

# An Old Lady's Story of Her Child Life



BY THE AUTHOR  
OF SPRING FLOWERS AND SUMMER BLOSSOMS.

LONDON THOS. DEAN & SON THREADNEEDLE ST.



AN  
OLD LADY'S STORIES  
OF  
HER CHILD LIFE.



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LONDON: DEAN AND SON,  
THREADNEEDLE STREET.

OLD LADY'S STORIES

HER CHILDREN

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# THE MERRY MORNS AND EVENS.

ON the merry morns and evens,  
In the sunshine and the shade,  
When I was but a little girl,  
How merrily we played.

The blue-bird moth we followed,  
As she darted through the air;  
Or chased her to the tulip cups,  
And made her prisoner there.

On the lawn there was a cistus,  
Whose flower leaves, white and  
brown,  
Like clouds of fairy feathers,  
On our heads came tumbling down;

THE MERRY MORNS AND EVENS.

And when the crimson colours,  
An autumn tale would tell,  
We moulded little tea-sets,  
From the acorns, as they fell.

But merry morns and evens  
Must not be thrown away,  
They are given for more than laughter,  
They are meant for more than play.

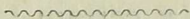
Then midst your careless heart-mirth.  
Forget not, in those hours,  
To seek for lessons from the birds,  
And precepts from the flowers.



AN

# Old Lady's Stories

OF HER CHILD-LIFE.



SOMETHING ABOUT US ALL.



KNOW if you, little children, saw me with my wrinkled face, and snow white hair, you would think how many, many years ago it must have been since "I was a little girl;" or perhaps even wonder whether I was ever such a young and merry one, as most of you are now, at all; but it is very true, and when you become (as you all if you live must become, in time) as old and wrinkled as I am now, you will know, too, that the way in which you spend your child-life, has much to do with the happiness or unhappiness, the good or the ill, even to



your old age, and beyond it. And this is why we should take such care to check bad habits, and to acquire good ones, in our early youth; but I must not forget that you are expecting me to tell the story of "when I was a little girl."

Well then, it was that at the time when I first remember, (and I could not have been more than five years old,) we lived at a certain number five, in a certain terrace of a quiet little sea-port town in the north of England; mamma and papa, and four sisters and myself; there was not a single boy amongst us to take out our doll's eyes, or drown our Noah's Arks, and we were as happy together as little princesses; we were, however, sometimes naughty, and sometimes good; we had our faults and our virtues, our sorrows and our joys, like other families, and it is of these I am going to tell you; but I must first, as I have promised, say something about us all. My eldest sister's name was Edith, and she was very good and quieter than any of us, only a little idle sometimes; I was next, and my own name is Lizzie, and, though I blush to confess it, was the most wilful, and naughtiest of the set, and always getting into some mischief; then came Jessy,



who was a year younger, and my chosen companion in all my games; and lastly, little twins of two years old, who were called, Fatty and Tiney, and gave us plenty of amusement, while we in return gave them plenty of kisses and of love.

The square in front of our house was a long narrow enclosed piece of lawn, encircled with a broad gravel walk, and ornamented near the edges with curiously shaped borders, planted out with shrubs and flowers. Down each side, separated from it by a road, were the rows of tall houses which formed the terrace, and on these sides were several little gates, to admit their inhabitants to the garden; at one end, also, was a larger entrance from the shady lane, which led to the next village, while the other faced the broad beautiful sea, a narrow parade only dividing it from the beach. One of our great troubles was that the gates at this end were kept locked, and, as well as the railings, stuffed up with thick dried gorse, so that though grown-up people, who were tall, could see over them to us little children, all view of the sea was shut out; I do not know why this was done, perhaps to prevent the cutting

ocean breeze from nipping the flowers, or the spring tides from dashing in amongst them; but however that might be, Jessy and I soon managed to get a peep sometimes, by jumping up and standing on the stone coping of the rails, with our little chins resting rather uncomfortably on the top of the prickly gorse; and thus we could see the great coal brigs and little fishing boats come in famously.

In one corner of the square was an old bathing machine, fitted up as a tool house for the gardener, who kept it very neatly, the sides being studded with brass nails, on which hung brown paper bags of dried flower seeds; this gardener's name was White; he was a very old man, with grey hair and stooping shoulders, but very strict about his flowers; we never dared touch one, unless he gave us leave, and were obliged to be very careful not to step upon the borders, or disarrange the sticks which marked where the seeds were planted. If we obeyed him in these little things, then he would often do some kindness for us; and one bright May morning, after we had been very good, he sent us a large bunch of his choicest hyacinths, to help make our garlands with.

He was a great favourite, too, with our nurse Keziah, whom we all loved dearly, and about whom I have told you nothing yet; she was a widow, with one daughter, Lucy, who was in a situation at York, but who came over every year to see us all; and as we had a very cross nursery maid, called Anne Nigh, we were always wishing among ourselves that this gentle, rosy-faced Lucy would come and take her place; but this was not to be, as Lucy lived with a very old lady, who had been good to her since she was a little child, and who could not spare her now in her old age.

Keziah was very thin and tall, and her cap and apron so stiff, you might have thought it was made of writing paper; but, for all that, she was a kind and gentle nurse, and only scolded when we were really naughty; we used to call her K. because Keziah was such a hard word for the little ones to manage. If she had any pet amongst us, it was Tiny, whose real name I must tell you, was Mary, and who was very small and delicate, even from her birth; poor little thing! and of so sweet and gentle a disposition, that there was pleasure instead of jealousy at any extra love shown for her. Ah! how well I remember



her, as she used to sit in a corner of the sofa, in winter time, when she could not go out in the frosty mornings with the others, for fear of cold; sometimes looking at pictures, and at others telling mamma stories she was so fond of inventing, about the sun, and the stars, and flowers; she had very fair hair waving about her face, and large blue eyes, so that most people thought her very pretty; one of us used to stay at home with her, every morning, by turns, as well as mamma, while K. was out with the the rest; and then, in the afternoon, when we were in the square with Anne Nigh, she had her dear K. all to herself. L

The little twin sister, Fanny, or as we called her Fatty, was very different; she was well, and in high spirits, had dark brown hair, rosy cheeks, and was laughing indoors and out of doors, summer and winter, from one year's end to the other, unless indeed when all this laughing led to a fit of crying now and then; but she was never quiet and sedate, and, I am sorry to say, rather impatient when she was ill.

