

THE
YELLOW
SHOE-STRINGS;
OR, THE
GOOD EFFECTS
OF
OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY AND FOR W. DARTON, JUN.
58, HOLBORN HILL.

Price One Shilling.

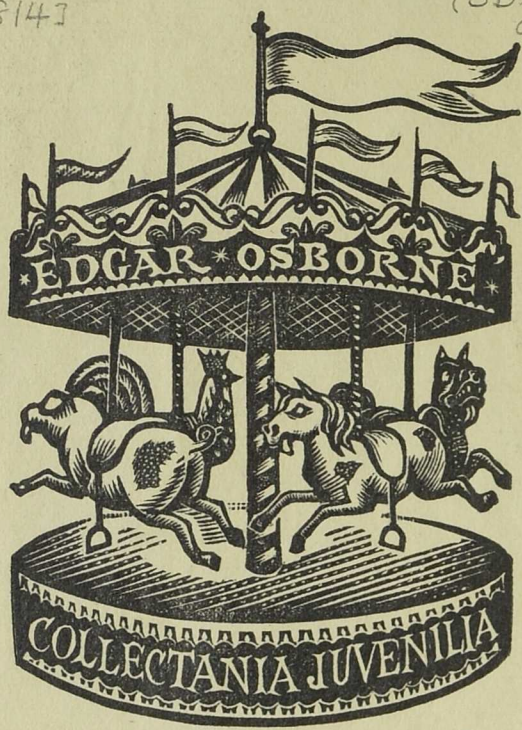
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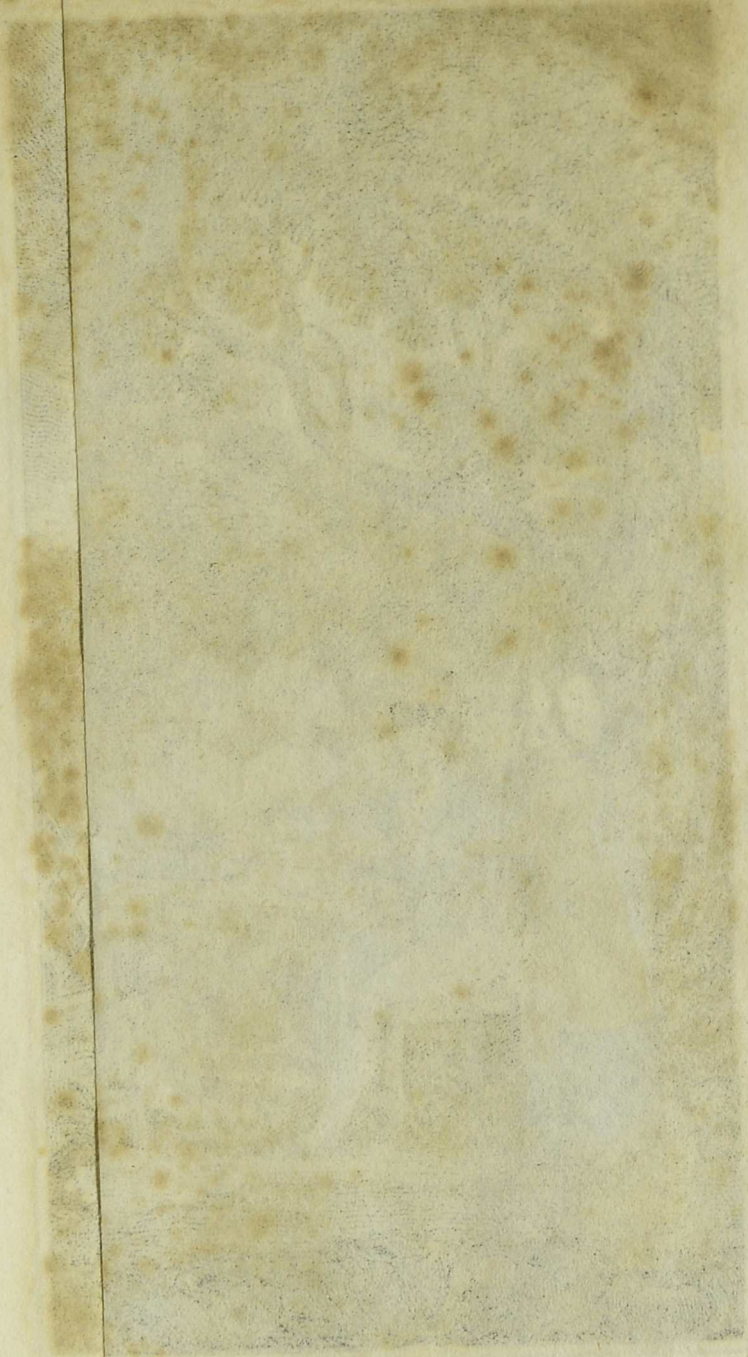
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"I have sometimes thought, that the comfort and happiness which we enjoyed, for fourteen years, in this little paradise, unfitted us to bear with fortitude the troubles which afterwards befel us."

