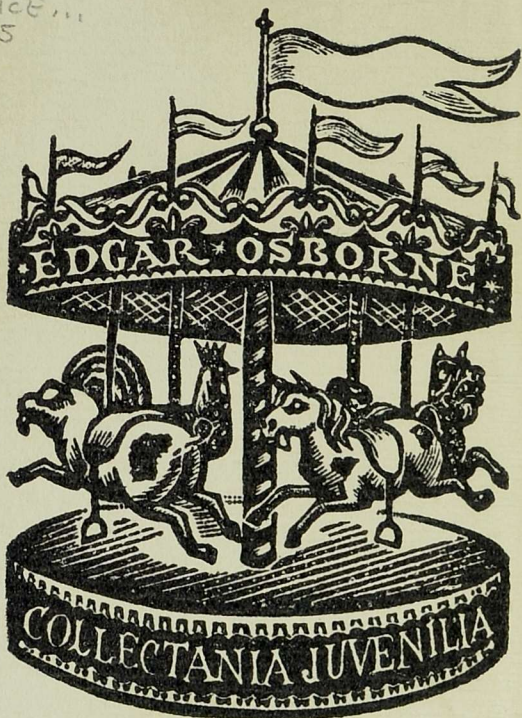
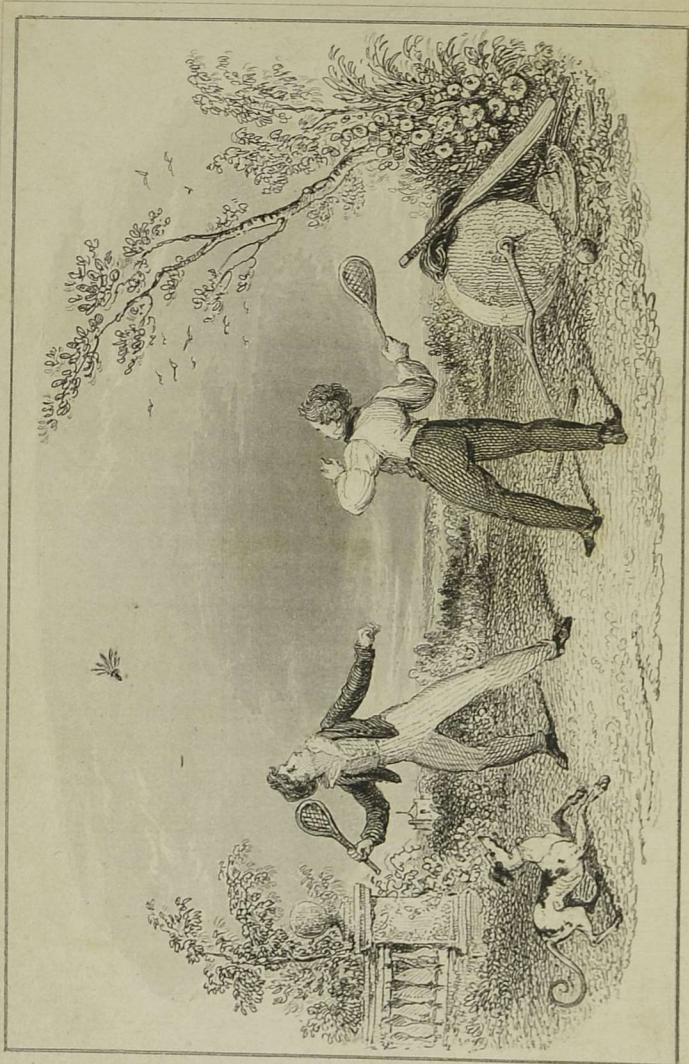


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III



The Two Cousins.

See page 55.

ALICE GRANT,
THE TWO COUSINS,

AND

THE FAIR DAY.

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ALICE GRANT ;

OR,

THE LOVE OF GOD.

ALICE GRANT.

“ OH, mamma ! mamma ! do look at my beautiful bunch of wild flowers ! See, see, what a variety !—harebells, wild geranium, lady’s-finger, dog-roses, speedwell, honeysuckles.—Have not I been fortunate ?” said little Alice Grant, as, nearly breathless with delight, she burst into the room, where her mamma was quietly sitting at work.

“Indeed, my dear little girl, you have got a beautiful nosegay,” said her mother, as she took them out of the little hands that could scarcely grasp the bunch, to look at and admire them. And when Alice was a little calmer—when the excitement of her joyous walk had somewhat subsided, “Do you know, dear Alice,” said her mother, “what gives me so much pleasure, as I look upon these beautiful flowers?”

“Oh, because they are so very, very pretty,” said Alice, gazing upon them.

“Not that only, my child: it is because they tell me more than almost any thing besides, how good

God is. Repeat the verse you learnt this morning." And Alice repeated slowly :—

“ The flowers are blooming every where,
On every hill and dell ;
And, oh, how beautiful they are,
How sweetly too they smell !”

“ And now I will repeat you another,” said Mrs. Grant :—

“ God is good ! Each perfumed flower—
Waving fields—the dark green wood—
The insect fluttering for an hour—
All things—proclaim that God is good !”

And while the little girl was resting from her walk ; while her young heart was full of pleasure, her mamma tried to teach her to love that great and good Being, who was the cause

of all her enjoyment. As soon as she had put her beautiful flowers into water, she came and sat on a low seat beside her mamma; and they had a long talk about the glorious God, who does so much to make all his creatures happy.

Alice Grant was a very sensible, and, what was better still, a very good, affectionate, warm-hearted, little girl. She loved every body, and almost every thing; and though she had not yet learnt to love the good God, who had given her life, and all those things which had made her life so happy, she was very glad now to begin to learn.