I think I have already told you Edith's disposition, and mine, but not Jessy's, so I



must say a few words of her; she was very clever, and very warm-hearted, and such a good tender little nurse, that mamma often trusted her with Tiny, when she required more thought or care than usual; but I must tell you that Jessy had a sad fault, which was, want of truth, she was one of those foolish as well as wicked children, who endeavouring to conceal their faults by falsehood, only double the number. She dreaded man on earth, more than God in heaven: thus bringing on herself many little troubles, while she was a child; and had she not then broken herself of it, this habit would have led her into great and heavy troubles when she became a woman.

Mamma was a great deal with us, and tried to correct our faults, and joined in our amusements, just as if she was one of us. For a long time, too, she taught us every thing; but as we grew older, our kind governess, Miss Weston, came, for mamma could not do every thing, and Tiny required much of her care and time. Our dear papa had an appointment which kept him out all day, but in the evenings when we went down to dinner, he was always sitting in his great arm chair by

the fire-place, and used to say such funny things, and make us laugh so much, that we could not bear the time when K. popping her head in at the door, would say, "The young ladies' bed time, if you please, sir," and we had to march off, two and two, to the nursery.

In the winter, papa sometimes made us little boats of walnut shells, and let us watch them swim in a finger-glass; at others, he would make us each take a fig, by turns, with our eyes shut; and it was so amusing to compare them afterwards, and see which was the largest; in fact, I do think this was the part of the day we looked forward to with the greatest pleasure. But, occasionally, papa and mamma had friends to dine with them, and then (unless they were very particular friends who begged for us all) we only came down two together, and tried to sit very quiet and behave very well all the time.

Fatty, however, found this the most difficult, for she was rather greedily inclined, and did not like to see the very best pears or peaches on the plates of the visitors, while she, perhaps, on those occasions, had to wait till all were helped, and was then obliged to be satisfied with some biscuits, or a few raisins;

but this was (as I am sure you will hope) only when she was a very little girl; and as I would not wish you to think she was greedy when she grew older, I shall tell you how she was cured of her fault when she was about five years old.





# THE DISH

## OF

### STALKS AND STONES.

**I**T so happened, that, early in the morning of a day on which mamma was to have a dinner party, consisting of two uncles, an aunt, and some very old friends who lived near us, a large basket arrived, as a present from the country, containing some delicious fruit, amongst which was a small leaf of very fine cherries, which mamma arranged in a desert dish, and put on a side table in the breakfast room.

When we came in from the square at four o'clock, Anne Nigh went into this room to speak to the footman, who was taking some things from a cupboard; we followed her, and Miss Fatty's eyes were immediately fixed on the cherries, but she said nothing concerning them; and when we had taken



off our walking things, we all came down again to the school-room, (the door of which, on one side of the hall or passage, was even with that of the breakfast room on the other,) and began to learn our lessons for the next day very diligently; the door was open, and as the footman passed, (whose name was Leeson, and who had lived with mamma several years,) Fatty jumped up from her seat, and trotted after him into the breakfast room, saying in her funny little voice, "Are my aunties come yet, Leeson?" "No Miss," he said; "they are not."

And then there was quiet for some moments, for Leeson was a man of few words; but, through the open doors, I saw Fatty walking round and round the side table, looking first at the cherries and then at Leeson, as if she thought it would be too great a temptation to leave him alone with them; at last she said "Leeson, I hope you don't wish to eat the nice cherries." "Oh, dear no, Miss Fatty," he answered with a grim smile; "I don't think about them, miss." And then he left the room, and went down stairs to fetch some more things: at the same moment, Edith asked me to shut the school-room door, on

account of the draught; and as I was very busy with my Mangnall's Questions, and did not imagine Fatty would do more than walk round the cherries, I knew nothing else of her doings till she returned in about ten minutes, looking, as I remember noticing at the time, very red and uncomfortable; but as I have since heard all that went on in that sad ten minutes, I think I shall let you into the secret: no sooner had Leeson left the room, than Fatty, quite overcome by the spirit of greediness, went close to the cherries, and taking a fine one from the rest, she popped it into her mouth, and laid the stalk and stone very carefully on a corner of the dish. After this, she ran quite far away, resolving not to touch another; but, alas for her resolution in a few moments she began again to creep nearer and nearer the side table, and was soon close beside it: that one had been so delicious, she thought, if she took just two more, she should be satisfied: and accordingly stretching forth her hand, she again chose not two, but three, of the very finest that were left.

After this, I cannot tell you by exactly what arguments, but this greedy child re-

frained not till she had eaten every cherry, while in their stead, laid one upon the other, in order, as she had eaten them, was a complete dishful of stalks and stones. Then, indeed, was Fatty struck with horror at what she had done, and rushing from the breakfast room, entered our study, as I have described.

When we had finished learning our lessons for the next day, and had our tea, we went up stairs to dress, for desert. Fatty was still very restless, and not in a very good temper; there was no laughter from her that evening, on the contrary, she was very quiet, and instead of teasing Anne Nigh, as I am sorry to say she sometimes did, by squeezing the sponge high above the basin, and causing it to make what she called "waterfalls in the air," and performing other exploits, while she was being washed and dressed, she only made a remark every now and then upon some trouble or other, first saying the soap was in her eyes, then that her dress was too tight, and finishing off by nearly crying because her little mitten did not fit well.—How unlike our merry Fatty!

At last, however, the desert bell rang, and we trotted down stairs, and were soon in the



dining room, happily seated by our uncles and aunt, telling them all we had done since their last visit; even Fatty's face began to brighten, as she saw that all went on as usual; and I suppose she thought, at last, that the cherries had not been meant to be brought in that day, and that her greediness would not be discovered just then. But in this she was deceived, for just as she was in the midst of telling aunt Anne about a new doll which had been given her, Papa turned towards her, and speaking rather loud, so that we all heard him, he said "Fatty, I have promised your uncles, they shall taste some of those beautiful new kind of cherries, which were sent this morning from Matley; they are on the side table in the breakfast room, so just run and fetch them, love; but mind you are very careful not to let the dish fall."

