was bound to a builder at Reading, and had good cause to rejoice at his conduct towards the young Jessy; through whose means he was now learning a good trade, and that without any expense to his father, who had many other children, and could not afford to give so large a

sum as thirty pounds with his son ; and the builder would not take him for less.

And where was lazy Kate all this time ? Alas ! her mother was dead, and her worthless father soon spent all he had, sold his cottage, and went to live in the next village ; but there he got into still worse pursuits, and was at last forced to work in the fields for the farmers ; while Kate, half-naked, without shoes, and often without a dinner, strolled about the village from morn until eve : few felt pity for her, none strove to help her ; yet her faults were trifling, if we compare them to

those of her father and mother.

On the next fair-day Edward called for Jessy, to go to the fair with himself, his brothers, and sisters. The 'squire's lady had given her a shilling to spend, and mistress Martha added a sixpence: dressed in a new bonnet and gown, Jessy was the neatest little maid of the party; never had she felt in such high spirits; all were her friends, for Jessy had no foes; but her pleasure was sorely checked, when, as they were coming back, she saw her friend Kate sitting on the church-yard stile quite in rags,

pale as the lilies in her garden, and her once plump cheeks and arms fallen away to skin and bone.

Kate felt some shame when she saw the good, the happy Jessy, and would have stole away; but Jessy's tender heart would not suffer this: she ran to her, and, putting her arms round her neck, sobbed aloud. Poor Kate cried too.—“Take these nuts, dear Kate,” said her friend, “and this cake, and this candy; and stay, here is a sixpence: ah! did you not bring me some of your's last year? I have not forgot that.” Kate thanked her, but was too

hungry to say much: she had ate nothing since the morning, and longed to begin the nice seed-cake she would have thrown away the last fair-day.

At parting, Jessy bade her come and see her. "I have got good friends now," said she, "and I will try to make them yours too, and I will pick as sweet a nose-gay for you as ever you had out of my garden, of all the flowers you used to like."

Edward and the rest of the party gave share of their fairings to the wretched girl, and

their young hearts ached, as they viewed her sad looks.

“ Poor Kate !” said Edward, when they left her, “ I think, if all idle children were to see her now, they would soon give over such habits. I am sure she is a lesson to all in this village. And so are you, Jessy, but not of the same kind ; if they don’t wish to be happy or loved, they may follow her steps ; but, if they desire to be good, to have friends, and the fair word of old and young, they may see by you, how easy it is to gain their wishes, and the love of God into the bargain.

We trust none of our little readers differ from Edward, or would prefer the fate of

**IDLENESS**

TO

**INDUSTRY.**

**THE END.**



AN IMPROVED  
AND  
RATIONAL SERIES OF BOOKS,  
FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN,  
RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY W. DARTON,  
58, HOLBORN-HILL.

---

THE SHIPWRECK; or, Misfortune the Inspirer of Virtuous Sentiments. By Mrs. PILKINGTON. 18mo. price 2s. 6d. half bound, with Copper-plates.

AUNT MARY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT to GOOD LITTLE BOYS and GIRLS who are LEARNING to READ. By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Tales," "Ornaments Discovered," &c. &c. 18mo. 1s. 6d. half bound, with Copper-plates.

STORIES for CHILDREN; chiefly confined to Words of Two Syllables. By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Tales," &c. &c. 18mo. price 1s. 6d. half bound, with Copper-plates.

THE ALCHEMIST; by the Author of "Ornaments Discovered," &c. 18mo. price 2s. 6d. half bound.

THE METAMORPHOSES; or Effects of Education: a Tale. By the Author of "The Ornaments Discovered," &c. &c. 18mo. price 2s. 6d. half bound.

LITTLE LESSONS for LITTLE FOLKS; containing, 1. The Little Sweepers. 2. The Mistake. 3. The Widow and her only Son. 4. Ask and Learn. 5. Village Annals; or Truth and Falsehood. By MARY BELSON, Author of "Industry and Idleness," "Modern Goody Two-Shoes," "Adventures of Thomas Two-Shoes," "William's Secret," "The History of Peggy and her Mammy," &c. 18mo. price 2s. 6d. half bound.

*New Books recently published by W. DARTON.*

**THE YOUNG MORALIST**; consisting of Allegorical and Entertaining Essays, in Prose and Verse. Fifth Edition, enlarged; with occasional Notes and Illustrations. By G. WRIGHT, Esq. Editor of "Mental Pleasures," &c. &c. 18mo. price 2s. 6d. half bound, with Copper-plates.

**THE ORPHAN GIRL**; a Moral Tale, founded on Facts. By MARY ROBSON, Author of "Ornaments Discovered," &c. 18mo. price 2s. half bound, with Copper-plates.

**THE YELLOW SHOE-STRINGS**; or, the Good Effects of Obedience to Parents; price 1s. with Copper-plates.

**THE MODERN GOODY TWO-SHOES**; exemplifying the good Consequences of early attention to Learning and Virtue. By MARY BELSON, Author of "Industry and Idleness;" price 1s. with Copper-plates.

**HENRY**; a Story for Little Boys and Girls from Five to Seven Years old. By FRANCES BOYER VAUX. Two Parts, price 1s. each, with Copper-plates.