When she sat down beside her

mother, she said: "Uncle Edwin said, the other day, that he thought a field of corn made him think more of God than any thing else, because of the number it would feed; and you, mamma, seem to think more of flowers, how is that?"

"I will tell you, my dear little girl; and I think you will be able to understand me. Your pretty canary-bird, that sings to you so sweetly, and seems to know you so well, looks to you every day for its food; it is entirely dependent on you; what should you be if you neglected to feed it—to give it hemp-seed and water every day?"

"I should be very cruel, mamma."

“ And if you let it quite starve for want of food, what then ?”

“ Oh, how wicked I should be !” said Alice.

“ But you do more than merely give it the food necessary to preserve its life ; you take trouble to bring it every other day the freshest and finest groundsel, and you twist this into its cage, until you form quite a bower.”

“ Yes, and how pleased Beauty seems then, and how quietly he pecks my hand !”

“ And the lump of sugar that you beg for him every Sunday morning.”

“ Ah ! how happy he seems then ! and sings, as much as to say, ‘ Thank you, thank you.’ Dear Beauty !”

“ Yes, the groundsel and the lump of sugar are the flowers and fruit which you, out of your love, provide for your little favourite. And just so God, in his justice, would not give you life without finding for you the food that can sustain that life. But it is of his love and kindness, that flowers to charm our eye, and fruits to indulge our palates are provided.”

“ Mamma, I quite understand you,” said Alice, in a sweet, gentle voice.

“ But, my little girl, if you learn, as I trust you will, more and more to love God with all your heart, you must prove that you do so.”

“ But, mamma, how am I? there is nothing I can do for God.”

“ True, my child, there is not much that you can yet do for *me*; but I am sure you love *me* very dearly.”

“ Oh, yes, mamma! but how are you so sure?”

“ Because you obey *me*, and because you would be sorry to displease *me*.”

Alice was silent for some minutes, and looked as thoughtful as a little girl of seven years old could look.

“ Mamma,” said she, after a short time, “ I always understand what you would have me do; and if I do not, I can ask you; but I do not know how to obey God.”

“That is what you are going to learn, Alice ; that is what I am going to teach you. You have often seen me read in the Bible ; you are old enough now to read it too. To-morrow we will begin, and every morning we will read a little.”

“I shall like that very much, mamma.”

“I hope you will, my love, and that from this time to the end of your life you will often read in it. And now go and have your supper, and laugh and talk a little with Charley : you know he crows and looks so happy when you play with him ; and he will soon be able to talk to you, and tell you how much he

loves you : and then come again to me, Alice ; and before you go to bed I will teach you a new little prayer.”

Away went Alice, as welcome in the nursery as in the parlour—welcome every where ; “ for if we love others, they will love us in return ; ” and, as we have before said, Alice loved every body.

“ Now, mamma,” said she, after about an hour’s absence, “ will you teach me this new prayer ? ” She knelt down at her mother’s knee, put her little hands together, and repeated after her mother :—

“ Oh, my great and good God, who hast given me life, and made me so

happy, I thank thee, that though I am but a little child I may pray to thee. And I beg of thee, O Lord, to teach me to love thee, and let me do so more every day, so that I may grow very good, and thou mayest love me also. Bless every body I love, and make them happy: and I ask all this through Jesus Christ. Amen."

When she rose from her knees, she kissed her mother very tenderly, and few happier little girls lay down to rest that night.

When Alice Grant awoke in the morning, her first thought was, that she should that day begin to read the Bible. And directly after breakfast

she reminded her mother of her promise.

“When you have said your lessons, my love, I will explain to you something which it is necessary you should know before you read it.”

Alice was always attentive, but this morning she was, perhaps, even more diligent than usual. When her books and slate were put away, “Now, mamma,” said she.

“Yes, now, my love, I will tell you that once the world was very naughty, because it had not yet learned what would please God best; and the people who lived in it did many wrong things, and were not so happy as they might have been, be-

cause they knew no better. So God sent Jesus Christ to them, to teach them how to please him, and how to be happy. It is in the book we are going to read, that you will hear what Jesus Christ said, and what he taught people concerning God. I have chosen for you this morning a parable, or story, for it was in this way that Jesus often instructed those he came to teach."

Alice then read aloud to her mother the parable of the good Samaritan; and then her mother read it over again to her.

"And now, Alice, which of these three do you think loved their God best?"

"The good Samaritan, mamma."

“Then you have learnt this morning, that one way to show your love to God, is to be kind and good to your fellow-creatures.”

“Oh, yes, mamma, may I read some more?”

“Not till to-morrow morning, my dear Alice: you must never read in this excellent book till you are tired, for it is a great privilege to read in it at all; and I would have you always leave off wishing to read more.”

Every day from this time Alice read to her mamma chosen parts of the Bible; and she soon learnt that God was her Father in heaven; that he had loved her before she could

love him ; she learnt how humble and benevolent Christians ought to be, and many other things.

Some time after this Alice was seized with an illness, which proved to be the scarlet fever.

One day she said, “ Mamma, this is no proof that God does not love me.”

“ No, my dear ; you do not doubt my love, although I ask you to swallow this disagreeable medicine ; you are sure that I give it you to do you good. Perhaps this fever is as necessary a medicine from God’s hand, though we cannot see why it is needed.”

“ Yes, mamma ; and I will try to

be patient ; and then, perhaps, God will soon make me better.”

And Alice was patient ; and in a little time it pleased God to restore her to health. How much she enjoyed that health, and how grateful she felt to the good Being who had restored her to it, and made her feel once more able to jump about, to laugh, and play, and sing, as she had been used to do.