Poor, poor Fatty! her little cheeks began to pucker up for a cry, and she turned first white and then red, and then sliding off her chair, she ran quickly out of the room, while we all sat silently waiting to see what would happen next; we did not wait long for the silence to be broken, a loud fit of crying outside the door in a few seconds proclaimed

Fatty's return to it; Papa rose, and throwing open the door, said, "Come in at once, Fatty, and if you bring no cherries, shew your uncles all that remain in the dish after the depredations of a very greedy little girl." Fatty was sitting on the bottom step of the staircase while Papa spoke, rocking herself backwards and forwards, with the tell-tale dish upon her lap, and crying violently; but on hearing him again desire her to come in to the dining room, in a voice she knew she must not disobey, she got up, and, still crying and sobbing, stood before all assembled, holding, that every one might see it, the dish of stalks and stones in both her little hands. I do not think any one spoke for some moments; we were too shocked to say a word; and the grown-up people could not pity her, though, thinking her punishment was already a severe one, they would not scold or reproach; at last, Papa said, "I trust, Fatty, you will, from this time forward, try to cure yourself of your greediness, and never again make me feel so ashamed of you as I have done to-day: now you may go up stairs to the nursery;" and the little girl, setting down the dish on the nearest chair, scarcely knowing what she did,

hurriedly left the room, while loud bursts of crying marked her upward course to the nursery. We did not enjoy the rest of that evening, and were less sorry than usual, when K. came to fetch us, for we loved each other dearly, and the disgrace of one brought sorrow to all.

I need only add, that before she slept that night, Fatty had with many tears confessed her sorrow for her fault, and papa and mamma with many kisses had forgiven it; and as this was the last time a dish of stalks and stones was discovered in our house, or any greedy tricks perpetrated in it, I may fairly say that Fatty had been thus cured of her sad habit.





## HOP FLOWERS.

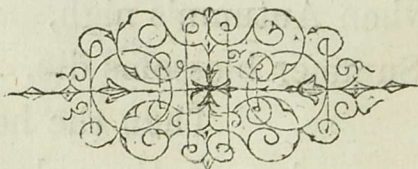
FLOWERS, round and bright,  
Flowers, red and white,  
                    Pink and blue,  
Spring upwards from the grass,  
Fall from boughs, as people pass,  
                    The summer thro'.

We gather them in lanes,  
And twine them into chains,  
                    For our hair :  
Or, in bunches make them up,  
Filling every flower-cup  
                    With beauty rare.


But when Autumn's nigh,  
And Summer blossoms die,  
                    Then the hop,  
Long creeping up the pole,  
Unsought, has reached its gaol  
                    At the top.

And in clusters soft and green,  
Her fairy flowers are seen,  
Far and near;  
Till many meeting there,  
They are garnered up with care,  
For the year.

So those who persevere  
In learning, need not fear  
Being surpass'd;  
Long unnoticed in the race,  
They will win with greater grace,  
At the last.



## MISS WILFUL.

 ONE fine cold afternoon in the middle of winter, when I was about eight years old, we all went down on the sands, with Miss Weston (our governess), and were soon running about merrily to keep ourselves warm. We always enjoyed being on the sands, there were so many things to amuse us, and Edith who had begun to study the different kinds of sea-weeds, was always busily employed in searching for fresh specimens, which she carried home in her basket, and arranged in order during the long evenings. I used to be very fond of watching her do this, and seeing the little dried-up sprays spread themselves out, looking like pink and green trees in the water, for the way in which she managed was to throw her specimens by turns into a dish of water, and then when



they had expanded, till every little fibre could be seen, sliding a piece of writing paper under them, and taking them out on it, press them in a book till they were dried and firm. After this they were gummed on to the pages, with their names printed neatly beneath.

But though I was fond of watching Edith's proceedings in the evening, I was not at all inclined to walk by her side seeking for specimens in the morning; and Jessy and I rolled our hoops, and ran about till our faces were so rosy, and our breath so short, that we were obliged to rest for a minute or two; the little yellow crabs were as usual walking about amongst us, and a sudden thought striking me, as I caught one in my hand, I called out to Edith, (who had by this time filled her basket,) "O, Edith, how nice it would be to keep five or six little crabs in a basin of sea water, with coral and shells at the bottom,—it would amuse us so; shall we ask Miss Weston to let us keep them in the school-room? we could promise never to look at them in school-time."

"Oh yes, do!" said Edith and Jessy together, "and we can take them home in our baskets."

Miss Weston was very kind, and when she heard our wish, she said we might keep them in the school-room, if we liked; but she did not think they were very pretty pets. This opinion did not at the time cause us to think less of them, and when we had caught five of the smallest we could find, and laid them in a nest of sea-weeds, in Jessy's basket, we held them up for her to see, and I said "Now don't you think they look pretty, Miss Weston?" but she only smiled and said, "Well, I do think you have made them look cozy." And with this we were obliged to be content.

Directly we returned from our walk, we popped them all into a basin of sea-water, and arranged the coral and shells within it, like a lovely grotto; then we put the basin on the sill, outside the window, and stood to watch them (as we said) enjoy themselves so much.

As it was nearly four o'clock, however, it soon became very dusk, and then Miss Weston told us we had better bring the basin inside, and shut down the window.

I have already told you that my fault was wilfulness, in fact, so very much did I desire to have my own way on all occasions, that to

my great indignation, Anne Nigh had several times called me "Miss Wilful," and certainly the name was not given without being deserved, you will see by what follows.

Just before Miss Weston spoke I had been undecided whether to bring the crabs in, or leave them outside the window; but directly she recommended the former, I of course began to think the latter would be best; and as I knew she only gave advice, and did not make it a matter of obedience, it was quite an opportunity for having my own way; so I answered immediately "I had rather leave them outside the window, ma'am, I am sure it will be best."

"Do as you like," replied Miss Weston, "but I am sure, Lizzie, it will be too cold for them."

"Oh no, it cannot be too cold for them, Miss Weston," I said, "because they live in the sea, and the sea is out of doors; so their little sea, here, had better be out of doors too."

Mamma who had entered the room while this conversation was going on, only said, "Let her do as she chooses, Miss Weston; of course she knows best."



This remark offended me very much, but I felt sure my way was the right one, so I put out the basin, and shut down the window in a moment.

Then Anne Nigh came in, and closed the shutters and drew the curtains, so that we could watch our crabs no more, and drew round the fire to amuse ourselves with our dolls, till tea time came. Oh what charming dolls we used to think them ! Edith did not care for nursing hers, and had given it to me ; it was far the handsomest of all, and made in wax, while the others were of wood ; but still it was very unlike the lovely baby dolls, with their soft hair, and little fat shoulders, which are the pets of the little girls of the present day ; it had, however, a very thick wig of long curls, and very large black eyes, and Edith had made it so many dresses, and cloaks, and pretty little caps, that it was considered quite a beauty.

