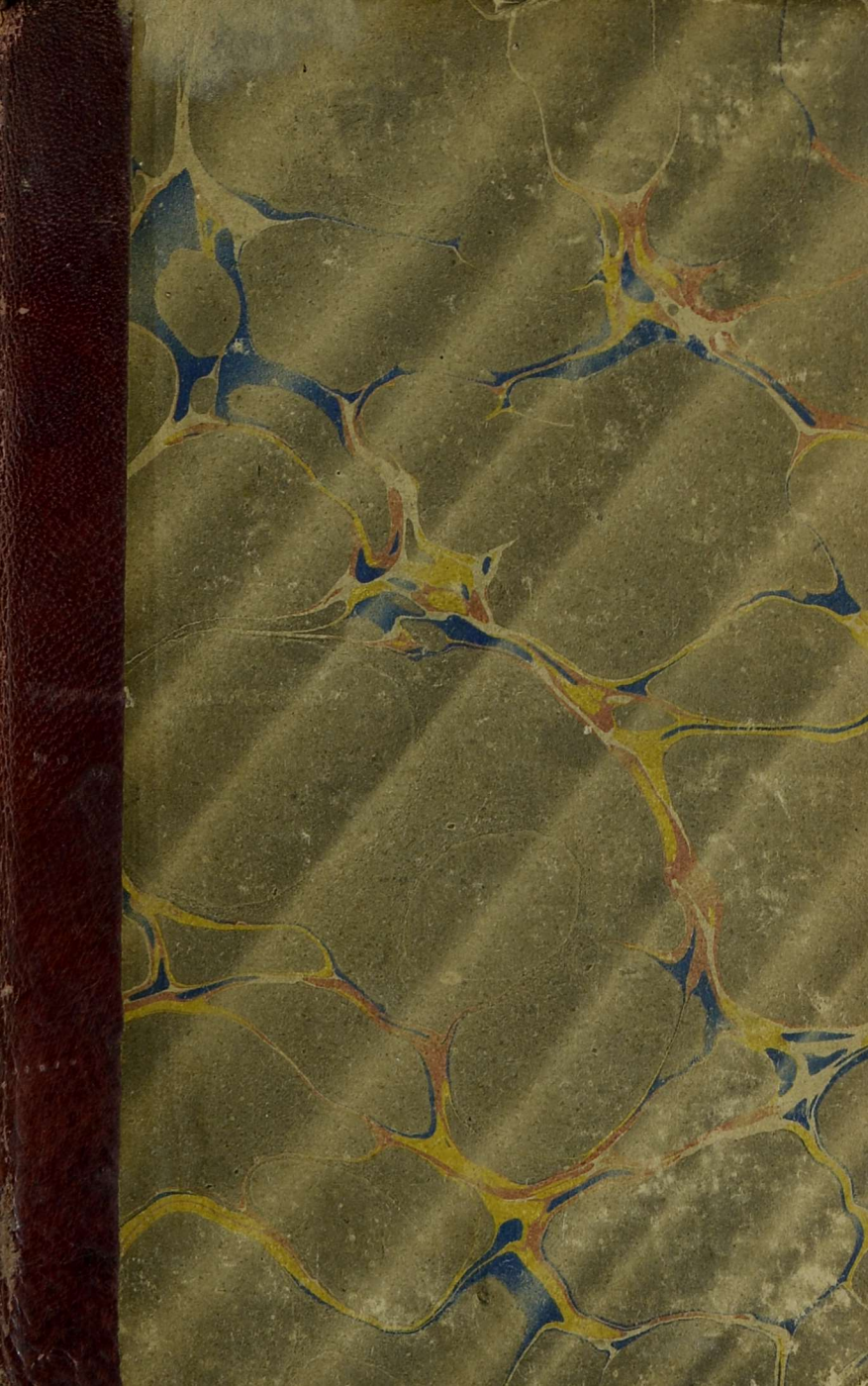

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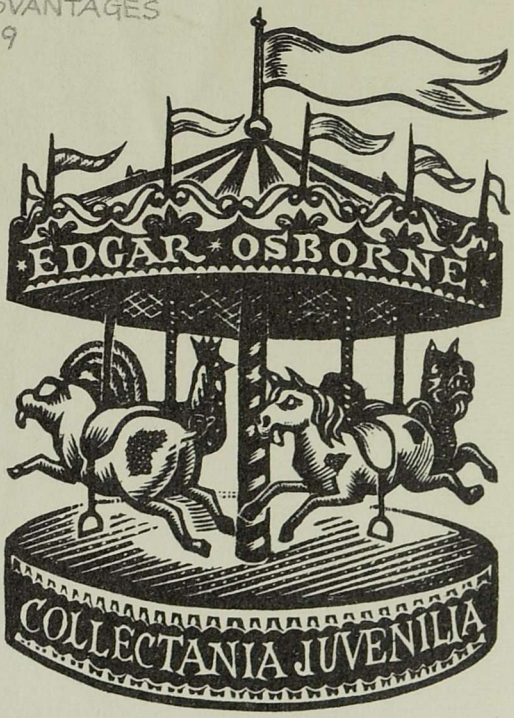

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THE

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

FRONTISPIECE.

Miss Simpson instructing little Sheelah.

Published June 1.1819, by J. Harris, & Son, corner of St. Pauls.

THE

Advantages of Education

ELUCIDATED,

IN

THE HISTORY OF

THE

WINGFIELD FAMILY.

LONDON:

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1819.

THE

WINGFIELD FAMILY.

CAPTAIN Wingfield, of the Royal Artillery, had entered the army very early in life, with no other inheritance but his military profession, being the younger son of Mr. Wingfield of Berkshire; whose estate, though sufficient to enable him to move in a genteel sphere of life, would not permit him to do more for his sons than give them a liberal education; being most anxious to provide an independence for his two daughters. William, his eldest son, and heir to his estate, studied the law, and became an able

barrister. Henry was placed in a mercantile house, and through the interest of a friend, a lieutenancy was obtained for Edward, who served with honour in various engagements, and by his merit alone gained promotion; no doubt he would have obtained much higher rank, had he not received a wound, so severe as to disable him from service, and he was obliged to retire on half-pay when but a young man, being at this period only six-and-thirty. On returning to his family he was soon united to Miss St. Clair, on whom he had bestowed his affections, and received her warmest approbation before he had entered the army. The fortune of Miss St. Clair was very moderate, but they had no ambitious views, and determined to adopt an economical plan of life, which they soon arranged

suitable to their finances; and rented a small farm and house in the neighbourhood of both their families. The house was in the cottage style of simplicity, but fitted up with peculiar neatness; the little shrubbery, and flower border that surrounded it, was the source of much pleasing employment to Mrs. Wingfield, which, with the care of her dairy, poultry, and other domestic concerns, left her no time unoccupied.

Mr. Wingfield found his farm so productive, that although he did not live in splendor, he had every comfort that easy circumstances and conjugal felicity could bestow.

"Thus pass'd their days, a clear united stream,
"By care unruffled."*

* Thompson.

In two years after their marriage their happiness was still encreased by the birth of a son, and now opened to the parental feelings a new source of delight.

The little Augustus equally shared the affections of his father and mother, and the elder Mr. Wingfield was fond to excess of his young grandson; but among so many partial relatives, poor Augustus would have been a spoiled child, had not a few years divided their affections among a larger family; for by the time Augustus was six years old, they had another son and two daughters.

Their expences being now so much encreased, Mr. Wingfield's exertions in cultivating his farm to the best advantage were redoubled; his unremitting attention was likewise directed to having something to

spare for the relief of those in his neighbourhood, on whom sickness or other misfortunes might be inflicted; and such laudable motives were blessed with success.

Augustus being now six years old, and Matilda four, began to require the attentive care of their parents to form their young minds to virtue.

> " ——— To rear the tender plant,
> " And teach the young idea how to shoot."

Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield determined to instruct their children themselves, knowing they had abilities for the pleasing task, and rightly considering, that no person to whose care they could commit them would so attentively watch the bent of their different inclinations: Mrs. Wingfield was likewise convinced, that the accomplishments she had learned, *and in which she excelled*,

could not be so properly applied as in teaching them to her daughters.

Augustus could now read very well, and had began to write.

His father laid it down as a rule to him, that he should attend in his study three hours every morning, and two in the evening. Mrs. Wingfield likewise required little Matilda's attendance every day in her dressing-room. Thus they acquired an early habit of regularity, which greatly promoted an improvement in their studies.

The happy parents were taking a walk on a fine April evening to see Mr. St. Clair's family; Augustus and Matilda, hand in hand tripping before them, when they observed Matilda stoop down and pull some wild flowers, with which by her innocent gestures and clapping her hands they saw

she was highly delighted; but Augustus took them forcibly from her, and threw them into the hedge. Poor Matilda sat down on the grass crying, and in the greatest distress.

When her father and mother reached where she was, they enquired the cause of her distress—" Oh, dear mamma," said the innocent sobbing Matilda, " I gathered a pretty nosegay for you to put in your China vase; indeed it was very pretty, mamma, but Augustus has taken it from me, and I can't get it. But I would gather another, only I am afraid he will take that too." " Wipe your eyes, my dear Matilda, and don't be unhappy about your pretty flowers; we can soon get more," said Mrs. Wingfield, as she raised her from the ground and fondly kissed her.

"What is this I hear of you, Augustus?" said his father. "I could not have thought you would take pleasure in teazing your sister; instead of thus rudely depriving her of the flowers which in so pretty a manner she intended for your mamma, you ought to have assisted her in collecting them; I am sorry to see you so deficient both in politeness and good nature. Why, Augustus, did you treat poor Matilda so unkindly?"—"I was only playing, Sir," said Augustus, "and surely those flowers are not worth gathering, nor did I think the loss of them could make Matilda so sorry, but I can get her much handsomer out of my own little garden, sure she is very foolish to cry for such a thing."—"Yes, Augustus; but you are not only foolish, but have shewn a wish to distress your sister, which I thought you

incapable of. When you committed this fault, did you not feel you were doing wrong? and would you not think any of your companions very unkind, were they to treat you in the same manner?" I am very much displeased with you, and cannot take you into favor again until you have made your peace with Matilda.