“ You have learnt what a blessing health is, my Alice,” said Mrs. Grant, one day, as the little girl was running up and down a slope in the lawn.

“ Indeed I have, mamma. I think it was worth while to be ill, to feel as I do now, so very glad of health.”

Every year that Alice lived, she learnt to love God more and more, and to gain an increased knowledge of how she might prove that love. The Bible taught her that God was much displeased with liars; and, therefore, nothing could have tempted Alice to speak any thing but the exact truth. She was particularly pleased with Christ's golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you;" and she had an opportunity of practising this rule, when it was a real trial to her to do so. One day (it was the day after she had first read, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them,") Alice asked

her mother, if she thought that loving God would change her cousin Jane's temper, and make her more kind and gentle, and not so cross about trifles.

“ I think in time it would, Alice ; but you must remember, that when Jane was a very little girl, she was very delicate ; very often in pain and suffering, and that naturally made her peevish and fretful before she knew better ; whereas you, Alice, (for which I often thank God,) have always been a very healthy little girl. Then poor Jane lost her kind and good mamma when she was three years old ; and though her aunt Sarah takes pains with her, yet

sometimes I think she is too severe ; so that Jane has not your advantages, Alice. You said, the other day, you thought I had made you understand the parable of the talents ; do you see now, that a good God will not expect so much from your cousin Jane as from you ?”

Alice looked grave, and said, “ Suppose, mamma, I should not be so good as I ought to be.”

“ That would make me very unhappy, Alice ; but need there be any fear of that, since you have learnt, are learning every day how to love God ? And now, Alice, while we have been talking, it has occurred to me, that if we were to invite your

cousin Jane to spend a month here, we might make her a better, and, if so, a happier little girl.”

Alice looked very sorry at this proposal. We have said that she loved every body, but we ought to have excepted this cousin Jane; and perhaps, when our readers hear why she did not, they will not feel surprised.

Jane was a very disagreeable child; she never tried to please others, and was never pleased with any thing that was done for her. If Alice proposed a game at hide-and-seeK, Jane said it was a game she could not bear. If Alice asked her to choose a game for herself, she generally said she was

not in a humour to play. If Alice showed her her flowers, and even offered to give her some flower-roots, Jane would say, crossly, "You think so much of your flowers, and I do not care about them." If Alice lent her her doll to play with, she generally found fault with all the doll's-things; would often only undress it, scatter all the clothes about, and then say she was tired of it; and when Alice, good humouredly, put them all straight, and laid the doll in the cradle, she would stand by sulkily, and say, "You do not care for my pleasure." If they looked at Bewick together, and Alice admired a dog, or any other animal, Jane generally said,

“I do not like it at all.” This sort of behaviour made Alice dislike to have her cousin Jane come even for a day; and now, when her mamma proposed a month, she felt very sorrowful; and after being silent for some time, she said, “Mamma, is it naughty of me to say that I wish you would not invite cousin Jane?”

“No, my dear, it is very natural: but I wish you to think, if you were Jane, whether you would not be glad that somebody should be kind to you, and try to help you to conquer your bad temper, that made yourself and others so unhappy; should not you like to visit where there was a good-

tempered little cousin, Alice?" said Mrs. Grant, smiling.

Then Alice's sad countenance cleared up: she went to her mother, and said, "Do, mamma, invite cousin Jane for a month."

The invitation was sent. Jane's papa and aunt Sarah were very glad to accept it; and even Jane herself, though seldom pleased with any thing, expressed some joy at the thought of this visit.

The first fortnight was very trying, both to Alice and her good mamma; for Jane was, as usual, peevish and discontented; but gradually she showed signs of amendment. The sweet country air (for Mrs. Grant

lived five miles from the town where Jane resided) made her health better ; her aunt's gentleness and patience, and the unwearied good humour of Alice, began to make her ashamed of giving way to her temper so much : then she learnt several kinds of pleasant employments, which she had not been used to : she worked a pretty little rug for aunt Sarah's coffee-pot, and made a guard-chain for her papa's watch, besides a pretty bag for an old servant, and a neat printed frock for that servant's baby.

When Jane said, on the day she finished her rug, and felt happier than she had almost ever felt before, " I am sure, cousin Alice, I am much

obliged to you for teaching me this pleasant worsted work," Alice was so glad to hear her speak so pleasantly, and see her look so happy, that she quite rejoiced she had been invited; and when she heard her say, "Aunt, can you tell me why I am a great deal happier here than at home?" she felt still more glad.

Mrs. Grant told Jane that one reason why she was happier was, that she was more industrious; and that, perhaps, when she returned home, if she would remember that she must be always occupied, either reading, or working, or playing, she would find that she continued to feel happier than formerly. Mrs. Grant had

been trying also to teach Jane to love God, and to admire his wisdom; but as Jane was not of so grateful and sweet a disposition as Alice, she did not so readily learn this. What her aunt had said to her, had however some effect: she continued to use the prayers her aunt had taught her, and to find employment for her leisure hours, that often prevented her from giving way to her peevish temper as she had formerly done.

After Jane had been returned home about a fortnight, Mrs. Grant called Alice to her, and read her the following paragraph, out of a letter she had just received from Jane's papa.

“ I do not know how to thank you enough, my dear sister, for the good you have done to my daughter. I could hardly have believed a month's visit would have effected so much ; and I now begin to have hope that she may one day become an agreeable, an amiable girl. She still yields sadly too much to her temper ; but then she is always sorry for having done so ; and her listless, idle habits seem almost overcome. I must again thank you for the wonders you have worked. Tell my sweet Alice that I owe her many thanks too, for I am sure she has been your little assistant.”