Fatty's was the most wonderful baby of any, hers was an immense wooden one, which had belonged by turns to all the elder ones, and was so broken and battered that one scarcely knew what it was meant for, one eye was out, the end of its nose off, and both

legs lost; yet I do believe Fatty loved it better than any of us did ours, and, except during lesson time, she was seldom seen without 'Lady Alice' (for such was its name) in her arms; but I could talk of these dear dolls of ours for ever, and that must not be.

Well, after we had undressed them, and put them snugly in their cradles, our bell rang for desert; and when we went down, my sisters told papa of our new treasures, and how we had been obliged to scamper about to catch them; and afterwards, while K. was undressing us, we talked over a plan of making a shade like a little parasol of green silk to cover the basin with, when the sun was too hot upon it.

Fatty and Tiney always slept with K. in the nursery, and Jessy and I had a little room to ourselves, which opened into it; they used very soon to fall asleep, poor little things, but we sometimes laid awake and talked softly together. The door of our room was always left open into the night nursery, and that of the night into the day nursery, so that we could see straight through, and watch K. at her work, or see by her shadow on the wall exactly what she was doing; Edith

went to bed half an hour later than we did, and slept in Miss Weston's room, though she undressed in the nursery by the warm fire. And on this particular night after she was gone down, and while Anne Nigh was as usual folding up our things, I heard her say to K. "There's the children been putting them crabs out of window in a basin, and a good thing too, for the nasty things will be frozen."

I could not help thinking Anne very unfeeling, but I knew she was not really so cruel as this, and that she did not mean all she said; I also felt so satisfied with my own theory of the great sea being out of doors too, and knowing that that was not frozen, that her remark gave me no uneasiness; and I went quite comfortably to sleep, after I had heard a confused clatter of plates, and seen from the large shadow of K.'s mouth opening and shutting on the wall, that she was busy at supper, which also told me that it was past nine o'clock, and high time for my little sleepy eyes to shut themselves up for the night.

The next morning we all dressed in a great hurry, and ran down stairs, that we might



have a little time before eight o'clock, for Miss Weston was very punctual, and she came in regularly as the clock struck, to hear us our morning lesson.

We all tried which could reach the window first; Edith managed this, and threw up the sash quickly; but can you not imagine my horror and distress, when I saw the happy expression of her face changed to one of sorrow, as she said, "Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie! the water, and the sea-weeds, and our poor, poor little crabs, are all frozen together."

I would scarcely believe it, and rushing forward took the basin from her hands; but alas! it was indeed too true, you could have turned out the ice in a block, the size and shape of the basin, with the crabs and shells firmly frozen inside it. Oh, I shall never forget what I felt, and Edith and I burst out crying together, it seemed such a cruel thing, and by my own wilfulness I had done it; for as I had given so many reasons, and spoken so decidedly, my sisters had not interfered.

We must have looked a sad party, when Miss Weston came in, for Fatty and Tiney were sitting on their little chairs in an agony.

of grief, while the rest of us sobbed and talked by turns. We soon told her our sorrows, and she then said it was only what she had expected, but thought it would have been useless to say more the previous evening, and hoped that another time I should not be so decided in following my own will, in opposition to the advice of those older and wiser than myself.

“And you know Lizzie,” she said, “that though it is quite true the sea is out of doors, yet such an immense mass of water continually moved and driven about by the influence of the tides, is quite a different thing to a little basin of salt water on a window sill.”

Papa and mamma of course heard of our trouble, but as they knew how much we had felt it, they did not mention the subject before us: and though in a few days we were as merry as ever, I did not forget what had caused our unhappiness, and even now that I am an old woman, I do not see the awkward yellow crabs tumbling about upon the sand, without thinking of the lesson I received when I was a little girl.

THE  
SPIRIT DOVE.

CHILDREN, when you are on earth,  
Within your bosoms lie  
A spirit-bird of snowy white,  
The Dove of purity.

And should, within your bosoms,  
A wicked thought arise ;  
You feel your white dove tremble,  
And almost hear her sighs.

But if you utter wicked words,  
Each one is like a dart :  
Your spirit dove is wounded,  
And stricken to the heart.




You must be very careful  
Of what you think, and say;  
Or at last, in fear and trembling,  
Your dove will fly away.

And oh! if this should happen,  
No peace would dwell within,  
And you would wander onward  
In a labyrinth of sin.

Then cherish very fondly  
This dove you have been given,  
And she will help you forward,  
In the thorny path to Heaven.



## THE LONG WINTER.

FTER the bitter cold winter which had frozen our crabs, there came several months of very severe weather; even the water in the jugs was frozen, and we were kept a great deal in the house. The oldest people in the country said they had never known such a hard season, and for many a year afterwards it was wondered at, and spoken of as "The long Winter."

Now, as I think you may like to know how we amused ourselves during such an unusual time, I shall tell you a little about it.

The mornings were of course, as usual, devoted to our lessons, but when twelve o'clock came, the question for the first few days was, in the words of the old song, "Oh dear, what shall we do?" Instead of being able to run out into the square, or have races on the

sands, we stood at the window watching old White and his boy, when the snow lay two feet deep on the ground, as they made their way about the square, with guns in their hands, shooting every now and then a field-fare or a sea-gul, which the driving wind had carried before it, from the great sea, its home. But we were soon tired of this, and on the third morning held a council as to what should be done.

As we stood at the window, a very poor old woman passed it and went up the steps to ring at the bell of our hall door. The name of this old woman was Mabel Wood.

When she was young she had been a bathing woman, and the wife of a sailor, and was remarkable for her honesty and industry; but she had long been a widow, and now, having no children or friends to help her, went about, in summer time, from house to house with bunches, of flowers to sell, and what they brought, with the trifle allowed her by the parish, kept her from starving.

Poor Mabel Wood! I looked at her as she stood on the door-steps; her figure was bent so double, that it had always been a matter of surprise to us how she could get her



clothes on ; her cloak, summer and winter, was a bright scarlet one, with a large hood, which she put over her head, and in her hand was a thick hedge stick, to help her tottering steps ; besides this she carried her basket as usual, but there were no flowers in it now, and she seemed more weak than ever.

After watching her for some time, I said, " I suppose she has come to ask mamma for something, though she hates to be obliged to beg: poor old Mabel, what will she do in the long winter?" and I sighed very sorrowfully, for I was really unhappy about her.

" I fear she can do very little for herself," said Miss Weston who heard my remark, " but I think you children might do a great deal to help her, in these idle mornings."

" Why, what could we do, dear Miss Weston?" asked Edith, " only tell us, and we would try directly; we have very little money, but if that little will help her, I am sure we will give it."