Augustus kneeled to his father, begging his forgiveness, and promising never to commit such an offence again. "Do, father," said he, "forgive your Augustus, and do not look angry at me. I do indeed confess, that after I had thrown away the flowers I felt sorry for what I had done, and would have recovered them again, but I could not get over the hedge: do, my dearest father, forgive me." Mr. Wingfield could not resist the intreaties of the weeping penitent;

he raised him up, embraced him, and said, "that depending on his promises, he would think no more of the past fault, but earnestly desired him always to attend to that inward sense of wrong, which constantly tells us when we do an improper action; and when you feel that shame for your fault, immediately confess it, and make all the amends in your power to the person you have offended, asking forgiveness of your Heavenly Father before you go to rest, who sees and marks your every action. I will now dismiss you, Augustus, and hope you will be mindful of the instruction I have given you." The happy Augustus being restored to his father's favor, immediately collected a large nosegay of the same wild flowers, and running with them to Matilda, and throwing his arms round her neck affec-

tionately kissed her, saying, " take these flowers, my dear Matilda, in the place of those I so ill-naturedly took from you; and now won't you forget that I distressed you?" " Indeed I will, dear brother," said the sweet innocent child, and with the utmost delight she gave them to her mother, whose feelings were strongly excited by both the children.

They now pursued their walk, the two families living within half a mile of each other.

Mr. St. Clair was a widower, and from the time Louisa was married, her sister Harriott, some years younger, attended to the domestic duties of the house. Horatio his son was married, and now on a visit at his father's, with Mrs. St. Clair and his son Henry, now five years old. Mrs. Wingfield

not having seen her brother and family for some time, enjoyed great pleasure from this unexpected meeting.

Young Henry was an only child, and so blindly partial were his parents even to his faults, that they would neither correct them themselves, nor suffer others to do so, for which reason he was peevish and self-willed.

The children being all sent in the care of the housekeeper to amuse themselves in the garden, Henry saw some half ripe strawberries, and said he would pull them: the housekeeper endeavoured to prevent him, by telling him they would make him sick, but he would not be withheld. She threatened to complain to his father; "you may do so," said Henry, "Papa won't be cross like you, but will give me any thing I like;" and forcibly breaking from the housekeeper's

hold, he ran to the strawberry bed, tore them up, and eat a great many; but Augustus and Matilda were quite frightened at the ill behaviour of this ungovernable child; and the housekeeper was obliged to return with the children, fearing the bad consequence of his eating the unripe fruit.

When Mr. Wingfield and family returned home, he asked Augustus how he amused himself with his cousin? "Indeed, father," said Augustus, "I could not play with him, he is so cross and quarrelsome, and must have every thing just as he pleases; I don't like him at all." "I am sorry for that," said his father; but as you see how disagreeable such a temper is, I hope you will take care to be obliging and good-natured to every one, then all your friends will love you, and you will be happy yourself." Thus did

this affectionate parent seize every opportunity of instructing his son, from the various circumstances that daily occurred.

Mrs. Wingfield had now taught Matilda the first rudiments of reading, her reason began to unfold, and she readily received her mother's lessons. She was kneeling to her, and repeating her prayers, when looking up in her face with artless innocence, she said, " who is God, mamma, and why do I ask him for bread? I never see him, and sure he don't hear me." " Yes, my child, God both sees and hears you, and without his goodness you could have no bread: God made you and all people, the beasts, the birds, and the fishes; he makes the corn grow in the field, the fruit on the trees, and the flowers in the garden, would you not then love so good a friend?" " Yes,

mamma, I will love God, but I would like to see him too." "You will see him, Matilda, if you be dutiful and good, and do all you can to help those that are in distress." "I will do every thing you bid me, mamma, and when I see any one that wants bread, I will get some from you to give them." Mrs. Wingfield took Matilda into her lap, and pressing her affectionately to her bosom, told her, she would get her a new doll the first time she went out, because she had been attentive to her lesson. Matilda was delighted at the expectation of this present, and ran out of the room to tell the glad tidings to Augustus.

The children were playing on a fine evening in the lawn, attended by the nursery-maid, when hearing the cries of some person at the gate, the servant took them to

see who it was; they were frightened on beholding a poor woman sitting on the ground, with a little boy and girl standing by her and crying.

"What is the matter," said Augustus, and why do you cry so?" "Because," said the boy, "we are very hungry, and have nothing to eat; and I am greatly tired," said the girl. "We will go to mamma," said the children, "and get you some bread and milk;" and they both ran together to the house without waiting for the servant, who was engaged with the poor woman, recovering her from a faintness occasioned by fatigue. On reaching the house Augustus soon found his mother, and told her he wanted a loaf for a poor woman and her children—"and some milk, mamma," said Matilda. "Where is Susan?", said Mrs.

Wingfield. "The poor woman is very sick, mamma," answered Augustus, "and Susan is with her."—"I will go with you, my children," said their mother; then filling a small basket with provisions, and a cordial for the woman, she accompanied them to the gate: she first administered the cordial, which soon revived the weary traveller, then gave the bread and milk to the delighted boy and girl.

When they were all recovered, the poor woman told Mrs. Wingfield, that her husband being in the sea service had passed three years happily at home with his family, but was now ordered on a cruize; that she and her children having left him at Deptford, they returned for several stages in the waggon, but her small stock of money being nearly exhausted, they were obliged to

walk the remainder of the journey. The length of the way she had already come, and long fasting, had quite overcome her; but she had not now many miles to go, and would soon be able to get on; "your goodness, madam, has so much relieved us, we will easily accomplish the remainder of the walk." "You must not think," said Mrs. Wingfield, of going farther to-night; you shall stay at my house, and a comfortable rest will I hope recover you entirely. I will send a servant to you, who will take you and your children to an apartment, and accommodate you with a bed." "Oh, madam," said the woman, "how shall I express the gratitude I feel for your goodness? may your benevolence meet the reward it deserves, and may those dear innocents, so early taught to feel compassion

for the distressed, live to be a blessing to their parents.

Mrs. Wingfield then returned to the house, and sent Mary, the children's servant, to take care of the strangers, for whom she was particularly interested, her manner being very superior to her present indigent appearance.

In the morning when breakfast was over, Mrs. Wingfield desired Mary to bring the stranger and her children to the parlour, as her master wished to speak to her. Her appearance, after the comfort of a refreshing night, was so improved, that Mrs. Wingfield would not have known her; her person was genteel, her complexion a clear brown, with a pleasing intelligent countenance, her age about five-and-thirty, and her dress perfectly neat, though plain; her

children looked healthy and good-humoured.

Mr. Wingfield enquired whether she had far to go, and on what destination her husband had gone to sea. She told him, that if it would not encroach too much on his time, she would relate some of the particulars of her life, as she considered the kindness and humanity with which she had been treated by his family, when exhausted by fatigue, claimed every confidence in her power to shew.

Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield told her they would be much gratified, and she thus related her little history.

" I was born in Jamaica: my father, who was an Englishman, was a Planter in that island, his name Simson; he married the daughter of one of the natives of supe-

rior rank. My mother, though black, was very handsome, and her manner so gentle and pleasing, that my father most affectionately loved her, and looked forward with the delightful hope of introducing her to his family in England: but alas! how short-sighted are erring mortals; for the event from which they had expected the greatest happiness, embittered my father's future days; for in giving me birth, he was deprived of his beloved Fatima. It was long before he could regain any degree of composure; but the engaging playfulness of infancy at length roused him to attention, and I became his greatest comfort. When I was four years old he engaged an English gentlewoman to reside with him, and have the care of forming my mind and manners.

"Mrs. Vincent was a widow, she was

older than my father, and had no fortune, therefore most willingly agreed to make one of our family.

" Four years passed on without any material alteration, and my father was highly pleased with Mrs. Vincent's attentions to me. As her disposition was lively and her manners agreeable, her constant study likewise being to please my father, she insensibly gained his affections, and they were married.

" She had a son and daughter by her former husband, the son twelve, her daughter ten years old, whom she had kept at school, but they were now brought home.

" Maria Vincent was thought handsome, although she did not possess that mildness of countenance so amiable in the female character. Henry was much more pleasing

than his sister, though I never could esteem either.

" Maria was but a short time at home until I found a great alteration; instead of the mild affectionate treatment I received from Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Simson now exercised a harsh authority over me; every little fault which was before unnoticed, was now magnified and told with aggravating circumstances to my father, over whom she had gained a great ascendency. She persuaded him that I was proud and envious, which she said did not appear till I had a companion, but that this propensity in me made her dear Maria very unhappy, who wished to gain my affection.

" My father was greatly distressed on hearing this account of his beloved, and as he had thought faultless Louisa, and

determined attentively to observe my conduct.

" The very disagreeable and haughty temper of Maria, her continually causing discontent, by falsely representing and telling her mother every little transaction by which she could make me appear culpable, had so depressed my spirits, that my dear deluded father imputed my melancholy to stubbornness, and chid me for such a disposition: his displeasure encreased my unhappiness, nor could any thing I could urge to vindicate myself avail.

" My father allowed me a certain sum of money weekly to be at my own disposal, and had always inculcated the duties of humanity.

" Near our Plantation ran a clear and placid stream of considerable length, bor-

dered by lofty trees, where I often wandered to enjoy the cooling shade. I sometimes rambled unattended, and in one of these solitary walks I was induced by the pleasantness of the refreshing breeze from the water, and the mildness of the weather, to proceed farther than I had hitherto done; at length I perceived a very small habitation. Confined as it was, and secluded almost from every eye, it had an appearance of neatness. As I approached near it, a young woman with a little girl about four years old came out of this cottage, and was greatly surprized at seeing me. She made a very low and respectful curtsie to me, hoping I had not lost my way, and asked me, had I ventured to walk there without a servant? I told her the distance from my father's was so short that I had no occasion

for one, and enquired why she lived in that lonely place. She told me that her husband and herself were from Ireland, where they had lived contented and happy; until a relation they had in Jamaica wrote to invite them to him, making them promises of great advantage. They then left their country, their friends, and their industrious employments, and with their little girl arrived at the island: 'but what, my dear young lady,' said the poor woman, 'was our trouble, when we found that our friend, for whose sake we gave up every thing, had died of the yellow fever a month before we reached Jamaica. Paddy, though an excellent workman, being a stranger could get no employment; and when the little money we had was spent we knew not how to get bread for ourselves and child. At

last an Overseer of a Plantation, seeing how hard it went with us, engages Paddy for a day or two when he is very busy, and he was so good to get us this little cabbin; but my poor husband is obliged to work very hard, howsomever he is so good-humoured he don't mind that, but as it is only sometimes he is employed, we often find it very hard to live; but my dear miss, I often wish we were in our own country again, where we had plenty of potatoes and milk, and our little Sheelah would have been taught to read at a Sunday School, for indeed, miss, we don't know how to teach her.' While we were speaking we heard some one singing in a merry strain; in a moment little Sheelah ran to meet her father, who took her up in his arms and entered the cot.