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following little story was related to the children of the Author as they were sitting round the fire on a winter evening, without the most distant idea of its ever re-appearing in any form. At its conclusion, the children begged that it might be *written out*, (as they termed it) that they might have the pleasure

of seeing it and hearing it again ; it was accordingly written the same evening, almost verbatim as it was first told them, and is now transcribed for the amusement of that most interesting part of society, *obedient children*, by

Their most sincere

and affectionate Friend,

J. P.

THE
YELLOW SHOE-STRINGS.

SALLY GROVES was a sweet little girl, just five years old ; her mother was very fond of her, because she was very good. Sally had a new pair of red shoes, and wishing to be fine, had prevailed upon her sister Mary to get her some yellow shoe-strings to tie them with ; but her mother did not approve of such a tawdry mixture of colours ; and told her little

daughter, that she was sorry to see so young a child studying how to dress herself gaily, and wished she would give the ribbon to some person for whom it would be more fit.

Now although little Sally had set her heart upon these strings, yet, as her mother did not think it proper for her to wear them, she immediately took them out of her shoes; and while she was admiring them, a poor beggar, with one leg, came to the door, to ask for a bit of bread: as the servants were above stairs, Sally ran to the door, and seeing him look so wretched, and wishing to



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"Here poor man, here is something better than bread for you, here are my new shoestrings, which my mother says it is not proper for me to wear, because I am so young a child; I am sure you are old enough to wear them, so take them?"

do all in her power to relieve him, said, "Here poor man, here is something better than bread for you, here are my new shoe-strings, which my mother says it is not proper for me to wear, because I am so young a child; I am sure you are old enough to wear them, so take them."

"Ah, my little dear," answered the beggar, "I have no use for yellow shoe-strings, I had rather have a crust of bread, for I have not eaten a morsel to day:" but Sally only said,

"I am sure you will like these yellow shoe-strings better than

bread, and I have nothing else that I can give you.”—The poor man would have had her take them back again, but she would not, and pressing him to keep them, she shut the door.

As the poor man walked away, he could not but admire the kindness of the little girl, but would rather have had a bit of bread than ten pair of yellow shoe-strings.

Just as he had got to the end of the lane which led from Sally's house, he saw a lady, very elegantly dressed, standing near a very dirty part of the road, hold-

ing a patten in her hand, the string of which had just broken, by which accident she was prevented from crossing over the mud. The poor beggar hobbled up to her as fast as he could, and said, "Will you accept of a string to tie your patten, madam?" She replied,

"Thank you, good man, I will, and shall be much obliged to you."

The poor man then laid down his stick, and putting the string into the patten, tied it firmly on the lady's foot; for which she very kindly gave him sixpence.