" No, as you said just now, Edith, she does not like to be given to, as a beggar, if she can help it; now you may manage to give yourselves employment, and that employment will bring her money, if you think you can

persevere in what will, I fancy, be more of amusement than trouble." Miss Weston then explained to us, that if we were to employ our idle hour from twelve till one, in making pin-cushions and fancy things for old Mabel's basket, there would be little doubt of their being bought at fair prices, by the people who in summer so readily purchased her flowers.

" Oh, thank you, Miss Weston ! Oh, what a nice idea !" and other exclamations of pleasure rose from us by turns, directly Miss Weston's plan was fully understood; and then Edith was deputed to go and explain to mamma, and ask permission to see Mabel before she left the house. This was readily granted, and mamma was quite pleased we should employ our time in charity ; she had given the poor old woman enough to supply her present wants, and had sent her down to have something to eat, by the warm kitchen fire ; but mamma had many pensioners, and could not do more than give her temporary relief. Edith soon returned to us in the school-room, and a few moments afterwards, a knock was heard at the door, and old Mabel entered ; her face looked less careworn and

pinched with cold, than when she had passed the window, a quarter of an hour before.

Then as we all felt rather shy at speaking, Miss Weston told her of our design, and oh ! it would have been repayment for any trouble to see the grateful smile which lit up the old woman's eye as she listened, and made her withered cheek glow once more.

We made her leave her basket, and that very afternoon Anne Nigh was sent out to buy, with our own money, some coloured beads, white cards, and narrow ribands ; which the next morning saw us busily engaged fashioning into butterfly pin-cushions, book markers, and all sorts of curious devices.

The mornings, after this, seemed all too short ; and when Monday came, and old Mabel, according to our desire, again entered the school-room, to receive the well-filled basket, sparkling with its stock of treasures, I am sure she would have gone down on her knees to thank us, but we prevented her. And she said she felt more proud of her basket, now, than a queen might be of her crown.

We were very anxious to know if the things sold well, and as we had told Mabel to call in the evening, and let us hear what



she had done, we listened eagerly for her ring at the door; and when at last it came, we had the happiness of finding several of the prettiest things gone, and seeing the money for which they had been exchanged, safe in the poor woman's hand.

After this, she called every Monday for us to re-arrange her basket, and add to its contents; and had really seemed to turn into a cheerful, happy-looking old lady; while our dull noons had become so pleasant, that we were almost sorry when a fine day came, and we had to leave our manufactures, for a walk upon the York-road.

In the afternoons, when our practising and drawing were over, we used to have merry games at battledore and shuttle-cock, or puss in the corner, as mamma did not like us to sit too much; and then in the long evenings before dessert, (for papa dined very late,) we used to close in round the fire, and listen to K.'s long stories of "When she was a little girl," and altogether the time passed very happily away.

But that long winter brought its sorrows too. Our darling sister Tiney, who, as I told you, was never very strong, was taken ill one

evening, and was so restless and feverish that it made mamma extremely anxious; she was always so patient and gentle that she scarcely complained at all, but as she could not eat any thing for tea, and kept laying her head down on the table, we knew she was suffering; mamma sent for the Doctor, whose name was Lee, and who was very clever, but as the answer returned was that he was gone into the country and would not come back till very late, when he would drive on to our house directly, Tiney was put to bed, and soon sunk into a restless sleep.

Poor Fatty had complained of a head-ache once or twice during the day, but we did not think much of it, because she (as I told you) was always impatient if she felt poorly, and did not bear pain at all well.

However, at about nine o'clock she woke up, and began to cry violently, saying her head was very bad, and she was hot all over; then mamma and K. went to her bedside, and they saw indeed that she was covered with a rash, and K. knew in a moment that both children had got the measles, for poor Tiney's face was also covered with little red spots.

When Doctor Lee came he confirmed this

opinion, and ordered both the little girls to be kept quietly in bed, but in different rooms, lest they should disturb one another. There was no fear of our catching the illness, as the three eldest of us had had it before Fatty and Tiney were born; so we went in to see them often during the next morning, and sat with them while mamma and K. were at dinner; but oh! the difference with which these two children bore their illness; though Tiney was far the most delicate, and had in the beginning the most severe attack.

K. said she could see which would be well first; and of this, as far as human foresight could discover, there seemed but little doubt, for while Fatty tossed restlessly about, first saying she must get up, and dress, for she hated being in bed, and then crying and saying she knew she should never get well, refusing to take the medicine ordered for her, and begging for things to eat which were forbidden, our dear Tiney lay as quietly as a little mouse, and doing without a question all that mamma and K. wished.

On the third evening they were both worse, and we were not allowed to go into their rooms, but crouched round the fire-place, in



the school-room, and wept bitterly. The thought came into our hearts that God might please to take our little sisters, and then we thought, if once divided, us five, who loved each other so dearly, how could those three left behind ever play at merry games, and laugh and talk again ! Our sorrow was very great ; at length Edith, who had been bending over the fire-guard, raised her head, and said in sobbing voice, “ If we hope for our sisters to live, we must all pray to God ; no one else will help us now,” and falling on our knees, we begged our merciful Father in heaven to leave our darlings with us. Then we rose, and sat on the window sill, our arms round each other’s waist, looking up at the bright stars which dotted the sky above us, and we felt happier than we had done all day, for we knew that Almighty God would do what was best for us all, though, now and then, a heavy sob burst from one or other of us.

We listened to every footstep that passed down the passage, but almost feared to ask how they were : and thus we waited all that long dusk-time, and through the first part of the evening ; then Anne Nigh came in with a candle, and we crept very softly up stairs to

bed ; before we were undressed, mamma came in, her eyes were red, as if she too had been weeping, but a smile seemed returning to her face, as we asked "Oh mamma, how are they ? pray tell us." "They are better, both better, my own children," she said "and doctor Lee thinks now, that by God's mercy, Tiney will soon recover, she has been so patient, so sweet," and as mamma thought of the poor little sufferer, her eyes again filled with tears. "Fatty too is getting better, there would have been no fear for her, poor child, if she had been more patient, as this illness is seldom serious, and has only been so to Tiney from her previous ill-health: but poor Fatty is very difficult to manage in illness, and all the danger she has been in, has been caused by her restlessness and want of patience."

This news, that they were better, made us indeed grateful, and Edith said, "We must thank God that he has listened to our prayer;" after we had done, so we jumped into bed, and before many minutes were over, were hushed in quiet sleep.