"I never saw a countenance that bespoke more good-humour, good-nature and honesty, than poor Paddy's displayed. When he saw me, 'Och my dear little crater,' said he, 'how did you find us out when you knowed nothing at all about us?' His wife then told him how I happened to be there. 'Troth then, my honey,' said Paddy, 'you sha'nt leave us by yourself, I will take care of you home; but won't you sit down on this little white stool to rest a bit; it is very clean, but coarsely made, for I put it together myself, and I never knowed how to do carpenter's work, bekeys I never larned to be any thing but a labourer; but if I was in the sweet county of Wicklow I could get work enough to do to live by, and send little lassie to school.' 'Then, my good Paddy,' said I, 'you

would be glad to have Sheelah taught to read?' 'In troth I would, miss,' said Paddy, 'and we have a Bible that was given me by a good gentleman, and if our little girl could read it, what comfort it would be to us.'—'Then you shall have that comfort,' said I, 'for if you will give me leave I will be Sheelah's governess; I will come to you every second day and stay about an hour, and I think I will soon make her able to read.'

"The poor people were all gratitude and thanks, for this unexpected offer of instruction for their child. 'Sure enough, miss,' said Paddy, 'we should never be too much cast down, for we don't know when good fortune may happen to us. Who would have thought that so young a lady would notice such poor people? but God, who

has sent you to us, will reward you for this goodness.'

" I then rose to leave them, and was conducted by Paddy to the entrance of my father's avenue, where he said he would always meet me, and take care of me to the cabbin.

" On my return I met Maria Vincent, who told me I had made my father very angry by staying out so long without an attendant.

" I thought it better to place some confidence in Maria than appear mysterious, therefore I told her what had passed; but with supercilious scorn she replied, ' I am not surprized Miss Simpson should make such an acquaintance, it corresponds with the meanness of her ideas: for my part, I would not condescend to speak to such

people.' We were now at the house, and on the door being opened I immediately repaired to the study, where finding my father alone, I entreated his forgiveness for my absence: he looked displeased, and said, the only way to atone for my fault, was to tell him candidly where I had been. 'Most willingly, dear father,' said I, 'for I am certain of your approbation.' I then told him all the circumstances of my meeting the poor Irish family, and my intention of instructing their child, saying, that the satisfaction I experienced in my own mind, from the idea of the benefit I might do those simple honest people, convinced me I was doing right, and left me nothing to fear from my dear father's anger. 'No, my Louisa,' said this kind parent, as he fondly embraced me, 'you have my warmest ap-

probation, and shall likewise have my assistance. To instruct the ignorant, and do good to our fellow-creatures, as far as our circumstances will enable us, is our duty, and is most acceptable to our Creator. But my dear girl, you must take your servant with you on those visits of humanity. When you go next to the cottage bring Paddy to me, perhaps I may be able to make him more comfortable. But now, Louisa, we will dismiss this subject. I most anxiously wish to know, why it is that you and Maria Vincent are not on those terms of friendship, that I would expect two young ladies of the same age and rank should feel for each other. Maria is handsome, and has many attractions, but I hope my Louisa is superior to the mean passion of envy; for my sake, my child, cultivate the friendship of

Maria, and let me not have the unhappiness of seeing your countenance, that used to be the index of content and good-humour, so often overcast with melancholy.' I took my father's hand, put it to my lips, and dropping on it a tear of the tenderest affection, told him, that my most earnest wish was to gain the esteem of Maria; that our dispositions did not seem to correspond, but for his satisfaction I would overlook her petulance, and if possible make her my friend.

"Thus ended a conversation, that restored more peace to my mind than I had enjoyed for many months; and determined me on all occasions to place the utmost confidence in my affectionate parent.

"Having my father's full approbation to become Sheelah's preceptor, and with the

pleasing hope of having obtained a steady friend for poor Paddy, I took my servant, and with a chearful heart pursued my way to the cottage. On approaching it, I soon saw Paddy hastening to meet me. 'You are very good, miss,' said he, 'in keeping your promise to such poor creatures as we are.' 'Say not so, Paddy,' I answered; 'my father, who is a good and religious man, has taught me to consider every human being as equal to myself; for though in worldly goods we differ, we are all the children of God who made us, and equally enjoy his providential care: therefore if I possess more riches than you do, my duty tells me that I ought to contribute to your comfort; and I hope I have done so; for on telling my father your distressed situation, he desired me to bring you to him this

morning, that he might know what way he could serve you.

" Poor Paddy was at a loss for words to thank me for this unexpected dawn of sunshine, that was dispelling the cloud of affliction, which had long hung over his otherwise happy and contented mind. We had now reached the humble dwelling, and Sheelah with her mother met us at the door.

" I took the happy innocent child in my lap, and being provided with a proper book, staid about an hour; and could soon perceive that my young pupil's capacity was quick to comprehend what I taught her; and giving her a kiss of approbation, and a little toy for a reward and encouragement, I left the cottage, accompanied by Paddy. I soon introduced him to my father, who was much pleased with the frank good-

nature of his countenance, and finding from the nature of the employment he had been accustomed to that he would be useful in the Plantation, he told him he should have a settled situation at so much a week regularly paid, a comfortable though small cottage, and a piece of ground. He hoped and doubted not he would be always deserving of his care, and he should find him his constant friend.

" The surprized, the happy Hibernian, expressed his grateful feelings more by actions than words: he clasped his hands with fervor, raised his eyes to Heaven, and thanked the Almighty for having given him such a friend, imploring his blessings on my father. ' My good man,' said my father, ' it is this young lady you are to thank for making your situation known to me,

and I hope my Louisa will always retain this desire of doing good to our fellow creatures.' 'I hope I shall, my dear father,' said I, 'for I never felt greater happiness than I now enjoy in having contributed to the comfort of this worthy family.' They were in a very short time settled in their new habitation, and in about a year Sheelah could read many parts of the Bible to her delighted parents.

"My father never had cause to regret the kindness done to poor Paddy O'Connor, who always continued a faithful servant to him, and when I left Jamaica he was living in health and comfort.

"Thus at twelve years old I had it in my power to confer the greatest benefit on a worthy family, the good consequences of which have never been erased from my

mind, nor the gratitude I owe my father, for having so early taught me to feel compassion for the distressed.

" I endeavoured all in my power to make Maria Vincent my companion, by proposing agreeable walks and drives accompanied by her brother.

" Sometimes when she laid aside the haughtiness of her character she could be pleasing, but more frequently the unkindness and jealousy of her disposition made her company intolerable; she could not bear to see any attention shewn to me when in company together: Mrs. Simpson was likewise much displeased when she heard any thing said in commendation of me, as she considered it a tacit reproach to her daughter.

" We were engaged to a concert at the

house of one of the principal Planters on the island, where we performed on the harp. As it was an instrument I delighted in, I excelled in it, consequently my performance was more applauded than Maria's, and she listened with impatience to the praises I received. As we were returning home, I asked her if she was not much pleased with the evening's amusement?—'Not so much, I dare say, as you are,' she answered; 'Miss Simpson has been the subject of universal flattery, and no doubt considers it justly due to her extra ordinary abilities: I think the company had very little discernment, or they would not have so much over-rated your performance.

"Why, Maria,' said I, 'will you be so unkind? I am not thinking of the few compliments the company were so polite to

make me; I consider them only as matters of course, and not worth exciting either your displeasure or my vanity. How much do I wish, Maria, you would treat me as a friend, if in my power I would prove myself so to you: then let us make peace, and be in mutual confidence together; we have no cause for unhappiness, but what we make ourselves.'

"I was taking her hand in token of amity, which she withdrew in scornful anger, saying, 'No, Miss Simpson, I will not be in friendship with one who on every occasion sets herself up as a standard of perfection, making me appear with insignificance in every company.'

"I was shocked and distressed at the injustice of Maria's observations, and unable to reply to such harsh treatment. On

the carriage stopping I hurried to my own apartment, and for a long time reflected on Maria's conduct. I found the only friend I had in the family was my dear, my ever affectionate father, for whose peace of mind I concealed my uneasiness, and endured years of unkindness from both Mrs. Simpson and Maria.

" I was in my eighteenth year, when I received an invitation to spend a few months with a family who had lived near us on terms of great intimacy, but had removed to a distant part of the island. This invitation gave me great pleasure, as the family of Mr. Meredith were always fondly attached to me. This gentleman had one son, *then in England*, and two daughters, all some years older than me. My father wished me to accept the compliment, and

in a few days I was sincerely welcomed by my kind friends.

" After passing two very agreeable months, the family circle was enlarged by the arrival of young Mr. Meredith, and Mr. M'Owen his friend from Scotland, a Lieutenant in the navy. The society of the young men greatly encreased our gaiety; we had continual pleasure parties either on land or water, and two months more passed swiftly over.

" I now received a summons from my father to return, but this would not be permitted by my obliging friends, who wrote to obtain permission to detain me one month more, promising I should be accompanied by some of the family, which was readily granted.

" Lieutenant M'Owen was a young

man who possessed very pleasing manners, great goodness of heart, and an improved understanding; his connections were highly respectable, but his profession was his only inheritance.

"My friends soon perceived that I engrossed much of his attention, nor did I behold him with indifference. When my allotted time was expired, Miss Meredith, her brother, and Mr. M'Owen, returned with me home, and were most kindly received by my father, who prevailed on them to stay with us a week. Mr. M'Owen took the earliest opportunity of acquainting my father with his attachment to me, lamenting that his limited circumstances would not allow him to place me in the affluence I had been accustomed to. 'Do not regret it, my

worthy young man,' said my father; 'your profession is honourable, you have been open and candid to me, Louisa is a good girl, affectionate and dutiful, and shall not want a fortune sufficient to procure you both every comfort: in giving her to your protection, I shall have the affliction of being separated from my beloved child, but I will expect, if any opportunity occurs, you will again with my Louisa visit this island.'

"Mr. M'Owen most gratefully thanked my father for the generous manner he granted his suit, and the next day he communicated to me the interview he had: I could make no objection, my affections were his, and never have I had reason to repine at my choice.

"The next day my father told me he

wished to speak to me in his study; I immediately attended him.

"His countenance denoted every thing affectionate and kind. 'I want to consult you, Louisa,' said he, 'on an affair which nearly interests you, and expect you will be unreserved to your father.' He then told me what had passed between him and Mr. M'Owen, and asked me how I meant to decide.

"Since you, my dear father,' said I, 'are so good to leave me my own mistress on this occasion, I will not hesitate to acknowledge, that I freely give my hand and affections to Mr. M'Owen; the only regret I shall feel is being separated from the tenderest, the best of parents, but I have an assurance from Mr. M'Owen of returning to Jamaica in three years; he

must very shortly embark for England. Perhaps my dear father could so settle his affairs as to leave this island, and return in some time to that happy country; how blest would it make your Louisa!' 'Perhaps, my child,' said he, 'it may be so. I have no doubt but you will be happy with this young man, whose suit I have the more readily agreed to, because I have long seen that my good, my gentle Louisa, was not comfortable at home, and that a generous consideration for my peace made you conceal the uneasiness you felt.'