Well, thought the poor man, *yellow shoe-strings are indeed better than a bit of bread.*

After thanking the lady a hundred times, he walked on. When he had got to the end of the lane, he thought he would take one more look at the good lady, who had been so kind to him, and when he turned round, he saw that just as she had got into the middle of the mud, the string of the other patten had broken, and it was so firmly fixed in the mud, that it was impossible for her to pull it out, nor could she go on one step without it: he therefore hurried back, and said,

“I am very glad, madam, to have it in my power to render you further assistance; I have another string, and can pull out the patten with my stick:” he did so, and after he had tied it on the lady’s foot, she asked him how he came, so fortunately, to have those strings, by which she had been enabled to cross the mud so comfortably?

He replied, “A sweet little girl, of whom I was begging a bit of bread, made me take them, saying, You will indeed like these yellow shoe-strings better than a crust of bread.”

“ And,” said the lady, “ are you indeed so poor, good man, as to be obliged to beg for a bit of bread ?”

“ Indeed, madam,” said the poor man, “ I have not tasted a morsel of food the whole day.”

“ Well,” said the lady, “ I am glad for your sake, as well as my own, that you have been enabled to render me the service you have ; my house is but just across this field, and if you will go with me there, you shall not be obliged to beg for bread any more to day, however.”

You may be sure the poor

man was glad enough to follow the lady to her house, which he did, blessing her all the way. She rang the bell, and a servant in livery came to the door: she said to him,

“ John, do take this poor man into the kitchen, and give him some victuals and drink, he has not had a morsel of food the whole day; make him comfortable, and let me see him before he goes away.”

The butler gave him a horn of beer, and was very kind to him, as were also the housekeeper, and the rest of the servants, for they

found that he was a very deserving man. When he had eaten as much as he wished, the servant led him into the hall, and informed the lady that the poor man was waiting to return her his thanks for her very great kindness.

She came into the hall, and said, "Good man, were you always so poor as you now are, or is your poverty owing to the loss of your leg?"

"Ah, madam," returned the poor man, "my poverty is owing entirely to the loss of my leg; before that I could do a good

day's work, and then I never wanted one; since that misfortune, however, the case is different; for persons seeing me disabled, know that I am not able to do so much work as I once could do, and on that account will give me none; I have therefore been obliged, hard as I have found it, to beg."

"But," replied the lady, "have you no friends or relations in the world?"

"God only knows!" replied the poor man, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

The lady seeing him so much

affected, told him to sit down, saying, that if he had no objection, she should like to hear some account of his misfortunes; “in the hope, good man,” she added, “of being able in some way to assist you.”

The poor man, thanking the lady again for her goodness, and hoping that God would reward her with his choicest blessings, for feeding the hungry, sat down, and thus, with a sigh, began his little history.

“I was once the happy father of a happy family. I married, early in life, the daughter of a

poor neighbour; she was an excellent young woman, and had, by her industry, supported her aged father during a very long and painful illness: at his death we were married, and all we had to begin the world with was, a dying parent's blessing.

“ As I had always borne a sober character, a friend lent us a little money, with which we stocked a few acres of land. Providence smiled upon us. My dear wife, who was an excellent dairy woman, was always sure to get the best price at market for her butter, and we often made ten shillings a week of our cow. In four

years we were able to pay off a small part of the money which we had borrowed, and in that time too, we were blessed with two dear children ; the eldest, a boy, we named George, after his grandfather, and the girl we called Mary, which was the name of her mother.

“ By constantly rising early, and working late, we were enabled to live in comfort : we worked hard to be sure, but we were repaid, for we ate the bread of industry. With what joy did we look forward to the time when our children would be strong enough to assist us in our labour ;

and how often did we hope that we should be able to pay what we owed, and earn sufficient in our youth to support us when old age and sickness would otherwise drive us to a workhouse; this was all we wished, and we used often to say, ‘ This, by the blessing of God, we will do.’

“ When my dear boy became old enough to be of service to me, I began instructing him in the business of the farm by shewing him the pleasure of early rising; and I was pleased to hear him remark, that to get up early in the morning was the way to make a long day out of a short one.