The next morning brought us still better news, both the little invalids had had a good night, and were considered out of all danger ;

but I must tell you that Tiney was most petted during her recovery; though Fatty, when mamma told her seriously how much pain she might have saved herself by patience, became more docile and obedient; nevertheless, according to K.'s prophecy, Tiney was, after all, the first to be running about again, and she seemed much better and stronger than she had done even before her illness.

Well, after this we began to fancy the days of the long winter grew shorter, and we could go out now and then on to the sands, or in the square; but as there was still many a snowy morning to one sunny one, old Mabel Wood's basket was never in danger of being forgotten.

And indeed, very soon our idea of winter being over, vanished; for with March came such bleak dreadful winds, that wrecks of both little boats and great ships along the coast, became things which we heard spoken of daily, shuddering as we listened; and from our nursery window, we could sometimes see a poor woman, (a fisher's wife), with her little child, walking up and down the beach, her clothes beaten by the wind, and shading her eyes with her cold hand, as she watched for



the first sight of her husband's little boat upon the horizon; at others, we could discern a group of poor weather-beaten mariners, looking by turns through a telescope, anxiously watching for the safe arrival of some brave comrade.

And then we felt how grateful we ought to be to the good God, who had given us the loved home, the warm fire, and the light hearts.

With April came set-in heavy rains ; and that month, usually so genial and spring-like, was as wintry a one as any. Towards the middle of it, our Aunt Anne came to pay us a visit. Oh what a merry aunt she was ! she was a sister of mamma's, but much younger, and she used to romp with us, and invent amusements, nearly every day ; and we loved her as heartily as you may imagine. The evening after her arrival, she came into the school-room at dusk-time, and seated herself by the fire, taking Tiney, whom she always called her baby, on her knees, while we made a circle round her, and told her all we had seen and done since she had last been with us ; and when we had finished our accounts, we begged her to tell us any-thing interesting or amus-

ing she had seen, "Because you know, aunt," I added, "you have been abroad since we saw you, and you must have had some adventures there."

"I do not think I had any adventures, Lizzie, but I saw many wonderful things while I was in Italy, and amongst them the ruins of the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which, as you know, were situated between Naples and the great burning mountain of Vesuvius; when, in the reign of Titus, after an eruption of that mountain, the streams of burning lava poured down from it upon them, filling up the streets and houses, far above the tops of the latter, and causing the death of all their inhabitants."

"Oh dear, Aunt Anne," we said in a voice, "sit with us this whole evening and tell us all about it; K. says she can tell by the sky, and all the sailors say too, that they think to-morrow the weather will break up, and the real Spring begin, and only think how nice it would be for us to finish off 'The Long Winter,' with such a pleasant evening."

Now Aunt Anne was to have gone to a party with papa und mamma that evening, but she had a cold, and had already ques-

tioned the prudence of giving it up; and besides this, she was such a dear, kind Aunt Anne, that when she heard our earnest wish for her to have a quiet evening with us at home, she ran up stairs to speak to mamma about it, and soon returned, saying in her merry voice, "Now children, I have such a treat for you, mamma says you may all sit up to supper with me, in the nursery, and I intend to stay at home, and tell you a little more about the buried cities." Then we, (almost too delighted to speak), brought our little chairs in a circle round her, and she went on.

"Well, we can scarcely imagine, as we sit here so snugly by the fire, how sad, how dreadful, that moment must have been when the hot lava poured into the houses, and into the rooms, where many a little child sat listening to stories, as you sit now, and where, without a moment's thought or consideration, death came upon them; it should indeed make us feel how little we can tell what the next moment may bring: but I will not say more on so sorrowful a subject, and go on to tell you how, as ages passed on, the very spot on which these cities stood, was forgotten, till,



in the year 1713, a poor man, who was cultivating a piece of land, near Naples, felt his hoe strike against something like a hard stone in the ground. He then dug on, to discover what it was, and only think how surprised he must have been when, as his labour proceeded, he uncovered a beautifully-carved head of a marble figure ! It was too large to remove, so this man went to the nearest town, and called together all who would come and behold the half-hidden wonder ; among those who soon reached the spot, were men of learning and renown, and they saw that the head was that of a statue of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and on digging with much labour, deeper and deeper, found that it formed the top adornment of a high temple.

“ On looking back to the pages of history, all knew, then, that it must be a portion of the long lost cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii ; and though the diggings were discontinued for a time, they were again began, in fresh directions, in the year 1736, when the King of Naples employed men to dig to the depth of eighty feet, and then how strange and beautiful were the things one by one disclosed to the eyes of the anxious lookers-on !

Not only the city of Herculaneum, but the bed of the river which ran through it, were brought to light; in the temple was a statue of gold, and the theatre, with its glittering contents, fresh as if they had that day been in use, were uncovered; the skeletons of people remained in the shops where they had gone to buy; at the well, with their pitchers; in the streets and in the rooms: giving an awful lesson of the uncertainty of human life to the whole world.

“When I entered these long streets, which are still shown to visitors, I felt an awe which I cannot describe; amidst other things, a sort of inn or tavern was pointed out to me, its furniture, baths, &c. complete; and in some houses, were the perfectly shaped lamps, which in our own day, are copied and sold for ornaments, at high prices, on account of their elegant designs, and one of which I brought as a present for your mamma, and which you saw to-day on the drawing-room mantel-piece.”

Many more wondrous things did Aunt Anne tell us that evening, of these unburied cities, and so deep was our interest, that when Anne Nigh came to tell us it was nine o'clock, and

our supper was ready, we could scarcely believe it. Nevertheless, the supper was fully enjoyed, and after thanking our dear aunty for her kindness, when it was finished, we all hurried to-bed, and dreamed that night of the strange cities of Italy.

The next morning, when we opened our eyes, K. said, "Well, now the real spring has come at last." The whole state of the weather was changed; the sun shone warmly, the air was mild and fresh, the birds sang, and "the Long Winter" could be talked of as a thing gone by.

That day, old Mabel Wood brought us each a tiney bunch of violets, and made us feel very happy by saying (what was indeed true), "Had it not been for your kindness, my dear young ladies, I must have gone to the workhouse, or died of cold and hunger; now the violets are come in, I can live again by my flowers, but God will bless you for your goodness to a poor old woman;" and truly God does bless us for every act of charity we perform, and returns it tenfold in the peace of our hearts.



THE  
STORM PRAYER.

The storm is raging wildly,  
The bleak north winds doth blow;  
And the branches of the elm-trees  
Are rocking to and fro.

On roads, and under hedges,  
In wind, and sleet, and snow,  
How many a houseless wanderer,  
This night is crouching low!