"I was greatly affected by those proofs of parental regard, and resolved, when I should be settled in England, to try every persuasion to get my father near me.

"In about a week after I gave my hand and sincere affections to my Edward, who

has been my pleasing companion, my tender husband, and consoling friend.

" We arrived safe in England, and for four years had nothing to disturb our happiness. My father wrote to inform me, that the next year he would leave Jamaica, and end his days in his native land. During this period my boy and girl were born.

" Edward was now obliged to leave me, and expected his absence would be two years. This separation was a severe trial to our feelings, but when he had been a few months away I received a letter from Mrs. Simpson, informing me of the death of my father by a fever that was very contagious in Jamaica, and that he had made a will leaving his property entirely to her.

" The shock I received at this melancholy intelligence, just as I was flattering

myself with the happiness of embracing my beloved parent, threw me into a dejection of spirits, that it was many months before I could overcome; but my Edward's return entirely recovered me, although by shipwreck he lost a large property which he had on board in merchandize: but he was restored to me and my children; I thanked the gracious God that spared him to us, and was resigned to every other loss.

"Our circumstances were now very confined; still we had all the necessaries of life, and could easily do without the superfluities.

"Thus have we passed the last five years in uninterrupted comfort; but another separation has now taken place. My Edward has been appointed to go out on

a cruize to the Mediterranean, and how long his absence may be is uncertain.

"As he will have many advantages while on duty, I am to receive the greatest part of his pay, and by using strict economy, and attending myself to my children's education, *which their dear father has carefully forwarded*, I have no fears for our comfortable support, and rely on the goodness of that Almighty Protector who has sustained us in every trial and vicissitude, and trust the same Heavenly Guardian will again unite him to his affectionate wife and children."

Here Mrs. M'Owen ended her little narrative, and Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield being greatly prepossessed in her favor, thanked her in the most polite terms for the trouble she had taken to gratify the

curiosity, or rather interest they acknowledged she had excited. She had still eight miles to walk to reach her own residence; Mr. Wingfield insisted on her using his carriage to convey her home, in which she was accompanied by Mrs. Wingfield.

They soon reached the peaceful and neat cottage of Mrs. M'Owen, so entirely shaded by the woodbine and rose that spread over the windows and every part of the dwelling, that it was not perceivable at any distance. Every thing about the cottage was neatness and frugality, and Mrs. Wingfield returned home after passing an hour agreeably at Roseville, with the pleasing reflection that her benevolence had acquired her a valuable friend, who from a state of extreme weakness she restored to health and comfort.

The day of Mrs. M'Owen's departure from Brookfield, *the name of Mr. Wingfield's farm,* was a holiday for the children, but next day they pursued their studies. Augustus could now read very correct, and Mr. Wingfield rightly judging that the seeds of religion and virtue cannot be too early implanted into the youthful mind, made the Bible the first study of Augustus: he knew that in the vivacity of youth, and allurements of pleasure, those seeds often lie dormant; but in the hour of reflection they shoot up with full force, and where the soil is well cultivated will arrive at perfection.

Augustus had an excellent natural understanding, and being encouraged by his father to ask the meaning of any passages he met that he did not comprehend, their

progress was often retarded by his questions. Mr. Wingfield explained to him the wonders of creation, which Augustus listened to with silent attention; then said, "how great and good, papa, must God be, that did all this for us! and is he still so kind to us?"—"Yes, Augustus," said his father, "God is ever good to man if he obeys his laws, is attentive to his parents and children, and does all in his power to help the poor."

"But why, papa, are there any poor people? Why have not all men money enough, a good house, and good cloaths like us? Have the poor people displeased God, that makes him keep those good things from them?"

"No, my dear child," said his father, "but it is necessary that in this world there

should be both rich and poor. Consider, Augustus, were there not people willing to be servants and labourers, how should I get the business either of my house or farm done; and were all poor, how should they get employment, as it is the rich that excites them to industry.

"It is the duty of the poor to be respectful and honest to those that employ them, to be content in their humble situation, and love the great God, who careth as much for them as for the greatest King on earth: and it is the duty of the rich, *which I hope, my child, you will always attend to,* to be kind to their servants and labourers, to consider we are all the children of God, and ought to live in love together. As far as we possibly can we ought to help the poor, for it is with that

design God has blessed us with money; nor can we tell, my dear boy, how much we may at some time of our lives want assistance ourselves: therefore never turn away from a poor person with indifference, but if you cannot relieve them, at least give them your good wishes and a feeling for their distress."

"Then, papa," said Augustus, "I will never speak unkindly to any one, and I am very sorry I did so to a poor lame boy the last time Matilda and I were taking a walk with our servant Mary."

"How was it, Augustus?" said his father.

"I will tell you, papa. Matilda and I were running as fast as we could to try which would get first to the Temple; and when we were near it, the poor lame boy, who had crutches to help him on, stopped

me to ask for an halfpenny to buy bread, for he was very hungry. I would not mind him, but desired him to go out of my way, and though I had two halfpence I did not give him one, for I was afraid if I stopped Matilda would get before me. The boy went away crying. Mary told me I did very wrong; so I gave her the penny, and begged she would follow the poor fellow and give it to him: she did so, and he hobbled back to thank me. But won't you forgive me, papa, for being so unkind, and won't God forgive me too?"

"He will, my dear Augustus, since you have seen your fault and are sorry for it; and let this kiss of tender affection convince you of my forgiveness, for I am sure you will not commit such a fault again. We will now take a lesson in spell-

ing, and thus finish the morning studies."

Mrs. Wingfield and Matilda were very differently engaged in the dressing-room. The new doll, *that had been promised as an encouragement to be attentive,* was purchased, and Matilda with a smiling countenance ran with it in her arms to thank her mother, saying, " my dear, dear mamma, how much I thank you for my beautiful doll!" and putting her arms round her mother's neck, she kissed her and the doll alternately; " but mamma," said she, " what shall I do to dress it? won't it catch cold and be sick? and I don't know how to nurse it." " Don't be uneasy, my love," said her mother, " about the health of your doll, it shall not catch cold; but as you don't like it should be without cloathing, I will give

up this morning to dressing it, and with Mary's help we shall soon have it very nice."—Mary was now summoned to assist at the toilet of the waxen doll, and in about two hours it was completely and elegantly adorned, to the great satisfaction of Matilda, who jumped about the room, and caressed her mother with fond delight, saying, "Oh mamma, how beautiful it is dressed! and looks so handsome, much handsomer than Miss Violet did when she went to the ball: I wish, mamma, I was as pretty as my doll, and had such fine clothes on, would not every one love me the better?"—"No, my dear child, they would not," said her mother; "it is not a pretty face nor handsome clothes makes us beloved; a good little girl, though she may be very plain, and

her clothes of the coarsest kind, will have more friends than a proud vain beauty, who thinks it is the duty of every one to please her. Come, Matilda, sit down on this stool by me, and I will tell you a little tale on this subject.

"A poor industrious man, *such as William Meadows, our gardener,* who was employed in the shrubbery of Mr. Dormer, *a gentleman like your papa,* had one daughter, now six years old. Ellen Meadows was ill made, her face was much pitted with the small-pox, and she was very pale. Young as she was, she knew she was not handsome, but her disposition was so mild and good that she wished to oblige every one, as her mother often told her that was the way to make her companions love her.

"If any of her friends were ill, Ellen would go to them, endeavour to amuse them by telling little stories, and doing every act of kindness she could for them.

"She watched the looks of her father and mother to see how she could oblige them, and the praises of Ellen were heard through all the village.

Mr. Dormer had a son and a daughter; Miss Lucy, now eight years old, was under the care of a governess at home, but her brother was sent to the University. This young lady was extremely handsome and genteel in her appearance; she sung, played on the piano-forte, danced well, and was quite accomplished. She was so often told of her beauty that she became proud and conceited, and instead of being obliging, she expected her compa-

nions should gratify all her wishes. Miss Lucy was walking on a fine evening with her governess through the shrubbery, when she observed Ellen Meadows who was standing by her father: she was singing a hymn to him which the Clerk of the parish had taught her, and her sweet gentle voice attracted Miss Dormer's attention. Her back being to Miss Lucy, she did not perceive her, until the hymn being finished she turned round, and with great modesty and confusion made a curtsy, which Miss Lucy was too proud to take notice of, but said to her governess, 'what little ugly girl is that? I wonder my father lets such people into his garden; did you ever, Mademoiselle, see such a disagreeable looking child? If I observe you here again, I will tell my papa.' 'No, Miss

Dormer,' said the poor gardener, 'you shall not see my dear, my dutiful, affectionate little Ellen here again, though my master and every one is pleased to see her; but since you have been unkind to her, Miss Dormer, I will give up the pleasure of hearing her sweet voice singing the praises of our Creator;' and he took the hand of his weeping innocent child, and led her out of the garden.

"Some time after this event, Miss Dormer had wandered by herself into one of the meadows, and being tired sat down on the grass to rest a little: not having perceived a hive of bees that were near, some of them were buzzing about her, and being stung by one of them, she was so alarmed, that in her haste to escape she sprained her ancle: the pain was so

violent that she cried out for help: Ellen, who was pulling blackberries near the place where this accident happened, heard her cries, and ran to see if she could assist her.

"The vain proud beauty was now happy to see even the little ugly child she had spoken to so unkindly.

"What is the matter, miss?' said the good-natured Ellen; 'can I help you, or shall I run for my mother? do, Miss Dormer, tell me what I can do for you.' 'Oh run, dear Ellen, for your mother, and come back yourself to me.' Ellen almost flew to her father's cottage, and with tears in her eyes told her melancholy tale. Her mother immediately repaired to Miss Dormer, and with the assistance of one of her neighbours carried her home; while Ellen walked by them, weeping with

concern at the pain Miss Dormer suffered.

"It was some time before she entirely recovered, nor could she suffer the absence of Ellen, who read to her, sung to her, worked and did every thing she could to amuse her; and thus by being so good-natured and obliging, she convinced Miss Dormer that it is not beauty, fine clothes, or riches, that will make us beloved; and Ellen became so great a favorite, that when Miss Dormer recovered, she sent her to school, and in a few years after engaged her as her own servant. The gratitude she felt for her attention was never forgotten by Miss Dormer, who always treated her as a friend, and being made sensible of her own faults, she became an agreeable companion to all her acquaintance.