I also very often pressed upon him this excellent maxim,—*Nothing is impossible to a willing mind*, and taught him that there are but few things which may not be accomplished by early rising and perseverance. These two things were almost all that I had to teach him, for Industry keeps the best school: I was often pleased, when considering of something that was difficult to be done, with George's remarking, 'You know, father, *nothing is impossible to a willing mind.*'

“ When we returned from our work in the evening, we were sure to find all pleasant at home;

my wife and our dear Mary with cheerful faces, and a clean house, and comfortable meal : this was a rich reward for our labour, and I cannot look back to those cheerful days and peaceful nights without feeling my heart bleed with the remembrance." When the poor man had paused awhile he thus continued :—

“ For several years we enjoyed uninterrupted happiness ; my little farm was very much improved, and we had a charming garden and orchard, which I had laid out as soon as I had possession of the land. The fruit which was produced, was taken

to market, and the money for which it was sold was carefully laid by to go towards paying the rent.

“ My wife kept a day school, which she was quite able to teach, for she had profited by the example of an excellent mother; the poor neighbours were glad to have a place where they could send their children and have them taken care of. In the school, Mary was of great service to her mother, and it was remarkable how fond all the young ones were of her; they would gladly leave their own mothers when Mary Simmonds came to fetch them to school.

“ I had planted some honeysuckles round the door of our house, and had trained them into an arbour; and Mary and her mother being fond of flowers, had a pretty bed of sweet-williams and pinks and daisies under the window. It was a pleasant spot, and very frequently in the summer, the gentlefolks would come out of the town, and get my wife to make them tea under the trees which I had planted at the bottom of the garden; and we were very proud to hear them praise our new milk and cream.

“ Our fields lay by the side of a river, along the edge of which

I had made a pleasant walk, and planted flowers, and fixed seats here and there: this was a pleasant walk for the gentlemen and ladies after tea, and was the cause of their visiting us often. I have sometimes thought, that the comfort and happiness which we enjoyed, for fourteen years, in this little paradise, unfitted us to bear with fortitude the troubles which afterwards befel us.

“ It was now the beginning of our fifteenth year. We had paid off the money which our friend had lent us, and had a hundred and fifty pounds at interest in the hands of a gentle-



"What, how soon was this scene of
happiness to be broken up!"



"Alas! how soon was this scene of happiness to be broken up!"

man in the town. I had doubled my stock of sheep, and had reared up a young cow which would yield us milk the next year. We had trained up a dog to fetch the sheep and cows, and he constantly made one around the fire in the evenings, and was our safeguard at night. Alas! how soon was this scene of happiness to be broken up!

“ In the spring of that year our friend died; this was our first loss: but he was a good man, and was therefore fit to die. Not long after, the person who had our money at interest failed, and we never got more than a shilling

in the pound from him ; but he was an honest man, and his failure was in consequence of misfortunes ;—this we could bear. The spring of that year was very cold and wet ; in consequence of which, as my land was low, my sheep became diseased, and half of them died ; but this we could bear too, for we could look forward to harvest, when we hoped to recover from some of our losses : at harvest, however, we found that the cold, backward spring had caused a mildew, which had so affected the corn, that the crop would not be half so much as we had reckoned upon. Still, however, we would not despair ; an-

other year might be more favourable ; and who could guard against the seasons ? The winter was very hard, and it was with difficulty that I could provide food for my remaining sheep and the cows. As the spring was very backward, I was obliged to feed the cows with the straw of the mildewed wheat, which was the cause of the death of the old one. Still we were thankful that we had been able to rear up a young one to take her place, and with God's blessing and a good harvest we hoped that we might still be able to weather our misfortunes.

“ But when our rent became due,

I found that I was not able to make it up. This was a trouble not so easily to be borne, and for the first time, I saw that my poor wife was seriously affected. I went to our landlord and told him how great our losses had been, but that I still hoped, as the crops were better this year and all safe in the stacks, we might be able to do better next year. He replied, that as he had only to depend on the rent of mine and another small farm for a living, he must have his money by Christmas at farthest.