How many a boat is tempest tost  
Upon the raging sea;  
While I am in a happy home,  
From storms and troubles free!

Oh! let me never then forget  
When on such nights as these,  
I hear the roaring of the waves,  
And rocking of the trees,—

To think of those who out of doors  
Their fury have to bear;  
And silently, within my heart  
Repeat a little prayer:

‘Have mercy, on the homeless, Lord,  
In all their wanderings;  
And send thy blessed angels  
To shield them with their wings.

“Have mercy on the sailors,  
Whose home is on the deep;  
And through the dangers of the storm  
Their barks in safety keep.”



## THE REPROOF OF THE FLOWERS.

**M**AY set in very fine, and with it came K.'s daughter Lucy, to pay her annual visit: as we always made some little excursions when she was with us, and the day after her arrival was a very fine one, mamma gave us leave to go to a high hill at some distance, called "Ivy Cone;" where it was our delight to gather the little button mushrooms with which it was dotted at this season; and from whence, also, the view was so wide and lovely, that those who were inclined, might take their pencil and paper, and make sweet sketches of the surrounding country.

As the walk was a long and tiring one, the two youngest children did not go, and K. remained at home with them; but the rest of



our party, consisting of Edith, Jessy, and I, with Lucy, and Anne Nigh, set off in high spirits; here and there as we passed along the lanes, we discovered a little bird's nest just begun, or stopped to gather the blue and white violets on the banks; the young lambs were in the fields, and all told cheerfully of Spring. But at last Ivy Cone was reached, and after a little race between us up its steep sides, we began in good earnest to lay in a stock of mushrooms at the top; Edith gathered most, had soon filled her basket, and began to help me with mine. Jessy was as usual rather restless, and left her's before it was half full, to run about and look for ox-slips.

When the other baskets were full, Lucy set them side by side in a row, on a shelf or ledge, which sloped down a sort of steep cliff covered with wild broom, to the road below, and then we set down at a little distance, and with our backs to this ledge, (for I must tell you it was fenced by a wooden rail, to prevent any one falling over the side,) and began to enjoy some delicious cakes and pears Lucy had brought with her in a bag, as a surprise. Every now and then I called to Jessy, who I could see behind us by the cliff rail, and said,

“Oh, Jessy, you do not know what a treat we have here, you cannot imagine what you are losing;” but I suppose she thought I only said this in fun, so she did not stir, and kind Lucy was putting by her share in a leaf, when we heard a sound of something falling, and looking back saw that one of the baskets was gone, and having tumbled through the rails into the road, while Jessy was quickly leaving the place and coming towards us. Directly I looked round, I felt sure Jessy had carelessly done this; and, but knowing also her sad fault, (of which I have told you,) I at once feared she would deny it, and so it proved. The lost basket happened to be Anne Nigh’s, and as her conclusions were, I suppose, the same as mine, she went towards Jessy, and taking her hand, said angrily, “Now, Miss, come along with me; you shall take my hand all the way home, and shall have no cakes; how dared you be so mischevious, and knock the basket down?”

Naughty Jessy had made up her mind in a minute, and beginning to cry, said “I did not do it, Anne, the wind blew it over.” Now though Anne scarcely believed this, as the wind did not seem high enough to have

done it, still as Jessy persisted in her assurance, she was beginning to doubt, and to let go her hand, when a little curly headed boy, holding the cliff-rail in one hand, and the lost basket (emptied by the fall of its contents,) in the other, was seen peeping above the ledge; and directly he could attract the attention of the party, called out, addressing Jessy: "Here is your basket, Miss, I was sitting under the hedge in the road below; when I saw you kick it over with your foot, and as I guessed it was an accident, I have climbed all the way up the cliff, to bring it to you." Then, indeed, did Jessy hide her head for very shame; she knew that the poor boy spoke the truth, and had not a word to say, while her wicked, wilful falsehood, was thoroughly exposed.

Lucy seemed very sorry; she gave the boy the loaf of cakes and pears which had been intended for Jessy, and then each taking up our basket, we walked quite quietly towards home: Edith and I, with Lucy on in front, and Anne Nigh, having tight hold of the sobbing Jessy's hand, behind. When we reached home, we went straight up to the nursery, where mamma sat by the fire-place,



waiting to see us come home, as she hoped, so good and happy; the nice tea was on the table, the kettle singing its cheerful tune on the hob, and all seemed to welcome us; but the tearful face of Jessy was soon remarked, and then mamma and K. had to listen to the account of all that had happened. Both seemed very sorry, and mamma took Jessy into her room, and talked to her for a long time very kindly, trying to shew her that God would never love a child who did not tell the truth, and that even her relatives and friends would, if she persisted in such a course, shun and fear her; then she gave her the story of Ananias and Sapphira to read in the Bible, and before she went to bed, Jessy threw her arms round mamma's neck, and said "Oh! I shall never tell another story as long as I live." But, alas! bad habits once formed are very difficult to conquer, and so Jessy discovered. For some time she went on very well, and appeared to dread all approach to falsehood, and mamma had said, "If you go on like this, Jessy, and if when temptation to un-truth comes, I find you are able to resist it, I shall very soon trust you as much as any of my little daughters." Oh, how we all

hoped that our sister had overcome her fault! but, as you will see, our hopes were deemed to be disappointed, at least once again.

One afternoon, about six weeks after the mushroom party, papa called to Jessy and I, saying he would take us a nice walk on the parade. I should tell you that Miss Weston had been away for more than two months on a visit to her uncle, who was very ill, but having returned only the day before, Edith preferred remaining at home with her; so Jessy and I hurried on our walking things, and were soon walking by papa's side, fully enjoying the bright sun, and the cool sea breeze which fanned our cheeks. Here and there we discovered a piece of bright spar, or a curious shell, all of which papa had to carry in the deep pockets of his coat, and we laughed merrily as we slipped them in.

Just as we were returning home, papa remembered that old White had promised to give him a few very rare flower-seeds, and had said he would bring them with him to the tool-house that morning, that they might be sent for, when wanted; "And as the friend for whom I have begged them," added papa, "has written to say he should be glad if they

could be sent off to him in the country this evening, I must not delay securing them." Directly Jessy heard this, being always fond of having something important to do, she said, "Oh! papa, please let me run on in front, and ask White for them, and then I can meet you with them, all ready, at our hall-door."

Papa was at first afraid to let her do this, thinking she might injure or lose any of the seeds, which were very valuable to him; but as she promised to be careful, and as we could watch her nearly all the way to the square gate, he said "Well, run along then, my little girl; but mind, I shall be really angry if you drop or lose any of the seeds." "Oh, there is no danger of that, papa," replied Jessy, laughing, and away she ran.