"Now my dear Matilda, I hope you will, like the good little Ellen, make every one love you for your kindness and good-nature."—"Indeed, mamma, I will try to be very good, since that is the way to make you and every one love me; and when I can read, won't you, mamma, give me books with such pretty stories as this you have told me, and nice pictures in them?"—"Yes, Matilda, you shall have many books to amuse and instruct you; but you must read and spell very well first: you must likewise learn to work; I will get you a nice small frame, and shew you how to embroider a pretty flower."

"Oh, mamma, I should like that, it would be so pleasant to have flowers of my own making, and they would not spoil

and fall to pieces like those that grow in the garden. Why don't the flowers always look handsome, mamma? how do they grow in the fields and gardens, and so soon get brown and withered?"

"You may remember, Matilda, that I have told you God has made every thing in the world. Look at this flower; do you observe the yellow seed that is in the pod?"—"Yes, mamma, I see it." "Well, Matilda, when the flower gets decayed, this seed is preserved and dried, and in the proper season the gardener puts it pretty deep down in the ground; God sends the gentle showers of rain that fall in spring, which sinking into the earth swells the seed, and the warm sun brings it up in small leaves over ground: by degrees, as the weather becomes still

warmer, the flowers grow faster, until they come to the beauty you see them clothed with in summer. And what, Matilda, can be more pleasing than a garden of flowers in full bloom?"—" It is indeed beautiful, mamma, but of what use are the flowers?" " God, my dear child, has not made any thing to be useless, and in creating this world caused it to produce every thing beautiful as well as useful; the flowers therefore are among the great ornaments of nature; their sweet smell perfumes the air; many are useful to our health when prepared by the chemist, and from the flowers the bees collect the honey. I think, Matilda, I must give you a plat of ground for yourself, and Augustus will teach you how to rear the flowers."—" Oh, my dear, dear mamma, how happy I shall

be, for then I can make you a present for your vase out of my own garden: but brother Charles must not run through it as he did yesterday, in a bed of ranunculus that John Meadows was weeding, and Mary could not keep him from it, for he wanted to pull them to give to Louisa. Mary was very angry with Charles, but John took him in his arms, and gave him some beautiful flowers, which he ran with to the nursery to Louisa; but she broke them all in a minute, and was not that very naughty, mamma?"

"You must consider, Matilda, that Louisa is but a baby, and don't know she does wrong; therefore cannot be called naughty: but were you to do such a thing, supposing your brother should take the trouble of getting flowers for you, you

would deserve to be corrected, because you would be sensible you were using your brother with disrespect." "Oh, mamma, I could not do that, for if any one gives me a toy, a flower, or a plaything, I feel quite obliged to them; and I am sure I am obliged to you, my good mamma, who takes so much trouble to tell me the meaning of every thing I don't understand, and I hope I shall not forget what you tell me. I wish Louisa was big enough to attend to me, and I would be her governess as you are mine, then when I should get a lesson from you, I would tell it to her." "That would be a very good method, Matilda, both for you and Louisa, and when she is old enough you shall do so." "I thank you, mamma, but I am afraid it will be a long time before I

can begin to teach her."—" It will indeed, Matilda, but you will be still more capable of instructing her. We will now have a lesson in spelling, and then join your papa and Augustus."

The lesson being finished they left the dressing-room, and found Mr. Wingfield with his pupil going to ramble through the fields till dinner time. " Won't you, mamma, and Matilda, come with us," said Augustus?

" Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Wingfield, the day is so pleasant, and Matilda being a very good girl, I wish to indulge her." " But mamma," said Matilda, " will you allow me to take my doll? won't it be good for her too to get an airing?"—" You may certainly bring it with you, my love, as it will be a pleasure to you

to have it, which pleasure will be all your own, as the doll is not sensible either of pain or delight."—" I thank you, my good mamma; I want to shew it to papa and Augustus, who have not seen it since you dressed it so handsomely."

Matilda soon produced her favorite, and taking it to her father, " don't you admire, papa," said she, " how pretty it is? and how good it was of mamma to dress it for me?" then taking it to Augustus, said, " look, dear brother, did you ever see so pretty a doll; don't you love it?" " Oh yes," answered Augustus, " I like it very well, but I can't love it, and I think you are very foolish to be so fond of it; you see it don't speak, or walk, or do any thing to make you love it: I love my little Pompey, because he can

play with me, and is so good-natured, that he licks my hand and wags his tail whenever he sees me."—" Well, Augustus, I am very fond of Pompey too, but I think you might admire my new doll." Augustus, seeing Matilda unhappy, put his arms round her neck, and kissing her, said, " don't be uneasy or displeased with me, my dear Matilda; I do indeed think your doll extremely handsome, and love it as much as I could any thing of the kind." In this affectionate manner he made his peace with his sister, and they joined their parents to pursue their walk. They had not gone far until they perceived the poor lame boy sitting under the shade of a tree, his crutches by his side, and his pale sickly countenance indicating grief and poverty. He appeared about ten

years old, and when he saw Augustus he arose, took off his hat, and made the best bow he was able. "Oh papa," said Augustus, "that is the poor boy I told you of; may I give him the sixpence I have?" "Do as you please," said his father, but then how are you to get the drum you were to have bought with it?" "I did not think of that," said Augustus, "but if the poor boy has no dinner, won't the sixpence buy him one? If I was hungry I could not do without my dinner, but the drum will do at any time."—"You are right, my dear child, and I am happy to find you pay so much attention to the instruction I give you."

With this permission, and the affectionate approbation of his father, Augustus went to the boy, took him by the

hand and said, " here, my poor fellow, will you accept this sixpence, and buy yourself bread and milk? for I believe you are hungry; and forgive me for having been unkind to you before. My papa has told me how wrong I was, and I will never do so again."

The surprize of the boy at getting so large a sum made him for some time unable to thank Augustus; and Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield coming up to him, asked him what had occasioned his lameness? where his father lived, and what was his name?

" My name, Sir," said the boy, " is James Farrell; my father is a servant to Lord Belmont, and is with him and the family in London: I got this lameness by a fall from a hay-rick two years ago."

"And who are you now living with?" asked Mr. Wingfield.

"My father, Sir, put me to live with Tom Testy in the village, who has used me very badly since my father left the country, though he pays him for me. As I cannot work, he says I may beg; and though I don't at all like to do so, I am sometimes so hungry that I can't help it."

"Could not your father have got you into the National School?" said Mr. Wingfield.

"Yes, Sir, he could, and I wish he had," said poor James; "but he thought I would have been taken more care of by Tom Testy; it would have been happy for me to be in the School."

"If your father knew you were ill

treated by Testy, would he be satisfied to have you at this school?"

"Oh yes, Sir, I know he would like it, but I have no one to speak for me."

"If I should get you placed there, would you be a good boy and mind your learning, particularly your writing, for as your lameness may prevent you from being a working man, you might by writing and cyphering well become a good Clerk. But where is your mother?"

"Oh Sir, she died about a year ago, and until that misfortune happened I never knew distress. She was the best, the kindest of mothers; she used to do laundry work for Lady Belmont, and we were quite happy."—"Where, my poor child, does Tom Testy live, and what is he?"—

"He is a labouring man, Sir, and lives next door to the miller."

"Well, I will enquire into this affair, and if I find you have told me the truth, I will get you into the School."

The poor grateful boy went on his knees to thank Mr. Wingfield, and said that his mother had often told him the great God would reward our good actions; "and surely, Sir, you will be rewarded in taking compassion on a poor helpless boy."

"Rise, my good child," said Mr. Wingfield, "and be careful not to offend that God who sees and knows every thing you do, and you shall not want a friend."—They now parted from poor James, and pursued their ramble, Mr. Wingfield resolving to go next morning to the village, and enquire into the conduct of Tom Testy.

"Oh mamma," said Matilda, who had run on before her, "look, here is grandpapa and grandmamma Wingfield, and Henry St. Clair!" Matilda was right, the venerable parents gratified themselves with the enjoyment of a happy day in the chearful society of their children, and interesting little family: and to make it more agreeable to the young party, they called for Henry St. Clair, whose parents intended to join them in the evening.

The affectionate family now returned to the house, the children all equally sharing in the endearments and presents of their fond relatives. A beautiful little poney, with a corresponding saddle and bridle, was led by a servant to Augustus; a complete set of miniature furniture to Ma-

tilda; a rocking horse to Charles, and an elegant coral for little Louisa; likewise a waggon drawn by four horses for Henry St. Clair. All was grateful thanks and joy in this juvenile society; and the three boys, impatient to enjoy the pleasure of their newly acquired amusements, were sent under the care of John Meadows to play on the lawn. Augustus mounted his poney, and followed by a servant, rode round the lawn with great eclat. Henry filled his waggon, and was much pleased at whipping on his horses, and little Charles was equally happy on his hobby. While they were thus manfully employed, Matilda was extremely busy arranging her furniture, and having completed her task returned to the drawing-room, when going to her grandmother and taking her hand,

innocently said, " will you, my dear grandmamma, let me shew you how pretty I have settled my furniture?"—" Yes, my love," said the happy old lady, " I will go with you;" and indeed she was much surprized in observing with what taste and propriety they were arranged. The new drest doll was reclining on a couch, with a table and small book before it. Matilda was highly gratified at the praises she received, and said, " I wish, grandmamma, I could teach my doll to read that pretty book on the table; mamma read it to me this morning."—" What is the story of it, my love?" said her grandmother, taking her into her lap.

" I will tell you, grandmamma, as well as I can remember.

" A spider, that had long lived in an

old castle, went out to enjoy a little of the fine summer air, and then began her work of industry, and shaded by the leaves of a laurel, she wove her curious web. For a long time a fly and goldfinch observed her while drawing the tender threads, and nicely working them with her legs.

"What trouble the spider is at,' said the goldfinch, 'but I don't see of what use it can be; my nest that I make with so much care, and line the inside with the softest wool, serves me to lay my eggs in, and I am rewarded for my labour by my little birds bursting through the shell, and chirping to me their fond mother; but I don't understand any use there can be in the spider's webb."—"Nor I," said the fly; "I think she might divert herself as I do, and not stay moping in

a corner, as if intending to do mischief: but I think I will try what kind of thing this webb is made of." No sooner had the foolish fly put his foot on the webb, than he found himself entangled, and the spider darting forward, drew the fly with the same small cord to her store-house under the laurel leaf for her winter's provision.

"Surprized and angry, the goldfinch said, 'how ill-natured and cruel of the spider thus to use the poor harmless fly;' while at the same time he caught a worm that was crawling on the ground, to enjoy the sun-shine after a soft refreshing shower, and flew with it to her nest to share it with her little birds, forgetful of the cruelty she had just observed in the spider."