When Alice heard this, she said,

“Mamma, how glad I am you invited cousin Jane!”

“So glad you will always be my child,” replied her mother, “when you think of others more than of yourself; when you serve your fellow-creatures from a sense of right—from a wish to prove your love to God.”

I think it will hardly be necessary to say, that a little girl who began life so well, and with so many advantages, grew up to be a sweet and amiable woman; and to teach other little girls what her excellent mamma had taught her, namely, how to love and serve God.

THE TWO COUSINS;

OR,

PATIENCE AND ATTENTION.

THE TWO COUSINS.

“OH, James!” said Henry Monro to his cousin, “see what sad mistakes I have made in my writing; and how that *O* goes below the line, and the *h* looks more like a *p*!”

“Do not speak to me yet, Henry,” said James! “I am doing my sum, and perhaps I shall make a mistake if I talk to you.”

Henry was silent a moment; then

he began again : “ Dear me, James, I have spelt content *comtet* : how badly it looks ! What will my father say ? ”

“ I think, Henry, you would not make such mistakes if you would not talk so much ; and if you would think of what you are about. I have done my sum now ; I will come and look at you. ”

James looked at Henry’s copy, and sighed, for he knew how much it would vex his uncle ; and he was afraid that Henry would not be allowed to go out with him, and try their new hoops, which had come that morning from the cooper’s, and two nice sticks to trundle them with.

“Is it very bad?” said Henry, looking up in James’s face.

“I am afraid my uncle will think so,” said James.

Henry and James were two little boys, very nearly the same age, Henry being only a few months older than James. It had pleased God to give them very good natural abilities; but James was better informed than Henry, wrote better, did his sums and said all his lessons more perfectly than Henry; yet Henry was quite as clever. The reason was, that James always paid attention to what he was about, and Henry was generally doing one thing, and thinking about another. If James was

writing, he did not write a few words, and then begin to talk : he never raised his head but to look at his copy ; and he wrote very slowly and carefully, that he might keep within the lines, and make no blots ; so that his copy was always clear and neat, and free from mistakes ; and almost every one who saw his writing was surprised that a boy of his age could write so well. If he were at his sums, then, instead of doing them slowly, he tried to be as quick as possible, and gave his whole thoughts to them ; so that they were soon done, and done rightly.

Now Henry's plan was quite different to all this ; and the consequence

was, that he was behind-hand with his cousin James in every thing.

If Henry was writing, he seldom or never looked at his copy, and was often talking the whole time ; so that his mistakes were endless, and his copies not fit to be seen. And then, as to his sums, if he chose to apply, he could do as well as any boy of his age ; but then he very seldom indeed did choose to apply. Sometimes he would be trying to draw heads in one corner of his slate ; and sometimes I have seen him stand, with his pencil in his hand, looking through the window, with a very vacant countenance. Perhaps you may think he was adding up some difficult numbers, or

making some grand calculation : no, indeed, he was not thinking of his sums at all, sometimes not of any thing, at others he might be wondering whether John would remember to cover the cucumber-frame from the sun ; and so of course his sum was almost always wrong : and this inattention sadly grieved his kind and anxious father, and he was frequently obliged, at great pain to himself, to punish Henry.

Henry began to be very vexed about his bad copy, on the day we have been speaking of ; for it was a fine, beautiful day, and he had been thinking all the morning, what good fun it would be to try whether he or

James could bowl their new hoops best.

Mr. Monro had left the two boys occupied, saying he should be back in twenty minutes, and expected a good copy, and a correct sum. Henry heard his papa's step, and now heartily wished he had taken more pains.

“ Well, James,” said Mr. Monro, as he entered, “ is the sum done ?”

James put his slate into his uncle's hand.

“ Quite correct. Now, Henry, let me see your copy.”

He walked very slowly up to his papa, who looked exceedingly grave when he cast his eye over it : scarcely

a line without a mistake. Mr. Monro looked at him quietly and sadly for a moment, and then said, "Of course, Henry, you do not expect to be allowed to go and bowl your hoop with your cousin."

"Oh, papa! indeed I will be more attentive next time." And he looked out at the fine bright sky, and pleasant-looking garden, with very sorrowful feelings.

"You have promised me that so often, Henry, that I must punish you now. Stay here in the school-room; while you, James, may go and play."

But James was far too kind and good-natured to do this, while Henry was left alone, and unhappy.

“ Thank you, uncle,” said he ;
“ but I would rather go and weed my
garden.”

His uncle understood his kind feelings, and gave him a smile and a nod as he went out. “ Now, Henry, put the room in order, and then you may either take a book, or sit and think.”

At first Henry felt so vexed and unhappy, that he only stood looking out of the window, with a very disconsolate face. Presently he saw James go to their gardens ; and he noticed that he was weeding his garden, as well as James’s own. Every now and then he looked up and smiled ; but poor Henry did not

feel much in a smiling humour. Presently he grew tired of standing at the window, and he began to clear the room. While he was doing this, he saw three new pens, which his father had given him the day before; and as Henry was not a naughty boy, but only very careless, (which is certainly a bad fault,) he suddenly resolved to sit down and write a good, correct copy: and I am glad to say, that he did this more with the hope that it would please his good papa, than because he thought he should then be permitted to go and bowl his hoop. So Henry sat down earnestly and steadily to his writing: he took great pains, and looked very often at

his copy, and he was quite surprised at his own performance. He ventured to go down with his copy-book in his hand, and knock at the door of the library.

“Come in,” said Mr. Monro; and Henry walked straight up to his father, and put his copy-book into his hand.

Mr. Monro looked at it with a pleased smile. “This gives me great pleasure,” said he, laying his hand upon his son’s shoulder, “and now tell me, Henry, did you take this pains, and write this good copy, in hopes of pleasing me, or because you thought I should then permit you to take your hoop into the garden?”