“ This was doleful news to carry home ; however, George and

I determined to set to, and get as much corn threshed by the time as possible, and see what could be done; and if the rent could not be raised without, why we must sell the sheep; the cow we still hoped that we should be able to save. But amidst all *my* hopes, I was terrified to see that my poor wife's hopes were broken, and that her health was declining:—this I could not bear.

“It was now the beginning of December, and the weather had been stormy for nearly a month; but one dark night, about twelve o'clock, it rained as though ano-

ther deluge were about to take place ; my poor faithful Tray kept a continual barking, and seemed to call me up : I at length desired George to get up, and we would see what was the cause of the dog's barking. How shall I describe the scene which we witnessed on opening the door of the house !—The river had broken down its banks, and had deluged the whole farm ! not a stack was left standing — they were all thrown down, and carried away by the current ! Then I thought of the poor sheep, and could understand the cause of the dog's barking : we took a lanthorn and endeavoured to get into the fields, —but all was one wide sea.

“ When it became light, we found that the cow was all that was left us of our out-of-door stock ; that the water had burst open the barn doors, and had swept away all the corn which we had been threshing for the last month, as well as the stacks. The sheep and hogs were all drowned, and the surface of the land, which had been sown with wheat, was entirely carried off into the ditches ! ‘ Now then,’ said I, ‘ here is complete destruction !’

“ I will not attempt to describe my poor wife’s distress :—it only required one more pang to break her heart ; and that pang she soon

felt:—for the landlord, finding how things were, took possession of all we had left for the rent:—her death was very sudden !

“ After my dear wife’s death, I wandered about for some days in a sort of melancholy way, not thinking it worth while to inquire for work, as I did not think it possible that I should ever recover the shock which I had experienced. But I at last felt that I had a son and a daughter, and that I had still something worth living for : I therefore applied at the next farm for work ; and as I was stout and active, farmer Stubbs employed me. Now I found that my

children were all the treasure that I had in the world, and I trusted that I had at length seen an end to my misfortunes: but how ignorant are we of what is to take place, and how little do we know of our own strength! I did not think that I could bear an addition to my trouble; but I was too soon called to a trial greater than almost any that I had witnessed, for at the age of eighteen years my dear boy was forced from me by a press-gang, *to fight*, as they told me, *his country's battles*. Mary then was all to me; she continued with me until my leg was broken by the falling of a tree, which I was assisting to cut

down ; but then she was obliged to leave me, as I was carried to an hospital.

“ Mary was a good girl ; she was like her mother in every thing : and because she was so like her mother, neighbour Willis’s son loved, and in a little time married her. He lived servant at a neighbouring farm, and was the best of husbands until he became acquainted with the serjeant of a recruiting party in the village, who at length persuaded him to enlist for a soldier. The regiment into which he had enlisted, was ordered immediately to embark for Jamaica, and I saw

my poor Mary but once after the fatal day.—Since that time, I have never heard of either of my children.

“ On my discharge from the hospital, five years ago, I found myself forgotten by all—then I wished I could forget myself!—When I was able, I went to Farmer Stubbs’s, where I broke my leg, hoping that he would give me some kind of work by which I might be enabled to keep myself from starving; but he told me, after such an accident, *a man was not worth half-a-crown*. I begged, however, that, as I had worked hard for him seventeen

years, he would not turn me out upon the wide world to starve. He only replied, that the first duty of life was the care of one's own interest; and he was sure that a man with but one leg was a bad bargain for any body: he however gave me a shilling, and told me I had better try to get something to do elsewhere.

“ From that time I have been buffeted about by adversity, and have often been whole days without food in a country where I once lived in happiness! What is become of my children I know not. My only consolation now is, that I know where my be-

loved wife is, and that I hope soon to meet her again.”

After the lady had wiped her eyes, she said, “ I pity you, indeed, poor man, and will endeavour to make you more comfortable. Do you think that you are able to cut wood, feed the hogs, take care of the cow, clean knives and forks, and shoes, and do other little matters which may be wanting in the house? if you are, I will take you into my service, in the room of a good old man who has done these things for me these ten years, and who died a few weeks ago. You will find yourself very comfortable

here, for I assure you all the servants are kind-hearted, and will do every thing to make you happy. There is a very comfortable little chamber over the tool-house in the garden, which used to be old Joseph's, that shall be your's: you will have your meals regularly with the servants in the hall, and, as I believe you to be a deserving man, I will provide you with comfortable clothing, and allow you three shillings a week."