"Is not this a pretty tale, grandmamma?"

said Matilda. "It is indeed, my love, and should teach us not to be too ready to see the faults of others, and being blind to our own; but when you, Matilda, see any of your young companions do wrong, think whether you are not sometimes guilty of the same fault yourself, and if you are not, be thankful to your dear mamma, who has taught you so well."

"Oh grandmamma, I am indeed thankful to mamma, and love her more every day, she is so good to me." The innocence and affection of Matilda quite affected the old lady, and when the servant told her that dinner was served, she was obliged to wait a few minutes to gain composure, then left the happy Matilda to amuse herself with playful delight.

The boys had been highly gratified with

their different pursuits, until Henry St. Clair, getting tired of his waggon, wanted the rocking horse from Charles, who did not like to give it up and began to cry, while Henry strove to pull him off, which Augustus prevented: " you must not, Henry," said he, " hurt my brother, or take from him his horse:"—" but I will have it," replied Henry, " for I like it better than the ugly waggon."—" For shame, Henry," said Augustus, " how can you speak so of the pretty toy my grandpapa was so good to give you? if you want to ride get up on my poney, but do not force Charles's horse from him; it is a shame for a great boy to be unkind to one so much younger." But all Augustus could say was to no purpose, and Mr. Wingfield was obliged to leave the dinner

table to settle this dispute; he therefore sent Charles and his horse to the nursery, and told Henry he must not visit his cousins again until he learned more good-nature and politeness. Henry, ashamed of his ill behaviour, hung down his head, and continued a long time sullen, until Augustus, by tender entreaties, got him reconciled. "Do, dear Henry," said he, "mount my poney, and I will amuse myself with your waggon." This was at last agreed to, and Augustus was happy in having harmony restored.

The evening was passed in the truest happiness at Brookfield, in the meeting of a large family circle, being united in the strictest bonds of affection, by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair, with their worthy father and sister.

The following day, when Augustus had finished his studies, Mr. Wingfield took him a walk to the village, that he might enquire into the business of James Farrell. He soon found the house of Tom Testy, but being told he was not at home, he stepped into the miller's.

"Well, master Hopper," said he, "how do you get on?"—"Pretty well, your honour," replied the miller. "I have as much corn to grind as supports myself, my dame, and my son Hodge; and if I have more than we want ourselves, I can always find a poor neighbour to share with; and I heartily thank that great God, who has never let me want what was necessary or proper for me, and has blessed me with a good son to be a comfort to me—here

he is, Sir, coming from school; how glad he will be to see Master Augustus! What a fine young gentleman Master is grown! Will you allow him, Sir, to go with Hodge into the garden and get some fruit?"—"By all means, Master Hopper; but, Augustus, you must take care to be moderate, else you may be sick." Hodge now entered the house, a ruddy good-humoured looking lad about fourteen; and Mr. Wingfield having given him a caution not to let Augustus eat too much fruit, consigned him to his care, and they went to the garden.

"Are you acquainted, Master Hopper, with your neighbour Tom Testy," said Mr. Wingfield. "Yes, Sir," he replied, "I know him, but as I don't like how he

lives, I don't keep him company."—" Why, what is his character?"—" Your honour knows," replied the miller, " it is not right for one neighbour to speak ill of another." " Very true, my friend," said Mr. Wingfield; but I have come to the village on purpose to learn the conduct of Testy to a poor lame child, who says he treats him very cruelly." " Like enough, Sir," said Hopper; " the child's father is a sober, honest man, one of Lord Belmont's footmen, and left his son in the care of Testy, thinking as they had been old friends, he would be fond of him; but Testy has of late got such a habit of drinking, that he neglects every thing. I often bring poor James home with me, and wish he was at the school my Hodge goes to"—" If I

thought, Master Hopper, the boy's father would be pleased, I would soon get him into the National School."—" I am sure he would, Sir, and your honour cannot do a more charitable action."—" Well, my good friend, since you say so, I will soon fix him there."

At this instant poor James was hobbling up to the door, but on seeing Mr. Wingfield he was going to return.—" Come here, James," said his kind friend; " I have been speaking to Master Hopper about you, and from what he tells me, I am determined to put you into a school; come to my house in two days." The poor grateful boy thanked his good friend more by tears than words, and in a few days he was placed under the care of Mr.

Syntax. Testy gave him up quietly, fearing the displeasure of Mr. Wingfield. Thus was this ill treated, unhappy, and helpless child, released from misery and bad examples, through the humane exertions of this worthy gentleman.

About six months after this period, as Mr. Wingfield's family were at breakfast, they were very much surprized by seeing Mrs. M'Owen and children walking up the lawn. Mrs. Wingfield went to meet them:—" Welcome, my dear madam," said she, " to Brookfield; but to what cause are we indebted for this agreeable early visit?"—" I will soon inform you," said Mrs. M'Owen. " You and the children," replied Mrs. Wingfield, " must first partake of our breakfast," and they

were soon seated at the hospitable board. Augustus and Matilda were equally pleased at seeing William and Fanny M'Owen, and took them to look at their toys. Fanny, on seeing the piano-forte, played several tunes in a masterly manner; she was about eight years old. Mrs. Wingfield expressed her surprize at the proficiency she had made, and asked her mother who was her teacher? "She has had no instructor but me," said Mrs. M'Owen; "I have been always passionately fond of music, and Fanny inherits the same taste, which I have taken pains to improve; but I must tell you, my friends, what has given me the pleasure of seeing you.

"A few days since I received a letter from Miss Meredith in Jamaica, to in-

form me of the death of Mrs. Simpson, who a short time previous to her demise had sent requesting to see her on business of the utmost importance. Miss Meredith lost no time in obeying the summons, and found Mrs. Simpson in the last stage of a decline. She was supported in bed while she thus addressed her: 'I have sent for you, Miss Meredith, in these my last awful moments, knowing you to be the true friend of Mrs. M'Owen, whom I have greatly injured, and to whom I wish to make every restitution in my power.

"When Mr. Simpson was in his last illness, and his intellects much impaired, I persuaded him to make a will entirely in my favor; and after his death I suppressed his former one, in which he had

left Louisa 10,000*l.* Oh Miss Meredith, how justly have I been punished for my deception!—my son was killed in battle, and my daughter, for whose sake I have acted so base a part, has proved most ungrateful and unkind to me. I will therefore in your presence, Miss Meredith, cancel Mr. Simpson's last will, and in the cabinet on my dressing-table you will find the former one properly drawn and witnessed." She then drew from her pocket the last will, and saw it burnt; but being quite exhausted she lay down, and in a few hours expired. An awful lesson to those who, to enrich themselves and families, can deceive the innocent and unsuspecting.

"I am now going, according to the

direction I have received, to London, to a Banker to whom the money has been remitted, and knowing my friends here have hearts to feel both for the joys and sorrows of others, I could not resist the pleasure of telling you this turn of fortune: I have likewise had a letter from my Edward, and in six months I expect the happiness of seeing him."

Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield felt sincere pleasure, both by the visit of Mrs. M'Owen, and in the happy prospect before her. They requested she would leave the children with them until her return, which she most thankfully assented to, and the stage passing in about an hour, she took her seat and pursued her journey.

Mr. Wingfield had now a little school,

and the three boys met regularly every day Charles, though but three years old, being admitted to take lessons in spelling. William M'Owen was above ten years of age, and though he appeared a poor distressed creature, when first seen standing outside the gate weary and hungry, Mr. Wingfield soon found him to be a fine manly boy of a good understanding, carefully improved by his parents.

Augustus and William were soon fondly attached to each other, and with pleasing emulation they pursued their studies together.

Fanny and Matilda likewise met Mrs. Wingfield every day in the dressing-room. Fanny had an elegant taste in making little ornamental figures, boxes, pyramids, and

variety of nick-nacks, with which she soon decorated the mantle-pieces, and made several pretty drawings. She quite beautified Matilda's baby-house, and fancied a variety of pretty dresses for the waxen doll. Matilda had now finished working a ridicule for her mother, which considering her age was wonderfully well executed; and when completed she took it to Fanny. "See, my dear Fanny," said she, "I have finished my work; but will you line it for me very pretty, and make it look beautiful, that I may surprize mamma with it?"—"Indeed, dear Matilda, I will do it with pleasure," answered Fanny, and that evening she delighted her little friend by giving it to her, made up with so much taste that it looked extremely handsome.

Matilda thanked and caressed Fanny with the greatest delight; then running with it to her mother, and putting her arms round her neck, she said, " my dear good mamma, here is the ridicule I have had so much pleasure in working for you; do, see how beautiful Fanny has made it! won't you, mamma, accept it from your happy Matilda?" " Yes, my dearest love, I will accept it from my affectionate little girl, and I am obliged to Fanny for the trouble she has taken in making it so handsome. I hope my Matilda did not forget to thank her friend."— " No indeed, mamma, I did not; I love Fanny, she is so good-humoured and ready to do any thing I ask her, that sure, mamma, I could not forget to thank her."—

"Forgive me, my dear child, for supposing you could be so remiss; I see my Matilda will never be ungrateful for favors received."—"Mamma," said the sweet interesting child, "don't you know Norah Woodbine, who makes pin-cushions, and sells them to help her grandmother? If I should work some little ridicules and give them to her, would they not be of use to her, mamma, and would you not give me leave to do them?"—"Indeed I will, my dear Matilda; you shall always have my leave and my help to do good." Fanny on entering the room was told of this plan of Matilda's, and said she would assist her; and in a short time they had six nice little ridicules worked and prettily made up, which on shewing to Mrs. Wing-

field she was highly pleased with, and promised the next evening she would accompany them to Mrs. Woodbine's cottage, and give the unexpected present to Norah.

In the mean time Augustus and William were rapidly improving, and Mr. Wingfield felt the highest parental satisfaction in observing the opening reason of his son, which he most carefully led into the proper direction, and thus laid the foundation of those good principles of religion and virtue, which he hoped would govern his conduct in future life.

They had now begun a course of historical reading adapted to juvenile capacities, in which Augustus took great delight; he had also received some lessons in geography, in which science William had, by his fa-

ther's attention to him, made great proficiency.

As a reward to the boys for their diligence, Mr. Wingfield told them they should have a pleasant day in the following week; and when the family met at tea, he asked Mrs. Wingfield, " would she not like to take a cold dinner to the beautiful hill about seven miles distant, and if we can persuade Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair to be of our party it will make it more agreeable: what say you to my proposal, my dear?" " That I shall be very happy in gratifying you and all our young people by such a pleasant excursion: I see my girls will be pleased at it."—" Oh yes, my dear Mrs. Wingfield," said Fanny, " it will be delightful, and indeed mamma

I shall be quite happy," said Matilda.