“ Indeed, papa,” replied he, “ I thought most of the pleasure it would give you ; but I hoped too that you would allow me to go out to James.”

“ And so I will, my dear boy ; for I believe that you did think most of pleasing me ; for whatever your faults are, I am thankful that I never yet knew you speak an untruth. But why not, Henry,” continued he, detaining him gently by the arm, “ why not always give me equal pleasure, and make yourself happier too ? And remember, that in punishing you for a bad copy, it is not that writing well is of first importance, (though very desirable,) but it is of vital importance that you should ac-

quire habits of attention to what you are about : and now away with you into the garden.”

Henry sprang joyously away, and was soon running down the broad garden-walk, with both the hoops and sticks in his hand.

James had been looking up frequently at the school-room window, in some surprise that Henry did not come to watch how he was going on. It was with joy, therefore, that he heard him shouting, “Come along, Jem ! my father has given me leave to come. Let us have a famous bowl !” and he explained how this had come to pass. “Oh, cousin Henry, I am so glad ! for I cannot bear that you

should grieve my uncle, or that he should be angry with you."

James was an orphan, whom his kind uncle had taken entire charge of. And he did this not only because he was very sorry for the poor boy, left so early in life without either father or mother; but also because he hoped it would be advantageous to his son Henry, to have so good a boy as his cousin James for a companion. James was not only an attentive, persevering boy at his studies; but he was also an affectionate, obliging, grateful boy—loving every one who was kind to him, and an almost universal favorite. And Mr. Monro cordially rejoiced that he had adopted

him : and so did his good and kind aunt ; for though we have not yet mentioned her, Henry was blessed with both father and mother.

When Henry and James had bowled their hoops till they were quite tired, and had learnt, by practice, to keep them up a long time, and to prevent their ever going on the beds, they went into the house, and hung their hoop up in a room which they were permitted to call their own. Here they kept all their tools, their playthings, and the various implements of their different occupations ; and here they spent a great many happy hours together. But here, too, James accomplished a

great deal more than Henry ; because he never idled away time, and always gave his whole attention to the thing in hand, whether work, or book, or play.

“ I wish, James, I could do as you do,” said Henry, when he saw his cousin set to work at a neat little pasteboard box. “ You make so many nice things, and I can do nothing. There is that pretty little show-box you made for me, and the neat string box for my father, which pleased him so. I wish I could make things.”

“ And so you could, Henry, if you would only have patience. You know there are some things you do a great deal better than I can : you plait

much better, and you can represent what you see far better than I can. You remember, when my aunt wanted us to draw on the slate the threshing machine we had been to look at, how much better you did it than I could."

"Yes, but that did not take me much time: if it had I should not have had patience."

"I think, cousin, it is your not having patience that vexes my uncle and aunt so, sometimes: and you know how fond you are of Peter the Great, and Columbus, and Sir Humphry Davy: they must have had patience, or they would not have done all they did."

“And I know somebody else I am very fond of,” said Henry, laying his arm over James’s shoulder; “I am very fond of my good cousin James, and I’ll try to be more like him. Tell me what I can do for mamma against her birth-day. You are going to give her that pretty box, are you not? and you mean to cover it with that red-morocco paper do you not? How nicely you have done the divisions!”

“I hope she will like it,” said James: “it is to keep her tapes in.”

“Can you think of any thing I could do for mamma, that would really be useful to her, and that would

show patience?" said Henry; "any thing I could get done in about a fortnight?"

George thought a little, and then said, "You have just learned to net nicely, and my aunt was saying, the other day, she thought she should like to cover the palings of the poultry-yard with a coarse net. We can measure how long it is from the wall to the door. I do not think it would take a great deal, and a very large mesh would answer the purpose—my foot-rule would do."

"Then I will do that," said Henry, in a resolute tone; although he feared that he should often be very tired of it before it was done. "Will you

go with me now, James, to buy some coarse twine ? mine is too fine."

James good naturedly left his work immediately ; and at a shop in the village they were quickly supplied with the exact sized string they wanted.

Henry was soon seated resolutely at his task. He netted several rows very patiently, but then he suddenly threw his work from him. " Oh, James, I am so tired," said he ; " and I do not see how I can possibly get it done in a fortnight, without mamma knowing it ; and I should like it to be a surprise."

" Your arm is tired now ; and, besides, you have really netted a good

deal very patiently : suppose we get up an hour earlier every morning, and I will read to you while you net, and then you will easily get it done."

"So we will ; and I will not give it up."

"And now," said the good-natured James, "I will have a game with you at battledore-and-shuttlecock, or dominoes, whichever you like best."

"Oh, battledore !" said Henry.

That evening Henry felt very happy ; he had been good, and had made some excellent resolutions ; and he could tell, by his father and mother's tone, that they were pleased with him.

The next morning James shook him at half-past five ; and though at first Henry was very unwilling, he forced himself out of bed, and in a short time the two lads were seated very happily in their play-room ; Henry netting away, and James reading to him the life of William Hutton.

The consequence of beginning the day so industriously was, that Henry felt pleased with himself, and much more inclined to be diligent over his lessons ; and from this time, though there were many days that Henry forgot his good resolutions, and returned to his former bad habits, yet he never did so without

being more and more vexed with himself. At last the pain he felt when he had been idle, and the pleasure he experienced when he had been attentive, made him gradually acquire habits of patience and attention. He persevered in the piece of net-work for his mamma; and on the morning of her birth-day, he and James nailed it neatly up over the palings through which the chickens had often made their escape, and got into the garden. James presented his box to his aunt, and then the two boys taking each a hand, led Mrs. Monro to the poultry-yard.