The poor man could not speak for joy; he wept, and would have knelt before the lady, had she not prevented him. She then

said, "If you will come to-morrow morning, some one shall shew you how to begin your work. And do John," said she, "look out some clothes for the good man, which he may take with him to-night, and put on in the morning."

John soon furnished him with a suit of half-worn livery; and when the poor man put them on, he could not help viewing the scarlet plush waistcoat, and red collar of the coat, with admiration, repeating to himself with delight, *I am sure you will like these yellow shoestrings better than bread!*

John Symmonds, that was the poor man's name, proved himself a treasure to his kind mistress; he had been, before the loss of his leg, the most active and useful servant in the neighbourhood; and although his body was become imperfect by the loss of his leg, yet his mind was still the same; he was ever considering what he would do for himself were he not a servant, just so he did for his employer; and he was overpaid by the kind assurances of his mistress, that she was perfectly satisfied with his conduct.

John received his three shillings every Saturday evening;

and as he had no use at present for money, his mistress so bountifully supplying every want, he carefully put the whole of it into a box which stood in one corner of his little chamber. At the end of the first year of his service, the only happy year he had known for a long, long time, he found himself possessed of seven pounds, sixteen shillings, the whole of his year's wages, beside seventeen shillings, which his good mistress had given him at different times, as acknowledgements for extra services, making, in the whole, eight pounds, thirteen shillings.

One day, as John was going to

the village, he passed by a house at which a poor woman was asking charity; ignorant that charity was never known to have visited that dwelling. She was a most wretched looking object, and appeared almost starved to death. She had a little girl in her arms, who was gnawing a bone, as if she would have swallowed it. Just as John came up to her, she had turned from the door, which was slammed in her face, and was sitting down on the stone steps, weeping most bitterly. John could not pass her without inquiring what was the matter. She told him that she was starving; that she had

not eaten a morsel of food the whole day ; and that unless she could find some one who would pity her condition, she must soon die !

Her story went to John's heart ; in just such a condition was he himself a year ago. He could not help mingling his tears with hers ; and desiring her to step into an eating-house, which was close by, he had the satisfaction of relieving the wants of a poor creature, who, but for this seasonable supply, must have died for want of food !

After the poor woman had sa-

tisfied her craving appetite, John asked her who she was, and whence she came? She said, she was just sent from on board a transport, which had brought her home from Jamaica, where her husband, a soldier in the 47th regiment, had lately died, leaving her and her little girl without any means of support whatever; that the officers of the regiment, not willing to see her starve, had procured her a passage to England, where they hoped she would be enabled to get a livelihood by some means or other: “But alas,” cried the poor woman, “what can I do? without a friend in the world,

and without even the means of keeping myself and child from starving for one day, how can I hope?"

John inquired her name—it was Mary Willis! At the sound of that name the poor man fainted! On recovering himself, he cried out, "Thou art indeed my Mary, my long-lost Mary! Gracious Heaven, thou hast repaid me for all my sufferings, by thus giving me back my only remaining treasure, worth more than life!"

Poor Mary wept aloud, and the little girl wept too, *but it*

was only because she saw her mother weep.

Now was John thankful for his little hoard; he informed Mary of it, and going into the village, procured her a small room, for which he agreed to give two shillings a week, to which she immediately went: here she took in washing and needle-work; by which means, with the three shillings a week which John gave her, she was enabled to get a tolerable livelihood.

And now was Mary most truly grateful to the memory of her

dear mother, who taught her to read and work, by which she was enabled to support a sweet little girl, her very image.