" You and I, Augustus, will ride," said Mr. Wingfield; " I will take Nero, and you shall be mounted on the poney;" " but papa," said Augustus, " what will William do for a horse? Sure he must ride with us, I should have no pleasure without him; do papa, get a horse for William." Poor William looked quite disappointed, tears were in his eyes, but he was too polite to express his concern. Mr. Wingfield feeling for the uneasiness he suffered, said, " don't be unhappy, my dear boys; as William knows how to ride very well he shall have Frolick, and you Augustus shall not be deprived of your friend."

Thus was this affair settled to the sa-

tisfaction of all parties, and the Monday following was fixed on to put it in execution. Mr. Wingfield and the boys took a walk to Clairville, and obtained a promise from Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair to be with them to breakfast.

On the evening proposed, Mrs. Wingfield, Fanny and Matilda, took their little ridicules, neatly folded, to be given by Matilda to Norah Woodbine. "Oh mamma," said she, "I have just thought, that if I should fill one ridicule with thread, cotton, needles, pins, and some bits of pretty silk I have, they would be very useful to Norah." "That is well considered, my love," said her mother; and the articles were soon collected.

This small cottage was about a mile

from Brookfield, and looked so neat with a pretty flower border round it, that it attracted the attention of every passenger.

Norah was about twelve years old, a pretty neat looking girl, and as our party approached the cottage, they saw her busily engaged weeding the border, but hearing their steps she turned, and with an humble modest countenance made a respectful curtsy. "Pray, madam," said she, "will you and the young ladies walk in and rest? my grandmother is unwell, but will be very glad to see you, madam." —"We will follow you, Norah," said Mrs. Wingfield, and they entered the cottage, when they found poor Mrs. Woodbine very much afflicted with the rheumatism.

"Oh William," said she, "how good

you are to come and see a poor old woman like me! and these dear young ladies too, taught to visit the habitations of poverty and pain: but my lady I do not complain; God Almighty has been very good to me, in giving me my affectionate dutiful grandchild; she is all my earthly comfort, by her industry and care, since I have been confined, she has provided us every necessary." Mrs. Woodbine then produced some very pretty needle books of Norah's fancying, which gave Matilda an opportunity of making her present; then going to Norah, and taking her hand, "Will you, Norah," said she, "accept these ridicules that Miss M'Owen and I have worked for you, and mamma has allowed me to give you? you know you can

sell them with your pretty needle books, and the money will get something good to make Mrs. Woodbine well." "You must indeed," said Fanny, "accept them, and if they sell well, we will work more for you."

Poor Norah took the ridicules, and with tears of gratitude she thanked the lovely children for their goodness, and looked with fond affection and chearful hope at her grandmother, as if she said, this will procure us the comforts you want. She then asked the young ladies if they would favor her with their company to her flower border, and accept some of her best roses. "Indeed we will, if mamma gives us leave," said Matilda. "By all means, my love," said

Mrs. Wingfield, and the happy children followed Norah.—" What a comfort, my good Mrs. Woodbine, you have in that sweet girl," said Mrs. Wingfield. " She is, madam," replied the poor woman, " a treasure to me, and her integrity has procured me a friend that the gracious God has sent to my relief.—I will tell you my lady, how it was.

" A gentleman about a fortnight ago was passing this way, and stopped near our little gate to admire the cottage. My child was at work by my bed-side, and singing the evening hymn; her sweet voice made him stop until she finished it, and he then rode on. In about half an hour after, Norah went to the spring well outside the gate for water, and seeing something on

the ground very bright, she took it up, and found it was a guinea. 'Oh my dear grandmother,' said she, 'what comfort would this procure you! but no, I will not, I dare not use it; I will keep it until the gentleman rides this way again.' When she told me her good resolution, I pressed her to my fond bosom: 'My dear child,' said I, 'you have determined right, let us suffer what we will, we will hold fast our integrity.'

"In a few days after, madam, the gentleman rode this way again, and gently tapping at the gate, Norah immediately opened it. 'Will you, my good girl,' said he, 'be so obliging to hand me a glass of water?' 'With great pleasure, Sir,' said Norah, 'and I hope, Sir, you

will stop a few minutes, until I bring you a guinea you dropped the last time you came this road.' 'Permit me,' said the gentleman, 'to follow you into the cottage.'—As we have but this one room, he could not avoid seeing me, confined as I have been for some months to my bed. Mr. Finlay, *for that is his name*, expressed his surprize at the neatness of our little dwelling, and said, he was charmed both by the integrity of my child, and the sweet notes of her voice. 'Consider me now as a friend, and tell me have you had medical advice? if not, you shall have the care of my physician: accept this purse, and I hope you will allow me again to visit this cottage.'—Mr. Finlay did not wait for a reply, but left me to wonder

and rejoice; and clasping my child to my bosom, I fervently prayed for her protection; then opening the purse, we found it contained three guineas in gold, and ten shillings in silver. In the evening I was visited by Doctor Skilfull, by whose care I am getting better every day. Mr. Finlay has been again to see me, and has kindly promised, when I am able to get about, he will have another room built to my cottage. Thus, my lady, God has looked on my distress, and sent this worthy gentleman to my relief. Mrs. Wingfield expressed the pleasure she felt that Mrs. Woodbine had obtained such a friend, and hoped she would soon see her restored to health. Then calling the children who were busily engaged with Norah, they

took leave of Mrs. Woodbine and her deserving grandchild.

"What a good girl Norah is, Mrs. Wingfield!" said Fanny, *as they returned home*, what care she takes of her sick grandmother!" "And mamma," said Matilda, "she shewed us such pretty chickens that she is rearing, and says she will take them to market." Mrs. Wingfield then told them of Norah's good conduct when she found the guinea, and how happily she was rewarded for it. The moon had just risen, and the stars began to appear through the clear unclouded firmament.

"How beautiful, Mrs. Wingfield," said Fanny, "is the sky thus studded with those bright and sparkling ornaments, that look like so many diamonds! how won-

derful must God be who placed them there, and how good to give us the moonlight in the absence of the sun! I should never be tired admiring those beautiful and wonderful things." "But mamma," said Matilda, "is it God that put the stars in the sky, and made the sun that shines so bright?" "Yes, my love," replied Mrs. Wingfield, "it is the good, the bountiful God who has done those wonders, and all for our benefit; how then can we sufficiently love and praise him for his goodness? and all that God requires from us is, that we should love him, which we are to prove by obeying his commandments, being attentive to our parents' instructions, and doing all the good in our power. God sees every thing we do, hears every word

we say, and will reward or punish us according to our actions." "I will then take care, mamma, to remember my catechism, that I may know what I ought to do; will not that be pleasing to God?" "Yes, my dear, my sensible child; keep this good resolution in your mind, and you will be loved by God, and be the delight of your fond mother."

"I am greatly pleased, Fanny, with your judicious observations; you do great credit, my dear girl, to your parents, who I see have taken uncommon pains to form your young mind to habits of reflection. How glad I should be could my esteemed friend, *your mother*, spare you to remain with me for some time; your society would not only be a sincere pleasure to me, but my

Matilda, with such a companion, would daily improve in her studies." Fanny was greatly affected by this tenderness; she pressed the hand she held with fervour, saying, " how happy, my dearest Mrs. Wingfield, you make your grateful Fanny by such approbation; and I will be happy indeed to take every opportunity of being with such friends, but during the absence of my father I could not leave my mamma; I am her chief companion, and when I see her melancholy I sit down to the piano, play her favorite songs or hymns, in which she joins me with her sweet voice, and this I always find composes her to chearfulness; how then could I leave her? but when my dear father returns, you will soon find your Fanny a frequent visitor." " I

cannot, my good girl, press you at present, but I rely on your promise." "But mamma," said Matilda, "cannot we go and see Fanny when she leaves us?" "We will, my dear," said her mother, and thus ended their conversation, as they had now arrived at Brookfield.

On the morning of the intended excursion to the hill, the family arose at an unusual early hour, the young party all anxiety to get ready. Augustus and William immediately repaired to the stable, to see their steeds nicely rubbed down.

Matilda hastened to the poultry yard, to enquire whether she had any new eggs to present to her uncle and aunt at breakfast, her mamma having given her six beautiful pullets, which she attended with the greatest

care, and Fanny assisted in arranging the table. Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair with Henry arrived at Brookfield at the hour appointed, and this family of love and happiness sat down to the chearful meal, thankful to their Creator for the benefits he so liberally blessed them with.

Matilda entered the room with a nice little basket on her arm, and going to her aunt with smiles of innocent pleasure, she took out two eggs, and giving them to Mrs. St. Clair said, "I have brought you these two pretty new eggs, and I have two for uncle, and one for Henry in my basket, I hope aunt you will like them, they are my own, and I am very glad I have them; she then emptied her basket, and sat down quite happy to her breakfast. "You are a dear interesting

child," said her uncle and aunt, as they fondly kissed her, and desired Henry to thank his cousin for her good-natured attention to him; he did so, but it was in a sullen manner, for having seen the horses prepared for Augustus and William, he was discontented at not having one himself, although too young to ride. Augustus finding what made him unhappy, told him, if it would make it pleasanter to him, they could ride in turn.

This proposal, made with so much good-humour, and a wish to oblige, in some degree satisfied Henry.

Breakfast being over, they now set out on this little pleasure party, Mr. Wingfield and Mr. St. Clair leading the way, the two boys following, and the carriage

with the ladies and Henry bringing up the rear. The day was serene and pleasant, and every thing looked smiling around them; peace, content, and virtue dwelt in their bosoms, and enabled them to enjoy the varied beauties of nature, and look up with thankful hearts to nature's God, the bountiful Dispenser of her gifts to man. When they had proceeded about four miles they stopped to have the horses fed and watered, when Augustus asked Henry if he would then like to change places with him? "Indeed I would," said he, "for I am quite tired of the carriage." He then got on the pony, and they soon arrived at the foot of the hill, where they left the carriage and horses with the coachman, and attended by a

footman carrying a basket of provisions they ascended the hill, stopping occasionally to admire the opening prospect. When they reached the summit, they were charmed with the extensive view of a richly cultivated country, watered by many wandering rivulets, and the roads on each side shaded by lofty trees. A large plain of the softest verdure, with several young plantations of shrubs, formed the top of this beautiful hill, and a small building like a Temple was erected on it, with a table and seats for the use of those who wished to enjoy the pleasures of the scenery around them. Some little neat cottages were scattered over the hill, which gave it a still more picturesque appearance.