The box and the net gave real happiness to Mrs. Monro. She re-

joiced that the example of her good and grateful nephew had been so serviceable to her dear son : and this instance of Henry's patience, made both his father and mother hope and believe that he would turn out a good and useful man ; and they were not disappointed. Henry, by the help of his faithful friend, James, assisted by his own continued efforts, subdued all his idle, trifling habits, and became, what his excellent parents wished to see him, a valuable and respected member of society.

THE FAIR-DAY ;

OR,

ECONOMY NECESSARY TO GENEROSITY.

THE FAIR-DAY.

It was fair-day at the gay large town of B— ; and amongst the many groups of happy children, preparing to enjoy its wonders and partake its delights, none were happier than the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Welby; Arthur, Louisa, George, and little Clara. They had a mile to walk to the fair, and they were all dressed ready to set out, only waiting till

mamma, who had been busy at their toilette, should complete her own.

They could wait patiently, for it was no doubtful day; there was no occasion to climb chairs in order to look over the blinds at the sky; no need to be asking every body they saw their opinion of the weather; no necessity to look first at the back, and then at the front of the house, in order that the blue sky on one side might raise hopes which the black clouds on the other were destined to overthrow. No, it was a real fair day in every sense of the word: not a cloud that could terrify any of the little people, who in such happy numbers were hastening to B— fair.

George, to beguile the time, and to look at the gay passengers, had opened the front-door: it was in a lucky moment for him, for just then uncle Frederick was passing. The best hat, clean striped trowsers, white stockings, and well-blacked shoes told their own tale: it was evident whither George was bound, even if his joyous, expectant face had not betrayed him; and a bright shilling was soon transferred from uncle Frederick's pocket to his own.

The happy boy ran up stairs. "Mamma, may I come in?" shouted he, knocking at his mother's door.

"O, yes, come in," was the reply: "but what is the matter?"

“ See,” said George, holding up the shilling, “ what uncle Frederick has given me ! and now I have as much as any of them.”

“ I am sorry for it, George.”

“ Sorry, mamma !” said he.

“ Yes ; they had each half-a-crown to spend at the fair, because they had been careful of their money, and often denied themselves things they wished for, while you spent a shilling extravagantly, and part of it greedily. Besides, I am sorry uncle Frederick made a difference : I should have been better pleased if he had given it amongst you.”

“ Oh, but he only saw me ; and I have not told them.”

“ And are you going to spend the whole half-crown, and upon yourself?”

“ O, yes, mamma, I want so many things! do let me spend it all to-day.”

“ Certainly, George; it is your own, and I shall allow you to do with it as you please; but shall not you buy any thing for Arthur, or your sisters—not even for little Clara!”

“ Mamma, you know they have half-a-crown.”

Mrs. Welby said no more; she wished her children to buy experience early: she was in the secret of the rest, who, thinking George had a shilling less to spend than they had,

were all going to surprise him with a present.

George was the only selfish child in Mr. Welby's family ; he was good-tempered and good-natured ; and for these qualities he was loved, but his selfishness, and disposition to extravagance, prevented his ever being generous.

The happy party were now ready to set off, hardly able to keep the redundancy of their spirits within due bounds.

“ Good bye, baby, sweet baby,” said little Clara, kissing the youngest. “ Ah, poor baby ! you are not old enough to go to the fair.” This was Clara's first time.

They called upon their papa in town, who had promised to accompany them to the wild-beast show, and to carry Clara in his arms if she should be frightened.

“But I do not think I shall be frightened, papa,” said she, as he took her by the hand, when they met, and with the happiest steps in the world trotted by his side to the show, which was this year remarkably fine.

Need I tell my little readers the delight experienced in seeing real, live lions, tigers, and above all, an elephant, even as large as the imagination had pictured him : and O, what overflowing joy ! a young elephant, and not in a cage either. “And,

papa, for sixpence we may ride upon him," said Arthur.

"But, my dear boy, four more sixpences will be two shillings, and they will be spent almost in two minutes, with nothing to show for your money. But, come, I will give you sixpence each, and you shall do as you like : but, remember, riding on this young elephant will be but a momentary pleasure ; and when you go to the toy-shop, you may see something that will make you sorry you have spent it."

Mr. Welby put sixpence into the hands of each of his' children.

"I will ride," said George in a moment.

“As you like, George.”

He was soon mounted, and rode triumphantly round the place. The man stopped. “Go on,” said George, “Only one round, sir, for sixpence,” and George was dismounted.

Meantime the others had had a moment for consideration, and they resolved to keep their sixpences for the toy-shop.

Thither, after a full time had been allowed for the wild beasts, they proceeded.

George was so full of his own purchases, that he did not notice the frequent whispered conferences which the other three held with their mamma ; nor was he conscious of the

anxious exclamation, “ Oh, mamma, take care, he will hear you, indeed he will !”

If any of my readers remember visiting a toy-shop at a fair, they will be able to form some notion of the time occupied in expending four half-crowns, they will recall the reiterated question, “ What is the price of this ?” “ How much is this box of soldiers ?” “ Are these nine-pins sixpence ?” “ Can I have any thing for four-pence ?” And they may have admired the all-enduring patience of the shop-man or shop-woman.

In the present instance some things had been decided upon before enter-

ing the shop, but others remained undetermined. At length, however, the whole ten shillings was spent, and the produce consigned to the careful hands of Hannah, the servant, who had accompanied them. Even now the self-absorbed George was not aware that an air of mystery characterized the proceedings of Arthur and his two sisters, and heard not little Clara's often repeated "Oh, Hannah! take care, he will see that paint-box!" "I can carry the pencil-case safer in my own pocket," said Arthur, in a low voice, looking towards the door where George stood, and hastily separating it from the other things which Hannah was packing up.