“ O,” she would often say, “ my dear, dear mother, were you now alive, how would I love you for the kindness you shewed me while I was young! I fear I sometimes vexed you when I did not attend to your advice about my work, when I used to think that I knew as well as you; O forgive me! indeed, indeed, I now know better, and I will endeavour by every means in my power to lead my Mary in the path which you had marked

out for your Mary, and which she now sees was the path of happiness !”

One day, Mrs. Stangrove, that was the name of John's kind mistress, was speaking to the house-keeper about a laundry-maid, as Fanny, the present laundry-maid, who had lived with her ever since she was a child, was going to be married to farmer Jupe's son, a very worthy young man.

John, who was in the hall at the time, thought immediately of his Mary, and his heart leaped at the thought ; he was determined to mention her to the

housekeeper. The housekeeper promised John that she would do all in her power to serve his daughter (whose story she had not heard,) and therefore spoke to Mrs. Stangrove about her.

“Surely,” said Mrs. Stangrove, “you must mistake; for John has heard nothing of either of his children for many years; however, I will speak to him, send him to me.” On inquiry, she heard the whole truth, and her kind heart warmed at the thought of blessing him with the presence of his daughter Mary in the same house; “But why, John,” asked she, “did you not inform me at

the time you made the discovery ? Surely you knew me well enough to depend upon my willingness to assist any deserving person in such distress, much more a person so deservedly dear to you, let me see her directly.”

John assured her that the only reason why he did not inform her was, that having already received so much kindness from her himself, he feared it would have looked like intrusion had he mentioned any thing of the distress of his daughter.

In the afternoon, his daughter came with her little girl ; Mrs.

Stangrove was much pleased with the appearance of Mary, and could not help saying to her, “ I hope Mary you are thoroughly sensible of the advantage, the unspeakable advantage which you have derived from the precepts, and above all, from the example of your mother ; let me conjure you never to lose sight of that blessing. I am truly happy to say that I believe you have benefitted by so fair an example, and I assure you I am perfectly satisfied with your appearance, and have no doubt that you will suit me, and I hope you will be very comfortable. I feel pleasure in being able to inform you also, that

Mrs. Webley, the lady who has the management of a small charity school in the neighbourhood, which is supported by the voluntary subscription of some charitable persons round us, has just sent me notice that my nomination of a child to be placed on the charity is to be sent in as soon as I can meet with a suitable object—that object shall be your Mary. There, she will be fed and clothed and educated, and at the age of fourteen years, will be placed in a service of respectability: the school is about half a mile hence; I shall permit you to visit your child every Friday afternoon, as that day will be

to you a leisure day. I shall give you that liberty for this reason, that although I have the greatest respect for the character and abilities of Mrs. Waite, who superintends and instructs the children, yet I think a mother only can instil into the soul that sublime, that devotional feeling which should ever grow up with a daughter who is to personate, as it were, that mother at some future time. To-morrow I would have you come into the house; Fanny will not go these two or three weeks, but you will find an advantage in Fanny's putting you into the way in which I have been used to have things done, and

you will then be more comfortable at her departure.”

Poor Mary was almost choked with the fulness of her heart, she could not speak a word ; but Mrs. Stangrove needed not to be told what she felt ; she could see the state of Mary’s mind, and congratulated herself on having so readily met with a person likely to fill with so much credit the place which Fanny was to quit.

When John and his dear daughter Mary sat down to the same table at meals, and had such constant opportunities of seeing and embracing each other, their

hearts overflowed with gratitude to their kind benefactress. And even the little Mary partook of the common joy ; for Mrs. Stangrove ordered the housekeeper to give Mary a good large slice of plum-cake to take to her daughter every Friday.

One day, as Mrs. Waite was walking out with the children, a young man came to them and looked very hard at Mary Willis ; he said nothing, but passed on. The next day he came and waited opposite the house until the children went into the green to play ; he then looked at her again, and at length he said to Mrs. Waite,

“ Pray will you tell me if that little girl’s friends live in this neighbourhood? she is so like a person whom I once knew that I think she must be her child.”