In this little Temple our happy com-

pany sat down to refresh themselves with a cold collation, after which the children went to seek amusement by playing and rambling through the plantations, while their parents chatted over their chearful glass of wine.—" Look, Augustus," said William, " do you not see a poor man with a wooden leg and a large parcel on his back, striving to get up the hill?"—" I do indeed," said Augustus. " Poor fellow! what will he do? He can never reach the top—see how he totters—I am afraid he will fall; don't you think, William, if we were all to go to him perhaps we could help him on."—" Yes, replied William, " we can, by dividing his parcel, and each of us carrying something."—" Indeed I won't go," said Henry, " I

would not carry any of his things—see how dirty his bag is."—"What matter for that?" said Augustus, "we can wash our hands after: my papa has told me we should consider every one as our brother, and do them what good we can; I will ask his leave to go and assist him." Augustus accordingly went to his father, who gave him his permission, desiring him to bring the man to the Temple. Augustus and William immediately descended the hill until they met the sailor, who had now sat down to rest a little.

"You seem very weary, my friend," said William; "I am afraid your parcel is too heavy for you: will you let us assist you?"

"God bless you, my good children,"

said the man, "but I cannot think of letting you take this trouble; when I rest awhile, and get to the top of the hill, I shall do very well; for after that I have not far to go to the village of Elm Wood." "You must indeed," said Augustus, "allow us to carry this bundle up the hill." William took it up and placed it on his back, while Augustus persuaded the sailor to lean on him, and in this manner they joined their company, who were observing the good-nature and humanity of the boys, while Henry excused himself, by saying he was too much tired to go with them.

Mr. Wingfield insisted on the sailor's going into the Temple, both to take a comfortable rest, and a refreshment, which with a glass of wine entirely recruited him,

and at the request of the company he gave the following account of himself.

" My name is Woodbine, and my family I hope are still living in a small cottage near the village of Elm Wood. It is six years since I left my home, my mother, and my dear little girl Norah, in the hope of returning to them with money, to make them more comfortable than I could by my daily labour. But, gentlemen, I have been justly punished for leaving those beloved friends, and being discontented at the humble lot in which Providence had placed me.

" I was sitting one evening with some friends at a public house in the village, taking a drink of beer, when a party of seamen entered the room, and gave such

flattering hopes to any men that would join them, of the prize money they might acquire by the capture of French vessels, that I was easily persuaded; and having taken an afflicting farewell of my mother and child, I soon joined their party, and in a few days we sailed for the French coast.

"But oh, gentlemen, how were all my covetous hopes destroyed, when being attacked by a large privateer, we were soon boarded and taken prisoners! and for near five years I suffered all the hardships of rigorous confinement. At length, by an exchange of prisoners I obtained freedom, and have since been in various engagements, in the last of which I lost my leg, and being discharged, I am now re-

turning home, ignorant of what has become of my poor mother and daughter.

"I have twenty pounds of prize money, which is all I have gained by six years absence; but my misfortunes have taught me to be both content and thankful at the situation I formerly murmured at, and if I find my family well I have nothing to wish for more." Mrs. Wingfield then told him of their situation.

He was greatly distressed at the illness of his mother, and thankful to God who had spared her life, to give him her forgiveness for his seeming cruelty in leaving her. As he was now able to walk to his cottage, Mr. Wingfield told him to give his parcel to the footman, who would take it behind the carriage as far as Brookfield;

this poor Woodbine most gratefully complied with, and they all returned home much pleased with the day's excursion. In the evening the two gentlemen walked over the grounds of Brookfield, Mr. St. Clair taking this opportunity of asking his friend how he instructed his children, to make them so much more complying and good-natured than he could get Henry to be.—" The only rule I have laid down," said Mr. Wingfield, " is not to overlook their faults, but by reasoning according to their years to convince them of their errors; to instill into their young minds religious and humane principles; and to teach them to consider every person, rich and poor, of equal consequence to society, and in the sight of their Creator. But

my friend, your fondness makes you blind to Henry's little faults, and I think the mistaken indulgence he is treated with at home makes it necessary you should send him to a good school."—" I am sure you are right," replied Mr. St. Clair, " and I will consider of it."

It was now a month since Mrs. M'Owen left Brookfield; her last letter mentioned her intention of seeing them in two days, and with fond impatience her children looked forward to the meeting.

The happy day arrived, the stage stopped, and Mrs. M'Owen was most cordially welcomed by her kind friends.

Fanny was all joy and animation, and embraced her mother with the truest affection. William asked her a thousand

questions, and told her how happy he had been. "My dear, my beloved children," said she, "I cannot express the pleasure I feel in seeing you again; none but a mother can tell my feelings at the affection you shew me, which excites my tenderest love. I hope, my friends, you did not find my boy and girl troublesome visitors." "So far from it," said Mrs. Wingfield, "that we have their promise, with your permission, to spend some months with us after their father's return." "And my dearest Matilda," said Mrs. M'Owen, "has Fanny been kind to you?"—"Oh yes," answered Matilda, "she is all kindness to me, and I do not know what I shall do when she leaves me; but mamma has promised to take me to see her."—"I am

very happy, my love, to hear it," said Mrs. M'Owen. She then told her friends that she had settled her affairs in London, leaving the money in the Bank until her Edward's return.

Next morning as the stage was passing, Mrs. M'Owen took seats for herself and children, and with hearts overflowing with affection, they took leave of their truly kind disinterested friends. It was happy for the children they were thus hurried off, the stage not affording them time for more than a fond embrace; but when they were separated, both Augustus and Matilda wept and grieved at the loss of their amiable and loved companions.

To give them a little variety, and divert their minds from the painful subject, their

attentive parents promised them a holiday; Mr. Wingfield telling Augustus they would take a walk to the National School, and enquire how poor James Farrell improved in his writing; while Matilda and her mother went to see Mrs. Woodbine. Mr. Wingfield found James very much improved in his appearance, and received an excellent account of him from Mr. Syntax; and Mrs. Wingfield had the pleasure of seeing the cottage the abode of chearfulness and comfort. Doctor Skilfull had indeed been of great service to the invalid, but her perfect recovery was to be attributed to the domestic happiness she now enjoyed, by the return of her beloved son, and Norah was the comfort both of her fond father and grandmother. In this judicious, affection-

ate, and religious manner, did Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield plant the seeds of virtue in the minds of their children.

Augustus had no teacher but his father until his fifteenth year, when he entered him at the University of Oxford. His disposition, the education he had received, and his own inclination, led him to the choice of holy Orders; he therefore studied divinity, and became a bright example of Christian piety, united with chearfulness and accomplished manners. Matilda, under her mother's tuition, grew up an elegant young woman, while unconscious of the many attractions she possessed: her feminine gentleness and sensible conversation gained her the love of all her companions; the poor blessed her as she passed, for

she had a heart to feel, and a hand liberal in giving them relief. The other children, as they advanced in years, were equally attended to, and a more amiable family circle could not be found than Brookfield exhibited. Mr. St. Clair took his friend's advice, and placed Henry at a good school; but though the petulance of his temper by early indulgence could never be entirely corrected, yet his understanding being good, and his imagination lively, he improved rapidly in his studies, and was a most agreeable companion and a worthy character. Mr. M'Owen returned to his happy family at the appointed time, and the acquaintance that commenced by humanity was cemented by the strictest bonds of friendship.

Thus, my young Readers, have I endeavoured to display the great advantages of attending to the instructions of your parents, and the happiness that will result to yourselves from a good education; and should my feeble endeavours affect your minds to an imitation of those characters, the little trouble I have taken will be amply rewarded by such success.

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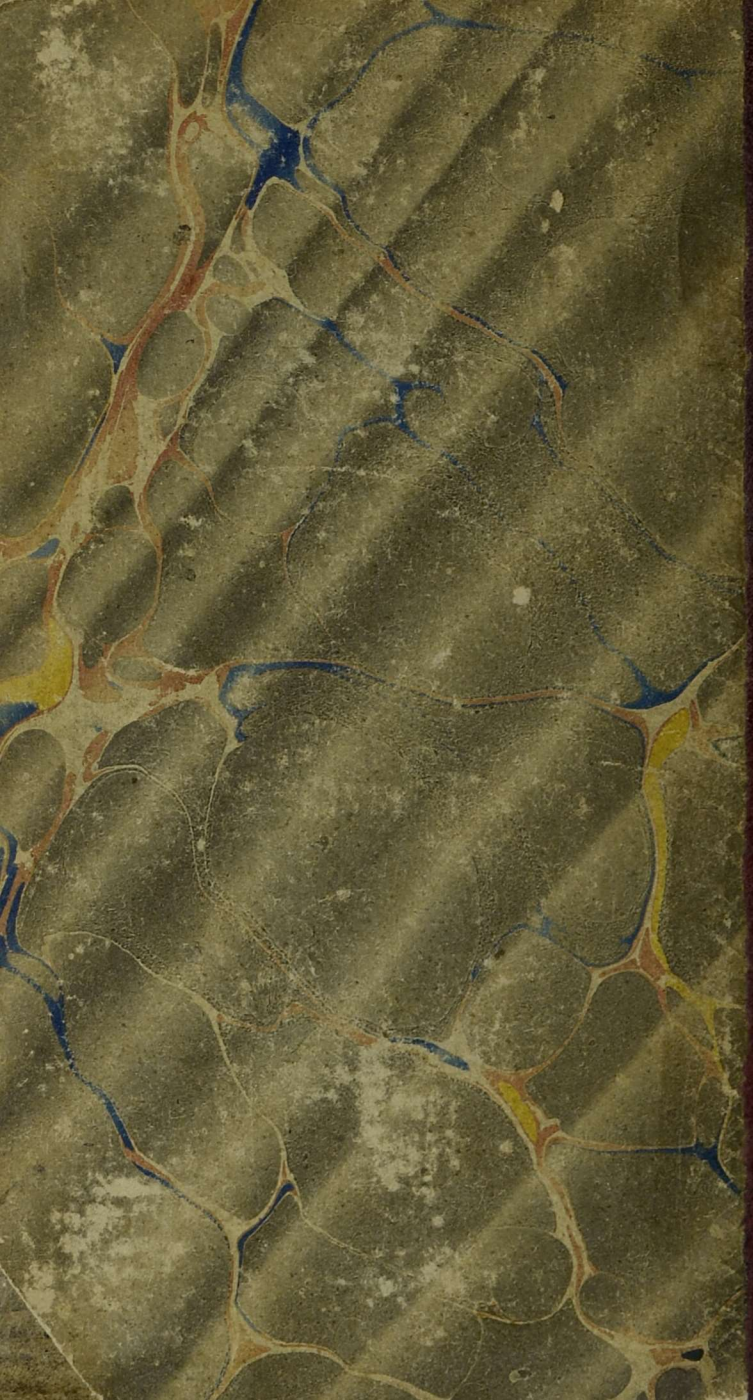
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