“ The watering-can must go with our things,” whispered Louisa to Arthur, “ for fear if I carry it he should ask why I want two watering cans.”

At length the busy group vacated the shop to make room for as troublesome, but perhaps less profitable purchasers.

“ I wish we were at home !” said Louisa and Arthur, in the same breath.

“ Oh, I do not at all,” said George, “ I think it is very entertaining to see the people, and look at the outside of the shows ; it is almost as good fun as going in.”

Arthur and Louisa exchanged a meaning smile.

George offered each of them a piece of gingerbread : he had been quietly munching at the contents of both pockets for some time.

“ Why, where did you get gingerbread, George ?” said Arthur.

“ Oh, I went and bought half-a-pound at the next door, while you were choosing. What a long time you were ! I bought my whip, and humming-top, and this little pocket-book directly.”

“ A whip, a humming-top, a pocket-book, and half-a-pound of gingerbread for one shilling and six-pence !” said Arthur, in surprise : “ how could you get so many things for the money ?”

George was puzzling how to reply to this without betraying his uncle's gift, when the whole train of the riders, with all their gay caparisons, and the band playing, rode by ; and "Look, O look !" from little Clara, completely diverted Arthur's attention.

Arrived at home, the unpacking their purchases occupied him too much to allow him to revert to the subject.

George was just threading his humming-top, and preparing to prove its spinning powers, when Arthur, Louisa, and Clara came up to him : "Dear George," said Louisa, "we had all a shilling more than you ; and

we have had so much pleasure in buying these things for you!" and each held their offering towards George.

"How good, how kind of you all!" said George; and he was just extending his hand to receive them, when suddenly the remembrance of his uncle Frederick's shilling, and the thought of his own different conduct flashed across him; his face became crimson, the hands just extended fell by his side, and, oppressed with shame and mortification, he burst into tears.

"Oh, what is the matter? Will you not take them? We thought you would be so pleased; and they

are things you were longing for so last week."

George sobbed, but did not speak.

"Must I speak for you, George?" said his mother, calmly, but coldly.

"If you please, mamma," said the still sobbing boy.

They all looked surprised, and for a few moments no one spoke.

At length little Clara, greatly troubled by this sad turn in affairs, went up to George, and pulling down his arm, said, "Never mind, George, do not cry any more: you will never be selfish and greedy again, will you?"

"I hope not," said George, in a very penitent tone; but he could not

soon be reconciled to himself: he thought of the elephant and the gingerbread; he contrasted their generous conduct, and he was truly humbled.

“Do not,” my dear George, said his mother, “add one fault to another. Receive these kind gifts kindly, and resolve to imitate the conduct which, by contrast, makes you unhappy.”

George dried his tears, thanked and kissed his brother and sisters, but still felt very sad.

His mother was not sorry to perceive this: the grief that is momentary, too often causes but a momentary resolution to amend.

At night, when Mrs. Welby went her usual round of inspection amongst her children; and with a mother's tender care, raised one heated child in bed, and smoothed the pillow of another, she found George awake.

“Mamma, I cannot go to sleep; I am thinking so much about my being so selfish and so extravagant; and I am afraid I shall find it very difficult to cure myself.”

“You will hardly suffer all this self-reproach, my dear,” said his mother, “and not try to avoid it for the future: and if ever you allow yourself to contrast the feeling of self-approval, with this painful one of self-reproach, you will be still less likely to sin again.”

“Mother, I have been thinking I might lay by all my pence till Christmas, and then buy something for them all; and it would convince you, and my brother and sisters, that I was improved.”

Mrs. Welby stooped down to kiss him, and George's heart was lighter from that moment.

“Have the resolution to do this, my George,” said she, “and you will have more merit than any of them; for neither economy nor generosity are so foreign to their dispositions as to yours. But you must watch yourself well: remember, that to regret the consequence of our faults, and to reform those faults, are not equally

easy. But now, good-night, my boy ;” and she patted his shoulder ; and George, relieved by this talk with his mother, soon sank into a sweet sleep.

Mr. Welby allowed each of his children three-pence a-week :—it now wanted little more than twelve weeks to Christmas-day, and that would only be three shillings. “ Three shillings !” said George to himself, when he began to make his calculations in the morning, “ that is but little. To be sure, a shilling would buy Arthur something ; and I could get a very pretty needle-book for Louisa for a shilling ; and plenty of things that would do for Clara, might

be got for a shilling ;—but, then that is supposing I do not spend a single penny upon myself ; and I cannot help that. String, for instance, I am sure to want ; and slate-pencil, certain. Then there is a thrift-pot, to begin with, three-halfpence or two-pence. Oh ! dear ; I am afraid I shall only be able to buy sixpenny presents for them ; and that will be so shabby : but perhaps I may earn some money. Now and then, papa sets us jobs that he pays us for doing, and I will try to be the one to do them ; I have never cared about it before.”

George now went to consult his mother about a thrift-pot, and to ask if it would not be better to have one.

“I think it a pity,” said his mother, “to begin with spending: here is a little tin box, out of my dressing-case, which I will spare for you.”

“But, mamma, I could open this at any time, and get to the money.”

“And if your resolution was not strong enough, you could break your thrift-pot at any time, and get to the money.”

“Yes; but I should be more ashamed to do that, mamma.”

“I advise you to be satisfied with my offer, George, and to be as much ashamed to break your present good resolutions, as you would be if you broke the thrift-pot also.”