Papa and I lingered on the beach for some time, watching a little boat laden with fish come to land, and seeing the joy with which the sailors were received by their wives and little children; and while we are doing so, you must follow Jessy to the garden.

She soon arrived at the tool-house in the corner, and having told White her errand, he gave her, with many injunctions to be very



careful, the little brown paper bag containing the precious seeds: Jessy, anxious to show how quickly she could execute the commission, darted off directly they were in her hand; but just as she reached the other end of the square, her foot caught the box edging of a flower border, and down she fell, flat on her face, with full force.

Her first thought, as she rose and found herself unhurt, was for the bag of seeds, which she then saw, to her dismay, had been dashed from her hand, and having burst open, more than half the seeds were gone. She knew directly that there was no hope of recovering the missing portion, as the seeds were very small, the colour of the brown earth had mingled with them as they fell; so after tying up those that were left, she stood for a moment uncertain what to do.

Then did the power of her evil habit come strong upon her, and instead of running immediately to confess what was then but an act of carelessness, she directly meditated an untruth, and began to make excuses for this wicked intention, in her own mind, saying to herself, "It would only vex poor papa if I told him of my loss; now, it cannot be re-

medied, and as he does not know how many seeds there were, it will never be found out."

She had no time for further thought on the subject, as we met her as she came out of the square gate.

I saw directly by her face that something was wrong; but papa, who was in a hurry, did not appear to do so, though when he took the bag from her hand, he said, "White has not sent me so many seeds as I expected: you did not drop any, Jessy, did you?" She answered quickly, "Oh no, papa, I did not," and no more questions were asked; but as we ran up the steps of our hall-door, White came up and touching his hat to papa, said, "Please sir, I sent you all the seeds I had, and all I think there are in this part of the country; they must be planted directly, and will not be long coming up."

"I was afraid, miss," he said, turning to Jessy, "you might have dropped some, when you tumbled down on the tulip border: I saw you through the trees, from the tool-house."

"Well, I feared some were lost too, at first, White, but miss Jessy says she did not drop any, thank you." And papa passed into the house, and was very busy that afternoon,

packing and sending the seeds to his friend in the country.

In the evening I heard him tell mamma that these seeds came from India, where they grew high up on the sides of the mountains, in a temperature scarcely warmer than ours in England; and this had induced him to wish to discover if they would flourish equally well in this climate: he said the flower was very pretty, being white with a crimson centre, and grew low on the ground, quickly springing up, and as soon dying away. Old White had had them sent to him by his son, who was a soldier in India.

Jessy heard all this too, and every word on the subject must have reminded her of her falsehood; but not knowing then what had happened, I did not notice whether she shewed any outward signs of sorrow.

Two or three days after this, Jessy and I went to spend a week with one of our uncles and some little cousins in the country, and as it was holiday time to them, as well as us, we were allowed to run about just as we pleased, and fully enjoyed ourselves from morning till night: in one field they were making hay, and we helped to put it into little mounds,



and tossed it about as busily as the haymakers themselves; and in another, there were some pheasants, brought up by hens, in several coops, and they were so tame, that we might catch them in our hands.

All this was very amusing, and I enjoyed it, and was very happy; but I remember thinking several times that Jessy was not quite like her usual merry little self.

At last the day came for our return home, that dear home, to which after the most pleasant visits, we returned with so much joy. Mamma met us on the door-steps, and kissed us over and over again. Edith had made some new bonnets for our dolls, as a surprise, and Fatty held up Lady Alice, brilliantly arrayed in a new scarlet hat and feathers, with a most triumphant air.

Every thing was duly appreciated and admired, and then we went into the school-room, to Miss Weston, and had a nice tea.

At dessert, I fancied papa and mamma looked less gay than usual, and when they spoke to Jessy, I thought there was sorrow in their voices; but then again I thought it must be my fancy, because I was over-tired, and would not say so to any one.

The next morning was bright and fine, and at twelve o'clock, papa came in and said, "I wish you all to come into the square with me for a few minutes; so go up and put on your things, my children."

It was no fancy now, which led me to think that papa's voice was much graver than usual, as he said this; all seemed to feel it; and we obeyed him without a word.

When we were ready, we followed him into the square; and he passed straight along the broad side walk, to the tulip border, the scene of Jessy's overthrow, without addressing a word to any of us; here he paused, and I felt Jessy's hand tremble in mine at what she saw. There, in the corner of the border, growing close to the ground, bloomed a scattered plot of flowers, white with crimson centres; which all who had once heard them described, knew in a moment, as the produce of the Indian seeds.

Then papa spoke, and I shall never forget his words, so gentle, yet so solemn. Taking Jessy by the hand, he led her to look upon them, and said, "We had told you that God loved truth, and hated falsehood; we had told you of the happiness the one would bring,

and the misery of the other; but you did not listen to our words, Jessy, you denied that which you had done, and the Holy God has caused his beautiful flowers to spring from the earth, to proclaim your story to us all, and to teach you, as it were straight from heaven, the loveliness and the simplicity of truth. Take one of these blossoms," he said gathering and giving it to her, "and keep it all your life, as a memorial of the 'Reproof of the Flowers.'"

Jessy neither cried nor spoke, but her face shewed how deeply, like all of us, she was struck by what had occurred, and what horror she felt for her fault.

Papa then again began to speak, and told how, when he was walking round the square the day before, his notice was attracted to these flowers, and how in one moment he saw the truth, that Jessy had dropped them there, and they had risen up for her reproof. Old White had seen them too, but had intending only showing them to Jessy herself, (whose falsehood he had happened to overhear,) hoping thus to spare the feelings of her father and mother.

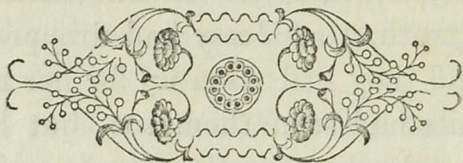
As we turned away from that spot, the



tears were coursing each other down Jessy's cheeks, she felt humbled before God. "And yet," as she has since said to me, "I was thankful even at the time, that I had been stopped for ever in my wicked course."

Old White had come up to us as we stood by the tulip border, and as we turned from it, he said, "Aye, aye, 'twas better her father knew it, he could tell her more than an old man like me, of the evil of her way."

But, ah! the flowers had done that best of all, and from that time forward, through our whole lives, if you had asked which sin she detested more than another, the answer would always have been that of falsehood.



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