Mrs. Waite informed him that the mother of Mary was a poor widow who had lately returned from Jamaica, where her husband, a soldier, had died. “ Then,” said the man, my hopes are gone; that girl’s likeness to my sister is so strong, that I had hoped to have discovered her to be her child, but I have no idea that my sister ever married a soldier.” Mrs. Waite informed him that the little girl’s mother lived in service, about half

a mile off, and that her grandfather, a poor man with one leg, who had been a beggar in the parish, lived at the same place as a servant, to clean knives, &c. : this account was sufficient to convince him that his hopes were vain.

It was Friday, and little Mary, expecting her mother as usual, cried out—“ Here comes my mother.” The man thought he would wait until she came up, if it were only to see if she was like his sister. Before she came near him, he perceived that it was indeed his dear sister ; he flew to her, crying out—“ O Mary, my dear sister Mary !” Mary knew him in a moment, and

it is impossible to describe the joy which they felt at meeting again so unexpectedly—it was almost too much for Mary to bear. As soon as her brother could speak he said, “O lead me to my father!” but Mary thought it would be best for her to inform her father of the discovery which she had made, and she promised to see her brother again in the morning.

In the evening Mary acquainted her mistress of having met her brother, and Mrs. Stangrove kindly undertook to inform John of it by degrees, lest the suddenness of the news should overcome the poor man ; she therefore sent Mary to

desire George to come to the house to breakfast with his father in the morning. John's state of mind prevented him from sleeping all the night, but in the morning he was calm, and bore the meeting with his dear son George with fortitude. After breakfast, Mrs. Stangrove wishing to see John's son, and being anxious to hear whether he was provided with the means of obtaining a living, desired they would come into the hall to her. George was a tall, well-looking young man, and although he had been so long from home he was still the same modest and affectionate person as when he went away. Fortunately he was not long

enough on board ship for his manners to get corrupted, for within a month from the time of his being pressed, he was wounded in an engagement and taken prisoner ; he had therefore been in the enemy's country almost the whole of the time he had been absent. He was at length exchanged, and was on his way into the country to make inquiries for his father and sister, when he met with the latter so unexpectedly ; he had no means of living, and all he now wished was, to get a service near them.

It happened that Mrs. Stangrove's brother was with her at

this time ; he was a gentleman of large property, and had a farm which joined Mrs. Stangrove's shrubbery ; he engaged George as bailiff on the estate, a situation just suited to his wish ; for he was as much as ever attached to farming, and could still have the benefit of his father's experience.

I wish you could see George and his father walking over the farm in a morning, contriving improvements, and laying out the business of the next season ; with hearts overflowing with gratitude to their kind benefactress, and striving to make some return for her goodness by every mean in their power.

And here reflect—the whole of this scene of happiness was occasioned by one good heavenly-minded woman! — Had Mrs. Groves encouraged Sally in her taste for finery, she would have permitted her to wear her red Shoes with the *yellow Shoe-strings*.

THE END.

THE BEGGAR'S SONG.

Gentle people as ye throng
 Listen to a beggar's song:
 Think not mirth inspires the strain,
 Think not joy and pleasure reign,
 Ah no! the strains that beggars chaunt
 Issue from the breast of want!
 Ah no! the strains that beggars sing
 Not from mirth, but mis'ry spring!
 Then Oh! incline to gentle pity,
 Come buy, come buy, the beggar's ditty.

Ye rich, whose coaches roll along,
 And drown the beggar's humble song,
 A pittance from the window fling
 'Twill make him happy as a king:—
 Then shall his numbers lightly flow,
 Freed from their former burden—woe,
 More grateful themes his mind employ,
 And once, a beggar sing for joy!

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LECTURES AT MY SCHOOL, or Play-ground Conversations, by a Friend to Youth, illustrated with 58 engravings, 2s. 6d.

GRATEFUL TRIBUTES, or Recollections of Infancy, by Mary Belson, author of Industry and Idleness, &c. price, with plates, 1s. 6d. without plates, 6d.

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SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS, by a Parent for his Children, illustrated with several beautiful plates, price 1s. 6d.

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