George had the wisdom to be ad-

vised : he took the tin-box, and hid it in a place, neither Arthur or his sisters were likely to find out.

“ Which of you want to earn twopence ?” said Mr. Welby, a few mornings after this conversation.

“ Oh, me ; let it be me, papa !” said George, so earnestly, that Arthur laughed, and said,

“ No-one will dare to offer against you, George ; you look as if your life depended on the twopence.”

George smiled ; and his mother smiled too ; but they did not look at each other, as that might have excited some suspicion.

“ It is a tiresome job, George,” said his father, “ and will require

some patience :—it is to sort a box of letters and accounts, into their right dates and letters. In the little alarm we had about fire, the other day, at the office, they were all pulled out of their holes, and were thrown confusedly together.”

“I will be patient over it,” said George, “and do it tidily.”

When George got to the office with his papa, he found the box much larger than he had expected ; and the papers looked such a confused, dirty heap, that he thought he should soon be very tired of the employment. But he remembered Christmas-day ; and therefore twopence had acquired, in his eye, a

much greater value than formerly : so he resolved to work diligently and patiently.

He was put into a room by himself ; and he did not once go to tease his papa about the time, or to tell him how tired he was ; and the work was done a little before Mr. Welby was ready to go home. He came to look at George's work : the packets were all sorted under their right dates, and letters neatly tied and arranged.

Mr. Welby examined them : "You have done this so well, George, and been so good and quiet, that I shall make my twopenny offer a sixpenny payment ;" and he put sixpence into George's hand.

“ Oh, thank you, papa ! thank you ! ” said George, with a very bright face.

“ Are you going to be a little miser, George, ” said his father, “ that money has acquired this new value in your eyes ? ”

“ Ah, papa, ” said George, “ you know better ; ” and he looked earnestly in his father’s face, who only nodded his head and smiled.

“ Well, George, ” said Arthur, at dinner, “ have you earned your two-pence ? ”

“ Yes ; ” was the laconic reply.

“ And spent it, too, I will lay two-pence, ” said Arthur.

“ Arthur, Arthur, ” said Mr. Wel-

by, "how unlike you, to taunt and vex another. I do not remember hearing you say provoking things before; pray do not begin now that you are older, and should be wiser."

Arthur looked sorry and abashed, and no more was said.

Time passed on; and George resited many temptations to spend his money; and received many odd pennies and twopences which he had not calculated upon. It was now two days before Christmas-day; and George took his box, before breakfast, into his mother's room, to count his wealth, and decide upon his purchases. To his great joy, he counted out four shillings and tenpence.

“Will you count them also, mamma?”

“Quite right,” said Mrs. Welby; and collecting all the halfpence and sixpences, she put two half-crowns into George’s hand.

“Thank you, dearest mother,” said George. “Oh, how glad I am I saved my money! and now advise me, will you mother? how to spend it.”

“There is no occasion, George, to spend it all on your brother and sisters; they will be happier to see you sharing also in the fruit of your own care and economy. Arthur was wishing the other day for one of Smith and Dolier’s little pocket memorandum-books. If you could get

one for eighteenpence ; would not that do ?”

“ Oh, yes, mother, the very thing ! And do you remember how much Louisa liked my cousin Ann’s neat wooden winders ; could I buy those for her ?”

“ It is a very good thought, George ; you can have thirteen for a shilling, and nothing would please her better.”

“ And now Clara, mother : what shall I purchase for her ?”

“ Oh, dear little Clara, any thing will please her.”

“ A new book, mother ; would she like that ?”

“ Yes, my dear ; as much, if not

more than any thing else you could think of: but do not let it exceed a shilling. And what will you choose for yourself?"

"A purse, I think, mother; for I will now always try to save money to put in it." George knew that he could get a purse for sixpence, that would suit him; and the remaining shilling he thought he should like to spend in a handsomer purse for his mother; for he had heard her say the night before, "I think, if I do not set up a new purse soon, I shall lose more money out of this old one than it would cost me to buy one."

And now, mamma, how can I go to town by myself, without their sus-

pecting any thing? Arthur will be almost sure to offer to go with me, when I say I am going.”

“Then I believe we must get papa to tell you to go with him; and if Arthur volunteers his company he must be declined.”

The affair was easily managed, when Arthur was not present.

With what delight did George make these purchases! He now reaped the reward of his many little acts of self-denial. But when, on Christmas-day, he presented his gifts; when he saw the bright faces of his brother and sisters; when he heard the repeated “Oh, thank you, dear George!”—when they said, “You

could not have thought of any thing that would have pleased me so well ;”—then he felt more than repaid ; and resolved, that nothing should again tempt him to be selfish and extravagant.

“This is a most acceptable present, George,” said his mother, as she emptied her money out of the old purse into the new : “see how much pleasure those who practise economy can impart !”

But George’s joy, this day, did not end here. After dinner, his father placed before him, a square, thick-looking packet, directed, “For the boy who has had resolution for three months, to resist habits of selfishness

and extravagance.” Inside the paper was written, “In the hope that he will have the resolution to persevere in his resistance?”

“The sequel to Frank!” cried George, after he had glanced over the large writing inside; “Oh, thank you, my dear father! Now Arthur, you can read it.”

George had long wished to be possessed of these delightful volumes: he had seen them once at a school-fellow’s, and just read enough to long for more; but the school-fellow had left town; he could not borrow them; and they cost nine shillings;—too much to ask his papa to spend upon him, and far beyond

his own means. He had often said ;
“ I wish, Arthur, you and I could
read the sequel to Frank, together.”
And now they were his own : and
what delight to remember, whenever
he looked at them, that they had
been the reward of his self-denial ;
the consequence of his economy and
generosity !

THE END.

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