**PEGGY and her MAMMY**. By MARY ELLIOTT, (late Belson,) Author of "Industry and Idleness," &c. With Copper-plates, price 1s.

**WILLIAM'S SECRET**. By MARY ELLIOTT, (late Belson,) Author of "Industry and Idleness," &c. With Copper-plates, price 1s.

**THE WAX TAPER**; or, Effects of Bad Habits. By MARY ELLIOTT, (late Belson,) Author of "Industry and Idleness," &c. With Copper-plates, price 1s.

**THE HISTORY of MR. RIGHTWAY and his PUPILS**; an entertaining and instructive Lesson for Young Gentlemen. By WILLIAM FRANCIS SULLIVAN, A. M. Teacher of Elocution and Belles-Lettres. 18mo. price 1s. 6d. half bound, with Plates.

**THE ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED**. By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Tales," "Alchemist," "Metamorphoses," "New Year's Gift," and "Stories for Children." 18mo. price 2s. 6d. half bound.

**THE RAMBLES of a BUTTERFLY**. By MARY BELSON. With Plates, 18mo, price 2s. half bound.

*New Books recently published by W. DARTON.*

**THE ADVENTURES of a DONKEY.** By ARABELLA ARGUS, Author of "The Juvenile Spectator." 18mo. price 2s. 6d. half bound.

**LECTURES AT MY SCHOOL ;** or, Play-Ground Conversations. By a Friend to Youth ; illustrated with Fifty elegant Engravings. Price 2s. 6d. half bound.

**LEARNING BETTER THAN HOUSE AND LAND,** as exemplified in the History of Harry Johnson and Dick Hobson. By J. CAREY, LL.D. 2s. 6d. half bound.

**THE SCRIPTURE ALPHABET,** by a Parent, for his Children ; illustrated with Twenty-seven Engravings from Scripture. Price 1s.

**THE ADVENTURES of the CELEBRATED LITTLE THOMAS DELLOW,** who was stolen from his Parents on the 18th of November, 1811, and restored to them on the 3d of January, 1812. Illustrated by Eight Characteristic Engravings, price 1s.

**LONDON :** a Descriptive Poem. Second Edition, corrected, and illustrated with elegant Views on Copper-plates, price 1s.

**GRATEFUL TRIBUTES ;** or, Recollections of Infancy. By MARY BELSON, Author of "Industry and Idleness," &c. Price, with Plates, Eighteen-pence, or, without Plates, Sixpence.

**THE FIRST, or MOTHER'S CATECHISM ;** containing Common Things necessary to be known at an Early Age. By the Rev. DAVID BLAIR. Price Ninepence.

**THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRIMER,** or an Easy Vocabulary of Twelve Hundred common Words, for the use of Children. By the ABBE BOSSUT. Price Ninepence.

**A VISIT TO LONDON,** containing a Description of the principal Curiosities in the British Metropolis. With Six Copper-plates ; price 2s. 6d.

**A VISIT TO A FARM-HOUSE ;** or, an Introduction to various Subjects connected with Rural Economy. Embellished with beautiful Plates. Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

*New Books recently published by W. DARTON.*

**MARY AND HER CAT**, a Tale for Good Children, chiefly in Words of two Syllables. Price Sixpence.

**THE JUVENILE SPECTATOR**; being Observations on the Tempers, Manners, and Foibles, of various Young Persons: interspersed with such lively matter as, it is presumed, will amuse as well as instruct. By **ARABELLA ARGUS**. 2 vols. in 1, 8s. half bound.

**THE ADVENTURES AND CONVERSATIONS OF A SUMMER'S MORNING**; intended to entertain and instruct the Minds of Youth. A new Edition, improved. By **WILLIAM WISEACRE**, Esq. Price 1s. 6d.

**ARBORES MIRABILES**; or, a Description of the most remarkable Trees, Plants, and Shrubs, in all parts of the World; illustrated with several curious Anecdotes of their wonderful Properties, and at the same time manifesting infinite Wisdom in the Formation of those valuable Productions so beneficial to Mankind. By **JOSEPH TAYLOR**, Author of "Tales of the Robin." 12mo. price 4s. sheep, lettered.

**SIMPLE TRUTHS**, in Verse; intended for the Amusement and Instruction of Children. By the Author of "Industry and Idleness." Price 1s. 6d.

**THE ORPHAN BOY**; or, a Journey to Bath. Founded on Fact. By **MARY BELSON**. Price 2s. 6d. half bound.

**THE GOOD BOY'S SOLILOQUY**; containing his Parent's Instructions relative to his Disposition and Manners. Illustrated with Sixteen Copper-plate Cuts. Price 1s.

**INNOCENT POETRY** for Young Minds; by Two Young Ladies. Price 1s.

**FRANKLIN'S WAY TO WEALTH**; or, Poor Richard Improved. A new Edition, with neat Copper-plates. Price Sixpence.

**PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE**; or, Midsummer Holidays. By **MARY BELSON**. Price Eighteen-pence.

**TALES OF THE ROBIN**, and other small Birds. By **JOSEPH TAYLOR**. Price 2s. 6d.

c

